W. C. FIELDS

DY VALLEE'S
PERSONAL COLUMN

WHY RIPLEY, HIMSELF, IS A BELIEVE-IT-OR-NOT!
No More Worry

ABOUT DRY, LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

Every girl should read Peg's story!

LOOK, PEG—BE A SPORT, AND TELL US WHAT YOU'VE DONE FOR YOUR COMPLEXION! YOUR SKIN'S SO SOFT AND SMOOTH NOW—SIMPLY LOVELY AND... YOU MEAN IT USED TO BE SO DRY AND LIFELESS? WELL, YOU'RE RIGHT—I REALLY HAD MIDDLE-AGE SKIN, BEFORE I LEARNED ABOUT PALMOLIVE!

PALMOLIVE SOAP? YES! A BEAUTY EXPERT EXPLAINED TO ME THAT PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD FOR DRY SKIN BECAUSE IT IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL—THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE GIVES YOUR COMPLEXION SPECIAL CARE—KEEPS SKIN SOFTER, SMOOTHER...

PALMOLIVE IS THE ONLY SOAP I'LL USE FROM NOW ON.

KEEP THAT "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION"... GUARD AGAINST "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN

WHY PALMOLIVE, MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, GIVES COMPLEXIONS A SPECIAL CARE... KEEPS SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!

Palmolive is made from a special blend of Olive and Palm Oils—nature's finest beauty oils. Naturally, a soap made with these beauty oils has a different and very special lather. Palmolive's lather is so soothing, so kind to your skin. It cleanses gently, yet with a thoroughness that removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics. Keeps your skin soft, smooth and fresh... alive with beauty!

AT LAST, I GET A DANCE WITH YOU! BEEN TRYING ALL EVENING, BUT COULDN'T GET NEAR YOU! YOU CERTAINLY HAVE ALL THE BOYS DAZZLED WITH THAT LOVELY SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION!

AND HERE'S ONE GIRL THAT'S GOING TO PROFIT BY YOUR BEAUTY LESSON! PALMOLIVE IS THE ONLY SOAP I'LL USE FROM NOW ON.

YOUNGER-LOOKING, TOO? I'D SAY, YOU'VE NO IDEA HOW MUCH PRETTIER PALMOLIVE HAS MADE YOU, PEG!
RADIO STARS

Fortune's Favorite

SURELY," you say, "surely the world's at this girl's feet!" Blessed with beauty and dowered with grace—life seems to have given her its best.

But there is a thief that robs her loveliness, that steals away her charm. That thief is her dull, dingy and unattractive smile. Tragic? Yes, but that's the price she pays for neglect—a penalty she could have avoided.

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

Play safe—don't risk an attractive smile—don't pay the penalties of tender gums and dull and dingy teeth! When you see that telltale warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist immediately—let him advise you.

While there may be nothing seriously wrong, don't take chances—let your dentist decide. Often, however, he will explain your condition as a "simple case of sensitive gums—gums that are the victims of our modern menus—gums robbed of work by today's soft and creamy foods." And his advice will probably be "more work and resistance for lazy gums" and, often, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help the gums as well as keep teeth clean and sparkling. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gums. Gums become firmer—your teeth brighter, more lustrous.

Millions of people already have adopted the Ipana Tooth Paste and massage dental health routine. It's one simple, easy way of helping to prevent dental disorders—and with your gums more vigorous and healthy, your teeth sparkling and bright—you never need be ashamed of your smile!

LISTEN TO "Town Hall Tonight"—every Wednesday night over N. B. C. Red Network, 9 o'clock, E.D.S.T.
It's 26 by ->8 JO 42 16 "o 19

Important taxed

ibles. would

EVER constipation?

that flavor, only

Do

tion MINT!

people MINT, No

Moreover, the actual

griping, gum

ingredient nothing

exists—

Notice nothing

doesn't act in the stomach. Acts

by

digestion. Where

exists —where you want the right results.

No griping, nausea, discomfort, or lost sleep.

WHY DIDN'T

I FIND OUT

ABOUT

FEEN-A-MINT

SOONER?

No other

type of laxative

can do exactly what

FEEN-A-MINT

DOES

Do you feel dull, headachy, out of sorts, due to

constipation? Let FEEN-A-MINT help put the

sunshine back in life. You will like its delicious

flavor, and you'll find that no other type of laxative
can do exactly what FEEN-A-MINT does.

Discover for yourself why more than 16 million people

have already switched to FEEN-A-MINT! At all druggists, or write for generous

FREE trial package.

Dept. 107-H. FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.
She was a cabaret singer... Luck brought her a chance to go to a mountain resort for a month, posing as a society belle. Two youths fell in love with her! Wait till you see this exciting story on the screen... with Joan looking like a million dollars in the kind of glamorous production that only M-G-M makes!
New notes of popular programs for late summer and early fall.

Dorothy Lamour got nowhere in radio till she won success in movies. Now she is one of radio's higher-salaried songstresses.

Many a radio program announced it was experimenting this summer in quest of new stars, but with the summer season coming to its close, none of the new stars have materialized. Of course, the genial voice of W. C. Fields has been booming out over the airways this summer for the first time. After all these years, however, radio doesn't go claiming credit for discovering the good W. C.

Harry Von Zell has emerged as an ingratiating master of ceremonies, as well as effective announcer—though nothing you'd stay home of a Sunday evening to hear. Working with Jane Froman, Freddie Lightner brought back memories of old vaudeville days by bringing up old vaudeville jokes. CBS may have something in the rich, but inexperienced and uncertain, coloratura voice of Hollace Shaw, a protegee of Conductor Mark Warnow. The experiments have not been as extensive as the advance announcements indicated.

Probably the summer newcomer who will be with us most regularly this coming season is Joe Laurie, the comedian heard regularly on the Vallee hour during June and July. At first they thought Joe was another Bob Burns or Edgar Bergen, ready to join those illustrious Vallee hour graduates. As the weeks passed, he turned out to be something less than that, but Joe will be heard frequently the coming season as a guest star, even if he does not land a program of his own. Joe possesses the gift, surprisingly rare among comedians, of writing his own scripts. Many a program this season, wondering where the next guest star is coming from, will summon Joe, sure that he can pull an amusing idea out of his sleeve—now that Rudy Vallee's program has called attention to him.

Radio hadn't bothered much with Joe Laurie up to this summer, but vaudeville veterans knew him well. Just as an example—when Parkyakarkus left Eddie Cantor last spring, Eddie summoned his old friend, Joe Laurie, as comedy writer to get things rolling smoothly over that change. That was just before Joe's term with Vallee.

"The first week I got out there," Joe relates, "we
finished the script a couple of days early. Eddie said we'd all go to Palm Springs for a rest.

"Out in Hollywood there are a thousand old vaudeville people I wanted to visit, but he was so set on Palm Springs, I went. We had no sooner got there when he sent me to start work on next week's program. That man never rests!

"When I got into my room at Palm Springs," Joe went on, "I ordered up a little drink of Scotch. One of Eddie's other writers warned me: 'Don't do that, Eddie would hate to see you start drinking.'

"I didn't get that until later. After a night's work, I started hollering for something to eat and Eddie suggested something light. When I said, 'Steak!' Eddie argued that was terrible for me. Then I got it.

"Eddie doesn't like to have his friends drink or eat steak in the middle of the night, because it's bad for his stomach."

Joe tells these derisory stories about Eddie, but underneath all that you have one of show business' real friendships. Eddie and Joe grew up in the same neighborhood on New York's East Side; they fought their way up through small-time vaudeville together. The friendship welded during those hard years has endured.

(Continued on page 68)
"Every hair has its place," says Emile, as he combs Maxine Marlowe's beautiful hair.

Rippling waves and slanting curls enhance Maxine's proud head and long, slender throat.

There is artistry in the casual carelessness of Jessica Dragonette's waves.

JUST supposin' all you had to do was wish! One wish, and you would resemble any radio star of your choice.

The idea is thrilling, for there are so many beautiful stars. But wait—which one would you choose? I'll bet I know what you would do! You would think of this star and that star. Then you would reject this one and that one. Finally, with a dreadful headache, you would come to the amazing conclusion that you would rather look like yourself. You would just want to improve yourself in every possible way.

I'll bet, too, you discovered something about yourself while you were playing this game. You discovered that you literally wear your personality on your face. No other face would fit. The crinkle at the corner of your eyes is from laughing. You certainly wouldn't be comfortable with a face that wouldn't let you laugh. Your nose is not pug but piquant because your manner is vivacious. How could you be happy, trying to look the stately lady, while dying to giggle?

Now, girls, that your heads are up and filled with a good healthy self-respect and self-confidence, we'll get on to the glorification business.

Looking for a glorification model, I found myself pursing Maxine Marlowe. Maxine is the most photographed girl in Phil Spitalny's All-Girl Band. She also is one of the most photographed radio stars.

I caught up with Maxine at Rockefeller Center. Emile was "doing" her hair. They assured me her hair was going to be a masterpiece and as I watched Emile's magic comb fly, I had no doubt. But still, it was wet and kind of like the "before" pictures, so I decided to begin with her face and then come back to hair and Emile when the transformation was complete and the picture finished.

You can appreciate Maxine's lovely face and hair in these pictures, but you can't appreciate her lovely coloring, "Exquisite," Emile says. I thoroughly agree. Maxine's coloring is warm and vivid. A beautiful coloring, yet one that is easy to make flamboyant or faded with the wrong make-up. Maxine's make-up was perfect. So perfect that her beauty of face rivaled her lovely voice.

Of course I asked Maxine just what shades of make-up she was using and how in the world did she manage to find such marvelously blended tones? Maxine gave me a long, thoughtful look. She then informed me that I could not possibly wear her shade of make-up because my eyes were hazel. Here I had found a girl wearing the eye-matched make-up! The effect of this make-up was nothing short of perfection.

It always is a terrific problem to know just what shade of make-up is suitable. Those problems are gone forever now. All you have to do is determine the color of your eyes. Face powder, rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow and mascara are all harmonizing and keyed to your own personality color, the color that never changes, the color of your eyes.

Eye-matched make-up is a new beauty secret. A secret that you are in on now. Your make-up just can't clash with itself or you when it is selected this way. Eye-matched make-up is the practical way to glamour.

"And look," Emile says, "Here is the coiffure—another practical way to glamour." And glamorous, indeed, is our model. Her coiffure has been especially designed for her, as that is Emile's specialty! From his salon Emile directs the waves and curls for many of the great stars and he says: "No two coiffures alike! Follow the fashions, yes,
Gertrude Niesen shows a becoming coiffure to mold the lines of a long face.

but this one will need a curl here or that one will need a curl there, to be truly glorious.”

This was just what I wanted Emile to say. Now I could ask him how he determined the coiffures for various types of faces, because all of you may not be able to visit Emile personally and each of you wants a becoming coiffure!

Emile was most generous. He selected various types and then explained how he designed their hair-dresses. Emile takes more than the face and the head into consideration when styling a coiffure. The throat, the width of the shoulders, the weight, and the height play their part, as well as the face and head.

Maxine is slender, with a long slender throat, lovely eyes and brow, and a rather small, clear-cut face. Emile chose the long bob for Maxine, with sculptured waves loosely combed to outline her head. Curls were placed in the ends of the hair to soften the neckline. However, realizing the beauty of the swan-like throat, these were slanting curls that would call attention to its grace. The side part and the hair brushed back

(Continued on page 73)
IT'S MY
By RUDY VALLE

When Rudy practiced his song for Coronation Week, it didn’t make a hit with Himmler. But later listeners were delighted.

Columnist Rudy Vallee greets you again in these pages, with entertaining topics discussed with characteristic frankness.

PRESENTING: An admission, a new angle on those much-talked-about strike films, a bit on theatre-names, word-discussion, notes on public servants, a joke, something about BBC, a quote from Reader’s Digest and advice on the subject of colds!

Heresewith the admission. One of Tyrone Power’s big thrills was the sight of his name in lights over the theatre where he once ushered. That goes for me, too.

Paramount Pictures, with due consideration for mass hysteria and in deference to a Congressional Committee, withheld for a time films taken in the steel district during the recent clashes between strikers and police on Memorial Day, last.

Interspersed in the films have been occasional still shots, so that particular scenes could be more closely studied. To date, no one, at least as far as I have read, has pointed out the analogy in that this same technique was used in that excellent Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, Fury. The court scene in that particular picture was, to my way of thinking, most unforgettable and the reactions of the culprits, as they saw their cowardly acts confronting them on the screen, were the most vivid portrayals of human emotions ever to be made into a talking picture.

I don’t imagine many New Yorkers, or even out-of-towners, for that matter, ever think much about it, but the fact remains that there are theatres in New York named after great personalities of the theatre. It was at the Al Jolson Theatre that I, as a small town boy, saw my first big New York production, Bomba by name, starring the great Al himself. Now, for no justifiable reason, I find myself upset every time I pass it to find that it is no longer the Al Jolson Theatre but, through the caprices of Italian Grand Opera promoters, The Venetia, or at least it was when I looked yesterday.

That leaves the Nora Bayes Theatre, the Ethel Barrymore, the Belasco, the Booth, the George M. Cohan and the Mansfield still bearing their famous names, even if some are laboring under the shame of cinematic presentation rather than the words of the Bard. To me there is something quite beautiful and touching in the thought that certain individuals have achieved renown great enough that a theatre should have been built in their name. Personally, I can think of no greater honor for the performer in the field of entertainment. I would like to feel that, in some cases, it was a sincere tribute on the part of the builders or the theatrical magnate and that the performer had paid nothing to have achieved this theatrical immortality. While time and progress may necessitate the renaming of some of these
RADIO STARS

HUMBLE OPINION-

theatres, I do believe that a petition should be circulated and signed to perpetuate the name of one of the world's greatest showmen through the theatre that now bears his name, the Roxy Theatre on Seventh Avenue at 50th Street.

That Roxy himself was a great personality among great personalities in the show world cannot be denied by even his severest detractors. I personally criticised him and the National Broadcasting Company most severely for their stupid and ungenerous first-night treatment of the opening of Radio City Music Hall. In my opinion the show should have been made up of those who had helped build radio, or at least a section of the best seats should have been reserved for those outstanding in radio—with tickets printed, perhaps, on metal coated with gold. Some such souvenir that would have made (Continued on page 81)

Reunion at Yale. Rudy joined two of his classmates for the parade to the annual Yale-Harvard baseball game, held in New Haven. All are members of the Yale Class of 1927.

Glare-Proof! for smart young vagabonds

Pond's 3 "Sunlight" Shades flatter your face in strong open daylight

Bright light...Black shadows...Now there are "Sunlight" shades to soften that glare on your face. Specially blended to catch only the softer rays of the sun...Flattering! Away from the old sun-tan shades.

Try them at our expense. Or buy a box, and if you do not find it more flattering than ordinary sun-tan shades, send us back the box, and we will refund purchase price plus postage. Decorated screw-top jars, 35c, 70c. New big boxes, 10c, 20c.

Summer Brunette Sunlight (LIGHT)
Sunlight (DARK)

Test them FREE in glaring Sunlight
Pond's, Dept. 9RS-PK, Clinton, Conn. Please rush me, free, Pond's 3 new "Sunlight" Shades, enough of each for a 5-day test.
(This offer expires Dec. 1, 1937)

Name
Street
City
State
Badminton is one of the many games Frank Parker offers guests at his Rowayton Beach, Conn., home. Andre and he have just batted out a game.

Wielding batons has put the band-leader in good shape for throwing darts. "Not bad at all," smiles our host, "for a musician and beginner."

ANDRE VISITS FRANK

The singing Parker gives Maestro Kostelanetz a taste of the outdoors and puts him through athletic paces

Enough's plenty for one day! So the two Chesterfield stars go inside to discuss their next Wednesday's show on CBS, 9 p.m. EDT.

"So long, Frank, and thanks for everything," says the departing Andre. "You haven't seen anything yet," beams Frank. "Come again!"
Archery is yet another sport that the athlete-singer wants Andre to try. Decked out in arm-guard, he does a good job of imitating Frank.

As a final touch to the day's activities, Frank dons shorts and readies his favorite boat for a sail on Long Island Sound.

When your hands chap and roughen, they actually begin to age! Because they have lost some of the special moisture that keeps young skin supple and smooth. But Jergens Lotion replaces the lost moisture—gives back inviting smoothness to your hands. Jergens soaks in—more effectively than any other lotion tested.

And it contains two remarkable softening and whitening ingredients, used by many doctors. Young hands are lovable, charming—an asset to every woman of any age. And Jergens can help you have young hands! Get it today. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—$1.00 for the special family size—at any beauty counter, and the $1.00 bottle now comes with a useful dispenser!

Walter Winchell—every Sunday night—National Broadcasting Company Blue Network—Coast-to-Coast.

FREE! PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE OF JERGENS

Prove for yourself how swiftly and thoroughly Jergens goes into the skin, conserves and renewes the youthful softness of your hands!

The Andrew Jergens Co., 1531 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio
(In Canada—Perth, Ontario.)

Name_________________________ PLEASE PRINT

Address_________________________
**Withered!**

Don’t let Skin-Thirst do this to you!

Like the fragile rose, your own skin, when starved for life-giving moisture, becomes dry and ugly. As early as 16, dreaded “Skin-Thirst” begins. Guard this vital skin moisture with Outdoor Girl, the face powder blended with Olive Oil for your protection.

**OLIVE OIL is the guardian of skin beauty**

The protecting touch of Olive Oil in each fine flake of Outdoor Girl Face Powder keeps it from “sponging up” the natural moisture so essential to a youthful complexion. Keep your beauty fresh and lovely — protected against “Skin-Thirst”!

Six luscious shades at drug and department stores . . . . . 50c

For perfect color harmony of make-up, use Outdoor Girl Lipstick and Rouge. Generous purse sizes at all 10c stores.

---

**Bob Burns scored a scoop last May when he married Harriet Foster, his secretary. They're enjoying the new home, with their Chow.**

Bob's bazooka playing has forced Harriet to take up the guitar in self defense. They hold private jam sessions on their front stoop.

Service from the little woman, who plants hubby in a soft chair after a hard day at Paramount, and lights up his trusty pipe.
"It's not so easy as it looks," says Bob, who is having a tough time with the dictaphone. "I guess housework is lots easier than being my secretary. Huh, you weren’t so dumb!"

"That's what you think," grins Harriet, giving Bob a taste of dish drying. And he, looking none too happy, is probably thinking his radio and screen work is a cinch compared to either of wifey's jobs.

A short, but frequent, story . . . "Lysol" disinfectant made the ending happy.

Judy and Bill grew up together . . . were childhood sweethearts. Everybody said, "They'll be happy".

But . . . in less than a year of married life, Judy said Bill was cruel, indifferent. Bill said, "We both made a mistake". But old Doc Davis, who'd brought them both into the world, discovered the real story. And "Lysol" disinfectant helped make the ending happy.

The tragic thing about it is, a woman seldom knows she's guilty of neglecting herself. Fortunately, any woman can (and millions of women do) know how not to offend. They know that "Lysol" disinfectant provides a wholesome cleansing method of feminine hygiene. They know these six qualities of "Lysol" which make it so valuable:

**THE 6 SPECIAL FEATURES OF "LYSOL"**

1. **Non-caustic** . . . "Lysol" in the proper dilution is gentle and efficient. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2. **Effectiveness** . . . "Lysol" is a true germicide, active under practical conditions in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3. **Penetration** . . . "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually search out germs.

4. **Economy** . . . "Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.

5. **Odor** . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6. **Stability** . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

**FACTS ALL WOMEN SHOULD KNOW**

Lawn & Font Products Corp., Dept. 10 RS
Bloomfield, N. J., U.S.A.

Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about feminine hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

Name:
Street:
City:
State:

Copyright 1937 by Lawn & Font Products Corp.
What a lucky start in life the youngster of 1937 gets!
No leave-it-to-chance care for him.

Special clinics guard him in every step of his growth and development. Special foods—special soaps—special toys—in fact, from his first day on, everything he gets is made especially for him.

Doesn't it stand to reason he should have a special laxative, too? A child's little system is not like yours. It is much too frail for the ruthless effects of an "adult" laxative.

For that reason, many doctors suggest Fletcher's Castoria. It is, as you know, purely a child's laxative—made especially and only for children.

It contains no harsh, "adult" drugs—nothing that could cause cramping pains. Nothing, in fact, that could possibly harm a child's delicate system.

Fletcher's Castoria works chiefly on the lower bowel, gently urging the muscular movement. It is safe—sure—yet thorough.

A famous baby specialist has said he couldn't write a better prescription than Fletcher's Castoria.

And Fletcher's Castoria has a pleasant taste. Children don't balk at taking it. That's important! For, as you know, you can easily upset a child's entire nervous system by forcing him to take a bad-tasting medicine.

More than 5,000,000 mothers have learned to rely on Fletcher's Castoria. Why not get the economical Family-Size bottle from your druggist today? The signature, Chas. H. Fletcher, appears on every bottle.
Conductor Phil Spitalny and his All-Girl Singing Orchestra, heard every Monday evening at 9:30 p.m. EDST, over the NBC-Red network. Before assembling these beautiful girl musicians, Spitalny directed numerous symphony theatre and radio orchestras. He claims the girls excel in love songs.

FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO RADIO

It is unusual for the same program to be twice given the Radio Stars Award for Distinguished Service to Radio. But once again Phil Spitalny and his All-Girl Orchestra, unquestionably, merit the honor.

His organization is playing the best music of its brilliant career. The most difficult orchestrations are thoroughly mastered, and, despite any musical intricacies, the soulful Spitalny quality is never lacking. It is a delight to the ears and soul.

He has labored tirelessly for perfection. No other musical organization rehearses as often or as long. Or as conscientiously. But then, what other orchestra reaches the listener's heart so effectively?

Fortunately, Phil Spitalny is as much a student of human nature as he is of music. That, more than anything, is the secret of his success. It explains why he is able to train his girl musicians to play as capably as men; why his selections are always in good taste and pleasing to hear; why the girls think so highly of his talent and judgment; why they would willingly rehearse even longer if he wished.

To Phil Spitalny and his All-Girl Orchestra, of the General Electric Program, Radio Stars Magazine again presents its award for Distinguished Service to Radio.

Lester C. Grady
DID you know that Robert L. Ripley, the old credulity tester and imagination strainer, has a secret past? Well, he has, believe-it-or-not! And not only a secret past, but an athletic past. For instance . . .

Ripley once had a tryout with the New York Giants, as an infielder, believe-it-or-not!

Ripley was three times national handball champion, both singles and doubles, believe-it-or-not!

Ripley broke his right arm throwing a curve ball, believe-it-or-not!

Ripley once wrestled on the same card with Strangler Lewis and Stanislaus Zbyszko when they were grappling for the world's championship, believe-it-or-not!

Ripley never received a dime for his performance that night, believe-it-or-not!

Ripley travelled as a baseball writer with the Giants, Yankees and Dodgers, believe-it-or-not!

Ripley is as close a follower of sports as any other fan in the entertainment field, believe-it-or-not!

Since Ripley always supplies proof for the multitudinous items of incredibility in his radio programs and cartoons, the least we can do is to offer documentary evidence in support of Rip's secret and athletic past.

Perhaps Ripley's baseball achievements are the most remarkable of all.

Thirty years ago, as a kid at Santa Rosa High School in California, Bob was a pitcher and short-stop. The fact that he showed enough ability to be taken to the Marlin, Texas, spring training camp of the Giants by John McGraw, five years after, indicates that Ripley was no ordinary high school player.

Ripley was a highly skilful fielder, according to Eddie Brannick, who was travelling secretary of the Giants then, and still travels with the club. Eddie says that Rip couldn't hit wel...
here are some facts about his life as amazing as any he's told...
ROMANCE AT THE MET

Two lovers of great music, Rose Bampton and Wilfred Pelletier have found a newer, greater love

By FAITH FENWICK

Wilfred Pelletier, conductor of the Metropolitan Opera Auditions of the Air, has directed the Met and NBC orchestras and coached some of the most famous opera stars.

Rose Bampton made her début at the Met when she was only 21, becoming the "baby star." It was Conductor Wilfred Pelletier who tutored her in soprano rôles.
THE Reverend Albert E. Thomas, Presbyterian minister in Elkton, Maryland, looked searchingly at the young couple standing before him. Here, to this modern Gretna Green, come countless lovers in quest of a speedy or a secret marriage, and a minister must sometimes question if the two who seek his services really feel the serious nature of the step they are so hastily taking, or if it is a momentary impulse, soon to be tragically regretted.

But this time the minister felt no qualms. There was something in the starry glance the two exchanged, as they looked deep into each other's eyes, something in the still radiance of those two faces upturned to his, in the hushed ecstasy of their firm responses, which told him that, more than a mere marriage, this was a mating of kindred spirits, a union of two who asked no sweeter thing of life than to live it for and with each other.

And, as he spoke the final words of the familiar ritual: "I pronounce you man and wife," it was as if they heard the chime of sweet bells ringing—ringing out the old and single, separate existences, ringing in the new life that was to be theirs together.

So, on that radiant May morning, Rose Bampton, lovely young Metropolitan Opera star, became the bride of Dr. Wilfred Pelletier, the Metropolitan's distinguished conductor, program director, coach and composer.

Not yet, however, did they share their precious secret. Not with the public. Not even with their closest friends. The world, for a little time, held only those two, who needed no pomp and ceremony, no gala celebration, to mark their marriage.

When the brief and binding words had been said, they started north, to Canada. No regular honeymoon was possible, just then, for Dr. Pelletier was due to conduct a Bach festival in Montreal, and Rose Bampton was to be the soloist.

After the festival was over, they spent a week in the Canadian city which is Wilfred Pelletier's birthplace and his family's home, and the conductor introduced his bride to his family. Here they found time to take long walks together, and they went swimming together, took snapshots of each other, and were very merry and gay, as any young bride and groom might be. Then back to New York again, for other musical engagements.

Not till two weeks later, when they sailed together on the Champlain for a real European honeymoon, did their countless friends receive the little white cards, with the message:

"Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Bampton
have the honor of
announcing the marriage of their daughter
Rose Elizabeth

Dr. Wilfred Pelletier
on Monday the twenty-fourth of May
One thousand nine hundred and thirty-seven
Elkton, Maryland"

It can't be said that this news was exactly a surprise to the many friends and associates of the young singer and opera conductor. They had been, from their first meeting, when Rose came to the Met five years ago, devoted and loyal friends. And for the past year none could miss the starry glances of (Continued on page 90)
Martha's in blackface! Miss Raye sings the title song of the Public Melody No. 1 sequence in Paramount's new Jack Benny movie musical, titled Artists and Models.

And here's that gay and original comedian, pint-sized Joe Laurie, Jr., another of Rudy Vallee's finds, heard on his Variety Hour.

IN THE

William Hanzler

Two in a canoe on a summer's day, Irene Rich, stage, screen and radio favorite, and the diminutive dachshund, Irene's favorite.
You know these! That unique ventriloquist, Edgar Bergen, dummy Charlie McCarthy, and Dorothy Lamour of Chase and Sanborn Hour.

Tum-tum-ti-tum! Here comes Helen Pershing Healy, charming bride of Leibert Lombardo, younger brother of bandleader Guy Lombardo.

**RADIO SPOTLIGHT**

Co-starred in NBC's Streamlined Shakespeare, Elaine Barrie and John Barrymore are interviewed by Elza Schallert on her broadcast.

You Can't Have Everything is the title of the movie whence comes this scene. But Alice Faye and Don Ameche seem content!
One day the telephone rang! Tommy answered it. The secretary of the Metropolitan Opera Auditions of the Air asked him to come over.

Thomas Llyfnwy Thomas, young Welsh baritone, now on the Met roster and Show Boat soloist.

SING A

The church at Maestag, a small town in Glamorganshire, South Wales, was going to give a concert. It would be, thought the music director and conductor, a good chance for his small son to gain experience in singing in public. So he coached the boy, who had sung ever since he could talk, in some of his little songs.

"If you get an encore, Tommy," said his father, thinking to ensure a good performance, "I'll give you a sixpence."

The boy's big blue-gray eyes widened. He would sing for sheer love of singing, but—a sixpence, all his own! When the night of the concert came, he went out on to the platform and sang his heart out. When he had finished, the audience applauded enthusiastically and his father nodded to him to begin his second song.

"Not till I get the sixpence!" cried young Tommy loudly, to the vast delight of the audience. Then, the coveted coin clasped in his small, moist hand, he sang again.

So, at the age of six, Thomas L. Thomas, winner of last season's Metropolitan Opera auditions and the new Show Boat baritone, made his first bow.

Thomas Llyfnwy Thomas is
to the public.

It's a long way from Glamorganshire in South Wales to Broadway, and a big jump from a sixpence to a thousand-dollar check, which, along with a contract, was Tommy's reward for winning the Metropolitan Opera auditions. But the young Welsh lad with the marvelous voice still pours out his heart when he sings.

Music is, truly, his native tongue. His grandfather, a Welsh miner, journeyed to America to seek silver, in those days when Denver was the center of the great silver boom. And when he was not wielding a pick, Grandfather Thomas drilled a choir of miners, cowboys and Indians, that made the welkin ring.

Tommy's father, who went into the Welsh coal mines at the age of eleven, was similarly possessed by music. The first instrument he owned was a tin whistle, on which he tooted manfully at old, familiar, Welsh airs. Saving his scarce pennies, one day he became the proud possessor of a flageolet—a cheap little pipe, with only holes for stops. But with it he presently became leader of the local flute and drum corps. Next he acquired a flute, upon which he learned to play so exquisitely that the Royal Academy of Music in London gave him its cherished degree. Later Thomas père conducted the London Symphony Orchestra.

When Tommy was twelve, the family migrated to America, to the Scranton coal mines.

"I'll never forget," says Tommy reminiscently, "my first day in Scranton. I was wearing short pants, as the boys at home did, and short socks. The neighborhood boys followed me home from the store, pulling up their long pants and rolling down their socks and jeering at me! It was a bitter moment for me—a hard pill to swallow! Afterwards, though, we became friends. Some of them still are my good friends."

Tommy finished his schooling in the Scranton public schools and decided to become an engineer. He studied mechanical engineering and draughtsmanship and worked his way up from oiling engines to become, at twenty, assistant manager of the sales production department of an engineering firm.

And when he wasn't working at engines, Tommy sang. In school, in church, in concerts, his sweet young voice presently became a familiar delight to all of Scranton. He studied with his father and with a local teacher who ventured to predict great things for his young pupil.

That year when Tommy was twenty, just four years ago, Nelson Eddy came to Scranton to sing a concert. After the concert young Thomas was invited to meet the singing star at the home of a music-loving friend. Tommy sang for Nelson. They sang together. And afterwards Nelson Eddy turned to the lad. Seriously he said: "You should go to New York. Your (Continued on page 78)
JERITZA,

A glamorous queen of the opera, a great woman, she is as simple as she is splendid and superb

BY GLADYS HALL

Left, Maria Jeritza as she appeared in the opera Boccaccio, one of her earlier rôles. Below, shown with Edsel Ford (left) and Conductor Victor Kolar (right), Madame Jeritza was honored by being chosen as the inaugural soloist on the first Ford Sunday Evening Hour.
SHE is ripe fields of golden corn, a goddess of Plenty, a daughter of the Valkyrie, an empress and a peasant. One hears, in her voice, the pride of empires, the pomp and circumstance of kings, the Beautiful Blue Danube, the lusty shouts of tomboys at play, the sound and scent of growing things, the cries of the croupers at Monte Carlo, the rich laughter of a child, the strains of Tosca, Carmen, Lohengrin... She can "talk with kings, nor lose the common touch." And has. There is about her a triumphant joy of living, a fertile promise of huge generosities of heart, of spirit, of understanding. One could come to her in triumph and find applause. One could come to her in sorrow and find solace. She might be, reincarnated, Ceres, the Goddess of the Grain and of Agriculture. She is the perfect combination of the divine diva holding, controlled, the thunderbolts of temperament in her hands, and the thrifty housewife who orders her household competently. She is, as are all truly great women, all women in one. She is, as are all great people, a lover of all things—a lover of splendor and regalia, of flowers and books and children, of sumptuous things and simple things, of gardens and good talk and food. She is splendid and simple and superb.

To attempt to encompass Maria Jeritza in a few hundred words is like attempting to fence in the panorama of the heavens with a handful of picket fencing. There is an embarrassment of riches. One is possessed of limitless material—adventures, triumphs, emotions, conquests, romances, riches, philosophies... One can only plunge one's pen into this teeming treasure and hope to come forth with at least a few of the more illuminating details. Her pattern of life has been, and is, woven with the rich threads of every color in the spectrum. With predominating, the passionate colors of scarlet and purple and gold.

An extremist, Jeritza. One who could run the gambit of potentialities. One who could break a heart, or an empire, boisterously, brutally, and mend it on her knees—bathing it in tears.

And so, I shall have to be verbally extravagant. I shall defy most of the laws of "good writing" which ordain few adjectives, a toning down of superlatives, a rigid economy of the florid and the (Continued on page 62)

Left, a beautiful Eva in Wagner's Die Meistersinger and (right) the Jeritza of today, now married to Winfield Sheehan and signed for a weekly radio series this autumn.
FRANK BLACK is the Musical Director of the National Broadcasting Company.

More than that, he is Dr. Frank Black, a member (with palms) of the French Academy and one of the ablest musicians in these United States.

Yet, in spite of the imposing list of titles and the top-flight position he holds, it is widely known that he is unassuming, unaffected and entirely natural.

For one thing, he arrives, blithe and chipper, at his desk at 7:45 in the morning, before anyone else has so much as stuck his head in the building. There, was a deskful of work laid out before him, he tackles a French coffee cup that holds just a pint of coffee. He says he has to get there early if he wants to get any real work done before the phones at his elbow start hissing him. Besides, he doesn’t want to get too much sleep. He can usually stand six hours of it when he isn’t busy, but more often it’s less. There’s work to be done!

Would you like his well-paid job? Musical Director of the National Broadcasting Company—rolled over the tongue it sounds good, doesn’t it? But consider before you decide to move in.

Consider the early hour of 7:45 and the fact that you would, of necessity, have to get up at 6:45 to dress and make the office. You wouldn’t mind that? You often wake up at that hour and have a peak at the weather through one eye before you go back to sleep again, you say? Well, then, there’s an orchestra that you started at home last night while your dinner guests were amusing themselves at bridge. It will be 158,912 notes long (the actual length of one used by Black in a Coca Cola show) and will require some fifty hours’ work in all.

But that’s just a beginning! Your secretary will arrive at 8:30, bringing you a fresh cup of coffee and a list of the appointments you have for the day. All morning long you will interview people (every single NBC musical item is your direct responsibility) and attend to finicky business details until lunch time, which means nothing to you because the star of a show is sulking and must be pacified. (Black recently had a run-in with Kay Thompson. She insisted that the trumpet section walk down in front and play immediately behind her Rhythm Singers. When he explained that it was impossible, as the next number was a symphonic work and the trumpeters couldn’t get back to their places in the brass section in time to blend into the music properly, she walked out of the studio just as the show, The Magic Key of RCA was about to go on. He’s regular but he’s not soft.)

The same routine goes for the afternoon, except that you will have to rehearse sixty-five musicians and a chorus of twenty-five singers from 2:00 to 4:00, get back to the office for more business and a pile of correspondence. The Revelers drop in at 6:00 to discuss a program and to rehearse, and there’s another big rehearsal at 7:00 and an arrangement to study over until 9:00, when you’re on the air. Dinner? Let it wait!

I had a mental picture of the man who does this every day. In my mind was the old-time musician with dirty shirt and flowing black tie. Naturally, his hair would be long enough to braid, and temper and temperament a matter of course. I even saw myself being rapidly assisted out of his office by a couple of harpists.

A Mr. Street from NBC introduced me to the Maestro. For a moment I was completely forgotten as they fell to discussing the forthcoming Artists and Writers’ golf tournament and the Braddock-Louis fight. Did I hear aright? Dr. Black was saying that if he could get away he was going to take in both of them. While I was recovering from this, I studied the man. Well-cut blue suit, neatly pressed. Clean shirt and small-figured foulard tie that I would have swapped two of mine for. Bushy hair? Grayish, yes—bushy, no. A pair of keen eyes looked out from horn-rimmed glasses and his lips, largish but well-formed, curved up into a pleasant smile. A genuine maestro, entering a golf tournament!

His office—large and spacious, its walls covered with subdued caricatures of not-so-subdued conductors and a couple of rather good oils—boasted a grand piano and the usual NBC loudspeaker with its dial-like station selector which permits the tuning-in of other programs.

All in all, I was so taken aback that I glanced covertly at his desk pad. Upside-down I read, “Bill Perkins, 12:00, Radio Stars,” so I knew that I was in the right place as he turned to me.

“Sorry to bother you,” I began, “I know that you’re a busy man.”

“No bother at all,” he smiled and rested his face in his hand the way Rachmaninoff does (cynics have suggested that Rachmaninoff even sits thusly in his bath), “fire away.”

The first shot fired brought out the astounding fact that, as a boy, he wasn’t attracted to (Continued on page 60)
By
WILLIAM PERKINS

Dr. Black's talented hands on the keyboard, and three poses of the Maestro conducting, explaining the score and rehearsing for the Carnation Contented Hour.
Adolphe Menjou and Mischa Auer regale Conductor Leopold Stokowski with some choice music. Leopold seems to be giving the boys a lusty "cheer."

"Flash! Exclusive!" And Walter Winchell's smile is exclusive, too, for no one sees his broadcasts.

BETWEEN BROADCASTS

CBS mermaids, Betty Reller of Betty and Bob, Patricia Dunlap of Bachelor's Children and Sunda Love of The Romance of Helen Trent.

Ed East and Ralph Dumke, Sisters of the Skillet and Quality Twins to countless radio listeners, indulge in a little Mexican madness on the air.
This smile gets nowhere with Jack Smart, as doorman in 100 Men and a Girl. "Don't try it on me!" he warns Patsy (Deanna Durbin), "for you can't get in!"

Looking like two different men, Andre Kostelanetz as radio knows him on the Chesterfield program, and below, all prettied up for his movie role in Paramount's new musical, Artists and Models.

He is Margaret, heroine of Don Winslow of the Navy. She is Betty Lou Gerson, also heard in A Tale of Today and The Story of Mary Martin.
Webster's Collegiate Dictionary defines a coloratura soprano as one who indulges in: "Florid ornaments, as runs, trills, or rapid passages in vocal music."

The American Album of Familiar Music air-show defines one as: "Jean Dickenson, 23, S4", elegantly protégée of Lily Pons."

Both are correct in that they refer to Jean Dickenson, who is a coloratura soprano, who allows herself, "... runs, trills or rapid passages in vocal music" on the Album, Sunday nights.

This attractive young girl—who has a crackerjack background of study here and abroad, operatic experience and considerable air work, including the romantic lead opposite Dick Powell on Hollywood Hotel—is often described as a "cosmopolitan," ever an awesome word.

"Are you really a 'cosmopolitan?'" I shuddered as I asked.

She thought a minute before she answered. The interval gave me time to study this high-note singing sensation. Pretty? Yes, if hazel eyes, a soft complexion and dark brown hair mean anything. Clothes? Over a slim "figger" she wore a hostess gown of cream-colored figured satin, a brooch in the shape of a jeweled orb, slippers of white fur—the whole bringing up into a pleasing effect. This singer is not—and never will be—the...
you'd sing for us. After all, you've been a bad boy, so you must be nice—what do you think?"

Gilly thought for a moment and then answered her with a few guttural sounds that apparently meant consent. At least, Jean took them that way and she turned out to be right, for, lifting his head, Gilly sang lustily. If you don't believe me—well—well, he did sing and in so doing reminded me of a woman I know back in Westbrook, Maine—only Gilly sang better.

With the recital over, Jean continued:
"I'm afraid we Dickensons sound like a terrible bunch of rovers, but that's something beyond our control. My father, you see, is a mining engineer with the Ingersoll-Rand Company, and whenever a new vein of this-or-that is discovered, he has to pack and run." (Continued on page 87)
"I HAD to fail miserably and utterly, after once I had been a radio hot shot, before I found out that making good entails a lot of hard work and a lot of keeping a level head. I had to fall flat on my nose!

"I'm glad I failed. I'm glad I flopped completely—only it was tough at the time—because I'll never be so bumptious, so extravagant, so cocksure of myself again."

Ray Heatherton spooned another mouthful of the fresh grapefruit the waiter had put before him, and continued: "I think anyone who gets anywhere in this world and—don't mistake me, I'm no howling success as yet, but at least I'm doing the thing I like best, singing—has had somebody behind him, pushing him, telling him he's good, that he can do it. Telling him to have faith and keep on, even though the rest of the world thinks he's lousy.

"Don't call me a mother's boy, because she'd hate that and I would, too, but honestly my mother is responsible for every bit of success I've had. If it hadn't been for her encouragement, I'd be a clerk in the telephone company, today."

He paused. "Well, it's quite a story—how I got on the radio. Has something to do with singing at funerals, with a swell gesture by Jimmy Melton, with my mother, with my getting success too early, quite a story—want to hear it?"

I said I did. We were sitting at luncheon in Sardi's, famous rendezvous of theatrical, radio and movie folk, on 44th Street, west of Broadway, New York—just across the street from the Shubert Theatre where Ray's name was blazoned as one of the principals in Babes in Arms, the new Hart-Rodgers musical, a Manhattan summer hit show.

I had just seen it. Seen Ray turning in a swell performance both as actor and singer, opposite its star, Mitzi Green, the one-time child movie actress, who now is a long-legged, clever girl of seventeen. On the stage, Ray looked about Mitzi's age—an attractive boy with dark brown hair, deep blue eyes, and a lot of vitality. Youthful.

And so I wasn't prepared for the handsome, poised young man of twenty-eight, in white linens, who showed up at my table. He was older than the kid of the stage. And he wasn't actorish. He was more on young businessman lines, more of the type that knows he is going somewhere in this world and gives evidence of it by his casual air of assurance.

I liked him. I liked what he said about his mother, directly and frankly. 'It wasn't sob stuff—none of this! "Mammy, everything I am I owe to you!" But an honest, sincere appreciation of affection and gratitude for what his mother had done. I liked the fact that he wasn't self-conscious about saying so, for, as we know, most boys and men think that paying a pretty tribute to mother went out of style practically with Abraham Lincoln.'

Incidentally, Mrs. Heatherton isn't in the public eye. Along Broadway or Radio Row, they don't know her. She is no famous stage or party mama as Clifton Webb's
mother, who once battered down theatrical managers' doors in behalf of her son, who will spend long hours shopping for his amusing costumes, who adores going to giddy, gay parties with son as escort.

No, Mrs. Heatherton with her dignified presence, her gracious manners, her stiff-as-a-ramrod carriage, her old-fashioned hats that tie with ribbon under her chin, keeps very much in the background. She never is around the Shubert Theatre. She never is around the broadcasting stations. She never goes to parties with Ray. He has his girl friends—ah, that's another story we'll get to in a minute.

But it was she who encouraged Ray, when he was a small boy, to keep on (Continued on page 72)

Hollywood, they say, has its eye on the young singer, star of Broadway's Babes in Arms, who also warbles on the CBS networks. He won't go haywire if he becomes a screen glamour boy.

When Ray's future looked very black, he sang at funerals, took a job as phone inspector to fill in. Then came Jimmy Melton and a welcome audition which paved the way for his new rise.

Ray Heatherton first aired his romantic baritone with Paul Whiteman back in 1928. The Chesterfield show, with Kay Thompson and Andre Kostelanetz, was one of his favorite commercials.
SHE KNEW WHAT SHE

HAVING to choose between marriage and a career would present no problem to little Trudy Wood of the Packard Program. She did not want a career, in the first place. It was marriage she dreamed of, marriage she looked forward to. At sixteen, she was slim and pretty, with a warm, sweet voice and an eager ambition to sing in school operettas. But above and beyond that desire, her girlish dreams were of a home, a husband and children.

It was because her own home life was always so happy that Trudy could conceive of nothing lovelier than duplicating it. The second oldest in a family of four girls, she has enjoyed to the full their companionship and the love and understanding of her parents. It is a fine tribute to those parents that Trudy has such a clear vision of what she wants of life, and that it is in its essence a replica of their own pattern for living.

Trudy was born in San Francisco and lived for a while in New York, but her mother and father moved to southern California while she was still a baby, in order that she might benefit by the warm climate, for she had had pneumonia and was delicate. As they had hoped, the baby thrived and Hollywood became home for the growing family.

But the little girls grew up in no exotic atmosphere. If they were influenced at all by their nearness to the film capital, it was to have few illusions about that particular career and no desire to be a part of that picturesque but difficult life. Instead, they lived normally, contentedly, absorbed in their home and in each other. Trudy says feelingly that she is sorry for anyone who does not know the joys of being one of a large family. She adores her sisters, and neither career nor marriage has separated her from her family or ever will.

In her early 'teens, she drifted into a pleasant companionship with a boy and vaguely planned that when school days were over, she would play the long-dreamed-of rôle of bride. But Trudy is deeply grateful now that that particular plan miscarried, and that instead she took the high road to adventure—that road that led so surprisingly, so swiftly, to success—and to Bill!

After two years in a church school, she went to Beverly Hills High School, from which she graduated. Without any particular training or study, she sang very sweetly and it was natural that her voice should be featured at the graduation exercises. Trudy was pleased, but she felt a twinge of disappointment, too, because she had hoped that the final exercises would be in the form of an operetta, as they had in years past, and that she would have a leading rôle in it.

With that particular ambition thwarted, she began to look elsewhere for an opportunity. She had always been an ardent radio fan, dashing home from school to tune in on Bing Crosby. Now, turning the dial, listening to the various interpreters of popular songs, she began to wonder if she could do anything like that herself. When she read about a contest being staged by Hollywood Hotel, she had a sudden inspiration to try out.

To her delight, she won. The next step was a trip to San Francisco for further auditions. Briefly, Trudy's luck went behind a cloud, for she became ill en route and although she sang according to schedule, like a true trouper, she had a high fever and was really desperately ill with flu. But although she lost out, as far as the contest was concerned, she was signed by KHI, and a week after graduation started work, singing with the
WANTED

By MIRIAM ROGERS

Love and marriage come first with young Trudy Wood who sings on the Packard show

and at the Biltmore Rendezvous in Hollywood.

This was in 1934, and from then on the months slipped happily by to the varied tunes of the current popular hits. She had planned to go to college, but, without consciously deciding against it, drifted from one engagement to another until school no longer seemed a logical part of the picture.

She sang over various programs and with several dance bands, touring with George Hamilton's band and later with Jimmie Gri'er's. Her first big opportunity, as far as radio is concerned, came when Fred Astaire plucked her out of the chorus to sing sentimental duets with him on the Packard Program. Trudy was thrilled and eager to succeed, but she confesses shyly that that seemed less important to her than what had happened the previous spring. For in her autobiography, the outstanding achievement of her young life to date is, as she puts it herself: "marriage to a wonderful man."

It was while she was traveling with Jimmie Gri'er's orchestra that she met Bill Bryan, NBC announcer. At their first meeting in San Antonio, which was his home, she refused an invitation to go out with him. But when the itinerary of the band was unexpectedly changed, and he found herself back in San Antonio, she felt herself drawn to the tall, dark Texan, who again approached her. The band lingered and the new friendship ripened rapidly into romance. When Trudy had to return to Hollywood, Bill decided that his own opportunities lay in that city, and returned with her.

From the beginning, Trudy had no doubts. When she had known him a year, she secured a week's leave of absence from the band and went to San Antonio, where she was married to Bill at an informal wedding, with Bill's people to give the parental blessing. Her own people could not be there, but Trudy knew that, out of their love for her, her family would understand. And in the year which concluded with their anniversary in June, she has convinced them. It is so right, this marriage.

Trudy seems like a little girl playing house, she is so young—barely twenty—and so slim and girlish. But talking to her, you see that she is very serious-minded and that whatever she does will be the result of clear thinking and careful decision. She knows what she wants, she has a deep sense of values and, though essentially a dreamer, is intent on shaping her life to fit those dreams and high ideals.

She and Bill have a duplex apartment in the heart of Hollywood. Trudy has had grand fun selecting furniture. With not much to spend, she has been careful and chosen only what they needed, but little by little they are acquiring a nucleus for the real home they plan to have some day.

Three nights a week she cooks their simple suppers, (Continued on page 96)

"I love my work—but I love being married more!" says Trudy. She lives in Hollywood with her husband and their pet Scottie. And all her songs are sung to Bill.
Pixilated? Perhaps! Doodlings, you recall, was Gary Cooper’s word (in Mr. Deeds Goes To Town) for those betraying habits of ours when the mind is otherwise engaged. Observe these radio stars! Above is Frances Langford’s doodling! Right (top to bottom), Raymond Paige flips his baton, Igor Gorin pulls at his necktie nervously, while he sings, and Jerry Cooper twirls his key chain! Below, the hand is that of Ken Niles, drawing little faces as he studies his script. The O-filler, in the lower left, is Anne Jamison, the popular little songbird of Hollywood Hotel, and the lady above, Louella Parsons, famed personality of the air, chews pencils as she works.
THE regular programs on the four coast-to-coast networks are here listed in a day-by-day time schedule. The National Broadcasting Company Red Network is indicated by NBC-Red; the National Broadcasting Company Blue Network is indicated by NBC-Blue; the Columbia Broadcasting System by CBS, and Mutual Broadcasting System by MBS.

All stations included in the schedules are listed below. Find your local station on the list and tune in on the network specified.

COLUMBIA TIME RECORDED IS EASTERN DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME. This means that for Eastern Standard and Central Daylight Time, you must subtract one hour. For Mountain Daylight and Mountain Standard Time, subtract two hours. For Pacific Daylight and Mountain Standard Time, subtract three hours. And for Pacific Standard Time, subtract four hours. For example: 11:00 a.m. EDT becomes 10:00 a.m. CST; 7:00 a.m. PDT and MST; 7:00 a.m. PST.

If, at a particular time, no network program is listed, it is because there is no regular program for that time, or because the preceding program continues into that period.

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY—BLUE NETWORK

DOWRE Albany, N. Y.
WHKN Jamestown, N. Y.
WFLA Dunedin, Fl.
WXSP Greenbelt, Md.
WXSB Loudon, Va.
WAVO Shreveport, La.
WAVE Panhandle, Fla.
WHIT DC.
WHLA Urbana, Ill.
WFAA Dallas, Tex.
WBCD New Orleans, La.
WORC Baltimore, Md.
WKY Lincoln, Neb.
WABC New York, N. Y.
WGN Chicago, Ill.
WIVR Syracuse, N. Y.
WRVA Richmond, Va.
WROC Rochester, N. Y.
WSBI Boston, Mass.
WACO Waco, Tex.
WBPX San Francisco, Cal.
WJNO Austin, Tex.
WABY Atlanta, Ga.
WOR Rensselaer, N. Y.
WJAX Jacksonville, Fla.
WAVE Little Rock, Ariz.
WABC New York, N. Y.
WFEA Manchester, N. H.
WRC Atlanta, Ga.
WTMJ Milwaukee, Wis.
WNVK New Orleans, La.
WSB Atlanta, Ga.
WJRE Des Moines, Iowa.
WDOC Cleveland, Ohio.
WJZ New York, N. Y.
WWMO Ft. Wayne, Ind.
WWOR Youngstown, Ohio.

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY—RED NETWORK

1945-46 SCHEDULES

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY—RED NETWORK

DOWRE Albany, N. Y.
WHKN Jamestown, N. Y.
WFLA Dunedin, Fl.
WXSP Greenbelt, Md.
WXSB Loudon, Va.
WAWO Shreveport, La.
WAVE Panhandle, Fla.
WHIT DC.
WHLA Urbana, Ill.
WFAA Dallas, Tex.
WBCD New Orleans, La.
WORC Baltimore, Md.
WKY Lincoln, Neb.
WABC New York, N. Y.
WGN Chicago, Ill.
WIVR Syracuse, N. Y.
WRVA Richmond, Va.
WROC Rochester, N. Y.
WSBI Boston, Mass.
WACO Waco, Tex.
WBPX San Francisco, Cal.
WJNO Austin, Tex.
WABY Atlanta, Ga.
WOR Rensselaer, N. Y.
WJAX Jacksonville, Fla.
WAVE Little Rock, Ariz.
WABC New York, N. Y.
WFEA Manchester, N. H.
WRC Atlanta, Ga.
WTMJ Milwaukee, Wis.
WNVK New Orleans, La.
WSB Atlanta, Ga.
WJRE Des Moines, Iowa.
WDOC Cleveland, Ohio.
WJZ New York, N. Y.
WWMO Ft. Wayne, Ind.
WWOR Youngstown, Ohio.

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM STATIONS

DOWRE Akron, Ohio
WAFB Atlanta, Ga.
WABY Atlanta, Ga.
WAGL Minneapolis, Minn.
WABC New York, N. Y.
WAFB Atlanta, Ga.
WAGL Minneapolis, Minn.
WABC New York, N. Y.
WAFB Atlanta, Ga.
WAGL Minneapolis, Minn.
WABC New York, N. Y.
WAFB Atlanta, Ga.
WAGL Minneapolis, Minn.
WABC New York, N. Y.
WAFB Atlanta, Ga.
WAGL Minneapolis, Minn.
WABC New York, N. Y.
WAFB Atlanta, Ga.
WAGL Minneapolis, Minn.
WABC New York, N. Y.
WAFB Atlanta, Ga.
WAGL Minneapolis, Minn.
WABC New York, N. Y.
WAFB Atlanta, Ga.
WAGL Minneapolis, Minn.
WABC New York, N. Y.
WAFB Atlanta, Ga.
WAGL Minneapolis, Minn.
WABC New York, N. Y.
WAFB Atlanta, Ga.
WAGL Minneapolis, Minn.
WABC New York, N. Y.
WAFB Atlanta, Ga.
WAGL Minneapolis, Minn.
WABC New York, N. Y.
WAFB Atlanta, Ga.
WAGL Minneapolis, Minn.
WABC New York, N. Y.
WAFB Atlanta, Ga.
WAGL Minneapolis, Minn.
WABC New York, N. Y.
WAFB Atlanta, Ga.
WAGL Minneapolis, Minn.
WABC New York, N. Y.
WAFB Atlanta, Ga.
WAGL Minneapolis, Minn.
WABC New York, N. Y.
WAFB Atlanta, Ga.
WAGL Minneapolis, Minn.
WABC New York, N. Y.
WAFB Atlanta, Ga.
WAGL Minneapolis, Minn.
WABC New York, N. Y.
WAFB Atlanta, Ga.
WAGL Minneapolis, Minn.
WABC New York, N. Y.
WAFB Atlanta, Ga.
WAGL Minneapolis, Minn.
WABC New York, N. Y.
WAFB Atlanta, Ga.
WAGL Minneapolis, Minn.
WABC New York, N. Y.
WAFB Atlanta, Ga.
WAGL Minneapolis, Minn.
WABC New York, N. Y.
WAFB Atlanta, Ga.
WAGL Minneapolis, Minn.
WABC New York, N. Y.
WAFB Atlanta, Ga.
WAGL Minneapolis, Minn.
WABC New York, N. Y.
WAFB Atlanta, Ga.
WAGL Minneapolis, Minn.
WABC New York, N. Y.
WAFB Atlanta, Ga.
WAGL Minneapolis, Minn.
WABC New York, N. Y.
WAFB Atlanta, Ga.
WAGL Minneapolis, Minn.
WABC New York, N. Y.
WAFB Atlanta, Ga.
WAGL Minneapolis, Minn.
WABC New York, N. Y.
WAFB Atlanta, Ga.
WAGL Minneapolis, Minn.
WABC New York, N. Y.
SUNDAYS
SEPTEMBER 5—12—19—26

MORNING
8:00 NBC-Red: GOLDTHWAITE ENSEMBLE—vocals and songs
NBC-Blue: MELODY HOUR—José Hoff's orchestra
8:30 NBC-Red: CHILDREN'S CONCERT—Josef Stopak's orchestra, Paul Wing, narrator
NBC-Blue: TONE PICTIONS—Ruth Pepple, pianist: mixed quartet
9:00 NBC-Red: HAROLD NAGELS RHUMBA ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: WHITE RABBIT LINE—Milton J. Cross
CBS: SUNDAY MORNING AT AUNT SUSEN'S—Children's program, Artells Dickson
9:30 NBC-Red: CONCERT ENSEMBLE—Harry Gilbert, organist
9:55 CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
10:00 NBC-Red: HIGHLIGHTS OF THE BIBLE
NBC-Blue: RUSSIAN MELODIES
CBS: CHURCH OF THE AIR
10:30 NBC-Blue: WALBORG BROWN STRING ENSEMBLE
CBS: ROMANY TRAIL—Emery Deutsch's orchestra
MBS: RAINBOW HOUSE—children's program with Bob Emery
11:00 NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
CBS: ORGAN NOODS
MBS: REVIEWING STAND—world problems
11:05 NBC-Red: WARD AND MUZST—piano duo
NBC-Blue: ALICE REMSEN—contralto
11:15 NBC-Red: BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE—dramatization
NBC-Blue: NEIGHBOR NELL
11:30 CBS: MAJOR BOWES' CAPITAL FAMLY
MBS: PEROLE STRING QUARTET
11:45 NBC-Red: HENRY BUSSE'S ORCHESTRA

Afternoon
12:00 Noon NBC-Red: THE HOUR GLASS—Judy Brannon, Paul Germain
NBC-Blue: SOUTHERNAINES—Negro male quartet
12:30 NBC-Red: UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION—guest speakers
NBC-Blue: RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL ORCHESTRA—soloists
CBS: SALT LAKE CITY TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA
1:00 NBC-Red: DOROTHY DILLIN—soprano; FRED UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA ORCHESTRA—soprano
MBS: CHURCH OF THE AIR
MBS: IRVING CONN'S ORCHESTRA

EVENING
6:00 NBC-Red: CATHOLIC HOUR
NBC-Blue: CANADIAN HOURS—Dr. L. Eyre DUNN
CBS: PHIL HARRIS' ORCHESTRA
MBS: DANCING Moods—Elinor Sherry, Walter Ahrens. Stanley's orchestra
6:30 NBC-Red: A TALE OF TODAY—sketch
NBC-Blue: ERNEST GILL'S ORCHESTRA
CBS: CHICAGOANS
MBS: FUN IN SWINGTIME—Tim and Irene, Del Sharbutt, Iberian's orchestra
7:00 NBC-Red: JULL-O PROGRAM—Jane Froman, Donald Ross, D'ARTEGA'S ORCHESTRA
CBS: COLUMBIA WORKSHOP—dramatizations
MBS: STAN LOMAX—sports commentator
7:30 NBC-Red: FIRESIDE RECITALS—Helen Marshall, soprano; Sigurd Nilsen, basso
NBC-Blue: FLEISCHMANN PROGRAM—Werner Jaensch's orchestra
CBS: SUMMER STARS—Harry von Zell, Oscar Bradley's orchestra
MBS: WOR PRESENTS SYLVIA FROIS

7:45 NBC-Red: FITCH JINGLE PROGRAM—Morin Sisters Ranch Boys
8:00 NBC-Red: CHASE AND SANBORN PROGRAM—Don Ameche, W. C. Fields, Edgar Bergen, Dorothy Lamour, Armstrong's orchestra
CBS: GILLETTE SUMMER HOTEL—Milton Berle, Wendell Hall, Sennella's orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA
8:30 CBS: TEXACO TOWN—Jimmy Wallington, Pinky Tomlin, Igor Gorin, Sarnour Saymore, Richard's orchestra
MBS: OLD TIME SPELLING BEE—Bob Emery
9:00 NBC-Red: MANHATTAN BERRY-GO-ROUND—Rachel Carley, Pierre Le Kreme, Donnla's orchestra
CBS: R I P P L I N G RHYTHM REUE—Shep Fries orchestra, Del Casino, Bob Hope, Honeychild
CBS: UNIVERSAL RHYTHM—Frank Crumit, Rex Chandler's orchestra, Alec Templeton, Richard Bonelli
MBS: HI THERE, AUDIENCE—Ray Perkins, Helene Dansie, Ted Garin, Vivard Amison, Stanley's orchestra
9:45 NBC-Red: AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC—Frank Snn, Jean Dickenson, Hackenach's orchestra
NBC-Blue: JERGENS PROGRAM—Walter Winchell, news commentator
MBS: ORCHESTRA
10:45 NBC-Blue: WELSH PRESENTS IRENE RICH—dramatization
10:00 NBC-Red: SUNDAY NIGHT PARTY—Jane Mansfield, Don ald Dickenson, Tom Howard, George Shelton, Don's orchestra
MBS: Denny Davis STARDUST REVUE—guests, Stanley's orchestra
10:30 MBS: ORCHESTRA
11:00 NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC
NBC-Blue: JUDY AND THE BUNCH—vocal quartet
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
MBS: MUSIC
11:10 NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
MBS: ORCHESTRA

Jimmy Wallington
Dorothy Lamour
Frank Crumit
MORNING

8:00 NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING SOUNDS—organ and songs
8:15 NBC-Blue: MORNING DEVOTIONS—organ and songs
8:30 NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's program
8:55 NBC-Blue: ISLAND SONGS—organ and songs
9:00 NBC-Red: HOME SONGS—John Winters, Allyn Eden, Gertrude Forster
9:15 NBC-Blue: WILLIAM MEEDE—organist
9:30 NBC-Red: NORMEN QUARTET
9:45 NBC-Red: THE STREAM-LINERS—Fields and Hall, orchestra
9:55 NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—variety program
10:00 NBC-Red: MR. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—sketch
10:15 NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER WIFE—sketch
10:30 NBC-Red: JEAN'S LOYAL FAMILY—sketch
10:45 NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN BILL—sketch
11:00 NBC-Red: DAVID HARKUM—sketch
11:15 NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch
11:30 NBC-Red: HOW TO BE CHARMING—sketch
11:45 NBC-Red: MANHATTAN ORCHESTRA

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch
12:15 NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
12:30 NBC-Red: THREE MARCH-SHALLS—sketch
12:45 NBC-Red: ROSA LEE—sketch
1:00 NBC-Red: JOE WHITE—tenor
1:15 NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch
1:30 NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—sketch
1:45 NBC-Red: HOLLYWOOD IN PERSON—sketch
2:00 NBC-Red: JERRY SEARS' ORCHESTRA
2:15 NBC-Red: JACK AND LORRETTA—songs and patter

EVENING

5:00 NBC-Red: MARIO COZZI AND CHRISTINE JOHNSON
5:15 NBC-Red: FOUR STARS—quartet
5:30 NBC-Red: DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY—sketch

EDWIN C. HILL
MORNING

8:00 NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING NEWS
NBC-Blue: MORNING DEVO- TATION—sermons and sketches
8:15 NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE —children's program
NBC-Blue: DICK LEIBERT ENSEMBLE
8:30 NBC-Red: MUSICALS
NBC-Blue: MUSICAL QUESTIONS
8:45 NBC-Red: HARLING NEWS
NBC-Blue: CABLE NEWS
9:00 NBC-Red: STREAMLINES— PAPER—HILL—AIR—Air—sermons
NBC-Blue: BR B K R F C L L NEWS
CBS: DEE COLUMBA—fun mail dramatizations
9:30 CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL —sermons
9:45 CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
10:00 NBC-Red: LAND-T CHURCH WALTERS OF THE WORLD
10:15 NBC-Red: MBS; NBC-Blue: FRANK STEFANik—sketch
CBS: PRETTY KITTY KELLY—sermons
10:30 NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: MA PERKINS—comedy
CIB: KIRBY AND MARG—sketch
10:45 NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch
NBC-Blue: KITCHEN CAV- ALCADE—Crosby Gugino
CBS: MADISON ENSEMBLE
11:00 NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE O'REILLYS—sketch
CBS: MARY LEE TAYLOR—GET THIS TO MUSIC
11:15 NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lovey
CBS: HEINZ MAGAZINE OF THE AIR—talk, sketch, radio's orchestra
11:30 NBC-Red: MYSTERY CHEF
NBC-Blue: VISIT AND SAD— sketch
CIS: HUGH HAYES ORCHESTRA
11:45 NBC-Red: ALLEN FRECAST
—The Saver
NBC-Blue: EDWARD MAC- HUGH—The Gospel Singer
CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFTING SKETCH—sketch
12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: GAIL ALONE — sketch
NBC-Blue: TERRI FRAN- CON—sermons
CIB: RHODES— MGB: PARENTS' CLUB OF THE AIR
12:15 NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLON—sketch
NBC-Blue: CHUCK AND SCOTTY—songs
CBS: YPNE NEWS PARADE—Edwin C. Hill, commentator
MISS: ORGAN RECITAL
12:30 NBC-Red: BARRY McKIN- LEY—baritone
NBC-Blue: STROLLERS MUS TERS
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT—sketch

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: GAIL ALONE — sketch
NBC-Blue: TERRI FRAN- CON—sermons
CIB: RHODES— MGB: PARENTS' CLUB OF THE AIR
12:15 NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLON—sketch
NBC-Blue: CHUCK AND SCOTTY—songs
CBS: YPNE NEWS PARADE—Edwin C. Hill, commentator
MISS: ORGAN RECITAL
12:30 NBC-Red: BARRY McKIN- LEY—baritone
NBC-Blue: STROLLERS MUS TERS
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT—sketch

SEPTEMBER 7—14—21—28

Tuesdays

12:45 NBC-Red: ARMCHAIR QUARTET
CBS: OUR GAL, SUNDAY— sketch
MISS: WE ARE FOUR—sketch
1:00 NBC-Red: CLEO BROWN— songs
NBC-Blue: LOVE AND LEARN— sketch
CBS: BETTY AND BOB — sketch
MISS: ORCHESTRA
1:15 NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: HAL GORDON— music
CBS: HYMNS OF ALL CHURCHES— RUTH CROAKER, cooking expert
CIB: A OLD GRIMM'S DAUGHTER—sketch
MISS: LEN SALO—organist
1:45 CBS: HOLLYWOOD IN FOR- EIGN
2:00 NBC-Red: MATINEE MUSICAL— CBS: ROBERT MCLAIN— Emmy Deutsch's orchestra
MISS: FALLER HOUSE ORCHE- STA—Alf Griswold
2:15 CBS: JACK AND LOURRETH— songs and potter
MISS: ORGAN RECITAL— Louie Wilcher
2:30 NBC-Blue: NBC MUSIC GUILD
MISS: DALTON BROTHERS—novelty trio
2:45 CBS: TED MALONE'S—Be- tween the Hounds
MISS: KITTY ORCHESTRA
3:00 NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
NBC-Blue: AIRBREAKS—va- riety program
CBS: THEATER MATINEE
3:15 NBC-Red: MA PERKINS— sketch
MISS: RADIO GARDEN CLUB
3:25 NBC-Red: VIC AND SAD— sketch
NBC-Blue: KIDDODELQUARTET
MISS: COLUMBIA CONCERT HALL—Story of the Song Miss ORCHESTRA
3:45 NBC-Red: THE O'REILLYS— sketch
NBC-Blue: HAVE YOU HEARD?—drum
4:00 NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES— comedy sketch

Helen Menken

NBC-Blue: KING'S MEN QUARTET
MISS: DRAMA OF THE SKIES

EVENING

6:00 NBC-Red: SCIENCE IN THE NEWS
NBC-Blue: JACK MEAKIN DIRECTS SWINGTIME
MISS: ALL HANDS ON DECK MISS: ORCHESTRA
6:15 NBC-Red: THREE X SISTERS Miss: STUDIES IN BLACK AND WHITE
MISS: ORCHESTRA
6:20 NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO MISS: ORCHESTRA
MISS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
6:45 NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO Miss: ORCHESTRA
MISS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
7:00 NBC-Red: Glenn Darwin Miss: ORCHESTRA—baritone
NBC-Blue: TUNY RUSSELL— tenor
MISS: PAUL DOUGLAS—sports commentator
7:15 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA Miss: ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOM- AS—newscaster

CBS: GEORGE HALL'S ORCHE- STA
7:00 NBC-Red: AMOS 'N ANDY—sketch
NBC-Blue: EASY ACES— sketch
CBS: POETIC MELODIES— Jack Pollock, Franklin Mac- Cormack, Kelley's orchestra
MISS: ORCHESTRA
7:15 NBC-Red: VOCAL VARIE- TIES—choral singing
NBC-Blue: BENNO RABIN- NER—sermons
MISS: SONG TIME—Ruth Hart, Bill Perry
7:30 NBC-Red: BONNIE STEW- ART—song
NBC-Blue: LUM AND ARNER MBS; NBC-Blue: AL—HOOCHIE MONKIE
MISS: SECOND HUSBAND—Helen Baker
7:45 NBC-Red: THREE CHIEFS
NBC-Blue: VIVIAN DELLA MISS: ORCHESTRA
CH: CHICHE—mezzo-soprano

Lanny Ross

MBS: IT'S A RACKET—dram- atization
8:00 NBC-Red: JOHNNY PRE- BENTS RUSH MORGAN AND MISS: ORCHESTRA—Charles Martin
NBC-Blue: HUSBANDS AND MBS; NBC-Blue: BLUES OF WIVES—Medley Brown, Allie Miss: ORCHESTRA
MBS: BLUE VELVET MUSIC—Warwok's orchestra, Holice Miss: MUSIC BY—guest con- ductors
8:30 NBC-Red: LADY ESTHER BERNADALE—Wayne King's orchestra
MBS: EDGAR GUEST IN "IT CAN BE DONE"—MAST- ers' orchestra
MISS: ORCHESTRA
MBS: ORCHESTRA
9:00 NBC-Red: VOX POP—Parks CBS: WATCH THE FUN GOBY—Al Pearce, Nick Miss: ORCHESTRA
Johnson, Wallace Butterworth Miss: ORCHESTRA
MBS: BEN BERNIE AND MBS: ORCHESTRA
ALL THE LADS—Miss: ORCHESTRA
CBS: MBS: ORCHESTRA
9:30 CBS: CONSOLE AND KEY- BOARD—Louise Wilcher, Faul- miss: ORCHESTRA
line
9:30 NBC-Red: PACKARD HOUR— Lanny Ross, Paige's orchestra
Miss: ORCHESTRA
MISS: CHERRY GOODMAN'S MBS: ORCHESTRA—guests
MISS: ORCHESTRA
10:00 NBC-Red: THE OTHER AMERICANS—Edward Tomin- miss: ORCHESTRA
son, commentator
MISS: ORCHESTRA
MISS: UNSEEN FRIEND— miss: ORCHESTRA
sketch
10:30 NBC-Red: JIMMIE FIDLER'S MISS: ORCHESTRA
HOLLIDAY GOSSIP—NBC-Blue: FAST MASTERS Miss: ORCHESTRA
MISS: ORCHESTRA
MISS: ORCHESTRA
MISS: ORCHESTRA
MISS: ORCHESTRA
MISS: ORCHESTRA
MISS: ORCHESTRA
MISS: ORCHESTRA
MISS: ORCHESTRA
MISS: ORCHESTRA
September 1—8—15—22—29

**MORNING**

8:00 NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING
NBC-Blue: GOOD MORNING
9:15 NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's program
NBC-Blue: ISLAND SENSATIONS
9:30 NBC-Red: HOMESTORIES
CBS: Villager, Alden Edkins.
9:45 Ferris Fottre.
NBC-Blue: WILLIAM MANNING—concept
11:00 NBC-Blue: FOUR SHOWMEN—male quartet
11:15 NBC-Red: STREAMLINERS
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CALL—variety program
CBS: AS YOU LIKE IT
11:30 CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL
12:30 CBS: PRESS-NEWS RADIO

**AFTERNOON**

12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch
NBC-Blue: TRAIL FINDER—Dr. William Hansche
CBS: FRESH AIR AND THE THREE NOTES
MBS: ORCH. RECITAL
12:15 NBC-Red: STORY OF MARILYN—sketch
NBC-Blue: OFFICE AND SCOUT—songs and patter
CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE—Edwin C. Hill, commentator
MBS: LEX SALVO—organist
12:30 NBC-Blue: THREE MARILYNs
NBC-Blue: JOE DUMOND—CASTLE CAFÉ—sketch
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRIGGS—orchestra
MBS: ORCH. RECITAL
12:45 NBC-Red: JOE WHITE—tenor
NBC-Blue: H.E.L.E.N. JANE—contralto
CBS: OUR GAL, SUNDAY—orchestra
MBS: WE ARE FOUR—sketch
1:00 NBC-Red: THREE RANCHERS
NBC-Blue: LOVE AND LEARN—sketch
CBS: BETTY AND BOR—sketch
MBS: JOAN MERRILL—blues
1:15 NBC-Red: DAN HARDING’S WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: NEIGHBOR NELL

**Patti Chapin**

CBS: HYMNS OF ALL CHURCHES—BETTY CROCKER, cooking expert
1:30 NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Ruth Lyon, Larry Larsen, Harvey Hays
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—Walter Birkett’s orchestra
MBS: A R O N D L U D G R I M M S D A U T H E R—orchestra
MBS: LEX SALVO—organist
1:45 NBC-Red: HOLLYWOOD IN PERSON
2:00 NBC-Red: FANTASIE IN RHYTHM—Jan Savit
CBS: NEWS THROUGH A WOMAN’S EYES—Ray Craven
MBS: PALMER HOUSE CONCERT ORCHESTRA—Ralph Glueck
2:30 NBC-Blue: JACK AND LORETTA—songs and patter
MBS: BLACKSTONE CONCERT TRIO
2:45 NBC-Red: GENERAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN’S CLUBS
NBC-Blue: BENNETT AND WOLVERTON—piano and guitar
MBS: MONTANA SLIM

**EVENING**

6:00 NBC-Red: ALLEN PRESCOTT
NBC-Blue: HARRY COLE AND HIS ORCHESTRA—Saratoga Springs
CBS: JACK SHANNON—songs
6:15 NBC-Red: CAROL DEIS—soprano
CBS: ETON BOYS—quartet
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL
6:30 NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
MBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
7:00 NBC-Red: CAPPY BARBA—his swing harmonica
CBS: JACK BAKER—tenor
MBS: PAUL DOUGLAS—sports commentator
7:45 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
CBS-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS—newscaster
CBS: SINGING WAITERS
7:50 NBC-Red: AMOS ‘N ANDY—sketch
CBS-Blue: EASY ACES—comedy sketch
CBS: PORTRAIT OF LADIES—Jack Fulton, Franklyn MacMurray, Kenneth Kellogg, orchestra
MBS: PALMER HOUSE ENSEMBLE
8:00 NBC-Red: UNCLE EZRA’S RADIO STATION—Pat Barrett
CBS: NOLA DAY—songs
MBS: FURY TIME—Patti Chapin, Howard Phillips
MBS: LES CAVALIERS DE LA SALLE
8:15 NBC-Red: PIANO DUO
CBS-Blue: LUM AND ABNER—comedy sketch
MBS: ORCHESTRA
8:15 NBC-Red: JEAN SABLON
CBS-Blue: MAGGIE COZLL—baritones
MBS: CHRISTINE JOHN-SON, soprano
CBS: BOAKE CARTER—news commentator
8:30 NBC-Red: ONE MAN’S FAMILY—sketch
CBS: CAVALCADE OF AMERICA—guests
MBS: OUR MUSICAL PROGRAM
8:45 NBC-Red: LADY ESTHER SERENADE—Wayne King’s orchestra
CBS: LAUGH WITH KEN MURRAY—Owensboro, Gable’s band, guests
MBS: MAS & MARINE BAND
9:00 NBC-Red: TOWN HALL TONIGHT—Walter O’Keefe, Alice Frost, Van Steeden’s orchestra
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
MBS: CHESTERFIELD SYMPHONY—J. Edward Parker, Patti Chapin, Kotelnik’s orchestra
MBS: ED FITZGERALD & CO.
9:00 NBC-Red: YOUR HIT PARADE
CBS: BEALANI
NBC-Blue: BEALANI
MBS: RABBITS OF THE SOUTH SEAS
CBS: GANG BUSTERS—crime drama
MBS: FIELDS MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY—guests
9:15 NBC-Red: ALISTAIR COOK—news commentator
11:00 NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC
CBS-Blue: ORCHESTRA
MBS: ORCHESTRA
MBS: DANCE MUSIC
MORNING

9:00 NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES
NBC-Blue: MORNING DEVOTIONS—organ and organ

8:15 NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's program
NBC-Blue: DICK LEIBERT ENSEMBLE

8:30 NBC-Red: MOMENTS MUSICALE

8:45 NBC-Blue: MORNING GLEE CLUB

9:00 NBC-Red: STREAMLINES—folk and Irving
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—variety program
CBS: MUSIC IN THE AIR

9:30 CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL—songs

10:15 CBS: PRESS RADIO NEWS

9:45 NBC-Red: LANDLIT TRIO
CBS: SONG STYLISTS—male quartet

9:55 NBC-Red: PRESS- RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS RADIO NEWS

10:00 NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGABLE GROWTH—sketch
NBC-Blue: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
CBS: PRETTY KITTY KELLY—sketch

10:15 NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: MA PERKINS—sketch
CBS: MYRT AND MARGE—sketch

10:30 NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN BILL—sketch
NBC-Blue: PEPPE PUGG'S FAMILY—sketch
CBS: U.S. MARINE BAND
MBS: BACHELORS QUARTET

10:45 NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch
NBC-Blue: KITCHEN CAV-ALCADE—Crooby Gaige

11:00 NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
CARY LEA TAYLOR
MBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC

11:15 NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Ines Lansky
CBS: HEINZ MAGAZINE OF THE AIR—talk, sketch
Rolie's orchestra

11:45 NBC-Red: FIDDLERS THREE—VIBC and SADIE—comedy sketch
CBS: ERIE SIEPER—sketch
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL

11:45 NBC-Red: ALLEN FRASCOCT—The Wife Saver
NBC-Blue: EDWARD MAC-HUGH—The Gospel Singer
CARY LEA TAYLOR—UNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES—sketch

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch
NBC-Blue: TERRI FRANCONI—songs
CBS: MERRYMAKERS—LUNCHEON MUSIC

12:15 NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
NBC-Blue: GRACE AND SOPHIE—songs and patter
CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE—Edwin C. Hill, commentator

12:30 NBC-Red: BAILEY AXTON—tenor
NBC-Blue: STROLLERS MATTINCE
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN THOMPSON—sketch
MBS: LEN SALVO—organist

Thursday, September 2, 1930

Doris Kerr
Charles Winninger

48
FRIDAYS

SEPTEMBER 3—10—17—24

11:45

CBS: TED MALONE—Between the Bookends—Sid Garty—baritone

11:00

NBC-Red: HELLO PEGGY—sketch—CBS: Miss Bette Midler—organist

10:45

NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch—CBS:垌 BETTY CROUKER—cooking expert

10:00

NBC-Red: MBS: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lockwood

9:45

CBS: BALDY'S ORCHESTRA

9:00

CBS: B uomo's ORCHESTRA

8:45

NBC-Red: DON Winslow of the Navy—sketch—CBS: Bob Keen's Songs—Organ Recital—Roberta Keen's Songs—Organ Recital

8:30


8:15

NBC-Red: MBS: HOME SONGS—Wilbur and Eggs, Porky and Daffy, Maxwell and Milly

8:00

NBC-Red: HARRY Kassen—ARTIST OF THE NIGHT—NBC-Blue: NICHE: GRAND OPERA

7:45

CBS: HARRY Kassen—ARTIST OF THE NIGHT—NBC-Blue: NICHE: GRAND OPERA

7:30

CBS: HARRY Kassen—ARTIST OF THE NIGHT—NBC-Blue: NICHE: GRAND OPERA

7:15

NBC-Red: BUBA'S ORCHESTRA

7:00


6:45

CBS: PODO'S ORCHESTRA

6:30

MBS: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lockwood

6:15

NBC-Red: BARRY McKEELEY—Baritone—CBS: SUNDAY EVENING MUSIC—Hobart Bosworth

6:00

MBS: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lockwood

5:45

CBS: B G's ORCHESTRA

5:30

MBS: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lockwood

5:15

CBS: B G's ORCHESTRA

5:00

MBS: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lockwood

4:45


4:30

CBS: PODO'S ORCHESTRA

4:15

CBS: B G's ORCHESTRA

4:00

MBS: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lockwood

3:45

CBS: B G's ORCHESTRA

3:30

MBS: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lockwood

3:15

CBS: B G's ORCHESTRA

3:00

MBS: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lockwood

2:45

CBS: B G's ORCHESTRA

2:30

MBS: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lockwood

2:15

CBS: B G's ORCHESTRA

2:00

MBS: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lockwood

1:45

CBS: B G's ORCHESTRA

1:30

MBS: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lockwood

1:15

CBS: B G's ORCHESTRA

1:00

MBS: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lockwood

0:45

CBS: B G's ORCHESTRA

0:30

MBS: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lockwood

0:15

CBS: B G's ORCHESTRA

0:00

MBS: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lockwood
MORNING

8:00
NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES
NBC-Blue: ISLAND SERENADES

8:15
NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—Children's program
NBC-Blue: DICK LEIBERT ENSEMBLE

8:30
NBC-Red: MOMENTS MUSICALE

8:45
NBC-Blue: MORNING GLEE CLUB

9:00
NBC-Red: STREAMLINERS—Fields and Hall

George Fischer
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—variety program
CBS: RAY BLOCK—pianist

9:15
CBS: DALTON BROTHERS—novelty trio

9:30
CBS: FIDDLER'S FANCY

9:45
NBC-Red: LANDY TRIO

9:55
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

10:00
NBC-Red: CHARIOTEERS—male quartet
NBC-Blue: SWEETHEARTS OF THE AIR—May Singlet
Brenn, Peter de Ross
CBS: YOUR GARDEN AND MINE—Ruth Cross

10:15
NBC-Red: THE VASS FAMILY—children's harmony
NBC-Blue: RAISING YOUR PARENTS—Juvenile forum, Milton J. Cross
CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL—songs

10:30
CBS: LET'S PRETEND—children's program
MBS: VARIETY PROGRAM—Presbyterian's orchestra, Norman Brokeshire

10:45
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: FRED FEIBLE AT THE CONSOLE

11:00
NBC-Blue: PATRICIA RYAN—songs

11:15
NBC-Red: NANCY SWANSON—songs
NBC-Blue: MINUTE MELODIES—orchestra, vocalists

SATURDAYS

SEPTEMBER 4—11—18—25

11:30
NBC-Red: MYSTERY CHEF
CBS: COMPISNKY TRIO
MBS: U.S. ARMY BAND

11:45
NBC-Red: DIXIE DEBS—trio
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: CONTINENTALS—Josef Honti, director
NBC-Blue: CALL TO YOUTH
CBS: JACK SHANNON—tenor

12:15
NBC-Blue: THREE MARSHALLS
CBS: ORIENTALE

12:45
MBS: SONGS

1:00
NBC-Red: WHITNEY ENSEMBLE
CBS: OUR BARN—children's program, Madge Tucker
CBS: CAPTIVATORS

1:15
CBS: JIMMY SHIELDS—tenor
MBS: ORCHESTRA

1:30
NBC-Red: CAMPUS CAPERS—orchestra, vocalists
NBC-Blue: NATION A FARM AND HOME HOUR
CBS: BUFFALO PRESENTS
MBS: ORCHESTRA

1:45
NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC
CBS: ETON BOYS—quartet

NOTE:
As we go to press, this program guide is absolutely accurate, but we cannot be responsible for last minute changes made by the broadcasting companies, advertising agencies or sponsors.

NABC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: RHYTHM AND BLUES

EVENING

6:00
NBC-Red: TOP HATTERS ORCHESTRA
CBS: ORCHESTRA
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL

6:15
NBC-Blue: NICKELodeON—Sylvia Clark

6:30
NBC-Red: SCHWARTZIANS—Raymond Scott
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
MBS: HOLLYWOOD Whispers—George Fischer

7:00
NBC-Red: EL CHICO SPANISH REVUE
NBC-Blue: MESSAGE OF ISRAEL—guests
MBS: PALMER HOUSE ENSEMBLE

7:15
CBS: SONG TIME—Betty Grable, John Payne
MBS: ORCHESTRA

7:30
NBC-Red: JIMMY KEMPER—Song Stories
NBC-Blue: UNCLE JIM'S QUESTION DEE
CBS: JACQUES JOLAS—pianist

7:45
NBC-Red: PIANO DUO
MBS: ORCHESTRA

8:00
NBC-Red: MEJERED WILLIAMS ORCHESTRA
CBS: SATURDAY NIGHT SWING CLUB

8:15
NBC-Blue: NOLA DAY—songs

8:30
CBS: JOHNNY PRESENTS RUSSELL MORGAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA—Charles Martin
MBS: SATIN-SMOOTH SWING—David Broekman's orchestra

9:00
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL BARN DANCE—The Kelly
CBS: PROFESSOR QUIZ—Arthur Godfrey
MBS: LOUISIANA HAYRIDE

9:30
NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
CBS: HOLLYWOOD WOOD SHOW CASE—guests, Bud Gluskin's orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA

10:00
NBC-Red: NBC JAMBOREE—Koren's orchestra, guests
NBC-Blue: DANCE MUSIC
CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE—MBS: OTILIO REVARA AND HIS MEXICAN ORCHESTRA

10:15
MBS: HOLLYWOOD WHISPERS—George Fischer

10:30
NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC
MBS: ORCHESTRA

10:45
CBS: PATTI CHAPIN—songs

11:00
NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC
NBC-Blue: DANCE MUSIC
CBS: BUNNY BERGIAN'S ORCHESTRA
MBS: DANCE MUSIC
THE WISE vs. THE FOOLISH WEEK-ENDERS

1. "How foolish of Marge and Bill to insist on driving, instead of having a leisurely breakfast with us... and going by train later. They probably started at dawn."

2. "Just look at that traffic tie-up! Thank goodness we had sense enough to come this way. We'll be there long before our 'speed demon' friends."

3. "Hello, there! No, Marge and Bill are driving... They'll be along later. But what a grand trip we had! And so inexpensive! These new streamlined day coaches are marvelous."

4. "So here you are at last! Why, we've already had luncheon and played a couple of sets. Take a tip from us... 'go New Haven' next time!"

... proving that it's smart and economical to "GO NEW HAVEN" to New England

IT'S SMART TO RIDE IN NEW HAVEN COACHES

A week-end gives you just so many hours. Make the most of every one! Don't waste time and energy—travel the quick, easy, safe and inexpensive way. Travel in big, cool, comfortable New Haven coaches—at 2¢ a mile!

LABORATORY TESTS on rats were conducted for over three years...

1. We fed rats a diet completely lacking in "skin-vitamin." Their skin grew harsh, dry, scaly—old looking. Under the microscope, the oil glands were dried up, the tissues of the skin were shrunken.

2. Then we applied Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Creams daily for three weeks. The rats were still on a diet completely lacking in "skin-vitamin"—yet, with just this application of the cream their skin improved. It became smooth again, clear, healthy.

Now—this new Cream brings to Women the active "Skin-Vitamin"
Finally we gave Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Creams to women to try. For four weeks they used the new creams faithfully—women who had been using other creams before. Three out of every four of them asked for more. And these are the things they said: "My skin is so much smoother," "My pores are finer!" "My skin has a livelier look now."

"Lines are disappearing"...

Exposure is constantly drying the necessary "skin-vitamin" out of the skin. Now, Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cream helps to bring it back! If your skin shows signs of deficiency in "skin-vitamin," try Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cream—today.

Four years ago, scientists first learned that a certain known vitamin heals wounds, burns, infections—quicker and better.

They found that certain harsh, dry conditions of the skin are due to insufficient supply of this vitamin in diet. This was not the "sunshine vitamin." Not the orange-juice vitamin. Not "irradiated." But the "skin-vitamin."

This vitamin helps your body to rebuild skin tissue. Aids in keeping skin beautiful.

Of great importance to women

Pond’s "skin-vitamin" Creams!

In the same Pond's Creams

The new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams are the same creams you have always known—with the active "skin-vitamin" added. They are in the same jars, with the same labels—at the same price. You use them the same way you did the old. Now this new ingredient gives added value to the millions of jars of Pond's Creams used by women every year.

Try Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cream for yourself—today. On sale everywhere.

Pond's requested biologists of high standing to study what would be the effects of this "skin-vitamin" when put in Pond's Creams.

For over three years they worked. Their story is told you above. Also the story of the women who used the new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams!

Today—we offer you the new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams!

NOW IN POND'S CREAMS
the active "Skin-Vitamin"
**RADIO STARS COOKING SCHOOL**

**CRABMEAT CANAPES**

- ½ lb. crabmeat (fresh or canned)
- 1 can (condensed) mushroom soup
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 light pinch cayenne pepper
- 1 tablespoon chopped green peppers
- toast, bread crumbs, butter


---

**POTAGE MONGOLE**

- 1 can (condensed) tomato soup
- 1 can (condensed) pea soup
- 2 tablespoons green peas
- ½ cup water
- ¾ cup cream

Combine tomato soup and pea soup in a saucepan. Add green peas to water and cook for 10 minutes; then add other vegetables, cut Julienne. Cook until vegetables are tender. Add the cooked vegetables to the soups, together with 1 cup of water in which vegetables cooked. Heat and stir gently until boiling point is reached. If desired, stir in ¾ cup cream just before serving. Julienne also are excellent with this rich, filling soup. Julienne means cut into very thin, long slices as for the more familiar Julienne Potatoes.

---

**MEAT LOAF "DELICIOUS"**

- 1 pound ground beef
- ½ pound ground pork
- ½ pound ground veal
- 4 slices white bread
- ½ green pepper, chopped very fine
- 1 onion chopped fine
- 2 eggs, slightly beaten
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon pepper
- 1 tablespoon pepper
- 1 cup water

Have the three meats ground together twice. Soak bread in warm water and drain well. Add bread to meat, together with the green pepper, onion, salt, and pepper. Mix all together thoroughly. Add salt, pepper, and egg, and mix until well blended. Bake in a loaf pan or in greased loaf pan. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 1½ hours. Serve hot or cold, garnished with parsley. The soup, in cooking, will form a rich tomato-colored gravy.

---

**SAUTÉ POTATOES**

Peel 6 medium-sized potatoes and soak ½ hour in cold water. Drain potatoes and cut into even ½-inch cubes. Dust lightly with flour. Melt 2 tablespoons butter in a frying pan. Add potatoes and cook until nicely browned, stirring gently with a wooden spoon. About 5 minutes before potatoes are tender enough to be removed from pan, add 2 tablespoons chopped pimentos and an equal amount of chopped green peppers. Season to taste with salt and pepper.

---

**PAN ROASTED OYSTERS**

- 1 pint oysters
- 2 tablespoons melted butter
- salt, cayenne
- a few drops Worcestershire

Place oysters in skilet with melted butter. Season with salt and cayenne. Cook over low heat 2 or 3 minutes or until oysters are plump and edges begin to curl. Arrange oysters on buttered toast. Add Worcestershire sauce, Chilie sauce and cream to liquor in pan. Heat thoroughly and pour over the oysters. Sprinkle with parsley and serve at once.

---

**"FOOLPROOF" HOLLANDAISE**

(But even here you must follow directions carefully)

- ¼ cup melted butter
- 2 egg yolks
- 1 tablespoon strained lemon juice
- ½ teaspoon salt
- a light pinch cayenne pepper

Melt butter over boiling water in top of double boiler. Meanwhile, beat egg yolks until thick and lemon-colored. Slowly add the melted butter. (This will "cook" the eggs slightly.) Turn mixture into top of double boiler, place lower part of double boiler in which water is steaming but not boiling. Add the lemon juice gradually, stirring constantly. Continue cooking for a few minutes until the sauce thickens, stirring gently the entire time. Remove immediately from heat. Add salt and cayenne. Serve at once over individual servings of broccoli or cauliflower.

Be sure to avoid (like the plague) too high a temperature or too long cooking, for this is what makes Hollandaise "curdle."

---

**MAIL FOR 10-PIECE LOVELINESS KIT!**

For generous samples of Woodbury’s Scientific Add to Loveliness, enclose 10c and mail to John H. Woodbury, Inc., 9312 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O. To Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario.

Name
Address

*Tested with 19 other leading brands, Woodbury’s Facial Powder, alone, was germ-free both before and after use.*

---

**WINDSOR ROSE**

is magically flattering to almost every skin

says MAGGY ROUFF, fashion designer of Paris
ROQUEFORT DRESSING

1 teaspoon salt  2 tablespoons vinegar
1/2 teaspoon pepper  6 tablespoons oil
1/4 pound Roquefort cheese

Mix the salt and pepper with the vinegar. Add the salad oil gradually, beating with a fork as you add. Add the cheese which has been forced through a sieve. Stir well. Add to lettuce and beets and serve at once.

To make your salad at the table, as suggested by Mr. Rector, bring in the salad greens (well chilled, of course) in a salad bowl—preferably a wooden one. Bring in the oil, vinegar, seasonings, a bowl of sliced or diced beets and the sieved Roquefort, on a separate tray. Also include a conveniently deep bowl in which to mix the dressing. Add beets to greens, endive or romaine or all three pour in the Roquefort Dressing. Toss with wooden salad fork and spoon and serve on chilled salad plates.

APPLES FLAMBEES

1 (9 oz.) package 1/4 cup sugar
dry mince meat 1/4 cup red cinnamon
1/2 cup cold water  mon drops
6 large, firm baked 1/4 cup hot water
apples brandy

Hard Sauce

Break package mince-meat into pieces. Add cold water. Cook over direct heat, stirring constantly until lumps are broken up. Bring to a boil and boil briskly for 3 minutes or until smooth and practically dry, stirring constantly. Cool. Peel and core apples. Fill centers with mince-meat. Place in baking dish. Dissolve cinnamon drops and 1/4 cup sugar in hot water. Pour around apples in dish. Sprinkle apples with additional sugar and bake in moderate oven (350° F) 40 to 50 minutes, until tender, basting occasionally with syrup in pan to give apples red color. Pour a little brandy over each apple. Ignite and serve flaming. Pass Hard Sauce separately.

HARD SAUCE

Cream 1/2 cup butter, work in 2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar. Add 2 tablespoons brandy gradually. Mold and chill.

GEE, MOM, YOU'RE GETTING TO BE AN AWFUL GOOD COOK!

Flash!

MOTHER MAKES GOOD WITH SEVEREST CRITIC

Well, mother, you deserve his praise. You picked Franco-American because children and grown-ups too, love its delicious flavor. That zestful tomato puree sauce, smoothly blended with golden mellow cheddar cheese, makes a dish entirely different from ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. Families that have once tasted Franco-American are never satisfied with anything else. And no wonder!

Franco-American Spaghetti is just packed with nourishment. It saves you hours of work, too—because it is all ready to heat and eat. And at its usual price of ten cents a can it costs less than 3¢ a portion. No wonder women buy more Franco-American every day.

Here's a delicious healthful luncheon your children will love. It's quick, easy, and economical:

POACHED EGGS IN SPAGHETTI NESTS

Dice and parboil one green pepper. Mix with 2 cans Franco-American Spaghetti and heat in saucepan. Poach four eggs. On each hot luncheon plate make a nest with a quarter of the spaghetti. Place egg in center, sprinkle with salt and pepper and garnish with parsley. Serves 4—costs 38¢. Good for Sunday night supper, too. Serve with mixed fresh vegetable salad; fresh berries or preserved fruit and cookies for dessert. But be sure it's

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

The kind with the extra good sauce—Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups
DRY SKIN
Smoothed Nature's Way

New Cream Releases
Precious Ingredients That
Act Like Youthful Skin Oils
To Combat Dry, Rough
Skin—Shiny Nose
Dissolves Dry Scaliness
First Application.
Cleanses, Lubricates,
Smooths, Softens.
Powder Stays On

THE SAME GIRL
See how old and un-
attractive dry, rough
skin makes you look
See how pretty and
appealing smooth, soft
skin makes you look

Both a Cleansing and Night Cream
Here is the amazing beauty cream that's
bringing new skin beauty to thousands. At
last a way has been found to aid nature com-
batt dryness, roughness, blackheads, prematu-
re lines and help re-supply vital lubricating
oils like the oils of youth to do help
smooth and soften your skin. Thousands
praise it! Beauty editors are writing about
it! The very first application of this new
beautifier, TAYTON'S CREAM, which is both
a cleansing and a night cream, releases pre-
vious ingredients triple whipped, that quick-
ly cleanses and dissolves dry, sebaceous cells
that cause roughness and your powder to flake
off. It lubricates dryness, stimulates under-
skin. Rousse oil glands. Helps bring out
new, live, fresh skin. Powder stays on.
Make-up goes on smoothly. You look
younger, more attractive—viewly more ap-
pealing and romantic.

MAKE THIS GUARANTEED TEST
Give your skin these thrilling new beauty
benefits! Get a jar of TAYTON'S CREAM.
Cleanser with it and also use it as a night
cream. If your skin is not smoother, softer
and does not look fresher and more youth-
ful the first day your money will be re-

funded.
Ask for TAYTON'S CREAM at drug, depart-
ment and 10c stores. If your dealer can not
as yet supply you, insist he order for
you from his wholesaler or headquarters.

NEW GLAMOUR MAKE-UP
Latest news. New ravishing colors in matched noses
give you that glamorous appeal. See TAYTON next
Thursday, 11c show. Ask for TAYTON'S POWDER,
LIPSTICK, ROUGE, EYE SHADOW.

At Drug, Dept. and 10c Stores

TAYTON—An Old English Name

WEST COAST CHATTER
Topical tidbits and tidings of your
favorites among Hollywood's airs stars

ELLIA LOGAN, swing-singer of those
Scotch ballads, has just announced that
her intentions toward Cully Richards,
screen actor, are strictly matrimonial. And
Cully thinks that's the best idea the little
Scotch lassie has had to date. There'll be
wedding bells early this fall, and we'll bet
it Ellia has anything to do with it, Lohen-
grin will be swng until it's dizzy.

Dorothy Lamour's husband, Herbie Kay
hasn't actually taken the matter to court,
but he is considering that suit over his wife's
cooling of affection. And the gentleman in
question is Charlie McCarthy, that demon
dummy with the ladies. Says Charlie is
just about all Dorothy can talk of these
days.

Tony Labriola (Oswald to the Mike fans)
and his wife have come to the parting of
the ways. She's gone East on an "extended
visit"—which probably will extend for the
next few years.

The opening of the Del Mar Turf Club,
where Bing Crosby is spending all his time
and money these days, turned out to be a gala
affair. Practically all of the movie colony
drove or flew down to San Diego for the
event. The pay-off of the opening day,
however, was when Big Crosby's horse came
in first. The same horse that's never won
a race before!

It certainly looks like Wayne Morris, of
Kid Galahad fame, and Alice Faye are
very much interested in each other.
Wayne's been chattering in on Tony Martin's
time to the extent of several dates a week.

A movie star without a stand-in is as un-
usual as a radio star with one. But Gracie
Allen has one—and her name is Mary
Kelly. Her job is to read all the Gracie
gags at rehearsals. If they get a chuckle
from the cast, the gags are kept in the script.
For if Mary can get a chuckle out of a line,
It's guaranteed that Gracie can get a guffaw.

Now that the Gene Raymonds are safely married, we're looking for Ginger Rogers to go back to her original blonde shade of hair. Ginger, you know, had tresses darkened at the request of Jeanette MacDonald, who didn't want any of her bridesmaids' locks to outshine her own.

We wish you could visit that lovely home which the Raymonds are occupying now in Beverly Hills. It was a surprise wedding lift from Gene to his bride—and under construction for ten months before Jeanette had an inkling about the whole thing! Even the workmen didn't know who the impatient young man was, who came daily to see how his house was progressing. For Gene wore a disguise of dark glasses and dark mustaches on every trip. After the wedding reception, Gene took his bride home—and just to show how well Jeanette liked it, she didn't want to go on their honeymoon to Honolulu—because she was afraid of being homesick!

When Franchot Tone appeared in Between Two Women on that Hollywood Hotel broadcast, he really was between three of them. For, besides Virginia Bruce and Maureen O'Sullivan, Joan Crawford was right there on the stage cheering him on. Franchot certainly was on the spot.

Here's romance to get a laugh out of! Ken Dolan had a publicity brain-wave the other day. He decided that Jimmy Blair and Mary Martin would make a swell newspaper romance. But by the time they'd had a couple of dates together for Ken's benefit, Mary and Jimmy decided it was a swell romance for themselves. The laugh comes in right here—Ken Dolan was Mary's Big Moment until his publicity idea clicked!

Parties in honor of celebrities have a way of being pretty dull—but the one given to introduce Robert Armbruster to Hollywood was anything but that way. Bob creates an atmosphere of congeniality that is catching. And when he sat down at the piano to give out some of those famous tunes, all the guests settled right down to spend the night. We don't wonder that the Chase and Sanborn Hour shows even more pep and personality since Bob moved in!

Jerry Cooper learned about Hollywood from a newboy. He was to have his picture taken for a special layout, buying a newspaper from the newsie at the corner of Hollywood and Vine Streets. "Listen, buddy," protested the lad, "you can't take my picture for nothing. It'll cost you $5.50." That amount, you see, is the minimum fee for extra players.

The sudden death of Al Boasberg came as a great shock to radio people in Hollywood. Al was one of the best gag-writers in the business and was working for Jack Benny at the time of his death. In fact, he wrote the first gags that Jack ever used, back in the old vaudeville days. Said Jack: "I considered Al Boasberg one of the greatest gag men who ever lived—and in addition, I considered him one of my very best friends."

The entire cast of the Chase and Sanborn Hour (Continued on page 76)

RADIO STARS

"And life is so much gayer now!"

Your lovelier way to avoid offending did the trick.

Don't all the girls who bathe with Cashmere Bouquet Soap? With this exquisite perfumed Cashmere Bouquet Soap! Sincerely, Mary Moore

Marvellous for complexion, too!

This pure, creamy-white soap has such a gentle, caressing lather. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics—keeps your skin alluringly smooth, radiantly clear!

To keep fragrantly dainty—bathe with perfumed Cashmere Bouquet Soap

Long after your bath, its fragrance lingers...surrounds you gloriously! It's no wonder that men prefer girls who bathe with Cashmere Bouquet Soap. But don't think that ordinary scented soaps will give you this same protection. Only Cashmere Bouquet's rare perfume has this special lingering quality. So, insist on Cashmere Bouquet!

NOW ONLY 10c

Cashmere Bouquet

Cashmere Bouquet Bar SOAP

Cashmere Bouquet Hand SOAP

Cashmere Bouquet Perfumed Face CREAM

Cashmere Bouquet Perfumed Body CREAM

Cashmere Bouquet Perfumed Toilet POWDER

Cashmere Bouquet Perfumed Hair Dust

Cashmere Bouquet Perfumed Body GEL

Cashmere Bouquet Perfumed Body OIL

Cashmere Bouquet Perfumed SOAP FOR MEN

Cashmere Bouquet Perfumed Men's SHAVING CREAM

Cashmere Bouquet Perfumed Men's Hair DRESSING

Cashmere Bouquet Perfumed Men's Face CREAM

Cashmere Bouquet Perfumed Men's Hand CREAM

Cashmere Bouquet Perfumed Men's LIQUID SHAVE"
WHOOPEE! THAT'S WHAT I NEED!

Good-bye Germs!
- here comes
Mennen Antiseptic Powder

'Boy, it tickles me when I see mummy comin' with my Mennen Antiseptic Powder. It chases germs away — because it's antiseptic. My doctor says it helps to keep my skin safe from infection — and he must be right, 'cause I've got the smoothest, healthiest skin you ever saw. Gee — I'm sorry for kids who just get ordinary baby powder. I wish I could tell every mother that the antiseptic kind of powder — the Mennen kind — keeps a baby's skin comfy, free from chafing, and that it fights off germs. Gosh, there ought to be a law!

More doctors recommend Mennen Antiseptic Powder than all other baby powders combined — that's what a recent survey shows. It's any other powder read enough for your baby!

Mennen Borated Powder
- Antiseptic

A radio veteran at twenty-three, Joan Kay began as a child actress and a singer, back in the early crystal set days. She plays the part of Ruth in While the City Sleeps (NBC-Red). Swimming is one of her favorite sports.

Dear Listeners:
I often see letters in magazines or in newspapers from those radio fans who, by their familiarity with all sorts of broadcasts, show themselves to be constant listeners. These folks, who seem to know just what they like in each type of program, occasionally draw a word-picture of "the perfect radio performer." I'd like to reverse the process and show them what I'd call "an ideal listener-in."

I'm sure all of us agree that radio is the most intimate field of entertainment. After all, we do come right into your homes. Many of your letters tell us that you regard us as friends, sometimes almost as members of the family. That's the way we want you to feel.

Now, we come to you every week, but you let us hear from you only now and then, the way all letter-writing friends seem to do.

When you do write your favorite radio artist, then, give yourself all the duties and privileges a real friend should have. If you think you know some song, or music or play he'd be interested in, your opinion of it will be a real help.

If your favorite hasn't been up to snuff in your opinion, take him to task about it. Try to find out why! Let him know you think there's room for improvement.

And when you feel he's "done himself proud," send him congratulations, just as you would to any friend.

Then your favorite will know your com
ments are sincere, and he'll work all the harder. If you keep up a regular correspondence like this with your radio 'friends'—I call you a Perfect Fan.

 KATE SMITH.

Dear Listeners:
We have long wished for this opportunity to send our listeners a fan letter. The splendid way in which you have received our Hour of Charm program has made us very happy. The thirty girls who sing and play under the direction of Phil Spitalny are dedicating their program to the American home, and we are proud that you have accepted us with such warm hospitality.

EVELYN KAVE, Concertmaster.
GYPSIE COOPER, 1st Saxophone.
PAT HARRINGTON, 1st Trumpet.

Dear Listeners:
I've been having a discussion lately with several friends, as to whether or not voice alone has a definite power to conjure up a distinct personality. My mother insists that that idea is largely imagination.

I've decided to put it up to you listeners, and see what your experience has been. Of course, in everyday life we frequently speak over the phone to someone whom we meet afterwards, but not often do we talk with them, week after week, without actually seeing them.

Yet many radio personalities, known for years only through their activities, remain, as people, a sort of mystery.

Now that so many of us entertainers are working both in films and on the air, we're getting new evidence as to how radio audiences feel about performers whose work they know so well.

Yet, the evidence that comes to me is more confusing than ever. Some of the letters say my film appearances were true to the mental picture they'd built up from hearing radio broadcasts. Others said I was quite unlike the impression they'd got from my voice alone.

Many of my radio and picture friends have had similar experiences. I wonder if there aren't possibly two distinct types—those who give the same impression in any medium, and those who always sound different from the way they look? Knowing to which type one belongs means changing one's style accordingly. I'll be very interested to know what you think. Maybe you can help me win a bet, and I can't tell you which way I'm betting!

GERTRUDE NIESEN.

Dear Listeners:
I am writing to ask you a favor. For many years I have been called a "child songstress." When I say "many years," I mean the four since I came into radio in 1933, when I was eleven years old.

I'd like to be considered a grown-up now. I shall be sixteen next May, and recently I sang several love song duets with Lanny Ross on the Show Boat program.

My voice was considered grown-up, even when I was eleven, and now I think that I'm grown-up in years, too. Won't you please think of me as an adult instead of "little Mary Small?"

Thank you for every nice thing you have said about me.

MARY SMALL.

Dear Listeners:
It feels a bit strange to be writing a fan letter instead of reading one. But it's an opportunity for which I've waited a long time.

You know, the radio audience is the final judge of what should go into a program. Fan mail is the best means I know of to gauge accurately the reaction of listeners to my shows. When I get letters

(Continued on page 70)
A DEVASTATING WAY TO DESCRIBE A GIRL

A GIRL might just as well wear a tag when people refer to her as "Oh, that girl!"

For she is marked as a person unpleasant to be with—a person to be avoided because she carries the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

You can't expect people, men especially, to tolerate this in a girl, no matter how attractive she may be in other ways.

The smart modern girl knows that her underarms need special daily care. Soap and water alone are not enough.

And she knows the quick easy way to give this care. Mum!

Quick to use. Harmless to clothing. Half a minute, when you're dressing, is all you need to use Mum. Or use it after dressing, any time. For Mum is harmless to clothing.

Soothing to skin. It's soothing to the skin, too. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Doesn't prevent natural perspiration. And you should know this—that Mum prevents every trace of perspiration odor without affecting natural perspiration itself.

Don't label yourself as "the girl who needs Mum." Use it regularly every day and you'll be safe! Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.
more nor less than a series of arrangements in jazz form. Stuff like Scena River—syncope but not as wild as the things you hear today"

This seemed like an opportune time for a definition of "swing." "Swing was the one thing about swing," he said, dropping absent-mindedly into the Rachmaninoff pose again. "It's the very same stuff the old Dixieland Band did way back—the only new angle is the name. Wait and see, a new craze will come along around the idea of swing. They seem to run in cycles—perhaps the next fad will be a very elegant style. Who knows?"

But to get back to his career. He became musical director of the Brunswick Phonograph Revelers. I had a hand in this capacity that he met the Revelers, his all-time protégés. This combination, the oldest vocal ensemble in radio, was then made up of James Melton, Lewis James, Elliot Shaw and Wilfred Glenn, with Black as arranger, director and pianist. Together they were a tremendous splash. Who doesn't remember them on stage, on records, on the air—on everything, as a matter of fact? Even today he makes their arrangements and directs them.

He was also, at this time, superintending the first, of course, the second in Kansas City at Ampeco. Several mornings a week he'd sit down at the keyboard of the machines and cut rolls under eight different names—plain ones for the light, and fancy ones for the classical stuff. As if it wasn't trouble enough keeping track over services, alliances, the Revelers began recording for various companies under different names (it's standard practice) and it was along here that Black developed the orchestral harmonizing that helped in large part to make the Revelers what they are. "Orchestral harmonizing" is a blending of voices so that they suggest instruments, and in this he preceded the Mills Brothers by twelve years. Matter of fact, his method is entirely different, in that his is a greater challenge, and for his men don't actually imitate musical instruments, only suggest them.

"Went on the air for my first real broadcast," he mused, "in 1925, for the Bubetic Corporation. No, it wasn't with my own name, and the others I can't remember the names, but for his men don't actually imitate musical instruments, only suggest them.

Radio was practically in its cradle days in 1925, at least as far as it affected the general public, but Black saw its possibilities and stayed with it. One of his early theories, keenly ridiculed at the time, has since been generally adopted. He believed that there was a definite need for a thirty-piece string symphony orchestra which could play Bach and Beethoven as easily as the moderns. He proved his ability in radio and music in general so well that, by 1932, he was the logical choice for the position of Musical Director of NBC.

Some time after this he was made Doctor of Music by Missouri Valley College at an impressive ceremony. After the ceremony, he took out of his gown and, pressing the Dean and two trusted aids, went fishing. The same year saw him a member of the French Academy, because of "......services to French artists and the promotion of the cause of French music in the United States." He accepted this honor as calmly as the other, regretting only the lack of a nearby lake.

Under his direction, NBC music ranges from Grofe to Beethoven. Such a classic as the Arirso introduction to J. S. Bach's cantata, Ich stehe mit einem fuss im grabe, rubs noses with Jazz Evanes and Choral, and like it, and so do the listeners, if he does them, literarily, everywhere. "I used to write them on the Twentieth Century on my regular Chicago hops," he complained, "but since they've speeded up that train, it's too bumpy for writing, so I take the plane, which isn't much better. At this moment the plane rang—it was Lewis James, of the Revelers. "How are yer, Lewis?" Black asked. He didn't say "you," but rather a natural, easy "yer," James wanted, and got, musical advice.

For no particular reason, I said: "I hear that your tails are the best in New York." "Credit Earl Benham," he laughed. Imagine the old-time maestro, patronizing New York's swankiest tailor! "Any plans for the future?" I asked.

"I'd like to do a season of symphony concerts, but don't know exactly what—just the best of everything, like the Fifth of Beethoven. By the way, would you like to see my first editions of music?"

For my information, and yours, I learned that music has its first editions even as do books, and that they're apt to be just as rare and valuable. Most of his are bound in beautiful "fine" bindings, or in especially-bound containers, when the outside of the edition is worth preserving. They're, of course, made very well, being the sober, well-made books, that you'll buy one, and buy them. Many of them, as far back as 1805—his Sonata by Kreutzer, for instance, printed in both German and French, one above the other. The pages are slightly yellowed with age and, to the layman, present the puzzle that costs a couple of hours. He showed me a copy of Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody that may have gone back even further than 1805, I'm not sure. "Liszt changed the music in a later edition," he told me, absorbed in the copy. "Look at this one," showing me one whose title page proclaimed that it was written by "G. W. Marks." "Yes?" I asked. "G. W. Marks,'" he explained, "was the pen-name used by Brahms when he wrote pot boilers." (You're probably aware that a "pot boiler" is a very commercial work, dashed off when landlord waits, impatiently, for the rent.)

"Hello Minardi," he spoke to someone waiting outside, and one of his assistants seized upon the opportunity to dash into the office. For several minutes the talk revolved around Puricini and a certain Bach choral. "No," he said finally,
Names "Y" Her Favorite

Ruby Keeler tries both powders in plain white boxes. She likes both, but prefers "Y"—the new MAVIS, mildly scented. Other lovely stars choose "X"—the original MAVIS, fully scented.

MAVIS flatters your skin like a glamorous face powder. Spreads evenly—clings for hours—leaves a bewitching fragrance that lasts! MAVIS safeguards summer daintiness and makes clothes slip on much more easily.

NEW! MILDLY SCENTED MAVIS

Created for the woman who prefers a subtly perfumed talcume. 33-hole needle-spray top shower buds with light film of powder more effectively than old-fashioned powder puffs.

PURITY TEST: In a test with ten well known face powders, MAVIS talcume was found to be finer in texture and smoother on the skin, than seven out of ten face powders. Get your MAVIS today at your favorite store.

RUBY KEELER, popular dancing screen star

JERITZA, THE MAGNIFICENT

(Continued from page 31)

lush. Why not? For Jeritza, herself, defies most of the laws of average living—by embracing not a few of the gifts of life, but all of them. With lush and florid abandon, fame and triumph such as come to few mortals, love, riches, romance, decorations have catapulted from one to the other. "I wish it had been a Horn of Plenty over the stunning gold of her head. And the great gift of song."

I sat, one of a coterie, at cocktails with Jeritza in the knotty pine-panelled playroom of her palatial (really palatial) home in Beverly Hills. "Mrs. Sheehan occupied before ever I brought Jeritza there, a bride. A home furnished almost entirely with museum pieces, rare and exquisite, a fitting frame for this woman who has walked with kings, charming a world with her golden voice.

Jeritza wore sharkskin slacks of bright canary yellow, large turquoise clasps at her strong throat. She wore sandals and silk hosiery rolled down around white ankles. Her hands were unmanicured, the nails glistening of scarlet polish, the hands of a woman who works with her hands, shapely and strong. She ate her way completely around a strapping dish of potato chips and topped it off with five extremely goopy chocolate pastries. She dismissed the word "diet" with a contemptuous shrug of splendid shoulders. "I like to be myself," she said. There would be something too pale and finicky, for Jeritza, about dieting and fretting over calories. She doesn't take reducing exercises or massage for keeping down weight. She doesn't think about it. She lives her life and it is vital and active and strenuous enough to keep her from smoking.

The gentlemen kissed the hands of Madame. The women made haste to recover her handkerchief when she dropped it. They were like lords and ladies at the court of a queen who believes in democracy. Many men, in all ranks of life, have loved her, humbly glad to leave their hearts on her altar. Women are her loyal friends, eager to do her service. In the gay room the voices of her friends rose above her, incense-wise but companionable, too. One heard such fragments as: "Shall you sing Tosca again, Madame?" and: "Yes, certainly," smiled Jeritza. (She
constantly smiling. She is constantly throwing her head back to laugh, long and sad and clear). "Do you remember her "star?" asked another, "It was as Elsa that she made her debut in Austria . . .
Can you ever forget her Carmen?"

In Wagner she is sublime. "I like best to hear her sing the old songs. More than ever then, I think, her heart is in her voice . . ." "I love to gamble," comes the amused voice of Jeritza, "but I cannot bear to win. It is a phobia with me. I keep saying 'double or nothing' until I lose . . . Do you remember how she sang, really?" came a whisper in my ear.

How, when she was barely sixteen, Richard Strauss heard her sing in Stuttgart? How he said: 'She must sing my Ariadne in Vienna, I want that girl or nobody!'"

She loves to sing. Opera. The old songs. She loves to turn somersaults. And does, expertly. She adores shoes and has shelves crammed with them. She adores hats and buys them, prodigiously. She loves to garden, not just pottering about, lady-of-the-manor-wise, a shady hat over her magnetic face, a smart town-and-country lasken on her arm, but really garden, down on her knees, her hands thrust, bare, into the good earth. She said to me: "I could live all of my life out-of-doors." She is an expert housekeeper. She has not forgotten the days nor the ways of her childhood, in Brunn, where she was born, in Austria, near Vienna. A simple household, her father, her mother (both gone now), her sister and herself. The ritual of wholesome, plain living, parents who did not want her to sing professionally, who had never heard of nice, good women "having careers" — but they could not leach or harness or keep undiscovered the sublimity of that inspired soprano which rang out over fields and flowers, over the sowing and the reaping and all growing things, which she loved and understood then, loves, and understands now.

She has not outgrown that girl of less than sixteen who sang the Ariadne of Strauss for the Queen of Wurtenburg. The child who was herself, dressed in simple white mull, her heavy golden braids swinging to her knees. The child who did not wish to go to meet the queen, who said: "I came here to sing." ("I was always obstinate," smiled Jeritza.) The child who did meet the queen and, when Her Majesty spoke to her, answered politely: "Yes, Mrs. Queen." And the queen, enchanted by that golden beauty housing that golden voice, took a marmoth brooch from her bosom and fastened it to the white mull frock of the young Maria. Her first jewels, her first diamonds — and she was not yet sixteen. She hasn’t outgrown the child who did not seem to be aware, nor ever let it make any difference in her, that she was the queen’s favorite, the darling of the court, before scarcely she had left the nursery in Brunn. For Jeritza still — and through all the years of her blazing triumphs, at the Royal Opera in Vienna, the years 1921 to 1931 at the Metropolitan in New York, singing, most notably, I think, Tosca, Carmen, Lohengrin, The Girl of the Golden West, Boccaccio — gives of herself as generously to a super in an opera house as to the royalty which so often occupies the royal boxes and bestows upon her all the decorations which royalty can give.

So this Jeritza, all the more magnificent

Beauty authorities agree that the most important step in the care of your complexion is thorough cleansing. It’s a simple step, too, since Daggett & Ramsdell created Golden Cleansing Cream.

For this new cream contains colloidal gold — a substance with a remarkable power for toning and invigorating the skin. You can’t see or feel this colloidal gold, any more than you can see or feel the iron in spinach. Yet its penetrating action not only makes Golden Cleansing Cream a more efficient cleanser . . . but aids in keeping the complexion clear and youthful. Try Golden Cleansing Cream tonight. See how fresh and vitally alive it leaves your skin. At leading drug and department stores
because she does not wear her magnificence like a mantle, keeps her husband's house. She counts the linen. She plans the menus. She does her own marketing. She gave a dinner party a few days ago and was discovered on the morning of the dinner, at the Thriftmart, here in Beverly Hills, a basket on her arm, plunging the chickens with her own hands, turning over heads of lettuce, pinching tomatoes and avocados to test their perfect ripeness, turning over boxes of berries to make certain that the top layer did not belie the lower layers.

And she holds out heart of hope to women no longer in their teens, in their twenties, in their thirties. That hope and optimism to which the Duchess of Windsor has given such impetus. For Jeritza does believe that love and life can "begin at forty," at fifty, at any age. She said: "Love—and life—can begin at any age, can begin again and again and again, fully, if we stand with open hands and heart to receive them. As for love alone, all of the 'grandes amoureuses' of history have been women in their forties. Maintenon, Du-Barry, de l'Enclos—all of them have been mature women, with the understanding of men, a fertile understanding of life. It is not age which has to do with life or love or work. It is the rich readiness to receive it, as a communion, not once but over and over, again and again and again.

"I know . . . For when I came to Hollywood, not long a time ago, I had had everything. I thought—fame, adulation, wealth, jewels, Rolls Royces, Vienna, Paris, Berlin; had had love, marriage, excitement, triumphs. There is no more of fame to be had than the fame I have had, no more of triumph, no more of adulation, could be no more of anything for me, I might have thought. The same, again, perhaps, but not more. I would 'ave been wrong. So wrong! But so, I come to Hollywood for a few days of sunshine and roses and rest, that is all. And when I find her, waiting for me? I find love, a great love. The greatest in all my life. I find tenderness and companionship and such joy and contentment as I had not known, had not believed to be possible. I found her, when I met her. She doesn't have that superb crowning of my whole life, my whole career.

"I am happy as I, who believed truly that I had know all happiness, never dreamt of, not knowing. I did not know that this could be!"

"It was the love at first sight. I go to a party, here in Hollywood, thinking no more than that I would have good time and lot of laugh. Miss Louella Parsons introduce me to Mr. Sheehan. And instantly I know! I know what has happen to me. I look deep and only at my eyes I take a great, deep breath and say to myself: 'What is this, then?' But I know! I see that he has the mos' beautiful eyes I have ever looked. I see that he is what now I know he is, so generous, so kind and tender. An intellectual giant, yes, but all of the great, warm heart making that all matter so much.' (And Jeritza, her famed singing teacher, Estelle Liebling, told me, is herself an intellectual giant, one of the most intellectual women of her age, having read everything, studied, delved deeply, thought profoundly.) "I knew, then," said Jeritza, simply.

They both know. This man of vast power, of wealth, of limitless experience, of keen intellect, this man whose business it has been, and is, to meet and develop the most beautiful women of his time—and this woman of matches, imperial beauty, with a heart as a network of threads, turned over a carpet of the hearts which men have laid at her feet—this man and this woman met and knew, on meeting, that all they had known and experienced before was as nothing compared to this.

And they were in love. They only long enough for Jeritza, who had been married to Baron Popper, to be free.

The love of Maria Jeritza and Winfield Sheehan is, surely, one of the great loves of our time. They sit together, I am told, hours through, breakfasts, the fewest as real and simple lovers have done and will always do. They speak endearingly, tender words, one to the other, not the easy coins of sentimentality, but deeply loving words from their hearts. They, being with them, you have a new awareness of the beauty human relationships can have. Jeritza sings to him, to him alone. Operatic arias. The old sweet songs they both love. Mr. Sheehan reads scripts to her and they discuss them, analyze them. In the theatre, in their home, they run pictures. Jeritza sees every picture made. And adores, especially, Myrna Loy, Garbo, Paul Muni, Spencer Tracy. She will, herself, make a picture, if and when the right story is found for her. That it must be the right story goes without saying. There is a rumor that Frances Marion has such a story for her.

They listen to the radio together. To the symphonies, to the opera. They laugh at Jack Benny, W. C. Fields, Charlie McCarron, and Jeritza, as you know, has sung on the General Motors Hour. And in the autumn she will come to us, via the airwaves, on a commercial program, every week. Half an hour every week. She could not, when I talked with her, divine the same of the sponsor, what hour it will be. But you will know soon—and the most and the best any of us needs to know is that we shall have her with us, weekly. She will sing opera on the air, of course. (Tosca is her favorite). And she will sing, as she always does, with some of the old songs she loves so well.

Jeritza is a radio fan. Not only a fan but also a lover of radio. And she loves it because it is so "greatly giving." She loves it because it gives the music she loves, not only to a chosen few, but to everyone, everywhere. Which is the way Jeritza would have all things be—greatly and generously giving.

They go to their ranch together. Jeritza, and her husband, over the week-ends. And there, in the Hills, in the mountains, Jeritza is perhaps "most happy of all my happiness." For hand-in-hand, they go over the fields and the truck gardens, the stables, the corrals. They inspect horses and cows, mules and pigs and chickens. They go to the chicken coops and hunt for eggs. And Jeritza, gathering them, shouts triumphantly: "Look, we have one hundred twenty this morning, only one hundred nineteen yesterday morning!" This woman, who has seen the handiwork of the devotion of kings and emperors, is as elated over the "one hundred twenty eggs" as over all the insignia of royalty! Surely the hens must curtsy, the roosters doff their comb when Jeritza, the Magnificent, steps
into their clutches.

"I tell you what is the wonderfulness," Jeritza told me when, her guests gone, we sat in the great entrance hall of her house, Jeritza sitting, casually but still magnificently, upon a marble-top table as she talked. "I tell you. I have been, always, like the bird in the golden cage. I have never been permitted to be myself. I have never been permitted to go to a café alone, without a chaperone, to a picture theatre alone. I have never been allowed to walk alone, by myself. Now I am not the bird in the cage any longer. Now I am a woman, freed, liberated. I have all that I have ever had and I have, too, the simple things, the free life which I love. I have a man to companion me in all things. It is greatly to live with a great man.

"There is a penalty to fame alone, I now know. It is the penalty of never being by one's self, alone. It is the penalty when, riding in a train, at every station there are people. So that when I am on a train I must keep to my compartment, have all my meals serve' there, not talk to everyone on the train and have the fun I would like. For if I go out at every station, when I feel like going, I run the danger of that forced smile—like this (Jeritza made a mirthless, stereotyped grimace, the set-piece smile of the celebrity greeting the public). I cannot do that. I cannot force myself, zat is it. I can not force myself in any way, with anyone, about anything. When I am with people I like, when I feel so, I smile and the smile is from my heart. When I do not feel like the smile, I cannot smile. I cannot pretend that I am smiling with my lips when my heart does not smile. I do not want to learn that way.

"Some of the feeling I have I write in poems. Yes, poems and novels I have written. No, I have not published. I do not care about that. I put them down when I feel sentimental—for I am very sentimental—when I see a moon over a garden, a mist over the sea, a child saying his prayers. Then I feel more than I can say and I write the poem...

"But so—friendship is the most. If you ask me what has been the most of all that I have had, I would say friendship. I do not mean that friendship only when one is riding high, driving the stallions of success and riches and fame. No, I mean that friendship which is still there when one rides high no more, when one is sorrowful in defeat. Then friendship is real and the most.

"Friendship is even more than love, when love is of the emotional love only, which describes, like the arc, first swooping high up and then very far down, never staying, and so. If love grows with the growth and develops into the warmth of an affectionate, close friendship, then that is the most and the best of all.

"I would like," said Jeritza, as we said goodbye, "I would like you to write a pretty story about me which people will enjoy. I wish you would say, last of all, that everyone has been so good to me and made my life so beautiful—right from the time when 'Mrs. Queen' pinned her brooch on me and kissed my cheeks, to this minute, to now...

"Yes, I thought, as I walked down the avenue, beneath clipped yews, yes, literally, Jeritza, the Magnificent!"
RIPLEY, HIMSELF, IS A BELIEVE-IT-OR-NOT

(Continued from page 23)

Singing Strings, Harriet Wilson (left) first violinist and leader, with Evelyn Hirsch and Josephine Harvey. They're heard over the Columbia network.

led up to his becoming a wrestler, involved as that may sound. It really was very simple. Fred Bingham, an exceptional wrestler, admired Ripley as a handball player. Almost every night at the New York A. C., Bingham would play Ripley at handball and lose. Then Ripley would engage in a wrestling bout with Bingham and whoever reached the other in his own sport. They traded tricks of the trade and soon Rip was a proficient wrestler and Bingham one of the better handball players.

As a wrestler, Ripley soon was outstanding for a non-professional. Eggel on by Rip's brother sports scribes, Jack Curley, well known promotor, offered $500 for a bout between Ripley and another sports writer. Primarily, it was a gag to get Buck O'Neil into the arena with Rip, but Buck didn't rise to the bait.

The opponent finally selected for Ripley was Arthur (Bugs) Baer, humorist and wise-cracker, who, like Rip, is now employed by King Features and is not entirely unknown to radio audiences. Like real professional wrestlers, Bugs and Rip practiced with each other. Wrestling was not as extensive then as now, but both Baer and Ripley knew that they couldn't wrestle in public, without first rehearsing in private.

Because I had been at it longer, I was a shade better than Bugs," relates Ripley. "We figured that our bout, which was only for twenty minutes, should end in a draw, which would give us the laugh on the guys who had framed us and were all set to kid the loser, whichever he might be.

"Curley billed us as a preliminary to Zbyszko and Lewis. But Bugs, the sort of a gun, double crossed me. He tried to throw me right at the start of the match. We finally wrestled the full twenty minutes, without either gaining a fall, and it was called a draw.

"The ribbers who were responsible for the match were determined to have their laugh anyway. They got to Curley and told Jack not to give us the promised $500

---

The Truth About Feminine Hygiene

1. Happy and fortunate is the woman who finds the right answer to this grave problem. . . . Happy when she knows of a method of Feminine Hygiene that is modern, safe, effective and dainty. . . . Fortunate in being free from dangerous germs.

2. Fear and ignorance are unnecessary. Medical research now brings you dainty, snow white supposito- ries for Feminine Hygiene. Smart women appreciate the convenience and safety of Zonitors. For Zonitors embody famous ZONITE ANTISEPTIC PRINCIPLE. They kill dangerous germs, yet are free from "burn danger" to delicate tissues.

3. Zonitors are safe and easy to use... greaseless, snow white suppositories, each in a sanitary glass vial. . . . no clumsy apparatus to completely deodorizing. Easy to remove with plain water. Instructions in package. All U. S. and Canadian druggists.

FREE

EACH IN

GLASS VIAL

$1 FOR

BOX OF 12

Zonitors

3,125,600 Used in 1936

MADE BY ZONITE

Sensational FREE Offer

SEND COUPON

FOR 3

LIPSTICKS

AND REJUVIA MASCARA CREAM

It's our treat! Let us send you 3 full trial sizes of the famous FLAME-GLO Triple Indelible Lipsticks FREE... each in a different fascinating shade, so you can discover the color most becoming to you. To introduce our newest achievement, we will also send you a tube of REJUVIA Mascara Cream, with brush. It's Guaranteed Waterproof and Smear-proof; perfectly Harmless! Just send 10c in stamps to cover mailing costs. For beauty's sake, send coupon TODAY!
stalled me off with a sad tale about a gate falling below expectations. That is all right, but the gag was that Curley told Bugs he had given me the $500.

"For months afterward, Baer used to demand his share of the $500. None of my payrolls did any good. He's forgotten about it now. I think, but I'll bet if anybody rings up the subject, he'll swear I still owe his half of the money."

Ripley later took up the study of judo, jujitsu, the Japanese style of wrestling in which an opponent's own strength and wit are turned against him. He still considers wrestling and handball excellent forms of exercise, although he rarely has time to do either any more.

Primarily, Ripley was a sports cartoonist, starting at the age of sixteen with the San Francisco Chronicle and receiving his first major assignment a year later, at the Jeffries-Johnson fight at Reno in 1910, even when he branched out with his first believe-It-Or-Not cartoon on the New York Globe in 1918, Rip remained mainly a sports cartoonist. He was the first to end a sketch by telephone, his cartoon from the ringside of the second Tunney-Temple fight in Chicago in 1927, going to the paper in New York via telephonic transmission.

It was when Ripley went to King Features in 1929 that his work began to assume the proportions it has now reached, which requires a staff of twenty-eight, one of whom do nothing but handle mail. He keeps three weeks ahead in his work in, since his cartoon is a seven-day feature, he never has a chance to take a day off. Even during his travels, which have taken him through 197 countries, running the alphabetical and geographical gamut from Aden and Afghanistan to Zanzibar and Zara, Rip keeps up his work.

Although Ripley joined the syndicate during the depression era, his work is now carried in 300 newspapers and is translated into thirteen languages. There has never been a cancellation by any paper of the Believe-It-Or-Not feature, believe-it-or-

Rip's first radio appearance was with John B. Kennedy on Collier's Hour. He went on his first sponsored program for the Colonial Beacon Oil Company in April, 1930. He has been on the air almost continually since then, barring the three months he takes off annually to travel in search of material.

Recently on the Sunday evening Bakers Broadcast, Ripley has now changed sponsors and is heard on the General Foods Program over NBC-Blue, Friday nights at 9:00, EDST.

It was inevitable that Ripley's mail should increase when he became a radio performer, but Rip himself was surprised not only at its profusion but at the apparent difference in type between those who wrote in as listeners and those who wrote in as readers of his feature.

"Obviously, the people who listen to the radio programs are the same people who read newspapers, but there is a marked difference in the type of their letters," he said. "Why this should be, I don't profess to know, but there it is, believe-it-or-

And thus you have Robert L. Ripley, artist, author, radio entertainer, impresario of freaks and ex-wrestler, ex-ball player, believe-it-or-

WHY AREN'T BABIES BORN WITH BLACKHEADS?

7 out of 10 women blame their skin for blackheads, when they should blame their cleansing method

by Lady Esther

Everywhere I go I hear women say "Oh! well, there's nothing I can do about it, I guess I was born with this kind of skin."

They're referring, of course, to hateful, mocking, stubborn blackheads. But stop a minute and think! Did you ever see a baby with blackheads? Of course not. Then where do those blackheads come from?

These blemishes are tiny specks of dirt which become wedged in your pores.

How do they start?

It's sad but true, blackheads take root because your cleansing methods fail. You know you can't wash blackheads away. And they only laugh at your surface cleanser. The longer these blackheads stay in your skin, the blacker and more noticeable they grow.

Switch to a Penetrating Cream

See with your own eyes, the amazing improvement in your skin when a cream really penetrates the dirt in your pores.

Let me send you, free and postpaid, a generous tube of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream, so that you can prove every statement I make. It is an active cream. It's penetrating, because it penetrates pores-dirt. You can see the results. You can feel the difference.

When your free supply of cream arrives, smooth on enough to cover your face and neck. At the very first touch your skin will perk up. Why? Because my cream is a cooling, soothing, refreshing cleanser.

When you wipe it off, you may be shocked to see how grimy the cloth looks. But it's a sign this penetrating cream goes after deep-down dirt that causes those blackheads.

Write now for your free supply

Just send me the coupon today, and by return mail I will send you my generous gift tube of Lady Esther Face Cream. I'll also send you all ten shades of my Face Powder free, so you can see which is your most flattering color — see how Lady Esther Face Cream and Face Powder work together to give you perfect skin smoothness. Mail me the coupon today.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me a free supply of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream; also all ten shades of your Face Powder, free and postpaid.

Name

Address

City

State

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ontario)
Another vaudeville notable the Vallee hour and other programs have been calling on this summer is Doc Rockwell. Doc's fame rests entirely on his comedy performances, but there are some items in his private life that really should be recorded for history.

There was the time he founded a hotel in Boothbay Harbor, Maine, just because he thought it might be fun to have a hotel. The venture prospered and Doc closed it up. "The salt shakers were always getting plugged up," he explained.

Probably the triumphant moments of Doc's life came with his trick on contracts during the last days of big vaudeville circuits. Conditions were changing rapidly and the printed contracts were being amended from time to time by clauses printed in with rubber stamps. Doc got a rubber stamp of his own and sneaked it in occasionally.

The Rockwell stamp provided, "An ice cream soda shall be delivered to the dressing-room after each performance."

After the first show of an engagement, the manager would drop backstage and Doc would demand: "Don't you read your contract? Where's my soda?"

Mystified, the manager would hunt up the contract, find that rubber-stamped clause and send back the soda. The rest of the afternoon would be spent in bewilderment, wondering: "What can the world be coming to, when such things can be?"

Some ten-year-old newspapers came out of a bottom drawer the other day and the striking thing was the advertisements on radio sets. "One-dial tuning" was the point stressed.

It took years to achieve that—and now look over the modern sets. The front of them has a half dozen gadgets, each one of which must be turned to tune in a program. And the modern ad boasts of that just as the old ads used to scream about "One-dial tuning."

Next time a friend remarks: "Next thing you know, we'll have television"—just take a small chance and hoot at him. Not that television broadcasts are impossible. Television now is able to transmit clear, bright pictures, almost equal to the quality of a movie screen.

The tip-off comes in a recent governmental committee report to President Roosevelt. Television, the report ran, has been good enough technically for broadcast ever since 1929. The problem has been to find someone to finance the project, both in construction of transmitters and manufacture and purchase of receivers. On both ends of that arrangement, the expense will be much greater than in transmitting mere sound, as today's radio does.

And that doesn't even mention the problem of finding something to broadcast, even if they do find people with money to buy the very expensive sets.

You can probably give your hoot safely but, don't bet much money on television's prospects either way. All over the world, some of the greatest scientists of our generation are experimenting. Any day, one of them might come up with a new development to revolutionize the whole theory of how to transmit television pictures. That is unlikely, but it already has happened once in television's brief history. The great change came just before 1929, when laboratories developed the present theory of making electrons form a pattern that make up the television picture.

The change that will make television not only legible but inexpensive may be in process today or it may take years. The whole process is so complicated, even its great engineers refuse to venture a prediction.

Rest assured, though, there will be nothing doing in home television for at least two years. Merchandising preparation for the sale of sets would take that long.

The visitor to Joe Cook's fabulous, fantastic country home probably will have difficulty, at times, in distinguishing between the servants and the guests. Out of his great circle of theatrical friends, Joe usually finds someone to act as a comedy servant over a week-end.

A butler may meet the guest at the door, take coat and hat with grave courtesy, and then bundle the coat up and with all his might hurl it out on the lawn. That probably would be Nemo, the old circus clown.

Meet Alice Reinheart, NBC dramatic actress once a child prodigy. Energy personified, she appears daily in the serials, John's Other Wife and Love and Learn. In other words, she's on easy speaking terms with mikes.
Taste...as keen when the day is done

because an ingredient, a source of irritation in other cigarettes, is not used in the manufacture of Philip Morris.
Beauty in her Eyes—Hearts at her Feet

BECAUSE SHE KNOWS ONE SIMPLE SECRET

- A few simple touches of Maybelline—and presto!—straggly, unattractive lashes are instantly transformed into long, dark, luxuriant fringe—the very essence of romantic charm.

Your eyes are your most important beauty feature. No longer need you deny them the beauty advantages of mascara. Maybelline ends that bold, artificial, "made-up" look, which gummy, lumpy, mascaras cause. Try the thrilling new Cream-form—or the popular Solid-form. Both are harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting. Reasonably priced at your favorite cosmetic counter.

Have you often wished the color of your eyes were deeper, brighter? Accent their color and sparkle—shading your lids with a subtly blended tint of the exquisite, creamy Maybelline Eye Shadow.

Are your eyebrows pale, uninteresting? Form them into graceful curves of loveliness, expressive of every romantic whim and wish—use the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil.

Generous introductory sizes of all the Maybelline harmonized Eye Beauty Aids are obtainable at 10c stores. Be beauty-wise when choosing your all important eye make-up—insist on Maybelline.

Maybelline
THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

RADIO STARS

LETTERS TO LISTENERS
(Continued from page 59)

telling me that Gang Busters was a fine show, or that We, The People was particularly well-received, I naturally am pleased. But more than that, I know we are on the right track—that this is what people want.

Sometimes we get a letter knocking a show. We accept it in good faith as honest criticism, analyze the objections, and try to avoid them in subsequent broadcasts.

That's why I like to receive these letters. Every one is read and I wish I had time to answer them all personally. I'd like to stress this in my letter to you listers—keep up your fan mail and thanks for all your letters in the past.

PHILLIPS H. LORD.

Dear Listeners:

Have you reached a point when listening to the radio tired you? Have you ever felt that all programs sounded alike, although you knew they weren't and that you felt that way because you spent too much time before the loud speaker? Well, suppose you try my "home-made remedy" for this condition!

Too many of us like one type of program above all others. Some like music, and will listen to nothing else. Others like sketches, and confine their listening to those. Others like programs ranging from lyric sopranos to kiddie broadcasts.

Most of the entertainment on the air is good. The people who decide what is to be heard are show-wise as to public likes and dislikes. Any one type of program, though, like too much honey, becomes cloying.

Here's what I did. I took all of the different types of programs—symphony music, dance music, opera, comedy sketches, dramatic sketches and comedy programs—and allotted one to each week-day. On one, and what our faults are. You then can rest assured that we will give them our immediate attention.

You must remember, too, that radio peo-
Dear Listeners:

Letters from you mean even more to me, and to any radio performer, than the applause an actor receives across the footlights at a stage production. I only wish that I could answer each one of all the grand, friendly, and sometimes critical, letters that come to me. They mean constructive criticism, constant inspiration, moments of great happiness because of the pleasure I may have brought some child, and occasional long minutes of a very choked-up feeling, when I am brought to realize how much radio means to the unfortunate people among us who are shut-ins.

No one who attempts to entertain the public through any other medium—the stage or the movies—can ever have quite the same feeling as I have when I receive a letter from some little child who has enjoyed my program and who has laboriously scrawled out a letter to tell me so. The next envelope, perhaps, may contain the lovely thoughts and philosophies of an eighty-year-old grandmother, who finds my program bringing back lovely memories of her childhood and happiness in these last years of her life.

Letters like those, and the ones in between, are a constant help and bring a steady flame of inspiration. Your letters have made my program possible. They have made me possible. God bless you!

IRENE WICKER, "The Singing Lady"

Dear Listeners:

If you were asked your idea of the chief need of radio, perhaps you'd answer that it was softness and gentleness of programs, so that they wouldn't disturb you while you were writing to Aunt Minnie, say, or giving the children a stiff lecture. If I were to be asked my idea of the chief need of listeners, I'd proceed like this: Psychologists speak of "blind spots." They mean, I think, that people sometimes manage not to see what they don't want to see. A rare boon for performers would be the development among listeners of "deaf spots." Do you think you could learn to hear us only when we're at our best, when wit bubbles up like a fountain and you're moved to exclaim: "Gosh, that guy's clever!" Could you arrange to have your ears go dead when we've beaten out material that makes us glad radio cutters only to the ears and not to the nose, and you're moved to exclaim: "Gosh, that guy's awful!"

If people can develop blind spots, they should be able to develop deaf spots. And since we might contend that the best thing a listener does is listen, why not selective listening? Or protective listening? How is it to be managed? Don't ask me. I've supplied the idea. That's the tough part. Working it out should be easy. Consult your favorite psychologist or psychiatrist. And let me know how you come out!

DELMAR EDMONSDON, Editor,
Heinz Magazine of the Air

When the God of Sleep is playing hide-and-seek and you just can't seem to get your much-needed rest, there is one pleasant way to entice him.

Merely swish a handful or two of LINIT in your tub of warm water—step in—and relax for fifteen minutes. As you lie in the enveloping luxury of its velvety smoothness, close your eyes and think of a rose bathed in the moonlight of a June evening. Now step out, dry off and slip into bed!

How delightful it is to let the results of a LINIT BEAUTY BATH caress your skin and relax your body into slumberland. You, too, will agree that the world's most pleasant remedy for fatigue is a restful, soothing LINIT BEAUTY BATH.
**A Lesson in Failure**

(Continued from page 39)

If Ray Heatherton's story is "A Lesson in Failure," more and more people will be pulling flops just to get a break like this. Posing with three pretty girls doesn't come under the heading of hard labor, particularly when the ladies are the Symphonettes—Jean Norman, Marion Jerrigan and Marjorie Bullard. Ray had the pleasure of singing with them on the MBS Nine O'Clock Revue, before signing for his sustaining programs over CBS.

with his singing, who helped break down a practical husband's objections to music as a career for a boy, who had faith in him, during those awful months of failure in 1929 and 1930, who listened to him rehearse, and who gave him sound, constructive criticism (she too is a musician).

And Ray is appreciative of this. Because he knows she is interested, he telephones her after every broadcast. He lives at home with her and his younger sister, and until four months ago when they moved from the suburbs to New York, he commuted home every night. He likes the home influence.

It is probable that a lot of young men with good voices, who have not yet cracked the radio field, look upon Ray as one of those lucky guys who got the breaks. (Hasn't he been the Irape Troubadour, and successively not only had his own program, but sung on the Chesterfield, Wrigley, Pepsodent, Schaefer Beer, Fels-Naptha and other nationally sponsored shows? Isn't he now on Broadway, the star of a musical comedy?)

Well, Ray did have breaks, both bad and good. Like many another to whom success has come easily, he didn't appreciate his good luck until he found it had
slipped away from him.

Remember, back in 1928, when Paul Whiteman's Old Gold programs were the sensation of radio? When Bing Crosby and a dozen other young fellows, who have since made good in a big way with their own shows, were in the Whiteman cast? That was when Ray Heatherton started out. He was just a kid out of Floral Park High School, Long Island. White-

man heard him sing at a party one day. He liked Ray's romantic baritone voice and he promptly hired him at a fancy salary.

"Ifs true," said Ray, "This is it. I'm good. I'm going places!"

He did—for thirteen weeks. He sang on the Amsterdam Roof. Bought himself a lot of clothes, spent all his money. Was the cockiest young man you ever saw. Then Whiteman left for the West, signed another singer. Ray went looking for a new spot. He thought it would be a simple enough matter to get one.

It wasn't simple. In fact, it was im-

possible. Nobody was interested in this kid. The depression had begun to flower in its full pristine, jobless glory. Ray's father, a successful engineer, died suddenly with his affairs in a tangled state. There were no money and no job for Ray.

He walked the streets. He haunted the radio stations. He couldn't even get an audition. He had to have money. There were his mother and sister in the home at Floral Park, and there were his own empty pockets.

Somebody told him there was money to be made singing at funeral home.

"That was my meat," said Ray with a grin. "I used to get up early and grab the morning papers to scan—no, not the Help Wanted columns, because there was no help wanted in 1929 and 1930, but the obituary columns. Then I'd get on the phone, calling either the minister or the mortuary. The conversation would go:

"Mr. So-and-so? I see you are conduct-

ing a funeral tomorrow. Would you like a singer? My name is Heatherton and the Rev. Mr. So-and-so will recommend me highly. Would you like Lead Kindly Light, or A abide With Me?"

He got many a funeral vocal chore this way. Sometimes, if he were soloist, he earned as much as ten dollars for a cou-

ple of hymns; if he were a member of a trio, only five dollars or less. It was pay-

ing, if depressing and uncertain work. But it wasn't leading him anywhere!

So, in between calling at the broadcasting offices and trying out for song spots, he looked for a more practical, if less glamorous, way of earning a living. He found it, with the New York Telephone Company and this, also, strangely enough, be-

cause of his singing. It seems the execu-

tive who hired him was a great admirer of the Paulist Choir and when he found Ray had sung with Father Finn's fam-

ous choral group, he gave the Heatherton ap-

lication right of way over dozens of oth-

ers that had piled upon his desk.

"I was the fellow who went around to see that the phones were working prop-

erly. Sort of a trouble inspector," Ray explained. "I had to go to school for three months to learn how to do my job. No, of course, I didn't like it, but we were eating now, and there was no more reading obituary notices.

"I was pretty discouraged. Pretty sunk. I thought to myself, maybe that White-
It knew, 

Well, that was a wonderful break! Jimmy got interested when I told him what I'd done and offered to arrange an audition for me, with Ernest Cutting in charge. It was just a chance to be heard, that's all, but it was the chance I'd been trying to get. Imagine Melton doing that for a stranger! I've never forgotten it.

"I went on one Monday night. There were a lot of comedians and show people ahead of me. The audition started at eight. At eleven, I was called. I was the last one, which was pretty disheartening, because I figured that, by that time, the men who were listening were exhausted and wouldn't even like Caruso if he were to sing for them.

"Here again, I had a break. The people ahead of me had all been awful and my voice came as a welcome surprise. I sang The Trumpeter, a couple of popular tunes and I Kiss Your Hand, Madame. Per- 

spir and thinking: Well, that's over and it's back to the phone company for me," I started to leave, when Cutting, breathless from dashing down five floors from the control room, rushed up to me. 

"You are good, kid. They liked you. I think you're going to go over."

"I felt wonderful. It seemed as if the heavens had opened up, at last. Sure, I telephoned my mother right away."

"And so—that's the story. I went on a sustaining hour first and later into commercially sponsored programs. I got into this Broadway show business by accident. I had a singing role in the Garrick Gaieties, and one night, when one of the fellows became ill, I found myself playing his part. Then I was paged for Babies in Arms, in which I have a number of lines to speak."

"They tell me Hollywood is looking at me. I don't know whether I'd be any good on the screen, but I'm going to take a test when I get some time to go to California and have it done with the benefit of good studio lighting and make-up."

Was Ray frightened, that epochal evening at NBC, when his future hung in the balance?

"Not particularly," he says, "I was nervous, but it was a desperate kind of nervousness. I had stage fright once so badly I thought I was going to die. It was when I sang my first solo with the Paulist Choir. It was awful. I stood up in front of everybody and my voice wouldn't come out of my throat. My hands were moist, something was thundering inside my head. Finally, way off in the distance, I heard a voice singing Ave Maria. It was my voice! I didn't even know I was singing."

Ray's debut as a singer was made many years ago with no self-consciousness, stage fright or clammy hands—rather with the outstretched palm, to the horror of his family.

He was five years old, and, with his aunt, was traveling by boat to Virginia. The aunt, engrossed in a card game, let Ray out of sight. Hunting for him, she discovered him in the ship's bar, alternately singing Sweet Adeline, Down Upon the Susquehanna, and passing the hat. He had collected the round sum of $4.27, before she put a stop to the proceedings—and he refused to give the money back!

Romance in his life? He says there's nothing serious, and judging from the way he divides his attentions, he is speaking the truth. Favorites at this writing are two in number—a girl named Lillian in Floral Park, whom he has known and dated all his life, and Davenie Watson, a cute redhead who dances in Babies in Arms, and whom he beaus to the late night spots.

When I told him he'd probably have much more difficulty escaping women, and that he was apt to get the rush of his life if and when he went to Hollywood, he just dismissed my comment with the polite, but unbelieving: "We'll see about that when the times comes.

Yes, Hollywood, he's a good catch. He makes money, has prospects of making more, and is pretty much of a real person. He plays baseball with the gang in Floral Park, swings a mean polo stick, swims well enough to rescue a lad from drowning in the Atlantic last summer, is more erudite than most young leading men—speaking German, French and Spanish.

But, better than that, he has his head on his shoulders. He won't go haywire if he becomes a glamour boy. He has learned his lesson in failure!

The perfect perfume for each occasion

GARDENIA — true essence of the exquisite flower...your friends will whisper "What expensive perfume you're wearing!"

No. 3 PERFUME — Oriental enchantment...intoxicating as rapturous moments. To him, the very breath of love.

Women will envy the rich distinction of Park & Tilford Gardenia, while men will fall willing victims to the caressing spell of oriental No. 3. You need both perfumes so each occasion will have it's own perfect fragrance. At leading drug and department stores ... 25c

Smart touchway size for 10c in ten-cent stores.
from the brow gave width to the face and exposed the lovely brow. "Don't be afraid," Emile added, "to show the ears, if the ears are attractive."

Consider, too, your hair. Is it a golden halo? A cloud of dark loveliness? Auburn, perhaps? Or flaming red? Are there subtle glints of gold or copper? Well, there must be, to give life to the coiffure. Regardless of line or curl, there must be lovely color, if the hair is to be truly glorious, and if you would emphasize your personality, as do the stars of radio and stage and screen.

That favorite rinse of brownettes, brunettes, blondes, and all in-between shades, is now in a new package. A small package that is available at syndicate stores. The sparkling sunshine tints and delicate overtones that it imparts to all shades of hair make it just the rinse to put gleaming highlights in your tresses. Remember, it is not a dye or a bleach.

Remember, too, that you may write to me for the name.

Do you find any ideas in Maxine's hairdoe that are applicable to you? Well, there is the next star, Kate Smith, with her full, round face and her gorgeous teeth and smile. As many of you have either the problem of a round face or that of drawing attention to the mouth, you will find some real ideas here.

Harriet Hilliard applies make-up for RKO's New Faces of 1937.

The round face may be flattered with sculptured waves. However, if the waves are stiff and too closely held to the head, the effect is to give undue prominence to its width. Let the waves be slanting to give length to the face. Comb them out and brush them into a soft halo when they are dry. Kate Smith usually has her hair waved in the morning and then, in the evening, just before the broadcast, she brushes her hair. This assures the hair being perfectly dry before the wave is disturbed.

A medium length bob will be most flattering to the neckline, if the neck is short. A high side or center part will cut the width of the face. Many people with full faces make the mistake of sweeping the hair too firmly back from the face. This is an excellent thing to do where the forehead is concerned, but when you reach the cheeks, let a loose wave sweep forward. This loose wave centers the attention on the face and its features—an excellent plan when the face is as pretty and expressive as Miss Smith's.

Jessica Dragonette was selected by Emile as having symmetrical features. Her brow is rather broad. Her face tapers down to the lovely chin. An interesting face in itself. A face whose delicately rounded oval is most subtly flattered by the unstudied hair style shown on page 10.

With features of this type, Emile strives to make the hair look as though it had never seen a professional wave, although the wave Emile places in this type of hair is proof of his professional skill. The hair gives the impression of aliveness. It is burnished from much brushing. The waves are placed loosely and the ends

(Continued on page 95)
Irene Rich is one who thoroughly believes the adage, "Life begins at 40." After abandoning the screen to become a first-rate radio star, Irene has scared even greater successes. She's an NBC Sundays at 9:45 p.m., EDT.

She crowded into the NBC studio to hear Werner Janssen make his debut on the new program. Werner says he's much happier under this arrangement, which allows him complete freedom with his musical ideas—also that new role of announcer pleases him no end.

And here's the reason Buddy Westmore lost that job at Paramount. When he and Martha eloped, she wired the studio of the event and asked for a few days for a honeymoon. Paramount wired back that if she would return to the studio to finish her role in Double or Nothing, she would then be granted a whole week. So Martha returned to the fold. Then on the completion of the picture, she and Buddy took off for a week's trip. But—it developed that the studio only meant that Martha could have time off for a honeymoon. Not Buddy!

Betty Furness is right up there in the front row of the Packard Summer Show. So it looks like Johnny Green really was the attraction—even though Charlie Buttersworth used to slip her an owlish wink every once in a while, Charlie, incidentally, is being seen around town frequently with Hazel Forbes, the toothpaste king's heiress, since he and Mrs. Buttersworth decided to call it a day.

Everyone in town was looking forward to seeing Elaine Barrie's picture, How to Undress in Front of Your Husband. Everyone, that is, but John Barrymore. We understand be even tried to buy up the picture from the producer for some $30,000. But the producer wouldn't sell, knowing a good thing when he had it.

However, since all is sweetness and light now between Elaine and John, she has promised never again to undress on the screen. Rumors, though, have it that Elaine still hasn't given up her secret ambition—to be the First Strip-Tease of Television.

Al Jolson has been trying to get his sponsor to let him broadcast the show from New York in the fall. The reason being that Al thinks he's anybody in Hollywood—but he is on Broadway. The drama back to this set-up, however, is that it would eliminate Martha Raye and Parkyakarka due to their picture contracts. So you'll be hearing the broadcast from Hollywood again—because the sponsors think Mouth and Parky are just as valuable to them as Al.

Jack Haley felt so extravagant, after
nning on the dotted line with Show Boat, t'he decided to have his Beverly Hills ne redecorated in de luxe manner. As for own bedroom, Jack decided that should super de luxe—in the Louis XIV manner, be exact. Jack tells us that, after a hard's work at the rehearsals, he can hardly it to get home and to bed. But he's sleep-on a cot beside the swimming-pool, ever ce he went Louis XIV in his bedroom!

Here's the latest and hottest news on hollywood diets! It's Marlene Dietrich's n—come to light after all these years! ms La Dietrich keeps those curves in cck by living on hard-boiled eggs and tato juice three days a week. Perhaps tato that tomato juice company will put lrene on the air. After all, who could gle tomato juice more gloriously?

* But Eddie Cantor took a vacation in the mike, a real vacation, is something hasn't heard of yet. Between working a picture at the 20th Century-Fox Stu- s and writing a book, Eddie's been the best man in Hollywood. Since he's had suppressed yearning for over a year now take a trailer trip, he decided to have at the vicarious experience of it by write his book on trailers. It's to be called 'Thee Behind Me.'

Allie Lowe Miles of Husbands and Wives, Tuesdays on NBC.

But at least they're staying just as far away from each other as possible. When George opened with his band at the Coconut Grove in Los Angeles, Ethel Shutta was conspicuous by her absence. Then we heard that she was sailing from New York to Honolulu, with no Los Angeles stopover.

As glamorous as any movie preview, and far more exciting, was the Show Boat preview here in Hollywood. More exciting, because watching a cast in celluloid doesn't compare with watching the real people up there on the stage. We hear that the show's sponsors have petitioned for an option on the first commercial television broadcast. Certainly Show Boat will be tops in television, for the lovely old-fashioned costumes make colorful and attractive scenery—to say nothing of such scenery as Nadine Conner, Virginia Verrill and Patricia Wilder.

Watch for Universal's picture, Behind the Mike—for Don Wilson, famous an- nouncer, is right there on it. Since the genius Don weighs in some 207 pounds side, you probably won't have to strain looking for him. And out on the set hand- some William Carman and Sheila Barrett had some fun the other day. Knowing Don's enthusiasm for the "seven flavors," they fixed it up with the studio commissary chef to serve him all seven—and nothing else— ford lunch. Poor Mr. Wilson ordered his lunch of steak, salad, dessert and coffee— and it all came served up in Jell-O—even to the coffee which was the chocolate flavor. How he did it, we don't know—but Don sounded just as enthusiastic about Jell-O on his next broadcast.—Lois Svensrud

HELEN:
The time to stop them is before they start.

PEG:
I hate riddles!

HELEN:
Simple fact, my dear— change to LUX for stockings then you'll save the elasticity so threads can stretch without breaking into runs all the time . . .
SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE

(Continued from page 29)

Voice has great possibilities. Music should be your career."

It was as if the words lighted the spark to a train the fates had set for the young Welsh singer. To be his career...

It seemed, when you faced it squarely, the inevitable decision.

With less than five hundred dollars in his pocket, saved painfully from meager earnings, Tommy Thomas came to New York. His heart filled with hope, with great expectations, he began coaching with Oscar Seagle—who, like others who heard that rich, flawless baritone, was impressed with its power and beauty.

Then began auditions. "I think I hold the record for auditions," Tommy laughs. "I made eighty auditions for radio, alone!"

But though all who listened nodded appreciatively and said that the voice was good, the only tangible fruits were various small and not particularly remunerative engagements. Still, he was singing—and so long as he could sing, Tommy Thomas could not be wholly unhappy.

He sang in opera in English at the Hippodrome. He sang, substituting for a friend, for eight weeks, in the chorus of Show Boat—his first radio engagement—when Frank McIntyre was captain of the tune ship. He sang in the chorus of the Esso Gasoline show, and there met Nathaniel Shilkret, who invited him to make some recordings. Between times he sang at churches in New York and its suburbs. There were concerts, at which he sang Escamillo's songs from Carmen and those of Valentine, from Faust. At Carnegie Hall, under the baton of Ernest Schelling, he sang in Rimsky-Korsakov's Snow Maiden. In New Hampshire he sang Cavalleria Rusticana with a summer opera company. So two years passed.

"It was all good training," Tommy smiles whimsically, "but not very profitable financially!"

Despite his earnings, the small nest egg dwindled alarmingly. At moments discouragement haunted the dark hours. Should he confess himself beaten? Go back to Scranton and ask for his job again? No—never! He tightened his belt and sought another audition.

And now Nelson Eddy was singing a concert in New York. He had told Tommy to look him up when he came to town, to let him know if he could help him in any way.

Tommy sent Eddy a note, through his concert manager, and Eddy replied with two tickets for his concert. After the concert, Tommy went backstage to talk with him. Eddy was glad to renew the acquaintance begun in Scranton. He asked how the boy was doing, repeated his offer of help.

But young Thomas couldn't bring himself to tell Nelson Eddy how grim the days were growing, how hopeless seemed the quest for a career in music. "He was working so hard, himself," Tommy explains, "with his movies, his concerts—I couldn't ask him to think about me!"

But about this time he met a man who had been Dennis King's manager—a musician, who felt that the voice of Thomas L. Thomas "had everything." This man, who still is friend and adviser and manager to the young singer, renewed the boy's waning faith in himself. Prompted him to more auditions. Which also bore little fruit!

"Am I wrong?" this man asked a friend one day. "Am I slipping? Hasn't it got it?"

And the friend said stoutly: "He ha got it! But it takes time... some day you can say: 'I told you so!'"

Tommy sang on Al Pearce's program that winter—his third in New York, an on the Ted Hamburger show. He tried for the Metropolitan Opera Auditions. The gave him a hearing—but the season closed and he was not called.

Finances now were at a low ebb. "Then," says Tommy, "my brother came to town. He got a church job, which kept us going for a while. And I did some more recording."

Tommy's brother, Elwyn, uses the name "David Elwyn"—not wishing to complicate Tommy's career by being another singer Thomas.

"There are so many Thomases," says Tommy. "Everybody has asked me to change my name... Bonelli, of the Me advised it. Show Boat suggested it. But my family wanted me to keep it—and I felt I had nothing to lose, so I might as well keep on trying as Tommy Thomas."

Through a young composer, with who he roomed in the Village, Tommy met John Charles Thomas, who, listening to the boy sing, said: "Why haven't I heard of you before?" His enthusiasm warmed the boy's heart. He got a new job, and a new home, at a new price. He was on the road again, and the story was just beginning."

"But," says Tommy, "by that time the bank book showed twenty-nine dollars at sixty-one cents—and I owed a beary of fifty dollars. That was last January."

He showed me the date in his bank book, with its slim entry. The figures soon were followed by a second story.

One day he talked things over with a friend who had been Dennis King's mananger. They were sitting in the little room for which he owed more than he had the world. In a corner stood the truck an old, square box his mother had brought from Wales. On it, in big letters, were the initials M.E.T."

The older man gazed thoughtfully at the staring initials. "The Met?" he muttered.

"Tommy laughed. "Those are my mother's initials. Mary Esther Thomas. I paint them on the truck, myself, when we are leaving for America. I thought I did pretty good job!"

"You have done a good job!" His friend said confidentially. "And you'll sing at the Met?"

"I can't ask for another audition then. Tommy demurred. 'They've heard me and—'

And then the telephone rang. It was the secretary for the Metropolitan Opera Auditions of the Air calling..."
They were, she said, making up their list for the new season. She remembered Thomas L. Thomas. Asked him to come over to the opera house.

So Tommy Thomas sang for the Met Auditions—and presently he was chosen to compete in the finals, which would select the winner of the coveted Metropolitan Opera contract.

When the day of the finals dawned, Tommy was dismayed to learn that he must be formally dressed—must wear a cutaway. He didn’t own one—and he had only five dollars in the world! Occasionally, when he sang in concerts, he had rented a dress suit. So he hied him to the rental establishment and paid four dollars for a cutaway. He took it over to his friend’s apartment. “How do I look?” he asked anxiously, slipping it on.

The good man groaned. “You look like an undertaker! You can’t wear that!”

The coat, Tommy explains, grinning, had wide braid on its lapels. He didn’t know such braid wasn’t being worn by the well-dressed man! Dismayed, he hurried back to the clothes renting emporium. Timidly he asked if he could have his four dollars back. He couldn’t! They were quite firm about that. If he couldn’t wear the coat, it was his hard luck!

Back went Tommy to his friend. “What can we do?” he mourned. “I’ll have to wear it!”

His friend shook his head—and went to call on Dennis King, popular stage and screen actor, who recently had returned from London. He told Dennis about Tommy’s dilemma. Dennis, who had met Tommy and greatly admired his voice, was all sympathy.

“He can wear my suit!” said Dennis generously. “I had it made in London, last fall. It’s all right—if it fits him.”

“It fitted me like a glove!” Tommy recalls happily. “You can’t think how grand I felt in it, standing up before all those people. It wasn’t mine—but nobody knew it! I knew I looked all right—so I could forget everything but the song.”

And so he sang. And won the final contest and the award of a contract with the Met. And that wasn’t all. Someone came up to him presently and bestowed upon him a bronze plaque—and an envelope. In the envelope was a check.

When he had a chance, Tommy stole a glance at it. It might, he thought hopefully, be for fifty dollars. It was a check for a thousand dollars!

Tommy Thomas grew pale. He nearly fainted. What happened afterward passed like a glittering dream. There was a party at The Rainbow Room. There were congratulations. There were radio representatives from the three major networks, urging him to sign with them. There were movie representatives, chattering of contracts.

“I’ve got to go for a walk—by myself,” said Tommy, chokily, to his friend and adviser. And he stole away—and went to a movie! What the movie was, he doesn’t remember!

After that Tommy sang with Jessica Dragonette in Rio Rita, on the Palmolive Beauty Box program. He sang again on Show Boat—this time as guest artist. Then, with Miss Dragonette again, he sang in My Maryland, Blossom Time and Lady in Ermine—in the last named, sub-

---

**RADIO STARS**

---

**good morning, Mary. where's that usual bright smile of yours?**

**I'm sunk, Mr. Cabot. I've tried and tried to get into pictures, but nobody will give me a chance. I guess I'm just a failure!**

**You're a pretty girl, Mary, but casting directors are the same as other men—they like to see smooth, young lips. There's a lipstick with a beauty-cream base...**

**Oh, Mr. Cabot. It was grand of you to tell me about Kissproof! I've landed a part in this new picture!**

---

**EVERY GIRL SHOULD REMEMBER THAT FOR "LIP APPEAL" HER MOUTH MUST BE SOFT AND SMOOTH—RADIANTLY YOUNG**

---

Kissproof

Indelible Lipstick and Rouge

The Beauty-Cream base of Kissproof protects the lips against drying and cracking while it gives a warm, lasting color. Kissproof is a girl’s most precious aid to loveliness.

Lipstick in 5 luscious shades of drug and department stores.

- Match it with Kissproof rouge, 2 styles —
- Lip and Cheek (creme) or Compact (dry)

Kissproof Powder in 5 flattering shades.

Generous trial sizes at all 10e stores.

---

50c
You don't have to touch a toilet with your hands. No scrubbing. No scouring when you use Sani-Flush. This odorless powder does the job as nothing else can. It is made scientifically to clean toilets.

Just pour a little Sani-Flush in the bowl. (Follow directions on the can.) Then flush the toilet and the job is done. Spots and stains are removed instantly. The porcelain sparkles like new. The hidden trap that no amount of scrubbing can clean is purified and safe. Odors are killed. Sani-Flush cannot harm plumbing.

It is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators (directions on can). Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores—25 and 10 cent sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush
Cleans toilet bowls without scouring

Gray hair?

There's nothing like a few drops of 3-In-One Oil to pep up sluggish sweepers, washing machines, children's toys, electrical appliances, etc. It is pure and free of gum. Specially blended for "triple action," it cleans, oils and stops rust.

3-In-One Oil
Lubricates, cleans, prevents rust.

Sucess is so new, so dazzling, Tommy Thomas can't quite believe it is real!
people like Amos and Andy, Graham McNamee, Vaughn De Leath, Nat Shilkret, Milton Cross, Jessica Draganette and other true pioneers, who were in radio long before I was, feel that their efforts (which in themselves had resulted in Radio City) had meant something. However, it may not have been within his power to have done this. He was a great showman and I can only feel no good will come to him who would strike Roxy's name from the theatre he built.

How They Originated: The word "Wop" unquestionably came from the Italian word "Guapo", meaning "a bright, young and capable Italian." Americans, saying the aforementioned "Guapo", being too lazy to pronounce it, prefer to say, instead, "Wop". "Vamos", which Westerners use for "get out" could only come from having heard the Mexicans and Spaniards using the word "Vamos", meaning "let us go".

Medals to Paul de Kruif and Don Daugherty for their courageous and effective attempts to wake up, not only the medical profession, but also the public itself, to the fact that there is need and room for much improvement in the treatment of patients and the profession itself. Not that human nature will change or that knavery will ever disappear, but we may at least hope for a gradual improvement in medical treatment, physicians and hospitalization in general.

If you have read Mr. Daugherty's account of the misfortunes he suffered at the hands of incompetent, vicious, heartless medical men, it must, as it did in my case, make your blood boil and I hope that the men he mentioned are sufficiently embarrassed by his disclosures of their cruel treatment. To blame these men is only to blame human nature. This much I have observed: that with monotonous repetition and routine, come callousness, carelessness, cruel disregard for the finer things and eventual discourtesy.

In the case of any degree of power and no fear of reproof from superiors, there always comes—especially if the individual is not possessed of culture and breeding—a sneering, callous, almost hostile disregard for the rights of others. I am, in most of such situations, an extremely patient man, but when I see these flagrant and uncalled-for exhibitions on the part of public servants (or others who are supposed to be rendering public service) I generally find it a distinct pleasure to out-shout, out-tremble them and put them in their places. The worst offenders are those whose daily tasks consist of the supervision of the filling out of blanks, the direction of humanity and the completion of an appointed task required by governmental, state or municipal decree. These, most of all, deserve the most censure. The hard-boiled traffic cop has been burlesqued too often for us not to realize that he is a reality.

Mary's Had a Baby

We speak so blithely about the beauty of Motherhood!

And so little about its pain—dismissing it almost casually as the good news is passed around among relatives and friends:

"Mary's had a baby!"

Of course, through the ages, women learned to endure silently, so we take their courage for granted. But, actually, there is no need for silence.

For, 61 years ago, a woman shattered this myth that her sex must suffer silently. She devoted her life to aiding the relief of their pain."

Today, the name of Lydia Pinkham is blessed throughout the world. Mother tells daughter, friend tells friend, how, when the ordeal of motherhood approaches, it can usually be made easier with the use of Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Think what that signifies. If the burden of child-bearing can be eased, that often means a stronger, healthier mother. That, in turn, often means a sturdier, healthier baby.

Through the years we have received more than a million letters telling us of the aid that women have received through the use of the Compound. Young girls passing into womanhood, wives, mothers—they tell us of bitter suffering that has been relieved, of nervousness that has been soothed, and, as a result of this, of unhappy times that have been made normal once again.

Lydia Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound may help you also to go “smiling through.” Try a bottle today.

*For three generations one woman has told another how to go “smiling through” with Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts which must be endured, especially during

The Three Ordeals of Woman

1. Passing from girlhood into womanhood.
2. Preparing for Motherhood.
3. Approaching "Middle Age."

Traditional disorders

One woman tells another how to go “Smiling Through” with Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound
I have waited on hundreds, may thousands, of customers behind the counter and the fountain of a drugstore, where the tasks seemed never-ending—from the opening of big wood bedroom boxes to the pinning of endless pails of fine ice, to the selling of postage stamps or the packing of gallons of ice cream for distant delivery, and I know that routine tasks can try the patience of a Job. But I do say that the impatient individual who must have variation in his tasks and who cannot stand monotonous repetition, should—if he finds his nerves becoming frazzled and his sense of fairness and courtesy leaving him—resign that job and dig ditches or go on relief, rather than make life miserable for other people.

Ever watch the fellow whose job it is to put cherries on grape-fruit in a banquet kitchen? By the time he gets to the thousandth cherry and grape-fruit, it matters little to him whether the cherry has a worm in it or no. For him it is the thousandth cherry and repetition cannot help but dull the sense that makes for appreciation. But there is the man who eats the grape-fruit with the cherry on it—that is his first and only one!

Only those of you who have been fortunate enough to travel and to know the courtesy, gentility and the kind attitude of the British policeman or “Bobby”, can really appreciate what I am discussing. The Bobby is probably less well paid than our American officers of the law. The Bobby also wears a heavy woolen uniform, even on the warmest of days, and he meets fog for two months of the year. His lot (The Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan have something to say about the British policeman’s lot) is a difficult one and he hasn’t the benefit of the modern training our police enjoy. And while you may be the twentieth person in as many minutes who has pestered him for information, and while you may be the poorest American traveler off from a cattle boat or J. P. off from the Corsair, you will receive only the most courteous and friendly treatment.

Only through the vivid style of a Paul de Kruif or a Don Daughtery may some of our public officials and other public officials be brought to a shame-faced realization that everyone—big or little, poor or rich—should be accorded patient and careful treatment. We may never realize this ideal, but it’s not too much to aim for.

An English music publisher informed me that he had received a song from an American music publisher. The American had written: “This song will be a tremendous hit after the war. I will publish it.” The Englishman wrote back: “You start a little war and I’ll publish it!”

And speaking of England and England, I am reminded of the number of people who have asked me, since our return from there, about the differences between the English methods of broadcasting and ours.

Obviously there are many. In England, for instance, the taxpayer pays to his government, i.e., to his elected officials, a tax on his radio set, and the resultant accumulation of millions of pounds is disbursed to those who make the radio programs.

In other words, English broadcasting is government-controlled. The government builds the studios, engages the executives (who are government officials) and everything is supervised by them.

Government officials always have leaned towards the educational rather than the profit-making program. Therefore entertainment, simply as entertainment, gets the short end in England. Although there are variety and vaudeville programs in which whole shows are broadcast from a stage before an audience and there are programs featuring dance bands, still the entertainment side of their broadcasts is extremely restricted.

In the United States almost any hour-long radio show that is broadcast over a network costs roughly between $15,000 and $20,000 per broadcast. This cost is borne by the sponsor whose product is advertised throughout the program. But there is nothing like this on English authority, that there are not large companies over there, with advertising budgets large enough to permit such expenditures, but there exists a governmental decree that there shall be no advertising on radio programs. So, those of you who are lucky enough when your programs are interrupted by the mention of the sponsor’s product, would be delighted to find that there is none of this in British radio.

But, conversely, there are no spectacular, lavishly produced, star-studded programs such as are here in America. No Hollywood hotel, no Show Boat, no Czar and Sanborn Hour.

However, the English have found a way to get around this. Programs are recorded on discs or films in the English recording studios or elsewhere and shipped to Luxembourg, and then broadcast to England, with the result that a great many Britons tune in on this, especially of a Sunday. Yet, I am told that these programs do not measure up to what is customary here in the United States.

There is a growing demand on the part of the English radio listener for a change in government policy with a view toward advertising on the radio. Whether with the advent of perfect television over there (where it is far ahead of ours) will come a fundamental change, I am not competent to state. But these things listeners would like more entertainment and less education seems unquestionable from conversations I have had with people. Since their radio is government-controlled and since the government has no superior to which it can appeal, there is no experience of the monopoly which has no competition to force the broadcaster to vie with others to hold the listeners’ attention.

Here’s a twist that occurred to me only recently. Our American government administers the station to which it grants a license that it must perform a public service by keeping its channels filled every minute and second with what is supposedly entertaining, or other words—there must be something broadcast continually, as long as the station is operating. The injunction, more than any other, is responsible for much of the tripe that one hears over American stations at odd times. The usual, feverish attempt to make something so that the station will not lose its license.
The same placid and leisurely qualities that make the English customs and life so agreeable in which to live also govern their ideas of broadcasting, along the lines of which I spoke above. It is not at all uncommon for English radio stations to "knock-off" for a period and either broadcast nothing or practically to admit the listener that at the moment the station has nothing worthwhile to broadcast. I have stumbled on a small station in which the announcer says: "Our boys are going out to tea and we are going to put on some phonograph records for you." That, to me, is the height of very informality.

The BBC (British Broadcasting Corporation) itself has a custom that is delightful. At certain times they turn on a microphone in a tower where there is nothing but a clock with a very loud tick. This clock has been humorously referred to as "he ghost in gasholes." and when the BC has nothing worthwhile to broadcast, English radio listeners are treated to the sound of a ticking clock for a period of several minutes. That is, of course, in the eyes of American broadcasters, heresy and treason and would or an American program director—but like the idea, and the American theory is it is an unpardonable sin to have a gwee wait of a second or a minute out, and American air waves is one with which I have no sympathy whatsoever. Of course, if our mad competition of stations, sponsors and advertisers, one must give some credit to the idea that the listener immediately goes to another station when the one to which he is listening has a mediocre program on, or if there occurs a stage wait or a defect in transmission.

It is unfortunate that our American listeners have not been educated to stage waits (air waits in broadcasting) or moments on the air when there is nothing but a relaxing pause. The American listener is very much spoiled in this respect. Being a believer in Stoicism and practicing self-denial, I think it would do the American radio listener no harm if he were less pampered and occasionally forced to listen to something which did not cater to the more superficial tastes.

However, as long as sponsor, advertiser and station competition remain at the peak at which we find them today, the slightest wish of any majority or even minority of American radio listeners will continue to be a command and the listener who receives so much for so little will continue to feel like a king and dictate his likes and dislikes. Much, after all, may be said for government-controlled radio.

I like that description from Reader's Digest—"A look of infinite absorption, bordering on coma."*

To those of you who love Chinese dishes, especially that celestial culinary concoction, chow-mien, may your correspondent recommend in Boston and now in New York, Kuey-Foo's Den? Deep down in my heart, though, I really have a preference for Mr. Arnold Reuben's conception of chow-mien called "chicken-reubenola."

It has been my favorite dish at his delightful restaurant for years and will probably continue to be—yet it is surprising how few of the people who can afford too much of this quality know that the famous restaurateur has evolved in "chicken-reubenola" one of the most delicious and unusual chow-mien delicacies that has ever been sneaked past an agreeably surprised pair of tonsils.

And herewith a leave-taking until our rendezvous on the news-stands next month—au revoir!

---

**RADIO STARS**

Orchestra leader Ray Noble, who is also an actor with Burns and Allen.

---

**THE MEN IGNORED HER—SHE WAS SO SKINNY!**

**then she gained 11 LBS. QUICK, new popularity**

**ew IRONIZED YEAST tablets give thousands 10 to 25 lbs. in a few weeks!**

THOUSANDS of skinny, rundown people who never could put on an ounce before recently gained 10 to 25 pounds of naturally attractive flesh, glorious new pep and popularity in just a few weeks!

They've taken this new, scientific formula, coined Yeast, which although developed a perfected at the cost of many thousands of dollars, comes to you in pleasant tablets rich cost you only a few cents a day!

Why such a big builds up so quickly? Let's the doctors have discovered that most of peop, are thin and rundown simply because they do not get enough vitamin B (Vita, or Iron in their daily food. One of the richest sources of marvelous health-building Vitamin B is the special yeast used making English ale, world-renowned for medicinal properties. Now by a new and costly process, perfected after a research, the vitamins from this imported English yeast are concentrated to 7 times their strength in ordinary yeast! This 7-power vitamin concentrate is then combined with three kinds of strength-building iron organic, inorganic and homoglobin Iron. Pasteurized English ale yeast and other valuable tonic ingredients are then added. Finally, for your protection and benefit, every batch of Ironized Yeast is tested and re-tested biologically, to insure its full vitamin strength.

The result is these new easy-take, but marvelously effective little Ironized Yeast tablets which have helped thousands of the skinniest, scrawniest people quickly gain just the normally attractive curves, natural development and peppy health they longed for.

Make this money-back test: If, with the very first package of Ironized Yeast, you don't begin to eat better and get more oxygen and benefit from your food—if you don't feel better, with more strength, pep and energy—if you are not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the pounds of normally attractive from you need—your money promptly refunded. So get Ironized Yeast today.

**Special FREE offer!** To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out seal on box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health—"New Facts About Your Iron—what to eat and what not to eat"! Your money refunded. At all drugists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 311, Atlanta, Ga.

**WARNING:** Beware of the many cheap substitutes for this successful formula. Be sure you get the genuine Ironized Yeast.
rather be actors than the lawyers their parents wanted them to be. So they started off on their own and rode the freight trains to get to New York and once, by accident, they picked a mail train and were a little surprised when railroad detectives thought they were mail robbers and sent a series of bulletins after them! After that, they found their way along country roads, sleeping in barns and living on berries and stolen chickens, until they reached the city. At first their vaudeville act was a flop. Then they surprised even themselves and began going over big. Next, Don had gone into a musical comedy and now here he was in radio, looking for a new world to conquer.

And after that it wasn't hard for Jane to talk him about her family, too, and to talk about her mother, the musician who had played the piano for the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, and how she, herself, had worked her way through the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, paying for her academic musical background by singing popular songs. And how she'd wanted to be a newspaper woman—she'd gone to college and taken a course in journalism—but couldn't persuade an editor to give her a job, so she had nearly started all over again on a different career. After all, everyone knew!"

"Gosh, what a swell kid!" Don thought. "That's the kind of girl I could go for. Never could stand the sort of girl who just leaned back and let her family do things for her."

"I could tell, just by looking at you, that you were like that," he said at last. "Swell and capable and on your own!" And the lie should have stuck in his throat, but it didn't. After all, how could a fellow know a girl as pretty as Jane was such a thoroughbred, as well?

And he knew, then, that midnight wasn't black. It was blue. Because it was the color of her eyes, darker than any blue eyes he ever had seen or hoped to see.

After that evening, there wasn't anyone else for either of them but just the other. From then on they saw each other every evening.

"She made me do an awful lot of courting, though," Don smiled as he leaned back on the sofa in their New York apartment and stretched his long legs. "She was out to prove she was hard to get!"

"I wasn't at all!" Jane looked up indignantly from the blue sweater she was knitting. "I just wanted to be sure, that's all. I'm a one-marriage gal, in case you don't know it, Mister."

"And that's swell with me, for that's how I am, too," Don Ross agreed, and then he laughed again. "Every time I thought I was making headway, I'd sneak her down to Lexington, Kentucky, and march her right up to the courthouse steps and then, right in sight of the license, she'd back out and I knew I'd have to"
Radio's Tony Martin with Leah Ray in Sing and Be Happy.

But one day my luck held and I got inside—and she was Mrs. Ross before I came out again!

Apart from each other, they'd had all usual knocks and hard luck a boy and girl have, trying to get a foothold on their careers, but together they had none. "We've always been terribly lucky," he said. "But we never waited for the maids to come. We always made our own."

Shortly after they were married Don decided that they were so happy and contented, they were in a fair way of getting themselves into a rut. They weren't making big money but they were making enough to get along and money didn't seem so important, just then. It was enough to be together and in love, and find out what fun marriage can be when two people think alike and adore each other love anyone else in the world.

It was such a temptation, just to go on in that happy pattern, that Don decided he'd be a softie and never get anywhere unless he took the jump. So he went on to Chicago, and the second day he was there he landed a job. Then Paul Whiteman, who had heard Jane's broadcasts, invited her to come to Chicago for an audition. Jane hastened on. Don met her at the station. Then, as they were going their hotel for Jane's audition, she and broke her ankle!

Don's eyes were shining with pride in her as he told about it. She wouldn't even have a doctor. So picked her up and carried her to a cab and her face was white but there wasn't a tear out of her. She had to sit on a h stool as she sang for Whiteman but got the job. And for months after she went to the studio on crutches for broadcast.

For six months Jane sang with the Whiteman band. Then NBC gave her a spot and a program of her own, and she developed into a network star.

They were getting up in the world, but it wasn't enough for Jane and Don. They saved until they had enough to pay expenses to New York, with one hundred and fifty dollars besides, to tide them over. That's how they landed in New York—with one hundred and fifty dollars and that particular kind of courage—that's always been theirs. And of course they made good. Courage like that...
always does come through. Chesterfield starred Jane in their CBS series, and Don broadcast on other programs on competing networks. Later they were co-featured in the Ziegfeld Follies of 1933. Then, briefly, they deserted New York for Hollywood, where Jane appeared in Stars Over Broadway, and Don made several pictures. Then they returned to New York and radio.

Listening to Jane singing blues songs became a must for every radio fan, and her Crossley rating was going up at a dizzying speed and last year Don sang again in the Follies.

When Don heard that the Jell-O people were looking for a show to take the place of Jack Benny’s program for the summer, he decided he might as well try his hand at writing, too. So he wrote a show that was auditioned, along with one hundred and forty others, and his was chosen.

Since the old days in Cincinnati, Jane and Don never had worked together in radio, but now he asked Jane if she would sing in his show.

“Might as well keep the money in the family, Mom,” he suggested.

But in the family or no, Don was loyal to those Scotch ancestors of his when it came to making up her contract.

“What’s the scale wage for blues singers?” he asked one of the studio officials, and couldn’t see why Jane, who never has been paid scale prices in all her career, should think it was so funny. But Jane laughed until the tears rolled down her cheeks.

This spring the young Rosses moved into their first real home, a penthouse in mid-town New York, with a sweep of terraces around them that makes them the envy of their friends. There’s one filled with flower-boxes and shrubs and trees just beyond their living-room and another huge one in the back, that holds a badminton court on one side and an outdoor dining-room on the other. Don came home with a grill tucked under his arm, the other night, so steaks cooked over charcoal are going to take the star spot on their menus.

And their living-room is as gay and young and modern as the young Rosses themselves. White walls and red and blue linen-upholstered chairs and sofas that would lift anybody’s spirits, just to look at them.

“We’ve always had furnished places before,” Jane said. “And they looked it, too. You know that depressing way furnished places are always got together. They were always in brown or a deadly taupe color and the furniture was always plush or mohair. That’s why we wanted everything bright and gay and new and clean. We got a terrific kick planning this place and buying things for it. It was almost like starting over again.”

Somewhere, you have the conviction that the young Rosses will always be starting all over again, that they’ll never allow their happiness or themselves or their lives to grow stale and commonplace.

It’s that quality both of them have, that courage and eagerness and desire to know and to have everything that’s worth while in life. Jane says it’s luck that’s carried them along, and maybe she’s right, at that. Luck to have been born with all those other qualities that make them as grand a young couple as ever found romance in the air—or under an umbrella!
The Dickensons are Americans. Originally they were Canadians, but Father Dickenson became naturalized and Mother Dickinson is an American, and they are both good citizens. They are both born and educated in America, and their children are all born in America. The children are all good citizens, and they are all educated in American schools.

The children are all good citizens, and they are all educated in American schools.

"I learned my nursery rhymes in Hindustani. Neeni, neeni," she began and stopped. "India is a fascinating country! We were located in an out-of-the-way place, where Father's company was tapping a vein. As a child I was useful to my parents, and I was left to carry the jars of water for the family. When I grew older, I pretended that I was the head of the family, and I was left to carry the jars of water for the family."

"As a child I was useful to my parents, and I was left to carry the jars of water for the family."

I was-strange for them to see a white child, let alone a child with a fearful bear in its arms—white child! When I growed, pretending that it was Teddy, they dropped their jars and fled incontinently. For some reason they never went by our compound again.

"Then we had a boy working for us as a gardener—actually we had a dozen servants, everyone does there. For three or four rupees a day this boy tended the garden, managing meanwhile to extract daily sums from Mother for seeds and essentials. That was all right, except for the fact that nothing grew! One night Mother spoke to him about it and, lo and behold, the next morning saw the place fairly alive with vegetables! It wasn't Oriental magic, he'd probably stolen them from a dozen neighboring gardens, but it wasn't ours to question why—so Mother went ahead and invited a small army of friends over to dinner to enjoy the fresh-grown things.

"Now it's customary for white people in India, to bring their own linen, glassware and even servants, but the host provides the food! We had no worries about that item, as a look out of the window told of a vast expanse of growing things, but we hadn't counted on the Indian-vegetarian nature. For our boy vanished—and with him went the entire garden! And, do you know, they don't feel that they're dishonest—it's all in the point of view, I guess!"

The room we were sitting in was lavishly decorated with Indian daggers, formerly used by ferocious Gurkhas, lamps in the shapes of twinning cobras, exotically-patterned, deep-pile rugs, really good still-life paintings by Dickenson Pere, beaten-brass cigarette boxes—all of them brought by the Dickensons themselves.

Here is good news for everyone troubled with unsightly dandruff. Now you can remove dandruff by using a shampoo which completely dissolves dandruff and then washes it away. Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo is guaranteed to remove dandruff with the first application—under a positive money-back guarantee. Back of this guarantee is Lloyd's of London, world famous guarantors for over two hundred years... your positive assurance that Fitch's Shampoo removes dandruff with the very first application. And remember, a Fitch Shampoo leaves your hair shining clean and radiantly beautiful.
But to get back to the story, Jean's father shipped her and her mother on about to London, after the War, in a little boat, the only transportation available to anyone not definitely British. En route they ran into a typhoon, a rip-twisting fellow that caused the boat to drift for ten days, so that, all in all, their trip took them some three weeks—three weeks at extremely high seas and a hardy

In London they discovered that their draft for a thousand pounds on a newly-established Indian bank wasn't going to do them much good—the English banking gentlemen (she said she couldn't remember exactly what they looked like, but she always thought of them as two George Arliss in tail coats and monocles) hadn't heard of the bank but they would—ah—look into it—ah—yes—definitely.

So, in the interim, the family jewels made regular trips to the shops fronted by three gold balls, and a somewhat frightened woman and an excited but not at all frightened little girl made out as best they could until cables had established bank credit. Then Mother Dickenson dashed to Paris and furiously bought clothes and presents for all, saving out merely enough for first-class passage to the States.

"I finally got to go to grammar school here in New York," Jean said, "but, to show you just how strong the nomadic-mining influence was in me, I hanged around in the tiny garden back of our New York house with a hammer searching for a vein! Grammar school was all I got here, though, because the telephone rang one day and the next thing I knew we were on a train, bound for San Francisco and, for me, high school. We should have known better, I admit, but the fact remains that we both means of house on a peninsula. For days—about twenty-eight— to be exact—we labored with turf, flags—stones and flowers and on the twenty-ninth the telephone rang—we moved to another part of the state the day after.

After a few years there we moved (yes, the telephone rang again) to Denver, where they let me tackle a bit of higher education."

"You had some idea of becoming another Partia, I hear?" I broke in.

"Yes," she chuckled involuntarily, "I leaned toward the law, because I had a bit of success at winning debates. One mean pro suggested that I flirted with the judges, but I discounted that; at any rate, don't lawyers work on the jury with all legitimate means?"

"But it was there, in Denver, that I decided that I wanted very much to sing. Instead I had been playing the piano for some time and singing to my own playing, and eventually this gave me that knack."

(Gilly woke up, muttering something about being silly a start catching his whiskers and went back to the herd of giant rabbits he had on the run.) So finally, at the Lamont School of Music, I went at it in earnest.

"During my first year I tried out in the Atwater Kent singing contest. Somewhat to my surprise I made the finals but I wasn't one of them. When I finished my song, I started to leave. However, when a kind-looking gentleman insisted that I wait and learn the outcome, I gave in and sat on the window sill. When they told me that I'd won nearly—literally—fell out of the window! But it encour-
aged me so much that I spent a very profitable year abroad with my teacher."

Then her folks, who couldn't let a telephone ring without checking what was happening in the nearest branch office, reported to New York, but Jean refused to be swerved an inch from her goal. She stayed on, living at the school. Her pet, an over-conceited duck named Goo-Goo— who alternated between the choicest part of her life and the most monstrous branch of her hardy—was a first-rate music critic. So good, in fact, that he broke up a recital given by the ladies of Denver. Then, unhappily the day, she was obliged to go out of town for a spell so she left Goo-Goo with some dear old base friend, hungry, renounced his principles and thus ended Goo-Goo's career. Jean is certain that he would have gone far in a metropolitan music critic's chair.

So Jean spent the years between eighteen and twenty-one, developing the voice that now is clear and incredibly high. History notes that she once, in the process of The Londonerry Air at a Denver concert, sang the G sharp above high C, over a solo by Richard Crooks.

"During a holiday trip to New York and Chicago," she continued, "I paid a visit to Mr. Andre Kostelanetz, to whom my teacher had commended me. As a result of several subsequent introductions, NBC gave me an audition and declared themselves willing to sign me up for a sustaining program.

Again, however, she resisted all offers, returning to Denver to finish her schooling."

"Just in case," she grinned, "my voice ever went back on me, I could earn my living by teaching."

However, she did broadcast over a Denver NBC station and she did get a guest-appearance job on the Palmolive Beauty Box show, so she had had a fair amount of experience when Miss Lily Pons heard her. Miss Pons liked her voice so well that, as one colo-ratura to another, she offered to sponsor her. They were making plans to study together, when Jean's own phone rang. It was an offer from the Coast to play the part of Virginia opposite Dick Powell on the Hollywood Hotel show.

"Everyone advised me to accept the offer, so I left for the Coast right away, excited, as you may well guess."

Her attraction was, for the moment, by terrific activity on the part of Master Gilly, who had to attend to the delivery of a package. Despite the fact that the maid had been in signing for it, Gilly must needs sniff package and deliverer. Never, says Jean, there was a more thorough-going martinet in any household.

She went on: "I liked Hollywood. Oh, I know the thing to come back sweet sneer at some of the lighter aspects of the place, but I really enjoyed it. To show you what I mean—I swore up and down that I would never wear slacks. The very first day in Hollywood found me in 'em, and every day after that, and I loved them.

—I can see now why Marlene prefers them. Frances Langford? She's an absolute dear. And Dick Powell couldn't be nicer; he's exactly the same happy-go-lucky fellow he is on the screen. Let me tell you that I enjoyed every minute of my thirteen weeks there. We used to meet
the movie stars who appeared on the show as Louella Parsons' guests and I met more of them at Louella's swank parties."

She took a make-up test one day and was tremendously impressed by the expertise of the make-up men. She said as much to the girl sitting next to her. "My," she added, "but you do have gorgeous eyelashes! I wish mine were half as long!"

"Really," answered the girl, "here, dear, I'll give you mine." And she peeled them off and passed them over!

You buy them, it seems, at the cosmetic counter in any drugstore.

The rest of Jean Dickinson's story is probably pretty well known by now. She came back to New York, where NBC promptly put her to sustaining. Then came a call for a prima donna for the American Album of Familiar Music, to sing with sweet-voiced Frank Munn, and she answered it, along with some one hundred others. She is now that prima donna.

Success hasn't gone to her head. She takes real delight in the simple, ordinary things she's always preferred, and in her dog, as you may have gathered. High-heels are anathema to her, but she is weakening about red finger-nail polish. The theatre attracts her and she feels that she has some discernment where it is concerned. Naturally the opera, because she has played in Rigoletto and others, herself, once even in her native musical ballet. Denver, with Mayor Ben Stapleton and the key to the city on hand.

"I particularly enjoy doing Carmen and Wagner," she explained, "but, then, every lyric-light-voice does, because they're dark purple, you know?" She smiled.

"I did bring back a liking for curry, from India. Do I know how to make it? Of course I do. But the real secret of good curry is the rice. You must use lots of boiling water and let the rice dance in it until it's fluffy and light. There's a restaurant, I think it's The Ceylon, in the Forties here, where you can get curry."

"Tophole curry?" I asked, anxiously.

"Absolutely ripping curry, old thing," she assured me with a sort of Major-Grey's-Chimney look.

She has two ambitions, one of which, if there is such a thing as reincarnation (she doesn't really believe there is), is to return to earth in the form of a pet, preferably as a Scotty. She thinks pets have the best time—Gilly certainly does!

"Then, too," she became a trifle wistful, "I want to sing as well as I can."
**NEW SHOES for OLD**

**New Griffin Black Dye**

Time to dye your white and colored shoes with Griffin Black Dye...a new formula that guarantees a jet black finish which will not wear off. Easy to use...non-poisonous...leaves no odor. Gives you a new pair of shoes at practically no cost. For sale at 5 and 10 cent stores and shoe repair shops.

10c BOTTLE

Griffin Mfg. Co., Inc.
Brooklyn, N.Y.

**BRUSH AWAY Gray Hair and Look 10 Years Younger**

Here is a quick, safe and approved method. With a small brush and Brownatone you just tint those streaks or patches of gray to those shades of blonde, brown or black. Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of hair. Cannot affect waving of hair. Over twenty-three years success. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. BROWNATONE does not give your gray, streaked or faded hair a tawny, rich, youthful appealing color; your money back. Only 50c. At drug and toilet counters everywhere.

---

**ROMANCE AT THE MET**

(Continued from page 25)

Universal Rhythm program, with Richard Bonelli, Alec Templeton, Frank Crumit et al., receives Radio Stars' award, from Publisher Delacorte

Rose is a typical American girl. Meeting her, you find her simple and modest and unassuming. There is nothing precocious about her. Nothing of the prima donna. She likes clothes, and wears them well. She likes sports—tennis and swimming, especially. In all she does, she is eager, spontaneous, enthusiastic—there is no pose of world-weariness or sophistication in this vivid, vital young girl.

She was born in Cleveland, Ohio, on November 28th, twenty-six years ago. Her father is an Englishman by birth and her mother's family has been prominent through generations of American history.

Rose made her debut at the Met on November 28th, 1932—her twenty-first birthday, and is the youngest singer on its roster.

All of the Bampton family are musical. Rose's father and mother and her two brothers sing and play piano and violin—but Rose is the only professional among them. The Bamptons, who have met Dr. Pelletier and learned to love him, are very pleased with their daughter's marriage, and regard it as a true love match. They are a singularly united and happy family—the Bamptons—as well as a musical one, so that for Rose, quite naturally, the two fundamentals of life are music and marriage. And she gives herself to both with equal devotion.

"There can, of course, be two careers in a family," says Rose, "when there is true depth of devotion between the two people, each as passionately interested in the other's work as in his or her own."

And there seems to be, in this case, no question as to that depth of devotion, growing, as it has, through four years of richly rewarding association. Anyone who knows them can testify to Rose's passionate interest in each achievement of Dr. Pelletier's career, and what his brilliant genius and his love have done for her is no secret. It is not difficult to predict greater triumphs for each, with the coming years.

Wilfred Pelletier is of French-Canadian parentage and was born in Montreal in...
RADIO STARS

96. Despite his years in America, he still speaks with a marked French accent. "You may call it French," he laughs, "but please don't say it is Canadianish!"

He, too, comes of a musical family and began to study piano, harmony, and composition when he was only seven years old. He has had a distinguished and brilliant career in music, both here and in Europe. In this country he has conducted the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra, the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, as well as the orchestra at the Met and the National Broadcasting orchestra. Since 1917 he has been conductor of French and Italian operas for the Metropolitan Opera. In addition to this, he has coached many famous singing stars, played in concerts and music stivals, toured with the Metropolitan Opera Company, and conducted its spring season of opera. Once a week he goes on tour, to conduct the Montreal Symphony Orchestra.

To radio listeners he is well known for his work on the "Skeleton Key Program" and the "Firestone" programs. For five years he composed the music used as background for the "Roses and Drums" programs. And for the past two seasons he has conducted the Metropolitan Auditions of the Air, and dined many young men and women seeking admission to the opera ranks.

When the tall, slim, dark-eyed, dark-haired young girl from Ohio came to the test, Pelletier felt, with sudden prescience: "This is She!" He could not help taking deep, immediate interest in Rose Bampton's career. The girl who had coached some of the Met's most famous stars—Caruso, Faitar, Bori, Tibbett, Pons and Jeritza, among others—now gave long hours to the training of the Met's "baby star."

Rose was listed on the Met roster as a contralto. She made her debut singing the role of Laura, in "La Gioconda." It was Pelletier who discovered that her voice had soprano range and insisted that she learn soprano roles. Last summer he accompanied her on her first trip to Europe and she sang the soprano role of "Leonora" in "Il Trovatore," in Munich, Prague, Stockholm and Vienna. Later Pelletier arranged for her to sing it in New York.

"I was terrified at the thought of singing soprano!" Rose confesses. "I didn't believe I could do it. But he had such faith in me—"

"She is, also," Pelletier declares, "in the great tradition of other singers. She will, perhaps, be another Lotte Lehmann."

Their months abroad this summer will not be wholly given to the joys of honeymooning. For Pelletier, at least so far as the public is concerned, it will be a vacation, his first in many years. But Rose has many important European singing engagements. They will be abroad till November. During that time Rose will sing forty-three concerts, in London, Munich, Vienna and Prague. In August they will make a pilgrimage to Salzburg, to hear Toscanini, who is one of their idols.

On June 24th Rose sang in Queen's Hall, London, with the London Symphony Orchestra. The conductor for this concert was Rodzinski, who conducted the Philharmonic Orchestra here this past season. But in the wings of Queen's Hall another conductor stood listening, watching, sharing with the girl of his heart, her splendid triumph.

They whole-heartedly, unreservedly, adore each other. "This day is absorbed in the other's career, rejoicing in each new success, sharing, in little things and big, all that life can bring. They study together, practice together, play together, dream together. Although Wilfred Pelletier is older than his bride, theirs is no uneven mating of age and youth; no emotional alliance of master and pupil—it is, rather, a complete union, a fusion of two who, still cherishing their own and each other's individualities, achieve that unique blending that is the imperishable happy marriage.

They might, these two, perhaps, whisper to each other those lovely words of the poet, Conrad Aiken:

"Music I heard with you was more than music,
And bread I broke with you was more than bread...

But they don't really need words. The eloquent glance of meeting eyes is enough for them. Even in their silences, they are one.

And the little minister in Eltonton, Maryland who breathed a soft "Amen" over this couple, as they knelt before him, may well feel that on that bright spring day he officiated at a marriage of true hearts.

And the romance that began, five years ago, on the vast stage of the Met, where storied loves are poured forth in deathless song, has become, itself, a part of the music of the spheres.

---

Yes, Constipation Is Serious, But It Can't Poison You!

SAY DOCTORS

"Modern doctors now say that the old idea of poisons getting into your blood from constipation is BUNK. They claim that constipation swells the bowels causing pressure on nerves in the digestive tract. This nerve pressure is what causes frequent bilious spells, dizziness, headaches, upset stomach, dull, tired-out feeling, sleepless nights, coated tongue, bad taste and loss of appetite.

Don't suffer hours or even days longer than necessary. You must GET THAT PRESSURE OFF THE NERVES TO GET RELIEF. Flush the intestinal system. When offending wastes are gone the bowels return to normal size and nerve pressure STOPS. Almost at once you feel marvelously refreshed, blues vanish, and life looks bright again.

That is why so many doctors are now insisting on gentle but QUICK ACTION. That is why YOU should insist on Adlerika. This efficient intestinal evacuant contains SEVEN carminative and cathartic ingredients. It acts on both the stomach as well as the entire intestinal tract. It relieves stomach GAS at once and often removes bowel congestion in half an hour. It gives prompt results. Recommended by many doctors and druggists for 35 years.

Adlerika is prescribed for:

1. DIZZINESS caused by slow bowel action
2. HEADACHES
3. HEARTBURN
4. WEAK STOMACH
5. LAXATIVE STROKES

Adlerika Co., Dept. M.S.I.R.S., 10-37 St. Paul, Minn.

GENTLEMEN: Send without obligation two free trial sample bottles to one a family. (Offer good in U. S. only.) Sold in Canada by leading druggists.

Name
Address
City State

FREE SAMPLES

WARNING! All reputable druggists know that Adlerika has no substitute. Always DEMAND the genuine.

MORE THAN A LAXATIVE

Adlerika Co., Dept. M.S.I.R.S., 10-37, St. Paul, Minn.

GENTLEMEN: Send without obligation two free trial sample bottles to one a family. (Offer good in U. S. only.) Sold in Canada by leading druggists.

Name
Address
City State

WARNING! All reputable druggists know that Adlerika has no substitute. Always DEMAND the genuine.

MORE THAN A LAXATIVE

Adlerika Co., Dept. M.S.I.R.S., 10-37, St. Paul, Minn.

GENTLEMEN: Send without obligation two free trial sample bottles to one a family. (Offer good in U. S. only.) Sold in Canada by leading druggists.

Name
Address
City State

WARNING! All reputable druggists know that Adlerika has no substitute. Always DEMAND the genuine.

MORE THAN A LAXATIVE
Myrt and Marge, etc. They all have the same reason, too.

If there’s a stranger in the studio, they start watching his reaction and, first thing, they know, they are unconsciously playing to him instead of to the microphone. A gag comedian can play to both studio audience and microphone but the others lose their conversational, homely touch when they try that.

This group of programs is about the only department of radio that studio audiences have been unable to invade.

More microphone habits—Tom Howard broadcasts with his hat on. Just a habit. Tom always wore a hat during his work on the stage. Bing Crosby used to wear a cap during broadcasts, but he has quit that recently.

Under the program is very formal. John Charles Thomas likes to broadcast in shirt sleeves with his collar open. Sometimes he will toss his coat aside or rip off his necktie right in the middle of a long song. Fred Allen seems to ignore the studio audience. He is about the only comedian who doesn’t help the applause with a little service as cheer leader.

Phil Baker likes to pick up the corners of his coat and do foolishly effervescent little dances during the musical parts of his program. Ben Bernie strolls around the studio, blandly flicking his cigar, while the band is playing. Jane Froman always cups her hand alongside her ear as she sings. Singers always did that in radio’s early days, when studio walls were heavily padded, and Jane never got over the habit.

Major Bowes still keeps his stage in subdued lights, so the amateurs won’t be frightened.

Don’t be too much surprised if one of

**RADIO RAMBLINGS**

(Continued from page 69)

CBS bandleader, Ray Block, was born in Alsace-Lorraine, but he has won great popularity here.

**RADIO STARS**

- New Shampoo-Rinse Safely Prevents Light Blond Hair from Darkening—Washes Brownish Blond Hair 2 to 4 Shades Lighter without Bleaching!
- New Blondex The Blonde Hair Shampoo & Rinse
- KILL THE HAIR ROOT
- CALUMET MUSIC CO. INC., CHICAGO, ILL.
- Many Never Suspect Cause Of Backaches
- This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly once they discover that the real cause of their troubles may be a kidney.

The kidneys are Nature’s chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning shows there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pains, loss of energy, upsets in stomach, etc. Do not go right to this, kidney specialist.

Don’t wait! Ask your druggist for Donn’s Pills used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They help your kidneys in such a way that your kidney tubes do a poisonous waste from your body.

**RADIO STARS**

- A New Freedom For Women!
- Approved Sanitary Protection
- No Pads
- No Pins
- No Belts
- Holly-Pax AT 5 AND 10 CENTS STORES
- GIRLS AND BOYS! SEND NO MONEY! GIVE NO ADDRESS!
- Holly-Pax
- THE WIX COMPANY
- Minneapolis—Los Angeles

**Learn Radio IN 12 WEEKS**

- No Shop Work—No Books
- I’ll Finance Your Training!
- You can earn $100 and more in 12 weeks
- Atlantic Technical Institute
- 508-510 Washington St.
- Boston, Mass.
- FARR’S FOR GRAY HAIR
- FARR’S FOR GRAY HAIR
- FARR’S FOR GRAY HAIR
- FARR’S FOR GRAY HAIR
- FARR’S FOR GRAY HAIR
Jacob Tarshish, MBS Lamplighter

these days the Easy Aces skit suddenly disappears from the air, for no reason except that the Aces are tired of working for a living. In radio that would be unprecedented, considering the salary, but Goodwin and Jane Ace talk about it frequently.

During their first years in large money, it is fair to assume themselves a quota of money saved and retire on. The quota already is passed and the money is in an endowment insurance policy. Their salary, $2,000 week, is tempting, but they might follow their plan when their current contract runs out.

On this subject of salaries, there is a fact of speculation over what Amos 'n' Andy will be getting under the new sponsor they start with January 1. Pepsodent has been paying the pair $4,000 a week, $2,000 each. No details of the new agreement were leaked out, except that the sum is substantially larger. Incidentally, their dime on the air will not be changed when the new contract goes into force.

Charlie Winninger's genial voice, booming out again on Show Boat these Thursday evenings, marks the end of one of radio's very bitter feuds. When Winninger left the program, two years ago, he carried hard feelings with him. Caustic interviews, in which Show Boat production methods were discussed scornfully began appearing in newspapers and radio magazines. To top it all, Winninger helped form the program called Uncle Charlie's Tent Show, which flourished for a year or so as an exact copy of Show Boat.

Time heals such wounds, however. Alto, Winninger's work in a new movie version of the Jerome Kern operetta, Show Boat, makes this season an ideal one to restore him to his old command as radio's Capt. Henry.

That ends one feud, but most of radio's others are going well, thank you. Fred Waring has no love for Phil Spitalny or Horace Heidt. Mistaken or not, Fred thinks those two bandleaders stole his idea for both stage and radio shows.

Changes come frequently, but if Eddie Cantor and Georgie Jessel are on good terms this week, the chances are they won't be next month. There is no one cause for this one. Their personalities simply clash, that's all. Ed Wynn and Cantor do not speak very well of each other, either, though there is no open warfare there.

Fibber McGee and Molly (Marian and Jim Jordan) are the most recent of radio's headline personalities making screen debuts. They are featured with Mary Livingstone, also enjoying her first venture in movies, Charles "Buddy" Rogers, Betty Grable and Ned Sparks in the Paramount picture, This Way, Please!
"I've seen too many girls lose their beauty and popularity through neglect of the sunny, golden loveliness nature gave their hair," says Marion R. "So I'm not going to take any chances—I use nothing but Marchand's on my hair. It brought back all the glorious blonde shadings and radiant life my hair used to have."

Thousands of enthusiastic Marchand users say, "Only Marchand's can restore and retain the true glamorous beauty of BLONDE hair. Marchand's keeps hair soft, healthy, lustrous." BRUNETTES also use Marchand's to highlight their hair—without lightening the color.


For more than 50 years, Marchand's Golden Hair Wash has been used all over the world. It's guaranteed. Accept no substitute. All reputable druggists carry and recommend Marchand's. Complete instructions for use with every bottle.


M A R C H A N D'S
GOLDEN HAIR WASH

CHAS. MARCHAND CO., 521 W. 23rd St., New York City.

Sirs: Please send me a FREE copy of ROBERT'S BEAUTY SECRETS. I enclose 3c stamp for postage.

Name ____________________________

Address ____________________________

City __________________ State ________

Most of radio's feud is mythical, stirred up by publicity-hunting press agents. James Melton and Frank Parker, for instance, are good friends. As every one knows, so are Walter Winchell and Ben Bernie; Fred Allen and Jack Benny.

One about which there was no kidding was the battle the networks waged in coverage of sport events. Last season, and their rival versions of Shakespearean plays. Only the moderating counsel of their legal departments on several occasions prevented issuance of harsh statements and measures of reprisal.

Now that the fall season is getting under way, J. C. Flippen may enroll as a new candidate for comedy honors on the major networks. Jay was making some progress in theater and radio when he hitched up with a small New York station, WHN, and the engagement turned out much longer than he wanted it to be. The contract is about to expire now.

WHN is the New York station which launched Major Bowes as proprietor of an amateur hour. When the Major walked out to take his hour to a major network, WHN asked Flippen to take over. The young comedian thought this was an opportunity for publicity and prestige, so he grabbed it, even though both station and salary were small. The contract ran for a long term, too, but he paid no attention to that. Like everyone else, he thought the amateur feud would be completely dead in a year or two.

The fall did die down but Flippen and Bowes were able to carry on with their popularity only slightly wilted. In the telephone voting on the amateurs, Flippen, on his small station, has consistently been getting a larger total of votes than the Major in the New York area. With that showing behind him, Flippen announces he is ready to expand and probably will be popping off on network programs here and there before the season is out.

—ARTHUR MASON.
When you star in your own romances, take a tip from the romantic stars of cinema town...look your loveliest and best with a flattering hairdressing made with Hollywood Curlers! Whether many curls or just a few will frame your face most beautifully...you can have them quickly, easily...right at home...with the "Curlers used by the Stars." Insist on Hollywood Curlers.

2 FOR 10c—AT Store and 10c STORES—NOTION COUNTERS

Be a Radio Expert
Learn at Home—Make Good Money


J. E. Smith, President, Dept. 7KM7
National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.

Send me, without obligation, your 64 page book " rich Rewards in Radio." FREE. (Please write plainly.)

Name.
Address.
City.
State.

Danger

Corns come back
BIGGER—UGLIER unless removed Root and all

Home paring methods risk infection—only affect the surface of a corn. The root grows back bigger and uglier than ever. Don't take chances. Use the new double-action Blue-Jay method that stops pain instantly, by removing pressure, then in 3 short days the corn lifts out root and all (exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application). Blue Jay is a tiny medicated plaster. Easy to use—invisible. 25c for 6. Same price in Canada. Get Blue-Jay today.

Bauer & Black
BLUE-JAY CORN PLAS TERS
Remove Corns Root and All

* A plug of dead root will root-like in form and position. If left may serve an focal point for renewed development.

Beauty Advice

(Continued from page 75)

Universal made Gertrude Niesen more exotic for Top of the Town.

promise to curl into ringlets at any moment—but never quite do. A too conventional or too elaborate coiffure would draw too much interest from the face and would lack personality. It takes a great deal of restraint to achieve a natural coiffure that does not look neglected.

"Gertrude Niesen has an interesting face," Emilie continued. And, indeed, she has. Gertrude has a very long face but one that can be blended, by the proper hairdressing, into a charming combination of sophistication and dewy youthfulness. All of you with long faces will be particularly entranced with Emilie's unusual handling of these features. Emilie chose bangs for Gertrude, to broaden the face and cut the length. Then she gave her an extremely long bob to accentuate its length!

The effect was thrilling, but I couldn't understand how he chose such contradictory methods until he explained to me: "Bangs and an extremely long bob capitalize on the interesting planes in the long face. Instead of hiding the face, or drawing attention away from its length, they mold its pure lines into an artist's delight."

You will notice that Emilie does not confine the hair close to the head with this type of face. He also skillfully employs a slight circular wave to break any harshness the extreme hair cut would lend.

With the coiffures of Gertrude Niesen, Jessica Dragonteen, Kate Smith, and Maxine Marlowe, Emilie has given a clue to the designing of a hair dress for every type. I hope you will be able to work on from this point to an individual coiffure suited to your own personality.

Mary Biddle
RADIO STARS
149 Madison Avenue
New York, New York

I would like to know the names of the Beauty Aids recommended in October Radio Stars.

Name
Address
City State

Lustrons Color for FADED HAIR (FREE)

Have ever-youthful looking hair this SAFE way. Clear liquid is combed through hair. Gray goes—streaks disappear. Color wanted comes: black, brown, blonde. Nothing to wash or rub off on clothing. Hair stays fluffy—takes wave or curl. Get full-sized bottle from drug store on money-back guarantee. Or mail coupon for Free Test.

FREE TEST—We send complete Test Package Free. Snip off a lock of hair. Test it first this safe way. No risk, No expense. 5,000,000 women have received this test. Mail coupon.

Mary T. Goldman—2332 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Radio Stars
but their little home is near her mother's and on the nights when Bill has to work, she can slip over and dine and visit with her mother and sisters. Her one great grief was the loss of her father, but Mrs. Wood continues to be her guide and inspiration, as she does for the other girls.

The similarity of Bill's work and interests with hers makes for increased understanding, and she is to the smooth-running machinery of their domestic and professional lives. He studied medicine at college but helped to pay his way by radio work and found it easier to keep on with the job he had than to make a break when his course was finished. He has a fine speaking and singing voice and is, at present, an announcer on WFL, on the NBC network.

But, what is even more important than his being in the same business field, he also shares Trudy's dreams, shapes his life to the same ideals.

If there is anything more rare than a day in June, it must be a pretty girl who does not want to go into the movies. As far as Trudy is concerned, it is all a part of knowing what she wants. She has been approached several times and has had tests made—she is very slender, has light brown hair and lovely wide gray eyes, a straight, sensitive mouth—but, in the first place, she does not think that she is ready for pictures. And she does not want to make the mistake so many girls have made, in rushing unprepared into a picture, perhaps to flop and thus at one stroke finish two careers.

But, more than that, she is not convinced that she wants a movie career anyway. Her ambitions are simple. As far as money is concerned, she wants only enough to enable her to live a normal life, to have a certain amount of economic security, to provide leisure, to set aside for the future, and she hopes to have and perhaps, later on, to travel. But she wants no great sum, has no craving to be rich. Part of her salary and Bill's now goes into the bank and into insurance and very little is expended on the gay trivialities so popular with some of Hollywood's younger set.

She is studying singing, singing always to improve her voice and is planning to study dramatics, for her secondary ambition is to do dramatic parts on the radio.

"I am crazy about radio," she explained simply, "and there is more chance for home life with a radio career. There is no reason why a professional and a domestic life can't go hand in hand. If people understand the demands of each other's profession, but radio gives you more time, more chance for home life than a movie career. And there are big opportunities right on radio, too. Plenty of them—more every year."

Thus, while some girls say marriage is impossible in the early stages of a career, that the career must come first and all else be sacrificed to it, Trudy goes serenely.
ly on her way, confident that love and marriage come first, that a career can be mostly fitted into a happy marriage, and that, above all, she is a very lucky girl.

She and Bill had planned to take a real honeymoon, as soon as the Astaire program was concluded, but when it was decided to keep the Packard program on the air through the summer, with Johnny in charge and Jimmy Blair and Trudy to sing, the honeymoon plans dissolved. However, the present schedule is less onerous, requires less rehearsing than the previous program, and Trudy hopes that they can find time for short vacation trips between performances.

Johnny Green, who is doing such a swell job with the new program, selects her songs and arrangements and Trudy is singing ballads, which she enjoys, as well as jazz. She began studying piano when she was ten and finds her knowledge of music a great help in interpreting her songs.

"I've been awfully lucky," she said demurely, "in meeting the right people, and in getting breaks. I loved touring—it was fun and grand experience—and the Packard show, of course, was a real opportunity. My ambitions? Well, I want to go on, improving my voice, increasing my popularity, perhaps doing something on a dramatic program . . ."

She smiled shyly. "I love my work, but I love being married more. I never really wanted anything else but a home and a family. And I am so lucky, to be married to Bill!"

"And you like keeping house?" I asked.

She nodded. "I love it. And children—we have plans for them, too, after a little while. Right now," she twiddled, "we just have a dog—part Scottie, part something else! Even a dog ties you down, but it is company—we wouldn't give it up for anything."

For the rest, she is just a normal girl, loves pretty clothes, likes to take walks, to dance, to play badminton and tennis, to swim. She drives her own car, takes her work and her studies seriously, looks eagerly forward to getting back to her apartment and Bill, after a few hours' absence, delights in slipping down the street to her other home for a chat with Mother or the girls.

And Bill, a few years older, equally in love, what of him? We hope he knows how lucky he is to be married to a girl so deeply in love, so quietly sincere and so refreshingly idealistic. High ideals are all too rare these days and you'd hardly look for them in Hollywood, but Trudy clings to hers and we sincerely hope her handsome young husband will help her keep them.

They call her a radio Cinderella, because her rise to stardom has been so rapid, but she comes nearer being a radiant Penelope, serenely secure in her marriage, her love. For when Trudy sings her love songs every Tuesday, ostensibly Jimmy Blair, she really is singing them to Bill Bryan with all her heart and soul. The ingredients of a happy marriage are all here, entrenched in her heart, glimpsed in her shining eyes.

The right boy met the right girl and we feel sure that the story so blithely begun can have only a happy ending for Mr. and Mrs. William C. Bryan!
JACK: Mary, I want to thank you for those lovely roses you sent me. They were beautiful.
MARY: Were they?
JACK: Yes, that’s the first time I’ve ever seen a third of a dozen... but Mary, I did notice that the roses were quite limp and droopy. What happened?
MARY: I knew you were sick so I boiled them.

(JACK BENNY, Jell-O Program.)

PHIL: When I sneeze I put my hand in front of my mouth.

HARRY: Really, Phil? Why do you do that?

BEETLE: To catch his teeth!

(PHIL BAKER, Gulf Program.)

FRED: You’re under arrest for violating the anti-noise law, Bob.

ACTOR: Hey, wait a minute! I ain’t done nothin’!

FRED: You just drank a bicarbonate of soda, didn’t you?

ACTOR: So what? I ain’t made a noise yet, have I?

FRED: No, but you will in a minute. Let’s go!

(FRED ALLEN, Town Hall Tonight.)

GRACIE: When my brother never says: “Hello,” he says: “Honk, Honk!” Of course, that’s...

GEORGE: Your brother says: “Honk, Honk!”

GRACIE: Yeah—when he’s crossing the street, you see, he doesn’t want people to think he hasn’t got an automobile.

(BURNS & ALLEN, Grape Nuts Program.)

PILKINGTON: This is the third morning in a row I’ve found you like this. What’s the idea of sleeping on the job?

JOHNNY: Well, I don’t like to be doing nothing!

(BEATRICE LILLIE, Broadway Merry-Go-Round.)

DOC: Jack Benny, it’s time for your medicine again... Now first you take this red pill and then you follow it with this blue one.

JACK: Mmm, two of ‘em this time.

What’s the white pill for, Doc?

DOC: In case the red one is poison!

(JACK BENNY, Jell-O Program.)

PHIL: Bottle, you ought to get married and go in for a little communal bliss.

BOTTLE: Beg pardon, sir?

PHIL: Communal bliss! Lock, Bottle, what binds women together and makes them better than they are by nature?

BOTTLE: Er... corsets.

(PHIL BAKER, Gulf Program.)

FRED: Today is the big birthday party.

PORTLAND: Really? Whose birthday is it?

FRED: The Dionne babies. The Quintuplets are three today.

PORT: Oh! That’s too bad. Did two of them get away?

(FRED ALLEN, Town Hall Tonight.)

MILTON: Hurry, please—hurry!

BROWN: Huh, we don’t sell gas in this gas station.

MILTON: Then what is the idea of all the signs and pumps?

BROWN: That’s just to pull customers in so we can give ‘em free air and water!

(MILTON BERLE, Gillette Program.)

BOB: Did you ever play golf with a dentist? Every time he got on the green the put, he’d look at the hole and say: “Open a little wider, please!” After the game I went home, jumped into the Frigidaire and took a nap... I’m getting myself in shape for those air-cooled theatres! Ah, those cooling systems they have in the summertime! Starting next week, the New York Central is running a snow-train to the Paramount Theatre! They don’t have ushers any more; you go in the train and the conductor gives you a pair of skis. The picture had already started, so I slipped into my skis and went gliding down the aisle—but not on my skis... Suddenly there was a terrific commotion and Everybody started to turn around. It seems that two St. Bernards were trying to rescue a guy in the balcony.

(BOB HOPE, Rippling Rhythm Program.)

CLERK: Good afternoon, Madam. Do you want a pet?

BEA: I don’t really mind. But I’ve got some shopping to do first.

CLERK: This model is four hundred and fifty dollars.

BEA: Four hundred and fifty dollars!

CLERK: Don’t let that worry you. There’s just a small deposit down and then you make no more payments for six months.

BEA: Mm-mm... who’s been telling you about me?

(BEATRICE LILLIE, Broadway Merry-Go-Round.)

JOE: Look out! Here comes a tunnel, Engineer Brown!

BROWN: Which side?

JOE: On your side.

BROWN: If—wait a minute, Fireman Cook... that’s no tunnel. I had my mouth open!

(JOE COOK and JOE E. BROWN, Shell Program.)

MOL: Well, doggone... I got some news for you, January. You know my cousin Luke, who you been sayin’ would never amount to anything?

JAN: Ah! he never will amount to anything. He never was so good; he’s just a gangster, that’s all.

MOL: Just the same, he’s been promoted in the gang. Yes sir, he’s now the man higher up!

JAN: What do you mean, he’s the man higher up?

MOL: They hung him yesterday.

(MOLASSES AND JANUARY, Show Boat Program.)

BOTTLE: Gosh, it’s terribly warm, sir. Do you mind if I sit down?

PHIL: Why, Bottle, does the hot air bother you?

BOTTLE: Er... no, sir, go right on talking.

(PHIL BAKER, Gulf Program.)

HONEY: I had the most excellent afternoon, Mr. BROWN. I went out riding with Frank Parker.

BOB: Well, sit down, Honeychile... You must want to get off your feet. Peter took time for his ride once.

HONEY: He did? Don’t he drive marvellously?

BOB: I don’t think so. He’s not so good at the brakes.

HONEY: Yeah... but ain’t he great on the clutch!

(BOB HOPE and HONEYCHILE, Rippling Rhythm Program.)

BEA: I happen to have a great deal of influence with the press. If it’s any news to you, I’m an old newspaperwoman myself.

PILKINGTON: Why did you ever quit the business?

BEA: Well, I found there wasn’t much money in old newspapers!

(BEATRICE LILLIE, Broadway Merry-Go-Round.)

LANNY: Well, I’ll introduce you to him... Mr. Bernie, I want you to meet Misses Mason and January.

BEN: Glad to meet you, boy.

MOL: Glad to meet you, Mr. Bernie.

Doggone, I’m crazy about your band.

BEN: You like ‘em, huh?

MOL: I’m crazy about ‘em; an’ everybody knows ‘em too.

BEN: Well, we’ve been on the air for a long time.

MOL: Oh, they’re famous! There’s only one thing I can’t understand—how did you come to call ‘em the Connecticut Yankees?

(MOLASSES & JANUARY, Show Boat Program.)

MACK: Mr. Berle, we’ve been friends for a long time... Couldn’t you give me a break and make it fifteen dollars a week?

MILTON: I offer you eighteen, and you only want fifteen! Why?

MACK: Well, that way—when Saturday comes around and you don’t pay off—I lose less.

(MILTON BERLE, Gillette Program.)

BOB: That’s one of my best chickens, Frank—very conscientious. She lays seven eggs in five days, so she can have the week-end to herself!

FRANK: So this is your ranch, eh, Bob?

BOB: Well, yes... It’s sort of condensed. But you know, everything is a Digest today, so this is my Digest ranch.

FRANK: What’s that little flower pot there?

BOB: Put that down! That’s my wheat field.

(BOB HOPE, Rippling Rhythm Program.)

BEA: If it’s any news to you, I was brought up on a farm.

PILKINGTON: I wish you’d never left it.

BEA: Well, we had a bad season and we had to give it up.

PILK: What happened?

BEA: That year our wheat crop was so short we had to let it before we could move it.

(BEATRICE LILLIE, Broadway Merry-Go-Round.)
Greta Garbo & Charles Boyer

Two great stars in a mighty drama of love and emotion.

Conquest

Garbo as Countess Marie is magnetic—alluring—warm with the fire of love!

Boyer as Napoleon is daring—impetuous—walking arm-in-arm with adventure.

Together they are perfect sweethearts—reckless lovers whose romance roars to a surprise climax that will take your breath away!

We are proud to present this great epic in the October issue.

Screen Romances

The Story Magazine of the Screen • On sale now
Richard Crooks says: "Luckies are gentle on my throat"

"The role of Lieut. Pinkerton in 'Madame Butterfly' is the only part in opera where the tenor smokes a cigarette on the stage. As I sing the aria, 'Amore O Grillo,' I smoke—and it's always a Lucky. You see, I discovered long ago that Luckies are a light smoke—gentle on my throat—and my throat is naturally my first concern. I have smoked about a pack of Luckies a day ever since 1920."

Richard Crooks
Star of the Metropolitan Opera and Radio

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

MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO
SMOKE LUCKIES 2 TO 1

Richard Crooks' preference for Luckies is born out by the verdict of independent tobacco experts... men who spend their lives buying, selling and handling tobacco.

Sworn records open to the public show that among these independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers, warehousemen, etc.—Lucky Strike has twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined.

In the impartial, honest judgment of those who know tobacco best...

"it's Luckies—2 to 1.

Copyright 1927, The American Tobacco Company.
TYRONE POWER WOULD LIKE TO MARRY, BUT—
YOU hold allure in the palm of your hand— with IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. A touch on your wrists, your throat, your fingertips, and your petite evening muff, and you become a more thrilling person to yourself, and to him. Teasing . . . provocative . . . irresistible!

Discover the exciting new confidence that IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME gives you. The glamorous women of Park Avenue, Hollywood Boulevard, and the Rue de la Paix all know that secret—the hidden power of Irresistible Perfume.

Lips must lure, too, with their fragrance, and challenge with their brilliance. With Irresistible Lip Lure they do both. Try the fragrant, creamy Irresistible Lipstick in its exciting new shade—Coral—sparkling, vibrant, electric!

To be completely ravishing use all of the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Certified pure, laboratory tested and approved.

Only 10c each at 5 & 10c Stores
Confidential ... TO WOMEN ONLY

One-size sanitary napkin will not do for every woman. No more than one-size hat, dress or pair of shoes. Besides, women's personal needs are different on different days.

Only Wondersoft Kotex sanitary napkins solve this problem for you. For only Kotex offers 3 types . . . Regular Kotex, Junior Kotex and Super Kotex.

Only by trying ALL 3 can you meet each day's exact needs. Prove it for yourself, FREE! Write today for a free supply of ALL 3 types of Kotex, the Wondersoft sanitary napkin that Can't Chafe, Can't Fail, Can't Show. Address Room 1407, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

It never fails to be a delight in this particular gum — that is, that it is million people feel perfectly at home. Perhaps you, too, feel perfectly at home, because the chewing gum sensation is a natural one. It is, therefore, that no other type of flavored gum can do so well. With PEEN-A-MINT, or any other brand of chewing gum, you get a sensation that is not natural. It is artificial, and it is unpalatable.
NO PICTURE HAS EVER EQUALLED "CONQUEST"!

GRETA GARBO
CHARLES BOYER

IN CLARENCE BROWN’S PRODUCTION

Conquest

THE LOVE STORY OF MARIE WALEWSKA

Even Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—with the greatest productions in motion picture history to its credit—has never before made a picture on so lavish a scale as this. Its grandeur will dazzle your eyes...as its romance fills your heart. Garbo, as the temptress who is used to ensnare Charles Boyer as Napoleon; a glorious seductive pawn in an amazing international intrigue. A cast of thousands including Reginald Owen, Alan Marshall, Henry Stephenson, Leif Erickson, Dame May Whitty, C. Henry Gordon. Directed by Clarence Brown. Produced by Bernard H. Hyman...Screen Play by Samuel Hoffenstein, Salka Viertel and S. N. Behrman.

A GIANT PRODUCTION IN THE BRILLIANT M-G-M MANNER
Meet the bride! Alyce McLaughlin, former adagio dancer, married Charles Correll, Andy of Amos 'n Andy, September 11th last, in Hollywood, Cal.

Scene from Ali Baba Goes to Town. Eddie Cantor's new 20th Century-Fox film. Eddie greets Louise Hovick (once known as Gypsy Rose Lee).

Natalie Park — the Mrs. Martha Murgatroyd of Bughouse Rhythm, Fridays 7:45 p.m., EST (NBC-Red) is one of radio's cleverest young comediences.

PROBABLY the most complex, certainly the most puzzling, personality in radio is Phil Lord, once radio's Seth Parker, and more recently creator of Gang Busters and We, the People. None of the facts about the man and no set of his actions seem to fit any consistent pattern.

He is a super-salesman. Repeatedly he has stepped in and convinced prospective sponsors, when the crack contact men of advertising agencies and networks have failed. Nevertheless, he persisted in carrying on with his non-commercial Seth Parker programs until radio finally outgrew that homely style of entertainment.

Then there was his wild notion of a trip around the world, aboard an old sailing ship, a fiasco that cost him just about his entire fortune a couple of years ago. As a business associate, he alternates between moods of unreasonable tyranny, ruthless economy, extravagance and generosity.

Hollace Shaw sings every Tuesday over the CBS network at 8:00 p.m., EST, with Mark Warnow's orchestra and Del Casino. The program, Blue Velvet Music.
Going to town with the latest news of notables of the air

Perhaps his whole strange character can be summed up in his queer gesture, bordering on insanity, to Mark Warnow at the close of Mark’s season as orchestra leader for Phil last spring. Phil presented Mark with a beautiful, obviously costly watch. Mark was overwhelmed with the magnificence of the gift. Carrying the watch for a day, however, almost drove Mark nutty. It ran properly for a couple of hours, then reversed and ran backwards. Then it would stop for a while and start again.

Mark took it to the jewelry store where it had been purchased and was told that Phil Lord had left orders that the eccentric movement never was to be changed. The jeweler was completely baffled by this strange man who spent several hundred dollars extra on an expensive watch—just to have it made useless!

Kidding the chimes with which NBC networks preface every station (Continued on page 75)

Templeton Fox, young NBC dramatic star, plays the leading feminine rôle of Young Hickory over the NBC-Blue network, Monday through Friday, 11:15 a.m.

Doctors... lawyers... merchants... chiefs in every walk of life agree that Kools are soothing to your throat. Is this cooling process a secret? Not a bit of it! Kools are a blend of the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos... with a touch of mild menthol added for refreshing, cooling flavor. And each pack brings you a valuable coupon, good in the United States for a wide choice of beautiful, practical premiums. Switch to Kools and save those coupons! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Box 599, Louisville, Ky.
Amusing Mince Meat Pies, with cut-out pastry cats for your Hallowe'en feast.

RADIO STARS

COOKING SCHOOL

By NANCY WOOD

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight!
Make me a child again, just for to-night!

Many's the time, I am sure, when your most fervent wish-of-the-moment could best be expressed in the familiar words of the above poem; and now, with Hallowe'en coming, you can realize that wish for at least one evening. One delightful evening of carefree, frolick-

Irene Wicker, famous as The Singing Lady (NBC-Blue network) makes these taste-tempting, eye-appealing dishes.
Hallowe'en's coming! What shall we have to make our table decorative?

some pleasure, according to Irene Wicker, the appealing, lovable Singing Lady of the air waves. "Hallowe'en can be one of the happiest occasions in all the yearly calendar," Irene assured me, elin face alight with anticipation of the fun she intends having, on that particular evening, in the Wickers' delightful Connecticut home. "You really should give a party for your friends on All Hallow's Eve," continued she, with conviction. "And, if there is a child in the house, the word 'should' immediately changes into an emphatic 'must.' But all of us, I think, like to be children again for a few hours, given a good excuse! "There are so many amusing things one can do on Hallowe'en, too," she went on, "so many gay and inexpensive decorations that go with the occasion and, best of all, so many marvelous things to eat—particularly with the delicious foods of early fall. Why, Hallowe'en refreshments are a forerunner of the Thanksgiving and Christmas feasts to follow, added to which is the happy fact that the very nature of this occasion calls for the gayest informality in attire, favors, table decorations and refreshments!

"Yes, this is just the kind of party to make the kids merry and to make merry kids of us all," declared this little lady, who looks like a child herself and whose love for, and understanding of, youngsters is based on experience in bringing up her own sturdy pair, Nancy and Walter Jr.—the latter being generally called "Charlie" to distinguish him from his father, the well known Walter Wicker of Today's Children and other programs.

"Would you outline a menu that you think suits the occasion?" I asked Miss Wicker hopefully.

Would she? She would! Could she really cook? Emphatically, yes! Were there several of her favorite recipes that I could have to try myself and to pass on to food-minded readers of Radio Stars? There certainly were.

I have them all—the menu, which follows shortly, and the many recipes you'll find on page 78. Serve most, or all, of the dishes suggested by Miss Wicker at your forthcoming Hallowe'en party. (Continued on page 79)
"WINDSOR ROSE gives life to the natural tints of the skin" | BEAUTY ADVICE

The always fresh loveliness of Florence George, soprano of the Packard Hour, is attained by a daily beauty routine which she passes on to you.

THE pace of this season makes for keen competition in all fields — getting your man, holding your man or your career. It won't be the gal with the shiny nose, stragglly hair or wrinkled frock who wins out, either. Take a tip from your rival and see that you're not caught off-guard. On your toes!

Girls, you can't afford to "just get by" these days. Why, what could be more devastating than missing your Big Chance because this morning's make-up was sketchily applied? Well, you can't tell when Fate is going to pull a trick like that on you, so be ready to meet romance or adventure at any moment, or they'll surely pass you by!

Of course, if you're not in the mood for beauty, there isn't a thing I can say that will register—— so how about getting into the proper frame of mind? Okay? Then, all of you with a spark of interest in your personal appearance, do this:

Cleanse your face thoroughly and brush your hair one hundred strokes.

If you want to give your complexion a new lease on life, then let this cleansing be something extra-special. I know an inexpensive little packet that is crammed full of new beauty and I'll give you the name, if you'll write. This packet may be a facial treatment that will stimulate the tissues and erase fatigue lines, or a pack to combat blackheads or enlarged pores, or a water-softern to smooth and cleanse!

How can it be all of these things? Well, you'll understand that better when you hear what this marvelous powder is. It is an oatmeal facial and cleanser which contains skin vitamin F. It also contains another marvelous softening ingredient—vegetable milk. You see, now, that with such ingredients it can be all three of these things by application in the proper manner. A tablespoonful of the (Continued on page 90)

MAIL FOR 10-PIECE LOVELINESS KIT!

For generous samples of Woodbury's Scientific Aids to Loveliness, write to John H. Woodbury, Inc., 9183 Alfred St., Cincinnati, 0.

In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Penticton, Ontario.

Name: ____________________________

Address: ____________________________
Method, not magic, has kept Florence George beautiful and well-groomed.

Florence’s beauty and talent attracted film scouts, so now she’s under option to M-G-M.

Here’s the girl you see in lots of fashion photographs — lovely Evelyn Kelly. “I furnish my own stockings,” she says, “and Ivory Flakes save me money. Stockings washed with pure suds wear twice as long.”

Pure soap prevents weakening of silk stockings

“Protecting the freshness of silk is the whole secret of getting real wear from stockings,” say fine stores. “That’s why we advise the soap flakes made from the famous pure Ivory Soap — the soap that protects even a baby’s young skin.”

Don’t pile up stockings you’ve worn — don’t use any soap less pure than Ivory Flakes — don’t let your stockings get stale. All these make silk grow weak and old.

Start tonight with Ivory Flakes. One minute of daily care can add weeks of wear — Ivory Flakes are pure economy!
What a popular radio star thinks about.

More of Rudy’s characteristic comments

Rudy as a cowboy! On a recent visit to Paul Whiteman at the Shady Oak Farm in Fort Worth, Texas. We hear that a high old time was had by all concerned.

Paul gives Rudy and the fair Ruby Stewart of Jacksonville some fine pointers on the art of riding, and Rudy counters with some hints on crooning!

200-SHEET KLEENEX
NOW 2 FOR 25¢

The handy size for every room

Why tolerate clumsy boxes or inferior tissues when Kleenex brings you Double Economy? Plus a world of convenience that others can’t offer because only Kleenex has this patented Pull-Out Package.

Stop at your dealer’s today and ask for 200-sheet Kleenex... now reduced to 2 for 25¢. It’s the handy size for every room and for the car!

KLEENEX*
DISPOSABLE TISSUES
(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office)
A CAREFUL study of the notes that have piled up during the past month tells me that there are several matters I’d like to discuss with you—several observations I’d like to make. Some of them you may agree with—some you may not—but see if you don’t agree with my first one.

Now, although Burlesque, as Broadway last knew it, is dead (at least for a while), I cannot refrain from smiling as I think of some of the clever titles they were accustomed, in their quaint way, to use on their theatre marquees (electric light signs to you): MIND OVER MATTRESS ANATOMY AND CLEOPATRA THREE SMART GIRDLES THE SWAY OF ALL FLESH HONEST TEASE THE BEST POLICY PANTIES’ INFERNO SHE LIVES ALONE AND LOOKS IT GONE WITH THE WINDSOR ABROAD AT HOME STRIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

I have been quite frank and open in my admiration for the talents of Walter Winchell—and by talents I mean his creative ones, and not the energy he expends catering to that depravity in all of us which moves us to a contemptible interest in affairs which do not concern us in any way, and that sadistic streak which affords a modicum of secret delight when one reads that so and so is unhappy because someone whom he loved no longer loves him.

It has become a kind of sport today, a race between those who stoop to these unhappy-private-life reportings to plaster them up first before the eyes of a public that is assumed to wait with bated breath for these sickening disclosures. While it is surely not important and, least of all, no concern of the reader, it is considered (in journalistic circles) comparable to withholding the details of a major crime to fail to inform all the busiesbodies in all of the small and large towns that a glamorous star of stage, screen or radio (the latter the least glamorous) has just walked into the kerotrack with—or without—a handsome or ugly escort.

I guess I must be the fellow out of step... I can’t be bothered to read these phallicannons and wadip droolings, even when they concern me. Tolerance to me, has always been one of the cardinal virtues of life. And I have never been able to interest (Continued on page 80)

"Glare-Proof" flattering in any light!

Pond’s Shades Never Show "Powdery"

Out in the open daylight—what does your powder do for your face?

Sharp daylight throws angles into relief—shows up faults in your face—Does your powder show up terribly? Sharpening every fault?

Not with Pond’s “glare-proof” shades! Pond’s powder shades are carefully blended to catch and reflect only the softer rays of light. They soften your face. And never show up “powdery.”

True skin tones. Uniformly blended. Softest texture. And clinging. Special ingredients make Pond’s “glare-proof” Powder stay smooth, fresh-looking for hours.


FREE . . . 5 "Glare-Proof" Shades

POND’S, Dept. 3RS-FCLinton, Conn.
Please rush, free, 5 different shades
of Pond’s “glare-proof” Powder
enough of each for a thorough 5-day test. (This offer expires Jan. 1, 1938)

Name
Street
City
State

Copyright, 1937. Pond’s Extract Company
"I want Mennen Antiseptic Powder that keeps me SAFER from germs!"

'Honest, Mummy, I'm not cryin' just to be bad. I'm scared of those germs that are always landin' on my skin; and I want the baby powder that'll protect me from em. I mean Mennen. You know, Mummy there couldn't be a powder that's softer than Mennen, or that works slicker in keepin' my skin free from chafin'. Besides that... this Mennen Powder is what my doctor ordered, 'cause it's antiseptic. It keeps a baby's skin from gettin' infected. And that's what counts! So Mummy—what—you'll get me some Mennen Powder! Gee, that's great! Now I'll love you more'n ever!"

Recommended by more doctors than all other baby powders combined... that's what a recent survey shows about Mennen Antiseptic Powder

---

Johnny Green, popular orchestra leader,
At home, Green makes an arrangement of the song, so as to bring out the composer’s lovely theme.

Have you tried the New Magic Milk Mask?

No waiting for results when you use the NEW LINIT MAGIC MILK MASK

HERE is a new, complete twenty-minute beauty treatment that begins its gentle, toning action as soon as it is applied, and leaves the skin looking soft, smooth and refreshed.

If your complexion is dull and sallow, the Linit Magic Milk Mask will help to clarify it through natural stimulation, and will heighten the natural bloom.

Look how easy it is for you to make the Linit Magic Milk Mask at home: simply mix three tablespoons of Linit (the same Linit so popular as a Beauty Bath) and one teaspoon of cold cream with enough milk to make a nice, firm consistency. Apply it to the cleansed face and neck and relax during the twenty minutes the mask takes to set. Then rinse off with clear, tepid water and pat the face and neck dry.

Feel your face—the petal-like smoothness and softness; observe the enchanting bloom of youth. The Linit Magic Milk Mask leaves the skin with a velvety “film” that is an excellent powder base, as it eliminates shine and helps to keep make-up looking fresh for hours longer.

Why not try Linit Magic Milk Mask NOW? If you do not have Linit at hand, your grocer can supply you.
WHO could love you?—just the way you are—even if you don’t pet, and you’re much too frank, and you hate outdoor sports and you’d rather have a career than children? Or even if you’re plumper than you ought to be, and loathe the idea of pots and pans, and are openly on the lookout for a rich husband who’ll idolize you?

Here’s something entirely new in questionnaires. You don’t get a score for an answer—you get Frank Parker, or Nelson Eddy, or Ray Heatherton, Nino Martini, Abe Lyman or Ken Murray!

These six, among the most attractive bachelors in all radio, have outlined in complete detail for us their likes, dislikes, ideals, preferences, opinions and don’t-cares about women and marriage. We’ve melted those details down to thirty specific, unusual questions. You answer the questions—and find out which one of these stars would most likely be attracted to you. It’s simple. You don’t even need a sheaf of paper to do it.

But before you begin the quiz, you’re entitled to a look-see at the gentlemen in question. There’s Frank Parker, for instance. Frank is thirty-one, brunette and dashing in the Latin way, and his tenor voice has been brightly starred on the networks for eight years. He lives in a smart Park Avenue apartment, owns four Argentine ponies, and is extremely proud of his high polo rating which classifies him the ninth best amateur player in the whole U.S.A. If he wanted to, he could certainly be the deb’s delight. But he doesn’t want to. A good part of the invitations with which he is constantly deluged are responded to with regrets, since it’s working, not playing, that Frank is mainly concerned with these days. He already has a movie, a bunch of short subjects and a successful Broadway play to his credit as an actor; and he’s studying hard to prepare himself for concert appearances. All of which leaves time for only an occasional night club, very few parties, but lots of polo.

Nelson Eddy you’ve undoubtedly seen in pictures, so nobody needs to tell you how potently he does things to feminine hearts. Contrary to many of the movie Romesos, he’s surprisingly more handsome off-screen than he is on. Much more natural, warmer; and his unique silver-blonde hair puts him in a class by himself when it comes to looks. Nelson lives with his mother in a charming, unpretentious house atop a wind-swept Hollywood hill. He seldom mingles in Hollywood night life, doesn’t run down to Palm Springs every week-end, never gives big parties. Because, what with radio, pictures and his annual concert tour, he has all he can do to find time for his daily handball stints and enough sleep. When he does take a girl out, she can usually expect a busman’s holiday—Nelson loves to attend a broadcast (Continued on page 18)
The girl who dates funnyman Ken Murray must be prepared for anything unpredictable!

Baritone Ray Heatherton is the serious, thoughtful kind. He brings his date flowers.

Nelson Eddy, even more handsome off the screen, does things to feminine hearts!

Dashing tenor Frank Parker could, if he wanted to, be the debutantes' delight.

Little Mary jabbed her hand upon a piece of stick, It hurt and swelled when germs got in, and now she's pretty sick!

Take Precautions! Always apply a reliable antiseptic, even to the tiniest scratch . . . and protect with a clean dressing.

All Johnson & Johnson Red Cross products marked "sterilized" are sterilized not only in the making. They are sterilized again after they are packaged.

Johnson & Johnson
COTTON · GAUZE · BANDAGES
If red, chapped hands could only talk after

Washing Windows

This job works havoc with our skin...we're rough as sandpaper.

Now we feel good, look grand...soothed and softened by extra-creamy Hinds.

Washing windows makes a "mess" of tender hands. Harsh soaps, ammonia water, and wind roughen skin...cause hangnails! No wonder your hands don't get kisses! Help them be soft again...

Use Hinds! It's extra-creamy...works fast to soften harsh skin...comfort red, work-abused hands. With "sunshine" Vitamin D in it, Hinds helps your hands feel smoother, more romantic than ever!

We're proud to be his Honeymoon Hands.

Copyright, 1937, Lohn & Pink Products Corp., Bloomingdale, N.J.

Even one application of Hinds makes workaday hands more thrilling. Smoother to his touch...not a bit "scratchy." Use faithfully—before and after exposure, before and after household jobs. Hinds helps put back the softness that wind, cold, heat, hard water, and dust take away. Gives you the smooth, feminine hands that men like to hold! Hinds Honey and Almond Cream comes in $1.00, 50c, 25c, and 10c sizes. Dispenser free with 50c size—attached to bottle, ready to use!

HINDS
HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

(Continued from page 16)

or head for the neighborhood movie!

Ray Heatherton is definitely a grown-up star of twenty-six, but you are tempted to call him a sweet kid. That's what Ray really is. A few years ago he was a struggling twenty-dollar-a-week salesman for the telephone company, and now he's an important young baritone, but success hasn't changed him one whit. He recently established his mother, his younger sister and himself in a Manhattan apartment, drives a car of the tin Lizzie vintage, goes extravagant on books and voice lessons. He's the serious, thoughtful kind, who brings his date the right color of roses to match her gown, sends flowers to his hostess the day after the party. And he'd much rather prowl around a museum, of an afternoon, than sit in a theatre or cocktail lounge.

But not so Abe Lyman. Abe is Broadway's own son and radio's man-about-town, and he lives the part and loves it. There's never an evening he can't be found in a night club somewhere, with or without his orchestra on the bandstand, but with a pretty girl on his arm! His big-time romances, from Clara Bow in 1926 to Eleanor Powell in 1936, have always been and will always be good copy until Abe walks down an aisle to the altar—and that will probably be the best copy of all. The Californians' maestro is an old-timer in radio and show business, knows everybody, is known by everybody and liked by most. He keeps bachelor quarters in a New York hotel, never gets tired of restaurant food or late hours or banging around the country with his band. And admits he's very susceptible to a pair of blue eyes and blonde hair—even bleached blonde, if necessary.

Nini Martini, on the other hand, would like to settle down in one place—the quiet Connecticut hills, preferably—and make his permanent home there for good. He's thoroughly weary of living in the heart of Manhattan, or traveling, because his work demands that he do both. Once or twice a year he treks to the West Coast to make a picture; winters he's busy at the Metropolitan Opera; and the rest of the time he's living in pullmans between concert jumps. Nino—short, slight and dark—is constantly being trailed by love-smitten fans, a situation which is very annoying to one so completely reserved and shy. He prefers to seek out his feminine friends himself, take them to hear symphonies and the opera, or maybe for a pre-luncheon canter in Central Park.

The girl who dates funnyman Ken Murray has to be prepared for anything in the way of surprises. For Ken is a mad dish and his whimsies are totally (Continued on page 94)
Guy Lombardo, whose orchestra has a definite spot in the heart of every listener. His music is heard every Sunday afternoon on the Band Bread program, at 5:30 p.m. EST, over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO RADIO

Several years ago Guy Lombardo persuaded the manager of Chicago's Granada Café to put his band regularly on the air over WBBM. Immediately the rendezvous did a tremendous, turn-away business. Every collegian in the Midwest became "Lombardo-conscious."

New York soon heard of the Guy Lombardo band. Its distinctive dance music in soft, legato tempo. Many tempting offers finally brought Guy to the big metropolis. He played at the Hotel Roosevelt. Radio sponsors bid high for his services. His style of dance music, emphasizing melody and simplicity, skyrocketed to nationwide popularity. And it's been maintained ever since.

To Carmen, Leibert and Victor, his brothers, and to Fritz Kreitzer, Francis Henry, George Gawans, Fred Higman, Larry Owen, Jim Dillan and Ben Davis, the other original members of the band, Guy gives full credit for the organization's success. But they, on the other hand, insist Guy is the sole reason. That's just the way the boys are. Loyalty personified.

Guy is one of the most likable personalities in radio. No affectation whatever. Success, fortunately, has gone to his heart, not to his head. The rest of the boys have absorbed his genial, unselfish spirit.

Guy's current program for Band Bread is flawlessly presented. His long broadcasting experience, gained since the early Granada days, is evidenced by the smooth, consistent quality of all numbers played. No orchestra in radio is more appreciated, more thoroughly entrenched in the hearts of listeners.

To Guy Lombardo and his orchestra, one of the world's great musical organizations, Radio Stars Magazine presents its award for Distinguished Service to Radio.

Lester C. Grady — EDITOR

The Lombardo orchestra at rehearsal. Guy is at the far left. Carmen, center of the trio; Liebert, far right. Victor, second from right.
TYRONE POWER WOULD LIKE TO MARRY, BUT -

But not for another five years! Still, he admits he might feel differently tomorrow—or today!

BY MIRIAM ROGERS

Will Tyrone marry the lovely Sonja Henie? Their romance began as a press agent story, but it soon developed into friendship of a deeper significance.
"In the first place," Tyrone explained, "I don't think it would be fair for me to get married now—I am not well enough established and I am too busy to be a good husband. Perhaps in another five years—"

He laughed. "You know, I think I am asked more questions and do more talking on the subject of marriage than any four other fellows, but I really don't want to get married! Not now—not for years!" But there was a twinkle in his eye, a laugh at his own expense. "At least, that is the way I feel today!"

A few years ago Tyrone was struggling determinedly to get into the movies. He always had wanted to be an actor, which was natural enough since his earliest memories were of the theatre and all his associations with theatrical people. His father, also Tyrone Power, was one of our foremost Shakespearean actors. His mother, Patia Power, was herself a fine actress, and although she was determined to make a real home for her two children, Tyrone and Ann, she kept in touch with things theatrical, organizing and managing a stock company during the war and later occupying a chair of voice and expression in a dramatic school in Cincinnati.

Tyrone was born in Cincinnati and was nine when they returned to that city. In the meantime, they had lived in New York and Santa Barbara, where they had gone for his health, but it is Cincinnati where his roots went deep, Cincinnati which will always be home.

Naturally, Mrs. Power early began to train her young son in dramatic expression. He was barely seven when he appeared in a Mission play, in which his mother played the lead, in San Gabriel, California, and by a splendid performance won especial notice in the newspaper reviews. At eight, he recited his first poem over the radio.

In Cincinnati, Mrs. Power put on plays and trained her pupils for radio performances, in which her young son occasionally had small parts. Meantime, he attended school, played the leading role in his class play and augmented his small allowance by ushering in a local theatre and soda-jerking at the corner drugstore.

Graduating from Purell at seventeen, Tyrone broached the subject nearest his heart. His mother had planned to send him to college, but Tyrone saw no use in wasting any more time. If he were to be an actor, it was time he was getting started. His mother yielded—he was very young, but obviously, he knew what he wanted.

Tyrone's mother and father had been separated for some years, but the logical step now seemed to be for Mr. Power to take charge of his son's career and see that he got the right start. After several weeks of intensive training in Shakespearean roles, Tyrone made his first appearance on the stage in Chicago, with his father. In the company were Fritz Lieder, William Faversham and Helen Menken.

His association with these famous actors strengthened his ideals and ambitions and was a liberal education in the best school of American acting. With such an introduction, it looked as if Tyrone's future was assured, as if he might look forward to working his way steadily up the ladder of fame. But fate brought Tyrone and his father to Hollywood, to appear in Paramount's production of The Miracle Man a few weeks later. Mr. Power was suddenly taken ill and died.

Mrs. Power and Ann came at once to be with Tyrone. The boy braced himself against shock and grief and determinedly began his own assault against the Hollywood gates. His part in The Miracle Man did not materialize and Tyrone found that, while he could win an audience on the strength of his father's name, it was only because people were ready and willing to talk, to reminisce about the famous actor, not because they were interested in his son.

At the time, the struggle seemed long and bitter and well nigh hopeless to the ambitious, eager boy. Now he looks back on it and laughs.

"It was like finding a door locked against you, and putting your shoulder against it, determined to" (Continued on page 58)
LOOKING at her, you wouldn't think of her as a pioneer. For one thing, Jessica Dragonette seems far too young to have earned so hoary a title. And again, she's small and fragile, seemingly remote, reserved. The thrust and hardihood of the pioneer seem fantastic, linked with this young "Golden Girl" of radio.

We forget that pioneering is a quality of the mind, of the soul. But it is just this quality that has driven Jessica Dragonette—and still drives her—ever since that day in her early teens, when she left the sheltering walls of the convent school where she had been educated and sought a theatrical engagement.

What made the young Jessica seek her life's adventure in the entertainment world?

Childhood experiences often furnish a key to the understanding of adult character. Jessica was born in Calcutta, India, where the family lived until she was six years old. After that, as her father's business required him to travel extensively, Jessica accompanied him throughout Europe. She learned to know the folk of many lands and to love their music—and today that knowledge, absorbed by the impressionable child-mind, forms the rich background for the musical dramas of various lands sung on the Palmolive Hour. Later, Jessica and her father came to America where, in the convent school in which she placed her, she began in earnest the study of music, developing a voice of rare and thrilling beauty.

Too, she developed a passionate love of the theatre.

"As far back as I can remember," says Jessica, "I have loved to mimic people, impersonate them. As a child, I was allowed to go to the theatre once a year, on my birthday. Each year that day stood out as a memorable occasion—and for all the days between, the dream of that enchanted world of make-believe remained vivid and absorbing. For weeks afterward," she smiles, remembering, "I would re-enact the entire play for my schoolmates, taking all the parts myself.

"The characters fascinated me," she explains. "And I used to study people about me—how they talked, how they walked, how they used their hands. . . . I find, now, all these childish memories and observations tucked away in some pigeonhole of my mind, ready for use in building a character for radio.

"Of course, the essence of character is mental, emotional—but understanding people in their external aspects helps one to project over the air the underlying qualities of mind and spirit."

So her passion for play-acting, plus her clear, thrush-like voice, won her a chance in the theatre. From the beginning her work showed promise. The Miracle, The Student Prince and The Grand Street Follies gave her needed experience and she was filled with high hopes for the future.

"Now," said her friends, "Jessica's career is set. Now
BY NANCY BARROWS

PIONEER

its most beloved stars

she is on the high road to success."

But they reckoned without that divine unrest which drives the pioneer—that unrest which was, perhaps, the birthright of the little girl who, as soon as she became at home in one land, moved on to another.

"A letter came one day," Jessica says, looking backward to a fateful moment, an eventful decision. "It asked me if I would consider radio as a vocation..."

She thought it over seriously. Made several auditions. Then, while her friends exclaimed, protesting that she was sacrificing a promising theatrical career for a passing fad, Jessica set her course in the then new and untried medium. Not for the pioneer the safety and security of the beaten path!

So this young radio veteran came to the air, ten years ago, while still in her 'teens. Some of her listeners today, no doubt, remember her as Vivian, the name under which she made her radio début on the Coca-Cola hour.

Six months later, under her own name, Jessica Dragonette was starred in Theatre Memories, a series of light operas which ran for two and a half years. In 1930 she began her long and (Continued on page 86)

In her penthouse garden she plans and dreams of further fields of fine accomplishment.
For the pioneer there always are alluring new horizons.

She is young to be one of radio's pioneers. Small, and dainty as a porcelain figurine, with a halo of golden hair framing a sensitive face.
The Show Boat’s Cap’n Henry tells gusty tales of the good old days when he was a trouper.

"It’s only the beginning, folks! On-lee—the beginning!" shouts the lusty Cap’n.

With Virginia Verrill (left), and Nadine Conner. It looks like a gay life, Cap’n!

LUSTY,

HE is a darling. He is a lamb, this Cap’n (Charles Winninger Henry. He has white wool for hair. And lively blue marbles for eyes. He is sort of round and short. And walks bouncily. Everyone on the Selznick lot where, with Carole Lombard, Fredric March and Walter Connolly, he is making Nothing Sacred (in color), calls him “Cap’n Henry,” in the affectionate tones used to a beloved character.

He is just the sort of person you would love to have for an uncle, say, with such rich and racy tales to tell, of other days and other ways, as would hold the attention with admiring awe.

His memory is like a grab-bag from which, like rabbits from a hat, he pulls the gaudy figures of Houdini in his youth, the Great Raymond, Master of Magic, the ceiling-walking Costellos, the Barrymores in their heydays, the Jeffersons, George M. Cohan waving his “grand old flag,” Will Rogers when he first came to town, ventriloquists, trapeze performers, tumblers, acrobats, musicians. Charlie Winninger knew them all. And he knew all their tricks and all of their trades as well. And he...
practiced most of their trades and performed most of their tricks himself. There is nothing in show business he has not done, in his time, from walking the ceiling to Hamlet's gloomy Ghost.

And there is no trick of legerdemain he ever knew or saw slicker, more pat, than the trick Fate happily played by making him the creator of the original rôle of Cap'n Henry in the Show Boat, in New York, in 1927, '28, '29; the rôle of Cap'n Henry on the air in 1932; the rôle of the Cap'n in the screen version—and now, in 1937, Cap'n Henry on the air again, a tradition-in-the-making. For Charles Winninger played on show boats when he was a lad. He worked on Adams' Floating Palace—and others—during the summers, when those floating palaces of entertainment sailed the Father of Waters. He doubled in brass; he played parts; the real, flesh-and-blood Cap'n Henrys and Parthenias were his bosses and his fellow trouperers. From luxurious, technically super-perfect broadcasting stations, from the mechanical marvels of movie sets, he still turns a wistful blue eye toward the old show boat days—the gusty, lusty days which are no more.

He could tell breathtaking tales of his schooldays with the Indians near Ashland, Wisconsin. He could tell tales of the days when his family was in the railroad show-business, hitching their cars to freight trains and slow passenger trains (the fast expresses wouldn’t take them because of the paraphernalia they carried). He’d tell tales of the bread that mother used to make—the real, old-fashioned rye loaves his own mother did make in her kitchen on waves—and how his dad would scoop out the side of a loaf, pack it with sweet butter, clamp on the crusty lid, pack up Charlie and his brothers and go off for a day’s fishing, with bread and butter thus skillfully combined for their lunch.

There isn’t much that he hasn’t seen; there isn’t much that he hasn’t done; there are very few of the theatrical great he has not known, at close quarters. He taught Will Rogers to speak his first lines on the stage. He married the delectable Blanche Ring, in the days when she was the toast of New York. They were married on the very day Woodrow Wilson was elected to the presidency.

He knew Houdini in the days when the master necromancer was just beginning. Fact, it was Charlie’s dad who gave Houdini his first leg-up. He tells about how, when he was a youngster and Houdini was working with their outfit, he tried to find out how the famed Houdini box mystery was done. He got together a chisel and a hammer and was happily engaged in trying to take the box apart, when Houdini stalked in and caught him at it.

“What happened?” I asked, with pleasant shudders.

“He kicked my pants right (Continued on page 70)
Laurette Fillbrandt is the lissom lass who portrays Dot Huston in NBC's A Tale of Today.

Dorothy Lamour, snapped as she rehearsed one of her songs for a Chase and Sanborn broadcast.

IN THE

Some lads and lassies of

Beauty and the beach! The Hawthorne House ingenue, Billie Byers, who plays the rôle of Miriam Bracefield in the NBC serial, heard Mondays at 9.00 p.m. PST.
Known to radio as one of the Hillbilly Canovas, sister Judy makes up for her rôle in the Jack Benny film, Artists and Models.

Our versatile little friend, Charlie McCarthy. Scene from Warner Brothers Vitaphone short, Double Talk, with Edgar Bergen and a player.

RADIO SPOTLIGHT

the current air shows, seen in more or less informal moments

In their quaint and colorful costumes for Show Boat, Tommy Thomas and Nadine Conner rehearse a romantic duet for the program.

A study in expressions. Martha Raye and John Howard in a gay bit of impromptu comedy at Martha's Charity Party in the Coconut Grove.

Frank Muto Photo
ALICE FAYE has two things in common with the immortal Alice of fiction. In the first place, her Wonderland is different from what she expected, a crazy world where anything can happen and nothing is what it seems to be. In the second place, Alice herself is different from her glamorous reflection, different from the gay, hard-boiled damsel who sings and cavorts on the silver screen. So different that sometimes she thinks she hardly knows herself. And wonders dizzily what it is all about, what is real, in this amazing land of make-believe.

Today Alice's place in the sun is an enviable one. She has achieved stardom on the screen. The colorful leading rôle in In Old Chicago is one she is justly thrilled about. And the lime-lighted spot as singer with Hal Kemp's Band on the Chesterfield program is another feather in a cap already well decorated with them. But all this is the result of long, hard work and now that her earnest struggles have brought her so far, Alice has begun to wonder what it is all about, begun to realize that stardom does not mean the end of hard work, but the beginning of even harder work. She has been working since she was fourteen. Will there ever, she wonders, be time to play?

Twice in Alice's brief career she has been brought up short, forced to take time out to think about more serious things than just dancing one's way to fame. The first time was when she was traveling with Rudy Vallee and his orchestra, and was injured in an automobile accident. The second time was when they first started production on her new picture, In Old Chicago, and Alice, excited, nervous over her big chance, eager to justify the faith of her producers and her co-workers, tripped on a flight of stairs and awoke some time later in the studio emergency hospital. Her body was bruised, her back wrenched, but the real shock went deeper. Suppose she had sustained a spinal injury? Suppose that had been the end?

She looked around at her room full of flowers and was grateful to her many friends, but could not help looking beyond them. Wondering . . .

"People forget in such a little while," she murmured. "They are sorry for you—but who wants pity? Things like that make you stop and think . . ."

Behind Alice's baby face is a warm, endearing personality. In spite of the rôles she has played, there is nothing in the least hard-boiled about her. She is sweet and sincere, but not at all wishy-washy, for a strong (Continued on page 60)

It was Rudy Vallee who first recognized Alice Faye's ability to put over a song. Everyone knows it now!

Alice, with Tyrone Power and Andy Devine in the 20th Century-Fox picture, In Old Chicago. Alice and Tyrone are "the love interest."
Between scenes, on the movie lot, Alice and Anthony Martin, looking like love birds, have a bit of fun.

With Tyler Brooke, in a colorful scene from *In Old Chicago*.

Behind her face is a warm, endearing personality, sweet, sincere.

**LUCK**

not all luck!

By LESLIE EATON
A ROMANTIC

Built up into a personality he never was and does not wish

THE radio star and the movie mogul, surrounded by their numerous advisers and assistants, had been closeted in the skyscraper office for four weary hours. The sunshine that pierced the Venetian blinds turned sallow with smoke, the room was bursting with the babble of persuasive, eager voices. Everybody was talking at once about the contract. The impressive contract that lay there on the desk looking very rich and crisp and important . . . three pictures a year for five years . . . top billing . . . vacations . . . unrestricted broadcasting privileges . . .

Everybody was talking except the radio star, who sat in his gray tweeds quite calm and undisturbed, and listened and occasionally nodded his head in the manner that signifies "no."

Finally the movie mogul, exasperated beyond endurance, swung himself out of his chair and leaned across the desk.

"Look," he said quietly to the man in gray tweeds, "doesn't a half million dollars mean anything to you?"

"No," came the answer, "not if I have to be a 'romantic sap' to earn it."

And a few minutes later Lanny Ross was briskly crossing Fifth Avenue.

BY MARY WATKINS REEVES
SAP REBELS

to be, Lanny Ross is starting all over again to be himself!

Avenue with all the aplomb and satisfaction in the world. The only thing that occupied his thoughts at the moment was that if he hurried he could get back to Millbrook by three o'clock, change into some old clothes and get a good workout in the fields before dinner. The men were cutting the wheat crops that carpeted his five hundred acres. The hot sun would sting his shoulders the way it had yesterday; he'd sweat and burn, eat with a farmhand's appetite afterward. Nothing like that farm on a summer day!

With no regret for the fabulous sum of money he had just rejected in a skyscraper office, he stepped on the starter of his roadster and headed for Poughkeepsie. Several times he thought proudly of himself, while he sped along the Hudson: "Well, I did it again. I took another step.” And he hurried so that he might get home quicker, to tell Olive about it.

Behind him in New York, Lanny Ross once more had taken a step toward the greatest, toughest goal he ever has set for himself. They've been trying for years, radio and pictures, to make him "sort of a romantic sap," as he himself terms it. They succeeded, too, and nobody ever will know how Lanny hated it. But they won't succeed any more. Lanny's rebelling!

After you get to be "sort of a romantic sap,” it's hard to change. Lanny's rebellion already has cost him weeks of persuasive argument, months of study and work and planning, and over a million dollars in potential earnings. But if it's the last thing he does, he's going to undo in Hollywood the mistakes that built him up as a personality he wasn't and never will be.

Lanny Ross, at thirty-one, is starting all over again to be himself.

Looking back, of course, it's easy enough to see how Lanny got off on the wrong foot to begin with. When big-time radio first noticed him, he was a fresh-out-of-college youngster, singing for twenty-two dollars a week. They snapped him up at fifty a week to start and considered it a bargain. Then they sat back, with their bargain on their hands, to decide what to do with it.

There's only one classification in show business for a youngster such as Lanny was then. First and foremost, he was a tenor, a Yale man, and he was handsome. He'd walked off with a goodly number of the track trophies at his alma mater; he was tall and boyish, with gray eyes and a clean-cut profile. He had excellent family background, flawless breeding, And charm. Raw material like that, in the hands of expert showmen, has one chance in a thousand of missing the build-up that is carefully fashioned to make its owner "every mother's son" and "every girl's dream date.”

Lanny didn't miss it. He was ambitious, willing to do (Continued on page 72)
SHE sits on one foot when she talks and she is small and dark and pretty and so changing in her moods that you can’t think of her as a single personality at all.

That’s how her radio sponsors see her, too, for there isn’t a girl on the air who’s been called on to be more versatile than Rosaline Greene. And today she stands out as the only woman announcer of major importance in radio. On Monday evenings her clear young voice, whose diction and tone critics hail as flawless, is heard announcing for Phil Spitalny and his all-girl Hour of Charm orchestra, and it was she who introduced Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt to her radio audiences, on her recent Wednesday programs.

Yet she has played more romantic leads than any other woman in radio, since her college days when she appeared with the first dramatic company to be heard on the air, the WGY players in Schenectady.

She loves being one of radio’s pioneers.

“When you’ve done pioneering you’ve got more vision than the people who come afterwards,” Rosaline said slowly. “And they’ve missed the thrill of creating something, too. Back there in Schenectady, we had no rules to follow, because there were no rules. We had to find out everything for ourselves, experimenting with sound effects and vocal characterizations. Nowadays radio is pretty much standardized. Then it was thrilling and new and unpredictable.

“For thirteen years now, I’ve been continuously in radio. I’ve seen so many come and go, have their brief moment of glory and been extinguished. And I’ve been awfully grateful that I’ve been allowed to go on.

“When I was a kid, there were so many things I dreamed of being. A secret service operator, a journalist, an explorer—dangerous, exciting things. Now I’ve lived them all through my acting. Vicariously, of course, but no less a thrill because of that.

“People always have been fascinating to me. I love to watch them and listen to them and wonder about them. It’s essential for an actress to have this curiosity, to find out all the small details that color a characterization and make it convincing. But I’ve found out even more about people from reading. Especially biography. For people conceal things about themselves, while writers have the essential qualities.
I would rather do a good radio program than anything else in the world. It’s fun to create such a variety of characters. I loved being Mary Lou on the Show Boat Hour. People took it so seriously and used to give me advice on how to land Lanny and how to patch up any quarrel we’d had, and I loved it because I knew then I had made the character real to them.

You know, I’ve played at romance so much that I used to be afraid of marriage! There was a time when I played in a series of famous loves of history. It was fascinating, playing those glamorous women—even more fascinating than playing fictional romances, because these women were real. They had lived and loved and died and become immortal, because of the love that lifted them above other humans.

It did something to me, playing those parts. My family was sure that I was going to become an old maid, for I couldn’t find any man who could live up to the ideal of those men who had been the lovers and husbands of the women I portrayed. No man could stand up to the illusion and idealism of those love stories, and any beau I happened to have seemed colorless and unexciting in comparison.

Silly, wasn’t it, for an adult to have such half-baked ideas? I laugh at it now, remembering, but it wasn’t such a laughing matter then.

But there was a man I met—just after I came out of college, full of confidence in myself and the things I was going to do in radio. He is Joseph M. Barnett, who was managing WOR, then in New York, and he was one of the first people I saw about a job. I liked him and I thought it began and ended with that, though I laugh at myself now, ten years later, knowing how distinct that meeting is; even today, how every little detail of his office is fixed in my mind, so that I can see, as clearly as if it were happening all over again, just where he sat and where I sat and what he said and how he looked saying it.

I remember how his eyes were laughing, though he managed to keep his mouth perfectly serious, as I asked for a job acting and managing a dramatic company for him, and how nice he was when he turned me down, trying to tell me, without destroying my sublime young confidence in doing it, that I was really too inexperienced for such an ambitious program. (Continued on page 63)
Contributing to Show Boat’s cargo of charm, petite Virginia Verrill, delights the eye, even as the ear.

Fred Allen puts his signature on a contract which will keep him on as host for Town Hall Tonight for two years to come.

BETWEEN BROADCASTS

Famous folk whom your dial summons—makers of drama and music and mirth
Dwight Cooke, Chase and Sanborn Hour producer, shows comedian W. C. Fields and guest star Joan Blondell the script, but "W.C." only scoffs at it.

"The Old Maestro," Ben Bernie, temporarily deserts the lads, to exchange a few quips with those fey, febrile funsters, Stoopnagle and Budd.

A place in the sun for fair Bernice Berwin, who plays Hazel in the NBC serial, One Man's Family—at the big swimming pool at her California home.

"America's Sweetheart"—and Buddy's, too! Mary Pickford and Charles (Buddy) Rogers, pictured after their wedding, in Hollywood, on June 26th.

Wide World Photo
"IT'S FUNNY," said Jack Haley. "In vaudeville, not so many years ago, radio was always good for a laugh. Today you never hear of vaudeville, except when a radio comedian jokes about it.

"At the Palace, as few as ten years ago, when the going got tough, you could always convulse them with a crack like: 'I hooked my aerial to the bed last night—and got Hot Springs!' But the joke bounced back and chased vaudeville right off the stage. Right now, at the Palace, they're running double features. It's sort of fantastic, when you think of it."

What happened to Jack Haley right here in Hollywood is sort of fantastic, too, when you think of it, or even when you don't. An outstanding success in vaudeville (heaven rest its soul!) and musical comedy, he listened to the siren call of the movie makers and came to Hollywood, where he was almost completely ignored for four years. Then came Wake Up and Live. People came to see Winchell and Bernie and went away raving about Haley. So Hollywood "discovered" Jack Haley. Suddenly he was terrific—a great comedian. The news even got to the big boys in radio, and now Jack has a swell contract on a big air show—and he's going through the process of being "discovered" all over again. But don't get him wrong—he loves it. There never was a Haley born who couldn't use a little extra dough, and this particular Irishman is not at all displeased by the fact that it happens to be coming in bundles at the moment.

We were sitting beside the pool of the Haley homestead in
He starred in vaudeville. Hollywood called him and then forgot him. Now his star is high again.

Beverly Hills. The Chez Haley, unlike many a mansion in that glittering sector, has no mortgage between it and the California sun. The legal documents are all signed and owned by Mr. John Haley, a big city boy who made good in the country. The big city was Boston, and everybody knows what country he made good in. The house and lot, incidentally, he credits to a combination of the stage, the movies and Mrs. M. More about her later.

"Radio is a brand new thrill for me," said Jack. "Before Wake Up and Live, I never had been on the air. The day after the preview, I was signed up to go on the Hollywood Hotel program, and two weeks later I accepted my present job."

There's an amusing story about Jack's first radio appearance. As you may know, Jack didn't sing in Wake Up and Live. The studio wanted a deep-voiced baritone, so a double was used. The Hollywood Hotel producers wanted to give him a voice double for his Wake Up and Live numbers on their program. But Jack, who has sung hit numbers in such Broadway smashes as Follow Thru, Good News and Take a Chance, told them he'd handle his own warbling. Which is just what he did, and very nicely, too.

Anyway, his Hollywood Hotel appearance marked the first time Jack ever came face to face with a radio microphone. He thinks it's a fine thing, in spite of the fear and hatred he exhibited for it in Wake Up and Live. What about that, Haley?

"Mike fright? When I'm getting $50,000 a week, or whatever my salary is? I should say not! As a matter of fact, I was so glad to be up in front of an audience (Continued on page 68)
ROMANCE TO SWINGTIME

NOBODY ever has accused Tommy Dorsey of being a Rudolph Valentino. A sheik. A guy with soulful eyes and romance pouring out of his soul.

Of course, everybody who follows dance bands knows that romance actually pours out of the Dorsey trombone and infects every little note of every little piece played by a Dorsey orchestra. That Tommy's “sweet swing” style of music has started plenty of pulses racing and hearts beating faster.

But Tommy Dorsey personally? Oh, he’s a tall, lanky chap, with steel-rimmed spectacles, a benign smile, lives up on a New Jersey farm, is happily married to a girl he met thirteen years ago and has two husky, growing children. Likes to spend all his spare time out on the farm, is never seen around night spots, probably thinks romance is something for the collegians.

That is where you’re wrong. You don’t know the half of it!

Maybe Mr. Thomas Dorsey, II, the orchestra leader, isn’t a sheik in the Valentino-Novarro sense of the word, but underneath the breast pocket of his white dinner jacket there beats a heart that has whooped it up as hard as any rider of the desert.

It is his own personal love story. I want to tell you.

How he fell in love at first sight, suddenly, tumultuously, one warm spring evening. How he wooed and won his lady fair, and eloped with her, facing the ire and the wrath not only of her angry pa and ma but his own startled and bewildered family.

Just three weeks after that mellow April night in Michigan when he met the “girl of his dreams,” he was calling her Missus Dorsey. Or rather, he was calling her Toots. Other folks called her Missus Dorsey.

Romance came to him just that quickly.

“They said it wouldn’t, that it couldn’t, last,” said Tommy recently, a reminiscent gleam in his eye. “But look at us! We had our thirteenth anniversary the other day. It’s wonderful!”

“How did it all happen? Well, just like those things happen to anyone. Suddenly, I didn’t have any warning. I didn’t want to fall in love. I was having too good a time, knocking around the country with this band and that one. I didn’t want responsibilities. I certainly had no thought of marriage and settling down.

“Then, boom! And there I was, out on the short limb of a tree and liking it. I was playing one night in Detroit, for a high school fraternity dance. Between notes, I had my eyes peeled for what was on the floor. There were a
lot of cute girls and it was fun watching them.
 "One in particular caught my eye. I remember she had
 on a white dress, all kind of billowy, and it made her dark
 hair and eyes stand out.
 "When the intermission came, I tried to find somebody
 who would introduce me to her, but nobody seemed to
 know her or the fellow she was dancing with. I suppose
 that made me all the more interested.
 "Anyway, two days later, she came into the Greystone
 ballroom and somehow I wangled an introduction. Then I
 managed to see her every night after that and sometimes
 in the late afternoon.
 "I've often wondered how other fellows have proposed to
 their wives. I watch these kids around the dance floor
 and wonder how they are going to work up to the ques-
 tion."
 "How'd you pop it?" I inquired.
 "That's what had me," said Dorsey, taking a big swig
 of ice water and letting his eyes wander in the direction of
 the orchestra, who were winding their horns around Marie.
 (We were sitting at a secluded table back of the orchestra
 stand on the Hotel Pennsylvania roof. Tommy was letting
 the orchestra struggle along without him for a few min-
 utes, but he was watching everything.)
 "I never did 'pop the question,' as you put it," he re-
 turned. "No, she didn't ask me, either! A kind friend
 helped us out. We were sitting around one night with the
 Joe Venitis, mutual friends. All of a sudden Mrs. Joe
 said:
 "Why don't you two kids get married? You act
crazy about each other?"
 "Well, it seemed like a swell idea. I said quickly: 'It's
okay by me! How about you, honey?'
 "We made a date to meet at four o'clock the next after-
noon. Got the license and were married. We didn't tell
 anybody. It was our wedding, wasn't it? I did ask Bill
 Rank to be best man, because he had a car and could drive
 us around.
 "My, the commotion we caused! Her family didn't
 know if they liked the idea of a trombonist around, and
 my brother, Jimmy, was wild, as was the rest of my family.
 They figured I didn't know what I was doing—and any-
 way, if I did. I should have asked them about it.
 "They said we were two crazy kids. That it wouldn't
 last. That we didn't have any sense. That we didn't know
 what real love meant—or affection, trust, loyalty, or any
 of those things that go to make a marriage worth while
 and lasting.
 "They were the ones who were crazy! We've had a
 swell life together and we have a couple of the finest kids
 in the world.
 "If I had to do it all over again, I'd get married early
 and in just the manner I did. I think it is good for a
 young fellow to get a nice wife early in the game and to
 settle down a little."
 Tommy grinned. "See that pair over there?" he asked,
 pointing out a couple of kids who were having the time
 of their life in a rumba number. "They come up here all
 the time. I think they're just about ripe to get engaged or
 married.
 "Gosh, I have fun watching 'em. I can usually spot the
 ones who are crazy about each other and I usually give 'em
 a little sentimental music to help things along.
 (Continued on page 92)
Irene Wicker, known and loved by countless radio listeners as The Singing Lady (heard on the NBC-Blue and the Mutual network), was born in Quincy, Illinois, and now lives in a New York suburb.

BY HARRIET MENKEN

There's no place like home—

IT'S surprising how few radio stars would ever like to return to their home towns to live. One hears a good deal, generally speaking, in praise of Home, Sweet Home. People rave on with fervor about mother's cookies, and dear old dad, and the peaceful hills and the old home fireside. But just face the celebrities with the actual question: Would you like to return to your home town to live there permanently some day? You will find that most of them will answer in the negative.

I asked eight famous radio stars this question, four women and four men. Listen to their replies!

"I love Evansville," declares Joe Cook.

Lanny Ross, whose birthplace is Seattle.
"Never liked my home town," says Dick Himber.

Lucille Manners calls Irvington, N. J., home.

"Is Home Sweet Home?"

but would these, who won fame elsewhere, choose to go back?

when they returned for short visits.

When I asked Gladys Swarthout, beautiful world-renowned Metropolitan Opera star, whether she'd be willing some day, to live in her home town forever, she replied instantly with a terse: "No." The singer explained: "The reason I say 'no' is that, inasmuch as I would rather sing than do anything else, I feel that I couldn't limit my scope of activities in this direction to a town of about 1,300 people and still be happy. And Deepwater, Missouri, the place where I was born, has a population of about that number. So I'm afraid I wouldn't choose to go back there to live!

"I left my home town in pretty much of a daze," the lovely, slender Gladys commented, smiling radianty. "You see, I've discovered since then, upon inquiry, that I was less than a year old at the time! We moved to Kansas City, where I later pursued my musical studies, which I continued at a conservatory in Chicago.

"I've been back to visit Deepwater, though," Gladys said with a mischievous twinkle in her gorgeous brown eyes. "I'd forgotten the visit, myself. But one day, when I was singing with the Kansas City Orchestra, the President of the Chamber of Commerce of Deepwater came backstage. He showed me a group of photographs in which he had identified me at the age of three! Apparently I'd returned for someone's (Continued on page 66)

Gladys Swarthout hails from Deepwater, Mo.
Kenny goes to town!

Kenny Baker, away from Benny (Jack), to whose radio program he contributed his smooth tenor and ingratiating personality, lends those same charms to Warner Brothers' picture, Mr. Dodd Takes the Air—from which these surrounding scenes. The dark girl with Kenny is Jane Wyman (Marjorie). The blonde is Gertrude Michael (Jessica). The man standing by the table is Henry O'Neil (Gateway).
Miss Peggy Stevenson

A CHARMING GOLFER FROM THE NORTH SHORE OF LONG ISLAND . . . WHO ILLUSTRATES THE IMPORTANCE OF HEALTHY NERVES

Watch Peggy Stevenson tee off calmly before a crowd (below) and you can well believe that her game is never upset by jangled nerves. "It takes healthy nerves to play a good game of golf," Miss Stevenson remarked recently, "so my smoking is confined to Camels. They're mild!"

Peggy, lovely daughter of the Philip Stevensons of Glen Cove, Long Island, has been feted from Newport to Palm Beach. In clothes, Peggy's taste is simple. Note the nubby woolen jacket she wears above—a "comfy" for the golf she enjoys so much. Her cigarette preference is Camels. "After nine stiff holes of golf," she says, "I'm not so fresh as when I started out. But Camels give my energy a lift! And they are gentle on my throat."

Turn to Camels. Like Miss Stevenson, you will find that Camels are so mild that you can smoke them steadily without their getting on your nerves.

Other women distinguished in society who also prefer Camel's mild, delicate flavor:

- Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia
- Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston
- Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York
- Mrs. John W. Rockefeller, Jr., New York
- Mrs. Ogden Hammond, Jr., New York

- Miss Wendy Morgan, New York
- Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman III, Baltimore
- Mrs. Rufus Paine Spalding III, Pasadena
- Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., Chicago
- Mrs. Barclay Warburton, Jr., Philadelphia

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N.C.

Camels are made from finer, more expensive tobaccos...than any other popular brand.

Camels never get on your nerves.
SAN FRANCISCO's smart younger set boasts one of the loveliest debutantes ever presented to Society. Elyse Law's beauty is the kind that is only seen once or twice in a lifetime.... Divinely tall, slim, with hair that shines like wheat in the sun, a faintly golden skin, blue eyes deep-set under a high, pure brow.

She's a very vital young person, too! Golfs, swims at Pebble Beach, Santa Barbara. Adores far places... has traveled a lot. Likes music, the theatre. And has a really extraordinary flair for color and design in clothes.

In composing her color harmonies, she uses the rich and subtle new "smoky" nail shades with unusual imaginativeness. "I never get tired of playing my Cutex nail shades against costume colors," she says. "I wish every girl appreciated what exciting possibilities they offer as contrast."

WHY NOT STUDY the three suggestions above, and then see what effects you can achieve? There are 11 shades to choose from altogether. And, being Cutex, they'll all wear for days... won't thicken up in the bottle... won't fade... but will shine and twinkle like bright little stars! And since Cutex is only 35¢ a bottle, you can start with 3 shades at least! At any shop, anywhere!

SAN FRANCISCO—For country week ends in Del Monte, Elyse Law chooses a suit of the new tapestry tweed, in clover-lavender. "Cutex Old Rose is heavenly with it!" she says.

ROBIN RED—Miss Law will wear this gown of rose blue to the Spinster's Ball at the Palace Hotel, this Fall. "Won't Cutex Robin Red be marvellous with it?" asks Elyse.

THISTLE—Miss Law has chosen Alhambra green for a town dress to wear lunching at the St. Francis Hotel. She picks the new Cutex Thistle for this... a rosy fawn color.
# COAST-TO-COAST PROGRAM GUIDE

## NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY—BLUE NETWORK

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>City</th>
<th>Station</th>
<th>Network</th>
<th>Zip Code</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Albany</td>
<td>WABY</td>
<td>NBC</td>
<td>12345</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Atlanta</td>
<td>WAGA</td>
<td>NBC</td>
<td>12345</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baltimore</td>
<td>WJZ</td>
<td>NBC</td>
<td>12345</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boston</td>
<td>WSB</td>
<td>NBC</td>
<td>12345</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buffalo</td>
<td>WGR</td>
<td>NBC</td>
<td>12345</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chicago</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>NBC</td>
<td>12345</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cleveland</td>
<td>WAKR</td>
<td>NBC</td>
<td>12345</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dallas</td>
<td>WFAA</td>
<td>NBC</td>
<td>12345</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Denver</td>
<td>KGNU</td>
<td>NBC</td>
<td>12345</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Detroit</td>
<td>WJR</td>
<td>NBC</td>
<td>12345</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Houston</td>
<td>KPRC</td>
<td>NBC</td>
<td>12345</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Los Angeles</td>
<td>WBAL</td>
<td>NBC</td>
<td>12345</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM—STATIONS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>City</th>
<th>Station</th>
<th>Network</th>
<th>Zip Code</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Akron</td>
<td>WADQ</td>
<td>CBS</td>
<td>12345</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Albany</td>
<td>WOKO</td>
<td>CBS</td>
<td>12345</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Atlantic City</td>
<td>WPTI</td>
<td>CBS</td>
<td>12345</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Atlanta</td>
<td>WAGT</td>
<td>CBS</td>
<td>12345</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baltimore</td>
<td>WBAL</td>
<td>CBS</td>
<td>12345</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boston</td>
<td>WEEI</td>
<td>CBS</td>
<td>12345</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buffalo</td>
<td>WKBW</td>
<td>CBS</td>
<td>12345</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chicago</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>CBS</td>
<td>12345</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cincinnati</td>
<td>WB MQ</td>
<td>CBS</td>
<td>12345</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cleveland</td>
<td>WJW</td>
<td>CBS</td>
<td>12345</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dallas</td>
<td>WFAA</td>
<td>CBS</td>
<td>12345</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Detroit</td>
<td>WJBK</td>
<td>CBS</td>
<td>12345</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Denver</td>
<td>WLOD</td>
<td>CBS</td>
<td>12345</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Houston</td>
<td>KPRC</td>
<td>CBS</td>
<td>12345</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Los Angeles</td>
<td>KTLA</td>
<td>CBS</td>
<td>12345</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New York</td>
<td>WPBS</td>
<td>CBS</td>
<td>12345</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Philadelphia</td>
<td>WCAU</td>
<td>CBS</td>
<td>12345</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## COASTAL BROADCASTING NETWORK

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>City</th>
<th>Station</th>
<th>Network</th>
<th>Zip Code</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Los Angeles</td>
<td>KTLA</td>
<td>CBS</td>
<td>12345</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY—RED NETWORK

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>City</th>
<th>Station</th>
<th>Network</th>
<th>Zip Code</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Kansas City, Mo.</td>
<td>WDAF</td>
<td>NBC</td>
<td>12345</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cleveland, Ohio</td>
<td>wbcm</td>
<td>NBC</td>
<td>12345</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Detroit, Mich.</td>
<td>wdrb</td>
<td>NBC</td>
<td>12345</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chicago, Ill.</td>
<td>WGN</td>
<td>NBC</td>
<td>12345</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Houston, Tex.</td>
<td>KPRC</td>
<td>NBC</td>
<td>12345</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Los Angeles, Cal.</td>
<td>KTLA</td>
<td>NBC</td>
<td>12345</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## NBC-SUPPLEMENTARY STATIONS

- May be on either RED or BLUE networks.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>City</th>
<th>Station</th>
<th>Network</th>
<th>Zip Code</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>San Francisco, Cal.</td>
<td>KCBS</td>
<td>NBC</td>
<td>12345</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chicago, Ill.</td>
<td>WHM</td>
<td>NBC</td>
<td>12345</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Denver, Colo.</td>
<td>KOA</td>
<td>NBC</td>
<td>12345</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Houston, Tex.</td>
<td>KPRC</td>
<td>NBC</td>
<td>12345</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Los Angeles, Cal.</td>
<td>KTLA</td>
<td>NBC</td>
<td>12345</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM—STATIONS

- Adapts to local time zones.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>City</th>
<th>Station</th>
<th>Network</th>
<th>Zip Code</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Kansas City, Mo.</td>
<td>WDAF</td>
<td>NBC</td>
<td>12345</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY—BLUE NETWORK

- Includes stations affiliated with Mutual Broadcasting System.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>City</th>
<th>Station</th>
<th>Network</th>
<th>Zip Code</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Kansas City, Mo.</td>
<td>WDAF</td>
<td>NBC</td>
<td>12345</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## COASTAL BROADCASTING NETWORK

- Includes stations affiliated with Mutual Broadcasting System.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>City</th>
<th>Station</th>
<th>Network</th>
<th>Zip Code</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Kansas City, Mo.</td>
<td>WDAF</td>
<td>NBC</td>
<td>12345</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
**MORNING**

8:00 | NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES
    | NBC-Blue: MORNING DEVO- TIONS—organ and choir
8:15 | NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's program
    | NBC-Blue: ISLAND SEASIDE
8:30 | NBC-Red: CHER RIO—talk and music
    | NBC-Blue: WILLIAM MEEDE—organist
8:45 | NBC-Blue: NORME M. QUARTET
9:00 | NBC-Red: THE STEEL—LIXHELDIN and orchestra
    | NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—variety program
    | NBC-Red: METROPOLITAN PARDON
7:15 | CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL—songs
8:30 | CBS: JACK BERCH AND HIS BOYS
9:10 | NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
9:15 | NBC-Red: LANDST TRO IS: MORNING MOODS
9:30 | NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
10:00 | NBC-Red: MRS. WIGG S-- THE CABBAGE PATCH—sketch
    | NBC-Blue: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
    | CBS: PRETTY KITTY KELLY
10:15 | NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER WOMEN—sketch
    | NBC-Blue: MA PERRINS—sketch
    | CBS: MYRT AND MARGE—sketch
10:30 | NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN HILY—sketch
    | NBC-Blue: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
    | CBS: TONY WONS
10:45 | NBC-Red: MARRIAGE CLINIC—Frances McDonald
11:00 | NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch
    | NBC-Blue: KITCHEN CAVALCADE—Crooby Gage
    | CBS: RUTH AND BILL—MRS. HAROLD TURNER—sketch
11:15 | NBC-Red: DAVID HARMON—sketch
    | NBC-Blue: THE O'BEILL S—sketch
    | CBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC
11:30 | NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch
    | NBC-Blue: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch
    | CBS: HEINZ MAGAZINE OF THE AIR—Carol Kennedy's Romance, dramatic serial
11:45 | NBC-Red: HOW TO BE CHARMING—sketch
    | NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADIE—sketch
    | CBS: BIG BIRTH—sketch
    | MARGIE AND HAL—songs and patter
12:00 | NBC-Red: MANHAT TERS ORCHESTRA
    | NBC-Blue: EDWARD MAC-HUGH—The Gospel Singer
    | CBS: ARMT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES
    | MISS HECKEL'S INFORMATION BUREAU—Myra Kingsley, Jeannette Beer

**AFTERNOON**

12:00 | Noon
    | NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch
    | NBC-Blue: RHYTHM GIRLS—sketch
12:15 | NBC-Red: THE GOLDENERS—sketch
    | NBC-Blue: TERIKI FRANCONI—tenor
    | CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE—Edwin C. Hill, commentator
12:30 | NBC-Red: THREE MARSHALLS

**Mondays**

**OCTOBER 4—11—18—25**

NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM HOME HOUR—Wallace Blaufuss' orchestra

**11:15** | NBC-Red: ROSA LEE—sketch
    | NBC-Red: MRS. LEWIS—baritone and organ

12:15 | NBC-Red: ROY WHITE—tenor
    | CBS: BETTY AND ROHE—sketch
    | MRS. MICROPHONE IN THE SKY—Carl Halper, interviewer

1:15 | NBC-Red: WOODS AND MUSIC—Larry Larsen, Ruth Lyon
    | Harvey Hays
    | MRS. MUS & ALL CHURCHES: BETTY CROOK, cooking expert

1:30 | NBC-Blue: LOVE AND LEARN—sketch
    | CBS: ARNOLD GRIMM'S DAUGHTER—sketch
    | MRS. LEN SALVO—organist

1:45 | NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch
    | NBC-Blue: GRACE AND JULIE—songs and patter
    | CBS: HOLLYWOOD IN PERSON

2:00 | NBC-Red: JERRY SEARS' ORCHESTRA
    | NBC-Blue: GEORGE HESSER'S ORCHESTRA
    | CBS: NEWS THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES—Kathryn Cravens

2:15 | NBC-Red: JACK AND LORRETA—songs and patter
    | MRS. ORGAN RECITAL—HARICE WILCHER

2:30 | NBC-Red: HENNETT AND WOLBERTON—piano and guitar
    | NBC-Blue: HOUR OF MOMENT—U.S. Navy Band
    | CBS: MONTANA SLIM

2:45 | NBC-Red: THREE CHER—vocal trio
    | NBC-Red: DIABOLI—between the Bookends

3:00 | NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
    | CBS: COLONEL JACK MAJOR'S VARIETY SHOW
    | NBC-Red: MUSIC PROGRAM

3:15 | NBC-Red: MA PERRINS—sketch

3:30 | NBC-Red: VIC AND RAYE—sketch
    | NBC-Red: LET'S TALK IT OVER—Alma Kitchell
    | CBS: POP CONCERT—HOW THOROW
    | MRS. O.GLEN GRAY'S ORCHESTRA

3:45 | NBC-Red: THE O'BILLS—sketch

4:00 | NBC-Blue: LORENZO JONES—sketch
    | NBC-Blue: CARSON ROBINSON and HIS HUCKABACK
    | CBS: BO BYRNE—piano and guitar
    | MRS. TEXAS JIM LEWIS—sketch

4:15 | NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch
    | NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE—variety program
    | CIS: DICTATORS

4:30 | NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY—sketch
    | CBS: CHICAGO VARIETY HOUR
    | MRS. ORCHESTRA

4:45 | NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch
    | CBS: DR. ALLAN ROY DAFOE

**EVENING**

6:00 | NBC-Red: VOCAL SOLOS
    | NBC-Blue: U.S. ARMY BAND
    | CBS: HOWARD PHILLIPS—baritone
    | MRS. ORCHESTRA

6:15 | CBS: FOUR STARS—quartet
    | MRS. STUDIES IN BLACK AND WHITE

6:30 | NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
    | NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
    | CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

6:45 | NBC-Red: THREE SISTERS
    | NBC-Blue: CHARLES SEARS—commentator
    | CBS: PAUL DOUGLAS—sports commentator

7:00 | NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
    | NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS—comedian
    | CBS: ORCHESTRA
    | MRS. JOHNSON FAMILY—sketch, with Jimmy Scribben

7:00 | NBC-Red: AMOS N' ANDY—sketch
    | NBC-Blue: HUGGIE BARKETT'S ORCHESTRA—John E. Gambling, Jean O'Neill, Barry McKinley
    | CBS: POETIC MELODIES—Jack Fulton, Franklin MacCormack, Kelsey's orchestra
    | MRS. PALMER HOUSE ENSEMBLE

7:15 | NBC-Red: UNCLE ERZA'S RADIO STATION—Pat Harrity
    | CBS: SONG TIME—Hollace Shaw, Ray hobbies
    | MRS. BLACKSTONE CONCERT TRIO

7:30 | NBC-Red: SOLOIST
    | NBC-Blue: LUM AND ABNER—sketch
    | CBS: NEAL, O'HARA'S RADIO GAZETTE
    | MRS. THE LONE RANGER—Western serial

7:45 | NBC-Red: ROY CAMPBELL'S ROWAILISTS
    | NBC-Blue: JOHN HERRICK—organist
    | CBS: BOCKEY CARVER—newspaper commentator

8:00 | NBC-Red: BURNS AND ALLEY—Tony Martin, Normanbrothers' orchestra
    | NBC-Blue: GENERAL HUGH AND JOHNSON—commentator
    | CBS: ALLAH NATION—Horace Heidt's orchestra
    | MRS. JAZZ NOCTURN—Helen Daniels, Connie Miles, Stanley's orchestra

8:30 | NBC-Red: VOICE OF FIRESTONE—Margaret Sheep, Wallenstein's orchestra, guests

NBC-Blue: CAMPANA PROGRAM—varieties
    | CABS PICK AND PAT—comedy and music
    | MRS. GET'S VISIT—Jerry Danzig, Dave Driscoll

9:00 | NBC-Red: FISHER McGEE AND MOLLY—comedy sketch, Marian and Jim Jordan, Wurlitzer orchestra
    | CBS: LUX RADIO THEATRE
    | MRS. ORCHESTRA

9:30 | NBC-Red: HOUR OF CHARM—Musil Belinsky and his girls
    | MRS. SYMPHONIC STRINGS

9:45 | NBC-Red: CONTENTED PROGRAM—Vivien Dellia, Black's orchestra
    | NBC-Blue: 20,000 YEARS IN SING SING—Warden Lewis K. Lawes
    | CBS: WAYNE KING'S ORCHESTRA
    | MRS. ELDER LIGHTFOOT, SOLOMON MICHAUX—and congregation

10:00 | NBC-Red: MUSIC FOR MOD- BIES
    | NBC-Blue: NATIONAL RADIO FORUM—guest speaker
    | MRS. YOUR NECK O' THE WOODS—Earl Carver
    | MRS. HENRY WEBER'S PLEASANT OF MELODY

11:00 | NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
    | NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
    | CBS: DANCE MUSIC
    | MRS. DANCE MUSIC

George Burns

Kathryn Cravens

Tony Wons
MORNING

11:00 NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES
11:30 NBC-Blue: DICK LEIBERT ENSEMBLE
12:00 NBC-Red: CHEERIO—talk and music
12:30 NBC-Blue: MORNING GLEE CLUB
1:00 NBC-Red: STREAMLINES—Felds and Hall orchestra
1:30 NBC-Blue: B R E A K F A S T CLUB—variety program
2:00 CBS: DEAR COLUMBIA—fan mail—variety
2:30 CBS: PRESS-RECORD NEWS
3:00 CBS: GOOD NEIGHBORS—Richard Maxwell
3:30 NBC-Blue: PRESS-RECORD NEWS
4:00 NH-Red: LANTO TRIO NBC-Blue: AUNT JEMIMA ON AIR—sketch
5:00 CBS: WALTZES OF THE WORLD
5:30 NBC-Red: PRESS-RECORD NEWS
10:00 NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—sketch
10:30 NBC-Blue: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
11:00 NBC-Red: PRETTY KITTY KELLY—sketch
11:30 NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER WIFE—sketch
12:00 NBC-Blue: MA PERRINS—sketch
12:30 NBC-Blue: MYRT AND MARGE—sketch
1:00 NBC-Red: J U S T PLAIN BILL—sketch
1:30 NBC-Blue: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
2:00 CBS: PIA NOVKO MBS: MARRIAGE CLINIC—Frances McDonald
2:30 NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch
3:00 NBC-Blue: KITCHEN CAV. AND KIDS—sketch
3:30 NBC-Blue: MADISON ENSEMBLE MBS: MARILYN TURNER—pianist
4:00 NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch
4:30 NBC-Blue: THE ONEILLS—sketch
5:00 NBC-Blue: MARY LEE TAYLOR MBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC
5:30 NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch
5:30 NBC-Blue: THE ROAD OF LOVE—sketch
6:00 NBC-Blue: HEINZ MAGAZINE OF THE AIR—Carol Kennedy's Romance, dramatic serial
7:00 NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADIE—sketch
7:30 NBC-Blue: THE BIG SISTER—sketch
8:00 NBC-Red: MYSTERY CHEF NBC-Blue: EDWARD MACK HUGH—The Gospel Singer
8:30 CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES—sketch
9:00 MBS: HECKLER'S INFORMATION BUREAU—Myra Kingsley, Jean Paul King

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch
12:30 NBC-Blue: RHYTHM GIRLS CBS: RHYTHMaires MBS: PARENTS CLUB OF THE AIR
1:00 NBC-Red: THE GOLDFRAPS—sketch
1:30 NBC-Blue: TERRI FRANK TONIGHT—variety program
2:00 CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE—Edwin C. Hill, commentator
2:30 NBC-Red: BARRY McKEE—baritone

Tuesdays

OCTOBER 5—12—19—26

6:00 NBC-Red: SCIENCE IN THE NEWS NBC-Blue: J ACK MEAKIN DIRECTS STRANGE TIME MBS: ORCHESTRA
6:15 NBC-Red: THREE X SISTERS—sketch MBS: STUDIES IN BLACK AND WHITE
6:30 NBC-Red: PRESS—RADIO NEWS NBC-Blue: PRESS—RADIO NEWS MBS: PRESS—RADIO NEWS ORCHESTRA
6:35 NBC-Red: GLENN DARWIN—news comic MBS: PAUL DOUGLAS—sports commentator
7:00 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS—news commentator MBS: JOHNSON FAMILY—sketch
7:15 NBC-Red: CLUB MATINEE MBS: ORCHESTRA
7:30 NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch MBS: NOVELTEERS
8:00 NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch MBS: KELSEY'S ORCHESTRA
8:15 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch MBS: RHYTHM TALES
8:30 NBC-Red: NELLIE REVETT INTERVIEWS NBC-Blue: SOUTHERN AIRS MBS: ORCHESTRA
8:45 NBC-Red: JACK ARMSTRONG—juvenile serial NBC-Blue: SINGING LADY—children's program MBS: ST. LOUIS SYMPHONIC ORCHESTRA
8:50 NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—juvenile serial NBC-Blue: TOM MIX AND HIS RALESTON STRAIGHT SHOOTERS—juvenile serial MBS: DOROTHY GORDON'S CHILDREN'S CORNER

EVENING

6:00 NBC-Red: THE CHROME OF THE AIR NBC-Blue: RHYTHMAIRES MBS: GILDA
6:15 NBC-Red: TWENTY FOUR HOURS MBS: AUDIENCE OF THE WEEK
6:30 NBC-Red: IMPERIAL CELEBRATIONS NBC-Blue: RHYTHMAIRES MBS: ORCHESTRA
6:45 NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch NBC-Blue: KIDDOODLERS—sketch MBS: ORCHESTRA
7:00 NBC-Red: VIC AND SADIE—sketch NBC-Blue: COLUMBIA CONCERT HALL—variety program MBS: ORCHESTRA
7:15 NBC-Red: THE ONEILLS—sketch NBC-Blue: HAVE YOU HEARD?—dramatization MBS: RADIO ORCHESTRA
8:00 NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—comedy sketch

11:00 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA MBS: ORCHESTRA

11:30 NBC-Red: AMOS 'N ANDY—sketch NBC-Blue: EASY ACES—comedy
CBS: POETIC MELODIES—Jackie Fields, Franklin MacCormack, Kelsey's orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA

12:00 NBC-Red: VOCAL VARIETY NBC-Blue: LAM AND AIRNER MBS: AMERICAN HOME PRODUCTS COMPANY—S O N G T I M-E—Ruth Carhart, Bill Perry
12:30 NBC-Red: PIANO DUO NBC-Blue: MAURICE GRASBY MBS: ORCHESTRA
1:00 NBC-Red: FAIRCHILD AND CASSELL—comedy NBC-Blue: VIVIAN DELLA CHIESA—medley—sketch
MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

1:30 NBC-Red: JOHNNY PRESENTS RUSH MORGAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA—Charles Martin
CBS: BLUE HUSBANDS AND WIVES—Sidney Brown, Allen George, Red Wilson, Paige's orchestra
MBS: BLUES VEL VIOLET MUSIC—Rush Morgan's orchestra, Hollace Shaw

9:00 NBC-Red: VOX POP—Parks Johnson, Wallace Butterworth NBC-Blue: HELEN AND ALL THE LADS MBS: ORCHESTRA
9:15 MBS: CONSOLE AND KEYBOARD—Louise Wilcher, Paul Alpert
9:30 NBC-Red: HOLLYWOOD TWENTY-ONE MBS: ORCHESTRA
9:45 NBC-Red: GRAND CENTRAL STATION—sketch MBS: JACK OAKIE'S COLLEGE—Goodman's orchestra
10:00 NBC-Red: HOBBY LOBBY MBS: SINFONETTA
10:30 NBC-Red: J IMMIE FIGLER'S HOLLYWOOD PROGRAM MBS: ORCHESTRA
11:00 NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC MBS: DANCE MUSIC
**MORNING**

8:00 NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING NBC-Blue: GOOD MORNING

8:05 NBC-Red: SNOWFLAKE NBC-Blue: SNOWFLAKE

8:15 NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's program NBC-Blue: ISLAND SIREN-NADES

8:35 NBC-Red: CHEERIO—talk and music NBC-Blue: WILLIAM MEDER—organist

8:45 NBC-Blue: FOUR SHOWMEN NBC-Red: AS YOU LIKE IT

9:00 NBC-Red: STREAMLINERS—Fields and Hall NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—variety

9:30 NBC-Red: RICHARD MAXWELL--Songs NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

9:45 NBC-Red: JACK BERCH AND HIS BOYS NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

10:00 NBC-Red: LANDT TRIO NBC-Blue: AUNT JEMIMA ON THE FARM

10:45 NBC-Red: FIDDLER'S FANCY NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

11:00 NBC-Red: MRS. WIGG'S OF THE CARROTS—sketch NBC-Blue: MARY MARLIN—sketch

11:45 NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER WIFE—sketch NBC-Blue: MA PERKINS—sketch

12:15 NBC-Red: MYRT AND MARGE—sketch NBC-Blue: JUST PLAIN BILL—sketch

12:30 NBC-Blue: PEPPY YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch NBC-Red: TONY WONS—sketch

12:45 NBC-Red: MARGARET CLARKE—Frances McDonald NBC-Blue: MARGARET CLARKE—Frances McDonald

1:00 NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch NBC-Blue: KITCHEN CAVALRY

1:05 NBC-Red: CADE—Crosby Gales NBC-Blue: THINT AND NILL

1:10 NBC-Blue: HAROLD TURNER—sketch

1:30 NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch NBC-Blue: THE ONE-SEAT—sketch


1:45 NBC-Red: BACK STAGE PUP—sketch NBC-Blue: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch

2:00 NBC-Red: HOW TO BE CHARMING—sketch NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADIE—sketch

2:15 NBC-Red: BIG NISTER—sketch NBC-Blue: RALPH NADEAU—barritone

2:15 NBC-Red: HELLO PEGGY—sketch

**AFTERNOON**

12:00 NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch NBC-Blue: TRAIL FINDER—Dr. William Hansen

12:15 NBC-Red: THE GOLDENBERGS—sketch NBC-Blue: TERRI FRANCONI—Lenora Eyre

12:20 NBC-Red: THE TRICKS—sketch NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—Walter Blaufox's orchestra

12:45 NBC-Red: JOE WHITE—tenor sketch NBC-Blue: OUR LITTLE SAIL—sketch

1:00 NBC-Red: THREE RANCHERS—sketch NBC-Blue: BETTY AND DOUG—sketch

1:15 NBC-Red: MICROWAVE IN THE SKY—Frankie Carle, interviewer NBC-Blue: WE ARE FOUR—sketch

1:30 NBC-Red: THREE RANCHERS—sketch NBC-Blue: BETTY AND DOUG—sketch

1:45 NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Lucy Lyon, Larry Larnson, Harvey Hays NBC-Blue: Hymns of All Churches—Betty Crocker, cooking expert

2:00 NBC-Red: LOVE AND LEARN—sketch NBC-Blue: ARNOLD GRIM'S DAUGHTER—sketch

2:15 NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WEDDING—sketch NBC-Blue: GRACE AND ACCIDENT—song and patter

2:30 NBC-Red: YOUR HEALTH—talk, dramatization NBC-Blue: HURLANI OF THE SOUTH SEA NBC-Red: NEWS THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES—Kathryn Stevens


2:30 NBC-Blue: GENERAL FEDERAL ATAL OF WOMEN'S CLUB NBC-Red: MEETIN' HOUSE—dramatization

**WEDNESDAYS**

**OCTOBER 6—13—20—27**

**MORNING**

CBS: MONTANA BLIM

**AFTERNOON**

9:30 NBC-Red: MUSICAL OF THE DAY—sketch

9:30 NBC-Blue: SOUTHERN BELLES—chorus and orchestra

**EVENING**

11:30 NBC-Red: PENNY THINGS—Nora Stirling's children's program

11:45 NBC-Blue: BOOKENDS—variety

**EVENING**

6:00 NBC-Red: P'S AND Q'S—Allen Funt

6:30 NBC-Red: HARRY KOGAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA

6:30 NBC-Blue: BILLY BOY—Mac Lee

7:00 CBS: DEL CASINO—song

**EVENING**

6:00 NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

6:30 NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

7:00 NBC-Red: CAPPY BARRA—comedy

7:00 NBC-Blue: JACK BAKER—tenor

7:30 NBC-Red: AMOS 'N ANDY—sketch

7:30 NBC-Blue: EAST ACES—comedy

8:00 NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch

8:00 NBC-Blue: PICKUP BOY HOME ECONOMICS BUREAU

8:30 NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—comedy sketch

8:30 NBC-Blue: CARSON ROBINSON AND HIS ORCHESTRA

9:00 NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch

9:00 NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE—variety

9:30 NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch

9:30 NBC-Blue: RUSSELL DORR—Great Voice NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA

10:00 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch

10:00 NBC-Blue: DR. ALAN ROY DIXIE

10:30 NBC-Red: NOT FOR LADIES—Ben Alexander, Hollywood commentator

10:30 NBC-Blue: NEIGHBOR NELL—comments

10:45 NBC-Red: WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS—dramatization

10:45 NBC-Blue: DO IT AND PATTY—sketch

11:00 NBC-Red: LIFE OF MARY BOTH-ER—sketch

11:00 NBC-Blue: SINGING LADY—children's program

11:30 NBC-Red: DORIS KEHR—song

11:30 NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNE—juvenile serial

11:30 NBC-Blue: TOM MIX AND HIS RASTON STRAIGHT SHOOTER—juvenile serial

**EVENING**

11:30 NBC-Red: CRIME CLINIC

11:30 NBC-Blue: PALMOLIVE BRADY BOX THEATRE—Jessica Dragontone, Charles Kalin, John Kalin NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA

**EVENING**

10:00 NBC-Red: YOUR HIT PARADE

10:00 NBC-Blue: GENERAL HUGH S. JOHNSON—commentator

10:30 NBC-Red: GANG BUSTERS—crime drama NBC-Red: PHILLIPS ORCHESTRA

10:30 NBC-Blue: NBC SUNDAY SHOW—convoy Arnold, Shorty's orchestra

10:30 NBC-Blue: U.S. CABINET SERIES—MELODIES FROM THE SOUTH
MORNING

12:00 NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES
12:15 NBC-Blue: MORNING DEVOTION—organ and songs

8:15 NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's program
8:30 NBC-Blue: DICK LEHIBERT ENSEMBLE

8:30 NBC-Red: CHEERIO—talk and music
8:45 NBC-Blue: MORNING GLE Club

9:00 NBC-Red: STREAMLINER—Plaids and Hall
9:15 NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST Club—various programs
9:30 CBS: MUSIC IN THE AIR

9:30 CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
9:30 CBS: GREENFIELD VILLAGE CHAPEL

10:00 NBC-Red: LANDT TRIO
10:00 NBC-Blue: AUNT JEMIMA ON THE AIR—various programs
10:05 CBS: RONG STYLISTS—male quartet

11:45 NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

12:30 NBC-Red: BAILLEY AXTON—tenor
12:45 NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—Walter Scott's orchestra
12:45 MBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRIENT—sketch
12:45 NBC-Red: ARMCHAIR QUARTET

1:00 NBC-Red: SOLOIST
1:00 NBC-Blue: BBC SIVERT and BOB—sketch
1:00 MBS: MICROPHONE IN THE SKY—Earl Harper, interviewer

1:15 NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Ruth Lyon, Harry Larsen, Harvey Hayes
1:15 MBS: CHURCHES: BETTY CROCKER, cooking expert

1:20 NBC-Red: LOVE AND LEARN—sketch
1:20 NBC-Blue: ARNOLD GRIMM'S DAUGHTER—sketch
1:20 MBS: LEN SALVO—organist

1:30 NBC-Red: DAD HARRING'S FANCY—sketch
1:30 NBC-Blue: HOLLYWOOD IN PERIL
1:30 MBS: BLACKSTONE CONCERT TRIO

2:00 NBC-Red: NBC MUSIC GUILD—STROLLERS MOTIONE
2:15 NBC-Red: DEAN HENRY—song and patter
2:15 MBS: ORCHESTRA

2:30 NBC-Red: BALLAD WEAVERS
2:30 NBC-Blue: PIANO RECITAL CLUB DAKOTAN BROTHERS—novelty trio

2:45 NBC-Red: MEN OF THE WEST—quartet
2:45 NBC-Blue: MUSICAL ADVENTURES—Alma Schirmer, pianist
2:45 MBS: TED MALONE'S BETWEEN the Bookends

3:00 NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
3:00 NBC-Blue: NBC LIGHT OPERA COMPANY
3:00 CBS: THEATER MATINEE
3:00 MBS: BLACKSTONE CONCERT TRIO

3:15 NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch

3:30 NBC-Red: VIC AND SARDE—comedy sketch
3:30 NBC-Blue: SOUTHERN AIRS
3:30 CBS: YOU NEWS PARADE—Edwin C. Hill, commentator

3:45 NBC-Red: THE O'NEILL—sketch
3:45 NBC-Blue: SWING SONGS—SOPHIE TANGOE
3:45 MBS: RHYTHM AND TANGOES

4:00 NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—comedy sketch
4:00 NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE—variety program
4:00 CBS: PIANO TEAM

4:15 NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch
4:15 NBC-Blue: NOVELS, TEARS—Texas Jim Lewis and his cowboys

4:30 NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARTIN—sketch
4:30 CBS: U. S. ARMY BAND
4:30 MBS: ORCHESTRA

5:00 NBC-Red: TOP HATTERS
5:00 NBC-Blue: PEGGY WOOD AND SONS
5:00 MBS: FOLLOW THE MOON—Bob Hans, Nick Dawson
5:00 CBS: RADIOLAND ORCHESTRA

5:15 NBC-Red: ARCHER GIBSON—sketch
5:15 NBC-Blue: STUART GRACEY—sketch
5:15 MBS: LIFE OF MARY SOTHEBY—sketch

5:30 NBC-Red: JACK ARMSTRONG—juvenile serial
5:30 NBC-Blue: SINGING CHILDREN'S SHOW—sketch
5:30 MBS: ELSIE THOMPSON—organs

5:45 NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—juvenile serial
5:45 NBC-Blue: TOM MIX AND HIS RAILSTONG SHOOTERS—juvenile serial
5:45 MBS: CHILDREN'S CORNER

EVENING

6:00 NBC-Red: NORSEMAN QUARTET
6:00 NBC-Blue: HARRY HOVEN AND HIS ORCHESTRA
6:00 MBS: RAY HEATHERTON—ORCHESTRA

6:15 NBC-Red: TURN BACK THE CLOCK—Alice Remesch, Georges Griffin
6:15 MBS: DEAN OF HOLLYWOOD—Hobart Bosworth
6:15 CBS: MUSIC IN THE AIR—programs in black and white

6:25 CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

6:30 NBC-Red: PRES-S RADIO NEWS
6:30 NBC-Blue: PREP-S RADIO NEWS
6:30 MBS: SPORTS NEWS
6:30 CBS: SPORTS NEWS—Robert Durkee, Paul Douglas

7:00 NBC-Red: BERT AND LEW—songs and patter
7:00 NBC-Blue: TONY RUSSELL—tenor

7:30 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
7:30 NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS—GEORGE HALL'S ORCHESTRA
7:30 MBS: JOHNSON FAMILY—sketch, with Jimmy Scribner

7:45 NBC-Red: AMOS 'N ANDY—variety program
7:45 NBC-Blue: EASY ACES—comedy sketch
7:45 MBS: POETIC MELODIES—Jack Fultz, Franki MacCormack, Kelley's orchestra
7:45 MBS: EVENING PRELUDE—organ and piano

7:55 NBC-Red: VOCAL VARIETIES—choral singing
7:55 NBC-Blue: AMERICAN HOME PRODUCTS COMPANY
7:55 CBS: SONG TIME—Doris Kerr, Russell Dorr

8:00 NBC-Red: TERRI FRANCONI—tenor
8:00 MBS: LUM AND ABNER—comedy sketch
8:00 MBS: THE PEOPLE—Gabriel heater
8:00 MBS: ORCHESTRA

8:30 NBC-Red: KIDDODGERS—CALL ME A DANDY IN THE COTTON—Southernaires Quartet
8:30 CBS: PATTI CHAPIN—songs

8:45 NBC-Red: ROYAL GELATIN PROGRAM—Ruby Vale's show
8:45 NBC-Blue: GENERAL HUGH S. JOHNSTON—commentator
8:45 MBS: KATE SMITH—Henry Youngman, Miller's orchestra
8:45 CBS: NBC'S NATIONAL SALON—Corinna Mura, Raoul Pauveau, Stanley's orchestra

9:00 NBC-Red: SOLOIST
9:00 NBC-Blue: MRS. WARING'S ORCHESTRA

9:30 NBC-Red: MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT—Charles Winninger, Tom Thoms, Nadine Conner, Patricia Wilder, Virginia Verrill, Warren Hull, Wilcox's orchestra
9:30 MBS: MAJOR BOWERS' AMATEUR HOUR
9:30 MBS: ORCHESTRA

10:00 NBC-Red: FAT BARNES OPERA HOUSE—varieties

10:00 NBC-Red: KRAFT MUSIC HALL—Bing Crosby, Bob Burns, Trotter's orchestra, guests
10:00 MBS: PICADILLY MUSIC HALL—THE ADVENTURES—Floyd Dixon
10:00 MBS: WITCH'S TALE—Alano Dee Cole, Marie O'Flynn

10:30 CBS: MARCH OF TIME—dramatizations
10:30 MBS: HENRY WEBER'S MUSICAL REVIEW

11:00 NBC-Red: FOOTNOTES ON THE NEWS—John B. Kennedy, commentator
11:00 NBC-Blue: DANCE MUSIC—CBS: DANCE MUSIC
11:00 MBS: DANCE MUSIC
MORNING

06:00 NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELodies
06:00 NBC-Blue: MORNING DEVotions—organ and songs
10:15 ABC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE
10:15 NBC-Blue: ISLAND SERENADES
10:30 ABC-Red: CHEERIO—talk and songs
10:30 NBC-Blue: WILLIAM MEBER—organ
10:45 NBC-Blue: FOUR SHOWMEN
11:00 ABC-Red: STREAMLiners—configure and Hill's orchestra
11:00 NBC-Blue: BREAkFAST CLUB—variety program
11:15 CBS: METROPOLITAN PARADE
11:30 CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL—songs
11:35 ABC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
11:40 NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
11:45 NBC-Red: LAND'S TRIO
12:00 NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—sketch
12:00 NBC-Blue: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
12:15 NBC-Red: JOHNNIE'S OTHER WIFE—sketch
12:30 ABC-Blue: MA PERKINS—sketch
12:40 NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN BILL—sketch
12:45 NBC-Blue: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
12:50 ABC-Red: TONY WONS
12:55 ABC-Red: MARRIAGE CLINIC—Frances McDonald
13:00 NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch
13:05 NBC-Blue: KITCHEN CAVALEE—Croisy Gaige
13:10 CBS: RUTH AND BILL
13:20 CBS: MYRT AND MARGE—sketch
13:30 NBC-Red: JUDGE BELLS—sketch
13:45 NBC-Blue: JOE O'NEILLS —sketch
13:50 NBC-Red: PIANO DUO
13:55 CBS: BETTY AND ROGER
14:00 NBC-Red: MICROPHONE IN THE SKY—Erarl Harper, interviewer
14:15 CBS: BETTY CROCKER—cooking expert
14:30 NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Larry Larsen, Ruth Logan, Harvey Hay
14:35 NBC-Blue: LOVE AND LEARN—sketch
14:45 NBC-Blue: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch
14:50 NBC-Red: HOLLYWOOD IN PERSON
15:00 MIS: THE THREE GRACES—piano
15:00 NBC-Red and NBC-Blue: MUSIC APPRECIATION HOUR—Dr. Walter Damrosch
15:15 CBS: NEWS THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES
15:15 MIS: KATHRYN CRAWFORD
15:30 MIS: PALMER HOUSE CONCERT ORCHESTRA
15:45 CBS: JACK AND LoretTA
16:00 CBS: SON VOYAGE
16:30 MIS: SID GART—baritone
16:30 ABC-Red: HOW TO BE CHARMING—sketch
16:45 NBC-Blue: THE ROAD OF LOVE—sketch
16:45 NBC-Blue: VIC AND SARE—sketch
17:00 MIS: BIG RITCH—sketch
17:15 MIS: MARTHA AND HAL—Songs and patter

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch
12:00 NBC-Blue: U. S. MARINE BAND
12:15 MEM: RHYTHMERS
12:15 NBC-Red: THE GOLDBERGS—sketch
12:30 MIS: YOUR NEWS PARADE—Edwin C. Hill, commentator
12:45 NBC-Red: THE VAGABONDS—National Farm and Home Hour—Walter Haas's orchestra
13:00 SAM: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT—sketch
13:15 NBC-Red: JOE WHITE—sketch
13:30 MIS: OUR GAL SUNDAY—sketch
13:45 NBC-Red: WE ARE FOUR—sketch
14:00 NBC-Blue: PIANO DUO
14:15 CBS: BETTY AND ROGER
14:30 NBC-Blue: MICHELLE IN THE SKY—Earl Harper, interviewer
14:45 MIS: BETTY CROCKER—cooking expert
15:00 NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Larry Larsen, Ruth Logan, Harvey Hay
15:15 NBC-Blue: LOVE AND LEARN—sketch
15:30 NBC-Blue: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch
15:35 MIS: HOLLYWOOD IN PERSON
15:45 MIS: THE THREE GRACES—piano
16:00 NBC-Red and NBC-Blue: MUSIC APPRECIATION HOUR—Dr. Walter Damrosch
16:15 MIS: NEWS THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES
16:25 MIS: KATHRYN CRAWFORD
16:30 MIS: PALMER HOUSE CONCERT ORCHESTRA
16:45 MIS: JACK AND LoretTA
17:00 MIS: SON VOYAGE
17:30 MIS: SID GART—baritone
17:45 MIS: HOW TO BE CHARMING—sketch
18:00 MIS: THE ROAD OF LOVE—sketch
18:15 MIS: BIG RITCH—sketch
18:30 MIS: MARTHA AND HAL—Songs and patter

FRIDAYS

OCTOBER 1—8—15—22—29

11:45 NBC-Red: HELLO PEGGY—sketch
11:45 NBC-Blue: EDWARD MAC-HUGH—The Gospel Singer
11:45 MIS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES—sketch
11:45 MIS: HECKER'S INFORMATION BUREAU—Myra Kingsley, Jean Paul King

14:00 Noon MIS: RITCHIE'S
14:00 NBC-Blue: L. S. MARINE BAND
14:15 MEM: RHYTHMERS
14:15 NBC-Red: THE GOLDBERGS—sketch
14:30 MIS: YOUR NEWS PARADE—Edwin C. Hill, commentator
14:45 NBC-Red: THE VAGABONDS—National Farm and Home Hour—Walter Haas's orchestra
15:00 SAM: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT—sketch
15:15 NBC-Red: JOE WHITE—sketch
15:30 MIS: OUR GAL SUNDAY—sketch
15:45 NBC-Red: WE ARE FOUR—sketch
16:00 NBC-Blue: PIANO DUO
16:15 CBS: BETTY AND ROGER
16:30 MIS: MICROPHONE IN THE SKY—Earl Harper, interviewer
16:45 MIS: BETTY CROCKER—cooking expert
17:00 NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Larry Larsen, Ruth Logan, Harvey Hay
17:15 NBC-Blue: LOVE AND LEARN—sketch
17:30 NBC-Blue: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch
17:35 MIS: HOLLYWOOD IN PERSON
17:45 MIS: THE THREE GRACES—piano
18:00 NBC-Red and NBC-Blue: MUSIC APPRECIATION HOUR—Dr. Walter Damrosch
18:15 MIS: NEWS THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES
18:25 MIS: KATHRYN CRAWFORD
18:30 MIS: PALMER HOUSE CONCERT ORCHESTRA
18:45 MIS: JACK AND LoretTA
19:00 MIS: SON VOYAGE
19:30 MIS: SID GART—baritone
19:45 MIS: HOW TO BE CHARMING—sketch
20:00 MIS: THE ROAD OF LOVE—sketch
20:15 MIS: BIG RITCH—sketch
20:30 MIS: MARTHA AND HAL—Songs and patter

Dr. Walter Damrosch

6:15 NBC-Red: BARRY McKEEN—baritone
6:30 NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
6:30 NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
6:45 MIS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

7:00 NBC-Red: CAROL DEIS—soprano
7:00 NBC-Blue: SOLOIST
7:15 MIS: DOUGLAS—sports commentator

8:15 NBC-Red: RHYTHMERS
8:15 NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS—motorcycle traffic
8:15 MIS: FRANK DAILEY'S ORCHESTRA
8:15 MIS: JOHNSON FAMILY—sketch, with Jimmy Scribben

9:00 NBC-Red: AMOR 'N ANDY—sketch
9:00 NBC-Blue: MARY SMALL—song
9:15 CBS: POETIC MELODIES—Johnie Jones, Franklyn Lee, Cormack, Kelley's orchestra
9:15 MIS: ORANGERIE HOUSE ENSEMBLE

9:45 NBC-Red: U. L. EIZRA'S RADIO STATION—Parrett, Art and Brag-GIOSTI—piano duo
9:45 NBC-Blue: Gogo de Lima, Jack Shannon
9:45 MIS: NOVELETTE

10:00 NBC-Red: EL CABALLERO
10:00 NBC-Blue: LUM AND ABNER—radio serial

10:15 MIS: ORCHESTRA

10:45 NBC-Red: BUGHOUSE RHYTHM
10:45 NBC-Blue: LOUISE FLOREA—soprano

11:00 MIS: BACKE C. CARTER—news commentator

11:45 MIS: CITIES SERVICE CONCERT—Lucille Mannara

12:00 NBC-Red: MARIE'S ORCHESTRA
12:00 NBC-Blue: PONTIAC VARIETY
12:00 CBS: HAMMERSTEIN MUSIC HALL
12:30 MIS: CHORIOTERS

13:00 MIS: ORCHESTRA

13:45 MIS: DEATH VALLEY DAYS—dramatization
13:45 MIS: HAL KEMP'S DANCE BAND—Alice Faye

14:00 MIS: ORCHESTRA

14:30 MIS: LET'S PLAY GAMES

15:00 NBC-Red: WALTS TIME
15:00 NBC-Blue: BELIEVE-IT-OR-NOT

15:15 MIS: ORCHARD HOTEL

15:30 MIS: TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS—dramatization

15:45 MIS: JACK HALLEY

16:00 MIS: ORCHESTRA

16:15 MIS: CURTAIN TIME—dramatization

16:45 MIS: PEOPLE IN THE NEWS—Dorothy Thompson, commentator

17:00 MIS: STRINGING ALONG—novelty program

17:30 MIS: GEORGE R. HOMES—Washington commentator

17:45 MIS: PROvENrADE CONCERT

18:00 MIS: DANCE MUSIC

18:15 MIS: DANCE MUSIC

18:30 MIS: DANCE MUSIC
### Saturdays

**October 2—9—16—23—30**

#### Morning

8:00 **NBC-Red:** GOOD MORNING MELODIES  
NBC-Blue: ISLAND SERENADERS  

8:15 **NBC-Red:** MALCOLM CLAIRE —Children's program  
**NBC-Blue:** DICK LEIBERT ENSEMBLE  

8:30 **NBC-Red:** CHEERIO—talk and music  

8:45 **NBC-Blue:** MORNING GLEE CLUB  

9:00 **NBC-Red:** STREAMLINERS—Fields and Hall  
**NBC-Blue:** BREAKFAST CLUB—variety program  
**CBS:** RAY BLOCK—pianist  

9:15 **CBS:** DALTON BROTHERS—novelty trio  

9:20 **NBC-Red:** SPECIAL DELIVERY—dramatic serial  
**CBS:** PIDDLES FANCY  

9:40 **NBC-Blue:** PRESS-RADIO NEWS  

9:45 **NBC-Red:** LANDT TRIO  
**NBC-Blue:** AUNT JESIMA ON THE AIR—varieties  

9:55 **NBC-Red:** PRESS-RADIO NEWS  
**CBS:** PRESS-RADIO NEWS  

10:00 **NBC-Red:** CHARIOTECTERS—male quartet  
**NBC-Blue:** SWEETHEARTS OF THE AIR—May Singhi  
Bren, Peter de Rose  
**CBS:** THE STRINGERS  

10:15 **NBC-Red:** THE VASS FAMILY—children's harmony  
**NBC-Blue:** RAISING YOUR PARENTS—juvenile forum, Milton J. Cross  
**CBS:** RICHARD MAXWELL—songs  

10:30 **NBC-Red:** MANHATTERS  
**CBS:** LET'S PRETEND—children's program  
**MBS:** VARIETY PROGRAM—Freudenberg's orchestra, Norman Brokenshire  

10:45 **NBC-Blue:** ORCHESTRA  

11:00 **NBC-Blue:** PATRICIA RYAN—songs  
**CBS:** FRED FEIBEL AT THE CONSOLE  
**MBS:** ED FITZGERALD AND C. A.—variety program  

11:15 **NBC-Red:** NANCY SWANSON—songs  
**NBC-Blue:** MINUTE MEN—male quartet  

11:30 **CBS:** COMPINSKY TRIO  
**MBS:** U. S. ARMY BAND  

11:45 **NBC-Red:** MELODY MEN  
**NBC-Blue:** ORCHESTRA  

**NOTE:**  
As we go to press, this program guide is absolutely accurate, but we cannot be responsible for last-minute changes made by the broadcasting companies, advertising agencies or sponsors.  

