

WHAT ARE THE JACK BENNYS LIKE AT HOME?

Radio Stars

FEBRUARY

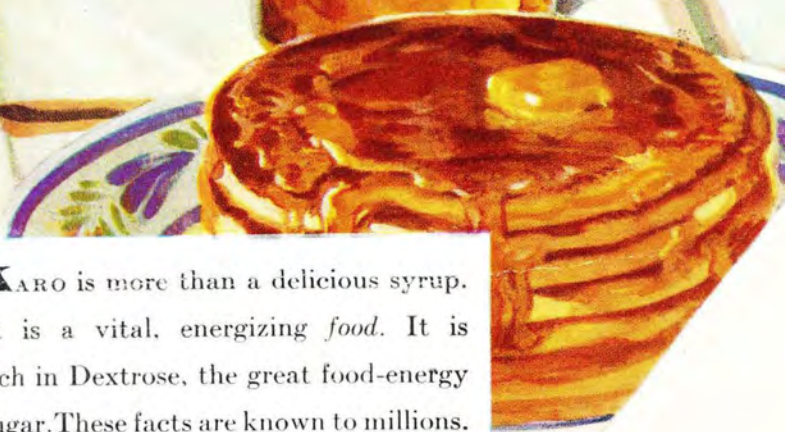
10
CENTS

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE

COMPLETE COAST-TO-COAST
PROGRAM LISTINGS



JACK BENNY
AND
MARY LIVINGSTONE



for further information
 about Karo Syrup —
 "Page the Quints!"

KARO is more than a delicious syrup. It is a vital, energizing food. It is rich in Dextrose, the great food-energy sugar. These facts are known to millions. The Dionne "Quints" are served Karo regularly. It is one of their most important foods. Their glorious physical condition testifies to the efficacy of their daily diet. Karo is sold by grocers everywhere. For energy, for enjoyment, serve Karo every day.



remember—
KARO is rich in DEXTROSE
 the vital food-energy sugar...
 Dextrose is called "muscle" sugar by doctors. It is the natural "fuel" of the body. Practically all physical energy comes from Dextrose.



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Marie



Cecile



Annette



Emilie

READING FROM
 TOP
 TO BOTTOM:

YVONNE is serious. She "mothers" her sisters. "BABY MARIE" is the smallest of the five little girls. But what she lacks in bulk she makes up in sympathetic personality. CECILE is the mischievous Quintuplet. Alert and curious, she is the most active of them all. ANNETTE is bold, daring. In "Follow the Leader" she is the leader. EMILIE is shy but independent. She captures everyone's heart.

A.W. Hawkins

LIGHT-PROOF FACE POWDER!

The greatest make-up improvement in years



THIS is what happens when your make-up reflects every ray of light.



SEE the difference with light-proof powder that modifies the light rays.

Luxor Powder is Light-Proof. If you use it, your face won't shine. We will send you a box FREE to prove it.

● At parties, do you instinctively avoid certain lights that you can just feel are playing havoc with your complexion? All that trouble with fickle make-up will be overcome when you finish with powder whose particles do not glisten in every strong light. . . . Many women think they have a shiny skin, when the shine is due entirely to their powder!

Seeing is believing

With a finishing touch of light-proof powder, your complexion will not constantly be light-struck. In any light. Day or night. Nor will you have all that worry over *shine* when you use this kind of powder.

You have doubtless bought a good many boxes of powder on claims and promises, only to find that you wasted the money. You don't run this risk with

Luxor. We will *give* you a box to try. Or you can buy a box anywhere without waiting, and have your money back if it doesn't pass every test you can give it.


Test it in all lights, day and night—under all conditions. See for yourself how much it improves your appearance—in any light. See the lovely softness and absence of shine when you use light-proof powder. See how such powder subdues those high-lights of cheekbones and chin, and nose.

How to get light-proof powder

Luxor light-proof face powder is being distributed rapidly and most stores have received a

reasonable supply. Just ask for Luxor light-proof powder, in your shade. A large box is 55c at drug and department stores; 10c sizes at the five-and-ten stores. . . . Or if you prefer to try it out before you buy it, then clip and mail the coupon below.

Don't postpone your test of this amazing improvement in face powder; sooner or later you will be using nothing else.



LUXOR, Ltd., Chicago M.M.-2-38

Please send me a complimentary box of the new Luxor LIGHT-PROOF face powder free and prepaid.

Flesh Rachel

Rose Rachel Rachel No. 2

Name.....

St. & No.....

P. O. State.....

THERE WERE 7 LITTLE DEVILS ON HER HEAD



Ugh! How she loathed that pepples, logy, irritable feeling—those headaches that seemed like 7 little devils pounding on her head. It was hard to realize constipation could cause so many troubles.

YET HOW QUICKLY THIS NEW IDEA BRIGHTENED UP LIFE!



A friend recommended FEEN-A-MINT—and how quickly the sunshine came back into life! She found, as you will too, that no other type of laxative CAN do exactly what FEEN-A-MINT does! Try this chewing gum laxative. It's delicious, but more important still—

You get **ALL THREE** of these important benefits in **FEEN-A-MINT**

- ★ **NO STOMACH UPSET**—With FEEN-A-MINT you don't swallow a heavy, bulky dose; there is nothing to burden digestion.
- ★ **CHEWING AIDS DIGESTION**—The chewing stimulates the flow of the same natural alkaline fluids that help food digest.
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You'll enjoy taking FEEN-A-MINT—there's no griping, nausea, or weakening after-effects. Ideal for children—they love its flavor. More than 16 million people have already changed to FEEN-A-MINT. Make it *your* family laxative! At all druggists, or write for generous **FREE** trial package. Dept. 64, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.



DELICIOUS
Tastes like your favorite chewing gum

RADIO STARS



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

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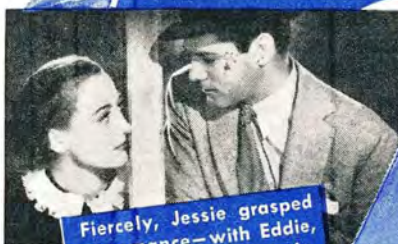
RADIO STARS

Shopgirl's Millions . . .

Through the doors of that workshop ceaselessly flowed girls, girls, girls . . . each with a dream and a hope beyond reaching. Here is one shopgirl who lives a drama so amazing, so rich in deluxe living, that it will fascinate and excite you. And Jessie might have been you, or you, or you!



This is Jessie—a shopgirl—just like millions of others . . . "Some day I'll wear ermine," she said.



Fiercely, Jessie grasped at romance—with Eddie, who lives dangerously. Can she win happiness?



The wedding party interrupted by the wealthy Mr. Hennessy. Drama enters her innocent life!



Jessie toils to keep their "three-room heaven" . . . while Eddie gambles—with their love at stake!



"I've only come to you for advice, Mr. Hennessy. Your yacht and pent-house don't interest me!"

JOAN CRAWFORD
SPENCER TRACY

Mannequin

WITH

ALAN CURTIS • RALPH MORGAN

A FRANK BORZAGE Production

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Screenplay by Lawrence Hazard

Directed by FRANK BORZAGE

Produced by Joseph L. Mankiewicz



LITTLE, BUT OH MY!

"HELLO, little one!" Are those the words that usually greet you? Are you just a "cute little girl?" Do you quiver in ignominy when overshadowed by the tall five-foot-eighthers, whose Junoesque dignity seems to fill the room and dominate the crowd? Do you often wish you could add a few inches and several pounds, so that you might stand shoulder to shoulder with your bigger sisters?

Some day, perhaps, someone will be able to answer me this—why is it that no one is ever satisfied with

her size? Why do all the tall girls want to be short, the pleasingly plump long to be slender sirens, the thin girls sigh for extra poundage, and the shorties wish they were taller? For, when you really think about it, and look around you, you'll discover that there are very few "average-sized" women, and that the girl who appears to achieve the effect of perfection, has done so by choosing her clothes cleverly and judiciously in proportion to her size, and in harmony with her individual style.

A sweet frock, this one, of black velvet, does double duty for formal or informal wear, by raising or by dropping the neckline. Pale pink lace outlines neck and tiny sleeves.

Thousands upon thousands of words have been penned and printed about fashions for the tall, "clothes horse" type of girl. And, naturally, a girl of this size is chosen as a model for clothes, for the very good reason that there's more of her to show them off! But, regardless of the fact that the American girl is reported to be growing taller and taller, there still are plenty left, five-foot-two and under, who want to and who can look every bit as smart and make just as effective an impression as the most statuesque goddess of them all.

And, judging from the number of letters I've had from them, these small girls are extremely interested in their fashion problems and are anxious to hear from a star whose fashion ideas will help them in their quest for smartness "on a small scale." So this month, I have asked Mitzi Gould, who is a "little girl" herself, to help me with this article, which is directed straight at you half-pints who want to know what is the appropriate and becoming thing to wear for your size (or lack of it!)



BY
WENDY LEE

Mitzi Gould shows
smart winter wear
for pint-size folk



For informal affairs, this plain black crêpe achieves distinction with its gay, dashing accessories.

This lovely little NBC actress, whom you hear on the *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* and *The Kitchen Cavalcade* programs, although she is very tiny (wears a size nine dress, if you please), still is one of the smartest, best-dressed of the younger stars of the air. So, you see, you don't have to be a young giantess to wear your clothes well.

Mitzi is one of those very rare creatures, a native New Yorker. And having been born and lived all of her life in that great city, famed the world over for its smart shops, its theatres, night-clubs, restaurants and cafés; the fashion metropolis whose avenues constantly are thronged with the best-dressed (Continued on page 56)

RADIO STARS

No man thrills to the Touch of Chapped Hands

IF HANDS
COULD TALK
THEY'D
SAY:

DUSTY JOBS
INSIDE! BITTER COLD
OUTSIDE! BOTH HARD
ON OUR SKIN...
WE'RE ROUGH AND
UNROMANTIC

Dusty jobs, chapping weather, household heat... all spoil the looks of dainty hands. Tender skin gets red, dry, grimy-rough. Not thrilling to any man! What your hands need is Hinds...

NOW WE
FEEL GOOD, LOOK
GRAND...SOOTHED
AND SOFTENED BY
EXTRA-CREAMY
HINDS

Hinds is extra-creamy, extra-soothing to sore, chapped hands. And now, Hinds contains the "sunshine" Vitamin D that skin absorbs!

THANKS TO HINDS,
HE CALLS US HIS
HONEYMOON
HANDS

Copyright, 1938
Lehn & Fink
Products Corporation,
Bloomfield, N. J.



QUICK
ACTING...
NOT
WATERY

Even one application of Hinds helps chapped hands feel smoother. Every creamy drop goes right to work...soothing "skin cracks" that sting and burn, easing that dry, drawn feeling...putting back softness. Used faithfully, Hinds gives you *Honey-moon Hands*...dainty, feminine, thrillingly soft! Hinds Honey and Almond Cream comes in \$1.00, 50c, 25c, 10c sizes. Dispenser free with 50c size...fits on the bottle, ready to use.

"NO CHAPPED SKIN FOR US. WE USE HINDS!"—THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS



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Hinds Honey and Almond Cream for Honeymoon Hands

THE RADIO HOSTESS

AT the very beginning of her career—long before she became *Hollywood Hotel's* loved "Moonglow Girl"—Frances Langford changed her voice! From a clear soprano to a thrilling contralto was the surprising transformation that resulted almost overnight, from the usually uneventful removal of a pair of obstreperous tonsils.

That was but the forerunner of the many changes to follow for this young miss from the small town of Lakeland, Florida. Exciting changes, such as radio work, vaudeville, musical comedy—and then fame and Hollywood, with stellar appearances in pictures and on that perennially popular Friday night hour conducted by Louella Parsons and sponsored by *Campbell's Soups*.

All of which means, of course, that the most important changes in Miss Langford's life are those that now make her a resident of California throughout most of the year. But there's one thing about Frances that has not changed one whit, and that's her preferences in the food line. This interesting discovery is one I made recently when I went to see her backstage at the Paramount Theatre in New York, where she was making five triumphal personal appearances a day to packed houses and sidewalks overflowing with autograph hunters.

Yes, there's no doubt about it, when it comes to her favorite dishes, Frances aligns herself with Southerners in general, and Floridians in particular. And so it came about that, sitting in a dressing-room that was a veritable bower of flowers, I heard in the East, from this star just back from the West, about "So'thern" cooking.

Words of praise they were, too, both for the dishes themselves and for "Ruby's" way of preparing them. Ruby, who happens to be Miss Langford's cook (and a jewel!) comes from Texas and can fix up the sort of things, according to her employer, that are liked from Florida to the Lone Star State—and all points West. Which is no mean recommendation, you'll admit. No wonder it set me off immediately on a



Courtesy Florida Citrus Commission

Frances Langford, *Hollywood Hotel's* "Moonglow Girl," stirs up the filling for the Florida fruit pie, shown below, which, with its meringue top, is her favorite dessert of Southern inspiration.



BY NANCY

WOOD

Bringing you Frances
Langford's favorite
recipes for delect-
able Southern dishes

determined quest for her prize recipes, which Miss Langford graciously procured by mail for your *Radio Hostess* and the readers of RADIO STARS MAGAZINE.

So here you'll find them (on page 54), all tried and tested and just too, too "deevine." If just reading about them, as you're about to, makes you as hungry as Frances' descriptions made me, then you'll try them, too, as I did. And thereby add some special treats to your future menus.

We'll start off with soup. No, not because of what Ken Niles has to say about it on *Hollywood Hotel*, but because you usually begin a meal that way and not with desserts—of which, incidentally, I have two for you this month, not to mention a grand easy-to-make candy. But of those, more anon, for just at the present moment we are going to discuss a delicious, filling *Salmon Bisque*—a recipe which gives a certain Western touch to an old Southern favorite. This soup provides a hearty beginning for an otherwise slim dinner, or a warming introduction to a cold Sunday night supper. Served with crisp crackers and a salad, it becomes a midday meal that Frances tells me she frequently partakes of with real enthusiasm. And so will you, I'll wager.

Our main course dish would be either *Fried Chicken* or *Chicken Pot Pie* with *Biscuit Crust*, if we are to follow Miss Langford's suggestions. But since you probably already know how to prepare the former, I'm only giving you the latter recipe here. This particular *Pie*, you'll notice, concentrates on speed—without sacrificing one jot of goodness, however, I assure you. It owes its inspiration to the fact that since Southern hospitality is traditional, a hostess from below the Mason and Dixon line simply must have a couple of food "quickies" to throw into (Continued on page 55)

Dear Mother,
The honeymoon is over!



We've had the nastiest row. I'll never, never forgive him for saying his mother used to get his shirts whiter than I do.

Jane

Dear Jane,
Ted's a nitwit and so are you!
His mother's washes had the meanest case of tattle-tale gray till I told her what ailed them! Her soap was so lazy it left dirt behind. Change to Fels-Naptha like she did — and go on with your honeymoon!
Mother

Dear Mother,

That little guy, Cupid, has nothing on you! I tried your Fels-Naptha and I'll say those marvelous suds of richer golden soap and lots of naptha take out all the dirt. Ted's simply tickled about his shirts. And glory, but it's swell to have him tossing bouquets at me again!

Jane

**BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"
WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!**

P.S. You'll like the
new Fels-Naptha
Soap Chips, too!

THE WAY TO CHARM

"I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT KISS!"



*Her Rosy Lips,
Smooth and Tempting*

Different from ordinary "paint" lipsticks, Tangee intensifies your natural coloring—never coats lips with ugly red grease...nor leaves smears on teeth or handkerchiefs.

Looks Orange—Acts Rose

In the stick Tangee looks orange. But put it on and notice how it changes like magic to a warm blush-rose shade, blending perfectly with your complexion. Only Tangee contains this famous Tangee color-change principle.

Made with a special cream base, Tangee stays on longer...keeps lips soft and smooth...free from chapping, cracking, drying. Get Tangee today. 39¢ and \$1.10. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use.

Untouched—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded, parched look.



Greasy, painted lips—Don't risk that painted look. Men don't like it.



Tangee lovable lips—Intensifies natural color, ends that painted look.



World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.



4 PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET and FREE CHARM TEST

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" containing miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). Also send FREE Tangee Charm Test.

Check Shade of Powder Desired Flesh Rachel Light Rachel

Name _____ (Please Print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ MM28



Patricia Wilder, winsome youthful Honeychile of radio, is not a type, but an individual, radiating a natural, spontaneous charm.

What do men find most alluring in the appearance of a woman of charm?

Irene Rich is an example of the charm inherent in an older woman, who knows the secret of eternal youth and beauty, remaining always natural and zestful.

WHEN the soft, haunting *Music of Romance* floats over the ether, inspiring wistful looks and half-stifled sighs from hundreds of thousands of women listeners, then our own hearts skip beats and we are impressed again by the poignancy of the music and the fascinating title the sponsor of Eddie Duchin chose for an hour devoted to soft harmonies and romantic rhythm. The name, *Music of Romance*, has real meaning to women listeners, for to a woman there is nothing more pleasing than sentimental tunes such as these programs feature, unless it is the sound of a sweet compliment to her beauty whispered in her ear.

Yes, such approval is satisfying, and Eddie Duchin's music seems to crystallize our wishes for praise into definite resolutions to prove ourselves desirable.

And so does it not seem logical to seek out this "Romance King," who creates such a mood and inspires a quest for beauty, in order to get from him the masculine viewpoint on what constitutes the sort of feminine charm



Eddie Duchin, whose *Music of Romance* comes over MBS on Tuesdays at 10 p.m., gives his ideas on womanly beauty.

BY MARY BIDDLE



that wins masculine admiration? After all, if we want the men to compliment us, we should personify those things that they find attractive, shouldn't we?"

But what is it that men admire most about a woman's appearance? Try that question on your best beau and see if you don't get the same answer that Eddie Duchin gave me: "She should look natural—and well, you know, attractive!" (Which goes to prove that all men are brothers under the skin!)

Anyway, there is a lot we can get from this admission, and when I led Mr. Duchin on to amplify that statement, I came out with enough beauty advice for you to practically extinguish the breed known as "Confirmed Bachelors!"

To begin with, I learned from Eddie Duchin that there is a big clue in that statement "She should look natural—and attractive!" In the first place, there is the warning that any one feature that stands out too prominently de- (Continued on page 58)



But were they?... It's a girl's own fault when she offends with underarm odor...

Poor Marion—to have overheard such talk! Ann had said: "Heaven knows why Marion *thinks* she doesn't perspire. Wearing a woolen dress should put *anybody* wise!" And Jane added, "Mr. Wilson's bound to notice, and he won't stand for underarm odor in *any* of us girls!"

Poor Marion? *Lucky* Marion, really. Otherwise she might have gone on for years thinking that a bath alone could keep her safe from odor.

It's no reflection on your bath that underarms need special care. Even when

you don't *visibly* perspire, odor quickly comes. But not if you use Mum. Mum prevents odor *before it starts*, makes it impossible to offend this way.

MUM LASTS ALL DAY! Winter's hot rooms and warm clothes hold no worries if you always use Mum. A dab in the morning, and you're still fresh at night.

MUM IS SAFE! Even after underarm shaving, Mum actually soothes your skin. Mum does *not* stop healthful perspiration.

MUM IS QUICK! Just half a minute to use. Mum will not harm fabrics—apply it even *after* you're dressed. With Mum, you'll never risk your job...never risk offending those you want for friends.

SMART GIRLS NEVER TRUST A BATH TOO LONG



Avoid embarrassment— Thousands of girls use Mum for **SANITARY NAPKINS** because they know it's **SAFE, SURE.**

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

"I'M 100% FOR THIS FLAVOR!"

"It's brisk — it's tangy! Refreshing as a hasty shower! And good? You never tasted anything smoother, more luscious! Beeman's flavor has something mighty special about it, if you ask me!"



"But naturally! Cast your eye over that Beeman's package. See that triple wrap—that airtight foil? Perfect protection for Beeman's delicious freshness and flavor! No wonder Beeman's always tastes superbly fresh and luscious!"



Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...



Jackie Coogan and Betty Grable leaving the church after their recent wedding.



Wide World

Mrs. Al (Ruby Keeler) Jolson with her son, Albert Jr., on a visit to Palm Springs.

RADIO RAMBLINGS

THIS winter, radio is due for a tussle with one of the world's most impetuous temperaments. The man is Arturo Toscanini, hailed by listeners and musicians alike as the great musician of our time. Along with his magnificent talent, he brings to his NBC symphonic season a reputation for flights of—let's call it—determination to have his way.

Twice before he has broadcast from American radio studios—besides all his Sunday afternoon programs with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra from Carnegie Hall. Both of the studio broadcasts were with the *General Motors* Sunday evening orchestra, a few years back, when it was engaging guest conductors and soloists each Sunday.

During rehearsal and broadcast, the studio was filled with executives, nervous about what this bundle of

talent and temperament might do. After the first program they went away smiling, even bearing the baton that the tiny maestro had genially bestowed after he finished the program.

The other was much less smooth. During rehearsal, Toscanini stopped to reprimand a musician for playing a wrong note. The musician had played what was in front of him and he argued. If the note played was wrong, his score was wrong. That argument was brief.

Toscanini simply broke his baton across the man's head and scurried to his room, refusing to come out or to have anything more to do with that concert. Actually, there was an error in the musician's score but no one dared bring that up at the moment. Harried executives—broadcasters and motor-makers—hurried

(Continued on page 88)

Behind the scenes, news and gossip of popular winter broadcasts and broadcasters

RADIO STARS



Andy (Charles Correll) of the famous blackface radio team of Amos 'n' Andy, studying his script.



Ransom Sherman, M. C. of the NBC Night Club broadcast, visits Chez Paree in Chicago for sound effects of dancing.

Bright lights sharpen your face

"Glare-Proof" Powder

*Reflects softer light rays—
makes face soft, glamorous...*



SPOTLIGHTED by that lamp—your first thought: "What am I looking like?... Powder showing up terribly?... Lines sharpened?"

Pond's "Glare-Proof" Powder will see you through that test triumphantly! Blended to catch and reflect only the softer rays of light, Pond's shades soften your face in hard bright light—give it a lovely soft look in any light.

Doesn't show up . . . In an inquiry among 1,097 girls, more singled out Pond's for this special merit than any other powder!

Use Pond's for daytime and evening lights. Special ingredients make it soft, clinging, make it stay fresh looking for hours. Low prices. Decorated screw-top jars—35¢, 70¢. Big boxes—10¢, 20¢.



"I am never worried about my powder in the brightest light. Pond's Natural never shows up on my skin—always looks soft."
MRS. ALLSTON BOYER

FREE! 5 "GLARE-PROOF" SHADES

Pond's, Dept. 9RS-PO, Clinton, Conn. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test. (This offer expires April 1, 1938.)

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____



Three who make mirth and music in *Hitting a New High* (RKO-Radio). Lily Pons is *Suzette*, the "bird-girl," supposedly left as a child in the African jungles. Jack Oakie (*Corny Davis*) is the press agent whose fertile imagination hatched the plot to win the support of Edward Everett Horton (*Blynn*), eccentric millionaire, publicity-seeker, explorer and opera sponsor.

In the petite and lovely Lily, the producers have an opera star who can adorn the picture in a festoon of feathers and a brace of beads! With her birdlike, flawless voice and her elfin grace, she is bewitching and believable, as the "bird-girl." It's a new high for the movies, as well as for Lily. John Howard plays the rôle of her lover (*Jimmy*), who defeats Corny's plot.



A NEW HIGH
FOR LILY!

FEMININE
HYGIENE

made easy



NORFORMS are easy-to-use antiseptic suppositories that melt at internal body temperature, and spread a protective, soothing film over delicate internal membranes—an antiseptic film that is designed to remain in contact for hours.

- A distinctive and exclusive feature of Norforms is their concentrated content of *Parahydrecin*—a powerful and positive antiseptic developed by Norwich, makers of Unguentine. *Parahydrecin* kills germs, yet Norforms are non-irritating—*actually soothing*. There is no danger of an "overdose" or "burn."

THE ACCEPTED MODERN WAY The exquisite woman finds Norforms essential for the inner cleanliness she demands. They are completely ready for use. They require no awkward apparatus for application. They leave no lingering antiseptic smell around the room or about her person. They are dainty and feminine, soothing and deodorizing. Many women use them for this deodorizing effect alone.

MILLIONS USED EVERY YEAR Send for the new Norforms booklet, "*Feminine Hygiene Made Easy*." Or, buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today. 12 in a package, complete with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmaceutical Company, Norwich, New York.



NORFORMS

IT'S MY HUMBLE OPINION

BY RUDY VALLEE

Rudy's recent visit to California provokes interesting and candid comment



Rudy pours a cool drink of water for the crooning Crosby, as he and Bing foregather during one of Rudy's rehearsals.

Rudy takes a candid camera shot at Tommy Riggs, as he broadcasts on his Thursday evening *Royal Gelatin* hour. Tommy is both himself and that unique child, Betty Lou Barry.

WELL—I guess all I need is a *beret!*

I mean I have gone Hollywood—or to be more technically correct—I am running true to form in the journalistic tradition.

I have always vowed that if the opportunity to put my thoughts on paper ever presented itself, I would not, like a sheep, follow the lead of every other columnist and transgress in the following two directions:

1. To write about the place in which I was penning the column.
2. To take a vacation from my journalistic labor and have a guest columnist.

I have already fallen victim to the second, am about to surrender to the first.

However, many of you probably are grateful for the fact that—due to the blood-thinning qualities of glorious California, the hard evenings' labor at the Coconut Grove, the desire to sleep occasionally, to take tests in Technicolor at Warner Brothers, the desire to visit with a few friends of yesterday, who are now successful movie people, and

International News Photos



the general desire to relax when not actually on the band platform—I found myself literally caught unaware, with the deadline for the delivery of my monthly droolings so far behind me that not even Western Union could bring the column to you in time.

So I, of necessity, awoke my faithful henchwoman and Mother Superior, Marjorie Diven, in New York, by telephone at seven o'clock Eastern Standard Time and very early in the morning by any time.

The result of the phone call was the column which appeared last month, and which may have been somewhat of a revelation to those of you to whom fan mail and my own personal life have been somewhat of a mystery. While Marjorie Diven was not able to "let go" and frankly "tell all," won't be until I have withdrawn from the field of active artistic endeavor to the executive, yet I think her column was fairly enlightening. And to those of you who believe that success comes from a magic formula, her column may really have set you back on your haunches.

With reference to the first trans-

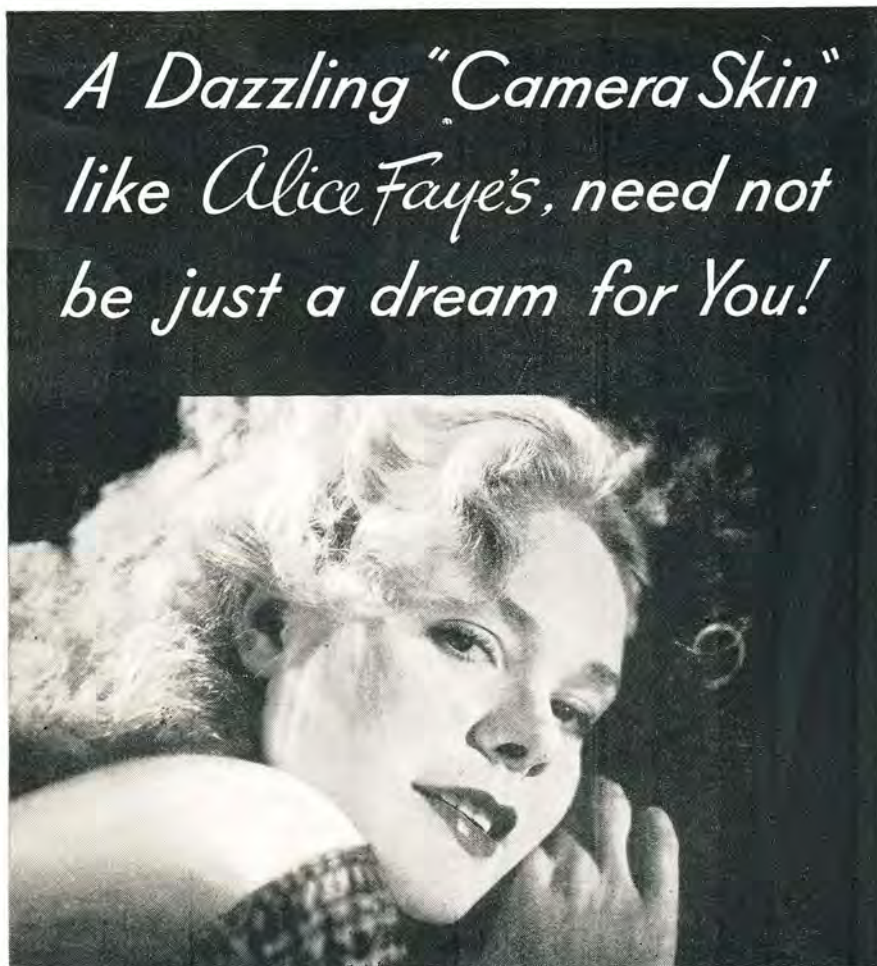


When cowboy star Gene Autry appeared on Rudy's program, Rudy donned full cowboy regalia to make him feel at home.

gression, which I am about to make, it occurs not because I haven't enough topics of interest and of personal opinions, but because I am acutely aware of the fact that Hollywood—its growth as a picture and radio center, its buildings, life, and most of all its glamorous picture people—is of intense interest and importance to most of you.

Therefore, at the risk of repetition (I never read the revelations of the Messrs. Skolsky and Sullivan and

(Continued on page 78)



A Dazzling "Camera Skin" like Alice Faye's, need not be just a dream for You!

Because it's Germ-free and Guards from Blemish, the Beauty Cream used by Hollywood Stars will give you, too, a Lovely "Camera Skin"!

LOVELY Hollywood stars adhere to a double program for skin health. Simple diet and daily care of the skin with a germ-free cream which cleanses, softens, stimulates and helps protect from blemishes. They know that blemishes are often caused by germs, that germs may

aggravate other complexion ills, as well.

Alice Faye follows this program and her lovely "Camera Skin" is proof of its success. She chooses Woodbury's Germ-free Cold Cream because it discourages germs, keeps her skin supple and smooth, stimulates it. Woodbury's contains skin-stimulating Vitamin D. This brisk up the skin's youthful breathing.

For dazzling "Camera Skin" follow the stars' two rules. Sensible diet. Daily care with Woodbury's. \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

Helps guard from blemishes
Cleanses the pores thoroughly
Stimulates—Contains Vitamin D
Overcomes dry skin



Woodbury's Germ-Free Cold Cream



Alice Faye and Tyrone Power in the 20th Century-Fox picture, "In Old Chicago". She says: "I guard my skin from infection with Woodbury's Cold Cream. This cream is all I need to keep my skin protected from blemishes, invigorated, fresh and fine."

Send for trial tubes of Woodbury's Creams

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6786 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont. Please send me trial tubes of Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams; guest-size Woodbury's Facial Soap; 7 shades of Woodbury's Facial Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover mailing costs.

Name _____
Address _____



How healthful Double Mint Gum makes you *Doubly Lovely*

To be lovely, charming, attractive to both men and women you must look well and dress well. Now Double Mint helps you to do both. Helps make you doubly lovely.

Look Well

Discriminating women who choose becoming clothes, naturally chew Double Mint Gum... Every moment you enjoy this delicious gum you beautify your lips, mouth and teeth.

Beauty specialists recommend this satisfying non-fattening confection. It gently exercises and firms your facial muscles in Nature's way... Millions of women chew Double Mint Gum daily as a smart, modern beauty aid as well as for the pleasure derived from its refreshing, double-lasting mint-flavor. Be lovely the Double Mint way. Buy several packages today.

Dress Well

Style, what you wear is important. Double Mint Gum asked one of the greatest designers in the world, *Elizabeth Hawes*, New York, to create for you the smart, becoming dress

that you see on this page. It is easy to make. Double Mint has even had *Simplicity Patterns* put it into a pattern for you. It's the sort of dress that brings invitations along with the admiration of your friends. So that you may see how attractive it looks on, it is modeled for you by Hollywood's lovely star, *Joan Bennett*.

Thus you see how Double Mint Gum makes you doubly lovely. It gives you added charm, sweet breath, beautiful lips, mouth and teeth. It keeps your facial muscles in condition and enhances the loveliness of your face and smile. Enjoy it daily.

Joan Bennett — beautiful Hollywood star now appearing in "I Met My Love Again," a Walter Wanger production — modeling Double Mint dress...

...designed by *Elizabeth Hawes*

Simplicity Pattern

at any Simplicity Dealer



NO. 2718



S-12



Al Pearce and His Gang are heard every Tuesday evening at 9 p.m. EST over CBS.



The Ford Motor Car Company recently renewed Al and his Gang on a long-term contract.

FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO RADIO

THE entire family can listen with enjoyment to *Al Pearce and His Gang* each Tuesday evening and feel assured that there'll be laughs for all. His material isn't so localized that in order to enjoy it you must know what's going on along Broadway or out in Hollywood. Nor in Pumpkin Corners, for that matter. He emphasizes human nature instead of specific types and localities in his comedy and naturally can't go wrong since human nature is just the same, whether it's Broadway, Hollywood or Pumpkin Corners.

At fifteen Al was playing the banjo in an orchestra at the San Francisco World's Fair. After that he became more interested in being a salesman than a musician. He sold just about everything that was saleable and achieved most of his success selling West Coast real estate. But that success was smashed in the crash of 1929. It was then that Al formed his *Gang* and went on the air in California. His type of program was a new idea in comedy. It caught on immediately and soon was breaking fan mail records.

Arlene Harris (*the human chatterbox*), Bill Comstock (*Tizzie Lish*), Monroe Upton (*Lord Bilgewater*), are the best known members of his *Gang*. Realizing that his success depends not only upon himself, but upon his *Gang's* performances as well, Al spends endless hours working with them individually to perfect their particular styles.

Al never has attempted to be the "wise guy" type of comedian. His humor is always down-to-earth. And that's the keynote for the rest of the program, as well. It's always easy listening when Al and his *Gang* are on the air.

And so to *Al Pearce and His Gang*, sponsored by the Ford Motor Car Company, RADIO STARS Magazine presents its award for Distinguished Service to Radio.

Lester C. Grady



The JACK BENNY'S AT HOME

Mary and Jack took their summer holiday together, but Mary reached home first, by train, to greet Jack, who came by motor.

AS I crossed the threshold of the Benny mansion—yes, *mansion*—here in Beverly Hills, my ears were accosted by an exultant cry of “Daddy!” and an answering cry, also exultant, of “Sweetheart!” Then there was a rush and a scuffle and the unmistakable sounds of kissing and hugging, and then my eyes were accosted by the sight of *Buck Benny* riding again—pig-a-back this time. Or rather, carrying his small daughter, Joan Benny, aged three, on his broad and always excellently tailored shoulders.

Papa Benny managed to greet me and ask me to be seated. I was. Then there were more capers and cavortings and “gee-ups!” and pullings of the Benny hair by the Benny heiress, and then the rosy atom with the flying fluff of yellow hair rode *Buck Benny*, unlighted and perpetual cigar clamped between his teeth, up the stairs and was unloaded, I gather, into the arms of her nurse or into the arms of Mary, confined to her room with laryngitis.

I awaited the return of Mr. Benny in the sun-room facing the back garden. In it were a not too Hollywoodish looking sand-box, obviously meant to be played in, a swing which looks as though it had been swung, an apple tree which looks as though it had been clumb. There was something kind of wholesome and heartening and also revelatory in this folksy back garden where children play. I did not have to be a detective, nor yet a psychologist, to gather that no veneer covers the life of the Jack Bennys, private or otherwise. Else, in this spacious

Wide World

Mr. and Mrs. (Jack and Mary Livingstone) Benny have an unbeatable prescription for happiness

BY
GLADYS
HALL

For Jack, Mary keeps her heart warm, the coffee hot and their home comfortable and happy, with love and understanding.



Mr. and Mrs. Jack Benny wear the same happy smiles for each other at home as they do abroad.



and beautiful Beverly Hills estate, which, from the front, looks pruned and manicured and exquisite, there would be no such place for a child to play.

And then Jack Benny joined me, smoothing his ruffled dark hair, looking not in the least embarrassed at being caught in what many men would have considered an off-the-record moment. From which I deduced that the screen and radio star does the pig-a-back routine daily and is quite as much at home on all fours, playing blocks and doll-babies, as he is on the air or perpetuating himself in gelatin (film, not *J-e-l-l-o!*).

Jack said: “Well—” His at-home voice is exactly the same as his radio voice.

I said: “It’s about your private life, you know, yours and Mary’s. People would like to know whether you are the same at home as you are on the air, or whether it’s all just acting.”

“Well,” said Jack (you know how he says “Well,” over *NBC* every Sunday night), “Well, yes, I would say that we are a good deal the same. You can hear that I am. And Mary’s voice, too, is very much like her radio voice. She—ah—also has the same marvelous sense of humor, of the ridiculous, about me at home as she has on the air.”

Marvelous is Jack’s favorite word. Psychologists say that the word we use the most often is the word which, subconsciously, we apply to life. I think it works with Jack. I believe that “marvelous” is the word this boy from Waukegan would believe best fits life.

“Also,” Jack (Continued on page 80)

FROM COAST TO COAST

Direct from the Orchid Room of the Air!

WARNER BROS.
 picture the brightest
 stars of "mike" and
 screen "hookup" of
 rhythm, romance and
 splendor!...in a glam-
 orous "network" of love
 and laughter, dance-
 mad swing and song!

