

JEANETTE MACDONALD TALKS ABOUT HER HONEYMOON!

Radio Stars

DECEMBER

10

CENTS

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE

**COMPLETE
COAST-TO-COAST
PROGRAM
GUIDE**

Earl Christy

JEANETTE
MACDONALD



RADIO STARS

Hearts Skip a Beat

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]



She evades close-ups... Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm . . . She ignored the warning of "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

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"

The warning may some day come to you—that faint tinge of "pink" upon your tooth brush. It may seem harmless, triv-

ial, unimportant—but *never ignore it!*

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 sparklingly 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.

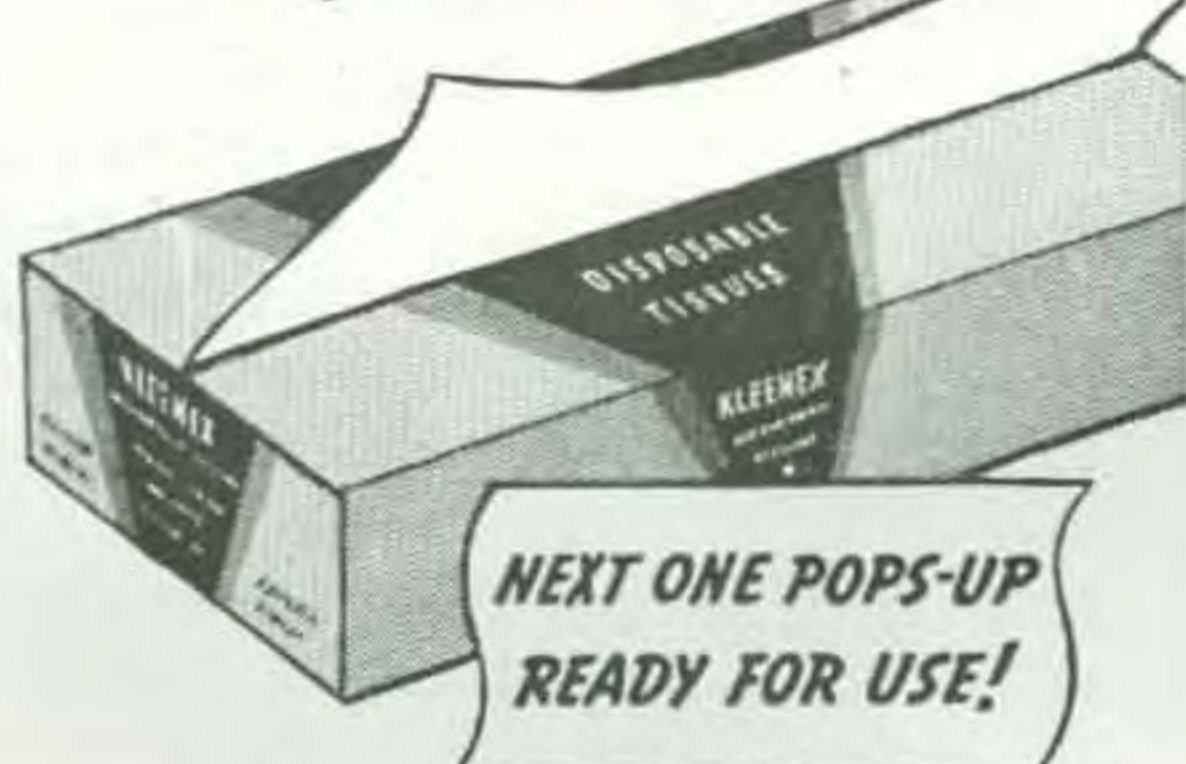


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No JUMBLE...
No GRUMBLE!**



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RADIO STARS

LESTER C. GRADY, Editor, ETHEL M. POMEROY, Associate Editor
ABRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor

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RADIO STARS

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 melodramatic 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!

MIND YOUR MANNERS

By WENDY LEE

The Manners in this case being, not deportment, but Lucille Manners. The *Cities Service* star's hints for winter wardrobes



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.

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





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 with, 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)

WE WANT CANTOR!
★

WE WANT CANTOR!
★

WE WANT CANTOR!
★

He's Back!

EDDIE CANTOR

MAYOR OF TEXACO TOWN

WITH

- ★ *Deanna* **DURBIN**
- ★ *"Pinky"* **TOMLIN**
- ★ *Helen* **TROY** (SAYMORE SAYMORE)
- ★ *Jacques* **RENARD** (AND HIS ORCHESTRA)
- ★ *Jimmy* **WALLINGTON**

TEXACO
REG. T. M.

COLUMBIA NETWORK
from coast to coast
EVERY WEDNESDAY NIGHT

"AN HOUR'S ENTERTAINMENT IN 30 MINUTES"

PRESENTING A "MAJOR" EVENT



Monsieur Lem serves a buffet supper to Major Bowes and his guests, after the Thursday evening broadcast of his CBS *Amateur Hour*.

Like many other famous folk, the Major likes to take a hand in preparing certain foods. Here he adds a touch of seasoning to a favorite dish.

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 frequently—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

RADIO STARS

By
NANCY
WOOD



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

SOOTHING CHAPPED HANDS— NO PROBLEM!



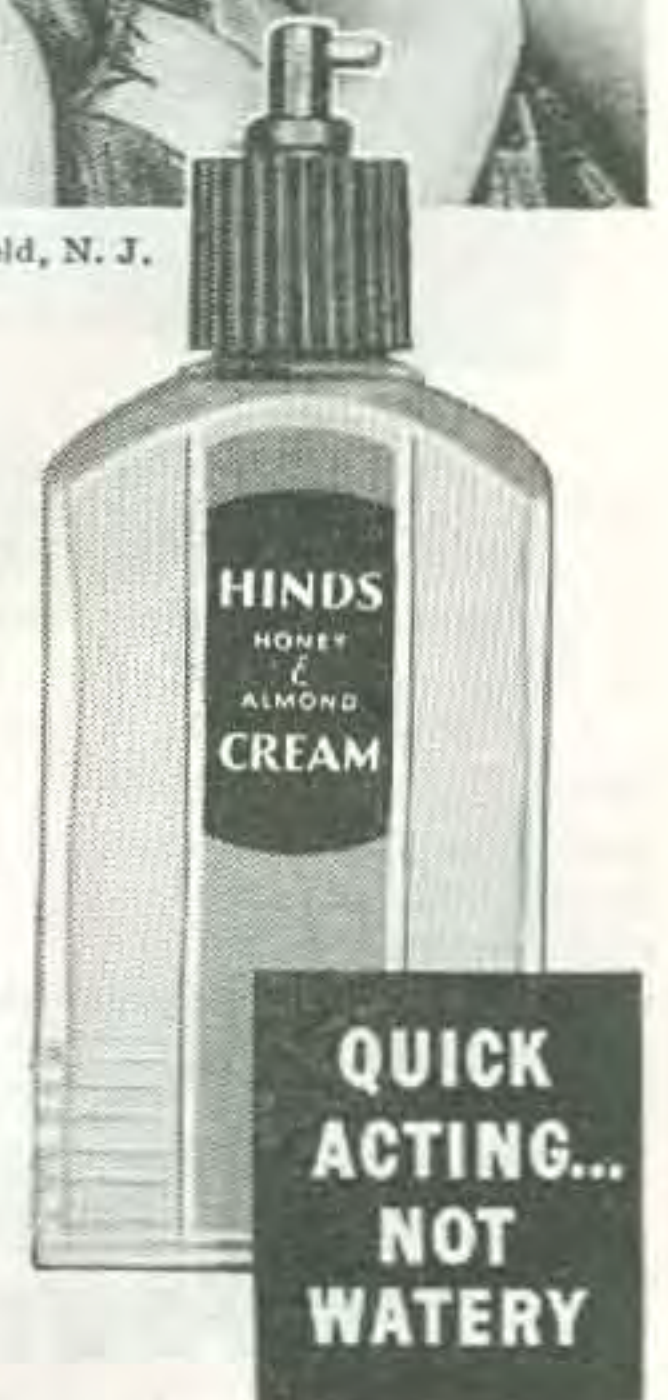
If your hands could talk, they'd tell how blustery weather roughens their tender skin and...

How Hinds Honey and Almond Cream soothes them... makes them smooth and dainty again!



Copyright, 1937, Lehn & Fink Products Corp., Bloomfield, N. J.

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 Honeymoon Hands. \$1, 50c, 25c, 10c. Dispenser free with 50c size—attached to bottle, ready to use.



Copyright 1937 NEA Service, Inc.

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

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Illinois
Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets. MM 12-37

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Canadian readers please send 10c to cover postage and duty.

"CHARLIE" TOSSES

The "enfant terrible" of Chase and San-



Frank Muto Photos

← Bob Armbuster, W. C. Fields, Nelson Eddy, Edgar Bergen, Don Ameche and Dorothy Lamour all give a rousing cheer for their host, Master McCarthy.

"Don't shoot → until you see the whites of their eyes!" Charlie warns Dorothy as he gallops away with her and Bergen on his fiery wooden charger.



← 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.

A PARTY

born show entertains



A CLEAN FACE
is the Secret of Radiant Beauty

Daggett & Ramsdell Golden Cleansing Cream is the secret of a clean face.



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.

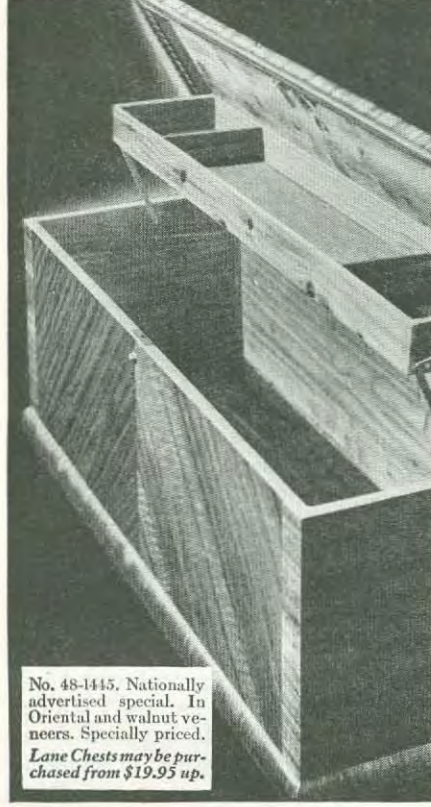
Try Golden Cleansing Cream tonight. See how fresh and vitally alive it leaves your skin. At leading drug and department stores.



DAGGETT & RAMSDSELL
Golden Cleansing Cream

Daggett & Ramsdell, Room 1980, 2 Park Avenue, New York City. MM-12
Enclosed find 10c in stamps for trial size jar of Golden Cleansing Cream. (Offer good in U. S. only.)
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Copr. 1937, Daggett & Ramsdell

"I'm in love
WITH MY
LANE HOPE CHEST"
says Rochelle Hudson
20th Century-Fox Star



No. 48-1445. Nationally advertised special. In Oriental and walnut veneers. Specially priced. Lane Chests may be purchased from \$19.95 up.

Give This TRUE Love Gift

WHEN you select this romantic gift in which your future home will start, be sure it is a genuine LANE—the glorified modern Hope Chest, with exclusive features that give absolute moth protection—backed by a free moth insurance policy. Your Lane dealer is now showing a glorious array of the latest Lane models at surprisingly modest prices. See these ideal gifts for sweetheart, daughter, sister, or mother before you make up your gift list. The LANE COMPANY, Inc., Dept. M, Altavista, Virginia. Canadian Distributor: Knechtel's, Ltd., Hanover, Ontario.

LANE
CEDAR CHESTS
THE GIFT THAT STARTS A HOME

IT'S MY HUMBLE

Taking a poke at a columnist who was misinformed—and other matters

By
RUDY VALLEE

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 way-laid 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!"



Wide World Photo

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

OPINION



by the *Gauchos*, male chorus. But when aired the show ran off more quickly than anticipated and allowed ample time for the to-be-fatal chorus. At that point the *Gauchos* switched key, and the orchestra, expecting they would have to be cut, played in another—and everything was horrible. Rudy was fuming mad and fired the band, but the musicians didn't care. They're used to it. He always hires them right back."

- First: The date was July 22nd, and not the 29th, as Mr. Plummer reported.
 - Second: There was no night dress rehearsal—it was in the afternoon.
 - Third: Nothing was said about cutting any chorus of any tune.
 - Fourth: What he calls *El Gauchos* (the title is *El Gaucho*—singular) was not sung on that program, but had been done the week previously.
 - Fifth: The wind-up tune was *Blue Bonnet*.
 - Sixth: The mistake which set everyone wrong was committed by the first trumpet player and not the *Gauchos*. Mr. Plummer has probably never led a band, so for his information as well as that of many people, may I point out that the first trumpet player is to a band what the lead sheep is to a herd of sheep? His instrument is the loudest and so it is perfectly natural and logical for the men, on many occasions, to follow his lead. He tops all of the band in volume.
- (Continued on page 70)



Consult a Doctor instead of a Lawyer

The simple "Lysol" method of feminine hygiene has ended many a "misunderstanding"

sions, for exacting antiseptic needs. There are many valuable personal and household uses for "Lysol", and every druggist carries it.

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 profes-

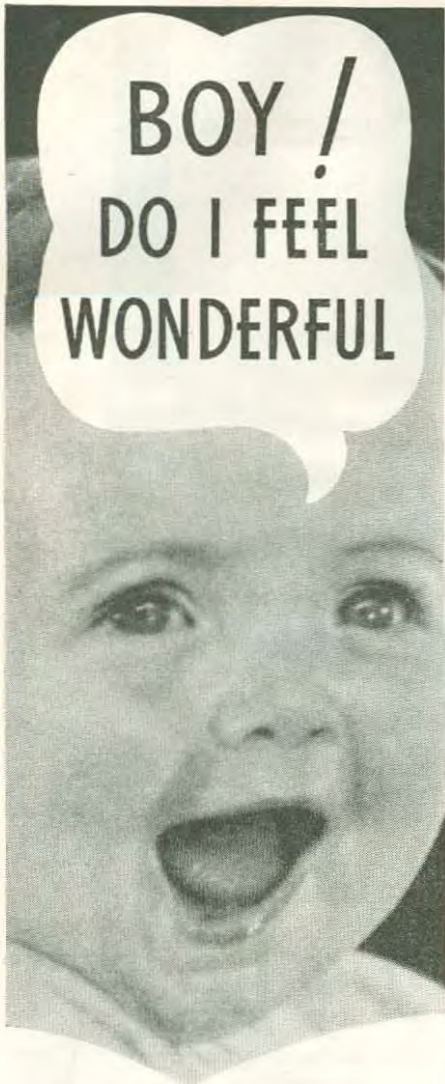
- THE 6 SPECIAL FEATURES OF "LYSOL"**
1. NON-CAUSTIC... "Lysol" in the proper dilution, is gentle and reliable. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
 2. EFFECTIVENESS... "Lysol" is a powerful germicide, active under practical conditions... effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, 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 uncorked.



FACTS ALL WOMEN SHOULD KNOW
LEHN & FINK Products Corp., Dept. 12-R S. 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 _____
Address _____

FOR FEMINE HYGIENE
TUNE IN on Dr. Allan Roy Dufoe every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday 4:45 P. M. E. S. T. Columbia Network



Germs just scam when I get my Mennen Oil Rub!

"Boy, do I feel grand and SAFE 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



Russ Morgan, of radio and the French Casino.

Right, avoid trains if you can't control them.

Left, a graceful girl in a too-ornate gown.

BEAUTY ADVICE

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 manners 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. Continual 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



By MARY BIDDLE

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



MEN HATE THAT "PAINTED LOOK"! DON'T LET IT SPOIL YOUR ROMANCE! USE TANGEE, THE LIPSTICK THAT ISN'T PAINT, THE ONLY LIPSTICK WITH THE MAGIC TANGEE COLOR CHANGE PRINCIPLE!.. MAKES YOUR LIPS IRRESISTIBLE!! SEND THE COUPON NOW..!



SEND COUPON for TANGEE'S MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET, containing generous samples of Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, and Face Powder **10c**

FREE! CHARM TEST!

—an amazing new chart that actually measures your charm! Reveals your personality, gives you self-confidence and poise, the ability to attract men. Approved by an eminent psychologist. Sent FREE with Tangee's 10¢ Miracle Make-Up Set.

MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET and FREE CHARM TEST

The George W. Lutz Co., 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

Please rush Miracle Make-Up Set of sample Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.) Also send me FREE Tangee Charm Test.

Check Shade of Powder Desired Flesh Rachel Light Rachel

Name _____ (Please Print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

MM127

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

39c
AND
\$1.10



Rosaline Greene, Phil Spitalny, Maxine and Evelyn, of *The Hour of Charm*, with *Radio Stars* Distinguished Service Medal.



Jerry Belcher, originator of informal interview hours, with some *Interesting Neighbors* visited on his new NBC show.

RADIO RAMBLINGS

Last minute notes on air stars' doings in the studios and out



Margaret Shanna, Connie of the CBS dramatic serial, *Arnold Grimm's Daughter*, is a likely candidate for television.

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 anyway, 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 that long rehearsal, with all the enthusiasm of an excited little girl making a debut.

Kate had one stunt in her early season programs a year ago that became so overwhelmingly successful it 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!—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 growls 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

<p>VA-TRO-NOL</p> <p>Used at the first warning sneeze or sniffle</p> <p>Helps PREVENT many colds</p>	<p>VAPORUB</p> <p>Just rubbed on the throat, chest, and back</p> <p>Helps END a cold sooner</p>
<p>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. Both on the Columbia Network.</p>	

53
26
17
OVER MILLION VICK AIDS USED YEARLY FOR BETTER CONTROL OF COLDS

Announcer Dell Sharbutt (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'Grady of Long Beach, N. Y., and Tommy Riggs with Meri, who had a victory smile in defeat.

Radio Stars recently conducted a table tennis tournament at Atlantic Beach, N.Y., to decide radio's champions. Dell Sharbutt and Billie Bailey won the honors.

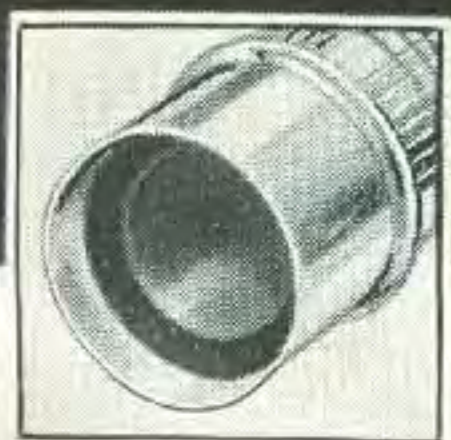
RADIO'S TABLE TENNIS CHAMPS

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"

Peep into the end of the sparkling metal case. See 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 the thrilling discovery that this new styie 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 *Mae Fair*
SOCIETY EDITOR



(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 Biddle, Philadelphia | Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman III, Baltimore |
| Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston | Mrs. John W. Rockefeller, Jr., New York |
| Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York | Mrs. Rufus Paine Spalding III, Pasadena |
| Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd, Boston | Miss Peggy Stevenson, New York |
| Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd, Philadelphia | Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., Chicago |
| Miss Wendy Morgan, New York | Mrs. Barclay Warburton, Jr., Philadelphia |

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GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL

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.



FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO RADIO

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 *WLW*, Cincinnati, was officially recognized as a national network on October 1, 1934. The basic idea in its formation was that it be coöperative, 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 C. Grady

EDITOR.

STARTING AT THE TOP

The story of young Kitty
Carlisle, lovely soprano
star of the *CBS Song Shop*

By
**NANCY
BARROWS**

On Fridays at ten p.m., over the CBS network, the Coca Cola program, *The Song Shop*, takes the air. Its star is Kitty Carlisle, and it is a gay and lively show.



Photo by Nelson Howard



Photo by Hurrell

Kitty Carlisle, who never has played anything but leading rôles, is one of radio's most versatile and delightful young stars.



Photo by Ray Jones

For Paramount, she made *Murder at the Vanities*, *She Loves Me Not*, and *Here Is My Heart*. And for M-G-M, *A Night at the Opera*.

SHE was kidnaped in Corsica. That's not just a press agent story, either. It really happened. She was twelve years old at the time, and with a party of friends was out for an afternoon on horseback. There were mountains all around, 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 falling 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 bridle. There didn't seem to be any choice about it—so I went. They took me up in the mountains, to a cave. 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 famille!* 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 moment, at first. But her mother, one gathers, wasn't any too happy about it.

"The worst thing about it," Kitty recalled, "was the meat they gave me to eat. It was all hairy!" She shuddered. "And the funniest thing was when Mummie had to come after me—on horseback. She hates to ride—and she looked so funny, bouncing up the mountain on a horse!"

Kitty Carlisle and her mother have found life a rather fine adventure, by and large, however. And they've achieved 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 Mesterchersky 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 continent. 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 rôle 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.

DOROTHY GOES NATIVE





To the world she's Jeanette MacDonald, lovely star of stage, screen and radio. But at home she is Mrs. Gene Raymond.



Jeanette's newest rôle is as hostess on the *Vick's Open House* program, on Sundays at 7:00 p.m., EST, over CBS.



In the happiest rôle of all! Mr. and Mrs. Gene Raymond hurry from the church after their wedding.

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, I 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)



MRS. GENE RAYMOND

TO YOU!

MEET THE BRIDE AND GROOM!



Dark, dainty Alyce McLaughlin and genial Charles Correll, after their marriage on September eleventh, in Glendale, California.

Wide World Photo

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)

WONDERS NEVER

There's magic on the air—in the person of Tommy Riggs, with

Tommy Riggs at work on his script for the Rudy Vallee *Variety Hour*, heard on Thursdays at 8 p.m., EST, over NBC-Red network.

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 old 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 debut 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*

Wide World Photos



CEASE

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 heart-breaks?

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)

Tommy was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where the ineffable *Betty Lou* also came into being.



Puzzle: Find *Betty Lou Barrie*! Here is Rudy Vallee following the script as Tommy Riggs broadcasts, but the voice you hear is *Betty's*!



SKYROCKET

By LESLIE EATON

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 debut in concert and, immediately after, in opera. A radio contract followed and just a year and two months after her concert debut, 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 whole-heartedly to the development of her voice and preparation for her

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)

The sudden rise of blonde Florence George to radio and opera

fame, at twenty-one.



"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.



She has sung on a sustaining program with Walter Blaufuss' orchestra, and been guest star on Bing Crosby's *Music Hall*. After her concert debut 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.





Born in London, Lester Tremayne made his movie debut at four.