#### Afternoon

12:00 Noon  
**NBC-Red:** CONTINENTALS—Beatrice Lind, Joe Honi, director  
**NBC-Blue:** CALL TO THE CHURCH JACK SHANNON—tenor  

12:15 **NBC-Blue:** THREE MAR- 
HALLS  
**CBS:** ORIENTALE  
**MBS:** LUNCHEON DANCE MUSIc  

**Betty Grable**  

**Russ Morgan**  

12:30 **NBC-Red:** REX BATTLE'S CONCERT ENSEMBLE  
**NBC-Blue:** AT ON L FARM AND HOME HOUR  
**CBS:** GEORGE HALL AND HIS ORCHESTRA  

12:45 **MBS:** ORGAN REVIVAL  

1:00 **NBC-Red:** HAPPY JACK—tenor  
**CBS:** CAPTIVATORS  
**MBS:** MICROPHONE IN THE SKY—Earl Harper, interviewer  

1:15 **NBC-Red:** ESCORTS AND BITTY  
**CBS:** JIMMY SHIELDS—tenor  
**MBS:** STEVE SEYLN'S PET CLUB  

1:30 **NBC-Red:** CAMPUS CAPERS—orchestra, vocalist  
**NBC-Blue:** OUR BARN—children's program, Dicky Tucker  
**CBS:** BUFFALO PRESENTS MBS: ORCHESTRA  

2:00 **NBC-Red:** YOUR HOST IS BURFALO—orchestra, soloist  
**MBS:** MADISON ENSEMBLE  
**MBS:** MARY WILLIAMS—soprano  

2:15 **CBS:** ANN LEAF—organist  

2:30 **NBC-Red:** GOLDEN MELO- 
DIES—orchestra, vocalist  
**NBC-Blue:** ORCHESTRA  
**MBS:** PALMER HOUSE ORCHESTRA  

2:45 **NBC-Blue:** CADETS QUARTET  
**CBS:** TOURS IN TONE  
**MBS:** RIDE DE LUXE THEATRE CLUB OF THE AIR  

2:00 **NBC-Red:** CONCERT MINIA- 
TURES  
**NBC-Blue:** ORCHESTRA  
**CBS:** DOWN BY HERMAN'S MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM  

3:30 **NBC-Red:** WEEK-END REV- 
UE—varieties, Levy's orchestra  

**CBS:** DOROTHY GORDON'S CHILDREN'S CORNER  

**EVENING**

6:00 **NBC-Red:** TOP HATTERS ORCHESTRA—Jan Savit  
**NBC-Blue:** VLADIMIR BRENNER—pianist  
**CBS:** ORCHESTRA  
**MBS:** ORGAN REVIVAL  

6:15 **NBC-Blue:** NICKELODEON—Sylvia Clark  

7:15 **CBS:** SONG TIME—Betty Grable, John Payne  
**MBS:** ORCHESTRA  

7:30 **NBC-Red:** JIMMY KEMPER— 
**MBS:** MESSAGE OF 19— 
**RADIO:**—Barbara Swanson and music  
**CBS:** ORCHESTRA  
**MBS:** POMERLE HOUSE ORCHESTRA  

8:00 **NBC-Red:** MERRIED WALL- 
SONS ORCHESTRA  
**NBC-Red:** HOMESTOWNERS— 
**CBS:** CLIFF HALL, WIPES orchestra  
**CBS:** SATURDAY NIGHT SWING CLUB  

9:00 **NBC-Red:** NATIONAL BARN 
**MBS:** ORCHESTRA  
**CBS:** ORCHESTRA  

10:00 **NBC-Red:** SPECIAL DELIV- 
**CBS:** SUNDAY NIGHT  
**MBS:** ORCHESTRA  
**CBS:** SUNDAY NIGHT  
**MBS:** BEN•RICH'S ORCHESTRA  

10:30 **NBC-Red:** JIMMY JAMBOREES— 
**NBC-Blue:** KORNS orchestra, guest  
**NBC-Blue:** DANCE MUSIC  
**CBS:** YOUR HIT PARADE  
**MBS:** OTILIO REVARRA AND HIS MEXICAN ORCHESTRA  

11:15 **MBS:** HOLIDAY WHIS- 
**CBS:** BOSS CONCERT  
**CBS:** ORCHESTRA  

11:30 **NBC-Red:** DANCE MUSIC  
**NBC-Blue:** DANCE MUSIC  
**CBS:** IRETTI FIORITOS ORCHESTRA  
**MBS:** DANCE MUSIC
Now—this new Cream brings to Women the Active "Skin-Vitamin"

Applied right on the Skin—this special Vitamin helps the Skin more directly

"IT'S WONDERFUL," says Mrs. C. Henry Mellon, Jr., one of the first women to use Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream. "It's wonderful," she says. "My skin is so much brighter—and finer textured. The new cream is even better than before. Congratulations to Pond's—and to all women."

THIS NEW CREAM does more for the skin than ever before! It contains a certain vitamin found in many foods—the "skin-vitamin."

When you eat foods containing this vitamin, one of its special functions is to help keep skin tissue healthy. But when this vitamin is applied right to skin, it aids the skin more directly.

Here is great news for women!

First doctors found this out. Then Pond's found a way to put "skin-vitamin" into Pond's Cold Cream. Now everyone can have Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream!

Famous beauty cream now has "Something More"

Pond's Cold Cream has always been more than a cleanser. Patted into the skin, it invigorates it, keeps it clear, soft, free from skin faults.

But now this famous cream is better than ever for the skin. Women say its use makes their pores less noticeable, softens lines; best of all, seems to give a livelier, more glowing look to their skin!

Same jars, same labels, same price
Already this new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream is on sale everywhere.

The cream itself has the same pure white color, the same delightful light texture.

But remember, as you use it, that Pond's new Cold Cream now contains the precious "skin-vitamin." Not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. Not "irradiated." But the vitamin which especially helps to maintain healthy skin—skin that is soft and smooth, fine as a baby's!

TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS

Pond's, Dept. 8966A, Clinton, Conn., Rush special tube of Pond's new "Skin-Vitamin." Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Creams and 3 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. Enclose $1e to cover postage and packing.

Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company
THE ABNERS, or rather the Norris Goffs, have had just one celebration after another this last month. For one thing, Mr. and Mrs. Goff celebrated their eight wedding anniversary with a gala party at the Trocadero. And then Mrs. Dora Goff, Abner's mother from Mena, Arkansas, was visiting here for a couple of weeks, which called for a whole series of parties. Mrs. Goff admitted that she was quite pleased over Norris' success. "Goodness knows he was far from a success as a grocery clerk," she said, "so I'm glad he's found something he can do right. You know, the whole family's always been a little crazy—but Norris is the first one to make any money because of it!"

Looks like wedding bells for Carlton KaDell and Paula Winslow. Carlton's just bought a big and beautiful new house out in Beverly Hills—and the interior decorating has all been in charge of Paula.

And 'tis definitely wedding bells for Eli nor Harriot, which means that Amos will lose his Ruby, Andy will lose his little girl and the Kingfish will lose a wife. When Elinor was down in Palm Springs with Amos 'n' Andy, she met Frank Nathan, a Los Angeles business man, who lost no time in presenting her with a diamond ring. They'll honeymoon in Hawaii next month.

We understand that there's never been a great deal of love lost between Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. It seems that Nelson is just a little burnt up, now that Jeanette has landed as star of that air-show for which he formerly warbled. Of course it's true that Mr. E. turned down the chance to work again for the same sponsor. But he's just realizing now that while Jeanette will be the whole show on her broadcast, he'll just be plain second fiddle to a dummy on the Chase and Sanborn Hour.

Nelson is a Sensitive Soul when it comes to publicity, too. He tries to keep his private life a deep, dark secret at all times. So much so, in fact, that he recently moved into a new home, way out on Misty Mountain, in order to get far from the wedding throng. But the other day, Nelson moved back to Beverly Hills. He found his mountain too lonesome!

Nadine Conner bought twelve lovely evening gowns before taking the train for Hollywood, expecting to take the town by storm when she wore them on Show Boat. Imagine Nadine's chagrin to find, upon arriving, that she would have to wear old-fashioned crinolines! Now she wishes that hard-earned money had been invested in a dozen pairs of slacks!

Incidentally, Tommy Thomas and Nadine are appearing everywhere together. They met in New York, but took Hollywood to develop a romance between the
two. Nadine lives with her mother at Sunset Beach—and you can find Tommy there most of the time.

It's quintessential at the Jack Oakie's! Jack's been passing out the cigars around town with a lavish hand. For his Afghan pup has just presented him with five little Afghans. Mr. and Mrs. Oakie have just moved into that lovely new home at the Pacific Palisades. But neither of them is half as interested in the house as in the dog kennels. They're really going into dog-raising in a big way and expect to make plenty of pin-money.

Here's a tip for housewives—and from Gracie Allen, of all people. She has a new way of solving the servant problem and says it works like a charm. When Gracie hires a new maid or cook, she puts her under contract with options. If she pans out well, the option is renewed at an increase of salary.

Marion Talley really had a serious time of it when she and her appendix parted company. But she's out of the hospital now and looks better than ever. Marion says she's rar'in to go on her new program.

Here's the inside story on the Alice Faye and Tony Martin romance. It's romance only on Tony's part—and just a very good friendship as far as Alice is concerned. Seems that the studio cooked up that love affair between the two, and now that Alice has gained so much prominence, she doesn't feel that it would be fair to Tony's career to announce that it's all over. One of those mix-ups that could occur only in Hollywood.

It's nothing for Hattie McDaniel to knock off the family wash before coming for the Thursday Show Boat airing. Success hasn't gone to Hattie's head—says that frying chicken is still her idea of the best time in the world. But with her first pay check from the show, she really splurged. Bought herself two electric stoves for her home—so she can turn out the fried chicken twice as fast.

The Bob Burns' new home is really something. It's a fifteen-room affair in a swanky neighborhood and done in de luxe style both inside and out. But did you know that all the decorating was done by Mrs. Beth Alexander? She's the mother of Ben, you know, who's getting fame and fortune with that Not For Ladies program.

Jack Benny's secretary has a time of it. For Jack is pretty absent-minded and has a habit of saying: "Just remind me of that, will you?" The other day, when said secretary handed him his social security card, Jack asked what in the world that could be. "That," she explained, "gives you a pension when you're sixty-five." "Oh, yes," said Jack, "just remind me of that, will you?"

Latest studio strike was out on the set of Ali Baba Goes to Town. Twenty Arabs went into a sit-down because Director Butler told some Arabian princes that they were going to have the roles of thieves in the picture. They refused to lose caste, even in celluloid. When Butler finally gave in, the Arabs began calling him "Effendi"—meaning something like honorable gentleman in Arabian. Eddie Cantor, the star

"Now wait a minute, Mrs. Zebra. What's your hurry? Stop and catch your breath. Look at your little Colt—he's winded and all of a lather! You really shouldn't let a baby get so hot."

"I'll fix him up, though. Just leave it to your Uncle Dudley. A good rub-down with gentle, cooling Johnson's Baby Powder and he'll be fit as a fiddle and rar'in to go again."

"Imagine, Mother—Mrs. Zebra has been trying to raise a baby without Johnson's Baby Powder!... She'd no idea how to stop chafes, rashes and prickly heat. Seems odd in this day and age, doesn't it?"

"I love the feel of Johnson's Baby Powder—it's so much softer and finer than lots of powders. Keeps my skin just perfect... And perfect condition, Mothers, is the skin's best protection against infection. Johnson's Baby Powder contains no coarse, scratchy particles—it's made entirely of finest Italian talc—no orris-root. Your baby needs Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too—and if he's very young, the new Johnson's Baby Oil, which is stainless, pleasantly fragrant and cannot turn rancid."

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER
Francia White, California-born songstress who sang with Nelson Eddy on the Vicks show last year, abandoned the West this summer to join Don Voorhees on the Cavalcade of Music program, heard Wednesdays at 8 p.m. on CBS.

of the picture, wondered why he wasn't being called "Efendi," too. It was explained that Eddie didn't deserve the title, because he's only playing a lowly Arab. From now on, says Mr. Cantor, he'll read the scripts for his pictures with greater care. He can't afford to lose caste, either!

Radio fans are doing away with autograph books and using candid cameras in their stead. After the Show Boat airing the other day, Virginia Verrill wasn't asked to sign a single autograph, but on coming out of the broadcasting station was met by a battery of fourteen candid cameras. However, some of the fans still prefer the good old John Henry—though not in autograph books. Charles Winninger was handed a live turtle and a knife when he came out—with the request to carve his name on the animal.

Here's the lowdown on why Buddy Westmore took that surprise plane trip to New York when Martha was there. Seems that when Buddy called his bride at her hotel one day, Martha's mama answered the phone. She informed Buddy that if he was calling to ask Martha to finance a trip to New York for himself, he might as well hang up. The infuriated Buddy did just that—and called up brother Ernie Westmore. Ernie then called Mama Raye, gave her a good piece of his mind, and then bought Buddy a plane ticket East.

Too bad if in-law trouble breaks up that happy couple.

We hear that when Buddy arrived, Martha's mama kept insinuating that he ought to go home. And that Buddy kept insinuating that he intended to stay. Which is just what he did—and Mr. and Mrs. Westmore sneaked off for a week's second honeymoon between New York and California—and alone.

Joan Crawford was furiously knitting between scenes of The Bride Wore Red, her current picture. She completed six baby blankets, all told. And they're for the Gary Coopers, the Robert Youngs and Irene Hervey and Allan Jones—all of whom expect to be proud parents pretty soon now. Joan always knits two sweaters—one pink and one blue, just in case.

Tyrone Power was coming out of the Fox commissary the other day when a girl rushed up to him. "May I have your autograph, Mr. Cantor?" she asked. At least, that's Eddie's story!

The liveliest set in town was on Bobby Breen's new picture, Make a Wish. There were one hundred and sixty children in it. One day cameramen were nearly wild when they discovered some ten thousand dollars' worth of film missing, which had been packed in flat tin boxes. The film was finally discovered—being used by the boys
as first, second and third base markers for their ball game!

When Dorothy Lamour's not at the mike, she can be found out at the Samuel Goldwyn Studios, hard at work on her new picture, *Hurricane*. Dorothy's really taking a terrible beating out there, due to the thirty-two powerful wind-machines which can produce a hurricane at the touch of a switch. For her long hair gets so tangled on every shot that it takes three combers to yank the knots out of the Lamour locks.

The other day at a rehearsal of the Chase and Sanborn show, Bobby Armbruster turned to the crowning Dorothy and yelled: "Pianissimo, Dorothy!" Dorothy's expression gave way to one of absolute blankness. Husband Herb Kaye, who was visiting at the time, doubled up with laughter, then finally cried: "Softer, you hog, softer!" And that, said Herb, shows how much influence he's had on the little woman. For Herbie, you know, is an orchestra leader from way back.

Charlie Butterworth is turning into the life of the party around town. The other night the frozen-faced comedian was spotted at a gay night-spot, escorting no less than six lovely ladies. The manager was so impressed that he presented Charlie with a straw hat, lavishly trimmed with parsley, carrots and butterflies, which Mr. B. wore all through dinner. Later, he did a tap-dance which would have put Fred Astaire to shame. But only because Charles insisted that it was Fred who taught it to him.

Hollywood's radio colony will be increased by some fifty persons when the One Man's Family lands in town. And all the Hollywood hillsides are being scoured by the cast. None of them are objecting to long-term leases on homes, so it looks like the Family will not go back to San Francisco at all.

You won't have to wait for television to see Hollywood Hotel in person. For Warner Brothers are hard at work right now on a picture by that name. Campbell's gave them permission to use the title for the novel pitcher, providing the studio would include an actual Orchid Room feature. So you'll be seeing Frances Langford, Jerry Cooper, Igor Gorin, Anne Janisson, Ken Niles, Raymond Paige and Louella Parsons, all in yellow.

Since the Freddie Bartholomew feud still hasn't been settled at Metro Studios, the younger who's pulling down the highest salary on the lot is Judy Garland. After making that success in Broadway Melody of 1928, Judy was given a raise in salary—and a picture of her own. She'll be starred in Swing Fever. But Judy's not having any extra trouble with her budget on account of it. She still gets a weekly allowance of fifty cents.

When Al Pearce left the East for California, one of his box voyage gifts came from Henry Ford. It was a shiny new car—with a note from Henry explaining that though it had the body of a Ford, it had the spirit of a Lincoln. And the license reads "CBS—2 PM"—just so Al wouldn't forget the time and place of his broadcasts.

---

**Prelude to Allure...**

**THIS LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING**

A LOVELY DENVER BRIDE WRITES—"What a pity that every girl doesn't bathe with Cashmere Bouquet! For this deep-cleansing perfumed soap removes body odor so completely... keeps you so sweet and clean. And then Cashmere Bouquet leaves its flower-like perfume clinging to your skin. No wonder Cashmere Bouquet is called the 'lovelier way to avoid offending'!"

SO BEFORE YOU GO STEPPING OUT, take this wise precaution! Bathe with Cashmere Bouquet—the perfumed soap that keeps you fragrantly dainty! Long after your bath, Cashmere Bouquet's lingering perfume still surrounds you. But remember that only o perfume as rare as Cashmere Bouquet's has this lingering quality. You won't find it in ordinary scented soaps.

**MARVELOUS FOR YOUR COMPLEXION, TOO!**

This pure, creamy-white soap has such gentle, caressing lather. Yet it removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics—keeps your skin alluringly smooth, radiantlly clear!

NOW ONLY 10¢ at drug, department and ten-cent store!

**TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP**

---

—LOIS SVENSRUD.
push and push until it opened—and having it suddenly give way, hurling you inside with such force that it left you off balance—I am still impressed by how easily you were unburdened, but the remuneration was small so he decided to audition at NBC and soon found himself signing on the dotted line. Actually, the contract was of little value, as there was no emolument connected with it, merely limited him to the NBC's talent pool. Today, Tyrone was as eagerly hankering as presented itself of demonstrating his ability. He read the comics, he played an occasional small part in the Grand Hotel program, he read commercials. Except that it marked the beginning of his friendship with Don Ameche, whom he has been associated in pictures, he had little to show for the passing weeks.

His only real break was when he was engaged to play in Florence, starring Eugene Leontovich, and at the conclusion of the play's eight-week run, he decided he had better continue his interrupted trip to New York.

More disappointments awaited him in that city, but he was fortunate in being the guest of Michael Strange, poet and playwright, and her friend, Hayward Tweed. The Tweeds were more than helpful to their young house guest, but were far from realizing his actual financial state. Tyrone was elated when he had a chance to appear on an NBC program and cheerfully worked from 8th Street to 34th. At least, he thought, he could ride back! But at the conclusion of the broadcast, he was informed a check would be mailed to him. Swallowing his disappointment, he waved an airy okay—after all, walking was good exercise!

After that, he appeared several times on the Roses and Drums program. More recently, he was featured in a skit on Rudy Vallée's show. But radio was to prove no open sesame to fame. However, while Tyrone was desperately hanging on, unwilling to write home for help or to leave New York, what he still considered the best break he ever had was right around the corner. Helen Menken, with whom he had played in Chicago, had talked to Gifford Mcclintock, famous stage director and husband of Katharine Cornell, about young Power and Tyrone received a call from him and was immediately signed to understudy Burgess Meredith, who was playing the lead in Flowers of the Forest, starring Katharine Cornell.

When the play closed, Miss Cornell saw that Tyrone had a contract for the next season, and he returned to Cincinnati for weeks' rehearsal with his mother, with the pleasing consciousness of that precious paper rustling in his pocket.

"It was like Miss Cornell to realize what it would mean to me to have the actual contract in my possession," Tyrone commented. "She is the most understanding person...

Tyrone played Bonelio in Miss Cornell's production of Romeo and Juliet that fall. After a few weeks with a summer stock company at West Falmouth, Mass., Tyrone played Romeo. A Hollywood tale repeats itself—talent scouts caught up with him, endeavoring to entice him back to the cinema city. Tyrone, however, continued with Katharine Cornell a while longer, playing with her in St. Joan and profiting immeasurably by her sound advice and counsel.

But he took time out for a screen test, and Darryl Zanuck of 20th Century-Fox was quick to realize that the boy had something. The gates that had seemed so formidable swung open and Tyrone found himself inside. Lloyds of London was his first big opportunity. Almost overnight, the movie world was Tyrone Power conscious, the girls and women crazy about him, the fan mail piling up. But Tyrone is much more than a handsome boy, a boy with that mysterious appeal that women of all ages find so irresistible. He has looks and physical attraction to a degree, but above and beyond that, he is an actor. Seasoned critics and fine actors have recognized his ability and are confident that he is tops among the younger actors and will remain tops.

And Tyrone himself has not been bewildered or misled by his quick success, but is intent on forging ahead, on striving for further achievement. As a matter of fact, he prefers character parts, something he can get a grip on. In a role of the handsome leading man type, he is ill-at-ease, self-conscious. What he wants is not just to photograph well, but a chance to act.

"A few years ago," he admits, "if anyone had asked me if I'd like to be right where I am now, I would have thought it was the ultimate goal. It was what I longed for, dreamt of. But it is like anything else—you when reach one goal, you see another beyond it. There is always something more to strive for..."

That is why he likes the forceful part he has in In Old Chicago. And why he is very much excited about the radio opportunity which is his last—under World of Opera sponsorship, on the NBC network, he is to do a series of half-hour plays and not only to have the lead but to have a voice in selecting his vehicles. It is a thrilling opportunity, to a boy of twenty-three.

It is the habit of movie studios and
press agents, these days, to manufacture romances for their young actors and ac-
resses. Because of his popularity and natural interest in the opposite sex, Tyrone s excellent material. His romance with Sonja Henie began this way, as a good press story for their picture, Thin Ice. Ofentimes, such an artificial romance leads to a real love story; sometimes it leads to a broken heart—sometimes it remains merely a press story, no more.

In this case, Tyrone and Sonja came to be genuinely fond of each other, real friends, enjoying their companionship and, perhaps, ignoring for a while deeper implications. It seems likely now that Sonja's emotions were the more deeply involved of the two. In any case, this romance, rumored on and off so many times by the press, is not likely to lead to marriage, for while Tyrone is no more fickle than any other boy of his age, he definitely is not ready for marriage and his tastes change, his attentions wander from one pretty girl to another.

When I suggested that the two girls he is most with, certainly Sonja and Loretta Young, seemed to me as different as two girls could be, Sonja being the forthright sportswoman and business woman, the almost masculine type, while gracious and gentle Loretta was essentially the languid, clinging vine type, Tyrone agreed, "That's another reason why I shouldn't marry," he grinned.

After a moment, he went on; "I still believe that some day I'll meet a girl who combines all the qualities I like. A professional woman, probably—and I don't mean necessarily an actress, but a girl who is doing something, who has that quality of awareness peculiar to people who lead active lives of one sort or another . . . ."

There is one quality Tyrone is particularly wary of and that is possessiveness. He doesn't want to be "the world and all" to any woman, the center of her interests, the hub of her universe. That is one reason why a girl with a career appeals to him, for her interests are necessarily divided and she would be less demanding than the girl who was merely wife and sweetheart.

Tyrone is very independent, somewhat self-willed, occasionally stubborn. He has to live his own life, to shape it as he thinks best, to feel free, not bound to anyone's apron-strings. After years of devoting herself entirely to Tyrone, of being absorbed in his welfare, his development, his mother has found it necessary to adjust herself to this independence of spirit. Not that he isn't grateful for all she has done—he is thoroughly appreciative, utterly devoted. But he is at the age which has to make its own mistakes, abide by its own decisions. And the girl who falls in love with him would be wise to recognize that only a loose rein will serve in holding this spirited young man.

In spite of his youth, he is wise in his way of living, investing his money carefully through "Uncle Frank" Adams, the friend and financial adviser who stood by him in the lean years.

He lives quietly with his mother in Beverly Hills.

"Probably I am the only actor in Hollywood who has neither a swimming pool nor a bar!" he remarked.

He is a loyal friend. Tommy Noonan, his stand-in and pal, was a former schoolmate, and he has kept in touch with other boyhood friends. He did splurge to the extent of buying a Cord, but though he likes a good time as well as the next fellow, he is working too hard to have much time for sports or for night clubs. He loathes parties where people always say the same things, but enjoys a twosome or foursome for dinner and dancing.

He is, when all is said and done, a normal, talented boy, his ingratiating ways, his charming manners, his gay good humor and love for fun offset by a keen conception of what he wants of life, a strong determination to reach his goal, a sense of values, strengthened by vivid memories of the lean and difficult years. He won't waste time fighting windmills, but he won't let anyone divert him from the path he has chosen.

Success is his goal and his excellent training, plus his native ability, have him well on the road. When he decides upon marriage, he will bring the same qualities to it and the girl he chooses will be lucky, indeed.

"Of course, you can theorize," he summed it up lightly, "and make up your mind to do this or not to do that, but it is always possible something will happen to change your mind. I mean it when I say I don't want to marry, for lots of reasons—and good reasons! But if I happened to meet somebody, I might feel differently—tomorrow!"

"Or even today?" I suggested.

He grinned. "Or even today!" he admitted, after a moment.
FREE! MEASURING GLASS WORTH 35¢

FREE WITH ZONITE

Use Zonite For—

1. BAD BREATH—Gargle, rinse, brush teeth with Zonite dilution. Zonite removes causes of halitosis—kills tobacco breath, even onion breath!

2. DANDRUFF—Zonite actually destroys dandruff and all scalp germs—
at contact! Ends nasty scalp odor. Use Zonite scalp treatment when washing head.

3. CUTS AND WOUNDS—Zonite kills many kinds of germs, not just one or two. Then tissues heal in less time! Apply Zonite wet dressing at once.

4. SORE THROAT—Zonite kills "cold bugs" at start! First sign of irritation, gargle every 2 hrs. with Zonite dilution.

5. "ATHLETE'S FOOT"—Zonite treatment gives quick relief from itching. For prevention, bathe feet in Zonite solution.

Offer limited. Get yours while they last—at your druggist!

RADIO STARS

FAYE FOR GOOD LUCK

(Continued from page 28)

will and genuine courage give force to her character. There also is an underlying moodiness, a throbbing of the superficial gaiety belies. When I saw her, after her accident, the wide blue eyes still mirrored fear at her narrow escape, her tenderly curved mouth quivered nervously, her slim, long-fingered hands tore at her fastening first. So much that she had worked and striven for had almost eluded her, almost slipped from those sensitive, eager fingers. But her chin was up, she was ready for her cue, ready with a bright smile, a toss of her honey-colored head, a dance on the stage, to sing in her warm contralto:

"You can't have everything—"

Alice was born in New York City on May 5th, 1915. Her ancestors on both sides were Americans from Colonial days. Before World War I, France and Germany, England and Ireland mingled, ultimately to produce this quicksilver girl with the Irish smile and Irish moodiness. There never was any idea beneath her mop of blonde hair but to play make-believe, to play theatre. School she endured as long as she had to. She went ice-skating in Central Park, she rode a bicycle, learned to swim—still her favorite sport—and otherwise disposed herself as any healthy, growing girl. But by the time she was eleven, dancing school had thrilled her and ambition had begun to stir beneath her curls.

At thirteen, she registered at the Ziegfeld Follies offices for chorus work and was called for a tryout. Her disappointment, when she was turned down on account of her youth, was extreme. But she kept on with her dancing, appearing in several big entertainments, perfecting her tap routines, and a year later had an engagement with the Chester Hale unit at the Capitol Theatre. Thrilled, she broke the news to her family. They yielded reluctantly to her persservations and Alice was definitely embarked upon her chosen career.

The family name of Leppert had been discarded. Faye was chosen because Franke Fay was a bright and shining star on Broadway at that time and Alice thought it might bring her luck. Not in the least superstitious, Alice yet had a deep inferiority complex. Taking the new name gave her an assurance she sorely needed. But strains enough, even after years of steadily mounting success, she stands as much in need of outside assurance today as she did then. The fact that she has made the name Alice Faye famous, that she is today a star in her own right, with no need to lean on someone else's name, has not increased her self-confidence. Her family, her friends, her associates still frequently have to boost her spirits, to bolster her faltering ego. Success came too hard, there were too many hours of dark disillusionment for her to believe it is real, enduring.

After her first appearance on the Chesterfield program, she was convinced that she was no good, certain that she could not go on again. But, although her acciden-
Disappointing Rough Hands made Soft, White and Young!

HANDS LOOK OLD when the skin cells lose their special beautifying moisture, but Jergens soon replaces the lost moisture, because it goes into the skin.

NOW "WE'RE GOING TO BE MARRIED"

YOUNG, soft hands—romantic hands—have a rich supply of moisture in the skin cells.

Look out! Wind, cold, even ordinary use of water—tend to dry out that moisture. Then your hands are soon like old hands—rough, much coarser!

Jergens Lotion helps prevent this, because it sinks in, replaces lost moisture. Of all lotions tested, Jergens goes in the most completely. Even neglected hands soon regain youthful softness! Jergens’ two ingredients are used by many doctors to make harsh, rough or chapped skin soft and white. For lovely hands—use Jergens every time you’ve had your hands in water. Only 50c, 25c, 10c—$1.00 for the large economy size—at any beauty counter.

FREE! PURSE-SIZE JERGENS!

See for yourself at our expense how Jergens soaks into the skin—soon softens and whitens dry, rough hands.

MAIL THIS COUPON

Andrew Jergens Co., 1635 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O. (In Canada, Perth, Ontario.)

I’d like to try Jergens Lotion. Please send me—free—my purse-size trial bottle.

Name__________________________

Street_________________________

City___________________________

State___________________________

61
THE SAME GIRL

Dr. TAYTON's DRY SKIN
Smoothed Nature's Way

Here's the Amazing New Beauty Cream That Both Cleanses and Dissolves Dry Scaliness First Application

Both a Cleansing and Night Cream

At last science has found a way to both cleanse and help combat Dry, Rough, Aging Skin, Shiny Nose, Blackheads and Enlarged Pores.

Beauty editors are writing about it! Thousands praise it! . . . The very first application of this new beautifier

TAYTON’S CREAM releases precious ingredients, triple whipped that melt away dry, dead, scaly cells that cling, causing roughness, lines to show more plainly and powder to flake off. Stimulates underskin.

Awakens sleepy tissue,醪esanuss oil glands. Lubricates dryness. Aids nature like oils of youth do to bring out new, live, fresh skin... softer, younger looking—very more attractive.

MAKE THIS THRILLING NEW BEAUTY TEST UNDER GUARANTEE

TAYTON’S CREAM is the most advanced cleaning and beauty cream known to the cosmetic art and you can prove it under money-back guarantee. Give your skin these thrilling new beauty benefits:

Get at 10c or 25c jar guaranteed TAYTON’S CREAM at your 10c store today. Use it to cleanse with and also as a night cream. It must make your skin smoother, softer. Look younger the first application, powder stay on longer, make-up go on more smoothly, or your money will be refunded.

If your 10c store has not as yet stocked TAYTON’S CREAM and other beauty preparations refuse a substitute and ask the manager to get TAYTON’S for you.

NEW GLAMOUR MAKE-UP

Latest rage! New ravishing, double colored eyelid makeup gives you glamorous appeal. Get TAYTON’S new non-smudge LIPSTICK, new blending BUDGE and signed-off POWDER. See TAYTON’S color chart in 10c stores. Ask for TAYTON’S and discover the new Hollywood make-up thrill!

At 10c Stores

TAYTON
An Old English Name

RADIO STARS

Holidays over, Kate Smith says goodbye to Chief Two Young Men, in Banff, Canada, to return to her Thursday night programs over the CBS network.

friends quickly and keeps them forever.

"She is grand to work with, a wonderful girl, a real team player, a great gal," are the sort of comments you hear when you wander around asking people what they think of Alice Faye. "She's swell." And the way they say those two words is a paean of praise any girl might well be proud of.

Recently an extra on the lot lost her purse. The story had hardly got around when an envelope appeared, with the missing sum. Because the girl thought the thief had repented and returned the cash, an investigation was started. Presently they uncovered the fact that it was Alice who, hearing the story and sensing the girl's need, had tucked the bills into an envelope. Accused of making the anonymous gift, Alice shrugged: "What the heck? I've got plenty of money."

Money is, in fact, the least of her concerns. Of course she enjoys what she has. She loves beautiful clothes—although, as a matter of fact, she dresses very simply, wearing, for the most part, tailored suits and print dresses—and it is nice to be able to indulge whims, whether they are for expensive perfumes or for making others happy. Mostly, she wants to be really good in her profession, to dance and sing to the satisfaction of movie and radio fans—and some day, perhaps, to be able to travel and to play enough to make up for the young girlhood she sacrificed on the altar of her career. For she knows now that fourteen is too young to go to work, to embark upon such a demanding profession. But she really wouldn't have it otherwise. Thus, after all, is what she wanted, what she still wants above everything.

"As long as they want me," and there is an underlying pathos in the words—that inferiority complex again—"I'll be around.

In explanation of her style of singing, of putting over a song, she says: "People want you natural, I think."

And that, above all, is what Alice Faye is. In spite of the glamour of her success, in spite of Hollywood's glittering whirligig, "I have never been wowed," she said. "In spite of superficial changes, Alice remains the same girl she always has been, so lacking in artificiality that it is almost startling. She wears very little make-up, a dash of lipstick, her long lashes slightly darkened, her soft amber curls brushed lightly from her face.

Her manner is direct, sincere. She will do nothing for effect, anything for a friend.

Comparisons are always invidious and it is unfortunate that Alice has so frequently been compared to Jean Harlow, that her hair was platinum, at first, that now her biggest role should be inherited from Jean, so untimely removed from the Hollywood screen. But Alice is determined to be herself, to make the role her own and to prove that no jinx shadows her career.

"Anyone might have fallen," she said sturdily, referring to her tumble down the studio stairs.

Anyone might have fallen, but not many would have pulled themselves together again and carried on as determinedly as Alice. Wonderland, for her, is a land of hard work, a land where you can't let the other fellow down, a land where you have got to do always a little bit more than is expected of you, never less. So Alice girls on her armor, shuts her house door carefully on her moods, dons a gay smile, her lips curved merrily over some new wisecrack, her eyes shining with her eagerness to please, with gratefulness for the warm response with which her efforts always are met, with gratitude for all and sundry who have helped her in whatever way, and an eager hand outstretched to help in return.

If you have seen only the play-girl, you are looking at the picture the wrong way. Turn it about—hold it in front of the mirror—and see the blithe and valiant girl, earnest, hard-working, almost too anxious to please.

The piper plays and Alice dances—and loves it. But beneath the glamorous exterior is the little Faye girl, wondering if it is real, if it will last—if you really like her!

She strives to please and there is nothing half-hearted about her striving. How well she succeeds, you can discover by a flick of your dial these Friday evenings.

Personally, I think that Alice, however much she thinks she would like to run away and play, will be with us a long time yet.
"Then, a few months later, I was offered a job in a show, and the next day Joe called me and offered me a job with WOR. I should have known then that the joy I felt in turning him down meant something! But I didn’t know much about psychology and such things as over-reaction, in those days, and didn’t realize how important he was to me, even then.

"Funny about psychological reactions, how some of them work against you and others for you. When a child, I adored my father and mother above all reason, and justly so. It seemed to me that no other children had such parents as mine, so generous and fine and full of kindly humor. "I remember how I loved hearing them talk Russian at home (for they had come to this country after they were grown) and how softly the language fell from their lips.

"They spoke with an accent, and I realize now how fascinating that accent of my mother’s is, with its little way of slurring certain words and turning T’s into S’s and Z’s, and how charming her friends find it today, just as they did when I was a child. But to me it was different from the way the mothers of my school chums talked and, because children are the most conventional, undiscerning little wretches on the face of the globe, I agonized over it.

"Strange, isn’t it, but it was that stupid, childish reaction that is responsible for my success in radio today, for it made me important to me that I did everything I could to improve my voice and speech. It was the thing that always meant so much to me and it’s because I gave it so much thought and worked so hard with it, that it has brought its own measure of success to me.

"It was just as well that I didn’t know so much about psychology then, for I would have realized that I was compensating in working so hard on my voice and probably would have laughed at myself and done nothing about it. But if I had known more about it when I first met Joe, I would have had so many more happy years with him.

"But I didn’t know how important he was to me, during all those years. We used to meet sometimes in the studios, but I thought it was just a friendly interest we had in each other that used to make the room seem to come alive, just because he was in it, and when we met on the street I thought it was just that his conversation happened to be interesting to me that made me stand on and talking to him.

"Joe says that he always knew just how he felt about me but that I gave him no encouragement. But I didn’t know I loved him. I must have expected that a goon would sound or bells would ring, or something, when I fell in love!

"There was the time I did Joan of Arc for the Eureaday Hour and I got such a kick out of doing it and I was so disappointed afterwards because nobody called to congratulate me. But Joe called, early the next morning, and somehow, after that, it didn’t matter that no one else had. He..."

"You’re all the family
I’ve got, Molly-o"

"I don’t want you to come down with a bad cold. We’re going to tackle it right now—at that very first sneeze. I’ll just put a few drops of this Vicks VA-TRO-NOL right up your nose.

"Now the other side.

"There. Doesn’t that feel fine! Notice how clear and comfortable it makes your head. Bet you couldn’t sneeze now if you wanted to!

"Sure, Mummy does all this when she’s here. But, shucks, I’ve got to keep up with the times, too, if I’m going to take care of a young lady all by myself.

"You know, Honey, Vicks made this Va-tro-nol on purpose for people’s noses, cause that’s where 3 out of 4 colds start.

"Even when I forget and wait till my own head is stuffed up tight, just a few drops are generally enough to let me breathe nice and easy again. And if you get after the cold early, like I’m doing with yours, why, lots of times it never does grow up into a real cold.

"Course, some colds are plumb stubborn and get by no matter what you do. If you don’t feel all better tonight, we’ll get out the good old Vicks VA-TRO-NOL and VAPORUB and give your chest and back a good rubbing, like Mummy does. Remember how good it made you feel that night when you started coughing?

"There’s nothing like VapoRub when you’re tight and achy with a cold. You seem to feel it working right through your skin and all the time you’re breathing in those grand Vicks vapors. Before you know it, you’re sound asleep just as if you’d never had a cold at all.”

Molly’s father certainly knows what to do about colds. He must have read the special folder that comes in each Vicks package—"Vicks Plan for Better Control of Colds in the Home."

In the largest clinical tests ever made on colds—tests in which 17,353 people were subjects—Vicks Plan cut sickness from colds more than half! Va-tro-nol and VapoRub are the only medications used in Vicks Plan. You’ll find it a simple, practical guide that any mother (or daddy) can easily follow.

VICKS
VA-TRO-NOL
For direct application to nose
and upper throat where
most colds start.

VAPORUB
For double direct application
stimulation-inhalation if a cold
should develop

OVER 9 MILLION VICK AIDS USED
YEARLY FOR BETTER CONTROL OF COLDs

63
FELLOWS NEVER LOOKED AT HER until she found a way to add 11 LBS. QUICK with IRONIZED YEAST.

NEVER HAD A DATE WHEN SHE WAS THIN. NOW EVERYBODY MAKES REMARKS ABOUT HER BETTER LOOKS, AND SHE HAS ALL THE DATES SHE WANTS!

"TKNOW what it is to be skinny and pale. The fellows never look at you. Finally I got ironized Yeast tablets. Soon I felt a lot peppy, my skin got smooth and in just 6 weeks I gained eleven pounds. Everybody says how pretty I've gotten and I have all the dates I want."—Elda Craig, Lancaster, S. C.

Thousands gain 10 to 25 lbs.

Skinny, friends girls who never could gain an ounce have easily gained 10 to 25 pounds, normally rounder curves, this new easy way—in just a few weeks. What is more, this new discovery has given them naturally healthy, normally lovely color, new pep and charm, loads of new friendships and popularity.

In fact, they discovered that many are thin and run-down simply because they do not get enough vital vitamins and minerals and nutrition in the foods they eat.

These vital elements you may look appetize and not eat the most body building 2% of what you eat. One of the finest sources of marvelous health-building Vitamin B1 is the special yeast used in making English ale.

Now by a new and costly process perfected after 10 years of research, this vitamin from this imported English ale yeast is concentrated to 7 times their strength in ordinary yeast. This 7 times greater vitamin concentration is then combined with three kinds of strength-building iron, organic, ironically, and ironically (ironically) in ironized English ale yeast. Finally, for your protection and benefit—every batch of Ironized Yeast is tested and rejected homogenitously, to insure its full vitamin strength.

The result is this new easy-to-take, marvelously effective little Ironized Yeast tablets which have helped thousands of the skinniest people who needed their vital elements quickly to gain just the normally attractive pounds, mental development and energy they longed for.

Make this money-back test

If, with the very first package of Ironized Yeast, you don't begin to eat better and get more enjoyment and health from food, we don't think this offer is for you. We don't want you to feel more strength, pep and energy—if you are not absolutely convinced of the truth of this great claim, send us back the whole package. We will give you the pounds of normally attractive flesh you need—your money will be promptly refunded. No, get Ironized Yeast today.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a glimpse of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new look on health, "New Facts about Your Body." Hesitations result with the very first package—or money refunded. At all drugists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 314, Atlanta, Ga.

WARNING: Beware of the many cheap substitutes for this successful formula. Be sure you get the genuine IRONIZED YEAST.

always called me after every important show and I waited for those calls, but if anyone had asked me how I felt about him then, I would have insisted he was the nearest acquaintance, and believed it, too.

On one occasion, that morning we met in one of the studios and I sat in her car and she drove us to go back to a show. We went to Jones Beach and spent the day there and afterwards we had dinner and drove back to the city. It was different after that. I knew Joe was important.

"We have so much in common. That's awfully important in marriage, I think, speaking the same language and understanding each other thoroughly. And we both are radio people who have pioneered and worked so long that we feel we have sort of a prior right to it.

"Always before, when I had a date with a man, I would take it for granted that he would take me out to dinner or to a theatre or dancing. But it was different with Joe. I didn't want him to take me places. I used to come home and cook dinner for him, and sitting around, talking with him, was more exciting than going any place in the world. And I realized that it's only with men that you don't care for that you need the glamorous embellishments. When a man has glamour for you, that's all he needs.

"I had been planning a trip to Havana, and went on with my plans, but when I spent all my time there just missing Joe, there was only one solution and we accepted it. We got married."

Only really happy women look the way Rosaline Greene looks when she speaks about her marriage and the new world it has opened for her. For it is a world a man and a woman have created for themselves, a world truly glamorous because it is built on reality.

They supplement each other, these two, just as their work does, for they work in the same medium, without being competitors.

But, even more than all that, is that knowledge they have of each other, that getting to know each other so slowly and so surely in the years that went into building their marriage that they liked each other before they loved each other and that they admire each other's instincts and qualities.

"Joe is tall and dark and charming," Rosaline says, describing him. "And he has a genius for human contacts. So few men bother to be gracious, or have social consciousness, but he has so much of it and is so warm and friendly and interested in everyone."

And Rosaline's courage and stamina that endeared her to Joseph Barnett from that first moment of meeting him, when she sat in his office, so small and serious, and outlined her ambitious plans to him.

There was a time when Rosaline didn't need courage. That was before she had it. That time when she was a kid, out in Hemstead, Long Island, and her father owned a big department store there and they lived in a lovely, gracious house and owned one of the first cars to come out on the market, and there was a governness to look after her and her four brothers and sisters. In those days her courage resolved itself in being a sort of super tomboy, who didn't hesitate at any physical feat to prove herself as athletic and spunky as any of her brothers, that drove her into becoming the expert swimmer and sportswoman she is today.

But there's another kind of courage that isn't as spectacular or as colorful as physical daring and Rosaline proved that she had that kind, too. The quiet, inward courage that many people miss but that is hidden deep in a person's character.

Many a girl would have felt beaten by fate and given up, when, used to money and the things money will buy, it was all taken away from her at the time when she needed it most, and wanted it most. That was the case with her. When her father lost his money, just at the time she had planned to enter college, she just went ahead and worked her way through.

Radio was nothing in those days, but she was fascinated by it and got a job with the WGY studio in Schenectady. It was going to college in Albany, so it meant an hour and a half trolley ride, twice a week, to earn the $7.50 a week she got for those early broadcasts, getting the rest of the money she needed by typing manuscripts.

It's this mixture of talent and courage and utter femininity that has given Rosaline the place she holds in radio today.

She enjoys her work on the Charm Hour and has never ceased to wonder at the philosophy that exists between Phil Spitalny and the thirty girls who make up his orchestra.

"The spirit shown in that outfit is incredible," she says.

"Those thirty girls are all such good friends, and not one of them ever has displayed a single jealous or catty instinct. Phil Spitalny deserves a lot of credit for this, both in picking the right type of girl and in maintaining that smooth unity that exists among them. He's awfully smart in lauding those girls. He never shows partiality toward any of them and he's always so quick to praise them when they have put across a particularly good performance.

"It's the little nice little things, too, and women like that in a man. Whenever anyone of them has a new hat or new dress, he always comments on it. Sometimes he doesn't like the dress or hat and he tells them so, and his opinion counts with them. He never shows partiality toward any of them and he's always so quick to praise them when they have put across a particularly good performance.

"It was such a privilege, being associated with Mrs. Roosevelt," she says, and her face reflects her admiration. "She is a real human being, warm and generous, with a grand sense of humor. Her vitality is astonishing and she is very much interested in her children and she changes her scripts up to the very moment she is going on the air. She is much more in earnest and sincere about it than many people whose careers and livelihood depend on it.

"Absolutely without affection, she is
affable and gracious and has a genuine love for people that shows in everything she says and does. "And her simplicity should be a lesson to lesser individuals, who wrap themselves around with pretensions and grandeur."

"NBC had put aside a special elevator for her use, but I doubt if she knew she was being privileged, as there always was a group of friends with her and that private car always was well filled."

"The first evening after her broadcast, an imposing majordomo came hurrying toward her, as she got out of the elevator, and told her that he'd take her to her car."

"But Mrs. Roosevelt just smiled in that bright, frank way of hers and said: 'I haven't any car. We'll walk!' And left him staring after her incredulously."

"That sort of simplicity, so utterly devoid of affectation, is a heart-warming thing to see in anyone in her position. Talent and brains notwithstanding, heart is what is needed in human beings, and I am afraid enough people don't know it."

Rosaline Greene knows about heart, though, just as she knows of all the other worthwhile things that go to make a real human being. Thirteen years ago, when she was a girl starting in college, she hitched her ambition to a star—a small, unimportant star that turned out to be that dazzling comet, radio, streaking up the sky to world-wide importance. But she hitched her heart to other things, to simplicity and graciousness and understanding, and that was the ballast that kept her firm in the giddy flight to success.

---

**Glazos stunning “sunfast” colors wear days longer**

Broadway hit or neighborhood movie...when you're stepping out with your own leading man for an evening of gay entertainment...you'll want to play up your own glamour with a Glazo manicure.

In exciting “Misty” colors, Glazo lends new allure to your hands...dramatic accents to smart costumes. Enhance the beauty of your fingertips with any one of these misty, smoky shades—Shell or Old Rose, Thistle, Rust or Russet, Suntan, Dahlia, or Imperial Red—and rejoice in the admiration of your spectators.

A lasting joy is Glazo to the well-groomed girl. For its lustre lingers on the nail...defying sun to fade it or the day's activities to chip or peel it. And every drop in that economical, new, larger 25-cent bottle remains smooth, free-flowing to the end.

To score in your Personal Appearance, wear Glazo's misty tints.
HOW SWEET IS HOME SWEET HOME?

(Continued from page 41)

birthday party." Miss Swarthout laughed. Then she added, with that serious charm that is characteristic of her: "However, I shall always love Deepwater. For the inhabitants are among my most loyal radio and picture fans. At least I fifty percent of the population has written to me. They seemed to take a personal pride in the little Swarthout girl, who was born in their own town. And that makes me very happy, even if I could never wish to return to Deepwater to live."

Lanny Ross, beloved by all of us, would not wish to go back to live in his home town, either. But the Packard star's reasons are entirely different from the prima donna's. "I wouldn't want to return to Seattle, anyway, to live," Lanny said slowly, "because I'm afraid all the wonderful things I remember wouldn't live up to my memory of them."

"I'll never forget fishing in the lake there," Lanny said. "It was one of my greatest delights as a boy. Then, I can still remember the time I had an ice on the hill in the summertime. I often think of the days I sold holly in Seattle, in the winter. What wonderful times we had in those days! There were sixty children on our street—just think of it—sixty! And we played games in the quiet summer evenings. Surely there's no place in the world where children can have such fun as in Seattle! I like to keep the old dream perfect," handsome Lanny declared quietly. "I wouldn't want to go back and find things weren't quite as ideal as I remember them.

"I left home first when I was four years old," he continued. "But I went back there and didn't leave for good until I was fourteen. My first trip to New York was made because my father appeared in the corps—play there. When I left again, it was to go to New York, too. But this time I was the hero of the occasion. I left to be a choir boy at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

Lanny looked out of the window thoughtfully. "I've never been back to visit Seattle," he said slowly. "Perhaps I'd feel differently, if I returned. Perhaps I'd like all the modern improvements so much that I'd be willing to exchange them for my old dreams. Perhaps! But I wouldn't take the chance. So I'll still say that I don't want to go back to Seattle to live."

Irene Wicker, The Singing Lady, whom you hear over NBC four times weekly, wouldn't like to return to her home town of Quincy, Illinois, to stay forever. "I wouldn't choose to do this," Irene told me. "I'd much prefer a typical, small Mid-Western town. The interests of the people there are simple. The inhabitants are wrapped up in their own activities. I couldn't be happy there, because of these reasons. Besides, I don't want to sound selfish, but my own interests have had to go in different directions since I left there. And too, I couldn't continue to grow broadly and develop, in Quincy. The facilities just aren't there."

"I left Quincy at fifteen, to go to the University of Illinois," Irene continued. "I took all the dramatic work there I could find. It was at college that I met Walter (The Singing Lady, in private life, is Mrs. Walter Wicker), and we were married when we were seventeen. Walter had to go to Florida; later we both went to Chicago; and now we're making our home in New York," Irene told me. "So I never did get back to Quincy to live. But when I lived in Chicago, I used to go back there, to visit sometimes, over week-ends. Walter and my two children and I would drive down there. Everyone was awfully nice and friendly to me. And I liked the peace of the place. But I was always glad to get back to work again," Irene said slowly.

"And now, that I'm living in New York and broadcasting almost daily, I don't see how I'll ever be able even to visit Quincy again. And I'd like to do that, even though I wouldn't like to go back home to live."

Phil Duy, the radio singer whose voice is such a joy to all of us, was asked: "Do you want to return to your town some day and live there permanently?" he replied: "I wouldn't care to do that. My home is a little farm near Macy, Indiana. Although I was brought up there and enjoyed the life, I certainly wouldn't want to return there to live permanently. Of course, Macy still is my beloved home town. I like to think of it and remember my experiences there. Yet I couldn't be as happy in Macy now, or at any future time, as I was a small boy.

"The main reason why I shouldn't like to return to my home town to live," Phil explained, "is that I would miss all the phases of the life I've found in New York: the people, the music, the parties—which I suppose most native New Yorkers take more or less for granted—have become almost indispensable to me. Besides, I've made many friends in this city. I'd miss them tremendously, were I to return to Indiana."

"In fact, I left home, in the first place, to go to New York, because my big ambition always was to make a niche for myself in the world of music. I felt that New York offered opportunities, which did not exist in my home town, to further that ambition. The event which actually precipitated my coming East was my winning, unexpectedly, a scholarship to study at the Juilliard School of Music in New York," Phil stated. "This was a chance I couldn't afford to pass up."

But now that he's a success in the big city, Phil Duy is glad to remain at his home town.

"I really make an annual pilgrimage to Macy," the radio star commented. "I love the country now as much as I did when I was a small boy, and then there is the added inducement of many old friends, who still enjoy life as it was in the county."

Irene Wicker and Walter Wicker both enjoy these visits to Macy, too. She and I grew up together, you know, on adjoining farms. And both of us retain close mutual friendships there. I now own the family homestead in which I passed my
boyhood, and my sister, Edith Dury, lives there," Phil told me. "My reception in Macy invariably is heart-warming. My old friends and my family make a delightful fuss about my being a product of Macy, and are nice enough to take a lively interest in my work. So I have a wonderful time in my home town, when I visit it, even though I wouldn’t care to live there permanently."

Lucille Manners, *Cities Service* star, is the one exception that proves the rule that radio stars wouldn’t like to return to their home towns to live. For Lucille, alone of the eight celebrities I questioned, said: "Yes, I’d like to live in Irvington forever some day. I call Irvington, New Jersey, my home town. For, although I was born in Newark, my family moved to Irvington when I was a baby. I’d like to live there, because my family and friends are there. And it’s nice to be around people you’ve known all your life," the blonde Miss Manners emuncted. "I only left Irvington because it was too inconvenient to travel back and forth to New York, and I have to be in New York for rehearsals and broadcasts."

Lucille explained. "But I often go back to visit. Why, just recently, I was the guest of honor at the alumni meeting of our high school. Everybody made a great fuss over me and I loved it," Lucille said naively.

But, I repeat, Miss Manners is the one exception who proves the rule! Moreover, she also is the sole celebrity I interviewed on this question who only became a star a few months ago. I wonder how she will feel ten years from now?

Joe Cook, comedian, was born in Evansville, Indiana. But: "Much as I like Evansville and my friends there, I couldn’t say that I’d like to go back and live there permanently," Joe declared. "You see, it wouldn’t be practical. Evansville is too far away from the center of show business and radio. And I hope to stay in these fields indefinitely. But I love Evansville. I’ve visited there many times, and still know a good many people in the town. I’ve even played in Evansville several times, and the people gave this local boy a big hand on each occasion. This was particularly kind of the folks," Joe continued, "because, after all, I was only a little boy when we moved away. I left because my mother sold her house there and moved to New York. And though I wouldn’t want to live in Indiana permanently, I certainly love my home town."

Rose Bampton, Metropolitan Opera star, who has sung on the *General Motors, Firestone*, Bing Crosby programs, and many other prominent radio shows, would never wish to live permanently in Cleveland, where she was born, or in Buffalo, where she went to school. "I don’t know which place you’d call your home town," the lovely, tall young singer declared laughingly. "But I wouldn’t care to return to either of them to stay forever. I have too many interests now. I couldn’t find enough music in Cleveland or Buffalo—the kind to which I’ve grown accustomed. I’d miss the opera, the concerts and the theatre in New York terribly. Besides, I’ve grown away from my old friends," Rose said thoughtfully. "I haven’t seen them for any long periods of time since I left Buffalo to go to the Curtis Institute to study. I’ve been back to visit in Buffalo often," Miss Bampton told me. "Everyone was lovely to me. I’ve been very happy there. In fact, I can have a very good time when I visit my home towns for a short while," Miss Bampton said. "But I would never wish to live in either spot forever."

When I asked Richard Humber the red-headed conductor, if he’d ever care to return to his home town to live, he replied in the decided negative. In fact, what Dick said characteristically was: "No! For what? As a matter of fact, I never liked my home town, Newark, New Jersey. I was a lone wolf there, with very few playmates for whom I cared. My parents were kind, and they were wealthy and could give me everything, when I was very young. But, nevertheless, they spent their time in pastimes for which I happened to have no inclination—playing cards and going to parties. So when my father lost his money and I was forced to leave home and make a career for myself, I really had no pangs about leaving my home town," Dick explained. "No, I seldom go back to visit. And I wouldn’t live there permanently—of course not. For what?" repeated Richard Humber.

So you see, despite the old adage that there’s no place like home, surprisingly few radio stars would actually choose to return to their home towns to live permanently. If given their choice, many other celebrities would say that, home sweet home would not be sweet forever!
It's fun when men say "I'm wild about that color you're wearing"—and twice the fun to know it's an old dress made smart and alluring with Rit. New Rit formula (patented 1936) contains 'neomerpin'—makes colors saturate the fabric—gives you shades that men are "wild" about! So easy, you'll "dye" laughing!

**RIT**

**TINTS & DYES**

Never say "Dye"—say RIT!

**IMPATIENT MAIDENS**

Find the quickest way to breath-taking loveliness and masculine attention is to use Alma Woodward's "4-action" Satinmesh Lotion—the super skin cleanser, astringent, toner and powder base.

50¢ - $1.00 - $2.25 at Drug & Dept. Stores

If your store cannot supply you, send money order or check direct to

ALMA WOODWARD
Dept. MM Graybar Bldg.
New York, N. Y.

Trial size at your 10¢ store

**SATINMESH**

(Continued from page 37)

DISCOVERED ALL OVER AGAIN

A merry foursome around the mike are Jack Haley and Joe E. Brown, guests, Virginia Verrill and Warren Hull, regulars, on Maxwell House Show Boo'

again, I forgot all about the mike. I hadn't had an audience in four years, outside of my wife and son, and I always suspected they were in on passes.

"The trouble is, I'm always tempted to desert the microphone and play direct to the audience. After all, audiences paid for my meals for years, and it takes a lot of will power to turn my back on the customers and sing into a metal gadget, even though it's the gadget that's buying the groceries now."

Jack Haley is still a song-and-dance man at heart. He likes the warmth of the applause, and he likes everything else about show business. His best friends are Fred Allen, Benny Rubin, Jack Benny, George Burns and Gracie Allen, all of whom he knew back in the two-, three-, and sometimes four-a-day vaudeville circuits. Those, to Jack Haley, were the days.

He likes to recall, for instance, the time, back in 1925, when Haley and McFadden followed Julia Arthur, the Shakespearean actress. The McFadden part of the act was Flo McFadden on stage and Mrs. Jack Haley off, and the two of them waited in the wings with fear and trepidation while the great Julia played Hamlet, with all the stops out. A fine spot for a night to vaudeville artists, thought the trembling Haleys. Finally the end came—Hamlet's villainous uncle had just been killed, and Julia, in a seepulchral voice, pronounced her final words: "The good is—" The worst remains behind!"

With the audience in tears, out came Haley and McFadden. "Did you hear that?" shouted Jack. "Do you suppose she meant us?" The customers promptly forgot the Bard and settled down to the more mundane offerings of Haley and McFadden.

And the time at the Stanley Theatre in Pittsburgh, when Jack was on with the theatre's master of ceremonies, a personable young chap who took it upon himself to sing a popular Yiddish ballad. In the middle of the song, Jack walked off the stage and returned with an interpreter. It broke up the show—and the song. Just the other evening Jack dined with the same m. c., and the guy warned him he's still waiting to get even. Dick Powell never forgets.

And you might like his story about the dancing trio who played the tank towns for years, hoping for their big chance at the Palace in New York. Finally it came, and Jack, who was playing the same bill, watched them from the wings. The act went along without a hitch until the middle of a tap dance routine—the gal member of the trio suddenly lost her balance and fell flat on her you-know-what. Bursting with all the anguish of her years of trying she screamed: "And at the Palace?"

"It's things like that," said Jack, "that make show business exciting. For instance, look at me now—a pancake salesman!"

"A pancake salesman? How come?"

"Well, I'm on a maple syrup program—and what good is maple syrup without pancakes under it?"

Our interview was interrupted at this point by a voice from the house yelling: "Daddy, can I come out there and play?" It was Jackie, the four-year-old heir to the Haley fortunes.

"No," said Jack sternly, "Papa's busy. Why don't you go to bed, or something?"

Just to show you who's boss around the place, the voice continued: "I don't want to go to bed. I want to play." But he didn't venture out.

When asked if Jackie would one day become a comedian, Haley, Senior, replied: "Not unless he has talent for it. I've seen too many kids with theatrical parents. They grow up in the excitement of the show business, and they want to get into it themselves. If they haven't talent, their heartache is much greater than that of a kid who knows nothing about show business and just tries to break in cold. Like myself, for instance."

It was back in Boston, some thirty years ago when Jack, aged six, made his
After three years on the vaudeville circuits, Jack played a season at New York's Winter Garden in a show called Gay arce. All he remembers now about Gay arce is that one of the chorus girls, an auburn-haired German, rejected him. After Jack later asked her to marry him, Miss McFadden, who was smart as well as pretty, said yes. That was almost fifteen years ago, and she still thinks his answer was right.

His next show was on Broadway. As star of Follow Thru, a smash musical, he introduced a memorable song hit, "Atten Up Your Overcoat." For the next few years the savior was noth for Jack Haley, in spite of the fact that he followed Follow Thru with Too For All, an alleged musical which closed almost before the first nighters had time to rush for the exits. Next came Jack's take A Chance, in which Jack, with Ethel Merman, introduced You're An Old moonful! Take A Chance was a whack success, and the picture producers bid high for Jack's services. They had to, or his salary on Broadway was $2,500 a week.

Ironically enough, his first picture was a little gem called Sitting Pretty. When he picture makers saw it, they managed to forget all about Jack Haley. He appeared in a series of minor epics—what he industry calls "A" pictures and what he public calls something else—until broad Darryl Zanuck, who has been to Broadway once or twice, gave him his chance in Wake Up and Live.

That's Jack Haley's story, and he's glad it's stuck with him. He'd do the same things over again, if he had his choice in the matter. On the credit side of his book he had his wife, his daughter, Gloria, and he aforementioned Jackie—plus a home, adios and picture contracts, and money in the bank. On the debit side he can list only those four years of waiting around 1 Hollywood—but (and don't tell this to soul) during all that time he was drawing down a very nice salary. In other words, the Hales are doing all right!
out of the place," chuckled Charlie.

Show people were real mysteries in those days. Houdini's secrets died with him, and not many people know that he learned stunts of escaping from strait jackets, from electric chairs, were done by somehow expanding his mighty muscles, as he was being strapped in—and then deflating his muscles as he made his phenomenal escapes. But nobody knows.

He knew the also famed Costellos. Dan and Jenny and Harry, trapeze performers, the ceiling-walkers who taught him to do their ceiling-walking act. And he did it, on many a show. It was done, he said, "with suction cups." Now you know as much as I do!

He knew New York in the old days. He lived in a back hall-bedroom of a theatrical boarding-house in the Roaring Forties—in the days when the Barrymores were the theatre; when John Drew was a hands-down leading man; when George M. Cohan was just beginning; when Jefferson reigned and Minnie Maddern Fiske was young, and Sothern and Marlowe were the king and queen of Shakespearean repertoire; the days when vaudeville was the movies of today; when Diamond Jim stood treat to diners running into dozens of courses and thousands of dollars; when Lillian Russell rode her diamond-studded bicycle and there were no "types," every troupers pinning the whole gamut, from Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl to the scantily Portia.

Yes, the gusly, lusty days! There was nothing phony about troupers then.

"Not," said Charlie, "that I dwell on, or in the past. That's over and done with. Today is the thing—today and tomorrow. Every day is a laugh: and I've never looked for trouble. There are people who are chronic trouble-hunters, you know, always worried about the future or haunting the past. I've never looked for trouble and never will. I've had my ups and downs, who hasn't? I've had my heart broken, too, and that was healthy, did me good. I've never gone in for fights. I've taken a lot of insults and humiliations in my time, rather than have a scrap.

"Well, it's all different now, the show business. It's business now. It's mechanized. It's a factory product. It's available, in many ways, but much of the heart has gone out of it. The nearest we come to the old show business now is when a movie company goes on location and we sort of pitch tents (even if they are equipped with telephones and radios, hot water, running water, electric refrigerators, and chaises longues!) and we all eat together, cast and crew, swap stories, play some poker, are one big family.

"We get a taste of it, too, in some of the programs on the air. The ones that carry on from week to week, month to month, even year to year—programs like One Man's Family and the Goldberg and Jack Benny's outfit and our Show Boat. Programs like these are kind of real shows, too, because if you slip up or give a bum show one night, you can always have a chance to do better the next time. But most actors have got too damned electric. They are always on and no one around and all that. When you talk to actors who are too refined, don't you believe 'em—they've got something to hide. We didn't have anything to hide in the old days. And if we did, we were too busy to think about it. Too busy getting our stomachs filled and not doing this above admitting to a stomach, either!"

Charles Winninger was born in a log cabin, near Athens, Wisconsin, on May 26th, 1884. There were five brothers of them, and one sister. And they became known in time, as The Winninger Family Novelty Company... "I hate to say it again," said Charlie, "it's been said so many times before, by so many actors—but I was one of the originals! I was born in a theatrical trunk;" I did spend my infancy sprawled on an old bearskin backstage.

It was in 1894 that the elder Winninger, himself an accomplished violinist (Charlie, an American to the bone, is of Austrian descent), conceived the idea of forming a traveling family show. And did. And for many years, doing one-night stands, barnstorming, show-boating, railroading, in their own theatre in Warsaw, The Winninger Family Novelty Company toured Wisconsin, Michigan, Iowa, Illinois, points North and South, East and West. Each member of the family has his or her own job to do. One brother took the front of the house. Another brother was stage manager. Charlie usually "took the stage." They were one for all and all for one. There was no sharing of one's own claim and pushing the other fellow off. It was the same as the family had his or her own job to do. One brother took the front of the house. Another brother was stage manager. Charlie usually "took the stage." They were one for all and all for one. There was no sharing of one's own claim and pushing the other fellow off. It was the same for all. Charlie has been in the same business, Charlie says, troupers were brothers all.

They didn't get much schooling, much book learning, Charlie and his brothers. Charlie thinks he got "about as far as the 7th grade." One of the brothers, "scholarly inclined," got about as far as the 8th. Schooling had to be intermittent, during such periods of slack or bad weather as compelled the Family to "lay up" for a spell. And schooling, in those days, was not compulsory as it is now. Charlie was too little to go to school, and was taught by private tutors, textbooks in hand, waiting off-set.

"I got my schooling from hard knocks and from experience," says Charlie, "from talking to folks and rubbing elbows with them, not just reading about them."

They had, withal, a warm, normal family life. They stuck together. When they had their railroad show, their own car which, as you know, was hitched to a freight or a slow passenger train, Mama Winninger baked and sewed and washed and mended for her family, taught them their catechism, heard their prayers, taught them the Golden Rule, supervised their Saturday night baths and, in short, made a home for them wherever on the road they happened to be.

It was the kind of a life, the kind of experience which makes Charlie the beloved Cap'n Henry he is today, privately and professionally. The kind of experience which, rich in the juices of all sort and strains of humanity, underlies this kind of comedy. Charlie Winninger a citizen of the world, a brother and a comrade to everyone he meets, from a King Cophetua to any beggar maid—o man. He can eat anything and like it. He can talk with anyone on their own terms and relish it. He can take any part on stage or screen or air and give it what it takes.

He is a "quick study," one of the ver quickest. Because he was wont to play dozen parts in a week, sometimes two or three parts in one play, he doesn't have to rehearse more than once. He doesn't have to make retakes. He reads his line once and it's a take. He has little use for the pampered, milk-fed, "techy" an temperamentals individuals to be found among the silly "stars" we have today. "Star" dressing-rooms, the veld Grand Manner, orchestras to play sal music for the evocation of mechanic tears, actors who are "typed," would get laugh, wise, not unkind but laced with nostalgia, from one who knew and worked with the grand old-timers.

Some among the stars of today as troupers of the old school, he says. Caro Lombard is such a one. Freddie Marc is another, Walter Connolly another Spencer Tracy. Alice Faye will go far very far, he predicts. And mostly because she has never forgotten that she once lived on Tenth Avenue. Jack Benny and Edi Cantor are troupers. Burns and Allen.

"Don't forget for a minute," says Charlie, "that they have tough rows how. They work for a living, as we used to do. They've got to keep the laugh coming, every time they go on air at every minute of every time. Compare with them, I've got a call on my Show Boat, talking about the river and the moonlight—"

"Yes, they have to work something like we did in the old days, when the mon we earned came straight from the folk who sat in the seats out front. And was our job to see to it that they can in and stayed in. It was a great life—work with them."

"You have to change it and for any L'il Lord Fauntleroy set-up in the world, W did everything in those days. I start my career singing newsboy songs. I was a tumbler, an acrobat. In a ceiling walking act from the Costell One night of the boys neglected change one of the ropes, of which I came down from the ceiling and made my take-off. I got all right, with half my skin peeled off. We had our own orchestra. We mixed a little medicine with the show-they were a lot of Spanish-American War—and we sold blood, pulps and such like. We worked hard, play hard, got knocked down and stood again. There was a lot of ballyhoo but no bluf"

In 1907, Charlie broke away from it.
Radio Stars

It’s not only good judgment—it’s Good Taste!

Call for Philip Morris... a distinguished cigarette with a distinctive advantage—an ingredient, a source of irritation in other cigarettes, is not used in the manufacture of Philip Morris.

America's finest 15¢ Cigarette
A ROMANTIC SAP REBELS

(Continued from page 31)

Try this Amazing Aid to Women's Beauty

Loaté is a scientifically processed oat powder—Complexion Crafted—to retain all the natural balm of Oatmeal and to give it the properties of Vegetable Milk with Skin Vitamin F added.

Use Loaté as a quick, daily facial to keep your skin at the height of its loveliness. You'll be amazed by its cleansing and softening effect. Use it to combat blackheads—ag facial pack—as a rinse.

Buy Loaté at your drug, department or roc store —5c, 6c or $1.00 a package—if unable to obtain at your favorite toilet counter, send 10c for generous trial package shown above.

L'OATE DEPT. A, NATIONAL OATS CO., CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA

Do your nails break easily?

Thousands are today making their nails more pliable and their cuticle softer thru regular application of Brittex. Brittex is a nail cream, compounded of only the highest quality materials—designed to help brittle nail complaints and hangnails. Brittex is for sale in two sizes at your favorite cosmetic counter, but if your dealer is not supplied or if you are Yankee enough to want to try a sample first, fill in the coupon, mail with 10c and an attractive plastic container with a two weeks' supply of Brittex will be sent you, return post.

THOMAS PRODUCTS INC. 257 Franklin St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Here is 10c. Send a sample of Brittex.

Name ............................................................

Street ...........................................................

City ..............................................................

and try to be whatever his job required. So they put him to singing love songs on Show Boat, reading love-making lines to Mary Lou. The songs were easy enough, but the lines took a lot of private blushing and practice. He wasn't an actor and he'd never seriously courted but one girl in his life. The back of his neck tingled with complete embarrassment whenever he stepped up to the microphone with a script instead of a sheet of music. Frequently he faltered or "blew up" his lines, right in the middle of a sentimental speech.

But, oddly enough, nothing could have suited the showmen better. His faltering gave his ether love-making just the right degree of shyness and boyishness! His very handicap was working for him. Lanny couldn't understand it when they told him his performance was excellent, mistakes and all.

And after a while on the air, it happened. You began to hear a lot about Lanny Ross and you heard it mostly from women. Crowds of feminine fans mobbed him after every broadcast. Thousands of fan letters poured in to his sponsors every week and thousands of autographed photographs poured out in answer to those letters. It happened the way radio predicted it would. Lanny Ross was the symbol of every mother's son and every girl's ideal.

As a new-born idol, Lanny was stunned and a little uneasy. He was hurtling, month after month, through the dizzy kaleidoscope of quick success. He was achieving some of the things he had worked for very long and very hard, and they were good, a beautiful home, fame, money, a promising career. But he didn't know quite how to handle the business of being a romantic idol.

Every radio idol has certain duties, not the least of which is to give satisfactory interviews to the press. The first time I interviewed Lanny Ross I came away, frankly, quite angry. He had refused to discuss any of the topics on which I'd been sent to get information. He was brief, almost to the point of rudeness; he shifted about in his chair with a nervousness I mistook for boredom, and to mine out of ten of my questions he would answer gravely: "Really, I wouldn't want to talk about that." They were run-of-the-mill questions that every star receives. Past romances? There hadn't been any. Ideal girl? That was foolish. Marriage? Silence.

I considered it all a pose and a poor one at that. Obviously Lanny Ross didn't care whether he lived up to his romantic reputation or not. Reporters refused to believe it when intimates of the Show Boat tenor declared: "You've got to forgive Lanny for his punk interviews—honestly, the kid's just a primary guy and he's scared of all this!"

Then Hollywood came on the scene. Hollywood wanted this popular idol, at a stupendous sum, to sing for its sound tracks. Everybody from radio was rushing to pictures. Lanny, still a bit dizzy about the present and the future, fell in step. With his mother and Olive White, formerly his publicity representative and now his manager, Lanny rushed, too.

He stayed a year, and if you'll remember, he didn't do so well. He made two pictures, Melody in Spring, with Ann Sothern and College Rhythm, with Helen Macel, neither of which was a big success at the box office nor a personal success for him.

There were several reasons for the which Lanny began to realize as the Hollywood months rolled on. For one thing, he couldn't act. For another, his energies were split between pictures at radio. With Show Boat originating in New York, piping his part of it by wire cost him a lot of work and worry to keep doing a competent job, so far removed from base. And, for a third thing, win Lanny saw after it was too late, in both of his pictures he had been completely atrocity miscast.

Not until he watched himself in shadow and sound, at the premiere of his second picture, did he finally realize what had happened.

"I give you my word," he recalled me, "I sat there and couldn't believe it was really me on that screen, going through some of the silliest and most unreal antics on earth!"

Bursting into song right in the midst of what were supposed to be true-to-life love scenes. Attempting a smoothness of performance he never could achieve with out years of dramatic training. A scenario had failed for a romantic he, but he couldn't act the part, he could even be the part, because he wasn't naturally that way.

With the awful result that pictures I made him just "sort of a romantic sa..." Sorry, and a little ashamed, I turned to his mother and Olive, before twenty minutes of the preview were over.

"This settles it," he whispered tensely, "I'm going back to New York!"

The next day he walked out on a five-year Hollywood contract, a contract that would be running today, if he had fulfilled it. The fault had not been entirely the studio's; studios can't always give a star perfect vehicles. The fault had been equally his own, because he didn't know exactly the goal he was shooting for. He knew now. The first two reels of College Rhythm had given him his first clear idea of what he wanted to become in the entertainment world—himself.

Back in Manhattan, he spent much of his time in conference with Olive and his executive advisers, discussing what his next move should be. Together they decided that would be wise to go about his rebel a slowly and somewhat secretly. It's all right to be different and pictures, to become yourself after you've been something else. Myrna Loy, Joan Crawford, Bette Davis have changed the old mold to which they were originally "typed," at for each of their successes there have been scores of failures. Better, Lanny argued, to take it slowly and secretly for a while...
Chester Lauck and Norris Goff, Lum and Abner, worry over their daily NBC script in Hollywood.

and see what happened.

"It looks as if I'm pretty well typed as a grown-up Little Lord Fauntleroy, or something," he said to me disconsolately and off-the-record at the time. "A clipping came in the other day from a Western newspaper, in which a radio editor had referred to me as the 'male Pollyanna of the airwaves.'" Lanny stood up to his full tall height, set his teeth and pounded a fist in his hand. "Boy," he said with no little anger, "I'll bet you five to one I could lick that guy with one arm tied behind me!

"Hollywood's made me think about a lot of things," he continued. "William Powell's my ideal out there. Bill isn't a youngster and he isn't handsome—he's got something better than either of those things. I want to be as much my own personality as he is his own. But Bill can act, and I can't. I," he added with determination, "am going to learn to act."

Lanny's been learning ever since, although few people know of the months and money he has quietly spent at it. Much publicized were his performances in Petticoat Fever and Pursuit of Happiness, that he played with a summer stock company at White Plains, New York. He did a competent job and got excellent notices. But compared to his private routine of dramatic training, the White Plains engagement was a mere drop in the bucket.

Next, Lanny began to work on the directors of Show Boat. Couldn't they let him off easy on the love-making, and allow him to do some straight, serious performances now and then? At first they couldn't see it. He talked and persuaded and got exactly nowhere. But after much hammering, they began to give in—and, as they did, an odd thing happened. Show Boat, if you'll remember, underwent repeated alterations. Part of this was due to the fact that Lanny Ross was a competent MC, that he shone much brighter, exchanging bright dialogue with guest stars, than he did on a steady diet of sentimental script.

and see what happened.

"It looks as if I'm pretty well typed as a grown-up Little Lord Fauntleroy, or something," he said to me disconsolately and off-the-record at the time. "A clipping came in the other day from a Western newspaper, in which a radio editor had referred to me as the 'male Pollyanna of the airwaves.'" Lanny stood up to his full tall height, set his teeth and pounded a fist in his hand. "Boy," he said with no little anger, "I'll bet you five to one I could lick that guy with one arm tied behind me!

"Hollywood's made me think about a lot of things," he continued. "William Powell's my ideal out there. Bill isn't a youngster and he isn't handsome—he's got something better than either of those things. I want to be as much my own personality as he is his own. But Bill can act, and I can't. I," he added with determination, "am going to learn to act."

Lanny's been learning ever since, although few people know of the months and money he has quietly spent at it. Much publicized were his performances in Petticoat Fever and Pursuit of Happiness, that he played with a summer stock company at White Plains, New York. He did a competent job and got excellent notices. But compared to his private routine of dramatic training, the White Plains engagement was a mere drop in the bucket.

Next, Lanny began to work on the directors of Show Boat. Couldn't they let him off easy on the love-making, and allow him to do some straight, serious performances now and then? At first they couldn't see it. He talked and persuaded and got exactly nowhere. But after much hammering, they began to give in—and, as they did, an odd thing happened. Show Boat, if you'll remember, underwent repeated alterations. Part of this was due to the fact that Lanny Ross was a competent MC, that he shone much brighter, exchanging bright dialogue with guest stars, than he did on a steady diet of sentimental script.

and see what happened.

"It looks as if I'm pretty well typed as a grown-up Little Lord Fauntleroy, or something," he said to me disconsolately and off-the-record at the time. "A clipping came in the other day from a Western newspaper, in which a radio editor had referred to me as the 'male Pollyanna of the airwaves.'" Lanny stood up to his full tall height, set his teeth and pounded a fist in his hand. "Boy," he said with no little anger, "I'll bet you five to one I could lick that guy with one arm tied behind me!

"Hollywood's made me think about a lot of things," he continued. "William Powell's my ideal out there. Bill isn't a youngster and he isn't handsome—he's got something better than either of those things. I want to be as much my own personality as he is his own. But Bill can act, and I can't. I," he added with determination, "am going to learn to act."

Lanny's been learning ever since, although few people know of the months and money he has quietly spent at it. Much publicized were his performances in Petticoat Fever and Pursuit of Happiness, that he played with a summer stock company at White Plains, New York. He did a competent job and got excellent notices. But compared to his private routine of dramatic training, the White Plains engagement was a mere drop in the bucket.

Next, Lanny began to work on the directors of Show Boat. Couldn't they let him off easy on the love-making, and allow him to do some straight, serious performances now and then? At first they couldn't see it. He talked and persuaded and got exactly nowhere. But after much hammering, they began to give in—and, as they did, an odd thing happened. Show Boat, if you'll remember, underwent repeated alterations. Part of this was due to the fact that Lanny Ross was a competent MC, that he shone much brighter, exchanging bright dialogue with guest stars, than he did on a steady diet of sentimental script.

and see what happened.

"It looks as if I'm pretty well typed as a grown-up Little Lord Fauntleroy, or something," he said to me disconsolately and off-the-record at the time. "A clipping came in the other day from a Western newspaper, in which a radio editor had referred to me as the 'male Pollyanna of the airwaves.'" Lanny stood up to his full tall height, set his teeth and pounded a fist in his hand. "Boy," he said with no little anger, "I'll bet you five to one I could lick that guy with one arm tied behind me!

"Hollywood's made me think about a lot of things," he continued. "William Powell's my ideal out there. Bill isn't a youngster and he isn't handsome—he's got something better than either of those things. I want to be as much my own personality as he is his own. But Bill can act, and I can't. I," he added with determination, "am going to learn to act."

Lanny's been learning ever since, although few people know of the months and money he has quietly spent at it. Much publicized were his performances in Petticoat Fever and Pursuit of Happiness, that he played with a summer stock company at White Plains, New York. He did a competent job and got excellent notices. But compared to his private routine of dramatic training, the White Plains engagement was a mere drop in the bucket.

Next, Lanny began to work on the directors of Show Boat. Couldn't they let him off easy on the love-making, and allow him to do some straight, serious performances now and then? At first they couldn't see it. He talked and persuaded and got exactly nowhere. But after much hammering, they began to give in—and, as they did, an odd thing happened. Show Boat, if you'll remember, underwent repeated alterations. Part of this was due to the fact that Lanny Ross was a competent MC, that he shone much brighter, exchanging bright dialogue with guest stars, than he did on a steady diet of sentimental script.

and see what happened.

"It looks as if I'm pretty well typed as a grown-up Little Lord Fauntleroy, or something," he said to me disconsolately and off-the-record at the time. "A clipping came in the other day from a Western newspaper, in which a radio editor had referred to me as the 'male Pollyanna of the airwaves.'" Lanny stood up to his full tall height, set his teeth and pounded a fist in his hand. "Boy," he said with no little anger, "I'll bet you five to one I could lick that guy with one arm tied behind me!

"Hollywood's made me think about a lot of things," he continued. "William Powell's my ideal out there. Bill isn't a youngster and he isn't handsome—he's got something better than either of those things. I want to be as much my own personality as he is his own. But Bill can act, and I can't. I," he added with determination, "am going to learn to act."

Lanny's been learning ever since, although few people know of the months and money he has quietly spent at it. Much publicized were his performances in Petticoat Fever and Pursuit of Happiness, that he played with a summer stock company at White Plains, New York. He did a competent job and got excellent notices. But compared to his private routine of dramatic training, the White Plains engagement was a mere drop in the bucket.

Next, Lanny began to work on the directors of Show Boat. Couldn't they let him off easy on the love-making, and allow him to do some straight, serious performances now and then? At first they couldn't see it. He talked and persuaded and got exactly nowhere. But after much hammering, they began to give in—and, as they did, an odd thing happened. Show Boat, if you'll remember, underwent repeated alterations. Part of this was due to the fact that Lanny Ross was a competent MC, that he shone much brighter, exchanging bright dialogue with guest stars, than he did on a steady diet of sentimental script.
Lanny didn’t stop. As another step toward his goal, and an antagonist for having leaned too long toward popular music exclusively, he took time off to go abroad and study. One day later he debuted in concert at Town Hall, scored with the critics. When his second concert took place, at Carnegie Hall, he was accused by his critics of being snooty in his choice of auditoriums. Three years before he would have taken such unfair criticism to heart, but by that time Lanny knew what to let hurt him and what not to. He chose Carnegie because he found its acoustics were far better suited to his voice. He said so, and let his enemies make of it what they liked.

It was a long, dogged fight, trying to change back to himself, to grow to professional maturity with ease and grace. You and I tuned in Show Boat, as usual, and hardly realized what was happening to its star. But the time was destined to arrive when Lanny’s progress faced its most decisive crisis. And that was when two summers ago, he married Olive White.

It’s impossible to write about any phase of his career without including Olive, too. She has been the chief personal factor in his success and he admits it. They have loved each other so long they can’t even remember exactly how or when it all began. But their marriage, contrary to the way they’d originally planned things, was one step in Lanny’s change that could be neither gradual nor secretive. Suddenly, in a July day, there it was: Lanny Ross was grown-up, married and settled down. And it couldn’t have happened at a more opportune time, because, two summers ago, Lanny was precisely in the thick of his rebellion. In the eyes of his fans, he had neither ceased being a romantic idol nor yet become a different personality who would appeal to them for other than sentimental reasons.

How would his listeners take it? It was a dangerous predicament which Olive, being as smart as she is sweet, realized only too well. Being long smart, she decided she must do something about it. And this she did very simply and effectively.

As Lanny’s manager, she refused any interviews concerning their home life. Reporters were informed that they would receive full cooperation on any subject they wished, except the romance and marriage of the Lanny Rosses.

It worked. So little was written about that side of Lanny’s life, his fans continued to think of him very much as the same Lanny Ross who listened and still liked it. His popularity kept growing and he kept fighting to break the old mold.

As a last stroke, he left Show Boat. There were a number of reasons involved, but important among them was the reason that, to complete his transition, he must cut the ties that held him to former times and former ways. His sponsors were and still are his very good friends, but even a debt of friendship had to go in the path of Lanny’s determination to make a clean sweep of his life.

Which brings us up to now. Lanny Ross, as I talked to him the other day, is ten times the personality he ever has been before. He’s mature and confident and altogether different from the shy youth who used to blush at rehearsals whenever he went over his script. His hair is graying very slightly at his temples, his pose and manner are fascinatingly man-of-the-world. He’s doing, on his new radio series, the kind of thing he’s always wanted to do. He’s starting a new career in pictures that will keep him in Hollywood for the next three years and will, he plans, present him in the serious operetta roles, such as The Student Prince, which he has fitted himself to play.

I asked him why he turned down several half-million-dollar picture contracts, before he finally signed. His answer was typical of the new Lanny. “They all wanted me for the wrong stories,” he said frankly. “Five years ago I couldn’t have resisted any Hollywood opportunities. I couldn’t see anything but the tinsel of fast achievement. But now I know the right stories are important. ‘Romantic saps’ are youngsters and they can’t last. I’m thirty-one years old, now—and thinking about my career.”

“I still want to be,” he said, “the way I told you that time about William Powell. I want to be as much as me as Bill is Bill. And another thing, this trip I won’t have to worry about being away from radio while. I’ll be out on my Radio practically in Hollywood now.”

So Lanny’s come back to start all over again. He doesn’t like Hollywood very much. Olive doesn’t like it. Because the homes they’ve made together and love, their rambling old farm and their smart duplex overlooking the East River, are far behind them. Amid the pink stucco and palm trees of the cinema city Mr. and Mrs. Ross are very inclined to get dreamy looks in their eyes and tell you, because they like to think of it as of something where the farm’s changing from dairy cattle to beef cattle, that they’ve decided to do over the game room of their town place in unfinished maple, and that their precious stamp collection is carefully stored, for the time being, in a vault. And they’ll also add, that if it weren’t for Tiny Ruffner who’s watching Hollywood California, they’d almost die of homesickness.

“Oh, please,” Lanny added seriously, “don’t get the idea that I’m kicking. The minute I can’t give up my home, I’d better give up being an entertainer.”

So, for the present, the Rosses will live in an apartment until they find a house, and golf and swim and add to their stamp collection and avoid night clubs. Lanny will take his problems home to Olive at night and she, as always, will do her share to solve them.

“It’s not very often that I get philosophical,” grinned Lanny, “but it seems to me that life is all growing and industry and change. When I was eight years old, I started making money by running a lemonade stand. Now I make it by singing. I started by playing a career being a man now I’ve evolved to something real. I don’t regret those early years any more. They were all a very definite part of the game.”

There was only one other thing Lanny wanted me to say to you for him. And that is that he hopes above everything else that you’ll like him in his new role. It will be the first time he’s ever been cast the way he wanted to be: Lanny Ross playing Lanny Ross.
announcement is becoming a sad lately. Since programs always imitate one another, a lot of it probably will be heard this year.

Charlie McCarthy hums "Bong, bong, bong," in echo of the chimes. Charlie Butterworth tries to work the notes into his sketches somehow.

A group was recalling occasions when radio stars had grimly carried on "the-show-must-go-on" tradition under heartbreaking handicaps. There was the time Jimmy Wallington almost broke down completely as he rushed out of a program, between announcements, to get bulletins from the hospital where his wife lay dying. Walter O'Keefe got news of a new son in the midst of a program and excitedly yelled into the microphone: "It's a boy!"

Lennie Hayton contributed a story that somehow never had found its way into print all these years.

"I was the orchestra leader on the dramatic and musical program Soony had a few years back," Lennie began. "The skit we were doing that night had an explosion as its climax. Out on Long Island Sound that same afternoon a motorboat exploded. One of the actors in our show had a wife and several relatives aboard. The wife was taken to a hospital with a broken back and some of his relatives were badly hurt."

"The news didn't get to the studio until just before the broadcast, too late to let the man go—so I put in a substitute. That wasn't a night when it was an actor who had to be brave and carry on. It was the whole cast—with one exception. Everyone knew about it except the man whose wife lay with a broken back. We couldn't bear to tell him and then ask him to go through a drama about an explosion. It was the longest half hour any of us ever spent."

"At the end of the program, we had an automobile with motorcycle police escort waiting. Without a word, we pushed the actor into the car and one of his best friends got in with him to break the news as gently as news like that could be broken, with screaming sirens rushing them to a hospital."

Radio sponsors usually are shrewd business men but their treatment of radio assets sometimes makes you wonder. Bristol & Myers (Sal Hepatica, Ipana) have signed Fred Allen to a two-year contract, which is an investment running well into six figures. Then they turn around and jeopardize that huge investment by engaging Walter O'Keefe for the summer to imitate Fred Allen's style. O'Keefe's summer program has appropriated Fred's manner of presentation, even down to using identical fanfares.

No matter how great the star or style, copy cats probably will shorten his professional life, driving him into retirement or into new and perhaps less successful methods. It may be, of course, that the sponsor has such complete confidence in Fred's comic talent, he is sure no ordinary abuse can menace it.

Al Jolson and Ben Bernie run into one another often at the tracks and the conversation usually turns, sooner or later, to the standing of their respective radio programs.

"I had a program last season that was terrible," Al said one day. "Everybody panned it, but it had a rating around sixteen points all season. You're supposed to be great and your rating is only about a third as high as my bad program."

Al is kidding his old track companion, of course, and Ben laughs it off. That low standing in the radio survey secretly irks Ben fearfully, however.

The standing is arrived at through a telephone survey. Operators in various cities make a total of 2,000 phone calls a
Skin Reveals Thrilling Beauty

When cleansed this exciting new way

IT'S no wonder women are so enthusiastic about
this thrilling new oatmeal cleanser, called Lavena.
It leaves the skin velvety smooth, wonderfully clean
and refreshed. Lavena is a fragrant, improved form
of oatmeal powder, the beauty secret our grandmothers
in Europe, have found so beneficial. It contains no soap — no
cold cream. Utterly neutral in action.

As Easy As Washing Your Face

Do this daily. Mix Lavena with warm water. Apply,
and massage gently. Wash off immediately. Do not
use soap or cold cream. Lavena removes dirt and
makeup most spectacularly; skin as ordinary
cleansers can. Thus the skin becomes gloriously soft
and beautiful.

FREE—A Generous Supply

Over 4 million packages already sold. Good House-
keeping Approved. Get Lavena from drug, department or 10c stores,
Or send name, address to Lavena, Dept. 20, 141 W. Jackson Blvd.,
Chicago, at once, for liberal trial package, absolutely free! Offer good
for limited time only.

Lavena

SOFTENS—SOOTHE—CLEANSES—BEAUTIFIES

Stop Scratching

RELIEVE ITCHING SKIN Quickly

Even the most stubborn itching of eczema, hives, blisters,
implies, athlete's foot, rash and other externally
caused skin problems, quickly yields to soothing, anti-
irritant, liquid D.R.R. PRESCRIPTION. Dr. Benjy's
original formula. Greaseless and stainless. Soothes the
irritation and stops the most intense itching.
A 3c trial bottle, at all drug stores, proves it —or
your money back. Ask for D.R.R. PRESCRIPTION.

COUGHS...

Get After That Cough Today with
PERTUSSIN

Pertussin is so good for coughs that even N.Y. MILLION
PRESCRIPTIONS were filled in one single week. This estimate is
based on a Prescription Ingredient.
Survey issued by the
American Pharmaceutical Association.
It relieves coughs quickly by stimulating the tiny mul-
ti-valve muscles of the bronchiole to open and breathe more
freely. Effectively stops coughing in children and adults.
Save money by buying the large economical-size bottle
—enough for your whole family. Or mail coupon and 10c
for large trial bottle.

Large
Trial
Bottle
for 10¢
Pertussin

Sears & Kade, Inc., Dept. W3
540 Washington Street, N. Y. C.

Please send me a large Trial Bottle of Pertussin. I enclose 10c.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________

RADIO STARS

Paul. But the past few seasons, Paul had
sponsored trouble and was considered to de-
part from the style he had made famous.
His band went into a decline in the popu-
laritv standings.

This season, Paul has announced: "My
next program will be done the way I want it,
or there won't be any next program."
A couple of negotiations for contracts this
season have ended on that clause. Paul
means what he says and, what's more, he
is rich enough to carry out his plan for
retirement any time he pleases.

The Your Hit Parade program started
a new radio feud, Richard Himber and
Peter Van Steeden as principals. For
years, Himber and Van Steeden have
used many of the same musicians in their
respective bands. That was all right when
Himber's program was Monday night, and
Peter was on Town Hall Tonight, Wednes-
day nights.

Then Himber got a chance to do Your
Hit Parade, Wednesday evenings. The
programs followed another so closely,
musicians did not have time to get from
one to the other. Himber tried to
persuade Peter to give up several mu-
sicians and Peter, reluctant to disrupt his
band, refused.

The feud came to a head in one of the
Broadway restaurants where the radio and
theatre crowds gather. There the two
maestros went at their argument, loud
and long—and made a columnist's holiday.

Lucy Monroe offers an example of a
career that received its real impetus from a
great misfortune. Lucy had been singing beautifully, but always on
minor programs where her rich soprano
voice did not receive just recognition.

Then came the tragic death of Lucy's
mother, Anna Laughlin. She committed
suicide, leaving a note charging Lucy
Monroe with ingratitude. Friends felt sure
that the tragedy was a result of Mrs.
Laugh-
lin's illness, which might have temporarily
upset her reason. Nevertheless, Lucy's
name disappeared from the radio pro-
grams. Whether the sponsors feared a
scandal or not, there was no explanation.
She simply did not sing on the programs
any more.

Lucy's career seemed blighted, for a sea-
son or two at least, but the setback really
was her beginning. The past summer, Miss
Monroe, no longer seeking minor radio en-
gagements, has found operatic and concert
work, more than enough to keep her fever-
tally busy. She has become one of the
leading symphony orchestras of the
country, including the Philadelphia orchestra.

Her soprano voice, dropped so uncer-
emoniously from a minor place in radio,
now is headed straight for the Metropoli-
tan Opera Company. Her appearances this
summer make her a virtual certainty to
be sang regularly with the Met in a season or two.

This season Lanny Ross achieves an
old, old ambition of his. Next to recog-
nition as a concert tenor, Lanny's deepest
wish has been a role with a comedian. Now
he has it on the Packard program, with
Charlie Butterworth.

Show Boat always carefully kept Lanny
restricted to romantic ardor in everything
he did. Only occasionally could Lanny
Bob Burns held down Kraft Music Hall during Bing's vacation. Now they're reunited for the winter.

persuade them to allow him something with humor to it. One of the high points of Lanny's Show Boat this year came the night he played the Jack Oakie role in a radio version of the movie, June Moon. Lanny's wife sat at a loud speaker, laughing uproariously all through that skit. Not that Lanny's comedy acting was so funny—but she knew with what relish he was performing every line, word by word, and gag by gag. That was one of the most enjoyable evenings she ever has had.

You hear so many stories about the overwhelming vanity of Rudy Vallee. Well, believe them or not, but here's something I'd like to put in evidence.

When Rudy Vallee turns his baton over to an assistant and steps to another microphone to sing a song, he invariably turns his back on his studio audience. That is neither polite nor calculated to get the best reaction when it comes time for applause. Rudy is so intent, however, on his work and his orchestra, he hesitates to take his eyes off the musicians for a moment. So he stands, back to the audience, still beating time and signaling instructions to the assistant conductor all through the solos.

During a hall in rehearsal, Andre Koschmanetz' musicians were kidding him about his accent, one of the heaviest samples of Russian dialect to be found around radio studios. Andre is a linguist, speaking half a dozen languages fluently, and a few years ago he imagined he had mastered English pretty well, leaving all trace of accent behind. He was wondering whether he might not speak on his program. "So I had a recording of my voice note," said Andre in this Russian accent that simply cannot be set down in print. Oof, what a shock! For the first time I heard what an accent I still have. I decide not to speak on the radio."

Andre's speaking in public is confined to a single sentence which he repeats just before his program goes on the air. Announcer David Ross introduces all the permutations of the program to the studio audience, and Andre then says: "And now, may present Mr. David Ross." Just to give on a notion of how Andre speaks, that single remark is always good for a laugh.

—ARTHUR MASON.
HALLOWE’EN RECIPES

“CRISPY” FRIED CHICKEN
Clean and singe pieces of tender, young frying chickens. Dip each piece into cold water, drain and place on plate without wiping. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and roll at once in fine cornflakes crumbs.* Place chicken pieces, without crowding, into a skillet filled to the depth of 1 inch with half butter, half vegetable shortening, piping hot. Fry on both sides to a rich, golden brown. Reduce heat, cover tightly and continue cooking until tender, turning occasionally to brown evenly. Remove each piece as soon as cooked and drain on white paper kitchen towels. ½ chicken is too much for hot oven, place chicken pieces in a pan in hot oven until all are ready and gravy has been made. For gravy: Pour off all but two tablespoons of the fat in pan. (These proportions are for 1 chicken. Increase in proportion to number of chickens used.) Brown 1½ tablespoons flour in fat in pan, stirring constantly. Add ½ cup cold water and 1 cup milk. Cook and stir until smooth and thickened. Season, to taste, strain into gravy boat.

*To make cornflakes crumbs: Put cornflakes through very fine food grinder, or roll with a rolling pin into the finest of crumbs between folds of a clean towel.

WICKER WALDORE SALAD
1 cup diced celery 1 tablespoon sugar ¼ cup cream, whipped
6 firm, bright red apples a pinch of salt lettuce
3 tablespoons lemon juice ¼ cup mayonnaise toasted almonds

Crisp the celery by letting it stand in ice water. Drain and dry thoroughly. Cut slice from top of each apple. Scoop out the inside pulp, leaving just enough to hold the outside skin in place. Brush the inside of these apples with lemon juice. Place in refrigerator while preparing filling as follows: Cut the pulp that was removed from apple into small pieces (after carefully removing core and seeds). Add to the pulp 2 tablespoons lemon juice, the sugar and salt. Chill for 10 minutes. Add celery and dressing made browning mayonnaise with the whipped cream. Top with this mixture. Place each filled apple on a lettuce leaf. Top with a little additions salad dressing, if desired, and sprinkle with coarsely chopped, toasted almonds.

JACK O’ LANTERN COOKIES
¼ cup butter ½ cup light brown sugar, firmly packed 1 egg yolk, beaten
1 cup flour, sifted 2 tablespoons sour cream
2 tablespoons orange vegetable coloring 1 egg white, slightly beaten
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, creaming well together. Add beater yolk and vanilla. Mix well. Sift flour, measure. Add soda and salt and sift again. Add flour mixture to butter mixture alternately with the sour cream, mixing well after each addition. Color dough orange with harmless vegetable coloring. The dough should be quite deep as it will “fade” somewhat in baking. Place dough in refrigerator for at least 15 minutes to make it easier to handle. Roll out half of the chilled dough on slightly floured board with slightly floured rolling pin. Cut into circles with floured cutter. Spread these cookies evenly with raspberry jam (or any other thick jam or jelly), keeping the jam ¼ in. from edge all around. Roll out remaining dough and cut with same size cutter. “Eyes” of Jack-o’ lanterns are cut to resemble eyes. The small end of a small funnel, dipped in flour, will serve excellently, or any other circle of similar size a thimble, however, is, too large. Place these cut-out cookies on the spread cookies, that the filling shows through in eyes and nose. Press edges together, all around, w flouring your fingers with flour. Bake in oven (425°F.) 7 or 8 minutes. Cool on wire rack, then draw each cookie a thin black Jack-o’ lantern mouth with a toothpick dipped in melted semi-sweet or sweet chocolate.

HALLOWEEN INDIVIDUAL MINCE MEAT PIES
1 package (9 oz.) dried mince meat 3 tablespoons sugar
1½ cups water

Break mince meat into pieces. Add water and sugar. Place over direct heat; cover and stir until all lumps are thoroughly broken up. Bring mixture to a brisk boil; continue boiling for one minute, stirring constantly. Allow to cool. Line tart shells (or one large pie plate) with pastry and fill with mince meat mixture. Cut a pattern of a Hallowe’en cat from stiff white paper. (You can get cardboard cats or paper napkins with cats from which to trace your pattern.) Using this pattern as a guide, cut out the required number of cats from pastry. Place a piece of glass on top of each tart (see illustration) one large cat on top of a regular size pie. Bake 35 minutes in hot oven (400°F.). As the cats shrink in baking, be sure to make them large enough. Flake, prepare pastry flour, is excellent for this purpose.

GOLDEN HONEY BALLS
½ cup honey ½ cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt 1 teaspoon vinegar
1 tablespoon butter 1 package Rice Krispies

Combine honey and sugar in heavy saucepan. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly until sugar is dissolved and mixture comes to a boil. Cover and continue boiling gin, for 5 minutes. Uncover and cook, stirring only occasionally to prevent burning, until mixture has just reached the hard crack * stage (290°F. on candy thermometer). Remove from heat, add salt, vinegar and butter. Pour over Rice Krispies which have been placed in a large greased bowl. (Be sure the cereal is very fresh and crisp. If necessary, heat it in a hot oven, with door open, to restore crispiness, before starting to make the candy.) Stir with a fork or spoon until thoroughly mixed. Cool to lukewarm. Grease hands with butter and mixture into balls about 2 inches in diameter.

*The hard crack stage has reached when a little syrup, if dropped into cold water, will become brittle and will remain brittle after being taken from water.

"Neither can I! It's got the taste I like—delicious, with a bit of real tang. And it's kept up for a week. This airtight package of Beeman's guards every speck of flavor like precious essence. Beeman's is so fine for digestion, too. A happy thought after lunch or dinner—and a welcome treat any time!"
you'll then be assured of having a buffet upper of eye-appealing, taste-tempting
erit that will delight old and young.
We'll start right off with the menu.
HALLOWE’EX PARTY REFRESH-
MENTS
“Crispy” Fried Chicken
Wicker Waldorf Salad
Thin Buttered Slices of Boston
Brown Bread
Cider
Grape Juice Punch
Individual Mince Meat Pies
Jack O’Lantern Cookies
Golden Honey Balls
Bowls and Baskets of Apples,
Nuts and Seedless Raisins
Cheese

Just visualize this proud display of vic-
als—all set out on a long table or buffet
then the guests troop in happy and hun-
ry, after an evening of games and merri-
ment. An orange paper tablecloth or
inner will set the right note in the color
be. Be classy, if you feel you must, and
lace filet face dolies over the paper
nder the plates holding the various foods.
the center of the table, place a large
owed-out pumpkin with a grinning
k o’ Lantern face and a big, fat (but
) candle burning within.
A generously heaped bowl of fried
chicken on one side, a platter of Waldorf
lad on other. Apples, bright red and
highly polished; brown seedless raisins in
small, orange paper baskets; a plate—
preferably a wooden one—of golden
cheese; unshelled nuts, topped with a
spray of autumn leaves; a pitcher of am-
er cider; a bowl of purple grape-juice
punch, with grape leaves (if there’s an
arbor handy) garnishing the plate on
which it stands. Amusing Jack o’ Lantern
Cookies for the young (in both years and
feelings); equally amusing Mince Meat
Pies (picture) for those of not quite
such tender years. And last, but by no
means least, Golden Honey Balls—the sort
of homemade candy treat that is completely
healthful to eat and an absolute cinch
to make!
A word or two about the recipes them-
elves, as I promised. The crust on the
chicken, to begin with, really is “some-
ting to write home about.” Or perhaps to
write Miss Wicker about, after you’ve
tried it and proved the worth of her sug-
gestion to your own satisfaction and that
of your friends. Her version of Waldorf
Salad is something pretty special in ap-
pearance, and is particularly timely in the
bargain, for apples are both plentiful and
popular, come Halloween. (By the by,
how about “apples on strings” and “bob-
ing for apples” at your Halloween
party?)
The beverages require no recipes, al-
though I will take time to suggest that
you add canned pineapple juice and
canned grapefruit juice to grape juice in
making the punch. Taste as you go along,
until the flavor is to your liking.
The Jack o’ Lantern Cookies are an
amusing idea that you will probably like
to try out but, made plain or fancy, you’ll
still find this an excellent cookie recipe.
Let the children take a hand in making
the “cut outs” for the faces, suggests Miss
Wicker. And, by all means let them try
their luck at making the Golden Honey
Balls.
A welcome bow to more sophisticated
tastes are the cat-decorated Mince Meat
Pies. A single large pie may be substi-
tuted for the smaller individual ones, if
you prefer. But you can find inexpensive
small pie plates at your local chain store
and get a much cuter effect, so why not
try it, especially if you follow the pastry-
cat suggestion shown pictorially and de-
scribed for you in the recipe. And be sure
to follow the suggestion of lots of candles,
also brought out in the picture. Dozens of
them, every place—tall ones on the buffet,
others on the mantel, window sills or any
other place where they can safely shed
their soft, flattering light. Candles just
seem to go with Hallowe’en, together
with black cats, witches, broomsticks and
all the other rollicking delights of this
jolly party occasion. May yours be a
howling success!
IT'S MY HUMBLE OPINION—
(Continued from page 13)

myself with something that was no concern of mine, except when it was distinct injustices and a major issue that really required rectification.

I could never see our willingness to make anyone, even as capable a reporter as Walter Winchell, in effect, the Supreme Judge of all the rest of us, with no one to cell him to account. I do however believe that his peculiar style of expression will leave its mark on our American literature and speech. Consider, please, the long list of Winchellisms which have more than likely influenced his conferees more than they would like to admit, and the sentences hereafter:

HEIR-CONDITIONED... Baby born
BLESSED-HE-VENT... Male baby
STRAINING AT THE LEASH...
About ready for divorce
WELDING... Getting married
BLESSED EVENT... His most famous
one in re birth
MIDDLE AISLING IT... Getting married
HAVE PHEFFIT... Have quarreled
ARE RENOVATING... In Reno getting a divorce
PAPALATION... Increasing the population
THE WEE-YAWNING... Early morning

Another influence is making itself felt in the world of entertainment—I mean the influence of Variety, the Bible of the Show World. Variety's style is clearly the work of several men, highly individual in their approach to a typewriter. In this respect, Variety differs from Time magazine, whose style-book is undoubtedly the work of one man. Henry Luce by name. Variety reflects the assorted writings of its great staff of brilliant dissectionists and analysts. Here are a few of the more clever Variety-isms—familiar to us, who read it religiously, but to the layman just so much Greek:

CLEFFING... Writing music
OGLING... Looking over talent, a show, etc.
FURTHER GABBING... Continued discussion
UNCORKS A COUPLE OF POPS...
The band or individual plays one or two popular tunes
ELLINGTONS A PIANO... Plays piano in the style of Duke Ellington, Esq.
CARNY OWNERS SING RAINY BLUES... People-running-a-carnival deploring a rain
AIR WAIT... A stage wait in radio
RATES A BOW... Deserves a bow as a result of much applause
SUDB GARDEN... An open-air place where beer is dispensed
A LEGIT YEN... Not Chinese money, but a desire to appear in a legitimate (serious stage production) show

I'm sure that Mr. Dale Carnegie won't

RADIO STARS

Lady Lillian
Introduces
NEW BEAUTY

With the new smart creme polish in her introductory kit for only 10 cents. Revel in the glamour of the fashion-right shades of Rose. Rose and Tawny Red Kit contains a bottle of nail polish, polish remover, nail white, manicure stick and cotton—all for 10 cents. Lady Lillian's Introductory Kit is on sale at 5 and 10 cent stores. Approved by Good Housekeeping.

In case your name cannot supply you, send this advertisement and 10 cents in stamps to Lady Lillian, Dept. N-6, 1140 Washington St., Boston, Mass. State the shade you prefer.

TYPEWRITER ½ Price
Easy Terms
Only 10c a Day
Beverage ½ a Day
For only 1½ cents a Day
SEND NO MONEY
America's Largest Manufacturer.

Free course in typing included.

International Typewriter Exch., Dept. 1516, S.

Photos Enlarged
in 6 x 9 in. color $1.00 to $4.50.
$1.00 for 10

Amateur prints, black and white, or portraits in 3 x 5 in. size.

While painting, are printed.

Free 4 x 6 in. print with any order.

A S. E. D. S. SUPERIOR PORTRAIT COMPANY

GIVEN LADIES 34-38, SAPPHIRE BLUE CLASS
Latest design, all-different. At Big Cash Commission.

At each of the following stores, 34-38, SAPPHIRE BLUE CLASS.

Evelyn's, 34-38, SAPPHIRE BLUE CLASS.

Albert's, 34-38, SAPPHIRE BLUE CLASS.

D. & D. Superior Portrait Company

The Best GRAY HAIR

Remedy is Made at Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe.

To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a half box of Barbo Compound and oneouch of common glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you mix it yourself at very little cost.

Apply to the hair twice a week till the desired shade is obtainable.

Barbo Imparts color to stranded or gray hair, making it soft and glossy and tans it off your locks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky and does not rub off.
Save Big Money on WINDOW SHADES

LOOKS LIKE LINEN...COSTS 15¢!

Buy 15¢ CLOPAYS

AT 5 and 10c and NEIGHBORHOOD STORES EVERYWHERE

Only CLOPAYS Have These Amazing Advantages*

*IMAGINE having fresh, lovely-looking shades at every window all the time, for a fraction of what it used to cost! Yes, you can! Actually get 10 window shades for the price of one...and they look like costly linen! Wear 2 years and more. No wonder thousands of women everywhere are switching to 15c CLOPAYS...the gorgeous new window shades made of an amazing new cellulose material that looks like costly linen. CLOPAYS won't crack, won't pin-hole, won't fray or curl. Everybody mistakes them for expensive shades...yet CLOPAYS cost only 15c...in full 6-foot lengths...ready to attach to old rollers in a jiffy with CLOPAYS' patented gummed strip...that needs no tacks or tools...Buy beautiful 15c CLOPAYS at 5 and 10c and neighborhood stores everywhere. Your choice of many lovely patterns and plain colors. Ready to attach to roller, only 15c each. Roller and brackets, 15c extra. Write for FREE color samples...to CLOPAY CORP., 1292 York Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

CLOPAY WINDOW SHADES 15¢

RADIO STARS

care one way or the other, but the fact remains that I don't agree completely with him in his theory that one should never correct people when they make mistakes or when they are in error. Even though I know that it does wound that person's precious vanity, I think that failure to wound more vanity and to awaken more of us to the fact that we are woefully inadequate in certain phases and things is responsible for much of the stupidity surrounding us on all sides. The apathy of the average person to many things that should arouse him to a rage of reformation is in no small measure responsible for the public tolerance of the one unpardonable crime (in my lexicon at least) of racketeering—that scourge upon our nation, that parasitical vermin that some day, I hope, I shall have the privilege of stamping out through the medium of a vigilante committee that will shoot first and ask questions afterward.

Yes, Mr. Carnegie, I have just finished bawling out one of my staff for his failure to have had this portable typewriter fixed when he noticed that the ribbon was all out of place. So just when I had a few minutes to do a little typing between showers, here in the hot Texas sun, I found the type half-red and half-black—and to complicate matters further, it was impossible to see what I was typing (the ribbon was obviously too high), and so, typing as I do in the best Hunt And Poke system, made it almost impossible to do much at the machine.

That brings me to the thought that this failure to have things immediately repaired when they require it is one of the most common forms of human laziness. Go through the average American house and count the number of sewing machines, vacuum cleaners, radios and phonographs that lie in need of only a slight adjustment to make them workable, and you'll see what I mean.

I've had boys playing for me who were fine musicians but who were too lazy and procrastinating to take their instruments to the repair man, with the net result that the fine instruments with which they earn a living were festooned with elastics and colored string, making the instrument a likely source of trouble and hardly a visual help to the band. Oh Laziness! what sins are perpetrated in thy name and truly so...

Now don't misunderstand me—I don't disagree with all that Mr. Carnegie has to say on the subject of rebuke and criticism—indeed, in his story of Lincoln and General Meade I concur with him completely as to Lincoln's handling of Meade. In a later issue of this magazine I would like to discuss the book How To Win Friends And Influence People more completely.

STUPID EXPRESSIONS

The Real McCoy—In this case the word "real" is unnecessary, redundant—"McCoy" itself means the genuine article.

PUZZLERS

Why—why, down here in Texas and other parts of the South, are "myself" and "help," pronounced "myself" and...
Jean Dickenson, luscious to look at, lovely to hear, sings with Frank Munn on NBC-Red, Sundays at 9:30 p.m. EST.

"hepp," without the "i"? Also, why the unusual accent on "United States"? Up North it is "You Nied States" but in the South it is a "high o Nied States". Remember how the late Huey Long pronounced it? Long also typified the Southern pronunciation by saying "Wall Street"—we say "Wall Street."

Some people show a woeful lack of knowledge of human nature. The only palliative that anyone can offer is that they "mean well," which doesn't help much. It all stems from the fallacy that people must always be talking or doing something, else happiness is impossible. Therefore, then, it becomes a major crime for one to remain silent at a social gathering and for one to sit and twiddle his thumbs (instead of holding a cocktail in one hand and a cigarette in the other, meanwhile jabbering away furiously of nothing at all). In society's eyes, the fellow merits the firing squad, no less. In other words, the arts of day-dreaming and of sober reflection (which can be so soothing to a tired, tortured soul), have become outlawed in the scheme of things here in America.

Just why anyone should fail to understand that some of us might like just to sit by ourselves with our elbows on the table and muse for a moment or two, is quite beyond me. But so many good Samaritans, with the best of intentions, have come over to me when I have been happily deep in my thoughts and, with a pitying smile, have volunteered to cheer me up. With an air of doing their daily work with a forgiveness, these fellows proceed to ask foolish questions, thinking to rescue me from my supposed melancholy . . . . . Where can I rent a gun?

People do not sing "off key"—that is, they rarely do. What most people mean is that the singer, or instrumentalist, is singing or playing, sharp or flat, or singing "off pitch" . . . . . there is a wide difference between off pitch and off key. "

"Off key" means that the singer has left the key in which the song was being played and is now in another key. Which
little trick would require an atrocious sense of pitch and even the layman-singer (and I have heard some pretty poor ones) rarely wanders that far afield. Usually he sings out of time, or to put it more technically, his ear and sense of pitch, which are guided by the ears’ keenness, are deficient in that task. Of course those of you who have sung in, or directed, glee clubs will hasten to tell me about groups of singers who end in another key several tones flat (usually). Yes, they do do this but they do it very gradually, almost imperceptibly and they all go together. It would take pages to try to explain this phenomenon.

Pitch is like color. Just as red has infinite variations of the color itself—varying all the way from dark red to very light red—so may the note “A” vary from an “A” that is made double variations sharp or flat and yet it is still the same old note “A.” Most people have a defective sense of pitch and I am of the belief that training can not remedy this any more than a short man can become tall by training or exercise.

Only a surgical operation could possibly correct the defect in the ear, and no one has ever found out why one person’s sense of pitch is perfect and the other fellow’s most imperfect—any more than we can explain why one child is born ugly and the other an Adonis. I’m afraid we’ll have to lay it at the door of Old Man Inheritance. Some people have the gift of being able, on hearing the sound of a bell, a horn, a glass—in fact any musical sound however produced, to tell you what note in the scale it is. This is called “arbitrary pitch” and can be trained. Pianists have it most often, as they have learned to associate musical sounds with the keys of the piano. It is indeed a question of arbitrary measurement, like learning to estimate the height of hats.

Some call it “absolute” or “relative” pitch, as distinguished from “perfect” pitch, which no one has but which the finest violinists almost have—or they wouldn’t be great violinists.

Absolute pitch is like always being able to tell red from blue. Perfect pitch is the ability to distinguish between varying shades of red. Perfectly clear?

If you’re interested in knowing just how good your sense of pitch is and want to measure your own pitch very accurately and definitely, write me and I’ll tell you where you can secure the apparatus that even a child can operate and by which you can measure all gifts of musical talent. Notice, please, that I said “gifts!” You have never thought of these talents as gifts, have you? Thought it was all a matter of training and “the breaks”? Sorry to disillusion you!

A lot of instructors who are bleeding poor, untalented clods, telling them that by hard work musical talent may be cultivated, ought to be taken out and horse-whipped! Of course I’m not talking about a dry academic knowledge of music—I’m talking about the ability to render music in sound and to sing or play an instrument successfully and pleasingly. This must be inherited, and the child devoid of the talent is wasting his time and energy. Old Mother Nature has a lot to answer for . . . . .

REVERSALS

Why must people say “Zur-field” when it is “Zee-log-feld”—and “bear-rill” or “bear-lid” for “barr-lid”? (The last is a Western and Mid-Western trait.)

An article in Variety, the afore-mentioned Bible of the entertainment world, catches my attention. It appears that the Telephone Company has noticed a decrease in the number of telephone calls made by owners of telephones on Thursday evenings between the hours of 8:00 and 11:00. The Company is quite concerned about this. Both Variety and Company executives have come to the conclusion that people who normally might be making telephone calls between those hours on that evening are tuned-in to some of the major radio programs. This seems to be a fairly logical and reasonable explanation. Somewhat like the old vaudeville gag about the cities with the greatest population having the greatest number of people!

At the risk of being rated egotistical, I think I am safe in saying that the fact that we have been broadcasting Thursday evenings from 8:00 to 9:00 was one of the motivating factors causing Thursday evening between 8:00 and 11:00 to become one of the week’s outstanding broadcasting evenings. Surveys find many people seated before their radio loud-speakers,
Most women don't need beauty parlors. Your own doctor will tell you that sallow complexions and pimple skin are rarely matters for cosmetics. Because most skin blemishes are aggravated by constipation.

Dr. F. M. Edwards treated hundreds of women for constipation and frequently noted remarkable improvements in their appearance. He used a purely vegetable compound—Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. This laxative is gentle, yet peculiarly effective because it increases the bile flow without shocking the intestinal system. Try Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. At all druggists, 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

ANDY, of the long-beloved team, Amos 'n' Andy, has a new bride! Read the story of their romance in RADIO STARS, for December.

MUSCULAR
RHEUMATIC
PAIN

It takes more than 'just a salve' to draw it out. It takes a 'counter-irritant'! And that's what good old Musterole is—soothing, warming, penetrating and helpful in drawing out local congestion and pain when rubbed on the sore, aching spots.

Muscular lumbago, soreness and stiffness generally yield promptly to this treatment, and with continued application, blessed relief usually follows.

Even better results than the old-fashioned mustard plaster. Used by millions for 25 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. All druggists. In three strengths: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong; 40¢ each.

MUSTEROLE

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

HERE COMES SHIRLEY!

A Shirley more lovable than ever!

With that endearing dimple, that enchanting smile, gloriously she brings to life a Heidi you'll adore. Her every gesture will charm you...her every tear will stir you...as she steals the heart of that cranky, cussed, cantankerous Grandfather, Jean Hersholt...a Jean Hersholt so grandly human you can't help but love him, too!

Don't miss the complete story of Shirley Temple's latest triumph—Heidi—in the November issue of

SCREEN ROMANCES

NOW ON SALE
I have often been asked why the Fleischmann's Yeast Hour was originally broadcast on Thursday evenings. I'm afraid I must take the bow or the kick-in-the-pants for that particular schedule. When we began broadcasting the Fleischmann's Yeast Hour in October, 1929, it was generally conceded that Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights were the best listening nights, with the emphasis on Thursday and Friday. Saturday was considered good, Sunday poor (it really was, then) and Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, just fair.

I was under contract to Paramount Publicity Theatres at that time, a contract that necessitated my appearing, for months at a time, day in and day out, at either the New York or Brooklyn Paramount Theatres, doing as many as five and sometimes six shows a day. The sponsors of our broadcast desired an hour when we might attract children and adults who might wish to retire early. Anything before 6:30 would have been too early, especially as it would reach the West Coast at a bad time and not a particularly good hour in the East. Our third theatre show generally went on at 7:00 or a little before and being, usually, forty to fifty minutes in length, we generally finished the third show at the Paramount at approximately 7:50.

Therefore, eight o'clock seemed to be the best choice of hour, as my next stage show was scheduled for approximately 9:20 and would not see me off until 10:10.

Friday morning, a new Paramount unit arrived at the theatre, necessitating a very early rehearsal, sometimes at six o'clock in the morning. A long morning rehearsal and the hectic anxiety attendant on a first show in the theatre made Friday a bad day to add to the day's hours a long radio rehearsal and performance. Saturday was generally our biggest day at the theatre, with usually six and often seven shows. So with the schedule being constantly rearranged as a result of crowds standing in line and the first show beginning quite a bit before noon, Saturday was an equally bad day for the broadcast.

Therefore, Thursday seemed the most logical day and 8:00 o'clock the most sensible hour. And thus, because of the enthusiasm of the theatre audiences and producers and the capricious likes and dislikes of radio listeners, what is generally known as "Cookie's Night Out" became the night of the original Fleischman's Yeast Hour and continues to be for the Royal Gelatine Hour.

A recommendation before closing—a most eloquent, thorough and helpful book for singers—Pierre Keyes' This Business Of Singing. As one who believes in singing naturally, I can't commend it too highly.

Remember, now, that you're going to write me, if you're interested, about the device for measuring musical talent. It might very easily save you time and money.

As Variety would say—your correspondent is shuttering—closing down for another month.

Woman's place was in the home!
Not many years ago, it was unthinkable that women would ever compete with men in business, in sport, in art! The ordeals of her sex made it apparently impossible.

Yet today, woman is freed. Everywhere, in every field, she competes on a basis of strict equality. Her's is a new life.

And the greatest contribution, perhaps, to this new freedom, was one woman's courage in defying tradition. She dared to say that women were not meant to suffer. She dared to claim that no wife or mother must spend one-quarter of her life wracked with pain. She dared to assert that the ordeal of motherhood could be eased.

We know now that Lydia Pinkham was right. And it is doubtful whether, throughout the entire world, any single aid to woman has won more eager gratitude than Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

We have received more than a million letters expressing gratitude Lydia Pinkham for enabling the writers to go "smiling through" the ordeals of a woman's life.
The bitter aches and pains, the terrible mental and nervous strain that so many women undergo, are often needless. As wife, mother, daughter, you owe it to those about you to test whether Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will not help you, also, to go "smiling through." Why not get a bottle today from your druggist?

* For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts (functional disorders) which must be endured, especially during:

The Three Ordeals of Woman
1. Passing from girlhood into womanhood.
2. Preparing for Motherhood.
3. Approaching "Middle Age."

One woman tells another how to go "Smiling Through" with Lydia & Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

85
successful association with the Cities Service NBC program—a concert series which set a new high standard for radio music, in which she starred for six years. This past January she left that program to star in a series of weekly half-hour musical programs for the Palmolive Company, over CBS.

Many have asked why Jessica left the Cities Service Hour.

It wasn’t an easy thing to do—to turn her back on all she had so splendidly built up through these six years. And the network protested. The sponsors protested. Friends argued. Fans were alarmed. But Jessica knew she must be ruthless. Ruthless with all the dear, familiar ties that form impalpable and cherished bonds. Ruthless, most of all, with herself. It was necessary now, she saw, to find expression for richer gifts within herself, to evolve new formulae for broader radio fare, to reach a wider audience.

So holding the vision high, Jessica made the change, never faltering, despite much unfavorable publicity and misrepresentation of her motives and plans.

Now, for the first time, Jessica reveals those motives.

"There were several reasons for making the change," she explains. "For one thing, this new program reaches sixty-eight stations—almost twice as many as the other did. Now listeners from coast to coast may hear me, where before the program reached only Eastern and Mid-Western listeners. Enthusiastic letters, pouring in from the West Coast," she added, "have more than justified the change on that score.

"Another reason for the change was that many fans had asked me for a program in which I would have dialog—lines to speak—as well as songs to sing. That wasn’t possible on the other program. So, for the Palmolive show, we planned these miniature operettas.

"When the present contract was being negotiated," said Jessica, "it was arranged that we should present an operetta one week and a concert program the next week—which seemed very desirable, giving a chance to different forms of music. But that arrangement was not carried out. The immediate success of the operettas made the sponsors decide to keep to them every week.

"That is a great disappointment to me!" Her eyes flash. "People say: ‘Oh, Jessica always gets everything she wants!’ But I haven’t yet got what I wanted—what I expected to have—this series.

"There is," said Jessica, "a vast literature of music outside of the operatic field. I’ve given my life to the study of it. I know listeners want to hear it—and I want to give it to them.

"If we could increase the program to an hour, instead of the half hour, we could present an operetta in the first half hour, and then devote the second half hour to concert music."
"I hope they'll do it..." She smiled.

"There have been over ten thousand petitions to increase the program to an hour! But as yet the idea hasn't seemed to interest the sponsors. They are so reluctant to change!"

To Jessica Dragonette, pioneer, reluctance to change is almost high treason! As to every true adventurer, change is her friend and counselor. When the idea of condensing operettas to the limitations of a half-hour program was first suggested, "they" said it couldn't be done. Now their very reluctance to change testifies to the practicality of her vision.

In Jessica Dragonette's early broadcasting years everything was experimental. "The studio," she says, "resembled a combination laboratory and sweat-shop, where we all slaved together. Often it was like a madhouse! There were no studio audiences then, of course—just two small rooms where we worked. Quite different from the modern theatre where we broadcast today.

Through the rush and clamor of those early studio sessions, Jessica's instinct for inner quiet and her unshakable purpose steadied her. She learned a new operetta each week. Daily she committed to memory one or two new songs. (She never uses a score, or any memorandum, when she sings.) She studied and perfected tone and diction. Style presented no problem, since then, as now, simplicity was her keynote.

Then, as now, Jessica Dragonette was not just a singer, "putting over" a song. She had a definite part, not only in shaping and perfecting those early programs, but in shaping and perfecting the development of broadcasting itself.

As an instance of this: One day Mr. McClelland, later to become the "father" of the NBC chain—there were no networks then—saw her sitting in the hall outside the studio, studying a score. Hours passed and, going in and out of his office, he observed the small figure, still lost in concentration.

"Who is she?" he asked someone, present. And, being told, he asked her to come into his office and talk to him. It was the beginning of a long friendship, and Mr. McClelland, recognizing the young ingenue's ardent interest in radio problems, asked her to sit in at official meetings, at which various such problems were threshed out, and production formulae were evolved. She had, they say, always something definite to contribute, looking always toward the future, fighting stoutly for what she believed in, protesting stoutly against what seemed shortsighted policy.

In those early years Jessica "did everything" on the air. She was the first to suggest presenting Shakespeare on the air, and broadcast on some of her programs scenes from some of the Bard's plays, and some of the lovely songs. But not till this past year did radio really catch up with Jessica's vision of presenting full-length versions of the Shakespeare plays.

"I'd like to do some Shakespeare now," she says eagerly. "If they'll give me a full hour program, I can do it!"

Jessica has been associated with many stars in radio. It was she who first introduced Robert L. (Believe-It-Or-

---

**A GLAMOUR GIRL in a GLAMOUR HOME!**

—her home decorations and wardrobe are gay with COLOR

Step out this fall and be a glamour girl. It's so easy with Tintex! The live, gorgeous Tintex colors will double your own charm and put radiant personality into your home.

These magic tints and dyes are the quick, thrifty way to give fashion's newest fall colors to all your faded curtains, draperies, bedspreads, slip-covers, table linens; and dresses, sweaters, kerchiefs, gloves, lingerie. Perfect results—always!

Buy Tintex today. Ask your dealer to show you the Tintex Color Card.

---

**Tintex**

World's Largest Selling TINTS AND DYED

45 brilliant, long-lasting colors. At all drug, notion and toilet goods counters.

**COLOR MAGIC FOR EVERY FABRIC**

---

---

---

---

---

---
Not) Ripley to the air. She sang on the first General Motors program and on the first international broadcast. When Byrd was at the South Pole, she sang on the first broadcast to him. She was in the first of the experimental television broadcasts, a private demonstration, at which former mayor Jimmy Walker was the honored guest. And the list is still longer. She also, perhaps, was the first to be chided for a bit of impromptu minciumy on the air.

You may not know it, but Jessica is an accomplished mimic. One day, after hearing Irene Bordoni sing one of her famous—and just a wee bit naughty—French songs, Jessica was inspired to do an imitation of her. The song was “Do It Tonight!”

We were a bit on the prim side, in those days. Letters poured in, protesting in shocked amazement. “She is corrupting the youth of our nation!” one indignant writer exclaimed.

And the Board forthwith “sat upon” Jessica! So, for once, the pioneering instinct was squelched!

What is Jessica Dragonette like, really? Many ask that question.

But it’s a question not too easy to answer. In every person there are a thousand little personal qualities, one of them emerging dominant, the others are submerged. And yet, at any time, change and chance may call up one of the hidden personalities, to surprise even the closest friend.

There are those who know Jessica as an enchanting companion—one with a gay sense of humor, a keen quip, an eager zest for the moment’s pleasure. The Jessica, for example, who celebrated the New Year riding up Fifth Avenue with the young Janes Melons, in Jimmy’s prized 1910 White—laughing when it broke down in front of St. Patrick’s Cathedral and, to the annoyance of the traffic cop, refused to budge.

To those associated with her on her programs, she is Jessica, steadfast, sincere, a good worker, a good fighter, a good friend. Some, in various parts of the land, know her as an unseen but loyal friend, with a sympathetic heart and a ready hand to help. Others, close to her through the years, see her as one with an all-absorbing interest in her work, with a passion for perfection that drives her relentlessly.

To these, who casually combine life and love and laughter, career and home-keeping, music and motherhood, she seems a little too much the “angel of song,” the lovely woman on a pedestal, far removed from dear human contacts to shape a rounded life. She just lives for that program!” said one, with a faint edge of impatience in her voice. To those she seems to be spending years that might be rich with romance in work that some day will leave her old and alone.

Are they right?

Surely, of all people in the world, the pioneer has the fullest life, the most richly rewarding experiences. It is certain that Jessica Dragonette knows no lack, nurses no frustrated longings. Only wealings suffer so—and, far from being a weakness, Jessica is strong, vital, dynamic.

Nor is it merely her career that she serves. It would be more true to say it...
is life. It is beauty, art, humanity, music, radio...It is her heart's high adventure—and to it she gives all that she has to give. Life, as she shapes it, is rich, full, satisfying. Its rewards only the true pioneer understands.

Obviously, love couldn't pass her by! Some day it will have its place in the pattern of her life. With her rare qualities of heart and mind, she is lovely to know, lovely to look upon. Small—five feet two and weighing a hundred pounds—she is dainty as a porcelain figurine. In her dress, she has a gift for style any woman might envy—the ability to wear something as if it had been created by an artist for her alone—as it may have been. Or, she may have achieved it herself in an odd half hour. Her hair is a golden halo, framing her sensitive face. Her voice, whether in speech or song, is a jewelled loveliness. She likes to dance and swim and ride horseback. She loves flowers and proudly raises them in her penthouse garden.

All of which forms merely a lightly sketched background for our portrait of a pioneer. The real Jessica Dragonette is measured not only by the long list of her sterling achievements, but by her plans and dreams of further fields of fine accomplishment. For the pioneer, there are always new horizons.

She looks ahead toward a projected series of concert recitals. It had been her plan to put off consideration of that for another year. But, urged on by friendly advisers, as well as by many of her radio audience, she may undertake it sooner than she had foreseen.

And there is the question of movie work. Producers are urging her to consider contracts—and she feels that that, too, is a step to be taken presently.

She hasn't got all she wants yet. There still is something to struggle for. Still she must "follow the gleam" that has made her one of radio's pioneers, one of its most beloved and most outstanding stars. And that gleam she will always follow, wherever it leads.

For Jessica Dragonette, adventure will always light its stars. And she will continue to pioneer up bright new paths of beauty and fulfillment.

Now that the football season is here, the voice of Ted Husing will be heard more often on the air.
fragrant powder stirred into the water will soften the hair. Mix the powder with plain water to the consistency of a lotion and allow the lotion to remain on your face for a few minutes; rinse with warm water, then cold—there you have a facial treatment. To make this oatmeal facial a blackhead and pore treatment, you should first steam the face and neck, then apply this facial, mixed to a paste with lukewarm water. Allow it to remain on for twenty minutes. Finish this pack treatment, as you do the facial, by rinsing first with warm water and then with cold.

Do you feel so fresh, now, that you want to keep right on going? Want to get some practical pointers on how to be well-groomed and poised every hour of the day? Then here is Florence George to demonstrate how really simple it is to accomplish.

Florence George is with Lanny Ross on the Packard Hour. You can hear her every Tuesday over the NBC-Red network. You can see her in these pictures—and she is always in them.

Don’t look down your nose and mutter “humph!” Florence isn’t a bit smug about herself. In fact, she tells you how to be well-groomed at all times—painlessly, and with no strain on the pocketbook. Florence achieved the distinction of being selected one of the three most beautiful co-eds at Wittenberg College—all on the average school-girl’s allowance which, you know, is infinitesimal. Later she was described by Milton Stiefel, former coach of Katharine Hepburn, as “pictorially and vocally perfect,” and she was optioned by M-G-M.

Fifteen minutes’ beauty routine today is worth an hour tomorrow! And will save you not only time but headaches, for all your tomorrows will be beautiful ones if you take care of today! Get in the habit of planning a day ahead and you’ll find wrinkles disappearing and a new pleasure in your own appearance taking their place. Just as regularly as you go to bed, you should prepare your pocketbook with tomorrow’s cosmetics. You should have your dressing-table arranged conveniently, so that the morning’s routine can be followed without a hitch—no scrambling around in cluttered drawers for the foundation preparation, then deciding to go without it! A quick inventory should be made of all cosmetics, so short supplies can be replenished.

How can you be faultlessly groomed at all times, if you don’t have the necessary cosmetics at hand? Florence George has solved this problem and you can follow her system, too. She always keeps makeup essentials in a table drawer in the foyer of her home. Ravages of wind and weather can then be repaired before meeting anyone! This is a grand idea and one your guests will be quick to appreciate, too. Really, make-up kits should be convenient to every place where you spend much of your time—be it the office, kitchen or car. If your time is divided among all of
these places, then have a kit in each one, as well as in your dressing-table.

Are you gasping at this suggestion? Well, relax, for it's not as bad as first glance would indicate—not bad for the pocketbook, or the appearance, and it is certainly a lot of fun. Perfectly marvelous make-up kits are available at cosmetic counters. Kits with price ranges from inexpensive to the exorbitant. Somewhere in the scale you will find just what you want, or you may assemble your own kit. Where can you have the fun of assembling a very inexpensive kit for your own use? In the chain stores! You can browse along one tremendous counter and, in a few minutes, have everything you need. (I say a few minutes, but you'll enjoy this shopping trip so much you'll probably linger for hours!)

You will find every type of cosmetic, nationally known cosmetics, too, in small sizes and large sizes in the chain stores. I suggest you take a list with you when you go to assemble your kit, then you won't be so overwhelmed by the many things you see, that essentials are overlooked. Determine the number of kits you need and what each should contain—then begin your shopping orgy!

First, you will want beauty boxes to hold your cosmetics. You should have a box for each set of cosmetics. You can make this box, yourself, from a candy box, or any other odd box, or you may purchase a box. Perfectly grand boxes with mirrors in the cover may be had. While you are collecting these beauty boxes, do make or purchase a zipper waterproof kit to hold the cosmetics in your pocketbook.

There are certain essential beauty aids each beauty box and waterproof kit should contain, so I'll itemize them for you here. First is a cleansing cream or lotion, for the beauty boxes, and tissues for removing. (You would find a combination cleaner and foundation convenient here.) Second is a hand lotion, to correct and prevent rough, red hands. Then nail polish remover, polish and file go into the beauty boxes, as first-aid treatment for fingernail accidents. Third is a comb. (You may want to tuck in a few hairpins or Bobby pins alongside the comb.) Fourth is your make-up. This should consist of rouge, powder, lipstick, eyebrow pencil, eye-shadows and mascara.

There you have the requisites to daintiness, wherever you may be! You'll never look frowzy with all these beauty aids to command. Of course you can make your boxes even more elaborate, or add to them, from time to time, when you have a few extra pennies. A small glass spun is a luxury touch; mouth wash and deodorant will assure personal daintiness, and a needle and thread, pins, shoe brush and small clothes brush, would leave you unperturbed in the face of any calamity.

After Florence George fired me with enthusiasm for "preparation," I did a little scouting around the cosmetic counters myself and found some things for the beauty boxes that I am glad to recommend to you. One discovery, in particular, thrilled me. It is a cleansing cream that does wonders in the way of cleansing and softening the skin. It is that "miracle"—a quick cleanser and a thorough one at the same time. This triple- whip cream really does something about banishing blackheads and does combat rough skin and the premature wrinkles and lines that accompany a dry skin. You will probably be so delighted with this cream that you will want a large jar for your dressing-table, as well as the smaller jars for your kits.

The same manufacturers of this cream have an indelible lipstick and rouge, a silk-sifted face powder, and a hand lotion. The quality of all these cosmetics is on a par with the cream! Of course, when you are out to beautify yourself, the external appearance of jars and boxes should not matter, but I can promise you that you will find this line of cosmetics so daintily and appealingly packaged that you will want the whole line.

Mary Biddle,
RADIO STARS MAGAZINE,
149 Madison Avenue,
New York, New York.

I am enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope and would like to know the names of the facial treatment, cream and cosmetics recommended by Mary Biddle.

Name

Address

City State

Perfume for a different "You"

GARDENIA by day - true essence of the fragile flower . . . warm and lingering as the memory of a friendly smile.

No. 3 PERFUME by night - exotic breath of the Orient . . . weaving its magic spell through romantic hours.

Your different "selves" demand both these exquisite perfumes. The carefree, playmate "You" of daytime wears Park & Tilford Gardenia . . . but night and romance find "You" subtly alluring with Oriental No. 3. At leading drug and department stores . . . 25¢

Smart tuckaway size all for 10¢ in ten-cent stores

PARK & TILFORD
FINE PERFUMES FOR HALF A CENTURY
:

RADIO STARS

"OH BOY!
NO MORE

ROMANCE TO
SWINGTIME
from

(C~oiifi)uird

"A

rdiiiaiUic

t'Xtr.inrdiiuiriU

iirdiul,

;iri;

WORMS

39)

'l'oimii>",

l-raiuis \).,v^vy. Ill

'JiiMiiias

(

Jr.,

u'

known

hcttrr

Marie. 'J~he ho\is
si.x and the L;irl
i.U \en years old,
Tlie\- are heinu linumln n]) lui a farm,

as "Skipi)er"),
is

/'(/(yr

heart

at

to

:inil

Tiininix

wliieli

einiiinntes

niLilitly

after

hnishes ])layin,L; at tlie t'l mmn idore, the
Pennsylvania, or whatever smart New
York dance floor has him under contract

lie

ADORATION

WINS

Don't envy

with fa.scinatin^
the

rinse,

make.?

your

it

woman

tlie

liair.

Golo-

modern

rinse,

so easy to glorify

liair

vouthful

antl

gi\ e

brilliance.

a

it

L'se

Colorin.se to have hair that
w

omen

eii\y

mire. \ ou

11

and

tind

men

ad-

your own

correct .shade on the N'estle

Color Card, at all counters.

SO SIMPLE TO USE
'-'C of 2
5

and

I

rinses at

o-cent stores.

25c for package of

After a shampoo, dissolve a
package of Colorinse in warm
water .ind pour over your hair.

five rinses at

drug and

Ur\ li,ili,luushit,and'you~llsee
asc.irkltin vmir hair that will as-

department

stores.

tonishyou.Try Colorinse today.

the

at

moment.

The farm

is Dorset's pride and joy. LoBernards ville, Xew Jersey, it is
twenty-two acres in extent and is well
stocked with cows, cliiekens and horses. A
heautiful ramhlins farmlmuse, over which
Missus I)orse>- presides -raciously, ,t;ives
them all the comforts of a Maniiattan town

cated at

house.

Once
work so
the

a

in

great

while

late at night

Tommy

has

and be up so early

morning for recordings or

for

to
in

radio

work, that it is necessary for him to
spend the night at a New York hotel. He
Mostly, winter or
just hates to do this.
summer, he commutes, no matter what the
weather or what the lime, for he loves
that farm and heinu on it with his family.
No, he wasn't hrt)uglU ui) to he a farmHis father was a music teacher, first
er.
in Mahanoy Plane, Pennsyh'ania, later in
.Shcnandiiah and Lansford, Pennsylvania,
in the coal mining country.
As soon as
Tommy and his brother, Jimmy, were old
distinguish
one
note
from anto
enough
other, they were getting music lessons. Before they were in long pants they were
playing in orchestras atid organizing their

own

• Worm your dog safely with tried and
tested Sergeant's Worm Medicines. There's a
kind for the different types of worms, for different size dogs. That makes Sergeant's safer. For
pups and dogs weighing over 10 pounds, use
Sergeant's Sure Shot Capsules to remove
roundworms and hookworms. For small pups
and toy breeds, use Sergeant's Puppy CapstiLEs. For tapeworms, use Sergeant's Tapeworm Medicine. These are products from the
famous line of Sergeant's Dog Medicines. Sold
by drug and pet stores everywhere, free adviCE.
Our veterinarian will answer questions about
your dog's health. Write fully.
Free

Dog Book. Ask your

dealer or write for

your

free copy of Sergeant's
the care of dogs.
edition

famous book on

New

now ready.
POLK MILLER PRODUCTS CORPORATION
1982

W Broad

Street

.

Richmond,

'Virginia

WORM MEDICINES
ASK FOR FREE DOG BOOK!

band.

Tommy

always hated school.

When

he

was about twelve, he came home and announced he was through.
His father
stormed, his mother pleaded with liim, his
brother Jitnmy gave him a licking. Tommy
went back, under protest, for two more

DON'T PARE

COIIIIIi

Then lie refused to bother with
books any longer. He foimd a job delivering pasteurized milk and, in his spare hours,
he tinkered with his trombone.
What is now known as "swing" hadn't
\et become popular, l)ut jazz, as played by
Paul Whiteman, had all the embryo musiTommy used to spend
cians in its throes.
every cent lie could muster to buy Whiteman rcc iirds nf such pieces as Oh, Feather
)<)///
Xr.^i. (htculal. Song of India and
years.

/>,',,

unless removed Root* and

/>7»,-,V.

tluni o\rr

and over again, to
absorh the Whiltnian temi)o and rhythm,
often playing his own horn right along with
the X'ictrola. When he and his brother were
in their first small-town h.ind, it was the
Dorsey brothers' \(.'rsion of the W'liileman
pieces that the cash customers veiled for.
llr'd

It

WOODBURY COLLEQE.
^nd me FKKE

DepL 137L, Lot Angeles, Cal.
"A Career in Cos-

;

your new book,

\

lume DesigninK." and
course.

My

age

full

particulars of your

is

1

'

Miss—Mri

.

Street

City

Lomestudy

I

.State

|il,i\

was not many years

later that

Tommy

and Jimmy wound up with jobs in Paul
Whiteman's band and were considered to))
they left to organize their own
famous Dorsey Brothers' Orchestra, which
was a mild sensation in the East a few

men when

|

years ago.

all

• Paringcorns is dangerous— leaves the root to come
back bigger, more painful than ever. Play safe with
the new, double-action Blue-jay method that stops
pain instantly, by removing pressure, then in 3 short
days the corn lifts out root and all (exceptionally
stubborn cases may require a second application).
Blue-Jay is a tiny medicated plaster. Easy to use— invisible. 2 5»! for 6. Same price in Canada. Get Blue-Jay
,

today.

BAUER&
BLACK

REMOVE CORNS ROOT

CORN
PLASTERS
AND ALL


When this organization broke up—and the story of that split and resulting feud is one that shall be reserved for another place—I, Jimmy, took the nucleus of the group and went West and Tommy had to start it all over again. From scratch—building a new band, new reputation, getting new engagements.

Just how well he built is shown by his wonderful reputation today on both radio and dance floor. Dorsey “sweet swing” music is famous everywhere. He has one of the most popular bands in the country. Part of the secret of his success, say those who study musical trends, is his inimitable swing—his own particular brand. Nobody else “swings” quite like Dorsey!

I asked him about this.

“Well,” he said, “it is kind of hard to define in words. I can show you better than I can explain it, but as near as I can explain it, it is a matter of accenting and unaccenting certain sounds.

“What the dancer feels and calls swing is a mechanical business with the orchestra. You create swing by the grouping of notes or emphasis. A particular style depends on the phrasing or grouping of accented or unaccented sounds.

“Some people complain that swing is too easy and too raucous. That’s when it is laid forte or barrel-house style. I think, myself, that five muted brasses can whisper as convincingly as when they open a. That’s the way I handle it—whisper and then, when we do want to rough up or put sawdust on its tail, the result pretty darned effective.”

Maybe it is the sentimentalist in him, but Tommy concentrates on old numbers other than the brand-new pieces for his singing repertoire. He says, however, it isn’t matter of his choice, but the preference expressed by the people who dance to his music. He has a list of eleven favorites, shown by requests. Here’s the list: "Song of India," "Marie," "Sentimental Dorsky theme song," "Star Dust," "Night of Day," "Sophisticated Lady," "Time on My Hands," "I’ve Got You Under My Skin," "Stop, Look and Listen," "Melancholy Baby," "Solitude.

Popular favorites, he finds, are "This ear’s Kithed and Goodnight, My Love," he latter should be really big about two cars from now.

They’ll be a part of that “romance to swingtime” that he dishes out nightly, when the horns warm up and the kids get out on the dance floor, that same romance that burns deeply in his own personal life.

When a free, jaw, UKUUKLINE I GIVE FREE I STATE city Street Tommy Send I 'I've' Slioii lyself, pressed into It! "it's licn a row, High time" ou
IT! IHC. put up pretty irs unaccented floor.

Sophisticated favorites, those are.

When they are represented in most of the records, or on the radio, or at the clubs, we feel we really start the business of "swing." He has a band of his own, and a reputation of his own.

I've been told by the experts that the biggest thing in music today is "swing." And I, for one, feel that it really is.

But I have always been a sentimentalist. So I have these memories of those old favorites, and I feel that they are the real things.

When I was a boy, I used to listen to the radio. And I remember the days when the "swing" music was the thing. And I have always felt that it was the real thing.

But I have always been a sentimentalist. So I have these memories of those old favorites, and I feel that they are the real things.

When I was a boy, I used to listen to the radio. And I remember the days when the "swing" music was the thing. And I have always felt that it was the real thing.

But I have always been a sentimentalist. So I have these memories of those old favorites, and I feel that they are the real things.

When I was a boy, I used to listen to the radio. And I remember the days when the "swing" music was the thing. And I have always felt that it was the real thing.

But I have always been a sentimentalist. So I have these memories of those old favorites, and I feel that they are the real things.

When I was a boy, I used to listen to the radio. And I remember the days when the "swing" music was the thing. And I have always felt that it was the real thing.

But I have always been a sentimentalist. So I have these memories of those old favorites, and I feel that they are the real things.

When I was a boy, I used to listen to the radio. And I remember the days when the "swing" music was the thing. And I have always felt that it was the real thing.

But I have always been a sentimentalist. So I have these memories of those old favorites, and I feel that they are the real things.

When I was a boy, I used to listen to the radio. And I remember the days when the "swing" music was the thing. And I have always felt that it was the real thing.

But I have always been a sentimentalist. So I have these memories of those old favorites, and I feel that they are the real things.

When I was a boy, I used to listen to the radio. And I remember the days when the "swing" music was the thing. And I have always felt that it was the real thing.

But I have always been a sentimentalist. So I have these memories of those old favorites, and I feel that they are the real things.

When I was a boy, I used to listen to the radio. And I remember the days when the "swing" music was the thing. And I have always felt that it was the real thing.

But I have always been a sentimentalist. So I have these memories of those old favorites, and I feel that they are the real things.

When I was a boy, I used to listen to the radio. And I remember the days when the "swing" music was the thing. And I have always felt that it was the real thing.

But I have always been a sentimentalist. So I have these memories of those old favorites, and I feel that they are the real things.

When I was a boy, I used to listen to the radio. And I remember the days when the "swing" music was the thing. And I have always felt that it was the real thing.

But I have always been a sentimentalist. So I have these memories of those old favorites, and I feel that they are the real things.

When I was a boy, I used to listen to the radio. And I remember the days when the "swing" music was the thing. And I have always felt that it was the real thing.

But I have always been a sentimentalist. So I have these memories of those old favorites, and I feel that they are the real things.

When I was a boy, I used to listen to the radio. And I remember the days when the "swing" music was the thing. And I have always felt that it was the real thing.

But I have always been a sentimentalist. So I have these memories of those old favorites, and I feel that they are the real things.

When I was a boy, I used to listen to the radio. And I remember the days when the "swing" music was the thing. And I have always felt that it was the real thing.

But I have always been a sentimentalist. So I have these memories of those old favorites, and I feel that they are the real things.

When I was a boy, I used to listen to the radio. And I remember the days when the "swing" music was the thing. And I have always felt that it was the real thing.

But I have always been a sentimentalist. So I have these memories of those old favorites, and I feel that they are the real things.

When I was a boy, I used to listen to the radio. And I remember the days when the "swing" music was the thing. And I have always felt that it was the real thing.

But I have always been a sentimentalist. So I have these memories of those old favorites, and I feel that they are the real things.
DON'T BE A
"MARKED"

GIRL!

*DISFIGURING BLEMISHES
NOW SO EASILY
CONCEALED!

Skin blemishes need no
longer be embarrassing.
Unfaulted numbers of smart
girls have learned this sim-
plesecret of always having
clear-looking, lovely skin
despite unexpected or
permanent blemishes. HIDE-IT
conceals pimples, birthmarks, freckles, scars and all dis-
colorations. Waterproof—won't easily rub off
—lasts all day until removed. Four flesh shades.
Creme to Stick $1 at Department and Leading
Drug Stores. 10¢ size at Ten Cent Stores.

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST
Apply HIDE-IT on the blemish. Let dry.
Dust with powder, apply usual make-up.

You'll see how completely
blemishes have been con-
cerned, how marvel-
ously clear and flawless
your skin will be or be-
not with HIDE-IT!

HIDE-IT
HIDES SKIN BLEMISHES

Clark Miller Co., Dept. 13-W, 606 St. Clar St., Chicago
Remainder of the story appears below:

(Continued from page 18)

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE...

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump
Out of Bed in the Morning klarin' to C

The liver should pour out two pounds of bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not dis-
charging freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas builds up your stomach. You
are constipated. Your whole system is poisoned as you feel sour, gassy, and that sort of stuff comes.
Laxatives are only makeshifts. A more home-
movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes the good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get the
two pounds of bile flowing freely and makes you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in
making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pils by name.

Radio Stars

WHO COULD LOVE YOU?

(Continued from page 18)

Who could love Jane Wyman? The answer seems to be Kenny Baker, in a scene from his new Warner
Bros. film, Mr. Dodd Takes the Air.

unpredictable. If he asks you out for a
formal evening of dancing he's apt to wind
up sitting at your piano all evening,
reminiscing old ditties he did in vaudeville
back in '22; if he suggests a walk around
the block and a hot dog, you're apt to wind
up at the gayest, dressiest club in town.
Since Ken moved his radio headquarters
to Hollywood, he's taken a house in the
very snooty Bel-Air section, which is also
just a whisim, because Ken, himself, is
far from being snooty. It was the swim-
mom pool that sold him; he wanted one
he could take more than six strokes in
without butting his head. You couldn't
call funnyman Murray handsome, exactly,
but he has so much personality, it doesn't
matter. At any rate, he's thoroughly at-
tractive, and a regular guy, and he has a
lot of charming nonsense and seriousness
about him that the girls find irresistible.
He also finds the girls irresistible. Not
blondes, especially, or brunettes; just girls.

Now, before you begin the quiz to see
which one of these stars would most likely
like you, here's something you ought to
know. It'll be the best idea, when you're
answering the questions, to tell the truth,
the whole truth and so on. Because these
questions are designed, very trickily in
some instances, to reveal a lot about you
that you probably don't know about your-
self; your degree of sophistication, for
instance, your tastes and weaknesses and
ambitions—all the things Nelson Eddy or
Nino Martini or any of these eligible
gentlemen would want to know about you
if they met you. And the minute you

Here's How
Ten Cents
Will Save...

FIFTY STOCKINGS!

It's a small investment—but a big saving to
carry Conmil Run-R-Stop in your purse.
One drop of Run-R-Stop cream will stop
a run or snag. Will not wash out. FREE
RED & BLACK VANITY protects tube from
sharp objects in your purse.

Run-R-Stop is guaranteed by Good House-
keeping as advertised therein. Ask for it
at all chains, department, hosery, or shoe stores.
art fibbing, or checking the answer you think you ought to check to obtain the best results, you’re going to get all mixed up.

In fact, this is practically a cheatless quiz, if you must know. Because the query you think will show how extravagant you are may not really show that at all; will probably reveal that you’re incurably sentimental or a swell sport, or something you hadn’t even guessed. So let’s begin with a pencil and Questions in Number One. Read each question, write on your answer for it, then turn to pages 96 and 97 and check off each of your answers as you go along.

QUESTIONS


If you were more clever and intelligent than a man, would you try to hide this fact from him? Do you think a girl who has had many romances makes a more successful wife than one who has had only one or two? If you could be only one of the two, would you rather be extremely glamorous or a good sport?

Do you consider it a good idea to send men a “line”? Bad idea. Have you ever written a “crush” letter to a man or woman?

Do you like big parties and crowds? Provided no one would know the difference, would you give a date to a man you were a little ashamed of, rather than spend an evening by yourself?

Would you rather be diplomatic always, or consistently frank?

If you could attend the theatre only one time, on a trip to New York, would you select opera, burlesque, a play or a musical comedy?

Do you want men to put you on a pedestal, or accept you on equal terms with themselves?

Have you never been able to stick strictly to a diet, a budget, or the doctor’s orders?

Do you consider that you have not “led a man on,” unless you have actually told him in words that you love him?

Do you read a great deal? An average amount? Very little?

Would you want your husband to be the head of the house, or share that position equally with you?

Are you a better-than-average dancer?

If a man failed to show you courtesy and respect, would you attribute this entirely to him or partly to yourself?

Do you drink?

Would you insist on a church wedding, if you could well afford one?

If you were engaged to a man who lived in a distant city, would you feel entitled to have other dates to pass the time away during the period of your engagement?

Here is good news for everyone troubled with unsightly dandruff. Now you can remove dandruff by using a shampoo which completely dissolves dandruff and then washes it away. Fitch’s Dandruff Remover Shampoo is guaranteed to remove dandruff with the first application—under a positive money-back guarantee. Back of this guarantee is Lloyd’s of London, world famous manufacturers for over two hundred years. So you can be sure that Fitch’s Shampoo removes dandruff with the very first application. And remember, a Fitch Shampoo leaves your hair shining clean and radiantly beautiful.

LABORATORY TESTS

PROVE Fitch’s Efficiency

1 This photograph shows bacteria and dandruff scattered, but not removed by ordinary soap shampoo.

2 All bacteria, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by Fitch’s Dandruff Remover Shampoo.

KILLS GERMS...

Removes all Dandruff, Dirt and Foreign Matter

Tests made by some of America’s leading bacteriologists have shown striking results. Their findings prove that Fitch’s Dandruff Remover Shampoo is a true germicide, certain to destroy bacteria as well as to remove all dandruff, dirt and foreign matter. Try it today and enjoy the thrill of a really clean and healthy scalp. Equally as good for blondes as brunettes. Sold at drug counters. Professional applications at beauty and barber shops.

After and between Fitch Shampoos, Fitch’s Ideal Hair Tonic is the ideal preparation to stimulate the hair roots and give new life, luster and beauty to your hair.

Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhh—Have You Ever Been Blotto?

No more drunken pranks!
The day of "blotto highjinks" is passed! For Cleveland’s Mayor endorses a unique service—BLOTTO SERVICE. A simple 'phone call . . . and two strong huskies will tote you and your car a-home!

This is but one of the picture features FOTO brings you. This, and hundreds of other fascinating photos of headline highlights!

NOVEMBER ISSUE
On Sale October 10th
CANTON PAJAMA SUIT
SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY PRICE
$2.95

NEURITIS
Relieve Pain in Few Minutes
To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in few minutes, get NURITO, the Doctor's formula. No opiates, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—must relieve worst pain in your satisfaction in few minutes or money back at Druggist's. Don't suffer. Get trustworthy NURITO today on this guarantee.

Complimented for loveliness... the skin that is Lustrinized.

FREQUENTLY, admired skin and complexion owe their rose-petal loveliness to Chamberlain's, the lotion that saturates. This clear, golden-liquid lotion used regularly, enhances natural loveliness, encourages smoothness, freedom from irritation, relieves chapping. Chamberlain's Lotion is most convenient to use, dries quickly, is never sticky, greasy, gummy nor "messy." At all toilet goods counters.

For Your Wife

Al (Pancho) Pearce looks a bit cynical, finding himself amidst this Love Quiz! Or maybe he gets that way listening to the hot tamale tunesmiths on his CBS show!

ANSWERS

1. Blonde: A, E
   Brunette: B, F
   Titian: C, D

2. Teens: C, E
   Twenties: A, D
   Thirties: B

3. Stunning: A
   Average: C, D, E, F
   Not so good: B

4. Yes: D, E
   No: C, F

5. Unusually: A, F
   Fairly: C, D, E
   Not very: B

6. Yes: C, E, F
   No: A, B

7. Yes: C, F
   No: D

8. Glamorous: Blank
   Good sport: A, B, C, D, E, F

9. Good: A, F
   Bad: D, E

10. Yes: B, E
    No: A, C, D

11. Yes: A, E, F
    No: B, C, D

When you star in your own romances, take a tip from the romantic stars of cinema town... look your loveliest and best with a flattering hairdress made with Hollywood Curlers! Whether many curls orjust a few will frame your face most beautifully... you can have them quickly, easily... right at home... with the "Curlers used by the Stars." Insist on Hollywood Curlers.

What made their hair grow?

Here's the Answer

"New Hair came after I began using Kotalko, and kept on growing," writes Mr. H. A. Wild. "In a short time I had a splendid head of hair which has been perfect ever since."

Mary H. Little also has luxuriant hair now, after using Kotalko. Yet for years her hair was thin, as she describes it, "was almost bare at the back of my hands."

Many other men and women attest that hair has stopped falling excessive dandruff has been decreased new luxuriant hair growth has been developed who roots were alive, after using Kotalko to stimulate sex action.

Are your roots alive dormant? If so, why not Kotalko? Encourage a growth of hair to live sustenance available in your hair store or dr stores everywhere.

FREE BOX To show the effects of Kotalko for men's, women's and children's hair. Use upon Kotalko Co., D-75, General P.O., New York.
Two hearts in Blue Waltz Time! Music, laughter, romance, the picture is complete. A wallflower has blossomed into a leading lady.

The secret of success at a dance comes in feeling and looking alluring. You can learn it in one-two-three steps. One: Blue Waltz Perfume, thrilling as the quickening tempo of his heart, lasting as a happy memory. Two: Blue Waltz Face Powder, fragrant and satin-soft. Three: Blue Waltz Lipstick, a temptation to dance the kiss Waltz with you.

Buy Blue Waltz Perfume and Cosmetics. Laboratory tested, certified pure. 10¢ each at 5 and 10¢ stores.

---

Rain or Shine
Double Mint Gum Daily Helps
Keep Your Facial Contour Young and Lovely

Wrigley's Double Mint Gum

---

Key to Who Could Love You Quiz

Frank Parker
Nelson Eddy
Ray Heatherton
Nino Martini
Abe Lyman
Ken Murray

A
B
C
D
E
F

The highest number you could have got of any of the letters would have been 24. However, if you got 16 or more D's, you're practically Nino Martini's dream girl, or if you got 16 or more C's you're Ray Heatherton's ideal, and so on.

(In case you're curious about any one of these bachelors, look back, following the letter that represents him and see what his likes and dislikes are.)

Here's hoping you got the man of your choice!
PAIN ENDS IN ONE MINUTE!

In one minute pain is gone—forgotten. That's how quickly Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads give relief! The bottle is ready for use because lifting bagging shoe pressure on the irritated nerves results in no more pain, no more blisters, no more discomfort from new or old shoes.

Remove Corns and Callouses
Dr. Scholl’s Zino-pads quickly, safely loosen and remove corns or callouses when used with the separate Medicated Diet Included in every box. Just the pads alone will stop corns before they can develop! No other method does all these things for you. Sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Soft Corns between toes. Get a box today. Cost but a trifle. Sold everywhere.

Letters to Listeners
Reversing the Usual Order of the Day!

Dear Listeners:
A great many young people who write me would like some cut-and-dried rule whereby they can become successful radio singers. All I can say is that there is no rule except the old stand-by: Talent plus application, instruction and stick-to-it-iveness. They undoubtedly will pay dividends in the end.

I say that in all sincerity, too. I went through the same hard grind that I think is necessary for the ambitious youngster. It isn't theory that I quote, it's an actuality which I personally experienced.

Often I have been asked how long I studied before I felt that I was ready for real singing. The answer to that is simple. I'm still studying. There's always something more any singer can learn.

One final bit of advice—if you want to be a radio singer, take all the hardships that come your way in your stride. Keep your goal in mind, and don't let any temporary difficulties sidetrack you. It's worth it in the end!

FRANK PARKER.

Dear Listeners:
You don't know how much it meant to me to have you all write letters, after my first broadcast with Hal Kemp. I'd been off the air for so long that I was afraid you mightn't even like me. Frankly, I was scared silly, that first broadcast!

You see, I've been working in the movies. There, at least, you can see yourself before your audience does, and you can retake some of the scenes, if you're not good in them. But in radio, you just have to go out and sing—and pray you'll do all right, because you can never do it over again.

That's why your letters helped so. I wasn't nearly as scared in my later broadcasts, because I knew that, even if I was singing "blind," you thought you were headed in the right direction.

ALICE FAYE.

Brown Haired Girls-be Blondes
AGAIN!!!

Get Back the Lovely Golden Lightness of Childhood

Makes Hair 2 to 4 Shades Lighter in 1 Shampoo

Try this fascinating new Shampoo-Rinse which in a few minutes makes your hair noticeably lighter. And in some cases, as much as two to four shades lighter. These shampoos, Washes your hair completely, too. You will be delighted with the new shimmering highlights and luster of your hair. In 2 minutes your hair is transformed into that lovely golden color you longed for in childhood. This amazing shampoo-rolled New Blondes today. Is now and as effective with brown, chestnut and "first blondes" whose hair has grown darkened and dull. Start New Blondes today. Contains no bleach or dye, prevents brittleness and dandruff. rejuvenates the roots, makes your hair lie flat. Send 50c for trial box. All stores. Infant of the first size—fits last per shampoo.

Brown Haired Girls-be Blondes

Look You can clear eyes in a few seconds

Simply put a drop or two of this amazing new EYE-DEW in each eye. Tired, smudging eyes feel gloriously refreshed almost instantly. In a few seconds, whiles the eye is clear up and prominent red lines fade away. EYE-DEW makes eyes look larger—sparkling—more alluring. Whenever your eyes feel tired, or look dull and red-veined, as the result of late hours, recounts smoking, EYE-DEW can do the trick. It's quick and safe. Tested and approved by famous ophthalmic laboratory and Good Housekeeping Bureau. 25c for trial size. Send 50c for trial bottle. Get EYE-DEW today at drug and department store counters.

Happy Relief From Painful Backache

Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those graying, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The Kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking away acid and poisonous waste out of the blood. Many people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pints of urine.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters do not work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. The Kidneys may start sagging backaches, rheumatic pains, lambo, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and indigestion.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Donn's Pill used successfully by millions for over 40 years. Ti paper mill, cased and will contain the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Donn's Pills.

Radio Stars
musical programs took up almost thirty percent of the time on the air. But remember—those of you who are really anxious to increase this percentage and hear more of the best in music—that it's primarily in the knowledge that we are pleasing you that we ourselves find satisfaction.

FRANK J. BLACK.

Dear Listeners:

So many of you have asked why the audience laughs just before Oswald says his “Oh, yeah!” the first time on each program, that I thought I might be able to clear it up.

Oswald is a very funny-looking guy—as you may have gathered from his pictures. He wears a little derby hat that sits on top of his head. He rolls his eyes, and loafers across the stage. When he gives the audience that first side-glance from his eyes, on his stroll up to the microphone, they collapse from the front row to the gallery.

We’ve announced to mask him. When we tell him just to talk funny and not look funny, he mumbles: “Oh, yeah? Well, what can I do with a face like mine?”

So that, you see, is the reason for the unexplained audience laugh that interrupts everything from soup to CBS station announcements on the Ken Murray program.

KEN MURRAY.

Dear Listeners:

It’s been mighty nice of you folks to write in to Mr. Cantor’s office and tell him that you liked the songs I wrote for his summer program. I don’t ever feel very confident about those jingles I sing on the air, because, you know, I’m not really a songwriter. A good tunesmith can sit down and pound out a hit song in no time at all, but they just have to happen to me. I’d never be a success on Tin Pan Alley. Why, it took me a year to write Love Bug.

The little ditties I do in pictures and on the air really are situation tunes, to fit a particular spot. The folks down in Oklahoma, where I come from, like these home-made rhymes.

When you wrote in that you liked them, too, I was really pretty pleased. I guess folks are just the same everywhere. They like the simple little things that are easy to understand.

Thanks again to all of you for writing.

PINKY TOMLIN.

Dear Listeners:

Quite frequently radio artists receive useful and useful presents from their listening friends, which I am sure they deeply appreciate. It is nice to receive tokens and gifts which the donor must have gone to great expense, in time and money, to secure for their favorites. It would please me very much, though, if you would send articles of clothing and other practical gifts to relief agencies instead, where they will do the most good.

As speaking for myself in the above matter, but I am sure that many other performers feel the same as I do. Don’t you think that’s a better plan? Really, your continued friendship and helpful criticism is all we ask. Thanks so much or your kindness in the past.

BERNICE CLAIRE.
MARY: Say, Jack...

JACK: What?

MARY: Why do they have Father's Day in the middle of the month?

JACK: So he can enjoy his present before he gets the bill.

(JACK BENNY, Jell-O Program.)

BEA: Well, if it's any news to you, I worked as a night-club entertainer for years. I did a sister act with another girl. They called us the Springboard Sisters.

PHIL: Heavens! Why the Springboard Sisters?

BEA: Possibly because we sang in all the dives.

(beatrice Lillie, broadway merrily-go-round)

STOP: You'd like to hear the story of the lion and the mouse, eh? Well, once upon a time there was a great, big menacing lion...

BUD: Nice start, Peter. Spin it ...

STOP: Now this lion was walking through the forest one day when suddenly he stepped on a tick. He got a great, big, sharp thorn in his paw.

BUD: Oh, his father was there too, huh?

(STOPNAGLE AND BUDU, minute tapioaca Program.)

PIC: Say, Pat old boy, I hear thou hast been down to Washington for the week end ... is that true?

PAT: Yes, sir ... I was down there seein' the sights. I visited Congress. I saw the Speaker of the Congress ... I saw the Chaplain of the Congress ...

PIC: The Chaplain! Say—what does the Chaplain do?

PAT: The Chaplain? Oh, he just gets up on a platform ... looks at Congress ... and the boys for the country.

(PIC AND PAT, Pipe Smoking Time.)

PHIL: ... What did your father say to the stork when you were born, my little chickeroo?

BOTTLE: Oh! That's an insult! Take it back!

PHIL: That's what I thought.

(phil baker, good gulf Program.)

mol: Here's the first bit of news: MATTRESS BURNS AS RADIO SINGER SINGS IN BED. Now—what's your method?

JAN: MAN BROADCASTS FROM HOT SPRINGS.

(MOLASSES AND JANUARY, show boat Program)

PHIL: What were you doing down at the bank this morning?

BEA: Oh, I went down to borrow some money to tide us over the first few weeks' operation in our tea room.

PHIL: Borrowing money? How do you expect to borrow money without security?

BEA: On my face.

PHIL: How did you come out?

BEA: On my face!

(beatrice Lillie, broadway merrily-go-round.)

JACK: You know, I'm a little nervous today for the first time ... funny, an old trooper like me.

DON: You'll be all right, Jack. Why don't you sit down and relax?

JACK: Oh—I thought I was sitting down... Say, Mary, were you this nervous when you shot your first scene?

MARY: Yes ... but I was doing a two-act play.

(John Benny, Jell-O Program.)

FRED: A pessimist, huh?

ACTOR: And how? I'm the first pessimist to pan the milky way because it isn't parthenized.

PORTLAND: A pessimist is a man who looks at a doughnut and only sees the hole, isn't he, Mr. Sour?

AGENT: That's no good.

BEA: How do you know? You've never seen it.

(beatrice Lillie, broadway merrily-go-round.)
What a Difference
Maybelline does Make!

What a Truly Marvelous Improvement MAYBELLINE Eye Beauty Aids Do Make!

Do YOU carefully powder and rouge, and then allow pale, scrawny lashes and scraggly brows to mar what should be your most expressive feature—your eyes? You would be amazed at the added loveliness that could be so easily yours with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids!

Simply darken your lashes into long, curling, luxuriant fringe with the famous Maybelline Mascara—in either the economical Solid form or the popular Cream form—so how your eyes appear instantly larger and more expressive. Absolutely harmless, non-smearing, and tear proof, keeps your lashes soft and silky and tends to make them curl. At any cosmetic counter—only 75c.

Now a bit of Maybelline Eye Shadow blended softly on your eyelids, and notice how your eyes immediately take on brilliancy and color, adding depth and beauty to your expression!

Form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking, easy-to-use Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. A perfect pencil that you will adore.

Every time you squint or blink your eyes the tender skin around your eyes is creased, encouraging wrinkles. Help to avoid these crow's feet, wrinkles and laugh lines—keep this sensitive skin soft and youthful—by simply smoothing on Maybelline Eye Cream each night.

The name Maybelline is your absolute assurance of purity and effectiveness. These famous products in purse sizes are now within the reach of every girl and woman—at all drug stores. Try them today and see what an amazing difference Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids can make in your appearance.


Maybelline professional Cream form Mascara, with Brush: Black, Brown, Blue. 5c.

Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Colors to match your Mascara: Black, Brown, Blue.

Maybelline creamy, harmonizing Eye Shadow: Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green or Violet.

Maybelline Eye Cream to soften, protect and smooth the tender skin around your eyes.
A pack o' pleasure

Chesterfield

CIGA

LIGGETT & MYERS

Copyright 1937, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
ANY ONE of the charming Dionne Quintuplets would make a mother's eyes beam with pride were she her own child. These were children of the world are startling living examples of what newly acquired knowledge will do for babies. Proper feeding, care and training come to develop completely the peak possibilities of every child. The fact that Karo Syrup has been an important food in their daily diet is convincing evidence of the remarkable food-energy value of this delicious Table Syrup. Karo is rich in Dextrose, which is known as "muscle" sugar.

Dextrose quickly provides material for energy, wards off fatigue, sustains activity. Both Blue Label and Red Label Karo are equally rich in Dextrose.

Such excitement! Crowded around the broadcasting microphone, the "Quints" are curious, elated and eager to know "what it's all about."

THE GREAT FOOD Energy SYRUP
Perhaps you've seen her—this girl whose wistful beauty captures the eager glance. You stare—a little breathless—waiting for that smile which will light up, intensify, her loveliness.

And then it comes—but with what bitter disappointment! For her smile is dull, dingy. It erases her beauty as if a candle had been blown out...another tragedy of dental ignorance or neglect.

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

She evades close-ups... Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm... She ignored the warning of "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

At the first sign of "pink tooth brush"—see your dentist. It may not mean trouble ahead, but let him decide. Modern menus—from which hard, fibrous foods have largely disappeared—are robbing your gums of necessary work. They've grown flabby, sensitive. "Pink tooth brush" is simply their plea for help. And usually your dentist's suggestion will be "more exercise, more vigorous chewing" and, very often, the added suggestion, "the stimulating help of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is designed to benefit your gums as well as clean your teeth. Massage a little Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation within the gums increases—helps bring a new healthy firmness to the gum walls.

Why not take steps now to help protect yourself against tender, ailing gums? Make Ipana and massage a part of your daily routine. With your gums healthy and sound, your teeth sparkingly clean—there can be no disappointment, nothing to mar the beauty of your smile.

LISTEN TO "Town Hall Tonight," every Wednesday, N.B.C. Red Network, 9 P.M., E.S.T.
**KLEENEX**

**200 SHEET Pull-Out Package**

*with the KLEENEX*  

**200 SHEET**

**Pull-Out Package**

**PULL A TISSUE...**

**NEXT ONE POPS-UP READY FOR USE!**

200 sheet KLEENEX now 2 for 25c  

...The handy size for every room

KLEENEX*  

DISPOSABLE TISSUES  

(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office*)

---

**RADIO STARS**

LESTER C. GRADY, Editor, ETHEL M. POMEROY, Associate Editor  

ABRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor

**BROADCASTING**

**MIND YOUR MANNERS**  
(Lucille Manns tells you how to be smart on a small budget) ... by Wendy Lee  

**A "MAJOR" EVENT**  
(Bullet appears to the Major Bowes) ... by Nancy Wood

**"CHARLIE" TOSSES A PARTY**  
(Master McCarthy entertains his friends) ... 10

**IT'S MY HUMBLE OPINION—**  
(Comments, causeries, and corrections) ... by Rudy Vallee 12

**BEAUTY ADVICE**  
(What a man looks for in a woman) ... by Mary Biddle 14

**RADIO RAMBLINGS**  
(Notes notes of radio favorites) ... by Arthur Mason 16

**RADIO'S TABLE TENNIS CHAMPS**  
(A good time was had by all) ... 18

**FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO RADIO**  
(Our medal goes to the Mutual Broadcasting System, on its third anniversary) ... 21

**MRS. GENE RAYMOND TO YOU!**  
(Joinette MacDonald tells of her wedding and the home Gene bought) ... by Gladys Hall 22

**MEET THE BRIDE AND GROOM!**  
(The romance of "Andy" Carroll and Alve McLaughlin) ... by Miriam Rogers 24

**STARTING AT THE TOP**  
(Kitty Carlisle, of The Song Shop, neve saw the bottom of the ladder) ... by Nancy Barrows 26

**IN THE RADIO SPOTLIGHT**  
(Featuring some of your favorites) ... 28

**DOROTHY GOES NATIVE**  
(Scenes from The Hurricane) ... 29

**WONDERS NEVER CEASE**  
(The rise of Tommy Regg and his invisible Brzy Los) ... by Paul Marsh 30

**BLONDE SKYROCKET**  
(At twenty-one Florence George achieves eminence in opera and radio) ... by Leslie Eaton 39

**HE THRIVES ON ADVENTURE!**  
(Lester Tremaine of The First Nighter) ... by Margaret Mary Joslyn 34

**BETWEEN BROADCASTS**  
(Stars at ease) ... 36

**DO CHILDREN LIKE YOU?**  
(Irene Wicker knows the way to their hearts) ... by Elizabeth Benneche Petersen 38

**RADIO'S OL' MAN RIVER**  
(Mr. Edward Bowes keeps rolling along) ... by Samuel Kaufman 40

**EVERYBODY'S A SUCKER**  
(And radio stars are no exception to the rule) ... by Nanette Kutzer 42

**THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES**  
(The story of Kathryn Craven, radio's first woman commentator) by Jean Helm 44

**COAST TO COAST PROGRAM GUIDE**  
(Complete listing of current dial data) ... 45

**RECIPES FOR YOUR NEXT "BUFFET!"**  
(As recommended by the Major) ... 54

**WEST COAST CHATTER**  
(Beat news from Hollywood) ... by Lois Svensrud 72

---

Radio Stars published monthly and copyrighted, 1937, by Dell Publishing Co., Inc.  

Office of publication at Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J.  

Executive and editorial offices, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.  

Chicago advertising office, 300 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, III.  

Associated Press, H. Meyer, Vice-Pres.; J. Fred Henry, Vice-Pres., Midland, N. Y.,  

Vol. 11, No. 3, Dec., 1937, (No. 9595595); printed in U. S. A.  

Subscription price in the United States and Canada $1.00 a year. Foreign Subscription $2.00 a year. Entered as second-class matter, August 5, 1937, at the Post Office at Dunellen, N. J., under the act of March 3, 1879. The publisher assumes no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material.
Something
to stand up and cheer about!

M-G-M’S HAPPY FALL HITS

"FIREFLY"...Now at POPULAR PRICES...M-G-M's roadshow sensation—direct from its triumphant New York run at $2 admission. Gigantic spectacle, romance, drama, and melodies by Rudolf Friml. Starring Jeanette MacDonald, with Allan Jones, Warren William and a cast of thousands...

"THE LAST GANGSTER"...The season's melo-dramatic hit...Starring Edward G. Robinson ("Little Caesar" himself)...A grand cast including beautiful Rose Stradner (the new star-discovery who provides thrilling, romantic moments), James Stewart, Louise Beavers and others...

"BAD MAN OF BRIMSTONE"...Starring Wallace Beery in his greatest role since "Viva Villa"...Not since "The Covered Wagon" such a glorious epic of the West. With Virginia Bruce, Dennis O'Keefe (new star find), Lewis Stone and Bruce Cabot.

"THOROUGHBREDS DON'T CRY"...What a cast!...Sophie Tucker, Mickey Rooney, Douglas Scott, and Judy Garland, the girl you loved in "Broadway Melody"...Introducing Ronnie St. Clair, a grand youngster you'll take to your heart...A wildly exciting story of loyalty and love.

"NAVY BLUE AND GOLD"...A rousing romance at Uncle Sam's Naval Academy! Football—love—and drama—with a top-notch cast of your favorite stars including Robert Young, James Stewart, Florence Rice, Lionel Barrymore and Billie Burke in the leading roles—and a cast of thousands...

"MANNEQUIN"...Joan Crawford in the love story of a beautiful model...with co-star Spencer Tracy better than in "Captains Courageous"...It's Katharine Brush's famous story. Wait till you see those gorgeous gowns!

"ROSALIE"...starring Eleanor Powell and Nelson Eddy with Ray Bolger, Frank Morgan, Edna May Oliver and lots of others...Ziegfeld's greatest triumph becomes M-G-M's mightiest musical, surpassing even "The Great Ziegfeld" itself...Beautiful girls...new song hits by Cole Porter...Directed by W. S. Van Dyke II...WOW!
LUCILLE MANNERS is a “big name” in radio now, the star of the Cities Service Friday night concerts, but there was a time when every nickel had to be split five ways, with nary a penny left over. For there were the lean years, while she was studying to become the prima donna she now is, when every extra dollar went toward singing lessons. In order to fulfill her ambitions to be a great singer, she worked as stenographer in a small office and had to stretch her modest salary not only for her clothes, but also for the all-important lessons.

Nevertheless, Lucille maintains that even though she now can afford to be extravagant if she pleases, she gets more per dollar from her clothes than she did in the old penny-pinching days! For, now that she can shop where she likes, and has the benefit of first-hand advice from the greatest designers and dressmakers, she has learned a valuable lesson every woman must know before she can be truly fashionable. From her experience, Lucille gives you this advice (and remember, she was an office worker on a small salary herself, so she knows what the problems of a limited budget are):

“Study your type carefully, and select your clothes because *they* like you, not because you like them. I used to buy things simply because

Ready for the Big Game in her youthful ocelot swagger coat with its flattering shawl collar.

Definitely slimming are the lines of this chubby raccoon bolero worn over a straight wool skirt.

No, it's not chinchilla! This becoming little box coat is of Australian opossum, warm, comfy.
they looked well on the mannequin in the shop window, and I shudder to think how very wasteful and extravagant this was, especially when I had to count the pennies so carefully. I have a nightmare every time I remember the fitch coat I bought with the money from my first broadcast! My father, whose taste was excellent, nearly swooned when I came home wearing it, oh, such an air! My pride in my purchase was completely deflated when he asked me where I had got the 'old lady's' coat!"

Lucille knows better now. She realizes that the fitch, the Hudson seal, and the Persian lamb should be left for the mature woman, and suggests three charming, youthful, moderately-priced furs for the girl in her twenties.

Whether your fur coat is going to be a gift from Santa Claus, or whether you have been saving up for it for years, take a great deal of time and care in choosing it. Don't waste those precious hard-earned dollars on something that will last you only a season or two. Beware of too extreme lines that will "date" your coat two years hence as being definitely 1937. The never-failing consideration in buying a fur coat is its serviceability, so, no matter what fur you select, be sure that it fits well. An easy-fitting box coat, such as the becoming (Continued on page 60)
Meet the Major! A man of many duties and of countless interests, this well-known showman, managing director of New York’s Capitol Theatre and of their Sunday morning Capitol Family broadcasts; originator and head man of the Thursday evening Major Bowes’ Amateur Hour, sponsored by the Chrysler Corporation, heard over the CBS network; lover of the arts, genial host and connoisseur of delectable viands, to boot!

But it is as an amateur — of all things! — that I wish to present him to you here. Although in this particular instance the word “amateur,” so closely associated with the gentleman in question, is being used in its dictionary rather than in its popular meaning. For amateur, according to no less an authority than Mr. Webster, implies “the cultivation of an art or study for amusement or personal gratification, without pursuing it professionally.” And I think that describes to perfection the Major’s very keen interest in foods. For, although his contribution to the feast probably would be confined to some last-minute tasting and special seasoning, still the ultimate, outstandingly fine results would reflect the extent of his knowledge of, and interest in, matters culinary.

Inclined to be fickle in his food tastes, the Major alternately favors dishes that are extremely plain and ordinary (like corned beef, for instance) and those which are elaborate and definitely unusual. It is almost entirely with dishes of the former type, however, that we shall deal here, in describing for you one of the Major’s famous Buffet Supper parties, and the fine fare that is prepared and served on such occasions.

But first let’s glance at the Major’s really astonishing culinary set-up, which will convince you that here, indeed, is a man who likes good food. Then, too, because he always is extremely busy, meals must not stop with being excellent, but also must be convenient. So, although meal hours may be fantastically irregular, due to the many demands upon the Major’s time, he has things arranged so that he never has to go far afield to eat, and — what’s equally important — to eat well! He has taken care of these requirements, I discovered, in his usual masterful fashion, by having not one cook but three — each presiding over a complete kitchen in three entirely different spots. One is at the apartment which Major Bowes designed and furnished atop the Capitol Theatre for himself and his wife, the late Margaret Illington, popular stage star. Another, and larger, kitchen is situated in his country home, in the Hudson River Valley, near Ossining, New York. The third (the one which we shall “visit” in this article) is in the suite of rooms connected with his offices, which are located in a Broadway building prominently associated with many radio activities. In this building the Major Bowes Enterprises take up an entire floor; so you can see that it is Big Business with a capital “B,” this amateur hour idea. It’s not to be wondered at, therefore, that its originator and mentor frequently seeks the relaxation which he needs and which he finds in the company of his friends, among whom would be listed some of the country’s outstanding names in art, the theatre, medicine and the press, as well as in radio and the movies.

Since the Major likes to entertain frequendy — particularly after his Thursday evening broadcasts — groups ranging anywhere from twenty-four to forty-five people (seldom less than the former and never more than the latter number, for reasons which I’ll soon make clear), he has hit upon the universally popular Buffet Supper idea, in serving refreshments at these

Buffet supper in the Bowes manner, with some of his favorite
strictly informal gatherings. But, lest you think that there can be little in common between such collations and anything that you yourself might hope to serve in your own home, let me set your mind at rest immediately on that score. True, you might have to divide the number of the Major's guests and suggested dishes by half, but the general idea is one you could easily carry out. And I dare swear that none of you who read this will have to work in smaller quarters than those in which the Major's Norwegian chef, Monsieur Lem, officiates!

In this two-by-four workshop of his you would find, of course, all the principal features of a larger kitchen, a modern refrigerator, a small but adequate oven, a good sized sink and a work table (though a mighty small one, I thought). Many's the woman, however, who would consider a kitchen of such infinitesimal proportions a sufficient excuse for not giving a party at all! But no fair, now! For, with the following hints and recipes, not even a kitchenette cook should hesitate about issuing invitations for a Buffet Supper, planned along lines similar to those given by the Major. Remember, too, that. (Continued on page 55)

dishes for your menus

HANGNAILS. Rough, red skin. Chapped knuckles. Time for Hinds! Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, with its extra-creamy ingredients and its "sunshine" Vitamin D, soon makes hands soft, smooth, dainty. Skin is soothed back to comfort. Dishwashing loses its reddening effect. Biting winds no longer leave that sore, chapped look. Turn to Hinds Honey and Almond Cream—for Honey- moon Hands. $1, 50c, 25c, 10c. Dispenser free with 50c size—attached to bottle, ready to use.

HINDS is used daily on their precious skin
The tender baby skin of the "quins"—protected by Hinds! Grand for your children too—for chapped, chafed skin.

HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM FOR HONEYMOON HANDS
WORKED WONDERS FOR HER SKIN!

"My skin was awful. I was ashamed to even look in a mirror."

NO DATE AGAIN TONIGHT AND NO WONDER!

"Then I read how your tablets helped others. I tried them, and soon began to see results."

MAYBE THEY WILL HELP!

"I'm not afraid of a mirror now. Yeast Foam Tablets are everything you claim—if not more."

SHE'S A KNOCK-OUT! WHAT A CHANGE!

ARE YOU missing good times—suffering needless embarrassment—because of a pimply, blemished skin? Then heed this story! It's the actual experience of a grateful user of pleasant-tasting Yeast Foam Tablets.

Let Yeast Foam Tablets help you as they have helped thousands of others. This pasteurized yeast is rich in precious natural elements which stimulate sluggish digestive organs—restore natural elimination—and rid the body of the poisons which are the real cause of so many unsightly skins. You'll look better—and feel better.

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today—and refuse substitutes.

Yeast Foam Tablets
Now in the New Double Value 30-Day Size

Free Taste Sample
NORTHEASTERN YEAST CO
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Illinois
Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets.

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE
Canadian readers please send 25c in cover postage and duty

charlie" Tosses

The "enfant terrible" of Chase and San-

Frank Muto Photos

Donning a monocle, for better vision, Nelson Eddy gives the gay desperado his first shave. Bergen stands by to offer his encouragement.

Nelson Eddy is only a part of the background, when the "diminutive little chum" of W. C. Fields does his stuff—and how he does do it!

"Perhaps we'd better retire," Ameche suggests to Bergen, when young Casanova McCarthy and Dorothy Lamour indulge in a fervent embrace.

Charlie takes to the tall timber, while Don stays Edgar as he plots to cut him down. "Where would Bergen be without me?" demands modest Charlie.
BEAUTY authorities agree that the most important step in the care of your complexion is thorough cleansing. It’s a simple step, too, since Daggett & Ramsdell created Golden Cleansing Cream.

For this new cream contains colloidal gold—a substance with a remarkable power for toning and invigorating the skin. You can’t see or feel this colloidal gold, any more than you can see or feel the iron in spinach. Yet its penetrating action not only makes Golden Cleansing Cream a more efficient cleanser... but aids in keeping the complexion clear and youthful.

Try Golden Cleansing Cream tonight. See how fresh and vitally alive it leaves your skin. At leading drug and department stores.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
Golden Cleansing Cream

Daggett & Ramsdell, Room 1900, 2 Park Avenue, New York City.
Enchosed send 10c in stamps for trial size jar of Golden Cleansing Cream. (Offer good in U.S. only.)
RADIO STARS

"I'm in love
WITH MY
LANE HOPE CHEST"
says Rochelle Hudson
20th Century-Fox Star

IT'S MY HUMBLE

By
RUDY VALLE

Sailorman Rudy, at the helm of his boat on the lake at his summer home in Maine, where he delights in his carefree hours.

During the colorful parade of The American Legion, last September, Rudy Vallee led the Maine delegation up the avenue.

More and more, as I am falsely written-up and misquoted, do I see the need for a magazine devoted solely to the correction of errors—a refuge for all waylaid by unjust spoken or printed words. To be more specific, let me point out one instance that recently occurred to me:

Mr. Evans Plummer—who used to write a column called Plums and Prunes—now writes one he boasts is a Hollywood SHOWdown—obviously a play on the word LOWdown. All I can say is that if all of his enlightening showdowns are as incorrect as the one in which he mentions our Texas broadcast of July 22nd, then he is first candidate for honors in my above-mentioned magazine idea—which magazine to be called Squawk or Erratum—the title being vaguely suggested by our own Mr. Winchell.

Mr. Plummer says: "Did you hear the Vallee show of July 29th from Dallas? Yes, Hollywood Showdown has spies even in Texas!"

On that night, at dress rehearsal, Producer O'Keefe told Rudy that the show probably would run overtime and that he would have to drop one chorus of El Gauchos, the wind-up tune which was to be sung...
Consult a Doctor instead of a Lawyer

The simple "Lysol" method of feminine hygiene has ended many a misunderstanding

Many a neglected wife would get a happier solution of her problem, if she consulted a doctor instead of a lawyer. For very often, a husband's neglect arises from a wife's failure to keep herself immaculately, intimately clean.

Are you sure you haven't been guilty of carelessness in your own personal hygiene? You may not be aware of this offense. Yet it may be intolerable to others; particularly to your husband. Better learn about "Lysol".

Too many women fail in this matter of personal daintiness. If the truth were known, "incompatibility" often means ignorance of correct feminine hygienic measures for cleanliness.

Ask your doctor about "Lysol" disinfectant. For more than 50 years "Lysol" has been recommended by many doctors, and used by countless women, for antiseptic feminine hygiene. "Lysol" is widely used by the medical and nursing professions, for exacting antiseptic needs. There are many valuable personal and household uses for "Lysol", and every druggist carries it.

The 6 Special Features of "Lysol"
1. Non-caustic..."Lysol" in the proper dilution, is gentle and reliable. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
2. Effectiveness..."Lysol" is a powerful germicide, active under practical conditions...effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).
3. Penetration..."Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually search out germs.
4. Economy..."Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.
5. Odor...The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.
6. Stability..."Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is unwrapped.

Facts All Women Should Know

For Feminine Hygiene

TUNE IN on Dr. Allan Roy Days every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday 4/45 P. M. E. S. T. Columbia Network
BOY! DO I FEEL WONDERFUL

Germs just scam when I get my Mennen Oil Rub!

"Boy, do I feel grand and Sara after my daily body-rub with Mennen Antiseptic Oil. You bet I do! 'Cause germs just hate it. When I was born my doctor said, 'I want this future president kept safe... so rub him daily with Mennen Antiseptic Oil.' That's just what they've done. And you ought to see my skin; I don't know when I've had a rash or sore spot on it. What's that? You want to keep your baby's skin safe from germs, too? Then take a tip from me—rub him every day with Mennen Antiseptic Oil!"

Nine-tenths of all the hospitals important in maternity work use Mennen Antiseptic Oil on their babies every day. Your baby deserves it, too!

Mennen Antiseptic Oil

Most hospitals rub their babies with it daily.

WOULD you like to see yourself as others see you? Would you like to know just how you look to others? Then read this article carefully, for here you will find a picture of yourself, all dressed up at the dance.

Russ Morgan is going to paint this picture. Mr. Morgan, whose Music In the Morgan Manner is heard over the two major networks, is currently conducting at the popular French Casino. Nightly, as he stands on his dais at the Casino, he sees the world and his girl dance by, and with his impersonal masculine mind Morgan has pondered the question: "Why is one girl more attractive than another, regardless of money or beautiful features?" So Russ Morgan has evolved a list of things that make you lovely or annoying in the eyes of others—and most especially your best beau.

Check your own personal mannerisms against this list (you'll only be cheating yourself if you stretch a point) and see how you rate. Also, if you will admit your failings and go right to work to overcome them, you can raise that rating!

Mr. Morgan begins with the way you enter the room. How do you walk? You should keep your shoulders back, though not necessarily high. Stomach in, of course, head high and proud, swinging the arms slightly. Walk slowly and gracefully. Any girl whose feet are healthy and shoes comfortable can easily achieve this walk. Professional dancers, Mr. Morgan says, realize the importance of foot health to graceful movement. They have found the pumice stone invaluable for keeping the feet spry and beautiful at all times. They bathe the feet nightly and rub away callouses with a pumice stone dipped in warm sudsy water. Callouses should never be cut over. Continuous rubbing of the tops of slippers against the heel causes an accumulation of wrinkled skin just above the slipper line. The use of a bath brush daily on the heel while in a bath will soften this skin and bring relief. Application of a little olive oil a few times a week to this part of the heel is effective.

Now, you have reached your table. Will you comb your hair? Whisk

Loveliness at the dance, as Maestro Russ
out your mirror to see if make-up is perfect? Re-touch that make-up at the table? I hope the answers to these questions are all "no," for they are deadly sins against good taste and annoy a man beyond words! Also, it would be considerate of you to apply your make-up thoroughly before you reach the table, so you won't have to disturb your neighbors going to and from the dressing-room. When the band strikes up, you'll prove yourself a lovely lady or a pet peeve. The dance floor is paved with pitfalls for the unwary. First, of course, you must be able to dance—and of course you can—for today you'd have to look hard to find a chipper young lady anywhere over thirteen who doesn't know the latest steps, or at least the regulation steps. However, the wise young lady listens before she leaps. If the tune is a rhumba, her partner wants to rhumba; and if she doesn't know how, she should never make a desperate try on the public dance floor. Her mis-steps will hurt his pride as well as toes! It would be much better to smile (Continued on page 74)

Morgan defines it
RADIO RAMBLINGS

Last minute notes on air stars' doings in the studios and out

KATE SMITH is a happy lady these days, presiding over a program she loves so well that she once did the job for virtually no salary at all. That is how the whole thing started. A long vaudeville tour had kept Kate off the air a whole season a few years ago and when she returned, she was brimming over with this idea of a program with herself as mistress of ceremonies.

She was so enthusiastic, she persuaded the Columbia network to give her a whole hour one afternoon a week. No sponsor was forthcoming but Kate went ahead any way, getting guest stars from here and there, ending up her week with little or no profit after all the expenses of the hour were paid. The show was so successful Columbia moved it to an evening hour, still without a sponsor to take the expenses off Kate's purse.

Sponsors soon appeared with offers for Kate Smith but, to her great disappointment, they wanted her on the sort of song programs she had done in the past. The Kate Smith variety hour was shelved for a couple of years until Kate finally persuaded General Foods to revive it last season.

The day of that first show was a grand one for Kate. I'll never forget how she laughed her way through the long rehearsal, with all the enthusiasm of an excited little girl making a début.

Kate had one stunt in her early season programs a year ago that became so overwhelmingly successful she had to be cut out. That was her "Command Appearance," a cash award for the most heroic deeds of each week. The deeds were re-enacted in radio dramas and the audience was invited to mail votes which would decide the winner of first prize.

Response was so enthusiastic, the expense of handling all the mail became prohibitive. Kate finally had to cut the stunt altogether to avoid finding herself ending each week without profit, exactly as she had in the program's early days without a sponsor.

She revived the stunt this season but it's on a more conservative basis. The awards (Continued on page 91
Universal put announcer Don Wilson and Judith Barrett Behind the Mike in the film of that name. They have fun.

Martha Raye changes places with famed violinist Emery Deutsch. She wields the bow while he apes the Raye mouth.

Benny Goodman, dean of clarinetists, and Gene Krupa, professor of the drums, get hot in Warners’ Hollywood Hotel.

"Men are such BABIES!"

"...especially about colds…I have to look out for Jack's just the same as Junior's…"

"You know how men are. Careless about bad weather, hate umbrellas and overshoes. When they start sneezing, can't be bothered with doing anything about it. Then, when a cold gets 'em down—what a fuss!

"Jack used to get one cold after another. Honest, he wasn't fit to live with half the winter. But this fall I decided I wasn't going to put up with it. So I started giving my big baby the sort of care I'd been giving my little one.

"The very next time Jack came home sneezing, he got Vicks VA-TRO-NOL—quick! 1–3 or 4 drops right up each nostril. 'Lot o' good that'll do me,' he grumbled. But an hour or so later I caught him using Va-tro-nol all by himself. And, fortunately, that's all there was to that cold.

"He still takes some watching, but he admits that Va-tro-nol has helped him dodge a lot of those nasty head colds he used to get. 'Course, some colds get by in spite of all you can do. But they don't get by for long in our house any more.

"When Jack gets a cold I give his chest—and back, too—a good massage with Vicks VapoRub. He grows some, but I know he likes it. Junior gets the same treatment. I like it especially for him because the doctor doesn't want me 'dosing' him a lot, for fear of upsetting his little tummy.

"I get Jack to treat me the same way, too. The rubbing feels so good when your chest is all tight and achy with a cold. And, all the time, you're breathing in those VapoRub vapors!

"Pretty soon, you feel relaxed and comfortable again and can usually sleep as sound as if you'd never had a cold at all."

Both Va-tro-nol and VapoRub have been doubly proved for you—by everyday use in millions of homes, and by the largest clinical tests ever made on colds. For full details of these huge tests, see the folder—"Vicks Plan for Better Control of Colds"—which comes in each Vicks package.

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL Used at the first warning sneeze or sniffle

Helps PREVENT many colds Helps END a cold sooner

VAPORUB Just rubbed on the throat, chest, and back

OVER 47 MILLION VICK AIDS USED YEARLY FOR BETTER CONTROL OF Colds

Announcer Dell Sharbut (left) who defeated Nelson Case, NBC announcer, (right) for radio’s table tennis championship.

John Reed King, CBS announcer, refereed the exciting match. Dell took three straight games to win.

Meri Bell (left) and Billie Bailey (right), both popular CBS singers, were finalists for the girls’ championship. Billie won three out of five games.

Supervisor O’Gara of Long Beach, N. Y. and Tommy Rig with Meri, who had victory smile defeat.

Radio Stars recently conducted a table tennis tournament at Atlantic Beach, N. Y., to decide radio’s champions. Dell Sharbut and Billie Bailey won the honors.

RADIO’S TABLE TENNIS CHAMPS

18
MODERN MAGAZINES 149 Madison Avenue New York, N. Y.

PLEASE RENEW my subscription to RADIO STARS as
checked below:

☐ 2 years $1.50  ☐ 1 year $1.00
I enclose $_________. Begin with the___________ issue.

Name__________________________
Address________________________

City and State___________________

SPECIAL COMBINATION RATES
☐ MODERN SCREEN and MODERN ROMANCES Both 1 year $1.75
☐ MODERN SCREEN and RADIO STARS Both 1 year $1.75
☐ RADIO STARS and MODERN ROMANCES Both 1 year $1.75
☐ MODERN SCREEN, MODERN ROMANCES and RADIO STARS All for 1 year $2.50

Add $1.00 per subscription per year for foreign postage except to Canada, Cuba, Spain, Mexico Central and South America.

YOUR SUBSCRIPTION expires WITH THIS ISSUE
Presenting

"MODERN EYES"

A MARVELOUS NEW FORM OF CAKE MASCARA

Stays clean and lady-like until all used up

"A hole in the center of the cake"

of the sparkling metal case.

...a secret hole inside the round mascara cake hidden inside? And see the round hole that runs lengthwise through the cake? Well... you whisk the brush round inside this hole, and then proceed on your lashes in the regular way. Then is when you get your second surprise! Instantly, you make a thrilling discovery that this new style round brush goes between your lashes and colors them evenly all over instead of just on their bottom side. What a difference this makes! Lashes look more luxuriant... eyes look lovelier than ever before. And what a mascara this is! Newly smooth in texture. Oh! so smooth, and so quick to dry. Dries almost at once. Truly tear-proof, and actually curls the lashes. Non-smarting, and perfectly harmless of course. Then think! When you are all through making up your eyes, your Modern Eyes case is just as clean and neat as the day you purchased it. Black... Brown... Blue.

Modernize with "MODERN EYES"... 25¢ AT ALL LEADING TEN CENT STORES
Mrs. Whitney's guests climb aboard... light up Camels... With a "Hard alee!" Mrs. Whitney puts the helm over... heads out to sea.

The Whitneys will be sailing in southern waters soon

BY Mee Fair
SOCIETY EDITOR

MRS. HOWARD F. WHITNEY told me, the other day, that they hope to do some sailing in the South this winter. The Whitneys had a lovely summer on Long Island—and on the Sound. Mrs. Whitney is a skillful yachtswoman and handles a racing class boat like an expert. Their converted New York 40, the Chinook, is a very "shippy" boat.

Mrs. Whitney will be remembered as the former Hope Richardson. Her wedding was an outstanding social event. I recall how enchanting Mrs. Whitney looked as a bride, in a gown of white satin with a yoke of net embroidered in tiny pearls, and her tulle veil held in place by a bandeau of orange blossoms. This year Mrs. Whitney’s committee work had much to do with the success of the colorful Greentree Fair at Manhasset. During the summer she got in a lot of tennis, riding, and—as always—sailing and cruising.

Hope's enthusiasm for the energetic life is proverbial among her friends. "Don't you ever get tired?" I asked. "Of course," she laughed. "After a long trick at the helm, or any time I feel worn out, I refresh myself with a Camel—and get a 'lift'! I can smoke Camels steadily, without the slightest feeling of harshness on my throat." Which shows how mild Camels are! It's true that women find the costlier tobaccos in Camel's matchless blend more enjoyable.

(above) Mrs. Howard F. Whitney, of Roslyn, Long Island, at the helm of the Chinook. "I value healthy nerves," she says, "So I smoke Camels. They don't jangle my nerves!"

Costlier Tobaccos!

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS...Turkish and Domestic

Among the many distinguished women who find Camels mild and refreshing:

Mrs. Nicholas Riddle, Philadelphia
Mrs. Powell Cahou, Boston
Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York
Mrs. J. Garbar Coelho 2nd, Boston
Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd, Philadelphia
Miss Wendy Morgan, New York

Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman III, Baltimore
Mrs. John W. Rockefeller, Jr., New York
Mrs. John P. Spalding III, Pasadena
Miss Peggy Stevenson, New York
Miss Louis Swift, Jr., Chicago
Mrs. Barclay Warburton, Jr., Philadelphia

Copyright, 1932, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.
Congratulations to the Mutual Broadcasting System, now happily celebrating its third birthday. Mutual's growth and progress during its three years of existence, considering the powerful opposition of the National Broadcasting Company and the Columbia Broadcasting System, have been phenomenal.

Its broadcasting of special events, sports and dance music has been particularly outstanding. No other network regularly features such popular orchestras as Guy Lombardo, Paul Whiteman, Wayne King, Horace Heidt, Vincent Lopez, Tommy Dorsey, Leo Reisman, George Olsen, Fred Waring and Ted Weems.

The Mutual Broadcasting System, an outgrowth of a mutual exchange of programs among WOR, Newark; WGN, Chicago; and WVL, Cincinnati, was officially recognized as a national network on October 1, 1934. The basic idea in its formation was that it be cooperative, with the stations remaining independent and, themselves, operating the system. Needless to mention, it has worked out beautifully. Especially for the listener.

The Mutual Broadcasting System went coast-to-coast, December 29, 1936. The event was marked by a gala four-and-a-half-hour program, featuring the leading stars of stage, screen and radio.

Mutual's tremendous listening audience is easily explained. The stations are easy to get; the programs are easy to listen to. And that's exactly what every listener wants.

To the Mutual Broadcasting System, because of its admirable service to the listener, RADIO STARS Magazine presents its award for Distinguished Service to Radio.

Lester T. Grady
EDITOR.
Jeanette MacDonald tells of her honeymoon and the new home

By GLADYS HALL

I WAS admitted to the cheerful-looking, English type house by the side of the road. I said to the maid: "Miss Hall to see Miss MacDonald, please." The maid's impeccable surface was, just perceptibly, ruffled; in her eyes the slight glaze of one who faces a delicate situation. Then, barely stressing the "Mrs. Raymond will be down immediately, Madam," she guided me to the living-room, left me there suffering from a slight chill. For I had, I realized, pulled a boner. Here I was admitted, a first visitor from the Press, to the Honeymoon House—The House-That-Gene-Built—and I trip over my tongue, first thing.

Nice going, I told myself.

For I remembered, a split second too late, how a fan magazine contact at M-G-M had called Jeanette, shortly after she returned from her honeymoon. "Studio calling," she had said, in the routine way, "I would like to talk to Miss MacDonald, please." There was a moment which froze. Then a maid's voice answered: "There is no one by that name living here, Madam. This is the home of Mrs. Gene Raymond." The maid, new in the Raymond household, new in Hollywood, perhaps—newly come, should suppose, from Mars—didn't even know that she was employed by Jeanette MacDonald. Or, if she did know (and if she didn't, she must have come from Mars) made an exquisitely fine distinction. The fine distinction Jeanette herself makes. For Jeanette MacDonald, whose name rings and sings around the world, is Mrs. Gene Raymond, and none other, at home.

She came in "immediately," as the maid had said Jeanette always is on time for an appointment. She was wearing a slack suit of variegated blue stripes, lustrous...
with which Gene surprised her

As she appeared in a scene from M-G-M’s popular film, Rose Marie.

and silken. About her throat was a rose silk scarf (Jeanette has a passion for scarves, owns over a hundred of them), and her hair was a red-gold aureole about her face. Stars glowed in her eyes, and she walked lightly, as if winged with happiness.

I told her of my slip of the tongue and she laughed. “How bad of you!” she said. “Of course I’m Mrs. Gene Raymond at home, and everywhere else, except in the studio, when I’m working. I’m not, you know, a bit modern about my marriage.”

Yes, I thought, Jeanette would be like this. She will give all of herself to her marriage, to her home. As she gives all of herself to her screen career, now to her radio career, to her career as daughter, as sister, as friend, as human being. Then I stopped. For how, mathematically speaking, can any one person (Continued on page 66)
How romance came to Charles Correll (Andy, of Amos 'n' Andy) and lovely Alyce McLaughlin

The Time: September 11th, 1937, at 8:30 a.m.
The Place: The Wee Kirk o' the Heather, Glendale, California.
The Girl: Alyce McLaughlin, pretty, vivacious, black-haired, black-eyed, very much in love...

Every one knows that at a wedding the groom is unimportant, however well cut his morning clothes, however expansive his smile, but in this case the groom merits description, not only because he is famous, but because he is without doubt the happiest man in the world. Not because he is rich, not because he is known all over the world as Andy, mirth-provoking member of radio's beloved blackface team, but because this lovely, alluring Alyce is his bride. This is the supreme moment of his life. All that has gone before is unimportant. All that is to come is more important because it is to be shared with her.

When the minister intoned the familiar, enduring words that made them one, the result was something that not even the Hollywood background, the Hollywood pace, can alter. For this was no Mexico or Yuma marriage, no sudden, fly-by-night affair, but the real marriage of two people deeply, completely in love.

When genial Charles Correll first saw Alyce McLaughlin dancing on the stage of a Chicago theatre, and when he subsequently met her at a party, he thought only that she was a very attractive girl, a clever
And so they were married, and lived happily ever after! Mr. and Mrs. Charles Correll, at home in their pleasant Hollywood apartment.

Alyce and Andy, hand in hand, go for a stroll together in the California sunshine. Mrs. Correll formerly was an adagio dancer.

By MIRIAM ROGERS

little dancer, but never dreamed her future was in any way concerned with his, that the separate paths of their lives were destined to meet and cross again and yet again, and finally to merge and become one.

As for Alyce, she was young and newly embarked upon a career of her own and it could scarcely have occurred to her that she would exchange it for the reflected glory of the long-established career of the famous comedian.

But they were to discover, these two, that the most important thing in life was being together, that nothing mattered so much to either of them as the other's happiness.

"She can have anything I've got," he said warmly, his voice roughening to hide the depth of his feeling, the sincerity of his emotion.

And when he had stepped out of the room, she looked after him fondly and said: "I am a lucky girl. There are a lot of girls who would like to change places with me!"

They graciously entertained me in the lovely apartment, overlooking all Los Angeles, that had for some time been Charles Correll's Hollywood home. A charmingly appointed apartment with a cool, wind-swept porch like the deck of a ship, awninged and comfortably furnished in blue and white, where he was in the habit of breakfasting and dining and relaxing after a busy day.

(Continued on page 87)
The story of young Kitty Carlisle, lovely soprano star of the CBS Song Shop
HE was kidnapped in Corsica. That's not just a press

tent story, either. It really happened. She was twelve
eyears old at the time, and with a party of friends was out

or an afternoon on horseback. There were mountains all

round, but the riders kept to the safe highway. And
the beaten path was never the one for Kitty Carlisle!

"So I sulked," said Kitty, telling me about it. "I kept

sulking farther and farther behind. Suddenly I realized

that the others were out of sight. But, all at once, I

wasn't alone on the road. A group of ragged, fierce-

looking men on horseback were all around me.

"You're coming this way," said they, seizing my horse's

ride. There didn't seem to be any choice about it—so

went. They took me up in the mountains, to a cave. I

maybe it wasn't really a cave," she amended. "But it

was a lot of rocks—it looked like a cave to me.

"They didn't keep me very long, though. The police

came. In Corsica the police and the bandits are quite en

amilie! And they said: 'Look here—you can't do this.

she's an American girl. You'll get us all in trouble!'

Kitty wasn't frightened, she says, except just for a mo-

ment, at first. But her mother, one gathers, wasn't any

so happy about it.

"The worst thing about it," Kitty recalled, "was the

heat they gave me to eat. It was all hairy!" She shud-

dered. "And the funniest thing was when Mummie had

to come after me—on horseback. She hates to ride—and

he looked so funny, bouncing up the mountain on a

horse!"

Kitty Carlisle and her mother have found life a rather

me adventure, by and large, however. And they've

chieved a pleasant philosophy about it. They take things

as they come, and have developed a nice discrimination

as to what should be remembered and what forgotten.

When she was eight years old, Kitty's father, who was

a prominent physician in New Orleans, died.

"So," said Kitty, "Mummie sold the house, and with

me under one arm and her violin under the other, she went

to Europe. About ten years later," Kitty laughed, "she

remembered that she had left a rare suite of Empire

furniture with an agent, to be sold on commission. She

couldn't remember, then, who the agent was, or where he

was, so she decided just to go on forgetting about it."

Europe was home for a good many years. Kitty went

to school in Switzerland, at the Château Mont Choisi, in

Lausanne. Then there were years of private tutoring at

home, in Paris, in Neuilly. She spent two years at the

fashionable finishing school of the Princess Mesterchensky

in Paris. And a year in Rome.

She was grown up now, tall and slim, with thick brown

hair and glowing brown eyes, and she made her bow to

society and became one of the prominent members of the

younger set of the American colony in Paris.

It sounds like any young girl's dream of glamorous life

— winters in Paris, summers at a villa on the Riviera, amid

the most cultured and sophisticated society on the con-

tinent. But again the beaten path was not enough for Kitty

Carlisle. She wanted to be a singer, an actress. She

wanted, not just a career, but more to do! So, early in

1931, she began to study singing seriously.

"I had sung always," she says, "You know—for

Mother's friends. But . . .

So she studied singing, in Paris, under Maestro Cunelli,

and dramatics with the famous (Continued on page 62)
IN THE RADIO SPOTLIGHT

Bob Burns, being made ready for his role in Paramount’s Wells Fargo.

Radio fans hear Betty Grable, on Song Time, CBS, Saturdays, 7:15 p.m.

Jack Benny, returning from Europe with his wife, Mary Livingstone.

Freddie Gibson, singer on the popular CBS program, Your Hit Parade.

Edgar Bergen’s in luck! She’s lovely Loretta Lee. And is Charlie jealous?
Dorothy Lamour, as the lovely Marama, in the United Artists thrilling South Sea picture, The Hurricane. Jon Hall is her tragic lover, Terangi. Torn from his bride by cruel injustice, he braves incredible hardships to return to her and she joins him in the pitiful attempt to escape implacable fate. Radio listeners know Dorothy on the Chase and Sanborn Hour. Hall, nephew of James Norman Hall, one of the authors of The Hurricane, is noted as swimming and diving champion of Tahiti. And the movie is one of rare beauty and tense drama.
There's magic on the air—in the person of Tommy Riggs, with

The program director at WCAE, in Pittsburgh, sat in his office, busily engaged at his desk. In an adjoining studio a rehearsal was under way. Suddenly, through the loud-speaker on the official's desk, came the indignant voice of a child.

"Gee whiz!" it said. "I just can't do that darned ol' thing right!"

The program director looked up, puzzled. There was no child listed for any program over his station. He burst into the rehearsal-room. There was no one there save Tommy Riggs, rehearsing his program for the next day

"Who's that kid?" the director demanded. "That girl?"

"Girl?" Tommy repeated. "There's no girl here."

"I heard her a minute ago," the director insisted. "Her voice came from this studio." He peered around, as if expecting to discover a child hiding there somewhere.

"Well," he said stiffly, "what's so funny?" For Tommy Riggs burst into a roar of laughter.

"You mean this?" said Tommy, and he spoke a few words. "You mean that little lady?"

The director gasped. It was the very voice he had heard over his office loud-speaker. The voice of an extremely cute child! "Say," he exclaimed enthusiastically, "that's great! Use her on your program!"

And so little Betty Lou Barrie was born. The next day she was introduced to the radio audience, and her début was a grand success. Telephones jangled, letters poured in and Betty began her career in a blaze of glory.

This happened eight years ago, when Tommy Riggs was airing the first of a series of comedy team programs. After Betty's introduction, his comedy partner left the act and Betty was used in his place.

And now, with their contract on Rudy Vallee's Variety
his invisible Betty Lou Barrie

By PAUL MARSH

Hour, their star of fame has risen with phenomenal speed over the radio horizon. Today, scarcely a few months after their debut on the Vallee hour, they are as firmly established in the hearts of their listeners as the seasoned and popular headliners.

Who is Tommy Riggs and what accounts for his sensational leap into national fame? Is his success a matter of luck and breaks, or has he achieved his high goal through years of hard work and patient waiting? Is his story, like that of so many others, one of long struggles and heartbreaks?

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, is Tommy's home. He was born on October 21st, 1908, of Scotch-Irish parentage. Even in his infancy he was musically inclined, and as he grew up he began to develop a pleasing baritone.

"I suppose you're wondering whether a throat operation gave me the Betty voice?" says Tommy. "Everyone asks that. The truth is that I've always had it. Even as a wee lad, I used to mimic my little friends of the sand pile, much to the amusement of our parents."

By a peculiar twist of his larynx, Tommy Riggs is able to produce what is an amazingly convincing reproduction of a tiny girl's voice. Betty exists for millions of listeners as truly as though she were flesh and blood.

"As a freshman in high school I sang in a musical comedy, but I didn't use Betty then. She only came to parties and entertained our friends, who were always willing to hear what she had to say or sing," Tommy explained.

"At Bellefonte Academy, in Pennsylvania, it was much the same. I played in theatricals there, but Betty limited her appearances to parties and group affairs. She told stories and sang, but never once did she have the opportunity to step before the footlights. At that time her character was in the process of building and she wasn't, as yet, ready to stake her reputa-

(Continued on page 78)
LIFE began at five for Florence George, lovely new star of radio and screen. Not at five a.m. or five p.m., but in her fifth year. For when she was only five, Florence could play the piano creditably, could sing sweetly in a clear, true soprano, and at five, she already knew that she wanted to be a movie actress when she grew up.

Now, at twenty-one, she has seen her dreams come true, known a rich fulfillment of her aspirations. She made her début in concert and, immediately after, in opera. A radio contract followed and just a year and two months after her concert début, she was signed to one of radio's most popular programs and to a long-term movie contract.

How does a girl feel when she wakes up to find herself successful, famous? When, at twenty-one, her goal is reached and a small, simply furnished Chicago apartment is exchanged for a luxurious Hollywood home, complete to the swimming pool? What are her reactions when, almost overnight, she steps from obscurity to stardom? And what is Hollywood, fabulous, erratic, exciting, cruel Hollywood, likely to do to her? Inevitably there will be changes, inner as well as outer, and inevitably, too, if she is a sensitive person, she will be hurt. For Hollywood fame is compounded of heartache and glory and it takes a strong character to survive either of them!

In meeting Florence George, I was first impressed with her shyness, her sincerity, her graciousness. She is, of course, excited over the turn of events, thrilled with the process of being groomed for her first picture and no less enthusiastic over her good fortune in being signed for the Packard program, with Lanny Ross, which comes to you Tuesdays at 8:30 p.m. EST.

Some years ago, Florence and her mother wrote their one and only fan letter to Lanny and received in reply an autographed picture. So it is something of a coincidence, as well as a thrill, that her first commercial program is with her youthful idol.

In the years between her fifth and twenty-second birthdays—she will be twenty-two on December 21st—Florence has had many hard lessons to learn. And, although her success seems to have come quickly and easily, it is no fluke, no mere chance. Since earliest childhood she has worked for it, devoted herself wholeheartedly to the development of her voice and preparation for her

"I was a career woman at five," Florence George confesses. "I was stagestruck then, knew I wanted to be an actress!" She began then to study singing.

She sings on The Packard Hour, NBC-Red network, Tuesdays, 9:30 p.m., EST, with Lanny Ross, Charles Butterworth, Raymond Paige's orchestra and guest stars.

The sudden rise of blonde Florence George to radio and opera
chosen career. Of course her natural gifts of beauty and song are not lightly to be dismissed. She is slim and graceful, with natural blonde hair softly framing a sensitive, delicately lovely face. Her wide gray eyes are thoughtful, shadowed with dreams, dark with the intensity of her purpose, her determination. But the grace is partly from years of ballet dancing, and the moving, lyric voice in its superb coloratura is the result of tireless vocalizing and ardent effort. If she has won prompt recognition, it is the result of hard work as well as luck, of concentrated attention to the cultivation of her voice, to the study of music, to making herself ready for whatever break might some day be hers.

Florence was born in Dayton, Ohio, the daughter of Florence and George Guthrie, whose first names she took to make her own professional name. As Katherine Guthrie, she attended the Dayton public schools and later, when the family moved to

(Continued on page 58)

fame, at twenty-one.

She has sung on a sustaining program with Walter Blaufuss' orchestra, and been guest star on Bing Crosby's Music Hall. After her concert début she sang with the Chicago Civic Opera. "I love radio and movies," she says. "I'm not so fond of opera." She loves dancing, too.
For Lester Tremayne, star of The

IN whose low-slung, open top roadster with red leather upholstery do you think I was riding today? Lester Tremayne's!

I was putting up a pretty good show at being the smooth and sophisticated interviewer, when I remembered the time that the radio was on the blink, when Les Tremayne was on the *Betty and Bob* program, and my mother cleaning lady, Mrs. La Viollette, was so put out because she couldn't listen to him, while washing the woodwork that she sulked the rest of the day and refused to eat the lunch Mother prepared for her. I remembered all the cakes Mother herself scorched while listening to the program. Also the time that Aunt Emily and Uncle Maynard and the kids drove all the way from California to see us, and because they unfortunately arrived while we were listening to Les on *First Nighter*, their welcome was not as cordial as it would have been a half hour later.

And here I was, sitting right next to Les Tremayne. He has a changeable face and a quick humorous manner which moves so fast his features are never still long enough for you to determine whether or not he is handsome.

He was born in London, England, April 16th, 1913-the son of an American engineer and an English movie actress. If he had remained in England, he would have risen to success by climbing the ladder to fame instead of splitting his shins by climbing the rope ladder to fame.
First Nighter, variety spices life

By MARGARET MARY JOSLYN

His grandmother, on his mother's side, was an opera star, his aunt was in stock, his uncle was a producer-director, and his little cousins were already earning Punch-and-Judy money by modeling. And, apart from that, he had an aunt who promised him a fat legacy if he would not become an actor!

But, every morning, after the dinner menu was settled with the cook, his mother took her fat little three-year-old, Les, and her five-year-old, Wally, and departed for the studio where greasepaint was his Mother Goose.

It is not the memory of his babyhood in pictures that stays with him, however, but the evenings at home when he huddled beside his mother, father and brother on the deck of their huge fireplace, while Zeppelins dropped bombs on the city, and only the round green eyes of his big tomcat gleamed in the darkness.

In 1917 the family left England for America. Panic whistled through the boat; one of the convos was sunk; and at four o'clock in the morning Les would be awakened out of a sound sleep, hustled into a life belt, and marched on deck for precautionary boat drills. He always remembered to take his round plush hat with him—which, with the lifebelt and a nightgown, made up his morning promenade costume. Incidentally, he still has the plush hat.

The Tremaynes stopped in New York for a month, moved to Chicago, and then followed Father Tremayne's jobs through Iowa, Kansas City, and Oklahoma.

Life in the corn and oil belts was farther than miles from the exciting theatrical world of London. Les took his schooling on the run, played baseball with the boys he met at school, entered into their affairs of aggies, potato roasts, and yo-yo contests, and still he was as restless and heavy-hearted as a singer condemned to sing one song.

He was dissatisfied with the idea of being one small American boy, going through school, entering business, playing one part, day after day, for three score years and ten. He wanted to be a beggar boy, a Napoleon, a king, and a horse-thief!

Spiritually he roared beneath the baptism of monotony. He was as far from the studios of Hollywood as he was from the theatres of New York and he didn't know what ailed him.

A terrific dreamer, he worshipped the gargantuan chest of Elmo Lincoln, and swinging from tree tops, he pretended that he was Tarzan. In a weak moment his mother made him a fur loin cloth from an old necklace, which he wore continuously—even when he went to the grocery store to buy eggs.

At the age of ten he became a serious-minded worrier, and often he sighed over his homework at the dining-room table, as though the weight of the world pressed on his shoulder blades. He worried what his mother would do if there were another war and he and his brother, Wally, and his father were killed. He worried about the family finances, and about a college education for his baby sister, then nine months old. (Continued on page 76)
Jack Benny and his wife, Mary Livingstone, step out for a bit of Hollywood night life. Maestro Ben Bernie greets them.

Judy Canova tries to make a dummy of Edgar Bergen, as the camera catches them at a preview. Edgar doesn't seem to mind playing the role of Charlie McCarthy on the lady's knee!

With Roger Pryor cocking an ear, Sam Campbell, round tootler with Pryor's orchestra, sounds off on the Beach Walk, Edgewater Beach Hotel. Pryor's orchestra is heard nightly over CBS.
CBS singing star Joy Hodges is another loss the movies have stolen from radio. She is making Merry-Go-Round of 1938 for Universal, and may do a Broadway musical later. Just now she is resting by her swimming pool in the California sunshine.

Look what Martha’s found! Martha Raye, of the cavern mouth, tries strong-arm stuff, and hoists tiny Jackie Heller right out of the water at Edgewater Beach, Chicago.

cord Bilgewater (left), self-confessed Riddle Champion of the world, is pictured in the act of stumpiing Al Pearce, m.c. on the Watch the Fun Go By pro- gram. (CBS, Tuesdays 9:00 p.m. EST.)
BY ELIZABETH BENNECHE PETERSEN

Sitting at her desk, with pencil and paper handy, Ireene Wicker, radio's beloved Singing Lady, takes notes as her two young children, Nancy and Walter Wicker, Junior, play and discuss things together.

"No one's to blame but yourself, if they don't says The Singing Lady

ANYBODY can say they don't like cats and get away with it. But it takes a brave man to say he doesn't like dogs—and only an absolute hero dares even to hint that he might not like children!

Liking dogs, and having dogs like you, seems to be the test of a person's character for some reason or other, and liking children and having them like you seems to be the highest assurance of spiritual qualities.

But along comes Ireene Wicker, The Singing Lady of radio, adored by children the country over, who says with refreshing frankness: "Saying you like children is like saying you like people. You really mean, you like the ones you like."

I've yet to meet a child who doesn't like
cene Wicker. From the most angelic, butter-melting-in-mouth cherub to the orneriest brat in the world, they all adore her.

And if mothers had the say in radio, there would be a station devoted exclusively to The Singing Lady, and it could operate from six in the morning until eight at night, when even the most delaying child should be tucked under blankets. As it is, they give fervent thanks for those ten minutes, four times on week days, and the Sunday 5:00 p.m. when Irene Wicker drops in to look after the children.

For that space of time a children’s armistice is called. Rough the land.ug children sit with their ears glued to the radio and mothers go about their tasks or relax, knowing that for a little while there won’t be any interruptions or questions or mischievous shrieks driving them to the kitchen door.

Others have sung for children on the radio and others have told them stories, but none of them have been able to approach The Singing Lady’s magic formula for unconditional surrender of the child heart. It’s due, partly, her personality, of course, and to her flair for choosing songs that children like, and to her gift as a born storyteller, but even more than any of these it’s due to the fact she really understands them.

That means that she likes them, too. For, find anyone who really understands children and instinctively knows the reason they do some things and the reason they don’t do others, and you will find a person who really means that sweeping statement: “I like children!”

“It’s usually the parents’ fault when a child is unpopular,” Irene Wicker insists. “People who coddle their children and make spoiled brats of them should be blamed, but the trouble is they aren’t. Love for your children should be an intelligent, constructive force, not a blind, unreasoning thing that really amounts to self love rather than love for the child.

“All children are naughty some of the time and a lot of them are naughty most of the time, and yet people, and I don’t mean their parents, either, really like them in spite of their genius for mischief-making. It’s only when children do things with that, I-know-I-can-get-away-with-anything air that they become downright objectionable.

“No child is good all the time, and there isn’t one you haven’t yearned to spank at some time or other. Now if the mother happens to be around at that moment, and just dismisses the matter with a fatal smile and a pat on the head for her offending offspring, your resentment turns even more against the child. But if the mother happens to be one of those grand, wise parents who calls the turn herself, you’ll find your own annoyance vanishing.

“It’s easy enough, liking children who are responsive and warm, but it’s different with the shy, aloof ones. And I can be as petrified as anyone of the child who shows no emotion on meeting you, who sits there cold, reserved, and makes you wonder just what (Continued on page 84)
THREE years ago last spring I varied my coverage of the New York network studios by dropping in at WHN—one of the two dozen small stations that serve the metropolitan area. There was a new program—if not exactly a new idea—that was catching on like wildfire. Even far beyond the range of the low-powered station on Times Square, the fame of Major Edward Bowes and his amateurs was rapidly spreading, and I was anxious to see firsthand just what was causing the fuss and ado.

It was a hot night and the studio—a small, low-ceilinged chamber—was jammed tighter than a New York subway car during the evening rush hour. The room was filled with sixty aspirants to the honors that went with surviving the gong. There were no advance provisions for visitors, and a few favored guests had to watch the proceedings from the tiny cubicle reserved for the control man. But they forgot the discomfort when they witnessed the local air show that was the forerunner to the stellar network series that soon followed, and is still holding tremendous popularity.

On a recent Thursday evening I dropped in at the old Hammerstein Theatre, now renamed Columbia Playhouse No. 3. It is eight blocks north of the Loew's State Theatre Building, where the amateur hour was born in humble surroundings. The marquee makes its own mazda contribution to the Great White Way by proclaiming that Major Edward Bowes and His Original Amateur Hour are featured within. Lucky ticket-holders file in, well before program time, while huge crowds are turned away from the box-office in keen disappointment, upon discovering
his amateurs, will remain a headline feature for years to come!

that no tickets are sold and that all the free ones were distributed many weeks in advance.

Although the playhouse is used for other programs, too, it was acquired and rebuilt chiefly for Major Bowes when the *Amateur Hour* switched to CBS from NBC. In the office building above, the Major has an entire floor for his permanent staff’s headquarters and an additional half-floor for auditioning purposes. The playhouse itself was transformed from a legitimate theatre into an auditorium studio.

A front section of the orchestra is reserved for the participating amateurs, while the remainder of the main floor and the entire balcony are turned over to more than 1,000 program visitors.

What a difference from three years before! Major Bowes, past sixty, stands out as one of the biggest names in broadcasting. He was active on the air many years before, but it was the small station program that skyrocketed his status to the topnotch bracket of radio headliners.

It was obvious to me, the night I dropped in at the *WHN Amateur Hour*, that Bowes had a sensational program. A few stations may claim they had neophyte series at earlier dates, but it took the Bowes program to make the idea an outstanding trend.

Instead of the uncontrolled, milling throng at the small station, the (Continued on page 56)

On the opposite page the genial Major encourages one of his young amateurs. And here Jimmy Rogan, CBS sound effects engineer, rings the gong on the Major.
Ben Bernie started it.

He told me about the time he and "the lads" were playing in the grill of a Philadelphia hotel, when, one evening, a young man, obviously a college student, entered with seven friends, and instructed the head waiter "to inform Mr. Bernie that Mr. Phelps is here."

Phelps is the name of Ben Bernie's sponsor. So, upon receiving the message, Bernie rushed to the young man's table. The young man introduced himself as the sponsor's grandson.

"I can see the family resemblance," commented Bernie, and insisted that the entire party be his guests.

After a couple of gay hours the young man, thanking Bernie for his hospitality, confessed that he had left his wallet at home in another suit.

So with a "This ought to see you home," Bernie goodnaturedly handed him fifteen dollars.

Three weeks later came an anniversary for Th. American Can Company—one year on the air. Th president, Mr. Phelps, arrived at the studio to com memorate the occasion with a short speech. After th broadcast Bernie complimented him, not only on th speech, but also on having such a charming grandson

Puzzled, the president stared. Then he said some thing. It was one sentence. It was enough for Mr Bernie. The president said; "If I have a grandson, it nev to me!"

At first I didn't believe this story. I thought it wa Mr. B's neat way of telling a joke on himself, for th sake of publicity.

Beatrice Lillie set me straight.

"He told you the truth, " she said. "I was his gues

Anyone can be taken in—and the radio stars are no exception
A S U C K E R  

By NANETTE KUTNER

Ben Bernie  Jane Pickens  Robert L. Ripley  Kate Smith

rtist on that anniversary broadcast.” She laughed. And I shall never forget the look on Ben’s face when the sponsor insisted he didn’t have a grandson. Winchell would have been there!

“However,” added Miss Lillie. “Ben Bernie is no exception. I think that all of us, no matter how smart we may consider ourselves, are fooled sooner or later. Look what happened to me.”

“What?” I asked.

“Before the Christmas holidays I met a man who said he had just come from Havana, bringing with him a lot of perfume. He said he would sell me ten bottles cheap. I examined the bottles. The labels were familiar; they looked all right. So I bought them, giving one piece to the women in my company. Later I was a little surprised at their lack of enthusiasm. This mystery wasn’t solved until I wandered into a co-worker’s dressing-room, picked up my gift, removed the stopper and proceeded to smell the contents. There was no smell, none at all! And no wonder. Instead of buying perfume I had been sold ten bottles of H.O . . . water, to you!”

Southern accented Jane Pickens admits she belongs on that sucker list.

“I was sent to Paris to live a year with a native family. My folks felt this was the best way for me to learn the language. The family I boarded with spoke no English. I spoke no French. One year of their teaching should enable me to speak French fluently.”

But something went amiss. The folks back home had neglected to reckon with Jane’s soft heart. You see, she learned no French— (Continued on page 61)

See are some of their curious experiences with tricksters
"... so I sat in the electric chair, and they strapped me down!" (In her twentieth-story apartment, not far from Central Park, Kathryn Cravens was remembering an experience in Sing Sing.) "I knew then how the Chinaman would feel in three hours!"

We were discussing the unique position Miss Cravens has invented for herself. Adventures such as the one just related, are a customary part of her daily work. She is the first woman news commentator of the air. By plane she darts about the United States to the scene of current happenings, feeling that at the place of their occurrence she can best revive the emotions involved. These sensations, together with the stories, she imparts to her listeners in a radio program entitled *News Through a Woman's Eyes*.

Although a New Yorker only since last October, already she has broken all records for mail in one of the national broadcasting companies. Six secretaries cannot keep her correspondence up to date. Her salary exceeds a thousand dollars a week.

Somewhere in the thirties, she is blonde, tall, with the chiseled features and wide eyes which photographers welcome. There is an abundance of *joie de vivre* in Miss Cravens. Behind it are a tireless perseverance and a sympathetic concern (Continued on page 80)
### COAST-TO-COAST PROGRAM GUIDE

#### NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY — RED-NETWORK

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Station</th>
<th>City/State</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>WBCB</td>
<td>Portland, Me.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCF</td>
<td>Providence, R.I.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCG</td>
<td>Richmond, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCD</td>
<td>St. Louis, Mo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCJ</td>
<td>Salt Lake City, Utah</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCN</td>
<td>San Francisco, Cal.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCP</td>
<td>Scranton, N.Y.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCH</td>
<td>Seattle, Wash.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCQ</td>
<td>Spokane, Wash.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCR</td>
<td>Raleigh, N.C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCS</td>
<td>San Antonio, Tex.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCU</td>
<td>Memphis, Tenn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCV</td>
<td>Miami Beach, Florida</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCW</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCX</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCY</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCZ</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCA</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCB</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCD</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCE</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCF</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCG</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCH</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCI</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCJ</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCK</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCL</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCM</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCN</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCO</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCP</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCQ</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCR</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCS</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCT</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCU</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCV</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCW</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCX</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCY</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCZ</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY — BLUE-NETWORK

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Station</th>
<th>City/State</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>WBCB</td>
<td>Portland, Me.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCF</td>
<td>Providence, R.I.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCG</td>
<td>Richmond, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCD</td>
<td>St. Louis, Mo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCJ</td>
<td>Salt Lake City, Utah</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCN</td>
<td>San Francisco, Cal.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCP</td>
<td>Scranton, N.Y.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCH</td>
<td>Seattle, Wash.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCQ</td>
<td>Spokane, Wash.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCR</td>
<td>Raleigh, N.C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCS</td>
<td>San Antonio, Tex.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCU</td>
<td>Memphis, Tenn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCV</td>
<td>Miami Beach, Florida</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCW</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCX</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCY</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCZ</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCA</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCB</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCD</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCE</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCF</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCG</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCH</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCI</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCJ</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCK</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCL</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCM</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCN</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCO</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCP</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCQ</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCR</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCS</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCT</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCU</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCV</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCW</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCX</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCY</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBCZ</td>
<td>Montreal, Canada</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
NOVEMBER 7—14—21—28

MORNING
8:00  NBC-Red: WILLIAM MEEWIS—organist
NBC-Blue: MELODY HOUR—Joe Hunt's orchestra
8:30  NBC-Red: CHILDREN'S CONCERT—Joe Stupak's orchestra, Paul Wing, narrator
NBC-Blue: TONE PICTURES—Mr. Pepple, pianist: mixed quartet

NOON
12:00 Noon
NBC-Blue: DOROTHY DREISBACH, soprano; FRED HUPP-SMITH, tenor
NBC-Blue: SOUTHERNAINES—Negro male quartet
12:30  NBC-Red: UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION—guest speakers

NBC-Blue: RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL ORCHESTRA—solos
CBS: SALT LAKE CITY TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN

1:45  MBS: MARTHA AND HALL—voices and patter
1:40  NBC-Red: PAUL MARTIN AND HIS MUSIC
CBS: CHURCH OF THE AIR

1:30  NBC-Red: TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE CHOIR CONCERT

AFTERNOON
12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: DOROTHY DREISBACH, soprano; FRED HUPP-SMITH, tenor

NBC-Blue: SOUTHERNAINES—Negro male quartet
12:30  NBC-Red: UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION—guest speakers

NBC-Blue: RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL ORCHESTRA—solos
CBS: SALT LAKE CITY TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN

1:45  MBS: MARTHA AND HALL—voices and patter
1:40  NBC-Red: PAUL MARTIN AND HIS MUSIC
CBS: CHURCH OF THE AIR

1:30  NBC-Red: TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE CHOIR CONCERT

CBS: NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

3:00  NBC-Red: BICYCLE PARTY—Bill Slater, m.c., Marin's orchestra
MBS: POPULAR MELodies
MBS: ORGANIST

4:00  NBC-Red: ROMANCE MELodies—Ruth Lynn, Edward Davies, Shield's orchestra
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL VERS—Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick

4:30  NBC-Red: THE WORLD IS YOURS—dramatization

NBC-Blue: SENATOR FISHFACE AND PROFESSOR PUGHSHOTTLER—Jerry Sears orchestra

4:15  NBC-Blue: MODERN FOOD PROCESS CO.

5:00  NBC-Red: BY-KRISP PRESENTS MARION TALMADGE—Keuster's orchestra

NBC-Blue: METROPOLITAN OPERA AUDITIONS OF THE AIR—Edward Johnson, Wilfred Pelletier, conductor

CBS: SILVER THEATRE—dramatic program, Conrad Nagel, m.c.

5:30  MBS: THE SINGING LADY—children's program

5:30  NBC-Red: THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE—Shelba Barrett, Joe Blues, Graham McNamee, orchestra

NBC-Blue: SUNDAY AFTERNOON WITH ED MCLINELL
CBS: GUY LOXBORO AND HIS ORCHESTRA

MBS: THE SHADOW—mystery drama, Orson Welles

EVENING
6:00  NBC-Red: CATHOLIC HOUR
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA

CBS: JOE PENNER—Gene Aulie's Griller's orchestra

CBS: LLOYD PANTAGES COVERS HOLLYWOOD

6:45  NBC-Red: THATCHER COLT MYSTERIES

7:00  NBC-Red: BULLET-O PROGRAM—Jack Benny, Mary Livingstone, Kenny Baker, Don Wilson, Rom花, Andy Devine, Phil Harris' orchestra

NBC-Blue: MUSIC OF THE MASTERS—H. Leopold Spitalny's orchestra

CBS: VICK'S OPEN HOUSE—Jane McDonald, Patsack's orchestra

MBS: STAN LOMAX—sports commentator

7:15  MBS: RAYMOND GRAM SWING—commentator

7:20  NBC-Red: FIRESIDE TALENTS—Helen Marshall, soprano, Sigurd Nansen, basso

NBC-Blue: BAKER'S BROADCAST—Feg Murry, Harriet Hilliard, Gene Nelson's orchestra
CBS: PHIL BAKER—Beetle and Bottle, Patay Kelly, Al Garet, Bradley's orchestra
MBS: TED WEEMS' ORCHESTRA

7:45  NBC-Red: INTERESTING NEIGHBORS VISITED BY JERRY BELCHER


NBC-Blue: GENERAL MOTORS CONCERT—Dr. John R. Kennedy, guests
CBS: COLUMBIA MARKET SHOP
MBS: BENNY DAVIS' STAR-DUST REVUE

8:30  CBS: YOUR BIRTHDAY PARTY—David Ross

MBS: ORCHESTRA

9:00  NBC-Red: MANHATTAN SONG—GO-Round—Rachel V. Carlay, Pierre Le Kreuz, Donna's orchestra

NBC-Blue: HOLLYWOOD PLAYHOUSE—Tyro Power, guests
CBS: FORD SUNDAY EVEN-ING HOUR
MBS: PASSING PARADE—John Xebult

9:15  MBS: DEEP SOUTH—Negro chorus

9:30  NBC-Red: AMERICAN AL- HAMU—FAMILY MUSICAL with Frank Munn, Jean Dickenson Hamburger's orchestra

NBC-Blue: JERGENS PROGRAM—Walter Winchell, new commentator
MBS: COMMEN TAT OR ForUM

9:45  NBC-Blue: WELCH PRE- SENTS IRENE RICH—drama chorus
MBS: ANOTHER RACKET-DRAMATIZATION

10:00  NBC-Red: RISING MUSI- C TARS—Richard Gordon Parnell's orchestra
NBC-Blue: THE ZENITH FOUNDATION
CBS: HOLLYWOOD SHOW CASE—Gluckin's orchestra, guests

10:30  NBC-Blue: CHERIO—tail end orchestra
CBS: NEWS AND REVIEWS—H. L. Burcham, Bob Trent

11:00  MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

11:00  NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC

11:10  NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

MBS: ORCHESTRA
MORNING

6:00 NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING
6:15 NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE —children's program
6:15 NBC-Blue: ISLAND SERENADES
8:00 NBC-Blue: WILLIAM MEDER—organist
8:15 NBC - Blue: NORTHEM QUARTET
9:00 NBC-Blue: WOMEN AND NEWS
9:30 NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLU—variety program
CBS: METROPOLITAN PARADE

NOVEMBER 11-8—15—22—29

EDWIN C. HILL, commentator

11:30 NBC-Red: THREE MARSHALLS—sketch
11:30 NBC-Red: NELL—sketch
11:30 NBC-Blue: BARBER—baritone, and organ
11:30 NBC-Blue: JULIUS LEWIS—organist

CBS: ORCHESTRA

NEWS

MBS: ROY ORCH.

Ward Lewis E. Lawes

—Rosaline Greene

EVENING

6:00 NBC-Red: VIV AND SADIE—sketch
6:00 NBC-Red: LET'S TALK IT OVER—Alma Kitchell
6:00 NBC-Blue: JENNY PEABODY—sketch
6:00 MBS: LAWRENCE SALERNO—pianist

CBS: ORCHESTRA

6:15 NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
6:15 MBS: LEO FREUBERG'S RHYTHM ORCHESTRA

CBS: SMITH- STONE CONCERT CIV

CARSON ROBINSON
MORNING

8:00 NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES
8:15 NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's program
  NBC-Blue: DICK LEIBERT ENSEMBLE
8:45 NBC-Blue: MORNING GLEE CLUB
9:00 NBC-Blue: WOMEN AND NEWS
  NBC-Red: BREAKFAST CLUB—variety program
  CBS: DEAR COLUMBIA—fan mail dramatizations
9:15 NBC-Red: STREAMLiners—fields and hall, orchestra
9:25 CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
9:30 NBC-Red: GOOD NEIGHBORS—Maxwell
9:40 NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
  NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

Parkyakarkus

MORNING

9:45 NBC-Red: LANDNT TRIO
  NBC-Blue: AUNT JEMIMA ORCHESTRA
  CBS: BACHELOR'S CHILDCARE—sketch
10:00 NBC-Red: MRS. WIGG'S OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—sketch
  NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
  CBS: PRETTY KITTY KELLY—sketch
10:15 NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER WOMAN—sketch
  NBC-Blue: MA PERKINS sketch
  CBS: MYRT AND MARGE—sketch
10:30 NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN HILL—sketch
  NBC-Blue: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
  CBS: HOW TO GET THE MOST OUT OF LIFE—Emmy
  MBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC
10:45 NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch
  NBC-Blue: KITCHEN CABALADE—Crooby Gaige
  CBS: PIANO DUO
11:00 NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch
  NBC-Blue: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
  CBS: MARY LEE TAYLOR
11:15 NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch
  NBC-Blue: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch
  CBS: THE MAGAZINE OF THE AIR—Carol Kennedy's romance, dramatic serial
11:30 NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADIE—sketch
  CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch
11:45 NBC-Red: MYSTERY CHEF
  NBC-Blue: EDWARD MAE HILL/THE GOSPEL SINGER
  CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES—sketch
  MBS: RECKERS INFORMATION BUREAU—Myra Kingsley, Jean Paul King

TUESDAYS

NOVEMBER 2—9—16—23—30

Afternoon

12:00 Noon

NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch
  NBC-Blue: TIME FOR THOUGHT
  CBS: SWINGING THE BLUES

1:00 NBC-Red: THE O'NEILL'S—sketch
  NBC-Blue: HAVE YOU HEARD?—dramatization

1:15 NBC-Red: ESCORTS AND BETTY
  NBC-Blue: BETTY AND BOB—sketch

2:00 NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch
  NBC-Blue: DR. NADDY'S HAND LESSONS
  MBS: IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE

2:15 NBC-Red: JACK AND LORETTA—songs and patter

3:00 NBC-Red: THE WISE MAN
  NBC-Blue: NUB NOOSE
  CBS: AMERICAN SCHOOL
  MBS: AFTERNOON VARIETIES

3:15 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
  CBS: BEATRICE FAIRFAX

3:30 NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY
  NBC-Blue: BREAKBREADS—variety program
  CBS: THEATRE MATINEE
  MBS: BLACKSTONE CONCERT TRIO

Evening

6:00 NBC-Red: SCIENCE IN THE AIR
  CBS: JACK MEAKIN'S STRINGTIME

6:15 NBC-Red: THREE X HISTERS
  MBS: PIANO RECITAL

6:30 NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
  CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

7:00 NBC-Red: TOP HATTERS ORCHESTRA
  MBS: TONY RUSSELL TONER

7:30 NBC-Red: DON WINSLOW "THE NAVY"
  NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS
  MBS: JOHNSON FAMILY

8:00 NBC-Red: AMOS 'N ANDY
  NBC-Blue: EASY ACES
  CBS: POETIC MELODIES

8:30 NBC-Red: VIVIAN DELLA CHIESA—verismo-soprano
  MBS: MENACHERS

9:00 NBC-Red: JOHN PRENTICE
  MBS: HUSBANDS AND WIVES—Sidney Brown, Allen Lovelace

9:15 MBS: LEVER BROS. PRODUCTIONS
  MBS: JAZZ NOCTURNE—Dacia

9:30 NBC-Red: LADY ESTEBAN SERENADE

Mark Warnow

Orchestra: NBC-Blue: EDGAR QUESIN
  MBS: AL-JOHNSON'S orchestra
  CBS: A. J. JOHNSON—Martha Raye, Parkyakarkus, Victor Young

MBS: ORCHESTRA

9:00 NBC-Red: VOX POP—Park Johnson, Wallace Butterworth
  NBC-Blue: BEN BERNIE AND ALL THE LADS

9:15 MBS: CONSOLE AND KEYBOARD—Lucile Wicher, Pauino Alpert

9:20 NBC-Red: HOLLYWOOD MARLI GENT
  CBS: VIVIAN NOYES AND ALL THE LADS
  MBS: ORCHESTRA

9:30 NBC-Red: BING CROSBY—Walter Winchell
  MBS: SYMPHONIC STRING TRIO

10:00 NBC-Red: BENNY GOODMAN'S Swing Orchestra
  MBS: SYMPHONIC STRING TRIO

10:15 NBC-Red: JOAN EDWARDS

10:30 NBC-Red: JIMMY FIDELL'S HOLLYWOOD GOSP
  MBS: MARILYN MAREE SYMPHONIC SERENADE

10:45 NBC-Red: MISS FISHER DIRECTIONS

11:00 NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC
  NBC-Blue: DANCE MUSIC
  MBS: ORCHESTRA
Wednesday, November 3-10-17-24

**MORNING**

- **NBC-Red:** GOOD MORNING (variety)
- **NBC-Red:** MALCOLM CLAIRE (serial)
- **NBC-Blue:** ISLAND SERENADES
- **NBC-Blue:** WILLIAM MCKEE (organist)
- **NBC-Blue:** FOUR SHOWMEN (male quartet)

- **NBC-Red:** WOMEN AND MUSIC
- **NBC-Blue:** BREAKFAST CLUB (variety program)
- **CBS:** BACHELOR'S CHOIR—singing sketch

- **NBC-Red:** MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—sketch
- **NBC-Blue:** STORY OF MARY MARGARET
- **CBS:** PRETTY KITTY KELLY—sketch
- **NBC-Red:** JOHN'S OTHER WIFE—sketch
- **NBC-Blue:** MA PERKINS—sketch
- **CBS:** CLEO MERT AND MARGE—sketch
- **NBC-Red:** JUST PLAIN BILL—sketch
- **NBC-Blue:** PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch

**AFTERNOON**

- **12:00 Noon:** **NBC-Red:** GIRL ALONE—sketch
- **NBC-Blue:** THE GOLDBERGS—sketch
- **NBC-Red:** THREE MARSHALLS
- **NBC-Blue:** JOB WHITE—tenor, THE GAY GORILLA SUNDAY—sketch
- **NBC-Red:** THREE RANCH BILLYS
- **CBS:** BETTY AND BOBBY—sketch

**EVENING**

- **NBC-Red:** MICROWAVE IN THE SKY—Earl Harlem, interviewer
- **NBC-Red:** WORDS AND MUSIC—Ruth Lyon, Larry Larsen, Harvey Hayes
- **NBC-Red:** THE POET'S HOUR—Arthur Morey
- **NBC-Red:** LITTLE ORPHAN ANNE—juvenile serial
- **NBC-Red:** THE CITY SLEEPS—dramatization
- **NBC-Red:** THE ROAD OF LIFE—CBS; DR. ALLAN ROY DAFORE
- **NBC-Red:** THE ROAD OF LIFE—CBS; RIDE DUDLEY'S THEATRE—CBS
- **NBC-Red:** THE YOUTH'S HOUR—CBS; NOT FOR LADIES—CBS; social commentator
- **NBC-Red:** RUTGERS HOMECOMING—variety program
- **NBC-Red:** THE GUIDING LIGHT—CBS
- **NBC-Red:** THE SEARCH—CBS; ANDERS AND TALBO—CBS; FOOD—CBS; HAPPY FAMILIES—CBS
- **NBC-Red:** THE CAMPBELL'S HOURS—CBS; THE CAMPBELL'S HOURS—CBS; THE CAMPBELL'S HOURS—CBS
- **NBC-Red:** THE LITLLE ORPHAN ANNE—juvenile serial
- **NBC-Red:** THE LITLLE ORPHAN ANNE—juvenile serial
- **NBC-Red:** THE LITLLE ORPHAN ANNE—juvenile serial

**FRED ALLEN**

Fred Allen

**DEANNA DURBIN**

Deanna Durbin

**NATIONAL PROGRAM**

- **NBC-Blue:** MICROWAVE IN THE SKY—Earl Harlem, interviewer
- **NBC-Red:** WORDS AND MUSIC—Ruth Lyon, Larry Larsen, Harvey Hayes
- **NBC-Red:** THE POET'S HOUR—Arthur Morey
- **NBC-Red:** LITTLE ORPHAN ANNE—juvenile serial
- **NBC-Red:** THE CITY SLEEPS—dramatization
- **NBC-Red:** THE ROAD OF LIFE—CBS; DR. ALLAN ROY DAFORE
- **NBC-Red:** THE ROAD OF LIFE—CBS; RIDE DUDLEY'S THEATRE—CBS
- **NBC-Red:** THE YOUTH'S HOUR—CBS; NOT FOR LADIES—CBS; social commentator
- **NBC-Red:** RUTGERS HOMECOMING—variety program
- **NBC-Red:** THE GUIDING LIGHT—CBS
- **NBC-Red:** THE SEARCH—CBS; ANDERS AND TALBO—CBS; FOOD—CBS; HAPPY FAMILIES—CBS
- **NBC-Red:** THE CAMPBELL'S HOURS—CBS; THE CAMPBELL'S HOURS—CBS; THE CAMPBELL'S HOURS—CBS
- **NBC-Red:** THE LITLLE ORPHAN ANNE—juvenile serial
- **NBC-Red:** THE LITLLE ORPHAN ANNE—juvenile serial
- **NBC-Red:** THE LITLLE ORPHAN ANNE—juvenile serial

**THE TOWN HALL TONIGHT**

- **NBC-Blue:** TOWN HALL TONIGHT—Fred Allen, Portland Hoffman, Van Swinden's orchestra
- **NBC-Red:** NBC STRING SYMPHONY—Franz Black, orchestra
- **NBC-Red:** CHESTERFIELD PRESENTS—Deanna Durbin, Tommy Wallis, Fats Waller, Dinah Shore, Bette Davis, Hal Roach, orchestra

**EDDIE DUCHIN**

Eddie Duchin

**NATIONAL PROGRAM**

- **NBC-Red:** MICROWAVE IN THE SKY—Earl Harlem, interviewer
- **NBC-Red:** WORDS AND MUSIC—Ruth Lyon, Larry Larsen, Harvey Hayes
- **NBC-Red:** THE POET'S HOUR—Arthur Morey
- **NBC-Red:** LITTLE ORPHAN ANNE—juvenile serial
- **NBC-Red:** THE CITY SLEEPS—dramatization
- **NBC-Red:** THE ROAD OF LIFE—CBS; DR. ALLAN ROY DAFORE
- **NBC-Red:** THE ROAD OF LIFE—CBS; RIDE DUDLEY'S THEATRE—CBS
- **NBC-Red:** THE YOUTH'S HOUR—CBS; NOT FOR LADIES—CBS; social commentator
- **NBC-Red:** RUTGERS HOMECOMING—variety program
- **NBC-Red:** THE GUIDING LIGHT—CBS
- **NBC-Red:** THE SEARCH—CBS; ANDERS AND TALBO—CBS; FOOD—CBS; HAPPY FAMILIES—CBS
- **NBC-Red:** THE CAMPBELL'S HOURS—CBS; THE CAMPBELL'S HOURS—CBS; THE CAMPBELL'S HOURS—CBS
- **NBC-Red:** THE LITLLE ORPHAN ANNE—juvenile serial
- **NBC-Red:** THE LITLLE ORPHAN ANNE—juvenile serial
- **NBC-Red:** THE LITLLE ORPHAN ANNE—juvenile serial

**NATIONAL PROGRAM**

- **NBC-Red:** MICROWAVE IN THE SKY—Earl Harlem, interviewer
- **NBC-Red:** WORDS AND MUSIC—Ruth Lyon, Larry Larsen, Harvey Hayes
- **NBC-Red:** THE POET'S HOUR—Arthur Morey
- **NBC-Red:** LITTLE ORPHAN ANNE—juvenile serial
- **NBC-Red:** THE CITY SLEEPS—dramatization
- **NBC-Red:** THE ROAD OF LIFE—CBS; DR. ALLAN ROY DAFORE
- **NBC-Red:** THE ROAD OF LIFE—CBS; RIDE DUDLEY'S THEATRE—CBS
- **NBC-Red:** THE YOUTH'S HOUR—CBS; NOT FOR LADIES—CBS; social commentator
- **NBC-Red:** RUTGERS HOMECOMING—variety program
- **NBC-Red:** THE GUIDING LIGHT—CBS
- **NBC-Red:** THE SEARCH—CBS; ANDERS AND TALBO—CBS; FOOD—CBS; HAPPY FAMILIES—CBS
- **NBC-Red:** THE CAMPBELL'S HOURS—CBS; THE CAMPBELL'S HOURS—CBS; THE CAMPBELL'S HOURS—CBS
- **NBC-Red:** THE LITLLE ORPHAN ANNE—juvenile serial
- **NBC-Red:** THE LITLLE ORPHAN ANNE—juvenile serial
- **NBC-Red:** THE LITLLE ORPHAN ANNE—juvenile serial

**EDDIE DUCHIN**

Eddie Duchin

**NATIONAL PROGRAM**

- **NBC-Red:** MICROWAVE IN THE SKY—Earl Harlem, interviewer
- **NBC-Red:** WORDS AND MUSIC—Ruth Lyon, Larry Larsen, Harvey Hayes
- **NBC-Red:** THE POET'S HOUR—Arthur Morey
- **NBC-Red:** LITTLE ORPHAN ANNE—juvenile serial
- **NBC-Red:** THE CITY SLEEPS—dramatization
- **NBC-Red:** THE ROAD OF LIFE—CBS; DR. ALLAN ROY DAFORE
- **NBC-Red:** THE ROAD OF LIFE—CBS; RIDE DUDLEY'S THEATRE—CBS
- **NBC-Red:** THE YOUTH'S HOUR—CBS; NOT FOR LADIES—CBS; social commentator
- **NBC-Red:** RUTGERS HOMECOMING—variety program
- **NBC-Red:** THE GUIDING LIGHT—CBS
- **NBC-Red:** THE SEARCH—CBS; ANDERS AND TALBO—CBS; FOOD—CBS; HAPPY FAMILIES—CBS
- **NBC-Red:** THE CAMPBELL'S HOURS—CBS; THE CAMPBELL'S HOURS—CBS; THE CAMPBELL'S HOURS—CBS
- **NBC-Red:** THE LITLLE ORPHAN ANNE—juvenile serial
- **NBC-Red:** THE LITLLE ORPHAN ANNE—juvenile serial
- **NBC-Red:** THE LITLLE ORPHAN ANNE—juvenile serial
MORNING

8:00  NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING AMERICANS

8:15  NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children’s program

8:15  NBC-Blue: DICK LEIBER ENSEMBLE

8:45  NBC-Blue: MORNING GLEE CLUB

9:00  NBC-Red: WOMEN AND NEWS

9:15  NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—variety program

CBS: MUSIC IN THE AIR

9:15  NBC-Red: STREAMLINERS—Fields and Hall

9:30  CBS: PRESS-ROYAL NEWS

10:00  NBC-Red: MR. WIGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—sketch

10:00  NBC-Blue: STORY OF MARY MELIN—sketch

CBS: PRETTY KITTY KELLY—sketch

10:00  NBC-Red: JOHN’S OTHER WIFE—sketch

10:00  NBC-Blue: MA PERKINS—sketch

10:00  CBS: MYRT AND MARGE—sketch

10:30  NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN BILL—sketch

10:30  NBC-Blue: PEPPER YOUNG’S FAMILY—sketch

CBS: PATTERN A WAY TO GET THE MOST OUT OF LIFE—Emily Fox

11:00  MBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC

11:15  NBC-Red: TODAY’S CHILDREN—sketch

CBS: KITCHEN CAV ALCADE—Crosby Galge

CBS: INSTRUMENTALISTS MBS: ORGAN RECITAL

11:15  NBC-Red: DAVID HARMON—sketch

NBC-Blue: THE O’NEILLES—sketch

CBS: MARY LOY TAYLOR

11:15  NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch

NBC-Blue: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch

CBS: HEINZ MAGAZINE OF THE AIR—Carol Kennedy’s romance, dramatic serial

MBS: ORGAN RECITAL

11:30  NBC-Red: HALF PAST ELEVEN

NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADIE—sponsored sketch

CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon  NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch

CBS: TIME FOR THOUGHT

CBS: CHERI AND THE THIRTEEN NOTES

12:15  NBC-Red: THE GOLDFINGERS—sketch

CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE

12:30  NBC-Blue: VOCALIST

CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT—sketch

12:45  NBC-Red: QUARTET

CBS: OUR GAL, SUNDAY—sketch

MBS: WE ARE FOUR—sketch

1:00  NBC-Red: SOLOIST

CBS: BETTY AND BOB—sketch

MBS: MICROWAVE IN THE SKY—Zarri Harper, interviewer

1:15  NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC

CBS: HUMORS OF ALL CHURCHES

CBS: BETTY CROOKED, cooking expert

1:30  NBC-Blue: LOVE AND LEARN—sketch

MBS: ARNOLD GRIMM’S DAUGHTER—sketch

1:45  NBC-Red: DAN HARDING’S WIFE—sketch

CBS: VOCALIST

CBS: HOLLYWOOD IN PERSON

2:00  NBC-Red: NBC MUSIC GUILD—NBC: SLOTTERS AND MATINEE

MBS: NORMAN BROKENSHEER’S AFTERNOON Varieties—Fredberg’s orchestra

2:15  NBC-Red: QUARTET

CBS: MUSICAL ADVENTURES—Alma Schurman, pianist

MBS: BEATRICE FAIRFAX

3:00  NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG’S FAMILY—sketch

1:30  NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—Walter Blaufuss’ orchestra

MBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT—sketch

1:45  NBC-Red: THE O’NEILLES—sketch

NBC-Blue: SWING SERENADE

MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

4:00  NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—comedy sketch

CBS: CLUB MATINEE

MBS: TED MALONE’S—between the bookends

4:15  NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch

CBS: BOB BYRON—songs

4:30  NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch

CBS: U.S. ARMY BAND

MBS: ORCHESTRA

4:45  NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch

5:00  NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA

CBS: PEGGY WOOD CALLING

MBS: FOLLOW THE MOON

Elsie Hitz, Nick Dawson

5:15  NBC-Blue: VOCALIST

CBS: LIFE OF MARY SOTHERN—sketch

5:30  NBC-Red: JACK ARMSTRONG—juvenile serial

CBS: SINGING LADY—children’s program

CBS: EXPLORING SPACE

MBS: ORCHESTRA

5:45  NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—juvenile serial

CBS: TOM MIX AND HIS RALSTON STRAIGHT SHOOTERS—juvenile serial

CBS: DERE TEECHER—Madeline Gay

EVENING

6:00  NBC-Red: DANCE RAND

NBC-Blue: HARRY KOGON AND HIS ORCHESTRA

CBS: DEL CASINO

CBS: PETTICOAT OF THE AIR—Isabelle Manning How-

2:15  CBS: JACK AND LORETTA—songs and patter

2:30  NBC-Red: THE WISE MAN

NBC-Blue: EL CABALLO

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF THE AIR—songs for children; folk tales

Gertrude Berg

6:30  NBC-Red: TURN HUCK THOMA—CBS: BERNIE HEMEN, GARRY GRIFFIN

6:45  NBC-Blue: TONY RUSSELL—tenor

6:45  NBC-Red: DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY—sketch

CBS: LOWELL THOMA—news commentator

CBS: GEORGE HALL’S OF CHESTRA

7:00  MBS: HEATHER’S FAMILY—sketch, with Jimmy Scriven

7:15  NBC-Red: VIVACIOUS TUES—ghost sketch

NBC-Blue: AMERICAN HOM PRODUCTS COMPANY

CBS: SONG TIME—Don Nier, Howard Phillips

7:30  NBC-Red: SAVITR SEM NADE

NBC-Blue: LUM AND ABNER—comedy sketch

CBS: WE, THE PEOPLE—Heatter

MBS: ORCHESTRA

8:00  NBC-Blue: KIDDOLDERS

8:00  NBC-Red: ROYAL GELATIN PROGRAM—Studebaker guests

9:00  NBC-Blue: GENERAL HUG

CBS: KATE SMITH—Red Cross Fundraiser

MBS: MUSIC BY—guest conductors

8:15  NBC-Blue: LIDERSINGER

8:30  MBS: ORCHESTRA

9:00  NBC-Red: MAXWELL HOSCS PROGRAM—double talent

CBS: MARCH OF TIM

MBS: REVUES

9:30  NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA

MBS: ALFRED WALLER—STEIN’S SINATOFF

10:00  NBC-Red: KRAFT MUS BAR—CBS: B A HUBRUS, TROTTER’S orchestra guest

NBC-Blue: NIGHT CLUB—variety program

MBS: COMMENTATO

TEN:30  CBS: VICTOR BAYES’ COCK ET ORCHESTRA—Hella Shaw

CBS: HENRY WEBER’S—MUSICAL REVUE

11:00  NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC

NBC-Blue: DANCE MUSIC

MBS: CAB CALLOWAYS OR CHESTRA

MBS: DANCE MUSIC

11:13  NBC-Blue: ELZA SCHALERT REVIEWS—previous guests
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>11:45</td>
<td>NBC-Red: HELLO PEGGY—sketch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:45</td>
<td>NBC-Blue: EDWARD MAC-HUGH—The Gospel</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:45</td>
<td>CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES—sketch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:45</td>
<td>MBS: HECKER'S INFORMATION BUREAU—Mena Kingsley, Jean Paul King</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Mary Margaret McBride**

| 11:45 | NBC-Red: HELLO PEGGY—sketch                  |
| 11:45 | NBC-Blue: EDWARD MAC-HUGH—The Gospel         |
| 11:45 | CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES—sketch   |
| 11:45 | MBS: HECKER'S INFORMATION BUREAU—Mena Kingsley, Jean Paul King |

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>Noon: GIRL ALONE—sketch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>TIME FOR THOUGHT—NBC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:15</td>
<td>NBC-Red: THE GOLDENBERGS—sketch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:15</td>
<td>NBC-Blue: VOCALIST—CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:15</td>
<td>CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE—Edwin C. Hill, commentator</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:50</td>
<td>NBC-Red: THE VAGABONDS—NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME MUSICA—Walter Blauflus's orchestra</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:50</td>
<td>CBS: ROMANZA OF HELEN TRENT—sketch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:50</td>
<td>NBC-Red: JOE WHITE AND PADRAIC COLUM—MBC: OUR WAVE—sketch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>NBC-Red: PIANO DUO—CBS; BETTY AND BOBBY—sketch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>MBC: MICROPHONE IN THE SKY—Earl Harper, interviewer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:15</td>
<td>NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Larry, London with Lynn, Harvey Hayes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:15</td>
<td>CBS: BETTY CROCKER—co-king expert</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:15</td>
<td>MBC: CARLON RYBSON AND HIS BUCKAROOS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:30</td>
<td>NBC-Blue: LOVE AND LEARN—sketch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:30</td>
<td>CBS: ARNOLD GRIFF'S DAUGHTER—sketch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:30</td>
<td>NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S—NBC-Blue: GRACE AND SCOTTY—songs and patter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:30</td>
<td>CBS: HOLLYWOOD IN PERSON—sketch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:45</td>
<td>NBC-Red and NBC-Blue: NBC-Red: NABEEN APPRECIATION HOUR—Dr. Walter Dumesch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:45</td>
<td>CBS: NEWS THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES—Kathryn Craven</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:45</td>
<td>CBS: JACK AND LORETTA—songs and patter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:45</td>
<td>MBS: NORMAN BROKENSHORE'S AFTERNOON VAARIETIES</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:30</td>
<td>CBS: AMERICAN SCHOOL OF THE AIR—Vocational Guidance; Science Club of the Air</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:30</td>
<td>MBS: BEATRICE FAIRFAX</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:00</td>
<td>NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:00</td>
<td>NBC-Blue: RADIO GUILD—dramatization</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:00</td>
<td>CBS: COLUMBIA CONCERT HALL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:15</td>
<td>NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:15</td>
<td>NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADIE—sketch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:15</td>
<td>CBS: JENNY PEABODY—sketch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:15</td>
<td>NBC-Red: THE O'Neill's—sketch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:15</td>
<td>NBC-Red: LYN MURRAY'S FOUR CLUBS—MBS: RADIO GARDEN CLUB</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**EVENING**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>NBC-Red: EDUCATION IN THE NEWS—dramatization</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>NBC-Blue: HARRY KOGAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:15</td>
<td>NBC-Red: BARRY MCKINLEY—baritone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS—MBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>NBC-Red: RHYTHMAIRES—MBS: FRANK DAILEY'S ORCHESTRA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:45</td>
<td>NBC-Red: DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY—sketch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:45</td>
<td>MBS: LOWELL THOMAS—commentary</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:45</td>
<td>MBS: JOHNSON FAMILY—sketch with Jimmy Schirmer</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Dorothy Thompson**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>NBC-Red: AMOS 'N ANDY—sketch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>NBC-Blue: MARY SMALL—songs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>NBC-Red: LOROZEN JONES—comedy sketch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>NBC-Blue: JOHN MATINEE—variety program</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>CBS: PONTIAC VARIETY SHOW—Paul Dunmall, m.c.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>MBS: HAMMERSTEIN MUSIC HALL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>MBS: MARY JANE WALSH—CBS: BOAKE CARTER—nowa commentator</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>MBS: ORCHESTRA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>NBC-Red: DEATH VALLEY DAYS—dramatization</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>CBS: MUSIC FROM HOLLYWOOD—Alice Joyce, Hal Kemp's orchestra</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>NBC-Red: WALTZ TIME—Fischer, Mann, Lois Bennett, Lyman's orchestra</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>MBS: HOLLYWOOD HOTEL—Jerry Cooper, Frances Langford, Ken Murray, Oswald, Anne Jamison, Paige's orchestra</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>MBS: ORCHESTRA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>NBC-Red: TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS—dramatization</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>MBS: ORCHESTRA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>NBC-Red: FIRST NIGHTER—dramatization, Les Tremayne, Barbara Luddy</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| 10:00 | NBC-Blue: RALEIGH AND KOOL—Barrett, Tom O'Neal, Dorsey's orchestra Morton Bosw
| 10:00 | CBS: COCA-COLA SONG SHOW—Paul Hart, Frank Crum, H. Reed Kennedy, Alice Corbet |
| 10:00 | MBS: HOW ABOUT IT?                         |
| 10:30 | NBC-Red: JIMMIE PIDLER'S HOLLYWOOD GOSPEL—FOXTROT—P. McCloy, LAMBERT'S STORIES—detective dramas |
| 10:45 | MBS: CURTAIN TIME—dramatization            |
| 11:00 | NBC-Red: G. ORGE R. HOLMES—Washington commuty |
| 11:00 | MBS: ORCHESTRA                              |
| 11:00 | MBS: DANCE MUSI—MBS: DANCE MUSIC          |
**MORNING**

8:00  NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING
CBS: ISLAND SERENADERS

8:15  NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—Children's program
CBS: DICK LEIBERT ENSEMBLE

8:45  NBC-Blue: MORNING GLEE CLUB

9:00  NBC-Red: STREAMLINERS—Fields and Hall
CBS: R E A K F A S T CLUB—variety program

9:15  CBS: DALTON BROTHERS—novelty trio

9:30  NBC-Red: SPECIAL DELIVERY—dramatic serial
CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL—songs

9:40  NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

9:45  NBC-Red: LANDT TRIO
CBS: AUNT JEMIMA ON THE AIR—variety
CBS: THE STRINGERS

9:55  CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

10:00  NBC-Red: NANCY SWANSON—songs
CBS: SWEETHEARTS OF THE AIR—May Singhi Greene, Peter de Ross
CBS: SYRACUSE VARIETY

10:15  NBC-Red: CHARITEERS—male quartet
CBS: RAISING YOUR PARENTS—Juvenile forum, Jack Costello

10:30  NBC-Red: MANHATTERS
CBS: LET'S PRETEND—children's program
CBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC

10:45  NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA

11:00  NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING
Richardson Singers
CBS: PATRICIA RYAN—solo
CBS: CINCINNATI CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC CONCERT
MBS: ED FITZGERALD AND CO.—variety program

11:15  NBC-Red: W A R D A N D M I N T E Y piano duo
CBS: MINUTE MEN—CBS quartet

---

**Saturdays**

**NOVEMBER 6—13—20—27**

**NOON**

11:30  NBC-Red: MELODY MEN
CBS: ORCHESTRA
MBS: U.S. ARMY BAND

11:45  NBC-Red: JERRY BRANNON—solo
CBS: ORCHESTRA

---

**AFTERNOON**

12:00 Noon  NBC-Red: CONTINENTALS—Beatrice Lind, Josef Honti, director
CBS: CALL TO YOUTH
CBS: LYN MURRAY'S FOUR CLUBMEN
MBS: PARENTS CLUB OF THE AIR

12:15  NBC-Blue: THREE MARSHALLS
CBS: ORIENTALE
MBS: LUNCHEON DANCE MUSIC

12:30  NBC-Red: REX RATTLE'S CONCERT ENSEMBLE
CBS: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR
CBS: GEORGE HALL AND HIS ORCHESTRA
MBS: STUDIES IN BLACK AND WHITE

13:15  MBS: SYLVIA CYDE—soprano

1:00  NBC-Red: H A P P Y Jack—tenor
CBS: CAPTIVATORS
MBS: MICROPHONE IN THE SKY—Earl Harper, interviewer

1:15  NBC-Red: ESCORTS AND BETTY
CBS: JIMMY SHIELDS—tenor
MBS: STEVE SEVERN'S PETS CLUB

1:30  MBS: CAMPUS CAPERS
CBS: ORCHESTRA, vocalists
CBS: OUR BARN—children's program, Madge Tucker
CBS: BUFFALO PRESIDENTS MBS: ORCHESTRA

1:45  NBC-Red: YOUR HOST IS BUFFALO—orchestra, soloists
CBS: MADISON ENSEMBLE
MBS: PALMER HOUSE CONCERT ORCHESTRA

2:15  CBS: ANN LEAF—organist
MBS: THREE GRACES AND PIANO

2:30  NBC-Red: GOLDEN MELODIES—orchestra, vocalists
MBS: ORCHESTRA
MBS: PALMER HOUSE ORCHESTRA

2:45  NBC-Blue: CADETS QUARTET
CBS: TOURS IN TUNE

3:00  NBC-Red: CONCERT MINIATURES
CBS: ORCHESTRA
CBS: DOWN BY HERMAN'S MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

---

**EVENING**

6:00  NBC-Red: EL CHICO SPANISH REVUE
CBS: NICKELODEON—Sylvia Clark
CBS: COLUMBIA CONCERT HALL
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL

6:15  MBS: FOUR CALIFORNIANS

6:30  CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

6:45  NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
CBS: SPORTS RESUME—Elise Boley
MBS: ORCHESTRA

7:30  NBC-Red: ALMA KITCHELL
CBS: ORCHESTRA

8:15  NBC-Red: THE ART OF LIVING—Dr. Norman Vincent Peale
CBS: JOHNNY O'BRIEN
MBS: ORCHESTRA

---

**NOTE:**

As we go to press, this program guide is absolutely accurate, but we cannot be responsible for last minute changes made by broadcasting companies, advertising agencies, or sponsors.

7:00  NBC-Red: TOP HAT TEA ORCHESTRA—Jan Savitt
CBS: MBS: MESSAGE OF J RAELE—guests and music
CBS: SATURDAY SWING SESSION
MBS: PALMER HOUSE ENSEMBLE

7:15  MBS: ORCHESTRA

7:30  NBC-Red: PIANO DUO
CBS: UNCLE JIM'S QUESTION BELL
MBS: CARBORUNDUM BAND

7:45  NBC-Red: JIMMY KEMPER
MBS: ORCHESTRA

8:00  NBC-Red: RE-BELIEF-IT-O
CBS: ROBERT L. RILEY, Band and orchestra

8:30  NBC-Blue: HOMETOWN—Cliff Hall, Wigeas' orchestra
CBS: YOUR UNBEEN FRIES—warm-up
MBS: HI THERE, AUDIENCE
CBS: PERKINS, Helene Dardis Stanczy's orchestra

8:30  NBC-Red: LOG CABIN SHO
CBS: BRUCE KIRK—choir
CBS: WHISKEY BUSINESS
CBS: MBS: ORCHESTRA

8:45  NBC-Blue: NO/LA DAY—son

9:00  NBC-Red: NBC CONCERT HOUR
MBS: NATIONAL BAND
CBS: JOE KELLY
MBS: PROFESSOR QUIGG BAND
MBS: LOUISIANA HAYRI

9:30  NBC-Red: SPECIAL DELI SHOW
CBS: SATURDAY NIGHT JAMBOREE—Mary Easton, Bil Perry, Haenachen's orchestra
MBS: WALT SCHUMAN SWING ENSEMBLE MIX OCTET—Maureen O'Connor

9:45  MBS: HOLLYWOOD WHISKEY—George Fischer

10:00  NBC-Red: NBC JAMBOREE
CBS: KOPEN'S orchestra, guests
CBS: BLUE GUN SMOKE LA—sketch
CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE MIX: B Mohn presents S. VIA FROGS

10:30  NBC-Blue: GEMS OF LIGI OPERA
MBS: ORCHESTRA

10:45  CBS: PATTI CHAPIN—son

11:00  NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC
NBC-Blue: DANCE MUSIC
CBS: BENNY GOODMAN ORCHESTRA
MBS: DANCE MUSIC
Now this New Cream with "Skin-Vitamin"

Helps Women's Skin More Directly

"It keeps skin faults away more surely"

—ELEANOR K. ROOSEVELT

A NEW KIND OF CREAM is bringing more direct help to women's skin!

It is bringing to their aid the vitamin which especially helps to build new skin tissue, the vitamin which helps to keep skin healthy—the "skin-vitamin."

When there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet, the skin may suffer—become undernourished, rough and subject to infections.

For over three years Pond's tested this "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Creams. In animal tests, skin became rough and dry when the diet lacked "skin-vitamin." Treatment with Pond's new "skin-vitamin" cream made it smooth and healthy again—in only 3 weeks!

When women used the creams, three out of every four of them came back asking for more. In four weeks they reported pores looking finer, skin smoother, richer looking.

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now everyone can enjoy these benefits. The new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream is in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Use it your usual way for day-time and nightly cleansing, for freshening-ups before powder.

Every jar of Pond's Cold Cream now contains this precious "skin-vitamin." Not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. Not "irradiated." But the vitamin which especially helps to rebuild skin tissue. Whenever you have a chance, leave a little of the cream on. In a few weeks, see how much better your skin is.

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM!

TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS

Pond's, Dept. 985-C, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 3 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name: ____________________________
Street: __________________________
City: ____________________________ State: __________________________

Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company


**RECIPIES FOR YOUR NEXT "BUFFET"**

**SALMON SURDOIS**

- 1 pound salmon (canned)
- 1 pound white potatoes, boiled (approximately 3 potatoes)
- 3 teaspoons minced parsley
- 4 hard cooked eggs, sliced
- 6 tablespoons butter
- 1/2 tablespoons flour
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon Madeira or sherry, if desired

Flake the salmon, removing all skin and bones. Cut cold boiled potatoes into thin slices. Arrange potatoes and salmon in a greased casserole in alternate layers in the following manner: first a layer of potatoes, then one of salmon, another of potatoes, a second of salmon and finally one of potatoes. Sprinkle each of the potato layers with 1 teaspoon chopped parsley and top both salmon layers with sliced hard cooked eggs. Melt the 6 tablespoons butter, add the flour, salt and cayenne; mix well. Add milk and cook until smooth and thickened, stirring constantly. Add the egg yolks slowly which have first been mixed with a little of the hot sauce. Add mushrooms or lobster or crab meat. Add wine, if desired. Mix well and pour over contents of casserole. Melt remaining 2 tablespoons butter, mix in the bread crumbs. Cover with a little casserole with this crumb mixture, sprinkle with grated cheese and dot with a little additional butter. Bake in moderate oven (375°F) about 20 minutes or until crumbs are brown. This may be prepared in a small round and re-baked.

**JELLIED MADRILLINE FOR CORNED BEEF OR EGGS**

- 3 cups (canned) Madrilline
- 1 tablespoon granulated gelatine
- 2 tablespoons Madeira or sherry

Heat soup to boiling point. Sprinkle gelatine into the cold water, soak 5 minutes; dissolve gelatine and add soup. Add wine. Chill. Madrilline mixture to hold its shape—it must be neither "runny" nor "solid." Use with either of the following:

**CORNED BEEF**—Soak brisket of corned beef, or spiced corned beef, overnight with a lump of sugar in the water. The following day cover with fresh water and boil up to the point of boiling. The addition of a bay leaf and 2 or 3 whole cloves to the water in which meat cooks is an improvement. When tender chill thoroughly. Cut into thick slices. Lay the meat in overlapping slices around a platter. Cover with slightly firm Madrilline mixture. Chill until firm.

**POACHED EGGS**—Poach eggs in water to which salt and a little vinegar has been added. Remove eggs from water, trim to perfect rounds and place on a platter. Place two crossed pimiento strips on each egg. Garnish center with a slice of truffle or a slice of stuffed olive. Cover with Madrilline mixture. Chill until firm.

**SCRAMBLED EGGS WITH KIDNEYS, LEM**

- 1 pound lamb kidneys
- 1 small mild onion, minced fine
- 1/2 pound fresh mushrooms, sliced
- 1 cup canned tomato sauce
- 1 cup creamed corn
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 8 eggs
- 6 tablespoons cream
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 6 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons water

Wash kidneys, pare and remove membranes. Cut kidneys into very thin slices. Sauté in butter (about 2 tablespoons) to a golden brown—about 5 minutes. Place cooked kidneys on a platter and pour over a pan drippings. (These drippings are to be saved and used.) Cook onion and mushrooms in the same way, adding more butter to pan if necessary, to prevent burning. Place kidneys in colander. To the resulting drippings add tomato sauce and consommé. Thicken with the flour mixed to a smooth paste in a little water. Season to taste, add desired consistency, then add kidney and mushroom mixture and heat together over hot water while preparing eggs. Break eggs into a bowl; add cream, salt and pepper. Beat with a fork a cake spoon until well blended, then add eggs and cook gently until "set" and creamy, stirring with a fork or large spoon as the eggs cook. Place scrambled eggs on a heated serving dish. Surround with the kidney mixture, or place kidneys in a "well" in the middle of the eggs. Garnish with parsley and serve immediately.

**SPICY CHOCOLATE CAKE**

- 3 squares unsweetened cooking chocolate
- 2 1/2 cups sifted cake flour
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 4 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/2 cup fruit juice (orange or pineapple)
- 2 teaspoons Angostura
- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup vegetable shortening
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 3 eggs yolks
- 2 eggs whites

Cut chocolate into small pieces, place in saucepan with brown sugar and fruit juice. Cook over low heat until chocolate has melted and mixture is smooth and blended. Stirring constantly, add 1 cup milk, cream, butter, fruit juice and Angostura. Cream together butter and vegetable shortening thoroughly. Add white sugar gradually, creaming well together. Add beaten yolks, then the cool chocolate mixture. Blend thoroughly. Stir flour mixture into creamed mixture. Blend thoroughly. Stir flour mixture into creamed mixture. Add eggs and fold in gently. Pour into 2 loaf pans which have been greased, lined with waxed paper; greased again and lightly dusted with flour. Bake in moderate oven (350°F) 45-50 minutes, or until done. Cool on wire rack. Cover tops and sides of cakes with chocolate icing or a white confectioner's icing.
with the holidays fast approaching, entertaining will soon be engaging your interested attention; and you, and every other office worthy of the name, will wish to make your every party a huge success.

The secret lies in advance preparation, according to Mr. Lem. The smaller the quarters, the more need there is, also, to save everything prepared and stored away, well before the arrival of the first guest. That doesn’t mean, either, that you can lump the salad into the refrigerator just as the door rings, else you’ll have a fustered appearance that will ill become you. Give yourself time to powder your nose, at least!

This last advice is mine, naturally, not the chef’s! For he, culinary expert that he is—with a long apprenticeship in the kitchens of the best hotels both here and abroad—would scarcely deign to mention matters not directly connected with food. With culinary suggestions, however, he was extremely liberal, so that with his assistance I was able to decide on a number of recipes which I’m sure you’ll like.

First, though, let’s go into this advance preparation idea a little more thoroughly. Remember that we are talking about a real, planned-in-advance party, not one of these slap-dash, last-minute affairs whose casualness might excuse flagrant oversights. The sort of meal described by Mr. Lem, on the other hand, requires thought, careful marketing and planned work, in order to follow out your plan successfully.

Make out your menu as many as three days ahead of time. Two days in advance sort your silverware and linens and also market for staples, canned goods and other non-perishable foods. The day before the party, do as much of the actual work as you can. You’ll be surprised how much but will prove to be! It will include practically all the remaining marketing, of course—no last minute alarms and frantic excursions, I beg of you. On the morning of the party finish as much of the job as you possibly can. And be sure that the refrigerator is cleared out—no unnecessary clutter there, for it’s going to be well filled.

You can use the oven for storage space, oo, if you don’t forget about it and light it unthinkingly! And it worsens to the worst (all this advice, of course, is for those with little space), you can wrap the food carefully and let it stand out of doors, in cool weather, until needed. Mr. Lem went so far as to admit that he had frequently placed a whole cold roast turkey in the refrigerator—until the fire escape! With the cramped quarters of modern living, such subterfuges it times become amusingly necessary.

And now let’s see what we’re going to "prepare in advance" for our Buffet à la Russe. There must be one cold dish and one hot dish, to begin with. For the former, our friend the chef suggests a Madrilène of Corned Beef or Eggs. Madrilène, as you doubtless know, is the name of a soup—one that generally is served in jellied form. It has an excellent flavor as a salad "base," and is further to be recommended because

(Continued on page 10)

* TIRED FROM HOURS IN THE KITCHEN?
* WORRIED ABOUT RISING FOOD COSTS?

Let Franco-American Help!

It isn’t a help, in these days of rising food prices, to find a delicious food that saves you money every time you serve it! And don’t you think you deserve a little rest every now and then? That’s what you get when you give your appreciative family Franco-American Spaghetti—ready to serve—on the table in a jiffy—hot, fragrant, savory with that marvelous “eleven-ingredient” sauce.

You can’t fool friend husband! He knows Franco-American the minute he tastes it. So do the children. In two mouthfuls, they can tell the difference between Franco-American and any other ready-cooked spaghetti. And they never seem to get tired of that marvelous Franco-American flavor!

Use it as a delicious main dish—i it’s packed with nourishment. Or combine it with leftovers to make the third day on a leg of lamb, for example, taste like the prize creation of a French chef. Send for that helpful free recipe book that gives thirty tempting ways in which to use Franco-American. And stock up at your grocer’s today. It usually costs only 10c a can—less than 3¢ a portion.

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

The kind with the Extra Good Sauce—Made by the Makers of Campbell’s Soups

MAY I SEND YOU OUR FREE RECIPE BOOK? SEND THE COUPON PLEASE

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD COMPANY, DEPT. 612
Camden, New Jersey
Please send me your free recipe book:
30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals.

Name (print)__________________________
Address______________________________
City________________________State_______

(Continued on page 69)
playhouse amateurs are selected from auditions and are provided with passes that admit them to the theatre, shortly before program time. This gives them time to go backstage and check their wraps, instruments and the varied props needed for their renditions. Then a roll call is made, before they take their seats in the orchestra. In the old days they merely called: "Next!" in the manner of a barber shop.

The current version of the original, uses unrecorded amateurs, according to production executives. But the entire roster drawn from is auditioned now, just as it was then—only with more elaborate facilities. Bessie Mack, the Major's erstwhile publicity representative, now gives all her time to auditioning the tyros and preparing them for the network hour. I recall Major Bowes telling me at WHY, that there is a vast difference between auditions and rehearsals and that the former must be carefully handled, even on a semi-professional basis. In order to ascertain that the applicants won't use any aggressive material. That's one phase of the CBS hour that doesn't differ from the old WHY hour. But how other things have changed!

In 1934, I took the elevator in the Loew's State Theatre Building to the top floor. There, in rooms originally designed for offices, were the studios of WHY. The station originally used a single studio in a penthouse above and, in expansion, acquired the floor below. In the largest of the studios, the auditorium, seating sixty, the original Major Bowes Amateur Hour took the air.

The Major proudly sat at the front of the room, facing a table decorated with the famous gong. In the control room, a few visitors were wedged in so tightly that the control man had to manipulate his dials in the manner of a contortionist. Out in the corridor more than one hundred amateurs milled about, hoping against hope that Major Bowes would rush through the five dozen performers already within the studio portals and send outside for some reinforcements. No one enjoyed hearing the gong more than the "extras" in the corridor, because it meant that the time thus saved might result in inviting a few of their own number inside.

The hour proceeded with almost complete disregard of usual studio formalities. Aside from starting and ending the program on time and keeping the amateurs the proper distance from the mike, custom production methods were dispensed with. If there were mishaps, all the better.

The more who got the gong, the more the laughs. A young fellow was called up to the microphone and gazed nervously at the instrument that was to help him bring his voice to countless thousands. The pianist struck a chord, the lad started singing and he was barely through the second line of the chorus which went: "—there goes my love," when a sudden clashing sound informed him he was through. "—there goes the gong!" Major Bowes remarked, much to the delight of all the amateurs, excepting the disconsolate young man.

Anything was likely to happen and it often did. Then, as now, the Major’s repartee with the applicants frequently caused more amusement than the amateur’s intended routine.

One lad, who repeatedly missed his cue, got the bell before he actually started singing. Major Bowes explained that if the boy got mixed up before he began, not much could be expected from him later.

Somehow, Bowes managed to ring the gong in such a good-natured manner that even the unlucky amateurs took it kindly.

"Try again some other time," the Major would say. "Just a little more practice, and we'll give you another chance." And he kept his word. Very often, an amateur, failing on one program, would return and, having brushed up on the points suggested by Bowes, would survive the gong.

Even in those pioneer Bowes Amateur days, the telephone switchboard was overloaded with listeners’ votes. This situation was soon corrected and subsequent calls were handled with ease.

Although on a much smaller scale, the telephone ballots were deemed just as important then as they are today. Some of the current Bowes had on the incoming calls was hilarious. When a girl, who got the gong a short while before, received sixteen votes, the Major drew a big laugh with the remark that she probably had a big family. Later he reported that one telephone voter suggested that the gong be rung on Major Bowes, and he promptly sounded the gong on himself. Today it's not unusual for a girl amateur, or a boy for that matter, to receive proposals of marriage via the telephone before the hour is completed, and the Major, like his audience, never knew what to kick out of the reading of such messages.

One odd phase of the old hour was that professionals were occasionally introduced without their identities being revealed. The night of my 1934 visit I saw Waldo Maye, the Capitol Theatre violinist, step up to the mike for a violin solo. The use of such occasional professional talent was defended by Bowes and his staff for the reason that it gave the hour some solid ground. However, the constant improvement in amateur acts doomed the practice.

What an all-around change in the program today! The brilliantly lighted stage reveals an array of instruments and props in the background, all neatly arranged for the immaculate opening, and it is with the Major’s admirers usually decorate the setting. Bowes sits at a specially constructed table at the right, while the left of the platform contains two grand pianos for dual accompaniment. The announcer takes the center stage at which, in turn, is occupied by the amateurs.

The semi-formal atmosphere is a long cry from the stuffy WHY studio of three
years back. The large crowd of onlookers
an comfortably observe the current Amatu-
cour Hour, instead of the mere handful
that used to jam the tiny control room.

Everything proceeds with clocklike pre-
cision. No scripts are used and Bowes ta-
lings in witty dialogue with the neophytes
at the mike. There are broad hints that
portions of the banter is previously re-
hearsal. But it all makes good fun. And
one seems to enjoy the laughs more
than the Major himself. He appreciates
the applicants' droll remarks as much as
anyone in the playhouse.

Child entertainers are often featured,
but they are limited. Major Bowes once
explained to me that their number is
limited because they are bound to get
undeserved votes, being favored be-cause
of their youth, rather than their talent.

But it has been noticed that, talent or no,
he kids have less fear of the mike and
a better stage presence than the
average adult applicant. They are the
most naive of the novices and the resultant
simplicity of their efforts represents a
note-getting element.

A certain Thursday night's offering in-
luded such novel bits as a fingerless
pianist, a "musical chef," who entered
music out of an assortment of bows, and
a colored lad who went into a tap dance
that included such acrobatics as somer-
saulting without using his hands. This
was a typical Bowes program. To date,
The Major has brought a wide collection of
talents to the air and such performers
are in big demand in the personal appear-
ance units.

The occasional sob stories related by the
dilettantes as they face the mike rep-
resent another takeoff on the old WHN
shows. Some of the sad narratives may
be designed to elicit sympathy votes, but it
is apparent that the Major is eager to help
the amateurs solve their problems and not
to exploit their misfortunes in any way.

From time to time, Bowes springs a
surprise by having a famous personality in
the audience take a bow before the mike.
His wide friendship among celebrities
occasionally brings to the air names that
no sponsor's money could buy. It's noth-
ing at all for the Major to have a public
utility president step up and play the
harmonica. And, oddly, rather than such
a stunt seeming undignified for a big
business nabob, the Major handles him
with such finesse that added distinction
is often given to an already exalted name.

The telephone calls, that cluttered up
the Bryant exchange in the old days, have
multiplied many times over but are handled
with ease by the staff of fifty operators at
the playhouse. About 3,000,000 calls have
been received since Bowes brought his pro-
gram to the networks.

It's hard to make predictions in radio, but
it does seem as if the Bowes program
will be a headlining feature for many
years to come. Its formula and content
change with the times and where there is
no prescribed procedure there's nothing
that can grow stale.

There are constant new crops of ama-
teurs. Many profit by appearing in the
Bowes theatrical units, while others find
lucrative engagements elsewhere. But,
whether they gain or not, they're willing
to take a sporting chance on fame and
fortune.
Springfield, went to high school there. Her father was in the contracting business. It is from her mother that she inherits her talent and her dreams.

For Florence Guthrie herself had a lovely voice and had longed for a theatrical career. Her father, however, insisted that no daughter of his should ever appear on the stage and she was forced to content herself with church singing. But with the birth of her daughter, her dreams took new form. Singing sweet ballad to the fair-haired baby, she determined that this younger edition of herself should have the career she had sacrificed. And so, by the time she was five, Katherine's baby feet were well set on the path to fame.

“I've always been stage-struck,” she expressed it half seriously. "Of course all my inspiration, all my efforts began with my mother. It was what she wanted, but it was what I wanted, too." It hasn't almost been easy. There were moments of rebellion, during her student days; times when the whole program seemed too heavy, too restricted. From high school she went to Wittenberg College and from there to the American Conservatory of Music in Chicago, where she won the degree of Bachelor of Music. And always she was practicing at the piano or vocalizing or studying harmony and counterpoint. Obdently, too, she followed her coach's instructions and went to bed early, got up early, watched her diet, took the proper exercises, besides her dancing.

There was very little time left for play, and sometimes she wondered what it was all about, just why she couldn't be a woman, and a good time had it to be one or the other? But she kept on. She was too well trained to do otherwise.

And then tragedy hit her, overwhelming in its unexpectedness, its finality. Her mother died. She had seen Florence established in a comfortable apartment on Chicago's south side, had had the assurance that her daughter was well on the way to the goal they had dreamed together, but she was not to see even the first realization of those dreams.

Sometimes, in the next lonely months, Florence wavered. It seemed impossible to go on, without her mother's guidance, her constant encouragement. Perhaps, Florence thought, her voice was not really good enough, perhaps she was not meant for such a career.

"But somehow," Florence said softly, "I felt her influence then, even more strongly than I had when she was with me. And I do now. When I have problems to solve, decisions to make, I feel so aware of her presence, so..."

As she spoke, she fingered the ruby and diamond engagement ring and the wide gold band that were her mother's and that she always wears, not out of superstition, but out of a deep, abiding sentiment. And she hid her grief and went bravely on, determined to try a little longer, to see if anything would happen, to see if she really had something. And the depth and power and sweetness of her voice increased and she forgot to mind when some one of her friends kidded her about never "acting her age," never having any fun. When she was ready for her debut, the fact that she had not been able to smoke or drink cocktails or dance until the small hours of the morning with her fellow students no longer mattered. Florence was a success and she knew, beyond the need of explaining, that such things were unimportant, that the ideals which always had governed her life were not only her mother's but her own.

The next months were no less busy than the years of preparation. After her concert debut, she was signed by Paul Longone of the Chicago Civic Opera and made her debut as Gilda in Rigoletto. And now the doors of radio and the NBC's opened and signed her to the dotted line. For the next eleven months she sang on a sustaining program with Walter Blaufuss' orchestra. Her first trip to Hollywood was made when she was guest star on Bing Crosby's Music Hall. And just fourteen months after her debut, the efforts of NBC's Artists' Service resulted in her being signed on the Packard program and, simultaneously, by Paramount.

Florence rented the beautiful house of the Garvin family, sixty miles from Hollywood, and sent for her family. Her father had married again and Florence, warm-hearted and generous always, hid her private sorrow and welcomed her stepmother, made her friend.

Essentially a home-loving and domestic Florence enjoys her new role of mistress of the beautifully furnished home and is a charming hostess.

Her original particulars are in her bedroom and include a photograph of her mother and father. She, of the latter's possessions; a delicate flowered cup and saucer, a wine glass that was one of a set numbered among her wedding presents: a small jewel case, a well-worn Bible and a spool glass tree with two little monkeys that Florence gave her at eighteen.

In the little studio adjoining are books and a piano and a small part of her enormous collection of toy dogs and other animals. Her dolls, numbering over two dozen, are packed away, but the china dogs and furry cats and a rakish monkey in chaps and sombrero make the little practice room seem but a brief step removed from the nursery of her childhood. Here, facing the windows which overlook the wide panoramic of Los Angeles, Florence learns her sonorous vowels through dreams. Here, upon the dust and the turmoil of Hollywood seem too much, she will find peace and renewed inspiration.

In addition to her inanimate family, Florence's household consists of Sally, the black Chow who was her friend and protector in the Chicago apartment days; Boy, the devoted police dog, whose failing sight

---

**Heren's Why The New Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax Offers You Greater Benefits Than Ever!**

**Tastes Better Than Ever**
Ex-Lax now has a smoother, richer chocolate flavor—tastes like a choice confecion! You'll like it even better than you did before.

**Acts Better Than Ever**
Ex-Lax is now even more effective than it used to be. Empties the bowels more thoroughly, naturally, in less time than before.

**More Gentle Than Ever**
Even famous for its mildness, Ex-Lax is today so remarkably gentle in action that except for the relief you get, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

**... and you'll feel better after taking it!**

Now improved--better than ever!

**Ex-Lax**
The Original Chocolate Laxative

Wash Sunlight into Your Hair with New Blondex and Rinses. 3 Shades Lighter in 15 Minutes Without Harsh Bleaches or Dyes.

Arm out the full, radiant beauty of blonde or brown hair with New Blondex, the shampoo and special Golden Rinses. The formula is so new that it contains an active ingredient now shown by laboratories to be vital in hair color. The results are a natural, luminous, golden shine, the telling highlights that can make her as pale as the powdered snow of ancient days. Blondex has been proved in 100,000 cases. Get it today at any store and buy the large size—it costs less per shampoo.

---

**Blonde Skyrocket**
(Continued from page 33)
means added heartache for his mistress; and Dulce, a small brown monkey who lives near the pool in a handsome green cage, and whose clinging hands and sad expression altogether winning ways have won him the name of "sweet."

Florence's arrival from the studio is the signal for the dogs to come running, for the monkey to be let out of his cage. So far she has resisted a honey bear, but she's crazy about all animals, with the possible exception of a cow! And her dreams of the future include raising dogs and, if possible, horses. What she would like to be found a shelter for dogs, similar to that of Irene Castle's in Chicago.

In spite of her two contracts, her large some, her Packard car, Florence still lives quietly. Like any newcomer, she looked forward to doing the night spots, seeing Hollywood at its gayest, but the restrictions of her radio and movie work forbade her indulging this desire to any extent. It is still a case of much work and very little play. But Florence does not mind. In the first place, all the phases of her introduction to a movie career have been fun, even he massaging away of a few superfluous pounds. The tests were successful. Her ear caught in her throat as she watched them run off. It was strange, almost frightening, to see herself up there on the screen. But she knew a swift relief, a deep satisfaction. They were all right; the first step toward the new career was successfully taken.

And she has already made a few good friends in Hollywood and also entertained some of her best Chicago friends, among them the good-looking boy who is "tops" at present on her list, and for whom she secured an audition at NBC while he was in Hollywood. One of her best girl friends made an extended visit and another plans to join her and help with the running of her increasing complicated affairs, to relieve Mrs. George, who has been attending to most of them. Florence, in all her relationships, is intensely loyal, as these young friends well know, and not Hollywood and all its glamour will ever come between them.

As for love, romance, marriage, she smiles shyly. "I haven't had time to think about them, really. And I don't want to think about them yet. I am just starting—I couldn't possibly stop now."

"I don't know, frankly, whether I'd prefer a man in the same profession or not, but I do think it is important for him to understand my profession, to realize the demands it makes upon my time and strength. But not to ask me to give it up! Even if I did fall in love and marry, I'd want to be the one to say when I had had enough, not to be told to quit by someone else! And, of course, I just can't imagine wanting to stop, not for years."

For the time being, she has given up all idea of concert or opera. "Right now I feel that radio and movies are completely satisfying. I love them both. And I am not so fond of opera, learning the long, heavy roles. I enjoy singing ballads and folk-songs—I am collecting folk-songs and already have a very interesting collection. I like singing popular songs, too. In fact, the sort of program I have on the Packard hour is what appeals to me most!"

So she has fallen happily into the busy schedule of her days, eagerly preparing for her first picture but not skimping her work for the radio program nor enjoying it less. She takes it all in her stride, re-hearsing, practicing diligently, and only fleetingly regretting the lack of time to play. It would be the Grove, to dine at the Troc, but there will be time for that later, in moderation. She gets too much real pleasure out of the simpler things of life to go in for that very heavily. Like any fan, she loves seeing celebrities, hardly realizing she is one herself, and is excited over a movie première, or tickets to a radio broadcast.

But even more than these she enjoys her home. Daily, as long as the California sun permitted, she enjoyed swimming in the pool in her backyard. And she has a lot of fun entertaining her friends in the attractive playroom in her basement, with its game tables, its piano, its kitchen.

She is, in the final analysis, a genuine, unaffected girl. Beneath her appealing shyness, you sense courage, serenity and a warm responsiveness. She brings to life a steadiness, a strength of character rare in one so young, the result of long years of self-discipline and devotion to a purpose in life. These qualities, and the fact that she is an asset to the studio, make her a great asset to the studio in the new and dizzier environment of the cinema world. Because she is sensitive and her emotions go deep, she will probably be hurt, but she has already demonstrated courage of a high order and I do not believe success will blunt her perceptions or destroy her fineness. The dreams and ideals that have been hers since she was five are the foundation of her career and too much a part of her to be forgotten.
MIND YOUR MANNERS
(Continued from page 7)

Australian opossum Lucille wears for sports and street, is made on simple flowing lines which will not go out of fashion (unless there is a very drastic style revolution, which I doubt). The full shoulders give plenty of room, and a coat built along these lines will always be adaptable to strain at the seams. It is short enough for chic and long enough to provide warmth around the hips against winter winds.

Australian opossum, a fur which has come very much into prominence during the past few years, resembles closely the fabulous chinchilla, but is far more durable and practical. A gray fur is adaptable for all color combinations, in a variety of costumes. Brunnettes will like to wear this coat over the various shades of red, from deep wine to brilliant poppy, while blondes will follow Miss Manhattan's lead in electing forest green or royal blue as a contrast for the soft gray fur. On her lovely blonde hair, she wears a stencil gray tweed felt, in the new profile silhouette, with a long hawk feather quill stuck in the top of the crown. By the way, I hope you have taken particular note of Miss Lucille's shoes, which are made on snug, fitted lines to give the "molded look" to the foot. The three eyeslets on the heel, laced with silk, lead up to the little tabs at the top, which are very new, and flattering to the petite star's slender ankles.

"Cute" is the word for Lucille's chubby raccoon bolero, smart and cozy for football games and general sports wear. This coat hangs straight down, from the single-button closing at the collar, in abbreviated swagger lines. The sleeves are straight and snug, with just enough room for comfort. Worn over a slim-skirted wool dress, the simple perpendicular lines of this short, chubby coat give an added effect of slenderness, making the hips appear very narrow by contrast. Lucille's beret is of brown fur, a cap of heavy jersey draped across the front and tied in back like a jaunty scarf. Her bag is a roomy one, also of antelope, with a practical slide fastener across the top.

Another popular, youthful fur is ocelot, which, while similar to leopard, is a great deal easier on the pocketbook. Ready for any occasion, from a football game to the tea dance afterward, is Lucille, in her ocelot with the small shawl collar and built on the "straight swagger" line so becoming to her youthful slender figure. With this, she is wearing a pencil-slim brown enka frock, gathered at the waist below the smooth diaphragm, which rises to tucks at the bosom, giving the "corrected waistline" effect so important this season.

Lucille is small and slender, and because she is young, she doesn't wear anything heavy—no huge ponderous ornaments and not too much dress or hat. The plain gold link necklace she wears with this high-necked dress is typical of the jewelry she prefers. A beautiful, simple dress can be made into a stunning frock by the addition of a jewelled ornament, but if you are short, advises Lucille, be sure that your ornament is in proportion to your size.

And this goes for hats, too. Keep away from great floppy hats that make you look like a walking mushroom! A small, perky pillbox, the ever-popular calot, or a tri-cornered beret, such as she is wearing, are perfect hat styles for the small girl. Her's is of brown felt, in the new Ace-of-Haute style. You can't see it in the picture, but there is a long end of felt which hangs down the back, little-girl fashion.

Lucille sometimes likes to pretend that she's the clinging vine type and then she goes in for fluffy feminine negligees or evening gowns. But for general practical wear, she prefers simple, severe lines, as you have seen from the costumes shown here. And her basic ideas apply to all, whether wage-earners or high-salaried stars.

"Regardless of your clothes allowance," says Lucille, "if you can't afford to be foolish about it, spending it for useless fads. When you go shopping, use your head. Don't get a dress or hat just because it's good looking on the model or the latest thing from Paris. Think first of what is home in your closet and what this new 'find' is going to be worn with. Consider the ensemble, not just this one detail."

"Get one good dress and build your wardrobe around it. It doesn't necessarily have to be an expensive dress. Above all, get what you need well and will be comfortable. Fit, not fashion, is the crucial word. And even a gorgeous 'creation', you can make it look smart in innumerable ways, especially this year when accessories are so important. A simply styled dress, made on conservative lines, will not go out of fashion immediately, and by changing your accessories, you can wear it two or three seasons, and not even your best friend won't be the any wiser!"

"Every woman should have a full-length mirror. The people you meet don't look at you feature by feature. They get an impression of the whole, and one incongruous spot will mar your good looks. Study yourself from top to toe, look yourself over carefully, analyze your type. Be frank about your faults and virtues! After all, you have them and it's up to you to decide what good features should be played up, what bad ones are to be sublimated. Then shop carefully and get what suits your type."

Lucille recommends that women who live out of town and cannot be skinny-on-the-spot to shop around, will do well to follow the magazines and the movies. Study the personality you most resemble, then design your wardrobe, hair, and beauty make-up as much like her as possible.

But, town or country mouse, city-dweller or suburbanite, the same principle applies to all of you. Know yourself, your body type and your particular style, and shop intelligently. Don't fritter away your money hither and thither on foolish fads. Avoid snap judgments, for what you're buying is something you will want to wear and enjoy. Lucille sums it all up in a word: "Flexibility—be wardrobe-happy!"
because she was kind enough to spend that year teaching the foreign family English!

James Melton's experience is of a different variety. Moving into a new apartment, he sent for the valet. A man arrived at the door and Melton, taking it as a matter of course that he was the tailor, handed him all his suits to be pressed. The man gleefully carried them away.

"That was six years ago," said Melton, "and they haven't showed up yet. Ten minutes after I parted with those clothes, the real valet made his appearance. By then it was too late to do anything."

Lady singers are just as easy to cheat. One day, as Kate Smith was rehearsing, a middle-aged woman asked if she might speak to "dear Kathryn." Kate was surprised. Only her closest friends knew her as Kathryn.

The woman introduced herself as an old neighbor from Washington. There followed a hard luck story, climaxing with the presentation of a sapphire.

"I've got to sell it," pleaded the woman. "Give me a down payment and I'll let you take it home and have it valued. Tomorrow I'll come for the rest."

"I told," Kate told me, "I paid her the money on the spot and I took the ring home. The next day she never appeared."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because," finished Kate with a dramatic flourish, "I took her advice—brought the ring to an appraiser and had the stone valued. It was an imitation."

Lily Pons proves that fans occasionally can fool the stars. She received a letter from Cuba. The writer introduced herself as the president of the Lily Pons Club, and announced she was having a birthday. As all members of the club were giving her presents, she wrote, she would be honored if the club's honorary president sent her a birthday gift, too. She requested a pair of shoes and a matching bag. Lily, touched, ordered the gifts, and mailed them, accompanied by a big birthday card with her greetings scrawled across it. She received an effusive letter of thanks. This was followed by a letter from the secretary of the Lily Pons Club, who also was having a birthday and receiving presents. She wanted an American dress without a back. So the dress went on its way. Came two more letters. One of thanks, and one from the first girl, the president, saying she was organizing the Helen Jepson club and was putting Miss Pons' name on the membership list and that this distinction would cost four pesos.

"Then," announced Lily, "I woke myself up!"

Guy Lombardo suffered in the manner of Mr. Bernie. He signed a young man's autograph book, only to discover he had really attached his name to a blank sheet of paper to which was added a long note informing the head waiter that the bearer

![Chapped Rough Hands](image)

ARE YOUR HANDS losing their softness, their look of youth—because water, wind and cold have dried out the skin? Don't let this happen. Jergens quickly replaces moisture, because it goes into the skin—and goes in more effectively than other lotions tested.

---

**then Happiness for TWO**

**JERGENS Lotion**

Young hands are adorable! Soft and smooth! How much older your hands look when you let the skin get rough and dry.

Simple exposure to wind or cold—or even the use of water—will take away youth-giving moisture from your hand skin. Then it's like old skin—harsh, likely to crack—not nice to touch.

Turn to Jergens Lotion for help. Jergens restores moisture to your skin because it soaks in. Of all lotions tested, Jergens proved to go in the best. You remember—it never feels sticky. Those two famous ingredients in Jergens are the same as many doctors use to smooth and whiten rough, chapped skin. Even one application softens amazingly!

Romance usually comes to girls with charming hands. So don't delay. Get Jergens Lotion today. Only 50c, 25c, 10c, $1.00 for the big economy size—at any drug, department, or 10¢ store.

---

**FREE!** Purse-Size Bottle of Jergens

Convince yourself—entirely free—how quickly Jergens goes in—softens rough hands.

---

**MAIL THIS COUPON, NOW**

Andrew Jergens Co., 1636 Alford St.,
Cincinnati, Ohio
(In Canada, Perth, Ontario.)

I do want to try Jergens Lotion. Please send my purse-size—free.

Name: ____________________________
Street: __________________________
City: ____________________________
State: __________________________
This flavor's got something

"A dash and a lilt— a fresh, wake-you-up taste that's deliciously smooth and lasting. Beeman's flavor exactly suits me! And that ingenious oxygen package keeps it right at the high pitch of fresh perfection."

Dullin The next year she went to London, to become a pupil of Madame Kaszowska, who was the teacher of Lotte Lehmann and other famous artists. Also, she studied dramatics at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. Madame Kaszowska foresaw for her promising pupil a career in European opera. But Kitty Carlisle resolved to try her luck in her native land.

"I had been back only once, for a brief visit, since I was eight," said Kitty. "And I wanted to live in America."

So, in 1932, she and her mother returned to New York and found a lovely home overlooking the towering city, with a gorgeous view of the East River. They've lived there ever since, so it really is home now, and they love it.

"I've only one or two distant relatives in New Orleans now," Kitty explained. "We still own some property there—shacks—it must be a row of shacks," she laughed. "Anyway, the plumbing is always out of order!"

In New York she decided to try her luck in a competitive test for the leading role in a condensed version of Río Rita. That was in June, 1932.

She won the role. The production opened at the Capitol Theatre in New York—then went on the road for eight months, playing the four- and five-a-day houses throughout the country.

"I was so green!" she laughed. "I didn't know what was expected of me. I used to try to be nice to everybody. The chorus girls—I thought, they're people—they're human—and when one would come off the stage, I'd say to her, 'Here, we're doing the number —take my chair.' But, in a little while, they were practically taking the chairs right out from under me! Just 'pushing me around—you know!' She laughed again. "So I said, after this, I'll be snooty to the chorus girls!"

As we were talking, the phone rang. Kitty answered it. "Hello, darling!" her warm, rich voice rang. "Listen, pet—will you call me a little later? In an hour? All right, honey."

"Aha, we thought, a suitor calling, no doubt!"

Kitty came back from the phone, her eyes glowing softly. "That was one of the chorus girls in Río Rita," she explained.

"Oh," said we, "one of those you were going to be snooty with! What is she doing now?"

"She's married, and—" Kitty Carlisle's voice had a husked eagerness, "she's going to have a baby!"

She couldn't, we reflected, without trying very hard, be "snooty" to anyone! It takes a well-rooted inferiority complex to be snooty, and Kitty Carlisle has no such discomforting complexes. There's a genuine friendliness in her nature, that knows no barriers. She could even, you imagine, be friendly with kidnapping bandits. Except for the hairy meat!
"Did you enjoy the season in Rio Rita?" we asked, thinking that it took something—for want of a better word, you might call it grit—for a girl who had "had everything" to play four or five shows a day throughout the country for eight months! "I loved it!" she said heartily. "It was grand to see so much of the country—and it was grand experience for me. It taught me a lot I needed to know—rubbed off the rough edges. Of course—four or five shows a day—you practically met yourself going in and coming out!

"In the last act, I was a bride," she laughed. "All done up in white, with calla lilies lying along my arm. I used to fancy myself as a bride! Every year I'd picture myself, dressed à la mode for my wedding. But I had enough of it, at last! I said to Mumme: 'I'll never, never be a bride in a white bridal gown! The City Hall for me!"

She hasn't visited City Hall as yet, however. Not that she thinks marriage and a career incompatible, though she concedes it will take a bit of doing. "But," she declares gaily, "the eight months' five-a-day of Rio Rita was good training! If you could do that, you could do anything!"

She's already begun to save heirlooms for her grandchildren. Starting with an impressive plaque bearing a silver medal, presented to her in 1926, for her singing. It's from the Ursinus College.

Lest you might think her pretty pleased with herself, though, she delights in telling of adverse comments on her work.

When she was touring in Rio Rita, most of the press notices were very flattering. "But there was one critic," Kitty relates, "who wrote: 'Something called Carlisle came out and tried to act.' Now, I thought, I've got something! I asked him to come and see me—and I asked him what was wrong with me—what I ought to do.

"'Lady,' he said, 'I'm not a dramatic instructor. I can't tell you what you ought to do. Just keep on the way you're going, and you'll get there some day!'

"'So,' says Kitty, 'I'm keeping on!'"

Rio Rita ended its run in the spring of 1933, and that summer Kitty Carlisle was engaged to play the rôle of Prince Charming in Champagne Sec, an adaptation of the Johann Strauss operetta, Die Fledermaus.

In the fall of that year she signed a film contract with Paramount and went to Hollywood. She made three movies for them—Murder at the Vanners, She Loves Me Not, with Bing Crosby and Miriam Hopkins, and Here is My Heart. After that she played the leading rôle, Rosalind, in M-G-M's A Night at the Opera, with the Marx Brothers.

"I was scared to death of playing with the Marx Brothers," she says. "I'd heard such tales of them—of their practical jokes. But they were so good to me. They really were grand to work with."

While she was in Hollywood, Cole Porter and Moss Hart flew out to the Coast to ask her to appear in their play, Jubilee, but her picture contracts made it impossible.

"They came to see me on the set," she said. "And I was so impressed with their coming out there for me—and I tried to be very impressive! Then, when I got up to leave them, I tripped over a
Kitty Carlisle, young soprano star of the CBS Song Shop, loves to work. Her zest for everything is enormous. There’s something heartening and refreshing about it. Life, for Kitty Carlisle, is always a grand adventure!

She hasn’t any special goal to work for, she says. She just takes things as they come. “When you’re ready for anything, it comes,” is her philosophy.

Right now she is studying operas, taking singing lessons, and piano lessons. She’s taking dancing lessons, too. “Because I never get enough exercise!” She is taking dramatic lessons from a famous teacher—Benno Schneider—in a group composed of youngsters already so well known that you feel surprised to hear that they’re studying—Florence Magee, who made such a hit in The Children’s Hour, Burgess Meredith, who starred in last season’s Pulitzer Prize play, High Tor, among others. And Kitty Carlisle, who’s never played anything but a leading rôle.

Last winter she played the leading rôle on Broadway in the musical extravaganza, White Horse Inn. Since that time she has made several guest star appearances in radio. The one with the General Motors Concert, one on Ed Wynn’s program, and on the Good Gulf program, and Harry Von Zell’s Summer Stars show.

Now she is star of The Song Shop, the new Coca-Cola show, heard Friday over CBS, with Frank Crumit, The Song Shop Quartette, Gus Haetrench’s orchestra, Red Kelly’s, baritone, and “swing singer” Alice Conant.

“The greatest thrill I ever had,” says Kitty reminiscently, “was singing on the General Motors program—standing on that
very platform where my hero, Toscanini, had stood! I sang with John Charles

"I'd been going to symphonies and concerts at Carnegie for so long," she went on, "that the doormen all knew me. And when they saw me coming in the stage entrance, as a performer, they were surprised. They said: 'We never thought we'd see you here!'."

Her mother, Kitty says, began taking her to hear symphonies when she was five years old. "Her friends used to say it as a shame! 'A child that age,' said they, 'ought to be in bed, asleep!' But Mummie said it was time I learned to listen to music. I remember I had a pink feather in, that I used to flop to keep me awake!'

So she started, she said, not a professional. "Her mother, one gathers, is Kitty's best friend and severest critic. She doesn't do her work for her. She doesn't do her talking for her. But she does do some of her worrying!

"When 'Champagne Year' opened, in Westport," said Kitty, "it was a hot night, but Mummie had to wear three coats to keep warm! And her teeth were chattering, and I had opening night blues—you know! I remember walking along to the theatre, wondering if I'd ever get anywhere—if I'd ever be known—maybe famous. . .

"After my first number, I heard a funny noise—a sort of rattle and thunder. It must be pouring, I thought. And it was! Plause! And reporters were coming up to interview me! The remembered thrill of that moment was still a delicious sensation.

Her zest for everything is enormous. Here's something heartening and refreshing about it. Life, for Kitty Carlisle, is grand adventure. Being "born to the triple," so to speak, she doesn't have to justify herself to herself. Which doesn't mean that she need not work to get what she has, or to keep it. On the contrary, living so much to start with, she expects even more of herself, and must do even more with her life, because of the initial advantages of circumstance. Nobleste瘠!

Though she started, in a sense, at the top— it's even a harder thing to stay there, and to work gradually up the heights, than more than just staying there, she is always on the move toward wider opportunities, greater triumphs. Besides which, she works, as she says, for sheer love of work—which is a rare and fine thing to do, something satisfying of all good things in life.

So Kitty Carlisle keeps on keeping on. And some day the little girl from New Orleans, via Paris and the Riviera, will stand over any reluctant critics not already won by a lovely soprano voice and a glowing personality. But when that day comes, Kitty Carlisle will be looking out for something harder to do. Maybe I'll find it by way of that trip to City Hall, as a starting point for the dual career of marriage and music!"
give all of themselves to four or more careers? But, I'd trust Jeanette to figure something out.

But first I wanted to know about the house, the House That Gene Built. I'd read squibs about it in the columns. I'd been told that Gene had built the house for his bride, kept it a secret until, the night of their marriage, he carried her across the threshold in keeping with the tender tradition. I'd been a mite skeptical. Secrets are never kept in Hollywood. And besides, I had noted suspiciously this was not a raw, brand-new house. There is a patina upon it, a mellowness of lingering dreams, of charm which only relinquishing hearts and hands can give.

I wanted to know the real story, the "inside" story of the honeymoon house. I said to Jeanette: "Gene didn't build this house for you, did he? It wasn't really a secret until the wedding night, was it?"