HEAR
 'Can't Teach My Old
 Heart New Tricks'
 'Let That Be A Lesson
 To You'
 'I've Hitched My Wagon
 To A Star'
 'I'm Like A Fish Out
 Of Water'
 'Silhouetted In The
 Moonlight'

Directed by
BUSBY BERKELEY
 Screen Play by Jerry Wald, Maurice
 Leo and Richard Macauley - Original
 Story by Jerry Wald and Maurice Leo
 Music and Lyrics by Dick Whiting and
 Johnny Mercer - A First National Picture

HOLLYWOOD HOTEL

DICK POWELL • ROSEMARY LANE • LOLA LANE
 HUGH HERBERT • TED HEALY
 GLENDA FARRELL • JOHNNIE DAVIS
 ALAN MOWBRAY
 MABEL TODD • ALLYN JOSLYN
 EDGAR KENNEDY
 AND

Direct from the Orchid Room of the Air
THE HOLLYWOOD HOTEL PROGRAM
LOUELLA PARSONS
 with FRANCES LANGFORD • JERRY COOPER
 KEN NILES

DUANE THOMPSON • RAYMOND
 PAIGE & HIS ORCHESTRA AND
**BENNY GOODMAN
 & HIS ORCHESTRA**

The magic of the mi-
 crophone becomes the
 miracle of the movies!



THAT GUY FROM SQUAW

By M I R I A M



The lazy, engaging humor of Stuart Erwin, "that guy from Squaw Valley," is heard over CBS, Tuesdays, at 9:00 p.m., EST, in Jack Oakie's College broadcast.

Stu Erwin is a great lover of dogs. In ten years he's owned eighteen prize winning Scotties. This one's *Ladyman*.

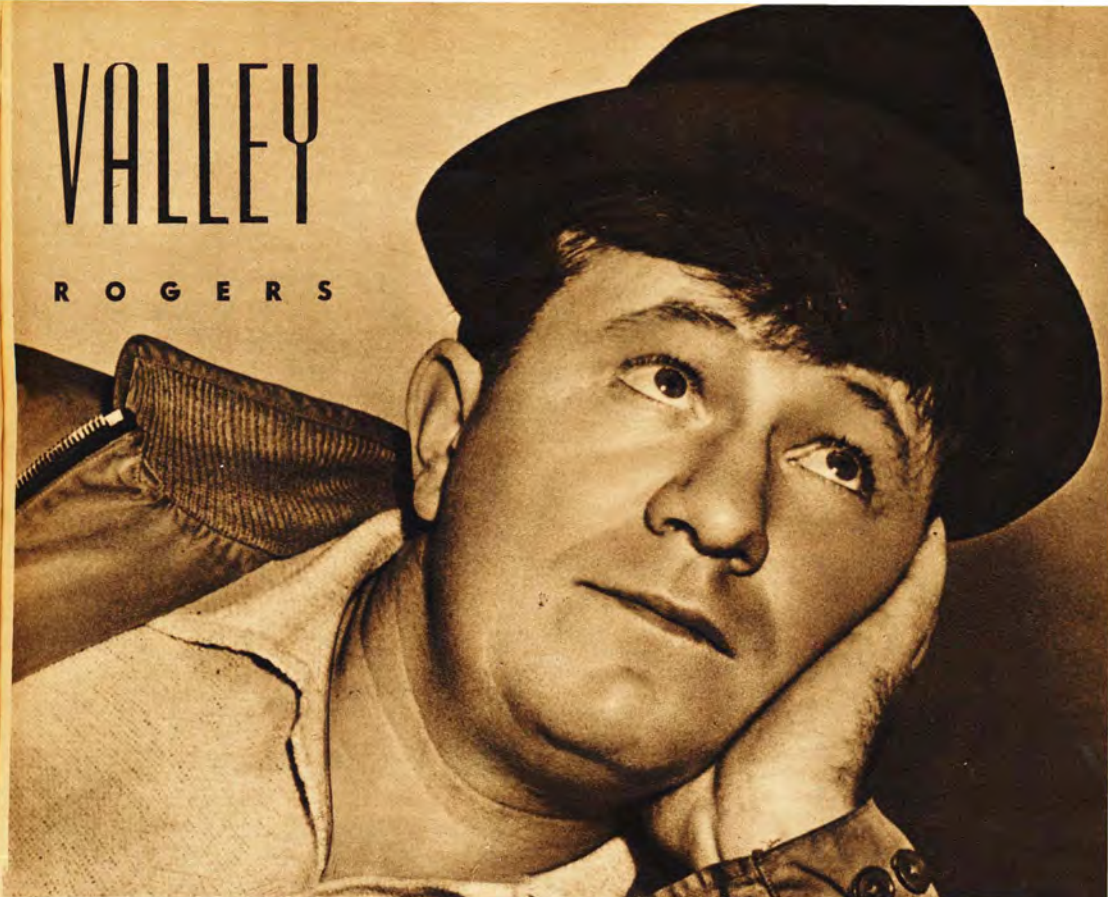


HE has never played a Great Lover on the screen and he never will. He is no handsome hero, no Robert Taylor, to set feminine hearts aflutter with impossible dreams, or masculine hearts afire with jealousy. As a matter of fact, he is equally popular with both sexes. Everybody loves him, not romantically but heartily—because he makes them laugh. Everything about him is funny, the way he looks, that air of foolish timidity he wears, the shy, slow, ineffectual drawl. If he falls in love on the screen, it is only one more thing to laugh at, to give one more twist to his artful characterization

Everybody loves him, because he makes them laugh. But in real

VALLEY

R O G E R S



of the country boy in unfamiliar territory.

Off-screen, Stuart Erwin is not so very different. Not that there is anything of the bumpkin about him—he is, in fact, a very natty dresser, the proud possessor of an extensive wardrobe. And he is simple only in the sense that he is direct, sincere, utterly without pose or pretension. He is five-feet nine inches tall, a little overweight right now, broad-shouldered, quiet-mannered, with light brown hair and friendly gray eyes—not a man to stand out in a crowd. But June Collyer knew what she was doing, that day six and a half years ago when she said *yes*.

"We started the Yuma fad," Stu said with a laugh. "We'd known each other about a year and a half, had been going together a little over four months. I was expecting to start work on a picture right away, but we thought we could snatch a few days' honeymoon—"

So, as with so many others since, Yuma offered the solution, but with this difference: the knot, although as speedily tied as in many other cases, was secure, and nothing since has weakened it in any degree. Today Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Erwin live happily in their lovely home in Beverly Hills, with their two small children,

Stuart Junior, aged five, and June Dorothea, aged two. Better known as Bill and Judy, these two are the center of their parents' universe. Bill goes to kindergarten now and, every day at noon, his mother is there to meet him and take him home again.

On the subject of names, Stuart has a strange complex—it is only with extreme reluctance, after much persuasion, that he can force himself to utter his middle name, Philip. It doesn't seem very terrible, but he hated to pass it on to his son and strives to keep it a deep, dark secret. The simple "Stu," by which he is known everywhere nowadays, suits him much better.

June and Stuart met on the Paramount lot and for a while worked together in pictures. June's career began, oddly enough, at a fancy dress ball in a Westchester clubhouse. She was June Heermance then, and quite contentedly occupied with the social whirl. Her mother had been on the stage and her grandfather connected with the theatre, but June had no theatrical ambitions. However, a newsreel was taken of the above-mentioned party and, the next thing she knew, June was approached by a movie magnate and found herself signing her name to (Continued on page 73)

life Stuart Erwin is a very sane and purposeful individual



Tommy Dorsey and his band opening their season at Hotel Commodore, New York, broadcast over CBS and MBS. They play over NBC-Blue on Fridays.



Popular NBC lights, Jack Haley (left), *Log Cabin* star, Portland Hoffs, of *Town Hall*, and Don Wilson of the Jack Benny program and other broadcasts.



Opening night of Casa Loma Band, at Hotel New Yorker. Al Pearce (left), Billy Swanson, Buddy Clark, Glen Gray, Carmen Lombardo and Joe Candullo.



Tyrone Power, radio and film star, and Miriam Rogers, staff writer for *Radio Stars*, chat together at the 20th Century-Fox Studios.



Maestro Frankie Masters adjusts a dress tie for Donna Dae, Dancer of the Air. CBS airs them from Hotel Sherman. NBC with *It Can Be Done*.

IN THE

Presenting popular players and

RADIO SPOTLIGHT

famous folk who furnish entertainment for the eager radio fan



Lovely Kathleen Wilson, who plays the rôle of *Claudia*, in the continuously popular NBC serial, *One Man's Family*.



MANNERS

Here's Emily Post, who solves

EMILY POST hates the word *etiquette!* To her it suggests the things she abhors above all others, pretentiousness, snobbishness and an avidity for unimportant detail.

The literal minded might say the word has proved a gold mine for Emily Post. But they are wrong. It's her own warmth and understanding that have turned the trick for her. There had been many books written on the subject before Emily Post's first edition of *Etiquette* came out, in 1922, and made the best seller lists. It was one of those miracles that sometimes happen in the publishing game. More volumes on etiquette were hastily put on book lists, but it was Mrs. Post's that kept on selling. Hers was the one people wanted to buy. For she had taken a subject that was unfamiliar, and just a little austere, and humanized it. Even writing on such an impersonal thing as good manners could not make an impersonal person out of her.

That's the unexpected thing about Mrs. Post, finding her not only a human being, but such a thoroughly spontaneous, delightful one. Give anyone two minutes with her and they'd break through any stymie her reputation as arbiter of etiquette might have given them and throw self-consciousness to the winds.

When people, about to meet her for the first time, confess to any uneasiness or fear that she might notice any-

FOR MADAME

problems of etiquette for us

thing they do incorrectly, her friends laugh.

"Why she never notices anything!" they say.

"And I don't," Mrs. Post says herself with a rueful smile. "I'm far too absent-minded and I've made mistakes myself because of it. Once Anne Morgan gave a large and very formal luncheon and, as we were leaving, Mrs. John Erskine, who had been sitting next to me, turned and said: 'Maybe you don't know it, Mrs. Post, but you've been eating my bread and butter all through luncheon!'"

"I told her I didn't know it, but it sounded just like me."

It's things like that that make you wonder why in the world you ever had any misgivings about meeting her. Only a thoroughly human person could hurdle that reputation of being the world's foremost arbiter of good manners as completely and gracefully as Mrs. Post does it. Her laugh comes so quickly, her words so warmly, that even the most painfully self-conscious feel a sense of ease with her. And yet people who don't know her would fret far less over making a bow before the King and Queen at Buckingham than they would over the thought of being formally introduced to Mrs. Post.

"Good manners are really nothing more than an instinct for making things simple, easy and comfortable," she went on. "After all, politeness is only innate kind-

By
**ELIZABETH
BENNECHE
PETERSEN**

Emily Post broad-
casts on Tuesdays
and Thursdays at
10:30 a.m. over CBS



ness and a consideration for the feelings of others. Selfish, egotistical people never have that, and all the rules of etiquette in the world will never give them really good manners. Their instincts are wrong, and because of that they just can't help being rude.

Tact, that blessing among virtues, is the greatest social asset anyone can have. Those who are born with it contribute so much to the pleasantness of life, their own as well as everybody else's with whom they come in contact. The sad thing about tactlessness (*Continued on page 84*)



When you go walking with your boy friend, should you take his arm? Not, says Mrs. Post, unless it is to save you from slipping, or the buffeting of a crowd.



A book, flowers or candy, are considered proper gifts from the boy friend. But a nice girl doesn't accept more costly ones.



"Guess I'll call him up, and make a date." But a second guess might be better. How about letting him be the one to pursue?



She may have "two good reasons" for sitting like this. Nevertheless, it's really not considered to be good manners to do it.



BECAUSE SHE
RESEMBLED HIS
BEAUTIFUL WIFE
BY FAITH SERVICE



The strange result of a casual meeting in a London restaurant

A YOUNG girl, one of London's most fêted débutantes, was seated in the Savoy Grill in London, some six years ago, lunching with her mother. A chic, arresting young girl, of the type one associates with purring motor cars, orchids, the Ritz Bar, the Lido, Cannes, a playmate of Life when Life is dressed in silks and sables; a young girl with the look of a young leopardess—tawny hair, golden skin, eyes of translucent jade—if there is any such thing!

A stranger wove his way to her table. He bowed and said: "Are you in pictures, may I ask?" The young girl seemed amused at the asking; implied that she not only was not in pictures but had practically never heard of the things. The stranger then asked: "Would you be interested in having a screen career?" The girl had then, as she has now, the capacity for never being startled or surprised by any of the feats of legerdemain Life can perform. She answered, in effect: "Oh, but frightfully!"



Lovely Wendy Barrie, whose story is stranger than fiction. 1. As she appeared in the Samuel Goldwyn film, *Dead End*. 2. In Paramount's *Millions in the Air*. 3. In *Wings Over Honolulu*, a Universal film. 4. With Jack Haley, in the *Log Cabin Show*, heard over the NBC-Red network, Saturdays, at 8:30 p.m. 5. As *Lauralee Gilchrist* in *Wings Over Honolulu*.

And so it was done.

Of the millions who, ridden with ambition, urged by need, batter beseeching hands against the forbidding portals of Pictures, this one was deliberately sought and chosen.

The young girl was to become Wendy Barrie.

The stranger was Producer Alexander Korda.

The young girl was to become Wendy Barrie, as I say. She was, then, Marguerite Jenkin, very social young socialite, butterfly *de luxe*, one of the most precious of the precious play-girls of the Continent. It was after she

began her screen career that she took the name of Wendy Barrie, rechristened herself Marguerite Wendy Barrie out of respect and admiration for the late Sir James Barrie and his beloved *Wendy* in *Peter Pan*.

Alexander Korda, as it later developed, had approached her because she bore a resemblance to his wife, Maria Korda.

Wendy's first picture was *Wedding Rehearsal*, in which she played the feminine lead opposite Roland Young. She thought it was "all too frightfully amusing, dear!" She became known to American audiences when she played Jane Seymour in *The Private Life of Henry the Eighth*, with Charles Laughton. She was scared to death of Laughton. Which may be why she gave a significant performance. She didn't know the foggiest thing about acting. She didn't try to act. She'd never had to try to achieve the effects she had achieved all of her brief young life, so spectacularly. She thinks now that she was smarter than she knew, who didn't think that she was smart at all. "Because," she says, "the best acting is the complete absence of acting. The complete absence of acting was what I was doing."

She went right on, bless you, and made tons of pictures over there. Some of them under the aegis of Korda, some "on loan," an old Hollywood custom. She made *Where's This Lady?*, *Cash*, *It's a Boy*, *Give Me a King*, *There Goes Susie* and others.

It's all like fiction, less strange than the facts.

She had never dreamed of a stage career, a screen career, a radio career. Not of any career at all. She was one of The Bright Young People, one of These Charming People of the London, the Mayfair set. She went about with "the Donahue boy," Barbara Hutton, their crowd. And others. One would not suppose that she could have been "written by" Barrie. She could easily have been written by Michael Arlen, Somerset Maugham, Beverly Nichols.

She was born in Hong Kong, China. Her father, F. C. Jenkin, was a K. C. resident in Hong Kong. A most extraordinary man. "He spoiled us frightfully, dear," Wendy will tell you. Her mother, Mrs. Nell Jenkin, is Irish. Wendy adores her mother, as a mother, as her best friend, as a charming, wise, witty and beautiful woman. She says now: "I don't give a hang about scads of money for myself. I do want a lot for Mummy. I want her to have everything in the world, everything she wants. Only she doesn't want everything in the world. She wants only a little red door, with a shiny knocker on it, of her very own. That's because she didn't have anything at all when she was a little girl in Ireland. She was most frightfully poor. And the little girl who lived next door lived in a house with a little red door, *with* a shiny knocker. Mummy envied her, achingly. That's all she ever wanted, all she wants now. Only she never stays long enough in any one place to have it. She's with Pat, my sister, now, in the East.

"Delicious people, my Mummy and Dad! Dad used to sit in court and draw sketches of Mummy putting her lipstick on, and then look up and, with a word or two, win his case."

There were the two girls in the Jenkin family, Marguerite, and Patricia, three years younger than Marguerite. The little girls were brought up in Hong Kong and all points east and west. They lived in Hong Kong, until Wendy was about eleven. Then they were sent to schools in England and on the Continent. Every now and again, just when they were safely entrenched in a school, their father would get hungry for them and they would come post-haste back to China, by various routes.

Wendy was, she says, a fat (*Continued on page 60*)



THE SEVERAL GENTLEMEN

By NANCY BARROWS

If you know Deems Taylor, you know a good many men in one . . . You know an eminent composer, a music critic, a journalist, a popular radio commentator and master of ceremonies, an able translator of French, Italian and German songs, a good cook, a casual carpenter, a war correspondent, a humorist . . . The man, Deems Taylor, is indeed a man of parts. You could go on almost indefinitely, enumerating them.

There is, for example, Deems Taylor, the prophet.

"Radio," asserted the astute Mr. Taylor, "is finished. In two years it will be all washed up."

It was back in 1925, or thereabouts that he made this astounding prophecy, in an article in the old New York World. He proved it, too. "People," said Mr. Taylor, "will get sick of clamping on headpieces to hear ghastly squawks over the reluctant ether." True enough. They did. "Besides," went on our prophet, "stars

aren't going to go on the air for nothing." Right again—they certainly don't! "And furthermore," Mr. Taylor elucidated, "the business of buying parts and assembling your own radio sets is a passing fad." And so it was.

Radio, however, defied his logical conclusion. It refused to be washed up, finished. For which Deems Taylor now offers honest thanks.

For, two years later, in 1927, he became the first commentator for the Columbia Broadcasting System on its initial network broadcast. And so great was his enthusiasm, matched by that of his friend, Howard Barlow, orchestra conductor, that they ran their program forty-five minutes beyond its allotted time. That, too, couldn't happen today!

In the ten years since that eventful date, Deems Taylor has been an increasingly important figure in the radio world—which is no news to music lovers. He has supplied radio scripts, dramatizations, written dialogue and librettos, acted as commentator and master of ceremonies, been consultant and adviser and coordinator of music for numerous radio programs. One might even classify him as, in

Composer, critic, commentator, cook, carpenter, war

KNOWN AS DEEMS TAYLOR

certain instances, a radio comedian—such is his gift of natural, spontaneous humor.

Currently he figures as commentator and master of ceremonies on the *Chesterfield Hour*, with Andre Kostelanetz, Wednesday evenings at nine, over CBS, and on Sundays, from three to five, with the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra. He has just finished writing a book on music. He's composing a new opera for the Metropolitan. Thus, in his customary fashion, and with incomparable excellence, carrying on several careers at once.

The one career Deems Taylor definitely abandoned was that of architecture, his original goal. How, we wondered, did a musician chance to plan to become an architect? Or how did an embryonic architect become transformed into an eminent musician?

"I always liked to draw," Mr. Taylor explains his early choice. "My father, who was a superintendent of schools in New York, wanted me to choose a responsible career—so architecture seemed to be the logical answer.

"No, we weren't a particularly musical family—not professionally. Of course, there was

always music at home. We played and sang. When I was eighteen, I took some vocal lessons.

"My senior year at New York University, Reinald Werrenrath, a fraternity brother of mine, who was to become a famous baritone, was elected to do the class play. It was to be a musical comedy. He was to compose the music, and another chap was slated to do the libretto. But that lad got dropped and Werrenrath, who already was singing professionally, was too busy to write the music—so he asked me to do it. And, knowing nothing about music—I didn't even study harmony till two years after I graduated—I said I would. Bill LeBaron, now president of Paramount, agreed to do the libretto.

"The show was a hit and, though" we graduated that year, Bill and I were asked to do the show for the next year's class. We wrote the class shows for four years. A Dillingham scout looked in on one of them and liked it so well, he got us a Broadway engagement. That show was *The Echo*. Bessie McCoy played in it.

"I was all set then!" he recalled, with his ready laugh, his eyes (Continued on page 86)

correspondent, all these and more are Deems Taylor

BETWEEN BROADCASTS

Casual glimpses of familiar faces, popular favorites among stars who shine on the airways and the screen

A study in loveliness—Loretta Lee, Louisiana songstress, who has sung over CBS and MBS, starring on many programs. She has copper-colored hair, gray-green eyes, and an ivory complexion, and is of Spanish-Irish descent.



Gracie Allen and George Burns, the *Grape-Nuts* zanies, chat with Ethel Shutta (center) at The Glass Hat, in New York's Belmont Plaza Hotel.



Charlie McCarthy, with his friend and mentor, Edgar Bergen, greets a rival Casanova, Clark Gable, guest star on the *Chase & Sanborn Hour*.



Lovely songstress Gertrude Niesen, soon to be seen in the Columbia picture, *Start Cheering*, is frequently seen squired by Craig Reynolds.



Seems to be little love here, between Georges Renavent (left), Walter Winchell, Simone Simon. Scene from *Love and Hisses*, 20th Century-Fox.



Sheila Barrett, "oral caricaturist," favorite of radio, stage and night clubs, now shining at the famous Rainbow Room in Radio City, New York.



With Joe Rines and Graham McNamee, she is featured on the *Gruen Watch* show, *The Time of Your Life*, Sundays, at 5:30 p.m., on the NBC-Red network.

Meet Sheila Barrett, who has the time of her life, kidding folks

FOR over an hour a fashionable and bored audience had watched listlessly as the little girls of Washington's aristocratic Ursuline Convent School enacted the annual sacred play. But they perked up when an angel—beautifully beatific and too, too ethereal in white—floated gracefully over their heads. She figuratively held them in her hands, so full of reverent beauty was her performance—when, suddenly, and without warning, the wires that held her up snapped with a resounding *piing*, and little Sheila Barrett fell into and on to the audience and they, literally, held her in *their* hands!

"I'm afraid I was a fallen angel, that day!" she mused.

Fallen angel or no, little Shelia has grown into a big, big girl who does things about imitating people. Don't call her a mimic or she'll throw a fit—she despises the word.

"Anyone can mimic!" she thundered as she paced her hotel suite. "Any monkey in the zoo can do that—I'm an oral caricaturist, I kid people."

And as satire, it goes over with a bang. One of the highlights of the New York café-society season was her recent opening at the Rainbow Room in Radio City. She intrigues this crowd because, as someone has said: "*She writes in the same sophisticated manner as Noel Coward, performs with the same disregard for conventions as Beatrice Lillie and runs the emotional gamut with the same ease as Lynn Fontanne.*" She has a certain *éclat*, and her stuff is so generally worth while that the smart

ones fall all over themselves to be on hand for it.

But now she's branching out into the radio field and this time in her own show. Previously she's gone in for guest appearances in a big way—Kate Smith, Rudy Vallee, all of the big hours—and she knows what radio is all about. So she's entirely capable of being the featured artist on the *Gruen Watch* show. She's doing imitations, skits and anything that she and her pal, Kay Kenny, can think up, which is plenty.

If you've ever seen the pictures Gray-O'Reilly took of her, you'd realize that it was impossible for a woman, without make-up, to *look* like Lionel Barrymore. But she can *sound* like him. After all, what is radio as we know it today but something we hear and *only* hear. Therefore, it is safe to assume that Sheila Barrett should be eminently successful over the air.

To go back—she became a playwright at twelve.

"It was my first play and it was a pippin," she admits. "It had two characters and I played them both—the drunken father (who was a dope fiend for good measure) and the virtuous and charming daughter, patterned on an inflated idea of my own charm. I'd yell and rant as the father, and then tear around back and emerge as the lovely gal. *Whee!*"

At fourteen she entered Holton Arms, one of Washington's more fashionable finishing schools, where she studied some—"had a marvelous time"—(Continued on page 70)

SHEILA TAKES THEM OFF

By WILLIAM L. VALLEE



The caricaturist caricatured! Sheila sees herself as others see her! You can see the original of this drawing by Xavier Cugat at the Waldorf.



The candid camera catches the Songbird of the South—Kate Smith—in action.



Kate rehearses with Comedian Henny Youngman for her CBS Thursday night program.



Kate Smith's manager, Ted Collins (left) confers with her and orchestra leader Jack Miller, in preparing the broadcast.

NO MORE MOVIES!

"AS far as I'm concerned," Kate Smith said seriously, "I've made my last picture. I'm not interested in Hollywood."

It was a straight answer to a straight question. And before anyone who may have seen Kate's *Hello Everybody* can point the finger of scorn and jeer "Sour grapes!" I might add that *Hello Everybody*, while hardly a Hollywood epic, *did* make a nice piece of money, and that Kate has had several picture offers since.

With radio's increasing trend toward West Coast production of shows and more and more radio stars going into pictures, as well as *vice versa*, it seemed to us that Kate Smith, one of radio's biggest names, was just about the only performer left of top rank who wasn't making, or about to make, a movie. Jack Benny, Dorothy Lamour, Benny Goodman, Parkyakarkus, Frances Langford and many others had coupled their radio successes with screen work. But not Kate—and we wondered why.

Was it because Kate wasn't a slim glamour girl? Or because the picture she made some five years ago, *Hello Everybody*, convinced her that motion pictures were not for her? One way of finding out about something is to ask, and so the question was put squarely to La Smith:

"Is Hollywood included in your future plans, and if not why not?"

I expected the customary yes-and-no evasion. But it's characteristic of Kate that she said exactly what she thought, in no uncertain terms, thereby leading with her chin for the next question: "Why?"

"There's no mysterious reason," Kate smiled. "All the reviews agreed that *Hello Everybody* was a poor picture, and nobody knows it better than I do."

"Yes," came from Ted Collins, Kate's manager, "but the same reviewers all agreed that Kathryn herself was swell in it." (By an odd reverse twist Kate Smith's friends use her full name, though the world knows her as Kate.)

"Anyway," Kate went on, "without holding a very late post mortem on that old picture, I'll have to tell you some of the circumstances in the making of it that we think made it a poor picture—and those are the reasons I won't do another.

"First of all, I had to continue my radio broadcasts while we were making the picture. That meant that, on broadcast days, I had to leave the set at 2:30 in the afternoon, in order to drive to the studio, rehearse, and be on the air at 5:00—the early hour was due to the difference

Kate, as she appeared in the Paramount movie, *Hello Everybody*, produced in 1933. Randolph Scott was featured with her.

BY JACK HANLEY

in time, of course. There was the problem, too, of planning the radio show, while getting up at six-thirty every morning to be on the set, made-up, at eight and working all day before the camera. It's *work*—too much work, when you are building your own radio show, as well as working in it.

"Besides, broadcasting from the Coast involved terrific wire charges; they came to \$3,600 a week. Of course, the studio paid those—but, just the same, that money every week came out of the budget allotted to the picture, and the money that went for wire charges was naturally stunted on the picture production. They set a definite sum, you know, and a drain like that means there was necessarily less to spend on camera work, supporting cast, and so on."

Ted Collins spoke up again, from behind the huge desk in what is, perhaps, one of the most beautiful offices in town; the private office of *Kated, Inc.*, the corporation in which Kate Smith and Ted Collins hold equal shares of stock and from which Kate draws only \$200.00 weekly salary, the rest going back into the business.

"Only a short time ago," he said, "we had an offer of \$15,000 a week for Kathryn in a (Continued on page 66)

"I've plenty to keep me busy, and the wolf from the door," says Kate

Smith. "Movies don't tempt me."



THE GOSSIP-MONGERS

Why did Tony Wons leave the air? Rumor was rife, and rumor was

WERE WRONG!

air? And could he ever return? wrong! Here's the strange story!

By MARY WATKINS REEVES



Tony Wons, radio's homespun philosopher, was missing from the airwaves for over a year and a half.

In a workshop fitted up in a barn in Kenosha, Wisconsin, Tony made beautiful, exquisitely toned violins.

drizzle. A long dark limousine sped him to Grand Central station, where his wife, his daughter, his luggage were waiting. Having said secret goodbyes to only his very closest friends, Tony Wons headed for a lonely little island hidden away in Canada's vast Lake of the Woods.

He didn't come back. Three months. Six months. A year. Nobody knew where he'd gone or what had become of him. As is always the case when nobody knows the truth, rumors began to be whispered in radio circles. They said all kinds of things about Tony, that his health was gone, that he'd lived too hard, that he was washed up as a microphone personality. Radio-stars at the peak of their fame don't just step out of the spotlight into oblivion without a reason. Gossip always supplies its own reason.

A year and a half. . . . Still the homespun philosopher was missing.

On a morning in October Tony Wons came back to the air as mysteriously as he had departed. Under new sponsorship he stepped before a microphone in the small organ studio of the Irving Berlin Building, and quietly—it's like Tony to do things quietly—picked up the thread of his

career just where he'd left it off.

Still no explanations.

So the gossip-mongers busied themselves again. Tony Wons, they said, came back from wherever he'd been because he couldn't resist the lure of fame. Tony came back because he needed the money. But how, they whispered, would his return work out? All stars fear any break in their careers which may give their public a chance to forget them. Would it be possible for him to make a comeback successfully?

None of the rumors—not a one of them—about Tony Wons was anywhere near the actual truth. The real story is one that Tony had to keep strictly to himself, for a very good reason. This is the first moment that Tony has felt free to give it out for publication.

We sat in his hotel suite an entire afternoon, talking over old times, his early days in radio. He hasn't changed a bit since then, except that his hair is graying at his temples. He's tanned and lean and vigorous, boasts that he feels as fit as a college athlete—thanks to Lake of the Woods.



Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 10:30 a.m., over CBS, Tony Wons broadcasts. Ann Leaf at the organ.

Tony reads from his famous scrapbook, begun to while away long hours when ill in the Veterans' Hospital.



ON a spring morning, more than a year ago, Tony Wons, white-faced and nervous, stood before a microphone and broadcast coast-to-coast the last of a long series of programs for his sponsor. If his voice broke a little now and then, if he bungled a cue or so, no one guessed the reason why. But Tony knew. It was because that day might be the last on which he'd ever pour his homespun philosophy into any microphone.

Ten whole years he'd been one of the most popular figures in radio—and that day might well be writing *finis* to his career.

When the final word of his script had been spoken, when the red light above the engineer's window flashed to green, he silently picked up his topcoat, his hat and briefcase, and walked out of the building into an April

"I had a funny feeling the other day," he told me, handing me a school catalogue on which was printed *American Academy of Dramatic Arts, founded in 1884 by Franklin H. Sargent, New York City.*

"Twenty-five years ago," he went on, "fresh from Menasha, Wisconsin, I pushed my way past three secretaries to literally break into Mr. Sargent's office. I had thirteen dollars in my pocket, but in my dreams I knew I could be the greatest actor on the American stage. I begged him to let me attend his school and pay him the tuition when I'd made my mark. The old gentleman was kindly and he agreed. But he withdrew his offer—very wisely, I can see now—when he learned I'd have to cheat my schooling by holding a full-time night job to earn my board and keep. (Continued on page 62)

By WILLIAM PERKINS



SOME
LIKE
IT HOT!

Bunny Berigan, easily one of the world's hottest trumpeters, has never in his life taken a single lesson on the trumpet.

PERHAPS you're like a lot of people who listen in constantly. If you are, you get so that you unconsciously think of radio performers as being almost unreal—a detached voice, or a pair of piano-playing hands existent only to the wrists. It's a peculiar trick that hearing, and not seeing, fosters. Then, too, you fall into the habit of picturing them in your mind's eye as short or tall, pleasant or grouchy, democratic or dignified.

Occasionally you might hit upon a character or disposition, but more likely not. It's hard to do—and even harder in the case of a young fellow like Bunny Berigan.

Know him? You've heard him on the air, no doubt. He's the very hot trumpet player who's the white hope of swing. Even if you haven't, so far, caught him at any of his recent locations on the dial, you've certainly heard him in years past, without knowing it—for Berigan has worked for the best in radio bands.

Naturally, hearing such a fellow and knowing a bit about swing musicians by reputation, he probably suggests a flip, wise member of the much maligned younger generation, eh? He may suggest it to your mind's eye, as you bend near your five or twenty-five tuber, but, believe me, he's not!

In the first place, he works hard every single night in the week. In the second place, which is Forest Hills, New York, he is happily married and the overly proud father of two dimpled kids.

And, like most New Yorkers, he wasn't born there. Indeed, Fox Lake, Wisconsin, his home town, is a far cry from the madding throngs of Manhattan—but near Madison, Wisconsin.

Fox Lake is a pleasant little country town with several stores, a new post-office, a town hall and three well-

attended churches. It was at one of these that Bunny (for Bernard) Berigan began his musical career.

"I had to," he laughed, "I had to take up music. I had always thought that it was something reserved for sissies, until it happened that the choir ran out of its one small, shrill voice, after the voice started hopping down into the church cellar, right in the midst of *Ave Maria*. My mother was organist there and she led and rehearsed the choir—so what do you think happened?"

Bunny became the small, shrill voice, and, to his surprise, began to like his new position. Then, for the first and only time in his career, he gathered unto himself a swelled head.

"I must have been an awful pain," he admitted. "I used to lord it over the other kids until I got so I wouldn't even play marbles with them. That lasted until Buck Wilson got fed up with my airs. After he finished with me, I was a wiser boy and a marble player again."

But Bunny's voice went the way of all little boys' voices, until finally it was decided at family council that no fiddle could squeak as much as his voice was squeaking, so they locked him up in a room, with a violin which his grandfather had bought for him.

"The darned fiddle seemed awfully tough for a young chap like me, so I sorta left it alone. I wasn't making myself sick doing a Kreisler, if you know what I mean!"

Bunny meant that his music teacher found dust on Bunny's fiddle, promptly draped him over his knee and dusted *him* off. So, in the future, if he didn't study too hard, he at least wiped his fiddle before he got to his teacher's house.

With a little progress on the instrument, he was solemnly voted into the family (*Continued on page 68*)

How Bunny Berigan became the hit of night clubs and airwaves

T

hey know the thrill of
playing the game and
playing it well!

Pasadena...

Mrs. Rufus Paine Spalding III (below)

This charming California woman excels in sailing, skiing, badminton...and is active in charity work. Here Mrs. Spalding pauses for a moment on her husband's sloop, "Hurulu." Like so many distinguished women, she is enthusiastic in her preference for Camels. "Their delicate flavor suits me perfectly," she says. "Camels are so mild!"



Philadelphia... Mrs. Barelay Warburton, Jr.

Although of an old and conservative Philadelphia family, Mrs. Warburton has many interests besides society. She has a marvelous fashion sense, is an excellent cook, and ranks high—both in Palm Beach and Southampton—as a tennis player. As for smoking, "All I want to smoke is Camels," Mrs. Warburton says. "Camels give me a lift!"



New York... Mrs. John W. Rockefeller, Jr.

Young Mrs. Rockefeller's time is crowded with hunting, polo, aviation. She pilots a low-wing monoplane...takes frequent hops along the Atlantic seaboard to attend perhaps a meet at Aiken or a Long Island match. "Flying as much as I do," Mrs. Rockefeller says, "takes healthy nerves. So I prefer Camels for steady smoking. Camels never jangle my nerves!"

A QUESTION OFTEN ASKED:
*Do women appreciate the
Costlier Tobaccos in Camels?*

THE BEST ANSWER IS THIS:
*Camels are the
Largest-Selling Cigarette
in America*



*A few of the women
of distinguished position
who prefer Camels:*

- | | |
|----------------------|--|
| BOSTON: | Mrs. Powell Cabot
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd |
| CHICAGO: | Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr. |
| BALTIMORE: | Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman III |
| NEW YORK: | Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr.
Mrs. Ogden Hammond, Jr.
Miss Wendy Morgan
Mrs. Howard F. Whitney |
| PHILADELPHIA: | Mrs. Nicholas Biddle
Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd |
| VIRGINIA: | Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne |
| LOS ANGELES: | Mrs. Alexander Black |

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**Costlier Tobaccos
in a Matchless Blend**

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic.

Blonde, brown-eyed, lissom and lovely, Marlyn ("Mama, that man's here again") Stuart has what it takes for stage, movies and radio.



COAST-TO-COAST PROGRAM GUIDE

THE regular programs on the 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.
WBRC Birmingham, Ala.
WNAC Boston, Mass.
WBN Buffalo, N. Y.
WMAQ Chicago, Ill.
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.
CBM Montreal, Canada
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.
WGSN Birmingham, Ala.
WBZ Boston, Mass.
WICC Bridgeport, Conn.
WEBR Buffalo, N. Y.
WMT Cedar Rapids, Iowa

WENR Chicago, Ill.
WLS Chicago, Ill.
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.
WMP Memphis, Tenn.
WTCN Minneapolis, Minn.
CFCF Montreal, Canada
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.
WRD Richmond, Va.
WHAM Rochester, N. Y.
KWK St. Louis, Mo.
KFSD San Diego, Cal.
KGO San Francisco, Cal.
KTMS Santa Barbara, 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.
WUNC Asheville, N. C.
WSB Atlanta, Ga.
KERN Bakersfield, Cal.
KGHL Billings, Mont.
KFYR Bismarck, N. D.
KIDO Boise, Idaho
KGIR Butte, Mont.
WCS Charleston, S. C.
WSOC Charlotte, N. C.
WCFL Chicago, Ill.
WSAI Cincinnati, Ohio
WCKY Cincinnati, Ohio
WLW Cincinnati, Ohio
WFLA Clearwater, Fla.
WIS Columbia, S. C.
WCOL Columbus, Ohio
WFAA Dallas, Tex.
WBC Duluth, Minn.
WGBF Evansville, Ind.
WDAY Fargo, N. D.
WGL Ft. Wayne, Ind.
WBAP Ft. Worth, Tex.
KNJ 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.
CBF Montreal, Canada
WSM Nashville, Tenn.
WSMB New Orleans, La.
WTAR Norfolk, Va.
WKY Oklahoma City, Okla.
KTAR Phoenix, Ariz.
KOAM Pittsburg, Kans.
KGHF Pueblo, Colo.
WPTF Raleigh, N. C.
KFBK Sacramento, Cal.
WSUN St. Petersburg, Fla.
WOAI San Antonio, Tex.
KTBS Shreveport, La.
KSOU Sioux Falls, S. D.