For Lester Tremayne, star of The

IN whose low-slung, open top roadster with red leather upholstery do you think I was riding today? Les 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's cleaning lady, Mrs. La Violette, 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 that 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 mind 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 moving picture actress. If he had remained in England, he would have risen to success in an elevator, instead of callousing his palms and splintering his shins by climbing the rope ladder to fame.

First Nighter, variety spices life

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 seat of their huge fireplace, while Zeppelins dropped bombs on the city, and only the round green eyes of his big tom-cat gleamed in the darkness.

In 1917 the family left England for America. Panic whistled through the boat; one of the convoys 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

By MARGARET MARY JOSLYN

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 neckpiece, 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)

HE THRIVES ON ADVENTURE!



Hear him on Fridays at ten p.m., EST, over the NBC-Red network.



Sculpture rates high among the many hobbies that he follows.



Riding, flying, radio, swimming and clothes are also his fads.



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 rôle of Charlie McCarthy on the lady's knee!



CBS singing star Joy Hodges is another lass the movies have stolen from radio. She is making Merry-Go-Round later. Just now she is resting a Broadway musical later. the California sunshine by her swimming pool in the

BETWEEN BROADCASTS

Lord Bilgewater (left), self-confessed Riddle Champion of the world, is pictured in the act of stumping Al Pearce, m. c. on the Watch the Fun Go By program. (CBS, Tuesdays 9:00 p.m. EST.)

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.



With Roger Pryor cocking an ear, Sam Campbell, rotund tootler with Pryor's orchestra, sounds off on the Beach Walk, Edgewater Beach Hotel. Pryor's orchestra is heard nightly over CBS.



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.



DO CHILDREN LIKE YOU?

"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

Ireene Wicker. From the most angelic, butter-melting-in-the-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 would 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 fifteen minutes, four times on week days, and the Sunday half hour, when Ireene Wicker drops in to look after the children.

For that space of time a children's armistice is called through the land. In cities and on farms and in trailers, children sit with their ears glued to the radio and mothers can go about their tasks or relax, knowing that for a little time there won't be any interruptions or questions or frenzied 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, to her personality, of course, and to her flair for choosing songs that children like, and to her gift as a born story teller, but even more than any of these it's due to the fact that 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," Ireene 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 fatuous 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 cause 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)



Wide World Photo



Wide World Photo

The Wicker family group in a characteristic pose. (Left to right) Nancy, Walter and Ireene Wicker, and Walter, Junior, commonly known as Charlie to distinguish him from his father.



Photo by Maurice Seymour

Hear her over the NBC-Blue network, Mondays through Thursdays, 5:30-5:45 p.m., EST, and on the Mutual network Sundays, from 5:00 to 5:30 p.m., EST.

Long one of the biggest names in broadcasting, Major Bowes, with

his amateurs, will remain a headline feature for years to come!

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 first-hand 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

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.

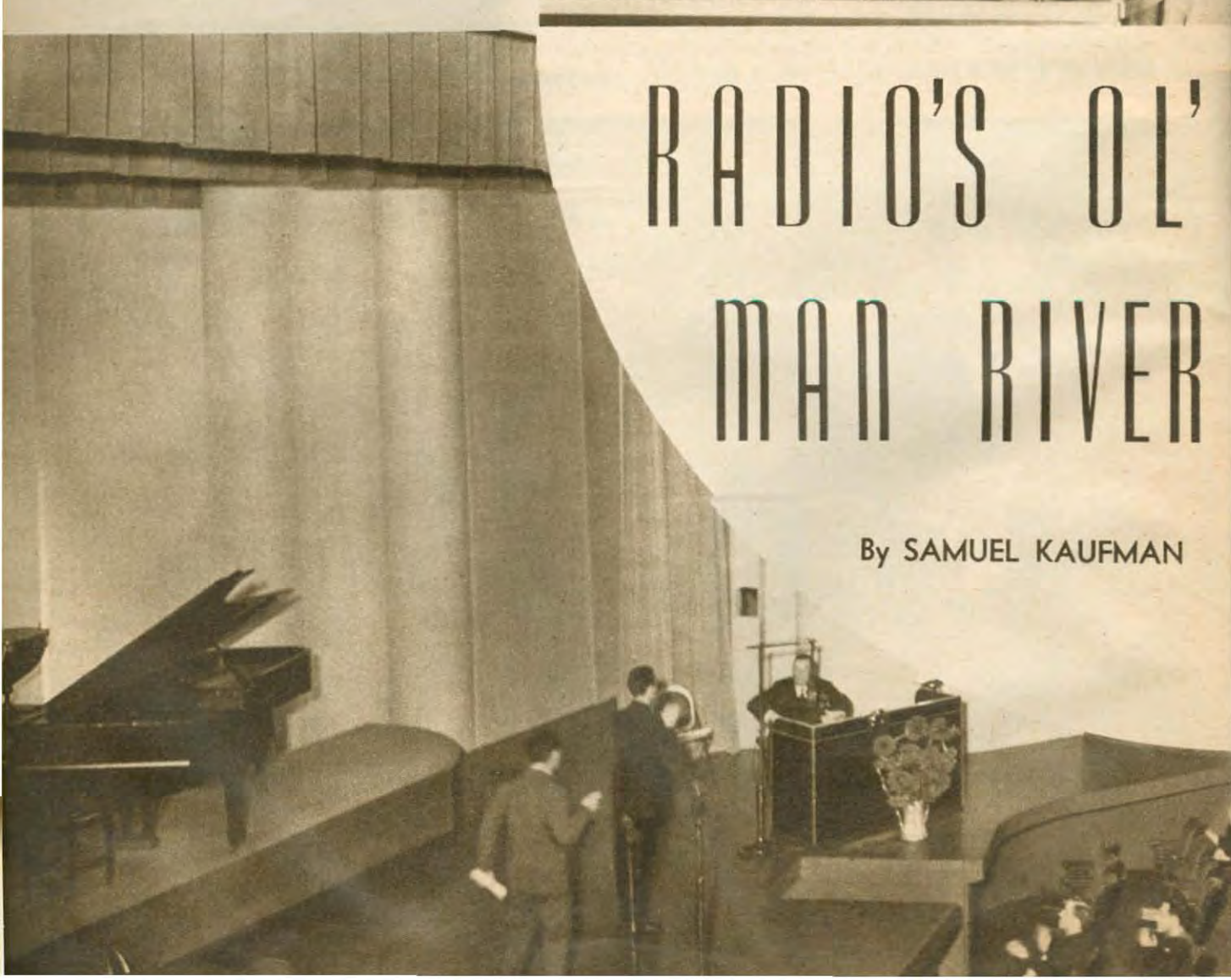
Instead of the uncontrolled, milling throng at the small station, the (Continued on page 56)

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.



RADIO'S OL' MAN RIVER

By SAMUEL KAUFMAN



The crowd applauds at the conclusion of Major Bowes' *Amateur Hour* in CBS Radio Playhouse.

EVERYBODY'S

A SUCKER

By
NANETTE
KUTNER



Guy Lombardo



Beatrice Lillie



Frank Parker



Lily Pons



Ben Bernie



Jane Pickens



Robert L. Ripley



Kate Smith

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

goodnatureedly handed him fifteen dollars.

Three weeks later came an anniversary for *The American Can Company*—one year on the air. The president, Mr. Phelps, arrived at the studio to commemorate the occasion with a short speech. After the broadcast Bernie complimented him, not only on the speech, but also on having such a charming grandson.

Puzzled, the president stared. Then he said something. It was one sentence. It was enough for Mr. Bernie. The president said: "If I have a grandson, it's news to me!"

At first I didn't believe this story. I thought it was Mr. B's neat way of telling a joke on himself, for the sake of publicity.

Beatrice Lillie set me straight.

"He told you the truth," she said. "I was his guest

artist 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 should 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 apiece to the women in my company. Later I was a little surprised at their lack of enthusiasm. This mys-

tery 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 H₂O . . . 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)

Anyone can be taken in—and the radio stars are no exception!

Here are some of their curious experiences with tricksters





Meet Kathryn Cravens, first woman commentator of radio

By JEAN HELM

She is tall and blonde, with wide blue eyes and the chiseled features photographers relish. And her voice charms her listeners.

Her *News Through a Woman's Eyes* is heard Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:00 p. m., on the Columbia network.

THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES

"... 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

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 above networks are listed below. Find your local station on the list and tune in on the network specified.

ALL TIME RECORDED IS 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. CST; 9:00 A. M. MST; and 8:00 A. M. PST.

If, at a particular time, no network 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

- WFBR** Baltimore, Md.
- WNAC** Boston, Mass.
- WBEN** Buffalo, N. Y.
- WMAQ** Chicago, Ill.
- WSAI** Cincinnati, Ohio
- WTAM** Cleveland, Ohio
- KOA** Denver, Colo.
- WHO** Des Moines, Iowa
- WWJ** Detroit, Mich.
- WTIC** Hartford, Conn.
- WIRE** Indianapolis, Ind.
- WDAF** Kansas City, Mo.
- KFI** Los Angeles, Cal.
- KSTP** Minneapolis-St. Paul, Minn.
- WEAF** New York, N. Y.
- WOW** Omaha, Neb.
- KYW** Philadelphia, Pa.
- WCAE** Pittsburgh, Pa.
- WCSH** Portland, Me.
- KGW** Portland, Ore.
- WJAR** Providence, R. I.
- WMBG** Richmond, Va.
- KSD** St. Louis, Mo.
- KDYL** Salt Lake City, Utah
- KPO** San Francisco, Cal.
- WGY** Schenectady, N. Y.
- KOMO** Seattle, Wash.
- KHQ** Spokane, Wash.
- WRC** Washington, D. C.
- WDEL** Wilmington, Del.
- WTAG** Worcester, Mass.

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY— BLUE-NETWORK

- WABY** Albany, N. Y.
- WAGA** Atlanta, Ga.
- WBAL** Baltimore, Md.
- WJBO** Baton Rouge, La.
- KFDM** Beaumont, Tex.
- WGN** Birmingham, Ala.
- WBZ** Boston, Mass.

- WICC** Bridgeport, Conn.
- WEBR** Buffalo, N. Y.
- WMT** Cedar Rapids, Iowa
- WENR** Chicago, Ill.
- WLS** Chicago, Ill.
- WCKY** Cincinnati, Ohio
- WHK** Cleveland, Ohio
- KRIS** Corpus Christi, Tex.
- KVOD** Denver, Colo.
- KSO** Des Moines, Iowa
- WXYZ** Detroit, Mich.
- WLEU** Erie, Pa.
- WOWO** Ft. Wayne, Ind.
- KXYZ** Houston, Tex.
- WJTN** Jamestown, N. Y.
- WREN** Kansas City, Kan.
- WROL** Knoxville, Tenn.
- KECA** Los Angeles, Cal.
- WMPS** Memphis, Tenn.
- WTCN** Minneapolis, Minn.
- WICC** New Haven, Conn.
- WDSU** New Orleans, La.
- WJZ** New York, N. Y.
- KLO** Ogden, Utah
- KOIL** Omaha, Neb.-Council Bluffs, Ia.

- WFIL** Philadelphia, Pa.
- KDKA** Pittsburgh, Pa.
- KEX** Portland, Ore.
- WEAN** Providence, R. I.
- WRTD** Richmond, Va.
- WHAM** Rochester, N. Y.
- KWK** St. Louis, Mo.
- KFSD** San Diego, Cal.
- KGO** San Francisco, Cal.
- KJR** Seattle, Wash.
- KGA** Spokane, Wash.
- WBZA** Springfield, Mass.
- WSYR** Syracuse, N. Y.
- WSPD** Toledo, Ohio
- WMAL** Washington, D. C.
- KRGV** Weslaco, Tex.

NBC-SUPPLEMENTARY STATIONS

(May be on either RED or BLUE networks)

- KOB** Albuquerque, N. M.
- WSAN** Allentown, Pa.
- KGNC** Amarillo, Tex.
- WWNC** Asheville, N. C.
- WSB** Atlanta, Ga.
- KERN** Bakersfield, Cal.
- KGHL** Billings, Mont.
- WAPI** Birmingham, Ala.
- KFYR** Bismarck, N. D.
- KIDO** Boise, Idaho
- KGIR** Butte, Mont.
- WCSC** Charleston, S. C.
- WSOC** Charlotte, N. C.
- WCFL** Chicago, Ill.
- WLW** Cincinnati, Ohio
- WFLA** Clearwater, Fla.
- WIS** Columbia, S. C.
- WCOL** Columbus, Ohio
- WFAA** Dallas, Tex.
- WEBC** Duluth, Minn.
- WGBF** Evansville, Ind.
- WDAY** Fargo, N. D.
- WGL** Ft. Wayne, Ind.
- WBAP** Ft. Worth, Tex.
- KMJ** Fresno, Cal.
- WOOD** Grand Rapids, Mich.
- WFBC** Greenville, S. C.
- KGU** Honolulu, Hawaii
- KTHS** Hot Springs, Ark.
- KPRC** Houston, Tex.
- WJDX** Jackson, Miss.
- WJAX** Jacksonville, Fla.
- KARK** Little Rock, Ark.
- WAVE** Louisville, Ky.
- WIBA** Madison, Wis.
- WFEA** Manchester, N. H.
- KMED** Medford, Ore.
- WMC** Memphis, Tenn.
- WIOD** Miami Beach, Fla.
- WTMJ** Milwaukee, Wis.
- CFCF** Montreal, Canada
- WSM** Nashville, Tenn.
- WSMB** New Orleans, La.
- WTAR** Norfolk, Va.
- WKY** Oklahoma City, Okla.
- KTAR** Phoenix, Ariz.
- KGHF** Pueblo, Colo.
- WPTF** Raleigh, N. C.
- KFBK** Sacramento, Cal.
- WSUN** St. Petersburg, Fla.
- WOAI** San Antonio, Tex.
- KTBS** Shreveport, La.

- KSOO** Sioux Falls, S. D.
- KELO** Sioux Falls, S. D.
- KGBX** Springfield, Mo.
- KWG** Stockton, Cal.
- WEBC** Superior, Wis.
- WFLA** Tampa, Fla.
- WBOW** Terre Haute, Ind.
- CRCT** Toronto, Canada
- KVOO** Tulsa, Okla.
- KANS** Wichita, Kans.
- WORK** York, Pa.

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM STATIONS

- WADC** Akron, Ohio
- WOKO** Albany, N. Y.
- WAIM** Anderson, S. C.
- WGST** Atlanta, Ga.
- WPG** Atlantic City, N. J.
- KNOW** Austin, Tex.
- WCAO** Baltimore, Md.
- WLBZ** Bangor, Me.
- WBRC** Birmingham, Ala.
- WBFB** Binghamton, N. Y.
- WEEI** Boston, Mass.
- WGR** Buffalo, N. Y.
- WKBW** Buffalo, N. Y.
- WCHS** Charleston, W. Va.
- WBT** Charlotte, N. C.
- WDOD** Chattanooga, Tenn.
- WBBM** Chicago, Ill.
- WKRC** Cincinnati, Ohio
- WGAR** Cleveland, Ohio
- KVOR** Colorado Springs, Colo.
- WBNS** Columbus, Ohio
- KRLD** Dallas, Tex.
- WOC** Davenport, Iowa
- WHIO** Dayton, Ohio
- KLZ** Denver, Colo.
- KRNT** Des Moines, Iowa
- WJR** Detroit, Mich.
- WKBB** Dubuque, Iowa
- KDAL** Duluth, Minn.
- WDNC** Durham, N. C.
- WESG** Elma-Ithaca, N. Y.
- WEOA** Evansville, Ind.
- WMMN** Fairmont, W. Va.
- WTAQ** Green Bay, Wis.
- WBIG** Greensboro, N. C.
- KFBB** Great Falls, Mont.
- WHP** Harrisburg, Pa.
- WDRG** Hartford, Conn.
- KGMB** Honolulu, Hawaii
- KTRH** Houston, Tex.
- WFBM** Indianapolis, Ind.
- WMBR** Jacksonville, Fla.
- KMBC** Kansas City, Mo.
- WNOX** Knoxville, Tenn.
- WKBH** La Crosse, Wis.
- KFAB** Lincoln, Neb.
- KLRA** Little Rock, Ark.
- KNX** Los Angeles, Cal.
- WHAS** Louisville, Ky.
- WMAZ** Macon, Ga.
- KGLO** Mason City, Iowa
- WREC** Memphis, Tenn.
- WCOC** Meridian, Miss.
- WQAM** Miami, Fla.
- WALA** Mobile, Ala.
- WISN** Milwaukee, Wis.
- WCCO** Minneapolis, Minn.
- KGVO** Missoula, Mont.
- WSFA** Montgomery, Ala.
- CKAC** Montreal, Canada
- WLAC** Nashville, Tenn.
- WWL** New Orleans, La.
- WABC** New York, N. Y.
- KOMA** Oklahoma City, Okla.
- WDBO** Orlando, Fla.
- WPAR** Parkersburg, W. Va.
- WCOA** Pensacola, Fla.
- WMBD** Peoria, Ill.
- WCAU** Philadelphia, Pa.
- KOY** Phoenix, Ariz.
- WJAS** Pittsburgh, Pa.
- KOIN** Portland, Ore.
- WPRO** Providence, R. I.
- KOH** Reno, Nev.
- WRVA** Richmond, Va.
- WDBJ** Roanoke, Va.
- WHCC** Rochester, N. Y.
- KMOX** St. Louis, Mo.
- WCCO** St. Paul, Minn.
- KSL** Salt Lake City, Utah
- KTSA** San Antonio, Tex.
- KSFO** San Francisco, Cal.
- WTOC** Savannah, Ga.
- WGBI** Scranton, Pa.
- KOL** Seattle, Wash.

- KWKH** Shreveport, La.
- KSCJ** Sioux City, Iowa
- WSBT** South Bend, Ind.
- KFPY** Spokane, Wash.
- WMAS** Springfield, Mass.
- WNBX** Springfield, Vt.
- WFBL** Syracuse, N. Y.
- KVI** Tacoma, Wash.
- WDAE** Tampa, Fla.
- WIBW** Topeka, Kans.
- CFRB** Toronto, Canada
- KTUL** Tulsa, Okla.
- WIBX** Utica, N. Y.
- WACO** Waco, Tex.
- WJSV** Washington, D. C.
- WJNO** W. Palm Beach, Fla.
- WWVA** Wheeling, W. Va.
- KFH** Wichita, Kans.
- KGKO** Wichita Falls, Tex.
- WSJS** Winston-Salem, N. C.
- WORC** Worcester, Mass.
- WNAX** Yankton, S. D.
- WKBN** Youngstown, Ohio

MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM STATIONS

- KXRO** Aberdeen, Wash.
- KADA** Ada, Okla.
- KVSO** Ardmore, Okla.
- WRDO** Augusta, Me.
- KPMC** Bakersfield, Cal.
- WBAL** Baltimore, Md.
- WLBZ** Bangor, Me.
- KVOS** Bellingham, Wash.
- WAAB** Boston, Mass.
- WICC** Bridgeport, Conn.
- WMT** Cedar Rapids, Iowa
- WGN** Chicago, Ill.
- WLW** Cincinnati, Ohio
- WSAI** Cincinnati, Ohio
- WGAR** Cleveland, Ohio
- WCLE** Cleveland, Ohio
- WHK** Cleveland, Ohio
- KGGF** Coffeyville, Kans.
- WHKC** Columbus, Ohio
- WRR** Dallas, Tex.
- KFEL** Denver, Colo.
- KSO** Des Moines, Iowa
- KXO** El Centro, Cal.
- KASA** Elk City, Okla.
- KCRC** Enid, Okla.
- KORE** Eugene, Ore.
- KIEM** Eureka, Cal.
- WSAR** Fall River, Mass.
- KTAT** Ft. Worth, Tex.
- KFKA** Greeley, Colo.
- WTHT** Hartford, Conn.
- KGMB** Honolulu, Hawaii
- WIRE** Indianapolis, Ind.
- WHB** Kansas City, Mo.
- WLNH** Laconia, N. H.
- KFOR** Lincoln, Nebr.
- KHJ** Los Angeles, Cal.
- WLLH** Lowell, Mass.
- WFEA** Manchester, N. H.
- KDON** Monterey, Cal.
- KBIX** Muskogee, Okla.
- WSM** Nashville, Tenn.
- WOR** Newark, N. J.
- WNBH** New Bedford, Mass.
- WNLC** New London, Conn.
- KTOK** Oklahoma City, Okla.
- KGY** Olympia, Wash.
- KOIL** Omaha, Neb.
- WFIL** Philadelphia, Pa.
- WCAE** Pittsburgh, Pa.
- WBBZ** Ponca City, Okla.
- KALE** Portland, Ore.
- WEAN** Providence, R. I.
- WRVA** Richmond, Va.
- KRNR** Roseburg, Ore.
- KWK** St. Louis, Mo.
- KSLM** Salem, Ore.
- KFXM** San Bernardino, Cal.
- KGB** San Diego, Cal.
- KFRC** San Francisco, Cal.
- KQW** San Jose, Cal.
- KVOE** Santa Ana, Cal.
- KDB** Santa Barbara, Cal.
- KOL** Seattle, Wash.
- KGFF** Shawnee, Okla.
- WSPR** Springfield, Mass.
- WNBX** Springfield, Vt.
- KGDM** Stockton, Cal.
- KMO** Tacoma, Wash.
- WOL** Washington, D. C.
- WBRY** Waterbury, Conn.
- KPQ** Wenatchee, Wash.
- CKLW** Windsor-Detroit, Mich.
- KIT** Yakima, Wash.

RADIO STARS

MORNING

8:00
NBC-Red: WILLIAM MEE-
DER—organist
NBC-Blue: MELODY HOUR—
Josef Honti's orchestra

8:30
NBC-Red: CHILDREN'S
CONCERT—Josef Stopak's or-
chestra, Paul Wing, narrator
NBC-Blue: TONE PICTURES
—Ruth Pepple, pianist; mixed
quartet



Jack Benny

9:00
NBC-Red: HAROLD NAGEL'S
RHUMBA ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: COAST TO COAST
ON A BUS—Milton J. Cross

CBS: SUNDAY MORNING AT
AUNT SUSAN'S—children's
program, Artells Dickson

MBS: RAINBOW HOUSE—
children's program with Bob
Emery

9:30
NBC-Red: CONCERT EN-
SEMBLE—Harry Gilbert, or-
ganist.