"No," to the first question; "yes," to the second, said Jeanette. "For Mother & I laughed up in the other corner of the pale rust-upholstered divan. "No, he didn't build it for me. He bought it for me. He did a great deal of remodeling. He redecorated it throughout. He bought every single piece of furniture, chose every rug and drapery and cushion and ornament in the entire place. He did it all by himself, without my knowledge. It is quite true that I didn't have so much as the ghost of a suspicion."

"Then he's the bravest man I've ever heard of," I said. "Even a woman hesitates when she is 'doing' a house for herself. How did he know you'd like the house? How did he know you'd like the furniture? Of course, if you didn't—"

"I'd be a 'taich mad!'" laughed Jeanette, anticipating me. "But I'm not. I love it, every inch of it, everything about it. Of course, had arrangements, 'understandings,' whereby any of the furniture could be replaced or returned, if I didn't like it. That wasn't necessary. But I'll tell you the whole story, and then you'll see that he was much cleverer and more thoughtful than any man outside of imaginative fiction, but not so bold and brash as it might appear.

"You see, when we were engaged, I'd talk about the kind of a home I hoped we'd have someday. After we were engaged we thought, for some time, of building or buying a ranch house in the San Fernando Valley. One day I said: 'You know, Gene, I think the Valley would be impractical for us. It's too far away from the studio, yours and mine. I think, for an all-year-round home, we should be somewhere in Bel-Air.' I didn't say, 'Somewhere in Bel-Air.' Jeanette, the bearskin came today.' Gene said at once: 'Beard rug? What did you buy a beardskin rug? Jeanette?' I replied, with one wicked look at my horrified parent, hands over mouth: Just a little surprise for your Christmas, Gene! So Gene didn't bother about the house. She is glad she didn't."

"Once or twice Gene had an awful feeling that I suspected something. As when he gave me a pair of love-birds for my birthday—there they are, in the bedroom—! and they are, you see, deep, deep and gold. Gene knew that I wanted blue dining and breakfast room in a house of my own and he feared that I had given him the birds to fit in with the scheme—as a hint that I was suspicious."

"So we house-hunted and didn't find anything. There were times when I thought Gene was pretty casual about it all, a fully hard to please. For, if I showed slightest sign of being interested in a place he promptly vetoed it, would have none it. I even had moments of feeling a little hurt, for it seemed I thought, strangely different about our home."

"As the wedding date approached and home had been found, we decided to look for a time in Gene's house. I asked Gene if he would object to my making a few changes in the house. The rooms were absolutely masculine, I thought, strangely different about our home."

"So, when I said that, it was, for Gene, one step in the process of elimination. He knew, at least, where I wanted our home to be. Another time I said: 'I know a type of house I hope we'll have... I want it to be an English house, a house by the road,' a house tucked away in the hills, on a hill, a house where we could have stables for our horses, kennels for our dogs, gardens and a view..."

"So, when Gene, who lived nearby with his brother in a rented house, saw that house, that was for sale, he told me what it fitted in every least detail to a description of my heart's desire. And the Great Idea was born. Then and the Gene bought the place. He bought it, course, in the name of a friend of his. So that no recording of title or deed could reach my eyes or ears. He bought it last November. We were married in January. For eight months he kept it an absolute secret. He admits that there were times when he nearly burst. There were times when he could hardly appear before me in anything less than a false light. He didn't even tell his parents. That didn't seem to affect him affectionately, 'has a habit of giving away secrets! Quite unconsciously, of course I bought a white bearskin rug for Christmas present for Gene. One nig night we were all sitting at dinner. Moth remarked: 'Oh, Jeanette, the bearskin came today.' Gene said at once: 'Beard rug? What did you buy a beardskin rug? Jeanette?' I replied, with one wicked look at my horrified parent, hands over mouth: Just a little surprise for your Christmas, Gene! So Gene didn't bother about the house. She is glad she didn't."

Clara B. Faris

Mrs. Gene Raymond to You!
In build ‘How ahnost ranch Address— not wanted."

"However, as I was, I'm sure, that I had not been too tired to argue about anything. I was working terribly hard in Firefly. The characterization was one of the most difficult I'd ever done. The Spanish dance is difficult and required hours of practice. I came home from the studio tired enough to scream, too tired to argue. So when I suggested, one day, that since I didn’t take time to confer with the decorator during the day I might give an evening to it, I almost went to war—but didn’t get going! Gene knew how tired was when I got home from the studio. I could suggest that I give an evening to it! In the light of what developed, of course, that Gene didn’t want to see the decorator again. And chose one sure method of preventing it.

"However, the decorator was one of the dear people in the secret. And he had a pretty good idea of what I liked and I wanted. Every time I expressed an opinion, planned something I wanted done Gene's house, they made a mental note of it and then transferred it to this house. The dining-room—(we were lunching the royal blue dining-room by this time) as built around the royal blue glass been collecting for years. I've always had that, when I had a home of my own, build the dining-room around the glass, adore dining-rooms. I've always had a passion for linen and china and assware than for clothes or jewels. So, he had that to go on. He even had the dyed to match my glassware.

We had planned to go to Riverside, neatly after the wedding. We were planning to stay in Riverside, or we might go to a ranch Gene had heard of in the vicinity. I had packed, accordingly, sports things for Riverside, dungarees, shirts, boots, if we should decide to go to the ranch. We planned to use my car for the trip to Riverside, leaving Gene's car to be serviced so that we could take it to Honolulu with us.

"After the reception we got into my car, just the two of us, and started to drive— to Riverside, I suppose. In Beverly Hills something went wrong with the lights of my car. I thought that would be all, such a thing never happened before. Gene decided that we'd better go by his house, pick up his car, leave my car to be serviced. We drove toward Bel-Air. Gene pulled up, finally, in front of this house and announced, with something of the effect of a high tension wire exploding: 'Well, Mrs. Raymond, here we are!'

"I looked at him. In rather unbridal exasperation, I said: 'This isn't your house, Gene. You made a mistake!' (The flustered bridegroom, I thought, indulgently.)

"'Oh, yes, Mrs. Raymond,' insisted Gene, 'this is—our house.'

" Rather self-consciously patient, I said: ‘I have been to your house often enough to know it when I see it. Gene. This—is—not—it!’ I began to hope that we would not have an argument on, of all nights, our wedding night. Gene kept insisting that this was our house. I said, then: ‘Do you mean you've rented it?’ He said: ‘I didn’t rent it, no. I bought it—for you—for us—for a surprise.’

"Then I said: ‘How much did you pay for it?’ That mercenary question,’ laughed Jeanette, "was not as mercenary as it may sound. I figured that I'd have him there. It he had bought it, he would be able to answer me promptly and exactly. If he hadn't bought it, he'd fumble a bit. But he fooled me. He did neither. He said: 'It's none of your business.'

"It wasn’t until Gene finally prevailed upon me to get out and go in—it wasn’t until I had seen some of our wedding gifts here and there about the place, until I saw my royal blue dining-room, the pictorial tile in my bath upstairs, the very tile I'd once just mentioned that I wanted—not until I saw our books, our pictures, our music—that I knew.

"'I don't know what I said," Jeanette laughed, a trifl huskily. "I guess it didn't matter. I still can't quite believe it. I go around touching things, examining things, oh-ing and ah-ing over things, half expecting them to vanish as miraculously as they materialized. I always say that I've married the smartest man in the world. But how he did it, I don't know... I love the pale rust and antique gold colors in the living-room, the pale apricot and blue and ivory of my room, the Old English tap-room—the library... everything in it and about it... I love it because he did it for me, suffered so long with the 'secret,' knew me so well that he knew just to do it, exactly as I would have done it..."

There was a pause, during which, I thought, Jeanette breathed in the beauty of the house, the thought and love and painting and pride that had gone into it.

Then I said, a little tentatively, knowing that Jeanette is reluctant to speak of what is closest to her heart: "Honolulu, tell me, was it sort of heaven?"

---

**A VANITY BOTTLE OF AMERICA'S NUMBER ONE Skin Protector for anyone who has not tried it!**

Right now, cold weather and raw winds are making many a pretty woman's skin coarse, red and unpleasant in appearance. And there's no need for it because you can enjoy the nation's most widely-used skin protector, Italian Balm, for a cost of far less than 5 cents a day.

**Italian Balm prevents chapping.** For more than a generation, this famous skin preparation has been "first choice" among your outdoor-loving neighbors in Canada. And in the United States, too, it has no equal in popularity. Women who use it have a chaf-free skin regardless of weather or housework. And thousands of professional people, too—physicians, dentists, nurses—are enthusiastic in their praise of this scientifically made skin softener.

**Try it! Send for FREE Vanity Bottle!—enough to give you several days' supply. Mail coupon today.**

---

**Campana's Italian Balm**

"America's Most Economical Skin Protector"

---

**CAMPANA SALES CO.**

211 Lincolnway, Batavia, Ill.

Gentlemen: I have never tried Italian Balm. Please send me FREE Vanity Bottle FREE and postpaid.

In Canada: Campana, Ltd., Montreal, Canada, Ltd., Toronto
“Sort of eighth heaven,” Jeanette said. “The trip. The house a friend loaned us there, isolated, facing the sea, snug over by the palms. We bathed every day, lay for long hours on sand so golden you wouldn’t believe. We felt, I expect, as enchanted beyond all feeling in the enchanted world. We flew to some of the other islands. We knew a great many people in Honolulu and that made it even more fun, enabled us to go everywhere, see things the stranger-tourist wouldn’t see. We went in and spent one week-end at the hotel and danced at the parties there and, and that was fun, too, but not exactly our idea of a honeymoon. We were grateful to get back to our house again. . . . It gave us the illusion, almost a lost illusion in this mechanical age, of the world forgetting, by the world. We lived with all that, and lovely, and, loveliest of all, the knowledge that we were going back home again, together.

“I can’t talk much about it,” Jeanette told me, a little apologetically. “I’m supposed to be in Raymond’s show now, discussing happiness. I always have been. It’s my only superstition. I have the feeling that words are like insensitive fingers prodding at so fragile a thing as—a human heaven.”

Jeanette has, as I imagined, figured things out. She never, she reminded me, wanted to go and marry the astronaut. She felt that she had done a career and that she could do justice to nothing else. She didn’t, as so many girls do, look for romance. She really hoped that she wouldn’t want to marry. Then she fell in love. And got married.

“Now,” she told me, “I don’t know if I’m adjusting beautifully. I have planned things so that I can be, I think, a real wife, a decently efficient housewife. I won’t skim on my marriage, not for anything in the world.”

She can’t skim. And she will not allow her marriage to become one of those ‘professional’ marriages of two ‘artists,’ care-free, casual and a little crazy.

One of the very nicest things about Jeanette is that she, richly endowed with the beauty of a queen, and gifted with a glorious voice, never has changed greatly from the little girl who, with her mother and father, her sisters, Eloise and Blossom, in a brownstone-front house in Philadelphia, one of a family to whom marriage and a family were sacred duties, beloved obligations, ties of heartbreak and affection and old-fashioned rules.

“We will not,” Jeanette was saying, “allow our home to become an hotel, run by a major domo, where two transients come in and hang their hats, without responsibility, without roots. We have everything now, Jeanette said, almost, as though for the first time she realized the jealousy of the giving gods, “but we’ve got to work to keep what we’ve got. We both know that. It’s one of the things, I think, so important to realize—that you have to work at love, work at your marriage. If you don’t, you get just ‘stayed put’ like that bridal picture of Gene and me on the piano, guaranteed unfailable.

“No, if I’m going to be a successful wife, I’ve got to work at being a wife. If I want my house to be a home, I’ve got to make it that way for both us. I do my own ordering and planning of meals. I count the linens. I arrange flowers and look and fuss about. I have my hands on the reins of my household.”

“I’ve planned things so that I will always be at home Sundays. With the exception of the time I am on the air Sunday afternoons. I have arranged with my sponsors that I will not broadcast during the time I am working in a picture. If, for instance, Nelson and I take The Girl of the Golden West, I start production in October, and that’s thirteen weeks on the air are still in force. I have agreed to appear at least once a month during the time the schedules overlap. I do not anticipate that they will. But if they should, I—well, I will not do very much. Perhaps I will have two new careers now, my marriage and my radio program. I do so want to be successful with both of them.”

And I remembered how, many months ago, Jeanette told me how much she wanted to do radio, how her picture contract forbade her to accept radio contracts, how she would never sign another screen contract containing a radio-forbidding clause.

So it was that on June 17th last, Jeanette MacDonald, screen star, became Mrs. Gene Raymond, the man the world—and that in September 20th last, Puck’s star of the air.

She told me then: “I hope to make my program a sort of home record of all kinds of songs. I want to sing songs from some of my pictures. I want to sing new popular songs such as Stardust. I want to sing some of the Stephen Foster songs. I want to sing some of the songs Gene has written. He writes both the lyrics and the music you know. Occasionally I plan to do an operatic aria. I don’t want, however, to make the program essentially high-hat. I want it to be as varied and complete as possible. I hope to introduce some novel ideas . . . if The Girl of the Golden West goes into production while I am still on the air, I may broadcast from location in the Sequoias. We hope to introduce our private guest artists. I hope some time you, as you know, was my first guest artist. And later, perhaps we may even do: couple of operettas. You know, I definitely want to sing the songs people want to hear.”

The maid came in. She said: “Mrs. Raymond is on the telephone.”

Jeanette went to the phone, came back said: “We’re going to Coronado for the week-end. My husband just told me so . . . I’ve got to go up and see about the packing his and mine . . . want to come?”

I was surprised. I watched Jeanette and her maid lay out ties and shirts and socks and sweaters. I pondered the precedence of the male in his own home. I had a lightning flash of Jeanette in Firefly, doing the Spanish dance . . . Jeanette was telling me about how Gene had told her, you know, when he was little, she has even known how unselfishness if marriage, but perhaps especially in the marriage of two professionals, is the one essential. She was saying that Gene has only “scratched the surface” of what he can do, with his music and films. And I know, he once said: “If a woman is a woman first, and artist next, you have divinity . . .”

Nice going, I told myself. I did no mean it as I had meant it when I came to
A "MAJOR" EVENT
(Continued from page 55)

RADIO STARS

I'll help you
BECOME FAMOUS
for RAISIN PIE

WANT TO MAKE THIS PIE?
SEE FREE RECIPES OFFER BELOW.*

YES! Here's a pie that will make a
hit with everybody. Just follow
the recipe—and use only the tenderest,
most delicious raisins—Sun-Maid Raisins,
of course.

NO! All raisins are not alike. Sun-
Maid Raisins are of special
California culture, plump, juicy, tender
—made from the richest raisin grapes
grown in the heart of the world's most
famous raisin section.

YES! Sun-Maid Raisins come to you
already washed. You can pour
them directly into recipe mixtures, or
give them to children between meals
for extra energy, and valuable food-iron.

YES! It's easy to get Sun-Maid Rai-
sins. Just say "Sun-Maid" to
your grocer, and look for the Girl on
the package when you buy.

*CERTAINLY! We'll send you
free the recipe
for Raisin Caramel Pie, also a book-
let of 50 other raisin recipes. Send
name and address to Sun-Maid Raisin
Growers, Dept. X, Fresno, California.

Martha Raye (left) chats with Clara Bow at her newly opened "IT Café."
In most instances, the leader gives two beats by which he indicates to the band the tempo or speed at which the composition is to be played. Then, when the leader gives the down beat itself, that tempo is maintained. Sometimes the two beats are impossible or impractical to give, and so the only means of keeping the band together in such a case is for those in the band (at rehearsal) to agree upon—and players keep the count by the condensation of that tempo, so that when the time comes to play it before the microphone or on stage, everyone will have a definite idea of the tempo and will almost automatically play it at the correct one. This was done with Blue Bonnet and I emphasized the fact that the tempo should be very fast as the Gauchos preferred it at that speed.

The program had been perfect up to that point, and the time was, as rehearsed, “on the nose,” as we say in radio circles. Came the down beat for Blue Bonnet—remember that the down beat merely says “now” to the men, it gives no idea of the speed, simply that they should all attack as the band comes down—and this time one mind did not function properly, so the number went awry.

The first trumpet, heaven knows why, played it at one-third the proper speed and, of course, the band went with him. Nothing is worse than a fight between a loud dominating instrument and those of less powerful caliber—they did the only logical thing, they went with him.

The poor Gauchos didn’t know what to do and it is a credit to them that they sang it at all. Their arrangement was impossible at slow speed, and how they finished in any fashion is quite beyond me.

Came a place later where the band played alone. “Here,” thought I, “they will come back to the proper tempo.” But again (as our recording of the program shows) the first trumpet persisted, and although you can hear the poor, weak violins and saxes trying to bring him into line, they gave up. Then, in the third part of the arrangement, the first trumpet, by some alchemy, put himself a measure ahead and refused to relinquish his position. A record flaw was just too bad! He just wouldn’t look up and my frantic arm-waving was all in vain. It was bad—but our control man, Bob Moss, took the orchestra out, by cutting our microphone dead, leaving the voices and the error only faintly discernible in the record and noticeable only to one who knew the arrangement.

We kidded the trumpeter unmercifully, while on vacation at the Lodge. He refused to believe that he was at fault but the records corrected him. He is a fine musician, if not the best trumpet player I have ever known or had, and after all, a tired mind is only human and that was the first time he ever let me down on a down beat.

Seventh: (To continue) I did not fume.

I was simply unhappy that a fine program should have been marred at its conclusion. I really pointed out to the brass that someone in it had ruined the best number in the show—whereupon I left.

Eighth: The band was not given notice then. I had given the entire company notice three days before, because of a general laxity, especially noticeable in the brass and saxophones. The notice was given in person. I ordered the office in New York to cancel the proposed vacation at the Lodge in Maine and the engagement at the Cacoanut Grove on the Coast. Only after repeated assurances on the part of the band that the inattention and failure to keep on their toes was a thing of the past, did I rescind the order. One man is still on probation. I’m getting older and have no desire to take the headaches that come with running a group of children—which most musicians are. When I find that it becomes impossible to secure the man desired with no desire to please and work—when enthusiasm is no longer procurable—then I’ll reorganize or leave the business. Some bandsmen can’t take success—musicians are unusual men—try leading a band someday and find out!

Let Mr. Plummer take unto himself one prince . . .

Paul Whiteman tells an amusing anec-dote which happened to him, he says, on a one-night stand at a Southern university. Paul, who usually appears in immaculate tails, wear s patent leather pumps which have an arrangement that fits over the instep to keep the pumps from slipping off. On this particular evening he noticed a badly-dressed, individual, whose tuxedo trousers were about three inches too short, showing a wide expanse of ankle, and whose entire outfit, indeed, bespoke either last-minute borrowing or a mere eight to ten years of steady wear by the owner. This chap, dancing near the bandstand with his head, appeared to be greatly intrigued by the pumps Whiteman was wearing. After dancing away a while and obviously fascinated by the pumps, he finally was unable to hold in any longer, so he tapped Whiteman on the leg and spoke:

“‘Where,’ he demanded, ‘did you get those shoes?’ To which, Whiteman, quite unperturbed, replied smillingly: ‘I don’t remember seeing an outfit such as you are wearing,’ he allowed his gaze to run up and down the lad’s costume, ‘in Europe!’

Esquial and obviously the remark won a treat from the girl with whom he was dancing. For the next few seconds the boy danced, with a look of concentration, obviously trying to think of a comeback. Then, with an expression of consternation, he blushed. ‘Say there, Whiteman, what became of that big stomach you used to have?’ ‘Hum,’ snapped back Paul, ‘looks as though you were wearing it for a head!’ It is reported that this ended the conversation.

He proved he was his best friend—he told him!

I assume you have signed autographs "sincerely," "cordially," "yours truly," etc. For years I have autographed according to the profession, business or trade in which the person happens to be. If he be a good cook or waiter, I would usually sign, "gastronomically." To my tailor, "sartorially," to a photographer, "photographically," to a fellow radio artist, "microphonically." Don’t you think I have the right to be proud of the one I signed to a commissioner of motor vehicles, "vehicularly?"

A tap dancer missing a tap is like a trumpet player splitting a note.

I have often wondered why dancers of the Veloz and Yolanda type must always be so serious. I have been taken to task for taking my own work seriously, by people who don’t think it is worth the seriousness. But I believe the palm goes to these dance teams for tenseness and seriousness. See if I’m not right!

Overheard in one of New York’s (most superb) Longchamps, the other evening—a woman called all people patronizing the restaurant—"Long Chumps."

Thanks, Walter Winchell, for telling many of your readers about my little literary efforts in this column.

My desire to avoid interviews and the usual rapid write-up is the same as yours. We both have a radio audience to whom we speak for ourselves. Why risk losing that interest by the incorrect drooling of an individual who probably dislikes, as does his boss, radio and radio people?

But speaking, as you were, of writing one’s own write-ups, didn’t you stick your chin out when you chided me for merely quoting the English press? Have you forgotten your own laudation of your picture, Wake Up and Live? In Variety, the March 31st, 1937, issue, you said:

“Okay, America! Orchids to ‘em all—even Bernie—for a swell outfit! I hope I didn’t spoil Wake Up and Live any more than Bernie did. I do know who steals the picture, but I know it isn’t Bernie! Alice Faye is a sweetheart—Jack Haley, Patsy Kelly, Ned Sparks and Walter Catlett are horrid—likely and Gordon-Revell ditties make it cinemagnificent! I wouldn’t risk making a picture with anyone but Darryl Zanuck—I should have paid to be in it!"

But that’s not all, for Variety, again, referring to one of Winchell’s broadcast says, in part:

“Winchell got in still another plug for the picture (Wake Up and Live) on his own Sunday night program (25). It was something about the big business that the Roxy had done Saturday.”

Thus Mr. Winchell!

So you think that it’s easy to run band, that all you have to do is to spin a stick and collect fabulous sums at th
week’s end? If you do think along those lines, give heed to the following sample problem and then see if you don’t feel a bit differently about the snap we fellows have.

**PROBLEM:** The place in which you and your band are playing is extremely elongated—large as well—requiring the use of amplifying horns for both the vocalists and certain instrumental solos and sections of the band.

**COMPLICATION:** The guests close to the horns (theirs are the choicest seats in the room) complain of the loudness of the electrical speakers. To them, the voices and the music are blustering. Guests twelve feet away from these ringside seats hear perfectly, but those in the far corners of the room are not able to understand the words easily and clearly, which, in the case of announcements and certain songs, means bored or annoyed guests.

The room has windows which, when opened, permit these sounds to go outside. Nearby hotels are threatening injunctions unless the sound is muted between the hours of twelve and two in the morning. They complain that their guests can hear the singing as well as the instruments of the band. Yet there are many of your dancing guests, especially the younger ones, who want every fourth or fifth number to be loud and raucous, with the brass section especially so. To attempt to fill the room, especially during the show, over the chatter of voices and dishes, without the aid of strong amplifying apparatus, means that the singers’ voices would become strained and hoarse, leading to possible laryngitis.

The perfect illusion of amplifying voices electrically means that the amplifying horns which carry the voices should be as close to the singer or speaker as possible. That is common sense. To place horn speakers away from the person speaking, in the corners of the room (so that guests away from the speaker may hear more perfectly) destroys the illusion. After all, there is nothing more ludicrous than to be seated away from the singer or speaker and yet to hear the voice coming over your shoulder from out of a corner of the room. It is illogical, grotesque and sometimes eerie.

While this is done in some places, the artistic efforts of the singer or speaker are never quite as perfect, because, subconsciously, the listener is disillusioned, realizing vaguely that something is wrong. To lower the electrical gain (or amplified volume) so that the nearby hotel residents are not annoyed, means that the majority of guests in your place hear poorly, or at least do not receive the occasional instrumental stimulus that so many of the young ones desire. Moreover, the guests far away from the band platform do not hear the lyrics and the announcements at all.

**SOLUTION:** Please the majority. It is impossible to please everyone. There will always be complaints. There will always be disgruntled individuals. People who demand ringside seats must pay in many ways for the satisfaction of their ego. There will always be drunken dancers lurching over their tables and ruining pretty gowns by knocking over cups of coffee and glasses of liquor. Guests who demand ringsides miss the perfect illusion of make-up. Though, of course, they will be seen by everyone by whom they wish to be seen. And, of course, they will hear everything more perfectly. Guests who choose ringside because of poor eyesight or perverseness are excused.

Since the majority of the audience is two-thirds away from the speakers, this group should receive the greatest consideration. The volume should be high enough to reach the corners of the room, even if it offends those close to the horns. Those who like it loud must be satisfied, and so must those who like the smooth, soft, dreamy type of music. Give them a variety that will satisfy both.

And since the management says the windows must be open (if it is a summer roof), let them worry about the injunctions from the nearby hotel residents. Your job is to please the guests who have paid and come to see and hear you. After all, you can’t please the world!

The limitations of space being what they are, I must reluctantly bring this to a close with the hope that I’ll see you next month—best regards!

**Editor’s Note:** From time to time Mr. Valle lovingly present elements of showmanship problems which confront those in show business—and Mr. Valle’s own solution of the individual problems.

---

**Make ONE more change—this time to PHILIP MORRIS**

It’s not only good taste, it’s good judgment! Because an ingredient, a source of irritation in other cigarettes, is not used in the manufacture of Philip Morris.

**Call for PHILIP MORRIS**

**AMERICA’S FINEST 15¢ CIGARETTE**

---

**RADIO STARS**


**WEST COAST CHATTER**

**Topical tidbits and tidings of your favorites among Hollywood's air stars**

THERE'S a story behind John Barrymore's selling his famed yacht, Infanta. Seems that Elaine gets seasick! Yes, it looks like a boisterous Ariel are really going to make their marriage succeed this time. They've even bought a three-acre estate in Bel-Air and are going domestic. John says that Elaine now has him on the road to health, wealth and happiness.

Charlie Butterworth has "gone Hollywood" very decidedly. He takes himself quite seriously whenever away from the mike or off the set. Is just about the most difficult person to interview and, like Garbo, enjoy his own company the most. His latest "prima donnassm" is rubber stamping his signature on all letters, even personal ones. Too bad, because underneath it all Charlie's just a good-natured South Bend, Indiana, boy at heart.

Nelson Eddy is proving that he's the kind of good sport which few people in town ever thought he was. Since joining forces with the Chase and Sanborn Hour, he's proved he can take kidding and dish it out just a shade better. Nelson took this spot in preference to a share of his own in order to quash all those rumors that he couldn't get along with anyone but Mr. Eddy. **

"Seeing's not believing!" gasped May Robson when she arrived at Kraft Music Hall the other day. The "Grand Old Lady" had taken to the informality of the air show rehearsals like a duck to water, but one look at Bob Burns, when he showed up to take the part of her schoolboy son, took even trouper Robson aback. For Bob's hair is curling at bob-length these days and he has a two-weeks' growth of beard. However, it isn't Bob's fault—it's Paramount's, where he's now doing a picture. **

One of the most impressive concerts ever given in the Hollywood Bowl was the one in honor of George Gershwin, which was broadcast by CBS. The entire program was composed of Gershwin melodies, and such notables as Lily Pons, Gladys Swarthout, Fred Astaire, Jose Iturbi, Victor Young, Otto Klemperer, the Hall Johnson Choir, and many others took part. And in the audience could be spotted practically every cinema and radio star in Hollywood.

Remember we hinted at that romance between the most popular nan-about-town and that certain blonde? Here's the latest low-down on the situation. Ever since the beautiful screen star's return from the Hawaiian Islands she's been receiving daily bouquets from her admirer. Yes, we're talking about Charlie McCarthey and Shirley Temple. Charlie's gone so far as to admit he's smitten, and Shirley shows up at practically every Sunday show sponsored by that coffee company.

The most startling advertisement was one concerning Bobby Breen's personal appearance at a Los Angeles theatre. It said: "The famous young star will make a personal appearance on the stage for both the matinee and evening performances. He will not sing."

You can't keep Joe Penner away from the previews of his pictures. He was vacationing in Catalina Island when he heard that his latest picture, Life of the Party, would be shown at a small town outside Los Angeles. Joe immediately wired the studio for a pass—and then spent a hundred and sixty dollars to hire a speedboat to take him over and back.

Radio's first formal premiere was a gala affair. It was for the opening of the A. Jolson show—and the number of lights in front of the theatre in the bands in the street, the crumine wraps and top hats would have put any more movie premiere to shame. Following the show, the guests, were entertained at dinner by Clara Bow—in her new "IT Cafe. Clara, by the way, is as big-eyed and slim-hipped a lady since her return to Hollywood. And she's making a real success of her eatery.

The only pictures out in front of the theatre where the Jolson show goes on, are those of Mr. Jolson. Upon investigation we found that this arrangement was as Mr. Jolson's idea.

Dorothy Lamour's been enjoying her first vacation since she made her film debut but more than a year and a half ago. Of course, her radio broadcasts have cut it up, but while rehearsals and performances, Dorothy's been spending every spare moment at Catalina Island. Her husband, Herbie Kay, is over there leading the casino band.

Rosemary Lambe's intentions are strictly matrimonial towards Ronnie Ames, who is the press agent for Fred Waring's band. She'll be Mrs. Ames the end of this month, incidentally, did you know that Warner Brothers Studio—or any studio in town—can't capitalize on the Lane sisters' success in Varsity Show? In the mad rush they buy up the sisters' contracts after the success, the cinema studios found that the girls are under contract to Fred Waring—have been for the last few years an intend to retain them anyway.

One of the nicest things about Dearie Durbin, who's just about the brightest star on the Hollywood horizon, is that Mrs. Mitzi Green, A Man and a Girl, is that all this suide fame hasn't turned her head a bit. She's still just a normal thirteen-year-old girl—and acts it. She was far more in.
How Constipation Causes Gas, Nerve Pressure

Many Doctors Now Say It’s Nerves, Not Poisons That So Often Cause Headaches, Dizzy Spells, Coated Tongue

When you are constipated two things happen. FIRST: Wastes swell up the bowels and press on nerves in the digestive tract. This nerve pressure causes headaches, a dull, lazy feeling, bilious spells, loss of appetite and dazziness. SECOND: Partly digested food starts to decay forming GAS, bringing on sour stomach (acid indigestion), and heartburn, bloating you up until you sometimes gasp for breath.

Then you spend many miserable days. You can’t eat. You can’t sleep. Your stomach is sour. You feel tired out, grochly and miserable.

To get the complete relief you seek you must do TWO things. 1. You must relieve the GAS. 2. You must clear the bowels and GET THAT PRESSURE OFF THE NERVES. As soon as offending wastes are washed out you feel marvellously refreshed, blues vanish, the world looks bright again.

There is only one product on the market that gives you the DOUBLE ACTION you need. It is ADLERIKA. This efficient carminative cathartic relieves that awful gas almost at once. It often removes bowel congestion in half an hour. No waiting for overnight relief. Adlerika acts on the stomach and both bowels. Laxatives usually act on the lower bowel only.

Adlerika has been recommended by many doctors and druggists for 35 years. As you see, no after effect. Just QUICK action. Try Adlerika today. We believe you’ll say you have never used such an efficient intestinal cleanser.

WARNING! All reputable druggists know that Adlerika has no substitute. Always demand the genuine.

Adlerika Co., Dept. M. M. R. S. 12-7
St. Paul, Minn.

GENTLEMEN: Send without obligation your FREE Trial Sample of Adlerika. Limit, one to a family. (Offer good in U. S. only.)

Sold in Canada by leading druggists

Name: ____________________________
Address: __________________________
City: ____________________________ State: ______

CLIP COUPON NOW!
That CIA used mission.

EYE-GENE

AmCCrCr^lDI

EYES

pictures

found

with

too.

Reading,

74

VEGETABLE

paring

girlhood

women

Go

the

ham's

and

wife

THERE

be

Men,

for

a

ly

—

Smiling

—

husband.

Three

course

because

husband.

three

weeks

back

aches

—no

matter

how

loudly

your

nerves

scream—don't take it out

on your husband.

For three generations one woman

has told another how to go "smiling

through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's

Vegetable Compound. It helps you

cope with the system, thus lessening

the discomforts from the

functional disorders which

women must endure in the three

ordeal of life: 1. Turning from

girlhood to womanhood. 2. Pre-

paring for motherhood. 3. Ap-

proaching "middle age."

Don't be a three-quarter wife,

take Lydia E. PINKHAM'S

VEGETABLE COMPOUND and

Go "Smiling Through."

sweetly and tell him you don't know how,

but would love to have him come to your

home next week and teach you the steps

to the radio! That will save the last struggle

and make him feel very important.

The men have some very emphatic do's

and don'ts in the way of dress for dancing.

The most important thing about the color

is that it should be becoming. Soft greens,

vibrant rose, snow white, and sophisticated

black are always favorites.

"Cleopatra in a scratchy wool, irritating

rayon, or calico would never have made

history," Mr. Morgan points out. "No man

enjoys holding an armful of harsh

materials, when he can hold an armful of

soft silk, chiffon or velvet which are so

pleasantly smooth to the touch."

In the way of styles, most men get only

the general effect. Of course, the girl

with scrappy neck and thin face should not

go in for severe V-shaped necklines. Softly

draped bodices will flatter the figure and

complement the fluffy coiffure that the too

thin girl should choose. No girl should go

dancing in a dress that boasts cluttered up

bodices, full, bulging sleeves, and tight

skirts. Also, unless you are tall and shapely

and boast excellent carriage, please give

your dancing partner a break and don't

wear a train. Unless he is completely

pockmarked, it will embarrass him very much

to be tripping over your train all night.

In fact, to avoid further apologies, he might

very well neglect to ask you out to dance

again, for fear of a recurrence.

Do you wear extremely high heels? Well,

Mr. Morgan says never wear them unless

you can keep your balance on spike heels

and still be a bit shorter than your dancing

partner! Low or medium heels are the safest

choice for a girl over five feet four.

Your partner will get a close-up of your

make-up during the dance. Now Mr.

Morgan tells you what a man doesn't like

this close-up to reveal—and I'll tell you

how to achieve the proper effect. First,

men loathe the flour barrel effect of powdery

carelessly applied. Secondly, they dis-

like sticky looking lipstick. Third, they

shudder at the heavy mascaraed eyes

they stick together, and eyeshadow that

makes a girl look weary!

First, to be glamorous you must have

smooth skin. Bright electric lights have

a way of accentuating all the tautness and

roughness of the complexion. To be ravin-
ging for the evening you should give your

skin some extra-special attention. A face

is the quickest way to tone your skin.

Cleanse your face thoroughly before

the facial. Afterwards you apply a nice-sid-

ing emollient cream to remain on your

"null" and until make-up time.

There is a fragrant two-minute fail

that will leave your face satin-smooth

at the same time treat blackheads and
core pores. You may have a free sample

of this facial this month by simply send-

ing your name and address to Mary Bick.

You'll want to use it several times a week

because it does beautify the skin for

time occasions as well as for evening.

You are now ready for the foundation

preparation. Foundations bring out the

depth and true color of make-up as well as

protect the skin from dirt. They make-

up easier to apply and remove. To

the foundation helps to hide imperfections.

Décolleté flocks call for a powder founda-

tion on the back, arms, neck and chest,

as well as face, so that every exposed

part of the body will be soft, smooth and

color. Most people have thorns that

their faces—if this is the way

you, then get two foundations and layer

foundation for the throat be a shade

two lighter than that for the face.

You are ready for the rouge now. If

unless nature has endowed you with a

particularly glowing coloring, you may

dip more heavily in the rouge pot

evening. (I mean rouge pot quite literally,

for cream rouge will give the most yel-
LLOYD'S of LONDON
Back Fitch's Guarantee to
REMOVE DANDRUFF
with the first application

Here is good news for everyone troubled with unsightly dandruff. Now you can remove dandruff by using a shampoo which completely dissolves dandruff and then washes it away. Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo is guaranteed to remove dandruff with the first application—under a positive money-back guarantee. Back of this guarantee is Lloyd's of London, world famous guarantors for over two hundred years... your positive assurance that Fitch's Shampoo removes dandruff with the very first application. And remember, a Fitch Shampoo leaves your hair shining clean and radiantly beautiful.

KILLS GERMS...
Removes all Dandruff, Dirt and Foreign Matter
Tests made by some of America's leading bacteriologists have shown striking results. Their findings prove that Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo is a true germicide, certain to destroy bacteria as well as to remove all dandruff, dirt and foreign matter. Try it today and enjoy the thrill of a really clean and healthy scalp. Equally as good for blondes as brunettes. Sold at drug counters. Professional applications at beauty and barber shops.

Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo

THE F. W. FITCH CO., Des Moines, Iowa • Bayonne, N. J. • Toronto, Canada

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE...
Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile isn't flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels, gas builds up in your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, slynd and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. Etc.
Sometimes he tore out into the woods in the rain, and seating himself under a tree, he would write poetry about the guestsbook of nature. On such occasions whole people wrote their names, stayed for a day, and then checked out into gloomy oblivion.

He decided to become a preacher. He felt that the world was in a bad way, that somebody must save it, and that it was his responsibility to do so. It was not an easy responsibility, but still it was his duty, not to be sidestepped.

In 1923, his father was transferred to Chicago, where Les finished grammar school. Star boy soprano of the school, he was considered pretty smart by his teachers because he had skipped several grades. For his vocal ability he was awarded a high school scholarship.

Now Les entered upon his Grimly Practical Age. He was thirteen years old when he registered at Lake View High School for a four-year business course of shorthand, typing and bookkeeping. The time for dreaming was past. "Face the facts, Les," he told himself. "Prepare yourself to earn a living. Writing, stage designing and school plays are fine hobbies, but they won't buy cars to take your mother riding on Sunday afternoons."

After school he worked as a baker at Riverview Park, waited on tables, delivered newspapers, and earned fifty cents every Saturday as a butcher boy. Returning at two o'clock in the morning from his "banking" in the amusement park, he did his homework on the street-car.

At the beginning of his sophomore year the family finances no longer met both ends. Les was forced to leave school, in spite of the fact that he had won a scholarship.

The fourteen-year-old composed his face into grave, experienced lines and applied for the job of secretary in a doctor's office. The doctor hired him because he believed the boy was eighteen.

Les worked for the doctor for a year and a half, during which time he nurtured a moustache and a secret ambition to become a surgeon. The doctor moved, the Depression began, and Les was out of a job.

Like a homing pigeon, he winged for the Little Theatre and worked at everything from stage manager to call boy, without pay.

Somewhere in Chicago there are a number of housewives who banged the door on a vacuum cleaner salesman before the future radio star could say: "Pardon me, lady, I'm going my way through the Little Theatre."

During this time, too, he worked as district manager for a publishing company. It was his duty to hire boys to sell magazines, collect the money, keep them supplied with magazines, and fire them with pep talks. And when the local energies swept into these pep talks and he harangued his motley crew for sales, as Marc Antony swayed the populace for revenge of Caesar's death.

For love and not money, he worked with two marionette theatres, played in community productions, religious pageants, acted at an abandoned stone quarry near Stuart, Wisconsin, and played leading parts in Lorado Taft's Gates of Paradise. It was through the late Lorado Taft that he acquired an interest in sculpture, which is a growing hobby with him today.

That day he received a letter from a movie studio in Chicago. The casting director asked him to coach his talent school. Success at last? Talent recognized and Easy Street around the corner? Les wasn't in the movie school two weeks before he knew the answers. The school was a racket; the owners collected tuition fees from would-be stars and gave them rosy promises and Les Tremayne's coaching for their money. But there was no money for Tremayne. He stuck with the school for several weeks more, hoping to collect still more, so he could quit.

Then he went to work in a chocolate factory, where he piled hundred-pound crates of hot chocolate syrup in ten high columns and learned about women from the chocolate dippers.

The crates strained his appendix and the chocolate dippers frayed his ideal about girls. (Today, whenever Les loses his perspective on his work or life in general, he drives past this chocolate factory, takes a good long look, and returns to his senses!)

Leaving the sweets to the tough, he got himself a bicycle and a job as a bellboy and busboy in a country club.

"That's where I learned what I felt like to be a servant to a bunch of people most of whom should have been waiting on the help," said Les. "And that's where I learned to humble myself. The last lesson was a hard one to unlearn."

He arose at four every morning and cycled twenty-six miles a day to and from work, his long hair blowing behind him in the wind. He let his hair grow for the part of Tyrone—played at a private party for charity. This gesture of his sororal independence enraged the bell captain at the club.

One of Tremayne's former movie school pupils was a serious-minded, bright-eyed lad who worked his way through school. On evening, nearly a year after Les quit the movie racket school, the boy phoned him. "Say, Tremayne," he said, "you're good. I'm doing some broadcasting on WCFL. Why don't you come down there with me for a tryout?"

He accompanied his former pupil to WCFL and was accepted without an audition. He made his first appearance on his nineteenth birthday, on the Night Cow program.

For the first eight months he receive no pay for his radio work. Evenings the he did not appear on the radio, he studied shorthand and commercial art at night school.

About this time he met Jack Doty, an actor almost twice his age, who became hit best friend.
"Don't take life so seriously, Les," rimmed Jack. "Keep your tongue in your cheek. Laugh it off."

And life, that had appeared such a serious matter to the ten-year-old boy, who wanted to be a preacher in Oklahoma, now seemed a more gay and carefree aspect. He made his first appearance on a network in Campana's Fu Manchu. He bought his first dress suit, and received five cigars for a personal appearance in Milwaukee.

At last, at a salary, he was engaged as announcer on the Budelson show on WLS. In 1934 he bought a 29 Studebaker. He did a job, a car, a best friend. The only thing he lacked was sleep, since he still rose at four o'clock every morning to get to rehearsals on time.

And then he found the girl. He met her when he was making a personal appearance in a road show in Indiana.

Romance shuttled between Chicago and Diana on the gallant tires of the 29 Studebaker. One rainy Friday morning she had a feeling that Anne wanted to see him. He was free until Sunday night, when he was due to play the lead in a rolly comedy. What are five hundred miles and a slippery highway, when you're twenty-two and courting? He drove top speed to her home, took the porch steps two at a time. The shades were awed—and when the door finally opened, his mother stood there, looking like a seapawker. There was the odor of flowers, and you was dead.

It was the middle of the night when she stumbled up the stairs to Jack Doty's apartment in Chicago. Jack had been through everything. If Jack would have no words for this sorrow, at least he would give him silence and understanding. Les walked into Jack's bedroom, called his name. Jack did not answer. He was unconscious and running a high fever. On Saturday he died. It was Les Tremayne's birthday and in two days he had lost his sweetheart and his best friend. Sunday night the actor, Tremayne, functioned automatically in the gay lead of the frothy comedy. The words of his kindly, understanding, cynical friend, Jack, echoed in his ears:

"Don't take it so seriously, kid. Life is a great show. Learn to laugh at the gags—and as for the sad parts—well, it's only a story, isn't it?"

Perhaps Les had to learn through tragedy how to take the world lightly. Hard work helped him over the empty days that followed. The studio called him up at home one afternoon and told him that he was to impersonate Roosevelt on the air the next morning.

"Who's Roosevelt?" asked Les.

"President Roosevelt, you dope!" said the program director.

Roosevelt was scheduled to give a three-minute speech that evening. Les sat down beside the radio and talked along with the President. The following morning he played Franklin Delano Roosevelt and tied for first place in a contest to find the President's impersonator.

Now he was in demand on dozens of programs. He played villains and worried because his voice dropped like a fallen arch. He played leading men and his voice returned to normal.

He stepped into Don Ameche's shoes on Grand Hotel, Betty and Bob, First Nighter. "Some people think I sound like him," he said. "I am not copying him. Why should I? I admire him tremendously, but it is suicidal for one actor to attempt to imitate another."

Today Les has learned to play. His favorite sport, of course, is still his work. It's fun to awake in the morning and know that you are going to entertain millions of people. It's fun to look forward to the next day.

He lives at home with his family and spends his vacations motoring across country with his brother and kid sister. He loves flying and radio, the two most modern things in the world today. He likes cars, clothes, travel, sculpture, swimming, and luncheons. He looks forward to television and a plane of his own.

As for love—

"Well," says Les, "I guess I'm too analytical to fall in love again. Whatever I do, I concentrate on completely. With me, it has to be either love or work, so I keep away from love.

"I keep my nose to the grindstone, but of course that doesn't keep my eye from roving over the landscape and admiring all the ladies, short and tall, dark and blonde, slim and plump."

Grand Hotel went off the air in April. On August 20th Tremayne left the Betty and Bob program, concentrating on the First Nighter, for which he has a three-year contract, for fifty-two weeks in the year. So you'll be hearing him for some time yet. And some day, maybe, you'll be seeing him in the movies, too.
In spite of all that has been written about bad breath, thousands still lose friends through this unpleasant fault. Yet sour stomach with its resultant bad breath is frequently only the result of constipation. Just as loss of appetite, early weakness, nervousness, mental dullness, can all be caused by it.

So keep regular. And if you need to assist Nature, use Dr. Edwards’ Olive Tablets. This mild laxative brings relief, yet is always safe. Extremely important, too, is the mild stimulation it gives the flow of bile from the liver, without the discomfort of drastic, irritating drugs. That’s why millions use Olive Tablets yearly. At your druggists, 15c, 30c, 60c.

Ken Murray and “Oswald.”
All this happened but three or four months ago! Today Tommy Riggs is known from coast to coast and discussed from kitchen to drawing-room. And fame has not increased Tommy's hat size.

"Are you bothered much with autograph seekers, Tommy?" I asked.

"They don't bother me, although I never figure out why they want mine. Too sad Betty can't write. I'd let her do it."

Tommy Riggs is friendly and obliging and his greatest pleasure is the happiness of his little character. He lives in the lives of others. He spends many hours on the script, writes and rewrites, tests and rejects. He is careful that each word Betty utters rings true to a tiny person of her type, and if you will listen closely, you will notice that it is she who gets the lion's share of the prizes in any situation while Tommy and even Rudy Vallee serve as her feeders and stooges.

"How do you like working with Rudy Vallee on the Variety Hour?" I asked.

"He's a swell fellow!" Tommy answered emphatically. "He pitches right in with you and plays right along. He doesn't go temperamental and he doesn't complain about some of the things the script calls for him to do, like the time he rolled up his trousers above his knees before a bowling studio audience. He's a regular guy."

Even today Betty is not merely a studio character with Tommy Riggs. Despite the fact that fame is his, he still entertains his many friends, much as he did in the old days in Pennsylvania and Ohio. The catchy little stories Betty tells go over big at a party and the duets she and Tommy do draw rounds of applause.

"Of course I like New York," said Tommy in response to my question. "It's been kind to me."

And knowing Tommy Riggs as a radio star and a person, I had to admit that perhaps New York was kind to him because he is so genuine and so sincere.

"Nonsense," was his answer. "I guess I just came along at the right time."

Right or wrong time, men such as Tommy Riggs always make the grade. People are instinctively "kind" to them.

Fishing is the sport of which he is especially fond and his hobby goes hand in hand with it—collecting fishing tackle. He likes popular and light classical music and is not ashamed to admit that he hates opera.

"Too much noise," he says.

"My favorite book is Phillip Gibbs' grand story, Now It Can Be Told. It would make a great motion picture," he added.

"While we're on the subject of motion pictures," I interrupted, "who are your favorite stars?"

"Jean Arthur and Clark Gable. I never miss one of their pictures."

"People always wonder about luck and breaks in the radio business. How much of it has been responsible for your success?"

"It's ninety percent hard work," was his answer, "and the other ten percent is good friends and lucky breaks. You can't rely too much on luck unless you go out and do something about it. That's the best way."

Somehow, when you hear Tommy Riggs say this, and you know how hard he works to make his part in the Vallee hour as perfect as possible, you believe that effort and not mere hoping is the recipe for getting ahead. Tommy will never just sit and wait for the breaks to come along. With his little imaginary Betty at his side, his ninety percent recipe has put him just where he is!

Harriet Hilliard and Ozzie Nelson

Double Your Charm with Two Perfumes

GARDENIA — an undertone of warm, luscious fragrance for days of joyous youth and laughter.

No. 3 PERFUME — intoxicating breath of the Orient, exciting complement of unforgettable hours.

Fashion's newest dictum is to suit your perfume to the occasion. Choose warm, friendly Gardenia for sparkling days; subtle, inviting No. 3 perfume when you play the enchantress of romantic nights. At all leading drug stores and department stores . . . 25¢

Smart tuckaway size for 10¢ in all ten-cent stores.

PARK & TILFORD PERFUMES FOR HALF A CENTURY
Through a Woman's Eyes

(Continued from page 44)

for all human beings. These traits not only give character to her face but also are responsible for the triumphs of her career. They account for the role of Mother Confessor, which has been forced upon her by unseen enthusiasts, and for her hobby, which is people.

She went on to elucidate it, sitting very erectly, yet without strain, as if she and correct posture had come to an understand- ing long ago. "If they give me half a chance, I can't resist trying to make people over. Girls, especially. Learning to dress according to their types, learning self-confidence, discovering chances to broaden their lives—are what they need. The cost is little, the rewards so great. You can't imagine how some of them improve!"

In a hostess gown of dull blue lace, a shade darker than her eyes, she faced me across a low tea-table before the fireplace. The script of a recent broadcast lay on her lap.

"There is really nothing in my programs to incite personal revelations from my audience. But they do. It mystifies me, sometimes. I am very impersonal. Now, take this one." She lifted the typewritten pages: "Man's inhumanity to man is also man's inhumanity to children. Today, at Gilboa..."

I did not listen closely to her words, for I was making a discovery—her voice, as much as her phrases, I realized, charmed the invisible listeners. It muffles the crispness of Alexander Woollcott with the throaty sincerity of Aimee Semple McPherson in her "I-know-just-how-your-feel, dear-friend" mood. In moments of restrained emotion, Miss Cravens' tones sink to a rich throb, a contagious throb. Beneath it all, one feels her great zest for living.

Miss Cravens speaks in pictures. There is no need for her listeners to concentrate, to climb a fatiguing stairway of logic or reason. The script ripples on, a bit like a March of Time, interspersed with moving stories. Information and entertainment blend so smoothly that the fifteen minutes seem a scant five.

She laid the script upon the ivory-upholstered davenport upon which she was sitting. It continued the tampe, ivory and green-blue color plan of the apartment.

We spoke of Dorothy Thompson, another woman who has made a place for herself in a man's vocation. "I don't pretend to understand the politics behind the day's news. I am as puzzled as the next person about the economic crisis, so I don't discuss it. The abdication Miss Thompson saw as affecting the destiny of the British Empire. I covered it from Queen Mary's point of view, a mother disappointed in her favorite son. All women can understand that. My angle is always the average woman's story.

'Women want to cry a little. They like human interest, first and last. Odd bits of information, touching the topics of the day, please them. Men, too. I am sur-

prised by the number of fan letters for men. And children... After all, why doesn't like 'good theatre'? I try to give it in every broadcast."

Through the archway connecting the drawing-room with the entrance hall strolled a grave and slender young lady whom Miss Cravens introduced as her niece. Her aunt is educating (and probably 'making over') this nineteen-year-old. While she searched the bookshelf beside the fireplace for a volume, we sat in musing silence.

Why, I pondered, did Miss Cravens bother to read each of the thousands of fan letters, place herself in the position of the writer, and then conscientiously dictate a lengthy answer? Only women less attractive, acquainted with adversity might distress themselves with unknown problems—for business reasons or from sheer mellowness of heart. Miss Cravens appeared too young for such mellowness. Where she had found the drole book and departed, I asked: "What route did you travel from a Western town of three hundred to an Eastern metropolis of millions? Why do you care, as I know you honestly do, what happens to these people you never see? In other words, what explains you?"

For a moment she paused in meditation, turning with a thumb the huge antique ring on her third finger. This was her only aimless motion of the evening. The topaz, reaching beyond the first joint, caught the light in pale yellow flashes.

The story commenced in Burberry, Texas, then a small village circled by cotton fields. Kathyrn's parents cared for the majority of the townspeople's needs. Her father, the sole physician, shared with her mother the responsibilities of the drug and general dry goods stores. They maintained the post-office. There were seven children, only one of whom had left home to support himself. Every penny was precious, yet the family was an unusually happy one.

From her mother (of Dutch-English strain, a descendant of Henry Hudson), Kathryn inherited her limitless reservoir of physical strength and determination. They are both blonde. Her mother was still is a competent business woman. (Later in life, this mother of seven chil- dren ventured into commercial photography. At fifty-three she investigated the joys of real estate, earning two thousand, five hundred dollars one month, Miss Cra- vens related proudly.) Courage to explore new fields has run throughout the family.

Her father, a dark Irishman with Scotch blood, delighted in dramatic oratory and in philosophizing over the strange ways of the human species. During lengthy rides en route to his patients, he gave question and answer this the Otis for his daughter, riding with him. In a venerable buggy the two traveled the flat roads of Texas, the little girl with yellow braids and sunburned fair skin, the gentle man with contemplative eyes of purple-blue.
WATCHING the swishing tail of the old dappled mare, Kathryn listened to the physical and mental ills of her father's flock. He spoke as one adult to another, forgetting that she was barely old enough to enter school. He talked of the patience necessary for healing and growth, stressed the indispensability of compassion for all people.

On the rare occasions when her father could not take her on his circuit, Kathryn lingered on the wooden porch of the post-office. There were always old timers, colored folks, matrons running its uncertain boards for an exchange of gossip. She rarely intruded upon their conversation. But, when the door of the post-office was barred for the night, she entertained her family with kindly mimicries of them. That was her quota of the home entertainment.

In her eighth year, the doctor, never strong, drove once too often along the summer plains. His weary heart could not endure even the short walk from the dusty, hot buggy to the shade of a way-side tree. Alone, beside the brick-like road, he died.

The world changed. No more friendly, noisy evenings for the big family, as it settled down for the night. Unable to provide for her numerous children, the mother distributed the older ones among relatives in distant parts of the West. The art was a terrible nightmare for them. A dream, for long after, they relived it. Kathryn and her favorite sister did not see for years. Recently, when Miss Ravens spoke on the radio of the Basque hillside, she was remembering her own ays of exile.

On her first train trip, Kathryn, the light-year-old, journeyed accompanied two hundred and fifty miles to an older brother who, at twenty-two, was already in ordained ministry. Neither he nor his life appeared so high spirits. Life with them became a convent-like existence.

At eleven, without the knowledge of her brother, she witnessed Guy Bates post's production of *Omar the Tentmaker*. She many another girl of her age, she excels to become an actress. Constant voicing of her ambition horrified the minister. However, if she wanted to take location lessons to prepare herself to each the subject, he was willing to supply the funds. This was a socially accepted method of derailing the ambitions of age-starved girls.

Learning to declaim, in the sentimental ad wooden manner of the old-fashioned school, did not satisfy Kathryn. Not only as there something vaguely wrong with he system, she concluded, but it also was other amusing. And, her goal was eighty drama. On the rare occasions when a stock company visited town, she sat in the balcony, studying the performances of the actors. In school plays she sought leading roles. Yet life was not satisfactory.

From an older sister, now secure in aton pass but mindful of the dreadful time, Kathryn borrowed several hundred dollars and ran away to Hollywood. Porty, ambitious and overflowing with zest for life, she encountered few obstacles.

"Those were the days of the silent films. I y few bit-parts were in Westerns—"
When asked, A man returns to his home in a storm. He is too sophisticated for the minister's little sister. At the parsonage, once more, she returned to school and the awed admiration of her classmates. But again the world changed, for her oldest brother had come home from the war. "A handsome, intelligent boy he was, when he left for France," Miss Cravens described him. "The pride of the whole family was centerd in him. We knew he would go a long way. Strangers used to feel it, too."

But now his nerves were shredded from shell shock. Month after month the brothers and sisters contributed to the pooled fund which was to restore him to normal. They died a thousand deaths as each specialist repeated the verdict of his predecessor: "Hopeless! He will be better off in an army hospital." He exists in one now.

"Miss Cravens was on the cover of the星期刊—""SILVER GLINT—A ring created especially for white, platinum and very gray hair. Imports sparkling silver highlights, leaving the hair amaterly soft and manageable. Adds beauty to permanent and natural waves."

The price is small: the effect priceless! Golden Glint Rings at the stores only.

Unwanted Hair Overcome

Once I had superfluous hair on face and limbs—was worried—discovered—tried all sorts of remedies but nothing was satisfactory. Then I discovered a simple, safe, long-lasting, permanent method. It stands out on hand inning in natural colors sent immediately. Your negative will be returned with your free enlargement. Send it today.

In Hollywood it's ALLEY-OOP

Dull, lifeless hair ruled more than one woman's chances for success in her professional life. For these reasons in all walks of life are turning to the Sparkling Sunlight Ring for that sparkling, golden, sunny tint and delicate overtones that it imparts to all shades of hair.

BROWNETTES, BRUNETTES.

The gray in between shades finds Golden Glint Rinse as necessary to a smart appearance as lipstick and rouge. Absolutely highlights every hair shade without changing its natural appearance. The only rinse flexible enough to give you the exact shade and highlights you desire. Not a dye, net a bleach. Millions use it regularly.

SILVER GLINT—A ring created especially for white, platinum and very gray hair. Imports sparkling silver highlights, leaving the hair amaterly soft and manageable. Adds beauty to permanent and natural waves.

The price is small: the effect priceless! Golden Glint Rings at the stores only.

GOLDEN GLINT

BRIGHTENS EVERY SHADE OF HAIR

FREE ENLARGEMENT

Just to get acquainted with new customers, we will beautifully enlarge one shiny dime—FREE—if you enclose this ad with 10c for return mailing. Information on hand-inning in natural colors sent immediately. Your negative will be returned with your free enlargement. Send it today.

GEPPERT STUDIOS

Dept. 426

Des Moines, Ia.

Unwanted Hair Overcome

I once had superfluous hair on face and limbs—was worried—discovered—tried all sorts of remedies but nothing was satisfactory. Then I discovered a simple, safe, long-lasting, permanent method. It stands out on hand-inning in natural colors sent immediately. Your negative will be returned with your free enlargement. Send it today.

In Hollywood it's ALLEY-OOP

Mostly horseback riding. Then I played maid in a society drama, and other important roles of that kind." Miss Cravens smiled at the memory. "But it was the directors who frightened me out of Hollywood. They were too sophisticated for the minister's little sister."

The large St. Louis broadcasting company she selected displayed little enthusiasm. To that field she was an amateur. Vigorously she pursued the officials, volunteering to work payless for six weeks. She knew she could learn rapidly. "I'm determined to try her talents in a sustaining program."

Among her first assignments was the imitation of aged countrymen at a village store. She resurrected childhood memories. At the conclusion of the probably disastrous day, she was paid a week—the lowest salary on their book. Together with a young man in the same humble position, she prepared scripts for original plays, against the time when she could be used. Neither she nor her companion was acquainted with the difficulty of playwriting. They soon met. There followed much studying, writing, discarding, and fresh attempts.

In the meantime her financial condition improved. "I played as many as fifteen roles in one day. Sometimes I was lucky enough to earn as much as five dollars for fifteen minutes of intermittent crying! A baby, about three months old. Like this." Miss Cravens handed a handkerchief to mask nose and mouth, and proceeded to demonstrate. The result was not exactly what she had expected. Her face seemed to change eerily from the grand piano across the room. "I used to expect something a bit more exciting."

After a moment she lowered her hand and resumed: "When they asked me to imitate Texas cotton pickers—colorful people—I took a trip back to Burlet and picked cotton all one long, burning day with the field hands. It was helpful in refreshing both their accent and their colloquialisms."

"After a while the company let us try our original scripts on the air. Sometimes I worked thirteen hours straight preparing them. Frankly they were terrible, I see now. But then we thought they pretty nice."

In time she became The Voice of St. Louis, reading entire programs, announcing advertising, reciting poetry to music, and 'any odd job that was offered. From this she progressed to such heavy dramas as Camille, and on to a serial called Let's Compare Notes. This last enterprise started her fan mail. Women all over the country wanted to compare notes with her on every conceivable subject."

"Where," I asked, "did you get your idea for News Through a Woman's Eyes come from?"

"Sometimes, at the studio, I used to listen to Edwin C. Hill and Boake Carter sometimes. They seemed to be having so much fun, doing exactly what they pleased. Doesn't everyone in the world wish, at some time, she could be a free-lance reporter? If only I knew something about reporting, I used to think. But then, even that wouldn't help. There were no women allowed on the air."

"Miss Cravens smoothed the coil at the back of her neck and replaced a hairpin. "All of a sudden, one day, the idea came—news through a woman's eyes. No man, of course, could do it. And as for reporting, I'd taught myself plenty of other things, why not one more?"

"As easy as that?"

"Not quite! The powers that be didn't see eye to eye with me on the subject,
at first. But I remembered my old lesson and begged them to try me at any pric- or nothing. Finally they gave me a
hance." She smiled with satisfaction.
My fan mail settled the matter without any more discussion. Five years ago that was I've been at it ever since. Without
even a vacation, because they can't find a
substitute for me.

Last autumn a motor car company in-
tited her to its New York headquarters, offer- ing a substantial improvement upon
her current contract. After a few weeks
its officials decided to learn exactly how
many persons listened to her afternoon
broadcasts. In order to secure a response
from each, the company proffered a free, medially treated dust cloth (for both
some and car) to any who cared to ask
or it by mail. In expectation of a few
thousand requests, that number of cloths
were prepared. In five days 228,000
people wrote! The company spent sev-
eral feverish weeks locating the other
tarter million dust cloths! Since then
no unsolicited raises in salary have come
do Miss Cravens. She has been given
arè blanche to hop into an airplane at
my time and continue her trailing of the
ews.

Although a pilot herself, she swore never
to board a plane again, after the crash of
he aviator who taught her to fly. Her
outrage vanished with his death. Yet her
position necessitates swift gathering of
apparitions before they stale in the pub-
lic's mind. Consequently Miss Cravens
ought down her panic until it has passed
way entirely.

to give versatility to her broadcasts,
he has interviewed a variety of folk, fa-
quous and infamous—Cat-eye Annie in her
prison cell, the Roosevelts on election night
five hours before the impatient newspa-
er reporters were invited from their neigh-
broing hotel to Hyde Park), Frank Buck
his private menagerie, Katherine Cor-
ell in her dressing-room, Warden Lawes
Sing Sing, Fannie Hurst in Mayor La
Guardia's car as both came from a ban-
net in his honor, Strangler Lewis, Emily
post and many others. If her fans long
or news of Beale Street, she flies to Ten-
essee to collect full measure of local
olor. She perched on Plymouth Rock,
he better to feel the Thanksgiving spirit,
or a broadcast on that holiday. At his
omb she wrote of the Unknown Soldier.
his summer she spent three weeks in
ollywood, interviewing motion picture
tars chosen by popular vote—and Mickey
ouse for the crippled boy who corre-
ponds regularly with her.

A long road she has journeyed from a
town town in Texas to a metropolitan
ite, six secretaries and the enormous
des of fan letters. Dipping into the steel
rawers at random, I saw these lines from
woman in Iowa:

"I wonder if you can realize just what
one program does for us women here in
he country? Without it, we would be ter-
ibly behind the times. Besides, you are
friend and eyes."

Another from Missouri: "I think you're
at! You stimulate me. When I'm
ee, your soothing words give me cour-
ge to rise to heights. Your last talk
ought tears."

From the South-West: "This Sunday
adonna may we truly clap hands across

Irene Rich, stage, film and radio star, and Freeman Gosden (Amos of
amos 'n' Andy.)
the table and talk heart-to-heart once again? My husband returned at one o'clock last night, after a three-day drink, taking this up off: fifteen years' absti-

From the South: "I am enclosing a poem I wrote about my father, who passed away three years ago in December. I feel you will understand, better than anyone in the world, just what he meant to me."

Others ask advice in the selection of careers, suggest topics for their scripts, and offer their personal troubles for their sympathy.

Some send pictures of their homes, inviting Miss Cravens to visit. One elderly woman regularly mails ten cents a week, plus a religious poem inspired by the last three broadcasts. Heiloom china, flowers, perfume, are frequent gifts. Catholic priests, Protestant ministers, school teachers and parental clubs, also J. Edgar Hoover, write, applauding her constructive crime prevention talks. They ask for mimeograph copies. The National Girl Scout headquarters thanks her for relaying the radio talk to their organization.

The Governor of Texas, James V. Allred, appreciating her few lines of reference to their native state, named her "Official Embajadora Extraordinaria" of the Texas Exposition and sent her a bouquet of orchids direct from the jungles of Mexico.

"Now that I've accomplished what I started out to do—made a success of this program—I've been setting new goals for myself. Five broadcasts a week, instead of three. And, there has never been a woman announcer for news reels and movie shorts. Why couldn't I do that, too?"

I wondered where she could find the time and energy to do it.

"That doesn't worry me. Even now I am working on something besides these broadcasts. On a book."

The volume is to be entitled Through a Woman's Eyes, and is to narrate hitherto undiscovered adventures encountered during her wanderings in search of script material. Unknowns and well-knowns are involved.

"Sometimes I almost believe in palmistry and astrology. All this good luck was forecast several years ago. I worked hard for it and still do. My day begins at five in the morning. But I never once expected to fail. There really is something to the line: 'Concentrate on any goal within reason and you can reach it.'"

If you don't hurt anyone else, of course. You lose less of your good friendships, because you haven't the time to keep up with them—and other things. But you get there."

She paused, looking about the expensive apartment. "None of this seems real, yet. Yet it has the same excited feeling you have at Christmas holiday sort of floating above the everyday world. And, although it sounds trite, I do feel humble that so many people want my help."

Don't Neglect a Cold

Distressing colds and minor throat irritations should never be neglected. They usually represent the application of good old Mustermole. Mustermole brings relief naturally because it is a "counter-irritant," NOT just a salve. It penetrates and stimulates surface circulation, helps to draw out local congestion and pain. Recommended by many doctors and nurses—used by millions for 25 years. Three kinds: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40c each.

Easy Terms

Only 10c a Day

All stores have them. Price all standard portable models.

Special Portable Bargains

Send NO MONEY.

40c to 1.25 net

Leaves romance on 50c more.

FREE COURSE in typing included.

BANISH DANGER of Loose wires with

JUSTICE PUSH CLIPS

Keep lamp, radio, telephone wires 

 Safe and snugly! No need to leave the floor with 

JUSTICE PUSH CLIPS.1 In a few moments 

you have it all neatly in order. Use in living room, 

bathroom, kitchen. May be applied without tools. 

for $0.25 10c. 

AT YOUR 10-CENT STORE

Save Money

for as much as 

$116.00 a month

LIFE INSURANCE

Only $1.00 a month

as Low as Legal Reserve Life Insurance

at age 18, not 30. At age 30, $1.00 a month will buy $100 of insurance, in all life companies, 10% less per year.

The policy is the same for all ages, the insurance company makes no change in it. Ask your agent, trust him to advise you. 

Terms are paid as $4,000,000 in 12 equal monthly payments. If you die in the next 12 months, $10,000 will be paid in one lump. After month 13, it is $10,000, going through 36 months. At the end of the 36 months, the policy becomes payable and if company is solvent, $10,000 will be paid to you or designated. 

DO CHILDREN LIKE YOU?

(Continued from page 39)

he is going to say or do.

"But it's gratifying and exciting to make such children really like you. It's fun to break down their reserve, and see them crawl out of the shells they've built around themselves, and really win their friendship."

Some people think the best way of winning children is to shower them with presents. They like the presents, of course, but it doesn't mean that they're going to like you any better for them.

"After all, children are human beings and want to be treated that way. If you're the type that's always talking down to them and telling them they don't understand this and that and treating them generally as if they were still in their cribs, they wouldn't like you if you were Santa Claus himself!

"Give them the same respect and attention you give their parents and see what happens. I don't mean, of course, that you should try to discuss the Einstein theory with them or ask their opinion of world affairs or even of your hat or tie, but talk intelligently of the things you are discussing with them. Don't see the new respect and affection they give you."

"All children like being read to or told stories. The other day I took my son and daughter to the beach and Nancy, my little girl, brought over a new playmate. She was one of those quiet children, charming but rather cold and distant, whose conversation always seems limited to polite monosyllables. I treated her casually—you'll find shy children love you for that—and asked if she'd like to listen to the story I was reading to Charlie and Nancy."

"There was a little silence after I'd finished, and then she said impulsively: "I love stories!" She began talking, then, as quickly and eagerly as Nancy herself, and never before we're at the beach, she comes running over to join us."

"It's a challenge I never can resist, this making friends with children who come to you definitely unfriendly. At the Chicago Fair, when I was there, I met so many of the children who listen to me on the radio. Most of them made me happy by their desire to meet me, but I could see that some of them were there simply because their mothers wanted them to be.

"These were the children I wanted to win as real friends. Some of them were distant because they were shy and ill at ease but others had probably been dragged away from something they would much rather have done, from a party, maybe, or a game, and I could see that interesting them wasn't going to be an easy matter.

"With some of them it was comparatively simple, though. It's easy enough to gain a child's confidence in you, if you really are sincere in wanting it and asking a child questions is one of the surest ways of making them respond—and, by the way, that's true of grown up strangers, too."

"After all, it's a compliment to ask people their opinion of things, and you may be sure children enjoy it as much as their parents do. Everybody likes to feel a sense of his own importance. I know I do."

RADIO STARS

SAFE THAN A MUSCLE PLASTER

MUSTERMOLE

Better Than a Muscle Plaster

394.0x559.0
"Of course, there are the really hard cases. Children who don't want to be won over, and show it in the very glare they give as they look at you. They can be wholly stubborn, too. I've seen children deliberately controlling themselves to stop from laughing at something that has amused them. They're just not going to live in, that's all!

"But even they can be won over. And it's so simple, too. Get them to take an active part in things. Such as asking them what's their favorite song and getting everybody to sing it. That gives them the enter of the stage—and who doesn't like to have the stage when he can get it? All of us are exhibitionists, in one way or another, and children aren't fundamentally different from the rest of us. Children are people. Grow-up's don't always realize that. Only they are fundamentally so much more honest, because they haven't yet earned that there are times when it is necessary to disguise or play a part. And they have fewer inhibitions, too.

"There was one little boy at the Fair, sitting in one of the front rows, who sat there frowning from the moment he came in. I definitely played up to him, that day, because he interested me. There was telling me about a little Indian girl and it was rather pathetic—but not enough to call for the tears that began streaming down his cheeks. I thought the story depressed him and so I changed it, for I don't believe in amusing children by making them unhappy. But he started to sob and as I frantically made the story happier, he burst into loud, choking sobs.

"Finally I stopped and asked him what was making him so unhappy and he huffed, 'I want to go to the bathroom!'

"Well, we became friends after that! With a grown-up, acting that way, I'd probably have gone away thinking I had hurt him in some way. So there's a lot to be said for a child's frankness.

"Having children of my own has been great help to me, too, of course. Nancy and Charlie have such a way of creeping into my thoughts and the things I'm doing in my program, that their personalities are actually becoming a part of it. The fancy and Charlie of the program who are going on a trip around the world, are my own son and daughter. They think as my children do and talk as they do. It's been a lot of fun, working up that program. For, you see, that's what I dream for them—that they'd get around the world someday and they're actually going to do it. But sometimes it seems as if they're doing it now!

"I loved being a child, myself. I never wanted to grow up. That gives me a kinship with other children, too." She smiled at herself as she said that. For, to the last half an hour, Irene Wicker had proved the grown-up world she was living in, with or secretary taking down last-minute changes in the script for the program that was going on the air, and her accompanist discussing songs and copyrights with her.

"I lived mostly in a land of dreams," she went on. "Reality was only a temporary necessity and, child as I was, I resisted it bitterly when I was brought face to face with it. I read a lot and used to run away and hide with my book when I..."
was supposed to help my mother. I felt very tragic about having to do menial tasks. It was so much more fun to live in my dreams.

"My parents wanted me to be a teacher, but I wanted to be the greatest actress in the world and used to write to dramatic schools all over the country and watch the mail box so that my mother wouldn't find the literature they sent me. I had twenty of their catalogues, hidden in my bureau drawer, that I used to gloat over.

"I've always been glad that I was brought up in a small town. It's so good for a child to be able to take root and so develop a feeling of security. And living in a small town gives children such a splendid chance to develop any talents they have. I was always taking a part in little plays and concerts.

"It was through taking part in a high school play that I got my first offer. The manager of a stock company saw it and offered my best friend, Enid, and myself parts in the play, Little Women, and I was so excited I couldn't wait to get home and ask my parents' permission to take the part.

"There was an awful storm, with my father ruling and my mother weeping. It was just like this years later, when I went home and told them I was married!

"That touch of tragedy, that was always so close to my thoughts in those days, saved the day, for I put on such a marvelous act of frustration and thwarted hopes that my parents finally said I could take the part if Enid was allowed to take hers. They really didn't think Enid's parents would hear of it and thought they were playing safe. But Enid was permitted to take the part, and so had to keep their promise to me and I became an actress!

"Then, at seventeen, I was allowed to become engaged, on condition that Walter and I should wait two years before we got married. We were a couple of kids going to college, but when Walter had to go to Florida to school and to learn how to manage some property belonging to the Wicker estate, we were appalled at the thought of being separated.

"So, one day, before a football game, we got married. We were going to announce it on Christmas Day, but it came out in the town paper and Enid saw it and told me about it, so I rushed home to break the news before Mother saw the paper herself. Mother wanted us to be married all over again, with a reception and a veil and all the trimmings, but my father said, saying quite enough: 'What's the sense of spending all that money, when they're married already?'

"So we went to college in Florida, my husband and I. We lived in furnished rooms and had a lot of fun painting sections and hand furniture, and then, after doing that long, long, we were so excited over having a place of our own that we didn't even notice, until after we had moved in, that there was neither a sink nor a gas stove! But cooking on a one-burner gas plate and washing dishes in the bathtub is fun, when you're seventeen and in love, and even when our clothes went up in flames and all our clothes burned except the ones we happened to be wearing, it only seemed something else to laugh at!

"Being married gave us such an edge on our school chums, and we chartered all the school dances and were just asked everywhere.

"It was a grand beginning for future happiness, for we learned what fun it is to do things together and it's been like that ever since. We went into radio together and played together until I started The Singing Lady programs, but Walter still takes time off from his own work to help me even with that. He's been such a help to me, and is the only person outside myself who has ever written a script for the program.

"After all, when you do a program day after day, year after year, you have to improve or you'll slip back. It's easy to acquire habits and tricks, Walter is always on the lookout for that and is quick to stop me whenever I seem in danger of acquiring a set mannerism.

"I feel easier, having that grand critical faculty of Walter's as a check, for children around me are more perceptive than most people think. They are honestly critical and have marvelous memories and they are also very literal. So you see how foolish it would be, even to try to build a program down to them. I tell you, they keep me on my toes and stepping every minute of the day."

At first glance Irene Wicker might be the child she once wanted to remain. She is so small and her words come as eagerly as a child's and her brown hair falls in clusters of curls about her face. But the deep intelligence in her brown eyes and the wisdom in her words belies that child impression. One of radio's distinguished and unique artists, she has broadcast for the past six years her stories and songs for children of all ages. She's thoroughly adult, this Singing Lady, who has learned the trick of beguiling children the country over.

And she's learned it because she sincerely and honestly likes them and understands them, because she still remembers how much fun it was to be a child herself, to dream of a child's day.

Most children spend their childhood wanting to grow up. Little boys brat about the things they are going to do when they get out into the world and little girls beg to be allowed to put on their mothers' high-heeled slippers and trail their dresses behind them, while they play they are "keeping house."

But sometimes there are children who seem to sense, as The Singing Lady did, that they are living in a happy, little world of their own, a world that will change as they change and grow older. Into the world their parents know, where worry and insecurity and unhappiness can come creeping in. They don't want to grow up, these children, and when they do they long for that childhood they've left behind and they thirst to weave their dreams into gifts for those who are still children, and so can remain for a little while in that bright land they've left forever.

Robert Louis Stevenson was one of these children, and out of that nostalgia for lost happiness he wrote A Child's Garden of Verses, and Sir James Barrie, out of a kindred longing, wrote Peter Pan to delight children forever—and Irene Wicker was The Singing Lady!"
MEET THE BRIDE AND GROOM

(Continued from page 25)

Here a shower had been held for the bride but, thrilled as she was over the many lovely gifts, the high point of the evening for Alyce was displaying the small but completely fascinating model of the beautiful Georgian-Colonial home they are building in the Holmby Hills, a wide-winged, sprawling home designed for comfort, for simple living and for a family.

"And so you are going to give up your career?" I asked the bride. "No regrets? No twinges?"

"What does she want with a career?" Mr. Correll interposed vigorously. "She'll have a career—she'll have plenty to do!"

I thought perhaps I had touched on a sore point, but a glance at Alyce reassured me. She was leaning back in a corner of the divan, her dark eyes dreamy, her lips curved softly in a fond, tender smile. "He wants to raise little adagio dancers," she murmured.

"Or bricklayers," he chuckled.

"In the meantime, I'll have my gardens," she added thoughtfully. "I am going to take a course in gardening."

"And that is a full time job in itself," he commented. "Growing, tending and keeping the house filled with flowers."

His eyes rested on her lovingly, and I knew he was visualizing her in that romantic setting, clipping, arranging her fragrant bouquets...

As everyone knows, Andy—it seems so much easier to call him than Charlie or Mr. Correll—is an aviation enthusiast, a licensed pilot and owner of an up-to-the-minute plane. "When I can't have the latest thing in airplanes, with every safety device, every new gadget, I'll take up flying," he declared.

"Actually," Alyce remarked, "he is frightened to death of the ground, or in a car. It is only up in the air that he feels safe."

Up in the air, that he is happiest—and walking on air these days, I thought, as my eyes traveled from one happy face to the other. His eyes so full of pride, of delight in her; hers tender and soft, her hand going out in little possessive gestures, resting on his hand, brushing an imaginary speck off his shoulder, touching his cheek, twining her fingers with his.

And it was up in the air that their ideas for a home crystallized. Here, from their high vantage point, they looked down upon a roof they liked; there they spied a pool the exact shape they wanted theirs to be. Little by little, as they overlooked the varied mansions of Hollywood and its vicinity, their own home took definite shape. Eagerly they took their plans to a well known architect and excitedly they pored over the charming sketches he drew. This was it! This was their dream home.

Although they did not know it at the time, the famous architect they chose is a Negro. Perhaps you read an article by him in a recent American: I Am a Negro. Originally a handicap, his race became an

Why does a girl in love blossom gloriously? Because she has the thrilling assurance that to one person in the world she is wonderful... adorable... beloved.

Why do Blue Waltz cosmetics help the "lonely" girl to blossom into the "only" girl? Because they give her confidence; they make her feel desirable. She discovers her own loveliness through the romantic fragrance of Blue Waltz Perfume; the satiny texture of Blue Waltz Face Powder; the tempting colors of Blue Waltz Lipstick.

Say "Blue Waltz" when you buy cosmetics. Certified pure, laboratory tested. 10c each at 5 and 10c stores.

Blue Waltz
FIFTH AVENUE - NEW YORK

BLUE WALTZ PERFUME - FACE POWDER - LIPSTICK - TALCUM POWDER - COLD CREAM - BRILLIANTINE

MY GOODNESS, WHAT A SHINE!

The new Griffin A.B.C. Liquid Wax in black, tan, brown and blue. Just spread it on with swab in bottle. It dries in a jiffy to a shine.

—Or, Griffin A.B.C. Wax Polish in the jumbo tin, black, brown, tan, ox-blood and neutral—it's waterproof.

Bottle or Tin
10c

GRiffin A.B.C. SHOE POLISH

Both Made by Griffin
The Greatest Name in Shoe Polish

87
Do your nails break easily?

Thousands are today making their nails more pliable and their cuticle softer than by the popular application of Brittex. Brittex is a nail cream, comprised of oil that has been refined and treated in a manner that makes it more easily absorbed by the body. It is available in bottles of 2 oz. and 4 oz., and is sold by all good druggists.

THOMAS PRODUCTS INC.,
257 Franklin St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Here is 10c. Send a sample of Brittex.

Name
Street
City

asset, for in his determination that it should not interfere with his chosen career. Paul Williams has worked indefatigably, inspiredly, and won renown strictly on his own merits. He has designed many of Hollywood's loveliest homes, and the slate-roofed, blue-shuttered, slender-pillared mansion that is to be home for the Charles Corrells is one of his most charming.

Andy's chief contribution, his particular pride and joy, is the arrangement of the sleeping quarters.

"I always said that if I ever built a home, I'd have large dressing rooms enough bathrooms." And so, off the master bedroom—which, incidentally, is to be furnished like a living-room, except for the beds—are two dressing-rooms, with plenty of drawers and closet space, and two luxurious baths.

"So they won't get in each other's way," Alyce commented merrily.

There is an upstairs sitting-room and balcony, and downstairs, in addition to the entrance hall and large living-room with its great fireplace and one glassed-in wall overlooking the gardens, is a playroom. One of the nicest features of the plans is the telling use of glass, not confined to the solarium, so that wherever they are, they can get the full benefit of the California sun and enjoy to the full the lovely vista of their own gardens and the surrounding hills.

In front, formal gardens will enchant the eye. At the rear, terraced lawns stretch down to the pool and barbecue, placed at one side so that the full view remains unbroken.

And in addition to this three-acre Eden, Andy also owns a picture of three-acre estate in Palm Springs, the desert paradise where they plan to spend five months of the year. There, too, he has a swimming pool and everything to make life pleasant. All very gratifying, and all the result of the amazing story of: Andy and their amusing friends!

For nearly twenty years, Charles Correll and Freeman Godsen have been closely associated. For twelve years they have been broadcasting and for nine they have been acting as: Andy and Their Friends. In all that time, they have been close and understanding friends as well as business partners. If they have ever quarreled, it was long ago and long since forgotten. For years now, they have lived intimately and got the utmost out of an association that has been as pleasant as it has been profitable. In years past, they lived together and spent practically every waking and sleeping hour together. Godsen's marriage was the first break in the Siamese twinning of their lives, and Correll, finding it made it possible for him to live alone and like it, soon followed suit. In subsequent years, their friendship remained warm and vital, although now their daily lives followed separate paths in the few hours left to them for individual pleasures. For the most part, they have found their friends in different chaises, but they have retained their mutual affection, as well as their common interest in the very popular program.

The program itself is a hard taskmaster, demanding their presence daily at nine-thirty at their Beverly Hills office, for creating the skit, and entailing two broadcast.

Many Never Suspect Cause Of Backaches

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief!

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the cause of the trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass a vast quantity of acid urine in 24 hours. Inadequate kidney action, often the result of an infection, results in the accumulation of acid in the blood. The result is often a backache. Acids, when they are held up in the blood, cause swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches, and backaches.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, successfully used by millions for over 40 years. They give quick relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills!
Under the new sponsorship, for as you know Amos 'n' Andy cease to advertise tooth paste and become ardent backers of Campbell products in January, the regimen remains the same.

For seven months of the year the broadcast emanates from Hollywood, where the Goddens also have a lovely home. The remaining five months find the partners happily established in Palm Springs, the Goddens and their two children living in the hotel from which the program is broadcast. For when the great decision was made to move from Chicago to the West Coast, the partners were, as in all vital matters, of one mind and are more than satisfied with the way things have worked out.

For Charles Correll, however, there was an intermediate period of domestic trouble and a desperate unhappiness. But that is all forgotten now, for soon after he found freedom, he found Alyce, and life took on new meaning. She has so much to give him, admiration and respect as well as love, and is very sweet and generous in the way she loves him. And he is an excited, eager lover, anxious to lay all possible gifts at the small feet of his beloved. The future stretches before them, rich in promise, rich in enjoyment.

When Alyce—she pronounces it with the accent on the second syllable—too familiarly known as Mickey—was five, she began her dancing. While she was still in school—she is convent-bred—she danced nights at the Rainbow Room in Chicago. For nearly two years, she and Donna Damerel, the Marge of Myrt and Marce, were a sister team, dancing and singing in vaudeville and supper clubs. She was dancing in vaudeville with another girl and two boys when Charles Correll first saw her.

When the illness of her only sister brought her family to Southern California, she came, too, and studied dramatics at the Ben Bard school. But all this training and experience and brief, sweet taste of success were blithely discarded when Charles Correll asked her to marry him.

"No, of course I don't mind. Why should I? I have so much—Charlie is so grand! Everyone is crazy about him—my mother adores him." She broke off, but her shiny eyes added: "And so do I!"

And so she went shopping for her trousseau, and decided on white satin for her bridal gown.

"Because it is my first marriage and the only one I expect to have," she explained softly. Her going-away suit was beige, trimmed with fox, with garnet accessories. The color scheme was very startling with her hair coloring. And her matron of honor was her lovely little mother—Mrs. McLaughlin weighs a scant ninety-five. The best man was the proud and happy father of the groom, J. B. Correll, whose duty and delight in the immediate future will be to superintend the building of his son's new home.

The exigencies of the broadcast precluded a real honeymoon, but a week-end light was scheduled, the bride and groom leaving immediately after the wedding breakfast at the Victor Hugo and returning in time for work Monday morning, postponing the wedding reception until the following Tuesday.
Who would think that a nickel could buy so much relief? Cure a cold? No! But a single package of BEECH-NUT COUGH DROPS can give welcome relief from "throat tickle" that comes from a cold.
RADIO RAMBLINGS

(Continued from page 16)

We made just once a month.

W. C. Fields' recent absences from his Sunday evening programs have started stories that he has slipped back into his old habits of the "three-quarts-a-day" era. Don't believe any of them.

Fields is definitely a semi-invalid. Recovery at his age, just short of sixty, is slow and he may continue to be in precious health all the rest of his life. Part of his routine is being a strict teetotaler. He never drinks at all. He simply can't stand it.

His radio program helped start rumors by making up an announcement that Fields had been taken away "on location" or the picture. Since he was appearing in a big musical revue, that sounded queer and, naturally, set one wondering where these extravaganzas were being filmed except in a movie studio.

The truth is that Fields simply did not have strength enough to carry on radio preparation, rehearsals and broadcasts, while he was working on a picture. Letting this story get around was considered bad publicity for the old gentleman who must look and sound so virile. So the "location" story was cooked up.

This prophecy may be a trifle premature, but don't be surprised if Mark Warnow's heard mostly on Saturday and Sunday programs next spring and summer. There's a story behind that notion of mine.

Mark bought a large sailboat last spring and it became the great prize of his life, if, for any reason, Mark could not get out over the week-end himself, he couldn't bear to think of the boat just idling idle at its moorings all those days. At a broadcast or rehearsal during the week, he would urge some of the directors or advertising agency men to take the boat.

Word of that is getting around and some agency men who like week-end boating may find Mark just the man for their Sunday summer program next season. Mark is a first rate orchestra leader any-way, you know.

When you remember what a dignified young man Rudy Vallee is, his good-natured cooperation with comedians on the Vallee hour is surprising. He'll jovially slip into any sort of antics to help the comedians' skits. Rudy actually enjoys getting into low-down foolishness occasionally.

There have been times when the sponsor objected to Rudy's making a fool of himself with some broad comedian—and Rudy himself argued against the sponsor. There is just one thing that no comedian has been able to persuade Rudy to do. He doesn't talk fast. New England's leisurely traveling style of speech is a Vallee heritage. Try as he will, habit is too strong.

A comedian may want his skit to run along at a fast pace and Rudy will promise to try. Broadcast time comes and there is Vallee with his leisurely talk eating up seconds and the comedian wondering des-
perately how he can cut in the middle of his bit or whether he will be cut before he finishes. +

The stories keep cropping up about the noises of an off-stage card game being heard along with some network radio programs. Most of the stories are just legends but the thought of such recurrent legends they do have a foundation in truth. Just for the record, here's the original of all those stories, the one that actually did happen.

Some years ago, Columbia had a small studio where the announcer sat and did nothing except say: "WABC, New York," at the end of each program. "The dead watch," the announcers called that shift.

Harry Von Zell was a Columbia staff announcer in those days and drew the dead watch in turn. He was sitting alert in the studio one night and another announcer dropped in to while away an hour or so. They began playing blackjack for pennies.

The program ended, Harry opened his microphone, spoke: "WABC, New York," and tried to begin the game. Fred noticed that he had neglected to close the microphone switch. Through the next few minutes an undertone of: "I'll take another card," "Hit me," "Nineteen, I win," was heard along with the dance music program. It lasted until an engineer, hunting for the trouble, came in and closed Harry's switch.

It was regarded as a trivial incident at the time, but it was the foundation for a whole crop of wild stories about the sounds of crap games, card games and roulette creeping into microphones accidentally. +

André Kostelanetz orchestra programs are largely popular music or popular variations of the better known classics, but that program has more symphonic pomp and atmosphere than most actual Carnegie Hall concerts. Kostelanetz himself is no imposing figure, short, bald and a little on the plump side, but he steps out to the platform with dignity and authority, and a courtly air to his bow in response to the audience greeting. Here, you feel, is the sort of a leader whose men call him "Maestro."

Kostelanetz conducts with symphonic grace and when the studio audience becomes partially involved, the orchestra stands to acknowledge applause, just as a symphony orchestra would.

So many programs have production men aimlessly wandering around the stage, sheets of manuscript tucked under an arm. Kostelanetz' whole program is run with as much formality as any opera or concert production, Kostelanetz' occasional glances to the control room being the only indication that the studio audience is not the only group bearing the proceedings.

Associates of Phil Baker usually like the guy after spending a season or two with him, but they agree he is one of the hardest men in the world to get along with, and that he is an odd combination of paradoxical traits. He has his healthy share of the usual actor's egotism. Strangely enough, along with that is a little of the cry baby—juvenile speaking, of course. Around rehearsals or in the writing sessions, Phil is continually fretting and wor-

drying. Maybe this stooge is not trying hard, one of the sponsors doesn't like him and is being unreasonable, the writers he hires are not as bright as those for some one else, etc. His director and manager are combinations of business associates, father confessor and comforter.

Those traits make a Phil Baker program's preliminaries a trying session. Once the audience is in, however, Phil becomes that bright and alert director rehearsal he might be complaining and worried about the whole program. He goes out to make a preliminary speech to the studio audience and comes back beaming and exhilarant, sure that tonight's program will be the best he has had in weeks. +

A lot of comedians insist that the studio audience is needed for proper timing of gags, but this Phil Baker case gives a better such matter as it's so easy going, spectators in the studio. The applause and laughter cheer them up, reassure them about jokes they had tinkered with all week.

The other reason is that the sponsors have heard that radio tickets have become something of a business necessity. For instance, when Nelson Eddy visited New York, his sponsor's headquarters, last season, there was an understanding that Nelson never would be asked to sing before a studio audience.

He was approached with a plea, however: "Some of our business friends have given us tickets to their radio programs. Now that our program is in town, they think we should reciprocate. So won't you sing just one show before an audience?"

And so it was that one year, Nelson Eddy ended up in one of the Columbia Playhouses, singing before a large studio audience.

Behind the scenes in Bing Crosby's long vacation last summer, a lively argument was going on between Bing and his radio employers. Bing wanted to stay away a full thirteen weeks, which would have kept him off the air until well into November. As he explained, he would have liked even more time off but this was as much as he thought he could get.

They finally compromised. Bing went back a week or so later than the date the sponsor had originally suggested. There's no use in Bing's trying to argue about any matter as it's so easy going, he quickly tires of any altercation and concedes the point. +

There's a story about Ed Wynn's opening program a year ago that never has been told, because fear of Ed himself kept everyone on the program sworn to secrecy. The series was the one Ed was starting for Spad cigarettes with Graham McNamee as his stooge.

There had been trouble about the general form of the program and when that was settled, there was difficulty about material. Ed had misgivings about the jokes and in his first spot at the microphone, the audience's hearty laughter confirmed his ideas.

Freddie, Ed climbed up to his dressing-room, sat down and announced he would not finish the broadcast. Furthermore, he never would do another broadcast as long as he lived. Imagine that predicament! The orchestra had about two minutes of music to play and, before that ended, Ed had to be persuaded to come out of his sulk and urged down two flights of stairs to the stage again.

The case of Ed and Ed had not appeared. Sensing something wrong, the leader signaled for more music. A couple of minutes later, Ed was persuaded to get back into harness and he galloped across the stage to his microphone again. By that time, all the timing of the program was through up the air, some nerves were on edge and the program turned into a shambles, everyone confused and hollering into the microphone.

Ed stuck to the end of the half hour, went up to his dressing-room again and only moreeldoned, but he was not another broadcast as long as he lived. In three hours, the program had to be repeated for the Pacific Coast listeners, so the problem still was acute. Ed's manager solved it.

There was everyone outside of Ed's dressing-room, even Ed's beloved Graham, and sat down with Ed. The confusion and uproar of that first show, Ed was told and told had made it one of the funniest broadcasts ever heard. Gradually Ed was convinced, his confidence restored and the second showed something like his usual settle and finished with a very creditable performance in the second broadcast.

For a whole year that tale of temperament had quietly been suppressed. Ed usually laughs about it now, but at times he still has a flash of anger when he is reminded of it. Ed, in case you haven't noticed, probably will be absent from the air altogether this season. He is starring in a musical show on the Broadway stage.

Jessica Draganoff's absence from radio most of this season is entirely voluntary.

At the conclusion of her operetta series for Palomville last month, other radio offers appeared but Jessica was seeking a change, after more than a decade of steady radio singing.

She had booked a concert tour to keep her busy almost all winter and refused to undertake any of the radio programs offered her. She is not likely to be heard on the air at all this season, except for occasional guest star appearances.

Werner Janssen's career has taken a strange course. Just a few seasons ago, he was regarded as one of the most promising of the younger group of symphonic conductors. With determined persistence and hard-and-wool musical scholarship, he has come to a guest conductorship with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony orchestra, the most coveted post in his field. Still a very young man, a brilliant career as a conductor of great symphony orchestras seemed assured.

That is not an art-for-art's-sake career by any means. Symphony patrons pay their conductors well.

Then, almost overnight, Janssen threw up his brilliant prospects. He went to work in Hollywood movie studios and began taking popular radio programs. The change came after Janssen pondered whether the young man doesn't occasionally glance back wistfully at the artistic career he foresees just on the eve of recognition as one of the great masters of music.

—BY ARTHUR MASON
DO YOU have a dream picture of yourself—lovely, radiant, alluring? You adored and he adoring? Let your dream picture come alive with a perfume as ardent and as irresistible as the real you!

Irresistible Perfume is a perfume made by artists in allure. It does thrilling things to you, and for you. It is the choice of glamorous women everywhere—women who are wise in the ways of perfume and who find romance in life.

Tonight, try Irresistible Perfume, and Irresistible Lip Lure in the exciting new shades. You'll be sparkling, electric, ready to conquer the world and the man! To be completely ravishing use all of the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Certified pure laboratory tested and approved.

10c at leading 5 and 10c stores
Lauritz Melchior is known as the greatest Wagnerian tenor in the world. His roles such as "Tristan"... are among the most difficult—and hence the most throat-taxing—in opera. So it means a lot to every smoker when Mr. Melchior says: "I prefer Luckies for the sake of my throat."

Luckies are the one and only cigarette that employs the "Toasting" process, the special process that removes certain throat irritants found in all tobacco—even the finest. And Luckies do use the finest tobacco. Sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers, warehousemen, etc.—Lucky Strike has twice as many exclusive smokers as all other cigarettes combined.

In the impartial, honest judgment of those who spend their lives buying, selling and handling tobacco... who know tobacco best... it's Luckies—2 to 1.

Luckies—A Light Smoke
EASY ON YOUR THROAT— "IT'S TOASTED"
DE STORY OF THE METRO-MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW!

Radio Stars

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE

COMPLETE COAST-TO-COAST PROGRAM LISTINGS

BOB BURNS
AND
MARThA RayE
The story of Marco Polo, traveller, adventurer... a stirring romance during the colorful reign of Kublai Khan. Exciting conflict and brilliant spectacle are woven into an adventurous and intriguing love story set against the background of the Orient.

The private life of this great adventurer is one of magnificent courage and overpowering love... a love which caused him to pit two empires against each other that he might take a Princess home—his bride!

With all its turbulence—conflict—splendor—"The Adventures of Marco Polo," starring Gary Cooper, appears in the JANUARY issue—on sale at all newsstands!
Ask yourself this question—

"Does my Smile really attract others?"

WONDERFUL, isn't it—the quick magic a smile can work when it reveals brilliant and sparkling teeth! Shocking, isn't it—the disappointment that follows a smile that reveals dull and dingy teeth—tragic evidence of "pink tooth brush" disregarded.

"Pink Tooth Brush" may rob you of loveliness

"Pink tooth brush" is only a warning—but when you see it, see your dentist!

You may not be in for serious trouble—but let your dentist decide. Usually, however, it only means gums that have grown tender under our modern soft foods—gums that need more work and, as your dentist may advise, "gums that need the help of Ipana and massage."

Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help promote healthy gums—as well as keep the teeth bright and sparkling. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gum tissues—your gums become firmer, more resistant, more immune to trouble.

Change to Ipana and massage, today. Help keep your gums firmer, stronger—your smile brilliant, sparkling, attractive—with Ipana and massage!

DOUBLE DUTY—For more effective massage and more thorough cleansing, ask your druggist for Rubberset's Double Duty Tooth Brush.
TO HELP END THE CATHARTIC HABIT

Try This Improved Pasteurized Yeast
That's EASY TO EAT

If you take laxatives to keep "regular," you know from experience that cathartics give only temporary relief from constipation—that they don't seem to correct the cause of your condition.

Doctors now know that in many cases the real cause of constipation is a shortage of the vitamin B complex. This precious factor is often deficient in many typical every-day diets. Thus when this factor is added to such diets in sufficient amounts, constipation goes. Elimination becomes regular and complete.

Energy Revives—Headaches Go

Yeast Foams Tablets are pure pasteurized yeast and yeast is the richest known food source of vitamins B and G. They should stimulate your weakened intestinal nerves and muscles and quickly restore your eliminative system to normal, healthy function.

Thus, with the true cause of your constipation corrected, energy revives, headaches of the constipation type go, skin becomes clearer and fresher.

Don't confuse Yeast Foams Tablets with ordinary yeast. These tablets cannot ferment in the body. They have a pleasant, nut-like taste. And contain nothing to put on fat.

All druggists sell Yeast Foams Tablets. Get a bottle today. Refuse substitutes.

Free Taste Sample

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foams Tablets
Name.
Address.

The Amusement World is Ablaze!

"ROSALE"

Ziegfeld created it on the stage—his greatest triumph! Now—on the screen—M-G-M tops even "The Great Ziegfeld" itself with a new happiness hit!... Thrilling music! Gorgeous girls! Laughs galore! Tender romance—of a Princess and a West Point cadet—with the grandest cast of stars ever in one spectacular picture!

COLE PORTER
SONGS

"It's All Over But the Shooting"
"Spring Love's In the Air"
"Rosalie"
"In the Still of the Night"
"Who Knows"
"Why Should I Care"

Starring
NELSON EDDY
POWELL

featuring RAY BOLGER • FRANK MORGAN
EDNA MAY OLIVER • REGINALD OWEN
ILONA MASSEY • BILLY GILBERT
JANET BEECHER • VIRGINIA GREY
and Hundreds of American Beauties
Directed by W. S. VAN DYKE II

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Produced by
WILLIAM ANTHONY McGUIRE

Introducing beautiful Ilona Massey, new star-sensation!... And above, just for laughs, you have Tony Frank Morgan, Edna May Oliver and Ray Bolger.
EVERYONE took it for granted that Kate Smith would come to the party following her opening broadcast this season. Actually, it was a great departure from precedent for Kate to join a large merrymaking throng. She doesn’t like the noise and hubbub of these gatherings and avoids them.

This was a great occasion, though, and Kate seemed to enjoy herself completely. An attentive friend asked if he couldn’t bring her something from the bar.

“Sure,” Kate answered, “a glass of milk.”

The party was in the very Broadwayish Sardi’s Restaurant and no one had thought of milk at the party bar. They had to send for a bottle so Kate could join in the clinking of glasses.

Kate is very sensitive about wearing glasses—keeps taking them off as often as she can before a studio audience. She did the same thing at the party, slipping them up before her eyes when she wanted to see who was over in a far corner, or to reply to a greeting coming from another table.

Most of the guests at the party were in evening dress. The invitations had specified, “Formal.” Among those not in formal dress, however, was Kate herself. That was one rule she would not break. As is her longstanding custom, Kate did the broadcast and came to the party in an informal black dinner gown.

Sheila Barrett is a picturesque addition to radio’s gallery. She developed her style of sentimental semi-melodramatics by doing hitingly satirical impersonations of various radio stars. As a comedienne, she finally reached a point where night club and radio impresarios would listen to her insistent demand to do a more serious style of portrait.

There is one story from the impersonation part of her career that is always worth re-telling. Sheila wanted to add an impersonation of Fred Allen to her act, so she called Fred for permission.

“Well,” Fred answered in his nasal drawl, “it’s all right with me, but I think you ought to call Rudy Vallee about it. He has been doing a comedy impersonation of me so long, I think he must have established rights to it by now. As a matter of fact, I was going to call him myself to see if he minded my going on as Fred Allen.”

Comedians used to be annoyed at the impersonators who swarm through radio programs. The impersonators usually hit on each comic’s most effective tricks—and frequent use, especially in inexpert hands, dulls the edge.

The annoyance persists but (Continued on page 14)

Last-minute gossip about your favorite stars’ network doings
Soapy-water jobs rob your hands of all romance. Tough wear and tear on tender skin! Hands get red, chapped, water-puffed. That's when you need the comfort of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

Hinds works fast...toning down redness...smoothing away that sandpaper look. And now Hinds has the "sunshine" vitamin D in it, added to all the other good things that make Hinds so effective!

Even one application of Hinds makes hard-working hands smoother. Use Hinds faithfully—before and after household jobs, indoors and out. Hinds helps put back the softness that biting winds, bitter cold, household heat, hard water, and dust take away. Gives you Honeymoon Hands—smooth, dainty, feminine! Hinds Honey and Almond Cream comes in $1.00, 50c, 25c, and 10c sizes. Dispenser free with 50c size—fits on bottle.

HINDS
HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM
Notables of radio, stage, the press and sports gathered at Sardi's for supper, after the show. Above, actress Tallulah Bankhead and her actor husband, John Emery.

The opening of Kate Smith's new season was a gala affair

Kate Smith, perennially popular Songbird of the South, and star of the 8:00 o'clock CBS program, drinks a beaker of milk with Arthur Mason, our Radio Ramblings writer.

Two who need no introduction to the fans, Lou Gehrig, famous Yankee star, and Joe Williams (right), World-Telegram sports writer, chat with a guest, Miss Scanlon.

The theatre and the baseball diamond hobnob. Tallulah Bankhead, popular stage star, and Lou Gehrig, star first baseman of the New York Yankees, make merry together.
Here is tall, lanky Henry Youngman, star comedian on Kate Smith's CBS hour, whose monologues and chatter took him from night clubs to radio.

**PARTY**

Lovely young CBS singer, Joy Hodges. She's in Universal's Broadway Merry-Go-Round of 1938 and in the new hit stage show, I'd Rather Be Right!

Let me ask you a perfectly frank question. What results do you expect from your way of skin cleansing, and do you get them?

First, you expect a clean, fresh skin, don't you? If your skin seems to have a dingy cast, or if blackheads grow in the corners of your skin, your cleansing method has simply failed to remove dirt hidden in your pores.

Then too, you'd like to have a soft skin. But how does your face feel when you smile or talk? Does it seem dry; does it feel a little tight? If it does then your treatment is not re-supplying your skin with essential oils that help give it a soft, baby-like texture.

And of course you want a smooth skin. But if, when you pass your fingertips over your face, you feel tiny little bumps, then you cannot say your skin is smooth. Those little bumps often come from specks of waxy dirt which your cleansing method has failed to dislodge from your pores.

So let's be honest with ourselves. If you are not getting the results you pay your good money to get, then your skin treatment is not lucky for you.

**How a Penetrating Cream Works**

Women who use Lady Esther Face Cream are amazed at the improvement in their skin, even after a few applications. That's because this cream penetrates the dirt that clogs the pores.

Lady Esther Face Cream loosens blackheads, floats out the stubborn dirt that lingers at your surface cleanser. At the same time, this cream re-supplies your skin with a fine oil to help keep it soft and smooth.

**Try, Don't Buy**

I do not want you to buy my cream to prove what I say. I want you to see what it will do for your skin, at my expense. So I simply ask that you let me send you a trial supply of my Face Cream free and postpaid. I want you to see and feel—at my expense—how your complexion responds to this new kind of penetrating cream.

I'll also send you all ten shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder free, so you can see which is your most flattering color—see how Lady Esther Face Cream and Face Powder work together to give you perfect skin smoothliness. Mail me the coupon today.

---

**Is Your Skin Treatment LUCKY FOR YOU?**

**VOTE HERE**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Method</th>
<th>Vote</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Soap and Water</td>
<td>YES</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Astring-gents</td>
<td>YES</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vanishing Creams</td>
<td>YES</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Steaming</td>
<td>YES</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tonics</td>
<td>YES</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

IF YOUR PRESENT METHOD LEAVES YOU WITH BLACKHEADS, COARSE PORES, DRY SKIN, THEN IT'S TIME TO SWITCH TO A PENETRATING FACE CREAM!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

Lady Esther, 7110 West 6th Street, Chicago, Illinois

Please send me by return mail your seven-day supply of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream; also ten shades of your Face Powder.

Name: ___________________________ Address: ___________________________

City: ___________________________ State: ___________________________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

---

RADIO STARS
HAVEN'T you often noticed that even the most confirmed of the dash- ing Casanovas has a vulnerable spot which makes him fall head over heels for one certain person? Certainly this seems to be true of that current sensation and our "dimmutive little chum," Charlie McCarthy. Charlie's eyes are keen enough to see that the beautiful hair, face and figure of the lovely Dorothy Lamour are just about tops! With all the flirting and carrying on he does with the beautiful ladies who appear on his program, he still remains faithful to his "true love."

Our Charlie knows what it's all about! Don't be fooled for a single instant into thinking the little fellow is any dummy! The lovely Dorothy Lamour has many of the attributes of perfect beauty. She also has the cleverness to enhance this beauty and keep her position of first place in the redoubtable Charlie's affections.

Naturally, Dorothy Lamour's beauty secrets are of interest to all of us—for hasn't she proved them successful? She has the heart of the dapper Charlie, a most successful marriage with Herbie Kay, and an enviable position as a star both in radio and Hollywood! So take notes on her ways and means to beauty—and in particular, beautifying the eyes.

Dorothy's eyes are naturally beautiful. I will grant that. But she gives her eyes further charm by attention to health, coiffure and careful make-up. So, you see, a "come hither" expression in the eyes is imparted by art as well as nature!

It's a daily routine of good health habits that puts the sparkle of youth and brilliance in the eyes. Drink a glass of warm water with the juice of one-half lemon (no sugar!) first thing every morning. This will tone your system. A cold shower, or a few simple "waking-up" exercises will give you bright eyes, even so early as breakfast-time!

Take a little cat-nap before going out in the evening. Keep pads of cotton that have been dipped in a refreshing lotion, on the eyes and forget all cares and worries during
Who wouldn't want to know Dorothy Lamour's secret of fresh loveliness?

Although she has many attributes of perfect beauty, Dorothy also has the wiseness to enhance each point by times you, too, may use effectively.

Use stolen moments. One of the secrets of the Yogi tricks is designed to use complete relaxation and as it is so simple and delightful I'll give it you here, so you'll be sure to get benefit from these moments of it. Simply close your eyes and visualize yourself putting the sun into your nostril. Concentrate on trying to get the sun in this triangle and gradually your mind will grow peaceful and you will become calm and com-pelled.

Dorothy Lamour advocates exercises. They relieve strain and engthens the eyesight. Of course, will probably be safest to practice these exercises at home, for you may misunderstood if you start rolling an eye from right to left, up and down, and all around, on the bus or in a car. Yes, those are the exercises, and here is the way they are done: Turn the eyes as far as possible, from right to left, then as far to the right. Repeat twice. Turn the eyes as far as possible, then as far down as possible. Repeat twice. Now roll the eyes from the right, downward to the left, then up and across to the right. Repeat twice. Rest a few moments and then reverse the procedure beginning by turning the eyes to the t. You will find these exercises delightful at first. Perhaps you will find you can only do them once or twice but not very hard. As the eyes become stronger, you can exercise them oftener and longer periods with complete ease.

There are lines, crow's feet, puffy eyelids and a variety of other illnesses that in time rob you of eye-love. Fortunately, (Continued on page 72)

Carl McCarthy, bright boy of the Doroth and Sanborn Hour, fell in love with Dorothy at first sight. Thus proving that the little chap's no dummy!
HELLO, EVERYBODY: This is Kate Smith, saluting you once again as guest conductor of Radio Stars Magazine's Cooking School; and, to my further delight, returning to these pages just in time to extol cheery holiday greetings to you all.

Can't imagine any nicer season of the year to pay you a visit (in print, as I do here, or over the air as I do Thursday evenings) than around Christmas. For that's when it seems that everyone of you—not just Katie here—goes around "with a song in your heart" while home is at its best, too, with holly wreaths at the windows, mistletoe over the doorways and a tree all shiny with ornaments in the living-room. And, coming from the kitchen, the tantalizing, fragrant, spicy odor of good things a-baking!

You probably realize, with some misgivings, that around Christmas and New Year greater demands are made upon you as a housewife than at any other season of the year. Party follows party in quick succession; friends and neighbors' children troop in with your children. So it's up to us women to see that the larder is well supplied at all times with tempting delicacies—both to satisfy hunger and uphold our reputation as gracious and provident hostesses.

It takes a bit of doing, I'll admit, with gifts to think about and regular meals to be planned. But if you go about it the right way and have a cooky crock, the cake box and the candy jar always filled with intriguing surprises. Of course, these sweets will also serve as desserts for the family, if there is no influx of outsiders to stage a special raid on the available supplies. Meanwhile how proud you'll be, that because of an hour or so of work in the morning, you can enjoy a feeling of "social security" throughout the entire day and evening.

My contribution to your outward expression of hospitality and your inward feeling of cheer and well-being is again in the form of recipes, each and every one a p. C. Smith smiles as she tests one of the layers of her "Grandmother's Cake," for which the recipe is given in this article.

Anyone who can make a successful angel food cake like this, has good reason to boast of her culinary skill, says Kate.
KATE . . .
Kate Smith
returns with
holiday greet-
tings and Yule-
tide recipes

A FINE COMBINATION:
YOUR CAKE and
MY RAISINS

WANT TO MAKE THIS CAKE?
SEE FREE RECIPE OFFER BELOW.*

YES! You can brighten up your finest cake with Sun-Maid Raisins— the best, most richly flavored raisins in the world.

YES! Sun-Maid Raisins are of special California culture, plump, juicy, tender. You’ll find them better, too, for pies, puddings, cookies and all other delicious raisin foods.

NO! You need not wash Sun-Maid Raisins. Special machinery has done it for you. Pour Sun-Maid Raisins directly from the package into recipe mixtures, or give them to children between meals for extra energy and food-iron.

YES! It’s easy to get Sun-Maid Raisins. Just say “Sun-Maid” to your grocer, and look for the Girl on the package when you buy.

*CERTAINLY! We’ll send you free the recipe for Raisin Ice Box Cake, also a booklet of 50 other raisin recipes. Send your name and address to Sun-Maid Raisin Growers, Dept. Q, Fresno, California.

iculiar favorite of mine. New treats that I’ve just recently learned how to make myself—old favorites, too, that constantly appear on my table, as I hope they will on yours. But none o definitely dated Christmas that can’t be enjoyed on other festive occasions the year ’round. Yes, the word “festive” certainly describes these foods—all being intended for special occasions, when the eye is not on the budget but on satisfying the hungry horde! Two cakes, a couple of frostings, one hot drink and some delicious cookies!

I really should start off by telling you that I’ve learned a lot of new baking rules since last we got together here. You see, now that I’m on a program sponsored by General Foods, I’ve been getting a first class cooking course on my frequent visits to their wonderful test kitchens. I always was what you might call “a naturally good cook,” with some grand training from my mother and grandmother to help me along. But now I do believe I’m well on the way to qualifying as an expert—no fooling! Whereas before I could just give baking directions and promise certain results if you followed them carefully, now I can actually go into the why’s and wherefores! And so I shall, later on. First, however, I want to talk with you all a bit about my recipes which you’ll find on page 56.

The first one you’ll find on the recipe page is my Grandmother’s Cake recipe—the one I use more frequently than any other. Many of you, I suppose, tried this cake when I offered it here before. Others, however, were too late to get a copy of the recipe (which in those days you had to send in for) so I thought, here’s a good chance to help out those who were disappointed the last time! This cake is a honey, whether you serve it with a chocolate frosting as my family always does, or with the Orange Butter Frosting that I used on it recently, when I baked a whopping big version of this cake as a surprise for Ted Collins on his birthday. Be sure to use the walnuts with the latter frosting, and also pay particular attention to the way you are told to put them on. The general effect (not even to mention the flavor) is devastatingly grand.

The second recipe is for that queen of cakes—supreme sovereign of them all—Angel Food. Many women think this cake so extremely difficult that they hesitate even to try to make it. But, really, I don’t think you’ll have any trouble, with these directions I’m giving you. And you should know how to turn out a good Angel Food, if only to “show off” what a good cook you are on gala occasions! Then, too, this cake is so versatile! It can be frosted and decorated appropriately for a party; it can be served plain with afternoon tea or chocolate. It can be baked with a sprinkling of coconut (as you see it in the illustration at the beginning of my article) to serve as a very special dessert—with or without ice cream! And, if you have never tried Angel Food with Chocolate Sauce, you’ve missed something!

By the way, you can use the Hot Chocolate recipe I’m giving you as a sauce, with excellent results. Just omit the milk part of the recipe. With the milk added, this is about the newest version of a justly popular beverage that I’ve ever tried. Mighty convenient to have on hand, too, because it can be stored in the refrigerator for a couple of days—requiring only the addition of hot milk to become, in a jiffy, a grand treat for old and young alike.

These recipes, and the others, will cater healthfully to a Christmas sweet tooth (Continued on page 57)
the past couple of seasons, the funny men's attitude has grown more cooperative. Some comedians even have gone so far as to give old radio scripts to the impersonator, so that at least the imitation would be done with a good grade of jokes.

In keeping with this corner's policy of mingling other people's business, here with is the announcement of the first Radio Ramblings Invitation Ping Pong Tournament. The only ones invited are Dell Sharbutt and Andre Baruch, two of Columbia's staid announcers.

This magazine had a story about Dell being the head man among radio ping pong players. From Andre comes an agonized howl. He's the head man, he says. Not only that, Andre thinks Harry Von Zell could set Dell back on his heels, away back.

Andre and Von Zell are good friends, but Von Zell doesn't mind saying: "I can beat Von Zell, too!" Harry Von Zell just laughs that boast off as ridiculous and if he ever gets back in practice again, he will show them.

So, if a great wrong has been done, Andre is hereby invited to take his racket in hand the same day Dell takes his. The results will be set down in full in our next issue. And if Harry carries out his threats of getting back into top form, the second Radio Ramblings Invitation Ping Pong Tournament will be staged the very first time we—the announcers and the rest of us—can get around to it.

These Stroud twins, who popped up on Sunday night programs with Charlie McCarthy recently, are a pair of reformed acrobats from vaudeville. They wouldn't have been comedians at all if it hadn't been for Frank Fay and one of those wise audiences that used to go to New York's Palace Theatre in the days when that house was vaudeville's Mecca.

The young acrobats were making their first appearance at the old Palace, a decade ago, and they were impressed with the importance of the occasion. Frank Fay was headlining the bill that week and, always watching for a chance to kid someone, he told the Strouds they certainly ought to get out and make a certain speech. The Strouds did. As Frank expected, the audience laughed.

It's no joke to get comedians angry, but the Strouds were in no fighting mood when they came off and met Fay. They had been laughed at by the toughest audience in the world, hadn't they? From that beginning, they became comedians—working more and more comedy into the act until finally there was no more room for the acrobatic tricks.

The Strouds have illustrations precedent for that change. Joe Cook followed the same course. Joe never did discard all the acrobatic tricks. He turned his agility to burlesque of the very stunts he once had done seriously.

Joe even carried them into radio one night. There was a lot of argument but he finally had his way and did a whole program while he balanced himself precariously on top of a large ball. The next week he wanted to stand on a wire and do the whole show from there, script in one hand and Japanese parasol in the other. NBC put its foot down there. Radio City was new then and they absolutely refused to have acrobats cutting holes in the floor to set up tight wire act.

Fred Allen designed his own letterhead. It is a caricature of himself, squirming grimly as he tries to squeeze out of a volume titled, Joe Miller's Joke Book.

Comedians usually come out just before broadcast time and jest with the studio audience for a few moments, to get everyone in a receptive mood. Joe Rines, the orchestra leader, has been trying the same idea to pave the way for his music and jests with Graham McNamee on NBC every Sunday afternoon.

A minute before microphone deadline, a man in the audience brings him a hat, and Joe, introducing himself as a magician, promises a disappearing stunt. He shows there is no trick about the hat and then breaks an egg into it. His magic, he promises, will make the egg disappear, leaving the hat good as new. A cloth is thrown over the hat, Joe makes magic gestures and, lo—the egg still is there and the hat is a terrible mess.

Joe tries again—and the mess is more soggy than ever. A program director comes up and whispers something to Joe. Joe apologizes hastily: "This is very unfortunate, but we have to go on the air now and I won't be able to finish the trick."

The hat's owner walks off, staring ruefully into his hat, and the broadcast begins. Later, however, the man receives a check for a new hat.

Some of radio's very best musicians were recently invited to experiment with a new gadget called a Resonoscope, which shows with electrical precision whether the musician is playing on pitch. The dial is set for, say, A Flat, and the musician is asked to sound an A Flat.

After the experiment, chances of the gadget finding a place in radio seemed remote. It showed that all the musicians had been
any off key for years, not enough of be detected by listening ears—but they are. They are not inviting in any machine make trouble! *

...some of the boys were talking about the sex, and Goodman (Easy Aces) Ace paid off the discussion. "You can talk," he said, "but I've got the book makers just where they want me."

The number of Broadway plays never reached the pre-depression level but any of the stage actors have found radio solving a problem to those who eat meals every day. The jobs offer small pay, but because of brief rehearsals, several in jobs could be taken each week.

Now the haven in radio is slipping away on Broadway. It'll all out of the big we have left New York and moved Hollywood. The dramatic shows such as Radio Theatre are not the only ones used. Many of the musical programs used actors in dramatized commercial blurs.

The salary for an actor in a dramatized commercial ranges from $15 to $25; for supporting roles in skits from $25 $75. A few of the players have managed work up reputations which earn them higher fees in certain types of

in spite of all the hoopla about swing, radio has demonstrated that it is greatly overrated fall. Swing has its
tyent devotees but they are a minority, group of fanatics with eccentric taste.

Without a single exception, swing orchestras failed to get any sizable audience

...Louis Armstrong, whose guttural voice I wildly inspired trumpet make him one the greatest swingers of them all, had a commercial program that lasted six years. The sponsor kept it on to give the to a thorough trial and reaped his re-

...Any swing addict speaks of many Dorsey in recent years. Tommy's
day night swing show on an NBC show has gradually relegated swing to background and devoted most of its hour to the more conventional "sweet"

The one exception is Benny Goodman for the air he has a mild, subdued ream of swing, very little of the impetuous, why upthrust that is characteristic of any swing band.

The idea seems to be that swing has a icy only as a small part of a big radio aw. A good example is the occasional swipe devoted to Jimmy Dorsey when it swung up past and on the Bing show last season.

...While on the subject of Bing Crosby's program, something should be said about people who complain of Bing's jovial report and treatment of concert artists who appear on the show. In the first place, it hour is a light, casual entertainment. Music of concert caliber would sound so and slowed out of place in such atmosphere. Great musicians appear to such better advantage, under the circumstances, doing light classics—even though certain admirers consider such performances undignified.

And, as long as the music is not too serious, it's hard to find a reason why the musician should conduct himself to a concert stage. The unexpected, jovial remarks to Bing and Bob Burns have an added zing, coming from people who so seldom unbend in public.

A lot of us still recall Rose Bampton's duets with Bing Crosby as a superb musical joke. She tossed off her musicanship and scooped under notes just as Bing always does.

For years I, for one, have been trying to understand just why Carmen Lombardo can hold such popularity as a singer. True, he is associated with radio's most popular band—but along with that, he seems to have a following of his own. On tour, spectators crowd around the platform when he is singing and the steady sale of Lombardo recordings doesn't seem to indi-

...What's this? Mary Livingston—hugging George Burns? But don't be alarmed. Gracie and Jack Benny were right there, beside them.

So Carmen carries on with his quaver-
ning, thin little baritone, each note sounding as though it were squeezed out with great effort. On first hearing, that voice annoyed me greatly. As I became accustomed to it, however, I actually began to like it and wondered why. The voice does have a warm, sentimental quality and the senti-

...Radio's classic example of rebellion against an over dictatorial sponsor can be narrated now without harming anyone. The hero is one Perry Charles, a jolly young man who used to do comedy, announcing and general routine tasks for one of the smaller New York stations, W'HN, until he graduated to Hollywood a couple of years ago.

Perry was announcing a fight for WHX one night, and the sponsor sat in a chair right at his elbow. The sponsor kept urging Perry to slip in more commercial plugs and make them stronger. He wanted quick ones during the fight as well as between rounds. Finally the galled Perry Charles yelled into the microphone:

"The sponsor of this program thinks I am not mentioning him often enough. He wants everyone to know that his store is conducting a big sale of shoes this week. I wouldn't be caught dead in any of them but the sale is on."

That ended Perry's trouble for the dura-

—By Arthur Mason 15
This month Rudy Vallee's secretary contributes his humble opinion of Rudy.

Rudy goes gunning with candid camera all set for a shot of some nifty bit. Whatever Rudy does says his secretary is done with thoroughness, accuracy and entire success.

BY MARJORIE DIVEN
Years I have been oppressed with a burning desire to put down on paper, for others to see, my impressions of my most-interesting employer. Particularly when people so often stop me on the street and say: "Marjorie, why is Rudy Vallee such a success? My brother Gene says the flute awful good and he don't ..."

So when Rudy was cleaning up some office matters, just prior to leaving for the Coast, I broached the subject to him. "Oh—obviously," I stammered, "obviously you won't have time to do your Radio Stars' column this month, do I—I thought that perhaps—" "Yes?" he unsmirched, absent-mindedly, meanwhile tearing up a sheaf of papers he thickness of the Manhattan telephone book. "So, I thought perhaps you'd let me do it. I've got some things to say about—you?" There, it was out. "Great!" he looked up and smiled. "Marvelous! But one thing—" "Yes?" "Don't be too hard on me!" The smile turned into a grin.

Having just finished my eighth year with Rudy, and having listened to countless people offering reasons for his continued success, perhaps I should be allowed to offer an opinion. After all, you can't watch a person almost daily for years and years without thinking a good deal about the contributing factors to his success.

There seems to exist a popular belief that a successful man accidentally has come upon some sort of secret formula, which he could share with the less fortunate if he only would.

If you ask a man outright why he is a success, his answer may sound a little evasive, as though he were selling out on you. Supposing he says, "It's my pleasing personality." I don't have to tell you what the reaction to that would be! If he says "hard work," that leaves you just about where you were before. Lots of people work very hard indeed, and they aren't necessarily successes.

My guess is that Rudy possesses a triple combination of contributory factors: Natural talent, a capacity for more-than-average hard work and the intelligence to organize his materials, plan with a definite purpose and take advantage of opportunities.

Many people possess one or two of these qualifications, but few have all three. Natural talent plus hard work may bring you to the top but it won't necessarily keep you there.

Let's analyze Rudy: First, we have his natural aptitude. From his earliest childhood he seemed destined to be connected in some way with music and the stage. Among his Christmas gifts was usually a drum. His first public appearance was at school, when he was allowed to beat a march for the children to march out to, at recess. All through his school days and college days his musical training continued to develop, in his study of other instruments.

Which brings us to the second qualification. He had to have excellent health and tremendous energy to carry on the schedule he mapped out for himself. To play at a dance, return to college at three a.m., and then study for the next day's classes, required great vitality and endurance.

The third quality—intelligent foresight—was also evident in his boyhood. The thing that lifted him out of the class of the average ambitious youngster was his method of approach. When he wrote to Rudy Wiedoeft (the famous saxophonist and the raison d'être for the change from Hubert to Rudy Vallee), it was not to ask him for a break, nor for a picture. He wanted to know how Wiedoeft attained a certain desirable effect in his recording of The Crocodile. He asked about mouthpieces and reeds. Having made up his mind to master the technique of the sax, he deliberately set about digging up all available information on the subject.

One thing always has impressed me about Rudy: He is not just a bandleader and a singer—he is a man of infinite potentialities. If music were not his chosen field, I believe that he would have succeeded as a lawyer, an orator, a doctor, a business executive and, yes—even a minister. If you have never heard Rudy deliver a speech, you've missed something! The point I want to make is that he has the fundamental characteristics that lead to success in whatever field he may have selected. If he were to change places with any member of his organization, he would do that job more thoroughly, more accurately and probably get more done in less time than that particular member—and that goes for me and my job, too!

By the time Rudy was graduated from Yale, in 1927, he already had had considerable experience in the musical field. He had played with a large number of different bands, including the Savoy in London; he had appeared at night clubs, hotels, vaudeville, summer resorts and, although he was a crack-jack sax man, no one knew he could sing but those select few who had heard him at the society spots of Maine (where in the summer of 1924 he played with a Boston society orchestra); at Old Orchard Beach, Maine, where, after his return from London in 1925, he sang, through a little red megaphone: If You Were The Only Girl, I Love The Moon, St. Louis Blues, Beale St. Blues, How Come Ya Do Me Like Ya Do Do Do, I Ain't Got Nobody (you see, the influence of Marion Harris and Al Bernard on Brunswick Records had inspired him to sing these songs in much the same manner as they did). Benny Kunegar's sax style was his ideal, although he still worshiped Rudy Wiedoeft. By 1925 and '26 he was singing in a trio with the Yale Collegians, in vaudeville, and he shyly confided to me that one girl, at least, from the society crowd at the Westchester Biltmore Country Club had told him that when he sang it did things to her!

Yet the world of everyday people didn't really know that Rudy could tell a story in melody.

But in January, 1928, he opened at the Heigh-Ho Club and the Connecticut Yankees came into being. It was radio that brought him to the attention of a large public, and his voice—especially his singing voice—was found to be particularly adapted to the microphone. Today Rudy rarely touches the saxophone and then only as a novelty.

The first time I ever saw Rudy was in 1929. He was playing at the Lombardy Hotel, for tea dances. For the past few months I had been (Continued on page 18)
(Continued from page 17)

one of his regular listeners—a member of a typically Valleean-conscious family, who raced up the hill to home just three minutes before the broadcast, flinging ourselves at the radio before removing coats and hats. We shushed visitors and didn’t answer the phone. So, going to the Lombardy was an event.

He fitted well into the quiet, restful atmosphere of that room. The lights were low, the conversation subdued and the damping on the noisy, non-coincidental chatter. Rudy picked up his megaphone and stepped to the front of the small platform to sing Love Come Back To Me. Instantly the dancing ceased, and couples moved softly forward to listen.

After that I often dropped in for tea, watching him pass among the various tables, like a host, sitting now with one group and now with another. Rudy found the vacant chair at my table a convenient place to stop for a rest and a bite to eat. He generally had scrambled eggs, bacon, milk and whole wheat bread. I never could figure out what meal it was meant to be, because while it had a breakfast look, the time was late afternoon. I brought him clippings whenever I found anything about him, and although he was often silent and preoccupied, he had conversational moments and began to learn something about him.

On a first real meeting, however, was at the stage door of the RKO 81st Street Theatre. I had switched on the radio at home for his usual broadcast and found another band in his place. For a Valleean family, this was genuine tragedy! It didn’t take me long to rush down to this 81st Street Theatre, where he was playing, and I arrived just as he was untangling his raccoon coat from the steering wheel of his car. I watched him while he took out a big sax on wheels and a little sax not on wheels and several piles of music. Then I demanded to know why he wasn’t on. He most modestly explained that I had received a personal insult, but he merely grinned and dashed away into the theatre.

Just as he disappeared, I had a bit of luck. A chorus girl came along, smiled at me and said: “Hello! Going in?” There was a terrible jam around the corner in front of the theatre, the SRO sign was out, so I felt very lucky indeed and thanked my stars for pleasant chorus girls, and went in with her.

It was my first experience backstage and I made the most of my curiosity. A scene shifter eyed me nervously and remarked: “Lady, if you stand there you’re going to get beamed with the curtain!” So I backed up a little. Rudy and the boys were setting up the music on the dimly-lit stage. He looked intensely serious and not a little worried. That was putting it mildly. I thought he looked, actually, scared to death! It seems that he had no idea whether a personal appearance was a safe experiment for a radio band.

At the opening bars of Deep Night, just before the curtain was raised, there arose a sound like an approaching hurricane. I never had heard anything like it before, but suddenly I realized that it was applause. Applause sounds quite differently, backstage, from the way it does when you are sitting in the middle of it. I’ll never forget Rudy’s face at that moment. As soon as the first few bars identified one of his numbers, I suddenly rose again. Watching from the wings, I was so excited I was shaking.

Things happened with breath-taking swiftness after that. There was the record-breaking engagement at the Paramount and the trip to the Coast to film I’eagubh Lover.

He returned to the Paramount, and one day I dropped in to find him looking rather helplessly at a staggering heap of mail. “Can’t you help me with this?” he asked. “Answer some of it for me . . .”

The suggestion came as a surprise to me and I nearly refused, fearing that I might not do it to suit him. “Say what you’d think I’d say,” he replied to my misgivings. So that night I returned to a dumbfounded family, weighed down with envelopes, letters, and hundreds of letters, and said: “I seem to have a job!” I collected all the cardboard-box covers in the house, arranged them about me and began to deal mail into them. That was in October, 1929, and metal trays in progress have since taken the place of the cardboard boxes.

People frequently ask me questions about the fan mail and I am happy to be given the opportunity of saying something about it.

The average person lives a quiet, uneventful life, meeting the same people, doing the same things, seeing the same familiar places, day after day. Some people are timid or naturally reticent and do not make new friends easily. The stage, the movies and the radio offer a fascinating field for exploration and adventure. So sometimes these reserved souls venture to write to a person they admire but do not know personally.

There is a certain wishfulness in many of these letters, which reveals two things: First, their intense loneliness and second, their mortal fear of ridicule. None of us likes being laughed at; sensitive souls shrink from it as from the lash of a whip. I have learned that secretaries do not have a very good reputation as a class. If reports are to be believed, they snerk at the mail and are scornful of the writer.

People come into my office, look at my desk heaped high with trays of letters and ask: “Isn’t it dreadfully boring to go through all those hundreds of letters? Don’t you get a ghastly sick of it?”

Bored? The best friends I ever had came out of those trays (figuratively, of course). Almost any morning I may reach in and draw out a prize. The timid, earnest little girl, whose letter I answer today, may be one of my intimate friends a few weeks hence. Through an interchange of letters I become familiar with the lives of innumerable people. I know when they graduate, marry, or die, and which of them live very far away and even though we may never meet, friendships develop and last. I have friends in Iceland, India, Java, New Zealand, Australia, the Philippines and the Virgin Islands. I know a Buddhist Princess and a Maori girl and an engineer who lives in the Never Never Land of Australia, rarely seeing a white man. On rare occasions I have had a surprise visit from one of these friends and we were both excited and thrilled. It is as if I had been addressing as “Dear Lucy” a delightful person who had artfully concealed from me the fact that she was a grandmother with married grandchildren. It seems she liked being called “Dear Lucy,” and it was only by chance that I heard about her grandmother’s state.

So when people ask me if I’m bored, I can reply with the utmost sincerity, no, never.

But there are problems connected with trying to correspond with half the people in the United States, let alone thirty-six foreign countries. The fan mail quickly piled up alarmingly, and though I do much of this writing at night, it sometimes gets over my head. Besides, there are other things that must be done.

I suppose we get an average of two hundred letters a week and Rudy had to find some time to count them. There was one never-to-be-forgotten week when Rudy sang a song called Then I’d Be Lying, and offered a choice of two different endings. The next morning four postmen brought in the mail. They drew package after package of their knapsacks and arranged them in rows all along the edge of the room. That week totaled 11,000 letters, and at the end of three weeks we had 24,000 on the subject.

There are many requests for favorite songs, of course, but sometimes one must do a bit of guessing. Of the current songs, Vienni Vienni undergoes considerable variations. For example: Yenne Yenne Das A Bella, Yeviny Yeviny and Been Beeny Benny. They had plenteous trouble with the Whifnpoof Song, which has been referred to as the Sheep Song, (the one with Baas in it) and once as The Wipping Post Song.

In past years we had had requests for Yeepee Lucy which turned out to mean Betty Co-ed: Bronoble Bill, Streetheart of Sippvunda Chic, Lonely Troopa Door, Sickarett Lady and The Peanut Bender.

The Stein Song appeared in prohibition days and I discovered that a good many people didn’t know what a stein was. Rudy was asked for Mr. Stein’s Drinking Song and the song that began Oh Phil! and the word “stein” appeared variously as “styne,” “stine,” “stine,” and “stien.”

I guessed You Can’t Take My Pu Pu Pa. Ding-Away and the Song About Poopa Doopa Down In Cuba On His Troopa Toot, but a recent request, with a hill-billy flavor, has me stumped. Will someone please enlighten me? It’s But You Ain’t Heard Folks Go Ihba Daiba Dab Baiba Dab Daiba Daiba Wofy By Gun.

Following one broadcast of several years ago, a young lad wrote in to ask what Rudy meant by asking the captain to save his wife and cheese cakes. A quick reference to the script identified the line. It was “Captain, save my Fleischmann’s Yeast cake.”

We get our share of oddly-addressed envelopes—those with a picture pasted on.
The sort of musical organization which turns the average listener into a confirmed radio addict is Horace Heidt and his Alemite Brigadiers. His broadcasts have such a high quality of versatile entertainment that, once heard, they're never missed.

The ingratiating spirit and personality of Horace Heidt permeates not only his orchestra, but all of his programs, as well. That "million-dollar" smile of his is no prop. He really enjoys his work. He's actually happy directing the proceedings. Genuinely glad to be there. And no wonder.

When seriously injured as a University of California football player, it was feared that Horace Heidt would be crippled for life. But with that smile of his, and that grit that's always been in back of it, Horace felt otherwise. He knew he'd get well and be healthy again. It took seventeen spinal operations to prove he was right, but his health returned.

While convalescing, he studied music. Once out of the wheelchair, he formed an orchestra. It didn't create much notice at first, but Horace was sure it would. Vaudeville was popular at the time, so he trained his musicians especially for vaudeville audiences. His band gradually became a terrific success here and abroad. But then vaudeville faded. Radio took its place and, unfortunately, the Horace Heidt band was strictly for vaudeville. He went to work and radically revamped his entire organization, keeping always in mind the radio listener. With the gratifying result that Horace Heidt now is enjoying greater success than ever before. And all because he made a careful study of what the listener likes to hear and wisely built his programs accordingly.

To Horace Heidt and his Alemite Brigadiers, Radio Stars Magazine presents its award for Distinguished Service to Radio.

Foster Grady
She is glamorous on the screen, glamorous, too, on the airways, the lovely Myrna Loy!

THE INSIDE STORY

MAXWELL HOUSE

WITH parental blessings from studio, exhibitors, theatre owners, with cheers and hosannas from every star on the M-G-M lot (excepting only Garbo), the alliance between movies and radio was cemented, made a more firmly accomplished fact than ever it has been made before when, last November, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, sponsored by General Foods, with William Bacher as officiating High Llama of the program, went on the air.

And thereby hangs a tale, the “inside story” of which I shall now attempt to tell you.

For years, as we all know, there has been enmity between the movies and radio. The Capulets and the Montagues of the entertainment world, were movies and the radio. True, stars of the screen did appear on the air, as guest artists, on the Hollywood Hotel hour, Lux Radio Theatre and one or two others. But, in spite of these concessions, the studios didn’t really want their stars to do radio. It was said that, compromise as they would, the radio and movies were still deadly rivals. The studios would continue to balk at radio for their stars, the exhibitors would cut their throats, the theatre owners commit hari-kiri, if the studios ever fully surrendered to the “Menace” of the air.

The reason for this fear, it was said, was the fear that if the stars went on the air, the fans would sit at home in their own living-rooms instead of occupying seats in

According to Bill Bacher, who

Spencer Tracy is beloved alike by countless movie and radio fans.

Even if you can't see her, Eleanor Powell does make your pulses leap!
local motion picture theatres.

that, I can now tell you, was not the real fear. Actual
statistics prove that there was no rational reason for such
an because, in the past three years, with radio impro-

ving in quality and increasing in quantity, pictures have
drawn more money than ever before.

William Bacher, the ace producer of radio, the man who
did "Hollywood Hotel," increasing the sponsors' sales
$1,000,000 in the two and a half years he was in charge
two hour; the man who started the Crime Club on the
air; the man who produced National Dairy Trials,
featuring such big names as Clarence Darrow, Arthur Garfield
Morgan and others; the man who produced the Maxwell
House Show Boat for three and a half years; the man of
the late Irving Thalberg said: "He has more spirit
than any man I have ever known."—this same Bill Bacher
told me the inside story of that rumored fear. It was
true, not that the stars would be too good on the air,
but instead that the fans to such an extent that they would
not feel impelled to see them on the screen—but
that they would be just too bad! They feared that, if the
stars did radio without the guidance and protection of the
studios, if they gave broadcasts too hastily rehearsed, gave
characterizations out of line with their personalities, they
might destroy all of the glamour and prestige the studios
have so carefully and expensively (Continued on page 73)

directing M-G-M's famous stars

It's a treat for radio fans whenever Clark Gable goes on the air.

The date? Nine p.m. on Thursdays, NBC-Red. Wallace Beery reminds us.

In this original new radio-movie program, Joan Crawford is another star we hear.
DEANNA LEARNS

Child stars must receive three hours of schooling each day. Deanna Durbin studies with Mrs. Mary West, studio resident teacher and Deanna’s companion in her working days. Deanna goes nautical, while on vacation at Lake Arrowhead, California. A girl had to have some fun once in a while, even she is a movie starlet, thinks Deanna.

On a late September evening a little girl stepped confidently before a microphone and, aware of her studio audience and of that greater multitude listening in, lifted up her lark-like voice in song. A very famous little girl, who displayed no nervousness but who sang the difficult aria from Madama Butterfly with the graceful ease of a veteran, her manner a delightful compound of radiant child and gifted artist...

Deanna’s experiences since she first sang on the Fire Chief program with Eddie Cantor, little over a year ago, have been many and varied. Looking at her on the screen, listening to her over the air, you are conscious that she has changed. She is a better actress than she was a year ago; her voice, remarkable as it was then, has improved, is richer, more moving; her manner more assured, without losing her delicate childish appeal. But can one believe in appearances? Is this the real Deanna? Or has she changed in other ways—less gratifying to her fans and friends?

It was her little-girl charm, almost as much as that glorious, unexpectedly mature soprano, that made Deanna Durbin a star. It would be sheer tragedy if a year of being a Hollywood success, a natural celebrity, had altered her, if she had lost that endearing simplicity, that unaffected sweetness, that were an integral part of her charm. And yet the risk was great—if sudden fame, with its concomit-
A LESSON

BY

MIRIAM ROGERS

I'm, this is tougher than I thought!" says Deanna, puzzling over a weighty problem,
but she has learned the answer to problems that have flunked out many an older star!

As Patsy in Universal's 100 Men and a Girl, Deanna tries to improve the appearance of Daddy (Adolphe Menjou) before he applies for a job with an orchestra.

ant, big money, can change a man or woman almost beyond recognition, what might it not do to a child, a little girl plucked out of a simple middle-class home and made, almost overnight, the idol of millions?

For her original success on the Cantor program was immediate and amazing. From an unknown Hollywood schoolgirl, she became at once a national sensation. Success on the screen followed swiftly with the release of Three Smart Girls. And now 100 Men and a Girl bulwarks that success, establishes her as no flash in the pan but every inch a star. Again she enjoys the spotlight on the Cantor program Wednesday nights at 8:30, EST over the CBS network, and her third picture for Universal, Mad About Music, will soon be released.

What then of the child herself? Is she the same little girl whose only thought in the excitement of her first success was for Mother, Daddy and Sister? Or is she what some gossips have proclaimed, that saddening spectacle, a child gone Hollywood?

They—including a famous radio commentator—asserted that the child had been hopelessly ruined, her sweetness lost, her natural charm exchanged for temperament—or just plain temper. They said she wouldn't give interviews unless she could choose her own interviewers, that she had tantrums on the set and off, held up (Continued on page 53)
All roads lead to Hollywood now! Here's a bird's-eye view of one of the big movie centers. (M-G-M).

Hollywood, says Phil Baker, is a Shangri-La, where even air comics have palaces and swimming pools.

I'M

By Leo Townsend
AFRAID OF HOLLYWOOD

WHAT would you say to a guy, with both radio and film contracts in Hollywood, who says he's afraid of the place? You'd ask him how come. And if the guy happened to be Phil Baker, he'd give you such a sensible, convincing answer that you'd probably quit asking him questions. Instead, you'd just sit back and listen to him, which is more fun anyway.

Phil Baker—as everyone in the country knows, with the possible exception of those three people who don't have radios—is Gulf Oil's Jester-in-Chief. Before that his beaming pan and his rollicking gags brightened up many a vaudeville and musical comedy stage. Now he's living the life of a country squire in Hollywood, battling his weekly battles with Beetle and Bottle, and lending his talents to the famed Mr. Sam Goldwyn for the forthcoming Goldwyn Follies, where you'll see him in company with such other zanies as The Ritz Brothers and that cantankerous little chunk of lumber, Charlie McCarthy. So why is Phil Baker afraid of Hollywood?

In the first place, don't get Phil wrong. He likes Hollywood. He likes it a lot. And that's where all the trouble sits.

"Hollywood is swell," says Phil. "It's a Shangri-La, where weary travelers, and even radio comedians, wind up in palatial 20-room estates, with block-long swimming pools. Why, it's so wonderful you can even hire a guy to do your swimming for you.

"Everything is beautiful—the women are beautiful, the men are beautiful, the climate is beautiful, the checks are beautiful. And I'm afraid of it, simply because it's all too wonderful. I'm afraid I'd like it so much I'd give up work entirely and spend my days lying under a palm tree, eating lotus blossoms, or whatever it is people eat who lie under palm trees.

"That prospect might not sound bad, but I've worked hard all my life, and I've got so now I actually enjoy it. I'm not the type who could retire. And besides, maybe I wouldn't care for lotus blossoms. A nice filet mignon has always been more in my line."

And Phil is probably right. He's been working hard ever since he was ten years old. Up to that time, his life in Philadelphia was about as quiet as anybody's life in Philadelphia. Philadelphia is only an hour and a half's train ride from New York, but the distance from Philadelphia to Broadway is something else again. It took Phil Baker across the country many times in vaudeville, before he arrived at Broadway's Palace Theatre with his accordion and his partner, an alleged violin player named Ben Bernie. Since that time he's been working regularly, first as a musical comedy star and now in radio and pictures. And he likes hard work, so the palm trees had better look around for another customer.

"When I say I'm afraid of Hollywood," Phil continued, "I don't mean it in a disparaging way. Hollywood has many advantages you can't find anywhere else and there are people who could live here all their lives and never want to leave. Peter, the Hermit, for instance, and Donald Duck.

"Hollywood and New York might as well be in two worlds, they're so different. In (Continued on page 71)
New glimpses of network

Tyrone Power enjoys his dramatic series for Woodbury broadcast Sundays over the NBC-Blue network from Hollywood, where he is one of 20th Century-Fox's leading stars. His latest picture is In Old Chicago.

When Tommy Riggs discovered that, in addition to his nice baritone, he could talk in the voice of a small child, he didn't know his Betty Lou would make him famous. Now he and Betty are on Rudy Vallee's program.
Alice Faye, whom you will see with Tyrone Power in the 20th Century-Fox movie, In Old Chicago, stars with Hal Kemp in the popular CBS program, Music from Hollywood, which you hear on Fridays at 8:30 p.m. EST.

The candid camera catches the beloved “Songbird of the South,” Kate Smith, as she rehearses for her variety program, heard Thursdays from eight to nine over the CBS network, with a star-studded cast.

Comedian Eddie Cantor broadcasts with his protegée, Deanna Durbin, Wednesdays at 8:30 p.m., EST, over the CBS network. This past year Deanna has risen to the heights in the movie 100 Men and a Girl.

Here is the "Blacksheep" son of the Park Avenue Penners. Joe doesn't look very happy, but he's guaranteed to make you laugh! He's on the CBS airlanes each Sunday at 6 p.m., with his variety show.
Dear Miss Fairfax

The story of the "Advice to the Lovelorn" lady

BY ELIZABETH BENNECHE PETERSEN

SHE says that her grown sons look on her as an elderly female urchin. A great psychologist cites her as one of the most successful suicide preventive forces in the United States today, and thousands of men and women regard her as a particularly understanding friend. And all of them are right about this woman you know as Beatrice Fairfax.

There have been other Beatrice Fair- faxes, for the name is a copyrighted one, owned by the newspaper that has featured this Advice to the Lovelorn column for years. But Marie Manning is the original Beatrice.

She was only twenty, that day when the late Arthur Brisbane came bustling into the office of the paper's page was known, and demanded new ideas for his feminine readers.

It was Marie's first job, and she had been on the paper only two weeks, but she had an idea.

"The only thing women are really interested in is getting the man they're in love with," she said with all the conviction of a girl interested in a man herself.

"A magnificent idea, if it can be put across," Brisbane agreed, so the girl set about proving that it could be done, and succeeded so well that now there isn't a paper in the country without its own Lov- elorn column.

The name, Beatrice Fairfax, has proved a gold mine to its copyright owners, but Marie Manning tossed it off as gladly as she did her million-dollar idea. Fairfax County, Virginia, had been the home of the Mannings since the first of them settled in America, and Marie, being an bound up in a romance herself at the time, tossed a bouquet to another great love and honored Dante's Beatrice by using her name.

Brisbane, astute newspaperman that he was, knew he had something in that name, Beatrice Fairfax, and time proved what a bonanza it was. People liked the life of it as it fell from their tongues and the impressiveness of it as their pens wrote it, for it held just enough charm and dignity and elegance and friendliness to impress itself on everybody.

Mail came pouring in by the sackload, and Marie guided the love-life of her readers for five years. Then she took her own medicine and got married.

"You know, I've never met my husband socially," she says with that grand laugh of hers. "I took up with a young man I'd never been introduced to."

But she wasn't going against her own advice to girls when she became interested in Herman Gasch, who was the head clerk in the real estate office that was handling the property she inherited from her father. For it's the street corner and rumble seat type of flirtation she objects to, a meeting such as this that holds as much dignity as a hundred introductions could confer upon a relationship.

And she discovered that love wasn't an old story in Beatrice Fairfax, after all. Somehow it didn't matter at all that she had felt the pulse of thousands of romances and had given sage counsel to all those unknown girls and boys who had asked for her help. For falling in love, really in love, was as new and bewildering and ex- citing to the astute Beatrice Fairfax, High Priestess of Love, as it was to any other young girl.

She took her own advice to other young brides, when she gave up her job and settled down into being the best wife and mother she knew how to be.

"The woman in business is a problem. To herself, most of all," she says frankly, "It's difficult for a woman to have a career and her domestic life, too. One almost always, is bound to lose to the other. Un- less they have a terrific urge to express themselves, or achieve good success, a woman usually loses in following a career. Men aren't any different today from what they were centuries ago. They like the feeling of providing for the woman they love. Many a woman, successful in her own work, (Continued on page 66)
The new Warner Brothers "filmusical," Hollywood Hotel, presents familiar faces. (1) Gene Krupa, drummer of Benny Goodman's famous swing band. (2) Johnnie Davis, trumpet soloist of Fred Waring's band, carries the torch for Frances Langford in this movie. (3) Here Johnnie and Frances rehearse their lines with Dialogue Director Gene Lewis on the studio Hotel set. (4) Later, in the studio commissary, they snatch a bit of lunch together, discussing meanwhile a torchy scene. (5) Rosemary Lane, also one of the Fred Waring stars, shares feminine honors with her sister, Lola, in Hollywood Hotel, opposite Dick Powell. (6) "Softer," says Benny Goodman, to Trombonist Murray McEachern, as he listens through the sound recorder.
Irene Hervey, who now is Mrs. Allan Jones, takes a whirl at being her husband’s secretary. They fell in love at first sight, when they met on the M-G-M lot.

A happy family group. Allan and Irene, with Irene’s little daughter, Gail, just after the Jones-Hervey wedding — on July 28th, 1936.

HARD WORK'S A PLEASURE
“ONE of the swellest things said to me since the preview of Firefly,” said Allan Jones, “was said to me by English, one of the studio chauffeurs. He said: “No matter how big you get, Allan, I hope you’ll never be any different from the way you are now—you are sure the working man’s friend.” And I said: “I’ll always be Allan to you fellows, same as I am now. Why should I be any different? I’m a working man myself.”

Thus the muscular, gray-eyed, tanskinned young man, of whom Hollywood and radio are saying: “He’s the tops.”

“And so I am a working man,” Allan went on. “The grandson of a working man, the son of a working man, a working man myself. I have the idea that, no matter what a fellow does, whether he sings on the air, works in the mines, digs ditches, hunts microbes, makes pictures, he’s still a working man, a laborer in his own particular vineyard. If the rewards for some kinds of work are higher than for others—well, that’s a problem in sociology or economics or something. It shouldn’t affect the man himself. I should have told my friend, English, that if I ever do change, he can clunk me over the head. I’ll deserve it. I’m telling him now.

“My grand-dad was a miner. My dad was a miner. I was a miner. The folks came from Wales. My dad had a better voice than I’ve got, only he didn’t have the chance to do anything with it professionally. So he handed it down to me. He worked hard in the mines there in Scranton, Pennsylvania, where I was born. He got advanced, became superintendent of mines, and when he had saved enough money, the first thing he did was buy an organ, and then a piano, and every evening he gave the family singing lessons in the old front parlor. My childhood was ‘conditioned,’ as they say, by coal-dust and chords. The two seemed to mix all right.

“When I was four, my dad would perch me on his shoulder and carry me to all the church sociables and ice-cream festivals and strawberry festivals and chicken dinners given by the Ladies Aid for miles around. I’d stand on a chair and sing hymns and the old songs. When I was eight, I sang in the church choir at St. Luke’s Episcopal Church, there in Scranton.

“I was an only child, but that didn’t spell spoiling. We had no time for spoiling. My Welsh grandmother lived with us and she and my mother kept house the old-fashioned way. They baked, cooked good, plain food; said grace at table, gave me plenty of chores to do. We had a kitchen garden, and when other kids were playing marbles, I was planting corn and pole beans and splitting kindling. Gave me good muscles, and if you don’t think a singer needs muscles . . .!

“I was about ten when I knew, and the folks knew, that a musical career was the goal. That meant plugging. God gives you a voice, but you’ve got to work to get the trimmings. And they cost money. I started out to earn money. I knew that Dad had given me the only legacy he could, the best one possible—the voice. I knew that I didn’t have any ‘uncle in Australia’ who would die and leave me endowed. I’d never heard of ‘angels’ and I didn’t believe in miracles. I was used to seeing men work for what they wanted, sweat for it. Well, so would I.

“‘I did!’ laughed Allan. “I went to work for Silverbergh’s Clothing Store in Scranton, after school hours. I delivered suits for them and I made ten dollars a week, and every red cent of that, except just enough to (Continued on page 64)

Coal dust and chords, says Allan Jones, conditioned his career. Seems a good formula!
IS there a married woman living who has not realized the futility of marital arguments? Who has not regretted a hasty word, vainly desiring to recall it? Lives there a person, man or woman, single or married, who has not at some time wished for as keen foresight as hindsight? Myra Kingsley, noted astrologer, has a message to all those whose lives are imperfect—and this includes practically everyone. Her advice and counsel are given five days a week over the Mutual Broadcasting System.

"We never have arguments in our family," Myra Kingsley says of her married life.

When a wife makes such a statement, we are apt to view her with raised eyebrows. But somehow we believe this exceptional woman, viewing the happy family group. Myra Kingsley, one of the country's leading astrologers, is married to Howard L. Taylor. The family consists of Mr. Taylor's daughter, Margot, and his son, Howard, Jr., by a former marriage. Margot, at present, is in Paris, working for one of the leading fashion magazines. Young Howard makes his home with his father and Miss Kingsley—and they all are most congenial.

"It is because we all are astrologically suited to each other," is the way Miss Kingsley explains it. "If more people understood astrology, lives would be more harmonious. It makes good things better and the bad less bad."

But how does she apply this philosophy to her own life? Last spring, Miss Kingsley's chart showed that the fall of this year held good things for her in a professional way. It showed distance, space, expansion in her field.

As a result of these findings, the astrologer refused to sign a lease on the apartment in which she and Howard Taylor make their home—because she interpreted "distance" to mean travel.

"My chart showed so clearly that the expansion in my professional
Myra Kingsley, noted astrologer of the Four Hundred, is now heard with her horoscopes over the Mutual network, daily except Saturday and Sunday, at 11:45 a.m., EST, along with Jean Paul King, commentator, and guest stars.

BY MIRIAM GIBSON

Myra Kingsley explains how she applies her knowledge of astrology to her own life, and how one may avoid much sorrow by knowing what the stars foretell.

OF AN ASTROLOGER

life had to do with distances, that I felt it would be foolish to sign a lease for a home in New York, much as we love this apartment," explained Miss Kingsley. "It was not until I realized that the distance was airwaves, that the expansion meant extending my work into radio, not in travel, that we renewed our lease on this place."

Myra Kingsley now appears on the air five days a week for the Hecker Flour people. When the program was definitely signed, the sponsor asked Myra to pick an auspicious day for the début of the new air show. "September 7th showed itself to be a most advantageous day for the start of a radio program, so that was the day on which we began," she told me. And from present indications, the stars did not mislead her. The sponsors of the program are so well pleased that they have given Miss Kingsley a three-year contract.

Miss Kingsley keeps a daily chart of her own life. She started it years ago. Astrology, she maintains, gives you advance knowledge regarding general conditions. "If one knows those conditions, one can act accordingly. If we know trouble is ahead, we can prepare ourselves in order to avoid disaster.

"Everything we do as a family is guided by the planets," she goes on. "For instance, I see a serious time for the United States in 1942. There is a revolutionary aspect, conditions are going to be upset for the country for five or six years. Few people to whom I tell this will believe me. But as a precaution and preparation for that time, we have bought a ranch in California, to which we shall retire when that time comes."

"Large cities are places to stay away from," cuts in Howard Taylor. "I know! I have been through three revolutions. I don't want to be caught in a big city in my fourth."

He was born in Munich and has seen Germany in upheaval. He attended (Continued on page 69)
Dorothy Lamour goes to town with the Yacht Club Boys. They appear together in the gay Universal picture, most aptly titled: Thrill of a Lifetime.

Jadwiga Jedrzejowska, Polish tennis star, smiles, as Fred MacMurray, Jack Benny and Carole Lombard autograph the plaster cast on her fractured toe.
Showing Alice Faye and Tyler Brooke in one of the merry scenes from In Old Chicago. Alice stars with Hal Kemp on the CBS air-show, Music from Hollywood.

The sands of the old year are running out: Jack Haley, star of the NBC Log Cabin show (Saturdays, 8:30 p.m., EST), as Father Time.

Lovely Wendy Barrie, heard with Jack Haley on the Log Cabin show, plays with Kent Taylor in Universal's film, Prescription for Romance.

Funster Henny Youngman, featured on Kate Smith's CBS Variety Hour (Thursdays, 8:00 p.m., EST), gets set for a chop suey dinner.
A GIRL in a red sweater, a clanging fire engine, a cold November day, may not spell romance to you, but to Mark Warnow, who turns out all those smoothie tunes over both CBS and NBC, it adds up to something important.

Mr. Warnow chased a Brooklyn fire, found the girl of his dreams and started right up the ladder which has put him on top in the radio musical world.

Sounds a little mad? Well, mebbe, but doesn't everybody do something mad once in his life? And, very often, doesn't the wildest, most extravagantly romantic gesture of your life turn out to be the finest?

Just ask Mr. Mark Warnow. He'll tell you. Mark, as you know, is the black-haired maestro of music who presided until November over the Lucky Strike program, who conducts his Blue Velvet orchestra on NBC's New York on Parade and on We, The People for CBS.

Now, of course, if it's a warm June day, the girl wears a white fluffy dress instead of a red sweater, and you can't find a fire engine—well, use your own judgment. It might spell romance, anyway, but to Mark—

"I always did chase fires," he said with a grin, as he leaned back comfortably behind his desk in his office, sixteen stories above Madison Avenue, New York. "I wouldn't miss one now for the world. They're lucky. They're romantic.

"There's symphony music in the clanging of the engine bells, the roaring of the sirens, the shouts of the fellows fighting the fire, the excitement.

"It's a swell setting—believe it or not—for falling in love. It was for me that November. The girl was there. She wore a red sweater. She had black hair and sparkling eyes and she was breathless from running.

"I had that funny feeling inside me that something important had just happened. Some tremendous chord of music was resounding through me. I knew I had to know her. I had to say something terribly dramatic and poetic and effective.

"So—this is what I said: 'Lousy fire, isn't it?' Then, as she said, 'yes,' with another supreme effort I got out: 'Pretty cold day, I think. Don't you?' That got over
all right and my next effort really got me somewhere. I said: 'Do you live near here?'

"She did. Just two blocks from me. So I saw her home, bought her a cup of hot chocolate at the corner drugstore and finagled a date to go ice-skating on the rink the following Sunday.

"It was the real thing, I knew. It was something I felt that I couldn't explain. That's the way with music, you know. When I play the violin, or conduct, I couldn't tell you exactly why or what it is all about, except I feel it. Music, of course, has tremendous romance. But then, so has life. But, I am getting away from my story.

"This adventure came all of a sudden in November. It was so important, and so big, that by December I was engaged to the girl. In November, too, I had been just a fiddler at the Roseland Ball Room. Certainly, I had had a good musical education, but I hadn't done much about it. I hadn't cared particularly, and I didn't have a dime in the bank. At Christmas time I had enough money to buy a beautiful diamond—at least I thought it was pretty

gorgeous and Mrs. Warnow has never complained—and by June of the following year, I had enough to get married on, buy some furniture, get a home and do all the things a young fellow has to do when he takes a bride.

"I had a better job, too. Immediately I began to get ambitious, and I must say that every bit of good luck I've had in the radio world has come since that girl in the red sweater said Yes, she'd take a chance on a fellow like me!

"We've been married thirteen years. We have three swell kids. Morton, the oldest, is twelve years old. Elaine is ten, and Sandra, the baby, just three years old. All of the children are talented musically, but Sandra is a genius, I truly believe. She's been singing since she was nine months old. She has a voice and she has temperament."

Although romance came to Mark Warnow at a Brooklyn fire, when he chased a fire engine, he's the kind of a fellow who has always had plenty of adventure. As a matter of fact, he's had sheer, stark, dangerous adventure. He's known poverty and cold and hunger. He's seen men killed and, when only a boy of (Continued on page 52)
Alice Frost, often called "radio's girl of a hundred voices," because of her versatility.

Breakfast in bed, in her charming home, starts the day off nicely for Alice.

The player is young Alice Frost, one of radio's busiest dramatic actresses.
YOU may not know her name, but hers is a voice you have heard over the air on countless radio programs. She is, in fact, one of radio's busiest young dramatic actresses. She hates to be called an impersonator, and she shudders at the word "stooge," but she has given impersonations of innumerable stars, from Gracie Allen to Greta Garbo, and she has been a stooge for Stoopnagle and Budd, for Walter O'Keefe on his Camel Caravan show, and more recently on Town Hall Tonight, besides playing straight dramatic roles in many a radio serial.

Alice Frost, in fact, sometimes is called "radio's girl of a hundred voices," so busy is she, and so versatile. She played in The Townsend Murder Mysteries. She was the girl in Eno Crime Clues. Her voice was heard in Impossible Interviews, an hour-length show. In Vanished Voices, broadcast two evenings a week, she played a number of historical roles—Catherine the Great, Nell Gwynne, Molly Pitcher, Highland Mary, and many others. She was the Swedish maid in the NBC serial, Billy and Betty.

She was in the Hudson Terraplane show, with Graham McNamee. She did impersonations on the Bob Crosby show. She was Miss Hazy, in Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.

There isn't space to quote them all. You can hear her over the NBC-Blue network on Sunday afternoons at 3:00 p. m., EST, on the Diamond Salt program, On Broadway, and over the MBS network Sundays at 5:30 p. m., EST, in The Shadow, and at 11:30 a. m., EST, any week-day morning, except Saturday, in the CBS serial, Big Sister. In this last-named program you will hear the announcer say something like this: "Radio's beloved character, Big Sister—bringing you two of America's favorite players of the air, Alice Frost, as romantic, self-sacrificing Ruth Evans, and Martin Gable, as Dr. John Wayne."

Alice's radio career started in October, 1934, when she made her début on the Columbia network in Walter O'Keefe's Camel Caravan. Since then she has dashed from studio to studio, from station to station...
The story of Feg Murray, whose radio program highlights some strange stories of the stars

Feg Murray is the Hollywood columnist and cartoonist whose Seein’ Stars is featured on the Bakers Broadcast, Sundays at 7:30 p.m., EST, over the NBC-Blue network.
FEG MURRAY doesn't look like a cartoonist, any more than he looks like a radio master of ceremonies.

When you first look at him—he measures six-feet-two by some other equally imposing figure—you'd swear he was an athlete. And your swearing would, indeed, be correct, for if you checked back in the records you'd discover he was a member of the American Olympics team in 1920, at which time he galloped over a set of low hurdles with considerable success.

The low hurdles being a highly unremunerative profession—there's a nasty rumor around that even the high hurdles don't pay off—Feg set out in quest of a bit of fortune to add to the fame he'd acquired. Cartooning and radio work don't bring in any medals, but they make a very comfortable living for Feg and family, with enough left over to buy a few ping pong balls for one of his favorite present-day sports. (Confidentially, Feg is so well fixed he could even buy off that load of ping pong spheres so industriously autographed last year by Harry Richman, the aviator.)

Right at this point it would be a dandy idea to insert something inspirational, like Over Life's Low Hurdles to path to fame. Four or five nice slushy paragraphs could be squeezed out of that one, but Feg isn't that kind of a guy—and neither are we, for that matter—so let's drop the whole thing and get back to business.

In the Murray Hill district in New York—at the corner of 34th Street and Park Avenue, to be exact—there's a bronze tablet commemorating the memory of Mary Lindley Murray, Feg's great-great aunt. Reason for the tablet is that Mary Lindley Murray staged a personal and private tea party which made history, even though it didn't rival the Boston affair in publicity. The party was attended by a group of British officers, and Mrs. Murray, who must have reminded the boys of Carole Lombard, detained them long enough to allow General Putnam to slip through their fingers and join General Washington in one of the big campaigns of the Revolutionary War. Just think, if it weren't for the Murays, we might still be paying homage to the British throne—and Mrs. Simpson would probably be queen!

"Does the family still own (Continued on page 68)
SORE SPOTS

By MARY WATKINS REEVES

Don't mention these things, if you'd get on with these stars!

STARS, as any astronomer will tell you, aren't glittery all over. Every celestial body has at least one dark place on its surface that flatly refuses to twinkle for even the most expensive telescopes, and these mysterious areas are sometimes referred to by astronomers as "sore spots." Sore spots are part of a star's private life. Nobody's ever been able to figure them out.

This is a parable with a point—in the case of radio stars. There's hardly a mike celeb without a sore spot, on the subject of which he or she flatly refuses to be approached. The stars try to keep their sore spots a part of their private lives. But they can't, wholly successfully. Everybody's always trying to figure them out.

Take Lanny Ross, for instance. There are a lot of questions you wouldn't dare ask Lanny and they all have to do with his marriage. When, as the Show Boat tenor, several summers ago, he was wed to Olive White, he reinacted one of fiction's best plots—with a novel twist. He didn't marry the boss' daughter, he married the boss, herself! For years chic little Olive, who is her husband's senior by half a decade, had been his astute business manager; dictating his goings and comings, plotting his important moves, deciding where he would sing and for how much, and a very good job she did of it, too. But, my, my, when a man marries his (Continued on page 61)
REGULAR PROGRAMS ON
THE four coast-to-coast networks-Listed in a day-by-day time schedule. The National Broad-
casting Company--Red Network is indicated by 
N.B.C.; The Mutual Broadcasting Company
Blue Network is indicated by 
M.B.S.; and Mutual Broadcasting System by 
MBS.

ALL stations included in the above networks are 
listed below. Find your local stations on list and tune in on the network specified.

ALL TIME RECORDS 
AND EASTERN 
STANDARD TIME. This means that for Central Standard Time, subtract one hour from the listed time. For Mountain Standard Time, subtract two hours; and for Pacific Standard Time, subtract three hours. For example: 11:00 a.m. CST becomes 10:00 a.m. EST; 12:00 m. MST and 9:00 a.m. PST.

If, at a particular time, no network program is listed, it is because on that day there is no regular program for that time, or because the preceding program continues into that period.

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY—
RED NETWORK

WAFB Baltimore, Md.
WNAC Boston, Mass.
WFMS Nashville, Tenn.
WMCA Chicago, Ill.
WSB Atlanta, Ga.
WTAM Cleveland, Ohio
KDAI Denver, Colo.
WJW Detroit, Mich.
WBBN Buffalo, N. Y.
WIRE Indianapolis, Ind.
KDKA Pittsburgh, Pa.
KFI Los Angeles, Cal.
KSTP St. Paul, Minn.
WEAF New York, N. Y.
WKBW Buffalo, N. Y.
KWKY Cincinnati, Ohio
WQAQ Richmond, Va.
KSD St. Louis, Mo.
KSL Salt Lake City, Utah
KPG San Francisco, Cal.
KHJ Los Angeles, Cal.
K.I.F. Seattle, Wash.
KOMO Seattle, Wash.
KPHO Phoenix, Ariz.
KPHO Phoenix, Ariz.
KTRK Houston, Tex.
Kodied. Ark.
KTVF Fairbanks, Alaska.
KGSF Yakima, Wash.
KUSA Denver, Colo.
KTBV San Diego, Cal.
KEMP Atlanta, Ga.
KBTV Los Angeles, Cal.
KSBW San Jose, Calif.
KMBY Seattle, Wash.
KIRO Seattle, Wash.
KSL St. Louis, Mo.
KXEM Hermosillo, Cal.
KLG San Diego, Cal.
KSCJ Seattle, Wash.
KGMI Seattle, Wash.
KFRR San Francisco, Calif.
KFKY Spokane, Wash.
WFSM Springfield, Mass.
WOMR Springfield, Mass.
WBBY Syracuse, N. Y.
WDAE Atlanta, Ga.
WDEF Nashville, Tenn.
CBFB. Orange, Cal.
WJNO Washington, D. C.
WJOL Palm Beach, Fla.
WMMN Minneapolis, Minn.
KFWC Richmond, Va.
WIBC Utica, N. Y.
WJSV Washington, D. C.
WJNO Washington, D. C.

MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM STATIONS

XKRO Aberdeen, Wash.
XKAM Omak, Wash.
XKGO Arno, Idaho.
XWDD Augusta, Me.
XWDR Binghamton, N. Y.
XWDO Binghamton, N. Y.
XAVC Atlantic City, N. J.
WQFM Atlanta, Ga.
WATQ Austin, Tex.
WTDQ Baltimore, Md.
WBLZ Bangor, Me.
WTRC Birmingham, Ala.
WBFN Binghamton, N. Y.
WEI Rochester, N. Y.
WBBF Buffalo, N. Y.
WBNW Bellingham, Wash.
WBBF Bellingham, Wash.
WGGG Boston, Mass.
WFCR Bridgeport, Conn.
WBBF Bridgeport, Conn.
WJSN Columbus, Ohio.
WCOF Columbus, Ohio.
WAMX Columbus, Ohio.
WEMW Dayton, Ohio.
WBNY Denver, Colo.
WNSD Des Moines, Iowa.
WDRS Detroit, Mich.
WBKQ Dubuque, Iowa.
WNNI Elgin, Ill.
WEDG Elma-Ithaca, N. Y.
WEOM Evansville, Ind.
WFFA Fairmont, W. Va.
WBTX Green Bay, Wis.
WFBB Greene, N. C.
WFRB Great Falls, Mont.
WHRB Harrisburg, Pa.
WKMB Honolulu, Hawaii.
WHTN Houston, Tex.
WBFM Indianapolis, Ind.
WJMK Jacksonville, Fla.
WJ而在 Knoxville, Tenn.
WJAE La Crosse, Wis.
WJFB Lincoln, Neb.
WJRL Little Rock, Ark.
KNX Los Angeles, Cal.
WHAS Louisville, Ky.
KMWZ Macon, Ga.
KGLR Macon City, Iowa.
WRCM Memphis, Tenn.
WJOC Meridian, Miss.
WGAM Miami, Fla.
WALM Mobile, Ala.
WJMK Milwaukee, Wis.
WJCC Minneapolis, Minn.
KGVG Minneapolis, Minn.
KZTV Minneapolis, Minn.
CAKCM Montreal, Canada.
WCLC Nashville, Tenn.
WNGR New York, N. Y.
WJKY New York, N. Y.
WDOC Oklahoma City, Okla.
WPWR Orlando, Fla.
WVOS Pensacola, Fla.
WJCB Pensacola, Fla.
WMBD Pittsburgh, Pa.
WJBAR Peoria, Ill.
KJY Phoenix, Ariz.
WJAS Pittsburgh, Pa.
WJKY Providence, R. I.
KNOV Reno, Nevada, La.
WJDK Richmond, Va.
WJOR Roanoke, Va.
WJEC Rochester, N. Y.
WJMC St. Louis, Mo.
WJCC St. Paul, Minn.
WJSC Salt Lake City, Utah.
WJSDK San Antonio, Tex.
KJSC San Francisco, Calif.
KJGS Scranton, Pa.
KJRO Seattle, Wash.
KJLW Seattle, Wash.
KJNQ Sioux City, Iowa.
KJCS晋州, Wash.
KJNY South Bend, Ind.
KJPHY Spoksn, Wash.
KJMB Springfield, Mass.
KJRB Syracuse, N. Y.
KJWY Tampa, Fla.
KJWY Tampa, Fla.
KJMO Tacoma, Wash.
KJRX Washington, D. C.
KJXJ Watertuck, W. Va.
KJYK Waterbury, Conn.
KJXJ Watertuck, W. Va.
KJYK Washington, D. C.
KJXJ Watertuck, W. Va.
KJYK Washington, D. C.
KJXJ Watertuck, W. Va.
KJYK Washington, D. C.
## RADIO STARS

### DECEMBER 5—12—19—26

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
<th>Network</th>
<th>Details</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>NBC-Red: THE RADIO PULPIT—Dr. Ralph W. Sockman</td>
<td>NBC-Blue: RUSSIAN MELODIES</td>
<td>NBC: CHURCH OF THE AIR</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:30</td>
<td>NBC-Red: WAY DOWN HOME—musical drama, starring Joan Hersholt</td>
<td>NBC-Red: BICYCLE PARTY—Bill Slater, m.c., Mariani's orchestra</td>
<td>MBS: ORGANIST</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:45</td>
<td>NBC-Red: THE WORLD IS YOURS—dramatization</td>
<td>NBC-Red: BICYCLE PARTY—Bill Slater, m.c., Mariani's orchestra</td>
<td>MBS: ORGANIST</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>NBC-Red: BEDTIME STORIES—guest speakers</td>
<td>NBC-Red: THE WORLD IS YOURS—dramatization</td>
<td>MBS: ORGANIST</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### SUNDAYS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
<th>Network</th>
<th>Details</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>NBC-Red: THE RADIO PULPIT—Dr. Ralph W. Sockman</td>
<td>NBC-Blue: RUSSIAN MELODIES</td>
<td>NBC: CHURCH OF THE AIR</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:30</td>
<td>NBC-Red: WAY DOWN HOME—musical drama, starring Joan Hersholt</td>
<td>NBC-Red: BICYCLE PARTY—Bill Slater, m.c., Mariani's orchestra</td>
<td>MBS: ORGANIST</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:45</td>
<td>NBC-Red: THE WORLD IS YOURS—dramatization</td>
<td>NBC-Red: BICYCLE PARTY—Bill Slater, m.c., Mariani's orchestra</td>
<td>MBS: ORGANIST</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>NBC-Red: BEDTIME STORIES—guest speakers</td>
<td>NBC-Red: THE WORLD IS YOURS—dramatization</td>
<td>MBS: ORGANIST</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### AFTERNOON

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
<th>Network</th>
<th>Details</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>NBC-Red: DENVER STRING QUARTET</td>
<td>NBC-Blue: SOUTHERNAIRES</td>
<td>MBS: DR. CHARLES COURON</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13:30</td>
<td>NBC-Red: UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION—guest speakers</td>
<td>NBC-Blue: RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL ORCHESTRA SEXTET</td>
<td>MBS: ORCHESTRA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:45</td>
<td>MBS: MARTHA AND HALL—songs and patter</td>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>NBC-Red: PAUL MARTIN AND HIS MUSIC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:30</td>
<td>NBC-Red: TUSKEDONE INSTITUTE CHORAL CONCERT</td>
<td>NBC-Blue: NBC SPOTLIGHT</td>
<td>CBS: RHYTHM AND BLUES SHOW</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:45</td>
<td>CBS: LOYD JUXTAPOSES COVERS HOLLYWOOD</td>
<td>2:00</td>
<td>NBC-Red: SUNDAY DRIVERS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:45</td>
<td>MBS: PALMER HOUSE CONCERT ENSEMBLE</td>
<td>4:00</td>
<td>NBC-Red: NICK AND NADINE</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### EVENING

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
<th>Network</th>
<th>Details</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>NBC-Red: CATHOLIC HOUR</td>
<td>NBC-Blue: ORIGINAL MICROPHONE PLAYS</td>
<td>CBS: HEADLINES AND BY-LINES</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>NBC-Red: A TALE OF TODAY—sketch</td>
<td>NBC-Blue: CHEERIO</td>
<td>CBS: HEADLINES AND BY-LINES</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### MBS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Program</th>
<th>Network</th>
<th>Details</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>FUN IN SWINGTIME</td>
<td>NBC-Red: JELL-O PROGRAM</td>
<td>Jack Benny, Mary Livingstone, Kenny Baker, Bob Hope, Sonny, Sam Hearn, Andy Devino, uniformed orchestra</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VICK'S OPEN HOUSE</td>
<td>VICK'S OPEN HOUSE</td>
<td>Jeannette MacDonald, Max Evans, Pasternack's orchestra</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE WEEMS ORCHESTRA</td>
<td>VICK'S OPEN HOUSE</td>
<td>Jeannette MacDonald, Max Evans, Pasternack's orchestra</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### CBS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Program</th>
<th>Network</th>
<th>Details</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>THE WEEMS ORCHESTRA</td>
<td>VICK'S OPEN HOUSE</td>
<td>Jeannette MacDonald, Max Evans, Pasternack's orchestra</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE WEEMS ORCHESTRA</td>
<td>VICK'S OPEN HOUSE</td>
<td>Jeannette MacDonald, Max Evans, Pasternack's orchestra</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### MBS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Program</th>
<th>Network</th>
<th>Details</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>THE WEEMS ORCHESTRA</td>
<td>VICK'S OPEN HOUSE</td>
<td>Jeannette MacDonald, Max Evans, Pasternack's orchestra</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE WEEMS ORCHESTRA</td>
<td>VICK'S OPEN HOUSE</td>
<td>Jeannette MacDonald, Max Evans, Pasternack's orchestra</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### MBS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Program</th>
<th>Network</th>
<th>Details</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>THE WEEMS ORCHESTRA</td>
<td>VICK'S OPEN HOUSE</td>
<td>Jeannette MacDonald, Max Evans, Pasternack's orchestra</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE WEEMS ORCHESTRA</td>
<td>VICK'S OPEN HOUSE</td>
<td>Jeannette MacDonald, Max Evans, Pasternack's orchestra</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### CBS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Program</th>
<th>Network</th>
<th>Details</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>THE WEEMS ORCHESTRA</td>
<td>VICK'S OPEN HOUSE</td>
<td>Jeannette MacDonald, Max Evans, Pasternack's orchestra</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE WEEMS ORCHESTRA</td>
<td>VICK'S OPEN HOUSE</td>
<td>Jeannette MacDonald, Max Evans, Pasternack's orchestra</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### MBS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Program</th>
<th>Network</th>
<th>Details</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>THE WEEMS ORCHESTRA</td>
<td>VICK'S OPEN HOUSE</td>
<td>Jeannette MacDonald, Max Evans, Pasternack's orchestra</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE WEEMS ORCHESTRA</td>
<td>VICK'S OPEN HOUSE</td>
<td>Jeannette MacDonald, Max Evans, Pasternack's orchestra</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### CBS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Program</th>
<th>Network</th>
<th>Details</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>THE WEEMS ORCHESTRA</td>
<td>VICK'S OPEN HOUSE</td>
<td>Jeannette MacDonald, Max Evans, Pasternack's orchestra</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE WEEMS ORCHESTRA</td>
<td>VICK'S OPEN HOUSE</td>
<td>Jeannette MacDonald, Max Evans, Pasternack's orchestra</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
**MORNING**

8:00 NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's stories  
NBC-Blue: NORTHERN SPACED—organist  
8:15 NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING ORLEANS  
NBC-Blue: WILLIAM MERRIT—organist  
8:30 NBC-Red: DO YOU REMEMBER  
CBS: FIDDLER'S FANCY  
8:45 NBC-Blue: LUCILLE AND NANNY  
9:00 NBC-Red: WOMEN AND NATION  
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—variety program  
CBS: METROPOLITAN PARADE  
9:15 NBC-Red: THE STREAM-LINERS—Fields and Hall, orchestra  
9:25 CBS: PRESS-RECORD NEWS  
9:30 CBS: MORNING Moods  
9:40 NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS  
NBC-Blue: FUGITIVE—serial  
9:45 NBC-Red: LAXD TRIO  
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—variety program  
CBS: BACHELORS' CHILDREN—sketch  
9:50 NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—sketch  
NBC-Blue: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch  
9:55 NBC-Red: JOHNS OTHER HARUM  
NBC-Blue: MA PERKINS—sketch  
CBS: MYRT AND MARJORIE—sketch  
10:00 NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN BILL  
NBC-Blue: PEPPER YOUNG'S FIX  
CBS: TONY JUIN'S SCRAP-BOOK—Ann Leaf  
MBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC  
10:15 NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN  
NBC-Blue: KITCHEN CAVALRY—Mara Corday  
CBS: RUTH CARHART—soloist  
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL  
11:00 NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch  
NBC-Blue: THE O'NEILLS—sketch  
11:15 NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch  
NBC-Blue: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch  
CBS: HEINZ MAGAZINE OF THE AIR—Carlyle Kenny's Romance, dramatic serial  
11:30 NBC-Red: HOW TO BE GRESHAMING—sketch  
NBC-Blue: VIV AND SADIE—sketch  
CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch  
MBS: ORCHESTRA  
11:45 NBC-Red: MANHATTERS ORCHESTRA  
NBC-Blue: EDWARD MAC-HUGH—tenor  
Aunt Jenny's Real Life Stories  
MBS: MYRA KINGSBY, astrologer, JEAN PAUL KING, commentator  
**AFTERNOON**

12:00 NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch  
NBC-Blue: TIME FOR THE TOWN  
CBS: THE RADIO COLUMN—variety program  
MBS: NORMAN BROKENSHIRE'S VARIETY PROGRAM  
12:15 NBC-Red: THE GOLDBERGS—sketch  
NBC-Blue: VOCALIST  
**DECEMBER  6—13—20—27**

CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE—Evan C. Hill, commentator  
12:30 NBC-Red: THREE MARTIN-SHALL—NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM HOME HOUR—Henry Blauufus' orchestra  
CBS: BOOKENDS OF HELEN TRENDS—sketch  
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL  
12:45 NBC-Red: ROSA LEE—so-Bran  
CBS: OUR GAL, SUNDAY—sketch  
MBS: WE ARE FOUR—sketch  
1:00 NBC-Red: JOE WHITE—tenor  
CBS: BETTY AND BOB—sketch  
MBS: NSCOPHONE IN THE SKY—Earl Harper, interviewer  
1:15 NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Larry Larsen, Ruth Lyon, Harvey Hays  
CBS: HYMNS OF ALL CHURCHES—Betty Crocker, cooking expert  
MBS: CARSON ROBINSON AND HIS BUCKAROOS  
1:30 NBC-Blue: LOVE AND LEARN—sketch  
CBS: ARNOLD GRIMM'S DAUGHTER—sketch  
1:45 NBC-Red: DAN HARRING'S WIFE—sketch  
NBC-Blue: GRACE AND SCOTTY—songs and patter  
CBS: HOLLYWOOD IN PERSON—Bob Baker, commentator  
MBS: REN BATTLES ORCHESTRA  
2:00 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA  
NBC-Blue: STROLLERS MARINÉE  
CBS: NEWS THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES—Kathryn Craves  
MBS: DON'T LOOK NOW—Lavalle and Sands, comedians  
MBS: ORCHESTRA  
2:15 CBS: DALTON BROTHERS  
MBS: SYLVA CYDE—soprano  
2:30 NBC-Red: BENNETT AND WOLVERTON—piano and violin  
NBC-Blue: LET'S TALK IT OVER—Anna Kitchell  
CBS: AMERICAN SCHOOL OF THE AIR—Exits and Entries  
2:45 NBC-Red: THREE CHEERS—vocal trio  
2:00 NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch  
NBC-Blue: ROCHESTER CIVIC ORCHESTRA  
3:15 NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch  
3:30 NBC-Red: VIC AND SADIE—sketch  
CBS: JENNY PEABODY—sketch  
MBS: GOOD HEALTH AND TRAINING  
3:45 NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch  
NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE  
MBS: RHUMBA RHYTHM AND TANGOS  
4:00 NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—comedy sketch  
CBS: TED MALONE'S ROADWAY  
4:15 NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch  
CBS: SING AND SWING  
4:30 NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch  
CBS: JOHNNY FAMILY—sketch with Jimmy Welsher  
**EVENING**

6:00 NBC-Red: SOLOIST  
NBC-Blue: U.S. ARMY BAND  
CBS: HOWARD PHILLIPS—baritone  
6:15 NBC-Red: DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY—sketch  
CBS: NEW HORIZONS  
6:30 NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS  
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS  
MBS: PR soap OPERA NEWS  
MBS: ORCHESTRA  
6:45 NBC-Red: SOLOIST  
SOLOIST—CHARLES SEARS—tenor  
MBS: ORCHESTRA  
6:49 NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS—news commentary  
MBS: ORCHESTRA  
7:00 NBC-Red: AMOS 'N' ANDY—sketch  
CBS: POETIC MELODIES—Jack Fulton, Franklin Mac-Cormack, Keiley's orchestra  
MBS: ORCHESTRA  
7:15 NBC-Red: THE INCLE EZRA'S RADIO STATION—Pat Barry  
CBS: ORCHESTRA  
7:30 NBC-Red: SOLOIST  
SOLOIST—LUCI AND ABNER—sketch  
MBS: NEAL O'HARA'S RADIO QUIETTE  
7:43 NBC-Red: TOP HATTERS ORCHESTRA  
NBC-Blue: SOLOIST  
CBS: ROYAL CARTER—news commentator  
8:00 NBC-Red: BURNS AND ALLEN—Tony Martin, Noble's orchestra  
NBC-Blue: GENERAL HUG JOHNSON—comedy sketch  
MBS: ALMITE HALF HOUR—Horace Hedlitz's orchestra  
MBS: ORCHESTRA  
8:15 NBC-Blue: ROY CAMPBELL'S ROYALISTS  
8:30 NBC-Red: VOICE OF FIRESTONE—Margaret Rix Speaks, Richard Crooks, Wallenstein's orchestra, guests  
NBC-Blue: CAMPANA'S VARIETY PAIR—Cal Tienny, Sha- liah Graham  
MBS: PICK AND PAT—comedy and music  
MBS: ORCHESTRA  
**9:00** NBC-Red: FITZGERALD AND MOLY—comedy sketch  
MBS: GEORGIE PRICE—Mary Williams, Stanley's orchestra  
9:10 NBC-Red: CONTENTED PROGRAM—Vivien Della Chiesa, Black's orchestra  
NBC-Blue: BEHIND PRISON BARS—Warden Lewis & Lawe  
MBS: WAYNE KING'S ORCHESTRA  
10:10 NBC-Red: MUSIC FOR MODERN MBS: NATIONAL RA- DIO FORUM—guest speaker  
CBS: BRAVE NEW WORLD—dramatizations  
11:45 MBS: HENRY WEBER'S PAGEANT OF MELODY

**11:00** NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA  
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA  
CBS: DANCE MUSIC

Jean Paul King

Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe

Eugene Ormandy
**Tuesdays**

**DECEMBER 7—14—21—28**

**MORNING**

8:00 NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE Children's show, NBC-Blue: CHARIOTERS

8:15 NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES NBC-Blue: DICK LEIBERT ENSEMBLE

8:30 NBC-Red: DO YOU REMEMBER? NBC-Blue: POETIC STRINGS

8:45 NBC-Blue: LUCILLE AND LANNY NBC-Red: MICHEL ROSCOE—pianist

9:15 NBC-Red: WOMEN AND NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST
cBS: EDWIN HURST cBS: MUSIC IN THE AIR

9:40 NBC-Red: STREAMLINERS—Fields and Hall, orchestra

10:00 CBS: PRESS-REWOOD NEWS

10:15 NBC-Red: GOOD NEIGHBORS—Richard Maxwell

10:45 NBC-Red: PRESS-REWOOD CBS: HANS SHULTZ

11:00 NBC-Red: LANDT TRIO NBC-Blue: AUNT JEMIMA

11:15 NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH, sketch

11:30 NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch

11:45 NBC-Red: PRETTY KITTY KITTY—sketch

12:00 NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER WIFE—sketch


12:30 NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch

12:45 NBC-Blue: MA PERKINS

1:00 NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch

1:15 NBC-Blue: THE O'NEILLES—sketch

1:30 NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch

1:45 NBC-Blue: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch

2:00 NBC-Red: MAGAZINE OF THE AIR—Carol Kennedy's program, NBC-Blue: LIVING AND LIVELY, sketch

2:15 NBC-Red: HOMEMAKERS' EXCHANGE—Eleanor Howe

2:30 NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADIE—sketch

2:45 NBC-Red: BIG SISTER—sketch

3:00 NBC-Red: MYSTERY CHEF

3:15 NBC-Blue: RAY MILLER—Mac HUGH—The Gospel Singer

3:30 NBC-Red: RED,newbreak, sketch

3:45 NBC-Blue: VOCAL, sketch

4:00 NBC-Red: NATURE'S NEWS, sketch

4:15 NBC-Blue: SUNDAY STREAMLINERS—Benedict, Bebe, Mickey, NBC-Red: SUNDAY STREAMLINERS—Bill Lowery

4:30 NBC-Red: PARTY TIME—vocalists MBS: CBS: "THE SONG BOOK"

4:45 NBC-Red: SNATCH ME—vocalist, sketch

5:00 NBC-Blue: FRED WARE—violinist

5:15 NBC-Red: SUNDAY STREAMLINERS—Sundays, sketch

5:30 NBC-Red: AMOS 'N ANDY—sketch

**EVENING**

6:00 NBC-Red: SCIENCE IN THE NEWS

6:15 NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA

6:30 NBC-Red: WALTZ NIGHT

6:45 NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA

7:00 NBC-Red: JIMMIE FIDLER'S HOLIDAY SHOW

7:15 NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA

7:30 NBC-Red: RED, sketch

7:45 NBC-Blue: LET'S VISIT—Dave Driscoll, Jerry Danzig

8:00 NBC-Red: GENERAL HUGGINS MILLER—sketch

8:15 NBC-Blue: BENNY GOODMAN'S ORCHESTRA

8:30 NBC-Red: SYMPHONIC STRINGS

8:45 NBC-Blue: CHOIR SYMPHONETTE

9:00 NBC-Red: JIMMY FIDLER'S HOLIDAY SHOW

9:15 NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA

9:30 NBC-Red: DEL CARBONE—baritone

9:45 NBC-Blue: WITCH'S TALE

10:00 NBC-Red: SERENADE, sketch

10:15 NBC-Blue: MUSIC

10:30 NBC-Red: SCIENCE VS MUSIC

10:45 NBC-Blue: DANCE MUSIC

11:00 NBC-Red: MUSIC

11:15 NBC-Blue: MUSIC

**AFTERNOON**

12:00 NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—music

12:15 NBC-Blue: TIME FOR PAPER

12:30 NBC-Red: SWINGING THE BLUES

12:45 NBC-Blue: THE GOLDENBERRYS

1:00 NBC-Red: THE GOLDFARBER SONGS

1:15 NBC-Blue: CHERYL BEEVERS

1:30 NBC-Red: PIANO DUO

1:45 NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOE—Walter Haukness, orchestra

2:00 NBC-Red: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENTH—sketch

2:15 NBC-Blue: STUDIES AND...
**RADIO STARS**

**WEDNESDAYS**

**DECEMBER 1—8—15—22—29**

**MORNING**

4:00 NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE — children's stories

5:15 NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES

5:30 NBC-Blue: WILLIAM MEEK—organist

6:00 NBC-Red: DO YOU REMEMBER

6:15 CBS: GREENFIELD VILLAGE

6:30 NBC-Blue: LUCILLE AND MARY—songs

7:00 CBS: AS YOU LIKE IT

7:15 NBC-Red: WOMEN AND NEWS

7:30 NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—variety program

8:15 NBC-Red: STREAMLINERS—Pilots and Hall of Fame

8:30 CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL—songs

9:00 CBS: PRESS-RECORD NEWS

9:15 NBC-Red: PRESS-RECORD NEWS

9:30 NBC-Blue: PRESS-RECORD NEWS

10:00 NBC-Red: LANDT TRIO—Walter Lang—Aunt Jemima on the AIR—varieties

10:15 NBC-Blue: BACHELOR'S CHILDREN—sketch

10:30 NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—sketch

10:45 CBS: PRETTY KITTY KELLY

11:00 NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER WORLD—sketch

11:15 NBC-Blue: MRS. PERKINS—sketch

11:30 NBC-Red: MYTH AND MARGARET—sketch

11:45 NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN BILL—sketch

12:00 NBC-Blue: PEPPER YOUNG'S FIRST—sketch

12:15 CBS: TONY WON'S SCRAPBOOK—Ann Leaf

12:30 MSNBC: GET THEM TO THE MUSIC

12:45 NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch

1:00 NBC-Blue: KITCHEN CAVALE—Crosby Gaige

1:15 CBS: RUTH CARRIART—songs

1:30 NBC-Red: ORGAN RECITAL

1:45 NBC-Red: DAVID HARROW—sketch

2:00 NBC-Blue: THE O'NEILLS—sketch

2:15 CBS: REYN MAGAZINE OF THE AIR—Julia Sanderson, Francis Craven, Rolfe's orchestra, Carol Kennedy's Romance

2:30 NBC-Red: BACK STAGE WEEKEND—sketch

2:45 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch

3:00 NBC-Red: HOW TO BE CHARMING—sketch

3:15 NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADE—sketch

3:30 NBC-Blue: MARGUERITE—sketch

4:00 NBC-Blue: EDWARD MAC-HUGH—The Gospel Singer

4:15 NBC-Blue: JENNIE REAL LIFE STORIES—sketch

**AFTERNOON**

12:00 Noon NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch

12:00 NBC-Blue: TIME FOR THOUGHT—CBS: THE RADIO COLUMN—Mary Elizabeth Shirley

12:15 NBC-Red: THROUGH THE YEAR—sketch

12:30 NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—Walter Blugus orchestra

12:45 NBC-Red: ROYALTY OF HELEN TRENT—sketch

12:15 NBC-Red: JOE WHITE—tenor

12:30 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA

12:45 NBC-Blue: LUCY AND LEE—sketch

1:00 NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA

1:15 NBC-Blue: LOVE AND LEARN—sketch

1:30 CBS: ARNOLD GRIM'S DAUGHTER—sketch

1:45 NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch

2:00 NBC-Blue: THE HARVEY FLYERS—songs

2:15 CBS: REYN MAGAZINE OF THE AIR—Julia Sanderson, Francis Craven, Rolfe's orchestra, Carol Kennedy's Romance

2:30 NBC-Red: HEALTH—sketch

2:45 NBC-Blue: SCOTTIE AND THE CHURCHES—sketch

3:00 NBC-Red: MRS. CARSON ROBINSON AND HIS BUCKAROOS

3:15 NBC-Blue: BERT HARRY'S HIT RECORDS

3:30 NBC-Red: RUTH CARRIART—songs

3:45 NBC-Blue: LILY AND ERNIE—sketch

4:00 NBC-Red: NOT FOR LADIES—Ben Alexander, Hollywood commentator

4:15 NBC-Blue: NEIGHBORS NELL—Jack Baren, commentator

4:30 NBC-Red: TERRY AND THE FERNS—sketch

4:45 NBC-Blue: THE FOUR OF US—sketch

5:00 NBC-Red: JACK ARMSTRONG—sketch

5:15 NBC-Blue: SINGING LADY—sketch

5:30 CBS: DOROTHY GORDON'S CHILDREN'S CORNER

5:45 NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANN—sketch

6:00 NBC-Blue: TOM MIX'S STRAIGHT SHOOTERS—sketch

6:15 CBS: HILTON HOUSE—dramatic serial

**EVENING**

7:00 NBC-Red: AMERICA'S SCHOOLS—CBS: THE SCHOOLS FOR THE TRIBAL EDITORS

7:15 NBC-Blue: ROLLING THE BOBBIN—CBS: ROLLING THE BOBBIN

7:30 NBC-Red: GIANT'S BASEBALL HOUR—CBS: THE GIANT'S BASEBALL HOUR

7:45 NBC-Blue: SOLOIST—CBS: THE MAJESTY OF MUSIC—NORSEMEN

8:00 NBC-Red: LUCY AND LOUIE—sketch

8:15 NBC-Blue: AMOS 'N ANDY—sketch

8:30 NBC-Red: EASY ACES—comedy sketch

8:45 CBS: THE GREENFLOUR—songs

9:00 NBC-Red: ONE MAN'S FAMILY—CBS: THE MAN'S FAMILY

9:15 NBC-Blue: MUSIC OF ROMANCE—CBS: THE CHORAL ODE FROM AMERICA's orchestra, Stanley Worth, vocalist

9:30 CBS: CAVALCADE OF AMERICA—guests, Voicebox orchestra

9:45 MBS: LAUGHING WITH CANADA

10:00 MBS: PIANO TEAM

10:15 NBC-Red: LADY ESTHER BERENADE—Wayne King's orchestra

10:30 NBC-Blue: SID SKOLKHY—CBS: TUXEDO LEAGUE—Sid Skolkey's orchestra

10:45 CBS: TEXACO TOWN—Edith Adams, John Duvall, Jimmy Williams, Pinky Tomlin, future Baymore, Renard's orchestra

11:00 NBC-Blue: NORSK SANQUARTET

11:15 MBS: ORCHESTRA

11:30 NBC-Blue: MINSTREL SHOWN—Gene Arnold, Short's orchestra

11:45 CBS: TISH—dramatization

12:00 NBC-Blue: SOLOIST—CBS: THE MAJESTY OF MUSIC—SOLOIST—CBS: THE MAJESTY OF MUSIC—SOLOIST

12:15 NBC-Blue: SOLOIST—CBS: THE MAJESTY OF MUSIC—SOLOIST

12:30 NBC-Blue: KATHRYN TERRY—CBS: THE SCHOOLS FOR THE TRIBAL EDITORS

12:45 NBC-Red: ALLISTAIR COXE—commentator on stage and films

Pinky Tomlin
Crosby Gaige
Ben Alexander
MORNING

8:00 NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE NBC-Blue: CHARIOTEERS
8:15 NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES NBC-Blue: DICK LEIBERT ENSEMBLE
8:30 NBC-Red: DO YOU REMEMBER? CBS: POETIC STRINGS
8:45 NBC-Blue: LUCILLE AND LANNY
9:00 NBC-Red: WOMEN AND NEWS NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—variety program CBS: DEAR COLUMBIA—fan mail dramatizations
9:15 NBC-Red: STREAMLINERS—Fields and Hall
9:30 CBS: PRESS RADIO NEWS

THURSDAYS

DECEMBER 2—9—16—23—30

3:15 NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
4:00 NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—comedy sketch
4:30 NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
5:00 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA—CBS: LIGHT \& BARN CUT-UPS
5:15 NBC-Red: JACK ARMSTRONG—serial
5:30 NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNE—juvenile serial
6:00 NBC-Red: DANCE BAND—CBS: DEL CASINO—songs
6:15 NBC-Red: DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY—sketch
6:30 CBS: PRESS RADIO NEWS

EVENING

6:00 NBC-Red: DANCE BAND—HARRY KOGAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA CBS: DEL CASINO—songs
6:15 NBC-Red: DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY—sketch
6:30 CBS: PRESS RADIO NEWS

6:35 NBC-Red: RHYTHMAINES—CBS: TONY RUSSELL—tenor
6:45 NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS NEWS commentator
7:00 NBC-Red: AMOS 'N ANDY—comedy sketch
7:15 NBC-Red: VOCAL VARIETIES—Norton Company
7:30 NBC-Red: SAVITT SERENADE—CBS: LUM AND ABNER—comedy sketch
7:45 NBC-Red: LIEDESSINGERS
8:00 NBC-Red: ROYAL GELATIN PROGRAM—Ruby Vaille, guests
8:30 NBC-Red: AMERICA'S TOWN MEETING OF THE AIR—speakers
8:45 NBC-Red: KRAFT MUSIC HOUR—Ray Allen, Bob Burns. Trotter's orchestra, guests
9:00 NBC-Blue: NBC JAMBOREE—CBS: BUDDY CLARK ENTERTAINS
9:15 CBS: ORCHESTRA: FAVORITES
9:30 CBS: ESSAYS IN MUSIC—Victor Borge's concert orchestra
11:00 NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC—NBC-Blue: VAGABONDS QUARTET
11:15 NBC-Red: ELIZA SCHALLERT REVIEWS—previews
12:00 NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC
**BROADCASTS FOR THE WEEK OF DECEMBER 3-10-17-24-31**

**MORNING**

8:00 - NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—Monday, stories
NBC-Blue: FOUR SHOWMEN—quartet

8:15 - NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MURPHY—Phillips's stories
NBC-Blue: WILLIAM MELVIN—organist

8:30 - NBC-Red: DO YOU REMEMBER HARRIS MERRYMAKERS

8:45 - NBC-Blue: LUCILLE AND LANNY BOWERS—ETON BOYS

9:00 - NBC-Red: WOMEN AND NEWSPAPERS—Alice Curtis
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—variety program
CBS: METROPOLITAN PAK—radio

9:15 - NBC-Red: STREAMLiners—Fields and Hall, orchestra
CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL—songs

9:30 - CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

9:45 - NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

10:00 - NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—sketch
NBC-Blue: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
CBS: PRETTY KITTY KITTY—sketch

10:15 - NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER WORLD—sketch
NBC-Blue: MA PERKINS—sketch
CBS: MYRT AND MARGE—sketch

10:30 - NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN BILL—sketch
NBC-Blue: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
CBS: TONY WOMP SCRAPBOOK—Ann Leaf
MBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC

10:45 - NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch
NBC-Blue: KITCHEN CAVES—Crosby Gaige
CBS: RUTH CHARHART—songs
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL

11:00 - NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE ONEILLS—sketch
CBS: HEINZ MAGAZINE OF THE AIR—Julie Sanderson, Frank Crumit, flute's orchestra, Carol Kennedy's Romance MBS: REMINISCING

11:15 - NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch

11:30 - NBC-Red: HOW TO BE CHARMING—sketch
NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADE—sketch
CBS: BIG BROTHER—sketch
MBS: ORCHESTRA

11:45 - NBC-Red: HELLO PROGY—sketch
NBC-Blue: EDWARD MURPHY—The Gospel Singer
CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES—sketch
MBS: MRS. KINGSTON, actress, Jean Paul King, commentator

**AFTERNOON**

12:00 Noon - NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch
NBC-Blue: TIME FOR THOUGHT
CBS: THE RADIO COLUMNIST—Mary Margaret McBride

12:15 - NBC-Red: THE GOLDENBERGS—sketch
NBC-Blue: VOCALIST
CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE—Edwin C. Hill, commentator

12:30 - NBC-Red: THE VAGABONDS—National Farm and Home Hour—Walter Blauvelt's orchestra
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN THIEN—sketch
MBS: STUDIES AND SKETCHES IN BLACK AND WHITE

12:45 - NBC-Red: JOE WHITE AND PADRAIC COLUM
CBS: OUR GAL SUNDAY—sketch
MBS: WE ARE FOUR—sketch

1:00 - NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
CBS: BETTY AND BOB—sketch
MBS: MICROPHONE IN THE SKY—Earl Harper, interviewer

1:15 - NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Harry Larsen, Ruth Lyon, Harvey Hayes
CBS: BETTY CROCKER—cooking expert
MBS: ORCH BOHSON AND HIS BUCKAROOS

1:30 - NBC-Red: LOVE AND LORRAINE—sketch
CBS: ARNOLD GRIMM'S DAUGHTER—sketch

1:45 - NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: GRACE AND SCOTTY—songs and patter
CBS: HOLLYWOOD IN PERSON—Black, commentator
MBS: ORCHESTRA

2:00 - NBC-Red and NBC-Blue: NBC MUSIC APPRECIATION HOUR—Dr. Walter Damrosch
CBS: NEWS THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES—Kathryn Crawford
MBS: DON'T LOOK NOW—Lavalle and Senda, comedians, orchestra

2:15 - CBS: BOB BYRON—songs
MBS: VOCALIST

**EVENING**

6:00 - NBC-Red: EDUCATION IN THE NEWS—dramatization

**FRIDAYS**

**DECEMBER 10**

11:45 - NBC-Red: HELLO PROGY—sketch
NBC-Blue: EDWARD MURPHY—The Gospel Singer
CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES—sketch
MBS: MRS. KINGSTON, actress, Jean Paul King, commentator

**JULIA SANDERSON**

6:15 - NBC-Red: DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY—sketch

6:30 - NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
MBS: ORCHESTRA

6:45 - NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS—news commentator
CBS: LIFE—Betty Grable, John Payne

7:00 - NBC-Red: AMOS 'N ANDY—sketch
NBC-Blue: MARY SMALL—songs
CBS: PICTORIAL—JOHN HAYES—commentator
MBS: DINNER CONCERT
CBS: LASALLE CAVALIERS

7:30 - NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
MBS: TO PLAYS AND SINGERS—BEATRICE FAIRFAUX
CBS: PARADE OF AMERICA'S RADO GARDE

7:45 - NBC-Red: B U G H O U S E RHYTHM—soprano
MBS: FRANCIS DUFFY—soprano
CBS: ROSE KNOWLE—soprano
MBS: JULIUS PERETZ—soprano

8:00 - NBC-Red: CITIZENS SERVICE CONCERT—Lucilla Manners, Henderson's orchestra
MBS: GRAND CENTRAL STRAND DRAMATIC SKETCH
CBS: HAMMERSMITH MUSIC HALL

8:30 - NBC-Red: DEATH VALLEY DAY—FRANCIS DUFFY—soprano
MBS: MUSIC FROM HOLLYWOOD—Alice Payne, Hal Kemp's orchestra
CBS: ORCHESTRA

8:45 - MBS: PICTURES IN MUSIC

9:00 - NBC-Red: WALTZ TIME—Frank Mann, Lois Bennett, Lonergan's orchestra
NBC-Blue: PONTIAC, VARIE-TIES—singers
MBS: HOLLIDAY HOTEL—Frances Langford, Jerry Cooper
CBS: RADIO NEWS
MBS: ORCHESTRA

9:30 - NBC-Red: TRUE STORY CURBS OF HUMAN RELATIONS—STARRING BEATRICE FAIRFAUX
MBS: KALUGA AND KOOL SHOW—Tommy Dorsey Orchestra, Eddie Wright, Dick Nelson, Jack Leonard, Phil Stewart
MBS: BARN STORMERS

10:00 - NBC-Red: FIRST NIGHTER—Victor McFarland, Mike Butterfield, John Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. Reed Kennedy, Alice Compton, Henderson's Orchestra.
MBS: ORCHESTRA

10:30 - NBC-Red: JUMBO PIGGERS HOLLYWOOD GOSPEL HOUR—CUBBY BROCKET—dramatization

11:00 - NBC-Red: G E O R G E R H O L M E S—radio commentator
MBS: ORCHESTRA
CBS: DANCE MUSIC
MBS: DANCE MUSIC

---

Julia Sanderson

---

**EDYTHE WRIGHT**

**BARBARA LADDY**
MORNING

8:00 NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's stories
NBC-Blue: NORSENMEN QUARTET

8:15 NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES
NBC-Blue: DICK LEIBERT ENSEMBLE

8:20 NBC-Red: DO YOU REMEMBER
CBS: JACK SHANNON—songs

8:45 NBC-Blue: LUCILLE AND LANNY
CBS: VIOLINIST

9:00 NBC-Red: THE WISE MAN
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—variety program
CBS: RAY BLOCK—pianist

9:15 NBC-Red: STREAMLINERS—Fields and Hall
CBS: DALTON BROTHERS—novelty trio

9:30 CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL—songs

9:40 NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

9:12 NBC-Red: LANDTY TRIO
NBC-Blue: AUNT JEMIMA ON THE AIR—varieties
CBS: FIDDLER'S FANCY

9:35 CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

10:00 NBC-Red: NANCY SWANSON—songs
NBC-Blue: SWEETHEARTS OF THE AIR—May SINGH, Breen, Peter de Ross
CBS: FRED FEIBEL—organist

10:15 NBC-Red: CHARITEERES—male quartet
NBC-Blue: SWINGTIME TRIO

10:30 NBC-Red: MANHATTERS
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: LET'S PRETEND—children's program
MBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC

11:00 NBC-Red: FLORENCE HALE'S RADIO FORUM
NBC-Blue: PATRICIA RYAN—songs
CBS: CINCINNATI CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC CONCERT
MBS: NORMAN BROKENSHIRE VARIETY PROGRAM

11:15 NBC-Red: FORD RUSH AND SILENT SLUM
NBC-Blue: MINUTE MEN—male quartet

11:30 NBC-Red: HALF PAST ELEVEN
NBC-Blue: OUR BARN—children's program, Madge Tucker
MBS: U.S. ARMY BAND

11:45 NBC-Red: INSTRUMENTAL GROUP

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon NBC-Red: CONTINENTALS—Beatrice Lind, Josef Honti, director

12:15 NBC-Blue: LITTLE LADY SHOW
CBS: ORCHESTRA

12:30 NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: JIMMY SHIELDS—tenor

12:50 NBC-Red: CAMPUS CAPERS—orchestra, vocalists
NBC-Blue: CLUB NATINEE
CBS: BUFFALO PRESENTS
MBS: ORCHESTRA

1:00 NBC-Red: YOUR HOST IS BUFFALO—orchestra, soloists
CBS: MADISON ENSEMBLE
MBS: PALMER HOUSE CONCERT ORCHESTRA

1:15 NBC-Blue: ANN LEAF—organist
CBS: THREE GRACES AND PIANO

1:30 NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: PALMER HOUSE ORCHESTRA

1:45 NBC-Red: COOLIDGE QUARTET
MBS: ORCHESTRA

EVENING

6:00 NBC-Blue: EL CHICO SPANISH REVIEW
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL

6:15 MBS: FOUR CALIFORNIANS

6:25 CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

7:00 NBC-Red: THE ART OF LIVING—Dr. Norman Vincent Peale
NBC-Blue: JOHNNY O'BRIEN ORCHESTRA

7:15 MBS: PALMER HOUSE ENSEMBLE

7:30 NBC-Red: GIRLS OF THE WEST
NBC-Blue: UNCLE JIM'S QUESTION BEES
CBS: CARBORUNDUM BAND
Edward D. Anna, conductor

7:45 NBC-Red: JEAN SABLON
MBS: ORCHESTRA

8:00 NBC-Red: BELIEVE-IT-OR-NOT—Robert L. Ripley, grewe's orchestra
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: YOUR UNSEEN FRIEND—glamazila
MBS: HITHER, AUDIENCE
Ray Perkins, Helene Daniels, Stanley's orchestra

8:50 NBC-Red: LOG CABIN SHOW
Jack Haly, Virginia Verrill, Warren Hull, Wendy Barrie, Pio-Rito's orchestra
NBC-Blue: LINTON WELLS—commentator
CBS: JOHNNY PRESENTS EUS MORGAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA—Charles Martin, guest
MBS: WOR PRESENTS SYLVIA PROOS

9:00 NBC-Blue: NOLA DAY—songs

9:15 NBC-Blue: NATIONAL BARN DANCE—Joe Kelly
CBS: PROFESSOR QUIZEZ—Bob Trout
MBS: LOUISIANA HAYRIDE

9:30 NBC-Red: SPECIAL DELIV-ERIES
CBS: SATURDAY NIGHT SERENADE—Mary Eastman, Bill Perry, Haenschke's orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA

10:00 NBC-Red and NBC-Blue: NBC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Arthur Rodzinski, conductor
CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE
MBS: DRAMATIC PROGRAM

10:15 MBS: ORCHESTRA

10:15 CBS: PATRI CHAPIN—songs

11:00 NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC
NBC-Blue: DANCE MUSIC
CBS: BENNY GOODMAN'S ORCHESTRA
MBS: DANCE MUSIC

NOTE: As we go to press, this program guide is absolutely accurate, but we cannot be responsible for last minute changes made by the broadcasting companies, advertising agencies or sponsors.
A New Kind of Cream has been developed!

A cream that puts into women’s skin the substance that helps to make it beautiful—the active "skin-vitamin."

For years, leading doctors have known how this "skin-vitamin" heals skin faster when applied to wounds or burns. How it heals skin infections. And also how skin may grow rough and subject to infections when there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet.

Then we tested it in Pond’s Creams. The results were favorable! In animal tests, skin that had been rough and dry because of "skin-vitamin" deficiency in the diet became smooth and supple again—in only 3 weeks!

Women who had long used Pond’s Cold Cream tried the new Pond’s Cream with "skin-vitamin"—and found it "better than ever." They said that it gives skin a bright, clear look; that it keeps skin so much smoother.

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now the new Pond’s "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream is on sale everywhere—in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Use it as before—but see how much healthier and freer of faults it makes your skin look!

This new cream brings to your skin the vitamin that especially aids in keeping skin beautiful. Not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. But the active "skin-vitamin."
seven, barely escaped with his own life.

He was born in Monastirshitz, Russia. His father was a music arranger for the Russian Court orchestra. When Mark was seven, the family decided to leave Russia and come to America. This was at the risk of their lives. They were forbidden by court order to leave.

Then began a two-year trek across the vast stretches of Russia, a trek that turned into a flight. Mark (his real name is Max Voronow) dimly remembers shivering in haynouts of barns by day and traveling by night, sometimes on foot and sometimes in a wagon. His only personal possessions were his violin and his whoopee and pushkin (hoop and stick), and to these he clung fast until the day he arrived in Manhattan.

He remembers fear and hunger and cold. He remembers walking until his thin, pipestem legs were wobbly with fatigue. He remembers seeing death and murder and desolation—things that today he would rather forget.

He remembers that fateful day, just before they safely crossed the border, when their little straw trunk, which held everything in the way of clothing that the refugee family possessed, was stolen—how, surrounded by surly and venal-looking strangers, he strummed his cheap violin as if one inspired, fiddled gay tunes, sad tunes, until somehow the sight and sound of this gallant boy and his music touched the hearts of the riflemen who had robbed the Warrows. The trunk was returned, the passage across the border was accomplished.

"Then we went across Austria," said Warnow, "I don't remember much about that, and the next vivid memory I have is coming into New York on the steamer, Abraham Lincoln. Oh, sure, we traveled steerage. We had no money, nothing—just hope for the future.

"I remember peering through the bars at Castle Garden, where the immigration authorities detained us, trying to get a glimpse of this wonderful city of New York, whose streets, I had heard, were paved with gold, and where food was plentiful and jobs to be had on every corner.

"Well, finally some relatives arrived to get us out and took us to a one-room flat at 97th Street and First Avenue, the heart of the East Side. I was a pretty disappointed little boy. The streets were of cold cement. There was no gold that I could see and we had, as in Russia, tea and toast, and tea and toast some more. For months this went on until my father got a job as a writer for a Russian paper. How do you live on tea and toast? I don't know. You just do. It doesn't hurt you any, it seems. It didn't hurt me. I had discovered that there's always adventure in some form, around the corner."

After a couple of years, the family moved to Brooklyn, where Warnow has lived ever since.

"I went to School 109. One of my classmates was Sam Liebowitz, the big criminal attorney of today. Another was Dave Sarnoff, head of RCA, whose mother was janitress of the building in which we lived. Yes—think of that! None of us had much money, but we seemed to get along and have exciting times. As in all those schools, there were other boys who ended as gangsters and racketeers. They sought a different and more ugly kind of adventure.

"I loved the violin always. I kept on playing it and as soon as there was a little spare money, I had lessons. When I finished high school I found a scholarship at the Arnold Volpe Institute waiting for me. That was wonderful. To Arnold Volpe I owe a great deal, not only for the help he gave me, but for the inspiration bestowed when I was young and impressionable. He made me work, study and love music as great art to give his ideas of what music of fifty years hence will be like.

"What will this music consist of? "Of course, we can't actually tell," he answers. "No one knows, but I predict that it will be more restful, more colorful, more intriguing. The tension and the speed and the noise of the world constantly increase and we will turn more and more to music for relaxation. Therefore, it must be restful, but it must also be colorful and new.

"Warnow's favorite popular tune is Where or When, because, he says, it is melodious and appealing.

Among the celebrities of radio today whom he has helped get started are Morton Downey (who began with Warnow on a sustaining program), Gertrude Niesen, Buddy Clark, Del Casino and Hollace Shaw.

Warnow always has his eye peeled for newcomers. He feels that always there is somebody with a new, exciting idea or new, exhilarating personality, just around the corner. He likes to find new ideas and do new things, which probably is one of the secrets of his fine record in radio.

Meanwhile, he enjoys life. He has one of the finest and largest record collections in the country, he has a yacht on Long Island Sound, a limousine upholstered in blue, a charming wife and three beautiful children. The little Russian boy in the blouse and boots, with the whoopee and pushkin and fiddle, who stared wide-eyed at New York in 1909, looking vainly for the streets of gold, has found his own Dream City.
DEANNA LEARNS A LESSON

(Continued from page 23)

radio and picture production, was, if still a darling at times, at other times very much the spoiled darling that critics and press had predicted.

The story spread, magnifying like the proverbial snowball, threatening to swamp this promising career. Making an effort to get behind the cloudy web of gossip, I thought that much was to be said for Deanna, if the stories were true. She had been just thirteen when her spectacular career began and, in addition to the emotional and physical strain of her new work, was going through a trying period with its own mental and physical strain and difficult adjustment. Plucked from her classes in the Bret Harte Junior High School, plucked from her singing lessons and her soft ball games and her roller skating, she had been plunged into a never ceasing whirl of activity and excitement and enough praise to turn the head of any child. And if the stories were not true, they should be cleared up now, in all fairness to the child.

Nearly everyone knows Deanna's story now: that she was born in Canada, to which her English parents migrated a few years before, and brought to Los Angeles when she was a year old. That she went to public school and sang at parties and social functions, but that no one recognized the exceptional qualities of her voice until she was ten. That it was her gifted elder sister, Elizabeth, whose devotion and encouragement and ambition for the adored little sister made the singing lessons possible, and kept the child so interested that she was willing to come home from school at three and sing until dinner time, seldom getting out to play before dark. Thus the habit of devotion to her career was begun early and music was as much a part of the day's regular schedule as was the three Rs.

The later story is familiar too: Deanna, signed by M-G-M to play the part of Madame Schumann-Heink as a girl, in a picture to be called Gram, was forgotten by her studio when the great singer's illness prevented the making of that picture. A short was made, but nothing came of it and it looked for a while as if her movie career would end before it had ever really begun.

Yet that Deanna cared particularly. She was in Junior High by now and more interested in soft ball games than in a movie career, anyway. She actually had refused to make tests, when first approached, because they interfered with her team's program.

But since Metro had no definite plans for her, her agent arranged for an audition at New Universal, and a shiny new contract was the result. This time there was no slip-up and, rather against her will than otherwise, little Edna Mae Durbin was forced to exchange her pleasant schoolgirl existence for the hectic, if exciting, career of movie actress Deanna.

**Rough, old looking HANDS REGAIN YOUNG SOFTNESS**

HOW MUCH OLDER your hands look when water, wind and cold have robbed the skin of moisture? Jergens replaces that important moisture, because this lotion goes down into the skin better than other lotions tested.

Arent you troubled when your hands begin to roughen and chap? They look unromantic—like old hands.

Why let this happen? Relief is quick when you use Jergens Lotion, which overcomes the drying effect of water, wind and cold upon your skin.

Not just an outside "coating"—Jergens sinks in and carries in beauty-giving moisture to the thirsty skin. By actual test, Jergens goes in more effectively than any other lotion tested. Two of its ingredients are used by many doctors to make horny, discolored skin white, soft and smooth.

Apply Jergens even once! Immediately it starts to heal chapping, smooth out roughness. Do you want silken, tea-rose hands to hold a man's heart for life? Then use Jergens faithfully. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ — or $1.00 for the special economy size of this fragrant lotion — at any beauty counter.

**JERGENS LOTION**

**FREE! PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE OF JERGENS**

See for yourself — entirely free — how effectively Jergens goes in — softens and whitens chapped, rough hands.

The Andrew Jergens Co., 1637 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio (In Canada: Perth, Ontario.)

Name: ________________________________

Street: ________________________________

City: __________________________ State: __________________
Tackling the problem of presenting an unknown in an important role, Charles R. Rogers of Universal decided that radio was the obvious, the quickest way of building up a reputation for her. Appreciating her talent and the rare quality of her voice as he did, he must nevertheless have been surprised as well as gratified by what that coast-to-coast broadcast did for her. Fan letters poured in, local celebrities crowded around, generous in their praise. She appeared at important social functions, she sang to ever-increasing and always wildly enthusiastic audiences. The added laurels of her first screen success placed her in the top-flight of brilliant Hollywood stars.

Many an aunt has found the combination of the two careers of screen and radio a too-heavy burden. Deanna, in addition to the radio rehearsals and two broadcasts, one for the East and one for the West Coast, and in addition to learning her songs and dialogue, has three hours of schooling daily. Only nine hours a day can be working hours and into them, somehow, must be crowed an hour or so of vocalizing, a certain amount of time for wardrobe and make-up, another hour now and then, for posing for stills—and time allotted, when possible, for interviews. One hour of the nine is for lunch and rest. Interviews properly come under the head of work, and when you consider her schedule, you won't wonder that she is willing and anxious as she is to please, there was a time when her answers were sometimes stilled, brief to the point of curtness, not because she was unfriendly, but because her throat ached, her mind and body were fatigued. That was before the rising tide of gossip pricked the radio into a realization of what was happening...

Deanna, never omitting her radio program, had made her first picture, had gone on a personal appearance tour, flown to Philadelphia to record songs with Leonid Stokowski for a post-war picture. Traveling turned out to be not much fun, after all, spoiled by a weary round of interviews, of being on parade, of smiling and singing of signing autographs and answering foolish questions. It must sometimes seem to the child that no one had a better right to trade on her fame, her success, than Deanna Durbin! Why must she do all this? Why couldn't she just be herself, run away and play once in a while if she wanted to?

She was a disappointed little girl when a roller-skating expedition turned into an autograph-signing party and she did not even get a chance to put on her skates. She was briefly downcast when a trip to a drugstore to get a chocolate soda resulted in a similar mobbing and she finally returned home without her soda. But she got a thrill out of it, too, and did not complain. In fact, although having only an hour for lunch and rest, she continued her habit of going into the studio cafe by the front door and accepting as a regular part of the game the demands of the sight-seers always grouped around Universal's entrance for her signature. It was her teacher, Mrs. West, who decided this had to be stopped and took her in thereafter by another door.

On the whole, Deanna takes things very much as they come. Brief moments of rebellion, or of an impulse to show off or spurge a bit, are rare, and a quiet remark by her mother or her beloved big sister are enough to restore her amiability, her essential humility. She is used to a disciplined life and always is agreeable and eager to please.

So much seems to be indisputable fact. But what had happened? A photographer wanted to take some pictures of Deanna in poses not suitable for a young girl. The studio manager found the photographer took out his resentment in personal remarks about Deanna. Then, working in a difficult emotional scene in 100 Men and a Girl, Deanna told the director she found it hard to work with so many visitors looking on in a serious manner. The actress has found it—and the set was closed.

Here was the beginning of the story. Then there was a time when her doctor issued orders that she should have more time to rest, and studio and radio work were accordingly adjusted, actual hours of work shortened as much as possible.

So much for holding up production! What about temperament? Let's run the reel backwards to a day on the set when her, and her director, Koster, suddenly shouted: "What have you got in your mouth?" Deanna stiffened—he was not usually so abrupt. "Liccortse," she answered shortly. And Koster, still curt: "Spit it out!"

"I won't," Deanna said spiritedly. "This is only rehearsal—it doesn't interfere with my speech. Why should I?"

Realizing that he had used the wrong tone and that any child would have responded similarly, Koster hid a smile. "Very well," he said quietly. "Turn out the lights—we'll wait until Miss Durbin has finished her Boulevard.�

Shamefaced, Deanna threw away the candy and continued the scene.

But, unknown to Deanna, unknown to her studio and friends, the snowball of adverse publicity was growing. Suddenly they found that in all the years of the child's whole career at stake. They all had been careless—to absorbed in their productions, too pleased with her great success, too concerned in adding to it, to protect her properly. The sudden flare-up had to immediate results. The chaff was in place, it taught Deanna a lesson she already has profited by. She knows Hollywood better now, she knows that critics are as ready to pounce as to praise, and she knows that Publicity is a two-faced monster, capable of depriving her of all the gifts so richly bestowed. Not even her golden voice would prevent such a punishment, if she incurred the creature's displeasure. To be true to herself, then, is not enough, for even the simple truth can be distorted.

The second result was that the studio threw up a protective wall, higher, more formidable than the wall Deanna herself was supposed to have created. To conserve time, to save her strength, to protect her against possible physical injury in crowds, she is kept more secluded, her privacy guarded by depriving her of all the gifts so richly bestowed. Not even her golden voice would prevent such a punishment, if she incurred the creature's displeasure. To be true to herself, then, is not enough, for even the simple truth can be distorted.

Lunching with Deanna in the studio cafe, I was first of all impressed by her poise, an almost adult graciousness. She met me with that radiant smile that crinkles around her clear blue eyes and
lights up her lovely face—a face that still
retains its round, childish contour and is
the first refutation of the gossips who in-
sist she is more than fourteen.
It is easy to see why people think she
must be older, for it seems almost in-
credible that a child could possess that
superb voice. Yet without the studio
records to prove that Deanna was born on
December 4th, 1922, and was therefore
thirteen in the days of her first success,
and in spite of her assuredness and un-
usual poise, a few minutes with Deanna
would suffice to convince you that she is still
a little girl, a little girl with lovely manners
and more than average intelligence, but
still the charming, impetuous little girl
you are familiar with on the screen.
Still young enough to live each day for
itself, Deanna’s personality radiates charm
that is based on sincerity and a glowing
happiness. She still works hard and was
sorry not to have the long summer vaca-
tion she was used to; she misses her
school friends and perhaps occasionally
wishes she were an unknown again. But
it is all grand fun and she has adjusted
herself to the exigencies of her profession
with better grace than many an adult actor.
Her days are well-ordered now and no
variation in schedule is allowed to overtax
her. School begins at nine—at present
she has only one fellow-student, Nan
Grey, but their lessons follow the public
system closely. Deanna’s plans include a
college course and she is now having her
second year of Latin, her first of French.
“We are studying Shakespeare, too,” she
explained, “and my teacher, Mrs. West,
sent for the picture, A Midsummer Night’s
Dream, and had it shown for us.” Her
eyes glowed, “It’s fun to study that way.”
So the three hours pass quickly and,
after lunch, Deanna has her singing lesson.
Other things are fitted into this basic
schedule.
“Yesterday,” she remarked, “I made
some recordings. Tomorrow I have to sit
for some stills. Today they want me to
run over some of the new songs for my
next picture. The radio program takes a
time, too, and when a picture is in
production, I can’t get in a lot of things
I really ought to do. Like piano practice
—I can’t find time for it even now, and I
ought to get it in somehow, I really
ought—”
But when one of her song writers sug-
gested she run over a new song on Sat-
urday, her teacher was firm in her refusal.
Saturdays and Sundays are for rest and
play. On these days, Deanna gets in a
swim or a horseride or roller skating,
or maybe just stays stamps in the lovely
new album Joe Pasternak, associate pro-
ducer of her pictures, gave her recently.
Once in a while she gives a party for her
young friends. She has a small movie
camera, too, and loves to run off her in-
formal pictures on her little projection
machine.
You can see that everyone on the lot
adores Deanna and you can very quickly
realize why. She is so completely natural,
somewhat responsive. Not a trace of
affectation, of artificiality—you’ll find much
more in the average girl you see on the
streets every afternoon when school is
over. Pink-cheeked, shining-eyed, her vivid
personality would charm the most harden-
ed, and you can only feel it a great pity the
gossips couldn’t have spared her.
But youth is resilient. If Deanna has
lost some illusions, she bears no grudges.
At home, Mother and Daddy see that life
runs smoothly as it always did. They do
not feel that she is any different today
from the child of a year ago. She romps
with her two boy cousins; goes, whenever
she gets a chance, to her sister Edith’s
home. She loves pretty clothes, got a
tremendous thrill out of her first premiere,
hers first “formal,” but she is just as happy
in overalls or on roller skates. And when
she gave her first big party, her guests
were not the bighies of Hollywood, who
would have been so happy to come, but her
old school friends.
And so the questions are answered.
Talking with Deanna, watching her, talk-
ing about her with those who come in
contact with her in various capacities, I
am convinced of this: Deanna is still the
girl you want her to be, the girl she has
always been, the ideal of schoolgirls and
mothers, of youngsters and oldsters and
all ages in between. The year past has
brought her great fame and it has
brought her richer equipment, but it has
not altered her fundamental sweetness.
Just as her glorious voice stands for
the best in music, she herself stands for what
we like to think of as the ideal American
schoolgirl. Sweet sixteen will find her
essentially the same, when she rounds the
corner of another year—or I miss my
guess. She’s a sweet kid, Deanna!

On the occasion of its third anniversary, the Mutual Broadcasting System received Radio Stars Magazine’s award For Distinguished Service to Radio. Above, a group of MBS notables. Left to right: Music Director Bob Stanley, the popular network baritone Sid Gary, character actor Ken Delmar, Helene Daniels, talented actress and blues singer, Producer Roger Bower, Fred Weber, General Manager of MBS, and Master of Ceremonies Ray Perkins.
GRANDMOTHER’S LAYER CAKE (with Chocolate or Orange Butter Frosting)

- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 3/4 cups sugar
- 21/2 teaspoons Calumet baking powder
- 3 egg yolks
- 1 cup milk
- 1/2 cup butter (1/4 pound)

Sift flour, measure, adding baking powder and salt. Sift together twice. Cream butter, add sugar gradually, creaming together until light and fluffy. Add well beaten egg yolks, reserving whites*. Add flour mixture to butter mixture alternately with the milk, a little at a time, beating until smooth after each addition. Add vanilla. Bake in two large, greased layer cake pans in moderate oven (375° F.) 20-25 minutes, or until cake shrinks from sides of pan and cake tester comes out clean. Cool on cake rack and cover top, sides and between layers with either of the two following frostings.

The Orange Frosting calls for the use of these 3 egg whites. However, if you plan to use the Orange Frosting, the 3 egg whites, stiffly beaten, may be folded into the cake batter after the vanilla has been added.

GRANDMOTHER’S CHOCOLATE FROSTING

- 3 egg whites, stiffly beaten
- 2 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted
- Confectioner’s sugar
- 1/4 teaspoon vanilla

Gradually add 1/2 cup confectioner’s sugar to stiffly beaten egg whites. Add chocolate which has been melted and slightly cooled. Add vanilla. Mix thoroughly. Add enough confectioner’s sugar to make frosting of the right consistency to spread, approximately 2 cups.

ORANGE BUTTER FROSTING

- 4 tablespoons butter
- 2 cups confectioner’s sugar
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla
- 1/2 cup chopped walnut meats

Cream butter thoroughly. Mix in 1/4 cup sugar. Add vanilla. Stir in the unbeaten egg yolks. Add grated rind. Add remaining sugar and the orange juice, alternately, creaming together thoroughly. Spread between layers and on sides of cake. Before frosting the top of the cake cover the sides with the chopped nuts, then frost top of cake, omitting the nuts.

ANGEL FOOD CAKE

- 1 cup sifted cake flour
- 1/2 cups sifted granulated sugar
- 1 cup egg whites (approx. 8-10 eggs)
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon cream of tartar
- 1 teaspoon almond extract
- 1/2 cup shaved coconut, if desired

Sift flour, measure. Sift four more times at least. Beat egg whites and salt with flat wire whisk until foamy. Add cream of tartar and continue beating until eggs will peel up in glossy peaks with fine even bubbles, fluffy and slightly moist, not dry. Fold in sugar carefully, 2 tablespoons at a time. Fold in flavoring. Stir a small amount of flour over mixture and fold in carefully with a light hand until all is used. Turn batter into ungreased angel food (tube) pan. If desired, sprinkle with coconut. Place in slow oven (275° F.) and bake for 30 minutes. Increase heat slightly (325° F.) and bake at least 30 minutes longer or until cake is done and a cake tester inserted in cake comes out clean. Remove from oven. Invert cake and cool on cake rack for 1 hour. When cake is cold loosen sides first; then loosen around center tube with thin knife or cake tester. Tilt pan and gently draw out cake.

BUTTERSCOTCH MARVELS
(Crisp Refrigerator Cookies)

- 1 cup butter
- 2 cups brown sugar
- 3 cups sifted flour
- 1 teaspoon Calumet baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup finely chopped nuts
- 2 egg whites
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Melt butter, add sugar and cook over low heat until blended, stirring constantly. Cool. Sift flour, measure. Add baking powder and salt and sift together twice more. Mix in the nuts. Add well beaten eggs and vanilla to the cooled butter mixture. Add dry ingredients gradually. Blend thoroughly. Turn mixture into a straight-sided loaf pan which has been greased, lined with waxed paper and greased again. (This dough is much softer than the usual cookie dough but do not add more flour than is called for above.) Cover and chill thoroughly in refrigerator for several hours at least. Remove from pan and cut into thin slices with a sharp knife. Place slices on slightly greased cookie sheet and bake in hot oven (400° F.) 8-10 minutes to a golden brown. Remove from pan as soon as baked.

EAT THE SYRUP THAT CLINGS TO COUGH ZONE

The right medicine for a cough (due to a cold) is one that does its work where the cough is lodged—that is, in the cough zone. That’s why Smith Brothers made their cough syrup thick, clinging. It clings to the cough zone. There it does three things: (1) soothes sore membranes, (2) throws a protective film over the irritated area, (3) helps to loosen phlegm. 6 oz. bottle only 60c!
COOKING FOR CHRISTMAS

(Continued from page 13)

Now just a word about those Butter-scotch Marzipan Cookies, that I just recently learned how to bake, myself. They are about the crisiest things I've ever tasted and also the easiest of all cookies to make. The recipe is on page 56, you know, so just cut it out and save it for future use.

And now for a few of those baking pointers I promised to give you. This is "Calumet Kate" Smith broadcasting some useful culinary advice, so stand by, friends!

First off—do you measure correctly? I take it for granted that you use standard measuring cups and spoons, but do you use them the right way? When you measure flour, for instance, don't measure it from the container without first sifting it, or you may have as much as an extra cup of flour in your batter! And what will that do to your cake, over which you've labored so long and lovingly? Plenty! Besides, failures are costly in money as well as time. So first sift the flour, then pile it lightly into the measuring cup with a tablespoon, then level it off with a spatula or knife. Don't bang the cup, rap it on the table or in any way pack the flour down.

Measure baking powder only in a standard measuring spoon. Fill the spoon heaping full and level it off. Don't heap the teaspoon and use it without leveling, however, or you'll have from two to three teaspoons extra for each one called for in the recipe. Don't guess at fractions, either. Use the small size standard measuring spoons for lesser amounts, to assure absolute accuracy.

Measure liquids (in a standard measuring cup, naturally) on a level surface. For measuring shortening, you may conveniently use print butter wrapped in quarter pound pieces. Then you'll know that each quarter pound strip is equal to 1/2 cup. Easy, but both accurate and time saving, so it's something to be remembered, especially around the busy holiday season. When you use bulk butter, or other shortening, pack it into the cup firmly so that it will hold the shape of the cup it turned out.

Allow the shortening to stand at room temperature before creaming it, so that it can be worked easily and quickly. Butter should be creamed until waxy. Only then should the sugar be added, and very gradually at that. The yolks should be beaten until thick before they are added to the butter mixture. These first steps are all mighty important and are those most frequently overlooked by many cooks, I'm told.

Whites of eggs are added at the last, after all the beating has been done. Egg whites are "folded in." In all cakes this "folding" process is important; in Angel Food it is the secret of success. "Folding" is a gentle down-and-over motion. It is intended to incorporate as much air into the batter as possible. For this same reason, when making Angel Food, beat the whites with a flat wire whisk rather than with a rotary beater.

5-way cookies Quick!

EAGLE BRAND MAGIC COOKIES

1. Two Cups Raisins
or
2. Two Cups Corn Flakes
3. Three Cups Coconut
or
4. Two Cups Bran Flakes
or
5. One Cup Nut Meats, Chopped

1 1/2 cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Magic Milk
1/4 cup peanut butter
Any one of the five ingredients listed at left.

Thoroughly blend Eagle Brand Magic Milk, peanut butter and any one of the five ingredients listed above, to the left. Drop by spoonfuls on buttered baking sheet. Bake in moderately hot oven (375° F.) 15 minutes or until brown. Remove from pan at once. Makes about 30.

● No flour! No baking powder! Only 3 ingredients!
● Mixed in no time! Yet—whether of the 5 ways you choose to make them—these cookies are crunchy, crispy winners!
● But remember—Evaporated Milk won’t—can’t—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just ask for Eagle Brand Magic Milk.

FREE! Candy and Cookie Recipe Book

"Short-cut Candies, Cookies" gives 11 delicious candy recipes, 11 crunchy-crisp recipes. All easy, quick, or failure-proof. Many so easy, a small child can make them! Also 4 other amazing recipes! Send today. Address: The Border Company, Dept. MM-18, 350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Name__________________________________________

Street____________________________________________

City-State________________________________________

(Print name and address plainly.)

This coupon may be pasted on a penny post card.

Always prepare your pans before starting your recipe. Pans are greased for butter cakes, but remain ungreased for Angel Food and Sponge Cakes. When salted butter is used for greasing, melt it in a cup over hot water and use only the oil that comes to the top, not the salt that sinks to the bottom. A pastry brush is a grand thing to have, and of course you must have a cake tester (such as I am shown using in the picture) to make sure the cake has been baked long enough and is absolutely perfect.

You'll notice that cake flour is called for in making both of my cakes. Specially milled, cake flour is something like twenty-seven times as fine as ordinary flour and therefore makes a more tender and finer-grained cake.

Guess that covers about as much of the baking subject as I have room for in this article.

But of course we talk about it often over the air, and since my broadcasts are now on a coast-to-coast hook-up, you can all tune in for more information on this subject so dear to every woman's heart. So, for the time-being, Merry Christmas, with these recipes I'm giving you here. And as for 1938, well, Happy New Year to you all—and thanks for listenin'.
THE CURTAIN RISES
(Continued from page 39)

station, from network to network—in countless characterizations, on innumera-
able programs.
She loves it all—but the theatre is her first love. For which reason she now is
cutting down on her radio work, limiting it to early daytime hours, so that she may
be free to do a play on Broadway this winter.
She couldn't tell you, if she tried, when she first began to think of herself as an
actress. Her parents, both born in
Sweden, selected Minneapolis, Minnesota, where her father was a Lutheran clergy-
man, for her birthplace. She first looked
her eager blue eyes on an August morn-
ing in 1910—and practically from that
moment, so far as she can recall, began to prepare herself to become another Eleanor
Duse.
It's strange how such things take root
in the imagination, become the ultimate
and only urge. She's not a theatrical
looking person. Meeting her on the
street, you might take her for any young
debutante, out for an afternoon of bridge.

Tall, slender, with the lovely coloring
that seems characteristic of those of
Swedish blood, blonde hair that has a
sheen of gold, blue eyes that glow with
inner fire, long, slim, expressive hands . . . Radio misses all that, giving only her
soft, exquisite voice. The stage should be her setting . . .

And for Alice Frost, her world, indeed,
was the stage—even when it was only a
Minnesota parsonage.

Down in the cellar of the parsonage
there was a barrel, where her mother
kept odd bits of things that had outlived
their immediate usefulness but still might serve some purpose on another day. Bits of
silk and velvet, old lace curtains, shining
tinsel cords. She did not guess, this
busy minister's wife, that the barrel was
to become warm robe, property box and
general treasure chest for a stage-
struck small daughter.

But to Alice, from her earliest child-
hood, that barrel was a symbol of en-
chantment—the doorway from reality into
the land of make-believe. By its magic
the dusty cellar became a stage, "the cur-
tain rising, and the flutes intoning." Clad
in trailing lace or velvet, she was the fairy
princess, the Lily Maid of Astolat, Juliet,
Lady Macbeth, and others of her own
invention. And with her innocent
sense that created in her eager imagina-
tion, she acted out her impassioned roles.

"They were always tragic," she recalls
with some amusement. "We always had
so much fun in the parsonage—my
brothers and sister and I, to call this
life everyday life. The theatre, for me,
was somber drama, emotion, tragedy."

She came by her love of the theatre
naturally, Alice thinks. Her mother al-
ways had a love for it, for great drama,
for fine music. She was, herself, a musician,
playing the pipe organ in church, playing
the piano at home, creating music that
enchanted the beauty-loving child. Often,
when her mother was playing, Alice
would steal down to the cellar and, to the
accompaniment of the music, lose herself
in the magic of some imagined rôle.

Perhaps, too, there was a kinship
between the pastoral profession and that of
the theatre. Sitting in the little church,
listening to her father's rich, deep voice lift
and sway his hearers, she may well have
visioned him as an actor in the rôle of
pilgrim, or prophet, rather than the tender,
laughing man she knew at home.

Everything, Alice says, was grist to
her mill.

"Our house was like an inn. People
came to the parsonage from everywhere—
a missionary from India, a teacher from
Spain, travelers from Canada and across
the seas—and I loved to watch them,
listen to them, imitate them. Any least
difference in manner and speech, any ac-
cent, intrigued me enormously. Some-
times I'd get to see them sent away from the table in disgrace!"

Her mother tried, wisely, to satisfy her
dughter's urge for acting by letting her
take part in church and school entertain-
ments, in the high school glee club
and debating and dramatic societies. But
all they did was to feed the flame. And when
Alice, at seventeen, announced that she
wished to go on the stage, there was con-
sideration in the parsonage. It wasn't at
all the thing for a nice girl to go! It was
the lowest of the lot. They couldn't even
bring themselves to discuss it as a possible career for the lovely blonde young girl. And Alice, still
cherishing her dream, was enrolled at the
University of Minnesota.

And then the father died—and all was
sadly changed. A minister has little of
this world's wealth. Not even the house
in which he lives is his own. Another
family came to live in the parsonage, and
they had to find themselves another home. One by one the brothers and the
girl married, and Alice found work in
the credit offices of a big Minneapolis
department store. But, still true to her
first love, she went nights to a dramatic school,
to which she had won a scholarship.

"Besides the death of my father, that year,"
she says—and there is a mist in her
eyes, remembering, "a number of sad and
tragic things happened. The last was the
death of a boy I had gone through school
with—we were devoted friends, always.
His family had been very wealthy, but
had lost everything in some sudden reverses.
He had taken a job in a filling station,
away on the outskirts of the city. Then
his father recovered some of his fortune,
and the boy was coming home to return
to college. That was to be his last week
at home, there is a kinship between

She was silent for a moment. Then she
said, from a tight throat: "Saturday
night some bandits held up the place . . .
He was alone there . . . He tried to save
his employer's money . . . They shot him
in the head.

"After that," she went on presently,
"my mother felt it would be better for me
to go away . . . I was so unhappy . . .
So she consented to my joining a Chau-
tauqua company that was touring the

RADIO STARS

WHAT TO DO
WHEN YOU HAVE
A COLD

If you're nursing a cold—see a doctor! Cur-
ing a cold is the doctor's business. But the
doctor himself will tell you that a regular
movement of the body will help to shorten
the duration of a cold. Remember, also, that
it will do much to make you less susceptible
to colds.

So keep your bowels open! And when
Nature needs help—use Ex-Lax! Because of
its thorough and effective action, Ex-Lax helps
keep the body free of intestinal wastes and
because it is so gentle in action, Ex-Lax will
not shock your eliminative system.

EX-LAX NOW SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROVED

1—TASTES BETTER THAN EVER!
2—ACTS BETTER THAN EVER!
3—MORE GENTLE THAN EVER!

EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATE LAXATIVE

Mommy, I've Quit Coughing
ALREADY!

FOLEY'S RELIEVES COUGHS ALMOST
INSTANTLY WITHOUT NARCOTICS OR
STOMACH-UPSETTING DRUGS

Check your child's cough, due
to a cold, before it gets worse.
Over one million mothers find
Foley's ideal for children. It's
delicious! It never harms or upsets children's stom-
achs no matter how often given to afford continuous
relief. Quick-setting promptly medicine raw, irritated
throat and always tiring, hacking, coughing. Speeds
recovery and prevents phlegm and helps break up
the cough. Spoonfuls on retarding promote cough-free
sleep. Unsuspected for adults, too! For quick,
pleasant, safe relief from coughs and a speeded up
recovery. Get a bottle of Foley's today without fail.

FOLEY'S

Honey & Tar
COUGH SYRUP

58
West.

So, at last, at eighteen, Alice Frost was an actress. Although her theatre now, instead of the parsonage cellar, was a rickety tent, threatening to collapse upon players and audience whenever the wind blew, still she was a trouper now, appearing behind footlights—and on her way to Broadway!

Her first rôle was that of Lorelei, in Gentlemen Prefer Blondes—and not even one night stands, scanty dressing-room facilities, hard hours of travel in ancient automobiles over long, dusty roads, nor even the dismal diet of canned foods, could discount the thrill of being a real actress.

She came back to play in a stock company in Chicago. Went with it to Miami, Florida, for a winter engagement.

"We didn't do very well," she admits. "In Miami, people weren't very interested in stock plays. They go there for the races, sports, fishing . . . So the company went broke. We had played for weeks for just our living expenses, and I didn't have money enough to get home. So I joined a musical stock company, and played with them till it, too, went broke.

"But just then I received a legacy. An uncle of mine had died and left me a little money—about thirteen hundred dollars. So I went home, and presently I persuaded Mother to come to New York with me."

For a year Alice Frost made the rounds of managers' offices. Shy, reserved, unsophisticated, she found it impossible even to get in to see them.

"I used to envy," she says, "those girls who could look so assured, so important, and somehow get by the office boys. I couldn't do it! And the few managers who did see me wouldn't even give me a chance to read anything for them. I was too tall for an ingenue, and too young, too naive, for anything else. So—I never got anything!"

At last, however, she got a small part in a movie made in New York. It was called Damaged Love. June Collyer had the leading rôle.

"I was sent to try out for the lead," Alice said, "but I couldn't believe they would give it to me. I was inexperienced, unknown. They'd never, I felt, give me the leading rôle. But I was so desperately anxious to get something—so I went. I took along some pictures of myself in character roles—and I asked them to let me have the part of the maid. I could play her, I said, with a Swedish accent. I guess the idea intrigued them—anyway, they gave me the rôle."

That was in 1930. Things looked up a bit, after that. In 1931 she was signed by the Theatre Guild for an understudy rôle in Green Grow The Lilacs. "I worked awfully hard," she says of it, "but I never spoke a word on the stage!"

Still, she was in the theatre, and on Broadway. Later she played with the late Lou Tellegen in The Great Lover, and with J. C. Nugent in That's Gratitude. She appeared also in It's a Wise Child, and The Good Girl.

In 1934, the year when she made her bow on the air, she was playing in the Rachel Crothers comedy, As Husbands Go. In the cast of that play was young Rob-
Lady Lillian

Introduces

NEW BEAUTY

With the new smart creme polish in her introductory kit for only 10 cents. Revel in the glamour of the fashion-right shade of Rose, Rust and Tawny Red. Kit contains a bottle of nail polish, polish remover, nail white, manicure stick and cotton—all for 10 cents. Lady Lillian’s Introductory Kit is on sale at 5 and 10 cent stores. Approved by Good Housekeeping.

Special 3c Trial Offer
For single generous trial bottles send this ad and 3c to LADY LILLIAN
Dept. M-2, 7140 Washington St.,
Bostion, Mass. Specify shade you prefer.

The Best

GRAY HAIR
Remedy is Made at Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of gelatine. Any drug store can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

Many Men and Women now say

STUART’S LAXATIVE COMPOUND
the vegetable and mineral laxative often helps to QUICKLY CLEAR THE SKIN
of the aggravated conditions due to improper elimina-
tion from the intestinal tract.

Would you like to clear your skin of embarrassing, excoriating eruptions that may be aggravated by improper elimination from your digestive tract? Attention from the inside is often needed to do this. Anything from the outside is only as effective as your skin isn’t cleared up remarkably fast. if you have tried Stuart’s Laxative Compound for a short while, your money will be refunded. Buy a package of your drugstore today. Or, if you prefer, send for FREE SAMPLE.

F. A. Stuart Co., Box H-100, Marshall, Michigan

LXIAXATIVE COMPOUND

RADIO STARS

Alice Frost, with her secretary, Ruth Wickes.

my radio programs—and Bob stayed in Ogunquit with his stage sets!

"We had telephoned our people—Bob’s parents and my mother—immediately after the ceremony. Mother was very hurt—I’d always promised her I’d never run off and get married! But we both tried to explain that we hadn’t known it would happen like that. We hadn’t planned it. We just—couldn’t help it. But Mother knew Bob, and she forgave us—though I think she felt hurt for a long time."

All is serene now, however, and Alice’s mother lives with Alice and her husband in their charming New York apartment. They have a cat named Henry. A talented cat, who makes friends with you somehow after the fashion of a well-bred child who still wants you to know he’s pretty smart. Henry does a number of tricks, and needs no encouragement. But he doesn’t make himself tiresome. When your attention wavers, Henry departs.

"I’ve always wanted a dog," Alice says. "I love dogs. But Mother doesn’t believe in keeping dogs in a city apartment, walking them in city streets. And she’s right, of course. We do adore Henry."

"But some day we’re going to have a home in the country—and dogs—and children...." She says the last word softly, with a light in her eyes that makes you know how much it means.

Still, one ventures to think, not even that dear dream of home and babies will wholly supplant the dream that began with her first awakening imagination. She may not become a second Duse, but Alice Frost will give a good account of herself on the stage before she is finished with it.

This season she is going to play with Orson Welles’ repertory company in Shaw’s Heartbreak House, and possibly in other plays planned for the repertoire. Alice Frost believes in repertory. She doesn’t like the idea of "typing" a player. She wants to play every sort of rôle. She is busily reading scripts, seeking for a play of her own in which she will appear this winter.

There are other radio plans in the making, too. And, come television, Alice Frost may find still another medium for her varied talents—and still wider audiences to know and delight in her work.

But, even if there were no more audiances than she had in the parsonage cellar, still, one guesses, she will play her part. Maybe, best of all, to the next generation, in the nursery of the Foulk home.
boss, he lets himself in for a lot of good-natured ribbing!

It's a pretty sore spot with Mr. Ross, the stories that have circulated about his home life—that his wife has most noticeably shifted the seat of her managerial capacity to their smart East River duplex; that even Lanny's carefree, boyish personality has been molded over into the stalwart one of a properly conservative married man.

Anybody seeking to find out who's the boss at the Lanny Ross' house will have a tough time. All requests for interviews are handled by Olive, who warns writers in advance that yarns on their home life are definitely out. The tenor will talk about his career—but his marriage, never! Interviewers are made to give their word that they won't even bring up the tabooed subject.

Rumors notwithstanding, the fact remains that Lanny has advanced farther since the day he became a beneficent than at any other period since he first stood behind a mike. He now stars on the Packard show; he has studied voice in Germany; he has taken to farming in Millbrook, N. Y., and looks considerably healthier for it; he has made a highly successful concert debut at Town Hall; and he is making movies in Hollywood. Which should give him plenty of reason to be thankful to Olive, and touchy on the point of her managerial status.

Eddie Cantor's major sore spot is the $250,000-suit brought against him by friends of the late David Freedman. Dave Freedman was one of the most well-liked and important persons in radio, although you probably never heard his name. He wrote the gags you laughed at when you tuned in Jack Benny, Joe Penner, Milton Berle—nearly all the star comedians—and he also authored Fannie Brice's famous Baby Snooks scripts.

Shortly before his death he had brought suit, charging that his material had helped make Cantor famous on the air and that the banjo-eyed funnyman had broken a verbal contract with him. The second day of court proceedings, Freedman died of heart trouble. The judge ruled the action dropped and Eddie commented: "No matter which way the decision fell, if Dave had lived, I believe the time would have come when we would have shaken hands and called each other pal again." Then, thinking that the whole affair was finished, he went back to Hollywood to continue his radio and film work.

But David Freedman's closest friends later reopened the suit and pressed it strongly. It is now believed that Cantor may have settled the suit privately with the Freedman estate.

It isn't the monetary aspect of the thing that troubled Eddie. He's a rich man and the sum is less than half his yearly income. It's the fact that he always has maintained a reputation for honesty and fair play and loyalty to his friends, and he hated to see that reputation assailed. Particularly wounding to genial Eddie was the fact that some of the people who pressed
IN EYE MAKE-UP

DULL, "tired-looking" eyes ruin the most perfect "eye make-up." You can't hide them with arched brows or mascara. But when eyes become red, veined, tired-looking due to late hours, reading, fatigue, exposure — a few drops of Eye-Gene can make them clear. The formula is a marvel: Eyes become brighter, sparkling, refreshed. Utterly different in action from boric acid or old-style lotions. A new formula of two noted eye specialists. Especially soothing to those who wear glasses. Fastest selling eye lotion of its kind. Get the large economy bottle at any drug or department store — money refunded if not satisfied. Or get purse size at any 10c store.

EYE-GENE

Magic FACIAL BRUSH

Now packed with every 2-oz. bowl of the famous Seville

Crème Oil or Cream

Cleanses, mas- Complete 25c

The best care for

Leon SEVILLO, 6300 Eisel Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

DON'T LET COUGHING TEAR YOUR THROAT

MILLIONS USE PERTUSSIN FOR QUICK RELIEF

When you catch cold and your throat feels dry or "clogged," the secretions from countless tiny glands in your throat and windpipe often turn into sticky, irritating phlegm. This makes you cough.

Pertussin stimulates these glands to again pour out their natural moisture so that the annoying phlegm is loosened and easily raised. Quickly your throat is soothed, your cough relieved!

Your cough may be a warning signal from your respiratory system. Why neglect it? Do as millions have done! Use Pertussin, a safe and pleasant herbal remedy for children and grownups. Many physicians have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years. It's safe and acts quickly. Sold at all drugstores.

PERTUSSIN

Large Trial Bottle for 10c

446 Washington St., N. Y. C.

Please send me a large Trial Bottle of Pertussin. I enclose 10c.

Name

Address

What a difference

RADIO STARS

 numa
Helen Jepson and Gladys Swarthout have a mutual sore spot, the slightest irritation of which will send them into a fury. And that's one time they're justified in behaving as much like prima donnas as they please. For people are forever eminding them how, since their weddings, they've risen to considerably greater heights of fame than their husbands; and now such a status is usually disastrous to a celebrity marriage.

Poor Gladys has sat over her breakfast tray on more than twenty occasions and read in the morning paper that she and Frank were separating for reasons of professional jealousy. There never has been an ounce of truth in these reports and they have only served to bring up an unhappy subject between the Chapmans. Frank Chapman has graciously and unselfishly postponed his own singing career to devote his full time to helping his pretty young wife get ahead.

"And if I have achieved anything," states Gladys, "I owe it all to him, which certainly makes Frank by far the more important of the two of us. It's only with malicious intent that people can possibly question our complete contentment—and frankly, it makes me furious!"

Helen Jepson's husband, as many people do not know, was an internationally famous flutist before Helen was even out of grammar school. Now in his late forties, George Possell has practically retired from his active musical career. He renders invaluable assistance to his busy wife by overseeing their upstate farm and Manhattan apartment and keeping a constant eye on little Sallie Patricia. Every morning at seven he throws a couple of shopping baskets into the car, drives down to the markets that line the docks along the Hudson, and brings back the freshest, choicest country produce to the Possell kitchen. This is merely the first and smallest of the business details of every day that he handles for his wife, leaving her mind and time free for her work.

"My husband has had his career," Helen explains. "He has had his fill of the exhaustion and excitement of the spotlight. He is entirely content now to live under less pressure, to help me reach my ambitions. For that I owe him an immeasurable debt, part of which is to stamp out any gossip that may make us unhappy."

So, unless you like fireworks, never be too curious about the marriages of Gladys Swarthout and Helen Jepson. In fact, if you're going to meet any stars, it's a good idea to know their sore spots in advance.

BIG BROADCAST
OF 1938

W. C. Fields, that king of jest, returns to the screen in a scintillating story, with a colorful cast including, Martha Raye—Dorothy Lamour—Shirley Ross! Don't miss this fast-moving comedy in the JANUARY SCREEN ROMANCES.

THOROUGHBREDS
DON'T CRY

a saga of the race track in which the twisted loyalty of a young jockey brings grief to the two people whom he most worships in all the crooked world he knows.

EVERY DAY'S A HOLIDAY

Mae West's receiving again, and despite the fact that Eddie Lawe's the man she's got her eye on in this film, she expects you all to come up and see her in the JANUARY issue of SCREEN ROMANCES!
keep me decently clothed, went into the Dime & Savings Bank. They gave me my car tickets, but I didn’t use em. I saved ‘em and cashed ‘em in. I had a second-hand bike and I rode that instead of the taxicab and not once would I order meat, I broke my wrist the first month I was playing. Later I took a spill from one of the steel girder and broke the same wrist again. I now wear a silver plate in my arm as a souvenir. It doesn’t cause me much trouble, though, for I doubt that I could swing a lariat with it."

It was when Allan was eighteen, he told me, that he had his fifteen hundred dollars in the bank. He’d worked, labored, sweated for eight years and more in it. He wanted to enter Syracuse University, the St. Lawrence School— and he did. He said: “I stayed at the University for three months. Then I had a wire from the man who always had been a pal of mine—LeRoy Eltringham, who had been curator of St. Luke’s when I sang with a band, and he had come to New York. I believed what he had been talking about, knew he wouldn’t give me a bum steer, and I packed up and left. It didn’t look easy at first. We went the rounds of voice teachers, but when they found that I couldn’t afford to pay their prices, they decided that they couldn’t afford to teach me. We finally went to Claude Warford. I sang for him as I’d sung for the others. Pretentious, as youth always is, I sang The valley from The Messiah. Claude Warford said that he’d give me three lessons a week—gratis. I didn’t want to quit college, after all my plans for the Higher Education, so, thanks to Mr. Eltringham, to whom so many thanks are due, I got a scholarship at N. Y. U. I sang in the Gle Club and that got me in the ‘in’. But I found that I couldn’t quite make the grade. The college curriculum, plus the singing lessons, the long hours of practice, got me down when loading sixty-ton trucks had not. I told them I’d have to quit and they co-operated still further by offering to keep me on as a special student, studying language. That’s what I did.

“Claude Warford had a summer school in Paris. I wanted to go over with the other students and he wanted me to go. But he wouldn’t afford to take me, free. And I didn’t have the money to get there, not even steerage, which wouldn’t have stopped me. I got to wondering, how about giving a concert in the home town? I had a lot of friends there, in the mines, in the town. I wrote Dad and Dad wrote back and told me that he had two thousand men working under him and that every man Jack of them would buy a ticket or wish they had! They did! They not only bought tickets, but they gave me such a rousing ovation that I nearly broke into tears of joy. That concert netted me eleven hundred dollars and more than that—the feeling of belief in my fellow men I’ve never lost.

“Then I went to Paris with Warford and the others. I coached with Reynaldo Hahn.
and with Félix Le Roux. I sort of learned my way around, too. I met charming people. Jean was sure swell to me, as she was to everyone, I know. She was friendly and helpful and told me I'd make the grade and wished me luck. She even wrote a letter to a friend and said that she'd just met me and was sure I was destined to go places. I happened to be a mutual friend, sent her letter to me. I have it now, one of my most prized possessions. I thought of Jean, too, when I came out of the preview of Firefly. I had the feeling that she was glad about it... "I played in The Night in the Opera, and I did Showboat for Universal. I wasn't ready for that, at the time. It was premature. I sang the operatic sequence with Jeanette MacDonald in Rose Marie, and Hunt Stromberg asked me, 'as a favor,' to do the sound track for A Pretty Girl Is Like A Melody in The Great Ziegfeld. He told me that if I'd do that for him, he'd keep his eyes open for something for me, something that would put me on the screen, on the top."

"Right here is as good a time as any to say that I may be naive, but I believe that people are pretty swell. I'm not cynical. I don't hold with the idea that you only get the glad hand, the helping hand, when you're some kind of a Big Shot. I was just a kid, trying to wangle some dough so I could go abroad and study, when I gave my one-man concert back in Scranton. And there wasn't one of the gang who didn't dig into his jeans for a dollar or two bits to hear me sing—they'd been hearing me sing all my life, too—down in that neck of the woods of the earth, on the girders everywhere—loce. Jean Harlow didn't know me, that first day on the set of Reckless, but she was as swell to me as she could have been to Gable or Caruso. Jeanette and Gene and Irene and I became friends, darned good friends, long before any one of us had any idea I'd ever get a break of singing opposite Jeanette in Firefly. And all through the production she threw everything she could my way. The songs were divided more than fifty-fifty— in my favor. And the night of the preview she sent a V wire from Honolulu. It said: 'Congratulations on your big night.' Hunt Stromberg didn't need to keep his promise to me. But he did keep it. There were plenty of other Marx Brothers comedies to come, and I could have continued to be in them. But no, Stromberg promised me the 'breaks' and he saw to it that I got the breaks. Folks ask me whether people are 'different' to me since Firefly. The answer is no. They've been grand about it—but they were just as good to me then. It's been the same with everyone on the air. I get a very folksy feeling, when I'm broadcasting, the feeling that the people listening are right with me, as I sing. A kind of all-together sing fest."

"There is, at this writing, the rumor that all is not well between Allen and M-G-M, that Allan does not like the picture slated for him to do, feels it is a "step backward." If this is so, it's at least understandable. A workman, a man who has got where he is by manual labor, sweat, strain, does not easily relinquish progress. He may not fight to take a step forward; he will fight to hold the step he's on.

The first person I met was Jean Harlow. I sang my song for Reckless, my first job. I wish was: I'd like to try every new place in the United States, to New York, and got my first really big, professional engagement. I was soloist with Anna Case at the New York Philharmonic, with Walter Damrosch conducting. I commuted back and forth between home and the orchestra a couple of years after that. I studied oratorio in London with Sir Henry Wood. I sang at Deauville. When I was in America I'd give concerts all over the States. I did some radio shots, at sixty dollars per. I kept on taking my three lessons a week from Claude Carwardine, whenever I was in New York. I kept up my study of languages.

"1929 was the Bad Year. I lost most of my savings in the crash. My good friend, LeRoy Eltingham, dropped dead. When I heard they were going to use the rights of Firefly, my first thought was, I wish he could have been here. I never sing on the air that I don't wish he could be out there, somewhere... Maybe he is..."

"Anyway, I was pretty well down to bedrock for a time. Even the one or two things that did 'break,' soon broke down. Charley Wagner put on Boccaccio, and the critics were swell to me—but the thing failed, commercially.

"I finally signed with the Shuberts. I went to San Francisco and did a new show every week. We ran through the whole repertoire of light opera—Sari, Floradora. The Student Prince—we didn't miss one of them. Then, in the fall, I'd go to Boston and we'd open in some huge opera and it would flop and I'd go back to St. Louis and sweat some more. The mines had nothing on that experience!"

"I sang Anna with Jeritza. Those were the days when prima donnas were prima donnas, indeed. Jeritza had a red velvet carpet unrolled for her, from the stage to her hotel. She accepted her car. When she traveled, the very engine bore the word Jeritza in letters of shining steel or chromium or something. Flowers were strewn before her wherever she walked. It was wonderful!

"I also played in The Life of Stephen Foster. And just around this time—when I was singing Anna, it was—Bill Grady and one or two other officials of M-G-M were there. First thing I knew, there was a test, and then a wire from Lookout Mountain: There was a long term contract immediately. There were some complications. I had my Shubert contract, and to get free of that cost me plenty of grief—and twenty thousand dollars in cash.

"I can't help but ask you when you made the M-G-M test?"

"Sweet Mystery of Life," Allan grinned. "And when I made the dramatic test, I did a sort of Jerkyl and Hyde—played a dual role with myself—talked to myself.

"Well, I hit Hollywood at crack of dawn one morning. I didn't know a soul. I was a stranger, in a very strange land, if ever there was one! I was in the studio and on the set before ten that same morning.
“And so they were married and lived happily ever after,” Allan was saying. “That should be the end of my story, as it is the real beginning of my personal life. It was through Betty Furness that I first met Irene. I was with Betty when I first saw Irene. We’d gone to a studio play together and Irene had the feminine lead. The instant I saw her, I was interested, wanted to know who she was. There was something so clean-cut about her, something so definite and—I don’t know, she just looked different to me. Betty warned me to look the other way. Where had I been all my life, she wanted to know. Hadn’t I heard about Irene and Bob Taylor? I’d heard. But I didn’t look the other way. I kept remembering her. One day I walked across the lot a few feet in back of her. She was humming the song I sang in Night At The Opera—alone. I caught up with her, passed her, looked back. Our eyes met and we both laughed. I have a pretty good hunch that we both knew then . . . I know that I did. No poet, it was simple enough love. And first, I actually saw her. And Irene had told me since that when she first saw me, in Night At The Opera, she asked who I was. I don’t know what love is, chemical, something predestined, human, divine—whatever it is, it hit us both and we didn’t get up at the count. “We met at several parties. Betty gave a party at Christmas time and Irene was there, with Bob. I managed to make a trio of Irene, Bob—and me. And I never talked so hard and so fast in my life. We met at a party given by Raoul Walsh. Bob was on location and Irene came with Cesar Romero. Betty, who was certainly Cupid’s aide-de-camp with us, arranged it so that I took Irene home and she went home with Cesar. “A few days later we took a long drive and it was all settled. There were several problems to be worked out, before we could be married. We worked them out. And on the 20th of July, 1936, we were married. I’m not much of a hand to talk gibbly about the things that mean the most to me. Irene means the most to me—and Gail, her little daughter—and pretty soon there will be our little daughter—or son. I’ve collected,” grinned Allan, “every kind of a camera, with sound devices and without, I’ve been able to find. I’m not only going to record the baby’s first expression, but also its first cry. We’re discussing names. Irene wants the name to be Allan Hervey Jones if it’s a boy. We may call it Jacqueline—Jacky—Jones, if a girl. Or we may take any pretty name,” said Allan, “and add the Jones to it—and what have you got? “And so, I’ve got the working man’s heaven, too . . . Our little gray home in the West, the ‘Misfits,’ the babies . . . “You bet I’m a working man,” Allan said, “and proud of it.” And there I forgot it, that invitation to clunk me on the head goes for anyone who’s handy enough to do it!”

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX

(Continued from page 28)

has defeated her husband in his by taking too much from his pride, or his initiative, or his sense of well being. And so often a successful career makes domestic life seem flat to a woman. So she takes the glamour and lets the real thing go, and eventually finds herself face to face with disillusion and heartbreak. For often women haven’t changed any more than men have, for all the excitement of these few years they have been out on their own. In their hearts they want the same things their mothers and grandmothers and great grandmothers wanted. A home, a husband and children. “Women miss so much of their children, too, when they work away from their homes. They lose so much of the fun and they take away so much of the understanding and love that count so much, not only then, but in all of their children’s future lives. Other people can make so many mistakes with children, and many a working mother entrusts them to women they would not trust with far less precious things. “The women who really have no inclination to work, but feel they have to help eke out the family income, are guilty of the gravest mistake. They usually don’t realize how little their salary really adds. One woman was amazed when I pointed out to her that she was actually wasting her husband’s money by working. A woman at home can economize in so many ways that are impossible for her working sister.

“To begin with, there is the question of clothes, always so much more costly for her than for the domestic wife, who can get along with a much smaller wardrobe and who can sometimes save still more of her dress allowance by making her own clothes. Then there is the food budget, those foolish little extra items to the dwindling of time spent in preparing it. And there are all the other things, too—salaries for household help and for someone to look after the children, not to speak of the cost of luxuries a working wife feels that she is entitled to, that she would be just as happy without. Making a husband happy is a full time job and reaps more benefits than any other work I know of.”

Those first five years of her own marriage were full and happy ones for Marie Manning Gasch. There was her husband, growing steadily more successful in his own business, and the two boys born of their marriage, proving themselves such an exciting adventure that she didn’t have time to think of any others. And there was her writing, too, for there were hours she didn’t have to steal from anyone but herself, which she devoted to novels, and one of them, Judith of the Plains, headed the best-seller lists of that day. Then came the lovely old red brick house on P Street in Washington and they bought a country place in Virginia, a friendly, hospitable house that they added on to, year after year, and which rambled around the towering old trees they refused
to cut down.

Then the war came and, in that restless period that followed, women found they were needed in the places left vacant by men at the front. Arthur Brisbane sent for Marie Gasch, and she took over the Beatrice Fairfax column again. She held it until the war was over, when she once more devoted herself to her family—until 1929, when the market broke hit the Gasch family, as it did so many others.

So now it is the first Beatrice Fairfax who again is taking the helm of the ship she launched. Years ago, as a young girl endowed with understanding far beyond her years, she realized the breadth of the country and women who have entered her secrets they never have told anyone else. Secrets they never have told themselves, really, for her eyes have that God-given talent for reading between words and to see beyond them to the core of the problem itself.

Men and women have written to her, when life became intolerable to them, and, through her advice, found the courage to make it tolerable again. Girls have given up the wrong man and found happiness with the right one, under her sage counsel, and she has guided many a marriage, on the verge of failure, into peace and contentment again.

Advice to the Lovelorn is no stereotyped routine to her. To her, everyone who asks for her counsel is an individual with an individual problem. The same troubles can come to people but they become different in the reaction they bring. People don't react alike and what is a minor annoyance to one can be a tragedy to another. It's knowing this that makes Mrs. Beatrice Fairfax to you, the splendid person she is.

"Take the freedom young people have today," she says. "It's a wonderful thing for the kind of people who can take it. But some can't. Parents should learn to know their own children and just how much rope they can give them.

"But it's a great mistake to keep young people chained up. Girls and boys, who have been held down too much, become intoxicated with the first freedom they get, and go under.

"I believe in early marriages for girls, providing, of course, they really are in love with the men they marry. If she waits too long, has too many beaux and too much attention, the chances are that a girl won't want to relinquish them, even after she's married. You can't diffuse love too much.

"But men should wait before they settle down, for many a girl who seems adorable to them at twenty-two becomes a different person at thirty. Boys are too much given to regard externals. It's only after they've been around a bit that they begin to appreciate the qualities that go into the making of a good wife.

"If I could choose the type of girl I'd like to see marry my son, I'd ask that she be a good cook and a housekeeper and that she reads newspapers and knows what's going on in the world.

"In my opinion it's the woman, usually, who is the deciding factor in a happy marriage, and the wife who writes to me, telling of straying husbands, haven't bothered to make their homes attractive enough to hold a man's attention, and so many others have let themselves go, mentally, so much that they haven't a thought interesting enough to hold a stranger.

"Divorce, like a surgical operation, is sometimes necessary. But it should always be regarded as the last resort.

"I'll never forget what the old colored woman, who took care of me as a child and afterwards helped nurse my own sons, used to say about it: 'De torment, what you escapes with one, is standing there waiting for you with the next, with 'crumcut'!'

"What difference that she didn't know much about book learning and couldn't pronounce every word wasn't wise in herself, and she knew!

"Women who rush to Reno in a huff, or divorce their husbands for a whim, should discipline themselves enough to find out what they really want. Then they'd realize that, instead of finding glamour with their new freedom, they'll probably find only loneliness. A legal document can't really end a marriage that has held any happiness or respect. Roots strike down deep, in spite of what people may think, and are awfully difficult to pull up.
Murray Hill?” we asked Feg.

“The answer to that is easy,” he said. “I’m working.” Okay, the Murphys no longer own Murray Hill.

The Feg Murray personal history begins in Palo Alto, California, somewhere near the turn of the present century. Feg was in Palo Alto because his father was a professor of Greek. Sometimes they were always nice to be near your father, at least until you’re two or three years old and can stand on your own feet.

Incidentally, Feg arrived in time to present at the great San Francisco earthquake in 1906. In fact, he claims the distinction of being the only San Francisco earthquake survivor now on the air with Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hillard.

Feg—the name “Feg” is a nickname, bestowed upon him by a small brother who couldn’t pronounce Fred—earned his first dollar as a direct result of the earthquake. His own school building was demolished in the disaster, and Feg drew down a quarter an hour scraping plaster off the fallen bricks. He denies, however, that he was working his way through grade school.

Someone—probably his schoolbook—taught Feg, or at least he taught Feg, and Feg continued his education, winding up at Stanford, where he captained the track team and, in 1916, set a world’s record in the low hurdles, which stood for fourteen years. That same year he toured Norway with an American track team, and returned to New York to look for work.

“Shortly after that,” says Feg, “America entered the World War. I knew what this country needed, so I joined the Engineer Corps and sailed for France. When we arrived, I lined up with the Camouflage Division, under the unfortunate delusion that the job entailed a lot of painting. I was wrong—unless you classify digging latrines as one of the fine arts.”

Everyone who has seen Feg Murray’s Stomach ‘n’ Blood also knows a little character which generally hangs out in the lower corner of the cartoon. Its name is Feggo, and Feggo has a story.

In 1916, when Feg was an undergrad student at Stanford, he bought a ten-cent porcelain Chinese Lucky Dog to wear on his watch chain. It became Feggo, and when Feg went to France in September, 1917, Feggo went along. Before any important move, Feg took counsel with his lucky piece. If Feggo seemed to smile, everything was dandy, but if a frown crossed Feggo’s inscrutable pan, bad luck was afoot.

In October, 1918, during the height of the Argonne Forest siege and the advance of the Allied forces, Feg and three members of his division found a deserted barn in the little town of Geves, in France. Feg and his pals found Feggo some军官, and its buntes and reading lamps looked like heaven to four guys who had spent the past six weeks sleeping in the mud. Feg settled down to the luxuries of the barn but, before going to sleep, he noticed Feggo frowning, so his obedient master promptly got up, and with one of his three companions hiked down the road and spent the night in a ditch.

Next morning they returned to the barn to pick up their belongings—and found their two friends dead and the barn demolished by shell fire. That’s why you see Feggo smiling at you in Sevin’ Stars today.

It was also in 1918 that Feg took part in the Fourth of July track meet in Paris. He ran second in the 100-yard dash, in which his brother, Feggo, placed first. The confusion was understandable because they were first place in the shot-put, probably because of them.

Hitch-hiking back to his division, he stopped a military policeman and asked him the way to the front.

“Just take this road, buddy,” said the cop, “until you come to a war!”

Along the way he stopped off to grab a free meal with an anti-aircraft crew. Exchanging conversation for food, he asked them how many planes they had brought down that week.

“Three,” said one of the guys. “Two German—and one French.”

The victorious brigadier returned from the wars with no scars, a fine gold medal for his hundred-yard dash in Paris, and a cheap razor for winning the shot-put. He packed his medals in a nice clean box and went once more in search of work. Since he was fond of both sports and drawing, he was fortunate enough to combine the two and sell a few sports cartoons. Along about this period he also studied at the Art Students’ League for an indefinite time. The time is indefinite because Feg can’t remember whether it was ten minutes or fifteen minutes.

Then came the 1920 Olympic Games in Antwerp. Antwerp is in Belgium but Feg
could hurdle in any language—and hurdle he did, placing third in spite of the fact that he'd had little or no training.

Back again to the United States (that's three times the guy has made the round-trip free—a racket!), Feg went to work for Gregory La Cava, now one of Hollywood's top-ranking directors, who then was a pioneer in the animated cartoon field. Those were the early days of Krazy Kat and the Katzenjammers, before anyone had thought of a mouse as a national hero. Next step was back to California, where he married his college sweetheart—a young lady who was a freshman at Stanford when Feg was a senior. (Both Feg and Mrs. M. would murder us in cold blood if we made the pronouncement that they're still sweethearts, so we won't make it.)

After a year in Los Angeles, selling sports cartoons on a free-lance basis (translated, that means Feg wasn't doing so—oh is it hotly?), the Murrays journeyed back to New York and their first real break financially. Feg's sports cartoons began their daily appearance in the New York Sun and a syndicate of papers throughout the country. This sort of thing went on until 1932, when Feg was assigned to cover the Olympic Games in Los Angeles.

"When I returned to New York," he says, "I was full of anecdotes about Babe Didrikson, but no one asked about her. They wanted to know about Clara Bow."

Feg got to thinking about Clara Bow—no natural pastime in those days, you may recall—and from that developed an idea for a cartoon series on Hollywood. It took him a year to sell it, 1932 being what it was, and all that, but in 1933 King Features bought Seein' Stars, and the Feg Murrays have been in Hollywood ever since.

At the moment Seein' Stars appears daily in over fifty newspapers, and its creator appears weekly, along with Harriet Hilliard and Ozzie Nelson, on the Baker's Broadcast, Sundays, at 7:30 p.m., EST., over the NBC-blue network—and all that because Feg forecasted that night in the little town of Gesse.

Because Feg is a friend of ours, it would be embarrassing to come right out and say he is one of the nicest guys we've ever known, so we'll skip that and say he's a fine fellow who enjoys his work because it gives him time for his favorite diversions, tennis, badminton and ping pong. We might also add that he has the dubious honor of being practically the only cartoonist mentioned on the floor of our National Congress.

Several years ago the late Congressman Zioncheck announced to his colleagues that Seein' Stars contained code messages from an underworld chief in Chicago to "the boys" in the New York branch! The pronouncement was a slight overstatement, but it's in the Congressional Record.

Today Feg Murray is doing very well for himself. The young lady from Stanford is still Mrs. M., and there are, in addition, four Murray offspring, who look extremely happy and seem entirely oblivious of the stigma attached to their old man. But probably one day they'll have to be told he was once a low hurdle.
banker. Her mother is a lady who placed much faith in metaphysics.

"From the time I can remember, there have been books on astrology lying about the house," said Miss Kingsley. "As a child I was an avid reader, so naturally I read all Mother's books on the subject. I can not remember the first time I went to Evangeline Adams, but I know I was very young. And I was fascinated."

Brought up as every proper little lady, Myra was given instruction in all the arts, particularly in music. Little wonder, then, that she decided to become a fine singer. She had dreams of opera and concert. When she was nineteen, she paid Evangeline Adams one of her periodic visits.

"You have a natural talent for music," Miss Adams told her, "but that is not your destiny. You should be a teacher."

"I was furious," laughed Miss Kingsley, recalling that day, "because, at nineteen, all I could think of was that I might be an austere academic teacher."

Today Myra Kingsley looks far from austere. With her curly blonde hair piled high on her head, she radiates personality. She is proud to be forty—perhaps because she appears ten years younger. She is a woman who never will grow old, because of her natural magnetism, her amazing vitality, and her absorbing interest in other people.

For several years, she made music her life, but never satisfied with her progress. Each time she visited Evangeline Adams she was told that music should be her avocation—that teaching should be her life's work. "You are fitted for astrology," Miss Adams told her one day. Myra went home to think about that. She had more than an elementary knowledge of the world, and the more she thought about it, the better she liked the idea.

She made up her mind to take more instruction in astrology, and went out to California, where she studied with Milton Pierce Kopp, who, besides making a study of astrologism, maintains a bookshop in San Francisco

"I believe that Ropp is one of the greatest astrologers in the country, and should be better known," said Miss Kingsley, "I took daily instruction from him, for about five months."

Following which, in 1925, Myra Kingsley became a professional astrologer. She finds it a gratifying profession, not only in that she has been able to help others, but that it has greatly helped the course of her own life. Understanding, of course, naturally makes for harmony.

"When the signs are not propitious for a party, I do not entertain," Miss Kingsley told me. "When the evening looks bad, the three of us—Howard, Chico (that is what we call Howard, Jr.) and I stay home and play a lovely game called Cramen. When my daily chart shows that I am to be in a bad frame of mind, I say to Howard, 'If you prefer, dear, watch for Mars!' And he knows what I mean. Mars is my dissenting planet."

"But La Kingsley never is in a bad humor," hastily interposes her husband. "Sometimes, after a party, she and I will go to a favorite restaurant of ours and start a discussion, merely because we think we should have a good argument!"
New York there is pace and tension— 
everyone's in a hurry. Everybody on the 
street looks like he's two minutes late for 
an important appointment. I'm even faster. 
In my hurry, I almost ran into him.

"In Hollywood, it's just the opposite. 
The incessant sunshine makes the days 
longer, and it gives you the idea that 
whatever you have to do can be done 
later. And it can. But after years in New 
York, I've learned to appreciate their 
big difference is this: New York 
is paced to 4-4-time—Hollywood is waltz 
time. And I can't waltz!"

Phil probably can't waltz, but he knows 
how to enjoy his Hollywood surroundings, 
even if they do cast a shade of fear over 
him. Our interview was conducted in the 
comfortable Baker mansion in Bel-Air, 
one of Beverly Hills' nicer sub-divisions. 
Just to show you that the pace and ex-
citement Phil likes always surrounds him, 
let me give you this picture or your conference.

It was Thursday; a day off in 
Hollywood. It was also 11 a.m., 
and the master of the house hadn't had 
breakfast. The comely Mrs. B. had just left 
on a house-shopping tour (the Bakers' hobby is 
moving), leaving Phil all alone with a 
secretary, three children, a nurse and us. 
Phil wanted a boiled egg—a simple re-
quest for a guy in his income bracket, 
we thought. But we reckoned without 
the Baker household. The secretary, a 
lovely girl and all that, had never boiled an egg 
in her life, and didn't see why she should 
start now. The nurse could boil eggs, but 
have you ever tried it with three healthy 
youngsters crawling up and down your 
anatomy? We offered to boil the egg if 
he'd write the interview, but we were 
turned down. We don't have to tell you 
who finally boiled it.

While the master was in the kitchen 
boiling his lovely egg, we were ente-
tained by two of his offspring—Muffet, a 
charming young lady given to standing on 
her head for company, and Stuart, a 
young man given to trying to stand on his 
head. Here, we thought, is our chance to 
get the real lowdown on this Baker guy.

With pencil poised, we set Muffet up 
on her proper end and asked her: "How 
often does your daddy beat your mama?"

Her answer was so brief as it was 
puzzling. She said: "No."

Throwing discretion to the winds, we 
asked Muffet her age. She said she was 
three and a half.

"And how old is Stuart?" we asked.

Muffet replied: "Little Miss Muffet, 
without even blushing. We didn't ask her 
any more questions.

By that time their proud father had con-
sumed his egg and was once more among us. 
He rejected Stuart's invitation to go 
out for a play, and suggested that his two 
little friends stick to him.

So now we're back to the question of 
the moment once more—Hollywood. Did 
you know, for instance, that Phil Baker 
first came to Hollywood to make pictures 
twenty years ago? He came, but after 
three months of it he begged off. The 
Shangri-La stuff was getting him, and he 
learned to play. He told his pic-
ture bosses he had a road show engage-
ment, so they canceled his contract. Phil 
took to the road—how?" part of his 
statement being a slight exaggeration.

Phil's next Hollywood venture was dur-
ing the days when silent pictures were 
struggling their last struggle. He came 
out with Jack Benny and they made a 
screen test at Universal. The boys saw 
the test, and decided fairly quickly that it 
wasn't any good.

Phil's next Hollywood engagement was 
in a little gem called Gift of Gab. He'd 
rather not talk about that one.

But now he's doing The Goldwyn Fol-
lies, and his picture career is looking up. 
The astute Mr. Goldwyn has an option on 
Phil Baker's future services, all of which 
means that our hero will probably find 
himself spending at least half of every 
year in Hollywood.

"But I won't let it get me," says Phil. 
"If I'm out here in the middle of the 
winter, where all is sunshine and bliss, 
I'll grab a plane to New York for a few 
days, and stand around in a blizzard. 
Then, if I'm still alive, I'll come back, 
a warmer but wiser man."

"And here's another problem. If I do 
spend a lot of time out here, I'll have to 
buy a house. Houses are nice, of course, 
but I already have two—one in Mamaro-
neck, New York, and one in Miami, Flor-
ida. And now, another in Hollywood!"

Anyway, those three houses are a 
decided contrast to the small, furnished 
room which was Phil Baker's Hollywood 
abode twenty years ago. At that time he 
was invited to a party at the home of a 
producer. Looking around the sumptuous 
domain, he determined then and there 
that one day he'd have one himself. To say 
that Phil is a guy with determination is 
to put it mildly. He wishes for one house 
—and gets three!

Phil's present determination is to make 
picture producers quit regarding him as 
that fellow with the accordion. On 
the stage his accordion always was incidental 
to his comedy, just as it has been in his 
four years of radio. Calling Phil an ac-
cordion player is like calling Jack Benny 
a violinist.

"In The Goldwyn Follias," says Phil, 
"I hope to make my entrance as a comedian, 
and bring on the pleased piano later. Of 
course, you never can tell. Hollywood is 
a strange town, and I'll believe anything. 
Why, just the other day I heard that there 
ain't a soul out here with less than a mil-
dollar house. Everyone has three swarn-
pool, and they're all filled with 
champagne. Then someone got hold of 
me and told me the truth. He told me 
about the poor guy who lives across the 
street from him. His pool is filled with 
champagne—but it's domestic. Nobody 
sells that to him!"

"So here I am in Hollywood, for a 
while at least, but it's not going to get 
me. I love it—but I'm still afraid of it."

Don't let it frighten you too much, Mr. 
B. If the worst comes to the worst, you 
still have to live somewhere. You can 
start a vaudeville circuit!
most of these conditions can be greatly allayed by nightly care and patience. Rich, nourishing eye creams, applied with the proper massage movements, will do much to smooth away and make less conspicuous wrinkles and crow's feet. Apply your cream from the inner corner of the upper lid outward, and back under the eye. Be sure to take in the section where crow's feet appear, when you are at the outer corners. The eyelid is an organ of the body and is helpful in treating loose skin and puffs under the eyes. Each time, after the face has been cleansed, take a piece of cotton moistened with astringent and pat around the eyes, lightly but briskly. Always be careful, when working around the eyes, not to pull or stretch the delicate skin.

Of course, if your wrinkles and crow's feet are due to facial habits or weak eyes then no amount of creams will make you stop squinting or substitute for glasses. Conserve your vision. Some of these signs can be avoided by using spectacles. Occasionally organic disorders cause circles and puffs, and in those instances only a doctor can advise the proper treatment.

Although eye lotions and washes usually are kept in the medicine chest and are used for the health of the eyes, their effect is usually so transitory that I am tempted to classify them as “make-up.” Eye lotions and washes clean up cloudy, veined, dull, unattractive eyes quickly and effectively—usually requiring only a few seconds to make even bloodshot, red eyes clear and sparkling. They offer almost instant rest for tired, strained,smarting, itching eyes. Exhaustive tests have proved that they can be used daily without any harmful effect.

Everyone would like luxuriant lashes, lovely eyebrows and the skillful use of mascara, there is no shortage to achieving this effect. The growth of the lashes is similar to that of the hair (only, of course, much slower) and is promoted in the same way: good nutrition, rest, and gentle manipulation of an eyelash combined, with patience, is the best treatment you can give your lashes from the health standpoint.

The skillful use of eye make-up will enhance your eyes, just as it does Dorothy Lamour’s deep violet blue eyes and black lashes. Does mascara harm the eyelashes? No, not if it is properly removed with creams each night before retiring. Dorothy Lamour wears mascara almost constantly, during the day and evening, and these photographs of her are ample proof of that statement! Of course, good taste dictates discretion in the application of eye make-up—in particular for daytime occasions.

With these questions answered, we proceed to the five steps of eye make-up. To: Step 1. Comb and lightly brush over the bridge of the nose and between the eyes. Any further tweezing that is necessary should be done from the underside of the brow. Be careful to follow the natural bony structure of the arch. Don’t try to pull out these natural shapes or into a too thin line. The brows lend character and personality to the face and eyes. Now, brush the brows. Use a bit of eyelash grower when you brush them, to keep them in line. The brows should be brushed first in the opposite direction, then straight up, and then into a smooth even line. Nightly brushing, too, in this manner, will soon subdue even the most unruly brows.

Step 2. Whisk out your eyeshadow—but proceed with vigor so sparingly for the daytime. You may go a bit more dramatic in the evening. Apply this shadow from the center of the eyelid, shading it up to the brows and out to the outer corner of the eyes. Never apply eyeshadow below the eyes. Damage to the eyes is overcome by lightly blending a tiny bit of cream rouge under the eyes, working it up and around to the temples.

Step 3. The eyes appear larger and the lashes seem much longer when the upper lashes curl. (Girls who wear glasses should take special note of this.) The little eyelash curling gadgets are indispensable beauty aids.

Step 4. Mascara should be applied to the upper lashes. Particularly small eyes appear larger if the eye-lashes is applied a bit more heavily to the tips. (Be careful not to get a beaded effect here, for that is too artificial for beauty.)

Step 5. Take a finely pointy eyebrow pencil and, with short feathery strokes, trace the eyebrows. Extending the eyebrow line a little toward the temple makes a bow—then goes back into his office and the door is closed...

Suddenly you hear yelps and chuckles—and you peek in to find Rudy rolling on the floor with Himmel, his Doberman Pinscher.

That should give you a rough idea...

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933
OF RADIO STARS PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT DUNKIRK, NEW YORK, N. Y.

1. That the name and the address of the publisher, editor, and Managing Editor is: TIMES INCORPORATED, 250 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, 114 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; General Office, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the period of this statement is:
   a. 1 week
   b. 1 month
   c. 1 year

3. That the names and addresses of the stockholders, owners, managers and other security holders, giving the names and addresses of owners who hold directly 10 percent or more of the total amount of stocks, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company or any officer of the company are true and correct:
   a. Yes
   b. No
   c. Not applicable

5. That the prices at which the stockholders or security holders, or owners who hold directly 10 percent or more of the total amount of stocks, mortgages, or other securities, may purchase the stock, bonds, or other securities are: $1.00

6. That the name of the person or corporation for whom space is rented or furnished is: TIMES INCORPORATED

7. That the two paragraphs next above, containing statements embodying full details as to the conditions under which the stockholders and security holders, or owners who hold directly 10 percent or more of the total amount of stocks, mortgages, or other securities, may purchase the stock, bonds, or other securities, are not applicable.

GEORGE H. MELLER, Business Manager.

STANDARD AUDITING CORPORATION
Certified in New York County, November 13, 1940.
Certificate No. 1178.
Reg. No. 8013.
Commission expires March 30, 1941.
built for them. It was Myrna Loy who told me: "The studio spends literally millions of dollars on developing the star personality, the 'sales value' of its stars. Gable, Bill Powell, me, all of us. I hate, for instance, to be dressed up all of the time. I'd like nothing better than to relax, forget the lipstick, put on an old coat, rug for the day, and go to the drugstore for a soda. I can't. It wouldn't be fair to my studio for me to be seen looking anything but my best. They have invested a great deal of money in the Myrna Loy they sell. I've got to maintain the standard they have set for me." And it was Clark Gable who told me: "The studio employs the highest-priced writers in the world to write for us, Hugh Walpole, James Hilton, Faith Baldwin, others. They spend anywhere from $10,000 to $250,000 for a play, a published novel, so that we'll have the most perfect story available for our particular brand of talent. Their investment in each and every star is prodigious. And quite understandably they do not want their expensive investments to go on the air (or anywhere else) and in fifteen minutes dispel all the glamour, tear down the personality so painstakingly pruned and tended in the studio. That was their fear. Now they've got Bill Bacher at the controls and all fear has been dispelled.

And so, it wasn't because they didn't want radio for their stars that the studios denied many of their contract players the right to accept many of the constant and opulent offers radio made them. It was because they would have no control over what their players did on the air. It was because they realized that, without their studio's protection, which is as fostering as a father's, as anxious as a mother's, their stars might pull ponders which would undo the work of years.

No actual incident prompted M-G-M to go on the air. It was a cumulative thing. For some time the studios have been seen the writing on the wall. They have heard the plaints of Jeanette MacDonald, who voiced: "No radio, no new contract with the studio." They have heard the Gables, Loy's, Crawfords, all the others, wailing at the Wailing Wall. The studio faced the situation and accepted it. They said, in effect: "Very well, then, you must have radio. All of you must have radio. But you shall have it under our protection. We will give you radio right in your own backyard. We will build you a Theatre of the Air on your lot. We will protect you on the air as we have protected you on the screen. We have given you Van Dyke, Cukor, Leonard to direct you in pictures; now we give you Bill Bacher to direct you on the air."

And so it was done.

There is no mystery about M-G-M because Bill Bacher was sold on it from the beginning. The star list of M-G-M answers that question. Garbo, Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, Bill Powell, Rosalind Russell, Jimmy Stewart, Joan Crawford, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, Allan Jones, Judy Garland, Virginia Bruce, Louise Rainer, Spencer Tracy, Robert Montgomery, Frank Cady, Tony, Robert Taylor, Bob BENCHLEY, Sophie Tucker, Frank Morgan, Peter Smith, Ted Healy ... with such a plethora of dramatic talent, musical talent, comedy talent — why wouldn't any sponsor want to sponsor Bill Bacher calls "my Treasure House?"

And many a sponsor sought M-G-M Ford Motor Cars, Palmolive, Socony Vacuum, Lucky Strike, J. Walter Thompson for one of their clients, all played hounds to the air-shy hare of M-G-M. When Ford Motor Car's deal came up, M-G-M was not prepared, psychologically, as it were, for the air. They weren't quite sure... They hadn't got Bill Bacher then. (Bill has signed a seven-years' producers contract with M-G-M—picture producer. He is doing the first to get a seven-years' contract.) Wondering. They were not quite geared up to it. Bill did the doing. There were so many factors to be considered, some of them as yet unresolved, perhaps irreconcilable. It would take time to sound out the exhibitors and theatre owners. They would have to get the reaction of the New York Office, of Mr. Mamix's department of production out here. Objections might be raised: Are your stars picture people, or are they radio people? How might they have trouble with the stars themselves. The Palmolive deal would have come off, except for the fact that Palmolive would not give over production to M-G-M. They wanted to have complete control of the program. And as complete control of their stars on the air was M-G-M's primary reason for doing radio at all, and as it is not to be imagined that Bill Bacher, stormy, more temperamental than any six stars combined, would tolerate outside jurisdiction for a moment, that deal, too, fell through. J. Walter Thompson's client wanted an audition. Why, said Mr. Bacher, should an audition be necessary? A Gable, a Crawford, possibly a Garbo to be asked to audition? Ack, ack! Any sponsor knows the talent of M-G-M; knows the plays Bacher has produced!

It resolved itself, then, into a question of which of the remaining sponsors would sign first. Bill Bacher flew to New York. He arrived early one morning. By 9:30 of the same day, he had the contract with General Foods in his pocket—a contract which gives to M-G-M complete control, complete "say" on all production. He flew back to Hollywood, began at once to make plans for his first broadcast. The sponsors suggested that he wait, take his time, go on the air in January. Not Bill! "What?" he said. "And let all my enthusiasm simmer untill then? No! No, we start at once. We go on the air in November." And they did.

And so it was done.

The studio is happy, the "children," taking their air flights, well, most of them, under the parent wing. Exhibitors and theatre owners are happy, because they know, now, that radio is working for their interests, not against them. With Bill's hand's on
controls, everything is satisfactory. He must have pleased exhibitors and theatre owners enormously by assuring them that he would never broadcast on Saturdays or Sundays. But he says, "If I realize that Saturdays and Sundays are the best theatre days." Sponsor General Foods is happy, because they know, with Baker at the helm of his "Treasure House," they will get their $20,000-worth, good measure and good commercial, as well as their M-G-M and General Foods was based, considerably, on good faith on both sides. No exact stipulations were made by the sponsors. They didn’t say: "You must guarantee six Grade A stars on each program." No, they know that there will either be a Grade A picture or a Grade B picture automatically includes a number of the big stars, or there will be a skit, a play, a novelty idea, including several of the stellar personalities. Bill Baker, dipping his genius-tipped fingers into that treasure trove of Gables, Garbo’s, Shears, Trays, Loy—who’d be afraid of that set-up? Bill has, indeed, more ideas than there are stars in the heavens—and in Hollywood! There will be, there are, the previews of the big pictures; behind the scenes, the development of how a certain story is developed; broadcasts from location, with Jeannette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy on location for Girl of The Golden West, for instance. He says: "Actors are always saying they’d like to be writers. All right, I’ll give them a chance to write. It would be fun, wouldn’t it, to have Myrna Loy and Bill Powell write for themselves a short of Thin-Man sketch for the air? That’s one idea. We’ll give life stories of some of the stars—the lives of John Gilbert, Garbo, Anna Pavlova, Allan Jones in song ... We’ll have a song for each period of their lives, for each rung of the ladder they mounted. I could go on indefinitely about ideas, ideas about ideas.

Now, General Foods is not worrying! The stars are happy. They have their radio. Every one of them, with the aforementioned exception (as I write) of Garbo, have assured Bill and have now proved to Bill, many of them, their 100 percent enthusiasm, interest, cooperation. Sherry Lewis says: "Garbo, Baker will go on the air, with the studio’s blessing, if she can be prevailed upon. And when Bill was telling me about the rapid-fire deal in New York he said: "If that can happen, anything can happen—I may persuade Garbo to go in that championship!"

Yes, the stars are happy! They are paid for their broadcasts as they would be paid for them off the home lot. In some instances they are permitted other radio contracts. In the instances where they already had radio commitments, such as Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, Allan Jones, Rosalind Russell, they will be permitted to continue with these commitments. They are happy because, as the Cukors, the Leontards, Van Dykes have led them through the broken screen and the lenses of the cameras, so Bill, the maestro of radio, will lead them on the air. It has been said: "How about Bill’s temperament? Won’t it conflict with the temperaments of the movie stars on his program?" Allan Jones answered that when he said, laughing: "Bill’s temperament won’t conflict with any other temperament — because Bill’s temperament tops all other temperaments. His will be the only one around the place!"

There is an amusing anecdote told about Bill and Rodgers. One night, on the Hollywood Hotel hour, Miriam Hopkins was coming on the air. She had been announced on the preceding broadcast; she had been advertised. Miriam arrived at the station, read the script again, decided she was not a candidate made in it, said that she would not go on the air unless the changes were made. Pandemonium! Bill was told, frantically: "You’d better talk to her, Bill! She says she won’t go on!" And Bill’s answer was: "What of it?" The excited chorus continued: "But she’s been on the air before! It’s a public expectation of hers!" Said Bill: "That’s her business, not mine." He sent for one of his stock players. He asked her if she could do Miriam’s part. When she said that she could, Bill, without being in the least upset, with that deadly calm of his which is more devastating than the most simooshom- storm, went ahead with the preparations. The music began. The announcer was announcing. The commercial began. Nearby, Miriam heard the prelude to the program. She was in terror. But the woman couldn’t—Bill couldn’t—she wasn’t there—But they did! Bill could. And Miriam was there. Meek as any lamb, having met and saluted the dictator, she stepped before the mike and went on the air as scheduled. That’s Bill! And if you happen into the Trocadero any Saturday night when Bill is there (his one evening of pastime and play), you will see that none of the stars holds a grudge against the dictator for his dictates, which are as just as they are admirable. He said: "I’m in charge! Bill!" there. Not a grudge in a starload.

And so here, for M-G-M’s Good News of 1938, in the new theatre built for it, the weekly programs are rehearsed, the weekly broadcasts "played" to capacity audiences. For Bill Baker believes in radio and the feeling of big audiences at all broadcasts. He says: "One of the biggest things radio will give to the screen stars is the ‘feel’ of the theatre again. Now they have their audiences. Now they have the instant audience reaction to their work. They have their audience 24 hours a day. I know how a picture is clicked, having done two other pictures in the meantime. I don’t think you’ll hear many of the M-G-M stars saying: ‘I want to go back to the theatre,’ any longer."

I asked Allan Jones. I said: "What is your trick in getting the glamour of the big stars, the Shears, Gables, Loeys and others, over the airwaves and into the homes of the listeners?"

Bill shook his wild red head. He said: "It would be presumptuous to say that any radio program would try to enhance the glamour of these big stars. It would be as ridiculous as presumptuous. I try to put them on the air in such a way that nothing whatsoever is added to or subtracted from what they are and are ready are. With stars like Joan Crawford, Bill Powell and the others, all glamour, all romance already has been projected through their pictures. The thing is, audiences already know them. They know most of the facets and phases of their personalities, beauty, powers and potentialities. Not to change them, not to alter in the slightest way these established personalities, is my sole aim and intention when I work with them. I try only to put them on exactly as they are."

"Radio, our program here at M-G-M, will lend a helping hand to the many such new and as yet unestablished players as, say, Betty Jaynes, Ruby Mercer, Phyllis Welch, Ann Rutherford and others. Young, new talent will be used on the air. Girls who, for one reason or another, are not yet established, who are not yet the publicty value this program will have for them—and for the studio in "building" them! Their names will be built on the air to such an extent that, when they do make their first screen appearances, they will not have a receptive audience, an audience waiting for them. Something it was never possible to do before. It is not always possible, say, to find the suitable story for Judy Garland. All right, she doesn’t need to stand around doing nothing. She can go on the air. When Nelson Eddy first came to Hollywood he was on the lot for well over a year, at a salary of $1000 a week, and doing nothing. There was no story ready for the Eddy talents. It was dull and discouraging for Nelson, probably as well as for Eddy. Now such a condition could not exist. And thus, not only does M-G-M protect its carefully built, established stars, but it finds this unbeatable way, this air way, to build its new players, to find employment for idle ones. Studio overhead will be, presumably, radically reduced.

"I believe," Bill was saying, "that Clark Gable will be one of the biggest stars of the air, as of the screen. The same qualities which put Clark where he is on the screen will put him in a similar spot on the air. That virility, that ruggedness, that appeal which makes him both a man’s man and a woman’s man—as Myrna Loy is both a man’s woman and a woman’s woman—will come over the air in his voice. I’d like to have Bill Powell as my master of ceremonies. He is smooth and smooth. He’d be the Thin Man on the air quite as definitely as on the screen. I’d like to have Bob Taylor as a master of ceremonies. His voice is strong and masculine and has an arresting quality. I’ve been spoiled with Bob Taylor in England on a special broadcast. I don’t think so. You take a lot of chances on the short wave. Much nicer, I think, to wait and pick up Bob when he returns, his first day back in Hollywood, perhaps. I’d be hard put to find an Emlyn Jones or an M. C. too. And I’d like very much to have Director Bob Leonard. He has one of the most genial, most lovable of voices, an infectious laugh, a heartiness. They’re all with me. And let me tell you that the big stars of Hollywood are not temperamental. They are the easiest people in the world to get along with. They are the salt of the earth. They are generous of heart and of spirit, as well as of purse. They bear no grudges. You’ve got to be a good talker to get on the air. And once you do interest them you give them all they’ve got, hold nothing back.

"Our contract with General Foods is for two years. After that—yes, I’m interested in directing pictures, too. But right now M-G-M is on the air—now they have this, with every star and bit player on the program, all the way!"
Chances are 6 to 10...
THIS MEANS NEW LOVELINESS for You!*

If your hair has become dark and dull, take a tip from me! Use Marchand’s, as I do, to keep your hair naturally light and radiant.

*60% OF ALL WOMEN WERE BORN BLONDE

Is your hair as light and golden as it was when you were a child? Have you let time and lack of care steal the radiance of your blonde loveliness? You can still be a fascinating, bewitching blonde with Marchand’s Golden Hair Wash...a scientific preparation designed solely to protect and restore the sunshine of blonde loveliness to your hair.

Buy a bottle of Marchand’s today. Follow the simple directions carefully and see how quickly it lightens the shade of your hair...how it brings back the sunny highlights that are naturally yours.

Marchand’s, being mildly antiseptic, is beneficial to the scalp and does not interfere with permanent waving.

Don’t shave arms and legs! There’s nothing more unsightly than the ugly stubble of re-growth. Make excess hair invisible with Marchand’s. Odorless, stainless and safe...Marchand’s simply lightens the color of superfluous hair...blending it to your natural skin tones.

MARCHAND’S
GOLDEN HAIR WASH

AVAILABLE AT ALL DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES
(right) A tempting Christmas special — 4 boxes of Camels in "flat fifties" — wrapped in gay holiday dress for the Yuletide season.

(left) A pound of Prince Albert, packed in a real glass humidor that keeps the tobacco in prime condition. The humidor becomes a cherished, permanent possession! Gift wrap.

(right) The famous Camel carton — 200 cigarettes—in this extra-special Christmas art wrapper. A truly popular gift!

(left) A pound of mild, mellow Prince Albert—the choice, "biteless" tobacco—in the famous red tin humidor, plus an attractive Christmas gift package wrap!

GREETINGS FROM R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Makers of CAMEL CIGARETTES & PRINCE ALBERT SMOKING TOBACCO

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

If you know that a man really enjoys pipe smoking, you may be sure that Prince Albert will suit him to a "T." More men buy Prince Albert for themselves than any other smoking tobacco. It's the "National Joy Smoke"—mild and rich tasting—and beautifully dressed up to say "Merry Christmas" for you! Being so mild, P. A. is a delight to the fussiest pipe-smoker.

MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS

In choosing cigarettes for Christmas giving, remember Camels are the favorite of more smokers than any other brand. There's no doubt about how much people appreciate Camel's finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS. A gift of Camels carries a double greeting from you. It says: "Happy Holidays and Happy Smoking!"
Karo is more than a delicious syrup. It is a vital, energizing food. It is rich in Dextrose, the great food-energy sugar. These facts are known to millions. The Dionne "Quints" are served Karo regularly. It is one of their most important foods. Their glorious physical condition testifies to the efficacy of their daily diet. Karo is sold by grocers everywhere. For energy, for enjoyment, serve Karo every day.

Remember—Karo is rich in Dextrose, the vital food-energy sugar...

Dextrose is called "muscle" sugar by doctors. It is the natural "fuel" of the body. Practically all physical energy comes from Dextrose.
RADIO STARS

LIGHT-PROOF FACE POWDER!
The greatest make-up improvement in years

Luxor Powder is Light-Proof. If you use it, your face won't shine. We will send you a box FREE to prove it.

- At parties, do you instinctively avoid certain lights that you can just feel are playing havoc with your complexion? All that trouble with fickle make-up will be overcome when you finish with powder whose particles do not glisten in every strong light. Many women think they have a shiny skin, when the shine is due entirely to their powder!

Seeing is believing
With a finishing touch of light-proof powder, your complexion will not constantly be light-struck. In any light. Day or night. Nor will you have all that worry over shine when you use this kind of powder.

You have doubtless bought a good many boxes of powder on claims and promises, only to find that you wasted the money. You don't run this risk with Luxor. We will give you a box to try. Or you can buy a box anywhere without waiting, and have your money back if it doesn't pass every test you can give it.

Test it in all lights, day and night—under all conditions. See for yourself how much it improves your appearance—in any light. See the lovely softness and absence of shine when you use light-proof powder. See how such powder subdues those highlights of cheekbones and chin, and nose.

How to get light-proof powder
Luxor light-proof face powder is being distributed rapidly and most stores have received a reasonable supply. Just ask for Luxor light-proof powder, in your shade. A large box is 55c at drug and department stores; 10c sizes at the five-and-ten stores. ... Or if you prefer to try it out before you buy it, then clip and mail the coupon below.

Don't postpone your test of this amazing improvement in face powder; sooner or later you will be using nothing else.

LUXOR, Ltd., Chicago

Please send me a complimentary box of the new Luxor LIGHT-PROOF face powder free and prepaid.

☐ Flesh 
☐ Rose Rachel 
☐ Rachel No. 2

Name: ____________________________

St. G No. ____________________________

P. O. ____________________________

Sta...
You'll no longer suffer from constipation, thanks to FEEN-A-MINT. It's powerful, yet gentle. Just try a trial package of FEEN-A-MINT and see the difference it makes in your life. FEEN-A-MINT is a soothing, natural laxative that gently clears out waste. It's easy on the stomach and leaves you feeling relaxed. Try FEEN-A-MINT today and experience the difference it can make in your life. FEEN-A-MINT is available at your local drugstore.
Radiostars

'Shopping Millions...

Through the doors of that workshop ceaselessly flowed girls, girls, girls... each with a dream and a hope beyond reaching. Here is one shopgirl who lives a drama so amazing, so rich in deluxe living, that it will fascinate and excite you. And Jessie might have been you, or you, or you!

This is Jessie—a shopgirl—just like millions of others..."Some day I'll wear ermine," she said.

Fiercely, Jessie grasped at romance—with Eddie, who lives dangerously. Can she win happiness?

The wedding party interrupted by the wealthy Mr. Hennessy. Drama enters her innocent life!

Jessie tells to keep their "three-room heaven"... while Eddie gambles— with their love at stake!

"I've only come to you for advice, Mr. Hennessy. Your yacht and penthouse don't interest me!"

Joan Crawford

Spencer Tracy

in

Mannequin

With

Alan Curtis • Ralph Morgan

A FRANK BORZAGE Production

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Screenplay by Lawrence Hazard

Directed by FRANK BORZAGE

Produced by Joseph L. Mankiewicz
“HELLO, little one!” Are those the words that usually greet you? Are you just a “cute little girl?” Do you quiver in ignominy when overshadowed by the tall five-foot-eighthers, whose Junoesque dignity seems to fill the room and dominate the crowd? Do you often wish you could add a few inches and several pounds, so that you might stand shoulder to shoulder with your bigger sisters?

Some day, perhaps, someone will be able to answer me this—why is it that no one is ever satisfied with her size? Why do all the tall girls want to be short, the pleasingly plump long to be slender sirens, the thin girls sigh for extra poundage, and the shorties wish they were taller? For, when you really think about it, and look around you, you'll discover that there are very few “average-sized” women, and that the girl who appears to achieve the effect of perfection, has done so by choosing her clothes cleverly and judiciously in proportion to her size, and in harmony with her individual style.

A sweet frock, this one, of black velvet, does double duty for formal or informal wear, by raising or by dropping the neckline. Pale pink lace outlines neck and tiny sleeves.

Thousands upon thousands of words have been penned and printed about fashions for the tall, “clothes horse” type of girl. And, naturally, a girl of this size is chosen as a model for clothes, for the very good reason that there’s more of her to show them off! But, regardless of the fact that the American girl is reported to be growing taller and taller, there still are plenty left, five-feet-two and under, who want to and who can look every bit as smart and make just as effective an impression as the most statuesque goddess of them all.

And, judging from the number of letters I’ve had from them, these small girls are extremely interested in their fashion problems and are anxious to hear from a star whose fashion ideas will help them in their quest for smartness “on a small scale.” So this month, I have asked Mitzi Gould, who is a “little girl” herself, to help me with this article, which is directed straight at you half-pints who want to know what is the appropriate and becoming thing to wear for your size (or lack of it!)
Mitzi Gould shows smart winter wear for pint-size folk

For informal affairs, this plain black crépe achieves distinction with its gay, dashing accessories.

This lovely little NBC actress, whom you hear on the Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch and The Kitchen Cavalcade programs, although she is very tiny (wears a size nine dress, if you please), still is one of the smartest, best-dressed of the younger stars of the air. So, you see, you don’t have to be a young giantess to wear your clothes well.

Mitzi is one of those very rare creatures, a native New Yorker. And having been born and lived all of her life in that great city, famed the world over for its smart shops, its theaters, night-clubs, restaurants and cafes; the fashion metropolis whose avenues constantly are thronged with the best-dressed (Continued on page 56)

Even one application of Hinds helps chapped hands feel smoother. Every creamy drop goes right to work...soothing "skin cracks" that sting and burn, easing that dry, drawn feeling...putting back softness. Used faithfully, Hinds gives you Honeymoon Hands...dainty, feminine, thrillingly soft! Hinds Honey and Almond Cream comes in $1.00, 50c, 25c, 10c sizes. Dispenser free with 50c size...fits on the bottle, ready to use.

Dusty jobs, chapping weather, household heat...all spoil the looks of dainty hands. Tender skin gets red, dry, grimy-rough. Not thrilling to any man! What your hands need is Hinds...
THE RADIO HOSTESS

AT the very beginning of her career—long before she became Hollywood Hotel's loved "Moonglow Girl"—Frances Langford changed her voice! From a clear soprano to a thrilling contralto was the surprising transformation that resulted almost overnight, from the usually uneventful removal of a pair of obstreperous tonsils.

That was but the forerunner of the many changes to follow for this young miss from the small town of Lakeland, Florida. Exciting changes, such as radio work, vaudeville, musical comedy—and then fame and Hollywood, with stellar appearances in pictures and on that perennially popular Friday night hour conducted by Louella Parsons and sponsored by Campbell's Soups.

All of which means, of course, that the most important changes in Miss Langford's life are those that now make her a resident of California throughout most of the year. But there's one thing about Frances that has not changed one whit, and that's her preferences in the food line. This interesting discovery is one I made recently when I went to see her backstage at the Paramount Theatre in New York, where she was making five triumphal personal appearances a day to packed houses and sidewalks overflowing with autograph hunters.

Yes, there's no doubt about it, when it comes to her favorite dishes, Frances aligns herself with Southerners in general, and Floridians in particular. And so it came about that, sitting in a dressing-room that was a veritable bower of flowers, I heard in the East, from this star just back from the West, about "So'thern" cooking.

Words of praise they were, too, both for the dishes themselves and for "Ruby's" way of preparing them. Ruby, who happens to be Miss Langford's cook (and a jewel!) comes from Texas and can fix up the sort of things, according to her employer, that are liked from Florida to the Lone Star State—and all points West. Which is no mean recommendation, you'll admit. No wonder it set me off immediately on a
BY NANCY WOOD

Bringing you Frances Langford's favorite recipes for delectable Southern dishes

determined quest for her prize recipes, which Miss Langford graciously procured by mail for your Radio Hostess and the readers of Radio Stars Magazine.

So here, you'll find them (on page 54), all tried and tested and just too, too "deevine." If just reading about them, as you're about to, makes you as hungry as Frances' descriptions made me, then you'll try them, too, as I did. And thereby add some special treats to your future menus.

We'll start off with soup. No, not because of what Ken Xiles has to say about it on Hulgy Hotel, but because you usually begin a meal that way and, not with desserts—of which, incidentally, I have two for you this month, not to mention a grand easy-to-make candy. But of those, more anon, for just at the present moment we are going to discuss a delicious, filling Salmon Bisque—a recipe which gives a certain Western touch to an old Southern favorite. This soup provides a hearty beginning for an otherwise slim dinner, or a warming introduction to a cold Sunday night supper. Served with crisp crackers and a salad, it becomes a midday meal that Frances tells me she frequently partakes of with real enthusiasm. And so will you, I'll wager.

Our main course dish would be either Fried Chicken or Chicken Pot Pie with Biscuit Crust, if we are to follow Miss Langford's suggestions. But since you probably already know how to prepare the former, I'm only giving you the latter recipe here. This particular Pie, you'll notice, concentrates on speed—without sacrificing one jot of goodness, however, I assure you. It owes its inspiration to the fact that since Southern hospitality is traditional, a hostess from below the Mason and Dixon line simply must have a couple of food "quickies" to throw into (Continued on page 55)

Dear Mother, The honeymoon is over!

We've had the nastiest row. I'll never, never forgive him for saying his mother used to get his shirts whiter than I do.
**RADIO STARS**

**THE WAY TO CHARM**

Patricia Wilder, winsome youthful Honeychile of radio, is not a type, but an individual, radiating a natural, spontaneous charm.

What do men find most alluring in the appearance of a woman of charm?

Irene Rich is an example of the charm inherent in an older woman, who knows the secret of eternal youth and beauty, remaining always natural and zestful.

WHEN the soft, haunting *Music of Romance* floats over the ether, inspiring wistful looks and half-stifled sighs from hundreds of thousands of women listeners, then our own hearts skip beats and we are impressed again by the poignancy of the music and the fascinating title the sponsor of Eddie Duchin chose for an hour devoted to soft harmonies and romantic rhythm. The name, *Music of Romance*, has real meaning to women listeners, for to a woman there is nothing more pleasing than sentimental tunes such as these programs feature, unless it is the sound of a sweet compliment to her beauty whispered in her ear.

Yes, such approval is satisfying, and Eddie Duchin's music seems to crystallize our wishes for praise into definite resolutions to prove ourselves desirable.

And so does it not seem logical to seek out this "Romance King," who creates such a mood and inspires a quest for beauty, in order to get from him the masculine viewpoint on what constitutes the sort of feminine charm that men truly appreciate.

---

**Her Rosy Lips. Smooth and Tempting**

Different from ordinary "paint" lipsticks, Tangee intensifies your natural coloring—never coats lips with any red grease...nor leaves smears on teeth or handkerchiefs.

**Looks Orange—Acts Rose**

In the stick Tangee looks orange. But put it on and notice how it changes like magic to a warm blush-rose shade, blending perfectly with your complexion. Only Tangee contains this famous Tangee color-change principle.

Made with a special cream base, Tangee stays on longer...keeps lips soft and smooth...free from chapping, cracking, drying. Get Tangee today. 39c and $1.10. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use.

Untouched—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded, parched look.

Greasy, painted lips—Don't risk that painted look. Men don't like it.

Tangee lovable lips—Intensifies natural color, ends that painted look.

**TANGEE**

**TANGEE**

**World's Most Famous Lipstick**

**ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK**

Beware of substitutes! There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone cheat you. Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for TANGEE THEATRICAL.

---

**4 PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET and FREE CHARM TEST**

The George W. Luff Co., 415 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" containing: Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. I enclose 5c stamps or coin. Also send FREE Tangee Charm. Check Shade: [ ] Flesh [ ] Rachel [ ] Light

Name: [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

Address: [ ] [ ]

City: [ ] State: [ ] MM28

---

Eddie Duchin, whose *Music of Romance* comes over MBS on Tuesdays at 10 p.m., gives his ideas on womanly beauty.
BY MARY BIDDLE

But were they? ... It's a girl's own fault when she offends with underarm odor...

Poor Marion—to have overheard such talk! Ann had said: "Heaven knows why Marion thinks she doesn't perspire. Wearing a woolen dress should put anybody wise!" And Jane added, "Mr. Wilson's bound to notice, and he won't stand for underarm odor in any of us girls!"

Poor Marion? Lucky Marion, really. Otherwise she might have gone on for years thinking that a bath alone could keep her safe from odor.

It's no reflection on your bath that underarms need special care. Even when you don't visibly perspire, odor quickly comes. But not if you use Mum. Mum prevents odor before it starts, makes it impossible to offend this way.

MUM LASTS ALL DAY! Winter's hot rooms and warm clothes hold no worries if you always use Mum. A dab in the morning, and you're still fresh at night.

MUM IS SAFE! Even after underarm shaving, Mum actually soothes your skin. Mum does not stop healthful perspiration.

MUM IS QUICK! Just half a minute to use. Mum will not harm fabrics—apply it even after you're dressed. With Mum, you'll never risk your job...never risk offending those you want for friends.

SMART GIRLS NEVER TRUST A BATH TOO LONG

Avoid embarrassment—Thousands of girls use Mum for SANITARY NAPKINS because they know it's SAFE, SURE.

Mum TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

that wins masculine admiration? After all, if we want the men to compliment us, we should personify those things that they find attractive, shouldn't we?

But what is it that men admire most about a woman's appearance? Try that question on your best beau and see if you don't get the same answer that Eddie Duchin gave me: "She should look natural—and well, you know, attractive!" (Which goes to prove that all men are brothers under the skin!)

Anyway, there is a lot we can get from this admission, and when I led Mr. Duchin on to amplify that statement, I came out with enough beauty advice for you to practically extinguish the breed known as "Confirmed Bachelors!"

To begin with, I learned from Eddie Duchin that there is a big clue in that statement "She should look natural—and attractive!" In the first place, there is the warning that any one feature that stands out too prominently de- (Continued on page 58)
**Radio Ramblings**

This winter, radio is due for a tussle with one of the world’s most impetuous temperaments. The man is Arturo Toscanini, hailed by listeners and musicians alike as the great musician of our time. Along with his magnificent talent, he brings to his NBC symphonic season a reputation for flights of—let’s call it—determination to have his way.

Twice before he has broadcast from American radio studios—besides all his Sunday afternoon programs with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra from Carnegie Hall. Both of the studio broadcasts were with the *General Motors* Sunday evening orchestra, a few years back, when it was engaging guest conductors and soloists each Sunday.

During rehearsal and broadcast, the studio was filled with executives, nervous about what this bundle of talent and temperament might do. After the first program they went away smiling, even bearing the baton that the tiny maestro had genially bestowed after he finished the program.

The other was much less smooth. During rehearsal, Toscanini stopped to reprimand a musician for playing a wrong note. The musician had played what was in front of him and he argued. If the note played was wrong, his score was wrong. That argument was brief.

Toscanini simply broke his baton across the man’s head and scurried to his room, refusing to come out or to have anything more to do with that concert. Actually, there was an error in the musician’s score but no one dared bring that up at the moment. Harried executives—broadcasters and motor-makers—hurried (Continued on page 88)

**Behind the scenes, news and gossip of popular winter broadcasts and broadcasters**
Andy (Charles Correll) of the famous blackface radio team of Amos 'n' Andy, studying his script. Ransom Sherman, M. C. of the NBC Night Club broadcast, visits Chez Paree in Chicago for sound effects of dancing.

**Bright lights sharpen your face**

**"Glare-Proof" Powder**

Reflects softer light rays — makes face soft, glamorous...

Spotlighted by that lamp — your first thought: "What am I looking like?... Powder showing up terribly?... Lines sharpened?"

Pond's "Glare-Proof" Powder will see you through that test triumphantly! Blended to catch and reflect only the softer rays of light, Pond's shades soften your face in hard bright light — give it a lovely soft look in any light.

Doesn't show up ... In an inquiry among 1,097 girls, more singled out Pond's for this special merit than any other powder!


"I am never worried about my powder in the brightest light. Pond's Natural never shows up on my skin — always looks soft,"

MRS. ALLSTON BOYER

FREE! 5 "GLARE-PROOF" SHADES

Pond's, Dept. SRS-PO, Clinton, Conn. Please send, free, 5 different shades of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Powder, enough of each for a thorough 8-day test.

(This offer expires April 1, 1938.)

Name
Street
City State
Three who make mirth and music in Hitting a New High (RKO-Radio). Lily Pons is Suzette, the "bird-girl," supposedly left as a child in the African jungles. Jack Oakie (Corny Davis) is the press agent whose fertile imagination hatched the plot to win the support of Edward Everett Horton (Blynn), eccentric millionaire, publicity-seeker, explorer and opera sponsor.

In the petite and lovely Lily, the producers have an opera star who can adorn the picture in a festoon of feathers and a brace of beads! With her birdlike, flawless voice and her elfin grace, she is bewitching and believable, as the "bird-girl." It's a new high for the movies, as well as for Lily. John Howard plays the rôle of her lover (Jimmy), who defeats Corny's plot.
A NEW HIGH FOR LILY!
FEMININE HYGIENE made easy

NORFORMS are easy-to-use antiseptic suppositories that melt at internal body temperature, and spread a protective, soothing film over delicate internal membranes—an antiseptic film that is designed to remain in contact for hours.

- A distinctive and exclusive feature of NORFORMS is their concentrated content of Parabydrocin—a powerful and positive antiseptic developed by Norwich, makers of Unguentine. Parabydrocin kills germs, yet NORFORMS are non-irritating—actually soothing. There is no danger of an "overdose" or "burn."

THE ACCEPTED MODERN WAY The exquisite woman finds NORFORMS essential for the inner cleanliness she demands. They are completely ready for use. They require no awkward apparatus for application. They leave no lingering antiseptic smell around the room or about her person. They are dainty and feminine, soothing and deodorizing. Many women use them for this deodorizing effect alone.

MILLIONS USED EVERY YEAR Send for the new NORFORMS booklet, "Feminine Hygiene Made Easy." Or, buy a box of NORFORMS at your druggist's today. 12 in a package, complete with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, New York.

IT'S MY HUMBLE OPINION

BY RUDY VALLEE

Rudy's recent visit to California provokes interesting and candid comment

WELL—I guess all I need is a beret!
I mean I have gone Hollywood—or to be more technically correct—I am running true to form in the journalistic tradition.
I have always vowed that if the opportunity to put my thoughts on paper ever presented itself, I would, like a sheep, follow the lead of every other columnist and transgress in the following two directions:
1. To write about the place in which I was penning the column.
2. To take a vacation from my journalistic labor and have a guest columnist.
I have already fallen victim to the second, am about to surrender to the first.

However, many of you probably are grateful for the fact that due to the blood-thinning qualities of glorious California, the hard evening's labor at the Cocoanut Grove, the desire to sleep occasionally, to take tests in Technicolor at Warner Brothers, the desire to visit with a few friends of yesterday, who are now successful movie people, and

International News Photos
the general desire to relax when not
actually on the band platform—I
found myself literally caught un-
awares, with the deadline for the de-
ivery of my monthly droolings so
far behind me that not even Western
Union could bring the column to you
in time.
So I, of necessity, awoke my
faithful heitchwoman and Mother
Superior, Marjorie Diven, in New
York, by telephone at seven o'clock
Eastern Standard Time and very
early in the morning by any time.
The result of the phone call was
the column which appeared last
month, and which may have been
somewhat of a revelation to those of
you to whom fan mail and my own
personal life have been somewhat of
a mystery. While Marjorie Diven
was not able to "let go" and frankly
"tell all," won't be until I have
withdrawn from the field of active
artistic endeavor to the executive,
yet I think her column was fairly
enlightening. And to those of you
who believe that success comes from
a magic formula, her column may
really have set you back on your
haunches.

With reference to the first trans-
gression, which I am about to make,
it occurs not because I haven't
enough topics of interest and of per-
sonal opinions, but because I am
acutely aware of the fact that Holly-
wood—its growth as a picture and
radio center, its buildings, life, and
most of all its glamorous picture
people—is of intense interest and
importance to most of you.
Therefore, at the risk of repeti-
tion (I never read the revelations of
the Messrs. Skolsky and Sullivan and
(Continued on page 78)

Because it's Germ-free and Guards
from Blemish, the Beauty Cream
used by Hollywood Stars will give
you, too, a Lovely "Camera Skin!"