KELO Sioux Falls, S. D.
KGBX Springfield, Mo.
KWG Stockton, Cal.
WBC Superior, Wis.
WFLA Tampa, Fla.
WBOW Terre Haute, Ind.
CBL 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.
WRDW Augusta, Ga.
KNOW Austin, Tex.
WCAO Baltimore, Md.
WLBZ Bangor, Me.
WAPI Birmingham, Ala.
WNB Binghamton, N. Y.
WEEI Boston, Mass.
WGR Buffalo, N. Y.
KBBW Buffalo, N. Y.
WCHS Charleston, W. Va.
WBT Charlotte, N. C.
WDD 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.
WDR Hartford, Conn.
WDFG Hibbing, Minn.
KGMB Honolulu, Hawaii
KTRH Houston, Tex.
WFBM Indianapolis, Ind.
WSUI Iowa City, Iowa
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.
WSPA Montgomery, Ala.
CKAC Montreal, Canada
WLAC Nashville, Tenn.
WABC New Orleans, La.
WBC 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.
WHBC Rochester, N. Y.
KMCO St. Louis, Mo.
WDOX St. Paul, Minn.
KSII Salt Lake City, Utah
KTSA San Antonio, Tex.
KSFO San Francisco, Cal.
WTCC Savannah, Ga.
WGBI Scranton, Pa.
KIRO Seattle, Wash.

KWKH Shreveport, La.
KSCJ Sioux City, Iowa
WSBT South Bend, Ind.
KFPY Spokane, Wash.
WNBS Springfield, Mass.
WNBX Springfield, Vt.
WFBL Syracuse, N. Y.
KVI Tacoma, Wash.
WDAA Tampa, Fla.
WBW Topeka, Kans.
CFRB Toronto, Canada
KTUL Tulsa, Okla.
WIBX Utica, N. Y.
WHLB Virginia, Minn.
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
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.
WTH Hartford, Conn.
KGMB Honolulu, Hawaii
WIRE Indianapolis, Ind.
WHB Kansas City, Mo.
WLNH Laconia, N. H.
KFOR Lincoln, Neb.
KHJ Los Angeles, Cal.
WLLH Lowell, Mass.
WFEA Manchester, N. H.
WGDY Minneapolis-St. Paul, Minn.
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.
KFR San Francisco, Cal.
KQW San Jose, Cal.
KVOE Santa Ana, Cal.
KDB Santa Barbara, Cal.
KOL Seattle, Wash.
KGFF Shawnee, Okla.
WSPR Springfield, Mass.
KGDM Stockton, Cal.
KMO Tacoma, Wash.
WOL Washington, D. C.
WBRY Waterbury, Conn.
KPK Wenatchee, Wash.
CKLW Windsor-Detroit, Mich.
KIT Yakima, Wash.

RADIO STARS

MORNING

- 8:00**
NBC-Red: WILLIAM MEE-
DER—organist
NBC-Blue: NORSE MEN
QUARTET
- 8:15**
NBC-Blue: BENNO RABIN-
OFF—violinist
- 8:30**
NBC-Red: KIDOODLERS
NBC-Blue: TONE PICTURES
—Ruth Pepple, pianist; mixed
quartet
CBS: LYRIC SERENADE
- 8:45**
NBC-Red: ANIMAL NEWS
CLUB
CBS: MICHEL ROSCOE—
pianist
- 9:00**
NBC-Red: TURN BACK THE
CLOCK—Alice Remsen, George
Griffin
NBC-Blue: COAST TO COAST
ON A BUS—Milton J. Cross
CBS: SUNDAY MORNING AT
AUNT SUSAN'S—children's
program, Artells Dickson
- 9:15**
NBC-Red: TOM TERRISS—
speaker
- 9:30**
NBC-Red: MELODY MO-
MENTS
- 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: SILVER FLUTE
NBC-Blue: NEIGHBOR NELL
- 11:30**
NBC-Blue: ORGANIST
CBS: MAJOR BOWES' CAPI-
TOL FAMILY
- 11:45**
NBC-Red: PEERLESS TRIO

AFTERNOON

- 12:00 Noon**
NBC-Red: DENVER STRING
QUARTET
NBC-Blue: SOUTHERNAIRES
—Negro male quartet
MBS: DR. CHARLES COUR-
BOIN
- 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
MBS: AMERICAN WILDLIFE
—talk

Sundays

JANUARY 2—9—16—23—30



Mary Livingstone



Henry Busse

- 12:45**
MBS: MARTHA AND HAL—
songs and patter
- 1:00**
NBC-Red: HENRY BUSSE'S
ORCHESTRA
CBS: CHURCH OF THE AIR
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 1:30**
NBC-Red: TUSKEGEE INSTI-
TUTE CHOIR CONCERT
NBC-Blue: NBC SPELLING
BEE—Paul Wing
CBS: FOREIGN NEWS
BROADCAST
- 1:45**
CBS: POET'S GOLD—David
Ross
- 2:00**
NBC-Red: BOB BECKER—
talk, sketch
NBC-Blue: MAGIC KEY OF
RCA—Frank Black's symphony
orchestra, Milton J. Cross
CBS: LEW WHITE ENTER-
TAINS
MBS: THE RIGHT JOB—Dr.
Shirley A. Hamrin
- 2:15**
NBC-Red: TRAVEL TALK—
Milton La Prade
MBS: PALMER HOUSE CON-
CERT ENSEMBLE
- 2:30**
NBC-Red: THATCHER COLT
STORIES
CBS: DR. CHRISTIAN—
drama, starring Jean Hersholt
- 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
MBS: ON A SUNDAY AFTER-
NOON—varieties, Stokes' or-
chestra
- 3:30**
NBC-Blue: ARMCO BAND
- 4:00**
NBC-Red: ROMANCE MELO-
DIES—Ruth Lyon, Shield's
orchestra
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL VES-
PERS—Dr. Harry Emerson
Fosdick
- 4:30**
NBC-Red: THE WORLD IS
YOURS—dramatization
NBC-Blue: VOCALIST
MBS: LUTHERAN HOUR
- 4:45**
NBC-Blue: RANCH BOYS
QUARTET
- 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-Blue: SUNDAY AFTER-
NOON WITH ED McCONNELL
CBS: GUY LOMBARDO AND
HIS ORCHESTRA
MBS: THE SHADOW—mys-
tery drama, Orson Welles

EVENING

- 6:00**
NBC-Red: CATHOLIC HOUR
NBC-Blue: ORIGINAL MICRO-
PHONE PLAYS
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
MBS: TIM AND IRENE—
D'Artega's 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: POPULAR CLASSI-
CS—H. Leopold Spitalny's
orchestra
CBS: VICK'S OPEN HOUSE—
Jeanette MacDonald, Wilbur
Evans, Pasternack'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: ORCHESTRA

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

8:00
NBC-Red: CHASE AND SAN-
BORN PROGRAM—Don
Ameche, Edgar Bergen, Nelson
Eddy, Dorothy Lamour, Stroud
Twins, Armbruster's orchestra
CBS: THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE
—broadcast highlights
MBS: BENNY DAVIS' STAR-
DUST REVUE

8:30
CBS: EARACHES OF 1938—
Harry Conn, Beatrice Kay,
Barry Wood, Warnow's or-
chestra
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

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: COMMENTATORS
FORUM

9:45
NBC-Blue: WELCH PRE-
SENTS IRENE RICH—drama-
tization
MBS: ADRIAN ROLLINI AND
HIS SWING QUARTET—
Helene Daniels

10:00
NBC-Red: RISING MUSICAL
STARS—Richard Gordon,
Smallens' orchestra, guests
CBS: ZENITH FOUNDATION
—experiments in mental tele-
pathy

10:30
NBC-Red: HAVEN MacQUAR-
RIE PRESENTS
NBC-Blue: CHEERIO—talk
and music
CBS: HEADLINES AND BY-
LINES—H. V. Kaltenborn, Bob
Trout, Lewis Browne
MBS: OLD FASHIONED RE-
VIVAL

11:00
NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO
NEWS
CBS: ORCHESTRA
MBS: ORCHESTRA

11:10
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: ORCHESTRA



Haven MacQuarrie

MORNING

- 8:00 NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's stories
NBC-Blue: NORSE MEN QUARTET
- 8:15 NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES
NBC-Blue: WILLIAM MEEBER—organist
- 8:30 NBC-Red: DO YOU REMEMBER?
CBS: FRED FEIBEL—organist
- 8:45 NBC-Blue: LUCILLE AND LANNY
- 9:00 NBC-Red: WOMEN AND NEWS
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—variety program
CBS: METROPOLITAN PARADE
- 9:15 NBC-Red: SUNSHINE EXPRESS—orchestra, soloist, Jack Douglas, m.c.
- 9:25 CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 9:30 CBS: MORNING MOODS
- 9:40 NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
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 Galge
CBS: RUTH CARHART—songs
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL
- 11:00 NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
CBS: JACK AND PAUL
MBS: REMINISCING
- 11:15 NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch
CBS: CAROL KENNEDY'S ROMANCE—sketch
- 11:30 NBC-Red: HOW TO BE CHARMING—sketch
NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADE—sketch
CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch
MBS: ORCHESTRA



Betty Winkler

Mondays

JANUARY 3—10—17—24—31



Del Casino



Richard Crooks

- 11:45 NBC-Red: BETTY MOORE—talk
NBC-Blue: EDWARD MacHUGH—The Gospel Singer
CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES
MBS: MYRA KINGSLEY, astrologer, JEAN PAUL KING, commentator

AFTERNOON

- 12:00 Noon NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch
NBC-Blue: TIME FOR THOUGHT
CBS: THE RADIO COLUMNIST—Mary Margaret McBride
MBS: NORMAN BROKENSHIRE'S VARIETY PROGRAM
- 12:15 NBC-Red: THE GOLDBERGS—sketch
NBC-Blue: VOCALIST
CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE—Edwin C. Hill, commentator
- 12:30 NBC-Red: ALLEN LEAFER'S ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—Walter Bluffs' orchestra
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT—sketch
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL
- 12:45 CBS: OUR GAL, SUNDAY—sketch
MBS: THE HITMAKERS
- 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 BUCKAROS
- 1:30 NBC-Blue: SUE BLAKE—sketch
CBS: ARNOLD GRIMM'S DAUGHTER—sketch
- 1:45 NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: JACK AND LORETTA—songs and patter
CBS: HOLLYWOOD IN PERSON—Bob Baker, commentator
MBS: REN BATTLE'S ORCHESTRA
- 2:00 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: STROLLERS MATINEE
CBS: NEWS THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES—Kathryn Cravens
MBS: DON'T LOOK NOW—Lavalle and Sands, comedians, orchestra
- 2:15 CBS: DALTON BROTHERS
MBS: VOCALIST

- 2:30 NBC-Red: RANCH BOYS
CBS: AMERICAN SCHOOL OF THE AIR—History, Exits and Entrances
- 2:45 NBC-Red: GIRLS OF THE WEST
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 3:00 NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
NBC-Blue: ROCHESTER CIVIC ORCHESTRA
CBS: ANN LEAF—organist
- 3:15 NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch
- 3:30 NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—sketch
CBS: JENNY PEABODY—sketch
MBS: GOOD HEALTH AND TRAINING
- 3:45 NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
MBS: VOCALIST
- 4:00 NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—comedy sketch
NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE
CBS: TED MALONE'S—Between the Bookends
- 4:15 NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch
CBS: SING AND SWING
- 4:30 NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
MBS: JOHNSON FAMILY—sketch, with Jimmy Scribner
- 4:45 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch
CBS: DR. ALLAN ROY DAFOE
MBS: VOCAL DUO
- 5:00 NBC-Red: DICK TRACY—sketch
NBC-Blue: NEIGHBOR NELL
CBS: FOLLOW THE MOON—Elsie Hitz, Nick Dawson
- 5:10 NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 5:15 NBC-Red: TERRY AND THE PIRATES—sketch
NBC-Blue: DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY—sketch
CBS: LIFE OF MARY SOUTHERN—sketch
- 5:30 NBC-Red: JACK ARMSTRONG—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: SINGING LADY—children's program
CBS: DOROTHY GORDON'S CHILDREN'S CORNER
- 5:45 NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: TOM MIX STRAIGHT SHOOTERS—juvenile serial
CBS: HILLTOP HOUSE—dramatic serial

EVENING

- 6:00 NBC-Red: SOLOIST
NBC-Blue: U. S. ARMY BAND
CBS: HOWARD PHILLIPS—baritone
MBS: JOHNSON FAMILY—sketch, with Jimmy Scribner
- 6:15 NBC-Red: RHYTHMAIRES
CBS: NEW HORIZONS
MBS: DANCING STRINGS
- 6:30 NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: ORGANIST
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 6:35 NBC-Red: SOLOIST
NBC-Blue: CHARLES SEARS—tenor
CBS: ORCHESTRA
- 6:45 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS—news commentator
CBS: SONG TIME—Hollace Shaw, Ray Heatherton
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 7:00 NBC-Red: AMOS 'N' ANDY—sketch
NBC-Blue: MUSIC IS MY HOBBY—guest
CBS: POETIC MELODIES—Jack Fulton, Franklin MacCormack, orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 7:15 NBC-Red: UNCLE EZRA'S RADIO STATION—Pat Barrett
NBC-Blue: THREE CHEERS
CBS: DEL CASINO—songs
- 7:30 NBC-Red: SOLOIST
NBC-Blue: LUM AND ABNER—sketch
CBS: ORCHESTRA
- 7:45 NBC-Red: TOP HATTERS ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: SOLOIST
CBS: BOAKE CARTER—news commentator
- 8:00 NBC-Red: BURNS AND ALLEN—Tony Martin, Noble's orchestra
NBC-Blue: GENERAL HUGH S. JOHNSON—commentator
MBS: MORTON GOULD'S ORCHESTRA—Jack Arthur
- 8:15 NBC-Blue: JIMMY KEMPER—Roy Campbell's Royalists
- 8:30 NBC-Red: VOICE OF FIRESTONE—Richard Crooks, Wallenstein's orchestra, guests
NBC-Blue: CAMPANA'S GRAND HOTEL—dramatizations
CBS: PICK AND PAT—comedy and music
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 9:00 NBC-Red: FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY—comedy sketch, Marian and Jim Jordan, Clark Dennis, Betty Winkler, Weems' orchestra
NBC-Blue: PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Eugene Ormandy, guests
CBS: LUX RADIO THEATRE
MBS: ELDER LIGHTFOOT SOLOMON MICHAUX—and congregation
- 9:30 NBC-Red: HOUR OF CHARM—Phil Spitalny and his girls
MBS: MUSICAL CARTOONS—Victor Irwin's orchestra, Benay Venuta
- 10:00 NBC-Red: CONTENTED PROGRAM—Vivien Della Chiesa, Marok Weber's orchestra
NBC-Blue: BEHIND PRISON BARS—Warden Lewis E. Lawes.
CBS: WAYNE KING'S ORCHESTRA
- 10:30 NBC-Red: PUBLIC HERO No. 1—dramatic sketch
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL RADIO FORUM—guest speaker
CBS: BRAVE NEW WORLD—dramatizations
- 10:45 MBS: HENRY WEBER'S PAGEANT OF MELODY
- 11:00 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: DANCE MUSIC

MORNING

- 8:00 NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's stories
NBC-Blue: CHARIOTEERS
- 8:15 NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES
NBC-Blue: DICK LEIBERT ENSEMBLE
- 8:30 NBC-Red: DO YOU REMEMBER?
CBS: POETIC STRINGS
- 8:45 NBC-Blue: LUCILLE AND LANNY
CBS: FOUR STARS
- 9:00 NBC-Red: WOMEN AND NEWS
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—variety program
CBS: MUSIC IN THE AIR
- 9:15 NBC-Red: SUNSHINE EXPRESS—orchestra, soloist, Jack Douglas, m. e.
- 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
- 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 CAVALCADE—Crosby Gaige
CBS: PIANO DUO
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 11:00 NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
CBS: MARY LEE TAYLOR
- 11:15 NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch
CBS—CAROL KENNEDY'S ROMANCE—sketch
- 11:30 NBC-Red: HOMEMAKERS' EXCHANGE—Eleanor Howe
NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADE—sketch
CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch
MBS: VOCALIST
- 11:45 NBC-Red: MYSTERY CHEF
NBC-Blue: EDWARD MACGUGH—The Gospel Singer
CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES—sketch
MBS: MYRA KINGSLEY, astrologer, JEAN PAUL KING, commentator

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: PIANO DUO
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—Walter Blaufuss' orchestra
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT—sketch

Tuesdays

JANUARY 4—11—18—25



Claire Trevor

- MBS: STUDIES AND SKETCHES IN BLACK AND WHITE
- 12:45 NBC-Red: VOCALIST
CBS: OUR GAL, SUNDAY—sketch
MBS: VOCALIST
- 1:00 NBC-Red: DICK FIDLER'S ORCHESTRA
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: SUE BLAKE—sketch
CBS: ARNOLD GRIMM'S DAUGHTER—sketch
- 1:45 NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch
CBS: HOLLYWOOD IN PERSON—Bob Baker, commentator
- 2:00 NBC-Red: FUN IN MUSIC—Dr. Joseph E. Maddy
NBC-Blue: RANCH BOYS—trio
CBS: ORCHESTRA
MBS: DON'T LOOK NOW—Lavalle and Sands, comedians, orchestra
- 2:15 NBC-Blue: LET'S TALK IT OVER—June Hynd
CBS: CHERI AND THE THREE NOTES
MBS: MARY WILLIAMS—soprano
- 2:30 NBC-Red: GENERAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS
NBC-Blue: NBC MUSIC GUILD
CBS: AMERICAN SCHOOL OF THE AIR—Literature and Music
- 2:45 NBC-Red: ARMCHAIR QUARTET
MBS: BEATRICE FAIRFAX
- 3:00 NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
NBC-Blue: U. S. MARINE BAND
CBS: COLONEL JACK MAJOR'S VARIETY SHOW
MBS: BLACKSTONE CONCERT TRIO
- 3:15 NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch
MBS: JEAN KING—vocalist and pianist
- 3:30 NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—sketch
CBS: HALLACE SHAW—songs
MBS: GOOD HEALTH AND TRAINING
- 3:45 NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
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
- 4:20 NBC-Blue: AS I SEE IT—broadcast from England
- 4:30 NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
CBS: STORY OF INDUSTRY
MBS: JOHNSON FAMILY—sketch, with Jimmy Scribner
- 4:35 NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE
- 4:45 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch
MBS: SONGLAND
- 5:00 NBC-Red: DICK TRACY—sketch
NBC-Blue: INSTRUMENTAL GROUP
CBS: FOLLOW THE MOON—Elsie Hitz, Nick Dawson
- 5:10 NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 5:15 NBC-Red: TERRY AND THE PIRATES—sketch
NBC-Blue: DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY—sketch
CBS: LIFE OF MARY SOUTHERN—sketch
- 5:30 NBC-Red: JACK ARMSTRONG—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: SINGING LADY—children's program
CBS: DEAR TEACHER—children's program
- 5:45 NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: TOM MIX STRAIGHT SHOOTERS—juvenile serial
CBS: HILLTOP HOUSE—dramatic serial

EVENING

- 6:00 NBC-Red: SCIENCE IN THE NEWS
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: BARRY WOOD AND HIS MUSIC
MBS: JOHNSON FAMILY—sketch, with Jimmy Scribner
- 6:15 NBC-Red: RHYTHMAIRES
MBS: LEN SALVO—organist
- 6:30 NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: ORGANIST
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 6:35 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: SOLOIST
CBS: SELECTIONS FROM LIGHT OPERAS
- 6:45 NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS—news commentator
CBS: SONG TIME—Ruth Carhart, Bill Perry
- 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: MR. KEEN, TRACER OF LOST PERSONS—dramatic serial
CBS: HOLLYWOOD SCREENSCOOPS—George McCall
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 7:30 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: VOCALIST
CBS: SECOND HUSBAND—serial, Helen Menken
MBS: CHILDREN'S HOUR—Story Book Lady
- 7:45 NBC-Blue: VIVIEN DELLA CHIESA—mezzo-soprano
MBS: THE CRIME CLINIC
- 8:00 NBC-Red: JOHNNY PRESENTS RUSS MORGAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA—Charles Martin
NBC-Blue: HUSBANDS AND WIVES—Sedley Brown, Allie Lowe Miles
CBS: BIG TOWN—Edward G. Robinson, Claire Trevor, dramatization
MBS: MELODY PUZZLES—Stuart Allen, Fred Uttal, Himmer's orchestra
- 8:30 NBC-Red: LADY ESTHER SERENADE—Wayne King's 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: HORACE HEIDT'S ORCHESTRA
CBS: WATCH THE FUN GO BY—Al Pearce, Nick Lucas, Hoff's orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 9:30 NBC-Red: HOLLYWOOD MARDI GRAS—Lanny Ross, Charles Butterworth, Walter O'Keefe, Ruby Mercer, Ken Carpenter, Jane Rhodes, Paige's orchestra
NBC-Blue: NBC NIGHT CLUB—Ransom Sherman, Shields orchestra
CBS: BENNY GOODMAN'S SWING SCHOOL—Stuart Erwin
MBS: JAZZ NOCTURNE—Helene Daniels, Connie Miles, Stanley's orchestra
- 10:00 NBC-Blue: GENERAL HUGH S. JOHNSON—commentator
MBS: MUSIC OF ROMANCE—Eddie Duchin's orchestra
- 10:15 NBC-Blue: KIDOODLERS
- 10:30 NBC-Red: JIMMIE FIDLER'S HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP
NBC-Blue: GAMBA—violinist
CBS: DEL CASINO—baritone
MBS: WITCH'S TALE—Alonso Deen Cole, Marie O'Flynn
- 10:45 NBC-Red: SERENADE IN THE NIGHT
- 11:00 NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC
NBC-Blue: DANCE MUSIC
CBS: DANCE MUSIC
MBS: MUSIC



Ruby Mercer



Jane Rhodes

Wednesdays

JANUARY 5—12—19—26

MBS: MYRA KINGSLEY, astrologer, JEAN PAUL KING, commentator

AFTERNOON

- 12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch
NBC-Blue: TIME FOR THOUGHT
CBS: THE RADIO COLUMNIST—Mary Margaret McBride
MBS: NORMAN BROKENSHIRE'S VARIETY PROGRAM
- 12:15
NBC-Red: THE GOLDBERGS—sketch
NBC-Blue: VOCALIST
CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE—Edwin C. Hill, commentator
- 12:30
NBC-Red: THROUGH THE YEARS
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—Walter Blaufuss' orchestra
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT—sketch
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL
- 12:45
CBS: OUR GAL SUNDAY—sketch
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 1:00
NBC-Red: DICK FIDLER'S ORCHESTRA
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
MBS: CARSON ROBINSON AND HIS BUCKAROO
- 1:30
NBC-Blue: SUE BLAKE—sketch
CBS: ARNOLD GRIMM'S DAUGHTER—sketch
- 1:45
NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: JACK AND LORETTA—songs and patter
CBS: HOLLYWOOD IN PERSON—Bob Baker, commentator
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 2:00
NBC-Red: YOUR HEALTH—talk, dramatization
NBC-Blue: STROLLERS MATINEE
CBS: NEWS THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES—Kathryn Cravens
MBS: DON'T LOOK NOW—Lavalie and Sands, comedians, orchestra
- 2:15
NBC-Blue: LET'S TALK IT OVER—Alma Kitchell
CBS: JACK SHANNON—songs
MBS: MUSIC FOR THE SCHOOL
- 2:30
NBC-Red: CARLILE AND LONDON—Frances Carroll



Dick Powell

- NBC-Blue: WALTZ FAVORITES
CBS: AMERICAN SCHOOL OF THE AIR—Geography
MBS: STUDIES AND SKETCHES IN BLACK AND WHITE
- 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: RAY BLOCK'S VARIETIES
- 3:15
NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch
- 3:30
NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—sketch
NBC-Blue: LITTLE VARIETY SHOW
CBS: JENNY PEABODY—sketch
MBS: GOOD HEALTH AND TRAINING
- 3:45
NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
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' ASSOCIATION
MBS: JOHNSON FAMILY—sketch, with Jimmy Scribner
- 4:45
NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch
CBS: DR. ALLAN ROY DAFOE
MBS: BOOKSHELF—Russell Richmond, Ruth Parks
- 5:00
NBC-Red: DICK TRACY—sketch
NBC-Blue: NEIGHBOR NELL
CBS: FOLLOW THE MOON—Elsie Hitz, Nick Dawson
- 5:10
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 5:15
NBC-Red: TERRY AND THE PIRATES—sketch
NBC-Blue: DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY—sketch
CBS: LIFE OF MARY SOTHERN—sketch
- 5:30
NBC-Red: JACK ARMSTRONG—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: SINGING LADY—children's program
CBS: DOROTHY GORDON'S CHILDREN'S CORNER

- 5:45
NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: TOM MIX STRAIGHT SHOOTERS—juvenile serial
CBS: HILLTOP HOUSE—dramatic serial

EVENING

- 6:00
NBC-Red: AMERICA'S SCHOOLS
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: BARRY WOOD AND HIS MUSIC
MBS: JOHNSON FAMILY—sketch, Jimmy Scribner
- 6:15
NBC-Red: RHYTHMAIRES
- 6:30
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: ORGANIST
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 6:35
NBC-Red: VOCALIST
NBC-Blue: VOCALIST
- 6:40
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 6:45
NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS—news commentator
CBS: SONG TIME—Doris Kerr, Howard Phillips
MBS: RADIE HARRIS—Hollywood commentator
- 7:00
NBC-Red: AMOS 'N' ANDY—sketch
NBC-Blue: EASY ACES—comedy sketch
CBS: POETIC MELODIES—Jack Fulton, Franklyn McCormack, orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 7:15
NBC-Red: UNCLE EZRA'S RADIO STATION—Pat Barrett
NBC-Blue: MR. KEEN, TRACER OF LOST PERSONS—dramatic serial
CBS: HOBBY LOBBY—David Elman
MBS: LES CAVALLIERS de LA SALLE
- 7:30
NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
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
CBS: CAVALCADE OF AMERICA—guests, Voorhees' orchestra
MBS: LAUGHING WITH CANADA
- 8:15
MBS: CAMPBELL SISTERS
- 8:30
NBC-Red: LADY ESTHER SERENADE—Wayne King's orchestra
NBC-Blue: SID SKOLSKY—Hollywood news
CBS: TEXACO TOWN—Eddie Cantor, Deanna Durbin, Jimmy Wallington, Pinky Tomlin, Saymore Saymore, Viola Yonn, Renard's orchestra
- 8:45
NBC-Blue: CHOIR SYMPHONETTE
- 9:00
NBC-Red: TOWN HALL TONIGHT—Fred Allen, Portland Hoffa, Van Steeden's orchestra
CBS: LISTENERS' DIGEST—Kostelanetz' orchestra, Lawrence Tibbett, Deems Taylor, guests
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 9:30
NBC-Blue: NBC MINSTREL SHOW—Gene Arnold Short's orchestra
CBS: TISH—dramatization
MBS: LET'S VISIT—Dave Driscoll, Jerry Danzig
- 9:45
MBS: MARTHA AND HAL—songs and patter
- 10:00
NBC-Red: YOUR HOLLYWOOD PARADE—Dick Powell, Rosemary Lane, guests
NBC-Blue: GENERAL HUGH S. JOHNSON—commentator
CBS: GANG BUSTERS—crime dramatizations, Phillips Lord
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 10:15
NBC-Blue: SOLOIST
- 10:30
NBC-Blue: FEDERAL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
CBS: PATTI CHAPIN—songs
- 11:00
NBC-Blue: DANCE MUSIC
CBS: DANCE MUSIC
MBS: ORCHESTRA

- MORNING**
- 8:00
NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's stories
NBC-Blue: FOUR SHOWMEN—quartet
- 8:15
NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES
NBC-Blue: WILLIAM MEEDER—organist
- 8:30
NBC-Red: DO YOU REMEMBER?
CBS: GREENFIELD VILLAGE CHAPEL
- 8:45
NBC-Blue: LUCILLE AND LANNY
CBS: AS YOU LIKE IT
- 9:00
NBC-Red: WOMEN AND NEWS
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—variety program
- 9:15
NBC-Red: SUNSHINE EXPRESS—orchestra, soloist, Jack Douglas, m.c.
CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL—songs
- 9:25
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 9:30
CBS: FIDDLER'S FANCY
- 9:40
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 9:45
NBC-Red: LANDT TRIO
NBC-Blue: AUNT JEMINA 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: 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 CARHART—songs
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL
- 11:00
NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
CBS: FOUR STARS
MBS: MARTHA AND HAL—songs and patter
- 11:15
NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch
CBS: CAROL KENNEDY'S ROMANCE—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 MACGUGH—The Gospel Singer
CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES—sketch



Lawrence Tibbett



Rosemary Lane

MORNING

8:00
NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE
—children's stories
NBC-Blue: SOUTHERNAIRES

8:15
NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING
MELODIES
NBC-Blue: DICK LEIBERT
ENSEMBLE

8:30
NBC-Red: DO YOU REMEM-
BER?
CBS: POETIC STRINGS

8:45
NBC-Blue: LUCILLE AND
LANNY

9:00
NBC-Red: WOMEN AND
NEWS
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST
CLUB—variety program
CBS: DEAR COLUMBIA—fan
mail dramatizations

9:15
NBC-Red: SUNSHINE EX-
PRESS—orchestra, soloist,
Jack Douglas, m.c.

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 CHIL-
DREN—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 CHIL-
DREN—sketch
NBC-Blue: KITCHEN CAV-
ALCADE—Crosby Gaije
CBS: INSTRUMENTALISTS
MBS: ORCHESTRA

11:00
NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—
sketch
NBC-Blue: THE O'NEILLS—
sketch
CBS: MARY LEE TAYLOR

11:15
NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE
—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch
CBS: CAROL KENNEDY'S
ROMANCE—sketch
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL

11:30
NBC-Red: HOMEMAKERS'
EXCHANGE—Eleanor Howe
NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADE—
comedy sketch
CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch

11:45
NBC-Red: THE MYSTERY
CHEF
NBC-Blue: EDWARD Mac-
HUGH—The Gospel Singer
CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL
LIFE STORIES—sketch
MBS: MYRA KINGSLEY, as-
trotologer, JEAN PAUL KING,
commentator

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

Thursdays

JANUARY 6—13—20—27

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: VOCALIST
CBS: OUR GAL, SUNDAY—
sketch

1:00
NBC-Red: DICK FIDLER'S
ORCHESTRA
CBS: BETTY AND BOB—
sketch
MBS: MICROPHONE IN THE
SKY—Earl Harper, interviewer

1:15
NBC-Red: WORDS AND MU-
SIC—Ruth Lyon, Larry Lar-
sen, Harvey Hays
CBS: HYMNS OF ALL
CHURCHES; BETTY CROCK-
ER, cooking expert

1:30
NBC-Blue: SUE BLAKE—
sketch
CBS: ARNOLD GRIMM'S
DAUGHTER—sketch

1:45
NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S
WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: VOCALIST
CBS: HOLLYWOOD IN PER-
SON—Bob Baker, commentator

2:00
NBC-Red: NBC MUSIC GUILD
NBC-Blue: VOCALIST
CBS: LYRIC SERENADE
MBS: DON'T LOOK NOW—
Lavalle and Sands, comedians,
orchestra

2:15
NBC-Blue: LET'S TALK IT
OVER—Lisa Serelo
CBS: JACK AND PAUL

2:30
NBC-Red: HOW TO OPEN A
SHOP—Alissa Keir
NBC-Blue: EL CABALLERO
CBS: AMERICAN SCHOOL
OF THE AIR—primary music
and literature

2:45
NBC-Red: A R M C H A I R
QUARTET
NBC-Blue: RANCH BOYS
MBS: BEATRICE FAIRFAX

3:00
NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S
FAMILY—sketch
CBS: THEATRE MATINEE
MBS: BLACKSTONE CON-
CERT TRIO

3:15
NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—
sketch
NBC-Blue: E A S T M A N
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
MBS: STUDIES AND
SKETCHES IN BLACK AND
WHITE

3:30
NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—
comedy sketch
CBS: HEINZ MAGAZINE OF
THE AIR—Channing Pollock,
Warnow's orchestra
MBS: GOOD HEALTH AND
TRAINING

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

4:00
NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES
—comedy sketch
NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE
—variety program
CBS: TED MALONE'S—Be-
tween the Bookends

4:15
NBC-Red: THE GUIDING
LIGHT—sketch
CBS: SCIENCE SERVICE
SERIES

4:30
NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY
MARLIN—sketch
CBS: U. S. ARMY BAND
MBS: JOHNSON FAMILY—
sketch, with Jimmy Scribner

4:45
NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch
MBS: SONGLAND

5:00
NBC-Red: DICK TRACY—
sketch
NBC-Blue: FOUR OF US
CBS: FOLLOW THE MOON—
Elsie Hitz, Nick Dawson

5:10
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO
NEWS

5:15
NBC-Blue: DON WINSLOW
OF THE NAVY—sketch
CBS: LIFE OF MARY SOTH-
ERN—sketch

5:30
NBC-Red: JACK ARMSTRONG
—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: SINGING LADY—
children's program
CBS: DEAR TEACHER—child-
ren's program

5:45
NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN
ANNIE—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: T O M M I X
S T R A I G H T S H O O T E R S —
juvenile serial
CBS: HILLTOP HOUSE—
dramatic serial

EVENING

6:00
NBC-Red: DANCE BAND
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: DEL CASINO—songs
MBS: JOHNSON FAMILY—
sketch, with Jimmy Scribner

6:15
CBS: ORCHESTRA
MBS: HAROLD TURNER—
pianist

6:25
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

6:30
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO
NEWS
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA

6:35
NBC-Red: VOCALIST
NBC-Blue: VOCALIST

6:45
NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS
—news commentator
CBS: SONG TIME—Lorraine
Grimm, Harry Cool
MBS: ORCHESTRA

7:00
NBC-Red: AMQS 'N' ANDY—
sketch
NBC-Blue: EASY ACES—com-
edy sketch
CBS: POETIC MELODIES—
Jack Fulton, Franklyn Mac-
Cormack, orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA

7:15
NBC-Red: VOCAL VARIE-
TIES—choral singing
NBC-Blue: M R K E E N,
TRACER OF LOST PERSONS
—dramatic serial
CBS: HOLLYWOOD SCREEN-
SCOOPS—George McCall

7:30
NBC-Red: BENNO RABIN-
OFF—violinist
CBS: WE, THE PEOPLE—
Gabriel Heatter
MBS: ORCHESTRA

7:45
NBC-Blue: KIDOODLERS

8:00
NBC-Red: ROYAL GELATIN
PROGRAM—Rudy Vallee,
guests
NBC-Blue: GENERAL HUGH
S. JOHNSON—commentator
CBS: KATE SMITH—Ted Col-
lins, Henny Youngman, Miller's
orchestra
MBS: MUSICAL CAMERA—
Josef Cherniavsky's orchestra,
Sylvia Froos, Jack Arthur

8:15
NBC-Blue: LIEDERSINGERS

8:30
NBC-Blue: MARCH OF TIME
—news dramatizations
MBS: ORCHESTRA

9:00
NBC-Red: GOOD STARS OF
1938—M-G-M stars, Willson's
orchestra
NBC-Blue: NBC CONCERT
HOUR—H. Leopold Spitalny,
conductor
CBS: MAJOR BOWES' AMA-
TEUR HOUR
MBS: ORCHESTRA

9:30
NBC-Blue: A M E R I C A ' S
T O W N M E E T I N G O F T H E
A I R—speakers
MBS: ALFRED WALLEN-
STEIN'S SINFONETTA

10:00
NBC-Red: KRAFT MUSIC
HALL—Bing Crosby, Bob
Burns, Trotter's orchestra,
guests
NBC-Blue: NBC JAMBOREE
CBS: BUDDY CLARK EN-
TERTAINS
MBS: COMMENTATORS'
FORUM

10:15
MBS: CONSOLE AND KEY-
BOARD—Pauline Alpert,
Louise Wilcher, Sid Gary

10:30
CBS: COLUMBIA WORKSHOP
MBS: HENRY WEBER'S
MUSICAL REVUE

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

11:15
NBC-Blue: ELZA SCHAL-
LERT REVIEWS—previews,
guests
MBS: DANCE MUSIC



Edward MacHugh



Louise Wilcher



Buddy Clark

MORNING

- 8:00 NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE —children's stories
NBC-Blue: FOUR SHOWMEN —quartet
- 8:15 NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES
NBC-Blue: WILLIAM MEE- DER—organist
- 8:30 NBC-Red: DO YOU REMEM- BER?
CBS: FRED FEIBEL—organ- ist
- 8:45 NBC-Blue: LUCILLE AND LANNY
- 9:00 NBC-Red: WOMEN AND NEWS
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—variety program
CBS: METROPOLITAN PA- RADE
- 9:15 NBC-Red: SUNSHINE EX- PRESS — orchestra, soloist, Jack Douglas, m. c.
CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL —songs
- 9:25 CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 9:30 CBS: SUNNY MELODIES
- 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—variettes
CBS: BACHELOR'S CHIL- DREN—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' SCRAP- BOOK—Ann Leaf
MBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC
- 10:45 NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHIL- DREN—sketch
NBC-Blue: KITCHEN CAV- ALCADE—Crosby Gaige
CBS: RUTH CARHART—songs
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL
- 11:00 NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM— sketch
NBC-Blue: THE O'NEILLS— sketch
CBS: PIANO TEAM
MBS: REMINISCING
- 11:15 NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch
CBS: CAROL KENNEDY'S ROMANCE—sketch
- 11:30 NBC-Red: HOW TO BE CHARMING—sketch
NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADE— sketch
CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch
MBS: ORCHESTRA