9:55
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

10:00
NBC-Red: THE RADIO PUL-
PIT—Dr. Ralph W. Sockman
NBC-Blue: RUSSIAN MELO-
DIES
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 STAND—
world problems

11:05
NBC-Red: WARD AND MUZ-
ZY—piano duo
NBC-Blue: ALICE REMSEN
—contralto

11:15
NBC-Red: BRAVEST OF THE
BRAVE—dramatization
NBC-Blue: NEIGHBOR NELL

11:30
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: MAJOR BOWES' CAPI-
TOL FAMILY

11:45
NBC-Red: HENRY BUSSE'S
ORCHESTRA

Sundays

NOVEMBER 7—14—21—28

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: DOROTHY DRES-
LIN, soprano; FRED HUF-
SMITH, tenor
NBC-Blue: SOUTHERNAIRES
—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 TAB-
ERNACLE CHOIR AND OR-
GAN

12:45
MBS: MARTHA AND HAL—
songs and patter

1:00
NBC-Red: PAUL MARTIN
AND HIS MUSIC
CBS: CHURCH OF THE AIR

1:30
NBC-Red: TUSKEGEE INSTI-
TUTE CHOIR CONCERT



Harriet Hilliard

NBC-Blue: BACK HOME—
dramatizations

CBS: POET'S GOLD—David
Ross
MBS: TED WEEMS' ORCHES-
TRA

1:45
MBS: EDNA SELLERS—or-
ganist

2:00
NBC-Red: SUNDAY DRIVERS
—Fields and Hall, Frances
Adair

NBC-Blue: MAGIC KEY OF
RCA—Frank Black's symphony
orchestra, Milton J. Cross
CBS: LIVING DRAMAS OF
THE BIBLE

MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

2:15
MBS: PALMER HOUSE CON-
CERT ENSEMBLE

2:30
NBC-Red: WIDOW'S SONS—
dramatizations
CBS: LLOYD PANTAGES
COVERS HOLLYWOOD

2:45
NBC-Red: THATCHER COLT
MYSTERIES

3:00
NBC-Red: RADIO NEWS-
REEL—Parks Johnson, Wal-
lace Butterworth
NBC-Blue: ON BROADWAY—
dramatizations

CBS: NEW YORK PHIL-
HARMONIC SYMPHONY OR-
CHESTRA

3:30
NBC-Red: BICYCLE PARTY—
Bill Slater, m.c., Mariani's or-
chestra

NBC-Blue: POPULAR MELO-
DIES
MBS: ORGANIST

4:00
NBC-Red: ROMANCE MELO-
DIES—Ruth Lyon, Edward
Davies, Shield's orchestra

NBC-Blue: NATIONAL VES-
PERS—Dr. Harry Emerson
Fosdick

4:30
NBC-Red: THE WORLD IS
YOURS—dramatization

NBC-Blue: SENATOR FISH-
FACE AND PROFESSOR
FIGGSBOTTLE—Jerry Sears'
orchestra

MBS: IRVING CONN'S OR-
CHESTRA

4:45
NBC-Blue: MODERN FOOD
PROCESS CO.

5:00
NBC-Red: RY-KRISP PRE-
SENTS MARION TALLEY—
Koestner's orchestra

NBC-Blue: METROPOLITAN
OPERA AUDITIONS OF THE
AIR—Edward Johnson, Wilfred
Pelletier, conductor

CBS: SILVER THEATRE—
dramatic program, Conrad
Nagel, m.c.

MBS: THE SINGING LADY—
children's program

5:30
NBC-Red: THE TIME OF
YOUR LIFE—Sheila Barrett,
Joe Rines, Graham McNamee,
orchestra

NBC-Blue: SUNDAY AFTER-
NOON WITH ED McCONNELL
CBS: GUY LOMBARDO AND
HIS ORCHESTRA

MBS: THE SHADOW—mys-
tery drama, Orson Welles



Tyrone Power

EVENING

6:00
NBC-Red: CATHOLIC HOUR
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA

CBS: JOE PENNER—Gene
Austin, Grier's orchestra

MBS: 30 MINUTES IN
HOLLYWOOD—George Jessel,
Norma Talmadge, Tucker's or-
chestra

6:30
NBC-Red: A TALE OF TO-
DAY—sketch
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA

CBS: ROMANTIC RHYTHMS
—Sally Nelson, Barry McKin-
ley, Simons' orchestra
MBS: FUN IN SWINGTIME—
Tim and Irene, Dell Sharbutt,
orchestra

7:00
NBC-Red: JELL-O PROGRAM
—Jack Benny, Mary Living-
stone, Kenny Baker, Don Wil-
son, Sam Hearn, Andy Devine,
Phil Harris' orchestra

NBC-Blue: MUSIC OF THE
MASTERS—H. Leopold Spital-
ny's orchestra

CBS: VICK'S OPEN HOUSE
Jeanette MacDonald, Paster-
ack's orchestra

MBS: STAN LOMAX—sports
commentator

7:15
MBS: RAYMOND GRAM
SWING—commentator

7:30

NBC-Red: FIRESIDE RECI-
TALS—Helen Marshall, so-
prano; Sigurd Nilssen, basso

NBC-Blue: BAKER'S BROAD-
CAST—Feg Murray, Harriet
Hilliard, Ozzie Nelson's or-
chestra

CBS: PHIL BAKER—Beetle
and Bottle, Patsy Kelly, Al
Garr, Bradley's orchestra

MBS: TED WEEMS' OR-
CHESTRA

7:45
NBC-Red: INTERESTING
NEIGHBORS VISITED BY
JERRY BELCHER

8:00
NBC-Red: CHASE AND SAN-
BORN PROGRAM—Don
Ameche, W. C. Fields, Edgar
Bergen, Nelson Eddy, Dorothy
Lamour, Armbruster's orches-
tra

NBC-Blue: GENERAL MO-
TORS CONCERTS—Erno Ra-
pee, John B. Kennedy, guests
CBS: COLUMBIA WORK-
SHOP

MBS: BENNY DAVIS' STAR-
DUST REVUE

8:30
CBS: YOUR BIRTHDAY PAR-
TY—David Ross
MBS: ORCHESTRA

9:00
NBC-Red: MANHATTAN
MERRY-GO-ROUND—Rachel
Carlay, Pierre Le Kreeun,
Donnie's orchestra

NBC-Blue: HOLLYWOOD
PLAYHOUSE—Tyrone Power,
guests

CBS: FORD SUNDAY EVE-
NING HOUR
MBS: PASSING PARADE—
John Nesbitt

9:15
MBS: DEEP SOUTH—Negro
chorus

9:30
NBC-Red: AMERICAN AL-
BUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC—
Frank Munn, Jean Dickenson,
Haenschen's orchestra
NBC-Blue: JERGENS PRO-
GRAM—Walter Winchell, news
commentator
MBS: COMMENTATOR
FORUM

9:45
NBC-Blue: WELCH PRE-
SENTS IRENE RICH—drama-
tization
MBS: ANOTHER RACKET—
dramatization

10:00
NBC-Red: RISING MUSICAL
STARS—Richard Gordon,
Smallens' orchestra
NBC-Blue: THE ZENITH
FOUNDATION
CBS: HOLLYWOOD SHOW
CASE—Gluskin's orchestra,
guests
MBS: ORCHESTRA

10:30
NBC-Blue: CHEERIO—talk
and music
CBS: NEWS AND REVIEWS—
H. V. Kaltenborn, Bob Trout,
Pierre Bedard
MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

11:00
NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC
NBC-Blue: JUDY AND THE
BUNCH—vocal quartet
CBS: ORCHESTRA
MBS: OLD FASHIONED RE-
VIVAL

11:10
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO
NEWS
CBS: ORCHESTRA

RADIO STARS

Mondays

NOVEMBER 1—8—15—22—29

MORNING

- 8:00 NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES
- 8:15 NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's program
NBC-Blue: ISLAND SERENADERS
- 8:30 NBC-Blue: WILLIAM MEEDER—organist
- 8:45 NBC-Blue: NORSE MEN QUARTET
- 9:00 NBC-Blue: WOMEN AND NEWS
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—variety program
CBS: METROPOLITAN PARADE
- 9:15 NBC-Red: THE STREAMLINERS—Fields and Hall, orchestra
CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL—songs
- 9:25 CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 9:30 NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
CBS: JACK BERCH AND HIS BOYS
- 9:40 NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 9:45 NBC-Red: LANDT TRIO
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—variety program
CBS: BACHELOR'S CHILDREN—sketch
- 10:00 NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—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: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
CBS: TONY WONS' SCRAPBOOK—Ann Leaf
MBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC
- 10:45 NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch
NBC-Blue: KITCHEN CAVALCADE—Crosby Gaige
CBS: RUTH AND BILL
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—Carol Kennedy's Romance, dramatic serial
- 11:30 NBC-Red: HOW TO BE CHARMING—sketch
NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADE—sketch
CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch
MBS: MARTHA AND HAL—songs and patter
- 11:45 NBC-Red: MANHATTERS ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: EDWARD MacHUGH—The Gospel Singer
CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES
MBS: HECKER'S INFORMATION BUREAU—Myra Kingsley, Jean Paul King

AFTERNOON

- 12:00 Noon NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch
NBC-Blue: TIME FOR THOUGHT
CBS: THE RADIO COLUMNIST—Mary Margaret McBride
MBS: NORMAN BROKENSHIRE'S VARIETY PROGRAM
- 12:15 NBC-Red: THE GOLDBERGS—sketch
NBC-Blue: VOCALIST
CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE

—Edwin C. Hill, commentator
MBS: TOM, DICK AND HARRY

- 12:30 NBC-Red: THREE MARSHALLS
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—Walter Blaufuss' orchestra
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT—sketch
MBS: BILL LEWIS—baritone, and organ
- 12:45 NBC-Red: ROSA LEE—soprano
CBS: OUR GAL, SUNDAY—sketch
MBS: WE ARE FOUR—sketch
- 1:00 NBC-Red: JOE WHITE—tenor
CBS: BETTY AND BOB—sketch
MBS: MICROPHONE 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 ROBISON AND HIS BUCKAROOS
- 1:30 NBC-Blue: LOVE AND LEARN—sketch
CBS: ARNOLD GRIMM'S DAUGHTER—sketch
MBS: LEN SALVO—organist
- 1:45 NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: GRACE AND SCOTTY—songs and patter
CBS: HOLLYWOOD IN PERSON
- 2:00 NBC-Red: JERRY SEARS' ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: GEORGE HESSBERGER'S ORCHESTRA
CBS: NEWS THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES—Kathryn Cravens
- 2:15 CBS: JACK AND LORETTA—songs and patter
- 2:30 NBC-Red: BENNETT AND WOLVERTON—piano and guitar
CBS: AMERICAN SCHOOL OF THE AIR—Exits and Entrances



Warden Lewis E. Lawes

- 2:45 NBC-Red: THREE CHEERS—vocal trio
- 3:00 NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
NBC-Blue: LITTLE VARIETY SHOW
CBS: COLONEL JACK MAJOR'S VARIETY SHOW
- 3:15 NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch
MBS: STUDIES IN BLACK AND WHITE

- 3:30 NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—sketch
NBC-Blue: LET'S TALK IT OVER—Alma Kitchell
CBS: JENNY PEABODY—sketch
MBS: LAWRENCE SALERNO—pianist
- 3:45 NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
MBS: LEO FREUDBERG'S RHYTHM ORCHESTRA
- 4:00 NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—comedy sketch
NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE—variety program
CBS: TED MALONE'S—Between the Bookends
- 4:15 NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch
CBS: MUSIC FROM THE GOLD COAST
- 4:30 NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
- 4:45 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch
CBS: DR. ALLAN ROY DAFOR
- 5:00 NBC-Red: JOHNNY O'BRIEN AND HIS SWINGAROOS
NBC-Blue: NEIGHBOR NELL
CBS: FOLLOW THE MOON—Elsie Hitz, Nick Dawson



Rosaline Greene

- 5:15 NBC-Red: WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS—dramatization
NBC-Blue: PIANO RECITAL
CBS: LIFE OF MARY SOUTHERN—sketch
MBS: JOHNSON FAMILY—sketch with Jimmy Scribner
- 5:30 NBC-Red: JACK ARMSTRONG—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: SINGING LADY—children's program
CBS: DORIS KERR—songs
MBS: STORY TELLER'S HOUSE
- 5:45 NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: TOM MIX AND THE RALSTON STRAIGHT SHOOTERS—juvenile serial
CBS: DOROTHY GORDON'S CHILDREN'S CORNER

EVENING

- 6:00 NBC-Red: VOCAL SOLOISTS
NBC-Blue: U. S. ARMY BAND
CBS: HOWARD PHILLIPS—baritone
- 6:15 CBS: NEW HORIZONS
MBS: PIANO RECITAL
- 6:30 NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 6:35 NBC-Red: SINGING STRINGS
NBC-Blue: CHARLES SEARS—tenor

CBS: ORCHESTRA

- 6:45 NBC-Red: DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY—sketch
NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS—news commentator
- 7:00 NBC-Red: AMOS 'N' ANDY—sketch
NBC-Blue: TIME TO SHINE—John B. Gambling, Barry McKinley, Shaffer's orchestra
CBS: POETIC MELODIES—Jack Fulton, Franklyn McCormack, Kelsey's orchestra
- 7:15 NBC-Red: UNCLE EZRA'S RADIO STATION—Pat Barrett
CBS: SONG TIME—Hollace Shaw, Del Casino
MBS: BLACKSTONE CONCERT TRIO



Carson Robison

- 7:30 NBC-Red: SOLOIST
NBC-Blue: LUM AND ABNER—sketch
CBS: NEAL O'HARA'S RADIO GAZETTE
- 7:45 NBC-Red: TOP HATTERS ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: JOHN HERRICK—baritone
CBS: BOAKE CARTER—news commentator
- 8:00 NBC-Red: BURNS AND ALLEN—Tony Martin, Noble's orchestra
NBC-Blue: GENERAL HUGH S. JOHNSON—commentator
CBS: ALEMITE HALF HOUR—Horace Heidt's orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 8:15 NBC-Blue: PIANO DUO
- 8:30 NBC-Red: VOICE OF FIRESTONE—Margaret Speaks, Wallenstein's orchestra, guests
NBC-Blue: CAMPANA'S VANITY FAIR—Cal Tinney, Sheila Graham
CBS: PICK AND PAT—comedy and music
MBS: CONTINENTAL REVUE—Olga Baclanova, Stanley's orchestra
- 9:00 NBC-Red: FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY—comedy sketch, Marian and Jim Jordan, Weems' orchestra
NBC-Blue: PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Eugene Ormandy, guests
CBS: LUX RADIO THEATRE
MBS: ORCHESTRA

- 9:30 NBC-Red: HOUR OF CHARM—Phil Spitalny and his girls
MBS: PAT BARNES' OPERA HOUSE
- 10:00 NBC-Red: CONTENTED PROGRAM—Vivien Della Chiesa, Black's orchestra
NBC-Blue: 20,000 YEARS IN SING SING—Warden Lewis E. Lawes
CBS: WAYNE KING'S ORCHESTRA
- 10:30 NBC-Red: MUSIC FOR MODERNS
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL RADIO FORUM—guest speaker
CBS: ALL AMERICA
- 10:45 MBS: HENRY WEBER'S PAGEANT OF MELODY
- 11:00 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: DANCE MUSIC
MBS: DANCE MUSIC

RADIO STARS

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-Red: WOMEN AND NEWS
NBC-Blue: 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
CBS: GOOD NEIGHBORS—Richard Maxwell
- 9:40
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS



Parkyakarkus

- 9:45
NBC-Red: LANDT TRIO
NBC-Blue: AUNT JEMIMA ON THE AIR—varieties
CBS: BACHELOR'S CHILDREN—sketch
- 10:00
NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—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: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
CBS: HOW TO GET THE MOST OUT OF LIFE—Emily Post
MBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC
- 10:45
NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch
NBC-Blue: KITCHEN CAV-ALCADE—Crosby 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: HEINZ MAGAZINE OF THE AIR—Carol Kennedy's Romance, dramatic serial
- 11:30
NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADE—sketch
CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch
- 11:45
NBC-Red: MYSTERY CHEF
NBC-Blue: EDWARD MacHUGH—The Gospel Singer
CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES—sketch
MBS: HECKER'S 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
- 12:15
NBC-Red: THE GOLDBERGS—sketch
NBC-Blue: VOCALIST
CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE—Edwin C. Hill, commentator
- 12:30
NBC-Red: BARRY McKINLEY—baritone
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM



Charles Butterworth

- AND HOME HOUR—Walter Blaufuss' orchestra
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT—sketch
MBS: STUDIES IN BLACK AND WHITE
- 12:45
NBC-Red: ARMCHAIR QUARTET
CBS: OUR GAL, SUNDAY—sketch
MBS: WE ARE FOUR—sketch
- 1:00
NBC-Red: ESCORTS AND BETTY
CBS: BETTY AND BOB—sketch
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 1:15
NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Ruth Lyon, Larry Larsen, Harvey Hays
CBS: HYMNS OF ALL CHURCHES: BETTY CROCKER, cooking expert
- 1:30
NBC-Blue: LOVE AND LEARN—sketch
CBS: ARNOLD GRIMM'S DAUGHTER—sketch
- 1:45
NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: VOCALIST
CBS: HOLLYWOOD IN PERSON
- 2:00
NBC-Red: DR. MADDY'S BAND LESSONS
NBC-Blue: STROLLERS MATINEE
CBS: PETTICOAT OF THE AIR—Isabelle Manning Hewson
- 2:15
CBS: JACK AND LORETTA—songs and patter
- 2:30
NBC-Red: THE WISE MAN
NBC-Blue: NBC MUSIC GUILD
CBS: AMERICAN SCHOOL OF THE AIR—Literature and Music
MBS: AFTERNOON VARIETIES
- 2:45
NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
MBS: BEATRICE FAIRFAX
- 3:00
NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
NBC-Blue: AIRBREAKS—variety program
CBS: THEATRE MATINEE
MBS: BLACKSTONE CONCERT TRIO

- 3:15
NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch
- 3:30
NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—sketch
NBC-Blue: KIDOODLERS—quartet
CBS: POP CONCERT—Barlow's orchestra
MBS: KATHRYN WITWER—songs
- 3:45
NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
NBC-Blue: HAVE YOU HEARD?—dramatization
MBS: RADIO GARDEN CLUB
- 4:00
NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—comedy sketch
NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE—variety program
CBS: TED MALONE'S—Between the Bookends
- 4:15
NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch
CBS: BOB BYRON—piano and patter
- 4:30
NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
CBS: STORY OF INDUSTRY
MBS: SID GARY—baritone and orchestra
- 4:45
NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch
- 5:00
NBC-Red: BENNO RABINOFF—violinist
NBC-Blue: PEGGY WOOD CALLING
CBS: FOLLOW THE MOON—Elsie Hitz, Nick Dawson
- 5:15
NBC-Red: NELLIE REVELL INTERVIEWS
NBC-Blue: VOCALIST
CBS: LIFE OF MARY SOUTHERN—sketch
MBS: HAROLD TURNER—pianist
- 5:30
NBC-Red: JACK ARMSTRONG—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: SINGING LADY—children's program
CBS: SCIENCE SERVICE SERIES
- 5:45
NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: TOM MIX AND HIS RALSTON STRAIGHT SHOOTERS—juvenile serial
CBS: DERE TEECHER—Madeline Gray

EVENING

- 6:00
NBC-Red: SCIENCE IN THE NEWS
NBC-Blue: JACK MEAKIN DIRECTS STRINGTIME
CBS: ALL HANDS ON DECK
- 6:15
NBC-Red: THREE X SISTERS—harmony trio
MBS: PIANO RECITAL
- 6:30
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
MBS: ORGANIST
- 6:35
NBC-Red: TOP HATTERS ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: TONY RUSSELL—tenor
CBS: GEORGE HALL'S ORCHESTRA
- 6:45
NBC-Red: DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY—sketch
NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS—news commentator
MBS: JOHNSON FAMILY—sketch, with Jimmy Scribner
- 7:00
NBC-Red: AMOS 'N' ANDY—sketch
NBC-Blue: EASY ACES—comedy sketch
CBS: POETIC MELODIES—Jack Fulton, Franklyn McCormack, Kelsey's orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 7:15
NBC-Red: VOCAL VARIETIES—choral singing

- NBC-Blue: AMERICAN HOME PRODUCTS COMPANY
CBS: SONG TIME—Ruth Carhart, Bill Perry
- 7:30
NBC-Red: COMMAND PERFORMANCE—variety program
NBC-Blue: LUM AND ABNER—comedy sketch
CBS: SECOND HUSBAND—serial, Helen Menken
MBS: CHILDREN'S HOUR—Story Book Lady
- 7:45
NBC-Blue: VIVIEN DELLA CHIESA—mezzo-soprano
MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM
- 8:00
NBC-Red: JOHNNY PRESENTS RUSS MORGAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA—Charles Martin
NBC-Blue: HUSBANDS AND WIVES—Sedley Brown, Allie Lowe Miles
CBS: LEVER BROS. PROGRAM
MBS: JAZZ NOCTURNE—Helene Daniels, Connie Miles, Stanley's orchestra
- 8:30
NBC-Red: LADY ESTHER SERENADE—Wayne King's



Mark Warnow

- orchestra
NBC-Blue: EDGAR GUEST In "IT CAN BE DONE"—Masters' orchestra
CBS: AL JOLSON—Martha Raye, Parkyakarkus, Victor Young's orchestra, guests.
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 9:00
NBC-Red: VOX POP—Parks Johnson, Wallace Butterworth
NBC-Blue: BEN BERNIE AND ALL THE LADS
CBS: WATCH THE FUN GO BY—Al Pearce, Nick Lucas, Hoff's orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 9:15
MBS: CONSOLE AND KEYBOARD—Louise Wilcher, Pauline Alpert
- 9:30
NBC-Red: HOLLYWOOD MARDI GRAS—Lanny Ross, Charles Butterworth, Florence George, Don Wilson, Jane Rhodes, Paige's orchestra
NBC-Blue: GRAND CENTRAL STATION—dramatic sketch
CBS: JACK OAKIE'S COLLEGE—Stuart Erwin, William Austin, Raymond Hatton, Helen Lynd, Harry Barris, Billy Benedict, Stoll's orchestra
MBS: LET'S VISIT—Dave Driscoll, Jerry Danzig
- 10:00
NBC-Red: BENNY GOODMAN'S SWING SCHOOL
NBC-Blue: GENERAL HUGH S. JOHNSON—commentator
MBS: SYMPHONIC STRINGS
- 10:15
NBC-Blue: JOAN EDWARDS—contralto
- 10:30
NBC-Red: JIMMIE FIDLER'S HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP
NBC-Blue: MAREK WEBER SYMPHONIC SERENADE
CBS: DEL CASINO—baritone
- 10:45
NBC-Red: MISS FISHER DIRECTS
- 11:00
NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC
NBC-Blue: DANCE MUSIC
CBS: DANCE MUSIC
MBS: ORCHESTRA