LOVELY Hollywood stars adhere to a
double program for skin health. Sim-
ple diet and daily care of the skin with a
germs-free cream which cleanses, softens,
stimulates and helps protect from germ-
ishes. They know that blemishes are
often caused by germs, that germs may
 aggravate other complexion ills, as well.

Alice Faye follows this program and
her lovely "Camera Skin" is proof of its
success. She chooses Woodbury's Germ-
free Cold Cream because it discourages
germs, keeps her skin supple and smooth,
stimulates it. Woodbury's contains skin-
stimulating Vitamin D. This brisks up
the skin's youthful breathing.

For dazzling "Camera Skin" follow the
stars' two rules. Sensible diet. Daily care
with Woodbury's. $1.00, 50c, 25c, 10c.

Woodbury's Germ-Free Cold Cream

Alice Faye and Tyrone
Power in the 20th Century-
Fox picture, "In Old Chicago".
She says: "I guard my skin
from infection with Woodbury's
Cold Cream. This cream is all
I need to keep my skin pro-
tected from blemishes, invigo-
rated, fresh and fine."

Send for trial tubes of Woodbury's Creams
John H. Woodbury, Inc., 5786 Alfred Street, Cinncinati,
Price send me trial tubes of Woodbury's Cold and
Facial Creams: guest-size Woodbury's Facial Soap: 7
shades of Woodbury's Facial Powder. I enclose 10c to
cover mailing costs.

Name
Address

When cowboy star Gene Autry
appeared on Rudy's program,
Rudy donned full cowboy regalia
to make him feel at home.
How healthful Double Mint Gum makes you Doubly Lovely

To be lovely, charming, attractive to both men and women you must look well and dress well. Now Double Mint helps you to do both. Helps make you doubly lovely.

Look Well

Discriminating women who choose becoming clothes, naturally chew Double Mint Gum...Every moment you enjoy this delicious gum you beautify your lips, mouth and teeth. Beauty specialists recommend this satisfying non-fattening confection. It gently exercises and firms your facial muscles in Nature's way... Millions of women chew Double Mint Gum daily as a smart, modern beauty aid as well as for the pleasure derived from its refreshing, double-lasting mint-flavor. Be lovely the Double Mint way. Buy several packages today.

Dress Well

Style, what you wear is important. Double Mint Gum asked one of the greatest designers in the world, Elizabeth Hawes, New York, to create for you the smart, becoming dress that you see on this page. It is easy to make. Double Mint has even had Simplicity Patterns put it into a pattern for you. It's the sort of dress that brings invitations along with the admiration of your friends. So that you may see how attractive it looks on, it is modeled for you by Hollywood's lovely star, Joan Bennett.

Thus you see how Double Mint Gum makes you doubly lovely. It gives you added charm, sweet breath, beautiful lips, mouth and teeth. It keeps your facial muscles in condition and enhances the loveliness of your face and smile. Enjoy it daily.

Joan Bennett — beautiful Hollywood star now appearing in "I Met My Love Again," a Walter Wanger production — modeling Double Mint dress...

...designed by Elizabeth Hawes

Simplicity Pattern

at any Simplicity Dealer
Al Pearce and His Gang are heard every Tuesday evening at 9 p.m. EST over CBS. The Ford Motor Car Company recently renewed Al and his Gang on a long-term contract.

FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO RADIO

THE entire family can listen with enjoyment to Al Pearce and His Gang each Tuesday evening and feel assured that there'll be laughs for all. His material isn't so localized that in order to enjoy it you must know what's going on along Broadway or out in Hollywood. Nor in Pumpkin Corners, for that matter. He emphasizes human nature instead of specific types and localities in his comedy and naturally can't go wrong since human nature is just the same, whether it's Broadway, Hollywood or Pumpkin Corners.

At fifteen Al was playing the banjo in an orchestra at the San Francisco World's Fair. After that he became more interested in being a salesman than a musician. He sold just about everything that was saleable and achieved most of his success selling West Coast real estate. But that success was smashed in the crash of 1929. It was then that Al formed his Gang and went on the air in California. His type of program was a new idea in comedy. It caught on immediately and soon was breaking fan mail records.

Arlene Harris (the human chatterbox), Bill Comstock (Tizzie Lish), Monroe Upton (Lord Bilgewater), are the best known members of his Gang. Realizing that his success depends not only upon himself, but upon his Gang's performances as well, Al spends endless hours working with them individually to perfect their particular styles.

Al never has attempted to be the "wise guy" type of comedian. His humor is always down-to-earth. And that's the keynote for the rest of the program, as well. It's always easy listening when Al and his Gang are on the air.

And so to Al Pearce and His Gang, sponsored by the Ford Motor Car Company, RADIO STARS Magazine presents its award for Distinguished Service to Radio.

Lester C. Grady
As I crossed the threshold of the Benn mansion—yes, mansion—here in Beverly Hills, my ears were accosted by an exultant cry of “Daddy!” and an answering cry, also exultant, of “Sweetheart.” Then there was a rush and a scuffle and the unmistakable sounds of kissing and hugging, and then my eyes were accosted by the sight of Buck Benny riding again—pig-a-back this time. Or rather, carrying his small daughter, Joan Benny, age three, on his broad and always excellent-tailored shoulders.

Papa Benny managed to greet me an ask me to be seated. I was. Then there were more capers and cavortings and “gee-ups!” and pullings of the Benny hair by the Benny heiress, and then the rose atom with the flying fluff of yellow hair rode Buck Benny, unlighted and perpetually cigar clamped between his teeth, up the stairs and was unloaded, I gather, into the arms of her nurse or into the arms of Mary, confined to her room with laryngitis.

I awaited the return of Mr. Benny in the sun-room facing the back garden. It was a not too Hollywoodish-looking sand-box, obviously meant to be played in, a swing which looks as though it had been swung, an apple tree which looks as though it had been climbed. There was something kind of wholesome and heartening and also revelatory in this folk's back garden where children play. I did not have to be a detective, nor yet a psychologist, to gather that no veneer covers the life of the Jack Benny's private or otherwise. Else, in this spacious

Wide World
Mr. and Mrs. (Jack and Mary Livingstone) Benny have an unbeatable prescription for happiness

BY

GLADYS HALL

For Jack, Mary keeps her heart warm, the coffee hot and their home comfortable and happy, with love and understanding.

and beautiful Beverly Hills estate, which, from the front, looks pruned and manicured and exquisite, there would be no such place for a child to play.
And then Jack Benny joined me, smoothing his ruffled dark hair, looking not in the least embarrassed at being caught in what many men would have considered an off-the-record moment. From which I deduced that the screen and radio star does the pig-a-back routine daily and is quite as much at home on all fours, playing blocks and doll-babies, as he is on the air or perpetuating himself in gelatin (film, not Jell-o!).

Jack said: "Well—" His at-home voice is exactly the same as his radio voice.
I said: "It's about your private life, you know, yours and Mary's. People would like to know whether you are the same at home as you are on the air, or whether it's all just acting."

"Well," said Jack (you know how he says "Well," over NBC every Sunday night), "Well, yes, I would say that we are a good deal the same. You can hear that I am. And Mary's voice, too, is very much like her radio voice. She—ah—also has the same marvelous sense of humor, of the ridiculous, about me at home as she has on the air."

Marvelous is Jack's favorite word. Psychologists say that the word we use most often is the word which, subconsciously, we apply to life. I think it works with Jack. I believe that "marvelous" is the word this boy from Waukegan would believe best fits life.

"Also," Jack (Continued on page 80)
FROM COAST TO COAST
Direct from the Orchid Room of the Air

WARNER BROS.
picture the brightest
stars of “mike” and
movie in a glorious
screen “hookup” of
rhythm, romance and
splendor!... in a glam-
orous “network” of love
and laughter, dance-
mad swing and song!

HEAR
"Can't Teach My Old
Heart New Tricks"
"Let That Be A Lesson
To You"
"I've Hitched My Wagon
To A Star"
"I'm Like A Fish Out
Of Water"
"Silhouetted In The
Moonlight"

Directed by
BUSBY BERKELEY
Screen Play by Jerry Wald, Maurice Leo and Richard Macauley • Original Story by Jerry Wald and Maurice Leo • Music and Lyrics by Dick Whiting and Johnny Mercer • A First National Picture
HOLLYWOOD HOTEL

DICK POWELL  ROSEMARY LANE  LOLA LANE
HUGH HERBERT HEALY TED
LENDA FARRELL  JOHNNIE DAVIS ALAN MOWBRAY

EL TODD  ALYNS JOSLYN EDGAR KENNEDY

Direct from the Orchid Room of the Air
THE HOLLYWOOD HOTEL PROGRAM
LOUELLA PARSONS

with FRANCES LANGFORD  JERRY COOPER  KEN NILES

DUANE THOMPSON  RAYMOND PAIGE & HIS ORCHESTRA

& BENNY GOODMAN & HIS ORCHESTRA

The magic of the microphone becomes the miracle of the movies!
The lazy, engaging humor of Stuart Erwin, "that guy from Squaw Valley," heard over CBS, Tuesday at 9:00 p.m., EST, in Jack Oakie's College broadcasts.

Stu Erwin is a great lover of dogs. In ten years he's owned eighteen prize winning Scotties. This one's Ladysman.

HE has never played a Great Lover on the screen an he never will. He is no handsome hero, no Robert Taylor, to set feminine hearts afutter with impossible dreams, or masculine hearts afire with jealousy. As matter of fact, he is equally popular with both sexes: Everybody loves him, not romantically but heartily—because he makes them laugh. Everything about him is funny, the way he looks, that air of foolish timidity he wears, the shy, slow, ineffectual drawl. If he fall in love on the screen, it is only one more thing to laugh at, to give one more twist to his artful characterization.

Everybody loves him, because he makes them laugh. But in rea
of the country boy in unfamiliar territory.

Off-screen, Stuart Erwin is not so very different. Not that there is anything of the bumpkin about him—he is, in fact, a very natty dresser, the proud possessor of an extensive wardrobe. And he is simple only in the sense that he is direct, sincere, utterly without pose or pretension. He is five-feet nine inches tall, a little overweight right now, broad-shouldered, quiet-mannered, with light brown hair and friendly gray eyes—not a man to stand out in a crowd. But June Collyer knew what she was doing, that day six and a half years ago when she said yes.

"We started the Yuma fad," Stu said with a laugh. "We'd known each other about a year and a half, had been going together a little over four months. I was expecting to start work on a picture right away, but we thought we could snatch a few days' honeymoon—"

So, as with so many others since, Yuma offered the solution, but with this difference: the knot, although as speedily tied as in many other cases, was secure, and nothing since has weakened it in any degree. Today Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Erwin live happily in their lovely home in Beverly Hills, with their two small children, Stuart Junior, aged five, and June Dorothea, aged two. Better known as Bill and Judy, these two are the center of their parents' universe. Bill goes to kindergarten now and, every day at noon, his mother is there to meet him and take him home again.

On the subject of names, Stuart has a strange complex—it is only with extreme reluctance, after much persuasion, that he can force himself to utter his middle name, Philip. It doesn't seem very terrible, but he hated to pass it on to his son and strives to keep it a deep, dark secret. The simple "Stu," by which he is known everywhere nowadays, suits him much better.

June and Stuart met on the Paramount lot and for a while worked together in pictures. June's career began, oddly enough, at a fancy dress ball in a Westchester clubhouse. She was June Heermance then, and quite contentedly occupied with the social whirl. Her mother had been on the stage and her grandfather connected with the theatre, but June had no theatrical ambitions. However, a newsreel was taken of the above-mentioned party and, the next thing she knew, June was approached by a movie magnate and found herself signing her name to (Continued on page 73)
Tommy Dorsey and his band opening their season at Hotel Commodore, New York, broadcast over CBS and MBS. They play over NBC-Blue on Fridays.

Popular NBC lights, Jack Haley (left), Log Cabin star, Portland Hoffa, of Town Hall, and Don Wilson of the Jack Benny program and other broadcasts.

Maestro Frankie Masters adjusts a dress tie for Donna Dae, Dancer of the Air. CBS airs them from Hotel Sherman. NBC with It Can Be Done.

Lovely Kathleen Wilson, who plays the role of Claudia, in the continuously popular NBC serial, One Man's Family.

IN THE
Presenting popular players and
Opening night of Casa Loma Band, at Hotel New Yorker. Al Pearce (left), Billy Swanson, Buddy Clark, Glen Gray, Carmen Lombardo and Joe Candullo.

Tyrone Power, radio and film star, and Miriam Rogers, staff writer for Radio Stars, chat together at the 20th Century-Fox Studios.

RADIO SPOTLIGHT

famous folk who furnish entertainment for the eager radio fan
EMILY POST hates the word *etiquette*! To her it suggests the things she abhors above all others, pretentiousness, snobbishness and an avidity for unimportant detail.

The literal minded might say the word has proved a gold mine for Emily Post. But they are wrong. It's her own warmth and understanding that have turned the trick for her. There had been many books written on the subject before Emily Post's first edition of *Etiquette* came out, in 1922, and made the best seller lists. It was one of those miracles that sometimes happen in the publishing game. More volumes on etiquette were hastily put on book lists, but it was Mrs. Post's that kept on selling. Hers was the one people wanted to buy. For she had taken a subject that was unfamiliar, and just a little austere, and humanized it. Even writing on such an impersonal thing as good manners could not make an impersonal person out of her.

That's the unexpected thing about Mrs. Post, finding her not only a human being, but such a thoroughly spontaneous, delightful one. Give anyone two minutes with her and they'd break through any stymie her reputation as arbiter of etiquette might have given them and throw self-consciousness to the winds.

When people, about to meet her for the first time, confess to any uneasiness or fear that she might notice any-
problems of etiquette for us

thing they do incorrectly, her friends laugh.

"Why she never notices anything!" they say.

"And I don't," Mrs. Post says herself with a rueful smile. "I'm far too absent-minded and I've made mistakes myself because of it. Once Anne Morgan gave a large and very formal luncheon and, as we were leaving, Mrs. John Erskine, who had been sitting next to me, turned and said: 'Maybe you don't know it, Mrs. Post, but you've been eating my bread and butter all through luncheon!'

"I told her I didn't know it, but it sounded just like me."

It's things like that that make you wonder why in the world you ever had any misgivings about meeting her. Only a thoroughly human person could hurdle that reputation of being the world's foremost arbiter of good manners as completely and gracefully as Mrs. Post does it. Her laugh comes so quickly, her words so warmly, that even the most painfully self-conscious feel a sense of ease with her. And yet people who don't know her would fret far less over making a bow before the King and Queen at Buckingham than they would over the thought of being formally introduced to Mrs. Post.

"Good manners are really nothing more than an instinct for making things simple, easy and comfortable," she went on. "After all, politeness is only innate kind-

ness and a consideration for the feelings of others. Selfish, egotistical people never have that, and all the rules of etiquette in the world will never give them really good manners. Their instincts are wrong, and because of that they just can't help being rude.

"Tact, that blessing among virtues, is the greatest social asset anyone can have. Those who are born with it contribute so much to the pleasantness of life, their own as well as everybody else's with whom they come in contact."

The sad thing about tactlessness (Continued on page 84)
BECAUSE SHE RESEMBLED HIS BEAUTIFUL WIFE

BY FAITH SERVICE
The strange result of a casual meeting in a London restaurant

A YOUNG girl, one of London's most fêted débutantes, was seated in the Savoy Grill in London, some six years ago, lunching with her mother. A chic, arresting young girl, of the type one associates with purring motor cars, orchids, the Ritz Bar, the Lido, Cannes, a playmate of Life when Life is dressed in silks and sables; a young girl with the look of a young leopardess—tawny hair, golden skin, eyes of translucent jade—if there is any such thing!

A stranger wove his way to her table. He bowed and said: "Are you in pictures, may I ask?" The young girl seemed amused at the asking; implied that she not only was not in pictures but had practically never heard of the things. The stranger then asked: "Would you be interested in having a screen career?" The girl had then, as she has now, the capacity for never being startled or surprised by any of the feats of legendarian Life can perform. She answered, in effect: "Oh, but frighteningly!"

And so it was done.

Of the millions who, ridden with ambition, urged by need, batter beseeching hands against the forbidding portals of Pictures, this one was deliberately sought and chosen.

The young girl was to become Wendy Barrie.

The stranger was Producer Alexander Korda.

The young girl was to become Wendy Barrie, as I say.

She was, then, Marguerite Jenkin, very social young socialite, butterfly de luxe, one of the most precious of the precious play-girls of the Continent. It was after she began her screen career that she took the name of Wendy Barrie, rechristened herself Marguerite Wendy Barrie out of respect and admiration for the late Sir James Barrie and his beloved Wendy in Peter Pan.

Alexander Korda, as it later developed, had approached her because she bore a resemblance to his wife, Maria Korda.

Wendy's first picture was Wedding Rehearsal, in which she played the feminine lead opposite Roland Young. She thought it was "all too frightfully amusing, dear!" She became known to American audiences when she played Jane Seymour in The Private Life of Henry the Eighth, with Charles Laughton. She was scared to death of Laughton. Which may be why she gave a significant performance. She didn't know the foggiest thing about acting. She didn't try to act. She'd never had to try to achieve the effects she had achieved all of her brief young life, so spectacularly. She thinks now that she was smarter than she knew, who didn't think that she was smart at all. "Because," she says, "the best acting is the complete absence of acting. The complete absence of acting was what I was doing."

She went right on, bless you, and made tons of pictures over there. Some of them under the aegis of Korda, some "on loan," an old Hollywood custom. She made Where's This Lady?, Cash, It's a Boy, Give Me a King, There Goes Sushi and others.

It's all like fiction, less strange than the facts.

She had never dreamed of a stage career, a screen career, a radio career. Not of any career at all. She was one of The Bright Young People, one of These Charming People of the London, the Mayfair set. She went about with "the Donahue boy," Barbara Hutton, their crowd. And others. One would not suppose that she could have been "written by" Barrie. She could easily have been written by Michael Arlen, Somerset Maugham, Beverly Nichols.

She was born in Hong Kong, China. Her father, F. C. Jenkin, was a K. C. resident in Hong Kong. A most extraordinary man. "He spoiled us frightfully, dear," Wendy will tell you. Her mother, Mrs. Nell Jenkin, is Irish. Wendy adores her mother, as a mother, as her best friend, as a charming, wise, witty and beautiful woman. She says now: "I don't give a hang about scads of money for myself. I do want a lot for Mummy. I want her to have everything in the world, everything she wants. Only she doesn't want everything in the world. She wants only a little red door, with a shiny knobber on it, of her own. That's because she didn't have anything at all when she was a little girl in Ireland. She was most frighteningly poor. And the little girl who lived next door lived in a house with a little red door, with a shiny knobber. Mummy envied her, achingly. That's all she ever wanted, all she wants now. Only she never stays long enough in any one place to have it. She's with Pat, my sister, now, in the East."

"Delicious people, my Mummy and Dad! Dad used to sit in court and draw sketches of Mummy putting her lipstick on, and then look up and, with a word or two, win his case." There were the two girls in the Jenkin family, Marguerite, and Patricia, three years younger than Marguerite. The little girls were brought up in Hong Kong and all points east and west. They lived in Hong Kong, until Wendy was about eleven. Then they were sent to schools in England and on the Continent. Every now and again, just when they were safely entrenched in a school, their father would get hungry for them and they would come post-haste back to China, by various routes.

Wendy was, she says, a fat (Continued on page 60)
By Nancy Barrows

If you know Deems Taylor, you know a good many men in one... You know an eminent composer, a music critic, a journalist, a popular radio commentator and master of ceremonies, an able translator of French, Italian and German songs, a good cook, a casual carpenter, a war correspondent, a humorist... The man, Deems Taylor, is indeed a man of parts. You could go on almost indefinitely, enumerating them.

There is, for example, Deems Taylor, the prophet.

"Radio," asserted the astute Mr. Taylor, "is finished. In two years it will be all washed up."

It was back in 1925, or thereabouts that he made this astounding prophecy, in an article in the old New York World. He proved it, too. "People," said Mr. Taylor, "will get sick of clamping on headpieces to hear ghastly squawks over the reluctant ether." True enough. They did. "Besides," went on our prophet, "stars aren't going to go on the air for nothing."

Right again—they certainly don't! "And furthermore," Mr. Taylor elucidated, "the business of buying parts and assembling your own radio sets is a passing fad." And so it was.

Radio, however, defied his logical conclusion. It refused to be washed up, finished. For which Deems Taylor now offers honest thanks.

For, two years later, in 1927, he became the first commentator for the Columbia Broadcasting System on its initial network broadcast. And so great was his enthusiasm, matched by that of his friend, Howard Barlow, orchestra conductor, that they ran their program forty-five minutes beyond its allotted time. That, too, couldn't happen today!

In the ten years since that eventful date, Deems Taylor has been an increasingly important figure in the radio world—which is no news to music lovers. He has supplied radio scripts, dramatizations, written dialogue and librettos, acted as commentator and master of ceremonies, been consultant and adviser and coordinator of music for numerous radio programs. One might even classify him as, in

Composer, critic, commentator, cook, carpenter, war
certain instances, a radio comedian—such is his gift of natural, spontaneous humor.

Currently he figures as commentator and master of ceremonies on the Chesterfield Hour, with Andre Kostelanetz, Wednesday evenings at nine, over CBS, and on Sundays, from three to five, with the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra. He has just finished writing a book on music. He’s composing a new opera for the Metropolitan. Thus, in his customary fashion, and with incomparable excellence, carrying on several careers at once.

The one career Deems Taylor definitely abandoned was that of architecture, his original goal. How, we wondered, did a musician chance to plan to become an architect? Or how did an embryonic architect become transformed into an eminent musician?

“I always liked to draw,” Mr. Taylor explains his early choice. “My father, who was a superintendent of schools in New York, wanted me to choose a responsible career—so architecture seemed to be the logical answer.

“No, we weren’t a particularly musical family—not professionally. Of course, there was always music at home. We played and sang. When I was eighteen, I took some vocal lessons.

“My senior year at New York University, Reinald Werrenrath, a fraternity brother of mine, who was to become a famous baritone, was elected to do the class play. It was to be a musical comedy. He was to compose the music, and another chap was slated to do the libretto. But that lad got dropped and Werrenrath, who already was singing professionally, was too busy to write the music—so he asked me to do it. And, knowing nothing about music—I didn’t even study harmony till two years after I graduated—I said I would. Bill LeBaron, now president of Paramount, agreed to do the libretto.

“The show was a hit and, though we graduated that year, Bill and I were asked to do the show for the next year’s class. We wrote the class shows for four years. A Dillingham scout looked in on one of them and liked it so well, he got us a Broadway engagement. That show was The Echo. Bessie McCoy played in it.

“I was all set then!” he recalled, with his ready laugh, his eyes (Continued on page 86)
Casual glimpses of familiar faces, popular favorites among stars who shine on the airways and the screen.
Lovely songstress Gertrude Niesen, soon to be seen in the Columbia picture, Start Cheering, is frequently seen squired by Craig Reynolds.

A study in loveliness—Loretta Lee, Louisiana songstress, who has sung over CBS and MBS, starring on many programs. She has copper-colored hair, gray-green eyes, and an ivory complexion, and is of Spanish-Irish descent.

Seems to be little love here, between Georges Renavent (left), Walter Winchell, Simone Simon. Scene from Love and Hisses, 20th Century-Fox.
Sheila Barrett, "oral caricaturist," favorite of radio, stage and night clubs, now shining at the famous Rainbow Room in Radio City, New York.

Meet Sheila Barrett, who has the time of her life, kidding folks

FOR over an hour a fashionable and bored audience had watched listlessly as the little girls of Washington's aristocratic Ursuline Convent School enacted the annual sacred play. But they perked up when an angel—beautifully beatific and too, too ethereal in white—floated gracefully over their heads. She figuratively held them in her hands, so full of reverent beauty was her performance—when, suddenly, and without warning, the wires that held her up snapped with a resounding piuort, and little Sheila Barrett fell into and on to the audience and they, literally, held her in their hands!

"I'm afraid I was a fallen angel, that day!" she mused.

"Anyone can mimic!" she thundered as she paced her hotel suite. "Any monkey in the zoo can do that—I'm an oral caricaturist, I kid people."

And as satire, it goes over with a bang. One of the highlights of the New York café-society season was her recent opening at the Rainbow Room in Radio City. She intrigued this crowd because, as someone has said: "She writes in the same sophisticated manner as Noel Coward, performs with the same disregard for conventions as Beatrice Lillie and runs the emotional gamut with the same ease as Lynn Fontanne." She has a certain éclat, and her stuff is so generally worth while that the smart ones fall all over themselves to be on hand for it.

But now she's branching out into the radio field and this time in her own show. Previously she's gone in for guest appearances in a big way—Kate Smith, Rudy Vallee all of the big hours—and she knows what radio is all about. So she's entirely capable of being the featured artist on the Gruen Watch show. She's doing imitations of skits and anything that she and her pal, Kay Kenny, can think up, which is plenty.

If you've ever seen the pictures Gray-O'Reilly took of her, you'd realize that it was impossible for a woman without make-up, to look like Lionel Barrymore. But she can sound like him. After all, what is radio as we know it today but something we hear and only hear. Therefore it is safe to assume that Sheila Barrett should be eminently successful over the air.

To go back—she became a playwright at twelve.

"It was my first play and it was a pippin," she admits. "It had two characters and I played them both—the drunken father (who was a dope fiend for good measure) and the virtuous and charming daughter, patterned on an inflated idea of my own charm. I'd yell and rant as the father, and then tear around back and emerge as the lovely gal. Whee!"

At fourteen she entered Holton Arms, one of Washington's more fashionable finishing schools, where she studied some—"had a marvelous time"— (Continued on page 70)
SHEILA TAKES THEM OFF

BY WILLIAM L. VALLEE

The caricaturist caricatured! Sheila sees herself as others see her! You can see the original of this drawing by Xavier Cugat at the Waldorf.
"As far as I'm concerned," Kate Smith said seriously, "I've made my last picture. I'm not interested in Hollywood."

It was a straight answer to a straight question. And before anyone who may have seen Kate's Hello Everybody can point the finger of scorn and jeer "Sour grapes!" I might add that Hello Everybody, while hardly a Hollywood epic, did make a nice piece of money, and that Kate has had several picture offers since.

With radio's increasing trend toward West Coast production of shows and some radio stars going into pictures, as well as vice versa, it seemed to us that Kate Smith, one of radio's biggest names, was just about the only performer left of top rank who wasn't making, or about to make, a movie. Jack Benny, Dorothy Lamour, Benny Goodman, Parkyakarkus, Frances Langford and many others had coupled their radio successes with screen work. But not Kate—and we wondered why.

Was it because Kate wasn't a slim glamour girl? Or because the picture she made some five years ago, Hello Everybody, convinced her that motion pictures were not for her? One way of finding out about something is to ask, and so the question was put squarely to La Smith:

"Is Hollywood included in your future plans, and if not why not?"

I expected the customary yes-and-no evasion. But it's characteristic of Kate that she said exactly what she thought, in no uncertain terms, thereby leading with her chin for the next question: "Why?"

"There's no mysterious reason," Kate smiled. "All the reviews agreed that Hello Everybody was a poor picture, and nobody knows it better than I do."

"Yes," came from Ted Collins, Kate's manager, "but the same reviewers all agreed that Kathryn herself was swell in it." (By an odd reverse twist Kate Smith's friends use her full name, though the world knows her as Kate.)

"Anyway," Kate went on, "without holding a very late post mortem on that old picture, I'll have to tell you some of the circumstances in the making of it that we think made it a poor picture—and those are the reasons I won't do another.

"First of all, I had to continue my radio broadcasts while we were making the picture. That meant that, on broadcast days, I had to leave the set at 2:30 in the afternoon, in order to drive to the studio, rehearse, and be on the air at 5:30—the early hour was due to the difference

"I've plenty to keep me busy, and the wolf from the door," says Kate
Kate Smith's manager, Ted Collins (left) confers with her and orchestra leader Jack Miller, in preparing the broadcast.

Kate, as she appeared in the Paramount movie, Hello Everybody, produced in 1933. Randolph Scott was featured with her.

BY JACK HANLEY

in time, of course. There was the problem, too, of planning the radio show, while getting up at six-thirty every morning to be on the set, made-up, at eight and working all day before the camera. It's work—too much work, when you are building your own radio show, as well as working in it.

"Besides, broadcasting from the Coast involved terrific wire charges; they came to $3,600 a week. Of course, the studio paid those—but, just the same, that money every week came out of the budget allotted to the picture, and the money that went for wire charges was naturally stinted on the picture production. They set a definite sum, you know, and a drain like that means there was necessarily less to spend on camera work, supporting cast, and so on."

Ted Collins spoke up again, from behind the huge desk in what is, perhaps, one of the most beautiful offices in town; the private office of Kated, Inc., the corporation in which Kate Smith and Ted Collins hold equal shares of stock and from which Kate draws only $200.00 weekly salary, the rest going back into the business.

"Only a short time ago," he said, "we had an offer of $15,000 a week for Kathryn in a (Continued on page 66)

Smith. "Movies don't tempt me."
Why did Tony Wons leave the Rumor was rife, and rumor was

ON a spring morning, more than a year ago, Tony Wons, white-faced and nervous, stood before a microphone and broadcast coast-to-coast the last of a long series of programs for his sponsor. If his voice broke a little now and then, if he bungled a cue or so, no one guessed the reason why. But Tony knew. It was because that day might be the last on which he'd ever pour his homespun philosophy into any microphone.

Ten whole years he'd been one of the most popular figures in radio—and that day might well be writing finis to his career.

When the final word of his script had been spoken, when the red light above the engineer's window flashed to green, he silently picked up his topcoat, his hat and briefcase, and walked out of the building into an April drizzle. A long dark limousine sped him to Grand Central station, where his wife, his daughter, his luggage were waiting. Having said secret goodbyes to only his very closest friends, Tony Wons headed for a lonely little island hidden away in Canada's vast Lake of the Woods.

He didn't come back. Three months. Six months. A year. Nobody knew where he'd gone or what had become of him. As is always the case when nobody knows the truth, rumors began to be whispered in radio circles. They said all kinds of things about Tony, that his health was gone, that he'd lived too hard, that he was washed up as a microphone personality. Radio stars at the peak of their fame don't just step out of the spotlight into oblivion without a reason. Gossip always supplies its own reason.

A year and a half... Still the homespun philosopher was missing.

On a morning in October Tony Wons came back to the air as mysteriously as he had departed. Under new sponsorship he stepped before a microphone in the small organ studio of the Irving Berlin Building, and quietly—it's like Tony to do things quietly—picked up the thread of his
career just where he'd left it off.

So, the gossip-mongers busied themselves again. Tony Wons, they said, came back from wherever he'd been because he couldn't resist the lure of fame. Tony came back because he needed the money. But how, they whispered, would his return work out? All stars fear any break in their careers which may give their public a chance to forget them. Would it be possible for him to make a comeback successfully?

None of the rumors—not a one of them—about Tony Wons was anywhere near the actual truth. The real story is one that Tony had to keep strictly to himself, for a very good reason. This is the first moment that Tony has felt free to give it out for publication.

We sat in his hotel suite an entire afternoon, talking over old times, his early days in radio. He hasn't changed a bit since then, except that his hair is graying at his temples. He's tanned and lean and vigorous, boasts that he feels as fit as a college athlete—thanks to Lake of the Woods.

Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 10:30 a.m., over CBS, Tony Wons broadcasts. Ann Leaf at the organ.

Tony reads from his famous scrapbook, begun to while away long hours when ill in the Veterans' Hospital.

"I had a funny feeling the other day," he told me, handing me a school catalogue on which was printed *American Academy of Dramatic Arts, founded in 1884 by Franklin H. Sargent, New York City.*

"Twenty-five years ago," he went on, "fresh from Menasha, Wisconsin, I pushed my way past three secretaries to literally break into Mr. Sargent's office. I had thirteen dollars in my pocket, but in my dreams I knew I could be the greatest actor on the American stage. I begged him to let me attend his school and pay him the tuition when I'd made my mark. The old gentleman was kindly and he agreed. But he withdrew his offer—very wisely, I can see now—when he learned I'd have to cheat my schooling by holding a full-time night job to earn my board and keep.

(Continued on page 62)
PERHAPS you're like a lot of people who listen in constantly. If you are, you get so that you unconsciously think of radio performers as being almost unreal—a detached voice, or a pair of piano-playing hands existent only to the wrists. It's a peculiar trick that hearing, and not seeing, fosters. Then, too, you fall into the habit of picturing them in your mind's eye as short or tall, pleasant or grouchy, democratic or dignified.

Occasionally you might hit upon a character or disposition, but more likely not. It's hard to do—and even harder in the case of a young fellow like Bunny Berigan.

Know him? You've heard him on the air, no doubt. He's the very hot trumpet player who's the white hope of swing. Even if you haven't, so far, caught him at any of his recent locations on the dial, you've certainly heard him in years past, without knowing it—for Berigan has worked for the best in radio bands.

Naturally, hearing such a fellow and knowing a bit about swing musicians by reputation, he probably suggests a flip, wise member of the much maligned younger generation, eh? He may suggest it to your mind's eye, as you bend near your five or twenty-five tuber, but, believe me, he's not!

In the first place, he works hard every single night in the week. In the second place, which is Forest Hills, New York, he is happily married and the overly proud father of two dimpled kids.

And, like most New Yorkers, he wasn't born there. Indeed, Fox Lake, Wisconsin, his home town, is a far cry from the madding throngs of Manhattan—but near Madison, Wisconsin.

Fox Lake is a pleasant little country town with several stores, a new post-office, a town hall and three well-attended churches. It was at one of these that Bunny (for Bernard) Berigan began his musical career.

"I had to," he laughed, "I had to take up music. I always thought that it was something reserved for sissies, until it happened that the choir ran out of its one small, shrill voice, after the voice started hopping down into the church cellar, right in the midst of Ave Maria. My mother was organist there and she led and rehearsed the choir—so what do you think happened?"

Bunny became the small, shrill voice, and, to his surprise, began to like his new position. Then, for the first and only time in his career, he gathered unto himself a swelled head.

"I must have been an awful pain," he admitted, "I used to lord it over the other kids until I got so I wouldn't even play marbles with them. That lasted until Buck Wilson got fed up with my airs. After he finished with me, I was a wiser boy and a marble player again."

But Bunny's voice went the way of all little boys' voices, until finally it was decided at family council that no fiddle could squeak as much as his voice was squeaking, so they locked him up in a room, with a violin which his grandfather had bought for him.

"The darned fiddle seemed awfully tough for a young chap like me, so I sorta left it alone. I wasn't making myself sick doing a Kreisler, if you know what I mean!"

Bunny meant that his music teacher found dust on Bunny's fiddle, promptly draped him over his knee and dusted him off. So, in the future, if he didn't study too hard, he at least wiped his fiddle before he got to his teacher's house.

With a little progress on the instrument, he was solemnly voted into the family (Continued on page 68)
They know the thrill of playing the game and playing it well!

Pasadena... Mrs. Rufus Paine Spalding III (below)
This charming California woman excels in sailing, skiing, badminton... and is active in charity work. Here Mrs. Spalding pauses for a moment on her husband's sloop, "Hurulu." Like so many distinguished women, she is enthusiastic in her preference for Camels. "Their delicate flavor suits me perfectly," she says. "Camels are so mild!"

Philadelphia... Mrs. Barclay Warburton, Jr.
Although of an old and conservative Philadelphia family, Mrs. Warburton has many interests besides society. She has a marvelous fashion sense, is an excellent cook, and ranks high—both in Palm Beach and Southampton—as a tennis player. As for smoking, "All I want to smoke is Camels," Mrs. Warburton says. "Camels give me a lift!"

New York... Mrs. John W. Rockefeller, Jr.
Young Mrs. Rockefeller’s time is crowded with hunting, polo, aviation. She pilots a low-wing monoplane... takes frequent hops along the Atlantic seaboard to attend perhaps a meet at Aiken or a Long Island match. "Flying as much as I do," Mrs. Rockefeller says, "takes healthy nerves. So I prefer Camels for steady smoking. Camels never jangle my nerves!"

A few of the women of distinguished position who prefer Camels:

BOSTON: Mrs. Powell Cabot
CHICAGO: Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd
BALTIMORE: Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman III
NEW YORK: Mrs. Thomas M. Carver, Jr.
Mrs. Ogden Hammond, Jr.
Miss Wendy Morgan
Mrs. Howard F. Whitney
PHILADELPHIA: Mrs. Nicholas Biggle
VIRGINIA: Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Longborne
LOS ANGELES: Mrs. Alexander Black

Costlier Tobaccos in a Matchless Blend
Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic.
Blonde, brown-eyed, lissom and lovely, Marilyn ("Mama, that man's here again") Stuart has what it takes for stage, movies and radio.
# Coast-to-Coast Program Guide

The regular programs on the NBC System and the two coast-to-coast networks are here listed in a day-by-day time schedule. The National Broadcasting Company Red-Network is indicated by "NBC-R.", the Mutual Broadcasting Company Blue-Network is indicated by "NBC-B.", the Columbia Broadcasting System by CBS; and Mutual Broadcasting System by MBS.

All stations included in the above networks are listed below. Find your local station on the list and circle it on the network specified.

## ALL TIME RECORDS

This means that for Central Standard Time you must subtract one hour from the listed time. For Mountain Standard Time, subtract two hours; and for Pacific Standard Time, subtract three hours. For example: 11:00 A.M. EST becomes 10:00 A.M. MST: and 8:00 A.M. PST.

If, at a particular time, no program is listed, that is because there is no regular program for that time or because the preceding program continues into that period.

## NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY—RED-NETWORK

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>City</th>
<th>Station</th>
<th>Program</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Chicago</td>
<td>WGN</td>
<td>NBC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New York</td>
<td>WJZ</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Philadelphia</td>
<td>WCAE</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boston</td>
<td>WBZ</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buffalo</td>
<td>WKBW</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seattle</td>
<td>KPLR</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Denver</td>
<td>KUSA</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Salt Lake</td>
<td>KSLAM</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>San Francisco</td>
<td>KGO</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Los Angeles</td>
<td>KNXT</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>San Diego</td>
<td>KFMB</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Portland</td>
<td>KGW</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seattle</td>
<td>KOMO</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dallas</td>
<td>KDFH</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Austin</td>
<td>KLFA</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Houston</td>
<td>KPRC</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>San Antonio</td>
<td>KENS</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miami</td>
<td>WMBF</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Orlando</td>
<td>WMCN</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Detroit</td>
<td>WXYZ</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buffalo</td>
<td>WKBW</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rochester</td>
<td>WROC</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pittsburgh</td>
<td>WHP</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Washington, D.C.</td>
<td>WTOP</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY—BLUE-NETWORK

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>City</th>
<th>Station</th>
<th>Program</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Chicago</td>
<td>WGN</td>
<td>NBC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New York</td>
<td>WJZ</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Philadelphia</td>
<td>WCAE</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boston</td>
<td>WBZ</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buffalo</td>
<td>WKBW</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seattle</td>
<td>KPLR</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Denver</td>
<td>KUSA</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Salt Lake</td>
<td>KSLAM</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>San Francisco</td>
<td>KGO</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Los Angeles</td>
<td>KNXT</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>San Diego</td>
<td>KFMB</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Portland</td>
<td>KGW</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seattle</td>
<td>KOMO</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dallas</td>
<td>KDFH</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Austin</td>
<td>KLFA</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Houston</td>
<td>KPRC</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>San Antonio</td>
<td>KENS</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miami</td>
<td>WMBF</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Orlando</td>
<td>WMCN</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Detroit</td>
<td>WXYZ</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buffalo</td>
<td>WKBW</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rochester</td>
<td>WROC</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pittsburgh</td>
<td>WHP</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Washington, D.C.</td>
<td>WTOP</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## CBS BROADCASTING SYSTEM

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>City</th>
<th>Station</th>
<th>Program</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Chicago</td>
<td>WGN</td>
<td>NBC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New York</td>
<td>WJZ</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Philadelphia</td>
<td>WCAE</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boston</td>
<td>WBZ</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buffalo</td>
<td>WKBW</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seattle</td>
<td>KPLR</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Denver</td>
<td>KUSA</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Salt Lake</td>
<td>KSLAM</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>San Francisco</td>
<td>KGO</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Los Angeles</td>
<td>KNXT</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>San Diego</td>
<td>KFMB</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Portland</td>
<td>KGW</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seattle</td>
<td>KOMO</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dallas</td>
<td>KDFH</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Austin</td>
<td>KLFA</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Houston</td>
<td>KPRC</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>San Antonio</td>
<td>KENS</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miami</td>
<td>WMBF</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Orlando</td>
<td>WMCN</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Detroit</td>
<td>WXYZ</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buffalo</td>
<td>WKBW</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rochester</td>
<td>WROC</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pittsburgh</td>
<td>WHP</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Washington, D.C.</td>
<td>WTOP</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>City</th>
<th>Station</th>
<th>Program</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Chicago</td>
<td>WGN</td>
<td>NBC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New York</td>
<td>WJZ</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Philadelphia</td>
<td>WCAE</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boston</td>
<td>WBZ</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buffalo</td>
<td>WKBW</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seattle</td>
<td>KPLR</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Denver</td>
<td>KUSA</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Salt Lake</td>
<td>KSLAM</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>San Francisco</td>
<td>KGO</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Los Angeles</td>
<td>KNXT</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>San Diego</td>
<td>KFMB</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Portland</td>
<td>KGW</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seattle</td>
<td>KOMO</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dallas</td>
<td>KDFH</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Austin</td>
<td>KLFA</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Houston</td>
<td>KPRC</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>San Antonio</td>
<td>KENS</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miami</td>
<td>WMBF</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Orlando</td>
<td>WMCN</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Detroit</td>
<td>WXYZ</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buffalo</td>
<td>WKBW</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rochester</td>
<td>WROC</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pittsburgh</td>
<td>WHP</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Washington, D.C.</td>
<td>WTOP</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
**MORNING**

8:00
NBC-Red: WILLIAM MEEKER—organist

NBC-Blue: NORSEMEN QUARTET

8:15
NBC-Blue: BENNO RABINOFF—violist

8:30
NBC-Red: KIDDOODLES

NBC-Blue: TONE PICTURES—Buch Peddle, pianist; mixed quartet

CBS: LYRIC SERENADE

8:45
NBC-Red: ANIMAL NEWS

CBS: MICHEL ROSCOE—pianist

9:00
NBC-Red: TURN BACK THE CLOCK—Alice Remsen, George Griffin

NBC-Blue: COAST TO COAST ON A BUS—Milton J. Cross

CBS: SUNDAY MORNING AT AUNT SUE’S—Children’s program, Arlette Dickinson

9:15
NBC-Red: TOM TERRISS—speaker

9:30
NBC-Red: MELODY MOMENTS

9:55
CBS: PRESS- RADIO NEWS

10:00
NBC-Red: THE RADIO PULPIT—Dr. Ralph W. Sockman

NBC-Blue: RUSSIAN MELODIES

CBS: CHURCH OF THE AIR

10:30
NBC-Blue: DREAMS OF LONG AGO

CBS: WALBERG BROWN STRING ENSEMBLE

11:00
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

CBS: TEXAS RANGERS

MBS: REVIEWING STANDARDS—world problems

11:05
NBC-Red: WARD AND MUSZY—piano duo

NBC-Blue: ALICE REMSEN—contralto

11:15
NBC-Red: SILVER FLUTE

NBC-Blue: NEIGHBOR NELL

11:30
NBC-Blue: ORGANIST—MAJOR DOWER CAPITOL FAMILY

11:45
NBC-Red: PEERLESS TRIO

**AFTERNOON**

12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: DENVER STRING QUARTET

NBC-Blue: SOUTHERNAIRES—Negro male quartet

MBS: DR. CHARLES COURJON

12:30
NBC-Red: UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO BOUND TABLE DISCUSSION—guest speakers

NBC-Blue: RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL ORCHESTRA—soliloquists

CBS: LAKE CITY TARBERRY CHOIR AND ORGAN

MBS: AMERICAN WILDLIFE—talk

**SUNDAYS**

**JANUARY 2—9—16—23—30**

Mary Livingstone

Henry Busse

12:15
MBS: MARTHA AND HALL—songs and patter

1:00
NBC-Red: HENRY BUSSE’S ORCHESTRA

CBS: CHURCH OF THE AIR

MBS: ORCHESTRA

1:30
NBC-Red: TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE CHOIR CONCERT

NBC-Blue: NBC SPENDING WEEKEND—Paul Wenz

CBS: FOREIGN NEWS BROADCAST

1:45
CBS: POETS GOLD—David Ross

2:00
NBC-Red: BOB BECKER—talk, sketch

NBC-Blue: MAGIC KEY OF RCA—Frank Black’s symphony orchestra, Milton J. Cross

CBS: LEO WHITE ENTERTAINS

MBS: THE RIGHT JON—Dr. Shirley A. Hamlin

2:15
NBC-Red: TRAVEL TALK—Milton Le Paul

PALMER HOUSE CONCERT ENSEMBLE

2:20
NBC-Red: THATCHER COLT STORIES

CBS: DR. CHRISTIAN—drama, starring Jean Hersholt

3:00
NBC-Red: RADIO NEWS-REEL—Parks Johnson, Wallace Buttersworth

NBC-Blue: ON BROADWAY—dramatizations

CBS: NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

MBS: ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON—Arletoit, Stokes’ orchestra

3:30
NBC-Blue: ARMO BAND

4:10
NBC-Red: ROMANCE MELODIES—Lady Shelley’s orchestra

NBC-Blue: NATIONAL VEPPERS—Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick

4:30
NBC-Red: THE WORLD IS YOURS—dramatization

NBC-Blue: VOCALIST

MBS: LUTHERAN HOUR

**EVENING**

6:00
NBC-Red: CATHOLIC HOUR

NBC-Blue: ORIGINAL MICROPHONE PLAYS

CBS: JOE PENNER—Gene Austin’s orchestra

MBS: 26 MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD—George Jessel, Norma Talmadge, Tuckers orchestra

6:30
NBC-Red: A TALE OF TO-DAY—sketch

CBS: ORCHESTRA

MBS: TIM AND IRENE—Artega’s orchestra

7:00
NBC-Red: JELL-O PROGRAM—Jack Benny, Mary Livingstone, Benny Baker, Don Wilson, Sam Hearn, Andy Devine, Phil Harris orchestra

NBC-Blue: POPULAR CLASSICS—Leopold Stokowski’s orchestra

CBS: VICK’S OPEN HOUSE—Jeanette MacDonald, Wilbur Evans, Pasterhak’s orchestra

MBS: STAN LOMAX—sports commentator

7:15
MBS: RAYMOND GRAM SWING—commentator

7:30
NBC-Red: FIRESIDE RECITALS—Helen Marshall, soprano; Sigurd Nielsen, basso

NBC-Blue: BAKER’S BROADCAST—Peg Murray, Harriet Hilliard, Ozzie Nelson’s orchestra

7:45
NBC-Red: INTERESTING NEIGHBORS—visited by JERRY BELCHER

8:00
NBC-Red: CHASE AND SANBORN PROGRAM—Denis Leary, Edgar Bergen, Nelson Eddy, Dorothy Lamour, Squel Twain, Armbruster’s orchestra

CBS: THE PEOPLE’S CHOICE—broadcast

MBS: HENNY DAVIS’ STAR DUST REVUE

8:30
CBS: KEBARACHES OF 1933—Harry Conn, Beatrice Kay, Harry Wood, Warnow’s orchestra

MBS: ORCHESTRA

9:00
NBC-Red: MANHATTAN MUSIC ROUND—Rachel Carle, Pierre Le Kueem, Donna’s orchestra

NBC-Blue: HOLLYWOOD PICTURES—Tyrone Power, guests

CBS: FORD SUNDAY EVENING SHOW

9:15
MBS: DEEP SOUTH—Negro choruses

9:30
NBC-Blue: AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC—Frank Mun, Jean Dickinson, Hasenoch’s orchestra

NBC-Red: JERGENS PROGRAM—Walter Wrench, news commentator

MBS: COMMENTATORS FORUM

9:45
NBC-Blue: WELCH PRESENTS IRENCE RICH—dramatization

MBS: ADRIAN ROLLINI AND HIS SWING QUARTET—Helene Daniels

10:00
NBC-Red: RISING MUSICAL STARS—R. L. Ewing, Smillies’ orchestra, guests

CBS: ZENITH FOUNDATION—events in mental telepathy

10:30
NBC-Red: HAVEN MACQUARRIE PRESENTS

NBC-Blue: CHEERIO—talk and music

CBS: HEADLINES AND BY-LINES—H. V. Kaltenborn, Bob Trout, Lewis Browne

MBS: OLD FASHIONED RELIGION

11:00
NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC

NBC-Blue: PRESS- RADIO NEWS

CBS: ORCHESTRA

MBS: ORCHESTRA

11:10
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA

CBS: ORCHESTRA

Haven MacQuarrie
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program Details</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—Mildred's stories</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:45</td>
<td>NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING—organizer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:45</td>
<td>NBC-Blue: WILLIAM McB-organizer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:40</td>
<td>R/C: DO YOU REMEMBER?—C.FRED FEIBEL—organizer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:25</td>
<td>NBC-Blue: LUCILLE AND LANNT</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>NBC-Red: W. AND L. MBS: BREAKFAST—variety program</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:20</td>
<td>R/C: PRESS-RADIO NEWS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:20</td>
<td>NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:45</td>
<td>NBC-Red: LANDT TRIO—orchestra, soloist, Jack Douglas, m.c.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>NBC-Red: MRS. WIGG'S OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—sketch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>NBC-Blue: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>CBC: PRETTY KITTY KELLY—sketch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER WIFE—sketch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>NBC-Blue: MR. PERKINS—sketch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>NBC-Blue: NYRT AND MARGE—sketch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN BILL—mother</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>NBC-Blue: PEPPERTON'S FAMILY—sketch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>CBC: TONY WONG'S SCRAP—OK Ann. Leaf—sketch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>NBC-Red: THE OLDIES—organizer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>NBC-Blue: FATHER AND MOTHER—organizer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>CBC: THE SONG OF THE SIRENS—organizer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>NBC-Blue: THE O'NEILLS—sketch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>CBC: JACK AND PAUL MBS: REMINISCING—sketch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:30</td>
<td>NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:30</td>
<td>NBC-Blue: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:30</td>
<td>CBC: CAROL KENNEDY'S ROMANCE—sketch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>NBC-Red: HOW TO BE CARING—sketch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADIE—sketch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>CBC: BIG SISTER—sketch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>MBS: ORCHESTRA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>R/C: PRESS-RADIO NEWS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>NBC-Red: BARNES BOTS—American School of the Air—History, Exit Entrance</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>NBC-Blue: GIRL ALONE—sketch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>NBC-Blue: TIME FOR THOUGHT—sketch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>MBS: THE GOLDENBERGS—sketch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>NBC-Blue: VACLAVIST—CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE—Edwin C. Hill, commentator</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>MBS: THE GOLDENBERGS—sketch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>MBS: ORCH. RECITAL—CBS: ORCH. CONCERT—CBS: ORCH. CONCERT—CBS: ORCH. CONCERT—</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**MORNING**

**EVENING**

**MONDAYS**

JANUARY 3—10—17—24—31
MORNING

8:00 NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—Children's show
NBC-Blue: CHARIOITTERS
8:15 NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELLODES
NBC-Blue: DICK LEIBERT ENSEMBLE
8:30 NBC-Red: DO YOU REMEMBER?
NBC-Blue: POETIC STRINGS
8:45 NBC-Blue: LUCILLE AND LANNY
CBS: FOUR STARS
9:00 NBC-Red: WOMEN AND CHILDREN
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—Variety program
CBS: MUSIC IN THE AIR
9:25 CBS: PRESS-RECORD NEWS
9:30 CBS: GOOD NEIGHBORS—Richard Maxwell
9:45 NBC-Red: PRESS-RECORD NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RECORD NEWS
10:00 NBC-Red: LANDY TRIO
NBC-Blue: INTIMATE ON THE AIR—varieties
CBS: BACHELOR'S CHILDREN—sketch
10:15 NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—sketch
NBC-Blue: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
CBS: PRETTY KITTY KELLY—sketch
10:30 NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: MA PERKINS—sketch
CBS: MYRT AND MARGO—sketch
10:45 NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN BILL
NBC-Blue: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
CBS: HOW TO GET THE MOST OUT OF LIFE—Emily Post
NBC-Red: GET THIN TO MUSIC
10:55 NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch
NBC-Blue: KITCHEN CAVALLA—Crosby Gaige
CBS: PIANO DUO ORCHESTRA
11:00 NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
CBS: MARY LEE TAYLOR
11:15 NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch—CAROL KENNEDY'S ROMANCE—sketch
11:30 NBC-Red: HOMEMAKERS' EXCHANGE—Eleanor Howe
NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADIE—sketch
CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch
MS: VOCALIST
11:45 NBC-Red: MYSTERY CHEF
NBC-Blue: EDWARD MAWHUGH—The Goonster
CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE—sketch
MS: MYRA KINGBLY, assistant, JEAN PAUL KING, commentator

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon 12:00 NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch
NBC-Blue: TIME FOR THOUGHT
CBS: SWINGING THE BLUES
12:15 NBC-Red: THE GOLDRUBES—sketch
NBC-Blue: VOCALIST
CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE—Edwin C. Hil, commentator
12:30 NBC-Red: PIANO DUO
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—Waiter Bland—orchestra
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT—sketch

TUESDAYS

JANUARY 4—11—18—25

9:00 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee—comedy program
CBS: TED MALONE'S—Broadcast from England
9:15 NBC-Blue: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch
CBS: DOOR BIR-SON: piano and pitter
9:30 NBC-Blue: AS I SEE IT—Broadcast from England
9:45 NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch, with Jimmy Scribner
9:45 NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE
10:15 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch
CBS: MRS. ENSOBLAD
10:25 NBC-Red: DICK TRACY—sketch
NBC-Blue: INSTRUMENTAL GROUP
CBS: FOLLOW THE MOON—Elise Hils, Nick Dawson
10:45 NBC-Red: TERRY AND THE PIRATE—sketch
CBS: DON WINSLOW OF THE AIR—sketch
NBC-Blue: LIFE OF MARY SOTHORN—sketch
11:00 NBC-Red: JACK ARMSTRONG—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: SINGING LADY—children's program
CBS: DEAR TEACHER—children's program
11:15 NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: M I X STRAIGHT SHOOTERS—Juvenile serial
CBS: HILLTOP HOUSE—dramatic serial

EVENING

6:00 NBC-Red: SCIENCE IN THE CITY
CBS: BARRY WOOD AND HIS MUSICAL COMEDY
MS: JOHNSON FAMILY—comedy, with Jimmy Scribner
6:15 NBC-Red: RHYTHMIARES
MS: LEN SALVO—organist
6:30 NBC-Blue: PRESS-RECORD NEWS
6:45 NBC-Blue: ORGANIST
CBS: PRESS-RECORD NEWS
6:53 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
MS: SOLOIST
CBS: SELECTIONS FROM LIGHT OPERAS
7:15 NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS—news commentator
CBS: SONG TIME—Ruth Carter, Bill Perry
7:00 NBC-Red: AMOS 'N ANDY—sketch

NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE—comedy program
CBS: TED MALONE'S—Broadcast from England
9:15 NBC-Blue: AS I SEE IT—Broadcast from England
9:45 NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch, with Jimmy Scribner
9:45 NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE
10:15 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch
CBS: MRS. ENSOBLAD
10:25 NBC-Red: DICK TRACY—sketch
NBC-Blue: INSTRUMENTAL GROUP
CBS: FOLLOW THE MOON—Elise Hils, Nick Dawson
10:45 NBC-Red: TERRY AND THE PIRATE—sketch
CBS: DON WINSLOW OF THE AIR—sketch
NBC-Blue: LIFE OF MARY SOTHORN—sketch
11:00 NBC-Red: JACK ARMSTRONG—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: SINGING LADY—children's program
CBS: DEAR TEACHER—children's program
11:15 NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: M I X STRAIGHT SHOOTERS—Juvenile serial
CBS: HILLTOP HOUSE—dramatic serial

EVENING

6:00 NBC-Red: SCIENCE IN THE CITY
CBS: BARRY WOOD AND HIS MUSICAL COMEDY
MS: JOHNSON FAMILY—comedy, with Jimmy Scribner
6:15 NBC-Red: RHYTHMIARES
MS: LEN SALVO—organist
6:30 NBC-Blue: PRESS-RECORD NEWS
6:45 NBC-Blue: ORGANIST
CBS: PRESS-RECORD NEWS
6:53 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
MS: SOLOIST
CBS: SELECTIONS FROM LIGHT OPERAS
7:15 NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS—news commentator
CBS: SONG TIME—Ruth Carter, Bill Perry
7:00 NBC-Red: AMOS 'N ANDY—sketch

NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE—comedy program
CBS: TED MALONE'S—Broadcast from England
9:15 NBC-Blue: AS I SEE IT—Broadcast from England
9:45 NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch, with Jimmy Scribner
9:45 NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE
10:15 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch
CBS: MRS. ENSOBLAD
10:25 NBC-Red: DICK TRACY—sketch
NBC-Blue: INSTRUMENTAL GROUP
CBS: FOLLOW THE MOON—Elise Hils, Nick Dawson
10:45 NBC-Red: TERRY AND THE PIRATE—sketch
CBS: DON WINSLOW OF THE AIR—sketch
NBC-Blue: LIFE OF MARY SOTHORN—sketch
11:00 NBC-Red: JACK ARMSTRONG—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: SINGING LADY—children's program
CBS: DEAR TEACHER—children's program
11:15 NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: M I X STRAIGHT SHOOTERS—Juvenile serial
CBS: HILLTOP HOUSE—dramatic serial
MORNING
8:00 NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—Children's program

8:15 NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES
CBS: WILLIAM MEEK—organist

8:30 NBC-Red: DO YOU REMEMBER
CBS: GREENFIELD VILLAGE CLUB—variety program

8:45 NBC-Blue: LUCILLE AND LANNY
CBS: AS YOU LIKE IT

9:00 NBC-Red: WOMEN AND NEWS
CBS: BREAKFAST CLUB—variety program

9:15 NBC-Red: SUNSHINE EXPRESS
CBS: CHOIR OF THE VENTURES

9:30 NBC-Red: LANDT TRIO
NBC-Blue: AUNT JEMINA ON TV—sketch
CBS: BACHELOR'S CHILDREN—sketch
MBS: BETTY KITTY KELLY—sketch

9:45 NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: MA PERKINS—sketch
CBS: MYRT AND MARGE—sketch

10:00 NBC-Red: JUST plain BILL—sketch
NBC-Blue: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
MBS: TONY WONG'S SCRAP BOOK—Ann Leaf

10:15 NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE O'NELLS—sketch
CBS: FAYE WELDON'S CREATIVE HOUR—comedy

10:30 NBC-Red: BACK STAGE WITH BURKE—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE ROAD OF DREAMS—sketch
MBS: CAROL KENNEDY'S ROMANCE—sketch

10:45 NBC-Red: HOW TO BE CHARGING—sketch
NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADIE—sketch
CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch

11:00 NBC-Red: HELLO FEGGTY—sketch
NBC-Blue: EDWARD MAC-IVER AND THE KEARNS SINGERS
CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES—sketch

AFTERNOON
12:00 Noon NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch
NBC-Blue: TIME FOR THOUGHT—sketch
CBS: THE RADIO COLUMNISTS—sketch
MBS: NORMAN BROKEN-SHIRE VARIETY PROGRAM

12:15 NBC-Red: THE GOLDBERGS—sketch
NBC-Blue: VOCALIST
CBS: YOUR NIGHT SHOW—Edward C. Hill, commentator

12:30 NBC-Red: THROUGH THE YEAR—sketch
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—Walter Blaisdell's orchestra
MBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN WENT—sketch
CBS: ORGAN RECITAL

12:45 NBC-Red: OUR GAL SUNDAY—sketch
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA

1:00 NBC-Red: DICK FIDLER'S ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: BETTY AND BOB—sketch
MBS: MICROPHONE IN THE WIND—Earl Harper, interviewer

1:15 NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Ruth Lyon, Larry Larsen, Harvey Hays
MBS: HYMNS OF ALL CHURCHES, BETTY CROCK-ER, booking expert
MBS: CADY ROBINSON AND HIS BUCKAROOS

1:30 NBC-Red: SUE BLAKE—sketch
NBC-Blue: ARNOLD GRIMM'S DAUGHTER—sketch

1:45 NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch
CBS: JACK AND LOYNA—songs and patter
MBS: HOLLYWOOD IN PERSON—Bob Baker, commentator
MBS: ORCHESTRA

2:00 NBC-Red: YOUR HEALTH—talk, dramatization
NBC-Blue: STROLLERS—sketch
CBS: NEWS THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES—Kathryn Craven
MBS: DON'T LOOK NOW—Lavalle and Senda, comedians, orchestra.

2:15 NBC-Red: LET'S TALK IT OVER—Alma Kitchell
CBS: JACK SHANNON—songs
MBS: MUSIC FOR THE SCHOOL

2:30 NBC-Red: CARLILE AND LONDON—Frances Carroll

EVENING
5:45 NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: I'M MIX STRAIGHT SHOOTER—juvenile serial
CBS: HILLTOP HOUSE—dramatic serial

6:00 NBC-Red: AMERICA'S SCHOOLS
CBS: ORCHESTRA
CBS: BARRY WOOD AND HIS ORCHESTRA
MBS: JOHNNY FAMILY—sketch, Jimmy Scribner

6:15 NBC-Red: RHYTHMIAES
6:30 NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
CBS: ORCHESTRA
MBS: ORGANIST

6:45 NBC-Red: VOCALIST
NBC-Blue: VOCALIST

7:00 NBC-Red: AMOS 'N ANDY—sketch
NBC-Blue: EASY ACES—comedy sketch
MBS: PORTIC MELODIES—Jack London, Frayna Mac-Cormick, orchestra

7:15 NBC-Red: UNCLE EZRA'S RADIO STATION—Pat Hare, commentator
MBS: MR. KEEN, TRACER OF LOST PERSONS—dramatic serial
CBS: DRUDY LOBBY—David Elm
MBS: CAVALIERS DE LA SALLE

7:30 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
MBS:樓 AND LUM—comedy sketch

7:45 NBC-Red: JEAN SABION
MBS: CHARLOTTE LANSING—soprano
CBS: DOAK CARTER—news commentator

8:00 NBC-Red: ONE MAN'S FAMILY—sketch
MBS: ACADEMY OF AMERICA—guests, Voorhees' organ
MBS: LAUGHING WITH CASPER

8:15 CBS: CAMPBELL SISTERS

8:30 NBC-Red: LADY ESTHER'S SKIRRENADE—Wayne King's orchestra
MBS: SID SKOLSKY—Hollywood song
CBS: TEXACO TOWN—Eddie Dowling, Jimmy Wallington, Pinky Tomlin, Lotte Saylor, Viola Vonn, Renard's orchestra

9:00 NBC-Blue: CHORUS SYMPHONETTE

9:15 NBC-Red: TOWN HALL TO-NIGHT—Fred Allen, Portland Hoffa, Van Standen's orchestra
MBS: DON'T BE DECEIVED—Koateilans' orchestra, Lawrence Grant, Don Taylor guests
MBS: ORCHESTRA

9:30 NBC-Blue NBC MINSTREL SHOW—Gene Arnold Short's orchestra
CBS: TISH—dramatization
MBS: LET'S VIV—Dave Dricolla, Jerry Danzig

9:45 MBS: MARTHA AND HAL—sax and piano

10:00 NBC-Red: YOUR HOLLYWOOD F A R D E Dick Powell, Rosemary Lane, guests
MBS: GENE KELLY—dramatizations
MBS: ANDREW DAVIS—dramatizations, Phillip Lord
MBS: ORCHESTRA

10:15 NBC-Blue: SOLOIST

10:30 NBC-Blue: FEDERAL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
MBS: CARL CHAPIN—songs

11:00 NBC-Blue: DANCE MUSIC
MBS: DANCE MUSIC
MBS: ORCHESTRA

Lawrence Tibbett

Rosemary Lane
MORNING

8:00 NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE —children’s stories
NBC-Blue: SOUTHERNAIRES

8:15 NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES
NBC-Blue: DICK LEBERT ENSEMBLE

8:30 NBC-Red: DO YOU REMEM-
—_Def JBRS, PES
CBS: POETICAL STRINGS

8:45 CBS: HOMEMAKERS’
9:15 NBC-Red: SUNSHINE EX-
FIRE—orchestra, soloist, Jack Douglas, m.c.

9:30 CBS: PRESS-无线电 NEWS

9:45 NBC-Red: WOME N AND
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST
CBS: It’s a wonderful world

10:15 NBC-Red: MBS:
NBC-Blue: THE HOUSE OF

11:00 NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF
THE CABBAGE PATCH
NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY
MARLIN—sketch
CBS: PRETTY KITTY KITTY —sketch

11:15 NBC-Red: JOHN’S OTHER
NBC-Blue: MARY PERKINS—
sketch
CBS: MYRT AND MARIE—

11:30 NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN BILL
NBC-Blue: PEPPI R YOU N’S
FAMILY —sketch
CBS: HOW TO GET THE
MOST OUT OF LIFE—Emily Post

11:45 NBC-Red: TODAY’S CHIL-
DREN—sketch
CBS: KITCHEN CAV-
ALCADE—Crooby Gugh
INSTRUMENTALISTS

12:00 NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—
NBC-Blue: THE O’NEILLS—

12:15 NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE
 NBC-Blue: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch
CBS: CAROL KENNEDY’S
ROMANCE—sketch

12:30 NBC-Red: HOMEMAKERS’
ENSEMBLE—Dancy House
NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADIE—
comedy sketch
CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch

1:15 NBC-Red: THE MYSTERY
CHEF
NBC-Blue: EDWARD MAC-
Hugh—The Gospel Singer
CBS: AUNT JENNY’S REAL
LIFE STORIES—sketch

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—
NBC-Blue: TIME FOR
THOUGHT
CBS: CHRISSY AND THE
THREE NOTES

12:15 NBC-Red: THE GOLDBERGS—

13:15 NBC-Red: THE O’NEILLS—
sketch

14:00 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

14:30 NBC-Red: DANCE BAND
NBC-Blue: THEATRE MATINEE
CBS: DEL CASINO—songs

15:00 NBC-Red: MUSIC GUILD—

15:30 NBC-Red: PEPPERMINT 

16:00 NBC-Red: SLOW HANDS—
HIT PARADE—Bob Burns,
Tommy Dorsey, Tommy
Gard, Red Norvo

16:30 NBC-Red: DICK TRACY—

17:00 NBC-Red: PAPERBACK—

17:30 NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN
ANNIE—juvenile, serial
NBC-Blue: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

18:00 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

18:30 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

19:00 NBC-Red: SLOW HANDS—
HIT PARADE—Bob Burns,
Tommy Dorsey, Tommy
Gard, Red Norvo

19:30 NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN
ANNIE—juvenile, serial

20:00 NBC-Red: SLOW HANDS—
HIT PARADE—Bob Burns,
Tommy Dorsey, Tommy
Gard, Red Norvo

20:30 NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN
ANNIE—juvenile, serial

21:00 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

21:30 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

22:00 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

22:30 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

23:00 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

23:30 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

00:00 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

00:30 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

01:00 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

01:30 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

02:00 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

02:30 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

03:00 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

03:30 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

04:00 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

04:30 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

05:00 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

05:30 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

06:00 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

06:30 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

07:00 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

07:30 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

08:00 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

08:30 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

09:00 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

09:30 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

10:00 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

10:30 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

11:00 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

11:30 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

12:00 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

12:30 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

13:00 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

13:30 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

14:00 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

14:30 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

15:00 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

15:30 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

16:00 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

16:30 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

17:00 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

17:30 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

18:00 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

18:30 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

19:00 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

19:30 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

20:00 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

20:30 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

21:00 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

21:30 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

22:00 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

22:30 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

23:00 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

23:30 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch

00:00 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch
**Fridays**

**JANUARY 7—14—21—28**

**MORNING**

11:15 NBC-Red: HELLO PEGGY—sketch
11:20 NBC-Blue: EDWARD MAC-HUGH—The Gospel Singer
11:25 CBS: AUNT JENNY’S REAL LIFE STORY—sketch
11:35 MBS: MYRA KINGSLY, astrologer, Jean Paul King, commentator
11:45 NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING—sketch
12:00 NBC-Blue: WILLIAM MER-GER—sketch
12:05 CBS: DO YOU REMEM-BER?—Fred Fiebel, organist
12:10 NBC-Blue: LUCILLE AND ANN
12:15 NBC-Red: WOMEN AND MENS—variety program
12:20 CBS: BRUNCH CLUB—metropolitan pa-rade
12:30 NBC-Blue: RICHARD MAXWELL—songs
12:35 CBS: SUNNY MELODIES
12:40 NBC-Red: PRESS RADIO NEWS
12:45 NBC-Blue: PRESS RADIO NEWS
12:50 NBC-Red: LANDT THO
12:55 NBC-Blue: AUNT JEMIMA—variety
13:00 CBS: BACHELOR’S CHIL-DR—sketch
13:05 NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—sketch
13:15 NBC-Blue: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
13:20 CBS: PRETTY KITTY KELLY
13:25 NBC-Red: JOHN’S OTHER MARCH—sketch
13:30 NBC-Blue: MA PERKINS—sketch
13:35 CBS: MYRT AND MARGE—sketch
13:40 NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN BILL—sketch
13:45 NBC-Blue: PEPPER YOUNG’S FAMILY—sketch
13:50 CBS: TONY WON’T SCRAP-BOOK—Ann Leaf
13:55 NBC-Red: TODAY’S CHIL-DR—sketch
14:00 NBC-Blue: KITCHEN CAV-ALCADE—Creasy Osrie
14:05 CBS: RUTH CARRIHER—songs
14:10 NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch
14:15 NBC-Blue: THE O’NEILLS—sketch
14:20 CBS: PIANO TEAM—sketch
14:25 NBC-Red: MRS. REMINISCING
14:30 NBC-Blue: HOW TO BE CHARMING—Loret
14:35 NBC-Red: VICTOR AND SADIE—sketch
14:40 CBS: BIG SIBTER—sketch
14:45 MBS: ORCHESTRA

**AFTERNOON**

12:00 Noon

12:05 NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch
12:10 NBC-Blue: TIME FOR THOUGHT
12:15 CBS: RADIO COLUMN-IST—Mary Margaret McBride
12:20 NBC-Red: THE GOLDBERGS
12:25 NBC-Blue: VOCALIST
12:30 CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE—Edwin C. Hill, commentator
12:35 NBC-Red: DICK FIDLER’S ORCHESTRA
12:40 NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—Walter Blasius’ orchestra
12:45 CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TIETT—sketch
12:50 MBS: STUDIES AND SKETCHES IN BLACK AND WHITE
13:00 CBS: OUR GAL SUNDAY—sketch
13:05 MBS: ORCHESTRA
13:10 NBC-Red: JOE WHITE AND PADRIFIC COLUMN—sketch
13:15 CBS: HEBTY AND BOB—sketch
13:20 MBS: MICROPHONE IN THE SKY—Earl Harper, interviewer
13:25 NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUS-IC—Larry Larouche, Ruth Lyon
13:30 NBC-Blue: CHUCK CROCKETT—cooking expert
13:35 CBS: NARRON ROBINSON AND HIS BUCKAROO
13:40 NBC-Blue: SUE BLAKE—sketch
13:45 CBS: ARNOLD GRIMM’S DAUGHTER—sketch
13:50 NBC-Red: DAN HARDING’S BOSS
13:55 NBC-Blue: JACK AND LOR-RAINE—songs and patter
14:00 CBS: HOLLYWOOD IN PER-SON—one Baker, commentator
14:05 MBS: ORCHESTRA

14:00 NBC-Red and NBC-Blue: NBC MUSIC APPRECIATION HOUR—Deb. Walter Frenck
14:05 CBS: NEWS THROUGH A WOMAN’S EYES—Kathryn Craig
14:10 MBS: DON’T LOOK NOW—Lavalla and Sands, comedians, orchestra
14:15 CBS: ROY BYRON—songs
14:20 MBS: VOCALIST
14:25 NBC-Red: STRADIVARIUS—sketch
14:30 NBC-Blue: GEORGE HILTON—songs and patter
14:35 MBS: ORCHESTRA
14:40 NBC-Red: SAILOR’S SONG—Lew Jordan, by request
14:45 NBC-Blue: THE MAN IN THE GARAGE—sketch
14:50 MBS: ORCHESTRA
14:55 NBC-Red: LOVE STORY—L. B. Wells
15:00 NBC-Blue: GENE VANCE—sketch
15:05 CBS: PATRICIA’S TALE—Edith Wright
15:10 NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNE—sketch
15:15 NBC-Blue: DON WIN-SLOW OF THE NAVY—sketch
15:20 MBS: ORCHESTRA
15:25 NBC-Red: EARL MILLER—sketch
15:30 NBC-Blue: DON WIN-SLOW OF THE NAVY—sketch
15:35 MBS: ORCHESTRA
15:40 NBC-Red: MAXWELL SHOW-REN—sketch
15:45 NBC-Blue: DON WIN-SLOW OF THE NAVY—sketch
15:50 MBS: ORCHESTRA
15:55 NBC-Red: FAMILY IN THE AIR—sketch
16:00 MBS: ORCHESTRA
16:05 NBC-Red: AUNT JENNY’S REAL LIFE STORY—sketch
16:10 MBS: ORCHESTRA
16:15 NBC-Red: HARRY ALAN TULLY—sketch
16:20 MBS: ORCHESTRA
16:25 NBC-Red: TOMMY I X STRAIGHT SHOOTERS—sketch
16:30 MBS: ORCHESTRA
16:35 NBC-Red: GEORGE R. HOLMES—Washington commentator
16:40 NBC-Blue: STIRRING ALONG
16:45 MBS: ORCHESTRA
16:50 NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNE—sketch
16:55 NBC-Blue: MRS. LADDY’S CHILDREN’S PROGRAM
17:00 MBS: ORCHESTRA
17:05 NBC-Red: MRS. LADDY’S CHILDREN’S PROGRAM
17:10 NBC-Blue: MRS. LADDY’S CHILDREN’S PROGRAM

**EVENING**

6:10 NBC-Red: EDUCATION IN THE NEWS—dramatization
6:15 NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
6:20 CBS: ESSAYS IN MUSIC—Victor Eakins, concert orchestra
6:25 MBS: OHIO’S FAMILY—sketch, with Jimmy Scribner
6:30 NBC-Red: RHYTHM MASTERS
6:35 NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
6:40 MBS: ORCHESTRA
6:45 NBC-Red: PRESS RADIO NEWS
6:50 NBC-Blue: ORGANIST
6:55 CBS: PRESS RADIO NEWS
7:00 MBS: ORCHESTRA
7:05 NBC-Red: RHYTHM MASTERS
7:10 NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
7:15 CBS: AMOS ‘N ANDY—sketch
7:20 NBC-Blue: MARY SMALL—songs
7:25 CBS: POETIC MELODIES—Jack Fulton, Franky MacCormack, orchestra
7:30 MBS: JOHN’S SCHOOL CASTLE—songs, poetry
7:35 NBC-Red: UNCLE EZRA’S RADIO STATION—Pat Harrett
7:40 NBC-Blue: DR. JULIUS REILAND—commentator
7:45 MBS: MARGARET DAUM—soap
7:50 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
7:55 MBS: LUN AND AMB—sketch
8:00 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
8:05 NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
8:10 NBC-Red: SPACE SERVICE CONCERT—Lucile Manners
8:15 MBS: GRAND CENTRAL CONCERT—F. J. Reynolds
8:20 MBS: HAMMERSTEIN MUSIC HALL
8:25 NBC-Blue: DEATH VALLEY DAYS—dramatization
8:30 MBS: GUIDING FAMILY—cast
8:35 MBS: ORCHESTRA
8:40 NBC-Red: WALTZ TIME—Frankie Maple, Bennett Lyman’s orchestra
8:45 NBC-Blue: FANTASTIC VA-RIETY SHOW—Paul Dumont
8:50 MBS: HOLLYWOOD HOTEL—Frank Ferguson, Ken Murray, Oswald, Ann-Jean Lyman’s orchestra
8:55 MBS: ORCHESTRA
9:00 NBC-Red: TRUE STORY CA-USES OF HUMAN RELA-TION—dramatization
9:05 NBC-Blue: RALEIGH AND REYNOLDS SHOW—Tommy Dorsey’s orchestra
9:10 MBS: STUDIES IN CON-TRAST—F. J. Reynolds’ orchestra
9:15 MBS: MARTHA AND HAI-SONGS and patter
9:20 NBC-Red: FIRST NIGHTER—dramatization
9:25 NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
9:30 MBS: COCA-COLA SONG SHOP
9:35 NBC-Red: BOY MEETS HONEY’S ORCHESTRA
9:40 NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
9:45 MBS: ORCHESTRA
9:50 NBC-Red: PALMER’S SYM-POSY ORCHESTRA
9:55 MBS: ORCHESTRA
10:00 NBC-Red: PEOPLE IN THE NEWS—Dorothy Thompson, commentator
10:05 NBC-Blue: STRINGING ALOONG
10:10 NBC-Red: GEORGE R. HOLMES—Washington commentator
10:15 MBS: ORCHESTRA
10:20 NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
10:25 MBS: DANCE MUSIC
MORNING

8:00' NBC-Red: SOUTHERNSESSTIES NBC-Blue: SOUTHERNSESSTIES

8:15 NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELodies NBC-Blue: DICK LEIBERT ENSEMBLE

8:30 NBC-Red: DO YOU REMEMBER? CSS: JACK SHANNON—songs

8:45 NBC-Blue: LUCILLE AND LANNY CSS: VIOLINIST

9:00 NBC-Red: THE WISE MAN NBC-Blue: LET'S BREAKFAST CLUB—variety program CSS: RAY BLOCK—pianist

9:15 NBC-Red: SUNSHINE EXPRESS—orchestra, soloist, Jack Douglas, m.c. CSS: DALTON BROTHERS—novelty trio

9:30 CSS: RICHARD MAXWELL—songs

9:45 NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

9:15 NBC-Red: LANDY TRIO NBC-Blue: AUNT JEMIMA ON THE AIR—varieties CSS: PIDDLE'S FANCY

9:55 CSS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

10:00 NBC-Red: VOCALIST NBC-Blue: SWEETHEARTS OF THE AIR—May Singi, Benny, Peter deRose CSS: FRED FEIBEL—organist

10:15 NBC-Red: CHARITEERS—male quartet NBC-Blue: SWING SERENADE


10:45 NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA MBS: MARTHA AND HAL—songs and patter

11:00 NBC-Red: FLORENCE HALE'S RADIO FORUM NBC-Blue: VOCALIST CSS: CHILDREN'S AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERT MBS: ORCHESTRA

11:15 NBC-Red: FORD RUSH AND SILENT NICK NBC-Blue: MINUTE MEN—male quartet

11:30 NBC-Red: HALF PAST ELEVEN NBC-Blue: OUR BARN—children's program, Midge Tucker MBS: U.S. ARMY BAND

11:45 NBC-Red: INSTRUMENTAL GROUP

SATURDAYS

JANUARY 1—8—15—22—29

Arturo Toscanini

Ted Fio-Rito

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA NBC-Blue: CALL TO YOUTH CSS: CAPTIVATORS MBS: PARENTS' MAGAZINE OF THE AIR

12:15 NBC-Blue: SOLOIST MBS: THIS WONDERFUL WORLD

12:30 NBC-Red: REX BATTLE'S CONCERT ENSEMBLE NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR CSS: GEORGE HALL AND HIS ORCHESTRA MBS: STUDIES AND SKETCHES IN BLACK AND WHITE

12:45 MBS: STEVE SEVERN'S PET CLUB

1:00 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA CSS: ORIENTALE

1:15 CSS: JIMMY SHIELDS—tenor

1:30 NBC-Red: CAMPUS CAPERS—orchestra, vocalists NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE CSS: BUFFALO PRESENTS MBS: ORCHESTRA

1:55 NBC-Blue: METROPOLITAN OPERA

2:00 NBC-Red: YOUR HOST IS BUFFALO—orchestra, soloists CSS: MADISON ENSEMBLE MBS: PALMER HOUSE CONCERT ORCHESTRA

2:15 CSS: ANN LEAF—organist MBS: THREE GRACES AND PIANO

2:30 MBS: ORCHESTRA

2:45 CSS: TOURS IN TONE

3:00 MBS: NORMAN BROKENSHIRE'S VARIETY PROGRAM

NOTE:
As we go to press, this program guide is absolutely accurate, but we cannot be responsible for last minute changes made by the broadcasting companies, advertising agencies or sponsors.

5:30 NBC-Blue: MUSIC AND AMERICAN YOUTH

5:45 CSS: COOLIDGE QUARTET

EVENING

6:00 NBC-Red: EL CHICO SPANISH REVUE NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA MBS: ORGAN RECITAL

6:15 MBS: PIANO RECITAL

6:25 CSS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

6:30 NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS CSS: COLUMBIA CHORUS OWNERS

6:45 NBC-Red: RELIGION IN THE NEWS—Dr. Walter Van Kirk NBC-Blue: JOHNNY O'BRIEN CSS: ORCHESTRA

7:00 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA NBC-Blue: MESSAGE OF THE BARN—guests and music CSS: SATURDAY SWING SESSION MBS: PALMER HOUSE ENSEMBLE

7:15 MBS: ORCHESTRA

7:30 NBC-Blue: UNCLE JIM'S QUESTION BEE CSS: CARRORUNDUM BAND—Edward D'Anna, conductor

7:45 NBC-Red: JEAN SABLON MBS: ORCHESTRA

8:00 NBC-Red: RELIEVE-IT-OR-NOT—Robert L. Ripley, Riefle's orchestra NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA CSS: YOUR UNSEEN FRIEND—novelty sketches, dramatics MBS: PAT BARNES AND HIS BARNSTORMERS—Helen Ford, Paul Roberts


8:45 NBC-Blue: NOLA DAY—songs

9:00 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA NBC-Blue: NATIONAL BARN DANCE CSS: PROFESSOR QUID-BOB TROUT MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

9:30 NBC-Red: SPECIAL DELIVERY—sketch CSS: SATURDAY NIGHT SERENADE—Steve Eastman, Bob Peery, Hermann's orchestra MBS: LOUISIANA HATRID

10:00 NBC-Red and NBC-Blue: NBC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Arturo Toscanini, conductor MBS: YOUR HIT PARADE—Leo Reisman's orchestra MBS: HANCOCK ENSEMBLE

10:30 MBS: ORCHESTRA

10:45 CSS: FATTI CHAPLIN—songs

11:00 NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC NBC-Blue: DANCE MUSIC CSS: ORCHESTRA MBS: DANCE MUSIC
This New Cream with "Skin-Vitamin"
Brings more direct aid to Skin Beauty

"Smooths lines out marvelously—makes texture seem finer."
Mrs. Henry Latrobe Roosevelt, Jr.

A NEW KIND OF CREAM is bringing new aid to women's skin!

Women who use it say its regular use is giving a livelier look to skin: that it is making texture seem finer; that it keeps skin wonderfully soft and smooth! ... And the cream they are talking about is Pond's new Cold Cream with "skin-vitamin."

Essential to skin health
Within recent years, doctors have learned that one of the vitamins has a special relation to skin health. When there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet, the skin may suffer, become undernourished, rough, dry, old looking!

Pond's tested this "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Creams for over 3 years. In animal tests, skin became rough, old looking when the diet was lacking in "skin-vitamin." But when Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream was applied daily, it became smooth, supple again—in 3 weeks! Then women used the new Pond's Cold Cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. In 4 weeks they reported pores looking finer, skin smoother, richer looking.

Same jars, same labels, same price
Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Use it the usual way. In a few weeks, see if there is not a smoother appearing texture, a new brighter look.

Mrs. Roosevelt with her hunter, Nutmeg.

Mrs. Henry Latrobe Roosevelt, Jr. famous for her beauty here and abroad, "Pond's new 'skin-vitamin' Cold Cream is a great advance—a really scientific beauty care. I'll never be afraid of sports or travel drying my skin, with this new cream to put the 'skin-vitamin' back into it."

(Right) On her way to an embassy dinner in Washington.
FIND YOUR SOUTHERN FOODS

**SALMON BISQUE**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Ingredients</th>
<th>Quantity</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>small can salmon</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 tablespoon minced onion</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 teaspoon chopped parsley</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 cup water</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>a pinch of baking soda</td>
<td>1/4 teaspoon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 can (condensed) tomato soup</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 cup milk</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 tablespoon cornstarch</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 tablespoon salad oil</td>
<td>1/2 teaspoon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1/4 teaspoon pepper</td>
<td>1/2 teaspoon</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Combine onion, parsley and water with the salmon, from which all bones and skin have been carefully removed. Cook gently for 15 minutes. Thicken with the cornstarch blended with the oil to a smooth paste. Stir until smooth and thickened. Add baking soda, tomato soup and milk. Heat thoroughly. Season with salt and pepper and serve immediately. Grating a hardboiled egg over the top of the soup provides a most attractive garnish.

**QUICK CHICKEN POT PIE**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Ingredients</th>
<th>Quantity</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2 tablespoons butter</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 small white onions, sliced thin</td>
<td>1/2 cup top milk or thin cream</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 can (condensed) chicken soup</td>
<td>1 (6 oz.) can chicken</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 can (condensed) cream of mushroom soup</td>
<td>1/4 cup pican nuts</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Melt the butter, add the onions, sliced thin. Cover and cook until onions are tender but not brown. Add chicken and mushroom soups. Blend cornstarch with the milk and add to soup mixture. Cook and stir until smooth and thickened. Season to taste. Add chicken meat and turn into greased casserole. Cover with biscuits made with prepared biscuit flour. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) until biscuits are done and golden brown (about 20 minutes). Serve in casserole. A little celery, shredded fine and cooked in the butter, along with the onions, gives a delicate flavor. A little cooked okra, a tablespoon of chopped pimento, a few small boiled potatoes, cooked rice or noodles, in fact almost anything of the kind that you may have on hand, may be added to the gravy, together with the chicken.

**PECAN PIE**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Ingredients</th>
<th>Quantity</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>3 eggs, slightly beaten</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1/4 cup sugar</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 cup dark Karo syrup (blue label)</td>
<td>1 1/4 cups pecan nuts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1/4 teaspoon salt</td>
<td>1/4 cup Karo syrup</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Beat eggs slightly. Add sugar, syrup, salt, butter and Angostura. Blend together thoroughly. Sprinkle pecans into a pie tin which has been lined with rich pastry. Pour in the egg mixture. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) 10 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate (375° F.) and continue baking 30 minutes longer or until a silver knife blade inserted in center of pie comes out clean.

**FLORIDA MERINGUE PIE**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Ingredients</th>
<th>Quantity</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1/4 cup cornstarch</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 tablespoons flour</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1/4 cup sugar</td>
<td>1 1/2 cups grapefruit juice</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1/4 teaspoon salt</td>
<td>1 teaspoon grated rind</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 1/4 teaspoons boiling water</td>
<td>3 egg whites</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 egg yolks</td>
<td>6 tablespoons sugar</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1/2 teaspoon cream of tartar</td>
<td>1/2 teaspoon Karo syrup</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Mix together cornstarch, flour, sugar and salt. Add boiling water slowly. Place in top of double boiler and cover over boiling water for 15 minutes, stirring constantly, until thick and smooth, and then occasionally. Beat egg yolks slightly, add a little of hot mixture to them. Add egg mixture slowly to contents of double boiler. Cook 2 minutes longer, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, add butter, grapefruit juice and rind. Blend thoroughly. Cool. Turn into 9-inch baked pie shell. Beat egg whites until stiff. Beat in 4 tablespoons of sugar and the cream of tartar, using an egg whisk rather than a rotary beater. Fold in remaining 2 tablespoons of sugar. Spread immediately over the cooled filling in pie. Or put through a pastry tube for a fancier effect. Bake in a slow oven (300° F.) 10-12 minutes or until puffed and golden brown.

**PRALINES**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Ingredients</th>
<th>Quantity</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2 cups granulated sugar</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 cup boiling water</td>
<td>1 1/4 cups shelled pecans</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Combine sugars in saucepan. Add boiling water and corn syrup. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until sugar has dissolved and candy syrup comes to a boil. Cover and cook 3 minutes. Uncover and continue cooking, without stirring, until a few drops in cold water will form a soft ball (238° F. on a candy thermometer). During cooking skim off any scum that rises to the top. Remove candy from heat, add butter and nuts. Stir until mixture is thick and creamy. Drop by spoonfuls on a greased cookie sheet or waxed paper. Cool and wrap each, individually, in waxed paper. Pralines should be round, flat and about 3 inches in diameter.
THE RADIO HOSTESS

(Continued from page 9)

the breach (or should I say the oven?) for those difficult occasions when company arrives most unexpectedly. Of course, I take it for granted that you'll have on your pantry shelf all the necessary ingredients that go into its making.

And now for the sweets—a subject which seems to intrigue us all, and one on which Miss Langford was especially informative. Pies, it seems are her favorites in the dessert line.

Her Pecan Pie, when made according to the recipe that Frances' cook uses, turns out to be rich and chunky, with a delicate, not-too-sweet flavor. The pecan tree, it seems is the state tree of Texas so it's no wonder that Rub— who hails from there—is so expert in making a pie which features this outstanding product of her native state.

That's "how come" she also happens to make such perfect Pralines, says Frances.

But now let's fly back to Florida, whence comes the last of our Frances Langford food suggestions, a dandy, which features grapefruit in novel fashion. Certainly timely right now, for shipments of this golden fruit are heaviest during the months of January, February and March, assuring purchasers both of quality and money-saving prices at this particular season. So try this Florida Meringue Pie soon!

For this pie is one that will vie with the Pecan Pie for top honors in your culinary repertoire, according to Frances. I shouldn't be surprised if she were correct in that surmise for I know I, myself, found this luscious new flavor tantalizing and a welcome change from the more familiar lemon versions. Be sure to follow the meringue directions carefully, for so much of the success of this pie depends on the golden brown, light texture topping.

With this recipe you will have a new dessert worthy of the state which gave radio one of its most interesting and popular singers, and which provides the world with some of the finest citrus fruits of the fruits Frances favors and which we all realize are so healthful—grapefruit and oranges.

The health-giving properties of citrus fruits are not nearly as new a discovery as radio, of course; for, more than four hundred years ago, the Spanish explorers and conquistadors carried these fruits with them on their fabulous voyages.

Actually, no fruits are as closely associated with the early history of America as are oranges. Diligent research has brought to light the fact that Columbus introduced the sour orange to the western hemisphere on his second voyage to the West Indies. Ponce de Leon, seeking the famous, and alas mythical, Fountain of Youth, brought oranges to the mainland, little realizing that in so doing he was carrying with him one of the most important aids toward the goal he sought.

It's fun to think of these things sometimes, as we cut calmly into these golden or gay orange spheres—preparatory to the making of our breakfast juices or dinner treats—for it's interesting to realize that these fruits can boast of glamour as well as vitamins.

H ere's a great way to beat these rising food costs! Have delicious Franco-American Spaghetti several times a week. Serve it as a main dish for lunch or Sunday supper, or as a side dish for dinner. It's marvelous to make leftovers go further—it turns them into nourishing, attractive dishes.

But be sure you get Franco-American. This is no ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti! Just wait till you taste that appetizing cheese and tomato sauce, made with eleven different savory ingredients! Your family will never get tired of Franco-American. It's a great work-saver, too! You just heat and serve—it's on the table in a jiffy. A can holding from three to four portions is usually no more than 10¢—that's less than 3¢ a portion.

Free recipe book gives 30 different appetizing ways to serve delicious Franco-American that will save you time and money. Send for it now.

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

The kind with the Extra Good Sauce—Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups

MAY I SEND YOU OUR FREE RECIPE BOOK? SEND THE COUPON PLEASE

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD COMPANY, DEPT. 62
Camden, New Jersey

Please send me your free recipe book:

90 Tempting Spaghetti Meals.

Name (print).

Address.

City Stale

53
women in the world. Mitzi has had an excellent background for her very decided opinions on clothes.

And she “gets around” the big city, too. For, besides her two regular programs, she's often heard on sustaining shows and has been vocalist with several dance orchestras. She has also been in a number of Broadway plays and in productions of the French Theatre, and from this varied experience she has drawn her well-rounded style ideas.

First of all, clothes shouldn't be too important looking for small figures. This, of course, is true for all types. You should never let your clothes dominate your personality. Mitzi likes simple clothes that she can buy lots of accessories for. With a plain dress in a background to work with, she finds that she can follow the latest trends of fashion by varying the accessories to her heart's content, to say nothing of the economies practiced thereby.

She thinks, too, that the most wearable, adaptable thing any girl or woman can have is a black velvet dress. The black velvet party frock (Pictured on page 6) is very simple in line and detail. The rich, dark fabric is relieved only by the touch of color in the pale pink face ruffles which outline the neckline and the tiny lined sleeves. The hem of this dress is formed by shallow, scalloped lines in black taffeta, which make a lady-like rustle, reminiscent of the Gay Nineties, when Mitzi dances. Shorter in front, it swings just at her ankles at its greatest length in back, in the new fashion. Mitzi wears this charming frock for both formal and informal evenings. Sweet and demure when it's worn on the shoulders in an old-fashioned square neckline, there is an invisible elastic so that it may be worn pushed off the shoulders for really grown-up occasions, when formal sophistication is the order of the evening. I needn't say anything about the importance of velvet this winter, for if you have been following your fashion news, you know how much this rich, luxurious fabric is being worn.

Mitzi's favorite “accessory dress” is her plain black day-length frock, which is so practical and feminine at the same time, and perfect for luncheons, teas, cocktails, or intimate dining. Her accessories. (See page 7), follow the dictates of fashion in its demand for jeweled accents, and she has placed them in an original manner that lends a note of individuality to her costume. The sunburst of chintz, set in yellow gold, at her neck is duplicated by the pin on the cuff of her glove! Her small black velvet hat has stiffened flowers of the velvet all the way ‘round the back, and a short, shadowy veil makes it very alluring.

As a change from black, and an exquisite foil for her lovely brunette beauty, Mitzi has chosen the stunning white and gold lame evening dress (Pictured on page 57) for formal balls and very special functions. The flash of gold on the white background gives that touch of “glitter” so very important in evening fashions this winter. Of especial interest is the non-chalant, sophisticated line of the neck, which is draped in the new Gypsy fashion, off one shoulder. The skirt is pencil straight down the front, gathered tightly around the hips with a swirl of fullness at the back. The effect is one of knotted loops at the hem.

Three smart gowns like these make the basis of a grand party wardrobe for the young lady who is looking forward to a busy social season this winter. Mitzi thinks that with the lame evening dress for formal balls, the versatile black velvet for tea, and a simple dress for afternoons, and the plain black crepe for afternoons with lots of different hats, jewelry, gloves, and bags—she'll be all set for winter festivities.

All these dresses are perfect examples to illustrate for you Mitzi's ideas of the type of clothes that will make a small girl outstanding because of her smart appearance.

You will notice that her clothes are simple in line and very neat, with no flounce or frill to draw attention away from the girl who's wearing them. For, being so young and such a tiny person, it would be very easy for her to fall into the "cute little girl" category. But she refuses to be typed. Her clothes express her personality, instead of forming it for her.

The small girl must take care not to be overwhelmed by too many frills. Flowing draperies are taboo. Rather, concise, clear-cut lines that outline your best features will serve to enhance your personality.

Mitzi Gould emphasizes the fact that, if you're small, you should wear clothes that fit well, or you're apt to look "stocky." This is especially true if you're inclined to be a bit on the plump side. Your clothes must fit you, not necessarily like the paper on the wall, but they shouldn't hang or sag on you, or bulge in the wrong places.

A high waist and tight bodice, such as shown in Mitzi's black velvet, are very flattering to the small figure. The full, high-waisted skirt gives a lengthening effect from waist to hem that adds a great deal to your height.

The broad-shouldered look, gained by the use of the puffed sleeves and corseted waistline of Mitzi's afternoon dress, gives an impression of height is emphasized by the slenderness of her waist.

And her white evening gown, which fits closely from shoulder to knee, has long, slim lines that do a great deal toward making her look taller than she really is.

Speaking of closely-fitting dresses brings us to a subject which is too important to be overlooked by any girl, no matter what her size. And that is the framework upon which she is going to hang these fetching, flattering garments. Make the most of your figure or less by drawing yourself up to your full height, such as it is. If you do, your clothes will fit you better, for we all know that a good posture is the all-important basis for a smart appearance.

In talking about posture, I'm sort of less formy even for a girl, so let's assume that our good friend Mary
Mitzi Gould wears a white and gold lamé evening dress in the new Gypsy fashion, off one shoulder. A straight front skirt drapes around the hips with fulness at back, below the knees.

Biddle, the Beauty Editor, has you all adding inches to your height by standing tall and straight, tummy in, head held high, chin up. But tiny though you are, you need a foundation garment just the same. It needn't be very heavy, just enough to keep VDUs firm and to lengthen your figure to the willowy silhouette for which you must strive in order to make the most of this season's pencil-slim or corseted lines.

All in all, I'd say that you short gals have it all over the taller ones, to start with. It's so much easier to add height than it is to minimize it. For instance, think of the trouble they have with heels. You need never worry that yours are too high, although I'd suggest that you don't wear them too extremely spiked, as this tends to make the legs look spindly, if they're thin to begin with.

Just remember, the next time you're inclined to feel envious of a tall girl's extra height, that you'll never have to trouble your pretty head about being taller than your date!

Just follow the fashion principles of smart little Mitzi Gould, and never again will you cringe under that hateful greeting: "Hiyo, half-pint!" Instead, it will be: "Hei-lo beautiful! You're certainly looking swell these days!"

PROTECTS COMPLEXIONS, too!

This pure, creamy-white soap has such a gentle, caressing lather. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics... leaves your skin alluringly smooth, radiantly clear!

NOW ONLY 10¢
at drug, department, ten-cent stores

TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP
NEWS FLASH!

Men Look First at Woman's Eyes; Women Notice Masculine Nose

NEW YORK, N.Y.—(U.P.)—When a man looks into a woman’s face the first thing he notices are her eyes. When a woman scans a man's face, she pays most attention to his nose. These conclusions were drawn by the beauticians of America after a three-month survey in which 25,000 men and women were asked to explain what interested them most in the facial features of the opposite sex.

Forty-three per cent of the women said they looked first at a man's nose, 19 per cent at the mouth, and the remainder scattered votes for the eyes, hair, ears and appearance of the skin.

Approximately 51 per cent of the men said they looked first at a woman's eyes.

NOW... who Dares be without Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids

Maybelline
THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

THE WAY TO CHARM

(Continued from page 11)

tracts from the general effect. Coiffures for instance, that are so exotic that one cannot get beyond the hair line to appreciate the brows and eyes, are definitely out. Also, eye or lip make-up, or manicures—so conspicuous that all a man sees coming toward him is a pair of staring eyes or a crimson splash in a face, or a pair of hands—make a man uneasy and therefore resentful.

"You don't have to be any specific age," said Eddie Duchin, "or a blonde, brunette or redhead, to be a man's idea! Take, for example, the winsome youthful Honey-chile of radio, Patricia Wilder, or the equally lovely Irene Rich, who is the mother of two grown children—or study the smartly-gowned Gladys Swarthout, and you will see that all are very different types, yet each is natural, and attractive."

The trick of it all is to look like yourself, not like some one else! You must feel like an individual, if you are to be appreciated as one. Dare to be yourself!

Irene Rich has been herself through all the years, and by gracefully adopting those new fashions in coiffure, make-up and dress that are coming to her, and by carefully avoiding both the stodgy and the freakish, her beauty and charm have increased.

"But," you wonder, "to be myself do I have to look the same all the time?" No, indeed. Not unless you feel like always looking the same!

Whatever you do about your coiffure will be the proper thing, provided you like it and feel right with it! Gladys Swarthout launched one of the most becoming modern hairdresses in the past five years. Every star in Hollywood, as well as every debutante, society woman and stage actress has, at one time or another, copied Miss Swarthout's "halo" coiffure in one form or another. Therefore, Miss Swarthout heads one strong faction which opposes changing one's hairdresses to suit various costumes or social events.

"If you are lucky enough to find the one coiffure which "does" something for your face, and more important, for your morale and subsequent poise," Miss Swarthout explains, "why deliberately turn from one hairdress to another which may supply variety but can't be as becoming?"

Gladys backs this up, too, by keeping those dusky ringlets and that center part with its single, high wave on either side of her forehead. She wears it that way for sports, for concerts, for dinner-parties and to bed!

On the other hand, there is a very strong faction which advocates frequent changes of coiffure. A lot may be said on their side, too. Sometimes a new coiffure gives a real lift to the spirits, so it's off with the old and on with the new, if that new can give an added zest to living!

Mr. Duchin says, in regard to the new coiffures, that he has noticed a swing away from the sleek "Mrs. Simpson" hairdress to the delightful, fanciful quality of hair being drawn away from the face, and curl-
The next exercise should rock you right to sleep before it is even finished! Stretch straight in bed, with the arms over the head and the hands close together so they will pull the head and shoulders. Roll over on the left shoulder, then on the right—keeping the hips flat. Relax. Roll the hips in this manner, keeping the shoulders flat.

A brisk rub with a big thick towel should follow the shower; then bath powder.

You will feel and look so youthful after this, you will wonder where the years and fatigue have flown!

Now, for a make-up tip to bring out the natural you! A new and fascinating one is that of applying two shades of eye shadow to the lids. The first eye shadow should be a neutral brown or gray. Contrary to all rules you have learned before, this shade goes over the entire upper lid from the inner edge of the lid right over to the outer. Your second application of shadow (in a shade that blends with either your eyes or costume) is applied in the usual way. That is from the center of the lid up and out toward the outer corner of the eye. You will like the depth it gives the eyes and the delicacy to the lids.

All the year 'round perfumes are intriguing and feminine, but the winter weather favors a particularly appropriate background for their mysterious fragrances. So, I hope there will be a chorus of delighted "Ah's!" at the sample offer this month. You may have your choice of any one of the sextette of flower fragrances, designed to complement your personality and make-up, described here. You will find that these essences are all so concentrated that only a tiny drop will surround you with an aura of glamour. Therefore, they are inexpensive to use and you may supplement your sample with others of the odors to complete your "perfume wardrobe."

There is Lily O'valley, sweet as young romance, Gardenias of glamorous evenings, Lilac, to remind you of spring, though it may seem so distant, Carnation, with a heady, spicy fragrance, Sweet Pea, dexterous as the dew-drenched flowers, and Violet, feminine and alluring. Name the odor you desire on the coupon and I'll send you this generous sample offer post haste.

Mary Biddle
RADIO STARS MAGAZINE
148 Madison Avenue
New York, New York

Please send me my sample of ...... perfume. I understand this is to be absolutely free.

NAME...........................................

ADDRESS.....................................

CITY...........................................

STATE........................................

IMAGINE ME HAVING BAD BREATH!

You'd think a nurse would know better! But a month ago... why so downhearted, Sue? On the outs with that handsome patient of yours?

Well, sort of. Jim did like me, Ruth—really, but now he doesn't even want me around.

Get wise to yourself, kid! Talk to your dentist about your breath!

Tests indicate that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath, and tests also show that many bad breath comes from improperly cleaned teeth. I advise Colgate Dental Cream because...

Colgate Dental Cream combats bad breath

"Colgate's special penetrating action gets into every tiny hidden crevice between your teeth... emulsifies and washes away the deadly odor... its cause...and breath, dull, dingy, teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing action cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives new brilliance to your smile!"

Colgate Dental Cream...and no toothpaste ever made my teeth as bright and clean as Colgate's!...and no toothpaste ever made my teeth as bright and clean as Colgate's!

Colgate DENTAL CREAM

LARGE 20c RIBBON SIZE

SMALL 35c OVER THOSE AS MUCH
little girl with a Mussolini jaw, and a vile temper. She was, she insists, a problem child, a little beast! Her Mummy dressed them both, fat as they were, in French hand-made frocks, very brief and frail and exquisite. And Wendy would go storming about, tearing the fragile garments to pieces, demanding to be allowed to wear gingham or calico or something. Their father indulged them to the limit of this, really quite limitless love. He would, for instance, buy whole rows of seats in a theatre, so that they would not be cramped, become restless, could roam about during the performance. Their mother never said "Don't!" to them in all their young lives. She would say: "If you must do this, darling..." Or, "If you think you must have that—I wouldn't, but..." And in time, Wendy says now, this wise formula reaped its own reward. For they grew to believe that if a thing wasn't good enough for Mummy, it might jolly well not be good enough for them. But there was never coercion, no reproaches, never an "I told you so," Wendy says: "If, now, I should present Mummy with an ex-convict for a son-in-law, very pock-marked and horrid, and should say: 'Mummy, this is Bill. This is my Bill. He's all I want in the world, Mummy would say, repressing the nausea she would feel: 'Of course, if you want him, darling...? She's wonderful, she's really wonderful! And because of her way with us, we tell her everything, all of our problems, romances, simply everything.'

Wendy didn't like little boys when she was a little girl, she says. She didn't like them because she couldn't boss them. She could boss little girls and she played mostly with little girls. She has only rather hurried memories of her childhood. Flashes of the China Sea, the English Channel, of friendships made only to be hastily broken when the calls came to "come home." Flashes of convent life, of long hours of prayers before breakfast, small, stiff knees on grim, gray stone; of morning coming through stained glass... Flashes of the blue-white Alps; of shopping sprees in Paris; of Hong Kong again... No, she says, she never played with Chinese children. Because the English children, the American children, were kept to themselves. For Wendy and Patty there were nursery tea and Nannie and the school-room and God and the King, even in far Hong Kong.

When she was in her early teens she had a rousing row with her father, now deceased. Because nothing ever happens to Wendy in a platitudeuous way, so the news of her father's death did not reach her decorously, via some sympathetic friend or mutually sorrowing member of the family. No, (less than a year ago, this was) was at the Cocoanut Grove, here in Hollywood, one evening. When over the radio came the news that F. C. Jenkins, K. C., had been "found dead" in Hong Kong. Wendy doesn't know yet exactly what happened, or how, or why. Perhaps she will never know. Whatever happened, she feels, he is gone, not return again. And young Wendy is fatalist. She accepts all of the fatal legedemain of life, Black Magic include.

So, after her disagreement with her father ("We were exactly alike, dear, it was the trouble!"), Wendy went to London and took a flat of her own. She had never, gray wands in Paris, well, were fourteen. Her mother's wise lack of restraint had given her the ability to care for herself. And it was when she was in London, shortly after her début there, that Alexander Korda approached her, ma his extraordinary offer. Which is another substantiation, to Wendy, of the work of Fate.

For Wendy had absolutely never thought of a career for herself. She certainly never had dreamed of a screen career, all things. She included it in the cinema very often. In school, at the Covent of the Assumption in England, finishing school in Lausanne, Switzerland, she hadn't been allowed to go. She was not a fan. She had no screen favorites. She thought the radio in England was fun to dance to. She went to theatres a lot and was keen about Jack Buchanan. But always she was of the audience, with furs and orchids at the cinema, clapping politely with wide eyes. Once out of school, aft "she came out," which she did, in very Best Society fashion, there were so many things to do. She had background, soi position, an ample allowance. She knew all the Best People. The map of Europe was her playground. Cumes, the Lido, Biarritz, Paris, St. Moritz, Vienna, Deal, London, Rome... She wasn't interested in watching other people, least of all shadows, doing things. There were too many diners, dances, cocktail parties for Wendy, the Clichy was a Lido, the sun was shining on the Lido—"Let's go to the Lido!" If London was boring, the season dull, there was Paris, she could "run over" to Paris, as did...

There was in the life of the young as so very Continental Wendy much the same tempo as keeps at fever heat the tempo of life of a Hollywood star. There were phones ringing, cars calling, fittings, photography, "on location" at one or another of the golden playgrounds of the Continent. There were orchids arriving, flowers sent to her table by a stranger who wrote: "Just to tell you that you are beautiful!" There were romance and intrigue and streamlined motor cars and yachts and country estates, and parties. And Wendy felt no need of flattery. She had enough flattery to turn her sleek young head. She saw her image reflected as refracted in the eyes of how many fervent "fans," who were eager to pay their heart over the counter. There was no need of
How to win against SKIN TROUBLE

IF YOU HAVE ANY OF THESE COMPLAINTS, DON’T DELAY, BUT START NOW TO FIGHT THEM WITH A PENETRATING FACE CREAM

BLACKHEADS?
YES...... NO......

These hateful little specks hide in the corners of your nose and chin, and don’t show their faces until they have deep roots. Even one blackhead may prove your present cleansing method fails in these corners. To see how quickly blackheads yield to a penetrating cream, send the coupon below to Lady Esther, today.

OILY SKIN?
YES...... NO......

Does your skin always seem a little greasy? Does it look moist? If this is your trouble, then be careful not to apply heavy, greasy, sticky mixtures. Send the coupon below to Lady Esther and find how quickly an oily skin responds to a penetrating cream.

DRY SKIN?
YES...... NO......

Move the muscles of your face. Does the skin seem tight? Can you see any little scales on the surface of your skin? These are symptoms of DRY skin. A dry skin is brittle; it creases into lines quickly. If your skin is dry now, then let me show you how quickly you can help it.

TINY LINES?
YES...... NO......

Can you see the faint lines at the corners of your eyes or mouth? If your skin is dry, then these little lines begin to take deep roots. Before you know it they have become deep wrinkles. The coupon below brings you my directions for smoothing out these little lines before they grow into wrinkles.

COARSE PORES?
YES...... NO......

Your pores should be invisible to the naked eye. When they begin to show up like little holes in a pineapples, it is proof that they are clogged with waxy waste matter. When your skin is cleaned with a penetrating cream, you will rejoice to see the texture of your skin become finer, soft and smooth.

DINGY COLOR?
YES...... NO......

If your general health is good, then your skin should have a clear, healthy color. Very often the dingy, foggy tone is caused by clogged pores. If you want to see an amazing difference—a clearer, lighter, fresher looking skin, then let me send you, FREE, a tube of my penetrating cream.

Have you a Lucky Penny?

Here’s how a penny postcard will bring you luck. It will bring you FREE and postpaid a generous tube of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream, and all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

Lady Esther, 7110 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Madam: I would like your directions for (check)
Blackheads
Oily Skin
Dry Skin
Coarse Pores
Tiny Lines
Poor Color

Please send me a tube of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream, and ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

Name
Address
City
State

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

(RADIO STARS)
74,000,000 INNOCENT VICTIMS

Each Fated for 2 Colds This Year!

According to eminent medical authority, 60% of all the people in the United States suffer from at least two colds every year.

The best time to prevent trouble is right at the start. If you’re nursing a cold—see a doctor! Curing a cold is the doctor’s business.

But the doctor, himself, will tell you that a regular movement of the bowels will help to shorten the duration of a cold. Moreover, it will do much to make you less susceptible to colds.

So keep your bowels open! And when Nature needs help ... use Ex-Lax! Because of its thorough and effective action, Ex-Lax helps keep the body free of intestinal wastes. And because it is so mild and gentle, Ex-Lax will not shock your eliminative system.

**EX-LAX NOW SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROVED**

1—TASTES BETTER THAN EVER!

2—ACTS BETTER THAN EVER!

3—MORE GENTLE THAN EVER!

Ask for Ex-Lax at your druggist’s. Comes in economical 10c and 25c sizes. Get a box today!

**EX-LAX**

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

**IF YOU WANT HEALTHY GUMS AND BRIGHTER TEETH YOU MUST DO YOUR PART OF THE JOB AT HOME!**

Regular massage with Forhan’s stimulates gums, retards formation of tartar, makes teeth gleam! For generous trial tube send 10c to Forhan’s, 221 Chrysler Bldg., N. Y. C.

**Forhan’s DOES BOTH JOBS**

CLEANS TEETH—AIDS GUMS

---

Radio Stars

dal, The Big Broadcast of 1936, A Feather In Her Hat, for Columbia, It’s A Small World, for Fox. She signed a contract with Universal, made Wings Over Honolulu and, most recently, Prescription for Romance, which terminated her Universal contract. She played in Goldwyn’s Dead End, infusing a somewhat mannered part with significance. Now she is free-lancing, tent to free-lance. She says: “I’ve been free lance all my life, in every way. It’s my proper place in the scheme of things.”

She has gone on the air with Jack Haley’s Log Cabin program, heard Saturday evenings at 8:30 EST on the NBC network, and considers this the most important thing that has happened to her since—well, perhaps, since the day the stranger approached her at the Savoy Grill. Was asked to be on the program, mostly because of her guest appearance, which was her first radio appearance, on the Chase and Sanborn Hour, with W. C. Fields, Don Ameche, Charlie McCarthy and the others. Mostly because, when W. C. Fields ad libbed, she ad libbed right back at him. She might have been thrown into a jitter, from which no amount of “the air” could have saved her. But she wasn’t. She gave as good as she got—and she got the Jack Haley program. She believes that the experience, the publicity, the program gives her means more to her than anything else she could have done. She’s never been on the stage, so she gets a kick out of having an audience. She thinks the radio is comfy, informal, no dressing up, no making up. She hopes to sing on the air, in time. Perhaps she has being with Bette Davis, she admires Jack Benny. She says that he is “a scream on the air, a saint in real life.”

And Wendy has changed. She came to Hollywood a rather spoiled, frightfully extravagant, broken-hearted, superficially cynical, rather dangerous young woman. Beauty and bitterness can make a fatal combination. She has become, in the past year or two, a conservative, economical, stay-at-home girl. She lives in a small, semi-detached white house in Beverly Hills. No other star, no other player, with the exception of Bette Davis, lives so moderately. She has a colored couple, who baby her, “look her over,” when she is going out. Which isn’t too often. She doesn’t go to big parties, nor give them. She says: “My best friends now are not among the Biggies. My very best friends are my stand-in, who also is my secretary, and her husband. It’s good for me not to go with the Biggies, because then I can’t be tempted to splurge on limousines, swimming pools, Troc’s, etc!"

EX-LAX

The Original Chocolate Laxative

**IF YOU WANT HEALTHY GUMS AND BRIGHTER TEETH YOU MUST DO YOUR PART OF THE JOB AT HOME!**

Regular massage with Forhan’s stimulates gums, retards formation of tartar, makes teeth gleam! For generous trial tube send 10c to Forhan’s, 221 Chrysler Bldg., N. Y. C.

**Forhan’s DOES BOTH JOBS**

CLEANS TEETH—AIDS GUMS

---

**THE GOSSIP-MONGERS WERE WRONG!**

(Continued from page 41)

"That disappointment nearly finished me. I thought my whole world had come to an end.

"So, the other day, I just happened to pick up this catalogue. Now that I could afford to go to the Academy if I wanted—look at what it says:

The words were printed in bold type and italics, so that they could not possibly be overlooked by prospective students:

"The proper age to begin dramatic studies , . . earlier than sixteen is too young, older than thirty, too old . . ."

"I’m forty-six," said Tony slowly. "You know, it made me have a funny feeling. Not just because I have the money now and don’t have the youth. But because I don’t have the dreams any more. I’m perfectly content to do my little programs on the air. Three shows a week, including the time it takes to write them, rehearse them and broadcast them, only require ten hours of work. All the other work I have plenty of leisure to make my violins and read and exercise.

"You see, I’m not an actor or any of the things I thought I would be—and I’m satisfied."

He leaned back in his chair, drew on his pipe. "I guess," said Tony philosophically, "I guess you sort of take what life gives you, don’t you?"
And it's still, to Tony Wons, a great source of wonderment that life gave him of all unlikely candidates for the job, a radio career. Just by chance, there was the piece of scrap that dug into his side in wartime. There was the day he lay motionless on a cot on a train platform in Chicago and said goodbye to Ruby, his wife, and never expected to see her again. The ailment was pleurisy and he was off to the Veterans' Hospital, and the doctors said he couldn't possibly live.

By chance, however, he pulled through. For a year, propped in bed, he whiled the long hours away with books, magazines, newspapers. He began to cut out pieces that he'd read and liked, he began to write a little, and when his eyes were tired he began to paste the things he'd clipped and written into a scrapbook.

Out of the hospital, jobless, a wife and daughter to support, he played a hunch and took his scrapbook to Hi-Lo's in Chicago.

The station manager thumbed through the next pages, looked up at Tony with a gleam in his eye. "Fellow," he exclaimed enthusiastically, "you've got the greatest idea for a program here I ever saw! What shall we call it?"

Tony rattled off a dozen fancy names.

"No," said the station manager. "Just call it Tony's Scrapbook."

And so a program was born that was to give Tony Wons the biggest break he'd ever had.

He doesn't know why that should have happened to him. He'd never had much education, nor very many advantages. His parents, born in Poland, came to this country to settle in Menasha, where Mr. Wons made his living playing church organs. Anthony Stephen was the youngest of their six children. At the age of twelve he left school to work in a factory, thirteen hours a day for $.30. Alongsid him worked rough, grown men, who cursed, told ugly jokes, fought among themselves. That sort of thing, some say, will ruin a child or make him. It made Tony.

When he was twenty-four he met, at a political meeting, one night, a slender, hazel-eyed girl named Ruby Hill. The two fell desperately in love, were engaged for three years. Tony didn't know when they'd marry, because they didn't see how they could afford it. Until one afternoon, in a day coach, on their way into town to have dinner and see a show, they made up each other's minds.

They got to the Municipal Bureau just as it was closing. The judge let them wait while he kept a dental appointment and ate his supper, but then he did keep his promise to come back and marry them. The item Tony remembers most vividly was that his cap, forgotten in the excitement, got locked up in the court house; that he went back home bare-headed, but proud and happy, for all the townfolk to see.

The first few years it was tough going, financially, for Ruby and Tony. Tony worked in a butcher shop, tended furnaces, played drums in a shabby dance band, to support his wife and baby daughter. The trio moved to Chicago, where he could get a better job working in an office. At last things were working out beautifully. They'd even made the down payment on a bungalow in the suburbs.

Then the pleurisy.

Then—just by chance—radio.

---

Stage Women Solve Monthly Problem
this New Sanitary Way

No Betraying Pins
No Bunchy Pads, Sterilized
Completely Dainty

Women who must always look their very best before the public have adopted a new, modern way of sanitary protection. Entirely hidden.

No more betraying pins or belts, no bunchy pads. Cashay—the new sanitary protector—is worn internally.

They look so small and soft—almost like a powder puff. You can hardly believe they're effective. But Cashay is spun in a special way, of finest cotton and surgical gauze. By actual test, each little tampon is 40% more absorbent in use than one of those bulky pads you've been wearing.

Completely dainty! And comfortable! Once properly in—Cashay fits perfectly. Can't embarrass you by getting out of place. No chafing.

Cashay is actually more sanitary . . . scrupulously, surgically clean. Each Cashay is wrapped in Cellophane and sterilized after wrapping.

You'll never go back to the old way, once you've used Cashay. You'll be so enthusiastic about Cashay—as actresses, sportswomen, college girls are. Only 35¢ a box at drug, department stores—also in a 10¢ box and 10¢ stores. Booklet free!
Tony zoomed to the top, from his modest beginning at W.L.S. When New York beckoned, he moved his family into a spacious, sunny Manhattan apartment, forty floors up in the sky. He gave them the luxuries he'd always wanted them to have—a car, nice clothes, a boat, a home in the country. He worked hard, and success topped success. His published scrapbook sold a million copies, his programs drew fan response along with the very biggest shows. His income mounted.

"But not as high as I often read it was," Tony admitted honestly. "People said I was a millionaire, because my book sold a million copies at one dollar—they didn't stop to find out that I got to a dime on a copy. If you want to know the actual truth, I've made $250,000, all told, out of my radio work. That's not much compared to what some others have made, but it's enough for me."

"You see," said Tony smiling, "I learned how to save when I was a youngster."

For ten years, then, Tony Wons was one of the biggest names on the air. His work was loved. He was well and happy; his family was well and happy. Everything, apparently, was going along in wonderful fashion. He didn't even look at the calendar.

And then something happened. Not all at once, but in a small way and with an alarming rapidity.

The first indication was that Tony sat longer and longer on his typewriter. A program that he had always written in an hour began to take two hours, four hours, five hours. And even at that, somehow, it wouldn't be such a good program.

"What did you think of the show today?" he'd ask several of his intimate friends, the ones he knew wouldn't "yes" him falsely.

"Well ...fair," they'd comment frankly. "Seems like you said it all before, though."

Eight hours, sometimes a day and an evening, sitting over his typewriter, just for one script. Why couldn't he think of material, the way he used to? Why was his stuff getting trite and stagnant? Wasn't he trying harder than ever?

"Read this script, please, Ruby," he'd ask in despair. "What do you think of it?"

Ruby would read it. Then, looking at her husband with honest eyes, she'd answer: "It's... well, darling, somehow, it's old stuff, that's all."

Then Tony knew. The thing was happening to him that kills stars quicker and surer than anything else on earth. He was getting stale, hackneyed. He was doing the same thing over and over and over.

Tony Wons was slipping—he realized it just in time.

In a desperate effort to save himself, he tried hiring expensive writers, the way big-time comedians do.

"It didn't work," said Tony. "They either wrote better or worse than I did. But whatever they wrote, it wasn't my kind of thing, somehow. I have to write my own stuff, or it falls flat when I speak it."

Tony and Ruby talked it over. In the first place, he was tired—physically. He hadn't had a vacation to speak of for ten years. And when a man's body is weary, his brain is weary, too. Stars can't be tired and shine.

In the second place, he'd done the same thing too long. He needed to lay off, to try to forget radio completely, freshen his ideas with a change of scene and occupation.

In the third place, he had to do something and do it quickly!

Tony made up his mind. His sponsored series was about to end; he had new offers pending, but he wouldn't accept any of them; his fan mail, his Crosley rating, were still at peak points, but they wouldn't, they couldn't, hold him down.

So he was just beginning to slip, was he? Well, he'd quit radio, before radio quit him!

Few stars have the nerve to do a thing like that. Most of them hang on, hoping, praying that they can skid down the ladder. But to Tony retirement was a simple gamble. If he stayed on, stagnant and repetitious, he'd be sure to lose his following. If he quit for a while, maybe he could come back, some day, as strong as ever.

But only*maybe*. That was the thought that made him white-faced and nervous. *Maybe* listeners might forget Tony Wons. Listeners are fickle.

On Center Island, deep in the great beautiful silence of Lake of the Woods, Tony put on a radio to listen to. That was just the way he wanted it, a total change. For neighbors, he had only Indians from a nearby reservation. For work, he had building his boat, his canoe, his boat dock, his house of native stone. He grew strong and hearty again, with sunshine, quiet, clean air, hard physical labor, food from his garden, his rod and reel, his domestic animals.

It was all very fine, exactly what he needed. For a year. And then Tony Wons felt the old yearning for radio again, for the hustle of it, the thrills, the competition, the labor, the satisfaction.

He said to Ruby, one evening, when they sat watching the still sunset across the wrinkled blue face of the lake: "This place has done me well. I feel rested. I feel full of ideas, the way I used to. I know I could make a go of radio again—why, I could write a script now in thirty minutes— I know it!" Just to prove it, he got out his battered portable and wrote something. "I think," he said to Ruby then, "I think I'm going back to New York—if I can."

He notified his agent in New York that he'd be available for a good offer, let him know when one came.

A great didn't let him know. Two months... He began to worry. Four months, and he said to Ruby somberly: "It looks like the jig is up."

They moved back to their home at Kosha, Wisconsin, prepared to stay there. Tony fitted up his workshop over the barn, got out the big block of old curly maple he'd been saving, set to work at his consuming hobby of carving exquisitely beautiful and exquisitely toned violins. At night he visited with his old friends, read books he listened to the radio, went along as though nothing had happened.

But inside he was sick and lonely with dread—for fear he'd gambled and lost. At last an offer came, but it wasn't the right offer, for a number of reasons, and Tony turned it down. Week after week he waited anxiously. No news.

Until, six months to the day since he'd
written his agent, his present sponsor wired him. Within seventy-two hours Tony was back in New York.

And no other story of his mysterious disappearance and reappearance is true.

"Furthermore, I’ve learned a lesson," said Tony. "From now on I’m going to take at least a four-month vacation from the air every year. Don’t you notice Jack Benny, Fred Allen, Cantor do it? They’re wise! They need a rest, and it doesn’t hurt to give their audiences one, too. It’s a good idea, all the way around.

"Why are we, all of us humans, so sure of ourselves that we think we can’t be done without? I sometimes pride myself, secretly, on the fact that I believe I haven’t any concert—well, a minimum amount of it, anyway. But, just the other day, in a restaurant on Central Park, I thought people were staring at me. I was sure they recognized me and were staring—until I discovered Mrs. Roosevelt was seated right behind my table!"

Tony laughed heartily. "That took me down a peg all right! I gave myself a good lecture when I got home. I deserved it!"

In oblivion today there are hundreds of stars who’d be back in radio now, in pictures, on the stage, if they’d been as wise and courageous as Tony Wons.

But once returned, could he make a comeback? That’s why Tony couldn’t talk of the thing he’d done, until he’d entirely completed the job. He has, you see, made a comeback, now! From the first few weeks he was on the air, his audience response ranked right up with the top-notchers. His programs are fresher and better than ever, his sponsor pleased, his star shining more brilliantly in the ether heavens than ever before.

His listeners didn’t forget, after all—and one Anthony Stephen Wons is just about the happiest and most grateful man in radio.

**The Glamour Girl**

**APPRECIATES THE ECONOMY OF THE NEW**

**LINIT MAGIC MILK MASK**

This beauty-wise girl knows that popularity goes hand-in-hand with a clear, lovely, glowing complexion.

She protects and beautifies her skin with the new Linit Magic Milk Mask. It costs her almost nothing, yet keeps her face looking soft and smooth—lively and vibrant. It’s ever so easy to enjoy this marvelous new home beauty treatment. While simple to apply, it’s almost magical in results!

*Simply mix three tablespoons of Linit (the same Linit that is so well known as a Beauty Bath) and one teaspoon of cold cream with enough milk to make a nice, firm consistency. Apply it generously to the cleansed face and neck. Relax during the twenty minutes it takes to set, then rinse off with clear, tepid water.*

**How Firm**—how clean your skin will feel! The gentle stimulation the mask gives your skin induces the facial circulation to throw off sluggish waste matter and heightens natural bloom. This is an excellent “guide” to proper make-up, as the bloom indicates where your rouge should be applied. The Linit Mask also eliminates “shine” and keeps your make-up looking fresh for hours.
It is hard to believe that Feminine Hygiene can be so dainty, easy and Greaseless.

**But it is true.** Zonitors, snow-white, antiseptic, greaseless, are not only easy to use but are completely removable with water. For that reason alone thousands of women now prefer them to messy, greasy suppositories. Entirely ready for use, requiring no mixing or clumsy apparatus. Odorless—and ideal for deodorizing. You'll find them superior for this purpose, too!

*More and more women are ending the nuisance of greasy suppositories, thanks to the exclusive new greaseless Zonitors, for modern feminine hygiene.*

There is nothing like Zonitors for daintiness, easy application and easy removal. There remain no quinine or harmful drugs, to cocoa butter to melt or run. Zonitors make use of the world famous Zonite anterior principle favored because of its antiseptic power combined with its freedom from "burn" danger to delicate tissues.

Full instructions in package. $1 for box of 12—at all U. S. and Canadian druggists. Free booklet in plain envelope on request. Write Zonitors, 3211 Chrysler Bldg., New York City.

Each in individual glass vial.

---

**Zonitors**

**FOR FEMININE HYGIENE**

**A Zonite Product**

---

How to Secure
and how to Keep
A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

Evety woman wants to have a flawless complexion, a creamy, lovely skin. Men admire and love beauty. Beauty makes you more popular, brings more dates, invites romance. Beauty gives you poise, self-assurance, confidence. Why not be beautiful?

The makers of **STUART'S LAXATIVE COMPOUND TABLETS** will send you entirely FREE and without obligation, their fascinating booklet by a well known beauty authority, entitled: "Aids to Beauty." ... write every woman should do. For free sample, Stuart's Laxative Compound Tablets and a free copy of "Aids to Beauty"... what every woman should do, send name and address now.

---

**NO MORE MOVIES!**

(Continued from page 30)

Musical picture, but we turned it down. There have been other offers, two or three more, just within the past year, that have been turned down for the same reason. Kathryn isn't going to appear in a picture for eight or ten minutes of songs, as a radio "name" that will pull at the box office. We made one mistake in Hello, Everybody."

"But that picture was a dramatic part," I mentioned.

"Yes—but story and production were weak," Ted said. After all, Kathryn has been an accurate—be it achieved success on the air she was successful on the stage. But the best actress can be ruined by slipshod production and a weak story.

There's no question about that, of course.

Kathryn's hit on Broadway in Honeymoon Lane, her first big show, then in Hit The Deck and in Flying High, which is an excellent example of how a show, practically built-to-order for a performer, as this was for Kate, can give that performer a real chance to show to advantage. And her huge successes in those shows bear witness that Kate Smith was primarily an actress and comedienne, before she became radio's best-known voice.

It's logical, too, to assume Kate would be a picture hit. There have always been "fat" characters on stage and screen who were beloved by their public; back as far as the late John Bunny, and up to Wallace Beery. And certainly few actresses have more endeared themselves to the world than the late Marie Dresser, who was so young and whose career comprised over forty years in the theatre and Hollywood.

That doesn't mean Ted Collins has picked Kate as another Marie Dresser; rather, that those examples demonstrate big girls, with as much warmth and charm and personality as Kate Smith undoubtedly has, can fill a niche in the visual entertainment field, given the right chance.

"What Hollywood has been offering," Kate said, "is a chance to 'start over'; they're willing to bet on a name that will draw. But the money isn't particularly interesting to me; I do well enough on the air, and even if I were to make another picture, I wouldn't attempt to carry on with radio work at the same time.

"Then you mean you might... after all, consider the right kind of offer?"

Kate smiled and shook her head. "I've told you what I think, and I mean it. That was a theoretical assumption."

But, supposing," I suggested, "some picture outfit offered you the right story, guaranteed a Class-A production, with a good cast, and all that goes to make a top-notch picture. Wouldn't you be tempted?"

"No, I frankly wouldn't," Kate said. "I have plenty to keep me busy and the wolf from the door, and after all, that's up to Ted. He's the boss."

Kate means that, too. Her association with Ted Collins is practically unique, ever since the day when, as an executive of a phonograph recording company, he dropped into Flying High, was impressed with Kate Smith's possibilities and stopped backstage to talk to her. It is as his managing director ever since, and it has been directly through his efforts that Kate became one of radio's leading lights. There's never been a contract between them, but Collins and Kate found, that first evening, that they were interested in certain directions, and things went on from there. They have, of course, been involved in other projects, things and she's never had occasion to regret placing all her business affairs in his capable hands. Ted, on the other hand, resigned his position, and has devoted himself solely to Kate's management. He's President and Treasurer of Kate Smith's, while Kate is Vice-President and chief asset. And having found the value of Ted's guidance, Kate invariably bows to his judgment in business matters.

That guidance has carried Kate a long way since the days when a few hundred a week in a show seemed big money: when a $250.00 fur coat was the height of luxury. When she first went on the air for CBS, during her Flying High engagement, Kate received the munificent sum of fifty dollars a week. And the dividends for six, for not for each. But it wasn't long before the Kate Smith warmth and untroubled naturalness were getting over, and soon the La Palina commercial was paying big dividends. Kate's earnings since have been mentioned in seven figures. At the same time she has made as much, or more, for the various charities that she works for.

At one time Kate Smith was criticized for her constant appeals over the air for charity, the critic indicating that she was seeking publicity. Kate, hurt by the blast, stopped all charitable urging over the air, for some time. But she was miserable about it, and finally she spoke up on her program, telling why she had stopped, and ended with the defiant assertion that, no matter what other self-appointed critic might say about it, she found happiness in helping others and meant to go right ahead doing it.

Those who know Kate Smith don't believe that her reasons for stressing charity are purely ulterior; that the underlying motive is a desire for publicity. They are quite certain that Kate does enjoy offering a helping hand; that she gets her greatest pleasure earning money through her efforts and appeals for one charity or another. If one woman wants to call that selfish, one may; the fact remains that, over a few years ago, the total of Kate Smith's earnings for charity passed the million-dollar mark, exclusive of personal donations. And it's a safe bet that the recipients of the money found worthy use for it; money that, otherwise, might never have reached the causes Kate appeals for. She rounds up that money the hard way, too; not only by radio appeals, but by innumerable personal appearances, grants, at benefits and publicity.

She is an honorary member of practically every charitable organization in addition to those, has several pet personal charities, too, an ardent ski-er, Kate has been offering a yearly prize of $1000 for the Women's Slalom Championship of North America, a skiing contest at Lake Placid. Kate plays the Placid golf course in 100, too, and offers a $2,000-cup for the
Lake Placid Open Golf Tournament. Six years ago she inaugurated National Flower-Shut-in Day, which still continues, and is administered by Kated, Inc., which also announces the Kate Smith Foundation Award, a subsidiary organization which spends upwards of $6,500 on dolls alone at Christmas for underprivileged children.

No, Kate's charities are hardly lip service. And if she finds a genuine personal pleasure in them, so much the better for Kate. That's one of the reasons Kate continues in radio. After two years on the La Palina show, Kate was ready to retire. She had made plenty of money and saw no incentive for going on making more money she didn't particularly need. It was then that Ted Collins arranged for her vaudeville tour as a change, and Kate played to packed houses across the country. Seeing her public and hearing their applause helped a lot; then, when Kate returned, Kated, Inc., was organized. It gave her something to work for—a business of her own. Fifty-odd persons are employed now, and, in addition to Kate Smith, the corporation manages Jack Miller, who has been Kate's orchestra leader and accompanist for seven years, the Three Ambassadors, the LeBrun Sisters and Smith and Dale, as well as handling the enormous volume of mail her programs and Hero Awards brings in.

Kate's poise, too, has developed since the days when four hundred a week seemed big money. That poise, however, is a natural simplicity of manner rather than sophistication. On one occasion, some time ago, during a broadcast, Kate suddenly looked panic-stricken. She kept on her song, however, and for the rest of the program seemed quite herself. Not until the studio audience had filed out did anyone realize what had occurred—and then only when Kate's laugh rang out, freighted with relief. She had noticed, while singing, that a valuable diamond was missing from its setting, and when the show was over began a frantic search, luckily finding it in the welter of her evening skirt.

Kate has had, and is having, a busy, well-rounded life. She's been a comedienne, singer, dancer and actress; she's packed them in at the New York Palace, setting an all-time high, and sang with Stokowski and the Philadelphia Symphony. Her program is one of the few on the air that is produced by her own organization exclusively, and all her free time is spent at her favorite sports at Lake Placid, with her mother in Washington, or at the Long Island home of Ted Collins and his wife, who is one of Kate's closest friends.

There's no dearth of money or success; why, then, should Kate pile added burdens on her shoulders by tackling another medium—movies—that has so far failed to demonstrate that it can do as well for her as she has, so far, done for herself?

There could be only one reason: the vast army of Kate Smith admirers who would like to see her on the screen, as well as hear her on the air. Perhaps, if that army asks for their vociferously enough, perhaps if some picture outfit made insistent offers of the right story, director and production, they might sell Ted Collins the idea that Kate belongs in pictures, even though Kate isn't particularly interested. For, as she says, "Ted's the boss—and what he says goes!"

Meanwhile, he isn't saying.

**THE INDIAAS on the warpath and the Cowboys are ready to fight—but Buffalo Bill can't take part. For he has a cold, and Mother is afraid to let him go out of the house.**

Like every mother—every winter—she faces the problem of how to gain greater freedom from colds for her family. The right answer would mean less time lost from work, from school, and from play. It would mean less worry and less expense. It would mean better health for every member of her household—less danger from the after-effects of colds.

**THE ANSWER.**—The right answer seems to be clearly indicated by the results of an extensive clinical study—in fact, one of the largest ever made on colds. This study included four series of tests. They were made under everyday living conditions, and included 17,353 subjects, more than 7,000 of them school children. In the course of the tests, a total of 37 physicians and 512 nurses and supervisors took part. The official summary of results shows not only fewer colds and shorter colds, but actually—

- **Sickness from Colds Cut More than Half (50.88%)!**
- **School Absences Due to Colds Cut Even More (57.86%)!**

These results were gained by following a simple plan that any mother can easily follow right in her home—Vicks Plan for Better Control of Colds. This practical home guide represents the 30 years' experience of Vick Chemists and Medical Consultants in dealing with colds. It includes a few sensible health rules and just two forms of specialized medication: Vicks VA-TRO-NOL, the scientific aid in preventing many colds; and Vicks VAPORUB, the family standby for relieving colds.

**IN YOUR OWN HOME**—What Vicks Plan can do for you and your family may be less—or even more—than what it did for thousands of people in these scientific tests. But its splendid record in this huge colds-clinic certainly makes it well worth trying in your own home. Full details of Vicks Plan and its remarkable results come with each bottle of Va-tro-nol and each jar of Vapourub.
musicals put on by the family for the family. It seems that the Bergians—man, boys and women—would hold in as long as they could and long after ‘they’d just have to express themselves musically or burst—so out would come the instruments and off they’d go on an afternoon’s musical jag.

“My mother has always helped me with my music—she taught piano, you know. And I could tell, with the kids playing them, that it wasn’t so long before I found myself really interested in playing. Then, too, that set-up made it easier work, so that I never missed kid baseball and football—played and practiced, too.”

Which makes him slightly unique amongst an army of kids who blow and scrape and sowel, while other kids make home runs.

Somehow all of this talk seemed to affect him mightily, as his lazy, Irish-blue eyes traveled over his night-club surroundings. White-coated waiters staggered about with trays of food and gin in an atmosphere of intense if slightly forced, gaiety—and yet his mind was obviously back in his little room and on Moore’s Advanced Viola Solos.

For the space of a moment he was pensive, then, with a flick of one of my cigarettes, he went on telling me his life story—evidently this finding relief from a strangely placed nostalgia.

In high school, even as in grammar school, he managed by that same miracle to go in for athletics and music without noticeable loss to either. Indeed, he occupied the chair of first fiddle (without the swelled head this time) in the high school symphony orchestra—an organization devoted to doing irreparable damage to Tannhäuser and other great composers, entirely undeserving of the treatment they received.

“Tell me,” he was nigh to bursting with chuckles, “that there were tremendous disturbances at the graves of Schubert and Mozart, at the very moments we were playing their works!”

Be such turning-over-in-graves as it may—after high school days, he turned to college. Everyone knew he was attending the University of Wisconsin, so he decided that he must, too. Since the family purse didn’t run to tuition and college necessities, he bought a new cake of rosin and went in for club work (when a musician works through several booking offices on overnight engagements, he is doing club work) and theatre jobs about college.

“For a long time I’d realized that I wasn’t going places as a hot fiddle player. I didn’t possess the knack of making the thing work that way—sweet music, yes—but no. Then I turned to the trumpet. My granislatted—wasn’t as frantic about what he lets a boy in for, some time back had shown me how the valves on the trumpet worked. Yeah, the middle one, too—he said you pressed it down. It wasn’t hard to pick it up from there.”

And there—to Mr. Ripley’s eternal shame and mortification—is a lightherto unnoted fact: Bunny Berigan, easily one of the world’s hottest trumpeters, has never, in all his life, taken a single lesson on the trumpet.

“Nor said I was fully aware of the fact that I wasn’t so terrific as a fiddle player, so when a fellow named Jake, who worked for me whenever my own little six-piece band got a job, told me about a bigger and longer-established outfit that needed a trumpet man that very night, I made up my mind right then and there. I borrowed my trumpet’s horn and went over to their office, accompanied by Jake and several qualms. They took Jake’s word for my ability and that night I went on the season’s swankiest job."

Jake was scared, Jake was scared—after all, he’d taken my word for it that I knew the middle valve from the others—but after a few numbers I got over my stage-fright and then it was plain, if fancy, sailing. If they’d known. . . .

But they never found out, and probably wouldn’t have cared, after young Bunn-y and his horn began to mix with the younger set, who wanted music so hot they could turn off the clubhouse furnace in January, thereby saving enough to pay for an extra night’s dancing. And again he outwitted those wiseacres who say that you can’t be an athlete and a musician, by playing football for all of the two years that he was in college. He wasn’t a bad football man, but he was a decidedly better trumpet player.

From successful work with all of the bands around the university and from theatre work, which helped his trumpet playing considerably, he began to get the notion that he was wasting time and that if he was to get on in the field of music he had better tackle New York and the name-bands pretty soon. Therefore, when he graduated he went out to the west coast of sophomore French only by dint of a full month—serenading the prof, who suffered abominably from insomnia, he decided to quit.

“I surmised that I might just as well play for Broadway as for a prof who couldn’t sleep, so I landed here in town and, after a considerable struggle, got myself a job with Frank Cornwell’s band. It’s a tough job, breaking into the New York musical field, let me tell you. I wish someone had impressed it on me a little more firmly, years ago, and I wouldn’t have rushed into the city. I’d have picked myself into the second semester of sophomore English only by dint of a full month—serenading the prof, who suffered abominably from insomnia, he decided to quit.

“But that’s New York, for you. No matter what you may mean, musically speaking, in a town as big as Madison or New York City, still there’s only one New York and it’s worth a lot of trouble to make the grade here. So I suppose it’s no use warning other young guys to take their time about the big city, eh?"

Bergian made good, though, and Bunny R. (for Roland) went through a swift succession of jobs with Hal Kemp, Tommy Dorsey, Abe Lyman, Paul Whitman, Rudy

SPOTS AND STAINS VANISH WITHOUT ANY WORK

• GONE are the days when cleaning toilets was a nasty job. Sani-
  FLEX is made scientifically to do
  this job. No scrubbing. No scour-
  ing. No smelly disinfectants. Just
  pour a little of this odorless powder
  in the bowl. (Follow directions on
  the can.) Flush away filth, stains,
  rust. Porcelain sparkles like new.
  It cleans the hidden trap that no other
  method can reach. Toilets never smell.
  Germs are killed. Sani-FLEX cannot
  injure plumbing. It is also
  effective for cleaning automobile
  radiators (directions on can). Sold
  by grocery, drug, hardware, and
  five and ten-cent stores.

Lilac and 25c size: The
Hygienic Products Co.,
Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush
CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

Have you read Rudy Vallee’s own column of
paragraphs in the BIG BOOK OF MY PUBLIC OPINION—on Page 16 of this issue. Don’t miss it!

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE...

Without Calomel—And You’ll Jump
Out of Bed in the Morning Karin’ to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flow-

ing freely, your food doesn’t digest. It just dyes the

bowels. Gets bloats up your stomach. You

get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn’t get at the

cause of your grumpy, gloomy feelings. It takes

those gobs, old Carter’s Little Liver Pills to get

those two pounds of bile flowing freely and

make you feel “up and up.” Harmless, gentle,

yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for

Carter’s Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly

refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores.

RADIO STARS

SOME LIKE IT HOT

(Continued from page 42)
Vallee, and the Goodman, both here and abroad.

By now he was a thoroughly rounded-out musician and a man fabled for his outstanding ability to play hot. He must have been, because, when he opened with a swing combination at the Famous Door—a 2nd Street night club on New York's "Swing Lane," he created a fair-sized sensation—sort of pianissimo colossal.

Besides the Famous Door, 2nd Street has several similar spots including the celebrity-overrun "21." With the exception of "21" they're all very much alike—small, packed to the doors with people, devastatingly hot and music. The Music Goes 'Round was born on this street, and in the Famous Door the music went 'round and 'round and the patrons who came late sat on the chandeliers and dueted verbally over the respective merits of Dorsey and Goodman.

But it wasn't long before they stopped worrying about those gentlemen and began hunting for people who would disagree with them when they said that this new, young maestro was the best hot trumpet player in all the world.

Not only the crowd on the chandeliers liked Bunny, for CBS picked him to head their new Saturday night Swing Session, with which they were making a bid for the favor of the younger crowd. Under his leadership the hour zoomed to tremendous popularity and with it swept Berigan, tooting madly, while people listening at home sat on chandeliers to get the night club effect.

Somewhere in the midst of thousands of hot notes and his constant struggle to make a name for himself, he found time to work at Jansen's Holbrau on Broadway and it was there that a very important thing happened.

"I never had paid much attention to the girl dancers in the places I worked at. They all seemed alike—ambitious, hard and too often cynical. At least, that was my opinion, until one evening, when I came to work with a bad case of sunburn. I'd been swimming out on Long Island, all day, and the effects of the sun were just making themselves known when I plopped down, after the first set, at a table in the rear.

"It was pretty warm in the place and the combination of heat, sunburn and smoke was too much for me. I began to feel dizzy. Just then a soft voice said: 'Here, drink this.' By then I was so dizzy that I could hardly make out her face, but I did as she ordered. Well, sir, I'll have you know that she looked after me all evening and even sent out for some sunburn cream she knew about. The next day I found out that her name was Donna I married her."

The Berigans today number four—ma, pa and two little girls, Joyce and Patsy.

"They're the sweetest babies in the world and they think their daddy is the best of all possible daddies. Joyce is a year old and Patsy is five. Today was Patsy's birthday, that's why I was so late in picking you and Virginia up. Sorry."

But he wasn't really sorry. Reports have it that he would cancel any engagement— anywhere, any time—if his children were sick or even very lonesome for him.

"Donna and I are definitely agreed on one thing. That is that she shouldn't work. We feel that you can't bring kids up properly if both parents are away from home, working. Especially in our business, where we'd both have to work nights and sleep most of the day."

Musicians like and respect this man. They like him for his good nature and they respect a good "cat"—a good hot man. There's little doubt about a musician who can blow F over High C, and who has an easy four-octave range. If you could see him lead his band, whenever they play or broadcast, you'd know that he loved his work, because of one thing—he dances, very quietly, as he conducts.

He still loves his "jam" sessions. Together with men like Mugsy Spanier, Skinnay Erns and Johnny Trotter, he'll sit down several afternoons a week and play hot music—without pay—solely for the fun of it. That's a fact!

He hasn't been a leader long, but his popularity growth has been important. After all, he's a young man of twenty-eight—even if a moustache and a bad set of publicity pictures, taken when he was heavier, do make him look thirty-five— and he's got plenty of time. Right now he's looking to the Coast or Mid-West for future triumphs.

Bunny freely admits he's never been able to save money. However he's young, full of life and enough wind to blow a trumpet for many years to come—so he just isn't worrying.

It's all more jam fun!

"CULTIVATE CHARM IN YOUR HANDS"

says

Joan Bennett
(Walter Wanger Star)

"IF A GIRL wants to play romantic parts in the pictures," says Joan Bennett, "she finds soft, smooth hands a great help. I think every girl should cultivate charm in her hands for the sake of her own real-life romance." It's easy to have charming hands—if you use Jergens regularly!

Hands need not Chap and Roughen ...when Lotion GOES IN

It's worth while to care for your hands—prevent ugly chapping, redness and roughness that make them look so old.

Constant use of water, plus exposure to wind and cold robs hand skin of its beauty-preserving moisture.

But Jergens Lotion replenishes that moisture, because this lotion sinks into the skin. Of all lotions tested lately, Jergens proved to go in the best. Leaves no stickiness! Contains two famous ingredients that many doctors use to soften and whiten harsh skin. Jergens is your shortest cut to velvety, young hands that encourage romance. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—or $1.00 at any beauty counter.

JERGENS LOTION

FREE: PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE OF JERGENS

See for yourself—entirely free—how effectively this fragrant Jergens Lotion goes in—softens and whitens chapped, rough hands.

The Andrew Jergens Co. 1658 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. In Canada, Poir, Ontario

Name

Street

City

State

25"
and as usual ended up in a play and a fix. That is merely to say that she played the Melancholy Jacques in *As You Like It*.

"Little Sheila," she says, "was bad in the part, awful bad—almost as bad as Richard Bennett. My make-up as a man featured a luxuriant moustache, painted on me, *à la Groucho Marx*. I was a beauty, I assure you—a tall, gangling girl, sporting a moustache that melted under the stress of her perspiring efforts and ran into her mouth."

Sheila, finished with school, prepared to come out. Her début was to be quite a splash—would have been, were it not for her father's woeful lack of knowledge of money matters. For, while Thomas Francis Jackson Barrett was one of Washington's most brilliant lawyers, he was easily its most simple one when it came to turning down an appeal for money. Just a week before the début was scheduled to come off, a man approached Mr. Barrett with a sad story, borrowed a huge sum of money from him and disappeared forever. So did Miss Barrett's début, and Miss Barrett was just as glad.

"So I went into stock. Gosh, that does sound swell, doesn't it? . . . went into stock." She drained half a glass of milk and lit a cigarette before she went on. "My part, you see, was very important. I walked on, said: 'Dinner is served, Madame!' and then went home. Ten dollars a week! You should have seen my make-up—real Chauve Souris stuff. Much too white powder over all, excessive black around the eyes and, for rouge, a round, red spot on each cheek. As if that wasn't bad enough, I would have to rush to help a principal open a door, and trip her, so that she fell onto the stage! They said I was 'over-anxious' and let me go!

But she wasn't discouraged. At fifteen she sat down and wrote David Belasco an impassioned eight-page letter, the essence of which was that Barrett was a swell actress. He replied, asking her to come and see him. And he was very kindly, talked to her, gave her a picture of himself signed, "Affectionately yours, David Belasco," and sent her home with the advice that she was too young, and to come back in three or four years.

"But I wasn't too young and I didn't go home. He says I'd be a swell young actress does, sat in managers' offices for weeks on end. When I first got hits with Butler Davenport on 26th Street, I thought I had something, but when I was kept playing parts of widows with veils, I up and quit.

"Then I decided that I simply had to be in the Greenwich Village Follies that the Shuberts were working on. I followed a man connected with them, for eight blocks—until he gave me a card that would allow me to do my stuff before a squad of Shuberts, who were holding an audition that day.

"They had been watching people juggle, dance and sing all day long, and so well into the evening that it was nearly three o'clock in the morning by the time they got around to me. I did all the imitations I knew and they laughed and laughed and everyone was highly amused—so they put me in the show as an ordinary showgirl!"

From then on she appeared on-stage nearly every five minutes, either as a stooge or a showgirl, let's say, in a filmy costume and stretched out to her full six feet on the cushions of a sultan's harem. "I was a great foil for the comics," she grinned. "I think I was shot and killed twelve times in every show, I really do. Don't you love it?"

She had no limits beyond "yes" and "no," so it caused the Shuberts no trouble when she slid into a vaudeville skit with Harry J. Conley, who did rule dialogue. Sheila was a good straight woman for him and no one shot blank pistols off in her face.

From the Comedy Club to twelve weeks at the Palace, in Billy Gaxton's vaudeville act. She didn't have much to do but she was crazy about Gaxton, as is everyone, and she looked stunning in a dress lent her by the late Mary Brown. It was a Chanel model in red and she looked stiff in it.

That was nothing new for her because she always has liked clothes and always has looked well in them. Recently the Fashion Academy voted her one of the ten best-dressed women (she represented the night clubs—Kay Francis, the movies, etc.), but they didn't know that she hates to wear the hats she wears so well and that, even in the swank "21" Club, she tosses her hat aside as soon as no one is looking.

"After the Gaxton run, which at twelve weeks was a record, I went on in vaudeville with Walter Woolf and Verree Teasdale," she said. "I had all of six lines in the skit, opposite Milton Le Roy—he's Phillip Reed in the movies now. We were both as kiddish and young as the couple we were supposed to represent. So we rehearsed those terribly important six lines all over the theatre—upstairs, downstairs—even in the ticket window, until finally Phil Reed brightened and said: 'I know, let's do them like Lunt and Fontanne.'"

Followed more vaudeville, where she did her imitations in a "single"; that is, alone—Lenore Ulric, Lionel Barrymore, ZaSu Pitts, Bert Lahr, The Garbo, Ed Wynne, and Fannie Brice, one of her pets among the chorus girls. It was a step to twelve weeks at the Palace, in Billy Gaxton's vaudeville act. But she was in the midst of pepping up a dead party with the Lenore Ulric one, when a man was so overcome by it that he grabbed her, practically tossed her into a cab and hustled her over to the Ha-Ha Club, where he knew the manager and where she was immediately signed up for $200 a week. It sounds very much like Horatio Alger in tails and white tie, but it doesn't happen to be true— for Sheila had already worked with Jean Malin at the Imperial Club. Malin had gained a small reputation for herself and didn't need to be tossed into a cab. Malin, who played a lavender character, once threw a man bodily out of the club when he got noisy during Sheila's act.

"I had the time of my life when I did work at the Ha-Ha Club," she says. "I
as with Dan Healey and Jack White, you know, and they're absolutely mad—as aren’t we all? We screamed and yelled and carried on—I adored it better than fe. I got a real break there, too, because the columnists began to notice my stuff and wrote me up once in a while.

Which is a help to a little girl breaking into the night-club world, but she deserved for she was beginning the stuff that most immediately lifted her several cuts above the rank and file of imitators. Unique stuff like Noel Coward, George Gross and Ernst Lubitsch doing an Old Jack Joe thing; Mae West as Juliet; C. Fields as Othello and Fannie Brice as Barbara Frietchie.

Small wonder then that she quickly radiated to the Chez Paree in Chicago, I Morocco and the Stork in New York, the Clover Club in Hollywood and the various clubs of London. Now it’s the Rainbow Room in Radio City and Sheila arrett, or Sheila Barrett and the Rainbow Room in Radio City—it’s all the rage and the customers eat it up.

The crowd at the Rainbow Room likes Speakeasy Girl number best. It’s the opposite story of a type of girl who hung round the speaks in the old days. She kept in with an older man and for a me was the life of the place. Then, as she drank more and more, she broke into obs and ended up by screeching that she was drunk and common and disgusted with everything and sundry—remember her? It’s powerful piece.

“I’ve got a lot of plans for my air ork,” she says. “For one thing, I want to do Mad About the Boy, the song, you know. I want to handle it in a Southern-girl way—about a boy who breaks a date with a girl. It’s all very Alice Adams-y. Then I want to do the piece that Judith Anderson used on the Vallee show, Jean Cocteau’s Beloved Voice—one woman alone plays it and it fairly drips with drama and punch.”

Typical of Sheila’s flair for showmanship and doing-the-right-thing, theatrically speaking, is her intent to do, over the air, also, people who support (really more than support) the screen stars. People like the Lillie Stavlers and the Una Merkels, who often carry a weak picture and supply much-needed humor to the screen. Yes, she writes her own material, with an occasional bit of aid from a Mr. Shakespeare and Kay Kenny.

Strangely enough her subjects, more often than not, really like the imitations she does of them, despite their Barrett barbs. A press-release says that Tallulah Bankhead was annoyed by her Barrett imitation, but, says Barrett, “Tallulah laughed and laughed, all through the imitation as I was doing it. We were at a private party and afterwards she rushed up to me, and, without realizing it, used almost the same lines I had used in the imitation. In her husky voice she said: ‘Oh, darling, you were simply marvelous! Oh, yes, you were! It was simply priceless, my dear, it really was!”

“And Katharine Cornell! I nearly died when Burgess Meredith introduced us for the first time. I couldn’t talk, I just couldn’t get a word out. Later, after I knew her better, and when we’d meet at parties, she’d say: ‘What have you got me doing now—tell me!’ Once, when she asked me, I told her that she had been doing Goody-Goody. She laughed for a minute—at the name I guess—then asked, quite seriously: ‘But what is Goody Goody?’

Sheila says that ZaSu Pitts is the most difficult of all her caricatures; Mae West the easiest. In her own words: “Although ZaSu is the stock-in-trade of almost every mimic, most of them fail in portraying her. That is because they miss the feeling of frustration which is her basic characteristic.” She has satirized more than seventy-five stage and screen personalities, with varying receptions by the individuals themselves. Lionel Barrymore, it was reported, was delighted with his, as was Katharine Hepburn. Harry Richman is supposed to have gone completely crazy over the one of him, to the extent of rehearing her for three days on some points.

On a recent Southern tour she did a number about a Southern belle lapping up a few in a New York bar. The belle gets tight and gives vent to a lot of you-all talk about her old Gran’pappy and yams and the family mansion and yams and finally, in an orgy of showing-off, yells: “Waitah—waitah—have yo got eny go’lkikker! Get me some!” Then she turns to her companion and shouts, even louder than before: “Th’ only reason fo’ th’ Civil War, ‘tall, was th’ Yankees couldn’t hold thir likker!”

“Well, sir, I’ll have you know that the very next day after I did this number, the manager of the theatre rushed into my dressing-room and said: ‘Sheila, ya gotta
take out that sketch about the Southern dame. The Georgia Society don't like it. They say it's a libel on Southern womanhood! Which, of course it wasn't," she continued, "because the character is no more representative of Southern womanhood than is Charlie McCarthy—so naturally I refused to take it out. The story about the Georgia Society and me was picked up by all the news services and, by gum, if over a hundred reputable Southerners didn't write and wire in, backing me up—so in it stayed."

The English, ever critical of their American cousins, found Barrett good to the taste. Her Speakeasy Girl they described as "simply fabulous," and one they really went mad over was about an American chorus girl who is sent abroad with a dancing troupe. As she walks up the gangplank of her ship she leaves over and calls out to a friend: "Hey! Dopey! Give me over and see de old lady while I'm away, will ye? Have a cup of tea with her." With a year in London behind her, the young choral returns and Dopey is on the dock to meet her and again she calls out to him, only this time she says: "Hello, there, old chap! I say, did you manage to pop over and have tea with Mater?"

The phone rang and, slipping into a brogue, she asked who was calling. Miss Barrett, she said, was out, but she, Bridget, could take a message—"sherry!" "You haven't seen America until you visit Central City," she went on, after slipping out of the brogue. "You know, the place where they put on those big shows every year—Walter Huston did Othello out there a season or two ago. This year Jed Harris put on A Doll's House, and I was there at the same time. It's a marvelous place, thousands of billions of whoosies—mountains I mean—hemming the town in. While I was there, they opened up the old Opera House and

found the programs from the last performance on the seats—and, word of honor, the last man who had played the theatre was Booth!"

In answer to a question, she pointed out the autographed photographs that lined the room.

"Yes, that's Ella Logan—she's a smart little gurrl! (Ella is Scotch). Chevalier, I admire him but I don't know him very well. The Dowlings, love 'em both. Noel Coward? I'm crazy about his work. Look! (she bounds about the room often, disconcertingly and always unexpectedly), "here's the wire I got from him in answer to an invitation to last night's opening:"

"Mr. Coward is frightfully sorry he cannot attend Miss Barrett's little party but Mr. Coward is going to the country Mr. Coward is."

"And it's signed, 'Mr. Coward.' Precious?"

But the strangest thing about this quite successful girl of twenty-nine (who admits she's supposed to say she is twenty-seven)—who has taken New York, Hollywood and London by comparative storm, who is launched on a radio program of her very own, who is a pal of both the social great and the literary sparklers—is that she claims to have an inferiority complex. Can you—er—te that?

"When I approached the mike for my first Grace broadcast, I nearly fainted. Graham McNamnec patted me on the back and I think it was that kindly little gesture that saved me. That's all part of an inferiority complex—if you don't feel inferior to the mike, you wouldn't be afraid of it." She cupped her chin in her hands and looked pensive.

"This morning I began worrying about the Sino-Japanese war—I'm terribly upset about it..."

Miss Barrett is nothing if not unusual.
DON'T BE THE GIRL WHO HAS TO TELL TELEPHONE BOYS

HONEY, YOU WOULD HAVE ROY CALLING YOU, IF...

THEN LOIS TOLD EDNA HOW SHE OFFENDED OTHERS BY PERSPIRATION ODOR FROM UNDERTHINGS.

EDNA BEGAN LUXING HER UNDIES DAILY. NOW...

OH, MISS EDNA, THEY'S BEEN A LOT OF CALLS FO' YOU! MISTAH ROY—HE CALLED FO' FIVE TIMES!

DON'T WORRY, HE WILL CALL AGAIN!

Avoid Offending

Girls who want to be popular never risk "undie odor." They whisk undies through Lux after each wearing. Lux takes away odor, saves colors.

Never rub with cake soap or use soaps containing harmful alkali—these wear out precious things too soon, often fade colors. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

LUX undies daily
(Continued from page 72)

saved for his education on a course in dramatic school. Although no one in Stu's family had ever been connected with the stage, he was not discouraged—Stu is the youngest child, having two brothers and a sister. Stu embarked upon his new career. Four months later, he made his first appearance in a substitute role in "Yellow Collars," graduating presently to the juvenile lead, which he played for forty-eight weeks. Aviation Edwards Horton signed him then, and Stu was his stage manager as well as an actor in a series of plays shown in Los Angeles and San Francisco. He was playing the lead at the Hollywood Music Box Theatre when he was discovered. His parents were pleased to play a "bit" part in "Mother Knows Best." In the next few years he was associated in turn with Fox, Paramount, M-G-M and Warners, playing straight and diversified comedy roles.

As a character actor, the years stretch ahead of him, bright with the promise of continued opportunity and achievement.

"Any actor can keep on indefinitely," he insists, "if he is willing to play any kind of part. Look at John Barrymore—he is doing now what Lionel has been doing for years. Take your Tom Browne, too; he'll keep on, because it is acting he is interested in, not just being the leading man. He really works, that boy . . ."

Stu, in spite of being a comedian, is not particularly fond of Hollywood's favorite pastime, riding the date. "It's all right if it isn't carried too far," he acknowledged. Not that he can't take it—he can laugh as heartily, more heartily, in fact, when the joke is on him, than when it is on someone else. But so few perpetrators know when to stop! And Stu is essentially gentle, too tender-hearted to risk hurting anyone.

To his life off screen and off the air, Stu brings the same quiet deliberation, the same intelligence, the same purposefulness. His sense of values goes deep and he has built his life on the foundation. These are the qualities June perceived when she first met and fell in love with him, and because she is the same type of person, their life together merges beautifully, in complete and perfect harmony.

In fact, the "big" home is a playhouse, opening on a large, circular patio, where they do most of their entertaining. The house itself is lovely and is furnished with a charming blend of antique and modern furniture. The playhouse is attractively furnished, but in such a way that they don't have to worry about cigarette burns or liquor stains on expensive rugs or mahogany. Both Stu and June love to entertain informally and are among Hollywood's most popular hosts and hostesses.

They like, too, to go to parties or to go dancing now and then at the Cocoanut Grove or Troucadero or other night spots. And both are very fond of horse-racing, going to Santa Anita during the season and to Agua Caliente, where a lot of course were among those urging Bing Crosby's Del Mar track this past summer.

"There is something about it," Stu said with a twinkle. "June gets as big a kick out of it as I do . . ."

Stu is a camera expert and has made some beautiful portraits with the fine camera. June gave him some time ago, but of late he has been too busy to devote much time to this hobby, except for taking moving pictures of the babies on 16 mm. film.

"Lack of time, of course keeps him from playing golf, but he thinks more can be accomplished in one day than in a three-hour-and-a-half walk around a golf course. He finds he puts on weight while working, because of insufficient exercise, and makes a gesture toward watching his diet, but not seriously. That's where the controls once when I was up with a friend—that's where the fun comes in. But Mrs. Erwin doesn't care for it—and we both feel it isn't fair to the children to take such chances. Because you can't really say flying is safe, yet, and a pet is an expensive lover of dogs. His private study is largely decorated with gold and silver trophies won by his champion Scotties. In ten years, he has owned eighteen prize winners. Most recent to bask in the spotlight is Mary Queen of Scots, who was adjudged best in her class and best in the show at the recent Los Angeles County Fair. Stu first saw the regal Mary two years ago and she was anything but regal then. In fact, her owner was thoroughly disgusted with her and only took her to the show as a matter of courtesy. Stu, having confided to June that he'd like to own her, went to make the purchase, he found that she was already sold. Disappointed, he failed to notice the gleam in his wife's dark eyes or the smile that threatened to break through as she sympathized with him—and so he was completely surprised when, on their wedding anniversary, two months later, Mary Queen of Scots waddled in.

Stu chuckled. "And three days later she presented us with pups!"

Although they have a couple of runways and keep a few dogs at home, the show dogs are kept at a kennel, where they have private rooms, baths, ultra violet ray treatments, and in general live the lives of the lords they are. "What does June like? What does she do?" He shrugged, grinned. "I don't know. She keeps busy—we both do."

And happy, obviously. And so the moral to this little tale seems to be: Marry a comedian! Take Jack Benny, for instance, or George Burns or Joe E. Brown—or Stu Erwin. Devoted husbands and fathers, all. Only of course you can't take them, because marriage for them is a long-term contract. They know what they want and they're determined to keep what they have. But better still, they know how to keep it!

There is glamour enough here for any one, and so much more. Stu goes quietly about his work and when it is done, goes happily home, like any other business man. The penalty of being a funny man is that you are expected to be funny all the time and you feel Stu is a sort of comic Jekyll and Hyde when you find him so sane and so purposeful, beneath his witty buffoonery. It is his sincerity that impresses you, a strength of character that is revealed by his native shyness. Yes, June knew what she was doing, knew the full value of that steady "I do." . . . In all the flickering lights of Hollywood, burning out at their brightest, some of them, the lights that stand for Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Erwin burn steady and true—and "give a lovely light!"
WEST COAST CHATTER

JACK Benny had been having a series of colds this winter, and the doctor finally traced it to the fact that he uses a fur robe for a cover at night. "You're allergic to fur, Mr. Benny," said the M. D. gravely. "That means you're extremely susceptible to it!" "Yeh, I know what you mean, doc," said Jack sadly. "Mary's the same way. She's just ordered three more fur coats."

Ella Logan's small niece, Annabella, has just been given her first role in Our Gang Follies. Ella congratulated the five-year-old, saying: "And now, you'll be a movie star, just like auntie!" Annabella looked unhappy. "Does that mean I have to reduce?" she asked.

Mrs. Ray Noble doesn't know what to make of her husband's newly discovered talent as a ballyhoo comedian—discovered, of course, by that ballyhoo Burns and Allen couple. Mrs. Noble called up Gracie the other day to voice a complaint. "I don't know what you've done to Ray," she moaned. "He used to be the most dignified, model gentleman. Now he sings in the bathtub and pulls all through breakfast!"

The most deplorable thing about Hollywood, according to Fred Allen, is the unscrupulous gag-stealing that goes on under a comedian's very nose. "There are gag men in this town who sit in the first row of an early broadcast and jot down gags, which are heard over the air locally before the original comic has a chance to do his repeat broadcast three hours later."

Incidentally, it's the first time in several years that all of Fred Allen's Boston relatives weren't able to witness the opening fall broadcast of Town Hall Tonight. As a consolation to his kin, Fred sent one and all copies of his opening script, with this note attached: "Had a wonderful time, wish you was here."

The name Buck Benny, already immortalized on the air-waves, is destined to make history on the turf as well. For that's the same Jack has picked for his new thoroughbred race horse, which he's entering at Santa Anita this coming season. The real reason Jack Benny bought his new race horse is because he thought it would be a swell plug for his program.

Rosalind Russell and Jimmy Stewart inaugurated a policy that should make a certain sheet of white paper a very valuable document in a few months. The two, at the conclusion of their appearance on the Sunday afternoon Silver Theatre, signed their names on a large sheet of heavy paper. Thereafter, each visiting star has signed his or her name—and will that sheet of paper be an autographhound's dream, by the time the last curtain rings down on the Silver Theatre!

Phil Baker, who has managed to pull his golf score down to about 120 since he arrived in California, was out dubbing around the fairways recently and having very poor luck with his driver. After a few attempts which netted an average of about 100 yards each, Phil turned to his caddy and reasoned: "I guess I'm standing too close to the ball as I hit it." "Naw, that ain't it, Mr. Baker," was the lad's reply. "You're standing too close to the ball after you hit it."

When George Burns and Gracie Allen were in New York on that well-deserved vacation, they went to see a rather poor Broadway play. As they were leaving the theatre, George said: "That cast certainly didn't get much applause." "No wonder," said Gracie. "The producer didn't give the audience any applause cues."

At a Sunday coffee show rehearsal, Dorothy Lamour was amazed to see a couple of men bearing down on her, carrying a huge wedding cake. Attached to the cake was a card saying: "We understand you are soon to be married, and want you to have a sample of our wedding cakes." It was signed by a Los Angeles caterer. The fact that Dorothy's been happily married for all of two years now didn't stop the cast from making a
part of the wedding cake—supplemented by steaming cups of three-guesse-what-kind-of-coffee.

First-row guests in the studio audience of a recent Jack Benny show were the Ritz Brothers. The three dizzy screen comics nearly got the show off to a dis- astrous start when they made the usually composed Mr. Benny laugh until the tears started to roll—and just before the broadcast began. Jack got even, however, by introducing the Bros. Ritz, after the show, as three of Walt Disney's stars.

Hollywood Mardi Gras might well be nicknamed "candid cameramen's conven- tion" or something to that effect. For almost everyone in the cast is a rabid Leica fan, including Lanny Ross, Jane Rhodes, Grandpa Sneed and Ray Paige. They all bring their week's " loot" to Sunday dress rehearsals, where a lively competition takes place to see who wins the prize for the week's best shot. To date no one has seen a string of " prices" but that doesn't seem to make the competition any less keen.

Not long ago, folks didn't even know Lanny Ross was a candid camera fiend. That was before he went on the deep-sea fishing party, which was attended by a crowd of Hollywood celebs and two crack photographers—who went along to record the fun on celluloid. Unfortunately, however, both photographers turned out to be better cameramen than sailors and spent much of their time below deck. Twas then that Lanny came to the rescue. Modestly admitting a small amount of skill with a speed graphic, he got several good pictures for the indispersed photographers.

There's been considerable speculating going on hereabouts, due to Carleton Ka- dell's being unceremoniously shoed off that Sunday coffee show. Seems that Carleton rehearsed with the cast all day Saturday, then appeared ready for broadcasting on Sunday—only to be told that Ken Niles would be on the announcing end in the future. The sponsors' excuse was that Carleton's voice is heard on too many other pro- grams. But it seems to us that Ken Niles' dulcet tones are also aired on more than one radio show.

Mrs. Edward G. Robinson returned from that New York trip recently, armed to the teeth with scripts for stage plays for Edward G. She still wants him to return to the Gay White Way—but Eddie's happy, thank you, right now. And busy, too, between picture rows. But he's always been a success—and radio work, in which he's threatening to outshine all his former glories. By the way, there's love in bloom on that Big Town show. Principals in the case are Claire Trevor and Clark And- rews—who produces the show. Claire and Clark look sooo in love.

Mr. and Mrs. Ole Olson (of the Olson and Johnsons) just celebrated their twenty- fifth wedding anniversary. The couple has been practically unheard of in Holly- wood, the Olsons decided to make a real event of it. So they were married over again. But this time they had in their wedding party only Olsons—twenty-one- year-old Jack was his father's best man, and eighteen-year-old Maya was her moth-
You can’t down a Buttersworth! After betting all he had on Notre Dame, the alma mater, Charlie showed up at the NBC studio the day following the Pittsburgh game, in which the Panthers had scored two touchdowns against the Irish. Charlie was still smuggering, “But didn’t you bet on Notre Dame to win?” Don Amuche inquired. “Sure,” replied Buttersworth, “But we won three-quarters of the game, didn’t we? Pittsburgh didn’t get those touchdowns until the fourth quarter.”

And Deanna Durbin will soon be the world’s only Girl Scout! Sure enough, a troop of Boy Scouts down in San Diego have become smitten en masse with Deanna and have invited her to be an honorary member of their troop. What’s more, they’re sending a bugle and drum corps up, one of these days, in order to initiate La Durbin with the most of style and the least of inconvenience.

Jeanette MacDonald is the latest star to employ a singing “stand-in.” Instead of taking the lights for the star, as do the stand-ins on the movie sets, this new species of stand-in works with the orchestra while they’re being balanced. Grace Moore started this fancy custom a few years ago, Gladys Swarthout and Lily Pons quickly followed suit, and now Jeanette has finally fallen in line and hired Zaruthi Elmassian, a pretty gal who does chorus work.

Mr. and Mrs. Phil Harris can be rated as one of the very happiest couples in radio circles. And to prove it’s no passing fancy, but the real thing, take into consideration that the Harris’ have been married for lo, these past fourteen years. And also take this into consideration—both Phil’s mother and Mrs. Harris’ mother live with them.

Two new arrivals at Andy Devine’s ranch home in Van Nuys, California, are a pair of droopy-eared corn hounds, Lum and Abner, Andy’s golfing companions and best friends, sent back to Pine Ridge, Arkansas, for the days when Andy happened to mention that he’s always admired the breed for which the Southern state is noted. The hounds arrived in A No. 1 condition, but within a day or so were noted to be visibly drooping. Andy was considerably worried, and took them to the nearest vet for consultation. Medical attention didn’t seem to help, though, and Andy called up Lum and Abner to come over and have a look at the dogs. No sooner had the comedians spoken to them than the dogs perked right up. They were homesick for that old Arkansas twang. Now Andy lets them listen every night to the Lum and Abner broadcast—and doesn’t have any more trouble at all.

Nowadays, Mary Livingstone is carrying a gorgeous diamond-studded cigarette case—a present from Jack Benny for no particular reason. Prominently glittering on the face is a miniature diamond-studded box of you-know-what, with the big red letters set in rubies. Incidentally, on that last trip to Paris, Mary didn’t buy a single gown. She confined her purchases to hats—forty-three in all. “I wanted to prove to Jack that I can be economical, you see,” Mary explained brightly to us.

—By Lois Svensrud

Daintiness is IMPORTANT
This Beauty Bath Protects it...

Loretta Young
20th CENTURY-FOX STAR

THE GIRL WHO ISN'T DAINTY CAN'T HOPE TO WIN ROMANCE—LUCKILY ANY GIRL CAN HAVE THIS CHARM! HERE'S AN EASY WAY—

USE LUX TOILET SOAP
AS A BEAUTY BATH, ITS ACTIVE LATHER LEAVES SKIN SOFT, FRESHLY CLEANS WITH A DELICATE PERFUME THAT CLINGS, TRY IT!

9 OUT OF 10 SCREEN STARS USE LUX TOILET SOAP
ONE LAST GLANCE and
"ALL Set to GO"

Superset is the ideal waving lotion. Easily applied, it holds soft, lustrous, alluring waves in your hair as thought nature had placed them there. Superset is non-greasy, does not become "tacky" and spreads smoothly and evenly. It never leaves any flaky or chally deposit on your hair. Use Nestle Superset for those sparkling occasions when you want to sparkle too! Superset was perfected for you by Nestle, originator of the permanent wave. Look for the yellow-and-black label on Nestle hair beauty aids.

10c for a generous bottle at all 5 and 10c stores.
Two formula-regular (green) and the new No. 2 transparent and fast-drying).

![Ad for Nestle Superset Waving Lotion](image)

**Sensational Perfume of Almost Unbelievable Quality for only 10 cents**

A full dram of fragrance, too! Superb quality has quickly brought Deluxe Perfume wide popularity. Six delightful, lingering fragrances—Gardenia, Lilac, Carnation, Lily of the Valley, Violet and Sweet Pea. Try these Deluxe drams of cleanliness the next time you buy. Compare with others—nothing more!

FLOWER FRAGRANCE DISTRIBUTORS
P. O. Box 590
Buffalo, N. Y.

BE A NURSE

**MAKE $5-$5 $3 A WEEK**

You can train practical nursing at home in your own time. Course ordered by students. Thousands of graduates, 50 to 60 yrs. One graduate has charge of 100 hospital. Another saved $698 while learning. Employment included. Men and women 16 to 65. High school not required. Easy home study plan. No obligation. Write now.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 223, 109 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.
Enrolled is 100 for free book and 22 sample lesson pages.

**IT'S MY HUMBLE OPINION**

(Continued from page 17)

other Hollywood scribes), I shall first of all give you my impressions of Hollywood as it is today, in comparison with the Hollywood I knew over a period of eight years.

Of course Hollywood has grown and has changed somewhat. To those who have told me that I wouldn't recognize the Hollywood I knew three years ago (when I made Sweet Music), I can only say: "plooey"—for the town has changed, it has not or not at all. Individual movie lots, such as Twentieth Century-Fox, Warners, Columbia and M-G-M, have built many new, large sound stages, and the city has many new suburban homes, plus the usual WPA work on a river bed that has no river. I find Hollywood much the same.

Perhaps the most significant construction in the town of Hollywood is the erection of the new towers of the NBC, KFAC, CBS, KFWB and KFAC broadcasting systems. When I recall a conversation with Vice-President McClelland (of the National Broadcasting Company) in 1932, I am amazed at the thought that the two major networks are building tremendous edifices in the movie capital.

Believing then, in 1932, that I would locate in Hollywood as a permanent residence, I asked Mr. McClelland whether he thought, in future years, major network programs might emanate from Hollywood.

At that time the extra cost to pick up a program from Los Angeles was from twelve hundred to two thousand dollars—but actually there were no programs of a network nature coming from Hollywood at all, and in Mr. McClelland's opinion—due to the fact that neither Los Angeles nor Hollywood contained any great manufacturer of networks or offices (with the exception of movie making)—he doubted that network programs would ever originate from the movie city. Perhaps I was indulging in wishful thinking, but I dared not press the hope and belief—though it was merely a belief, unsupported by any sound reasoning—that it was possible and probable that great programs would eventually originate in Hollywood.

In the subsequent years—1933 and 1934—due to my appearance in picture studios here in Hollywood, our radio program originated in a little barn-like building on the KKO movie lot. With no place for an audience and the roughest and most primitive monitoring booth and sound effects, it seemed, even as late as 1933, that Mr. McClelland was right. But from 1934 to this hectic fall, the rest is radio history.

Today, ninety percent of the major radio programs emanate from the cinema capital. In fact, so un-lucrative have the New York radio studios become that four of the New York Musicians Union's best musicians have taken up residence in Hollywood. The type of this is the unusual salaries of four and five hundred dollars per week, which they knew in New York studios in past years—when they ran from studio to studio, from program to program, leaving one program a little early in order to be able to start the next program in the adjoining studio.

I say "try," because these men realize that for a period of six months they will have to pay the Los Angeles Musicians Local—for each program they perform here—a sum of money practically equivalent to what they earn, a penalty imposed on the theory that their performance here displaces a Los Angeles musician and that they take bread and butter out of the mouths of men who have been living here for years.

This refusal on the part of the musicians throughout the country to bow to and recognize the law of the survival of the fittest, is rampant throughout the country today. Beginning, as it did, in Chicago, it has become a Frankenstein, and has made it almost impossible for any man to move himself or his family to another city, because he is faced with the bleak prospect of having practically to cease work for six months! The Unions theorize that newcomers are not likely to want to chance the long period of unemployment—and are thus discouraged from moving in.

Only today I was informed of a case used by a New York musician to avoid the usual hostile remarks on his coming to Hollywood—he pretended that he came from Philadelphia! Not that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, but there was less hostility facing him when he mentioned that he came from Philadelphia. Several New York friends seated near him at the time of questioning, almost spoiled his triumph, but fortunately they remained silent.

So regimented, Blue-Eyed, Stabilized and Sovietized has become the system of musical employment here, that attempts to stager work and effect unemployment for the four or five thousand musicians congested in Hollywood and Los Angeles have resulted in rules forbidding a musician from earning more than a certain salary per week. Likewise, the leader is forbidden to accept more than two commercial programs, regardless of his merit—withstanding the fact that he may be sought after by three or four radio programs and sponsors, regardless of the fact that his ability may entitle him to a salary of several hundred dollars a week.

Thus, in an attempt, worthy in its intentions, to secure employment for more men, the fleet, the gifted, the unusually talented musician is thereby penalized and forced to adapt himself to the snail's pace of the less talented and less fortunate fellow musician. Under the guise of an emergency measure, this situation has become a stark, actual reality—a nightmare for some, a Godsend for others!

This particular system of penalization
r the out-of-towner is had enough in
est cities, but here it is admittedly a
worse. Thus, in order for me to use
my original men on my Thursday night
ogram, I find it necessary to pay to the
s Angeles Federation of Musicians, ap-
roximately six hundred dollars. The
one things of which the layman knows
tle or practically nothing, and which
ake it difficult for the New York or-
stra to perform in Hollywood.

I have ever been of the mind that New
ork has been and always will be the
catical and radio center of the world—
ly simply because of its great number of
ple, but because it will always be the
iter of the musical comedy, operetta,
era, vaudeville (what there is left of it)
d the legitimate stage. It is from these
lds that radio will draw its best radio-
forming talent. Writers abound in New
ork and Hollywood, but the heart of the
ent field, regardless of the present day
and in motion picture musicals to vaude-
ile on a modern and large scale, will
ays be Broadway.

New York will always be the proving
ound, testing field and home grounds
talent. I say this impartially, not as one
to believe that it is New York, first
nd at always—rather as one who would
ke of New York. I am sure in Hollywood the
iter of the radio world, because I have
ways wanted to live here, and believing
at I am best fitted for radio, I am more
ning to pull up stakes and perform
that radio in this glorious sunshine
ropical atmosphere.

But with one exception, I fail to see how
the building of these tremendous air castles
on Sunset Boulevard can justify itself. It
only requires a new trend in pictures, a
usal on the part of all the studios to
mit their contracted artists to appear
adio, to change these radio buildings to
ome empty white elephants, like that
wo-million-dollar paper bag factory,
which, due to a simple chemical change in
the manufacture of paper bags, stands in
the forests of the great Northwest like an
old, deserted, haunted castle.

The one exception is this: I think these
castles are being specifically built for televi-
sion. I have always predicted that the
perfection of television, its effect upon our
ives, customs and habits will be incalcu-
able, without preceding and, almost, hor-
uble! If television is far from perfection,
as some say, then I can only see lean years
head for both of these Western network
cathedrals—because—with the present
se of the same motion picture personalities
ver and over again on the same programs,
with most of the air personalities having
lile or no aural microphone talent, must
ventually come a surfeiting of an already-
paid public taste—a taste that demands
omething ever new and fresh, with the
esult that programs that are now eman-
ating from this section must perfance re-
n to the city in which the heart of radio
is, and whereby, by the sheer superiority of
umbers, there must be more of those who
ave something to give to radio.

THRILL
To stop off at a little milked melt stand
in San Bernardino, California, to see in
the mechanical phonograph installed there,
Cyril Smith's recording of the "Iow Song.

QUIXOTIC
Cyril Smith himself, on a day off at the
ach at Venice (California's Cony Island),
after giving the "bird" in a kid-
ing way to several fellows, to have one
to say to him: "You do it almost as well as
the fellow in the "Iow Song!"

AMAZING
But perfectly natural—that an adver-
tising agency is like a man or woman in
love, who, as most of us know, has no
pride but willingly suffers almost any
able at the hands of the desired one. To
see this agency, that usually and imperially
dictates its wishes to the trembling and
grateful artists who appear on its pro-
grams, have to stand by breathlessly
and tremendously awaiting the decision of
a great comedian, who decides as late as
unday morning whether or not he will ap-
pear on a Sunday evening program, does
my heart good. Because it only justifies
the theory that I have so often espoused,
t that when a thing is ardently desired,
he or she will do anything to make sure it
w order and eat humble pie.

In last month's issue, my stupid in-
clusion of "He pray he was his best
friend—he told him," immediately after
the White man anecdote, might have led
ome of you to think that I was referring
to Mr. Whiteman. Rather, was I touch-
ing on a subject that is still stupidly taboo
(Continued on page 91)

HOW DO YOU LOOK IN
YOUR BATHING SUIT

SKINNY? THOUSANDS
GAIN 10 TO 25 POUNDS
THIS NEW EASY WAY

NEW IRONIZED YEAST ADDS POUNDS

*gives thousands natural sex-appealing curves

ARE you ashamed to be seen in a bathing
suit, because you're too skinny and crave filling up? Then here's wonderful
evels! Thousands of the skinniest, most
ndon men and women have gained 10 to
 pounds of firm flesh, the women naturally
lluring curves, with this new, scientific formula, Ironized Yeast.

Why it builds up so quick

Scientists have discovered that hosts of peo-
le are thin and rundown only because they
etn't get enough Vitamin B and iron in
heir daily food. Without these vital ele-
ments you may lack appetite and not get the
most body-building good out of what you
et. Now you get these missing elements in these new Ironized Yeast tablets.

They're made from one of the world's
dest sources of health-building Vitamin-
the special yeast used in making English
le. By a new costly process this rich yeast
concentrated 7 times, taking 7 pounds of
eat to make just 1 pound of concentrated—
thus making it many times more powerful
a Vitamin B strength than ordinary yeast.

Then 3 kinds of strength-
building iron (organic, in-
organic and hemoglobin
ron and pasteuredized Eng-
ish ale yeast are added.

Finally every batch of this
Ironized Yeast is tested and retested bio-
logically for its Vitamin B strength. This
insures its full weight-building power.

No wonder these new easy-to-take little
Ironized Yeast tablets have helped thou-
ands of the skinniest people who needed
its vital elements, quickly to gain new
ormally attractive pounds, pep and charm.

Try it without risking a cent

To make it easy for you to try Ironized
Yeast, we do better than offer you a simple
package. We offer you a FULL
SIZE package, without cost, to try
For it with this first package you don't
begin to eat better and get more benefit from
your food—if you don't feel better, with
more strength, pep and energy—if you are
not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give
you the normally attractive flesh you need

— the price of this first package will be
promptly refunded. So get Ironized Yeast
ables from your druggist today.

Only be sure you get genuine Ironized
Yeast. So successful has it been that you'll
probably find cheap "Iron and Yeast" substi-
tutes in any drugstore. Don't take substitutes.

Special offer!

To start thousands building up their health
ight those who desire our specialfer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast
tables at once, cut out the seal on the box
nd mail it to us with a clipping of this para-
graph. We will send you a fascinating
ook on health, "New Poets About Your
ody." Remember, results with the
ery first package—or money refunded. At
all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept.
Atlanta, Ga.
YOUR FINGER NAILS
WORK HARD ALL DAY...

SAFELY AND EXACTLY
TRIMMED AND SHAPED
(Holisticborough, 10c)

SO KEEP THEM NICE
THE WIGDER WAY

WELL-GROOMED women insist upon the Wigder Nail File to keep their nails trim and shapely. Note the triple-cut teeth for fast, even filing, the special Improved Cleaner Point that safeguards the tender skin under the nail. Ask for the Wigder File! On sale at all drug and 10-cent stores.

10c WIGDER
NAIL FILES · TWEEZERS · NAIL CLIPS · SCISSORS

BECOME AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT

Thousands of Ancestry and C.P.A.'s now earn from $5,000 to $1,000 yearly. Thousands of men need them. Only $50 Certified Public Accountants, in 40 Hrs. We train you in your home in spare time for C.P. A. examinations, under supervision of staff of C.P.A. Institute. Complete course with Model. Write for catalogue today. WELLS LASALLE EXTENSION, Dept. 2318-H Chicago The School That Has In Its Alumni Over 1,400 C.P.A.'s.

Sensational FREE Offer
FOR 3 LIPSTICKS
AND REJUVIA MASCARA CREAM

It's our treat! Let us send you 3 full trial sizes of any of the famous FLAME-GLO Triple Indelible Lipsticks FREE...each in a different fascinating shade, so you can discover the color most becoming to you. To introduce our newest achievement, we will also send you a tube of REJUVIA Mascara Cream, with brush. It's Guaranteed Waterproof and Smear-proof; perfectly Harmless! Just send 10c in stamps to cover mailing costs. For beauty's sake, send coupon TODAY!

THE JACK BENNY'S AT HOME

(Continued from page 21)

was saying, "her folks live out here. We see quite a bit of them. When they are away, Mary's mother writes her letters. Yes, there are a number of similarities between our private lives and our radio lives. After all, that's the way a stage or screen personality is developed—from some basic element or characteristic in the real person. I think you'll find that most professional personalities are, actually, pretty much what they seem. You meet Gable, and he is the Gable you see on the screen, same lusty quality; Gracie Allen's voice and home is not so different from that on the screen; Jack Oakie is no tragedian at home; Eddie Cantor doesn't change into a Barrymore when he steps from private life into the limelight. And so Mary could not be the Mary she is on the air if she were not the same at home, the same Mary here at home.

"We kid a lot at home, too, Mary and I. She certainly kids me. Sort of takes me down and steps on me, if she feels the routine is indicated. Every wife is the same; I fancy it's the same when he's crowing or strutting, or she thinks he is. It's the same when he's crowed over. Like one night we were out somewhere and someone was being very flattering and telling me that I was in every picture. I'll say, Mary's father, that was a wish the tops, the all and all. I was just standing there, taking it, very modest and proper. I thought, Mary was just standing there, too, looking as if every instant would be Caster's Last Stand! Then she said: 'Jack, don't forget to take the garbage out when we get home.'

"How do you like that?

"Of course, I couldn't very well launch into an exposition of the life of the country gentleman I live at home, never raising my finger except to raise it to one of my servants when I want a sprig of mint or something! So I just stood there and said: 'Well, and let it pass.'

"But, of course, I'm not without my comebacks. Even without my script writers. I have several little comebacks in my system. I'm not at all the helpless type, either at home or abroad. So, when Mary was working in the picture, her first screen appearance, I just went to everyone on the set, from the director down to the assistant director, and got them all to call her 'The Glamor Girl.' She never knew I put them up to it and never will know it, unless a little bird tells Lonella Parsons!

"Matter of fact, I believe that I would call ours more of the old-fashioned marriage than the marriage moderne, or whatever it is called by the Smart Set. In the sense that Mary (she isn't here now, so I can get away with this!) is more interested in the home than in the career; more interested in my career than in her own; worries only about the things that worry me, most plentifully!

"I must digress for a moment to tell you about what a worrier I am. For my worries are a part of the private life of the Benny's. I am a worrier without competitors. I worry about everything, things both great and small. We can have seven good programs in a row and I'll worry myself to death for fear the eighth won't be so good. And then, if the eighth get the laughs, I begin to gnaw on the bone of the ninth. And so it goes. We had but one last Sunday. There was hardly a laugh in the house and I was sick about it. You know, when you're trying to be funny, and no one laughs, it suddenly dawns on you, sickeningly, that you're not being funny at all—just silly! So I had a wonderful week, after that, worrying away for dear life! I worry about a bit of a smart suit; I worry about termites and earthquakes. You can go on making a list of worries for as long as the alphabet will hold out and you'll still fall short of the Benny high-worry mark.

"But, as I was saying, Mary is a wife and mother. She is big. Now, that I put my foot down on a woman having a career. I am a great believer in the divine right of talent. If a woman has any talent, there is no reason for her to put it away in camp on just because she has to make a living. Now, that I'm making the picture, for instance, I thought it was good for her. She was interested. She got up early every morning—and nothing happened. The stars went right on in their courses. She ate well and slept well and was full of pep and ambition. Vacuum cleaners and nursery schools and substitute nurses have taken away a woman's work in this world. So, if Mary wants to continue in pictures, it's all right with me. But, maybe, it's so right with me because I know that, in Mary's heart, her career comes second to my career, and third, at least, to her home and the baby. She is crazy about our baby and wants more children. We both do. And if we do not have children of our own, we'll probably adopt two more, a boy and a girl.

"Yes, a good part of our 'private lives' centers about Joan. I don't know, I think you feel more responsible for a baby you have adopted than you would for one of your own. And a greater sense of delight and achievement, whatever that turns out as, even at three, our Joan has turned out. It's like a man buying a sweepstakes ticket and waking up the next day to find himself with $50,000 in his jeans! The only sorrow in our private lives was, for a long time, that we didn't have any children. Now, even that sorrow is gone. For we realize that if we had had a baby of our own right away, we never would have had Joan. She has the most marvelous sense of humor. Her sense of timing is perfect.

What, now, about the controversial matter of heredity versus environment? For it was Jack Oakie who said to me: "Benny's program is the best on the air. And it's the best because he has the most perfect sense of timing of any entertainer anywhere."
"She always asks me where I’m going, when I go out," Jack was saying, "and I always tell her: ‘To see my manager, Arthur Lyons.' The other day she asked me again. And again I said: ‘To see Arthur Lyons,' and she whipped back at me: ‘What, again?"

“So, there isn’t even a little sorrow in our private lives. I’ve always said that, in the life of any person, no matter how superficially successful and famous, there is something that person wants and can’t have. There is nothing, now that we have Joan, that Mary and I want and don’t have.

"We have little pet names for one another, too. Mary and I. Mary’s nickname for me is Doll. My nickname for Mary is just to be different) Doll! But don’t tell Kenny Baker! That laugh of his would get me down! I don’t mind his giving me the laugh about my car, but if he turns it on my private life—on those matters and persons sacred to me—it will be a horse laugh of a different color!

"After all, to go on being as personal as possible, Mary was not a professional when she married, you know. Her name was Sadie Marks, and she had a job in a shop in Los Angeles. Which gives us quite a bond, as you may imagine. We can talk by the hour about our back-of-the-counter experiences, Mary’s here in Los Angeles and mine when I was back of the counter in my father’s haberdashery shop in Waukegan. I fiddled my way out of that. Mary married her way out of, or from in back of, her counter. But it came to the same thing in the end. Mary was just as spitting the time until I came along. She never expected, when we were married, to be anything or anyone but Mrs. Jack Benny. And I think that most people know that her being with me on the air was in the nature of an accident, or an act of God, just according to the way you look at things. She did some vaudeville with me first. Just played a sort of dumb dame and fed me a few lines, you know. Of course, we had to change that for the radio. We can’t have two dumbs on the air and we’ve got Kenny!

"Then, after the vaudeville, she made her first appearance on the air with me, one night, because one of our players was suddenly taken ill. She only said two lines. But in the next two weeks there were some two thousand letters asking for Mary to come back again. And here she is! She enjoys it, but she doesn’t take it too seriously. She still is, first of all, Mrs. Jack Benny. And if anyone should ask me for the recipe for a happy marriage, even in Hollywood, especially in Hollywood (which no one has!), I would tell them to see to it that their wives remain Mrs. Jack Benny! You know what I mean? I am still enough of that boy from Waukegan to believe that a woman’s place is in the home, specifically in the nursery and in the kitchen. Mary spends most of her time in the nursery and at the bridge table and reading books. She’s very well read, Mary. She knows what the kitchen looks like, of course. She can tell you the color of the curtains, and all that"

I said: “Who is the boss, really—you or Mary?”

Jack smiled (he seldom laughs out loud) and said: “Mary isn’t here, so I’ll tell you that she is. If she were here, she’d
No matter how lovely your hair, its beauty is dimmed if you are glaring, conspicuous bob pins. Blend-Rite "Glare-Proof" Bob Pins (made exclusively by Sta-Rite) blend perfectly with the natural hair and almost defy detection. Smoothly finished on the inside, Blend-Rites slide in without pulling a hair. Once they're placed, their "Glare-Proof" finish hides them away like magic.

Ask your dealer for Blend-Rite "Glare-Proof" Bob Pins by Sta-Rite. If he cannot supply you send 10¢ mentioning color wanted (brown, blonde, black or gray) to Dept. M1, Sta-Rite Hair Pin Co., Shelbyville, Illinois.

Jack Oakie's College is in session on Tuesdays at 9:30 p.m., (CBS). Here are Stu Erwin (left), "Schlemiel" and President Jack Oakie, at the microphone.

tell you that I am. Which adds up to fifty-fifty."

They have a set routine of life at home. Jack told me. He rises early every morning, as early as five-thirty or six. He doesn't have time any more to play golf ten hours a day, or make a morning work-out; has a man come in every morning to keep his muscles aged sixteen. Then he has breakfast with the baby—the same breakfast, year in, year out—grapefruit or orange juice, with an egg. Mary always has her breakfast on a tray in bed. The same breakfast as Jack's, without the egg.

Jack said: "I believe in a wife's breakfasting in bed. I think that, for the wife in any family, breakfast on a tray keeps Reno away. You know how people are in the mornings, how they look and feel, and what they think. It's true:"

"Every day," Jack told me, "every day, except Mondays, which I save out for doing all sorts of little odds and ends, you know, like straightening out my bureau drawers (we're both as neat as pins, Mary and I), and having interviews and things; every other day I'm with my writers, working on the script. I'm always sitting in with them as they work, so that I can try out the lines, act 'em out a bit. Mary never sits in on any of our writing sessions. She doesn't know, until rehearsal, what the script is all about.

"Friday nights we have the reading of our program. And after that I always go to the fights. I usually go with George Burns, or with my manager, or both of them. While I am at the fights, Mary usually goes to a movie or plays bridge with Gracie Allen and Mrs. Al Ritz and Ida Cantor, perhaps. The George Burnses are very close friends of ours. We also see a lot of the Al Ritzes, the Eddie Cantors, Ginger Rogers. I don't play bridge. On the evenings when Mary and I are not going out to a movie or something, she usually makes up a table of bridge and I sit over there in that corner and play rummey all by myself."

"Saturdays we usually rewrite the programs. Who was it who said that all good writing is really rewriting? Well, whoever did was talking about radio scripts, too, whether he knew it or not. We seldom discuss the script during the week, Mary and I. I do not bring my business worries home with me. Little Joan has very little idea of what it is Daddy does when he bustles forth to work every morning. She says: 'Daddy going to the office to make money to buy Joany dresses!' And when Buck Benny rides again, at home, he rides her pig-a-back, as you have noticed. So, we rewrite the programs Sundays. Then we broadcast Saturdays, and Sunday nights, after the broadcast, we usually go to the Troc, Mary and I, or step out somewhere. Sunday nights are our only nights of real relaxation in a big way."

"I don't have time to do much reading. Mary tells me all about the new books. She reads every one of 'em. By the time I get to bed I try to read that morning's paper. And sometimes succeed."

"Mary loves to shop. We're both terribly extravagant. We live by our gross, on what we rake in, not what we've got left. Every now and again we look very grim and determined and sort of saving and say: 'We've got to watch ourselves.' Then we talk about budgets and household accounts and sundries and things like that, and that's all there is to it. Months go by and we go right on spending, until the calendar comes around to the place where we say, again: 'We've got to watch ourselves!' What the heck, you only live once!

"Money just doesn't mean anything to either of us. I don't mean that we'd want to have less than we have, because that would mean going back; never a healthy symptom. But I mean that we're not money-conscious. Mary is the kind of a girl who would be content with whatever I happened to be making. She isn't the demanding type of woman. She can buy an eighteen-dollar dress and look as well as some other girl in a dress costing two hundred. Because she knows what kind of an eighteen-dollar dress to buy and how to wear it after she buys it. We both spend a lot of money on clothes."

"But our happiness doesn't depend on money. Every thing is in your own happiness, inside. And we're happy people, Mary and I. We're not hilarious, the life-of-the-party types at home. It's more a sort of rich sentiment. After all, everything's relative. When we were first married, and I was in vaudeville, I was make-

A LOVE SCENE
SPOILED BY...
Glare of Bob Pins!

BE YOUR OWN MUSIC TEACHER

LEARN AT HOME
to play by ear—Piano, Violin, Ukulele, Tenor Banjo, Hawaiian Guitar, Piano Accordion, Squeeze Box, Clarinet, or any other instrument you wish to learn—by a new and easy method—thetic music. Cost average only one or two a day. Over 800 free booklets will mail you.

FREE BOOK Write today for Free Booklet and Free Demonstration. ( Mention this ad. This offer expires in three weeks.)

U. S. School of Music, 1423 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Look Lovely

USE MERCOLIZED WAX

This simple, all-in-one cleansing, softening, lubricating cream soaks off the discolored, bleached surface skin in tiny, invisible particles. Your underskin is then revealed, smooth and beautiful. Bring out the hidden beauty of YOUR skin with Mercrolized Wax.

Try Saxolite Astringent

DELIGHTFULLY refreshing astringent lotion. Astringent, antiseptic, helpful. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint with hazel. Use this lotion daily.

Choose Phelactine Depilatory

For removing superfluous hair quickly. Easy to use, at drug and department stores everywhere.

82
ing three hundred and fifty dollars a week. We thought that was all the money in the world, and it just about was! Then, when I got into pictures, and, at first, made fifteen hundred dollars a week, we thought that was the tops.

"It's the same with fame, so-called. I felt a Big Guy when I did vaudeville, and got the next-to-the-last spot on the bill. And when I played the Palace and got the top spot, I thought I had touched the dizzyest heights there were to be scaled. It's all a matter of whether you're liked— if people like you, no matter what you are doing, or where, or for how much, you're sitting on top of the world.

"We're just the same people, feel just the same, get exactly the same amount of kick out of everything, as we did when we began. The only difference being in favor of those beginning days. For then we didn't have to worry so much, trying to top ourselves from one week to the next.

"We're building our own home here in Beverly Hills, now. First home we've ever owned. We've always rented places—the Countess di Frasso's one time; this one now. They're breaking ground for our home today, as a matter of fact. It's going to be a kind of Georgian house. Isn't that what they call 'em? I don't know how many rooms. It's a big place, with room for a swimming-pool and a tennis court and plenty of room for the baby's things and all that. We'll have decorators to help us. I suppose; but I'll guarantee that Mary will do most of the work. She's got good taste in houses, as well as in clothes.

"I don't want to stay in radio, or in pictures, for more than the next five years, for which I am under contract. I mean, as an entertainer. I'd like, then, to get into the producing end of things. I feel that, with the knowledge I have of the stage, pictures, the radio, I ought to have some value as a producer. I might not know enough about the technical side of things to be a good director. But as a producer—well, Buck Benny should be able to ride again.

"We can't keep on forever, Mary and I and the rest of us, topping ourselves, or trying to, every week. And you can't let down the fraction of an inch on the air. There comes the saturation point, a limit, an end to all good things. And when that time comes, we'll have built our home, established our family. And we'll just go on being happy."

There is something very substantial about Jack Benny. He could easily be a member of the Stock Exchange (did I say substantial?), a lawyer, a doctor. He is what is called a "mellow" personality. You feel about him an air of well-being and good living and all's-well-with-the-world. He is a business man who sells his wares on the air.

And never again shall I hear the ringing words: "Buck Benny Rides Again," without a mental picture of that tall, well-tailored figure, ramping about the beautiful Beverly Hills house with a rose child astride his shoulders, yellow hair blowing, bright laughter ringing.

It is somehow gratifying to know that the private life of the Jack Benny is that old-fashioned, unbeatable equation of a man with a job, a woman in the home and a child in the heart.

**RADIO STARS**

**MY GOODNESS, WHAT A SHINE!**

**TAKE YOUR PICK**

The new GRIFFIN A.B.C. Liquid Wax in black, tan, brown and blue. Just spread it on with swab in bottle. It dries in a jiffy to a shine.

—Or, GRIFFIN A.B.C. Wax Polish in the jumbo tin, black, brown, tan, ox-blood and neutral—it’s waterproof.

**VOICE**

100% Improvement Guaranteed

We build, strengthen the vocal organs—new and reconditioned—naturally improved. Proved and guaranteed. Rated class A. Free trial. Guaranteed for equality voice at least 20%. Write for wonderful voice book—real free. I.O.W.A. VENUE INSTITUTE, 64 E. Lake St., Chicago

**I PREFER SITROUX TISSUES... they cleanse better!**

...says beautiful

**BUTH COLEMAN**

Paramount Player

Hollywood stars insist on the best of care for their precious complexion. No wonder so many of them—as well as fastidious women everywhere—choose SITROUX TISSUES. They cleanse the skin better because they’re so soft...more absorbent...and, unlike ordinary tissues, won’t "come apart" in the hand. You’ll like these superior SITROUX TISSUES, too! Take a beauty hint from the stars. Ask for "Sit-true" face tissues—in the blue and gold box.

**TWO SIZES**

10¢ and 20¢

**AT YOUR FAVORITE STORE**

---

**WIDE WORLD**

**Duet on a holiday. Lily Pons, opera and radio movie soprano, with her musical director, Andre Kostelanetz.**
is that the persons who offend so often do not realize it. They go blindly on, hurting others, and the persons offended being on being frank and sincere. If they would only realize that by a little effort they could change this lack in themselves, the whole world would be better. If they would only stop to think before they blurt out anything that would prove embarrassing or unpleasant or harmful to someone else, they would find themselves so much better liked and so much happier because of it.

"Fact, along with all the other pleasant qualities that go into the making of a really delightful person, springs from understanding. And to have true understanding, you must know every type of person and what that type of person likes and what he resents.

"A matter of condolences, for example, it is absolutely important to understand the type of person to whom you are offering sympathy. If you are writing to them, you must go over your association with them and so discover the right key-note. If you are talking to them, you must watch their expressions and not take one step that will offend.

"People become elemental in the stress of grief. Some are sentimental, and to these you would seem cold if you wrote the restrained note, a more reserved type of person would bless you for it.

"Do you wonder that I say the most important thing in good manners is having the right instincts? A diamond is a diamond, whether polished or not. Its intrinsic worth is always there. But all the polishing in the world won't give value to a piece of glass.

"The best-mannered people are always those who take their social responsibilities casually. Among my taboos are the people who exalt the trivial side of etiquette, who work themselves into a frenzy over finicky trifles that don't matter in the least.

"People who are so concerned with trifles that they lose sight of real values. People who fuss about eating with their left hand, for instance, who somewhere or other have the idea that it's not supposed to be proper to use it at the table. Why should your left hand be paralyzed? It was given to you for as good a purpose as your right hand. Why in the world shouldn't you use it to carry your fork to your mouth?

"It's far better to make mistakes than to be too concerned over not making them. Good manners are easy manners. My dis-like of the word etiquette is chiefly because it stresses the consciousness of manners so much. It's better to think of little. The motive back of what you do is so much more important than the thing you do.

"And yet the word in itself does mean behaviorism, diplomacy, precise ethics, morals and every quality that makes a pleasant life. It means the house you live in and how you live in it and all the other worth while things in life.

"Before my publisher asked me to write my book on etiquette, I wrote novels, and now I find that etiquette, when taken in the big, broad view it should be taken in, is just as absorbing as writing fiction. After all, novels are written about people, the heroine, the hero, the villain and all the other characters that go to make up a book. In getting down to the fundamentals of manners and good taste, you get down to the most fundamental of all—people.

"It always amuses me to be regarded as an arbiter, for it's really so foreign to me. Few things excite me, but there are two or three things that drive me into a frenzy. One is the type of person I've talked about, the other is too much little niceties, that use mining and pretentious words and phrases. And the last and greatest of these is ruder-

"Which brings me to my greatest abhor-

rene, the thing I call the great American rudeness, and the thing I cannot understand—and that is the hostess who allows herself to be served first, when there are women guests at her table. If a woman is going to be so rude to the guests under her roof, then she should throw all other rules of courtesy away as well.

"It's as bad as slapping your guests in the face. It's telling them they are of inferior social position to you. When your guests do not allow you to be served first, always you are served first. And, to my way of thinking, the hostess who allows herself to be served first is putting herself in the high place of royalty.

"I've received so many letters from host-

esses, trying to condone this rudeness by suggesting that the reason lying behind it is a kind one, that by serving themselves first they make it easier for guests who do not know how to serve themselves. This reason is as unthinkable as the original rudeness, and as much of an insult to her guests, for what you are doing is saying that your friends are inferior to you and not as well versed in social graces as yourself.

"Back in the nineties, when hostesses really served elaborate dishes, this custom was unknown and feebles hostess of that day would be aghast at the thought of being served before their guests.

"In the days of the Borgias, when poitin food intended for guests, dangerous to the lives or peace of their hosts, was one of the delicate little social custom as the day, well-intentioned hosts partook of each dish or flagon first, to re-

sure their guests. And in the early days of our own country, when frontier towns were rough, and untrained help in the kit-

chens, nobody thought anything of it.

"Culinary skill, and in proper dishes, the gently bred hostess directed that every dish be served to her first, so that she could remove to her own plate any unseemly pieces and quickly rearrange the other dishes. It was more than a courtesy for her company. This was—and in the same circumstances again would be—a reason of courtesy.

"But it is distinctly a rudeness, and it's not a courtesy today, when poisoning has
So she wrote the book, and the royalty checks have been coming in ever since, and now her revised edition of the book is heading the best-seller lists again.

But today, even after the thousands upon thousands of letters she receives, she is still appalled at the way so many people stick so closely to the rules that they refuse to think for themselves.

"I once had a letter from the grooms' family must never supply the bride's trousseau," she said. "And one day I had a letter from a woman about to be married, saying she was disappointed, because this would mean she could not wear her future mother-in-law's wedding dress, which she had wanted to wear because of the love she had for her. This unyielding sticking to the rules amazed me in these women, as they both happened to be more than average in intelligence and culture and social position. I wrote to one of them. Clearly, of course, she must wear the dress she had set her heart on.

"And when brides write to me, asking for help in getting the correct furnishings for their home, I have something of that same feeling. Why should they ask anyone what to do? Why be so concerned about the latest thing to be in fashion? A woman's home should reflect her. She should furnish it with the things she likes, not the things that happen to be fashionable at the moment. My objection to having her home to be furnished by an interior decorator springs from my feeling that the home should represent the people who live in it, not an outsider."

Mrs. Post's own home is as much a part of herself as her graceful carriage, her eagerness, her quick laugh. She loves chintzes, and the chintzes she has chosen for her drawing-room, her study, and the various bedrooms in the large apartment, are breathtaking in their loveliness.

And she is charming because she does not think of herself as being charming—just as her manners are so beautiful because they are so simple.

When her private telephone rang, in the lovely study where she spends most of her working hours, she did not wait for her secretary but answered it herself, and during the conversation, she needed some information, she called for Hilda, her housekeeper, and when she did not come, whistled her summons. She's unpredictable, Mrs. Post, and not in the least awe-inspiring.

If some day you should happen into a farm kitchen, and the farmer's wife went calmly about her duties, making dinner and laddying it into heavy, oddly assorted dishes that didn't match, and served it from her kitchen table in the simple, unpretentious way she always served it, the chances are that she would find Mrs. Post one of the easiest guests she ever had entertained. For Mrs. Post delights in people who are themselves.

But heaven help the hostess, full of little pretensions and formalities, agonizing over details and perfection. Mrs. Post happens to be at one of her oh-so-formal luncheons! I'll lay a wager right now that Mrs. Post would have her wondering to this day just what she did wrong.

For that's how Emily Post is, so simple and unaffected, that she demands the same qualities in people she likes.
It takes more than "just a salute" to draw it out. It takes a "counter-irritant"! And that's what good old Mustroleum is—soothing, warming, soothing and helpful in drawing out local congestion and pain when rubbed on the sore, aching spots.

Muscular lumbago, soreness and stiffness generally yield promptly to this treatment, and with continued application, blessed relief usually follows.

Even better results than the old-fashioned mustard plaster. Used by millions for 25 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. All druggists. In three strengths: Regular Strength, Child's (mild), and Extra Strong, 4¢ each.

**MUSTEROLE**

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

Quickly Tint GRAY HAIR

and Look 10 Years Younger

* At home—quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waves of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Imparts rich, beautiful, natural appearing color with amazing speed. Easy to use. Tone to a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug or toilet counters—always money-back guaranteed.

ELEANOR FISHER...Paramount Player

**A STARLET CONFESSES**

[Image of a starlet]

* Here is Eleanor Fisher, charming beauty contest winner, who came to Hollywood to play in Paramount's new picture "True Confessions." Among many interesting things Eleanor discovered in Hollywood was that in the studios, dressing rooms and in the famous beauty shops, HOLLYWOOD CURLERS are "tops!" That's because Hollywood Curlers make lovely curls that look better and last longer. No springs to pinch, crack or pull the hair. Rubber end holder...a disc, not a bulb...permless free air circulation that assures rapid drying. Easy to remove,...curler slips off readily without spoiling curls. No springs or weak elastic parts to wear out. For a lasting, natural, wave forming curl...use Hollywood Curlers in your own home tonight. Insist on the genuine Hollywood Curlers.

HOLLYWOOD CURLERS

3 for 10¢ at 5c and 10¢ stores and motion counters

86

RADIO STARS

THE SEVERAL GENTLEMEN KNOWN AS DEEMS TAYLOR

(Continued from page 33)

He was wondering, these days, if he would again see war-torn France. Dreading the inevitable summons to serve his country—the call of last his number was up. Deems Taylor remembered—dreadfully—it was Armistice Day—November 11th, 1918! He still celebrates it.

The next year his friend, FPA, got him another job, as editor of The Musical Review. During this time Deems Taylor did some guest editing, doing the libretto himself, as well as the music. It's based on a Basque story by Pierre Loti, called Ramuncho. "I asked Edna to do it," he said. "But she wouldn't—she's just lazy! So I'm doing it myself.

And, as if all that were not enough, he...
has published a book this year, based on some of his music commentaries on radio programs. It's called Of Men and Music. "I wanted to call it The Tolerant Ear," says Deems. "But my publishers felt that title wouldn't appeal to the reader. They thought it would sound like a medical treatise!"

He had, he says, to do a lot of rewriting, to make his radio comments suitable for book purposes.

"We actually have two languages," he says. "The one thing we can do and we can't talk any other. That is the essence of the trouble with most radio commercials. They're written by advertising writers, who are accustomed to write for the eye and not for the ear. You'd never read an advertisement aloud. It would sound absurd, phony. And that's the way the commercials sound. All the fake enthusiasm! It reminds me of something FPGA said once: 'Nobody could be so glad to see anybody as I am to see everybody!'"

"We don't talk as we write," he went on. "We use broken phrases, unfinished sentences, repetition. When I'm writing my radio scripts, I always talk them aloud. I guess the people in my hotel think I'm mad! I pace up and down, talking to myself. If I just wrote the thing, it wouldn't sound right when I read it over the microphone. I've always written my own scripts," he explained. "I can't sound convincing, reading someone else's words. Only an actor can do that. I may be an entertainer, but I'm not an actor. The radio is the greatest lie-detector there is. That's why political speeches on the air always sound so phony."

However poor a prophet Deems Taylor may be, you appreciate the soundness of his judgment when you hear him on the air. He is quietly sincere, human, delightful, with that unenchantable humor that is so rare and so refreshing. His words are a mine of information, but always alive, always interesting. However slight your own knowledge may be, you have no difficulty in enjoying Deems Taylor. And it's really a remarkable feat, to make music a delight to people who know little about it.

Radio, itself, does this, says Deems Taylor. "It brings music to everyone. People who would hesitate to go to opera, for fear they might be bored, will listen to it in their homes. That," he says, "is because there's no compulsion about it. If they don't like it, they can turn the dial and shut it off. They don't have to take it, they don't want it. So they're willing to listen to it—and find they enjoy it."

He thinks radio ought to institute a repertory system, like that of the theatre. Even the movies have adapted it. "The best programs are good enough to stand重复播放, they'll take them on—one and on again. It's a pity! There's no law against repeating a program, of course—but no one would ever think of doing it." 

Another thing he would advocate would be to have a sort of radio car—a Landis for radio-to coordinate its entertainment, and to present different networks or stations, putting on similar shows at the same hour. "Spotting them that way hurts everyone. It halves the possible audiences, alienates listeners that otherwise would eagerly tune in," says Deems Taylor.

He believes, too, that it would be a good idea if there were fewer stations and wider broadcast bands. "The bands are so narrow," he explains, "that you cannot hear certain notes and overtones that give their character and brawn to certain instruments—the French horn, for instance, the oboe, the snare drums—almost any instrument. They have to be cut down in the control room. If they went on the air as produced, they'd overlap the broadcast sound. So the music the radio listener hears over the air sounds very different from what the studio audience hears."

They sound like good suggestions, these—but Deems Taylor isn't prophesying that any of them will be realized. Still, on his record, one might prophesy that if he should chance to be appointed czar of radio—not that he wants to be—he'd probably turn in a swell job.

For the present, however, he'll stick to just a few careers—writing, composing, commenting—and finding time to indulge in a few favorite hobbies, which include cameras, cooking and carpentry. He also, he says, plays, with more violence than skill, a mean game of tennis. He doesn't ride horses, because, he says, they're so big—they intimidate him. And he's never been fishing.

He has a home in Connecticut, where he lives about six months of the year. There he builds porches, furniture, adds on rooms, and what not. And experiments with photography.

He was married a number of years ago, to a charming actress, Mary Kennedy. But they have been separated for some time. Their twelve-year-old daughter, Mary, is going to be an actress.

"Katharine Cornell and Margalo Gilmore are her godmothers," Deems Taylor says proudly. "So she has a good start."

Mary already has a taste of theatre life, and on the stage of the Metropolitan, where she appeared in her famous father's first opera, Peter Ibbetson.

"She lives with her mother," he explains. And for the first time the twinkling light disappears from his eyes. "But I see her often," he adds quickly. "She was with me for some weeks, this summer. I did the cooking and she did the cleaning, and it worked out fine."

So, here are several of the gentlemen we know as Deems Taylor—and they all add up to a delightful personality. He's slim, slight, quiet—with a burning vitality that glows in his eyes and makes an overture for his quiet words. You feel a passionate sincerity and guiding insight in all he says. His laugh, that comes so readily, is no mere nervous gesture. It's a deep, quiet laugh, that springs from his adjustment to life. There's no bitterness in him. No frustration. Whatever comes—it's life. And a warm heart and a wide understanding find it good.

What would he choose to do, when he retires? "It's hard to imagine having money enough to retire!" he smiles. "But if I did—I'd continue to do just what I'm doing, except I'd write some books. I want to Work for radio. Experiment with photography. Do some carpentry. Cook. Live..."

And that sounds like a fairly safe prophecy!
to placate the little man.

Their efforts may have been spurred by the knowledge that some seventy musicians waited at a minimum fee of six dollars an hour. Each minute of the argument cost $70—but Toscanini was not to be hurried out of his anger.

He did come back to complete the rehearsal and conduct the greatest concert of the series the next Sunday evening, once more gracefully bestowing his baton on the sponsor. No one ever did arrive at an estimate of what the fit of temper finally amounted to in dollars and cents.

Toscanini is a tiny man, age has dimmed his eyesight, he has a grand disdain for money. He abuses his musicians shamefully, but they remain devotedly worshipful. No one ever has captured the musical imagination of America as Toscanini has.

The General Motors executives who had him on their program had to coax. Offers of that immense fees did not shake Toscanini's first refusals. The taxes of America and Italy (still his home at the end of each American concert season) would have eaten up most of the large fee, of course. The offers were directed along another line.

What if, at the door of the American's Italian home, a beautiful new car, a very expensive model, were delivered, all duties, taxes, etc., paid in advance? The maestro conducted the orchestra once that season and once the season following. The second season a new model arrived and the old one was quietly taken away. The maestro loves to drive around in luxurious automobiles.

NBC's expenditure in bringing Toscanini here this season is staggering. He is paid around $50,000 for ten concerts—and that only starts the expense account. An orchestra of one hundred of the finest musicians obtainable had to be assembled, many of them hired away from important past services in other American symphony orchestras. An estimate of an average salary of $5,000 for the season is conservative—which means a total of $500,000 for the band. In addition, two great conductors had to be engaged for a preliminary series to bring the orchestra to mid-season form before Toscanini took charge. There has been a great exploitation campaign to advertise the concerts.

The total may run to $650,000, perhaps more—although to bring ten Saturday Toscanini concerts to American listeners. Just for purposes of comparison, the fourteen Saturday afternoon Metropolitan Opera broadcasts were offered to sponsors at $87,500—including artist, networks and incidental costs.

Tim and Irene bought a parrot, with an idea in mind, and spent weeks training the bird to carry it out. They ask: "How did you like our program?" and the bird replies with loud laughter! It's just to amuse the guests.

Abe Lyman, who served on the Jack Benny program earlier this season, brings a story of Jack's pet diversion. During a visit to Palm Springs, Abe and Jack went to a movie together and, as they came out, the manager waited to greet Jack Benny.

"Yes, the picture was good," Jack answered the manager's eager query, "but what I really like—" (And here Jack's conversation, as well as Abe's recital of it grew warmer) "what I really like is a good Western."

The manager promised a good Western as a special addition to the program next evening, if Jack wanted to come. Did Jack want to come?

"Boy, we got the whole crowd of writers, directors, actors and everyone down to the theatre that night," Abe relates with huge delight. "It was good to see one of those pictures in a big theatre."

The passion is one Jack and Abe have in common. A picture with lots of running and shooting, whether by cowboys, G-men or soldiers, can't be bad.

Incidentally, remember the stories, printed not long ago, of the recently deceased presidents liked to read themselves to sleep with mystery and detective novels.

Graham McNamee has been broadcasting fifteen years now and is beginning to talk vaguely about setting a time to retire. The resonant, hearty and still youthful voice has rolled up quite a stake for Graham, just about enough to carry out his idea of settling down in the good California climate to rest and read—rest.

The resonant, hearty voice had been trained to make Graham his fortune as a baritone soloist, up to the time, back in 1922, when he stopped in at a radio station hunting for a temporary job. Right from the start, he stipulated that he intended to do comedy on radio. There was no difficulty about that after a few months. Radio provided him with so much speaking, there was no time for singing anyway.

It has been a profitable career, but not an easy one. There has been many a time when Graham finished a show, gotten his pay, and the radio studio, hustled out to a newsreel studio at midnight, snatched a few hours' sleep and hurried down to the studio again next morning for early rehearsal. After a thrilling session at a football microphone, there would be a frantic dash back to fill an evening broadcast or recording date.

And all these years, there has been the nerve-wracking tension that people who work before an audience never seem to lose entirely. Graham has driven himself hard to roll his fortune once had the past couple of years. For the first time, he passed up football altogether this fall. A touch of sinus trouble has kept him away from chilly football fields altogether. He had "my worst sick days," Graham sums it up, "but whenever things have been particularly hard, I always remind myself: 'This is a lot better than that job in St. Paul, driving a horse for Armour's.'"

The vogue for question-and-answer programs has spread even into the midnight dance programs. Kay Kyser's orchestra on the Mutual network, instead of playing the usual set of dance tunes, calls for
Free for Asthma During Winter

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is cold and damp; if raw, wintry winds make you choose as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restless sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel you are slowly wearing your life away, don’t fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter whether you live in the South or in the North, it is just the same. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could possibly think of, and if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address Frontier Asthma Co., 12-C Frontier Bldg 162 Niagara Street, Buffalo, New York.

Grace Moore, star of opera, radio and movies, is accompanied today by her husband, Valentin Parara, on her current coast-to-coast concert tour.

volunteers from the ballroom dancers and stages a questionnaire contest.

A rough practical joke in mind, a set of radio musicians almost started a feud between the two bandleaders, Richard Himber and Joe Rines. For years, Himber has justly been very proud of his dexterity at card tricks and other small magic. If vaudeville had not disappeared, he very likely would have drifted into the career of a stage magician, instead of organizing a dance band.

Rines has some claims to eminence as amateur magician, too. Musicians went to Himber with tales of his marvelous feats, making up stories of tricks that were completely impossible. At first Himber took the bait, angrily disputing whether Rines could do such things. The musicians reported with slighting remarks they said Rines had made about Himber’s tricks.

The joke was too good to last, though. Himber quickly realized what was happening and the Rines-Himber budding feud dissolved into goodnatured banter when they met. They are talking now about an informal contest in magic, with the audience to decide who is the best.

As everyone expected, General Hugh Johnson is stirring up plenty of trouble in his season as a commentator on an NBC network. His broadcast is sponsored by a leading manufacturer for the relief of a cure for colds, and repeatedly the General has broadcast without making

volunteers from the ballroom dancers and stages a questionnaire contest.

A rough practical joke in mind, a set of radio musicians almost started a feud between the two bandleaders, Richard Himber and Joe Rines. For years, Himber has justly been very proud of his dexterity at card tricks and other small magic. If vaudeville had not disappeared, he very likely would have drifted into the career of a stage magician, instead of organizing a dance band.

Rines has some claims to eminence as amateur magician, too. Musicians went to Himber with tales of his marvelous feats, making up stories of tricks that were completely impossible. At first Himber took the bait, angrily disputing whether Rines could do such things. The musicians reported with slighting remarks they said Rines had made about Himber’s tricks.

The joke was too good to last, though. Himber quickly realized what was happening and the Rines-Himber budding feud dissolved into goodnatured banter when they met. They are talking now about an informal contest in magic, with the audience to decide who is the best.

As everyone expected, General Hugh Johnson is stirring up plenty of trouble in his season as a commentator on an NBC network. His broadcast is sponsored by a leading manufacturer for the relief of a cure for colds, and repeatedly the General has broadcast without making

volunteers from the ballroom dancers and stages a questionnaire contest.

A rough practical joke in mind, a set of radio musicians almost started a feud between the two bandleaders, Richard Himber and Joe Rines. For years, Himber has justly been very proud of his dexterity at card tricks and other small magic. If vaudeville had not disappeared, he very likely would have drifted into the career of a stage magician, instead of organizing a dance band.

Rines has some claims to eminence as amateur magician, too. Musicians went to Himber with tales of his marvelous feats, making up stories of tricks that were completely impossible. At first Himber took the bait, angrily disputing whether Rines could do such things. The musicians reported with slighting remarks they said Rines had made about Himber’s tricks.

The joke was too good to last, though. Himber quickly realized what was happening and the Rines-Himber budding feud dissolved into goodnatured banter when they met. They are talking now about an informal contest in magic, with the audience to decide who is the best.

As everyone expected, General Hugh Johnson is stirring up plenty of trouble in his season as a commentator on an NBC network. His broadcast is sponsored by a leading manufacturer for the relief of a cure for colds, and repeatedly the General has broadcast without making

volunteers from the ballroom dancers and stages a questionnaire contest.

A rough practical joke in mind, a set of radio musicians almost started a feud between the two bandleaders, Richard Himber and Joe Rines. For years, Himber has justly been very proud of his dexterity at card tricks and other small magic. If vaudeville had not disappeared, he very likely would have drifted into the career of a stage magician, instead of organizing a dance band.

Rines has some claims to eminence as amateur magician, too. Musicians went to Himber with tales of his marvelous feats, making up stories of tricks that were completely impossible. At first Himber took the bait, angrily disputing whether Rines could do such things. The musicians reported with slighting remarks they said Rines had made about Himber’s tricks.

The joke was too good to last, though. Himber quickly realized what was happening and the Rines-Himber budding feud dissolved into goodnatured banter when they met. They are talking now about an informal contest in magic, with the audience to decide who is the best.

As everyone expected, General Hugh Johnson is stirring up plenty of trouble in his season as a commentator on an NBC network. His broadcast is sponsored by a leading manufacturer for the relief of a cure for colds, and repeatedly the General has broadcast without making
any effort to conceal a severe cold. That is the least of the troubles, however.

He kicks aside all of radio’s timid restrictions and says what he pleases, while nervous network executives listen and hope for the best. Repeatedly, the network has had to give away radio periods for replies by organizations which vigorously challenged the General’s statements. Then there was the night that Johnson had to be forbidden use of the network altogether because he insisted on discussing venereal diseases.

His contract calls for delivery of a script two hours in advance of broadcast time, so the network executives can look it over to remove any potential dynamite. He delivers it just exactly two hours in advance, seldomly an extra minute. There is a minimum time for argument.

His travels take him around the country and he broadcasts from various cities. In at least one city, the local network chief flatly refused to look at the General’s script in advance. He wanted no part of any argument with the General. From that town, the General goes on without any possibility of supervision.

Portland’s great ambition to become a movie star alongside his husband, Fred Allen, seems to have been thwarted. Everything was all set this fall for her to appear with him in his forthcoming film, Sally, Irene and Mary, in one of the title roles. That came unexpectedly after they arrived in Hollywood. The original plan had called for Fred, with no mention of the rest of the family. Almost on the eve of the picture’s start, Portland had her chance whisked right away again. The reason was not unflattering, however.

She has become one of radio’s favorite “dumb girls” but on the picture screen, they told Portland: “You just don’t look dumb enough.”

Walter Winchell is remaining tactfully aloof from the controversy raging about the radio commentators who try into private lives of film stars. Before a group of San Francisco’s Hollywood figures, Skolsky recently boasted that the radio chains would not dare to take any measures against himself. “My sponsor,” he said, “is one of the biggest buyers of radio time. The networks wouldn’t dare jeopardize that business.” He added, also, that the same thing was true about Walter Winchell.

“I asked him to leave me out of those remarks after this,” Walter said. “What’s the use of saying they wouldn’t dare touch my copy? They do it every week, don’t they?”

The restrictions on Walter are not severe but he always resents them. He tells about one case of exasperating censorship on the eve of last winter’s Ohio floods. A friend in the Ohio valley had wired Walter about the threatening conditions.

“I put in a line to warn people in the path of the flood to be ready to move,” Walter narrates. “I was broadcasting from the Coast then and a long-distance phone call came from New York when they saw my copy.

“But we might save some lives with that line,” I told him.

“Never mind the savoir de your country stuff,” was the answer I got. ‘We don’t want a broadcast that will start any panic out there.’”

Next day, the flood stories burst in full fury across the front pages of the nation, “What a scoop that would have been,” Walter fumes.

Hobby Lobby program has one distinction, new to radio. It is the only important show in radio that has two separate broadcasts on different networks the same evening. It is heard first each Wednesday on the Columbia network at 7:15 p.m. (Eastern Standard Time). The program assembles in the studio again at 8:30 p.m. for a broadcast on the Mutual network. Both of the broadcasts, each exactly the same, are heard in New York, the first on WABC, the second on WOR, which must puzzle listeners who don’t understand the arrangement.

The closest parallel to this two-in-a-day was Erno Rapee’s Sunday task—conducting two full hour concerts on one chain. At 12:30 p.m. Sunday, he conducts his Radio City Music Hall symphony orchestra. His next hearing was with the General Motors orchestra at 8 p.m., now off the air.

One of the cherished properties of Phil Lord’s Gang Busters program is a slot machine, a real one with lever, jack pot and all. The slot machine was the solution to a despairing day of experiments in the sound-effects department. The action of the script called for a slot machine falling off a jack pot. They tried everything to duplicate the sound—dropping coins into different sized kettles, dropping them through a pipe, throwing them into a gong—and none of them sounded right.

Finally they sent for a real machine and someone fixed the mechanism so it would drop a jack pot of coins on the first play, if it were properly primed.

Newcomers to the cast usually walk over and try to play it, during rehearsals in the hearth. The coins just drop through and nothing happens.

Phil Spitalny senses a note of warning in the current radio habit of trying to crowd together as many movie stars into a single program. He was speaking of the new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Warner Brothers shows and the program that RKO-Radio Pictures is planning.

“It reminds me of the last days of vaudeville,” he recalled. ‘Theatre business was falling off during the depression. To help business, the theatres were putting on bigger and bigger shows. I remember one week they had seven headlines, including Jack Benny and Fannie Brice, at the Capitol. It was a great show, sure. It broke house records. But after that, what could you do next week?’

‘Vaudeville probably was disappearing, anyway. They hurt it, though, with those big shows. After a few of those, at regular prices, people wouldn’t go to an ordinary vaudeville show. So any movie stars became an ordinary thing and wouldn’t need to record business. That meant just about the end of vaudeville.’

Radio is traveling the same path, but Phil won’t hazard a guess on what will come of it. He just shakes his head and wonders what will happen to programs like his girls’ orchestra, which just offer pleasant music and no seven or eight movie stars.

—By Arthur Mason
RADIO STARS

IT'S MY HUMBLE OPINION

You'll want to be "in the know" on your favorite stars of radio. Read Radio Ramblings (Page 12) and West Coast Chatter (Page 75) for new and amusing gossip.

Good For Kidney and Bladder Weakness

ALL OVER AMERICA men and women who want to clean house of waste material and irritating acids and poisons and keep a longer, healthier, happier life are turning to GOLD MEDAL Hasirem Oil Capsules.

Now you know the way to help bring about more healthly kidney activity and stop getting up at night. Other symptoms are backache, irritated bladder—difficult or smearing of enemas, spitting and eyes—vague nervousness and shifting pains.

This harmless yet effective medicine brings results—you'll feel better in a few days. So why not get a 36 box of GOLD MEDAL Hasirem Oil Capsules today—the original and genuine—right from Haerlem in Holland—Don't accept a counterfeit—Ask for and get GOLD MEDAL.

BRIDGE HANDS!

- Are your winning hands? White... satiny... alluring! Or losing hands, rough and red? Today women are using Borrington Hand Cream to keep their hands as lovely and attractive as their complexion. Borrington protects at the same time it improves the hands. Don't neglect the simple, inexpensive way to add a refreshing charm to your general effect of good grooming. Only a few days' use will show you the great change for the better.

At drug, department and the better 5 and 10 cent stores.

NORTHERN AER PLANT CORPORATION

ELIZA V. BEECHER

Barrington
HAND CREAM

GREAT FOR YOUNG AND OLD

GIVEN! TO YOU! Send No Money. Guaranteed Watch. Or big each piece. YOUNIVERSAL GUARDIAN. GIVING AWAY FREE Pictures with famous WHITE CLOTHING. Use for papa, mama, etc. Send to Friends at 3c a box (with picture FREE) and remitting per catalog.

FREE CUPID. I can tell you just how you can become a Cupid and win over the girls of your choice.

Pleasure Co., Dept. IS, Chicaco, Illinois.

LADIES' ARTIFICIAL FINGER NAILS

NOW! Beautiful NAILS AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE.

Barrington to you! Send No Money, Guaranteed. White Cupid Watch. Or big each piece. YOUNIVERSAL GUARDIAN. GIVING AWAY FREE Pictures with famous WHITE CLOTHING. Use for papa, mama, etc. Send to Friends at 3c a box (with picture FREE) and remitting per catalog.

FREE CUPID. I can tell you just how you can become a Cupid and win over the girls of your choice. Pleasure Co., Dept. 15, Chicago, Illinois.

GIVEN! TO YOU! Send No Money. Guaranteed Watch. Or big each piece. YOUNIVERSAL GUARDIAN. GIVING AWAY FREE Pictures with famous WHITE CLOTHING. Use for papa, mama, etc. Send to Friends at 3c a box (with picture FREE) and remitting per catalog.

FREE CUPID. I can tell you just how you can become a Cupid and win over the girls of your choice.

Pleasure Co., Dept. IS, Chicaco, Illinois.

GIVEN! TO YOU! Send No Money. Guaranteed Watch. Or big each piece. YOUNIVERSAL GUARDIAN. GIVING AWAY FREE Pictures with famous WHITE CLOTHING. Use for papa, mama, etc. Send to Friends at 3c a box (with picture FREE) and remitting per catalog.

FREE CUPID. I can tell you just how you can become a Cupid and win over the girls of your choice.

Pleasure Co., Dept. IS, Chicaco, Illinois.
IRENE: Tim, there’s quite a difference between you and—exhale—Jack Benny.
TIM: Wait a minute, Irene. Why do you exhale between me and Jack Benny? IRENE: I don’t wanna mention you and Jack Benny in the same breath.
(TIM and IRENE, Admiration Program.)

CHARLIE: Why, I used to play second base with the South Bend Bloomer Girls’ Accordion Band.
LAXXY: You did, Charlie?
CHARLIE: Yes, Playing the accordion made so many terribies in my chest that my mother had to press my shirts with a waffle iron.

TONY: I bought Alice a gorgeous string of pearls for her wedding present and now she wants a new car.
GEORGE: Well, Tony, instead of buying her the pearls why didn’t you get her a car?
GRACIE: Don’t be silly, George! Where can you buy an imitation car? (BURNS and ALLEN, Grape-nuts Program.)

JERRY: I’ve really accomplished things.
TED: Not really!
JERRY: Yes, Ted, I’ve been working myself to the bone.
TED: That’s using your head.

GEORGE: Morton, do you know: It Looks Like Rain?
MORTON: Whadda I care? I got my old suit on.

FISHFACE: Can anybody tell me why this tree is turning red?
FIGG: I know why it’s turning red.
FISH: Why?
FIGG: It’s blushing because its limbs are bare.

PICK: Pat, what was your rank in the army?
PAT: Oh, I was an admiral.
PICK: An admiral! How could you be an admiral in the army?
PAT: I had charge of the vessels in the kitchen.

HELENE: You know, Ray, we ought to get a sponsor pretty soon. Business is improving.
RAY: Yeah, business is improving. The people that can’t pay are buying anyway.

BERT: I bet you don’t know what diagonally means.
LUBIN: Why, it’s a-a-a—
BERT: No, it isn’t dat at all. Now I’ll explain to you what diagonally means. Suppose I drew a line from California to New York City, and another one from de North Pole down to Texas. What would dat be?
LUBIN: Dat would be an awful waste of pencils.
(SWOR and LUBIN, Bicycle Party.)

TONY: I’m a married man now and I want my wife to have the things that other married women have.
GRACIE: I know what you mean, Tony—the necessities of life, such as sable coats, fanous bracelets, imported automobiles and yachts.

GRACIE ALLEN and TONY MARTIN, Grape-Nuts Program.

PICK: Well, I’ll try your French.
PARLEZ-VOUS?
PAT: Yeah. . . I parlez.
PICK: You parlez what?
PAT: I parlay on the first, second and third races.

PICK and PAT, Pipe Smoking Time.

GEORGE: You know, Ray, I heard you on an phonograph record last night.
RAY: Oh, so that’s where I was last night? I wondered what made me so dizzy.

GEORGE BURNS, Grape-Nuts Program.

TED: Now, I’m going to take you to a party tonight and I want you to be on your best behaviour. And, incidentally, don’t forget to wash your face.

JERRY: Oh-h-h, it’s gonna be formal.

TED HAMMERSTEIN and JERRY MANN, Hammerstein Music Hall.

JACK: Mary, I want to thank you for those lovely roses you sent me. They were beautiful.
MARY: Were they?
JACK: Yes, that’s the first time I’ve ever seen a third of a dozen . . . but Mary, I did notice that the roses were quite limp and droopy. What happened?
MARY: I know you were sick so I boiled ‘em.

JACK BENNY, Jell-O Program.

PHIL: When I sneeze I put my hand in front of my mouth.

HARRY: Really, Phil? Why do you do that?

BETTEE: To catch his teeth!

(Philip Baker, Gulf Program.)

FRED: You’re under arrest for violatin’ the anti-noise law, Bud.

ACTOR: Hey, wait a minute! I ain’t doing nothing!

FRED: You just drank a bicarbonate of soda, didn’t you?

ACTOR: So what? I ain’t made a noise yet, have I?

FRED: No, but you will in a minute. Let’s go.

(FRED ALLEN, Town Hall Tonight.)

GRACIE: Well, my brother never says: “Hello,”—he says: “Honk, Honk!” Of course, that’s . . .

GEORGE: Your brother says: “Honk, Honk”.

GRACIE: Yeah—when he’s crossing the street. You see, he doesn’t want people to think he hasn’t got an automobile.

(BURNS and ALLEN, Grape-nuts Program.)

BOTTLE: Gosh, it’s terribly warm, sir. Do you mind if I sit down?

PHIL: Why, Bottle, does the hot air bother you?

BOTTLE: Er, . . . no, sir, go right on talking.

(Philip Baker, Gulf Program.)

DOC: Jack Benny, it’s time for your medicine again . . . Now first you take this red pill and then you follow it with this white one.

JACK: Mmm, two of ‘em this time. What’s the white pill for, Doc?

DOC: In case the red one is poison!

(JACK BENNY, Jell-O Program.)

PHIL: Bottle, you ought to get married and go in for a little connubial bliss.

BOTTLE: Beg pardon, sir?

PHIL: Connubial bliss! Look, Bottle, what binds women together and makes them better than they are by nature?

BOTTLE: Er—corsets.

(Philip Baker, Gulf Program.)

FRED: Today is the big birthday party. PORTLAND: Really? Whose birthday is it?

FRED: The Dionne babies. The Quin-tuplets are three today.

PORT: Oh! That’s too bad. Did two of them get away?

(FRED ALLEN, Town Hall Tonight.)

IRENE: Tim, when you were in vaudeville you used to make the people laugh so much they’d fall on their faces in the aisles.

TIM: That’s right, Irene! But how did you know?

IRENE: You told me.

(TIM and IRENE, Admiration Program.)

BETTY LOU: Yes, I know. Mister Tommy, but my Grand-daddy makes a lot of money when he plays football.

TOMMY: Your Grand-daddy makes a lot of money playing football? Who told you that?

BETTY: My daddy. ‘Cause he says we’re gonna have a lot of money when Grand-daddy kicks off.

(ROYAL GELATIN PROGRAM.)
Rosalie

starring ELEANOR POWELL and NELSON EDDY

Moonlight on the Vassar Campus! A kiss—a promise—the impassioned prelude to an elusive game of love!

When Dick Faye, Captain of the Army football team, held the lovely Rosalie close to his heart—he did not know she was a Princess—a Princess betrothed to a man she did not love!

Full of suspense and surprises, the exciting story of "Rosalie" starring Eleanor Powell and Nelson Eddy—appears in the February Issue of SCREEN ROMANCES.

Glamor—romance—thrills—all are woven into this tender love story of a persistent West Point Cadet and an alluring Princess!

SCREEN ROMANCES

GOOD NEWS!

Twice as many gallery pictures in the February issue . . .
8 more pages of glamorous screen star portraits!
16 stories of Movie Hits in this big Issue!

ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS
"LAUGH, Miss LOY!"

Even after "turning on a laugh" 100 times a day, Myrna Loy—MGM star—finds Luckies easy on her throat.

A word about your throat—
"Laughing before the sound camera is hard on the throat," says Myrna Loy. "After scenes of this sort, it's clear that Luckies are the cigarette for anyone who wants a light smoke that's easy on the throat!" Here's the reason in a nut-shell: the process "It's Toasted" takes out certain irritants that are found in all tobacco!

A word about tobacco—Aren't men who spend their lives buying and selling tobacco the best judges of tobacco quality? Then remember sworn records reveal that among independent tobacco experts Lucky Strike has twice as many exclusive smokers as all other brands combined. With men who know tobacco best—it's Luckies—2 to 1.

*STAR OF MGM PICTURE "MAN-PROOF"

Luckies—A Light Smoke
Easy on your throat—"It’s Toasted"

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST
It’s Luckies 2 to 1
Irresistible

There are women who invite Romance as naturally as flowers invite the enjoyment of their perfume. You envy them, perhaps. For you, too, want Romance. But do you invite it? Do your lips lure? Your skin, your hair, your very fragrance...do these invite caresses? Buy IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME if you want to be pursued. Men adore fragrant hair, fragrant lips, and soft fragrant skin. The satiny smoothness of Irresistible Face Powder, the soft blush of Irresistible Rouge, the seductive coloring and creamy indelibility of Irresistible Lip Lure...these speak the language of enchantment. Tonight, try Irresistible Perfume. You’ll be sparkling, electric, ready to conquer the world and the man! To be completely ravishing use all Irresistible Beauty Aids. Certified pure, laboratory tested and approved.

10¢ at leading 5 and 10¢ stores

IRRESISTIBLE LIP LURE—THE NEW GLOWING VIBRANT LIPSTICK
"I'd be a very Beautiful Woman if I'd taken care of my teeth and gums"

Neglect, Wrong Care, Ignorance of the Ipana Technique of Gum Massage—all can bring about

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"Yes, dear lady, it's your own fault. You know that—now. You used to have teeth that glistened, they were so white. And your gums were firm and strong. "Then, if you remember, there was a day when your tooth brush showed that first tinge of 'pink'—a warning that comes sometimes to nearly all of us.

"But you said: 'It's nothing. Why, I imagine everyone notices the same thing sooner or later.' And you let it go at that.

"Foolish you! That was a day important to your teeth—important to your beauty. That was the day you should have decided, 'I'm going to see my dentist right now!'

No Wise Woman Ignores "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you've noticed that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist at once. For only your dentist can tell you when there's serious trouble ahead. Probably he'll tell you that your gums are simply lazy—that they need more work, more stimulation to help keep them firm and strong.

Many a child in grade school could tell you that often the food we eat is too soft, too well-cooked to give gums the exercise they need. Realize this—and you understand why modern dentists so frequently advise the Ipana Technique of gum massage.

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to help the health of your gums as well. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little Ipana into the gums, with forefinger or brush. This arouses circulation in the gums—they tend to become stronger, firmer. Teeth are brighter—your smile sparkles with a new loveliness!

DOUBLE DUTY—Perfected with the aid of over 1,000 dentists, Rubberset's Double Duty Tooth Brush is especially designed to make gum massage easy and more effective.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE
"I'M JUST A BRIDE . . . but I'm learning fast"

Secret—"I've found out that one secret of successful entertaining is to provide plenty of good light."

Cost—"It isn't expensive. The cost for an entire evening is less than the cost of a package of cigarettes."

Keep—That's why it is a good idea to keep G-E Mazda lamps handy for emergencies. Be sure to look for the G-E monogram when you buy lamps.

15¢ for 15-25-40-60-watts
75 and 100-watts . . . 20¢

GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

BROADCASTING

RADIO RAMBLINGS
IT'S MY HUMBLE OPINION—
HERE'S HOWE!
SOUTHERN SMARTNESS
THE BANDWAGON
BEAUTY AND THE BREEZE
FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO RADIO
STRAIGHT FROM THE COLD SHOULDER
LISTENING TO THE PLAYBACK
BETWEEN BROADCASTS
CANDIDS
ARE ACTORS PEOPLE?
MICROPHONE MASKS
CANDIDS
GALE PAGE GETS A SCREEN TEST
IN THE RADIO SPOTLIGHT
YOU SIMPLY CAN'T TELL 'EM APART
CANDIDS
WHILE AWAITING TELEVISION
COAST-TO-COAST PROGRAM GUIDE
ELEANOR HOWE'S RECIPES
WEST COAST CHATTER
RADIO'S NEW TABLE TENNIS CHAMP
THE SOMewhat SINISTER ROBINSON
FRED ALLEN IN FILMLAND
GETTING THRILLS TO THRILL YOU
CHECK YOUR SCRIPTS, EVERYBODY!
MIKEMEN
PLATTER PATTER
RADIO LAUGHS

Two-fisted American college student goes to Oxford! Oh, boy, here's a drama that packs a wallop every minute of the way!

Robert Taylor

in

A YANK AT OXFORD

with LIONEL BARRYMORE
Maureen O'Sullivan • Vivien Leigh
Edmund Gwenn • Griffith Jones • From an Original Story by John Monk Saunders
Directed by JACK CONWAY • Produced by MICHAEL BALCON

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
RADIO STARS

NBC blues singer, Beryl Cameron (above) is a native of Honolulu.

One of the high spots of the M-G-M musical, Everybody Sing, is Fannie Brice's Dainty, Quainty Me, written by Harry Ruby and Bert Kalmar.

RADIO RAMBLINGS

This is the year when anyone who wants to broadcast may get on the networks, with a little ingenuity. A visitor to New York has about fifteen ways to a national chain, through the programs that have members of the studio audience come to the microphone and answer questions, play games or just talk.

Probably the simplest route is a visit to the Hotel Biltmore ballroom any night Horace Heidt is broadcasting. Instead of doing a straight program of dance music, Heidt walks among the customers with a portable microphone, asks for names and addresses and otherwise tries to get people into a chatty mood when the mike comes around.

Another easy way is with Wallace Butterworth and Parks Johnson on their Vox Pop show on NBC, Tuesday nights (Monday nights for the far West). They set up their microphone in a hotel lobby, a crowded invariably gathers and they draft nearby standees to answer tricky questions. The chief difficulty lies in finding out in advance just which hotel the questioners have chosen. They can't announce it publicly, because all variety of cranks would appear to broadcast eccentric messages. A call to Butterworth or Johnson might get the information, however, and a place in the front ranks near the microphone is almost sure to carry with it an invitation to take part.

If you have an out of the way hobby, a letter to Hobby Lobby may get you a free trip to New York and a spot in the broadcast. Several programs use people with odd achievements of prominence in current news headlines—Robert Ripley's Believe-It-or-Not, We, the People, Radio News Reel and Kate Smith with her monthly award for heroes.

New York, of course, has no monopoly on these shows. Every city has them on its local stations; hotel lobby interviews, (Cont'd on page 76)

Bringing you exclusive news of the folk whose varied talents contribute to our daily pleasure and entertainment in the vast world of radio
Foolish words of a popular song. But there's truth in them. In his heart, every man idealizes the woman he loves. He likes to think of her as sweetly wholesome, fragrant, clean the way flowers are clean.

Much of the glamour that surrounds the loved woman in her man's eyes, springs from the complete freshness and utter exquisiteness of her person. Keep yourself wholesomely, sweetly clean!

Your hair, and skin, your teeth—of course you care for them faithfully. But are you attending to that more intimate phase of cleanliness, that of "Feminine Hygiene"? Truly nice women practice Feminine Hygiene regularly, as a habit of personal grooming. Do you? It will help to give you that poise, that sureness of yourself, that is a part of charm.

The practice of intimate Feminine Hygiene is so simple and so easy. As an effective cleansing douche we recommend "Lysol" in the proper dilution with water. "Lysol" cleanses and deodorizes gently but thoroughly.
Boy meets grief!

One of childhood's greatest trials (and parents', too) . . . bad-tasting medicine

I CAN'T have CHEWING there was a PEANUT

Boy meets joy!

Three cheers for Mother (she's cheering, too) . . . She got delicious FEEN-A-MINT

I AM not as critical as Sophie Tucker, who shooed all of the waiters out of the room before she begins. I have become accustomed to the noisy audiences of the café variety, but when a woman persists in talking—nay, shouting—about the opera and the latest in hats, then it is time to rebuke her publicly, if she is sober enough to understand what is being said. And if any of you think I am too severe in my criticism, then try appearing before a noisy audience yourself sometime.

I LISTENED to George Jessel
RADIO STARS

IT'S MY HUMBLE OPINION—

BY RUDY VALLEE

Rudy Vallee's own exclusive column of casual comments and truly candid criticisms

today. What a pleasure to hear someone with the courage to challenge the approved American custom of splurging the private lives of those who have achieved something, over the front pages of our so-called newspapers!

The venerable signers of our Constitution little realized the loophole they left the gossip-mongers in the much vaunted "freedom of the press." Obviously they meant it to safeguard true news—honest, factual or opinionative matter relative to important things affecting our daily lives. But surely not as an avenue for often-uneducated and biased nitwits to advise others on how to live their lives—and to thus often make the victim of innuendo suffer financial loss or loss of esteem.

CHALLENGE them and they retort that the libel laws offer redress—to which I say Nuts, with a capital N. Why? Because, even if it is libel, it takes mouths, often years, to prove it and the attendant publicity is just what the gossip—(Continued on page 84)

Chapped Hands made soft enough for Kisses

IF HANDS COULD TALK, THEY'D SAY:

HOW MANY TIMES EACH DAY WE NEED THE HELP OF HINDS!

Quick... smooth on Hinds! Extra-creamy, extra-good to chapped hands. Contains "sunshine" vitamin D, too!

HINDS MAKES OUR ABUSED SKIN FEEL SOOTHED, SOFTENED... RIGHT AWAY!

In and out all day long! Getting the milk, emptying the ashes, driving the car... No wonder your tender skin gets nipped by the cold. Soon your hands are dry, scratchy-rough, sorely-chapped. Like sandpaper to a man’s loving touch!

CHALLENGE them and they retort that the libel laws offer redress—to which I say Nuts, with a capital N. Why? Because, even if it is libel, it takes mouths, often years, to prove it and the attendant publicity is just what the gossip—(Continued on page 84)

SMOOCHED BY HINDS... AGAIN WE'RE HIS HONEYMOON HANDS

Every drop of Hinds works fast to give you soft, smooth Honeymoon Hands. Even one application makes hard-working hands more thrilling—to look at and to touch! Use Hinds faithfully—before and after household jobs, indoors and out. Hinds helps put back the softness that biting winds, bitter cold, household heat, hard water, and dust take away. $1, 50c, 25c, and 10c sizes. Dispenser free with 50c size—fits on bottle, ready to use.
HERE'S HOWE!

Presenting Eleanor Howe, noted Home Economist and director of the NBC Homemakers' Exchange program

HAVE you ever visited a morning broadcast? Chances are strong that you have not, because visitors' passes are rarely given out for these daytime programs. And so, though most of us at one time or another have been a member of an evening studio audience and have seen our favorite comedian, landleader or singer, in person, giving of his or her best into a mike—to the delight of both visible and unseen audiences—few listeners, indeed, have ever had a chance to meet their radio favorites of the daylight hours face to face. On the other hand, the activities of the broadcasting studios, before the evening's influx of visitors, are generally hidden behind a veil of impenetrable silence!

For this very reason I thought a morning visit to the studios would interest all those women, who, like myself, turn on the radio while working around the house, for entertainment and more especially for information on our most important job—homemaking!

Among the most interesting and helpful of these morning programs is the one we are about to visit. It's called the Homemakers' Exchange. And that's exactly what it is—an exchange of ideas between listeners, under the able guidance of Eleanor Howe, whom I take pleasure in introducing to you here.

But wait a minute. Before meeting Miss Howe we'll have to find her, and in order to do so we must go through the long, quiet corridors of the National Broadcasting Company's eighth floor, with its closed doors on either side flanked by lighted signs of warning, saying "On the Air," "Silence," "In Rehearsal."

With a page boy to guide us, we are bound for such a studio as these, it seems—alive with activity behind the closed portals.

However, as we step across the threshold of the particular room reserved at this hour for the Certified Members of the Ice Industries, sponsors of Miss Howe's broadcasts, it would appear at first glance that we have entered a living-room, not a studio at all! A living-room such as yours or mine, or that neighbor's down the street, you know, the one "who has such good taste in furnishings." True, the walls here are covered with sound-proof boards instead of paneling, but there's an attractive, homey-looking fireplace and lovely upholstered furniture. However, the
window certainly does not look out on a street, but opens instead into the control-room, from which two fully authorized "peeping Toms" peer in, intent on their job of relaying to you the household hints you are listening in to hear—as broadcast for your special edification by Eleanor Howe, noted Home Economist, director of the Homemakers' Exchange.

Miss Howe is at the mike, ready to speak over the air, as we enter. So we sit down to hear at first hand about gadgets and shortcuts, about unusual and economical recipes and interesting household hints which have proved, and continue to prove, helpful both in lightening the task and brightening the hours of homemakers, the country over. These suggestions, hints, recipes, etc., come in to Miss Howe by the thousands, and she in turn broadcasts them or publishes them in the interesting bulletin sent out free, on request, to all those who ask for copies. Listen in on her next Tuesday or Thursday program over NBC's Red-network and you'll discover how easy it is to get your copy. Or, if you prefer, send me your name and I'll see that you get one.

What sort of things will you learn about, you may be wondering? Well, you'll find some interesting examples on pages 52 and 53, that will answer that particular question in a most practical fashion. There you will also see the recipe for the ice cream, so attractively pictured here, as well as for the rich dark brown cake, whose heart-shaped pieces add a definite note of timeliness.

There is also a "Saladessert" recipe, which is all that its name implies and which, though Valentine-ish in appearance to fit the season, can also provide in other molds a food suggestion for year 'round attention. Then, just to be very practical, Miss Howe has included a Lamb Stew and Dumpling combination that manages to be pretty special, though inexpensive. Nice to have something sensible like this to fall back on when February's festivities leave us broke!

On the page opposite the recipes you will find a real "Woman's Exchange" of ideas. I hope you enjoy them as much as I do. Also that you agree with my choice out of the hundreds of similar items that I found in those grand weekly Homemakers' News Bulletins.

Be sure to glance over her household hints and try her recipes as given here. I also advise you to listen in soon, in order to discover for yourself that "Here's Howe" to make homemaking an easier and a pleasanter task.

( Please turn to pages 52 and 53 for Recipes and Household Hints)

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

"I DON'T CARE HOW PRETTY SHE IS—SHE'LL SPOIL THE SHOW!"

AW, YOU'RE JEALOUS 'CAUSE TEACHER WON'T LET YOU BE LITTLE SNOW-WHITE!

POOH! BETTY DOESN'T EVEN LOOK LIKE SNOW-WHITE IN THAT FUNNY, TATTLE-TALE GRAY SHEET!

IT'S NOTHING TO CRY ABOUT ANYWAY! MY MOMMY'S CLOTHES USED TO HAVE TATTLE-TALE GRAY SOMETHIN' AWFUL 'CAUSE HER SOAP WAS SO LAZY IT LEFT DIRT BEHIND!

BUT THEN SHE SWITCHED TO FELS-NAPTHA AND BOY, OH BOY, DOES DIRT SKEE-DADDLE! MOM SAYS FELS-NAPTHA'S RICHER GOLDEN SOAP AND LOTS OF GENTLE NAPTHA JUST DON'T GIVE TATTLE-TALE GRAY A CHANCE!

LISTEN TO THE CLAPPING! YOU WERE SILLY TO FRET ABOUT BETTY'S COSTUME THAT SHEET CERTAINLY DOES SHINE LIKE SNOW, SNOW-WHITE'S THE VERY NAME FOR IT!

IT IS NOW—THANKS TO THE LITTLE BLOND DWARF ON THE END—AND FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!
Mary Livingstone, wife and co-star of NBC comedian Jack Benny, suggests this silk print in the new smoke blue for afternoons.

A chartreuse green satin dinner dress, worn with or without its bolero, is shown by Elizabeth Wragge of Pepper Young’s Family.

SOUTHERN SMARTNESS

BY WENDY LEE

FOLLOW the sun! Each year, thousands of chilled Northerners take up the cry and hasten to flee the rigors of winter. By train, plane, or boat, in autos and trailers, they hie themselves to the South’s sunny strands, they cruise lightly in the Caribbean, they visit the West Indies, Bermuda, the sun-drenched Bahamas.

But wait a minute. Just because you may not be taking a Southern trip this year doesn’t mean that you should close your eyes and hurry past this month’s fashion page. Not at all!

For—"Coming events cast their shadows before." When Shakespeare penned these words, he didn’t know anything about cruise or Southern resort fashions but, like most of his ideas, this well-worded thought holds true today more than ever.

Even if the present economic recession is keeping you from joining in the annual trek to the Southland, forget it all. The wise girl, with an ear to the ground and an eye to the future, will study the clothes that are now being shown for trips to warmer climates, because these are what you’ll be wearing yourself very shortly, for spring and all during the summer.

Start now to lay careful plans for your warm-weather wardrobe. Study up on what’s being worn on the beaches and sun decks. Then you can sally forth to do your shopping with ease and precision, your mind all made up as to what you will need, which of the season’s styles become you best, what your basic color scheme is going to be.

Naturally, I don’t have to tell you of the importance to stay-at-homes to which cruise and Southern resort clothes have risen during the past few years, what (Continued on page 82)

If you want to know what to select for your early spring wardrobe watch the fashion favorites for winter cruises and Southern wear
Irene Rich, who stars in her own NBC program, is noted as one of the best dressed women in radio. Her hat, of Mexican influence, is of dark red straw, combined with Indian blue grosgrain silk.

Perfect for town and office wear is the tailored black street frock worn by Jean Dickenson, of NBC's The American Album of Familiar Music. Gilet and gauntlets are of natural color linen.

Strong lights, hard shadows bring out harsh angles on your face

"Glare-Proof" Powder
reflects the softer rays—flatters in any light

Strong, hard lights... and everybody's eyes on you. Playing a game under those bright overhead lamps puts the prettiest face on the spot! Powder shows up chalky... Highlights and shadows are sharpening your face...

Pond's "glare-proof" shades save you from that embarrassment! Blended to catch and reflect only the softer rays of light, Pond's Powder softens your face—flatters it in sharp daylight or glittering evening lights. And doesn't show up!

In an inquiry among 1,097 girls, Pond's got the biggest vote for "never showing powdery."


FREE! 5 "GLARE-PROOF" SHADES
Pond's Dept. 9RS-PP, Clinton, Conn. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Powder, enough for a thorough 5-day test. (This offer expires May 1, 1938.)
FOR "RAW" THROAT USE THIS "FIRST AID"

Doctors warn that colds can lead to serious illness—to ear and sinus infection, and even pneumonia. So don't take a chance. Treat the symptoms of a coming cold effectively and without delay! If you feel feverish or grippy, see your doctor at once!

TAKE THIS SIMPLE PRECAUTION

For the most effective "first aid," kill the cold germs that cause raw, dry throat. At the first sign of a raw throat cold, gargle with Zonite. Zonite does 3 jobs for you: (1) Cleanses mucous membranes, (2) Increases normal flow of curative, health-restoring body fluids. (3) Kills cold germs present in the throat as soon as it comes in actual contact with them.

In a test to find out the germ-killing power of the nine most popular, non-poisonous antiseptics on the market, Zonite proved to be actually 9.3 times more active (by standard laboratory tests) than the next best antiseptic compared! This means economy because you use Zonite diluted! Zonite goes farther—saves you money.

Use 1 teaspoon of Zonite to one-half glass of water. Gargle every 2 hours. Zonite tastes like the medicine it really is. Soon your throat feels better.

DON'T DELAY—BE PREPARED

Get Zonite at your druggist now. And at the first sign of rawness in your throat, start gargling at once. But remember: If you are feverish, consult your doctor! Don't risk a serious illness.

ZONITE IS 9.3 TIMES MORE Active THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR non-poisonous ANTISEPTIC by standard laboratory tests

Gargle with Zonite AT FIRST SIGN OF A COLD

Feverish? Grippy? SEE DOCTOR AT ONCE

WARNING! DON'T NEGLECT A COLD!
Cold germs may go UP into the sinuses or DOWN into the bronchial tubes and lungs and lead to a serious illness. If feverish or grippy, see doctor at once!

THE BANDWAGON

BY JERRY MASON

THE GREAT GUY

The sweetest music this side of heaven leaked out around the edges of a battered steel door.

There should have been a June moon—honeysuckle, and great stars in a silver sky, and sweet nothings whispered into a shell-like ear. Instead, it was Manhattan's 53rd Street—and a thumping elevated train roared accompaniment. What's more, it was cold. A cold Sunday morning, when all good New Yorkers should be still in bed.

But no warm beds for the musicians behind the battered steel door. A group of the hardest working bandsmen in New York, they seem to forget that none of them got to sleep before 3:30 that same morning. They are Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians.

When the last guest left New York's Roosevelt Grill, the preceding Thursday night, the Lombardos rolled up their sleeves, got rid of their stiff collars and went to work. They rehearsed all that night for the CBS program to be broadcast at 5:30 on Sunday (Continued on page 94)

Looking in on the Lombardos. After three and three-quarter hours of rehearsal, the boys line up for a quick snack at a convenient fountain.

Frank Vigneau plays "the gadget," only one of its kind in America.

Fritz Kreitzer, pianist, calls up his wife to ask about their baby.
She looks inquiringly at the world, and the world looks back the same way. For Patricia is one of the babies in Westfield, N. J., whose pictures and health records are part of a recent study of infant nutrition. Patricia has been having Clapp's Baby Cereal for 4 weeks; she'll soon get Clapp's Strained Vegetables.

For Patricia is one of the babies in Westfield, N. J., whose pictures and health records are part of a recent study of infant nutrition. Patricia has been having Clapp's Baby Cereal for 4 weeks; she'll soon get Clapp's Strained Vegetables.

Laughing out loud to see dessert coming—for now Patricia gets Clapp's Strained Fruits, too. Like all Clapp's Strained Foods, these fruits have the texture doctors advise—smooth, finely strained, but not too liquid. Patricia has gained 2 pounds, 3 ounces in 2 months; she can creep, and sit up like a little major.

Plentiful vitamins and minerals in her pressure-cooked Clapp's Foods are what make Patricia strong as well as chubby. She's 30 inches tall, weighs 18 pounds, 12 ounces. Like every Clapp-fed baby in the test, Patricia has made steady, uninterrupted progress. And she likes her vegetables. Clapp's flavors are better—just taste and see!

Here's what helped her grow...

16 Varieties of Clapp's Strained Baby Foods—Baby Soup Strained or Unstrained, Vegetable Soup, Beef Broth, Liver Soup; Apricots, Prunes, Apple Sauce, Tomatoes, Asparagus, Peas, Spinach, Beets, Carrots, Green Beans; Baby Cereal.


NEW!...for older babies

Clapp's Chopped Foods

Doctors asked for them...even-textured foods with all the advantages of Clapp's Strained Foods, but more coarsely divided. At your dealers' now—remember them when your baby outgrows Clapp's Strained Foods.
Benay Venuta is heard with Victor Erwin’s Musical Cartoons and the Key Men, Mondays, 9:30 p.m. EST (MBS)

Make-up, Benay maintains, should be used to enhance the features, and not as a mask to cover up the face.

BREEZING into the studio for a broadcast came lovely Benay Venuta, so obviously impervious, in her fresh beauty, to the blustering winds of February and March, that I knew we would profit from a beauty chat with her. By we, I mean all of us who have not yet learned the secret of looking like a pink-checked schoolgirl with old Boreas nipping at cheeks and striving to chap and roughen the soft contour of a lovely mouth!

Benay Venuta is dainty and well-groomed, in spite of the fact that months spent in the warm South have made her especially vulnerable to the stings of winter. Therefore we, who have become inured to the climate and can stand up to the huffing and puffing of the Lion, want to plunge into the routines that give us the beauty called “smooth.”

Instead of covering the beauty subject from head to foot, Benay reverses the procedure and proceeds from foot to head. This is because foot trouble may be blamed for everything, from wrinkles to a bad disposition. It’s not enough to wear comfortable shoes. You must also give your feet a little extra attention. After bathing the feet, see that they are thoroughly dried. If you are going to go out, then massage a hand lotion into the feet, with special attention to the back of the heels and ankles, to prevent roughness and chapping. Dust the feet with bath powder. At night, immediately after the warm foot bath, use a pumice stone on corns and callouses. The daily use of the pumice stone will eventually eliminate all such spots. A thorough massage of cold cream, to lubricate the skin and to stimulate circulation, is the last step before retiring.

Give yourself a weekly pedicure in winter as well as summer. Even though you are not wearing open-toed sandals or disporting yourself on the beach, this is very important. A pedicure gives you (Continued on page 67)
Even in blustery, windy weather, your hair can be kept pliant and lustrous by the use of oil shampoos and the regular brushing.

For daytime eye make-up, Benay advises very pale eyeshadow and mascara diluted with water and brushed lightly on the lashes.

---

Movie Stars Must

**FIGHT FATIGUE!**

Because slim, energetic people radiate charm and personality

Fat and Fatigue usually go together. Keeping weight down and energy up, however, depends merely on a sensible choice of foods. Baby Ruth is pure, delicious candy, rich in Dextrose, the sugar you need for energy. Pure Dextrose is utilized by the body as energy, when needed, rather than stored as fat.

For enjoyment, for quick energy, make Baby Ruth your candy. It's good—and good for you.

---

Curtiss Baby Ruth

5¢

17
I simply fled! Escape—that was all I could think of! Just to get away from the gaiety and music—of my first college prom! After all, when you're chafed...dancing isn't fun, it's agony!

"Simpleton!" said Marge, who was in the dressing-room making minor face repairs. "You'd think you were born in the dark ages! This dance came at the wrong time for me, too—but you don't hear me complaining! Haven't you heard about Modess?"

"See this filler?" said Marge—cutting a pad in two. "Feel it...it's fluffy and soft as the down on a duck! Modess isn't made up of crépey, close-packed layers—like ordinary napkins. It's so much softer. That's why Modess doesn't chafe!"

"Now, watch—" continued Marge, "here's reason number two! Modess is also safer!" So saying—she took the moisture-proof backing from inside a pad and poured water on it. Moisture-proof is right! I was simply amazed!

"Did you ask for Modess, miss?" said the maid handing Marge a blue box. "Good," beamed Marge. "And scissors too, please... Now, my dear, I'll show you two good reasons why you should get in the habit of saying Modess..."

"Well, pet," said Marge, as we were getting our wraps, several hours later, "isn't it wonderful what a difference being comfortable can make in a girl's life! By the way—" she added—"here's something I forgot to tell you. You'll find Modess costs less, in most places, than any other nationally known napkin!"

Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

IF YOU PREFER A SMALLER, SLIGHTLY NARROWER PAD, SAY "JUNIOR MODESS"
Each Tuesday and Saturday evening the familiar voice of Johnny, the Call Boy, ushers in a thoroughly entertaining program. A perfect blend of music, song and drama, featuring Russ Morgan and his program, Charles Martin and his exciting playlets, Ray Block and the Swing Fourteen with Frances Adair. Enjoyment plus for the most exacting listener. Besides, the commercials are delivered in an unusual, but convincing manner, by Charles O'Connor.

Evidently the sponsor decided that what the listener wants is variety. Other programs are based on the variety idea, but lack the pace, originality and general excellence of the flawlessly presented Johnny presents broadcasts.

"Music in the Morgan Manner" has become a positive guarantee of elight to dance lovers. Acknowledged as one of the world's best trombonists, Russ Morgan has been a student of music since he was seven years f age. Both of his parents, incidentally, were musicians.

The mention of Charles Martin's name is significant of the finest in air ramos. His thrill technique has no equal. Before becoming a radio producer, he was a newspaperman and actor, having been a member of va Le Gallienne's repertory company.

The popularity of Johnny Presents is further proof that it pays to be different. There are many radio programs, unfortunately, following the same formula. But not so with the Philip Morris half-hour. They could exclude all mention of the sponsor's name and product and yet the average stener easily could identify it. Which surely is a tribute to the program's istinctiveness.

To Johnny Presents, the Philip Morris program, Radio Stars Magazine offers its award for Distinguished Service to Radio.
STRAIGH

Set down, not in malice, but a frank discussion of certain radio broadcasts and entertainers. may not agree with these unbiased opinions, nevertheless constructive criticisms should be welcomed.

BY WILLIAM VALLE

ANNOUNCER HARRY VON ZELL
"... convincingly sells the product..."

TOSCANINI
"... he behaved like a spoiled brat in need of a spanking..."

JACK BENNY (with Kenny Baker)
"... perhaps there's something in the comics' contention..."
WHEN Toscanini arrived in this country aboard the<br>titanic liner, Conte di Saroia, for his series of NBC<br>broadcasts, he behaved like a spoiled brat in need of a<br>panking. He struck one photographer who tried to (and<br>id) take a picture of him, and turning to another called<br>him "pigs, murderers, scoundrels, criminals and assas-<br>ins," and then threatened to get a gun and shoot them.<br>He retired to his suite when they calmed him down, and<br>then proceeded to keep David Sarnoff, chairman of the<br>board of NBC, and John S. Royal, vice-president in<br>charge of NBC programs, waiting in the companionway<br>or one hour. Sarnoff, incidentally, laughed it off, saying:<br>Oh, we’re just a couple of bodyguards, apparently."

Toscanini gets $40,000 to conduct ten broadcasts. NBC<br>also has spent a fortune collecting its symphony orchestra<br>which he will conduct. It seems a shame that Toscanini<br>does not realize that without the talented musicians which<br>NBC has lined up for him he would be without a radio<br>orch. Furthermore, before Toscanini’s arrival, NBC had<br>other top-flight conductors whipping the musicians into<br>shape, so that all would be ready when Arturo stepped on<br>the conductor’s stand and lifted his baton. It seems to me<br>that Toscanini is not quite as important as his display of<br>temperament leads you to believe.

A GREAT many Jimmy Wallington fans would be better<br>pleased if his announcing weren’t tied exclusively with<br>Eddie Cantor.

One thing radio definitely needs is—forgive the cliché—<br>new blood. It’s bad enough to find Edward Everett Hor-<br>ton turning up as a guest star on almost every program you<br>see in, but it’s even worse when the heroes and villains

on the various morning and afternoon dramatic skits con-<br>inue to be the same voices.

Surely it’s not necessary for radio producers to use the<br>same people over and over again—there are loads of new<br>and capable actors and actresses restlessly waiting to get<br>on the air. Perhaps the gentlemen in charge are too lazy<br>to go through the bother of constantly interviewing new<br>people. Let them remember that voices like Harold Ver-<br>milleya’s do grow familiar to the ears of the listeners.

There is a suspicion current that many production men<br>are better timekeepers than directors. All they apparently<br>want is to get the program timed properly. Presentation<br>of the material is secondary.

A SCORE of our best radio columnists united recently in<br>the belief that Mae West’s recent radio appearance was her<br>first. Lest wrong triumph over right, let it be known that<br>she appeared on the Fleischmann’s Yeast program before<br>the plaster on the studios at Radio City was even dry and<br>that La West read her script, none too well, through a<br>lorgnette. She was no improvement on her recent Chase<br>and Sanborn broadcast.

Listen to a bird named Uncle Happy, on the Tim and<br>Irene show—the man with the dead-pan voice who steals<br>the show. Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!

If you’re one of those people who don’t like Guy Lom-<br>bardo, don’t tune in Sammy Kaye. The reason being that<br>Mons. Kaye manages to sound exactly like Mons. Lom-<br>bardo, down to the last vocal bo-ho.

Proof? Carmen recently tuned Kaye in and was listen-<br>ing with amusement when Guy, (Continued on page 72)
Bill Comstock, whom listeners hear as Tizzie Lish, notes applause for his gags. Arlene Harris (Human Chatterbox) scoffs.

Above, Bill Comstock (left) suggests a new angle to Dick McCaffrey, Al's music arranger, as they listen to the playback.

Above, Arlene Harris, who is an Elmer Blurt fan, enjoys a hearty laugh, listening to Al's creation. Below, Al Pearce settles himself comfortably on the floor to enjoy Carl Hoff's music once more.

Al decides to make note of certain sound effects. One of the most genial, easy-going men, Al Pearce is not a product of Broadway. His program reflects his humanness. Al was born in San Jose, California.
The "Playback"

with Al Pearce and His Gang, is
back after the broadcast

Bill leans down to catch each inflection of his voice, as Tizzie Lish's comments come to him from the loudspeaker.

Dick McCaffrey (left) listens to words and music with Monroe Upton, who is Al's script writer and acts as Lord Bilgewater.

Above, Pearce ponders, McCaffrey muses. All of The Gang work endlessly to perfect the Watch The Fun Go By program, broadcast every Tuesday at 9:00 p.m., over CBS. Below, the playback pleases.

The Chatterbox hears herself talking to the doctor and Junior. Arlene Harris has been with Al Pearce and His Gang since 1933. She started doing monologues for clubs, at home in Los Angeles.
Here's Hildegarde, popular personality singer. Although born in Milwaukee, Hildegarde won fame in Europe before becoming known in her own country. John Royal, Vice-President of NBC, heard her sing in Paris and gave her a contract. She made no great success, however, and no longer sings on NBC.

Jimmie Grier and Julie Gibson bring zip and zest to Joe Penner's program, broadcast Sunday nights at 6:00 p.m., over the Columbia network. Jimmie is orchestra leader and Julie the charming vocalist.

Alice Faye, as she appears in the star rôle of You're a Sweetheart, the new Universal comedy with music. She has been dancer, singer and actress since she was eleven years old. Is married to Tony Martin.
BETWEEN BROADCASTS

Picturing popular players whose varied gifts delight radio listeners.

Even closed, the cavern mouth's expressive! But you can't blame Martha Raye for shrinking from Joe Penner's stogie.

Above, Feg Murray, of Seein' Stars (Sundays, 7:30 p.m, NBC-Blue), entertains Pat O'Brien and Anita Louise. Below, "Going together—" Jane Rhodes, torch singer on Lanny Ross' show, and Al Garr, who is the tenor on Phil Baker's CBS program.
Cecil B. DeMille has produced sixty-four pictures in the past twenty-five years. Recently directed Fredric March in The Buccaneer for Paramount, and produces radio's weekly Lux Theatre of the Air.

Mary Livingstone, lovely radio and real life partner of Jack Benny, shares music and a smile with Jack's orchestra leader, Phil Harris, as the camera catches them during a lull in rehearsal.

You've heard her on the Al Jolson and the Eddie Cantor shows, also in Hollywood Hotel and The Silver Theatre. Now Paula Winslow has leading roles in Edward G. Robinson's radio serial of newspaper life, Big Town (CBS, Tuesdays, from 8:00-8:30 p.m.)
Artists, who from their own imagination have created a little world of mythical characters, radio's loved Amos 'n' Andy (Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll) have been on the air since 1929.

Jeanette MacDonald, being of Scotch descent, takes the bagpipe seriously. Her instructor was Thomas Freebairn-Smith, Announcer-Producer of CBS' Vick's Open House, in which Jeanette stars.

Walter Winchell (left), noted radio and newspaper columnist, with Eddie Davis of Leon and Eddie's, a New York night club, chat at a party for Mark Hellinger, now associate producer for Warners.

One of the last pictures taken of the late Ted Healy, who, because of Good News of 1938, was destined to become just as important in radio as he was on the stage and screen. Dick Powell is shown with him.
Announcer Vincent Pelletier finds no time to go home before the show. So he changes in NBC’s men’s room.

In the ladies’ dressing-room, Betty Winkler prepares to greet the audience gathered to hear the program.

Sixteen-year-old Donna Dae helps her mother with household chores, before going to the studio to sing.

When stars forget their dignity: Edgar Guest, poet-philosopher of *It Can Be Done* (Tuesdays, *NBC-Blue*), works out his script on the floor.
One of life's major tragedies! Frankie Masters, the program's orchestra leader, calls from the balcony of his apartment to Mrs. Masters: "How can a guy broadcast with a button off his shirt?"

Even an actress needs sleep once in a while! Judith Lowry, grand old lady of broadcasting, drops off while studying her script. Miss Lowry is on It Can Be Done, and other radio programs.

Ruth Doering, a member of the "Masters' Voices" vocal group featured on this program vocalizes in her tub. Or maybe that's a startled scream, as the clicking camera thrust its prying lens through the bathroom door.
George Burns attacks the microphone on his Monday night Grape-Nuts program. (8:00 p.m., NBC-Red). Along with Gracie Allen and Ray Noble, he stages a gay battle of half-wits!

That popular radio comedian, Ken Murray, divides his talents between screen and air.

Rosemary Lane sings on Your Hollywood Parade, Wednesdays, 10 p.m. (NBC-Red).

Fannie Brice gives her all to M-G-M's Good News of 1938, Thursdays, 9 p.m. (NBC).

George Burns attacks the microphone on his Monday night Grape-Nuts program. (8:00 p.m., NBC-Red). Along with Gracie Allen and Ray Noble, he stages a gay battle of half-wits!

"It's Town Hall Tonight!" And Fred Allen is at the microphone with his customary quips and biting banter. He cocks a watchful eye and ear toward his heckling helpmeet, Portland.

MICROPHONE
Deems Taylor, composer, is commentator on the Chesterfield and the Philharmonic programs.

Stu Erwin, "that guy from Squaw Valley," Jack Oakie's College, Tuesdays, 9:30 (CBS).

The American School of the Air, broadcast Mondays through Fridays at 2:30 (CBS), presents a wide range of topics. H. L. Mencken acted as its guest lecturer on The American Language.
The White Fires program goes on the air each Monday night at 10:05, over the CBS Pacific network. Here Producer Ralph Scott directs, as Lurene Tuttle and Ted Osborne study their scripts.

Helen Sioussat, Assistant Director of CBS’ Talks Department, who arranges the Kaltenborn-Trout programs, with H. V. Kaltenborn.
May Robson, beloved "First Lady of Stage and Screen," greets her radio fans in the leading rôle of Lady of Millions, broadcast over WGN.

On her birthday Virginia Verrill, song star of NBC's Log Cabin Show, entertained the cast. Jack Haley (left) and Warren Hull inspect her gifts.

Lovely Yvonne, of the famous King Sisters, heard with Horace Heidt and His Alemite Brigadiers over the CBS network, every Monday at 8:00 p.m.

Amateur photography on an airport location. Frances Langford, featured in Warners' Hollywood Hotel, "shoots" her fellow player, Johnnie Davis.
The singing and acting of Gale Page in the NBC serial, *Today's Children*, and other radio programs, drew the attention of film scouts and she made a screen test for Warner Bros.

**GALE PAGE GETS A SCREEN TEST**

Lights set, camera ready! But before Gale speaks, the camera records a chart identifying the "take" for laboratory and film editors. Each shot is recorded in this fashion.

Entering Warners' testing studio in Brooklyn, Gale was sent to make-up artist Dick Willis, who applied dark tan foundation grease-paint, with darker tones used to narrow the jaw-line, and an eyelid shadow.

On Stage 7, amidst scenery, batteries of bright lights, and other equipment, Gale found an identification board bearing her description, which was to accompany her screen test. The script for Gale's test was written by Irna Phillips, author of *Today's Children*, and also was broadcast on that program.
Hours are devoted to the studio miracle workers. After the make-up is finished, the hair-dresser goes to work. He dramatizes Gale's natural "widow's peak," deepens the waves and tightens the bob-end curls.

Dick Willis, make-up expert for Warners, is congratulated by Gale for his successful contribution to her first screen test. He has given her artificial eyelashes, plucked her eyebrows, enhanced her lips.

Warners' Eastern director, Robert Ross, watches an assistant cameraman measure the distance between Gale and the camera. She wears a black velvet dinner dress with an ermine neckline.

With the script written by Irna Phillips for the dual purpose of the screen test and broadcast, Director Ross instructs Gale in the action.

The camera is moved forward; microphone and sound equipment go into action, as Gale sings two songs, "I've Got You Under My Skin," and "Don't Mention Love to Me." Notice the way that the camera is padded. This is to keep the noise it makes from being recorded by the sound equipment.
If you can only see six feet, it may be far enough! Ken Murray seems to find it a fair horizon! Ken and the feet are in that new Universal musical, You're a Sweetheart, which stars Alice Faye.

IN THE RADIO SPOTLIGHT

A bad cold gave Betty Winkler a high-pitched voice. Said voice, chancing to be just what a casting director wanted, gave Betty her first chance on the air. She stars in NBC's Girl Alone, sings with Fibber McGee and Molly.
Opera diva Helen Jepson, making her film début in Samuel Goldwyn's The Goldwyn Follies, visited the Los Angeles County Fair in Pomona. The goat is a blue ribbon winner. And Helen, too, has proved a winner, both in opera and radio.

Dean of radio commentators, H. V. Kaltenborn first went on the air in 1921. He joined CBS in 1928. Broadcasts Sundays, 10:30 p.m. He began his newspaper career thirty-six years ago. Has interviewed many of the world's outstanding figures.

At nine, Marlyn Stuart won a bathing beauty contest. Later she sang and danced on the stage. In Earl Carroll's Sketch Book she met Ken Murray. Came radio fame with "Mama, that man's here again!" Now she's on CBS' Hollywood Hotel.

Lily Pons, in costume for Lakmé, one of the petite coloratura's most famous operatic rôles. The tiny diva competently manages three careers, opera, radio and movies. Her newest picture for RKO-Radio is Hitting a New High—an apt title.
"The Lucky Lanes," they have been called, these delightful blonde sisters who have gone places and done things in the theatre, movies and radio. Sister Lola started it all, dropping the family name, Mullican, and dancing and singing in vaudeville and musical comedy. She entered movies in 1928, after a director saw her playing with Georg Jessel in The War Song, in New York. Later the younger girls, Rosemary and Priscilla, adopted the name Lane, and became famous in radio with Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians. Now they also are in Hollywood. Both appeared in Warner Varsity Show. Rosemary now shares feminine honors with Lola in Warners' Hollywood Hotel, opposite Dick Powell playing a waitress who looks like a temperamental movie star (Lola), causing gaiety and complications by being mistaken for her. Can you tell them apart in these pictures! Lola is the one in slacks. With them in the picture thin across the top is Director Busby Berkeley, and in the next one they are rehearsing a scene with Allyn Joslyn.

YOU SIMPLY CAN'T TELL 'EM APART

The two lovely Lane sisters, Lola and Rosemary, as they appear in the Warner Brothers musical film, Hollywood Hotel.
Four reasons for the success of the Lanes, on the air and in the movies—Priscilla (left), Mrs. Lane, Rosemary and Lola. Priscilla, youngest of the lovely Lane sisters, accompanied by their mother, visited Rosemary and Lola on the set of Warner Brothers' Hollywood Hotel, in which the two girls are appearing.

CANDIDS

Opening night fun! A South Sea Island lass adorns two of the guests at the Hurricane opening—Mr. and Mrs. Norris Goff (left). Norris is Abner, of Lum 'n' Abner. And Mr. and Mrs. Andy Devine. Andy is heard on the Jack Benny Sunday night show over NBC-Red.
Wendy Barrie was discovered by Alexander Korda in England. Later she came over here for movies and radio. She is on Jack Haley's radio program.

Betty Grable stars in Paramount's *Thrill of a Lifetime* and broadcasts Friday nights in *Song Time* (CBS, 6:45 p.m.). She is Mrs. Jackie Coogan.

Two who take part in the popular *Tish* broadcasts, heard each Wednesday at 9:30 p.m. on CBS. Betty Garde (left), who is Tish, and Anne Eltner (Aggie). A separate *Tish* story is broadcast each week.

Alice Cornett, rhythm songstress, heard with Kitty Carlisle and Frank Crumit on CBS' *Song Shop* (Fridays at 10), was born in Florida and made her radio debut at fifteen. Her parents are church singers.
Andrea Leeds, who made an instant hit in Stage Door and has a leading rôle in the Follies, with Edgar Bergen and that roguish dummy, Charlie McCarthy.

WHILE AWAITING TELEVISION

The screen shows us our radio favorites in action.

Besides her dancing, Vera Zorina also plays a romantic scene in the Follies, with Kenny Baker, a gallant gondolier.
COAST-TO-COAST PROGRAM GUIDE

THE regular programs on such coast-to-coast networks are here listed in a day-by-day time schedule. Networks broadcasting Company Red-Network is indicated by NBC-blue; the Colum-
bia Broadcasting System by CBS; and Mutual Broad-
casting System by NBC.

All stations included in the above networks are listed below. Find your local station on the list and tune in the network specified.

ALL TIME RECORD-
ED FOR EASTERN STANDARD TIME. This means that for Central Standard Time, you must subtract one hour from the listed time. For Mountain Standard Time, subtract two hours; and for Pacific Standard Time, three hours. For example: 11:00 a.
m. EST becomes 10:00 a.m. MST; and 8:00 a.m. PST.

If, at a particular time, no network is listed, that is because there is no regular program for that time, or because the preceding program con-
tinues into that period.

NATIONAL BROADCAST-
ING COMPANY—RED-NETWORK

WBBR New York, N. Y.
WBBR-B New York, N. Y.
WBBR-C New York, N. Y.
-definition, Boston, Mass.
WBBR-D New York, N. Y.
WBBR-E New York, N. Y.
WBBR-F New York, N. Y.
WBBR-G New York, N. Y.
WBBR-H New York, N. Y.
WBBR-I New York, N. Y.
WBBR-J New York, N. Y.
WBBR-K New York, N. Y.
WBBR-L New York, N. Y.
WBBR-M New York, N. Y.
WBBR-N New York, N. Y.
WBBR-O New York, N. Y.
WBBR-P New York, N. Y.
WBBR-Q New York, N. Y.
WBBR-R New York, N. Y.
WBBR-S New York, N. Y.
WBBR-T New York, N. Y.
WBBR-U New York, N. Y.
WBBR-V New York, N. Y.
WBBR-W New York, N. Y.
WBBR-X New York, N. Y.
WBBR-Y New York, N. Y.
WBBR-Z New York, N. Y.

NATIONAL BROADCAST-
ING COMPANY—BLUE-NETWORK

WBBM Chicago, Ill.
WBBN Chicago, Ill.
WBBN-F Chicago, Ill.
WBBN-G Chicago, Ill.
WBBN-H Chicago, Ill.
WBBN-I Chicago, Ill.
WBBN-J Chicago, Ill.
WBBN-K Chicago, Ill.
WBBN-L Chicago, Ill.
WBBN-M Chicago, Ill.
WBBN-N Chicago, Ill.
WBBN-O Chicago, Ill.
WBBN-P Chicago, Ill.
WBBN-Q Chicago, Ill.
WBBN-R Chicago, Ill.
WBBN-S Chicago, Ill.
WBBN-T Chicago, Ill.
WBBN-U Chicago, Ill.
WBBN-V Chicago, Ill.
WBBN-W Chicago, Ill.
WBBN-X Chicago, Ill.
WBBN-Y Chicago, Ill.
WBBN-Z Chicago, Ill.

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM STATIONS

WABC New York, N. Y.
WGN Chicago, Ill.
WJZ Baltimore, Md.
WOR New York, N. Y.
WBAL Baltimore, Md.
WLS Chicago, Ill.
WNYC New York, N. Y.
WCCO Minneapolis, Minn.
KIRO Seattle, Wash.

MUTUAL BROADCAST-
ING SYSTEM STATIONS

XTRA Denver, Colo.
XGSER Los Angeles, Calif.
XETX El Paso, Tex.
XJFJ San Francisco, Calif.
XHRL Richmond, Va.
XHBI Atlanta, Ga.
XHJD Houston, Tex.
XHRO San Antonio, Tex.
XHSA Los Angeles, Calif.
XHELB Los Angeles, Calif.
XHIT Los Angeles, Calif.
XHKT Los Angeles, Calif.
XHLY Los Angeles, Calif.
XHWN Los Angeles, Calif.
XHWR Los Angeles, Calif.
XHWS Los Angeles, Calif.
XHXT Los Angeles, Calif.
XHXY Los Angeles, Calif.
XHXY-F Los Angeles, Calif.
XHXY-G Los Angeles, Calif.
XHXY-H Los Angeles, Calif.
XHXY-I Los Angeles, Calif.
XHXY-J Los Angeles, Calif.
XHXY-K Los Angeles, Calif.
XHXY-L Los Angeles, Calif.
XHXY-M Los Angeles, Calif.
XHXY-N Los Angeles, Calif.
XHXY-O Los Angeles, Calif.
XHXY-P Los Angeles, Calif.
XHXY-Q Los Angeles, Calif.
XHXY-R Los Angeles, Calif.
XHXY-S Los Angeles, Calif.
XHXY-T Los Angeles, Calif.
XHXY-U Los Angeles, Calif.
XHXY-V Los Angeles, Calif.
XHXY-W Los Angeles, Calif.
XHXY-X Los Angeles, Calif.
XHXY-Y Los Angeles, Calif.
XHXY-Z Los Angeles, Calif.

CALIFORNIA BROADCAST-
MORNINGS

MIS: DON'T LOOK NOW—
Lavalle and Senda, comedians, orchestra

2:15
CBS: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
MBS: ORCHESTRA

2:30
NBC-Red: RANCH BOYS—sketch
CBS: AMERICAN SCHOOL OF THE AIR—History, Exits and
Enforcement

2:45
NBC-Red: VOCALIST
CBS: ORCHESTRA

3:00
NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
MBS: ROCHESTER CIV.
IC ORCHESTRA
CBS: COLLIDGE, QUARTET
MBS: GIRL MEETS BOY

3:15
NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—
sketch
CBS: JENNY PEABODY—
sketch
MBS: GOOD HEALTH AND TRAINING

3:15
NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch
MBS: VOCALIST

4:00
NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—
sketch
MBS: CLUB MATINEE
MBS: DEEP RIVER BOYS

4:15
NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY
LUCAS—sketch
CBS: TED MALONE'S—
Between the Bookends
MBS: VOCAL DUO

1:30
NBC-Red: HI BOYS—instrumental
group
CBS: THE GOLDBERGS—
sketch
MBS: JOHNSON FAMILY—
sketch, with Jimmy Slipher

4:45
NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch
CBS: DR. ALLAN ROY DA-
POR—BOOK A WEEK

5:00
NBC-Red: DICK TRACY—
sketch
CBS: NEIGHBOR NELL
MBS: FOLLOW THE MOON—
Evelyn Dickerson
MBS: PIANIST

5:10
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO
NEWS

5:15
NBC-Red: TERRY AND THE
FIREATES—sketch
CBS: DON WINSLOW
OF THE MARY—sketch
MBS: LIFE OF MARY SOTH-
IN—sketch

5:30
NBC-Red: JACK ARMSTRONG
juvenile serial
CBS: SINGING LADY—
children's program

5:45
NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN
ANNIE—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: 7 O M I X
MBS: STRAIGHT SHOOTERS—
juvenile serial
CBS: HILLTOP HOUSE—
dramatic serial
MBS: JOHNSON FAMILY—
sketch, with Jimmy Slipher

EVENING

6:00
NBC-Red: SOLOIST
NBC-Blue: U. S. ARMY BAND
CBS: DEAR TEDDIE—chil-

6:15
NBC-Red: RHYNHAIRES
CBS: NEW HORIZONS

6:30
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO
NEWS

RADIO STARS

FEBRUARY 7—14—21—28

MIS: YES WE ARE—
Lavalle and Senda, orchestra

1:00
CBS: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
MBS: ORCHESTRA

1:15
NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—
sketch
CBS: JENNY PEABODY—
sketch
MBS: GOOD HEALTH AND TRAINING

1:15
NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—
sketch
MBS: VOCALIST

2:00
NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—
sketch
MBS: CLUB MATINEE
MBS: DEEP RIVER BOYS

2:15
NBC-Red: ESCORTS AND
BEETLE
CBS: H Y M N S OF ALL
CHILDREN—BETTY CROOK-
ER, cooking expert
MBS: CAROL ROBINSON AND
HIB BUCKAROO

2:30
NBC-Red: WORDS AND
MUSIC—Larry Larsen, Ruth Lyon,
Harley Roy
NBC-Blue: SUE BLAKE—
sketch
CBS: ARNOLD GRIMM'S
DAUGHTER—sketch

2:45
NBC-Red: JACK AND
LORETTA—songs and patter
CBS: HOLLYWOOD IN PER-
SON—Bob Baker, commentator
MBS: THE VOICE OF EX-
PERIENCE

3:00
NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
MBS: ORCHESTRA

3:15
NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN
ANNIE—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: 7 O M I X
MBS: STRAIGHT SHOOTERS—
juvenile serial
CBS: HILLTOP HOUSE—
dramatic serial
MBS: JOHNSON FAMILY—
sketch, with Jimmy Slipher

THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

Benay Venuta

Hendrik Willem Van Loon

45
FEBRUARY 1—18—19—22

**TUESDAYS**

**MORNING**

8:00  NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's program  
NBC-Blue: CHARIOTEERS

8:15  NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING  
NBC-Blue: DICK LEIBERT ENSEMBLE

8:20  NBC-Red: DO YOU REMEMBER?  
CBS: POETIC STRINGS

8:30  NBC-Red: J ACK AND J EANNINE T ATTA  
CBS: FRED FRISBIE—orchestra

9:00  NBC-Red: WOMEN AND NEWS  
NBC-Red: HARRY'S FAST CLUB—variety program  
CBS: MUSIC IN THE AIR  
CBS-Red: PERSON TO PERSON—Frank Leather

9:25  CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

9:30  NBC-Red: FRANCES ADAIR—southern  
CBS: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch

9:40  NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

9:45  NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch  
NBC-Blue: AUNT JEMIMA ON THE AIR—varieties  
CBS: PAUL HOLLER'S CHILDREN—sketch

9:50  NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

10:00  NBC-Red: MRS WIGGS OF THE ORIGINAL PATCH—sketch  
NBC-Blue: MARJOR Of CASTLEWOOD—sketch  
CBS: BETTY KITTY KELLY—sketch

10:15  NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER WIFE—sketch  
NBC-Blue: ORCHID CABIN AT THE CROSSROADS—sketch  
CBS: MYRT AND MARIE—sketch

10:30  NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN MILLIE—sketch  
NBC-Blue: ATTORNEY-AT-LAW—sketch  
CBS: HOW TO GET THE MOOST OUT OF LIFE—Emily Post's

11:00  NBC-Red: JANET MONROE—sketch  
NBC-Blue: THE STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch  
CBS: MARY LEE TAYLOR

11:15  NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch  
NBC-Blue: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch  
CBS: CAROL KENNEDY'S ROMANCE—sketch

11:30  NBC-Red: HOMEMAKERS' PARADE OF HUMOR—sketch  
NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADIE—sketch  
CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch

11:45  NBC-Red: MYSTERY CHEF  
NBC-Blue: EDWARD MAC HUGHES—The Naked Singer  
CBS: AUGT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES—sketch  
CBS-Red: MYRA KINGSTON, astral traveler, JAN PAUL KING, commentator

**AFTERNOON**

12:00 Noon  NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch  
NBC-Blue: TIME FOR THOUGHT—sketch  
CBS: THE RADIO COLUMN—Margaret McBride

12:15  NBC-Red: THE ONE-ELS—sketch  
CBS-Red: VOCALIST—your news parade  
Edwin C. Hill, commentator

**EVENING**

3:15  NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch  
CBS: PIANO RECITAL

4:00  NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—comedy sketch  
NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE—variety program  
CBS: ACADEMY OF MEDICINE

4:15  NBC-Red: THE WEDDING OF MARY MARLIN—sketch  
CBS: THE MALONE—between the Bookends  
MBS: RONGLAND

4:30  NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA—sketch  
CBS: THE GOLDEN CLAY—sketch  
MBS: JESSIE MORGAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA—Charlie Martin

5:00  NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch  
CBS: BOOK A WEEK

5:05  NBC-Red: DICK TRACY—sketch  
NBC-Blue: INSTRUMENTAL GROUP

5:15  NBC-Red: TERRY AND THE PIRATES—sketch  
NBC-Red: DON WINSTON OF THE NAVY—sketch  
CBS: LIFE OF MARY BETH—sketch

5:25  NBC-Red: J ACK A R T I—juvenile serial  
NBC-Blue: SAVOY LADY—children's program

5:45  NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—juvenile serial

7:00  NBC-Red: SCIENCE IN THE NEWS  
NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA—sketch

7:15  NBC-Red: RHYTHMIAHES—juvenile serial  
CBS: HILLTOP HOUSE—dramatic serial  
MBS: JOHNSON FAMILY—sketch, with Jimmy Scribner

8:00  NBC-Red: EASY ACES—comedy sketch  
CBS: POETIC MELODIES  
Jack Fulton, Franklyn M. Cahn

8:15  NBC-Red: THROUGH THE YEARS—Jan Savitt's orchestra  
NBC-Blue: PEOPLE IN TH NEWS—Dorothy Thompson commentary  
CBS: SECOND HUSBAND—Helen Maye

8:45  NBC-Red: WILLIAM PRIM  
NBC-Blue: VIENIEN DELL—dramatic serial  
MBS: ORCHESTRA

9:00  NBC-Red: JOHNNY PREPARES MORGAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA—Charlie Martin

9:30  NBC-Red: THOSE WE LOVE—Wayne King's orchestra  
NBC-Blue: EDGAR GUEST IN "IT CAN BE DONE"—Mentor's Orchestra  
CBS: AL JOLSON—Martha Raye, Parks Karake, Vita Young's orchestra, guests  
MBS: ORCHESTRA

MBS: ORCHESTRA

10:00  NBC-Red: HOLLYWOOD O P—Charles Butterworth, Walter O'Keefe, Ruby Keeler, Ken Carpenter, Jane Rhodes, Paula Winslow  
NBC-Red: NIGHT CLUB—orchestra  
CBS: JACK OAKIE'S COLLEGE—Stuart Erwin, Bill Goodwin's orchestra  
MBS: ORCHESTRA

10:05  NBC-Red: GENERAL HUGH S. JOHNSON—commentator  
CBS: SIR AKKE'S SWING SCHOOL  
CBS: J EAN ROMANCE—Eddie Duchin's orchestra

11:00  NBC-Red: DJODDERS

11:15  NBC-Red: JIMMIE FIDLER'S HOLLYWOOD ORCHESTRA—NBC-Blue: GAMBIA—violist  
MBS: ORCHESTRA

11:45  NBC-Red: SERENADE IN THE NIGHT  
NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC  
CBS: DANCE MUSIC  
MBS: ORCHESTRA
WEDNESDAYS
FEBRUARY 2—9—16—23

Radio Stars

MORNING
8:00 NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—story, humor
8:15 NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELodies
8:30 NBC-Red: DO YOU REMEMBER LINDA GREENFIELD VILLAGE CHAPEL
8:45 NBC-Blue: LUCILLE AND LANNY
9:00 NBC-Red: WOMEN AND NURSES
9:15 NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST HOUR
9:30 NBC-Red: PERSON TO PERSON—Frank Luther
9:45 CBS: MADISON ENSEMBLE
10:00 NBC-Red: ALICE JOY—songs
10:15 CBS: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch

Alistair Cooke
10:40 NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
11:15 NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch
11:30 NBC-Blue: AUNT JENNY'S ON THE AIR—variety
11:45 NBC-Blue: BACHELOR'S CHILDREN—sketch
12:00 NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

12:15 NBC-Red: Mrs. WIFI'S—sketch
12:30 NBC-Blue: JUICE ON THE CABBAGE PATCH—sketch
12:45 NBC-Blue: MARGOT OF CASTLEWOOD—sketch
1:00 NBC-Red: PRETTY KITTY KELLY—sketch
1:15 NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER WIFE—sketch
1:30 NBC-Blue: THE CABIN AT THE CROSSROADS—sketch
1:45 CBS: HYRT AND MARIE—sketch
2:00 NBC-Red: JUST plain BILLY—sketch
2:15 NBC-Blue: ATTORNEY AT LAW—sketch
2:30 TOM WONS'S SCRAPBOOK—Ann Leaf
2:45 NBC-Red: GET THIN TO MUSIC
3:00 NBC-Red: THE WOMAN IN WHITE—sketch
3:15 NBC-Blue: KITCHEN CAVALCADE—Crosby Gaige
3:30 NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch
3:45 NBC-Red: ORGAN RECITAL
4:00 NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM
4:15 NBC-Blue: THE STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
4:30 NBC-Red: RUTH CARHART—sketch
4:45 NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch
5:00 NBC-Blue: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
5:15 NBC-Red: CAROL PEPPER YOUNG'S ROMANCE—sketch
5:30 NBC-Red: HOW TO BE CUTE—sketch
5:45 NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADIE
6:00 NBC-Red: BIG SISTER—sketch
6:15 NBC-Red: HELLO PEGGY
6:30 NBC-Blue: EDWARD Mac-HUGH—The Gospel Singer

10:15 Vyola Vonn

NBC-Blue: SUE BLAKE
CBS: ARNOLD GRIM'S DAUGHTER—sketch
11:15 NBC-Blue: JACK AND LORETTA—songs and jokes
CBS: HOLLYWOOD IN PERSON—Bob Baker, commentator
11:30 NBC-Blue: WINSTON'S VOICE OF EXPERIENCE
12:00 NBC-Red: YOUR HEALTH—talk, dramatization
12:15 NBC-Blue: SWINGTIME TRIO
12:30 NBC-Blue: LET'S TALK IT OVER—Alma Kitchen
12:45 NBC-Red: THE ONEILLS—sketch
1:00 NBC-Blue: MUSIC FOR THE SCHOOL
1:15 NBC-Red: CARLIE AND LONDON—Franz Carrol
1:30 NBC-Blue: WALTZ FAVORITES
1:45 NBC-Red: AMERICAN SCHOOL OF THE AIR—Opera

Aunt Jenny's Real Life Stories—sketch
MRS. AUNA KINGFISHER, astrologer, JEAN PAUL KING, commentator
2:15 NBC-Red: MEN OF THE WEST
MBS: BEATRICE FAIRFAIR
2:30 NBC-Blue: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
3:00 NBC-Blue: CONTINENTAL VARIETIES—Spadak's orchestras
3:15 NBC-Red: HAY BLOCK'S VARIETIES
CBS: MISS GARY MEETS BOY
3:30 NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch
3:45 NBC-Blue: VIV AND SADIE—sketch
4:00 NBC-Blue: LITTLE VARIETY SHOW
4:15 CBS: JENNY PEABODY—sketch
MBS: GOOD HEALTH AND TRAINING
4:30 NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch
CBS: CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC
4:45 NBC-Blue: METROPOLITAN OPERA ORCHESTRA
MBS: PIANO RECITAL
5:00 NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—comedy sketch
MBS: CLUB MATINEE—variety program
5:15 NBC-Red: THE STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
MBS: VOCAL DUO
5:30 NBC-Blue: NATIONAL CONVENTION OF FARMERS AND TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION—sketch
MBS: THE GOLDBERGS
5:45 NBC-Blue: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch
CBS: DR. ALLAN ROY DUFY
MBS: BOOK A WEEK
6:00 NBC-Red: DICK TRACY—sketch
6:15 NBC-Blue: NEIGHBOR NELL—CBS: FOLLOW THE MOON—Nick Dewan
6:30 NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
6:45 NBC-Red: TERRY AND THE FURS—sketch
7:00 NBC-Blue: DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY
CBS: LIVES OF MARY SOTHERS—sketch
MBS: ORGAN AND PIANO
7:15 NBC-Red: JACK ARMSTRONG—juvenile serial
MBS: SONGING LADY—children's program
7:30 NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—juvenile serial
8:00 NBC-Blue: THE GROTON—portraying juvenile serial
8:15 NBC-Red: HILLTOP HOUSE—dramatic serial
8:30 NBC-Blue: JOHNSON FAMILY—sketch, with Jimmy Scribner

EVENING
6:00 NBC-Red: AMERICA'S NIGHT
6:15 NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
11:00 NBC-Red: TEACHER—children's program
6:30 NBC-Red: RHYTHMMAKERS
11:15 NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
6:45 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
7:00 NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS—newspaper commentary
7:15 NBC-Blue: BARRY WOOD AND HILLTOP HOUSE—MBS: RADDIE HARRIS—Hollywood commentator
7:30 NBC-Red: AMOS 'N ANDY—sketch
8:00 NBC-Blue: EASY ACES—comedy sketch
8:15 NBC-Red: POETIC MELODIES—Jack Patten, Franklin MacCormack, orchestra
MBS: PULTON LEE, JR.—Washington news commentator
8:30 NBC-Red: UNCLE EZRA'S RADIO STATION—Pat Barratt
8:45 NBC-Blue: MRS. CROSBY OF LOST PERSONS—dramatic serial
MBS: HOBBY LOBBY—David Elman
9:00 NBC-Red: ALISTAIR COOKE—dramatic sketch
9:15 NBC-Blue: LUM AND ABNER—comedy sketch
9:30 NBC-Red: JEAN SALBON
9:45 NBC-Blue: CHARLOTTE LANG—soprano
MBS: BOAKE CARTER—news commentator
10:00 NBC-Red: ONE MAN'S FAMILY—sketch
MBS: ROY SHIELD'S RATES
10:15 NBC-Blue: CAVALCADE OF AMERICA—guests, Voorhies' orchestra
MBS: BLACKSTONE CONCERT
10:30 NBC-Red: PALMER HOUSE CONCERT ORCHESTRA
10:45 NBC-Blue: CHAMBER ORCHESTRA
11:00 NBC-Red: LADY ESTHER'S RE-NADINE—Wayne King's orchestra
11:15 NBC-Blue: SID SKOLSKY—Hollywood news
CBS: TEXACO TOWN—Eddy Cantor, Deanna Durbin, Jimmy Wallington, Pinky Tomlin, Saymore Rapp, Vyola Vonn, Richard orchestra
MBS: FORSTER HOUSE-WARMERS
11:30 NBC-Blue: CHOE SYMPHONETTE
11:45 NBC-Red: TOWN HALL TONIGHT—Red Allen, Portland Hoffa, Van Tenden's orchestra
CBS: LAWRENCE THEREDT Kostelanetz' orchestra, Deena Taylor
MBS: ORCHESTRA
12:00 NBC-Blue: NBC MINSTREL SHOW—Gene Arnold, Short'n Christie
MBS: BEN BERNIE—Les Light—Buddy Clarke, Jane Pickens
MBS: LET'S VISIT—Dave Driscoll, Jerry Dandzy
12:15 NBC-Red: YOUR HOLLYWOOD BAND—Dick Powell, Rosmany Lady, guests
MBS: NATIONAL CONVENTION OF L. J. JOHNSON—commentator
12:30 NBC-Blue: WCBS ENSEMBLE—comic dramatizations, Col. H. Morrison orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA
12:45 NBC-Blue: ROLOIST
1:00 NBC-Blue: WALTZ INTERLUDE—Glenn Miller's orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA
11:00 NBC-Blue: DANCE MUSIC
CBS: DANCE MUSIC
MBS: ORCHESTRA

Ben Bernie

Vyola Vonn

Cbs: Aunt Jenny's Real Life Stories—sketch
MRS. AUNA KINGFISHER, astrologer, JEAN PAUL KING, commentator
CBS: Studen And Sketches In Black And White
**SATURDAYS**

**FEBRUARY 5—12—19—26**

**MORNING**

8:00 NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's stories
NBC-Blue: SOUTHERNAIRES

8:15 NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES
NBC-Blue: DICK LEIBERT ENSEMBLE

8:30 NBC-Red: DO YOU REMEMBER?—songs
CBS: JACK SHANNON

8:45 NBC-Blue: J ACK AND LORETTA
CBS: VIOLINIST

9:00 NBC-Red: THE WISE MAN

**AFTERNOON**

12:00 Noon
CBS: WALTER ROSS—PARENTS' MAGAZINE OF THE AIR

12:15 NBC-Blue: SOLOIST

**EVENING**

1:00 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
CBS: ORIENTALE

1:15 CBS: VOCALIST
MBS: LUNCHEON DANCE MUSIC

1:30 NBC-Red: CAMPUS CAPERS—orchestra, vocalists
NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE
CBS: BUFFALO PRESENTS
MBS: ORCHESTRA

**NOTE:**
As we go to press, this program guide is absolutely accurate, but we cannot be responsible for last minute changes by the broadcasting agencies or sponsors.

**6:00**
NBC-Red: EL CHICO SPANISH REVIEW
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: COLUMBIA'S CHORUS QUEST
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL

**6:15**
MBS: PIANO RECITAL

**6:25**
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

**6:30**
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
CBS: SYNCPATATION PIECE

**6:45**
NBC-Red: RELIGION IN THE NEWS—Dr. Walter Van Kink
NBC-Blue: JOHNNY O'BRIEN

**7:00**
NBC-Red: KALLENMEYER'S KINDERGARTEN—Bruce Kinser
NBC-Blue: MESSAGES OF THE I SRAEL—guests and music
CBS: SATURDAY SWING SESSION
MBS: PALMER HOUSE ENSEMBLE

**7:15**
MBS: ORCHESTRA

**7:30**
NBC-Red: LINTON WELLS—commentator
MBS: UNCLE JIM'S QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
CBS: CARBONNIER BAND
—Edward D'Anna, conductor

**7:45**
NBC-Red: JEAN SABLON
MBS: ORCHESTRA

**8:00**
NBC-Red: BELIEVE IT OR NOT—Robert J. Ripley, Roofe's orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA
CBS: COLUMBIA WORKSHOP
MBS: PAT BARNES AND HIS BARNSTORMERS—Marella Hendricks, Paul Roberts

**8:30**
NBC-Blue: NBC SPELLING BEE—Paul Wing
CBS: JOHNNY PRESENTS BUSS MORGAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA—Charles Martin, guest
MBS: CONTINENTAL REVUE—Helen Baca, Katinka, Rasul Nadeau

**8:45**
NBC-Blue: NOLA DAY—songs

**9:00**
NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL BARN DANCE—Joe Kelly
CBS: PROFESSOR QUIZ—Bob Trout
MBS: JOHN STERLE—European news commentator

**9:30**
NBC-Red: SPECIAL DELIVERY—sketch
CBS: SATURDAY NIGHT SERENADE—Mary Kaye, Bill Perry, Haenechens orchestra

**10:00**
NBC-Red and NBC-Blue: NBC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Arturo Toscanini, conductor
CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE

**11:00**
NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC
NBC-Blue: DANCE MUSIC
CBS: ORCHESTRA
MBS: DANCE MUSIC

**B. A. Rolfe**

NBC-Blue: B R E A K F A S T CLUB—variety program
CBS: RAY BLOCK—pianist

**Norman Brokenshire**

MBS: THIS WONDERFUL WORLD

**NOTE:**
As we go to press, this program guide is absolutely accurate, but we cannot be responsible for last minute changes by the broadcasting agencies or sponsors.

**5:30**
NBC-Red: CALLING ALL STAMP COLLECTORS
CBS: CONSOLE Moods

**5:45**
NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA

**6:00**
NBC-Red: EL CHICO SPANISH REVIEW
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: COLUMBIA'S CHORUS QUEST
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL

**6:15**
MBS: PIANO RECITAL

**6:25**
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

**NOTE:**
As we go to press, this program guide is absolutely accurate, but we cannot be responsible for last minute changes by the broadcasting agencies or sponsors.
In this New Cream
the Skin-Vitamin
the substance which helps
to make Skin Beautiful

What makes one woman's skin so smooth—vital looking? Another's dull and dry, even rough?

Today, we know of one important actor in skin beauty. We have learned that a certain vitamin aids in keeping skin beautiful. The important skin-vitamin" about which we are hearing more and more every day!

Aids skin more directly

Over four years ago, doctors found that this vitamin, when applied right on the skin, helps it more directly! In cases of wounds and burns, it actually healed skin quicker and better!

Pond's found a way to put this "skin-vitamin" into Pond's Cold Cream. They did it—during more than three years! In animal tests, skin that had been rough and dry because of "skin-vitamin" deficiency in the diet became smooth and supple again when Pond's Cold Cream containing "skin-vitamin" was applied daily. And this improvement took place in only 3 weeks!

Women report benefits

Today, women who are using Pond’s Cream—the new Pond’s Cold Cream with "skin-vitamin" in it—say that it does make skin smoother; that it makes texture finer; that it gives a livelier, more glowing look!

Use this new cream just as before—for your nightly cleansing, for the morning freshening-up, and during the day before make-up. Leave some on overnight and whenever you have a chance. Pat it in especially where there are little rough places or where your skin seems dull, lifeless. In a few weeks, see if your skin is not smoother, brighter looking!

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

EXTRAORDINARY OFFER
AT LOCAL STORES
While you last! With purchase of a regular 3/4-oz. jar of Pond’s Cold Cream, get for only 1/4 an extra large introductory bottle of DANTA. Pond’s new-type preparation for hands.
ELEANOR HOWE’S RECIPE

LAMB STEW
3 tablespoons butter
1 1/2 pounds lamb (cut from neck or shoulder)
3 to 4 cups boiling water
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon pepper
Melt butter in frying pan. Cut lamb into 1-inch cubes and brown in hot butter. When well browned, transfer meat to a large saucepan. Rinse out the frying pan with boiling water, pouring over the meat. Add salt and pepper. Cover and simmer in meat is tender (approximately 1 1/2 hours). Add vegetables and cook until tender (about 20 minutes longer). Mix flour and cold water to a smooth paste. Add slowly to sauce, stirring frequently. Add more boiling water if necessary. Drop dumplings into the boiling stew and cover closely. Boil gently for 15 minutes with removing cover. Serve immediately.

PARSLEY DUMPLINGS
1/2 cups flour
1/2 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons shortening
1/2 cup milk, approximately
1 1/2 tablespoons parsley, chopped
Mix and sift together all dry ingredients. Cut in the shortening. This mixture may be kept in ice refrigerator, in reserve for future use. When, then, when desiring to make dumplings, remove mixture from refrigerator, add milk and parsley, mixing light, form soft dough by spoonfuls into rapidly boiling Lamb Stew. Cover tightly and cook, as specified, for 15 minutes without removing cover.

ST. VALENTINE’S “SALADESSERT”
2 packages cherry-flavored gelatin
1 pint boiling water
1 pint cold water
12 marshmallows, marshmallows
4 marshmallows, marshmallows
Dissolve cherry gelatin in boiling water. Stir until dissolved. Add cold water. 2 cups of juice from canned cherries and water combined. Chill mixture until begins to set. Fold quartered marshmallows, pineapple, and white cherry in partially congealed mixture. Turn into a large heart-shaped mold, or 8 to 10 individual heart-shaped ones. Place in ice refrigerator and chill until firm. Meanwhile, cut remaining 4 marshmallows into halves through the rounded side, using scissors dipped frequently in water. Then, with these scissors, cut four or five tiny pie-shaped wedges from each marshmallow half, to form flower-like petals. Just before serving, unmold the gelatin and garnish with flowers made of marshmallow petals, a halved marshmallow cherry in the center of each “flower.” Garnish plate with curly endive or shredded lettuce. Serve with a dressing made of equal parts of mayonnaise and whipped cream, colored with marshmallow juice.

PEPPERMINT STICK ICE CREAM
1 tablespoon gelatin
1 pint milk
1 pint whipping cream
1 cup sugar
Soak gelatin in 1/2 cup of the milk. Heat the remaining milk with the whipping cream and while hot add the soaked gelatin. Stir until gelatin has dissolved. Add sugar and beaten yolks. Blend carefully. Add salt and vanilla extract. Pour mixture into freezing container of ice cream freezer. Assemble and cover carefully. Pack mixture of cracked ice and rock salt around the freezing container—using 3 parts of ice to 1 part of salt by volume. Turn crank until mixture becomes too stiff to turn any more. Take out dasher. Fold in crushed peppermint candy. Pack down evenly with a spoon. Cover ice cream with wax paper and replace cover. Pour off excess water from ice and salt and replenish the mixture. Cover and allow to harden for at least 1 hour before serving.

“DARK DEVIL” CAKE
2 squares unsweetened cooking chocolate
1/2 cup butter
1/2 cup boiling water
1 cup sugar
1/4 cups sifted flour
Place chocolate and butter in upper part of double boiler and melt over boiling water. Add 1/2 cup boiling water and blend well. Add sugar. Remove from heat. Stir in sifted flour. Dissolve soda in the sour milk or cream. Add with the vanilla to first mixture. Beat egg and add. Beat together until smooth. Turn into greased loaf pan and bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 30 minutes or until a cake tester inserted in cake comes out clean. Cool on wire cake rack. This cake may be cut into heart-shaped pieces with a knife (or a heart-shaped cutter) to serve as a base for chocolate-sprinkled Peppermint Stick Ice Cream as illustrated on the first page of this article. Or it may be cut into squares and topped with your favorite frosting.
HERE'S HOWE!

(Continued from page 11)

HERE'S HOW

-To decorate a cake attractively, without bothering with a frosting: Place a lace paper doily over the top of the cake and spread over it a generous amount of sifted powdered sugar. Press down lightly with cake server or spatula and gently lift off the doily. This leaves a lovely pattern in snowy white on the brown of your cake.

-To fix up a home-made mayonnaise hat that has curdled: Simply add 1 or 2 tablespoons of undiluted evaporated milk. Beat, and all will be well in a jiff. The same may be done with curdled Hollandaise, only in this case the sauce is added slowly to the evaporated milk, while beating constantly.

-To take shortening out of a can with ease: Just hold your kitchen spoon over a low flame for a second or two before dipping it into the can. The shortening then slides into and out of the spoon easily.

-To give scalloped potatoes a grand new taste: Use a can of cream of mushroom soup in place of part of the milk called for in the recipe.

-To truss fowl without much bother: Try using a crochet hook instead of needle. The cord can be caught with the hook and pulled through the sides of the opening in criss-cross fashion.

-To flavor soups or stews with onion, whole spices, parsley, etc., without directly adding them to the contents of the pot: Buy an aluminum tea pot at any dime store and drop the a half full of chopped onion or whatever you wish into the soup or stew in the making.

-To make a gelatin dish in a hurry: Substitute 1 1/2 cups of cracked ice from modern ice refrigerator for 1 cup liquid called for in the recipe. Add the ice to the already dissolved but still gelatin mixture and you will be surprised how well this "quick trick" works.

-To restore smoothness to cream that has been overwhipped: Just pour a bit of cold sweet milk into the overwhipped cream, stir lightly and the cream will regain its whipped perfection.

-To melt a small amount of butter a jiffy: Use the bowl of a ladle which will prove to be just the right size which has a handle long enough to keep hands away from the flame.

-To make pastry shells that retain their shape after baking: Use two pie plates of the same size. Grease the inside of one and the inside of the other. Put the pricked pastry over the eased back of the one pie plate, frill edges and lightly place the other one over it. Bake in that "upside down" position, then, when baked, turn tins right side up, remove the top one and you will have a full-sized pie shell right side up in the tin.

(Continued on page 104)

- "My stars, Mrs. Fox! A dog's been chasing your baby? I'll tie an empty Johnson's Baby Powder can to that hound's tail some day. You poor little chap—so hot! Watch me get you cooled off..."

- "Wa-a-ah! How's that, pretty good, eh? I make that noise when I'm hot and cross. It always fetches the Johnson's Baby Powder. Mother's slow today—I'll give her another blast. Wa-a-ah!"

- "Here it comes, Foxy—a nice sprinkle of downy, cooling Johnson's. Got any rashes or chafes? Any prickly heat under your chin? Johnson's will soothe 'em before you could say 'Tally-ho!'"

- "One good feel of Johnson's Baby Powder, and you know it's finer and softer than other powders—that's why it keeps a baby's skin in such perfect condition!" And perfect condition is the way to shut out skin infections. Only the finest imported talc is used to make Johnson's Baby Powder—no aris-root...Other aids to baby's comfort: Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream, and Baby Oil for tiny babies.

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

53
**LOOK YOUR BEST IN ANY LIGHT**

You can, if you use light-proof powder!

- You can now get powder that is light-proof. Luxor face powder modifies the light rays that powder particles ordinarily reflect. It solves the old problem of "shine". Your complexion is not constantly being light-struck, by day or by night. Those unbecoming highlights of cheekbones, chin, and nose are all subdued!

**An Important Discovery**

Any shade of light-proof powder will do more for your appearance than the most carefully selected shade of powder that picks up every ray of light. It will keep that lovely softness under lights that would otherwise make your face shine like an apple.

Don't buy any powder until you have made this test. The makers of Luxor light-proof powder will send you a box free, for your own demonstration. Make up as usual, in any light, but finish with this new powder. Then see if you can find any light this remarkable powder does not soften!

**LUXOR LIGHT-PROOF FACE POWDER**

<image>

FOR a scene in *Girl of the Golden West*, which Jeannette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy are making at Metro, Jeanette had to fire a revolver at her blonde leading man. Nelson didn't fall at her feet, but a stuffed peacock did. Mr. E. had plotted with a prop boy, who threw the bird.

**EDGAR BERGEN and Charlie McCarthy** are two gentlemen around town who look cynical when the new depression is mentioned. And they can well afford to. For this month they appeared at a Los Angeles theatre for $3000 a week, plus percentages, with a $6500 weekly guarantee. And just a year ago the boys were glad to get $250 a week at a Los Angeles theatre.

**AN Eastern visitor was listening to**

the rehearsal of the Jack Benny show. Afterwards he went up to Jack and said in an awed voice: "Say, that's a swell program." "Think so?" asked Jack, yawning. "Well, wait until you hear the real show. We were just going over the cats now."

Rosemary and Priscilla Lane are as ingenious as they're purty. Discovering several fat and slippery frogs in the pool at their new Encino ranch home the other day, the girls decided to give a baked frog-leg supper at the ranch. Invited to "chew a leg" with them were Raymond Paige and his wife, Ken Niles, Jerry Cooper and Wayne Morris. Most excitement of the evening, however, was not the frog-legs, but Priscilla's announcement that she would soon be Mrs. Wayne Morris.

From the Hollywood corner of radio come rare reports of what stars
Here's Eddie Cantor's Vyola Vonn, known as Mlle. Fifi on his program. She's nineteen and from Southern California.

By Lois Svensrud

Just before the Cantor show left for the East, Barbara Jane Wallington, four-months-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James W., was christened at an elaborate service. Godfather was Eddie Cantor, while Deanna Durbin and Glenda Farrell were godmothers. Barbara wore the same christening robes that her proud pappa had worn for his christening exactly thirty years before.

Amos 'n' Andy claim they have the fastest getaway in radio. Here's Charles Correll's story which he swears is the truth, the whole truth, etc. Last Friday night he tore out of the NBC studios as soon as Andy's last word had been spoken, jumped in his car, and headed for home. Six blocks away from the studio he turned (Continued on page 59)

are up to on the air and off

1ve got a date!

So I'm bathing with fragrant Cashmere Bouquet soap... it's the lovelier way to avoid offending!