Paul Whiteman

Fridays

JANUARY 7—14—21—28

AFTERNOON

- 11:45 NBC-Red: HELLO PEGGY— sketch
NBC-Blue: EDWARD Mac- HUGH—The Gospel Singer
CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES—sketch
MBS: MYRA KINGSLEY, as- trologer, JEAN PAUL KING, commentator
- 12:00 Noon NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE— sketch
NBC-Blue: TIME FOR THOUGHT
CBS: THE RADIO COLUMN- IST—Mary Margaret McBride
MBS: NORMAN BROKEN- SHIRE'S VARIETY PROGRAM
- 12:15 NBC-Red: THE GOLDBERGS —sketch
NBC-Blue: VOCALIST
CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE —Edwin C. Hill, commentator
- 12:30 NBC-Red: DICK FIDLER'S ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—Walter Blaufuss' orchestra
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT—sketch
MBS: STUDIES AND SKETCHES IN BLACK AND WHITE
- 12:45 CBS: OUR GAL SUNDAY— sketch
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 1:00 NBC-Red: JOE WHITE AND PADRAIC COLUM
CBS: BETTY AND BOB— sketch
MBS: MICROPHONE IN THE SKY—Earl Harper, interviewer
- 1:15 NBC-Red: WORDS AND MU- SIC—Larry Larsen, Ruth Lyon, Harvey Hays
CBS: BETTY CROCKER — cooking expert
MBS: CARSON ROBISON AND HIS BUCKAROOS
- 1:30 NBC-Blue: SUE BLAKE — sketch
CBS: ARNOLD GRIMM'S DAUGHTER—sketch
- 1:45 NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: JACK AND LOR- ETTA—songs and patter
CBS: HOLLYWOOD IN PER- SON—Bob Baker, commentator
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 2:00 NBC-Red and NBC-Blue: NBC MUSIC APPRECIATION HOUR—Dr. Walter Damrosch
CBS: NEWS THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES—Kathryn Cravens
MBS: DON'T LOOK NOW—Layalle and Sands, comedians, orchestra
- 2:15 CBS: BOB BYRON—songs
MBS: VOCALIST



Alice Cornett

- 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
MBS: GOOD HEALTH AND TRAINING
- 3:45 NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS— sketch
CBS: LYN MURRAY'S FOUR CLUBMEN
MBS: RADIO GARDEN CLUB
- 4:00 NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES —comedy sketch
NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE— variety program
CBS: TED MALONE'S—Be- tween 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
MBS: JOHNSON FAMILY— sketch, with Jimmy Scribner
- 4:45 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch
CBS: DR. ALLAN ROY DA- POE
- 5:00 NBC-Red: DICK TRACY— sketch
NBC-Blue: NEIGHBOR NELL
CBS: FOLLOW THE MOON— Elsie Hitz, Nick Dawson
- 5:10 NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 5:15 NBC-Red: VOCALIST
NBC-Blue: DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY—sketch
CBS: LIFE OF MARY SOTH- ERN—sketch
- 5:30 NBC-Red: JACK ARM- STRONG—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: DOROTHY GORDON'S CHILDREN'S CORNER
MBS: THE FAIRYLAND LADY—children's program
- 5:45 NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: T O M M I X STRAIGHT SHOOTERS— juvenile serial
CBS: HILLTOP HOUSE— dramatic serial



Boake Carter

EVENING

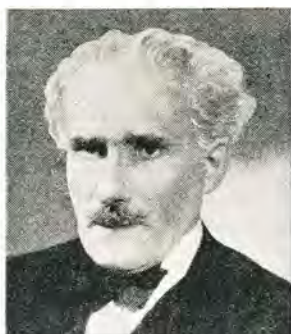
- 6:00 NBC-Red: EDUCATION IN THE NEWS—dramatization
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: ESSAYS IN MUSIC—Vic- tor Bay's concert orchestra
MBS: JOHNSON FAMILY — sketch, with Jimmy Scribner
- 6:15 NBC-Red: RHYTHMAIRES
- 6:30 NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: ORGANIST
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 6:35 NBC-Red: VOCALIST
NBC-Blue: SOLOIST
CBS: FOUR STARS
- 6:45 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS —news commentator
CBS: SONG TIME — Betty Grable, John Payne
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 7:00 NBC-Red: AMOS 'N' ANDY— sketch
NBC-Blue: MARY SMALL— songs
CBS: POETIC MELODIES— Jack Fulton, Franklyn Mac- Cormack, orchestra
MBS: KISHMOUL CASTLE— songs, poetry
- 7:15 NBC-Red: *UNCLE EZRA'S RADIO STATION—Pat Barrett
NBC-Blue: DR. KARL REI- LAND—commentator
CBS: MARGARET DAUM — soprano
- 7:30 NBC-Red: VOCALIST
NBC-Blue: LUM AND ABNEH —sketch
- 7:45 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: BUG HOUSE RHYTHM
CBS: BOAKE CARTER — news commentator
- 8:00 NBC-Red: CITIES SERVICE CONCERT — Lucille Manners Bourdon's orchestra
NBC-Blue: GRAND CENTRAL STATION—dramatic sketch
CBS: HAMMERSTEIN MUSIC HALL
- 8:30 NBC-Blue: DEATH VALLEY DAYS—dramatization
CBS: PAUL WHITEMAN'S ORCHESTRA
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 9:00 NBC-Red: WALTZ TIME— Frank Munn, Lois Bennett Lyman's orchestra
NBC-Blue: PONTIAC VAR- SITY SHOW—Paul Dumont m.c.
CBS: HOLLYWOOD HOTEL— Frances Langford, Jerry Cooper, Ken Murray, Oswald, Ann- Jamison, Paige's orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 9:30 NBC-Red: TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELA- TIONS—dramatization
NBC-Blue: RALEIGH AND KOOL SHOW—Tommy Dor- sey's orchestra, Eddy Wright, Jack Leonard, Paul Stewart
MBS: STUDIES IN CON- TRAST—Fio-Rito's orchestra
- 9:45 MBS: MARTHA AND HAL— songs and patter
- 10:00 NBC-Red: FIRST NIGHTER— dramatization, Les Tremayne
Barbara Luddy
NBC-Blue: PAUL MARTIN'S ORCHESTRA
CBS: COCA-COLA SONG SHOP —Kitty Carlisle, Frank Crum- it, Reed Kennedy, Alice Cor- nett, Haenschen's orchestra
MBS: TWENTY YEARS AGO AND TODAY—drama
- 10:30 NBC-Red: JIMMIE FIDLER'S HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP
NBC-Blue: LEDERSINGERS
MBS: BAMBERGER SYM- PHONY ORCHESTRA
- 10:45 NBC-Red: PEOPLE IN THE NEWS — Dorothy Thompson, commentator
NBC-Blue: STRINGING ALONG
- 11:00 NBC-Red: GEORGE R. HOLMES — Washington com- mentator
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: DANCE MUSIC
MBS: DANCE MUSIC

MORNING

- 8:00
NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE
—children's stories
NBC-Blue: SOUTHERNAIRES
- 8:15
NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING
MELODIES
NBC-Blue: DICK LEIBERT
ENSEMBLE
- 8:30
NBC-Red: DO YOU REMEM-
BER?
CBS: JACK SHANNON—songs
- 8:45
NBC-Blue: LUCILLE AND
LANNY
CBS: VIOLINIST
- 9:00
NBC-Red: THE WISE MAN
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST
CLUB—variety program
CBS: RAY BLOCK—pianist
- 9:15
NBC-Red: SUNSHINE EX-
PRESS—orchestra, soloist, Jack
Douglas, m.c.
CBS: DALTON BROTHERS—
novelty trio
- 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: FIDDLER'S FANCY
- 9:55
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 10:00
NBC-Red: VOCALIST
NBC-Blue: SWEETHEARTS
OF THE AIR—May Singhi
Breen, Peter de Rose
CBS: FRED FEIBEL—organist
- 10:15
NBC-Red: CHARIOTEERS—
male quartet
NBC-Blue: SWING SERE-
NADE
- 10:30
NBC-Red: MANHATTEN
NBC-Blue: THE CHILD
GROWS UP—Katharine Len-
root
CBS: LET'S PRETEND—child-
ren's program
MBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC
- 10:45
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
MBS: MARTHA AND HAL—
songs and patter
- 11:00
NBC-Red: FLORENCE HALE'S
RADIO FORUM
NBC-Blue: VOCALIST
CBS: CHILDREN'S AND
YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERT
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 11:15
NBC-Red: FORD RUSH AND
SILENT SLIM
NBC-Blue: MINUTE MEN—
male quartet
- 11:30
NBC-Red: HALF PAST
ELEVEN
NBC-Blue: OUR BARN—child-
ren's program, Madge Tucker
MBS: U. S. ARMY BAND
- 11:45
NBC-Red: INSTRUMENTAL
GROUP

Saturdays

JANUARY 1—8—15—22—29



Arturo Toscanini



Ted Fio-Rito

AFTERNOON

- 12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: CALL TO YOUTH
CBS: CAPTIVATORS
MBS: PARENTS' MAGAZINE
OF THE AIR
- 12:15
NBC-Blue: SOLOIST
MBS: THIS WONDERFUL
WORLD
- 12:30
NBC-Red: REX BATTLE'S
CONCERT ENSEMBLE
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL
FARM AND HOME HOUR
CBS: GEORGE HALL AND
HIS ORCHESTRA
MBS: STUDIES AND
SKETCHES IN BLACK AND
WHITE
- 12:45
MBS: STEVE SEVERN'S PET
CLUB
- 1:00
NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
CBS: ORIENTALE
- 1:15
CBS: JIMMY SHIELDS—tenor
- 1:30
NBC-Red: CAMPUS CAPERS
—orchestra, vocalists
NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE
CBS: BUFFALO PRESENTS
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 1:55
NBC-Blue: METROPOLITAN
OPERA
- 2:00
NBC-Red: YOUR HOST IS
BUFFALO—orchestra, soloists
CBS: MADISON ENSEMBLE
MBS: PALMER HOUSE CON-
CERT ORCHESTRA
- 2:15
CBS: ANN LEAF—organist
MBS: THREE GRACES AND
PIANO
- 2:30
MBS—ORCHESTRA
- 2:45
CBS: TOURS IN TONE
- 3:00
MBS: NORMAN BROKEN-
SHIRE'S VARIETY PROGRAM

- 3:30
NBC-Red: FASHIONS IN
MUSIC
CBS: WALTZES OF THE
WORLD
- 3:45
CBS: THE DICTATORS
- 4:00
MBS: PIANIST
- 4:30
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 5:00
NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
CBS: ORCHESTRA
MBS: ORCHESTRA

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

- 5:30
NBC-Blue: MUSIC AND
AMERICAN YOUTH
 - 5:45
CBS: COOLIDGE QUARTET
- EVENING**
- 6:00
NBC-Red: EL CHICO SPAN-
ISH REVUE
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL
 - 6:15
MBS: PIANO RECITAL
 - 6:25
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

- 6:30
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO
NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO
NEWS
CBS: COLUMBIA CHORUS
QUEST
- 6:35
NBC-Red: STROLLING SONG-
STERS
NBC-Blue: ALMA KITCHELL
—contralto
- 6:45
NBC-Red: RELIGION IN THE
NEWS—Dr. Walter Van Kirk
NBC-Blue: JOHNNY O'BRIEN
CBS: ORCHESTRA
- 7:00
NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: MESSAGE OF IS-
RAEL—guests and music
CBS: SATURDAY SWING
SESSION
MBS: PALMER HOUSE EN-
SEMBLE
- 7:15
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 7:30
NBC-Blue: UNCLE JIM'S
QUESTION BEE
CBS: CARBORUNDUM BAND
—Edward D'Anna, conductor
- 7:45
NBC-Red: JEAN SABLON
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 8:00
NBC-Red: BELIEVE-IT-OR-
NOT—Robert L. Ripley, Rolfe's
orchestra
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: YOUR UNSEEN FRIEND
—dramatization
MBS: PAT BARNES AND HIS
BARNSTORMERS — Helen
Ford, Paul Roberts
- 8:30
NBC-Red: LOG CABIN SHOW
—Jack Haley, Virginia Verrill,
Warren Hull, Wendy Barrie,
Fio-Rito's orchestra
NBC-Blue: LINTON WELLS
—commentator
CBS: JOHNNY PRESENTS
RUSS MORGAN AND HIS
ORCHESTRA—Charles Martin,
guests
MBS: CONTINENTAL REVUE
Olga Baclanova, Raoul Nadeau
- 8:45
NBC-Blue: NOLA DAY—songs
- 9:00
NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL BARN
DANCE—Joe Kelly
CBS: PROFESSOR QUIZ—
Bob Trout
MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM
- 9:30
NBC-Red: SPECIAL DELIV-
ERY—sketch
CBS: SATURDAY NIGHT
SERENADE—Mary Eastman,
Bill Perry, Haenschen's or-
chestra
MBS: LOUISIANA HAYRIDE
- 10:00
NBC-Red and NBC-Blue: NBC
SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA —
Arturo Toscanini, conductor
CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE—
Leo Reisman's orchestra
MBS: HANCOCK ENSEMBLE
- 10:30
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 10:45
CBS: PATTI CHAPIN—songs
- 11:00
NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC
NBC-Blue: DANCE MUSIC
CBS: ORCHESTRA
MBS: DANCE MUSIC

This New Cream with "Skin-Vitamin" Brings more direct aid to Skin Beauty

"Smooths lines out
marvelously — makes
texture seem finer,"

Mrs. Henry Latrobe Roosevelt, Jr.



Mrs. Roosevelt with her hunter, Nutmeg.

A NEW KIND OF CREAM is bringing new aid to women's skin!

Women who use it say its regular use is giving a livelier look to skin: that it is making texture seem finer: that it keeps skin wonderfully soft and smooth! . . . And the cream they are talking about is Pond's new Cold Cream with "skin-vitamin."

Essential to skin health

Within recent years, doctors have learned that one of the vitamins has a special relation to skin health. When there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet, the skin may suffer, become undernourished, rough, dry, old looking!

Pond's tested this "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Creams for over 3 years. In animal tests, skin became rough, old looking when the diet was lacking in "skin-vitamin." But when Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream was applied daily, it became smooth, supple again—in 3 weeks! Then women used the new Pond's Cold Cream



Mrs. Henry Latrobe Roosevelt, Jr.

famous for her beauty here and abroad. "Pond's new 'skin-vitamin' Cold Cream is a great advance—a really scientific beauty care. I'll never be afraid of sports or travel drying my skin, with this new cream to put the 'skin-vitamin' back into it."

(Right) On her way to an embassy dinner in Washington.



with "skin-vitamin" in it. In 4 weeks they reported pores looking finer, skin smoother, richer looking.

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Use it the usual way. In a few weeks, see if there is not a smoother appearing texture, a new brighter look.

SEND FOR THE
NEW CREAM!

TEST IT IN
9 TREATMENTS

Pond's, Dept. 9RS-C0, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1938, Pond's Extract Company

FAVORITE SOUTHERN FOODS



• When people could not write, they used to "make a cross"—and often kissed it as a sign of good faith. Hence the cross (on paper) came to represent a kiss.*

Today, Campana's label on a bottle of Italian Balm is a "mark of good faith" with you. Close inspection has safeguarded your confidence in Italian Balm from the moment the "raw materials" enter the Campana laboratories until the bottled product has been shipped to a store in your community.

Many physicians, dentists, nurses and other professional people will tell you that with



Campana's equipment for making a skin protector—plus scientific analysis and control of manufacture—there's no doubt that Italian Balm is a superior skin preparation. Why not try it—FREE? Get a Vanity Bottle—use Italian Balm for several days. Compare results.

(*Authority: "Nuggets of Knowledge"—Geo. W. Stimpson, Pub., Blue Ribbon Books.)

Campana's Italian Balm

An Exclusive Formula—A Secret Process

FREE

CAMPANA SALES CO.
212 Lincolnway, Batavia, Illinois
Gentlemen: I have never tried Italian Balm. Please send me VANITY Bottle FREE and postpaid.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

In Canada, Campana, Ltd., MG-212 Caledonia Rd., Toronto

SALMON BISQUE

- | | |
|----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1 small can salmon | 1 can (condensed) tomato soup |
| 1 tablespoon minced onion | 1 cup milk |
| 1 teaspoon chopped parsley | 1 tablespoon cornstarch |
| 1 cup water | 1 tablespoon salad oil |
| a pinch of baking soda | ¼ teaspoon salt |
| | ⅓ teaspoon pepper |

Combine onion, parsley and water with the salmon, from which all bones and skin have been carefully removed. Cook gently for 15 minutes. Thicken with the cornstarch blended with the oil to a smooth paste. Stir until smooth and thickened. Add baking soda, tomato soup and milk. Heat thoroughly. Season with salt and pepper and serve immediately. Grating a hardboiled egg over the top of the soup provides a most attractive garnish.

QUICK CHICKEN POT PIE

- | | |
|--|------------------------------|
| 2 tablespoons butter | 2 tablespoons cornstarch |
| 4 small white onions, sliced thin | ½ cup top milk or thin cream |
| 1 can (condensed) chicken soup | 1 (6 oz.) can chicken |
| 1 can (condensed) cream of mushroom soup | salt and pepper to taste |
| | prepared biscuit mix |

Melt the butter, add the onions, sliced thin. Cover and cook until onions are tender but not brown. Add chicken and mushroom soups. Blend cornstarch with the milk and add to soup mixture. Cook and stir until smooth and thickened. Season to taste. Add chicken meat and turn into greased casserole. Cover with biscuits made with prepared biscuit flour. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) until biscuits are done and golden brown (about 20 minutes). Serve in casserole. A little celery, shredded fine and cooked in the butter, along with the onions, gives a delicate flavor. A little cooked okra, a tablespoon of chopped pimiento, a few small boiled potatoes, cooked rice or noodles, in fact almost anything of the kind that you may have on hand, may be added to the gravy, together with the chicken.

PECAN PIE

- | | |
|------------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 3 eggs, slightly beaten | 3 tablespoons melted butter |
| ½ cup sugar | 2 teaspoons Angostura |
| 1 cup dark Karo syrup (blue label) | 1¼ cups pecan meats |
| ¼ teaspoon salt | rich pastry for 1-crust pie |

Beat eggs slightly. Add sugar, syrup, salt, butter and Angostura. Blend together thoroughly. Sprinkle pecans into a pie tin which has been lined with rich pastry. Pour in the egg mixture. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) 10 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate (375° F.) and continue baking 30 minutes longer or until a silver knife blade inserted in center of pie comes out clean.

FLORIDA MERINGUE PIE

- | | |
|-----------------------|----------------------------|
| ⅓ cup cornstarch | 1 tablespoon butter |
| 2 tablespoons flour | ½ cup grapefruit juice |
| 1¼ cups sugar | 1 teaspoon grated rind |
| ¼ teaspoon salt | 3 egg whites |
| 1¾ cups boiling water | 6 tablespoons sugar |
| 3 egg yolks | ⅓ teaspoon cream of tartar |

Mix together cornstarch, flour, sugar and salt. Add boiling water slowly. Place in top of double boiler and cook over boiling water for 15 minutes, stirring constantly, until thick and smooth, and then occasionally. Beat egg yolks slightly, add a little of hot mixture to them. Add egg mixture slowly to contents of double boiler. Cook 2 minutes longer, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, add butter, grapefruit juice and rind. Blend thoroughly. Cool. Turn into 9-inch baked pie shell. Beat egg whites until stiff. Beat in 4 tablespoons of sugar and the cream of tartar, using an egg whisk rather than a rotary beater. Fold in remaining 2 tablespoons of sugar. Spread immediately over the cooled filling in pie. Or put through a pastry tube for a fancier effect. Bake in a slow oven (300° F.) 10-12 minutes or until puffed and golden brown.

PRALINES

- | | |
|----------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 2 cups granulated sugar | 1 tablespoon corn syrup |
| 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed | 1 tablespoon butter |
| 1 cup boiling water | 1¼ cups shelled pecans |

Combine sugars in saucepan. Add boiling water and corn syrup. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until sugar has dissolved and candy syrup comes to a boil. Cover and cook 3 minutes. Uncover and continue cooking, without stirring, until a few drops in cold water will form a soft ball (238° F. on a candy thermometer). During cooking skim off any scum that rises to the top. Remove candy from heat, add butter and nuts. Stir until mixture is thick and creamy. Drop by spoonfuls on a greased cookie sheet or waxed paper. Cool and wrap each, individually, in waxed paper. Pralines should be round, flat and about 3 inches in diameter.

THE RADIO HOSTESS

(Continued from page 9)

the breach (or should I say the oven?) for those difficult occasions when company arrives most unexpectedly. Of course, I take it for granted that you'll have on your pantry shelf all the necessary ingredients that go into its making.

And now for the sweets—a subject which seems to intrigue us all, and one on which Miss Langford was especially informative. Pies, it seems are her favorites in the dessert line.

Her *Pecan Pie*, when made according to the recipe that Frances' cook uses, turns out to be rich and crunchy, with a delicate, not-too-sweet flavor. The pecan tree, it seems is the state tree of Texas so it's no wonder that Ruby—who hails from there—is so expert in making a pie which features this outstanding product of her native state.

That's "how, come" she also happens to make such perfect *Pralines*, says Frances.

But now let's fly back to Florida, whence comes the last of our Frances Langford food suggestions, a dandy, which features grapefruit in novel fashion. Certainly timely right now, for shipments of this golden fruit are heaviest during the months of January, February and March, assuring purchasers both of quality and money-saving prices at this particular season. So try this *Florida Meringue Pie* soon!

For this pie is one that will vie with the *Pecan Pie* for top honors in your culinary repertoire, according to Frances. I shouldn't be surprised if she were correct in that surmise for I know I, myself, found this luscious new flavor tantalizing and a welcome change from the more familiar lemon versions. Be sure to follow the meringue directions carefully, for so much of the success of this pie depends on the golden brown, light texture topping.

With this recipe you will have a new dessert worthy of the state which gave radio one of its most interesting and popular singers, and which provides the world with such a large proportion of the fruits Frances favors and which we all realize are so healthful—grapefruit and oranges.

The health-giving properties of citrus fruits are not nearly as new a discovery as radio, of course; for, more than four hundred years ago, the Spanish explorers and conquistadors carried these fruits with them on their fabulous voyages.

Actually, no fruits are as closely associated with the early history of America as are oranges. Diligent research has brought to light the fact that Columbus introduced the sour orange to the western hemisphere on his second voyage to the West Indies. Ponce de Leon, seeking the famous, and alas mythical, Fountain of Youth, brought oranges to the mainland, little realizing that in so doing he was carrying with him one of the most important aids toward the goal he sought.

It's fun to think of these things sometimes, as we cut calmly into these golden or gay orange spheres—preparatory to the making of our breakfast juices or dinner treats—for it's interesting to realize that these fruits can boast of glamour as well as vitamins.

THE NEW YORK SUN
FOODS HIGHEST IN SIX YEARS
 Survey Shows How D...
 Has Affected...
 50 PER CENT
 CHICAGO, OR...
 cost of filling...

BUT WHAT A HELP TO GET A DELICIOUS NOURISHING DISH LIKE THIS—FOR LESS THAN 3¢ A PORTION!

HERE'S a great way to beat these rising food costs! Have delicious Franco-American Spaghetti several times a week. Serve it as a main dish for lunch or Sunday supper, or as a side dish for dinner. It's marvelous to make left-overs go further—it turns them into nourishing, attractive dishes.

But be sure you get Franco-American. This is no ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti! Just wait till you taste that appetizing cheese and tomato sauce, made

with eleven different savory ingredients! Your family will never get tired of Franco-American. It's a great work-saver, too! You just heat and serve—it's on the table in a jiffy. A can holding from three to four portions is usually no more than 10¢—that's less than 3¢ a portion.

Free recipe book gives 30 different appetizing ways to serve delicious Franco-American that will save you time and money. Send for it now.

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

The kind with the Extra Good Sauce—Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups



MAY I SEND YOU OUR FREE RECIPE BOOK? SEND THE COUPON PLEASE

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD COMPANY, DEPT. 62
 Camden, New Jersey
 Please send me your free recipe book:
 "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print) _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____



"Raw" Throat? Here's Quick Action!



Zonite Wins Germ-Killing Test by 9.3 to 1

If your throat is raw or dry with a coming cold, don't waste precious time on remedies that are ineffective or slow-acting. Delay may lead to a very serious illness. To kill cold germs in your throat, use the Zonite gargle. You will be pleased with its quick effect.

Standard laboratory tests prove that Zonite is 9.3 times more active than any other popular, non-poisonous antiseptic!

HOW ZONITE ACTS—Gargle every 2 hours with one teaspoon of Zonite to one-half glass water. This Zonite treatment benefits you in four ways: (1) Kills all kinds of cold germs at contact! (2) Soothes the rawness in your throat. (3) Relieves the pain of swallowing. (4) Helps Nature by increasing the normal flow of curative, health-restoring body fluids. *Zonite tastes like the medicine it really is!*

DESTROY COLD GERMS NOW—DON'T WAIT
Don't let cold germs knock you out. Get Zonite at your druggist now! Keep it in your medicine cabinet. Be prepared. Then at the first tickle or sign of rawness in your throat, start gargling at once. Use one teaspoon of Zonite to one-half glass water. Gargle every 2 hours. We're confident that Zonite's quick results will more than repay you for your precaution.

Always gargle with Zonite at the first sign of a cold



LITTLE, BUT OH MY!

(Continued from page 7)

women in the world, Mitzi has had an excellent background for her very decided opinions on clothes.

And she "gets around" the big city, too. For, besides her two regular programs, she's often heard on sustaining shows and has been vocalist with several dance orchestras. She has also been in a number of Broadway plays and in productions of the French Theatre, and from this varied experience she has drawn her well-founded style ideas.

First of all, clothes shouldn't be too important looking for small figures. This, of course, is true for all types. You should never let your clothes dominate your personality. Mitzi likes simple clothes that she can buy lots of accessories for. With a plain dress as a background to work with, she finds that she can follow the latest trends of fashion by varying the accessories to her heart's content, to say nothing of the economies practiced thereby.

She thinks, too, that the most wearable, adaptable thing any girl or woman can have is a black velvet dress. The black velvet party frock (Pictured on page 6) is very simple in line and detail. The rich, dark fabric is relieved only by the touch of color in the pale pink lace ruffles which outline the neckline and the tiny puffed sleeves. The hem of this dress is formed by shallow, scalloped lines in black taffeta, which make a lady-like rustle, reminiscent of the Gay Nineties, when Mitzi dances. Shorter in front, it swings just at her ankles at its greatest length in back, in the new fashion. Mitzi wears this charming frock for both formal and informal evenings. Sweet and demure when it's worn on the shoulders in an old-fashioned square neckline, there is an invisible elastic so that it may be worn pushed off the shoulders for really grown-up occasions, when formal sophistication is the order of the evening. I needn't say anything about the importance of velvet this winter, for if you have been following your fashion news, you know how much this rich, luxurious fabric is being worn.

Mitzi's favorite "accessory dress" is her plain black day-length frock, which is so practical and feminine at the same time, and perfect for luncheons, teas, cocktail parties and informal restaurant dining. Her accessories, (See page 7), follow the dictates of fashion in its demand for jeweled accents, and she has placed them in an original manner that lends a note of individuality to her costume. The sunburst of rhinestones, set in yellow gold, at her neck is duplicated by the pin on the cuff of her glove! Her small black velvet hat has stiffened flowers of the velvet all the way 'round the back, and a short, shadowy veil makes it very alluring.

As a change from black, and an exquisite foil for her lovely brunette beauty, Mitzi has chosen the stunning white and gold lamé evening dress (Pictured on page 57) for formal balls and very special functions. The flash of gold on the white background gives that touch of "glitter" so very important in evening fashions this

winter. Of especial interest is the nonchalant, sophisticated line of the neck, which is draped in the new Gypsy fashion, off one shoulder. The skirt is pencil straight down the front, gathered tightly around the hips with a swirl of fullness at the back below the knee.

Three smart gowns like these make the basis of a grand party wardrobe for the young lady who is looking forward to a busy social season this winter. Mitzi thinks that with the lamé evening dress for formal balls, the versatile black velvet for less formal evenings or restaurant dancing, and the plain black crêpe for afternoons with lots of different hats, jewelry, gloves, and bags—she'll be all set for winter festivities.

And these dresses are perfect examples to illustrate for you Mitzi's ideas of the type of clothes that will make a small girl outstanding because of her smart appearance.

You will notice that her clothes are simple in line and very neat, with no superfluous details to detract from the girl who's wearing them. For, being so young and such a tiny person, it would be very easy for her to fall into the "cute little girl" category. But she refuses to be typed. Her clothes express her personality, instead of forming it for her.

The small girl must take care not to be overwhelmed by too many frills. Flowing draperies are taboo. Rather, concise, clear-cut lines that outline your best features will serve to enhance your personality.

Mitzi Gould emphasizes the fact that, if you're small, you should wear clothes that fit well, or you're apt to look "stocky." This is especially true if you're inclined to be a bit on the plump side. Your clothes must fit you, not necessarily like the paper on the wall, but they shouldn't hang or sag on you, or bulge in the wrong places.

A high waist and tight bodice, such as shown in Mitzi's black velvet, are very flattering to the small figure. The full, high-waisted skirt gives a lengthening effect from waist to hem that adds a great deal to your height.

The broad-shouldered look, gained by the use of the puffed sleeves and corseted waistline of Mitzi's afternoon dress, give an impression of size that is emphasized by the slenderness of her waist.

And her white evening gown, which fits closely from shoulder to knee, has long, slim lines that do a great deal toward making her look taller than she really is.

Speaking of closely fitting dresses brings us to a subject which is too important to be overlooked by any girl, no matter what her size. And that is the framework upon which she is going to hang these fetching, flattering garments. Make the most of your five-feet-or-less by drawing yourself up to your full height, such as it is. If you do, your clothes will fit you better, for we all know that a good posture is the all-important basis for a smart appearance. In talking about posture, I'm sort of trespassing upon Beauty's bailiwick, so let's assume that our good friend Mary



Mitzi Gould wears a white and gold lamé evening dress in the new Gypsy fashion, off one shoulder. A straight front skirt drapes around the hips with fulness at back, below the knees.

Biddle, the Beauty Editor, has you all adding inches to your height by standing tall and straight, tummy in, head held high, chin up. But tiny though you are, you need a foundation garment just the same. It needn't be very heavy, just enough to keep you firm and to lengthen out your figure to the willowy silhouette for which you must strive in order to make the most of this season's pencil-slim or corseted lines.

All in all, I'd say that you short gals have it all over the taller ones, to start with. It's so much easier to add height than it is to minimize it. For instance, think of the trouble they have with heels. You need never worry that yours are too high, although I'd suggest that you don't wear them too extremely spiked, as this tends to make the legs look spindly, if they're thin to begin with.

Just remember, the next time you're inclined to feel envious of a tall girl's extra height, that you'll never have to trouble your pretty head about being taller than your date!

Just follow the fashion principles of smart little Mitzi Gould, and never again will you cringe under that hateful greeting: "Hiya, half-pint!" Instead, it will be: "Hel-lo beautiful! You're certainly looking swell these days!"

NOW LET'S SEE HER THROUGH BOB'S EYES

PROTECTS COMPLEXIONS, TOO!

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

NOW ONLY 10¢

at drug, department, ten-cent stores



TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINITY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

NEWS FLASH!

Men Look First at a Woman's Eyes; Women Notice Masculine Nose

NEW YORK, N. Y.—(U.P.)—When a man looks into a woman's face the first thing he notices are her eyes.

When a woman scans a man's face she pays most attention to his nose. These conclusions were drawn by the beauticians of America after a three-month survey in which 25,000 men and women were asked to explain what interested them most in the facial features of the opposite sex.

Forty-three per cent of the women said they looked first at a man's nose, 19 per cent at the mouth, and the remainder scattered votes for the eyes, hair, ears and appearance of the skin. **Approximately 51 per cent of the men said they looked first at a woman's eyes.**

Courtesy: United Press and Milwaukee Journal

**NOW...
who Dares
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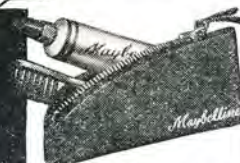
Maybelline Solid-form Mascara, in gold metal variety. Black, Brown, Blue. 75c. Refills 55c.



Maybelline harmonizing Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown, Blue.



Maybelline harmonizing Eye Shadow. Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green, Violet.



Maybelline Cream-form Mascara, brush, dainty zipper bag. Black, Brown, Blue. 75c.



Maybelline Eye Cream guards against crows-feet, lines and wrinkles around eyes.



Maybelline

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

THE WAY TO CHARM

(Continued from page 11)

tracts from the general effect. Coiffures, for instance, that are so exotic that one cannot get beyond the hair line to appreciate the brows and eyes, are definitely out. Also, eye or lip make-up, or manicures—so conspicuous that all a man sees coming toward him is a pair of staring eyes, or a crimson splash in a face, or a pair of hands—make a man uneasy and therefore resentful.

"You don't have to be any specific age," said Eddie Duchin, "or a blonde, brunette or redhead, to be a man's ideal! Take, for example, the winsome youthful Honeychile of radio, Patricia Wilder, or the equally lovely Irene Rich, who is the mother of two grown children—or study the smartly-gowned Gladys Swarthout, and you will see that all are very different types, yet each is natural, and attractive."

The trick of it all is to look like yourself, not like some one else! You must feel like an individual, if you are to be appreciated as one. Dare to be yourself!

Irene Rich has been herself through all the years, and by gracefully adopting those new fashions in coiffure, make-up and dress that are becoming to her, and by carefully avoiding both the stodgy and the freakish, her beauty and charm have increased.

"But," you wonder, "to be myself do I have to look the same all the time?" No, indeed. Not unless you feel like always looking the same!

Whatever you do about your coiffure will be the proper thing, provided you like it and feel right with it! Gladys Swarthout launched one of the most becoming modern hairdresses in the past five years. Every star in Hollywood, as well as every debutante, society woman and stage actress has, at one time or another, copied Miss Swarthout's "halo" coiffure in one form or another. Therefore, Miss Swarthout heads one strong faction which opposes changing one's hairdress to suit various costumes or social events.

"If you are lucky enough to find the one coiffure which 'does' something for your face, and more important, for your morale and subsequent poise," Miss Swarthout explains, "why deliberately turn from one hairdress to another which may supply variety but can't be as becoming?"

Gladys backs this up, too, by keeping those dusky ringlets and that center part with its single, high wave on either side of her forehead. She wears it that way for sports, for concerts, for dinner-parties and to bed!

On the other hand, there is a very strong faction which advocates frequent changes of coiffure. A lot may be said on their side, too. Sometimes a new coiffure gives a real lift to the spirits, so it's off with the old and on with the new, if that new can give an added zest to living!

Mr. Duchin says, in regard to the new coiffures, that he has noticed a swing away from the sleek "Mrs. Simpson" hairdress to the delightful, fanciful quality of hair being drawn away from the face, and curl-

RADIO STARS

ing in soft tendrils high on the head, on the back or on the sides, so that the head is a lovely picture from every angle.

From coiffure to nerves sounds like a hop, skip and jump in a beauty article, but nerves should be considered here because of their effect on the appearance and personality. We, my dear beauty seekers, cannot afford nerves—they are too expensive a luxury! The lines that nerves etch in the face, and the fluttery, uncontrolled movements they prompt, all detract from an otherwise charming effect. Plenty of rest and a little time set aside each day for relaxation, will quiet the jitteriest ones.

Irene Rich, who is constantly on the go and leads a very full and busy life, finds that she can refresh her complexion as well as renew her energy with a daily rest period that is preceded by a simple routine. First, there is a thorough cleansing of the face (include the throat and neck, too!). Then, there is the application of a facial or rich nourishing cream that will soften and smooth the skin while resting. Lastly, there are these simple exercises that will calm the most over-wrought nerves.

These exercises are not from any school, but are inspired by "cats." You know, the four-footed feline ones! Cats are the most perfectly relaxed of all creatures—and that is probably why they can claim nine lives! So, with these exercises, youth can be extended nine times and indefinitely.

Bounce into bed—yawn lazily and thoroughly—stretch yourself by balling the hands into fists and raising the right arm straight back beyond the head and at the same time pushing down toward the feet with the left arm. Reverse. Repeat several times.

The next exercise should rock you right to sleep before it is even finished! Stretch straight in bed, with the arms over the head and the hands close together so they will pull the head and shoulders. Roll over on the left shoulder, then on the right—keeping the hips flat. Relax. Roll the hips in this manner, keeping the shoulders flat.

A shower is the best method to wake up from a "cat nap." It will make you feel so tingly and refreshed and put the sparkle of a six-year-old in your eyes. Start with a warm shower and gradually make the water cooler until it is just as cold as you can bear it without an unpleasant shock. A brisk rub with a big thick towel should follow the shower; then bath powder.

You will feel and look so young after this, you will wonder where the years and fatigue have flown!

Now, for a make-up tip to bring out the natural you! A new and fascinating one is that of applying two shades of eye shadow to the lids. The first eye shadow should be a neutral brown or gray. Contrary to all rules you have learned before, this shadow goes over the entire upper lid from the inner edge of the lid right over to the outer. Your second application of shadow (in a shade that blends with either your eyes or costume) is applied in the usual way. That is from the center of the lid up and out toward the outer corner of the eye. You will like the depth it gives the eyes and the delicacy to the lids!

All the year 'round perfumes are intriguing and feminine, but the winter weather forms a particularly appropriate background for their mysterious fra-

grances. So, I hope there will be a chorus of delighted "Ah's" at the sample offer this month. You may have your choice of any one of the sextette of flower fragrances, designed to complement your personality and make-up, described here. You will find that these essences are all so concentrated that only a tiny drop will surround you with an aura of glamour. Therefore, they are inexpensive to use and you may supplement your sample with others of the odors to complete your "perfume wardrobe."

There is *Lily O'Valley*, sweet as young romance, *Gardenia* of glamorous evenings, *Lilac*, to remind you of spring, though it may seem so distant, *Carnation*, with a heady, spicy fragrance, *Sweet Pea*, demure as the dew-drenched flowers, and *Violet*, feminine and alluring. Name the odor you desire on the coupon and I'll send you this generous sample offer post-haste.

Mary Biddle
RADIO STARS MAGAZINE
149 Madison Avenue
New York, New York

Please send me my sample of
..... perfume. I understand this is to be absolutely free.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

IMAGINE ME HAVING BAD BREATH!

YOU'D THINK A NURSE WOULD KNOW BETTER! BUT A MONTH AGO....

WHY SO DOWNHEARTED, SUE? ON THE OUTS WITH THAT HANDSOME PATIENT OF YOURS?