Wednesdays

NOVEMBER 3—10—17—24

MORNING

- 8:00 NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES
- 8:15 NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's program
NBC-Blue: ISLAND SERENADERS
- 8:30 NBC-Blue: WILLIAM MEEDER—organist
- 8:45 NBC-Blue: FOUR SHOWMEN—male quartet
- 9:00 NBC-Red: WOMEN AND NEWS
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—variety program
CBS: AS YOU LIKE IT
- 9:15 NBC-Red: STREAMLINERS—Fields and Hall
CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL—songs
- 9:25 CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 9:30 CBS: JACK BERCH AND HIS BOYS
- 9:40 NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 9:45 NBC-Red: LANDT TRIO
NBC-Blue: AUNT JEMIMA ON THE AIR—varieties
CBS: BACHELOR'S CHILDREN—sketch
- 10:00 NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—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: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch



Fred Allen

- CBS: TONY WONS' SCRAPBOOK—Ann Leaf
MBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC
- 10:45 NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch
NBC-Blue: KITCHEN CAVALCADE—Crosby Gaige
CBS: RUTH AND BILL
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL
- 11:00 NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
CBS: HEINZ MAGAZINE OF THE AIR—Julia Sanderson, Frank Crumit, Rolfe's orchestra, Carol Kennedy's Romance
MBS: RAOUL NADEAU—baritone
- 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 SISTER—sketch
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 11:45 NBC-Red: HELLO PEGGY—sketch

NBC-Blue: EDWARD MacHUGH—The Gospel Singer
CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES—sketch
MBS: PECKER'S INFORMATION BUREAU—Myra Kingsley, Jean Paul King

AFTERNOON

- 12:00 Noon NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch
NBC-Blue: TIME FOR THOUGHT
CBS: THE RADIO COLUMNIST—Mary Margaret McBride
MBS: NORMAN BROKENSHIRE'S VARIETY PROGRAM
- 12:15 NBC-Red: THE GOLDBERGS—sketch
NBC-Blue: VOCALIST
CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE—Edwin C. Hill, commentator
MBS: TOM, DICK AND HARRY
- 12:30 NBC-Red: THREE MARSHALLS
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—Walter Blaufuss' orchestra
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT—sketch
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL
- 12:45 NBC-Red: JOE WHITE—tenor
CBS: OUR GAL, SUNDAY—sketch
MBS: WE ARE FOUR—sketch
- 1:00 NBC-Red: THREE RANCHEROS
CBS: BETTY AND BOB—sketch



Deanna Durbin

- MBS: MICROPHONE IN THE SKY—Earl Harper, interviewer
- 1:15 NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Ruth Lyon, Larry Larsen, Harvey Hays
CBS: HYMNS OF ALL CHURCHES: BETTY CROCKER, cooking expert
MBS: CARSON ROBISON AND HIS BUCKAROOS
- 1:30 NBC-Blue: LOVE AND LEARN—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
- 2:00 NBC-Red: YOUR HEALTH—talk, dramatization
NBC-Blue: HEALANI OF THE SOUTH SEAS
CBS: NEWS THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES—Kathryn Cravens
- 2:15 NBC-Blue: CHARLES SEARS—tenor
CBS: JACK AND LORETTA—songs and patter

- 2:30 NBC-Red: GENERAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS
NBC-Blue: MEETIN' HOUSE—dramatization
CBS: AMERICAN SCHOOL OF THE AIR—Geography
- 2:45 NBC-Red: MEN OF THE WEST
MBS: BEATRICE FAIRFAX
- 3:00 NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
NBC-Blue: CONTINENTAL VARIETIES—Stopak's orchestra
CBS: MANHATTAN MATINEE—orchestra
- 3:15 NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch
- 3:30 NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—sketch
NBC-Blue: KIDOODLERS
CBS: JENNY PEABODY—sketch
MBS: ARTHUR WRIGHT—pianist
- 3:45 NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
NBC-Blue: PIANO DUO
CBS: ACADEMY OF MEDICINE
MBS: RUTGERS HOME ECONOMICS BUREAU
- 4:00 NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—comedy sketch
NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE—variety program
CBS: CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC
- 4:15 NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch
- 4:30 NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL CONGRESS OF PARENTS AND TEACHERS' ASSOC.
- 4:45 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch
CBS: DR. ALLAN ROY DAFOE
MBS: BIDE DUDLEY'S THEATRE CLUB OF THE AIR
- 5:00 NBC-Red: NOT FOR LADIES—Ben Alexander, Hollywood commentator
NBC-Blue: NEIGHBOR NELL
CBS: FOLLOW THE MOON—Elsie Hitz, Nick Dawson
- 5:15 NBC-Red: WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS—dramatization
NBC-Blue: VOCALIST
CBS: LIFE OF MARY SOTHERN—sketch
- 5:30 NBC-Red: JACK ARMSTRONG—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: SINGING LADY—children's program
CBS: DORIS KERR—songs
MBS: STORY TELLER'S HOUSE
- 5:45 NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: TOM MIX AND HIS RALSTON STRAIGHT SHOOTERS—juvenile serial
CBS: DOROTHY GORDON'S CHILDREN'S CORNER

EVENING

- 6:00 NBC-Red: ROY CAMPBELL'S ROYALISTS
NBC-Blue: HARRY KOGEN AND HIS ORCHESTRA—Sair Lee
CBS: JACK SHANNON—songs
- 6:15 NBC-Red: CAROL DEIS—soprano
CBS: FOUR STARS
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL
- 6:30 NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 6:35 NBC-Red: RHYTHMAIRES

- NBC-Blue: JACK BAKER—tenor
CBS: ORCHESTRA
- 6:45 NBC-Red: DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY—sketch
NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS—news commentator
MBS: JOHNSON FAMILY—sketch, with Jimmy Scribner
- 7:00 NBC-Red: AMOS 'N' ANDY—sketch
NBC-Blue: EASY ACES comedy sketch
CBS: POETIC MELODIES—Jack Fulton, Franklyn McCormack, Kelsey's orchestra
- 7:15 NBC-Red: UNCLE EZRA'S RADIO STATION—Pat Barrett
NBC-Blue: AMERICAN HOME PRODUCTS COMPANY
CBS: HOBBY LOBBY—David Elman
MBS: LES CAVALLIERS de LA SALLE
- 7:30 NBC-Red: CAPPY BARRA— and his swing harmonicas
NBC-Blue: LUM AND ABNER—comedy sketch
- 7:45 NBC-Red: JEAN SABLON
NBC-Blue: CHARLOTTE LANSING—soprano
CBS: BOAKE CARTER—news commentator
- 8:00 NBC-Red: ONE MAN'S FAMILY—sketch
NBC-Blue: MUSIC OF ROMANCE—Eddie Duchin's orchestra
CBS: CAVALCADE OF AMERICA—guests, Voorhees' orchestra
MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM
- 8:30 NBC-Red: LADY ESTHER SERENADE—Wayne King's orchestra
NBC-Blue: SID SKOLSKY—Hollywood news
CBS: TEXACO FIRE CHIEF—Eddie Cantor, Deanna Durbin, Jimmy Wallington, Pinky Tomlin, Saymore Saymore, Renard's orchestra



Eddie Duchin

- 9:00 NBC-Red: TOWN HALL TONIGHT—Fred Allen, Portland Hoffa, Van Steeden's orchestra
NBC-Blue: NBC'S STRING SYMPHONY—Frank Black
CBS: CHESTERFIELD PRESENTS—Deems Taylor, Kostelanetz' orchestra, guests
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 9:15 MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 9:30 MBS: WITCH'S TALE—Alonzo Dean Cole and Marie O'Flynn
- 10:00 NBC-Red: YOUR HIT PARADE
NBC-Blue: GENERAL HUGH S. JOHNSON—commentator
CBS: GANG BUSTERS—crime dramatizations, Phillips Lord
MBS: ELDER LIGHTFOOT SOLOMON MICHAUX— and congregation
- 10:15 NBC-Blue: JOAN EDWARDS—songs
- 10:30 NBC-Blue: NBC MINSTREL SHOW—Gene Arnold, Short's orchestra
CBS: PATTI CHAPIN—songs
MBS: MELODIES FROM THE SKIES
- 10:45 NBC-Red: ALISTAIR COOKE—news commentator

RADIO STARS

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-Red: WOMEN AND NEWS
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—variety program
CBS: MUSIC IN THE AIR
- 9:15
NBC-Red: STREAMLINERS—Fields and Hall
- 9:25
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 9:30
CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL—songs
- 9:40
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 9:45
NBC-Red: LANDT TRIO
NBC-Blue: AUNT JEMIMA ON THE AIR—varieties
CBS: BACHELOR'S CHILDREN—sketch
- 10:00
NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—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: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
CBS: HOW TO GET THE MOST OUT OF LIFE—Emily Post
MBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC
- 10:45
NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch
NBC-Blue: KITCHEN CAV-ALCADE—Crosby Gaige
CBS: INSTRUMENTALISTS
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL
- 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: 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 SADE—comedy sketch
CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch



Henry Youngman

Thursdays

NOVEMBER 4—11—18—25

- 11:45
NBC-Red: THE MYSTERY CHEF
NBC-Blue: EDWARD MacHUGH—The Gospel Singer
CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES—sketch
MBS: HECKER'S INFORMATION BUREAU—Myra Kingsley, Jean Paul King

AFTERNOON

- 12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch
NBC-Blue: TIME FOR THOUGHT
CBS: CHERI AND THE THREE NOTES
- 12:15
NBC-Red: THE GOLDBERGS—sketch
NBC-Blue: VOCALIST
CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE
Edwin C. Hill, commentator
- 12:30
NBC-Red: VOCALIST
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—Walter Blaufuss' orchestra
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: MICROPHONE IN THE SKY—Earl Harper, interviewer
- 1:15
NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Ruth Lyon, Larry Larsen, Harvey Hays
CBS: HYMNS OF ALL CHURCHES: BETTY CROCKER, cooking expert
- 1:30
NBC-Blue: LOVE AND LEARN—sketch
CBS: ARNOLD GRIMM'S DAUGHTER—sketch
- 1:45
NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: VOCALIST
CBS: HOLLYWOOD IN PERSON
- 2:00
NBC-Red: NBC MUSIC GUILD
NBC-Blue: STROLLERS MATINEE



Gertrude Berg

CBS: PETTICOAT OF THE AIR—Isabelle Manning Hewson

- 2:15
CBS: JACK AND LORETTA—songs and patter
- 2:30
NBC-Red: THE WISE MAN
NBC-Blue: EL CABALLERO
CBS: AMERICAN SCHOOL OF THE AIR—songs for children; folk tales

- MBS: NORMAN BROKEN-SHIRE'S AFTERNOON VARIETIES—Freudberg's orchestra
- 2:45
NBC-Red: QUARTET
NBC-Blue: MUSICAL ADVENTURES—Alma Schirmer, pianist
MBS: BEATRICE FAIRFAX

- 3:00
NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
NBC-Blue: NBC LIGHT OPERA COMPANY
CBS: THEATRE MATINEE
MBS: BLACKSTONE CONCERT TRIO

- 3:15
NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch

- 3:30
NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—comedy sketch
NBC-Blue: SOUTHERNAIRES
CBS: DO YOU REMEMBER?—old favorite melodies
MBS: LAWRENCE SALERNO—organist

- 3:45
NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
NBC-Blue: SWING SERENADE
MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

- 4:00
NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—comedy sketch
NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE—variety program
CBS: 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
NBC-Blue: PEGGY WOOD CALLING
CBS: 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
NBC-Blue: SINGING LADY—children's program
CBS: EXPLORING SPACE
MBS: ORCHESTRA

- 5:45
NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: TOM MIX AND HIS RALSTON STRAIGHT SHOOTERS—juvenile serial
CBS: DERE TEECHER—Madeline Gray

EVENING

- 6:00
NBC-Red: DANCE BAND
NBC-Blue: HARRY KOGEN AND HIS ORCHESTRA
CBS: DEL CASINO

- 6:15
CBS: ETON BOYS—quartet
MBS: PIANIST

- 6:25
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

- 6:30
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
CBS: SPORTS RESUME—Eddie Dooley.

- 6:35
NBC-Red: TURN BACK THE CLOCK—Alice Remsen, George Griffin
NBC-Blue: TONY RUSSELL—tenor

- 6:45
NBC-Red: DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY—sketch
NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS—news commentator
CBS: GEORGE HALL'S ORCHESTRA
MBS: JOHNSON FAMILY—sketch, with Jimmy Scribner

- 7:00
NBC-Red: AMOS 'N' ANDY—sketch
NBC-Blue: EASY ACES—comedy sketch
CBS: POETIC MELODIES—Jack Fulton, Franklyn MacCormack, Kelsey's orchestra
MBS: EVENING PRELUDE—organ and piano

- 7:15
NBC-Red: VOCAL VARIETIES—choral singing
NBC-Blue: AMERICAN HOME PRODUCTS COMPANY
CBS: SONG TIME—Doris Kerr, Howard Phillips

- 7:30
NBC-Red: SAVITT SERENADE
NBC-Blue: LUM AND ABNER—comedy sketch
CBS: WE, THE PEOPLE—Gabriel Heatter
MBS: ORCHESTRA

- 7:45
NBC-Blue: KIDOODLERS

- 8:00
NBC-Red: ROYAL GELATIN PROGRAM—Rudy Vallee, guests



Nick Dawson

NBC-Blue: GENERAL HUGH S. JOHNSON—commentator
CBS: KATE SMITH—Ted Collins, Henry Youngman, Miller's orchestra
MBS: MUSIC BY—guest conductors

- 8:15
NBC-Blue: LIEDERSINGERS

- 8:30
MBS: ORCHESTRA

- 9:00
NBC-Red: MAXWELL HOUSE PROGRAM—movie talent
NBC-Blue: MARCH OF TIME—news dramatizations
CBS: MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR
MBS: ORCHESTRA

- 9:30
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
MBS: ALFRED WALLENSTEIN'S SINFONIETTA

- 10:00
NBC-Red: KRAFT MUSIC HALL—Bing Crosby, Bob Burns, Trotter's orchestra, guests
NBC-Blue: NBC NIGHT CLUB—variety program
MBS: COMMENTATOR FORUM

- 10:30
CBS: VICTOR BAY'S CONCERT ORCHESTRA—Hollace Shaw
MBS: HENRY WEBER'S MUSICAL REVUE

- 11:00
NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC
NBC-Blue: DANCE MUSIC
CBS: CAB CALLOWAY'S ORCHESTRA
MBS: DANCE MUSIC

- 11:15
NBC-Blue: ELZA SCHALLERT REVIEWS—previews, guests

Fridays

NOVEMBER 5—12—19—26

MORNING

- 8:00 NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES
- 8:15 NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's program
NBC-Blue: ISLAND SERENADERS
- 8:30 NBC-Blue: WILLIAM MEEDER—organist
- 8:45 NBC-Blue: FOUR SHOWMEN
- 9:00 NBC-Red: WOMEN AND NEWS
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—variety program
CBS: METROPOLITAN PARADE
- 9:15 NBC-Red: STREAMLINERS—Fields and Hall, orchestra
CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL—songs
- 9:25 CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 9:30 CBS: JACK BERCH AND HIS BOYS
- 9:40 NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 9:45 NBC-Red: LANDT TRIO
NBC-Blue: AUNT JEMIMA ON THE AIR—varieties
CBS: BACHELOR'S CHILDREN—sketch
- 10:00 NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—sketch
NBC-Blue: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
CBS: PRETTY KITTY KELLY—sketch



Mary Margaret McBride

- 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: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
CBS: TONY WONS' SCRAPBOOK—Ann Leaf
MBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC
- 10:45 NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch
NBC-Blue: KITCHEN CAVALCADE—Crosby Gaige
CBS: RUTH AND BILL
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL
- 11:00 NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
CBS: HEINZ MAGAZINE OF THE AIR—Julia Sanderson, Frank Crumit, Rolfe's orchestra, Carol Kennedy's Romance
MBS: MARTHA AND HAL—songs and patter
- 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 SISTER—sketch

- 11:45 NBC-Red: HELLO PEGGY—sketch
NBC-Blue: EDWARD MacHUGH—The Gospel Singer
CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES—sketch
MBS: HECKER'S INFORMATION BUREAU—Myra Kingsley, Jean Paul King

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 GOLDBERGS—sketch
NBC-Blue: VOCALIST
CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE—Edwin C. Hill, commentator
- 12:30 NBC-Red: THE VAGABONDS
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—Walter Blaufuss' orchestra
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT—sketch
MBS: STUDIES 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: PIANO DUO
CBS: BETTY AND BOB—sketch
MBS: MICROPHONE IN THE SKY—Earl Harper, interviewer
- 1:15 NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Larry Larsen, Ruth Lyon, Harvey Hays
CBS: BETTY CROCKER—cooking expert
MBS: CARSON ROBISON AND HIS BUCKAROOS
- 1:30 NBC-Blue: LOVE AND LEARN—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
- 2:00 NBC-Red and NBC-Blue: NBC MUSIC APPRECIATION HOUR—Dr. Walter Damrosch
CBS: NEWS THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES—Kathryn Cravens
- 2:15 CBS: JACK AND LORETTA—songs and patter
MBS: NORMAN BROKENSHIRE'S AFTERNOON VARIETIES
- 2:30 CBS: AMERICAN SCHOOL OF THE AIR—Vocational Guidance; Science Club of the Air
- 2:45 MBS: BEATRICE FAIRFAX
- 3:00 NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
NBC-Blue: RADIO GUILD—dramatization
CBS: COLUMBIA CONCERT HALL
- 3:15 NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch
- 3:30 NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—sketch
CBS: JENNY PEABODY—sketch
- 3:45 NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
NBC-Blue: LYN MURRAY'S FOUR CLUBMEN
MBS: RADIO GARDEN CLUB



Oswald

- 4:00 NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—comedy sketch
NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE—variety program
CBS: TED MALONE'S—Between the Bookends
- 4:15 NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch
CBS: BON VOYAGE
- 4:30 NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
MBS: VOCALIST
- 4:45 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch
CBS: DR. ALLAN ROY DAFOE
- 5:00 NBC-Red: ARTHUR LANG—baritone
NBC-Blue: NEIGHBOR NELL
CBS: FOLLOW THE MOON—Elsie Hitz, Nick Dawson
- 5:15 NBC-Red: WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS—dramatization
NBC-Blue: JACKIE HELLER—tenor
CBS: LIFE OF MARY SOTHERN—sketch
- 5:30 NBC-Red: JACK ARMSTRONG—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: CHOIR SYMPHONETTE
CBS: SALVATION ARMY BAND
- 5:45 NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: TOM MIX AND HIS RALSTON STRAIGHT SHOOTERS—juvenile serial
CBS: DOROTHY GORDON'S CHILDREN'S CORNER

EVENING

- 6:00 NBC-Red: EDUCATION IN THE NEWS—dramatization
NBC-Blue: HARRY KOGEN AND HIS ORCHESTRA
CBS: MARGARET DAUM—soprano
- 6:15 NBC-Red: BARRY McKINLEY—baritone
- 6:30 NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 6:35 NBC-Red: RHYTHMAIRES
NBC-Blue: SOLOIST
CBS: FRANK DAILEY'S ORCHESTRA
- 6:45 NBC-Red: DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY—sketch
NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS—news commentator
MBS: JOHNSON FAMILY—sketch, with Jimmy Scribner



Dorothy Thompson

- 7:00 NBC-Red: AMOS 'N' ANDY—sketch
NBC-Blue: MARY SMALL—songs
CBS: POETIC MELODIES—Jack Fulton, Franklyn McCormack, Kelsey's orchestra
- 7:15 NBC-Red: UNCLE EZRA'S RADIO STATION—Pat Barrett
NBC-Blue: DR. KARL REILAND—author and lecturer
CBS: SONG TIME—Lorraine Grimm, Harry Cool
MBS: NOVELETTE
- 7:30 NBC-Red: EL CABALLERO
NBC-Blue: LUM AND ABNER—sketch
CBS: NEAL O'HARA'S RADIO GAZETTE
- 7:45 NBC-Red: BUGHOUS RHYTHM
NBC-Blue: LOUISE FLORE—soprano
CBS: BOAKE CARTER—news commentator
- 8:00 NBC-Red: CITIES SERVICE CONCERT—Lucille Manners, Bourdon's orchestra
NBC-Blue: PONTIAC VARSITY SHOW—Paul Dumont, m.c.
CBS: HAMMERSTEIN MUSIC HALL
MBS: MARY JANE WALSH—Brusiloff's orchestra
- 8:15 MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 8:30 NBC-Blue: DEATH VALLEY DAYS—dramatization
CBS: MUSIC FROM HOLLYWOOD—Alice Faye, Hal Kemp's orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 9:00 NBC-Red: WALTZ TIME—Frank Munn, Lois Bennett, Lyman's orchestra
CBS: HOLLYWOOD HOTEL—Jerry Cooper, Frances Langford, Ken Murray, Oswald, Anne Jamison, Paige's orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 9:30 NBC-Red: TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS—dramatization
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 10:00 NBC-Red: FIRST NIGHTER—dramatization, Les Tremayne, Barbara Luddy
NBC-Blue: RALEIGH AND KOOL SHOW—Tommy Dorsey's orchestra, Morton Bowe
CBS: COCA-COLA SONG SHOP—Kitty Carlisle, Frank Crumit, Reed Kennedy, Alice Cornett, Haenschen's orchestra.
MBS: HOW ABOUT IT?
- 10:30 NBC-Red: JIMMIE FIDLER'S HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP
NBC-Blue: FORTUNE STORIES—detective dramas
MBS: CURTAIN TIME—dramatization
- 10:45 NBC-Red: PEOPLE IN THE NEWS—Dorothy Thompson, commentator
- 11:00 NBC-Red: GEORGE R. HOLMES—Washington commentator
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: DANCE MUSIC
MBS: DANCE MUSIC

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
- 8:45
NBC-Blue: MORNING GLEE CLUB
- 9:00
NBC-Red: STREAMLINERS—Fields and Hall
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—variety program
CBS: RAY BLOCK—pianist



Malcolm Claire

- 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
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 9:45
NBC-Red: LANDT TRIO
NBC-Blue: AUNT JEMIMA ON THE AIR—varieties
CBS: THE STRINGERS
- 9:55
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 10:00
NBC-Red: NANCY SWANSON—songs
NBC-Blue: SWEETHEARTS OF THE AIR—May Singh Breen, Peter de Rose
CBS: SYRACUSE VARIETY
- 10:15
NBC-Red: CHARIOTEERS—male quartet
NBC-Blue: RAISING YOUR PARENTS—juvenile forum, Jack Costello
- 10:30
NBC-Red: MANHATTERS
CBS: LET'S PRETEND—children's program
MBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC
- 10:45
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
- 11:00
NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING—Richardson Singers
NBC-Blue: PATRICIA RYAN—songs
CBS: CINCINNATI CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC CONCERT
MBS: ED FITZGERALD AND CO.—variety program
- 11:15
NBC-Red: WARD AND MUZZY—piano duo
NBC-Blue: MINUTE MEN—male quartet

Saturdays

NOVEMBER 6—13—20—27

- 11:30
NBC-Red: MELODY MEN
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
MBS: U. S. ARMY BAND
- 11:45
NBC-Red: JERRY BRANNON—tenor
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA

AFTERNOON

- 12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: CONTINENTALS—Beatrice Lind, Josef Honti, director
NBC-Blue: 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 BATTLE'S CONCERT ENSEMBLE
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR
CBS: GEORGE HALL AND HIS ORCHESTRA
MBS: STUDIES IN BLACK AND WHITE

- 12:45
MBS: SYLVIA CYDE—soprano
- 1:00
NBC-Red: HAPPY 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 PET CLUB
- 1:30
NBC-Red: CAMPUS CAPERS—orchestra, vocalists
NBC-Blue: OUR BARN—children's program, Madge Tucker
CBS: BUFFALO PRESENTS
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 2:00
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
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
MBS: PALMER HOUSE ORCHESTRA
- 2:45
NBC-Blue: CADETS QUARTET
CBS: TOURS IN TONE

- 3:00
NBC-Red: CONCERT MINIATURES
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: DOWN BY HERMAN'S
MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM
- 3:30
NBC-Blue: RICARDO AND HIS CABALLEROS

- CBS: WALTZES OF THE WORLD
MBS: ORCHESTRA

- 3:45
CBS: THE DICTATORS
- 4:00
NBC-Red: WEEK-END REVUE—varieties, Levey's orchestra
NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE—variety program
- 4:30
CBS: DANCEPATORS
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 5:00
NBC-Red: VAGABOND ADVENTURES—Tom Terriss, Carol Deis, Ross Graham, Kiriloff's orchestra
NBC-Blue: LITTLE VARIETY SHOW
CBS: ORCHESTRA
- 5:30
NBC-Red: KALTENMEYER'S KINDERGARTEN—varieties, Bruce Kamman, Kogen's orchestra
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
- 5:45
MBS: ORCHESTRA

EVENING

- 6:00
NBC-Red: EL CHICO SPANISH REVUE
NBC-Blue: NICKELODEON—Sylvia Clark
CBS: COLUMBIA CONCERT HALL
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL
- 6:15
MBS: FOUR CALIFORNIANS
- 6:25
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 6:30
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
CBS: SPORTS RESUME—Eddie Dooley
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 6:35
NBC-Red: ALMA KITCHELL—contralto
NBC-Blue: VOCALIST
- 6:45
NBC-Red: THE ART OF LIVING—Dr. Norman Vincent Peale
NBC-Blue: JOHNNY O'BRIEN
CBS: ORCHESTRA



Sylvia Froos

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.