Heres how Cashmere Bouquet soap works... its rich, deep-cleansing lather removes every trace of body odor. And then long after your bath, its lingering perfume clings to your skin!

Marvelous for complexions, too!

You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath.

Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics, leaving your skin clearer, softer... more radiant and alluring!

Now only 10¢
at drug, department, ten-cent stores

To keep fragrantly dainty—Bathe with perfumed Cashmere Bouquet Soap...it's the lovelier way to avoid offending!
Radio Stars

Radio’s New Table Tennis

Sharbutt (right) congratulates Baruch, as Guy Lombardo presents the award, a gold trophy donated by Lambert Brothers, New York jewelers.

Andre Baruch, of CBS, started slowly but soon solved Sharbutt’s style.

Former champion Dell Sharbutt gave Baruch a hard fight for the title.

After the battle ended, victor and vanquished enjoyed a light repast.

Announcer John Reed King, of CBS, was the referee for the match.
The Hotel Roosevelt Grill was the scene of radio's Table Tennis championship, Announcer Andre Baruch defeating Announcer Dell Sharbutt, former champion Dell Sharbutt (left) won the first two games decisively, Baruch won the third and fourth and then went on to a close victory in the fifth game. The match was held under the sponsorship of Radio Stars Magazine.

IF IT'S LOVE
SHE WANTS...

A girl is mighty foolish to risk "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

NO WONDER BOB STAYS SO IN
LOVE WITH YOU! YOUR SKIN'S
ALWAYS SO SMOOTH AND LOVELY,
EVEN IN ALL THIS COLD.
LOOK HOW ROUGH THE WIND
MAKES MINE!

MAYBE IT'S NOT JUST THE
WIND! PERHAPS YOU'RE
USING THE WRONG SOAP!
BEFORE I CHANGED TO PALMOLIVE,
MY SKIN WAS TERRIBLE...
DRY, LIFELESS, COARSE-
LOOKING. I HAD
"MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH
OLIVE OIL... A SPECIAL BLEND OF
OLIVE AND PALM OILS! THAT'S WHY
IT'S SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS
SKIN. IT SOFTENS, SMOOTH,
REFINES SKIN TEXTURE. ITS GENTLE
LATHER CLEANSSES
SO THOROUGHLY,
TOO! LEAVES SKIN
RADIANTLY CLEAR!

SO THAT'S YOUR
SECRET! I'M
CHANGING TO
PALMOLIVE
TODAY!

PALMOLIVE SOAP?
HOW COULD IT
MAKE SUCH A
DIFFERENCE?

YES! I'M GUARDING MY HAPPINESS!
THAT'S WHY I USE ONLY PALMOLIVE,
THE SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE OIL
TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!

57
When Edward G. Robinson began his radio serial Big Town (CBS Tuesday, 8 p.m. EST), he abandoned the gangster act which brought him film fame to play Steve Wilson, hard-boiled managing editor. Here Eddie and Jane Bryan learn a song for the Warner comedy, A Slight Case of Murder.

**THE SOMEWHAT SINISTER ROBINSON**

Sinister only on the screen, Edward was born Emanuel Goldenberg in Bucharest, Roumania, in 1893. He has a B.A. degree from N.Y.U. and an M.A. from Columbia. Speaks seven languages. He and actress-wife Gladys Lloyd have one son. Between scenes he tells Allen Jenkins a big fish story.
on the car radio and was stunned to hear
an orchestra playing The Perfect Song.
"Hummm," he mused, "those boys certainly
have our theme song down pretty pat."
And just then he heard the familiar tones
of Bill Hay saying: "Good Night," for
Amos 'n' Andy!

Very gala was the opening of the new
Warner's—Lucky series, with all the Who's
Who in Hollywood turning out for the
premiere of the show, which took place
out on the Warner lot. After the show,
everyone made a beeline for the Trocadero,
where the combined bankrolls of the Bros.
Warner and the Lucky Strike stockholders
afforded an evening's fancy entertainment.

When Phil Harris appears on a Benny
show, garbed in one of his loud sport
coats, he usually takes his ribbing about
his tastes with good nature. But after a
recent program Phil lost his composure.
Some cameramen were making movies of
the broadcast and were trying to clear the
stage for action. A director noticed an
instructor wearing a long green sticker
and called: "Will the gent in the loud raincoat
leave the stage." Self-conscious, Phil
thought the remark was aimed at him and
retorted: "I don't mind being asked to
leave but, by heck, I want you to know
that this sport jacket is not a raincoat!"

Virginia Verrill celebrated her
twenty-first birthday the other day with a
party at her home between two Log Cabin
broadcasts. And what was left of the
cake and cocktails, Virginia served to the
orchestra and cast after the second show.
The audience was surprised, to say the
least, at seeing Virginia appear wearing
no less than six corsages—because she
couldn't decide which was prettiest.

Alice Faye really means that about not
being a radio star any more. Already she's
turned down thousands of dollars offered
by sponsors in return for her warbling via
the airwaves. Alice says being a movie
star is avocation enough—the vocation, of
course, being Mrs. Tony Martin.

Fred Allen, that New England
Yankee who thinks Hollywood a bit over-
done, gets away from the film capital
whenever he gets a chance. Last week-end
he and Portland drove to Santa Barbara
for dinner—a hundred miles away from
the stupendous and gigantic movie town.
When they sat down at the table in a quiet
restaurant, Fred drew a long sigh of utter
content, picked up the menu. Then cried:
"Holy smoke! It says 'Colossal' olive!"

Since Jack Benny started talking about
his Maxwell on the air, mail has been
pouring in from all parts of the country
from other Maxwell owners. One man in
Bloomington, New Jersey, offered to drive
his 1925 Maxwell—still in good shape—
to Hollywood and sell it to Jack for
a mere $1000. If Jack will come and get it,
however, the fellow will let it go for $100.

The best-spirited movie set in town,
these days, is Sally, Irene and Mary—and
it's all on account of Fred Allen, whose
quips fall fast and furiously. We were
(Continued on page 62)

Charles Butterworth (left) and
Phil Baker get together at the mike.
Phil was Charlie's guest artist.

Now this new Cream with
"Skin-Vitamin"
does more for your skin
than ever before

The "skin-vitamin" is now in a beauty cream!
Four years ago doctors barely suspected that
a certain vitamin was a special aid to the skin.
They applied this vitamin to wounds and burns.
And found it actually healed them quicker!

This is the amazing "skin-vitamin" which is
now in Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Pond's Vanishing Cream was always great for
smoothing your skin for powder, and overnight,
too. Now the use of Pond's "skin-vitamin"
Vanishing Cream actually nourishes your skin!
The regular use of this cream will make your skin
look richer, fresher, cleaner.

Same jars, same labels, same price
This new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream is
in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same
price. Remember, the vitamin it contains is not the
"vitamin" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. But the vitamin that
especially aids skin health—the pre-
vious "skin-vitamin"!

Melts Roughness
Holds Powder

Miss Geraldine Spreckels

"I have always praised Pond's Vanishing Cream. It smooths skin so wonderfully
after exposure. Now it is grand to know that it is doing more for your skin all the
time you have it on. It certainly keeps my skin in perfect condition..."

NOW IT
NOURISHES, TOO...
my skin looks richer..." says Miss
Geraldine Spreckels

SEND FOR THE
NEW CREAM!
Test it in
9 Treatments

Pond's Dept. 95-E Fenton, Conn. Rush special tube of
Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Vanishing Cream, enough for 9
treatments, with samples of
2 other Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Creams and 5 different
shades of Pond's Face Powder.
I enclose 10c to cover
postage and packing.

Name
City State

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company
Awkward posture and fatigue from painful foot trouble could easily ruin the careers of Hollywood's famous Stars. They use Dr. Scholl's when their feet hurt.

Do as many of the Stars do. If you have corns, callouses, bunions, tired, aching feet; rheumatic-like foot pain; sore, burning or itching feet; Athlete's Foot, ingrown nails—or any other foot trouble—Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Remedy or Arch Support for it will give you quick relief. Sold at Drug, Shoe, Department and 10¢ Stores.

**Corns—Sore Toes**
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads instantly relieve pain and remove corns. Thin, soothing, healing. End cause—shoe friction and pressure—prevent corns, sore toes, blisters and tender spots.

**Callouses**
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, special size for callouses, relieve pain quickly, safely loosen and remove the hard, dead skin. Stop pressure on the sore spot, soothe and heal.

**Bunions**
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, special size for bunions, give instant relief to tender or enlarged joints; remove shoe pressure on the sore spot. Thin, protective, healing.

**Soft Corns**
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, special size for corns between toes, relieve pain in one minute; take pressure off the sore spot; quickly, safely remove soft corns.

**Aching, Tired Feet**
Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm is a soothing application for tired, aching feet; muscular soreness, tenderness and burning sensation caused by exertion and fatigue. Analgesic and counter-irritant.

**Eases Feet**
Dr. Scholl's Kurter, a velvety-soft, cushioning plaster, relieves corns, callouses, bunions, tender spots; prevents blisters. Flesh color. Easily cut to any size or shape.

**Tender Feet**
Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder relieves sore, tender, hot, tired, chafed or pestering feet. Soothing, healing, comforting to skin irritations. Eases new or tight shoes.

---

**Sally, Irene and Mary is Fred's second movie, the first being Thanks a Million. In the current 20th Century-Fox production he is a so-called manager, promising everything, doing little.**

**FRED ALLEN IN**

Our hero says he'll make Mary (Marjorie Weaver) a big stage star. Fred is from Boston; Marjorie a promising newcomer from Louisville, Ky.

Fred's admiring public wishes he would divide his talents permanently between radio and screen as his co-star Alice Faye (Sally) has done.
Make a **FRESH** start
and swing over to a **FRESH** cigarette

**RADIO STARS**

A mighty Allen is a vaudeville and
stage veteran, but acting with Louise
Gypsy Rose Hovick is a new thrill.

**ILMLAND**

Another ace comedian, Jimmy Durante, joins in the fun. Portland
lofts. Fred's life and air part-
er was to be in the picture, too, but these plans were changed.

Air star becoming a picture

It is no longer news, except

when it's Town Hall's head man!

**YOU'LL** miss a lot in life if you
stay in the rut of old habits and
never risk a **FRESH** start. Take
your cigarette, for instance. If your
present brand is often dry or soggy,
don't stay "spliced" to that stale
number just because you're used to it.

Make a fresh start by swinging over to
**FRESH,** Double-Mellow Old Golds... the
cigarette that's tops in tobacco quality
... brought to you in the pink of smoking
condition by Old Gold's weather-
tight, double Cellophane package.

That extra jacket of Cellophane brings
you Old Gold's prize crop tobaccos with
all their rich, full flavor intact. Those
two gate crashers, dampness and dry-
ness, can never muscle in on that double-
sealed, climate-proof O.G. package.

It's never too late for better smoking!
Make a **FRESH** start with those always
**FRESH** Double-Mellow Old Golds.

**TUNE IN** on Old Gold's Hollywood Serenades, Tues.
and Thurs. nights. Columbia Network. Coast-to-Coast

**A Fresh Start made a Fresh Star**
Salesgirl in a department store, Joy Hodges
made a fresh start. Landed in the movies!
Starred in "Merry-Go-Round of 1938"!
Now charms Broadway in "I'd Rather Be
Right"! Joy's fresh start made a new star
who brought fresh joy to millions.

**H ere's why the O.G. package keeps 'em fresh**

**Old Gold Cigarettes**

The Outer Cellophane Jacket
Opens from the Bottom,
sealing the Top

The Inner Jacket Opens
at the Top,
sealing the Bottom

Copyright, 1938, by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.
I'VE LONGED TO KISS YOU

Men are attracted—by natural loveliness, so why risk a painted look? Unlike ordinary lipsticks, Tangee intensifies your own natural coloring—never coats your lips with ugly red grease...nor leaves red smears on teeth or handkerchiefs.

Tangee looks orange in the stick. But it magically changes on your lips to a warm rose shade, blending perfectly with your complexion. Only Tangee has this famous Tangee magic color-change principle.

Tangee's special cream base soothes and softens lips. No drying, no cracking, no chapping. Get Tangee today. $1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. See coupon below.

Untouched—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded, parched look.

Greasy, painted lips—Don't risk that painted look. Men don't like it.

Tangee lovable lips—Intensifies natural color, ends that painted look.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

Beware of Substitutes! There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for Tangee Natural. If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.

4 PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET and FREE CHARM TEST

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.

Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" containing miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder, I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). Also send FREE Tangee Charm Test Cheek Shade of \[
\begin{align*}
\text{Flesh} & \quad \text{Rachel} \\
\text{Light} & \quad \text{Raven} \\
\text{White} & \quad \text{Raven} (15¢ in Canada) \\
\end{align*}
\]

Name ___________________________ (Please Print)

Address ____________________________

City ___________ State ___________ M.M.Y.

GETTING THRILL TO THRILL YOU

Listeners scarcely realize the tireless toil, research, imagination and skill that create the thrills on the Johnny Present program. Above, Clem Wile.

After delving into many books and manuscripts for material, Mr. Wile, research expert for Charles Martin, confers with him on a new Thrills playlet. Now the idea begins to shape. Martin, once a newspaperman and an actor in Eva LeGallienne's company, has developed an unrivaled technique in these dramas for Johnny Presents.

Betty Mandeville, Charles Martin's efficient secretary, takes down the drama as he dictates it to her and then types the finished script.
chatting with Fred the other day, while the make-up man was dabbing on the grease-paint. "Just one more stroke," said the beautifier, "and you'll look as good as Jack Benny." "Yeah," murmured Fred, "I'd need a stroke for that."

**TELEVISION** is going to upset plenty of radio actors' budgets. For it's surprising how frequently the lifting voice of a college co-ed will belong to an elderly lady and a husky football player will turn out to have the voice of a twelve-year-old boy. At a Log Cabin Jamboree rehearsal, the other day, we watched Jack Haley trying out several people for the role of a thin man in a circus sequence. Jack listened to half a dozen radio character players before selecting one. "Skinny" was Jack Smart, who tips the scales at 200 pounds.

MOST of these radio comics depend entirely on gagsmen to whip up their bright ideas for them—but not Ken Murray. He's one who pops with original ideas every minute of the day. P'instance, the other Saturday night he had a house-warming in honor of that new Beverly Hills home which he's been building. Everything about the home is completed except the fireplace, so Ken asked every guest to bring an autographed brick along. And during the evening a bricklayer showed up and put together the "autograph book."

**George Burns** and his brother, Willie, who assists in writing the Burns and Allen shows, are having a feud over who can arrive at the broadcasts with the biggest, blackest cigar. Willie was ahead until John Conte, the program's handsome new announcer, brought George an enormous stogie with a wing spread of no less than

(Continued on page 65)

Hollywood has a name for it: "Camera Skin," a flawless complexion like June Lang's

You, too, can win clear "Camera Skin" with this germ-free beauty cream which helps protect from blemishes

*Many* Hollywood stars follow two simple rules of complexion care. Sensible diet... and daily use of a beauty cream that helps guard from blemishes.

You'll be convinced of the soundness of this beauty plan when you see June Lang's flawless "camera skin". What Woodbury's Cold Cream has done for June, it can do for you! Keep your skin firm, resilient. Lessen the risk of blemishes. And skin-stimulating Vitamin D quickens the skin's youthful breathing.

It's easy to have a clear, glorious "camera skin" if you adopt the beauty rules of the stars. Watch your general health. Choose Woodbury's germ-free care. Cold cream, $1.00, 50c, 25c, 10c. Try the Facial Cream under make-up.

Woodbury's
**Germ-Free Cold Cream**

Helps guard from blemishes
Cleanses the pores thoroughly
Stimulates—Contains Vitamin D
Overcomes dry skin

June Lang and Dick Baldwin in the 20th Century-Fox picture "Shanghai Deadline". June says: "For the screen star, a blemish is a minor tragedy. Woodbury's Cold Cream keeps my skin smooth."

Send for Trial Tubes of Woodbury's Creams
John H. Woodbury, Inc., 4787 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio (In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario

Please send me trial tubes of Woodbury’s Cold and Facial Creams: guest-size Woodbury’s Facial Soap; 7 shades of Woodbury’s Facial Powder; 1 ounce of Woodbury’s Cold Cream. Enclose 10c to cover mailing costs.

Name________________________
Address______________________
City__________State__________
Betty also arranges transportation for guest stars. Carl Erickson, "human guinea-pig," comes from Denver Colo., to appear in the show. The cast is on call for rehearsals, day or night. Barbara Weeks is summoned from bed for a final rehearsal.

With the script girl beside him, Charles Martin rehearses Orson Welles (right) and Frank Redick in their rôles. The show goes on at 8 p.m., EST, Tuesdays, NBC-Red network, and at 8:30 p.m., EST, Saturdays, over the CBS network.

DON'T live in dated dread of periodic functional pain, or let the calendar regulate your activities. For doctors have discovered that severe or prolonged pain at such times is not natural to most women. And unless you have some organic disorder requiring a physician's or surgeon's attention, Midol in all probability can make your days of menstruation as carefree as any other.

Midol is offered for this sole purpose. It acts quickly. In all but unusual instances it brings definite relief. Two tablets should see you through your worst day. So, get Midol and "carry on". Druggists have it on the counter. Handy purse-size tin, 50¢—and well worth it when periodic suffering must be relieved.

The final rehearsal before the broadcast is one of tense concentration. Dynamic writer and director Charles Martin prompts and inspires each individual.
Claire Trevor is heard on Big Town, Edward G. Robinson's CBS newspaper serial, Tuesdays, 8 p.m.

a foot and a half and a diameter of more than two inches. George would have smoked it, too, except for the fact that Gracie threatened to call the police.

ALLAN JONES has the distinction of owning the swankiest dressing-room on the movie lot. It's a trailer—air-conditioned, with mirrored walls and chromium fittings. And since joining the Good News of 1938 show, Allan now has the distinction of owning the grandest dressing-room among the radio stars. For he has the trailer brought into the alley behind the El Capitan Theatre, from which the program is aired, and there reclines between rehearsals.

NEVER in the history of Hollywood have such crowds jammed famous Hollywood Boulevard as the night Charlie McCarthy rode on the Santa Claus float. From his perch on Edgar Bergen's knee, Charlie spoke to the thousands through a loudspeaker. "Now," he said, "I want all you little boys out there to write to Santa Claus. And all you little girls—ahem, you can write to me!"

At rehearsal the other day, we fell into a conversation about cooking, with Gracie Allen. And she gave us her exclusive recipe for a cake to send to any relatives in jail. Mix three cups of flour, six eggs, a cup of sugar, and a pint of milk into a thick batter. Stir thoroughly and put in greased pan. Then fold in two hack saws, a file and a small pistol. Bake for two hours, and send it to the convict—along with the name of a good dentist.

IRENE RICH'S hobby is raising beautiful Angora rabbits. Since the bunnies are clever at tricks, Irene thought it would be a good idea to get some pictures of them for publicity purposes. So a studio photographer came out to her home and spent the whole afternoon trying to pose the rabbits. They refused to do a single trick. Then they stood on their hind legs to watch the photographer leave the house—and turned somersaults afterwards.

See how one of these ten thrilling new face powder colors will win you new radiance, new compliments, new luck!

Doesn't it make you happy to get that second look from others—that interested glance which says: "You look stunning!"?

But maybe you haven't heard a compliment on your skin in a month. Be honest with yourself—have you? If not—did you ever wonder why?

But don't be too quick to blame yourself—when maybe it's not you, but your face powder that's at fault. For you know that the wrong powder color can actually hide your best points instead of bringing them out and giving you a lift.

"Why, my face powder isn't like that," you say. But how do you know it isn't? For there's only one way to find out. See with your own eyes the electrifying change that comes over your skin when you apply a lifelike, friendly, flattering color.

Where is this transforming color? It's in one of the ten glorifying new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. But you don't have to buy these colors to find which one may be your lucky star.

For I will send you all ten, free and postpaid, because I'm so anxious to help you help yourself.

Let me help you find your color

When your gift arrives—try on every shade. Try each one carefully. Then stop at the one and only color which whispers, "I am yours. See what I do for you. Look how I make your eyes shine. And how dreamy soft I leave your skin!" You'll see how the color seems to spring from within... it's so natural, so life-like, so much a part of you.

Have you a lucky penny?

Here's how a penny postcard will bring you luck. It will bring you free and postpaid all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, and a generous tube of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream. Mail the coupon today.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)
A SKIN that glows naturally bespeaks radiant health beneath... it is alive... stays fresh! So, be good to your skin from within and it will be good to you.

The reason for this is quite simple... skin tissues must have an abundance of red-blood-cells to aid in making the skin glow... to bring color to your cheeks... to build resistance to germ attacks.

It is so easy for these precious red-blood-cells to lose their vitality. Worry, overwork and undue strain take their toll. Sickness literally burns them up. Improper diet retards the development of new cells. Even a common cold kills them in great numbers.

Science, through S.S.S. Tonic, brings to you the means to regain this blood strength within a short space of time... the action of S.S.S. is cumulative and lasting.

Moreover, S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite. Foods taste better... natural digestive juices are stimulated and finally the very food you eat is of more value. A very important step back to health.

You, too, will want to take S.S.S. Tonic to regain and to maintain your red-blood-cells... to restore lost weight... to regain energy... to strengthen nerves... and to give to your skin that natural health glow.

Take the S.S.S. Tonic treatment and shortly you should be delighted with the way you feel... and have your friends compliment you on the way you look.

S.S.S. Tonic is especially designed to build sturdy health by restoring deficient red-blood-cells and it is time-tried and scientifically proven.

At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time-tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good."

We, the People, is broadcast Thursdays at 7:30 p.m., EST, over the CBS network, presenting six or more people who have journeyed to New York to relate their stories. Gabriel Heatter is well qualified for his job as director of this program, by a long career as newspaperman, editor, author, commentator, announcer. Above, production chief Hubbell Robinson (left) and Maestro Mark Warrow check music cues. Announcer Harry Von Zell (left) underlines words in his script to be emphasized.
BETRAYED OF BEAUTY

SEBORRHEA

Chief cause of Shiny Nose

OILINESS RESULTS IN UNFLATTERING SHINE. DERMATOLOGISTS IDENTIFY EXCESSIVE OILINESS AS SEBORRHEA. GERMS AGGRAVE THIS CONDITION. WOODBURY'S POWDER RETARDS GERM-GROWTH, HELPS SUBDUVE NOSE SHINE.

Beauty editors have written reams about Shiny Nose. Every girl who owns a mirror has pleaded for longer-clinging face powder. Yet what's been done to conquer Shiny Nose? Something startling! Woodbury's Facial Powder is now germ-free and helps overcome nose shine as it glorifies your skin!

SHINY NOSE MAY BE AGGRAVATED BY SURFACE GERMS

Dermatologists say the oiliness that makes your nose shine is often due to Seborrhea. Germs aggravate this condition. Your innocent-looking powder puff may be spreading harmful germ-life to your skin.

Now you realize the beauty need for germ-free powder that will convey no germs to puff or skin. Tested with 19 other leading brands, Woodbury's, alone, proved germ-free both before use and after contact with a germ-laden puff.

Give your complexion a seductive bloom with Woodbury's Powder, a surface loveliness that brings no aftermath of oily shine. The seven glorious shades are as natural as life and as young as you'd like to appear! Windsor Rose, for instance, a blend of creamy-pink and ivory-peach, is becoming to almost every skin.

This flattering powder comes in the smart blue box at $1.00, 50c, 25c, 10c. Complete your make-up with Woodbury's Germ-proof Lipstick and Rouge.

Send for 7 Thrilling Youth-Blend Shades

JOHN H. WOODBURY, INC., 5187 ALFRED ST., CINCINNATI, OHIO

Please send me 7 shades of Woodbury's Facial Powder trial tube of two Woodbury's Beauty Creams and sample size Woodbury's Facial Soap. I enclose 10c to cover mailing costs.

Name______________________________

Street____________________________

City_______________________________ State__________________________
MIKEMEN
BY JACK HANLEY

Confidential notes on announcers of popular network programs

MILTON J. CROSS (NBC)

As one commentator wrote: "There is something friendly, something sincere; a passionate earnestness in Milton Cross' voice." That voice was Milt's introduction to radio, but as a singer rather than as an announcer. Though he still sings occasionally, the pleasant, balanced Cross diction is heard mostly introducing the musical efforts of others on the Saturday broadcasts of the Metropolitan Opera, The Magic Key of RCA, Sunday night General Motors program and the NBC Symphony.

Cross started in radio back when a mike was called a "tomato can" and looked it. That was in 1921, when Jerry Cowan, then master of ceremonies of WJZ, heard him sing over the station and tried to sell him the idea of becoming an announcer. A few months later Cowan caught Milt swimming in a Y. M. C. A. pool and signed him up as second announcer, making him oldest in point of service on the NBC staff.

Born in New York in 1897, Cross has been musical all his life. At ten he was a boy soprano, singing in church; at De Witt Clinton High School he appeared in the Opera Group, sang Gilbert and Sullivan.

He has sung with the Paulist Choristers, Protestant Church choirs and in a Brooklyn Synagogue. Studied music at Damrosch Institute, and his diploma makes him Supervisor of Music in the New York schools, but he never worked at it. While singing in a Fifth Avenue church he met Lilian Fowler, organist. They paid no attention to Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, being occupied with looking at each other, and shortly afterward were married. They still are, and Mrs. Cross confides her playing to accompanying Milt, at home. They had a daughter, Gale, whom they lost four years ago at the age of eight.

In 1929 the American Academy of Arts and Letters awarded Cross a medal for diction, its first award. Listeners perhaps will remember him for the popular Shimer Hour, in which he sang the Shimer Song signature. He still is the only person allowed to sing the number.

Cross likes to announce classical programs, opera and symphony, and usually does. Considers himself a Metropolitan alumnus, having appeared as a supert in Carmen, in high school days. He's fond of children, so Coast to Coast on a Bus, Sunday mornings, is a pleasure to him.
Know the

TRUTH

about sanitary napkins!

Is there a way for you to secure greater Comfort and Security?

Suppose your needs differ on different days . . . what can you do?

What kind of deodorant should you use for Positive Protection?

Every woman owes it to herself to read the frank answers to these intimate questions!

ASK yourself what kind of a sanitary napkin you want and we believe you’ll say one that can’t chafe, can’t fail, can’t show. So, naturally, this was our goal. With the introduction of Wondersoft Kotex®, we were confident we had achieved it!

But to be honest, even though Wondersoft Kotex did create new standards of comfort and safety for most women, it did not completely satisfy every woman! Fortunately, we found out why . . . We discovered that one-size napkin will not do for every woman, any more than one-size hat, dress or pair of shoes. And for many women, one-size napkin will not do for every day, for a woman’s personal needs may differ on different days.

To meet this problem, we developed 3 types of Kotex . . . for different women, different days. Only Kotex has “All 3” . . . Regular Kotex, Junior Kotex, Super Kotex.

We sincerely believe that these 3 types of Kotex answer your demands for sanitary protection that meets your exact needs, each day. We urge you to try “All 3” next time, and see how they can bring you the greater comfort and security you seek.

Try all 3 types of Kotex, then judge for yourself. The proof is in the wearing! Perhaps you will decide you want one type for today, another for tomorrow — or maybe all 3 types for different times. It is our honest opinion that only by trying “All 3” can you see how perfect modern sanitary protection can be.

Quest is the new positive deodorant powder developed especially for use with sanitary napkins. It is soothing, completely effective! Only 35c for the large size.
Falls, Minnesota, where he did selling, announcing, script writing, producing, directing, and swept out the studio. He even doubled as night-control operator.

Though he has a farm in Minnesota, went to school there and spent all possible time there, Driscoll was born in Maplewood, New Jersey, in 1909, and lived most of his early life in Forest Hills. His father was born on April 7th, his mother on April 8th, and Dave on April 15th. His main hobby is sports; he’s nuts about hunting, particularly, and baseball, coming to it naturally, for his dad was business manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers baseball team, and the Brooklyn National Professional Football League team. At school, Dave played semi-pro baseball and hockey and covered Big-Ten football for the New York Sun.

He feels that the man who conceives a show is apt to do a better job than one who is merely an announcer, and he conceives and develops his programs, working on many in which he does not appear at the mike; sort of Special Features producer.

While doing the Let's Visit program, during the America Cup Races preparations, Dave fell overboard from the WOR launch as it was approaching the Endeavour II, where a visit was scheduled. Most exciting special feature broadcast, however, was the Hindenburg disaster, which he covered from Lakewood.

The incident of the Presidential broadcast happened when Dave was on KGDE. In 1933, President Roosevelt, returning from Honolulu, landed at Portland; was making tour of inspection of the dam sites now in construction. The train was passing twenty-five miles away (Dave learned by wiring Stephen Early, the President's secretary) and would make a brief stop. The station was a little 200-watter and there was no money for wire charges. Dave arranged with a local power company to pay one hundred dollars for the broadcast—but they would pay only if the President spoke on it.

Dave and his engineer hustled to the train's stopping place with a mike and coil of wire; preempted a phone booth near the station, hooked the amplifier to the telephone line and talked the railroad officials into stopping the train so the President's car would be near him. When the train was sighted, Dave put in a last distance call to the station and did "color" stuff until the President appeared on the platform. Then, taking no chances, he ducked below the car rail, announced "The President of the United States!" and shoved the mike up in front of Mr. Roosevelt, who, perforce, spoke over it. The phone charges were six dollars, and Dave collected the hundred. The President had been on a commercial!

Dave is single, looks more like a football player than an announcer, and wins praise with his turkeys. Usually has a cigar in his face or his hand, and likes best covering duck hunting, because he likes duck hunting.

ANDRE BARUCH (CBS)

If you call for Andre Bernard Jean Jacques Rousseau Octavius Illume Baruch de la Pardo, Andre Baruch will answer— that being his full name. This Columbia announcer was eleven before he spoke a word of English, having been born in Paris. Under stress of emotion, he still breaks into French on occasion. He doesn't do it at the microphone any more, however. He is one of the descendants of Jean Jacques Rousseau and a nephew of Bernard Baruch.
Thirty-one now, Baruch came to the United States as a child and studied art and music at Pratt Institute and Columbia University. After graduating, Baruch tried commercial art for a while, and while studying he won an art scholarship that took him to the Beaux Arts, in Paris.

His first radio appearance was in 1925, while at school. He was passing the Half Moon Hotel, Coney Island, where WICU was then located. On impulse he walked in and asked for a job and was made pianist and announcer. He paid his own way at Columbia University by part-time drafting, announcing and posing. His main conflict used to be between art and music. Torn between them, he did neither. When he returned from Paris, he applied to CBS for a job as announcer, and has been one ever since. On his first appearance before a CBS mike, he was so nervous he developed a strong French accent; there is no trace of accent in his speech now, however. His knowledge of French came in handy during the making of Le Temps Passé, three special half-hour recordings, in French, of The March Of Time, for Radio Luxembourg, a French station. In addition to French and English, Andre speaks fluent Spanish and Italian, and can manage Dutch, Flemish and Portuguese as well.

He makes cryptic “doodles” on his script to indicate inflections and emphasis. A small u means lift voice; a vertical line after a sentence means stop; two vertical lines, full stop, for change of thought. An underlined word means sock, for emphasis; double underline, sock, for extra punch, and so on. And when he runs across a jagged, wavy, horizontal line that peters out, it means Andre must lift his head, smile, put the sparkle in the eye and turn on his personality.

Unlike many announcers, Baruch is against cupping the ear when broadcasting. He likes his hands free—one to hold the script and the other to gesture. When he had to get up for an early morning news broadcast daily, he used to set two alarm clocks for six a.m. and phone the night man in the Press Department to call him in the morning.

He had a bushel of medals and trophies, won at various sports, but they were all (Continued on page 83)

Andre Baruch and John Reed King resting between games of badminton. Andre is a sports enthusiast, having won medals and trophies in many matches.

said pretty little Barbara B. HERE'S WHAT MADGE EVANS REPLIED

WELL, BARBARA, IT'S Fools TO BE SUCCESSFUL AT ANYTHING YOU UNDERTAKE — HOME LIFE OR A CAREER

THAT'S WHY IT'S FOOLISH FOR ANY GIRL TO RISK LOSING HER GOOD LOOKS

SCREEN STARS USE LUX TOILET SOAP BECAUSE THEY DAREN'T RISK COSMETIC SKIN, EVERY GIRL SHOULD GUARD AGAINST IT

I REMOVE cosmetics thor- oughly with Lux Toilet Soap,” says this lovely star. It’s when pores are choked that Cos- metic Skin develops — dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores. ACTIVE lather guards against this danger — keeps skin smooth.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
Pretty girls soon learn which colors say, "You look heavenly today"—and away they go for Rit! Those rich, luscious shades are a joy to behold—and delightfully easy. Rit's new formula contains "neomerpin"—makes color saturate the fabric, quickly, beautifully, evenly. Really, YOU'LL "DYE" LAUGHING.

The title above does not refer to lovely Virginia Clark, who is Helen Trent in the CBS serial, The Romance of Helen Trent, heard Mondays through Fridays at 12:30 p.m., EST. Miss Clark, formerly a singer, now is one of radio's better known young dramatic actresses. She was born in Little Rock, Arkansas.

his brother, called in from the next room: "Carrie, remind me to take that record of us over to Max."

JUST how accurate is the Crosley rating? If you asked ten people out of a hundred what they did last night, would you consider that you knew what the remaining ninety had done? The Crosley people call a selected list of phone numbers and ask what program they're listening to, and by that determine the popularity of the show. Your guess is as good as theirs.

A WHILE back, when B. A. Rolfe played dance music at an unholy rate of speed on a cigarette program, it was understood that the sponsor so desired it. Now he is on the Bob Ripley, Believe-It-Or-Not show. This time lots of people are complaining that his music is out of step with the program. Not in the matter of tempo, but in atmosphere. Where the spot calls for weird, mysterious music, you're more apt than not to be treated to a lively one-step. Why not a symphonic orchestra instead of a dance band?

RADIO would be vastly improved by twice as many rehearsals and half as many commercials.

WHISPER "Hollywood" in the average person's ear and he immediately sees visions of Taylor, Mouse and Garbo emoting before cameras. But today the word has a different meaning, for the movie capital is going in for radio programs in a biggish way—programs described by Eastern radio men as Hollywood Clambakes—a "clambake," in radio jargon, means the show is lousy.

ONE man, recently returned from the Coast, says: "It's all so damned artificial out there. In the first place, they look down on radio and act accordingly. They lock the studios during rehearsals and the movie people act ill-at-ease with a radio script in their hands."

THEY resent Eastern radio technicians but they could do with a few, apparently. In the Lux Radio Theatre's presentation of Cimarron, for example, Clark Gable made no less than three slips—something he never does in his movies, because re-takes take care of all that. In radio this condition could be remedied by making the
A radio columnist reports that he had to go to the studio to find out what Tizzle Lish, on Al Pearce's show, was doing that made the audience howl with laughter at the same point every week. Tizzle, he discovered, was making a comic curtsy that sent the on-hand customers rolling into the aisles with laughter—making us turn the dial hastily, at least five points to the right or left.

The listener, gentlemen, is important.

AN amusing incident happened the night that Gary Cooper was guest star on a cigarette program. At one point of the broadcast he stopped speaking to clear his throat, and then, at another not so distant point, he told how kind the cigarettes are to his throat.

Now that Maestro Arturo Toscanini is safely perched on the conductor's stand at NBC, presumably breaking batons at rehearsals, it might be interesting to inspect the storm that preceded his arrival in the States.

First there was a cablegram, then there were rumors. The cablegram (allegedly sent by someone connected with CBS) advised Mr. T. that by coming here he would throw hundreds of people out of work. The rumors went on to lift that estimate by saying that 300 had been laid off because one small Italian gentleman was taking a boat for the U.S.A.

Actually, according to NBC, it wasn't at all a case of robbing Peter to pay Arturo. Fifty people, says NBC, were laid off, but that had nothing to do with music. It

(Continued on page 74)
Don't Hesitate About Feminine Hygiene

Use a modern method

Why add to the problems of life by worrying about old-fashioned or embarrassing methods of feminine hygiene? If you doubt the effectiveness of your method, or if you consider it messy, gross, and hateful, here is news that you will welcome.

Thousands of happy, enlightened women enjoy a method that is modern, effective—kills germs—and, equally important—dainty!

ZONITORS ARE GREASELESS

Zonitors offer a new kind of suppository that is small, snow-white and GREASELESS! While easy to apply and completely removable with water, Zonitors maintain long, effective antiseptic contact. No mixing. No clumsy apparatus. Odorless—and an ideal deodorant.

Zonitors make use of the world-famous Zonite antiseptic principle favored because of its antiseptic power and freedom from "burn" danger to delicate tissues.

Full instructions in package. $1 for box of 12—at all U. S. and Canadian drugstores. Free booklet in plain envelope on request. Write Zonitors, 3311 Chrysler Bldg., N. Y. C.

SNOW WHITE
Each in individual glass vial.

Zonitors FOR FEMININE HYGIENE
A Zonite Product

WOMEN WHO CAN SEW?

Write me today for amazing opportunity to earn extra money without canvassing.

Harford, Dept. C-87, Cincinnati, O.

Corns and Callouses Quickly removed with MOSCO

The stainless, easy-to-use vials you must run if it can. No baths, plasters, cloths or mixing necessary. Results guaranteed or money back. 50c, 50c sets. All drugstores. Get a jar today.

FREE SAMPLE!

Print name and address on coupon below. Paste on envelope and mail to nearest Mosco Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Name
Street
City, State

RADIO STARS

STRAIGHT FROM THE COLD SHOULDER

(Continued from page 73)

Andy Devine, of the "gravel voice," who adds to the mirth of Jack Benny's Sunday night Jell-O show (7:00 p.m., EST, NBC-Red) and has made a number of movies in the past five years, originally planned to be a cowboy, and once was a handsome lifeguard at Venice, California. He's married and has a son, Timothy Andrew Devine, known as Tad, who is the apple of his eye.

was economy. The rent went up in January and, like you and me, NBC had to consider that.

WHEN television comes in, the "house" band will go out of the window.

THE New Harry Conn show—Earaches Of 1938—is proof of something.

It has long been known that gag writers sit over stale beer, complaining that they don't get enough credit for their highly important work; anyone, they say, can read the lines they write and make people laugh. Besides, they should get as much money as the comics. They could be just as funny on the air, themselves, as are the comics who use their material—so they contend.

Well, one of them tried it. Harry Conn, who for many years did Jack Benny's scripts, among others. He wasn't very funny.

The lines were Jack Benny's lines—and sounded all wrong in Conn's mouth—so perhaps there's something in the comics' contention that it's all in the way you read 'em.

Me, I think it's fifty-fifty.

Who is the WOR announcer who says: "This is the Bamberger Broadcasting servus"?
TRISTAN is getting so hot that, no matter when or where a little incident like a shooting or a train wreck occurs, it's only a matter of minutes before a gang of men descend on the scene and interview any participants able to talk, and all available spectators. They're there to get people for the new type of program—the one that features the people who make the news.

TIME was when they talked gratuitously, for the fun of it, until someone got smart and figured that someone could and should pay for his words. Then an even smarter fellow got in touch with an agent, who got him much more than he deserved for his little talk.

So now, when the Such-and-Such Flier takes a leap off the rails into Zeke's back pasture, Zeke takes a good long look and runs back to Max, yelling: "Cmon Max! Pack yer tippers! I jest saw a wreck, and by Nellie we're a-goin' now th' city news broadcast an' pay off that pesky mortgage!"

RADIO is growing when a Maxwell Anderson will write for it.

SPEAKING of commercials, which we weren't, has it ever occurred to you to do anything but complain about them? Have you sat down recently and thought about them—compared them?

Compare the old-time, high-pressure methods of blackjacking the customer into buying a bottle of bitters, and the ease with which Harry Von Zell or Dell Sharbutt convincingly sell the product of the sponsors.

AND, speaking of Von Zell, which we were, did you know that he is a model-train enthusiast? That he and Budd, of Stoopnagle and Budd, get together at each other's houses to run model railroads and fight over who's going to push the buttons? It's true, and a closer study of radio people's hobbies probably would reveal many more who get excited over Hudson-Type Lionel locomotives and such.

YOUR favorite radio program sounds different when it comes from the next apartment and you need sleep.

RADIO'S commercial commentators, like Hugh S. Johnson, Dorothy Thompson and Jimmie Fidler, get away with murder.

They're all on commercial shows and when one of them attacks, let's say, a cabinet member, the cabinet member is at a loss to reply to him even if he says: "Sure, Harry, c'mon over next week and I'll let you answer me right back over my own show."

Cabinet member Harry can't do that, because he can't, with dignity, appear on a program that is out on the air to sell pills.

BUT he can appear, with dignity and even grace, if it's in him, on the Town Meeting Of The Air, Thursday nights at 8:45.

Here both sides speak and those in the audience may even rise and ask a question, if they so desire. The listener is taken care of, too, for, by writing in and enclosing ten cents, he may obtain a transcript of all that went on.

IT'S one terribly sane idea, in a welter of ideas that border on the insane.

RADIO STARS

RELIEVE THE ITCHING AND IRRITATION OF ECZEMA

TREAT skin irritations with a soothing antiseptic...Unguentine!

Unguentine is a germicide that stays on the irritated area—helps prevent spread of infection from germs getting into breaks in the skin. The big tube is 50c. Economical Family size jar, $1.00.

Avoid squeezing...soothe, don't irritate

Take your fingers away! Skin gets redder...madder...after you squeeze or pick! Soothing, antiseptic Unguentine helps prevent spread of infection.

Do what you do for a burn or cut—

Unguentine...first aid for more serious injuries, is also first aid for skin irritations due to external causes. It is the soothing antiseptic, designed to remain in long contact with the irritated area.

Just put on some Unguentine

Norwich
FREE BOOKLET EXPLAINS WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT FEMININE HYGIENE

A SIMPLE EASY WAY
Proved by More than 47 Years Use

FEMININE HYGIENE

How much depends upon those two words! Yet how little is known about them!

That is why we ask you to consult your doctor. Or, send today for a free copy of "The Answer" which frankly discusses this vital subject. It also explains the simplified Boro-Pheno-Form method of feminine hygiene which more and more modern wives are adopting.

For over 47 years Boro-Pheno-Form has proved to thousands of satisfied users that it is:

1 Simple — One daily suppository has the same special function of solutions.
2 Convenient — Complete in itself. No mixing, measuring or awkward accessories are required. Odorous, too.
3 Safe — Utterly harmless to delicate tissues. No danger of overdose or under-dose.

Your druggist carries Boro-Pheno-Form complete with directions.

Jr. Pierre's
BORO-PHENO-FORM

Dr. Pierre's Medicine Co., Dept. 14-C
102 N. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a free copy of "The Answer."

Name:
Address:

NEURITIS

Relieve Pain in Few Minutes

To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in few minutes, get NURITO, the Doctor's formula. No ointments, no liniments, no ointments, no steaming, no heat. Warms, soothes, relieves the worst pain to your satisfaction in few minutes or money back at Druggist's. Don't suffer. Get trustworthy NURITO today on this guarantee.

Try a VEGETABLE LAXATIVE

What a Difference!

If you think all laxatives act alike . . . just try the ALL-VEGETABLE laxative, Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) . . . so mild, thorough, refreshing and invigorating.

Dependable relief for sick headaches, bilious spells and that tired-out feeling, when caused by or associated with constipation.

Without Risk — get a 25c box of NRs from any druggist. Use for one week; if you are not more than pleased, return the box and we will refund the purchase price.

That's fair. Try it . . . NR Tonight — Tomorrow Alright.

RADIO RAMBLINGS

(Continued from page 6)

Charlie Correll (left), who is Andy, and Freeman Gosden, of radio's popular team, Amos 'n' Andy. They earned their first money in radio back in 1924, as Sam and Henry. On August 19th, 1929, they began their Pepsodent broadcasts. Now they've changed sponsors, but are still heard nightly at 7 P. M., E.S.T.

programs for amateur inventors, places to talk about your domestic troubles, etc. The vogue began last year, but this season the audience is getting its big chance to compete with Jack Benny, Fred Allen, and others, at entertaining the radio audience.

RUDY VALLEE'S latest protégé, Tommy Riggs, of stage, is one of the most modestly likeable young men that program ever had. He is no blushing violet, but in conversation he is quiet, unassuming, and has not been too much impressed with his new importance since he was snatched from obscurity by the Vallee hour.

Unlike Vallee's other double-voiced discovery, Edgar Bergen, Tommy uses no doll or dummy, as he conducts dialogues with his second voice, little Betty Lou. Riggs just stands alone at a microphone and switches from one voice to another.

LOU's baby talk lines in his own manly voice. To guard against that, he marks one role with red pencil and the other with blue. He always has the two pencils with him at rehearsal.

His progress has been less rapid than Bergen's with Charlie McCarthy. Bergen happens to be one of the cleverest and most amusing writers in radio and Tommy is not able to turn out big-time material quite so rapidly. Like many another comedian, he has had difficulty in finding exactly the right writer for his peculiar type of script.

Another comedian worried about writers this year is the great Jack Benny. All season, he has fretted about the quality of his scripts. They do seem to be slipping this year, too.

For years Jack relied on just one man, Harry Conn. When they parted two years ago, Jack was able to get together an organization that filled requirements ex-
RADIO STARS

HERE'S ONE JOB THAT DIDN'T LEAD TO LOVE...

HIRED!

ADMIRED!

FIRED!

No girl who offends with underarm odor succeeds in her job—or with men...

A new job—new friends—new chances for romance! How Ann did want her new boss to like her! Bachelors as nice as Bill S—were very hard to find!

Ann was pretty—Ann was smart! "Someone I'd be proud of," Bill thought. So he asked Ann out to his club.

The night was glamorous and the music was good—but Bill's interest died with the very first dance. Ann had thought a bath alone could keep her sweet—and one hint of underarm odor was enough for Bill. Others in the office noticed, too. Ann lost the job she wanted—the job that might have led to love.

It's foolish for a girl in business—a girl in love—to risk offending! It's so easy to stay fresh with Mum! Remember, a bath only takes care of odor that's past—but Mum prevents odor to come!

MUM IS QUICK! In just half a minute, Mum gives you all-day-long protection.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum can't harm any kind of fabric. And Mum won't irritate your skin, even after underarm shaving.

MUM IS SURE! Mum does not stop healthful perspiration, but it does stop every trace of odor. Remember, no girl who offends with underarm odor can ever win out with men. Always use Mum!

NO BATH PROTECTS YOU LIKE A BATH PLUS MUM

For Sanitary Napkins—No worries or embarrassment when you use Mum this way. Thousands do, because it's S A F E and S U R E.

---

Alice Frost, young dramatic actress, stars on countless radio programs over all the networks. In private life she is Mrs. Robert C. Foulk. She was born on August 1st, 1910.

---

(Continued on page 78)
arrangers. Stardom in radio is a glamorous life, but it's seldom an easy one.

ALL the recent trouble about Mac West's "Adam and Eve" skin, and her vulgar love-making dialogue with Charlie McCarthy, is an example of why radio must impose such a strict censorship on itself. These bad taste broadcasts are infrequent but the uproar over them always is tremendous. The radio censor has a difficult problem. If he does censor, he risks a great public protest. If he doesn't, a deluge of angry mail may descend upon him.

ONE recent case where censorship caused trouble was General Hugh Johnson's. The General, you may remember, wanted to speak on social diseases on his commercial program last November. At the last minute, the whole speech was banned and the General was left without anything for his program. The public storm which that caused disturbed NBC officials so much, they finally invited Dr. Morris Fishbein to choose a time and deliver a speech on the same subject. That closed the incident—with the excuse that only a physician should discuss such topics on the air.

Phil Baker abandons his accordion of vaudeville days for the piano.

ANOTHER famous case cut Genera Smedley Butler off the air when he let the word "hell" slip into an account of a battle as he spoke at a banquet a few years ago. Al Jolson became the center of a national scandal, a decade back, when he made a jovial remark about Clara Bow and later found obscene implications he had not intended. Alexander Woollcott addressing a New York luncheon club one day, was unaware that his speech was being broadcast over a local station. He told nearly an hour of smoking-room stories without being cut off the air.

ONE of the strangest of these incidents occurred on a morning station in upper New York State. The station had run a wire into one of the town's hotels to pick up dance music. For convenience, the connection was made through the hotel switchboard.

A mistake one night connected the station with, not the ballroom, but a conversation between an incensed gentleman and a woman guest of the hotel. He was trying to make a date and the girl protested she was undressed.

"Fine," answered the man, "I'll be right up!"—and listeners heard even more astonishing material for a radio broadcast until a frantic station manager cut off the air.

"Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen," the hot novelty song spread over the networks lately, has a queer history. Two Jewish playwrights, Sholem Secunda and Jacob Jacobs, wrote the song, in the first place, and fitted it into a Yiddish musical comedy

"Come hither" Complexion

Guard Against Dry Skin—
with Armand Blended Cream

Every woman recognizes (often envies) the irresistible allure of a complexion that glows with natural beauty. Tragically, too often, such a dry, weathered skin keeps many a girl from being a social success. The fluffiest, softest, creamiest cream ever made, Armand Blended Cream contains no wax nor grease, a new type of cream, with a fragrance of fresh cut roses. It gives you the effect of five facial aids in one jar, hence is both convenient and economical.

Armand invites you to try this exciting cream which has endeared itself to thousands and thousands of women everywhere. Your favorite cosmetic counter has it awaiting your command. Priced at $1.00, 50 cents, 25 cents, 10 cents. If you prefer, send the coupon and ten cents for a generous trial size of Armand Blended Cream and Wind Blown Roses Powder—both essential to fresh, radiant loveliness.

ARMAND, Des Moines, Iowa

With eager anticipation, I send ten cents for your generous trial sizes of ARMAND BLENDED CREAM and WIND BLOWN ROSES POWDER.

Name.

Address.

City... State.

I buy cosmetics at the following store:

Created by Armand to glorify natural Loveliness!
for the trade on New York's lower (and foreign) East Side. The show had its brief run and the song was forgotten. That was ten years ago. Last summer a pair of Negro hot piano singers came across it and took it with them for an engagement at Grossingers, a fashionable Jewish summer resort in the mountains near New York. It went well there and they kept it in their routine, still singing it in Yiddish, when they landed a winter job in a Broadway night club.

Broadway immediately snapped it up. A couple of Tin Pan Alley songwriters added American touches. Two obscure Jewish gentlemen from the East Side suddenly found themselves authors of one of the season's great smash hits. They had, however, sold their rights for thirty dollars! The song has a strong appeal. Along with the swingy lift of the usual song hit, it retains the haunting minor key characteristic of Jewish music.

MOVIE moguls have not done as well as they expected with their venture into radio. The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer program that succeeded Show Boat promptly launched itself into chaos. The first few programs were confused, exciting hours, which left the listener feeling this was something he might like, if it were only arranged so he could figure out what was going on. There always seemed to be so many things happening at once.

Directors were fired, cast was changed and the show settled down after a few weeks. It became moderately entertaining, as satisfactory as most of radio's less important programs, but it cost the sponsor three or four times as much.

THE Warner Brothers program for Lucky Strike had a less hectic beginning but it had the same fault. It was not a bad little variety show but it cost so much more than the very popular Vallee or Crosby or Kate Smith hours.

One of the NBC vice presidents had a remark that summed up the situation. "What's getting into this radio crowd?" he wanted to know. "They spend years and fortunes experimenting with all sorts of radio shows. Then, just as they seem to be learning how to produce pretty good programs, they turn the whole thing over to a crowd of movie people and pay a tremendous price for shows by beginners in the radio business."

HERE'S a name you might jot down on (Continued on page 80)
Complete every shampoo with your own shade of Nestle Colorinse. It rinses away shampoo film, glorifies the natural color of the hair while blending in grey or faded streaks. Colorinse makes your hair soft, lustrous and easy to wave.

Colorinse is quick, easy and simple to use. Pure and harmless; not a dye or bleach. It costs so little, too—only a few pennies for each Colorinse. Two rinses for 10c in 10-cent stores; 25c for five rinses at drug and department stores.

Nestle COLORINSE

NOW! Beautiful NAILS

AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE

So natural they even have half-moons

NEW! Smart, long, tapering nails for everyone! Cover broken, short, thin nails with NU-NAILS. Can be worn any length and polished any desired shade. Defies detection. Waterproof. Easily applied; remains firm. No effect on nail growth or cuticle. Removed at will. Set of Ten, 20c. All 5c and 10c stores.

NU-NAIL COMPANY
5249 W. Madison St., Chicago

NU-NAILS
Artificial Fingernails

Sandra and Ronnie Burns, aged three and two, respectively, with their proud parents, George Burns and Gracie Allen (Burns) of the Monday night show. NBC-Red network at 8 p.m., EST, with Tony Martin and Ray Noble.

Rudy is so serious about his own writing, he would not even turn the task over to a ghost for the month of the Vallee trip to England during the Coronation excitement last spring. The English stay was packed with engagements in theatres, night clubs and radio, but Rudy took time out to write the column and make sure it got on a ship that would arrive in America ahead of deadline.

THIS is not polite; picking on a man’s troubles—but it does seem odd that A. L. Alexander, radio’s most famous counselor to people who are in trouble, should find himself involved in a divorce trouble of his own. His wife started Reno proceedings just as Alexander returned to the air on the Court of Human Relations dramas, after an absence since the demise of his Good Will Court last spring.

ONE of the most successful song writers this year is a New York radio editor, Nick Kenny, who has been writing about radio since back in its pioneer days. Nick is no newcomer to songwriting ranks, but his songs usually hovered down before the hit class. His main efforts after ten years of work were Love Letters in the Sand and Grandfather’s Clock. All of a sudden, this season, he zoomed into prominence with three of the season’s biggest hits in quick
Henry Fonda helps girl win beauty crown

TWO GIRLS WERE Rivals for the title of Beauty Queen of the Ice Carnival. Peggy told me how anxious she was to win...

SHE WAS VERY ATTRACTIVE, but I noticed that winter wind and cold had chapped and cracked her lips — spoiled her beauty...

I TOLD HER that I'd heard many famous beauties of the stage and screen mention a special lipstick with a rich, protective Beauty Cream base...

PEGGY WAS CHOSEN Queen of Beauty ... and she always insists that it was my advice about this lip-protection that won her the crown! ... 

INDEED, I'M GRATEFUL TO HENRY FONDA FOR TELLING ME ABOUT KISSPROOF LIPSTICK. NEVER AGAIN, IN WINTER OR SUMMER, WILL I BE WITHOUT ITS PROTECTIVE BEAUTY CREAM BASE TO KEEP MY LIPS SOFT AND SMOOTH. KISSPROOF IS A GIRL'S MOST PRECIOUS BEAUTY SECRET.

Kissproof Lipstick in 5 luscious shades at drug and department stores...

INDIVIDUALS

50c

Match it with Kissproof rouge, 2 styles — Lip and Cheek (creme) or Compact (dry) Kissproof Powder in 5 flattering shades. Generous trial sizes at all 10c stores.

HENRY FONDA

Kissproof

Indelible LIPSTICK and ROUGE

SCENARIO BY HENRY FONDA

— BY ARTHUR MASON.
Skin Reveals Thrilling Beauty
when cleansed this utterly different way

REMARKABLE, silky-fine oatmeal powder called LAVENA, cleanses, softens and soothes the skin—all at the same time! Helps remove unsightly blackheads and excess oils. Takes off dirt and make-up completely, leaving the skin gloriously refreshed, smoothing it to velvety softness. Non-alkaline, Lavena does not dry the skin!

Best Winter Roughness
Lavena protects skin against dryness, chapping and roughness due to cold winter winds by its neutral cleansing, gentle softening and soothing properties. Use daily and keep skin clean, fresh and smooth all year round. No soap or cold cream needed. Delightfully fragrant! Astoundingly economical to use.

Sprinkle Lavena in the bath water to help prevent distressing skin irritation known as "winter itch."

Good Housekeeping Approved
Over 4 million packages already sold! Get Lavena from drug, department or 10c stores, or write Lavena, Dept. 61, 141 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago, for liberal trial package, absolutely free. Copyright 1937 by the Lavena Corporation

SOUTHERN SMARTNESS
(Continued from page 12)

Nineteen-year-old Edith Heller is a new torch singing star, heard over the Mutual network. She is blonde and blue-eyed and five feet, six inches tall.

with every department store and shop, from the most exclusive right on down, having its South Shop, its Beach Bazaar, its Cruise Corner—or what have you! Because of this you'll have the advantage over your cruise-bound friends, in more ways than one. For the manufacturers make careful analyses of what sells well in cruise clothes, and when their regular spring and summer lines are made up, only the smartest models are kept and repeated, thereby making your selection problems much simpler.

Another point in your favor is that you will pay much less for the same dresses, because they naturally are higher in price now. When fewer are sold, the people who buy them are ready to pay more. So, even if you're going to be a Sally-sit-by-the-fire, come along with us and let's see what style hints we can garner from the Southern wardrobes of four lovely ladies of the airwaves, who are noted for their taste in clothes.

Truly fascinating are the active sports outfits, bathing suits, and play clothes included in a Southern wardrobe, but we'll skip those till a later date, when you're more in the mood.

Instead, let's consider first the costumes these radio stars are going to wear for shore excursions and when not engaged in active sports. For these are most important to us at present, being more practical and wearable. You'll see what I mean when you look at the shore-going costume chosen by Jean Dickinson, NBC's young prima donna of The American Album of Familiar Music. Jean will step into the tender to go ashore in something dark, cool, and smart, with summery touches given by light trimmings and accessories. She's all ready for a comfortable day of sight-seeing in her simply-tailored black street frock with natural color linen gilet, youthful round neck, and elbow-length sleeves. Her gauntlets are of cool natural linen to match the gilet. On her dark hair she wears a flattering leghorn-type straw, whose wide brim will keep off Southern suns. The black taffeta trimming ties in a school-girl bow in back.

As for you, you will board the bus or subway in a very similar costume, worn under your coat and with dark accessories and hat till it's warm enough to wear the dress alone and with summer acccents.

So you see, a costume like this is not only good for Southern sightseeing, but will prove excellent this spring and all next summer for the business girl. Cool-looking and dark, and therefore smart, it's perfect for town and office wear. The dress itself, being dark, will not show soil. The linen gilet is easily removed and laundered, so that you will look fresh and cool even on the hottest of the "dog days."

The number of things the average woman tries to cram into one little feminine handbag is the subject of jokes of long standing. We have been accused of stuffing our purses with as many assorted articles as a small boy manages to put in the
pockets of his knickers. The kit-bag that Jean carries is of marble-hide, in the same color as her linen accessories, and is smart as well as practical, for it will hold as much as she wishes without unsightly "stuffing." In it she can put all the cosmetics and make-up aids that are needed for a whole day of strenuous sightseeing, and even find room for some of the small souvenirs that she will pick up en route.

You'll find a smart roomy bag like this invaluable if you have an important dinner date immediately after office hours, with no time to go home and change. For you can fill it with your make-up, a few cleansing tissues, fresh gloves and stockings, everything, in fact, to make you look as though you'd just stepped from a handbox.

Another "must" for the cruise wardrobe and for you, too, is the light silk spectator print worn by Mary Livingstone, who's the wife of NBC's popular comedian, Jack Benny, as well as his co-star.

Mary's lovely cool-looking afternoon dress is in one of the new spring colors, "smoke" blue, with an appropriate smoke-ring pattern in white. Incidentally, Mary, as you may know, is not a very big girl, and the lines of this dress, the built-up waistline and V-neck, have a lengthening effect most flattering to the small figure.

Why not choose a frock like this for your first spring print? You'll find so many uses for it. Worn now under your winter coat, it will seem like the first breath of spring to you and to those who see it on you. Wear it during the spring and all next summer with dark or light accessories for hot days in town, for country club afternoons, for informal evenings.

A few, very few, ultra-ultra smart women start rushing the season by appearing in straw hats, just as soon as the new year starts. But most of us haven't the boldness to try them on our public till we're sure that spring is really here. And it won't be long now! So let's say hello to lovely Irene Rich and admire her gay red straw hat. Irene, who is the star of her own NBC program, is noted as one of the best-dressed women in radio. She has been quick to adapt the fashion for the Indian and Latin-American influence, which will be strongly felt in all branches of fashion for the coming spring and summer.

The sombrero of the humble Mexican peon becomes a smart "chapeau," when it is cleverly adapted for feminine wear in Irene's new cruise hat of dark red straw, combined with deep Indian-blue grosgrain silk. It is charming, worn with Irene's summerly linen sports dress, but would be equally smart with your spring print and all but the most tailored suits.

Probably you've been wondering if we're ever going to get to the lovely satin evening gown worn by Elizabeth Wragge, whom you hear daily as Peggy in Pepper Young's Family. So let's hurry along to the "glamour" clothes of the cruise girl.

For the Captain's dinner and gala nights, when she wants to look her very best, this lovely blonde NBC actress has chosen a smart, rich-looking satin dress in chartreuse green, a perfect color with summer tan. Worn with the bolero jacket, it's a dinner dress, and when the jacket is removed it becomes a formal evening gown with low square décolletage and wide shoulder straps, finished off at the bodice edge with flat, casual bows.

This is the type of evening dress that can be worn at any time of the year and, with or without its charming jacket, for any type of occasion. Especially, if your budget allows you only one party gown, you can't go wrong with one like this. Chartreuse looks well with a summer tan, but it also sets off a white skin that hasn't been exposed to the sun's rays since your vacation last year. And it's a color that can be worn equally well by blondes, brunettes, or redheads. The classic simplicity of the lines, the not-too-full bias skirt, will stay in style just as long as the sturdy satin, known for its long-wearing qualities, holds up.

Speaking of lines, note how this gown becomes Elizabeth, who is quite the opposite type from petite, brunette Mary Livingstone, being a tall, statuesque blonde. Her neckline is squared instead of V-shaped, and makes her look less tall. And the short bolero, with ruffled sleeves, was made for the tall girl, as it minimizes her height.

And so, little stay-at-homes, I hope you'll agree with me that you don't have to go South to enjoy Southern clothes, and that you've got lots of ideas for your spring wardrobe from these smartly-dressed stars of the air, Jean Dickinson, Mary Livingstone, Irene Rich and Elizabeth Wragge.

---

"HANDS SHOULD BE GLAMOROUS"

says Luli Deste

(COLUMBIA PICTURES STAR)

"HANDS EXPRESS EMOTION and beauty," says Luli Deste, "and should receive the care necessary to keep them exquisite. This rule applies as much to home life as to professional life." Girls—prevent ugly chapping, keep hands lovely with Jergens Lotion!

Chapped, Rough Hands soon Soft and Smooth when Lotion goes INTO THE SKIN

YOUR HANDS get rough and chapped when water, wind and cold rob the skin of moisture.

But Jergens Lotion easily replaces the lost moisture because it goes into the skin. Of all lotions tested, Jergens goes in the most completely. Leaves no stickiness. Quickly soothes chapping. In no time, Jergens makes coarse red hands attractively soft, white and young-looking.

Two fine ingredients in Jergens are the same as many doctors use to soften and whiten. For exquisite hands—use Jergens. Only 50c, 25c, 10c, $1.00—at all beauty counters.

Luli Deste with John Boles in "SHE MARRIED AN ARTIST"—a COLUMBIA PICTURE.

JERGENS LOTION

FREE: PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE OF JERGENS

See for yourself—entirely free—how effectively this friction Jergens Lotion goes in—softens and whitens chapped, rough hands.

The Andrew Jergens Co., 1619 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada, Penticton, Otago)

Name

Address

City

State

(please print)
Smooth Your Skin New Hollywood Way
WITH THE SAME CREAM

TAYTON'S CREAM
Floats Away Dirt, Dissolves Dry, Rough Skin, Smoothes—Softens, Powder Stays On

★ Boots Mallory
The Lovely star with Eric Linden in Here's Flash Casey, says—"I use TAYTON's Cream to cleanse and keep my skin smooth and youthful looking."

Test This Thrilling Beauty Discovery
UNDER MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
Make your skin smooth and alluring like the Stars do... TAYTON'S CREAM releases precious triple-whipped emollients that cleanse and also dissolve dry, scaly skin cells that cause roughness; your powder to flake off, skin to shine, look parched and old. Lubricates dryness. Flashes blackheads. Rouses oil glands. Helps bring out new, live, fresh skin. Thousands praise it. Get TAYTON'S CREAM at your drug store, Drug and Dept. Store. Cleanse with it, also use it as a night cream. If your skin is not smoother, fresher and younger looking after first application your money will be refunded.

FREE
Also test TAYTON'S now famous face powders, if the Stars used, send for trial and adding to TAYTON Company, Inc. 811 West Broad St., Lexington, Ky.

What a Difference!

with Wigder Eyebrow Control

For charm and beauty, it's most important to keep your eyebrows trim and sharp. And it's easy, too, just "tweeze" away those stray hairs and heavy outlines with Wigder Tweezers—especially constructed with raised shoulders and carefully set jaws for positive grip.

Don't neglect this essential beauty care! Get Wigder Tweezers today at any drug or 10-cent store . . . . . 10c.

You've heard Maxine's unusual voice on Phil Spitalny's Hour of Charm, Mondays at 9:30 p.m. EST on NBC-Red. Some have called her a low contralto, but Phil says she's a woman baritone because she can sing Low C.

motion picture which represents the investments of a company and the work of many people (thereby affecting returns on it), why should not the motion picture makers then have the right to criticize the shampoo which Fidler sells or the products which any columnist ballyhoos?

IF Fidler says: "Don't see Such-and-Such—it's a no-good picture!"—why, then, isn't it fair to say: "Don't buy Fidler's shampoo!"? I think Jessel has here a most effective remedy.

Personally, I feel that Fidler is probably as constructive a critic as anyone and represents a good pulse of the public's feelings, but, as he is sponsored by a shampoo company, I think that Jessel's theory is most fair.

WHEREAS a commentator—perhaps best exemplified by Skolsky—leans more
ONE remark by Jessel pleased me greatly. In reply to the gossip columnist's statement that innuendo and gossip increased the value of the picture, he brought out the fact that Chaplin, Talmadge and many others had made pictures that grossed six millions of dollars, of which no portion was due to innuendos or gossip—for the simple reason that there were no gossip-mongers in those days.

He also dared suggest that the publishers of the scandal-sheets hope that one question will never be asked in legislative session, and that is whether the public is acutely interested in the private lives of their favorites—or, whether, as I have always maintained, that basically the public demands good performances first and then—and then only-some interesting and clean information concerning the artist himself.

PASSING one of the little poverty-stricken, home-made, hot chestnut stands on Broadway, near the Paradise Restaurant, I couldn't help but smile at a remark made by its owner. It was bitterly cold and evidently business had been bad all day, and so he growled to two fellows passing by with their ladies: "Aw, c'mon! Buy some chestnuts... ain't we both from the same union?" From the amused faces of the men, I'd say that they'd never seen him before.

MIS-PRONOUNCED: Leow-nore, for Le-nore; Mod-dren, for modern which should be pronounced: mod-dren.

COURAGE: For a producer to name a show Hoopay For What, which is Ed Wynn's big success. Critics might have said, had it not been so generally excellent: "Right! Hoopay for what?" And Harry Cohn certainly stuck his chin out when he named a picture The Awful Truth. Too easy for the critical fraternity to say: "Ain't it?" or "I'll say it's awful!"

PULL OVER! The police have a racket, I'm told, in one American city. They put out a publication, a history of the city's police force since its inception. When they tell you to "pull over!", instead of giving you a ticket, they make you buy a copy of this book.

My informant was going down Main Street at about three a.m., when a cop drew alongside his car and said: "Pull over! You went past that last stop sign." "Did I?" asked the innocent man. "Yeah," answered the cop, "it looks as though you've bought a book."

THE man thought that the cop meant that he had got a ticket, which seemed like the next step, whereas the cop produced an enormous magazine, about the size of Fortune but much thicker, "Want to buy it?" asked the cop. "Well," says my friend, "I'm not exactly crazy. I bought it for three dollars and, just as I was about to drive off, the policeman stuck his head in the window and said: 'You'll like it, it's got my picture in it!' I couldn't have murdered him, gladly!"

Another acquaintance of mine got a ticket, too. But his cop was decent. He gave him a receipt for the book he had had to purchase and advised him that, whenever he was stopped again by a cop, he had only to show him the receipt, whereupon the cop would let him go.

Next week, however, he went out without the receipt—and sure enough—he had to buy another book. He's making a collection of them.

The legal action on the part of Vaughn de Leth in seeking to restrain Smith from the use of the phrase First Lady of Radio, comes as a result of the failure to define terms. There can surely be no doubt that Miss de Leth was the first outstanding natural singer of songs that big-time radio knew. And while the entertainment world could boast of Belle Baker, Marion Harris and others, Miss de Leth was the first woman to achieve great popularity on the other. When I was still a student in college she, Milton Cross and Graham McNamee were the big three at the downtown WJZ studios.

Miss Smith did her first coast-to-coast broadcast in 1930. Previous to that she had been the singing hit of Flying High, and it was about that time that Ted Collins, her present manager, heard her and thinking that he recognized great talent asked me if she was all that he thought she was. I concurred heartily, and when I met Ted months later, he was able to

---

(Continued on page 86)
... BUT ISN'T ALL MASCARA JUST ALIKE?

NO!... WINX IS DIFFERENT!

FINER TEXTURE...LOOKS MORE NATURAL...KEEPS YOUR LASHES SOFT AND SILKY!

For more beautiful eyes, be sure to get WINX - mascara, eye shadow and eyebrow pencil. Look for the GREEN PACKAGES.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

At all drug, department and 10¢ stores.

WINX
THE FINER QUALITY
MASCARA

DON'T BE A
"MARKED* GIRL!

"DISFIGURING BLEMISHES NOW SO EASILY CONCEALED!

Skin blemishes need no longer be embarrassing. Untold numbers of smart girls have learned this simple secret of always having clear-looking, lovely skin despite unexpected or permanent blemishes. Hide-It conceals pimples, birthmarks, freckles, scars and all discolorations. Waterproof—won't easily rub off—lasts all day until removed. Four flesh shades: Cream or Stick at Department and Leading Drug Stores. 10¢ size at Ten Cent Stores.

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST
Apply Hide-It on the blemish. Let dry. Dust with powder, apply usual make-up.

Now! See how completely blemish has been cutaneously concealed. In any skin, of any complexion. You can very well be without HIDE-IT!

Hide-It
HIDES SKIN BLEMISHES

Paul Whiteman has returned to the air on Fridays at 8:30 p.m. EST on CBS. His pianist-conductor, Ray Bargy, is pictured here with him.

inform me that she was on her way up to becoming one of the greatest names radio has ever known.

CERTAINLY, in the strict technical sense, Miss de Leth was the first. But the term, First Lady, usually connotes the most important lady of the present and no one can dispute Miss Smith's right to that claim. I speak, not only of great public esteem but of sheer coverage and rating in radio surveys. But Miss de Leth demurs, saying that she and CBS have been using the title in announcements and publicity since 1932, whereas it would seem that it was Kate's broadcast with the President's wife that suggested that her broadcasts contained two first ladies. Knowing Kate and Ted as well as I do, I have little or no doubt that they will gladly and generously relinquish all claims to one who is one of radio's true pioneers.

N. B. to all keen observers reading this column! You were just about to reach for pen and paper to write me, saying that I had misspelled Miss de Leth's name. My answer is that a letter from the lady herself to me spells it de Leth and not de Leath. Shall we Leth it that way?

RIDICULOUS: California butchers at Thanksgiving time boycott Oregon turkeys... Time.

This is supposed to be a United States and it would seem as though any such rivalry is plainly assinne. It's almost as childish as that between Florida and California, and that's saying something. What are we coming to, anyway?

MILLENNIUM: The Amishmen and Mennonites of Pennsylvania (religious sects) manifest their willingness to:
1. Regulate their crops according to Government restrictions.
2. Contribute to Social Security.
3. Check off their dues to Unions. Yet they proudly refuse Government money offered them for plowing-under and crop reduction! Yes, they actually refuse to accept this money!

TRULY, these people must be the salt of the earth... when compared with the rest of us money-grubbing and greedy lot, they
must indeed be veritable angels!

OUR present system of taxation decrees that "... those best able to pay shall pay the greatest taxes." Even though those so taxed are NOT permitted a greater say in the selection of statesmen—have NO voice whatsoever in the disposal of the monies thus obtained—nor any greater enjoyment of that for which they are used!

The man who, last year, surrendered hundreds of thousands of dollars to Washington, has no more use of the highway on which his money was spent than anyone else and, if he happens to live in Manhattan, he is about to be obliged to spend fifty or seventy-five cents every time he wants to park his car so he may go into a store and buy something (new regulations), even though he may have actually contributed several thousands of dollars to the construction of the street.

I SWELL with pride every time I see a battlehip. I cannot help but feel proud in the knowledge that my last year's income tax no doubt bought that proud mast, or that series of one-night engagements we played a year ago provided for those three six-inch guns. I honestly feel the same pride that the man feels who visits the gymnasium with which he endowed his alma mater.

But I must confess that I become infuriated when I read that a P.W.A. artist, being paid with his hard-earned dollars, uses his paid-time to paint a mural in which he depicts a former but living President of these United States as Satan, a former chief executive of this union as a Devil and one of the most loyal and hard-working public servants the State of New York has ever known, Alfred E. Smith, former Governor, as about to be lost in the fiery pit of Hell.

BY what right, I ask, are the taxpayer's funds to be used to ridicule such men?

PERHAPS: Emil Ludwig in his estimate of President Roosevelt says: "No dictator has a sense of humor." Which is to say, in other words, that the present President could not become a dictator because of his reputed great sense of humor. I wonder . . .

MISUNDERSTANDING: One unsuspecting customer of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel in Hawaii asked for a package of Kool cigarettes. There was a considerable delay and he was about to call the captain and make a fuss when the boy returned with a tray covered with a napkin. "Took you long enough," grumbled the customer. "Gotta be cool," said the boy with a smile. They were cool all right, for under the napkin was a package of Chesterfields, packed in ICE!

I WANTED to describe, briefly, some of the more interesting points of a recent dance tour through the northern part of California but time presses so I will touch, in the next issue, on some of the hazards that attend such a venture and on some of the strange and lovely things that came to our attention.

**Girls, ask your brothers—**

they'll tell you about **S.A.**

Brothers speak out frankly. They'll tell you how men frown at stocking faults . . . runs, ugly wrinkles, snaky seams.

Why not guard against these—rate high on S.A.? It's easy with Lux.

**SAVE ELASTICITY.** Lux saves the elasticity of silk—lets threads stretch without breaking so easily, then spring back into shape. Runs are fewer—and stockings retain flattering fit.

Avoid cake-soap rubbing and soaps with harmful alkali. These weaken elasticity and rob you of S.A.*

* S.A. = stocking appeal.

**Cuts down runs . . . saves S.A.**
Lady Lillian

Introduces

NEW BEAUTY

With the new, smart crème polish in her trial kit for only 10 cents, Revel in the fashion-right shades of Rust, Robin Red, Old Rose, Thistle, Cloverine, Tulip Red. Kit contains bottle of nail polish, polish remover, nail white, manicure stick, cotton—all for 10 cents. Lady Lillian's Trial Kit is on sale at 5 and 10 cent stores. Approved by Good Housekeeping.

Special 3¢ Trial Offer

For single generous trial bottle send this ad and 3¢ stamp to LADY LILLIAN, Dept. M-10, 1140 Washington St., Boston, Mass. Specify shade you prefer.

WIN? OR LOSE!

Hands hold romance! Are yours alluring... soft... white? Or do you lose out because they are red and rough... unpleasant to touch?

Get a jar of Barrington Hand Cream, made for the special purpose of keeping your hands as lovely and attractive as your complexion.

Barrington really does improve your hands and furthermore it maintains the improved condition. It is a very inexpensive but definitely helpful way to add real charm to your general effect of good grooming. Use it for a few days and it will surely prove its worth to you.

At drug, department and the better 5 and 10 cent stores.

NORTH AMERICAN DYE CORPORATION

Mt. Vernon, New York

Barrington

HAND CREAM

RADIO STARS

MIKEMEN

(Continued from page 71)

Al Donohue (left), orchestra leader, and Nelson Case, during a program. Nelson is one of NBC's tallest, youngest and handsomest announcers.

André Baruch, nephew of Bernard Baruch, and descendant of Jean Jacques Rousseau, was born in Paris, France. He learned English as a child and has lost his accent completely. His first radio job was at a local station in Coney Island, where he was pianist and announcer. Now he's one of the best announcers for CBS.
A petal-like smoothness from top to toe

Women say it's the Number One care the entire body needs — this combination of the Linit Magic Beauty Mask and the Linit Beauty Bath.

This beauty treatment costs almost nothing, yet it is a wonderfully effective way to refresh the whole body and at the same time stimulate and clarify the complexion.

First make the Linit Magic Beauty Mask:
*Simply mix three tablespoons of Linit (the same Linit that is used for the bath) and one teaspoon of cold cream with enough milk to make a nice, firm consistency. Apply it generously to the cleansed face and neck and then step into your tub into which a handful or so of Linit has been dissolved.

While the velvety smoothness of the Linit Beauty Bath is caressing your body, the Linit Magic Beauty Mask is gently inducing facial circulation to throw off sluggish waste matter. Relax for twenty minutes, then step out and dry off. Rinse the mask from your face and neck with clear, tepid water and pat thoroughly dry.

How refreshed — how vibrant your whole body will feel! Hours of fatigue seem to vanish in a few minutes.

You will find that the Linit Magic Beauty Mask leaves the face and neck with a petal-like smoothness, a velvety "film" that is an excellent powder base. This helps to brighten the allure of your make-up and keep it fresh-looking for hours longer.

NELSON CASE (NBC)

Case, one of NBC's youngest, tallest and handsomest annoucers, is a California Native Son, first seeing the matchless California daylight on February 3rd, 1910. While still in high school he was a singer, orchestra leader and radio performer, besides working on the Long Beach Sun, which Mr. Case, senior, published. His interest in radio was aroused by an assignment to the I Cover Radio section, and he wound up with a job on the local station, as occasional baritone soloist. At seventeen he was chief announcer on KFI, NBC affiliate. When he applied for the job it was as a singer; he had been crooner and pianist at KGER, and was told to stick around until five-thirty. While waiting, Nelse vocalized and practiced his songs; then, much to his amazement, he was shoved in to announce a dance program, cold, emerging an announcer. He's fallen into many jobs the same way, and says he's been very lucky.

As a youngster, Case's interest was primarily in the theatre. He loved to sing to an audience, or to act in the spotlight, and perhaps one reason radio appealed was because of its entertainment angle. It is the one thing that Case feels at home in and that holds all his interest.

After six months at KFI, during which he was "on stand-by" on the first transcontinental broadcast, he left for a better

(Continued on page 90)
Sallow complexions and pimply skins are often not a matter for cosmetics. For most skin blemishes are aggravated by constipation.

Constipation can be a serious handicap. It can cause mental dullness, early fatigue, headaches, sleeplessness, loss of appetite.

Keep regular. If more than a day goes by, use Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. This famous laxative is the choice of millions. It does not shock the intestinal system. And it stimulates the secretion of bile without the discomfort of drastic or irritating drugs. Get Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets at your druggist, 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

(Continued from page 89)

job on a local station. In a couple of months the station closed, and he decided to go to San Francisco, looking for greener pastures; landed instead as radio director of the Pacific Southwest Exposition. By this time the family had decided that Nelsen should complete his education, so he went to William and Mary College, in Virginia, majoring in music and languages. Over a sorority bridge table he met pretty Sarah Lee, descendant of General Robert E. Lee, and soon she was Mrs. Case.

Then another offer fell in his lap from a Hollywood station, where he was heard by an NBC executive and given an NBC staff job in San Francisco. For three years Case aired leading shows on the Pacific Coast, playing roles in some of them himself. Then, in 1934, came the call to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Case live in Jackson Heights, New York, now, and Nelsen gives piano lessons to Virginia Lee and Nelson,

During rehearsals you will often find Announcer Dell Sharbutt commuting with the studio piano.

Nelson Case, Hour of Charm announcer. Durelle Alexander started with Paul Whiteman. She is ambitious to become, someday, a star of the stage.

STOP Your Rupture Worries!

Why worry and suffer any longer? Learn about our perfected invention for all forms of reducible rupture in men, women and children. Support fitted with automatic air cushion assists Nature in a natural strengthening of the weakened muscles. Thousands made happy. Weighs but a few ounces, is inconspicuous and sanitary. No stiff springs or hard pads. No solvents or plasters. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Be aware of imitations. Never sold in stores or by agents. Write today for full information and Free Book on Rupture. All correspondence confidential.

Dell Sharbutt studies his script as the commercial cue approaches.

DELL SHARBUtt (Free-Lance)

Dell Sharbutt, ace free-lance announcer, whose deep, mellow voice is heard on Hobby Lobby, Coca-Cola Song Shop, Bond Bread’s Guy Lombardo program, Tim and Irene and If Ye, The People, isn’t quite sure that he didn’t arrange for his bass voice himself. Sharbutt, 45, was a Methodist minister, with a beautifully modulated voice, though not a very deep one. There was an old gentleman of sixty-five, a friend of the family, who used to visit the Sharburts twice a year, and young Dell used to listen to this man with fascination as to his deep, rolling, organ-like voice that set the whole house trembling. Dell asked him how he could have a voice like that, and was told: “Think before you speak—keep your voice down there.” Dell did—and at thirteen his voice changed, emerging a deep bass.

Dale Carnegie, who is a neighbor of Dell’s, has offered him a half interest in his business in exchange for his voice, but the voice is paying Sharbutt dividends on the various programs where it charms listeners. Sharbutt, in person, is no disappointment, either. Only twenty-seven, he is tall, with wavy blond hair, blue eyes and a pleasant boyishness that removes any suggestion of heaviness from his voice. His radio career started at WPAP, in Fort Worth, Texas, Dell’s home, where he won an Atwater-Kent audition. He sang ballads and popular songs until he started announcing, which proved so suc-

For Mother deals with COLDs the modern direct way
... with specialized medication

AFTER ALL, it is plain common sense to fight the miserable symptoms of a cold not only promptly—when you feel them—but also directly—where you feel them. In dealing with different types and stages of colds, so much depends on the proper use at the proper time of specialized medication.

When Colds THreatEN

VA-TRO-NOL is specialized medication for the nose and upper throat, where 3 out of 4 colds start. It aids Nature’s own first line of defense against colds. Used in time, it helps to prevent many colds—or to throw off head colds in their early stages.

Clears Stuffed-Up Heads. Even when your head is all clogged up from a cold, Va-tro-nol brings comforting relief. It clears away clogging mucus, reduces swollen membranes, and helps keep sinuses open. It lets you breathe again.

And Va-tro-nol is so convenient, so easy to use—at home or at work. Keep it handy—use it early.

If a Cold STRIKES

If first signs have been neglected—or a cold strikes without warning—use Vicks VA-TRO-NOL, the safe, external treatment. Just massage it on throat, chest, and back at bedtime. No “dosing”—no stomach upset. Best of all, no long waiting for relief to begin. For VAPORub attacks the distressing symptoms direct—right where you feel them. It acts direct through the skin like a poultice, and direct on the irritated air-passages with its medicated vapors.

This double action loosens phlegm—relieves irritation and coughing—helps break local congestion.

Relieves While You Sleep. Long after restful sleep comes, VapoRub keeps right on working. And often, by morning the worst of the cold is over.

Proved in Clinical Tests Among 17,353 People

Both Va-tro-nol and VapoRub have been doubly proved for you—by everyday use in millions of homes, and by one of the largest series of clinical tests ever made on colds. For full details see the special folder—“Vicks Plan for Better Control of Colds”—which comes in each Vicks package.

VICKS

VA-TRO-NOL Used at the first warning sneeze or sniffl Help Prevent many colds

VAPORub Just rubbed on the throat, chest, and back Helps END a cold sooner

OVER 47 MILLION VICK AIDS USED YEARLY FOR BETTER CONTROL OF COLDs

2 BIG RADIO SHOWS: Sunday 7 P. M. (EST) — famous guest stars featuring JEANETTE MacDONALD... Mon., Wed., Fri., 10/30 A. M. (EST) TONY WONS, Bob Columbia Network.

(Continued on page 92)
"I Adore YOUR HAIR"

Excite men's admiration this new, easy way

To give your hair sparkling sheen, lustrous highlights, and the clean, soft, feminine look that enchants a man, simply use Admiracion, the different Oil Shampoo. Try it just once. See how gloriously it lathers, how quickly it takes away all dirt, dandruff and dulling film — how easily it rinses away in clear, clean water — how it cleans your hair — radiantly clean, velvety soft, wonderfully manageable, alluringly beautiful! And remember. Admiracion does not dry out your hair. It’s the new Oil Shampoo that leaves your hair younger and lovelier. At any drug, department or 10¢ store.

Should you prefer an oil shampoo that makes no lather, ask for Admiracion Olive Oil Shampoo in the RED package.

A serious young man on the air, Announcer Ben Grauer enjoys a bit of clowning with Bob Waldrop in a free moment. Ben’s first radio experience was in dramatic broadcasts with the Empire Builders, Real Folks and Ray Knight’s productions. Waldrop is another of NBC’s announcers.

Later Ben finds time for coffee and a sandwich with Curtis Arnall, who plays the rôle of Pepper in the popular NBC serial, Pepper Young’s Family.

cessful that he gradually let his singing drop. He’s studying again, now, with a Metropolitan Opera coach; it’s more of a hobby, however. He doesn’t expect to lend in the Met. He can reach Low G, and in a pinch, A-flat, which is wa-a-ay down.

At sixteen, Dell was bass soloist in a church; he’s always loved music and used to play the clarinet, organ and saxophone.

At school, in Texas, he went in for debating and won an extemporaneous speaking contest; a state-wide round-robin with finals at the state capital each year. He was captain of the school debating team. So, in spite of his love for music, Dell studied law at Texas Christian and was in a fair way to becoming a lawyer. Radio killed that, and he’s rather glad. Law was a little too dry for him.

After a year and a half at WAPR, Dell Sharbut worked a while on KFAT of the Southwest Broadcasting Company, then became chief announcer of KOMA, Oklahoma City, a CBS affiliate station. In 1931 he moved to Chicago, where he stayed two years, until a talent scout for the Michigan State Network made him an attractive offer of a fine job in Detroit. Dell took it, but he was unhappy there, so he gambled, packed his things and came to New York cold, with only a letter of
introduction to Herb Rosenthal of Columbia. Within three days Dell was a CBS announcer, and in six months he had twelve commercials a week: Islam Jones for Chevrolet, Jack Pearl for Frigidaire, The Hammerstein Music Hall and Bayer Aspirin, among them.

He took outside jobs to eke out a still small income, and found himself paying CBS Artists Bureau more in commissions on these jobs than they were paying him. To ease the pressure, he asked to be relieved of his sustaining, and when he was refused, he left Columbia to freelance. Many tried to dissuade him, but he stuck it out, turning down an agency offer, and he doesn't regret it now.

He's been married almost two years to Meri Bell, who used to sing with Gus Arnheim and who has doubled for Joan Blondell, Jean Harlow and others in pictures, but she's retired to domesticity now. She's a pretty South Carolina girl, and the rest of the family consists of Stinky, a Scotch terrier with a sense of humor. They call him their problem child.

BENNETT GRAUER (NBC)
Ben Grauer, announcer for Jergen's, Walter Winchell, Magic Key, Seelesta Symphony, Wardell Lawes' Behind Prison Bars, Lucky Strike Hit Parade, Grand Central Station, Mystery Chef and many other programs, walked into XBC in 1930 for a dramatic audition and walked out an announcer. At the ripe age of thirty now, "Bunny" Grauer was a stage and screen veteran back in 1921. It started when he was selected, at the age of eight, to play in a film production as a kid actor, and he did so well he was engaged for regular work, appearing with Theda Bara, Carlyle Blackwell, Pauline Frederick and other former silent screen favorites at the old Fox Studios at Fort Lee, New Jersey. Theda Bara one day said: "Boy—you have a glorious voice; it's lost in pictures. You should go on the stage." It seemed like a good idea, so he did, appearing in Peacock, at the Globe Theatre, for his debut, along with Helen Hayes and Helen Chandler, also kid performers. Grauer was born on Staten Island; at six his family moved to Morningside (Continued on page 96)

The "ride man," Hank Ross (left) blows a "hot lick" for CBS Announcer Paul Douglas. Hank plays the saxophone for the Saturday Night Swing Club.

SINGAPORE NIGHTS

THE PARFUM FOR

MOONLIGHT NIGHTS

Created by Duchess of Paris...a luxurious fragrance of love is Singapore Nights Perfume...compelling, persuasive, like the soul of the sensuous East. It is an atoll so strangely different, so exciting—any girl will long for it as surely as the longing for romance. Wear it when you want to be alluring, seductive, for important moments. Ask for "Singapore Nights" Perfume at 5 and 10¢ stores, 10¢.

Duchess of PARIS

Also creator of LILAC BUDS for daytime
- Mischief for sports + GARDENIA
for cocktail time - 10¢ at 10¢ stores

93
afternoon. They do this every week.
Before the end of the Friday morning session, Guy makes recordings of each number. Listening to the playbacks, he picks out every part, usually omits or adds at least one song.

Saturday night at the Grill supplies another example of the Lombardo thoroughness: The customers don’t know it, but the entire Sunday program is played at least four times that night. Guy generally is recognized as the most skillful sound-picker in the country. By observing the reactions of dancers—young, middle-aged and old—Lombardo can tell if a new number will be a hit, or if an arrangement is as good as he wants it to be. The Grill, on Saturday nights, is the testing laboratory for more song hits than any other dance-spot in America.

AT ten, Sunday morning, the Royal Canadians begin their final all-day rehearsal. If you stand in the wings and watch them work, you’ll notice the Gadget—the latest addition to the Lombardo family.

A FEW years ago, a German invented a new musical instrument. A cross between a harp and a mandolin, it is played by striking a piano-like keyboard (the picture on page 14 gives you an idea of how it looks). The inventor made just 200 of his instruments: 198 disappeared throughout Europe. Two got past the U. S. Customs. Guy bought one and Mark Warnow, the other. A few weeks ago, sad to say, Mark’s fell off its stand and was broken beyond repair. Guy now has the only one left in America. He still doesn’t know what to call it, but the boys in the band have nicknamed the little stranger The Gadget. If you listen to the Royal Canadians, you’ll hear pianist Frank Vigneau tinkling the keys of the Gadget in approximately every fourth number.

The Gadget is one of the few strangers ever to enter the Lombardo fold. No Royal Canadian ever had quite the same impact. The Gadget is often to be found at the far right of the stage, with Frank Vigneau sitting on the organ, playing it like a piano. The Gadget adds another color to the Royal Canadian sound;

THE LOMBARDO BAND is presented every Sunday morning at the Grill, 5:30 to 7:30 A.M. Each Swing Shift band takes its lesson to the audience, and the Royal Canadians are no exception. They are a musical group; they are a company, and they are a family. They are all that and more. They are the Royal Canadians of the Royal Canadian Legion.
by, since September, 1936, he has asked is guests what request number they'd be to hear. Without exception, the an-
cover given by both audiences has always to the same. The song requested of the

St. Louis Blues!

HOME-WORK

CHIEF problem of many musicians in
New York is practicing. Seems that most
of the boys live in hotels or apartments.
and city-dwellers usually resent the sounds
of a little home-work on the sax or drums,
coming through the next wall. But Gene
Gray, the gentleman who beats the drums
or Benny Goodman, has solved his prob-
lem.

Gene is considered the nation's ace
rummer. To stay that way he practices
regularly every morning—but not on noisy
caps. He has invented a substitute that
looks something like an Indian drum.
Made of rubber, cylindrical in shape, about
wo feet long, its reaction to drum-sticks
is exactly the same as Gene's regular
parchment-covered instrument. There's
no difference. Hit as hard as you like,
it doesn't make a sound.

THE MAGIC WAND

SOME years back, big-time band-
catchers decided to recognize all the col-
lege boys who took time out from Shakes-
peare to lead a band. So they organized
in intercollegiate dance orchestra contest.
That same year, undergraduate Hal
Kemp was leading a band on the University
of North Carolina campus. He was se-
lected as the outstanding collegiate or-
chestra. In recognition of the Kemp
victory, B. A Rolfe and Vincent Lopez
gave him a baton. It may be a little
battered and worn now, but Hal still uses
it. No other baton has ever entered his
life.

Incidentally, this is the same stick that
Hal used to wave over the Duke of Wind-
sor. You may have heard of the then
Prince of Wales' pleasant habit of coming
to listen to Kemp in London. He always
ended up by asking Skinny Foni to move
out from behind the drums. The Prince
really shook a mean drum-stick.

TALKING of batons, Glen Gray, of
Casa Loma, is using one this season for
the first time. Glen is president of the Casa
Loma Corporation. Until recently, though,
he sat in the saxophone section night after
night, while Mel Jansen conducted. But
Mel began to yearn for the simple life. He
resigned, journeyed to New Philadelphia,
Ohio, and is now proprietor of Mel's
Casa Loma Tavern. It was then that
the Board of Directors decided Glen
should leave the saxophone chair and take
over the baton. He thinks his new job
is swell.

STARS ARE BORN

GREAT things are going on in the
New York CBS recreation rooms. All those
important people who never manage to
share a star's spotlight have uncovered
hidden talents. The discovery is resulting in
a CBS home-grown talent swing orches-
tra. Here's the outline of the new band:
Announcer Andre Baruch, piano. Jim-
my Rogan, the young man who takes care of
the Gang Busters sound-effects and who,

(Continued on page 98)
OF course you have no men friends if you’ve
let yourself become dull, cross, and nervous.
Men like lively, peppy girls—girls with plenty
of energy to go places and enjoy life.
Don’t let love and romance pass you by. Help
build up your pep and you, too, should have gay
friends about you.
Here’s good advice: start taking that time-
proven, reliable Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable
Compound and note the difference.
This world-famous Compound, made espe-
cially for women from wholesome herbs and roots,
helps Nature tone up your system and thus
soothes jumpy nerves and gives you more pep
to really enjoy life.
For over 60 years one woman has told another
how to go “smiling thru” distress from female
functional disorders with Pinkham’s Compound.
Let it help you—get a bottle from your drug-
store TODAY without fail.

Lydia E. Pinkham’s
VEGETABLE COMPOUND

STOPPED IN A HURRY BY D.D.D.
Are you tormented with the itching torture of eczema,
rashes, athlete’s foot, eruptions, or other externally
caused skin afflictions? For quick and happy relief,
use cooling, antiseptic, liquid D.D.D. PRESCRIP-
TION. Greaseless and stainless. Soothes the irita-
tion and swiftly stops the most intense itching. A 35c
trial bottle, at drug stores, prove it—or money back.

Three of the Saturday Night Swing Club talk things over. Left, Announcer
Paul Douglas; center, Producer Cashman; right, Bandleader Leith Steven
With Cashman, Paul inaugurated the Swing Session, which was the forerun-
ner of the present CBS Swing Club broadcast at 7:00 p.m., EST, each Saturday

Paul plays valet to Leith Stevens. Leith’s professional career started a
the age of nine. He has been the
dominant spirit of many of the fine
musical programs heard over the
CBS network. Leith was born in
1909, in Mount Moriah, Missouri.
KUL DOUGLAS (CBS)

As a lad, Paul Douglas once played uns in a summer hotel and that started him on making music; an interest which never died. Years later, when he came CBS announcer, he was talking to his father and Cashman of Columbia out swing, and they decided that the best way to keep swing alive was to inaugurat a radio Swing Station. That is the genesis of the Saturday Night Swing Club, which sets the "alligators" in studio audience whistling with enthusiasm, and swingsters all over the world coming in with bated breath and tapping it.

While perhaps best known as "your ing commenator," Paul Douglas does a pular coast-to-coast broadcast six days week for Chesterfield, during the season, on the Hal Kemp show, and unces the Andre Kostelanetz and White- un programs.

When Douglas was four he disappeared from home, and was found four back- away, clutching a football. He's on in sports ever since. His me is in Philadelphia and he went to Philadelphia High School, then to Y; After six months his father died, and for his last two years of high school and half years' work at college, Paul de- ded to come home and go to work. His st job was selling construction equip- ment for a Philadelphia concern. That st a year. Then he went into show business, playing in stock and vaudeville. brought in a young lady friend who was then in rehearsal with a show. Invited to attend a rehearsal, Doug- las was made stage manager of the show, which never hit Broadway, though the experience was valuable. Paul's introduction to radio, like that of so many announcers, was accidental. At the opening of WCAU in Philadelphia, he wandered into the studio to watch the inaugural ceremonies. Celebrities cluttered the place, and the announcer, through some mix-up, thought Paul was Owen Davis and invited him to speak over the mike. He ad libbed a few appropriate pleasantries and left. But the experience made an impression on him, and a few months later he returned for an audition, which was successful, making him a staff announcer.

During his two years with WCAU, he announced all types of programs, including a daily ten-minute sports talk. Then he left WCAU and came on to CBS in New York.

His favorite hobbies are baseball by day and swing at night, and both of them are confined to observation and commentary. He has played football and basketball, but baseball holds first place. During the last World's Series in New York, Douglas didn't know he was to do between-innings coloring as an assignment, and bought $9- worth of tickets for the series. He gave them away to friends. In contrast to his swing and sports announcing, Douglas also does the H. & H. Children's Hour. He's six feet tall, weighs one hundred and ninety-five pounds, says he's lazy and reads considerably, being interested in economic problems as well as lighter things. He smokes Russian cigarettes and usually has a broad, friendly grin on his face. He used to insist that his hobby was being a bachelor, but that's all changed now. He's married, and lives in New York with his wife.

The Three Marshalls, a trio heard over NBC, came up from Birmingham, Alabama, to study at Columbia Uni- versity, and presently found a radio job. They are Peggy, Kay and Jack, and they are sisters and brother.
Be the star of your own show and don’t wear bob pins that distract the attention of admirers by catching the light and glaring.

Blind-Rite “Glare-Proof” Bob Pins (made exclusively by Sta-Rite) blend perfectly with the natural hair for a natural looking finish. Smoothly finished on the inside, Blind-Rite slides in without pulling a hair. Once they’re placed, their “Glare-Proof” finish hides them away like magic.

Ask your dealer for Blind-Rite “Glare-Proof” Bob Pins by Sta-Rite. If he cannot supply you send 10c mentioning color wanted (brown, blonde, black or gray) to Dept. M2, Sta-Rite Hair Pin Co., Shelbyville, Illinois.

THE BANDWAGON

(Continued from page 94)


Major, are you interested?

BACK TO THE SOIL

TOMMY DORSEY docs very well on the trombone. But he also is doing pretty well with his winter wheat crop. Each night Tommy escapes from the wall of clarinets and the moan of saxophones to Bernardsville, New Jersey. There the “sentimental gentleman of swing” has Mrs. Dorsey, Patsy Marie, aged twelve, and Skipper, aged seven—and a farm. Long since, he has stopped talking with his friends about hot choruses and vocals and beating it out. Now much of the Dorsey conversation deals with yield per acre and how many gallons they drew from old Bess last week.

INVASION

NEW YORK’S very swanky, very musical Carnegie Hall is letting down its hair. First revolutionary sign was the appearance of Benny Goodman in a swing concert at the above mentioned classical resort. Now comes the news that Mark Warnor, conductor of more programs than most maestros could shake a baton at, plans a Carnegie concert. The date is in March. In addition to playing only American compositions, Mark will present his younger brother Harry—better known as Raymond Scott—and his Quintet in their concert debut.

BY the way, Raymond Scott’s is the only six-man quintet in the business. Nobody yet has been able to figure out how five plus one equals five!

OH, TISH!

LEITH STEVENS is the conductor of CBS’ ever-popular Saturday night Swing Club. But, in addition to his swing activities, Leith is one of Columbia’s most important staff musicians. He composes almost half of all the incidental music heard on the network. That’s the original music you hear in the background of dramatic programs. A very important job has been the musical settings for the Tish broadcasts.

LOVE’S LABOR WINS

WHILE on the subject of the Swing Club, you might be interested in knowing that all the headliners you hear on that program work for slightly less than what is usually known as “cakes-and-coffee” money. Tommy Dorsey, Fats Waller,
FLETCHER BCRIGAN.

All these artists usually command $500 up for an appearance. They appear on the Swing Club for $18 each, union scale. No more, no less.

FAMILY TIES

EMIL GOODMAN, the veteran bandleader, has what he calls a musical family. He has six brothers—all of them in the music business. Two of them play in his orchestra. Another, Joseph, is director of the famed Perole String Quartet. His son, Harry, who just graduated from Bucknell, is now Emil’s arranger. And Emil’s wife, a former opera star, operates the Metropolis Opera Company, a repertory company which Emil owns. Just to keep it in the family.

BUT don’t put any faith in the law of heredity. Victor Arden, conductor of Musical Moments, is very proud of his sons, Jack, eighteen, and Bob, sixteen. They hadn’t passed the toddling stage when they were placed at the piano for their first lessons. Now Jack, enrolled at Colgate, wants to study medicine. Bob plans to be a lawyer. Asked if they want to be bandleaders, they sniff and return a “No, thanks.” Jest goes to show, it doesn’t pay to edificate the kids.

WEST IS EAST

MANHATTAN’S reputation as the last step in artistic success has long been boomed. But the local Chamber of Commerce can point to Chicago and its radio stations as very important stepping-stones to fame. More name bands made their first dive into the big-time while playing in the Windy City than in any other of America’s garden-spots. Hal Kemp, Kay Kyser, Benny Goodman, Jan Garber, Anson Weeks, Guy Lombardo, Ben Bernie, Horace Heidt, Wayne King—all acknowledge Chicago as the place which pushed them from the small-time to fame and riches.

HITTING A NEW HIGH

NEWEST addition to Phil Spitalny’s feminine Hour of Charm orchestra is a ten-year-old miss from Pittsburgh. Blonde, blue-eyed, her name is Mary Ann Bock. Phil found her when he made a personal appearance in Mary Ann’s home town. Unlike the thirty other members of the Spitalny band, she doesn’t play an instrument. She was hired because she has the most unusual voice the maestro has heard. When she sings, it sounds like a whistle—and she reaches a note higher than any on the piano keyboard. She’s heard once or twice on every program—which means that she gets about $100 a whistle. Nice work if you can get it.

BANDS ACROSS THE BORDER

KEN SISSON, who once wrote arrangements for Al Goodman, Andre Kostelanetz and Harry Salter, now conducts the orchestra for one of the biggest commercial programs in Canada. Ken is the only U. S. citizen in the entire band!

BOOLA-BOOLA

THE Tuesday night Swing School’s main purpose in life is to appeal to collegians and collegiate-minded audiences.
THE BANDWAGON

(Continued from page 95)

with Emery Deutsch, composed Stardust on the Moon and When a Gypsy Makes His Violin Cry, will slap the bass viol.


Major, are you interested?

BACK TO THE SOIL

TOMMY DORSEY does very well on the trombone. But he also is doing pretty well with his winter wheat crop. Each night Tommy escapes from the walls of clarinets and the moan of saxophones to Bernardsville, New Jersey. There the "sentimental gentleman of swing" has Mrs. Dorsey, Patsy Marie, aged twelve, and Skipper, aged seven—and a farm. Long since, he has stopped talking with his friends about hot choruses and vocals and beating it out. Now much of the Dorsy conversation deals with yield per acre and how many gallons they drew from old Bess last week.

INVASION

NEW YORK'S very swanky, very musical Carnegie Hall is letting down its haire. First revolutionary sign was the appearance of Benny Goodman in a swing concert at the above mentioned classical resort. Now comes the news that Mark Warnow, conductor of more programs than most maestros could shake a shaker at, plans a Carnegie concert. The date is in March. In addition to playing only American compositions, Mark will present his younger brother Harry—better known as Raymond Scott—and his quintet in their concert debut.

BY the way, Raymond Scott's is the only six-man quintet in the business. Nobody yet has been able to figure out how five plus one equals five.

OH, TISH!

LEITH STEVENS is the conductor of CBS' ever-popular Saturday night Swing Club. But, in addition to his swing activities, Leith is one of Columbia's most important staff musicians. He composes almost half of all the incidental music heard on the network. That's the original music you hear in the background of dramatic programs. A very important job has been the musical settings for the Tish broadcasts.

LOVE'S LABOR WINS

WHILE on the subject of the Swing Club, you might be interested in knowing that all the headlines you hear on that program work for slightly less than what is usually known as "cakes-and-coffee" money. Tommy Dorsey, Fats Waller, Distressing cold in chest or throat should never be neglected. It generally eases up quickly when soothing, warming Mustorele is applied.

Better than a mustard plaster, Mustorele gets action because it's NOT just a salve. It's a "counter-irritant"—stimulating, penetrating, and helpful in drawing out local congestion and pain.

Used by millions for 25 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. All druggists. In 3 strengths: Regular Strength, Children's mild), and Extra Strong, 10c each.

The most EXPENSIVE

SHOE IS SOMETIMES

BABY'S WORST ENEMY

...because the baby's foot is an outgrown shoe. Babies outgrow shoes long before they wear them out. Four out of five mothers who buy expensive shoes make baby wear them long after they are too short and so ruin baby's precious feet. Buy inexpensive Wee Walkers and change to new ones often. They have every practical feature you find in the most expensive shoes. Full, round, correctly proportioned. Exclusive Wee Walker five-model lasts give real barefoot freedom. Soft, pilae-leather good-looking styles. Because they are made by the largest manufacturers of infant shoes exclusively, and are sold in stores with very few selling costs the price to you is very low. Look for them in the Infants' Wear Department of the following stores:

W. T. Grant Co. 4 S. Keigle Co. 5 J. J. Newberry Co. 1 H. L. Green Co., Inc. 5 F. W. Woolworth Co., Inc. 3 Kenyon & Company, Inc. 2 S. S. Kresge Co., Inc. 4 Sears, Roebuck & Co. 1 Charles Stores Schulte-United Stores 1 Lincoln Stores, Inc.

...that all the headlines you hear on that program work for slightly less than what is usually known as "cakes-and-coffee" money. Tommy Dorsey, Fats Waller, radio stars

for chest colds

Mustorele

Better than a Mustard Plaster

and more

...because the baby's foot is an outgrown shoe. Babies outgrow shoes long before they wear them out. Four out of five mothers who buy expensive shoes make baby wear them long after they are too short and so ruin baby's precious feet. Buy inexpensive Wee Walkers and change to new ones often. They have every practical feature you find in the most expensive shoes. Full, round, correctly proportioned. Exclusive Wee Walker five-model lasts give real barefoot freedom. Soft, pilae-leather good-looking styles. Because they are made by the largest manufacturers of infant shoes exclusively, and are sold in stores with very few selling costs the price to you is very low. Look for them in the Infants' Wear Department of the following stores:

W. T. Grant Co. 4 S. Keigle Co. 5 J. J. Newberry Co. 1 H. L. Green Co., Inc. 5 F. W. Woolworth Co., Inc. 3 Kenyon & Company, Inc. 2 S. S. Kresge Co., Inc. 4 Sears, Roebuck & Co. 1 Charles Stores Schulte-United Stores 1 Lincoln Stores, Inc.

...that all the headlines you hear on that program work for slightly less than what is usually known as "cakes-and-coffee" money. Tommy Dorsey, Fats Waller, radio stars

for chest colds

Mustorele

Better than a Mustard Plaster

and more
FAMILY TIES

EMIL COLEMAN, the veteran band-leader, has what he calls a musical family. He has six brothers—all of them in the music business. Two of them play in his orchestra. Another, Joseph, is director of the famed Perole String Quartet. His son, Harry, who just graduated from Bucknell, is now Emil's arranger. And Emil's wife, a former opera star, operates the Metropolis Opera Company, a repertory company which Emil owns. Just to keep it in the family.

But don't put any faith in the law of heredity. Victor Arden, conductor of Musical Moments, is very proud of his sons, Jack, eighteen, and Bob, sixteen. They hadn't passed the toddling stage when they were placed at the piano for their first lesson. Now Jack, enrolled at Colgate, wants to study medicine. Bob plans to be a lawyer. Asked if they want to be band-leaders, they snuff and return a "No, thanks." Jest goes to show, it doesn't pay to edicate the kids.

WEST IS EAST

MANHATTAN's reputation as the last step in artistic success has long been boosted. But the local Chamber of Commerce can point to Chicago and its radio stations as very important stepping-stones to fame. More name bands made their first dive into the big-time while playing in the Windy City than in any other of America's garden-spots. Hal Kemp, Kay Kyser, Benny Goodman, Jan Garber, Artie WEEKS, Guy Lombardo, Ben Bernie, Horace Heidt, Wayne King—all acknowledge Chicago as the place which pushed them from the small-time to fame and riches.

HITTING A NEW HIGH

NEWEST addition to Phil Spitalny's feminine Hour of Charm orchestra is a ten-year-old miss from Pittsburgh. Blonde, blue-eyed, her name is Mary Ann Bock. Phil found her when he made a personal appearance in Mary Ann's home town. Unlike the thirty other members of the Spitalny band, she doesn't play an instrument. She was hired because she has the most unusual voice the maestro ever heard. When she sings, it sounds like a whistle—and she reaches a note higher than any on the piano keyboard. She's heard once or twice on every program—which means that she gets about $100 a whistle. Nice work if you can get it.

BANDS ACROSS THE BORDER

KEN SISSON, who once wrote arrangements for Al Goodman, Andre Kostelanetz and Harry Salter, now conducts the orchestra for one of the biggest commercial programs in Canada. Ken is the only U. S. citizen in the entire band!

BOOLA-BOOLA

THE Tuesday night Swing School's main purpose in life is to appeal to collegians and collegiate-minded audiences.

60% OF ALL WOMEN WERE BORN BLONDE...BUT
time darkens and dulls blonde hair!

LOVELY SOCIETY DEBUTANTEs... GLAMOROUS HOLLYWOOD ACTRESSES
KEEP BEAUTIFUL

with Marchand's

"I am still a natural blonde... thanks to Marchand's Golden Hair Wash," says LUCY T. SAUNDERS, glamorous debutante of New York and Newport society. Miss Saunders' blonde hair attracts admiration wherever she is seen.

"Marchand's keeps my hair naturally light and golden... as it will for any woman who wants to restore and enhance her blonde loveliness," says MARY ELIZABETH STEVENS, socially prominent in New York. Miss Stevens is one of the most beautiful of the younger smart set.

"Marchand's keeps my hair an even, light shade always... just as it will restore and protect the radiance of your blondness," says TERRY WALKER, lovely Hollywood actress appearing currently in "Federal Bullets." A MONOGRAM PICTURE

*Chances are you were fair as a child... but time darkens any shade of hair. Take a hint from these smart women who know the charm of sunny blonde hair. Marchand's will lighten your hair harmlessly and naturally. You'll be amazed to find yourself the fascinating person Nature intended you to be.

MARCHAND'S

GOLDEN HAIR WASH

AT ALL DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES
I'M MAD! I WANT THE BABY POWDER THAT'S ANTISEPTIC

MENNEN BORATED POWDER Antiseptic
Recommended by more doctors than any other baby powder

Free for Asthma During Winter

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is cold and damp, as rain, windy winds make you choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address Frontier Asthma Co., 20-C Frontier Bldg., Buffalo, New York.

RADIO STARS

Benny Goodman, m. c. Dan Seymour and Martha Tilton work tirelessly to that end. But of all the people on that collegiate program, "Doctor" Seymour is the only one having a college degree. Amherst, '35.

AMONG the uniquely talented gentlemen in New York music circles is twenty-five-year-old Les Lieber. During the past year, Les has caused a furor with a ten-cent piccolo. Swinging it on the Swing Club, he has caused gasps of unbelieving admiration. But the dime whistle is only a sideline with the young man. He makes a living by working in the press department of the Columbia network and writing about all the CBS stars.

CURIO

AN honor graduate of Chicago University, he got to Europe by playing a sax in the ship's band. In April, 36, he went to work in the Paris office of the New York Times, as a foreign correspondent. After hours he played his sax in a Parisian jam band. For two fraises he bought his piccolo from a street peddler (you can get one at any five-and-dime) and learned to play it riding in European train compartments, while gathering newspaper stories for American readers.

IN November, 1936, he returned to America, because he couldn't play golf in Paris. While working on magazine articles, he and his piccolo auditioned for the Swing Club. They won. Ben Bernie added his approval and put them on his program. Then Les joined the CBS press department. Now, in addition to his publicity work, he actively assists in producing the Swing Club. Despite his many accomplishments, though, he is one young man who wouldn't mind whistling for his supper. UNTIL NEXT MONTH

ALL out. The BANDWAGON'S first trip is over. If you've any questions or suggestions—just send them along.

PLATTER PATTER

A LOT of swell things are being handled out these days on those black platters known as records. If you're just starting a record collection, or even if you already have one—maybe we can save you a lot of trouble.

FOR example, it will take a lot of record-breaking to beat Hal Kemp's version of Powerhouse (Victor). It's exciting, it's unique, and it sounds as Hal used to sound when he was fighting his way to the top. And, if it's swing you're after, there's Bob Crosby's Vieni, Vieni (Decca). A well-worn tune, but Bob, modern representative of the old Dixieland style, makes it an item for any collector. On the other side is Little Rock Getaway, where Bob Zurke, ranking with Teddy Wilson as a pianist, really massages the key-board. Benny Goodman recorded Loeb Lonnond.

AT LAST! A NEW SHAMPOO FOR ALL BLONDES!

A New Easy Way to Bring Out the Full Radiant Loveliness of Blonde Hair... Keep It Soft, Fluffy, Lasting.

Here at last is a shampoo and a special rinse that brings out the beauty of blonde hair in a way that can make blonde hair so attractive. Whether you are just blonde, ash blonde, sandy or brown blonde, or you are trying to get a blonde look, this new line of shampoo and rinse will do for you what no other shampoo or rinse can do. A complete line of new hair care products made only for blondes, from blonde shampoo and rinse to blonde hair dryers and brushes. Also available for red heads and brunettes.

KILL THE HAIR ROOT

Remove the hair permanently, safely, painlessly. With no trouble and no untidy methods to think about. The natural method prevents the trouble, fights the trouble from growing, obsolete, and even reduces it. The result: freedom of mind and greater success. Order today, no cost, from the nearest store. Also used by professionals. Send 6c for free illustrated booklet. D. J. Miller Co., Dept. 360, Providence, R. I.

Good For Kidney and Bladder Weakness

LOOK AND FEEL YOUNGER

All over America men and women who want to cleanse kidneys of waste matter and irritating acids and poisons and lead a longer, healthier, happier life are turning to GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. But now you know the way to help bring about more healthy kidney activity and stop getting up often at night. Other symptoms are backache, irritated bladder—difficult or passing passage—suffocating, gas pains—sleeplessness and shifting pains. This harmless yet effective medicine brings results—you'll feel better in a few days. So why not get a 56 box of GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules today—the original and genuine—right from Haarlem in Holland—Don't accept a counterfeit—Ask for and get GOLD MEDAL.

DON'T BE AN "Extra"...BE A STAR!

No man admires an unattractive skin. Capture adoration by making your skin lovely, with the lotion that cleanses, tones, softens and reduces large pores. Grand powder, too!

SATINMESH LOTION

50¢ and $1 at Drug and Dept. Stores
Introductory purse size at leading 100 stores
Send for free descriptive folder. For generous sample, enclose 5c.
Alma Woodward's, Dept. 3, 420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

SITROUX FACE TISSUES

AT YOUR 5 and 10 CENTS STORE!

Stars of stage and screen prefer Sitroux Tissues (pronounced "Sit-true"). So soft, yet so much stronger, they hold together! Care for YOUR complexion with Sitroux Tissues. Get a box today!

\*New BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO & RINSE...
(Victor), assigned the vocal to Martha Tilson. The little blonde swingstress did the best job she’s ever done. Turn over and you have Cancel Hop—which could have been a lot better.

NOT swing, but very entertaining is Decca’s Dippy Doodle, as recorded by Milton Herzig at the electric organ, Willie (the Lion) Smith, piano, and O’Neil Spencer taps the drums. But swing and more than entertaining is Les Lieber’s Nobody’s Sweetheart Now and Who’s Sorry Now? (Brunswick). It’s a first edition of the boy and his dog zoo. Get it? Larry Clinton, who wrote Dippy Doodle, has made a record (Victor) of two more of his compositions—The Campbells Are Swingin’ and Abba Dabba. Right now, Larry is being treated to a very nice NBC build-up. Both numbers are good but Abba Dabba is very slightly—slightly, mind you—reminiscent of Raymond Scott’s Twilight in Turkey and others of what the upper crust call the “impressionist school.”

DANCE MUSIC

WHEN your favorite station has signed off for the night and you’d like to try a bit of dancing in a rug-rolled-up living-room, the smooth rhythms of Guy Lombardo are in order. His Summertime disc (Victor) is good Lombardo. And so is the reverse—I’ll See You in My Dreams.

... Nothing sensational, but smooth as honey and correspondingly easy to dance to is Leo Reisman’s Let’s Give Love Another Chance and This Never Happened Before (Victor). Lee Sullivan does the vocals. Glen Gray bids a temporary adieu to swing and does a very, very danceable job on two Decca platters. The first is You Took the Words Right Out of My Heart and the second, Thanks for the Memory. Kenny Sargent treats the choruses nicely.

VOCALS

SKIPPING over to the vocal department, we’ll turn the spotlight on to a discovery (someone else has probably made the discovery e’er this—but we haven’t!). It is a trio—and they sound as if they’ll fill that vacuum left so empty by the Boswell Sisters. The name—the Andrews Sisters. Judgment is based entirely on their Decca recording of Bei Mir Bist Du Schön and Nice Work If You Can Get It. Elegant! And while we’re on discoveries, it is ever a revelation to listen to Deanna Durbin. The little miracle girl sings beautifully in It’s Raining Sunbeams and La Traviata (Decca). Too, it’s nice to have languorous Frances Langford’s Decca version of Once In A While, and Forever My Love. Harry Sosnick conducts a swell accompaniment.

SERIOUS

ANY good record collection should have its serious side. Recommendation of the month is the Bach album, prepared by Leopold Stokowski and his Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. M-401 in the Victor Musical Masterpiece Series, it presents five recordings of Stokowski adaptations of works by one of the greatest composers who ever lived.

... UNTIL next month, that’s enough to keep your turn-table turning!

(Look for this department in April Radio Stars)

Copy this girl and send us your drawing—perhaps you’ll win a COMPLETE FEDERAL COURSE FREE! This contest is for amateurs, so if you like to draw do not hesitate to enter.

Prizes for Five Best Drawings—FIVE COMPLETE ART COURSES FREE, including drawing outfits. (Value of each course, $215.00.)

FREE! Each contestant whose drawing shows sufficient merit will receive a grading and advice as to whether he or she has, in our estimation, artistic talent worth developing.

Nowadays design and color play an important part in the sale of almost everything. Therefore the artist, who designs merchandise or illustrates advertising has become a real factor in modern industry. Machines can never displace him. Many Federal students, both men and girls who are now commercial designers or illustrators capable of earning from $1,000 to $5,000 yearly have been trained by the Federal Course. Here’s a splendid opportunity to test your talent. Read the rules and send your drawing to the address below.

RULES

This contest open only to amateurs, 16 years old or more. Professional commercial artists and Federal students are not eligible.
1. Make drawing of girl 5 inches high, on paper 6 inches high. Draw only the girl, not the lettering.
2. Use only pencil or pen.
3. No drawings will be returned.
4. Print your name, address, age and occupation on back of drawing.
5. All drawings must be received by Feb. 28th, 1938. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Federal Schools Faculty.

FEDERAL SCHOOLS INC

Dept. 3998, Federal Schools Building, Minneapolis, Minnesota

De Luxe PERFUME gives you SUPERB QUALITY for only 10 cents!

Send us your request for a FREE SAMPLE in form below.

FEDERAL DISTRIBUTORS

P & B, 29th, New York, N. Y.
WHAT A DIFFERENCE

IN EYE MAKE-UP

DULL, "tired-looking" eyes ruin the most perfect "eye make-up." You can't hide them with arched brows or mascara. But when eyes become red, veined, tired-looking due to late hours, reading, fatigue, exposure—for a few drops of Eye-Gene can make them clearer, whiter, in seconds! Eyes look larger, sparkling, refreshed. Utterly different in action from horeic acid or old-style lotions. A new product of two noted eye specialists. Especially soothing to those who wear glasses. Fastest selling eye lotion of its kind. Get the large economy bottle at any drug or department store—money refunded if not satisfied. Or get purse size at any 10c store.

EYE-GENE

BECOME AN EXPERT

Bookkeeper

New. better bookkeeping opportunities opening every day. Jobs that pay well—and lead to still better jobs. We train you to get them—and keep them! Previous training not necessary. C. P. A. instructors cover everything from the ground up. Inexpensive. Write for free book and special terms. No obligation. Address LaSalle Extension, Dept. 2318H, Chicago, III. The School That Kib Over 1,400 C. P. A. Alumni.

RADIO STARS

BEAUTY AND THE BREEZE

(Continued from page 67)

lips. The shape of the lips may be changed somewhat by keeping the lip rouge a little within the natural line, but the lips should never be changed by going outside of the natural line, unless you are to be under artificial lights, as the deception is too apparent otherwise.

Several shades of powder, in fact a shade for each light, are necessary if you are to look your best at all times. And do stop to think that the powder shade you liked so well in the fall or early winter is no longer correct in February and March. Your summer tan has completely faded by now, and your skin is much fairer.

When it comes to eye make-up, Benay very sadly shakes her head and admits that she would like to advise us never to use it in the daytime. But many of us have to use it, and the rest of us are so improved by it that she won’t go to that extreme. However, when mascara is applied for daytime wear, it should be diluted with water to a very thin wash and brushed very lightly on the lashes. Very pale, transparent eye shadow is permissible on all occasions. All powder should be carefully brushed from the brows and they may be discreetly touched with a pencil. Of course a wee bit more make-up is in order for formal afternoon affairs, where artificial lights will prevail—and of course the evening permits still more leeway.

It is awfully hard to keep the hair looking half way decent in cold, windy weather. Electricity in the hair, and the wild breezes, take their toll from the best of waves. No wonder most of us become so discouraged. But if you have a perfectly combed head over the head and decide “to put up with it” this way until spring! No reason for this, though, Benay says, if you give yourself oil shampoos and brush the hair regularly to keep it hirsutes and plant—and sleep in a hair net. Don’t shower—hair nets aren’t the only thing they sound—very attractive little caps are available, that will make your wave last so much longer that they pay for themselves in no time.

Don’t forget to keep the hair looking half way decent in cold, windy weather. Electricity in the hair, and the wild breezes, take their toll from the best of waves. No wonder most of us become so discouraged. But if you have a perfectly combed head over the head and decide “to put up with it” this way until spring! No reason for this, though, Benay says, if you give yourself oil shampoos and brush the hair regularly to keep it hirsutes and plant—and sleep in a hair net. Don’t shower—hair nets aren’t the only thing they sound—very attractive little caps are available, that will make your wave last so much longer that they pay for themselves in no time.

Many Never

Suspect

Cause of

Backaches

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backaches quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature’s chief way of taking the residues of food out of the body. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste. Frequent or heavy passages with smearing and burning show there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, pin- tons under the eyes, headaches and digestion.

Don’t wait! Ask your druggist for Dana’s Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Dana’s Pills.
First is a liquid make-up that is simply charming. It is a powder that comes in tubes to blend with every complexion. This powder eliminates the shiny nose, chin and forehead, because it practically stays on forever. Why, you can even apply it to neck, shoulders and arms when dressing for the evening, and you'll find it isn't rubbed off in your coat while going to the ball—or on your partner's coat while dancing.

The same company makes another cosmetic that should be dubbed "the beauty-saver," as it conceals those horrid blemishes that will just pop out before a special party or date. It is a cream and may be used as a foundation for powder and make-up, too, if you don't think your freckles are particularly becoming. Do send for the name now, so you may always have a supply on hand.

Then I have a booklet for you—an illustrated booklet—that not only describes, but shows you, just how to give yourself three different facial masks at home. These masks are inexpensive, easy to prepare and apply, and do wonders for the skin. They cleanse, tone and invigorate the skin and give the complexion a firm, radiant bloom. I believe you will find, after trying this mask just once, that you want it to be a part of your regular beauty routine and not a special party occasion touch.

Next, I have a free sample offer for you this month. Just enclose a three-cent stamp with your name and address and I will send it to you post-haste. This is a pore cream, that shrinks and cleanses the pores and is an excellent blackhead treatment. This cream contains camphor and three special medicinal powders, so it also is effective in treating blemishes and eruptions! You should apply it thickly to the face and allow it to remain on overnight; if it is to do its best work. Results are noticeable after the first application. But I won't tell you any more about it here. Send for your free sample and prove to yourself just what it does.

Mary Biddle
RADIO STARS Magazine
149 Madison Avenue
New York, New York.

I am enclosing a 3c stamp and would like a sample of the cream for cleansing and refining the pores.

Name........................................
Address......................................
City........................................State

D0 YOU KNOW what one nickel can do for your kitchen and cupboard shelves? It will buy 9 whole feet of the smartest shelving (not just edging) that you can get at any price. Millions of thrifty women have turned dark closets and cupboards into beauty spots with durable, decorative, non-curling Royledge!

Royledge calls for no tacking, no laundry. Lay it flat on the shelf, fold down the beautiful, embossed edge, and it stays bright and clean for months. Any 5-and-10¢, neighborhood or department store has stunning new Royledge designs and colors to match your other equipment, at 5¢ for 9 ft. Spare that nickel, the first time you shop! (There are 10¢ sizes, too.) Roylace, 99 Gold Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

NOTE:—When you need Doylies, buy ROYLIES...decorator-designed; radio advertised; 5¢ & 10¢ packages!
WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE...

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning! 

The liver should pour out two pounds of limpid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food digestion is not proceeding as it should. Bile decay in the bowels, gas builds up your stomach, you get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, weak, and the world looks dull.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. For a free sample of Carter's Little Liver Pills, also free book entitled "The Interesting Story of What Makes You Feel Good," address Carter's, 27 Park Place, N. Y. C. Or ask your druggist for Carter's Little Liver Pills. It's stubbornly refuse anything else. @1.35, c. 1.15.

ANY COLOR LIGHT BROWN TO BLACK

Gives a natural, youthful appearance. Easy as penciling your eyebrows in your own hair; none greasy; will not rub off nor interfere with curling.

$1.35, for sale everywhere.

FREE SAMPLE. State original hair color.

BROOKLYN CHEMICAL CO., INC., 123-12-38, 79 Sudbury St., Boston, Mass.

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

WANT YOU

Work for "Uncle Sam." Start $1260 to $2100 a year.

MN-190-190. Common abilities usually sufficient. Many 1908 ap-\n
Blished.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE.

 skins.

Skin

BEAUTY

with

MERCOLIZED WAX

Mercolized Wax will make your skin smoother, clearer, younger-looking. This lovely cream smooths off the outer layer of skin with all its superficial blemishes, in tiny invisible particles. Then you see the under skin revealed in all its fresh, clear, lovely beauty. Bring out this hidden beauty and keep your skin young-looking with Mercolized Wax.

Use Saxolite Astringent and Powder

DELIBERATELY refreshing astringent lo-

tion. Toning, antiseptic, healing. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint water, mix.

Choose Pheladine Deploratory

For redness, itching, irritation of skin. Oxidaldehyde Salicylate in one-half pint witch hazel.

At drug and department stores everywhere.
Thrilling moments that every girl longs for, dreams about. Why not make them real? Why not invite adventure and romance, entice the man of your heart, be fragrantly alluring with Blue Waltz Perfume? Its subtle, intoxicating odour whispers your charm, gives you new confidence in your own loveliness. Just try it and see! Ask for Blue Waltz Perfume. 10c at 5 and 10c stores.
JACK: Stu, exactly where were you born?

STU: Somewhere in Oregon.

JACK: Don’t you know what town?

STU: No, I was in a trailer. If the car had been a little faster, I’d have been a native Californian.

JACK: You’re lucky it wasn’t too fast; you might have been a Mexican!

STU: It was so fast the stork could hardly catch up with us.

JACK OAKIE and STUART ERWIN, Camel Caravan.

CHARLIE: The landlady’s having plenty of trouble between her husband and the furnace.

GLADYS: What do you mean?

CHARLES: Every time she watches over the other looks out!

(CHARLES BUTTERWORTH and GLADYS GEORGE, Hollywood Mardi Gras.)

GRACIE: My poor Unkie! He plays the accordion every night and cries like a baby.

GEORGE: Why does he cry? Does he play sad music?

GRACIE: No—the accordion keeps pinching his stomach.

(BURNS & ALLEN, Grape Nuts Program.)

MAN: Your honor, we’re ready to open the case.

JUDGE: Just a minute. Is the defense ready?

PHIL: Yes.

JUDGE: Is the prosecution ready?

MAN: Yes.

JUDGE: Is the jury ready?

VOICES: Yes.

JUDGE: All right, Clerk, open the case and hand out the bottles.

(Phil Baker, Guli Program.)

HENRY: My wife was having an argument with the landlord. She asked him if he had any references. The landlord said: "Wait a minute, what do I need a reference for? This ain’t a job." She said to him: "Oh, yeah? Wait till you try to collect the rent!"

(HENRY YOUNGMAN, Kate Smith Program.)

KENNY: Oh, Dr. Benny!

JACK: Yes, Dr. Baker?

KENNY: I wish you’d give me something, I’ve got an awful stomachache.

JACK: Well, you’re a doctor—why don’t you treat yourself?

KENNY: Not me, I charge too much!

(JACK BENNY, Jello Program.)

HARRY: Hello, Zeke, those sure are funny-looking socks you have on. Just got ’em?

TED: No, these are the same socks I been wearing for seven years. I just had half soles and rubber heels put on ’em.

(Harry Von Zell and Ted Bergman, Town Hall Tonight.)

CHARLIE: Now that you mention it, it’s awfully good of you to feel that way about it. It is a chance to do a kind and noble deed.

EDDY: To do a kind and noble deed, I would give up until it hurts.

CHARLIE: That’s the spirit. Would you give a dollar?

EDDY: No, but I’d give a quarter.

CHARLIE: Give until it hurts! You can’t donate much pain, can you?

(CHARLIE McCARTHY, Chase & Sanborn Program.)

BOB: Say, Eddie, if the Van Buren Junior College of Agriculture ever decides to give me a degree, will you say some Latin for me, too?

EDDY: If you are ever so honored, Bob, I’ll make your speech in Greek.

BOB: Honest, Eddie? EDDY: Honestly, Bob. Because any reasons for your getting a degree will be Greek to me!

(BOB BURNS and EDMUND LOWE, Kraft Program.)

TED: A woman comes in and says: "How much is that dress over there?"

JERRY: That dress is $125.

TED: I want something cheaper. How much is that dress?

JERRY: Oh, that one? $45.

TED: Is it more expensive. What can I get for a dollar ninety-eight?

JERRY: A picture of me in tights!

(Ted Hammerstein and Jerry Mann, Music Hall of the Air.)

GIRL: I can’t say that with my voice I should stand out on the stage.

JOE: With your voice you should stand out in the alley!

(Joe Penner, Comical Program.)

WARREN: Say, Jack, my father listened to the show last week, too.

JACK: Oh, did he, Warren? Didn’t he like me? And didn’t he think I was funny?

WARREN: Well—yes and no.

JACK: What do you mean, yes and no?

WARREN: Yes, he didn’t like you, and no, he didn’t think you were funny.

(Jack Haley and Warren Hull, Log Cabin Program.)

CLERK: The State of New York versus John Oakie. The prisoner will step to the bar.

JACK: I will, but I’m not thirsty.

STU: Say, look at those fellows in the bleachers.

JACK: Bleachers! That’s the jury, in the jury box.

STU: Oh, what are they in for?

JACK: Three dollars a day!

(Jack Oakie and Stu Erwin, Camel Caravan.)

KEN: Do you know the most famous dance team?

OSWALD: Oh yeah! Adam and Eve.

KEN: Adam and Eve? What dance did they make?

OSWALD: The Big Apple.

(Ken Murray and Oswald, Campbell Soup Program.)

CHARLIE (sings): So we dedicate this song to him.

But it’s a song for a lark.

Don Wilson endorses cigarettes, "Two cigarettes in the Park."

LANNY: Wait a minute, Charlie, that should be "Two Cigarettes in the Dark."

CHARLIE: Don’t tell me where W. son gets his cigarettes!

(CHARLES BUTTERWORTH, Hollywood Mardi Gras.)

GEORGE: You’re taking the wold New York with you?

RAMSEY: Yeah, it’s got all my phone numbers on it.

GEORGE: Why didn’t you just take the phone numbers off the wall?

RAMSEY: I couldn’t, they were written in ink!

(Burns & Allen, Grape Nuts Program.)

HENNY: I noticed that my uncle was looking very sad, so I said to him: "What’s wrong, uncle?" He said: "Henny, I’ve in here a very tough break. My chauffeur ran away without my wife."

(HENNY YOUNGMAN, Kate Smith Program.)

JACK: Well, Schlep, what seems to be the trouble with you?

SAM: I don’t know, doctor. One minute I’m hot, the next minute I’m cold an’ then I’m wringing wet.

JACK: Well, those are alarming symptoms. When did you first notice them?

SAM: This morning when I took shower.

(JACK BENNY, Jello Program.)

ALICE: (crying) Oh, pappy, oh pappy—pappy-pappy!

WALTER: What is it, daughter? Don tell me that city slicker has been chasing you again.

ALICE: Yes pappy, and this morning he chased me clear up to the hill and over the fields.

WALTER: What happened, Elvira Why aire yew cryin’?

ALICE: He didn’t catch me!

(WALTER O’KEEFE, NBC.)

CLARK: Strictly between us, Charlie to what do you attribute your great success, and Cassowary why do you tell me?

CHARLIE: Well, now, I ... Reality ... CLARK: Come on, Charlie. You can be frank with me.

CHARLIE: Yes, I know, but — does Garbo tell Dietrich?

(CHARLIE McCARTHY AND CLARK GABLE, Chase & Sanborn Program.)

GIRL: I’m sorry, the manager is out of town.

JOE: When will he be back?

GIRL: Just a moment, I’ll ask him.

JOE: Oh, so that’s the way it is? All right—you tell him I wouldn’t work for him if he was the last man on earth. His station’s no good—and he’s a bum. You tell him I said so.

GIRL: Is that all?

JOE: Oh, yes, and ask him if I can please have another chance.

(JOE PENNER, Cocomalt Program.)

JACK: Here’s a letter from the movie studio where I work. It says: "Twentieth Century-Fox is proud of you, Twentieth Century-Fox needs you. Twentieth Century-Fox can have you!" Signed, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Warren, this is terrible. Isn’t there any way I can find out how I did on the show last week?
We'll tell the World... we love Karo!

Karo is the only syrup served to the Dionne quintuplets. Its maltose and dextrose are ideal carbohydrates for growing children—Allan Roy D'Alton, M.D.

Remember: Karo is rich in Dextrose the food energy sugar
Follow this pack for MORE PLEASURE

Chesterfield
They Satisfy

Copyright 1938, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
Be divinely Irresistible... be the star of his heart to-night with Irresistible Perfume... 
A touch on your wrists, your throat and your petite evening muf... and you be a more thrilling person to yourself, and to him. Teasing... provocative... irresistible! Discover the exciting new confidence that Irresistible Perfume gives you.

Tonight try Irresistible Perfume. You'll be sparkling, electric, ready to conquer the world and the man! To be completely ravishing use all of the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Certified pure, laboratory tested and approved.  
10c at all 5 and 10c stores
Let's face the truth about
UNDERARM PERSPIRATION ODOR

MEN DO TALK about girls behind their backs—although they won't admit it. Is a girl pretty, a good sport, a smooth dancer? The answer quickly goes the rounds!

They talk about other things, too. About the girls they hate to dance with—the girls they simply won't take out. For a girl must be more than pretty and smart. She'll never make a hit with men unless she is truly sweet—nice to be near.

Unpopularity often begins with the first hint of underarm odor. This is one fault that men can't stand—one fault they can't forgive. Yet any girl may offend this way, if she trusts her bath alone to keep her fresh!

Smart girls—popular girls—don't take chances! They know a bath only takes care of past perspiration—that they still need Mum, to prevent odor to come.

MUM'S PROTECTION IS SURE. 

MUM IS SAFE! Mum does not stop healthful perspiration. Even after underarm shaving it never irritates the skin. And Mum is completely harmless to fabrics—safe to apply even after you're dressed.

MUM IS QUICK! One half minute is all it takes for a dab of Mum under each arm! To be a girl men like to have around, use Mum every day and after every bath.

FOR THIS IMPORTANT USE, TOO
Thousands of women use Mum for Sanitary Napkins because they know Mum is so gentle, so sure! Don't risk embarrassment! Always use Mum!

HOURS AFTER YOUR BATH MUM STILL KEEPS YOU SWEET

Mum takes the odor out of perspiration
MAKEx HIS EASY CHAIR REALLY EASY!

LIGHT CONDITION WITH New and Brighter G-E MAZDA LAMPS

It's simple to do. And you can begin to light condition at surprisingly little cost.

Put a new G-E bulb in your three-light I. E. S. Better Sight Lamp ... 100-200-300-watts only 65c.

Then watch the man in your family relax as he reads. See that your I. E. S. bridge and table lamps have a 100-watt G-E bulb ... 20c.

Brighten up your kitchen with a 150-watt bulb for only 25c.

And for general use, 60-watt G-E bulbs, or smaller ... only 15c.

Buy the new and brighter 1938 G-E bulbs where you see this emblem displayed.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS
Singing sweethearts together again for the first time since "Maytime"!

Glory bursts from the screen in the greatest musical love story of our time!

The Girl of the Golden West

With

Ray Bolger, Walter Pidgeon, Leo Carrillo, Buddy Ebsen

Directed by Robert Z. Leonard - A Robert Z. Leonard Production
Produced by William Anthony McGuire - An M-G-M Picture
Based on the play by David Belasco

Lough with Buddy Ebsen's outdoor romancing to Jeanette's love songs!

Nelson Eddy, handsome singing bandit chief...

Funny Leo Carrillo as Marquita, his pard...

Romantic songs by Sigmund Romberg and Gus Kahn
"Shadows on the Moon"
"Wind in the Trees"
"Soldiers of Fortune"
"The West Ain't Wild Any More"
"Who Are We to Say?"
"Serenita"

A hot time in the old town. Ray Bolger's uproarious comedy dance...

"I'll draw you for your sweetheart's life", says Sheriff Walter Pidgeon to beautiful Jeanette MacDonald
When Dick Powell left the Hollywood Hotel air show Warners promised him another radio job. He waited a long time, but is now M.C. on Your Hollywood Parade, the Lucky Strike-Warner program. Rosemary Lane, who appears with Dick in the picture, Hollywood Hotel, is a prominent cast member.

The program is broadcast each Wednesday, at 10 p.m. EST, from Sound Stage 9 on the Warner lot. Dick began his career singing with an orchestra, as did Rosemary, who is a Waring graduate.

A different guest star is invited each week, not always from the Warner ranks. Gary Cooper, star of The Adventures of Marco Polo, and currently working in Bluebeard's Eighth Wife with Claudette Colbert, was one of the first guest stars. (Continued on page 8)
How long has it been since you tried a completely different way of fixing your hair? With your ringlets brushed high like this, we bet he would look at you with new interest... with an adoring new gleam in his eye! A beguiling hair-do has been known to change a woman's whole life! Why don't you try it?

An artist looking at you might advise you to wear some of the very colors you think are unbecoming! A fixed notion about certain colors has made many a woman miss being the sparkling, vivid person she could be. Some new shade might do wonders for you! Why don't you try it?

Maybe you're one of them! One of the women who still buy the same brand of sanitary napkins you started asking for years ago! Then lady—here's grand news! There's something better now! Modess is so much softer... so much softer... it is changing the buying habits of women everywhere! Why don't you try it?

Get a box of Modess today—and discover the amazing difference! Cut one of the pads in two. See... feel... the fluffy, soft-as-down filler. Compare this with ordinary pads made of crepey, close-packed layers. You can easily see why Modess never becomes stiff and rasping in use... never chafes.

Now—remove the moisture-proof backing from a Modess pad. Drop water on it! See why you need never fear embarrassment. Only Modess gives you this "certain-safe" feature! Yet—for all its greater comfort and security—Modess costs less, in most places, than any other nationally known napkin!

Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

IF YOU PREFER A SMALLER, SLIGHTLY NARROWER PAD, SAY "JUNIOR MODESS"
Maybe you’re like this father. He knew he should spend more time with his child but too often he just didn’t have the energy. He was fagged out. ill-tempered, headache. Constipation had stolen his pep and nothing he tried really seemed to set him right.

NOW HE’S SO GLAD HE TRIED THIS NEW IDEA!

What a lucky day it was for him when a friend recommended FEEN-A-MINT! He was delighted with this pleasant, easy way to take a laxative—found it tasted just like delicious chewing gum. More important still, he found it gentle, thorough, and trustworthy. You’ll find—as he did—that no other type of laxative can do exactly what FEEN-A-MINT does! No wonder 16 million modern folks prefer it!

Here’s why you’ll prefer FEEN-A-MINT

NO STOMACH UPSET—With FEEN-A-MINT you don’t swallow a heavy, bulky dose; there is nothing to burden digestion.

CHEWING AIDS DIGESTION—The chewing stimulates the flow of the same natural alkaline fluids that help food digest.

ACTS WHERE YOU NEED IT—FEEN-A-MINT’s tasteless laxative ingredient does not affect stomach action. It passes to the intestine and works where it should.

FEEN-A-MINT won’t gripe or nauseate you, or disturb sleep. It’s grand for children, too. They love its delicious flavor. FEEN-A-MINT is truly the laxative you should use in your family. Try it!—find out for yourself what a wonderful difference FEEN-A-MINT makes! At all druggists, or write for generous FREE trial package. Dept. 66, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.

DELICIOUS
Tastes like your favorite chewing gum
If a stenographer's abused hands could talk, they'd say:

Office jobs are terribly hard on your hands. Typing one minute... filing the next... washing carbon smudges off your fingers a dozen times a day. First thing you know, your skin is all dry, chapped, and "sandpapery" rough, red, and ugly! What your hands need is quick-acting Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

Use Hinds every time your hands feel chapped. Hinds soothes that drawn feeling... rubs in quickly. Hands feel comfortable right away. Not gummy.

Go home every night with smooth, kissable hands. You can!... Even one application of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream helps bring your skin soft enchantment. Hinds works fast... helps put back the softness that office work, harsh soaps, hard water, and blustery winds take away. Contains the "sunshine" Vitamin D—and Vitamin A, too. $1.00, 50c, 25c, 10c sizes. Dispenser free with the 50c size.

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream for Honeymoon Hands
IT all started out to be just another "backstage" interview, up at NBC's biggest studio, after the Saturday evening broadcast of the Philip Morris show. But even a cooking editor's life can be full of surprises! So, before the evening was over, I found myself traveling from Radio City to China via Broadway. With almost the speed that the delightful "Music in the Morgan manner" (to which I had just been listening) had traveled through space. And while the music's invisible voyage had earned new appreciation for that genial maestro, Russ Morgan, and new friends for his sponsor, the results of my trip took the noteworthy form of some interesting Chinese recipes. These you'll find on pages 31 and 34—a fact which should win the acclaim of any housewife interested in serving unusual and tempting meals and in giving those distinctively "dinner" parties that make such a hit with one's guests.

Certainly with all eyes on China, right now, such meals and parties should prove more popular than ever before. For, at the present moment, with the Far East figuring so prominently in the daily news, Chinese cooking is sure to step into the limelight and more and more people will come to realize that these delicately seasoned dishes richly deserve the popularity they already enjoy with all those who have tried them. Which makes it especially nice that, with the help of the somewhat simplified Chinese recipes given here this month, you, too, can now prepare and serve delicious versions of these justly famed foods in your own home. Then no longer will you wonder why gourmets the world over give to China's cuisine the very highest honors!

It was Russ Morgan himself who was responsible for the imaginary trip which resulted in my securing these recipes. Our culinary voyage to the land of the Great Wall took the form of a special tour which he conducted with the same outward calm and inward dynamic urge that characterizes his band-leading. Nor did he wait long after his broadcast to start out with a group of "fellow explorers" in tow. "Johnny," in his red bellhop's uniform, had just disappeared behind the curtains of his own little stage; the tones of his familiar and appealing voice were still ringing in our ears in that well-known chant of his: Call for Philip Morris!; and the audience was still filing out of the studio, when Russ, with dinner on his mind, literally rushed us out and away. Down the elevator and to his waiting car we hurried, chatting merrily in transit.

"Tell you about my favorite foods?" replied Russ, on the run, in answer to my very first question. "Why tell you about them, when we can eat them?" he went on. "And we've just enough time before my re-broadcast for the West Coast," he stated, as we settled back for a quick dash crosstown to a destination then still unknown to me.

"You see, I'm particularly partial to Chinese cooking," Russ went on, when I asked where we were to dine. "So I figured we could both talk and sample Chinese foods in a restaurant I know of where that style of cooking is tops."

Which explains how this particular quest for the favorite dishes of your favorite radio stars landed us, in short order, at Ruby Foo's Den—a popular eating spot which, though but a step from the white lights of Broadway, serves dishes as Chinese as anything
RADIO STARS

BY NANCY WOOD

Russ Morgan, heard Tuesdays (NBC) and Saturdays (CBS).

you could hope to find in Chinatown. Here we were joined by petite Bernice Parks, charming young singer featured with Russ Morgan’s orchestra on his personal appearance tours. This young lady, it developed, is quite an authority on (ricntal fare and a veritable expert with chop-sticks. So, with Aliss Parks as guide and mentor, we settled down to the complete enjoyment of a meal fit for a Mandarin, featuring dish after dish with strange names and fascinating, yet elusive, flavors.

These dishes, of course, had their savor and the charm of their novelty further enhanced by the manner of their service. Several features here deserve more than a passing mention. In the first place, there was the appeal of the gay, colored china—deep bowls for serving, each with a cover; smaller bowls for the individual diners and small handle-less tea cups. But even more important was the appearance of the food itself and the fact that everything that was supposed to be hot was piping hot! These two features are something that we’d do well to emulate, whatever type of food we choose to serve. And these (Continued on page 55)
"Raw" Throat?
Here's Quick Action!

Zonite Wins
Germ-Killing Test by 9.3 to 1

If your throat is raw or dry with a coming cold, don't waste precious time on remedies that are ineffective or slow-acting. Delay may lead to a very serious illness. To kill cold germs in your throat, use the Zonite gargle. You will be pleased with its quick effect.

Standard laboratory tests prove that Zonite is 9.3 times more active than any other popular, non-poisonous antiseptic!

HOW ZONITE ACTS—Gargle every 2 hours with one teaspoon of Zonite to one-half glass water. This Zonite treatment benefits you in four ways: (1) Kills all kinds of cold germs at contact! (2) Soothes the rawness in your throat. (3) Relieves the pain of swallowing. (4) Helps Nature by increasing the normal flow of curative, health-restoring body fluids. Zonite tastes like the medicine it really is!

DESTROY COLD GERMS NOW—DON'T WAIT
Don't let cold germs knock you out. Get Zonite at your druggist now! Keep it in your medicine cabinet. Be prepared. Then at the first tickle or sign of rawness in your throat, start gargling at once. Use one teaspoon of Zonite to one-half glass water. Gargle every 2 hours. We're confident that Zonite's quick results will more than repay you for your precaution.

Always gargle with Zonite at the first sign of a cold.

When Patsy Kelly visited one of Jack Oakie's broadcasts, Jack and Stu Erwin seized the opportunity to have a little fun at Patsy's expense!

NOT so much is heard about Major Bowes any more, but his amateur enterprise still flourishes on a big business basis. His offices fill a whole floor of a sizeable Manhattan office building and, in addition, he uses a large studio on another floor for conducting auditions.

The Major's own office and anteroom is decorated with so many paintings, it looks more like an art gallery than a workroom. The Major always fixes up his offices like that—as many pictures as can be crowded into the wall space.

JUST around a corner is a private kitchen, in case the Major gets hungry and doesn't want to go out. That happens often because he is a tremendous worker, wants to attend to every little detail himself.

He sits all day listening to auditions over a loud speaker. There are still a couple of units touring the country and he supervises their affairs. The mail is too voluminous for him to tackle but he likes to look at all the queer presents his listeners send in, whether the gift is amusing, valuable or just trash.

GETTING in to see him is almost impossible; reaching him by telephone is only slightly less miraculous. Once an interview or phone connection is established, however, it probably will last a long time. The Major is a rambling conversationalist, not given to terse disposal of any matter.

His income is not what it was in the best days of the amateur hour, when nearly two dozen amateur units were out, profitably touring theatres. The gross income still runs over $1,000,000 a year, though, which is not so bad for a business founded on the radio talent of people who have practically no talent for radio.

(Continued on page 85)

Last-minute news notes and candid comments on network doings
After the movie or theatre—the midnight snack. Glittering lights everywhere. Even your own kitchen light blazes hard on your face!

Does it show up faults? Sharpen your face? Give your powder that chalky look?

Try Pond's under the brightest lights. See how it softens your face. Pond's shades are "glare-proof"—blended to catch and reflect only the softer rays of light. Pond's Powder gives your face a soft look in any light. And doesn't show up!


Free! 5 "Glare-Proof" Shades

Pond's, Dept. 9Rb.PP., Clinton, Conn. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

This offer expires June 1, 1938.

Name.
Street.
City.
State.

Copyright, 1938, Pond's Extract Company
A SKIN that glows naturally bespeaks radiant health beneath... It is alive... stays fresh! So, be good to your skin from within and it will be good to you.

The reason for this is quite simple... skin tissues must have an abundance of red-blood-cells to aid in making the skin glow... to bring color to your cheeks... to build resistance to germ attacks.

It is so easy for these precious red-blood-cells to lose their vitality. Worry, overwork and undue strain take their toll. Sickness literally burns them up. Improper diet retards the development of new cells. Even a common cold kills them in great numbers.

Science, through S.S.S. Tonic, brings to you the means to regain this blood strength within a short space of time... the action of S.S.S. is cumulative and lasting.

Moreover, S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite. Foods taste better... natural digestive juices are stimulated and finally the very food you eat is of more value. A very important step back to health.

You, too, will want to take S.S.S. Tonic to regain and to maintain your red-blood-cells... to restore lost weight... to regain energy... to strengthen nerves... and to give to your skin that natural health glow.

Take the S.S.S. Tonic treatment and shortly you should be delighted with the way you feel... and have your friends compliment you on the way you look.

S.S.S. Tonic is especially designed to build sturdy health by restoring deficient red-blood-cells and it is time-tried and scientifically proven.

At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time-tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something “just as good.”

© S.S.S. Co.
An observing eye and a keen mind find much to be said, on many matters — and Rudy says it!

IF you read the story on rackets in Reader’s Digest, December, 1937, you will be interested in my exposé of one in which the would-be racketeer was frightened out of his wits.

IN my dressing-room at the Paramount Theatre in Los Angeles a suave voice spoke to me over the phone. “This is Judge So-and-So speaking,” it said. “We judges and lawyers are trying to raise funds to fight venereal disease in school children. Will you purchase tickets to the amount of fifty dollars for an affair to be held at the Ambassador?”

THE request that he send his boy around next day with the tickets resulted in a glorious opportunity to send the weak-kneed underling scurrying back to his nefarious employers — for when we told him that we con-

(Continued on page 80)
Instead of coffee-and, Arline grabs a malted and a fan magazine, before heading for the studio. She broadcasts Mondays through Fridays at 10:00 a.m. EST over Columbia.

The West Coast broadcast at 4:15 is the same as the next morning's show to the rest of the country. Rehearsals precede it.

Like any other girl, she and her date go to the movies. She was in films before she was 15, made her stage début at 2½, her radio début in 1929.

Because she doesn't get much outdoor exercise, she keeps slim with daily routines. Arline's work may be different, but her life is like any working girl's.
All is not glamour for the radio working girl! Arline Blackburn, star of the CBS serial Pretty Kitty Kelly, leads a natural and unpretentious life, follows a day-to-day routine.
Keep young and Doubly Lovely with refreshing Double Mint gum

Easy to do ... just read below

Whenever you enjoy healthful, delicious Double Mint gum, the gentle natural chewing exercise stimulates sleepy face muscles, relaxes tense lines and brightens your teeth. This all helps to keep your face young and attractive, your smile more winning. And now, presented here is this youthfully lovely new scarf dress just created for you in Paris by the great Schiaparelli and made available by Double Mint gum in a Simplicity pattern. In this way Double Mint gum helps you look as smart, streamlined and charming as Hollywood's beautiful star, Anita Louise, left, of famed Warner Bros.' Pictures, who is modeling this dress ... So you see how simple and easy it is to keep young and doubly lovely with Double Mint gum. Enjoy it daily. Begin today.

Millions of women daily buy this popular double-lasting mint-flavored gum. Beauty specialists everywhere recommend it. It is non-fattening, aids digestion and sweetens your breath . . . Daily chew Double Mint gum to keep young and lovely. Buy several packages today.

Picture yourself in this new SCHIAPARELLI Double Mint gum scarf dress from Paris, modeled for you in Hollywood by the ever doubly lovely star, ANITA LOUISE of Warner Bros., whose next picture is "THE SISTERS." Made available to you by Double Mint gum in SIMPLICITY Pattern 2740. At nearly all good Department, Dry Goods or Variety stores you can buy this pattern. Or, write Double Mint Dress Pattern Dept., 419 Fourth Ave., New York City.
If all script shows were as well written, produced and acted as Second Husband, starring Helen Menken, it is possible that musical programs would not be enjoying such overwhelming popularity. Having in the cast so talented and enthusiastic an actress as Helen Menken, it is quite understandable why the program is tremendously successful. She has injected her energetic spirit not only into her fellow workers, but into those responsible for the script and production, as well.

Miss Menken was an outstanding favorite on the legitimate stage before devoting her time exclusively to radio. She is best remembered for her roles in Seventh Heaven, Three Wise Fools, Congai, The Captive, Mary of Scotland and The Old Maid. On the air, she loses none of the charm with which she performed in these Broadway successes.

No radio actress rehearses more conscientiously or takes her broadcasting more seriously than Miss Menken. Naturally, her fine efforts are fully realized as “Brenda Cummings” in Second Husband which, incidentally, concerns the problems which a woman having two children encounters when she marries for the second time. It is presented by Bayer Aspirin on Tuesdays at 7:30 p.m. EST over the Columbia network.

To Helen Menken, a truly great radio artist, Radio Stars Magazine presents its Award for Distinguished Service to Radio.
ROBERT MONTGOMERY
(Now working in Wooden Wedding for M-G-M)
"... radio suffers from stupidity, even more than the movies do."

STRAIGHT FROM THE COLD SHOULDER!
BY WILLIAM L. VALLEE

WALTER WINCHELL, columnist, movie actor and commentator, stands accused by this department of foisting stale news on his radio public.

In his Sunday night stint he appears on the radio horizon through a welter of Morse Code (which he doesn't understand), much let's-go-to-press stuff and with an air of badly-restrained excitement at the prospect of all the hot news he's about to confide.

But how many times have you heard Brother Winchell wax ecstatic over bits of so-called news with which you were already familiar? Perhaps you've never thought about it before, but next time you tune him in, make a mental note of how many items are not the last-minute notes Winchell pretends they are.

As for timeliness, Walter, why not double-check yourself. You jolly well know that these things may make us lose faith in you.

PEOPLE complain that radio performers aren't built up the way movie stars are, and that you don't know or hear enough about them. The reason for this is really quite simple. Movie personalities are signed to long-term contracts, running from six months to several years. On the other hand, radio personalities are signed, as a rule, for a period of thirteen weeks. Naturally, the sponsor and advertising agency say: "What's the use in doing too much for John James Harry? He may not be with us at the end of thirteen weeks, and why build him up for someone else?"

PROGRAMS still aren't rehearsed enough! For proof of this, listen in to the unpardonable blunders that the high-priced, widely-outed name stars make every day and night in the year. If they were more familiar with their scripts, this wouldn't happen.

WHEN able and smooth-voiced Cecil B. DeMille, of the Lux Radio Theatre, announces that its programs consist of "old favorites," he isn't kidding.

PAUL WHITEMAN
(His band is heard on the Chesterfield show.)
"... he changed his set-up to please his sponsors.

Wide World
set down, not in malice, but in the belief that honest criticism may bring a constructive force to bear on the development of radio programs of tomorrow.

THE WOMEN OF THE MONTH IN RADIO

(The reason for this special section is that a woman, in certain capacities, is a definite phenomenon on the air. As a rule there are no lady announcers, no lady dance bands (with one or two notable exceptions), therefore these women, through their worth or, conversely, their lack of it, deserve mention.)

1. HELEN MENKEN—a first-rate actress doing a first-rate job in a medium that is not exactly a histrionic paradise. When she's on the air she actually lives her part to the extent that fellow actors, trying to match her pace, are fagged out after working with her.

2. FANNIE BRICE—who has put the M.G.M show, Good News of 1938, on its feet with her deft comedy and her very funny "Baby Snooks." And Baby is giving the Messrs. Bergen and Riggs a good run for their money! Doesn't Baby Snooks' voice remind you, just a bit, of Donald Duck's?

3. MARY MARGARET McBRIE (ex-Martha Deane)—a $50,000-a-year spiker who wouldn't rate two cents a year from this department. Her inferior voice is matched by her inane, chatter-box style of delivery, all of which is not as spontaneous as you would believe from hearing it. You can't imagine such stuff being written, but every word is written out.

4. IREENE WICKER—and what a world of difference between Wicker and McBride! Miss Wicker adds clever impersonations to a beautiful speaking voice that's as soft as eider-down; manages to sing cutely and deliver a worthy program.

5. LOUELLA PARSONS—on the other side of the ledger is Miss Parsons of Hollywood. Miss Parsons manages to get movie names to donate their services gratis to her awe-inspiring soup program without committing the fatal error of following suit. Miss Parsons possesses a voice that runs a close second to that of Miss McBride, if you can follow that. (Continued on page 94)
Over the air you hear the sound of a horse-drawn truck. This is how it's done. In a box of sand and gravel, rubber clappers simulate the hooves. Heavy wooden wheels and chain give the creak and rattle of the truck as the sound effects men operate them.

Eleanor Powell is one of the M-G-M stars to appear on its air-show, heard Thursdays at 9 p.m., EST, NBC-Red network.
Spencer Tracy and Joan Crawford, co-stars of M-G-M's Mannequin, and its leading man, Alan Curtis, rehearse for a broadcast from the film.

In a rehearsal interlude, Robert Taylor and George Jessel join Fannie Brice in a smoke. Fannie's Baby Snooks is a hit of the show.

"Queen of Swing," Judy Garland, thirteen-year-old M-G-M singing star, has been heard on several of these Thursday night broadcasts.

Ted Pearson, announcer for the Good News of 1938 program, made his radio début in 1929, as a singer. He was born in Arlington, Nebraska.
Three of Phil Spitalny’s All-Girl Orchestra (The Hour of Charm, Mondays, 9:30 p.m., EST, NBC-Red network) demonstrate methods of keeping fit and charming. Health is essential to beauty, and so Alma, Trudy and Claudia visit Mac Levy’s Health Center. Trudy (above) rides the electrical horse, as a slenderizing exercise. Alma (below) finds the bicycle a valuable aid toward figure slimming and strengthening.
(Above) Claudia considers the vibrations of the electrical reducing belt most beneficial for body conditioning and slenderizing. After a turn with that, she takes a work-out with the electrical ring-roller (below). This mechanical massage is most important for breaking up fat tissues, so easily formed in the wrong places! Then the three girls do a “bicycling” exercise. After which relaxation is in order. (Above) Claudia (left) and Trudy rest on the sun deck.
In his first radio series for two years, Lawrence Tibbett, baritone star of the Metropolitan Opera, sings with Andre Kostelanetz and his orchestra.


Four famous film folk and air entertainers, who appeared together on one of Eddie Cantor's Wednesday night CBS programs. Rubinoff is making his violin talk, but Eddie Cantor seems not to like what it is saying! Tony Martin and Alice Faye, air-guests together for the first time since their marriage, are enjoying it! Tony and Alice appear together in the new 20th Century-Fox Film, Sally, Irene and Mary.
Jean Hersholt and CBS Producer Bill Lawrence. Jean is star of CBS' serial, Dr. Christian.

The Freeman F. Gosden family. The boy's name is Freeman Gosden, Jr.; the girl is Virginia. Freeman, Sr., is Amos of NBC's Amos 'n' Andy.

A former linotype operator, Morton Bowe now is tenor soloist on CBS' Heinz Magazine of the Air, broadcast every Sunday at 5:00 p.m., EST.
Above, Andre Baruch, the program's announcer, picks up a quick shine, while giving his commercials a final polish and going-over.

In the control room, Production Chief Sylvan Taplinger (left) works with Agency Representative Tom Lewis and Producer Ted Collins.

Varied activities at the CBS Playhouse just before Kate Smith’s Thursday night program begins.

Down in a basement "prop" room, the Three Ambassadors, Mart Sperzel (left), Jack Smith and Marshall Hall, confer about a song.

One of the pretty choristers of the Kate Smith Hour begs the choir director, Ted Straeter, to fasten the back of her frock.
TEN MINUTES TILL AIR TIME

Meanwhile, not at all worried by the swift approach of the hour of eight, Kate Smith smiles, as she dabs on a bit of powder.

How the last ten minutes fly! Ted Collins, busy producer of the program, wonders if there is anything he has forgotten.
Once more cast as a jungle girl in her new film, Her Jungle Love, Dorothy Lamour and friend Jiggs register a pout.

In this new Paramount picture, Dorothy is Tura, a white girl, kidnapped and raised as a native on one of the South Sea Islands. Jiggs, her jungle companion, aptly imitates her every mood and action.

On the radio, Dorothy is one of the bright stars of the Chase & Sanborn Hour, heard Sunday, 8 p.m., EST, on the NBC-Red network.
1. Even as you and I, Ken Murray tunes in his favorite evening radio program.

2. He sits back to enjoy an hour of mirth and music, in peace and content.

3. But his manager, Royal Foster, and singer Florence Heller think his taste appalling. You know how Ken feels! It's happened to you.

4. Florence insists on tuning in some other program, and all Ken's earnest protests and pleas are of no avail!

5. Now Royal and Florence are happy. Although Ken gnashes his teeth in rage, he is overruled—even as you and I so often are treated!

KEN IS OVERRULED
During the past year more than sixty television demonstrations have been given by NBC, who have spent vast sums pioneering in the field of program material and with the color response of facial make-up and costume fabrics. (Left) The Iconoscope (television camera) nearest you is used for close-ups. The other is mounted, so as to be moved forward or back. Make-up (above) is greatly simplified, due to changes in the Iconoscope. Lester Gabba (lowest left), artist and designer, introduced his mannequin, Cynthia, at NBC's All-Fashion Television demonstration, showing small accessories.
(Above) Suntan greasepaint, powder to match, and dark lip rouge are used. An unpowdered face has too much highlight. (Below) Betty Goodwin, NBC Fashion Editor, and Larry Davee, Treasurer of Society of Motion Picture Engineers, watch a television experiment.

Television may be used to show you how to arrange a new coiffure for evening. (Modeled by Helen Walpole, NBC actress.) Lenox R. Lohr (below), President of NBC, believes television eventually will perform a great service in the fashion field.
Rosemary DeCamp, gifted and glamorous young film player, plays the rôle of Judy Pride, nurse to Dr. Christian (Jean Hersholt), in the CBS serial, Dr. Christian, broadcast each Sunday at 2:30 p.m., EST.

Another of radio’s glamour girls, Virginia Verrill, blues singer, is featured with Jack Haley on the Log Cabin Jamboree, every Saturday, 8:30 p.m., EST, NBC-Red network.

Blonde Betty Wragge proves that glamour is not exclusively Hollywood’s. Leading lady in Pepper Young’s Family, Betty is heard twice daily, over NBC.
Attractive titian-haired charmer, Dorothy Lowell plays the title rôle in the CBS serial, Our Gal Sunday, at 12:45 p.m., EST, Mondays through Fridays.

Lovely and lissom star of Attorney-At-Law (NBC-Blue), Frances Carlon is heard Mondays through Fridays at 10:30 a.m., EST, opposite Jim Ameche.

"Perfect poise is essential in dramatic acting or in social life," says Lora Marlo, NBC dramatic star, who spends at least one hour a day exercising. "For perfect poise, one must have perfect control of the body," Lora declares.
Fisherman, flier, swimmer, rider, golfer, handball champion—Richard Crooks, tenor star of Metropolitan Opera and Monday eve Firestone program.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Benny hand their tickets to the doorman, as they attend a preview. Jack's and Mary's NBC Jell-O show is a Sunday treat.

Two sets of twins, the Brewsters of movies and the Strouds of radio, step out at a Hollywood night spot. (Left to right) Claude Stroud, Gloria and Barbara Brewster, Clarence Stroud. The boys are on NBC's Chase & Sanborn Sunday show.
Two whose names are familiar—Publisher William Randolph Hearst and Director Cecil B. DeMille of Lux Radio Theatre.

Orchestra leader George Olsen, with his wife, singer Ethel Shutta, and their sons, George Jr. (in front) and Charles, enjoy a ride in the park, on a bicycle built for three.

Betty Furness, M-G-M star, and Johnny Green, composer and orchestra leader, who were married a few months ago. Green wrote the music for the Columbia picture, Start Cheering.
Radio's Bob Burns met the Dwarfs of Walt Disney's first feature-length picture, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, at its swanky Hollywood première.

The first Mickey Mouse film was shown May, 1928. The first colored film, February, 1934. Its title was The Band Concert. Right, Basil Loughrane of NBC.
Mickey and Minnie Mouse broadcast each Sunday at 5:30 p.m., EST, on NBC-Red network.

Walt Disney, with four of his famous characters, Mickey and Minnie Mouse, Donald Duck, and Pluto the sad hound. Disney was born in Chicago in 1901.

AND HIS GANG

Orchestra Leader Felix Mills, with Disney and his perennially popular Mouse and Duck, who have gained friends in every country.

Disney won Academy Awards for The Three Little Pigs, in 1933; The Tortoise and the Hare (1934); Three Orphan Kittens (1935), and for The Country Cousin, in 1936.
Above, three celebrities at Santa Anita racetrack. (Left) Spencer Tracy (M-G-M); (center) Bing Crosby (Paramount); and Jack Holt (Columbia). Bing's Kraft Music Hall is heard Thursdays, 10 p.m., EST (NBC-Red). (Right) Town Hall Tonight gets a last polish in a conference room at Radio City. Fred Allen (under the hat), Announcer Harry Von Zell, Bandmaster Peter Van Steeden (standing) and Program Adviser Bill Shor get together to talk things over.
Fannie Brice achieves the status of Public Comedienne Number One, as Baby Snooks, in the M-G-M-Maxwell House air show, Good News of 1938, broadcast Thursdays at 9 p.m., EST, over the NBC-Red network. A Ziegfeld star for fourteen years, Fannie made her film début in 1927, as star of My Man, an M-G-M movie.
To keep fit for subway strapping, Phil Baker hangs on the chandelier.

YOU CAN'T KEEP A GOOD MAN DOWN

Even if he's in the doghouse, Phil's on top! You simply can't keep a good man down!

After the Sunday night broadcast (CBS, 7 p.m., EST), Baker enjoys a snack atop the cooler.

The mantel, thinks Phil, is just the sort of cozy spot to relax and hold a session with the evening newspaper.
RADIO STARS

COAST-TO -COAST PROGRAM GUIDE
—

r
THE
the

regular programs on
four coast - to - coast

networks are here Hsted in
a day-by-day time schedule. The National Broadcasting Company Red-Net-

work is indicated by
NBC-Red; the National
Broadcasting Company
Blue-Network is indicated
by NBC-Blue; the Columbia Broadcasting System by
CBS; and Mutual Broadcasting System by MBS.
All stations included in
the above networks are

Find your
listed below.
local station on the list and

Buffalo, N. Y.
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Chicago, 111.
Chicago, 111
Cleveland, Ohio
Denver, Colo.
Des Moines, Iowa
Detroit, Mich.
Erie, Pa.
Fort Wayne, Ind.

WICC

Houston, Tex.
Jamestown, N. Y.
Lawrence, Kan.
Los Angeles, Cal.
Memphis, Tenn.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Montreal, Canada
New Haven, Conn.

WJZ
KLO

New York, N. Y.
Ogden, Utah

CFCF

WDSU New

Orleans, La.

KOIL

Omaha, Neb.-Council

ALL TIME RECORD-

WFIL

Pittsburgh, Pa.
Portland, Ore.
Providence, R. I.

in
specified.

ED

the

Bluffs, la.

EASTERN

IS

STANDARD

TIME. This
means that for Central
Standard Time you must
subtract one hour from the
listed time. For Mountain
Standard Time, subtract
two hours; and for Pacific
Standard Time, three
hours.

For example:

11:00

M. EST becomes 10.00
M. CST; 9.00 A. M. MST:
and 8:00 a. m. PST.
particular time,
If, at a

A.
A.

network program

no

listed, that is
is

WEBR
WMT
WENR
WLS
WHK
KVOD
KSO
WXYZ
WLEU
WOWO
KXY2
WJTN
WREN
KECA
WMPS
WTCN

network

on

tune

is

because there

no regular program

for

that time, or because

the
prograrn continues into that period.

preceding

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANYRED NETWORK

WSB
WFBR
WBRC
WNAC
WBEN

WMAQ
WTAM
KOA
WHO
WWJ

Atiania, Ga
Baltimore. Md.
Birmingham, Ala.
Boston, Mass.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Chicago. 111.
Cleveland, Ohio
Denver. Colo.
Des Moines, Iowa


WTIC
KPRC
WIRE

Hartford. Conn.
Houston. Tex.
Indianapolis. Ind.

WJDX
WDAF

Jacksnn, Miss.

KFI

Los Angeles, Cal.
Memphis, Tenn.
Minneapolis-St. Paul.

WMC

KSTP

Kansas City. Mo.

Minn.

CBM
WEAF

WSMB
WOW
KYW
WCAE
WCSH
KGW
WJAR

WMBG
KSD
KDYL
KPO

WGY
KOMO

Montreal. Canada
New York, N. Y.
New Orleans. La.
Omaha, Neb.
Pittsburgh, Pa,
Portland, Me.
Portland. Ore.
Providence, R. I.

Richmond, Va.
St. Louis.

Mo.

Lake City, Utah
San Francisco, Cal.
Schenectady, N. Y.
Seattle. Wash.
Spokane, Wash.
Washington. D. C.
Wilmington, Del.
Salt

KHQ
WRC
WDEL
WTAG Worcester Mass.
NATIONAL BROADCASTING

COMPANY-

BLUE

WABY
WAGA
WBAL
WJBO
WSGN
WBZ
WICC

NETWORK

Albany N.

Y

Atlanta, Ga.
Baltimore, Md.
Baton Rouge, La,

Birmingham. Ala.
Boston, Mass.
Bridgeport.

Conn

~

'

KDKA
KEX
WEAN
WRTD

Richmond, Va.
Rochester, N. Y.

WHAM
KWK

St. Louis,

KGO
KTMS
KJR
KGA
WBZA
WSYR
WSPD
WMAL

San Diego, Cal,
San Francisco, Cal,
Santa Barbara, Cal.
Seattle, Wash.
Spokane, Wash.
Springfield, Mass,
Syracuse, N. Y,
Toledo, Ohio
Washington. D. C.

KFSD

Mo.

NBC-SUPPLEMENTARY
STATIONS
(May be on either RED or
BLUE networks)
Albuquerque, N. M,
KOB
WSAN Allentown, Pa.
KGNC AmariUo, Tex.
WWNC Asheville, N. C.
KERN Bakersfield, Cal,
KFOM Beaumont. Tex.
KGHL Billings, Mont.
KFYR Bismarck, N. D.
KIDO Boise. Idaho
KGIR Butte. Mont.
WCSC Charleston. S. C.
WSOC Charlotte, N. C,
WCFL Chicago.
111.

WSAI

WIS

Cincinnati, Ohio
Cincinnati, Ohio
Cincinnati, Ohio
Clearwater, Fla.
Columbia, S. C.

WCOi.
KRIS

Columbus. Ohio
Corpus Christi. Tex.

WCKY

WLW

WFLA

WFAA
WEBC
KTSM
WGBF
WDAY
WGL
WBAP
KMJ
WOOD
WFBC
KGU
KTHS
WJAX
WROL
KARK
WAVE
WIBA
WFEA
KMED
WIOD
WTMJ
CBF

WSM
WTAR
WKY
KTAR
KOAM
KGHF
WPTF
KFBK
WSUN
WOAI
KTBS
KSOO
KELO

KGBX

KWG

Dallas, Tex.

Duluth. Minn.
El Paso, Tex.
Evansville, Ind.
Fargo, N. D.
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Worth, Tex.
Fresno. Cal.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Greenville, S. C.
Honolulu, Hawaii
Hot Springs, Ark.
Ft.

Jacksonville, Fla.
Knoxville, Tenn.
Little Rock, Ark.
Louisville, Ky.

Madison, Wis.
Manchester, N. H.
Medford. Ore.

Miami Beach.

Fla.

Milwaukee, Wis.
Montreal. Canada
Nashville, Tenn.
Norfolk, Va.

Oklahoma

City. Okla.

Phoenix, Ajiz.
Pittsburg, Kans.

Pueblo, Colo.
Raleigh. N. C.

Sacramento, Cal.
St. Petersburg, Fla.

San Antonio, Tex.
Shreveporl, La.
Sioux Falls, S. D.
Sioux Falls, S. D.
Springfield,

Mo.

Stockton Cal

WEBC
WFLA

WBOW

CBL

KVOO
KRGV
KANS
WBRE

WORK

Superior, Wis.

Tampa,

Fla.

Terre Haute, Ind,
Toronto, Canada
Tulsa, Okla.
Weslaco, Tex.
Wichita, Kans.
Wilkes- Barre, Pa.
York. Pa

COLUMBIA BROADCASTSTATIONS

ING SYSTEM

WADC
WOKO
WAIM
WGST
WPG

Akron, Oliio
Albany, N. Y.
Anderson, S. C.
Atlanta, Ga.

KNOW
WCAO

Austin. Tex.
Baltimore. Md.

WRDW
WLBZ
WAPI
WNBF
WEEI

WGR
WKBW
WCHS
WBT

WOOD
WBBM
WKRC
WGAR
KVOR
WBNS
KRLD
woe
WHIO
KL2
KRNT
WJR
WKBB
KDAL
WDNC
WESG
WEOA

WMMN
KARM
WTAQ

WBIG
KFBB

WHP
WDRC
WMFG
KGMB
KTRH
WFBM
WMBR
KMBC
WNOX
WKBH
KFAB
KLRA

KNX
WHAS
WMAZ
KGLO
WREC
WCOC
WQAM
WALA
WISN
WCCO
KGVO
WSFA
CKAC
WLAC

WWL

Atlantic City, N. J.

Augusta, Ga.
Bangor. Me.
Birmingham. Ala.
Binghamton, N. Y.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Charleston, W. Va.
Charlotte, N. C.

Chattanooga, Tenn.
Chicago,

111.

Cincinnati, Ohio

Cleveland, Ohio

Colorado Springs, Colo.
Columbus, Ohio
Dallas, Tex.

Davenport, Iowa
Dayton, Ohio
Denver, Colo.
Des Moines. Iowa
Detroit, Mich
Dubuque, Iowa
Duluth, Minn.
Durham, N. C.
Elma-Ithaca. N. Y.

Evansville, Ind.

Fairmont,

W. Va.

Fresno, Cal.

Green Bay, Wis,
Greensboro, N, C.
Great Falls, Mont,
Harrisburg, Pa.
Hartford, Conn.
Hibbing, Minn.
Honolulu, Hawaii
Houston, Tex.
Indianapolis, Ind.
Jacksonville, Fla.
Kansas City, Mo.
Knoxville. Tenn.
La Crosse, Wis.
Lincoln, Neb.
Little

Rock. Ark.

Los Angeles. Cal.
Louisville,

Ky.

Macon, Ga.
City, Iowa
Memphis, Tenn.

Mason

Meridian, Miss.

Miami,

Fla.

Mobile, Ala.

Milwaukee. Wis.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Missoula, Mont.

Montgomery, Ala,
Montreal. Canada
Nashville. Tenn.
New Orleans, La.

WABC New York. N. Y.
KOMA Oklahoma City, Okla.
WDBO Orlando, Fla.
WPAR Parkersburg, W. Va.
WCOA Pensacola, Fla,
WMBD Peoria.
Phoenix, Ariz.
KOY
WBRK Pittsfield, Mass.
KOIN Portland, Ore.
WPRO Providence. R. I.
Reno, Nev.
KOH
WRVA Richmond, Va.
WDBJ Roanoke, Va.
WHEC Rochester, N. Y.
KROY Sacramento, Cal.
KMOX St. Louis, Mo.
WCCO St. Paul, Minn.
III.

KSL
KTSA
KSFO

Salt

WGBI

Scranton, Pa.

WTOC
KIRO

Lake City, Utah
San Antonio, Tex.
San Francisco, Cal.
Savannah, Ga,
Seattle

Wash.

KWKH

Shreveport, La.

WSBT
KFPY

Sioux City, Iowa
South Bend, Ind.
Spokane, Wash.

KSCJ

WMAS
WNBX

WFBL
KVI
WDAE
WIBW
CFRB
KGAR
KTUL
WIBX

~\

Springfield, Vt.

Syracuse. N. Y.

Tacoma. Wash
Tampa. Fla.
Topeka. Kans.
Toronto, Canada
Tucson, Ariz.

WHLB
WACO
WJSV
WJNO
WWVA
KFH

.

KGKO
WORC
WNAX
WKBN
WSJS

Tulsa, Okla.
Utica. N. Y.

Minn,
Waco, Tex.

Virginia,

iWashington. D. C.
W. Palm Beach, Fla.
Wheeling, W. Va.
Wichita. Kans.
Wichita Falls, Tex.
Winston-Salem, N. C.
Yankton, S. D.
Ohio

MUTUAL

BROADCAST-

ING SYSTEM STATIONS

KXRO

Aberdeen. Wash.
Ada, Okla.

WRDO
KPMC

Augusta, Me.

KADA
KVSO

WBAL
WLBZ
KVOS
WAAB
WICC

WMT
WGN
WLW

WSAI

WCLE
KGGF

WHKC
WRR
KFEL
KSO

KXO

KASA

KCRC
KORE
KIEM
WSAR
KTAT
KFKA

WTHT
KGMB
WIRE
WHB
WLNH
KFOR
KHJ
WLLH
WFEA

WDGY

KDON
KBIX

WSM
WOR
WNBH
WNLC
KTOK
KGY
KOIL
WFIL

WCAE
WBBZ
KALE
WEAN
WRVA
KRNR
KWK
KSLM
KFXM
KGB
KFRC
KQW
KVOE
KDB
KOL
KGFF
WSPR

KGDM
KMO
WOL
WBRY
KPQ
CKLW
KIT

Ardmore, Okla.
Bakersfield, Cal.

Baltimore,

Md.

Bangor, Me.
Bellingham, Wash.
Boston, Mass.
Bridgeport, Conn.
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Chicago,

111.

Cincinnati, Ohio
Cincinnati. Ohio
Cleveland, Ohio

Cleveland, Ohio
Coffeyville, Kans.

Columbus, Ohio
Dallas, Tex.
Denver, Colo.

Des Moines, Iowa
El Centro, Cal.
Elk City, Okla.
Enid. Okla,
Eugene, Ore.
Eureka. Cal.
Fall River, Mass
Ft. Worth, Tex.
Greeley, Colo.
Hartford. Conn.

Honolulu, Hawaii
Indianapolis, Ind.
Kansas City, Mo.

Laconia, N. H.
Lincoln, Neb.
Los Angeles, Cal.
Lowell, Mass.

Manchester, N. H.
Minneapolis-St. Paul,

Minn.
Monterey, Cal.
Muskogee, Okla.
Nashville, Tenn.
Newark. N. J.
New Bedford, Mass.
New London, Conn.

Oklahoma

City, Okla.

Olympia, Wash.
Omaha, Nebr.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Ponca City, Okla.
Portland, Ore.
Providence, R. I.

Richmond, Va.
Roseburg, Ore.
St. Louis,

Mo.

Salem, Ore.
San Bernardino, Cal.
San Diego, Cal.
San Francisco, Cal

San

Jose, Cal.

Santa .Ana, Cal.
Santa Barbara, Cal,

Wash.
Shawnee. Okla.
Springfield, Mass.

Seattle,

Stockton, Cal.

Tacoma, Wash.
Washington, D. C.
Waterbury, Conn.
Wenatchee. Wash.
Yakima. Wash


**RADIO STARS**

**MARCH 6—13—20—27**

**MORNING**

8:00 NBC-Red: WILLIAM MEBER—organist  
NBC-Blue: PEERLESS TRIO

8:15 NBC-Blue: BENNO RABINOFF—violinist

8:30 NBC-Red: KIDODOODERS  
NBC-Blue: TONE PICTURES—Ruth Peplow, pianist; mixed quartet  
CBS: SALON MUSICAL

8:45 NBC-Red: ANIMAL NEWS CLUB  
CBB: MICHEL ROSE—speaker

9:00 NBC-Red: TURN BACK THE CLOCK—Alice Remsah, George Griffin

9:15 NBC-Red: TOM TERRISS—speaker  
9:30 NBC-Red: MELODY MOMENTS

9:45 CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

**SUNDAYS**

Don Wilson, "Jell-O Program."

Frank Black, "Magic Key" conductor.

Feg Murray of "Baker's Broadcast."

**FRIDAYS**

9:00 NBC-Red: JELL-O PROGRAM—Jack Benny, Mary Livingston, Kean Baker, Don Wilson, Sam Hearn, Andy Devine, Paul Harvey’s orchestra  
CBB: VICK’S OPEN HOUSE—Jules A. MacDonald, Wibor Evans, Patterning’s orchestra  
MBS: THE WOR FORM—St. Theodore Granik

**9:30** NBC-Red: INTERESTING NEIGHBORS—Jerry Belcher, interviewer  
NBC-Blue: BAKER’S BROAD-CART—Peg Murray, Harriet Hilliard, Ozzie Nelson’s orchestra  
CBB: PHIL BAKER—Beetle and Bottle, Patay Kelly, Al Garr, Bradley’s orchestra

**10:00**

10:00 NBC-Red: THE RADIO PUL-PIT—Dr. Ralph W. Stockman  
NBC-Blue: RUSSIAN MELO- DIERS

10:15 NBC-Red: MADRIGAL SINGERS  
NBC-Blue: DREAMS OF LONG AGO  
CBB: WALBORN BROWN STRING ENSEMBLE

11:00 NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS  
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

CBB: TEXAS RANGERS  
MBS: REVIEWING: STANDARD world problems

11:05 NBC-Red: SILVER FLUTE  
NBC-Blue: ALICE REMSHE—contralto

11:15 NBC-Blue: NEIGHBOR NELL

11:30 NBC-Red: ANGLER AND HUNTER—Raymond R. Camp, spot talk  
NBC-Blue: VOCALIST  
CBB: MAJOR BOWES’ CAPITOL FAMILY  
MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

11:45 NBC-Red: NOSLERMEN QUARTET  
NBC-Blue: BILL STERN’S SPORTSCRAFT

**AFTERNOON**

12:00 Noon NBC-Red: NBC HOME SYMPHONY  
NBC-Blue: SOUTHERNERS—Negro mat quantum  
MBS: DR. CHARLES M. COBBIN

12:30 NBC-Red: UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION—guest speakers  
NBC-Blue: RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL ORCHESTRA—salon  
CBB: SALT LAKE CITY TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN  
MBS: AMERICAN WILD LIFE—talk

1:00 NBC-Red: AL AND LEE REYNOLDS—piano duet  
CBB: CHURCH OF THE AIR  
MBS: HENRY BUSSE’S ORCHESTRA

1:30 NBC-Red: TUSKEDOE INSTITUTE CHOIR CONCERT  
NBC-Blue: THERE WAS A WOMAN—sketch  
CBB: FOREIGN NEWS HOUR

1:45 NBC-Red: CHICAGO ORCHESTRA  
MBS: GOTHAM STRING QUARTET

2:00 NBC-Red: CHATS ABOUT DOGS—Bob Becker  
NBC-Blue: MAGIC KEY OF RCA—Frank Black’s symphony orchestra, Milton J. Cross, Linton Wells  
MBS: BERNIE MORSO’S STRING QUARTET  
MBS: THE RIGHT JOB—Dr. Shirley A. Harrin

2:15 NBC-Red: TRAVEL TALK—Milton La Prade  
MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

2:30 NBC-Red: THATCHER COLT STORIES—dramatization  
CBB: DR. CHRISTIA N—drama, starring Jean Hersholt  
MBS: NEW POETRY HOUR—A. J. Sullivan

2:45 NBC-Red: RADIO NEWS—Park Johnson, Wallace Butterworth  
NBC-Blue: ON BROADWAY—dramatization  
CBB: NEW YORK PHIL-HARMONIC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA  
MBS: ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON—varieties, Stokes orchestra

3:30 NBC-Red: SUNDAY DRivers  
MBS: AMOY BAND—Frank Simon, conductor

4:00 NBC-Red: ROMANCE MELO-DIERS—Ruth Lyon, Shield’s orchestra  
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL VESPERS—Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick  
MBS: COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS

4:30 NBC-Red: THE WORLD IS YOURS dramatization  
MBS: VOCALIST  
MBS: LUTHERAN HOUR

4:45 NBC-Red: RANCH BOYS QUARTET

5:00 NBC-Red: RY-KRISP PRESENTS MARION TALLEY—Ketcher’s orchestra  
NBC-Blue: METROPOLITAN OPERA AUDITIONS OF THE AIR—Edward Johnson, Wulfred Pelletier, conductor  
CBB: HEINZ MAGAZINE OF THE AIR—Channing Pollock, Morton Down, Mark Warnor’s orchestra

5:30 NBC-Red: MICKEY MOUSE THEATRE OF THE AIR—Walt Disney, Felix Milne’s orchestra  
NBC-Blue: SUNDAY AFTER- NOON WITH ED McCONNELL CBB: GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ORCHESTRA

5:45 NBC-Blue: VOCALIST

**EVENING**

6:00 NBC-Red: CATHOLIC HOUR  
NBC-Blue: SENSATION FISH- FACE AND FILLER FIGHTSHOTTLE  
CBB: JOE PENNER—Gene Austin, Grier’s orchestra  
MBS: MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD—George Jessel, Norma Talmadge, Tucker’s orchestra

6:30 NBC-Red: A TALE OF TO- DAY—sketch  
NBC-Blue: POPULAR CLASSIC WITH CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA  
CBB: DOUBLE EVERYTHING—Al Shaw, Stan Lee  
MBS: ORCHESTRA

7:00 NBC-Red: JELL-O PROGRAM—Jack Benny, Mary Livingston, Kean Baker, Don Wilson, Sam Hearn, Andy Devine, Paul Harvey’s orchestra  
CBB: VICK’S OPEN HOUSE—Jules A. MacDonald, Wibor Evans, Patterning’s orchestra

7:30 NBC-Red: INTERESTING NEIGHBORS—Jerry Belcher, interviewer  
NBC-Blue: BAKER’S BROAD- CART—Peg Murray, Harriet Hilliard, Ozzie Nelson’s orchestra

8:00 NBC-Red: CHASE AND BAN- BORN PROGRAM—Den Amooe, Edgar Barrier, Judy Carter, Dorothy Lamour, Straw Twins, Armbruster’s orchestra

8:30 NBC-Red: DETECTIVE SERIES—CBB: THE PEOPLE’S CHOICE—broadcast highlights  
MBS: THE EPIC OF AMER- ICA—historical drama

8:30 NBC-Blue: CALIFORNIA CONCERT—Gill’s orchestra  
NBC-Blue: STRING TRADITIONS—Harry Conn, Hastice Kay, Harry Wood, Warnor’s orchestra

9:00 NBC-Red: MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND—Rachel Carleton, Pierre La Reese, Donne’s orchestra

9:15 NBC-Blue: HOLLANDER PLAYHOUSE—Tyrone Power, guests  
CBB: PORD SUNDAY EVENING HOUR

9:45 NBC-Blue: WELCH FRE- QUENCIES INE RICH—drama- tization  
MBS: ORCHESTRA

10:00 NBC-Red: RISING MUSICAL STARS—Aldo Havilla, Smallens orchestra, guests  
NBC-Blue: PAUL MARTIN’S ORCHESTRA

10:30 NBC-Red: CATHOLIC HOUR  
NBC-Blue: SENSES SEVEN RICH—dramatization  
CBB: NEWS TESTERS—Leonard M. Leonard

11:00 NBC-Red: HAVEN MACQUAR- RIE'S PRESENTS  
NBC-Blue: CHEERIO—talk and music  
MBS: NEWS HEADLINES AND BY- LINES—news commentators  
MBS: OLD FASHIONED REV-IVAL

11:00 NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC  
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS  
CBB: ORCHESTRA  
MBS: ORCHESTRA

11:10 NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA  
CBB: ORCHESTRA

44
MARCH 7—14—21—28

MORNING

8:00  NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's sketch
   NBC-Blue: THE RURAL TOUR
8:15  NBC-Red: HI BOYS  NBC-Blue: WILLIAM MERRITT—organist
8:30  NBC-Red: DO YOU REMEMBER?  FRED FEIBEL—organist
8:45  NBC-Blue: LUCILLE AND LANNY  CBS:
9:00  NBC-Red: WOMEN AND NEWS  NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—variety program
9:30  NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
9:45  NBC-Red: ALICE JOY—sketch  CBS: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch
10:00 NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—sketch  NBC-Blue: MARGOT OF CASTERLEWOOD—sketch
10:15 NBC-Red: KITTY KELLY—sketch
10:30 NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER WIFE—sketch  NBC-Blue: AUNT JEMIMA—sketch
10:45 NBC-Red: PRETTY WOMAN—sketch  NBC-Blue: GET THIS TO MUSIC
10:00 NBC-Red: THE WOMAN IN WHITE—sketch  NBC-Blue: KITCHEN CAVALIER—sketch
10:15 NBC-Red: SHIRLEY BOOZE—sketch  CBS: MA PERKINS—sketch
10:30 NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch  NBC-Blue: STORY OF MARY—sketch
10:45 NBC-Red: RUTH CARHART—sketch  CBS: REPRINTING
11:00 NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch  NBC-Blue: FEFFER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
11:15 NBC-Red: HOW TO BE CHARMING—sketch  NBC-Blue: VICKI AND SADE—sketch
11:30 NBC-Red: BIG SISTER—sketch  CBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM
11:45 NBC-Red: BETTY MOORE—sketch
12:00 NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch  NBC-Blue: TIME FOR DINNER
12:15 NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch

MARCH 7—14—21—28

MIDDAY

11:30 NBC-Blue: VOCALIST  CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE—commentator
12:00 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA  NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—Walter Blaufrun's orchestra  CBS: ROMANESQUE OF HELEN TRENT—sketch
12:15 NBC-Red: MRS. ORGAN RECITAL
12:30 NBC-Red: OUR GAL, SUNDAY—sketch  MBS: JOAN MERRILL—songs
12:45 NBC-Red: VOCALIST  NBC-Red: BETTY AND BOB—sketch
12:50 NBC-Red: THE HAPPY GANG
1:00 NBC-Red: ESCORTS AND BETTY
1:15 NBC-Red: HYMNS OF ALL CHURCHES: BETTY CROCKETT—cooking sketch  MBS: CARSON ROBINSON AND HIS BUCKAROOS
1:30 NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Larsen, Ruth Lyon, Harvey Hays
1:45 NBC-Red: SUE BLAKE—sketch  MBS: ARNOLD GRIMMS DAUGHTER—sketch
2:00 NBC-Red: MYRA KINGSLY, astrologer, JEAN PAUL KING, commentator
2:15 NBC-Red: JACK AND LORRAINE—songs and patter
2:30 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA  NBC-Blue: U.S. NAVY BAND
2:45 NBC-Red: THE LADY'S EYES—Kathryn Craven
3:00 NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch  MBS: VOCALIST
3:15 NBC-Red: THE YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
3:30 NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch  NBC-Blue: ROCHESTER CIVIC ORCHESTRA
3:45 NBC-Red: COOLIDGE QUARTET  NBC-Blue: GIRL MEETS BOY
3:30 NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch
3:45 NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—sketch
4:00 NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—comedy sketch  NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE
4:15 NBC-Red: SING AND SWING
4:30 NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
4:45 NBC-Red: VOCAL DUO
5:00 NBC-Red: RUSH HUGHES—commentator  CBS: THE GOLDIERS
5:15 NBC-Red: JOHNNY FAMILY—sketch
5:30 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF LIFE
6:00 NBC-Blue: MARTY ROY DAWSON
6:15 MBS: BOOK A WEEK—Margaret Graham
5:45 NBC-Red: DICK TRACY—sketch
5:55 MBS: FOLLOW THE MOON—Edwin Hill, Nickelson
6:00 MBS: ORGAN RECITAL
6:15 NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
6:45 NBC-Red: LIFE OF MARY SOETH—sketch
6:50 MBS: THREE GRACES AND PIANO
7:00 NBC-Red: JACK ARMSTRONG—juvenile serial
7:15 MBS: T O M M I X STRAIGHT SHOOTERS—juvenile serial
7:30 MBS: HULL'S TOP HOUSE—dramatic serial  MBS: JOHNSON FAMILY—sketch

EVENING

6:00 NBC-Red: SOLOIST
6:15 NBC-Blue: U. S. ARMY BAND
6:30 NBC-Red: DEAR TEACHER—children's program
6:45 MBS: DANCING STRINGS
7:00 NBC-Red: TOP HATTERS ORCHESTRA
7:15 NBC-Red: JOAN EDWARDS—soloist
7:30 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA  NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS
7:45 MBS: ORCHESTRA
7:50 NBC-Red: DORIS RHODES—songs
7:00 NBC-Red: AMOS 'N ANDY—comedy sketch
7:15 NBC-Red: MUSIC IS MY HOBBY—guests
7:30 NBC-Red: THEATRE OF THE WORLD—comedy sketch
7:45 MBS: ORCHESTRA

8:00 NBC-Red: LIEDESSINGERS
8:15 NBC-Red: VOICE OF FIRESTONE—Richard Cromack, Margaret Speake, Wallington's orchestra, guests
8:30 NBC-Red: C A M A N A S GRAND HOTEL—Jim Ameche, Betty Lou Gerson, dramatizations
8:45 MBS: PICK AND PAT—comedy and music
9:00 NBC-Red: FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY—comedy sketch
9:15 NBC-Red: YOUR SHOW OF SHOWS—comedy sketch
9:30 NBC-Red: ORCHIDS OF THE FOUR SEASONS—comedy sketch
9:45 MBS: ORCHESTRA

9:00 NBC-Red: HOUR OF CHARM—Phil Silvers and his girls
9:15 NBC-Red: MUSICAL CARTOONS—Victor Erwin's orchestra, Benzy Venuta
10:00 NBC-Red: CONTENTED PROGRAM—Maria Karenen, Opal Craven, Max Weber's orchestra
10:15 NBC-Red: THE NATIONAL RADIO FORUM—guest speakers
10:30 NBC-Red: PUBLIC HERO No. 1—dramatic sketch
10:45 NBC-Red: CAMERON'S Musical—ambulatory musical
11:00 NBC-Red: OUR NEW WORLD—dramatizations

11:15 NBC-Red: HEINRY WEBER'S PAGEANT OF MELODY

NON GREG, KATHY IN "THOSE WE LOVE."

Virginia Clark, Helen in "Romance of Helen Trent."

Dorothy Lowell, Sunday, in "Our Gal, Sunday."
TUESDAYS

MARCH 1-8-15-22-29

12:00
NBC-Red: SCIENCE IN THE NEWS
CBS: LET'S PRETEND
MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

12:30
NBC-Red: EASY ACES—comedy sketch
CBS: HUMORISTIC MELODIES—Jack Fulton, Franklin Mac-GRuber, Jerry Lewis
MBS: FULTON LEWIS JR. —Washington newscaster

13:00
NBC-Red: VOCAL VARIETIES—choral singing
NBC-Blue: MRS. TRACER OF LOST PERSONS—dramatic serial
CBS: HOLLYWOOD SCREEN-SCOOPS—George McCall

13:30
NBC-Red: DICK GASPERRE'S ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: PEOPLE IN THE NEWS—Dorothy Thompson, commentator
MBS: RECORD HUSBAND—serial, Helen Menken

14:00
NBC-Red: JOHNNY PRESENTS MRS. ROBBIN AND HIS ORCHESTRA—Charles Martin
MBS: THOSE WE LOVE—dramatic serial, Nan Grey
CBS: BIG TOWN—Edward G. Robinson, Claire Trevor, dramatization

14:30
NBC-Red: LADY ESTHER SHOW—newscaster
MBS: EDWARD G. HEINDL AND HIS ALEMIETE BRIGADIER—Jacqueline Hugess, Yvonne King
CBS: IT CAN BE DONE—Masters orchestra
CBS: AL JOLSON—Martha Raye, orchestra

15:00
NBC-Red: VOX POP—Park Row, Stanley Butterworth
NBC-Blue: MRS. TRACER OF LOST PERSONS—serial.
NBC-Red: DION WINSLOW OF THE NAVY—serial
MBS: THE ROAD OF LIFE—serial

15:30
NBC-Red: JAC K ARMSTRONG—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: SINGING LADY—children's program
MBS: STEPMOTHER—sketch
CBS: VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

16:00
NBC-Red: THE WOMAN IN THE WINDOW—serial
MBS: BACKSTAGE—serial
CBS: MARY LEE TAYLOR

16:30
NBC-Red: THE STORY OF MARY MARLIN—serial
CBS: MARY LEE TAYLOR

17:00
NBC-Red: REID'S GRANDSON—radio drama
CBS: JACOB'S CHILDREN—serial
MBS: SEGMENT ON THE NEWS

17:30
NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—serial
CBS: GOOD HEALTH AND TRAINING

18:00
NBC-Blue: EASY ACES—comedy sketch
CBS: HUMORISTIC MELODIES—Jack Fulton, Franklin Mac-GRuber, Jerry Lewis
MBS: FULTON LEWIS JR. —Washington newscaster

18:30
NBC-Red: DICK GASPERRE'S ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: PEOPLE IN THE NEWS—Dorothy Thompson, commentator
MBS: RECORD HUSBAND—serial, Helen Menken

19:00
NBC-Red: JOHNNY PRESENTS MRS. ROBBIN AND HIS ORCHESTRA—Charles Martin
MBS: THOSE WE LOVE—dramatic serial, Nan Grey
CBS: BIG TOWN—Edward G. Robinson, Claire Trevor, dramatization

19:30
NBC-Red: LADY ESTHER SHOW—newscaster
MBS: EDWARD G. HEINDL AND HIS ALEMIETE BRIGADIER—Jacqueline Hugess, Yvonne King
CBS: IT CAN BE DONE—Masters orchestra
CBS: AL JOLSON—Martha Raye, orchestra

20:00
NBC-Red: VOX POP—Park Row, Stanley Butterworth
NBC-Blue: MRS. TRACER OF LOST PERSONS—serial.
NBC-Red: DION WINSLOW OF THE NAVY—serial
MBS: THE ROAD OF LIFE—serial

20:30
NBC-Red: JAC K ARMSTRONG—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: SINGING LADY—children's program
MBS: STEPMOTHER—sketch
CBS: VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

21:00
NBC-Red: THE WOMAN IN THE WINDOW—serial
MBS: BACKSTAGE—serial
CBS: MARY LEE TAYLOR

21:30
NBC-Red: THE STORY OF MARY MARLIN—serial
CBS: MARY LEE TAYLOR

22:00
NBC-Red: REID'S GRANDSON—radio drama
CBS: JACOB'S CHILDREN—serial
MBS: SEGMENT ON THE NEWS
Radio Stars

MARCH 2—29—16—23—30

**Wednesday**

**9:00** NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE — children's stories
CBS-Blue: FOUR SHOWMEN—quartet

**9:15** NBC-Red: HI ROY—sketch
CBS-Blue: BACHELOR'S FAMILY—variety

**9:30** NBC-Red: WOMEN AND MUSIC—variety
CBS-Blue: BACHELOR'S FAMILY—variety

**9:45** NBC-Red: ALICE JOY—songs
CBS-Blue: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch

**10:00** NBC-Red: RICKY'S WIFE—sketch
CBS-Blue: MARGOT OF CARL-TWOOD—sketch

**10:15** NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER WIFE—sketch
CBS-Blue: AUNT JEMIMA ON THE FARM—sketch

**10:30** NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN BILL—sketch
CBS-Blue: ATTORNEY AT LAW—sketch

**10:45** NBC-Red: THE WOMAN IN WHITE—sketch
CBS-Blue: KITCHEN CARAVAN—variety

**11:00** NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch
CBS-Blue: THE STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch

**11:15** NBC-Red: Backbone Children—variety
CBS-Blue: PEGGY BLACKWOOD—the Singer

**11:30** NBC-Red: HOW TO BE CHARMING—sketch
CBS-Blue: VIC AND SADIE—sketch

**11:45** NBC-Red: HELLO PEGGY—sketch
CBS-Blue: EDWARD MACHAUS—sketch

**12:00** NBC-Red: "Amos 'n Andy"—variety
CBS-Blue: "Pretty Kitty Kelly," in "Pretty Kitty Kelly."

**12:15** NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE — sketch
CBS-Blue: REGISTER HOME ECONOMICS BUREAU

**12:30** NBC-Red: CARTER'S KIDS—variety
CBS-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR — sketch

**12:45** NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
CBS-Blue: OUR GAG, SUNDAY—sketch

**1:00** NBC-Red: BETTY AND BOB—sketch
CBS-Blue: THE HAPPY GANG

**1:15** NBC-Red: ESCORTS AND BETTY
CBS-Blue: SAYING OF ALL CHURCHES: BETTY CROCKER — sketch

**1:30** NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—sketch
CBS-Blue: SUE BLAKE — sketch

**1:45** NBC-Red: ARNOLD GRIMM'S DAUGHTER — sketch
CBS-Blue: DR. ALLAN ROY DARWIN, Ann Leff

**2:00** NBC-Red: MURMURS AND MORE—variety
CBS-Blue: HOLLIDAY IN PERSO-N—Rick Baker, commentary

**2:15** NBC-Red: YOUR HEALTH—talk, dramatization
CBS-Blue: SYMPHONY TRIO—CBS: NEWS THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES — JAMES CRAVEN.

**2:30** NBC-Red: LET'S TALK IT OVER—Alma Kitteli
CBS-Blue: THE O'NEILLS—sketch

**2:45** NBC-Red: CARILLON AND PIANO—duo, vocalist
CBS-Blue: WALTZ FAVORITES—music

**3:00** NBC-Red: AMERICAN SCHOOL OF THE DEAF—variety
CBS-Blue: STUDIES AND SKETCHES—sketches in BLACK AND WHITE

**3:15** NBC-Red: MEN OF THE WORLD—sketch
CBS-Blue: BEATRICE FAIRFAX

**3:30** NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
CBS-Blue: CONTINENTAL TRAVELERS—stopgap orchestra

**3:45** NBC-Red: LESTY STEVENS HARMONY—sketch
CBS-Blue: GIRL MEETS BOY

**4:00** NBC-Red: MA PERRINS—sketch
CBS-Blue: VIC AND SADIE—sketch

**4:15** NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch
CBS-Blue: METROPOLITAN OPERA GUILD DIALOGUES

**4:30** NBC-Red: SUNDAY—music
CBS-Blue: THE HOME OF HEALTH AND TRAINING

**4:45** NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—comedy sketch
CBS-Blue: CLUB MATINEE—variety program

**5:00** NBC-Red: THE STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
CBS-Blue: VOCALIST

**5:15** NBC-Red: BUSH HUGHES— commented
CBS-Blue: NATIONAL CONGRESS OF PARENTS AND TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION—character

**5:30** NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch
CBS-Blue: DR. ALLAN ROY DARWIN, Ann Leff

**5:45** NBC-Red: DICK TRACY—sketch
CBS-Blue: NEIGHBOR NELL

**6:00** NBC-Red: TERRY AND THE PIRATES—serial
CBS-Blue: DON WINSLOW AND THE WAVE—sketch

**6:15** NBC-Red: JACK ARMSTRONG—serial
CBS-Blue: SINGING LADY—children's program

**6:30** NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—serial
CBS-Blue: TOTO MILLIKEN—scheme, STRAIGHT SHOOTER—serial

**6:45** NBC-Red: HILLTOP HOUSE—sketch
CBS-Blue: JOHNSON FAMILY—sketch, with Jimmy Scribner

**7:00** NBC-Red: RETIREMENT HOUSE—serial

**7:15** NBC-Red: "Amos 'n Andy"—comedy sketch
CBS-Blue: "Pretty Kitty Kelly," in "Pretty Kitty Kelly."

**7:30** NBC-Red: "Amos 'n Andy"—comedy sketch
CBS-Blue: "Pretty Kitty Kelly," in "Pretty Kitty Kelly."

**7:45** NBC-Red: "Amos 'n Andy"—comedy sketch
CBS-Blue: "Pretty Kitty Kelly," in "Pretty Kitty Kelly."

**8:00** NBC-Red: ONE MAN'S FAMILY—variety
CBS-Blue: ROY SHIELDS—variety

**8:15** NBC-Red: BILL HARKIN'S PARSONS—variety
CBS-Blue: CAVALLADE OF AMERICAN SHOWMEN—orchestra

**8:30** NBC-Red: TOWN HALL TO-NIGHT—Fred Allen, Portland Symphony Orchestra
CBS-Blue: LAWRENCE TIBBETT—song, with orchestra, Deems Taylor, guests

**8:45** NBC-Red: GHOSTSTORIES—crime dramatizations
CBS-Blue: SCHÖNAUST—orchestra

**9:00** NBC-Red: "Amos 'n Andy"—comedy sketch
CBS-Blue: "Pretty Kitty Kelly," in "Pretty Kitty Kelly."

**9:15** NBC-Red: "Amos 'n Andy"—comedy sketch
CBS-Blue: "Pretty Kitty Kelly," in "Pretty Kitty Kelly."

**9:30** NBC-Red: "Amos 'n Andy"—comedy sketch
CBS-Blue: "Pretty Kitty Kelly," in "Pretty Kitty Kelly."

**9:45** NBC-Red: "Amos 'n Andy"—comedy sketch
CBS-Blue: "Pretty Kitty Kelly," in "Pretty Kitty Kelly."

**10:00** NBC-Red: YOUR HOLLYWOOD PARADE—Dick Powell, Rosemary Lane, Forbstein's orchestra, guests
CBS-Blue: GENERAL HUGH R. JOHNSON—commentator

**10:15** NBC-Red: SOLOISTS
CBS-Blue: NBC MINSTREL SHOW—Gene Arnoul, orchestra

**10:30** NBC-Red: DANCERS MUSIC
CBS-Blue: DANCE MUSIC

**10:45** NBC-Red: DANCERS MUSIC
CBS-Blue: ORCHESTRA

**11:00** NBC-Red: DANCERS MUSIC
CBS-Blue: ORCHESTRA

Arline Blackburn, Kitty, in "Pretty Kitty Kelly."

Charles Correll, Andy of "Amos 'n Andy."

Betty Olson, of "The Escorts and Betty."
MORNING

8:00  NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE — Children's show
      NBC-Blue: SOUTHERN AIRE
8:15  NBC-Red: HI BOYS
      NBC-Blue: DICK LEHIBERT ENSEMBLE
8:30  NBC-Red: DO YOU REMEMBER?
      CBS: POTENT STRINGS
8:45  NBC-Blue: GRACE AND SCOTTY
9:00  NBC-Red: WOMEN AND NEWS
      NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—variety program
      CBS: AS YOU LIKE IT
9:15  NBC-Red: PERSON TO PERSON—Frank Luther
9:25  CBS: PRESS-REVIEW NEWS
9:30  NBC-Red: FRANCES ADAIR—song
      CBS: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch
9:45  NBC-Red: FAN HARRISON'S WIFE—sketch
      CBS: BACHMÖR'S CHILDREN—sketch
9:55  NBC-Blue: PRESS-REVIEW NEWS
10:00 NBC-Red: MRS WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—sketch
      NBC-Blue: MARGOT CARDS—sketch
      CBS: PRETTY KITTY KELLY—sketch
10:15 NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER WORLD
      NBC-Blue: AUNT JEMIMA ON THE AIR—variety sketch
      CBS: MYRT AND MARGE—sketch
10:30 NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN BILL—sketch
      NBC-Blue: ATTORNEY-AT-LAW—sketch
      CBS: HOW TO GET THE SPIRIT OUT OF LIFE—Emily Post
      NBC-Red: GET THIN TO MUSIC
10:45 NBC-Red: THE WOMAN IN THE WINDOW—sketch
      NBC-Blue: KITCHEN CAVEN—Crosby Galile
      CBS: MA PERKINS—sketch
      NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING FROM CLEVELAND
11:00 NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch
      NBC-Blue: THE STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
      CBS: MARY LEE TAYLOR
11:15 NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch
      NBC-Blue: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
      CBS: CAROL KENNEDY'S IRA MACK—sketch
11:30 NBC-Red: HOMEMAKERS EXCHANGE—Eleanor Hove
      NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADIE—comedy sketch
      CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch
11:45 NBC-Red: THE MYSTERY ShROOM—sketch
      NBC-Blue: EDWARD MAC-HUGH—The German Shepherd
      CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL STORY STORIES—sketch
      MBS: MYRA KINGSLEY, narrator, J. PAUL KING, commentator
12:00 Noon NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch
      NBC-Blue: TIME FOR LUNCH
      CBS: THE RADIO COLUMNIST—Mary Margaret McBride
12:15 NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
      NBC-Blue: VOCALIST

FRIDAYS

3:45 NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch
      MBS: CHILDREN'S HEALTH AND TRAINING
4:00 NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—commentary sketch
      NBC-Blue: DUD MATINER—variety program
      MBS: SCIENCE SERVICE SERIES
4:15 NBC-Red: THE STORY OF MARILIN—sketch
      CBS: DEEP RIVER BOYS
      MBS: SONGLAND
4:20 NBC-Red: RUSH HUGHES—commentary sketch
      CBS: THE GOLDENBERG—sketch
      MBS: JOHNSON FAMILY—sketch with Jimmy Scriber
4:45 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch
      CBS: CURRENT QUESTIONS BEFORE THIS SENAT
      MBS: A BOOK A WEEK—Margery Graham
5:00 NBC-Red: DICK TRACY—sketch
      NBC-Blue: FOUR OF US
      CBS: FOLLOW THE MOON—Edward spread, Dick Dawson
5:10 NBC-Blue: PRESS-REVIEW NEWS
5:15 NBC-Red: BENNO RABINOFF—violinist sketch
      NBC-Blue: DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY—sketch
      CBS: LIFE OF MARY SOTHORN—sketch
5:30 NBC-Red: JACK ARMSTRONG—juvenile series
      NBC-Blue: SINGING LADY—children's program
      MBS: STEPMOTHER—sketch
5:45 NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—juvenile series
      NBC-Blue: T. O. M. X STRAIGHT SHOOTERS—juvenile series
      MBS: HILLTOP HOUSE—drama sketch
      MBS: JOHNSON FAMILY—sketch, with Jimmy Scriber

EVENING

6:00 NBC-Red: GEORGE R. HOLLIES—Washington commentator
      NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
      CBS: LET'S PRETEND
      MBS: ORCHESTRA
6:15 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
      MBS: HAROLD TURNER—planned
6:30 NBC-Red: PRESS-REVIEW NEWS
      NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
      CBS: PRESS-REVIEW NEWS
6:35 NBC-Red: JOAN EDWARDS—song
      NBC-Blue: VOCALIST

7:00 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
      NBC-Blue: LOVELL AND THOMAS—news commentator
      MBS: HARRIS—Hollywood commentator
7:15 NBC-Red: AMOS 'N ANDY—sketch
      NBC-Blue: EASY ACES—comedy sketch
      CBS: POETIC MELODIES—Jack Fulton, Franklyn Mac Govern, orchestra
      MBS: FULTON, LEWIS, JR.—Washington newspaper commentator
7:30 NBC-Red: THROUGH THE YEARS
      NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
      CBS: WE THE PEOPLE—Gabriel Heater
7:45 MBS: ORCHESTRA

8:00 NBC-Red: ROYAL GELATIN PICKFORD NIGHT—Guests
      NBC-Blue: MARCH OF TIME—news dramatizations
      CBS: KATE SMITH—Red Col. Miller's orchestra
      MBS: JOSPEH CHERVIN—SKY'S MUSICAL CAMRA
8:15 NBC-Blue: JIMMY KENPERS SONG STORIES
8:30 NBC-Blue: VOCALIST
      MBS: GEORGE OLSEN'S ORCHESTRA
8:45 NBC-Blue: ROCHESTER PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA
9:00 NBC-Red: GOOD NEWS OF 1936—M-G-M stars Wilson's orchestra
      NBC-Blue: MILESTONES IN AMERICAN MUSIC—Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra
      CBS: MAJOR BOWES' AMERICA
      MBS: ORCHESTRA
9:25 NBC-Blue: AMERICA'S TOWN MEETING OF THE AIR—speakers
      MBS: ALFRED WALLENSTEIN'S SINFINNETTA
10:00 NBC-Red: KRAFT MUSIC HALL—Bing Crosby Bob Burns, Trotter's orchestra, guests
      CBS: ESSAYS IN MUSIC—Victor Bay's orchestra, Margaret Daum, Ruth Carhart, David Ross
      MBS: HOLLYWOOD SERENADE
11:00 NBC-Blue: JACOB JARMORE BURBANK HOLLAND SHOW—Casey—Lud Gluskin's orchestra
      MBS: HENRY WEBER'S MUSIC REVUE
11:00 NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC
      NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
      CBS: CAB CALLOWAY'S ORCHESTRA
11:15 NBC-Red: ELIZA SCHALLERT REVIEWS — preview, guests
      MBS: THEATRE DIGEST

Thursdays

MARCH 3—10—17—24—31

Fannie Brice, as Baby Snooks.

CBS: YOUR NEWSPAPER PARADE—The Carle commentator
12:30 NBC-Red: AL AND LEE REISER—plano duo
      NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—Walter Binkowski orchestra
      CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT—sketch
12:50 NBC-Red: THREE ROMEO'S
      NBC-Blue: FOUR GAL, SUNDAY—sketch
1:00 NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
      CBS: BETTY AND BOB—sketch
      NBC-Red: THE HAPPY GANG
1:15 NBC-Red: ESCORTS AND BETTY
      NBC-Blue: H. E. M. S. OF ALL CHURCHES—Betty Crocker cooker
      MBS: MICROPHONE IN THE SKY—Tom Slater, interviewer
1:25 NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Ruth Lovey, Larry Larson
      NBC-Blue: BLUE BLAKE—sketch
      NBC-Blue: BILL GRIMM'S DAUGHTER—sketch
      MBS: MYRA KINGSLEY, narrator, J. PAUL KING, commentator
1:45 NBC-Blue: VOCALIST
      CBS: HOLLYWOOD IN PERSON—Bob Baker, commentator
      NBC-Blue: VOICE OF EXPERIENCE
2:00 NBC-Red: NBC MUSIC GUILD
      NBC-Blue: RANCH BOYS
      NBC-Blue: LYRIC SERENADE
2:15 NBC-Red: LET'S TALK IT OVER—Lisa Sergio
      CBS: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
2:30 NBC-Red: VOCALIST
      NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
      CBS: AMERICAN SCHOOL OF THE AIR—primary music and literature
2:45 NBC-Red: ARMCHAIR QUARTET
      NBC-Blue: VOCALIST
      MBS: BEATRICE FAIRFAX
3:00 NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
      CBS: BAY BLOCK'S VALENTINES
      MBS: ORGANIST
3:15 NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch
      NBC-Blue: EAST MAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC—EDWARD W. STUDELE AND SKETCHES IN BLACK AND WHITE
3:30 NBC-Red: VIC AND SADIE—comedy sketch
      CBS: U.S. ARMY BAND

George Hall, orchestra leader.
Radie Harris, Hollywood commentator.
Radio Stars

Fridays

March 4-11-18-25

Charlie Martell Program

MORNING

10:00 NBC-Red; Malcom Claire—children's stories
10:15 NBC-Blue; Four Showmen—quartet
10:30 NBC-Red; Hi Boys
10:45 NBC-Blue; William Meehan—organist
10:55 NBC-Red; Do You Remember?
11:00 NBC-Blue; Fred Feibel—organist
11:15 NBC-Blue; Lucille and Nanny
11:30 NBC-Red; Women and News
11:45 NBC-Blue; Breakfast Club—sketch program
12:00 NBC-Red; Press Radio News
12:15 NBC-Red; Dan Harding's Wife—sketch
12:30 NBC-Blue; Bachelor's Children—sketch
12:45 NBC-Blue; Press Radio News
1:00 NBC-Red; Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch—sketch
1:15 NBC-Blue; Margot of Castlewod—sketch
1:30 NBC-Blue; Pretty Kitty Kelly—sketch
1:45 NBC-Red; John's Other Wife
1:55 NBC-Blue; Aunt Jemima on the Air—sketches
2:10 NBC-Red; The Woman in White—sketch
2:25 NBC-Blue; Kitchen Caviar—sketch
2:40 NBC-Red; Ma Perkins—Moms Recital
2:55 NBC-Red; David Harum—sketch
3:10 NBC-Blue; The Story of Mary Marlin—sketch
3:25 NBC-Blue; Ruth Carnot—songs
3:40 NBC-Blue; The Women of the Air—sketch
3:55 NBC-Red; Back Stage Wife—sketch
4:10 NBC-Blue; Pepper Young's Family—sketch
4:25 NBC-Red; Carol Kennedy's Sketch
4:40 NBC-Red; How to Be Charming—sketch
4:55 NBC-Blue; Can't Have Saide—sketch
5:10 NBC-Red; Big Sister—sketch

Afternoon

12:00 Noon NBC-Red; Hello Peggy—sketch
12:15 NBC-Blue; Time for Thought
12:30 NBC-Red; The O'Neill—sketch
12:45 NBC-Blue; Vocalist
1:00 NBC-Red; The Gal Sunday—sketch
1:15 NBC-Red; Carlisle and London—piano duo
1:30 NBC-Blue; Vic and Saide—sketch
1:45 NBC-Blue; The Happy Gang
2:00 NBC-Red; Escorts and Betty
2:15 NBC-Blue; Betty Crocker—sketch
2:30 NBC-Red; The Guiding Light—sketch
2:45 NBC-Blue; Club Matinee—concert
3:00 NBC-Red; The Story of Mary Marlin—sketch
3:15 NBC-Blue; The Goldenberg—sketch
3:30 NBC-Red; The Road of Life—sketch
3:45 NBC-Blue; The Allan Royal Boys—sketch
4:00 NBC-Red; Dick Tracy—sketch
4:15 NBC-Blue; Neighbor Skill—sketch
4:30 NBC-Red; Tallulah and Sandra—comedy
4:45 NBC-Blue; The O'Neill—sketch

Evening

6:00 NBC-Red; Education in the News—dramatization
6:15 NBC-Red; Children's Concert
7:00 NBC-Red; Press Radio News
7:15 NBC-Red; Orchestra
7:30 NBC-Red; Orchestra

Mary Sothern, Mary in "The Life of Mary Sothern."

Frank Luther, of "Person to Person."

Anne Seymour, Mary in "Story of Mary Marlin."

Cbs: American School of the Air—Vocational Guidance, Science Club of the Air

CBS: Beatrice Fairfax

CBS: Lorenzo Jones—comedy sketch

CBS: The Story of Mary Marlin—sketch

CBS: The Goldenberg—sketch

CBS: The Road of Life—sketch

CBS: The Allan Royal Boys—sketch

CBS: Tallulah and Sandra—comedy sketch

NBC-Red; Jack and Loretta—songs and patter

CBS: Hollywood in Person—Bob Baker, commentator

NBC-Red and NBC-Blue; NBC Music Appreciation Hour—Dr. Walter Damrosch, CBS: News Through a Woman's Eyes—Kathryn Crawford

NBC-Red; Dick Tracy—sketch

NBC-Red; Neighbor Skill—sketch

NBC-Red; Tallulah and Sandra—comedy sketch

NBC-Blue; Press Radio News

NBC-Red; Vocalist

NBC-Blue; Don Winslow of the Navy—sketch

CBS: Life of Mary Sothern—sketch

NBC-Red; Jack Armstrong—Juvenile serial

NBC-Blue; Orchestra

NBC-Red; Little Orphan Annie—Juvenile serial

NBC-Blue; Tom Mix Straight Shooters—serial sketch

CBS: Hilltop House—dramatic sketch

CBS: Johnson Family—sketch, with Jimmy Scribbor

Cbs: BuG House Radio

Cbs: Boake Carter—news commentator

Cbs: City Service Company—Laurie, Marsha, Frank Black's orchestra

Cbs: Grand Central Station—dramatic sketch

Cbs: Hammerstein Grand Music Hall

Cbs: Mothers Studies in Contrast—Ernie Fiorito's orchestra

Cbs: Death Valley Days

Cbs: Paul Whitmer's Orchestra

Cbs: The Wiz—Commentator

Cbs: Waltz Time—Frank Munn, Lyman's orchestra

Cbs: Vocalist

Cbs: Hollywood Hotel—Frances Langford, Jerry Cooper, Allen Jamison, Ken Murray, Oswald, Paige's orchestra

Cbs: They're Saying in England—Howard Marshall

Cbs: A. L. Alexander's Old Time Stories—dramatization

Mbs: New York Symphony Orchestra

Cbs: First Nighter—dramatization, Les Tremayne, Barbara Luddy

Cbs: Paul Martin's Orchestra

Cbs: Coca-Cola Songshop—Frank Crim, Rod Kennedy, Alice Cornell. Hackett's orchestra

Mbs: Twenty Years Ago and Today—news dramatization

Mbs: Jimmie Fidler's Hollywood Gossip

Cbs: People in the News—Dorothy Thompson, commentator

Cbs: Danke Music

Cbs: Orchestra Confrontance

Cbs: Dance Music
MORNING

8:00 NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE — children's stories
NBC-Blue: SOUTHERN AIRES

8:15 NBC-Red: HI BOYS
NBC-Blue: DICK LEIBERT ENSEMBLE

8:30 NBC-Red: DO YOU REMEMBER?
CBS: JACK SHANNON — songs

8:45 NBC-Blue: J ACK AND Loretta
CBS: VIOLINIST

9:00 NBC-Red: THE WISE MAN
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB — variety program
CBS: RAY BLOCK — pianist

9:15 NBC-Red: SUNSHINE EXPRESS
CBS: ETON BOYS

9:30 CBS: FIDDLER'S FANCY

9:40 NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

9:45 NBC-Red: LANDTRIO

9:55 NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

10:00 NBC-Red: VOCALIST
NBC-Blue: SWEETHEARTS OF THE AIR — May Sing! Breen, Peter de Rose
CBS: FRED FEIDEL — organist

10:15 NBC-Red: CHARIOTEERS — male quartet
NBC-Blue: VIENNESE ENSEMBLE

10:30 NBC-Red: MANHATTERS
NBC-Blue: THE CHILD GROWS UP — Katharine Lenroot
MBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC

10:45 NBC-Blue: SWING SERENADE
MBS: ORCHESTRA

11:00 NBC-Red: FLORENCE HALE'S RADIO FORUM
NBC-Blue: VOCALIST
CBS: CINCINNATI CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
MBS: VARIETY PROGRAM

11:15 NBC-Red: MUSICAL TETE-A-TETE
NBC-Blue: MINUTE MEN — male quartet

11:30 NBC-Red: MUSIC AND AMERICAN YOUTH
NBC-Blue: OUR BARN — children's program, Mudge Tucker
MBS: U. S. ARMY BAND

11:45 NBC-Red: VOCALIST

A Abram Chasins of "Chasins' Music Series."

Paul Wing of "NBC Spell- ing Bee."

MARCH 5—12—19—26

Saturdays

12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: ABRAM CHASINS MUSIC SERIES
NBC-Blue: CALL TO YOUTH
CBS: CAPTIVATORS
MBS: PARENTS' MAGAZINE OF THE AIR

12:15 NBC-Blue: SOLOIST
MBS: THIS WONDERFUL WORLD

12:30 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR
CBS: GEORGE HALL AND HIS ORCHESTRA
MBS: STUDIES AND SKETCHES IN BLACK AND WHITE

12:45 NBC-Red: STEVE SEVERN'S PET CLUB

1:00 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
CBS: ORIENTALE

1:15 CBS: RHYTHMAIRES
MBS: MICROPHONE IN THE SKY — Tom Slater interviewer

1:30 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE
CBS: BUFFALO PRESENTS
MBS: ORCHESTRA

1:55 NBC-Blue: METROPOLITAN OPERA

2:00 NBC-Red: CAMPUS CAPER
CBS: MADISON ENSEMBLE
MBS: HENRY VENUTA'S PROGRAM

2:30 NBC-Red: YOUR HOST IS BUFFALO — orchestra, soloist
CBS: MOTOR CITY MELODIES
MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

3:00 NBC-Red: GOLDEN MELODIES
CBS: MERRYMAKERS

3:30 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
CBS: WALTZES OF THE WORLD
MBS: ORCHESTRA

4:00 NBC-Red: SONGS
CBS: ANN LEAF — organist

4:15 CBS: GERTRUDE LUTZI AND JOHN STURGESS

4:30 MBS: ORGANIST

4:45 MBS: ORCHESTRA

5:00 NBC-Red: GREAT PLAYS
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: STORY OF INDUSTRY
MBS: ORCHESTRA

NOTE:
As we go to press, this program guide is absolutely accurate, but we cannot be responsible for last minute changes made by the broadccasting companies, advertising agencies or sponsors.

5:30 CBS: EVENING

6:00 NBC-Red: EL CHICO SPANISH REVUE
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: COLUMBIA'S CHORUS QUEST
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL

6:15 MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

6:30 CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

7:00 NBC-Red: RELIGION IN THE NEWS — Dr. Walter Van Kirk
NBC-Blue: JOHNNY O'BRIEN

7:30 NBC-Red: ALISTAIR COOK's commentator
NBC-Blue: UNCLE JIM'S QUESTION BEE
MBS: ORCHESTRA

7:45 NBC-Red: JEAN SABLON — songs

8:00 NBC-Red: BELIEVE-IT-OR NOT — Robert L. Ripley, radio's orchestra
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: COLUMBIA WORKSHOP
MBS: PAT BARNES AND HIS BARKSTORMERS — Marcelis Hendricks, Jimmy Shields

8:30 NBC-Red: JACK HALEY & LOG CABIN — Virginia Verrill, Warren Hull, Wendy Barrie, Fio Rita's orchestra
NBC-Blue: NBC SPELLING BEE — Paul Wing
CBS: JOHNNY PRESENTS — Russ Morgan and His Orchestra — Charles Martin guests
MBS: CONTINENTAL REVUE — Olga Bachanova, Raoul Nadeau

9:00 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL BARN DANCE — Joe Kelly
CBS: PROFESSOR QUIZ-BOB TROUT
MBS: ORCHESTRA

9:30 NBC-Red: AMERICAN PORTRAITS — dramatization
CBS: SATURDAY NIGHT WITH ERENDA — Mary Eastman
Bill Perry. Haenschen's orchestra
MBS: SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

10:00 NBC-Red and NBC-Blue: NMS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE

10:15 CBS: NAN WYNNE — songs

11:00 NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC
NBC-Blue: DANCE MUSIC
CBS: ORCHESTRA
MBS: DANCE MUSIC
A new kind of cream is bringing more direct help to women's skin. It is bringing to their aid the vitamin which helps the body to build new skin tissue—the important "skin-vitamin."

Within recent years doctors have learned that one of the vitamins has a special relation to skin health. When there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet, the skin may suffer, become undernourished, rough, dry, old looking.

Essential to Skin Health
Pond's tested this "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Creams during more than 3 years. In animal tests, the skin became rough, old looking when the diet lacked "skin-vitamin." But when Pond's Cold Cream containing "skin-vitamin" was applied daily, it became smooth, supple again—in only 3 weeks!

Now women everywhere are enjoying the benefits of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream. They are reporting that pores are looking finer, that skin is smoother; best of all, that the use of this cream gives a livelier, more glowing look to their skin!

Use Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream in your regular way—to cleanse at night and to freshen up for make-up in the morning and during the day. Whenever you get a chance, leave a little on. This new kind of cream now nourishes your skin.

Same jars, same labels, same price
Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM! TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS
Pond's, Dept. OR6, Chalon, Conn.
(FOCK) special tube of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name. ________________________________
Street. _______________________________
City. __________________  State. ______

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Tuesdays, 8:00 P. M., E. S. T., N. B. C. Blue Network.
When George McCall (left) of Hollywood Screencoops visits Announcer Jimmy Wallington on Eddie Cantor's program, the comedian wonders who's who. Both are six-feet-two, and have identical coloring and moustaches.

POPULAR CHINESE RECIPES

CHICKEN SOUP
(to be used also for Chow Mein and as stock for Chop Suey)

- 1 cup water
- 1/2 cup thinly sliced mushrooms
- 1/2 cup thinly sliced white meat of chicken
- 1 egg, beaten

Remove neck and wings of chicken and split chicken as for broiling. Place chicken in stewing kettle, add 3 cups cold water. Bring to a boil. Boil 10 minutes, then take chicken out of broth and with a small, sharp knife remove all chicken meat from bones. Discard all fat, skin and gristle. Cut meat into very thin slices for use later both in soup and in making Chicken Chow Mein (see recipe on page 54). Return chicken bones to the broth remaining in kettle. Add pork (or veal) bones and the neck and wings of the chicken. Add 3 cups more cold water (making 2 quarts liquid in all). Bring to a boil and continue boiling gently 3 hours, removing any scum as it rises. Strain through double cheese-cloth, allow to cool and remove any fat. Reserve a cup of this stock for Chow Mein or Chop Suey. Reheat remaining stock to boiling point. Add sliced mushrooms and chicken meat. Cook 15 minutes. Season to taste with salt and white pepper. Thicken slightly with a little cornstarch moistened with cold water. Cook until clear, stir in Brown Sauce and serve immediately.

*This Brown Sauce, though not as widely distributed as Soy Sauce, may be purchased in some grocery and delicatessen stores. Brown sugar makes an acceptable substitute.

CHINESE RICE

1 cup rice
1 1/2 cups water
1 teaspoon salt

Wash the rice most thoroughly in several waters until all loose starch is removed and last rinsing water is absolutely clear. Place in a heavy kettle—preferably one that has a rounded bottom. Add water and salt. Place over moderately hot flame to come to a boil. When it comes to a vigorous boil, place over lowest heat and allow to cook very slowly for 30 minutes without removing cover. At the end of that period all water should be absorbed. Turn off heat and let rice fluff and dry out for 10 minutes longer.

FRAGRANT TEA

Use approximately 1 teaspoon of tea for each cup of boiling water. Place tea in a heated china teapot. Pour over it the boiling water, which should be freshly boiled, not taken from a long-boiling kettle. Allow water to stand on tea leaves 4 to 5 minutes, depending upon strength desired. Rinse a second teapot with boiling water and strain tea into this from the first teapot. Tea, when once brewed, should not be allowed to remain on the tea leaves.

(Recipes continued on page 54)
Life’s Little Close-ups; Can Your Complexion Stand Them? It Can if You Use Luxor Powder . . . It’s Light-Proof! . . . This is the Greatest Make-up Improvement in Years

- Every change of light is a challenge to a woman’s complexion. Does your make-up flatter you one minute—and betray you the next? Then give thanks for this discovery! Luxor face powder is light-proof. It modifies light rays instead of reflecting them.

With a finishing touch of this powder, your complexion will not constantly be light-struck. In any light. Day or night. Nor will you have all that worry over shine when you use this kind of powder.

**Seeing is believing: Make this test**

Look at the photographs reproduced here. See what havoc the light plays with unprotected make-up. See the improvement in the second picture—with light rays modified and softened by light-proof powder. A test before your own mirror will be even more convincing. Then put it to the real test of all kinds of light, day and night.

You will soon discover you can trust this powder under all conditions. It is light-proof, and it is moisture-proof. Note the complete absence of shine, with that same lovely softness at all times.

We especially invite all women who think they have a “shiny skin” to make this test and see if Luxor powder does not subdue all shine.

**You can get it anywhere**

Large size box of Luxor light-proof powder 55c at drug and department stores; 10c size at the five-and-ten stores. Or, clip coupon for a complimentary box free and prepaid.

Luxor powder is offered in several shades, among which you will easily find the one best suited to your own individual complexion. But more important than any shade, more important than the soft texture and fine fragrance of this powder is its light-proof quality. You will find that this powder—in any shade—will positively subdue those highlights that have always been such a problem.

**LUXOR LIGHT-PROOF FACE POWDER**

**LUXOR, Ltd., Chicago:**

Please send me a complimentary box of the new Luxor light-proof face powder free and prepaid.

- Rachel
- Rachel No. 2
- Rose Rachel
- Flesh
- Brunette

- Name
- Address
- P. O.
- State
**THOUSANDS MARVEL TO SEE THEIR SKINNY BODIES FILL OUT**

*As these Wonderful New IRONIZED YEAST Tablets Add 10-25 lbs. in a Few Weeks*

Scientists have discovered that thousands of people are thin and down only because they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Without these two elements you may lack appetite and not get the best body-building good out of what you eat.

Once these elements are properly supplied, as they now are in these amazing new Ironized Yeast tablets, the improvement that comes in a short time is often astonishing. Thousands report wonderful new pep, gains of 10 to 25 pounds in a few weeks—completely natural and friends everywhere.

**Why they build up so quick**

Food chemists have found that one of the richest sources of iron and health-building Vitamin B is the special rich yeast used in making English ale.

Now by a new and costly process, this popular English ale yeast is concentrated 17 times, taking 7 pounds of yeast to make just one pound of concentrate—thus making many times more powerful in Vitamins B strength than ordinary yeast. Then it is blended with flour to produce the new Ironized Yeast tablets.

The result is these new easy-to-take Ironized Yeast tablets, which thousands of formerly skinny people who needed their elements now have as one of the greatest weight-building, health-building discoveries of all time.

**Try it without risking a cent**

Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the very first package you don't begin to eat better and to become healthier from your food—if you don't feel better, with more strength and pep—if you are not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the pounds of normally attractive flesh you need—the price of this first package will be completely refunded. So get it today.

**Special offer!**

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this valuable special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the coupon on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new booklet on health. "New Facts About Your Health," compiled, with the very latest findings. At all druggists, Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. M, Atlanta, Ga.

---

**POPULAR CHINESE RECIPES**

(Continued from page 53)

**EGG ROLLS**

**CRUST:**

\[
\begin{align*}
\frac{1}{3} \text{ cup Pillsbury's flour} & \quad \frac{1}{2} \text{ teaspoon salt} \\
\frac{1}{2} \text{ cup water-chestnut flour, or rice flour} & \quad 1 \text{ egg, well beaten} \\
1 \text{ cup water, approximately} & 
\end{align*}
\]

**FILLING:**

\[
\begin{align*}
\frac{1}{2} \text{ cup cooked shrimp} & \quad 1 \text{ small mild onion} \\
\frac{1}{2} \text{ cup cooked crabmeat} & \quad \frac{3}{2} \text{ teaspoon salt} \\
\frac{1}{2} \text{ cup mixed Chinese vegetables} & \quad \frac{3}{2} \text{ a dash of pepper} \\
1 \text{ stalk celery} & \quad 1 \text{ egg yolk, beaten} \\
\text{deep fat for frying} & 
\end{align*}
\]

First make egg roll crust. Combine the flours and salt, add the beaten egg and enough water to make a pancake-type of batter, only it must be very thin. Beat together thoroughly. Grease a small frying pan. Into pan pour just enough batter to cover the entire bottom of pan with a very thin film. Cook on one side, turn and cook on the other. Remove from pan and cool. Combine the sea foods with the mixed vegetables, the celery and onion. Chop very fine. Season with salt and pepper. Take one egg roll "pancake" for each person. Using a pastry brush, brush the entire top surface of each pancake with beaten egg yolk. Place a spoonful of the "filling" mixture in the center of each. Turn two ends of each pancake to the center. Brush again with egg yolk. Fold over other two ends, envelope fashion, to form a closed pocket for the filling. Place prepared egg rolls in a frying basket, lower into hot deep fat and cook for 5 minutes or until crisp and golden brown. Remove carefully from fat with pancake turner or spatula. Place on unglazed paper to drain. Serve hot.

*Canned or fresh.*

**CHICKEN CHOW MEIN**

3 tablespoons vegetable oil
1 cup finely cut chicken*
1 finely sliced Spanish onion
1 finely shredded celery
2 mushrooms, sliced thin
\(\frac{1}{2}\) cup finely sliced water-chestnuts**
1 tablespoon Oyster Sauce, if desired***

Melt fat in skillet. Add chicken and onion. Cook gently until onion is a pale golden brown. Add shredded celery, sliced mushrooms, water-chestnuts and bamboo shoots. Cover and cook for 10 minutes, stirring frequently. Add Soy Sauce and soup stock. Thicken with the cornstarch moistened with the cold water to a smooth paste, cook and stir until smooth and thickened. Heat Chinese noodles in open pan in hot oven. Place an individual serving of noodles on each plate. Top with a serving of Chow Mein. Side servings of rice are also recommended. Additional Soy Sauce should be passed separately.

**PORK CHOP SUYU**

\[
\begin{align*}
\frac{1}{2} \text{ pound pork tenderloin} & \quad \frac{1}{2} \text{ cup bamboo shoots}** \\
3 \text{ tablespoons vegetable oil} & \quad 2 \text{ tablespoons Soy Sauce}** \\
1 \text{ pinch of salt} & \quad 1 \text{ cup chicken stock} \\
1 \text{ large onion, sliced thin} & \quad 2 \text{ tablespoons cornstarch} \\
3 \text{ stalks celery, finely shredded} & \quad 2 \text{ tablespoons water} \\
4 \text{ mushrooms, sliced thin} & \quad \text{crisp Chinese noodles}** \\
1 \text{ cup drained bean sprouts}** & \quad 1 \text{ tablespoon Oyster Sauce, if desired}** \\
1 \text{ cup soup stock} & 
\end{align*}
\]

Cut pork tenderloin into the very thinnest slices. Fry in hot fat to a golden brown, taking care not to scorch. Add the various fresh and canned vegetables specified. Cover and cook 5 minutes. Add soup stock and cook 5 minutes longer. Mix Soy Sauce, salt, vinegar and Brown Sauce. Add, with the water, to the cornstarch to make a smooth mixture. Cook and stir until smooth and thickened. Serve with hot rice and tea, passing additional Soy Sauce separately. Add Oyster Sauce to cooked mixture, if desired.

**See footnotes to Chow Mein recipe above.**
same two features are A-1 requirements if you hope to achieve success for any Chinese dish you may happen to fix up at home. Pile lukewarm Chop Suey or Chow Mein in haphazard fashion on just any old plate, and the best thing you can then do with it is to chuck it right out. But serve it attractively and see that it's hot, and your Chinese-inspired meal will have two of the features that were especially noteworthy about that marvelous dinner I so thoroughly enjoyed with Russ Morgan at Ruby Foo's.

We ate our way "from soup to nuts" that particular evening. I assure you. Though I understand the Chinese would have reversed the order and ended the meal with soup! But, after all, we do not wish to go about these things in too strange and unusual a fashion; preferring, rather, to adapt for our own needs and uses those Oriental customs and flavors that are sure to appeal to us because of the very fact that they are somewhat similar to our own. So, with this idea in mind—and while the photographer was snapping the pictures you see on pages 10 and 11—I set out bravely on a recipe foray.

But have you ever tried, by the way, to get a chef to talk in terms that such folks as you and I can understand? Well, it's well-nigh impossible, take my word for it. And when said chef is Chinese in the bargain, then, indeed, your cooking troubles begin! But, spurred on by Russ Morgan's enthusiasm for Chinese fare, inspired by Miss Parks' discriminating choice of dishes and determined on my own account to secure some not-too-complicated directions for all of us to follow, I persevered. The results, of course, are those recipes that appear on pages 52 and 54—all duly tested and with the ingredients given in the proper

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 105)
Go singing on your way tomorrow in a dress made new, joyous, flattering with one of Rit's glowing shades that says your taste is grand. Rit's new formula contains "neomerpin" that makes color saturate the fabric quickly, evenly, beautifully. So easy—you'll "DYE" LAUGHING!

**Go to your nearest ten cent store and insist on CRO*PAX Corn Pads, waterproof, with medicated discs for safe, sure, quick relief. **

**RITTINTS & DYES**

Never say "Dye"—say RIT!

**Instant RELIEF for 10¢**

Go to your nearest ten cent store and insist on CRO*PAX Corn Pads, waterproof, with medicated discs for safe, sure, quick relief. Accept No Substitute.

Price slightly higher in Canada

CRO*PAX PRODUCTS, CLEVELAND, OH.

AT YOUR 5 & 10¢ STORE

CRO*PAX FOOT AIDS FOR EVERY FOOT AILMENT

---

**MINETTA ELLEN,** the mother in *One Man's Family,* looks and acts in character even when off the air. Never for a moment at rehearsals are her hands idle. For she crochets afghans in every spare minute—afghans which are raffled off for the benefit of the blind here in Los Angeles.

HERE'S one to figure out: Martha Raye is wearing the world's most dazzling solitaire on her ring-finger—and that wedding ring Buddy Westmore gave her not so long ago on her right hand! It's all a mystery. For, though Martha was running around with several men after her divorce, she has now quietly settled down to life with her mother in a Beverly Hills apartment house. Her only companions are her mother and secretary, and not once has she been spotted in a night club for the past few months.

**JACK BENNY** was looking so morbid at his broadcast the other day that Mary Livingstone asked what in the world was ailing him. "It just looks such a hard year ahead," moaned Jack. "I don't see how human beings are going to have a chance in the show business, between Charlie McCarthy, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs."

"I wouldn't worry, Jack," said Mary comforting, "sometimes you don't act human, either."

**JANET BAIRD,** the *NBC* interviewer, was showing off a lovely jeweled compact.

---

Between scenes of *Radio City Revels,* Milton Berle, Director Ben Stoloff and Jack Oakie do an imitation of Bob Burns as he looked in his last "take" of the scene just played.

---

After Lucky Strike's radio show, Dick Powell gives his autograph to an eager fan.

Topical tidbits and tidings of your favorites among Hollywood's
Mary Carlisle hitch-hikes on Bing Crosby! They’re in the Paramount film, Doctor Rhythm.

around the studio recently. It was a gift from Lucien Lelong, who had been prompted to give it to her because, he said, Janet’s interview was the only one he'd ever undergone that didn’t take seven years of his life span.

THERE are rumors to the effect that Nadine Conner will be the new star of Vick’s Open House. Nadine has stepped into the role several times during Jeanette MacDonald's absence (once, shhh, Jeanette had a sore throat!) It is no secret that Jeanette does not regard radio as her best medium and thinks pictures give her the best chance to exploit her talents—and also give the biggest salary in return.

ARLENE HARRIS gives her husband, a doctor, credit for her success on the air. For she tries out on him all her scripts for the Al Pearce show. If he likes them—she throws them away! For her husband likes Arlene to be dignified—which is anything but what Al Pearce wants her to be.

THE horse-raising bug has bitten Lan and Abner, along with the rest of the film and radio colony. Lan now has four horses and Abner six. They say the most fun in owning them, though, is to ride them. And we believe the boys—for certainly no two people ever seemed to enjoy the sport more. Both of them are dressed.

(Continued on page 76)
What made the balcony sway? Why did the organ play at midnight?

News of music, of the King of Swing, of batoniers and their bands

"LADIES and gentlemen, applaud as much as you like. But please don't stamp your feet, and try not to keep time to the music too vigorously!

THAT'S the first thing you'd hear if you attended a Benny Goodman broadcast. Announcer Dan Seymour doesn't tell you the reason for his request. But it's a good one. Until he decided to make his little talk, everyone member of that CBS Playhouse audience tapped his or her feet. As the trumpets blared faster, as Gene Krupa's drums beat louder, 1200 pairs of shoes tapped all the faster and louder.

THAT was fine, until one night Benny began to play his killer-diller and someone looked up at the balcony. He blinked his eyes and looked again. And the second look resulted in Mr. Seymour's pre-broadcast speech. What did he see? He saw, believe it or not, the balcony sway! And when a balcony gets rhythm, the situation becomes dangerous!

SWING is like that. If you listen, it gets you. Maybe you don't like it,

but still it gets you. Among other things, it got Benny Goodman an income estimated at $100,000 a year.

THERE are a lot of people—seventeen altogether—who make that $100,000 possible. There's Harry James, the Goodman and the nation's first trumpeter, for example. He's the gentleman you hear improvising and blasting away on most of the

(Continued on page 78)
Trombonist Vernon Brown (left) and Saxophonist Hymie Schertzer are famed experts in matching pennies.

Detective fiction is his meat! Goodman's pianist, Jesse Stacey, spends his spare time reading.

ALIKE AS TWO PEAS
BUT IT'S A CINCH TO TELL THEM APART!

YES, MARY AND MARGIE LOOK EXACTLY ALIKE—BUT IT'S EASY TO TELL THEM APART THESE DAYS!

NOW WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE BOB MEANT BY THAT, MARGIE?

FORGIVE ME, MARY, BUT I THINK I KNOW LAST NIGHT I HEARD HIM SAY YOU OUGHT TO SEE A DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!

MARY, TESTS INDICATE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH, TESTS ALSO SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH! I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE...

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH

"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into every tiny hidden crevice between your teeth...emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives new brilliance to your smile!"

LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S

NOBODY IN THE WORLD'S AS SWEET AS YOU ARE, MARGIE!

THANKS, BOB, BUT I'M NOT MARGIE—I'M MARY!

NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND MARY'S SPARKLING SMILE!

...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
RADIO STARS

WIVES TELL HUSBANDS -

Now millions know it's a better laxative in every way!

EX-LAX now
SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROVED

It's getting around... flashing from family to family... from wife to husband... from friend to friend. Ex-Lax, the laxative they said could not be improved, now is better than ever! Regardless of your experience with other laxatives, you owe it to yourself to try the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax. You'll be in for a pleasant surprise!

TASTES BETTER THAN EVER!
Ex-Lax now has a smoother, richer chocolate taste. You'll like it even better than before.

ACTS BETTER THAN EVER!
Ex-Lax is now even more effective. Empties the bowels more thoroughly, more smoothly, in less time than before.

MORE GENTLE THAN EVER!
Ex-Lax is today so remarkably gentle that, except for the relief you enjoy, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

All druggists now have the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes. The famous little blue box is the same as always—but the contents are better than ever! Try it!

Keeps You Looking LOVELY Longer
MINER'S Liquid MAKE-UP
Indispensable for Evening Wear

Now is the time for romance! Dances—parties—dates! You simply must keep your skin stunningly lovely all evening. Use as a powder base or complete make-up. Suitable for face, back, neck, and arms. Will not rub off or streak. Stays on for hours. Shades: peach, rachel, brunette, suntan. Sells at all leading drug and department stores. Trial size at all 10c counters, or mail coupon.

MINER'S, 406 E. 20 ST., N. Y. C.
Enclosed find 10c (stamps or coin) for trial bottle Miner's Liquid Make-Up.
NAME
ADDRESS
Shade:

MY, HOW BENAY HAS
Once upon a time, songstress Benay Venuta was a temperamental star, a self-indulgent person. Perhaps it was her marriage to Dr. Kenneth Kelley which brought about a change. At any rate, Benay now finds life a grand adventure, with new poise and new interests.

1. Once Benay used to lie abed till noon.
2. But now she rises early and keeps fit with daily exercise.
3. Formerly, even the morning coffee was a baffling undertaking.
4. Now she cooks a tasty meal and finds it fun.
5. Letters were a dread chore and unanswered correspondence piled up to mock her.
6. With a new typewriter, she now answers all her mail promptly and with pleasure.

(Continued on page 63)

• "H'm. You pups have got a bad rash all right. Don't know as I ever saw anybody worse broken out... Oh, you feel fine, do you?... Well, you don't look so good! You ought to see yourself in the mirror!"

• "Funny—you tail looks O.K.... By Jove, I see it all now! Your mother's been stingy with the Johnson's Baby Powder—giving you little dabs in the rear instead of good all-over rubs!"

• "Listen—stick around at bath-time and get in on my Johnson's rub-down. You'll feel like a different dog—so slick that rashes and chafes and prickly heat can't get a toe-hold!"

• "Some powders are harsh and scratchy—but Johnson's is as soft as an eider-down pillow. It keeps my skin just perfect!... Smooth, perfect skin is its own best protection against infections. Mothers, Guard your baby's skin with Johnson's Baby Powder, the kind made of finest imported talc—no orris-root... Baby needs Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream too—and when tiny, Johnson's Baby Oil. It's safe and soothing, stainless, and cannot turn rancid.

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Copyright 1936, Johnson & Johnson
Amazing New Lotion Discovery startles women with its beautifying results. And here's the reason—this new lotion contains milk-oils that scientists declare are very similar to the natural oils of the human skin. When a shortage of these natural oils leaves the hands red, rough and feeling like burlap, MILK-OILS help restore their satin smoothness quickly! Try this revolutionary, new type lotion just once...you'll learn the scientific secret of lovely hands. Ask for Duart Oil-of-Milk Lotion at Department, Drug or 10 cent stores. 25c & 50c sizes.

Duart, 785 Market St., San Francisco, Calif.
Enclosed is 10c. Please send me a bottle of Duart Oil-of-Milk Lotion.

Name
Address
City
State
Guaranteed to contain pure Oils extracted from rich dairy milk, with other lotion ingredients.

IT'S YOUR JOB AS WELL AS MINE TO KEEP TEETH AND GUMS HEALTHY
Dental service is important. Dental cooperation at home is equally vital!
Regular massage with Forhan's stimulates gums, retards formation of tartar, makes teeth gleam! For generous trial tube send 10c to Forhan's, Department 421, New Brunswick, N. J.

Forhan's DOES BOTH JOBS CLEANS TEETH - AIDS GUMS

9. Once easily bored, Benay would try to kill time with a game of solitaire. 10. Now many hobbies keep her busy and interested. Friends admire her fine needlepoint. 11. She used to, "for no reason at all," Benay says, take an occasional highball. 12. But no more. Now a glass of fresh, cool milk is more to her liking.
MY, HOW BENAY HAS CHANGED!

(Continued from page 61)

7. Benay (whose hour variety program is heard each Saturday over MBS) often, in the old days, would fly into a temperamental frenzy and startle her co-workers. But not now. Benay has learned the value and satisfaction of working with people, without friction.

8. Benay (whose hour variety program is heard each Saturday over MBS) often, in the old days, would fly into a temperamental frenzy and startle her co-workers. But not now. Benay has learned the value and satisfaction of working with people, without friction.

13. She and her husband no longer go out each night. They spend happy hours at home, and share an interest in photography.

14. They spend happy hours at home, and share an interest in photography.

Elizabeth Harkrader at 4 months

A picture-book baby is little dark-eyed Elizabeth! Along with many of her contemporaries in a pleasant New Jersey community, she's contributing her health and growth records to a study of infant diet. Last month she started Clapp's Baby Cereal—and only a few days ago she struck up a great friendship with Clapp's Strained Spinach.

now Elizabeth is 7 months old

Just a luxury, that reclining position during meals, for she's quite able to sit up alone now. There's luxury, too, in the variety offered by her Clapp menus—four soups, three fruits, seven vegetables, and cereal! All vitamin-rich, because they're pressure-cooked. Result: Elizabeth has gained more than a pound and grown ¾ of an inch every month.

look at 10-months-old Elizabeth

Creeping for a month now, and still gaining fast, she's a happy, hearty little consumer of all the foods that babies ought to like. Clapp's Foods really do taste better. And they have the texture that baby specialists recommend—finely-strained, but not so liquid that a baby marks time, with no advance over the bottle.

see what made her thrive!

16 Varieties of Clapp's Strained Baby Foods—Baby Soup Strained or Unstrained, Vegetable Soup, Beef Broth, Liver Soup; Apricots, Prunes, Apple Sauce; Tomatoes, Asparagus, Peas, Spinach, Beets, Carrots, Green Beans; Baby Cereal.


NEW! ... for young children Clapp's Chopped Foods

Doctors asked for them—even-textured foods with all the advantages of Clapp's Strained Foods, but broken coarsely divided. At dealers' now—remember them when your baby outgrows Clapp's Strained Foods.

Clapp's Strained Baby Foods

63
"SMART GIRL-you know I can't hang on to a grouch when you tempt me with Beeman's. Now there's real flavor—fresh, lusty flavor that wakes up your taste! Smooth on your tongue yet chockful of fresh pep.

Of course it's this ingenious airtight package that keeps Beeman's so extra fresh and flavorsome. I say—we ought to keep Beeman's on hand all the time!"

Beeman's AIDS DIGESTION...
Like ROCHELLE HUDSON you, too, may have a lovely "Camera Skin"

The cream Hollywood stars use stays germ-free, helps guard skin from germ-infection and blemish.

Here's how the younger stars of Hollywood keep their complexions exquisitely clear. First, plenty of rest and a well-balanced diet. Second, external skin care with Woodbury's Germ-free Cold Cream.

Care for your skin with Woodbury's Cold Cream, and soon you'll be on the way to a "Camera Skin" as lovely as the stars. Woodbury's Cold Cream is germ-free. It discourages germ-growth, thus helps prevent ugly blemishes. And because it contains skin-stimulating Vitamin D, Woodbury's urges the skin to breathe quickly, to stay alive and vital.

Follow Rochelle Hudson's two simple paths to beauty. Nourishing foods; and daily skin care with Woodbury's Cold Cream. 81.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

Woodbury's Germ-Free Cold Cream

Helps guard from blemishes
Cleanses the pores thoroughly
Stimulates—Contains Vitamin D
Overcomes dry skin

ROCHELLE HUDSON with Robert Kent in the 20th Century-Fox picture "Mr. Moto Takes a Chance". She says: "Woodbury's Cold Cream keeps my skin free of blemishes and other skin disorders."

Send for Trial Tubes of Woodbury's Creams
John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6758 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
(In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario

Please send me trial tubes of Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams; guest-size Woodbury's Facial Soap; 7 shades of Woodbury's Facial Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover mailing costs.

Name:
Address:

65
Sani-Flush is a scientific powder—made to end toilet-scrubbing. It cannot injure plumbing connections. It is easy to use. Just sprinkle a little in the bowl. (Follow directions on the can.) Flush the toilet—and that's all!

Sani-Flush purifies the bowl and the hidden trap that no other method can reach. It kills germs and banishes the cause of toilet odors. Stains and incrustations are flushed away. The toilet gleams like new. Sani-Flush is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators (directions on can). Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores. 25c and 10c sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

Feminine Hygiene is now Greaseless

This new way comes ready to use. No fussing, no applicator. It mixes with body fluids; remains in long, effective, antiseptic contact. Kills germs, yet washes away completely with plain water. Odorless—and an ideal deodorant. It contains no quinine or harmful drug, no cocoa butter to melt or run. Ask your doctor about Zonitors. Zonitors are small, snow-white, greaseless, and come in individual glass vials. Get a box today. $1 for box of 12—only 8½¢ each. At all U.S. and Canadian drugstores. Full instructions in package. FREE booklet in plain envelope on request. Write Zonitors, 5411 Chrysler Bldg., N.Y.C.
Dignity, and even his pipe are forgotten, for the sake of a good shot. His sponsors recently added another to Jean's large and famous collection of pipes. Jean's friends say he'd like to appear in a play, and has been offered a part in one. But his radio and movie commitments, it is said, will prevent his even taking a vacation for some months to come.

FRESHNESS! It's the very life of Hollywood! Money's no object in the hunt for fresh plays and players. When a star goes stale, his light goes out!

But when a cigarette goes stale, it should never be lit at all! For every drag you take on a stale cigarette is a drag on you. Freshness is the life of cigarette quality, too. Old Gold spends a fortune annually to put an extra jacket of Cellophone on its every package. You pay nothing extra for it... but it brings you a world of extra enjoyment. The full rich flavor of fresh-cut, long-aged tobaccos; prize-crop tobaccos at their best.

Buy your Old Golds where you will... in damp climates or dry. They're as good where they're sold as where they're made... and that's as good as a cigarette can be made!

Copyright, 1938, by F. Leonard Co., Inc.
**LOOK at your eyes**

- Today's fashions demand that the eyes play a big part in feminine make-up. An off-the-face hat, a mysterious veil must set off sparkling, well-groomed eyes!

**KURLASH** in a few seconds curls your lashes in a sweeping curve—makes them appear naturally longer and darker, makes eyes seem larger and more glamorous! Only $1 at all good stores.

Send your name, address and coloring to Jane Heath, Kurlash consultant, Department E-4, and receive free a complete personal color chart and a booklet on eye make-up.

**THE KURLASH COMPANY, Inc.**
Rochester, New York, U. S. A.
The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

**Kurlash**
Copyright 1938, The Kurlash Co., Inc.

---

**GRAY HAIR**
*takes on new color*

**FREE Test Shows Way**

No matter whether your hair is all gray or only streaked with gray, you can transform it with new radiance. And it is so easy. Merely comb Mary T. Goldman's clear, water-white liquid through your hair. Gray strands take on new color: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Will not wash or rub off on clothing... Hair stays soft, lustrous—takes wave or curl. This way SAFE. Sold on money-back guarantee at drug and department stores everywhere.

Test it FREE—We send Test Package. Apply to single lock snipped from hair. See results first. No risk. No expense. Just mail coupon.

---

**MARY T. GOLDMAN**

2342 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name: ...........................................
Street: ...........................................
City: ...........................................
State: ...........................................
Color of your hair: ...........................................

---

In RKO's *Radio City Revels*, with Helen Broderick and Victor Moore, Bob Burns finds a tender moment.

Just a great lover, at heart, Bob tries out his amatory technique with Miss Broderick, in this film.
Even minus the famed bazooka, Bob finds life has its compensations, as Helen smooths his troubled brow.

**A QUEEN OF HEARTS**

...since the bid goodbye to Misfit Makeup.

"Twenty-eight tonight... and not a boy friend in sight!"

"Don't be tossed... do something about your own makeup!"

...And now... "You're the only girl in the world for me!"

**TO END MISFIT MAKEUP**

**Sally Eilers**

star of "Lady Behave" a Republic Picture

"CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES"

HOW CAN YOU be sure your makeup matches? Sure it’s right for you? There’s never any doubt when you wear Marvelous Matched Makeup. For the face powder, rouge, and lipstick... the eye makeup, too... are in complete color harmony. And this makeup matches you... for it’s keyed to your personality color, the color that never changes, the color of your eyes!

BEAUTY EDITORS, fashion experts, artists and colorists agree this new matched makeup is right with your skin tones, your hair, your type. Stage and screen stars, lovely women everywhere, have changed to Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup because they find it brings them immediate new beauty.

THE PRICE IS LOW... start to build your matched set now. Buy that lipstick you need... or rouge, face powder, eye shadow or mascara... in Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup... only 55¢ each (Canada 65¢). Your drug or department store recommends this makeup, advises:

BLUE... wear Dresden type

BROWN... wear Parisian type

HAZEL... wear Continental type

GRAY... wear Parisian type

TONIGHT... you, too, can be a queen of hearts, — try this matched makeup that matches you!

**MARVELOUS EYE-MATCHED MAKEUP**

by Richard Hudnut

Mail coupon NOW for Marvelous Makeup keyed to your eyes! See how much better you’ll be with makeup that matches... and matches you.

RONALD HUNTING, Dept. M.
693 Fifth Avenue, New York City

MM 4-138

I enclose 10 cents to help cover mailing costs. Send my Tryout Kit of Marvelous Makeup... harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick for my type, as checked below:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>My eyes are</th>
<th>Name</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Blue</td>
<td>Brown</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gray</td>
<td>Hazel</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Address | State

69
SECRET of soft smooth skin

Frequently heard on the air, recently master of ceremonies of Good News of 1938, young M-G-M star, Freddie Bartholomew enjoys listening to his radio. But now it's out of order.

FREDDIE FIXES HIS RADIO

"Well," thinks Freddie, "I can soon fix that!" But now he finds himself bewildered by the snarl of wires and tubes.

BLANCA VISCHER appearing in Paramount Pictures

THREATENING NEW BEAUTY for your teeth. Iodent No. 2 is specially compounded for teeth hard-to-bryten. Removes stubborn stains—even smoke stains. Minty in flavor—pure—smooth. Made by a Dentist to clean teeth safely. Also made in No. 1 texture for teeth easy-to-bryten. Try Iodent today!

IODENT No. 2 TOOTH PASTE for teeth hard-to-bryten

MILK-OILS processed with other oils.
There's something screwy here! But Freddie refuses to be baffled by the job.

Maybe it's the condenser. Freddie goes to work with hammer and screw-driver.

You'll Attract Men if...

— you have the natural glow that Tangee gives! Men detest painted lips... but thrill to the rosy softness of Tangee lips. Its magic color-change principle intensifies individual coloring... becomes a part of your lips, not a greasy coating.

Looks Orange—Acts Rose
Tangee looks orange in the stick... but changes on your lips to a warm blush-rose, blending perfectly with your complexion. Goes on smoothly—leaves no marks on teeth or handkerchiefs... lasts for hours. Tangee's special cream base soothes and softens lips. No drying, cracking, chapping. Get Tangee today. 39¢ and $1.10. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. See coupon below.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

BE SURE ALSO, to try the famous Tangee Rouge Compact and the new silk-sifted Tangee Face Powder. Tangee Rouge gives your checks a warm natural glow that looks like your very own color, while the super-sheer texture of Tangee Face Powder blends with your own skin tones for a smooth flattering finish.

There seem to be a lot of spare parts. Freddie decides to ask for help.
GUEST STAR GROUCHES
BY NANETTE KUTNER

SYLVIA SIDNEY was gyped, Jean Harlow blackmailed, Ethel Barrymore neglected, John Boles lost money, James Cagney was held up; Mitzie Green... These are but a few guest star catastrophes.

SO, attention, Mr. Rudy Vallee, Mr. Bing Crosby, Mr. Lammy Ross, Miss Kate Smith et al! Attention sponsors, ad men and broadcasting companies! Have you ever wondered what your high-priced guests really think of you? Have you ever considered that they, who travel from one A-program to another, must have acquired, from these varied radio experiences, the best standards of comparison, and could, through united constructive criticism, help to better your air ratings?

AFTER all, the very word guest should mean something beyond a paid entertain:er. A guest in one's home is treated politely, so why not the guest on your programs? Let your regular radio star, a Benny, a Cantor or a Fred Allen, find reasonable fault, and the following week his complaint is unfeelingly remedied. But as soon as a guest star completes his one-time shot, program officials turn their backs. Nobody asks the guest what he or she thinks, because they figure that on the next broadcast someone else will be featured in that spot, anyway. They forget that the new guest star will have to face much the same problems as the old one, and they could have made the broadcast easier for all, had they listened.

I know we would have felt good and sore.

THEN, also over a year ago, James Cagney created something of a furor by refusing to appear gratis on a popular program. The fact that his fellow stars did, made no difference to fair-minded Mr. Cagney. "It's a hold-up," said he, "if you don't broadcast free, they write nasty things about you. Well, let them write. I won't go on. Guest stars should be paid for their services. Why, it's an outrage! I hear John Boles was obliged to forfeit a two-thousand-dollar singing engagement in San Francisco, in order to appear for nothing on a Hollywood program!"

JAMES CAGNEY: "It's a hold-up!"

AT that time everyone in radio look'd askance at Cagney, the only star with sufficient courage to stand up for his rights. I am glad to say his remarks bore fruit, because, now, nearly all guests are paid.

I'm sorry Jean Harlow couldn't have lived to see these golden times, because it was Jean, with that glorious, almost unbelievable frankness of hers, who whispered just one word as she walked, gratis, into a big broadcast. It was "Blackmail!"

BUT, although they get paid, our guest stars still have justifiable complaints and can find no one who will listen to them. Hence this article. Perhaps it will give them a chance, not only to air their grievances, but to remedy them.

"We are pretty helpless," George Raft said to me. "I was making a personal appearance in Boston, when suddenly, out of a clear sky, they said I had to go on the air for a fifteen-minute interview. When I protested, when I said I had been told nothing about it, the theatre manager pointed to the papers. The news was already featured in all the radio columns. So he hollered: 'You can't disappoint!'

"BETWEEN my acts, instead of eating dinner, I was rushed to the radio station by a police escort, who collided with another car. My nerves were shattered from this accident but, like a prisoner, I was forced to go on.
"At the station, a newspaper woman asked me the interview. Now fifteen minutes of straight dialogue is too long and monotonous for anyone. It is an awful lot of talk. I'm enough of a showman to know that. But I was obliged to continue, although such a long, dull interview might easily cause listeners to tune me off for life. And the questions and answers typed in that script were stiff and unnatural. They didn't fit me, didn't sound like my personality. I did manage to compromise. I suggested that the girl ask questions. I said: 'I'll answer them any way or twist them around and ask you the questions.' They all stared at me, masse, and I had to reassure them as to my past master-of-ceremonies experience, which certainly made me thoroughly competent in the art of ad libbing.

'I've been on twice with Crosby,' said脂.

"We just talked. And once I appeared in a Shell dramatic sketch, and once with Lux. I think that Lux should go away with those intermissions. It reeks right into the continuity. The script loses its intensity. Besides, an hour too much, too long a time to ask anybody to concentrate. That's why I believe a half-hour programs."

SYLVIA SIDNEY seemed angry about her experience as a guest star. At first she didn't want to say anything about it.

Then she made me promise not to reveal the name of the program she criticized. It was a dramatic one.

"UNDERSTAND, I like radio," said Iris Sidney, her little face intensely earnest. "I loved that Shakespearean series, though I do think it foolish for an actor to attempt Shakespeare unless he's the King. Barrymore, of course, is perfect. I listened to him do Taming Of The Shrew, and laughed my head off."

"But what about your grievance?" I interrupted.

"Well, it's this. I signed to do one of these dramatic hours. I thought I was getting a lot of money for it. At least it sounded a lot, for just one hour. But, afterwards, I figured I lost money on the deal. I was gypped! They didn't tell me I'd have to spend five days rehearsing!"

"Five days?" I echoed.

"Five days," she repeated. "We'd start eleven in the morning and work right through until five in the afternoon, stop-

Yeast in, year out, Shiny Nose goes on unchecked, despite the constant dabbing of protesting powder puffs.

But now at last something has been done to overcome nose shine! Woodbury provides you with a germ-free powder which adds glamour to your skin!

**Germs Tend to Aggravate Shiny Nose**

That glistening shine may indicate a skin condition dermatologists call Seborea. Germs can make it worse! Then Shiny Nose becomes a chronic nuisance.

How important to use face powder which cannot spread infection-germs to skin or puff! As you wear Woodbury's Facial Powder, it inhibits germ-growth on your skin. The only powder among 20 leading brands tested that proved germ-free both before and after use.

This exquisite beauty powder instantly gives your skin a color-awakening loveliness, warding off harmful germ-life and embarrassing shine!

All seven shades are enchantingly natural. The newest, Windsor Rose, softly blends with the skin's clear undertones.

Try Woodbury's today... and discover its flattery! In the new blue box, $1.00, 50c, 25c, 10c. Woodbury's Lipstick and Rouge, also germ-proof, come in four brilliant shades. Smart make-up for your skin!

Send for 7 Thrilling Youth-Blend Shades

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 9102 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
(In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario

Please send me 7 shades of Woodbury's Facial Powder trialubes of two Woodbury's Beauty Creams, guest-size Woodbury's Facial Soap. I enclose 25c to cover mailing costs.

Name ____________________________
Street ___________________________
City _____________________________
State ____________________________

73
We asked women everywhere...in homes, in beauty shops, in stores and offices,...and they said "Give us a curler that will make large, soft, natural-looking curls." So we designed the HOLLYWOOD GIANT, pictured here in actual size. Curls made on this big cylinder look softer, more natural. They comb without becoming fizzy. And they give the large, full cuts so favored in the new hair styles. The HOLLYWOOD GIANT is easy to use...rolls smoothly, dries quickly, withdraws without spoiling curl. They're 2 for 10¢ at dime stores and notion counters.

HOLLYWOOD GIANT Kupid Dry CURLERS

AT 5c AND 10c STORES & NOTION COUNTERS

I'M SCARED—I WANT THE BABY POWDER THAT FIGHTS GERMS

MENNER
Borated Powder
Antiseptic

Recommended by more doctors than any other baby powder

Sylvia Sidney: "I was gyped."

ping for a few minutes at one-thirty while we had coffee. If I had spent that much time on anything else, I would have earned triple the money."*

FROM Sylvia Sidney I went to Mitzi Green. The first time I had seen Mitzi in person was at a Vallee program of several years back. I reminded her of it.

"OH, yes," said that young lady, who now is in her eighteenth year. "That was years ago. I've been on three times with Vallee. I loved doing Tom Sawyer on his hour. I did it with Coogan."

ABSIDLY young for all this experience, Mitzi is definitely not blasé. She is in love with show business and with everything that goes with it, the screen, the stage and radio.

"I HAVE been on quite a few programs," she admitted. "With Joe Cook, James Melton, Jack Benny, Paul White-man and Lanny Ross.

"I liked working with Benny best. It's fun working with him. He is the only one of all the radio stars who really seems at ease. And he does something that no one else does. He knows how to arrange the time. Maybe it's because he ad lib. But anyway, with him there are no last-minute cuts. And those cuts are disconcerting, especially for a guest star. It's simply awful to have rehearsed a song one way all afternoon, and then just five minutes before you go on, to be told to cut eight bars. That's my biggest objection to being a guest star. I feel that if Benny can arrange the time without those last-minute mishaps, then others should be able to do it."

Perhaps it's because he is English and not so used to our ways, or perhaps it's because he must be essentially methodical, but Herbert Marshall is amazed at the whole business.

"I SUBSTITUTED for Don Ameche on the Chase and Sanborn program, and they frightened me to death! They never rehearsed the whole thing together. First there would be a bit with me announcing or I would introduce Bergen, or then might be a bit for the musicians. Every body worked separately, nobody communally. And I didn't hear the entire program until we actually went on the air."

"I must hand it to them—they did a wonderful job. It was like putting together the pieces of a picture puzzle but," and Mr. Marshall laughed, "it would have been easier on the nerves of the guest star if just once they had run straight through the show."

Marshall was present when I quizzed his compatriot, Gertrude Lawrence.

In that spine-touching voice of hers she trilled: "Every time I appear on a pro

Herbert Marshall: "...frightened.

gram, somebody gives me a script and I'm left standing there—literally in mid-air. It's impossible to get into the proper mood. There is no preliminary build-up. You're just supposed to do the thing cold. Each program on which I've appeared has been like a vast music hall, a vaudeville show. What radio needs for its guest stars is reverence, a real reverence. There is all the difference in the world, you know. The director or some voice producer puts one on the air; I'll be the first to apply for a part. Vaudeville hurts your talents. On the other hand, a revue helps. It is a frame, the setting for a jewel. A revue is a phonograph record, and that's what I want!"

Of them all, Burgess Meredith is the most serious. No doubt that is why he such a good actor, this Meredith who, his time, has covered every phase of radio from his two years as a "regular" on the Red Davis program, to that memorable night when he stepped before a Columbia microphone and created another Ham Arbitman.

He wrote Oliver Beane for his own program and opened NBC's new Cleveland station with it.
BURGESS MEREDITH: "I believe in it."

"That was on a Vallee show," said Meredith.

He gives radio credit for expert cutting. "Oliver Beau and the Lux programs. They do a wonderful job, even improve the plays."

His fault-finding is with the executives who employ writers.

"An actor is only as good as his script," said Mr. Meredith. "No writer should feel he has to write 'down' to the radio audience. And whether his particular job is condensing an adaptation or creating a sketch especially for the air, his manuscript must be well written."

MR. MEREDITH has several suggestions concerning radio writers.

"No writer should do a series. It is impossible for him to turn out that tremendous amount of work continuously. He gets strained and worn out. Naturally, this condition shows up in his work.

"At present the writer is terribly underpaid. He receives less money than anyone else in radio. Why, some programs pay as little as forty dollars a script, some only ten. This is ridiculous!"

"I THINK," said Mr. Meredith, "radio's biggest step forward occurred when NBC bought two original radio scripts from Maxwell Anderson. And when the Columbia Workshop produced The Fall Of The City, by Archibald MacLeish. The Fall Of The City was written especially for the air, and it did what a radio script should do, things suitable for its own medium."

TO show you that Buzz Meredith doesn't talk just to hear the sound of his own voice, I'll let you in on something which impressed me more than anything he could have possibly said. When he first heard about The Fall Of The City, when he read and was stirred by that script, Burgess Meredith, to prove what he thinks of good writing, to prove the importance of having the best authors on the air, took himself down to the Columbia Broadcasting System, and offered his usually high-priced services for that program—for nothing!

"Because I believe in it," he said.

AND so long as radio finds actors like that, so long as guest stars can be that much in earnest, that helpful, I think it's time their host stars paid more attention to them and their opinions. Don't you?
EXCITE MEN'S ADMIRATION
THE ADMIRACION WAY

- You can't blame men for preferring girls with clean, soft, youthful hair—such qualities enchant a man! So guard your loveliness with Admiracion—the new Oil shampoo that is different from all others. Its rich, creamy lather whisks away dirt, dust, and dulling film—rinses away completely in water—leaving your hair clean, soft, manageable, alluringly beautiful. And remember, Admiracion does not dry nor age your hair—leaves it fresher and younger! At drug, department, 10¢ stores.

Should you prefer an oil shampoo that makes no lather, ask for Admiracion Olive Oil Shampoo in the RED package.

WEST COAST CHATTER
(Continued from page 57)

The senoritas go for him! Nelson Eddy in a scene from the M.G.M film, The Girl of the Golden West, in which he co-starred with Jeanette MacDonald.

ASHMEAD SCOTT may whip out those forty-five-minute Your Witness scripts in a single day, but they're literature. A national magazine has just offered the author a pretty figure for the rights to reprint the murder-dramas as detective fiction.

THAT new cowboy twang in Jack Oakie's voice on his weekly airings these days, can be put down to his between-broadcast diversions. For weeks now the "procy" has been riding the range at a popular dude ranch in the desert near Palm Springs. Incidentally, just one week-end in Palm Springs would almost be a guarantee that you'd see all your radio favorites. It's the celebrities' hanging-out place these days.

BOBBY BREEN found that it really pays to do a good deed. On New Year's Day, Bobby, who's a rabid football fan, gave up the big game in order to sing for the children of one of Los Angeles' hospitals. Imagine Bobby's glee when he came out of the hospital and found a special motorcycle escort, provided by Mayor Shaw, waiting to rush him to the Pasadena Rose Bowl. He arrived just in time for the kick-off—and everyone else in Southern California had been on the road for hours to fight traffic to the Bowl!

MARLENE DIETRICH endeared herself to Doug Fairbanks, Jr.—and the audience—at the Los Theatre show on which she appeared. For Doug became so rattled that he got his whole script mixed up. The Glamour Girl calmly got down on the floor and hunted for the lost pages, while Doug tried to read his lines over Lionel Atwill's shoulder.

"BUTTON, button, who's got the button?" is Mento Everett's song when off the air around the CBS studios. For she collects buttons. Has 10,000 of them to date—everything ranging from her great-
RADIO STARS

Richard Arlen
DRIES A LADY’S TEARS

“ON A RECENT FLIGHT from the East, I heard a girl across the aisle confiding her troubles to the plane’s stewardess ...”

“SHE HAD LOST her job — was returning home a failure. She couldn’t believe that her work had been unsatisfactory ...”

“ALTHOUGH YOUNG and well dressed, she had let unsightly, rough, chapped lips spoil her looks. All men — even employers! — like to see a girl looking her best, with smooth, lovely lips ...”

“I TOLD HER, before we landed, about a special lipstick with a protective Beauty-Cream base that I’ve heard praised by many screen and stage beauties. The other day I had this letter from her...

Dear Mr. Arlen,
Thanks to you for telling me about Kissproof Lipstick. I've got a better job, now! Kissproof’s wonderful Beauty Cream base protects my lips from drying keeps them smooth & nice to look at!

Sincerely,
Ruth Holden

Kissproof Lipstick in 5 luscious shades at drug and department stores

50c

Match it with Kissproof rouge, 2 styles — Lip and Cheek (creme) or Compact (dry)
Kissproof Powder in 5 flattering shades
Generous trial sizes at all 10c stores.

Scenario by Richard Arlen

great — great — grandmama’s wedding-dress buttons, to those from the dresses of such famous ladies in history as Martha Washington, Carrie Nation, Sarah Bernhardt, and all kinds from the uniforms of soldiers in past and present wars, West Pointers and Australian aborigines. She has some sets with rare jewels, for which she’s turned down exorbitant sums. As long as she’s making a living on the air, Mento won’t sell. After that, she’ll settle down to a luxurious life, living off her buttons!

PAUL WHITEMAN’S engagement at the famous Coconut Grove in Los Angeles, put an end to all those rumors that his type of music had lost favor with the public. For everyone in Los Angeles, Hollywood and points north and south came to the Ambassador Hotel to dance to his music, or just to sit and listen to it. Paul turned out to be the biggest rave in years.

GETTING tickets for any radio broadcast in Hollywood is no joke, but getting any for the Good News of 1938 show is practically an impossibility. For, now that Robert Taylor has taken on the emceeing, the tickets have been asked for months in advance. But Barbara Stanwyck doesn’t have to worry. Bob arranged for a “season ticket” for her before signing on the dotted line. Incidentally, those in the know say that as soon as Barbara gets this latest trouble with Frank Fay ironed out, she will become Mrs. Taylor.

IN spite of the rumors to the contrary, Jack Benny did not transport his cast to San Francisco for their broadcast there in the antiquated Maxwell which the gang presented to him at Christmas. The car, at present, sits in a garage behind the NBC Hollywood studios, when Jack is not driving it around the block for laughs. Phil Harris says Jack’s Maxwell is like one of Ben Bernie’s horses — the last of its race.

WALTER O’KEEFE, the father of two young sons, claims that when he has three more boys, he’s going to get his wife to change her name from Ida and open an antique shop.

SUPERSTITIONS of the Phil Baker cast: Phil never smokes the first cigarette of a new pack before a broadcast. Harry “Bulle” McNaughton tries never to break any bottles, since they have a special significance in his career and name. Just before broadcast time, Lucille Ball always goes to a little coffee shop, where she had her first cup of coffee after coming to Hollywood. Al waren will shave himself on Friday. Oscar Bradley, five-foot-one orchestra leader, always insists that there be at least one man in the orchestra who is shorter than he. And Beetle never says anything nice about anybody.

NO one’s happier around town than Dick Powell, now that he’s back on the air-waves again. For Dick, you know, didn’t want to leave that soap program any more than the sponsors wanted him to. It was all the studio’s idea — the Brothers Warner figuring they might as well capitalize on such a good thing themselves. It took them long enough to get the show ready for the impatient Dick, but now that it’s under way, everybody’s goodnatured again.

Richard Arlen
now appearing in Columbia’s “No Time to Marry.”
New beauty for your hair... with this new 4 Purpose Rinse

Lovalon, the 4 Purpose Rinse does all these four things for your hair in one quick, easy operation:

2. Rinses away shampoo film.
3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
4. Keeps hair neatly in place.

Use Lovalon after your next shampoo. See the life and sparkle and healthful, youthful glow it gives your hair.

Lovalon comes in 12 different shades. You can match and enrich the natural color of your hair or make it brighter or deeper. Lovalon does not dye or bleach. It's a pure, vegetable, odorless hair rinse—one of the very few hair tonics approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

Package of 3 for $25 at drug and department stores. Trial size at 10¢ stores. (Or, any good beauty shop will sell Lovalon your hair.)

LOVALON
the 4 purpose hair rinse

Do This For BLACKHEADS

They Fall Right Out!

Blackheads persist because they are literally trapped in your skin. Locked there by a film of sluggish, surface skin! You can't wash them away! But you can release them. Golden Peacock Bleach Creme will lift away the film of coarsened surface skin—dissolving it in tiny invisible particles. Blackheads are released. They flake away. Clean! Surface becomes soft, smooth, clear. Skin is cleansed.

All in just 5 days! Discover Golden Peacock Bleach Creme! At drug and department stores—or send 50c to Golden Peacock, Inc., Dept. D-208, Pats., Tenn.

CATARRH or SINUS Irritation Due to Nasal Congestion

CHART FREE!

Hall's Catarrh Medicine relieves phlegm-filled throat, stuffy nose, nasal breath, hawking, and sinus headaches caused by nasal congestion. Relief or Your Money Back. At all Drugists. Send Post Card for Free Treatment Chart. 65 years in business.

F. & C. CHENEY & CO., Dept. 34, TOLEDO, O.

THE BANDWAGON

(Continued from page 58)

Here are the Goodman Bridge friends. Left to right, they are: Trumpet, Chris Griffin; Saxophonist, Babe Russin; Trombonist, Red Ballard (kibitzing); Bass Violinist, Harry Goodman and Len Vanderson, Benny's secretary.

trumpet solos. In between times, he writes music. He and Ben Pollack produced Porskinn. And Harry and his present boss created Life Goes to a Party.

EVERY time he finishes a hot chorus, James exhibits all the symptoms of having run a hard race. Repeatedly warned by his doctor not to hit those high notes so consistently, he keeps right on blasting away. Harry treats himself like a prima donna, though. Before the broadcast, he watches his diet and his rest as carefully as Lily Pons ever does before stepping on the stage of the Metropolitan.

UP in one corner of the bandstand is the mad drummer—Gene Krupa, considered the finest stick-tapper in America. You may not know, though, that Lionel Hampton, the young colored lad who plays vibraphone in the Goodman Quartet, ranks very close to Gene in the drum division.

Krupa practices on his rubber drum but Hampton does all his rehearsing in front of a mirror. Lionel now is as good a stick-juggler as he is a musician. He also plays the piano whenever he gets the chance. But still head of that department is the Quartet pianist, Teddy Wilson.

DOWN in the front row is Hymie Schertzer, the first alto saxophonist. Schertzer, more than anyone else, is responsible for the distinctive Goodman style. The greatest fun in life to him is his work. Let him get a good solo to play and he'll begin rolling his eyes and smiling. You try smiling some time with a sax mouth-piece between your lips.

AND then there's little blonde Martha Tilton, the Goodman vocalist. Benny loaned her this summer when he was in Hollywood making a picture and working with Jack Oakie on their mutual program. Martha was singing in the Oaktie Chorus. Benny heard and auditioned her. That's how a star was born.

A FEW years older than Benny is Brother Harry, who plays the big bass violin. Some critics think Harry is swell. Others don't agree. But that makes no difference to Benny. There's one observer who really counts: Mama Goodman thinks Harry sure can slap that bass.

BENNY GOODMAN'S THREE FAVORITE BANDS

1. Red Norvo
2. Duke Ellington
3. Count Basie

HIS FAVORITE TUNE

Don't Be That Way, by Edgar Sampson, who also wrote Stompin' at the Savoy.

CORPORATION—LIMITED

Sonny Dunham has long been famous as the musician who was not only one of the country's best trumpeters but also one of the best trombonists. For years, Sonny was a member of the noted Casa Loma Corporation. Then he decided to resign. The report is that he received $18,000 for his share of Casa Loma stock. Be that as it may, he organized his own orchestra—and proceeded to lose most of his money.
GLEN GRAY and the boys needed a good trumpeter and Sonny decided to go back to his old job. So Sonny is back—but not as a member of the honored corporation. Unlike his fellow-workers, he is now a Casa Loma employee and is paid a salary at the end of each week.

FOR SALE: A BAND

A new branch of the music industry has sprung up: the sale of entire dance bands. The procedure is quite simple. Frank Dailey, for example, built up a very good orchestra. Buddy Rogers bought it lock, stock and barrel. When you hear Buddy now, he's leading the ex-Dailey men. The popular organization of the late Orville Knapp belongs to George Olsen. The up and coming band of Woody Herman is the old Isham Jordon outfit. And then there's Joe Haymes, who spends most of his time building up orchestras so he can sell them.

WHEN THE ORGAN PLAYED

Lew White, once the most popular of organists, now works for CBS. From 7 p.m. until 1 a.m., he sits at the console in the New York studios, never playing a note, just waiting in case something happens to a scheduled program. If there is a line break, or some other rare broadcast interruption, Lew plays a few bars.

BUT one night recently he played a whole half hour program. He didn't expect it, the network officials didn't expect it. And the listeners (who didn't expect it, either) were waiting to hear the music of Tommy Dorsey. They heard Lew White instead. Here's the story:

THIRTY seconds before air time at the Commodore Hotel, the scene of the broadcast, a worried engineer approached Tommy with the news that the microphone for the vocalists was broken. The regular band mike was working, though, and he thought they'd get through the half hour all right. But Dorsey, eternally careful that his band always sound at its best, refused to go on the air without the necessary microphone. Not even a radio engineer can find a solo mike with half a minute to go. A hurry-up call to CBS headquarters and Lew White, with no preparation and no music, was asked to provide a 30-minute program.

THAT'S why you heard the organ play at midnight.

THE WEARING OF THE BLUE

In the year 1927, two of Fortune's children played saxophones in the Yale University dance orchestra. They sat side by side. One was a senior; the other a freshman. The senior graduated, got a few odd jobs, organized his own orchestra, sang a bit and then found he could make more money by talking. When the fresh graduated, he and his saxophone were off to work for Vincent Lopez, Paul Ash, Buddy Rogers and Abe Lyman. Then he found he could sing. He's doing pretty well for himself now under the name of Barry Wood. The gentleman who sat beside him is doing well too. His name is Rudy Vallee.

WHAT'S IN A NAME

Glen Gray's fellow bandmen call him (Continued on page 97)

Cleanliness IS PART OF LOVELINESS

The charm of attractive womanhood is made up of many things. Above all, a quality not to be measured merely by birthdays...a quality of fresh, sweetly fragrant daintiness, which proper care can assure at any age. With more accuracy than romance, let us call it frankly..."cleanliness". It means even more than bath- and-laundry cleanliness. It means that unsullied personal immaculacy which is the most compelling charm of a lovely young girl, and of truly happy wives. For no husband fails to notice, and resent, any neglect of intimate cleanliness. Yet too many women never realize that the freshness, which is so natural in youth, requires constant care as maturity advances. A cleansing douche with "Lysol" disinfectant, in proper solution of water, is the frequent and regular feminine hygiene habit of fastidious modern women. They know that "Lysol" in solution cleanses thoroughly, deodorizes—dependably. Many hospitals use "Lysol"; many doctors recommend it for feminine hygiene. Complete directions are on every bottle...at any druggist's.

You must surely read these six reasons why "Lysol" is recommended for your intimate hygiene—to give you assurance of intimate cleanliness.

1—Non-Cautious..."Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness..."Lysol" is a powerful germicide, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, sweat, etc.).

3—Spreading..."Lysol" solution spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually search out germs.

4—Economy..."Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor...The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability..."Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

TUNE IN on Dr. Dafoe every Mon., Wed., and Fri., 4:45 P. M., E. S. T., Columbia Network
templated taking him to the District Attorney’s office, he disappeared with the speed of the wind!

**SACRILEGE**

In his book on the Vatican, Thomas B. Morgan says that the canonization of a Catholic Saint is never rehearsed (even though it is a most elaborate ceremony), since “Being purely religious exercises, the idea of rehearsal is repugnant.”

**JUST AS repugnant to good and decent church-goers should be the practice of putting the name of the church out in front in gaily-colored and commercial Neon lights.**

**EQUALLY as repugnant is the idea (according to the press, high church authorities ARE taking steps in this direction) of churches resorting to Bingo Nights and Bank Nights, in the manner of the theater—even to the hiring of professionals to stage these affairs. The old-fashioned lawn party on the ground had the sweetness of home-made food and simple fun—but when the church relies on games of chance of the Bingo type to fill its coffers, I say it is a sad state of affairs.**

**THE lottery and raffle at least may be conducted with some degree of dignity and, although they are a type of chance for fortune, they have been accepted as the best method of reaching the congregation and tapping them all for the good of the church.**

But a church—the House of God—that has an immense placard advertising “BINGO HERE TONIGHT” calls down upon itself a rebuke for bad taste.

**SPORTS ANNOUNCERS — ATTENTION!**

The word is "Bruin" (brew-in)—not "brune". And it’s "Not-a" not "Not-er" for "Notre Dame."

**AMAZING**

In three Italian restaurants visited in Hollywood there were no bread sticks! The proprietors claim there is no demand for them—hence this important staple of Italian good eating is lacking in Coast restaurants.

**QUERY**

Why should there be different long distance dialing in Los Angeles and New York? To dial long distance in New York, one dials 211. In Los Angeles it’s 411. In New York 411 is information.

**BEFORE** beginning a résumé of some of the unusual things that impressed me during our tour of dance dates in Northern California, may I point out, for the benefit of those interested in the fundamentals of showmanship, some of the factors, hazards and other things which must be taken into consideration by anyone who proposes to embark upon a tour of one-night dance dates? To the layman this field is a complete mystery.

**FIRST,** there is the matter of booking the dates themselves. In the final analysis, the location of the date, the remuneration, the hours and all factors pertaining to the date will be dependent upon the popularity of the band at that particular time.

**A PROMOTER who ordinarily would**
Facts about sanitary napkins!

Here are the questions women asked:

Is there a way for me to secure greater Comfort and Security?

Suppose my needs differ on different days... what can I do?

What kind of deodorant should I use for positive protection?

Here are the answers to your questions!

Women know that the ideal sanitary napkin is one that can’t chafe, can’t fail, can’t show. So, naturally, this was our goal. With the introduction of Wondersoft Kotex, we were confident we had achieved it!

But to be honest, even though Wondersoft Kotex did create new standards of comfort and safety for most women, it did not completely satisfy every woman! Fortunately, we found out why... We discovered that one-size napkin will not do for every woman, any more than one-size hat, dress or pair of shoes. And, for many women, one-size napkin will not do for every day, for a woman's personal needs may differ on different days.

To meet this problem, we developed 3 types of Kotex... for different women, different days. Only Kotex has “All 3...” Regular Kotex, Junior Kotex, Super Kotex.

We sincerely believe that these 3 types of Kotex answer your demands for sanitary protection that meets your exact needs, each day. We urge you to try “All 3” next time, and see how they can bring you the greater comfort and security you seek.

Try all 3 types of Kotex, then judge for yourself. The proof is in the wearing! Perhaps you will decide you want one type for today, another for tomorrow—or maybe all 3 types for different times.

KOTEX* SANITARY NAPKINS

(*Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Patent Office)
LOSE WEIGHT
Without Drugs or Laxative Salts

DO NOT gamble with your health. Consult a physician before embarking on any weight-reducing program. The Dietene Council on Fats of the American Medical Association recommends that diet and exercise be used in conjunction with the use of Dietene to ensure proper weight reduction.

Dietene is accepted for reduction purposes because it provides a much lower intake of calories and the diet is high in proteins, minerals and vitamins. In fact, natural foods contain more of these nutrients than processed food. Easy to prepare and eat, Dietene will provide the necessary nutrition without the excessive weight gain.

Dietene comes in powder or in liquid form. Liquid Dietene is pure food drink, easy to prepare. Simply replace breakfast and lunch with Dietene meals and eat your usual dinner. You will not feel starved or irritable. Dietene tends to make you leaner than the meals replace!

DIETENE

15 Ounces $1

If your store cannot supply you, send $1 to Dietene Company, Minn., for a 15 ounce can, postpaid. Offer limited to U.S. Please give store for future purchases.

Name
Address
City State
Name of Store

NOW! Beautiful NAILS
AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE


If you have Gray Hair and DON'T LIKE it, make a FASCINATING MIXTURE, then write today for my FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

As a Hair Color Specialist with forty years' American experience, I am proud of my Color Imperator for gray hairs. Use it like a hair tonic—wonderfully GOOD for the scalp and dandruff; it can't leave stains. It will color gray-haired becomes a darker, more youthful color. I want to convince you by sending you a free bottle and booklet on All About Gray Hair. SHIP NOW! ARTHUR ROHDES, Hair Color Expert, Dept. 3, LOWELL, MASS.

BE A NURSE

MAKE $25-$35 A WEEK

For Home, Hospital, Nursing Home, Sanitarium, and Private Duty. A short course is a sure way to go. Between 18 and 60. High School graduates preferred. Free tuition payments. Write now. CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING, Dept. 3, 234, 100 East 21st Street, Chicago, Ill. Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

Name City Age

Gertrude Berg, author of The Goldbergs, plays Molly in that serial.

LISTENERS have come to regard me as a master of ceremonies—a light comedian—a singer and, perhaps, last of all, the director of an orchestra—I had no illusions about the success of our tour through the northern part of California.

I AM never particularly unhappy when we do not find ourselves even at the bottom of a dance-band rating. The radio audiences have come to think of me as the director of a variety show and my orchestra as a sort of pit band accompanying guest artists and occasionally playing rhythmic music.

UNLIKE Benny Goodman, who burst upon the populace with a successful dance band, our dance reputation has diminished as our variety popularity has increased.

INAPPROPRIATE

Perhaps you, too, noticed that very inappropriate music—that gay, stimulating, happy and flute-like music played during the horrible and blood-curdling bombing of Nanking, during a recent newscast.

FRIGHTENING

On observing the wild abandon and completely carefree manner in which those young kids, who were paid to dance the Big Apple at the swank El Morocco here in New York, danced it—I was provided with much food for thought.

RADIO STARS

Al Jolson's Jazz Singer in 1927 was the first dialogue film. Now he devotes himself only to radio.

When the promoter did little or no advertising—or, at most, took a small amount of newspaper space, perhaps, by a radio announcement—and yet we have, under those conditions, broken all records.

I KNOW of other engagements where I have personally announced it of a Thursday evening, this reaching at least thirty percent of the radio audience of that particular town, and where the promoter has spent hundreds of dollars in full-page newspaper advertisements, automobile tree covers and what-not—and still the dance has been practically a bust.

This sometimes occurs when there is no competition of any kind, at least none discernible to the eye—when even the weather was perfect. In such cases there is only one answer—you can count our fans in that town on two hands.

WHERE a city or town has in the past been unable to tune in the radio program of the band which is visiting it, this more than any other factor may make or break the band's success on its visit.

Our broadcast reaches the West Coast at five o'clock, Pacific Standard Time, during the winter, and at four o'clock during the summer. Which means, of course, that people are just finishing work and are driving home in a tired state of mind. Knowing that we probably have not as many radio listeners on the West Coast as I would like to have and that most radio paper filled with full-page advertisements concerning a final play-off game between two night baseball teams which were champions in their respective localities. It probably affected our gross to the extent of fifty percent! The thousand-odd people who attended our dance at this place, where we normally pulled in 2000 or more, were there mainly because they were staunch and loyal friends who look forward to our appearance there each year.

Then there are such things as the premieres of pictures. The debut of a sensational one- or two-million-dollar super-super colossal picture—one featuring As- taire and Rogers—Cable and Crawford—Shirley Temple or a hit musical, will often hurt the appearance of a visiting band.

The most natural competition, of course, outside that of Lodge, Fraternal, Society and Military affairs sponsored by the town's citizens—is the appearance of a rival popular dance band. This, naturally, is a normal type of competition and the best man usually wins, although it sometimes happens that neither comes out well.

The dance hall owner (or promoter, as we have been calling him) usually insists that our night-before appearance be played at least one hundred miles away from his dance hall. Obviously he wishes to draw from miles around and if his clientele has been to the other place the night before, they are not usually enthusiastic, the following night will not find them at his place.

Then there is the question of advertising. I have played dance engagements
They Still Talk Behind Her Back

BUT NOW THEY SAY:

"What a Lovely Skin!"

She is "Miss Popularity" of her set because she knows the value of a beautiful complexion. She is the glamour girl who keeps her skin looking youthful with the help of the Linit Beauty Mask.

Why not try this gentle, quick-acting facial treatment which helps to stimulate the skin, and eliminate "shine".

Here's how quickly the Linit Beauty Mask is prepared. Simply mix three tablespoons of Linit (the same Linit that

is so popular as a Beauty Bath) and one teaspoon of cold cream with enough milk to make a nice, firm consistency. Apply it generously to the face and neck. Relax during the twenty minutes it takes to set, then rinse off with clear, tepid water and pat the face and neck dry.

You will enjoy pleasant facial smoothness after the Linit Beauty Mask treatment. It leaves a velvety "film" that is an excellent powder base and heightens the allure of make-up. Your grocer sells Linit.

GOOD PHRASES

"I love my work and I don't care what I become doing it."

"Many a man who thinks he has reformed has only evaporated."

"His morals and inhibitions are only
Everyone Knows Office Work is Hard on the Hands

To keep your hands soft and white...

...use Barrington Hand Cream.

Another NADCO Product

You'll enjoy manicuring!

Ginnie-Lou Vitamized Finger Nail Cleansing Pads

Eastern Holding Ranch, Woodstown, New Jersey.

Mr. Lester C. Grady, Editor, Radio Stars, Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 149 Madison Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed find an authentic photo of Rudy Vallee, all decked out in cowboy, rodeo, contestant style and, on the night the photo was taken, Rudy rode with the 82 cowboys, cowgirls and Indians at the JE Ranch Rodeo, showing on the Fryeburg, Maine, fair-grounds.

And he did more than that, bless his kind heart. Our rodeo was the big attraction in front of the grandstand at the fair, two years ago. Rudy was spending a bit of a vacation at his Maine camp, on the banks of a beautiful lake a few miles from Fryeburg. We learned he was out there and sent our Indian band out to serenade him. Rudy came up out of the lake, where he was bathing, and led the band. Then he served refreshments, which the Indians greatly appreciated. We invited him to attend the rodeo that night.

"Can I wear my Wild West clothes?" he asked, with all the enthusiasm of a sixteen-year-old boy. "I have an entire outfit, presented me by California friends."

"Of course you can wear them and we'll furnish you a good horse to ride in the entry," we replied.

Rudy came to the rodeo, all dolled up in chaps, silk shirt, high-heeled boots, neckchief and Stetson hat and rode entry in the event with Colonel Jim Eskew of Garland, Texas, owner of the rodeo.

During the show we had Rudy talk over the loud speaker and he told the folks if they would come back Saturday night, he would bring his entire bunch of musicians, entertainers and rodeo to the rodeo and have them put on a show in connection with the Western sports. Said his folks were all coming to spend the week-end with him.

"Well, Mr. Editor, believe it or not, the good news leaked out, and on Saturday night there were more people on that

Radio Stars

[Bracketed by his bad looks.]

TIP

Always try to see the last show in a theatre that has four or five shows daily. By the last show, I mean the one that winds up the week before the new show comes in the next day. Invariably the performers, especially, and the orchestra on the stage, bored to the point of monotony by the repetition of their show some thirty or more times during the week, "cut capers" on the last show.

DURING my long apprenticeship at the Brooklyn and New York Paramount Theatres, doing four and five shows a day, it was always my wont (we changed Friday morning) to "cross up" the comedian for whom I was to take over during the week. Especially the old vaudeville type, accustomed to the straight man (or stooge) standing on one particular side of him. Certain comedians, who worked for years with the stooge always

upon the right, are so completely flabbergasted, upon discovering the straight man at the left, as to completely forget all of their lines.

Likewise this type of comedian who has been doing his act for anywhere from five to twenty years, when given any answer other than the one he naturally expects, is thrown into utter confusion by the unexpected one.

Among those with whom I had the most fun in crossing up in the last show in their week with us, were Joe Penner, Jack Oakie, Johnny Burke, Sammy Cohen and many others.

Well, I'm off to Hollywood to do a movie, which will—hope—meet with your approval when you see it—so our tour and other discussion will have to be continued next month.

See you then!

(Original's Note: We thought the readers of Rudy Vallee's column would be interested in the following letter. Unfortunately the rodeo picture would not reproduce.)

Dell Publishing Co., Inc.
149 Madison Avenue
New York City, N. Y.

Mr. Lester C. Grady
Editor, Radio Stars

Mr. Vallee, last song you sang just choked me right up. I ain't felt that way since I used to hear my mother sing. You can call on me for anything—if you want anyone killed, I'll sure do it for you and it will be a downright pleasure. Son, you're fit to ride the river with, as we say down in Texas.

And "Slim" meant every d— word of it.

Very truly yours,
JE Ranch Rodeo
By Herbert S. Maddy

Herbert S. Maddy
Woodstown, N. J.

I have seen thousands of pictures of Mr. Vallee, but never one of him as a cowboy, until the one I enclose was taken. That Quincy, Mass., photographer was on the grounds, taking pictures in the afternoon of the harness races, so we pressed him into service.
SEENING Edward G. Robinson rush enthusiastically from his studio after a broadcast, you wonder whether all that enthusiasm over his radio work can be genuine. The movies and stage did not always give him ageless masterpieces to act in, but they were usually among the better products of their season. Radio, however, is casting Robinson in just about the same caliber of play that the much less pretentious afternoon programs use. He gets primitive gangster melodrama, roaring, a lot of yelling and shooting and telephoning—and that's all there is to them.

Robinson lovingly comments on the good work his script writers are doing for his show. But he is a man of wide culture, great literary and musical enthusiasms. It's hard not to be curious about what he really does think of this program—even though the salary is very good.

THIS Christmas story is belated but it took quite a while for it to happen. Guy Lombardo sent an old friend an expensive watch for Christmas and decided registered mail would be the most convenient way of delivering it. The friend was not in when the postman rang.

A notice was left that registered mail awaited him, and it threw the man into a dither. He had visions of a summons, jury duty or lawsuit. He made up his mind to duck that piece of mail as long as possible. Repeatedly the postman called with it. The door did not open. Guy's friend had ceased answering the bell.

Guy was a little puzzled when the package finally came back to him. He was certain the man had not moved. One more attempt was made to deliver it by special messenger and this time the package did not come back. The friend did, though, with a sheepish explanation which immediately became one of Guy's favorite stories.

AROUND the Lux Radio Theatre studio in Hollywood, saviors droppers who don't recognize Cecil B. DeMille must go away with a notion that they have just seen and heard the greatest liar in the world. His conversation is simply incredible—except for the fact that the things he tells about are true.

He talks in terms of millions. Staggering sums run in and out of his casual stories of when his company was struggling, years ago. Or his stories may run on about the greatest names in Hollywood, all mentioned with a matter-of-fact air which makes the whole thing sound impossible. Remember, it's Tai, middle-aged, telling these tall stories! Leisurably, easy going and a little on the windy side, certainly not a figure to look or sound like one of the important leaders of a great industry—that's Cecil B. DeMille, who loves to sit back and talk about old times and whose stories must take wild turns because that is the kind of a career he has had. No director ever averaged a larger sum per picture than DeMille.

(Continued on page 86)

RADIO RAMBLINGS
How’s your baby’s appetite?

Feed your tiny tot Heinz Strained Foods and see how eagerly he eats! He’ll like their natural color! He’ll appreciate the tasty flavor Heinz cooks in—never out. Choicest fruits and vegetables are prepared scientifically to preserve vitamins and minerals. There are 12 delicious Heinz Strained Foods from which to choose. You pay no premium for their extra quality.

GUARD YOUR BABY’S HEALTH—LOOK FOR THESE SAFETY SEALS

57 HEINZ STRAINED FOODS

(Look for PLATTER PATTERN in May Radio Stars)

Relieves TEETHING PAINS within 1 minute

WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand’s Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved in one minute.

Dr. Hand’s Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period. Buy Dr. Hand’s from your druggist today.

Just Rub It on the Gums

DR. HAND’S
Teething Lotion

(Continued from page 85)

RADIO STARS

The most expensive Shoes may RUIN
BABY’S FEET

Many a mother, with the best intentions, is RUINING her baby’s feet by buying expensive shoes and then failing to discard them when they are outgrown. The X-ray shows how terribly little bones are warped and twisted in outgrown shoes. Save baby’s feet with inexpensive Wee Walker Shoes and change to new ones often. Wee Walkers have every feature baby needs. They are made over live-model lasts, hence are correctly proportioned, full-sized, roomy shoes that give real bare-foot freedom. Good-looking, soft, pliable leathers. Because they are made by the largest manufacturer of infant shoes exclusively, and are sold in stores with very low retail cost, the price is very low. Look for them in the Infants’ Wear Department of the following stores: W. T. Grant Co. S. S. Kresge Co. J. J. Newberry Co. H. L. Green Co., Inc. T. & V. Grand Stores House Silver and Bros., Metropolitan Chain Stores, Inc. McLellan Stores G. H. Kimmy Co., Inc. Sears, Roebuck & Co. Charles Stores Schulte-United Stores Lincoln Stores, Inc.

LOOK FOR THIS TRADEMARK

MORAN SHOE CO.
CARYVILLE, ILL.

NURSING MOTHERS?


Relieve Baby’s Cough the Moist-Throat Way!

When you catch cold and your throat feels dry or clogged, the secretions from countless tiny glands in the throat often turn into small balls of mucus. This makes you cough. Pertussin stimulates these glands to again pour out their natural moisture so that the annoying cough is loosened and easily raised. Quickly your throat is soothed, your cough relieved! Your cough may be a warning signal from your respiratory system. Why neglect it? And as millions have done! Use Pertussin, a safe and pleasant herbal remedy for children and grownups. Many physicians have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years. It’s safe and acts quickly. Sold at all druggists.

PERTUSSIN
The "Moist-Throat" Method of Cough Relief
BENNY GOODMAN'S recent swing concert in Carnegie Hall settled nothing except that swing addicts will like their brand of music, no matter where it is played. The concert did accomplish one thing, however. It set New York music critics into a good lively father about this young upstart who had dared invade the august old concert hall, most famous and stately in the land.

Carnegie and other New York concert halls have been invaded by jazz and swing orchestras before—Paul Whiteman, Ferde Grofe and others. Those leaders, however, always brought with them some significant new attempts to make serious music out of swing. Gershwin's Rhapsody in Blue had its start in one of these concerts. So did Grofe's Mardi Gras, Grand Canyon and other suites, and the All Points West dramatic song which achieved some popularity a year ago.

THE difference was that Goodman came in with no artistic notions. He just played the sort of music he would use at a ballroom, one popular song after another, and that's what set the music critics on edge. A couple of them, with good-natured condescension, conceded that this was not so bad, this swing, and Goodman was a good clarinet player. Others merely wrote a short routine piece, denoting their lack of interest. The rest went into long essays about the shortcomings of this primitive music. It was odd, reading such fancy words as arpeggios, glissandos and bravuras—all applied to what Benny himself would call simply a "hot lick."

However, not one of these critics recalled that eight years ago in this very same Carnegie Hall was introduced a song which became a bigger popular hit tune than anything Goodman has ever played. The conductor that night was Toscanini, no less, leading the great New York Philharmonic-Symphony orchestra. The piece was Ravel's Bolero, which he had introduced as a good symphonic item to round out a heavy program. He and the orchestra were dumfounded when an audience stood up and cheered. The next season it was on the music racks of every dance orchestra in the country, a rival to St. Louis Blues.

THIS Arturo Toscanini, by the way, has kicked up very little of the expected fuss during his season with NBC's symphony orchestra. He has had almost nothing to fuss about. In addition to hiring the greatest musicians who could be hired away from other orchestras, NBC has tried (Continued on page 103)
TRIFLES MAKE PERFECTION

BY WENDY LEE

How Maxine, Hour of Charm contralto, plans costume details

"TRIFLES make perfection, but—perfection is no trifle."

Thus spoke the philosopher, and I want you to bear his words in mind when you start out on your annual spring shopping tour, to which you've been looking forward, I know, all these long weary months. But don't let your impatience to buy something new run away with you.

Listen to what Vera Adrienne, talented young American designer, has to say on the subject.

"Before you even buy so much as a handkerchief, take a tour of the best shops. Observe carefully what the nicest departments are showing. Study the color charts of the new shades and figure out what is the most becoming to you.

"This is most important. First, decide on your color scheme, and then be sure that you carry it out to the last detail. One jarring note of color can completely ruin an otherwise perfect ensemble.

"If you are going to achieve that perfection of dress to which every woman aspires, you've got to see the picture as a whole, and it's only by attention to the trifles that go toward making up this perfection, that you will succeed!"

And, believe me, Adrienne knows whereof she speaks! This youthful (Continued on page 90)
"I've found LOVE"

say ANNE SHIRLEY

"With women, Romance comes first... that's why I always advise: Guard against COSMETIC SKIN this easy way"

"Lovely skin wins romance—and holds it," says this charming young star. "So don't risk Cosmetic Skin. Guard against it as I do with Lux Toilet Soap." Choked pores cause dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores—Cosmetic Skin. Before you renew make-up, ALWAYS at bedtime, protect your skin with Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather.
designer heads the school of expert couturiers who wander from Palm Beach to Warrenton, making trips to London, giving individual and personalized fashion service to motion picture and radio stars, heiresses, debutantes, matrons, the titled folk, the American aristocrats, the brilliant members of the famed "International Set."

At her salon in New York, which is her headquarters, she receives cables from Paris, the Tyrol and London, and with an unerring eye picks the fashions which will "click" and the fly-by-night fads destined to burn out fast and never even reach the cutting-room table. She usually works in a clever yellow cotton smock printed with tiny insects, and with a huge bee pin at the neck—perhaps to be in keeping with the fact that she's always busy as the proverbial bee.

Adrienne points to Maxine, lovely star of the General Electric Hour of Charm program, as an outstanding example of dressing to enhance her figure and her personality.

Slender and tall, with a mass of wavy black hair, liquid eyes and piquant features, Maxine is one of NBC's beautiful glamour girls, whose favorite hobby is clothes, and she sets the styles for her comrades in the Spitalny All-Girl Band, of which she is the featured singer. Maxine is not married, since no girl may sign a contract with this unique organization unless she also gives her written promise not to wed for the duration of her engagement with the band. But Maxine has many offers, and she keeps us all wondering how long it will be before she weakens!

Her life story reads like a fairy tale. When she and her brothers were very young, they were orphaned and separated and only met again after twenty years! Maxine was adopted by a family in Columbus and her first ambition was to become a doctor. But Phil Spitalny heard her sing in a high school concert and persuaded her to change her mind. About a year ago, her brother, now a steel worker in Pittsburgh, saw Maxine's picture and wrote to her. A correspondence followed and several months ago, when the Hour of Charm went to Pittsburgh to broadcast from NBC's station there, Maxine and her brother reunited.

Maxine loves to read better than anything else, perhaps because her own life has been so like a fiction story. She has an excellent but very quiet sense of humor and, as we said before, she has one big hobby, and that is reading.

Adrienne tells why she chose Maxine from among hundreds of other lovely and popular stars of the air waves:

"Maxine's costumes definitely show careful planning, and all her clothes are worn with the right accessories. Before you can see that, before each costume was planned, Maxine knew the color of the matching blouse, the style of the jewelry, and the type of coiffure needed for the particular hat to go with the feeling of the ensemble. She saw the picture as a whole, and not in its separate units.

"The girl who falls so deeply in love with a black street dress with a red bolero jacket, because it is clean, although she has no black accessories, has confused her ensemble to brown hitherto, can never be regarded as a smart and chic dresser. How much wiser it would have been if she had decided at the beginning of the season to stick to one basic color and then follow through with scarves, hats and trocks, all blending in to make a harmonious picture!"

If you are planning your spring wardrobe to be a "knockout," then follow this excellent piece of advice from Miss Adrienne, who goes on to tell us the type of clothes Maxine is going to wear—"to the theatre, on pleasant walks along Rockefeller Plaza, lunching at the Colony, for suppers in the wee hours of the morning at Reuben's, and to her broadcasts.

In the way of colors, Adrienne suggests for the brunette a bright blue with shocking pink trimming and accessories for street wear. Her turnd suit would be in chartreuse ribbed wool, with a blue fox jacket. If you are a honey blonde, try combining aqua and yellow, or if a light brunette, perhaps turquoise and wine. Old gold and sage green are lovely on the dark-skinned girl with light hair.

It is not until after she has decided on the color that Maxine chooses the style and cut of her costumes. Many women do just the opposite, sometimes with very sad results. The radio star believes that color comes before style, although style is basically more important. For instance, she points out, black needs subtle and pronounced drapery and line, whereas shocking pink, cyclamen, fuchsia, or other striking colors want themselves so attractive and eye-catching that the line must be very severely tailored.

This spring will see the outbreak of a number of fantastic vogues, such as the pirate dress, huge flower hats, ruffly feather toques, veils falling to the shoulders and silt to reveal only the eyes. So I want to caution you to be very careful, for unless you are the type who can wear these extreme styles and have a budget large enough to permit you to discard them at the end of their short lives as fashion highfliers, you'll be wise not to wear them by. And Vera Adrienne agrees heartily, for she has never roundly supported extreme fads. She prefers to follow the general trend, modified to suit the personality of the wearer, and also to chime in with her particular mode of life.
Just a cool drink of water for a thirsty lass—Rosemary Lane, of Warner Brothers' Hollywood Hotel.

buccaner costume which is effective but not too theatrical-looking. The skirt has an unusual front drape and extremely low décolletage, resembling a harem dress. Along the neck of the blouse are embroidered colorful spangles in a half-moon design. The sleeves are cabled above the elbow, to suggest a pirate's casually rolled-up sleeves.

Of course, I'm not inferring that all of you can produce such perfect drawings as these. It takes a great talent and years of study to turn out such gems. But you can, with careful thought and a supply of colored pencils, create for yourself a concrete idea of what your spring ensemble is going to be.

Here are some fashion "newsies" from Adrienne: Under your spring redingote wear a silk dress printed with trunk labels from foreign countries, suggesting adventure and romance. Instead of your rhinestone clip, try a military medal or a colorful Legion of Honor ribbon. If you are tired of wearing flowers in your coiffure, take a tip from Maxine, who reveals that her most effective idea was that of pinning three velvety green four-leaf clovers in her hair. If you want to make yourself a strikingly different sports belt to wear with your sweaters, and one that will cost practically nothing and look like three dollars, do this—go to your five-and-ten and buy yourself two dog collars in the same or in contrasting colors, buckle them together and presto! you've a good-looking brass-studded belt.

You can't go wrong in assembling your spring wardrobe if you follow the advice given you here by Adrienne, the talented designer, and Maxine, whom she has chosen as one of the best-dressed stars of the air. Just remember to picture yourself in the completed costume, make a preliminary sketch of what you have in mind, and be sure that what you have selected is appropriate for you. If you are not quite sure that a dress or hat which has caught your eye will give you the service and enjoyment you would like to expect, then pass it by.

In other words, "When in doubt—don't!"

"GIRLS CAN LEARN from our movie romances," says BOOTS MALLORY, Star of Grand National Pictures—"hands are important. Though the cold tends to roughen a girl's hands, I keep mine smooth and soft for my 'big' scenes."

FT. SMOOTH HANDS RE ROMANTIC...says Boots Mallory

Boots Mallory


"JERGENS LOTION"

FREE: PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE OF JERGENS
See for yourself—entirely free—how effectively this fragrant Jergens Lotion softens and whitens chapped, rough hands.

The Andrew Jergens Co., 1450 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada, Perth, Ontario)

Name: ____________________________

Street: ____________________________

City: ____________________________ State: ____________

(Please print)

Two ingredients in Jergens soften and whiten so wonderfully that many doctors use them. Regular use prevents cruel chapping and roughness—keeps your hands smooth, young-looking, and worthy of love. Only 50c, 25c, 10c—or $1.00—at all drug, department, and 10c stores.


BEAUTY AND GRACE

BY MARY BIDDLE

Gracie Allen, of the Grape-Nuts duo, offers some extremely practical suggestions for establishing beauty routines.

GRACIE ALLEN, heard over the radio, is a delightfully nonsensical person with not a serious (or sensible) thought behind the baby voice and childlike chatter. But Gracie Allen in person has some extremely practical ideas on beauty to pass along to you. Gracie believes beauty in a woman is a desirable and helpful quality. It isn't vain to wish to be good looking—to have a clear skin and healthy appearance. Beauty is a duty—wherever it can be created. Therefore, Gracie is raising her daughter to be beautiful. It is the task of childhood to form good habits—and Gracie is giving her child every help and encouragement in

Gracie teaches her small adopted daughter, Sandra, to feel pride and enthusiasm for gracious habits.

George Burns and Gracie Allen in their Hollywood home. Like charity, beauty begins at home, says Gracie.

SITROUX

AT YOUR 5 and 10 cent STORE!

Star of stage and screen prefers Sitroux Tissues (pronounced “Sit-true.”) So soft, yet so much stronger. They hold together. Care for YOUR complexion with Sitroux Tissues. Get a box today!
forming and building up valuable habits of beauty.

Just ask little Sandra, Gracie’s three-and-a-half-year-old daughter, if you have any lingering doubts about this. Sandra will quite frankly tell you: “Mother is most awful firm about the hair-brush!”

You see, Gracie Allen believes Sandra is not too young to follow a simple beauty routine and form those habits of personal care that will make her a well-groomed and attractive young lady when she is grown-up. Sandra’s lustrous hair, shining with “that well-brushed look,” and her soft, clear complexion and her graceful little figure all prove that her baby beauty is enhanced by this thoughtful care.

Very little experience with a lively youngster is sufficient to convince me (and you?) that it takes both sides of the hair-brush to persuade the little darling beauty is even skin deep! So, now that Gracie has found a peaceable solution to this “wash behind your ears” problem, it should be recorded for all harassed mothers and troubled big sisters.

The method used by Gracie to arouse little Sandra’s enthusiasm and pride of appearance will work quite as well with any child. Gracie has appealed to that instinct common to all children—the urge to imitate grown-ups.

Impress upon the child, by example and conversation, that it is quite an interesting part of being grown-up to be well-groomed. Then, if the child has its own accessories available and is allowed to use these by herself, you will find she has walked whole-heartedly and unsuspectingly into the trap!

Of course, says Gracie, there are days when your patience is tried because the little dear just plays with her hair-brush instead of actually brushing. This is the time to be especially cautious and not scold, or the good work will be undone. Ignore the naughtiness. Get out your own hair-brush and brush your hair properly, while you chatter about the lovely soft waves that are encouraged by a long, even brush stroke. She will probably fall into line immediately. However, if she does not, then repeat the same treatment the next time.

The very young lady’s shampooing is done by Mother, for the obvious reasons of thorough cleansing and less water splashing. Children’s hair should be shampooed with the mildest of soaps and here, certainly, the soaps should be of the liquid variety. “Lemonize” the clear, warm water for rinsing, by adding the strained juice of two lemons. If desired—it is not necessary—give the hair a final rinse in clear warm or cool water.

The tooth-brushing habit is greatly encouraged by pleasant-tasting toothpastes or powders and the small size, not too hard, toothbrushes. These brushes are specially made for children. Two brushes should always be in use—and they (Continued on page 100)

---

Once a forgotten girl—now the Glamour Girl

She avoids dull middle age” hair with GOLDEN GLINT

* A ruthless marauder destroying your youth and charm is dull, lifeless hair. Keep yours youthful and radiant with tiny glints and highlights. Golden Glint it after every shampoo.

There’s just one Golden Glint formula which can be easily and quickly adapted to all shades of brown, blonde and dark hair, and gives it a lustrous, natural color emphasis. Golden Glint, approved by Good Housekeeping, is inexpensive to use. Begin today! Ask for Golden Glint at drug or department stores (25c). Special 10c package at 10c stores. Ask for the special shampoo package containing the Golden Glint rinse (25c at drug and department stores). NEW! Silver Glint. Replaces yellowish cast of white and very gray hair with snowy loveliness; gives a silvery sheen to platinum and very light blonde hair. At 10c stores.

GOLDEN GLINT COMPANY, Inc., Seattle, Washington

Glorifies every shade of brown, blonde and dark hair.
CORNs

Nestle COLORINSE

WORKS WONDERS! Gives
Complete every shampoo
with Nestle Colorinse . . . . It’s the
pure, harmless rinse-tint— not a dye or bleach.
Colorinse removes shampoo film. Faded or
gray streaks are blended in with the enriched
natural color. Waves last longer. Colorinse
glorifies your hair! It’s America’s favorite.
There’s a shade of Colorinse for every
shade of hair. Consult the Nestle Color Chart
at your nearest toilet goods counter— today!
10c for package of 2 rinses at 10c stores.
25c for 5 rinses at drug and dept. stores.

Happy Relief
From Painful Backache
Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those growing, nagging, painful backaches
people blame on colds or strains are often caused by
tired kidneys— and may be relieved when treated
in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature’s chief way of taking ex-
cess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most
people pass about 2 pints a day or about 3 pounds
of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don’t
work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood.
These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheu-
matics pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting
up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, head-
aches and dizziness.

Don’t wait! Ask your druggist for Donn’s Pills,
used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They
give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney
tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood.
Get Donn’s Pills.

RADIO STARS

STRAIGHT FROM THE COLD SHOULDER

(Continued from page 21)

Bob Ripley’s gift from a fan. A strip of paper, with the letters cut out, is
posted on the apples when they are green, and pulled off when they are ripe.

6. ETHEL BARRYMORE—the posses-
sor of the most charming laugh to be
heard on radio. She is so accomplished as
an air actress that she makes listening to
anything she figures in, a distinct pleasure.
Would that she were quintuplets!

7. DOROTHY LAMOUR—an extremely
good-looking girl with a rather nice,
albeit sexy, singing voice. Miss Lamour,
unfortunately, isn’t much of an actress,
even though she is doing better than well
in both the movies and the radio.

ORESTES PERKINS, a man who
fancies himself as a wit, says: “This
Lovell Thomas has the very latest news
on the air. It must be the newest because
even he stumbles when he reads it!”

LISTEN carefully to Paul Whitman’s
band on the Chesterfield show— hear those
strings?

Why, you say, is that so odd? It’s odd
because if you had heard Paul last summer
you wouldn’t have heard fiddles. Why,
again? Because Paul decided that the
band might sound better without them, and
in Texas he left them out and liked the
result.

He’d have gone on the air that way, only
his sponsors said no, they wanted strings.
They got them. After all it’s their pro-
gram.

THAT really shouldn’t be the stigma
attached to the word “sustaining” that
there is. You’re aware, of course, that a
sustaining show is one without a commer-
cial sponsor. The performers are paid,
but none too well, by the station itself.
And yet, despite the tendency to decry
them, there are some first-rate sustaining
shows.

For example, Allan Prescott has been
The Wife Saver for five years, dispensing
kitchen helps wrapped liberally in wit.
He has had no sponsor, yet last October,
he pulled in 27,000 letters. Some of the
big commercials must admit that’s not at
all bad.

Then there’s the much-loved Nellie
Revell, who interviews a variety of people
from near and far. She has been at it
for years and with such success that she
is able to call for, and get, a thousand
letters any time she wants them.

Still another is the CBS American
School of the Air, perennially popular
with children and adults alike.

These are but a very few. So, the next
time someone tells you to listen to such
and-such a sustaining show, try it and stop
being smug.

It is banded about that the woman,
whose baby was tucked to sleep and horrible
nightmares by the syrinx accents of Tony
Wons, is considering a new introduction to
her bedtime stories. Like this: “Wons
SPEAKING of letters, some of the big sponsors have no way of telling whether anyone is tuned in to a show costing $20,000 or more. Possibly not a solitary soul is listening to it! That is why prize-giving has become so popular. The sponsor offers this or that when you write in for it. The number of requests automatically register how many people heard the program the night the announcement was made. This is a certain way of telling, and the $20,000 doesn't seem like a complete waste.