WELL, SORT OF. JIM DID LIKE ME, RUTH—REALLY, BUT NOW HE DOESN'T EVEN WANT ME AROUND!

GET WISE TO YOURSELF, KID! TALK TO YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!

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

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH

"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into every tiny hidden crevice between your teeth . . . emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives new brilliance to your smile!"

AND SOON AFTER I SWITCHED TO COLGATE'S...

WELL, GOODBYE, RUTH! THANKS TO YOU, JIM AND I ARE GETTING MARRIED TOMORROW!

DON'T THANK ME—THANK COLGATE'S!

NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

...AND NO TOOTH PASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!

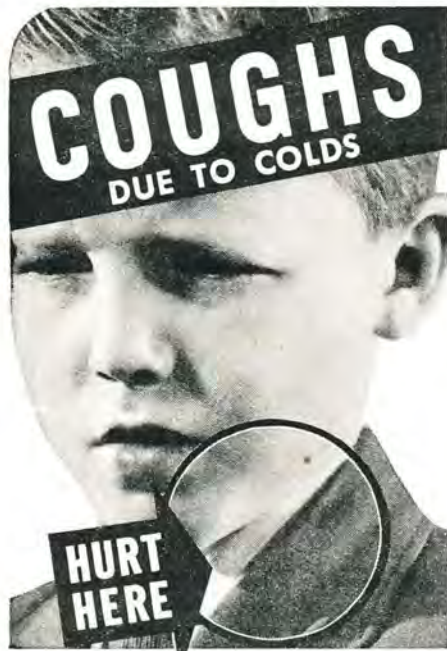
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH

Good Housekeeping Bureau

BECAUSE SHE RESEMBLED HIS BEAUTIFUL WIFE

(Continued from page 31)



TAKE THE SYRUP THAT CLINGS TO COUGH ZONE

Mother! When your child has a cough (due to a cold), remember this: a cough medicine must do its work *where the cough is lodged* ...right in the throat. Smith Brothers Cough Syrup is a thick, heavy syrup. It clings to the cough zone. There it does three things: (1) soothes, (2) throws a protective film over the irritated area, (3) helps to loosen phlegm. The big 6 oz. bottle costs only 60¢.

"IT CONTAINS VITAMIN A"

This vitamin raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.



SMITH BROS. COUGH SYRUP

SORE SKIN DUE TO IRRITATION

Smarting, tender skin promptly soothed and comforted by washing with Resinol Soap and applying Resinol Ointment.

RESINOL AIDSKIN HEALING

little girl with a Mussolini jaw, and a vile temper. She was, she insists, a problem child, a little beast! Her Mummy dressed them both, fat as they were, in French hand-made frocks, very brief and frail and exquisite. And Wendy would go storming about, tearing the fragile garments to pieces, demanding to be allowed to wear gingham or calico or something. Their father indulged them to the limit of his really quite limitless love. He would, for an instance, buy whole rows of seats in a theatre, so that they would not be cramped, become restless, could roam about during the performance. Their mother never said "Don't" to them in all their young lives. She would say: "If you *must* do this, darling—" Or, "If you think you must have that—I wouldn't, but—" And in time, Wendy says now, this wise formula reaped its own reward. For they grew to believe that if a thing wasn't good enough for Mummy, it might jolly well not be good enough for them. But there was never coercion, no reproaches, never an "I told you so." Wendy says: "If, now, I should present Mummy with an ex-convict for a son-in-law, very pock-marked and horrid, and should say: 'Mummy, this is Bill. This is *my* Bill. He's all I want in the world,' Mummy would say, repressing the nausea she would feel: 'Of course, if you *want* him, darling . . .' She's wonderful, she's really wonderful! And because of her way with us, we tell her everything, all of our problems, romances, simply *everything*."

Wendy didn't like little boys when she was a little girl, she says. She didn't like them because she couldn't boss them. She could boss little girls and so she played mostly with little girls. She has only rather hurried memories of her childhood. Flashes of the China Sea, the English Channel, of friendships made only to be hastily broken when the calls came to "come home." Flashes of convent life, of long hours of prayers before breakfast, small, stiff knees on grim, gray stone; of morning coming through stained glass. . . . Flashes of the blue-white Alps; of shopping sprees in Paris; of Hong Kong again. . . . No, she says, she never played with Chinese children. Because the English children, the American children, were kept to themselves. For Wendy and Patty there were nursery tea and Nannie and the school-room and God and the King, even in far Hong Kong.

When she was in her early 'teens she had a rousing row with her father, now deceased. Because nothing ever happens to Wendy in a platitudinous way, so the news of her father's death did not reach her decorously, via some sympathetic friend or mutually sorrowing member of the family. No. Wendy (less than a year ago, this was) was at the Coconut Grove, here in Hollywood, one evening. When over the radio came the news that F. C. Jenkin, K. C., had been "found dead" in Hong Kong. Wendy doesn't know yet

exactly what happened, or how, or why. Perhaps she will never know. Whatever happened, she feels, he is gone, not to return again. And young Wendy is a fatalist. She accepts all of the possible legerdemain of life, Black Magic included!

So, after her disagreement with her father ("We were exactly alike, dear, that was the trouble!"), Wendy went to London and took a flat of her own. She had had her own allowance ever since she was fourteen. Her mother's wise lack of any restraint had given her the ability to care for herself. And it was when she was in London, shortly after her debut there, that Alexander Korda approached her, made his extraordinary offer. Which is another substantiation, to Wendy, of the workings of Fate.

For Wendy had absolutely never thought of a career for herself. She certainly never had dreamed of a screen career, of all things! She hadn't even gone to the cinema very often. In school, at the Convent of the Assumption in England, in finishing school in Lausanne, Switzerland, she hadn't been allowed to go. She was not a fan. She had no screen favorites. She thought the wireless, as they call radio in England, was fun to dance to. She went to theatres a lot and was keen about Jack Buchanan. But always she was of the audience, with furs and orchids and escorts, clapping politely with white gloved hands. Once out of school, after she "came out," which she did, in very Best Society fashion, there were so many things to do. She had background, social position, an ample allowance. She knew all the Best People. The map of Europe was her playground. Cannes, the Lido, Biarritz, Paris, St. Moritz, Vienna, Deauville, London, Rome. . . . She wasn't interested in watching other people, least of all shadows, doing things. There were too many dinners, dances, cocktail parties, yachting parties, house parties. . . . If there were gray skies in Paris, well, there was the Lido, the sun was shining on the Lido—"Let's go to the Lido!" If London was boring, the season dull, there was Paris, she could "run over" to Paris, and did.

There was in the life of the young and very Continental Wendy much the same tempo as keeps at fever heat the tempo of life of a Hollywood star. There were phones ringing, cars calling, fittings, photographs, "on location" at one or another of the gilded playgrounds of the Continent; there were orchids arriving, flattery, flowers sent to her table by a stranger, who wrote: "*Just to tell you that you are beautiful!*" There were romance and intrigue and streamlined motor cars and yachts and country estates, and so the young Wendy felt no need of flattery. She had enough flattery to turn her sleek young head. She saw her image reflected and refracted in the eyes of how many fervent "fans," who were eager to pay their hearts over the counter. There was no need of a

career in the lovely, ermine-lined life of Wendy.

Then she fell in love—and got her heart broken. Or thought it was broken, which amounts to the same thing. She romped with romance, with young millionaire Willy Donahue, all over the bright spots of Europe. It was first love, young love, flaming and forever, of course. They were to be married. There was family opposition. There was the: "What, my son marry an actress!" prejudice. But they made plans, the two. Willy would sail for America, have it out with the family; in a week or two Wendy would follow him; he would meet her at the pier; all would be well and they would marry and live happily ever after. So it was arranged. Willy left; Wendy remained in Paris for two weeks. And Paris poured its coffers at Wendy's feet, minks, sables, ermines, gowns, hats, lingerie, the largesse of the looms of the fairies. Wendy sailed for America to meet her bridegroom. She sailed alone, with some hundred-odd trunks to bear her company. *But the bridegroom did not meet her!* That was the end of romance, then. That was when her heart broke. She could hear it breaking, there on that ship, at that pier, on that desolate morning.

Wendy came to Hollywood. Because her heart was broken, because she was frightfully in debt for all those hundreds of trunks full of gowns and furs, because someone suggested it and it seemed as good a thing as any to do, when nothing was really any good.

Wendy came to Hollywood, her heart as arid as the deserts she crossed. And here in Hollywood, as elsewhere, she was "different." She was different because she would have no truck with pose, with pretense. She didn't go about, as many screen seekers do, saying loudly: "No, dear, I wouldn't think of going on the screen! Why, I wouldn't accept a contract to play opposite Gable, not if he should ask me, on his bended knees! I'm just looking around, amusing myself—quaint little place, isn't it?" No, when people said to Wendy: "What on earth are you doing here?" she answered crisply: "I'm looking for a job." Yes, in pictures, certainly. I've got to get one and I'm going to get one." And she did. Within ten days after her arrival she was signed by Paramount. She says: "When I knew I had to take a test, I went to see Claudette Colbert in *The Gilded Lily*. I went to see her six times. Then I made my test, imitating Claudette every foot of the film way."

Wendy lived, for a time, in a large white house on a hill in Brentwood. The headlines about Wendy and the Donahue boy began to wander to the back pages, simmered out, as headlines have a way of doing. It was rumored that Wendy was "going with" Louis Hayward. She was, but it was not a romance, though the columnists did their best. It was a friendship, a continuance of a friendship begun in England, before ever the two young people had set foot on Hollywood's balmy shores. And it was a friendship which did not kindle her heart but did much to help her to piece together the jigsaw puzzle pieces which her shattered heart had, she believed, become.

She made more pictures—*College Scan-*

How to win against SKIN TROUBLE

IF YOU HAVE ANY OF THESE COMPLAINTS, DON'T DELAY, BUT START NOW TO FIGHT THEM WITH A PENETRATING FACE CREAM

BLACKHEADS?

YES..... NO.....

These hateful little specks hide in the corners of your nose and chin, and don't show their faces until they have deep roots. Even one blackhead may prove your present cleansing method fails in these corners. To see how quickly blackheads yield to a penetrating cream, send the coupon below to Lady Esther, today.

OILY SKIN?

YES..... NO.....

Does your skin always seem a little greasy? Does it look moist? If this is your trouble, then be careful not to apply heavy, greasy, sticky mixtures. Send the coupon below to Lady Esther and find how quickly an oily skin responds to a penetrating cream.

DRY SKIN?

YES..... NO.....

Move the muscles of your face. Does the skin seem tight? Can you see any little scales on the surface of your skin? These are symptoms of DRY skin. A dry skin is brittle; it creases into lines quickly. If your skin is dry now, then let me show you how quickly you can help it.

TINY LINES?

YES..... NO.....

Can you see the faint lines at the corners of your eyes or mouth? If your skin is dry, then these little lines begin to take deep roots. Before you know it they have become deep wrinkles. The coupon below brings you my directions for smoothing out these little lines *before* they grow into wrinkles.

COARSE PORES?

YES..... NO.....

Your pores should be invisible to the naked eye. When they begin to show up like little holes in a pincushion, it is proof that they are clogged with waxy waste matter. When your skin is cleansed with a penetrating cream, you will rejoice to see the texture of your skin become finer, soft and smooth.

DINGY COLOR?

YES..... NO.....

If your general health is good, then your skin should have a clear, healthy color. Very often the dingy, foggy tone is caused by clogged pores. If you want to see an amazing difference—a clearer, lighter, fresher looking skin, then let me send you, FREE, a tube of my penetrating cream.

Have you a Lucky Penny?

Here's how a penny postcard will bring you luck. It will bring you FREE and postpaid a generous tube of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream, and all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

Lady Esther, 7110 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Madam: I would like your directions for (check)

Blackheads Dry Skin..... Oily Skin
Coarse Pores..... Tiny Lines..... Poor Color.....

Please send me a tube of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream, and ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

Name..... Address.....

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

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

(39)

74,000,000 INNOCENT VICTIMS



Each Fated for 2 COLDS THIS YEAR!

ACCORDING to eminent medical authority, 60% of all the people in the United States suffer from at least two colds every year.

The best time to prevent trouble is right at the start. If you're nursing a cold—see a doctor! Curing a cold is the doctor's business.

But the doctor, himself, will tell you that a regular movement of the bowels will help to shorten the duration of a cold. Moreover, it will do much to make you less susceptible to colds.

So keep your bowels open! And when Nature needs help . . . use Ex-Lax! Because of its thorough and effective action, Ex-Lax helps keep the body free of intestinal wastes. And because it is so mild and gentle, Ex-Lax will not shock your eliminative system.

EX-LAX NOW SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROVED

- 1—TASTES BETTER THAN EVER!
- 2—ACTS BETTER THAN EVER!
- 3—MORE GENTLE THAN EVER!

Ask for Ex-Lax at your druggist's. Comes in economical 10c and 25c sizes. Get a box today!

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

IF YOU WANT HEALTHY GUMS AND BRIGHTER TEETH YOU MUST DO YOUR PART OF THE JOB AT HOME!



Dental service is important. Dental cooperation at home is equally vital! Clean teeth, massage gums twice a day with Forhan's!

Regular massage with Forhan's stimulates gums, retards formation of tartar, makes teeth gleam! For generous trial tube send 10¢ to Forhan's, 221 Chrysler Bldg., N. Y. C.

Forhan's DOES BOTH JOBS
CLEANS TEETH · AIDS GUMS

dal, *The Big Broadcast of 1936, A Feather In Her Hat*, for Columbia, *It's A Small World*, for Fox. She signed a contract with Universal, made *Wings Over Honolulu* and, most recently, *Prescription for Romance*, which terminated her Universal contract. She played in Goldwyn's *Dead End*, infusing a somewhat mannequin part with significance. Now she is free-lancing, wants to free-lance. She says: "I've been a free lance all my life, in every way. It's my proper place in the scheme of things."

She has gone on the air with Jack Haley's *Log Cabin* program, heard Saturday evenings at 8:30 EST, over the NBC-Red network, and considers this the most important thing that has happened to her since—well, perhaps, since the day the stranger approached her at the Savoy Grill. She was asked to be on the program, mostly because of her guest appearance, which was her first radio appearance, on the *Chase and Sanborn Hour*, with W. C. Fields, Don Ameche, Charlie McCarthy and the others. Mostly because, when W. C. Fields ad libbed, she ad libbed right back at him. She might have been thrown into a jitter, from which no amount of "the air" could have saved her. But she wasn't. She gave as good as she got—and she got the Jack Haley program. She believes that the experience, the publicity, the program gives her means more to her than anything else she could have done. She's never been on the stage, so she gets a kick out of having an audience. She thinks the radio is comfy, informal, no dressing up, no making-up. She hopes to sing on the air, in time. Perhaps she has, by this time. She adores Jack Benny. She says that he is "a scream on the air, a saint in real life."

And Wendy has changed. She came to Hollywood a rather spoiled, frightfully extravagant, broken-hearted, superficially cynical, rather dangerous young woman. Beauty and bitterness can make a fatal combination. She has become, in the past year or two, a conservative, economical, stay-at-home girl. She lives in a small, semi-detached white house in Beverly Hills. No other star, no other player, with the exception of Bette Davis, lives so moderately. She has a colored couple, who baby

her, "look her over," when she is going out. Which isn't too often. She doesn't go to big parties, nor give them. She says: "My best friends now are not among the 'Biggies.' My very best friends are my stand-in, who also is my secretary, and her husband. It's good for me not to go with the Biggies, because then I can't be tempted to splurge on limousines, swimming pools, Troc'ing, et cetera. I am most frightfully extravagant by nature. I can't keep money, dear. If I can't think of anything I need, I hunt around until I find something to spend money on. I do, or did, mad things—like having a dance floor laid in my apartment for my special tap work. Things like that! I've been very bad about clothes. I'm quite ashamed of myself, when I think what I have spent on clothes. No more! I have a manager, who also is my good friend—Arthur Lyons. He has put me on a budget. We eat our meals here, my stand-in, her husband and I. When we do go out, on Thursday nights usually, we scurry about madly to find a place where we can get fifty-cent dinners.

"I'm having no romances. None, really! I've found that romance and living in Hollywood don't work out. I have so many friends who come over from abroad. I've lived so much in the Continental way that, when they do come, I want to go out with them. You can't, if you've got a 'boy friend.' It means scenes, jealousy, misunderstanding, all that.

"Someday I hope to fall in love again, of course. When I do I want to marry, have a home, have children, give up my work. Yes, I know. I know that every girl, man, woman in pictures has said this very thing and many of them have married, but none of them have given up their careers. I can only say that I shall. After all, I wasn't born to this, you know. It isn't in my blood. And I had what Hollywood had to offer before ever I came to Hollywood—the excitement, you know, dear, the tempo of the life, the flattery and favors and all that."

And so, because nothing ever happens to Wendy in a platitudinous way, she may really fall in love again one of these days, may really do what almost no one ever has done before her, give up the screen—and "live happily ever after."

THE GOSSIP-MONGERS WERE WRONG!

(Continued from page 41)

"That disappointment nearly finished me. I thought my whole world had come to an end.

"So, the other day, I just happened to pick up this catalogue. Now that I could afford to go to the Academy if I wanted—look at what it says—"

The words were printed in bold type and italics, so that they could not possibly be overlooked by prospective students: "The proper age to begin dramatic studies . . . earlier than sixteen is too young, older than thirty, too old . . ."

"I'm forty-six," said Tony slowly. "You know, it made me have a funny feeling. Not just because I have the money now and

don't have the youth. But because I don't have the dreams any more. I'm perfectly content to do my little programs on the air. Three shows a week, including the time it takes to write them, rehearse them and broadcast them, only require ten hours of work altogether. I have plenty of leisure to make my violins and read and exercise.

"You see, I'm not an actor or any of the things I thought I would be—and I'm satisfied."

He leaned back in his chair, drew on his pipe. "I guess," said Tony philosophically, "I guess you sort of take what life gives you, don't you?"

And it's still, to Tony Wons, a great source of wonderment that life gave him, of all unlikely candidates for the job, a radio career. Just by chance, there was the piece of shrapnel that dug into his side in wartime. There was the day he lay motionless on a cot on a train platform in Chicago and said goodbye to Ruby, his wife, and never expected to see her again. The ailment was pleurisy and he was off to the Veterans' Hospital, and the doctors said he couldn't possibly live.

By chance, however, he pulled through. For a year, propped in bed, he whiled the long hours away with books, magazines, newspapers. He began to cut out pieces that he'd read and liked, he began to write a little, and when his eyes were tired he began to paste the things he'd clipped and written into a scrapbook.

Out of the hospital, jobless, a wife and daughter to support, he played a hunch and took his scrapbook to WLS in Chicago.

The station manager thumbed through the neat pages, looked up at Tony with a gleam in his eye. "Fellow," he exclaimed enthusiastically, "you've got the greatest idea for a program here I ever saw! What shall we call it?"

Tony rattled off a dozen fancy names. "No," said the station manager. "Just call it *Tony's Scrapbook*."

And so a program was born that was to give Tony Wons the biggest break he'd ever had.

He doesn't know why that should have happened to him. He'd never had much education, nor very many advantages. His parents, born in Poland, came to this country to settle in Menasha, where Mr. Wons made his living playing church organs. Anthony Stephen was the youngest of their six children. At the age of twelve he left school to work in a factory, thirteen hours a day for \$3.60 a week. Alongside him worked rough, grown men, who cursed, told ugly jokes, fought among themselves. That sort of thing, some say, will ruin a child or make him. It made Tony.

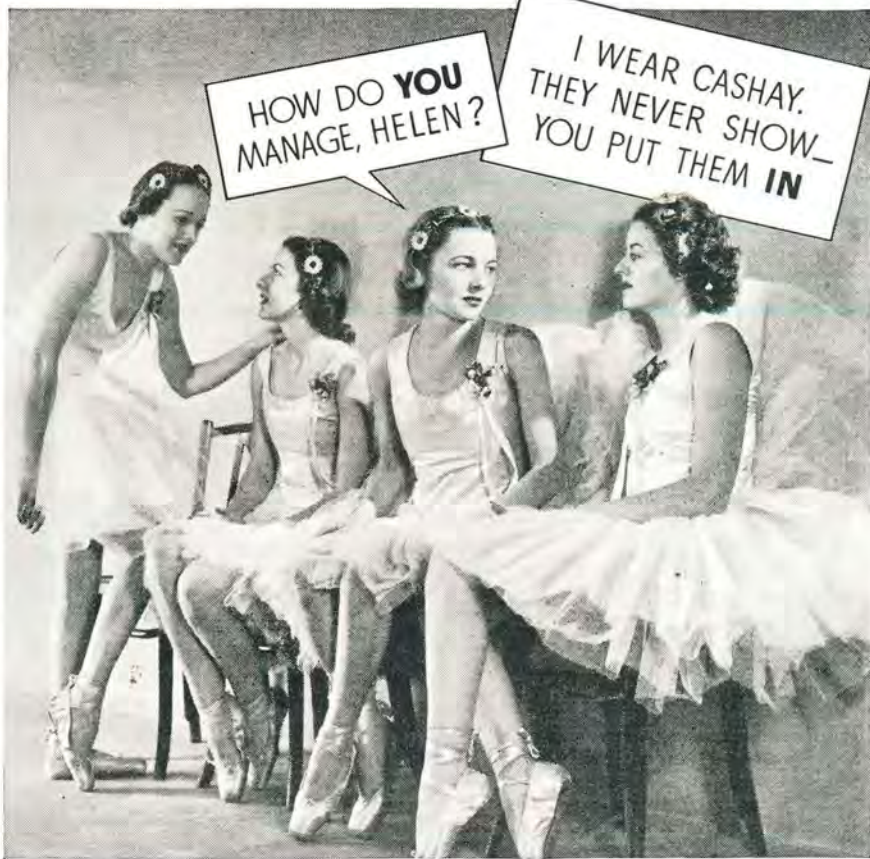
When he was twenty-four he met, at a political meeting, one night, a slender, hazel-eyed girl named Ruby Hill. The two fell desperately in love, were engaged for three years. They didn't know when they'd marry, because they didn't see how they could afford it. Until one afternoon, in a day coach, on their way into town to have dinner and see a show, they made up each other's minds.

They got to the Municipal Bureau just as it was closing. The judge let them wait while he kept a dental appointment and ate his supper, but then he did keep his promise to come back and marry them. The item Tony remembers most vividly was that his cap, forgotten in the excitement, got locked up in the court house; that he went back home bare-headed, but proud and happy, for all the townsfolk to see.

The first few years it was tough going, financially, for Ruby and Tony. Tony worked in a butcher shop, tended furnaces, played drums in a dinky dance band, to support his wife and baby daughter. The trio moved to Chicago, where he could get a better job working in an office. At last things were working out beautifully. They'd even made the down payment on a bungalow in the suburbs.

Then the pleurisy.

Then—just by chance—radio.



Stage Women Solve Monthly Problem this New Sanitary Way

**No Betraying Pins
No Bunchy Pads, Sterilized
Completely Dainty**

WOMEN who must always look their very best before the public have adopted a new, modern way of sanitary protection. Entirely hidden.

No more betraying pins or belts, no bunchy pads. Cashay—the new sanitary protector—is worn internally.

They look so small and soft—almost like a powder puff. You can hardly believe they're effective. But Cashay is spun in a special way, of finest cotton and surgical gauze. By



Cotton tampon . . . soft as down but highly absorbent . . . is worn inside.

actual test, each little tampon is 40% more absorbent in use than one of those bulky pads you've been wearing.

Completely dainty! And comfortable! Once properly in—Cashay fits perfectly. Can't embarrass you by getting out of place. No chafing.

Cashay is actually more sanitary . . . scrupulously, surgically clean. Each Cashay is wrapped in Cellophane and sterilized after wrapping.

You'll never go back to the old way, once you've used Cashay. You'll be so enthusiastic about Cashay—as actresses, sportswomen, college girls are. Only 35¢ a box at drug, department stores—also in a 10¢ box at 10¢ stores. *Booklet free!*

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Send me FREE "An Open Book
on a Hidden Subject"—the facts
about personal hygiene.

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I enclose 35¢.

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HAVE "it"?**



• Express your personality by your eyes—reveal their size and brilliance with a frame of sweeping lashes! KURLASH in a few seconds curls them, without heat or cosmetics—adds to their apparent length, gives depth and glamour to the eyes. Only \$1 at all good stores.

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THE KURLASH COMPANY
Rochester, New York, U. S. A.

Kurlash

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What a mighty job a little  nickel can do when a cold has you by the  throat. Cure it? No. But

**BEECH-NUT
COUGH DROPS**
BLACK OR MENTHOL

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

Tony zoomed to the top, from his modest beginning at *WLS*. When New York beckoned, he moved his family into a spacious, sunny Manhattan apartment, forty floors up in the sky. He gave them the luxuries he'd always wanted them to have—a car, nice clothes, a boat, a home in the country. He worked hard, and success topped success. His published scrapbook sold a million copies, his programs drew fan response along with the very biggest shows. His income mounted.

"But not as high as I often read it was," Tony admitted honestly. "People said I was a millionaire, because my book sold a million copies at one dollar—they didn't stop to find out that I got only a dime on a copy. If you want to know the actual truth, I've made \$250,000, all told, out of my radio work. That's not much compared to what some others have made, but it's enough for me.

"You see," said Tony smiling, "I learned how to save when I was a youngster."

For ten years, then, Tony Wons was one of the biggest names on the air. He loved his work. He was well and happy; his family was well and happy. Everything, apparently, was going along in wonderful fashion.

And then something happened. Not all at once, but in a small way and with an alarming rapidity.

The first indication was that Tony sat longer and longer over his typewriter. A program that he had always written in an hour began to take two hours, four hours, five hours. And even at that, somehow, it wouldn't be such a good program.

"What did you think of the show today?" he'd ask several of his intimate friends, the ones he knew wouldn't "yes" him falsely.

"Well . . . fair," they'd comment frankly. "Seems like you'd said it all before, though."

Eight hours, sometimes a day and an evening, sitting over his typewriter, just for one script. Why couldn't he think of material, the way he used to? Why was his stuff getting trite and stagnant? Wasn't he trying harder than ever?

"Read this script, please, Ruby," he'd ask in despair. "What do you think of it?"

Ruby would read it. Then, looking at her husband with honest eyes, she'd answer: "It's . . . well, darling, somehow, it's *old stuff*, that's all."

Then Tony knew. The thing was happening to him that kills stars quicker and surer than anything else on earth. He was getting stale, hackneyed. He was doing the same thing over and over and over.

Tony Wons was slipping—he realized it just in time.

In a desperate effort to save himself, he tried hiring expensive writers, the way big-time comedians do.

"It didn't work," said Tony. "They either wrote better or worse than I did. But whatever they wrote, it wasn't my kind of thing, somehow. I have to write my own stuff, or it falls flat when I speak it."

Tony and Ruby talked it over. In the first place, he was tired—physically. He hadn't had a vacation to speak of for ten years. And when a man's body is weary, his brain is weary, too. Stars can't be tired and shine.

In the second place, he'd done the same thing too long. He needed to lay off, to

try to forget radio completely, freshen his ideas with a change of scene and occupation.

In the third place, he had to do something and do it quickly!

Tony made up his mind. His sponsored series was about to end; he had new offers pending, but he wouldn't accept any of them; his fan mail, his Crosley rating, were still at peak points, but they wouldn't, they couldn't, stay there for long . . .

So he was just beginning to slip, was he? Well, he'd quit radio, before radio quit him!

Few stars have the nerve to do a thing like that. Most of them hang on, hoping, trying, refusing to believe they can skid down the ladder. But to Tony retirement was a simple gamble. If he stayed on, stagnant and repetitious, he'd be sure to lose his following. If he quit for a while, maybe he could come back, some day, as strong as ever.

But only *maybe*. That was the thought that made him white-faced and nervous. *Maybe . . .* listeners might forget Tony Wons. Listeners are fickle.

On Center Island, deep in the great beautiful silence of Lake of the Woods, he didn't even have a radio to listen to. That was just the way he wanted it, a total change. For neighbors, he had only Indians from a nearby reservation. For work, he had building his boat, his canoe, his boat dock, his house of native stone. He grew strong and hearty again, with sunshine, quiet, clean air, hard physical labor, food from his garden, his rod and reel, his domestic animals.

It was all very fine, exactly what he needed. For a year. And then Tony Wons felt the old yearning for radio again, for the bustle of it, the thrills, the competition, the labor, the satisfaction.

He said to Ruby, one evening, when they sat watching the still sunset across the wrinkled blue face of the lake: "This place has done it. I feel rested. I feel full of ideas, the way I used to be. I *know* I could make a go of radio again—why, I could write a script now in thirty minutes—I *know* it!" Just to prove it, he got out his battered portable and wrote several in that one evening.

"I think," he said to Ruby then, "I think I'm going back to New York—if I can."

He notified his agent in New York that he'd be available for a good offer, to let him know when one came.

A month . . . his agent didn't let him know. Two months . . . He began to worry. Four months, and he said to Ruby somberly: "It looks like the jig is up."

They moved back to their home at Kenosha, Wisconsin, prepared to stay there. Tony fitted up his workshop over the barn, got out the big block of old curly maple he'd been saving, set to work at his consuming hobby of carving exquisitely beautiful and exquisitely toned violins. At night he visited with his friends, read books, listened to the radio, went along as though nothing had happened.

But inside he was sick and lonely with dread—for fear he'd gambled and lost.

At last an offer came, but it wasn't the right offer, for a number of reasons, and Tony turned it down. Week after week he waited anxiously. No news.

Until, six months to the day since he'd



Popular favorite Lanny Ross, of the *Hollywood Mardi Gras* (Tuesdays, at 9:30 p.m., NBC-Red) is a camera fan.

written his agent, his present sponsor wired him. Within seventy-two hours Tony was back in New York.

And no other story of his mysterious disappearance and reappearance is true.

"Furthermore, I've learned a lesson," said Tony. "From now on I'm going to take at least a four-month vacation from the air every year. Don't you notice Jack Benny, Fred Allen, Cantor do it? They're wise! They need a rest, and it doesn't hurt to give their audiences one, too. It's a good idea, all the way around.

"Why are we, all of us humans, so sure of ourselves that we think we can't be done without? I sometimes pride myself, secretly, on the fact that I believe I haven't any conceit—well, a minimum amount of it, anyway. But, just the other day, in a restaurant on Central Park, I thought people were staring at me. I was sure they recognized me and were staring—until I discovered Mrs. Roosevelt was seated right behind my table!"

Tony laughed heartily. "That took me down a peg all right! I gave myself a good lecture when I got home. I deserved it!"

In oblivion today there are hundreds of stars who'd be back in radio now, in pictures, on the stage, if they'd been as wise and courageous as Tony Wons.

But once returned, could he make a comeback? That's why Tony couldn't talk of the thing he'd done, until he'd entirely completed the job. He has, you see, made a comeback, now! From the first few weeks he was on the air, his audience response ranked right up with the top-notchers. His programs are fresher and better than ever, his sponsor pleased, his star shining more brilliantly in the ether heavens than ever before.

His listeners didn't forget, after all—and one Anthony Stephen Wons is just about the happiest and most grateful man in radio.



The Glamour Girl
APPRECIATES THE ECONOMY OF THE NEW
LINIT MAGIC MILK MASK



*1st STEP
 Mixing takes a minute.



2nd STEP
 Applying takes a minute.



3rd STEP
 Resting for 20 minutes.



4th STEP
 Rinsing off completely.

THIS beauty-wise girl knows that popularity goes hand-in-hand with a clear, lovely, glowing complexion.

She protects and beautifies her skin with the new Linit Magic Milk Mask. It costs her almost nothing, yet keeps her face looking soft and smooth—lively and vibrant. It's ever so easy to enjoy this marvelous new home beauty treatment. While simple to apply, it's almost magical in results!

**Simply mix three tablespoons of Linit (the same Linit that is so well known as a Beauty Bath) and one teaspoon of cold cream with enough milk to make a nice, firm consistency. Apply it generously to the cleansed face and neck. Relax during the twenty minutes it takes to set, then rinse off with clear, tepid water.*

HOW FIRM—how clean your skin will feel! The gentle stimulation the mask gives your skin induces the facial circulation to throw off sluggish waste matter and heightens natural bloom. This is an excellent "guide" to proper make-up, as the bloom indicates where your rouge should be applied. The Linit Mask also eliminates "shine" and keeps your make-up looking fresh for hours.



Your grocer sells Linit

It is hard to believe that Feminine Hygiene



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and Greaseless

BUT IT IS TRUE. Zonitors, snow-white, anti-septic, greaseless, are not only easy to use but are completely removable with water. For that reason alone thousands of women now prefer them to messy, greasy suppositories. Entirely ready for use, requiring no mixing or clumsy apparatus. Odorless—and ideal for deodorizing. You'll find them superior for this purpose, too!

More and more women are ending the nuisance of greasy suppositories, thanks to the exclusive new greaseless Zonitors, for modern feminine hygiene.

There is nothing like Zonitors for daintiness, easy application and easy removal. They contain no quinine or harmful drugs, no cocoa butter to melt or run. Zonitors make use of the world-famous Zonite antiseptic principle favored because of its antiseptic power combined with its freedom from "burn" danger to delicate tissues.

Full instructions in package. \$1 for box of 12—at all U. S. and Canadian druggists. Free booklet in plain envelope on request. Write Zonitors, 3211 Chrysler Bldg., New York City.

Each in individual glass vial.



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How to **SECURE**
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EVERY woman wants to have a flawless complexion, a creamy, lovely skin. Men admire and love beauty. Beauty makes you more popular, brings more dates, invites romance. Beauty gives you poise, self-assurance, confidence. Why not be beautiful?

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what every woman should do,
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NO MORE MOVIES!

(Continued from page 39)

musical picture, but we turned it down. There have been other offers, two or three more, just within the past year, that have been turned down for the same reason. Kathryn isn't going to appear in a picture for eight or ten minutes of songs, as a radio "name" that will pull at the box office. We made one mistake in *Hello, Everybody*."

"But that picture was a dramatic part," I mentioned.

"Yes—but story and production were weak," Ted said. "After all, Kathryn has been an actress—before she ever achieved success on the air she was successful on the stage. But the best actress can be ruined by slipshod production and a weak story."

There's no question about that, of course. Kate was a hit on Broadway in *Honeymoon Lane*, her first big show, then in *Hit The Deck* and in *Flying High*, which is an excellent example of how a show, practically built-to-order for a performer, as this was for Kate, can give that performer a real chance to show to advantage. And her huge successes in those shows bear witness that Kate Smith was primarily an actress and comedienne, before she became radio's best-known voice.

It's logical, too, to assume Kate would be a picture bet. There have always been "fat" characters on stage and screen who were beloved by their public; back as far as the late John Bunny, and up to Wallace Beery. And certainly few actresses have more endeared themselves to the world than the late Marie Dressler, who was no sylph and whose career comprised over forty years in the theatre and Hollywood.

That doesn't mean Ted Collins has picked Kate as another Marie Dressler; rather, that those examples demonstrate big girls, with as much warmth, charm and personality as Kate Smith undoubtedly has, can fill a niche in the visual entertainment field, given the right chance.

"What Hollywood has been offering," Kate said, "is a chance to 'start over'; they're willing to pay for a name that will draw. But the money isn't particularly interesting to me; I do well enough on the air, and even if I were to make another picture, I wouldn't attempt to carry on with radio work at the same time."

"Then you mean you might, after all, consider the right kind of offer?"

Kate smiled and shook her head. "I've told you what I think, and I mean it. That was a theoretical assumption."

"But supposing," I suggested, "some picture outfit offered you the right story, guaranteed a *Class-A* production, with a good cast, and all that goes to make a top-notch picture. Wouldn't you be tempted?"

"No, I frankly wouldn't," Kate said. "I have plenty to keep me busy and the wolf from the door. But after all, that's up to Ted. He's the boss."

Kate means that, too. Her association with Ted Collins is practically unique, ever since the day when, as an executive of a phonograph recording company, he dropped into *Flying High*, was impressed with Kate

Smith's possibilities and stopped backstage to talk to her about it. He's been her manager ever since, and it has been directly through his efforts that Kate became one of radio's leading lights. There's never been a contract between them, but Collins and Kate found, that first evening, that they understood each other's ways of doing things, and she's never had occasion to regret placing all her business affairs in his competent hands. Ted, on the other hand, resigned his position, and has devoted himself solely to Kate's management. He's President and Treasurer of *Kated, Inc.*, while Kate is Vice-President and chief asset. And having found the value of Ted's guidance, Kate invariably bows to his judgment in business matters.

That guidance has carried Kate a long way from the days when a few hundred a week in a show seemed big money; when a \$250.00 fur coat was the height of luxury. When she first went on the air for CBS, during her *Flying High* engagement, Kate received the munificent sum of fifty dollars for six weekly broadcasts—for all six, not for each. But it wasn't long before the Kate Smith warmth and unstudied naturalness were getting over, and soon the *La Palina* commercial was paying big dividends. Kate's earnings since have to be counted in seven figures. At the same time she has made as much, or more, for the various charities that she works for.

At one time Kate Smith was criticized for her constant appeals over the air for charity, the critic indicating that she was seeking publicity. Kate, hurt by the blast, stopped all charitable urging over the air, for some time. But she was miserable about it, and finally she spoke up on her program, telling why she had stopped, and ended with the defiant assertion that, no matter what some self-appointed critic might say about it, she found happiness in helping others and meant to go right ahead doing it.

Those who know Kate Smith don't believe that her reasons for stressing charity are purely ulterior; that the underlying motive is a desire for publicity. There's no doubt that Kate does enjoy offering a helping hand; that she gets her greatest pleasure earning money through her efforts and appeals for one charity or another. If one wants to call that selfish, one may; the fact remains that, over three years ago, the total of Kate Smith's earnings for charity passed the million-dollar mark, exclusive of personal donations. And it's a safe bet that the recipients of the money found worthy use for it; money that, otherwise, might never have reached the causes Kate appeals for. She rounds up that money the hard way, too; not only by radio appeals, but by innumerable personal appearances, *gratis*, at benefits and rallies.