- 7:00
NBC-Red: TOP HATTERS ORCHESTRA—Jan Savitt
NBC-Blue: MESSAGE OF ISRAEL—guests and music
CBS: SATURDAY SWING SESSION
MBS: PALMER HOUSE ENSEMBLE
- 7:15
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 7:30
NBC-Red: PIANO DUO
NBC-Blue: UNCLE JIM'S QUESTION BEE
CBS: CARBORUNDUM BAND
- 7:45
NBC-Red: JIMMY KEMPER—Song Stories
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 8:00
NBC-Red: BELIEVE-IT-OR-NOT—Robert L. Ripley, Rolfe's orchestra
NBC-Blue: HOMETOWNERS—Cliff Hall, Wirges' orchestra
CBS: YOUR UNSEEN FRIEND—dramatization
MBS: HI THERE, AUDIENCE—Ray Perkins, Helene Daniels, Stanley's orchestra
- 8:30
NBC-Red: LOG CABIN SHOW—Jack Haley, Virginia Verrill, Warren Hull, Wendy Barrie, Fio-Rito's orchestra
NBC-Blue: PIANO DUO
CBS: JOHNNY PRESENTS RUSS MORGAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA—Charles Martin, guests
MBS: HANCOCK ENSEMBLE
- 8:45
NBC-Blue: NOLA DAY—songs
- 9:00
NBC-Red: NBC CONCERT HOUR
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL BARN DANCE—Joe Kelly
CBS: PROFESSOR QUIZZ—Bob Trout
MBS: LOUISIANA HAYRIDE
- 9:30
NBC-Red: SPECIAL DELIVERY—sketch
CBS: SATURDAY NIGHT SERENADE—Mary Eastman, Bill Perry, Haenschen's orchestra
MBS: WALT SCHUMANN SWING ENSEMBLE MIXED OCTET—Maureen O'Connor
- 9:45
MBS: HOLLYWOOD WHISPERS—George Fischer
- 10:00
NBC-Red: NBC JAMBOREE—Kogen's orchestra, guests
NBC-Blue: GUN SMOKE LAW—sketch
CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE
MBS: WOR PRESENTS SYLVIA FROOS
- 10:30
NBC-Blue: GEMS OF LIGHT OPERA
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 10:45
CBS: PATTI CHAPIN—songs
- 11:00
NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC
NBC-Blue: DANCE MUSIC
CBS: BENNY GOODMAN'S 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-



Eleanor K. Roosevelt

daughter of Mrs. Henry Latrobe Roosevelt of Washington, D. C., photographed in the great hall at Roosevelt Hall. She says: "Pond's new 'skin-vitamin' Cold Cream keeps my skin so much smoother."



Eleanor K. Roosevelt on the steps of Roosevelt Hall, her ancestral home, at Skaneateles, N. Y.

(Right) Sailing with a friend on the lake beyond the sloping lawns of the estate.

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. 9RS-CM, 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 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

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THE MEN RAN AWAY FROM HER SKINNY SHAPE!

★
—till she gained 20 lbs. quick, this new easy way

"I used to be so thin that none of the fellows paid any attention to me. At last I tried Ironized Yeast. In 5 weeks I gained 20 pounds. Now I am told I have a very good figure and my skin is lovely and smooth, too. I have dates almost all the time and am very popular."—Celia Slonaker, Hughsville, Pa.



Celia Slonaker

10 to 25 lbs. gained quick with IRONIZED YEAST

WHY lose all your chances of making friends and enjoying life—because of a skinny, scrawny figure? Thousands of girls have put on 10 to 25 pounds in a few weeks—with these amazing little Ironized Yeast tablets.

No matter how thin and rundown you may be from certain food deficiencies, you too may easily gain normal, attractive curves this quick way—also naturally clear skin, new pep, and all the new friends and good times these bring.



Posed by professional models

Why it builds up so quick

Many doctors now say thousands of people are thin and rundown only because they don't get enough yeast vitamins (Vitamin B) and iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Now, by a new process, the vitamins from the special rich yeast used in making English ale are concentrated to 7 times their strength in ordinary yeast. This 7-power vitamin concentrate is combined with 3 kinds of iron (organic, inorganic and hemoglobin iron); also pasteurized English ale yeast. Finally, for your protection, every batch of Ironized Yeast is tested and retested biologically, to insure its full vitamin strength.

The result is these new easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets which have helped thousands of the skinniest people who needed these vital elements quickly to gain normally attractive curves and peppy health.

Make this money-back test

Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the very first package you don't begin to eat better and get more enjoyment and benefit 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—your money will be promptly refunded. So start 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 clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 312. Atlanta, Ga.

WARNING! Beware of the many cheap substitutes for this successful formula. Be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast.

RECIPES FOR YOUR NEXT "BUFFET"

SALMON SUEDOIS

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 pound salmon (canned) | a dash of cayenne |
| 1 pound white potatoes, boiled (approximately 3 potatoes) | 3 cups milk |
| 3 teaspoons minced parsley | 2 egg yolks, slightly beaten |
| 4 hard cooked eggs, sliced | ½ cup cooked mushrooms, or lobster or crab meat |
| 6 tablespoons butter | 2 tablespoons butter |
| 4½ tablespoons flour | ½ cup fine bread crumbs |
| ¾ teaspoon salt | ¼ cup grated cheese |
- (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 minced parsley and top both salmon layers with thinly 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 contents of 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 made up in advance and re-heated.

JELLIED MADRILENE FOR CORNED BEEF OR EGGS

- | | |
|----------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 3 cups (canned) Madrilène | ¼ cup cold water |
| 1 tablespoon granulated gelatine | 2 tablespoons Madeira or sherry |

Heat soup to boiling point. Sprinkle gelatine into the cold water, soak 5 minutes; dissolve in the hot soup. Add wine. Chill until mixture begins 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 until tender (allow about one hour to the pound). 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 Madrilène 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 Madrilène mixture. Chill until firm.

SCRAMBLED EGGS WITH KIDNEYS, LEM

- | | |
|---------------------------------|----------------------|
| 1 pound lamb kidneys | 8 eggs |
| 1 small mild onion, minced fine | 6 tablespoons cream |
| ½ pound fresh mushrooms, sliced | ¾ teaspoon salt |
| 1 cup canned tomato sauce | a few grains pepper |
| 1 cup canned consommé | 2 tablespoons butter |
| 3 tablespoons flour | |

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 in a colander set over a pan, to drip. (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 with kidneys in colander. To the resulting dripping add tomato sauce and consommé. Thicken with the flour mixed to a smooth paste with a little water. Season to taste. Cook gently to 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. Melt the 2 tablespoons butter in a pan; add the eggs and cook gently until "set" and creamy, scrambling 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 | 2⅔ cups sifted cake flour |
| 1 cup brown sugar | 4 teaspoons baking powder |
| ¼ cup fruit juice (orange or pineapple) | ½ teaspoon ground cloves |
| 2 teaspoons Angostura | 1 teaspoon cinnamon |
| ½ cup butter | ½ teaspoon salt |
| ½ cup vegetable shortening | ½ cup seedless raisins |
| 1 cup granulated sugar | 1 cup milk |
| 4 egg yolks, beaten | 4 egg whites, beaten |

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. Do not boil! Remove from heat, add Angostura, cool. Cream together butter and vegetable shortening thoroughly. Add white sugar gradually, creaming well together. Add beaten yolks, then the cool chocolate mixture. Blend thoroughly. Sift flour, measure. Add baking powder, spices and salt. Sift together twice. Mix in raisins. Add flour mixture to chocolate mixture alternately with the milk, beating thoroughly after each addition. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. 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 a cake tester inserted in loaves comes out clean. Cool on wire cake rack. Cover tops and sides of cakes with chocolate icing or a white confectioner's icing.

A "MAJOR" EVENT

(Continued from page 9)

with the holidays fast approaching, entertaining will soon be engaging your interested attention; and you, and every other hostess 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 have everything prepared and stored away, well before the arrival of the first guest. That doesn't mean, either, that you can plump the salad into the refrigerator just as the door bell rings, else you'll have a flustered 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 foods. 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 those slap-dash, last-minute affairs whose very 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 go over 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 that 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, too, if you don't forget about it and light it unthinkingly! And if worst comes 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 on the fire escape! With the cramped quarters of modern living, such subterfuges at times become amusingly necessary.

And now let's see what we're going to "prepare in advance" for our *Buffet à la Bowes*. 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 69)



- ★ TIRED FROM HOURS IN THE KITCHEN?
- ★ WORRIED ABOUT RISING FOOD COSTS?

Let Franco-American Help!

ISN'T it 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—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 appetizing ways in which to use Franco-American. And stock up at your grocer's today. It usually costs only 10¢ 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 _____



RADIO'S OL' MAN RIVER

(Continued from page 41)

Free
MEASURING GLASS
WORTH 35¢

Every medicine cabinet needs one! Shows teaspoons and tablespoons. Ends all guesswork whenever you measure medicine.



Offer limited. Get yours while they last—at your druggist!

FREE WITH 6 OUNCE BOTTLE OF 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 dangerous 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! At 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.

Zonite

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 series, like the original, uses unrehearsed 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 *WHN*, that there is a vast difference between auditions and rehearsals and that the former must be employed, even on an amateur program, to ascertain that the applicants won't use any offensive material. That's one phase of the *CBS* hour that doesn't differ from the old *WHN* 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 *WHN*. 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, customary 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 would soon 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 crashing sound informed him he was through. "*And 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 laughs and entertainment 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 goodnatured 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 overtaxed by listeners' ballots, before the program reached the half-way mark. When the hour was launched and the telephone company was unprepared for the mass calls directed at the same point, the entire Bryant exchange was temporarily paralyzed by 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 comment 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, gets a great 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 Mayo, 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 amateur acts to follow. Flowers from 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 spot which, in turn, is occupied by the amateurs.

The semi-formal atmosphere is a long cry from the stuffy *WHN* studio of three

years back. The large crowd of onlookers can comfortably observe the current *Amateur Hour*, instead of the mere handful that used to jam the tiny control room.

Everything proceeds with clocklike precision. No scripts are used and Bowes indulges in witty dialogue with the neophytes at the mike. There are broad hints that a portion of the banter is previously rehearsed. But it all makes good fun. And no 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 curtailed because they are bound to get undeserved votes, being favored because of their youth, rather than their talent. But it has been noticed that, talent or no, the kiddies have less fear of the mike and a better stage presence than the average adult applicant. They are the most naïve of the novices and the resultant simplicity of their efforts represents a vote-getting element.

A certain Thursday night's offering included such novel bits as a fingerless pianist, a "musical chef," who enticed music out of an assortment of bowls, and a colored lad who went into a tap dance that included such acrobatics as somersaulting without using his hands. This was a typical Bowes program. To date, the Major has brought a wide collection of freak acts to the air and such performers are in big demand in the personal appearance units.

The occasional sob stories related by the dilettantes as they face the mike represent another takeoff on the old *WHN* shows. Some of the sad narratives may be designed to entice 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 nothing 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 program 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 amateurs. 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.

Romance never came her way

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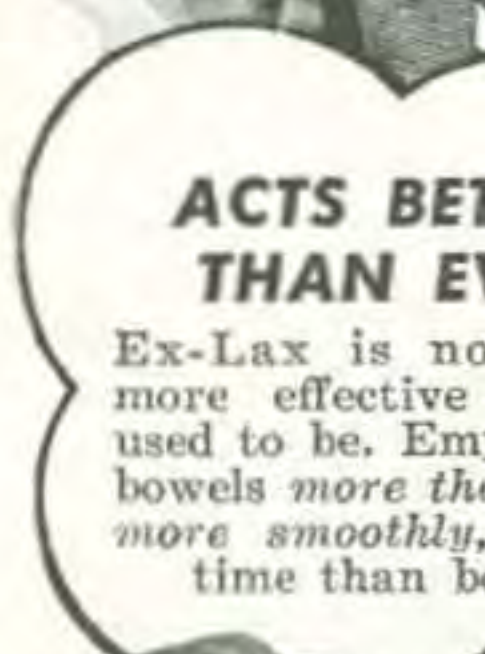
(Continued from page 33)

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Ever 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.

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Now improved—better than ever!

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Wash Sunlight into Your Hair with New Shampoo and Rinse. 3 Shades Lighter in 15 Minutes Without Harsh Bleaches or Dyes.

Bring out the full, radiant loveliness of blonde or brown hair with New Blondex, the Shampoo and Special Golden Rinse that washes it 2 to 4 shades lighter and brings out the natural, lustrous, golden sheen, the alluring highlights that can make hair so attractive. New Blondex keeps hair and scalp healthy. Absolutely safe—contains no harsh bleaches or dyes. Get it today at any store and buy the large size—it costs less per shampoo.

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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 lullabies 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 herself. "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 always been easy. There were moments of rebellion, during her student days, times when her 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. Obediently, 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 over for play, and sometimes she wondered what it was all about, just why she couldn't have a good time with the other girls she knew. She did not particularly like the theory of music, she really preferred long fingernails to playing the piano, if it had 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 spiritual presence, her inspiration, that it is as if she were actually with me. I can't help feeling that she knows all about this, that she is even nearer to me than ever before. . . ."

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 so 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 of her young 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. Her concert 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 swung wide and *NBC* 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 Gene Lockharts in the Hollywood hills 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 her friend.

Essentially home-loving and domestic, Florence enjoys her new rôle of mistress of the beautifully furnished home and is a charming hostess.

Her own particular treasures are in her bedroom and include a photograph of her mother and, in a wall niche, a few 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 spun glass tree with two little monkeys that Florence gave her at eighteen.

In the little study 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 panorama of Los Angeles, Florence learns her songs and dreams her dreams. Here, when 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 Coalie, the black Chow who was her friend and protector in the Chicago apartment days; Boy, the devoted police dog, whose failing sight

RADIO STARS

means added heartache for his mistress; and Dolce, a small brown monkey who lives near the pool in a handsome green cage, and whose clinging hands and sad expression and 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 is 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 would be to found a shelter for dogs, similar to that of Irene Castle's in Chicago.

In spite of her two contracts, her large home, 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 the massaging away of a few superfluous pounds. The tests were successful. Her heart 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 increasingly 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. And not 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 rôles. 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, rehearsing, practicing diligently, and only fleetingly regretting the lack of time to play. It would be fun to dance at 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 are her greatest safeguard in the new and dizzy 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.

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THEN SHE MAKES THAT CRACK ABOUT MY BREATH AND HANDS ME THIS DENTIST'S ADDRESS! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, JOE?

I'D TAKE THE TIP, DAN—BETTER GO SEE THAT DENTIST!

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WELL, DAN, TESTS PROVE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. AND TESTS ALSO PROVE THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE...

BAD BREATH, HUH? MAYBE THAT'S WHY MARY'S BEEN GIVING ME THE RUNAROUND. WELL, ME FOR COLGATE'S FROM NOW ON!

LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S

WHAT? ANOTHER TICKET, OFFICER?

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Now—NO BAD BREATH behind his Sparkling Smile!

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MIND YOUR MANNERS

(Continued from page 7)

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Today with **PERTUSSIN**

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!

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Please send me a large Trial Bottle of Pertussin. I enclose 10¢.

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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 wear forever, because there is no 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 so very much more durable and practical. A gray fur is adaptable for all color combinations, in a variety of costumes. Brunettes will like to wear this coat over the various shades of red, from deep wine to brilliant poppy, while blondes will follow Miss Manners 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 Lucille's shoes, which are made on snug, fitted lines to give the "molded look" to the foot. The three eyelets 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 antelope with Agnes (or Yale) blue 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 "corseted waistline" effect so important this year.

Lucille is small and blonde, and because she is so tiny, 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 flopping 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. Hers is of brown felt, in the new Ace-of-Clubs 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," she says, "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 can wear well and will be comfortable in. Even if it's not 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 even your best friend won't be any the 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 detail will spoil an otherwise smart ensemble. Therefore, 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 johnny-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*, know what is your own 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 few words:

"Learn the difference between fashion and fad. Decide what is your type of thing, be style-conscious—and you're bound to be wardrobe-happy!"

EVERYBODY'S A SUCKER

(Continued from page 43)

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 know her as Kathryn.

The woman introduced herself as an old neighbor from Washington. There followed a hard luck story, climaxed 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 fell," 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



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tastes grand but actu-
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was his close friend and therefore to please give him the best of everything—on Guy.

Robert L. (*Believe-It-Or-Not*) Ripley was tricked when he conducted a search for a man who was hanged and lived to tell the tale. He received a telegram from someone claiming he was the party. He was in Baton Rouge. If the money could be wired, he was willing to come to New York for the program.

"There was no time to spare," said Ripley. "The man seemed to know the correct facts. His local references appeared to come from reliable business men. I sent the money. Word was immediately relayed me that he had boarded a plane, New York bound. What I didn't know was that he had bought a ticket only as far as the first landing field. There he disembarked, with the money, of course, and we never heard from him again.

Phillips Lord, who often has been labeled a shrewd Yankee, loses much of his canny when he is bilked by his own salesmanship. He loves selling. Seeing a chance to sell, he cannot resist the temptation.

Last Christmas he was given a pig by his co-workers. They presented it to him in his New York apartment. Lord, en route to his Long Island home, with the pig on a leash, hailed a cab. But the driver would have none of the pig. No such passenger for him, no siree! This made Lord indignant. He began to sell the driver the advantages of the pig. It was

pedigreed. It could furnish pork chops, as many as twenty. And it was a beautiful shade of pink. Eventually the driver gave in, consenting to let him ride. But Lord, having started, couldn't stop. He tried to sell the pig to the driver, offering it for fifty dollars. All the way to Long Island they bartered. In the end Lord let the pig go for ten dollars and the price of the ride.

"I instantly regretted it," he said. "The next day I tried to locate the driver and buy back the pig. I never could find him. I was simply a sucker for my own salesmanship!"

Frank Parker recalls the time he bought an interest in a professional basketball team. It lost money for several months, while he dutifully paid the bills. Next, the team hit a winning streak, gate receipts mounted and they made money. It was then that Frank discovered that the four previous owners had attached any profits which the team might earn after their withdrawal.

As he told this story, Mr. Parker grinned. And it seems to me that he and the others set an amazing example. Human enough to be cheated, they still are big enough to laugh at their own follies. Any one of us can be taken in. Being less smart than your neighbor is no disgrace, but can we, after the damage is done, bear no malice, but turn around and laugh at ourselves? Evidently radio stars can. And for this pleasing virtue, this honest bigness, I say . . . more power to them!

STARTING AT THE TOP

(Continued from page 27)

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 towered 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 rôle in a condensed version of *Rio Rita*. That was in June, 1932.

She won the rôle. 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: 'Here, honey, you're tired—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 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 *Rio 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 hushed 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 discomfiting complexes. There's a genuine friendliness in her nature, that knows no barriers. She could even, you imagine, be friendly with kidnaping 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 Mummie: '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 1936, 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 Orlofsky* 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 Vanities*, *She Loves Me Not*, with Bing Crosby and Miriam Hopkins, and *Here is My Heart*. After that she played the leading rôle, *Rosa*, 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

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Phil Baker is afraid of Hollywood! He tells you why in the January issue of **RADIO STARS**. Don't miss it!



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AFTER



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!

able—and fell flat on my face at their feet! That's the way I do things!"

She laughed again. We've said that before, but it's true. She never just smiles. Her laugh is spontaneous, hearty, infectious. You feel she never is bored, doesn't know the meaning of ennui. She's gay, vivid, vital, colorful. There's nothing either wistful or hard about Miss Kitty Carlisle.