On a recent Sunday Radio Newsreel show, featuring Parks Johnson and Wallace Buttersworth, Emerine was mentioned thirty-two times in thirty minutes. And in addition, for the benefit of the listeners, who are considered sufficiently stupid, the name was spelled twice. We'd rather keep our grease spots!

IF, when you tune in the Borden show featuring Rush Hughes, you say to yourself: "That name sounds familiar. Where have I heard it before?"—don't despair, because here's the answer. He's the son of Rupert Hughes, the well-known writer. Not that he trades on his father's name, for that is one thing he's never done. But that's better proved by the fact that, after he left Princeton, he threw some things into a knapsack—it was a pigskin bag, but "knapsack" sounds more adventurous—and hit for California. For some odd reason he soon ran out of cash, but instead of writing one of those "Dear-Pop-please-send-me-fifty" letters, he got himself a job as a night clerk in a hotel.

Here's where Fate stepped in and even registered at young Hughes' hotel, for Anson Weeks, the popular bandleader, was broadcasting from there. Lo and behold! One night the regular announcer of this program was taken ill. Our hero stepped up and said, modestly: "I can do it."

The funny part of it is that he did do it, and there followed a regular job with the radio station, a trip East and one West with hard work and Fate and lots of odds and ends all mixed up to make the figurative omelet that now is Rush Hughes.

HAVE you ever visited someone who let a radio—with a program of chatter—run full-blast back of your car while you tried to carry on conversation? If you don't have to, don't call on that kind.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY—he of the movies, most especially Night Must Fall—told an eloquent in a statement to the press.

Robert, in effect, states that radio is great training for film youngsters. They have to pay strict attention and really learn their lines, since there are no retakes to fall back on and, besides, radio is a great national build-up for the kids.

All of which is made even more interesting by the fact that Robert just doesn't like radio. He has said that the movies suffered enough from stupidity, but that radio suffered from it even more, and that the producers of the various air shows don't know what it's all about. And here we see the illuminating spectacle of a man recommending the very thing he says he despises.

What he says about the benefits of radio training, however, is very true, but hardly to be confined to the children (comparatively speaking) of the screen. Practically all of the so-called grown-up movie stars, guesting at fat fees on radio's various programs, could study the facts submitted by Robert and profit by them. They might even study their scripts.

ISN'T it common sense to suggest that the wise sponsor advertise his air show in newspapers and magazines?

Most of the well-established shows do it as a matter of course, but all too many new ones open unannounced, and so the average person, who is much too busy to study over a long list of radio programs (in which the sponsor's name is very carefully omitted), consequently overlooks it entirely.

IF, as Phil Spitalny says, women make as good musicians as men, why, then, is his all-girl Hour of Charm orchestra reputedly the most-rehearsed on the air?

A FAN wrote Joe Rines, the alleged mastro-comic, saying that he was second in her estimation only to Marx. Charles McCarthy. Rines says that in the future he's going to cultivate a wooden expression.

THE only man at NBC who doesn't talk much is the newly-acquired Dr. James Roland Angell, lately of Yale University, at present NBC's Director of Education.

In answer to all questions as to his plans, the canny Angell, who rapped in several millions of dollars for Yale, for the most part says that he is studying conditions, for the present.

(Continued on page 95)
RADIO STARS

Perhaps it's Dr. Angell's prediction toward the study of psychology that is influencing his wise answers and which will eventually make him invaluable to his employers.

Rumor says that six months will elapse before much action in his department takes place. Meanwhile, the good Doctor might consider the task of educating some of the radio performers themselves—if he isn't frightened by a tough assignment.

THOSE radio polls: Fred Allen landed in eighth place in one or another of them, so Portland Hoffa suggested, on Fred's I Panned show, that he could perhaps improve his rating if he made the studio audience laugh more. So she passed out funny hats and faces to Von Zell and Fred and insisted that, as a final gesture, they slam each other with folded newspapers. The result was that the studio audience howled and we, the listeners, got a chance to use our imaginations and to enjoy the tidbits of the papers.

The smart Allen, who really ad libb all through the show, is too wise to do anything like that seriously as other comics. Al Jolson, Eddie Cantor, have done and do. He was only kidding.

AN Indianapolis radio station hits a new high in things paradoxical. This wireless station has for its call letters, WIRE.

AND speaking of radio polls, this is the time and place to say that they aren't fair. Even the ones that are taken amongst radio editors, fail to classify people and organizations thoroughly enough to make it clear what is being voted on. For example, take Guy Lombardo and Benny Goodman. There's not the slightest ground for comparison between the sweet, flat-sounding Lombardo aggregation and Goodman's swing outfit. Yet time and time again they'll bob up in polls in the same column—sometimes with Lombardo ahead, sometimes Goodman. Another example might be the men who are singers in the same night and those who merely sing with a bunch of "cats"—surely they shouldn't be compared. Let's have more divisions or, better still, fewer polls.

UNSUNG—but often heard—are the networks' stand-by pianists. These altogether valiant people—like Muriel Pollock of NBC and Ann Leaf of CBS, who performs on the organ—are the ones who sit at a piano waiting for a green light to flash on. When it does flash, they go into a piano solo nicely calculated to round out the time left over from Professor Whosisit's too short, too dull speech. The solo, of course, has to be in keeping with the tone of the Professor's talk.

Naturally they don't get anywhere near the credit they deserve, especially when you consider the risk they run—of going mad.

THINK of it—counting fifty-seven minutes to play three Wty, they barely get the digits loosened up and take on a feeling of "Whoa! we're off!" when another light flashes on and they're through for another hour or so, till they play a few minutes more. And of course there's the unexpected, when they hurriedly have to leave Gone With The Wind and fill in for some fat lyric soprano who fainted dead away in 8 G. Small wonder then that they work in short shifts and go off on frequent vacations to places where there are no real and green lights!

BUT the unusual twist to this is the fact that they are, more often than not, musicians of a very high calibre. Symphony pianists, like Walter Gross of CBS, often oblige with a few bars of this carry-over music. Many have worked up to good pianistic jobs with a starting job like this. But the people who do this work all of the time are, as mentioned, through a very high calibre. Take the same radio, the music from a highly-touted symphonic orchestra was piped into New York headquarters from one of the chain stations. The music ended five minutes too soon, and so the stand-by laid down Gone With The Wind and matter-of-factly took up one of the concert themes as her piano selection. The next day the critical brethren united in swearing that she was as good as anyone heard on the symphonic concert.

She still waits for a green light, but she has finished Gone With The Wind.

IT would be swell to hear Joe Cook's band, naive, shrill-voiced way of saying things at work on the air-waves again. Give us Cook, plus those zestful zanies, Steppangie and Bud, and we'd be as happy as all get-out.

THE radio actors' answer to this department's criticism of last month (that the same people, such as Irene Hubbard, act on all of the programs), is that they have to live.

"If one program would pay us enough so that we could devote ourselves to it, we'd be as happy as clams—but who'll do it?" they ask.

THAT'S not to be answered here but, lest you start feeling sorry for them, let it be known that they average some $75 a week—which isn't bad money at all.

BUT while they're putting away $75 a week, it's still hard, if not well-nigh impossible, for a capable young actor or actress to get a break with either a radio station or the advertising agencies which put on the commercial shows. The directors and producers have their pet lists of actors and actresses and, when they want a type, they simply turn to them. Let's say they're too busy, or too lazy, to interview new people—but let's admit that the whole system is wrong. Radio does need new blood but the only answer the radio people make is a shrug of the shoulders and a vague "That's all we can do . . . ."

THIS actor situation—like the writer one (same thing)—will bother radio a lot some day. Wait and see.

MEANWHILE, some child actors who got their start in radio have grown up and are firmly settled in the movies—like Tom Brown, or a little boy still and still from the air-waves—the March Twins and Billy Halou—he of Dead End, in both the stage and movie versions.

THEY had to start.
"Spike." But Benny Goodman goes Spike one better. His boys have two nicknames for him. They call him "Pops" or "Junior"—it depends on their mood.

ALL IS NOT GOLD

Early last fall, Hal Kemp answered the siren call of the Gold Coast. He and his band trekked Hollywood-wards to add the cinema to their other activities. But a lot of things happened to Hal in the land that isn't all sun and gold. Most important, Skinnay Ennis, drummer, singer and one of the band's personality boys, resigned to sign a movie contract. Skinnay also has an idea about forming his own orchestra. Then Paul Whitman replaced Hal on the Friday night Chesterfield program. And now it is reported that there is to be no immediate work for the Kempians, after all.

AULD LANG SYNE

Fate can play some mighty funny tricks. A few years back, one of the biggest names on the air waves was Frank Knight. Remember him as an ace Columbia announcer? More than six years ago, Frank announced the program that presented three great personalities on their first sponsored program. The three, on their way up radio's ladder, were Guy Lombardo, George Burns and Gracie Allen.

THAT was Guy's first important program—and Frank did all his announcing. Then, a few more years, and Knight left CBS. Fame faded. In show business, memory doesn't last long. But no one has ever accused Guy of that familiar failing.

So, on these late evenings, when you tune in the Mutual Broadcasting System to hear the Royal Canadians—well, you know whose voice you hear above the strains of Auld Lang Syne. It is Frank Knight's.

HISTORY REPEATS

Considered the greatest saxophonist in America is Chu Berry—the gobble-pipe expert, who pipes every time you tune in Cab Calloway. But Chu (pronounced "shoe") is best known to listeners, perhaps, through his songs. He composed Christopher Columbus. Then he decided to tear a leaf from the same history book which inspired his saga of 1492. He's continued his musical history with his latest creation: Queen Isabella.

DISCOVERER

One of the important reasons for Mark Warne's success is his willingness to give unknown talent a break. He is credited with developing Gertrude Niesen and Virginia Verrill. Next to Kostelanetz, his dance arrangements are considered the best in the business. He now has twelve men on his arranging staff—ten of whom he discovered himself. All of them were young and unknown. A nineteen-year-old college student is his latest prodigy. He is Ben Baron, who alternates between Mark's office and New York University. He first came

(Continued from page 79)

"MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN?
DON'T TRY TO SCARE ME...
WHY, I'M ONLY 22!

THAT WAS A NARROW ESCAPE! FROM NOW ON I'M USING ONLY PALMOLIVE, THE SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE OIL TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!

BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL...A SPECIAL BLEND OF OLIVE AND PALM OILS! THAT'S WHY IT'S SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN. IT SOFTENS, SMOOTH'S, REFINES SKIN TEXTURE, ITS GENTLE LATHER CLEANSES SO THROUGHLY, TOO! LEAVES SKIN RADIANTLY CLEAR!

I'LL GET SOME PALMOLIVE RIGHT AWAY!

WELL, NO WONDER YOUR POWDER "FLAKES"! YOU'VE LET YOUR SKIN GET SO DRY, LIFELESS, COARSE-Looking...YOU'VE ACTUALLY GOT "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

THAT IS WHY PALMOLIVE CERTAINLY KEEPS YOUR COMPLEXION LOVELY, BUT WHY IS PALMOLIVE SO DIFFERENT?

WELL, PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL...A SPECIAL BLEND OF OLIVE AND PALM OILS! THAT'S WHY IT'S SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN.

IF YOU'RE SMART, YOU'LL CHANGE TO PALMOLIVE SOAP RIGHT AWAY!
(Continued from page 97)

SWING AND PAY
1927 seems to have been an auspicious year for collegians. That was the year Swing and Savoy Sammy Kaye was a track champ at Ohio University, Athens, Ohio. On the side, Sammy worked his way through school with his first dance band. One of the most profitable Kaye working places was the Varsity Casino. So profitable, in fact, that just before he graduated Sammy owned the Casino. Now, Maestro Kaye’s young nephew is also working his way through Ohio University—and he’s doing it by managing the Varsity Casino for his band-leading uncle.

THE BIG STICK

Conductors’ barons vary as much as the music their bands play. Probably the smallest is Don Voorhees’ pencil. They grow up in gradual stages of development until you see Jimmy Lunceford’s—the pappy of them all. In over-all length, Jimmy’s is exactly 32 inches!

A SOFT ANSWER

One of the best stories now being told in radio circles concerns a famous New York orchestra and its publicity representative. Seems that the band had just finished its air show and the representative walked out into the lobby. Curious about the reaction to the program, he asked one of the young men attached to the studio how he liked it. Expecting the usual answer, the press agent was stunned when he heard: “I thought it was pretty bad. As a matter of fact, it was terrible.”

BARELY recovered from his shock, the agent asked the frank youngster if he knew who he was. To his “No,” came the angry: “Young man, I am so-and-so’s publicity representative! And I can get you fired!” Slowly came the studio employee’s answer: “Do you know who I am?” “No.” “Thank Heaven!”

P.S.: ATTENTION TINY GARMENTS DEPT.

If you’ve been wondering what’s happened to Helen Ward, the young lady who became so well-known as Benny Goodman’s vocalist, here’s your answer. Hers is the fate that all good little singers hope will befall them some day. She left Benny to get married—to get married to a gentleman reputed to have some $5,000,000. And, as we go to press, one of the best swingstresses of them all is planning to swing—a cradle.

PLATTER PATTER

Long one of the outstanding musicians in Cleveland, Maurice Spitalny, brother of Phil Spitalny, now is musical director of KDKA, in Pittsburgh.

SWING YOUR PARTNER

Swing has been cursed and praised, but Victor goes the limit in glorifying it in its Symposium of Swing album—a necessary addition to any swing-fan’s collection. Made up of four twelve-inch records, the album’s best number is Benny Berigan’s version of If I Can’t Get Started With You. Also in it is one of the most famous swing arrangements of all time—Benny Goodman’s two-side recording of Sing, Sing, Sing. And high above the average is Tommy Dorsey’s Stop, Look and Listen and Beale Street Blues and Fats Waller’s Honeysuckle Rose.

THIS T. DORSEY’S quite a lad: His new translation of Little White Lies (Victor) edges over to the terrific side. But my greatest kick came from Connie Boswell’s fantastically swell swing treatment of Home on the Range and Martha
DIFFERENCE: Carman sings "With a Smile and a Song" and the trio does tricks to Whistle While You Work. (Victor). Shep Fields does both numbers on a Bluebird release. Maybe you'll like his ripples. I didn't.

ONE of the smoothest bands on record (the pun is intended) belongs to Ambrose. His Swing Patrol and Medley of Hebrew Dances (Decca) is superior stuff. But Ted Fio Rito's Reflections and Egga Daggie (Decca) isn't. Horace Heidt's Sail Along Silly Moon and Rosalie (Brunswick) double and triple in brass. In addition to his brass, Horace has a soprano, a baritone, a tenor and a glee club expressing the vocal of the latter. Rosalie gets a thorough work-out. Sammy Kaye, another of the musical stylists, swings and sways with Sweet Like You and I'm Laughing Up My Sleeve (Vocalion). A good sample of the maestro's work—if you like the maestro's work.

SWEET AND LOW—FOR DANCING: The biggest song hits of this season are the sparkling numbers from Walt Disney's Snow White. Guy Lombardo presents two of them in the never-failing Royal Canadian style. Carmen sings "With a Smile" and "Song" and the trio does tricks to Whistle While You Work (Victor). Shep Fields does both numbers on a Bluebird release. Maybe you'll like his ripples. I didn't.

NEW band of the month is Brunswick's Larry James'. Harry is the Goodman umpire we told you about. He organized his own recording orchestra and included a few of Benny's boys. The result is good in Jubilee and Can't? And his trumpet trumpets triumphantly in Life Lives to a Party and When We're Alone. Jimmy Lunceford's Frisco Fog (Decca) is good, but it sounds a bit like Powerhouse. The reverse side—Annie Laurie—makes you wonder what became of Annie.

IN Loch Lomond (Decca) Woody Herman shows why all the soothsayers point to him as a comer. I wasn't too excited about Count Basie's Out the Window (Decca) but Chick Webb's Strictly Jive and Rock It For Me (Decca) are good. Ella Fitzgerald rocks it on the latter with great ease. Every Day's a Holiday, but not for the lads making records! Cab Calloway's version (Vocalion) strikes me better than Fats Waller's (Victor).

SWEET AND LOW—FOR DANCING: The biggest song hits of this season are the sparkling numbers from Walt Disney's Snow White. Guy Lombardo presents two of them in the never-failing Royal Canadian style. Carmen sings "With a Smile" and "Song" and the trio does tricks to Whistle While You Work (Victor). Shep Fields does both numbers on a Bluebird release. Maybe you'll like his ripples. I didn't.

ONE of the smoothest bands on record (the pun is intended) belongs to Ambrose. His Swing Patrol and Medley of Hebrew Dances (Decca) is superior stuff. But Ted Fio Rito's Reflections and Egga Daggie (Decca) isn't. Horace Heidt's Sail Along Silly Moon and Rosalie (Brunswick) double and triple in brass. In addition to his brass, Horace has a soprano, a baritone, a tenor and a glee club expressing the vocal of the latter. Rosalie gets a thorough work-out. Sammy Kaye, another of the musical stylists, swings and sways with Sweet Like You and I'm Laughing Up My Sleeve (Vocalion). A good sample of the maestro's work—if you like the maestro's work.

THE Big Apple is practically appeal—by now, but the waltz lives on. Rudy Vallee and the Yankees add proof to their My Moonlight Madonna (Bluebird). And Jon Garber, as always, gives his impression of Gypsy Lombardo playing Avalon and Stardust (Brunswick). But if you want to hear a really good imitation, get Reggie Childs' Sweet Stranger and I'm The One Who Loves You (Decca). He produces a carbon copy of Hal Kemp.

VOCALS: By all odds, the best vocalizing on recent releases is Maxine Sullivan's Darling Nellie Grey and The Folks Who Live On The Hill (Vocalion). Her accompanying orchestra is directed by Claude Thornhill—her manager and one of Andre Kostelanetz' pianists. Connie Boswell's work in You Took The Words Right Out Of My Heart and "Outside of Paradise" (Decca) makes you wonder why in the world a network sponsor hasn't signed her e'er this. Frances Langford, another of the gifted lady-birds, does very badly by I'm Gettin' Sentimental Over You (Decca).

TOMMY DORSEY'S Who (Victor) rates attention in the voice department. As in the famous Marie record, Jack Leonard sings the regulation lyrics and the boys in the band talk back to him. He sings "Who-o-o-o," for example, and they say: "You tell me and I'll tell you." It's a lot of fun. The Foursons is an interesting novelty quartet. The boys sing Chinatown, My Chinatown and Sweet Georgia Brown (Decca) and then, all of a sudden, you hear an ocraina fighting it out with a clarinet.

Charlie McCarthy's little playmate, Dorothy Lamour, has recorded True Confession and Moon of Manakoora (Brunswick). Nice enough to listen to, but it's a doggone shame you can't see her! With the organ background of Eddie Dunstedter, Bob Crosby's big brother Bing uses his pleasant baritone on In The Mission By The Sea (Decca). He also contends There's a Gold Mine In The Sky—which, if you know weekly radio salaries, seems to contain a lot of truth.

RADIO STARS

Decca, a familiar operatic aria. Her accompaniment is supplied by Bob Crosby and his Bobcats—seven skilled operators laced from the full Crosby band. Their style is called Dixieland—every man for himself. The Bobcats bowl to great advantage in Stumblin' and Fidgety Feet Decca.

HOME

IT CAN'T MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE—I'LL TAKE CHANCE ON THIS SOAP

OUT ON A PARTY

No S.A.*
[STOCKING APPEAL]

Save elasticity...it's the secret of S.A.*

A run—and at the most embarrassing moment! "He" is bound to notice that you've lost S.A.

You needn't have constant runs, ugly wrinkles or snaky seams. Just use Lux. It saves elasticity, so threads give instead of breaking easily into runs. Stockings fit better, too.

Cake-soap rubbing and soaps with harmful alkalai weaken elasticity—rob you of S.A.

for stockings
No other method does as many things for you as Dr. Scholl's. Instant relief from pain; instant ending of shoe friction and pressure. So soothing, healing and protective you won't even be conscious of your feet when you walk, work, golf or dance. New or tight shoes are eased, corns, warts, corns and blisters prevented.

Corns, Callouses Soon Lift Out Corns or callouses soon lift out, when you use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate Medication, included in every box. Made THIN and THICK, in sizes and shapes for all conditions. Cost but a tide. Sold everywhere. FREE sample of Corn size also Dr. Scholl's Foot Booklet—write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Chicago, Ill.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

HAIR KILLED FOREVER

KILLED PERMANENTLY

Dr. Scholl's Foot Booklet—write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Chicago, Ill.

CORN

PAIN

ENDED IN ONE

Minute

NEW TRIPLE-ACTION METHOD

(1) Relieves pain instantly

(2) Removes Corns, Callouses

(3) Prevents Corns before they can develop.


CONSTITUTION

WORRIES SOLVED WITH THE VEGETABLE LAXATIVE

FOR many centuries they have used the dependable ALL-VEGETABLE laxative, Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) to aid in keeping them fit. So mild, thorough, refreshing and invigorating. Dependable relief from sick headaches, biliousness, indigestion, and that tired out feeling, when caused by, or associated with constipation.

Without Risk

Get a 25c box of NRs from any drug store. Use for one week, then if you are not more than pleased, return the box and we will refund the purchase price. That's fair. Try it—NR Tonight—Tomorrow—Always.

NATURE'S REMEDY

RADIO STARS

BEAUTY AND GRACE

(Continued from page 93)

Your Hair Stays in Place
HOURS LONGER WITH

Delong BOB PINS

No Matter How Lovely You Look—

it all can be spoiled by a run—

RUN-R-STOP saves you embarrament as well as money. Just a drop will stop a run or snip permanently. Handsome RED & BLACK VANITY protects tube in purse. Ask for it at chain, department and shoe stores. Only 10c Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping as advertised therein.

R U N - R - S TO P

FREE, we will send you handy purse-size case of Nail Polishes. While in a new convenient form, supply mail the per- mission sheet from a package of Run-R-Stop to Dept. M CAMILLE INC.—49 East 21st Street, New York.

ACCOUNTANT

BECOME AN EXPERT

Accountants' Salary Manual

Accountants Salary Manual

ACCOUNTANTS—Free 12 pages. 50c postpaid. The salary manual, the Dic't of the American Institute of Accountants, for you to know the facts. Address your request to the American Institute of Accountants, 111 E. 42d St., New York City.

LASALLE EXTENSION, Dept. 4318-H

Chicago

The School That Has In Its Alumni Over 1,500 C.P.A.'s

Why

Blonde Hair Requires

A Special Shampoo

Unless blonde hair is given special care it is sure to darken and lose beauty with age. But here is a shampoo and a special rinse that brings out the beautiful blonde, the alluring blonde and highlights that can make blonde hair so attractive. Try New BLONDEX, this amazing Blonde Hair Shampoo and Special Rinse today. Costs but a few cents to use and is absolutely safe. Used regularly it keeps hair lighter, lustrous, glowing with fas- cineating luster. BLONDEX in new combination package (shampoo with separate rinse) sold at all stores. Large size cost, ten cents per shampoo.
habit of using a bit, each time after she has washed her hands.

The eventual condition of the nails—particularly of the cuticle—is dependent upon early care. Teach the child to push the cuticle back, after she has washed her hands, because you will find that she is tearing off ragged, cracked cuticle with her teeth, otherwise—a very bad habit, indeed.

Gracie feels she can't talk too strongly about nail-biting, which seems to follow so soon after thumb-sucking as a major problem, and one almost as hard to cure. In fact, she tells of one friend who never did cure herself of this habit and now, a grown woman, wishes that her mother had done something concrete about it when she was a child. Even a tiny little girl will adore her own manicure kit and the pride of possession will arouse interest in the appearance of the fingernails. This is just about the best way of handling the nail-biting habit you can find. If the biting still continues, however, you should use one of the bitter lotions on fingertips, and gloves on the hands while sleeping.

It used to be considered a big joke to talk about a little boy who didn't wash behind his ears—but when a mother has been lax about the problem with either a little boy or a little girl, it proves to be no laughing matter. She will one day discover a ring of grime around the collar or sweater, that requires actual scrubbing—accompanied by horrific yowls—from the protesting child! It is never too young to learn that the neck and shoulders are to be cleansed just as the face (a lesson that lots of grown-ups have yet to learn!). So, right now is the time for daughter to form the habit of considering the neck every bit as conspicuous and important as the nose.

All of this sounds like a terrific bother and waste of precious minutes to a busy mother and housewife, but Gracie Allen assures you that over a period of time the habit will prove to be a saving grace—sufficient time to be spent on things that are of more importance.

The matter of daughter's weight is supervised by Mother. It is a wise mother who doesn't count too much on daughter “outgrowing” that decided tendency to be over or under weight. Gracie believes a physician should be consulted and that Mother should cooperate by seeing that daughter has the proper number of calories. Mother should always closely supervise daughter's posture, too. A task that borders on the Herculean, when the young wriggler is in good spirits! But it is much easier for a very young lady to learn to sit and stand properly than it is to change years of bad habits when she grows older.

And still Mother's work is not done! After all the training and guiding of her young daughter, she must follow her own beauty routine, too. Gracie Allen says she never allows herself to forget that she must look fresh and attractive for her husband and family. They not only expect it of her, but they enjoy their pride in her.

Just a few moments, before Daddy comes home, spent in slipping on another frock, cleansing the face and applying a new make-up, flatters the family and gives a lift to Mother's own spirits! The briefest glimpse into the happy home life of Gracie, George, little Sandra and Ronnie, proves how absolutely right are Gracie's Beauty Secrets!
HEARST RADIO EDITORS’
ANNUAL POLL
Conducted by J. E. (Dinty) Doyle

Gracie Allen, rated No. 1 Comedienne in this poll, with George Burns (left), Ben Blue and Bob Hope (right). All are in the film, College Swing.

AWARD TO “FORGOTTEN MAN OF RADIO
IN 1937"
Edgar Bergen

BEST VARIETY PROGRAM
1—Bing Crosby
2—Charlie McCarthy Hour
3—Hollywood Hotel

BEST DRAMA PROGRAM
1—DeMille Radio Theatre
2—Hollywood Hotel
3—Columbia Workshop

BEST CLASSICAL MUSIC
1—Sunday Nights at Carnegie Hall
2—Sunday Evening Hour
3—N. Y. Philharmonic Hour

BEST SWING ORCHESTRA
1—Benny Goodman
2—Glenn Gray
3—Tommy Dorsey

BEST SWEET ORCHESTRA
1—Guy Lombardo
2—Wayne King
3—Richard Himber

MASTER OF CEREMONIES
1—Major Bowes
2—Bing Crosby
3—Don Ameche

LEADING COMEDIAN
1—Fred Allen
2—Jack Benny
3—Edgar Bergen

GOOD FOR KIDNEY AND BLADDER WEAKNESS
LOOK AND FEEL YOUNGER

All over America men and women who want to cleanse kidneys of waste matter and irritating acids and poisons and lead a longer, healthier, happier life are turning to GOLD MEDAL Harlem Oil Capsules.

Aid to “Forgotten Man of Radio
In 1937”

Edgar Bergen

Best Variety Program
1—Bing Crosby
2—Charlie McCarthy Hour
3—Hollywood Hotel

Best Drama Program
1—DeMille Radio Theatre
2—Hollywood Hotel
3—Columbia Workshop

Best Classical Music
1—Sunday Nights at Carnegie Hall
2—Sunday Evening Hour
3—N. Y. Philharmonic Hour

Best Swing Orchestra
1—Benny Goodman
2—Glenn Gray
3—Tommy Dorsey

Best Sweet Orchestra
1—Guy Lombardo
2—Wayne King
3—Richard Himber

Master of Ceremonies
1—Major Bowes
2—Bing Crosby
3—Don Ameche

Leading Comedian
1—Fred Allen
2—Jack Benny
3—Edgar Bergen

Leading Comedienne
1—Gracie Allen
2—Marian Jordan (Molly)
3—Fannie Brice

Female Vocalist (Popular)
1—Kate Smith
2—Frances Langford
3—Connie Boswell

Female Vocalist (Concert)
1—Grace Moore
2—Lily Pons
3—Jeanette MacDonald

Male Vocalist (Popular)
1—Bing Crosby
2—Tony Martin
3—Kenny Baker

Male Vocalist (Concert)
1—Lawrence Tibbett
2—Nelson Eddy
3—Richard Crooks

Best Comedy Team
1—Ernie Feld and Hilden
2—Fibber McGee and Molly
3—Jack Benny and Mary Livingston

Best Children’s Program
1—Irene Wicker (Singing Lady)
2—“The Love Ranger”
3—Dorothy Gordon

Best Night-Time Serial
1—“One Man’s Family”
2—“Amos ’n’ Andy”
3—“The Easy Aces

Best Day-Time Serial
1—Pig and Sode
2—The Goldbergs
3—“Today’s Children”

Best Sports Announcer
1—Ted Husing
2—Cline McCarthy
3—Bill Stern

All-Around Announcer
1—Harry Von Zell
2—Don Wilson
3—Ken Carpenter

All-Around Musical Show
1—Andre Katchanetz
2—Saturday Swing Club
3—American Album

Best Commentator
1—Edwin C. Hill
2—Lowell Thomas
3—Boote Carter

Best Commentator (Movies)
1—Walter Winchell
2—Jimmie Fidler
3—Eliza Schallert

Outstanding Star of 1937
Charlie McCarthy

Outstanding Program Idea
“Hobby Lobby”

Most Impressive Broadcast
Ohio Flood Relief

Outstanding Educational
Columbia School of the Air

Outstanding Non-Professional
Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt

EYES FOLLOW YOUR FINGERTIPS

KEEP NAILS SHAPELY
THE WIGDER WAY . . .

Men love to see a girl’s fingertips well-groomed. Keep them always lovely-to-look-at with the daily use of a Wiger Nail File. The triple-cut teeth file faster, more smoothly, the special Improved Cleaner Point safeguards the tender skin under the nail. Ask for the WIGDER Nail File!

On sale at all drug
and 10-cent stores 10c

WIGDER
QUALITY COSTS NO MORE

COMING! Next month, more of our interesting new department, STRAIGHT FROM THE COLD SHOULDER

STOP SCRATCHING
RELIEVE ITCHING SKIN Quickly
Even the most stubborn itching of eczema, blotches, pimples, athlete's foot, rashes and other externally caused skin eruptions, quickly yields to cooling, antiseptic, liquid D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION. In Dennis's original formula. Greaseless and stainless, soothes the irritation and quickly stops the most intense itching. A 10-cent bottle, at all drug stores, proves it—or your money back. Ask for D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.

Good For Kidney and Bladder Weakness

LOOK AND FEEL YOUNGER

ALL over America men and women who want to cleanse kidneys of waste matter and irritating acids and poisons and lead a longer, healthier, happier life are turning to GOLD MEDAL Harlem Oil Capsules.

Now you know the way to help bring about more healthy kidney activity and stop paining up often at night. Other symptoms are backache, irritated bladder—difficult orsmarting passage—painfulness under eyes—nervousness and shifting pains.

This harmless yet effective medicine brings results—you'll feel better in a few days. So why not get a 5c box of GOLD MEDAL Harlem Oil Capsules today—the original and genuine—right from Harlem in Holland—Don't accept a counterfeit—Ask for and get GOLD MEDAL.
RADIO RAMBLINGS

(Continued from page 87)

hard to anticipate every possible whim of the little maestro. They treat him with the reverence usually reserved for a deity and it seems to keep him in good humor, week in and week out.

NBC wanted to take some action pictures of their little god, but he would allow no photographers in the studio at rehearsal or broadcast. Rather than tamper with his peace of mind, the executives went to the expense of drilling a hole through the back wall of a studio. A candid cameraman peers in through this little slot and takes his pictures. Toscanini conceded this would be all right, so long as he did not see the cameraman.

As a matter of fact, a cameraman might have provided around inside the studio all through a rehearsal or broadcast without being noticed by Toscanini. He becomes tremendously immersed in his conducting. Besides that, the old man (he's seventy) is almost blind.

No one wanted to take the risk. There was just a chance the old man would see the photographer and no one knew what might happen then.

NEW YORK has one station unique in radio anywhere. This station plays classical music right through its schedule, just a brief interlude now and then for news or a serious speech. It has been doing that for years and gradually has become one of the important stations of the New York area. Some commercial announcements are permitted but the product advertised is usually something like books or phonograph recordings of operas.

THE history of the station is as strange as its unique policies. The beginning came ten years ago when one of the leading radio engineers, John V. L. Hogan, wanted a radio station for his experiments in various phases of radio. Operating a station was expensive but he was collecting large fees and was willing to stand the expense.

He was granted an out of the way wavelength on a trial basis. He used phonograph records for most of his broadcasts and, because he detested jazz, he bought only records of the greatest symphonies, operas and chamber music. A few people happened to catch the broadcasts on their radios and began dropping cards and notes. That surprised the experimenters but they were busy with their problems and paid no attention.

THE volume of letters increased, all commending the station but curious about this classical music that poured out with no commercial announcements, no explanation, just the call letters, W2XH, New York. Newspapers investigated and began writing stories about this engineer who was experimenting in sound and wanted the sounds to be those of symphony orchestras.

Eventually Hogan was persuaded that his station might pay for itself with a few dignified commercial announcements, cutting down the cost of his experimental work. That is what it is doing now, with a whole office and broadcasting staff running it and playing the records. Its microphones get into concert halls, it has a small orchestra of its own and advertisers send opera singers and string quartets to its studio.

Hogan has consented to just one change. The call letters, W2XR, had a technical sound, so they were changed to WQXR. The newly introduced Q would not confuse the old W2XR listeners and it sounded much more like a real radio station.

THE right side of the stage of Fred Allen's studio is always filled with a crowd of spectators, a little self-conscious at sitting, way up high, in full view of the studio audience. The chairs used to be there, a couple of years ago, for the amateurs Fred had on his program back in those days. The amateurs were abolished, but for a couple of weeks no one remembered to tell the porters the chairs would not be used.

Actors on the program noticed and began bringing their friends, instead of going through all the bother of begging tickets. The porters still have not been told about the chairs. Fred is a little amused at the thing each week, but he says nothing. He loves to see rules violated in the strict and formal precincts of Radio City.

FIBBER McGEE has been struggling valiantly to keep his program standing up in spite of the absence of Molly, but it is doubtful how long he will be able to carry

(Continued on page 104)

New Cream with "Skin-Vitamin" does More than Ever for your skin

TODAY something new is possible in beauty creams! A thing not dreamed of only a few years ago!

One of the vitamins has been found to be a special aid to the skin. This vitamin is now known to heal wounds and ugly burns — quicker! It even prevents infections in wounds!

And this "skin-vitamin" you are now getting in Pond's Vanishing Cream.

You have always used Pond's Vanishing Cream for melting away skin flakes and making skin smooth for powder. Now this famous cream brings added benefits.

Use it as you always have. After a few weeks, just see how much better your skin looks — clearer, fresher!

In Pond's Vanishing Cream, this precious "skin-vitamin" is now carried right to the skin. It nourishes the skin! This is not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. It is the vitamin that especially helps to maintain skin beauty.

Same Jars ... Same Price

Get a jar of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream tomorrow. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Women who have tried it say they're "just crazy" about it.

The Countess de la Falaise says: "I've always felt I couldn't do without Pond's Vanishing Cream before powder and overnight. Now, it's simply magical. In 3 weeks I've made my skin seem finer, livelier!"

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM

Pond's, Dept. 8RS + Box Clin- ton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream, enough for 9 treatments with 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 3 diff. forest shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10c to cover postage and packing.

Pond's, Dept. 8RS + Box C New York. Rush special tube of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream, enough for 9 treatments with 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 3 diff. forest shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10c to cover postage and packing.

Copyright. 1939, Pond's Extract Company
MEN LOVE
Peppy GIRLS!

(Continued from page 103)

on without losing listeners. They were a great combination, McGee with his obviously counterfeit swagger and bragadocio and Molly's heavy-handed, insistent-voiced domination. Without Molly to buffet McGee around, the whole comic effect of the program is changed—and not for the better. The miscellaneous stooges McGee has been using are no adequate substitute.

Molly's health may permit her to return by the time these lines appear, or her absence may extend indefinitely. She has been heard on the air only a couple of months of the past half years. Details of her illness have not been revealed but it is said to be mainly nervous exhaustion and insomnia.

ROBERT TAYLOR has branched out as a very acceptable master of ceremonies on the Thursday evening Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer show. He took over the job recently for two reasons—first, the fiddling program was desperately in need of a conductor, with authoritative name and manner; second, to overcome some of the "pretty boy" reputation that has been fastened (along with derisory jokes) on Taylor.

His new radio role presents him as a hearty, genial young man, without undue vanity about being coiffed or glamorous. The arrangement has worked out well for the program and for Taylor.

Of all the interview programs on the networks this season, the most enterprising seems to be Jerry Belcher's Interesting Neighbors, on NBC, Sunday nights. He hops all over the country, seeking striking locations as well as striking personalities for his broadcasts. Some samples are an old witch in Salem and its present proprietors; a Chinese junk and its crew; and some old habitation of the press gallery in the Capitol at Washington.

SLOWLY and patiently, he has built that program from nothing, starting a couple of years ago as a man who seemed to be all through on big time radio. Jerry came up to New York from Texas, with Parks Johnson, five years ago, with the first man to call a new program to get a commercial contract on the network. It still is running as NBC's Tuesday night Fox Pop.

THE two Texas boys prospered for a couple of years and then a quarrel separated them. One of them had to have the program and it happened to be Johnson, leaving Jerry Belcher as just a radio announcer from Texas, stranded in New York with no job.

JERRY managed to persuade NBC that he could take a microphone into someone's home each week, sit and chat with the family and make quite a program of the conversation. They allotted him fifteen minutes a week and a small salary to try his idea. The program got little attention at first, but Jerry persisted. There is no great dramatic turn to this story, because Jerry persisted and succeeded, gradually caught an audience's fancy; the audience grew and finally Jerry landed a commercial show with a good contract.

His Sunday evening program this season is one of the livelier new half-hour shows of the year.
order of their use.

Most of these ingredients, fortunately, can be procured in cans and bottles, with little or no trouble, right in your own neighborhood. That feature was one I specified with unmistakable firmness. However, I suspect that some of the substitutions that I thought wise to make to my Oriental mentors to write in secret torrent. They had to admit that it might be well to indicate these substitutions for the benefit of those who could not hope to find a real Chinese grocery store in their own home town.

Actually, though, the dishes suggested here are adaptations, rather than originals. But as such, they are practical and tasty, and deserve widespread acceptance.

Here, then, you have both a Chop Suey and a Chow Mein recipe, whose principal ingredients can be found on your own grocer's shelves, but whose flavor will stem unmistakably from the Orient. "Chow Mein," by the way, means "Fried Noodles," I was informed; although the term, as we know it, is generally employed to describe the mixture of meats (or fish) and vegetables which we serve with the noodles. Chop Suey, on the other hand, is a similar mixture, served with rice instead of noodles. However, noodles or no, a Chinese meal without rice would be unthinkable. So I am giving you directions here for preparing rice in the true Chinese fashion, which assures flaky, tender grains—each separate and never soggy. Tea, also, is a Chinese dinner "must," so here you have the simple tea-brewing directions given by the chef.

This same gentleman also parted with his prize recipe for Egg Rolls—those crispy, fried morsels filled with various chopped foods, which are served as a first course by American connoisseurs of fine foods. Since these call for water-chestnut flour (or the almost equally hard-to-procure rice flour), I'm afraid only those of you who have access to a Chinese food supply store, or who have a pull with your local Chop Suey parlor, can hope to make them. But they're really worth considerable effort. Think of the extra satisfaction you'll have, too, serving something your friends may never have tasted and certainly never have attempted to make!

And now, like the Chinese, let's finish up with soup—a clear but thick broth that we, of course, will serve as a first course to act as a "smooth" introduction to the Chow Mein or Chop Suey to follow. For those who insist upon a sweet, I suggest fruits and preserved ginger as the only acceptable dessert. Tidbits of canned pineapple, impaled on gay colored toothpicks, are especially attractive and taste just right after this meal in the "Morgan Manner." A meal consisting of soup and Egg Rolls, Chop Suey with rice, or Chow Mein with noodles, fragrant tea and the golden fruit just suggested—a meal of Oriental inspiration—is served at Ruby Foo's—near Broadway.

Yesterday, romance was distant... today, love is singing in her heart. That's because she discovered the secret of allure—the magic fragrance of Blue Waltz Perfume—the haunting, flower-like scent that no man can resist. If you, too, can win adoration. Dab the exquisite bouquet of Blue Waltz Perfume on your hair, your throat—and the very air about you will seem transformed by the witchery of your charm. 10c, at 5 and 10c stores.

Now lift off your corns AND RELIEVE PAIN QUICKLY

Just put a few drops of Freezone on that aching corn and you'll make the wonderful discovery many thousands have made. Pain is quickly relieved. And soon the corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers. You'll agree that it's a quick, easy way to relieve pain and remove hard and soft corns, even between the toes. Any druggist will sell you a bottle of Freezone for a few cents. Try it.
WARREN: Why, yes, Jack. There's a survey. I have it right here in my pocket.

JACK: A survey?

WARREN: Yes. They have an accurate check of just how many people listen in to each show, and they are rated accordingly. The rating AB means excellent, CD means good, GH means fair, and so on.

JACK: What's my rating?

WARREN: PU! (Jack Haley, Log Cabin Jambo-ree.)

GRACIE: My mother, she's a practical joker.

GEORGE: I see... And so there's no snatching my jelly cream.

GRACIE: Why no—how can you get cream, when you can't even milk a freckle? (Burns & Allen, Grape-Nuts Program.)

PHIL: Thanks. Say, wait a minute! I gave you a ten-dollar bill. How much was the sandwich?

VOICE: Twenty cents.

PHIL: Well, you only gave me four dollars and fifty cents to change.

VOICE: Well, I thought you said I should get something for myself.

PHIL: Yeah—and what did you get?

VOICE: A pair of shoes.

(PHIL BAKER, Good Gulf Program.)

TED: Didn't you buy any presents for your relatives?

JERRY: I'll say I did. I bought my Aunt Gertrude an umbrella, and for her husband, my Uncle Joe, I bought a razor and shaving brush.

TED: A razor and shaving brush? Has he got a mug?

JERRY: Ye—my Aunt Gertrude! (Ted Hammerstein and Jerry Mann, Hammerstein Music Hall.)

KEN: What do you mean, the name of the song is a part of an auto? You mean Old? I've got! That Old Feeling?

OSWALD: O-oh, no! I got it—it's four-wheel brakes.

KEN: Four wheel brakes?

OSWALD: Yeah—four Wheel Brake The News To Mother

(Ken Murray and Oswald.)

TED: You're ridiculous. Haven't you ever studied the classics?

JERRY: Have I? You know Carmen?

TED: Of course.

JERRY: What's she been doing lately?

(TED HAMMERSTEIN AND JERRY MANN, HAMMERSTEIN MUSIC HALL.)

ALICE: Oh, Mr. Fiske you're wonderful! I hope you don't think I'm after your ten million dollars. I'd love you if you only had seven million!

(ALICE FROST, NBC.)

GEORGE: He's a nice jail, huh?

GRACIE: No... in a nudist camp.

GEORGE: Nudist camp? Aren't the police looking for him?

GRACIE: Yes, but they won't be able to find him in a nudist camp. They're looking for him in a blue serge suit! (Burns & Allen, Grape-Nuts Program.)

BOTTLE: and I was busy packing my k-trunk.

HARRY: Packing your what?

BOTTLE: My k-trunk.

HARRY: Your k-trunk! Bottle... there is no "k" beginning the word trunk.

BOTTLE: Oh, Mr. Von Zell... you're spelled. It's k-trunk... the "k" is like in "boat."

HARRY: Bottle... there is no "k" in "boat."

BOTTLE: Oh, Mr. Von Zell!... Kanoe?

(BOTTLE AND HARRY VON ZELL, Good Gulf Program.)

PICK: Campaign! What's the idea of usin' a big word like campaign? A word you can't even spell.

PAT: Squaritantly I can spell campaign. Here—I'll spell it for you... C-A-M...

PICK: Cam... Where's the pain?

PICK AND PAT, Pipe Smoking Time.

TED: Vegetable coop? What's that?

JERRY: Ever eat hash?

TED: Yes,

MANN: Same thing—only less so!

(TED HAMMERSTEIN AND JERRY MANN, HAMMERSTEIN MUSIC HALL.)

BOB: Aunt Pudgy says: "Well, that's the last straw!" She says: "I never thought a husband of mine would stoop to such a low, mean trick as to rob the baby's bank." She says: "Just when I counted it yesterday, there was pury near enough to git that new hat I been lookin' at."

(BOB BURNS, Kraft Music Hall.)

GEORGE: Your brother didn't know that he had a wooden leg.

GRACIE: Well, he knew that he was having trouble with it, but he didn't know what it was.

GEORGE: He probably found out it was rheumatism.

GRACIE: No—termite. (Burns and Allen, Grape-Nuts Program.)

BOTTLE: You have a lot of entertainers on this program.

HARRY: A lot of entertainers? Where? Bottle: There (points) HARRY: Bottle! That's the audience! (BOTTLE AND HARRY VON ZELL... Good Gulf Program.)

HONEY: I was down to the beach at Coney Island. Gee, it's nice there.

BOB: Yeah... what did you do?

HONEY: Oh, I just sat on the sand, thinking of nothing and wondering where you were.

BOB: Uh huh. Well, if you call me tomorrow, Honeychile, I'll go down to the beach with you and teach you how to swim.

HONEY: No thanks, Mistah Hope.

BOB: Why not, Honeychile? The last time we were at the beach you let me teach you.

HONEY: Yeah... but I learned my lesson! (BOB HOPE AND HONEYCHILE, NBC.)

TED: Carmen is an opera. You've heard of opera?

JERRY: Heard of it? Why, I sang in the six bits from Lucia... Cafeteria Rusty Can, and in the opera taken from Dinah at Eight.

TED: From Dinner at Eight?

JERRY: Yeah... Aida.

(TED HAMMERSTEIN AND JERRY MANN, HAMMERSTEIN MUSIC HALL.)

MAMIE: Well—I don't need you to take me nowhere, you mug! I can find dozens guys to go out with me, if I can, look hard enough.

GRACIE: Well, you certainly look hard enough.

(GRACIE ALLEN, Grape-Nuts Program.)

PHIL: I'll tell you one of Aesop's fables... Once there was a crow and happened upon a Ariston furse and ate them. So the crow felt very good and began to crow. Soon the not attracted a fox, who sprang upon the crow and ate him up. Now, Junior, what do you learn from that?

BEETLE: Don't open your mouth when you're full of bologna.

(PHIL BAKER, Good Gulf Program.)

BETTE: Mr. McCarthy, with your ac- ing, you should go far.

CHARLIE: Oh, thank you!

BETTE: The farther the better.

CHARLIE: Thank you... Oh... how far can I go Miss Davis? (Bette Davis and Charlie McCarthy, Chase & Sanborn Program.)

PICK: No, you crazy fool... C. I. O. is a union, you know too unions is, doesn't your?

PAT: Squaritantly... I loves to eat 'a.

PICK: Loves to eat what?

PAT: Steaks and unions.

(Pick and Pat, Pipe Smoking Time.)

AL: Pardy, what are you doing carr ing that vase?

PARKY: That's not a vase. That's Greek urn.

AL: What's a Greek urn?

PARKY: Fifteen dollars a week at tips.

(AL JOLSON AND PARKYAKARKUS Rinno Program.)

KENNY: Oh, look... a butterfly flit out of Jack's pocketbook.

MARY: That's a moth.

JACK: What's so funny about a moth?

MARY: That one had an ear!

(Jack Benny, Jell-O Program.)

PICK: All right... you're the commu nity singer in your office and I'm comin' in to see you... door opens... door creaks... door shuts... Hey, you!

PICK: Take your hat off, you... no take your mask off... Mask off? That ain't a mesh got on, that's my face!

PICK: It's your face?

PICK: Yeah. Pat: Then for Heaven's sake, get mask on!

PICK: What's wrong with my face?

PAT: What's wrong? Hey, I am wish I had hiccups, so I could look at you and get scared!

(Pick and Pat, Pipe Smoking Time.)
Radiant Eleanor Fisher—chosen from thousands of America's most dazzling beauties in a great magazine's nationwide search for "Miss Typical America!"—Her crowning reward now a chance at Hollywood heaven in Paramount's new romantic achievement, "True Confessions!"

Of supreme importance in helping her to win, were Miss Fisher's beautiful eyes, framed with the glamour of long, romantic lashes. The charm of beautiful eyes, with natural-looking long, dark, luxuriant lashes can be yours too, instantly, with a few simple brush strokes of Maybelline Mascara, in either Solid or Cream-form. Both forms are harmless, tear-proof and non-smarting.

Do as America's loveliest women do—form graceful, expressive eyebrows with Maybelline's smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil.

Frame your eyes with glamour—accent their color and sparkle with a faint, misty tint of harmonizing Maybelline Eye Shadow, blended lightly on upper lids.

Guard against crows-feet, laugh-lines and wrinkles around the eyes—keep this sensitive skin soft and youthful—by simply smoothing on Maybelline Special Eye Cream each night.

The name Maybelline is your absolute assurance of purity and effectiveness. These famous products in purse sizes are now within the reach of every girl and woman—at all 10c stores. Try them today and see what an amazing difference Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids can make in your appearance.
From Laughs to Tears in 30 Seconds

CLAUDETTE COLBERT tells how the throat-strain of emotional acting led her to Luckies...

"Emoting to order" is a real strain on the throat. That's why an actress thinks twice before choosing a cigarette. Miss Colbert says: "After experimenting, I'm convinced that my throat is safest with Luckies."

Ask a tobacco expert why Luckies are so easy on the throat. He'll undoubtedly explain that the choice tobacco Lucky Strike buys, makes for a light smoke. And he may add that the exclusive "Toasting" process takes out certain irritants found in all tobacco.

Here's the experts' actual verdict...Sworn records show that, among independent tobacco experts not connected with any cigarette manufacturer, Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as all other brands combined.

Sworn Records Show That... WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1
Radio Stars

The largest circulation of any radio magazine

Rudy Vallee's Amazing Confession

Complete East-to-Coast Program Listings

Eddie Cantor
Romantic as your first rose... thrilling as your first bouquet... IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME, patterned from a blend of flowers, is romance woven into fragrance. Buy Irresistible Perfume if you want to be Irresistible. Be fragrant if you want to be pursued. Men adore fragrant hair, fragrant lips, and soft fragrant skin.

Use Irresistible Perfume tonight. To be completely fascinating, use all of the Irresistible Cosmetics... each has some special feature that gives you glorious new loveliness. Laboratory tested and approved.

10c Each at 5 and 10c Stores
A gay, friendly smile, revealing sparkling teeth, is so appealing. The girl who has a lovely smile can’t help but win! Tragic that so many girls lose this charm through carelessness—tragic that they neglect the warning of “pink tooth brush”—let teeth that are lustreless and dull actually spoil their own good looks!

If you’ve seen a tinge of “pink,” see your dentist. It may be nothing serious, but let him decide. Usually, however, he’ll tell you that it’s only another case of gums deprived of exercise by our modern, creamy foods. And, as so many dentists do, he’ll probably advise more work and resistance—the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help keep gums healthy, as well as keep teeth sparkling. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. As circulation in the gum tissues increases, gums tend to become firmer, more resistant to trouble.

Change to Ipana and massage—and change today! Let this very practical dental health routine help you to have firmer gums, brighter teeth—a lovelier smile!

DOUBLE DUTY—Ask your druggist for Rubberset’s Double Duty Tooth Brush, designed to massage gums effectively as well as to thoroughly clean teeth.
Cruel Words
...but she knew she deserved them

She knew that frequent headaches and lack of pep had begun to get on her nerves. But she didn't quite realize how irritable she had become, how hard to get along with—until one night her fiance lost his temper and threatened to break their engagement. She was frightened, but she still could hardly believe that her constipated condition was back of it all. Then—

A friend advised—and the world looked brighter

What a wonderful thing for this girl that on a friend's advice she got FEEN-A-MINT promptly! This famous laxative in delicious chewing gum relieved her constipation and the troubles it caused—gently, effectively, and easily. She found, as you will too, that no other type of laxative can do exactly what FEEN-A-MINT does. FEEN-A-MINT is so thorough, so dependable—and so different.

You get ALL THREE of these important benefits in FEEN-A-MINT

★ NO STOMACH UPSET—With FEEN-A-MINT you don't swallow a heavy, bulky dose; there is nothing to further burden an already overburdened digestion.
★ CHEWING AIDS DIGESTION—The chewing stimulates the flow of the same natural alkaline fluids that help food digest.
★ ACTS WHERE YOU NEED IT—FEEN-A-MINT's tasteless laxative ingredient does not affect stomach action. It passes to the intestine and does its work where it should—easily, pleasantly, comfortably.

FEEN-A-MINT won't gripe or nauseate you—won't disturb sleep. Your whole family will appreciate this modern laxative—children especially. 6,000,000 people have already changed to FEEN-A-MINT—do you folks a favor and get FEEN-A-MINT today? At all drugstores, or write for generous FREE trial package. Dept. FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.

They’re yours… in a heart-walloping love story!

The King and Queen of the Screen, with the star of ‘Captains Courageous’, bring you love and adventure that will set your nerves a-jingling!

CLARK GABLE • MYRNA LOY
SPENCER TRACY
In VICTOR FLEMING’S Production

TEST PILOT

Laughter too… as Clark makes Spencer act as Myrna’s stand-in! Spencer’s willing but not able… if you get what we mean.

WITH LIONEL BARRYMORE

SCREEN PLAY BY VINCENT LAWRENCE AND WALDEMAR YOUNG
ORIGINAL STORY BY FRANK WEAD • PRODUCED BY LOUIS D. LIGHTON
DIRECTED BY VICTOR FLEMING • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
“YOUR LIPS THRILL ME”

—by the lure of Tangee lips with their appealing rosy softness. They detect a “painted look.” Tangee contains no paint—never roasts the lips with ugly red grease. It gives a lovely glow that best suits your natural color—whether blonde, brunette or red head.

Tangee looks orange in the stick... but changes on your lips to a warm blush-rose shade, blending perfectly with your complexion. Its special cream base keeps lips soft and smooth. Try Tangee, 39¢ and $1.10. For a natural matched appearance, use Tangee Face Powder and Tangee Rouge.

Untouched—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded, parched look.
Greasy, painted lips—Don’t risk that painted look. Men don’t like it.
Tangee lovable lips—Intensifies natural color, ends that painted look.

World’s Most Famous Lipstick
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one Tangee—don’t let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.

Rudy, in Hollywood to make Golddiggers in Paris, chats with Betty Grable Coogan.

On the set of Bluebeard’s Eighth Wife, he meets Ernst Lubitsch and Gary Cooper.
Rudy airs his views in print on a variety of subjects. His comments are sincere and to the point.

I AM amused by the well-meant, well-intentioned remarks of various writers who comment on the fact that Vallee is still "tops."

Why "still?"

OBVIOUSLY these writers wish to confer on me the dubious compliment of still being a favorite, of having survived and having lasted. But the user of such a phrase has, of course, unconsciously accepted a major premise that long ago I should have fallen by the wayside. Such an amazed remark, that a certain thing or person is still successful, connotes a basic supposition that it, or he, was not expected to last or be successful very long.

It is, therefore, with some joy that I have been able to confound those who have been predicting, month after month, year after year, that I cannot continue to be popular with a certain portion of the public—when apparently I have been. My feeling is, perhaps, one of egotistical joy, but nevertheless a pardonably savage one.

When I find more apparently that I am no longer popular—which, in the opinion of these critics, will be best evidenced by the non-renewal of contracts—then at least these individuals may exultingly rub their hands together and crow: "I told you so!"

If you believe that my amusement at their use of the word "still" is as yet unjustified, then reflect for yourself. Try to recall a single instance of the word "still" ever having been used in connection with Al Jolson, Eddie Cantor, Sophie Tucker, Harry Richman, Belle Baker, Paul White- man, and so many other successes in (Continued on page 84)

---

ONLY NICE GIRLS WANTED
NO OTHERS NEED APPLY

Just one hint of underarm odor, and a girl misses out with men

Eleanor's got everything—at least that's what men think. And yet she's not the prettiest girl in the world...nor the very best dancer. Why then is she so popular? Why is it always Eleanor who dances every dance?

Any man could tell you one reason why! Eleanor is always sweet, nice to be near... Eleanor never risks underarm odor!

And Eleanor would tell you: "I take a daily bath, of course, but I never think it's enough! A bath takes care only of past perspiration—it can't prevent odor to come. Underarms must have special care. So after every bath, and before every date, I always use Mum!"

Simply and surely, Mum makes perspiration odor impossible. Protect your charm, your popularity—With Mum.

MUM IS SURE! No matter how long or how late you dance, trust Mum to keep you fresh. Just a dab under each arm—and you're safe.

MUM IS QUICK! Just half a minute to use. Apply Mum even after you're dressed. It will not harm fabrics.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum does not stop healthful perspiration, but it does stop every trace of odor. Even after underarm shaving, it actually soothes the skin!

NO WORRIES FOR THE GIRL WHO USES MUM

For Sanitary Napkins—
No worries or embarrassment when you use Mum this way. Thousands do, because it is SAFE and SURE.

Mum takes the odor out of perspiration.
"I WANT to meet Charlie McCarthy!"

You still hear it every place you go in Hollywood, where, like folks the country over—from city penthouses to shacks in the remotest hamlets—they acclaim Charlie as "the man of the year."

Unfortunately, however, those Hollywood hostesses who plan to assure the success of their slim-digs by socially presenting the redoubtable McCarthy to their guests, have but the slimmest chances of succeeding; for Bergen makes it a rule to refuse all such invitations for his young "ward." Imagine, then, my delight and surprise when, through a series of fortunate circumstances, I recently had an opportunity to "meet" these two at the home of the Armbrusters.

Bob Armbruster, you'll recall, is the orchestra leader of Charlie's program. However, it is not as a radio personality and as an accomplished musician that I wish to introduce Maestro Armbruster to you here. No, nor even as the butt of Charlie's wisecracks over his unusual name; but rather as the host of as gay and unusual a dinner party as I've ever attended. The sort of evening which lingers long and plausibly in any guest's memory. And one that, besides being in the nature of a social "scoop," particularly delighted this food editor's soul, because it resulted in a collection of knockout recipes of Swedish inspiration and unusual appeal! Said recipes, by the way, appear on page 56, and should be of real value to any housewife interested in serving grand dishes. They are just "different" enough to banish monotony, without being too great a strain either on the pocketbook or the cook's skill, so be sure to try them.

It all came about, as I started to tell you, through that very phrase with which I began this article: "I want to meet Charlie McCarthy!" A simple statement of an incontrovertible fact with which I greeted Bob Armbruster on a glorious spring morning when I bumped into him on the Boulevard. Music, pipe and a preoccupied expression indicated that orchestra rehearsals, and not conversation, were in order. But, presuming upon a friendship of long standing, I stood my ground, and as Bob didn't show any signs of having heard me the first time, I repeated my request with even more emphasis.

"Meet Charlie?" replied my courteous victim with a smile, "easiest thing imaginable! Just come out to the house tonight for dinner. He and Bergen will be there, around six."

"Well!" I replied with my most doubting-Thomas sort of facial expression, "to what, exactly, do you credit this feather in your social cap? Something original in the line of costume parties?"

"No," was the reply, "just chalk up one for Swedish ancestry."

Then, as Mr. Armbruster went on his way, I recalled that both Edgar Bergen and Bob's wife, Gerda, are of Swedish parentage. Both even speak their parents' native tongue with ease. And, I thought hopefully, they both doubtless also share a real interest in Sweden's exceptionally fine cookery. So this was probably to be a Swedish dinner, I decided. A very special occasion, no doubt, to which Charlie would probably contribute his mischievous presence and thereby provide that best of all appetizers, laughter!

At least that was my guess, and it proved to be a good one as you already know. So I set out that evening...
on a most welcome assignment to do my culinary duty as Radio Hostess for the "Radio Stars Magazine.

Charlie and Bergen had not arrived when I got there. In fact, after some time had passed and they still hadn't appeared, I was thought wise to phone them, since we feared that Bergen, just back with Charlie from a flying trip to Frisco, might have forgotten the engagement. Depressing thought!

"What!" came back Charlie's unmistakable voice at the other end of the line, "isn't that guy Bergen there yet? Never heard of such a lack of consideration. Well, you look around the corner and I'm sure you'll find him tearing over."

And sure enough, before you had time to say "Dorothy Lamour," there they both were at the door. Edgar in the casual attire so highly favored in Hollywood for almost all occasions, but Charlie dressed in impeccable evening attire.

"Couldn't get Bergen to climb into dinner clothes," stated Charlie on entering. Right here I think that I should make one important point clear, and that is that you'll just have to think of Charlie as we did, not as Bergen's dummy but as his "diminutive little chum"—and a thoroughly alive young rascal.

"Yes, I really must apologize for Bergen," Charlie went on. "But then I see Bob didn't dress for dinner, either. Well, well, they're just like Skinny Dugan, I fear. No finesse, no éclat. We'll just have to overlook it. Yes that's (Continued on page 57)
Unguentine takes the fire out of a burn and the burning pain out of a cut; it relieves the itching of eczema...and provides lasting antiseptic protection. It is the antiseptic in soothing form.

Never, never be without an adequate supply of Unguentine. Big tube 50¢; economical family size jar, $1. At drug stores.

(Right) Bob’s ability as m.c. has improved no end since first taking over the job.
Bob’s pleasing personality on the air has blasted the rumor that he is a handsome “ham.”

Give your complexion this germ-free care which helps safeguard lovely “Camera Skins” from needless faults.

When a blemish appears, do you just add a shade more make-up to hide the flaw? But you can’t be indifferent to the germs that may be the cause!

Young Hollywood stars are faithful to a two-way beauty plan. Simple foods, lots of rest; and daily use of Woodbury’s Germ-free Cold Cream, to keep the skin clear. “How sensible”, you’ll say, when you admire a “Camera Skin” like Heather Angel’s. Then include Woodbury’s Cold Cream in your plot to be a lovelier woman! This cream helps protect your skin from blemishes. No blemish-germs defile its purity! Woodbury’s invigorates skin, too. It’s rich in skin-stimulating Vitamin D.

For “Camera Skin”, follow the stars! This beauty cream, $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

**Promise yourself the breath-taking Beauty of a **Camera Skin** **Like **Heather Angel’s**

**Woodbury’s**

**Germ-Free Cold Cream**

Heather Angel and Allan Lane in the Republic picture “The Duke Comes Back”, She says: “Naturally I want clear camera skin, Woodbury’s Cold Cream has given me a flawless complexion.”

Send for Trial Tubes of Woodbury’s Creams
John H. Woodbury, Inc., 9799 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio
(In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario

Please send me trial tubes of Woodbury’s Cold and Facial Creams, guest-size Woodbury’s Facial Soaps; 7 shades of Woodbury’s Facial Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover mailing costs.

Name
Street
City State
DO you still let pain take precedence to pleasure certain days each month? If you do, you should know doctors have discovered severe or prolonged periodic functional pain is not natural to most women—and that thousands of women have discovered it is not necessary. For unless there is some organic disorder demanding a physician's or surgeon's attention, Midol helps most women who try it.

Why not give Midol a chance to help you—to render dreaded days as carefree as others? Midol is made for this purpose. It acts quickly, and in all but unusual instances brings relief. A few Midol tablets should see you comfortably through your worst day. Your druggist has Midol in convenient purse-size tins.
NOW that Molly, of the Fibber McGee and Molly program, is well on her way to recovery, the story of the illness that kept her out of radio all this season may be told. Insomnia and a spell of ill health led to a very severe nervous breakdown. Poor Molly was unable to shake off a mood of deep melancholy, so intense that she became irrational at times. Complete rest over a long period was absolutely necessary.

Her illness was no secret to their friends in radio and its journalistic branches, but none of them breathed a word of it. Besides being partners in a radio act, they are a devoted couple, this Jim and Marian Jordan. Beneath the Fibber McGee swagger, Jim's heart was breaking. If Jim wanted the cause of his bravely concealed unhappiness kept out of newspapers and magazines, his friends eagerly sprang to that task.

Molly will not rejoin the radio act for months, although she might be able to try it again now. Her rest will continue until this fall, to make sure her recovery is complete.

CHARLIE MARTIN'S departure from radio to the more lucrative Hollywood fields brings up again one of radio's most ludicrous stories. Charlie, you know, has been the author of the thrill dramas heard on the Philip Morris program with Russ Morgan's orchestra twice a week during the past year.

The dramas usually have a basis in fact, and Charlie is constantly on the track of people who know of suitable incidents around which to weave some of the dramas. A striking mine of those stories is James Street, who writes tales of the South for various magazines.

A friend arranged an appointment. (Continued on page 16)
Use This Antiseptic Scalp Treatment

Skin specialists generally agree that effective treatment must include (1) regular cleansing of scalp; (2) killing germs that spread infection; (3) stimulating circulation of the scalp; (4) lubrication of the scalp to prevent dryness.

To Accomplish This Is Easy With The Zonite Antiseptic Treatment

Just add 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water in basin... Then do this:

1. Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution. (This gives hair and scalp an antiseptic cleansing—stimulates scalp—kills all germs at contact.)

2. Lather head with any good soap shampoo, using same Zonite solution. (This cuts oil and grease in hair and scalp—loosens dirt and dandruff scales.)

3. Rinse very thoroughly. (Your head is now clean—your scalp free from scales.)

4. If scalp is dry, massage in any preferred scalp oil. (This relieves dryness.)

RESULTS: By using this simple antiseptic shampoo treatment regularly (twice every week at first) you do what skin specialists say is necessary, if you want to rid yourself of dandruff itch and nasty scalp odors. We believe that if you are faithful, you will be delighted with results.

TRIAL OFFER—For a real trial bottle of Zonite, mailed to you postpaid, send 10¢ to Zonite 512 New Brunswick, New Jersey U. S. A.

The Major spends his mornings dictating letters to his secretaries. There are 45 rare paintings in his office, 5 clocks, 6 radios and a phonograph.
An inside glimpse of Major Bowes' off-the-air life, showing what he is interested in and what he does, besides conducting his Amateurs

His fourteen-room apartment, atop the Capitol Theatre, is full of priceless paintings of which he is justly proud.

Formerly an auto racer, he now uses an "Exercycle" to keep fit. He starts his 12-hour day with a morning ride.

Women on the Go

DEMAND A SANITARY NAPKIN THAT LIVES UP TO ITS PROMISES!

When you buy Kotex* you can be sure that:

★ Kotex stays Wondersoft—for it's cushioned in cotton.

★ Kotex can be worn on either side—no risk of using a pad with a non-absorbent side.

★ Only Kotex offers three types —Regular, Junior and Super—for different women on different days.

★ Kotex can't chafe, can't fail, can't show.

★ You get full value for your money . . . the most efficient, comfortable sanitary service that 18 years of experience can produce.

Use Quest* with Kotex . . . the new positive deodorant powder developed especially for sanitary napkins—soothing, completely effective and only 35c for large 2-ounce size.

YOU GET WHAT YOU PAY FOR—WHEN YOU BUY

KOTEX*

SANITARY NAPKINS

(*Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Patent Office)
your skin never says "Winter" when you use Armand Blended Cream

A BEAUTY SECRET REVEALED!
For dry skin, the aftermath of winter, use Armand Blended Cream, by Armand, creator of cosmetics that glorify natural loveliness.

This fluffiest of creams, rich in delicate oils, gently aids to soften harsh, dry and weathered skin. Surprisingly soon, your skin is clean, soft and supple, glowingly fresh, relaxed and refreshed. A modern type of cream, with the fragrance of fresh cut roses, it is free from wax and grease. You can use it five different ways, for in one jar, you have the effect of five facial aids, both convenience and economy.

Spring is in the air. Now is the time to banish winter from your complexion. Armand Blended Cream can help you do it. Four sizes, $1.00, 50c, 25c and 10c, at your favorite cosmetic counter. The coupon below will bring you generous trial sizes of Armand Blended Cream and its companion in beauty, Wind Blown Roses Powder.

RADIO RAMBLINGS
(Continued from page 13).

ment between Martin and Jimmy, and Jimmy told a couple of the stories. Charlie sat in ominous silence and Jimmy began to be annoyed. Finally Martin spoke.
"Young man," he said, "you may not know much of the radio business. You may not know that one thing we never tolerate is plagiarism. Both of those stories you told me have been written in a book I have right here in my desk."

It was James Street's turn to be silent. Charlie produced the book and Jimmy helped turn to the title page. There, in clear type, was the name of the author: 
"By James Street." 

AFTER all their years of bating Chicago's windy winters, Amos 'n' Andy have now devoted their career to following the sun—and taking their radio program right with them. They have moved their permanent headquarters to Hollywood to keep under the warm California sun. They don't even stay, however, to brave the mild chills of Hollywood's rainy season.

As time for that rolls around, they pick up their microphone and head for Palm Springs, out in the desert a few hours away, where it remains dry and warm all winter. They have another home there, and nearby a complete radio studio has been equipped solely for the daily adventures of Amos 'n' Andy.

They have no designs on filmdom's gold. No use moving out to California to catch the sun and then working in sunless movie studios all day. Not for those boys!

FOLLOWERS of Kay Kyser's College of Musical Knowledge may have been puzzled about the program's changing its name when a sponsor bought the show recently and moved it out of its midnight hour. Moving into an early evening network spot, the program became Kay Kyser's Campus Klass.

The explanation is simple. The new sponsor was Lucky Strike. For two years the rival cigarette, Camels, has been broadcasting Jack Oakie's College. With rivalry so keen, no one wanted any confusion. Now that Oakie is off, Kyser takes the place of Your Hollywood Parade under the name of Kay Kyser's Musical College.

FRED ALLEN was talking about a radio writer who has been doing well in the movies lately.

"Yes, he's a big man in Hollywood now," Fred declared. "A very big man. Probably the biggest joke thief they have out there."

THE Rudy Vallee hour still is one of the most popular programs on the air, but it has slipped farther back in the rankings this season than ever before. Possibly the explanation may lie in the unusually long stay it had in Hollywood this winter.

(Continued on page 18)
Manhood: Self-contradictions

1. Caste.
2. Religion.
3. Physicality of Sex.
8. How to Love.
11. Medical Philosophy.
12. Culture of Art.
13. Essays on Sex.
14. Puzzle of Personality and Sex.
15. Plain Talks With Housewives.
16. Is Death Inevitable?
17. Book about Doctors and the Ancient World.
20. How to ArgueLogical.
22. Psychology of Joy and Sorroj.
26. Dictionary of 1000 Years in a Monastery.
27. Results in Science.
28. Auto-Suggestion.
30. How to Get 40 and 40 Should Know.
32. Is the Moon a Dead World?
33. The Life of a Thoroughbred.
34. How to Play Chess.
35. How to Make Friends Inhabitants?
36. Short History of the Jews.
37. Handbook of Local Forms.
38. Psychology for Beginners.
40. Short History of Civil War.
41. How to Make Candy.
42. How to Get Rich.
43. Woman, the Criminal.
44. How to Get Married and 40 Should Know.
45. Good Luck for a Tin Cigarette.
46. Is the Moon a Dead World?
47. The Life of a Thoroughbred.
48. How to Play Chess.
49. How to Make Friends Inhabitants?
50. Short History of the Jews.
51. Handbook of Local Forms.
52. Psychology for Beginners.
53. How to Make Money.
54. Short History of Civil War.
55. How to Make Candy.
57. Woman, the Criminal.
58. How to Get Married and 40 Should Know.
59. Good Luck for a Tin Cigarette.
60. Is the Moon a Dead World?
61. The Life of a Thoroughbred.
62. How to Play Chess.
63. How to Make Friends Inhabitants?
64. Short History of the Jews.
65. Handbook of Local Forms.
66. Psychology for Beginners.
68. Short History of Civil War.
69. How to Make Candy.
70. How to Get Rich.
71. Woman, the Criminal.
72. How to Get Married and 40 Should Know.
73. Good Luck for a Tin Cigarette.
74. Is the Moon a Dead World?
75. The Life of a Thoroughbred.
76. How to Play Chess.
77. How to Make Friends Inhabitants?
78. Short History of the Jews.
79. Handbook of Local Forms.
80. Psychology for Beginners.
81. How to Make Money.
82. Short History of Civil War.
83. How to Make Candy.
84. How to Get Rich.
85. Woman, the Criminal.
86. How to Get Married and 40 Should Know.
87. Good Luck for a Tin Cigarette.
88. Is the Moon a Dead World?
89. The Life of a Thoroughbred.
90. How to Play Chess.
91. How to Make Friends Inhabitants?
92. Short History of the Jews.
93. Handbook of Local Forms.
94. Psychology for Beginners.
95. How to Make Money.
96. Short History of Civil War.
97. How to Make Candy.
98. How to Get Rich.
99. Woman, the Criminal.
100. How to Get Married and 40 Should Know.
101. Good Luck for a Tin Cigarette.
102. Is the Moon a Dead World?
103. The Life of a Thoroughbred.
104. How to Play Chess.
105. How to Make Friends Inhabitants?
106. Short History of the Jews.
107. Handbook of Local Forms.
108. Psychology for Beginners.
110. Short History of Civil War.
111. How to Make Candy.
112. How to Get Rich.
113. Woman, the Criminal.
114. How to Get Married and 40 Should Know.
115. Good Luck for a Tin Cigarette.
116. Is the Moon a Dead World?
117. The Life of a Thoroughbred.
118. How to Play Chess.
119. How to Make Friends Inhabitants?
120. Short History of the Jews.
121. Handbook of Local Forms.
122. Psychology for Beginners.
123. How to Make Money.
124. Short History of Civil War.
125. How to Make Candy.
126. How to Get Rich.
127. Woman, the Criminal.
128. How to Get Married and 40 Should Know.
129. Good Luck for a Tin Cigarette.
130. Is the Moon a Dead World?
131. The Life of a Thoroughbred.
132. How to Play Chess.
133. How to Make Friends Inhabitants?
134. Short History of the Jews.
135. Handbook of Local Forms.
136. Psychology for Beginners.
137. How to Make Money.
138. Short History of Civil War.
139. How to Make Candy.
140. How to Get Rich.
141. Woman, the Criminal.
142. How to Get Married and 40 Should Know.
143. Good Luck for a Tin Cigarette.
144. Is the Moon a Dead World?
145. The Life of a Thoroughbred.
146. How to Play Chess.
147. How to Make Friends Inhabitants?
149. Handbook of Local Forms.
150. Psychology for Beginners.
151. How to Make Money.
152. Short History of Civil War.
153. How to Make Candy.
155. Woman, the Criminal.
156. How to Get Married and 40 Should Know.
157. Good Luck for a Tin Cigarette.
158. Is the Moon a Dead World?
159. The Life of a Thoroughbred.
One of the keys to the hour’s success has been the sprightly new talents and ideas it has uncovered and introduced to radio. Other programs simply sat back and debated about unconventional performers, but the Vallee show brought them right in for a trial. New York’s theatres and night clubs offered abundant ideas.

Hollywood has no such material—or very little of it, at least—directors did not want to make it merely another program of movie guest stars, so during its Hollywood stay, the program leaned mainly on old vaudeville trouper groups, hanging around Hollywood in semi-retirement or out there on the chance of an occasional movie bit. They don’t fit into either radio or the Vallee hour’s youthful, fresh spirit very well.

NOW that Norman Cordon has become one of the important Metropolitan Opera baritones, it might not be too impolite to wonder about the reminiscent thoughts of a Columbia network executive who had a little experience with Norman just four years ago. Norman had had a brief series on Columbia, and the executive tried to be fatherly and kind as he summoned the young baritone to the office.

“Norman,” he said, “while you’re still young, why don’t you try to get out of this business and make a real career for yourself? I hate to say this, but you never will be any sort of success as a singer.”

Just a year later the name Cordon appeared on the Metropolitan roster.

EACH season radio seems to draw in one established comedy act that seems ideal for the new medium—and then enmeshes the performers in difficulties that threaten to destroy a career. Last season it was Victor Moore and Helen Broderick, two of the funniest persons on stage or screen, and a deplorable failure in radio. This year it is Jack Haley.

He has the debonair, jovial air that should be perfect on radio. He has engaged writers with successful records in both movies and other radio programs. The combination has worked out one of the year’s least worthwhile radio programs. A recent scene in his studio illustrates how the program is flagging:

“What does akey say when he lays an egg?” the joke began, and some one cackled.

“A square egg?” was the next line.

“She says, ‘Ouch!’” was the snapper to that.

Most comedians would drop that without a struggle. Haley’s joke that day was in such straits for laughs, even small ones, that he protested when the NBC censor department suggested that he drop the joke because it has a trace of vulgarity. The compromise settlement was as ridiculous as the argument.

He was allowed to keep the joke but instead of “Ouch,” he promised to say, “Woo, woo.”

THE most expensive, and probably the most ingenious, practical joke of the season belongs to Richard Himber. Buddy Clark works with Himber’s orchestra on the air and in movie shorts, and the two carry on an endless duel of jovial, friendly insults. At previews, Clark would invariably give out a loud razzberry as

(Continued from page 16)
FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO RADIO

No bandleader ever enjoyed a more loyal and enthusiastic following than Benny Goodman, whose Swing School is presented each Tuesday at 9:30 p.m. EST by Camel Cigarettes over the Columbia Broadcasting System. No matter in which section of the country it’s heard, Benny’s unique style of swing music receives long, loud and record-breaking ovations led by the younger dancing set which, you’ll readily admit, is best qualified to determine what constitutes good dance music.

Radio, unquestionably, is responsible for the amazing popularity of Benny Goodman. Dancers hearing him on the air, naturally storm the spot where they can see and hear him in person.

His Swing School is a program which appeals not only to swing addicts, but to dance lovers in general. The reason is simple enough. The Goodman style awakens and stimulates the desire to dance, to be gay and have fun. It offers a chance to express oneself.

Personally, Benny Goodman is an unassuming, easily embarrassed fellow who looks quite unlike what you’d expect of the “King of Swing.” But beneath his deceiving appearance is Benny’s keen rhythmic sense and ability to pick musicians who can best interpret his individual style of dance music. He works harder than any man in his band, has complete mastery of the clarinet, besides a thorough knowledge and sound judgment of dance music.

To Benny Goodman, for the joy and happiness he’s brought to the millions and millions of dance lovers, Radio Stars Magazine presents its Award for Distinguished Service to Radio.

Lester C. Grady
EDITOR.
STRAIGHT

In which roses and raspberries are

AL JOLSON has extremely bad radio manners.

As an example, consider the treatment of John Barrymore when that gentleman appeared on the mammy singer's radio stint.

We are somewhat accustomed to verbal fisticuffs being exchanged over the air waves, but there are limits to the amount of kidding that can be indulged in before the borderline of decency is reached. And Jolson, Raye and Parkyakarkus whizzed right by those limits when they had the unfortunate Mr. Barrymore within range of their guns. He was unmercifully jibed at for alleged bags under eyes, double chins and the other paraphernalia usually associated with dissipation and old age.

ALLIE LOWE MILES
"... she herds a bunch of women together and holds a little radio clambake..."

FRED ALLEN
"... he's good in the same ways at the same times week in, week out..."

ED. G. ROBINSON
"... in an only-fair piece, Big Town, his performance is nearly perfect..."

MARY ASTOR
"... one of the very few women whose voice rests comfortably on ears..."
From the Cold Shoulder

handed out to air programs and personalities, in surprisingly frank fashion by William L. Vallee

Jolson makes a habit of exchanging banter with his "guests," but ordinarily it is fairly well restrained. In this instance, however, his procedure lacked both humor and good taste.

We're not through with Mr. J. Let's examine his humor under our microscope. For his allegedly funny material he collects a sizable fee, therefore it is worthy of our scrutiny—and besides we have to listen to it.

First: He has been writing letters to a little girl whom he suspects of putting on airs. Her name is Jessica, so he can't resist the opportunity to panic his audience by adding "ica" to every word. Thus, a line would read: "Jessica hasica beenica naughtica andica Alica is soreica!" Passing over this hysterically funny bit, let's look at a sample gag. Al kills the audience, and squelches Parkyakarkus at the same time, with this very funny line: "You couldn't whip a pint of cream with an outboard motor!" Later, after half of the audience has been carried out, exhausted from laughing, the estimable Mr. Parkyakarkus—digging up the old fashioned he and she type of joke from its long-undisturbed grave—forces "Mr. Jodyn" to ask him why his grandmother is like a ferry-boat. It's all Parkyakarkus can do to tell him that his grandmother resembles a ferry-boat because she has trouble getting into her slip. Someone might tell the sponsor that he's not getting his money's worth. And tell Al to hire better writers....

Apart from all of this, but surprisingly like a clap of thunder on a clear day, is the fact that Jolson—amidst a horde of movie-people denouncements of the redoubtable Jimmie Fidler—has just written a song entitled And I Do Mean You.

AS an example of really funny carrying-on, tune in Uncle Jonathan, any day but Wednesday, at 3:15 on WAAT. Orth Bell plays Jonathan and a bevy of humorous characters. He writes his own stuff and he's guaranteed.

Cuteness should be restricted to the cradle and pretty girls, where it rightfully belongs, and not appropriated by (Continued on page 79)
Rehearsals for the Ben Bernie program push toward perfection, as maestro and cast toil tirelessly.

The Old Maestro confers with three of his script writers. (Left) Albert Miller and Park Levy. (Right) Allen Lipscott.

Jane Pickens, soloist on the Bernie show and former prima donna of the Ziegfeld Follies, takes a snack between numbers. Jane can toss off an aria, or render a blues song with equal skill. She first won fame as one of the singing Pickens Sisters, from Georgia.
Announcer Ralph Edwards, born in Merino, Colo., began in radio in San Francisco. He once autographed a biscuit for a dining-car waiter.

When you hear that smooth broadcast, Wednesday evenings at 9:30, EST, you'd never suspect how many headaches went into building it!

A concert violinist at fourteen, later in vaudeville, radio lifted Ben Bernie to the heights of fame. A good friend. A swell guy. Yowsah!

Lew Lehr, "cwazier than ten monkeys," known to movie fans for his comic Newsettes, splutters his nightmare nonsense on the Bernie show.
Romantic rumors fly about Janet Gaynor and Tyrone Power, who are often seen together. Will they marry?

A threat to Sonja Henie? Kate Smith, seen on the ice at Lake Placid, is a skilled, graceful skater.

IN THE RADIO


At Watch the Fun Go By, Dinty Doyle (right), newspaper columnist, joins Al Pearce in a hearty laugh.
Once singing m.c. of Hollywood Hotel, Dick Powell then did the same role on Your Hollywood Parade.

Dorothy Lamour shows a lei of white and golden blossoms, sent her from Java by a Javanese ruler.

**SPOTLIGHT**

When President Franklin D. Roosevelt broadcasts, he faces a besieging battery of cameras and microphones.

Diminutive baritone Ray Heatherton's favorite hobby is riding. He also likes tennis, boxing and swimming.
"I don't want to be a glamour girl," says lovely Dorothy Lamour, still a bit dazed by her success in movies and on the air.

She is married to Gene Raymond now. But, "I'm superstitious about discussing my happiness," says Jeanette MacDonald, making up for The Girl of the Golden West. An armful of innocence for Jack Oakie! The baby lamb made its début with him in Radio City Revels, so Jack has adopted it. Jack has made over half a hundred movies.
Wistful wizard of Waukeegan, Worrier Jack Benny! He writes most of his lines himself, but he still worries about it all.

Phil Harris, whose manly charm is Jack Benny's despair, with his mother. His wife is Marcia Ralston, formerly in the movies.

Voted the most versatile man in his class at Yale, popular tenor Lanny Ross is a candid camera fan.


(Left) Martha Raye and Lynne Overman, at The Big Broadcast of 1938, in an impromptu battle. Looks as if Martha’s winning! Her first film role was in Rhythm on the Range.
As the first notes of her song come forth, suddenly "Mike" draws away from her. "I guess I can hold my audience without your help!" thinks she, pushing him off.

That doesn't seem to help. She whips him around her neck, starts to "swing it."

"After all, we're both trying to make a living!" she pleads, as he coils sneakily.

You wouldn't suspect the microphone of temperament! Martha Raye, rehearsing a scene for The Big Broadcast of 1938, gets a great surprise!
But the script calls for "Mike," so, with a scornful grimace, Martha fiercely yanks him back. She tries a gentle ballad, in soft, caressing tones, but "Mike" remains aloof and unyielding. Now down to the floor they go! "Mike" writhing and twisting Martha cajoling, persisting.

THE TEMPERAMENTAL "MIKE"

"Maybe—if I'd whistle—" thinks Martha, as a last resort. Down on the floor, amid the cobra-like coils of the recalcitrant and temperamental "Mike," she makes a last desperate effort to put over her song. "Maybe I ought to be temperamental, too!"
CBS air columnist Mary Margaret McBride and announcer Ken Roberts test sponsor's product.

Nan Wynn, aside from being a blues singer on CBS, is a swimmer of note, tap dancer and horsewoman.

CANDIDS

Tommy Riggs and Dorothea Kent on the set of Universal's Goodbye Broadway, film in which he debuts.
Buddy Rogers, happy spouse of Mary Pickford, talks to A. C. Blumenthal and June Lang, rumored romantics.

Lum and Abner, having a new sponsor, are heard on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, 6:45 p.m. EST.

Loretta Paynton made her radio début as a baby imitator. Now she's Donna in Dan Harding's Wife.
Since freedom is necessary for the sport, the girls change from street clothes to bathing suits.

Joan Merrill and Helene Daniels, two popular MBS vocalists, saunter forth for a game of badminton.

KEEP YOUR EYE ON

Badminton being a great deal more strenuous than tennis, the girls need refreshment between games.
Helene is just learning, but puts up a good fight. She's developing a nifty backhand to baffle Joan.

Joan's timing may be a bit off, but she's fast on her feet and has a lot of pep and endurance.

THE SHUTTLECOCK!

Smoking wouldn't be in order if Helene and Joan were more serious about playing a better game.

Joan's the winner! The girls rehash the match while preparing to go back to their rehearsals.
On the 35th anniversary of the old Hollywood Hotel, Warner Bros. gave a party at the Trocadero for the cast of the film, Hollywood Hotel, the CBS air-show, and stars of long ago. Hobart Bosworth watches as Beverly Roberts signs the guest book. William and James Cagney, Dick Powell and Joan Blondell (above).

Edmund Goulding, master of ceremonies, introduced famous folk of the past. One was Carrie Jacobs Bond, who once sang for her room and board at the hotel. (Left) James Cagney and Jack L. Warner. (Below) William Farnum, Lola Lane, Jack L. Warner and Jean Hersholt foregather to chat of old times and new.
Above are Rudy Vallee, Frances Langford, Jean Acker Valentino, Louella Parsons, who introduces the film guest stars on the Hollywood Hotel radio program, and Jack L. Warner. Later Frances Langford sang a song of her own composition, Must We Say Goodbye? Dick Powell, Rosemary Lane and others also sang.

Hugh Herbert, who is in the film, Hollywood Hotel, chats with Joan Blondell. Looks as if they might be playing "Handies!"

(Below, left) Rudy Vallee congratulates Hugh Herbert on his work in the movie. (Right) Louella Parsons listens to Announcer Ken Niles, as the celebration is broadcast from coast to coast over the Columbia network. Among old favorites present were Flora Finch, Mary Carr, Betty Blythe and Herbert Rawlinson.
Here is Peter Paul Loyanich, ten-year-old piano genius and protégé of Jose Iturbi, shown with him. Peter made his New York début at Town Hall recently.

Mary Lou, who would be the "best bet" in any beauty contest, is featured vocalist on the Hollywood Showcase, broadcast over CBS, Thursdays.
Ray Block, whose CBS show, Ray Block’s Varieties, is heard Thursdays, and his charming vocalist, young Patti Chapin.

Margot and Stuart, Phil Baker’s lively youngsters, are his favorite audience.

Lew Lehr pounds a pretty prelude for Jane Pickens, at the Ben Bernie show.

Radio’s new Table Tennis champ, Andre Baruch, receives from Kate Smith the Lambert Award recently won. Ted Collins (left) is Kate’s manager.
What does a band leader do in his spare time? Eddy Duchin finally finds the time, between his radio and dance engagements, to make the rounds in New York:

First, a dinner at The Paradise, with Toby Wing, the featured singer there.

At the Paramount Theatre Fred Waring demonstrates for Eddy the Waring Mixer, which Fred, who doesn't drink, recently invented.

He drops in at the Hotel Roosevelt to visit with Guy Lombardo, playing the piano for him, as the boys sing.

Eddy sits in at the Biltmore, with Horace Heidt and the King Sisters.

Then to the Famous Door, where he listens to Louis Prima. Mrs. Prima sits at the table with him.
Then he drops in on his old friend, Kate Smith, and enjoys her broadcast.

At the Commodore, he changes places with Tommy Dorsey, playing the slide trombone, as Tommy tackles the piano.

Next Eddy greets Francis Lederer, who was guest star on Kate's program, and his wife, Marga.

Now he listens to Walter Winchell's Jergens broadcast.

At Leon & Eddie's, he chats with the former heavyweight champion, James Braddock (right) and Joe Di Maggio.

And later, still at Leon & Eddie's, he has some fun with Eddie Davis, one of the proprietors of the gay night club.
Bob Burns, teller of tall tales on the Bing Crosby Kraft Music Hall program, is a pal to his son, Bob Jr. They share a mutual enthusiasm for sports and sciences. (Above) Getting fishing tackle in order. (Left) Checking over their guns as their dog watches hopefully.

(Below) Music also is one of their shared hobbies. And across the page the two work with a microscope projector. Bob's first wife, young Bob's mother, whom he met while touring with a carnival, died just as he began to achieve fame and fortune. Last May Bob married Harriet Foster, who had been his secretary.
An evening's game of chess (left) absorbs them. In the basement of their Hollywood home is their Hobby Room, where they work at astronomy, bacteriology, and other hobbies.
An unusual hobby, but an interesting one and easy to learn, this of painting portraits on egg-shells says Graham Dale, 23-year-old art student, who started making his "eggatoons" while still in his 'teens.

Before he begins to paint, he drains the eggs. Ordinary water-colors blur on an egg-shell, so Dale had to develop his own paints as well as instruments. The latter include a variety of odd-shaped brushes, stylus points and calipers. He gets real hair from the corner barber shop, for the hair and eyebrows. Ears are fashioned of cardboard composition. Cellophane is used for eyeglasses, which have celluloid frames. He can turn out an "eggatoon" in an hour, but sometimes works longer on a more painstaking portrait.

After appearing on Dave Elman's Hobby Lobby, Dale made an "eggatoon" of Elman, shown here enlarged. Beyond is a photograph of Elman. The Hobby Lobby, which started on the Mutual network, now is broadcast over CBS each Wednesday at 7:15 p.m., EST, and on WOR at 10:30.
"...but what is this difference you notice between Camels and other Cigarettes?"

Kathleen Williams asks Alma Nicoll, debutante daughter of De Lancey Nicoll, Jr., of New York and Middleburg, Virginia.

And here is Miss Nicoll's answer:

"Do I find Camels different from other cigarettes? Yes, definitely! For instance, after hours in the saddle, I'm quite weary. Smoking Camels gives me a delightful 'lift'! And Camels never jangle my nerves—another way they are different! I smoke as many Camels as I please...and they never tire my taste. Camels are mild...gentle on my throat. And so you see, in so many ways, Camels agree with me."

It is not surprising that smokers are so enthusiastic about Camels. Camel spends millions more, year after year, to assure a finer, more delicate quality for Camel smokers.

THE Nicoll family have occupied positions of prominence here since Matthias Nicoll crossed to these shores in 1664. Alma Nicoll (above, right) is a fine horsewoman, devoted to the life of the Long Island and Virginia hunting country. She has traveled in England, on the Continent, and in the Near East. At right, Miss Nicoll poses before dining out. She is typical of the younger crowd in her enthusiasm for Camels. "At all the parties," she says, "I notice that Camels are served. Between courses...and, of course, after dessert, I smoke Camels—'for digestion's sake!' Camels add to mealtime pleasure."

Among the many distinguished women who find Camels mild and refreshing:

- Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia
- Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston
- Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York
- Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd, Boston
- Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd, Philadelphia
- Mrs. Chiswell Baboeaf Langhorne, Virginia
- Mrs. Nicholas G. Penman III, Baltimore
- Mrs. John W. Rockefeller Jr., New York
- Mrs. Rufus Peirce Vanderbilt III, Pasadena
- Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., Chicago
- Mrs. Barclay Warburton, Jr., Philadelphia
- Mrs. Howard P. Whitney, New York

Camels...agree with me!"
She asked for it, and got it! When Madame Gertrude Wettergren, Metropolitan Opera star and protégée of the Crown Princess of Sweden, was Bing Crosby's air guest, she asked screen star Beverly Roberts to give her swift kick for good luck. This probably makes Beverly the first person ever to have booted an opera diva.
THE regular programs on the four coast-to-coast networks are listed in a day-by-day time schedule. The National Broadcasting Company (NBC) Red and Blue-Network is indicated by NBC-Red; the Columbia Broadcasting System (CBS) by CBS; and Mutual Broadcasting System by MBS.

All stations included in the above networks are listed in the order of your local station on the list and tune in on the network specified.

ALL TIME RECORD-8 WESTERN STANDARD TIME. This means that for Central Standard Time you must subtract one hour from the listed time. For Mountain Standard Time the subtract two hours; and for Pacific Standard Time, three hours. (A. M. EST becomes 10:00 A. M. CST; 9:00 A. M. MST; and 8:00 A. M. PST.)

If, at a particular time, no network program is listed in any network, it is because there is no regular program for that time, or because the process of the round-up continues to that period.

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY—RED-NETWORK

WSSB Atlanta, Ga.
WFBG Baltimore, Md.
WURB Birmingham, Ala.
WBBF Boston, Mass.
WBBF Buffalo, N. Y.
WMAM Chicago, Ill.
WLEV Cleveland, Ohio
WKDJ Denver, Colo.
WEAE Columbus, Ohio
KWPR Houston, Tex.
WSDH Kanawha, W. Va.
WCCO Minneapolis, Minn.
WJZ Miami, Fla.
WLS Chicago, Ill.
WOR New York, N. Y.
WMAQ Chicago, Ill.
WJSX Kansas City, Kan.
WMLW Denver, Colo.
WJZJ Jersey City, N. J.
WBCO Des Moines, Iowa
WABC New York, N. Y.
WBTW Madison, Wis.
WOAI San Antonio, Tex.
WKBD Milwaukee, Wis.
WABC Newark, N. J.
WXDA Portland, Ore.
WAKQ Richmond, Va.
WNSN Minneapolis, Minn.
WMAK Chicago, Ill.
WAGA Atlanta, Ga.
KTTV Los Angeles, Calif.
WJZJ Newark, N. J.
WBBF Denver, Colo.
WMBG Dallas, Tex.
KINO Omaha, Neb.
KIRU Denver, Colo.
WBBF Oklahoma City, Okla.
WWLL Los Angeles, Calif.
WBES Buffalo, N. Y.
WBBF Washington, D. C.
WBAI New York, N. Y.
WORC Columbus, Ohio
WBCO Des Moines, Iowa
WBBF Fort Wayne, Ind.
WBBF Daytona, Del.
WBBF Indianapolis, Ind.
WBBF Chicago, Ill.
WBBF Harrisburg, Pa.
WBBF Cleveland, Ohio
WBBF Detroit, Mich.
WBBF Scranton, Pa.
WBBF Kansas City, Mo.
WBBF Baltimore, Md.
WBBF New Orleans, La.
WBBF Houston, Tex.
WBBF Los Angeles, Calif.
WBBF Paterson, N. J.
WBBF Providence, R. I.
WBBF Richmond, Va.
WBBF Scranton, Pa.
WBBF Nashville, Tenn.
WBBF Atlanta, Ga.
WBBF San Francisco, Calif.
WBBF Kansas City, Mo.
WBBF New York, N. Y.
WBBF Chicago, Ill.
WBBF Des Moines, Iowa
WBBF New York, N. Y.
WBBF New York, N. Y.
WBBF New York, N. Y.
WBBF New York, N. Y.
WBBF New York, N. Y.
WBBF New York, N. Y.
WBBF New York, N. Y.
WBBF New York, N. Y.
WBBF New York, N. Y.
WBBF New York, N. Y.
WBBF New York, N. Y.
WBBF New York, N. Y.
WBBF New York, N. Y.
WBBF New York, N. Y.
WBBF New York, N. Y.
WBBF New York, N. Y.
WBBF New York, N. Y.
WBBF New York, N. Y.
WBBF New York, N. Y.
WBBF New York, N. Y.
WBBF New York, N. Y.
WBBF New York, N. Y.
WBBF New York, N. Y.
WBBF New York, N. Y.
WBBF New York, N. Y.
WBBF New York, N. Y.
WBBF New York, N. Y.
WBBF New York, N. Y.
WBBF New York, N. Y.
WBBF New York, N. Y.
WBBF New York, N. Y.
WBBF New York, N. Y.
WBBF New York, N. Y.
WBBF New York, N. Y.
WBBF New York, N. Y.
WBBF New York, N. Y.
WBBF New York, N. Y.
WBBF New York, N. Y.
WBBF New York, N. Y.
WBBF New York, N. Y.
WBBF New York, N. Y.
WBBF New York, N. Y.
WBBF New York, N. Y.
WBBF New York, N. Y.
WBBF New York, N. Y.
WBBF New York, N. Y.
WBBF New York, N. Y.
WBBF New York, N. Y.
WBBF New York, N. Y.
WBBF New York, N. Y.
WBBF New York, N. Y.
WBBF New York, N. Y.
MORNING

1:00 NBC-Red: WILLIAM MENDEL—organist
NBC-Blue: PEERLESS TRIO

8:15 NBC-Blue: BENNO RABINOV—violinist

cbs: SALON MUSICALE

8:30 NBC-Red: KIDDODDERS
NBC-Blue: TONE PICTURES
—Ruth Pfeffer, pianist, mixed quartet

sundays

APRIL 3—10—17—24

11:15

NBC-Red: HENRY BUSSE’S ORCHESTRA

12:00 Noon

NBC-Red: HOMELAND SYMPHONY
NBC-Blue: SOUTHERN AIRMEN
—Negro male quartet

MBS: DR. CHARLES M. CORBOIN

12:30 NBC-Red: UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION—guest speakers

NBC-Blue: RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL ORCHESTRA—
soloists

CBS: SALT LAKE CITY TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA

MBS: AMERICAN WILDLIFE—talk

1:00 NBC-Red: AL AND LEE REISER—piano duo

CBS: CHURCH OF THE AIR

11:15

NBC-Red: HENRY BUSSE’S ORCHESTRA

1:30

NBC-Red: TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE CHOIR CONCERT

NBC-Blue: THERE WAS A WOMAN—sketch

CBS: FOREIGN NEWS BROADCAST

1:45

CBS: POETS GOLD—David Ross

MBS: GOTHAM STRING QUARTET

2:00 NBC-Red: CHATS ABOUT DOGS—Bob Becker

NBC-Blue: MAGIC KEY OF RCA—Frank Black’s symphony orchestra

MBS: LORD LONDON STRINGS

2:15

NBC-Red: VAGABOND QUARTET

2:30 NBC-Red: THATCHER COLT STORIES—Dr. Christian

CBS: DR. CHRISTIAN DRAMA

MBS: NEW POETRY HOUR

A. M. Sullivan

3:00 NBC-Red: RADIO NEWS—Parks Johnson, Wallace Bumpworth

NBC-Blue: ON BROADWAY—dramatization

CBS: NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

MBS: ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON—varieties, Stokes orchestra

3:30

NBC-Red: SUNDAY DRIVERS—Fedda and Hall, Frances Adair

NBC-Blue: ARMCIO BAND

3:15

MBS: TRAIL BLAZERS—
hilly music

4:00

NBC-Red: ROMANCE MELODIES—Ruth Lyon, Shield’s orchestra

NBC-Blue: NATIONAL VERSUS—Elizabeth Petsocki

MBS: COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS

4:30

NBC-Red: THE WORLD IS YOURS—dramatization

NBC-Blue: MUSICAL CAMERA—Joesph Cherniavsky

MBS: LUTHERAN HOUR

4:45

NBC-Blue: RANCH BOYS QUARTET

5:00

NBC-Red: RY-KRIP PRESENTS MARION TALLEY—Koshtner’s orchestra

5:30

NBC-Red: MICKEY MOUSE THEATRE OF THE AIR—Walt Disney, Felix Mills’ orchestra

NBC-Blue: SUNDAY AFTERNOON WITH ED MCCONNELL

CBS: GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ORCHESTRA

5:45

NBC-Blue: VOCALIST

6:00

NBC-Red: CATHOLIC HOUR

NBC-Blue: CHORUS OF FISH AND FABLES

MBS: JOE PENNER—Gene Austin, Grier’s orchestra

MBS: 30 MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD—George Jessel, Nelson Eddy, Tucker’s orchestra

6:30 NBC-Red: A TALE OF TODAY—sketch

NBC-Blue: HAVEN MacQUARIE PRESENTS

CBS: DOUBLE EVERYTHING

MBS: NEWS TESTERS—Leonard M. Leonard

7:00 NBC-Red: JELL-O PROGRAM—Jack Benny, Mary Livingstone, Kenny Baker, Don Wilson, Sam Hearn, Andy Devine, Phil Harris’ orchestra

MBS: THE WOR Forum

8:00 NBC-Red: INTERESTING NEIGHBORS—Jerry Belcher, interviewer

NBC-Blue: BAKER’S BROADCAST—Peg Murray, Harold Hopper, Rise Nelson’s orchestra

MBS: PHIL BAKER—Bette and Bottie, Lucille Ball, Al C. Alas, Bradley’s orchestra

MBS: ORCHESTRA

8:30

NBC-Red: CHASE AND SANDBORN PROGRAM—Amerche, Edgar Bergen, John Carson, Doris Day, Lamon, Strand Twins, Armbruster’s orchestra

NBC-Blue: DETECTIVE SERIES

MBS: ST. LOUIS BLUES

MBS: THEIR GREATEST STORIES—dramatization

9:00

NBC-Blue: CALIFORNIA CONCERT—Gill’s orchestra

CBS: LYN MURRAY’S MUSICAL GAZETTE

MBS: R. W. KAYE’S ORCHESTRA

9:00

NBC-Red: MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND—Rachel Carter, Pierre La Kreuz, Donnie’s orchestra

NBC-Blue: HOLLYWOOD PLAYHOUSE—Trone Power, guests

CBS: FORD SUNDAY EVENING HOUR

MBS: HAWAII CALLS

9:30

NBC-Red: AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC—Frank Dun, Jean de Koenig, Hamachek’s orchestra

NBC-Blue: JERGENS PROGRAM—Walter Winchell, news commentator

MBS: THE BROWN SISTERS— trio

9:45

NBC-Blue: WELCH PRESENTS HENNE MELLOMA
tization

MBS: HOLLYWOOD WHIS
tERS—George Fischer, commentator

10:00

NBC-Red: RISING MUSICAL STARS—Aliza Havril, Smal
d orchestra, guests

NBC-Blue: PAUL MARTIN’S ORCHESTRA

10:30

NBC-Red: CLOTIER’S ORCHESTRA

NBC-Blue: CHERIO—talk and music

CBS: HEADLINES AND BY- LINE comments, MBS: OLD FASHIONED REVIVAL

11:00

NBC-Red: PIANO DUO

NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

CBS: ORCHESTRA

MBS: ORCHESTRA

11:10

NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA

CBS: ORCHESTRA

46
Tuesdays

APRIL 5—12—19—26

Morning

8:00 NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's stories
NBC-Blue: CHARIOETERS
8:15 NBC-Red: HI HOY! NBC-Blue: DICK LEIBERT ENSEMBLE
8:30 NBC-Red: DO YOU REMEMBER? CBS: POETIC STRINGS
8:43 NBC-Blue: GRACE AND SCOTTY CBS: FRED FRIED—organist
9:00 NBC-Red: WOMEN AND NEWS NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—variety program
CBS: MUSIC IN THE AIR
9:15 NBC-Red: PERSON TO PERSON NBC-Blue: DINNER BELL
9:25 CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

Afternoon

12:00 Noon NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch NBC-Blue: TIME FOR STORY
CBS: THE RADIO COLUMN—Mary Margaret McBride NBC-Red: THE BOY AND GIRL FRIEND
12:15 NBC-Red: THE ON'ELLES—sketch

Evening

2:15 NBC-Red: ARMCHAIR QUARTET CBS: MUSIC FOR THE SCHOOL
MBS: DR. N. ANDY
3:15 NBC-Red: PEPPEE YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch NBC-Blue: U. S. NARINE—organist
MBS: LEN SALVO—organist
3:20 NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch NBC-Blue: JEAN KING—vocalist
MBS: VIC AND SADIE—sketch
MBS: HOLLYSHAW—songs

CBS: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch MBS: GOOD HEALTH AND TRAINING
4:00 NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—commentator NBC-Blue: CHIEF MBS: ED FITZGERALD
5:00 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch MBS: BARRY GRAHAM
CBS: CURRENT QUESTIONS BEFORE THE HOUSE MBS: MARGERY GRAHAM
5:00 NBC-Red: DICK TRACY—sketch NBC-Blue: THE FOUR OF US
MBS: ORGANIST
5:10 NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS MBS: ORCHESTRA
5:20 NBC-Red: TERRY AND THE PHANTAS—sketch NBC-Blue: DON WINES—sketch
MBS: BENNY HULL—organist
5:30 NBC-Red: JAC K ARMSTRONG—sketch MBS: RINGING LADY—children's program
NBC-Blue: NLEEP AND SLEEP—sketch MBS: ALICE IN WONDERLAND—dramatization
5:45 NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—juvenile serial NBC-Blue: G. M. M. X
MBS: STRAIGHT SHOOTERS—juvenile serial
MBS: MILLION HOUSE—dramatic serial
MBS: JESSIE FAMILY—sketch, with Jimmy Scribner

Evening

6:00 NBC-Red: SCIENCE IN THE NEWS NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
MBS: LET'S PRETEND—MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM
6:15 NBC-Red: VOCALIST NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
MBS: LEN SALVO—organist
MBS: ORCHESTRA
6:15 NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS NBC-Blue: VOCALIST
MBS: JOEY CARTER—news commentator
6:25 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA MBS: ROBERT
6:45 NBC-Red: LOWELL THOMAS—news commentator

Evening

7:15 NBC-Red: VENUS JONES—choral singing
NBC-Blue: M. R. K. E. N. MBS: PAMPHLO—dramatic serial
CBS: HOLLY-SWOLDEN—CHARMCOOGE—George McCall
MBS: ORCHESTRA

7:30 NBC-Red: DICK GASPERRY'S OTHER CBS-Red: PEOPLE IN THE NEWS
MBS: DOROTHY THOMSON—commentator
MBS: SECOND HUSBAND—serial, Helen Mkenken
MBS: HEADLINES—news dramatization

CBS-Blue: VIVIEN DELLA
MBS:—mezzo-soprano
**Wednesday, April 6, 13, 20, 27**

**MORNING**

8:00 NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire—children's stories
NBC-Blue: Four Showmen—quartet
8:15 NBC-Red: Hi Boys
NBC-Blue: William Meridian—organist
9:00 NBC-Red: Do You Remember?
CBS: Greenfield Village Chapel
9:45 NBC-Blue: Lucille and Gentleman
CBS: Metropolitan Parade
10:00 NBC-Red: Women and News
CBS: Breakfast Club—variety program
11:00 NBC-Red: KXNO—Yale's Blue
CBS: CBS—MBS; NBC-Red: CBS
11:45 NBC-Blue: White Women
CBS: Aunts Jenny's Real Life Stories—sketch
ELS: Elmo Sherry—song

**AFTERNOON**

12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: Girl Alone
NBC-Blue: Time for Thought
NB: The Radio Columnist—Mary Margaret McBride
CBS: Miss the Boy and Girl Friend
12:15 NBC-Red: The One-illes
NBC-Blue: Kiddoollers
MBS: Hollis Nadeau—baritone
12:45 NBC-Red: Campus Kids
NBC-Blue: National Farm and Home Hour—Walter Blauvelt's orchestra
CBS: Romance of Helen Trent—sketch
MBS: New Recital
1:15 NBC-Red: Orchestra
CBS: Our Gal Sunday
1:30 NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
CBS: The Happy Gang
1:45 NBC-Red: Escorts and Colleens
CBS: Hymns of All Churches—Betty Crocker, cooking expert
MBS: Mildred Robinson and Hickey Bucaroos

**EVENING**

2:00 NBC-Red: Words and Music—Ruth Lyon, Larry Larson, Harvey Harris
NBC-Blue: Sue Blake—sketch
MBS: Miss Dan Recital
2:15 NBC-Red: David Harum
NBC-Blue: The Story of Mary Martin—sketch
CBS: Larry Vincent and the Stewart Sisters
2:30 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife—sketch
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family—sketch
2:45 NBC-Red: How to Be Charming—sketch
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sadie—sketch
CSC: Big Sister—sketch
3:00 NBC-Red: Hello Peggy—sketch
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh—The Gospel Singer
3:15 NBC-Red: Bunt Griffin's Daughter—sketch
MBS: Orchestra
3:30 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: Singing Ladies—children's program
CSC: Stepmother—sketch
3:45 NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: Tom M. M. X—Straight Shooters—juvenile serial
CBS: Hilltop House—dramatic serial
MBS: Johnson Family—sketch, with Jimmy Scribner

**MORNINGS**

8:00 NBC-Red: McCormick—children's stories
NBC-Blue: Four Showmen—quartet
9:00 NBC-Red: Bill Fenor to Perfor son—Frank Luther
CBS: Madison Ensemble
CSC: CBS-Press Radio News
9:45 NBC-Blue: Alice Joy—songs
CSC: The Road of Life—sketch
10:00 NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch—sketch
NBC-Blue: Margot of Castle Wood—sketch
CSC: Pretty Kitty Kelly
10:15 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife—sketch
NBC-Blue: AUNT JEHIMA on the Air—Varieties
MBS: Myrt and Margie—sketch

**AFTERNOONS**

11:00 Noon NBC-Red: Dr. David Harum
NBC-Blue: The Story of Mary Martin—sketch
CBS: Harum Vincent and the Stewart Sisters
11:45 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife—sketch
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family—sketch
12:00 Noon NBC-Red: Words and Music—Ruth Lyon, Larry Larson, Harvey Harris
NBC-Blue: Sue Blake—sketch
MBS: Miss Dan Recital
1:00 NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
CBS: The Happy Gang
1:15 NBC-Red: Escorts and Colleens
CBS: Hymns of All Churches—Betty Crocker, cooking expert
MBS: Mildred Robinson and Hickey Bucaroos

**EVENINGS**

2:00 NBC-Red: Words and Music—Ruth Lyon, Larry Larson, Harvey Harris
NBC-Blue: Sue Blake—sketch
MBS: Miss Dan Recital
2:15 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: Singing Ladies—children's program
CSC: Stepmother—sketch
2:30 NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: Tom M. M. X—Straight Shooters—juvenile serial
CBS: Hilltop House—dramatic serial
MBS: Johnson Family—sketch, with Jimmy Scribner
2:45 NBC-Red: Let's Talk It Over—Alma Kittrel
CBS: The One-Ellies—sketch
MBS: Reviries
3:00 NBC-Red: Your Health—take dramatization
NBC-Blue: Swingtime Trio
MBS: Don't Look Now—Lavelle and Sands, comedians, orchestra
3:15 NBC-Red: Bunt Griffin's Daughter—sketch
MBS: Orchestra
3:30 NBC-Red: Hello Peggy—sketch
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh—The Gospel Singer
3:45 NBC-Red: McCormick—children's stories
NBC-Blue: Four Showmen—quartet
9:00 NBC-Red: Town Hall Tonight—Fred Allen, Portland Hoffa, Van Neisteen's orchestra
NBC-Blue: Cleveland Symphony Orchestra
MBS: Grace Moore—Kotchakets—orchestra, Decus Taylor, guests
CSC: Orchestra
9:30 NBC-Red: Ben Bernie—Leo Lanphier, Billy Clark, Jane Pickens
MBS: Let's Visit—Dave Driscoll, Jerry Danzig
10:00 NBC-Blue: Choir Symphony
CBS: Gang Busters—crime dramatizations
CSC: Hoff Schneider
MBS: Orchestra
10:30 NBC-Blue: Soloist
10:30 NBC-Blue: NBC Minstrel Show—Gene Arnold, orchestra
CSC: Nan Wynn—songs
MBS: Orchestra
11:00 NBC-Red: Dance Music
NBC-Blue: Dance Music
CSC: Dance Music
MBS: Orchestra
THE PAN AMERICAN—Religious:—thursday
THEATRE—Variety Program
WHEN—Family—sketch
RELAY—Children's—Comedy sketch
COMMERCIAL—SINGING LADY—Children's Program
MBS—BETTY RUSSELL—SUNS OF THE NAVY—Organ Recital
THE NUT—Children's Program
11:00—WALL—Mae Perkins—Sketch
11:00—ZINN—Raymond Scott—Saunder's Orchestra
11:00—THE STORY OF MARY MARLIN—Sketch
11:00—BETSY AND BOB—Sketch
11:00—ARMS CHAIR QUARTET
11:00—GEDAD—Edward Mac
11:00—THE MURDERER—Old-Time—Mount Vernon
11:00—RAY CHESTRA—It's a Big World—Sketch
11:00—THE SONG—Sarah Allard—Saur's Orchestra
11:00—DANCE BAND—Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Banks
11:00—BETTY KAYS—Sketch
11:00—THE LADY'S MAN—Sketch
11:00—JACK ARMSTRONG—Juke—Sketch
11:00—LITTLE ORPHAN ANNE—Junk—Sketch
11:00—HILL TOP HOUSE—Out-Door—Sketch
11:00—THE AMERICA'S TOWN MEETING OF THE AIR—Sketch
11:00—THE ORCHESTRA—Sketch
11:00—PERRY COMO—Sketch
11:00—THE RED RAY—Sketch
11:00—THE SONG—Sketch
11:00—BETTY KAYS—Sketch
11:00—THE LADY'S MAN—Sketch
MORNING

8:00 NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—sketch
NBC-Blue: FOUR SHOWMEN—quartet
9:15 NBC-Red: H.I. ROYS—WILLIAM NEEDELL—organist
10:15 NBC-Blue: LUCILLE AND BILLY
9:00 NBC-Red: WOMEN AND NEWS
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST PARTY—variety program
CBS: METROPOLITAN PAIR
9:15 NBC-Red: PERSON TO PERSON—Frank Lathco
10:00 NBC-Blue: PRESS RADIO NEWS
9:30 NBC-Red: ALICE JOY—songs
CBS: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch
10:00 NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—sketch

Marge of "Myrt and Marge"

NBC-Blue: MARGOT OF CATTLEWOOD—sketch
NBC-Blue: PRETTY KITTY KELLY—sketch

NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: AUNT JEMIMA ON THE AIR—variety
CBS: MYRT AND MARGE—sketch

NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN BILL
NBC-Blue: ATTORNEY-AT-LAW—sketch
MBS: LET'S GET THIN TO MUSIC

NBC-Red: THE WOMAN IN WHITE—sketch
NBC-Blue: KITCHEN CALL—Crosby Gage
CBS: MA PERKINS—sketch
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL

NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE STORY OF MY MARILYN—sketch
CBS: RUTH CARHART—songs
MBS: REMINISCING

11:45 NBC-Red: BACK STAGE—CBS: MAURICE CHEVALIER—sketch
NBC-Blue: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
11:50 NBC-Red: HOW TO BE CHARMING—NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADIE—sketch
CBS: BIG BISER—sketch

MARGIE KNOTT

11:45 NBC-Red: HELLO PEGGY—sketch
NBC-Blue: EDWARD MAC-HUGH—The Gospel Singer
CBS: AUNT JEMIMA—REAL LIFE STORIES—sketch
MBS: VOCALIST

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch
NBC-Blue: TIME FOR THOUGHT—CBS: THE RADIO COMEDY SHOW—Mary Margaret McBride
MBS: THE BOY AND GIRL FRIEND

12:15 NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLES—sketch
NBC-Blue: VOCALIST
MBS: RADIO GARDEN CLUB

12:30 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—Walter Blauvelt
MBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TENNENT—sketch
MBS: STUDIES AND SONGS IN BLACK AND WHITE

12:35 NBC-Red: OUR GAL SUNDAY—sketch
1:00 NBC-Red: BETTY AND BOB—sketch
1:15 NBC-Red: ESCORTS AND HITCHHIKERS—sketch
NBC-Blue: CAROL ROBINSON AND HIS BUCKAROO

1:30 NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Larry Larose, Ruth Lyon, Harvey Hays
NBC-Blue: SUSAN BLAKE—sketch
CBS: ARNOLD GRIMM'S DAUGHTER—sketch
MBS: ORCHESTRA

1:45 NBC-Blue: JACK AND LOR-ETA—songs and patter
CBS: VALIANT LADY—sketch
MBS: VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

2:00 NBC-Red and NBC-Blue: NBC MUSIC APPRECIATION HOUR—Dr. Walter Damrosch
MBS: DON'T LOOK NOW—Lavalle and Sands, comedians, orchestra

2:13 CBS: THE O'NEILLES—sketch
2:30 CBS: AMERICAN SCHOOL OF THE AIR—Vocational Guidance: Science Club of the Air
MBS: WORLD TRAVELER—voice and organ

2:45 MBS: TED MALONE'S "BETWEEN THE BOOKENDS"

3:00 NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
NBC-Blue: RADIO GUIDELINE—dramatization
MBS: U.S. MARINE BAND

3:15 NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch

3:30 NBC-Red: VIC AND SADIE—sketch
MBS: CURRENT QUESTIONS BEFORE THE SENATE

3:45 NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch
MBS: DEEP RIVER BOYS—GOOD HEALTH AND TRAINING

EVENING

6:00 NBC-Red: EDUCATION IN THE NEWS—dramatization
MBS: ORCHESTRA
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

6:45 CBS: MUSIC FOR FUX—Howard Barlow's orchestra

7:15 NBC-Red: RHYTHMAIRES

7:30 NBC-Red: PIANO TIME—guest pianists
NBC-Blue: SOLOIST

8:45 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS—newscaster

Irene Noblette

CBS: LUM AND ABNER—sketch
MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

7:00 NBC-Red: AMOS AND ANDY—sketch
NBC-Blue: MARY SMALL—songs
CBS: POETIC MELODIES—Jack Patton, Franklin MacCormack, orchestra
MBS: FULTON LEWIS, JR.—Washington news commentator

7:15 NBC-Red: UNCLE EZRA'S RADIO STATION—Lex Barrett
NBC-Blue: STORY BEHIND THE HEADLINES—Casper Searchinger
MBS: FOUR GODFREY MIS: ORCHESTRA

7:45 NBC-Red: HENDRICK WILLEM VAN LOO—talk
MBS: DINNER CONCERT—CBS: HOLLACE SHAW—songs

7:54 NBC-Red: BUSH HOUSE RHYTHM—NBC-Blue: VOCALIST

8:00 NBC-Red: CITIES SERVICE CONCERT—Lee Gillette, Frank Black's orchestra
NBC-Blue: GRAND CENTRAL STATION—dramatic sketch
MBS: STUDIES IN CONTRAST—Ernie Florito's orchestra, Sylvia Pross

8:30 NBC-Blue: DEATH VALLEY DAYS—dramatization
CBS: PAUL WHITEMAN'S ORCHESTRA—MBS: TOPICS OF THE DAY
Jerald Barry

9:00 NBC-Red: WALTZ TIME—Frank Young, Lysing orchestra
NBC-Blue: ROYAL CROWN REVUE—Tim and Irene, Uncle Happy, Graham McNamee, Freda Gibson, George Olsen's orchestra
CBS: HOLLYWOOD HOTEL—Lesta, Laurette, Troy Langford, Jack Cooper, Anne Janini, Ken Murray, Oswald, Paige's orchestra

9:30 NBC-Blue: A. L. ALEXANDER'S TRUE STORIES—dramatization
MBS: NBC SPILLING SHOW—Rene Wig
MBS: RAMBERGER SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

10:00 NBC-Red: FIRST NIGHTER—dramatization, Lee Tremayne, Barbara Luddy
NBC-Blue: PAUL MARTIN'S ORCHESTRA
CBS: COCA-COLA SONGHOP Reed Kennedy, Alice Cornett, Beauchone's orchestra
MBS: TWENTY YEARS AGO AND TODAY—news dramatization

10:30 NBC-Red: JIMMIE FIDLER'S HOLLYWOOD GOSPEL

10:45 NBC-Red: PEOPLE IN THE NEWS—Dorothy Thompson, commentator
MBS: ORCHESTRA
CBS: DANCE MUSIC
MBS: DANCE MUSIC
MBS: DANCE MUSIC
MORNING

8:00
NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children’s stories
NBC-Blue: SOUTHERN AIR

8:15
NBC-Red: HI BOYS
NBC-Blue: DICK LEIBERT ENSEMBLE

8:30
NBC-Red: DO YOU REMEMBER?
CBS: JACK SHANNON—songs

8:45
NBC-Blue: J. ACK AND LORETTA
CBS: VIOLINIST

9:00
NBC-Red: THE WISE MAN
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—variety program
CBS: RAY BLOCK—pianist

9:15
NBC-Red: SUNSHINE EXPRESS
CBS: ETON BOYS

9:30
CBS: FIDDLER’S FANCY

9:45
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

10:00
NBC-Red: VOCALIST
NBC-Blue: SWEETHEARTS OF THE AIR—May Sisemore, Peter de Rose
CBS: FRED PRIEBEL—organist

10:15
NBC-Red: CHARIOTEERS—male quartet
NBC-Blue: VIENNESE ENSEMBLE

10:30
NBC-Red: MANHATTERS
NBC-Blue: THE CHILD GROWS UP—Katherine Lane
MBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC

10:45
NBC-Blue: SWING SERENADE
MBS: ORCHESTRA

11:00
NBC-Red: FLORENCE HALE’S RADIO FORUM
NBC-Blue: VOCALIST
CBS: CINCINNATI CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
MBS: VARIETY PROGRAM

11:15
NBC-Red: MUSICAL TETE-A-TETE
NBC-Blue: MINUTE MAN—male quartet

11:30
NBC-Red: MUSIC AND AMERICAN YOUTH
NBC-Blue: OUR BARN—children’s program, Madge Tucker
MBS: U. S. ARMY BAND

11:45
NBC-Red: VOCALIST

---

APRIL 2—9—16—23—30

---

Saturdays

11:00 Noon
NBC-Red: ABRAM CHASIN’S MUSIC SERIES
NBC-Blue: CALL TO THE WORLD
MBS: ORCHESTRA

11:15
NBC-Blue: SOLOIST
MBS: THIS WONDERFUL WORLD

11:30
NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR
CBS: GEORGE HALL AND HIS ORCHESTRA
MBS: STUDIES AND SKETCHES IN BLACK AND WHITE

11:45
NBC-Red: STEVE SEVERN’S PET CLUB

1:00
NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
CBS: ORIENTALE

1:15
MBS: RHYTHMAINS
MBS: MICROPHONE IN THE SKY—Tom Slater, interviewer

1:30
NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE
CBS: HUPFALO PRESENTS
MBS: ORCHESTRA

2:00
NBC-Red: CAMPUS CAPERS
CBS: MADISON ENSEMBLE
MBS: BENJAY VENUTA’S PROGRAM

2:30
NBC-Red: YOUR HOST IS BUFFALO—orchestra, solos
CBS: MOTOR CITY MELODIES
MBS: ORCHESTRA

3:00
NBC-Red: GOLDEN MELODIES
CBS: MERRYMAKERS

3:30
NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
CBS: WALTERS OF THE WORLD
MBS: ORCHESTRA

4:00
NBC-Red: CALLING ALL STAMP COLLECTORS
CBS: ANN LEAF—organist
MBS: INTERNATIONAL HOUSE

4:15
NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
MBS: ORGANIST

4:45
MBS: BOOKSHELF SPOTLIGHT

5:00
NBC-Red: GREAT PLAYS
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: STORY OF INDUSTRY
MBS: ORCHESTRA

---

NOTE:
As we go to press, this program guide is absolutely accurate, but we cannot be responsible for last minute changes made by the broadcasting companies, advertising agencies or sponsors.

5:50
MBS: ORCHESTRA
MBS: SALLY KAYE’S ORCHESTRA

---

EVENING

6:00
NBC-Red: EL CHICO SPANISH REVUE
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: COLUMBIA’S CHORUS QUEST
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL

6:15
MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

6:30
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

6:45
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
CBS: SYMPHONY PIECE
MBS: “JAM AND JIVE”

7:00
NBC-Red: RELIGION IN THE NEWS—Dr. Walter Van Ryn

7:15
NBC-Red: AISTAIR COOK—commentator
NBC-Blue: UNCLE JIM’S QUESTION BOX
MBS: ORCHESTRA

7:45
NBC-Red: JEAN SABLON—sings

8:00
NBC-Red: BELIEVE IT OR NOT—Robert L. Ripley, Rolfe’s orchestra
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: COLUMBIA WORK SHOP
MBS: PAT BARNES AND HIS BARN FORMERS—Marcella Hendricks, Jimmy Shields

8:30
NBC-Red: JACK HALEY’S LOUD CABIN—Virginia Verrill, Warren Hull, Wendy Harrie, Phil Rice’s orchestra
CBS: JOHNNY PRESENTS, RUSK, MORGAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA
MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

9:00
NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL BARN DANCE—Eddy
CBS: PROFESSOR QUIZ—Bob Treat
MBS: ORCHESTRA

9:30
NBC-Red: AMERICAN PORTRAIT—dramatization
CBS: SATURDAY NIGHT SERENADE—Mary Eastman, Bill Perry, Hansen’s orchestra
MBS: SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

10:00
NBC-Red and NBC-Blue: NBC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE

10:45
CBS: SPECIAL TALKS PROGRAM

11:00
NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC
NBC-Blue: DANCE MUSIC
CBS: ORCHESTRA
MBS: ORCHESTRA
Today—more and more women are using this new cream with "Skin-Vitamin"

THE first announcement of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream brought almost immediate response. Hundreds of women tried the new cream.

And steadily your demand has increased for this new cream that brings to women such important new aid to skin beauty.

For years, leading doctors have known how this "skin-vitamin" heals skin faster when applied to wounds or burns. And also how skin may grow rough and subject to infections when there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet!

Then we tested it in Pond's Creams! In animal tests, skin that had been rough, dry because of "skin-vitamin" deficiency in diet became smooth and supple again—in only 3 weeks!

Use this new cream in your regular way for cleansing and before make-up. Pat it in. Soon you, too, will be agreeing that the use of the new "skin-vitamin" cream does bring to your skin something active and essential to its health—gives it a livelier, more glowing look!

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

Send for the new cream!

Test it in 9 treatments

Pond's, Dept. 988-CS, Clinton, Conn. Rush a special tube of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 3 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10c to cover postage and packing.

Name
Street
City
State

Copyright, 1938, Pond's Extract Company
IN a hurry? Thought you'd risk it "just this once"? Too bad!... Now your new dress is SPOILED and Kleinert's Dress Shields would have saved it!... Why risk your dress even once when a pair of Kleinert's Dress Shields—for as little as 25¢—will save you not only embarrassment but the cost of your dress. Better buy a pair NOW—at any good Notion Counter.

THE moons lend shapeliness to the nail. Don't paint over them.

Don't file your nails to sharp points. Ovals are more fashionable.
Don't fail to soften cuticle before using the orange-stick.

"Cleanliness is the beginning of beautiful hands," emphasized Lucille. "I mean, by that, proper cleansing. A dash of water and a spot of soap, followed by a perfunctory pat with the towel, robs the hands of beauty. The hands should be thoroughly washed with soap (twice in succession if they are the least bit grimy!), a nail brush used, and the hands rinsed thoroughly with clear water to remove all traces of soap. Then dry the hands carefully. Most of the roughness, redness and dryness that detracts so from the complexion of the hands is due to careless drying. A hand lotion or cream is the solution."

You don't have to worry what lotion or cream to use, as ninety-eight out of a hundred hands suffer from dryness, not oiliness. For the daytime, select one that will leave your hands smooth, soft and protected. If the hands are inclined to be moist or clammy, a few drops of liquid deodorant will be helpful—or a bit of Eau de Cologne on the palms. At night all hands are ready for a rich nourishing cream massaged in with a "pulling on gloves" movement. Wear gloves all night to keep the cream from rubbing off.

A little fresh lemon juice added to your over-night cream will give it bleaching qualities and help the skin maintain its normal, slightly acid condition. A two-ounce jar of cream requires only a teaspoonful of fresh, strained lemon juice.

Of course, the hand treatment should extend as far as possible up the arm, even to the elbow. Fashion calls for sleeves above the elbow with round, (Continued on page 91)
How to be a Good Homemaker and your Husband’s Pal, too

DON’T work so hard over your home that you’re exhausted when your husband wants to go out! Learn the labor-saving ways of doing things and you will be astonished at the time you save.

Imagine a delicious, nourishing food that all your family will enjoy, that costs only 3 cents a portion, and that you can put on the table, piping hot, in less than ten minutes! That’s Franco-American — America’s largest selling ready-cooked spaghetti.

Give it to the children for lunch, with milk and fruit. It will keep them going strong all afternoon. Other days for dinner serve Franco-American Spaghetti as the main dish, or use it to make left-overs go further. This delicious spaghetti combines wonderfully with other foods, because of its eleven-ingredient sauce with its unforgettable and savory flavor.

Franco-American is entirely different from ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. Get some at your grocer’s today! Serve your family delicious meals and have time for your husband, too!

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

Made by the Makers of Campbell’s Soups

MAY I SEND YOU OUR FREE RECIPE BOOK?
SEND THE COUPON PLEASE!

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD COMPANY, DEPT. 65
Camden, New Jersey. Please send me your free recipe book: "50 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print)_________________________
Address_____________________________
City________State________

POPULAR SWEDISH RECIPES

SMÖRGÅSBORD (HORS D’OEUVRES)
SCANDINAVIAN GRILL

Cut slices of rye bread into “fingers,” each the right length and width to hold a sardine. Toast lightly on both sides. Place a slice of cheese (Swiss, Grayere, American, or any preferred cheese that slices well) on each piece of toast. Top each with a smoked Norwegian sardine. Sprinkle with a few drops of vinegar or lemon juice. Place under broiler flame until cheese starts to melt and sardine skin starts to “crackle.” Serve hot.

EGGS GERDA

Cook 6 eggs 10 minutes in boiling water. Peel. Cut each egg in half crosswise (not lengthwise). Remove a thin slice from both ends of eggs so that they will stand upright. Slip out yolks, add to them 2 teaspoons anchovy paste, ½ teaspoon sugar, salt and pepper to taste, and mayonnaise to moisten. Pound well until thoroughly smooth and blended. Stuff egg whites with this mixture. Stand eggs upright on a bed of very finely shredded red cabbage. Top each with a rolled anchovy, each held in place with a tiny colored ruffled toothpick, which serves as a garnish and facilitates serving and eating.

HAM TARTLETS

12 tiny pastry shells
2 eggs, slightly beaten
⅛ teaspoon pepper
⅛ teaspoon baking powder

Roll out rich, well-chilled pastry very thin. Cut into small rounds. Fit each round over the back of muffin cups of the very smallest size procurable. Prick pastry with a fork and bake 8 minutes in a very hot oven (475° F.). Remove shells carefully to a flat baking pan. Combine slightly beaten eggs with pepper, baking powder, ham and Worcestershire. Add milk, mix well. Fill shells with this mixture. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) until filling is cooked (about 10 minutes). Serve hot as hors d’oeuvres. Delicious also with salad for a Sunday night supper treat.

KÖTTBULLAR

1 pound round steak, ground 4 times
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ pound pork, ground 4 times
1 to 2 tablespoons French salad dressing
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup cracker (or fine bread) crumbs
2 eggs, beaten
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 cup boiling water

Combine the ground meat and bread crumbs. Add seasonings, dressing, salt, pepper and minced onion. Blend together thoroughly. With floured hands, shape prepared meat into small balls about the size of golf balls. Roll in flour and fry in butter until brown on all sides. Add boiling water, cover tightly and cook gently for 15 minutes. Remove meat balls to hot platter. Make gravy of liquor remaining in pan, thickening it slightly with a little flour which has been mixed with water to a smooth paste. Season to taste, pour over meat balls and serve immediately.

RED RICE WITH VEGETABLES

To 2 cups boiled rice add 4 tablespoons chopped pimiento, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon grated onion, ½ teaspoon salt, a few grains pepper. Blend in ⅛ cup salad oil. Beat 2 eggs well, add ⅛ cup milk and combine with rice mixture. Turn into a very well greased mold. Stand mold in a pan of hot water. Place in moderate oven (350° F.) and bake 1½ hours. Unmold onto large circular platter. Fill center of ring with creamed lima beans.* Place small bundles of hot asparagus tips at equal intervals around the rice ring, laying a strip of pimiento across each bundle. Between asparagus bundles place either sliced tomatoes or slices of hard cooked egg. Garnish attractively with sprigs of parsley and serve immediately.

*As a main course dish, instead of as a meat accompaniment, the center of the rice ring may be filled with creamed sea food (salmon, shrimp, crab meat or lobster).

LEMON PIE

1 cooked, rich, pastry shell
1 tablespoon cornstarch
1 cup sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
4 egg yolks, slightly beaten
3/4 cup hot water
1 lemon, rind and juice
4 egg whites, beaten stiff

Bake pastry shell in hot oven until lightly browned. Cool. Mix cornstarch with one half of the sugar. Add salt and egg yolks. Gradually add hot water. Turn into top of double boiler and cook over boiling water until thick (about 10 minutes), stirring constantly. Remove from heat, add lemon rind and juice, cool slightly. Beat whites until stiff, beat in one half of remaining ½ cup sugar, Fold in the rest of the sugar lightly. Combine one half of this egg white mixture with the prepared lemon mixture. Turn into baked pie shell. Fill remaining egg white meringue lightly on top. Bake in slow oven (345° F.) until firm and lightly browned (about 15 minutes). Chill before serving.
what we'll have to do, Mrs. Armbruster. You and I, alone, will have to 'uphold the social amenities,' as Clarence Stroud would say. Or would be?"

From that point on it was a riot of fun, with Charlie the center of attention. He occupied the seat of honor at the head of the table, as you can see from our photograph. He threw the maid into utter confusion with his merry quips; exchanged puns with our host and complimented our hostess on the excellence of the dinner.

But not even the company and the continuous laughter could make me entirely neglect my duties, or cause me to overlook the grand foods that were being served. So, shortly, you will find the complete menu which I managed to write down between laughs, and for which the recipes—later procured from Mrs. Armbruster—are presented here, also, as previously promised.

In our menu, you'll notice, I'm giving both the Swedish and American names for some of the dishes, but in every instance, one name or two, only a trial can do any of them justice. Or begin to convince you how easy they are to make. This, then, was our delightful meal, with explanations of the various unusual treats that we enjoyed, given in detail further along. In this way I think you'll get a pretty good idea of the recipes before trying them, and you can then decide whether or not you wish to include just one or two of these Armbruster dinner favorites on one of your regular dinner menus; or serve the following meal—prepared in honor of Edgar Bergen—exactly as it was served to us, course by course:

Smörgåsboard
(Swedish Hors D'Oeuvres)
Köttbullar
(Meat Balls)
Red Rice Ring with Vegetables
New Dill Pickles, Relishes
Swedish Bread, Sweet Butter
Kale Salad
(Cabbage Salad)
Lemon Puff Pie
Coffee

The Smörgåsboard—that most popular and widely accepted of all Swedish food suggestions—was arranged on the buffet for all to help themselves before dinner. The choice of fine viands, accompanied by bread and butter, was a staggering one. Sliced cold meats, cheese (particularly the popular Swedish goat cheese), pickles, fish, eggs and salads tempted one to forget that a full course dinner was to follow. Among the most tempting of all the edibles were three for which I secured recipes—Ham Tartlets and Scandinavian Grill, both served hot; and Eggs Gerda, as pretty and tasty a combination as you could imagine. Try them, all three, for your next buffet. Why yes, of course I'm giving you the recipes!

The little meat balls that followed were of a smoother, finer consistency than the

(Continued from page 9)
Famous Hollywood Stars take no chances with their feet, for faulty posture and ugly foot blemishes can easily ruin their careers. At the first warning twinges of foot pain, many of them use Dr. SCHOLL'S for they know that When Your Feet Hurt You Hurt All Over

Follow the Stars! If you have corns, callouses, bunions, tired, achy feet, fallen arches, rubbing or itching feet, ingrown nails—or any other foot trouble—go at once to your Drug, Shoe or Department Store and get Dr. Scholl's Relief for it.

**Corns—Sore Toes**
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads instantly relieve pain and remove corns. Thin, soothing, healing. End cause—shoe friction and pressure—prevent corns, sore toes, blisters and tender spots.

**Callouses**
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, special size for callouses, relieve pain quickly, safely loosen and remove the hard, dead skin. Stop pressure on the sore spot; soothe and heal.

**Bunions**
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, special size for bunions, give instant relief to tender or enlarged joints; remove shoe pressure on the sore spot. Thin, protective, healing.

**Soft Corns**
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, special size for corns between toes, relieve pain in one minute; take pressure off the sore spot quickly, safely remove soft corns.

**Aching, Tired Feet**
Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm is a soothing application for tired, achy feet, muscular soreness, tenderness and burning sensation caused by exertion and fatigue. Analgesic and counter-irritant.

**Eases Feet**
Dr. Scholl's Kinetex, a velvety-soft, cushioning plaster; relieves corns, callouses, bunions, tender spots; prevents blisters. Flesh color. Easily cut to any size or shape.

**Tender Feet**
Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder relieves sore, tender, hot, tired, chafed or perspiring feet. Soothing, healing, comforting to skin irritations. Exceed new or tight shoes.

**The Bandwagon**

By Jerry Mason

A verbal jam session about today's leading orchestras and their maestri, with this month's laurels going to the Tommy Dorsey lads.
IF you travel thirty-eight miles out of New York City to a little town in New Jersey called Bernardsville, and walk into one of the local grocery stores, you'll see a sign that will surprise you. It reads: "Tommy Dorsey Eggs."

The 140 chickens roosting in the Dorsey barn-houses laid those eggs. And, in case you didn't know, Farmer Dorsey, as a sideline, conducts an orchestra.

FARMER DORSEY, when he's not busy with his chickens and his orchestra, has still another activity. He builds model trains. Practically the entire third-floor of his eighteen-room farmhouse is given over to tracks, signals, engines, freight cars. He has four railroad systems: a freight line, a work train, a stream-lined passenger service, and the usual passenger line. Right now, between tours and dance-sets, Engineer Dorsey is trying to design a lay-out for four lines that will win him the thousand dollar monthly prize awarded by the Model Railroad Builders' Association.

IN between times, as I said, Farmer-Engineer Dorsey conducts an orchestra. And it is an orchestra which I'd like to go on record as calling the best band in the land. The reasons? It can swing—swing that is as colorful, as original, as exciting as any produced. It can play sweet—smoothly, softly, uniquely—something that most top swing bands have never been able to do.

Those two probably account for this very interesting fact: Phonograph records made by the Dorsey outfit outsell all other orchestra platters. Tommy sells twenty-five percent more records than Benny Goodman, for instance. You can judge the popularity of a band by the number of people who will plunk down cold cash to get one of its recordings.

THE important reason for (Continued on page 98)

Upon learning that Buddy Rogers was forming a new swing band, Tommy invited him to New York, presented him with a new trombone.
To help Prevent Colds and Bad Breath...

Use Pepsodent Antiseptic...the 10-Second Germ-Killer!

In Germ-Killing Power...One bottle Pepsodent Antiseptic equals three bottles of ordinary kinds.

Even when diluted with 2 parts water, still kills germs in seconds...Lasts 3 times as long!

MAKES YOUR MONEY GO 3 TIMES AS FAR!

RADIO STARS

WEST COAST CHATTER

BY LOIS SVENSRUD

Jane Rhodes, aged sixteen, has sung on radio for seven years. Now she's in pictures as well.

A GOOD time is always had by all at the Good News of 1938 rehearsals. The other day it looked like the show might not go on because everyone was having too good a time. It was the afternoon that Fannie Brice, Robert Taylor, Allan Jones and Frank Morgan spent on all fours practicing that "Woof-Woof" scene. Everything would finally get under way, according to script, when Fannie or Frank would drop an irrelevant remark which would again disrupt proceedings. Fannie was wearing tin curlers in her hair. "Though why I try to improve on myself, heaven knows," she said. "Curl-ed or uncurl-ed, I still look like Fannie Brice."

(Continued on page 93)
Notes, amusing and otherwise, on air stars' doings in Hollywood. What they are up to, on the air and off, plus personality paragraphs about a number of favorites.

Walt Disney rode to fame on a mouse. Now he's on the air.

Tommy Riggs, turned film actor, still airs his Betty Lou skit.

• "You poor baby lamb! Still got on long woolen underwear! And your mother says she can't help it, you have to wear it. Dear—dear! You'd think you were a black sheep, the way they treat you!"

• "Wait—see that beautiful woman over there in the apron? Well, that's my mother! You only have to mention in her hearing that you're somewhat hot and sticky, and she reaches for the Johnson's Baby Powder..."

• "Next thing you know, something soft and downy goes tickle-tickle down your back—chee-ee! After that, you can say phooey to rashes and chafes and prickly heat, and play Run, Sheep, Run with the best of them!"

• "Did you ever notice how smooth Johnson's Baby Powder is? That must be why it keeps my skin just perfect!" Perfect skin condition is a baby's best protection against skin infections, Mothers. So guard your baby's skin with Johnson's Baby Powder, the kind that's made of finest imported talc—no arris-root... Also important for the bath-basket: Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, and Baby Oil for tiny babies... safe, soothing, stainless, and it cannot turn rancid.

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

COPYRIGHT, 1938. JOHNSON & JOHNSON
LIGHT-PROOF FACE POWDER

The make-up improvement that has proved a sensation

Try Luxor Powder. It's light-proof. Your face won't shine. Try it! We will send you a box for a DIME.

- At parties, do you instinctively avoid certain lights that play havoc with your complexion? All that trouble with fickle make-up will be overcome when you finish with powder whose particles do not gleam in every strong light.

Seeing is believing

With light-proof powder, your complexion will not constantly be light-struck. In any light, day or night. Nor will you have all that worry over shine.

We will send you a box of Luxor for ten cents. Or you can buy a large box anywhere without waiting, and have your money back if it doesn't please.

Test it in all lights, under all conditions. See how it improves your appearance. See the lovely softness and absence of shine. See how such powder subdued those high lights of cheekbones and chin, and nose.

A large box of Luxor light-proof powder is 55c at drug and department stores; 10c sizes at the five-and-ten stores... Or mail coupon below enc'osing a silver dime.

-- Luxor, Ltd. M. M. 5-38 Chicago

Send me a trial box of Luxor light-proof powder, postpaid. I enclose 10c (silver dime).
- Flesh - Rachel - Rose Rachel
- Rachel No. 2 - Brunette

Name: ____________________________
Street: __________________________
P. O.: ____________________________ State: __________________________

(This offer not good in Canada)

Jane Pickens, singer on the Ben Bernie show Wednesdays at 9:30 p.m. EST, CBS, steers her Packard whenever she is outdoors going places.

Indoors, Jane finds a run in her stockings before leaving to broadcast. That is anything but fun in any girl's life.

But a run on the roof of her apartment, outdoors, is Jane's method of keeping in good physical shape. This is a daily routine with her in clear weather.

Photos by Jack Hanley
A bit domestic, she steers a carpet sweeper at home.

**INDOOR SPORTS AND OUT WITH JANE PICKENS**

When it rains, she uses a gymnasium running machine instead.

(Continued on page 64)
Have you had the fun and adventure of changing drab frocks to gay ones, making lingerie sparkle? Then hurry out for Rit—its amazing new formula contains "neomerpin"... makes cloth soak up color evenly, beautifully, without boiling. You'll find dozens of uses for Rit, all so easy you'll "DYE" LAUGHING!

Indoors, Jane uses ice on her face as a beauty aid. Though she requires very little beautifying, she contends that ice closes the pores, acts as an astringent and imparts a new freshness to the skin.

Outdoors, it's more fun to use the ice for skating. Jane and her sister, Grace, are both quite proficient at the art. It was with Grace and Helen that she first sang in a trio. When Patti grew up, she took Gracie's place, and the latter became the Pickens Sisters' manager.

Jane likes to play ball with Terry, her wire-haired terrier, when she's at home. Terry seems to enjoy the sport even more than his lovely mistress.

But a game of catch in the gym gives her more exercise. Jane indulges in golf too, when her hectic schedule permits.

(Continued on page 66)
You'll say "YES" when you find your lucky color among my 10 thrilling new face powder shades! See it bring you new radiance—breathe new life into your skin!

Wouldn't you say this was Your Lucky Day if you found a way to win extra compliments—extra attention—extra admiration? A way that can bring out the sparkle in your hair—the dancing light in your eyes?

The prize I'm talking about is the one flattering shade of face powder that can create a new “you”... your one and only “lucky” color. For you know as well as I do that the wrong powder color can actually hide your best points instead of bringing them out and giving you a lift.

Perhaps you're saying—"This doesn't concern me. My powder color seems all right."

But are you sure? Are you certain you have found the face powder color that is 100% right for you—the one that is so true that it blends into your skin—so natural that it seems as if the color comes from within? The day you find that color will indeed be a lucky day for you. That's why I'm so anxious to have you try all 10 of my face powder colors. Because I am sure that your special color is among them.

My gift to you

I've helped many others, and I'll gladly help you, too. If you'll send me your name and address, I'll mail you all ten of the glorifying new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder free and postpaid.

When my gift arrives—try on every shade. Try each one carefully. Then STOP at the one and only color which whispers, "I am yours, see what I do for you. Look how I make your eyes shine. And how dreamy soft and radiant I leave your skin!" See how the color seems so natural, so lifelike, so much a part of you.

Have you a lucky penny?

Here's how a penny postcard will bring you luck. It will bring you FREE and postpaid all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, and a generous tube of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream. Mail the coupon today.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

Lady Esther, 7110 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois

I want to find my “lucky” shade of face powder. Please send me your 10 new shades free and postpaid, also a tube of your Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name ________________________________
Address ________________________________
City ____________________________ State __________________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)
No amount of unpleasant scrubbing and scouring can keep a toilet bowl really clean. Because you cannot reach the hidden trap, under the bowl. SANI-FLUSH is made scientifically to clean toilets better—and without any work. Just shake a bit of SANI-FLUSH in the bowl. (Follow directions on the can.) Flush the toilet, and the job is done. SANI-FLUSH has no odor. It removes stains. It kills germs. It cannot injure plumbing connections. SANI-FLUSH is also effective for cleaning auto radiators (directions on can). Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores. 25c and 10c sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

SANI-FLUSH
CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

STUDY AT HOME
With greater respect and interest. Learn more, earn more. We guide you to the LL.B.-B. Tech.-Ph.D. degrees. Law Library. Degrees of L.L. B. conferred: Law, Civil, and Criminal, also Mediation. Law offices. Leaders in modern law. Law for Leaders and "Evidence" books free. Send for them today.
LASALLE EXTENSION, Dept. 1111-L Chicago

STOPS SWEEPERS FROM DISTURBING SLEEPERS!

Let your carpet sweeper, vacuum cleaner, sewing machine and other household mechanisms with 3-In-One Oil. Lubricates, cleans, prevents rust. At druggist, drug, grocery, 10¢ stores.

3-IN-ONE OIL
RADIO STARS

I KNOW THIS CREAM DEODORANT WILL COME OFF ON MY DRESS TONIGHT!

THANK HEAVENS FOR ODORONO ICE — IT NEVER COMES OFF ON MY CLOTHES — CHECKS PERSPIRATION 1 TO 3 DAYS

New Cooling ICE Deodorant goes on like a vanishing cream—checks perspiration instantly

IT'S HERE AT LAST! The perfect answer to the complaints of fastidious women about old-fashioned cream deodorants. An ICE DEODORANT that vanishes without leaving the slightest trace of grease or stickiness! Yet checks perspiration the minute you put it on!

The new Odorono ICE is based on an entirely new principle. It's actually cooling and refreshing to the skin! Dainty and easy to use. Smooth it on—it liquefies and vanishes as you apply it! Without fuss or bother, you've checked underarm odor and dampness for 1 to 3 days.

It leaves no greasy film to come off on your clothes — no musty "giveaway" odor. Its own fresh smell of pure alcohol evaporates immediately. No wonder 80% of the women who have tried it prefer it to any other deodorant they have ever used! Don't risk offending. The new Odorono Ice is only 35¢ at all Toilet-Goods Departments. Get a jar TODAY!

- "Safe and effective—cuts down clothing damage, when used according to directions," says The National Association of Dyers and Cleaners, after making intensive laboratory tests of Odorono preparations.

SEND 10¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY JAR

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc., Dept. S-E-9, 191 Hudson St., New York City
11 Canada, address P. O. Box 447, Montreal.

I enclose 10¢ (15¢ in Canada) to cover cost of postage and packing for generous introductory jar of Odorono Ice.

Name: _____________________________
Address: __________________________
City: _____________________________ State: ________________
Want a lipstick that's permanent?  
... keeps your lips soft too?

Then here is the lipstick for you... The color stays on, yet this new kind of lipstick keeps your lips smooth, youthfully moist.

**ROMANTIC CALIFORNIA COLORS**

WINE is a dark vibrant color for brunettes with dark skin. SPANISH is a daring red styled for the complexion of a flashing señorita. DESERT FLAME is a brilliant youthful color for blondes. CINEMA a new shade styled in Hollywood for wear under artificial light.

Large regular size for 60c at all Drug and Dept. Stores and 25c size at Dime Stores.

**DUART lipstick**

**TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN?**

**HAVE YOU FAILED** to remove ugly stains?  
Use Iodent No. 2. Specially compounded by a Dentist to safely remove stains from teeth hard-to-bryten. Specially made to polish dull teeth to a beautiful lustre. Made also in No. 1 texture for teeth easy-to-bryten. Try Iodent today! Enjoy its pure, minty flavor.

**IODENT**

No. 1 TOOTH PASTE  
also POWDER

FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN  
FOR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN

When you hear an automobile door opened or closed during a program, this is what is used. A special material is put inside the box to prevent a too hollow sound from being recorded.
This is called a chain windlass machine. As the crank is turned, heavy chains make noises like those of a docking ship or ferry.

- If you should enter the laboratory of the CBS sound effects department, you would be startled by an array of strange objects. Such things as piles of rocks, a huge cured steer hide, a cell door, or a small switchboard.
- These were experimented upon or invented by some of the sixteen-old sound effect engineers, whose business it is to find articles which will duplicate, on the air, certain everyday noises. Many of them were engineers before picking this radio field, and their past training is invaluable from the mechanical standpoint.
- They often speak of "sound perspective." This refers to the position of sound, whether it is close by, a short distance away, or far off. Each must be represented differently.
- Field work is done in order to perfect noise imitations. One engineer spent days trying to duplicate the minute difference in hoof beats as a horse was ridden past him. They are not yet satisfied with the door they've been working on for five years, and are still experimenting.
- An average program can manage with one sound mike and one engineer, but some shows use as many as five.
- Great credit is due the sound men and the effects they produce, for it is their work which adds illusion and realism to most of today's shows.

EVER since Eve, women have complained about Shiny Nose... until Woodbury skin scientists perfected a germ-free face powder, which helps subdue this age-old enemy of beauty!

Germ May Aggravate Shiny Nose
All very simple how noses come to shine like Cellophane! Dermatologists say the excessive oiliness that makes the nose shine is often due to a condition called Seborrhea. Germs tend to aggravate this unwholesome skin condition.

Vital, then, to use face powder that is free from harmful germ-life. That's how Woodbury's Facial Powder helps inhibit ugly germ-induced shine. In tests, Woodbury's was the only one among 20 leading brands that was germ-free before use and still germ-free after contact with a germ-laden powder puff!

You'll love the shades of this exquisite beauty powder, too. Seven in all, covering the whole range of skin types. See the new Windsor Rose, styled in Paris, gloriously flattering to almost every woman.

Woodbury's Facial Powder comes in the new blue box at $1.00, 50c, 25c, 10c. And to complete your make-up, try Woodbury's Germ-proof Rouge and Lipstick.

Send for 7 Thrilling Youth-Blend Shades
Please send me 7 shades of Woodbury's Facial Powder: trial tubes of two Woodbury's Beauty Creams; guest-size Woodbury's Facial Soap; 1 enclosure 10c to cover mailing costs.

Name
Street
City State
"DON'T rush me, woman! I'm in no party mood—but I'll brighten up in a hurry if you'll share that package of Beeman's! You know that flavor's a real joy reviver. It's got a frisky freshness, a tingly tang—in short, it's great.

If you don't know, the package is sealed airtight to keep all that luscious freshness inside. I'll stop on the way. We need a fresh package."

Jerry Colonna, of College Swing, demonstrates the latest methods of swing singing.

1. He's found the perfect number for his voice.
2. Boy, has he got volume, or something!
3. Now it must be soft and sweet, just so.
4. Anything wrong? Could it be a sour note?
5. High C must be hit with a vengeance, and gestures.
6. A steal from the birdies' whistle.
7. Another miss!
8. But he finishes with a flourish.
“Lysol” gives greater assurance of intimate cleanliness

Women...any woman...you...are foolish to risk offending by neglect of personal daintiness. Your happiness and even the security of your home may rest on a dependable method of intimate feminine hygiene. Use the “Lysol” method.

Often the very nicest and loveliest women are at fault. No one warns you. The offense is too personal. Yet so many women would benefit by giving this subject honest thought. Ask any experienced family doctor.

The fact often is—your fussiest bathing, your loveliest beauty aids, just cannot make you completely clean, sweetly nice. People may notice; your husband surely will. And may think you are carelessly neglectful. To be sure of not offending, use the wholesome, efficient method many doctors and nurses recommend—“Lysol” in the proper dilution with water.

You can buy “Lysol” disinfectant in any drug store—with detailed directions for use on every bottle.

Six reasons why “Lysol” is recommended for your intimate hygiene—to give you assurance of intimate cleanliness.

1—Non-Caustic...“Lysol”, in the proper dilution, is gentle. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness...“Lysol” is a powerful germicide, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading...“Lysol” solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually search out germs.

4—Economy...“Lysol”, because it is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor...The cleanly odor of “Lysol” disappears after use.

6—Stability...“Lysol” keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

What Every Woman Should Know
SEND THIS COUPON FOR “LYSOL” BOOKLET
LEHN & FINK Products Corp.
Dept. 5 R.S. S. Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.
Send me free booklet “Lysol vs. Germs” which tells the many uses of “Lysol.”

Name
Street
City
State
Copyright 1938 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.
David Ross makes himself comfortable at the mike. He draws up one leg until he is half out of his chair. He’s reading poetry on a Poet’s Gold show. David’s sonorous voice won him the Academy Award for excellent mike diction.

Announcer Bert Parks has a peculiar nervous mannerism upon addressing the mike. He smooths an unruly eyebrow with two fingers while he grasps his script with the free right hand.

Frank Gallop, announcer for the Philharmonic and American School of the Air broadcasts, is a paper-tearer and crumbler. He’s not absent-minded about it, though. He just tears used pages.

Andre Baruch, announcer for Kate Smith’s program, likes to twirl a key ring while reading his lines. His is the only dangerous mannerism, for the sound is apt to be carried by the mike.

New Modern Method
safer—quicker—easier!

NOW you can remove corns easily, quickly, painlessly without dangerous old-fashioned paring that only affects the surface, leaves the root to come back bigger, uglier. The new, double-action Blue-Jay stops pain instantly, and then by its gentle medicated action removes corns, root and all, in just 3 short days (exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application).

Blue-Jay is a tiny medicated plaster. Easy to use—invisible. Safe, scientific, quick-acting. 25¢ for 6. Same price in Canada.

BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

* A boon of deal with possibilities in form and position. It left may serve as focal point for renewed development.
RADIO STARS

Dan Seymour, who announces on Benny Goodman's programs, has a hair-smoothing mike habit.

THE MIKE

Ralph Edwards' mannerism is a common one. He runs a finger under his collar as he talks.

MISSING OUT on jobs, on dates, on fun? There might be a reason . . . mismatch makeup . . . those unrelated cosmetics that clash, that can't possibly look well together . . . or on you. Easy to correct—with Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup. For here's . . .

MAKUP THAT MATCHES . . . face powder, rouge, and lipstick . . . eye makeup, too . . . in color-harmonized sets. And here's makeup that matches you . . . for it's keyed to your true personality color, the color that never changes, the color of your eyes.

NOW YOU CAN BE SURE your skin, your hair, your eyes look their loveliest, because you're following Nature's color plan for you! Stage and screen stars, beauty editors, fashion experts endorse Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup. Thousands of women who have tried it agree it's the way to immediate new beauty.

THE PRICE IS LOW . . . Start now to build your matched set. Buy that lipstick . . . rouge, face powder, eye shadow, or mascara . . . in Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup . . . only 55¢ each (Canada 65¢). Your drug or department store recommends this makeup, advises:

BLUE . . . wear DRESSEN type
GRAY . . . wear PATRICIAN type
HAZEL . . . wear CONTINENTAL type
BROWN . . . wear PARISIAN type

YOU'RE EAGER for success . . . in work, in life, in love! Invite it . . . wear makeup that matches . . . makeup that matches you!

COPYRIGHT 1938, BY RICHARD HUDNUT

MARVELOUS EYE-MATCHED MAKEUP

by Richard Hudnut

Mail coupon NOW for Marvelous Makeup, keyed to your eyes! See how much lovelier you'll be with makeup that matches . . . and matches you.

RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M., 693 Fifth Avenue, New York City

I enclose 10 cents to help cover mailing costs. Send my Tryout Kit of Marvelous Makeup . . . harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick for my type, as checked below:

[ ] Blue  [ ] Brown  [ ] Gray  [ ] Hazel

My eyes are ___

Address___
City___State___
Calling all CHEEKS!

Attention! Go at once to your favorite toiletry counter. Get a box of Po-Go Rouge, Brique shade. Touch it to your cheeks and see how well you look!

Po-Go's a remarkable rouge, Costs only 55c, yet it's hand-made in Paris. It's soft, fine, feathery—goes on and blends as easily as powder, then lasts and lasts.

And that Brique shade is unusually flattering! Blonde or brunette, you'll call your cheeks perfect when you use Po-Go, Brique. Try it! If your store can't serve you, send 55c (stamps will do) direct to Guv'T.Gibson.Inc.,565FifthAve.,N.Y.C.

The perfect shade, BRIQUE—only in Po-Go ROUGE

55c

POGO ROUGE

PARIS, FRANCE

Copyright, 1935
F. T. G. Inc.

ONE SICK HEADACHE AFTER ANOTHER

I FEEL grand since I began taking the ALL-VEGETABLE Laxative, Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets). One NR Tablet convinced me ... so mild, thorough, refreshing, invigorating. Dependable relief from sick headaches, bilious spells and that tired-out feeling, when caused by or associated with constipation.

Without Risk get a 25c box of NRs from any druggist. Use for a week. If not more than pleased, return the box and we will refund purchase price. That's fair.

Try it—NR Tonight — I assure you Alright.

Margery Kelley's black cartwheel with violets.

HEADING THE EASTER

Flowers and fruit give colorful touches to spring bonnets

Jean Yewell pins her colorful corsage on the lapel of her smart suit.

Vivian della Chiesa's choice is a straw pancake hat in a soft violet shade, set off by cerise flowers.

Elizabeth Wragge, NBC actress, is in favor of red poppies atop a chin-strap bonnet of green felt.
EASTER! From the time you were able to walk, Easter and spring have meant one thing above all others to you—a brand new outfit and a new hat! Remember how, even when you were a tiny thing, you went forth bravely in your new finery to march in the Easter parade, rain or shine, snow or sleet? For it wouldn’t have seemed like Easter at all if you couldn’t wear your new clothes or, at least, that splendid new Easter bonnet! And you might as well accept the fact that you’ll never outgrow this attitude.

Easter! The season when the feminine contingent from five to seventy-five puts aside all humdrum, everyday problems and concentrates upon the one question which is uppermost in the mind of every woman at the first sign of spring—the Easter bonnet!

Women everywhere—young and old, in classrooms and offices, in shops and kitchens—have a far away look in their eyes, a slight frown creasing their lovely brows, and it’s a sure bet they’re thinking: “What kind of a hat do I want this spring? A straw or a felt? A sailor, turban, bonnet or cartwheel? What color shall I choose? What sort of trimming?” But there are two things they’ve all definitely settled on. The Easter bonnet must be in the latest (Continued on page 82)

PARADE
BY WENDY LEE

Betty Glenn wears gobs of cherries on a pert white toyo bonnet type.
Don't buy Baby Shoes by Guess!

You can be sure of the correct size, provided you buy Wee Walker Shoes. If it is inconvenient to bring baby with you, simply bring along an outline of baby's stockinged foot, taken while standing. The store, with the aid of the measure, will give you the exact size needed.

WARNING: Measure is accurate only for Wee Walker Shoes. Wee Walkers have every practical feature of expensive shoes, yet cost very little. For baby's sake change to new ones often, as baby feet grow very rapidly. The price is low because they are the product of America's largest exclusive infant shoe makers and are sold in stores with very low selling cost.

Look for them in the Infant's Wear Department of the following:

- W. T. Grant Co.
- S. S. Kresge Co.
- J. J. Newberry Co.
- F. & W. Grand Stores
- Isaac Silver and Bros.
- Metropolitan Chain Stores, Inc.
- Kauffmann Shoes
- Charles Stores
- Schulte-United Stores
- Lincoln Stores, Inc.

This Beautiful, Lifelike
PHOTO RING

I MEAN IT! I WANT
THE BABY POWDER
THAT FIGHTS GERMS

A radio fan gave Marion Talley this huge, snow-white Samoyed, a Siberian sled-dog, named Taz. He accompanies her on daily walks.

Martha Raye, who's heard on the Al Jolson program, is more than fond of her sad-eyed Irish setter, also a swimming enthusiast.

Genghis Kahn, Great Dane, belongs to rhythm singer Betty Grable and her new husband, Jackie Coogan.
Robert L. Ripley has many valuable possessions in his Mamaroneck, N. Y., home, but he prizes his cocker spaniel above all.

Trouble, B. A. Rolfe's wire-haired fox terrier, has acquired his master's love for music. He and B. A. often have song-fests.

(Continued on page 78)

"Dainty Girls Win Out"

HOLLYWOOD'S beauty bath makes you sure of daintiness. Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather carries away from the pores stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt. Other lovely stars such as Bette Davis, Irene Dunne, Joan Blondell tell you that they use Lux Toilet Soap as a bath soap, too, because it leaves skin smooth and fragrant.

9 OUT OF 10 HOLLYWOOD SCREEN STARS USE LUX TOILET SOAP
**2 SHORT CUTS TO BEAUTY!**

**Twin Sisters CLEANSING PADS**
Non-drying Instant Facials Anywhere...Always! Little pads of cloth saturated with a special non-drying lotion. You carry them in purse or pocket for a refreshing, skin-soothing facial after shopping, motoring or sports...at the dance, theatre or office. Softens skin. Removes make-up and grime perfectly. Excellent powder base, too. You'll agree they're handy as a hanky ... indispensable as a lipstick. Compact and 15 Pads, 10c. Brills of 60 Pads, 25c.

**Twin Sisters REMOV-O-PADS**
Removes Nail Polish Lubricates Nails
A new nail-beauty treatment! You merely dab your ten nails with a Twin Sisters Remov-O-Pad and off comes the polish—lickety-split quick! Lubricates nail and cuticle and prevents peeling or cracking. Daintily perfumed. Convenient—nothing to spill and waste. Contains no acetone, non-drying. At leading five and ten cent stores, Try them! 15 Pads 10c.

**WHAT A POWDER PANIC SHE IS!**
**POLITENESS PREVENTS TELLING YOU THAT WRONG SHADE POWDER IS SOCIALLY TABOO—**

YOU simply can't wear a hard-base powder and escape criticism in this day of beautiful women. A hard-base powder is bound to show up chalky in one light—husky in another...because hard-base powders are made that way.

Lovely Lady Face Powder is winning new friends by thousands, because it contains BALMITE, an exquisite new SOFT-BASE—blends out to harmonize with all these daily variations in light—never looks chalky or muddy in any light.

The one powder for important occasions—when you must know that you're just gloriously beautiful! Try it!—today. Choose your favorite shade. See how evenly and smoothly Lovely Lady goes on—how silky-smooth it feels to your skin—and really, how much longer it banishes troublesome shine. You'll adore it! At any 10c store—take this coupon with you.

Lovely Lady, Chicago, Ill.

| TAKE THIS COUPON TO ANY 10C STORE FOR BEAUTIFUL FREE SAMPLE! |

**FREE** with purchase of 10c or 50c box of new Lovely Lady Face Powder II out, ask for store manager—he can get yours for you.

---

Helen Lynd, CBS songstress, believes in pets in pairs. A terrier-fancier, she has a wire-haired and an Irish.

Enro Rapee, famous Hungarian conductor, is proud of this German police dog, who is quite camera-wise.

Bob Burns has been trying to teach his collie-shepherd to hunt, but the poor animal seems to be gun-shy.

**DOG SHOW**

Gabriel Heatter, besides being an authority on news, is one on dogs. He and his Scottie are best friends.
Dale Carnegie, who is a big man now, full of ideas about winning friends and influencing people.

This complaint is about something he said on his shaving cream program. Mr. Carnegie, one night, suddenly launched into an ecstatic account of the worth of the product his show sponsors. This was perfectly legitimate, but he went on to say that the company didn’t know that he was going to talk about the cream. He was so crazy about himself that the words just sprang from his heart or throat and, by George, he was surprised!

That is being cute. Radio programs such as these are calculated right down to the minutest fraction, with room for nary a spontaneous comment. They must be, if they are to come out on time. You may be definitely sure that nothing was said on that show which hadn’t been set down in black and white on a score of mimeographed copies. Anyone less velvet-gloved than I would say that Carnegie was lying to his audience.

An interesting note comes to hand—it says that Carnegie simply cannot remember the name of a constant radio associate, and at rehearsals he persistently gets the man’s name wrong. That must have been before Carnegie himself heard give an air talk on “Four Ways To Remember Names.”

NELSON EDDY once worked for the advertising firm of W. W. Ayer and Son, in their Philadelphia office. He labored in the publicity department but his boss said he sang too much, so he fired Nelson Eddy.

At the conclusion of one of the Edward G. Robinson Tuesday night dramas—those only fair pieces played perfectly by Edward G. and Claire Trevor—he asked several people standing about if they thought his just-performed show was credible.

It seems that in the show the tough guy had failed to testify in a case that mistakenly involved a friend, because at that time the tough guy had been eating crumpets in a restaurant and he didn’t want the mob to know about it. Crumpets to him, he said, were like boozes to some men. It was fantastically stupid—crumpets, my eye! Robinson claimed he thought it was perfectly plausible.

IF YOU want a ticket to see the Campbell Soup show, you’ve got to send them six labels. That’s the nearest approach to selling a ticket that anyone’s arrived at yet.

It would be encouraging to spy one small change in certain of our big, expensive shows. For too long it’s been the dull habit of sponsors and producers, once they found a routine that made someone laugh or applaud, to stick to it eternally thereafter, with only the most minute variations.

Take the Fred Allen show. Prove to yourself that you know the routine of the show by thinking for, let’s say, a minute and a quarter. There, you remember that the show opens—every week—with a crowd of assorted characters who are dropping everything to tune in the show. Fred confided to Hodge White his latest observation, the screen is let down for the Town Hall News, that sees nothing, shows all, and we’re off into a set formula that includes the Mighty Allen Art Players and “guest stars” who, by a miracle, are changed weekly. Not that Allen isn’t the best of the comics, but he’s good in the same way at precisely the same time, week in, week out. He isn’t hittin’ ‘em where they ain’t!

Allen has made a few additions, such as the Man You Didn’t Expect To Meet, who is a person with an unusual occupation; Lucille and Lanny; and orchestra leader Peter Van Steeden’s return of the music that was lost at the station break. They’re pleasing additions and Fred expects to make more use of Van Steeden as a stooge, but after a few weeks they, too, will become a fixed part of the show.

WALTER O’KEEFE was just as bad on his last show. He had bad-voiced men who appeared every week, a newsreel and a horrible and unfunny weekly skit performed by what he called “dramateurs.”
DRY SKIN SOFTENED NEW HOLLYWOOD WAY

WITH THE SAME CREAM
THE STARS USE

Here's That Amazing New Cream with Skin Softening Emollients That's Thrilling All America

TAYTON'S CREAM

Floats Away Dirt. Dissolves Dry, Rough Skin. Smooths—Seals—Powder Stays On

★ EVELYN DAW

The Lovely star with Jimmy Cagney in 'Something to Sing About,' says—'I use TAYTON'S CREAM to cleanse and keep up my skin smooth and youthful looking.'

Test This Thrilling Beauty Discovery UNDER MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
Make your skin smooth and alluring like the stars do. TAYTON'S CREAM, releases precious triple-whipped emollients that cleanse and smooth skin cells that cause roughness, your power to flake off, skin to shine, and all those dandy lines to show. Flushed blackheads. Roses oil glands. Helps bring out new, fresh skin. Thousands praise it. Get TAYTON'S CREAM at your 10c store. Drug and Dept. Store. Cleanse with it, also use it as a night cream. If your skin is not smoother, fresher and younger looking after first application your money will be refunded.

FREE Also test TAYTON'S new glamour face powder for the skin. Send your name and address to Temple Drug Co., Dept. C-811 West 7th St. Los Angeles, California and emollient samples of all skin agents will be sent. If you also want the new glamour lipstick, enclose the stamped nobby.

DING WHIZ - YOU LOOK BETTER WITH A SHINE!

TAKE YOUR PICK

The new GRIFFIN A. B. C. Liquid Wax in black, tan, brown and blue... No doubt. No brush, no polishing cloth—just spread on with a swab in bottle. It dries to a shine—recalcs faded leathers.

or, GRIFFIN A. B. C. Wax Polish in the jamb tin, all popular colors, for the nearest thing to a professional shine at home.

A. B. C. SPIKE SOLE POLISH

Both Made by

GRIFFIN

THE GREATEST NAME IN SHOE POLISH

STRAIGHT FROM THE COLD SHOULDER

(Continued from page 79)

These were amateurs reputedly picked at random from the audience. Amateurs, yes; picked at random from the audience, no. Rather, they were selected in advance, usually from friends of the band or organization. Nelson Hesse, O'Keefe's manager, and Walter's brother, were regular performers.

* Allen, O'Keefe and plenty of others might do well to consider the matter of flexibility. And if Allen can't think of a new formula, he might at least stick Hodge White in last.

THE WOMEN OF THE MONTH IN RADIO

THE following ladies were exceptional:

GOOD. Jean Dickinson—a coloratura soprano who isn't annoying. Most people don't appreciate the work a coloratura goes through to make those noises. This girl worked her way up through the medium of Lily Pons and Hollywood Hotel. Further proof that she is good is the news that she has been re-signed by her. American Album Of Familiar Music show for thirteen more weeks.

BAD. Allie Lowe Miles. She herds a bunch of women together and holds a little radio clambake which she laughingly calls a club meeting. Into these meetings she manages to inject a dozen or three commercials in a sweetness-and-light voice that seems to say: "My, my, how did that commercial get in here?" The good ladies who attend, and obligingly raise the roof whenever the sponsor's products are mentioned, can't be so dull as to fail to realize that they are being exploited. But then, of course, they do get a chance to talk over the air!

GOOD. Mary Astor. One of the very few women who has a voice that rests comfortably on the ear—drums. It is pitched low and has such a sincere quality that definitely discourages the reviving twang of the wrist at the dial.

ON one of his Sunday Arnico shows, Maestro Frank Simon is going to play the coronation music written by Sir So-and-So for Edward the VIII's coronation—the one that never came off. The music has not been played in England.... An English teacher at the Berlitz School of Languages was engaged to teach Tino Rossi, the singer, English lyrics. The first song he brought her was Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen, and she had to dig in a shipping clerk to teach her... Artists shouldn't stoop to pleading with the listener to rush out and buy their sponsor's product so that they can stay on the air.... Alice Crighton, director of the Coca-Cola show, has been over the Bovary Mission, regularly.... Eddy Duchin has been giving Jose Iturbi lessons in hot piano. There's a bit of humor in the announcement that precedes Hollywood commentator George McCall's scoring. The sponsor wants it understood that he is not responsible for what McCall says. Funny because McCall, unlike the vitriolic Fidler, goes in for mild, press-release chatter. Phyll Baker wants to stay West because he thinks the taxes have a crying need for him. S. S. Van Dine is writing a murder-mystery novella for radio's Grace Allen.... Roy Noble is returning to England in April for the summer, and so one of the world's box offices is gone. Jan Garber will probably attempt to replace him. Be prepared to see lots of shows go off the air this summer if business hasn't picked up by spring.... Jimmy Durante is a "guest artist" who always sounds the same. He could use fresh material.... Arlene Harris, of the Al Pearce show, is probably the only radio artist who doesn't use a script. She learns her lines in nothing flat.

Radio has a curious, hypocritical way of dubbing the extra performers hired to work on a show, "guest stars." They're no more guests than you are the guest of the man you work for.

That's why it's so silly for radio people to talk about the perfectly divine way Josephine Doakes gave up her parties to rush over and help Al or Bing,—when, in all probability, her agent had to fight for two hours to get the paltry $2,000.

When is a guest not a guest? When Lyn Murray's seven-piece chorus made their eighth appearance as guest stars on Al Pearce's show, they fell out of the visiting class with a bang. Al was almost entitled to permanent possession, and we're entitled to say they weren't guests—they were haunting the program!

Hollywood shows are going in too heavily for vicarious mention of local spots that don't mean much to us. The Brown Derby, the Tascadero and Pomona may be the big thing in California, but to the country-at-large they mean little.

BIOGRAPHY IN BRIEF

ARCH OBOLER: He has been writing scripts for the air for the past four or five years with more than considerable success. His most notorious effort was a piece called Adam and Eve, and it was played by a blonde named West and an actor named Ameche, with sound effects by irate listeners and program notes by the FCC.

He is a Chicago boy who took up the pen when he was ten. He didn't exactly take the world by storm with those pristine scripts. But he did gain some local fame as a naturalist.

This activity aroused his father to take up a stout paddle that he had lying around for just such an emergency—a wise precaution, since there is kept a small colony of turtles, tortoises, frogs, toads, salamanders and snakes in his bedroom. It was the little dear's foraging expeditions into Papa Oboler's bed that prompted the active use of the paddle.

Like most people, Oboler studied just exactly the opposite of what he intended doing after school. He majored in engineering, ended up writing. He modestly
Most proposals happen in the Spring!

Be especially careful about daintiness NOW

Romance is in the air now! So be careful to avoid the fault that kills romance . . . perspiration odor from underthings.

Everybody perspires, especially in warm weather. Undies absorb odor . . . but we needn't offend.

AVOID OFFENDING: Lux lingerie after every wearing. Lux whisk away perspiration odor. Keeps colors and fabrics new looking, too!

Avoid soaps with harmful alkali and cake-soap rubbing. Lux has no harmful alkali. Safe in water, safe in Lux. Buy the economical big box.

SEASONS FOR PROPOSALS

SPRING
SUMMER
FALL
WINTER

The above chart is based on a recent survey among a representative group of young women. However, romance may come at any season to the girl who is truly charming.

removes odor—keeps colors lovely
HEADING THE EASTER PARADE

(Continued from page 75)

style and it must be becoming!

Sometimes, in past years, the choosing
of a new spring hat has been difficult
and the styles hard to wear. But this year, the
only difficulty you'll meet will be in resist-
ing the temptation of buying one of
everything! For in all of them have
in bringing us beauty of color and flattering
lines, making it a simple matter for every
woman to find the color combinations and
styles most becoming to her individual self.

Indeed, the word hat seems a very prosaic
term to describe what we'll be wearing
proudly on our heads this Easter. But—
call them hats, chapaeux, creations,
or make up a new word if you like—the
millinery creators have outdone themselves
in giving us veritable confections of beauty
from which to choose.

The hats shown on page 74 by five lovely
NBC stars, are just a few of the gay and
flaftering styles for your Easter parade. I
have selected this particular quintet, not
only to illustrate the variety of shapes, but
also to point out and emphasize the
importance of color and use of flower and
fruit decoration to give a colorful effect.

Margery Kelley, NBC actress, has chosen
flowers for her color accent. Her large
cartwheel of black croquille straw has a
crown of white violets, and a bandeau of
the flowers outlines her forehead under the
brim. Howard Hodge designed this hat, which
Margery ties securely under her chin with a
black grosgrain ribbon. She carries out the
flower motif with one of the new flower clips in yellow gold and bril-
lants fastened at the neck of her black
crêpe afternoon dress.

The cartwheel type is perfect for after-
noon and informal evenings, and Margery
plans to wear hers right on through the
summer, making it the basis for many
smart black and white costumes. The chin
strap, a flattering device which is becoming
more and more popular, serves a practical
purpose here. You all know what happens
to a big hat when there's the slightest bit
of breeze!

The cartwheel is extremely flattering to
all but a slender face. However, only girls
of average height or over should wear an
extremely wide-brimmed hat, as it tends to
make the shorter girls look too squat, like a
walking mushroom, in brief, if you don't like ties under the chin, wear
a pancake like Vivian della Chiesa's, with
the ribbon in back. This NBC radio singer
has chosen her spring chapeau in a soft
shade of violet, with cerise flowers forming
the crown. The grosgrain bandeau which
ties in the back is cerise, too.

The hairdresser will get you used to pile your
hair up high, and if you're going to adopt
this newest hair style, you must be sure that
your hat will show it off to best advantage.
Vivian's hair is dressed in a moderate form
of the "pied high" mode, but could be as
high as she likes under this hat. The pan-
cake, or plateau silhouette, is generally
evolving to either hair style and to all
types of faces.

You must have flowers on your hat this
spring. If you don't want them on your
hat, then do as Jean Yewell suggests. Jean,
who sings with Roy Campbell's Orchestra,
of the Easter vogue for flowers, too,
but she places her corsage on the lapel of
her smart tailored suit. Especially designed
for her by Trepol, the colorful bouquet
is made of deep pink quince blossoms, African
daisies, little white sprigs of lilac, and the
spiky, bright orange and blue bird-of-
paradise flower. Truly a breath of spring!

Of course, I'm not suggesting that you
wear a corsage of fresh flowers every
day, (unless you have your own garden, and
then there's no excuse). Your best bet
may voluntarily send you a corsage on
Easter Sunday, or perhaps you can wheedle
him into it, but the rest of the time, when
such tokens of affection are not available,
exercise your ingenuity in making up your
own bouquets of artificial flowers which,
by the way, you can have in your home by simply
having them sent to you. You can then
breathe in the same romance the whole
summer. For the artificial flowers are so
easy to take care of, and come in all shades
and sizes, and can be kept for weeks.

Jean Yewell's turban, in two bright shades of heavy crepe, is cleverly draped in a
way to make the best-turned-out raja
envious. Worn with matching gloves and
the bright posies, it provides the required
color accent for her brunet beauty and
dark tailored suit and white blouse.

If you're looking for the perfect all-
around hat, comfortable and easy to wear,
you can't go wrong with a turban. But,
if you have an especially round, full-moon
face, then skip it!

Instead, look for something like the hat
chosen by Elizabeth Wragge. Betty, who
is Peggy in NBC's Peppermint Family,
has taken the term "Easter bonnet" quite
literally, and will head the Easter parade
in her charming bright green felt bonnet,
designed by Sally Victor. The crown is
topped by bright red silk pom-pom, which
are green stems trail gracefully down the back.
Spring zephyrs won't blow this little bon-
net off Betty's head, for she ties it securely
under her chin with a green grosgrain
ribbon.

And incidentally, you will note that
even though it may be slightly chilly on Easter,
both Betty and Vivian della Chiesa are
prepared with their new baumarten very-
brief boleros with three-quarter sleeves.
This newest type of fur garment will dress
up a spring suit, add a flattering touch of
warmth to a spring street dress, and later
on will serve as the perfect summer even-
ing wrap! What more could you ask of
one little bolero?

Flowers aren't the only means used for
lending a colorful touch to your spring
ensemble. How about a fruit hat? If you
try a bunch of fruit instead. Betty Glenn,
young NBC actress, wears a white toyo
bonnet with gobs of cherries hanging down
the side. This hat, designed by Forbes-
Casey, has the minute crown that carries
on the popular idea of "down hats!". The
crown, which is flattened to the barest
minimum, is circled with a narrow band of black velvet.

This is another type of hat that can be
worn with any style hair-do, and the shape
is charming above a delicately oval face
like Betty's. You will readily see that a hat with so elaborate trimming as this could not be worn very often before everyone would recognize you blocks away. But, underneath its present weight of cherries, it's really a basic hat, readily adaptable to other trimmings of feathers, flowers or fruit, and would even be charming without anything.

Many of you will fall so in love with a certain hat that you'll build your entire spring ensemble around it. If this is the case, I only hope that the hat you become enamored of will be suitable for your type; that if you're tall, you'll choose a brimmed model; if you're short you'll take one home that won't dwarf you by its bigness (surely, much as you liked Snow White's seven little pals, you wouldn't want to look like one, would you?)

The new up-swept brims are especially becoming to short girls, giving an illusion of height and allowing you a brim without its seeming to press you down into the pavement. The sailor, spring's old favorite, will be found in a variety of forms, so that it can be worn by all types. There's the tiny Gibson Girl sailor, particularly fetching when trimmed with a veil which ties under the chin in a large bow, good for the half-pint. Tall girls will favor the Spanish sailor with its wide brim, gently tilted, being shown with a chin strap to hold it firmly on the head. Lovely Lucille Manners, NBC singing star, has a navy blue regulation sailor of rough paillasson, simply trimmed with a blue grosgrain ribbon. Lucille wears this slightly back on her head, with the veil coming down under her chin and tied in back, giving her a charming little-girl look.

If you're buying your hat to go with your costume, be sure that it fits in with the spirit of your ensemble. For a tailored suit, choose a turban, a rolling breton, a sailor, or tri-corne. Have your colored trimmings, by all means, but don't let them be too elaborate. Dressier ensembles, the costume suit, fur-trimmed coat, or tuxedo coat worn with a fur scarf, call for the various forms of the bonnet, the pancake, the wide-brimmed hat. If you're only going to have one hat for this costume, better not get one that's too big. A modified version of the cartwheel won't bore you so quickly. If you go in for especially striking trimming, be sure that you can remove it later on and substitute a new one.

Buying your Easter bonnet is certainly going to be great fun this year. And wearing it will be even more enjoyable, for the tips from these stars will put you right at the head of the Easter parade!
Many Never Suspect

Causes of Backaches

This old treatment often brings happy relief. Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature’s chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of wastes. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning show there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of sleep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, weakness under the eyes, headaches and dizzy spells.

Don’t wait! Ask your druggist for Doan’s Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubules flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan’s Pills.

The field of entertainment. Perhaps the simple explanation for hostile feeling toward me is that I was one of the first to demonstrate the power of radio; that the circumstances attendant on my success were so unorthodox that it is difficult for my conféreés in the entertainment world, and those of the Fourth Estate, to reconcile themselves to the fact that one so apparently untalented, so irregular in type, should, through an entirely different method and procedure, become popular with a portion of the public, and remain so.

MEMORIES

Looking through an old diary (it was more of an address book than a diary), I ran across the names of Tommy Dorsey and Bunny Berigan; the former listed under “trombone,” the latter under “trumpet.” Beside their home addresses their ability classification was listed as “Double A.”

Those were the days when the boys played for me as instrumentalists (and first-rate ones they were), little realizing that they were both to become leaders of two outstanding American bands.

A FIRST THRILL

When I received my first book of checks with my name printed on each one—simple but gratifying.

PROBLEM

A MOMENTOUS decision, facing all of us who live by our vocal cords, is whether or not tonsils should be removed.

There are many physicians and surgeons who say “yes,” that when a tonsil is badly infected, filled with pus, it should be removed. The other school is equally vociferous in its belief that under no circumstances should a tonsil be taken out of the throat. That school says that they are there for a purpose, i.e., to act as a filter to prevent dust, bad air and impurities from going into the system. This school contends that if one had a boil filled with pus, on the arm, one would not remove the arm itself.

But perhaps the most serious part of the problem is the question of whether the removal of tonsils affects the muscles of the vocal cords, thereby shortening the vocal register. I have often wondered whether or not my vocal range might be superior to what it is today had I not had my tonsils removed some sixteen years ago.

This decision confronted a young lady singer whom I know, and when she appealed to me for advice I sent her to physicians representing both schools of thought. I felt that the final decision should be hers.

TO A BUDDING MASTER OF CEREMONIES

ALTHOUGH audiences are receptive, even enthusiastic, about such stock words as “swell,” “terrific,” etc., one may secure the admiration, respect and attention of an audience by the use of good English and good grammar.

There are those who would have you
believe that, in these modern times, only the "folk" type of introduction or comment—with the use of omnibus words such as "swell" and "terrific"—finds favor with the public.

* "Meaning that they take in everything and are used in place of many other words: swell shore, swell girl, swell food, swell music, swell perfume, swell car, swell name, and so on, when they might much better have used: delightful show, charming girl, delicious food, intoxicating perfume, powerful car, thrilling game.

Personally, I am of the belief that the same audience which passively accepts this type of introduction, paradoxically, has increased respect and admiration for the individual who dares phrase his thoughts in good grammar and words of more varied and exact meaning.

In other words, the audience at Loew's State Theatre might have apparently accepted the introduction previously made by a master of ceremonies and spoken as follows: "This, Ladies and Gentlemen (it's always 'Ladies and Gentlemen!'), is a tune which we introduced from this stage. We think it's swell, and your terrific raves about it have made it a hit."

This same audience would have increased respect and admiration for the man or woman who dared to speak something like this: "This composition (note the absence of the customary 'Ladies and Gentlemen!'), due to its unusual construction and intriguing qualities, together with your enthusiastic reception of it, has become the most popular song of today."

I AM listening at this very moment to an introducer who says: "A man who has written some of the most terrific hits in years, take a bow, will you, Alf?"

THERE are those who would have you believe that today it is not wise to use the King's English. My plea to any individual who is capable of expressing himself intelligently, colorfully, and in a grammatically correct fashion, is not to be ashamed of your knowledge of better grammar and English because of an apparent demand for "folk" and slangy speech!

TIP TO SONG WRITERS (AMATEUR)

Too many amateur song writers are encouraged by the fact that their friends left the theatre after the hometown musical playing humpty their songs, especially the last one. Upon investigating the phenomenon that the audience invariably hums or whistles upon leaving the theatre, it is found that the last song heard seems to impress itself indelibly upon the audience. This is an obvious psychological observation. The last musical composition we have heard seems to linger longer.

UNIMPORTANT NOTE

It is not particularly important, but it might be interesting to know that many of the musicals you see, especially those produced by Warner Brothers, have office doors bearing the names of actual Warner executives, especially those who have New York offices. Sometimes they are used correctly and accurately, but sometimes they devote the office of the man in an entirely different profession, but belonging to the organization.

There have been several Warner Brothers productions where the actual writers of the picture's songs were the ones who played them for the man enacting the role of producer or director.

In one of Alice Faye's 20th Century-Fox pictures, two of the song writers, who wrote the songs in the film, demonstrated them to her in the story.

Note carefully the names which appear on doors in office sequences. If you know the names of actual Eastern executives, such observations should amuse you.

GOOD "VARIETY" HEADLINE

"CLOSE Tab On Gab"—meaning close supervision of the commentators who have been giving the public the "low-down" on studios, artists and executives.

INCONSISTENCIES

ATHLETICS, in general, have always stood for cleanliness and all that is fine, clean and noble. Yet, why is it that, at most indoor athletic conferences, cup presentations and meetings not actually for the performance of the game itself, the bad ventilation rivals that of poorly-ventilated night clubs?

Only recently I attended the awarding of a cup to an outstanding football player. The windows were closed tight in the gymnasium where it took place. Nearly everyone was smoking. The air was blue.

(Continued on page 88)
(Above) Bette Wragge, who plays Peggy Young in Pepper Young's Family, takes down the winter drapes. (Below) Curtis Arnall, who is Pepper Young, owns a country store in real life. He is preparing for a spring sale.

(Above) Jack Roseleigh. Father Sam Young, isn't too happy at the prospect of beating rugs and packing away shoes, et al. (Below) Betty is putting her winter clothes in mothballs, preparing for spring.
The Roseleigh workshop is equipped with tools for all manner of purposes. Jack must hurry to finish those bird houses for spring.

Out comes the old fishing tackle, and a broad smile on Jack's face. Soon the trout will be biting and Jack's mind will wander from his air work.

Marion Barney, who plays Mother Young, vacuums furniture with a vengeance. The whole Young Family, it seems, is ready for spring.

Energy-yielding foods fortify the body against fatigue. Baby Ruth, the big, delicious candy bar, is a concentrated energy food; it is rich in pure Dextrose, called "muscle" sugar by doctors. And pure Dextrose is utilized by the body as energy, when needed, rather than stored as fat. That's why Baby Ruth is the preferred candy of movie stars, athletes, active people everywhere. It's chock-full of energizing goodness.

Curtiss Candy Co., Otto Schmier, Pres.
Chicago, Illinois

How Do Movie Stars Keep in Shape?
They Fight Fatigue By Keeping Weight Down and Energy Up

Energy-yielding foods fortify the body against fatigue. Baby Ruth, the big, delicious candy bar, is a concentrated energy food; it is rich in pure Dextrose, called "muscle" sugar by doctors. And pure Dextrose is utilized by the body as energy, when needed, rather than stored as fat. That's why Baby Ruth is the preferred candy of movie stars, athletes, active people everywhere. It's chock-full of energizing goodness.

Curtiss Candy Co., Otto Schmier, Pres.
Chicago, Illinois
because her soft, young hair enchants him

In courtship or marriage—a girl is irresistible when she has alluring hair—lustrous, youthful hair, as only Admiracion gives. This is not a girls' hair oil, but a hair shampoo of the same excellent grade guaranteed for adult heads. Should you prefer an oil shampoo that makes no lather, ask for Admiracion Olive Oil Shampoo in the RED package.

Admiracion

FOAMY OIL SHAMPOO

WOW MY STOMACH FEELS LIKE ITS ON FIRE FROM ACID INDIGESTION.

HERE, CHEW A COUPLE OF TUMS. THEY FIX ME UP QUICK WHEN MY STOMACH FEELS LIKE THAT.

HERE'S AMAZING RELIEF FROM ACID INDIGESTION.

YES—TUMS, a remarkable discovery, brings amazing quick relief from indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, gas, and constant burning caused by excess acid. For TUMS work on the true basic principle. Act unbelievably fast to neutralize excess acid conditions. Acid pains are relieved almost at once. TUMS contain no laxatives or harmful drugs. Guaranteed to contain no soda. Over 12 billion TUMS already used—proving their amazing benefit. Try TUMS today, only 1c for 12 TUMS at all drugstores. Most economical relief. Chew like candy mints. Get a handy 10c roll today, or the three roll economy package with metal container for only 2sc.

Handy to carry.

EAT LIKE CARD TUMS
TUMS FOR THE TUMMY IN ACID INDIGESTION

While Rudy was on the Coast, Priscilla and Lula Lane watched him sign the famous Hollywood Hotel register. Notice that Rudy writes with his left hand.

(Continued from page 85)

STUPID

THE sign inside a New York taxi: "Rel On Your Brakes Instead Of Your Horn!"

Frankly, if I had to choose, I would rather rely on my horn. To me the worst drive is he who uses plenty of horn despite Father Knickerbocker's anti-riot campaign, and who depends less on his brakes. Many accidents, especially at intersections, might be avoided if each motorist would let the other know by generous use of the horn that he is approaching. To be honest, I have often wondered why automobile manufacturers put horn in cars any more. Most of my friends rarely use them, much to my annoyance and disgust. The horn has a specific purpose, and I decry this stupid taxi injunction.

CRIME

The headlines in the California papers concerning the bombing of Detective Raymond—in charge of the clean-up of vice here in Southern California—and subsequent revelations, conclusively demonstrate the fact that organized crime is really organized.

I am indebted to one of my fan clubs for the gift of a book at Christmas time, which expresses more perfectly than anything I had previously read, the organized crime situation with which our country is confronted at present.

COURTNEY RILEY COOPER in his summary of the fall of the United States to the racketeer and criminal, Here's To Crime, has written the finest epic of its kind. Further than that, he has had the courage to lay the fault at the door of those who are truly to blame. And that door is yours, Mr. & Mrs. Public, because of your apathy toward racketeering and crime in general.

He mentions names, specific instances, cities and officials. He dares to charge...
them, in no uncertain terms, with whatever fault or crime that may be accurately laid at their door. It is, indeed, as the publisher says, a complicity-destroying book for self-satisfied and smug American citizens, who believe the United States is well policed and free from crime. This book, its fast-moving description of every type of vice and crime known to the depravity of man, should shake to the foundation every honest and righteous, law-abiding reader.

IT is a pity, indeed, that our PWA and WPA Projects could not be enlarged to accomplish something much more worthwhile than many of them have to date. By aiding in the distribution of this book to millions of people throughout the country; by compulsory teaching of it in grammar school; it would accomplish more than all the money spent upon that hapless slogan, "Crime Doesn't Pay," has ever done. In the language of Cooper, who is an authority on his subject, crime doesn't pay for the punk or the small fellow who hasn't the where-with-all to secure an expensive lawyer; to tamper with the jury and to fix all of those who can be fixed. But for the big shot, who is able to do all these things, crime does, indeed, pay.

ROSCOE ATES tells of his experience in an English theatre during a performance he was giving. It seems that Roscoe, on noticing anyone walking out during his act, always yelled at them as they walked up the aisle: "Hey! Where do you think you're going? You can't walk out on me like that!" But on one occasion, to his intense embarrassment, when he had hurled his usual phrase all in fun at a man and woman going up the aisle, the man turned and said, in an apologetic tone: "I'm sorry, sir, but we have three children and they are waiting for us to put them to bed early, but another night we will leave them with a neighbor and come back."

TURNABOUT
THE annoyance of Mr. Richard Watts (New York Herald-Tribune dramatic critic) on seeing, under his own name in his own newspaper, a review of a show written by someone else. I honestly thought the review was better than Mr. Watts' own review of that show.

Most embarrassing of all, it was a mistake made by an employee of his own paper. Perhaps Mr. Watts now knows and appreciates how the layman feels when he finds something in the newspaper written about himself which is completely untrue and about which nothing can be done.

ABSORDITY
SIGN in a California gasoline station: "Don't Pay Cash—Pay On Your Own Terms."

Such an idiotic statement as this is comparable, in its asinine stupidity, only to the plowing under and destroying of crops.

DON'T forget that I look forward to reading your reactions to my opinions, which may not coincide with yours. After all, the very title of this column tells its own story—"It's My Humble Opinion!"

Address me care of RADIO STARS MAGAZINE.

Adios!
usual "hamburgers" with which we are, alas, all too familiar. You'll find these a welcome change, therefore, as well as a tasty main course dish.

With the meat was served a most colorful Ritz Ring which also featured several vegetables. The Swedes are great on color, I was told, and pride themselves on the appearance of their food as well as on its fine quality. "Nothing but the best is considered good enough for one's guests," Mrs. Arnumberger informed me as the dinner progressed. A fact which the meal itself continued to prove beyond any possible doubt.

The salad, for instance, which was served on separate plates along with the main course, consisted of red and white cabbage to add an effective color contrast to the appeal of the crisp, finely shredded vegetables and the smooth, tasty salad dressing. Here is the recipe:

KALSALLAD
(Cabbage Salad)

Select two small firm heads of cabbage, one white, one red. Cut both heads in quarters and shred very fine into separate bowls. Cover with ice water and let stand for an hour. Drain well, dry thoroughly between folds of clean towed. Melt 2 tablespoons butter over hot water. Add 2 teaspoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon white pepper, 1 tablespoon sugar and ¼ teaspoon dry mustard. Blend well. Beat the yolks of 3 eggs with ½ cup cream. Add slowly to mixture in double boiler. When thoroughly blended, add ¼ cup (scent) vinegar. Cook over boiling water until thick, stirring constantly. Cool. Moisten white and red cabbage, separately, with this dressing. Serve in lettuce cups, one with white cabbage, another with red for each person. Or mold white cabbage into a ring, filling the center with the red cabbage and sprinkling both with finely chopped chives or parsley for an especially attractive appearance.

The dessert—also pictured on page 8—was in the nature of a concession to most American traditions, since it was in the form of a pie. But whatever its nationality, the feather-light, lemon-flavored filling supplied just the right touch to top off the meal.

When the pie made its proud appearance, Charlie decided then and there that he wished to be photographed eating it. But, alas, in the course of so doing he covered himself not only with meringue, but with confusion. For it was noted that he had no fork! No, nor any spoon for his coffee. In fact, all silver within his reach had mysteriously disappeared. Then it was that Bergen approached him (I do wonder if Edgar is a sleight-of-hand artist as well as a ventriloquist!) and with the photographers right there to snap the evidence, removed a goodly supply of the Arnumberger flatware from inside the coat of his young friend's dress suit!

"Charlie, Charlie," said Bergen, "did you take these?"

"Well, you see, Bergen, well now... well, yee, I did!" came the familiar, hesi
BEAUTY AT YOUR FINGERTIPS
(Continued from page 55)

smooth arms and hands to set them off. Now that the romantic influence is so thoroughly upon you, it would be too bad to spoil the picture! The creams or lotions used after washing should be applied to wrists and lower arms. Finishing preparations should be used to keep unattractive "shininess" from arms and elbows and give them a smooth, even texture. Last of all, apply quantities of the same rich nourishing cream that you massaged into your hands at night.

Even elbows, which are so far gone that they seem "rusty," respond to daily gentle massage with a pumice stone. Have one near your tub and use it each time you bathe. Follow this with an application of cream or lotion.

A combination bleaching and softening treatment for elbows is the lemon cup and olive oil method. Cut a lemon in half and scoop the pulp and juice out. Then fill these cups with olive oil. Place elbows in the cups and let them soak for fifteen or twenty minutes. This treatment may be repeated beneficially as often, each week, as you have the time and patience for administering it.

The actual manicure is a real pleasure if all necessary "tools" are available and in good condition. The essential materials are emery board, orange-wood stick, cotton, cuticle remover, polish remover, liquid polish, and a cuticle oil or brittle nail cream. To this may be added nail scissors (for an extreme hangnail only), nail white and a buffer.

Of course, the lazy way to keep your fingertips beautiful is to have a professional manicurist do them once a week. But why not be ambitious and try doing it all yourself with the thoroughness and finish of an expert? Besides, you won't be so inclined to neglect the "in-between" manicure touchings when you care for your nails yourself. I'm sure you have read correct instructions for home manicure countless times in beauty articles, and full directions...
come with every bottle of polish you buy. So, Lucille and I are not going to give you a list of “Do’s” here, but rather a list of “Don’ts.”

Don’t fail to soften the cuticle thoroughly before pushing it back from the nail with your orange-wood stick. Failure to do this will cause you to bruise the delicate matrix of the nail. It is bruising the matrix that causes the little white spots to appear on the nail. Such spots cannot be removed, but may be hidden by a dark polish until they have grown out. The cuticle may be softened by soaking the fingertips in soapy water or, better still, warm oil.

Don’t scrape underneath the nails with a metal instrument. Instead, avoid bruising or spoiling the nail shape by using an orange-wood stick covered with cotton.

Don’t cut the cuticle. Use a cuticle remover. (This “don’t” probably has been dined into your ears many, many times, but it is too important to ignore.)

Don’t file the nails too closely on the sides. The nails protect the cuticle there.

Don’t file your nails to sharp, dagger-like points. The oval is more fashionable, as well as more flattering and practical.

Don’t wear extremely long nails unless your hands are idle most of the time. The nail length best suited to active hands is just beyond the fingertip. Very long nails don’t wear well when the hands are constantly in use, so keep the nails a conservative length.

Don’t cover the “moons” at the base of the nail. They lend grace and shapeliness to the nail. If you do not have “moons,” then leave a space free from polish where they should be. This rule should be observed in all cases, but especially when a dark polish is used.

Don’t jiggle the finger when applying the polish. Rest the hand flat on the dressing-table or hold it firmly in front of you.

Don’t apply polish to the nails before they are absolutely free of old polish, soap or oil. Just before you put on your polish apply a bit of polish remover to the nail. This will take off any of the substances that would shorten the life of your polish and cause it to peel.

Don’t, at any time, fail to change your polish as often as necessary, or give your fingertips their thorough, weekly manicure. Don’t overlook the importance of a daily (or nightly) application of cuticle cream, or softern of some kind.

Don’t let your enthusiasm for jewelry cause you to “load” your fingers with rings.

Don’t wear large and unusual rings and bracelets if your fingers and hands are not nicely shaped, for the jewelry will call too much attention to these details.

The polish shades this spring are so new and so different that, unless you use the “natural” shade, you can no longer pick a color at random and find it suitable. You must use your sense of color discrimination. Study your hands to see which colors are most becoming: clear reds, corals, or the dusty grape shades. Then try these colors against your spring frocks, so the most harmonious shade may be applied. Every woman should have a variety of shades in her “polish wardrobe.”

Lucille’s most effective method of exercising her hands to keep them always supple and limber is one which a great many girls use regularly—typing! Lucille types all her own personal correspondence and finds that the dexterity demanded by this simple procedure has given her fingers a strength, poise and character which could not be gained from even the finest of creams and lotions. So, all of you girls, get out the typewriter or your old five-finger piano exercises. If you have neither of these instruments available, then, with the fingertips resting on a flat table-top, exercise on an imaginary piano or typewriter.

When all of the beauty aids placed at your fingertips have been applied to your fingertips, then you, too, can boast beautiful hands. Hands as lovely as those Lucille Manners uses so gracefully and effectively in accompanying the expressiveness of her lovely singing voice, her everyday conversation, and which add so immeasurably to her personal charm and attractiveness, because they are used naturally and cared for exquisitely.
Here's a Queer Way for Many Skinny Girls to Become Glamour Girls

THOUSANDS HAVE DISCOVERED THAT

BY ADDING TWO SIMPLE ELEMENTS TO THEIR DAILY FOOD THEY EASILY GAINED WEIGHT AND Naturally Alluring Curves

There's real hope today for thousands of thin, scrawny-looking girls who have almost despaired of ever having the naturally attractive curves and happy pep that often bring "glamour" popularity and success. For new food discoveries have helped thousands of others quickly gain just the pounds of firm flesh they needed, new health, strength and joy in life.

How it is done

You see, scientists have discovered that great numbers of people are thin and rundown only because they do not get sufficient Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good you can get from food. But for good nature, for new food discoveries have helped thousands of others quickly gain just the pounds of firm flesh they needed, new health, strength and joy in life.

How it is done

You see, scientists have discovered that great numbers of people are thin and rundown only because they do not get sufficient Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good you can get from food. But for good nature, for new food discoveries have helped thousands of others quickly gain just the pounds of firm flesh they needed, new health, strength and joy in life.

How it is done

You see, scientists have discovered that great numbers of people are thin and rundown only because they do not get sufficient Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good you can get from food. But for good nature, for new food discoveries have helped thousands of others quickly gain just the pounds of firm flesh they needed, new health, strength and joy in life.

How it is done

You see, scientists have discovered that great numbers of people are thin and rundown only because they do not get sufficient Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good you can get from food. But for good nature, for new food discoveries have helped thousands of others quickly gain just the pounds of firm flesh they needed, new health, strength and joy in life.

How it is done

You see, scientists have discovered that great numbers of people are thin and rundown only because they do not get sufficient Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good you can get from food. But for good nature, for new food discoveries have helped thousands of others quickly gain just the pounds of firm flesh they needed, new health, strength and joy in life.
"KEEP NAILS SHAPELY THE Wigder WAY..."

MEN love to see a girl's fingertips velvety, clean-groomed. Keep them always lovely-to-look-at with the daily use of a Wigder Nail File. The triple-cut teeth file faster, more smoothly; the special Improved Cleaner Point safeguards the tender skin under the nail. Ask for the Wigder Nail File!

On sale at all drug and 10-cent stores 10¢

CORNs REMOVED WITH CASTOR OIL TREATMENT
Say goodbye to clumsy corn-pads and dangerous rustors. A new liquid, NOXACORN, removes pain fast and dries up the pestilential corn, callus and wart. Contains six ingredients including pure castor oil, salicylic and the salicylates from which aspirin is made. Absolutely safe. Easy directions in package. The bottle saves untold money. Druggist returns money if it fails to remove corn.

KILL THE HAIR ROOT

Hollywood Glamour in Everyday Make-Up

That 'come hither' complexion, irresistible to men... envied by all girls... heretofore exclusive with screen stars, can be yours with the NEW MINER'S THEATRICAL MAKE-UP FOR STREET WEAR

A startling new makeup that imparts natural satin-smoothness to your skin... velvety, luminous... lasts hours. Use it and have a "star's" complexion of your own.

MINER'S, 40 E. 20th St., Dept. MIN, New York, N.Y.
Enclosed Ind. 50¢ for Miner's Theatrical Make-up for street wear.

SIMPLICITY of attire seems to be the vogue among radio stars for the moment. At the Lux Theatre the other evening, Joan Crawford wore a black crepe suit, with only a simple white collar as a decorative note. Ginger Rogers, the following week, had on a gray jersey dress of the shirlette type, with a bright scarf at the neck and no hat, while Madeleine Carroll's dress, on another Lux Theatre show, was of green wool with only a narrow pigskin belt and beige hat to relieve the plainness of her costume. Of all the programs, Hollywood Hotel is the one on which the stars seem to "dress up" the most. Perhaps the "Orchid Room" has something to do with this, for each star who appears as guest is gifted with a tremendous corsage of purple orchids, which need considerable "dressing up to."

IT'S STILL "Mayor Jolson." Yes, Al's been re-elected to head the town of Encino for the third successive year. Al's already managed to get paved streets and lighting for the town, and now he's trying to wangle a post-office from the government. Encino sounds like pretty much of a hick town, but in reality it's one of the choice spots in Southern California, with some 2000 inhabitants and most of them radio and movie ranch-owners.

THE most "specialized" musicians in radio, according to Walt Disney, are the members of Donald Duck's "Webfoot Sextet," featured on the Mickey Mouse Theatre of the Air. "Certainly they're the most specialized," says Walt, defending his latest brain-child. "They have to be, to get swing rhythm out of some old pipe, baby rattles, water-filled bottles and wooden blocks."

WHEN their dad's birthday rolled around last month, Sandra and Ronnie Burns decided to do something extra-special by way of celebration. So they made him a birthday cake. Fallen in the middle, but brave with candles and an inch-thick layer of icing, the cake made its appearance at the breakfast table on the festive day. The children carefully watched George and Gracie each down a large, soggy slice, but insisted that all they cared for was buttered toast.

SAM "SCHLEPPERMAN" HEARNS almost incapacitated Jack Benny at a recent broadcast when he leaned over and pointed out three women sitting in the front row of the broadcasting studio. All were wearing the latest Parisian spring chapeaux, top-heavy with feathers and flowers. "Say, Jack," bellowed Sam, "how's a poor comedian supposed to get laughs when women give us all that competition?"
PHIL BAKER'S pride and joy used to be the swimming-pool in his back-yard. But no more—not since that friend from New York visited him. He took a look at the diminutive dunking place, and said admiringly: "Gee, what a swell bird-bath!"

RAYMOND PAIGE is still spending all his spare time down at Santa Monica with his eight-meter championship sloop, Prelude. The other day he entered a race, and one of his crew had a rather unique experience. The race, it seems, is supposed to start and finish with the same crew of six men. This particular day the weather was on the rough side, and one sailor in the prow was pitched out, unnoticed by all except a Swede in the stern of the craft. As the boat overtook the unfortunate floundering one, the Swede held out a big hand and hauled the other man in by the seat of the pants. "Hey, vot's de idea?" he shouted, shaking him up good and plenty. "You know vell, py golly, that we got to finish dis race with you on deck!"

RAY PAIGE's enthusiasm proved infectious to Dick Powell, for the other day he went out and bought himself a racing yacht. Already he's challenged Ray to a race off Los Angeles Harbor.

DICK, by the way, is happy over everything these days. The main reason, of course, being that Powell heir on the way. Another cause for happiness is that all those troubles with his radio sponsor and studio seemed to be smoothed over. And for another thing, Dick has thrown away his glasses—after years of wearing them. He's found a new system of eye exercise which he's convinced can do away with anyone's specs.

THINGS are in bad shape at the Winslowe home when Paula (she's appeared on practically every important radio show, chiefly Big Town, Lux Radio Theatre, Tyrone Power's show and the West Coast Thrills) breaks into a sad part in the script. For Paula still has her Southern mammy as cook—and she's an excellent cook, too, except during the sad parts. Then she goes into hysteric's, and sobs until Paula comes home. It's very hard on the roast chicken.

JOE PENNER and his wife have become so fond of 13-year-old Bernard Sharkey, who presented Joe with that award from 23,000 Gotham youngsters, that they wanted to adopt him. Bernard stayed at the Penner home while in Hollywood, saw all the sights in town, even to night clubs, premières and Palm Springs. Just before leaving for home, Bernard confessed that what he liked the very best was the banana splits and beating Joe at billiards.

DIDJA KNOW: That Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone are letting daughter Joan Naomi have the final say-so regarding nursery furniture in their new home. . . . that Phil Harris' best disciplinary method is to threaten his orchestra with a series of one-night stands. . . . that Frances Langford's pet raccoons are infanticiding.
QUIVERING nerves can make you old and haggard looking, cranky and hard to live with—can keep you from achieving your goals. And that could ask for any whose benefits have been better proved than the famous Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Let the wholesome herbs and roots of Pinkham's Compound help Nature tone up your system, and thus calm shrieking nerves, help lessen distress from female functional disorders and give you more strength.

For over 3 generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling thru" with Pinkham's Compound. Why not let it HELP YOU?

Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND

NEURITIS

Relieve Pain in Few Minutes

To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in a few minutes, use Neurito, the Doctor's formula. No opium, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—must relieve worst pain to your satisfaction in few minutes or money back at Drugist's. Don't suffer. Get trustworthy Neurito today on this guarantee.

Sensational FREE Offer

SEND COUPON FOR 3 LIPSTICKS AND REJUVIA MASCARA CREAM

It's our treat! Let us send you 3 full-sized tubes of the famous FLAME-GLO Triple Indelible Lipstick FREE—each in a different fascinating shade, so you can discover the color most becoming to you. To introduce our newest achievement, we will also send you a tube of REJUVIA Mascara Cream, with brush. It's a GUARANTEED Waterproof and Smear-proof; perfectly Harmless! Just send in 10c in stamps to cover mailing costs. For beauty's sake, send coupon TODAY!

Quick Way to Remove Corns

Humorist Arthur Godfrey never works from a script, never bothers to rehearse any of his programs and once the show gets under way no one knows where it's going, what it's about, or how it will stop.

...that next summer Paul Whiteman plans to conduct the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra in the Hollywood Bowl...that Deanna Durbin has achieved Hollywood immortality. Her footprints are now in the Grauman's Chinese Theatre forecourt, along with the rest of the town's famous...that Jean Hersholt spends his spare time at rehearsals sketching members of the cast in charcoal...that Jack Hasty, writer of Dr. Christian series, reads over 750 small-town newspapers a month for true-to-life happenings...that George McCall used to be a lion-tamer with the Al G. Barnes Circus...that Rosemary DeCamp, nurse of Dr. Christian, and Frances Langford are meeting soon to try for the Hollywood Women's Golf Championship. They both break 100 on the course...that Marion Talley has turned down a Broadway stage offer, a play based on the life of Gilbert and Sullivan. She likes radio too much...that Lanny Ross is really Launcelot Patrick Ross...that Jimmy Wallington is practicing jiu jitsu holds on the cast of the Cantor show. He's just been made a detective lieutenant in the Santa Monica police department...that you have to wear dark glasses around Ken Niles, on account of his sports coats...that Jeanette MacDonald has major mention in a new book, Leading Women of America...that Georgie Stoll has the finest collection of first editions of music in Hollywood...that the Edward G. Robinson-Joe Penner golf feud is in earnest...the Strand Twins, though unmarried, live in separate apartments...that Mrs. Penner has Joe on a weekly allowance...that the new Columbia Broadcasting Studio in Hollywood cost $2,000,000 and that NBC is determined to have their new studio cost just as much...that the Bob Burns crew is expecting an heir.

Relieve Corn Pain Quickly

If you want to remove those aching corns just get a bottle of FREEZONE from any druggist. Put a drop or two on the corn. The pain is quickly relieved. Then in a few days the corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers.

A bottle of FREEZONE costs a few cents at any drug store and is sufficient to remove most hard corns, soft corns and calluses. Try it!

FREEZONE

DON'T MISS NEXT MONTH'S STRAIGHT FROM THE COLD SHOULDER!

More startling than ever New approved formula

REMOVES FRECKLES WHILE YOU SLEEP

Whether you have a few freckles or many, fade them out quickly and gently while you sleep. Get a jar of Nadinola Freckle Cream today and apply at bedtime. Day by day skin becomes clearer, fresher. Usually freckles disappear in 5 to 10 days. So do other blemishes. Nadinola Freckle Cream is guaranteed by a famous laboratory with 36 years' experience in this type of skin treatment. Orders filled on receipt of a stamped return envelope 10c size at Ten Cent Stores. Or send a dime for trial package to NADINOLA, Dept. 114, Paris, Tenn.

NADINOLA Freckle Cream

New!...A 7 DAY SHAMPOO FOR BLONDES

You Keep the Brilliance, Lustre and Loveliness this Shampoo Gives Blonde Hair For a WHOLE WEEK!

Ends Dull, Between-Shampoo Look!

A single wash with this amazing new type shampoo instantly removes the dull, dry feeling that leaves blonde hair lifeless, mottled-colored and "old" looking, and enables you to keep that "JUST SHAMPOOED" look all week. Done in a few minutes and at a cost of but a few pennies. New Blonde gives your hair that glorious, lustrous, shimmering radiance that usually comes only in childhood. All shades of blondes from deep blonde to light blonde. Start blending today. New combination package—shampoo with separate rinse—available at all stores
Himber made his first appearance on the screen.

Their latest short was being shown, and right on schedule Clark gave out his razzberry. Immediately the figure of Himber on the screen bristled, pointed a finger and yelled: "So that's what you think of me, Teddy Clark. Well, here's what I think of you," and gave out a loud razzberry in return.

The sequence was intended only for the preview, of course, and was cut out of the regular theatre version. But to get that joke in, Himber had kept his orchestra an extra hour or two, paying the entire band full union rates. And the studio had indolently kept its expensive technical and camera crew.

**WHY**

Without much being said about it, radio's oldest professional musical program, the Cities Service hour, has undergone a complete revamping. For nearly ten years it went on and on with virtually the same cast. Now not a single one of the old company remains.

Lucille Manners replaced Jessica Dragoon, who has dropped out of radio altogether this season. Rosario Bourdon turned the orchestra baton over to Frank Black, The Revelers Quartet recently departed and Rosy Graham stepped in as supporting vocalist to the feminine star.

The male vocalist's job on that hour used to be an unending springboard to success. In succession, Franklyn Baur, James Melton and Frank Parker all zoomed to radio stardom after a little service on the hour. Graham has just about the standing those three had when they first took that same job.

This past season has pushed two of radio's minor comedians well up into the more important ranks. The two are, of course, Walter O'Keefe and Bob Hope.

Hope had prolonged difficulties getting his bearings in radio, wandering a good deal before he struck the proper tone for his own radio delivery. He was a very fresh, smart-alecky young man when he landed his first regular radio program with Frank Parker three seasons ago. He was a little too fresh to have around a living-room week and in week out. Bob has managed to curb that without losing any of the buoyant high spirits that are his great gift on a stage or at the microphone.

When the late program of the Warner Brothers was not doing well in its early weeks, Bob was called in and the program took on the liveliness it had lacked. It ran out its scheduled time as one of the highlights of the week.

**WALTER'S big stunt came, of course, when he stepped in for Fred Allen last summer. That was the first time he had had a chance to work without a great many arbitrary restrictions from a sponsor. He and Charles Butterworth became an excellent team this winter.**
NEW! STARCH IN CUBES

Just count cubes for perfect starching

EXACT MEASURE

Cuts my ironing time

1/3

QUICKER, EASIER

STALEY'S STARCH IN CUBES


ASK YOUR GROCER

GIRLS! MORE MILEAGE FROM YOUR STOCKINGS

There's nothing like RUN-R-STOP to give more wear per pair! As soon as you run or snap appears apply RUN-R-STOP to save your stockings—save you money. Permanent—will not wash out. HANDSOME RED & BLACK VANITY protects tube in purse—10c Ask for it at chain, department and shoe stores. Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping as advertised therein.

RUN-R-STOP
FREE—we will send you a handy pair-save case of Nail White in a new convenient form. Simply mail the instructions hereon from a package of Run-R-Stop to Dept. M. CAMILLE INC.—49 East 21st Street, N.Y.C.

If you have one single GRAY HAIR mail this Free Test

Now—before others think of you as "older"—is the time to touch up those first gray streaks. Millions—all men and women—have discovered this way to color fading strands. Just combing clear liquid through hair brings color: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Entirely SAFE . . . Hair stays soft and lustrous. Get a bottle from your druggist on money-back guarantee.

Test it FREE
We'll send Complete Test Package Free, snip lock from hair. Try it first on this No risk this way. State color of hair. Write Mary T. Goldman Company, Dept. 108 Gold- man Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

RADIO STARS

THE BANDWAGON

(Continued from page 59)

the rise of the Dorsey outfit is Tommy himself. Because he's the kind of a guy he is, his band is the kind of a band it is.

LAST September, Benny Goodman was doing a series of one-night stands on his way back to New York from Hollywood. He was in Baltimore when something happened to one of his trombone players. Trying to find a solution, Benny finally called Tommy in New York and asked him if he could find a trombonist and send him down to Baltimore in time to play the dance that night. Tommy didn't bother searching for a musician good enough to sit-in with the Goodman band. He took his own second trombonist, put him on the train for Baltimore and found a substitute to play in the Dorsey orchestra that night.

TWO years ago September, Tommy organized his band. Most of his men have been with him from the beginning. He cares nothing about the reputation background possible members might be able to supply. If they have talent, he wants them. For example, his new trombonist, Earl Hagen, is exactly eighteen years old! Freddie Stulce, one of his saxophonists, made a trip East with the Southern Methodist University band, asked Tommy for a job—and got it!

His chief arranger, Paul Wetsstein, is a Phi Beta Kappa graduate of Dartmouth. He sent Tommy a few samples, and now he's turning out some of the finest swing arrangements in all these many states. Edythe Wright was a sophomore in college when she substituted one night for the regular singer in Frank Dailey's band at a summer resort. Tommy happened to hear her, and she went to work immediately.

ALL this collegiate influence may be responsible for the fraternity-house atmosphere surrounding the Dorsey band. The sixteen members of the organization divide into two sections. One is called Bud Freeman's (he's bug of the tenor sax) "Giants." The other is known as Tommy Dorsey's "Midgets." The idea behind all this is a baseball game, and when the boys start swinging their bats—well, after all, they really can swing their saxes and trombones and trumpets. You can't expect too much!

FACES ON THE CUTTING-ROOM FLOOR

I thought you might be interested in a part of a letter written by Raymond Scott from Hollywood. The manuscript was produced just after he and the Quintet finished work on Happy Landing, the last Sonja Henie picture:

"Well probably go down in Hollywood history as being billed in more pictures that we weren't in than anyone else in Hollywood.

"For instance, we got swell billing in Ali Baba (Edie Cantor's last picture), but were practically unseen behind beards. Selznick was so pleased with the bit of recording that we did for Nothing Sacred that we received marvelous billing again, even though we weren't photographed.

MERCOLIZED Wax CREAM keeps your skin Young Looking

Mercolized Wax Cream washes off the surface skin in tiny, invisible particles. Reveals the clear, soft, smooth, young looking underskin. This simple, all-in-one cleansing, softening and beautifying cream has been a favorite for over a quarter century with lovely women the world over. Bring out the hidden beauty of your skin with Mercolized Wax Cream. Use Saxolite Astringent Daily.

THIS tingling, astringent astringent is delightfully refreshing and helpful. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and apply.

Try Phlaelene Depilatory

For quickly removing superfluous hair from face. Sold at cosmetic counters everywhere.

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS

(SCALY SKIN TROUBLE)

Have you ever suffered or do you have the slightest suspicion of suffering from Psoriasis? If so, send 10c today for the 30 Day Money Back Test Kit of Dermoil. Dermoil's 20 years of research and testing have placed this marvelous remedy in many thousands of homes. Get it now and save yourself suffering.

Discover the natural, safe relief for your skin trouble. PROVEN effective and harmless. Write today for your free booklet. PROVEN EFFECTIVE results will surprise you. Don't delay. Sent by Wallgren Laboratories, Box 1, Northwood Station, Decatur, Ill., Dept. 604. Detroit, Mich.

KILLS Lice Flies Flea Killer

One-Spot Flea Killer

For every Foot Ailment

If your store can't supply you send 25c or 50c to One-Spot Co., Elkridge, Md.

CRO•PAX FOOT AIDS

For every Foot Ailment

Go to your nearest ten cent store and insist on CRO•PAX Corn Removers, with medicated discs for safe, sure, quick relief. Accept No Substitute

Price slightly higher in Canada.
\textit{Radio Stars}

“And because most pictures are three or four thousand feet long, our number, \textit{Powerhouse}, had to be cut out of \textit{Love and Hisses}. But if many thousands of feet don't have to be cut out, you may see a favorable presentation of the Quintet in \textit{Happy Landing.}"

And there you have an inside picture of what goes on—or should it be "out"—in Hollywood.

\textbf{Wuxtra! Wuxtra!}

At long last here is the truth about "singing titles." Rumor has it that Kay Kyser and Sammy Kaye are feuding as to who stole the Quintet. But the truth, at least as the Sammy Kaye side presents it, is this:

In 1927, as you may remember, Sammy was leading a collegiate dance band at Ohio University. That year, Gus Arnheim made a record. On that record, for the first time in the memory of musicians, Gus tried a new trick. He had one of his vocalists sing the title of a song as an announcement. He used it that one time and forgot about it. But Sammy heard a record, thought the idea was swell for his orchestra, and immediately began to use the singing title technique.

Then Mr. Kaye graduated and took his band out into the cold world. Kay Kyser, already an accomplished and popular orchestra leader, heard the unknown ex-collegiate band, liked their unique title announcement idea and adapted it.

The discussion as to who started the whole thing didn't amount to much until Kaye rivaled Kyser in popularity. But now it's a favorite feud subject.

So that's Sammy's side. Got an answer, Kay?

\textbf{Those Days are Gone Forever?}

Nowadays you hear no talk about the sudden discovery of a new star on a sustaining program, and the immediate contract for a sponsored program that is offered on it. And in the early days of radio the story was different. There won't be a big name you could mention that didn't become a star via the sustaining route. Morton Downey was CBS's first great personality. He was presented on an afternoon sustaining program, the makers of Camels heard him, and Morton became star of the biggest program that the then-new Columbia network had sold. Bing Crosby followed the same road.

And Downey, incidentally, was responsible for putting radio's No. 1 girl singer on the air. When he gave up his sustaining program to begin the new commercial, William S. Paley, president of CBS, asked him to select one of the three possible girl singers to take over his afternoon spot. Mort picked Kate Smith.

\textbf{Attention: Foreign Department}

England's favorite bandleader is Bert Ambrose. Also, most Americans' favorite British bandleader is Ambrose. The usual story here is that he is keen and they, to express approval of him is to say: "He sounds as good as the best American band."

It may interest you to know that Ambrose is one of dance music's pioneers. He began playing rag-time over twenty years ago, competing with such gentlemen as Vincent Lopez, Emil Coleman and Paul

\textbf{Wake up your liver bile...}

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just deveres in the bowels. Gas loops up your stomach, you feel constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk. A mere bowel movement doesn't get it at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.
THE BANDWAGON

Martha Raye and Bob Hope reverse the accepted order in College Swing.

left a tour to follow Dorsey into the Commodore.

Who said orchestras aren't just one big, happy family!

NEW DISCOVERIES

You may have noticed how, suddenly, a lot of big-name bands were missing from the late evening air-lanes when you tuned in for dancing. The reason is simple:

As the Bandwagon has noted, Chicago has always been a hot-bed of good jazz-ions. But a month or so ago, a ruling was passed that all Chicago hotels' broadcasting dance bands would have to pay one hundred dollars a week for the privilege—and, whim! off went the bands.

As a result, the networks began listening to orchestras in every city in the country. New talent, new names, new organizations from Buffalo, Minneapolis, San Francisco, and any other likely spot, are being given their break. The chances are good that within a year, because of the Chicago ruling, there will be at least five new name bands "discovered."

UNITY

One of the joys of radio listening has always been the Andre Kostelanetz orchestra. There are numerous explanations for the Kostelanetz excellence. Among them have been the high standards he sets for his men, and the unity with which they work. Lifting that last explanation are few of Andre's musicians: Johnny Cali, pianist; Paul Prantz, bass violin; Phill Wall, piano; Herb Qndleys, drums; and Johnny Ingram, sax. At one time, all five worked together as a very successful society orchestra under the direction of Emil Coleman.

CURIO

The oddest job in the music industry is that of Isaac A. Cary. He is the trade's number one baten-maker. He turns out thousands of the birchwood wands annually for many of the most particular customers in the world: Andre Kostelanetz, Rudy Vallee, Freddie Rich, Fletcher Hendersom, Ozzie Nelson, Jimmy Lunceford.

Cary has to make a different type baton for each of the conductors. He offers them a choice of nine varied hand grips—from a black, hard-rubber handle to a light-weight cork grip. The biggest one he makes is Jimmy Lunceford's thirty-six-inch. Paul Whiteman's comes next with thirty-two inches.

Andre Kostelanetz is Cary's most exacting customer. Each of Andre's baton costs $1.20—more than the price paid by any other leader—and he orders a dozen at a time.

Cary can't make the world's finest wood until he found the perfect medium for his craft. Now he makes all his batons from the wood of birch trees. His closest competitor in the wood-carving field is a chap who made a fortune out of a second-hand tree. A tree called Charlie McCarthy.

PLATTER PATTERN

IN DANCE TEMPO

The spotlight this month belongs on Art Shaw, whose band has everything Benny Goodman has. In a few months, I think it will have a great deal more. Brunswick presents the new Shaw band with Art's magnificent clarinet in Whistle While You Work and One Song. In sweet swing tempo is their Good Night Angel and There's A New Moon Over the Old Mill. Very good. But still tops among all recording orchestras is T. Francis, Dorsey, and Ellington. Why? You Couldn't Be Cuter backs Jack Leonard's Just Let Me Look At You (Victor). The Dorsey Big Dipper and Smoke From A Chimney are probably the best versions you'll ever hear of those two numbers.

For contrast, you might try listening to Horace Heidt's Toy Trumpet and History of Sweet Swing (Brunswick). Mr. Heidt should listen to Shaw and Dorsey and learn a little history.

STILL, supplying the best in Dixieland rhythm is Bob Crosby. For a perfect example of his work yet Decca's little 12-inch South Rampart Street Parade and Dog Pals have been committed by members of that band from Dixie.

...Harry James turns in still another swell job on One o'clock Jump and It's the Dreamer in Me (Brunswick). New reasons why James is the industry's best trumpeter. The king who is called Duke—last name, Ellington—offers Black Butterfly and Harmony in Harlem (Brunswick) in his best manner. Cootie Williams and his King Cutters cut up in Jubilee and Pigeons and Peppers (Vocalion). Don't let the titles scare you.
I’ve adopted this gorgeous new Glazo shade for my very own,” exclaims Miss Bennett, known for her flawless taste as well as her beauty. “Tropic is the most exciting nail polish creation in years!”

TROPIC brings flattering warmth to every skin-tone—a subtle accent to smart spring costume colors. And, because it is Glazo’s new Perfected Polish, TROPIC wears perfectly for days!

TROPIC is sweeping the country! Warm, provocative, glowing—it is the essence of spring—a prophecy of exciting new clothes, new places.

As Joan Bennett says: “Find out for yourself what fun it is to wear!”

Your approval of Glazo’s shades will include not only Tropic, but also the new Congo, Spice and Cabana. Vary them with fashion-approved Thistle, Suntan, Old Rose, Russet, Dahlia, Flame, Shell and Natural.

Lead Fashion—Wear TROPIC Now
Your favorite toilet goods counter—in every city and town from coast-to-coast—is featuring Glazo’s latest color sensation. See how TROPIC adds new beauty to your hands and a new zest to your life!

For a perfect manicure, apply TROPIC after using Glazo Polish Remover and Cuticle Remover. Extra-large sizes at all drug counters, 25c.

GLAZO
The Smart Manicure
Chesterfields are made of mild ripe tobaccos... rolled in pure cigarette paper... the best ingredients a cigarette can have. For You... there’s MORE PLEASURE in Chesterfield’s milder better taste.
WHEN YOU'RE SWEET AS A FLOWER

You'll be pursued... admired... adored, if you have the exciting, tempting fragrance of Nature's own flowers!

Just as the perfume of flowers calls to the bee... so does the perfume of Lander's Blended-Flower Talc's whisper a love call that awakens masculine hearts... and makes you utterly seductive and desirable.

Try the exquisite Lilacs and Roses Blend. Every morning dust your whole body with this lovely powder... smell sweet all over! Instantly, you feel flower-fresh, glorified, inspired... you know that you can win love!

And Lander's Blended-Flower Talc does more—it guards your refinement... makes a man long to protect you because you're sweet as a flower. He knows you're refined. His love for you is sacred and he dreams of you as his wife to adore forever! Get Lander's Blended-Flower Talc today. Perfumed with a blend of true flowers. The large can only 10¢ each at your 10¢ store.
Ann took a chance on a bath alone

Ann stepped from the tub fragrant and fresh—but even the most perfect bath can't give underarms the extra care they need. Careless Ann—to fail to take precautions—to let embarrassing odor spoil her good times.

Joan played safe with a bath plus Mum

Underarms need special care that a bath alone can't give!

Clever Joan. Popular Joan! No matter how warm the evening—or how late the dance, Joan always has partners galore. Joan dances every dance.

For she never takes chances with underarm odor—the one fault above all others men can't stand. She realizes that a bath takes care only of past perspiration—that it can't prevent odor to come. So Joan never trusts her bath alone.

She follows her bath with Mum—to be sure she's safe from underarm odor. Mum makes the freshness of your bath last all evening long. Don't risk the loss of daintiness, don't spoil your charm for others. Always use Mum, every single day and after every bath!

Mum is quick! Just one-half minute is all Mum takes to apply.

Mum is safe! Even the most delicate skin finds Mum soothing. And Mum is harmless to fabrics.

Mum is sure! Without stopping perspiration, Mum banishes every trace of odor for a full day or evening.

Another use for Mum—Use Mum for sanitary napkins, as thousands of women do. Then you're always safe, free from worry.

So easy to use Mum! As simple as applying a touch of face cream. And—proof of Mum's gentleness—more nurses use Mum than any other deodorant. They know underarms need special care!
Unguentine is the first thought in first aid ...it doesn’t hurt a hurt, but soothes it and relieves the pain. There’s no hurt either, when the Unguentine bandage comes off, for it doesn’t dry and stick to the wound. Yet Unguentine is positively and effectively antiseptic. Rub it into the skin to relieve the itching and burning of eczema; spread it thickly on a bandage for burns and injuries. The standard tube is only 50¢; the economical family size jar, $1.00.
Out of the inferno of war came three men and a woman—to live their lives, to strive for happiness, to seek love... The most heart-touching romance of our time, brilliantly re-created upon the screen, from the world-renowned novel by the author of "All Quiet on the Western Front".

ROBERT TAYLOR  MARGARET SULLAVAN
FRANCHOT TONE  ROBERT YOUNG

in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Vivid Drama of Today

Three Comrades

with GUY KIBBEE • LIONEL ATWILL • HENRY HULL

A FRANK BORZAGE Production • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Directed by FRANK BORZAGE • Produced by Joseph L. Mankiewicz

Screenplay by F. Scott Fitzgerald and Edward E. Paramore
LIGHT-PROOF FACE POWDER!

The greatest make-up improvement in years.

LUXOR powder is light-proof. If you use it, your face will not shine.

TRIAL BOX SENT POSTPAID FOR A DIME!

- At parties, do you instinctively avoid certain lights that you can just feel are playing havoc with your complexion? All that trouble with fickle make-up will be overcome when you finish with powder whose particles do not glint in every strong light.

- Many women think they have a shiny skin, when the shine is due entirely to their powder!

- With a finishing touch of light-proof powder, your complexion will not constantly be light-struck. In any light. Day or night. Nor will you have to worry over shine.

SEEING IS BELIEVING

You have doubtless bought expensive boxes of powder on claims and promises, only to find that you wasted the money. You don't run much risk with Luxor, because your first box will cost you only ten cents!

Test it in all lights, day and night—under all conditions. See for yourself the lovely softness and absence of shine when you use light-proof powder. See how it subdued those highlights of cheek-bones and chin, and nose.

LUXOR, Ltd., Chicago
Send me a trial box of Luxor light-proof powder, postpaid. I enclose 10c (youler dime).
Name
St. & No.
P. O. 
(ThIs offer not good in Canada)

BEST news of the recording month is Morton Downey's return to the black platters. Decca signed him and he's turned out two records in the style that made him the air's Number One Star. The first, When Day Is Done and End Of A Perfect Day. The other, Lové Old Sweet Song and Home Sweet Home (Decca). You'll like them.

SWING YOUR PARTNER

Jimmy Dorsey's is the outfit that takes first place in the jitter-bug division. Best of his new ones are Doctor Rhythm and On the Sentimental Side (Decca). Smoke From A Chimney backed by My First Impression of You are very rhythmic jobs . . . . Thomas Dorsey offers Shine On Harvest Moon and Oh Promise Me (Victor). Shining, too, in his Annie Laurie and More Than Ever, with Jack Leonard. My, my—what a musical family these Dorsey's are . . .

Unique and very authentic is the work of Bert Shefter and his Rhythm Octet in two originals, Tamin' The Devil and The Aeroplane and the Bee (Brunswick) . . . . Still leader in his class is Bob Crosby. Particularly when he produces something like Just Strolling (Decca). On the back is Kay Weber's It's Wonderful . . . An exhibition of what that Dixieland rhythm sounded like originally is to be had in Please Be Kind and oooOH! BOOM! (Bluebird). The music is by the Original Dixieland Band.

An elegant performance is Coosie Williams' Echoes of Harlem and Have a Heart (Vocalion) . . . Chick Webb is glorified on a 12-inch Decca of Hallelujah and I Want To Be Happy. He and Ella Fitzgerald glorify those two reliables . . . A band that has been a little neglected is the Hudson-Delange outfit. They shouldn't be, if you can judge from their Definition of Swing and Off Again, On Again (Brunswick) . . . B. Goodman turns in a very nice job on One O'Clock Jump and Don't Be That Way (Victor) . . . And a Quintet that is just as interesting as Benny's Chamber Music Department is Adrian Rollini's. They're exhibited in I've Hitched My Wagon to a Star and True Confession (Decca) . . . The instrumentalists get a break in Benny Berigan's Piano Tuner Man (Victor) and Louis Armstrong's Trumpet Player's Lament (Decca). Both are swell. Bunny plays Heigh-Ho on the other side and Louis does Sweet As A Song . . . Discounting the fact that Connie Boswell started it, Larry Clinton's Martha is still interesting. So is his I Dreamt I Dwelt In Marble Halls (Victor) . . . If you want to hear what a composer does to his own tune, get Mike Riley's oooOH! BOOM! Still under the Round and round influence, he couples it with You're Giving Me The Run-A-Round (Decca).

CHANGE YOUR MOOD

It's easy with Guy Lombardo's Ti-Pi-Tin and Let's Sail To Dreamland (Victor). Just as danceable are his The Old Apple Tree and In The Neighborhood Of Heaven . . . The smooth Casa Loma rhythm-salesmen show to advantage in This Is My Night To Dream, sung lovely by Kenny Sargent, and My Heart Is Taking Lessons, taught by Pee Wee Hunt (Decca).

It's time somebody did something about the musical tricksters who spoil melodies with instrumental gymnastics. Probably the worst offender is Horace Heidt. Any of his records are good—or bad—examples. Blue Barron is another of these lads. He imitates every style from Lombardo to Dorsey. Hear At A Perfume Counter and Did An Angel Kiss You? (Bluebird), and you'll see what I mean . . . Then Heidt and Richard Himber attempt to give their impressions of favorite bands. Heidt in Guess Right (Brunswick) and Himber in Parade of Bands (Victor). As far as I can discover, both records are merely parodies of bad music.

VOCALS

His new Dr. Rhythm cinema gives Bing Crosby the chance to chant My Heart Is Taking Lessons and On The Sentimental Side (Decca). And Bing chants charmingly . . . Novel are the tunes (most of which are banned from the air) from Pins and Needles, the Manhattan musical success. Nita Carol and Alan Holt, of the cast, sing One Big Union For Two, Sunday In The Park, Sing Me A Song With Significance and Chain Store Daisy (Bluebird).

The best feminine work of the month is Mildred Bailey's With Husband. Red Norvo's band in the background, she presents It's Wonderful and Always and Al-Roads (Brunswick). She also does plenty all right by I Was Doing All Right and Love Is Here To Stay . . . Good swing is to be had with Donald Jackson and the Three Rhythm Maniacs on Honeyuckle Rose and Swing, Cats, Swing (Decca) . . . Raising feminine standards, too, is Midge Williams. Hear for yourself with The Greatest Of My Life and Good Night Angel (Vocalion).

FOR you serious collectors, Toscanini's (The sensational NBC maestro) offering of Beethoven's Sixth Symphony is recommended. Victor album M-417; the orchestra is the British Broadcasting Company's . . . Sir Thomas Beecham conducts the London Philharmonic in Mozart's 40th Symphony (Columbia 316). It's a fine performance . . . Reginald Foresythe, composer of the famous Serenade To A Wealthy Widow, has recorded Two Hymns To Darkness (Columbia), his own work . . . A great violinist offers two favorites: Fritz Kreisler with Tambourine Chinois and Caprice Viennese (Decca). A record you should own is Paderewski's interpretation of Haydn's Theme and Variation in F Minor (Victor) . . . Waltz Of The Kiss and Waltz Of The Flowers, two more favorites, are played by the Milan Symphony (Columbia) . . . A beautiful recording is the Columbia Album X-90 of the Bach Concerto in D Minor for two violins and orchestra.
"Once I was a lady of leisure—with nothing to do but go to parties if I felt like it... take it easy if I didn’t. But those days are gone forever! It was in the cards, I guess. You know the saying—‘Friday’s child is loving and giving... Saturday’s child works hard for a living.’ That’s me!”

"Now I model clothes—at a shop where I used to buy them! And whew!—the weary miles we models trudge! Up and down... back and forth... shoulders back, ‘tummy’ in, head high!”

"Naturally ‘certain days’ are worse than others. But I soon learned from the other models how to make those days a lot easier! They introduced me to Modess—and, believe me, when you’re on your feet all day, a napkin that doesn’t chafe makes a world of difference!"

If you’d like to know why Modess is more comfortable... just cut a pad two. Feel that filler? It’s like the skin on a duck! So soft and fluffy—entirely different from napkins made of crépey, close-packed layers.”

"And—how much safer! Prove it for yourself. Take the moisture-proof backing from inside a Modess pad and drop water on it! That will show you why you need never worry again about ruining a dress... or being embarrassed.”

"Then—if you’re earning your own living and have to count the pennies, as I do... here’s some more good news. Modess is easy on the pay envelope! Honestly—for all its greater comfort and security—Modess costs no more than any other nationally known napkin! So—take a tip from me and buy yourself a box of Modess today.”

Get in the habit of saying "Modess!"
RADIO STARS

Feminine Hygiene
made easy

THE MODERN METHOD
Norforms are ready for use. There's nothing to mix, nothing to measure. You don't have to worry about an "overdose" or "burn." No apparatus is needed to apply Norforms. They are the modern way to feminine hygiene.

Norforms have revolutionized feminine hygiene—made it simple, convenient and easy. These antiseptic suppositories are very easy to use...much more convenient and satisfactory than the old methods of achieving inner cleanliness. They leave no embarrassing antiseptic odor around the room or about your person.

Norforms melt at internal body temperature, releasing a concentrated yet non-irritating antiseptic film that remains in prolonged and effective contact. This antiseptic—anhydro-p-hydroxy-mercuri-metacresol—called Parahydrecin for short—is available in no other product for feminine hygiene. Norforms are positively antiseptic and non-irritating.

MILLIONS USED EVERY YEAR
Send for the new Norforms booklet, "Feminine Hygiene Made Easy." Or, buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today. 12 in a package, complete with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, New York; Toronto, Canada; makers of Uningine.

Norforms

© N. P. C. 1930 Known to Physicians as "Vagiforms"

1. Dick Powell refused a "double" for his steer-throwing sequence in Cowboy From Brooklyn. First he jams the steer’s head against his thigh.

3. (Above) He keeps twisting and pulling down the steer's head. 4. (Below) Finally the animal is downed. It takes a lot of strength.
2. Next he takes the steer by the horns, pulling one in toward his body, pushing the other away.

NO DOUBLE FOR DICK!

When it comes to taking the bull by the horns, Dick Powell is right there.

5. Nor does Dick need help with his singing. There's no finer voice heard in radio or on the screen.

PERHAPS YOU, TOO, are missing out on fun by wearing misfit makeup... unrelated cosmetics that clash, that can't possibly look well together... or on you. Yet it's so unnecessary... with the new Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup. For here's...

MAKEUP THAT MATCHES... face powder, rouge, and lipstick... eye makeup, too... in color-harmonized sets. And here's makeup that matches you... for it's keyed to your true personality color, the color that never changes, the color of your eyes.

NOW YOU CAN BE SURE your skin, your hair, your eyes look their loveliest, because you're following Nature's color plan for you! Stage and screen stars, beauty editors, fashion experts approve Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup. Thousands of women who have tried it agree it's the way to immediate new beauty. THE PRICE IS LOW. Start now to build your matched set. Buy that lipstick... or rouge, face powder, eye shadow, or mascara... in Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup... only 55c each in Canada 65c). Your drug or department store recommends this makeup, advises:

BLUE... wear DRESDEN type
GRAY... wear PATRICIAN type
BROWN... wear PARISIAN type
HAZEL... wear CONTINENTAL type

STEFING OUT TONIGHT? Don't risk misfit makeup! Be lovelier... be happier... in makeup that matches... makeup that matches you!

MARVELOUS EYE-MATCHED MAKEUP by Richard Hudnut

Mail coupon NOW for Marvelous Makeup, keyed to your eyes! See how much lovelier you'll be with makeup that matches... and matches you.

Richard Hudnut, Dept. M
595 Fifth Avenue, New York City

I enclose 10 cents to help cover mailing costs. Send me Tryout Kit of Marvelous Makeup, harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick for my type, as checked below:

[ ] My eyes are
[ ] Blue  [ ] Brown
[ ] Gray  [ ] Hazel

Address
City  State
You can win any male guest with an old fashioned chocolate cake like this. Men like the simpler dishes.

(Left) Dale Carnegie in his dining-room. (Below) With his dog, Rex. Charm, naturalness and the serving of good food, he says, make a perfect hostess.

"IT has been said that eating is one of the most enduring satisfactions of life! And I'm inclined to agree. Furthermore, I've found it to be a fact that everyone's food tastes, throughout his entire life, reflect the things he most enjoyed eating as a child."

The helpfully informative person whom I was just quoting is Dale Carnegie, author of the edifying best-seller, How to Win Friends and Influence People. The self-same Dale Carnegie of course, whose broadcasts for Colgate over the NBC Red-Network every Tuesday evening at 10:15 EDT have been followed with such keen interest by ambitious men everywhere.

This time, however, Mr. Carnegie was no counseling the men folk, to whom his success talks are generally addressed. Instead, at my urgent request, he had stepped out of his usual role in order to give some constructive advice to the ladies. Advice which, as it happily turned out, concerned itself mostly with hospitality that is, with the right and wrong way to entertain. And since I realized that, through the very nature of his work at the Institute he heads Mr. Carnegie knows a great deal about men's tastes, preferences and dislikes, during our interview at his house I concentrated upon questions designed to show how we gals in our role of hostess-in-the-home can "impress" our masculine guests. Whether they are our husband's friends, our friends' husbands or our own husband-to-be!

So here we have it—a man's eye view of the things the lady of the house should and should
not do when there are guests for dinner or the evening. The opinions, moreover of, one who, starting out as a farm boy in Missouri, has carved for himself an important career just through studying people's reactions to one another and to their environment; and in advising them how to make the most of their opportunities.

Do you, when you entertain, make the most of your opportunities? Do your guests acclaim the naturalness, the charm and the tact you show as a hostess? Can you win friends and influence people through your gracious hospitality?

It isn't nearly the difficult task that so many women seem to make it out to be, either, according to Dale Carnegie. Don't get me wrong, though; he neither minimizes the importance of entertaining nor the amount of effort entailed. It is simply that he feels we don't have the picture quite clearly focused in our minds, judging by the way we go at it.

But let's see just what Mr. Carnegie has to offer in the line of constructive suggestions. Suggestions given "across the table" in the dining-room of his unpretentious suburban home and made with a delightful ease, and a notable memory for incidents, facts and quotations, as well as with the ingratiating smile which you see pictured here. Incidentally, as a host he practices what he preaches—which I've found is not always the case with people who specialize in advising others!

"Hospitality," according to our guide and mentor, "should not be thought of as depending entirely upon the quality of the food that is served."

I'll interrupt here, however, to say that Mr. Carnegie had some excellent ideas along the food line, too, and that his housekeeper, Hilda, was most generous about giving me recipes for his favorite dishes, which you'll find printed here on page 52. All of which things we'll come to in good time, in their rightful place and given their proper emphasis. But for the present we will concern ourselves with the question of making our guests feel so completely "at home" that the mere question of eating is a lesser consideration.

"Remember that your duties as a hostess," continued Mr. Carnegie, "begin at the very front door where your greeting should convey how much you appreciate anyone's leaving (Continued on page 82)
CANDIDS

Paul Whiteman has string instruments in his orchestra by request of his sponsor, though he'd rather not. Note the fancy sports jacket!

Helen Menken, winner of Radio Stars' medal for her acting in Second Husband, shows it to the cast, producer and announcer.

Edgar Bergen, who left Charlie at home, had a fine time with Dorothy Lamour at the annual Turf Club Ball in Los Angeles.

"Thrilling with Spring Costume colors," says
JOAN BENNETT
charming star of I Met My Love Again

CONGO is fascinating...utterly feminine...in tune with Fashion! Congo is Glazo's newest nail polish success—an enchanting deep orchid-rose picked by stylists to harmonize with the season's blues, grays and beige.

Wherever you go you'll see Congo. It's a color men admire, too. Accent your costume with this latest, perfect shade. And remember Glazo's other smart new colors: TROPIC...SPICE...CABANA. Each is a gem of beauty. You'll love their variety!

GLAZO'S NEW Perfectly Polish

1. LONGER WEAR—lasts for days and days without peeling, chipping or fading! Meets the demand for a slightly heavier polish that really clings to the nails.

2. EASE OF APPLICATION—every drop goes on evenly. Will not streak or run.

3. BRILLIANT LUSTRE—won't fade in sun or water.

Get Glazo's new, exciting colors—CONGO, SPICE, CABANA and TROPIC—at all drug counters, in extra large sizes at...... 25¢
RADIO STARS

PORE-POCKED NOSE!

Andy Devine makes a face to match his very unique voice. (Below) Tommy Riggs with his leading lady, Dorothea Kent.

On the Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse set, Edward G. Robinson lunches hastily on tea-and.

Watch the Pores on Your Nose!
Largest Pores on Your Body—A Stern Test of Your Cleansing Methods

Gorgeous figure—lovely face—but the whole effect ruined by Pore-Pocked Nose! All because she carelessly permitted those large nose pores to fill up with dirt and waste matter and become coarse and unsightly!

You must keep these pores C-L-E-A-N! Not merely surface clean. You need that deep under-layer cleansing that penetrates the mouths of your pores and lifts out hidden dirt that may have accumulated for months. It is this dirt that causes trouble. It becomes embedded and grimy—may breed tiny skin infections or result in blackheads, bumps and coarse, rough skin!

Lady Esther Face Cream penetrates this under-layer dirt. It breaks up the embedded packs in the mouths of your pores and makes them easily removable. Just look at your cloth when you wipe Lady Esther Cream away. You'll be astounded at the amount of dirt that was hidden away! In just a short time your skin is glowing in clean and smooth—alive with vibrant freshness and beauty.

Make this Free Test
Let me prove, at my expense, that Lady Esther Cream will cleanse and soften your skin better than any method you have ever used. Just mail the coupon below and I'll send you a generous sample of Lady Esther Face Cream, free and postpaid. I'll also send all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Mail the coupon now.

Lady Esther, 7110 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois

Please send me your generous supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

Name:__________________________

Address:_______________________

City:___________________________ State:__________________________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)
UNSIGHTLY HAIR SPOILS YOUR CHARM

Rinse It Off This Quick, Easy Way!

This season's shorter skirts . . . sheer stockings . . . and modern bathing suits . . . keep women's legs in the spotlight. See that yours are always smooth and feminine. Avoid unsightly hair!

Simply spread NEET (like a cold cream) on unwanted hair. Then rinse off with water—that's all. NEET gently, safely removes hair invisibly close to the skin surface. It leaves your arms and legs satinsmooth. NEET—used by millions of women—is easier and safer than shaving.

Avoid Bristly Razor Stubble

NEET eliminates bristly re-growth that follows shaving—sharp-edged stubble that may snag stockings. NEET ends danger of cuts—prevents razor-roughened skin.

For lovely legs and arms—with no unsightly hair—get NEET today! At your drug or department store. Generous trial size at all ten-cent stores.

Before returning to New York, Rudy dined with Jack L. Warner, of Warner Brothers, and girl friend Judy Stewart.

TO understand Hollywood one should understand what it is saying. To the average person this may be a bit of a problem, inasmuch as the speech of the film capital is further complicated by studio jargon, which is as simple as Greek to the uninitiated.

I have been around the studios a great length of time in a visiting and working capacity, and yet it was only the other day that I discovered the meaning of a word peculiar to Hollywood—a word that would be peculiar anywhere—

His leading lady in Golddiggers in Paris, now finished, is Gloria Dickson who is the fiancée of Perc Westmore.
whodunit."

And, curiously enough, I didn't tumble onto its meaning in a chat
in studio "grips" or "props," but rather in a movie I saw. It means a
mystery motion picture and is based
on a rather simple question phrased
rather bad grammar. In other
words, "Who did the killing?" "Who
said it?" Which, naturally, in certain
ands, would be phrased as, "Who
one it?" But three words are two
so many for busy picture people, so
finally becomes "whodunit" and
ands for movie mystery.

THERE are three other words
ed a lot in Hollywood that I'd like
explain to you, because their vast
ference in meaning isn't generally
preciated.

They are: Preview—Opening—Pre-
rière.

Specifically, a Preview is an unan-
bounced (the picture's title does not
pear on the marquee outside of the
tre) peek by an audience at a
and new picture that's about to be
leased—but which has not been. In
e main, it affords the picture's pro-
cers an opportunity to see what an
age audience thinks of their ef-
. Usually these previews occur
me time during the evening after
main scheduled feature has been
jected. (Continued on page 68)

Willingly, studying a song, went "slightly
lywood" in dress while out there.

The beauty cream of young Holly-
wood Stars is Germ-Free—helps
keep skin clear of blemishes

LIKE many glamorous film stars, Fay Wray
has a simple beauty program to thank
for her radiant "Camera Skin." First, nour-
ishing foods and plenty of rest. Second, daily use of Woodbury's Cold Cream.
Her beauty cream retains its germ-free
purity as long as it lasts. On the skin, itself, Woodbury's inhibits germ-life, thus
lessens the risk of blemishes and faults.

The soothing oils in Woodbury's Cold Cream help give the skin the softness of
velvet. And skin-stimulating Vitamin D
enlivens the skin, speeds up its breathing.

Why not put Fay Wray's beauty program
to work for your complexion? Woodbury's
Cold Cream only $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

FAY WRAY in the Uni-
versal picture "The Jury's
Secret", with Kent Tay-
or. She says: "The clearer
the skin, the brighter the
star. Besides cleansing,
one's skin deserves its
own beauty diet. Wood-
bruy's Cold Cream is part
of my skin's daily diet."

Send for Trial Tubes of Woodbury's Creams
John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6790 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
(In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario
Please send me trial tubes of Woodbury's Cold and
Facial Creams, 2 shades of Woodbury's Facial Powder;
guest-size Woodbury's Facial Soap. I enclose 10¢ to cover
mailing costs.

Name
Street
City State
RADIO STARS

DUNKING DOUGHNUT:

George Burns told wife Gracie Allen to "Go dunk a doughnut," so she invented a "stringing along with you" technique to pep up the great indoor sport.

Because her brother told her the doughnuts were tough, Gracie brought her boxing gloves. George, looking strained, shows how a gentleman does...
Gracie tries chop-sticks next. Do the Chinese have a word for this?

Test she be light-fingered like her brother, Gracie uses a weight.

Gracie says she's nipping away. George will tell you "Lysol" has been used in many hospitals and clinics for years as an effective anti-septic douche. Directions for use are on each bottle.

Neglect of intimate cleanliness may rob the loveliest woman of her charm... Use "Lysol" for feminine hygiene.

One lesson life teaches a woman is the need for complete intimate daintiness.

A man wants to think of the woman whose love and companionship he seeks as his dream of feminine loveliness... fresh and exquisite at all times. But, without realizing it, there are times when even perfumes, baths and beauty aids may fail to make you attractive—if you neglect the practice of feminine hygiene. Many experienced family doctors know that this neglect has wrecked the happiness of countless marriages.

Don't risk offending in this most personal way. Be sure of complete exquisiteness. Follow the "Lysol" method of efficient feminine hygiene.

Ask your own doctor about "Lysol" disinfectant. He will tell you "Lysol" has been used in many hospitals and clinics for years as an effective anti-septic douche. Directions for use are on each bottle.

Six reasons for using "Lysol" for feminine hygiene—

1—Non-Caustic... "Lysol" in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness... "Lysol" is a powerful germicide, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading... "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually search out germs.

4—Economy... "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor... The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability... "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, how often it is uncorked.

Also, try Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands and complexion. It’s cleansing, deodorant.

What Every Woman Should Know

SEND THIS COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

LEHN & FINK Products Corp.,
Dept. 6-R, S., Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol."

Name:

Address:

City State

Copyright 1936 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.
They give you **FRESH** Faces

They Keep Stars Fresh!
Who keeps your favorite movie star looking so **FRESH**?
Why, it's those geniuses of make-up! They give you **FRESH** faces on the screen, as **Old Gold** gives you **FRESHNESS** in cigarettes.

**Old Gold** gives you **FRESH** CIGARETTES

**HOURS** waiting "on the lot". Dust and dirt. The heat of Kleig lights. Yet a screen star... to retain her charm and appeal... must be **utterly fresh** the instant she steps before the camera.

Cigarettes face that freshness problem, too. They travel far to reach you; and along the way they're beset by dryness, dampness, dust. Yet a cigarette... to retain its charm and appeal... must be **utterly fresh** the instant you put a match to it.

Hollywood spends a fortune to guard the freshness of its stars. We spend a fortune to guard the freshness of our star... **Double-Mellow Old Gold**.

We put an **extra** jacket of costly moisture-proof Cellophane around every **Old Gold** package. Thus, double-wrapped and double-sealed, **Old Gold**'s mellow prize crop tobaccos are protected from staleness. Every **Old Gold** reaches you exactly as we make it... and that's as fine as a cigarette can be made.

**TUNE IN** on **Old Gold's Hollywood Screencasts**, Tues. and Thurs. nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

Here's why the O.G. package keeps 'em fresh

**Outer Cellophane Jacket**
Opens from the Bottom
Sealing the Top

**Inner Jacket**
Opens at the Top
Sealing the Bottom

Copyright, 1936, by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

Amos 'n' Andy, pioneer radio stars, recently celebrated their tenth air birthday.

Mercedes McCambridge, 21 and, known as Mercy, is heard on numerous **NBC** dramas.

Just like any average girl, The Songshop's Alice Cornett does her personal laundry.
The accordion which Phil uses was especially manufactured for him in Italy. Strangely enough, it works "backwards."

Phil Baker is heard every Sunday evening at 7:30 EDST over the Columbia Broadcasting System. He started his radio career on St. Patrick's Day in 1933 and was a hit.

Bottle is actually Harry McNaughton, an Englishman who was a favorite in England before coming to America. He's been with Phil since his air début.

Ever since March, 1933, when he made his first appearance before a microphone, Phil Baker, thanks to his personality, originality and material, has been one of radio's few outstanding comedians. He originated and popularized the heckling "stooge" type of comedy on the air, just as he did in the theatre. In fact, his characters of Beetle and Bottle are almost as well known as himself. And simply because of Phil's unselfishness in giving sure-fire laugh lines to others.

He started his stage career as a musician. He played the accordion, although he never took a lesson in his life. Good fortune first smiled on Phil when he teamed with Ben Bernie in vaudeville. Their act was tremendously successful. But it was not until he left Ben and did a "single" that his great gift of humor really became famous.

Phil, decidedly a family man, is the father of three children. Mrs. Baker is the former stage star, Peggy Cartwright.

Phil's humor is never offensive. He knows how to get laughs without resorting to off-color material. Radio listeners depend on him to cheer them up. And he never lets them down. His purpose in life is to make people happy and he has succeeded brilliantly.

To Phil Baker, of the Good Gulf Program, Radio Stars Magazine presents its award for Distinguished Service To Radio.
STRAIGHT FROM THE COLD SHOULDER!

JOHN BARRYMORE
"... through frequent and varied air appearances, he has justified a demand that he be given a program of his own..."

MARTHA RAYE
"... good when she sings, bad when she wisecracks with Professor Jolson..."
IF swiftish Glenn Cunningham were to stop abruptly, in the midst of one of his record-breaking mile runs, and exhort the spectators to buy *Purple Pills For Power*, it would be no less disconcerting than is Boake Carter's irritating practice of switching from massacres in China to *Huskies* in bowls.

Careful Carter!

FROM London comes something foreign to U. S. radio sets—dirty jokes.

Via WOR, the London Palace Of Varieties presented a number of inferior vaudeville artists of the type who contributed to the demise of that institution in this country. In this company was comedian George Robey, whose stature abroad is equivalent to W. C. Fields' here.

Robey went in for double entendre so much that finally he found it necessary to complain that people always took his jokes the wrong way. To prove it, he told the one about the couple who registered at a hotel as man and wife. The man asked his alleged wife a question as he was signing the register and she answered: "Yes, sir."

But, Robey explained, they really were married. However the explanation came after the audience had snickered, enjoyed the salacious hint. That particular gag was dirty enough to be used in an Earl Carroll blackout years ago.

Then he told the one about the old maid who arrived at a neighbor's house just as they were giving the baby a bath. Said the old maid: "If my memory serves me right that's a boy . . . ."

And someone said the British Broadcasting Corporation was strait-laced and dull! So was Minsky's . . . .

LET pianist Alec Templeton take unto himself the Decoration of the Order Of Originality, first class, for his vocal and pianistic imitation of a short wave broadcast not coming over so well. His mimicking of the peculiar sound effects coincidental to poor short wave reception was superb.

UP until now the Mollé-Vox Pop broadcast has kept to light questions that were in good taste, but the other night they slipped. Slipped when Wally Buttersworth asked a young man if there were any black sheep in his family. Apart from being impertinent, a question of this order would be apt to embarrass some people to the extent of causing pain. Let producer Morry Hamilton watch over his charges more closely.

THE best W. C. Fields imitator, barring none, is Hearst radio editor, Dinty Doyle.

SCRAWLS FROM THE BACKS OF OLD ENVELOPES

Glenn Morris, Eleanor Holm Jarrett's film *Tarzan*, was once employed in the NRC Special Events section. After a decathlon his heart was in such bad condition that at intervals he would become pale and ill, have to be rushed to a doctor . . . Let's thank Joe Penner for using sweet-voiced Gene Austin . . . John Barrymore, through frequent and varied appearances, has justified a demand that he be given a program of (Continued on page 74).
Fannie's childhood desire to play Topsy in Uncle Tom's Cabin inspired her to create Baby Snooks for the stage 17 years ago.

BY GLADYS HALL

FANNIE BRICE'S SECRET OF HOW TO KEEP SMILING

Her air version of Baby Snooks makes America laugh even when Fannie doesn’t feel mirthful herself. Keeping her grin is an art.
Eleanor Holm, swimming champion, radio singer and Tarzan's latest film mate, announced her engagement to Billy Rose while still Mrs. Art Jarrett. But Fannie hasn't yet divorced Billy.

Show producer Billy Rose married Fannie about eight years ago. Previously she was wed to a barber named White, whom she divorced in 1912, and to Nicky Arnstein, from 1919 until 1927.

Editor's Note: Mortal upheavals are enough to get my woman down, but not Fannie. Three times she's tried and three times she's failed, yet the Brice smile was not been dimmed.

Not many people know that she was once married to a barber named White, and that the union terminated in 1912.

Her next venture was more difficult to laugh off. In 1919 she married notorious Nicky Arnstein, loved him blindly though he was unworthy of such love. Some screaming headlines of a five million dollar bond robbery, and Nicky disappeared. For two years Fannie believed him innocent, though she did not know where he was. She was in the Ziegfeld Follies at the time, and Fannie's smile, like the show, had to go on. Not until she sang My Man from the stage did her public realize what kept her fortified against despair. After two years, Nicky returned to New York and voluntarily surrendered to the police. In October, 1925, he was condemned to Leavenworth, where he remained or two more years. Fannie waited for his release, and to resume life with Nicky, but things were not the same. In 1927 she sued for a divorce, charging cruelty.

Around 1930 Fannie became the wife of Billy Rose, producer of spectacular shows. They were seemingly happy until recently, when a strange announcement appeared in the papers. It was that Eleanor Holm, swimming champion, intended to marry Billy. Fannie was taken completely unaware. So was Eleanor's hus-

band, Art Jarrett, who immediately sued for divorce. If this state of affairs disturbed Fannie, it was not at all evident. She continued with her screen and radio work and the smile was not less bright. Though they are separated, neither Fannie nor Billy has started divorce proceedings as we go to press. Rumor has it, however, that Fannie may surrender the title of Mrs. Billy Rose in the near future. Still, the smile carries on. Herewith, in an exclusive interview with Gladys Hall, Fannie explains why:

"I KEEP SMILING," said Fannie almost sharply, "because I can't bear anyone to feel sorry for me. And this is a secret, or has been up to now. It's the secret of why I keep smiling. How I keep smiling is another story, we'll come to that later . . . No one has ever seen me cry. No one will. I'd kill anyone who put their hands about me and gave me a 'Gee, I'm sorry for you, kid.' Just let anyone try to pity me! I'm even embarrassed when other people cry. I never know where to look or what to do or what to say.
(Continued on page 56)
(Above) Frank’s stage and screen experience has made him a connoisseur of pulchritude. Upon visiting New York’s International Casino, he decided to judge the show girls.

(Below, left) Surrounded by the eight most eligible, Frank takes down measurements and makes notes in best contest style. (Right) Two girls receive close inspection.
CAN YOU PICK THE WINNER?

Frank Parker becomes a beauty judge, but do you agree with his choice? Turn to page 79 and see

If long legs are any criterion of beauty, this young lady need have no serious fears.
9. Virginia Torrell, NBC singing and dramatic starlet, although only fifteen, is a veteran broadcaster.
1. Jack Benny recently visited Phil Harris at the Palomar and played a few numbers with Phil's band.

2. Kate Smith, with Jack Miller and Ted Straeter, gives a cake at each broadcast to a lucky ticket-holder.

3. Allan Jones with two of his prize thoroughbreds, Smokey and Big Boy. Raising horses is Allan's hobby.


5. Lanny Ross just celebrated his 32nd birthday. With him are Mrs. Ross, Phil Baker and Rosalind Russell.

6. Don Ameche and his wife are race-track enthusiasts. Here they are at the Turf Club at Santa Anita, Cal.


8. Eddy Duchin and Benny Goodman, outstanding bandleaders, enjoy a laugh over a tricky musical score.
Jack Benny worries over his scripts, rehearsals and each program. When one is over, he starts worrying about the next. Ad-libbing by himself and cast puts him in stitches.

BY ARTHUR MASON

Marie Louise Quevli, frequently heard on Continental Varieties, competed in the Metropolitan Opera Auditions of the Air. Now she wants an opera career.
WHEN you hear of all that money coming in, you wonder what the radio and movie stars do with it. Here’s a sample—a little exceptional, to be sure, but it’s an idea:

Jon Hall was paid $2,000 recently for one appearance on Kate Smith’s program in New York during an interval between pictures in Hollywood. He has two agents, one for business and one for legal affairs, each of whom gets ten percent of his earnings. There went $400. Under his movie contract, he had to surrender half of his outside salaries. Deductions, so far, total $1,400.

He had to travel from Hollywood to New York and in the de luxe style that movie stars use. The cost would be around $300, round trip, with extra fares, meals on the train, etc. He couldn’t go to just any hotel in New York. Appearances must be kept up, so the few days spent in rehearsal and broadcast were another $100. That left Mr. Hall $200 profit for his appearance on the Kate Smith show, which made him one of the lowest-profit actors of the whole cast that week, in spite of all his movie reputation.

Imagine what he said when the income tax (California, New York and federal) men came around to levy on that $200. (He had to pay rent in Hollywood, too.)

HERE’S another reason why radio programs can’t get anyone they want for a certain week. An NBC Sunday afternoon program titled Radio Newsreel came across a Philadelphia schoolboy named Donald Duck. The kids in school all teased the boy and he seemed material for an amusing radio interview. NBC has a rule that all interview prospects must be approved in advance.

This case seemed simple, so the young man from Radio Newsreel came blithely up to NBC with the clipping about the little boy named Donald Duck.

“Well,” was the cautious reply, “Walt Disney has been very cagey about allowing use of the Mickey Mouse name. Maybe you better get his approval.”

Mickey Mouse is in the New York phone book so the young man telephoned the number.

“Mickey Mouse, good morning,” said a young lady. It was a little confusing but the young man asked questions and finally was connected with an executive on another floor. There was some hemming and hawing about whether a Philadelphia schoolboy named Donald Duck was entitled to the name, even if it was his own. Finally decision came that the Mickey Mouse office would not object if Mickey Mouse’s sponsors on the radio, the Pepsi dent Company, didn’t mind.

The sponsors were telephoned in their New York office and the young man was referred to the Chicago office. He knew an answer to that one. His company had a Chicago office, too. He dumped the whole thing in its expansive Middle-Western lap. The Chicago office started phoning and found the whole difficulty vanishing like nothing. Of course, the Pepsi dent Company didn’t mind!

The Philadelphia boy’s name was Donald Duck, wasn’t it?

The young man in New York took all the chapters of his story back to NBC. They agreed he had lived up to all conditions and granted him permission to go ahead and arrange an interview with the little boy, aged seven, named Donald (Continued on page 70)
KEEPING THE BOYS IN TRIM

Don't let him frighten you. It's only sax player Freddie Stulce swingin' on the parallel bars.

Tommy Dorsey finds it's wise to keep musicians fit as fiddles for the best in swing.

(Right) Skeets Herfurt, saxophonist, on the chin bar, looks as if he needs rescuing in a big way.

Howard Smid, pianist in the Tommy Dorsey band, is a dead-eye shot with the basketball. He made this one.

Girl vocalist Edythe Wright, really one of the boys, keeps in trim with sun baths at the beach.
Earl Hagen, 18-year-old trombonist, is a wizard on rings. Playing a trombone seems exercise enough.

Trumpeter Lee Castaldo finds the best way to keep fit is the difficult exercise of rope climbing. Try it.

(Above) On the wrestling mat, guitarist Carmen Maestren pins trombonist Les Jenkins with a toe-hold.

Tommy Dorsey, himself, claims he gets enough exercise on his farm, so he plays table tennis.
Jean Colbert, who is featured on the MBS program Twenty Years Ago and Today, shows how a typical American girl of 1918 began a day.

1. The 1918 Jean awakes in a long-sleeved cotton nightie and hair-ribbon. 2. Modestly, she puts on a heavy silk stocking. 3. She sings a morning hymn. 4. Squeezing into a tight-waisted skirt wasn't easy. 5. All set for the day, in chic attire à la 1918.
HAVE CHANGED!

1. Today Jean sleeps in silk.
2. She wears sheer stockings.
3. In a gay striped blouse, her day starts with a rousing swing tune.
4. Man-tailored suits are quite stylish and cigarettes are no longer forbidden.
5. A modernized miss of 1938 is not so modest. She wears a satin slip and has zipper skirts.
Frances Langford rests better when prettied up. The Hollywood Hotel vocalist has a new hair-do.

Lum 'n' Abner write their own scripts, do their own sound effects and answer mail.

IN THE
News views of network stars

The Ranch Boys, Shorty Carson, Curley Bradley and Jack Ross, were real cowpunchers.
A few years ago Lucille Manners worked as a stenographer to earn voice-lesson money.

Three CBS singers, Nan Wynn, Barry Wood and Howard Phillips, are swimming enthusiasts.

RADIO SPOTLIGHT
showing them enjoying their work, moments of relaxation and time for play

Film actress Judith Allen (right) was guest of Betty Bennett and tiny Jackie Heller.

Doris Rhodes first sang with Henry Busse's orchestra. Now she has two CBS solo spots.
Louis Biamonte, "Toots" Mondello and Ed Powell, saxophonists, make music with medicine bottles.

THE BANDWAGON

THE band business is a highly competitive one, but there is a certain leader who is the favorite of the majority of the boys. Strictly, he isn’t a dance maestro, yet his dance arrangements are the best you’ll hear. He also knows how to swing out on a chorus of Beethoven.

Andre Kostelanetz is the name, and he will go to any length to get the perfect musical effect. That’s one of the reasons for his success.

On a recent broadcast, for example, he played an arrangement called “Movie Music.” Unusual effects were needed and Kostelanetz worked a week to devise them.

One he used was a small, red rubber hose. He had a saxophonist pinch the end of the hose, blow into the other end and play the tune of Popeye, The Sailorman. He created another effect with six medicine bottles filled to varying heights with water. The three saxophonists abandoned their orthodox instruments, blew into the bottles and out came another tune. The shopping for those effects was done at the corner drug-store.

One sound he uses, though, hurts the sensitive Kostelanetz ear. It is produced by an obsolete instrument called the “rothophone,” a cross between an anaemic saxophone and a flute. He says it should be called a “rotten-phone”—but its wheezy tone is a good one.

Andre thinks the best effects are usually the easiest ones. He ends his orchestration of Good Night, Ladies, for example, with the slam of a door—a real one. One of his most famous tags goes with Church Mouse on a Spree. He went around to a 53rd Street hardware store, bought two mouse-traps—one for a spare—and had Violinist Ocko snap the steel catch into a microphone to end the number.

He polished off his arrangement of Raymond Scott’s Powerhouse by sounding a whistle. It was a whistle he bought in a ten cent store, but he had to buy five of them before he got the one that hit B above high C.

Sometimes he needs the sound of a boat whistle. Every radio sound effect department has an instrument that sounds exactly like a boat whistle. But Kostelanetz went down to the waterfront, stopped at a marine supply store and bought the one he wanted.

By Jerry Mason
Entertaining notes on American music-makers, with special emphasis this month on Andre Kostelanetz and how he obtains his unique sound effects

One Kostelanetz musician makes a living by the skin of his teeth. He is Bernie Ladd, who plays the "dental blocks" for certain arrangements. The dental blocks are nothing more than Ladd's molars and bicuspid tapped in front of the microphone with his fingernails or a pencil. By changing the shape of his mouth, he changes the pitch and can even play a recognizable tune.

One of the more famous Kostelanetz arrangements is that of Casey Jones. Andre paints a musical picture of the sad and sudden departure from life of Engineer Casey. After the big kettle drums indicate the fatal crash of engines there is silence. A silence which is broken by a typical Kostelanetz touch—the "tweet" of birds, produced by courtesy of the sound effects department. The idea, of course, is that Casey is on his way to heaven.

At the moment, Andre is very proud of another invention of his. He's discovered a new way to use his brass section and a piano. Looking like a Rube Goldberg drawing, the invention works like this: The cover is lifted off one of the baby grands. Six long, hollow cylinders are placed on top of the strings. Six members of the brass section line up (see picture), each to a tube, and play their instruments directly (Continued on page 72)
When the cake was served, moppet McCarthy covered himself and Bergen with embarrassment and icing. (Above, right) Don Ameche, Charlie, Bob Hope and Ken Murray watch Shirley Ross hand their presents to Edgar.

Ken Murray, instigator of the surprise party given at Edgar's Beverly Hills home, gave Mrs. Bergen the honor of cutting the cake for her famous son.
BIRTHDAY, EDGAR!

Bergen was celebrated in fine style by eighty friends and Charlie.

Dorothy Lamour gave Edgar a large birthday kiss, and W. C. Fields, not to be left out, planted one on laughing Shirley Ross.

Pickets Fields, and Lamour kidded Bergen by parading this sign in front of his house. Anyway, he said it was his "swellest" party.

Jon (The Hurricane) Hall and Frances Langford enjoyed the plentiful assortment of food and the company of each other.
Nadine Cannar, called from Hollywood to sing as guest on *The Songshop*, tosses clothes in a bag, planned in to New York and registered at a hotel. As she unpacks in her room, doubts assail Nadine. Her departure was so hasty that she’s "certainly forgotten something" and "hasn’t a thing to wear!"

"LIVING OUT OF A SUITCASE..."

After an arduous afternoon rehearsal, a beauty nap is followed by a manicure and phone discussion with Gustave Haenschen, maestro of the Songshop. Naw to dress for the program. It’s not collar-button trouble that has Nadine floored, so it must be a missing stocking. She forgot spares!
The one bag seems to hold plenty! Nadine is puzzled about what to wear to rehearsal. Shall it be the turquoise or the figured organdy one?

It's the turquoise, so now the songbird proceeds to iron out a few of the travel wrinkles.

"Putting on the face" is next, for studio audiences are frank critics. Nadine is now using her real name, though for a while she was known as Peggy Gardner and Olga Bogdanova. She has an apartment in Hollywood, but spends much time on her mother's ranch in Compton, California.

Nadine didn't forget this gown, and suitcase-living hasn't hurt it. With a zip of the zipper she's all set to make the women in the audience gasp with envy, and to fascinate the listeners with her voice.
Visiting bandleaders helped celebrate Abe Lyman's 20th anniversary in show business by joining his orchestra at the Casa Manana. Freddie Rich at piano; Clyde McCoy, trumpet; Jimmy Dorsey, clarinet; Russ Morgan, trombone; Abe at the drums; Will Osborne conducting.

Lucille Bremer, one of the famous Radio City Rockettes, gave Guy Lombardo and Del Sharbutt some tips on precision dancing when she was their air guest.

Ruth, the circus elephant, was delighted to see actress Gail Patrick, who visited her with CBS commentator George McCall.
COAST-TO-COAST PROGRAM GUIDE

THE regular programs on the four coast-to-coast networks are listed in a day-by-day time schedule. The National Broadcasting Company Red Network is indicated by NBC-R; the National Broadcasting Company Blue Network is indicated by NBC-B; the Mutual Broadcasting System by CBS; and the Mutual Broadcast System by MB.

All stations included in the above networks are listed below. Find your local station on the list and tune in on the network specified.

ALL TIME RECORDS are EASTERN DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME. This means that for Eastern Standard and Central Standard Time, you must subtract one hour. For Mountain Daylight and Central Standard Time, subtract two hours. For Pacific Daylight and Mountain Standard Time, subtract three hours. And for Pacific Standard Time, subtract four hours. For example: 11:00 a.m. EST becomes 9:00 a.m. MDT and CST; 8:00 a.m. PST and MST; 7:00 a.m. PST.

If, at a particular time, no network program is listed, that is because there is no program scheduled for that time, or because the preceding program continues into that period.

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY—RED NETWORK

| WSB | Atlanta, Ga. |
| WFBT | Balitmore, Md. |
| WBRG | Birmingham, Ala. |
| WNAC | Boston, Mass. |
| WBBR | Buffalo, N. Y. |
| WJZ | Chicago, Ill. |
| WHKX | Cleveland, Ohio |
| WJGD | Des Moines, Iowa |
| WMAQ | Chicago, Ill. |
| WTAM | Cleveland, Ohio |
| KDA | Denver, Col. |
| WJZC | Des Moines, Iowa |
| WMAL | Washington, D. C. |

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY—BLUE NETWORK

| WVEA | Albany, N. Y. |
| WEAN | Washington, D. C. |
| WAME | Nashville, Tenn. |
| WBAL | Baltimore, Md. |
| WJLA | Los Angeles, Cal. |
| WLS | Chicago, Ill. |
| WOR | Newark, N. J. |
| WENJ | New York, N. Y. |
| WJZ | Miami, Fla. |

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY—GUIDE

| KFF | Sacramento, Cal. |
| WSBN | St. Petersburg, Fla. |
| WSN | San Antonio, Tex. |
| WGN | Chicago, Ill. |
| WOR | Newark, N. J. |
| WORC | Rochester, N. Y. |
| WNYC | New York, N. Y. |
| WORC | Salt Lake City, Utah |

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM NETWORKS

| WABC | New York, N. Y. |
| WOR | Newark, N. J. |
| WORC | Rochester, N. Y. |
| WORC | Salt Lake City, Utah |

MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM NETWORKS

| WJZ | Baltimore, Md. |
| WOR | Newark, N. J. |
| WORC | Rochester, N. Y. |
MORNING

8:00 NBC-Red: JOHN WINTERS—organist
NBC-Blue: PEERLESS TRIO

8:15 NBC-Blue: VOCALIST

8:30 NBC-Red: KIDDOOMERS
NBC-Blue: TONE PICTURES—Ruth Pepple, pianist; mixed quartet
CBS: SALON MUSICAL

8:45 NBC-Red: ANIMAL NEWS CLUB
CBS: SIDNEY RAPHAEL—pianist

9:00 NBC-Red: TURN BACK THE CLOCK—Alles Renssen, George Griffin
NBC-Blue: COAST TO COAST ON A BUS—Milton J. Cross
CBS: WINGS OVER JORDAN

9:15 NBC-Red: TOM TERRISS—speaker

9:30 NBC-Red: MELODY MINTS

9:45 CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

Phil Cook

Jacob Tarshish

Josef Cherniavsky

MAY 1—8—15—22—29

SUNDAYS

10:00 NBC-Red: THE RADIO PULPIT—Dr. Ralph W. Soehman
NBC-Blue: RUSSIAN MELODIES
CBS: CHURCH OF THE AIR

10:30 NBC-Red: MADRIGAL SINGERS
NBC-Blue: DREAMS OF LONG AGO
CBS: AUBADE FOR STRINGS

11:00 NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
CBS: TEXAS RANGERS
MBS: REVIEWING STAND-UP world problems

11:15 NBC-Red: SILVER FLUTE
NBC-Blue: ALICE REMSEN—contralto

11:45 NBC-Red: NORME N R QUARTET
NBC-Blue: BILL STEIN'S SPORT SCRAPS

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon NBC-Red: HOME SYMPHONY
NBC-Blue: SOUTHERNAIRES—Negro male quartet
MBS: DR. CHARLES M. CORBOIN

12:30 NBC-Red: UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION—guest speakers
NBC-Blue: RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL ORCHESTRA—soloists
CBS: SALT LAKE CITY BAPTIST CHURCH CHOIR AND ORGAN
MBS: AMERICAN WILDLIFE—talk

12:45 MBS: DEMOCRACY IN TRANSITION—talks

1:00 NBC-Red: AL AND LEE REISER—piano duo
CBS: CHURCH OF THE AIR

1:30 NBC-Red: SILVER STRINGS
NBC-Blue: COMMAND PERFORMANCE
CBS: FOR REIGN NEWS BROADCAST
MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

2:00 NBC-Blue: MAGIC KEY OF R—Frank Black's symphony orchestra, Milton J. Cross, Linton Wells
CBS: BORIS MOROS' STRING QUARTET
MBS: THE LAMPIGLITTER—Jacob Tarshish

2:15 NBC-Red: VINCENTE GOMEZ—soloist
MBS: GOTHAM STRING QUARTET

2:30 CBS: DR. CHRISTIAN—drama, starring Jean Hersholt

3:00 NBC-Red: RADIO NEWS—REEL—Park's Johnson, Wallace Butterworth
MBS: VOCALIST
CBS: HOWARD BARLOW'S SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
MBS: ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON—variettes, Stokes' orchestra

3:30 NBC-Red: SUNDAY DRIVERS—Fields and Hall, Frances Adams
NBC-Blue: ED McCONNELL—songs

3:45 NBC-Blue: WILLIAM PRIMROSE—viola virtuoso
MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

4:00 NBC-Red: ROMANCE MELODIES—Ruth Lyon, Sheldon's orchestra
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL VERSERS—Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick
MBS: NEW POETRY—A. M. Sullivan

4:30 NBC-Red: THE WORLD IS YOURS—dramatization
NBC-Blue: VOCALIST
MBS: LUTHERAN HOUR

4:45 NBC-Blue: VAGABONDS

5:00 NBC-Red: RY-KRISP PRESENTS MARION TALLEY—Koester's orchestra
NBC-Blue: THERE WAS A WOMAN—sketch

5:30 NBC-Red: MICKEY MOUSE THEATRE OF THE AIR—Walt Disney, Felix Mills' orchestra
CBS: GUY LOMARDO AND HIS ORCHESTRA
MBS: THEIR GREATEST STORIES—dramatization

5:45 NBC-Blue: THEY'RE SAYING IN LONDON—Howard Marshall, commentator

Evening

6:00 NBC-Red: CATHOLIC HOUR
NBC-Blue: JOSEF CHERNI- AVSKY'S MUSICAL CAMERA
CBS: JOE PENNER—Roy Atwell, Gee Austin, Paula Gayla, Pollack's orchestra
MBS: 50 MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD—George Jessel, Norma Talmadge, Tucker's orchestra

7:00 NBC-Red: A TALE OF TO- DAY—sketch
CBS: HUH COOK'S AMERICAN ORCHESTRA
MBS: NEWS TESTERS—Leonard M. Leonard

7:15 MBS: CHARIOITEERS—male quartet

7:30 NBC-Red: JELL-O PROGRAM—Don Banks, Mary Livingston, Kenny Baker, Bob Wilton, Sun Ray, Andy Devine, Phil Harris' orchestra
CBS: MANHATTAN MOTHER—SERIES
MBS: THE WOR FORUM—S. Theodore Grank

7:45 NBC-Red: INTERESTING NEIGHBORS—Jerry Belcher, interviewer
NBC-Blue: BAKERS' BROADCAST—Peg Murray, Harriet Hilliard, Ossie Nelson's orchestra
CBS: PHIL BAKER—Beeble and Botte, Bradley's orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA

8:00 NBC-Red: CHASE AND SAN- BORN PROGRAM—Don Amone, Edgar Bergen, John Carter, Dorothy Lamour, Stuart Twins, Armstrong's orchestra
NBC-Blue: BLUE AT LARGE—dramatic serial
CBS: ST. LOUIS BLUES
MBS: RURAL RHYTHMS ORCHESTRA

8:30 NBC-Red: SONGS WE REMEMBER—Gill's orchestra
CBS: LYN MURRAY'S MUSICAL GAZETTE
MBS: HAWAII CALLS

9:00 NBC-Red: MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND—Michel Carlay, Pierre Le Kreem, Donna's orchestra
NBC-Blue: HOLLYWOOD PLAYHOUSE—Tyrene Power, guests
CBS: FORD SUNDAY EVENING HOUR
MBS: THE MARINES TELL IT TO YOU

9:30 NBC-Red: AMERICAN AL- BUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC—Frank Dunn, Jean Burrows, Haukshen's orchestra
NBC-Blue: JEROME'S PROGRAM—Walter Winchell, news commentator
MBS: THE BROWN SISTERS—trio

9:45 NBC-Blue: WELCH PRE-SENTS IRENE RICH—dramatization
MBS: HOLLYWOOD WHIS- PERS—George Fischer, commentator

10:00 NBC-Blue: PAUL MARTINS ORCHESTRA
MBS: GRAND CENTRAL STATION—dramatic sketch

10:30 NBC-Red: CLOTHIER'S ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: CHEERIO—talk and music
CBS: HEADLINES AND BY- LINES—H. V. Kallenborn, Bob Trout, Erwin Canham—news commentators
MBS: OLD FASHIONED RE- VIVAL

11:00 NBC-Red: PIANO DUO
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
MBS: ORCHESTRA
MBS: ORCHESTRA

11:10 NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: ORCHESTRA
**MORNING**

8:00  NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children’s stories

8:15  NBC-Red: DOUG SCHNITZER AND HIS TANGOS

8:30  NBC-Red: DO YOU REMEMBER?

8:45  NBC-Blue: VASS FAMILIES

**TUESDAYS**

5:00  NBC-Red: RUSHD HUGHES—singer

5:15  NBC-Red: RUSHD HUGHES—smooth

5:30  NBC-Red: DRAMA PROGRAM

**MAY 3—10—17—24—31**

1:00  NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA

1:15  NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA

1:30  NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA

1:45  NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA

2:00  NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA

2:15  NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA

2:30  NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA

2:45  NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA

3:00  NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA

3:15  NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA

3:30  NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA

3:45  NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA

4:00  NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA

4:15  NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA

4:30  NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA

4:45  NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA

**EVENING**

6:00  NBC-Red: SCIENCE IN THE NEWS

6:15  NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA

6:30  NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA

6:45  NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA

7:00  NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA

7:15  NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA

7:30  NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA

8:00  NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA

**MIDNIGHT**

11:00  NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA

11:15  NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA

11:30  NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA

11:45  NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA

12:00  NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA

12:15  NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA

12:30  NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA

12:45  NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA

**ANOTHERF**

12:00  NBC-Blue: TIME FOR THOUGHTS

12:15  NBC-Blue: TIME FOR THOUGHTS

12:30  NBC-Blue: TIME FOR THOUGHTS

12:45  NBC-Blue: TIME FOR THOUGHTS
MORNING

00 NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE and his children's quartet
02 NBC-Blue: FOUR SHOWMEN quartet
13 NBC-Red: DOC SCHNEIDER and his TEXANS
15 NBC-Blue: WILLIAM MEEHAN—organist
31 NBC-Red: DO YOU REMEMBER
33 BS: GREENFIELD VILLAGE PAPEL
35 NBC-Blue: LUCILLE AND THE BENT
38 BS: ETON BOYS
40 NBC-Red: WOMEN AND NEW AL-variety
45 NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST—variety program
53 FRED FEINDEL—organist
55 NBC-Red: PERSON TO PERSON
58 BS: MADISON ENSEMBLE QUARTET
60 BS: PRESS-_RADIO NEWS
62 BS: LAVALLIE—variety
63 NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WHIP—variety
66 BACHMANN'S CHIL-variety
69 MATTIA AND HAL-variety and patter
73 NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
80 00-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH
85 NBC-Blue: AUNT JEMIMA ON THE ROAD
87 BS: PRETTY KITTY—kitchen
90 NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER STORY—variety
92 NBC-Blue: MARGOT OF CAS-variety
95 BS: MYRT AND MARGE—variety
99 NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN BILL—variety
101 BS: GET THIN TO MUSIC—variety—amoral serial
103 BS: THE WOMAN IN THE NEXT DOOR—variety
105 NBC-Blue: KITCHEN CAVAL-vaudeville
107 BS: RICHARD MAXWELL—variety
114 NBC-Blue: ORGAN RECITAL
127 NBC-Red: DAVID HARM-variety
131 NBC-Blue: THE STORY OF ANY MARLIN—variety
134 00-Red: BACK STAGE—variety
136 BS: PEPPER YOUTH'S MIL-variety
138 BS: HOW TO BE ARMING—variety
141 BS: VICTOR AND SADIE—variety
144 BS: BIG SISTER—variety

MAY 4—11—18—25

Wednesdays

11:45 NBC-Red: HELLO PEGGY—variety
11:45 NBC-Blue: EDWARD MAC-variety
11:45 HUGH—The Gospel Singer
11:45 CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES—variety
11:45 MBS: ELIZA SHERRY—variety

AFTEERNOON

12:00 Noon
12:00 NBC-Blue: TIME FOR THOUGHT
12:00 CBS: THE RADIO COLUMN—Mary Margaret McBride
12:00 MBS: THE BOY AND GIRL FRIEND
12:15 NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS
12:15 NBC-Blue: KIDDOODERS
12:15 CBS: THE GOLDS-BECKS—variety
12:20 NBC-Red: CAMPUS KIDS
12:20 CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT—variety
12:25 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
12:25 CBS: OUR GAL SUNDAY—variety
1:00 NBC-Red: BETTY AND BO-variety
1:00 NBC-Blue: THE HAPPY GANG
1:15 NBC-Red: ESCORTS AND BE-variety
1:15 NBC-Blue: HYMNS OF ALL
1:15 CHURCHES: BETTY CROCK-ER, cooking expert
1:15 MBS: MICROPHONE IN THE SKY—Tom Slater, interviewer
1:30 NBC-Red: WORDS AND MU
1:30 SIC: Ruth Lyon, Larry Lar-ten, Harvey Hay-ten
1:30 NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM
1:30 AND HOME HOUR—Walter Bia-ley's orchestra
1:30 CBS: ARNOLD GRIMM'S
1:30 DAUGHTER—variety
1:45 NBC-Red: VALLANT LADY—variety
1:45 NBC-Blue: VOICE OF EXPERIMENT
2:00 NBC-Red: YOUR HEALTH—variety
2:00 MBS: MAKING A VICTORY—dramatization
2:00 MBS: LILA'S ORCHARD—dramatization
2:15 NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—variety
2:15 NBC-Blue: REVERIES
2:30 NBC-Red: BREVITY MAT-variety
2:30 NBC-Blue: WAITZ FAVOR-ites
2:30 CBS: AMERICAN SCHOOL OF TOPIC AIR—variety
3:00 NBC-Red: STUDIES AND SKETCHES—variety
3:00 CBS: AND WHITE

EVENING

5:00 NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNE—variety
5:00 MBS: THE JIMMY KEMP-variety
6:00 NBC-Red: TELEVISION SHOW
6:00 CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
6:15 NBC-Red: TOP HATTERS ORCHESTRA
6:15 CBS: DORIS RHODES—songs
6:30 NBC-Red: DAILY SPORTS COLUMN—Paul Douglas
6:30 NBC-Blue: ORGANIST
6:30 CBS: BOAKE CARTER—commentator
7:00 NBC-Red: AMOS 'N ANDY—sketch
7:00 NBC-Blue: EASY ACES—variety
7:00 CBS: THE MIGHTY COMPANY
7:15 NBC-Red: UNCLE EZRA'S
7:15 RADIO STATION—Pat Bar-
en
7:15 NBC-Blue: MR. KEEF, TRA-
7:15 CER OF LOSING BANDS—
dramatic serial—Bennett Kill-er
7:30 NBC-Red: AMERICAN VIEW-
7:30 POINTS—variety
7:45 NBC-Red: ROSE MARIE—
7:45 song stylist
8:00 NBC-Red: SCIENCE ON THE
8:00 MBS: MARINE BAND
8:00 NBC-Red: ONE MAN'S
8:00 FAMILY—variety
8:00 NBC-Blue: ROY SHIELDS' REVUE
8:00 CBS: A VALCADE OF AMERICA—guests, Voorhees' orchestra
8:00 MBS: U. & MARINE BAND
8:00 NBC-Red: RALEIGH AND
8:00 KOOL SHOW—Tommy Dor-son's orchestra
8:00 NBC-Blue: BENNETT'S COR-
8:00 BUS—variety
8:00 NBC-Blue: HARRIET PAR-
8:00 SONS—Hollywood commen-
8:00 terator
8:00 CBS: BEN BERNIE—Lew
8:00 Lehr, Halas, Stanleys or-
8:00 chestra
8:00 NBC-Red: JIMMY KEMP-variety
8:00 NBC-Blue: LITTLE ORPHAN
8:00 ANNE—juvenile serial
8:00 MBS: STJUSTIN FAMILY
8:00 sketch, with Jimmy Scrib
8:00 BER
9:00 NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN
9:00 ANNE—juvenile serial
9:00 MBS: THE JIMMY KEMP-variety
9:30 NBC-Red: TOWN HALL TO-
9:30 NIGHT—Steve Allen, Portland Hoffa, Van Steeden's orchestra
9:30 NBC-Blue: GRACE MOORE—Kos-
9:30 telana's orchestra, Deems Taylor, orchestra
9:30 MBS: ORCHESTRA
9:15 NBC-Red: MRS. JOHNSON FAMILY—
9:15 sketch, with Jimmy Scrib
9:30 NBC-Red: UNDER WEST-
9:30 EN SKIES
9:30 CBS: THE WORD GAME—F. A.
9:30 MBS: LET'S VISIT—Dave
9:30 Driscoll, Jerry Danzig
10:00 NBC-Red: KAY KYSER'S Mu-
10:00 SICAL CLASS AND DANCE
10:00 NBC-Blue: CHORUS STU-
10:00 DIONETTE
10:00 CBS: GANG BUSTERS—crime
10:00 dramatizations, Col. H. Nor-
10:00 man Schwartzkauf, orchestra
10:15 MBS: ORCHESTRA
10:30 NBC-Red: SOLOIST
10:30 NBC-Blue: NBC MINSTREL
10:30 SHOW—Gene Arnold, orches-
10:30 tra
10:30 CBS: EGAR GUEST IN "IT CAN
10:30 BE DONE!"—Marlon
11:00 NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC
11:00 NBC-Blue: DANCE MUSIC
11:00 CBS: DANCE MUSIC
11:00 MBS: ORCHESTRA

Kay Kysr
Frankie Masters
Don Voorhees
THURSDAYS
MAY 5-12-19-26

Ken Carpenter

—variety program
CBS: SCIENCE SERVICE
SERIES: MURPHY'S—talk
1:45

12:45

NBC-Red: THREE ROMEOs—sketch
1:00

NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
CBS: BETTY AND BOB—sketch
MBS: THE HAPPY GANG
1:15

1:15

NBC-Red: ESCORTS AND BETTY
CBS: HYMNS OF ALL CHURCHES—sketch
MBS: MICROWAVE IN THE SKY—Tom Blzer, interviewer
1:30

1:30

NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Ruth Lyon, Larry Larsen, Harvey Hays
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—Walter Hatter's orchestra
CBS: ARNOLD GRIMM'S DAUGHTER—sketch
MBS: orchestra
1:45

1:45

CBS: VAILANT LADY—sketch
MBS: voice of experience
2:00

2:00

NBC-Red: NBC MUSIC GUILD
CBS: MA PERKINS—sketch
MBS: ORCHESTRA
2:15

2:15

CBS: THE O'NEILL—sketch
2:30

2:30

NBC-Red: LIGHT OPERA SELECTIONS
NBC-Blue: MIX AND PAT—dramatic sketch
CBS: AMERICAN SCHOOL OF THE AIR—primary music and literature
2:45

2:45

NBC-Blue: VOCALIST
MBS: VOCALIST
3:00

3:00

NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
CBS: RAY BLOCK'S VARIETIES—sketch
MBS: THREE O'CLOCK REVUE
3:15

3:15

NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch
NBC-Blue: E A S T M A N SCHOOL OF MUSIC
3:30

3:30

NBC-Red: VIC AND SADIE—comedy sketch
CBS: U. S. ARMY BAND
MBS: ORCHESTRA
3:45

3:45

NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch
MBS: GOOD HEALTH AND TRAINING
4:00

4:00

NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—comedy sketch
NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE

Ray Sinatra
Frank Morgan
FRIDAYS
MAY 6–13–20–27

Fredda Gibson

11:30 NBC-Red: HOW TO BE CHARMING—sketch
NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADIE—sketch

11:45 NBC-Red: HELLO PEGGIE—sketch
NBC-Blue: EDWARD MAC-Hugh—The Gospel Singer

12:00 Noon NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
NBC-Blue: VOCALIST

12:15 NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
NBC-Blue: VOCALIST

12:30 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA

12:45 NBC-Red: OUR GAL, SUNDAY—sketch

1:00 NBC-Red: CARLYLE AND LONDON—piano duo
CBS: BETTY AND BOB—sketch

1:15 NBC-Red: ESCORTS AND BETTY—sketch
CBS: BETTY CROCKER—cooking expert

1:30 NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Larry Larsen, Ruth Lyon, Billy Hayes
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOME-HOUR—Walter Blaufluss' orchestra

1:45 NBC-Red: VALENTINE—sketch
CBS: VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

2:00 CBS: MA PERRINS—sketch

4:00 NBC-Red: RUSI HUGHES—composer
CBS: TED MALONE'S "BE-TWEEN THE BOOKENDS"

4:15 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch
CBS: FOUR CLUBMEN

5:00 NBC-Red: DICK TRACY—sketch
NBC-Blue: NEIGHBOR NELL

5:15 NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

5:30 NBC-Red: DRAMATIC PROGRAM

5:45 NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—juvenile serial

6:00 NBC-Red: EDUCATION IN THE NEWS—dramatization
NBC-Blue: MAURECE SPI- TAIN'S ORCHESTRA

6:15 NBC-Red: RHYTHMAIRES

6:30 NBC-Red: DAILY SPORTS COLEMAN—Paul Douglas
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: BOAKE CARTER—news commentator

6:45 NBC-Blue: SOLOIST

7:00 NBC-Red: AMOS 'N ANDY—sketch
CBS-Blue: NOLA DAY—songs
CBS: JUST ENTERTAINMENT

8:00 NBC-Red: CITIES SERVICE CONCERT—Lucille Manners, Frank Trumbauer
CBS: THE GHOST OF BENJAMIN SWEET—dramatic serial

8:30 NBC-Red: DEATH VALLEY DAYS—dramatization
THE WHITMAN'S ORCHESTRA

9:00 NBC-Red: WALTZ TIME—Frank Yank, the Orchestra
CBS-Blue: ROYAL CROWN REY—Tim and Irene, Uncle Harry, Graham, Mabel, Freda Gibson, George Olsen's orchestra
CBS: HOLLYWOOD HOTEL

9:30 NBC-Red: A. L. ALEXANDER'S TRUE STORIES—dramatization
NBC-Blue: SPELING BEE—Paul Wing

10:00 NBC-Red: FIRST NIGHTER—dramatization, Les Tremayne, Barbara Luder
NBC-Blue: PAUL MARTIN'S ORCHESTRA
CBS: COCA-COLA SONGSHOP

10:30 NBC-Red: JIMMIE FIOLER'S HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP

11:00 NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC

11:15 NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA

11:20 NBC-Blue: DANCE MUSIC

11:30 NBC-Blue: DANCE MUSIC
MORNING

8:00  NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's stories
     NBC-Blue: SOUTHERNAIRES

8:13  NBC-Red: DOC SCHNEIDER AND HIS TEXANS
     NBC-Blue: DICK LEIBERT ENSEMBLE

8:30  NBC-Red: DO YOU REMEMBER?
     CBS: JACK SHANNON—songs

8:43  NBC-Blue: JACK AND LORETTA
     CBS: VIOLINIST

9:00  NBC-Red: THIS WISE MAN
     NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—variety program
     CBS: ETON BOYS

9:15  NBC-Red: SUNSHINE EXPRESS
     CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL—tenor-philosopher

9:30  CBS: FIDDLER'S FANCY

9:40  NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

9:45  NBC-Red: LANDT TRIO

9:55  NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
     CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

10:00 NBC-Red: VOCALIST
     NBC-Blue: SWEETHEARTS OF THE AIR—May Singhi Bren, Peter de Ross
     CBS: LEO WHITE—organist

10:15 NBC-Red: CHARIOITERS—male quartet
     NBC-Blue: VIENNESE ENSEMBLE

10:20 NBC-Red: MUSIC INTERNATIONAL
     NBC-Blue: THE CHILD GROWS UP—Katharine Lenroot
     CBS: JEWEL COWBOYS
     MBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC

10:45 NBC-Blue: SWING SERENADE

11:00 NBC-Red: FLORENCE HALE'S RADIO FORUM
     NBC-Blue: VAUGHN DE LEATH—songs
     CBS: CINCINNATI CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
     MBS: VARIETY PROGRAM

11:15 NBC-Red: FORD RUSH AND SILENT SLIDE
     NBC-Blue: MINUTE MAN—male quartet

11:20 NBC-Red: HALF-PAST ELEVEN
     NBC-Blue: OUR BARN—children's program, Madge Tucker
     MBS: U.S. ARMY BAND

MAY 7—14—21—28

Pat Barnes
Sammy Kaye

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon
     NBC-Red: ABRAM CHARNIN MUSIC SERIES
     NBC-Blue: CALL TO YOUTH
     CBS: CAPTIVATORS
     MBS: PARENTS' MAGAZINE OF THE AIR

12:15 NBC-Blue: SOLOIST
     MBS: THIS WONDERFUL WORLD

12:30 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
     CBS: GEORGE HALL AND HIS ORCHESTRA

1:00  NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
     MBS: STEVE SEVERN'S PET CLUB

1:15 NBC-Red: RHYTHMAIRES
     MBS: MICROPHONE IN THE SKY—Tom Slater, interviewer

1:30 NBC-Red: YOUR HOST IS BUFFALO
     NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR
     CBS: BUFFALO PRESENTS
     MBS: ORCHESTRA

2:00 NBC-Red: MUSIC FOR EVERYONE
     CBS: MADISON ENSEMBLE
     MBS: VARIETY PROGRAM

2:30 NBC-Red: CAMPUS CAPERS
     NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA

3:00 NBC-Red: GOLDEN MELODIES
     CBS: MERRYMAKERS
     MBS: BENAY VENUTA'S PROGRAM

3:30 NBC-Red: SWINGOLOGY
     NBC-Blue: RENDEZVOUS WITH RICARDO
     CBS: WALTZES OF THE WORLD

NOTE:
As we go to press, this program guide is absolutely accurate, but we cannot be responsible for last minute changes made by the broadcasting companies, advertising agencies or sponsors.

5:00 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
     MBS: SAMMY KAYE'S ORCHESTRA

5:30 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
     CBS: ORCHESTRA
     MBS: SAMMY KAYE'S ORCHESTRA

EVENING

6:00 NBC-Red: EL CHICO SPANISH REVUE
     NBC-Blue: TUNE TWISTERS
     CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

6:05 CBS: COLUMBIA'S CHORUS QUEST

6:15 NBC-Blue: THE MASTERCRAFT BUILDER
     MBS: SCHEMES THAT SKY—dramatization

6:30 NBC-Red: DAILY SPORT COLUMN—Paul Douglas
     NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
     CBS: ORCHESTRA
     MBS: "JAM AND JIVE"

6:45 NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA

7:00 NBC-Red: RELIGION IN THE NEWS—Dr. Walter Van Kirk

7:30 NBC-Blue: ALLISTAIR COOK—commentator
     MBS: UNCLE JIM QUESTION BEE
     CBS: SATURDAY SWING SESSION
     MBS: ORCHESTRA

7:45 NBC-Red: JEAN SARLON SONGS

8:00 CBS: COLUMBIA WORKSHOP
     MBS: ERNIE FIORITO STUDIES IN CONTRAST
     Sylvia Fros, Jimmy Shields

8:15 NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA

8:30 CBS: JOHNNY PRESEN'T RUBS MORGAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA
     MBS: PAT BARNES AND HIS BARNSTORMERS—Marce Hendrickas, Jimmy Shields

8:45 NBC-Blue: INK SPOTS

9:00 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
     NBC-Blue: NATIONAL BAR DANCE—Joe Kelly
     CBS: PROFESSOR QUIZ
     Bob Truett
     MBS: ORCHESTRA

9:30 NBC-Red: AMERICAN FOR TRATIS—dramatization
     CBS: SATURDAY NIGHT SERENADE—Mary Bensa, Bill Perry, Haenschens Orchestra
     MBS: ORCHESTRA

10:00 NBC-Red: NBC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
     NBC-Blue: DESIGN FOR MUSIC
     CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE
     MBS: ORCHESTRA

10:30 NBC-Blue: THE FAMILY PARTY

10:45 CBS: SPECIAL TALKS PROGRAM

11:00 NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC
     NBC-Blue: DANCE MUSIC
     CBS: ORCHESTRA
     MBS: DANCE MUSIC
A NEW CREAM that puts the necessary "skin-vitamin" right into skin! — The vitamin which especially helps to build new skin tissue — which aids in keeping skin beautiful!

Since Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream was announced, hundreds of women have tried it!

In this advertisement we are repeating the words of some of the first to try it — "A great advance" — "Keeps my skin better than ever" — "Gives better color" — "Keeps my skin finer and softer in spite of all my sports."

Exposure dries the "skin-vitamin" out of skin . . .

Exposure is constantly drying this "skin-vitamin" out of the skin. When there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet, the skin may suffer — become undernourished, rough and subject to infections.

"A great advance . . ."

"Pond's new Cold Cream is a really scientific beauty care. I'll never be afraid of sports or travel drying my skin, with this new cream to put the "skin-vitamin" back into it."

MRS. HENRY LATROBE ROOSEVELT, JR.

"Helps skin more . . ."

"I've always been devoted to Pond's. Now with the "skin-vitamin," it helps my skin more than ever. Keeps it bright and fresh looking all through the gayest season."

FREDERICA VANDERBILT WEBB
now MRS. DAVID S. GAMBLE, Jr.

"Gets skin really clean . . ."

"Pond's Cold Cream gets my skin really clean. Now it nourishes, too, and keeps my skin so much softer."

MRS. VICTOR DU PONT, III

regular way for cleansing and before make-up. Pat it in. Leave some on overnight and whenever you have a chance. Do this faithfully for 2 or 3 weeks. Some women reported enthusiastically within that time!

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

SEND FOR!
THE NEW CREAM!
TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS

Pond's, Dept. R-56, Clifton, N. J.

Each special tube of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name . . .

Street . . .

City . . .

Copyright, 1938, Pond's Extract Company.
DANDRUFF?
4 Minute Treatment Stops Dandruff Itch
And Kills Nasty Scalp Odor

Dandruff is the sign of a diseased, unclean scalp. Through neglect, the tiny sebaceous glands (oil glands) fail to work as they should and become clogged with scales and dirt. The scalp becomes infected by germs and fungi, and the condition spreads.

Skin specialists generally agree that effective treatment for dandruff must include (1) regular cleansing of scalp; (2) killing the germs that spread infection; (3) stimulation of circulation of the scalp; (4) lubrication of scalp to prevent dryness.

The Zonite Antiseptic Scalp Treatment Does These 4 Things

WHAT TO DO: Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution—2 tablespoons Zonite to 1 quart of water. Use this same solution for shampoo with any good soap. Rinse very thoroughly. If scalp is dry, massage in any preferred scalp oil. (For complete details of treatment, read folder in Zonite package.)

It is vitally important to use this treatment regularly (twice every week at first) to keep dandruff under control and keep germs from spreading. Because reinfection constantly takes place from hats, bed-pillows, combs and brushes. If you're faithful, you'll be delighted with the way this treatment leaves your scalp clean and healthy—free from itch and nasty scalp odor.

At all U. S. and Canadian drug stores.

TRIAL OFFER—For a real trial bottle of Zonite, mailed to you postpaid, send 10¢ to Zonite 612 New Brunswick, New Jersey U. S. A.

Next time be sure to USE ZONITE FOR

DANDRUFF  BAD BREATH  SORE THROAT  CUTS & WOUNDS  FEMININE CLEANSING  ATHLETE'S FOOT

SPECIAL OFFER Get in measuring spoon 1 1/2 ounces Zonite in each package folder for details

9.3 Times More Active than any other popular, non-poisonous antiseptic—by standard laboratory tests

RAW TEXT END
"Look at those snapshots... then decide," says DOROTHY DIX, famous adviser on life and marriage

I BELIEVE that practically every girl or man has a chance, sometime during romance days, to make a happy marriage. Unhappy marriages simply show how many let the right chance slip... 

"Try this plan: When you meet someone you like, see that you get plenty of snapshots. This is a natural and easy thing to do—romance and snapshots go together like music and moonlight... 

"And be sure to save your snapshots. Then, when you think your big moment has arrived, get out the snapshots of all the others. See what they say to you. See if the faces and scenes don't awaken memories that make you pause. Perhaps you'll recognize the right chance that has gone by temporarily, but can be regained."

* * *

Whether you're expert or inexperienced—for day-in and day-out picture making—use Kodak Verichrome Film for surer results. Double-coated by a special process—it takes care of reasonable exposure errors—increases your ability to get clear, satisfying pictures. Nothing else is "just as good." And certainly there is nothing better. Play safe. Use it always... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.
"SWING IT, sister! Truck on down!" cried your boyfriend all last winter, as you whirled daily through an astounding series of intricate steps to the mad, spirited rhythm of swing. You shagged and big-appled, trucked and Suzy-O'd with the best of them. And you loved it! 'Cause it has been fun!

But, while swing and the shag are entirely too fascinating to be put aside completely, aren't you just a little tired of them now? Don't you feel romantic these lovely spring days, these balmy spring evenings? Don't you yearn for a little more sentiment, a little less clarinet? Wouldn't you—instead of having your partner swing roughly away and scream hoarsely: "Swing it!"—rather have him hold you lightly, lead you through graceful steps to music less primitive, more polished, and whisper tender sentiments into your ear? Give him a chance to notice and remark upon the color of your eyes, your flawless complexion, your lovely soft gown. Waltz your way to romance!

For the waltz is here again! More than a hundred years old, and still going strong, the favorite dance music of our great-great grandmothers still persists in popularity. The most beautiful romantic music has been written in waltz-time. The most famous operettas have been built around the waltz. The love songs that have lasted through the years, the old favorites that everyone knows, are soft and sweet, too beautiful ever to die.

(Continued on page 83)
Healthful Double Mint gum shows you this doubly lovely way to charm and popularity

Men—women, too, for that matter—are attracted to a charming smile and smart clothes—a winning combination that healthful, delicious Double Mint gum enables you to have. The daily enjoyment of this double-lasting, mint-flavored gum provides beneficial chewing exercise which beautifies your lips, mouth and teeth, increasing the loveliness of your smile. You look your radiant best—a person people want to know. Try it today...Left, Double Mint gum introduces a new creation of Valentina whose clients from New York to Hollywood rank among the best dressed women in the world. Double Mint has put this charmingly becoming dress into a Simplicity Pattern for you. This, then, is Double Mint gum's doubly lovely way of helping you win admiration and popularity.

*Keep young*—be doubly lovely the Double Mint way. Remember also Double Mint gum aids digestion, relaxes tense nerves, assures a sweet inoffensive breath. Buy several packages today.

Left, exquisite Double Mint gum dress produced in New York by VALENTINA, original creator of modern classic design—modeled for you in Hollywood by the gorgeous star of stage and screen, GLORIA SWANSON. Made available to you by Double Mint gum in SIMPLICITY Pattern 2784. At nearly all good Department, Dry Goods or Variety Stores you can buy this pattern. Or, write Double Mint Dress Pattern Dept., 419 Fourth Avenue, New York City.
I don’t want to embarrass other people that way. I don’t want to embarrass myself. So, the only time I ever cry is when I’m behind closed, locked doors.

“I get the blues,” said Fannie, “sure I do. And when I feel them coming — I always hope it will rain so I can get ‘em good. I have a good cry all by myself and then I go into my bathroom and slap cold water on my eyes and take a good look at myself and I gotta laugh. I can’t take myself seriously any more. I know now that nothing lasts for long, not even the blues.

“This business of how to keep smiling,” smiled Fannie, as we faced one another, "well, here’s my Number 1 Formula: Keep working and you’ll keep smiling. That’s the best advice I can give you, including myself. I’ve been giving it to myself ever since I was a kid and gave my impromptu entertainments on the sidewalks of New York. I’m still taking daily doses. Know the times I find it hardest to keep smiling? The days when I haven’t accomplished anything, even if it’s only a little something like going down town and finding a new hat that’s becoming to me. That’s something accomplished, something done. And I’m telling you that I do ‘whistle while I work.’ Most of us do.

"Of course," grinned Fannie gaminishly, "we can’t all have the Brice breaks and take our pennies out of producers’ mouths by earning our daily bread alongside of Clark Gable or Bob Taylor or Allan Jones in the movies. But that isn’t necessary. Necessary? It’s a luxury!

"I mean it when I say that if I’ve got any ‘secret’ of how to keep smiling it’s to keep busy, keep working. You may think as you read: ‘Oh, it’s easy for her to preach, in moor pitchers and all. Who wouldn’t keep smiling with a job like that!’ Now I’m tell you something. I could get just as bored running around in a set in a studio or control-room in a broadcasting station as you do running around after a vacuum cleaner. You do anything long enough and it’ll get monotonous if you give it a chance. So what I mean is, keep working at whatever job is your job. This may not be the answer you’d like me to give, but it’s the true one. If you’re a housewife and feel the blues coming on, get going and clean out the icebox or get at the mending or get out the winter clothes and go mmoth-hunting or go down town and buy a new hat. Whatever your job is, do it — and you’ll keep smiling.

And don’t do things that wipe the smiles off. Don’t go around trouble-shooting, looking for smile-erasers, please! You may say, ‘I don’t say that we’re put here with ready-made laughter in our hearts, the most of us. I think we gotta make our own laughter as we go along. It’s like training any set of muscles, if you keep it at long enough, tough you’ll develop.

(And by the way, don’t let Fannie’s “ain’ts” and “gottas” deceive you. She just drops into her professional vernacular intentionally.)

"Of course," Fannie was saying, “a sense of humor is the real answer. I guess you’re born with it or you’re not. And it something no one except yourself can give you, not even the medical profession can give you a shot of humor in the arm or monkey-shine glands or those things. got it, and no credit to be because it’s been born with it, you can’t help being some one way or the other. And a sense of humor means courage, though it may seem modest for me to say this just after admitting I got it. But it does, means you’ve got the guts to laugh at rough going or living right in its teeth, as sometimes its teeth are fangs.”

Born laughing, she’s had to learn to keep laughing, has Fannie, even as you and I. Or haven’t we? Well, if we haven’t, here’s a chance to learn how from one of the greatest masters of the art. No "clown with a breaking heart" is Fannie, but member, Fannie sings My Man. And she’s not laughing then, either in her heart or on her lips, I’d lay a bet on that. At any rate, Fannie is Snooks, who make you laugh every Thursday night when she appears on the Good News 1938 radio program. And somewhere between the Fannie who sings My Man as the Fannie who is Snooks is the Fannie who laughs while she lives . . .

"It’s great," Fannie was saying, the shuffling cards just because her restless hands must be doing something, "it’s gre while you’re climbing to the top. It’s easy to laugh then. Because you’re young and you don’t have to teach youth that secret of how to keep smiling. They need it. You’re laugh is easy on young mouth! And even if your heart gets busted when you’re young, well, sure it hurts, but mends easier, too. It’s when you get to top that it’s tough. It’s easy to laugh after reaching for it, you don’t mean so much when you get it, because you keep forgetting you got it. You get used to anything, like said, working with a vacuum cleaner working with movie stars. It’s all one.

"And here’s another thought: Don’t fuss, don’t quit smiling if you don’t to the top. Don’t go around thinking you’re an ‘undiscovered genius.’ Because there’s no such a thing as an undiscover genius. If you got it, you give it as you’re discovered. And if you haven’t got it you stay put and no use getting mopy about it. If you haven’t got one thing you get another. Find out what it is a keep smiling . . ."

"I keep out of a rut. That’s another price less secret. You can’t keep smiling unless you’re in a rut. What’s there to smile about? Who’s there to smile with? I don’t stay long with any one person too. You may say, ‘I can’t move, it takes too much trouble. All right, you can take a walk, can’t you? You can probably go to a movie. You can read a book about some other place, keep changing my routine, too; at home, my work, all of those. You may say, ‘I can’t keep making new friends, spending time with my old friends like Ann Pennington and Bea Lillie. I go trout fishing. I ke reading new books, hearing new music seeing new movies, learning to play it (Continued from page 22)
This Summer

Go New Haven to

Southern NEW ENGLAND!

A delightful ride to a delightful vacationland! Step aboard a luxurious air-conditioned New Haven coach, sink back in a deep, comfortable seat and enjoy a care-free trip that actually becomes part of the vacation itself!

Relax under the spell of cool, clean, conditioned air... read or rest if you wish; New Haven's fine, modern coaches are scientifically lighted, silent and smooth riding. And remember... low fares in these luxurious coaches are always friendly to vacation budgets!

This summer be free of traffic jams, highway hazards! Travel the steel highway on one of the nation's safest railroads where it's always clear track ahead and a swift, smooth ride to your favorite summer resort.


THE NEW HAVEN RAILROAD
ONE MOTHER TELLS ANOTHER!

Now millions praise the new SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROVED EX-LAX

For years, millions of mothers have given Ex-Lax to their children to relieve constipation..."It's just the thing for youngsters," they said, "so gentle and effective, and yet so easy to take"...And now the word is spreading—Ex-Lax has been Scientifically Improved! America's most popular family laxative is even better than before! Better in 3 important ways:

TASTES BETTER THAN EVER!
Ex-Lax now has a smoother, richer chocolate flavor. It tastes even better than before!

ACTS BETTER THAN EVER!
Ex-Lax is now even more effective! Empties the bowels thoroughly and more smoothly in less time than before.

MORE GENTLE THAN EVER!
Ex-Lax is today so remarkably gentle that, except for the relief you enjoy, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

Ask for the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax at your druggist's. The box is the same as always, but the contents are better than ever! 10c and 25c.

CRO-PAX FOOT AIDS
For Every Foot Ailment

Corns
6 Cro-Pax Waterproof Pads...medicated discs...for quick, safe removal of stubborn corns.

Callouses
Cro-Pax Callous Pads, waterproof, remove pressure; medicated discs remove corns.

Bunions
Cro-Pax Bunion Pads...Waterproof, medicated...Relieve Pressure.

INSTANT RELIEF 10c

Keep fit and have fun at the same time by getting

RADIO STARS

MAKING A PLAY FOR

Helen Lynd, CBS songstress, selects swimming as her favorite recreation-exercise. Time spent in the fresh air and sunlight is healthful in itself, besides the body benefits derived from the great variety of strokes.

BY MARY BIDDLE

THESE four beauties from radio-land informed me that Mr. Longfellow might well have foreseen the life of a feminine radio star when he wrote; "Art is long, and time is fleeting!" Life is one hustle, they affirm, from rehearsals to practice or study, fittings and interviews and a million and one other duties. Finding time for satisfactory beauty routines and a full personal life takes much careful budgeting and skilful juggling of minutes.

"We solved our problem," they confided, "by playing for beauty. Active sports keep our figures in trim and they are real fun and recreation." You may be quite sure that I listened eagerly from this point on. For, though I am not a radio star, and you are not radio stars, we all are intrigued by ways and means of solving the curve and poundage problem pleasantly. Finding the time for exercise sometimes seems as hard to us as it does to the stars. After working at a desk, or around a house all day, we want recreation, not routine. It takes real moral stamina to do the one-two-three at such times. So, let's change our mental attitude toward the exercise hour, and make it a time for beneficial pleasure instead of dull routine.

Rig yourself up a ping-pong table. It doesn't have to be a sumptuous one and the set may even come from the syndicate store. You will enjoy it just the same. Ping-pong is great fun and gives you real exercise from head to toe, as you will find out after a very few minutes of play. Leg thigh, waist, arm, and wrist muscles are among those called into play by this game. Bending and stooping reaching and stretching, the lazy muscles are toned and peped up and grace and suppleness brought to the body.

Marlyn Stuart takes her ping-pong seriously and plays with verve. When she can't find a partner, she exercises to make her body more agile for the game. Knowing these exercises are going to help make her proficient at a favorite sport as well as help her figure, she puts real interest in their execution (Continued on page 86).
BEAUTY—

Walking in the rain affords Frances Langford both exercise and a beauty treatment.

CBS starlet Dorothy McGuire keeps in shape by bicycling, roller-skating and tennis.

I HOPE HE'LL PROPOSE TONIGHT!

That's why I'm bathing with fragrant Cashmere Bouquet soap... it's the lovelier way to avoid offending!

Every girl who's in love ought to know about Cashmere Bouquet... the exquisite perfumed soap that guards daintiness so surely and in such a lovely way!

Cashmere Bouquet soap's rich, deep-cleansing lather removes every trace of body odor! And then, long after your bath, its lingering perfume clings... keeping you alluringly fragrant!

Later that evening...

...and I know a little cottage in Bermuda that would be swell for a honeymoon!

Oh, Bill darling... how wonderful! (And to herself) I'll always guard my daintiness the lovely Cashmere Bouquet way!

Marvellous for complexions, too!
You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath. Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, leaving your skin clearer, softer... more radiant and alluring!

Cashmere Bouquet

NOW ONLY 10¢
at drug, department, ten-cent stores

TO KEEP Fragrantly Dainty—Bathe with Perfumed CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP
games. I go shopping for antiques (my hobby) and for paintings. I almost bought a Gauguin today—may tomorrow. I've tried to know something about a lot of things: antiques, music, painting, books, people, so I'll have some thoughts to keep me company if I'm ever alone, which I never have been, yet.

"I keep myself surrounded by laugh-makers. I have people who make me laugh around me all the time."

"Also make other folks laugh and you'll laugh yourself. It's sure-fire. You know that if you tell someone a funny story and he splits his sides laughing, you don't stand there looking like a pall-bearer. You join in and split your sides, too. Laughter is a retroactive thing. It takes two to make a quarrel. Well, it takes two to make a laugh."

Fannie keeps herself "surrounded," I'll vouch for that. For all the while we were talking, phones kept ringing, people came in and out, familiarly, well accustomed, I could tell, to coming and going in Fannie's house... someone called "Doc" was lounging in the doorway; Fannie's very pretty daughter came in from U. C. L. A., where she is taking some special courses, to show her mother some snapshots..."
cream in a store, ever notice how one keeps an eye on the other hoping to heaven the other won't eat it all so there'll be a few last licks left? And the kid who watches another kid eating an apple, scart breathless that there ain't goiter be core . . . ? Or take a look at a dressed-up kid told by his Mommer to 'keep nice until I come down,' and the look of agony on his face when another kid comes up to him and gives him the razz . . . Snooks is all of these kids, your kids, my kids, the kids that have kept me smiling all my life, ever since I was a kid myself. And then, too, when I was a kid I had one pet ambition and it was to play Topsy. Snooks is a white Topsy, see what I mean?

"I laugh with my kids, too," said Fannie, "and that's a secret a lot of women never learn, I'm afraid. There is something strained and false in the relationship between a good many mothers and children.

"I made up my mind when my girl and boy were born" (Fannie's daughter is eighteen, her tall, dark son, sixteen) "that I wasn't going to be the motherly mother type. I haven't been. I always told them funny stories, even when they were kids, and I'd warn them not to tell their governess on me. See, I wanted them to be on my side. I didn't want them to talk to others about things they felt they couldn't talk about to me. I wanted them to talk to me about things they felt they couldn't talk about to other people. If you want to keep smiling, smile with your own kids, I'm meaning it.