She is an honorary member of practically every charitable organization and, in addition to these, has several pet personal charities, too, an ardent ski-er, Kate has been offering a yearly prize of \$1,000 for the Women's Slalom Championship of North America, a skiing contest at Lake Placid. Kate plays the Placid golf course in 100, too, and offers a \$2,000-cup for the

Lake Placid Open Golf Tournament. Six years ago she inaugurated National Flower Shut-in Day, which still continues, and is administered by *Kated, Inc.*, which also finances the Kate Smith Foundation Award, a subsidiary organization which spends upwards of \$6,500 on dolls alone at Christmas time for underprivileged children.

No, Kate's charities are hardly lip service. And if she finds a genuine personal pleasure in them, so much the better for Kate. That's one of the reasons Kate continues in radio. After two years on the *La Palina* show, Kate was ready to retire. She had made plenty of money and saw no incentive for going on making more money she didn't particularly need. It was then that Ted Collins arranged for her vaudeville tour as a change, and Kate played to packed houses across the country. Seeing her public and hearing their applause helped a lot; then, when Kate returned, *Kated, Inc.*, was organized. It gave her something to work for—a business of her own. Some fifty-odd persons are employed now, and, in addition to Kate Smith, the corporation manages Jack Miller, who has been Kate's orchestra leader and accompanist for seven years, the *Three Ambassadors*, the *LeBrun Sisters* and *Smith and Dale*, as well as handling the enormous volume of mail her programs and Hero Awards brings in.

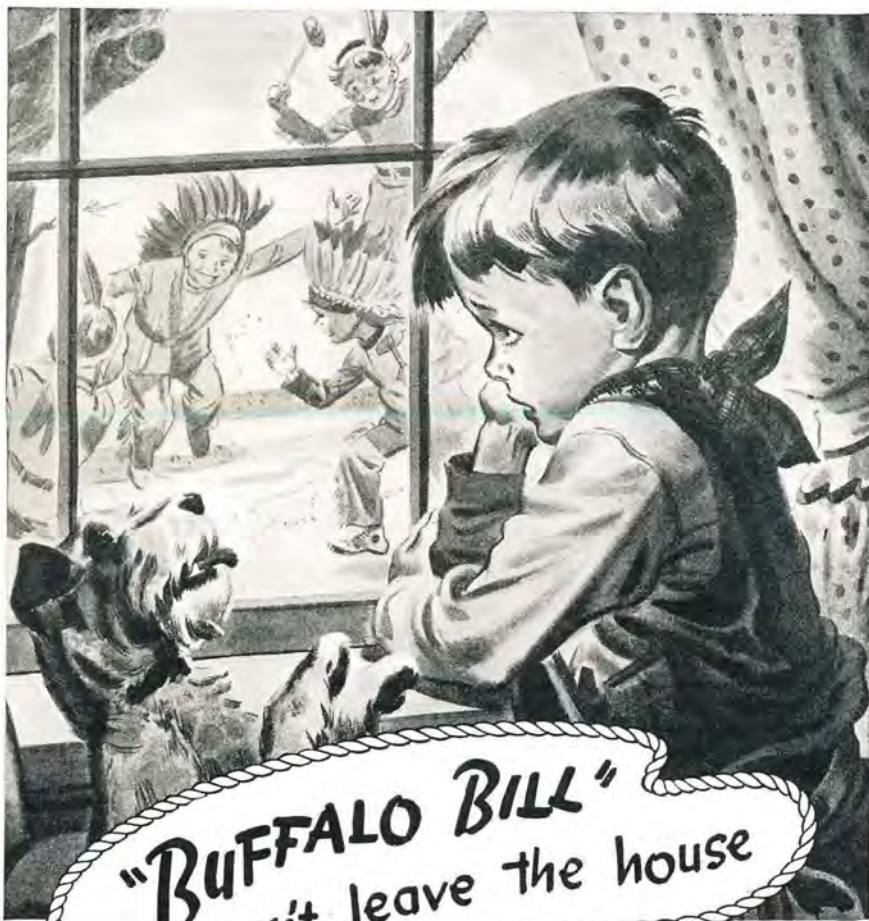
Kate's poise, too, has developed since the days when four hundred a week seemed big money. That poise, however, is a natural simplicity of manner rather than sophistication. On one occasion, some time ago, during a broadcast, Kate suddenly looked panicky. She kept on with her song, however, and for the rest of the program seemed quite herself. Not until the studio audience had filed out did anyone realize what had occurred—and then only when Kate's laugh rang out, freighted with relief. She had noticed, while singing, that a valuable diamond was missing from its setting, and when the show was over began a frantic search, luckily finding it in the welt of her evening slipper.

Kate has had, and is having, a busy, well-rounded life. She's been a comedienne, singer, dancer and actress; she's packed them in at the New York Palace, setting an all-time high, and sang with Stokowski and the Philadelphia Symphony. Her program is one of the few on the air that is produced by her own organization exclusively, and all her free time is spent at her favorite sports at Lake Placid, with her mother in Washington, or at the Long Island home of Ted Collins and his wife, who is one of Kate's closest friends.

There's no dearth of money or success; why, then, should Kate pile added burdens on her shoulders by tackling another medium—movies—that has so far failed to demonstrate that it can do as well for her as she has, so far, done for herself?

There could be only one reason: the vast army of Kate Smith admirers who would like to see her on the screen, as well as hear her on the air. Perhaps, if that army asks for her vociferously enough, perhaps if some picture outfit made insistent offers of the right story, director and production, they might sell Ted Collins the idea that Kate belongs in pictures, even though Kate isn't particularly interested. For, as she says, "Ted's the boss—and what he says goes."

Meanwhile, he isn't saying.



"BUFFALO BILL" can't leave the house

THE Indians are on the warpath and the Cowboys are ready to fight—but Buffalo Bill can't take part. For he has a cold, and Mother is afraid to let him go out of the house.

Like every mother—every winter—she faces the problem of how to gain greater freedom from colds for her family. The right answer would mean less time lost from work, from school, and from play. It would mean less worry and less expense. It would mean better health for every member of her household—less danger from the after-effects of colds.

THE ANSWER—The right answer seems to be clearly indicated by the results of an extensive clinical study—in fact, one of the largest ever made on colds. This study included four series of tests. They were made under everyday living conditions, and included 17,353 subjects, more than 7,000 of them school children. In the course of the tests, a total of 37 physicians and 512 nurses and supervisors took part. The official summary of results shows not only fewer colds and shorter colds, but actually—

Sickness from Colds Cut More than Half (50.88%)! . . . School Absences Due to Colds Cut Even More (57.86%)!

These results were gained by following a simple plan that any mother can easily follow right in her home—Vicks Plan for Better Control of Colds. This practical home

guide represents the 30 years' experience of Vick Chemists and Medical Consultants in dealing with colds. It includes a few sensible health rules and just two forms of specialized medication: Vicks VA-TRO-NOL, the scientific aid in preventing many colds; and Vicks VAPORUB, the family standby for relieving colds.

IN YOUR OWN HOME—What Vicks Plan can do for you and your family may be less—or even more—than what it did for thousands of people in these scientific tests. But its splendid record in this huge colds-clinic certainly makes it well worth trying in your own home.

Full details of Vicks Plan and its remarkable results come with each bottle of Va-tro-nol and each jar of VapoRub.

To help PREVENT many Colds

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

Just a few drops up each nostril at the first sniffle or sneeze.

To help END a Cold sooner

VICKS VAPORUB

Massage on throat, chest, and back. No "dosing" to upset the stomach.

53
28
17

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 Columbia Network.

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

SOME LIKE IT HOT

(Continued from page 42)

**SPOTS
AND STAINS
VANISH
WITHOUT
ANY WORK**



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Have you read Rudy Vallee's own column of personal comment? **IT'S MY HUMBLE OPINION**—on Page 16 of this issue. Don't miss it!



WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE...

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning 'Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

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musicales put on by the family for the family. It seems that the Berigans—man, boys and woman—would hold in as long as they could and then they'd just have to express themselves musically or burst—so out would come the instruments and off they'd go on an afternoon's musical jag.

"My mother has always helped me with my music—she taught piano, you know. Well, with that kind of help right there at hand, it wasn't so long before I found myself really interested in playing. Then, too, that set-up made it easier work, so that I never missed kid baseball and football—I played and practiced, too."

Which makes him slightly unique amongst an army of kids who blow and scrape and scowl, while other kids make home runs.

Somehow all of this talk seemed to affect him mightily, as his lazy, Irish-blue eyes traveled over his night-club surroundings. White-coated waiters staggered about under trays loaded with food and wine in an atmosphere of intense, if slightly forced, gaiety—and yet his mind was obviously back in his little room and on *Moore's Advanced Violin Solos*.

For the space of a moment he was pensive, then, with a flick of one of my cigarettes, he went on telling me his life story—evidently thus finding relief from a strangely placed nostalgia.

In high school, even as in grammar school, he managed by that same miracle to go in for athletics and music without noticeable loss to either. Indeed, he occupied the chair of first fiddle (without the swelled head this time) in the high school symphony orchestra—an organization devoted to doing irreparable damage to Tannhäuser and other great composers, entirely undeserving of the treatment they received.

"They tell me," he was nigh to bursting with chuckles, "that there were tremendous disturbances at the graves of Schubert and Mozart, at the very moments we were playing their works!"

Be such turning-over-in-graves as it may—after high school days, he turned to college. Everyone he knew was entering the University of Wisconsin, so he decided that he must, too. Since the family purse didn't run to tuition and college necessities, he bought a new cake of rosin and went in for club work (when a musician works through several booking offices on one-night engagements, he is doing club work) and theatre jobs about college.

"For a long time I'd realized that I wasn't going places as a hot fiddle player. I didn't possess the knack of making the thing work that way—sweet music, yes—hot, no. Then I turned to the trumpet. My grandfather, who just doesn't care what he lets a boy in for, some time back had shown me how the valves on the trumpet worked. Yeah, the middle one, too—he said you pressed it down. It wasn't hard to pick it up from there."

And there—to Mr. Ripley's eternal shame and mortification—is a hitherto unnoted fact: *Bunny Berigan, easily one of the*

world's hottest trumpeters, has never, in all his life, taken a single lesson on the trumpet!

"As I said, I was fully aware of the fact that I wasn't so terrific as a fiddle player, so when a fellow named Jake, who worked for me whenever my own little six-piece band got a job, told me about a bigger and longer-established outfit that needed a trumpet man that very night, I made up my mind right then and there. I borrowed my trumpeter's horn and went over to their office, accompanied by Jake and several qualls. They took Jake's word for my ability and that night I went on the season's swankiest job.

"I was scared, *Jake* was scared—after all, he'd taken my word for it that I knew the middle valve from the others—but after a few numbers I got over my stage-fright and then it was plain, if fancy, sailing. If they'd known. . . ."

But they never found out, and probably wouldn't have cared, after young Bunny and his horn began packing in the younger set, who wanted music so hot they could turn off the clubhouse furnace in January, thereby saving enough to pay for an extra night's dancing. And again he outwitted those wisecracks who say that you can't be an athlete and musician simultaneously, by playing football for all of the two years that he was in college. He wasn't a bad football man, but he was a decidedly better trumpet player.

From successful work with all of the bands around the university and from theatre work, which helped his trumpeting considerably, he began to get the notion that he was wasting time and that if he was to get on in the field of music he had better tackle New York and the name-bands pretty soon. Therefore, when he passed the second semester of sophomore French only by dint of—for a whole month—serenading the prof, who suffered abominably from insomnia, he decided to quit.

"I surmised that I might just as well play for Broadway as for a prof who couldn't sleep, so I landed here in town and, after a considerable struggle, got myself a job with Frank Cornwell's band. It's a tough job, breaking into the New York musical field, let me tell you. I wish someone had impressed it on me a little more firmly, years ago, and I wouldn't have rushed into the city. I'd have picked myself off a little more education and a lot more musical experience. I guess I was lucky, but I've seen an awful lot of young fellows fall by the wayside.

"But that's New York, for you. No matter what you may mean, musically speaking, in a town as big as Madison or Boston or anywhere, there's only one New York and it's worth a lot of trouble to make the grade here. So I suppose it's no use warning other young guys to take their time about the big city, eh?"

Berigan made good, though, and Bunny R. (for Roland) went through a swift succession of jobs with Hal Kemp, Tommy Dorsey, Abe Lyman, Paul Whiteman, Rudy

Vallee, and *the Goodman*, both here and abroad.

By now he was a thoroughly rounded-out musician and a man fabled for his outstanding ability to play *hot*. He must have been, because, when he opened with a swing combination at the Famous Door—a 52nd Street night club on New York's "Swing Lane," he created a fair-sized sensation—sort of pianissimo colossal.

Besides the Famous Door, 52nd Street has several similar spots including the celebrity-overrun "21." With the exception of "21," they're all very much alike—small, packed to the doors with people, devastatingly hot air and music. *The Music Goes 'Round* was born on this street, and in the Famous Door the music went 'round and 'round and the patrons who came late sat on the chandeliers and duelled verbally over the respective merits of Dorsey and Goodman.

But it wasn't long before they stopped worrying about those gentlemen and began hunting for people who would disagree with them when they said that *this* new, young maestro was the best hot trumpet player in all the world.

Not only the crowd on the chandeliers liked Bunny, for CBS picked him to head their new Saturday night *Swing Session*, with which they were making a bid for the favor of the younger crowd. Under his leadership the hour zoomed to tremendous popularity and with it swept Berigan, tooting madly, while people listening at home sat on chandeliers to get the night club effect.

Somewhere in the midst of thousands of

hot notes and his constant struggle to make a name for himself, he found time to work at Janssen's Hofbrau on Broadway and it was here that a very important thing happened.

"I never had paid much attention to the girl dancers in the places I worked at. They all seemed alike—ambitious, hard and too often cynical. At least, that was my opinion, until one evening, when I came to work with a bad case of sunburn. I'd been swimming out on Long Island, all day, and the effects of the sun were just making themselves known when I plopped down, after the first set, at a table in the rear.

"It was pretty warm in the place and the combination of heat, sunburn and smoke was too much for me. I began to feel dizzy. Just then a soft voice said: 'Here, drink this.' By then I was so dizzy that I could hardly make out her face, but I did as she ordered. Well, sir, I'll have you know that she looked after me all evening and even sent out for some sunburn cream she knew about. The next day I found out that her name was Donna I married her."

The Berigans today number four—ma, pa and two little girls, Joyce and Patsy.

"They're the sweetest babies in the world and they think their daddy is the best of all possible daddies. Joyce is a year old and Patsy is five. Today was Patsy's birthday, that's why I was so late in picking you and Virginia up. Sorry."

But he wasn't really sorry. Reports have it that he would cancel *any* engagement—anywhere, any time—if his children were

sick or even very lonesome for him.

"Donna and I are definitely agreed on one thing. That is that she shouldn't work. We feel that you can't bring kids up properly if both parents are away from home, working. Especially in our business, where we'd both have to work nights and sleep most of the day."

Musicians like and respect this man. They like him for his good nature and they respect a good "cat"—a good hot man. There's little doubt about a musician who can blow *F* over *High C*, and who has an easy four-octave range. If you could see him lead his band, whenever they play or broadcast, you'd know that he loved his work, because of one thing—he dances, very quietly, as he conducts.

He still loves his "jam" sessions. Together with men like Mugsy Spanier, Skinnay Ennis and Johnny Trotter, he'll sit down several afternoons a week and play hot music—without pay—solely for the fun of it. That's a fact!

He hasn't been a leader long, but his popularity growth has been important. After all, he's a young man of twenty-eight—even if a moustache and a bad set of publicity pictures, taken when he was heavier, do make him look thirty-five—and he's got plenty of time. Right now he's looking to the Coast or Mid-West for future triumphs.

Bunny freely admits he's never been able to save money. However he's young, full of life and enough wind to blow a trumpet for many years to come—so he just isn't worrying.

It's all more jam fun!



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SHEILA TAKES THEM OFF

(Continued from page 36)



**You'll have
more fun when
the SKIN is clear
from WITHIN**

NO MAN or woman wants to have a finger poked at them or receive sympathy because of an unhealthy skin appearance.

Some skin troubles are tough to correct, but we do know this—skin tissues like the body itself must be fed from *within*.

To make the food we eat available for strength and energy, there must be an abundance of red-blood-cells.

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Take the S.S.S. Tonic treatment and shortly you should be delighted with the way you feel . . . and have your friends compliment you on the way you look.

At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time-tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good."

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and as usual ended up in a play and a fix. That is merely to say that she played the *Melancholy Jacques* in *As You Like It*.

"Little Sheila," she says, "was bad in the part, awful bad—almost as bad as Richard Bennett. My make-up as a man featured a luxuriant moustache, *painted* on me, à la Groucho Marx. I was a beauty, I assure you—a tall, gangling girl, sporting a moustache that melted under the stress of her perspiring efforts and ran into her mouth!"

Sheila, finished with school, prepared to come out. Her début was to be quite a splash—would have been, were it not for her father's woeful lack of knowledge of money matters. For, while Thomas Francis Jackson Barrett was one of Washington's most brilliant lawyers, he was easily its most simple one when it came to turning down an appeal for money. Just a week before the début was scheduled to come off, a man approached Mr. Barrett with a sad story, borrowed a huge sum of money from him and disappeared forever. So did Miss Barrett's début, and Miss Barrett was just as glad.

"So I went into stock. Gosh, that does sound swell, doesn't it? . . . *went into stock.*" She drained half a glass of milk and lit a cigarette before she went on. "My part, you see, was very important. I walked on, said: 'Dinner is served, Madame!' and then went home. Ten dollars a week! You should have seen my make-up—real *Chauve Souris* stuff. Much too much white powder over all, excessive black around the eyes and, for rouge, a round, red spot on each cheek. As if that wasn't bad enough, I would have to rush to help a principal open a door, and trip her, so that she fell onto the stage! They said I was 'over-anxious' and let me go."

But she wasn't discouraged. At fifteen she sat down and wrote David Belasco an impassioned eight-page letter, the essence of which was that Barrett was a swell actress. He replied, asking her to come and see him. She did so and he was very kindly, talked to her, gave her a picture of himself signed, "*Affectionately yours, David Belasco,*" and sent her home with the advice that she was too young, and to come back in three or four years.

"But I wasn't too young and I didn't go home," she says. "I did what every young actress does, I sat in managers' offices for weeks on end. When I first got bits with Butler Davenport on 28th Street, I thought I had something, but when I was kept playing parts of widows with veils, I up and quit.

"Then I decided that I simply had to be in the *Greenwich Village Follies* that the Shuberts were working on. I followed a man connected with them, for eight blocks—until he gave me a card that would allow me to do my stuff before a squad of Shuberts, who were holding an audition that day.

"They had been watching people juggle, dance and sing all day long, and so well into the evening that it was nearly three o'clock in the morning by the time they got around to me. I did all the imitations

I knew and they laughed and laughed and everyone was highly amused—so they put me in the show as an ordinary showgirl!"

From then on she appeared on-stage nearly every five minutes, either as a stooge or a showgirl, let's say, in a filmy costume and stretched out to her full six feet on the cushions of a sultan's harem.

"I was a great foil for the comics," she groaned. "I think I was shot and killed twelve times in every show, I really do. Don't you love it?"

She had no lines beyond "yes" and "no," so it caused the Shuberts no trouble when she slid into a vaudeville skit with Harry J. Conley, who did rube dialogue. Sheila was a good straight woman for him and no one shot blank pistols off in her face.

From the Conley act it was but a step to twelve weeks at the Palace, in Billy Gaxton's vaudeville act. She didn't have much to do but she was crazy about Gaxton, as is everyone, and she looked stunning in a dress lent her by the late Mary Brown Warburton. It was a Chanel model in red and she looked spiffy in it.

That was nothing new for her because she always has liked clothes and always has looked well in them. Recently the Fashion Academy voted her one of the ten best-dressed women (she represented the night clubs—Kay Francis, the movies, etc.), but they didn't know that she hates to wear the hats she wears so well and that, even in the swank "21" Club, she tosses her hat aside as soon as no one is looking.

"After the Gaxton run, which at twelve weeks was a record, I went on in vaudeville with Walter Woolf and Verree Teasdale," she said. "I had all of six lines in the skit, opposite Milton Le Roy—he's Phillip Reed in the movies now. We were both as kiddish and young as the couple we were supposed to represent. So we rehearsed those terribly important six lines all over the theatre—upstairs, downstairs—even in the ticket window, until finally Phil Reed brightened and said: 'I know, *let's do them like Lunt and Fontaine!*'"

Followed more vaudeville, where she did do her imitations in a "single"; that is, alone—Lenore Ulric, Lionel Barrymore, ZaSu Pitts, Bert Lahr, *The Garbo*, Ed Wynn, and Fannie Brice, one of her pets among the theatre folk.

Legend has it that she was in the midst of pepping up a dead party with the Lenore Ulric one, when a man was so overcome by it that he grabbed her, practically tossed her into a cab and hustled her over to the Ha-Ha Club, where he knew the manager and where she was immediately signed up for \$200 a week. It sounds very much like Horatio Alger in tails and white tie, but it doesn't happen to be true—for Sheila had already worked with Jean Malin at the Folies Bergère Club, had gained a small reputation for herself and didn't need to be tossed into a cab. Malin, who played a lavender character, once threw a man bodily out of the club when he got noisy during Sheila's act.

"I had the time of my life when I did work at the Ha-Ha Club," she says. "I

was with Dan Healy and Jack White, you know, and they're absolutely mad—as weren't we all! We screamed and yelled and carried on—I adored it better than life. I got a real break there, too, because the columnists began to notice my stuff and wrote me up once in a while."

Which is a help to a little girl breaking into the night-club world, but she deserved it for she was beginning the stuff that almost immediately lifted her several cuts above the rank and file of imitators. Unique stuff like Noel Coward, George Arliss and Ernst Lubitsch doing an *Old Black Joe* thing; Mae West as *Juliet*; W. C. Fields as *Othello* and Fannie Brice as *Barbara Frietchie*.

Small wonder then that she quickly graduated to the Chez Paree in Chicago, El Morocco and the Stork in New York, the Clover Club in Hollywood and the better clubs of London. Now it's the Rainbow Room in Radio City and Sheila Barrett, or Sheila Barrett and the Rainbow Room in Radio City—it's all the same and the customers eat it up.

The crowd at the Rainbow Room likes her *Speakeasy Girl* number best. It's the composite story of a type of girl who hung around the speaks in the old days. She swept in with an older man and for a time was the life of the place. Then, as she drank more and more, she broke into sobs and ended up by screeching that she was drunk and common and disgusted with everything and sundry—remember her? It's a powerful piece.

"I've got a lot of plans for my air work," she says. "For one thing, I want to do *Mad About the Boy*, the song, you

know. I want to handle it in a Southern-girl way—about a boy who breaks a date with a girl. It's all very *Alice Adams-y*. Then I want to do the piece that Judith Anderson used on the Vallee show, Jean Cocteau's *Beloved Voice*—one woman alone plays it and it fairly drips with drama and punch."

Typical of Sheila's flair for showmanship and doing-the-right-thing, theatrically speaking, is her intent to do, over the air, also, people who support (really more than support) the screen stars. People like the Lionel Standers and the Una Merkels, who often carry a weak picture and supply much-needed humor to the screen. Yes, she writes her own material, with an occasional bit of aid from a Mr. Shakespeare and Kay Kenny.

Strangely enough her subjects, more often than not, really like the imitations she does of them, despite their Barrett barbs. A press-release says that Tallulah Bankhead was annoyed by her Barrett imitation, but, says Barrett,

"Tallulah laughed and laughed, all through the imitation as I was doing it. We were at a private party and afterwards she rushed up to me, and, without realizing it, used almost the same lines I had used in the imitation. In her husky voice she said: 'Oh darling, you were simply marvelous! Oh, yes, you were! It was simply priceless, my dear, it really was!'"

"And Katharine Cornell! I nearly died when Burgess Meredith introduced us for the first time. I couldn't talk, I just couldn't get a word out. Later, after I knew her better, and when we'd meet at parties, she'd say: 'What have you got me

doing now—tell me!' Once, when she asked me, I told her that she had been doing *Goody-Goody*. She laughed for a minute—at the name I guess—then asked, quite seriously: 'But what is *Goody Goody*?'"

Sheila says that ZaSu Pitts is the most difficult of all her caricatures; Mae West the easiest. In her own words: "Although ZaSu is the stock-in-trade of almost every mimic, most of them fail in portraying her. That is because they miss the feeling of frustration which is her basic characteristic." She has satirized more than seventy-five stage and screen personalities, with varying receptions by the individuals themselves. Lionel Barrymore, it was reported, was delighted with his, as was Katharine Hepburn. Harry Richman is supposed to have gone completely crazy over the one of him, to the extent of rehearsing her for three days on some new points.

On a recent Southern tour she did a number about a Southern belle lapping up a few in a New York bar. The belle gets tight and gives vent to a lot of you-all talk about her old Gran'pappy and yams and the family mansion and yams and finally, in an orgy of showing-off, yells: "*Waitah—waitah—have yo got eny co'n likker? Get me some!*" Then she turns to her companion and shouts, even louder than before: "*Th' only reason fo' th' Civil Wah, 'tall, was thet th' damn Yankees couldn't hold their likker!*"

"Well, sir, I'll have you know that the very next day after I did this number, the manager of the theatre rushed into my dressing-room and said: 'Sheila, ya gotta

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FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR




Ace announcer Dell Sharbutt, with singer Meri Bell, who's Mrs. Sharbutt.

take out that sketch about the Southern dame. The Georgia Society don't like it. They say it's a libel on Southern womanhood! Which, of course it wasn't," she continued, "because the character is no more representative of Southern womanhood than is Charlie McCarthy—so naturally I refused to take it out. The story about the Georgia Society and me was picked up by all the news services and, by gum, if over a hundred reputable Southerners didn't write and wire in, backing me up—so in it stayed."

The English, ever critical of their American cousins, found Barrett good to the taste. Her *Speakasy Girl* they described as "simply fabulous," and one they really went mad over was about an American chorus girl who is sent abroad with a dancing troupe. As she walks up the gangplank of her ship she leans over and calls out to a friend: "Hey! Dopey! G'wan over and see de old lady while I'm away, will yes? Have a cup of tea wid her." With a year in London behind her, the young chorine returns and Dopey is on the dock to meet her and again she calls out to him, only this time she says: "Hello, there, old chap! I say, did you manage to pop over and have tea with Mater?"

The phone rang and, slipping into a brogue, she asked who was calling. Miss Barrett, she said, was out, but she, Bridget, could take a message—*shurr!*

"You haven't seen America until you visit Central City," she went on, after slipping out of the brogue. "You know, the place where they put on those big shows every year—Walter Huston did *Othello* out there a season or two ago. This year Jed Harris put on *A Doll's House*, and I was there at the same time. It's a marvelous place, thousands of billions of whoosies—mountains I mean—hemming the town in. While I was there, they opened up the old Opera House and

found the programs from the last performance on the seats—and, word of honor, *the last man who had played the theatre was Booth!*"

In answer to a question, she pointed out the autographed photographs that lined the room.

"Yes, that's Ella Logan—she's a smart little gurrll (Ella is Scotch). Chevalier, I admire him but I don't know him very well. The Dowlings, love 'em both. Noel Coward? I'm crazy about his work. Look," (she bounds about the room often, disconcertingly and always unexpectedly), "here's the wire I got from him in answer to an invitation to last night's opening:

"Mr. Coward is frightfully sorry he cannot attend Miss Barrett's little party but Mr. Coward is going to the country Mr. Coward is."

"And it's signed, 'Mr. Coward.' Precious?"

But the strangest thing about this quite successful girl of twenty-nine (who admits she's supposed to say she is twenty-seven)—who has taken New York, Hollywood and London by-comparative storm, who is launched on a radio program of her very own, who is a pal of both the social great and the literary sparklers—is that she claims to have an inferiority complex. Can you—er—tie that?

"When I approached the mike for my first *Gruen* broadcast, I nearly fainted. Graham McNamee patted me on the back and I think it was that kindly little gesture that saved me. That's all part of an inferiority complex—if you didn't feel inferior to the mike, you wouldn't be afraid of it." She cupped her chin in her hands and looked pensive.

"This morning I began worrying about the Sino-Japanese war—I'm terribly upset about it . . ."

Miss Barrett is nothing if not unusual.

THAT GUY FROM SQUAW VALLEY

(Continued from page 25)

the dotted line.

Hollywood followed, and June—you remember, perhaps, her delicate, exquisite beauty—instead of doing a bit in a picture as scheduled, got a marvelous break and appeared in an important rôle in *Four Sons*. She fulfilled all expectations and was well embarked on a bright and most promising career when affable Stu Erwin appeared on the scene and changed all that.

Regrets? Well, not long ago, June entertained the idea of a comeback and went to work in a picture. But it wasn't much fun. Long hours and hard work, plus the household cares which she takes quite seriously, and inevitable worrying over the babies during the long hours she was away from them, convinced her that one career was enough.

"I don't think she ever really cared about a screen career, anyway," Stu commented.

Not as much as she cared about being Mrs. Erwin, wife and mother, that is certain. Anything that kept her from her home, separated her from her children and made her too tired to enjoy them, was definitely not worth while.

Meanwhile, Stu himself has forged steadily ahead. He not only is a clever comedian and capable actor, but he is a good business man and, after working under contract to several major studios, has decided free lancing offers the best opportunities. Most recently he has been

working on the Fox lot. In *Pigskin Parade*, although his rôle was brief, he was an outstanding success, his characterization of the slow-witted, barefoot football star bringing him the acclaim of both critics and fans. More recently he has completed *Second Honeymoon*, with Tyrone Power; and *Checkers*, a race track story, with Jane Withers.

His part on the Jack Oakie program is his first radio rôle, except for scattered guest appearances. So far he has hardly scratched the surface of his talent. But Stu has definite ideas of the characterization he is offering and should win as hearty a response from radio fans as he is accustomed to from screen fans.

It is a fact that Stu was born on Valentine's Day and is in the habit of referring to himself as a comic valentine. And it is a further fact that, like the barefoot football player from Squaw Valley, the unusual hero of the team of *Oakie's College*, whose exploits amuse and amaze you Tuesdays at 9:30 EST over the CBS network, Stu himself was born in Squaw Valley, not even a dot on the map, but to be found in the mountains south of Fresno. And he comes naturally by the slow Western drawl, the plaintive twang, which are featured in his rôle.

These, however, are only a part of the story. Stu loves the character he portrays and strives in every way to make the

simple country boy vivid to listeners-in everywhere. The script originally called for dialect, but Stu can do more with a break in his voice, a timid hesitancy, a muted comment, and wisely ruled out the more obvious interpretation. He clings to his idea of the part, too, in dialogue, avoiding inept jokes and out-of-character wisecracks, and, although you can't see the gestures and facial expressions that he uses instinctively in interpreting his rôle for a broadcast as much as before the cameras, the fine shades of characterization are not lost in the new medium and the picture of the bumpkin, as he sees and understands him, comes clear, over the air.

But his skill in interpreting this type is not from association, for in spite of the fact that it was in Squaw Valley that he first saw the light of day, Stu's family moved away when he was only a year old, and not until seven years ago, on a hunting trip, did he revisit childhood scenes.

In the years between, life has been very full and very pleasant for Stu. Too slender and too light for football, Stu went through high school and one year of college with newspaper work as his objective and gave little thought to sports. Vaguely he cherished theatrical ambitions but did not quite know how to go about achieving them. Eventually, however, he decided to spend the remainder of the money he had

(Continued on page 74)

DON'T BE THE GIRL WHO HAS TO TELEPHONE BOYS



THEN LOIS TOLD EDNA HOW SHE OFFENDED OTHERS BY PERSPIRATION ODOR FROM UNDERTHINGS. EDNA BEGAN LUXING HER UNDIES DAILY. NOW...

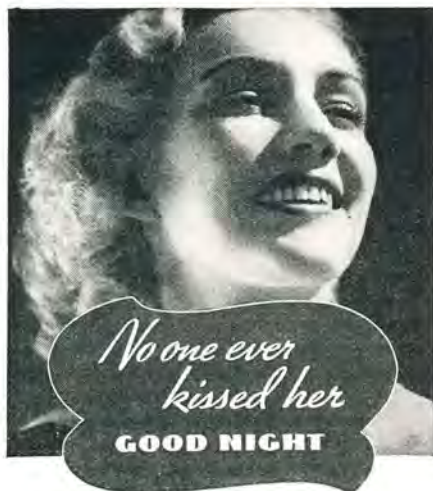


Avoid Offending

Girls who want to be popular never risk "undie odor." They whisk undies through Lux after each wearing. Lux takes away odor, saves colors.

Never rub with cake soap or use soaps containing harmful alkali—these wear out precious things too soon, often fade colors. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

LUX undies daily



Bad breath is death to romance. And bad breath is frequently caused by constipation. Just as headaches, sleeplessness, weakness can be produced by it, or most skin blemishes aggravated by it!

Dr. F. M. Edwards, during his years of practice, treated hundreds of women for constipation and frequently noted that relief sweetened the breath and improved well-being and vitality. For his treatment he used a vegetable compound—Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. This laxative is gentle, yet very effective because it increases the bile flow without shocking the intestinal system.

Help guard against constipation. Use Olive Tablets. At all druggists, 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

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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!

A cough should not be neglected. It should have your immediate attention. Do as millions have done! Use Pertussin, a safe and pleasant herbal remedy for children and grownups. Many physicians have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years. It's safe and acts quickly. Sold at all druggists.

PERTUSSIN

The "Moist-Throat" Method of Cough Relief

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS

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MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST Use DERMOIL

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly, embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non staining Dermoil. Thousands do. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Generous trial bottle sent FREE to those who send in their Druggist's name and address. Make our famous "One Spot Test" yourself. Write today for your test bottle. Results may surprise you. Don't delay. Sold by Walgreen Drug Stores. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 6 Northwestern Station, Dept. 602, Detroit, Mich.



Prove it yourself no matter how long have you suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on Psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing, true photographic proof of results also FREE.

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE FREE

(Continued from page 73)
saved for his education on a course in dramatic school. Although no one in Stu's family had ever been connected with the stage, his parents made no objection—Stu is the youngest child, having two brothers and a sister—and he shyly embarked upon his new career. Four months later, he made his first appearance in a substitute rôle in *White Collars*, graduating presently to the juvenile lead, which he played for forty-eight weeks.

Edward Everett Horton signed him then, and Stu was his stage manager as well as an actor in a series of plays shown in Los Angeles and San Francisco. He was playing the lead at the Hollywood Music Box Theatre when he was discovered by Fox Film scouts and induced to play a "bit" part in *Mother Knows Best*. In the next few years he was associated in turn with Fox, Paramount, M-G-M and Warners, playing straight and diversified comedy rôles.

As a character actor, the years stretch ahead of him, bright with the promise of continued opportunity and achievement.

"Any actor can keep on indefinitely," he insists, "if he is willing to play any kind of part. Look at John Barrymore—he is doing now what Lionel has been doing for years. Take young Tyrone Power, too—he'll keep on, because it is acting he is interested in, not just being the leading man. He really works, that boy . . ."

Stu, in spite of being a comedian, is not particularly fond of Hollywood's favorite pastime, ribbing. "It's all right if it isn't carried too far," he acknowledged. Not that he can't take it—he can laugh as heartily, more heartily, in fact, when the joke is on him, than when it is on someone else. But so few perpetrators know when to stop! And Stu is essentially gentle, too tender-hearted to risk hurting anyone.

To his life off screen and off the air, Stu brings the same quiet deliberation, the same intelligence, the same purposefulness. His sense of values goes deep and he has built his life on a secure foundation. These are the qualities June perceived when she first met and fell in love with him, and, because she is the same type of person, their life together marches beautifully, in complete and perfect harmony.

In back of their unpretentious home is a playhouse, opening on a large, circular patio, where they do most of their entertaining. The house itself is lovely and is furnished with a charming blend of antique and modern furniture. The playhouse is attractively furnished, too, but in such a way that they don't have to worry about cigarette burns or liquor stains on expensive rugs or mahogany. Both Stu and June love to entertain informally and are among Hollywood's most popular hosts and hostesses.

They like, too, to go to parties or to go dancing now and then at the Coconut Grove or Trocadero or other night spots. And both are very fond of horse-racing, going to Santa Anita during the season and to Agua Caliente, and of course were among those present at Bing Crosby's Del Mar track this past summer.

"There is something about it," Stu said with a twinkle. "June gets as big a kick out of it as I do—"

Stu is a camera expert and has made some beautiful portraits with the fine

camera June gave him some time ago, but of late he has been too busy to devote much time to this hobby, except for taking moving pictures of the babies on 16 mm. film.

Lack of time, too, keeps him from playing golf, but he thinks more can be accomplished in an hour on a handball court than in a three-hour-and-a-half walk around a golf course. He finds he puts on weight while working, because of insufficient exercise, and makes a gesture toward watching his diet, but not seriously.

Aviation interested him briefly. "I took the controls once when I was up with a friend—that's where the fun comes in. But Mrs. Erwin doesn't care for it—and we both feel it isn't fair to the children to take such chances. Because you can't really say flying is safe, yet."

Stu also is a great lover of dogs. His private study is largely decorated with gold and silver trophies won by his champion Scotties. In ten years, he has owned eighteen prize winners. Most recent to bask in the spotlight is Mary Queen of Scots, who was adjudged best in her class and best in the show at the recent Los Angeles County Fair. Stu first saw the regal Mary two years ago and she was anything but regal then. In fact, her owner was thoroughly disgusted with her and only too anxious to sell her. But when Stu, having confided to June that he'd like to own her, went to make the purchase, he found that she was already sold. Disappointed, he failed to notice the gleam in his wife's dark eyes or the smile that threatened to break through as she sympathized with him—and so he was completely surprised when, on their wedding anniversary, two months later, Mary Queen of Scots waddled in.

Stu chuckled. "And three days later she presented us with pups!"