She likes to work. "I really do," she insists, and you believe her. "The more I do, the more time I seem to have for things I want to do. If there's a day when I have nothing to do but practice for a couple of hours, I just can't seem to find time to get anything done! But when I'm really busy, I can do everything! I go out, sometimes, with my friends; play bridge occasionally—very badly—but I really love best to be working. I work harder than anyone I know."

She never, we hear, frequents night clubs or gay restaurants. You'll see her taking a sandwich and a glass of milk at some soda fountain, after the theatre. Then she's off for home and bed.

"I love to sleep—and I hate to get up early in the morning," she admits.

She likes to feel that she wasn't thrust into stardom by wealth, or social position, or influential friends. "I have friends who are writers, composers, producers—but I didn't ask any of them to help me," she says proudly. "It wasn't talent, either, that helped me—just hard work!"

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 Fridays over CBS, with Frank Crumit, The Song Shop Quartette, Gus Haenschen's orchestra, Reed Kennedy, baritone, and "swing singer" Alice Cornett.

"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 Thomas.

"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 was 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 fan that I used to flap to keep me awake!" They still go to all the symphonies, and she's glad she began early to hear them.

We asked about the violin her mother carried to Europe, along with Kitty.

"No, she's not a professional," Kitty said. "She used to play beautifully, but never professionally. She doesn't play any more, though. She got tired of practicing—so she stopped!"

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 thinking for her. But she does do some of her worrying!

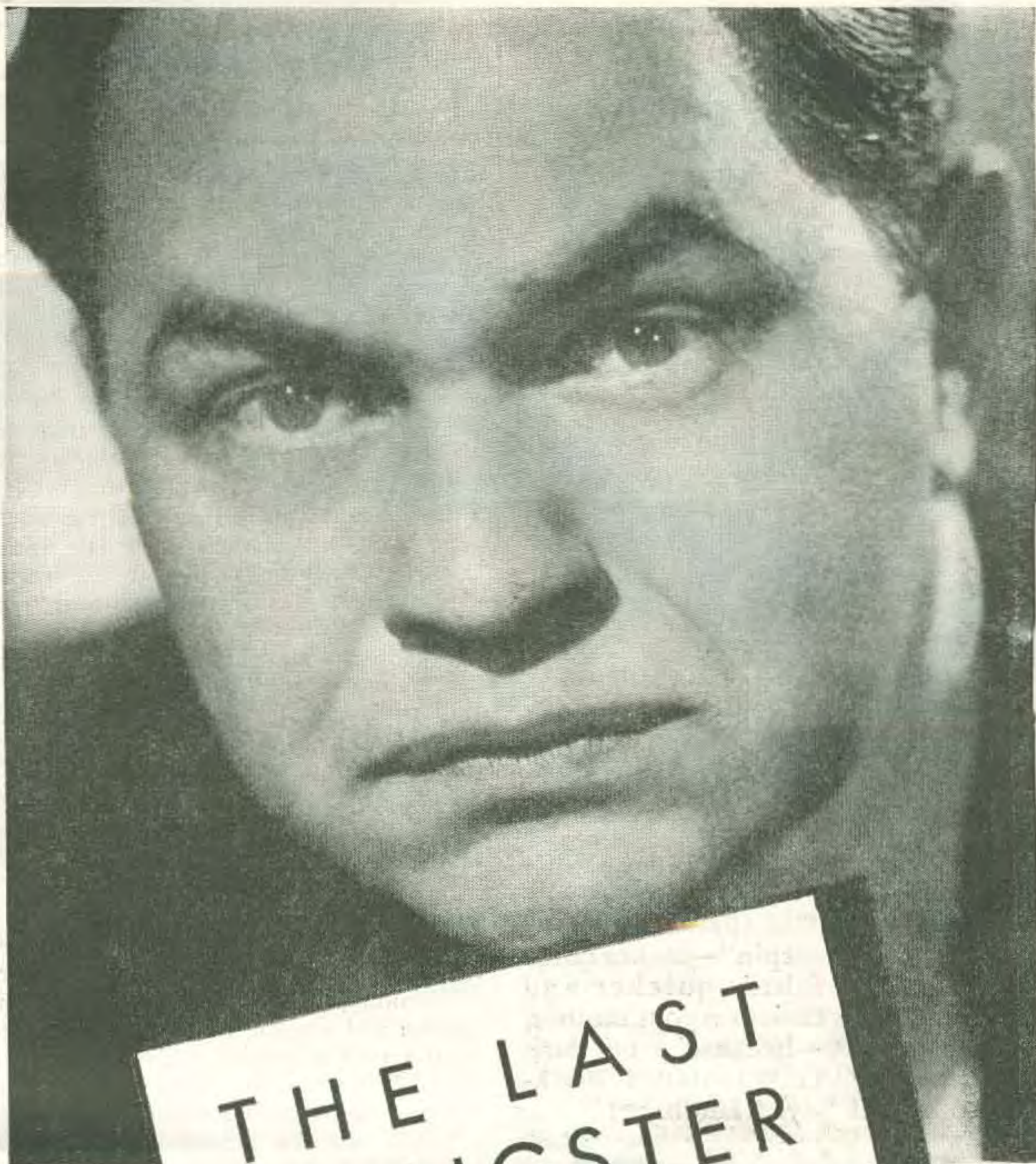
"When *Champagne Sec* opened, in Westport," said Kitty, "it was a hot night, but Mummie had to wear three coats to keep warm! And her teeth were chattering. And I had opening night blues—you know! I remember walking along to the theatre, wondering if I'd ever get anywhere—if I'd ever be known—maybe famous. . . ."

"After my first number, I heard a funny noise—a sort of rattle and thunder. It must be pouring, I thought. And it was *applause!* And reporters were coming back to interview me!" The remembered thrill of that moment was still a delicious sensation.

Her zest for everything is enormous. There's something heartening and refreshing about it. Life, for Kitty Carlisle, is a grand adventure. Being "born to the purple," 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, having 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. *Noblesse oblige!*

Though she started, in a sense, at the top—it's even a harder thing to stay there, than to work gradually up to the heights. And more than just staying there, she must work toward wider opportunities, greater triumphs. Besides which, she works, as she says, for sheer love of working—which is a rare and fine thing to do, and most 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 win over any reluctant critics not already won by a lovely soprano voice and a glowing, eager personality. But when that day comes, Kitty Carlisle will be looking about for something harder to do. Maybe she'll find it by way of that trip to City Hall, as a starting point for the dual career of music and marriage!



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(Continued from page 23)

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give all of themselves to four or more careers? But, I'd trust Jeanette to figure anything 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 cherishing 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 question," Jeanette told me, curled 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 drape 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 in it. Gene, 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 a 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 really too far away from the studios, yours and mine. I think, for an all-year-round home, we should be in Beverly Hills or in Bel-Air.' Because I like, you know, an all-year-round house. Living through the seasons with a house makes it more a home. I like to watch the perennial flowers grow. I like to live in rooms where fires are built in autumn and winter, the same rooms filled with early roses and late chrysanthemums. I like perennial things, the sense of continuity, roots and realities and old familiarities."

"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 the type of house I hope we'll have . . . I want it to be an English house, a house 'by the side of the road,' a house tucked away in the hills, on a hill, a house where we can 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 this house, saw that it was for sale, he saw, too, that it fitted in every least particular the description of my heart's desire. And so the Great Idea was born. Then and there Gene bought the place. He bought it, of 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 June. For eight months he kept it an absolute secret. He admits that there were times when he nearly burst. There were times when he had to appear before me in rather a false light. He didn't even tell my mother. For Mother," laughed Jeanette, affectionately, "has a habit of giving away secrets! Quite unconsciously, of course. I bought a white bearskin rug for a Christmas present for Gene. One night, as we were all sitting at dinner, Mother remarked: 'Oh, Jeanette, the bearskin rug came today.' Gene said at once: 'Bearskin rug? What did you buy a bearskin rug for, Jeanette?' I replied, with one wicked look at my horrified parent, hands over her mouth: 'Just as a little surprise for your Christmas, Gene!' So Gene didn't tell Mother about the house. She is glad he didn't!

"Once or twice Gene had an awful fear that I suspected something. As when I gave him a pair of love-birds for his birthday—there they are, in the breakfast room—and they are, you see, deep blue and gold. Gene knew that I wanted a blue dining and breakfast room in a home of my own and he feared that I had given him the birds to fit in with the color scheme—as a hint that I was suspicious."

"So we house-hunted and didn't find a thing. There were times when I thought Gene was pretty casual about it all, awfully hard to please. For, if I showed the slightest sign of being interested in a place, he promptly vetoed it, would have none of it. I even had moments of feeling a little hurt. He seemed, I thought, strangely indifferent about our home."

"As the wedding date approached and no home had been found, we decided to live 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, throughout, so completely masculine. I would have felt out of place in them. He told me, of course, to go ahead, do anything I wanted to do. I called in a decorator and began going over samples. It seemed impossible to find anything I liked. Gene, of course, had tipped the decorator to bring me things he knew I *wouldn't* like. I did think, on one or two occasions, that Gene was not as thoughtful as he might have been, as he usually was about everything, great and small. On one occasion we nearly had an argument, would have had

RADIO STARS

a rousing one, I'm sure, if 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 was difficult and required hours of practice. I'd come home from the studio tired enough to scream, too tired to argue. So when Gene suggested, one day, that since I couldn't take time to confer with the decorator during the day I might give an evening to it, I almost went to war—but couldn't get going! Gene *knew* how tired I was when I got home from the studio, yet he could suggest that I give an evening to it! In the light of what developed, I know, of course, that Gene didn't want me to see the decorator again. And chose the one sure method of preventing it.

"However, the decorator was one of the four people in on the secret. And he had got a pretty good idea of what I liked and did not like. Every time I expressed an opinion, planned something I wanted done in Gene's house, they made a mental note of it and then transferred it to this house.

"The dining-room—(we were lunching in the royal blue dining-room by this time) "was built around the royal blue glass I've been collecting for years. I've always said that, when I had a home of my own, I'd build the dining-room around the glass. I adore dining-rooms. I've always had more of a passion for linens and china and glassware than for clothes or jewels. So, Gene had that to go on. He even had the rug dyed to match my glassware.

"We had planned to go to Riverside, directly 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 supposed. In Beverly Hills something went wrong with the lights of my car. I thought that was odd, such a thing never had 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 unbridled 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. If 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 trifle 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 fap-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 *how* 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 painstaking 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?"

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RADIO STARS



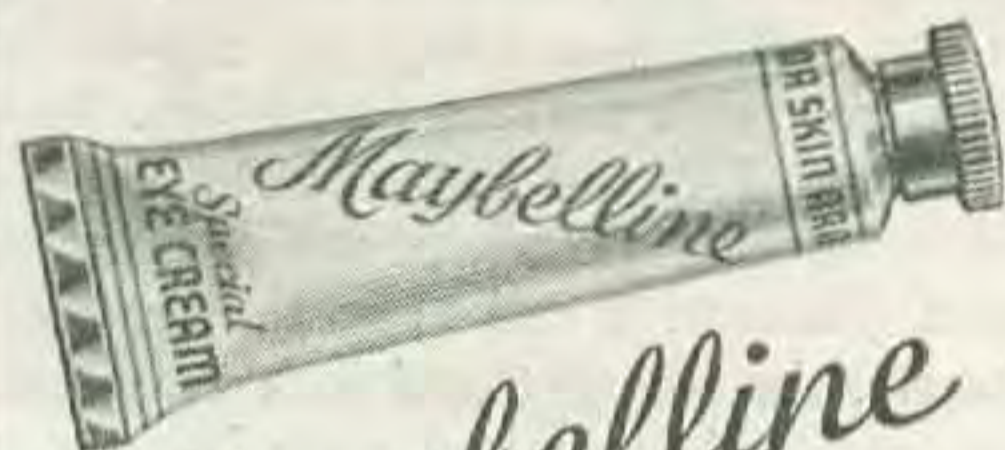
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"Sort of eighth heaven," Jeanette said. "The trip . . . The house a friend loaned us there, isolated, facing the sea, snug over by the palms . . . We bathed every day, lay for long hours on sand so golden you wouldn't believe . . . We felt, I expect, as enchanted beings must feel in an 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 and kept our dinner engagements, 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 forgot . . . It was all 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 superstitious, you know, about discussing my 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—as human heaven."

Jeanette has, as I imagined, figured things out. She never, she reminded me, wanted to get married. She felt that she had her 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, "it's all adjusting beautifully. I have planned things so that I can be, I think, a real wife, a decently efficient housewife. I won't skimp on my marriage, not for anything in the world."

She can't skimp. And she will not allow her marriage to become one of those 'professional' marriages of two 'artists,' care-iree, 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 lived, 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 hearthstone 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 timidly, as though fearing to invoke 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. Happiness isn't static. It doesn't just 'stay put' like that bridal picture of Gene and me on the piano, guaranteed unfadable.

"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 a home—for both of us. I do my own ordering and planning of meals. I count the linens. I arrange flowers and books 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 Eddy and I start production in *The Girl of the Golden West* while my 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 two vitally important things at once. I 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, wife; and, on September 26th last, *Vick's* star of the air.

She told me, then: "I hope to make my program a sort of home recital 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 old folk songs, *In The Gloaming, Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms* and the others . . . I want to sing some of the Stephen Foster songs. Gene is a rabid Stephen Foster fan and prefers to hear me sing the Stephen Foster songs to any others . . . I may sing a couple 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 novelities . . . 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 surprise guest artists, now and again. Gene, as you know, was my first guest artist. And later, perhaps we may even do a couple of operettas. You know, I so definitely want to sing the songs people want to hear."

The maid came in. She said: "Mrs. Raymond, Mr. 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 went up. 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 is the most unselfish man she has even known—how unselfishness in any 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, will do. I remembered how someone very wise once had said: "If a woman is a woman first, and artist next, you have divinity . . ."

Nice going, I told myself. I did not mean it as I had meant it when I came in.

A "MAJOR" EVENT

(Continued from page 55)

it can be bought in cans, all ready for use without any boiling or extra fussing. However, though it can be served as a first course right from the can, it does require the addition of a little gelatin to make it firm enough for a salad. You'll find the exact proportions as given me by Mr. Lem on page 54. With these directions are the two salad suggestions mentioned above—in other words, how to prepare the corned beef and the eggs.

One cold meat, at least, also graces the buffet table at the Major's parties. The chef, garbed in his traditional white uniform, presides over this with carving knife and fork, slicing off pieces "thick or thin" according to the guests' preferences. Let the man of your family, or some famous carver in the crowd, take over this job; it adds a note of fun and informality.

Now we come to the Hot Dish without which no Buffet Supper can be considered complete. The Hot Dish recipe I am giving is here is Salmon Suédois. Decidedly inexpensive, this filling treat will find favor with the hostess who has to watch her budget; yet it will also make a hit with the masculine contingent, who will cheer aloud over anything so "un-tea-roomy." Another especially nice feature about this concoction is that it can be made up well ahead of time, and reheated in the same dish in which it is to be served.

Now we must mention the incidentals—the *thissas* and *thattas* which cover every inch of the table cover. Among these you would always find, on the Major's buffet, a large crock of baked beans. You can bake these yourself, as they do at the Major's (by a secret recipe, incidentally, which I couldn't get his "Capitol" cook, Anna, to part with). However, for speed, and probably equal goodness, you can just doctor up your favorite brand of canned baked beans a bit—adding some molasses, brown sugar and prepared mustard to taste; giving them a thorough baking in a regular bean jug to give that home made touch.

Be sure to have cheese. Several varieties, if possible. Crackers to go with the cheese and bread in some form, of course. At the Bowes parties no hot bread is ever served, nor sandwiches, simply platters of thinly sliced, generously buttered rye bread, Swedish bread and pumpernickel.

If the supper party is a late one and someone can be spared to go into the kitchen and so some fancy egg-scrambling, you'll always find this a popular feature, especially when the eggs are prepared in the delectable fashion suggested by the Major's chef, with kidneys and a rich sauce. His recipe also is given to you here.

When it comes to sweets, the Major, I was assured, never eats them, preferring fruits and cheese with which to finish off the meal. However, for his guests who have a sweet tooth, Major thoughtfully provides a rich, chocolaty cake, such as the one for which I'm giving you a recipe.

All these dishes are guaranteed never to "get the gong." While the "votes will come in strong" for the *amateur* hostess who serves them.



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Martha Raye (left) chats with Clara Bow at her newly opened "IT Café."

IT'S MY HUMBLE OPINION—

(Continued from page 13)

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 practice many times—the composition at that tempo, so that when the time comes to play it before the microphone or on the 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 hand comes down—and this time one mind did not function properly, so the number went awry.

The first trumpeter, 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 rejoin his fellow players—which 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 on the record and noticeable only to one who knew the arrangement.

We kidded the trumpeter unmercifully, while on vacation at the Lodge. He had refused to believe that he was at fault but the records cornered 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 merely 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 seriously. I ordered the office in New York to cancel the proposed vacation at the Lodge in Maine and the engagement at the Coconut Grove on the Coast. Only after repeated assurances on the part of the band that the inattention and failure to be 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 men who are eager and willing 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 prune

Paul Whiteman tells an amusing anecdote which happened to him, he says, on a one-night stand at a Southern university. Paul, who usually appears in immaculate tails, wears patent leather pumps which have an arrangement that fits over the in-step 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 girl, appeared to be greatly intrigued by the pumps Whiteman was wearing. After dancing by several times 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 smilingly: "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 *Esquire*!" The young chap blushed furiously and the remark won a titter from the girl with whom he was dancing. For the next few seconds the boy danced, with a lack of concentration, obviously trying to think of a comeback. Then, with an excessive air of triumph he shrilled: "Say there, Whiteman, what became of that big stomach you usta have?" "Huh," 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 were 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 so often 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 vapid 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! Jrchids to 'em all—even Bernie—for a swelegant show! 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 howlarious—and those Gordon-Revel 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, in referring to one of Winchell's broadcasts 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 a band, that all you have to do is to swing a stick and collect fabulous sums at the

RADIO STARS

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 blasting. 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 clatter 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 rooms (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. Vallee will present elementals of showmanship problems which confront those in show business—and Mr. Vallee's own solution of the individual problems.*

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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 John and his *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, enjoys his own company the most. His latest "prima donnaism" 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. Wonder if Nelson took this spot in preference to a show 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 school-boy 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 man-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 McCarthy and Shirley Temple. Charlie's gone so far as to admit he's smitten, and Shirley shows up at practically every Sun-

day 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 at Catalina Island when I 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 the spent a hundred and sixty dollars to hit a speedboat to take him over and back.

Radio's first formal premiere was a gai affair. It was for the opening of the *Jolson show*—and the number of lights in front of the theatre, the bands in the street, the ermine wraps and top hats would have put any mere movie premiere to shame. Following the show, the guest were entertained at dinner by Clara Bow—in her new "IT Cafe." Clara, by the way, is as big-eyed and slim-hipped as ever since her return to Hollywood. And she's making a real success out of her eatery.

The only pictures out in front of the theatre where the Jolson shows go on, are those of Mr. Jolson. Upon investigation we found that this arrangement was also Mr. Jolson's idea.

Dorothy Lamour's been enjoying her first vacation since she made her film *dé* but more than a year and a half ago. Of course, her radio broadcasts have cut it up, but between 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 Lane's intentions are strictly matrimonial towards Ronnie Ames, who's 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 to buy up the sisters' contracts after that success, the cinema studios found that the girls are under contract to Fred Waring—have been for the last few years and intend to remain that way.

One of the nicest things about Deanna Durbin, who's just about the brightest star on the Hollywood horizon after *100 Men and a Girl*, is that all this sudden 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 im-

RADIO STARS

pressed with the fact that she was wearing her first long party dress at the premiere of her new picture, than by the fact that all Hollywood had turned out in her honor!

◆
Parkyakarkus got a real kick out of a gift he just received from a group of admirers—from the Greek Society of America, to be exact. It was a lovely statue for his new home—and given in recognition of the honor which Parky's Greek characterizations have brought to the race. And what makes this a story is that Parky isn't Greek at all, but one of our Jewish entertainers who had even the Greeks fooled.

◆
Eddie Cantor says he'll be glad to get back into radio because it's so much safer. Out on the set of *Ali Baba Goes to Town* at Fox Studios, the comedian has had one narrow escape after another. He had just missed riding on that flying carpet, the day it fell and killed two men on the stage, for one thing. And the next day, for the sake of realism, Eddie took a beating that left him black and blue. It was for a scene in which Douglas Dumbrille was to stab him. Eddie was padded thickly about the chest so Dumbrille could use a real blade, which would plunge through the padding but not touch the Cantor flesh. So many takes were needed, though, that by the time he was through being stabbed, Eddie's chest was a fancy design of black and blue.

◆
And the very next day, Mr. C. stepped back too quickly on the set, and was rammed in the head by some camera equipment. He was rushed to the doctor,

and luckily was able to come out on the set the next day. When asked about the doctor's diagnosis, Eddie said: "Oh, all he found when he examined my head was a bunch of old jokes."

◆
It was the fall opening of the *Lux Radio Theatre*, but fall fashions were conspicuous by their absence. For the *Theatre* re-opened in one of California's "unusual" heat-waves. The thermometer registered close to a hundred, which accounted for the light print dresses of Janet Gaynor, May Robson and the other women in the cast. The men rehearsed in shirt-sleeves and only donned coats for a final performance at the last possible minute. Cecil B. DeMille had been working on the *Buccaneer* set all day at Paramount, and so took charge of the show in his customary studio working outfit, green gabardine riding pants and leather puttees.

◆
Johnny Green owns six pianos. He has two at his home in Hollywood, two in his New York office, and his family is holding two more for him in case anything should happen to the others. The instruments range in size from a concert grand to a little one that Johnny can push around with one hand. And the pay-off is that Betty Furness—soon to become Mrs. J. Green—owns two pianos of her own!

◆
Those newlyweds, Alice Faye and Tony Martin, won't get a chance to take a honeymoon for a long time, due to picture assignments. When their present pix are completed, the Martins will set sail for Honolulu, and forget all about Hollywood for three months. Three weeks,

however, will be more like it, since the studios won't forget them.

◆
At a luncheon given at Universal the other day in honor of Alice and Tony, Alice told us: "Gee, these affairs scare me to death! But at least," she added, looking over the crowd, "everyone else seems to be enjoying himself." Get the personal opinion of practically anyone in Hollywood on who's the most unspoiled star in the town—and ten to one it will be Alice Faye!

◆
Jack Benny has come back to Hollywood determined to be the best-dressed man in town. He bought so many new suits in Bond Street that he'll be able to wear a different one to each broadcast until Christmas. And *Mary Livingstone*, not to be outdone, took in the Paris openings—or to quote Jack: "The Paris openings took Mary in."