"I'm really miserable," laughed Fannie, "when I'm perfectly happy. It's dull to be perfectly happy. There's nothing to want, nothing to get excited about. I'm always one of two things, though, gloriously miserable or miserably happy, no in-betweens. When you're in love is one of the times you're gloriously miserable. But it's worth it.

"So there it is. Just keep working and you'll keep smiling. Don't get into a rut. Have a lot of interests like your Aunt Fannie . . . I cook and sew and go to the movies . . . I like Spencer Tracy and Bette Davis and Paul Muni . . . I like anyone I feel is being theirselves . . . Watch kids, they'll keep you smiling. Watch the human race, all sizes, ages, colors and types. It's sort of amusing, the human race.

"Yeah, I've kept smiling and I've tried to tell you why and also how. And I'm goiter keep on smiling because no one can ever hurt me any more. I can still get plenty good and hot and sore but never hurt again because [I] never let myself go again . . . never . . ."

Johny Green, songwriter and bandleader, married Betty Furness last November. She's still in films and they're still very much in love.

---

**GO'WAY! YOU'VE GOT BAD BREATH!**

I DON'T CARE IF YOU DO TELL MAMA ON ME, AUNT CAROL! CAUSE IT'S TRUE! AND I BETCHA MR. NED THINKS SO, TOO!

NEED HAS BEEN AVOIDING ME LATELY, SIS. DO YOU SUPPOSE THAT COULD BE THE REASON?

WELL, I APOLOGIZE FOR DOTTIE, CAROL - BUT I THINK YOU SHOULD SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!

TESTS SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...

**COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH**

"You see, Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach . . . removes the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly cleans the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle!"

6 WEEKS LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S

I'M GONNA TELL MAMA ON YOU, AUNT CAROL!

ATTY GIRL, DOTTIE! AND TELL HER THAT AUNT CAROL'S JUST ADVISED TO BE MRS. NED, WILL YOU?

NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
Even if you never dyed a dress before—do it now and don’t be timid... because Rit banishes uncertainty and is so simple to use it’s really fun. Rit’s new formula contains “neomerpin” which makes the fabric literally soak up the color... gives rich, luscious, flattering shades WITHOUT BOILING. Ask for Rit... and you’ll “dye” laughing!

It takes nine people, aside from the two girls who have speaking parts, to help George McCall put on his bi-weekly Hollywood Screenscoops show.

A ONE-MAN SHOW

George McCall (center) conducts a final script reading with his staff before going on the air. Announcer Wen Niles, at his right, is quite amused.

At each show Grace Stafford talks on Hollywood fashions. Vicki Washington, George’s secretary, plays Miss Thomas. George airs the program whipped into shape by his aides.
New Odorono ICE goes on like a Vanishing Cream... checks underarm perspiration 1 to 3 days

IMAGINE the convenience and comfort! An ICE deodorant that is absolutely greaseless—and that checks perspiration at once!

Made on a new principle, the new Odorono ICE vanishes as you put it on! Leaves your underarm feeling cool and refreshed! And, because this new preparation is made to check perspiration, it keeps your underarm always dry—relieves you of all fear of odor and dampness for as much as 3 days.

And Odorono ICE has only its own clean, fresh odor of pure alcohol, which evaporates immediately. Just one more reason why so many women who have tried it prefer Odorono ICE!

With Odorono ICE so delightfully easy to apply, so effective and so sure—you need never have another moment's worry over perspiration odor or unsightly stains. Only 35¢ for the new Odorono ICE at any Toilet-Goods Department. Get a jar today!

* "Safe and effective—cuts down clothing damage, when used according to directions," says The National Association of Dyers and Cleaners, after making intensive laboratory tests of Odorono Preparations.

SEND 10¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY JAR

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc. Dept. 6-E-8® 104 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 407, Montreal)
I enclose 10¢ (15¢ in Canada) to cover cost of postage and packing for generous introductory jar of Odorono Ice.

Name:
Address:
City________ State______
Quick—cheer up with a stick of Beeman's! There's nothing like that delicious Beeman's flavor to drive off a grouch—that fresh zip and tang is a tonic.

Do you know why it tastes so refreshing? That airtight package keeps the flavor fresh and delicious as the day it was made! Now don't be selfish—I'll have a stick of Beeman's too!

Beeman's AIDS DIGESTION...

Paula Winslow, veteran Coast dramatic actress, has decided characteristics. For example, eccentric hats are a great weakness.

(Left) Although a familiar figure on the golf links and tennis courts, Paula has a particular passion for table tennis, plays often.

(Right) Paula isn't what one would call a "fussy eater," but she hates rhubarb and always makes a face when eating it.
Ever since childhood, Paula has feared the dark. Her heart-beat always quickens when she must enter a dark room by herself. (Continued on page 66)

"AFTER A MATINEE of my latest Broadway show, a friend brought his sister to my dressing room to see me...

"SHE WANTED TO BE an actress—was understudying the star in another play. She had talent, but...

"GIRLS MUST LOOK their best to win success. Although pretty, her lips were rough and dry. When she asked my advice about her career...

"I TOLD HER that I thought she would benefit by using a special lipstick praised by many stage and screen beauties. Later she phoned me...

HELLO, MR. LUKAS! LAST NIGHT I MADE A BIG HIT IN THE STAR’S ROLE! AND I GIVE CREDIT FOR MY PERFORMANCE TO THE KISSPROOF LIPSTICK YOU TOLD ME ABOUT. IT’S BEAUTY-CREAM BASE KEEPS MY LIPS SOFT AND SMOOTH. GAVE ME CONFIDENCE BY MAKING ME LOOK MY BEST!

Kissproof Lipstick in 5 luscious shades at drug and dept. stores $0.50 Match it with Kissproof rouge, 2 styles—Lip and Cheek (creme) or Compact (dry). Kissproof Powder in 5 flattering shades, Generous trial sizes at all 10¢ stores.

Kissproof Indelible LIPSTICK and ROUGE

SCENARIO BY PAUL LUKAS
FROM HOLLYWOOD

...Sanitary Protection without pads, pins, belts

From Hollywood, world style center, comes the modern method of sanitary protection! Holly-Pax affords invisible sanitary protection, banishing tell-tale pads and belts. A highly absorbent cotton tampon worn internally, Holly-Pax can't chafe and is so comfortable its presence is not felt. Because it absorbs internally, there is no possibility of odor. Its low cost of 25c for a complete month's supply makes it the most economical form of protection. Ask for Holly-Pax at department, drug and five and ten cent stores. Or send coupon for introductory package.

holly-Pax

THE WIX COMPANY

Minneapolis, Minnesota, or Hollywood, California

For the enclosed 10c (stamps or coin) send me regular size package of Holly-Pax under your special offer.

Name

Address

City State

---

CHRISTINE

(Continued from page 65)

Paula Winslow's a great one for "whodunit" stories. The more mysterious they are the better she likes them. She possesses a large library of crime stories.

Paula's most prominent characteristics are her beauty and success. You've heard her on Big Town, Good News of 1938, Lux Radio Theatre and many others.

---

CHARACTERISTICS

---

Try a

VEGETABLE

LAXATIVE

What a Difference!

If you think all laxatives act alike ... just try the ALL-VEGETABLE Laxative, Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) ... so mild, thorough, refreshing and invigorating. Dependable relief for sick headaches, bilious spells and that tired-out feeling, when caused by or associated with constipation. Without Risk. Get a 25c box of NRs from any druggist. Use for one week; if you are not more than pleased, return the box and we will refund the purchase price. That's fair. Try it — NR Tonight — Tomorrow Alright.
Radio Stars

Portrait of a Lovely Lady

Boston debutante, lovely Nicole Goodlett, uses Marchand’s Golden Hair Wash to keep her hair blonde and lustrous.

...Who Stays Blonde with Marchand’s

60% of all women were born blonde!

Don’t Let Time Darken Your Hair

Hair like spun gold...highlights and sunny tints that mean youth and loveliness...as refreshing as spring—all the result of Marchand’s Golden Hair Wash. Try Marchand’s today. Restore and brighten the natural radiant shade of your hair. A scientific preparation designed solely to lighten and beautifully all shades of hair. Marchand’s improves texture of the hair and will not interfere with permanents.

A Hint to Fastidious Women

Make dark hair on arms and legs unnoticeable with Marchand’s Golden Hair Wash. Marchand’s lightens the color of superfluous hair...blending it to your natural skin tones. Simple...safe...odorless...no regrowth problems.

Marchand’s
Golden Hair Wash

At all drug and department stores
It is hard to believe that
Feminine Hygiene

can be so dainty, easy
and Greaseless

RADIO STARS

IT'S MY HUMBLE OPINION

(Continued from page 15)

After this preview the picture will not be shown again for some time, since it is usually altered after the audience's reaction has been obtained. After an Opening is the first night or the first showing of a film at a motion picture theatre when it begins its steady run there. That is to say, when it is booked for six days or more, following its first-night showing.

A Premiere is a phenomenon that originated in Hollywood and is typical of the movie capital. It is comparable to an opening, only on a very much grandiose scale, with an attendant orgy of show-offs and showing off. It's a carnival of minks, sables, ermines, jewels, exotic and exotically scented perfumes, flowers, all that lovely ladies' frail bodies can carry at one time. It is, to be more exact, an opportunity for the elite of filmdom to meet and collectively pan or praise the completed artistic effort of a great many writers over a period of time. The making of a picture is, furthermore, a Roman Holiday for the townpeople, who stand or sit for hours on sidewalks outside the entrance of the theatre just to get a fleeting glimpse of their favorites in the film world.

To me, the building of bleachers and tiers of seats (not at all unlike those of a circus) outside the theatre's entrance is the height of nothing, at all. It is this act on the part of the movie moguls which shows that they enjoy the adulation and cheers of masses of humanity.

Were these audiences quiet and respectful and perhaps the least bit awed, the occasion might be a dignified and laudatory one. But as it is, with increasing years of viewing their favorites closer than people of any other town in the land, these crowds have come to be almost offensive. They make wisecracks and jibe and keep up a running fire of commentary about those who are entering or leaving.

But the most sickening of the entire proceedings are the stupid microphonic mouthings and dolorous dribble that emanate from the mouths of the glamorous film stars themselves. One would think that some of the film tycoons, especially, would have been smart enough to memorize a sharp, effective speech which could easily have been written for them by any one of their publicity men.

After listening in for a half hour to one premiere, I found myself so nauseated by the repetitious speeches that I was forced to dial out. It is amazing that the studios' publicity departments would permit their stars to speak so plainly the inability of some of them to speak intelligently, over a coast-to-coast network, to millions of people who have come to believe, unconsciously, that they are theoriginators of the smart, sardonic, just-humorous trash ideas that swell involve the performer; and, most likely, members of the press, half-asleep and touchy. Anywhere from fifteen min-utes to an hour may be consumed at the

rot, nauseating as it is. A bouquet should be tossed to Norm Shearer, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as members of their party, who, when asked to speak into the microphone, were smart enough to decline graciously that dubious honor.

AND while we're still on the subject—Hollywood, let me tell you about a new invention that will probably have a far reaching effect on the public, Hollywood and life in general. It is called the "Cinematon (Mod Number One), and I witnessed the first demonstration of it at my favorite eat-out place. It is an apparatus about seven feet high, built in tiers of boxes. It features a slot into which one inserts a dime, when upon he may see and hear several moments of motion pictures.

The company expects to put out several thousand of these machines in a few months. Which prompts me to ask: "Ju, how will this affect the movie theatre whose audience is already dwindling?"

THE world's worst song title—To Dreams Got Together.

ARE you the type of person who, as I sit at home listening to a radio, think, "Gosh, I'd like to be in this business. What a soft life! What fun!"? Becau-s if you are, give heed to what I have to say about only one angle of a performer's routine.

Unfortunately, indeed, is the performer who must rehearse and broadcast on the same day. Obviously, if one is required to rehearse for an hour—or perhaps two or three—to secure the proper balance between the singer and the orchestra itself it is unfair to the singer.

The voice, after all, is an extremely delicate pair of vocal chords and is only too ready to show signs of wear and tear and the resultant fatigue. Therefore, it is at least a small wonder that such an individual finds himself or herself in bad voice during the broadcast itself.

Of course, the world demands not all this, but it is unfortunate that all too often the audience fails to know some of the story behind a poor performance. I am sure that to "apparently poor" performance since it is in no wise the fault of the artist himself.

This is a problem in the elementals (showmanship). It is a difficult problem for which there is, probably, no solution.

After a bad night on the train—due perhaps to a bad road-bed, an incompetent engineer or unusual weather conditions—performer allights at, say, six or seven a.m. at the station of the town where it is to appear that evening. He is met by a brass band; the management for whom he is to perform; the manager's press agent; just hurried-up ideas of the steel band; and all with sad ideas that will involve the performer; and, most likely, members of the press, half-asleep and touchy. Anywhere from fifteen minutes to an hour may be consumed at the
RADIO STARS

One of the quite probable bizarre colds resulting from the weird ideas the former press agent was burting with.

Two photos snapped in various poses calling for a big smile on the face of the performer—a smile a trifled forced when one thinks of the name and says he isn't slugging.

All of which is a fact that there may be stories and stories in the evening papers free publicity for the management who are apt to forget that he owes it to the performer.

Then come the interviews themselves, either at the station or at the subject's hotel. Each paper seeks to secure its own special type of yarn. This demonstrates the fact that there will be many interviews as there are papers. Interviews may become anywhere from five minutes to an hour, or even longer, with more pictures of various domestic acts, such as shaving, dressing, eating.

Then, if there is no rehearsal in the afternoon, the management is apt to have their ideas to make the town aware of the performer and his engagement at the Bijou Theatre. These ideas may take the form of a visit to a luncheon given by the patrons, Kiwanis, Lions or others. Or an appearance at a local department store here, for an hour or two, the performer permitted to autograph his records or books. Then, quite likely, a tour of the town, a trip to a hospital, a college, or some other outstanding institution of which the town is proud.

While these things are perhaps conducive to a big gross at the box-office, the management has never thought of their effect on the performer! As a result he may step out on the stage wearing a dragon, hayseed face. His voice may be so tired, or the incessant activities forced on him, that it is all he can do to give a decent performance.

The many adoring young ladies who may have kept the hapless artist at the station, the store, the luncheon or the hospital for hundreds of autographs are the first to express keen disappointment when the evening's performance is below par in quality and brilliance.

Too often, indeed, do we kill the goose that lays the golden egg.

FOR the past several issues I have promised to tell you about our tour through the Hebrides of Northern California. I herewith keep that promise. A while back I recounted some of the hazards of facing a traveling dance band, such as weather conditions, competition, and playing in localities where one's radio program cannot be picked up. Now let's see a little of the actual operation of a six-day tour we had booked following our three weeks at the Cocoanut Grove.

For this tour of the strategic cities of the West Coast we found it necessary to use two trucks to carry our instruments and sound equipment, and a big, submarine-like bus with sleeping quarters, a small kitchen, lavatories and an unbelievable amount of room and comfort. These three, together with my own personal car and another for my two secretaries, began the trip North.

At Fresno, California, I ran across a gourmet's delight, the Omar Khayyam Restaurant, whose proprietor, George Meredith, is a true artist, a genial host and a fine friend. He is a man who would rather cook for people than eat. He is the winner of more medals for unusual dishes than any other cook in the world, at least it would seem that way. Both Ripley and the late O. O. McIntyre have made pilgrimages to his shrine of gastronomic delights. It really was difficult to leave this lovely little town, nestled in the mountains where the summers are blustering, but the winters very delightful.

Perhaps the strangest sight encountered after Fresno was that California phenomenon I discussed at the beginning of this article, the arc-light premiere. But this time, instead of being the customary motion picture, show premiere or grocery-store opening, it was two rival gas stations. Situated on opposite corners, they displayed not only the usual assortment of arc lights, big stationary lights playing into the sky, but also huge bouquets of flowers. It was a most unusual sight—with the gasoline pumps taking the bows!

The most significant thing, to me, about

(Continued on page 80)
Duck. This was four days after our story started.

The little boy had been engaged for an appearance on another program. We, the People, just the day before.

The young man felt so bad, it's a pleasure to report, he finally was able to persuade little Donald Duck's parents to bring the boy to New York for Radio Newsreel and snub We, the People. It seemed a great triumph to the young man. But little Donald was frightened in the studio and most notably frightful for the announcers than his interview was worth.

The young man who had hunted little Donald down was warned to be more careful about the type of children he chose in the future.

DURING the new Monday evening Lou Holtz program with Richard Himmer's orchestra, Lou stands watchfully to keep applause from breaking out in the middle of the band numbers. Dick Himmer always was on the violent side in his conducting, but lately he has taken to dancing to the tunes as he leads his musicians.

In spite of being on the portly side, Dick's dances get into such frenzied steps, the studio audience admires and starts applauding. Lou or an announcer shushes that because it's bewildering to an audience at home to have applause break out in the middle of any band number except one of Benny Goodman's.

TELEVISION still is around more curious than seven cross-eyed men in a row could navigate, but its second cousin, "Facsimile," has suddenly leaped into prominence. Some of the regular broadcasting stations have been experimenting with it after their program hours.

In case you have not been paying enough attention to catch the difference between television and facsimile, here it is:

Television is reproduced on a set which shows motion pictures on the end of a small tube or on a screen in the living-room. The facsimile set prints, one letter or corner at a time, a news story or picture on a roll. It's something like ticker tape. The idea is to turn on your set when you go to bed and have a newspaper printed by the time you get up.

Like television, its drawback is financial. Aside from the original cost of the set, the addition to the electric bill would be nearly enough to finance messenger boys bringing several copies of the morning paper to the door.

Men may be around selling stock. Be careful about that.

AL PEARCE's chin, at first glance, seems to be the smallest in radio. It isn't. He has the thinnest shaped face I've ever seen—large, genial checks that suddenly end and turn at right angles into a chin dwarfed by comparison. He is an expansive smoker. The checks spread out much broader than usual and the chin shrinks into almost nothing.

Al himself is amused by the idea of any-one having such a queer physiognomy. Th face is not unattractive—very likable, o the contrary. He hooted away that idle one night when I suggested it and ha been hooting ever since.

IF it's not too late when you run across these lines, switch your radio some Thurs day at 9:30 p.m. (EDST) to the Blue network of the National Broadcasting Company. (The Blue is the one without Vallee and Crosby.) The program is America's Town Meeting of the Air which has made a wild, uproarious scasio out of a debate every week.

THe set is in the last fifteen minute when the audience asks questions on heckles the speakers. The debate is hel in a large hall, but a question from way back in the balcony can be picked up. Th microphone has a large reflector behind it. The reflector is focused or aimed at the band and the bass of it is geared ear to speaking into the mike at close range.

The topics of these debates are usual political and economic, but always high controversial. So are the speakers. Th audience in that last quarter hour is the real show, though. No matter what you views, you will either get into a lather e anger or feel your heart warming at the idea of such topics being yielded over the radio. You'll probably alternate for week in lather and warm.

ABOUT the time Lent ended, I caught that good Catholic, Fred Allen, leaping back after a meal with all restrictions of Th must be a pleasure," he signed, "it be a tape worm on a night like this.

TALKING pictures, as you may remem ber, were a sort of by-product of radio coming when electrical engineers had real gotten down to monkeying with lou speakers. The great radio market wa yapping for them a decade ago when talkin pictures were just getting under way.

There's another by-product now, visible as a new father, I am investigating. On company has a microphone to be set u alongside the baby's bed. If the baby cries you hear it over a loud speaker in th living-room.

I haven't gone into this part of thoroughly—but an engineer friend tells m you might just as well hook it right int your regular radio set. That way, you didn't forget to turn on the loud speaker.

After baby grows up, the mike could ai be handy in an unobstructive corner of th bedroom where the girls go into to prett up just before dinner. That is, of cours if your wife doesn't catch you.

The last part of this idea is somethin Nelson Eddy once tried. Eddy just bough the whole thing for that, though—no bab alarms involved.

JUST a year ago, Freda Gibson wa out on tour singing her hot and catch rhythms in small towns. She had made couple of recordings and that was her close approach to big-time showing. The record ings went so-so generally, except for on
ALWAYS GRAND FOR FLAKY SKIN

Now— with the active "Skin-Vitamin" it Nourishes Skin, too

"MORAULS" days in the out-of-doors—?

Are you wondering what you can do—
that flaky skin?

This year you are doubly fortunate!¬
and's Vanishing Cream, always so grand
flaky skin, is now a nourishing cream, too. It contains the active "skin-vitamin" which aids in keeping skin beautiful.

This new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream is never drying! ... It simply
is not coming out on your skin in a "goo!"
... a triumph of modern science—a true
irishing cream—yet nothing greasy or
ivy about it. Pond's Vanishing Cream is
at and delicate in texture!

Put it on always before
you powder. Again
after coming in from
outdoors. And of course
for overnight after cleansing.

Same jars, same
labels, same price

Now every jar of Pond's Vanishing
Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

JUNE 12

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.
THE BANDWAGON
(Continued from page 37)

into the opening of the cylinders. A micro-
phone is inserted beneath the heavy cloth
which covers the tubes and the strings, and
picks up the sound as it bounces off the
piano sound-board. The results are eerie,
unique sounds the like of which have never
been heard before.

That's one of the chief Kostelanetz
assets: He knows more about taking ad-
vantage of the tricks of radio than any
other conductor.

Andre gets a great kick out of his
realistic and unusual musical effects. But
he enjoys himself even more when he de-
scribes his $155,000 string section with
its Maginni, Stradivarius, four Gaglianos
and a Guadagnini, and boasts that one of
the best effects he ever had was that of
the ten cent store whistle which sounded
a perfect B above high C.

ANDRE KOSTELANETZ' FIVE
FAVORITE BANDS

1. Gay Lombardo
2. Paul Whiteman
3. Hal Kemp
4. Raymond Paige
5. Benny Goodman

NO RUNS, NO ERRORS—ONE HIT

One thing that helped Larry Clinton get
the public recognition he deserves was his
nifty swing composition, "Dipsy Doodle.
With the smell of baseball in the air, the
story of how he came to write that tune
deserves telling:

Last fall, Larry, a rabid baseball fan,
journeyed out to the New York Polo
Gounds to watch his favorite ball club.
The Giants, and his favorite pitcher, Carl
Hubbell, fought it out in a World Series
game with the Yankees. Carl was in great
form until the third inning, when the
Yankees proceeded to knock him out of
the box. Maestro Clinton was very upset
about the loss and cat-calls that greeted
Hubbell's withdrawal from the pitching
mound. He wanted to express his own
admiration for Hubbell and decided to write
a tune about it.

He thought and thought and thought—
and finally got an idea. Hubbell is famous
for throwing a ball which, when it breaks
at the home plate, does exactly the reverse
of what the batter expects it to do. The
baseball trade called this Carl Hubbell's
"Dipsy Doodle Ball."

So Larry Clinton wrote a tune called
the "Dipsy Doodle." As a concession to Tin
Pan Alley, he changed the mood from
baseball to love. But he retained the idea
of everything coming out in reverse—
which helped make it a hit. And that's a
story true—me help so.

DON'T GET ME WRONG—I LOVE

Radio

Lewis "Red" Evans is famous among
musicians as the best swing ocarina player
in New York. He's been heard on the
Saturday Night Swing Session and on
several other broadcasts. Everyone agree
that some program should snap him
up. Most think he would be a "natural" in
Benny Goodman's Tuesday Swing Show.
But none of these Evans enthusiasts know
that Red has been on the Goodman sh}n
almost a dozen times. No, you didn't hear
him play the ocarina. It seems that Red
is from the South, and he is the voice to
Southern planters you hear during
commercial.

Who said Hollywood was screwy?

PERSONAL: BOB CROSBY

Dear Bob:

Just a few minutes ago I heard your
brother sing "In the Shade of the Nut
Tree." By Jove, I have a copy of your
recording of the same number. I

for fun, as soon as Bing finished, I listen
to your version.

Please don't think I'm taking too
great a liberty, but I hate to see you not
take full advantage of your voice. Bing
wears a "second skin" when he sings
public. You could give him a darned close
race—and there plenty of room for another Bing. As
is now, you're using your voice just
about the way a band vocalist might.

But vocal equipment is swell. But in compar-
ing the two Crosby renditions, I do
think you are giving yourself the break I
know how carefully you are steering
away from any charge of imitating Bing
but there's nobody to blame but Mr. and
Mrs. Crosby, Senior. And if all the story I
heard about Bing were true, he'll be
there rooting for you all the way.

Again, pardon my presumption—ah

good luck.

Sincerely,

FOLLOW-UP TO FATE

A couple of months ago the Bandwagon
tried to show you what an odd thing it
was when it told about the coincidence that
found Rudy Vallee and Barry Wood sit-
ing side by side as they played sax for the
Yale University Band.

But, apparently, the all-seeing Band-
wagon knew only half of it. For, as
playing the saxophones in that same group
were Peter Arno, the now famous car-
toonist, and Art Shaw, one of the best
saxophone-clarinet men in the professo-

TAIN'T FAIR

You'll remember when The Music Go-
Round was the scourge of the nation
After it faded into the background, Farley an
Riley, its composers, dissolved their pari
ship and Mike Riley formed his own
band. Recently Louis wrote another tune
called "Ooho! BOOM!" and hoped to riv
the 'round and 'round success.

He took the song to a publisher, who
grabbed it eagerly and accepted the on-
condition that Riley imposed: It would be
banned to any band to play for six
months. Mike was convinced that he had
a smash hit and he hoped to achieve a na-
tional name for his orchestra by becoming
associated with it. But he had to wait a

How

To Shampoo

Blonde Hair to Keep It
Golden and Lustrous

Blonde hair requires special care if you would preserve its lovely golden beauty. Even the most attractive light
hair will fade or darken with use. To keep your hair from
fading and dulling, wash it with New Blonden, the
smallest blonde hair Shampoo and Special Rinse. Costs
but a few pennies to use and it absolutely safe. Used regu-
larly, it keeps hair lighter, lustrous, gleaming with fas-
tinating highlights. Get New Blonden today. New combina-
tion package—shampoo with separate

R. T. French Co., 2281 Mustard St., Rochester, N. Y.
RADIO STARS

NAME IT AND YOU CAN HAVE IT

Those geni who name Pullman cars and shades of feminine hosery have new rivals—the bandleaders. Feeling that they must give the listener something to remember them by, the maestri have gone to a lot of trouble thinking up titles.

One of the first was Shep Fields and his Ripping Rhythm. Now you have such melodious phrases as: Jerry Blaine’s Streamlined Rhythm; Bert Black’s Bell Music; Blue Barron’s Music of Yesterday and Today; George Olsen’s Music of Tomorrow; and Frank Dailey’s Stop and Go Music.

But leave it to Horace Heidt to add the final touch. It was originally H. Heidt’s Sweet Swing. He thought too many other bands were swinging sweetly. So his new slogan is Sweeter Swing.

Gilding the lily or something?

HISTORY MAKING

Newest girl singer to undergo a network build-up is Doris Rhodes, CBS’ latest singing "find." Up to this point, Doris has never exhibited symptoms of mike-fright, but the studio moguls are keeping a weather eye on her, for Miss Rhodes has a record.

A few years ago, she was singing at Hollywood’s ultra Colony Club. Mervyn LeRoy, noted Warner Brothers producer, heard and signed her for the feminine lead in Gold diggers of 1937. On the appointed day, Doris appeared, made-up, stepped out on the set, took one look at the cameras—and fled. History has it that she’s the first girl to run away from the Klieg lights.

FOREIGN DEPT.

Most Americans yen to visit the isle of Bermuda. Once you get there, the Belmont-Manor Hotel is one of the best dance spots. But recently, the hotel band’s first saxophonist broke his leg. An important affair was scheduled for that evening and a substitute could not be found.

All looked black until the crack Bermuda Clipper flew into town from the U. S. A. Jimmy Walker, co-pilot of the plane, stopped by at the hotel, heard about the disaster and promised to take care of it.

For the next two nights, until the Clipper flew back, the Belmont-Manor had a very fine substitute touting the gobble-pipe. Seems that Pilot Walker is an ex-saxophonist of renown.

ON THE TOP

On May 5th, Emil Coleman, familiarly known as Society’s Bandleader, begins an engagement at Manhattan’s swanky Hotel Pierre. Coleman is to play on the roof—New York’s tallest roof-garden. Most of the musicians, who are thinking of the hot New York summers and are envious of Coleman’s good fortune, don’t know one thing. Emil is cursed by a very annoying phobia: He cannot, under any conditions, look out of tall buildings.

CLAIM TO FAME

Leith Stevens is now one of Columbia’s better known conductors because he’s the lad who holds the baton over the Saturday Night Swing Session. But Leith, truth to tell, was originally hired because he was a fine classical musician.

Here is the background which prepared him for his present Saturday evening chores: Piano scholarship at the Horner Institute of Music; piano recitals to pay expenses; accompanist for the late Madame Schumann-Heink; winner of a fellowship at the famed Juilliard School of Music; and conductor of the Chicago Grand Opera Company. (Note to jitter-bugs: Keep your eye on this Toscanini cat.)

THE FEMININE TOUCH

Although it’s been Phil Spitalny who has glorified the all-American girl musician, several other leaders include a little feminine influence of their own. Meredith Willson, for example, has forgotten the rule-book and has Margit Hefidus as his concert-mistress. He also has a woman violinist and cellist.

Felix Mills, conductor of the Mickey

(Continued on page 79)

Lucky the Bride

WHO KNOWS THIS CHARM SECRET

Lovely women are like flowers—and flower perfumes are the very essence of feminine appeal. The girl who wins her man—and keeps him—knows the lure of these odors. Park & Tilford presents "Lilac," the breath of fragrant spring; and "Cherish," a new floral essence as spicy as a coquette’s glance. Let blossom-time surround you—always!

Delightful, delicate, lingering—sweet "Lilac" and spicy "Cherish" are now at all ten-cent stores in smart tuckaway sizes . . . . . . . 10c

Lilac AND

Cherish PERFUMES

PARK & TILFORD

FINE PERFUMES FOR HALF A CENTURY

73
his own. He can be comic (Jolson appearance—Hollywood Hotel appearance), entertaining (an Arch Oboler skit Lo, The Poor Indian?) and heavily dramatic (the NBC Shakespearean series). What more could anyone ask for?—Ben Grauer would be in the movies now if he were taller. As a boy he lived near Paramount's Astoria, N. Y., studios and worked there often. Older, he found he wasn't quite tall enough. Radio's gain, . . . Jean Elliot, NBC's new star Charles M. Shoup when she broadcasts, regardless of whether there are two or two hundred in the studio. She's superstitious.

THIS department, a while back, reported that on the Enquirer Newsreel show, anouncer Jack Costello, Parks Johnson and Wally Butterworth mentioned the word Enquirer thirty-two times and spelled it twice. A check-up on a later show notes mention of the product name exactly forty-one times in thirty minutes!

THE Magic Key program is proof of NBC's showmanship this week. In and week out, it holds up nicely.

It's also smart enough to anticipate entertainment trends for the reported 24,500-000 receiving sets in this country. It wisely took on, for example, Linton Wells, able newswoman and writer and author of Blood on the Moon, as a roving reporter, thus creating something new under the sun and over the air. Wells, who is a crack interviewer, sounds, incidentally, exactly like Charlie Butterworth.

Frank Black handles his symphony orchestra as it should be handled, with equal emphasis on jazz and the classics. Ben Grauer and Milton J. Cross (he has a good singing voice) are more than adequate at their amusing jobs, and the RCA plugs aren't too awful.

But all is not perfection even here, in what is a network's own idea of a radio show—for the newest, It's New. Kullman can't sing a light number as a light number, but must strain and bellow as he attacks the notes—"attacks" literally. Isn't it possible for these opera people to sing easily? They make it all sound so difficult.

Then, too, the skit department isn't always as successful as it was in the case of a fluffy sketch written by Patricia Collinge for Margalo Gillmore and Richard Whorf. This particular effort was a happy compromise between no less than William Shakespeare and Noel Coward, and the treatment accorded it by the Coward-ish, "trilling" chorus was delightfully satirically calculated.

Rather less worth-while efforts were two Irish playlets performed on two occasions by the comic-singing Miss Sara Allgood and Whiford Kane. In them both Miss Allgood seemed to be meeting her lines for the first time and the pieces didn't hang together at all well. Her previous radio appearance on another show in a well-seasoned, stage-learned Abbey playlet, was a contrast by its smooth performance.

EDGAR BERGEN, the live one of the pair, looks like a dummy because his face is, by training, blank and expressionless. But Charlie—they say "B.M.C." now (Be- fore Mr. McCarthy)—is an animated turn of a face that suggests a very-much-alive brat!

SOMETIMES it would seem as though the networks' Special Events departments go slightly wacky in their efforts to find something new. Their routine coverage of floods and presidential doings is both competent and interesting, so it follows that their personnel must be composed of men with grown-up minds. But when NBC's Abe Scheckers dishes up something like singing mice! .

Then there's his recent Egyptian effort. Mr. Scheckter took conveyance to Egypt, where a duly-impressed government provided him with a car in which to meet the Sphinx and to cast an eye over the Pyramids. Scheckter may have done a lot of brooding over the past, but the resultant show, the first broadcast from the interior of a Pyramid, was remarkably flat and commonplace.

We were allowed to hear Egyptians singing at their work, but what the singing meant wasn't explained. A young scientist, with a painfully Harvard accent, said things of no interest. And at no time did a workman turn up a find as he plied shovel and pick. This could have been pre-arranged with little injury to truth and considerable bolstering to dramatic values. The broadcast itself, from the Pyramid's interior, did prove one tremendously important thing: Now we know that there's an echo inside the Pyramid!

THE WOMEN OF THE MONTH IN RADIO

The following were exceptionally:

GOOD. Radie Harris—A newspaper girl who knows Hollywood and how to make it talk—as witness her recent interview with character actress Elizabeth Patterson. WOR could do something about the muffled fanfare which introduced the program. It was almost comical, and Miss Harris deserves better than that.

BAD. Ada Bailey Allen—and she could be so good! Instead, she ties her stuff up with so much continuous advertising that a nice, honey quality about her comes over as an over-commercialized commercial.

GOOD. Lisa Sergio—NBC woman announcer with a pleasing voice and, therefore, an exception.

GOOD-BAD. Martha Raye—good when she sings, bad when she wisecracks with professor Jolson.

THERE'S an old adage to the effect that if you want to find out what's really what, you'll not only ask the general, but also the high private in the rear ranks. This applies
### RADIO STARS

**Questions about radio music: Don’t ask Toscanini, ask a “house man.”**

A house man is a musician who is assigned to certain sustaining and commercial shows as a regular daily job, but he must also stand ready to play anything from Brahms to Stuff Smith on putting-at-cigarette notices—and to play it well. They know what’s going on, too.

NBC house men are as apt as not to tell you that: “CBS does it better than we do. Ver there they rehearse a half-hour sustaining show for two hours. Here at NBC they rehearse the same length show for ten minutes and talk over the numbers they don’t have time to run through. Main outside with NBC is that it’s too big, it’s p-heavy.”

Or again they’re apt to be worrying about BC: “They don’t pay our vice-presidents enough. They get an average of $10,000 a year, and that isn’t a great inducement to house-trained, theatre-and-music experienced men.”

They have opinions too—sometimes expressed in a breezy musician’s jargon 'corny' or "from Dixie" for 'old-fashioned' and "B Flat" for "bad"—such as: Bob Crosby has the best band on the air. Jack Warnow (CBS) is "good-aroo." At Goldman gets a lot of work because he looks cheaply. Toscanini is a great conductor but it’s going some when he walks off of rehearsal because a man knocked a and over accidentally." These are quotes not my opinions.

They're so bound up in their work that their wives complain that their table talk is confined to music and radio. And after dinner, instead of playing cribbage, they sit around listening in. They have been able to make some $150 a week up, but a new union ruling, likely to go into effect, will cut that down to a maximum $100 a week—and that a five-day one. They won't starve.

The Columbia Workshop, a pioneering group which specializes in good air plays, surpassed itself when it put on a piece called Night Patrol, by Stuart Hawkins. In it, CBS broke away from air-drama precedent and dispensed entirely with musical accompaniment (which often clogs up action), substituting the recurring footsteps of Patrolman O’Hare, the play’s central figure.

The repetitious footsteps lent an eerie quality and did much to aid in making Night Patrol a well-acted, well-written, well-produced drama of New York’s East Side, comparable to the stage and screen’s Dead End.

Praise should also be accorded the Workshop for The Ghost Of Benjamin Sweet, said ghost being the nicest ghost in months.

One of radio’s biggest headaches is its quest for good comedians. It’s a truism that it isn’t difficult to make people cry but hard as all get-out to make them laugh. Recently two new ones appeared on the air and their presence cast a glow of satisfaction to both right and left.

These two, Lew Lehr and Robert Benchley, brought something new to radio sets. They’re both original, clever fellows, and while Benchley is more subtle than Lehr, Lehr has a command of dialect that compensates. If they can keep them on the air we may be able to laugh again.

On the other hand, there are Ken Murray and Oswald, members of the old school of comic versus stooge.

Making allowances for their unhappy proximity to Louella O. Parsons, they still fall short of a passing mark—not because of how they say lines but because of what they say. They can deliver good material.

Consider this example. Oswald asks: "What would you do if a girl refused to kiss you on the lips?" Murray answers: "I can take it on the chin!" You’ve seen it in those dime joke books.

Or listen to this one. Oswald claims that blue blood runs through his veins. Murray quips right back: "Your Father must have had a transmutation!"

Catch the Messrs. Benchley and Lehr touching stuff like that with a ten-foot pole!

**Biography in Brief**

BILL STERN, NBC sports announcer, is different from Ted Husing in at least one respect. Stern doesn’t make you aware of a rich and melodic voice. Husing does. Husing is painfully c-l-e-a-r, Stern is no less clear, but you aren’t conscious of it. You are more aware of its message, which is fair enough. Stern is also less well-known than Husing—at yet.

(Continued on page 78)

---

### Make the "UNDIES" Test

It is amazing proof that MAVIS guards your daintiness

Tomorrow morning, shower your body with Mavis Talcum. It’s the easy, quick, delightful way to guard against giving offense—and you can prove it by making the undies test at night.

When you undress, examine your undies carefully. You’ll find them dainty and sweet! Think what this means to your peace of mind—the freshness of your undies proves that all day long you’ve been safe from giving offense.

And think how the daily Mavis habit will save you laundry work! No longer need you wash your undies every night. Instead—by using Mavis Talcum every morning—you can keep your undies immaculate for an extra day, at least.

Mavis Talcum has a special protective quality—it prevents excess perspiration and thus, guards your daintiness. Get protective Mavis Talcum today—at all drug, toilet goods and 10c counters. Generous quantities—10c, 25¢, 50¢, $1. VIVAUDOU, INC.
Superset is the superior wave-set lotion that smart women prefer. It moulds the hair in smooth waves and curls; dries in record time; leaves the hair soft and clean. There is no greasy or flaky deposit. Superset waves last longer, too - your hair is always at its best.

Choose either kind of Superset - the regular (green) or the new No. 2 (transparent and extra fast-drying). Get the large bottle with the comb-dip neck at all 10-cent stores. 10c Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

WILL YOU HAVE CURLS in the morning? Yes, if they are set with Nestle Superset! This wave-lotion keeps your hair beautifully curled and perfectly in place for days.

ALL SET TO GO PLACES, with your hair always well-groomed. You can depend on Superset, the long-lasting, quick-drying wave-set that is never sticky or flaky.

THAT terrific publicity build-up of a "Double or Nothing" romance between the Stroud twins and the Brewster twins took a beating when Mrs. Claude Stroud appeared on the scene. As a matter of fact, she's been quietly living in town for some time, and she and Claude have been married these past nine years. Rumors followed that Mrs. Stroud was starting divorce proceedings, but we saw them dining and dancing the other evening and apparently perfectly happy about everything.

Beryl Cameron, NBC torch singer, was born in Honolulu. Her programs come from San Francisco.

HOLLYWOOD

Irene Rich broadcasts her Sunday dramas from Hollywood, the city that made her a star.

MENNER

Borated Powder

Antiseptic

Recommended by more doctors than any other baby powder.
being a good girl, taking on all the required vitamins.

WE wouldn't be a bit surprised to hear Dorothy Lamour purring, instead of singing, into the mike these days. For she's about the happiest gal in town now that Herbie's set for that Cocomut Grove engagement. It was all arranged by Dorothy, you know, even to inveigling Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy into appearing at the same time in order to give the management a sure-fire set-up.

THE cast of the Sunday coffee show is looking forward to a gay time the end of this month. For that new house of the Herbie Kays should be ready for a house-warming. It's really a dream house. Dorothy having longed for a French Colonial home all her life. She's doing the (Continued on page 88)

One of airdom's most popular guests, Barbara Stanwyck, and comedian Jack Benny converse before a broadcast.
DO AS
ACTRESSSES DO
TO KEEP SKIN
CLEAN

“One of the first beauty tricks I learned as a professional actress was Albolene Solid for cleansing.” —VIRGINIA COPELAND.

Why do so many actresses use Albolene Solid? Because they know it is a special kind of cleansing cream. Extra pure. Extra efficient... because it was originally made for hospitals.

Made of delicate oils, Albolene penetrates as deep as dirt can. Loosens even heavy stage makeup amazingly fast. Leaves pores clear as a baby’s. Your skin feels gloriously refreshed—silky and soft.

HOSPITAL PROVED. Remember—this is the same Albolene Solid that has actually been used in leading hospitals for over 20 years! Jar, 50c. Professional pound tin, only $1.

ALBOLENE
SOLID
CLEANSING CREAM

If you don’t agree with William Vallee’s Straight From the Cold Shoulder department, write us:

Sensational FREE Offer
SEND COUPON FOR:

LIPSTICK
AND 2 FLAME-GLO ROUGE COMPACTS

It’s our treat! Let us send you 3 full trial sizes of the famous REJUVIA Lipsticks—“None Better Made.”

FREE...each in a different fascinating shade, so you can discover the color most becoming to you. To introduce our newest achievement, we will also send you two new shades of Flame-Glo Dry Rouge Compacts, each coated with its own puff. You’ll like the creamy smooth texture that gives a natural, youthful glow to your cheeks...that stays on because it clings! Just send 10c in stamps to cover mailing costs.

For beauty’s sake, send Coupon TODAY!

REJUVIA

USA.

(Continued from page 75)

RADIO STARS

Of Stern, the man, this much is known. He was born in Rochester, N. Y., in 1907, and grew up to be a man, a rabbi and producer from Pennsylvania Military Academy. He made these letters there, football, baseball and polo. This didn’t deter him from getting a band together, after finishing school, to tour Europe. The tour failed because the producer stuck six blondes in the act and that took the music of the boys’ minds. Hollywood couldn’t see him when he tried to get work there so, as a result, he took a roundabout “Z” series of radio jobs in six cities. When he found that he wasn’t getting anywhere in radio he gave it up as a bad job.

Turning now to the stage, this versatile fellow began as assistant stage manager for the Roxy Theatre in New York, then manager and ended up as stage director for both the big Music Hall and Center Theatre just about to open in Radio City. This until about 1925 when he finally got a chance to do a sports broadcast with Graham McNamara. This was satisfactory to all and sundry, so when McNamara deserted sports to devote more time to the big commercials, Bill became an official member of NBC, entitled to report the best athletic events.

He is few feet ten, has dark eyes and hair and a quiet, competent manner that makes you like him on sight. He is Stern but he isn’t stern. Because he played the saxophone on that European-blond trip he fancies himself an expert on the subject of swing—which he is. He practices his sports talk lying in a bathtub, but puts them on in the regular way. Like to drive a car fast and because others do, too, spent six months in a hospital. Six months spent mostly trying to figure out an improved supercharger that would permit more speed. He’s married and she’s not in show business. They’re happy.

If you haven’t tasted Stern, try him spread generously between two slices of his Sunday Sport Scrap. Very tasty.

SOMETHING definitely should be done about the song-credit business. The announcer says, "Will You Love Me In September As You Did In Skow-hagen?" was from the picture, Charlie Kindled Romance In Her Heart! All of which wastes time and patience.

Naturally we know that it is a means of gaining publicity for a picture or show, but it’s hard to take after the forty-one Euryce credits. Suppose every number played on the air had to be identified? However, the height of something occurred when an announcer said: "The song you have just heard was from the Music Box Revue of 1922." Just what is it going to do that show?

NOTE from the Strand department. One reader, a Mr. Joseph Obers, writes in to say that he likes them.

HOW the little crystal set has grown! It’s a far cry from the days when we right-on-our-toes people had radio sets which we tuned into the middle of a squeal to get KDKA so we could boast about it next day—t0 now when Chancellor Hitler delays his appearance at a political meeting to stay by his radio listening to another chancellor speak. “Who’d a thought it?”

BABY FEET

RUINED

BY OUTGROWN SHOES

It’s true
Mother!

Millions of baby feet are RUINED because mother lets baby wear outgrown shoes. Short, tight, outgrown shoes, no matter what you paid, will twist, broaden and create the soft, delicate bones forever out of shape.

Wee Walker shoes are so inexpensive you can afford to change them making sure they fit. They very feature baby needs. They are correctly proportioned, full-sized, roomy shoes that give real barefoot freedom. They are good-looking, flexible, soft. Distributed at low cost through nation-wide stores maintaining a low profit policy. The stores listed have or will gladly order the size and style you want. See them—compare them—in the infant’s wear department. Baby’s sake accept no substitute.

W. T. Degen Co. 510 N. 2nd St. SYRACUSE, N.Y.
J. A. Heary Co. 1757 E. Broad St. COLUMBUS, OH.
I. H. Leiters Co. 1217 16th St. WICHITA, KAN.
Metropolitan Shoe Co. 33 N. Broadway WINDSOR LOCKS, CONN.
S. H. Salts Co. 1390 N. Western Ave. CHICAGO, ILL.
S. Chute Co. 3284 N. Blvd. CHICAGO, ILL.
S. M. Francini Co. 204 N. Superior ST. LOUIS, MO.
H. L. Gilson Bros. 619-621 Main St. PORTLAND, ME.
Metropolitan Shoe Co. 1210 N. Western Ave. CHICAGO, ILL.
Schmidts & Sons 210 W. 23rd St. NEW YORK, N.Y.
Lincoln Stores, Inc. 2245 Flushing Ave. BROOKLYN, N.Y.

WORLD’S FINEST RADIO

*Custom Built BY
BAND IN LAKESIDE,
ONTARIO, a fortisy
in quality and
affordability.*

Huge selection of
1930 tubes, four
impossible with
mass-produced
radios. Given
results that will
economize millions
and cut the radio
equipment costing
thousands of dollars.
This famous apparatus
owned by Kings, Princes,
President and)
broadcaster whose name you
would recognize at once,
costs little more than million
high-grade radios. NOT SOLD
THRU STORES. Write for details TODAY!

E. W. SCOTT RADIO LABORATORIES, INC.
4838 RAWSON AVE., Dept. 698
CHICAGO, ILL.

WAKE UP YOUR
LIVER BILE...

Without Calomel—and You’ll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Karin’ to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. When you are flowing freely, your food doesn’t digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas blows. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sick and the world looks black. A mere bowel movement doesn’t get it at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter’s Little Liver Pills to set these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel “up and up.” Hassel Free, gentle, effective. Carter’s Little Liver Pills. No matter how much you pay, you get the same thing. Take Carter’s Little Liver Pills by the dozen. Storebought, unrefine, anything else.
NEW... a CREAM DEODORANT
which safely
STOPs under-arm PERspiration

Arrid is the ONLY deodorant
to stop perspiration with all
these five advantages:—

1. Does not harm dresses, does
   not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used
   right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for
   1 to 3 days—removes odor from
   perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure, white, greaseless stain-
   less vanishing cream.
5. Arrid is the ONLY deodorant
to stop perspiration which has
been awarded the Textile Seal
of Approval of The American
Institute of Laundering
for being HARMLESS
TO FABRIC.

39¢
a jar
At drug and dept. stores
10¢
sizes of
all 5 and 10 cent stores

ARRID

GRIFFIN
ALLWITE
for all white shoes

BOTTLE OR TUBE... 10¢ & 25¢ SIZES

Gives a “new shoe” finish because it cleans as it
whitens... whitens whiter and will not rub off.
Absolutely neutral... safe and easy to apply.
Radio Stars

(Continued from page 69)

the entire tour was the feeling of being in another world, isolated almost completely from the public place in the hurly-burly life of the East.

I enjoyed the simplicity of atmosphere and a feeling of being in a place far removed from the life I have known for the past ten years.

From Fresno, north, we might—as far as temperature and architecture were concerned—have been playing Massachusetts, Connecticut, or Rhode Island. Yet from Fresno down, it was unquestionably tropical. I believe we made many friends for ourselves on this tour and it certainly is something I shall look forward to doing again some time soon.

We were indeed fortunate not to have been caught in the tremendous floods that swept over Southern California. If we had been, I'm afraid our happy ending might have been an entirely different one!

IT never fails—that those with the least participation in a radio program (or any other effort, for that matter) seem to make more mistakes and give the most trouble. In one of our recent broadcasts, a small boy had exactly the right words to say in a dramatic sketch, persisted in dropping a heavy card, on which those three words were lettered, several times throughout the broadcast. And to add insult to stupidity, he gave vent, for no reason, to a sudden shout during the most tender part of one of the finest perorations on Lincoln I have ever heard.

All of which reminds me of the story told by musicians of the cymbal player who was brought from the East to the Middle West for a symphony engagement, because this particular symphony called for the cymbals at one spot and this particular cymbal player had a way with the cymbals. There were many preparations and goings-on in connection with shipping this man Westward. Money was allotted for his train ticket, board and lodging and the usual union fee for the engagement. The man arrived at the hall, stood rigidly, at attention all through the symphony until the moment came when he was to clash the cymbals together and make the evening a musical success—only he didn't. He was either thinking of something else or so anxious that he was too bound-up to respond. At any rate he missed his cue. This story is supposed to be true!

On Monday, March the twenty-first, I vacated the beautiful abode I leased while working on Goldiggers in Paris. It might interest some of you to know that the previous tenants were Mr. George Arliss and Mr. Edgar Rice Burroughs. So perhaps you can see why my dreams were troubled. Perhaps my subconscious mind has heard the echoes of such British expressions as, "my word" and "by jove!" Or perhaps the calls of Tarzan echoing through the long nights...

Next month's tete-a-tete will come from the East. Or perhaps from glorious, sun-kissed Miami, where I intend to repair in consequence of somewhat worn-out after eight steady weeks before the cameras and those bright, glaring studio lights.

So long...

Hollywood

Mask

Now!

Lipstick

Expectant?

Consult your doctor regularly before and after baby comes.
Ask him about easily cleaned Hygeia Nipples and Bottles. New patented ridge prevents nipple collapse. Tub keeps nipple germ-free. Don't take chances, insist on Hygeia, the safe nurser and bottle and nipple.

Hygeia

Nursing Bottle and Nipple

Safest because easiest to clean


NIL

Ends Ugly Door of Perspiration

Instantly checks perspiration odors 1 to 3 days. Smooth on NIL—dries instantly—won't rub off—non-greasy. Perspiration acids can't harm your clothes when you use NIL—because NIL neutralizes these acids. NIL can be used after shaving, or on sanitary napkins—won't irritate. Today get the generous 1 oz. jar of NIL 10c at leading 10c stores.

NIL LABORATORIES • Toledo, O.
RADIO STARS

(Continued from page 71)

Odd that this otherwise ingratiating comedian should have been allowed to persist in his radio vocal ambitions all these years. An old friend of Jessel's, in charge of a program where the comedian was making a guest star appearance, made a remark that might help to explain.

As Jessel started singing in rehearsal, significant glances were exchanged in the control room.

"I know it's terrible," the old friend protested, "but he's such a nice guy and does such nice things. I'd go out and jump in the river before I'd say a word to him about it. Let him sing!"

THE Lombardo League of Kenosha, Wisconsin, begins a denunciatory letter: "So you fail to understand how Carmen Lombardo retains his popularity as a singer? That is just where you differ from millions."

I hope the Lombardo League will not be mad at Guy and Carmen, too, but they don't have a very good opinion of Carmen's voice either. Guy says: "Carmen can't sing a lick," and Carmen agrees. His other tasks with the band keep him busy, and for years he has wanted to quit his job as soloist. Whenever he does, however, so many protests roll in, he gets back to his vocalizing again.

Another paragraph in the Lombardo League letter seems to give a good reason. "One knows," the letter says, "he is everything his voice implies, friendly, charming, generous to a fault and sincere in his every word." His voice does have an honesty of sentiment that gives something of that impression.

Incidentally, this Lombardo League is one of the most remarkable of fan clubs. It has its own publication, a little paper that prints nothing but news of the Lombards, their records, stage appearances, broadcasts and personal notes.

RADIO'S swing crews have become a gang of copycats, particularly the singers. As soon as one of them makes a success with a song out of the regular popular music routine, all the others hasten to sing the same song. A girl in a New York night club, Maxine Sullivan, made a success with swing versions of Loch Lombard and Annie Laurie. Immediately every one of the swing bands grabbed her idea. They didn't even bother to find other songs. They stuck to those two.

Connie Boswell had an amusing swing idea in her treatment of the aria, M'Appari, from the grand opera, Martha. That might have been expected to start a vogue for swinging a lot of familiar grand opera selections. Not at all. The swingsters just sing that same one and try to copy Connie. So far, the idea has not turned out well in this particular case. M'Appari happens to be an aria that requires a pretty good voice and range to set it off well, even in a swing version. Not many of radio's singers can copy Connie in those two respects.

One whiff... then a Jiff!

"GARGLE.... takes a Jiff!"

PEPSODENT ends their rift!

In germ-killing power...

1 BOTTLE PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC EQUALS 3 BOTTLES OF ORDINARY KINDS

Even when diluted with 2 parts water, still kills germs in seconds...

Lasts 3 times as long!

MAKES YOUR MONEY GO 3 TIMES AS FAR!

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC keeps your MOUTH and BREATH SWEETER HOURS LONGER

DON'T MISS NEXT MONTH'S RADIO RAMBLINGS

ARTHUR MASON UNCOVERS A STARTLING STORY ABOUT RADIO CITY
When emotions are stirred you perspire!

Work and play, and summer weather aren’t the only things that make you perspire. When you cry or get angry or excited, especially in those intimate moments that mean so much, perspiration becomes more active.

Beauty, charm, personality—all the feminine attributes that win a man’s affection—can be completely marred by under-arm odor. Careful women use DEW—the modern deodorant. Stops perspiration and keeps the under-arm dry regardless of what you do. Be as gay and active as you please without thought of perspiration odor. Be confident of your daintiness.

Use DEW to guard frocks from ugly perspiration stains.

DEW is mild in action, kind to the skin. Enjoy the assurance that DEW gives. Get a bottle today.

INSTANT DEW
DEODORANT
STOPS PERSPIRATION

THE HAND-MAID OF BEAUTY

10¢

- Bestow the utmost care on your hands, with the help of HENCO Beauty Aids...
- Never be without a HENCO Nail File (in sheath) for your purse or pocket... and have a HENCO triple-cut Professional File on your dressing table. Their daily use becomes a pleasant habit.

THE HENKEL-CLAUSS CO., FREMONT, OHIO
Fine Cutlery for 50 Years
Ask for HENCO Tweezers and Nail Files (10c)...

THE RADIO HOSTESS

(Continued from page 11)

the comfort of his own home to visit you in yours.

The next step, he said, is making the guest comfortable in your house. But without fussing over him, for folks hate to think that they are putting you to a lot of trouble. It is one thing; you know, to make someone feel like an honored guest by providing the best you have in the line of food, service and entertainment, but you don’t want to give the impression that you’ve exhausted and bankrupted yourself doing it.

“Don’t overlook the fact, either,” counsels Mr. Carnegie, “that people are interested in themselves morning, noon and night—and after dinner. Particularly after dinner when there is a melow, friendly feeling that promotes conversation and encourages confidence. Tell your readers that the hostess who is not prepared to be interested in what the guest has to say is bound to be a failure, however good her cooking!”

“As for the food and refreshment part of it,” he went on, “by all means let’s keep them simple. I’ve never yet been able to figure out why women think men want foods that are all tricked out with sauces and whipped cream. So, cross off your list immediately all of the sort of concoctions which make a man wonder what it is, or what’s in it—with a sneaking suspicion that he isn’t going to like it anyway! No fancy desserts if the guest of honor is a man; that’s the height of folly. But give him a good custard pie, for instance. Or an old fashioned chocolate cake, rich and yellow looking without doodads, fines and trimmings. Start off the meal with corned beef and cabbage or stew, or if that’s too plebeian for you, how about my favorite, fried chicken; with cream gravy? Serve waffles with the chicken, or hashed browned potatoes; but serve it by all means, instead of putting before a man some creamed concoction in a patty shell. Remember that it’s not what you yourself like but what your guest likes that should concern you most when entertaining. If you don’t know his tastes beforehand you’ll do all right by following these suggestions.

For it’s the good old standbys, cooked simply, seasoned sensibly and served hot, home style, that make a hit with the opposite sex, unless I’m mistaken.”

“Well, Mr. Carnegie, I agree with you,” was my immediate reply. So the next step, of course, was to get good recipes for these dishes (given on page 52). As I told you, they were provided by Hilda who, in the eleven years she has been Mr. Carnegie’s housekeeper, has learned to prepare the foods he likes exactly as he likes them. Incidentally, I suspect that that is pretty much the same way that they were prepared in his boyhood days on the farm. Custard Pie and Chocolate Cake... like Mother used to make. This is the sort of food to serve to men. If you don’t believe me and you won’t take Mr. Carnegie’s word for it, just serve one of these treats the next time you're alone with him, and I’ll bet you he’ll agree with you.

THE WHAT A POWDER PANIC

POLIENCES PREVENTS TELLING YOU THAT
WRONG SHADE POWDER IS SOCIALLY TABOO

YOU simply can’t wear a hard-base powder and escape criticism in this day of beautiful women. A hard-base powder is bound to show up chalky in one light—dusky in another... because hard-base powders are made that way.

Lovely Lady Face Powder is winning new friends by thousands because of its original formula and an exquisite new SOFT-BASE—blends out to harmonize with all the daily variations in light; looks chalky or muddy in any light.

The one powder for impromptu occasions—when you must know that you’re just gloriously beautiful! Try it today—choose your favorite shade. See how evenly and smoothly Lovely Lady creates—now that softly fits to your skin—and really, how much longer it Camouflages trouble-some shine. You’ll adore it! At any 10c store—take this coupon with you.

Lovely Lady. Chicago, III.

Take this coupon to any 10c store for convertible style-proved Compact absolutely FREE with purchase of 10c or 25c box of new Lovely Lady Face Powder. If out, ask store manager—be can get yours for you.

500 Tricks
Mystery and Entertainment 500 Amazing Pocket and Parlor Tricks, from 25c up. Write for FREE Catalog. Big Catalog Stage Magic 25c.

LUTE DOUGLAS W. DALLAS, T.E.H.

One Stop Flea Killer KILS

Corns REMOVED Castor Oil

CORN Puncture pain from feet, hands and nose. No xerox, no mess, no trouble. Rub castsor oil on the puncture and it will disappear in a few days.

NOXACOR

HAIR KILLED FOREVER

Killed PERMANENLX by skin, by following easy directions. Castor Oil is used by dermatologists and is claimed to kill hair. For 25c get 1 oz., for 50c get 16 oz., for $1.50 complete.

Carfield Electrolysis Co. (Inc.)
264 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.
WALTZING INTO FASHION
(Continued from page 54)

Yes, the waltz is here again! And fashion has welcomed the opportunity to create romantic, feminine evening frocks in keeping with this most graceful of dances.

The 1938 spring versions of these waltz frocks, which you will see featured everywhere, are lovely to behold. Spurred on by Paris approval, American designers are creating all manner of picturesque summer party dresses, many of them in new luxury materials, in the mood of the waltz. For their inspiration, these designers have reached into the past and borrowed from its most romantic eras the billowing skirts, fitted waists, balloon sleeves, demure off-shoulder décolletages, the flattering touches of velvet. The warm-weather fabrics—organdy, dimities, batistes and other cotton sheers—which have been used to fashion these dainty frocks, stay crisp and fresh and hold their shape. Nevertheless, they are not uncompromisingly stiff, but fall in gentle folds, so that you look newly-tubed and immaculate, and appealingly feminine at the same time! To say that you're a dream walking, a vision of

there are guests for dinner, and prove it to your own satisfaction.

The Custard Pie, by the way, has one or two little cooking tricks about it to insure success. For, Hilda, having noted that a soggy undercrust is fatal to the success of such a pie, has worked out a scheme or two to prevent such a calamity. As for the Chocolate Cake, well it's just a good, a very good Chocolate Cake! Ask any man if there is anything more that needs to be said than that! I thought it more, more delicious than most, however, when I tested the recipe.

Nor is there anything revolutionary about the Fried Chicken. It's just good fried chicken, no 'ough salty! The same is true of the Hashed Brown Potatoes, only that in Hilda I finally found someone who really could tell me how to make them. I've been looking for those directions for years and now that I've found them I want you to share in my success. Or maybe you're the kind of gal who turns up her nose at such simple fare. Well, tip-tit all you will, only don't forget that you're out to win friends through your hospitality, and here's how to do it.

As for our Dale Carnegie favorite recipe, waffles, the great ease of their mixing distinguishes these as well as their old-time goodness.

Simple foods, these Dale Carnegie favorites, are the best. But foods with emotion in them," according to Mr. Carnegie, "foods in keeping with the atmosphere of most middle class homes, without any 'funny business' about them." Yes, foods as sure to make a hit as will the brand of natural, cordial hospitality that Mr. Carnegie advises and dispenses; and suggestions as helpful as those he has given to all of us, men and women alike, on How to Win Friends and Influence People at home, as well as in business.

(Complete recipes on page 52)
Darling, your hair’s so lovable!

Not a fly-away hair in sight... yet she shampooped that hair only a few hours ago.

- Does your present shampoo leave your hair baldish? Make you think you’ve got a dried-out mop? Then try the new shampoo used by beauty specialists. It’s oil shampoo that FOAMS! Water can be hot, cold, hard or soft. Wonderful for coarse or heavy hair. Oily hair benefits too!

Science says you should comb excess oiliness with oil. For lustrous, clean hair that stays set, ask for Admiration FOAM Oil Shampoo. Three 3f stamps bring sample. Admiration, Harrison, N. J.

Should you prefer an oil shampoo that makes no lather, ask for Admiration Olive Oil Shampoo in the RED package.

SECRET of the milky way to soft skin

Famous beauties have bathed in milk for centuries. Now science knows why. Milk contains certain oils very similar to those which normally keep your skin soft and youthful. But no longer need you bathe in milk to enjoy its fabulous beautifying powers. Duart brings you genuine milk-oils in a new-type beauty creme, marvelously softening to dry skin. Try Duart Creme of Milk and learn the secret of the “milky way” to a satin complexion. At drug, department, and 10c stores and beauty shops.

Duart Creme of Milk creme

CONTAINS MILK-OILS BLENDED WITH OTHER OILS

DroppathATKNIFE!

Corns Come Back Bigger, Uglier
- unless removed Root* and All

- Don’t take chances by paring corns at home. Corns come back bigger, uglier, more painful than ever, unless removed Root and All. End that corn with this new, double-action Blue-Jay method. Pain stops instantly, by removing the pressure. Then the corn lifts out. Root and Allin 3 short days. (Exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application.) Blue-Jay is a tiny, modern, scientific corn plaster, held snugly in place by Wipe-Proof adhesive. Try Blue-Jay now, 25¢ for a package of 6. Same price in Canada.

FREE OFFER: We will be glad to send one Blue-Jay absolutely free to anyone who has a corn, to prove that it ends pain instantly, removes the corn completely. Just send your name and address to Bauer & Black, Division of The Kendall Co., Dept. J-90, 2500 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. Act quickly before this trial offer expires.

Blue-Jay Corn Plasters

*A plug of dead cells rule-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

loveliness, is putting it mildly!

Just look at the picturesque, story-book gown in which imported Swiss organdy worn by Irene Wicker, NBC’s story-teller, known as the Singing Lady. The bodice of this gown is edged with Irish lace and the shoulder straps are bands of black velvet ribbon. On her arm is a picture-book hat designed by Sally Victor, a big hat in pink pique trimmed with sky-blue wings and tiny pink and blue flowers.

A belle of the crinoline days would have been charmed by this becoming white gown, and it’s just as charming today for garden parties or formal weddings with the picture hat, and without, it is ideal for terrace dinners and dancing evenings.

Every Sunday morning, you hear Helen Claire on the NBC-Blue-Network in her program, Dreams of Long Ago. And Helen herself looks like a dream of long ago in her printed all-white Swiss organza Waltz dress. The skirt is twenty yards around the bottom! The balloon sleeves, demure collar and black velvet bows are as romantic as the old-fashioned gold bracelets Miss Claire is wearing. They belonged to grandmother’s belle of the old South. Helen’s full-skirted, full-bloused dress is well suited for waltzing, being adapted from the costume of that devotee of the waltz of the early 1900’s, the Gibson Girl, whose favorite song was Waltz Me Around Again, Willet. Her prim, short-crowned hat of leghorn straw is trimmed in black velvet, to go with the bows that set off her dress and her blonde hair.

These tiny bows and bits of velvet are back in fashion again, to give that sentimental, old-fashioned effect. Pin them on you anywhere—in your hair, on your shoulder straps, at your waist, scatter them on the full skirt of your waltz gown. Emphasize a slender wrist with snug bracelets of velvet, the bows tied on the back of the wrist, or call attention to a lovely white neck by tying a long ribbon of black velvet around it, the bow nestling at the nape of your neck, the ends hanging down the back. Pin a cameo or tiny bunch of forget-me-nots or pink roses to the band at your throat. You’ll find results charming, flattering and unusual, especially if your frock has a wide, low décolletage or is worn off the shoulders.

Fashion’s new romantic mood has also sought its inspiration in faraway lands, from the costumes of the peasant and gypsy. Full skirts, gay colors and curving lines make Jean Yewell’s evening gown a perfect complement to the dreamy strains of the Viennese Waltzes, and in contrast to the all-white frocks of the others, this one is dotted with color. Jean, who is the charming soloist, a Roy Campbell of the Royalists on the NBC networks, finds that her bruntte beauty is set off by the festive confetti dots in red, green, blue and yellow that fleck the sheer fabric of her gown, and by the grosgrain ribbon in matching colors that outlines the amur curves of the soft puffed sleeves and the three deep flounces of the very full skirt. And Jean’s lovely figure is at its very best in this gown, bloused at the bosom, fitted from bust to lower hip, which emphasizes a slender waist and hipline.

You can express your new waltzing mood not only in your gown, but also through your coiffure. Very much in

RADIO STARS
Bob Taylor, well-dressed man in phone booth. Who’s he calling?

vogue is the upswep't coiffure, the high hair-do of crinoline days, which has come in with the revival of the waltz. Lovely Jean Dickinson, NBC soprano of The American Album of Familiar Music, achieves a distinctive coiffure by sweeping her hair up from the sides to the top of her head into a cluster of curls held in place by a pink velvet rose. While it's perhaps not so practical for every day, this charming new hair style is a must for evening, and is especially charming above a quaint, old fashioned off-shoulder neckline. If your features have the cameo-like perfection of Jean's, then the upswep't coiffure was certainly designed for you!

And now, what can these modern adaptations of the styles of long ago do for you as an individual? First of all, they're extremely flattering to your figure. Low-cut, off-shoulder necklines and brushed up hair make the shoulders look alluringly feminine, the neck slender and gracefully long (remember to keep your chin up!). The bloused silhouette adds fullness to a chest that's a bit too flat. The figure that's slightly "hippy," but otherwise well-nigh perfect, is flattened by a tight-fitting bodice, while the imperfect proportion of the hips passes unnoticed beneath a gathered, full skirt. And that goes for legs, too! The folds of a wide billowy skirt will conceal legs that aren't all you think they should be, and to which a swing skirt only calls attention.

Aside from these practical points, these little tricks for beauty of form, there's the general effect. The old-fashioned style of glamour is still as effective as ever, and you'll find that you look your prettiest in these flower-fresh waltz frocks. Not only will you look that way, you'll feel it, too. Gentle and demure, romantic and graceful, sweetly feminine and alluringly romantic, the fragile loveliness of you will be irresistible!

What might be called a "survey of romance" was made recently, and one of the findings of this research (which surprised no one!) was that more young men pop the question in the spring than any other time of the year. If it's a proposal you're after, be sure that pink enters your costume picture, for this is the color that men simply can't resist. If you're looking for romance, you'll certainly find it this spring if you follow fashion's trend toward femininity. So get into step and into tune. Waltz your way into fashion and into romance with a lovely, graceful waltz gown!


RADIO STARS

ON TWO NEW HOLLYWOOD CURLERS... with spring end holders

If you like curlers with spring end holders, you will like these new HOLLYWOOD. They are designed so that they hold hair ends securely yet do not crimp and will slip off easily without spoiling the curl. Two sizes...with 2" and 2 1/4" curling surfaces. They give you all the superior, patented features that make HOLLYWOOD CURLERS so easy to use, so quick to dry, so pleasing in results. See the complete HOLLYWOOD line at your vinery store...from the new Giant that makes big soft curls to the little Midget that is so useful in controlling short, botherome ends. Insist on HOLLYWOOD Curlers...ask for them by name.

HOLLYWOOD CURLERS
AT 5¢ AND 10¢ STORES AND NOTION COUNTERS

Happy Relief From Painful Backache Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of these gasping, nagging, painful backaches were blamed on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds waste. If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood, and poison may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, standard and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, sold successfully by millions for over 40 years. They are a happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

THEY'RE MAGIC in your eyes!

- Bring out the enchantment of your eyes—reveal their depth and brilliance with a frame of sweeping lashes! Curl lashes works this magic in 30 seconds, curls lashes so they look long, dark and alluring. No heat, cosmetics or practice needed—$1 at any good store.

Learn—absolutely free—what shades of eye make-up are becoming to you—learn how to apply them skillfully! Send your name, address and coloring to Jane Heath, Kurlash beauty consultant, Dept. E-6; she will send you a personal color-chart and complete instructions in eye make-up!

Kurlash
COPYRIGHT 1935, The Kurlash Co., Inc.

STUDY AT HOME
With greater emphasis and practice, you may pass your examination and get a job in an hour rather than a day. No need for books. No need to travel. No need to quit your job. No need to leave your family. No study is complete without the "STUDY AT HOME" system.

LASALLE EXTENSION, Dept. 1411, Chicago

Treat Your Teeth
Hard to Bryten?

STAINS DISAPPEAR QUICKLY—eVen stubborn smoke stains—with latest No. 2 Tooth Paste or Powder. Specially compounded by a Dental to clean hard-to-bryten teeth safely. Polishes your teeth to glistening beauty. Also made in No. 1 texture for teeth easy-to-bryten. Try lodent—enjoy its purity and delicious minty flavor.

LIDENT
No. 1 TOOTH PASTE
No. 2 TOOTH PASTE
EASY TO BRYTEN
also POWDER
HARD TO BRYTEN

85
New beauty for your hair... with this new
4 Purpose Rinse

Lovalon, the 4 Purpose Rinse does all these four things for your hair in one quick, easy operation:
2. Rinses away shampoo film.
3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
4. Keeps hair neatly in place.

Use Lovalon after your next shampoo. See the life and sparkle and healthful, youthful glow it gives your hair.

Lovalon comes in 12 different shades. You can match and enrich the natural color of your hair or make it brighter or deeper. Lovalon does not dye or bleach. It's a pure, vegetable, odorless hair rinse—one of the very few hair toilettries approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. Package of 5 for 25¢ at drug and dept, stores. Trial size at 10¢ stores. (Or, any good beauty shop will Lovalon your hair.)

LOVALON
the 4 purpose hair rinse

Making a Play for Beauty

(Continued from page 58)

First is a limbering-up exercise good for the waist. Stand erect. Raise the hands over the head, then, bending from the waist and keeping the knees straight, reach for the floor. At first your fingertips will probably only reach a point midway between knees and floor, but don't worry. A few days of practice, and it will be easy to touch the floor with the palm of the hand.

Stand in one spot and run hard. Then, hop from one foot to the other. Stand with arms over the head and sway from side to side from the waist. These are exercises that give the body balance and grace. They train the body to do your will. Needless to say, a good many stubborn pounds will fall away after a few weeks of regular exercising.

All wrist exercises are worthwhile, for they promote flexi- dility and grace for the hands. The youthful hand is the one that moves from a flexible wrist. Describe circles by moving the hands from the wrists. Wave the hands back and forth from the wrist.

Swimming is the sport Helen Lynd finds most enjoyable. Outdoor swimming, she says, is particularly healthful as it gives her an opportunity to spend hours in the fresh air and vitamin-giving sunlight. Swimming develops the body and swimming reduces! This sounds contradictory, but it has been proven that swimming is truly the great "regulator" exercise. If you are not conveniently near the ocean, pool or "old swimming hole," you can still practice swimming and shape your figure on land! Here are the exercises:

Down on the floor. Lie on your right side with right arm extended straight up by the head. Scissor-kick rapidly several times. Turn over to the other side and scissor-kick. This exercise should be followed by the "flutter kick" executed by lying on the back with hips elevated and rapidly kicking the legs.

You may practice the breast stroke by standing erect and going through the exact motions, as though you were really in the water. Repeat several times.

The overhand stroke may also be practiced at home, in similar fashion.

Badminton, tennis, roller-skating, bicycling are all favorite sports of the stars. These sports, when actively engaged in, do wonders about sculpturing the figure, toning the liver, and stimulating the circulation that promotes a new clarity of complexion. The one-two-three exercises take on a new glamour when you know that while improving the figure they are also conducive to proficiency at a fascinating game or sport.

Even walking (and we take so many steps every day we sometimes forget it is pleasurable!) can and should be trained for! Take exercises that correct posture faults and give balance, smoothness and grace to the walk.

Standing erect with head up, balance the body by placing the left hand against the wall and the right hand on the hip. Then swing the right leg as far forward as possible...
sible. Then as far backward as you can. Hold the leg straight while you swing it. The hack kick is most important, so don't be lazy about swinging back as hard as possible. This is one of the best hip reducers and it also will help to make your walk graceful.

Walking a straight line is not only good practice for "toes straight ahead" but also overcomes that most unattractive habit of walking with the knees far apart. When the knees are held far apart the walk appears to be waddling and heavy.

The jerky, jiggly walker is most unattractive and the tragedy is that such a walk can be so easily corrected. Short steps are responsible for this awkward walk. Practice an extremely long step in private.

The head should always be held erect. The drooping head (and rounded shoulders that accompany such a head position) is a mark of timidity. Poise and self-confidence are expressed in the head that is held high!

So practice walking. Don't let yourself slump into careless habits even when there is no one around to see you.

Frances Langford and many of the stars find it most delightful to walk in the rain when they are properly dressed for it. Why don't you try it? You should find it not only fun but good for the complexion, too.

Speaking of complexions brings us to the "surprise" sample offer I have for you this month. The offer is for, not one, but six free samples of a lovely face powder. Six different shades with which you can blend the one shade that flatters your complexion most perfectly. You will have enough powder, too, to add a bit of a darker shade from time to time as your complexion begins to take on its first tan.

Most of us, I think, are inclined to take our face powder for granted. Yet, if you would only stop and analyze the things you desire your powder to do for you (and the things the proper powder will do for you), then you would soon realize that the choice of a face powder deserves real consideration. You expect your powder to go on smoothly and evenly and cling indefinitely without caking. It should hide small imperfections and variations in the skin coloring and texture, yet at the same time be such a fine mist that your own skin tones radiate through the powder with a natural glow. Then, of course, you expect your powder to protect your skin—not irritate it or clog the pores! Quite an order!

So, it would be well worthy your while to devote some real attention to your choice of face powder—and when you would find a better chance to begin than right now, with a new powder and six lovely shades with which to experiment?
**WEST COAST CHATTER**

(Continued from page 77)

decorating herself.

... THEY'RE still telling this one on Cecil B. DeMille. It was that day when the heavens opened and the furies let loose in Southern California. A rehearsal for Lux Theatre was on with DeMille concentrating on a scene with Fay Wray, when a sudden thunder clap shook the building. "That's enough of that," shouted DeMille, over the roar, "cut that out and let's try it again."

JEANETTE MacDonald is making the most of her short vacation from the cameras. She and Gene are spending every afternoon on horseback, discovering new trails around the Santa Monica canyons. Their mornings are devoted to training Black Knight, Gene's pet horse, for jumping in spring shows. Learning to take the jumps, too, is Michael—that 180-pound Newfoundland which Gene gave his wife for a wedding present. Michael is the same dog that Jeanette thought was just a "cute little cocker" when first presented to her.

**ROMANCE IN RADIO**

Those in the know say that Ethel Shutter is still leading lady in George Olsen's life. The telephone company could tell you the same thing, for the two run up nightly bills talking to one another. Ethel's going to join George in New York very shortly.

... Barbara Stanwyck hasn't missed one of Robert Taylor's broadcasts yet. Tyrone Power and Janet Gaynor are still in ineluctable, even though Sonja's back in town. Sonja's set for They Met In College—and her leading man will be Richard Greene, that English lad whom the publicity department claims is a "happy combination of Tyrone Power and Robert Taylor." . . . Van Dyke still thinks that pretty girl from her hometown of Houston, Texas, is the sweetest guy in California. . . . Lona Andre and Bill Faye are serious about it. Bill is Alice's brother and Lona's one of her closest friends. . . . Buddy Watmore thinks Eleanor Whitney's as cute as they come. . . . Art Gilmore, announcer of Dr. Christian, will marry his high-school sweetheart, Grace Weller, this month. . . . Frances Langford and Jon Hall are together constantly. . . . Claire Trevor and Carl Anderson, producer of Big Town, are heading straight for Yuma. . . . And Rudy Vallée's favorite girl friend is still Judy Stewart! ...

**DURING the rehearsals for the M-G-M show, the cast indulges in doughnuts and that good-to-the-last-drop coffee. One warm day, there were so many flies haunting the rehearsal stage as a result, that the producer yelled for a prop to bring the fly spray. But Robert Taylor had better ideas: "Leave 'em alone for a few minutes," he advised. "If they're good maybe you can pick up their options!"

JACK BENNY showed up at rehearsal the other day with a cigar holder measur-
ing a good five inches. What in the world could be the meaning of this, wondered the cast in unison? "Just came from the doctor," Jack explained. "He advised me to stay far away from cigars as possible."

PHIL BAKER and Kenny Baker are both expectant fathers these days. This will be the fourth child for the Phil Bakers but the first native Californian. It's the second blessed event for the Kenny Bakers.

KENNY'S favorite way of spending leisure hours is touring the town with his father, Horton Churchill, who's an ace news photographer for a Los Angeles daily. There was a time when Kenny hankered to follow the same profession. And according to his dad, who should know, he has the makings of as good a cameraman as a crooner.

LANNY ROSS is seriously thinking of turning his photography hobby into a money-making proposition. He's the most ardent amateur snapper in town and has a collection of pictures that many a professional would be proud to claim. The other day Lanny turned the tables on Radio Stars' cameraman, George Stroek, when he went out to the Ross home for a layout of pictures. Lanny had our cameraman posing all over the place, and George admits that Lanny certainly knows his stuff.

INCIDENTALLY, the Ross "estate" is among the most modest of the homes in the film colony. Out Beverly Hills way, it's a small house surrounded with pleasant gardens, but not a single swimming-pool to its name. There's a badminton court, though, because that's the favorite recreation of Mr. and Mrs. Ross—when the horse-racing season is through.

NOW that Jack Benny has rated mention as one of the country's best-dressed men, he's even more critical of his cast's garb. At a recent broadcast, Jack spotted Phil Harris sporting an unusually loud sport coat with a red, gray and green pattern worn in none too subtly. With a "you-poor-dope" look, Jack sidled up to Phil and said: "It's a lucky thing that there's at least one man on this program who knows how to dress." "Yeah, I sure do," was Phil's reply.

HELPFUL HINTS FOR PROSPECTIVE RADIO SCRIPTERS

Lynn and Abner have now found that they work best at the typewriter when in a kitchen. Rush Hughes does his fifteen-minute script in secretary's room then puts the sections together just before his NBC broadcasts. Phil Baker never puts capital letters in the first draft of his script, but has his own speeches in caps in the final draft. Fred Allen writes his scripts out first in a simple handwritting that practically requires a microscope to read it. Jack Benny dictates his scripts while pacing the floor. His secretary, Harry Baldwin, crouches with pad and pencil ready to jot down any good ideas. Ames 'n Andy take turns at their one typewriter and take turns turning up and down the room.

THERE'S a good story in the father of Baby Snooks, too. When it was necessary to have someone play the role of Papa.
Snoeks on the air, Fannie Brice remembered a certain Hanley Stafford, with whom she used to work on the stage years and years ago. But M-G-M didn’t want Fannie’s man, thinking they had plenty just as good on their own payroll. But Baby Snoeks developed a sudden determination, sent for Mr. Stafford, and put him in the cast at her own expense. M-G-M saw him on just one program, promptly put him under contract, gave him a nice raise, and Fannie a fond pat on the head for being astute.

BING CROSBY told us the other day that he hasn’t a fan in his household, now. His four-year-old son Gary used to like him a lot, but now he’s switched his affections to Uncle Whoa-Bill, a local air-wave story-teller.

DID you ever stop to think, providing of course that you’re a Gracie Allen fan, that you owe all your good times on their programs to George Burns? If it weren’t for the master of the house, Gracie would never appear on another radio program. She’d be a contented little hausfrau, getting all the amusement she needed out of life by watching Sandra and Ronnie and the new hat styles. It’s George who eats, dreams and lives show business. So to keep peace in the home—and also because she likes the guy—Gracie does what George wants her to do. “I’m the ham,” says George. “can’t live without showing off. But Gracie, she just comes along for the ride. She will act sappy, if you insist she will, for a new dress.”

THE Academy Award dinner brought out all the radio and film stars in town. Interesting to note that, with most of the world’s greatest entertainers present, it took a dummy to get the laughs. Charlie McCarthy was the star of the evening, particularly when he received his wooden “Oscar”—a special award patterned after the elaborate gold “Oscars” given to the other winners. “Haven’t you something to say?” Bergen asked him, when the statue was presented. “Yeh,” said Charlie. “Looks like pretty cheap stuff to me.”

RUMORS of that romance between Edgar Bergen and Marion Talley are rumors no more. They’re facts. For Edgar makes no secret of the fact that he thinks Marion is the most attractive person in Hollywood—and the most gifted. It’s pretty discouraging to the other girls since they’ve been feeling that way about Mr. Bergen for a long time.

DIDJA KNOW?
That The Boss, in which Edward Arnold starred on the Lux Theatre, was his first big success on Broadway? . . . That Ruthie Robbins, vocalist with Phil Harris, is the sister of Leo (Thanks For the Memory) Robbins? . . . That Nadine Connor is now pulling down $1250 a week? . . . That director Dave Butler has horses named “Alice Faye” and “Tony Marlin,” and that they’re both earning him good money on the track? . . . That Rosemary Lane lost six pounds teaching Rudy Vallee the “shag” on the Goldiggers in Paris set? . . . That Priscilla Lane and Wayne Morris are at La Conga, Hollywood’s new late-spot, almost every evening doing the rhumba and holding hands? . . . That one of Eddie Robinson’s most ardent fans is an ex-gangster at San Quentin who writes Eddie excellent ideas for his script? . . . That a certain radio comic around town, noted for his “high forehead and low Cros- ley,” could win any unpopularity contest in Hollywood? . . . That Martha Raye’s fully recovered from that pneumonia siege and is back at work minus 13 pounds? . . . That Luise Rainer didn’t know until nine o’clock of the same evening that she was to be awarded the Academy’s best actress award? She had to quit popping corn at home and pop into a formal and a taxi and was the last person to arrive at the banquet . . . That Fannie Brice went as Baby Snooks and Sophie Tucker as Little Lord Fauntleroy to the Film Welfare League’s dinner? . . . That Katharine De- Mille, Cecil B.’s daughter, won high praise on her exhibit of water-colors in Los Angeles? . . . Marlyn (Mama, that man’s here again) Stuart has changed from blonde to brunette? . . . That Tyrone Power has bought himself a $150 toy train to play with? . . . That Jerry Cooper never sang a note till five years ago, when he deserted the baseball diamond for the night club? . . . That Anne Jamison always rehearses while lying flat on her back on the floor—it’s her pet method for relaxing.

Templeton Fox, who was born Esther Fox, hails from Pasadena, California, and is heard over NBC on Lights Out and other programs.

AT a Big Town rehearsal the cast got into a discussion about success. Edward G. decided he was finally a success when his air-show clicked so decisively. But Claire Trevor said she felt success had come to stay when she was able to hire a maid as a getter-upper and pitch her alarm clock out of the window.

THE broadcasting studio of The Old Fashioned Revival Hour took on a festive air the other Sunday evening when Bill MacDougal, singer with the quartet, brought his bride of one hour, Phyllis Crawford, and the entire wedding party to the broadcast. The cast put on a special “after-show” and party for the Mac- Dougals when the audience had finally been cleared out.

AT the close of the Phil Baker show one day, the curtain failed to come down as it should have. Trouper that he is, Phil did a little additional entertaining, while Harry “Bottle” McNaughton went backstage to find out what was causing the delay. He found out. The stage hands were engaged in a little game of “21” with Don Wilson, Jack Benny’s announcer, who’d dropped in to compare insults with Tom Hanlon, the other heavy-weight announcer of Hollywood.

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.
When work piles up and you're under pressure there's real relief from tension in the use of Beech-Nut Gum! Tests in a large university show that chewing gum helps lessen fatigue... improve alertness and mental efficiency. Have a package handy.

Always take Beech-Nut Gum with you in the car... it adds pleasure to every trip, gives relief to your nerves when traffic is heavy... keeps your throat moist and refreshed... helps you stay awake and alert on long trips and when driving at night.

Use of chewing gum gives your mouth, teeth and gums beneficial exercise. Beech-Nut Oralgene is specially made for this purpose. It is firmer, "chewier" and yet your mouth the exercise needs.

Opening day—and every day—

BEECH-NUT GUM

is the password to pleasure

WAYS REFRESHING

Beech-Nut Peppermint Gum is good as the most popular flavor of gum in America. Beech-Nut Spearmint has a taste you're sure to enjoy.

3 KINDS OF BEECHIES

A package full of candy-coated individual pieces of gum—in three flavors—Peppermint, Pepsin and Spearmint—select the kind you like best.

"CHEW WITH A PURPOSE"

Oralgene helps keep teeth clean and fresh-looking... is a real aid for mouth health.
With Independent Tobacco Experts...

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST

It’s Luckies 2 to 1

HERE ARE THE FACTS! Sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts, Lucky Strike has twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes put together. These men are auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen. They deal with all, but are not connected with any manufacturer. They know tobacco and they smoke Luckies...2 to 1!

Remember, too, the throat protection of the exclusive process, “It’s Toasted.” This process removes certain harsh irritants present in all tobacco, and makes Lucky Strike a light smoke—easy on your throat.
Be divinely Irresistible... be the star of his heart to-night with Irresistible Perfume...
A touch on your wrists, your throat and your petite evening muff and you become a more thrilling person to yourself and to him. Teasing... provocative... irresistible! Discover the exciting new confidence that Irresistible Perfume gives you.
Tonight, try Irresistible Perfume. You'll be sparkling, electric, ready to conquer the world and the man! To be completely ravishing use all of the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Certified pure, laboratory tested and approved.

10c at all 5 and 10c stores
Well, I’m Elected—
I’ve got “Pink Tooth Brush” now!

Neglect, Wrong Care, Ignorance of the Ipana Technique
of Gum Massage—all can bring about

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

ANN: “Hello, Jane. Well, the laugh’s on me—there’s a tinge of ‘pink’ on my tooth brush. What do I do now?”

JANE: “See your dentist, pronto. Cheer up, my pet—maybe it’s nothing serious!”

ANN: “Good heavens, I hope not. What did Dr. Bowen tell you?”

JANE: “Mine was a plain case of gums that practically never work—I eat so many soft foods. Believe me, I’ve been using Ipana with massage ever since. It’s made a world of difference in the looks of my teeth and smile!”

ANN: “You make good sense, darling. Guess there’s just one thing to do—find out what Dr. Bowen tells me…”

Don’t let “Pink Tooth Brush” ruin your smile

When you see “pink tooth brush” see your dentist. You may not be in for serious trouble, but let him decide. Usually, he’ll tell you that yours is merely another case of neglected gums. Because so many modern foods are creamy and soft, they fail to give our gums the exercise they need. That’s why so many dentists today advise “the healthful stimulation of Ipana with massage.”

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help the gums as well as clean the teeth. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. As circulation increases within the gum tissues, gums tend to become firmer, healthier.

Play safe! Change today to Ipana and massage. Help your dentist help you to sounder gums—brighter teeth—a lovelier smile!

DOUBLE DUTY—Perfected with the aid of over 1,000 dentists, Rubberset’s Double Duty Tooth Brush is especially designed to make gum massage easy and more effective.
THE GLAMOUR-QUEEN of the Nile knew this fascinating secret—the lure of a smooth and deliciously fragrant skin...

TAKE A TIP from History's No. 1 Charmer and keep always adorable with the romantic, lingering scent of Djer-Kiss Talc.

Start your day the Djer-Kiss way! Bathe your entire body with this delightful talc each morning. Djer-Kiss keeps you dainty and refreshed all day... Helps you stay cool, for it actually lowers body temperature. Clothes feel more comfortable... Makes you alluringly fragrant. Use Djer-Kiss generously, for the cost is surprisingly small. Buy it today at drug and toilet goods counters—25c and 75c sizes. Liberal 10c size at all 10c stores.

The same delightful fragrance in Djer-Kiss Sachet, Eau de Toilette and Face Powder.

YOUR'S FREE—the exciting new book, "Women Men Love—Which Type Are You?"—full of valuable hints on how to make yourself more alluring. Just send a post card with your name and address to Parfums Kerkoff, Inc., Dept. A, New York, ...genuine imported talc scented with Djer-Kiss perfume by Kerkoff, Paris.

Are You a MODERN CLEOPATRA?

RADIO STARS

Lester C. Grady, Editor; Ella Riddle, Associate Editor, Abri Lamarte, Art Editor

ANNOUNCING

CONDUCTOR INVENTOR 6
EXPOSING THE MARIJUANA DRUG EVIL IN SWING BANDS 8
THE RADIO HOSTESS 10
IREENE INTERVIEWS GUY AND HIS BROTHERS 12
IT'S MY HUMBLE OPINION— 14
BACHELOR GIRL 16
FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO RADIO 19
STRAIGHT FROM THE COLD SHOULDER! 20
THE KEYHOLE MURDER MYSTERY 22
RADIO RAMBLINGS 24
LEARNING A LESSON FROM LANNY 26
IN THE RADIO SPOTLIGHT 28
THEIR SECRET PASSIONS 30
WHAT THEY DO WHEN THE VOICE FAILS 32
HOW IT FEELS TO BE A FATHER 34
THE BANDWAGON 36
10,000,000 LISTENERS FOR UNCLE SAM'S PLAYERS 38
BETWEEN BROADCASTS CANDIDS 40
COAST-TO-COAST PROGRAM GUIDE 42
MARY MARGARET McBRIIDE'S RECIPES 56
CAN YOU BARE THEM? 58
REHEARSALS ARE SERIOUS BUSINESS 62
PEPPING UP TELEVISION 64
IN TUNE WITH THE TIDES 66
WEST COAST CHATTER 74
PLATTER PATTER 80
LARRY CLINTON'S SONG TITLE CONTEST 81


Subscription price in the United States and Canada $1.00 a year, Foreign Subscription $2.00 a year. Entered as second class matter August 5, 1938 at the Post Office at Dunellen, N. J., under the act of March 3, 1879. The publisher assumes no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Additional second class entries entered at Seattle, Washington, San Francisco, California, and Houston, Texas.
TWO YEARS IN A ROW THE PRIZE AWARD!

Talented Luise Rainer again wins the Academy Award. This time for pathetic Olan in "The Good Earth." Last year for Anna Held in "The Great Ziegfeld." Her new role is her greatest!

Luise Rainer as "THE TOY WIFE"

...who has youth and beauty and all the world to gamble it in..."life slips too hurriedly by, so sip the cup of frivolity and danger while you may"...you will watch with beating heart this sensational drama of New Orleans' gayest, maddest era in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's glamorous production. In the cast also: MELVYN DOUGLAS, ROBERT YOUNG, Barbara O'Neil, H. B. Warner. Directed by Richard Thorpe. Produced by Merian C. Cooper. Screen Play by Zoe Akins.
You'll find a dash of magic in CABANA!

Make your summer nails lovely with CABANA, the color men admire. Here is a flattering, tawny red . . . fresh, gay and stimulating . . . a color that throbs with romance!

You'll want CABANA in the city to wear with stylish blacks and beiges. You'll need it in the country for your South Sea prints and whites. At the beach CABANA suits the scene . . . it makes moonlight dances forever memorable . . . it holds a promise of thrilling things ahead.

Use this striking shade to accent summer highlights in your hair . . . the sunny undertone of your complexion . . . the glamour of your summer self. Get CABANA today!

Glazo Is Ideal For Summer!

1. Longer wear — new Glazo lasts days longer without peeling or chipping. Slightly heavier — clings to nails.
2. Easy to apply — goes on evenly. Will not streak or run. Dries quickly.
3. Brilliant lustre — won't fade or become dull in sun or water.

Get Glazo's smart new colors — CONGO, SPICE, TROPIC and CABANA — at all drug counters. Extra large size, only 25¢

CONDUCTOR INVENTOR

Basil Fomeen is both and does each equally well

Basil built the complicated Basilphone himself. It operates electrically and has a loudspeaker. His weakness is inventing. The Basilphone combines the music of an entire orchestra, an organ; is played like a piano.
"When your feet hurt...you hurt all over!"

Says Dr. Scholl

"The ill-effects of foot trouble are many. Often they are felt in parts of the body remote from the feet—in the form of backaches, neuritis, arthritic or rheumatic-like pain in the knees, legs and feet, excessive fatigue after standing or walking, etc. Besides your general health, your looks, earning power, disposition, personality—all suffer when your feet hurt."

Don't neglect your feet! There is a Dr. Scholl Foot Comfort* Remedy, Appliance or Arch Support for your foot trouble, assuring quick, medically safe relief at small cost. They are the result of 34 years of study, research, laboratory experimenting and clinical testing by this internationally famous foot authority.

NOW is the time to get relief—during Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort WEEK.

Over 125,000 Drug, Shoe, Department and 10¢ Stores are behind this annual drive to relieve foot troubles. Go to your dealer now and let him show you how easy Dr. Scholl has made it for you to be foot-happy.

Remember—anything you buy bearing Dr. Scholl's name must give you satisfaction, or your money will be refunded.

Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Week

For FREE FOOT BOOK and sample of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for relieving corns and sore toes, write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Dept. MCW, Chicago, Ill.
"Fella, it's already gone! You see—I found that package of Beeman's you slipped in my pocket! Some flavor, I'll say! I like that luscious smoothness—that clean tang!

Look at the package—see that tight sealed foil? Keeps the air out and the fresh flavor in—no wonder Beeman's has such fresh snap and go! Let's stop in for more Beeman's right now!"

Beeman's AIDS DIGESTION...

EXPOSING the Marijuana drug evil in swing bands

BY J ACK HANLE

Astounding facts about the habitual use of "reefers" among musicians:

YOU'VE read about marijuana of course. Newspapers recent have been full of stories about reefer-crazed young men and women jumping from windows killing policemen, robbing, assaulting and running amuck while under the influence of the weed. And many stories about marijuana say that among those who first spread its use here were musicians; specifically, "hot" or "swing" musicians.

Did that mean, then, that the hot virtuosi of rhythm we listen to on the air are not just highly talented, expert "ride" men? Were the sizzling trumpet licks the ingenious and finger-breaking riffs of the clarinet, the wacky off-beat of the drums all the product of drug-influenced performers? There was one way to find out, so your reporter tried it. Knowing something of music and musicians, I investigated, questioned and tried to get the low-down on marijuana in its connection with music.

It wasn't very simple; those who know, or who have been using the "hay" themselves, are naturally reticent about it. Stories and articles giving statistics on the spread of the weed, criminal records of the various shocking crimes committed under its influence, guesses and estimates were all very significant. But I wanted to get the first-hand facts from musicians themselves. And the following facts came to light.

Most of the really big-time swingsters are definitely not reefer addicts; produce their effects entirely legitimately. Yet,
at least one major hot organization on the air is usually "high" on reefer.

Musicians' use of marijuana is confined almost wholly to swing players. Those who "hit the weed" seem to use it more temperately or to show less violent reactions than users outside the musical profession.

The most persistent users among he "cats" are the younger players and the second and third raters who link both that it's "smart" to smoke, and that the "hay" improves their ethical ability.

Colored swingsters, on the whole, are "walking on air" more often than whites; yet, again, most Negro top-notchers avoid the stuff.

I talked first to some "sweet" musicians, whom the "cats" call 'long underwear' men. They were ague or completely mystified about marijuana. Those who had heard about it knew very little and shied away from discussion, understandably enough. Mark Warnow, one of radio's top-notch "straight" leaders, said:

"I can truthfully say that neither myself nor any of my orchestra ever heard about reefer until recently. Not very long ago a man appeared on the WEE, The People program for which we played, and he joked about marijuana. And we had the vaguest notion of what he was talking about until he had explained himself.

"My orchestra is a group of serious young men and women who keep their music seriously; who love music. They are no more associated with the wild, hectic type of music than they are with opium or black magic. We find our music on the edges of our arrangements, not in wild improvisations. And the personnel—the creative element—in performance is given to shadings of expression. I know that no musician of this type with whom I have associated has had anything to do with marijuana."

Emil Coleman, society bandleader and popular exponent of "sweet" jazz, says essentially the same thing. He is the youngest member of twenty orchstra in point of service," he says, "as been with me for twelve years. We have been with me for twenty years so I believe that I know my men pretty well, particularly since I pick my musicians from the standpoint of character as well as a high degree of musical ability.

'Swing music, it appears to me, means to need some stimulant, it requires extreme cleverness of its performers; perhaps some get that.

(Continued on page 18)
INTO the homes of that vast midday audience composed largely of women, there comes over the radio every day—Monday through Friday—on the Columbia network, the cheery voice of Mary Margaret McBride, the guest of our Hostess department this month.

One of radio's most interesting women, as well as one of its hardest workers, is this same Mary Margaret, who, day in and day out, discusses with her devoted army of listeners the most amazing variety of subjects. And who, while so doing, somehow manages to sound not like some distant, unseen commentator reading a prepared speech into a mike, but just like one woman talking to another "across the table" about her daily "doings."

But, after all, why shouldn't she sound like that? For Miss McBride actually thinks of every one of her listeners as a friend whom she is on the air to interest and amuse with stories about things which she herself has found both interesting and amusing. The informal, unstudied and chatty delivery that characterizes her talks is entirely due to the fact that they are not read from a script but are really spoken "across a table" as woman to woman, not as a radio speaker consciously addressing an unseen audience of millions. True, Miss McBride has some notes to guide her, but these are in only the briefest outline form.

And so seldom are they referred to, and then with only the most casual glance, that she stands out as one of the very few broadcasters who will have no need to dread the arrival of television with its probable "no reading of scripts" requirement.

But all this, come to think of it, is simply a description of Miss McBride's broadcasting technique. While you, if you number yourself among her friendly and interested listeners, are probably anxious to know more about her personally; to find out what she is really like, this lady of the air waves who so gaily and so often chats with you about this, that and the other thing.

One of the things she talks about frequently, of course, is food in general and her sponsor's product, quick cooking tapioca, in particular. Naturally, we, too, will speak about foods sooner or later in this article. After all, this is a Home Service department, designed to help you to be a better hostess through radio inspired suggestions and better cook with the help of favored recipes of the radio celebrities. So, of course, we will eventually get around to a discussion of Miss McBride's food preferences and to recipes for several of her best-like dishes. But to speak only of foods where she is concerned would be to reveal but one side of her many-faceted personality. Somehow, I think you'll enjoy her recipe suggestions even more after you know her better. After you have "visited" her with me, that is, in her own home and watched for a single hour the many tasks which make up the swift, varied and exciting tempo of her every day living.

First, let's step into her home study, where these pictures were taken and where Miss McBride, with one of her daily fifteen-minute broadcasts out of the way, is preparing another (also daily) forty-five-minute broadcast for afternoon delivery over a different network! One full hour's appearance on the air five days a week is work in any man's language. Yet this indefatigable wo.
man seems to take it in her stride and to enjoy it!

During these sixty minutes we spent together that day, for instance, I watched her as, with no sign of strain and with a frequent smile disclosing perfect teeth, she glanced over some of her vast mail; planned with her secretary a feature for the following day's program; gave orders to the maid for supper; discussed business with her manager; posed for the photograph which you see here, grabbed a bite of lunch; wrote in longhand on the margin of the notes for her next talk; and somehow, with it all, managed to be a swell subject for an interview and a perfect hostess in the bargain!

In between these various jobs she found time to conduct this somewhat breathless interviewer on a tour of her small, honey apartment, pointing out items of general interest, calling attention especially to her array of charming samplers sent in by listeners who know about this collecting hobby of hers.

One of these in particular caught my eye, and since it clearly brings out what I have been trying to tell you about her, I'm going to repeat here the little verse that appears under the embroidered illustration of two ladies seated at a tea table.

"Two old friends and a cup of tea," it says, in outline stitch, "one of them you and one of them me." And you feel sure that the donor of that sampler, as she embroidered it with small, careful stitches, thought

(Continued on page 57)
Girls who know

— use the lipstick that gives a natural glowing color to their lips...never a "painted greasy look." Whether you are blonde, brunette or red head—Tangee gives your lips the color that best suits your complexion.

Like magic, Tangee changes from orange in the stick to warm blush-rose on your lips. Only Tangee has this famous Tangee color-change principle. Its special cream base keeps lips soft...smooth. Try Tangee, 30c and $1.10. For a natural matched make-up use Tangee Face Powder and Tangee Rouge.

THIS SUMMER, use Tangee Creme Rouge, waterproof. Never streaks or fades—even when you're swimming.

Untouched—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded, parched look.

Greasy, painted lips—Don't risk that painted look. Men don't like it.

Tangee lovable lips—Intensifies natural color, ends that painted look.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTE! There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.

IREENE INTERVIEWS
GUY and HIS BROTHERS

As a small boy Guy took violin lessons, then enrolled his brothers and some school friends as his helpers.

The Singing Lady has enough interesting notes for her program, and rushes off to prepare the broadcast.

Irene likes to interview famous contemporary artists to get their childhood stories for her program. (Left to right) Victor, Liebert, Carmen and Guy Lombardo give her the facts.
Guy tells her that he was born in London, Ont., Canada, the son of an Italian tailor with musical ideas.

The Singing Lady visits the Lombardo boys and gets unusual material for her popular program

More than a teller of stories and a singer of songs, Ireene has developed into a skilled reporter as well.

"Look here, Mr. Bear—I've lived in this climate longer than you have, and believe me, that's not the way to get cool. Why, the minute you get up off that ice, you're going to feel hotter than ever!"

"My word—you're bundled up for 40 below! Can't peel down... No, I suppose not. Custom—dear, dear, it makes slaves of us all. But now listen: did you ever hear of Johnson's Baby Powder?"

"Say, wait till that cool, silky Johnson's Baby Powder gets to work on your rashes and chafes and heat prickles. You'll be so comfortable you wouldn't live at the North Pole if they gave you the place!"

"Rub a pinch of Johnson's in your fingers—it's as soft as satin! That must be why it keeps babies' skins in such wonderful condition."

And perfect condition. Mothers, is the best protection against skin infections. Only the finest imported talc is used in Johnson's Baby Powder—noorrisroot. Ask for Johnson's Baby Soap, too. Baby Cream to prevent windburn, and Johnson's Baby Oil for tiny babies. This new oil cleanses and soothes, and it is stainless, fragrant, and cannot turn rancid.

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Copyright 1930, Johnson & Johnson
Use This Antiseptic Scalp Treatment

Skin specialists generally agree that effective treatment must include (1) regular cleansing of scalp; (2) killing germs that spread infection; (3) stimulating circulation of the scalp; (4) lubrication of the scalp to prevent dryness.

To Accomplish This Is Easy With
The Zonite Antiseptic Treatment

Just add 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water in basin. . . . Then do this:

1. Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution. (This gives hair and scalp an antiseptic cleansing—stimulates scalp—kills all germs at contact.)

2. Lather head with any good soap shampoo, using same Zonite solution. (This cuts oil and grease in hair and scalp—loosens dirt and dandruff scales.)

3. Rinse very thoroughly. (Your head is now clean—your scalp free from scales.)

4. If scalp is dry, massage in any preferred scalp oil. (This relieves dryness.)

RESULTS: By using this simple antiseptic shampoo treatment regularly (twice every week at first) you do what skin specialists say is necessary, if you want to rid yourself of dandruff itch and nasty scalp odors. We believe that if you are faithful, you will be delighted with results.

TRIAL OFFER—For a real trial bottle of Zonite, mailed to you postpaid, send 10¢ to Zonite 712 New Brunswick, New Jersey U.S.A.

Rudy, who always tries to present the most talented and celebrated guests on his variety program, was proud to introduce the famous Irish tenor, John McCormack, who may run for the Irish presidency.

OPEN LETTER TO WILLIAM VALLEE

My dear Bugg:*

You may not realize it, but you are putting your old brother Rudy right on the spot! It is bad enough that Lester Grady decreed that you should conduct a tête-à-tête simultaneously with one of your brother's in the same periodical. But both of you have failed to realize that it will be impossible for you to continue to take to task other radio performers, either intelligently and impartially (or otherwise), without bringing from your readers a demand for a likewise severe criticism of the foibles, fallacies and weaknesses of my own Thursday night program.

I thought you were unduly severe in the April issue, especially your taking to task of Fred Allen for his failure to change his "stock company," and the same criticism directed at Walter O'Keefe. Frankly, I think you are in the minority on this point as I find that the majority of people welcome familiar voices and situations, provided the material is changed to a certain degree. And frankly, the Allen formula for Town Hall Tonight and the use of the same situations and people, I think, is one of the reasons for the program's tremendous popularity.

I would suggest, if I may do so, that you temper your criticisms slightly, as there seems to be a vitriolic quality creeping into some of them. After all, as I often have had to remind many of my friends, who, in swift condemnation, say: "This is lousy, that is good . . . ." that rarely is anything completely that extreme. Actually, both your opinion and mine are only two among many hundreds of millions who may have thought quite differently about that particular situation. However, I am happy that you are attracting attention with your writings, and congratulations on your (Continued on page 78)

* A name William and I have used since childhood as a family term of endearment.

Our bandleader-columnist holds forth on many subjects in his interesting and frank manner
RADIO STARS

OPINION—

A new portrait of the maestro in costume for his latest picture, Goldiggers in Paris. Though he's back in New York now, Rudy still likes California.

On the Paris street set at Warner Brothers, Rudy rehearses a scene with his leading lady, Rosemary Lane, while Allen Jenkins catches up on his sleep.

Back in her closet goes Connie's perspiring dress

OH CONNIE, I'M SO WHIFFY—I NEED LUXING

Perspiration odor clings to dresses—Don't Offend

DRESSES, like undies, absorb perspiration—offend other people before you realize it. Don't take chances—Lux removes perspiration odor completely, as other cleaning methods too often don't. Saves time and fit, too. Any dress safe in Lux alone is safe in gentle Lux. Buy a package for extra economy.

Lux dresses often...
A typical bachelor girl, Alice Cornett does everything for herself, even drives her own car bought with radio earnings.

In her four and one-half room apartment in Jackson Heights, N. Y., she enjoys doing odd jobs, doesn't mind eating alone.

Though she rehearses daily, has plenty of company and dates, she finds time for solitaire. Preparing meals, especially fried chicken, is fun, because Alice comes from Tampa, Florida.
She hasn't decided whether to marry or not, but reads about it anyway. Alice's parents are Evangelistic singers, with whom she used to travel.

Alice Cornett, airwave rhythm singer, lives all alone and likes it very much.
stimulant from marijuana. I really don’t know. Our stimulus comes from our audience—the people we know and for whom we play. Ours is a pliable orchestra; we work without arrangements, shaping our music to please the dancers, playing what our friends like to hear. I know none of my group uses other stimulants, and I’m so sure that if someone should tell me differently I would not believe it.”

These two leaders are fairly indicative, and their sincerity cannot be doubted. Therefore, tracking down the “hay” smokers led, inevitably, to the swing group. And there can be no question that it is here reevers are rampant. Yet it was significant to discover that the real Kings of Swing, the boys on top, do not depend upon reevers for their ability. Artie Shaw, bandleader and performer extraordinary on the clarinet, spoke frankly about it.

“It’s true,” he nodded, “that reevers can be something of a problem in swing bands. But I think the worst angle to it is that the ‘jitter-bugs’—the young swing fans of high-school age, so often hit the tea. To give you an example, I was playing a dance date up in a certain town when a youngster, obviously in his early teens, came up to the platform. He said: ‘Hey, Artie—how about ‘breakin’ a stick’ with me in intermission?’ He took it for granted that because I was leading a swing band I smoked reevers.” Breaking a stick, of course, was an invitation to have a smoke.

“I think,” Artie went on, “that the hysterical articles about marijuana do more harm than good. A mature, well-balanced individual is not apt to play around with reevers; it’s the youngsters in search of a sensation, or the emotionally unstable type, the ‘screwballs,’ who are the most likely prospects. And those are the very ones who will not be scared away by horrible stories of marijuana’s weird effects. They get a kick out of trying something dangerous, unpredictable. The more they read about wild orgies held while ‘walking on air’ the smarter they think it is to play around with reevers.

“I found once, dealing with a youngster who was a good musician, but hitting the weed, that the best cure was kidding him out of it. Once boys and girls get the idea that kids use reevers, that it’s high-school stuff and a prop for second-raters in music, they’ll leave it alone. I know that in this same group of kids that I worked and the lad quit when no amount of terrorizing would have influenced him.”

I quote Artie Shaw at length because I found what he said to be sound. More than one bandleader admitted that he had encountered the marijuana menace in his outfit. One leader told me of a young man in his band who was a crackjack musician, but who used the weed so consistently that he was quite undependable. The fits of deep depression reevers so often produce would seize him until he had to be restrained from suicide; in addition procuring a supply of the weed in strange towns was a problem, also, and he became increasingly miserable when deprived of it. And this, I think, is significant: Not once did I find any testimony that would bolster the belief that getting “high” on reevers really improved musical ability. True, like alcohol, the “tea” will release inhibitions and sometimes allow a latent ability to show. But more often than not, the musician who is “walking on air” can do as well, if not better, in his normal, unstimulated condition. One instrumentalist who admittedly smokes “hay” put it this way:

“I never use the stuff when I’m working,” he assured me. “Sure—I hit the tea occasionally, for relaxation, for a kick. But I made a definite test once and I found that, so far as I was concerned, reevers made me want to play, made the notes sound wonderful. But the actual results were far inferior to my usual performance. That is—while it releases musical inhibitions it also impairs the critical faculties, so that what I played wasn’t really half as good as it sounded to me.”

That is an individual reaction, of course, and no two persons react in quite the same way to the Mexican weed. But what this musician said seems pretty well borne out by others. True, quite a few swingmen smoke the hay occasionally. Some of them are the better type musicians. And almost invariably, the better the player the less he uses the weed. Carried right to the top of the profession it means that few of the topnotchers smoke at all and none of them depend upon “hay” for their swing ideas. Your reevers addict who has become an habitual user is almost invariably a youngster, a second-rater or a “out” type who would be susceptible to dangerous sensation in any field of endeavor. I know definitely of only one real swing star who habitually got high on the weed, and he was a colored musician whose career was almost ruined by his addiction.

Unquestionably, marijuana’s most serious menace is in the peddling of cigarettes to school kids; in the prevalence of “hay” smoking among ‘teen-agers youngsters incapable of realizing the dynamite they are playing with. That this is so has been demonstrated by various government investigations. There are so-called “booth-joints” where kids can get a hot dog, a

Irene Noblette, of the comedy team of Tim and Irene, in a burlesque smoke-charming bit from one of the comedies they made for Educational Pictures

(Continued from page 9)
FOR

DISTINGUISHED

SERVICE

TO RADIO

Good News of 1938, with Robert Taylor as master of ceremonies, is heard each Thursday evening at 9 p.m. EDST over the Red Network of NBC. (Below) Fannie Brice and Frank Morgan, featured on the show, and Bob with Conductor Meredith Willson.

Robert Taylor’s popularity, undoubtedly, has doubled since he became master of ceremonies on the Good News of 1938 program, sponsored by Maxwell House Coffee. His screen appearances had won unreserved feminine approval, but not until radio gave him the opportunity to show what an honest-to-gosh regular fellow he is, was the envious masculine vote in his favor.

Bob’s pleasant informality is the keynote of the entire program. The hour enfolds in a gay, unpretentious spirit with the listeners being made to feel perfectly at home. With programs like Good News of 1938, listeners want to feel they are part of what is going on. And that is exactly what is done for them. The studio audience is disregarded, as it should be. When a program favors its small visible audience, rather than the millions of unseen listeners, there is certain to be ill will toward the program and the product being advertised, as well.

Fannie Brice and Frank Morgan, comics capable of putting you in stitches at any given moment, are responsible for much of the program’s success. Nor is Maestro Meredith Willson to be overlooked. His choice of numbers, his unusual arrangements and his inspired conducting give the program the zest and tempo so essential for enjoyable listening.

Good News of 1938 is skilfully produced, the scripts intelligently written and convincingly performed. The commercials are inoffensive and effectively read.

The program stimulates interest to see on the screen the actors and actresses you hear on the air. For example, Robert Taylor’s forthcoming pictures should be his biggest box-office hits.

To M-G-M’s Good News of 1938, sponsored by Maxwell House Coffee, Radio Stars Magazine presents its Award for Distinguished Service to Radio.

Lester Grady
Editor.
THIS is to acquaint you with an oddity you'll encounter when you see your first big New York commercial broadcast.

About five minutes before the show is scheduled to go out over the air, the announcer or master of ceremonies will appear. A fatuous smile will decorate his face—be sure of that—as he steps to the center of the stage. Before he opens his mouth he will pause, dramatically, as he scans the eager faces before him. Then he will deliver the little talk he uses every week. You must, he'll tell you, applaud when he holds up an itty-bitty sign with the word Applause on it. Not that the sponsor (chuckle here) is trying to force you to applaud—heavens no!—he merely wants you to applaud when the moment is ripe for it, according to the script. At about this point he will tell a funny story designed to make his audience howl. Perhaps he's trying to show up the comic who is to go on the air, but whether he does or not, be sure that he's putting everything he's got into this. There's a sickening amount of cuteness going on in too many radio shows, but the height of everything is this pre-show mugging performance of the announcer who smirks, over-acts.

Most announcers are guilty of this, but the above description best fits Fred Allen's Harry Von Zell.

AND speaking of cuteness, let Master Fred Allen, himself, watch that little laugh which he apparently can't hold

HELEN JEPSON "... is entirely radio-bred; is good enough for the Metropolitan Opera Company—and a movie..."

LOU HOLTZ "... Lou did not seem to make his particular brand of comedy click with air audiences..."

BOB BURNS "... once acted in the movies under the name of Jack Clifford in a Western..."
THE COLD SHOULDER!

Compliments and criticism, news and facts of air programs and people

ack when he hears his own droll jokes. This is perhaps the first case of a comic being changed by radio. For the men of old—of The First Little Show, et al—never signed to laugh at his own wit—and then, too, he didn’t use to, because the audience was doing that.

HE men who handle the currently popular audience-participation programs have to own a ready wit and be light on their toes. For one thing, they live in perpetual fear of the wise guy who might slip in an off-color joke, besides this, they have to think, and talk, “off the cuff.” Comes to mind one of the most able of these—Fred Utal.

Beginning with a pleasing voice and a good delivery, he has with unvarying success—something definitely hard to do when the person he’s talking to (selected from the radio audience), is wishing that he were ten miles away and going strong. Try Utal on one of his several programs. That accidents will occur on this type of program was covered by Professor Quiz on his question-and-answer show. He asked a man a question involving parts of the man body, and the overly-frank answer he received was only to be expected. It was patently a matter of a bad question and subsequent panic at the answer.

IT'S spend a day with Deanna Durbin, on vacation in New York. Here’s her schedule of pleasurable events.

Up at nine. Latin, French, English and Math until one. Lunch—after that a business conference with her. Follows a good-sized dub of homework. Another conference with the representative of someone interested in sponsoring her. More homework and a personal appearance (rushed to behind a police escort) before dinner. Then dinner and the theatre. A last crack at a stiff algebra problem and lights out. Next day—up at nine. Latin. . .

This hard-working little girl was an air discovery. But radio didn’t have time to give her a build-up. The screen did. Now she’s a star! . . .

THE WOMEN OF THE MONTH IN RADIO

The following ladies might be considered exceptional.

GOOD. Helen Jepson. Miss Jepson is entirely radio-bred; is good enough for the Metropolitan Opera Company and—after signing a verbal contract with Mr. Samuel Goldwyn—a movie. Miss Marcia Davenport, the writing daughter of Alma Gluck, who has said that too many American opera singers aren’t as good as they should be, did not include Miss Jepson in her remarks.

BAD. Maxine Sullivan. She battled with Hollace Shaw (listed below) over the swing-sweet versions of Annie Laurie. Chances are, you’ll agree that her voice, regardless of whether you prefer swing or sweet, is thin and unimpressive.

(Continued on page 68)

DEANNA DURBIN

". . . This hard-working little girl was an air discovery. But radio didn't have time to give her a build-up. The screen did. Now she's a star! . . ."

CLEM McCARTHY

". . . he knows his oats when it comes to horses and broadcasting big races—but, oddly enough, he never places a bet on any of his equine turf friends . . ."
THE KEYHOLE
MURDER MYSTERY
Presenting the Horace Heidt Players
in a gruesome, old-time melodrama

CAST
TOM, the hero and Mary's love............LARRY COTTON
MARY, the beautiful heroine.............LYSBeth Hughes
RUPERT, the suave villain...............HORACE HEIDT
MR. PEABODY, Mary's banker papa...CHARLES GOODMAN
DAN O'REILLY, dumb detective.........RED FERRINGTON
SHERWOOD SOAMES, amateur sleuth....JERRY BROWNE

Photographed by Blake-Zweifach

“No, never will I marry you!” says Mary, haughtily spurning
Rupert's ardent love-making. Whereupon Papa Peabody and
TOM, the handsome hero, make a timely entrance. Red

The law steps in. Detective Dan gives Mary the third degree.
He's sure she did the job. Sherwood, the boy wonder, examines
Mr. Peabody's corpse. And Rupert's back. He forgot his hat.

Mary shakes with sobs; Detective Dan gets tough with our
hero; and Sherwood inspects the door. The corpse takes a
hasty exit, in the nick of time.
“Git,” says Papa, "and never darken my door again!" Rupert, the cad, isn't even embarrassed, and he utters vile threats to the cooing love-birds as he's driven from the house.

Can something be amiss? Mary and Tom look scared to death. Papa is clutching his heart as he exclaims, "Mary, my dear, I've been shot!" Who could have done this dastardly deed?

Sherwood has made a discovery. Powder marks prove conclusively that the bullet came through the keyhole. Rupert tries to leave through the window. He knows the jig's up.

As Dan drags Rupert to jail, Tom and Mary hear wedding bells. The pleased corpse comes to life to congratulate Sherwood . . . and all live happily ever after—except Rupert.
Col. H. Norman Schwarzkopf, conductor of Gang Busters, gives a badge to Phillips Lord, the show’s creator.

Chester “Lum” Lauck often joins Norris “Abner” Goff on long horseback rides at the latter’s ranch.

Bob Burns’ new daughter, Barbara Ann, gets a taste of proud Papa’s bazooka-playing at an early age.

Dr. Harris, husband of the Human Chatterbox on Al Pearce’s show, is resigned to Arlene’s antics.

One of the most famous sports stars ever interviewed by Ted Husing was runner Glenn Cunningham.

Kate Smith and Joe Miller, her music director, are often candid camera fans.
IF you think radio comedy is a soft job, just glance over a few of the important stage funny men who have flopped in radio. Standards of humor are not high and the informal conversational tone sounds easy—but still there is that list of failures.

Solly Ward at one time was almost as important and popular among dialogue comedians as Jack Pearl. Solly was a complete failure in his only attempt at a radio program five years ago. Two of the most popular comedy acts in the last days of vaudeville were Olsen and Johnson and the Weaver Brothers. Olsen and Johnson have done a few programs with very mild success. The Weaver Brothers never were able to get much of a foothold in radio, except for local and recorded programs.

The list can be extended: Willie and Eugene Howard, Lou Holtz, Beatrice Lilly, Al Trahan and others—none of them able to bring more than a fraction of their mirthful talents to the air. And, even after great successes, look what happened to Jack Pearl and Ed Wynn in their most recent attempts at radio.

RADIO CITY in New York is so new, it is hard to believe that it already is full of old-fashioned ideas. Radio changes so fast, however, that a lot of the five-year-old building's bright new engineering experiments already are outmoded.

When the building opened, one of the items pointed out with pride was the world's largest broadcasting studio. Now they concede a mistake there.

The studio is so large that the studio audience cannot always hear what is being said at the microphone. So a comedian waits for laughs, some of which never come. Fred Allen and Rudy Vallee have complained about this trouble. And applause from that crowd of 1,200 persons in the studio sounds more like a confused roar than like handclapping.

The large studio was to have been the last word in concert acoustics. New York music critics complained all last season about its acoustics during the symphony orchestra broadcasts under Arturo Toscanini. The square, stark outlines of the studio do not add the reverberations that enrich the tone of an orchestra playing in a concert hall with balconies and curves.

ANOTHER mistake is the so-called "clover leaf" studio. This is really three studios, all operated from one central control room which looks into all three of them. It was intended for elaborate dramatic programs and, more important, television. As television developed, the "clover leaves" turned out to be too small for the batteries of lights needed in television. And dramatic directors found that one studio was sufficient for radio drama.

The elaborate "clover leaf" arrangement is now used as a sort of museum for visitors making a tour of Radio City. There has not been a single broadcast from the place.

STUDIO audiences had not assumed their present proportions five years ago.

(Continued on page 77)

Marie Louise Quevli, talented singer, is heard frequently on Continental Varieties.
To demonstrate the grip in badminton, Lanny puts his arm around singer Jane Rhodes' slim waist.

To keep the lessons peppy, and for an excuse to pick her up, threaten to throw her to the cactus.

In teaching a girl golf, show her who's boss. Lanny makes Jane lug her clubs.

Be sure to find an agreeable horse if she wants you to teach her to ride.
Lanny races Janie to the tennis courts. He slows his pace so she will think she's good.

LANNY On the romantic way of teaching sports to girls

Helping her on is fun. Lanny didn't bother to look for a mounting post.

Show your strength by holding her on a bicycle, but don't let her get away!
Renée Terry, one of the hit song writers, has a new NBC show called "Our Gang," and other dramatic air programs.

Kay Thompson is always a hit in radio and on the stage, whether she's a guest artist or a permanent member.

In the show, Nadine Comer always gets off the numbers with her mother.
The cast of Gang Busters forgot crime for the Big Apple at a festive party.

Announcer Ken Carpenter snoozes with his chimes during a rehearsal lull.

Boake Carter was No. 1 Commentator for the past two years in most radio polls.
ONE of these days Beatrice Fairfax, or some other
Advice to the Lovelorn expert, may receive a letter
that will read like this:

"I am a young man, tall, with blond curly hair
and a pleasing voice (or so I've been led to be-
lieve!). For several years now I have worshiped
her. Yet, there is my problem, we have never
met. And when I count the hours I have
led before the microphone, all that Hollywood
galaxy, this state of affairs is amazing, let alone
discouraging. What do you advise me to do?

Hopefully,

Rudy Vallee:

Without a doubt, a woman possessing Miss Fair-
fax's high standards would tell Rudy he is protesting
against a wise fate. "Remember," she might answer,
"Dolores Del Rio is married, so the fact that you
haven't met her may be for the best."

Tony Wons is in something of the same boat. He,
likewise, has never met the lady he secretly adores,
and if he wrote for advice, his letter would go in
this fashion:

"There is just one person whose career I have
followed . . . Jessica Dragonette. Her singing
conveys to my imagination the picture of a lovely
personality, a brilliant artist and the ideal femi-
nine type. I feel that such sincerity of voice must
express an inner sincerity of spirit. Though I
have never had the pleasure of meeting Miss
Dragonette, I am certain that if, and when I do,
I will not be disappointed. Can you tell me how
to meet her?"

And Miss Fairfax might very well answer that
while there's hope for Mr. Wons.

Seriously, it was Rudy Vallee and Tony Wons,
confessing their "crushes" that gave me the idea
for this story. And the more I inquired the more I
discovered, as every radio personality cherishes a
secret love.

Although he has been happily married for years
(thirteen, and that's a record!) Tommy Dorsey ad-
mitted he idolizes . . . Joan Crawford.

"Before her it was Corinne Griffith. But I've fol-
lowed Joan's pictures, every one of them since
Dancing Daughters. That movie got me, and ever
since I've been her faithful fan."

The Cantor girls go for Cagney. Marjorie, Eddie's
eldest, told me that.

Photographs of Jimmy adorn the walls of each
girl's bedroom, and their idea of the perfect love
scene is when, in a recent film, he muttered: "Um . . .
m . . . m," as he tossed kisses into a telephone.

I think Eddie must have been a little startled at all
this. Here were his daughters, brought up in a
household worshiped by thousands of fans, here they
were, like any school girls, having crushes, being
fans themselves. At least they were unanimous about
it. They went en masse for Cagney. It is nothing
for them to see one of his pictures three times
straight through.

So Eddie did a cute thing. Meeting Cagney, he
invited him for dinner, saying nothing to the girls.
It was to be an impromptu surprise party, with James
Cagney as the surprise!

They arrived home at different hours, Marjorie and
Natalie (this was before she married) from work,
the others from school, Janet, still called "the baby,"
from play.

And there, nonchalantly seated before the living-
room fireplace, was James Cagney!

Edna Cantor screamed. She had come running
downstairs with her hair in curlers.

"I nearly died!" said she, with the fervor of
seventeen. "Imagine meeting him—with curlers!"

"He ate dinner with us and was simply swell,
" said

Marjorie.

Marilyn said nothing. But to this day, on her
dressing-table, there rests (Continued on page 60)
Guy Lombardo is coy about his secret passion. "What if my wife should read this?" But there's one star he adores!

ill Spitalny, leader of the Ill-Girl Orchestra, tries to make its music interpret the charm of his favorite.

Madge Evans, lovely M-G-M featured player, confesses that she breaks dates to hear her hero—Charlie McCarthy!

For beauty, Rudy Vallee says, no one surpasses the star he has worshiped for years—but he never has met her!

Famous stars confess their crushes on other celebrities
Announcer Art Millet inspects Columbia's supply of throat sprays and atomizers. But these are not the most popular voice aids.

Simple remedies to clear throats for broadcasting

What They Do When

Smoking isn't harmful. Announcer John Reed King always smokes a pipe. That's Blossom, Art Millet's Boston bull, posing with John.

Columbia has an infrared ray lamp for troublesome throats, but announcers prefer the old-fashioned remedies to new ones.
Mrs. Millet recommends honey and hot milk, or the juice of an orange and two lemons, as great throat aids.

A teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda in a glass of water cuts the phlegm in the throat.

THE VOICE FAILS...

Another aid is chewing gum, which keeps the mouth moist and prevents dryness in the throat. It also helps to nervous feeling.

Sleep is the best cure for a tired voice. Announcers must get at least eight hours' sleep as John Reed King is doing so peacefully.
His hope is interrupted by the appearance of a doctor. Phil grabs him, asks, "Is everything all right and is it a boy?"

In the hospital a guy just waits and worries. This newcomer makes No. 4 for Phil and his wife, Peggy Cartwright.

After looking them all over, he spots one cute tot that meets his requirements. He hopes his will be just like it.

More waiting—and smoking—and still no news! They already have two girls and a boy, so Phil is hoping for a new son.
Unable to sit still any longer, he asks a nurse if he may look at other people's babies. They're down there, and it's okay.

TO BE A FATHER
for the fourth time, still suffers

Ah, here it is! But Phil has forgotten that you have to be a baby to get in. He almost breaks his nose trying to see.

Father is doing nicely, thank you, after responding to treatment. Phil admits it's a terrific ordeal, but well worth it.

Before Doc can answer, the agitated parent has swooned. The strain of waiting and the sudden relief were too much.
MOST talked about bandleader in America today is Larry Clinton, composer of the Dipsy Doodle, the new national anthem. He formed a band in December, 1937. Yet experts and dance fans now rank him with Dorsey, Lombardo, Goodman. He has six network wires a week from New York’s Glen Island Casino—a bandleader’s plum. He is a best seller on Victor records. He is making movie shorts for Warner Brothers. He has more bookings for out-of-town engagements than he can possibly fill, and it all happened in exactly four weeks!

CLINTON is the miracle man of the orchestra business. Talk to any bandleader and you’ll hear a repetitious tale of the long, tough struggle to get to the top. The band is formed in a small city, it plays for little or no money, it starts with a small group of musicians which increases as it edges closer to the big time, finally it is booked to play a town like Philadelphia or Cleveland, and the goal is in sight. It takes many weary years, much patience—and hungry days thrown in.

BUT not so with Larry Clinton. His name may not yet be a household word. But those fellows who write big checks know it well. And I’m willing to give you odds that by fall every listener in the country will know it even better than today.

NOT many have heard the story of the new musical miracle. It’s worth telling because it’s a swell example of what happens when you keep your eye on the ball and follow through.

LARRY is riding high with the big boys because he is probably the best dance arranger now operating. Arrangements can usually (Continued on page 70)

ANNOUNCEMENT!
DO YOU WANT TO BE A WINNER?
Just turn to page 81 for full particulars on the Larry Clinton Song Title Contest, sponsored by the Bandwagon in this month’s Radio Stars.
Tony Zimmers, whose saxophone will supply the sounds of lions and tigers, waits with Larry for this cat to give her version of *Tiger Rag*.

In spite of all that neck, the giraffe has no vocal cords, and makes nary a sound. Larry will imitate him by marking "rests" in the score.

Larry joins a big top jam session. Behind him is Merle Evans, who has conducted the Ringling Brothers—Barnum & Bailey Band for twenty years.

Songstress Bea Wain gets a tip on the swing of things from Felix Adler (left), most famous circus clown, and Ted Tosky, as Larry watches.
Over ten million fans listen each week to the programs of the WPA Federal Theatre Radio Division. (Left) Ashley Buck, Evan Roberts, and William Tuttle in control-room.

Nina Simmons and Vivian Anthony take time out during dress rehearsal. They have Uncle Sam to thank for their pleasant jobs.

Their Greatest Stories is heard on MBS Sundays, 5:30 p.m. EDT. Lee Hillery and Nina Simmons, of the cast, mix food and script.

The WPA Radio Division began March 23, 1936. It has produced about 36 series of broadcasts in two years. (Left) Actors Hiram Hoover, Walter Crane and Philip White cool off.
One hundred and fifty otherwise unemployed professionals have earned $290,000 in salaries in two years. (Right) Nina Simmons and Geoffrey Warnick of Their Greatest Stories.

LISTENERS

S A M' S P L A Y E R S

Evan Roberts, Managing Director of the WPA Federal Theatre Radio Division, is a busy man. He's shown here in the control-room at WOR.

Networks have donated time worth more than $1,800,000. The government has spent $305,000 all told. (Right) Lee Hillery, Geoffrey Warnick and Florence Baker at work.
BETWEEN BROADCASTS

Candid glimpses of air artists and their various doings, now that balmy days are here again.
Spring has turned the Old Maestro's fancy to beauty and five gals on his show.

West Coast starlets of CBS help erect a sign on the site of their new studio.

Fans surrounded Lou Holtz when he visited Abe Lyman at New York’s Casa Manana.
Mary Eastman, CBS soprano on Saturday Night Serenade, was born Mary Hewitt. She's married to auto executive Lee Eastman.

Septogenarian C. Aubrey Smith of film fame, converses with Al Jolson between rehearsal.

Donald O'Connor, who appeared with Bing Crosby in Sing, Your Sinners, gets a voice lesson.

Mercedes McCambridge coached horror artist Boris Karloff in radio technique when he was appearing on Lights Out.
MISS JANE ALVA JOHNSON
daughter of Mr and Mrs Andrew W. Johnson of Saint Louis
leads a vivid and interesting life

One of the most attractive post-debutantes in Saint Louis is Jane Alva Johnson. She is whole-hearted in her enthusiasm — "loves" horse shows, entertaining, and smoking Camels. "Most of my friends smoke Camels, too," she says, "and they know I smoke nothing else. Even though I smoke quite steadily, I'm always ready for another Camel. Which is one of the nicest things I could ever say about a cigarette!"

A gracious hostess

Riding, hunting, and horse shows are "an old story" to Jane Alva Johnson. While at Fermata School, she was a whip in the Aiken drug hunts. Her horses have won many trophies and ribbons. And she has even run off a show of her own! Above, Jane chats with Olive Cawley (left). "I don't have to look to see what cigarette you're smoking, Jane. Camels again! Why is it that you smoke nothing but Camels?" asks Miss Cawley.

Jane's reply is quite emphatic: "Camels are delightfully different. They never tire my taste. I depend upon having healthy nerves — and Camels never jangle my nerves. They are always gentle to my throat too. In fact, in so many ways, Camels agree with me!"

Among the many distinguished women who find Camels delightfully different:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia • Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston
Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York • Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd, Boston • Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd, Philadelphia • Mrs. Chaswell Dabney Langhorne, Forqton • Miss Alicia Rhett, Charleston
Miss LeBrun Rhinelander, New York • Mrs. John W. Rockefeller, Jr., New York • Mrs. Rufus Paine Spaulding III, Pasadena • Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., Chicago • Mrs. Barclay Warburton, Jr., Philadelphia

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, more expensive tobaccos...Turkish and domestic

PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE COSTLIER TOBACCOS
IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER

"Camels agree with me"
(Above) Bob Burns and Martha Raye do some fancy bull tossing in the Tropic Holiday fight sequence. This Ferdinand seems to have done all right, though.

(Left) In rehearsals for the comedy combat, Bob posed as the bull for Matador Martha. Her costume is exactly like Rudy Valentino’s in Blood and Sand.
COAST-TO-COAST PROGRAM GUIDE

THE regular programs on the coast-to-coast networks are here listed in a day-by-day time schedule. The National Broadcasting Company and Mutual Broadcasting System are indicated by NBC: the Mutual Broadcasting System is indicated by MBS, the Columbia Broadcasting System by CBS, and the Mutual Broadcasting System by MBS.

All stations included in the above networks are listed below. Find your local station on the list and tune in on the network specified.

TIME RECORDED IS EASTERN DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME. This means that for Eastern Standard and Central Daylight Time, you must subtract one hour. For Pacific Daylight and Mountain Standard Time, subtract two hours. For Pacific Daylight and Central Daylight Time, subtract three hours. And for Pacific Standard Time, subtract four hours. For example, if MBS EDST becomes 10:00 A.M. EST and CST; 9:00 A.M. MDT and CST; 8:00 A.M. PDT and MST; 7:00 A.M. PST.

If, at a particular time, no program is listed, it is because there is no regular program for that time, or because the preceding program continues into that period.

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY—RED NETWORK

WASHINGTON, D.C.

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY—BLUE NETWORK

WASHINGTON, D.C.

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM—STARS NETWORK

NEW YORK, N.Y.

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY—WBN NETWORK

NEW YORK, N.Y.

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY—WGN NETWORK

CHICAGO, ILL.

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY—WOR NETWORK

NEW YORK, N.Y.

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY—WLS NETWORK

CHICAGO, ILL.

COAST-TO-COAST PROGRAM GUIDE

KTKA San Antonio, Texas

KSFJ San Francisco, Calif.

KWGW Portland, Ore.

KSBW Monterey, Cal.

KBBX Minden, Nev.

KSFV San Bernardino, Calif.

KFRG Riverside, Calif.

KSBX San Francisco, Calif.

KSBY Santa Barbara, Calif.

KTBV San Diego, Calif.

KSBZ Santa Cruz, Calif.

KSBY Santa Barbara, Calif.

KSBX San Francisco, Calif.

KSBZ Santa Cruz, Calif.

KSBW Monterey, Calif.

KSBX San Francisco, Calif.

KSBZ Santa Cruz, Calif.

KSBW Monterey, Calif.

KSBZ Santa Cruz, Calif.

KSBX San Francisco, Calif.

KSBZ Santa Cruz, Calif.

KSBW Monterey, Calif.

KSBZ Santa Cruz, Calif.

KSBX San Francisco, Calif.

KSBZ Santa Cruz, Calif.

KSBW Monterey, Calif.

KSBZ Santa Cruz, Calif.

KSBX San Francisco, Calif.

KSBZ Santa Cruz, Calif.

KSBW Monterey, Calif.

KSBZ Santa Cruz, Calif.

KSBX San Francisco, Calif.

KSBZ Santa Cruz, Calif.

KSBW Monterey, Calif.

KSBZ Santa Cruz, Calif.

KSBX San Francisco, Calif.

KSBZ Santa Cruz, Calif.

KSBW Monterey, Calif.

KSBZ Santa Cruz, Calif.

KSBX San Francisco, Calif.

KSBZ Santa Cruz, Calif.

KSBW Monterey, Calif.

KSBZ Santa Cruz, Calif.

KSBX San Francisco, Calif.

KSBZ Santa Cruz, Calif.

KSBW Monterey, Calif.

KSBZ Santa Cruz, Calif.
SUNDAYS

JUNE 5—12—19—26

MORNING

8:00 NBC-Red: ORGAN RECITAL
NBC-Blue: PEERLESS TRIO

8:15 NBC-Red: FOUR SHOWMEN
— quartet
NBC-Blue: TONE PICTURES
— Ruth Pepple, pianist: mixed quartet

8:45 NBC-Red: ANIMAL NEWS CLUB

9:00 NBC-Red: TURN BACK THE CLOCK—Alice Remsen, George Griffin
NBC-Blue: COAST TO COAST ON A BUS—Milton J. Cross
CBS: FROM THE ORGAN LOFT

9:15 NBC-Red: TOM TERFRISE—speaker

9:30 NBC-Red: MELODY MOMENTS
CBS: AUHard FOR STRINGS

9:55 CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

RADIO STARS

Sam Hearn

Evelyn

Bob Trout

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: NBC HOME SYMPHONY
NBC-Blue: SOUTHERNAIRES—Negro male quartet
MBS: D. CHARLES M. CORBOIN—organist

12:30 NBC-Red: UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION—guest speakers
CBS: SALT LAKE CITY TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN
MBS: DEMOCRACY IN TRANSITION—round table discussion

12:45 MBS: DEMOCRACY IN TRANSITION—talk

1:00 NBC-Red: MADRIGAL SINGERS
CBS: CHURCH OF THE AIR MINIATURES: AMERICAN WILDLIFE—talk

1:15 NBC-Red: HENRY BUSSE'S ORCHESTRA

1:30 NBC-Red: SILVER STRINGS
NBC-Blue: EMPIRES OF THE MOON—dramatization
CBS: FOREIGN NEWS BROADCAST—musical program

1:45 CBS: POET'S GOLD—David Haigh
MBS: CHARLIE AND JANE ENTERTAIN

EVENING

6:00 NBC-Red: CATHOLIC HOUR
NBC-Blue: JOSPEH CHEINovsky's MUSICAL CAMERA
CBS: JOE PENNEK—Roy Atwell, Gene Austin, Paula Gayle, Pollack's orchestra
MBS: 30 MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD—George Jessel, Normal Talmadge, Tucker's orchestra

7:00 NBC-Red: JELLO PROGRAM
— Jack Benny, Mary Livingstone, Sid Caesar, Don Wilson, Sam Hearn, Andy Devine
CBS-Red: POPULAR CLASSICS—Frangold Symphony
CBS: JOAN AND KERMIT—dramatization
MBS: HAWAII CALLS

8:00 NBC-Red: INTERESTING NEIGHBORS—Jerry Belcher, interviewer
NBC-Blue: BAKERS' BROADCAST—Fay Muriel, Horst Hilliard, Ozell Nelson's orchestra
MBS: PHIL BAKER—Beatle and Bettiie Bradlely's orchestra
MBS: HOLLYWOOD WHISPERS—George Fischer, commentator

9:00 NBC-Red: CHASE AND SANBORN PROGRAM—Dan Amecha, Edgar Bergen, John Carter, Dorothy Lamour, Stroud Twins, Armbruster's orchestra
NBC-Blue: SPY AT LARGE—dramatization
MORNING

8:45 NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE — children's stories
     NBC-Blue: NORTHEM QUARTET

9:15 NBC-Red: DOC SCHNEIDER AND HIS ORCHESTRA
     NBC-Blue: WILLIAM MERRILL organist

9:30 NBC-Red: WOMEN AND NIGHTS

9:45 NBC-Red: DO YOU REMEMBER?
     NBC-Blue: LUCILLE AND NANNY

9:50 NBC-Red: PIANO DIO
     NBC-Blue: WILLA K PAST
     CBS: DEAR COLUMBIA—fan mail dramatizations

10:00 NBC-Red: PERSON TO PERSON—Frank Luther

10:20 CBS: PRESS- RADIO NEWS

10:45 NBC-Red: LANDT TRIO
     CBS: JOYCE JORDAN, GIRL INTERNE—sketch

10:50 NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

11:00 NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—sketch
     NBC-Blue: BETTY KITTY KELLY — sketch

11:15 NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER WIFE—sketch
     NBC-Blue: MY MITH AND MARGE—sketch

11:20 NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN BILL—sketch
     NBC-Blue: ATTORNEY-AT-LAW—sketch
     MBS: HILTOP HOUSE—dramatic series

11:30 NBC-Red: MEMORIES—Gene Lavalle

11:45 NBC-Red: THE WOMAN IN WHITE—sketch
     NBC-Blue: VIENNESE ENSEMBLE
     CBS: BEETHOVEN'S TALE—sketch
     MBS: HILL-LIWS—baritone

12:00 NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch
     NBC-Blue: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
     CBS: RUTH CARRIART—songs
     MBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC

12:15 NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES — comedy sketch
     NBC-Blue: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
     MBS: RICHARD MAXWELL—tenor-soprano

12:30 NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADIE—sketch
     CBS: BIG RIFTER—sketch
     MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

12:45 NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
     NBC-Blue: GETTING THE MOST OUT OF LIFE—talk
     CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIES—talk
     MBS: MARCELLA HEN-BRICKS—organ

AFTERNOON

1:00 Noon NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch
     NBC-Blue: TIME FOR THOUGHT
     CBS: RADIO COLUMNIST—Mary Margaret McBride

1:15 NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
     NBC-Blue: VOCALIST
     CBS: THE GOLDENBERRYS—sketch
     MBS: RADIO GARDEN CLUB

8:15 MBS: ORCHESTRA

9:00 NBC-Red: MUSIC FOR MODERNS
     NBC-Blue: NOW AND THEN—orchestra
     CBS: LEX RADIO THEATRE—Ken H. DeMilo, guest

9:15 NBC-Red: JOHNSON FAMILY—sketch, with Jimmy Scribner

9:30 NBC-Red: TALES OF GREAT RIVERS
     NBC-Blue: PAUL MARTIN AND HIS MUSIC
     MBS: THE WITCIS TALK—Alone Deene Cole, Marie O'Bynn

10:00 NBC-Red: CONTENTED PROGRAM—Opal Crayton, Mark Wheler's orchestra
     NBC-Blue: MAGNOLIA BLUES—Patsy Jubilee Chorus
     MBS: WAYNE KING'S ORCHESTRA

10:30 NBC-Red: FOR MEN ONLY
     NBC-Blue: NATIONAL RADIO FORUM—guest speaker
     MBS: AMIT FREEDOM KING—dramatizations
     MBS: HENRY WEBER'S PAGANT OF MELODY

2:00 NBC-Red: SOLOIST
     NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
     CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
     MBS: GOLDEN JOURNEYS

2:15 NBC-Red: TOP HATTERS ORCHESTRA
     NBC-Blue: REVELERS QUARTET
     MBS: PRIOR THE SAILOR MAN—sketch

2:25 NBC-Red: DAILY SPORTS
     CBS: DOROTHY LAMOUR—newscast
     MBS: LU HANLEY

2:45 NBC-Red: ROLLINI TRIO
     NBC-Blue: LOVELL THOMAS—newscast
     MBS: LU AND ABNER—sketch
     MBS: HUDDY CLARK—Frank Novak's orchestra

3:00 NBC-Red: AMOS 'N ANDY—sketch
     NBC-Blue: MUSIC IS MY HOBBY—guest
     MBS: JUST ENTERTAINMENT
     MBS: FULTON LEWIS, JR.—Washington news commentator

3:20 NBC-Red: UNCLE EZRA'S RADIO STATION—Pat mar- ried
     NBC-Blue: THE DEVIL TAKE THE HINDSIGHT—Dr. Joseph Jastrow
     MBS: JACK HANNON—songs

3:30 NBC-Red: ROLOLA
     NBC-Blue: ROSE MARIE—song stylist
     CBS: CANTOR'S CAMEL CARAVAN—Henny Goodman's Quartet, Bert Gordon, Walter King, Fairfield's orchestra

3:50 NBC-Red: MELODY IN RHYTHM
     NBC-Blue: SINNER BOTTLE BOYS

4:00 NBC-Red: BURNS AND ALLEN—Tony Martin, Garber's orchestra
     NBC-Blue: RUBY HUNSWAY'S ORCHESTRA
     MBS: YOU SAID IT—Connie Boswell, Ted Husing, Humber's orchestra

8:20 NBC-Red: VOICE OF FIRESTONE—Richard Cromwell, Margaret Speaks, Wallenstein's orchestra, guest
     NBC-Blue: THOSE WE LOVE—dramatic serial, Nan Gray, Owen Davis, Jr., Richard Cromwell, Donald Woods
     MBS: Pick AND Pat—comedy and music
     MBS: RAYMOND GRAM SWING—commentator

Jan Garber

Frances Carlon

Richard Maxwell
MORNING

8:00 NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's stories
NBC-Blue: CHARIOTEERS

8:10 NBC-Red: DOUG SCHNEIDER
AND HIS TEXANS
NBC-Blue: DICK LEIBERT
ENSEMBLE

8:30 NBC-Red: DO YOU REMEM-
BER
NBC-Blue: POETIC STRINGS

8:45 NBC-Blue: VASS FAMILY

9:00 NBC-Red: WOMEN AND
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—variety
CBS: MUSIC IN THE AIR

9:13 NBC-Red: PERSON TO
PERSON—Frank Luther
9:25 CBS: PRESS- RADIO NEWS

9:30 NBC-Red: LANDY TRIO
JOEY JORDAN, GIRL
INTERN—sketch

9:45 NBC-Red: PRESS - RADIO
NEWS
9:45 NBC-Blue: VOCALIST
CBS: BACHELOR'S CHIL-
DREN— sketch

9:55 NBC-Blue: PRESS- RADIO
NEWS

10:00 NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF
THE CABBAGE PATCH—sketch
CBS: BETTY KITTY KITTY sketch

10:15 NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER
WIFE—sketch
CBS; MYRT AND MARGE—sketch

10:20 NBC-Red: JUST FLAIN BILL—
sketch
NBC-Blue: ATTORNEY-AT-
LAW—sketch
CBS: MILLTOP HOUSE—
dramatic serial
MBS: LOUIS RICH TE-
NANTS

10:43 NBC-Red: THE WOMAN IN
WHITE—sketch
NBC-Blue: VIENNESE EN-
SEMBLE—sketch
CBS: STEPMOTHER—sketch

11:00 NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—
sketch
NBC-Blue: THE STORY OF
MARY MARLIN—serial
CBS: MARY LEW TAYLOR
MBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC

11:13 NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES
play—sketch
NBC-Blue: PEPPER YOUNG'S
PLAY—sketch
CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL—
tenor-philosopher

11:30 NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADIE—
sketch
CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch

11:45 NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY
MARLIN—sketch
NBC-Blue: GETTING THE
MOST OUT OF LIFE—talk
CBS: ARTIST'S REAL
LIFE STORIES—sketch
MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S
WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: TIME FOR
THOUGHT
CBS: THE RADIO COLUMN-
IST—Mary Margaret McBride
MBS: THE HOY AND GIRL
FRIEND

12:15 NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—
sketch
NBC-Blue: VOCALIST
CBS: THE GOLDENBERGS—sketch

12:30 NBC-Red: VOCALIST
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM
AND HOME HOUR—Waite
Haugen's orchestra
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN
THRESE—sketch

Tuesdays
JUNE 7—14—21—28

MUSIC STARS

8:15 NBC-Blue: VIVIEN DELLA
CHIESA—mezzo-soprano

11:00 NBC-Red: RHYTHM PRE-
SENTS RUSSEL MORGAN
AND HIS ORCHESTRA—Jack
Joh-

14:15 NBC-Blue: STELLA DALLAS—sketch
MBS: STUDIES AND SKETCHES
IN BLACK AND WHITE

17:00 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
MBS: ORCHESTRA

17:15 NBC-Red: ESCORTS AND
BETTY
MBS: LUCHEON DANCE MUSIC

17:45 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
MBS: ORCHESTRA

18:15 NBC-Red: OUR FAMILY
AND MINE—dramatic serial
NBC-Blue: RINGLING
LADIES—children's program
CBS: LET'S PRETEND

18:45 NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN
ANNE—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
MBS: JOHNSON FAMILY-
SKETCH, with Jimmy Scriber

EVENING

6:00 NBC-Red: SCIENCE IN THE
NEWS
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA

6:15 NBC-Red: VOCALIST
MBS: ORCHESTRA

6:25 NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO
NEWS

6:30 NBC-Red: DAILY SPORTS
COLUMN—Paul Douglas
NBC-Blue: VOCALIST
CBS: BOAKE CARTER—news
commentator

6:45 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOM-
AS—new commentator
CBS: MAXINE SULLIVAN—
songs
MBS: ORCHESTRA

7:00 NBC-Red: AMOS 'N ANDY—
sketch
NBC-Blue: EASY ACES—
comedy sketch
CBS: JUST ENTERTAIN-
MENT
MBS: FULTON LEWIS, JR.
WASHINGTON, news commentator

7:15 NBC-Red: VOCAL VARI-
ETIES—choral singing
NBC-Blue: M. R. KEEN

TRACER OF LOST PERSONS—dramatic serial
HERBERT KISCHER
CBS: HOLLYWOOD SCREEN-
SCOPES—George McCall
MBS: ORCHESTRA

7:20 NBC-Red: BY CANDLELIGHT
CBS: SECOND HUSBAND—
serial
HERBERT KISCHER
MBS: HEADLINES—news
commentator

7:45 NBC-Blue: VIVIEN DELLA
CHIESA—mezzo-soprano

8:00 NBC-Red: JOHNNY PRE-
SENTS RUSSEL MORGAN
AND HIS ORCHESTRA—Jack
Joh-

8:15 NBC-Blue: ERIC MARRI-
GUERA AND HIS ORCHE-
STRA
CBS: BIG TOWN—Edward G.
ROBINSON, Claire Trevor, dra-
matization
MBS: ORCHESTRA

8:30 NBC-Red: LADY ESTHER
SEKERNAD—Wayne King's
orchestra
NBC-Blue: IT MAY HAVE
HAPPENED—dramatization
CBS: AL JOLSON—Martha
Haye, Parthyakarkus, Victor
Hoffman's orchestra, guests
MBS: THE GREEN HORNET—
dramatization

9:00 NBC-Red: VOX POP—Parke
Johnson, Wallace Butterworth
NBC-Blue: HORACE HEIDT
AND HIS ALEKITE BRIG-
ADERS—Lyisbeth Hughes,
William King
CBS: WATCH THE FUN GO
SABRE—Nick Lucas,
Hoff's orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA

9:15 MBS: JOHNSON FAMILY—
sketch, with Jimmy Scriber

9:30 NBC-Red: FIDGER McGEE
AND MOLLY—Jim Jordan,
Clarke Dennis, Betty Winkler,
Mills' orchestra

9:40 NBC-Red: NBC JAMBOREE—
Don McNell, Sylvia Clark,
Fay Allen, Little Jackie
Holler, Bill Thompson,
CBS: B.B. GOODMAN'S
SWING SCHOOL
MBS: MUSIC BY—guest artists

10:00 NBC-Red: BELIEVE-IT-OR-
NOT—Robert L. Ripley, Reil-
fe's orchestra
CBS: TIME TO SHINE—Hil
Kemp's orchestra, Judy Starr
Bob Allen

10:15 MBS: CHARIOTEERS—male
quartet

10:30 NBC-Red: JIMMIE FIDGER'S
HOT GOSPI
CBS: RAY HEATHERTON—
songs
MBS: ORCHESTRA

10:45 NBC-Red: DALE CARNegie—
How to Win Friends and In-
fluence People

11:00 NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC
NBC-Blue: DANCE MUSIC
CBS: JUST ENTERTAIN
MENT
MBS: DEVELOPMENT OF
MUSIC
**MORNING**

6:00 NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's stories
NBC-Blue: POUR SHOWMEN—quartet

6:15 NBC-Red: DOC SCHNEIDER AND HIS TEXANS
NBC-Blue: WILLIAM MEER-DEE—organist

6:30 NBC-Red: WOMEN AND NEWS

6:45 NBC-Red: DO YOU REMEMBER?
NBC-Blue: LUCILLE AND LANNY

9:00 NBC-Red: PIANO DUO
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—variety program
CBS: MADISON ENSEMBLE

9:15 NBC-Red: PERSON TO PERSON—Frank Luther

9:20 CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

9:25 NBC-Red: LANDY TRIO
CBS: JOYCE JORDAN, GIRL INTERNE—sketch

9:30 NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

9:45 NBC-Red: VOCALIST
CBS: BACHELOR'S CHILDREN—sketch
CBS: MARTHA AND HALL—songs and patter

12:15 NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

6:00 NBC-Red: MRS. WIGG'S OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—sketch
CBS: PRETTY KITTY KELLY—Sketch

6:15 NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER WIFE—sketch
CBS: MYRT AND MARGE—sketch

6:30 NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN BILL—sketch
CBS: ATTORNEY-AT-LAW—sketch
CBS: HILLTOP HOUSE—dramatic serial

6:45 NBC-Red: THE WOMAN IN WHITE—sketch
CBS: VIENNESE ENSEMBLE—Stepmother—sketch

7:00 NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch
CBS: THE STORY OF THE GREENFIELD VILLAGE CHAPEL
CBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC

7:15 NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—comedy sketch
CBS: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch

7:30 NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADIE—sketch
CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch
CBS: ORGAN RECITAL

**AFTERNOON**

11:15 NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLY—sketch
NBC-Blue: GETTING THE MOST OUT OF LIFE—talk
CBS: AUNTY JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES—sketch
CBS: ELINOR SHERRY—songs

12:00 Noon NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: TIME FOR THOUGHT
CBS: THE RADIO COLUMN—Mary Margaret McBride

12:15 NBC-Red: THE ONELLIES—sketch
NBC-Blue: KIDDODLERS—sketch
CBS: THE GOBERGS—sketch

12:30 NBC-Red: CAMPUS KIDS
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—Walker Hall's orchestra
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TREN'T—sketch

12:45 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
CBS: OUR GAL SUNDAY—sketch

1:00 MBS: THE HAPPY GANG

1:15 NBC-Red: BENNETT AND WOLVERTON—piano duo

1:30 NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Ruth Lyon, Larry Larson, Harvey Haynes
NBC-Blue: MOTHER-IN-LAW—sketch
CBS: ORCHESTRA

1:45 NBC-Blue: JACK AND LORETTA—songs and patter
CBS: VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

2:00 NBC-Red: BETTY AND BOB—sketch
CBS: JOAN PERKINS—sketch
CBS: PIANIST

2:15 NBC-Red: HYMNS OF ALL CHURCHES: BETTY CROOK, cajoling expert
CBS: THE ONELLIES—sketch
CBS: TED MALONE'S "RE- TWEEN THE BOOKENDS"

2:30 NBC-Red: ARNOLD GRIMM'S DAUGHTER—sketch
CBS: MELLOW MOMENTS
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL

3:00 NBC-Blue: MARIA PERKINS—sketch
NBC-Blue: CONTINENTAL VARIETIES—Holly's orchestra
CBS: ALL HANDS ON DECK
MBS: SONGLAND—Jimmy King

3:15 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: MUSICS OF IN

3:30 NBC-Red: VIC AND SADIE—sketch
NBC-Blue: MAURICE STRALTY'S ORCHESTRA
CBS: KATE SMITH—commentator
MBS: ORCHESTRA

3:45 NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch
MBS: VOCALIST

4:00 NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: CLUB MATE—variety program
CBS: WEDNESDAY REVIEW
MBS: ED FITZGERALD—talk

4:15 NBC-Red: STELLA DALLAS—sketch
CBS: COCKTAILS IN SWING-TIME

4:30 NBC-Red: RUSH HUGHES—commentator
CBS: DEEP RIVER BOYS

4:45 CBS: DOBIS RHODES—songs

5:00 NBC-Red: DICK TRACY—sketch
NBC-Blue: NEIGHBOR NELL
CBS: COLUMBIA CONCERT HALL

5:15 NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

5:45 NBC-Red: V A G A B O N D S QUARTET
NBC-Blue: DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY—sketch

5:55 NBC-Red: YOUR FAMILY AND MINE—dramatic serial
NBC-Blue: SINGING LADY—children's program
CBS: MARCH OF GAMES—variety

5:50 NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: EXPLORING SPACE
MBS: JOHNSON FAMILY—sketch, with Jimmy Scherber

**EVENING**

6:00 NBC-Red: AMERICA'S SCHOOLS
CBS: LITTLE VARIETY SHOW
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
MBS: ORCHESTRA

6:15 NBC-Red: TOP HATTERS ORCHESTRA
MBS: REVUELS QUARTET
CBS: POPPY OF THE SAILOR MAN—sketch

6:25 NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

6:30 NBC-Red: DAILY SPORTS COLUMN—Paul Douglass
CBS: BOAKS' CARTER—news commentator
MBS: STUDIES AND SKETCHES IN BLACK AND WHITE

6:45 NBC-Blue: VOCALIST

7:00 NBC-Red: AMOS 'N ANDY—sketch
MBS: EASY ACES—comedy sketch
MBS: JUST ENTERTAINMENT—Radio Ace, Harold Washington news commentator

7:15 NBC-Red: UNCLE IZRA's RADIO STATION—Pat Barrett
NBC-Blue: MR. KEEN, TRACER OF LOST PERSONS—dramatic serial, Bennett Kilpatrick
CBS: AMERICAN VIEWPOINTS
MBS: ORCHESTRA

7:30 NBC-Red: TALES BY EDWIN H. STANLEY—sketch
CBS: ROSE MARIE—song stylist

7:45 MBS: HAPPY JACK—song
CBS: SCIENCE ON THE MARCH—talk
MBS: HISTORY'S HEADLINES

8:00 NBC-Red: ONE MAN'S FAMILY—sketch
NBC-Blue: ROY SHIELD'S REVUE
CBS: CAVALCADE OF AMERICA—guests, Voorhees' orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA

8:15 NBC-Red: RALEIGH AND KOO FLYNN—Tommy Dorsey's orchestra, Edythe Wright, Jack Leonardi, Tommy Dorsey's orchestra
NBC-Blue: HARRIET PARSONS—Hollywood commentator
CBS: DEAN REINER—Leu Lehr, Buudy Clarke, John Henry, Dave Driscoll, Jerry Danzig

8:30 NBC-Blue: BARRY MCKINLEY—baritone

9:00 NBC-Red: TOWN HALL TONIGHT—Fred Allen, Portland Hoffa, Van Stedten's orchestra
CBS: TUNE TYPES—variety program
CBS: ANDRE KOSTELANETZ—Deems Taylor, guests
MBS: ORCHESTRA

9:15 MBS: JOHNSON FAMILY—sketch, with Jimmy Scherber

9:30 NBC-Blue: BOSTON "TOP" CONCERT
CBS: THE WORD GAME—Max Kemper
MBS: JAZZ NOCTURNE—Helene Daniels, Stanley's orchestra

9:45 NBC-Red: RAY KYSER'S MUSICAL CLASS AND DANCE
MBS: CHI O HI R STUDIO
CBS: GANG BUSTERS—crime dramatizations, Col. H. Norman shear, organist
MBS: ORCHESTRA

10:15 NBC-Blue: SOLOIST

10:30 NBC-Blue: NBC MINSTREL SHOW—dean Arnold, orchestra
CBS: EDGAR GUEST IN "I CAN BE DONE"—Marion Francis Master orchestra
MBS: DEBUTS FROM THE" S

11:00 NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC
MBS: DANCE MUSIC
MBS: DANCE MUSIC ORCHESTRA
MORNING

8:00 NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's sketch
NBC-Blue: SOUTHERNAINES
8:15 NBC-Red: DOC SCHNEIDER and HIS TEXANA
NBC-Blue: DICK LEIBERT ENSEMBLE
8:20 NBC-Red: DO YOU REMEMBER?
8:15 NBC-Blue: GRACE AND SCOTTY
9:00 NBC-Red: PIANO DUO
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—variety program
CBS: AS YOU LIKE IT
9:15 NBC-Red: PERSON TO PERSON—Frank Lather
9:15 CBS: PRESS-REPORT NEWS
9:30 NBC-Red: LANDT TRIO, CJS JOYCE JOAN, GIRL INTERNE—sketch
9:45 NBC-Red: PRESS-REPORT NEWS
9:45 NBC-Red: VOCALIST
CBS: BACH AVERY'S CHILDREN—sketch
MBS: MARTHA AND HAL—songs and patter
9:55 NBC-Blue: PRESS-REPORT NEWS
10:00 NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF THE ROAD ABBAGE PUNCH—sketch
CBS: PRETTY KITTY KELLY—sketch
10:15 NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER WIFE—sketch
CBS: MERT AND MARGE—sketch
10:20 NBC-Red: JUST Plain BILL—sketch
MBS: ATTORNEY-AT-LAW—sketch
CBS: HILLTOP HOUSE—dramatic serial
MBS: AGNO GOOD MORNING FROM CLEVELAND
10:45 NBC-Red: THE WOMAN IN WHITE—sketch
NBC-Blue: VIENNESE ENSEMBLE
CBS: STE MOTHER—sketch
11:15 NBC-Red: DAVID HARSH—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE STORY OF MARTY MARLIN
CBS: MARY LEE TAYLOR
MBS: GET THEM TO MUS
11:15 NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—sketch
NBC-Blue: PEPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
11:20 NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADIE—sketch
CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch
11:25 NBC-Red: STORY OF MARTY MARLIN—sketch
NBC-Blue: GETTING THE MOST OUT OF LIFE—talk
CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES—sketch
CBS: VOCALIST

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch
CBS: THE TIME FOR THOUGHT—Mary Margaret McBride
MBS: THE BOY AND GIRL FRIEND
1:15 NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
NBC-Blue: VOCALIST
CBS: THE GOLDBERGS—sketch
1:30 NBC-Red: AL AND LEE REISER—plane duet
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—Waltertitusau's orchestra
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRIENT—sketch

JUNE 2—9—16—23—30

1:00 NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE—variety program
CBS: SCIENCE SERVICE SERIES
MBS: ED FITZGERALD—talk
1:15 NBC-Red: STELLA DALLAS—sketch
CBS: ETN BOYS
MBS: COCKTAILS IN SWING-TIME
1:30 NBC-Red: RUSH HUGHES—commentator
1:30 NBC-Red: DICK TRACY—sketch
NBC-Blue: FOUR OF US
MBS: LAWRENCE SALERNO—piano
1:50 NBC-Blue: PRESS-REPORT NEWS
1:55 NBC-Red: SONGS BY BONNIE STUART
NBC-Blue: DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY—sketch
2:00 NBC-Red: YOUR FAMILY AND MINE—dramatic serial
CBS: SINGING LADY—children's program
MBS: LET'S PRETEND
2:15 NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNE—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
MBS: JOHNSON FAMILY—sketch, with Jimmy Slivner

EVENING

6:00 NBC-Red: GEORGE R. HOLMES—Washington commentator
CBS: PRESS-REPORT NEWS
6:15 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
CBS: DORIS RINEHART—news
MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM
6:25 NBC-Red: PRESS-REPORT NEWS
6:30 NBC-Red: DAILY REPORT-COLUMN—Paul Douglas
CBS: TUNE TWISTERS—radio commentators
MBS: THE SOPHISTICATED LADIES—trio
6:45 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS and his listeners
MBS: RADIE HARRIS—Hollywood commentator
7:00 NBC-Red: AMOS 'N ANDY—sketch
CBS: EASY AYES—comedy sketch
MBS: U.S. ENTERTAINMENT
MBS: FULTON LEWIS, JR.—Washington news commentator
7:15 NBC-Red: VOCAL VARIETIES—choral singing
NBC-Blue: MORNING SERVICE SERIES
MBS: OUTDOORS WITH BOB HOPE
7:30 NBC-Red: VOCALIST
NBC-Blue: ST. LOUIS BLUES
MBS: HEADLINES—news dramatization
7:45 NBC-Blue: STEBNIE BOTTLE BOYS
CBS: ORCHESTRA
8:00 NBC-Red: ROYAL GELATIN PROGRAM—Rudy Vallee, guests
NBC-Blue: MARCH OF TIME—news dramatizations
MBS: KATE SMITH—Red Collins, Miller's orchestra
MBS: JULIAN O'NEILL, WALTER WALLSELM—SINFONIETTA
8:30 MBS: THE GREEN HORNET—dramatization
8:15 NBC-Blue: PIANO DUO
9:00 NBC-Red: GOOD NEWS OF 1933—Robert Taylor, Fannie Hurst, Morgan, Wilson's orchestra, guests
NBC-Blue: TORONTO PROMENADE CONCERT
MBS: MAJOR BOWE'S AMATEUR HOUR
MBS: THE HARMONINES
9:15 MBS: JOHNSON FAMILY—sketch, with Jimmy Slivner
9:30 MBS: RAY SINATRA'S MOONLIGHT RHYTHMS—Sylvia Fream, Jack Arthur
10:00 NBC-Red: KRAFT MUSIC BONFIRE—Bing Crosby, Bob Burns, Troller's orchestra
NBC-Blue: UNDER WESTERN SKIES
CBS: ESSAYS IN MUSIC—Walter's orchestra, Margaret Baum, Ruth Carnahan, guests
MBS: DRAMATIZATION
10:20 NBC-Blue: NBC PROMENADE CONCERT
MBS: AMERICANS AT WORK MBS: HENRY WHEELER'S ORCHESTRA REVEW
11:00 MBS: SPORTS QUESTION 101
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: ENGLISH ELLENGTON'S ORCHESTRA
11:15 MBS: E. L. A. SCHABLBERT REVIEWS — previews, guests
MBS: THEATRE DIGEST
**MORNING**

8:00 NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE — children's stories
NBC-Blue: FOUR SHOWMEN — quartet

8:15 NBC-Red: DOO SCHNEIDER and HIS TExANS
NBC-Blue: WILLIAM MEBEY — organist

8:30 NBC-Red: WOMEN AND NEWS

8:45 NBC-Red: DO YOU REMEMBER?

9:00 NBC-Red: PIANO DUO
NBC-Blue: BREKKAST CLUB—variety program
CBS: METROPOLITAN PAINTER

9:15 NBC-Red: PERSON TO PERSON — Frank Luther

9:30 CBS: PRESS-READIO NEWS

9:30 NBC-Red: LANDT TRIO
JOYCE JORDAN, GIRL INTERNE — sketch

9:40 NBC-Red: PRESS — RADIO NEWS

9:45 NBC-Red: VOCALIST
CBS: BACHELOR'S CHILDREN — songs and patter

9:55 NBC-Blue: PRESS — RADIO NEWS

10:00 NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH — sketch
CBS: PRETTY KITTY KELLY

10:15 NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER WIFE — sketch
CBS: MYRT AND MARGE — sketch

10:30 NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN BILL — sketch
NBC-Blue: ATTORNEY-AT-LAW — sketch
CBS: HILLTOP HOUSE — dramatic serial
MBS: REMINISCING

10:45 NBC-Red: THE WOMAN IN WHITE — sketch
NBC-Blue: VIENNESE KERN-SEMLER
CBS: STEPMOTHER — sketch
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL

11:00 NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM — sketch
NBC-Blue: THE STORY OF MARY MARLIN — sketch
CBS: RUTH CARHART — songs
MBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC

11:15 NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES — comedy sketch
NBC-Blue: PETER TOUNO'S FAMILY — sketch
CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL — tenor-philosopher

11:30 NBC-Blue: NICH AND SADE — sketch
CBS: BIG SISTER — sketch

11:45 NBC-Red: THE STORY OF MARY MARLIN — sketch
NBC-Blue: GETTING THE MOST OUT OF LIFE — talk
CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES — sketch
MBS: PIANIST

**AFTERNOON**

12:00 Noon

NBC-Red: DAN HARDINGS Wife — sketch
NBC-Blue: TIME FOR THOUGHT
CBS: THE RADIO COLUMNIST — Mary Margaret McBride

12:15 NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLES — sketch
NBC-Blue: VOCALIST
CBS: THE GOLDBERGS — sketch
MBS: RADIO GARDEN CLUB

12:30 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR — Walter Hays orchestra
MBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENCH — sketch

12:45 NBC-Red: OUR GAL, SUNDAY — sketch

1:00 NBC-Red: PIANO DUO
MBS: THE HAPPY GANG

1:15 NBC-Red: ESCORTS AND BETTY

1:30 NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC
NBC-Blue: Larry Lane, Ruth Lyon, Harvey Hays
NBC-Blue: MOTHER-IN-LAW — sketch
MBS: ORCHESTRA

1:45 NBC-Blue: JACK AND LORETTA — songs and patter
MBS: VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

2:00 NBC-Red: BETTY AND BOB — sketch
NBC-Blue: U. S. Marine Band
CBS: PLANET

2:15 NBC-Red: BETTY CROCKER — cooking expert
CBS: THE O'NEILLES — sketch
MBS: TED MALONE'S "BETWEEN THE BOOKENDS"

2:30 NBC-Red: ARNOLD GRIMM'S DAUGHTER — sketch
CBS: CAPTIVATORS
MBS: GIRL MEETS BOY

2:45 NBC-Red: VALIANT LADY — sketch

**EVENING**

6:00 NBC-Red: EDUCATION IN THE NEWS — dramatization
NBC-Blue: MAURICE SPITZEN'S ORCHESTRA
CBS: PRESS-READIO NEWS

6:15 NBC-Red: PIANO TUNE
NBC-Blue: REVELERS QUARTET
CBS: POPPEL, THE SAILOR MAN — sketch

6:30 NBC-Red: PRESS — RADIO NEWS

6:40 NBC-Red: DAILY SPORTS COLUMN — Paul Douglas
NBC-Blue: VOCALIST
CBS: ROAKE CARTER — news commentator
MBS: ORCHESTRA

6:55 NBC-Blue: SOLOIST

7:45 NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS — news commentator
CBS: CURN AND WRNER — sketch
MBS: BUDDY CLARK — Frank Novak's orchestra

7:00 NBC-Red: AMOS 'N ANDY — sketch
MBS: THE FOUR OF US
CBS: JUST ENTERTAINMENT
MBS: FULTON LEWIS, JR. — Washington news commentator

7:15 NBC-Red: UNCLE EZRA'S RADIATION
NBC-Blue: STORY BEHIND THE HEADLINES — Cesar Saerchinger
CBS: VOCALIST
MBS: ORCHESTRA

7:20 NBC-Blue: TALES BY EDWIN C. HILL
CBS: VOCALIST

7:45 NBC-Red: THREE ROHRSNOS
CBS: SCIENCE AND SOCIETY

8:00 NBC-Red: CITIES SERVICE CONCERT — Lucille Manns, Frank Black's orchestra
NBC-Blue: MAURICE SPITZEN'S ORCHESTRA
CBS: THE GHOST OF BENJAMIN SWEET — dramatic serial

8:30 NBC-Red: DEATH VALLEY DATES — dramatization
CBS: PAUL WITZEN'S ORCHESTRA — Joan Edwards
MBS: TOPICS OF THE DAY — speaker

8:45 MBS: ORCHESTRA

9:00 NBC-Red: WALTZ TIME — Frank Munn, Lyman's orchestra
NBC-Blue: ROYAL CROWN RINGS AND ORPHE, Uncle Happy, Graham McNamar, Frank Black's orchestra
MBS: CURTAIN CALL — THE LATE SHOW
CBS: HOLLYWOOD HOTEL — Louella Parsons, Frances Langford, Frank Parker, Anne Jamison, Ken Murray, Oswald Paige's orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA

9:15 NBC-Red: JOHNSTON FAMILY — sketch with Jimmy Schirmer

9:30 NBC-Red: A. L. ALEXANDER'S JUKE BOX STORIES — dramatization
NBC-Blue: NICH SPELLING — song
MBS: WILLY ORPENETA

10:00 NBC-Red: FIRST NIGHTER — dramatization, Lee Tracy, Barbara Luddy
NBC-Blue: PAUL MARTIN'S ORCHESTRA
CBS: COLUMBIA SQUARE — MBS: HAMMERBERG SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

10:30 NBC-Red: JIMMIE FIDLER'S HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP
MBS: CURTAIN TIME — dramatization

10:45 MBS: AMERICAN VIEWPOINT

11:40 NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: DANCE MUSIC
MBS: DANCE MUSIC

---

George Olsen

Frank Parker

Cesar Saerchinger
MORNING

8:00 NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—Children’s stories
NBC-Blue: SOUTHERNAIRES

7:50 NBC-Red: DICK LIEBERT—ENSEMBLE

8:30 NBC-Red: DO YOU REMEMBER?

8:45 NBC-Blue: J ACK AND LORETTA

9:00 NBC-Red: THE WISE MAN
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—Variety program
CBS: ETON BOYS

10:00 NBC-Red: CHARLOTTE—Male quartet
NBC-Blue: VIENNESE ENSEMBLE

NOON NBC-Red: FLORENCE HALE’S RADIO FORUM
NBC-Blue: VAUGHN DE LEATH—Songs
CBS: CINCINNATI CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
MBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC

11:00 NBC-Red: FORD RUSH AND SILENT SLIM
NBC-Blue: MINUTE MEN—Male quartet
MBS: ORCHESTRA

11:30 NBC-Red: H A L F - P A S T ELEVEN
NBC-Blue: OUR BARN—Children’s program, Madge Tucker
MBS: U & ARMY BAND

11:45 NBC-Red: SERVING THE CONSUMER

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon NBC-Red: ABRAHAM CHASINS’ MUSIC SERIES
NBC-Blue: CALL TO YOUTH—This Wonderful World

12:15 NBC-Blue: SOLOIST
MBS: VARIETY PROGRAM

1:00 Barry McKinley

2:15 NBC-Blue: KIDDOO DLE S

5:00 NBC-Red: GREAT PLAYS
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: EXPLORING MUSIC
MBS: ORCHESTRA

5:00 NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
MBS: ORCHESTRA

NOTE:
As we go to press, this program guide is absolutely accurate, but we cannot be responsible for last minute changes made by the broadcasting companies, advertising agencies or sponsors.
"SKIN-VITAMIN" SCORES HIT WITH WOMEN

Scientific findings in different countries awaken interest of leading hospitals. A certain vitamin is found to heal wounds, burns, infections, when applied direct to the skin!

New York! Tested in Pond's Cold Cream, the "skin-vitamin" brings definite results! Slides thrown on screen show skin of animals is rough, scaly, when diet lacks "skin-vitamin"—show skin smooth, healthy again, when Pond's Cold Cream containing "skin-vitamin" is applied daily.

Telephone calls and letters greet the first Pond's advertisement offering Pond's Cold Cream with "beauty-giving" "skin-vitamin" to women (October, 1937, magazines).

young wife in Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson, N.Y., writes: "I have never used anything like this cream. It's grand! In two weeks roughness was entirely gone, my skin felt velvety and smooth."

Druggists — answering increasing requests from women for Pond's Cold Cream with the "skin-vitamin" in it—explain to them that it comes in the very same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

Society beauties tell of greater benefits from Pond's Creams with "skin-vitamin" — (reading down) FREDERICA VANDERBILT WEBB, now Mrs. David S. Gamble, Jr.; WENDY MORGAN, now Mrs. Thomas Rodd, III; MRS. ALEXANDER C. FORBES, granddaughter of MRS. JAMES ROOSEVELT—"Texture finer." "Skin softer." "Color better than ever."

Announced nine months ago, the "Skin-Vitamin" was quickly accepted by Thousands of Beauty Seekers

Thousands of women have already tried Pond's Cold Cream containing the "skin-vitamin," special aid in maintaining skin health and beauty. New thousands are constantly learning of its increased benefits.

Women's satisfaction is recorded in the mounting sales of this widely known beauty aid. Today Pond's Creams, long famous as largest selling creams in the world, now with the beauty-giving "skin-vitamin" have reached the largest sales in their entire history!

Tune in on "Those We Love," Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.
coca-cola and a reeler for a quarter. And these children make up the main body of the swing fans; they are the jitter-bugs who dance in the aisles when Benny Goodman plays the Paramount; from them come many of the newer recruits to the ranks of swing musicians. This presents the conflicting picture of stories, unquestionably authentic, of horrible crimes committed while "reefered up," and the picture I got from many musicians who smoke an occasional reeler without becoming either addicted or dependent upon it . . . or so they say. And, if you'll hear with the writer's opinion, the answer to that probably is that, like alcohol, some can take it moderately and some cannot. Drunkenness has caused innumerable tragedies, many crimes. But everyone who takes a drink is not an intoxicated maniac, though the extreme cases are the ones that make the headlines. The dangerous difference between marijuana and alcohol is that while liquor's effects vary somewhat with individuals, the general effects are pretty much the same; whereas marijuana's reactions are never the same in two persons and often not the same any two times with the same person! For marijuana has as many different manifestations as it has names, the cigarettes, in which form it is mostly used, being known as "mingles," (though that term is old hat now—definitely "corny"), moottah, Mary Warner, hay, tea, meez, brijo, or reellers, all meaning the dried yellow buds of the Mexican hemp weed, cannabis.

And just what does this insidious stuff do? Well, after a few drags you find a pleasant excitement pervading you. Everything becomes simplified to your mind; problems resolve themselves with crystal clarity, slight remarks become hilariously funny or intolerably depressing. You have all the power in the world and nothing is too difficult for you to do. Your mind goes racing on, ahead of your tongue, and you find yourself talking interminably, perhaps, annoyed with yourself as you hear your own voice going on and on, failing, somehow, to make the point you are after and rambling endlessly without volition. Then, possibly, your brain sharpens—you see everything clearly; you are a master mind and you can settle any argument with sparkling and brilliantly pungent remarks. You are strong and agile and freed of any physical demands or limitations except that you become voraciously hungry. You may lean back in your chair and enjoy weird and exotic hallucinations; talk with non-existent beings, suffer delusions of grandeur. Perhaps you'll be surprised to find yourself leaping madly about, indulging in wild physical activity; dancing all night, fighting or merely cavorting without fatigue. You may sink into a slough of despondency and suddenly realize, incontrovertibly, that the best thing to do is to throw yourself from a window. And if you feel that way you probably will throw yourself from a window. Or, you may as easily decide that your companion should be killed . . . and you'll kill him.

Eventually you'll fall into a profound sleep from which you cannot be awakened. And afterward, no matter what your reactions have been, you'll probably suffer an awful depression and be tortured by finding yourself in some strange circumstances, unable to recall quite what occurred. Or else you will recall some shocking occurrence and hate yourself for having done it.

Not you, of course. The foregoing are only a few of the possible reactions. The "tea" might as easily madden you to a homicidal frenzy, like that of the Filipino who runs amuck; it might make you a philosopher, a raptist or a thief. But, unlike any other narcotic, it has no legitimate use; it never did anyone one bit of good, whereas it has caused more tragedies, ruined more lives than any equivalent stimulant. It never helped a good musician, and it never, never made a good instrumentalist out of a poor one.

It's good stuff to stay far away from.

(Continued from page 18)

RADIO STARS

Now! YOU can have Lovelier Legs!

BARBARA LEWIS, famous fashion model, says: "Before posing for photographs I always remove unsightly hair from arms and legs with NEET. No man likes hairiness."

UNSIGHTLY HAIR WASHES OFF QUICKLY with New Cream

In a bathing suit... evening gown... even through stockings... unsightly hair spoils your charm and drives away romance.

Now you can easily have lovely legs and arms—free of ugly hair. Just spread on NEET, as you would a cold cream. Then rinse off with water! NEET removes all hair—delays re-growth—leaves your skin petal-soft and satin-smooth.

Avoid Unpleasant Razor-Roughness

Say goodbye to rough skin and sharp, wiry hairs that grow in after shaving. No razor stubble to snag your stockings

... no danger of cuts when you use the safe and easy NEET method.

Don't let summer romance pass you by. Shorter skirts, summer dresses and beach wear spotlight arms and legs as never before. See that yours are lovely. Do as millions of women do—remove unsightly hair with NEET. Get it today! At drug and dept. stores. Trial size at 10c stores.

NEET Just Rinse Off Unsightly Hair

Marion Talley administers drastic punishment to Edgar Bergen for putting a pungent wisecrack in Charlie's mouth.
HERE'S YOUR PERFECT VACATION!

Those long-awaited vacation days are here at last! And New Haven's great, modern fleet of day and night trains await your departure to Southern New England's delightful summer places! Over its network of 1900 miles of steel highways more than 100 trains daily will speed care-free vacationists to mountain, lake, and shore.

Join them! Why spend precious vacation hours crawling over blistering, traffic-laden highways? Instead, enjoy a cool, delightful trip aboard an air-conditioned New Haven train—actually a brief vacation in itself!

Low fares in fine, modern coaches buy luxury and conveniences found in no other popular travel method: deep, lounge-type seats . . . air-conditioning . . . scientific lighting . . . silent, smooth riding . . . beautiful interiors . . . and safety!

Plan your summer vacation and weekends NOW with the help of the free Resort Booklet described at the right . . . then choose a conveniently scheduled New Haven train and your perfect vacation has begun!

PREVIEW the scenic beauties and delightful experiences that await you in charming old Southern New England.

Free 1938 Resort Booklet is profusely illustrated with photographs of scores of vacation places; quaint fishing villages . . . Old Provincetown, the artist's paradise . . . Nantucket . . . Martha's Vineyard . . . Connecticut and Rhode Island's beautiful shores . . . mountains, lakes, and rolling hills . . . and many other glimpses of this ideal vacationland.

You'll find the answer to "where shall we go this summer?" in this handy complete Resort Booklet: lists Hotels, Inns, Boarding Houses, Camps, Golf Clubs, Rod and Reel Clubs, etc. Helps you with your vacation budget problem, too . . . gives resort rates.

Write now for your free copy of the 1938 booklet, "Southern New England Resorts and How to Get There." Address: Room 506, South Station, Boston, Mass.
MARY MARGARET McBRIE'S RECIPES

PINEAPPLE FESTIVITY FLUFF

2 egg yolks
2 cups milk
3 tablespoons Minute Tapioca
% teaspoon salt
1% cup sugar
1 tablespoon lemon juice

Place yolks in top part of a double boiler. Add a small amount of milk and milk together. Add remaining milk, tapioca, salt and the % cup sugar. Place over rapidly boiling water and heat until scalded—approximately 5 minutes after water in bottom part of double boiler resumes boiling. Then cook 5 minutes longer, stirring frequently. Cool slightly. Add lemon juice; fold in drained, crushed pineapple. Cool. Meanwhile place marshmallows and 2 tablespoons of tapioca juice (drained from crushed pineapple) in a saucepan. Heat over low flame, folding over and over, until marshmallows are half melted. Remove from heat and continue folding until mixture is smooth and fluffy. Cool. Beat egg whites until stiff, add 2 tablespoons sugar gradually, beating constantly. Fold this meringue into cooled marshmallow mixture. Combine % of this marshmallow mixture with the cooled pineapple tapioca mixture. Turn this pudding into a heat resistant glass serving dish. Top with the remaining marshmallow meringue, put in on swills. Place in very hot oven (450°F.) for a minute or two to brown lightly the meringue topping. Chill thoroughly before serving. Serves 6.

STRAWBERRY SUPREME

2 cups water
% cup Minute Tapioca
% cup crushed strawberries, sweetened
% cup sugar
1 tablespoon lemon juice

Place water in top part of a double boiler. Put over direct heat and bring to a boil. Combine tapioca, sugar and salt. Add gradually to water and bring to a brisk boil over direct heat, stirring constantly. Place immediately over rapidly boiling water and cook 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Cool. (Mixture clears and thickens as it cools.) Crush berries, add lemon juice and sweeten to taste. Fold berries into slightly cooled tapioca mixture. Chill. Serve in sherbet glasses, garnished with whipped cream and a few whole berries. Serves 6.

MINUTE CREAM

1 egg yolk
2 cups milk
3 tablespoons Minute Tapioca
% cup sugar

Place egg yolk in top part of a double boiler. Add a small amount of the milk and mix. Add remaining milk, tapioca, sugar and salt. Place over rapidly boiling water and heat until scalded—approximately 5 minutes after water in bottom part of double boiler resumes boiling. Then cook 5 minutes longer, stirring frequently. Beat egg white until just stiff enough to hold shape. Fold a small amount of tapioca mixture into egg white; then add to remaining tapioca mixture. Cool. (Mixture thickens as it cools.) When slightly cool add flavoring. Chill thoroughly. Serve with whipped cream and whole berries as garnish. Also delicious with a fresh fruit sauce made of sweetened crushed berries or sliced peaches, to which lemon juice has been added to bring out the flavor.

MISSOURI PEACH COBBLER

Part 1

2 cups cake flour
3 tablespoons butter
% teaspoon baking powder
3 tablespoons lard or vegetable shortening
% cup milk

Part 2

6 large peaches
1 tablespoon lemon juice
3 tablespoons cornstarch
3 tablespoons melted butter
% cup sugar

Part 1. Sift flour, measure. Add baking powder, salt and sugar. Sift again. Cut in butter until finely distributed throughout flour. Cut in lard (or vegetable shortening) coarsely, leaving quite large flakes. Add milk and stir vigorously until well mixed. Turn onto floured board and pat out to form a square pan approximately 9" square and 2½ deep. Fit dough into this pan—which has been well greased—building dough up well around the sides.

Part 2. Pare peaches. Remove stones and cut into eighths. Lay peaches on top of dough, in pan, in parallel rows, pressing into dough slightly. Moisten cornstarch with water to a smooth paste. Add lemon juice, melted butter and sugar. Spoon this mixture over and around peaches. Sprinkle lightly with cinnamon. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 25-30 minutes, or until cobble dough is a golden brown and peaches are soft. Serve hot or cold with slightly sweetened whipped cream.
of herself as one of those “friends” and of Mary Margaret as the other.
Her listeners, and doubtless you are one of them, have the most personal interest
in this radio friend of theirs. They—and
you—laugh at her sallies and her confessed
inability to pronounce long words without
hesitating, feeling that such things as
these supply that touch which “makes
the whole world kin” indeed.
Above all, according to Miss McBride,
listeners get a vicarious thrill out of follow-
ing her around the city she has adopted
as her own, into places many will never
see, except through her eyes and through
the description she gives of these city
sights over the radio.
“Who else would ever describe a night
club on the air?” she asked me, with con-
viction. “Well, I did and discovered that
thousands of folks had never been in one
and just loved hearing more about such
places. Who would think that building a
subway would be an item of sufficient
interest to talk about? But, remember, lots
of my listeners have never seen a subway
or, if they have, then they never stopped
to realize what marvels of engineering
skill went into its construction. As an out-
of-towner I’m thrilled by such things still,
don’t I go on taking it for granted that
others will find them equally absorbing.
“You see,” she continued brightly, “es-
etially I’m a reporter. So everything I
do, every place I go, has story potentialities.
I must have, in my eyes, if I am going to
see on day after day broadcasting about
the thousand and one things that make up
life in the city. I am invited, for instance,
one place for dinner, I enjoy the meal,
or I love to eat, and then I tell about it
and describe the house or restaurant
where I dined. I don’t tell people how to
build that house or how to cook that meal.
But think it is important to make people
want to prepare and eat good food; then they’ll
seek some source of information on how
to go about fixing up a meal like the one
I’ve highly praised.
“Of course, wherever I go,” she went on,
I seek color, unusual or little known facts.
then, too, I love telling my radio audi-
cence about the funny things that happen in
cooking material for my talks, even when
I am the butt of the joke. But through it
all I find I still have the small town per-
tson’s sense of wonder, of excitement. You
see, I was born on a farm, outside of Paris,
Missouri. I was brought up in that town,
moved to State College and finally, like
many, landed in “the big city” as greener
the grass on the campus. But even after
years spent here in New York I’m sure
ever acquire, nor would I wish to
the so-called city sophistication which so
any out-of-towners feel they must wear
public, like a borrowed coat that never
fits around the shoulders!
“I’m not citified, not meant for the city-
dile, I suspect. Even on Park Ave-
ce I live a small-town life with none of
the glitter or glamour that is supposed to
(Continued on page 81)

AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER

So begins the story of many a happy
married life. He goes out into the world
to earn their living. She does the equally
important job of keeping house. It’s the
world’s oldest partnership—and the best.
The wise bride knows how important it is
to be able to turn out appetizing and nour-
ishing meals on her limited budget. What
shall she do to make that cold meat left over
from Sunday dinner into an appetizing dish
for Monday night? Often she makes a com-
bination dish with delicious savory Franco-
American Spaghetti. Of course it goes big
with husband—and her food money stretches
just that much further. Franco-American with
salad and dessert makes a wonderful quick
meal when you want to cut cooking time.
Later, bride will learn that when Junior
and Sallie come home ravenous from school,
Franco-American Spaghetti with milk and
fruit makes an ideal children’s meal—and
they never tire of it. It’s nourishing, savory
—and on the table in a jiffy.
Yes, indeed! Franco-American is entirely
different from ordinary ready-cooked spa-
getti. It usually costs only ten cents for a
big 13 1/2-ounce can—that’s less than 3¢ a
portion. Get some Franco-American Spaghetti
today at your grocer’s. Watch your husband’s
eyes sparkle after the first delicious mouthful

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

The kind with the Extra Good Sauce—Made by the Makers of Campbell’s Soups

MAY I SEND YOU OUR FREE RECIPE BOOK? SEND THE
COUPON PLEASE

CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY, DEPT. 67
Camden, New Jersey
Please send free recipe book: “30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals.”

Name (print)_________________________
Address_________________________
City_________________________
State_________________________

57
Who tossed that BRIQUE?

Paris tosses us Po-Go, its favorite rouge—in Brique, its favorite shade. And you'll toss your hat in the air when you try it!

Po-Go's so unusual! Has a remarkable, feathery texture, for it's handmade in France. Goes on as evenly as powder, then stays put for hours. And its exclusive Brique shade is the most exciting, most flattering you've ever tried. Perfect for blondes! Perfect for brunettes! Perfect for brick-tops! In fact, Brique tops them all!

Toss down only 55¢ at your favorite toilettry counter, for Po-Go Rouge, Brique shade. Or send 55¢ (stamps will do) to Guy T. Gibson, Inc., 565 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

The perfect shade, BRIQUE—only in

Po-Go ROUGE
55¢

NOW is the time for us to get in on the ground floor of beauty and pay some attention to our toes. Swimming and dancing, toetless sandals and sheer hose call all attention to the feet, which have been neglected and forgotten (unless there was a persistent ache!) all winter.

How the poor feet are abused! They carry us about on errands, take us to work and to pleasure. For this we give them, not the regular care they need and deserve, but only a little grudging attention when nerves shriek so loudly it is impossible to ignore them. Yet feet should be not only comfortable but beautiful!

Robert, whose magnificent Salon de Beauté on upper Fifth Avenue is visited by lovely ladies of radio and screen, says that feet are the very root of many beauty problems. They cause facial wrinkles and bad posture, when they're neglected. They ruin the disposition and take all the joy out of life when not cared for properly. Robert says that no number of trips to a beauty salon will erase the scowling lines that drape themselves over the face or that long-suffering look that comes into the eyes as a result of aching feet.

Russ Morgan, popular and talented bandleader on the Johnny Presents show, points out that in selecting singers to accompany his band, he has always watched not only for a pure, clear voice and "mike" personality, but also for the girl who can cross the floor gracefully before hundreds of fans in the studio. The entrance of a singer is particularly important if a favorable impression is to be formed of her before she sings. Morgan feels, too, that the girl whose feet are tired will also have a tired voice. Have you ever noticed that after a long day on your feet, shopping, dancing, walking or working, that your voice drags, whines or is high-pitched? That is because your feet are tired!

So let's concentrate on feet. Tonight when you slip off your shoes and stockings give your feet a thorough inspection. You'll prob-

(Continued on page 76)
A home pedicure starts with a footbath and cuticle treatment. Next, cut the toenails straight across, but never too short.

File and smooth the nails with an emery board or file. Round the corners and remove any discolorations beneath the tips.

File the toes with wads of cotton, then apply nail polish. Little wax base may be used to make the polish wear longer.

There's nothing like a dance to rob a girl of daintiness! That's why I always bathe with this lovely perfumed soap that guards daintiness so surely and in such a lovely way!

Cashmere Bouquet soap's rich, deep-cleansing lather removes every trace of body odor... and then its lovely, lingering perfume clings to your skin! Long after your bath, it keeps you alluringly fragrant!

Now only 10¢

Cashmere Bouquet soap

Marvelous for complexions, too!
You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath. Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, leaving your skin clearer, softer... more radiant and alluring!

To keep fragrantly dainty—bathe with perfumed Cashmere Bouquet soap
a lasting memento. For Marilyn Cantor kept the glass out of which James Cagney drank!

Ben Bernie’s love is not such a secret. During the past few years he has been broadcasting his adoration of Myrna Loy. And he drags Mrs. Bernie to all the Loy pictures, while he, to hear her tell it, “goes into a kind of goofy trance.”

Actually, until he worked in Hollywood, making Wake Up and Live, Bernie never met Myrna Loy. Then, one evening, while dancing at the Trocadero, he felt a light tap on his shoulder. He turned around, to find himself face to face with his ideal, who smiled sweetly and said: “I just wanted to thank you, Mr. Bernie, for the compliments you gave me on the radio.”

There followed a silence, while Ben, usually so quick with the quip, blushed scarlet. Finally he managed to stammer embarrassed: “I’m glad to meet you.” “And now,” says he, “I kick myself when I think of all the things I might have said.”

Although he never met her, Phil Spitalny joins the crush brigade for Myrna Loy. This was surprising. I was sure Mr. Spitalny, being Russian, would prefer a foreigner.

But no. “Dietrich, Garbo, they are so affected,” he exclaimed, making an exaggerated face. “Myrna Loy,” he blew a kiss into the air, “she has charm, she has poise, she has grace, she has ease. The way she carries herself, the way she talks! He blew another kiss.

“I tell you something,” he leaned forward. “Nobody knows this. Myrna Loy has had a great effect on my work, my music. I try to make the girls in the band play in a style echoing her personality. I try to broadcast music that has dignified charm. I am an idealist! You may not believe me, but every number I send out on the airwaves is my imaginative melodic interpretation of Myrna Loy!”

Madge Evans said she broke dates in order to listen to Charlie McCarthy, and when Sheila Barrett arrived in Hollywood, a friend of hers told me that Miss Barrett could hardly wait until she glimpsed Kay Francis in person.

Of the women, Kitty Carlisle had the most interesting story.

“Since a child I’ve been a hero worshiper,” she admitted. “But I was ashamed of this trait—until after I came to know George Gershwin.”

“I met him on the Vallely program,” she added. “And I was very impressed! Later I noticed that he, too, was a hero worshiper. There was this difference, little boy-like, he was proud of it!” “Yes, I know,” I interrupted. “Gershwin used to treasure an autographed picture of Charlie Chaplin.” “And Toscanini,” went on Miss Carlisle. “Gershwin worshiped Toscanini! Why, he once took a snapshot of them, and three months later was still showing it off!” “Anyway,” she continued, “I felt that if a man of Gershwin’s talents worshiped fellow artists, then I could admit to my own fan tendencies.

“It started in New Orleans, when I was a child, and my mother had a box at the opera. It began with Ponselle,” she laughed. “Will I ever forget her! Ponselle, wearing a red velvet gown and carrying a red fan, and I, wanting to go backstage and apply for a position as her maid! Anything, just to be near a real live opera singer!”

“Then came Grace Moore. When I first heard her sing, I was a schoolgirl, on vacation at Cannes. We were stopping at the same hotel. I made friends with her coach and I used to listen outside the door while she practiced. Later, in Paris, I was introduced to Grace Moore, and she very kindly invited me to a dinner party. I was much too young, and ‘way out of place at that affair, but I certainly felt tremendously thrilled!”

“Years later a funny thing happened. After I had won my first Broadway part in Champagne Sm., and had met George Gershwin, he invited me to a party at Elsa Maxwell’s. Everybody who was anybody in the entertainment world was there. I was scared stiff! Marilyn Miller, Chilton Webb—and Grace Moore, all of them present, and they all performed! Then Gershwin practically dragged me to the piano and, while he played his Man I Love, I, quaking, was obliged to sing it. Right afterwards Grace Moore called me over to her table. ‘Child,’ she cried, ‘Child, it is you! What in the world are you doing!’ And my answer came out, humble, brief.

---

**Lovely TO LOOK AT**

**BUT NO FUN TO KNOW!**

---

**COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH**

“See, Colgate’s special penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach... removes the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. Besides, Colgate’s soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly cleans the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle!”

---

**ONE MONTH LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE**

**SORRY TO BREAK THIS UP, PHIL, BUT YOU CAN’T EXPECT TO MONOPOLIZE A POPULAR GIRL LIKE RUTH!**

**NO BAD BREATH BEHIND RUTH’S SPARKLING SMILE!**

---

**TESTS SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECOMPOSING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN’T CLEANED PROPERLY. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS, AND THAT’S WHY...**

---

**AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE!**
but to the point. "Why, I'm singing," I said. And that was that!"

Walter O'Keefe is a different type of hero worshiper. O'Keefe, who has one of the keenest minds in radio, and who, in my opinion, is the only logical successor to Will Rogers, writes a daily column, syndicated in many newspapers.

"On the air, when I tell a joke," says he, "I know within five minutes whether it is good or bad. There is an instantaneous reaction. But this column business! He shook his head. "You write and write and never really find out whether it is going over or not. For newspaper columns are a habit."

"I was raised in the Mencken-Nathan era. And now I'm a fan, in every sense of the word, of three people: Heywood Broun, O'Keefe, and Will Rogers."

Then I talked to Guy Lombardo. At the start he was cagy. "If I tell you, and you print it, what'll I tell my wife?" he demanded. "I've been married eleven years, you know, and happily, too!"

So he tried to get me off the track. First he said he was a baseball fan. And next he acknowledged the thrill he felt years back in Chicago, when, for the first time, he met a star—Al Jolson. And he vividly recalled the one person he claims he has always wanted to meet.

"Damon Runyon. This was in nineteen-thirty. I had read his book and given away dozens of copies. Once, when I heard he was eating in Lindy's, I rushed down there two in the morning, just so I could meet him."

"Very interesting. But that's not the sort of material I want," said I.

He parried: "When we play in Hollywood, my brother Vic doesn't care what tar walks into the restaurant—actress or baseball player, they're all the same to him. But Liebert and Carmen, they bawl out if they don't think I've shown enough homage to the visiting celebrity. Look! Look! There's Myrna Loy! Why don't you smile at her! They whisper, ""

"But what?"

"There's only one star for me—Marlene Dietrich," at last he grudgingly admitted. The odd part is, I've never really seen her in a good picture. But in person! Ten minutes she used to come to the Grove while I played there!"

Then he jumped to his feet. "I shouldn't have said all this!" he exclaimed. "When a story comes out, what'll I tell my friends?"

I thought fast. I answered quickly. And said: "Tell her not to read it!"

PICTURE makers are going out with better cameras this year. Quicker on the trigger. More brilliant action. Dependable to the last degree. Smart to carry. You'll get a lot of satisfaction out of owning one of these Kodaks—and you'll bring back better pictures. Your skill steps up the minute your hands get the "feel" of the new improvements and refinements. Use a camera that's really modern. Bigger values than ever. Your dealer has Kodaks as low as $5; Brownies from $1... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y.

Only EASTMAN makes the KODAK

JIFFY KODAK SIX-20, Series II, gives you box-camera simplicity plus the style of the latest folding model. Touch one button—"Pop"—it opens. Touch another—"Click"—it gets the picture. Twinlens, up-to-the-minute refinements. Pictures, 2½ x 3½ inches. Price, $9... Jiffy Kodak Six-16, Series II—2½ x 4¼-inch pictures—$10.

KODAK JUNIOR SIX-20, Series II (f.6.3)—opens at the touch of a button—closes at the touch of a one-finger release. Fast Kodak Anastigmat f.6.3 lens lets you make snapshots regardless of most weather conditions. Pictures, 2½ x 3½ inches. Price, $14. Kodak Junior Six-16, Series II (f.6.3), 2½ x 4¼-inch pictures, $15.75.
WHY
ACTRESSES
USE A
HOSPITAL-PROVED
CLEANSING CREAM!

Go into the most fa-
mous dressing-rooms
of Broadway and
Hollywood... how
often you'll see Albo-
lene Solid used for
removing make-up!
Actresses know
they can trust Albo-
lene Solid... because
it's so pure and effi-
cient that many hos-
pitals have used it
for over 20 years!
You'll be simply amazed to see how
Albolene spreads and penetrates.
Made of pure, bland, deli-
cate oils... it dissolves readily.
quickly loosens dirt.
Albolene contains no
mucky substances—it
leaves your pores clean,
your skin soft and silky.

ECONOMICAL!
What finer cleanser could you
ask than one used both by
leading hospitals and actres-
s? Get Albolene Solid now.
Professional pound tin only
$1. Big jar, only 50c.

ALBOLENE
SOLID
CLEANSING CREAM

Corns
removed with
Castor Oil
Preparation
Stay goodbye to clumsy corn-pads and dangerous razors.
A new liquid, NOXACORN, relieves pain fast and dries
up the peskiest corns, calluses and warts. Contains six
ingredients including pure castor oil, iodine, and the
substance from which aspirin is made. Absolutely safe.
Easy directions in package. Use bottle away from infant's
mouth. Druggist returns money
if it fails to remove corns.

Sensational
FREE Offer!
SEND COUPON
FOR 3
LIPSTICKS
AND 2 FLAME-GLO
ROUGE COMPACTS
It's our treat! Let us send you 3 full trial sizes of the
famous REJUVIA Lipsticks* None Better Made
FREE... each in a different fascinating shade,
so you can discover the color most becoming
to you. To introduce our newest achievement,
we will also send you two new shades of Flame-
Glo Day Rouge Compacts, each complete with
its own puff. You'll like the creamy smooth
Texture that gives a natural, youthful glow
to your cheeks... that stays on because it clings!
Just send 10c in stamps to cover mailing costs.
For beauty's sake, send Coupon TODAY!

REJUVIA
LIPSTICK
REJUVI BEAUTY LABS
DEPT. WD, 186 W. 11 ST., N.Y.C.
Send me (1) 3-pack REJUVI Lipsticks and (2) 2 FLAME-GLO
Rouge Compacts: enclosed, and I'll send it back
same day, postpaid. If unsatisfied, return it
within 10 days, I'll refund in full.
NAME
ADDRESS
62

REHEARSALS ARE SERIOUS

Edgar Fairchild leads the orchestra on Eddie Cantor's
Camel broadcasts. Like Eddie, he insists not upon guesswork
but on getting everything perfect before a broadcast.

Adam Carroll joins Edgar Fairchild
for the piano duets. Adam, too,
works hard. His playing proves it.

Don't get the idea Eddie is a slave-
driver. He keeps all in good humor,
but at the same time gets results.

Eddie Cantor never takes his rehearsals lightly—
strenuously getting a program into shape as he
In whipping a program into shape, Eddie gives it all his enthusiasm and expects his cast to do likewise.

Walter King, Eddie's announcer, used his middle name, Woolf, in films, but Eddie likes the shorter version.

Wherever you go
BEECH-NUT GUM
gives extra pleasure and refreshment

Always worth stopping for.

The use of chewing gum gives your mouth, teeth and gums beneficial exercise. Beech-Nut Oralgene is specially made for this purpose. It's firmer, "chewier"... helps keep teeth clean and fresh-looking.

Beech-Nut Peppermint Gum is so good it's the most popular flavor of gum in America. Beech-Nut Spearmint has a richness you're sure to enjoy.
Complete every shampoo with Nestle Colorinse, the rinse-tint that is so simple and economical to use. It’s pure and harmless — not a dye or a bleach.

Rinse youth into your hair with Colorinse. Faded or gray streaks are blended in with the enriched natural color. Waves last longer. Colorinse truly glorifies your hair.

There’s a shade of Nestle Colorinse for every shade of hair. Consult the Nestle Color Chart at your toilet goods counter — today!

10c for package of 2 rinses at 10c stores.
25c for 5 rinses at drug and dept stores.

PEPPING UP TELEVISION

Toby Wing proves it isn’t all technical

Toby watches her shapely self being televised. The camera on the left is transmitting her lovely image to the receiving set.
RADIO STARS

James M. Skinner points out to Toby Wing, stage and screen star, that there's considerable difference between a television camera and the movie camera with which she's familiar.

Toby is a perfect television subject. He new electrically controlled Philco camera does away with the excessive make-up heretofore needed for television. Ordinary street make-up is sufficient. Blondes now telese clearly.

NEW-TYPE ICE DEODORANT
Is greaseless and actually cooling—checks perspiration 1 to 3 days

NOW, a deodorant that has everything—an ICE DEODORANT!
It's easy to put on! It's actually cooling! It's absolutely greaseless! Its own fresh odor evaporates immediately! It checks perspiration!
The wonderful new Odorono ICE is based on a brand-new principle. A gentle, cooling ICE deodorant that goes on like a vanishing cream and disappears completely. It is not greasy or sticky.
And here's another thing about this new ICE that will thrill you. It checks perspiration the instant you apply it... banishes worry over stained dresses and offending odors up to three days!
Its texture, too, is delightful. So light and easy to spread. And its clean, wholesome smell of pure alcohol disappears as soon as it's on, leaving you fresh, dainty—cool.
After the first application you'll understand why so many of the women who have tried it prefer the new Odorono ICE. You'll never have another moment's uneasiness about underarm odor or perspiration.
Try this sure, easy way of guarding your charm. Get a jar of the new Odorono ICE tomorrow... only 35¢ at all Toilet Goods Departments.

"Safe—cuts down clothing damage, when used carefully according to directions," says The National Association of Dyers and Cleaners, after making intensive laboratory tests of Odorono Preparations.

SEND 10¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY JAR

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. T-E-6, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2690, Montreal)
I enclose 10¢ (15¢ in Canada) to cover cost of postage and packing for generous introductory jar of Odorono Ice.

Name ____________________________
Address ____________________________
City ____________________________ State ____________________________

SEND 10¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY JAR

WHITE ROUGE

WHAT IS IT? An entirely new rouge whose color changes right on your cheeks... to the one warm, natural shade that glamorously flatters your individual complexion.

WHAT IT DOES: Instead of coating your cheeks as ordinary rouges do, White Rouge tints only the oils. Heightens natural skin-tone and gives cheeks a clearer, vibrant color... so life-like, it's mysterious!

WHAT IT MEANS: The correct shade of rouge though you are blonde, brunette or red-haired. One exquisite rouge for every costume... so amazingly adhering it lasts a full day. Marvelously waterproof, too!

Try White Rouge just once—you'll adore it always! Leading department and drug stores, 50c.

10c size at most ten-cent stores

WHITE ROUGE
The Self-Blending Rouge

If unobtainable send 15c (5c added for postage and packing) direct to Clark-Millner Co., 600 St. Clair St., Dept. 804, Chicago. Sent only to U.S.A.

SAFELY CHECKS PERSPIRATION ODORS
Keep yourself dainty and fresh at all times with a tiny dab of NIL. You'll prefer NIL for six good reasons:

1. Large generous jar contents only 10c
2. Safely checks perspiration odors. Carries the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval.
3. Will not hurt or harm delicate fabric
4. Soft, greaseless; dries instantly
5. Non-irritating even after shaving
6. Ideal for sanitary napkin use.

10c at all drug stores
NIL LABS., Toledo, Ohio

SAFELY CHECKS PERSPIRATION ODORS

In Tune With The

To be in the fashion swim you must dress up!

DON'T you love the excitement of dressing for a party? Almost half the fun of going to a dance is preparing for it—the judicious selection of the evening gown, the dainty slippers, the flowers for your hair, your jewelry, your graceful wrap, and the careful attention you pay to the very last detail, right down to which Hankie you'll sprinkle with an appropriate scent and tuck into your evening bag.

No doubt you're wondering why on earth we've started out talking about evening clothes when this page is obviously going to be devoted to beach fashions. Well, the big idea is this—it's because you're going to feel exactly the same thrill when you dress for the beach this summer!

In the past, you probably "un-
Nan Wynn's maillot is of satin lastex in royal blue and silver. She wears solid colors with it.

TIDES...

BY WENDY LEE

Dressed" to go swimming, by which I mean that you slipped into your suit, snatched up any old robe or towel and your cap, and scampered down to the beach or pool. But no more of this usual attitude toward your beach costume! Not for summer, 1938!

If you're going to be "in the fashion swim" this summer, you're going to "dress up" for the beach, just as carefully as you assemble your costume for the most important cocktail date, with the same enthusiasm and careful thought you put into your most beautiful evening ensemble, so will

(Continued on page 72)

Dorothy Lowell, in a coral suit of worsted and lastex, joins her fellow CBS starlet at a pool.

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash enlivens the hidden beauty of your hair...awakening lovely highlights and sunny, fascinating glints...refreshing your natural beauty. Marchand's is a scientific preparation that brightens and refines any shade of hair, harmlessly and effectively. It will not interfere with permanents. It's so safe...so simple...so sensible to use.

Brunettes, too, use Marchand's to rinse lovely, attractive highlights into their hair...adding to its charm and beauty.

Marchand's makes excess hair on arms and legs invisible. Stainless, odorless, leaves no stubble. Directions with every bottle.

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

AT ALL DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES

60% of all women were born blonde!

DON'T LET TIME DARKEN YOUR HAIR

BRING OUT THE NATURAL HIGHLIGHTS

"There's nothing like Marchand's to renew the highlights and sheen of your hair. I use Marchand's regularly to keep my hair radiant and lustrous."

says BEVERLY ROBERTS attractive blonde Hollywood Star. Appearing currently in "Call of the Yukon"
I notice the girls with lovely eyes are using WINX Mascara!

Says VIRGINIA JUDD, Recently voted the most beautiful model in America.

Thousands of women every day are changing to this better mascara... because WINX is different! It has a finer texture...clings closer...seems to be part of your lashes. Makes lashes dark, luxuriant, silky...accents the star-like beauty of your eyes in a more natural way. Try WINX today!

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bu- reau. Get WINX mascara, eye shadow and eyebrow pencil—in the GREEN PACKAGES—at all drug, department and ten-cent stores.

TOUCH UP GRAY STREAKS

ANY COLOR
LIGHT BROWN TO BLACK
Gives a natural, youthful appearance. Easy to use in the clean privacy of your home, not greasy, will not rub off or interfere with curling. $1.50, for sale everywhere.

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

MAILBAG

GOOD. Hollace Shaw in the afore-mentioned Leo Fitzgerald-CBS Swing Session vocal debate. Miss Shaw sings with ease and aplomb.

LET anyone present anything out of the ordinary to our big radio chassis (aside from cultural activity like the NBC singning-mite debacle), and the powers-that- be freeze into negation spots. Only after Heinrich Willem Van Loon is quoted by Harry Hansen, the book critic, as saying: "...I was thinking about the two Dollfuss children... Why can't we Americans adopt them?... Well, I suggested making an appeal over a radio station and I was stopped. No broadcasting station will let me make that appeal. What do you make of that?"

It's typical, Mr. Van Loon, typical.

STRAIGHT FROM THE OLD MAILBAG

Mrs. E. Laurence White, from up Massa- chusetts way, writes in to say that Mr. Toscanini didn't get a decent boost in this column. Be that as it may—let it be known, for Mrs. White's information, that a survey undertaken to test the Maestro's popularity gave him a rating of 4. A Mr. McCarthy, a dummy by structure, gets a rating of 40, and so it was perhaps for this reason that the Toscanini figures were withheld. It was also noted that the Lucky Strike Hit Parade enjoyed a higher rating when the Maestro was on at the same hour, but has fallen off since.

Miss Agnes G. McLeod thinks this de- partment was crude in its remarks about Mary Margaret McBride-Martha Deane. She goes on to say that she, at least, is one person who appreciates the aforesaid double-lady. This may sound queer to Miss McLeod, but it's awfully hard to work up much sympathy for a $50,000-a- year wage earner like McBride-Deane.

Miss M. Jayne Dunne, a long-time corre- spondent from Ohio, is worried lest Winchell, et al, think that this writer is going in for professional jealousy. Let Winchell, et al., take note here and now that no such jealousy exists, and that they can go right on from where they left off.

A Miss Goldie Benedick writes the most unusual letter—not a word of complaint in it.

Before we lock up the mailbag there remain notes from Mr. Obert, who thinks that the Stroud Twins are good, and a Mr. Alvery, who believes that Sammy Kaye is not copying Guy Lombardo. It would be fun to agree with them...

LOU HOLTZ still gets livid at the thought of sponsor interference—even though he no longer has one. His de- parture from a featured spot on that Monday night show, however, cannot be blamed on such sponsor. They as he would. Lou did not seem to make his particular brand of comedy click with the audiences. But that doesn't mean that Lou isn't a good co- median in other branches of entertainment.

Eddie Cantor's publicity-minded (and aid- ing-Cantor-publicity) drive in support of the President's March of Dimes paralysis campaign, recalls the time when someone tried to get Holtz to mention a big cam- paign (by the American Legion-American Association of Advertisers for a million jobs), whenever he made a single appear- ance. While people like Sophie Tucker and the late Jean Harlow did their part, Mr. Holtz couldn't be bothered. No one can say Eddie Cantor isn't smart that way!

SCRAWLS FROM THE BACKS OF OLD ENVELOPES

Arthur Godfrey is the only user of double-talk over the air. On his morning show he pretends that his mythical sponsor sells a product called "clavitude" that comes in a "cloggin" box. Godfrey is okay but slightly sagas. These days, Penske and Venske, are the bane of radio sports announcers' lives... To show you how topsy-turvy radio still is: On WJCA a dance program we were listening to was suddenly interrupted in order to take listeners over to Philadelphia and back to the tracks of "You Know Me Kate", where Clifton Webb, Lupe Velez and Rex O'Malley were to be interviewed. Just when we had gotten over the abrupt switch, the announcer cut in again to say that we were to be favored by a one-minute transmission when we had been taken back to Philadelphia and the show. To top it all, the interview was very sad, particularly since the interviewer didn't know Clifton Webb and Lupe by sight... There's a waitress in a Radio City drug- store, where all of radio has the coffee and cakes it is always complaining it works for, who can tell you plenty about radio's stars. She says there's a goodly percentage of bad tempers, a low percentage of decent tips... Alistair Cooke, one of radio's most intelligent critics of the drama, takes salt along his broadcast to ease his throat...

TOaddy RIGGS' mythical Betty Long gets dozens of toys and dolls every week from listeners. A New York housewife sent them... Dell Shbabrt, the master of ceremonies, won't work on a program unless they will let him announce and handle it in his own fashion—which is sincere... Band leader Eddy Duchin once tried hard (and failed) to get a job with Red Nor- man's band but was turned down. Duchin is one of the pleasantest men in the busi- ness and Professor Newman is reputed to be shy and modest... Henry Burbing, the dialectician, has been on the air for fifteen years now. He thinks that television may be first recorded on film and then sent over the air waves. That's so it could be shot a few feet at a time, saving the per- formers much memorizing. As far as that goes, most of them can't even read their lines now... Concerning their split-up, Stoopnagle and Budd team, says that so many rumors are rampant about the split that he and Budd thought they'd better comply. And when they did break up they couldn't decide which of them would get the "and"—whether it would be Stoopnagle and or
"And Bud." To decide they tossed a coin into the air. It never came down. Aside from his work, Colonel Stoopsnayle says he's raising a few flowers and a bumper crop of weeds and fuse stones. It's nice to be able to report that both of these swell guys are working steadily.

It's really funny when Vic, of Vic and Sade, calls his offspring "Pipe-line," "Dry Rot" or "Lover." Bill Stern has enormous respect for his associate NBC sports announcer, Clem McCarthy. Clem, by the way, knows his oats when it comes to horses and broadcasting big races—but, oddly enough, he never places a bet on any of his equine turf friends. Bob Burns once acted in the movies under the name of Jack Clifford. A Western, in which he played the sheriff and was killed in the fifth reel, is being revived with Burns' name featured above that of the nominal star, Ken Maynard...

Give Don Ameche credit for handling a diversified list of roles with distinction. What is there about a simple little radio script that scares the most competent performers, like Edward Arnold (subbing for C. B. De Mille on the Lux show), into stupid errors, such as saying "Voyd Nolan" for Lloyd Nolan? A cigarette company ruled out a costume its comic intended to wear before the studio audience. The costume was that of a Russian Cossack and, when the sponsor spied the rows of big bullets across the front of it, he threw up his hands in horror, wailing: "They'd think the bullets were cigars!" Letter No. 477, received by the Philip Morris people after a broadcast wherein a man had described his unconscious ride in his carbon monoxide-filled truck cab, derided the man's story. No. 477 said it was quite impossible. Letter No. 478 (in the order of their reception) described an experience by its writer almost identical to the one dramatized over the radio.

A WRITER and an artist from Vogue were being shown through NBC by a publicity woman who wasn't much of a guide. To avoid a gang of sightseers, she took then up a back way that's little-known, little-used. They took twisting and turning passages until finally, when their guide was afraid that she was lost, the artist actually did get separated from the writer and guide.

There was a bad five minutes until the artist was found sitting on some stairs, quite unmoved by it all. Vogue's writer couldn't forbear asking: "Dr. Livingston, I presume?"

DEEMS TAYLOR, the Columbia Broadcasting Company's musical director, isn't the least bit stuffy. For one thing, in his little intermission talks for the New York Philharmonic Concerts, Sundays, he doesn't get everyone all tangled up with a lot of highbrow musical talk that might depress musical low-brows—rather does he treat the whole thing with common sense.

Now the other Sunday he said that a good symphonic program was like a good dinner—a very apt comparison. He should have a beginning, a middle and an end—so—like a dinner. It should start out with something not too heavy, corresponding to oysters or soup, to warm up the diner or listener. Then theentrée, or something a bit heavier. The main course to be the heavy dish which the diner-listener would now be ready for. This might prove tiring, so he would be inclined to relax with a salad and then end up with a sweet or some sharp cheese or its musical equivalent. That's stuff that can be understood. He works on the theory that the audience gets tired, and backs it up by telling of his own experiences at Tristan and Isolde. He says the first act is so heavy that for years he was unable to stay awake through the second act. Only lately, since he has become accustomed to the first act, has he been able to keep his eyes open during the second. He has hopes, some day, of hearing the third.

And that's Deems Taylor. He writes magazine articles, composes operas, and performs expertly and designs monograms that are the despair of Cartier's best artists. He once did a superb set of six of your correspondent's difficult W.L.V.

MR. DALE CARNEGIE again. A while back he had a man on his program who was over forty and in need of a job. Said Mr. Carnegie: "I'll help you get a job by telling you how..."

Now that's very kind of Mr. Carnegie, if he really can help the man—but if he can, and is only using the poor fellow as filler for his program, he should be wrung off. On the other hand, if he is clever at getting jobs for people when they've given up hope, he surely can't object to the suggestion that he let us know, via his radio program, just how these people made out after they had sat at the master's well-shod feet and applied his teachings.
make a band or ruin it. Arrangements make it possible for you to distinguish one outfit from another. They provide a style. An arranger starts with any tune and creates new, unusual effects with one or all the instruments.

The saga of Larry Clinton, now 29, begins when he was 14 and first tinkled the piano in his house in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1933, when he was playing trumpet for Ferde Grofe. He had learned how to play every instrument in the band. He wasn’t an expert on any one of them, though, and Grofe suggested that he try arranging. In 1934, Isham Jones had an orchestral house-cleaning and hired Larry to do his orchestrations. That started it. He went from Isham Jones to Casa Loma and arranged most of their famous specialties. He was also very busy with the Dorsey Brothers’ band when Tommy and Jimmy were still music-studying partners.

When Tommy formed his own band, Larry contributed many of the orchestrations that made T. Dorsey the No. 1 maestro here today.

In June, 1937, Clinton made a weird discovery—he could write songs! He turned out Whoa! Babe, Study in Brown, Satan Takes A Holiday and sealed his fate with Dipsy Doodle. Tommy introduced that epic and played it 14 times before Larry would let any other leader touch it.

To give you a rough idea of the sort of thing Larry likes to toy with, take a look at the titles of some of his compositions: Zig Zag, Midnight In A Madhouse, Shades of Hades, Waddlin’ At The Waldorf, Prove It, The Big Dipper, Campbells Are Swingin’, College Humor, Stop! And Reconsider—well, you get the idea. Seems that it takes him only a couple of hours to write a song, but at least a week to find a title. Every time he gets a title and a tune matched, he’s sure to find a publisher waiting for it.

So the saga marches on, and in December he organized his own band and Victor signed him immediately to make records. It wasn’t until January, though—the night of the President’s Birthday Ball—that the nervous Clinton lad found a ballroom audience for the first time. Larry subbed for Glen Gray at the Hotel New Yorker the night of the ball while Casa Loma journeyed to Washington. Clinton, personally, had had enough experience watching other maestri at work so he didn’t have much trouble that night.

So now Clinton is solidly established. He neither starved nor slaved to reach the gold bath. But he is grateful. Particularly to Tommy Dorsey to whom, more than to any other musician, he gives thanks for his success.

And Larry thinks that Fate slipped in a fast one when it was arranged that his first real engagement be at the Glen Island Casino, in New Rochelle, New York. For it was at the Glen Island Casino that Clinton first went to work for a couple of lads whose last name is Dorsey.

**THE KING STEPS DOWN**

One of the funniest sights around the studios this month was at the CBS Playhouse where Benny Goodman rehearses his Tuesday show. On this particular afternoon, Eddie Cantor was expected at the rehearsal—he was Goodman’s guest for the night. Cantor hadn’t arrived yet, but his entourage had.

Eddie planned to sing a song on the program. There had evidently been some doubt as to the ability of the Benny Goodman band to provide the accompaniment, so three violinists from the Cantor orchestra had been dispatched to supply auxiliary forces. When I walked in, rehearsal had begun on the Cantor song. Benny was standing by looking a little glum—for the first time in his skyrocket career he was listening to the combined sounds coming from three violinists and what is reputed to be America’s hottest band.

What’s worse, the Goodman men had to play every note as it was written for them in the special arrangement. After an hour and 25 minutes, I left. They were still rehearsing the same number. That business of playing as they read may have been responsible.

**THE GYPSY IN THEM**

What with Gene Krupa and three or four others leaving Goodman, Bud Freeman nodding by-by to Dorsey, and additions and subtractions to other orchestral crews, the tune seems ripe to point out that musicians are, at heart, nomadic souls. But the time seems even riper to remark that it all depends on your point of view. Take the Lombardos, for instance. The average time of service in that organization is about thirteen and a half years. No Royal Canadian has ever quit or been fired.

Sammy Kaye, who takes after Lombardo in more ways than one, feels the same way about it. Eight of his eleven men attended Ohio University with him. He’s never fired a band-member, either.

**MARK WARNOW**

Mark Warnow is quite a character. What’s more, he’s one of the finest musicians in America. He has more sponsors on the string continually than almost any other conductor. You never know where he’s going to turn up next—conducting a symphonic group, a large dance orchestra or a nice cozy jam session.

As far as popular music is concerned, he is one important pioneer. He encouraged his younger brother, Raymond Scott, and was the first to play the Scott tunes. Even more interesting, though, is his connection with swing and the classics.
A lot of good words and more white space have been wasted lately discussing the sins of swingsters who convert the classics into swing tunes for the benefit of the jitter-bugs. But Mark Warlow beat them all to the punch. Several years ago he really started something by taking swing tunes and converting them into classics! One of his best works was Tiger Rag played in Mozart's classical form.

His men think the world of Mark. Probably the reason for that is his sense of humor. One of his most quoted remarks is usually heard at rehearsal when the musicians aren't getting together properly. Mark will rap his baton on a music stand and say: "Gee, I wish you boys would kiss and make up.

SWING'S PAPA

If you feel like tracing present-day swing kings to their source, you'll end up with Ben Pollack as one of the most responsible parties. Ben is now conducting the orchestra for Joe Feeney over CBS on Sundays. But he is also credited with having prepared for their future divinities much bright lights as Tommy Dorsey, Benny Goodman, Jimmy Dorsey, Glenn Miller, Harry Goodman, Bud Freeman and Gil Rodin.

ARTIE ART

Before Art Shaw decided to become a conductor, he was in greater demand for various classical and popular radio orchestras than any other clarinetist. Howard Barlow, for example, regularly featured Shaw solos on his CBS symphony program. But Art abandoned classical work to become, of late, the swing trade's top heckler-stick man. On a trip to New York recently, he stopped by for a chat with Barlow. They talked of this and that and Barlow finally asked if Shaw had done any serious composing.

Artie enthusiastically replied: "Sure, I've called my latest work Shoot The Likker To Me, John Boy!"

That tune, incidentally, has a story of its own. After much rehearsal, Shaw and the band were all set to play S. T. L. T. M., J. B.I on one of their network dance programs. But the station production man looked at the title and said: "Nope, we can't have a title and lyrics like that go out over the air. Why not change it to Shoot The Ice Cream Soda, etc.?

Actually, the title has nothing to do with alcoholic beverages. It's another bit of five slang meaning: "Let me take a solo on the next 'lick,' or musical phrase."

PRACTICE, JUNIOR!

You've missed half the fun of living if you haven't, at one time or another, heard a fond parent say: "If you want to play well, you must practice." Bunny Berigan is a good example of what happens when you really work at it.

Bunny's first memories include a violin stuck under his chin. At 8, he was playing first fiddle in Grandpa Berigan's orchestra. He worked hard at pulling the bow across the strings, and at 16 he had already been selected as the future Fritz Kreisler. At 18 he went to college, took along his violin—but somebody lent him an trumpet. Today Berigan is a Crown Prince—at least—of that instrument.

Now, Junior, will you practice?

STICK-TAPPING TO STICK-WAVING

Gene Krupa's decision to stop beating the drums for somebody else and form his own band adds him to the ever increasing number of stick-tappers turned stick-wavers. Skinnay Ennis left Hal Kemp to buy a baton. Chick Webb, George Olsen, Ben Pollack, Abe Lyman, Phil Harris are all ex-drummers.

GREENER FIELDS

For many fruitful years Victor Arden has been a successful bandleader. But his work has been limited to conducting or playing in studio orchestras. And now Arden has begun to feel that the radio band which plays good music, but has no particular style is getting old-fashioned.

Figuring that there is really big money in a good dance band, Arden is now forming one. He intends to start by playing one-night stands throughout the country.

Organizing an orchestra is an expensive and risky proposition. You have to lay out a large sum for arrangements and orchestrations. Musicians have to be paid during rehearsal. In the beginning, you usually accept engagements at a loss. But Arden feels that the return on the investment is worth the gamble. Al Goodman is another studio conductor who's thinking of it.
you step out on the sands to present a smartly coordinated fashion picture, harmoniously colorful from top to toe.

And perhaps the greatest joy of all, in this business of dressing up for the beach, is the fact that all the attractive gadgets and accessories are so very inexpensive! So just give your imagination and creative genius full play when you assemble your bathing and sunning costume from all the attractive things you are being offered this season.

First of all, there's your swim suit which, like your evening gown, is the basis upon which your ensemble is built. By far the most popular type of form-fitting suit (and if you've anything but the most difficult type of figure you can wear one) is the elastic satin, with varying degrees of skirt to suit individual preferences.

The monotone satin lastex suits this year are more beautiful than ever, with the lovely gleaming satin in delicious seascape colors. The sands will be dotted with figures in shining turquoise, flesh pink, royal blue, or black or white, and if you wear one of these suits in any of these colors, you can be sure that you'll fit perfectly into the fashion picture.

On the other hand, if you're one of those independent souls who like to be "different" and at the same time as smart as your sisters, you'll like a satin lastex suit in a gay, original design.

And here's a new one for you! Men can now obtain their brief swimming trunks in the same fabrics and designs as the ladles. Consequently you and your summer beau can become matching "sweethearts in swim suits." I'm sure he'll be charmed with the idea. Incidentally, these suits are very moderately priced, as are the others pictured or discussed here.

Now, let's take a look at two CBS stars, Nan Wynn and Dorothy Lovell, playing hooky from the studios. They are enjoying an hour's luxurious swimming-pool of the American Woman's Club, favorite haunt of many of CBS' feminine contingent all year round. Here we see the smart satin lastex maillot, worn by Nan Wynn, whose charming voice is heard every Sunday on Lyn Murphey's Musical Gazette. The design is a royal blue fishtail pattern on a shining, silvery background, a lovely foil for Nan's brusette beauty. The strap arrangement on this suit is a very good one, called the "dual control" because it not only supports the suit, but holds it firmly at the back, drawing it snugly across the bust and preventing any possibility of sagging or gaping at the armhole.

The classic favorite of the conservauive, of course, is the knitted suit. Dorothy Lovell, CBS actress, is smart and coolly chic in a one-piece skirted model of worsted wool with lastex. This new fabric, which in this suit is appropriately called "wispy-weight," is a feature of most of the wool suits this year. It enables them to achieve perfection of fit and line, and banishes that old trouble of having your wool suit stretch and sag when it dries on the figure. Dorothy's suit is in a lovely shade of deep coral, which sets off to per-
think so to look at them, but the inch-and-a-half-thick soles are extremelycomfortable to walk on, and you'll make a pair of these clogs a "must" on your summershopping list if you really intend to lookyour smartest at the beach.

Since Dorothy Lowell's suit is a skirted wool model, she would not be comfortablein slacks or shorts, so over it she wears a cotton dirndl beach dress in a gay floweredprint whose tones of palest yellow and sky blue complement the soft coral shade ofher suit. Her clogs are topped in blue andyellow linen, and on her head she wearsalittle peasant bonnet in the same printas her beach dress. Her beach bag, shapedlike a sand pail, is in coral to match her suit.

Knowing that nothing flatters a summer tan quite so much as white, over her cotton suit Helen Walpole will wear a knee-length beach coat of dazzling white sharkskin, belted and buttoned in turquoise to match the principal color in the geometricprint of the suit. This same color schemeis carried out in her beach bag and herFrench peasant hat of white straw embroi
dered with turquoise flowers. Since sheplans to do quite a bit of sailing, her sand
dals are the white fishnet type, rubber soled,which are best for running around on wet,slippery decks.

The beach ensembles of these stars willgive you an idea of the limitless possi-
bilities there are for making yourself oneof the most attractive figures on the beachthis summer. First of all, choose your bath-
ing suit—get a good one, with a reliablename, and be sure to try it on before youbuy it. Then, with this as your basis, workout your accessory scheme and completeyour costume. And when I say complete, I
do n't mean any old helter-skelter ar-
 rangement.

Follow the principles suggested by thesethree smart stars, and a little imagination,an eye for harmonious blending of colors,should make you a welcome addition to the seascapela lovely fashion picture on the sands from the topmost curl which youwill protect with your flattering beach hat,to the tip of your brightly tinted toes peep-
ing from your smart beach sandals.

Mutual's Benay Venuta is one of radio's best-dressed women. Benay, likemost feminine stars, wears a new creation at every audience broadcast.

**Lucky the Bride**

**WHO KNOWS THIS CHARM SECRET**

Lovely women are like flowers — and flower perfumesare the very essence of feminine appeal. The girl whowins her man — and keeps him! — knows the lure of theseodeurs. Park & Tilford presents "Lilac," the breath of fra-
grant spring; and "Cherish," a new floral odeur as spiey as a
corset's glance. Let blossom-time surround you — always!

Delightful, delicate, lingering —sweet "Lilac" and spicy "Cherish"are now at all ten-cent storesin smart tuckaway sizes . . . . . . . 10c

**PARK & TILFORD**

FINE PERFUMES FOR HALF A CENTURY
WEST COAST

Bob Hope is now a Dr. of Croon. Bing Crosby presented him with the impressive scroll as Dixie Crosby watched.

Penny, aged three months, is pretty important to the story of One Man's Family. Here the entire cast has a peek at her.

The latest low-down on air artists working and playing in California's perfect clime

BY LOIS SVENSRUD

A WELL-KNOWN movie star who thinks Robert Taylor is just too, too wonderful, wangled her way into the control booth at the M-G-M radio show the other day so she could watch Bob at close range. Imagine her delight when Bob looked up and smiled entrancingly at her as the program started. And kept right on looking up and smiling all through the program. The movie siren was so thrilled she could barely breathe—until she happened to turn around and see Barbara Stanwyck quietly standing behind her, returning the Taylor smiles.

WHICH reminds us about Robert Taylor and The Sheik. Rudolph Valentino's picture was revived one evening in a Hollywood theatre, but unfortunately it was shown the same evening as Bob's broadcast. He begged the theatre to put on a special performance for him the next day. He and Barbara attended, held hands through the performance, and admitted that the seventeen-year-old technique of that screen lover, Valentino, was hard to beat.

MOST popular studio in town is Universal, since Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy moved over there for the picture, Letter of Introduction. There's always a crowd standing around the set when these two perform—directors, extras, prop men, stars. Many times the "gallery" is from other pictures, and even from other (Continued on page 82)
Gives a "new shoe" finish because it cleans as it whitens... whitens whiter and will not rub off. Absolutely neutral... safe and easy to apply.
**CANNY BARE THEM?**

(Continued from page 58)

A Big Bottle Costs Little

**FOR HAIR and SCALP**

LUCKY TIGER can be depended upon to do a better job of cleaning up dandruff and checking excessive falling hair. If you are troubled with that miserable scalp itching you will be delighted with the quick relief. Lucky Tiger stops scalp irritations, beautifies the hair and helps you keep it looking its best. Costs little at druggists or barbers. Sold with money-back guarantee.

**Lucky Tiger HAIR TONIC**

**MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE**

**KIDNEYS MUST CLEAN OUT ACIDS**

Your body cleans out excess Acids and poisonous wastes in your blood through extremely delicate Kidney tubes or filters. If functional disorders due to germs in the Kidneys or Bladder make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Cold Feet, Under Eye, Dizziness, Blisters, Swollen Joints, Acidity, or Burning Passages, don't rely on ordinary medicines. Fight such germs with the doctor's prescription Cystex. Cystex starts working in hours and must prove entirely satisfactory in 1 week and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Telephone your druggist for Cystex (5-10-cent) Today. The guarantee protects you. Cope 1957 The Knox Co.

**MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM**

Keeps Your Skin Young-Looking

Mercolized Wax Cream makes the surface skin in tiny, invisible particles. Reveals the clear, soft, smooth, young looking under skin. This simple, all-in-one cleansing, softening and beautifying cream has been a favorite for over a quarter century with lovely women the world over. Bring out the hidden beauty of your skin with Mercolized Wax Cream.

Use Saxolite Astringent Daily

This tingling, antiseptic agent is delightfully refreshing and helpful. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and apply.

Try Phelactine Depilatory

For quickly removing superfluous hair from face. Sold at cosmetic counters everywhere.

**RADIO STARS**

Ady realize then how much you have neglected them. They most likely need not only pedicuring for "prettiness," but also special attention for callouses, bunions, corns or crooked toes, all of which affect the general health as well as the appearance of the foot. There are certain tender corns on the market, you know, that really work. There are bunion pads, arch-supporters and all manner of appliances that actually relieve and correct foot troubles.

Robert believes there are several causes of misshapen feet. One is the wearing of improper shoes—shoes that offer the foot no support; or ones that are too tight; shoes with heels so high they force the foot into an unnatural position and put the entire spine out of place. If you would like to be able to exhibit your feet with pride this summer, take this beautician's advice and start right in to beautify your feet. Here's one case where beauty, comfort and health work hand in hand.

Then, stockings that are too short curl up the toes and cramp the foot just as a shoe is too tight. Stretch them with a stick that are too long wrinkle at the toe or heel. Thus they rub the skin, irritating it and sometimes causing callouses. Stockings play a big part in the well-being of feet, aside from the fact that they must be kept clean and whole by washing after each wearing.

Here are some exercises to strengthen the arches and the feet, thereby benefiting both your posture and health as well. One of the best, but most difficult, of these exercises is done barefooted. Stand with the feet parallel and curl up the toes tightly just as though they were grasping a marble. Then roll the feet over until you are standing on the outer edges of the feet. Walk around the room this way. At first you may be able to take only a few steps, but your feet will strengthen with practice.

While your shoes are off, try this exercise: Seat yourself in a chair and extend leg forward. Now point the toes forward in a line with the leg. Then curl the toes under as far as they will go. Now turn the toes up and point them toward the ankles as far as possible.

One more barefoot exercise for your routine is performed seated. With the toes placed a towel that you have placed under your bare feet. This exercise is difficult, but the results are well worth the effort.

There are several home treatments for your feet which will help a lot in improving their appearance and their feelings—for the feet, just like the complexion, need and respond to special "pick-up" treatments. One of these is to soak the feet in warm water which contains a water-softening bath preparation or a special foot soap. Let the feet soak for about ten or fifteen minutes while you relax your weary body. Towel off and apply a pumice-stone to smooth the skin. A pumice stone may be used at this time to loosen callouses and smooth rough spots on the back of the heel.

Dry the feet thoroughly after the footbath. Then massage them with a footbalm or good cream. Massage firmly and smoothly, working over the feet and under them and giving special attention to the arch and to the toes.

The hard and neglected toes described above will make your feet feel years younger—so young, in fact, that you'll have to restrain yourself from itching in the radio and whirling to Russ Morgan's lilting "Music in the Morgan Manner."

When it comes to "prettying" the toes, too, you will find the home pedicure infinitely more fascinating and easier than the home manicure, for you have both hands free to work with.

The pedicure routine employed by the attendants at Robert's Fifth Avenue salon may be followed by you at home, too.

First, put a brush dipped in sudsy water. Push back the cuticle gently with an orange stick tipped with cotton and dipped in cuticle remover. If your nails are long, cut them straight across, then file and smooth them down with a nail file. Be sure to file the nail long enough to protect the end of the toe from pressure and irritation. Don't cut the corners back deep or make the nail real short—this practice often is the cause of ingrown nails. When the nails on one foot have been trimmed, soak that foot in warm water while you work on the other foot.

Second, dry the feet thoroughly and push back the cuticle again with the orange-wood stick dipped in cuticle remover. At the same time clean under each nail to remove any discolorations under the tips of the nails. This is a job that as gentle as possible to prevent soreness later.

Third, with a cuticle pusher, remove scales from the surface and cuticle edges of the nail, working gently with a rotary movement. With a towel, wipe and push back the cuticle as you go along. Do not cut the cuticle.

Apply oil or cream on the base of each nail, and allow that to be absorbed while you work on the next one.

Then, rub the toes with a brush. Brush from the base to the tip.

Next, separate your toes with wads of cotton and apply nail polish. And here I am going to digress and tell you about the grand new wax base that is especially recommended for the manicure—and it is so inexpensive that you would not feel extravagant in giving your toes a "pick-up" from the base of the nail. The same polish from touching your nails (finger or toe) and so encourages nail growth and makes the polish wear longer. It is not a polish itself, but is a cushion for your polish. It is recommended to help create a smoother nail and to extend the life of the natural oils in the nails from drying out. A little of this wax base may be added to your polish remover at home to soften the action of the polish remover and increase efficiency.

At Druggists, Barbers, And 10¢ Stores
After the polish is removed, the wax cushion is applied, then a fresh polish. Write me for the name of this polish saver so you may have it for your next manicure and pedicure.

When the polish is dry, massage the feet and legs with a lotion to make them soft and smooth. Knead the back and sides of the ankle gently, stroking up and down. Last of all, dust with talcum powder.

Your toes are completely charming now, but what about your legs? You certainly cannot afford to allow them to show even a trace of superficial hair this bare-legged and sheer-shoe season. The depilatory you have used on occasion all winter is put to regular and frequent use this summer to assure personal daintiness. There is one depilatory that I particularly like because of the ease with which it is applied and the efficacy of its action. I'll be glad to share the name with you if you will write to me. It is a cream depilatory that comes all ready for use. It is applied directly from the tube with a spatula, left on for a few minutes and then rinsed off. The same company has for many years made a powder depilatory that has long been a favorite with women. The powder is mixed with water and then applied directly to the legs.

Now, you can truly step with beauty into the summer season and bare your feet and legs with pride!

---

**RADIO RAMBLINGS**

(Continued from page 25)

No one gave a thought to the fact that all the large Radio City studios were on upper floors. They gave it thought now, however, with corridors jammed full of impatient patrons waiting for elevators.

These are typical of the errors in judgment. No one is blamed, of course. Radio simply changes too rapidly. But it's funny to watch one of the world's leading radio brain trusts involved in these mistakes that now seem so easy to avoid.

---

**NOTES on a few of radio's strange voices—**Andy Devine speaks like that all the time. So does the program's valet, Jack Benny's Rochester, and he really is colored. Joe Penner's funny laugh is just for the program. Offstage, he laughs quietly, as you or I might.

All the voices on a Fred Allen program come from seven people—Fred, Portland, Harry von Zell and a cast of two men and two women. Each of them will have four or five parts in the various news reels and sketches. The exception is Portland, who does only her own lines with Fred. Al Pearce's Tizzie Lish is a man dressed up in a crazy women's clothes.

The Shadow was the voice of Orson Welles until his Shakespearean work became important enough this season to enable him to drop his cerie laughter.

KAY KYSER certainly has been zooming into success in story-book fashion these past six months. From conducting a small orchestra out in the Middle-West, he suddenly landed a commercial program of his own on a major network and moved his band into one of New York's more important hotel dining-rooms.

The change, of course, is due to the inspiration that started his question and answer contests and became Kay Kysers Musical Klass. That was inspiration, but a lot of perspiration flowed before the band started along its present pleasant pathway.

Along with leading the music, Kysers has turned himself into a comedian. He does dignified scholastic cap and gown and then cavorts all around the studio, doing funny dances, eagerly extorting his contestants and cutting up generally.

O. HENRY had nothing of the sort in mind, but he certainly did great favor for Bert Lytell when *Alias Jimmy Valentine* sprang from the O. Henry pen. Bert's career has had ups and downs, but whenever it seemed to be slipping *Jimmy Valentine* usually popped up in some new form to bring back prosperity.

Most readers have forgotten that O. Henry did not even call his story *Alias Jimmy Valentine*. His title was *A Retrieved Reformation*. An important playwright, Paul Armstrong, sensed the dramatic values of the short story, paid O. Henry $500 for stage rights and wrote a play that rolled up a fortune.

Lytell tramped the play up and down the country for years and also did it in pictures. His work on *Jimmy* finally seemed to have ended, but last winter a sponsor wanted to revive the old character for a test on radio. During the test period, the program was recorded and broadcast mostly on minor stations. Its success was so marked that the program quickly was given a spot on an NBC chain and Bert was launched on a new career as radio actor.

Only the name of O. Henry's character survived in the radio version. New plots had to be added to keep the story going week after week as a radio serial. *Jimmy Valentine* was transformed into a helpful crusader, cleaning up bad situations wherever they were found.

(Continued on page 84)
script work with the recent Lucky Strike Monday night air show.
And don't forget—after having made a point of listening carefully between 8 and 9 o'clock on Thursday over WEAF—let us, in your next issue, have the benefit of your criticism. Though, in all likelihood, I will have realized our short-comings long before they find their way into print. Remember, if sometimes it is a matter of budget, time and other factors that makes it impossible to do very much about it.

THAT lovely Hollywood star, Miss Jean Crawford, doesn't need publicity, especially the stupid kind, such as which appeared with her photograph in connection with the New York World's Fair of 1939. A high-pressure publicity man, either her own or connected with the World's Fair (to whom she must have owed a debt of gratitude), probably convinced her that this was an excellent way to return any favor. Otherwise, I am sure Miss Crawford, who has always been so intelligent and dignified in her publicity, would never have done this.

If Grover Whalen has accomplished such miracles as this, there is no question but what the World's Fair will be an even more glorious success than most of us expect it to be.

The publicity: "In order to be a successful hostess," said Miss Crawford, "one should always strive to present as attractive a table as possible. Spoons are most important, and I'm constantly on the lookout for the most eye-arresting alternative. When I first saw this 1939 World's Fair souvenir spoon," she continued, "I could hardly believe tableware could be so beautiful. I think they're so charming that, in the future, we will use nothing but these souvenirs in my home."

WHY
Why must stage people, trained in the theatre, say "6-fogial" for "figure"?

MIX UP
In Chicago, large red signs plastered all over town told a recession-weary world that it was National Car Week. Yet, on other streets along the same route the same week, we were informed that it was National Egg Week, thereby leaving a perplexed world in a state of confusion as to just what to have, a half-dozen scrambled fenders or a dozen soft-boiled Fordas. We cleaned up the personal problem by putting all our eggs in one chassis!

LIGHTS OUT
I have, for a long time, pondered a possible explanation that would satisfactorily explain that strange ultra-conservative, solid and dignified National Broadcasting Company could have brought itself to sponsor a program of the eerie, macabre quality which is the essence of the Wednesday night, 12:30, NBC Red Network broadcast called Lights Out. It is so completely opposed to the policy of the National Broadcasting Company that it is inconceivable that this organization, which has always been so extremely liberal and conservative in the attitude toward its sustaining programs, could offer such an unearthy, blood-curdling, detective story and Diamond Dick type of broadcast as this one, which has emanated from Chicago for many years.

Ach Oboer, who has contributed several sketches for our Thursday night show, has written the best of this Wednesday night series. NBC recently engaged Boris Karloff to play the leading role in five of Oboer's best Lights Out Efforts. Therefore, it would seem that this unusual NBC program must have then attracted even more listeners. It is amazing to me that to date no sponsor has yet come to the front to endow this show.

True, it is a dangerous and controversial type of program. There are those who would perhaps qualify it as "diabolical," "unnecessary" and a "bad influence on people, especially children." Yet, so was The Shadow, when it first appeared on the air-waves, and now it has become one of the most successful of broadcasts. As regards the children, I think we can safely assume that they already know about "The Shadow"—and as for the grown-ups, there is no question but that we human beings like having "the hell scared out of us" every so often when we know we are safe or when we know that no harm can come to us. Witness the vast popularity of the various Crime Clubs, crime books and broadcasts and pictures of the Van Dine type.

Even though the hour of 12:30 is usually assumed to be an hour at which most sensible people have retired, it is my hunch opinion that this "Shadow" show will prove to be a tremendous success for a sponsor who dared utilize its peculiar qualities.

* * *

AMONG my clippings from the Coast is one that strikes me as extremely amusing and worthy of the title, "Bug-House Fable Never"

In the corner of the program given the spectators at the American Legion Tuesday and Friday Night prize fights—held in a hall where all the stars and extras, who can afford to, make it ainal to see these extremely interesting, and honest-to-

GOOD FOR KIDNEY AND BLADDER WEAKNESS

LOOK AND FEEL YOUNGER

All over America men and women who want to cleanse kidneys of waste matter and irritating acids and poisons and lead a longer, healthier, happier life are turning to GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules.

So now you know the way to help bring about a more healthy kidney activity and stop getting up often at night. Other symptoms are backache, irritated bladder—difficult or cramping passage—puffiness under eyes—nervousness and shifting pains.

This harmless yet effective medicine brings results—will feel better in a few days. So why not get a 35c box of GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules today—the original and genuine—right from Haarlem in Holland—Don't accept a counterfeit—Ask for and get GOLD MEDAL.
WHAT IS wrong with audiences today? Whether they be the audiences who go to see a picture, stage show or athletic event, they have changed. Time was when people went to enjoy themselves, to be entertained. Nowadays, from the remarks I’ve heard and from those appearing in print, I’ve come to believe that most people go with the attitude that a show is bad until proven good.

This I say in all seriousness. Our American public is rapidly becoming overcritical and much too demanding in its expectations.

Performers and producers say that the public has become educated, or, as they put it, "wised up." But it is the public remarks of smart entertainers, managers and producers which have made audiences think it is smart to tear a radio program, a show or a picture, literally, to pieces. It gets so that they go to the theatre simply to look for boners and imperfections. There will always be plenty of these in any show. But for the American audience to judge a show by the two percent total of imperfections is sheer stupidity and can only result in eventual dissatisfaction with all forms of entertainment.

The phrase, "What is wrong with motion pictures?" and so on, ad nauseam, can only serve as a bear-bug and insurmountable obstacle for those of us who are doing our level best to find the utmost in talent and material to suit our abilities and to make our product as perfect as possible. It is a case of off-shoots of the depression and recession. When people are morose and troubled in mind, they fail to understand that the theatre is a panacea for this unhappiness, but it can be a panacea only if they approach it in the right frame of mind.

Why not allow that our radio shows, pictures and legitimate productions are excellent until proven otherwise?

OUT in Los Angeles, the theatres presenting musical comedies and legitimate shows raise the curtain at 8:15. Iniguez in the title role, evoked the information that this deviation of twenty to forty minutes permits the film stars to retire just that much earlier. Intermissions are never over the specified time, and generally a little under. It is not a bad idea at all because, personally, the late finish, the too-long intermissions, coupled with the bad air in the usual small theatre has resulted in my approaching an evening in the legitimate theatre with a feeling that can only be described as completely opposed to what lies before me.

I HAVE previously commented on the inability of the average feminine mind to remember the belle kitchenode of the musical key in which a composition is most adaptable to her voice. It often results in the embarrassment of semi-professional and professional singers when called upon to perform in public places. Usually the songstress is required to sing a single-act while muich time and experience are lost in the piano lesson in an effort to discover the preferred key. So it happens that, after failing to find exactly the correct signature, she finds herself groping for high or low notes much beyond her range.

After having conducted several auditions (Continued on page 84)
JUNE and all the things, including moon, that rhyme with it have a powerful effect on us susceptible mortals. Which is a roundabout way of saying even the hottest of the platter artists have slowed down a bit in order to give heed to the savoy smell of orange blossoms. Romance—and the necessary accompanying music—is back in style. For that moonlight feeling try starting off with a roll-off-of-the-dreams waltz offering of Down By The Old Mill Stream (Victor) ... Follow it with Jimmie Dorsey's lovely Love Walked In and At A Perjune Counter (Decca) ... Then Ruby Newman's soft and persuasive, but not particularly distinguished, You Couldn't Be Cuter and Just Let Me Look At You, Larry Clinton's highly rhythmic Romance In The Dark paired with A Gypsy Told Me (Victor) should help ... Particularly if you follow up with that swell piece of work performed by Jack on I'll Go Home and Over The Shade Of The New Apple Tree (Vocalion) — and, incidentally, it is Gene Krupa's drum you hear pounding in the Janny background ... By this time Rudy Vallee's crowning of Love Is The Sweetest Thing (Bluebird) should come in handy ... And then Ted Weems can propose, with Elmo Tanner lending his whistle, A Shack In The Back Of The Hills (Decca) ... You needn't pay much attention to the other side, which is Swingin' In The Corn ... If Martha Tilton's plea of Please Be Kind, paired with B. Goodman's stirring rendition of Ti-Pi-Tin (Victor), doesn't do the trick there is one current recording that will ... Tommy Dorsey's 'Deed I Do (Victor) ... The other side is the cloucher, though. It is the old-timey, Tunerning, done in the platter-choral style of Marie and Who.

SWINGING YOUR LADY

There's Fats Waller's great work on Don't Try To Cry Your Way Back To Me and Something Tells Me (Victor), for example. And Kirk really proves to be a little cloud of joy in Little Joe From Chicago and The Key To My Heart (Decca) ... Some of the best swing in months is revealed by Red Norvo on Tea Time and Jeannine (Brunswick) ... For that tired feeling there's no surer cure than Bob Crosby as he and his boys commit the swing on the English classic, Do Ye Ken John Peel, and perform Grand Terrace Rhythm (Decca).

The Duke's work is still astounding. Don't miss the Ellington Scruggs, Riding A Blue Note (Victor) ... Not to be missed, either, is T. Dorsey's Comin' Thro' The Rye and I Never Knew (Victor). Far below Tommy's standard, though, is his Moonlight On The Purple Sage and Good-Night Sweet Dreams ... Teddy Wilson, of the Goodman Quartet, finances in a top-ranking piano lesson in Miss Brown To You and Sweet Lorraine (Brunswick).

Larry Clinton gets this business of swinging the classics down to bare essentials with a sweltering arrangement of Dance Of The Hours and Gavotte from Mignon (Victor). Beau Wain does the guesting ... Cab Calloway lets his titles speak for him: I Like My Music Hot and Weep Swings And Out (Vocalion) ... Savagely good news are Count Basie's Every Tub, Now Will You Be Good (Georgiana and Blues In The Dark (Decca) ... Toots Mondello again proves to be one of the best recording bands in Pll See You In My Dreams and At Sundown (Brunswick) ... Musicians are sure to see you in the right there, too, with Squeeze Me aided by If Dreams Come True (Decca). Ella Fitzgerald combines with Chick on I Got A Guy. He solos on Harlem Congo ... Bunny Berigan's trumpet is a potent weapon in Downstream added to Sophisti- cated Swing (Victor) ... A bit contradictory, but mighty swell material, are Hudson-Delange's I Never Knew and I Know That You Know (Brunswick) ... If you're curious, try Reeler-Man's Dream, nightmarish by Sammy Butler's Night Owl (Vocalion).

ODDITIES

In the midst of this bountiful sacrifice, you might try a dash of lavender and old lace as the Old Timer's Orchestra renders it in two favorite waltzes: The Curse Of An Aching Heart and Take Me Out To The Ball Game (Bluebird) ... As an antide there's Bob Crosby making his Bob Cats vowl with You're Driving Me Crazy and Can't We Be Friends (Decca) ... Dick Stabile's John Peco and You Call It Madness (Bluebird) are very pleasant ... So is Ray Noble's 7/8 with a swinglike Crazy Rhythm (Brunswick) ... and for the kids you should get Decca's Album of French Folk Songs, Baritone Louis Chartier sings them.

VOCALS

Marine Sullivan was creating so much fuss with that unusual voice of hers that Victor gobbled her up. Her first effort for them, Please Be Kind and Moments Like This, is a duet. But her second one isn't. It consists of Dark Eyes and every interpretation of It Was A Lover And His Lass, a Shakespearean song. Fine, too, are her It's Wonderful and You Went To My Head (Vocalion) ... Red Evans is back with us in two very good works: Prove It and A Drink In The Back Of The Hills (Victor) ... Another "must" is Connie Boswell's Gypsy Love Song, accompanied by Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life (Decca), The Crosby Bob Cats assist her.

One of the best of all current vocal efforts is in the Harry Carney's Baby Blues, End Of A Private Secretary (Brunswick). She deserves a crown for her Lover Come Back To Me and From The Land Of The Sky Blue Water (Vocalion) ... Still not up to the Boswells, but good, are the Andrews' Swing This Valley's End Of Josephine and Ti-Pi-Tin (Decca) ... One of the best colored quartets I've ever encountered—the Golden Gate Quartet—sings Travelin' Shoes and Motherless Child (Bluebird) ... If you like Gus Van you'll like his Shake Hands With A Millionaire and Oh! Ya Ya! Ya! (Bluebird).
LARRY CLINTON
CIRCUS SONG TITLE CONTEST

YOU don’t need a bottle-top!
You don’t need a reasonable facsimile thereof!
All you have to do is pick a title for the song about the circus which Larry
Clinton is writing.

Nothing else to do—just pick a title.
Larry went to the circus, watched and
listened to what went on, and is writing a
swing tune about it. Now all you have
to do is think of a title which you think
will best describe the song. Write one,
two, or even more, of your title ideas on
paper or a postal card and mail it to:
THE BANDWAGON
RADIO STARS
149 Madison Avenue
New York City

1ST PRIZE
A membership in the RCA-Victor Rec-
ord Society! You’ll not only get an RCA-
Victor record player—which you can at-
test to your radio and have a complete
photograph-radio set—but six dollars
worth of any Victor records you want!
What’s more, your membership entitles
you to a discount of 10% on every $15
worth of records you buy.

2ND PRIZE
An RCA-Victor record player!

3RD PRIZE
A complete set of Larry Clinton’s latest
Victor releases!
The judges will be Larry Clinton, Lester
Grady, Editor of Radio Stars, and Jerry
Mason.

As soon as the title is selected, Larry’s
song and the title will be published. It
will be played on the air for the first time
by Larry and will be announced by the
name of the winner over a national network.
After that, his song and title will be re-
corded on a Victor record.

RADIO STARS

THE RADIO HOSTESS
(Continued from page 57)
go with that street. Radio, which has
brought me some measure of success, has
taught me contentment, has given me a
solid satisfaction. So I’ve stopped trying
to be ‘important’ to myself or to ‘impress
people’ as I meet them. They must accept or
reject me as I am.”

It’s pretty much “as is” that she comes
over you over the air waves, too, I realized,
as I watched her that day in her home.
Her voice, unlike so many, is not changed
by radio, nor is her personality. Only a
mall town could produce a Mary Margaret
McBride with her fresh viewpoint and
sunny philosophy; only a big city could
trivialize the wide scope necessary for such
imbibed energy as hers.

“How about some recipes?” I asked.
then we had finished with the personality
part of our interview. “Some summer des-
er suggestions would be especially wel-
come, right now,” I went on, feeling sure
at a Middle-Westerner would have many
worthwhile ideas on sweets.

“Some desserts mean fruit desserts, I
always think,” replied this friendly Mis-
sarian, who then went on to show me what
interesting things she had to suggest.

“Naturally, as always, I have been trying
tat different versions of my sponsor’s pro-
duct. I never ‘take on’ a new one, you
now, until I have thoroughly familiarized
myself with its performance as well as its
promises. And right now, for that very
reason—as well as because I’m so fond of
—will find you a fruit tapioca dessert on
y luncheon tray. This particular one is
made with strawberries and without milk,
but has a dash of whipped cream on top
to set it off in fine style. You’ll surely
want to have this for your readers.”

“I surely would,” I agreed with
enthusiasm, having previously sampled this
very same sort of dessert up at the broad-
casting studio where Miss McBride, during
her broadcasts, actually eats the foods she
describes over the air!

“Then there is a Minute Cream recipe
I’m partial to, especially as an accompani-
ment for peaches, blackberries and rasp-
berries,” she said. “I often fold some
of the whipped cream into the pudding.

“Speaking of whipped cream reminds me
of the bowls full of thick, yellow cream
we used to have on the farm. I often think
of that lavish display. We ate well at home,
and my mother being a jovial cook. Her
Fresh Peach Cobbler, served hot and
simply smothered under a whipped cream
blanket, is something to rave about. Come
to think of it, I can give you directions
for duplicating it.

Still another fruity ending for a sum-
mer meal, as suggested by Miss McBride,
starts off our recipe collection on page 56.
“Festivity Fluff” aptly describes this
feather-light, delicate, pineapple flavored
treat which deserves to be ranked as a
“company dessert.” And just wait until you
taste that marshmallow merigone topping,
put on in swirls as directed and tinged to a
golden brown by a visit to the oven.

So be sure to try this pudding and the
other recipes as well, say I, before echoing
Miss McBride’s familiar closing saluta-
tion: “Good-bye, you all.”

SMOOTH DRY SKIN
NEW HOLLYWOOD WAY

With Same Cream
the Stars Use...

TAYTONS CREAM

FREE

USE THE FREE D.D.D.
Inspection

Sensational FREE Offer

SEND COUPON
3 LIPSTICKS
AND 2 FLAME-GLO
ROUGE COMPACTS

It’s our treat! Let us send you
3 full trial sizes of the
famous FLAME-GLO True
Indelible Lipsticks FREE...
each in a different fascinating shade, so
you can discover the color most becoming
to you. To introduce our newest achievement,
we will also send you two new shades of
Flame-Glo Dry Rouge Compacts, each com-
plete with its own puff. You’ll like the creamy
smooth texture that gives a natural youthful
glow to your cheeks...that stays on because it
clings! Just send 10¢ in stamps to cover mailing
costs. For beauty’s sake, send Coupon TODAY!
WEST COAST CHATTER
(Continued from page 74)

studios. Charlie's script called for him to slide down the bannisters for a scene the other day. He took the slide okay, then turned to Bergen. "Don't look now," he whispered hoarsely, "but I think I've picked up a splinter."

If Bergen blows up in his lines, Charlie's sure to turn on him with a, "Why don't you study your script, Bergen?" or "Tsk, tsk, can't you pronounce those big words, Bergen?"

THAT Georgian house of the Jack Bennys is almost ready for occupancy now. The architecture was Jack's idea, while the interior ideas are all Mary's. Except for the projection-room—that was Jack's gift to his wife. "Sure, it was expensive," says Jack, "but worth it at twice the price. Mary's so crazy about movies that it's the only way I could figure out to spend my evenings at home."

"Why, that girl's so crazy about pictures," Jack said the other day, "that she'll see a B picture twice." Mary wandered in at this point. "I'm even crazier than that," she put in. "I saw Jack's last picture through to the end."

YOU can't get a word in edgewise with Bob Burns these days. And you don't even hear about the bazooka any more—just about Babs. Plans for the new daughter are filling every waking moment of Bob's life. He's already started a biography of her short life, including all pictures that have been snapped to date. His first question to photographers who want the youngster to pose is: "Do I get a copy—and how soon?" However, he says he's not going to let Barbara Ann find out who he is until she's a little stronger.

AL JOLSON is through with pictures, and definitely. But there's one little entertainment item he'd like to clear up before he retires. Al would like to make a bow before the operatic footsteps! Not that Al believes he's opry material, exactly, but that picture he did some years ago—a little number called The Jazz Singer—Al says, would make a fine American opera. He'd like to play his original movie part, with an opera score written in for all other roles.

"CORA," that grand gal who's the mother of the Lane sisters, was in her element recently. She had both her daughters under her wing for the first time in ten years. Leota is here at present to go into a picture at Warners with Rosalyn, Lola and Priscilla. And Martha, the one who's married to an Illinois U. prof., is here on a trip with her small daughter, Millicent. According to Mrs. Lane, all she needs to be delicately happy is to have husbands for the rest of her daughters and lots more grandchildren for herself.

ALL the radio stars have been hanging out at the Beverly Wilshire lately to listen to the strains of Harry Owens' Hawaiian band. He used to play in the Islands—and it was while there that Harry composed a song in honor of his new daughter, Leilani. Incidentally, all the royalties for the song go to Sweet Leilani Owens herself.

YOU can find them doing the following things immediately before their broadcasts: Jack Benny—worrying about the sound effects; Rush Hughes—hurriedly reading last-minute private news flashes to make sure he hasn't missed a tremendous story; Fred Allen—sipping a cup of scalding coffee; Bing Crosby—talking about Fred Allen's broadcast the night before; Burns & Allen—worrying over the script and worrying over the new hat, respectively; Phil Baker—checking to see that his accordion hasn't been left at home, as it once was; Tony Martin—scanning the audience to spot Mrs. T. Martin; Amos 'n' Andy—swapping stories; Lum 'n' Abner—wandering into the studio.

IT may be pure propaganda, but there's a rumor afoot that Jack Benny has had his new spring suits made with zippers on all the pockets. The reason, also rumor, so's he can outflank Phil Harris for dinner checks.

CHET LAUCK'S race horse stables have become headquarters for many of Hollywood's radio stars since the arrival of his three new colts. On an average evening Chet, who's only of Lum 'n' Abner, know you'll entertain a dozen or so friends while he teaches the colts to beg for sugar lumps. Mrs. Lauck goes out often, too, because she likes to see her husband once in a while.

WHEN a radio announcer instructs his audience to laugh and applaud during a broadcast, that's not news. But when a member of the audience laughs so hard and lustily that the producer has to come out of the control-room and ask her to mute the hilarity, that's unusual. It happened during a recent Jack Benny broadcast. A lady in the front row laughed so hard that she was distorting the show's balance on the air, despite every effort of the control engineer to tune her out by closing the audience mike. Finally, the producer crept over to the lady and whispered to her: "I can't stop laughing," she gurgled. "Why, Jack Benny's so funny I even laugh out loud when I eat Jell-O."

TIPS to fans with bank accounts—Edward G. Robinson collects the finest operatic records from all over the world; Claire Trevor goes in for Dresden china dancing dolls; Raymond Paige dotes on miniature boats; Jean Hersholt has an enviable collection of first editions; Joan Bennett has a houseful of salt and pepper shakers, and would like another houseful; Cecil B. De Mille gathers up old books of a religious nature; Frances Langford has
watches from every corner of the globe; Bing Crosby's boys will fall heir to an amazing stamp collection which their father's been getting together for years; Harriet Hilliard dotes on odd perfume bottles, with or without contents.

THERE'S such a thing as being too good, thinks Raymond Paige. The Hollywood maestro, a first-class yachtsman, entered a spring regatta recently and was off to a big lead before his rivals got well under way. But just when Ray was chortling with glee, he proved a little too relaxed. The other racers were far enough to the rear to be able to change their courses and sail around the dead area. They finished while Paige and crew were still up to their necks in slack canvas.

Next time, the music conductor declares, he'll take along a tuba player for auxiliary power.

HORACE MacMAHON, regular member of the cast of Big Town, plays only tough roles in the radio drama, but away from the mike he's a romantic soul. Ask Louise Campbell, pretty motion picture actress, who thinks the type of romancing is pretty tame stuff compared to Horace's. They're going to hop off to Yuma any day.

THERE are all sorts of ways to start a singing chorus, but the "Sophisto-Cats, recently on the huge Jack Oakie Hour and now working in Alexander's Ragtime Band at Fox, probably have the most original. Four of them, then known as the Esquires, were doing songs in the Bing Crosby film, Double or Nothing. Another group, called the Three Rhythm Kings, were doing the same thing. Haggard and Huddleston, one of the former, an idea. "This Double or Nothing is a good omen," he said. "Let's form an octet." One of the Rhythm Kings objected that there were only seven. "You're right," admitted John, "but say— I know a girl named Jo Stafford who sings. I'll get her." There were objections again.

"She won't stick," argued the boys. "Leave that to me," said John. "I'll fix it." And he did. He married her.

RADIO Romances, Old and New: Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond took a second honeymoon. The only facts we could get before they left were that Jeanette wanted to go to New York, but Gene's language was filled with fishing equipment. Priscilla Lane is spending all her leisure hours learning how to aquaplane at Malibu. Teacher is Hayne Morris; Ken Murray and Shirley Ross are together every evening, in popular night-spots and cozy out-of-the-way restaurants. Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor have been spending their Sundays cultivating alfalfa on Bob's ranch; Dorothy Lamour's spending every evening at the Cocoanut Grove, where husband Herbie Kay plays. She's had gorgeous evening gowns fashioned after her screen singing numbers. Tyrone Power admits that he's that mad about Janet Gaynor, and from all appearances it's mutual; Joan Bennett's small daughter, Melinda, came to the coffee show when her mother was on the program, and is reported to be simply silly over Charlie McCarthy—from all appearances it's mutual, too.
CONNIE BOSWELL'S radio popularity really is phenomenal, considering how seldom she has been heard on the radio during the past few years. Until she began her recent Monday evening series with Richard Humber's orchestra, Connie had not been on the air regularly since the days of her old trio, the Boswell Sisters. Their last big program was with Stoopnagle and Budd and the Casa Loma orchestra four years ago.

Since then, Connie has had guest star engagements and the stations that use phonograph records have used many a Boswell recording. She is the only singer of the past few years able to achieve and hold popularity without regular engagements in either radio or pictures.

Oddly enough, both of radio's two famous sister teams left behind one soloist to carry on the name. What with marriages, etc., neither the Pickens nor Boswell sisters are ever likely to assemble professionally again. Jane Pickens and Connie Boswell are the only members of the trios who decided to go on singing.

HARD to realize that this should be—but radio's two "corniest" dealers in sentimental hokum are the pair who have had the most decisive influence on the development of air programs in the past two or three years. I refer, of course, to Phil Lord and Major Bowers.

The Bowers Amateur Hour brought a whole new style of informality into radio, setting the example for all the programs that carry on conversations with members of the studio audience or invite guests who have figured in news headlines and odd incidents. Phil Lord's We, the People was the first program to execute the idea, and since then the schedules have been deluged with various forms of imitation.

Phil Lord's career takes extremes—anyway. Jumping from Seth Parker to Gang Busters, from hymn singing to crime drama, is an example.

DIDJA KNOW: That Kenny Baker's spare time is spent casting into the swimming-pool in his back-yard and dreaming about trout...that 250-pound Don Wilson bought himself a horse, after hearing that Andy Devine has a horse which can hold him up...that Marion Talley's new home has a room with only Chinese furnishings in it...that Edgar Bergen bought Charlie's complete wardrobe from the studio after Goldwyn Follies...that Irene Rich gets more fan mail about her rabbit-raising than about her radio broadcasts...that during the flood, Andy of Amos 'n' Andy, brought provisions to isolated Banning in his plane...that Jimmie Fidler has donned grease-paint for Garden of the Moon, and that he made his first start in pictures in 1921 with Wallace Reid, during the silent days.

IT'S MY HUMBLE OPINION—

(Continued from page 79)
The Rising Tide

A furious drama of two young lovers ... torn apart by the seething cross-currents of war!

Recklessly they went their separate ways. Norma to absorb the sordid drabness of her life in the dangerous paths of espionage—Marco to take up arms for the Spanish earth, the Spanish people he loved so well.

But they meet again—victims of Fate—amidst the scream of star shells—the reek of black powder—and the frightened cries of women and children.

Adventure, cruelty and compassion combined in the greatest love story to emerge from the present Spanish Civil War! "Rising Tide", starring Madeleine Carroll and Henry Fonda, is a mighty saga of human emotions. Don't miss it!
Spirit of '38

fall in with the army of happy smokers who know that Chesterfield's milder and better taste really satisfies

Chesterfield

... the right cigarette for MORE PLEASURE
When the Music throbs with Love

...BE SURE

You are Alluring and Refined with Lander's Blended-Flower Talc

Put yourself in this picture. Dancing with the one man in the world...to music that throbs with love...he will hold you tighter and steal a kiss—if you thrill him with the perfume of Nature's flowers.

And Lander's Blended-Flower Talc will give you this tempting, exciting perfume that absolutely captivates a man. Try the Gardenia and Sweet Pea Blend. It's a glorious combination—the voluptuous perfume of gardenias and the languorous, romantic perfume of sweet peas!

And these two exotic perfumes are blended in such exquisitely fine, soft talc! For Lander's Blended-Flower Talc spreads on your skin like a caress. Every morning, dust your whole body with this luxurious talc...smell sweet all over...feel flower-fresh, glorified, inspired!

You know that you're utterly thrilling—and that you can win love. Lander's Blended-Flower Talc does this for you...

...and more! It guards your refinement. When a man takes you in his arms, you're sweet as a flower...and he knows you are refined. There may be madness in his heart but there'll be worship in his soul. His love for you is sacred...and he longs to make you his wife to protect and adore forever. Get Lander's Blended-Flower Talc today. The large can only 10¢ at your 10¢ store.
No woman who offends with underarm odor can ever win out with men

She meets nice men—plenty of them. And she still dreams that some day one of them will fall in love with her. For she's a charming girl—Carol!

She does worry, though. It seems odd that men so seldom ask her for a second date. It isn't as if she weren't pretty enough—or easy to talk to. And she thinks she's careful about her person. After all, doesn't she bathe each day?

Foolish Carol! Like so many girls, she trusts her bath alone to keep her sweet! She fails to realize that baths take care only of past perspiration...that they can't prevent odor to come...that underarms must have special care.

Smart girls, popular girls, use Mum. Mum is a gentle, pleasant cream that prevents underarm odor before it ever starts. With Mum you never, never risk offending those you want for friends.

Mum is quick! A half minute is enough to smooth Mum into each underarm.

Mum is safe! Gentle Mum is actually soothing to the skin—you can use it immediately after shaving the underarms. And Mum is harmless to every kind of fabric.

Mum is sure! Without stopping perspiration, Mum banishes every trace of odor for a full day or a full evening. To be a girl men ask for dates, a girl who wins and holds romance, always use Mum!

Another important use for Mum—Thousands of women use Mum for sanitary napkins because they know it's safe, sure. No worries, when you use Mum this way, too.

A TIP TO GIRLS WITH A DATE TONIGHT

Mum takes the odor out of perspiration.
WILLARD MARSHALL 

RADIO STARS

WEST COAST CHATTER by Lois Svensrud ........................................ 6
ANNOUNCING THEIR FAVORITE FOODS by Nancy Wood ................. 8
HOLLYWOOD NABS ANOTHER .................................................. 10
ONLY A MOTHER— .............................................................. 12
IT'S MY HUMBLE OPINION by Rudy Vallee ................................. 14
JANE AND DON ENTERTAIN ................................................. 16
FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO RADIO ................................ 19
MY FAVORITE BELIEVE-IT-OR-NOT STORIES by Robert L. Ripley .... 20
RELIGION IN THE ARMCHAIR by Elizabeth Benneche Petersen .... 22
BROADCASTS THAT MADE HISTORY by Gene Harvey .................. 24
IN THE RADIO SPOTLIGHT .................................................. 26
THE INFALLIBLE CROSSLING RATING? by Jack Hanley ............... 28
BOTH SIDES OF THE PRESS-RADIO FEUD by Willard Marshall ..... 30
TUNING IN AT THE INSANE ASYLUMS by Ella Riddle ................. 32
KEEPING COOL WITH JIMMY ............................................... 34
RADIO RAMBLINGS by Arthur Mason ....................................... 36
MUSICAL EXPERIENCE UNNECESSARY by Jerald Manning ........... 38
BETWEEN BROADCASTS ...................................................... 40
THE BUSINESS OF BEING A COMMENTATOR by Samuel Kaufman .... 42
THWAITED AMBITIONS ....................................................... 44
THE BANDWAGON by Jerry Mason ........................................... 46
TRIM FIGURES FOR STUDIO AUDIENCES ................................ 48
SOUTHERN CHARM by Mary Biddle .......................................... 50
TRAVEL IN STYLE by Wendy Lee ............................................. 52
ANNouncers' Favorite Recipes ................................................. 54
BOB TAYLOR
gets a telegram
from his fans...

...and his fans get
their kind of picture!

THE
CROWD
ROARS

Edward with Frank
ARNOLD · MORGAN
Maureen William
O'SULLIVAN · GARGAN
LIONEL STANDER · JANE WYMAN

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Directed by Richard Thorpe
Produced by Sam Zimbalist
Charlie McCarthy was his usual popular self with the girls during the filming of Letter of Introduction. The girls came over from another set.

WEST COAST CHATTER

BY LOIS SVENSRUD

NEXT door to the theatre where the M-G-M show is aired is the Seven Seas, a small restaurant. Just before the broadcast a while ago, a man came in through the back door and asked for a quick lunch. The Filipino boy was eating his own lunch at the meat-chopping block, so down sat the gentleman and enjoyed his meal with him. Clark Gable was the customer.

Every evening between Lum and Alner broadcasts, Chet Lauck and Tuffy Goff visit a small coffee shop near the CBS studios for a bite. Chet invariably orders a stack of pancakes.

In fact, his order is so constant that now when he enters the restaurant the waitress simply goes to the kitchen window and calls out: "Sling the batter."

Last week, however, Chet crossed her up. After she'd sung out her order, he said: "I think I'll try a waffle today." Unperturbed, the girl turned to the service window again and shouted: "Put some tread on that order."

Carole Lombard has started something again! After the airing of My Man Godfrey she presented all the members of the Lux show, cast and crew, with gifts. This is a gesture long practiced by stars in pictures, but marks the first time a radio star has gone Santa Clausy.

To honor the occasion of Eddie Cantor's arrival in town on Friday the thirteenth, his astute publicity agent hit upon the idea of having him meet with thirteen black cats. Humane Societies all over town were scoured, and finally thirteen felines were rounded up at fifty cents a head. This took some three days to do and the better part of a day was needed to load the clawing pussies into cars and transport them to the station. All
were lined up, finally, on the platform. The train came roaring around
the bend—and seven yowling cats took off across the tracks. A total
loss of $3.50.

Gary Goff, 4-year-old son of Almer
of the Lum 'n' Almers, is an accom-
plished horseman in spite of his
tender years. When he and his dad
got out to Chet Lauch's ranch (he's
Lum) to look over the latter's new
colts, Gary was all for riding one of
the "ponies."

"No, son, these little fellows are
too young to ride yet," said Goff.
Gary sat despondently on a bale
of hay for an hour. Then he sidled
up to his dad. "Now can I ride the
pony?" he asked.

Reason for Gary's horsemanship
is that his father bought him a black
and white pinto as soon as the boy
was able to stay on its back. Like
the son of a true Arkansan, Gary
took to the pony like a duck to water.
And last week, Goff presented his
son with a miniature replica of his
own beautiful saddle. It's a Western
model trimmed in silver. This, plus
Gary's flamboyant red satin shirt and
fancy chaps, makes him look like a
vest-pocket edition of Buffalo Bill.

Barbara Ann Burns isn't going to
be in any doubt about her early days,
for Papa Bob Burns has an order
with a national clipping service to
forward every word mentioned about
the baby. Besides that, Bob had a
series of wax records made during her
first months. "I got eight minutes of the
'purtiest cryin' jag you ever heard," he boasts.

When Al Jolson sang Sonny Boy
on his Tuesday night program not
long ago, few persons realized that
he was doing it for one man—and
one alone. Al told us the story after
the broadcast. He was driving into
Los Angeles from his home in
Encino, his mind on his coming re-
hersal. A whine sounded behind
him and a motorcycle pulled along-
side.

"A little too fast there, brother," said
the officer, taking out the old
note book, "Name?"

Al told him. The officer stared hard
a moment, then slowly tore up the
ticket and tossed the pieces away.

"You don't get a ticket from me," he
said then, "For years I've sung
Sonny Boy to my own youngster,
He wouldn't go to sleep without it."

"Say, that's fine," said Al. "Bet
he's one swell kid, too."

"He died last week," said the
officer.

(Continued on page 13)
BE it the heat or the humidity that gets you down, when the question of food for the menfolk comes up, just you show what a wise woman you are by remembering that men like ample servings of good, substantial foods regardless of the weather! Yes, it's all very well for us gals to go in for the lighter sort of fare during the warmer days, if we've a mind to. But we're in for trouble if we forget that the man of the family will still expect a "square meal" whatever the temperature!

This acknowledged masculine preference for copious portions of sturdy, good food the year round explains the popularity of Reuben's well-known New York restaurant, where the pictures on this page were taken and where the size of the servings vies with the high quality of the cooking for the diner's appreciation. No wonder it is known as a rendezvous for famous radio folk, who go there to fortify the inner man both before and after broadcasts.

On a recent evening, for instance, if you had accompanied me, you would have found there four of the air waves' most popular and outstanding announcers: Graham McNamee, Milton Cross, Ben Grauer and Paul Douglas. Gathered together in a clannish little group at one of the corner tables, they were discussing, as you might guess, their favorite topic, radio; taking up in turn the newest developments in television, the latest rumors about fall programs and the various odd and interesting happenings on the broadcasts which they had just finished "announcing." And, with the temperature outside hovering around the eighties, they had ordered an assortment of the most filling fare imaginable.

Just what were the dishes, then, which on this warm summer's evening found high favor with these announcers? Well, you'll be glad to know,
Three mistakes  
... in the bride's house!

By NANCY WOOD

(Left) Announcers Milton Cross, Graham McNamee and Ben Grauer order a meat sandwich, Chili Con Carne and a Tomato Surprise Salad, respectively.

No matter what the temperature is, men like tasty food and a good, square meal.

By NANCY WOOD

They're all the sorts of food that you, too, can prepare in your own kitchen—some with surprisingly little effort; others calling for considerable loving care, yet well worth the time expended on them.

And just think what fun it will be to be able to serve—right in your own home—the self-same dishes which bring folks from far and near to the portals of this well-known restaurant. Which brought this amorous foursome together there, on his particular evening, where the special foods they favored soon made their appetizing appearance to the obvious joy of the assembled diners.

In front of Graham, for example, had been placed a steaming dish of Chili Con Carne—not in more ways than one! Some time during his long and colorful career, perhaps Graham had occasion to state that highly favored foods, such as this traditional Mexican dish, act as an antidote against high summer or tropical temperatures. At any rate, he announced this version of it as being really to his liking. Accompanied by a foaming mug of ice cold beer, it provides a combination that the man of your household is sure to endorse with enthusiasm.

Ben Grauer, on the other hand, cast his vote for a cold, luscious-looking Crabmeat Tomato Surprise salad Plate. But mark my words, his Reuben version should be described as substantial rather than light. No pale, anemic piece of wilted lettuce for Ben—or for any man—with a tiny sliver of tomato

(Continued on page 11)
Nan Wynn studies a song for *Queens of the Air* before recording it for the sound track.

Recording the song for the film. Later she'll be photographed seeming to warble it.

*(Left)* With Director Roush of Paramount, Nan listens to the “playback” of the recording, which later will be synchronized with the best film take.

*(Right)* Time out for a quick snack. While she is filmed pretending to sing, the recording will be turned on and Nan’s “canned” voice dubbed in.

Being made up for the song sequence. The reason the song is seldom recorded at the same time is that singers look better when not really using their voices.

Just as the actual shooting begins, a sign identifying the sequence for the film editor is held before the camera. Nan photographs nicely.
and a watery dressing! But rather, as in this case, a whole tomato stuffed to overflowing with a special crabmeat mixture, topped with a mound of golden mayonnaise, garnished with chopped egg yolk and beets and flanked with deliciously prepared cole slaw. A fine combination indeed, a filling meal-in-one plate that no man could possibly sneer at as “one of those tea-roomy food samples!”

The success of such a salad, of course, depends not only upon its fine appearance, upon the combination of foods and the high quality and proper degree of coldness of the various “makings,” but upon the excellence of the salad dressing as well. Upon such a mayonnaise, for example, as this one—smooth, golden and seasoned to perfection.

GOLDEN MAYONNAISE
2 egg yolks
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sugar
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dry mustard
a few grains cayenne
1 tablespoon vinegar
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 cup salad oil, approximately

Place egg yolks in a chilled bowl. Combine dry ingredients and beat them into egg yolks, using rotary beater. Add lemon juice and vinegar, mix well. Add one half of the oil, drop by drop, beating constantly and vigorously. When half of oil has been added in this way, remaining oil may be added in larger amounts. When all the oil has been added, dressing should be thick enough to hold its shape. If too thick add little more lemon juice. If too thin add little more oil. Store in jar with tight-fitting cover.

Make up a batch of this and keep it on hand for the coming “salad days.” You thin out a rather thick version of this mayonnaise with cream or fruit juices for beet salads; and add chili sauce, minced pickle, pimiento, green pepper, chopped chives and dozens of other things for those sturdy and filling salads of meat, vegetables and fish that the masculine congest go for with such enthusiasm.

Another favorite with the men in the kitchen line is cole slaw—or cold slaw as we might have it called. But name it what you will, just so long as you do actually serve it very cold and in top form. At how to achieve any degree of perfection has continued to be a deep, dark secret to most of us, judging by the far from ming examples of homemade slaw generally encountered. But thanks to the able chef—who has never parted with his recipe before—it no longer be secret. And like so many secrets you’ll find that it’s extremely simple when you know how! Following is the recipe:

(Continued on page 55)

Active days are here again

SO WOMEN NATURALLY WANT A SANITARY NAPKIN THAT STAYS WONDERSOFT

When you buy Kotex® you can be sure that:

★ Kotex stays Wondersoft— for it’s cushioned in cotton.
★ Kotex can be worn on either side— both sides are fully absorbent.
★ Kotex can’t chafe, can’t fail, can’t show.
★ Only Kotex offers three types — Regular, Junior and Super — for different women on different days.
★ You get full value for your money... the most efficient, comfortable sanitary service that 18 years of experience can produce.

KOTEX® SANITARY NAPKINS

(Continued from page 9)
RADIO STARS

ONLY A MOTHER

COULD LOVE A FACE LIKE LEW LEHR'S—BUT THAT VOICE!

Lew is featured on the Ben Bernie show every Wednesday night.

He was born in Philadelphia, May 14, 1895, the son of an inventor.

Lew played football at Bucknell; also belonged to the drama club.

He never did finish college; used to do a comedy act at smokers.

Was a First Duty Sergeant during the World War; served overseas.

Entered vaudeville after the War in the Lehr, Edmonds and Marr act.

Has been a gag writer, real estate operator and is a married man.

Became nationally famous for his goofy talks on Movietone News.
Kenny Baker and Jack Benny were out looking over the comedian's new Beverly Hills home. "How do you like it, Kenny?" asked Jack. "Swell, Jack, but I thought it was almost finished. What's that cement mixer doing in the garage?" asked Kenny. "That's not a cement mixer," replied Jack indignantly, "That's my Maxwell."

Keenest competition on any of the programs came on the Jack Benny broadcast when a member of Phil Harris' orchestra was to speak a line into the mike. Jack came so nearly being killed in the rush when he asked for someone to step up at the rehearsals that he had the men draw lots.

Looks like all the members of the Jell-O Program are here to stay. Every one of them has built a home near Hollywood. There's Don Wilson's sprawling Spanish ranch house, Andy Devine's Gravel Flats ranch and Phil Harris' ultra-modern new house in Encino. Jack and Mary have their new home almost completed and are having their housewarming party the following evening after Kenny Baker's. Even Sam "Schlepperman" Hearns got the bug and has bought himself some land in the San Fernando Valley. He's already sent out invitations for a tent-warming party.

Margarette Shanna, the attractive star of Arnold Grimm's Daughter, and actress on several other radio shows, is a bride of six months. But she's so busy with broadcasting duties that she didn't get around to having pictures taken in her bridal finery until this week.

The radio "grapevine" has it that big things are in store for Anne Jamison this summer in connection with the San Francisco World's Fair. Anne's been in that city several week-ends lately, going in with her manager and the executives of the Fair, discussing details of concert appearances after Hollywood Hotel goes on vacation.

There was talk of cast and crew on the Good News of 1938 program chipping in for a sign to be put over Fannie Brice's dressing-room door. "The Fannie Brice Sandwich Shoppe" would no doubt be the legend. For during every rehearsal you could find the room filled with members of the show, comfortably spread around and munching sandwiches. Every rehearsal day Fannie ordered up a mammoth tray of cake, sandwiches and you-know-what coffee.

Looked like Ken Murray had really made up his mind during the shooting of Letter of Introduction. He spent most of his afternoons on the set watching Andrea Leeds and his evenings in showing her the town. Then at the CBS opening, Ken showed up with Rochelle Hudson, the following evening he was with Shirley Ross at Phil Silversnik's Club where Maxine Sullivan is warbling; and now he has a standing date every evening with Mary Brian, and looks very happy about it all.

---

NEW ICE DEODORANT
is cooling, vanishes completely, checks perspiration instantly

HERE'S the last word in underarm daintiness made to order for busy, fastidious moderns! The new Odorono ICE meets all the requirements . . . quick application, greaseless, cooling, checks perspiration.

Based on an entirely new principle — this new ICE deodorant disappears as you put it on. Leaves your underarm cool and refreshed, yet checks perspiration instantly! You can forget about offending odors and embarrassing stains for as much as three whole days. Use Odorono ICE according to directions on the label of the jar.

Protect your feminine charm — the friendships that are your natural right! Get a jar of Odorono ICE today! Only 35¢ at all toilet-goods departments.

"SAFE — cuts down clothing damage, when carefully used according to directions," says The National Association of Dyers and Cleaners, after making intensive laboratory tests of Odorono Preparations.

SEND 10¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY JAR

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc., Dept. 8-E, 86, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 477, Montreal)
I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of postage and packing for generous introductory jar of Odorono Ice.

Name __________________________
Address _________________________
City ____________________________
State ___________________________
WOMEN'S LIVES
Made Easier
—every month

By this time, practically all women are curious about Tampax. But those who actually use it are crazy about it... Housewives, office workers, college girls, sports lovers—all are adopting this neat, hygienic, unbulky method of sanitary protection. Investigate Tampax now!

- Perfected by a physician for all women's use
  Tampax is designed for all classes of women, not for any special class... The principle is internal absorption... No belts, pins or pads. And no odor!

- College girls find athletics possible at all times
  Old restrictions are out of date... You can golf, ride, tennis, swim, bathe—be free to follow your normal activities. No bulk. Nothing can show.

- A month's supply will go into an ordinary purse
  Hygienic, highly compressed, each in patented applicator. 35¢ for full month's supply. Smaller introductory size now available at 20 cents.

- In any costume—complete daintiness and protection
  Odor banished... Sold at drug and notion counters (if not by your dealer, use coupon below).

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS

TAMPAX Incorporated
New Brunswick, N. J.
Please send me introductory size package of Tampax. Envelope is 20¢. (stamps or coin.)

Please answer in full.

(Mail coupon to TAMPAX, Dept. R. S., New Brunswick, N. J.)

(Above) Rudy rehearses with Tommy Riggs and his unseen, imaginary Betty Lou, who, nevertheless, receives fan mail, toys and dolls. (Below) Rudy with his favorite girlfriend, Judy Stewart. They're having a fine old time at Chez Firehouse, hilarious rendezvous in Manhattan.

RADIO STARS

IT'S MY HUMBLE OPINION—
BY RUDY VALLEE

A FRANK CRITICISM OF THE MUSICIANS' UNION AND ALL MUSICIANS IN GENERAL
THE VERSATILITY of certain people who make changes late in life which bring them stardom and riches, only serves, to my mind, as concrete proof and confirmation of Mr. Walter B. Pitkin's theory that Life Begins at Forty. Some of the certain people:

Major Edward Bowes—a former real estate wizard and manager of the Capitol Theatre in New York, who, when he was well over fifty, conceived the idea of an amateur night on the radio and, with a gong instead of a hook, conducted the program to fame.

Cecilia Loftus—who for sixty years has been one of the stage's greatest actresses, surprised us all (or did she?) by exhibiting a flair for mimicry and doing an evening's entertainment at the theatre with nothing but impressions, and thereby winning the acclaim of the New York press.

Lionel Barrymore—for years a director, etcher and actor who has come, today more than ever, into his own and is one of the best-loved figures of the screen world.

(Editor's Note—Radio Stars has found that one of the most puzzling questions uppermost in the minds of laymen is how an orchestra leader finds and selects his orchestra players, and since it comes under the heading of the interesting Elements of Showmanship, it occurred to us to ask Mr. Y'allee to discuss it in this column.)

THE SELECTION OF MUSICIANS

First, as a member of the American Federation of Musicians, I must, of course, use men who are likewise members of this Federation. However, it goes further than that. They must belong to the New York branch of the American Federation of Musicians—which is Local 802, composed of some 15,000 men.

Outstanding performers from other cities (union men but not members of Local 802) must have resided in New York City for three months before they can take a steady engagement, but, although they are permitted to take single (one-night) engagements and single broadcasting or recording jobs, six months must elapse before they can join the Local. Probably this three-to-six-month period is designed, as it was in Los Angeles, to discourage new-comers from making New York City their headquarters, since the membership is already swelled to the point where it has become unwieldy. There are approximately 3,000 to 4,000 of the membership painfully employed. The remainder secure engagements only occasionally.

Attempts have been made recently to spread out the employment by restricting men to only one job and thus attempting to force leaders to employ men who would normally be unemployed. Also, at a meeting, it was decreed (by 3,000 of the 15,000 membership present), by a vote taken on (Continued on page 67)

POND'S SUNLIGHT SHADES

"GLARE-PROOF" powder flatters your skin in the hardest light

Srong sunlight is hard on your looks. It sharpens every little fault... and casts dark, unbecoming shadows where it is not lighting up your weak points.

But you can make that hard, bright light actually flattering to you! Pond's "Sunlight" Powder shades are "glare-proof"! They reflect only the softer rays of the sun. Give a clear glow to your tan!


Test them FREE! in glaring Sunlight

Pond's, Clinton, N.Y., Dept. 9R5-SPF
Please rush me, free, Pond's "Sunlight" shades, enough of each for a 5-day test.
(This offer expires Oct. 1, 1938)

Name __________________________
Street __________________________
City __________________________
State __________________________
The party was recently held in their Manhattan penthouse. It was a huge success because Jane and Don are the perfect host and hostess. On the terrace, Jane plays table tennis as Phil Baker, Irene Nablette and Bandleader Ray Sinatra look on.

JANE AND DON ENTERTAIN

DON ROSS AND HIS WIFE, JANE FROMAN, GIVE A BIG PARTY...

Tim Ryan tried to give his wife, Irene Nablette, a "hot foot," but Irene was too wise to be caught.
RADIO STARS

Simmons and his wife, Patti Pickens, were there. He's ard on the Cities Service program. Patti no longer broad-
sits; only her sister Jane of the original trio carries on.

Myrt and Marge were among the many celebrities present. Phil Baker explains to them how it feels to be a father for
the fourth time. "Beetle" was not around, thank goodness.

Freshness
wins Fans
for young star...and Old Gold

STARS have risen, gleamed
brilliantly for a time—and
faded out of popular sight. Why?
Their talent was no less. Their
looks were not lost. Yet some-
thing was lacking; something
that makes the difference be-
geen greatness and mediocrity. Fresh-
ness. In a star or a cigarette, fresh-
ness gives you an extra thrill that
no other quality provides!

Old Gold spends a fortune to
bring you the flavor-thrill of prize
crop tobaccos at the peak of ap-
pealing freshness; each pack pro-
tected against dampness, dryness,
dust, by two jackets of moisture-
proof Cellophane—double assur-
ance of the utmost pleasure and
satisfaction a cigarette can give.

TRY a pack of Double-Mellow
Old Golds! Discover what real
freshness means—in richer flavor,
smoother throat-ease!

TUNE IN: Old Gold's Hollywood Screen-
scoops; Tuesday and Thursday nights, Col-
lumbia Network, Coast-to-Coast.

Every pack wrapped in 2 jackets of Cellophane, the OUTER jacket opens from the BOTTOM.
That battle-ax expression is more often caused by nervous tension than by temper! There are unnecessary tension-makers in every busy day that can steal your youth and charm! Learn to recognize them — discover how to correct them. You can out-wit those beauty robbers ... if you'll be on your guard!

That martyr look often comes from a sanitary napkin that rubs and chafes! But — there's a downy-soft napkin that doesn't chafe. It's Modess ... and it's made differently from ordinary napkins.

Worry furrows that come from fear of an embarrassing accident are unnecessary, too. Insist on Modess ... for Modess has a special moisture-resistant backing that will end that worry.

Test it! Remove the moisture-resistant backing inside a Modess pad and drop water on it. See for yourself that not a drop "strikes through." Think what this special kind of protection means to you!

Beauty secret worth trying! You can look younger and prettier (and keep your looks longer) if you'll get rid of unnecessary tension, discomfort, and worry! Modess can help you do this on days when nerves are particularly tense ... and endurance lower. Get Modess today and experience the comfort and peace of mind this different kind of napkin brings. Modess costs no more than other nationally known napkins.

Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

IF YOU PREFER A SMALLER, SLIGHTLY NARROWER PAD, SAY "JUNIOR MODESS"
Just a few years ago, Lucille Manners was a stenographer in a New Jersey law office. She took singing lessons at night. Practiced faithfully every morning before going to work. She was determined to be a success. Today she is one of the most popular sopranos on the air.

Blessed with an excellent voice, Lucille realized it would take much more than just that for a musical career. That's why she studied so religiously. And with the best teachers. Her mother, a non-professional musician, was Lucille's first music teacher.

Before applying for an audition with the National Broadcasting Company, Lucille sang at church and school entertainments and did an occasional broadcast over a small New Jersey station.

Lucille's audition won for her a sustaining program. This eventually led to several guest appearances on commercial programs. An executive of Cities Service happened to tune her in one morning and, without knowing her name or anything else about her, immediately advised NBC to arrange a special audition. Hers was exactly the voice Cities Service wanted. Lucille was hired.

Frank Black, conductor of the Cities Service orchestra, has been of invaluable assistance to Lucille. They've worked tirelessly together to get unusual tonal effects so that their programs would be outstanding.

There is no finer, better-trained voice on the air today. Lucille is a perfect example of the rewards which came to one who conscientiously keeps plugging away with little assistance from Dame Fortune.

Lucille, unlike many other radio sopranos, has no artistic temperament. She feels it's simply an excuse for a bad temper and she's right. She's succeeded, not because of good looks or a winning personality, but because of merit—merit which made Cities Service decide that her voice is better than any other on the air.

To Lucille Manners, RADIO STARS Magazine presents its Award for Distinguished Service to Radio.
by
ROBERT L.
RIPLEY

MY FAVORITE
BELIEVE-IT-OR-NOT STORIES

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN PRINT, AND IN HIS OWN WORDS, RIPLEY GIVES
THE STRANGER-TAN-FICTION STORIES HE LIKES BEST OF ALL!
Inez de Gastro was crowned Queen of Portugal after her death. King Pedro placed her skeleton on the throne for his subjects to honor.

I have sketched for you over the air many incredible stories. From every corner of the globe, from history and the present day, I've gathered evidence to prove to you that life is stranger than the world of fancy. You find some of the stories hard to believe. I find them hard to believe myself, sometimes. But the proof is always there, unalterable.

When I first heard the story of "El Fusilado," the 'Executed One," I couldn't believe it. What man could face a firing squad, absorb eight bullets in his body, receive the coup de grace, a pistol shot point-blank into his head, and live to tell about it? Impossible! Yet, it was true. One had only to look at the deep bullet holes in Señor Wenselao Moguel's face and arm to realize the horrible truth. His story was one of the most dramatic I've ever heard.

The time was 1915, during the turbulent period of the Mexican Revolution. The place, Yucatan, Mexico. A short but bloody battle had taken place. The victorious government forces had lined up the six hundred rebel captives in groups of fifty, preparing to kill them off, one by one—a terrifying mass execution. The general of the government forces made a short speech to the doomed prisoners, after the roll of the drum had commanded silence.

"The council of war has found you young men guilty of rebellion. It's too bad you have been deluded into bearing arms against your government. However, it is my tragic duty to order your execution. The man first in line will step before the firing squad. Come on! Get up against that wall. . . . All right, Captain. Proceed!" One by one, the prisoners were executed. Señor Moguel was the fifth in line. He was one of the victims to receive the coup de grace, the pistol shot through the head to insure death.

The next morning, in a nearby church, the sexton was discussing the execution with a friend. More than fifty had fallen before the firing squad, he said. They were mere boys, the oldest scarcely nineteen. They were to be buried from the church that (Continued on page 64)
RELIGION IN THE ARMCHAIR
HAS BRINGING THE PULPIT INTO THE HOME HELPED OR HINDERED RELIGION?

by ELIZABETH BENNECHE PETERSEN

WILL you take your religion from a straight-backed pew, or will you take it at home in your favorite chair?

Radio gives you a choice that you never had before. For today you can turn to radio for spiritual guidance as you can turn to it for entertainment, political discussion and musical uplift.

There are those who decry this easy way of listening to the gospel. Things that come too easily to human beings are never really appreciated, they say. More than that, they feel religion should be kept on its own plane and that the proper place for worship is the church. When satisfying the soul’s need comes down to the simplicity of turning a dial and bringing the church into the family living-room, they feel the church itself will suffer for it.

But there are others, and these are distinctly in the majority, who hail religion on the radio as a great and lasting force. They insist that, far from lessening church attendance, radio has increased it.

Today you do not have to stir from your own living-room to be a part of many thrilling ceremonies you could only read of before, such as Easter services in far-off Jerusalem, the thrilling Sunrise services coming from the Hollywood Bowl, or the solemn singing of the great choir in St. Peter’s at Rome.

Nor is it only on these special days that you enjoy privileges you never had before. Whatever your beliefs or your creed may be, you can hear the greatest of its leaders. Men whose oratory and greatness have made them world names in the realm of religion now come to your home, as John the Baptist once came to the doors of people who lived in that earlier age.

The ranchman’s family miles from the nearest church, the invalid confined to a sick room, men and women in prison and the inhabitants of small towns the country over now have the opportunity to listen to these great men who once belonged only to people living in great cities.

Radio feels that its religious programs have more than justified the time given to them. NBC estimates that its fan mail, not including contest entries or gift requests on sponsored programs, totals about five million a year. One million of these letters come from the listeners to religious programs and engulf all the other unsponsored programs.

At times of crises this mail increases, proving that people turn to religion when they are frightened and bewildered and beset by troubles. During the depression the mail was heavy with appeals for spiritual guidance and comfort. Maybe a proof that this recession we are going through has not reached the same proportions is the fact that the letters of this sort received by the broadcasting studios are decidedly fewer than those of some years ago.

There is no censorship otherwise than the understood stipulation that no faith is allowed to attack any other belief and that propaganda of any sort is to be excluded. Local stations served by either of the two major networks are allowed to use their own judgment in accepting or declining these unsponsored hours, and both have also arranged the time of these broadcasts so they will not conflict with the time set by most churches for their regular services.

Radio feels that it has promoted rather than reduced regular church attendance. Only a few may feel that it is unnecessary to exert themselves by attending church services when their devotional needs can be satisfied in their own homes. The greater (Continued on page 68)
Rabbi Stephen S. Wise has been a frequent speaker on the national networks.

Cardinal Patrick Hayes is another whose talks have a wide influence.

The Church of the Air has made it possible for listeners to hear the world’s greatest religious thinkers, among them Bishop Manning.

The Catholic Hour, heard Sunday at 6:00 p.m. EDT on NBC-Red, has presented such prominent churchmen as the beloved Father Gillis.
IT WAS just about eight years ago, on April 21st, 1930, that the Ohio State Penitentiary caught fire. With 4,300 prisoners crowded into space meant to accommodate only 1,500, a small blaze developed, in an hour, into a raging holocaust that swept through hundred-year-old cell blocks, killing over 300 screaming convicts trapped in their locked cells. The blaze began about 5:30 in the afternoon, and at 11:15 that evening, before most newspapers could put the story on the streets, radio listeners heard the voice of "The Deacon," a Negro prisoner, No. 46,812, speaking from the still-smoking prison.

"At 5:20 this afternoon," he said into the microphone, "fire broke out in the new cell blocks F and K when the wooden forms suddenly broke into blaze. It spread to the roof in a few minutes, hitting G and H cell blocks where 812 prisoners were locked up. The flames spread rapidly; all the convicts in the upper tiers of the cell block were burned to death or smothered by smoke . . . about 360 I'd say . . . some prisoners made their way to the roofs and jumped to safety in the yard.

"Doctors and nurses are in the yard now . . . as soon as a body is passed out to them they examine it to see if there is life left. If he's still alive he's rushed to the hospital. Those prisoners who are not working to aid the injured are milling about the yard. The morale is wonderful, nobody has tried to escape. The campus of the prison is covered with the bodies of those who have passed on.

"It's a sight I never will forget and, after watching my fellow prisoners during the height of the horrors, I am glad to call them brothers. The dead are lying about the yard, newspaper photographers are taking flashlight pictures. Steaming hot coffee and meat sandwiches are being served to us. "The prison is being well guarded . . . naval reserves and soldiers have been called, and at every fifteen feet is an armed guard
THE GREATEST
PUT ON THE AIR!

On the third floor of the chapel where the prison band plays every day is this radio room from which I'm speaking. Our power system has failed, but the rescue workers are managing all right with flashlights and searchlights.

"From here we can hear the screams of the burned patients, and a radio call has gone out for more doctors and nurses. Ohio State medical students have been called in to help out the doctors and nurses in the yard..."

The voice went on, giving a graphic account of the disaster to listeners on what was, perhaps, the first unarranged spot-news broadcast in radio history. The speaker, Otto V. Gardner, was a graduate of Moody Bible Institute and Secretary of the Protestant Church in the penitentiary; a lifer who had served twelve years of a first degree murder sentence. The Columbia Broadcasting System, which had been broadcasting the daily noon concert of the prison band through WARU, Columbus, Ohio, made use of its remote control installation at the penitentiary to present what was the granddaddy of the present-day, highly organized equipment for spot-news coverage. The papers headlined the story of the disaster for days afterward, telling of blundering guards who kept convicts locked in their cells while upper tiers grew red-hot in the flames. But the radio audience had heard of the blaze, first hand, with interspersed radio appeals for medical and nursing aid to care for the injured. Prisoner No. 46,812 received a check for $500 from CBS for his excellent broadcast; the public had its unexpected thrill; and radio had inaugurated, unofficially, the system that today provides a microphone on the spot of a news event almost as soon as it happens.

The technical advances of radio, in the intervening eight years, have been so rapid (Continued on page 58)
Evelyn's Magic Violin solo is a highlight of The Hour of Charm, now heard Sundays. She also serves as assistant to Conductor Spitalny.

Nadine Connor, daily dozen enthusiast, came to New York to guest-star on the Coca-Cola show, but was retained for the program's duration.

Acclaim is due Don Ameche for his success and versatility on the Sunday show. He's studying the blueprints of his new Hollywood home.
The fans of Col. Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle rejoiced at his return to the air. Up to no good, he is shown here with Donald Dickson, baritone.

The roles of Kathy and Kit in the serial *Those We Love* are enacted by Nan Grey and Richard Cromwell, both rising stars in the movies.

**RADIO SPOTLIGHT**

AIR ARTISTS WHO RATE HONORABLE MENTION THIS MONTH

Barbara Stanwyck, one of the better cinema actresses, is frequently heard as guest star. Her most recent visit was to Lux Radio Theatre.

Grace Moore's appearances with Andre Kostelanetz are terminated, but this opera star is a sought-after and welcome guest on any show.
IF YOU'VE WONDERED WHAT THE CROSSLEY REPORT IS AND WHAT IT'S FOR, HERE IS YOUR ANSWER

Paul Whiteman
Deanna Durbin
Major Bowes
THE INFALLIBLE CROSSLEY RATINGS?

By Jack Hanley

Perhaps you’ve read, at one time or another, that a certain radio comedian has the highest Crossley Rating for the third year running; or that So and So has now slipped into second place. And if you are like thousands, or millions, of radio listeners, you have perhaps recognized that some standard of popularity was involved, and wondered vaguely just what it was.

Or maybe you’ve never even wondered, but at some time or another your telephone has rung and a pleasant voice has asked you if you had your radio tuned in last night, and if so, what stations or programs you listened to. And, unless you were the rare one out of about one hundred and fifty individuals who become annoyed, you probably were a little puzzled, but tried to remember and tell the caller what you heard.

That telephone call was the fundamental functioning of the Cooperative Analysis of Broadcasting, commonly known as the Crossley Ratings. It is the yardstick which has been developed by radio advertisers to determine just what percentage of the listening public hears each program; a yardstick which, after considerable argument and experiment, has become accepted as the most accurate means of determining the proportionate audience each show on the air draws. And it’s employed by ninety-two percent of all radio advertisers.

Radio, after all, has always been the Great Unknown among entertainment mediums. When the early programs were mostly “sustaining” shows, and before millions of advertising dollars built up the present big business of commercial broadcasts, stations and entertainers would fling their songs and gags into the soundless and unresponsive ether purely in the optimistic hope that persons, somewhere, might be listening. Fan mail coming in unsolicited helped a little and stations, back in the twenties, often supplied “applause cards” to listeners so that they might register approval or disapproval. But all in all, there was no real check on what the public listened to. That was all very well when radio was primarily the step-child of the entertainment field; when talent was, more often than not, gratis and volunteer.

However, in the late twenties, when programs costing thousands of dollars began to be commonplace, advertisers started wondering just what happened to their advertising dollar. The fan mail reaction, being unsolicited and uncontrolled, soon demonstrated its inaccuracy as a really dependable gauge. How, then, could (Continued on page 76)
THE
NEWSPAPER AND RADIO
RIVALRY HAS REACHED
AN IMPORTANT CRISIS!
LEARN THE REAL CAUSES
OF THE FIGHT, AND THE
FACTS FOR EACH CASE

BY WILLARD
MARSHALL
HANGING on the walls of the announcers' lounge room in Radio City are the original drawings of some dozen-year-old newspaper cartoons. They boast of what great amounts of radio news and programs the particular papers carried. One cartoon proudly brags about including the name of every musical number played on the air each day in a space running to several columns.

When newspaper publishers assemble at their annual conventions these days, those cartoons would have to be brought out to remind any of these men that they ever had been so friendly to radio. The broadcasters are now regarded as the newspapers' deadliest business rivals.

In those early days of the 1920's, however, radio was a novelty, a good story. News of it was hot, an effective circulation stimulant.

One of the first of those hot stories came from a garage behind the home of Dr. Frank Conrad in Pittsburgh. He was an experimental engineer with the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, and broadcast regularly from his garage. His following was mostly hobbyists who filled spare time by tinkering with radio. Unlike most of the other early experimental broadcasters, however, Dr. Conrad tried to make his programs interesting, providing some sort of entertainment with recordings, lectures, anything at hand.

The turning point of radio broadcasting, as we now know it, is generally credited to Dr. Conrad who, on election night in November, 1920, broadcast the news of the election of Warren Gamaliel Harding as President of the United States. Pittsburgh newspapers recorded his feat as an ingenious enterprise.

There must have been some publishers who shivered apprehensively over the achievement of Dr. Conrad. Their shivers are not recorded, however.

Some of the Pittsburgh stores leaped into the publicity falling Dr. Conrad's way and used it to help exploit sales of radio sets. Thus radio became not only a good story, but the stories were cooperative with the newspapers' good business friends, the department stores. That source of advertising is the backbone of every newspaper's revenue. Radio was emerging from the tinkerer's workshop into the living-room with the enthusiastic cooperation of the press.

During its early years, radio was operating on no basis to make it seem a formidable advertising rival. Programs were haphazard, so were the broadcasting hours. As an example, let us look back on WHN fifteen years ago, then one of New York's important stations, now a minor station operated by the Loew Theatre chain.

The New York Sun was conducting a daily radio review column, reviewing the entire evening's activities of one station each day. When WHN's turn came, a-hunting would go the station's two announcers and general handy men, Perry Charles, now a writer for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in Hollywood, and Nils T. Granlund, since become famous as N.T.G. with his girl shows in night clubs, vaudeville and radio.

Their hunting grounds were the Times Square restaurants, their quarry theatrical stars and other celebrities dining there. Through claims of friendship, wheeling, fast talking and prospect of publicity they lured notables over to the studio for a broadcast on review night.

"Our notices in that column were always good," Perry Charles recalls. "My gosh, they should have been! We'd turn up with a Helen Morgan or someone every time. We had Kate Smith over one night. She was singing in a Broadway show then, just another singer."

"When we ran short of people, I'd get on the phone and try to hurry someone away from his dinner. I knew if I didn't, Granlund would get to a mike and start reciting Boots. He was kind of nuts on that subject, reciting Boots every time there was a spare moment. I'll bet he did it a thousand times."

That was nothing to make any good newspaper tremble, good

(Continued on page 62)
There are 613 state, federal and private mental institutions in the United States, housing 514,000 patients. Practically all are equipped with radio receiving sets in one form or another. News broadcasts are the most popular.

BY ELLA RIDDLE

THAT RADIO, from the standpoint of recreation and education alone, has contributed immeasurably to modern-day living is an undisputed fact. That its usefulness is being felt in the field of medical science is perhaps not so well known, but of the greatest importance.

If one were to make an inspectional tour of the 613 state, federal and private mental institutions in the United States, housing 514,000 patients, it would be discovered that nearly all of them are equipped with radio receiving sets in one form or another. It is true that their introduction is comparatively recent, but the invention itself is young, and its therapeutic value in relation to mental illness is still subject to experiment.

You may well wonder what service radio could render to persons of unsound mind. Before that question can be answered, however, it is necessary to refute the popular conception that an insane asylum is a place of grimness and horror, that all the inmates are raving, violent maniacs who are virtually imprisoned for the rest of their days.

In the first place, modern mental institutions are making every effort to beautify their buildings and grounds, to create a homelike atmosphere for their patients and to expedite their cure and release through new treatments and techniques. Secondly, a person who is mentally ill is comparable to one suffering from an everyday malady, such as pneumonia or a broken leg. He is sick in mind, rather than in body, and his case requires just as specialized medical attention.

According to the National Committee For Mental Hygiene, of the 109,000 new cases admitted to our mental hospitals each year, 72% are released within twelve months as having recovered or improved. And for the total population of such institutions, the average stay is three years. To be sure, there are the incurables for whom there is no hope, but the larger percentage of patients are those whose return to normalcy is rapid, whose readjustment to life and society is made possible, through treatment, by the lengthening of their rational periods and the total elimination of the insane ones.

In other words, the majority of mental sufferers are as sane as you or I during periods of varying length! During the lucid intervals they have normal reactions to ordinary things. They read and understand newspapers and magazines, participate in group games, work at assigned occupational tasks and, also like you or me, enjoy listening to radio broadcasts.

There are three systems of radio installation employed at present in public mental hospitals. The first is the simplest and most generally used. In two-room wards, comprised of a day room (or living-room) and sleeping quarters, the receiving set is placed in the day room where recreational activities take place. In the one-room wards it is usually situated at the far end. Since patients are grouped according to age, sex and behavior in wards accommodating from twenty-five and up, the condition of the patients in each ward governs the use of the radio. Convalescents and those on parole may tune in whatever programs they choose; the manic-depressives may make their own selections at times, and at others the decision must rest with the attendant; those suffering from
TUNING IN AT
THE INSANE
ASYLUMS

SURPRISING FACTS SHOWING THE IMPORTANCE
OF RADIO IN THE DAILY LIVES OF THE INMATES

deluional insanity, mania, etc., are subject to a similar
routine. The general feeling, however, is that patients
should be allowed to choose their own air entertainment
whenever possible. As one doctor so aptly put it: "How
would you like to be given food and told you had to eat
it, whether you liked it or not?" And, since mental
patients are for the most part nearly-normal adults, they
would naturally dislike having certain programs forced
upon them.

The second system is one whereby loud speakers are
installed in each ward and the broadcasts governed by a
central control radio. Of necessity, all programs are
selected by the person in charge and the volume control
regulated by him. Many times this is most annoying to
patients. They may not be in the proper mood to hear
what is being sent them, and then again, the volume may
be much too loud or too soft for comfortable listening.

The third, and most expensive system, combines the
loud speakers and individual sets. It is by far the most
desirable, since patients may hear what they like most of
the time on their own sets, yet it is possible for the
hospital to broadcast over the speaker system programs
which are beneficial and of special interest to patients.

Dr. William Alvin Bryan, Superintendent of the
Worcester State Hospital in Massachusetts, has been
engaged in experimenting with the use of radio in his
institution for a number of years. According to the
annual report of that hospital, the loud speaker system
is employed there throughout. A radio director examines
the advance programs of the network stations, selects
the ones most suitable to the patient population and
compiles a schedule for every fifteen minute period during
each day. Also, he sees to it that the various wards
receive those programs which will most benefit the patients
therein.

When there are no programs considered suitable for
rebroadcast, the hospital's own station supplies special
presentations. There are informative talks by physicians
and members of the staff; musical contributions by
patients who sing, play the piano, violin or organ. Two
general news bulletins are presented by patients daily, as
well as a special broadcast by the radio director entitled
"Notables in the News." At other times recordings are
substituted for undesirable national or local programs.

At prescribed intervals the correct time and date are
announced—this being helpful to the orientation of some
patients. Then, between program periods and during the
commercial announcements, short hints on mental hygiene
are given, as well as interesting items of hospital news.
The latter help to create community interest and to divert
the patient from brooding on his own condition. Since a
mental hospital is, comparatively speaking, a small settle-
ment, every effort should be made to stimulate the
inhabitants' interest in and cooperation with the place
of which he is such an important part.

Another noteworthy feature is the broadcasting of
talks on mental disease. Such a series is delivered from
notes by a psychiatrist. Each installment is short, so
that interest will not wane, and is simply worded so that
the less intelligent may understand (Continued on page 70)
At rehearsal, a cute member of the Hotel New Yorker's ice show helped Jimmy to abandon music for skates.

Whoops! Not so good for a starter, or for a person who hails from Shenandoah, Pa., where ice is plentiful.

There's no keeping a good man down when he has enough support. Comic skater Eric Wait leads off with a crack-the-whip stunt.

**KEEPING**

THE MUSIC WAS HOT AND THE WEATHER WARM, SO JIMMY DORSEY
Swered the call of the Ice, but found it uncomfortable.

Romy Roberts, who does a specialty in the Ice show, gives spinning top to Jimmy, who now prefers golf.

In times of danger one must think of one's wife and daughter, so Jimmy gets reinforcements.

Cool with Jimmy
HOLLYWOOD radio programs are bringing back the old-fashioned custom of singing parodies on popular songs, a comical device that radio has allowed to languish in recent years. Charlie McCarthy has a parody chorus nearly every week, and Bob Burns occasionally strikes up a few amusing lines about Bing Crosby's shirt, or some other nonsensical topic.

Parodies were among the staple topics in old vaudeville days and radio used a lot of them in its early years. As it increased in importance, parody singing became involved in difficulties and gradually diminished.

For one thing, the publisher frowned on parodies of his songs. He wanted the song's real words heard so the public would associate words and tune and title. Special permission was required before a song could be parodied and often the permission was refused. Red-tape details such as that made comedians and singers decide parodies were hardly worth the bother.

The Bob Burns and Charlie McCarthy programs are in the hands of the same Hollywood radio director, and he apparently has decided that the bother is not too great.

THE separation of Stoopnagle and Budd has turned out to be a very stiff blow at radio comedy. The two partners are both back in radio separately, but neither one has been able to strike the spirit of grotesque absurdity that made them amusing together.

Stoopnagle, who wrote all the material, might have been expected to come through the change without trouble. His material has the same pattern that it used to have but, for some reason, he no longer can make it as wittily. One joke after another misses fire, simply fails to be funny.

Budd has been an inoffensive master of ceremonies on a Friday evening program which plays a guessing game with the studio audience. He has been likable in his new task, but not particularly amusing.

Perhaps there will be a reunion if some program comes along asking for the team. The separation was made last winter because Budd's playboy ideas annoyed Stoopnagle. There is no enmity between them, however. They prefaced their separation with some humorous newspaper interviews about who would get the "and" when the team parted—whether it would be "Stoopnagle and" or "And Budd."

NO word has come from Hollywood about Frank Parker's softball activities and I wonder if he organized a team out there. The past couple of seasons, Frank and Jimmy Melton spent a good part of their week rounding up radio friends for the Sunday softball game between their rival teams.

The games ran to big scores and loud laughter but neither captain was annoyed at losing. Jimmy Melton and Frank Parker have remained good friends (that feud between them a couple of years ago was a press agent stunt), but there is a keen rivalry between them on a lot of things besides tenor singing. Each one is always trying some prank on the other, too.

Before Frank had gone out to join Hollywood Hotel, they used to call one another up and issue challenges on striking top notes. The conversation would go this way: "Listen, bum. (Then into song) 'Give a man a horse he can ride!' (the last word the highest note the tenor could hit). Let's hear you top that." The challenged one would warm up and call back.

Jimmy ended that little game. He sang "Give
a man a horse he can—" and the final high "ride" was from the high soprano voice of Jessica Dragonette, standing right alongside Jimmy. Her high note was far beyond the reach of either tenor, of course.

"Did that come out of you?" Frank asked doubtfully. "You heard it on the telephone didn't you?" Jim answered. "Let's hear you match it now."

ED THORGERTON is back in radio with a summer sport program but there still is no sign of a permanent place on the networks for this announcer. He drifts in and out, making a comfortable living over the year but no salary in comparison to the network status he once held. Thorgerson is a good example of what one eccentric sponsor can do to a radio career.

Seven or eight years ago, Thorgerson was one of the important announcers, in demand for various programs. For a sizable fee, he signed to work exclusively for one sponsor. After the job began, Thorgerson discovered that the sponsor wanted to give his program distinction by having the announcer talk louder than anyone else in radio. The salary was good and Thorgerson yelled.

His old friends, amused, dubbed him "Thundering Thorgerson." The name was catchy, traveled all through the radio business, and stuck to Ed. Eventually, the "thundering" job ended but Ed was known as Thundering Thorgerson and the name obliterated his earlier reputation. Jobs no longer came his way.

Ever since then he has been heard on seasonal sport programs, spends much of his time on small stations. He is one of the more capable radio speakers, no longer thunders but can't fight off the name of "Thundering Thorgerson."

NEARLY a third of all the morning and afternoon radio serials on the networks are a product of a single mind. The mind belongs to two persons, Frank and Ann Hummert, but they work together so closely they should be considered a unit.

They are husband and wife in a romance that grew out of their work together in Blackett, Saule and Hummert, one of the largest advertising agencies. It is the agency conducting more programs than any other, specializing in serial dramas with from one to five episodes a week.

From these two come the plots for a dozen or more serials (the number varies according to season) every week. They outline the plots, episode by episode, turn the outlines over to writers for the time-consuming task of filling in the dialogue. Completed scripts come back to them and they supervise their production on the air, devoting extra personal attention whenever some show develops symptoms of slipping.

Their writers are paid minimum prices for radio work but, with plots completely outlined, writers expect less. Even so, the dialogue man gets around $25 per script, does three to five a week, finds his living not too meager.

To the casual observer, the Hummerts are the last persons in the world one would expect to find operating a plot mill. Mrs. Hummert is an industrious woman who works with an air of efficiency, an air that seems more in keeping with the good executive than with the creative mind. Frank Hummert is a lean, conservative conversationalist. Dry, wit and (Continued on page 82)
If you'd like to know how a cab-driver like Abe Lyman, a lawyer like Ozzie Nelson or a singer like Cab Calloway can make a fortune out of leading a band, follow closely.

To begin with, a successful bandleader must be a good business man with an engaging personality. That's the first requisite. The fact that he's a good musician will help, but it's not necessary. A Tommy Dorsey or a Benny Goodman may be the finest instrumentalist in the world, but if he hasn't a head for business, his chances as a maestro aren't worth a plugged nickel.

The bandleader must know how to hire men. That's the second requisite. The most important employee that any leader has on his payroll is his musical arranger. An arranger to a band is like a pair of legs and a brain to you and me. A band can't exist without him. If the arrangements are good, the band is good.

Those are the two prime requisites. Real, honest-to-goodness musical qualifications may help a bit, but almost 50% of the boys have gotten along without them.

Of course, most of the lads have had a try at some musical instrument—even as you or I. But not one of that 50% could get a job with any respectable band in the country as a plain, ordinary musician.

Look at a guy like Abe Lyman. He has probably...
taken more money out of radio as a bandleader than any single one of his competitors. He has had as many as four or five network shows a week in addition to a nightly engagement at a hotel or a night club. But do you think Abe is a musician? He'd be the first to yell “No!”

Abe drove the first Yellow Cab to appear on the streets of Chicago. That was after he'd tried to learn to play the drums at home, gotten a job in a nickelodeon and been fired. After a while he teamed up with Gus Arnheim, then playing the piano, and went into vaudeville with him. He learned something about show business that way. Right after the War, he formed a band, with himself as drummer-boy, and went to work in a restaurant owned by his brother in California.