Although they have a couple of runways and keep a few dogs at home, the show dogs are kept at a kennel, where they have private rooms, baths, ultra violet ray treatments, and in general live the lives of the kings and queens they are.

"What does June like? What does she do?" He shrugged, grinned. "I don't know. She keeps busy—we both do."

And happy, obviously. And so the moral to this little tale seems to be: Marry a comedian! Take Jack Benny, for instance, or George Burns or Joe E. Brown—or Stu Erwin. Devoted husbands and fathers, all. Only of course you can't take them, because marriage for them is a long-term contract. They know what they want and they know when they've got it. And better still, they know how to keep it!

There is glamour enough here for anyone, and so much more. Stu goes quietly about his work and when it is done, goes happily home, like any other business man. The penalty of being a funny man is that you are expected to be funny all the time and you feel Stu is a sort of comic *Jekyll and Hyde* when you find him so sane and so purposeful, beneath his witless buffoonery. It is his sincerity that impresses you, a strength of character, not concealed by his native shyness. Yes, June knew what she was doing, knew the full value of that steady "I do" . . . In all the flickering lights of Hollywood, burning out at their brightest, some of them, the lights that stand for Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Erwin burn steady and true—and "give a lovely light!"

WEST COAST CHATTER

JACK Benny had been having a series of colds this winter, and the doctor finally traced it to the fact that he uses a fur robe for a cover at night. "You're allergic to fur, Mr. Benny," said the M. D. gravely. "That means you're extremely susceptible to it." "Yeh, I know what you mean, doc," said Jack sadly. "Mary's the same way. She's just ordered three more fur coats."

Ella Logan's small niece, Annabella, has just been given her first rôle in Our Gang Follies. Ella congratulated the five-year-old, saying: "And now, you'll be a movie star, just like auntie!" Annabella looked unhappy. "Does that mean I have to reduce?" she asked.

Mrs. Ray Noble doesn't know what to make of her husband's newly discovered talent as a balmy comedian—discovered, of course, by that balmy Burns and Allen couple. Mrs. Noble called up Gracie the other day to voice a complaint. "I don't know what you've done to Ray," she moaned. "He used to be the most dignified, model gentleman. Now he sings in the bathtub and puns all through breakfast!"

The most deplorable thing about Hollywood, according to Fred Allen, is the unscrupulous gag-stealing that goes on under a comedian's very nose. "There are

gag men in this town who sit in the first row of an early broadcast and jot down gags, which are heard over the air locally before the original comic has a chance to do his repeat broadcast three hours later."

Incidentally, it's the first time in several years that all of Fred Allen's Boston relatives weren't able to witness the opening fall broadcast of *Town Hall Tonight*. As a consolation to his kin, Fred sent one and all copies of his opening script, with this note attached: "Had a wonderful time, wish you was here."

The name Buck Benny, already immortalized on the air-waves, is destined to make history on the turf as well. For that's the name Jack has picked for his new thoroughbred race horse, which he's entering at Santa Anita this coming season. The real reason Jack Benny bought his new race horse is because he thought it would be a swell plug for his program.

Rosalind Russell and Jimmy Stewart inaugurated a policy that should make a certain sheet of white paper a very valuable document in a few months. The two, at the conclusion of their appearance on the Sunday afternoon *Silver Theatre*, signed their names on a large sheet of heavy paper. Thereafter, each visiting star has signed his or her name—and will that sheet of paper be an autograph-hound's dream, by the time the last cur-

tain rings down on the *Silver Theatre!*

Phil Baker, who has managed to pull his golf score down to about 120 since he arrived in California, was out dubbing around the fairways recently and having very poor luck with his driver. After a few attempts which netted an average of about 100 yards each, Phil turned to his caddy and reasoned: "I guess I'm standing too close to the ball as I hit it." "Naw, that ain't it, Mr. Baker," was the lad's reply. "You're standing too close to the ball after you hit it."

When George Burns and Gracie Allen were in New York on that well-deserved vacation, they went to see a rather poor Broadway play. As they were leaving the theatre, George said: "That cast certainly didn't get much applause." "No wonder," said Gracie. "The producer didn't give the audience any applause cues."

At a Sunday coffee show rehearsal, Dorothy Lamour was amazed to see a couple of men bearing down on her, carrying a huge wedding cake. Attached to the cake was a card saying: "We understand you are soon to be married, and want you to have a sample of our wedding cakes." It was signed by a Los Angeles caterer. The fact that Dorothy's been happily married for all of two years now didn't stop the cast from making a

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FOUR years ago, doctors learned that a certain vitamin applied direct to the skin healed the skin quicker in burns and wounds.

Then Pond's started research on what this vitamin would do for skin when put in Pond's Creams. Today—you have its benefits for your skin—in Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream. Now this famous cream does more than smooth for powder and soften overnight. Its use now nourishes the skin. Women who use it say it makes their skin look clearer; pores seem finer.

Same jars, same labels, same price

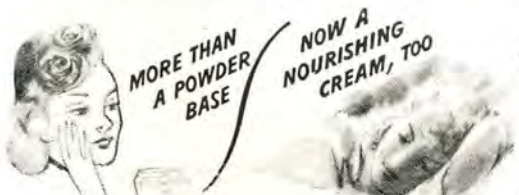
Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream is in the same jars—same labels, same price. Use it and see how it helps your skin. The vitamin it contains is not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. It is not "irradiated." But the actual "skin-vitamin."

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"Pond's new 'skin-vitamin' Vanishing Cream is as good as ever for smoothing off flakiness and holding my powder. But now it does so much more! My pores seem so much finer, my skin clearer and brighter."



SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM! Test It In 9 Treatments!

Pond's, Dept. 9RS-V0, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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RADIO STARS



**YOUR BABY
DESERVES THE BEST**

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THESE TWO SEALS. THEY
MEAN PROTECTION FOR BABY



NOTHING is too good for the lord and master of the house—your baby! Serve him foods of the same high quality you enjoy—Heinz Strained Foods. They're cooked with dry steam and packed under vacuum to preserve flavor, color, vitamins, and minerals. And Heinz uses only the world's choicest fruits, vegetables, meats, and cereals. Make sure you're giving baby the best by ordering an assortment of Heinz 12 Strained Foods!



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WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved in one minute.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

Buy Dr. Hand's from your druggist today

JUST RUB IT ON THE GUMS
DR. HAND'S
Teething Lotion

party of the wedding cake—supplemented by steaming cups of three-guesses-what-kind-of coffee.

First-row guests in the studio audience of a recent Jack Benny show were the Ritz Brothers. The three dizzy screen comics nearly got the show off to a disastrous start when they made the usually composed Mr. Benny laugh until the tears started to roll—and just before the broadcast began. Jack got even, however, by introducing the Bros. Ritz, after the show, as three of Walt Disney's stars.

Hollywood Mardi Gras might well be nicknamed "candid cameramen's convention"—or something to that effect. For almost everyone in the cast is a rabid Leica fan, including Lanny Ross, Jane Rhodes, Grandpa Sneed and Ray Paige. They all bring their week's "loot" to Sunday dress rehearsal, where a lively competition takes place to see who wins the prize for the week's best shooting. To date no one has seen a sign of any "prize," but that doesn't seem to make the competition any less keen.

Not long ago, folks didn't even know Lanny Ross was a candid camera fiend. That was before he went on the deep-sea fishing party, which was attended by a crowd of Hollywood celebs and two crack photographers—who went along to record the fun on celluloid. Unfortunately, however, both photographers turned out to be better cameramen than sailors and spent much of their time below deck. 'Twas then that Lanny came to the rescue. Modestly admitting a small amount of skill with a speed graphic, he got several good pictures for the indisposed photogs.

There's been considerable speculating going on hereabouts, due to Carleton Kaddell's being unceremoniously shooed off that Sunday coffee show. Seems that Carleton rehearsed with the cast all day Saturday, then appeared ready for broadcasting on Sunday—only to be told that Ken Niles would be on the announcing end in the future. The sponsors' excuse was that Carleton's voice is heard on too many other programs. But it seems to us that Ken Niles' dulcet tones are also aired on more than one radio show.

Mrs. Edward G. Robinson returned from that New York trip recently, armed to the teeth with scripts for stage plays for Edward G. She still wants him to return to the Gay White Way—but Eddie's happy, thank you, right now. And busy, too, between picture work in which he's always been a success—and radio work, in which he's threatening to outshine all his former glories. By the way, there's love in bloom on that Big Town show. Principals in the case are Claire Trevor and Clark Andrews—who produces the show. Claire and Clark look sooo in love.

Mr. and Mrs. Ole Olson (of the Olson and Johnsons) just celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. Such an event being practically unheard of in Hollywood, the Olsons decided to make a real event of it. So they were married over again. But this time they had in their wedding party only Olsons—twenty-one-year-old Jack was his father's best man, and eighteen-year-old Maya was her moth-

er's maid of honor, while daughter Joy, aged two, served as flower girl.

Six hundred guests and as many quarts of champagne helped to make the Eddie Cantor banquet one that the town will remember for some time to come. To say it was a success is putting it mildly. Everyone who is anyone in Hollywood turned out to do honor to the banjo-eyed comedian and his twenty-five years in the entertainment world. Amidst all the fabulous jewels, furs, flowers, beautiful women and prominent men, Eddie Cantor looked comparatively insignificant. But when he stood up to answer the many complimentary speeches which had been made about him, Eddie suddenly assumed more dignity than anyone in the room. "I'll try to be worthy of your kind words," he said.

George Jessel emceed the Cantor banquet, of course. George emceeds everything in town these days. In fact, it's getting so now that when they can get Jessel they decide for whom they can get up a dinner. Norma Talmadge Jessel has gained eleven pounds trotting around to banquets so she can see her husband occasionally.

Stu Erwin was telling us, after the broadcast the other day, that being in the dog-house isn't half bad. He has four champion Scotties—and the purps have shower-baths, sun-machines, private rooms and a special playground! What brought up the subject of being in the dog-house was Stu's story about how he and his young son, Billy, amused themselves last Sunday afternoon. They went out in the back yard and decided to have some rifle practice. It wasn't long before the Beverly Hills police squad came zooming up on motorcycles to see what all the racket was about. And Mrs. Erwin rushed out and spanked young Billy good and sound—but Stu was just too big.

One of the funniest rehearsals to run into is at the Kraft Show, when Bing Crosby has turned the stage into a personal tailor shop. Bing, whose radio and picture engagements keep him busy all of the daylight hours, has discovered that the most convenient place to have his suits fitted is right at the NBC studio, between rehearsals. Arrival of the tailor on the stage for a fitting always brings about an off-the-record comedy scene, with the cast crowding around and suggesting individual ideas on the new Crosby ensemble.

Ken Murray has launched a one-man campaign to get Marlyn (Mama, that man's here again) Stuart a job in the fillums. According to Ken, Marlyn's got what it takes. But don't go working up any romantic connections between these two—for Florence Heller is leading lady in Mr. M's. private life. They set New Year's Day for the wedding bells.

Lola Lane could hardly wait for Hollywood Hotel to be completed, out at Warners. She's been dying to go on a spending spree for months, and has been too busy, due to picture and radio engagements—but she flew to New York the same day her rôle was finished in the picture. Rosemary and Priscilla stay here, in the new house out in the San Fernando Valley, where they live with their mother. It's at 530 Whiteoak Avenue, in case you'd like

RADIO STARS

the address of the two about prettiest gals in town.

Another celebration in Hollywood this month was the premiere of the Good News of 1938 show. It was all very, very gala, as was to be expected when two such organizations as M-G-M and NBC got their heads and their talents together. There were the usual floodlights in front of the theatre, the usual mobs of autograph hunters and the usual movie end radio stars in their best bibs and tuckers. And certainly never has a more impressive list of names been drawn up for one radio program before. However, there were those who described Good News of 1938 as "Show Boat with the bottom dropped out."

Perhaps no air-show has ever been just "one happy family" like the old Show Boat. Rehearsals were always fun to attend, for though the cast managed to get in a powerful lot of work, they were never too busy for a lot of gaiety on the side. At the final broadcast, it is doubtful if anyone's eyes were dry—it was all the cast could do to get through the performance before breaking down and having a really good cry on one another's shoulders.

Sonja Henie never missed a Tyrone Power broadcast—until Tyrone flew to New York that last time to see Janet Gaynor. And if people say that she sits at home and listens to the radio, they're sadly mistaken. For Sonja either makes it a definite point—or else it just happens that way—to have a date with some attractive man and be out seeing the town when Tyrone's show hits the air-waves.

You can't down a Butterworth! After betting all he had on Notre Dame, the alma mammy, Charlie showed up at the NBC studio the day following the Pittsburgh game, in which the Panthers had scored two touchdowns against the Irish. Charlie was still swaggering. "But didn't you bet on Notre Dame to win?" Don Ameche inquired. "Sure," replied Butterworth. "But we won three quarters of the game, didn't we? Pittsburgh didn't get those touchdowns until the fourth quarter."

And Deanna Durbin will soon be the world's only girl Boy Scout! Sure enough, a troop of Boy Scouts down in San Diego have become smitten *en masse* with Deanna and have invited her to be an honorary member of their troop. What's more, they're sending a bugle and drum corps up, one of these days, in order to initiate La Durbin with the most of style and the least of inconvenience.

Jeanette MacDonald is the latest star to employ a singing "stand-in." Instead of taking the lights for the star, as do the stand-ins on the movie sets, this new species of stand-in works with the orchestra while they're being balanced. Grace Moore started this fancy custom a few years ago, Gladys Swarthout and Lily Pons quickly followed suit, and now Jeanette has finally fallen in line and hired Zaruhi Elmassian, a pretty gal who does chorus work.

Mr. and Mrs. Phil Harris can be rated as one of the very happiest couples in radio circles. And to prove it's no passing fancy, but the real thing, take into consideration that the Harris' have been married

for 10, these past fourteen years. And also take this into consideration—both Phil's mother and Mrs. Harris' mater live with them!

Two new arrivals at Andy Devine's ranch home in Van Nuys, California, are a pair of droopy-eared coon houn's. Lum 'n' Abner, Andy's golfing companions and best friends, sent back to Pine Ridge, Arkansas, for the dawgs when Andy happened to mention that he's always admired the breed for which the Southern state is noted. The hounds arrived in *A No. 1* condition, but within a day or so were noted to be visibly drooping. Andy was considerably worried, and took them to the nearest vet for consultation. Medical attention didn't seem to help, though, and Andy called up Lum 'n' Abner to come over and have a look at the dogs. No sooner had the comedians spoken to them than the dogs perked right up. They were homesick for that old Arkansas twang. Now Andy lets them listen every night to the Lum 'n' Abner broadcast—and doesn't have any more trouble at all.

Nowadays, Mary Livingstone is carrying a gorgeous diamond-studded cigarette case—a present from Jack Benny for no particular reason. Prominently glittering on the face is a miniature diamond-studded box of you-know-what, with the big red letters set in rubies. Incidentally, on that last trip to Paris, Mary didn't buy a single gown. She confined her purchases to hats—forty-three in all. "I wanted to prove to Jack that I can be economical, you see," Mary explained brightly to us.

—By LOIS SVENSRUD

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LORETTA YOUNG

20th CENTURY-FOX STAR

THE GIRL WHO ISN'T
DAINTY CAN'T HOPE TO
WIN ROMANCE—
LUCKILY ANY GIRL
CAN HAVE THIS CHARM!
HERE'S AN EASY WAY—

It's Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather that makes it a wonderful bath soap! It carries away from the pores stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt. Skin is left smooth, fragrant. No risk of offending against daintiness—spoiling romance!

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AS A BEAUTY BATH. ITS
ACTIVE LATHER LEAVES SKIN
SMOOTH, FRESH-FRAGRANT
WITH A DELICATE PERFUME
THAT CLINGS. TRY IT!

9 OUT OF 10
SCREEN STARS USE
LUX TOILET SOAP

IT'S MY HUMBLE OPINION

(Continued from page 17)



ONE LAST GLANCE and "ALL Set TO GO"

Superset is the ideal waving lotion. Easily applied, it holds soft, lustrous, alluring waves in your hair as though nature had placed them there. Superset is non-greasy, does not become "tacky" and spreads smoothly and evenly. It never leaves any flaky or chalky deposit on your hair. Use Nestle Superset for those sparkling occasions when you want to sparkle too! Superset was perfected for you by Nestle, originator of the permanent wave. Look for the yellow-and-black label on Nestle hair beauty aids.



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other Hollywood scribes), I shall first of all give you my impressions of Hollywood as it is today, in comparison with the Hollywood I have known over a period of eight years.

Of course Hollywood has grown and has changed somewhat. To those who have told me that I wouldn't recognize the Hollywood I knew three years ago (when I made *Sweet Music*), I can only say: "phooey!"—for the town has changed little or not at all. Individual movie lots, such as Twentieth-Century-Fox, Warners, Columbia and M-G-M, have built many new, large sound stages, and the city has many new suburban homes, plus the usual WPA work on a river bed that has no river. I find Hollywood much the same.

Perhaps the most significant construction in the town of Hollywood is the erection of the new homes of the NBC and CBS broadcasting systems. When I recall a conversation with Vice-President McClelland (of the National Broadcasting Company) in 1932, I am amused at the thought that the two major networks are building tremendous edifices in the movie capital.

Believing then, in 1932, that I would locate in Hollywood as a permanent residence, I asked Mr. McClelland whether he thought, in future years, major network programs might emanate from Hollywood.

At that time the extra cost to pick up a program from Los Angeles was from twelve hundred to two thousand dollars—but actually there were no programs of a network nature coming from Hollywood at all, and in Mr. McClelland's opinion—due to the fact that neither Los Angeles nor Hollywood contained any great manufacturing industries or offices (with the exception of movie making)—he doubted that network programs would ever originate from the movie city. Perhaps I was indulging in wishful thinking, but I dared express the hope and belief—though it was merely a belief, unsupported by any sound reasoning—that it was both possible and probable that great programs would eventually originate in Hollywood.

In the subsequent years—1933 and 1934—due to my appearance in picture studios here in Hollywood, our radio program originated in a little barn-like building on the RKO movie lot. With no place for an audience and the roughest and most primitive monitoring booth and sound effects, it seemed, even as late as 1933, that Mr. McClelland was right. But from 1934 to this hectic fall, the rest is radio history.

Today, ninety percent of the major radio programs emanate from the cinema capital. In fact, so un-lucrative have the New York radio studios become that four of the New York Musicians Union's best musicians have taken up residence in Hollywood to try to earn the unusual salaries of four and five hundred dollars per week, which they knew in New York studios in

past years—when they ran from studio to studio, from program to program, leaving one program a little early in order to be able to start the next program in the adjoining studio.

I say "try," because these men realize that for a period of six months they will have to pay the Los Angeles Musicians Local—for each program they perform here—a sum of money practically equivalent to what they earn, a penalty imposed on the theory that their performance here displaces a Los Angeles musician and that they take bread and butter out of the mouths of men who have been living here for years.

This refusal on the part of the musicians throughout the country to bow to and recognize the law of the survival of the fittest, is rampant throughout the country today. Beginning, as it did, in Chicago, it has become a Frankenstein, and has made it almost impossible for a man to move himself or his family to another city, because he is faced with the bleak prospect of having practically to cease work for six months! The Unions theorize that newcomers are not likely to want to chance the long period of unemployment—and are thus discouraged from moving in.

Only today was I informed of a ruse used by a New York musician to avoid the usual hostile remarks on his coming to Hollywood—he pretended that he came from Philadelphia! Not that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, but there was less hostility facing him when he mentioned that he came from Philadelphia. Several New York friends seated near him at the time of questioning, almost spoiled his triumph, but fortunately they remained silent.

So regimented, Blue-Eagled, Stalinized and Sovietized has become the system of musical employment here, that attempts to stagger work and effect employment for the four or five thousand musicians congested in Hollywood and Los Angeles have resulted in rules forbidding a musician from earning more than a certain salary per week. Likewise, the leader is forbidden to accept more than two commercial programs, regardless of his merit—notwithstanding the fact that he may be sought after by three or four radio programs and sponsors, regardless of the fact that his ability may entitle him to a salary of several hundred dollars a week.

Thus, in an attempt, worthy in its intentions, to secure employment for more men, the fleet, the gifted, the unusually talented musician is thereby penalized and forced to adapt himself to the snail's pace of the less talented and less fortunate fellow musician. Under the guise of an emergency measure, this situation has become a stark, actual reality—a nightmare for some, a Godsend for others!

This particular system of penalization

for the out-of-towner is bad enough in most cities, but here it is admittedly at its worst. Thus, in order for me to use my original men on my Thursday night program, I find it necessary to pay to the Los Angeles Federation of Musicians, approximately six hundred dollars. These are things of which the layman knows little or practically nothing, and which make it difficult for the New York orchestra to perform in Hollywood.

I have ever been of the mind that New York has been and always will be the theatrical and radio center of the world—not simply because of its great number of people, but because it will always be the center of the musical comedy, operetta, opera, vaudeville (what there is left of it) and the legitimate stage. It is from these fields that radio will draw its best radio-performing talent. Writers abound in New York and Hollywood, but the heart of the talent field, regardless of the present day trend in motion picture musicals to vaudeville on a modern and large scale, will always be Broadway.

New York will *always* be the proving ground, testing field and home grounds of talent. I say this impartially, not as one who believes that it is New York, first, last and always—rather as one who would *not* be adverse to seeing Hollywood the center of the radio world, because I have always wanted to live here, and believing that I am best fitted for radio, I am more than willing to pull up stakes and perform for that radio in this glorious sunshine and tropical atmosphere.

But with one exception, I fail to see how the building of these tremendous air castles on Sunset Boulevard can justify itself. It only requires a new trend in pictures, a refusal on the part of all the studios to permit their contracted artists to appear in radio, to cause these radio buildings to become empty white elephants, like that two-million-dollar paper bag factory, which, due to a simple chemical change in the manufacture of paper bags, stands in the forests of the great Northwest like an old, deserted, haunted castle.

The one exception is this: I think these castles are being specifically built for television. I have always predicted that the perfecting of television, its effect upon our lives, customs and habits will be incalculable, without precedent and, almost, horrible! If television is far from perfection, as some say, then I can only see lean years ahead for both of these Western network cathedrals—because—with the present use of the same motion picture personalities over and over again on the same programs, with most of the air personalities having little or no aural microphone talent, must eventually come a surfeiting of, an already-jaded public taste—a taste that demands something ever new and fresh, with the result that programs that are now emanating from this section must perforce return to the city in which the heart of radio is, and where, by the sheer superiority of numbers, there must be more of those who have something to give to radio.

THRILL
To stop off at a little malted milk stand

in San Bernardino, California, to see in the mechanical phonograph installed there, Cyril Smith's recording of the *Sow Song*.

QUIXOTIC
Cyril Smith himself, on a day off at the beach at Venice (California's Coney Island), after giving the "bird" in a kidding way to several fellows, to have one say to him: "You do it almost as well as the fellow in the *Sow Song*!"

AMAZING
But perfectly natural—that an advertising agency is like a man or woman in love, who, as most of us know, has no pride but willingly suffers almost any abuse at the hands of the desired one. To see this agency, that usually and imperially dictates its wishes to the trembling and grateful artists who appear on its programs, have to stand by breathlessly and tremulously awaiting the decision of a great comedian, who decides as late as Sunday morning whether or not he will appear on a Sunday evening program, does my heart good. Because it only justifies the theory that I have so often espoused, to wit, that when a thing is ardently desired, those who desire it know no pride and eat humble pie.

In last month's issue, my stupid inclusion of "He proved he was his best friend—he told him," immediately after the Whiteman anecdote, might have led some of you to think that I was referring to Mr. Whiteman. Rather, was I touching on a subject that is still stupidly taboo
(Continued on page 91)

HOW DO YOU LOOK IN YOUR BATHING SUIT



SKINNY? THOUSANDS GAIN 10 TO 25 POUNDS THIS NEW EASY WAY

NEW IRONIZED YEAST ADDS POUNDS

—gives thousands natural sex-appealing curves

ARE you ashamed to be seen in a bathing suit, because you're too skinny and scrawny-looking? Then here's wonderful news! Thousands of the skinniest, most rundown men and women have gained 10 to 25 pounds of firm flesh, the women naturally alluring curves, with this new, scientific formula, Ironized Yeast.

Why it builds up so quick

Scientists have discovered that hosts of people are thin and rundown only because they don't get enough 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 you get these exact missing elements in these new Ironized Yeast tablets.

They're made from one of the world's richest sources of health-building Vitamin B—the special yeast used in making English ale. By a new costly process this rich yeast is concentrated 7 times, taking 7 pounds of yeast to make just one pound of concentrate—thus making it many times more powerful in Vitamin B strength than ordinary yeast.

Then 3 kinds of strength-building iron (organic, inorganic and hemoglobin iron) and pasteurized English ale yeast are added. Finally every batch of this Ironized Yeast is tested and retested biologically for its Vitamin B strength. This insures its full weight-building power.

No wonder these new easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets have helped thousands of the skinniest people who needed their vital elements, quickly to gain new normally attractive pounds, pep and charm.

Try it without risking a cent

To make it easy for you to try Ironized Yeast, we do better than offer you a small sample package. We offer you a FULL SIZE package, and you don't risk a penny. For if with this first package you don't begin to eat better and get more benefit from your food—if you don't feel better, with more strength, pep and energy—if you are not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the normally attractive flesh you need



Posed by professional models

—the price of this first package will be promptly refunded. So get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today.

Only be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast. So successful has it been that you'll probably find cheap "Iron and Yeast" substitutes in any drug store. Don't take substitutes.

Special offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this valuable special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the 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. 32, Atlanta, Ga.

THE JACK BENNY'S AT HOME

(Continued from page 21)



**YOUR FINGER NAILS
WORK HARD ALL DAY...**



**SO KEEP THEM NICE
THE *Wigder* WAY**



WELL-GROOMED women insist upon the Wigder Nail File to keep nails smooth and shapely. Note the triple-cut teeth for fast, even filing; the special Improved Cleaner Point that safeguards the tender skin under the nail. Ask for the Wigder File! On sale at all drug and 10-cent stores

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ADDRESS _____
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 BLACK BROWN BLUE

10¢ AND 20¢
AT LEADING
5 & 10¢ STORES

was saying, "her folks live out here. We see quite a bit of them. When they are away, Mary's mother writes her letters. Yes, there are a number of similarities between our private lives and our radio lives. After all, that's the way a stage or screen personality is developed—from some basic element or characteristic in the real person. I think you'll find that most professional personalities are, actually, pretty much what they seem. You meet Gable, and he is the Gable you see on the screen, same lusty quality; Gracie Allen's voice at home is not so different from her voice on the screen; Jack Oakie is no tragedian at home; Eddie Cantor doesn't change into a Barrymore when he steps from private life into the limelight. And so Mary could not be the Mary she is on the air if she were not, in some respects, the same Mary here at home.

"We kid a lot at home, too, Mary and I. She certainly kids me. Sort of takes me down and steps on me, if she feels the routine is indicated. Every wife is the same, I fancy. No wife can stand a man when he's crowing or strutting, or she thinks he is. It's the same when he's crowded over. Like one night we were out somewhere and someone was being very flattering and telling me that I was swell in my last picture, *Artists and Models*, that I was a wow, the tops, and all that. I was just standing there, taking it, very modest and proper, I thought. Mary was just standing there, too, looking as if every instant would be *Custer's Last Stand!* Then she said: 'Jack, don't forget to take the garbage out when we get home!'

"How do you like that?"
"Of course, I couldn't very well launch into an exposition of the life of the country, gentleman I live at home, never raising my little finger except to raise it to one of my servitors when I want a sprig of mint or something! So I just stood there and said: 'Well,' and let it pass.

"But, of course, I'm not without my comebacks. Even without my script writers, I have several little comebacks in my system. I'm not at all the helpless type, either at home or abroad. So, when Mary was working in the picture, her first screen appearance, I just went to everyone on the set, from the director down to the assistant director, and got them all to call her 'The Glamour Girl!' She never knew I put them up to it and never will know it, unless a little bird tells Louella Parsons!

"Matter of fact, I believe that I would call ours more of the old-fashioned marriage than the 'marriage moderne,' or whatever it is called by the Smart Set. In the sense that Mary (she isn't here now, so I can get away with this!) is more interested in the home than in the career; more interested in my career than in her own; worries only about the things that worry me—and they are plenty!

"I must digress for a moment to tell you about what a worrier I am. For my worries are a part of the private life of the Bennys. I am a worrier without competitors. I worry about *everything*, things both great and small. We can have seven

good programs in a row and I'll worry myself to death for fear the eighth won't be so good. And then, if the eighth gets the laughs, I begin to gnaw on the bone of the ninth. And so it goes. We had a bad one last Sunday. There was hardly a laugh in the house and I was sick about it. You know, when you're trying to be funny, and no one laughs, it suddenly dawns on you, sickeningly, that you're not being funny at all—just silly! So I had a wonderful week, after that, worrying away for dear life! I worry about a bit of fluff on the carpet, the weather; I worry because the baby broke her doll and may be doing some worrying herself; I worry about the State of Unrest in the World, the fact that my necktie isn't the right color, whether there are moths in my twelve dress suits; I worry about termites and earthquakes. You can go on making a list of worries for as long as the alphabet will hold out and you'll still fall short of the Benny high-worry mark.

"But, as I was saying, Mary is a wife and mother before she is a career woman. Not that I put my foot down on a woman having a career. I am a great believer in the divine right of talent. If a woman has any talent, there is no reason for her to put it away in camphor just because she has said, 'I do.' I was all for Mary's making the picture, for instance. I thought it was good for her. She was interested. She got up early every morning—and nothing happened. The stars went right on in their courses. She ate well and slept well and was full of pep and ambition. Vacuum cleaners and nursery schools and substitute nurses have taken away a woman's work in this world. So, if Mary wants to continue in pictures, it's all right with me. But, maybe, it's so all right with me because I know that, in Mary's heart, her career comes second to my career, and third, at least, to her home and the baby. She is crazy about our baby and wants more children. We both do. And if we do not have children of our own, we'll probably adopt two more, a boy and a girl.

"Yes, a good part of our 'private lives' centers about Joan. I don't know, I think you feel more responsible for a baby you have adopted than you would for one of your own. And a greater sense of delight and achievement when that baby turns out as, even at three, our Joany has turned out. It's like a man buying a sweepstake ticket and waking up the next day to find himself with \$150,000 in his jeans! The only sorrow in our private lives was, for a long time, that we didn't have any children. Now, even that sorrow is gone. For we realize that if we had had a baby of our own right away, we never would have had Joan. She has the most marvelous sense of humor. Her sense of timing is perfect."

What, now, about the controversial matter of heredity versus environment? For it was Jack Oakie who said to me: "Benny's program is the best on the air. And it's the best because he has the most perfect sense of timing of any entertainer anywhere."

"She always asks me where I'm going, when I go out," Jack was saying, "and I always tell her: 'To see my manager, Arthur Lyons.' The other day she asked me again. And again I said: 'To see Arthur Lyons,' and she whipped back at me: 'What, again?'"

"So, there isn't even a little sorrow in our private lives. I've always said that, in the life of any person, no matter how superficially successful and famous, there is something that person wants and can't have. There is nothing, now that we have Joan, that Mary and I want and don't have.

"We have little pet names for one another, too, Mary and I. Mary's nickname for me is *Doll*. My nickname for Mary is (just to be different) *Doll!* But don't tell Kenny Baker! That laugh of his would get me down! I don't mind his giving me the laugh about my car, but if he turns it on my private life—on those matters and persons sacred to me—it will be a horse laugh of a different color!

"After all, to go on being as personal as possible, Mary was not a professional when we married, you know. Her name was Sadye Marks, and she had a job in a shop in Los Angeles. Which gives us quite a bond, as you may imagine. We can talk by the hour about our back-of-the-counter experiences, Mary's here in Los Angeles and mine when I was back of the counter in my father's haberdashery shop in Waukegan. I fiddled my way out of that. Mary married her way out of, or from in back of, her counter. But it came to the same thing in the end. Mary was just sort of passing the time until I came along. She never expected, when we were married, to be anything or anyone but Mrs. Jack Benny. And I think that most people know that her being with me on the air was in the nature of an accident, or an act of God, just according to the way you look at things. She did some vaudeville with me first. Just played a sort of dumb dame and fed me a few lines, you know. Of course, we had to change that for the radio. We can't have two dumbs on the air and we've got Kenny!

"Then, after the vaudeville, she made her first appearance on the air with me, one night, because one of our players was suddenly taken ill. She only said two lines. But in the next two weeks there were some two thousand letters asking for Mary to come back again. And here she is! She enjoys it, but she doesn't take it too seriously. She still is, first of all, Mrs. Jack Benny. And if anyone should ask me for the recipe for a happy marriage, even in Hollywood, especially in Hollywood (which no one has!), I would tell them to see to it that their wives remain Mrs. Jack Benny! You know what I mean? I am still enough of that boy from Waukegan to believe that a woman's place is in the home, specifically in the nursery and in the kitchen. Mary spends most of her time in the nursery and at the bridge table and reading books. She's very well read, Mary. She knows what the kitchen looks like, of course. She can tell you the color of the curtains, and all that"

I said: "Who is the boss, really—you or Mary?"

Jack smiled (he seldom laughs out loud) and said: "Mary isn't here, so I'll tell you that *she* is. If she were here, she'd

Don't let time darken your* hair!

"Marchand's will restore and enhance your blonde loveliness . . . just as it keeps my hair naturally light and golden, always."

says Judith Allen,
starring in "Telephone Operator,"
a Monogram Production.

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Marchand's is recommended by lovely women everywhere to protect and enhance the charm of blonde loveliness. Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is not a dye . . . and will not interfere with permanents or harm the hair in any way.

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Try Saxolite Astringent

A DELIGHTFULLY refreshing astringent lotion. Tingling, antiseptic, helpful. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel. Use this lotion daily.

Choose Phelactine Depilatory

For removing superfluous hair quickly. Easy to use. At drug and department stores everywhere.



Jack Oakie's College is in session on Tuesdays at 9:30 p.m., (CBS). Here are Stu Erwin (left), "Schlemiel" and President Jack Oakie, at the microphone.

tell you that I am. Which adds up to fifty-fifty."

They have a set routine of life at home, Jack told me. He rises early every morning, as early as five-thirty or six. He doesn't have time any more to play golf or tennis, and so he has a morning workout; has a man come in every morning to keep his muscles aged sixteen. Then he has breakfast with the baby—the same breakfast, year in, year out—grapefruit or orange juice, with an egg. Mary always has her breakfast on a tray in bed. The same breakfast as Jack's, without the egg.

Jack said: "I believe in a wife's breakfasting in bed. I think that, for the wife in any family, breakfast on a tray keeps Reno away. You know how people are in the mornings, how they look and feel, and what they think. Well.

"Every day," Jack told me, "every day, except Mondays, which I save out for doing all sorts of little odds and ends, you know, like straightening out my bureau drawers (we're both as neat as pins, Mary and I), and having interviews and things; every other day I'm with my writers, working on the script. I'm always sitting in with them as they work, so that I can try out the lines, act 'em out a bit. Mary never sits in on any of our writing sessions. She doesn't know, until rehearsal, what the script is all about.

"Friday nights we have the reading of our program. And after that I always go to the fights. I usually go with George Burns, or with my manager, or both of them. While I am at the fights, Mary usually goes to a movie or plays bridge with Gracie Allen and Mrs. Al Ritz and Ida Cantor, perhaps. The George Burns are very close friends of ours. We also see a lot of the Al Ritzes, the Eddie Cantors, Ginger Rogers. I don't play bridge. On the evenings when Mary and I are not going out to a movie or something, she usually makes up a table of bridge and I sit over there in that corner and play rummy all by myself.

"Saturdays we usually rewrite the programs. Who was it who said that all good writing is really rewriting? Well, whoever did was talking about radio scripts, too, whether he knew it or not. We seldom discuss the script during the week, Mary and I. I do not bring my business

worries home with me. Little Joan has very little idea of what it is Daddy does when he bustles forth to work every morning. She says: 'Daddy going to the office to make money to buy Joany dresses!' And when Buck Benny rides again, at home, he rides her pig-a-back, as you may have noticed. . . . So, we rewrite the programs Saturdays. Then we broadcast Sundays, and Sunday nights, after the broadcast, we usually go to the 'Troop', Mary and I, or step out somewhere. Sunday nights are our only nights of real relaxation in a big way.

"I don't have time to do much reading. Mary tells me all about the new books. She reads every one of 'em. By the time I get to bed I try to read that morning's paper. And sometimes succeed.

"Mary loves to shop. We're both terribly extravagant. We live by our gross, on what we rake in, not what we've got left. Every now and again we look very grim and determined and sort of saving and say: 'We've got to watch ourselves!' Then we talk about budgets and household accounts and sundries and things like that, and that's all there is to it. Months go by and we go right on spending, until the calendar comes around to the place where we say, again: 'We've got to watch ourselves!' What the heck, you only live once!

"Money just doesn't mean anything to either of us. I don't mean that we'd want to have less than we have, because that would mean going back; never a healthy symptom. But I mean that we're not money-conscious. Mary is the kind of a girl who would be content with whatever I happened to be making. She isn't the demanding type of woman. She can buy an eighteen-dollar dress and look as well as some other girl in a dress costing two hundred. Because she knows what kind of an eighteen-dollar dress to buy and how to wear it after she buys it. We both spend a lot of money on clothes.

"But our happiness doesn't depend on money. Everything is in your own happiness, inside. And we're happy people, Mary and I. We're not hilarious, the life-of-the-party types at home. It's more a sort of rich contentment. After all, everything's relative. When we were first married, and I was in vaudeville, I was mak-

ing three hundred and fifty dollars a week. We thought that was all the money in the world, and it just about was! Then, when I got into pictures, and, at first, made fifteen hundred dollars a week, we thought that was the tops.

"It's the same with fame, so-called. I felt a Big Guy when I did vaudeville, and got the next-to-the-last spot on the bill. And when I played the Palace and got the top spot, I thought I had touched the dizzy heights there were to be scaled. It's all a matter of whether you're liked—if people like you, no matter what you are doing, or where, or for how much, you're sitting on top of the world.