◆
Betty Caine, who has the feminine lead in *A Tale of Today*, has just announced her engagement to Raymond Johnson, her leading man in that show. The real life romance of Betty and Ray parallels that in the show. For in the play and in real life they've known each other just about a year, are engaged and haven't yet set a date for the wedding bells.

◆
Morey Amsterdam, Mabel Todd's husband and M. C. of that Chicago air-show, has been visiting in Hollywood. It's the first time the Amsterdams have seen each other for ten months, and rumor has it that this occasion was in order to get divorce proceedings under way.

—By LOIS SVENSRUD.

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 dizziness. **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, grouchy 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 marvelously 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.

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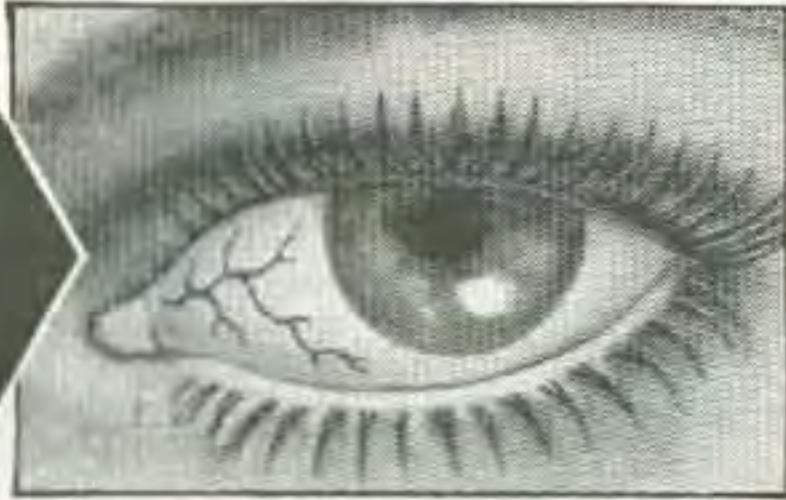
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BEAUTY ADVICE

(Continued from page 15)

RED DULL



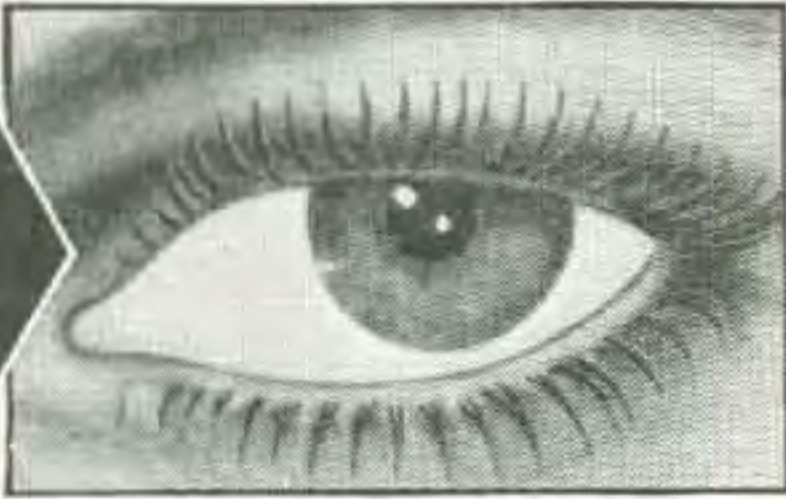
● Horrors! Your eyes are red—the veins are so prominent! It often happens after late hours, too much reading, exposure, etc. What shall you do? Your eye beauty is ruined . . .

FEW DROPS



● Quick! A drop of *Eye-Gene* goes into each eye. It's a new kind of lotion . . . perfected by two prominent eye specialists. It contains a special ingredient not found in any other lotion . . .

EYES CLEAR



● In just a few seconds, yes, almost instantly, your eyes look clear and white. So much more beautiful when free from prominent veins! Sparkling, too. And so refreshed.

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EYE-GENE



Given Ladies' & Girls' SEND NAME AND ADDRESS Latest Shape High Grade 7-Jewel Movement WRIST WATCH with metal bracelet and beautifully designed chrome plated case. Or big cash commission. Yours for SIMPLY GIVING AWAY FREE big colored pictures with well known WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE used for burns, chaps, sores, etc., easily sold to friends at 25c a box (with picture FREE) and remitting per catalog SPECIAL—Choice of 40 gifts for returning only \$3. Our 42nd year. Be First. Write today for White Cloverine Salve WILSON CHEM. CO. Inc. Dept. 10-H, Tyrone, Pa.

Send No Money!

ARE YOU ONLY A THREE-QUARTER WIFE?

THERE are certain things a woman has to put up with and be a good sport.

Men, because they are men, can never understand a three-quarter wife—a wife who is all love and kindness three weeks in a month and a hell cat the rest of the time.

No matter how your 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 Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts from the functional disorders which women must endure in the three ordeals of life: 1. Turning from girlhood to womanhood. 2. Preparing for motherhood. 3. Approaching "middle age."

Don't be a three-quarter wife, take **LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND** and Go "Smiling Through."



Lanny Ross confers with orchestra leader Raymond Paige of the *Packard* show.

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 line will save a 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 scrawny 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 slinky and boast excellent carriage, please give your dancing partner a break and don't wear a train. Unless he is completely pig-skinned, 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 powder carelessly applied. Secondly, they dislike sticky looking lipstick. Third, they shudder at lashes so heavily mascaraed that they stick together, and eyeshadow that makes a girl look weary!

First, to be glamorous you must have a smooth skin. Bright electric lights have a way of accentuating all the tautness and roughness of the complexion. To be ravishing for the evening you should give your skin some extra-special attention. A facial is the quickest way to tone your skin.

Cleanse your face thoroughly before your facial. Afterwards you apply a nice-smelling emollient cream to remain on during your "tub" and until make-up time.

There is a fragrant two-minute facial that will leave your face satin-smooth and at the same time treat blackheads and coarse pores. You may have a free sample of this facial this month by simply sending your name and address to Mary Biddle. You'll want to use it several times a week, because it does beautify the skin for daytime 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 make-up easier to apply and remove. Also, the foundation helps to hide imperfections. Décolleté frocks call for a powder foundation on the back, arms, neck and chest, as well as face, so that every exposed part of the body will be soft, smooth and even in color. Most people have throats darker than their faces—if this is the way with you, then get two foundations and let the foundation for the throat be a shade or two lighter than that for the face.

You are ready for the rouge now and, unless nature has endowed you with a particularly glowing coloring, you may dip more heavily in the rouge pot for evening. (I mean rouge pot quite literally, for cream rouge will give the most youth-

ful and flattering glow to your cheeks.)

You can let your creative urge have full sway when you apply lipstick for the evening. Try accentuating your cupid's bow, or the little pout of your lower lips, or perhaps extending lipstick on both lips until they look quite sophisticated. Do what you will to your lips at night—but do it neatly! No smeared edges, rose-colored teeth, or stickiness. After the lipstick has been applied, then touch the lips with absorbent tissue to remove excess and "set" the color.

Greens, mauves and violets can be added to your evening powder with complexion flattering results.

Look beauty in the eye and let good taste govern your application of eye make-up. You don't have to be conservative, though, in selecting shades of eyeshadow for evening wear. Dare to wear any color you think is particularly glamorous and flattering to you.

Russ Morgan gives a list here of the mannerisms that frequently designate the undesirable dancing partner. Are you guilty of any of the following?

Do you wave your arms about as you dance, gesturing as you talk, or waving to the rhythm of the music?

Do you dance in such an awkward position that your back protrudes? This is most disconcerting to your partner.

Do you keep turning your head from side to side, watching other couples go by? This gives your escort the impression that you are more interested in your neighbors than you are in him.

Do you make the mistake of giggling over your stumbles? It is far cleverer to apologize in a gay manner, and thus bridge the awkward moment.

Do you pump your partner's arm up and down? He might decide to stay at home and do exercises alone to more advantage.

Be alert at all times for new steps your partner may spring on you. He will be very much pleased to see how well you keep up with him.

Don't carry on lengthy conversations. Many men like dancing very much and would prefer to lose themselves in the music rather than listen to your latest story. Reserve it for the dinner table.

Don't lean on your partner. He may have had a hard day of it at the office and would prefer that you support yourself.

Don't breathe heavily into his ear as you dance. It's annoying.

Relaxing between dances should not mean slumped posture with extended hip or drooped shoulders. Stand easily yet gracefully until the band starts up again.

When you get up to dance leave all unnecessary articles on the table. A large purse, separate handkerchief, and sundry articles are bulky and get in the way.

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.

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.

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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 bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk 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 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. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c.

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RADIO STARS MAGAZINE
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Please send me a free gift sample of the two-minute facial.

Name

Address

City..... State.....

HE THRIVES ON ADVENTURE

(Continued from page 35)



**HANDS
UP!**

**How
do your hands?
meet this challenge?**

● To be attractive, beautiful hands and arms are as essential as a good complexion, artistic hairdress, and a becoming costume.

Using one's hands easily and attractively is an important art. Make your hands beautiful so that they will be as lovely to look at in use as they are in repose. For use does not harm hands—it is neglect that causes the damage.

No matter how rough and red your hands may be, it takes only a few days to bring about an almost miraculous change in their appearance if you use BARRINGTON HAND CREAM.

At drug, department and the better 5 and 10 cent stores.

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VEGETABLE
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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.



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Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

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Sometimes he tore out into the woods in the rain, and seating himself under a tree, he would write poetry about the guestbook of Nature on which 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 hair-shirt 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 barker 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 "barking" at the amusement park, he did his homework on the street-car.

At the beginning of his sophomore year the family finances no longer met at 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 working 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. His dammed up theatrical 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 Surrey, Wisconsin, and played the two 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.

One 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 no money, so—he 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 ideals 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 bellhop and busboy in a country club.

"That's where I learned what it feels 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 *Svengali*—played at a private party for charity. This gesture of tonsorial 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 nights in a bakery. One 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?"

Les accompanied his former pupil to *WCFL* and was accepted without an audition. He made his first appearance on his nineteenth birthday, on the *Night Court* program.

For the first eight months he received no pay for his radio work. Evenings that 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 his best friend.

RADIO STARS

"Don't take life so seriously. Les," grinned 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 assumed a more gay and carefree aspect. He made his first appearance on a network show in Campana's *Fu Manchu*. He bought his first dress suit, and received five dollars for a personal appearance in Milwaukee.

At last, at a salary, he was engaged as announcer on the *Bundeson* show on *WLS*. In 1934 he bought a '29 Studebaker. He had a job, a car, a best friend. The only thing he lacked was sleep, since he still arose 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 with a road show in Indiana.

Romance shuttled between Chicago and Indiana on the gallant tires of the '29 Studebaker. One rainy Friday morning Les 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 frothy comedy. What are five hundred miles and a slippery highway, when you are twenty-two and courting? He drove at top speed to her home, took the porch steps two at a time. The shades were drawn—and when the door finally opened Anne's mother stood there, looking like a sleepwalker. There was the odor of flowers. *Anne was dead!*

It was the middle of the night when Les 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 at his 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 hunches. 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.

"To be Glamorous,"
Lili Damita
says,

"CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES"

YOUR EYES are the key to your true personality, says this fascinating star. And your eyes are the key to right makeup! For you really can be lovelier when you wear...

MAKEUP THAT MATCHES... harmonizing face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and mascara, in scientific color harmony. And it's...

MAKEUP THAT MATCHES YOU, for Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup is keyed to your personality color, the color of your eyes! By

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BELIEVE LILI DAMITA... take her sincere advice... star in the eyes of your own leading man!

MARVELOUS *Eye-Matched* **MAKEUP**
by **RICHARD HUDNUT**

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WONDERS NEVER CEASE

(Continued from page 31)



LOSE BAD BREATH -

*keep
your friends*

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 gentle. 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, 15¢, 30¢, 60¢.

AURORA HAIR CURLERS

SPEED

The AURORA BOBBED HAIR PIN CURLER has a clip that holds hair ready for rolling. No fussing or fumbling necessary. With set of pins—10c.

Lovely curls in 20 minutes with AURORA WAVER CURLER. Only curler that eliminates overnight use. 4 for 10c.

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Keeps you Looking
LOVELY Longer

MINER'S Liquid MAKE-UP

At parties, dances, everywhere — does your skin remain flawless, alluring, youthful? Compliments and a flattering skin can be yours with Miner's Liquid Make-Up. Apply it to face, neck, arms — then feel the velvety skin texture. A miracle? No—just Miner's! Lasts all day. Won't rub off or streak. Shades: peach, rachel, brunette, suntan. At drug and dep't stores, 50c. Trial sizes at all 10c counters, or mail coupon.

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Enclosed find 10c (stamps or coin) for trial bottle Miner's Liquid Make-Up.

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ADDRESS _____ Shade _____

tion on a script, in public appearances.

"After the academy I went on to Brown University where I played football. That was rough company for Betty, but she didn't seem to be any the worse for it. After a year at Brown I enrolled at Ohio State University, and it was there that the theatre and the radio bug really bit us. We went to party after party, entertained at fraternity and sorority houses.

"My studies suffered because I never could refuse an invitation—there was the irresistible appeal of anything that was even vaguely theatrical, that I never could resist. However, I didn't do too badly with my class work because I managed to stay at the university, despite the lack of attention I gave to my studies.

"In 1931, I joined the staff of WCAE in Pittsburgh, where Betty first appeared over the radio. As I said before, when Betty proved to be a success our comedy team was dissolved, and with Betty I became known as the *Tom and Betty* program."

That Betty was real to her listeners in Pittsburgh was soon proved. The program came on at a late hour and children refused to go to bed until they heard her, and consequently were tired and late for school the next day. Parents and teachers scolded but could not get them away from *Tommy and Betty*.

The story of Tommy Riggs' courtship and marriage is an interesting one. While he was attending Ohio State, a new family moved next door and one of the members of that family was an attractive blonde daughter. Tommy made the father's acquaintance, but was unsuccessful in meeting the daughter. One day he knocked on the door of the neighbor's home and the father answered.

"Hello, Mr. McIntyre," said Tommy. "I'd like to meet that blonde daughter of yours."

It was just like that!

The meeting was arranged and a romance was the result. In ten months they were married.

After several years at WCAE, Tommy Riggs joined the staff of KDKA in the same city, where his program was im-

mediately headlined. It was at this station that he held the record for the largest fan-mail response for any program.

"I had an amusing experience there," Tommy explained. "I went on the air at eleven o'clock at night and one night the Child Labor group called on me and demanded that I send Betty home to bed, where she belonged at that hour. It took me quite a while to convince them that Betty was only my idea child, but at last they believed me and left."

When his lengthy stay at KDKA was completed, Tommy found himself in New York, where he did an early morning program over the Columbia network.

"I was at Columbia but a short time when I received a fine offer to do a commercial fifteen-minute, five-a-week series at WTAM in Cleveland and I accepted," said Tommy.

Thus, his first experience in New York was a short one and he left it for what he considered a better chance.

Once again *Tommy and Betty* were in a new locale. The Cleveland audience was as responsive as the listeners had been in Pittsburgh and letters and gifts came for the little Betty at a steady rate.

A woman listener, intrigued by Betty and her performance, offered to adopt her. After an exchange of notes, Tommy finally convinced her that Betty was only a product of his imagination.

After a year in Cleveland, Tommy Riggs moved to WLW, in Cincinnati. It was at this station, where Jane Froman and many others began their careers, that exciting things really started for Tommy. He arrived in Cincinnati at the same time as the great flood, and his first program was an all-night benefit for the flood-stricken inhabitants. Betty's appeal was instant and her service to a city in peril deserved commendation. Several months later, when Tommy offered his photograph to his radio audience, 32,000 requests came like an avalanche.

One night *Singin' Sam*, whose home is not far from the city of Cincinnati, heard the program and recommended it to a friend of his, who headed a radio production agency in New York. The executive traveled from New York to see a stage show in Dayton, Ohio, where Tommy Riggs was serving as the master of ceremonies and invited him to New York for an audition. The result was a series of transcriptions as a guest star for the *Chevrolet* program.

"Things were happening fast then," said Tommy. "The agency was enthusiastic and they kept me hopping. I auditioned programs and saw so many people that everything was in a whirl. On a Tuesday I was informed that I would be on the Vallee show for the following Thursday. Two days!

"I was so weary that when I knew that I was to be on the Vallee hour, I asked: 'Will Rudy Vallee be there too?'

"Sounds foolish, doesn't it, and it struck everyone as being very funny, but I was so eager and so pleased that I didn't realize what I had said!"



Ken Murray and "Oswald."

RADIO STARS

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 can figure out why they want mine. Too bad Betty can't write. I'd let her do it."

Tommy Riggs is friendly and obliging and his greatest pleasure is the happiness that he and his little character bring into 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 prize lines 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 him.

"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 howling 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.



Harriet Hilliard and Ozzie Nelson

"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!

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PARK & TILFORD

Perfumes

FINE PERFUMES FOR HALF A CENTURY

FAOEN

THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES

(Continued from page 44)

hold your wave
in place

DAY & NIGHT
CURVED TO FIT
YOUR HEAD

DELONG
BOBPINS
CURVED

SHAPED TO THE HEAD

36 PINS

Guaranteed by
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING
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Pick Up Sticks

TRY your luck and skill at this fascinating, intriguing new game. It's the big entertainment feature at gatherings of every kind. Nothing can equal it for sheer enjoyment, laughable fun. Play it at home. Let the whole family join. Try it on your friends. And get your set today, wherever toys are sold. 25c, 50c, \$1. Put 4-5-6 on your Christmas List

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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 rôle 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 understanding 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 Bilbao. . .*"

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 mingles the wistfulness of Alexander Woollcott with the throaty sincerity of Aimee Semple McPherson in her "*I-know-just-how-you-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 human interest 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 taupe, 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.

"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 from men. And children. . . . After all, who 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 bookshelves 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? Older women, less attractive, acquainted with adversity, might distress themselves with unknowns' problems—for business reasons or from sheer mellowness of heart. Miss Cravens appeared too young for such mellowness.

When her niece had found the desired 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 Burkett, Texas, then a small village circled by cotton fields. Kathryn'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 and still is a competent business woman. (Later in life, this mother of seven children ventured into commercial photography. At fifty-three she investigated the joys of real estate, earning two thousand, five hundred dollars one month, Miss Cravens related proudly.) Courage to explore new fields has run throughout the daughter's career.

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 eloquent voice to his thoughts 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, forgetful 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 folk, matrons loitering on 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 mimics 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 parting was a terrible nightmare for them. In dreams, for long after, they relived it. Kathryn and her favorite sister did not meet for years. Recently, when Miss Cravens spoke on the radio of the Basque children, she was remembering her own days of exile.

On her first train trip, Kathryn, the eight-year-old, journeyed unaccompanied two hundred and fifty miles to an older brother who, at twenty-two, was already an ordained minister. Neither he nor his wife countenanced 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*. Like many another girl of her age, she decided to become an actress. Constant voicing of her ambition horrified the minister. However, if she wanted to take elocution lessons to prepare herself to teach the subject, he was willing to supply the funds. This was a socially accepted method of derailing the ambitions of stage-struck girls.

Learning to declaim, in the sentimental and wooden manner of the old-fashioned school, did not satisfy Kathryn. Not only was there something vaguely wrong with the system, she concluded, but it also was rather amusing. And her goal was weighty 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 rôles. Yet life was not satisfactory.

From an older sister, now secure in matrimony but mindful of the dreadful exile, Kathryn borrowed several hundred dollars and ran away to Hollywood. Pretty, ambitious and overflowing with gusto for life, she encountered few obstacles.

"Those were the days of the silent films. My first few bit-parts were in Westerns—

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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 6½ inches high, on paper 7 inches square. Draw only the girl, no lettering.
2. Use only pencil or pen.
3. We return no drawings.
4. Print your name, address, age, occupation on back of drawing.
5. All drawings must be received by November 26th, 1937. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Federal Schools Faculty.

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RADIO STARS

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In Hollywood it's ALLEY-OOP



Leo Carrillo, caught "flipping Oops" between scenes of his latest screen role in Republic's super-musical, *Manhattan-Merry-Go-Round*. This new game has Hollywood completely ga-ga—and it's sweeping the country by storm. See it—try it—buy it at all Department Stores, 5 and 10's, toy shops, etc., \$1.00, 50c and 25c.

mostly horseback riding. Then I played maid in a society drama, and other important rôles of that kind." Miss Cravens smiled at the memory. "But it was the directors who frightened me out of Hollywood. They were much 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 started for France," Miss Cravens described him. "The pride of the whole family was centered 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' fans ask most often for mimeographed copies of her broadcasts on war—and the aftermath of war. She knows! *Through a woman's eyes!*

But, "though life takes away with one hand, it gives with the other." Shortly afterward Miss Cravens' good fortune commenced. As a brother, the minister decided his sister should have her opportunity. As a pastor . . . well, he generously forgot his vocation for the moment. He offered to finance a course in a St. Louis dramatic school, and sent her on with his blessing.

After graduation, Kathryn planned to canvass every theatrical possibility in St. Louis, until someone offered her an engagement. The first on her list was the O. B. Woodward Stock Company. At 11 a. m. she knocked at the manager's door. At 1 p. m. she was being instructed in the professional use of cosmetics by the leading lady, Leona Powers. The play was *Treat 'Em Rough*. She would not have cared if it had been *Little Red Riding Hood!* To avoid embarrassing her brother, she adopted the stage name of "Kitty O'Dare."

Her rôles rose in importance. After a time she played on the same stage with the matinée idol of her eleventh year, Guy Bates Post. "Kitty O'Dare" told him of her childhood adoration. Later she played with Richard Bennett and Leo Carrillo. The stock company's schedule included *Lombardy, Ltd.*, *The Greeks Had a Word for It*, *Daddy Long Legs* and other New York successes. Sometimes she was a "show girl," sometimes her parts were long. In the St. Louis Little Theatre she acted in *The Cherry Orchard*.

Her reputation was growing. Touring the West and Mid-West, still she was unsatisfied. Perhaps, if she reached the East, she thought, restlessness would leave her. But when she was offered a Broadway contract, she succumbed to an irrational impulse and declined it. The decision astonished her, even more than the others of the bewildered cast. In a vague way she doubted that she wanted to be an actress after all.

During an uneasy summer, devoted to visiting relatives and teaching dramatic art, she wondered if the radio might not be her goal.

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. In the end they agreed to try her talents on a sustaining program.

Among her first assignments was the imitation of aged countrymen at a village store. She resurrected childhood mimicries. At the conclusion of the probation the company hired her at fifteen dollars a week—the lowest salary on their books. Together with a young man in the same humble position, she prepared scripts for original plays, against the time when they could be used. Neither she nor her confrère was acquainted with the difficulties of playwriting. They soon met them! There followed much studying, writing, discarding, and fresh attempts.