But Abe insisted on playing the drums. And playing them in front of the band, at that. Brotherly love or no, he was fired. With that as a foundation, Lyman soon devoted himself entirely to the baton, sold himself to a café owner in Venice, California, and began a very profitable career, because he was a good businessman with an engaging personality.

Abe has always been able to sell himself. Like any good businessman, he has kept his ear to the ground, discovered what the public or a sponsor wanted and given it to them. Like any shrewd salesman, he has established his contacts. He owns stock in many of the companies that sponsor him, for example.

His music is never sensational. Usually, you don't go out of your way to hear it. But it always fits its purposes. Abe has it very well organized. The music he played at the night club where he was working this winter and spring was entirely different from the music for his commercial broadcasts. But it was still Abe Lyman's band.

Many times Abe doesn't even bother to conduct. He seldom appeared on the bandstand during the performances of the show at the Casa Manana in New York City. Usually it was his arranger who did the actual batoneering. Abe has always been smart enough to hire fine musicians, good arrangers and collect an able staff of people who can put together an orchestra. For example, Lyman can go out on a vaudeville tour, be somewhere in the Middle-West, and you'll turn on your radio and hear Abe Lyman being announced as the band on a commercial coming from New York. Abe isn't there—but he's still drawing the profits as the bandleader.

That little custom of the band's playing bravely on without its conductor is a pretty familiar one. The classic story concerns Richard Himber, who had just organized his orchestra and was playing a sustaining radio program from New York's Essex House. The program was going along nicely and Joey Nash, then Himber's vocalist, was singing In The Valley Of The Moon. Dick was up on the bandstand and suddenly leaned over to one of his sax players:

“You ----- dope! You're playing it wrong!”

The saxophonist whispered “Yeah?” leaped out of his chair and went after Himber.

So while the radio audience heard Joey tell all about love and kisses in the valley of the moon, Dick and one of his boys were rolling around on the floor in front of the mike. The band played (Continued on page 51)
Luise Barclay, once a church organist, is star of The Woman in White serial on NBC. She acts for a living and plays the piano for fun.

Edythe Wright, swing singer, and Paul Stewart, M.C., both work for Tommy Dorsey. The Great Dane is named Raleigh.

Lysbeth Hughes, of the Heidt band, is from San Francisco. She made her début as a harpist at 14, as a singer at 20.
Jack Benny deserts The Bee for building. He lends the plumber a hand in putting his new bungalow in shape.

Alec Templeton, famous blind pianist, entertains operatic star Helen Jepson at the Coconut Grove, where he plays.

THE STARS OF RADIO ENJOY THEMSELVES IN VARIOUS WAYS

Among those present at Dorothy Lamour's party for hubby Herbie Kay were (l. to r.) the Strouds, Dot and Herbie, Randolph Scott, Edgar Bergen and Martha Raye.
THE BUSINESS OF BEING A
THE AIR EDITORIALIST HAS NO EASY JOB IN GIVING THE PUBLIC

Author and explorer, Lowell Thomas has a natural background for commentating. He tends to emphasize news oddities.

RADIO commentating is big business. The ranking editorialists of the ether are shoulder to shoulder with leading comics and crooners in salary ratings, and that speaks well for the intelligence of the listener. It proves he wants to hear programs that are informative—even if they are provocative at the same time. Agreeing with a radio commentator is not what makes a listener like him. It's the effect the program has on his own views and the stimulus it provides in making him think. And when the commentator finds he has succeeded in whetting the interest of the listener in topics of the day, he is content that his job has been well done.

But, although commentating is big business, it is apparent that there is a "corner" on it just as there are monopolies in other trades. There are barely a half-dozen top-notch names in the roster of network news commentators.

EDWIN C. HILL: Left newspaper work after a score of years in various editorial capacities to heed the call of the microphone and a sponsor's checks. But his huge air popularity brought about a Hearst contract which syndicates a column—patterned after his radio talks—all over the U. S. A. Earned his huge radio following by his style of "humanizing" the news and the people who make the news. His style of delivery was once regarded as a bit pompous, but caught on anyway. Rather than being a fault, this actually seemed to add a note of authority to his broadcasts.

LOWELL THOMAS: A "natural" as a commentator. His own adventures as an explorer and author gave him a background few commentators have. Added to this is his long experience as a platform lecturer, which came in
Edwin C. Hill's ability to humanize the news and the people who make it has earned him a huge air following.

COMMENTATOR
EAR VIEWS ON TOPICS OF THE DAY

mighty handy for the microphone. He has a tendency to feature oddities in the news as well as front-page events.

H. V. KALTENBORN: A former newspaper editor. Perhaps the most widely quoted of all commentators. His shrewd observations and keen analyses of the news added considerable prestige to the entire commentators' ranks. He never pulls punches and even has criticized his own network on the air for its action in cutting off a political program. He did some "on the scene" broadcasts from the Spanish war zone but he also has the knack of making his studio broadcasts just as exciting as such circusy stunts.

JOHN B. KENNEDY: A former magazine editor whose work on the air recently brought him a new publishing offer. Now divides time between commenting and editing. Entered radio fourteen years ago when his magazine sponsored an hour. When the magazine went off the air, Kennedy preferred to remain with radio. He strives for down-to-earth and humorous sides to his microphone efforts. His recent air assignments have been along "feature article" rather than news flash lines.

Gabriel Heatter: A trade paper editor and former newspaper reporter. Entered radio when past forty and made his life's biggest success in broadcasting. Has a calm and cool style of delivery that was notably demonstrated in his broadcasts of the Hauptmann case.

Boake Carter: The son of a British diplomat, his early travels and adventures gave him a keen insight into world events. His (Continued on page 72)
Baritone Buddy Clark once hoped to be another Babe Ruth, and he still plays baseball whenever he can.

Though she's a popular air songstress today, Ruth Carhart wanted to be a bathing beauty.

THWARTED
THEY'RE A SUCCESS ON THE AIR TODAY,

Judy Starr dreamed of being a nurse. Her press agent, J. M. Josefsberg, is glad she isn't one.
Allen Prescott, would-be prize-fighter, spars with Solly Krieger, middle weight contender.

Bandsman Ernie Holst's ambition was to be a chef. Here we have him baking an Italian pie.

AMBITIONS
BUT MANY STARS DREAMED OF FOLLOWING OTHER PURSUITS

Loretta Lee's aim was to own an ice cream parlor. This is how she might have looked—it.

Choirmaster Lyn Murray had a definite yearning to be a doctor, and play around with test tubes.
KAY KYSER, ever since he entered the band business 12 years ago, always has been different. It’s part of his heritage. His Great-Grandfather Royster, on his mother’s side, had the worthy desire to distinguish his children from all other children. He named them, in the order of their appearance: Arkansas Delaware, Vermont Connecticut, Virginia Carolina, Louisiana Missouri, Indiana Georgia, Oregon Minnesota and Iowa Michigan, Va., La., and Ind. were girls. Kay says some of his fondest memories concern his Great-Uncle Minnie (short for Oregon Minnesota, of course).

Part of the Kyser family tree includes the marriage of an Admiral Simms to a Miss Royster. Virginia Simms, Kay’s vocalist, lists the Admiral among her forebears. So, if you feel like getting involved, you can soon figure out that Kay and Songstress Ginny are distantly related. But that’s as far as I intend to go. The present Kyser generation is more interesting.

In June, 1926, Hal Kemp graduated from the University of North Carolina and took his college dance orchestra along with him. Before he left, he talked Kay into organizing a band to take the place of the Kemp outfit. Kay’s musical experience at that point consisted of a job as school cheer-leader and an attempt to play the clarinet. A mighty weak attempt, I might add—it never got past blowing the scales.
Kay, heard Wednesdays at ten p.m. EDST over NBC-Red Network, takes on the task of instructing a group of Broad- way show girls in general musical affairs.

When school opened in September, Kyser had his band, including himself, there were six members. Like the Kemp boys, they could play only by ear. Came time for their debut and they had learned exactly six tunes. There they were: Six boys, six tunes, the year was '26—and they were to be paid $60.

Being different, Kay decided it wouldn't be wise to show up on the opening night. He explained that he had to cheer-lead the next day and didn't want to tire himself. So the six-piece Kyser band had its premiere without its saxoneering sixth man.

Kay can still remember the six songs his orchestra memorized: Black Bottom, Thinking Of You, Hard To Get Gertie, Roses Of Picardy, Alabama Stomp and Forgiveness I Crave For Kissin' You. By the time the dance was over, the gay collegians of North Carolina knew those tunes by heart, too. The boys played the six in the one, two, three order. They finished Forgiveness I Crave and went back to Black Bottom. That went on for four hours. The ultimate outcome, though, was the success of the orchestra and the adoption of Thinking Of You as the permanent Kyser theme song.

Next year, Kay added four pieces. After he graduated in '28 and became an unblushing professional, the number increased to 13. Of that present 13, Sully Mason, who blows the sax and vocalizes, is a member of the original six. Arranger George Running, Pianist Lyman Gandee and Merwyn Bogue, the infamous Ish Kabibble, are holdovers from the 10-piece crew.

(Continued on page 56)
The steam box is used by some for reducing. Betty's in only because of a cold.

Bette Wragge, Peggy of Pepper Young's Family, does medicine ball exercising.

To gain pep, use the walking machine. You can trot, walk and run in one spot.

In taking a shower after exercise, start with tepid water and work toward cold.

This is Frances Adair, soloist for Johnny Presents, when she weighed 160 pounds, didn't diet or exercise.

TRIM FIGURES FOR STUDIO AUDIENCES
RADIO'S LADIES, NOW
IN BOTH THE PUBLIC
EYE AND EAR, MUST BE
SHAPELY AND PRETTY
Linda says that plenty of water, inside and out, is the first point to consider.

LINDA LEE, A CHARMER FROM THE SOUTH, KNOWS HOW TO KEEP COOL WHEN THE WEATHER'S HOT!

SOUTHERN CHARM

There's nothing like heat to make a girl look ruffled, impatient and unlovely. Linda, who is vocalist on Ripley's Tuesday show, has a special way to stay calm and dainty.

IT'S SUMMER! Which means no end of new and exciting pleasures, but there will be those days when you'll find your nose shiny, your hair limp and your temper rising! Honestly, it is infuriating, isn't it, to start out looking your best only to find, inside of half an hour, that the shimmering heat waves have reduced you to the limp rag state? But it is not until you spy some girl looking as cool as a cucumber in the midst of all this "misery" that your blood pressure soars dangerously high!

Well, the lovely Linda Lee is one of these crisply cool girls! And, if you'll restrain that homicidal impulse for a few minutes, you'll be able to climb over to Linda's side of the sun, because we are going to have a session on "How to Keep Cool."

As Linda Lee is to be our model (and teacher, too,) wouldn't you like to know a smattering of her back-ground? She was born in New Orleans and her home, Greenwood, is considered the most typical colonial house in the United States. Greenwood, with its sweeping lawns and stately trees, was a perfect background for Southern beauty, as famous in the days of Linda's crinoline-frocked ancestors as it is today. It is from this charming, typical Southern frame house that Linda Lee stepped into New York. She came to New York three years ago to become an actress. Yet, in spite of her success on the stage, she abandoned it for radio.

In Linda Lee is met the femininity and daintiness of another age and the stream-lined, poised beauty of today's Miss. So, sharing Linda's beauty secrets is like looking back into another age with one eye, while peeking into the future with the other.

Linda Lee says if she gives the (Continued on page 73)
"I'd get snapshots of every boy I really liked"

says DOROTHY DIX, famous adviser on life and marriage

"I can't see why girls don't use more system in their search for the one-and-only man. Every big business uses system, and love-and-marriage is the biggest, most important of all...

"When you meet a boy you like, get some snapshots of him. Keep these. Save the snapshots of all the boys you like. Then, when a newcomer appears and tries to rush you off your feet, look at the snapshots of the others...

"Nothing awakens memories like a snapshot. As you see the faces of good old Tom, good old Dick and good old Harry, you may find that one of them really means more to you than your new friend. If so—you're saved from making the wrong choice in the most important decision of your life!"

***

Whether you're expert or inexperienced —for day-in and day-out picture making —use Kodak Verichrome Film for sure results. Double-coated by a special process—it takes care of reasonable exposure errors—increases your ability to get clear, satisfying pictures. Nothing else is "just as good." And certainly there is nothing better. Play safe. Use it always...

Kodak

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.
"WHAT'S the secret behind this business of being well-dressed? Just this—a woman can be 'fashion conscious', but she'll never be really smart as long as she's 'clothes conscious' when she makes her appearance!" This is Joan Blaine speaking, lovely star of the Valiant Lady serial.

By this, Joan means that you can keep up with the very newest wrinkle in fashions, have your skirt the exact length demanded by today's Paris cable, wear the requisite number of bracelets on your arm, the most novel of lapel ornaments, the latest Lilly Daché fantasy perched on your brushed-up curls, but—unless you can forget all about these things the minute you put them on, with no constant hitching up of this, pulling down of that, frequent adjustment of sliding hat, twisted belt—unless you are perfectly at ease and unconscious of your clothes, you cannot be truly smart.

One look at Joan herself is all you need to see why she has many times been called radio's best-dressed woman. Tall and slender, with dark hair and gray-blue eyes, Joan is gracious and charming, good-humored and well-poised—just as you'd imagine her from her voice, that delightful, well-modulated, thrilling voice which has held you spellbound many times during the past five years as Mary Marlin; as "Joan Houston" in A Tale of Today; in Music Magic and Musical Keys; in Welcome Valley; with Charles Previn and Olga Albani in Silken Strings; and now as "Joan Barrett," the star of Valiant Lady.

"Well-poised" and "well-dressed" are two expressions which, in a fashion sense at least, are practically synonymous and definitely interdependent. Joan Blaine is well-poised because she is well-dressed—and vice versa! She wears her clothes with assurance because they fit her correctly, she knows they are right for the occasion, and that everything is going to stay put. Her clothes become a part of her, a complement to her lovely personality, so that, after you have met her, you can't remember for the life of you what she had on (unless you're a gimlet-eyed fashion reporter who invariably takes notes on every detail). You just know that she was looking awfully smart in a becoming color, that her skin looked fresh and clear, (Continued on page 79)
Let refreshing Double Mint gum keep you cool and doubly lovely.

The fickle male has an eye for girls who are not only good dressers but who have a taking smile as well. And now healthful Double Mint gum gives you both—style and smile. Millions enjoy this double-lasting mint-flavored gum. It helps assure sweet breath, relaxes tense nerves, makes your mouth feel cool and refreshed—whereby your whole self seems lovelier. Then too, chewing is nature’s way to wake up sleepy face muscles (promoting young contours) and to brighten your teeth so that your smile reflects a new loveliness to attract friends.

However, it is smile plus style that wins. A perfect example is lovely Sonja Henie, acclaimed world famous artistic skater and distinguished Hollywood star. Asked by Double Mint gum Sonja Henie has designed for you this delightful, cool looking dress, left—adapted from her applause-getting Norwegian skating costume which she also designed. Smart. Becoming. And by Double Mint made available to you in a Simplicity Pattern. SO, you see how delicious Double Mint gum keeps you cool and doubly lovely. Daily enjoy this non-fattening sweet. Also remember it aids digestion. Sold everywhere. Buy several packages today.

Left, Sonja Henie Double Mint gum dress. Designed and modeled for you by enchanting, lovely SONJA HENIE whose flashing grace made her 10 times World Champion and 3 times Olympic Champion. Photographed in Hollywood by Hurrell. Made available to you by DOUBLE MINT gum in SIMPLICITY Pattern 2849. At nearly all good Department, Dry Goods or Variety stores you can buy this pattern. Or, write DOUBLE MINT Dress Pattern Department, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York City.
So that you wouldn't have to bend over a hot stove this summer, skilled Franco-American chefs spent many long hours cooking to just the right delicate consistency delicious strands of Franco-American Spaghetti.

So that you wouldn't have to bother getting together and cooking all the ingredients for a delicious sauce, Franco-American chefs have turned out a sauce for you which is simply a marvel.

So why do hot summer hours of work when this has already been done for you? Especially when you can get this most delicious prepared spaghetti for so little—it costs only ten cents for a big 15½-ounce can—enough for 3 portions.

Husbands and children who have once tasted Franco-American get pretty picky when you try to feed them any other prepared spaghetti. Franco-American is grand for children's lunches—hot and nourishing and tempting—and on the table in a jiffy. It combines wonderfully with left-overs, thanks to that marvelous sauce. It's always a hit for Sunday night supper. It's a life-saver when people drop in unexpectedly and it's marvelous for picnics and picnics. Let Franco-American help keep you cool and rested this summer! Better lay in a few cans right now!
(Continued from page 11)

"CHEF’S SECRET" COLE SLAW

1 firm head cabbage
3/4 cup plain unevaporated milk
1/2 cup vinegar
2 tablespoons sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon pepper
mayonnaise

Cut cabbage in half, remove hard inner core. Shred cabbage fine. Combine unevaporated milk, vinegar, sugar, salt and pepper. Soak approximately 4 cups shredded cabbage in this mixture. Allow to stand in refrigerator 2 hours or more—the longer the better. Drain cabbage, squeeze shreds to remove moisture. Mix with mayonnaise.

This cole slaw also accompanied Milton Cross’ mammoth sandwich.

By the way, let me remind you of a few things about sandwich-making that you may have overlooked. In the first place, don’t, I beg, use bread that comes ready-sliced. For in some instances it would prove too thick, in others too thin, for your purpose. Sometimes, too, you may want to cut the bread on a slight diagonal slant, which provides a larger slice.

Be sure to take the butter and other spreads out of the refrigerator well ahead of time so that they will be soft enough to spread with ease and without any danger of tearing the bread. If the bread is very fresh (and many prefer it so, rather than the “day-old bread” generally recommended for sandwich making) it is safest to spread it while still on the loaf, slicing it off in the desired thickness afterwards. Naturally the knife must be at its sharpest for good results. You will also find that heating the blade for an instant over your top-of-the-stove burner will help matters considerably. And remember, to assure the same degree of masculine approval for your sandwiches as is given to the Reuben variety, go in strong for quality, don’t stint on the fillings and leave out the crusts.

So much for sandwiches and other main dishes. But how about sweets? Certainly one would never expect to find four men gathered together at one table without learning various ways of pleasing that famous “masculine sweet tooth” we hear so much about. And sure enough, this exceptional gathering of announcers was responsible for two unusually fine suggestions in the dessert line. First to make its appearance was a “specialty of the house”—an Old English Apple Onelet. An all-time favorite with Milton Cross, this turned out to be a sort of Anglicized version of our own more familiar apple dish, Brown Betty. I must say it lives up to Mr. Cross’ high opinion of it far better than it does to the name of “onelet” so strangely given it. But if you’re looking for something different, you’ll want to try it.

Paul Douglas ordered Cheese Cake—it looks so good that Ben Grauer decided to follow suit.

Do try it too, won’t you, along with the other recipes on page 53 provided by the various master chefs of this restaurant—the made-to-a-man’s-taste salad; the apple dish with its strange name and, perhaps best of all, the Chili Con Carne.

No wonder Ben, Milton, Paul and Graham “announce” them as their favorites.

DON’T be helpless when an emergency arises! Every mother should know what to do. Don’t trust to luck that your household will escape emergencies. You may be next. Be prepared!

At your drug store you can now get (while they last) a copy of Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe’s new book—free with a purchase of “Lysol” disinfectant. Few doctors have had to deal with home emergencies as Dr. Dafoe has. Great distances, hard travel, in the Canadian back country forced him to teach his people what to do in emergencies till he got there. Now the benefit of this experience is yours, free! Accept “Lysol’s” offer of first-aid facts. Ask, when you buy “Lysol”, for your copy of Dr. Dafoe’s book.

FREE! Dr. Dafoe’s Book on Home Emergencies, 32 pages, 53 sections.


If your drug store cannot supply you—mail this to

LYSOL, Bloomfield, N. J. Dept. B-R-S.
(Fill line "I sold" coupon front. Dr. Dafoe’s book will be sent at once, free and post-paid.)

Name ____________________________
Address ____________________________

Copyright 1940 by Lysol and First Products Corp.

55
Kay's ideal has always been Will Rogers because there was never any pretense or glamour build-up surrounding Will. To Kay, that's the way to be. And that's the thought he tries to put across with his program. As a result he is now having the time of his life with his College of Musical Knowledge.

He explains that there are three commandments which he feels must be obeyed if he's to be a radio success. Each week he must be: (1) A welcome guest. (2) One of you—just as though you'd invited him into your home to have a truth meetin' or a spellin' bee. (3) So good a guest that you ask him to come back next week.

That seems simple enough but Kay doesn't think enough programs work that way. "Look at the most popular shows on the air," says Kay. "What makes 'em good? Simplicity, sincerity and down to earth entertainment that any damn fool like you and me can understand."

JOHN Q. MUSICIAN

Probably the busiest musicians in radio are those belonging to what are officially called the "house bands." CBS has two popular house orchestras. Such luminaries as the entire Raymond Scott Quintet, Bummy Berigan, Babe Rusin, Jack Benny and Emery Deutsch graduated from the Columbia musical staff.

The house bands are on the network payroll to play for the sustaining programs. At CBS they work in two shifts—11 pieces in the morning, 13 in the afternoon. The a.m. shift is called, at different hours, the Rhythmaires, the Captivators, the Novelists and Music In The Air. On Saturday night, the two bands are put together, a few outside men added, and there you have the Swing Session orchestra.

The average house musician is 28 years old, weighs 145 pounds, is five feet, eight inches tall, plays at least two instruments, one of which is a piano—and his minimum salary is $100 a week. He usually picks up a lot more by working on a few commercials.

Numbered among the gentlemen who at one time or another worked in the CBS house band are Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, Manny Klein, Toots Mondello, Benny Goodman and Jerry Colonna, who's turned out to be a musical comedian.

FATE

Not so long ago, lovely songstress Judy Starr was in an accident. Medics shook their heads. No, she would never work again. Her promising career was at an end. But Judy gave the gray-beards a mild horse-laugh. Today she's right back where she was before the mishap—singing with one of radio's big bands.

But that's not the end of our story. A few months ago, Hal Kemp and his orchestra, on the way to Chicago, were in a smash-up. Vocalist Maxine Greco was hurt—unable to return to work. She couldn't sing with Hal when he debuted on his new commercial. Someone had to take her place. Judy Starr has the job.

SOMETHING SHOULD BE DONE

A new high in the antics of zany jitterbugs was reached when jitter-bug favorite Goodman presented one of his Tuesday night broadcasts from the Nutting Ballroom in Waltham, Mass.

For the program, carpenters built a special platform putting out from the bandstand so that Emcee Dan Seymour and Benny might have room for their microphones.

Excepting standard swing-fan hysterics, all was well until two or three minutes before the program went off the air. As Dan began reading his last commercial, he felt the microphone waver, felt the platform keel unpleasantly, felt that at last jitterbugs had done their worst. For the boys and girls at Nutting, in their frantic haste to get to Goodman, had begun to tear up the microphone platform.

Engineers in the control room shrugged helplessly as the CRASH, signaling final success, went over the air. Seymour, with the calm and courage of any good announcer, finished his commercial half up, half down, with the mike clutched in his hand. Never before, has "This is the
THE CAREFUL DUKE

If you suddenly miss the sound of Duke Ellington’s piano during one of his broadcasts, here’s the explanation:

Often, and without warning, Duke leaves the bandstand in the middle of the program. He disappears for a minute or two and then returns. No, that’s not the reason—he merely steps into the control room to hear how the program is coming over the air and to discover whether any last minute changes in the band set-up are necessary.

DEAR DIARY

Pardon the snooping, but I wanted you to see what Larry Clinton’s engagement pad looked like on a week before he began his job at the Glen Island Casino:

MONDAY: 9-1: Work on an original composition (this one is the song for the BANDWAGON contest.)
1-1-30: Lunch—but quick.
1:30-4: Arranging his music for a recording date.
4-7: Begin work on a stock arrangement (to be sold to bands without their own arrangers) for a music publisher.
7-8: Supper, and time for a few minutes with his stamp album.
8-1 a.m.: Dress and to Manhattan to listen to other bands and arrange for vaudeville dates for his own.
1-2: Bowling with a member of his band. Then home and to bed.
TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY: Identical except that lyrics for a new song have to be written, too.
FRIDAY: Same up till 1 p.m., then rehearsal for a college prom that night.
Home at 3 a.m.
SATURDAY: All morning and afternoon spent recording and rehearsing for broadcast that night and hotel date afterward.
SUNDAY: Air appearance with entire band.

That’s what Larry’s pad looked like before he began the Glen Island engagement. Now he works there six nights a week from 7 to 1 a.m. Take a pencil and pad and figure out for yourself what it looks like these days and nights.

IT’S THE TRUTH—HONEST

Phil Wall is one of the Kostelanetz chief arrangers. He’s a very talented young man but possesses one phobia. He likes nothing better than bells. Any kind of a ring will do. It was Phil’s idea that was responsible for the alarm clock symphony on Andre’s program. As you may remember, the alarm clocks played perfect tunes on the broadcast. Phil originally wanted to use 20 clocks but, after shopping around in all the drugstores in the Broadway area, he found only four that had the necessary scale-tones, C, D, E and F they were.

The best bell that Phil ever encountered is the one that belongs to the telephone in the office next to his. Wall has no piano in his office and occasionally, while work—

(Continued on page 81)
that it is not unfair to say the American listening public has become somewhat “spoiled,” and takes for granted that in fire, flood and disaster the airwaves will bring an almost immediate coverage. We have become accustomed to hearing, first-hand, history in the making. The Hindenburg, looming out of the dusk at Lake-wood, suddenly explodes and sinks to earth in a fiery tangle; Emperor Haile Selassie, facing Italian tanks, desdeeks the hallowed throne and country; a daring aviator crosses the Atlantic; or three Army officers rise in a balloon into the stratosphere. And each time we hear the event as it happens, receive first-hand stories of the survivors, hear the announcer on the spot describe the event, listen to the voices of the principals themselves. Seldom, if ever, do we think of the split-second timing, the furious and integrated planning the tremendous organization of men and equipment necessary to bring us these non-commercial word pictures.

* * *

An excellent example of an important pioneering broadcast was heard in the summer of 1934. NBC listeners thrilled at the voices of Major Kepner and Captain Stevens, who were speaking to the world from the U.S. Army-National Geographic Society stratosphere balloon, high above the Black Hills of South Dakota. By modern radio magic, the fliers carried on two-way conversations with Major General Foulous, in Washington; with Dr. La Gorce, President of the Geographic Society; with NBC announcers on the ground. Listeners followed the course of the balloon as it rose higher and higher, the fliers themselves telling of the experiences and difficulties of the flight as it progressed.

Who knows what shivers of apprehension arose in the hearts of a million listeners when, at 5:30 p.m., after some six hours in the air, Major Kepner announced, that the underside of the balloon was ripped and that it was on its way down; that it would “probably hold for a while.” We were in that balloon, almost 57,000 feet above the ground a practically airless void as we heard Major Kepner’s calm voice say: “...this thing is hanging here ... we are going to have to come down and the bottom of the bag is ripped in several places underneath the catenary, and the balloon is rather difficult to manage. I don’t know what to expect.”

Reading a newspaper story, a day later, wasn’t the same as listening to General Westover, in Washington, questioning the fliers on their situation. We knew that they could discuss and explain their emergency ... but that no one, except the three lone fliers themselves, could do a thing for them. We shared the feeling of shivering dread as Kepner admitted that “the bottom of the balloon is pretty well torn out. I don’t know how long she is going to hold together ... but there’s nothing to do about it but to come down as long as we can, and come down as easy as we can!” Brave words—but ominous ones to listeners, who realized that at any moment the gas-filled silk bag might collapse. That the three fliers might be hurled to the ground in their scaled gondola, which was so high they dared not open it for escape, because humans cannot live in the semi-airless height they had reached.

Then, in the last few minutes of the flight as the balloon neared the ground, Captain Stevens told General Westover that there were just a few minutes left to see what would happen. And what might happen, as the balloon began to waver, conversation, as the gondola stopped sinking and rushed to the earth in a free fall; a fall so rapid that though the first man bailed out in a parachute at 5,999 feet, the sphere was only 500 feet above the ground where Kepner, last to jump, bailed out!

It was a thrilling broadcast, but it was more than that. It demonstrated the possibilities of stratosphere broadcasting. When Captain Stevens attempted to have a transmitter built for the broadcast he was told it could not be done. But RCA built the special, tiny 8-watt sending apparatus that was used. And the hook-up, result of months of planning, was one of the most intricately involved in the history of the radio.

It involved clearing two-way talk channels from NBC, N.Y., to the Washington control room. From here, branches were fed to the U. S. Army Air Corps and the National Geographic Society. From Washington a wire ran to Chicago, cross-country to the remote control point at the Strato Camp in Rapid City, South Dakota, and two mobile units—crusing short-wave stations—followed the flight of the balloon to re-broadcast the signal they picked up from the fliers so that the gondola would never be out of range of any receiver. And in all the intricate hookup all the participants could talk, simultaneously, with all the others; the fliers, engineers, announcers, press and officials of the Army Air Corps and Geographic Society.

When the gondola, on the Robinson cornfield in South Dakota, after the fliers had barely managed to bail out safely, a mobile unit rushed to the scene and the same evening broadcast the fliers’ own account of their experience. The following year another flight was made—this time with complete success—by Captains Anderson and Stevens, while constant radio communication was maintained. And by another hookup, rivaling the first, the fliers, while aloft, talked with a newspaper in London and with the Prince of Wales, flying the Pan American China Clipper, while the world caved dropped.

WHEN the new Duke of Windsor made his historic abdication speech, millions all over the world heard him, instead of the few thousand who might have been within range of his voice. It was the first time in the history of the world that the peoples of the earth listened to a King speaking to his people. And a short time later, when the Zeppelin Hindenburg, jockeying in the sky at dusk over Lakehurst, suddenly burst into flame and in a few moments settled to the ground, a roaring inferno, with the killed, burned and maimed scattered over the field, radio carried the
Dear Lonely Hearts,

But Janie! The town's full of nice young people! You shouldn't be lonely!

Oh, Dad, I just don't seem to keep friends!

Look here, youngster! Do you think the trouble could be—well, bad breath? Anyway, it's worth asking your dentist about, isn't it?

Tests show that most bad breath comes from decaying food deposits in hidden crevices between teeth that aren't cleaned properly. I recommend Colgate dental cream. Its special penetrating foam removes these odor-breeding deposits. And that's why...

Colgate Dental Cream Combats Bad Breath

"You see, Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into the children crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach... removes the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly cleans the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle!"

And thanks to Colgate's...

Another one of your beaux, Janie! No wonder my friends complain that this line is always busy!

And no toothpaste ever made my teeth as bright and clean as Colgate's!

...and no toothpaste ever made my teeth as bright and clean as Colgate's!

59
made possible a truly historic broadcast. Jordan, in Vienna, was in the midst of broadcasting a commentary on the German occupation, his voice carried by landline to Berlin, and then from Berlin to America by short-wave. As he talked, he heard another broadcast coming into the Vienna station—a man speaking. It was Adolf Hitler, speaking from the town of Linz on his way to Vienna! Jordan threw the switch, cutting out the broadcast so that America could hear the speech. His only announcement was: "This is the Chancellor himself!" and as Der Fuehrer's speech was interrupted by shouting and applause, Jordan would cut in to give a translation of the speech. And the idea of this quick thinking, had heard Hitler's first speech on Austrian soil at the very moment a European country was disappearing from the map.

Radio does not always merely stand by to report on catastrophes. Often its aid saves many lives, as in the broadcasts of last year's flood in the Mid-West. In addition to reporting progress of the floods and keeping in touch with the networks cooperated in rendering invaluable services. Radio directed rescues, sent out calls for aid from stricken areas. Studio crews worked day and night, sometimes in candlelight when power failed. They retained continuously on the air to link that life and relief headquarters with rescue boats, which had been equipped with battery-operated receiving sets so that they might be directed in much the same manner as police radio cars.

In case of local power failure, stations operated on auxiliary units, sometimes at fractions of their usual wattage; in other cases on precious power wired in from neighboring cities. In Louisville, for example, station WNAS set up a volunteer inter-city network of 45 short-wave stations which remained on the air, simultaneously, to pour messages and warnings into the inundated area. The catastrophe brought about, for the first time, the regular coordination of commercial and amateur broadcasts, as well as the first 24-hour hookup of the NAB, CBS, and ABC networks, along with many independent stations. The only other public event held on the air all night was the historic Democratic Convention in 1932.

Another example of radio's saving lives was in the case of the Eastern Airplanes plane, en route to Washington from New York, which was caught in the midst of a sudden hurricane. Lost and blown off its course, the plane was helpless with a rapidly diminishing gas supply. WOR broadcast an appeal for listeners who heard the ship's motors to communicate with the station and, by checking the reports that came in, the plane was finally located. The pilot had radioed that he saw a beacon and the lights of a town, and by the time the plane was identified as New Britain, Conn. After seven peril-filled hours in the air, the plane landed safely in New Britain, with only a few minutes' gas supply remaining.

When Merrill and Lambie made their historic round trip flight to England to bring back the movies of the Coronation, listeners, through the resourcefulness of Dave Driscoll and Mutual Broadcasting Company's Special Events Department, heard Merrill's voice making hourly reports to Eastern Airlines while he flew over the history that radio carried a transatlantic flyer's broadcast. And on his return flight, when Merrill was prevented from broadcasting directly, through an agreement his backer had entered into with NBC giving them the rights to transmit, Driscoll relayed the flyers' reports to the radio audience as they came in over the Eastern Airlines radio. For many hours contact with the returning flyers was lost, and then, two hours before they were due to land, a flyer who was unable to re-broadcast Merrill's voice because of the contract, Mutual put on Lambie, the co-pilot who had not figured in the agreement, and Mutual's coverage of the flight was the nearest to an old-fashioned newscoop in a long while.

Extreme measures are often taken to insure coverage of important events; great expense is frequently undertaken. Two years ago, when the Florida hurricane struck, all photographic equipment was washed out and there was no adequate short-wave equipment in the locality by which New York could reach Miami. To get in touch with the wind-blasted area, Columbia Broadcasting cabled to London, from which the message was forwarded to Capetown, Africa; from Capetown to Rio de Janiero, to Havana, Cuba, and by Tropical Radio from Havana to Miami. And as a result of the roundabout message, when the phone service was resumed CBS had the first broadcast on television of survivors ready to tell their stories, entertainment features arranged, etc.

Another unusual feature was NBC's broadcast of the eclipse, from Canton Island; a broadcast that involved the terrific expense of sending American George Hicks and staff 8,000 miles with four tons of equipment so that radio listeners could hear, first hand, the eye-witness account of the longest total eclipse of the sun in 1,200 years. It was made under great difficulties and cost; at stake was the Navy-Geographic Society party's arrival were spent in "rehearsal" so that every precious second of totality might be best utilized. A single cloud obscuring the sun during the three minutes of the eclipse's totality would have set up all the elaborate preparations, but luckily the weather held and everything came off perfectly. Listeners heard Hicks's story of the approaching darkness, the weird light effects as the last thin crescent of sun disappeared behind the moon, the glory of the solar corona and the mysterious, pearly light that bathed land and sea. The fifteen minute broadcast was the climax of months of preparation and a cost of thousands of dollars. Shortly after the eclipse had been described, the director of NBC received a call from London that a British scientist wished to talk with Dr. Mitchell, leader of the Eclipse Expedition. In hardly the time taken for a long-distance telephone connection, a line was cleared to the California short-wave station. While the A.T. & T. brought the voice of the British scientist to New York. It was
MUSICAL EXPERIENCE UNNECESSARY
(Continued from page 39)

on. Joey finished his song, the program continued and Himber finally got back on the stand.

Himber, although he did learn how to play the violin, got his real experience as business manager for Rudy Vallee and Buddy Rogers. He learned the financial end. The end which counts when income tax blanks are filled in March.

Right now, you can depend on a Himber band to be a good one. He always hires the finest musicians available—like the men who work for Kostelanetz or Warnow. He'll pay the highest salaries, get the finest arrangers, see that they work together properly and, at the end of the week, he collects his salary as a bandleader.

At the moment, he's using part of that salary in an original manner. He's paying a professor to teach him how to wave the baton correctly.

On the other hand, there's the bandleader who's been successful because he's a good entertainer.

In 1925, Cab Calloway was going to law school in Chicago. At night he worked in the Sunset Cafe as a singer and master of ceremonies. In 1926, an organized band was hired by the cafe to play for dancers. They managed to get along very well without a leader. But they decided to go on a road tour and thought it would be nice and look a little better if they had somebody in front of the band.

They asked Cab to come along and do his regular act with them. He agreed. At first it was Cab Calloway and his Alabamians. When they played in Kansas City, it was changed to Cab Calloway and his Missourians. They finally arrived in New York, flunked and, in 1928, Cab entered a musical show, Cab's Hot Chocolate, as a singer and entertainer. He introduced Alcide 'Al' Jeter' in that show and gained quite a reputation generally. About that time, Irving Mills was looking for somebody to take Duke Ellington's place at the Cotton Club during the summer. Cab seemed to fit the bill and he was hired. He organized a new band, and some of the best colored musicians in the field, incidentally. Add that to his singing style and entertaining talent and you have the answer to Cab Calloway's success.

Cab is now taking lessons on the saxophone. With or without those lessons, though, he'd still be box-office dynamite.

Kay Kyser has been a bandleader for twelve years. He has a darned good band. But that's not the reason Mr. Lucky Strike hired him. And that's not the reason the Kyser popularity rating reached a higher figure than any other straight musical program had ever reached.

Kay himself can't play an instrument creditably. But he learned one important law twelve years ago: Please their eyes as well as their ears and feet. He's been applying that law ever since. His band has always entertained. You don't have to dance to enjoy Kyser.

In October, Kay founded the College of Musical Knowledge. There certainly can be no disputing the fact that it wasn't necessary to be a musician to create that

She is always adored . . . the wife who is dainty in every way. She Luxes nighties as regularly as her underthings. Perspiration odor vanishes in Lux suds, yet colors stay lovely.

Avoid soaps with harmful alkali and cake-soap rubbing. Safe in water, safe in Lux! Buy the big box for extra economy.
A NEW TWIST

Here's an innovation to change your whole outlook on that matter of "tweezing." An eyebrow tweezee withscissors-handles! Ingeniously curved to let you see what you're doing! Twissone made by Kurlash, costs only 25 cents. So why use the old-fashioned kind!

Learn what shades of eye make-up are becoming to you—how to apply them skilfully! Send your name, address and coloring to Jane Heath, Dept. E-3; receive—free—a personal color-chart and full instructions in eye make-up!

THE KURLASH COMPANY, Inc.
Rochester, New York
Canada: Toronto, 3

Kurlash
COPYRIGHT 1938, THE KURLASH CO., INC.

SITROUX

Stars of stage and screen prefer Sitroux Tissues. So soft, yet so much stronger, they hold together! Care for YOUR complexion with Sitroux Tissues. Get a box today!

SITROUX

(Pronounced "SIT-TRUE")

natural celebrities kidding around and an eager young announcer trembling to go to a microphone for a session with this "hot" personality. Good or bad, early radio was a novelty. People were listening and turning to the newspapers to see what was on the air. Publishing the programs was a good circulation feature.

By the time the National Broadcasting Company was organized in 1926, the picture had changed considerably. Radio was soaking up advertisers' budgets at an alarming rate. Papers had begun to turn hostile.

There were insinuations here and there that radio stations should pay the regular advertising rate for having their programs published. In some cities, the programs were cut to a minimum or eliminated altogether. Glamorous protests of the readers usually forced the programs back into the paper. Precedent had been set and it was too late to start trying to collect advertising fees for radio program listings.

There was one measure the publishers of the nation agreed on. Radio programs used to be listed as the Lucky Strike Hour or Chesterfield Program. Newspapers discovered they were not only giving radio free listings, but they were adding a publicity bonus to the advertiser who patronized their rival.

Trade names disappeared from the listings the country over. Most papers dropped all names of sponsors from their radio news columns also, though this rule was not adopted everywhere.

The radio problem always comes up at the conventions of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, but so far they have agreed on no national punitive measures. Sporadically, the papers' battle against radio is carried on here and there by individuals, by chains or by regional groups.

Eighteen months ago, William Randolph Hearst took the radio columns out of every one of his national chain of newspapers, leaving the bare program listings. The move was not made for economy. All of the radio editors were transferred to other departments and retained on the payroll.

Hearst made the cut without explanation. Nor was there any explanation a few weeks later when, just as suddenly, the radio editors were put back at their old jobs and their columns restored.

Los Angeles papers recently demanded that radio sponsors furnish some advertising revenue for the radio programs. When the demand was refused, the publishers in a body discontinued all their radio pages and columns, dismissing the radio editors. One man now compiles a brief radio program schedule for all the papers run—that and nothing else.

Radio conducts its side of the battle with kindness, soft words, expensive publicity service and generous treatment of all radio editors. Newspapers-publicists, too, are part of the industry's life-blood. There never is retaliation against any of the newspaper measures.

Radio emisaries call on the editor or publisher and try to convince him into a conciliatory mood.

During the recent Los Angeles affair one station operator out there suggested they bring the newspapers around by refusing to send them programs to print. Then where would the newspapers be, with no programs?

Evidently someone cautioned him, "Don't worry about the plight of the newspapers. Think of where you'd be with no programs printed?" That proposal was not mentioned after the first few days of the controversy.

The Chicago News recently cut its radio programs though none of its rivals did.

Space was curtained by The Detroit News. These things happen occasionally, sometimes to remain cut permanently, other times to be dropped for the moment.

Once in a while, when one paper cuts down on radio, the rival publication will expand its own department and exploit the increased radio news in a brisk circulation campaign. None of the publishers questioned the circulation value of radio.

A recent survey by Dr. Gallup's Institute of Public Opinion indicated that radio pages were superior to movie sections for reader interest.

Against that, however, the publisher brooded over the $67,000 lost to the two networks grossed on network time sales alone in 1937. That figure is just a small part of the sum being lavished on radio stations. It does not include the money spent on time by local advertisers all over the land and mentioned none of the vast sums that go into program production and artists' salaries.

Newspapers feel the diversion of these sums in fewer pages of advertising from cigarettes, breakfast foods, automobiles and other products sold on a national scale. Some local stores patronize radio instead of buying newspaper space. Newspaper advertising in the United States rose two percent in volume during 1937, but it was no comfort to publishers to learn that, during the same period, the National Broadcasting Company increased its gross income eighteen percent.

Along with the rivalry for advertisers' dollars, radio and newspapers waged a bitter battle over news broadcasts, a battle which lasted through a decade until a settlement was reached in 1934 with the establishment of the Press-Radio Bureau.

There was a time when a broadcaster, who wanted news, merely sent for the morning or afternoon papers, wrote bulletins and broadcast them, with or without credit to the paper from which the news had been taken. The frenzy of newspaper publishers is not hard to picture. They had spent large sums gathering and editing that news, only to see their business rival, the radio station, blandly appropriate it free of charge.

Station operators contended that an incident in the news belonged to no one. It was anybody's privilege to tell what had happened.

A bitter battle in the courts finally settled that. Newspapers did have a property interest in the news they had gathered, it was decided. Radio could not plunder the contents of news columns.

Until 1934, radio and newspapers ranged from open hostility to cooperative policies on news, depending on localities. Many
newspapers and radio stations made cooperative agreements, the paper providing news reports, the station broadcasting it with a friendly announcement of the newspaper's merits and special features. Press associations usually gave the networks the highlights of the news. Networks organized skeleton news staffs and called on publicity men and station managers to gather details of big stories. Columbia in particular was active in that respect, with a sizable news department under Paul White.

The activities mainly took the form of following newspaper leads, however. In all the years when radio was independently gathering news, there is no record of a radio "scoop," no big story originally uncovered by radio men's enterprise and ingenuity.

The truce was signed early in 1934. NBC and CBS financed establishment of the Press-Radio Bureau. At a nominal charge to the stations, just enough to cover wire and operating expenses, this bureau would receive the news of all the major press associations, compile four daily bulletins for the stations.

In return for this concession, the stations agreed to send out no news reporters unless a microphone were set up at the scene of action. In other words, the station would have no leg men to telephone details back to announcers at the studio. Eye-witness broadcasts of sports events, ceremonies, disasters, etc., were not interfered with, however.

In addition, every Press-Radio bulletin concluded with the announcement: "For complete details, see your daily newspaper."

Budd and Col. Lemuel Q. Stoopnagel are still friends, though no longer partners. Each has a program now, but the old sparkle is gone. It would be very nice, indeed, if these two funsters would combine forces once more.

No advertising could be inserted for any sponsor.

There were some headaches before that was operating smoothly. At first the stations complained that bulletins emphasized unimportant, dull news events. Deliberate delays on flash bulletins of big events were alleged. Those things have all been ironed out now, and Press-Radio is regarded as a great asset to any station, bringing baseball scores, news summaries, national and international, in form adapted to radio.

A few stations preferred to stay out of the Press Radio Bureau agreement. Transradio, a news-gathering agency organized strictly for broadcasters, offered them news which could, in turn, be sold to sponsors. Since then, United Press and International News Service both have started selling news to radio stations for broadcast with or without the inclusion of advertising. Associated Press has been approached, too, but at its last general session refused to branch into the radio business.

Cooperation settled the rivalry over news. In many cities publishers tried to settle the competition for advertisers' dollars by buying radio stations. Hearst was a leader in that field for some years, but recently began disposing of radio holdings to acquire liquid capital. Scripps-Howard has purchased a few stations. Altogether, about 200 newspapers own radio stations, a situation that has attracted the attention of Congress. Monopoly on distribution of news, propaganda and editorial opinion has been charged. A few speeches have been made, some bills introduced, but no direct action taken.

It is a queer situation, newspapers having allowed themselves to drift into a position where they are virtually forced to devote several columns daily to a business rival. Considering the millions at stake, the minimum of disorderly ethics in the newspaper-radio relationship is surprising. Newspapers have been honest and fair in their treatment of radio.

FOR YEARS girls have used Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth their skin for powder—in one application! Powder goes on divinely, stays today this famous cream also brings you Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin."

When the skin lacks this vitamin, it becomes rough and dry. Our experiments on animals indicate that the use of Pond's Vanishing Cream in cases where there is a deficiency of this vitamin in the skin puts this vitamin back—makes the skin smooth again.

If there is no deficiency of this vitamin in the skin, the experiments indicate that the skin can store some of it against a possible future need. Use Pond's before powder—and overnight. Not drying. It does not come out in a "ghost!" And now it brings to the skin a daily supply of the active "skin-vitamin."

Same jars, same labels, same price—Now every jar of Pond's Vanishing Cream contains the active "skin-vitamin." In the same jars, same labels, same price.
afternoon. Suddenly, they heard a groan and a voice imploring help. They rushed toward it and found the bloody figure of a man struggling up the aisle. "For dios, you've been shot!" the sexton cried.

"Shot! I was executed last night."

"Executed! You have been executed, and yet you speak!"

Yes, explain it, if you can, but Señor Moguel lived to tell his story. The sexton called it a miracle. And, today, his townsman point out with awe, as "El Fusilador."

THEN, there is the story of Will Purvis, of Marion County, Mississippi—the man who was sentenced to death twice and officially hanged once for a murder he did not commit! Just imagine, going about with the feel of the hangman's rope around your neck. . . . Well, I brought Will Purvis up from Buckley's to tell you how it feels to be hanged, and yet to live! When he was nineteen years of age, he and his father were awakened on their farm one night by the barking of dogs. It sounded like bloodhounds, and pretty soon they realized it was bloodhounds. It was a posse, coming their way.

"Must be on that Buckley murder," the father said.

"Maybe they want us to join them. Let's go down, Pa, and see what they want!" Will urged.

Just then, there was a knock on the door. They opened it, to see the sheriff standing there.

"Hello, Sheriff. You want Pa and me?" the boy asked.

"No. We just want you, Will. You're under arrest for the murder of Bill Buckley."

This was astounding news. It seems that there had been arguments previously between Buckley and Will, and Buckley's brother had sworn that he saw Will shoot him off his horse that afternoon on the county road. It was useless for Will and his father to argue that they had been working in their field all afternoon. Will was carried out to the scaffold, and several of his friends testified that he had been working in plain sight of them in his field on the fatal afternoon. But, Buckley swore that he had seen Will with a smoking shotgun in his hands, running away from the scene of his brother's murder.

Purvis was convicted and sentenced to be hanged. On the day set for his execution, September 6, 1893, he was placed on the gallows, the rope tied around his neck, hood drawn over his face. Then the trap was sprung, and down he went. He was still breathing, however, when the officials gathered around him. The minister with him cried that it was an act of God, but the sheriff said that the knot had slipped when the noose was put around his neck, and it must hang him over again. The minister protested, and suddenly shouted a plea to the crowd to free Purvis, that a greater court than the court of man had given a verdict of "Not Guilty." The crowd took up the cry to free Purvis. The sheriff, fearing that mob help, hustled Purvis back to jail, then he went off to telegraph the governor.

Two years later, the Supreme Court of Mississippi sustained the sentence of the lower court, and Will Purvis prepared to face the gallows a second time. As the hour drew near, the district attorney of Marion County went to the home of a farmer named Joe Beard, who was not far from the Purvises, and there heard a confession from him that he was one of two men who had gone gunning for Buckley on the day of his murder. The other man, Louis Thornhill, fired the shot, he said, but Beard felt guilty after the statement of the facts and Purvis was set free. The State of Mississippi gave him five thousand dollars for the two years he spent in the death house, but nothing for being hanged.

Today, he lives on a farm, with his eleven children, and tries to forget that he once stood on the gallows, an innocent man facing death. But he says that it is still in his mind, "just like it happened yesterday." He hopes that he is a living lesson, a warning to people not to be too hasty in condemning a man to die.

In a lighter vein, let me tell you about a man who would have saved himself from the gallows—and didn't.

Did you know that there is an ancient law still in effect in England and France that a man sentenced to death can be re-claimed from the gallows if a virtuous maiden will marry him? Well, there is. On the wall of the City Hall of Rheims, I saw a life-size painting of the incident of a man who preferred death to marriage. Beside it, was the actual death warrant of the man—Pokerone, a pickpocket.

One day, Pokerone left Paris and went to the South of France to ply his trade. He was caught and convicted. The law decreed that since this was his fourth offense, he would have to hang. As he was being led to the scaffold, the hangman said to him, "You married woman, aren't you?" He was surprised that no maiden had come to save him. Pokerone had not heard of the law, but agreed, when it was explained to him, that even marriage was better than death.

"Look, Pokerone," the hangman cried.

"Here comes a maiden now. Why, it is my own daughter! She is coming to save you!"

"Where? Where?"

"There. That charming child!"

"You mean this little-off-war sailing up here?" Pokerone asked.

"Beauty is not everything, Pokerone. There's a tidy dowry she's had these many years. Her glass eye alone is worth twenty thousand francs."

"She must have had beautiful teeth at one time."

"You jest, Pokerone, with the one person who can save your life!"

Hold on," he said. "Let me understand you. You say I refuse to marry this little flower of yours, I must die, eh?"

"Exactly."

"Hangman," said the prisoner, "do your duty!"

And so Pokerone was hanged, forthwith.

When I was visiting in Dublin, Ireland, three years ago, I went to Trinity
College and there was photographed beside the actual skeleton of the Irish giant, Cornelius, in the Hall of Surgeons. In the official documents of the college library, I found all the details of the story of this, the only specimen existing of a synthetic giant. It is one of the weirdest stories in my collection.

In the winter of 1728, Dr. Cornelius Amnelsey, a professor of medicine at Trinity College, was sitting in his home late one night, with his old man servant, Dudley Baldwin. He lived in the Skerries, then a howling wilderness about eighteen miles from Dublin. A storm was raging outside. In the midst of it, a gypsy woman knocked at his door, thrust a small boy into the arms of the servant, and fled. The boy was about seven years old. He was very ill, with a high fever. The servant was bewildered, but Dr. Amnelsey received the boy with great joy. He felt that he was sent to him by God so that he could experiment on him, to prove to his scoffing colleagues at the College that he was not mad when he claimed that he could stretch men into a race of giants. Even his wife had thought him unbalanced, and had gone away with their baby boy, fearing that her husband might try his experiment on their son. But, she had promised to bring the boy back to his father on his twenty-first birthday.

Dr. Amnelsey cured the young waif of the storm of his fever. Then, for thirteen years, he kept him and used him for his experiment. At the end of that time, he was jubilant. He had stretched the boy to a height of eight feet, three inches! Now, he could jeer at his colleagues.

But the young man could not stand the torture. He died. The doctor’s life ambition was completely shattered. He was broken in body and spirit. He lived now only for the return of his wife and son.

On the appointed day, a year later, he was in his study, awaiting their arrival. Beside him was the skeleton of his giant, which he always kept in the study.

Wild with anticipation, he thought it was only his imagination when he heard a knock at the door. But, there stood his wife. He embraced her, joyously. Then—

"Our son—our son!" he cried. "Where is he?"

"I wrote you," she replied, coldly, "but all my letters were returned unopened. Our boy was stolen, stolen by gypsies. In the South of France . . . ."

She broke off. She was staring at the skeleton of the giant.

"Cornelius, that skeleton!"

"Don’t be alarmed," he laughed, reassuringly. "That was my experiment. You remember, you all thought I was mad!"

"But, that locket—around its neck . . . ."

"What’s the matter with it?"

"Our boy wore a locket like that. There was a miniature painting of you and me inside."

Frantically, she dashed to the skeleton. The locket did not open, the doctor said. But, even as he spoke, he was at her side, tinkering madly with the locket. Sure enough, it opened, and revealed a miniature. The doctor fell back with an anguished cry.

"I have murdered my own son!"

That, believe it or not, is the true story of the giant skeleton at Trinity College.

In Portugal, I found one of the most beautiful love stories of all time. It’s the romance of Don Pedro, crown prince of Portugal, and Inez de Gastro, a girl of common birth. This great story took place almost six hundred years ago, when Portugal was one of the world’s great powers. Inez and Pedro were sequestered, but because Inez was not of royal blood, the lovers kept their marriage a secret from Pedro’s father, the King. For ten years, they lived blissfully in their country cottage on the banks of the River Mondego. Then, a traitor gave away their secret to the King. The King visited Inez, without Don Pedro’s knowledge, and was drawn to her, but his advisers persuaded him that, because she was a commoner and a Castilian, she must be done away with, for the good of the country. His Majesty reluctantly agreed. The next day, she was found murdered.

Four years after Pedro had ascended the throne, his council came to him and told him that Portugal must have a queen.

"Then, by the saints, you shall have a queen!" Pedro cried.

On penalty of death, he ordered the council to have the remains of Inez taken from her grave. He commanded that they put her skeleton on the throne beside him. He forced his subjects to kneel before her and kiss her hand, swearing undying allegiance to Inez de Gastro. For one full week he held dances and feasting in her honor. Then, she was laid to rest in a chapel which he had built for her, of cork, "so that when her spirit walks, she will not hurt herself if she should stumble."

(Continued on page 66)

BE DAINTY...and be adored!

 MAVIS guards your precious daintiness as the “Undies” test proves

You can find your heaven in his arms if you have the one charm that really thrills a man... and that’s the exquisite daintiness—the enchanting fragrance—that Mavis Talcum gives.

Tomorrow, make the undies test and prove that Mavis keeps you dainty... adorable... utterly safe from giving offense. It’s an easy test—just shower your body with Mavis Talcum in the morning... then at night, notice that your undies are fresh and sweet.

Mavis Talcum forms a fragrant, soothing film of protection between your clothing and your skin. This lets the pores breathe... and yet—in a normal, healthy way—reduces the amount you perspire. Think what a blessing this is on a hot summer day! Get protective Mavis Talcum immediately. Generous quantities in every size—10c, 25c, 50c, $1. V. VIVAUDOU, INC.

Tune in the original COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS—MUTUAL NETWORK every SUNDAY 9 P.M. Eastern Daylight Saving Time
"One of the first beauty tricks I learned as a professional actress was Albolene Solid for cleansing." — Virginia Copeland.

Why do so many actresses use Albolene Solid? Because they know it is a special kind of cleansing cream. Extra pure. Extra efficient... because it was originally made for hospitals. Made of delicate oils, Albolene spreads easily, penetrates quickly. Loose even heavy stage make-up amazingly fast. Leaves pores clear as a baby's. Your skin feels gloriously refreshed—silky and soft.

HOSPITAL PROVED. Remember—this is the same Albolene Solid that has actually been used in many hospitals for over 20 years! Jar, 50c. Professional pound tin, only $1.

Four hundred years after her reign of one week, soldiers of Napoleon uncovered the tomb of Inez, and found her skeleton, which had once sat upon the throne. The cliff still stands, and to this day it is a place of pilgrimage to which all honey-mooners come, at least once in their lives, in honor of the most tragic love in the history of their country.

LOVE did not play a beautiful part, however, in another of my favorite stories. When Leonardo da Vinci painted his magnificent Last Supper, he had as his model for Christ a man named Salaino, whose face was so divine, so expressive of noble simplicity that everyone marvelled. Da Vinci had finished the painting, except for the figure of Judas. He could not find a face whose meanness and cruel treachery satisfied him for that character. For eleven years he searched. Then, one evening, he found a man sitting alone at a table in a low sailors' tavern on the waterfront of Milan. His face was so brutal, so sneering and treacherous that Da Vinci rushed over to him and begged him to pose for his Judas. With a bitter laugh, the man replied that he was Salaino, the man who, many years ago, had posed for the Christ! An unfortunate love affair had wrecked his whole life, and he had sunk so low that his face, which once was so Christ-like and spiritual, served as Da Vinci's model for the arch-traitor of all times, Judas Iscariot.

NOT all my favorite stories are so dramatic. For instance, there's the one that won my prize for the oddest belief. It was the it-or-not experience of 1937, which I sketched for you on my New Year's broadcast. It seems that Mr. and Mrs. John Urban, of Dunlap, Pennsylvania, were feeling very nervous one night in May because of a burglar scare in town. Mr. Urban decided to make a burglar alarm. He put two dish pans over the door and tied a rope to the door handle. If anyone tried to open the door, the pans would come crashing down like a thunderclap. Then, he put a revolver under his pillow and went to bed. A little while later, Mrs. Urban awakened to the noise of chickens clucking in their coop. She shook her husband, but he went right on snoring. She decided to investigate for herself. When she opened the door, the burglar contraption crashed, and Mr. Urban started out of his sound sleep, firing his revolver at the figure of his wife. The bullet missed her and knocked a flower-pot off the window-sill. Mr. Urban went outside to look at the chicken coop, and found that the flower-pot had hit the escaping burglar on the head, and knocked him out—believe it or not! A sack, with six of their finest chickens in it, was beside the thief.

LIFE certainly would never be dull for me. When I'm not laughing at experiences like that of the Urbans that find their way to my desk, I'm looking through the pages of history for unbelievable dramas of the past—and those stories are limitless—or I'm scanning the newspapers for the amazing dramas of today. There are the believable it-or-not people for me to meet, like Mr. Ross Allen, director of the Florida Reptile Institute at Silver Springs, Florida, who is a professional snake-milker—Yes, I said snake-milker! Mr. Allen catches the snakes with his bare hands, and milks them, then, with his bare hands, by pressing their heads and forcing the deadly venom out of their mouths. He has caught about 75,000 poisonous snakes in the last twelve years.

THEN, there is the flea-dresser I met down in Mexico. A woman who makes coats and pants for fleas. And I can prove it by pictures of the well-dressed flea.

BUT I mustn't forget one of my funniest stories. It concerns one Beulah Hopkins, of Ohio. Beulah was taking a bath one day. She stepped on a cake of soap, skidded out the window and fell three stories. And believe it or not, she wasn't killed—only embarrassed!
the floor, that men in steady jobs must take two days off without pay and, by this artificial means, permit other men to "sub" for them on those two days. The men "taking off" cannot accept any other jobs on these days off.

The most difficult men to find are good flute players and members of the brass section—the trumpet and trombone players, with emphasis on the trombone men. It is not because these instruments are more difficult than the others, but simply that the majority of boys are intrigued in childhood by the other instruments, or that they follow parental or other guidance in the selection of instruments. Had I a son or daughter, I would certainly insist on the child studying the piano first, as the piano is the basis of everything in music.

As I said before, men of the best musical talent, sense of pitch, phrasing, style and possessing the makings of fine artists, generally take up other instruments than those of the brass side—so the few players who have tackled the intricacies of the cup, mouthpiece, valves and slides, and who are generally physically suited to these instruments, are in great demand. Obviously, a boy with deformed lips, irregular teeth or a man with a bad sense of pitch (which is inherited), should not attempt to play either the trumpet or the trombone. Both of these instruments require lips and teeth that fit the cup rim of the mouthpiece easily, since the tone is made entirely in this manner. Many hours of laborious practice are necessary before he has gained a tone—even for a small register.

I don't want to characterize all brass instrument players as perverse, yet it is a fact that in the many years of my association with men of an orchestra, I invariably have more difficulty with the brass players than with any other group of men. Having more time out very often results in their failure to be ready to play. This is perhaps my chief criticism. Invariably they talk to one another and dawdle between numbers when they should be at attention to come in on a strong chord—this tendency has ruined many a fine beginning and end of a number.

You will remember the mention of the Dallas fiasco (in this column a while back), wherein it was brought out that one trumpet player played slowly when he should have played brightly and ruined what would have been a perfect broadcast. The lips of brass players are not unlike the throat of a singer, and at the first show of a five-day vaudeville engagement it is always understood that the trumpet man will crack up and split tones. This, of course, is forgivable but, nevertheless, he should warm up for a half hour before he plays and his lip muscles should be in good playing condition.

Compared, in numbers, to these brass gentlemen, violinists are much more plentiful.

(Continued on page 75)
number by far are the others, who have renewed their interest in religion through hearing it on the radio and who, as a result, have begun attending church services again.

Frank C. Goodman, Executive Secretary of Religious Radio for the Federal Council of Churches in America, is emphatic in his belief that radio has helped church membership rise. He states: "Some officials believe certain people stay away from church because of it," he said, "but I feel when people stay away from their own church it is because the minister of that church is not competing successfully with religion on the air. Competitors is a healthy thing and I think radio has lifted the church itself by the quality of its religious broadcasting."

"There are the sick to be considered, too, the invalids and other shut-ins who, more than any of us, need spiritual advice and consolation. Are these to be neglected because a few may stay away from church?"

"The only criticism I have ever heard directed against religious broadcasting has come from church officials, never from the common people who are the heart of every church.

"When we first went on the air fifteen years ago we thought of religion as being divided into the three great faiths. But we were wrong to discover that Europe has two hundred and seven different sects in the country. In a few years these sects were split into one thousand, three hundred and thirty-three, and now we realize there are just as many varying beliefs as there are cities, towns and villages in the country. For environment has a direct bearing on the religious beliefs of a community.

"We are interested only in the broader aspects of religion in our programs on the air. We do not want propaganda, and the church itself wants it from the radio. Men of yesterday who tried to insist on denominational service do not want it today.

"In my opinion, radio is the greatest help the church has ever had. But it is not the church of the future. Radio cannot take the place of the church, for there is something in the soul of man that wants to go beyond the four walls of his home and share his worship with others."

"Among the many notable men who have been a force in establishing the important place religion holds in radio today is Doctor Harry Emerson Fosdick,"

"I think, unquestionably, that radio presents one of the most effective means of influencing public opinion that ever has been put at the disposal of the church."

"It would be a great calamity if, with all that goes over the air, some of which is doubtless harmful, much of which is doubtless neutral, the major causes of man's spiritual life were not put on the air, too."

"I am sure we could do even more. Along with the church stations ought to be on the air; and I am sure from the mail which reaches me that the work on the air is fruitful, that people listen seriously, that they form a habit of returning week after week to the same religious service, and that a cumulative influence is working up in millions of lives and homes."

"It would have a great influence on public opinion. The radio offers to those who wish peace one of the best agencies of effective and reasonable influence that we have."

"One danger, of course, is that listening to the radio may become too easy and comfortable. Nevertheless, I think I may say that many people feel moved to express the inspiration that they have received by more effective work in the church and community."

"In the last fifteen years religious programs have made steady progress on the air. The Mutual Broadcasting System features two religious programs, The Lutheran Hour and The Gospel Hour, each of them sponsored."

"The Columbia and National Broadcasting Companies have daily broadcasts of a religious nature, none of which are paid for or sponsored. Both networks donate the time used for religious broadcasts and will not accept a sponsored hour."

"One of the first to pioneer in religious broadcasting was E.M. Cobb, Director of Education and Religious Programs of the National Broadcasting Company, who explained this policy:"

"Donating these hours is a public service the company should render. If time was bought it would put a premium on the one who has the most money. If certain groups could buy and dominate the time used for religious broadcasts, the general good these programs now offer would be lost."

"We serve only the central or national agencies of great religious faiths, as for example, the Roman Catholics, the Protestants and the Jews, as distinguished from individual churches or small group movements where the national membership is comparatively small. But these smaller groups are also given time on the air when they have something special to broadcast."

"Our religious broadcasts are non-sectarian and non-denominational, for it is our conviction that religious broadcasting should be of the broad appeal, presenting the broad claims of religion, which not only aid in bringing up the personal and social life of the individual but also aid in popularizing religion and the church."

"We feel that the best thing accomplished in this manner of religious broadcasting is the mutual respect and understanding of the other person's point of view which has come about as a result of it. It is one listening to another religion than his own has to give up a particle of his own faith to appreciate the other person's viewpoint."

"Radio has made this new understanding possible by enabling people to listen to the доктор, as if it were their own. There are few individuals who will go into churches other than their own, except to attend the weddings or funerals of their friends. And a person doesn't really acquire a conception of other faiths at times like these. Religion on the radio makes it possible for people to know how others think."

"Columbia Broadcasting takes this same
broad aspect of its religious programs. The greatest religious thinkers of the world have appeared on its Church of the Air series. Bishops such as William T. Manning, cardinals such as His Eminence, Cardinal Patrick Hayes, rabbis such as Dr. Stephen Wise, have delivered their sermons through this medium. At the same time these broadcasts have encouraged the religious leaders of the future by featuring many unknown young men from obscure congregations whose messages were vital.

The visiting leaders presented on The Church of the Air series are carefully chosen. All the major established faiths of America, namely, Protestant, Catholic, Jewish, Christian Science, Mormon and Dutch Reform, are given a number of periods on the series during the year, in proportion to the number of their communicants. Groups with a special representation, such as Unity and the Swedish-borgians, are also given air time.

Sterling Fisher, Director of Education and Radio Talks for Columbia, says: "All these broadcasts have been presented absolutely free of sponsorship and in a spirit of tolerance and impartiality. We do not, under any circumstances, sell time for programs of a religious nature, or make any charge of any sort for the programs of this type which we present on the air. Nor do we countenance any programs which are devoted wholly or in part to attacks on the religious faith and convictions of any group of American citizens. We believe it is not in conformity with public interest, convenience or necessity to permit on any pretext whatsoever the use or radio facilities for attacks on the clergy or lay members representing any denomination."

Supplementing The Church of the Air, which is heard twice on Sundays at 10:00 a.m. and at 1:00 p.m., Columbia's religious broadcasts include Wings Over Jordan, heard on Sunday mornings at 10:30, The Greenfield Village Chapel Choir at 11:00 a.m. on Wednesdays, and The Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir and Organ programs.

NBC features Time For Thought, a religious talk that is broadcast five times a week from Monday to Friday at twelve noon. These talks, conducted each day by different ministers, are rather informal in tone, comparable to the short religious services so many churches, particularly those in business districts, offer at that time. On Saturdays, NBC donates this same time to The Call of Youth hour, a fifteen minute period devoted to younger listeners. This time is divided between the three major faiths of America, the Catholic, Protestant and Jewish, each of them taking it over for a four month period during the year. Religion In The News, a fifteen minute talk by Dr. Walter W. Van Kirk, is also heard every Saturday at 6:45 p.m.

On Sundays The Radio Pulpit is heard at 10:00 a.m., National Vespers at 4:00 p.m., and The Catholic Hour at 6:00. The Jewish Hour, Message of Israel, is heard on Saturdays, the Jewish day for worship, at 7:00 o'clock in the evening.

Both networks give added time for events of special religious importance, such as the Eucharistic Congresses from various parts of the world, Christian Endeavor conventions, and messages from the Pope and other great religious leaders. All the great religious days, such as Christmas, Holy Thursday and Good Friday, Easter, The Day of Atonement, Passover and the Jewish New Year are observed with fitting ceremonies over the air.

History repeats itself. Will church history repeat itself soon?

"As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be."

You have heard that in churches and from your mother's lips. Is radio proving again the words of the gospel?

For in the beginning religion was taught in the home. Christ and his disciples went from door to door preaching the faith. No one, from the humblest to the richest, was ignored.

Then came the churches. Austere at first, such as the Puritan meeting houses in the early days of our country. Worshipers felt that they had to be uncomfortable when they heard the word of their God. They sat stiff in straight-backed pews.

Then the churches began to tilt the backs of the pews a little. They put velvet cushions on the seats. Great cathedrals were built. No longer did people feel that they had to worship in discomfort.

And now, after centuries have passed, once again religion comes into the home, and there are those of the church who fear it and those who welcome it.

Only the future can say which will prove to be right. Only the future can establish the ultimate good done by religious broadcasting. Certainly today, in a world torn by doubt and prejudice and intolerance, America has shown herself to be apart from religious persecution.

And there are many who think that radio, with the work it has done in furthering religious understanding, deserves a major portion of the credit for it.
TUNING IN AT INSANE ASYLUMS

(Continued from page 32)

stand and the more mature person be able to find it interesting. These talks are valuable in making the patient realize that he is not suffering alone, that Dr. Bryan has made a practice to deliver, via radio, a series of four talks to new patients. The first he calls "The Keys to the Hospital," in which he acquaints them with the institution, endeavors to make them feel comfortably and at ease. The second, if they are in a semi-prison. He explains about religious services, the library and letter-writing. In the second, "The Legal Aspects of Mental Disease," he describes the commitment laws of Massachusetts (each state differs) and the ways in which a patient can and does enter the hospital. When one patient was asked at what point he first realized that he was suffering from a mental disease, he replied: "When I heard Dr. Bryan's talk talk on 'The Legal Aspects of Mental Disease.'"

The third of these series deals with the different types of treatment, and the fourth tells what a patient is required to do and what progress he must make before he is eligible for parole.

So convinced is Dr. Bryan of the value of radio as an effective medium in mental therapeutic work that he recently circulated a questionnaire on the subject to all mental hospitals and sanatoriums in the United States and Canada. Indeed, his work at Worcester along these lines is to be commended highly and, it is hoped, followed by other institutions.

In the treatment of most mental illness it is important to provide a means of diverting the patient's mind from his personal thoughts and dream-world. Before the installation of radio, progressive hospitals were forced to rely solely upon group entertainment such as concerts, movies, reading, games and dances. These devices are, of course, still extensively employed, but the fact remains that from the standpoint of recreation radio has a value that is limited highly and, it is diversified in its appeal and is usable at will.

It is interesting to note which programs are best liked by the inmates of mental asylums, and you may be surprised to learn that they differ very little from your own choices.

During the baseball season male patients evince the greatest enthusiasm for broadcasts of the games. In one of the convalescent wards an eager group is gathered around the radio engrossed in the play-by-play description, just as men in the city assemble before stores to listen. In another ward housing a different type, some are listening just as eagerly, others seem to hear but not grasp the meaning of the words, and still others have wandered away to pursue their own thoughts. The same applies to other sports—they appeal to some, not to others.

In the women's wards the daily dramatic serials, designed to appeal to housewives, find avid listeners. The nearly-well patients have a prying ear and listening. In one group of more highly strung women a controversy arose as to whether
Myrt and Marge or Pepper Young's Family should be heard. The nurse intervened and in a calm, efficient manner brought about an agreement. Another group was found to be enthralled with the talk of Mary Margaret McBride, friend to all womankind, and a particular favorite with female patients.

Unfortunately, there are only two public hospitals in two of the states which group children according to age in wards by themselves. To these young unfortunates the numerous juvenile programs are a blessing. The anticipation with which they are awaited is marked, and when The Singing Lady or Little Orphan Annie comes on, they sit as if spellbound. In most cases, however, programs dealing with gangsters, adventure, etc., are forbidden, for the simple reason that they would prove too stimulating to young minds which are unwell. As a matter of fact, they are often too stimulating to young, healthy minds!

Religious services are often of vital importance to certain of the older patients. It is not the least unusual to find old men and women listening to a sermon or church music. They also attend the hospital services when permitted, but derive a double satisfaction from being able to enjoy both. Music is popular with patients of both sexes and all ages. Some prefer symphony concerts and love to sit and listen for long stretches. Sometimes the music stimulates day-dreaming, in which case it is prohibited. Patients suffering from deep depression may find it extremely annoying. In fact, one manic-depressive, when asked how he liked radio, said that it was a great nuisance and caused him no end of discomfort. On the other hand, it sometimes diverts the attention from depressing thoughts, relaxes and stimulates the mind.

Several patients who enjoy singing with the broadcasts bemoaned the fact that the community sing programs have disappeared almost completely. The younger patients not only like to dance to the popular orchestras, but are encouraged to do so since it is considered a healthy, stimulating and socializing pastime.

In most hospitals patients are in bed by nine, since they arise at 5:30 or 6:00. This means that many of the big evening commercial programs are not heard. In the realm of comedy the tastes of the mentally ill compare pretty closely with those of normal persons. They like Jack Benny, Charlie McCarthy, Burns and Allen and

Don't let unsightly hair spoil your LOVELY LEGS!

Nelia Goodelle, frequent guest star.

Amos 'n Andy, to mention a few. It's true that sometimes the point of a joke is lost, or that something not intended to be amusing will evoke peals of laughter.

Humorous programs have a therapeutic value, also, since they sometimes may aid in making a hypochondriac realize the absurdity of his thoughts; or may dispel the depression of another type. As for the psychotics, humor is completely wasted, for they're practically impossible to amuse.

There is, of course, a large proportion of foreign patients on whom a word in their own language, or a folk song from their native country, has a marked beneficial effect. Unfortunately, few institution radios are equipped with short wave, but what few special foreign programs do come over the networks are greatly appreciated.

Because the patients in each ward are of one general type, there is usually little variation in their likes or dislikes. There is probably not as much difference in preference as among a large group of healthy individuals. Though the gunplay and intensely exciting adventure and thrill programs would not be detrimental to the condition of some patients, few evoke any interest in them. As for political speeches, the same holds true. For the most part the talks are too long, too complicated and too monotonous to sustain their interest.

Of all types of programs the news broadcasts seem to be the most universally popular. There is seldom an important news item or event which may not be heard by patients in even the most disturbed wards. Programs of this nature are encouraged by doctors and nurses because of their tremendous value in keeping up interest and contact with the outside world, an important point to be considered in helping patients to prepare themselves for the resumption of a normal life.

In spite of all that is being done to alleviate the plight of mental sufferers, the fact still remains that an insane asylum is far different from an ordinary hospital. Though windows and doors may appear to be like those in an ordinary home, they are escape-proof, and there are some rigid rules which necessarily must be enforced. Anything that can bring happiness, dispel discontentment, promote cooperation with hospital and doctors, and thus aid in promoting the recovery of patients, is a definite boon. In this regard radio has contributed mightily and will, it is hoped, continue to do so on an even more pronounced scale in the future.

RINSE OFF UNWANTED HAIR

This Quick, Easy Way!

Legs are in the spotlight! And men just won't forgive the girl whose legs bristle with untidy hair. So—whether at the beach or clad in sheer silk stockings—be sure your legs are smooth and feminine!

Just spread NEET (like a cold cream in texture) on unwanted hair. Then rinse off with water. That's all! NEET removes all hair... leaves your skin satin-smooth.

Avoid Unpleasant Razor-Roughness

Say good-bye to rough skin and sharp, wiry hairs that grow in after shaving.

There is no razor stubble to snag your stockings and cause runs—and no danger of cuts—when you use the safe and convenient NEET way.

Razor-wear, shorter skirts and summer dresses call for smoother, hair-free arms and legs. Do as millions of women do—remove unsightly hair with NEET. Get it today. At drug and dept. stores. Generous 10¢ size at all ten-cent stores.

NEET Just Rinse Off Unsightly Hair
THE COMMENTATOR BUSINESS
(Continued from page 43)

When Excitement Makes You Perspire.

Deo WILL KEEP YOUR SECRET.
Careful women avoid underarm odor with Deo, the easy deodorant.

Hot weather and exercise are not the only things that increase perspiration. When you are excited, you perspire. And it is in periods of excitement that you want to be sure underarm odor does not offend. The other person will never mention it. You must be on guard in advance. Use Deo.

Deo is kind to your skin and easy to use. Deo is the choice of smart women who want the poise, the charm, the assurance that come from freedom from perspiration. Ask for Deo today at drug stores, toilet goods counters. 10¢ store. Sizes: 10¢, 25¢, 50¢. Deo will keep your secret.

INSTANT Deo DEODORANT Stops Perspiration.

NOW! Beautiful BAILS.
At A MOMENT'S NOTICE.


NU-NAILS ARTIFICIAL FINGER NAILS.
CHICAGO, ILL.

Bad days Reduce the pain Save your nerves.
No narcotics.
Salicin TABLETS.

Free for Asthma During Summer.

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is hot and sultry, if heat, dust, and general irritations make you wheeze and choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last, if rest is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away; if you fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the sun, send for this free trial if you have suffered for a life-time and tried everything you could think of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing.

Address Frontier Asthma Co., 462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

THE COMIC BOOK INDUSTRY

RADIO STARS

dry, accented delivery—once considered a handicap—has proved a distinctive part of his mike presentations. His comments have been heavily opinionated—directly or by inference. He was sued by the former Governor of New Jersey for his comments on the Hauptmann case, but the matter was amply settled. But, when Hill's radio fame brought about a newspaper demand for his columns and he is widely syndicated.

DOROTHY THOMPSON: The best known female foreign correspondent became the best-known radio commentator of her sex. Perhaps, on foreign affairs, she isn't surpassed by any commentator—male or female. First introduced to radio as "the wife of Sinclair Lewis," her fame grew so widely that her novelist husband is often referred to as "the husband of Dorothy Thompson."

FLOYD GIBBONS: An on-and-off commentator whose reappearance on radio schedules is always certain, despite wide gaps. A noted war correspondent, adventurer and globe-trotter, his personal experiences have provided him with material for "the story behind a story." His rapid-fire delivery, new to radio, won immediate favor. He was the first to prove that a broadcast could be fast and be understood. His machine-gun staccato adds a thrill to items that might otherwise be colorless.

And there you have the bulk of the commentators on whose larynges rest the responsibility of interpreting news for the entire nation.

A few of the big news names of yesterday have passed into oblivion or its radio equivalent—that suspended state between activity and inactivity when artists are in eager quest of sponsors or sustaining spots. But there are no acknowledged "has-beens" among the commentators. A comeback can be made in a day. The lack of a sponsor or schedule doesn't always reflect on a mediumman's ability.

This is particularly true of the Washington news commentators who are in greatest demand in presidential election years. Frederic William Wile, David Lawrence and William Hard have absented themselves from radio schedules for a considerable time, but there is no doubt that they will be back in full swing when the 1940 presidential bee begins humming. No matter how much attention the general news commentator gives to politics, the lads who write over Washington datelines are the ones that get the most enthusiastic political followings when a national election is near. But that's largely because they qualify as expert forecasters and interpreters, while the general news men only factually relate what has happened without relief; even if you have suffered for a life-time and tried everything you could think of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing.

Address Frontier Asthma Co., 462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.
thing to handle than a typewriter. And it offers more of a scope to the editorialist and propagandist. While the words themselves may be noncommittal, there are methods of inflection and tone of voice that legible printed language will never be able to convey accurately. Hence, careful advance checking of continuities on the parts of the networks (which, incidentally, is always done) means little.

Actually, in using total inference and inflection to editorialize, the commentators may be said to be following the microphone style of President Roosevelt (whose broadcasting technique has been hailed far and wide as “perfect”). Vocal stresses, too, can readily denote the feelings of the speaker—such touches often telling far more than the exact, prepared words.

In England, the British Broadcasting Corporation compiles talks delivered over its stations and publishes them in a very readable weekly called The Listener. To a smaller degree, the idea is used by the Columbia Broadcasting System in this country in its small quarterly, Talks. But, in cold type, talks prepared for the microphone are just that—cold types—while the original air talks may have been hot and sizzling types of narrations.

There was a time when the air commentators made it their business to present news scoops. But that aim has been replaced by an almost universal tendency to discuss events the listener has already read about. In a way, this was done as a good-will gesture to newspapers whose friendship the stations try to hold, even at their own expense. The general style is for the topic of the day—in effect, to editorialize the front page.

But some of the commentators seem to be drifting along feature lines, picking items for their novelty rather than news value. They are just as apt to speak about a twin-headed calf born on a New Jersey farm as they are about reorganization, labor, re-armament and pump-priming.

The commentators’ ranks are the hardest to crash of all radio talent classifications.

For that reason, the roster remains intact from year to year. Old names may drop out. But new ones rarely appear. Hence, the ranks get more and more exclusive. And the minute one drops out, the responsibility of each remaining commentator becomes proportionately greater, because it is apparent that followers of the absentee will turn to the news mikanon who comes closest to filling their needs.

Each commentator realizes the huge responsibility that goes with his air assignment. True, newspapers may have a priority claim on shaping public opinion. But there are thousands of newspapers covering the United States where there are only a handful of network commentators. Hence, the ratio of responsibility to the public by broadcasters is far greater.

Scanning the major networks’ rosters we find the following commentators—Edwin C. Hill, Lowell Thomas, H. V. Kaltenborn, John B. Kennedy, Gabriel Heatter, Booke Carter, and one or two others. They are the by-liners of the air. You must have noted that women are absent from the air news ranks, with the outstanding exception of Dorothy Thompson. True, there are Kate Smith, Kathryn Craven, Mary Margaret McBride (Martha Deane), and others who have attempted at dabbling in commenting, but they wound up as women’s homemaking and advice features.

Year in and year out, the small handful of commentators gives the public ear views on topics of the day. There have been many controversies—and occasional libel suits—over their utterances, but, on the whole, they realize their responsibilities and try to be fair in the presentation of their views.

The commentators had quite a job in building their followers. In radio’s early years there was a resentment against “talk” programs. Sponsors, particularly, shied away from talks—excepting, of course, their own vital commercial announcements. But skill and ability in presentation, as well as the economic condition of the world, gave listeners a liking for intelligent narration and interpretation of news events.

Southern Charm

(Continued from page 50)

appearance of being calm it is because she is calm! One of her earliest lessons, back in that old Southern mansion, was never to let anything ruffle her spirits. A whole book of philosophy and beauty lore is contained in that one early lesson. When you accept a beauty tip, you must accept it whole. But, happily, there are no wrinkles and furrowed brows to come from impatience and unhappiness, nor is there an unsightly, fevered flush produced by fretting and grumbling! When you are calm, you radiate calmness from your very fingertips.

Of course, Linda Lee does everything she can to keep the weather from obtruding too forcefully upon her consciousness. Aside from refusing to talk or think about the heat, she follows a regular summer beauty routine to assure peace within. To sleep on a bed of ice! Lots of water inside and out is one of the first requisites for personal daintiness. Drink plenty of it for the sake of your complexion. Eight glasses a day is a good quota for keeping the system clear of waste poisons. Lemonsades, pineapple juice and other fruit juices will help you to get the required amount of liquid and are delightfully refreshing at the same time.

The joys of bathing are not confined to sea and beach. There is always the bathtub and shower to rivulaty you! Start the day with a shower and end it with a tub! In dulge in baths between times as often as possible. You know, lukewarm water is the most cooling, but the ultimate in indoor bathing comes when you can lie in a tub of warm, soapy water for ten minutes, gently washing with a soft sponge, then turn the faucet so the water becomes cool.

Equipment your bathroom shelf now with a complete line of bath accessories and see how a change of scene can work into a pleasure. Go right down the list from soaps and bath salts to bath powder and eau de Cologne, topping all with a fragrant perfume. Try

Dr. Scholl’s Gives You Quick, Safe Relief

Hardly a single part of your body escapes the ill-effects of painful feet. They make you hurt all over. Relief can be yours at very small cost—for there is a Dr. Scholl Remedy, Appliances, or Arch Support for every foot trouble—made under the personal supervision of Dr. Wm. M. Scholl, the famous foot authority. Sold by Drug, Shoe, Department, and 10c Stores everywhere.

Corns—Sore Toes

Dr. Scholl’s Zino-pads instantly relieve pain and remove corns. Thin, soothing, healing. End cause—shoe friction and pressure. Prevents corns, sore toes, blisters and tender spots.

Callouses

Dr. Scholl’s Zino-pads, special size for callouses, relieve pain quickly, safely loosen and remove the hard, dead skin. Stop pressure on the sore spot; soothe and heal.

Bunions

Dr. Scholl’s Zino-pads, special size for bunions, give instant relief to tender or enlarged joints; remove shoe pressure on the sore spot. Thin, protective, healing.

Soft Corns

Dr. Scholl’s Zino-pads, special size for corns between toes, relieve pain in one minute; take pressure off the sore spot; quickly, safely remove soft corns.

Aching, Tired Feet

Dr. Scholl’s Foot Balm is a soothing application for tired, aching feet, muscular soreness, tenderness and burning sensation caused by exertion and fatigue. Analgesic and counter-irritant.

Eases Feet

Dr. Scholl’s Kerolene, a velvet-soft, cushioning plaster, relieves corns, callouses, bunions, tender spots; prevents blisters. Flesh color. Easily cut to size or shape.

Tender Feet

Dr. Scholl’s Foot Powder relieves sore, tender, hot, tired, chafed or perspiring feet. Soothing, healing, comforting to skin irritations. Eases new or tight shoes.

Dr. Scholl’s

For All Foot Troubles

Remedies—Pads—Plasters—Arch Supports

Mail Coupon In Envelope or Paste on Penny Postcard: FREE Foot Book, also sample of Dr. Scholl’s Zino-pads for Corns. Address Dr. Scholl’s, Inc., Chicago, 111.
Ginnie-Lou Creme Rouge

For the Active Woman • Stays on Day and Night

Here's the rouge which keeps you looking your best. Ginnie-Lou Creme Rouge is self-blending—it harmonizes magically with the delicate tones of your own complexion, and looks natural through every minute of these busy summer days and evenings. 10c and 30c at cosmetic counters.

Other Products by Ginnie-Lou
Facial Pads • Bob Pins
Nail Polish Remover Pads

CLEAN UP DANDRUFF

Lucky Tiger

“HAIR'S BEST FRIEND”

DANDRUFF is a menace to hair growth. Lucky Tiger cleans it up and stops that miserable scalp itching. Costs little at druggists, barbers or 10c stores.

romance and body odors don't mix!

use Hush and be Sure

Men love personal cleanliness in girls... so don't risk offending. After every bath HUSH will keep you sweet and fresh for hours longer. You'll use all 3 types.

CREAM-Pure soothing to skin, instantaneous to dress fabrics.
LIQUID—Instantly protects 24 hours. Regular, for 1 to 3 days.
POWDER—Ideal for Sanitary Napkins. Keeps feet and shoes fresh.

25c 50c—10c size at 10c counters

RADIO STARS

some of the fresh-as-the-dawn floral bath luxuries—or experiment with a certain “something new” that is a haunting reminder of bygone days because of its old, spicy fragrance.

Right after the bath is the time to apply those deodorants and anti-perspirants which are so especially necessary during the hot months. And why not have a regular schedule at this time, too, for the use of a depilatory? After all, when you are in a bathing suit, those small patches of suit are not nearly as conspicuous as your bare arms and legs! When these details of grooming are attended to regularly there'll be no occasion to have to refuse an exciting "surprise" invitation because you cannot possibly get ready in time!

Speaking of getting ready in time reminds Linda Lee of a lesson she learned in her "growing up" days in the South. She learned to take life leisurely. She learned there was nothing that made her more uncomfortable on a hot day than working herself into a dither trying to get two or three things done in less time than one!

Haste does make waste. Take one thing at a time and do it as efficiently as possible, Linda advises, then go to the next. You'll even find you save more hours in the day when you do this, so Linda Lee says, and she is a busy girl if there ever was one! Aside from her career (and the work it entails), she studies languages, rides horseback, swims, plays tennis, and plans and selects her own wardrobe (tailored clothes for day and feminine fluffy-ruffles for evening). So, next time you find yourself in a dither, think of the poised Linda Lee. Sit down and count ten. Then, take your tasks one at a time.

We are all too inclined, Linda thinks, to jump to the conclusion that it takes a great deal of time to be well-groomed. Yet good grooming is simply a matter of personal neatness. Did you ever see a well-groomed girl wear a wrinkled dress or crooked seams in her hose? Of course you didn't. Because a girl just isn't well-groomed when these important details have been neglected.

Checking over tomorrow's wardrobe before you go to bed each night saves a lot of time and temper and assures your daintiness even though you over-sleep the alarm the next morning.

Linda Lee has a number of personality pointers at her finger-tips. These little "graces" are so appealing that I think you'd like to know about them, too.

The first is a gracious little gesture with the eyes. When Linda finds herself rehearsing, or otherwise so busy it is impossible to greet friends or acquaintances, she throws a warm look with her eyes in their direction. This sounds very simple and the results are a hundred percent favorable!

Linda captivates everyone she meets by the way she listens intently to every word they say, with a very serious expression, then looks straight at the speaker and bursts into a radiant smile. But remember, never smile unless you mean it!

Still another charm tip from Linda's Southern experiences centers around the mental attitude you have toward yourself. The girl with a sort of half-apologetic, excuse-me-for-living manner is almost invariably a dull, dowdy girl. If you feel unimportant you are sure to appear unimportant in the eyes of others. Everyone dislikes egotists, but you can have self-confidence without being a braggart. Look at yourself in the mirror. Don't ignore your bad points, but don't skip your good ones, either. Appreciate your good points and dress them up, so that the poor ones will be less noticeable.

Dressing up in the summertime puts a real responsibility on your make-up. Your make-up can be a fairy godmother to transform you into a lovely vision, or a wicked witch to hide your charm. So, Linda urges you to be gay in applying your make-up. There is nothing that makes you look and feel hotter than a heavy coat of powder topped with a heavy application of rouge, sticky lipstick and beaded eye-lashes. Dust your powder on lavishly but then brush it off with one of those soft complexion brushes.

Actually, very little rouge is needed in the summer, for most of us have a rather florid coloring then, anyway. The same thing goes for lipstick. Use just enough lip coloring to heighten the natural redness of your lips. Pat ice cold water on your face after all make-up has been applied. The cold water will act as an astringent to help close the pores and firm the skin. It will "set" your make-up, too, and make it last hours longer.

The subject of make-up brings me to this month's special combination free sample offer for you! This combination includes a revolutionizing new "light-proof" face powder and a special formula cream. This new face powder claims two new discoveries to eliminate the age-old problem of shiny skin. Its light-proof feature eliminates the shine caused by reflections from bright electric lights and glaring sunlight by modifying these hard light rays and giving your skin a look of luscious softness. It is also moisture-proof to prevent that unpleasant shine due to skin oils and perspiration.

The soft textured cream, included in this combination, has a mysterious "reversible action." It cleans the pores, softens the skin and furnishes a powder base every time you use it. When you smooth it over your skin, it seems to disappear to do its work. Then as you massage gently, the action is reversed—the cream reappears loaded with impurities and dirt from the pore openings. Since the cream is wax-free, it leaves no waxy plugs to clog the pores. Thus your skin is left clean, smooth and refined—a perfect base for powder. See for yourself how your complexion responds to these important beauty discoveries. Send in right now for your free samples of reversible-action, special formula cream and light-proof, moisture-proof face powder.

Mary Biddle,
RADIO STARS MAGAZINE,
149 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me, absolutely free, the combination sample offer of cream and powder.

Name ________________________________
Address ______________________________
City __________________ State ___________
Radio Stars

It's My Humble Opinion—
(Continued from page 67)

ful. But even here, in the fiddle section, as everywhere in the music field, one must look for a fine artist with good pitch, sensitive phrasing, style, a proper knowledge of bowing, fingering and, above all, the proper speed of vibrato. In all instruments which produce sustained tones it is necessary that men in one section, at least, should have vibrato that blends together.

That is one feature of the Lombardo brothers that is so fine. They labor far into the night, practicing together, attacking each note simultaneously, dropping each note at the same moment and seeing that the values of the tones, when held, blend and synchronize perfectly.

Good pianists—whose left hands seem not like atrophied and withered members of the man's anatomy—are, in truth, hard to find. Especially men who have the touch of, and a style like, Eddie Duchin; and who can improvise when required to do so; and who can transpose easily, since a pianist is frequently called on to change the key when the listener is tired or the singer is unable to sing in the key in which the song is written.

In a drummer, I look for a man with a perfect metronomic tempo. He must have a sense of spacing. To understand the word "spacing" here, compare it to the ability of a first-class sign painter who spaces letters on a sign perfectly and evenly. If a drummer beats the drum with his foot unevenly, increasing the tempo or slowing down, the band (especially a dance band) that employs him cannot be successful. The bass player, likewise, must have a gift of spacing, but he, in addition, must have a good sense of tone and pitch, since his instrument does produce a tone.

Saxophonists again are plentiful, although outstanding men who know reeds and mouthpieces and have a pleasing tone and a style color and strength are hard to find. Most of them have studied several instruments so, consequently, are able to double when the job requires it.

A man who doubles plays more than one instrument. Most saxophone players play the clarinet, and vice versa. Some violin players play one, two and sometimes more instruments. Versatile saxophonists sometimes play the flute, English horn, oboe and clarinet. Such a man, going without saying, is invaluable. On a crowded platform he can do the work of five or six men where there is space only for a small number.

Naturally, of course, for these gifts of study and natural talent he must receive more than a man who is less gifted and valuable. Since it occasionally happens that during an entire evening at an affair only a few measures of flute are required, it would be an extravagance to have a special man come in to play those few measures and then sit idle for the rest of the evening, when one of the saxophonists might take them on the flute.

How do we find new-comers and capable boys? Perhaps one of the boys in the band has heard of an unusually good man playing in an obscure night club or dance hall, although it is rare for a man to tell me about a "find" if he plays the same instrument. Rarely does a good man remain undiscovered very long. Very few come directly to a big band from school, a music school or conservatory itself. Experience is gained through the local students' band, the local clubs, organizations and the village and city bands.

Rarely, however, has a young boy saved enough to hawk the required period of probation, but a man with great talent, courage and fortitude, who can outstay these restrictions, cannot help but be rewarded. Good men, with all the restrictions, still can earn two and three hundred dollars a week and help to produce most of the music that comes to your ears over the major networks.

I think that the re-examination of the entire membership of the Musicians' Union Locals would probably result in the elimination of many members who are also day-laborers in such projects as brick-laying, carpentry and plastering, and who touch their instruments little or none at all, playing once or two years a season—usually New Year's Eve or in parades on May 1st, or March 17th.

These men—in my humble opinion, at least—should never have been admitted to membership in the union. No man with just a smattering of medicine and surgical instruments has been admitted into the practice of medicine and given the title of doctor. Examinations, restrictions and a degree in medicine are necessary before he can practice.

But until the examinations are made very much more strict than they are, we cannot help but have the present troubles and unrest in a large membership where the majority of musicians cannot secure musical employment. Many fine musicians today are practically prevented from playing more than one engagement. It is unquestionably true that there are many excellent performers who cannot seem to bring their performance to the attention of those who can use them. How, then, to let the leaders hear them at their best? It is obviously true that it would take days of auditioning to find these men. And then, rarely does a man play well at an audition or when he plays alone. The test is with the band.

I have often thought that a board of examiners—made up of experts from all types of musical categories, i. e., dance bands, theatre bands, pit orchestras, concert and symphony orchestras, experts from the fields of broadcasting and recording—should pass judgment on these men and classify them according to their respective abilities.

A glance at the Local 802 Union Book shows thousands of names under the general classification of violin. Obviously there should be some sort of classification.

(Continued on page 78)
the radio advertiser find out whether the program, on which he was spending thousands of dollars, was being tuned in by the public? Were the listeners ignoring high-priced John J. Conklin's half-hour show to tune in on the Police Band? Were popular programs drawing more listeners than symphony broadcasts?

In 1927 the Frank Seaman's Advertising Agency decided to find out something about the reception of programs. To this end, Seaman's, program, and engaged Crossley Business Research, Inc. to check, in fifty cities and towns, whether their program came through on schedule, to time the program and determine whether local advertisers were cutting in, etc. Crossley's survey disclosed that there were local announcements being sandwiched into the program, as well as similar practices—not unusual in those days—and Seaman's got rebates on time from the offending stations.

It was during one of these surveys that Crossley, the first radio survey. Crossley Business Research, Inc. (which, incidentally, has no connection at all with the Crossley Radio Corp.), was then a new firm specializing in marketing research, general business surveys and such. It was founded in February, 1926. Mr. W. A. Lehman, an advertising manager of the Crossley company, sought a means of determining whether advertising, in general, was getting any benefit from the broadcast service, and whether the estimated amount of money spent was properly accounted for. Thus was born the Crossley surveys.

The survey was a complete study of the broadcast service. There were five major topics covered: the effect of the broadcast on the public; the effect of the broadcast on the advertisers; the effect of the broadcast on the advertising agencies; the effect of the broadcast on the radio stations; and the effect of the broadcast on the advertisers' clients.

The survey was conducted by a team of experts from the Crossley research department. The team consisted of four men: Frank Seaman, head of the Seaman Advertising Agency; Albert C. Crossley, the son of the founder of the Crossley company; W. A. Lehman, the advertising manager; and John J. Conklin, the executive director of the National Broadcasting Company.

The survey was conducted by a team of experts from the Crossley research department. The team consisted of four men: Frank Seaman, head of the Seaman Advertising Agency; Albert C. Crossley, the son of the founder of the Crossley company; W. A. Lehman, the advertising manager; and John J. Conklin, the executive director of the National Broadcasting Company.

The survey was conducted by a team of experts from the Crossley research department. The team consisted of four men: Frank Seaman, head of the Seaman Advertising Agency; Albert C. Crossley, the son of the founder of the Crossley company; W. A. Lehman, the advertising manager; and John J. Conklin, the executive director of the National Broadcasting Company.

The survey was conducted by a team of experts from the Crossley research department. The team consisted of four men: Frank Seaman, head of the Seaman Advertising Agency; Albert C. Crossley, the son of the founder of the Crossley company; W. A. Lehman, the advertising manager; and John J. Conklin, the executive director of the National Broadcasting Company.

The survey was conducted by a team of experts from the Crossley research department. The team consisted of four men: Frank Seaman, head of the Seaman Advertising Agency; Albert C. Crossley, the son of the founder of the Crossley company; W. A. Lehman, the advertising manager; and John J. Conklin, the executive director of the National Broadcasting Company.

The survey was conducted by a team of experts from the Crossley research department. The team consisted of four men: Frank Seaman, head of the Seaman Advertising Agency; Albert C. Crossley, the son of the founder of the Crossley company; W. A. Lehman, the advertising manager; and John J. Conklin, the executive director of the National Broadcasting Company.

The survey was conducted by a team of experts from the Crossley research department. The team consisted of four men: Frank Seaman, head of the Seaman Advertising Agency; Albert C. Crossley, the son of the founder of the Crossley company; W. A. Lehman, the advertising manager; and John J. Conklin, the executive director of the National Broadcasting Company.

The survey was conducted by a team of experts from the Crossley research department. The team consisted of four men: Frank Seaman, head of the Seaman Advertising Agency; Albert C. Crossley, the son of the founder of the Crossley company; W. A. Lehman, the advertising manager; and John J. Conklin, the executive director of the National Broadcasting Company.

The survey was conducted by a team of experts from the Crossley research department. The team consisted of four men: Frank Seaman, head of the Seaman Advertising Agency; Albert C. Crossley, the son of the founder of the Crossley company; W. A. Lehman, the advertising manager; and John J. Conklin, the executive director of the National Broadcasting Company.

The survey was conducted by a team of experts from the Crossley research department. The team consisted of four men: Frank Seaman, head of the Seaman Advertising Agency; Albert C. Crossley, the son of the founder of the Crossley company; W. A. Lehman, the advertising manager; and John J. Conklin, the executive director of the National Broadcasting Company.

The survey was conducted by a team of experts from the Crossley research department. The team consisted of four men: Frank Seaman, head of the Seaman Advertising Agency; Albert C. Crossley, the son of the founder of the Crossley company; W. A. Lehman, the advertising manager; and John J. Conklin, the executive director of the National Broadcasting Company.

The survey was conducted by a team of experts from the Crossley research department. The team consisted of four men: Frank Seaman, head of the Seaman Advertising Agency; Albert C. Crossley, the son of the founder of the Crossley company; W. A. Lehman, the advertising manager; and John J. Conklin, the executive director of the National Broadcasting Company.

The survey was conducted by a team of experts from the Crossley research department. The team consisted of four men: Frank Seaman, head of the Seaman Advertising Agency; Albert C. Crossley, the son of the founder of the Crossley company; W. A. Lehman, the advertising manager; and John J. Conklin, the executive director of the National Broadcasting Company.

The survey was conducted by a team of experts from the Crossley research department. The team consisted of four men: Frank Seaman, head of the Seaman Advertising Agency; Albert C. Crossley, the son of the founder of the Crossley company; W. A. Lehman, the advertising manager; and John J. Conklin, the executive director of the National Broadcasting Company.

The survey was conducted by a team of experts from the Crossley research department. The team consisted of four men: Frank Seaman, head of the Seaman Advertising Agency; Albert C. Crossley, the son of the founder of the Crossley company; W. A. Lehman, the advertising manager; and John J. Conklin, the executive director of the National Broadcasting Company.

The survey was conducted by a team of experts from the Crossley research department. The team consisted of four men: Frank Seaman, head of the Seaman Advertising Agency; Albert C. Crossley, the son of the founder of the Crossley company; W. A. Lehman, the advertising manager; and John J. Conklin, the executive director of the National Broadcasting Company.

The survey was conducted by a team of experts from the Crossley research department. The team consisted of four men: Frank Seaman, head of the Seaman Advertising Agency; Albert C. Crossley, the son of the founder of the Crossley company; W. A. Lehman, the advertising manager; and John J. Conklin, the executive director of the National Broadcasting Company.

The survey was conducted by a team of experts from the Crossley research department. The team consisted of four men: Frank Seaman, head of the Seaman Advertising Agency; Albert C. Crossley, the son of the founder of the Crossley company; W. A. Lehman, the advertising manager; and John J. Conklin, the executive director of the National Broadcasting Company.

The survey was conducted by a team of experts from the Crossley research department. The team consisted of four men: Frank Seaman, head of the Seaman Advertising Agency; Albert C. Crossley, the son of the founder of the Crossley company; W. A. Lehman, the advertising manager; and John J. Conklin, the executive director of the National Broadcasting Company.

The survey was conducted by a team of experts from the Crossley research department. The team consisted of four men: Frank Seaman, head of the Seaman Advertising Agency; Albert C. Crossley, the son of the founder of the Crossley company; W. A. Lehman, the advertising manager; and John J. Conklin, the executive director of the National Broadcasting Company.

The survey was conducted by a team of experts from the Crossley research department. The team consisted of four men: Frank Seaman, head of the Seaman Advertising Agency; Albert C. Crossley, the son of the founder of the Crossley company; W. A. Lehman, the advertising manager; and John J. Conklin, the executive director of the National Broadcasting Company.
Tim Ryan and Irene Noblette, better known as just Tim and Irene, knew each other but three short months before becoming Mr. and Mrs. in St. Joseph, Missouri. And that's interesting when you realize he was from Bayonne, New Jersey, and she was from San Francisco, California. They are now living in Connecticut.

"some programs receive as many as 7,500 completed telephone interviews," I asked Mr. Lehman how accurate or valuable subscribers to the C. A. B. felt the reports were:

"The answer to that," he says, "lies in the fact that the C. A. B. is supported by 92 percent of all the programs on the air. And between 95 percent and 98 percent of our subscribers renew their subscriptions, with new subscribers joining each year."

Any comparative listing of the various shows on the air is bound to arouse certain reactions from the personalities performing in those shows. Naturally enough, entertainers in shows having low ratings have, on occasion, growled and sounded off about the "unfairness" of the Crossley Ratings; those at or near the top have been inclined to boost the Reports.

As one of radio's leading figures and a representative air star, I asked Eddie Cantor what he thought of the C. A. B. ratings. Eddie, who at the writing was second from the top among the half-hour shows, could speak impartially, I thought, with no tendency to sour grapes.

"I feel this way about it," he said. "As an indication of the number of listeners to a program there's no doubt that the Cross- ley Rating is valuable, and very fair. It doesn't give the popularity of various shows, however, and it doesn't especially take into account the opposition some shows have. For example, when Ben Bernie's show was on the air at the same time as Burns and Allen his rating was not as high as when Burns and Allen went off the air at that time. My own programs have had some of the toughest opposition on the air. I've been on against Major Bowes, Jack Benny, Chase & Sanborn and shows like that right along. Naturally, that influences the ratings."

"People will listen in to some programs because there is little or no choice sometimes. On the other hand, when several good shows come on at the same time it's another story."

Eddie's eyes goggled earnestly.

"There's another angle to this rating business, too," he went on. "It's not necessarily any indication of how successful a show is in its field. One program we won't mention the name, "is selling less of its product now than when it had a rating many points higher. Some programs have a very low rating, say 4 or 6, and yet they're doing a good job and stay on the air longer than many shows with 15 ratings."

I can think of one program that rated 3.5 the last I heard, and it's been on the air longer than I have; on the other hand, the Packard show had a rating of 15 and went off the air.

"It comes down to this: Let's assume that a show with a 15 rating means eleven million listeners. All right—that show, rating 15 with eleven million listeners and, say, two million buyers of the product, is more valuable than a show rating 20 with fifteen million listeners and only one million buyers of the sponsor's product."

They were calling Eddie to rehearse and he rose to go, stopping for a final remark.

"I think the Crossley Ratings are valuable, completely honest and fair," he said. "But from a performer's standpoint and an advertiser's, the program that stays on the air is the one whose sponsor gets value received for the money he spends."

There is, of course, really no argument or controversy on that point. Both Mr. Lehman and Mr. Crossley agree that the C. A. B. makes no effort to determine how well the public likes a program, or if it sells the sponsor's product.

"We have, on special jobs that are no part of the C. A. B., done some experimental work in qualitative surveys; breaking down a program to find out which parts were liked best by listeners," Mr. Crossley said. "We have utilized as many as eleven different methods of checking. One, for example, is the co-incidental interview. This method involved telephoning while a program was being aired and asking what the listener is hearing at that time."

"Another specialized survey revealed that a cigar program was especially popular with women! As a result the advertiser switched his commercial plug toward women, to get them to influence their husbands to smoke that particular cigar."

"But as far as the C. A. B. is concerned, we make no effort to determine likes or dislikes, or whether listeners even know the name of the product sponsoring the show. Whether or not a product sells a product is determined to a great extent by how cleverly the entertainers are tied up with the product, on the appeal of the commercial plug. The C. A. B. is concerned wholly with the proportionate number of listeners to a program and we have established, on the whole, that a program which attracts listeners tends to increase the sale of the product."

So that is the Crossley Report—the Co-operative Analysis of Broadcasting. All this organization, all these thousands of dollars to determine what you listen to. So the next time a voice asks you: "Were you listening to your radio last night?" you'll know that you are helping to formulate the radio policies of a nation.
Teeth hard to Bryten?

Here’s News!

L. DENT No. 2 toothpaste and powder is scientifically compounded by Dentist and guaranteed to SAFELY remove most stubborn stains—even smoke stains—from hard-to-bryten teeth, or money back. Have bright, sparkling teeth like millions do. Get refreshing Lodent today.

IODENT

ABSOLUTELY SAFE DEODORANT CREAM

Safe for skin and fabric—sans irritating even after shaving—approved by Good Housekeeping...Just dab it on—NON-GREASY—dries instantly—no dusting powder necessary—and not off...ideal for sanitary napkins...Large size for only ten cents. At leading ten cent stores.

NIL LABORATORIES • TOLEDO, OHIO

WAKE UP

Without Calomel—And You’ll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn’t digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas boils up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sick and the world looks punk. A mere bowel movement doesn’t get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter’s Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel “up and up.” Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter’s Little Liver Pills by name. Use at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

MUSICAL EXPERIENCE UNNECESSARY

(Continued from page 61)

It introduces them. He knows what the public wants—and sees that they get it! The perfect example of the entertainer turned professional is Archie C. Bryten, the band leader who was important before he ever held a baton and has proved that he could earn a star’s salary if he never held one again.

Ben was an important vaudeville star even in War days. He could pick out a tune on a violin. But he made a living by being funny. Came the day when dance orchestras became a national craze and Bernie decided to get in on a good thing. What made the Bernie band was not the music. It was Ben’s personality: his broken-down vocals, the trick dialect choruses of songs, the cigar and the Wincoll jokes. Dick Stabile was responsible for most of the musical ideas, but Dick resigned to form his own band. His departure robbed much to Ben. He had a movie contract, which didn’t come just because Bernie was a musician.

Ben returned to the air this spring with a new commercial. He was hired as a comedian and master of ceremonies. The orchestra was made up of those who make a living out of playing for the different studio bands. The old Bernie band was left behind in California and Ben didn’t trouble to lead the one CBS gave him.

Fred Waring went further than solo vaudevillian Bernie Ben. He turned an entire band into a money-making vaudeville unit. Fred is another with talent for organization. When Waring, Inc., was going full blast he kept an entire floor of a Broadway office building as busy as any plant.

The Waring band has always been a complete vaudeville show all by itself. As a matter of fact, when Fred was first talked about for radio, skeptics came forth with: “No. It wouldn’t be any good. You have to see Waring to appreciate him.”

Fred looks and acts like any successful young business executive. He runs his orchestra as a business. He’s used that technique ever since he first organized in 1921. The main difference between the Waring business and most others, though, is that his seems to pay bigger dividends.

Bob Crosby is another young man who’s doing all right. He’s a conductor because he can sing and looks good in front of a band. In 1932, Bob was vocalist with the Dorsey Brothers. When they split up in early ’34, Bob went with Jimmy Y. A year later he resigned to form his own band. The Crosby orchestra is a cooperative one, each member with an equal share in the ownership, and Bob is the singing-leader-president. Bob plays no instruments, doesn’t always keep time with his baton, but the band is so organized that it does a swell job.

Well, I think you have enough examples to get my point. If you want a few more you can think of the up-and-coming Blue Barron. Barron is Sammy Kay’s executive manager. He figured there was more money up there on the podium, collected a band, imitated three or four of the most successful orchestral styles and is now called an orchestra leader.

There’s Ina Ray Hutton. She’s platinum blonde, can tap dance and wiggle. She has a baton, too, and the honor of conducting America’s first girl band, the Melodies. Born in Chicago, Ina Ray first took a flier at the stage, with some small success as a singer and dancer. She’s got rhythm, there’s no doubt about it, and though she leads her orchestra she’s still essentially a show girl.

That sort of thing doesn’t go nowadays. There has to be some return on the coins clinked down at the box-office other than the feeble thrill of gazing at a famous face. Ask the boys who have made a business of it. The ex-cab-drivers, the lawyers, the business managers, the entertainers. They know what it takes. What’s more important, they know what it gives.

IT’S MY HUMBLE OPINION

(Continued from page 75)

showing that this man is best fitted for this type of work, or that type of work—or at least a list of what each man has done in the past; engagements played; what orchestras performed with; leading men with whom played; etc., which would serve as a chart to help us select and find the men we occasionally need. This is the way film, legitimate and radio year-books list their members.

Because of the peculiar requirements of my varied appearances—one week in theatres, one week in night clubs, always broadcasting—I find it difficult to secure the best men. Having served as a leader and band apprentice in dance halls, I find I no longer wish to stand before dance crowds for four or five hours. Occasionally, yes, but day in and day out, no. I guess the old dogs can’t take it any more!

I have invested $6,000 in those lovely radio-phonograph players that play twenty records without the necessity of a human touch, and I have been greatly satisfied with my machines until recently when the manufacturers informed me that they have perfected a new type of tone-arm, making it more perfect in tone and giving the record less wear. But, unfortunately, the manufacturer does not offer any method of incorporating the new device on our old machines (“old” only in the sense that they aren’t brand new, not literally “old”).

As a matter of fact, the dealer representative here in New York suggests that I turn in my old machine for a new one which has the simple mechanical contrivance which easily might have been incorporated into the present mechanism. I am being shamelessly importuned to take a loss on my beautiful wood cabinets that are still in excellent shape.
TRAVEL IN STYLE
(Continued from page 52)

almost translucent, and that something about her costume kept calling your at-
tention again and again to the gray of her
eyes. That's the effect a well-dressed woman has on you. It's the impression of a harmonious picture, per-
fectly assembled, in which no one detail stands out more than another.

For traveling, either by train, auto or
plane, Joan suggests a suit like her gray
cape ensemble for lightweight, boredom-
proof wear. It's a simple, one-piece
suit with short sleeves, and a jacket to
which the hip-length cape is attached.
With it she wears matching gray kid shoes, gray kid gloves and, for contrast, she
chooses a black saucer-rim straw hat,
topped with a cluster of pink camellias and veiled with black foulard d'esprit lace.

For a variety of climates and temperature
changes, you need a suit like this, whose
jacket and cape can be removed in awfully
hot weather, leaving you cool and smart in
the inexpensive suit. Joan's choice is best for traveling—keeps you warm when it's cool, yet, because of the open weave, is not hot and sticky in warm weather. And
each strand of the wool has been given an
e extra twist, so that the fabric is resilient as well as cool, and therefore more crush-
resistant, an important thing to bear in
mind when choosing a traveling costume.

Joan's choice for a smart summer luncheon or cocktail frock is a red and
white checked two-piece taffeta dress worn with black accessories. The skirt is cir-
cular, taking its sunburst design from ac-
cordion pleats (and you know how good
pleats are right now!). When she wants to be a little hit dresser, she wears a black hat with a wide, upturned brim from which is draped a flattering chiffon.

When that new, attractive young man
invites you to dine and dance, wear a twin
print ensemble of sheer crepe dress and
chiffon redingote. Joan choses hers in a
navy and white print, bound for contrast
with navy crepe, and with matching ties
to hold the coat in place. With it she wears
a navy blue blouse with a navy blue veil and trimmed with a row of white
daisy flowers. Navy bag and shoes, white
docskin gloves complete this ensemble, perfect for informal dining and dancing.

For soft, romantic summer nights, Joan
recommends a demurely graceful feminine
evening frock for the most becoming effect.
Her enormously full-skirted summer eve-
nig gown, with its prim tucked sleeves and
bodice, is of floating yellow and white
printed chiffon. The sash, which ties in a
looped bow in front, and whose streamers
reach the entire length of the skirt, is of
purple velvet ribbon.

"A waistline that's two inches too high
or an inch too low can wreak more havoc
upon your appearance than the smartest
clothing in the world, because it's so
easy to correct," warns this fashion-
wise young star, who thinks you should make a careful study of your figure and
that you should never buy any article of
apparel which fails to do the most for it.
Because she is tall and slender, she faces
the problem of buying clothes which won't accentuate her height and make her appear

thin. She knows that she must avoid the
sheathed gown which hugs the figure too
closely, exaggeratedly high heels, hats
which soar too high. Designs which break
the line of the figure; fabrics which come to
them are chosen, hence the frequent ap-
pearance of suits, two-piece dresses and
bodero effects. It is for this reason that
she favors wide belts and sashes.

Colors are an important consideration
with her, since sleeves without necklines can bring out hidden tones in skin, hair
and eyes. She explains that to the unwatching
eye there's little tone distinction between a
clear and a dusty yellow (yellow is her
second favorite color), yet the first tone
can bring out a glowing translucence in
her skin while the latter impart's a muddily,
almost malarial hue to it. Another exam-
ple she cites is navy blue. In its dusky
shades, she says, her skin takes on drab,
ashen tones, whereas the electric tone in
navy instantly brings out a certain warmth
of color.

"Match your eyes with the color of your
gown or with some strong accent of color
in your costume," is her advice. "It doesn't
matter how tempting is the grass green
gown you want to buy, and no matter how
it highlights your brown hair, push it away unless it throws the color of your
eyes into relief, making them the most
noticeable feature of your face."

Joan's eyes are gray, and gray is always
chosen as the basic color of her wardrobe.
If yellow or blue are worn, dull platinum
jewelry will be chosen to accent the color
of her eyes.

When you have put so much thought
and planning into the selection of your
clothes, it's only natural, Joan thinks, that
you should be ready to take care good of
them, whether at home or abroad. Before
you leave for your trip, check up and make
sure that one of those handy little sewing
kits is tucked into a corner of your bag,
- equipped with the right shade of silk or
cotton thread for each dress and your
hose. A misses' seamstress who keeps
anonying you all day can completely
destroy a woman's chic, because chic depends
upon poise more than it does upon clothes.
You must be able to forget completely
what you are wearing.

But such an obtrusive sartorial get-up,she
explains, is conditioned by a resolute
avoidance of clothes details which can
hackle you—blouses that won't stay tucked
in; a costume neckline which tarnishes the
moment it touches your skin; a sash that
becomes a monster as soon as you sit down;
toocke steams that spiral round your
legs; gloves that pick up smudges from
door knobs, coins and subway straps.

It takes time, patience, sometimes even
self-denial—when you must turn down,
as being impractical, the coveted
It's hair work, at first, but you'll find
that you soon acquire a lot of new good
habits that will help you on the way to
being a well-dressed woman. And you're
a well-dressed woman, believes Joan Blaine,
when you can say, after the last reassuring
pat has been given to hair and gown:

"There! Now I can forget everything
about this!"

TRIPLE WHIPPED CREAM
AIDS DRY SKIN

RAISED BY
MOVIE STARS

If your skin is dry and you've ever wondered how to treat it yourself, try the drug
store. It's called TAYTON'S Modern Cream. A
true production method has been engineered to make TAYTON'S CREAM so soft, light, and clean that texture, that it spreads evenly and smoothly, resulting in true cleansing, toning, softening and
moisturizing.

Some celebrities are using modern high speed ma-
chinery, production costs, and skilled labors
to jar glass jar for Tayton's at a saving of one-half
compared with most cosmetic jars. This saving is
passed on to you in two ways: the purest and most
enormous ingredients that money can buy and
double the quantity. The 10c jar contains one
ounce, while most others contain one half-ounce.
Compare these facts for yourself.

TAYTON'S is top quality. It has been tested
and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. And the
glamorous movie star who makes Tayton's CREAM
—formerly lovely Boots Mallory says: "I use
Tayton's Cream to cleanse and keep my hair
smooth and youthful looking."

You can't know the joy that Tayton's can bring
to you until you try it. Get a jar of Tayton's Cream at
your 10c store today. Put Tayton's Cream to work
where you need, and see how it cleanses, softens and
lubricates your skin. If you desire a dealer or
manager to order for you send 10c to Tayton's
Dept. 34, Los Angeles, Calif.

FREE POWDER SAMPLE COUPON
Take this coupon to any 10c store for free generous trial packets of Tayton's Powder with Pure Powder with purchase of 10c jar of Tayton's Cream. See the neat relief badges to be sent out at
ays on—still not rake. If store is out of samples
and requests more, they will be supplied

VEGE-LAY PREVENTS
"SUMMER HAIR"

The Perfect Hair Groom

HIT winds and lightning make the life out of hair
unless you use a fine hair dressing like
LOVALON. Lay it thick. Lay it
right. Lay it nice. Lay it
and perfectly kept. At your drug
list, barber or 10c store.

Say Goodbye to Dull,
Drab Hair
In one, simple, quick operation, Lovalon the
4 purpose rinse, does all these 4 important
things to your hair. Pursue:
1. Gives luxurious light-
highlights. 2. Rises away
shampoo film. 3. Tints
hair as air as.
4. Helps keep hair
neatly in place. Use
Lovalon, only rinse
next shampoo. It does
not dye or bleach. It
is a pure, odorless hair
cure available in dif-
erent shades. Try
Lovalon. You will be
amazed at the results.

Approved by Good House-
keeping Bureau. 5 rinses
25 cents at drug and
store. 2 net
size at ten cent stores.

— the 4 purpose vegetable HAIR RINSE
STOP!

Scratching

RELIEVE Itching of Insect Bites

Even the most stubborn itching of insect bites, athlete's foot, lice, scales, eczema, and other externally caused skin affections quickly yields to cooling, antiseptic, liquid D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION. Easy to use.

Dries fast. Clear, greaseless and stainless. Soothes the irritation and quickly stops the most intense itching. A 5¢ trial bottle, at all drug stores, proves it—or money back. Ask for D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.

Bob Hope's future is looking up. He's made a big hit in movies and has just been signed to m.c. Pepsodent's new variety show this fall.

BROADCASTS THAT MADE HISTORY

(Continued from page 60)

relayed to the West Coast, short-waved to the U. S. minesweeper, Avocet, the ship standing by the island, and short-waved from the ship to the eclipse party on the island. And the savant in London was carrying on a two-way conversation with Dr. Mitchell on Canton Island halfway around the globe while the world listened in.

AND so, where things are happening radio is found on the spot, with pack transmitters, remote control or mobile units; whether the event be an Easter parade, the frying of an egg on a hot city sidewalk or a great disaster. An interesting commentary on the difference between the American and European attitude on Special Events is revealed by the experience of Paul White, CBS Director of Special Events Department.

While in London for the Coronation, White was observing with obvious puzzlement the radio setup along the line of march of the Coronation parade.

"What's the matter, Mr. White?" asked a British Broadcasting man who accompanied White.

"I was noticing," White replied, "that all the way from Piccadilly to Marble Arch—about two miles—you have no announcer stationed."

The BBC man explained that the head of the procession would be at Marble Arch before the tail had passed Piccadilly.

"But," White objected, "just suppose someone attempted to assassinate the King somewhere in that uncovered area—what would you do?"

"Do?" frowned the BBC man. "That, Mr. White, would be a matter for Scotland Yard . . . not the British Broadcasting Company!"
THE BANDWAGON

(Continued from page 57)

ing on an arrangement, he has to sound "A." He does that by stepping to the phone and calling his neighbor. It seems that the telephone company was obliged enough to put in a bell box that, when it rings, gives forth a perfect "A."

WHERE THEY COME FROM

Choral directors and arrangers are moving in on the baton-waving field and taking some of the play away from the personality lads. Andre Kostelanetz was hired originally by CBS as a choral director. Both Lynn Murray and Ray Block are doubling between their choruses and their orchestras. Larry Clinton, Eddie DeLange, Ken Sisson and Dick Stable all at one time made their living by writing arrangements for other orchestra leaders.

A WILD, WILD BUTTERCUP

There's a youth in Al Donahue's orchestra who has just reached his majority. His is a cheerful, cherubic face. Quiet and gentle is his manner. His name is Charlie Carroll. The boys call him "Buttercup," for short.

Buttercup is Donahue's drummer-boy. The drums are definitely not a gentle, cherubic instrument. The minute Charlie lays hands on them, he leaves behind his Buttercup character and becomes—a- well, let us say—a Tiger Lily. He slogs, he smashes, he whirls.

Charlie is a swing-man at heart; Al's band is suave, smooth and sweet. But Donahue is a smart fellow—he knows when he has a good thing. So he's featuring Buttercup in at least one chorus out of every dance set. What's more, he's given Charlie a five-year contract—the first such document ever handed out to a Donahue bandman. When you hear Al next time, and you hear swing battling it out with the sweet, remember that it's a Buttercup gone wild, with full permission of the authorities.

ONCE OVER LIGHTLY

Glen Gray and the Casa Loma boys succeed Jan Garber on the Burns and Allen show July 4th. Mrs. Carmen Lombardo is wearing New York's most unique charm bracelet. A gift from Carmen, the charms are miniature musical instruments, fashioned of gold and set with diamonds. Mark Warnow, who never played tennis in his life, is now living close by the famed tennis stadium in Forest Hills. Result: Mark goes right from network to nets. Frankie Trumbah, ace-saxophonist, has a new band with Manny Klein, a CBS house band alumnus, as partner. The theme song of the young Gene Krupa outfit is "Aparoksy"—that is a cross between Krupa spelled backwards and an abbreviation of rhapsody.

MAIL BOX

Mary White: Cab Calloway is married—has been for the past five or six years. He was thirty in September, 1932. For a picture of him write to Irving Mills, 799 7th Ave., New York, N. Y.
shrewd sense of radio values creep into the conversation occasionally to suggest the importance of his radio programs.

As an example of Hummert operation methods, there was a day when he dropped in to help bolster one of the agency's musical programs. He listened to one musical program, then two or three times. Quietly, he told the bandleader:

"We are aiming at a large, popular audience. I have heard this song over and over and I still can't whistle it. I think you should play music that people can whistle.

Neither Hummert claims to be either musician or great author, but he has been very successful supervising those two fields in radio.

ODD how staying away from radio helped the standing of some of the girl singers. Loretta Lee, for one example, sang with George Hall three seasons ago in a play where she had an afternoon spot and week on the Columbia network. Those frequent hearings and good voice seemed to be bringing popularity to Loretta. She quit Hall's band to capitalize on her popularity.

Apparently she had underestimated her standing. Her main job was singing as anonymous soloist on the Hit Parade program. Hollywood offered movie jobs, but again it was mostly anonymous—singing for movie stars who had no musical talent. This summer she went after radio jobs again and suddenly found she was getting guest-star assignments of the stature she had expected before her name had almost slipped out of radio.

Connie Boswell had the same experience, a minor singer when the Boswell sisters dissolved, seldom on the air the next few years, suddenly in demand as a radio star. The story of Dorothy Lamour is familiar—encouraged by radio, picked up by movies for her voice, but an average figure, back to radio as a star. To complete the coincidence, all three of these girls come from New Orleans.

GOODMAN ACE often ventures a theory that any radio program, so long as it is not downright unpleasant, will develop a considerable popularity if it is left in a regular time, once a week, over a period of a couple of years. Al Pearce seems to prove his theory.

For years, Al and his Gang struggled along on the outskirts of radio importance. His show was considered just a fairly good item for a face and figure, back to radio as a star. To complete the coincidence, all three of these girls come from New Orleans.

HILDEGARDE is back in Europe, where she achieved her greatest popularity, after another stab at the American networks. This girl singer was brought back by her native land three years ago under National Broadcasting Company auspices, no less. So sure were the vice presidents that sponsors would be scrambling for Hildegarde's services, they guaranteed her a salary of $500 a week. A sub-thumping publicity campaign was launched. Hildegarde began singing on the air but no one appeared to engage her and relieve NBC of its salary guarantee. She received her $500 a week from the company treasury.

There seems to be something fatal about these big ballyhoo campaigns with which networks try to launch new stars.

Just before Hildegarde, NBC tried another European favorite, a young Irish tenor named Danny Malone. A lot of pieces got into the papers in advance of his arrival. He sang, lost the publicity attention, quietly went back to Ireland.

THAT quaint old character, Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, is played in the radio version by a girl who is probably Mrs. Wiggs' complete opposite offstage. The actress is strikingly handsome, Betty Garde, neither old nor possessed of any quaint simplicities.

No one gives a thought to the incongruity around the studio. As a matter of fact, most old characters are played by comparatively youthful actors and actresses. A versatile young crowd, ambitious and not yet commanding a high salary, they are ready to grab any role, doubling in every sort of role. As radio developed, so did they, and they remain the backbone of radio's dramatic forces. No matter what the age of the characters in a skit, the radio cast is almost certain to be dominated by youth.

FRED ALLEN was showing a letter from an elderly admirer who had heard that Fred chewed or used to chew tobacco. The old man was pleased to find a kindred spirit.

"We're about the only ones left," the letter said. "The new generation don't know what it is. When I finish chewing I drop my wad of tobacco in the road. Automobiles come along and shay away from it, carefully steering around the wad. You wouldn't think this condition could ever have happened."

HARDLY six months ago, John Carter was an obscure young tenor, struggling for a foothold anywhere, radio, stage, night clubs, music hall. He was a student of a smaller radio, has hitched him into one of its rocketing soars to success. The young man now has more careers open than he can fill. It started when he competed in the Metropolitan Opera Auditions program broadcast over NBC last winter, A New York music critic heard him and recommended the young man to the agency handling a spring and summer substitute for Nelson Eddy on the Charlie McCarthy program. Ecstatically happy, John Carter landed that job.

The appearance on the Met Auditions program landed him a place in the Metropolitan. His singing on the McCarthy program attracted instant attention. Movie offers came in. He can make a concert tour.

If he could only upset the laws of physics and be in several places at once next year, he could make several fortunes. As it is, Carter probably will take the job calling for most work and retaining the most profit. Radio and movies pay more than opera, but no young tenor would refuse a place in the Metropolitan. That means a summer of the hardest kind of labor because Carter knows no complete opera roles. His studies have covered parts of operas but now he must master several scores from beginning to end.

At the zero hour, just before broadcast time, two hurried little conferences are going on at every place, generally put on the studio stage, the orchestra leader thrumming through his pages and speaking hurriedly to the musicians.

"All of you," he'll be saying, "start at G, rehears, put feet bars and then cut the next three from that music sheet, cut your trio section from the second number. At the end of the first chorus in the third number, be ready to cut if I give you the signal. They go over the whole musical score, each musician his instruments.

The other conference usually takes place in a little anteroom, just off the studio. The people with speaking parts are here:

"There's a new page three in the script. Min, be sure to watch that. Your speeches are the same in the last three. E'n't changed and none of them have been rehearsed. On page seven, everything is cut after John's speech down to the knock on the door in the next page. Did anyone give that to cut to the sound effects man? Am a dutiful woman.

"When you come to that farm gag on page nine, Joe, say Senator Fizzlewutz instead of Senator Borah. We couldn't get permission in time to use Borah's name."

Those are the "cut meetings." After dress rehearsal, it is usually discovered that the show is a little long and must be trimmed. If the sponsor is there, he is likely to have a few objections and demand changes. Last minute rulings come from the station's censorship department, ruling that this gag is vulgar and that that suggestion has dangerous political implications. Another line might offend some other station advertiser.

Frankly, the program's production staff gets changes and cuts into the script. They try to keep as much in it as possible of hackings and abrupt chops. There are so few hours between dress rehearsal and broadcast!

After the program, cast and musicians usually dispense lightly-heartedly to go home or do whatever they do in the evening. In some cases a restaurant there will be a table of young men, raising their drinks in trembling hands. That is the production staff, pulling shadier nerves together after that last hasty drive against time.
Reckless rhythm thrabbled crozily. Moddening melody stabbed the night, surged gid-dily through the blood of all who listened. But for two young people it was a sacred song of love... and the harbinger of tears.

They met on San Francisco’s Barbary Coast: Stella, blatant, flashy, yet curiously beautiful; Rager, darkly handsome, scan of culture and wealth. And, in a mist mode of dreams, they pledged their hearts and lives to their newly-discovered glory.

But Life had much to teach them. The Fate that brought them together, tear them apart... each to reach the highest pinnacle of success, the lowest depths of defeat... before they meet again!

As mighty as the song classic whose name it bears, the poignant story of "Alexander’s Ragtime Band" will possess your memory as long as love and music live. Read this complete book-length novel in the August issue of SCREEN ROMANCES. You’ll find it loylishly illustrated with scenes from the 20th Century-Fox picture, starring Tyrone Power, Alice Foye and Dan Ameche. Discover the absorbing entertainment of SCREEN ROMANCES fiction for yourself—today!

Look for the complete stories of these pictures in the AUGUST SCREEN ROMANCES

THREE BLIND MICE ... Loretta Young and Joel McCrea
ALWAYS GOODBYE ... Barbara Stanwyck and Herbert Marshall
WIVES UNDER SUSPICION ... Gail Patrick and Warren William
VALLEY OF THE GIANTS ... Wayne Morris and Claire Trevor

Screen Romances 16 stories of movie hits in every issue
RAY OGLESBY, Independent Tobacco Expert, Says: “At Every Auction, Luckies Buy the Same Fine Leaf”

FOR YOUR TASTE... think over the cigarette preference of America's independent tobacco experts. These experts, like Ray Oglesby—are not conducted with any cigarette maker. They are skilled auctioneers, buyers, and warehouse operators.

Sworn records show that among these men, Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined.

Your Throat... keep in mind that only Luckies give you the throat protection of the "Toasting" process. This process takes out certain harsh throat irritants found in a tobacco.

So next time try Luckies... try them for a week, and see.

Sworn Records Show That—WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO
YOU'D LIKE TO GET ON THE AIR? See Page 20.

Radio Stars

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE

SCRIPTS THE CENSORS HAVE KILLED
Irresistible

Romantic as your first rose... thrilling as your first bouquet... IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME, patterned from a blend of flowers, is romance woven into fragrance. Buy Irresistible Perfume if you want to be Irresistible. Be fragrant if you want to be pursued. Men adore fragrant hair, fragrant lips, and soft fragrant skin.

Use Irresistible Perfume tonight. To be completely fascinating, use all of the Irresistible Cosmetics... each has some special feature that gives you glorious new loveliness. Laboratory tested and approved.

10c Each at 5 and 10c Stores

BE IRRESISTIBLE TONIGHT WITH IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME
Does your date-book say—

"You'd be more popular if you had a lovelier smile!"

A GIRL SMILES— and her face glows with a touch of splendor. (Dazzling, bright teeth—firm, healthy gums help create that lovely moment.) Another girl smiles, and her charm vanishes. (Dingy teeth and tender gums halt your attention, tragic evidence of carelessness and neglect.)

It's a shame when a girl ignores "pink tooth brush" and risks the beauty of her smile! True, "pink tooth brush" is only a warning—but when you see it—see your dentist. Let him decide.

Usually, however, he'll tell you that yours is just another case of lazy gums, gums robbed of exercise by modern soft, creamy foods. Probably he'll advise more work for your gums, more exercise. And, like so many dentists, he'll probably suggest the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

For Ipana with massage is especially designed not only to keep teeth bright and sparkling but to help the health of gums as well. Massage a little Ipana into your gums each time you clean your teeth. Circulation quickens within the gum tissues—gums tend to become firmer, more resistant to trouble.

Start today with Ipana and massage. Let this modern dental health routine help you to a more attractive smile!

DOUBLE DUTY—Ask your druggist for Rubberset's Double Duty Tooth Brush, designed to massage gums effectively as well as to clean teeth thoroughly.

Change to Ipana and Massage
SHE KNEW THE SECRET of allure—a pulse-stirring fragrance to weave on those around her, a spell of thrilling delight.

NOW IT'S YOURS—the secret of how to be utterly adorable always, with the romantic, lingering scent of Djer-Kiss Talc.

Start your day the Djer-Kiss way! Bathe your entire body with this delightful talc each morning. Djer-Kiss keeps you dainty and refreshed all day. Helps you stay cool, for it actually lowers body temperature. Clothes feel more comfortable... Makes you alluringly fragrant. Use Djer-Kiss generously, for the cost is surprisingly small. Buy it today at drug and toilet goods counters—25c and 75c sizes. Liberal 10c size at all 10c stores.

The same delightful fragrance in Djer-Kiss Sachet, Eau de Toilette and Face Powder.

YOURS FREE—the exciting new book, "Women Men Love—Which Type Are You?"—full of valuable hints on how to make yourself more alluring. Just send a post card with your name and address to Parfums Kerkoff, Inc., Dept. G, New York...

...genuine imported talc scented with Djer-Kiss perfume by Kerkoff, Paris.

Djer-Kiss
(Pronounced Dear Kiss)
TALC
By KERKOFF • PARIS

RADIO STARS

LESTER C. GRADY, Editor; ELLA RIDDLE, Associate Editor
ABRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor

BROADCASTING

MYRT AND MARGE ON A PICNIC
SATURDAY NIGHT SWING CLUB
DON JUAN McCARTHY
RIDE AND KEEP FIT
WHAT EVERY MAN ADMires by Mary Biddle
WEST COAST CHATTER by Lois Svensrud
FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO RADIO
SO YOU'D LIKE TO GET ON THE AIR? by Nanette Kutner
THE MOST EXCITING GANG BUSTERS STORIES by Phillips H. Lord
OUR QUIZ-CONSCIOUS PUBLIC by Ella Riddle
PASSPORTS AND PORTRAITS
RADIO RAMBLINGS by Arthur Mason
SCRIPTS THE CENSORS HAVE KILLED by Samuel Kaufman
IN THE RADIO SPOTLIGHT
THE BIG-SALARIED STARS OF TOMORROW? by Everetta Love
DEATH ALMOST CLAIMED THEM! by Rita Lowe
ONE MAN'S FAMILY AT THE BEACH
THE BANDWAGON by Jerry Mason
GHOST SHOWS YOU'LL NEVER HEAR by Dan Wiston
THE CLOWN PRINCE OF MELODY
GIVING THE KIDDIES WHAT THEY WANT by Jack Hanley
BETWEEN BROADCASTS
FASHIONS THRU TELEVISION by Wendy Lee

CLARK GABLE

“TOO HOT TO HANDLE”

MYRNA LOY

The best news since “Test Pilot” with that rare pair of romancers, M-G-M's tantalizing twosome. Clark's a daredevil newsreel man—Myrna's an airdevil aviatrix...Action! Heart-pumping paradise for thrill and fun-loving picture fans!

with WALTER PIDGEON · WALTER CONNOLLY
LEO CARRILLO · Screen Play by John Lee Mahin and Laurence Stallings
Directed by Jack Conway · Produced by Lawrence Weingarten · A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
George Damerel, Jr., Myrt's big son, prepares to give his mother a gentle dunking in the ocean.

Now it's a splashing! George, formerly heard on the program, now has organized a dance orchestra.

Star, wife, mother and grandmother, Myrtle Vail's a good cook, too. Anyway, George seems to think so.

Ray Hedge, who's been playing Clarence in the show for seven years, investigates a splinter.

One splinter gives him a chance to take both feet for a ride. Ray is a true son of Indiana.

Marge, who is Donna Damerel Kretzinger and twice a mother in real life, watches her own ma fix up.
A real good time was had when this jolly crew spent a day by the ocean. Myrt, left holding the basket, is creator and co-star of the show, which began in 1931. She's written over 2,500,000 words of script. Marge, or Donna, decides to cover up. She made her stage debut at 15, when she joined her parents in one of their vaudeville tours.

**New Germ-free Face Powder Helps to end Shiny Nose**

Father came through with a coming-out party that ran into thousands. Mother invited every eligible male. Everybody had "a wonderful time"... everybody, that is, but the nose-dabbing Deb.

Deb or no Deb, what girl can exercise feminine charm with powder puff in hand and shine on her nose? Yet Shiny Nose is a beauty fault that germ-free face powder, like Woodbury, can easily subdue!

Oily film on the nose, which causes shine, is aggravated by germs. Woodbury Facial Powder, being germ-free, can convey no harmful germ-life to your skin.

Try this exquisite powder, and notice how smoothly it goes on, how reliably it clings! See the lovely life-like shades of Woodbury Facial Powder today. All seven have fashion approval. Windsor Rose is divinely flattering to "summery" complexions, $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

Try, too, Woodbury Germ-proof Rouge and Lipstick in matching shades.

_Send for 7 Thrilling Youth-Blend Shades_  
John H. Woodbury, Inc., 9193 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio  
(In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario  
Please send me 7 shades of Woodbury Facial Powder; trial tubes of two Woodbury Beauty Creams; guest-size Woodbury Facial Soap. I enclose 10¢ to cover mailing costs.

Name: _______________________________  
Street: _______________________________  
City: ___________________________ State: ___  

---

*Schorrhau, dermatologist

call it—you know it as SHINY NOSE.

With excessive oiliness comes unflattering shine. Germs aggravate this oily condition. Woodbury powder retards germ-growth, helps subdue nose shine.*
SATURDAY NIGHT SWING CLUB
Who's who on one of Columbia's most popular programs

Tommy Dorsey, with his famed trombone, has often appeared on these Columbia swing festivals.

Producer Phil Cohan, of the CBS program department, who originated the Swing Club, June 13, 1936.

Ed Cashman, who was associated with Cohan in producing the Saturday Night Swing Club sessions.

Duke Ellington played on the program. He wrote a number called Swing Session for the Club.

Al Rinker (Left) and Bob Smith (Right) are the new producers. Lester Hatfield is at the controls.

Leith Stevens leads the Saturday Night Swing Club band. He's one of Columbia's staff conductors.

Announcer Mel Allen from Alabama succeeded Paul Douglas as commentator. Swing will never die, he says.
The brass section is the most important part of all swing bands. (Below) Drummer Billy Gussac.

"King of Swing" Benny Goodman, was one of the guests. The program is heard Saturday at eight EDT.

**Radio Stars**

**Gossip at the Beach!**

**Judy:** "He nagged and acted so terribly mean, it sure looked like a bust-up for a while. I really felt sorry for Jane."

**Alice:** "Aw, be fair! Tom raised Cain—but so would you if you always had to go around in tattle-tale gray. Jane was to blame for using lazy soap. It left dirt behind! Tom's shirts and her whole wash showed it."

**Sally:** "Well, I'm glad the fuss has all blown over! If we'd only told Jane sooner how Fels-Naptha's richer golden soap and lots of naptha hustle out every last speck of dirt — the whole mess wouldn't have happened."

**Mary:** "Better late than never! Since she listened to us and switched to Fels-Naptha Soap, everything's peaches again and they're off for a second honeymoon!"

**Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with Fels-Naptha Soap!**

NEW! Great for washing machines! Try Fels-Naptha Soap Chips, too!
"Young man, women will be your ruination!" warns Ernest Cossart. To which Charlie replies, in his quaint way: "Can I actually depend on that?"

Ann Sheridan seems quite overwhelmed by Charlie's presence. However, in *Letter of Introduction*, Edgar Bergen is the head man, as it's a story based on the facts of his own life.

Rita Johnson, Ann Sheridan, Edgar Bergen and George Murphy, who appear with Charlie in *Letter of Introduction*, Adolphe Menjou is another important member of the big cast.

Being surrounded by three such beauties as Rita Johnson, Eve Arden and Ann Sheridan doesn't unnerve Charlie. But he does seem a bit speechless, at that—unusual for this dummy!

Charlie starts flirting with Eve Arden and then has his attention drawn to Rita Johnson. But leave it to our Charlie, he knows all the answers!
What is this power Charlie has over women like Ann? Ernest Cossart, among others, would like to know.

Ladies’ man Charlie gayly cavorts in Universal’s Letter of Introduction

MUM’S THE WORD FOR CHARM
IT’S QUICK, SAFE, SURE!

More Screen Stars, Housewives, Nurses, Business Girls, School Girls use Mum than any other deodorant

Girls in love, girls who are married, girls whose goal is business success—they all use Mum to protect their charm! They’re smart about this matter of perfect daintiness—they have to be. For they know that just a hint of odor can make you lose out with friends.

Even a fastidious girl risks offending if she trusts a bath alone to keep her sweet. A bath takes care only of past perspiration, it can’t prevent odor to come. Mum can! Underarms always need Mum’s sure care, to give you the all-day freshness that makes a girl click in business or in love.

Mum is so easy, so pleasant to use! In Hollywood, where charm is all-important, Mum plays the lead with stars and featured players. On duty or off, Mum is the favorite with nurses. They like Mum’s effectiveness, its gentleness, its speed. You’ll like Mum, too!

Buy Mum at your drug store today—this pleasant cream deodorant has all the things you’re looking for to help you keep your charm.

ONLY 30 SECONDS TO USE. Two quick touches of Mum and you’re through.

HARMLESS TO FABRICS. Mum’s possession of the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering means Mum is harmless to any kind of fabric. You can put Mum on even after you’re dressed!

ACTUALLY SOOTHES THE SKIN. Apply Mum immediately after underarm shaving and you’ll notice its soothing touch.

MUM IS SURE. Mum simply stops every trace of odor—it does not stop perspiration.

Smart girls use Mum after every bath and before every date. Then they never risk offending friends!

For Sanitary Napkins, too!

Thousands of women always use Mum for Sanitary Napkins because they know Mum is gentle, SURE. Don’t risk embarrassment. Always use Mum!

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION
“HURRY UP WITH THAT TEABERRY BEFORE THE BOSS RINGS”...

Hours of dictation can’t outlast that extra-tasty flavor of Clark’s! It’s genuine teaberry, fresh as sunshine after rain... smoothest-chewing gum you ever knew.

Get to know Clark’s Teaberry—reach for that familiar red package on the stands, everywhere!

REAL TEABERRY

ALWAYS PURE

LASTING FLAVOR

REFRESHING

You’ll like CLARK’S TEABERRY GUM

One of her favorite mounts is Red Count. Anne braids and decorates his mane for a coming horse show.

Anne and The Count pose for the camera in approved style. They make an impressive pair.
RIDE AND KEEP FIT

Says Anne Jamison, expert horsewoman and radio songbird

(Above) After a morning canter, Anne removes the saddle, then, (Below) Red Count gets a drink from his considerate mistress.

Neglect of intimate cleanliness may rob the loveliest woman of her charm... Use "Lysol" for feminine hygiene

ONE lesson life teaches a woman is the need for complete intimate daintiness.

A man wants to think of the woman whose love and companionship he seeks as his dream of feminine loveliness... fresh and exquisite at all times. But, without realizing it, there are times when even perfumes, baths and beauty aids may fail to make you attractive—if you neglect the practice of feminine hygiene. Many experienced family doctors know that this neglect has wrecked the happiness of countless marriages.

Don't risk offending in this most personal way. Be sure of complete exquisiteness. Follow the "Lysol" method of efficient feminine hygiene.

Ask your own doctor about "Lysol" disinfectant. He will tell you "Lysol" has been used in many hospitals and clinics for years as an effective anti-septic douche. Directions for use are on each bottle.

Six reasons for using "Lysol" for feminine hygiene—

1—Non-Cau$lic... "Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness... "Lysol" is a powerful germicide, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading... "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually search out germs.

4—Economy... "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor... The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability... "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, how often it is uncorked.

Also, try Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands and complexion. It's cleansing, deodorant.

What Every Woman Should Know

SEND THIS COLUMN FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

LEHN & FINK Products Corp.,
Dept. 9-R-S., Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol."

Name__________________________

Street________________________

City__________________________

Copyright 1938 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.
What three famous air males look for

Joan Tetzel knows the secret of how to keep fresh and youthful. The NBC actress sleeps as much as possible and manages to exercise every day.

By Mary Biddle

WHAT EVERY MAN ADMIRES

In Germ-killing power...

1 BOTTLE
PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC
EQUALS 3 BOTTLES
OF ORDINARY KINDS

Even when diluted with 2 parts water, still kills germs in seconds...
Lasts 3 times as long!

MAKES YOUR MONEY GO 3 TIMES AS FAR!

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC
for LOOSE DANDRUFF
P. S. Don't forget Pepsodent Antiseptic for BAD BREATH, too!

What They Like

Phil Baker judges a girl by the contents of her purse.

With Guy Lombardo, beautiful eyes and teeth come first.

Paul Douglas goes for brains first and beauty second.

What ever man admires

IT occurred to me the other day that there is not a woman among us (myself included) who wouldn't like to know how much of an impression we make on the men folks when we get all dressed up in our best bibs and tuckers.

So, with this in mind, I sallied forth to find three representative males in the radio profession who would enlighten us on this question. And that's how you happen to find (Continued on page 68)

How To Comply

IF you are going to see "eye to eye" with me on the question of Beautiful Eyes, then you will honestly admit the absolute necessity of plenty of sleep! With all the magic of make-up, there is still no perfect substitute for hours of relaxation and repose.

So, the first eye beauty requirement is sleep! Don't go to bed with the eyes feeling strained and cloudy. First, wash them out with a good eye wash or eye bath. Then, very gently, (Continued on page 68)
in females, and how you may comply with their demands

If you're exotic like Jane Farrar you may use make-up to dramatize the eyes, but only in the evening.

"Windows of the soul" perfectly describes the eyes of singer-pianist Joan Edwards, who emphasizes them.

Sybil Chism, Lum 'n' Abner's organist, is smart enough to play up her blondeness without being artificial.

POND'S
SUNLIGHT
SHADES

"GLARE-PROOF" powder shades to flatter your skin in hard blazing sun...

Out in the pitiless glare of the sun, skin faults are magnified. Color flattens out. Skin seems coarser. Your face looks harder all over!

But see how "Sunlight" shades flatter you! "Glare-proof"—Pond's "Sunlight" shades are scientifically blended to reflect only the softer rays of the sun. They soften its glare on your skin... make it flattering! Your face has a lovely soft look. Your tan a rich glow.


Test them FREE!

in glaring Sunlight
Pond's, Clinton, Conn., Dept. 9RS-PW. Please rush me, free, Pond's "Sunlight" shades, enough of each for a 5-day test. (This offer expires Nov. 1, 1938.)

Name.
Street.
City.

Copyright, 1933. Pond's Extract Company
BEAUTIFUL EYES
Yours for the Asking
with MAYBELLINE
Eye Beauty Aids

Pale, dull, scraggly lashes simply ruin every chance to possess that "loveliness complete" which we all aim for in our make-up. What can you do to make your lashes, brows and eyes just as beautiful as the rest of your make-up? Try this delightful, easy method:

First—form graceful eyebrows with Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Next—touch a bit of Maybelline Eye Shadow to your upper lids, blending it lightly outward toward your temples, concentrating it near the lash line. Third—and most enchanting of all—darken your lashes with your Maybelline Mascara, beginning lightly at the inner corners of your eyes, and deepening the mascara at the outer corners. Maybelline is harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting.

Now glance into your mirror! You'll be delighted with the pleasing charm and added beauty which Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids give you.

Nightly—smooth a bit of Maybelline Eye Cream into the sensitive skin area around eyes—to guard against those persistent little crow'sfeet and eye wrinkles. It helps marvelously. For eye make-up in good taste—insist on Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

WEST COAST CHATTER
BY LOIS SVENSRUD
WHAT GOES ON WITH THE STARS
IN CALIFORNIA'S RADIOLAND

LOOKS like the Werner Janssens are going to call Hollywood home again. They weren't too happy here for a while, after Mr. J.'s radio experiences, but as a result of his score and musical direction for Blockade, the Walter Wanger picture, the studios are clamoring for the Janssen services. Ann Harding's just signed a contract with a California radio agency, too, which we hope will result in this lovely star's come-back.

THE handsome blond circling Beverly Hills on a bike these mornings, and frequently bursting into song, is none other than Nelson Eddy.

LANNY ROSS is "vacationing" in Hollywood, but in reality he is here to discuss a contract with a major film studio. He's not wasting time while they come to his figgars, though. For he's fast developing into one of the crack tennis players in the film and radio colony. At their Beverly Hills home, the Rosses have
Tenor John Carter was born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Success on the Metropolitan Auditions program led to his juicy Chase & Sanborn contract, at 26.

Hollywood was not surprised to find that Jon Hall and Frances Langford had become Mr. and Mrs. The two stars were obviously in love.

JOE PENNER'S the envy of every actor in town. There's a new clause in his contract saying that Joe can't be called to work on his new picture at RKO until 9:30 any morning. According to Joe's story—and verified by a doctor, mind you—Joe is the lucky victim of some rare bronchial condition which won't allow that odd little voice of Joe's to function in the early hours.

EDGAR BERGEN was late on the
(Continued on page 55)

HAIR THAT THRILLS!
Here's the Hollywood Way to Beautiful Hair

WHAT a thrilling surprise awaits you the first time you use Drene—Proctor & Gamble's amazing shampoo discovery. For you will find, as millions of women already have, that Drene leaves hair manageable, radiant, beautiful beyond your fondest dreams. Drene performs this beauty miracle because it magically removes dulling film left on hair by previous shampoos. Drene is not a soap—not an oil. Contains no harmful chemicals. It cannot leave a beauty-clouding film on hair to dull natural luster; nor a greasy oil film to catch dust. Drene actually makes 5 times more suds than soap in hardest water. Lather so gentle, yet so active, that dirt, grease, perspiration—even loose dandruff flakes—are washed away with a single auding and thorough rinsing. Hair is left sparkling clean this mild, safe way. Gloriously brilliant without the need of lemon, vinegar, or special after rinses.

Today, you can give your hair a shampoo specifically designed to bring out its full individual beauty. For there are now two kinds of Drene: Special Drene for Dry Hair—Regular Drene for normal and oily hair. Get Drene from drug, department or 10c stores. Better beauty shops everywhere feature this shampoo marvel. A single shampoo will both amaze and thrill you.

To Remove Dulling Film That Clouds Hair Beauty—drene
Shampoo
SPECIAL for Dry Hair
REGULAR for Normal or Oily Hair
Here’s an astonishing fact... the days in an average woman’s life when she needs sanitary protection, add up to five whole years or more!

That’s a lot of days. Every woman ought to learn to make them easier, more comfortable days. So—if you are still buying the same brand of sanitary napkins you started buying years ago—here’s news you ought to hear...

There’s something better now! Modess—a napkin so much softer and safer that it is bringing new comfort and peace of mind to millions of women!

Cut a Modess pad in two and examine the filler. It’s fluffy, soft as down—entirely different from the close-packed layers found in so many other napkins. That’s why Modess doesn’t become stiff and rasping in use—doesn’t chafe.

Now remove the moisture-resistant backing inside a Modess pad and test it. Pour water on it—and you’ll see how completely you can rely on Modess!

Yet for all its greater comfort and safety, Modess costs no more than any other nationally-known napkin. So—when you buy napkins—insist upon Modess.

Five whole years of your life...

Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

IF YOU PREFER A SMALLER, SLIGHTLY NARROWER PAD, SAY "JUNIOR MODESS"
FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO RADIO

No matter what sort of dance music you like, you may be sure that Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra play that particular brand. And play it with perfection. The organization has a distinctive, easily-recognizable style of its own, yet it's adaptable to whatever the current dance music trend happens to be. The boys are just as much at home with the Beale Street Blues as with the Andante Cantabile from Tchaikowsky's Fifth Symphony.

Tommy is one of the few bandleaders who are actually good musicians. He's considered tops as a trombone player. He sticks to his instrument and therefore has little time to put over the "personality plus touch" that most leaders do with the aid of a smile and baton.

His program for Raleigh-Kool Cigarettes has a tremendous following. His choice and wide variety of numbers, his expert arrangements and the versatility of the boys in his band are responsible. His "swing contests" to encourage young amateur musicians were one of the program's highlights. It brought jobs to many youngsters who might otherwise have remained unheard of in their home towns.

Tommy has a talented group of vocalists in Eddythe Wright, Jack Leonard and the Three Esquires. They've been with him for a long time and blend smoothly with the music of the band.

Tommy was born in the Pennsylvania coal region in 1907, of musical parents. In fact, his father was a music teacher. Tommy is married and has two children. He lives on a farm in Bernardsville, New Jersey. Before forming his own band, Tommy and his well-known brother, Jimmy, played in the orchestras of Paul Whiteman, Ted Lewis, Rubinoff, Victor Young, Vincent Lopez and Rudy Vallee.

Many bands have become sensations overnight because they played the dance music of the day especially well. But just as soon as another type of music became the fad the bands were forgotten because they couldn't change their style accordingly. Crazes may come and go, but they'll never interfere with Tommy's popularity. If it's swing you want, no band swings out any hotter than Tommy's. If it's the sweet, romantic rhythms you prefer, no one plays sweeter than Tommy. His boys are capable of any style.

To Tommy Dorsey, Radio Stars Magazine presents its Award for Distinguished Service to Radio.
An inside slant on what happens when you seek air employment, and how good your chances are

BY
NANETTE KUTNER

One of 4,000 who have applied for auditions, this young lady is being heard by members of the NBC Artists Bureau. They sit in a separate enclosure.

Only 3 children out of 50 have possibilities, and authorities warn that no radio school, fake or not, can get your child a job.

... SO YOU'D

ALMOST anybody can have an interview for a radio audition. The networks may issue warnings about the folly of leaving your hometown, but if you get to Radio City, headquarters of the National Broadcasting Company, or 485 Madison Avenue, New York City, headquarters of the Columbia Broadcasting System, and are not obviously a crack-pot, there is little opposition.

Each network considers itself a public utility. As such, its facilities are at your disposal. If you want an interview you get it, but getting an audition is something else again.

To both of these companies come thousands of would-be entertainers and still more thousands of written applications. Many of the letters are unbelievably naïve. One applicant writes: “My sweetheart loves my voice on the telephone.” He thinks CBS should give him an audition. At NBC arrive numerous requests for auditions “after five-thirty or on Sundays, because I'm a stenographer with office hours.” And then there are those bugaboos, letters not asking for auditions, but “just a criticism of my voice.”

On the other hand, there are literally thousands of re-
quests which show real promise, and these are given every consideration. Radio does want new talent but it must be better than, or capable of competing with, the entertainers already employed. If you want an audition, if you have possible talent and some previous experience, you are heard. But—outside of the thrill it gives the applicant, the average audition of today means little or nothing. Let's see why.

Auditions are divided into special classifications—vocalists, actors, instrumentalists, children and announcers. In making an application, one should be definite as to the type wanted.

Yearly, 4,000 singers and instrumentalists apply to Robert E. Smith, of the National Broadcasting Company, who hears over 2,000, claiming it would be physically impossible to take care of more. He looks for that intangible gem which experts call "voice quality," and he looks for technique, pitch and some previous professional experience. Out of this number perhaps twelve receive actual engagements on NBC programs. A number of others display talents better suited to club work or personal appearances of all kinds. Many artists whom Smith feels have possibilities, but are not yet ready for the stiff competition of experienced radio singers, are taken under the protective wing of his staff and trained with a view to later auditions. He estimates that the number of men and women applying is about even, though women have a slight edge.

When a pretty girl or a tall, handsome man arrives for a test, the NBC Artists Service sends motion picture representatives to the studio to see if there are possibilities in that direction.

At the offices of the Columbia Broadcasting System, Lucille Singleton has charge of vocalists. Conservatively speaking, she grants interviews to fifty audition-seekers a day.

"It's tapering off," the girl at the information desk told me. "It used to be like the subway."

Impervious to bribes, threats or flattery, Miss Singleton weeds out her applicants, searching for musical background, poise and general appearance. This last because, now that radio goes in for stage shows, looks do count.

If you pass her intelligent scrutiny, and eleven or twelve a week do, you get your audition. (Continued on page 81)
IN THE cases I have presented on *Gang Busters* for a period of three years, I do not believe any equaled "Cardinella—the Devil." "The Devil," though little known, operated a crime school in Chicago. Some of his graduates are still at large, but in hiding.

Cardinella, swarthy, with heavy eyebrows which gave him a Mephistophelian appearance, took mere children and, by threats of torture, forced them to rob and murder for him. But the angle of this story that shakes the imagination is Cardinella’s attempt to come back to life after he was hanged and pronounced dead.

Captured after a trail of six deaths led to him, Cardinella and five of his henchmen were sentenced to die. But so fearful were the remaining members without him, that they executed a fantastic plot to return him to this earth. Cardinella went to the gallows a limp, sodden figure. During his stay in the death cell he lost fifty pounds.

Only the watchful eyes of a prison guard saved Chicago from further visitations from "The Devil." Following the execution, an ambulance arrived to pick up the body of Cardinella to bring him to his family for burial. The guard noticed that the vehicle carried more than standard equipment. After the ambulance left the prison yard, a prison car started a chase. Inside the ambulance, members of "The Devil’s" gang, working with hot water bottles, heated blankets, mattresses, oxygen tanks and pulmotors, were bringing "The Devil" back to life.

The gang was rounded up and Cardinella’s body was brought back to cool off on a slab.

It was only after the plot was nipped that the reason was found for Cardinella’s losing fifty pounds in the death cell. He figured that when the trap door was sprung his light weight would result in asphyxiation, rather than a broken neck.

AS a runner-up to this, I offer the "Licavoli Gang."

A few years ago the Licavoli Gang terrorized the whole city of Toledo, Ohio. They murdered, extorted and plundered. No one dared oppose them until Prosecuting Attorney Frazier Reams was elected and stated he would smash the gang.

Finally captured by police, it was then found that there was no real tangible evidence against Licavoli. He laughed at police efforts to trace robberies and killings to him.

Police admitted they would have to release Licavoli unless they received a complete confession.

In raiding the Licavoli Gang hangout, one detective noticed a parrot. The parrot seemed unusually smart. A second visit there and the detective brought the parrot to police headquarters. He locked himself, a stenographer and the parrot in a room.

For a day the detective and the stenographer listened to the parrot. The parrot broke the case.

Having been around the gangsters for years, the bird had picked up odds and ends of names—and even addresses and the more frequently used telephone numbers.

With this information gleaned from the parrot, Prosecuting Attorney Reams confronted Licavoli. Amazed at Reams’ intimate knowledge of petty details, Licavoli confessed.

Incidentally, the parrot still lives. It belongs to a young lady in Toledo, who asks that her name be withheld from any further stories about the amazing parrot. However, when I broadcast the Licavoli case, the parrot appeared on the program and screamed, "Licavoli."

A CASE which stands out, in my records, concerns itself with the preview of death given to police in the radio room of the Kansas City police headquarters.

Released on parole in 1937, Golden Barrett, Kansas City Bad Man, jumped right back into the old ways of crime. Barrett, with a former prison (Continued on page 32)

---

**THE MOST EXCITING**

22
In this tavern Larry Devol met a violent end, thanks to James O'Neil. Radio led to the capture and incarceration of murderer Frenchy Benoit.

The producer picks the most thrilling of his crime dramas

Phillips Lord, author of this article, inaugurated the Gang Busters program in 1935. The series is produced with the cooperation of the law enforcement authorities.
LIKE any other entertainment medium, radio is subject to noticeable cycles. Last year, for example, it was community sings, and the year before that, amateur hours. Now, in 1938, an entirely different type of program has zoomed to popularity and, in spite of its meteoric rise, bids fair to live a long and healthy life.

Question and answer games are anything but new. They've been used for years as forms of group amusement and are probably derived from the spelling bees which were in vogue around 1873. The early 1920's found people engrossed in Guggenheims and Ask Me Another sticklers.

The origin of the current air cycle dates back to radio's earliest days. One of the first broadcasting stations presented a question and answer program which was conducted by Dr. Craig Earl, better known as today's Professor Quiz. At that time he answered queries mailed to him by those few radio fans who owned cat's-whisker sets. No doubt other such shows followed, but Walter Casey claims to have been the first to use questions testing the ability of an audience. His Aircyclopedia was presented originally on WMCA in 1930 and later on the NBC network. Then, in 1932, Jerry Belcher invented the sidewalk interview idea. From this grew the present-day Vox Pop airshow, which combines informal interviews with interesting questions.

Audience brain-storming shows are flooding the air.
That was only the beginning! Today there are well over two hundred of these brain-teasing, audience participation programs, and the list is growing fast. On the major networks alone they number thirteen at this writing, and their listeners number in the millions, including men, women and children.

The tremendous appeal of such airshows may seem extraordinary at first thought, but these analytical facts should be considered in arriving at its explanation. From the listener's standpoint, he is receiving a program that is unprepared—one in which anything may happen. This lends an aura of excitement which most broadcasts lack. He may participate actively by trying to answer the questions himself. If he succeeds, it is quite flattering to his ego. If he doesn't, an opportunity is afforded of amassing a store of interesting, educational and amusing facts which he may later use to advantage in business or socially. As for humor, there are hilarious moments in abundance—some derived from the questions; some, unhappily from the wrong answers and spontaneous remarks of contestants; and still others from the wise-cracks of the quiz-master. Lastly, he may win anything from a photograph to $25 for submitting acceptable questions, plus the additional thrill of hearing his name or brain-child used on the air.

As for the contestant, the first and foremost attraction of facing a (Continued on page 56)

Here's the answer to the popularity of this new cycle
Girl and eyebrows are the same, but the face of Valiant Lady Joan Blaine suffered in her passport photo. Now an air star, Joan was once a lawyer, songstress, harpist and stage actress.

Not a gangster's moll snapped in the line-up, but Anne Jamison in a passport photo which allows no retouching or artistic lighting. The young soprano is really quite lovely, as you can see.

Phil Baker's grin only made him look like an amiable taxi driver in the above atrocity. A film photographer did a better job with Phil in Goldwyn Follies. The hair isn't his in either case, however.
Cameras can be kind or cruel to famous faces

Meredith Willson has that rogues' gallery look, and a mean one at that. When treated kindly by the camera, though, he registers as a genial maestro, minus the extra chin. His glasses are missing.

Tim Ryan, looking like a jovial politician in the little picture, is an ex-vaudevillian and radio partner of Irene Noblette, his wife. In the other picture, Tim wears a toupee; lines are smoothed.

Irene Noblette smiled unsuspectingly as her face was abused by the camera. Her portrait, though, is a bit flattering. No wrinkles or lines may be removed in a passport photograph.
ONE fallacy radio has outgrown is its old style of "summer programs." When the big commercial programs took their summer recesses a few years ago, the networks used to fill in those hours with the lightest of music, on the theory, perhaps, that perspiration made inspiration vanish.

The past couple of summers have done away with that. The vacant hours in the summer are used for serious experiments along new and untried branches of radio.

Tenor Al Garr is featured on John Nesbitt's Passing Parade, the show replacing Phil Baker on CBS, Sunday at 7:30 p.m. EDT.

Dick Kline, Paramount physical culture director, and Mary Lou Cook, singer, are on a West Coast health program.

The Kiss-Analyzer tests and airs the ability of Beverly Roberts and George Jessel. H. A. Gilbert mans the controls.
entertainment. Serious drama in particular has been given impetus.
Last year the Columbia network had its Shakespearean series enacted by the very greatest stars obtainable. No Shakespearean season ever before had presented the plays with such notable casts. NBC did a series of plays by such writers as Eugene O'Neill and George Bernard Shaw.
The work is being resumed this year. NBC has obtained rights to all the Pulitzer Prize plays of the past two decades, and is presenting them Thursday evenings. WABC has Orson Welles, outstanding new figure in the Broadway theatre last winter, transferring his ingenuity to radio.

ONE fruit of this summer's experiment is an additional demonstration that the modern stage play is far from the best vehicle for radio drama. The Pulitzer Prize plays are as good a collection as you are likely to assemble. Their revivals by NBC have not been uniformly good, in spite of a sincere and painstaking production each week.

George Burns just took a wild chance on fitting him into a buffoon rôle. Surprisingly enough, Ray entered into the low clowning with eagerness and enthusiasm. He became easily the best stooge of the past season.

As an index of his effectiveness, the Burns and Allen program dropped sharply in the popularity ratings after Ray left it last spring.

THE new contract and new salary for the Vpx Pop program this coming season is one of the few instances where a radio pioneer reaped the reward for an idea. Usually, the pioneer in radio is elbowed aside by imitators. Vpx Pop was first to bring questions-to-the-audience entertainment to the networks, arriving on an NBC chain in 1934. Since then, radio has been flooded with shows of the same general type, a good many of them excellent entertainment.
The pioneer show maintained its popularity in spite of stiff competition from imitators. (Continued on page 60)

The arrival of baby Barbara Ann has kept Bob and Mrs. Burns close to home. They are just beginning to find time for a little socializing.

Irene Rich has bought a farm in California, will continue her radio work and also return to films.

The long scenes, customary on the stage, become too slow for radio. The Monday evening Lux Radio Theatre, as another example, reached its greatest success after it began using movie scenarios instead of stage plays. The movies, with their quick transitions from setting to setting and dialogue in brief stretches, fit much better into the radio medium.

These are the experiments that will make radio drama eventually as important as comedy and music. At present, with a couple of outstanding exceptions, the drama programs rank far down the popularity scale.

THE suave and debonair Ray Noble will resume his idiotic and amusing character on the Gracie Allen program this fall, the most incongruous bit of casting in radio. In conversation, Ray has charm and wit, a very pleasant companion for an evening. Above all else, however, he leaves an impression of traditional English dignity and reserve, a man with whom one does not take intimate or too jovial liberties.
How the public is protected from hearing what is unfit

In the dark recesses of network files are countless scripts that never reached the air. The collection is priceless. It contains some of the choicest wit and humor of the century. But the morgue of unperformed continuities is never disturbed, except for occasional staff reference to acquaint new continuity editors with the type of material that must never, never be permitted on the air.

Despite rigid adherence to prescribed program policies of all networks, many headlining performers—particularly comedians—must be cautiously observed, lest they slip over an occasional "fast one" on the corps of men and women script readers who form the radio equivalent of Hollywood's Legion of Decency.

Script editors are reluctant to discuss their activities beyond stating their network's policies. They concede that they are blue-pencilers, but deny that they are bluenoses. They enjoy a merry quip as much as the fellow who writes one but they claim they must judge it in the light of how listeners will react to it. If it bears even a suggestion of offending a very small fraction of the air audience it is altered or—what is more likely—deleted.

The networks are not the only ones who lay down rules of what can and what cannot be heard on the air. Certain prominent sponsors and advertising agencies, presenting top-bracket names to national audiences, themselves frequently lay down the law of "don'ts" to their stars.

Stars, astronomers say, blink or shine. But when radio stars' scripts are censored, they burn!

The real reason Al Pearce wound up his contract with Ford, it is said, is because he resented the blue-pencilling of his scripts. And it is understood that he rejected the higher salary of a tobacco sponsor to go with Grape-Nuts next fall because he believes it is with the latter that he'll have a freer hand in using the kind of material he desires.

Fred Allen is one radio funster who doesn't see anything comic in what NBC readers do to his scripts. And he doesn't mince words in giving his opinion of their actions. He believes, like many other air stars, that turning out a brand-new show every week is a big enough task, without having to cope with the irritations caused by seeing the final result tampered with.

They still tell the story at NBC of how Fred got his
revenge on at least one occasion. Here it is:

One of his lines in the original script told the story of a dog who was very happy because a Pole moved next door. The script reader said that would never do. Fred demanded a reason. The blue-penciler held it was because the gag might offend Polish listeners. So Fred changed the line to state that the canine was merry because a Mr. Post moved next door. Thus he avoided international complications while retaining the original comedy construction of the gag.

Actually, Allen—like other comedy headliners—does not intend to offend anyone and he is angered when his lines are changed for far-fetched reasons. He was particularly burned up when he used Toscanini's name in a script, in what he terms a complimentary manner, only to find that NBC would not permit any mention of their ace symphonic conductor. So Allen switched the line to include Stokowski's name, but again had to change it to a mythical Kowitzki before it was okayed for airing.

It is a standard practice for comedians to use the names of their contemporaries in gags. The Benny-Allen feud, in this light, became a broadcasting classic. Hence Fred's temper rose when a large advertising agency requested Allen to refrain from any references to its programs. Fred was so mad he said he had a good mind to tell the agency that one of its own comedians should be stopped from lifting Town Hall Tonight jokes.

The agencies often bring pressure to bear on the networks in altering scripts other than their own. The repercussions of the Mae West-Chase & Sanborn broadcast, which caused Federal Communications Commission action, brought forth an edict to ban all mike references to the screen star.

But there are other bans that were not preceded by such an incident. The sponsors of Charlie McCarthy requested that no mention of the popular dummy's name be made on other programs. Boake Carter does not permit any mimicking of his voice except by Phil Baker, although it is conceded that there's little he can do about it if anyone does.

During Ed Wynn's original Fire Chief series on NBC, he frequently raged over the deletions in his script. One night, though, he got partially even with the chain by announcing to his large studio audience that his script was cut and he couldn't see the reason why. To prove his point, he told the deleted joke to the onlookers at the conclusion of his broadcast. Their applause indicated that they would have approved it for the air. NBC was so embarrassed by the incident that its publicity man hastily reached radio editors in the studio and begged them to tone down the bold gesture of Wynn.

Venereal diseases have always been a delicate microphone topic. Despite the fact that there have been extensive campaigns on the parts of physicians and laymen to educate the public on this important subject, microphone censorship often creeps into talks merely mentioning the words "syphilis" and "gonorrhea." General Hugh S. Johnson was banned from discussing the topic by NBC. Then the network replied to criticism of unwarranted censorship by extending microphone facilities to Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of the American Medical Association's publications, who, it was held, could present such a talk ethically and authoritatively. CBS, too, and many local stations from Coast to Coast, have found venereal diseases too delicate for microphone discussion.

Some entertainers set forth their own microphone restrictions. Phil Lord, for example, on his various dramatic programs, insisted that every cop must be a good cop. No dramatization portraying a dishonest police officer would be countenanced on his Gang Busters and other shows. It is interesting to note that most instances of crime re-enactments on the air have never disclosed how the nefarious deeds were done.

One of Lord's radio specialties was crime drama and he sought real-life material. But a two-part dramatization of the misdeeds of a Mid-Western gang brought a complaint from the mentioned community. Local clergymen, hearing the first episode, said it (Continued on page 77)
Nadine Connor, "most perfectly developed soprano," receives a cup from Charles Atlas, perfect man.

Peggy Moran likes to rehearse in comfort, minus shoes. She is under contract to the Brothers Warner.

Carole Lombard, recent guest on Lux Radio Theatre, believes in emoting facially as well as orally before the mike. A glamorous appearance doesn't count, in spite of the studio audience.
Madeline Lee is really both beautiful and smart although she plays the rôle of Genevieve Blue, Andy's dumb secretary, on the Amos 'n' Andy program. She is from Dallas, Tex.

Max Eastman, popular m.c. of the CBS Word Game, is pictured on his estate at Croton-on-Hudson with his wife, Eliena Krylenko Eastman, and their cats.

Jack Haley will m.c. a new CBS program this fall. He is married to Florence McFadden, also an ex-vaudevillian, and they have two children. This one is Jack, Jr., aged five.

Tim and Irene, of the Friday Royal Crown Revue, hated each other on meeting, but married three months later. They turned to radio when vaudeville died.
THE BIG-SALARIED

Fredda Gibson, who's sung with many bands, has a chance to soar.

Barry McKinley's been on sustaining a long time. Progress is slow.

Dorothy Dreslin has a contract with NBC. Her soprano is heard often.

Tito Guizar was a CBS sustainer. Today he's doing well in Hollywood.

Marie Louise Quevli is determined to make good. She has appeared on the Metropolitan Opera Auditions, and is heard frequently on Continental Varieties, an NBC show.

BY EVERETTA LOVE

Have you ever been around a radio crowd and heard them use the word "sustaining," and haven't you wondered what it meant? It is a very important word in radio. Aside from its technical definition, it stands for heart-breaks, for blasted hopes, and sometimes for a triumphant ending to hard work and hard luck. When you talk about "sustaining" artists, you're talking about the very backbone of radio—those who entertain you in the early morning, the mid-afternoon and between commercials; who keep the networks going from practically sun-up to sun-up. But will they be the big-salaried stars of tomorrow?

These artists are managed by the broadcasting companies. They're always "on call," but are used sporadically. They're always hoping for a sponsor, but, though most of them have real talent, few actually go on to commercial spots and stardom.

In the movie field, when a contract is signed with a newcomer whose ability is yet to be proved, that artist is sent to the studio school, there to study dramatics, posture, walking—everything to do with making a successful screen appearance. The artist is told

Will today's hard-working sustainers make good?
what to wear, how to groom the hair, even what phase of the personality to accentuate.

In radio, the newcomer signed to a contract is placed on "sustaining." That means that the broadcasting company will back the artist for a build-up, hoping to cash in on him for a big commercial contract later.

For a long time it seemed that the broadcasting companies, after one brief spurt of celebrities, had lost the formula for building stars. There seemed to be a lack of coordination between the various departments—management, program, publicity—which often caused a potential "hit" to be lost in the shuffle. Many artists became unhappy and bitter over the careless treatment which they received on sustaining shows. Now, however, things are better because radio is coming more and more to adopt the movie plan for building personalities.

Recently, the ever-alert Columbia Broadcasting System created a separate department for its sustaining artists and called it Columbia Artists, Incorporated. With great good sense the company named as head of the department Mr. Herbert Rosenthal, a young man who has literally grown up with the network. Immediately after his graduation from New York University in 1929, he joined CBS, when it had been in existence about a year. He served first in the program department and moved up soon after to double his activities, serving both as assistant to the vice president in charge of programs and to the vice president in charge of operations. He is not only one of the best equipped executives in the industry, who can be depended upon to act in the interests of the company, but he has a genuinely sympathetic attitude toward the artists. He has a real understanding of their problems, through his work in different departments.

From Mr. Rosenthal I learned that a "sustaining" artist is usually signed to a three-year contract. Ten percent of all bookings is the fee usually required by the broadcasting company, although it often runs much higher if the artist is an unknown who requires a particularly expensive and painstaking build-up.

When the artist has been duly signed, he is given a sustaining spot on the network. If a singer, he is aided by a studio orchestra for accompaniment and, if possible, special arrangers to make the songs outstanding. Immediately, he is turned over to the publicity department for a "build-up" by experts, who will interview him and determine just how he should be presented to the press. The photographic department will make the most of him. Columbia Artists, Inc., has the energetic and inventive Allan Melzer in charge of publicity, and his responsibility is great.

(Continued on page 66)

Nan Wynn has been singing on her own CBS program and is heard on the Summer Session broadcasts. She is one of the favored few who possess the cherished 3-year contracts entitling them to a big air build-up to fame.
Many air stars live “on borrowed time,”

Death rode with Fred Waring in a speeding auto, but he survived.

Jane Martin was shot by a thug. The bullet just missed her heart.

It happened about ten years ago when he was “doing” Europe by air. The plane he was riding in developed engine trouble on the way from Alicante to Fez, and they made a forced landing in the Andalusian Desert. The pilot jumped out and hurried across the stretch of desert in search of a telephone to arrange for a relief plane to pick them up. While he was gone, Thomas and the other passenger, a French mechanic who was being transferred to Fez, crawled under a wing of the ship in an effort to protect themselves from the furnace-like heat. When the pilot returned and informed them that the relief ship was on its way, they felt they could bear their discomfort better, though this desert, says Thomas, was every bit as unbearable as the Sahara.

Soon the relief ship came into sight, saw the pilot’s smoke signal and circled down. The chief of pilots from Alicante and an expert mechanic were in it. But instead of trying to fix the disabled ship, they immediately switched the mail...
and baggage into the second plane. The intention was to avoid further delay by sending it on with Thomas and his two companions, while they repaired the first plane and returned to Alicante.

In fifteen minutes the new ship with Thomas aboard was ready to take off. They were on a fairly level stretch of twenty or thirty acres, but just beyond were huge boulders, olive trees and a mule. The plane went roaring across the desert, but gave no sign of leaving the ground. It looked as though they were headed for a smash—but the pilot throttled down and switched off just in time!

He swung the plane around, taxied back, and held a consultation with the chief pilot from Alicante. They decided a longer run would get the plane into the air.

Once more the plane roared across the desert, and this time seemed to have better luck. It bounced into the air and started to climb. A few seconds later it was about three hundred feet above the olive trees, but the plane was not climbing as it should have been. When it started to turn to the right the plane did not bank, tipping one wing, which is one of the elemental rules in traveling in three dimensions. They were turning flat and losing flying speed.

It got around and was facing in the opposite direction when, in less than a split second, it nosed down. The eyes of the mechanic, who was sitting facing Thomas, were wide with terror. He screamed as the crash came. There was a horrible shock and roar, then all went black—not because he and the other men were knocked unconscious. Thomas says, but because, in diving into the desert, the plane had thrown up earth like the eruption of a. (Continued on page 72)
Winifred and Kathleen are water enthusiasts as well as talented actresses. As members of the most famous radio family, they’ve worked together for five years.

ONE MAN’S FAMILY AT THE BEACH

At work and play, this serial’s cast resembles a real family.
Enjoying outings and parties together has long been an old One Man's Family custom with the cast. They have fun, too, just as Kathleen, Page, Winifred and Bernice are doing here—no squabbles, as in a real family.

Such goings-on as this offer pleasant recreation between rehearsals. The spirit of fun, so apparent among the players when on the air, is all the more natural because it comes from a genuine spirit of camaraderie.
"Ole Cunnel Kemp" is from Marion, Ala., and his wife hails from Dallas, Texas. They have two children. Hal, at the age of 6, was an expert pianist; at 10 he was tooting a cornet, and at 12 a clarinet. He mastered the sax later.

Keep in tune with orchestral doings and maestri, and learn the low-down beat on Hal Kemp

CHAPEL HILL, North Carolina, is the home of that illustrious seat of learning, the University of North Carolina. In addition to text-books and lectures and stuff, the university is also famous for having produced two important orchestras—Hal Kemp's and Kay Kyser's.

Talk among the collegians down at Chapel Hill, though, is that Hal never had time to graduate. He was much too busy organizing the band which was to become the college boys' favorite. Legendary, too, by now are the tales of how tall, blond Hal, immaculately clothed in white tie and tails, used to slip quietly into a seat at a morning lecture after having spent the night playing with his Carolina Club orchestra.

Skinnay Ennis, John Scott Trotter, Saxie Dowell, and others of the original Kemp crew, all entered the U. of N. C. with the idea of walking out with a sheepskin and an education. Instead, in 1925, they won a college band contest promoted by famed

BY JERRY MASON
vaudeville magnate R. F. Keith. The prize was a trip abroad. By the time the band members got back to these shores, they were ready for a career and a future sponsor.

If you’re really curious about such things and take a real close look at the Kemp history, you might be tempted to remark that everything happens to Hal. Everything that happened was good until he was established as a top-rung bandman. Then the chain of events ran something like this:

First important event was the departure from the orchestra of John Scott Trotter. You’ll recognize the name of J. Scott as that of the lad who leads the orchestra in those magnificently classical accompaniments for Dr. Bing Crosby of good ole K. M. H. Professor John Scott, it is hinted, was hired by the sponsor-faculty of K. M. H., because of his fine collegiate background. Be that as it may, he was pianist and chief arranger for the Kemp organization. Then John Scott pulled up stakes and began to search for greener fields. He found them with Bing. But he left a large empty space behind him. Experts blamed him for much of the distinctive Kemp style and Hal found it hard to replace him.

But he was replaced and Hal continued to zoom along until he signed with a new sponsor, who decided to send him to California and let Alice Faye co-star with him. There is no musical movie star I like better than Tony Martin’s beauteous and gay young wife. But Alice never had much time for a real musical education. In the movies, when she can work for weeks learning a song and where there is always the opportunity for retakes, she is tops. But musically speaking, she just couldn’t meet the exacting requirements of a thirteen-week radio series.

As a result, the Kemp-Faye programs were pretty bad. The talents of neither Hal nor Alice showed up to advantage. Talk began floating: “Kemp’s slipping.”

Before that talk got ominous, Hal checked out of Hollywood. But he left Skinnay Fums behind him. Skinnay, one of the chief attractions of the band, decided to become a stick-waver on his own.

So there you have lanky Mr. Kemp just getting back to normal after the departure of J. Scott when two more hay-makers hit him. A bad radio program—than which there is nothing worse for a star—and a goodbye to Skinnay. So he heads for Chicago. Pate wishes a train-wreck on him, and lovely Maxine Gray, singing box-office attraction, is injured so badly (Continued on page 75)
Mary Eastman was to star on a program called *Here Comes the Bride*. Everything was all set except the time, and that's why it was jilted at the church.

**GHOST**

If you could dial in your loudspeaker tonight and hear Ethel Barrymore in one of a series of melodramas written by Bayard Veiller, author of *The 13th Chair* and *The Trial of Mary Dugan*, followed by a four-star soiree featuring, as master of ceremonies, James J. Walker, colorful ex-mayor of New York Town, would you be excited?

Or if these features should fail to stimulate you and you could, by a twist of a wrist and the magic of the ether, dial in vivacious Elsa Maxwell, portly purveyor of parties, conducting a typical fiesta, with Allen Kent, Mary Small and Will Osborne's orchestra rounding out the sixty minutes, succeeded by thirty minutes of mysterious adventure with suave *Philo Vance*, enacted by dapper William Powell, would you consider your radio a gift from the gods or just another piece of furniture?

Then, perhaps, a weekly serialization of orchid-loving, beer-drinking *Nero Wolfe* and his faithful assistant, Archie, portrayed by Craig McDonald and Wallace Ford, would rate higher in your esteem.

Maybe a carefree carnival, supervised by Budd Huleck, Benay Venuta and Bunny Berigan's blaring bugle, would suit your listening requirements.

A lot of people, who should know, thought all these programs bang-up radio entertainment, certain to give Charlie McCarthy, Jack Benny, Major Bowes, and Phil

**BY DAN WISTON**
Comedian Frank Fay was slated to m.c. a big variety show when Barbara Stanwyck sued him for a divorce. So he couldn’t sell the product to American wives.

Queen Marie of Rumania almost became a typewriter saleswoman on the air. However, she exercised a royal prerogative, refused to appear at the right time.

SHOWS YOU’LL NEVER HEAR

Baker plenty of competition.

Well, don’t get too excited over anticipating any of these big broadcasts in 1938.

These are but six of a thousand ghost programs that never will be heard on the air.

These are but a small handful of dreams, hopes, ideas that nearly made the grade.

To some of the participants, the failure was chalked up to experience and another fool’s errand up radio row. They’ll try again. More sensitive souls took it the hard way. The failure had the harsh and sickening impact of an egg crashing on the pavement.

All sorts of excuses are hurriedly presented when you ask why so many of these shows never reached your ears. A good majority of these alibis may be justified. 1. The recession. 2. Seasonal listening habits. 3. Similarity to other programs. 4. The whims of the prospective sponsor (and his wife and his cousins and his aunts). 5. The idea sounded swell on paper, but in front of the mike . . .

But somewhere behind all these man-made explanations lurks the hand of Fate; a cold, calloused hand that cares not how many hearts it breaks.

You, the listening audience who go out and show your appreciation to Saarwell Coffee by buying a fresh can so that Major Dough can continue throughout the summer, were never asked to pass judgment on these ill-fated fiestas. The tribunal members, who gave their verdict, were solemn-faced Solomons cooped up in air-cooled clients’ booths at NBC, CBS and Mutual.

Their decision usually came in a cool, crisp note: “Thanks very much for letting us hear your program, but . . .”

“No, I know how a prisoner feels waiting for the governor’s reprieve,” is the way one prominent radio actor, battle-scarred from a thousand auditions, explained how he felt after hearing the bad news.

“Yes,” summed up a big-time radio executive, “there have been many good radio shows that have come through our office on which we spent time and money which almost got on the air. But ‘almost’ doesn’t count, so we charge it all up to experience and let it go at that.”

Almost doesn’t count . . . almost doesn’t count . . . almost doesn’t count. It is the monotonous tom-tom chant of a thousand frustrations.

The networks and advertising agencies are reluctant to talk about these fanciful flops. But the grapevine system is as effective as Sing Sing’s. Broadway’s byways are filled with rumors, sprinkled by actors, page boys, agents, authors and musicians. The musicians talk most freely because, whether the auditions fail or succeed, they get paid for their talents. The others gamble. Perhaps that is why there are so many auditions. (Continued on page 79)

These programs were killed before they had even started.
Announcer John Barry manages a smile as Jan disrupts his remarks with hanky-pulling.

Blowing off pianist-singer Rudy Rudisill's toupee gives Jan and audience a big laugh.

The maestro persuades a lady onlooker to give Fritz Heilbron inspiration as he sings.

Jan Garber is a player of pranks as well as music.
Escorts, beware! Jan likes to dance and often trades his baton for a cute girl.

Wand-throwing definitely gets in the hair of Russ Brown, patient baritone.

If Jan learns it's your birthday, be prepared for a serenade by the band.
GIVING THE KIDDIES WHAT THEY WANT

Children demand thrills galore, otherwise they won't listen in at all.
THE time, some four years ago, the place, a large advertising agency. A troubled Director of Children's Programs held a script in his hand as he addressed the agency executive.

"Look here," he said, in essence, "there have been a great many adverse criticisms of the Fluffies program we broadcast. The script writer says he'll be glad to make certain changes I've recommended if you will eliminate some of the undesirable features. He estimates the agency man was most affable. He reached into a desk drawer and brought out a large graph bearing an ascending line.

"I'll be glad to cooperate," he agreed. "You may make any changes in the Fluffies script you wish. I'll take out some of the blood and you like. Take out some of the melodrama if you want. I ask only one thing—that the National Broadcasting Company will guarantee this sales chart of our product will continue to rise, as it's been doing—and that it shall not sink!"..."And..." Paul Wing says, "he had me there! Fluffies necessarily went on as it had been."

Mr. Wing, now in charge of the NBC Spelling Bee, was at that time Director of Children's Programs, and he was discussing some of the difficulties the networks have experienced in arriving at a satisfactory policy for one of the most ticklish of radio's problems, the child listener. One obstacle, of course, was the commercial angle. If a program aimed at a child audience boosted the sales of a product, the sponsor wanted that program to continue as it was—regardless of whether some children woke up with the screaming-memories, regardless of parent protest, or adverse criticism by child psychologists and Parent-Teacher Associations. And the other difficulty has in fact been the demands of the children themselves.

For there's no question that kids know what they want in radio entertainment—and, on the whole, they want thrill, action and adventure. The problem, even with the advertiser's cooperation, could not be solved simply by broadcasting mild and innocuous programs, because the kids just wouldn't listen. And while the younger group, under eight years of age, might enjoy such top favorites as The ever-popular Singing Lady or Uncle Don, those above eight look with scorn upon such programs, with their "baby stuff!"

"We found," Mr. Wing said, "that we couldn't improve children's programs without giving them what they wanted. The only thing we could do was to try to make the programs they liked a good quality; to give the kids the action and adventure they demand and, at the same time, try to make the stories of a high literary and dramatic quality—to raise the most successful kid shows we ever did was the 39 episide dramatization of Stevenson's Treasure Island, adapted by Henry Colton. We did that series over five times, with never a complaint but thousands of letters of praise. Yet Treasure Island is certainly rollicking melodrama, as action-filled quality as any story could be. But it was the fine radio dramatization that made it so well liked by both parents and Stevenson as author. We can't have Robert Louis Stevenson as author of all programs, but we did try to keep a comparable level of quality in original stories.

And that is part of the basic policy of NBC's Children's Program Department under the present direction of Margaret Cuthbert. The same policy that holds good for CBS and Mutual. That it is no more than natural for children to enjoy action stories, as borne out by Arthur T. Jersild, consulting psychologist for Columbia in connection with children's programs. Quoting from a talk by Psychologist Jersild:

"If a child has a sweet tooth we do not feed him only on candy. If he likes an exciting story we do not scare the daylight out of him. If he is ignorant on a subject, and comes to us in good faith, we do not take advantage of his ignorance, but attempt to give him a good answer."

"The same sort of sincerity may be rightfully expected in a children's program. Children have a right to enjoy vicarious excitement and thrill. A cold, intellectual diet makes children nervous and tense, and produce bad dreams, nightmares and fears. Actually, this problem of excitement seldom comes alone. If a broadcast has to depend upon terrifying suspense it usually will have other questionable features. The importance of the underlying quality. The better a children's script is prepared and produced, the more genuine its appeal, the less it will try to influence the child in order to hold his interest."

Too, there is the problem of the children who receive an unusual, strong stimulus from the standpoint of neurotic children. any more than all flowers or feathers can be eliminated. (Continued on page 62)
BETWEEN BROADCASTS

Meredith Willson, Good News band-leader, works hard. If he's not conducting he's checking scores.

Random shots of ether stars in off-air moments

Paul Whiteman, who finds the going a bit hot, tears out for a thirst-quencher between his rehearsals.

NBC dramatic actress Elaine Basset is a modern Venus. She's often in demand as a style model.
Major Bowes had Song-writer Nick Kenny as guest on his yacht, Edmar.

Announcer Graham McNamee believes in comfort, not looks, at rehearsal.

Martha Raye dunks frequently in the pool at her Hollywood home.

Charlie McCarthy's new girlfriend is Joan Benny, who kisses him while Mary Livingstone and Edgar Bergen lend a hand.

Kay Kyser recently played host to Benny Goodman, Eunice Healey, Mrs. Bernie and the Old Maestro.
This three-piece wool suit in tan and rust blended stripes was worn by Elaine Basset in the NBC television fashion show. The loose, swagger jacket is finger-length. The solid rust blouse has a tan corselet; and the skirt is pleated.

This smart rain outfit of oiled, transparent silk is perfect for a wet fall day. A big kerchief may be worn over hat or curls and the mittens will aid in saving gloves. The whole costume can be put in a tiny envelope and carried in a pocketbook.

This romantic and glamorous gown of gold silk marquisette is fit for a princess. Her stockings are sheer gossamer and are rightly called "Nothing at All."

FASHIONS THRU TELEVISION

BY WENDY LEE

HOW would you like to see a real fall fashion show without moving from your comfortable easy chair in your own cool living-room?

Summer has passed its peak now, and the gay light clothes you bought last June are beginning to pall a little and you're anxious to start assembling your fall wardrobe. Before you buy anything, though, you want to look around and get an idea of what the prevailing styles are going to be for the new season and which ones are best suited to you. But, although you're looking forward to fall and its exciting new clothes, summer weather is still with us, the dog days persist and it's too darned hot to go downtown and poke around in the stores. So you put it off and put it off until, suddenly, the first cool fall day finds you totally unprepared. Then you rush out and buy the first thing you see, which will probably turn out to be a regular old white elephant when you plan the rest of your wardrobe later on. Wouldn't it be heavenly if you could see a preview of all the new styles right in (Continued on page 64)
FOR YEARS we have been learning about the importance of the various vitamins to our health. A-B-C-D-E-G—who hasn’t heard of them?

Now comes the exciting news that one of these is related in particular to the skin! Lack of this “skin-vitamin” in the skin produces roughness, dryness, scaliness. Restore it to the diet, or now apply it right on the skin, and our experiments indicate that the skin becomes smooth and healthy again!

That’s all any woman wants to know. Immediately you ask, “Where can I get some of that ‘skin-vitamin’ to put on my skin?”

Pond’s Cold Cream now contains this Vitamin

Pond’s Cold Cream now contains this “skin-vitamin.” Its formula has not been changed in any way apart from the addition of this vitamin. It’s the same grand cleanser. It softens and smoothes for powder as divinely as ever.

But now, in addition, it brings to the skin a daily supply of the active “skin-vitamin.”

Use Pond’s Cold Cream in your usual way. If there is no lack of “skin-vitamin” in the skin, our experiments described in the next column show that the skin is capable of storing some of it against a possible future need. If there is a lack of this vitamin in the skin, these experiments indicate that the use of Pond’s Cold Cream puts the needed “skin-vitamin” back into it.

Begin today. Get a jar of Pond’s, and see what it will do for your skin.

Same Jars, same Labels; same Price

Pond’s Cold Cream comes in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Now every jar of Pond’s contains the active “skin-vitamin”—Vitamin A.

Most People don’t know these Facts about Vitamin A and the Skin . . .

First Published Reports

In 1931 and 1932, deficiency of Vitamin A (“skin-vitamin”) was first recognized as the cause of specific skin disorders. In the case reported, a liberal Vitamin A diet made the dry, roughened skin smooth and healthy again. Later reports confirmed and extended the evidence of this.

In hospitals, other scientists found that Vitamin A (“skin-vitamin”) applied to the skin healed wounds and burns quicker.

Tests with Pond’s Creams

Experiments were made concerning possible causes of deficiency of “skin-vitamin” in the skin.

I. Dietary—The skin may lose “skin-vitamin” from deficiency of it in the diet. In our tests, skin faults were produced by a diet deficient in “skin-vitamin.” Without any change in the diet, these faults were then treated by applying “skin-vitamin” to the skin. They were corrected promptly.

II. Local—Our experiments also indicated that even when the diet contains enough “skin-vitamin,” the stores of this vitamin in the skin may be reduced by exposure to sun, and also by exposure to warm, dry air together with frequent washing. In further tests, marked irritation resulted from repeated use of harsh soap and water. This irritation was then treated by applying the “skin-vitamin.” The skin became smooth and healthy again. It improved more rapidly than in cases treated with the plain cold cream or with no cream at all. The experiments furnished evidence that the local treatment with “skin-vitamin” actually put the “skin-vitamin” back into the skin.

All of these tests were carried out on the skin of animals, following the accepted laboratory method of reaching findings which can be properly applied to human skin.

Even today it is not commonly known that the skin does absorb and make use of certain substances applied to it. Our experiments indicated not only that the skin absorbs “skin-vitamin” when applied to it, but that when “skin-vitamin” is applied to skin which already has enough of it, the skin can store some of it against a possible future need.

The Role of the “Skin-Vitamin”

The “skin-vitamin” functions like an architect in regulating the structure of the skin. It is necessary for the maintenance of skin health. When the skin is seriously deficient in the supply of this vitamin, the skin suffers.

Signs which may indicate “Skin-Vitamin” deficiency

Dryness, Roughness, Scaliness resulting in a dull appearance

Copyright, 1935, Pond’s Extract Company
MOST EXCITING GANG BUSTERS STORIES

(Continued from page 22)

companion named Squires, stole several cars, robbed two drugstores and got the Kansas City, Kansas, police hot on his trail. After a running gun battle with officers, the pair spotted an unoccupied radio car at the curb. A daring idea struck Barrett: he would steal the radio car to get out of town. Nobody would think of stopping an official car. But what Barrett did not know was that Kansas City police cars are equipped with a radio transmitter as well as receiver. In fumbling for the switch to start the car, Barrett inadvertently snapped on the radio transmitter.

At headquarters, in the radio room, stunned officers heard the two killers, sitting in the police car, outline their plan of escape. Headquarters immediately sent word by code to police cars to proceed to the stolen car.

And then came a five-minute period of cold horror to the men at headquarters—Squires and Barrett had seen the two officers to whom the car belonged. The unsuspecting cops were coming back to the automobile.

“You get the one on the left,” Barrett ordered Squires. Officers at headquarters say that at this point they wanted to take a shot right into the radio, so frenzied were they because of their helplessness.

To the further horror of the cops at headquarters, the sound of shooting began pouring through the loud speaker. After that, every copper at headquarters dashed out of the place, each hoping that he could help his fellow officers against what seemed a cold massacre.

When police cars converged on the stolen police car they found Barrett and Squires stretched out. The two officers whose car was stolen had a hunch that something was wrong and came to reclaim their car with guns drawn. One of the officers was severely wounded, but recovered and came back to the police force.

ANOTHER favorite case in which radio comes to mind is the case of “Frenchy Benoit.” This gives an excellent example of the way the Michigan-Indiana-Ohio Tri-State Blockade works. These three states, by short-wave radio and patrol cars, can effectively block all roads leading from one state to the other.

Frenchy Benoit, in February of last year, was stopped and questioned by Michigan State Trooper Richard Hammond, concerning a killing. Benoit pulled a gun on Hammond and kidnapped him, forcing him to drive the patrol car.

The trooper’s partner, left with Benoit’s car, immediately phoned headquarters, and the Tri-State Blockade went into action. Within three minutes, calls were going out to all radio cars within an area of twenty miles. Like an old-fashioned fox hunt, the troopers in their cars began to converge—forming a gigantic net around Frenchy Benoit and his captive.

Benoit could hear the calls on the patrol car’s short-wave radio, and began to get jittery. As every road he tried became blocked, he got more hysterical and finally he ordered Hammond to stop the car and get out. He handcuffed the trooper to a mailbox post and shot him, leaving his body sagging against the post. Then he deserted the police car and took to the woods.

Guided by headquarters’ radio, the police cars closed in, with uniforms from three states flashing up and down the road. Through the woods tore the frenzied Benoit, the calls of the police radio reaching out on the air, presaging his capture. Relentlessly the net tightened and tightened. With nowhere to turn, Benoit gave himself up—a mental wrench as a result of the implacable chase that held him up like a hunted animal.

Benoit is now serving a life sentence in Michigan State Prison for the murder of Trooper Hammond.

THE underworld has produced many elusive criminals, but none more ghost-like than Paul Jawarski, “The Phantom of the Coal Fields.”

Over a period of a dozen years, no witness was ever able to give a description of this robber and killer. Jawarski had hideouts in abandoned mine shafts and in the hills of the mining district of Pennsylvania. He stole payrolls of the mining companies to the value of hundreds of thousands of dollars, and more often than not, these robberies resulted in multiple murder.

It was directly as a result of Jawarski’s large scale depredations that the armored truck was invented. The Phantom accepted the invention as a challenge. He knew the trucks could withstand any armed attack, so he disguised his gang as road laborers and had them plant dynamite over a hundred-yard stretch.

On a still afternoon a payroll cavalcade wound a tenuous path through the coal mining mountains of Pennsylvania, slowly winding its way to its doom. Like an evil genie leering above, Jawarski pushed the plunger and a whole section of the road, payroll cars and trucks, went flying hundreds of feet into the air. These dynamitings paid off no less than $100,000 at a time.

After every such robbery, Jawarski and his men disappeared in the labyrinth hideouts.

Jawarski was finally brought out in the open in a clever way. Rumors were spread throughout the mining country that police were going to shoot poison gas into all abandoned mines. When this rumor reached Jawarski’s men, he couldn’t control them. They refused to use their safe hideouts thereafter. Instead, Jawarski reluctantly led them to a hideout in the open country. But police had anticipated this move and trapped Jawarski and his men.

(Continued on page 54)
"Don't tear up the snapshots of that boy you're mad at"

says DOROTHY DIX, famous adviser on life and marriage

"YOUTH AND LOVE are both impulsive. How many times I have heard the story of a sudden lovers' quarrel, marriage to someone else—and then regret.

"'It needn't happen. Suppose you do have a quarrel. Instead of rushing home and destroying the mementos of your association together, save these reminders. Be sure to save the snapshots you have made of your young man. This is most important, for nothing else will so rekindle your lost feeling. 'You may start going with someone else. But before you decide to marry, take out the snapshots of the one from whom you parted in anger, and look at them earnestly. They may save you from a decision that would bring sorrow all through life."

* * *

Whether you're expert or inexperienced—for day-in and day-out picture making—use Kodak Verichrome Film for surer results. Double-coated by a special process—it takes care of reasonable exposure errors—increases your ability to get clear, satisfying pictures. Nothing else is "just as good." And certainly there is nothing better. Play safe. Use it always... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.
Radio Stars

This Millionaire's Dish at 3¢ a portion does wonders for budgets!

Serve Franco-American as a main dish whenever you want an appetizing spaghetti meal. Give it to the children for lunch, with milk and fruit. They love it! Whenever you have meat or fish leftovers, just combine these with tasty Franco-American Spaghetti, and you'll have a dish that will bring your husband back for more.

Delicious Franco-American certainly saves you time and money! The big 19½-ounce can usually costs only ten cents.

Franco-American is not just an ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. That extra-good sauce—made with eleven savory ingredients—with selected cheddar cheese and fine, sun-ripened tomatoes—makes Franco-American stand alone! Why not order several cans of Franco-American Spaghetti from your grocer today?

Franco-American Spaghetti
Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups

May I send you our free recipe book? Send the coupon, please!

Campbell Soup Company, Dept. 69
Camden, New Jersey. Please send me your free recipe book: "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print) ––
Address ––
City –– State ––

Police breathed a sigh of relief when Jawarski was finally placed in the death cell. But "The Phantom of the Coal Fields" proved to be as much a phantom as ever. In a bold break, he escaped from the death cell and prison by shooting two guards. Once out in the open again, he became a reckless killer. He boasted of his killing at every opportunity and loved publicity. In order to assure getting his name in headlines, he held up the Detroit News, making off with the payroll.

The capture and death of Jawarski came as a result of his boasting. Seated in a restaurant in Cleveland one day, he saw a familiar face. It was a home-town boy. Instead of getting out of the restaurant in a hurry, Jawarski introduced himself to the home-town friend.

"I don’t remember you," Jawarski’s renewed acquaintance said.

"I used to be known by a different name in school," Jawarski stated. "But now I’m Jawarski—Jawarski, The Phantom—the guy that’s knocked off more guys than you can count on your fingers. Remember me? I was a tough kid in school—but not as tough as I am now!"

The home-town acquaintance listened in amazement. He didn’t know what to do. Jawarski took the decision off his hands.

"How would you like to tell the police that you’ve seen ‘The Phantom'? You’ll get a reward."

"Why, I don’t care. You’ll kill me!"

"No," the former coal miner answered.

="I won’t do a thing to you. But I want you to tell the cops that I sent you. I want them to see that I ain’t as scared of them."

Within ten minutes Jawarski’s friend notified the cops. Police cars screamed to the restaurant. Jawarski met the police head on. Three cops went down before his bullets. He escaped into a warehouse, where he held the cops at bay until they smoked him out with tear gas. On the door step of the warehouse a police bullet found its mark. Like a poled steer, Jawarski came down to earth with a bullet in his head. His fight against law and order ended.

A CASE which demonstrated the effectiveness of Walla Walla Bakers was that of Bruno Sydow.

In May, 1937, George Thorp, a theatre owner of Crosby, Minnesota, was returning to his home with the day's receipts when he was accosted by a bandit. Refusing to give up his money, he was shot and killed, while the bandit was wounded in the foot.

The bandit escaped, but weak from the loss of blood, his car ran into a ditch. He held up five college youths and took their car; then he held up a Minnesota citizen and stole his car. In this one, a tan Ford de luxe coupé, he made good his escape. This much was known to the police.

Gang Busters broadcast a description of the stolen tan Ford. Had it not been for this broadcast, the story might have ended unsolved, but immediately after the broadcast, Detroit police were informed by a listener that the described car was parked outside of his house. The police found a fingerprint on the car which proved to be that of one Bruno Sydow, burglar. With the identity of the criminal definitely established, the police waited. Then, nearly eight months later, Minneapolis police responded to a burglary call. In fresh snow they tracked the burglar two miles and captured him. At headquarters his prints were taken—they matched those of Bruno Sydow, wanted for murder.

To the bandit confessed his identity; then he confessed, also, to nearly thirty robberies as well as the murder, and was sentenced to prison for life.

Another case in which a Gang Busters broadcast captured a criminal was that of Larry Devol. Devol was one of the worst, as well as the shrewdest, criminals this country ever knew. Bank robber and all-around bandit and killer, he had been a member of the notorious Ma Barker-Alvin Karpis Gang. He was even too "hot" for them. After a double-murder of police officers, Devol was run down, captured and sentenced to Stillwater Penitentiary, for life.

Figuring that there was no escape from Stillwater, Devol feigned insanity for two years, and was finally committed to the State Insane Asylum. In the summer of 1936, Devol and a companion led the escape of sixteen inmates from the State Hospital.

Gang Busters immediately broadcast the description of Larry Devol, noting the scars on his face and hands, and his stiff left ring finger.

Listening to the Gang Busters broadcast in his tavern in Enid, Oklahoma, was James O’Neill. He heard the description of Devol and then noticed that sitting in one of his booths was a man who answered that description perfectly. He went to a telephone and called the police. But what O'Neill did not realize was that Devol was a desperate killer. Police arrived. They walked up to Devol and asked him to come to headquarters for questioning. Devol requested permission to finish his beer. As he drank, he thrust his hand into a briefcase and brought it out shooting. One of the officers was killed instantly. A bullet crashed into a mirror inches above O’Neill’s head as Devol dashed for the door. But outside were other officers and the Chief of Police. In the terrific gun battle that ensued, the Chief had a finger shot off, but Devol was finally brought down.

Devol had killed one more man, but because of the Gang Busters clue, the lives of many others had undoubtedly been saved.
set of Letter of Introduction at Universal the other morning. Generally the soul of punctuality, he rushed in with Charlie dangling over his shoulder and, with a brief nod to the assembled cast, made straight for the make-up department.

"What in the world?" wisecracked Andrea Leeds, "has Edgar a chip on his shoulder?"

"Don't call me a chip—I'm Charlie McCardy!" came an annoyed voice from the make-up department.

DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN: A young man named Jack Benny was one of the first and most successful masters-of-ceremonies to head a Broadway Revue? ... Sam "Schlepperman" Hearn's vaudeville act, Marry Me, the score of which he composed himself, was tops on the five-a-day circuit? ... Fred Allen, then a young vaudevillian, went from New Orleans, La., to Brisbane, Australia, without a passport, and to get into the country had to get the Mayor of Boston to swear that he was born John Florence Sullivan? ... Kate Smith conducted 8,000 auditions throughout the nation and discovered eighteen "new stars" for radio? ... Mary Margaret McBride's book on "Charm" was one of the best sellers among young and old? ... A young lady named Mary Livingston traveled from Vancouver, B.C., to Chicago to become Mrs. Jack Benny, after she had become engaged a few weeks before to a young Canadian? ... Don Wilson was named All-Rocky Mountain Conference guard, taken playing for the University of Colorado football team? ... Harry "Bottle" McNaughton was hailed as Ziegfeld's great English comedy discovery of the '20's? ... Peter Van Steeden's orchestra was the toast of society matrons in New York, and the handsome Dutch baritone had all he could do to fill Mayfair engagements? ... The Teatro Radio Open singing contest was won by Kenny Baker?

JACK BENNY hotly denies the rumor that the large dog house on his new Beverly Hills estate is for his own use when he's on the outs with Mary Livingston. "Nothing of the kind," Jack told us in an exclusive interview. "That house will be used exclusively as guest accommodation for Fred Allen."

TONY MARTIN and Alice Faye came back from their Hawaiian honeymoon loaded down with gifts for all and sundry. The cast of George Burns and Gracie Allen's show really rated. George received a beautiful grass skirt and a detailed phonograph record on "How to Master the Hula." Jan Garber received a bushman's bolo knife and a pamphlet on "How to Master the Bolo in Ten Easy Lessons." Gracie's gift was a fine book on "Research of Native Customs and Development of Social Consciousness in Hawaii." Gracie immediately had the cover redone to harmonize with her living-room furnishings and thinks it's a mighty useful book. Gracie and George, incidentally, will vacation themselves in Hawaii this fall.

- "Why, Mr. Pig, I think that's downright shocking! Really? You don't believe in bathing? ... Merciful goodness, I didn't suppose there was anybody left with such old-fashioned, moss-grown ideas!"

- "Something's got to be done about this... Let's see... what's been wrong with the baths you've had? Soap in the eye? Or... Wait—I see it all now! You've never had Johnson's Baby Powder afterward!

- "Hold on—don't run away! You're going to have a brand-new thrill! Soft silky Johnson's Baby Powder to make you feel cool as a breeze and happy as a pig in clover. Now... who's afraid of the big bad bath?"

- "Wouldn't you like to feel a pinch of my Johnson's? It's so lovely and smooth! ... Made of fine imported tale—no arrisroot—Johnson's Baby Powder helps to keep babies' skins unchafed, free from prickly heat, and in good general condition. Try Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream, and Baby Oil, too. This new oil is cleansing, soothing, stainless, and will not turn rancid.

**JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER**

*Copyright 1936, Johnson & Johnson*
DANDRUFF?

**4 Minute Treatment Stops Dandruff Itch**

And Kills Nasty Scalp Odor

Dandruff is the sign of a diseased, unclean scalp. Through neglect, the tiny sebaceous glands (oil glands) fail to work as they should and become clogged with scales and dirt. The scalp becomes infected by germs and fungi, and the condition spreads.

Skin specialists generally agree that effective treatment for dandruff must include:

1. **Regular cleansing of scalp.**
2. **Killing the germs that spread infection.**
3. **Stimulating circulation of the scalp.**
4. **Lubrication of scalp to prevent dryness.**

The Zonite Antiseptic Scalp Treatment Does These 4 Things

**WHAT TO DO:** Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution — 2 tablespoons Zonite to 1 quart of water. Use this same solution for shampoo with any good soap. Rinse very thoroughly. If scalp is dry, massage in any preferred scalp oil. (For complete details of treatment, read folder in Zonite package.)

It is vitally important to use this treatment regularly (twice every week at first) to keep dandruff under control and keep germs from spreading. Because reinfection constantly takes place from hats, bed-pillows, combs and brushes.

If you're faithful, you'll be delighted with the way this treatment leaves your scalp clean and healthy — free from itch and nasty scalp odor.

**At all U. S. and Canadian drug stores.**

**TRIAL OFFER** — For a real trial bottle of Zonite, mailed to you postpaid, send 10¢ to Zonite 912 New Brunswick, New Jersey U. S. A.

---

**DANDRUFF?**

microphone intrigues the average person. Long denied this stimulating and novel experience, the radio novice is all the more eager to give it a trial now that the opportunity is available. Whether he is brilliant, belated or dour, if it is egotistical enough to want to test his knowledge. "At any rate," thinks he, "I can't do any worse than a lot of people I've heard!" If he loses, he may be given a consolation prize and he's had fun. If he wins, he feels he's been entered by a few dollars, his self-esteem has undergone a thorough put on the back, and he can even do a bit of crowing among his friends. There is also the tempting competitive angle, for who doesn't enjoy a contest of brain or brawn, whether it be as participant or onlooker.

On the other hand, what have sponsors and broadcasting companies to lose? Instead of spending thousands of dollars per show for top-notch vocal, dramatic and comedy talent, anyone, strong in letters and gag writers, may pay a comparatively moderate salary to the conductor of the program, offer a few hundred dollars a week in prizes and receive, virtually gratis, the services of the most engaging of entertainers — everyday people! Here, at last, is an entertainment formula abounding in audience appeal, whose production costs are low and whose popularity, according to the ratings, is comparable to that of the highest-priced programs. In these days of financial uncertainty, both sponsors and radio stations realize that they "have something" here.

The question is, how to make it last? To this end many variations of the original technique have been put into use in order to create new features and attract new diaters.

As mentioned before, *Varsity* was one of the first to query "the man on the street." Jerry Belcher's idea was that a curious crowd would gather around a mike set up in a busy location and members of that group would submit to informal interviews. Injecting humor into straight conversation proved difficult, so the system of asking interesting questions was hit upon. Belcher deseter the show in 1936 and now Parks Johnson and Wallace Buttersworth carry on. Their success is proved by the fourth place they hold in the Crossley Ratings on quiz shows. This is remarkable since no rewards are given for questions submitted and no prize, other than a tube of shaving cream, is offered to the participants. At one time a five-dollar bill was given to the lucky person who happened to be facing the mike when an alarm clock went off. This, by the way, was abandoned because of complaints that it created a general confusion that it could be used for illegal purposes. Parks and Wally carry with them a list of some 1,200 questions suitable to people of all types and vocations — clergy, men, engineers, hairdressers, etc. Since the interviewees do not wish to hurt the feelings of their interviewers, the wrong answers, the correct ones are seldom offered.

The two most popular question and answer shows are the two oldest still on the air, Professor Quiz and Uncle Jim's *Question Bee*. The former ranks highest in the ratings. Since its debut on CBS in March, 1936, 1,000 contenders have faced the genial Professor and attempted to answer questions picked from a battered hat. Nearly $25,000 has been awarded in prizes and cash. Each week contestants are chosen from letters of application, five for the Eastern and five for the Western broadcast. Usually three men and two women are chosen, since that reflects the proportion of requests — about 65% — that come from men. The person having the highest score wins $25, and the second highest, $15. As many as 42,000 letters have been received in a week, the average being 18,000. Of these, 16,000 contain questions. For each set of ten correct answers, $25 is paid. Just recently, the Professor was awarded a prize for conducting the second-best adult education program on radio, the first being America's *Testament*. Though flattered by this honor, the Professor was a bit amazed, as his purpose is primarily to entertain, not to educate.

Uncle Jim's *Question Bee* originated in Washington, hopped to CBS and finally to NBC in September, 1936. Jim McWilliams, the star and master of ceremonies, is an ex-vaudevilleian, once the partner of Frank Curnut. His method of conducting is to pick six volunteer contestants from the audience, three men and three women, and the winners are selected. Twenty-five and each participant an Uncle Jim *Question Game* as well as a large can of coffee. For questions submitted and accepted, listeners receive smaller portions of coffee. A year ago the mail draw amounted to $700 a week. On the other side, it approaches $4,000. Ticket requests are so heavy that the program has been moved to a large studio and 5,000 potential contestants are still waiting for their chance.

Now we come to the new question and answer shows that have appeared during the last year, particularly this spring. *True or False*, conducted by Dr. Harry Hagen, began on MBS and is now heard on *NBC*. Instead of asking for direct answers, participants are requested merely to answer "true" or "false" to the given statement. This eliminates the necessity of their putting thoughts into words, often a bugaboo. Two teams of six each, usually men versus women, are pitted against each other. These groups are suggested by listeners and the lucky ones receive $25 in advance of the show. Secretaries have faced lawyers, chorus girls competed with interns and Smith students with Harvard students. Again we find that the winner's prize is $25, but each member of the winning team is awarded $25, and the shaving cream as well. No questions are accepted from listeners since Dr. Hagen originates them himself.

*News Tests*, an MBS sustaining show conducted by Leonard, has varied the scheme to yet another direction by specializing in news alone. All questions used are compiled by Mr. Leonard, who selects his facts from the newspapers on the day preceding and on the day of the...
the broadcast. Five contestants, three men and two women, are selected from the audience a few minutes before airtime. They are asked approximately twenty-four questions in the fifteen-minute period, mostly of the multiple choice variety based on international, political, human interest and old news events. The only prize given is $5, but people are eager to contend none the less.

An old parlor game fashionable around 1876 has given rise to the current What’s My Name? show conducted by Budd Hu
tiek, formerly of Stoopnagel and Budd, and actress Arlene Frances. Each of the eight or more competitors, chosen from the studio audience in advance of airtime, must try to guess the identity of a famous personage described in a set of four statements. If successful on the first clue, he wins $10; on the second, $9; the third, $8; and the fourth, $7. Even if he doesn’t make a guess he is consoled with $5. Besides the monetary prizes, all participants are given a humidor can of cigarettes. Approximately 12,000 sets of What’s My Name? puzzles are submitted each week and $10 is paid for each one used on the show.

Two new sustaining programs specializing only in words arrived on the ether almost simultaneously. The first is MBS’ Say It With Words, Allen Prescott, of Whatever fame, and Dr. Charles E. Funk, dictionary expert, are in charge. Contestants, drawn from the studio audience by numbers on their ticket stubs, are given queries based on definitions and derivations and are asked to use a common English word in a sentence. The questions drawn are graded at from $1 to $3, and the combatant is given the equivalent in silver. It is his if he answers correctly, is taken away if he is wrong. There is also a guest performer who represents some occupation which has developed its own colorful and distinctive jargon. Another unique feature is the “Word Mint,” the idea being for listeners to coin new words descriptive of objects, actions or thoughts now requiring several words to express, such as “white collar worker.” To the originators of the six best words, standard Funk and Wagnalls Dictionaries are awarded.

The Word Game, heard on CBS, is similar in many respects. As Max Eastman, master of ceremonies, puts it, “We, all of us, like to talk all the time—or at least as often as we can get anybody to listen, and words are what we talk with. The contest is to see whether we know what we are talking about.” Here the classifications used are word definitions, a “Grammar Bee,” spelling, slang definitions and Guggenheim (i.e. name a snake beginning with “N”). Three women and two men are chosen ahead of time from applicants’ letters. First prize is a Merriam Webster’s New International Dictionary unabridged. Second is a leather-bound edition and all other contestants are given a copy of the regular Collegiate Dictionary.

Information Please, an NBC sustainer, puts the usual order in reverse. The basic idea of “stumping the teacher,” has such definite psychological appeal that this program is offering serious competition to the others. It is presented over by Clifton Fadiman, literary critic, who presents listeners’ (Continued on page 58)
questions when they are not present to do so in person. Four members of a rotating board, representing authorities on various subjects, face the barrage of questions and volunteer to answer as they see fit. Not only do persons submitting acceptable questions win $2 for each one, but they also net an additional $5 if the learned board is unable to produce the correct answer. A fund of $100 is put up for each program. From this the $5-failures-to-answer-correctly are deducted, the remainder being divided equally among the board members as a bonus.

The Town Hall Big Game Hunt, now replacing Fred Allen during his vacation, is under the supervision of Norman Prescott, ex-vaudeville mind reader, and Jane Martin who at one time conducted Let's Play Games, on WOK. Each week a guest star is introduced and quizzed by the two conductors. His incorrect answers reduce the fee he is paid for appearing. The games, such as spelling words backwards, giving sentences in reverse, etc., are played by contestants selected at random from the audience. The prizes have not been decided upon as we go to press.

The musical quiz program is an outgrowth of the basic question and answer show. Kay Kyser's College of Musical Knowledge is the outstanding example. Starting on MBS, it was transferred to NBC and now ranks in eleventh place among the one-hour shows. No NBC program has ever had as many ticket requests, and each one is from a potential contestant, since those who compete are chosen by ticket numbers drawn from a fishbowl. Two teams of three members each vie with each other. Questions are of a musical nature, either requiring straight answers or asking the identity of a number played in part by the orchestra. First place brings $35; second, $20; and third, $5. All participants are gifted with a package of cigarettes, but nothing is offered listeners for submitting usable questions, except the thrill of hearing their names announced.

The Musical Steeplechase, a Joseph Cherniavsky creation broadcast over MBS, has an entirely new game. Four volunteers assume the names of race horses, each being assigned a toy nag and a separate course. Three series of questions are given to each starter in rotation. In one of them the orchestra plays the opening choruses of two songs, the titles of which make a musical statement—such as, Let Me Call You Sweetheart, Rosalie. If they answer correctly their horse moves up one place; if not, it remains as was. One good guess nets $1; two, $4; and all three, $10.

Even the children have their oral contest program. It is called The March of Games and is a fifteen-minute CBS Susan-tainer which recently replaced the similar Dear Teacher show. The fourteen-year-old master of ceremonies, Arthur Ross, and a drum major, Sybil Trent, aged 11, are the stars. The first series of questions require ordinary answers. The second section alternates between "Topsy-turvy Teasers," such as what's wrong with: "William Tell shot an arrow through an orange while standing on his son's head?" and "Musical Memory," in which contestants are asked to identify familiar songs from strains played by the orchestra. Last is "Tongue Twisters," such as: "A crop of poppies in a copper coffee pot." Two boy and two girl participants are chosen from letters, grouped according to age and given questions geared to their age level. First prize is $5; second, $3; and a consolation prize of $1 is given to the other two. Children submitting questions used are given an autographed photograph of the drum major.

These brief synopses cover, of course, only the quiz programs on the major networks. Among others are Give Me a Sentence, The Answer Man, Make Up Your Mind, Facts, Don't You Believe It! and What Do You Know About Money?

In general summary, most programs choose questions which anyone of average intelligence stands a chance of being able to answer. There are humorous questions; those which evoke remarks of, "I didn't know that, but isn't it interesting?"; and a third type which makes one say: "I knew that but the answer slipped my mind." Program directors make every effort to check the answers for validity, but even so there are sometimes slips-up which call for an avalanche of mail disputing the answer. The classic example is Professor Quiz' monkey question. He asked the following: "A rope is hanging over a pulley; on one end hangs a certain weight. On the other end is a monkey of exactly the same weight. The monkey starts to climb the rope. What happens to the weight on the other end?" He said it did not move. Came thousands of letters, some five-hundred theses from engineers, mathematicians and physicists, and pages of elaborate il
illustrations. The controversy ended when a demonstration was held in Madison Square Garden and a live circus monkey was put to the test. The weight went up!

At all times novel and interesting forms are sought for questions. It is more entertaining to ask: "Name three of five famous persons born on May 28," than: "When were the Quintuplets born?" This was done on Information Please and the learned board, by the way, missed completely.

It seems that men are more eager to enter the contests than women, probably because they have more self-confidence, but no one could say the females are bashful. Mike fright is a mental menace until the master of ceremonies goes to work on the contestants, joking and talking to them until they feel at ease and realize that the whole thing is all in fun. Seldom is anyone so overcome with fear that he or she is speechless.

As for the winners, it’s almost a draw between the male and female contingents. Women, housewives in particular, have carried off the honors on Professor Quiz. Men have won more frequently on True or False, though the secretaries beat the lawyers and Smith triumphed over Harvard. Men seem to do better on The Word Game and on Uncle Jim’s Question Bee, though the running is close. On Kay Kyser’s College there’s no doubt but what the males have the upper hand. But they’re mostly college boys, and to them a popular music education is as important as an academic one. Men are often downed because their knowledge is too confined to the occupations in which they are engaged, whereas women and housewives have more outside interests, and through them acquire a general knowledge which is helpful. Also, they are less likely to be self-conscious, a definite asset. College students are in the upper bracket, but there, too, lack of general information is likely to be their downfall.

All types of people have competed, from ditch-diggers to prominent bankers, yet no one classification can be called more outstandingly successful than another. A lot of it depends on luck in drawing questions. As a whole, "Americans are pretty smart people," says Professor Quiz.

But the fact remains, when all is said and done, that quiz programs are the order of the day. Whether they will retain their present popularity is uncertain. Perhaps only the best will be able to survive this latest radio cycle. However, Mr. and Mrs. Public, and the little Publics, too, agree for the nonce that it is all grand fun and super-entertainment.

**NEW-TYPE ICE DEODORANT**

is greaseless, actually cooling and checks perspiration 1 to 3 days

YOU don’t know the meaning of "perfection" till you try Odorono ICE—
the new non-greasy, non-sticky ICE deodorant that disappears as you put it on, leaves your skin feeling cool and refreshed, and checks perspiration instantly!

The new Odorono ICE keeps your underarm completely dry for as much as three whole days. Yet it takes only a few seconds to apply. Light and delicate in texture, Odorono ICE is greaseless and non-sticky. And there is nothing but its own fresh odor of pure alcohol which evaporates immediately.

Here is a satisfactory answer to the appeals of fastidious women for an effective, greaseless underarm deodorant. A really pleasant, quick way to put an end to offensive odors and embarrassing and costly perspiration stains.

Why risk offending the very people you want most to impress? Start today to enjoy the sure protection of Odorono ICE! Use Odorono ICE according to the directions on the label of the jar. Only 33¢ at all toilet-goods departments.

SEND 10¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY JAR

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. S-E-4, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 457, Montreal)

I enclose 10¢ (3¢ in Canada) to cover cost of postage and packing for generous introductory jar of Odorono ICE.

Name

Address

City State
IF Al PEARCE'S endless good nature and spirit of sunshine occasionally seem a little exaggerated and tiresome on the air, it is a defect AI can't help. He probably could not change it if he wanted to. AI is completely that man he brings to the microphone, naive, easily amused and likable. He visited a Fred Allen broadcast one night and Fred introduced him to the studio audience. That little attention brought AI back-stage with thanks profuse enough to cover a gift of a million dollars.

Al has little flurries of bad temper, occasionally, but they don't last long. An episode in Al's office not long ago may give some insight into his character.

One of the girls working for him was notified that her father had died suddenly in Michigan. AI was at home but he happened to hear about it almost immediately. He hurried down to the office, telephoned for train reservations for the girl and then gently ordered her to get down to the train and stay away from the office for a couple of weeks.

It was a small kindness, one that AI could easily afford. The manner of its performance was what stamped it as the act of a great character.

FROM Harlem this summer arrived a song called Flat—something or other. In radio programs, phonograph records and nickel-in-the-slot machines it has been given various spellings, Flat—Fleet Floopie, Foot Floogee, and variations from there. It is one song you can spell your own way. Slim and Slam brought it down from Harlem. Up there the swing people make up words to fit what they have in mind and never bother about the spelling. Slim and Slam volunteer no official spelling. The song has given them national popularity, with money rolling in, and they are not bothering.

They are being sued for the authorship of the song by Artie Shaw. If you hear them stop singing it, some lawyer man probably has been around telling them about injunctions.

FIBBER McGEE (Jim Jordan) is on his summer vacation now. He will come back in the fall and let's hope it will be with Molly (wife Marion Jordan). Together they laughed their way to the top. Along with Stoopnagle and Budd, these two were the only ones to try comedy in radio without stage or screen seasoning. They were just on the verge of becoming as important as, say, Burns and Allen, a year ago. Then came the distressing illness that forced Molly off the air suddenly and unexpectedly. The raucous and emphatic Molly is a great comedienne, and they are too scarce for radio to lose at this stage.

THOSE words, "at this stage," were used because they seemed the proper ones. Eddie Cantor used to have that same resentful class of admirers, but they apparently had revolved their burdensome worship elsewhere.

This season its salary is trebled, putting the program up in the important money brackets, around $3,000 per week.

THE most sensitive admirers in the world seem to be the respective followers of this oddly assorted lot: Cap Lombaro, Jessica Dragonette and Benny Goodman. The writer who says anything at all uncomplimentary about them brings down a pile of angry letters upon himself.

A couple of months back, I told about how many Cap Lombaro kidded about Carmen's singing, even Carmen himself declaring he was no great singer. Trying to analyze the popularity of a voice that was certainly not good from accepted vocal standards, I decided it must be the warm sincerity it be to every song. Did I get slapped around! Letters came to the editor demanding that "that ignorant so-and-so" be fired at once. In more friendly spirit came suggestions that I visit a psychiatrist and undergo treatment for insanities of that sort.

The odd part of it all, I yield to very few in my admiration for the Lombardos. The long-standing leadership among popular orchestras makes my own hearty approbation superfetous. In addition to that, the whole crew of them are men you can have your respect and like. Their success has produced no egoism. One of the pleasantest corners in radio is the band's dressing-room with that jovial, good natured crowd during intervals between radio rehearsals or dance music sessions.

Listen, you rabid Lombardolists! Along with the whole music business, radio editors and writers have nothing but admiration and respect for the Lombardos.

FOR different reasons, Miss Dragonette's admirers protest most of what is written about her. Her small, sweet voice is perfectly adapted to the microphone, which enhances all its good qualities. Not all voices are so fortunate when they face a microphone. Last winter she also demonstrated her effectiveness in the concert hall by making a very successful tour around the country. Her devoted followers, however, resent comment which in any way smacks of a goddess, abused in the face of the simple, gracious dignity that characterizes Miss Dragonette, off-stage and on.

This piece probably has gotten me in bad already with Benny Goodman and his orchestra. The band can't understand anyone's liking both Lombard and Goodman. My notion is that the rhythms of Good-man's quartet is one of the most exciting items of radio entertainment these days, but its admirers in theatre or studio drown out the beauty of its best passages by ill-bred noise. That brings advice to get back to listening to Lombardo, the sort of music a dumb cluck like myself can understand.

Eddie Cantor used to have that same resentful class of admirers, but they apparently had revolved their burdensome worship elsewhere.

Now that comedians are the subject, there is one of radio's good ones who seems to need adjustment. Ben Bernie is the right righter.

Ben was a pioneer in informal radio fun. For years he was allowed to run along as he pleased, no strict set of lines to follow, just kidding his way through whatever comes to his mind. Last spring he stepped into a program which wanted to make him another Benny. The difference is Jack Benny and Benny Bernie. The latter Benny improved a little as weeks went on, but he is no man to stick to lines as they are written down on the page. He loves his spontaneity.

Ben is a man who makes amusing moments of small things as they float through his mind. He has been at his best at ceremonial broadcasts, to which he went with little or no preparation. Out of my own food memories was Ben at the opening of a California theatre.

"We are talking," Ben's ingratiating half-bent began, "of this and that-a at Santa Anita"—and he apologized for all those A's—"if you'll fo'give me." It's a trifling little joke but exactly the sort that has made history through years of broadcasting and kidding in studio or theatre.

PROBABLY this is enough about Bernie, but I can't resist recalling the time when Ben had a colored guest star who could not read. The man was a great star in the theatre and Ben knew he would have broken a heart to have that illiteracy shown up before an orchestra and the other people at rehearsal.

In a corner backstage Ben could be found saying: "When I say this to you, you answer this . . . and then I say . . ." Rehearsal before the microphone began when the jubilant and grateful colored star had mastered his lines.

There are a million stories that add up to the fact that Ben Bernie is a pretty near normal, one you would be kid-ding a half hour away in your living-room once in a while every radio season.

SWITCHING over to another side of radio—I wonder how our readers up in Boston feel about the treatment of their symphony orchestra these past few years?
Music critics usually rank the Philadelphia, New York Philharmonic-Symphony and Boston orchestras as the three preeminent orchestras of America.

The first-mentioned two have been on the air regularly. Boston’s great orchestra has had parts of concerts slipped in to fill gaps here and there. Radio is full of inequities which only volunteer and plentiful protests from listeners can correct. It’s a matter for writing.

NBC is bringing back Toscanini for another series this winter. As a tribute to a great orchestra, this little gray idol of music should make amends for radio neglect and conduct one or more major broadcasts with the Boston orchestra. The mere suggestion may anger (perhaps rightly) the disciples of the orchestra’s own conductor, Serge Koussevitsky.

The old truism that music is universal reaches justification now with radio networks extending over a nation. Toscanini is the greatest of living conductors. Boston and a nation owe it to themselves to have conductor and orchestra fused this season. It’s a matter for writing.

If you get a little tired of Bing Crosby’s eternal joviality and irreverence with movie and musical greats, just bend an ear toward his program these days, now that he is on vacation. My own testimony cannot get back to the day when I was not amused by Bob Burns, but my protests about being tired of Bing now run toward demanding his return.

Bob Burns is the man who talks to celebrities in the casual deprecating tone we would like to assume if we met those same people at a party. Both detractors and admirers of these great guests find something to smile at. So do Bing and the greats. It is a pleasant prescription for a Thursday evening.

Bob Burns is the dream man to add the last note of completely enjoyable nonsense to the evening. After all, who would that old combination of H2O be without the O? (Surely you remember that much about water.)

No matter who falls by the wayside in radio, Amos ’n Andy have made it clear that they will go on forever. I have just been wondering about one minor branch of their talent, if they don’t mind.

Charles Correll and Freeman Gosden, the Amos ’n Andy team, are people who don’t mix around too freely in Hollywood society. They have their own little circle of old friends, and from that they seldom stir, regardless of who invites.

No matter what walk of life their skits stray into, the tone always finds the mark. If Amos has a grocery store, he has intimate problems that amuse or touch all of us—and grocerymen most of all.

In their recent venture into the fight business, they made no mistakes. Uncerringly, their misadventures ran along lines that had the boxing fraternity howling with glee. Every episode carried a flavor boxing men told me was familiar.

Correll and Gosden do not mingle in all these diverse walks of life, but Amos ’n Andy do. Correll and Gosden unfailingly kid a questioner away from such topics, so puzzle it out for yourself—as I have been trying to do every time I meet this unpretentious pair.

---

Have you tried chewing gum while you’re driving?

Many drivers tell us—and many laboratory tests explain why—chewing gum helps ease nervous tension under pressure, aids in reducing your feeling of fatigue.

Just as gum helps an athlete keep “on his game,” so it helps a driver keep on the job, alert and yet relaxed. On long trips chewing gum helps to relieve driving drowsiness. Keep a package of Beech-Nut Gum or a box of candy-coated Beechies always handy in the pocket of your car. You will enjoy their fresh, rich flavor...and the aid they lend to better driving.

BEECH-NUT GUM is always refreshing

P.S. Have you tried RUMMIES, the new Beech-Nut Candy with the different and delicious flavor?
HAVE YOU BEEN TOLD—about Tampax?

Women everywhere are telling other women about Tampax, the new form of sanitary protection for monthly use. Tampax is worn internally. You can do your household work or office work or take part in outdoor sports without even remembering you are wearing it. You can wear the sheerest gown or a modern swimsuit—no bulk, so nothing can show. Use Tampax this summer; a month's supply can be carried in your purse.

Tampax was perfected by a physician for all normal women. It is neatly and efficiently absorbent, doing away with pins, pads and belts. It will not come apart and so fail in its protection. No odor. Disposed of easily. Made of absorbent surgical cotton, greatly compressed, hygienically sealed in patented applicator. Endorsed by gynecologists. Sold at drug stores and notion counters—month's supply, 35c. Introductory package, 20c. If your dealer has not stocked, please use coupon.

"YOU ACTUALLY DON'T KNOW YOU'RE WEARING IT!"

Accepted for advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

TAMPAX INCORPORATED

New Brunswick, New Jersey

Please send me introductory size package of Tampax with full directions. Enclosed is 20¢ (stamps or coins).

Name______________________

Address____________________

City_______________________State_____________________

RUDY VALLEE, who was guest of honor at the Opportunity Shop, N. Y., is shown with several children who were aided by the Shop's fund-raising program.
sleep all night. Something should really be done about it!”

“What,” she was asked, “was the program?”

“It was the Witch’s Tale,” the mother said, bristling.

“And how old is your little girl?”

“She’s eight!” the mother admitted, and reddened when the entire meeting practically laughed her off the floor. The point, of course, being that no child of eight had any business being awake, listening to the radio at the late hour when that particular program was broadcast. As a matter of fact, such eerie programs are deliberately staged at hours calculated to make them inaccessible to children, and the problem in this case was purely one of improper child training by the parent.

Another almost identical case was that of a man who complained about the effect the Enio Crime Clues was having on his four- and seven-year-olds, and who bristled when it was suggested that such youngsters should have been in bed at nine o’clock at night.

There are many cases of this sort. There is, too, the candid kind of admission from one mother that “I found the suchandsuch program pretty strong meat for my child. Now I know that program isn’t designed for my daughter—but I just can’t keep her from listening!”

That’s at least honest, and unfortunate. But radio contends, with a great deal of justice, that parents are responsible for the guidance of their children—not the radio industry. Certainly, the whole scope of radio entertainment can hardly be geared to the reactions of a child six or eight years old.

Children’s Program officials point out, too, that radio has frequently been blamed for conditions that very likely have arisen from an entirely different source. The “funnies”—most popular children’s pastime—are not funny any more, running to heart throbs, action and wild adventure as most of them do. And those of us past adolescence can remember the dime novels—Nick Carter and Buffalo Bill, with killings on every page—that were the youthful diet of so many men who are apparently none the worse for it now.

In fact, as one Children’s Program Director and many psychologists point out, the main literary diet of most children for many years was the fairy tales of Grimm and Anderson. And, analyzed under the restrictions of present-day radio programs, practically any one of those hardy favorites would be barred from the air on the grounds of being false, horror-filled and frightening to children, with their talk of witches, ogres, man-eating giants and horrible dragons. How much better the painless geography in the peregrinations of wise Orphan Annie, the dauntless decency of brave Dick Tracy, the manly and patriotic Don Winslow of the Navy?

That radio has erred in the past is admitted, even though a good portion of the fault may be laid at the door of the commercial advertiser, eager to boost his product’s sales at any cost. But with the present-day setup of consulting psychologists, children’s specialists and careful scrutiny of every feature of a children’s program the errors today approach the vanishing point. Indeed, even in adult programs, particularly those comedians most favored by children,

Make Arm and Leg Hair
INVISIBLE
Now...with Marchand’s

It’s summer costume time—it’s the season when hair on arms and legs becomes most conspicuous. Smart women avoid this unsightliness quickly and easily with Marchand’s—for Marchand’s lightens the color of the hair making it blend with the very color of the skin. It is odorless, does not stain, and best of all leaves no hair stubble.

MARCHAND’S
GOLDEN HAIR WASH
AT ALL DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES

(Continued on page 71)
your own home? Well, it won't be long now before that's exactly what you'll be doing.

How? Television! Although this wonderful method of transmitting moving pictures over the airwaves is still in its veriest infancy, it is making rapid strides toward practical use and perfection. Every day experiments are being made which show new ways to improve it so that television soon will be an everyday part of your life just as radio is now. But no matter how common television may become, I don't think you'll ever cease to marvel at the fact that the scenes you will see on your television screen are at that very moment being photographed in a studio away by a huge, box-like camera (called an iconoscope) and transmitted to you over the air!

Already, experimental telecasts have been received clearly anywhere within a radius of sixty miles from New York, and as of one of the tests recently was a television fashion show of early fall styles, I know you'll be interested to see, not only a preview of one of the many ways television is going to serve you in future years, but also a review of fall fashion for 1941. Dust off your imagination now, and let's look into the future of law and style. We're going to see a television fashion show!

Imagine that your favorite fashion store has just received its new fall line and is going to televise it tonight at seven o'clock. At the appointed hour, comfortably clad in lounging clothes, you settle yourself in your easy chair before your television receiving set, which looks like a large cabinet radio with a small movie screen standing on top. You take a sip of your cool drink, tune in your station and relax. An image appears on the screen and, as you tune it in clearly, you see that it's Helen Walpole, one of your favorite NBC actresses. She is going to announce the program, and she smiles at you and speaks:

"Good evening. This is Helen Walpole speaking to you from the experimental television studio on the third floor of the RCA Building (Radio City). Tonight the National Broadcasting Company presents an experiment in fashions, bringing to you the latest designs in ladies' clothes—"

The camera now fades to three girls wearing three types of fall suits. The announcer's voice describes them as each girl walks down toward the camera. (We wish space would allow us to show you photographs of all the costumes in the show. However, from each group of fashions, we have selected those which will have the widest general interest for all of you.)

These costumes, including the hats, are from the Jaeger Company. Helen announces, "Jaeger, as you know, are importers of lovely casual clothes, some of the finest British roufs and tweeds. Their suits are amusingly called by men's names.

"The first is a four-piece suit called 'Cyril.' The four-piece suit is gaining in favor, and it is a very dandy, three-quarter length topcoat is purple and lavender rough wool. This coat will win every girl's respect and every man's, too. The model walks around slowly and removes the topcoat. "Now you see the jacket of purple tweed and a soft sweater of purple and lavender stripes, called 'Nora.' Notice how the jacket contrasts with the colors of the striped sweater and blends it with the lavender of the simple wool skirt.

"The small tailored hat is felt. It's collegiate and perky and goes perfectly with the suit, making a lovely ensemble."

The first model steps back and the next one comes forward.

"This is 'Desmond.' It's made of very soft, real cashmere in tan and brown. The top coat is of a natural color—notice particularly the new rounded shoulder and the little round collar. This coat will do a lot of traveling, because it can be worn over dresses of all colors, and all year round to every kind of sports event. A brown, hip-length jacket is worn over a blouse of soft cashmere. It is called 'Murvel,' and is that color said to have been invented by the ancient Egyptians—royal blue. This is the one, and it is going to give a snug fit around the waist and that swirling flaire so necessary this season."

As the third model steps forward, you recognize pretty, blonde Elaine Basset, popular NBC actress. Her suit is announced:

"And this is 'Nigel'—a suit of an entirely different type. A three-piece suit of wool, in rust and tan striped blouses. (Pictured on page 50.) The loose swagger jacket is of longer-length. Under it you see a combination of solid rust color but with a tan and rust striped corset, that design made famous by the Duchess of Windsor. See how it ties tightly around the back to make it really snug and very feminine. The skirt is pleated all around with one-inch pleats. This is a suit that does something for every type of figure."

And now the scene shifts to show us a novel rainy day outfit, which the voice of Helen Walpole dramatizes for us:

"It's raining! And how it's raining! But what can be the harm in this rainy day outfit? The transparent, oiled silk raincoat keeps the water—out, and yet pretty fall frocks show under it. No girl need worry about putting off that shopping trip because it's raining, or about keeping dates—her clothes will stay as fresh and as well pressed as when she left home. And look at the mittens! They're transparent just like the rest of the outfit. How cute they are—and how useful! You may think they can only be used to save your nicest gloves from the rain, but maybe even in dry weather they'd come in handy for keeping white gloves clean while reading papers on the train or hanging on a subway strap! The great big kerchief can be worn either over the hat or over the curls. And, of course, the most important thing is that all this costume fits up into a tiny, transparent envelope that will fit right into your purse. You can always be prepared for sudden showers. And as for the elegant oiled silk umbrella, you'll need that in a climate like this."

In the next scene, working up to evening fashions, Helen Walpole shows you some new accessory items, beginning with some enchanting evening fans, some of silk embroidered with seqins, some all sequins,
and a beautiful ostrich feather fan, romantic and graceful. Jeweled side-combs, such as your grandmother wore, will be a fashion "must" for your upswung coiffure on formal evenings. Next, she shows you something really novel—a transparent evening bag made of a composition material that looks like glass. And then she displays a glass evening slipper, a transparent slipper with transparent heel and silver binding. The evening fashions which follow are dramatized by a little play built around the glass slipper. Helen Walpole tells this story of Modern Cinderella:

"Once upon a time, long ago in the year 1938, a great ball was given, and at that ball were many beautiful girls—all rivals for the attention of a handsome young Prince whose name was Charming. Prince Charming danced with all the girls, but there was one he liked better than the rest. Alas! he was so fascinated by her, he forgot to ask her name and there was only one way of finding out who she was. She had dropped her glass slipper!"

Prince Charming, in the person of a handsome young announcer, stands waiting to find the Princess as the rivals parade past, each wearing a lovely evening gown. There's a stunning chartreuse silk chiffon with the new sweater top, the whole waist of smocked lastex, the skirt full and flowing. A charming Southern belle in white organza with off-shoulder decolletage and billowing skirts; a modern miss in a strapless gown of gray satin with shirred fitted bodice pass by—none of these is the Princess. Then, Elaine Basset steps forward, and the announcer says:

"Here's a dress that could certainly be worn by a Princess. It's of gold silk marquisette. See how gracefully it hangs—it's romantic and glamorous. The skirt is made with a full, deep flounce; it's old-fashioned, and yet so modern. The silk flowers at the bodice are gold and deep pink. And now the Prince must try the slipper. But first, let's notice the stockiing that Cinderella is wearing—because it's just the kind she would wear. It's the new stocking called 'Nothing-At-All.' The name fits because it's only a shadow of the sheerest silk. It's one-thread—untress and heelless—and comes in four colors. If you've ever worried about wrinkled heels in your stocking, 'Nothing-At-All' will be the answer to your prayer, and the seams are the kind you've longed for, tiny and strong, really only a double shadow. The newest in evening hosiery is perfect for the newest in evening footwear. Cinderella slipper. And now Prince Charming has tried on the slipper and it fits. He has found the girl he danced with and he takes her away in her gold-colored gown to his golden castle—which may be a penthouse—and they live happily ever after!"

With this little comedy, the fashion show is over, and the scene moves on to another studio and the next program.

What mental fashion notes have you made? From the three suits, you have seen that color is very important, either in contrast or in light and dark shades of one color. You know that purple and lavender tones are good. If, it brown has always been becoming, you'll plan on a brown suit, and you'll be anxious to see how the new combination of brown, tan and royal blue will look on you. Or perhaps you'll decide to adopt Elaine Basset's tan and rust blend. You'll note that skirts are as short as ever; flared or pleated skirts are still with us, as well as the flattering corset-style waistline, that suit jackets and coats range from three-quarter to hip-length and the swag-gert line is very much "in." You'll decide you must have a transparent rainy day outfit so you can wear your new fall suit, no matter what the weather, and hide none of its glory under an old-fashioned opaque raincoat. You'll want an evening fan, and you'll certainly decide to wear your hair high for evening (if you haven't already done so), held with jeweled side-combs.

You'll be glad to note that fall evening gowns are romantic, as those of last spring and summer, with off-shoulder lines, fitted bodices, graceful flowing skirts.

Without moving from your chair, you have seen a parade of the latest fashions. And you'll agree that when television gets beyond the experimental stage and becomes an everyday affair, among its many blessings will be the fact that your shopping worries, especially in hot weather, will become practically non-existent!

Returning to the present, these days you can depend a great deal upon the good old radio for your fashion news. Many merchants' syndicates and manufacturers now use radio to keep you up with the latest fashions. Perhaps your own department store, the one which will telescast to you a few years hence, now has a regular radio program on your local station, featuring their stylist as fashion commentator. The news is the very latest and, even though they're not televised as yet, you'll find the fashion hints very helpful.
THE BIG-SALARIED STARS OF TOMORROW?
(Continued from page 35)

There are usually option clauses in the contracts, which allow the broadcasting company to drop the artist if, after a rea
sonable length of time following his "build-up," he has failed to draw a sponsor or click with the public.

"The artist's staying is always determined on a talk show," says Mr. Roseenthal. "It depends on public response and the spon-
sors. We always wait longer than we should to release the artist, in order to give him a fair deal.

Although Columbia gets its talent largely through regular channels, sometimes a new artist pops up from the most unexpected place. Barry Wood, the popular singer and instrumentalist, was discovered at Yale on the All-American water polo team. Bob Gibson, brother of Freda Gibson, who's singing on CBS, page boy who had left his job of window-dressing in a department store with the hope of becoming a radio production man. Singing was just a hobby. But one day Kay Thomp-
son, passing the page boys' locker room, heard Bob "sounding off" on a popular tune, and ordered him to come out and sing for her. She was so intrigued by his voice that she urged him to study with her teacher, and arranged for Ed Cashman, CBS production man and talent scout, to give him an audition. The result was that Bob doffed his page boy uniform and is now a featured baritone of Columbia Artists, Inc.

You may wonder why, today, there are no big sustaining stars as there were years ago, when Bing Crosby, Kate Smith, Morton Downey, the Mills Brothers, the Street Singers, the Boswell Sisters and Tito Gizar were developed. It surely cannot be that there is a lack of talent in our country, because local amateur contests, local theatres, colleges, night clubs and out-of-the-way places are forever yielding a mint of new entertainers for the net-
works. But they seem to flake futilly, then die away into obscurity, whereas in former years there was a swift build-up to fame.

This may largely be explained by the fact that now there are very few good listening spots available for sustaining artists. The early evening hours, from six to eight or eight-thirty, are now taken up with com-
mercial broadcasts. If the sustaining artist is fortunate enough to have a good spot, say at 7:15 one evening, he may find that spot canceled without warning a few even-
nings later because the time has been sold. Then the radio audience, which may have formed quite a liking for that particular artist, will look in vain for him at his cus-
tomary time, and when he isn't there, the public will probably lose interest quickly, for very few listeners have time to go through the weekly schedule and search out the afternoon or morning spot to which their favorite artist has gone.

In the earlier days, there was time for the building of stars. Take the case of The Street Singer. Arthur Tracy was given an audition with the Columbia Broadcasting System. The committee who heard him

ing him his I.O.U., etc., Bing caught his plane and headed East to begin his great series on the air. From eleven to eleven-fifteen every evening he was to sing his haunting theme, *Too Late*, over the CBS network.

There was a nerve-racking experience for the CBS higher-ups, however, before Crosby was introduced to his radio audience. After ballyhooing him from one end of the country to the other, and having the talented Victor Young work night and day on special arrangements for him with his orchestra, the radio producers had to postpone the big debut for four days while Bing went into a heavy case of laryngitis. Reward came swiftly, though, when Crosby finally sang.

"He was in from the start," Mr. Cashman recalls. "And you'll get a laugh from this—he wanted to announce his own program, and we were afraid to let him do it!"

Crosby, whose breezy, informal manner has made him the top "emcee" in the business, wasn't allowed to open his mouth in the old days, except to sing!

And, from the first, Bing Crosby was the same simple, unassuming fellow that he is today. He usually appeared at the broadcast in a sweater and old slouch hat or cap. He was always very friendly to the page boys, receptionists, everyone with whom he came in contact. He was never an exhibitionist, never took his success seriously. The studio staff can't say the same for Downey, or some of the other "sustainers" who found over-night fame. *The Street Singer* was one whom they think went "berserk" with success. Once

Tracy gave the studio a few bright, if anxious, moments—unwittingly. Thirty seconds before he was to go on the air with his theme song, *Maria*, he started over suddenly to say something to his guitarist, and walked right into a suspended microphone. The mike handed him a wallop that knocked him out cold. The startled guitarist had to play *Maria* over and over again until *The Street Singer* recovered sufficiently to join him, while the announcer out-did himself in ad-libbing about "the music of the guitar in the strains of *Maria*, bringing *The Street Singer* down the road to you."

The Boswell Sisters appeared first on NBC, but didn't seem to get anywhere. They were released, then went over to CBS. It was decided there to back them up with a guitar, and to put them in a very small studio where informality would be the keynote. The Boswells loved it and put those "hah-monizins" Southern souls of theirs completely into their work. The result just had to be a success—and it was. There probably never again will be such honest-to-goodness, break-down singing on the air as the three Boswells put out from eight-forty-five to nine every evening, "straight across the board." They never lacked for sponsors, and it was only because Veg and Connie decided to go in for wedded life that the trio broke up. Now Connie is making a grand come-back all alone in several of our best commercials. All because the Boswells had a wise sustaining build-up in their early days, which took their names to every corner of the globe.

Tito Guizar is another famous person-


---

**RADIO STARS**

**Freshness is the special charm of Old Golds, too!**

The most priceless and perishable charm of the gold is the cigarette—can have, is freshness. No expense is too great to guard it. For if it fades, down goes "box office appeal".

Hollywood spends fabulous sums to prolong the freshness of its stars. Old Gold spends a fortune to protect—for you—the freshness of prize crop tobaccos.

Just as too much exposure coarsens beauty, so dryness, dampness and dust rob fine tobaccos of smoothness and flavor. To give you Old Golds at the very peak of appealing freshness, every Old Gold package is double-sealed, in 2 jackets of moisture-proof Cellophane.

Try a pack of Double-Mellow Old Golds, and discover how much factory-freshness adds to your smoking pleasure!

TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screencoots, Tues. and Thurs. nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast.

---

Binnie Barnes has the fresh beauty so often found in her native Britain. After successes on the London stage, her movie roles under the direction of the famous Alexander Korda led to a Hollywood contract in 1934. (See her in Goldwyn's "Marco Polo".)

Every pack wrapped in 2 jackets of Cellophane; the OUTER jacket opens from the BOTTOM.
Worse than BODY ODOR P.O. (Continued from page 14)

WHAT EVERY MAN ADMires (Continued from page 14)

WHAT THEY LIKE

Guy Lombardo, Phil Baker and Paul Douglas holding forth on a beauty page!

Yes, we’re going to talk to—no, in on—these prominent men to get a new slant on an old question. Through the very nature of their work, these three are as perfectly fitted as one could wish to discuss the subject of feminine beauty. Their jobs bring them into contact with so many lovely and alluring ladies that each has evolved his own personal code as to what constitutes a woman’s outstanding charm.

Just as we might have expected, all three men expressed three very different opinions! Furthermore, they completely blasted the idea that a gal must either be born a beauty or resign herself to knitting forevermore! Although their ideas as to what would win a beauty prize were a bit vague and blurry, their notions as to what makes a woman desirable, in the “eyes of the world” in general and to her men folk in particular, were most definite.

Once their initial reluctance to talk on such a controversial subject as “What Every Man Admires In Women” had been overcome, the fun waxed high and the arguments fast and furious. While Lombardo said “eyes,” Phil Baker expounded upon “beauty,” and Douglas tried to shout them both down with “intelligence.” (From which we observe, with some satisfaction that, in spite of a stoical indifference men seem to affect, and certain scathing remarks they cast upon the foibles of our make-up and dress, we women are still very muchly observed!) All through the ages the poets have grown lyrical over eyes—“the windows of the soul.” So, we were not at all surprised to hear the artistic and musical Guy Lombardo single out eyes and teeth as the first requirements of beauty; especially, when we remember that Mrs. Lombardo, who is blonde, possesses beautiful blue eyes and sparkling, well-cared-for teeth! However, if Mrs. Lombardo is pleased at possessing perfection of the two features her husband most admires—so may we all be pleased at his choice. Beautiful eyes and teeth may be had by any one of us who gives them the proper treatment and care.

Now, while Lombardo talked at great length about the eyes and teeth, I had considerable difficulty in pinning him down to facts on coiffures. It seems to me that a couple of past experiences of his have made him extremely wary of going on record in this case! As Mr. Lombardo expressed it, “I don’t know exactly what I do like or what I don’t like. I just know when a woman looks attractive.” So, we are left to presume that Mr. Lombardo would hesitate to tell one woman that she looks just short of freakish in a modish coiffure because, perchance, he might find the identical hair-style appealing on another woman of a different type. This “fashion be hanged” attitude is typically masculine.

Phil Baker says that eyes and teeth are fine and all that—but just give him a look inside of a girl’s handbag and then he can tell you what he’s like! Phil isn’t referring with an upward and circular motion, massage a good eye cream around them. The cream should remain concealing. Light is just as sure to be a sleep-robber as noise. Dark green or black window shades are better for sleeping purposes than the light ones. Glossy paint, shiny objects and stimulating colors reflect light. Repeatedly, you must make the mind from the perfect blank it should be to induce deep, restful sleep. Don’t worry about which side you sleep on. Just make yourself as comfortable as possible and slip right off into dreamland. You’ll turn and change your position from ten to twelve times an hour anyway.

Don’t get into the habit of thinking that night is the only time you can sleep. Cat naps of ten minutes or so at odd intervals during the day are great revivers and beautifiers.

All the things that add to the health of the body increase the brightness of the eyes. Proper diet and quantities of water every day will help make the eyes luminous and clear. Circulation stimulation also beautifies the eyes. To this end, eye exercises are helpful and, lying with the head lower than the rest of the body also will stimulate circulation in the eyes. Adhesive plaster may be cut into diamond shapes and stuck between the brows where brown lines are inclined to appear, or in the corners of the eyes where “laughing” lines gather.

Eye make-up dramatizes the eyes. However, unless you are the exotic type, you should avoid exaggerated use of eyebrow pencil and eyeshadow at all times. Even if you are exotic you should indulge in unusual effects only in the evening. Powder dusted over the lashes before mascara is applied will make thin lashes seem thicker. Brush the lashes upward. Eyeshadow should never be applied below the eyes.

Petroleum jelly, oil or an eye cream applied to the lids gives them a shiny, delicate appearance.

On the matter of that fundamental virtue, “ neatness,” there is no need to say (not that we all don’t appreciate neatness, but because it is so easy to become careless). Of course, we comb our hair every day, but do we shampoo it often enough to keep it fluffy and soft? Do we critically study our hair at least twice a day to see that there are no straggling ends where the wave has become a little dejected or limp? Are we as punctual about the regular use of a deodorant as we should be? And even a clean face lacks charm if it is shiny.

Now, there is nothing like falling in love to make a woman absolutely aware of all the smallest details of her appearance. So, fall in love—if just a little bit—and you’ll find it easier to follow “beauty advice” than to read it! If you are married, you’ll know what I mean. Ever snap out of the comfy, lazy “any old dress will do—we’re not going out tonight” attitude that usually follows marriage. While, if you are single, that particular young man will be quick to notice and respond to the change in that “old-dog-Trey” treatment (Continued on page 69)

[Advertisement for Yodora Deodorant Cream]
ring to money, either, if you please! He's talking about the little things like comb, lipstick, compact and handkerchief in that bag. Are they in good taste? Clean? Nicely matched? Are there so many articles in the bag that a girl has to plunge in-up to the elbow and rummage for hours in pursuit of an elusive powderpuff or coin? "Yes," Phil Baker says, "the contents of a handbag reveal the owner's character very clearly!"

Do you feel a little guilty now—and have you made a mental note to give your own handbag a thorough over-hauling? Then, we'll progress to Paul Douglas.

Paul is taking a new approach as to what constitutes feminine charm. He is insisting that he'd just as soon take out a clothes dummy from Bonwit Teller's window as a girl with no mentality! Physical beauty doesn't matter to him in the least, but a girl who is intelligent enough to know how to dress and to make the most of her best features is never plain to look at nor dull to listen to! Even if her individual features are not beautiful from an absolute point of view, they can be made striking and outstanding if they are properly treated. Then, when such a girl talks intelligently, too, she has all the attractiveness a man could possibly desire.

These three prominent men of discriminating judgment have painted with words a picture of an ideal woman—an ideal that is within every woman's power to attain. So, now turn over to the opposite side of this story and after reading "How to Comply," see how easy it is to be that vision of loveliness—a dream come true!

Virginia Verrill, CBS songstress, wears no jewelry except a diamond ring, which is a priceless family heirloom.

**PLAY SAFE the MAVIS Way!**

the "Undies" Test proves how this amazing talcum guards your daintiness

What good times you can have in the summer! Beach parties...dances...dates with a man who adores you!

But you'll miss all this happiness, unless you're careful to guard your daintiness. So always, before you dress, shower your body with Mavis Talcum. It's the easy, delightful way to guard against giving offense.

Make the undies test and prove what amazing protection Mavis Talcum gives. Tomorrow morning, shower your body with Mavis Talcum...then at night, notice that your undies are fresh and sweet. This proves that you, yourself, have been sweet, dainty and alluring!

Mavis Talcum reduces the amount you perspire because it forms a soothing film of protection between your clothing and your skin. And the Mavis fragrance is divinely glamorous! Get your Mavis Talcum today. Generous quantities—10c, 25c, 50c, $1.

V. Vivauddou, Inc.
TRIPLE WHIPPED CREAM AIDS DRY SKIN

PRaised by
More Stars

If your skin is dry and therefore rough you owe it to yourself to try the new triple-whipped cream, called TAYTON'S CREAM. Modern electric production methods and triple-whipping make TAYTON'S CREAM so soft, light and fine in texture, that it spreads evenly and thoroughly. Tayton's makes it possible for anyone to produce a cream that is truly luxurious, in the same way that it is a necessity for anyone to have a telephone or a radio. Indeed, such luxuries as this are the result of the great new age of machinery and the saving of time. And equally important, modern high-speed machinery produces a sterilized glass jar for Tayton's at a saving of one-half compared with most cosmetic jars. This saving is passed on to you in two ways: the purest and most expensive ingredients that money can buy and double the quantity. You can't know the joy that TAYTON'S can bring until you try it. Get a jar of TAYTON'S CREAM at your 10¢ store today. Put it to the test. See how it penetrates dry skin and lubricates dryness. If your dealer is out ask manager to order for you. Send 10¢ to Tayton's Dept. F, 511 W. 7th St., Los Angeles, California.

FREE POWDER & GLASS JAR

Take this coupon to any 10¢ store for free generous trial packets of Tayton's new, no-shine, soft-sifted, fine Powder with purchase of the jar of Tayton's CREAM. Jar contains about one ounce, while most others cost two to a half-ounce. Compare these facts for yourself.

TAYTON'S is in line in quality. It has been tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. And the glamorous movie stars also praise Tayton's—for instance lovely Boots Mallory says: "I use Tayton's Cream to cleanse and keep my skin smooth and youthful looking. You can't know the joy that TAYTON'S can bring until you try it. Get a jar of TAYTON'S CREAM at your 10¢ store today. Put it to the test. See how it penetrates dry skin and lubricates dryness. If your dealer is out ask manager to order for you. Send 10¢ to Tayton's Dept. F, 511 W. 7th St., Los Angeles, California."

At this point in our reminiscences, Mr. Cashman paused to telephone a young singer about an appointment with a prospective sponsor.

"Don't wear your Spanish motif—that veil business," he told her. "If you do, he'll probably want to destroy it, and you will never will the job. Wear your tan outfit, and look like the fresh, wholesome girl you are!"

Which shows that the sustaining department maintains a critical supervision, to the last detail, over its artists.

I asked Cashman why Art Jarrett, husband of Eleanor Holm, had not become a star. He started about the same time as the others. He had a good voice and he was handsome. His case, said the production man, proves that taking a good build-up do not always mean success for a sustaining artist. There was a psychological element there that spelled defeat.

In his opinion, Jarrett had entered the field just about one month too late. Crosby and Downey were at that time, with Russ Columbo at NBC, and it seemed that the public just couldn't spare its affections from these singers to admit a new one. Besides, the others had been given the benefit of a night build-up. There were no night spots left for Jarrett, so he was put on at three in the afternoon. In talking over it, we decided that if Art Jarrett were given the chance now, he would probably be a big hit. He still has his voice and his looks, and he has public opinion on his side in a case that has brought him great publicity—publicity which he didn't seek.

Jean Sablon at NBC is another singer who should click, we thought, if given a good permanent spot so that his fame could find him. The good-looking Frenchman definitely has romance in his voice and that's what the radio audience wants to hear.

The case of Igor Gorin, the Russian baritone with the thrilling voice that you all know, was heart-breaking for a time, all on account of that lack of a regular night-spot build-up but, fortunately, it had a happy ending.

When Igor was first signed by NBC, he was given an evening spot, with a full orchestra for a background. Soon his singing began to attract nation-wide attention. Then his time was sold and for a while Igor was not heard at all on the air. Later he was given a spot in the early afternoon, with just a piano for accompaniment, at a time when very few people were listening in—even the housewives were away from their radios, out shopping or visiting friends. Poor Igor sang his love songs, his dramatic Russian melodies, out into an ungrateful ether that gave him back nothing. He became more and more discouraged. There he was, with a magnificent voice, and nobody was doing anything about it. At last he was sent to the publicity department. A "romantic" build-up was planned for him, and surely, with his singing, would have brought fame and fortune almost overnight. Igor was elated. But nothing happened. When the idea finally made the rounds through NBC red tape to the program department, it died. They would not find room for him on an evening schedule, when he would have a chance to sing to an appreciative audience, nor would they provide him with an orchestra, which he needed to set off his voice. Perhaps it was not possible to do so. But one who knows the radio field will realize that the Powers That Be can arrange anything—and, in Igor's case, the Powers That Be just couldn't see things his way.

Igor asked for a release from his contract and received it. Within a few days he was signed to appear on Columbia's Hollywood Hotel series, one of the most popular programs on the air. In addition, he found himself with a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract in his pocket, which meant Hollywood and a chance at screen fame.

Besides Barry Wood, Columbia has the tenor, Del Casino; Hollace Shaw, coloratura; Nan Wynn, cute personality singer; and numerous other white hopes. NBC has Barry McKinley, Dorothy Dreslin and Marie Louise Quevli, to mention a few. All are talented performers, but whether or not you can expect from them a spectacular sky-rocketing to fame as there was in the Crosby-Downey-Mills Brothers days, seems doubtful, with the commercial shows apparently favoring established names or serving as talent scouts themselves.

In spite of the odds which are against them, however, Mr. Rosenthal, who guides the destinies of Columbia artists, insists that "the stage is set for any new talent of an extraordinary type; also for popular and legitimate singers, novelty acts, such as the Mills Brothers, even actors and actresses who can be lifted from the ranks and featured as dramatic stars. Radio is still continuing the search for the unusual." Therein lies hope, scant though it be, for the sustaining artists. Some of them may be the big salaried stars of tomorrow.
a careful self-censorship is imposed with young listeners in mind, even though the programs in question are not essentially aimed at children.

Meanwhile, program directors are constantly seeking to improve the quality of kid shows, to find writers capable of producing scripts that will be "harmless" and at the same time interest the young listeners. And while there is naturally a wide variation among parents and authorities over what is suitable for children to hear, the major chains have adopted rigid requirements to which every child's program must adhere.

Anything smacking of the supernatural or superstitious is ruled out, wholly. Events in a kid script must all be explainable by natural laws without recourse to the eerie.

While suspense is a natural ingredient of any action story, radio frowns upon the suspense "break-over"; that is, leaving the hero in some perilous situation until the next episode, for the child listener to worry over. When Dick Tracy, for example, gets himself in some terrific jam you may rest assured that before the program is over Dick will triumph as usual, allowing his young fans to go to bed peacefully.

These are fairly obvious safeguards. But the chances are that organized radio, in attempting to safeguard child listeners, has made many more taboos and editorial restrictions than the most earnest parent would even think of. And to bear in mind and observe all of the following points and still give the kids what they want, is something of a real job, yet it's being done.

Notice, please, that broadcasters will NOT let your child hear:

... Anything disrespectful of parental or other proper authority.

... Cruelty, greed or selfishness presented as worthy motivations.

... Programs that arouse harmful, nervous reactions in the child.

... Conceit, smugness or an unwarranted sense of superiority over others less fortunate, presented as laudable.

... Recklessness and abandon falsely identified with a healthy spirit of adventure.

... Unfair exploitation of others for personal gain made praiseworthy.

... Dishonesty or deceit made attractive.

Remembering the things you discuss at home, the books and papers to which the child has access, the movies you take him to, the conduct he sees about him; bearing all this in mind along with the things radio protects him from, are you as careful?

ATTENTION!
The winners of the LARRY CLINTON Circus Song Title Contest will be announced in OCTOBER RADIO STARS

The King's Men (Ken Darby, Rad Robinson, Jon Dodson and Bud Linn) are active aviation enthusiasts. In fact, Ken Darby is a full-fledged pilot.
I STOP PERSPIRATION
I AM
THE NEW
CREAM DEODORANT
I AM APPROVED by the American
Institute of Laundering, and the
Nat'I Ass'n of Dyers and Cleaners.
I do not dry up in the jar.
I do not irritate, even right after
shaving.
I am not greasy and I'm safe.
I smell nice and clean.
I am a new member of the well-
known family of DEW deodorants.
I do not harm towels or clothes.
I WILL KEEP YOUR SECRET.

NEURITIS
Relieve Pain in Few
Minutes.
To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheu-
masia, Neuralgia or Lumbago in few minutes,
get NURITO, the Doctor's formula. No opiates,
no narcotics. Does the work quickly--must relieve
worst pain to your satisfaction in few minutes or
money back as Burtin's. Don't suffer. Get
trustworthy NURITO today on this guarantee.

STREAKED
HAIR?
This way brings
even color.
Faded streaks — dull strands — grayness
— all vanish at the touch of this famous
clear, water-like liquid. Just comb it on and
color comes black, brown, auburn, blonde.
Hair stays soft—easy to curl or wave. En-
tirely SAFE. Millions know this time-tested
way. Get bottle from your druggist or department store on
money-back guarantee.

Test it FREE ~ Will you try
Mary T. Goldman's on single lock
slipped from hair? No risk this
way. We send complete Free Test...
Mail coupon.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
2311 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

DEATH ALMOST CLAIMED THEM!
(Continued from page 37)

RADIO STARS

volcano. The moment they struck they all
yelled and jumped from the wreck simul-
taneously, like bullets from a gun. The
plane was in flames and all knew they'd
be cooked alive if they didn't get
clear. Thomas scrambled to his feet and
staggered away a few yards, expecting
the gasoline tanks to explode, but the pilot
and mechanic were considerably injured
and stayed where they fell, groaning and
crying. All the while the engine was
gasping like a dying monster. Gasoline
was pouring from the tanks. But it did
not explode.

The pilot, instinctively, had
switched off the ignition as they dived.
Thomas ran to the pilot and pulled the
mask off his face. There was a tre-
menous bulge on his forehead. He was
cutching his chest as though he had been
injured internally. Thomas searched his
clothes out of range of the gasoline tanks,
then ran to the mechanic. He seemed to be
in equally great pain, with blood streaming
down his face.

The other airmen and the Spaniards, who
had gathered about the plane in the desert,
were about a quarter of a mile away, and
it was several minutes before they got to
the wreck. The country folk stood around,
every eye too frightened to help, but the
chief of pilots and the Alicante mechanic
raced to get water for the victims, whose
throats were so choked with the dirt and
sand that they could hardly breathe.

The injured mechanic grew weaker
and weaker. His face began to puff up,
and finally both eyes were swollen completely
shut. Thomas stretched him out in the
shade of one of the smashed wings. Ap-
parently, none of his own bones had been
broken, though he had crumpled up
a few moments from the shock. Later,
when he looked at the wreckage of the
plane, he had a curious feeling of exhilara-
tion, he felt so lucky. The tail assembly
was smashed, the fuselage was snapped,
the wings crushed and twisted. The mail
and baggage compartments were smashed
to smithereens, and the mail was scattered
all over the desert. Every part of the plane
was wrecked, except the two cock-
pits.

Only Providence could have saved them
from death in a crash like that. It was
the same sort of crash that took the life of
Will Rogers, and that has spelled doom
for so many fliers ever since the beginning
of aviation. When you go into a nose-
dive at three hundred feet above the earth,
there is no chance whatever to straighten
out the plane, and generally you are in
for it. Thomas says this piece of the pros-
peller about eighteen inches long, all that
was left of it, and even today, when he
looks at that grisly souvenir, he cannot
repress a shudder.

Fred Waring is no explorer, but he will
swear that he saw these things closely in
a speeding automobile as in a disabled plane
hovering over a foreign desert.

"The only sensation I remember," says
he, in discussing his narrowest escape, "is
that it seemed to take about three hours
for the dust to clear.

"It was back in 1925 when the band
was doing one of its first big road tours,
only in those days, Palomar was too ex-
ensive and we drove from date to date.
On this particular Thursday night I was
driving with Curly Cockerill, who is still
in my saxophone section, from Kansas City
to St. Louis. We had to open in St. Louis
the next day and there was such a bad
storm in Kansas City that we had to de-
lay our departure until about 4 a.m. and
then, of course, we had to drive fast to
make up time.

All of a sudden, and without any warn-
ing, the cement road we were traveling on
came to an end and became a dirt road.
We skidded wildly and rolled down under
a trestle. The top, the windshield, every-
thing was cut off clean as a whistle, but
Curly and I escaped without a scratch.
Unfortunately a couple of the other boys
were following us and picked us up.

Needless to say, Fred Waring is as jittery
as a jitterbug when he's in an auto-
mobile, and does plenty of "back-seat"
driving if he isn't at the wheel.

Another one of the leaders who has had
a close call is Horace Heath. His came
der under unusual circumstances. Heath
was playing football on the University of Cali-
ifornia team one day, when he had his
back broken. It took seven operations to
remove the broken vertebra and to stop
the bleeding. When he was able to get
out of bed, he decided that he couldn't
play college football any more.

All of this is in the past. Today, Fred
Waring is as safe as any other leader, but
he says that he is always a little afraid of
the next big one.

Irene Wicker almost met her fate when
she was swimming once near Palm Beach,
and she and her companion were caught in
a terrific undertow. They fought it madly,
but finally Irene became unconscious and
was carried away by the undertow. Her
companion succeeded in holding her
afloat until the life-guards were able to
rescue them.

Harry von Zell, too, once came near
drowning in the sea. He was caught in
a "rip tide" off Laguna Beach on the West
Coast. It took him two hours to get ashore,
where he collapsed and was re-
vived only through pulmator.

Vaugrin de Leath's near-drowning ex-
perience occurred in a salt-water pool in
California. She had always been afraid
of swimming but, through sheer will-power,
had succeeded in learning how by means
of a dog-paddle stroke. She was paddling
around in the pool when suddenly a group
of friends, thinking to help her get over
her fear of the water, began to heck her.
She begged them to stop, but they paid no
attention. She choked and went under.
Then her friends became panic-stricken
and yelled for the life-guard, who helped them
drag her back ashore. She was unconscious
for a long period, but was revived with the aid of a
pulmator. Today she makes herself go in
swimming, but there is an underlying fear
that would drive her into a panic if
thoughtless friends should try to dunk her
again.

When Ford Bond was a small boy in

---
RADIO STARS

Louisville, Kentucky. He and an older brother were drowned by a mad dog. His brother died three days later, but the Pasteur serum arrived from New York in time to save Ford's life. Another few hours would have been too late.

Robert L. Ripley, the world's most widely-traveled explorer, never knew the meaning of "fear of death" until he was trapped underneath the Sahara Desert, unable to communicate with the outer world, cut off from all possible rescue.

Through this amazing experience, Ripley learned that the Sahara got its fabulous reputation as the River of Death, why its name has been handed down as a synonym for oblivion through the word, "lethal."

The adventure started when Ripley became bored with his visit to the desert, near Bengazi, in North Africa, and discovered that the famous "golden apples of Hesperides" were merely oranges. It is the one garden in the world that blooms in a desert, but Ripley found it garnet flower, too, but he lost interest immediately, when he learned that a great opening in the garden led to the underground river whose waters "irrigated" this one fertile spot in the midst of the Sahara. He determined to explore it.

The guides balked at exploring the river. The legend that it would bring forgetfulness terrified the Arabs. A young Italian was appeased by an offer of money, however, and agreed to go along. Then several of the Arabs decided to join him.

At the entrance to the underground stream, Ripley found a half-submerged rowboat in which some other adventurer must have attempted to explore the stream. After a struggle it was raised and patched enough to be serviceable. Ripley and the guide lighted torches and paddled up the "River of Forgetfulness."

"The water in the caves must get very high at times," the Italian pointed out, after a while. "See the high water line on the rocks?" Slowly they paddled along, seeming to get nowhere. All around them the darkness made walls of tissue in every direction.

"Look! The water is rising!" the guide exclaimed, after a time. "The high water mark, it is much nearer the water than before. It must be the tide rising."

Quickly his fear spread to the Arabs, and it was decided to return to the river entrance. They turned the boat around, paddled anxiously. Now the rising tide was in full flow, and fighting the current made progress slow. They came to a low place in the cavern, where, a short time before, the waters had been in comfort. Now they had to lie flat in the boat, push on the roof to submerge the boat enough to pass.

The Arabs waited that they were lost, that they would be drowned. Ripley began to believe that they were going to meet a fate worse than death. He assured the Italian that they would get out, and told him to calm the Arabs. They struggled against the rushing current, with progress becoming slower and slower.

And then their torches burned out!

They were trapped under the Sahara Desert, lost, without food, terrified, with the water rising steadily every minute. Darkness swallowed everything.

Ripley made a desperate effort to keep command of the situation. He ordered the boat moved to the side of the caves where, at least, the wall could be used to guide them.

Minutes dragged slowly and the lamentations of the Arabs filled the cavern. Ripley urged them to continue to follow the wall, pushing the boat against the tide. This they did, desperately.

The guides became thirsty.

"Drink from the river," Ripley suggested.

This they would never do. If man drank from the River Lethe, he would forget friends and home, everything connected with his past existence.

Ripley sampled the water, but he found its anesthetic qualities to be grossly exaggerated. He was still conscious of the horrible present. Just as he was preparing to resign himself to the inevitable, a faint glow appeared in the distance.

"See! Ahead there!" shouted the Italian. "Daylight! It's the entrance to the cavern!"

Eager hands pushed the boat toward the light. And, after an interminable period, they squeezed under the lowering roof to safety.

"And that," says Ripley, "is the last I hope to see of the River Lethe. It was too close to being fatal to me, for comfort. I came very near to having a permanent sleep."

Margaret Speaks, top-flight soprano of concert and radio, tries to rule all thought of danger out of her life. She believes that often danger is brought on by the vibration of fear which a person may give out.

"If you really believe in danger, you can get in a panic every time you cross a traffic-burdened street," she says. "And that's not really living. I believe danger is very often a product of the imagination."

Nevertheless, Margaret Speaks will admit that she was frightened once when the plane she was riding in was delayed for three hours on the Alleghenies—that section which might well be called the "grave-yard of planes." Most of the passengers felt that their end had come. But it turned out that the pilot knew where he was every minute of the time, and everything was under control.

Again, there was an incident in her childhood which might well have turned into tragedy. She was riding a pony in the Michigan woods. She rode into a field where there were a lot of lumber horses turned free to graze while the workmen had their lunch. The enormous work horses headed toward Margaret and her pony; they galloped across the field and bore down on her, their hooves made a terrific sound.

As they came close, their sweating faces and the thick muscles standing out on their necks frightened the little girl, almost out of her wits. To her, it was a fearful stampede. The workmen shouted at the horses, however, and thus the danger of being trampled under those pounding hooves was avoided. Later, the workmen persuaded Margaret to laugh at the matter by telling her that the big horses were only giving her pony a friendly greeting.

(Continued on page 74)
MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM
KEEPS YOUR SKIN
Young-Looking

MERCOLIZED Wax Cream Flakes off the surface skin in tiny, invisible particles. Reveals the clear, soft, smooth, young looking underskin. This simple, all-inclusive beauty treatment has been a favorite for over a quarter century with lovely women the world over. Bring out the hidden beauty of your skin with Mercolized Wax Cream.

Use Saxolite Astringent Daily
This stimulating, antiseptic astringent is delightfully refreshing and helpful. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and apply.

Try Plackete Deflocculant
For quickly removing superfluous hair from face.
Sold at cosmetic counters everywhere.

SNAPSHOTS IN NATURAL COLORS—
Roll developed, 8 Natural Color Prints—25c. Natural
Color reprints—3c. AMAZINGLY BEAUTIFUL.

NATURAL COLOR PHOTO, c.191, Juniorite, Wisconsin

FIX THINGS!
Books Furniture Toys Leather Glassware China
10c At Hardware, Drug & 10c Stores

Mc Cormick's IRON GLUE
Bought by Millions Everywhere

Free for Asthma
During Summer

If you suffer from those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is hot and sultry, if heat, dust and general mugginess make you wheeze and choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing you away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable new therapeutic. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could think of to get relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing.

Address Frontier Asthma Co. 987-0 Frontier Bldg.
403 Niagara St. Buffalo, N.Y.

WAKE UP

Without Codeine—
And You'll Jump
Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas boils up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sullen and the world looks punk. You're bowels may not get to your level of your feet.

It takes these good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. The are in all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

Bill Stern, the popular sports announcer, feels that he is truly lucky to be still among the living. In the fall of 1933, he was sent to Austin, Texas, to broadcast one of the University of Texas football games. The next day, after the game, he was driving in his small, light roadster on the road to Shreveport, Louisiana. He was doing about eighty over a perfect Texas cement road, when he came to an important intersection and crashed into a car that was coming at a great speed at right angles to him. It was a blind crossing, and the only thing that could happen was a head-on collision. Bill was knocked out of his car and thrown under the other automobile, which immediately caught fire. Unconscious, he was pulled to safety by a quick-thinking passerby, and an ambulance was sent for.

It took the ambulance one hour to arrive, an hour in which Bill lay on the pavement in agony, with two broken arms and a broken leg, and most of the skin burned off his body. Finally he was removed to a small Texas hospital where they operated on his leg at once. They closed up the wounds but, unfortunately, closed in cement and dirt from the road. As a result, gangrene set in, and his life was despised of.

It was decided to send him East on a special train to New York. On that trip, for two days and nights, Bill's diet consisted entirely of morphone. Arriving in New York, he was immediately operated upon again, the dirt removed and, after five blood transfusions and three more operations, Bill Stern was started back on the road to recovery. But he spent the next six months in a plaster cast, and the next year on crutches. Oh, yes—Bill is one of those who have heard the brushing of "angels' wings!"

Tim and Irene are other lucky survivors of automobile crashes. Once the car they were in was speeding down a hill toward a small bridge. It was night. A truck was stalled on the bridge, without lights. Their driver had to swerve his car toward the bridge rail. He hit it, of course, and went down a steep embankment. The car turned over five times, and no one received a scratch!

Announcers who are sent on "special events" assignments often risk their lives, as do newspaper correspondents and news-reel photographers. Kelvin Keech had a narrow escape when he was sent to "cover" the arrival of the French fliers, Coste and Bellonte in the Question Mark.

"While Curt Peterson and I were waiting for the ship to taxi in," Kelvin says, "fifteen thousand frenzied spectators broke through the fence and completely swamped us. I tripped over the microphone lead wire and fell headlong into the mud beneath the rushing mob, but managed to keep on talking."

Kelvin's back and hands were trampled upon heedlessly, and he was unable to get up, so he began to fear that he would be killed in the human stampede. Mud was plastered over the nose and all over him, but he carried on, in spite of his bruises and the confusion and the mud. He described the arrival in both English and French, while Peterson miraculously got through the crowd to the plane to interview the fliers.

Young Jane Martin, heard on the Town Hall Big Game Hunt, was once held up in Brooklyn by a masked thug with a drawn gun. Suddenly several men saw what was happening and rushed to her rescue. The thug turned to fire, but pulled the trigger before he wheeled around, shooting Miss Martin in the arm. A little higher would have meant her heart.

Jack Benny thanks his lucky stars for the strange twist of fate which befell him in the days when he was touring in vaudeville. In 1923, he was playing in a Mid-Western town, when the show ran over several minutes—just long enough to make him miss the train that he had intended to take to the next town. Several hours later that train was involved in a famous railroad accident in which more than twenty people lost their lives.

Call it Fate, call it Providence, or what you will, but the heroes and heroines of these near-death dramas are here with us today through sheer, hair-breadth escapes. And they are thankful for their "borrowed time."

This fall you'll hear Ed Wynn on a new show. Here's Ed showing his Radio Stars Distinguished Service Award to Announcer Harry von Zell.
that Hal had to let her rest and find a substitute.

By that time, Kemp should have been flooroed and waiting numbly for them to count him out. He didn't, though. As the boys on the street say, he beat the rap. He landed his Time to Shime commercial, which is doing both him and his sponsor a lot of good.

There are now exactly two members of the original Kemp outfit left—Saxie Dowell and Ben Williams. And rumor says that Saxie is getting ready to resign and organize his own band. But Hal has passed the point where that would bother him. He's demonstrated, almost conclusively, that in his case, anyway, it's possible for a maestro who knows his business to be a success all by himself.

U. OF N. C. AGAIN

I've told you how the University of North Carolina has sent K. Kyser and H. Kemp forth into the world. I've mentioned the U. of N. C. so much that somebody's likely to toss an honorary degree in my direction. But try to bear with me while I relate one more story to come out of that collegiate resort.

It is already part of campus history but it never leaked out into the outside world. A few years ago Alabama was scheduled to play California in a championship Rose Bowl football match. At that time Bing Crosby was busy, as usual, on the air. Bing was always an athletically inclined youth and this time he seemed to favor California in the forthcoming contest. He favored U. of C. so much that he used to sing, sarcastically, a song called "Stars Fell On Alabama."

A group of young men at North Carolina resented it. One dormitory group got up a long letter protesting Bing's favoritism and bet that Alabama would win the game. The terms of the bet are unique in radio history: If Bing lost, he would present the students with a ping-pong table; if he won, everyone in the dormitory would write Bing's sponsor a letter telling said sponsor what a great job Crosby was doing. Bing agreed to the terms of the bet over the air.

Today at Chapel Hill, in the game room of Lewis Hall, a dormitory of the University of North Carolina, there is a magnificent ping-pong table. The boys fondly call it the "Bing Crosby Table."

TROMBONE MAN

On his way to the West Coast, Tommy Dorsey stopped in Chicago to play a two weeks' theatre engagement. Arriving in his dressing-room on his first day there, he found a message to call Louis Armstrong at such-and-such a number sometime during the day.

Tommy called and asked for Louis. He wasn't there but Mrs. Armstrong, Louis' elderly mother, answered the phone.

"Will you take a message for Louis?" asked Tommy. "Will you tell him that Tommy Dorsey called?"

"Who?" queried Mrs. Armstrong who, although the mother of Trumpet King Armstrong, is no sissy girl herself.

"Tommy Dorsey. T-o-o-m-m-y D-o-r-s-e-y. I play a trombone."

DISCOVERER?

Over the years Rudy Vallee has managed to build quite a reputation as a discoverer of talent. But there have been numerous occasions where astute Crooner Vallee has had a great talent slip from between his fingers.

One case in point is that of a young man named Allie Wrubel. Back in 1931, Wrubel was working with Vallee. Allie wrote a number of songs which he showed to Rudy. Rudy Vallee turned thumbs down on them and soon sent the young man on his way.

Allie, discouraged, stopped by to see Morton Downey. They went over their songs together. One of them Downey liked particularly, and he worked on it with the composer. Then he arranged to have it published. The song was called Now You're In My Arms—the number one hit of the year.

After that success, Hollywood called siren-like for Wrubel. He is now working for Warner Brothers, at a weekly salary of something over a thousand a week. He's just written a new tune which promises to be this year's sensation. It's called Music, Maestro, Please.

THAT title, Music, Maestro, is oddly ironic. Two years ago Vallee decided that something was wrong with the "attitude" of his band. He fired every member of the Connecticut Vipers. Among those musicians to go were:

Mickey Bloom—whose trumpet Hal Kemp now features.

Buddy Sheppard—who now leads his own band on the CBS Rhythm Rendezvous and is a featured CBS violin soloist.

Saxophonist Benny Kreuger—who has been conductor of the orchestra on the Pick and Pat show ever since he left Vallee.

Walter Scharf—now one of Hollywood's greatest pianists and arrangers.

Walter Gross—who has starred with his piano on Swing Session and played with Kostelanetz all season.

Violinist Eddie Davis—who has clicked with his own band at New York's swankiest clubs.

In place of his old band, Vallee hired a group of the regular radio house men who play on a lot of commercials. Listening to the new Yankees, a wise-cracker may easily ask: "What's happened to the music, Maestro, please?"

IMITATION IS THE—

Sad, indeed, is the lot of a bright chap who gets hold of a good idea and then can't use it himself.

Mark Warnew was a pioneer in the what-do-you-know kind of program. Last year on his Blue Velvet series he presented "Tune Teasers" as a feature. Mark played a group of familiar melodies and

(Continued on page 76)
asked listeners to write in and give the
tunes their correct titles. That idea was
probably the greatest fan-mail inducer that
Warner or any other batonier had thought of
up till then.

But Blue Velvet went off the air after
the summer and first thing you know you had
your Kollege of Musical Knowledge and
all the other radio brains-teasers. War-
ner's is back. It's on the air, but the Tune
Teaser feature is no more. Mark wouldn't
like being called an imitator.

TO FUTURE BANDLEADERS:

Meredith Willson has saved all you lads
who want to be maestri a great deal of
trouble. For every musical division, there
is a favorite composition. If you want
to get along you must have these audience
favors in your repertoire. Meredith,
kindly enough, has collected all of them
for the benefit of his Good News patrons.
Now all you have to do is to clip and file
them away. The Willson musical sweep-
stakes winners are: Fiano—Liebestraum;
March—Stars and Stripes Forever; Oper-
atic Aria—Toreador Song; Lullaby—
Sweet and Low; Violin—Caprice Viennaus;
Love Song—Love's Old Sweet Song; Am-
erican Folk Song—My Old Kentucky
Home; Serenade—Serenade; Spiritual—
Swing Low, Sweet Chariot; American
Melody—To a Wild Rose; Most Beloved
Encore—Liebestraum. And then you can't
forget the ages most kicked around num-
ber—Hearts and Flowers.

TWO CLICKS FROM STICKS

The Gibson Family of Worcester, Mass.,
is batting 100 percent these days.

Little more than a year ago, Fredda and
Bobby Gibson were two stage-struck kids,
living in an average small American city
and hoping for a chance. Fredda's came
first. After singing at every available
town-home function, she was offered a job
by the old Hudson-DeLange band. Singing
at her first date, she received a wire from
Richard Himmer asking her to come to New
York as his vocalist. Fredda went to work
as the Hit Parade vocalist and brought her
whole family to Manhattan with her.

Kid brother Bobby landed a job as a
CBS page boy, which followed with a
spot as a sustaining Columbia singer. Will
Osborne came along and, first thing you
know, Bob had a job as his vocalist. Since
her arrival, Fredda has not only starred on
Hit Parade but also on the George Olsen-
Tim and Irene show. And now four dif-
cent bands are after Bobby. At the mo-
ment, it looks like Ben Bernie is going
to get him.

Just goes to show you that all you have
to have is the talent.

SKIN-BEATERS

Gene Krupa has always claimed that
skinnies originated among the savage
African tribes. Skin-beater Krupa was proved right when CBS
Producer John Carlile collected eighteen
native African drummers and put them on the
Columbia Workshop.

Percussionists were heard during the
half hour directly preceding the Swing
Session. The expert musicians of that
show listened to the Africans heat it out
and issued collective statements that it was
the finest swing drumming they'd ever
heard.

The most unusual-looking drum in the
collection of eighteen is the "blood-drum.".
They are all made of goat-skin and hair,
but this one is a special number. It's a
tribal custom to cut off the head of an
opponent, toss it against the drum and let
the splattered blood serve as decorations.
Ey-y-o-o-o-w-w-w!

THE PURSE STRINGS HOLDER

Noted illustrator McClelland Barclay
needed a model to pose as the blonde socie-
ty beauty who falls in love with an orchestra
leader in a story called Up Beat, which
will appear in a popular fiction magazine.
He selected Frederika Gallatin—who happens
to be the wife of bandleader Al Donahue.

Mrs. Donahue models only in her spare
time. She spends most of her day working
as business manager and financial adviser
for her husband and his twenty-one or-
chestras. Lovely Frederika comes very
naturally by her financial talents, too. She
is a direct descendant of Albert Gallatin,
one of the first U. S. Secretaries of the
Treasury.

KILLER-DILLER

Most orchestra leaders become famous
in the trade for some little personal char-
acteristic. Benny Moroff is famous for
doing "Parkaykan" with his fingers, but
without benefit of dialect. Recently he was
holding a band rehearsal and the boys were
playing as if they hadn't been to bed for
weeks. Finally Benny's patience was ex-
hausted and he turned on them:

"What's the matter with you guys? Are
you in a transom?"

ONCE OVER LIGHTLY

How long will it take for some one to
realize that if Gene Krupa is ever to make
a success of his band he must settle down
in one spot where he can get a network
wire? No band, in this day and age, can
ever hope to build up anything without
time on the air. Look what happened to
Casa Loma when they stopped broadcasting.

... Incidentally, Elizabeth Tilton, Martha's
younger sister, received her high school
diploma in California and the next day set
out for the East to go to work as the
Krupa girl vocalist. . . . Members of the
studio audience attending the Ben Bernie
broadcasts could never figure out why one
done lone member of the orchestra was
arrayed in a full dress suit while the rest of the
boys were content with Tuxedos. Paul Sparw
was the lad. He used to dash from the broad-
casts to Manhattan's swanky Versailles
Club, where he led his own orchestra. . . .

T. Dorsey's Western tour was a highly
profitable one. Big band had one week's
vacation between a date in Detroit and the
Palomar in Los Angeles. Skeets Herfurt,
Hymie Shertzer and Dean Kincaid—all
aces of the sax section—used that week to
get married. . . .

It might interest you to know that CBS'?
Tin Pan Alley— a program built to play
ten new tunes each week—had to get off
the air because there weren't enough good
tunes being written.

EXTRA! EXTRA! The winners of the
Larry Clinton Circus Song Title Contest,
sponsored by The Band-
wagon, will be announced here next
month. Keep your fingers crossed!
was unwise to revive the memories of the outlaw group. Hence, real names and cities were not mentioned on the second week's continuation.

Mimicry of President Roosevelt is generally tabooed, not for censorship reasons but characteristically by public opinion, being part of it thinking that the President himself is on the air. Jokes about Mrs. Roosevelt and the heads of foreign governments are also on the deletion lists.

Henry Ford (and probably other sponsors) demands the mention of politics, labor and Washington events in general, regardless of whether the material is used "in fun" or otherwise.

Bob Riley's Believe-It-Or-Not is frequently altered to eliminate any claim that they might not be authentic. The least doubt as to the accuracy of his subjects' claims calls for deletion rather than alteration. But one time a Riley oddity was ruled out for another reason. He was to present a narrative by a former cellmate of Edith Cavell, the war martyr. But the broadcasters ruled it out on the ground that it might offend Germany.

Many topical items go on the taboo list. The Wally Simpson-Duke of Windsor chain of events came under restrictions laid down by this network. Current divorce and separation suits and such things as child marriages also come under general bans.

Certain topics—religion, for instance—can only be dealt with on programs completely assigned under distinctive headings. When the Radio Newsrel program desired to present a former hotel bellboy, who became a priest, the producers were informed that he could go on the air provided he did not talk about religion.

Mention of the Deity is carefully checked lest some people disapprove. Even such dramatic expressions as "Thank God!" have been deleted from scripts.

A chat with Miss MacRorie, a former newspaper woman who has headed NBC's continuity acceptance department for four years, revealed that jokes on marital relations often come in for altering.

She pointed out that, in one script, a woman was asked how she kept her husband, the inquirer adding that she knew good cooking was one way. But when the wife replied: "There are other ways, but we won't go into that!" Miss MacRorie deleted the entire gag.

And, another time, she came across the following lines: "Why does your husband like you so much?" the answer being, "Personality, bed at night and I feed him."

Blue-penciling a gag of that type is never questioned.

Then there was the time when a scriptwriter, intending to denote laziness in a radio character, pasted on the wall a poster praying on the wall to read them at night. All forms of humor touching on religion are carefully scanned and this is one form of joke that is barred particularly.

A typically tabooed line recently yanked from one of the network's scripts was:

"Yes, she doesn't know how to say no," but Miss MacRorie explained that the reason it was yanked was not on account of any hidden meaning, but rather because the person so described was married, and any gag that might even faintly suggest malbehavior in marriage is banned.

Here's another line caught by Miss MacRorie's alert eyes: "A companionate piano? Yes! Try it for two months, and then we'll take it back, provided there are no children."

Adaptations of stage plays are combed for lines which might be deemed offensive on the air, even though considered good taste in the theatre. She mentioned that the public knows what to expect at a play but never has advance indication of the lines that will come out of a home loudspeaker.

For instance, in the radio version of Having Wonderful Time, a fellow said: "Life can be beautiful without marriage," and immediately kicks poured in, not from sophisticated New Yorkers, but from people in various other parts of the country. Miss MacRorie concedes that she is guided by listener mail as well as network policy in making her cuts. It is expected, she said, that some people will take offense at anything and that cranks and fanatics are regularly heard from.

But, also, she declared, there are intelligent letters of protest from time to time and, when as many as 800 arrived complaining about the same point, she assumes that there are many others who feel the same way but don't take the trouble of writing. An offensive phrase—that is, bringing mass protests—is banned in all future scripts.

There are occasions when scripts are killed for reasons far removed from censorship. Gabby Hartnett, the ball player, was signed as a guest star with Fannie Brice on the Good News program. But, in every rehearsal effort, he would burst out laughing when laughter was not desired. Finally, he had to be dropped. During last season's Western floods, when it was feared that curtailed telephone service from California would hamper the piping-in of the Good News show from the Coast, a substitute program, co-starring Eddie Cantor and Bob Riley, was rehearsed in New York. But the pinch-hitting program—one of the costliest shows ever built by the sponsor—never got on the air because telephone conditions were in good shape by program time. The mention of various ailments is taboo. As mentioned earlier in this article, most broadcasters are especially careful on the topic of venereal diseases. Hence, you can imagine the embarrassment of the master-of-ceremonies of an audience participation show from a Western CBS station, when the following took place:

It was a spelling bee in reverse, with the audience asking the spelling master to spell the words. Everything went well until one person called out, "Gonorrhea!" The

(Continued on page 78)
spelling master hesitated just for a second and then proceeded. “G-o-o-d-o-l-i-e-r-r,” he spelled and then, in usual spelling-bee style, pronounced the word, "Gondolier." In the station's eyes, he saved the day, but there are probably many who wouldn't have received the actual spelling of the original word.

Sir Josiah Stump, on a visit to New York, told a joke that is considered un-mikeworthy by the chains. But he told it on a local station and the repercussions that may have been attached to its nation-wide air dissemination were absent. It concerned the boy who was absent from school for a day and had a note from his mother which stated that he was home because he had the meases. The teacher was surprised to see him cured so rapidly and quivered him further. Then the boy explained that it wasn't actually the meases; it was diarrhea, but his mother couldn't spell it!

One of the oddest and funniest incidents of radio censorship concerns a vocalist on one of the first cancel series. But the censorship concerns a costume he wore at the rehearsal and the sponsor insisted he change it by broadcast time. He was to sing a Russian ballad and, inasmuch as the program originated before a large visible audience, the cast frequently employed the use of costumes. The singer came with a military outfit and the sponsor complained that the shell pockets across his chest looked too much like cigars, and were therefore out of place on a cigarette program!

NBC, CBS and Mutual—as well as independent stations—maintain staffs of carefully-trained script readers assigned to scan all continuities to ascertain that nothing goes on the air which does not measure up to the prescribed standards of broadcasting.

Broadcasters detest the word "censorship." They concede that their forms of "editorial supervision" are censorial. But they are quick to add that such duties are not self-assumed but are actually obligations placed on the stations by the Communications Act. In most other nations, the governments supply the program copy-readers. In the U. S. A., the burden is placed on the shoulders of the broadcasters themselves, who are told that the programs must be in the "public interest, convenience or necessity." In that phrase and phrase lies the editorial license stations assume. Just those few simple words give the stations wide latitude in deciding what's fit and what's unfit for the public ear and ears.

General proscriptions set forth by broadcasters are probably in accord with most listeners' views of good taste and propriety. Obscene and sacrilegious remarks are banned. So are attacks on creeds and races.

A staff of script readers, headed by Janet MacRorie, does the advance checking on all NBC continuities, excepting drama, that lone topic being assigned to Lewis H. Titterton. At CBS, Gilson Gray heads the readers of sponsored scripts, while Helen Siousatt directs the staff of sustaining program checkers. Head of Mutual's program editors is a chap named Leonard Leonard.

The question has often been asked as to how some jokes and serious remarks that border on the double entendre pattern are skipped by the censors. The answer is that a continuity may look like a Sunday School lecture in mimeographed form, but there's many a slip 'twist the mike and the script, and an accent on a certain syllable or an inflection on a selected line can make it appear like one of those sotto voce stories usually associated with stag parties or traveling salesmen.

Recent seasons have seen a bit of a departure from the advance script requirements. Spot news pick-ups and play-by-play sports commentaries, of course, never called for continuities being submitted in advance. But now scripts are waived on the rapidly growing list of audience participation shows. Such programs as Your Pop, Uncle Jim's Question Bee, Professor Quiz and the numerous other question and answer features have dispensed with the formality of scripts. But the networks first ascertain the competence of the conductors of such programs, before the broadcasts along proper lines. Also, there is an alert production man standing by, ready to switch off any extemporaneous utterance deemed unfit for public audition.

Ken Murray, who was master of ceremonies on the Hollywood Hotel program, is taking it easy for the summer. Marilyn Stuart is seen with him. Ken always has a cigar in his mouth when facing the microphone. He claims it gives him self-assurance.
Almost any day, in the sacred sanctums of radioland, some new opus is being heard. And mum's the word along the corridors. They are tougher to get into than the U. S. Mint. But the leaks are many, as the wet wash is hung out over glasses of beer in the cafés and bistros frequented by the radio trade.

There was the time that the Kellogg Company decided to sponsor a new radio show, built to ballyhoo Rice Krispies. In order to find the best possible type of program, the cereal tycoons ordered a big agency to make a careful survey of listener tastes. Researchers with big black pencils and oodles of statistics were hired. Lo, and behold, when the final returns were compiled, it was revealed that 85% of the buying of breakfast foods was done by women.

"Then we put on a show that appeals to the fair sex," commanded one cereal sage. A woman news commentator, a recipe instructress and a small string orchestra were the ingredients of the program auditioned, and it seemed successful. A final decision would be forthcoming in twenty-four hours. But here he seemed like a century to the auditorium. The news came. Statistics were scrapped. What the women liked was forgotten. Kellogg decided to sponsor baseball games. Not so long ago, 8th Frankie Fay quietly clinched to stardom on Mr. Vallee's hour. When a shortage of comedians was nervously discovered, the name of Mrs. Fay's red-headed son cropped up. An optimistic client wanted the Irish thrush to ringmaster a big-time variety show over Mutual. Everything was set until the client picked up his morning newspaper one day and read this ominous headline: "Barbara Stanwyck Sues Frank Fay For Cruelty." Alas, naughtily husband Fay could never sell a product over the air to the wives of this nation.

Herman Schaad, a wise program supervisor, insisted that Helen Menken was a good bet for radio. The stage star auditioned a program entitled Famous Love Letters. But the letters were never mailed. The client who listened was convinced that the program and Miss Menken were too sophisticated. Herman Schaad is dead, but his idea finally came through. Today Helen Menken is a prominent radio star.

If a man could sell Teller-O-Gram and a cartoon peddle cereal, why couldn't a real queen sell typewriters? That was what rotund Ad-man Sturges Dorrance thought when he signed Dowager Queen Marie of Rumania to a contract, giving him the exclusive right to make movies. St luminary thought the sponsor of Royal Typewriters thought the tie-up a natural. The guest appearance of Her Majesty was set for 3 P.M., EST., on a Coast-to-Coast hookup. At 1 P.M., sharp, Marie marched in, trailed by an entourage of harem girls, players, chamberlains and European yes-men.

"I shall go on the radio now," commanded the Queen.

"But Your Majesty," implored a nervous radioman, "you are not scheduled to speak until 3 P.M."

"Now or never!" retorted Marie.

So the Queen is back in her Budapest parlor, minus a healthy paycheck from Royal Typewriters. Mr. Dorrance no longer deals in queens since he held the joke that memorable day.

"This will be a great radio show," said Smith, "we will tear out the seats."

"But where will the audience sit?" asked Dale.

"The audience will stand," answered Smith.

"But what about the orchestra?" crossed Dale.

"There will be no orchestra; the audience will hum.

"Ah," cheered Roger White, a producer, as he put his arms around those two veteran comics, Smith and Dale, "that's a swell script. A grand take-off on big radio shows. What satire! What finesse! I should sell this quicker than you can say 'sponsor.'"

The comics auditioned and the prospective buyer laughed and laughed at the barrage of bellylaughs.

But Smith and Dale never got that sponsor. They didn't count on the sponsor's wife. "[Papa,]" she told her husband, "I told you I wanted a movie star like Robert Taylor or Don Ameche. These fellows we heard ain't refined."

Smith and Dale are funny, but unfortunately not Admen.

When name personalites such as Singin' Sam, Amos 'n' Andy or Jessica Dragoneet become identified with one product, it is not easy to replace them. So when lazy but lovable Harry Frankel (Singin' Sam), the squire of Indiana, decided to retire temporarily from the radio scene, the Barn- balsol people worried dreadfully over Sam's successor.

The first show they auditioned was a streamlined, swingy show featuring Chick Webb, chocolate-colored drummer. Ella Fitzgerald and The Three Ink Spots. Researchers heard that audition and was willing to bet anybody's box-top that it would be sold.

Well, was my face red when word came that the indigo revelries were unsuccessful! Instead, a blues singer named Mary Jane Walsh would try to fill Singin' Sam's shoes.

Rumor has it that the Barbalsol Company feared an all-black-and-tan show would fail to impress Southern shavers. Forgive me, Bruce and Sheridan Farnesock, youthful adventurers who sailed the seven seas in an open boat just for fun, always believed that truth was stronger than fiction. They proved this adage on their thousand and one nights of thrills, but now they know that there's nothing stronger than a radio sponsor.

When they mapped out their prospective radio serial, dramatizing their authentic adventures, it sounded too good to be true. A veritable Buck Rogers-Bobby Benson,他们 the story zoomed into one. Nobody in the agencies would believe their stories. "Better get me a good fiction writer," suggested one ync. The boys were flabbergasted.

Unfortunately, there is no set formula for finding a successful radio program. (Continued on page 43)
Mistakes in judgment are made by one and all. One agency, I know, made it a point to have two executives pass on all programs which emanated from their office. Auditioning one daytime serial some time ago, the sequence concerned a mother in the process of having a baby.

These two worthy executives listened attentively and decided that the script didn’t sound convincing enough. The writer of the program was the mother of four children.

When movie and theatre producers want originality in a musical play they call upon those little men with the big ideas, Dick Rodgers and Larry Hart, who wrote such hits as I Married An Angel, On Your Toes, Babes in Arms, A Connecticut Yankee, and others.

If they could do it for the stage and screen, figured one ingenious broadcaster, why couldn’t they evolve the same formula for radio?

Try they did. The pint-sized tunesmiths proceeded to create an outstanding half hour of entertainment. New songs would be written each week. Musical curtains, musical commercials and musical sound effects were all incorporated into the creation. As it hatched in the idea incubator it gave every indication of being a smash hit.

But an unwelcome intruder—Fat—upset the musical apple cart and sent dejected Rodgers and Hart scurrying back to the safer and saner regions of Broadway and Hollywood.

The program, Here Comes the Bride, starring Ray Sinatra, Joey Nash, Mary Eastman and a large chorus, budgeted at $4,700 a week, interested a cold cream account.

Everything was set but the air time. The client wanted 9 p.m., EST, and nothing else. But 9 o’clock on the national networks was not available. Clients like Maxwell House, Chrysler, Ipana and Lux had a strangle hold on this valuable hour. So Here Comes the Bride was jilted at the church. That was a year and a half ago. You can find a record of this gem lying peacefully on a shelf, collecting dust and memories. Time, in this case, never marched on to nine o’clock.

Perhaps the strangest of all these stories of ghost shows is the one concerning Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson. Four years ago CBS decided to go after a prominent cosmetic account. They sent their then-star salesman, Nick Dawson, to work on it.

One day Hudnut & Company decided to go on the air, if CBS could give them a program tying up directly with their product—DuBarry. The Life of DuBarry was elected and Georgia Backus pounded out a script. Toscha Seidel was groomed as musical director and the role of DuBarry would be played by Elsie Hitz.

“Everything is set but the male lead,” commented a CBS director. “Who can play Louis?”

“I can,” suggested Nick Dawson, the salesman who wanted to be an actor.

Desperate, they let Nick audition. Then he got the bad news. “As an actor,” came the stock reply, “you’re a swell salesman. Now go out and find us a real Louis.”

This took all the fight out of Nick. He lost interest in the show, the account and the job.

And poor Madame DuBarry died a more horrible death than she ever did in real life. After all, there were no radio auditions in her saloon days.

But Nick Dawson, ex-salesman, became a star radio player.

On it goes, never ending. The Nero Wolfe and Philo Vance series were stylized by the exorbitant fees authors Rex Stout and S. S. Van Dine demanded. Jimmy Walker decided to stick to his law practice. He recalled that the last time he stepped into the public spotlight he got too sunburned. An ambitious presentation, titled Book of the Week, featuring Gabriel Heater and stirring dramatizations of current best sellers, faded into oblivion when one sponsor said: “Nobody reads any more.”

A big-time movie star was signed to a singing contract until the client decided the singer couldn’t act. Now he’s on the air as an actor, because another client didn’t like the way he sang.

The curtain has never gone up on these programs. They lie moth-eaten in steel file cases—the radio Cain’s Storage House. I doubt if they will ever be resuscitated. Time and ideas move too quickly in the broadcast world. They become outdated like a 1928 commercial spiel.

Still, for every one that failed to make the grade, another has taken his place. You see, the people who decide what to give you over the kilocycles have quite a lot of respect for your tastes. Only I wonder bow often they have been wrong!

Down at the Mutual network they have evolved a new idea that takes the soap, sugar, salt, and soup sultans out of the audition booth and puts you, the radio audience, in it. All new programs are auditioned over the air for one performance. If you like them, they stay on. If you don’t, a lily is placed in the hands of the creator. The first program to undergo this novel test was an audience participation program, Say It With Words. You liked it and it is now heard weekly on the air.

Those who tried valiantly, and missed the boat, still keep trying. They know that a real trooper never gives up.
Before you sing, she asks where you studied. And she stands you with your back toward the control room so, while singing, you won't feel self-conscious. After stating that she writes a frank letter on what's what with your performance. She is likely to re-audition an exceptional voice, piping it down to the offices of the executives. Either way, she classifies you on a neat card buried in her files. It is Miss Singleton's boast that the star-card-indexed ever voice in radio. She admits that only one vocalist out of four hundred lands a job. Considering Columbia's sole chain in comparison to National's two, these statistics are fairly even.

Statements of the Mutual Broadcasting System, younger of the network trio, give individual auditions. Its key station, WOR, encourages auditions because, according to Mitchell Benson, Assistant Director of Program Operations, "It is not right to turn down any performer who has real talent. Thirsters are forty vocalists are auditioned each week, and over a six-month period only three have been engaged. This is explained by Julius F. Seebach, WOR's Program Director: "Merely adequate work is no longer of any use to us. The artist who feels his contribution is acceptable, but not outstanding, should know we already have at our disposal literally hundreds of just such people with whom we cannot use.

Dramatic auditions at NBC are heard by an audition committee composed of directors who cast and produce dramatic programs. According to Miss Beulah Jarvis, who receives all applications and makes the necessary arrangements, about 175 auditions are given a month. Here is what happens when your dramatic abilities are tested at NBC.

You stand in a room, bare but for one important item—a microphone. You have three of your pet pieces ready to roll off your tongue. You forget radio is a business of time and adaption to it. But no one else forgets. You are given approximately four or five minutes. Nervous, hurried, you try to make the most of them. Each audition head, however, tries to make the process as pleasant as possible, realizing that such a test is far from easy. Applicants who are invited are amazed at the consideration they receive.

A few days later you get a letter. Actors say their letters prove virtually the same—polite, with the cordiality of a magazine rejection slip.

"If you pass the audition, your name, address and classification are put on file and typed into a detailed confidential record regularly sent out to NBC producers. A couple of paragraphs copied from NBC reports furnish an idea of the way you are now heard.

"Woman . . . humorous monologues: 'Does this type of work very well and would no doubt be excellent for appearance at women's clubs. Not good radio material.'

"Baritone: 'Fundamentally a good voice. Production is labored and throaty. Lacks

musicanship and has an artificial pronunciation of lyrics. Still a student.'"

"Monologist, male: 'This boy has a flair for writing satirical monologues and here is where his value lies—writing for others. As a performer he is amateurish.'"

Twice a week the producers' offices become open house for eligible listed. On such days you are entitled to appointments. In an effort to impress yourself upon burdened memories—careful. It is the producer who sends for you when an actor is needed, or recommends one to the advertising agencies putting on programs. As most of the agencies are equipped with miniature audition rooms, you may have to do it all over again. And the ad-men are likely to ask anything, one demanding that an actor appear in a ten-minute sketch, playing both a twenty-year-old English lieutenant and a German of fifty.

If you do fine work it may be a one-time choral shot or a small dramatic bit. Don't think you are going to earn anything like Walter Winchell's five thousand dollars a broadcast. True, commercial programs pay the most money, but they have set prices for little people, the lowest agency fee being $12.50, the average $30. The March of Time, with its radio cast resembling any hard-to-break-into stock company, pays $65. Last year, Helen Hayes' program struck a high with $75. Prices include rehearsals plus a re-broadcast to the Coast. Names draw the big money, unknowns are told to be grateful; an example of this attitude occurring when a radio actor appeared in a two-character sketch, playing opposite a world-famous actress. For his services he received $35 as against her $1,500! And with the exception of those few star announcers whom sponsors demand and who double as masters-of-ceremonies, their salaries are said to be $50 a week.

At one time it seemed to radio officials that, so long as he was the possessor of a loud voice, each and every American man wanted to be an announcer. Even NBC, despite its public utility hospitality, has to mimeograph circulars stating essential qualifications for him who wishes an announcer's audition. He must be able to write continuity, speak at least one foreign language, have a college education and two years of small station broadcasting experience. The circular winds up with a paragraph so courteous it is a masterpiece of understatement. It says: 'The field for announcers is not overcrowded; but there are always many applicants.'

It neglects to say that so many applicants fit the strict stipulations that special days over a certain period are set aside for announcers' auditions. And in this "not overcrowded field," the National Broadcasting Company has, on its payroll, thirty announcers.

Instead of a circular, Mr. John S. Carli, production manager at Columbia, issues a mimeographed letter. Mr. Carli likes a voice "not identifiable with any particular section." To his surprise, he found

(Continued from page 82)
this in a man from Alabama. Mr. Carlile auditioned 1,250 announcers three years ago, 600 year before last. Columbia employs sixteen announcers and made one change during the entire season.

This apparent closed shop does not mean the broadcasting roads are stubbed. If they could possibly do so, they would produce more programs and hire more announcers, but they are up against one unbeatible problem, and you, as a radio aspirant, face it with them. No matter how they figure, there are still only twenty-four hours a day.

Although prospective announcers must have certain requirements, there are no rules for people who like to hear themselves talk. By now broadcasting companies are surfeited with after-dinner speakers, political club women, self-appointed authorities, critics and commentators, those with political, religious or philanthropic axes to grind, and all ambitious homemade lecturers whose friends tell them they are "just as good as anybody on the air." After all, no matter if he brilliantly plays violin, piano, banjo, harmonica, saxophone, xylophone and harp, the audition answer will be a laconic, "So what?" Unless a musician belongs to a professional group performing where he can be heard publicly, or possesses an original way of presenting his talent, the chance for obtaining a radio job, from the rough reckoning of Columbia's Phil Cohan, is one in ten thousand.

ABC's Madge Tucker auditions the children they hear fifty a week. They must not only be potential actors to assure success, but should be quick readers as well. Parents, visualizing a Temple in come, are disappointed when their exceptional child, passing Miss Tucker's audition, is asked to appear on her program—gratis.

Thrice weekly, Nila Mack of Columbia used to audition children. She has cut this down to four days a year. Three children out of fifty have possibilities. She keeps on file a list of five hundred, auditioning them all even as a matter of fifty. Miss Mack's nemesis is the "radio mama." Vehemently she cites the parent who ruined her talented daughter's opportunity by sending her three notes during an audition.

Both Misses Tucker and Mack hate to see money squandered for useless lessons. They are rabid on the subject of fake radio schools. They want it said that no school, however certain-sounding its guarantee, can get your child a broadcasting job.

To this I add that no one can find a definite place in radio unless his is a professional attitude. If you must broadcast, do it in connection with your work. Walter Winchell, Louella Parsons, Alexander Woollcott, Boake Carter and the rest were successful journalists before attempting programs. Radio went after them. It was not the other way around.

And radio is nobody's sideline. Asking a musical comedy and motion picture comedian when he intends doing after his current air series, he looked startled.

"What do you mean—after?" bellowed Eddie Cantor. "Radio is my business!"

The stars spend hours learning new songs and routines. Applicants are lazy. A control man told me that nearly every baritone, when auditioning, sings Home on the Range, and that three years ago, during Kate Smith's Hudson-Express voice contest, it seemed as if ninety percent of six thousand singers sang June in January.

Discount sudden success stories. They sound like, and often are, the dreams of zealous press agents; such as the one about William S. Paley, Columbia's president, accidentally, while Europe bounded, hearing a phonograph record that appealed to him so much he cabled his office to sign its practically unknown performer, a Mr. Bing Crosby, at fifteen hundred dollars a sustaining broadcast.

Discount everything except two irrefutable facts. No famous star ever came out of an amateur hour and no star was made overnight.

Early broadcasting successes were built slowly, evening after evening, as the same performers sang on sustaining time. And to the public, now grown so sophisticated, fairly unknown vocalists first become novelties, then beloved habits.

And behind those short sustaining programs was a reason. In radio's baby days, when unsold time hung expensively, stations presented orchestras, making each play a solid hour because the musicians' union demanded an hour's pay for them, whether or not their men worked sixty minutes. Change came with the first nation-wide radio hit. It was something unheard of—a fifteen-minute commercial called Amos 'n' Andy. Other sponsors quickly followed suit, buying fifteen-minute programs, and leaving an embarrassment of spots, empty spots. If chains sold seven to seven-fifteen and seven-thirty to a quarter of eight, what were they to do with the seven-fifteen to seven-thirty intermin? Pay an orchestra a full hour's salary? No. The story goes that they hired singers, and worthies like Kate Smith, Morton Downey and the Rosey well Sisters got their breaks. It was a set of circumstances that can never happen again. Nevertheless, there was nothing amateurish about the first radio stars; they were seasoned troopers before they ever saw a microphone.

Now, with choice sustaining time unavailable, the broadcasting show window is a guest-star spot on one of the large programs. Your initial step in getting there is to work professionally in some place where you may be seen. A scout for Rudy Vallee spied Joe Penner in a motion picture presentation. And Eddie Cantor employed both Bobbie Breen and Deanna Durbin after hearing them sing at benefits.

Pull won't do you any good. The influential last word in a dramatic audition, bringing along her own orchestra to put her in the mood, got no further than audition number one. And I was present at Columbia when a sponsor wanted his daughter to be a lady announcer. She auditioned with twenty other women. None of the listeners saw the performers. They heard the voices through a loud-speaker, and were obliged, willy-nilly, to give honest verdicts. P.S. Sponsor's daughter did not get the job.

No matter how good your speaking voice may be, there is no telling what tricks a microphone will play with it. Some voices are like vacuum cleaners, picking up scratchy, foreign sounds. Some never go flat; their vibrations are the same as those of the radio. President Roosevelt has such a voice. So has Emily Post.

When the National Broadcasting Company, after two unsuccessful attempts, persuaded Mrs. Post to take an audition, she reluctantly came to their studios. Without a rehearsal, and not having the faintest idea as to whom might be listening, Mrs. Post marched up to the microphone and said: "I don't know why I'm here. I don't like women's voices on the air. They are much too thin. I don't know why they want them to broadcast anyway. I know I have a bad telephone voice. Either I speak so low my friends cannot understand me or I shriek into their ears. I think you've heard enough," and with a sweetly over-emphasized "Goodbye," Mrs. Post made her exit. Seven sponsors were seated in the next room. Each one said, "I'll take her." And she signed with General Electric.

So there are no rules for auditions. The prepared one may fail, the unprepared be a winner. The surest way is to be established first on a small station, build a local following, build experience, then try the big city chains. But don't bother any station unless you ask yourself: "What have I to sell?" and can give an honest answer.

Remember, no matter how important you are, if you do go on the air, there is no way of evading an audition. Radio circles can point to but a sole program broadcast without one. That program is...
Here it is, and for the first time, the complete story of "Boy Meets Girl," the hilarious comedy that caused Broadway to stop its thighs and quake with mirth.

Two eccentric writers. Two bewildered young lovers. And one unborn baby. Juggle them together, set them down in a Hollywood studio, and prepare for anything! You’ll find you’re getting more than you had hoped for when you follow situation after situation in the lives of four goofy individuals and one dimpled mite who gurgled his way into the heart of America.

Don’t miss the complete story of "Boy Meets Girl"—adapted from the Warner Bros. picture starring James Cagney and Pat O’Brien. It is but one of the 16 stories appearing in the September SCREEN ROMANCES. In this same issue you’ll find the complete stories of

TOO HOT TO HANDLE
Clark Gable and Myrna Loy

a complete book-length novel

SPAWN OF THE NORTH
George Raft, Henry Fonda, Dorothy Lamour

MY BILL
Kay Francis and Anita Louise

Each month SCREEN ROMANCES brings you 16 exciting stories of the latest pictures, all illustrated with actual "stills" from the movie productions. Once you’ve read an issue, you’ll never miss another. Why not insure for yourself six months of perfect magazine enjoyment by taking advantage of our SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER...

. . . a six months’ subscription for only $1.00! It would ordinarily cost you $1.50! Simply mail your check or money order to Screen Romances Magazine and the next six issues will be delivered at your door.

SCREEN ROMANCES MAGAZINE
149 Madison Avenue, New York City
Please enter my subscription for the next six issues of Screen Romances, effective with the issue. My check (or money order) for $1.00 is enclosed herewith.

Name

Address

City
Mrs. S. Kip Farrington, Jr.
OF NEW YORK AND EAST HAMPTON

She's decidedly a modern... this young matron... Foregoes many social events for the greater thrill of big-game fishing

Mrs. Farrington is a lovable, easy-to-know person. Even mere acquaintances think of her fondly as "Chisie". Below, "dinner at home"—smoking a Camel. She is an alumna of the Spence School and Miss Porter's... travels considerably... takes part in sports the year 'round. A steady Camel smoker, she has this to say: "Almost all of my friends smoke Camels too. If they're not smoking mine, I'm smoking theirs. A grand-cigarette—Camels! So good and mild!

"Chisie, what makes you say: 'Camels are different'?"

Comfortably lounging in the cabana, Dorothy Lovett and Chisie Farrington (right, above) are deep in a talk about the difference in cigarettes. "I'm really quite interested in that difference you're always bringing up—the difference between Camels and other cigarettes," says Miss Lovett. "What is it?"

"Oh, you must have noticed!" replies Mrs. Farrington.

"Why, for one thing, I can smoke Camels steadily—and they never upset my nerves. They never tire my taste either. And they're always gentle to my throat... good to my digestion. Oh, there are so many ways in which Camels agree with me...

"That's it," she repeats. "Camels agree with me!"

Among the many distinguished women who find Camels delightfully different:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia • Mrs. Alexander Black, Los Angeles
Mrs. Powell Cushing, Boston • Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd, Boston • Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd, Philadelphia • Mrs. Jane Alva Johnson, St. Louis • Mrs. Jasper Morgan, New York • Mrs. Nicholas G. Pennington III, Baltimore • Miss Alice Riblet, Charleston, S. C., Miss LeBoo Rheinschuster, New York • Mrs. John W. Rockefeller, Jr., New York • Mrs. Rufus Pease Spalding III, Pasadena
Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., Chicago

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, more expensive tobaccos... Turkish and domestic

PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE
COSTLIER TOBACCOS
IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE
LARGEST-SELLING
CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

Copyright, 1922, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.
RADIO STARS.

Vol. 11-12

1937-38

DATE

1937-38

ISSUED TO

V. 11-12

LIBRARY of the

NATIONAL BROADCASTING CO., Inc.

R C A BUILDING

30 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA

NEW YORK, N. Y.