In the meantime her financial condition improved. "I played as many as fifteen rôles in one day. Sometimes I was lucky enough to earn extras. Once they paid me five dollars for fifteen minutes of intermittent crying! A baby, about three months old. Like this." Miss Cravens raised a handkerchief to mask nose and mouth, and proceeded to demonstrate. The resultant wail, most life-like, seemed to emerge eerily from the grand piano across the room. Startled, I laughed.

After a moment she lowered her hand and resumed: "When they asked me to imitate Texas cotton pickers—colored people—I took a trip back to Burkett 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 them pretty nice."

In time she became *The Voice of St. Louis*, reading entire programs, announcing advertising, reciting poetry to music and "any odd job left over." 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 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. 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 commentators 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 price—or nothing. Finally they gave me a chance." 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 invited her to its New York headquarters, offering 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, medically treated dust cloth (for both home and car) to any who cared to ask for 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 several feverish weeks locating the other quarter million dust cloths! Since then two unsolicited raises in salary have come to Miss Cravens. She has been given *carte blanche* to hop into an airplane at any time and continue her trailing of the news.

Although a pilot herself, she swore never to board a plane again, after the crash of the aviator who taught her to fly. Her courage vanished with his death. Yet her position necessitates swift gathering of happenings before they stale in the public's mind. Consequently Miss Cravens fought down her panic until it has passed away entirely.

To give versatility to her broadcasts, she has interviewed a variety of folk, famous and infamous—Cat-eye Annie in her prison cell, the Roosevelts on election night (five hours before the impatient newspaper reporters were invited from their neighboring hotel to Hyde Park), Frank Buck in his private menagerie, Katharine Cornell in her dressing-room, Warden Lawes in Sing Sing, Fannie Hurst in Mayor La Guardia's car, as both came from a banquet in his honor, Strangler Lewis, Emily Post and many others. If her fans long for news of Beale Street, she flies to Tennessee to collect full measure of local color. She perched on Plymouth Rock, the better to feel the Thanksgiving spirit, for a broadcast on that holiday. At his tomb she wrote of the Unknown Soldier. This summer she spent three weeks in Hollywood, interviewing motion picture stars chosen by popular vote—and Mickey Mouse for the crippled boy who corresponds regularly with her.

A long road she has journeyed from a cotton town in Texas to a metropolitan suite, six secretaries and the enormous files of fan letters. Dipping into the steel drawers at random, I saw these lines from a woman in Iowa:

"I wonder if you can realize just what your program does for us women here in the country? Without it, we would be terribly behind the times. Besides, you are our friend and eyes."

Another from Missouri: "I think you're grand! You stimulate me. When I'm low, your soothing words give me courage to rise to heights. Your last talk brought tears."

From the South-West: "This Sunday afternoon may we truly clasp hands across

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POSTAL HAS NO AGENTS

the table and talk heart-to-heart once again? My husband returned at one o'clock last night, after a three-day drunk, taking this up after fifteen years' abstinence. . . ."

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 her scripts, and offer their personal troubles for her 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. Heirloom 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 thanked her for the radio tribute 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 favorite 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.

"That doesn't worry me. Even now I am working on something beside these broadcasts. On a book."

The volume is to be entitled *Through a Woman's Eyes*, and is to narrate hitherto undisclosed 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 things—good times, 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. I have the breathless, excited feeling you have at Christmas holidays, sort of floating above the everyday world. And, although it sounds trite, I do feel humble that so many people want my help."

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 new hat or tie, but talk intelligently of the things you are discussing with them and 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 now, whenever 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.

"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 awfully stubborn, too. I've seen children deliberately controlling themselves to keep from laughing at something that has amused them. They're just not going to give 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 center 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 radically different from the rest of us. Children are people. Grown-ups don't always realize that. Only they are fundamentally so much more honest, because they haven't yet learned that there are times when it is necessary to dissemble 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 so. The story I was telling was 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 and happier, he burst into loud, choking gulps.

"Finally I stopped and asked him what was making him so unhappy and he choked: '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 a 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 on my program, that their personalities have actually become a part of it. The Nancy 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 of for them—that trip around the world—and some day they're actually going to have 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, in the last half an hour, Irene Wicker had proved the grown-up world she was living in, with her secretary taking down last-minute changes in the script for the program that soon 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 resented 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

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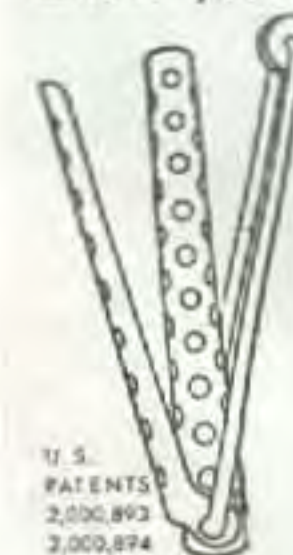


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was supposed to help my mother. I felt very tragic about having to do menial tasks. It was so much more fun to live in my dreams.

"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*, that he was doing. I was to play *Beth*, 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 raving and my mother weeping. It was just like the time, a few 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 they 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, sagely 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 second-hand furniture and fixing it up, and 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 closet 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 chaperoned 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 so 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 are much 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 belie 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 a child's dreams.

Most children spend their childhood wanting to grow up. Little boys brag 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, secure 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 them, and out of that longing they 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 became *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 that 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 planes, with every safety device, every new gadget, I'll give up flying," he declared.

"Actually," Alyce remarked, "he is frightened to death on 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.

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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.

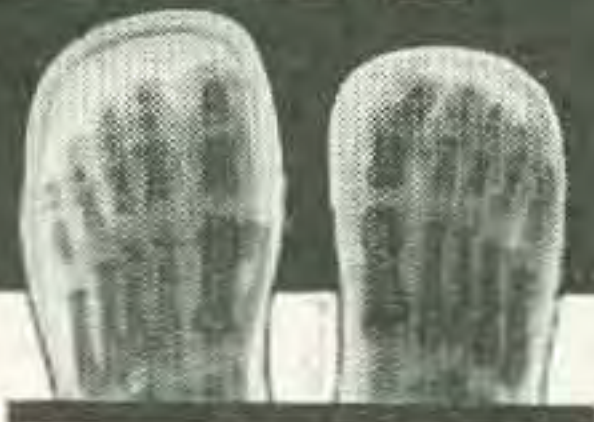
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THE GREATEST NAME
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Bottle or Tin
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The most expensive Shoes

may **RUIN** BABY'S FEET



X-Ray of baby foot in a properly fitted Wee Walker Shoe.

X-Ray of baby foot in an expensive shoe that has been outgrown.

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 manufacturers of infant shoes exclusively, and are sold in stores with very low selling cost the price is very low. Look for them in the Infants' Wear Department of the following stores:



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LOOK FOR THIS TRADE-MARK

MORAN SHOE CO.
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BRIT-TEX
FOR BRITTLE NAILS

Do your nails break easily?

Thousands are today making their nails more pliable and their cuticle softer thru regular application of Brit-tex. Brit-tex is a nail cream, compounded of only the highest quality materials designed to help brittle nail complaints and hangnails. Brit-tex 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 Brit-tex will be sent you, return post.

THOMAS PRODUCTS INC.,
257 Franklin St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Here is 10c. Send a sample of Brit-tex.

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 and 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 that we 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 long 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 is owner of a 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 popularity of *Amos 'n' Andy* and their amusing friends!

For nearly twenty years, Charles Correll and Freeman Gosden have been closely associated. For twelve years they have been broadcasting and for nine they have been on the NBC network as *Amos 'n' Andy*. In all that time, they have been close and understanding friends as well as business partners. If they have ever quarrelled, 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. Gosden's marriage was the first break in the Siamese twinship of their lives, and Correll, finding it impossible 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 cliques, but they have retained their mutual affection, as well as their common interest in the long 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 broadcasts, for Eastern and Western outlets.

"My little girl had a bad cough. Results from Foley's wonderful Cough gone. Chest clear. She's busy playing again." — Mrs. Harold Steinbach, Michigan City, Indiana.



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 stomachs no matter how often given to afford continuous relief. Quick-acting: promptly soothes raw, inflamed throat and allays tickling, hacking, coughing. Speeds recovery by loosening phlegm and helping break up cough. Spoonful on retiring promotes cough-free sleep. Unsurpassed 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

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Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn \$2,000 to \$15,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 16,000 Certified Public Accountants in the U. S. We train you thoroughly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C. P. A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays."

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Remove the hair permanently, safely, privately at home, following simple directions. The Mahler Method positively prevents the hair from growing again. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success. Backed by 35 years of successful use all over the world. Send 6c in stamps TODAY for illustrated booklet, "How to Remove Superfluous Hair Forever."

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Fascinating book on scientifically solved true crime cases sent absolutely free to those over 17. Also tells how to get into Scientific Crime Detection, Home Study, New opportunities, Travel, Steady Employment. Experience not necessary. Very easy terms.

SCIENTIFIC CRIME DETECTION INSTITUTE OF AMERICA, INC., C. & O. BLDG., J. T. Burdette, Pres., Dept. 34M7, Huntington, West Virginia



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 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 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 pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

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 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 *Gosdens* also have a lovely home. The remaining five months find the partners happily established in Palm Springs, the *Gosdens* 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 giving. 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, to distinguish it from *Alice*, her mother's and grandmother's name, but is more 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 Marge*, 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, very striking with her vivid 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 flight 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.

HAPPY LANDING



THE modern woman no longer gives in to functional periodic pain. It's old-fashioned to suffer in silence, because there is now a reliable relief for such suffering.

Some women who have always had the hardest time are relieved by Midol.

Many who use Midol do not feel one twinge of pain, or even a moment's discomfort during the entire period.

So, don't "favor yourself" or "save yourself" certain days of every month! Don't let the calendar regulate your

activities! Keep going, and keep comfortable—with the aid of Midol. These tablets provide a proven means for the relief of such pain, so why endure suffering Midol might spare you?

Midol brings quick relief which usually lasts for hours. Its principal ingredient has often been prescribed by specialists.

You can get Midol in a trim aluminum case at any drug store. Two tablets should see you through your worst day.

CLIP JOINTS

In a series of startling pictures FOTO exposes the clip joint racket!

Tired out-of-town business men, lured to clip joint hot-spots, are easy prey for the Big City's racketeers.

Hundreds of victims are trimmed nightly and the yearly take is well in

the millions. This devilish racket is fast becoming one of New York's major menaces.

In the December Issue FOTO shows how clip joint operators entice their victims to New York's pleasure traps and shake them down . . . artistically.

66 PAGES OF PICTURES IN THE DECEMBER

FOTO

ON SALE NOVEMBER 10TH 10 CENTS

You Get this Magic
FACIAL BRUSH

with every
bowl of



Sevilo
OLIVE OIL
Cream
25c Complete

This unique brush will give you the grandest facial you ever had. Just slip it over two fingers and scoop up the desired amount of Sevilo Cream. Its 250 flexible "fingers" will work the cream into your pores, bring out the dirt, give your face a thorough massage. You'll love this new thrilling, economical way of applying Sevilo Cleansing Cream.

Sevilo Cream is ideal for a facial—blended with pure imported olive oil, it cleanses, soothes, refreshes. No powder-base cream is needed with Sevilo. Opal bowl holds enough cream for 15 to 20 facials. Empty bowl is adorable for jewels or powder.

Brush and cream complete, 25c. Buy at the better 5c and 10c stores, or mail 25c direct to:




LEON SEVILO, 6300 Etzel Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

APPROVED WAY
TO 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 waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by tinting a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug or toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.



Who would think that a nickel  could buy so much relief? Cure a cold?  No! But a single package  of

BEECH-NUT COUGH DROPS
BLACK OR MENTHOL

can give welcome relief from "throat tickle" that comes from a cold. 

Alyce will have an allowance, with no restrictions on what shall be spent for clothes. For Charles Correll knows he need not worry. Alyce is sensible and, although she loves clothes as much as any pretty girl, she will not be foolishly extravagant. Their understanding is complete and their first quarrel yet to shadow their bright horizon. Alyce is super-sensitive and has a horror of quarrels, the dubious pleasure of quarrelling for the sake of kissing and making up being beyond her comprehension. And as she is adaptable and willing to compromise and he is indulgent, mainly concerned with making her happy, it doesn't take a clairvoyant to conclude that quarrels are not likely to disturb their domestic scene.

"We have," Alyce explained, "too much in common. We enjoy so many things together . . ."

Flying, of course, is one of their major interests—Andy is teaching her the finer points of handling a plane. And they both love swimming. Alyce is really an expert and as a denizen of his Palm Springs pool, Charles has become quite proficient. They both like to dine and dance at such places as the Grove and the Trocadero. They like to entertain at home and they like, too, to be by themselves, dining alone in their apartment high above the city. They make light, and rightly, of such minor divergencies as Alyce's love of horse racing, of a little flurry of gambling now and then, at the Clover Club, maybe, of her fondness for dogs. Charlie hates horses, the only kind of gambling he has use for is backgammon, and he says that is not gambling, anyway! And for the moment, since his dog ate the leg off a favorite white bear rug, he has had enough of dogs!

But what do things like that matter when two people are deeply, enduringly in love? A little difference of opinion adds a touch of spice to daily living! And in all essentials, they are so much alike. One of their chief pleasures, for instance, is to play and sing, Charles at the piano, Alyce singing the ballads she loves, in a well-trained, sweet soprano.

And to make that even more fun, Correll recently bought a recording machine. So, with a microphone beside them, they can make a record of their favorite song, or catch some broadcast they want to preserve. While I was there, he slipped into the next room with his mike and made a whispering record, which he presently played for our benefit: "Ah, my fine feathered friends—just two weeks from tomorrow—"

Two weeks that seemed endless, but that somehow finally dragged themselves by. And finally they stood before the minister in the little chapel—the radiant bride in white, the man at her side prouder, happier than he had ever been in his life before . . .

And now—*Mr. and Mrs. is the Name*, and having worn out one record of *Tea for Two*, they start on another.

"It is our theme song," Alyce murmurs dreamily, and softly sings: "And we will raise a family, a girl for you, a boy for me—"

And in the big house steadily rising on the sun-kissed hill are two rooms labelled, in the plans, bedrooms, but easily adapted, Charlie insists, to the demands of a nursery.

"Try SITROUX TISSUES, girls!
They're soft as down,
but stronger"



... says lovely
GLENDA FARRELL
Warner Bros. Star

Stars of stage and screen . . . beautiful women everywhere prefer Sitroux Tissues! So delicately soft, their touch is like a caress—yet so much stronger, they hold together; won't "come apart" in the hand! That's why they're so ideal for cleansing the skin. Why not care for YOUR complexion the way Glenda Farrell does—with SITROUX tissues. Get a box and try them today!

IN THE BLUE-
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10¢ AND 20¢
SIZES

AT YOUR FAVORITE 5 and 10¢ STORE

Now You can try this new, alluring
Perfume . . . ON SALE NOVEMBER 1st



10¢ AT ALL BETTER 10¢ STORES

Carillon
"Drops of Loveliness"

In *100 Men and a Girl*, Deanna Durbin, Eddie Cantor's young protégée, reaches starry heights. Will she remain the same sweet, unspoiled child?
Read the story in January
RADIO STARS

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 more healthy kidney activity and stop getting up often at night. Other symptoms are backache, irritated bladder—difficult or smarting passage—puffiness 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 35¢ 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.

RADIO RAMBLINGS

(Continued from page 16)

re 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 precarious 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" for 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 that 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 is 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 tugging idly 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 anyway, 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 comedian's skit. 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 drawing 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-

Many of the women who admire my blonde hair were blondes themselves*... and Marchand's will restore their natural blonde loveliness... just as it protects and keeps my hair the same light, golden shade always.

Dona Dax

Exotic Hollywood dancer appearing in "Rosario" and "Goldwyn Follies"



*60% of All Women

WERE BORN BLONDE!

Have time, weather and lack of proper care robbed you of the golden blonde radiance that was yours as a child? Have the years turned it dark and drab? Let Marchand's Golden Hair Wash restore your hair to its *natural* radiant loveliness, overnight.

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is a scientific preparation... designed solely to protect and enhance the natural beauty of your hair. It keeps you a fascinating, bewitching blonde through the years. So safe... so simple to use... Marchand's is acclaimed by beautiful women everywhere.

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

AVAILABLE AT ALL DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES

FREE!

New beauty can be yours if you follow the simple rules in "Help Yourself to Beauty" written by Robert of Fifth Avenue, world famous beautician.

Simply fill in and mail the coupon... and this valuable book will be sent you promptly

(COUPON)

CHAS. MARCHAND CO., 521 W. 23rd St., N. Y. C.

Sirs: Please send me a FREE copy of "Help Yourself to Beauty." I enclose 3¢ stamp for postage. M127

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RADIO STARS

perately how he can cut in the middle of his skit 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, like most 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 an 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 his turn. He was sitting alone in the studio one night and another announcer dropped in to while away an hour or so. They began playing black-jack for pennies.

The program ended, Harry opened his microphone, spoke: "WABC, New York," and turned back to the game. He didn't notice 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.

Andre Kostelanetz orchestra programs are largely popular music or popular versions of the better known classics, but that program has more symphonic pomp and atmosphere than most actual Carnegie Hall concerts. Kosty himself is no imposing figure, short, bald and a little on the plump side, but he steps out to the platform with impressive dignity and there is 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."

Kosty conducts with symphonic grace and when the studio audience becomes particularly enthusiastic, the orchestra stands to acknowledge applause, just as a symphony orchestra would.

So many programs have production men aimlessly wandering around the stage, sheafs of manuscript tucked under an arm. Kostelanetz' whole program is run with as much formality as any opera or concert production, Kosty's occasional glances to the control room being the only indication that the studio audience is not the only group hearing 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. Phil is an odd combination of paradoxical traits. He has his healthy share of the usual actor's egotism. Strangely enough, along with that he is a little of the cry baby—figuratively speaking, of course.

Around rehearsals or in the writing sessions, Phil is continually fretting and wor-

rying. Maybe this stooge is not trying hard, one of the sponsors doesn't like him and is being unreasonable, the writers he hired are doing their best work for someone 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 begins to brighten up. At dress 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 exuberant, 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 idea of why a lot of performers want 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 found that studio 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?"

Angry and rebellious though he was, 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 such matter as that. He'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 Spud 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 chary laughter confirmed his ideas.

Frantic, 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 music came to Ed's cue 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 thrown up in the air, everyone's 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 once more announced he would not do 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.

He threw everyone out 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. He came down for the second show in something like his usual fettle 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 Dragonette's absence from radio most of this season is entirely voluntary. At the conclusion of her operetta series for Palmolive 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-won musical scholarship, he fought his way up 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 money is much greater, but I wonder whether the young man doesn't occasionally glance back wistfully at the artistic career he forsook just on the eve of recognition as one of the great masters of music.

—BY ARTHUR MASON

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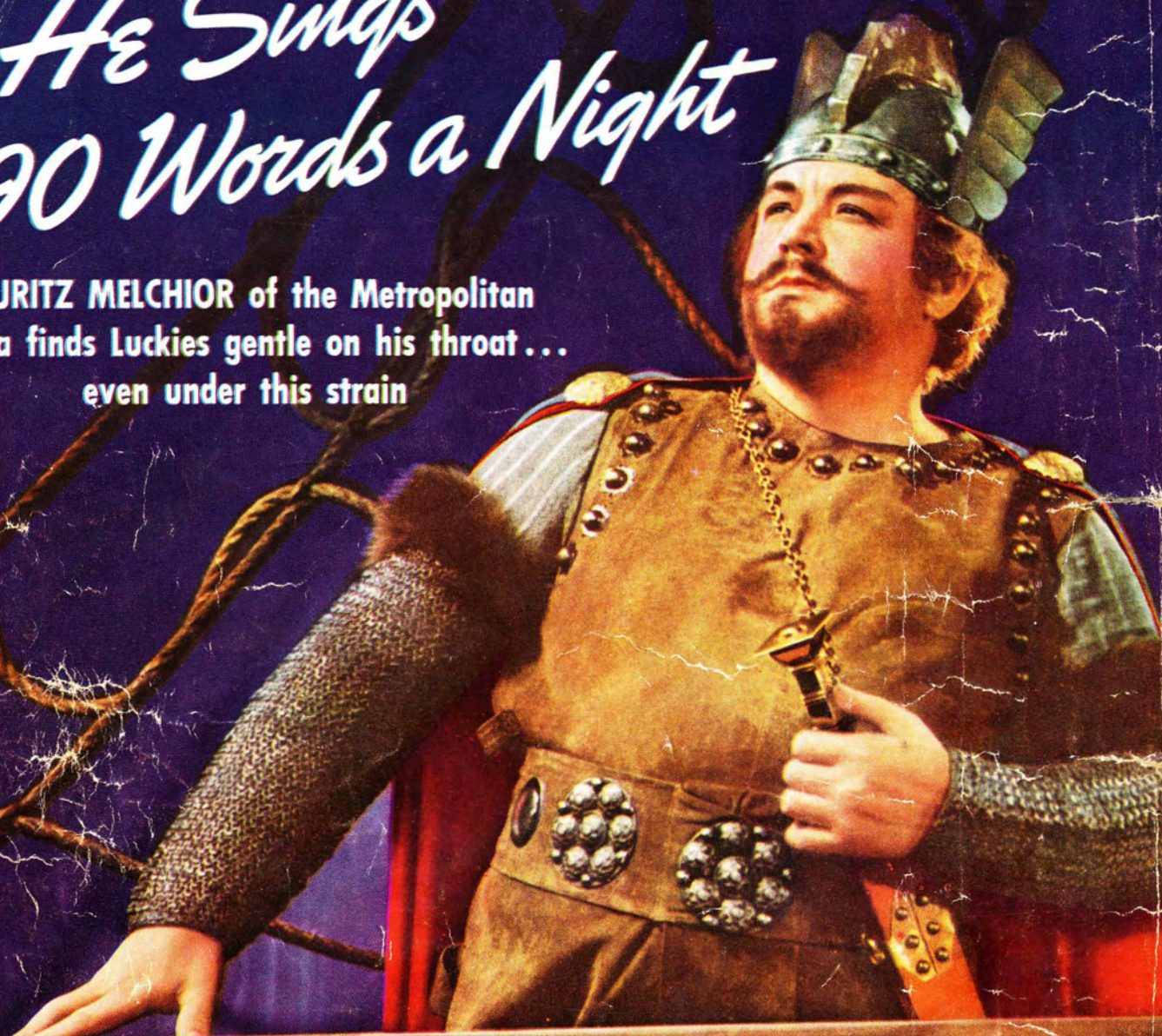
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