"We're just the same people, feel just the same, get exactly the same amount of kick out of everything, as we did when we began. The only difference being in favor of those beginning days. For then we didn't have to worry so much, trying to top ourselves from one week to the next.

"We're building our own home here in Beverly Hills, now. First home we've ever owned. We've always rented places—the Countess di Frasso's one time; this one now. They're breaking ground for our home today, as a matter of fact. It's going to be a kind of Georgian house. Isn't that what they call 'em? I don't know how many rooms. It's a big place, with room for a swimming-pool and a tennis court and plenty of room for the baby's things and all that. We'll have decorators to help us, I suppose; but I'll guarantee that Mary will do most of the work. She's got good taste in houses, as well as in clothes.

"I don't want to stay in radio, or in pictures, for more than the next five years, for which I am under contract. I mean, as an entertainer. I'd like, then, to get into the producing end of things. I feel that, with the knowledge I have of the stage, pictures, the radio, I ought to have some value as a producer. I might not know enough about the technical side of things to be a good director. But as a producer—well, Buck Benny should be able to ride again.

"We can't keep on forever, Mary and I and the rest of us, topping ourselves, or trying to, every week. And you can't let down the fraction of an inch on the air. There comes the saturation point, a limit, an end to all good things. And when that time comes, we'll have built our home, established our family. And we'll just go on being happy."

There is something very substantial about Jack Benny. He could easily be a member of the Stock Exchange (did I say *substantial?*), a lawyer, a doctor. He is what is called a "mellow" personality. You feel about him an air of well-being and good living and all's-well-with-the-world. He is a business man who sells his wares on the air.

And never again shall I hear the ringing words: "Buck Benny Rides Again," without a mental picture of that tall, well-tailored figure, ramping about the beautiful Beverly Hills house with a rosy child astride his shoulders, yellow hair blowing, bright laughter ringing.

It is somehow gratifying to know that the private life of the Jack Bennys is that old-fashioned, unbeatable equation of a man with a job, a woman in the home and a child in the heart.

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MANNERS FOR MADAME

(Continued from page 29)

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is that the persons who offend so often do not realize it. They go blithely on, hurting others and congratulating themselves on being frank and sincere. If they would only realize that by a little effort they could change this lack in themselves, the whole world would be better. If they would only stop to think before they blurt out something that will prove embarrassing or unpleasant or harmful to someone else, they would find themselves so much better liked and so much happier because of it.

"Tact, along with all the other pleasant qualities that go into the making of a really delightful person, springs from understanding. And to have true understanding, you must know every type of person and what that type of person likes and what he resents.

"In the matter of condolences, for example, it is absolutely important to understand the type of person to whom you are offering sympathy. If you are writing to them, you must go over your association with them and so discover the right keynote. If you are talking to them, you must watch their expressions and not take one step that will offend.

"People become elemental in the stress of grief. Some are sentimental, and to these you would seem cold if you wrote the restrained note a more reserved type of person would bless you for.

"Do you wonder that I say the most important thing in good manners is having the right instincts? A diamond is a diamond, whether polished or not. Its intrinsic worth is always there. But all the polishing in the world won't give value to a piece of glass.

"The best-mannered people are always those who take their social responsibilities casually. Among my taboos are the people who exalt the trivial side of etiquette, who work themselves into a frenzy over finicky trifles that don't matter in the least.

"People who are so concerned with trifles that they lose sight of real value. People who fuss about eating with their left hand, for instance, who somewhere or other have got the idea that it's not supposed to be proper to use it at the table. Why should your left hand be paralyzed? It was given to you for as good a purpose as your right hand. Why in the world shouldn't you use it to carry your fork to your mouth?

"It's far better to make mistakes than to be too concerned over not making them. Good manners are easy manners. My dislike of the word *etiquette* is chiefly because it stresses the consciousness of manners too much. Definite rules matter so little. The motive back of what you do is so much more important than the thing you do.

"And yet the word in itself does mean behaviorism, diplomacy, precise ethics, morals and everything else that makes for pleasant living. It means the house you live in and how you live in it and all the other worth while things in life.

"Before my publisher asked me to write my book on etiquette, I wrote novels, and

now I find that etiquette, when taken in the big, broad view it should be taken in, is just as absorbing as writing fiction. After all, novels are written about *people*, the heroine, the hero, the villain and all the other characters that go to make up a book. In getting down to the fundamentals of manners and good taste, you get down to the fundamentals of people, too.

"It always amuses me to be regarded as an arbiter, for it's really so foreign to me. Few things excite me, but there are two or three things that drive me into a frenzy. One is the type of person I've talked about, who is exacting and finicky to the last degree. Another is the one who goes in for too many little elegancies, who uses miming and pretentious words and phrases. And the last and greatest of these is rudeness.

"Which brings me to my greatest abhorrence, the thing I call the great American rudeness, and the thing I cannot understand—and that is the hostess who allows herself to be served first, when there are women guests at her table. If a woman is going to be so rude to the guests under her roof, then she should throw all other rules of courtesy away as well.

"It's as bad as slapping your guests in the face. It's telling them they are of inferior social position to you. When royalty dines with commoners, royalty is always served first. And, to my way of thinking, the hostess who allows herself to be served first is putting herself in the high place of royalty.

"I've received so many letters from hostesses, trying to condone this rudeness by suggesting that the reason lying behind it is a kind one, that by serving themselves first they make it easier for guests who do not know how to serve themselves. This reason is as unthinkable as the original rudeness, and as much of an insult to her guests, for what you are doing is saying that your friends are inferior to you and not as well versed in social graces as yourself.

"Back in the 'nineties, when hostesses really served elaborate dishes, this custom was unknown and famous hostesses of that day would be aghast at the thought of being served before their guests.

"In the days of the Borgias, when poisoned food intended for guests, dangerous to the lives or peace of their hosts, was one of the delightful little social customs of the day, well-intentioned hosts partook of each dish or flagon first, to reassure their guests. And in the early days of our own country, when frontier towns were rough, and untrained help in the kitchen had little skill in keeping food from burning, and none in proper dishing, the gently bred hostess directed that every dish be served to her first, so that she could remove to her own plate any unsightly pieces and quickly rearrange the other pieces to make the dish more presentable for her company. This was—and in the same circumstances again would be—a reason of courtesy.

"But it is distinctly a rudeness, and not a courtesy today, when poisoning has

happily gone out of social usage and when there is no excuse for serving any but palatable dishes. Manners change, and should change, as the need for change rises. Clinging to outmoded, obsolete manners is ridiculous."

Listening to Mrs. Post's program on the air, you get the feel of her personality, of the wide scope of her vision that rejects the little trivialities; less sure persons blow up into gigantic, frothy bubbles. She loves talking over the networks and loves hearing from her listeners.

"Their letters are always so warm and human," she says with that ready smile of hers. "I don't know why it should be so, but they are much more personal than the letters I receive from my newspaper readers."

You can see that feeling of kinship with her listeners delights her, for she is such a friendly person herself. Hers is the simplicity of a person so secure she has never had to prove herself to anyone.

Born in Baltimore, the daughter of two distinguished American families, she came to New York as a child of five. Good taste came instinctively to Emily Post. She never had to wonder about correctness. She knew all the things well-bred people are supposed to know. Her father was Bruce Price, the noted architect, and her life was much the same as any other girl's, born to social position and wealth. There were the German governess, the brownstone house on Tenth Street, the dancing school and parties, the coming-out party, and her marriage at nineteen.

But there were the other things that were different. The things that gave her understanding and the warmth and the tolerance and kindness that are all a part of the mature Emily Post. The bewilderment that came when, for the first time in her life, she found herself no longer a sheltered, wealthy girl, but a mother with two young sons dependent on her for support, and the courage that made her find her way throughout the doubt and anxiety that must have assailed her. There was her divorce, for, in a day when fashionable New York looked askance at any severing of marital ties, she had the honesty to live as she wanted to live.

There was seeing her sons grow up and seeing one of them married—and losing one of them—the younger one, the one who always had lived with her and who was her constant companion. There were the years she faced blindness.

And today you see a woman well past her middle years, a woman who still has the beauty of the young girl whose loveliness created a furor when she made her debut. But you see a woman who has so many other things that young girl could not have had, for no young girl is born as tolerant and courageous and wise as this woman who made her greatest success when she was over fifty.

She was almost fifty when she wrote her book on etiquette. She didn't want to write it at all. *Etiquette* . . . It seemed so unimportant to her, in a helter-skelter world torn by doubt and confusion. It was only after her publisher had left her a book on the subject and she saw how *precious* it was, how trivial and unimportant, that she realized there really was a need for a book on the subject that had honesty and breadth.

So she wrote the book, and the royalty checks have been coming in ever since, and now her revised edition of the book is heading the best-seller lists again.

But today, even after the thousands upon thousands of letters she receives, she still is appalled at people who stick so closely to the rules that they refuse to think for themselves.

"I once wrote that the groom's family must never supply the bride's trousseau," she said. "And one day I had a letter from a woman about to be married, saying she was disappointed, since this would mean she could not wear her future mother-in-law's wedding dress, which she had wanted so much to wear because of her love for her. This unyielding sticking to the rules amazed me in these women, as they both happened to be more than average in intelligence and culture and social position. I wrote at once, telling the girl that, of course, she must wear the dress she had set her heart on.

"And when brides write in to me, asking for help in getting the correct furnishings for their home, I have something of that same feeling. Why should they ask anyone what to get? Why be so concerned about the latest thing to be in fashion? A woman's home should reflect her. She should furnish it with the things *she* likes, not the things that happen to be fashionable at the moment. My objection to anyone's turning over her home to be furnished by an interior decorator springs from my feeling that the home should represent the people who live in it, not an outsider."

Mrs. Post's own home is as much a part of herself as her graceful carriage, her eagerness, her quick laugh. She loves chintzes, and the chintzes she has chosen for her drawing-room, her study, and the various bedrooms in the large apartment, are breathtaking in their loveliness.

And she is charming because she does not concern herself about being charming—just as her manners are so beautiful because they are so simple.

When her private telephone rang, in the lovely study where she spends most of her working hours, she did not wait for her secretary but answered it herself, and when, during the conversation, she needed some information, she called for Hilda, her housekeeper, and when she did not come, whistled her summons. She's unpredictable, Mrs. Post, and not in the least awe-inspiring.

If some day she happened into a farm kitchen, and the farmer's wife went calmly about her duties, making dinner and ladling it into heavy, oddly assorted dishes that didn't match, and served it from her kitchen table in the simple, unpretentious way she always served it, the chances are that she would find Mrs. Post one of the easiest guests she ever had entertained. For Mrs. Post delights in people who are themselves.

But heaven help the hostess, full of little pretensions and formalities, agonizing over details and fussy trifles, should Mrs. Post happen to be at one of her oh, so formal luncheons! I'll lay a wager right now that Mrs. Post would have her wondering to this day just what she did wrong.

For that's how Emily Post is, so simple and unaffected herself, that she demands the same qualities in people she likes.

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THE SEVERAL GENTLEMEN KNOWN AS DEEMS TAYLOR

(Continued from page 33)



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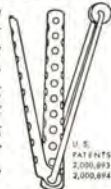


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twinkling behind the thick lenses of his pince nez. "I was going to be a second Victor Herbert. I took an apartment on Riverside Drive . . . The only drawback was—I couldn't sell another show!"

It wasn't, however, the success of that first show that definitely turned him from building with wood and stone to building with tone and harmony. Destiny, apparently, was craftily shaping a tool to its purposes. But, being a devotee of three meals a day, Deems Taylor took whatever jobs might be had.

His first, after graduating from N. Y. U., was as a commercial artist. Next he worked on a couple of encyclopedias—Nelson's and the Britannica. Then another fraternity brother, Frank Adams—FPA, of *The Conning Tower*—got him a job on the Western Electric News. And, along about this time, he heard of a prize offer for a symphonic poem.

"I didn't know anything about symphonies, either," he laughed. "Nor about orchestration . . . But I went ahead and wrote a symphonic poem. It was called *The Siren Song*. It won the prize—three hundred dollars. That was a lot of money to me then—but, even so, it didn't mean anything, compared to what winning the prize meant. The approval of my work . . . Years later, the Philharmonic played *The Siren Song*."

"After that, Werrenrath, who was working to raise some money for the MacDowell colony at Peterboro, wanted to produce a symphony with some baritone solos. He told me I had to write it for him—he had promised I would do it. So I did. That was *The Highwayman*."

Along about 1916, Deems Taylor and Robert Benchley were editing the Sunday Magazine of the old New York Tribune—and Taylor, an ardent pacifist, decided he ought to go to France as a war correspondent.

He wrote himself a glowing recommendation for the job and his fellow editor signed it. The Tribune approved the idea, however, and, almost before he knew it, young Mr. Taylor found himself in France. He had only the foggiest ideas as to what his duties would be—which ideas certainly did not include visiting the front line trenches. Nevertheless, orders promptly took him, very scared and most reluctant, to "the thundering line of battle."

"But I found out one thing—" he says reminiscently, "Everyone else, practically, was as scared as I was!"

He came home in 1917, to become assistant editor of Collier's Weekly. Always it seemed to be Deems Taylor's destiny to be thrust into jobs for which he had no proper preparation.

"I was supposed to write editorials," he says, with that quick characteristic smile and twinkle. "One day I went out to lunch with a fellow who had the job on the photo pages. We talked things over, and decided to swap jobs. It was all right with the office—so I became photo editor."

He was wondering, these days, if he would again see war-torn France. Dreading the inevitable summons to serve his country—the draft. At last his number was up. Deems Taylor remembers the day it was drawn—Armistice Day—November 11th, 1918! He still celebrates it.

The next year his friend, FPA, got him another job, as editor of *The Musical Review*. During this time Deems Taylor wrote one of his most famous compositions, the *Through the Looking Glass* suite, which has been played "all over the world, and elsewhere."

In this year, too, he made his first and only venture into teaching—lecturing on music in Denver. "Keeping," he chuckles, "just one lecture ahead of the class! It was deadly!"

Later he served for a number of years as music critic for *The New York World*—during which time he made his famous prophecy as to the future of radio. He was active, too, in the theatre, at this time—writing the incidental music for *Liliom*, and other plays, over a period of five years. Getting a first-hand knowledge of the theatre which later was to prove invaluable to him when he began to write operas.

He began his first opera in the spring of 1926, when he was commissioned by the Metropolitan to do an opera for them. He persuaded Edna St. Vincent Millay to do the libretto. After much searching, they hit upon an old English theme, and *The King's Henchman* was born. Deems Taylor finished the opera in Paris, that fall, and it was produced the following winter in the Metropolitan's 1927 season.

That was the year, also, that marked the beginning of his radio work at CBS. He also served for two years as editor of *Musical America*. In 1931 he created and broadcast a series on the history of the opera. And his second opera, *Peter Ibbetson*, was produced at the Metropolitan. He also had charge of the Metropolitan broadcasts, the first year that organization went on the air.

His first commercial radio assignment was on the *Kraft Hour*, with Paul Whiteman. That was in '33. In '34 he did scripts and dramatizations for a ten weeks' series of opera in English, for the *Chase and Sanborn Opera Guild*. He had a similar assignment in '35, on Sigmund Romberg's *Swift Hour*. Last year he did the *World Peaceways* scripts for the *Squibb* program and was its master of ceremonies. In the spring of this year he was doing the *Coronet* programs, and this season finds him with Philharmonic and *Chesterfield*.

True to the Taylor tradition of keeping two or three careers going at once, he is writing a new opera for the Metropolitan, doing the libretto himself, as well as the music. It's based on a Basque story by Pierre Loti, called *Ramuntcho*. "I asked Edna to do it," he said. "But she wouldn't—she's just lazy! So I'm doing it myself."

And, as if all that were not enough, he

has published a book this year, based on some of his music commentaries on radio programs. It's called *Of Men and Music*.

"I wanted to call it *The Tolerant Ear*," said Deems. "But my publishers felt that title wouldn't appeal to the reader. They thought it would sound like a medical treatise!"

He had, he says, to do a lot of re-writing, to make his radio comments suitable for book purposes.

"We actually have two languages," he says. "We write one, and we speak another. That is the essence of the trouble with most radio commercials. They're written by advertising writers, who are accustomed to write for the eye and not for the ear. You'd never read an advertisement aloud. It would sound absurd, phony. And that's the way the commercials sound. All the fake enthusiasm! It reminds me of something FPA said once: 'Nobody could be so glad to see anybody as I am to see everybody!'"

"We don't talk as we write," he went on. "We use broken phrases, unfinished sentences, repetition. When I'm writing my radio scripts, I always talk them, aloud. I guess the people in my hotel think I'm mad! I pace up and down, talking to myself. If I just wrote the thing, it wouldn't sound right when I read it over the microphone."

"I've always written my own scripts," he explained. "I can't sound convincing, reading someone else's words. Only an actor can do that. I may be an entertainer, but I'm certainly no actor. The radio is the greatest lie-detector there is. That's why political speeches on the air always sound so phony."

However poor a prophet Deems Taylor may be, you appreciate the soundness of his judgment when you hear him on the air. He is quietly sincere, human, delightful, with that unquenchable humor that is so rare and so refreshing. His words are a mine of information, but always alive, always interesting. However slight your own knowledge of music may be, you have no difficulty in enjoying Deems Taylor. And it's really a remarkable feat, to make music a delight to people who know little about it.

Radio, itself, does this, says Deems Taylor. "It brings music to everyone. People who would hesitate to go to opera, for fear they might be bored, will listen to it in their homes. That," he says, "is because there's no compulsion about it. If they don't like it, they can turn the dial and shut it off. They don't have to take it, if they don't want it. So they're willing to listen to it—and they find they enjoy it."

He thinks radio ought to institute a repertory system, like that of the theatre. Even the movies have adapted it. "The best programs are good enough to stand repetition. You hear them once—and never again. It's a pity! There's no law against repeating a program, of course—but no one would ever think of doing it."

Another thing he would advocate would be to have a sort of radio czar—a Landis for radio—to coordinate its entertainment, and prevent different networks or stations putting on similar shows at the same hour. "Spotting them that way hurts everyone. It halves the possible audiences, alienates listeners that otherwise would eagerly tune

in," says Deems Taylor.

He believes, too, that it would be a good idea if there were fewer stations and wider broadcast bands. "The bands are so narrow," he explains, "that you cannot hear certain notes and overtones that give their characteristic harmonies to certain instruments—the French horn, for instance, the oboes, the snare drums—almost any instrument. They have to be cut down in the control room. If they went on the air as produced, they'd overlap the broadcast band. So the music the radio listener hears over the air sounds very different from what the studio audience hears."

They sound like good suggestions, these—but Deems Taylor isn't prophesying that any of them will be realized. Still, on his record, one might prophesy that if he should chance to be appointed czar of radio—not that he wants to be!—he'd probably turn in a swell job.

For the present, however, he'll stick to just a few careers—writing, composing, commenting—and finding time to indulge a few favorite hobbies, which include cameras, cooking and carpentry. He also, he says, plays, with more violence than skill, a mean game of tennis. He doesn't ride horses, because, he says, they're so big—they intimidate him. And he's never been fishing.

He has a home in Connecticut, where he lives about six months of the year. There he builds porches, furniture, adds on rooms, and what not. And experiments with photography.

He was married, a number of years ago, to a charming actress, Mary Kennedy. But they have been separated for some time.

Their twelve-year-old daughter, Mary, is going to be an actress.

"Katharine Cornell and Margalo Gilmore are her godmothers," Deems Taylor says proudly. "So she has a good start."

Mary already has had a taste of theatre life, and on the stage of the Metropolitan, when she appeared in her famous father's first opera, *Peter Ibbetson*.

"She lives with her mother," he explains. And for the first time the twinkling light disappears from his eyes. "But I see her often," he adds quickly. "She was with me for some weeks, this summer. I did the cooking and she did the cleaning, and it worked out fine."

So, here are several of the gentlemen we know as Deems Taylor—and they all add up to a delightful personality. He's slim, slight, quiet—with a burning vitality that glows in his eyes and makes an over-tone for his quiet words. You feel a passionate sincerity, an abiding integrity in all he says. His laugh, that comes so readily, is no mere nervous gesture. It's a deep, quiet laugh, that springs from his adjustment to life. There's no bitterness in him. No frustration. Whatever comes—it's life. And a warm heart and a wide understanding find it good.

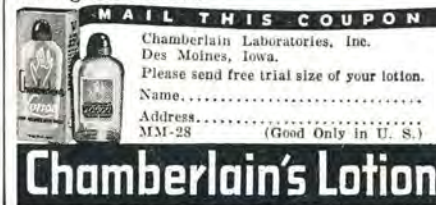
What would he choose to do, when he retires?

"It's hard to imagine having money enough to retire!" He smiles. "But if I did—I'd continue to do just what I'm doing, I imagine. Compose operas. Write books. Work for radio. Experiment with photography. Do some carpentry. Cook. Live . . ."

And that sounds like a fairly safe prophecy!



THOSE who use Chamberlain's Lotion regularly, are proud of their hands, glad to have them noticed. This clear, golden liquid, the lotion that satinizes, does keep hands soft and lovely. Soothing ingredients work with magical swiftness. It dries quickly too, is never sticky, greasy, gummy nor "messy." At all toilet goods counters.



RADIO RAMBLINGS

(Continued from page 12)

BABY FEET
RUINED
by
OUTGROWN SHOES

*It's true
Mother!*



X-Ray of baby foot in new inexpensive Wee Walker shoes contrasted with foot in a more expensive but outgrown shoe.

Millions of baby feet are RUINED because shoes cost a lot, and mother lets baby wear them too long. Short, tight, outgrown shoes no matter what you paid, will twist and warp the soft, delicate bones forever out of shape.

It's best to buy inexpensive Wee Walker shoes, and change to new ones often. They have every feature baby needs. Made over live-model lasts they are correctly proportioned, full-sized, roomy shoes that give real barefoot freedom. They are good-looking, made of soft, pliable leather you can be proud of. They cost very much less because they are made by the largest manufacturers of infants' shoes exclusively and are sold in stores where selling cost is lower. Look for them in the Infants' Wear Department of the following stores:

- W. T. Grant Co.
- S. S. Kresge Co.
- J. J. Newberry Co.
- H. L. Green Co., Inc.
- F & W Grand Stores, Isaac Silver and Bros., Metropolitan Chain Stores, Inc.
- McLellan Stores
- G. R. Kinney Co., Inc.
- Sears, Roebuck
- Charles Stores
- Schulte-United Stores
- Lincoln Stores, Inc.



WEE WALKER
Shoes

LOOK FOR THIS TRADE-MARK

MORAN SHOE CO.
CARLYLE, ILL.

BABY COMING?

ASK YOUR DOCTOR

See your doctor regularly. Ask him about breast-shaped Hygeia Nipples and wide mouth Hygeia Bottles. New valve inside nipple helps prevent collapse. Tab keeps nipple germ-free. Smooth, rounded inner surface and wide mouth make cleaning bottle easy.

SAFEST
BECAUSE EASIEST TO CLEAN

HYGEIA
NURSING BOTTLE AND NIPPLE

The MOST PRECIOUS CHILDREN IN THE WORLD (Yours, of Course)

● Aren't your children too precious to subject them to a cough syrup whose narcotics can harm and upset their digestions? They deserve Foley's, the delicious non-narcotic cough syrup for children. For speedy relief, it's unsurpassed. For helping break up a cough and speed recovery, it's superb. Ideal for adults, too. For speedy, sure and safe relief from coughs due to colds, get a bottle of Foley's today at your druggist, 30c.

.. don't they deserve a cough syrup specially formulated for them?

FOLEY'S Honey & Tar COUGH SYRUP

to placate the little man.

Their efforts may have been spurred by the knowledge that some seventy musicians waited at a minimum fee of six dollars an hour. Each minute of the argument cost \$70—but Toscanini was not to be hurried out of his anger.

He did come back to complete the rehearsal and conduct the greatest concert of the series the next Sunday evening, once more graciously bestowing his baton on the sponsor. No one ever did arrive at an estimate of what the fit of temper finally amounted to in dollars and cents.

Toscanini is a tiny man, age has dimmed his eyesight, he has a grand disdain for money. He abuses his musicians shamefully, but they remain devotedly worshipful. No one ever has captured the musical imagination of America as Toscanini has.

The General Motors executives who had him on their program had to coax. Offers of immense fees did not shake Toscanini's first refusals. The taxes of America and Italy (still his home at the end of each American concert season) would have eaten up most of the large fee, of course. The offers were directed along another line.

What if, at the door of the maestro's Italian home, a beautiful new car, a very expensive model, were delivered, all duties, taxes, etc., paid in advance? The maestro conducted the orchestra once that season and once the season following. The second season a new model arrived and the old one was quietly taken away. The maestro loves to drive around in luxurious automobiles.

NBC's expenditure in bringing Toscanini here this season is staggering. He is paid around \$50,000 for ten concerts—and that only starts the expense account. An orchestra of one hundred of the finest musicians obtainable had to be assembled, many of them hired away from important posts in other American symphony orchestras. An estimate of an average salary of \$5,000 for the season is conservative—which means a total of \$500,000 for the band. In addition, two great conductors had to be engaged for a preliminary series to bring the orchestra to mid-season form before Toscanini took charge. There has been a great exploitation campaign to advertise the concerts.

The total may run to \$650,000, perhaps more—all to bring ten Saturday Toscanini concerts to American listeners. Just for purposes of comparison, the fourteen Saturday afternoon Metropolitan Opera broadcasts were offered to sponsors at \$375,000—including all artists, networks and incidental costs.

Tim and Irene bought a parrot, with an idea in mind, and spent weeks training the bird to carry it out. They ask: "How did you like our program?" and the bird replies with loud laughter! It's just to amuse the guests.

Abe Lyman, who served on the Jack Benny program earlier this season, brings a story of Jack's pet diversion. During a

visit to Palm Springs, Abe and Jack went to a movie together and, as they came out, the manager waited to greet Jack Benny.

"Yes, the picture was good," Jack answered the manager's eager query, "but what I really like—" (And here Jack's conversation, as well as Abe's recital of it, grew warmer) "what I really like is a good Western."

The manager promised a good Western as a special addition to the program next evening, if Jack wanted to come. Did Jack want to come?

"Boy, we got the whole crowd of writers, directors, actors and everything down to the theatre that night," Abe relates with huge delight. "It was good to see one of those pictures in a big theatre."

The passion is one Jack and Abe have in common. A picture with lots of running and shooting, whether by cowboys, G-men or soldiers, can't be bad.

Incidentally, remember the stories, printed not long ago, about which of our recent presidents liked to read themselves to sleep with mystery and detective novels?

Graham McNamee has been broadcasting fifteen years now and is beginning to talk vaguely about settling a time to retire. The resonant, hearty and still youthful voice has rolled up quite a stake for Graham, just about enough to carry out his idea of settling down in the good California climate to rest and rest—and rest.

The resonant, hearty voice had been trained to make Graham his fortune as a baritone soloist, up to the day, back in 1922, when he stopped in at a radio station hunting for a temporary job. Right from the start, he stipulated that he intended to do no singing on radio. There was no difficulty about that after a few months. Radio provided him with so much speaking, there was no time for singing anyway.

It has been a profitable career, but not an easy one. There has been many a time when Graham finished a long day at a radio studio, hustled out to a newsreel studio at midnight, snatched a few hours' sleep and hurried down to the studio again next morning for early rehearsal. After a throat-tearing session at a football microphone, there would be a frantic dash back to fill an evening broadcast or recording date. And all these years, there has been the nerve-racking tension that people who work before an audience never seem to lose entirely. Graham has driven himself hard to roll up that fortune.

The pace has slackened, the past couple of years. For the first time, he passed up football altogether this fall. A touch of sinus trouble has kept him away from chilly football fields altogether.

"I've had my tough days," Graham sums it up, "but whenever things have been particularly hard, I always remind myself: 'This is a lot better than that job in St. Paul, driving a horse for Armour's.'"

The vogue for question-and-answer programs has spread even into the midnight dance programs. Kay Kyser's orchestra on the Mutual network, instead of playing the usual set of dance tunes, calls for



Her Blonde Hair Was Darkening

But New Blonde Hair Shampoo Brought Back Its Rich Golden Beauty and Gleaming Lustre

Here, at last, is an easy way to bring out the full radiant loveliness of blonde or brown hair. Try New Blondex Shampoo and Rinse to wash your hair shades lighter and bring out the natural lustrous golden sheen, the alluring highlights that can make hair so attractive. New Blondex costs but a few pennies to use and is absolutely safe. Used regularly, it keeps your hair lovely, gleaming with lustrous highlights. Get New Blondex today. New combination package—Shampoo with separate Rinse—for sale at all stores. Buy the large size—it costs less per shampoo.

New BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO & RINSE

Free for Asthma During Winter

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is cold and damp; if raw, Wintry winds make you choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could earn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

Frontier Asthma Co. 70-C Frontier Bldg.
462 Niagara Street, Buffalo, New York

THIS GENUINE JUNIOR GUITAR FOR YOU!

Get this handsome instrument NOW. Here's a How. Just send your name and address (SEND NO MONEY). WE TRUST YOU with 30 pack of Garden Seeds to sell at 10c a packet. When sold send \$3.00 collected and WE WILL SEND this marvelous fish guitar and Five Minute Instruction Book absolutely FREE. Write for details NOW. A post card will do. Address: LANCASTER COUNTY SEED COMPANY, Station 187, Paradise, Pennsylvania

STOP Itching TORTURE This Quick Way

For quick relief from the itching of eczema, blotches, pimples, athlete's foot, scales, rashes and other externally caused skin eruptions, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION**. Original formula of Doctor Dennis. Greaseless and stainless. Soothes the irritation and quickly stops the most intense itching. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or your money back. Ask for **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION**.

ASTROLOGY

1938 READING NOW—25c

Yogi Alpha, noted American Philosopher, now offers the 2000 word 1938 Forecast and Reading for only 25c. This reading gives you Astrological inclinations MONTH BY MONTH for the year 1938 and an extensive character delineation based upon an interpretation of your Zodiac Sign. It indicates favorable and unfavorable days throughout 1938 and the balance of 1937. It discusses home life, business affairs, marriage happiness, travel, love and romance, health, friends, vocation, temperament, etc. Send only 25c (coin or stamps) and month, day, year and place of birth for this reading. Money refunded if not satisfied.

YOGI ALPHA, Box 1411, Dept. 81-B, San Diego, Calif.
If a friend wishes a reading send 50c for 2 readings.



Grace Moore, star of opera, radio and movies, is accompanied by her husband, Valentin Parera, on her current coast-to-coast concert tour.

volunteers from the ballroom dancers and stages a questionnaire contest.

A rough practical joke in mind, a set of radio musicians almost started a feud between the two bandleaders, Richard Himber and Joe Rines. For years, Himber has justly been very proud of his dexterity at card tricks and other small magic. If vaudeville had not disappeared, he very likely would have drifted into the career of a stage magician, instead of organizing a dance band.

Rines has some claims to eminence as amateur magician, too. Musicians went to Himber with tales of his marvelous feats, making up stories of tricks that were completely impossible. At first Himber took the bait, angrily disputing whether Rines could do such things. The musicians retorted with slighting remarks they said Rines had made about Himber's tricks.

The joke was too good to last, though. Himber quickly realized what was happening and the Rines-Himber budding feud dissolved into goodnatured banter when they met. They are talking now about an informal contest in magic, with the audience to decide who is better.

As everyone expected, General Hugh Johnson is stirring up plenty of trouble in his season as a commentator on an NBC network. His broadcast is sponsored on behalf of a cure for colds, and repeatedly the General has broadcast without making

SMOOTH YOUR SKIN NEW HOLLYWOOD WAY

WITH THE SAME CREAM THE STARS USE



TAYTON'S CREAM

It's both a cleansing and a night cream for dry skin. Floats away dirt, dissolves dry, rough skin. Smooths, softens. Powder stays on.

★ **Boots Mallory**
The Lovely star with Eric Linden in Here's Flash Casey, says—"I use TAYTON'S Cream to cleanse and keep my skin smooth and youthful looking."

Test This Thrilling Beauty Discovery UNDER MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Make your skin smooth and alluring like the Stars do. . . . TAYTON'S CREAM releases precious triple-whipped emollients that cleanse and also dissolve dry, scaly skin cells that cause roughness, your powder to flake off, skin to shine look parched and old. Lubricates dryness. Flushes blackheads. Rouses oil glands. Helps bring out new, live, fresh skin. Thousands praise it. Get TAYTON'S CREAM at your 10c store, Drug and Dept. Store. Cleanse with it, also use it as a night cream. If your skin is not smoother, fresher and younger looking after first application your money will be refunded.

FREE Also test TAYTON'S new glamour face powder the stars use. Send your name and address to TAYTON Company, Dept. B, 811 West 7th St., Los Angeles, Calif. and generous samples of all six shades will be sent you free so you can choose your most flattering shade.

She Got \$400.00 for a Half Dollar
I will pay CASH for OLD COINS, BILLS and STAMPS

POST YOURSELF! It pays!
I paid \$400.00 to Mrs. Dowty of Texas, for one Half Dollar, J.D. Martin of Virginia \$200.00 for a single Copper Cent. Mr. Manning of New York, \$2,500.00 for one Silver Dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams, Ohio, received \$740.00 for a few old coins. I will pay big prices for all kinds of old coins, medals, bills and stamps.

I WILL PAY \$100.00 FOR A DIME!
1894 S. Mint; \$50.00 for 1913 Liberty Head Nickel (not Buffalo) and hundreds of other amazing prices for coins. Send 4c for Large Illustrated Coin Folder and further particulars. It may mean much profit to you. Write today to **B. MAX MEHL, 456 Mehl Bldg., FORT WORTH, TEXAS** (Largest Rare Coin Establishment in U. S.)

Happy Relief From Painful Backache

Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, 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 the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

RADIO STARS

YOU DON'T NEED AS MANY — when you use

DE LONG BOB PINS

36 STRAIGHT CRIMPED

Sustained by **GOOD HOUSEKEEPING** as advertised herein

Good News

ASTHMA PAROXYSMS RELIEVED

For ready relief from the suffocating agonies of asthmatic attacks, try Dr. Schiffmann's **ASTHMADOR**. The standby of thousands for over 70 years, **ASTHMADOR** aids in clearing the head—helps make breathing easier—allows restful sleep. At your druggist's in powder, cigarette or pipe mixture form.

For free sample write Dept. O,

R. SCHIFFMANN CO.
Los Angeles California

HAIR KILLED FOREVER

KILLED PERMANENTLY

From face or body without harm to skin. Our electrolysis device is guaranteed to kill hair forever by following easy directions or money refunded. Electrolysis is endorsed by physicians. Your electric current not used. Only \$1.95 complete prepaid or C.O.D. plus postage.

CANFIELD ELECTROLYSIS CO., 5-H, 2675 Broadway, N.Y. City

ASK YOUR DEALER ABOUT MY CONDITION PILLS AND MY ARSENIC AND IRON PILLS

There are 23 tested "Sergeant's" Dog Medicines. Trusted since 1879. Constantly improved. Made of finest drugs. Sold under money-back Guarantee by drug and pet shops. Ask them for a free copy of "Sergeant's" Dog Book, or write:

POLK MILLER PRODUCTS CORP.
502 W. Broad Street • Richmond, Va.
Copr. 1938, Polk Miller Products Corp.

Sergeant's DOG MEDICINES

any effort to conceal a severe cold. That is the least of the troubles, however.

He kicks aside all of radio's timid restrictions and says what he pleases, while nervous network executives listen and hope for the best. Repeatedly, the network has had to give away radio periods for replies by organizations which vigorously challenged the General's statements. Then there was the night that Johnson had to be forbidden use of the network altogether because he insisted on discussing venereal diseases.

His contract calls for delivery of a script two hours in advance of broadcast time, so the network executives can look it over to remove any potential dynamite. He delivers it just exactly two hours in advance, seldom an extra minute. There is a minimum time for argument.

His travels take him around the country and he broadcasts from various cities. In at least one city, the local network chief flatly refused to look at the General's script in advance. He wanted no part of any argument with the General. From that town, the General goes on without any possibility of supervision.

Portland's great ambition to become a movie star alongside her husband, Fred Allen, seems to have been thwarted. Everything was all set this fall for her to appear with him in his forthcoming film, *Sally, Irene and Mary*, in one of the title rôles. That came unexpectedly after they arrived in Hollywood. The original plan had called for Fred, with no mention of the rest of the family. Almost on the eve of the picture's start, Portland had her chance whisked right away again. The reason was not unflattering, however.

She has become one of radio's favorite "dumb girls" but on the picture screen, they told Portland: "You just don't look dumb enough."

Walter Winchell is remaining tactfully aloof from the controversy raging about the radio commentators who pry into private lives of film stars. Before a group of San Francisco newspapermen, Sidney Skolsky recently boasted that the radio chains would not dare to take any measures against himself. "My sponsor," he said, "is one of the biggest buyers of radio time. The networks wouldn't dare jeopardize that business." He added, also, that the same thing was true about Walter Winchell.

"I asked him to leave me out of those remarks after this," Walter said. "What's the use of saying they wouldn't dare touch my copy? They do it every week, don't they?"

The restrictions on Walter are not severe but he always resents them. He tells about one case of exasperating censorship on the eve of last winter's Ohio floods. A friend in the Ohio valley had wired Walter about the threatening conditions.

"I put in a line to warn people in the path of the flood to be ready to move," Walter narrates. "I was broadcasting from the Coast then and a long-distance phone call came from New York when they saw my copy.

"But we might save some lives with that line," I told the man.

"Never mind the saviour of your country stuff," was the answer I got. "We don't want a broadcast that will start any panic out there."

Next day, the flood stories burst in full fury across the front pages of the nation.

"What a scoop that would have been," Walter laments.

Hobby Lobby program has one distinction, new to radio. It is the only important show in radio that has two separate broadcasts on different networks the same evening. It is heard first each Wednesday on the Columbia network at 7:15 p. m. (Eastern Standard Time). The program assembles in the studio again at 10:30 p. m. for a broadcast on the Mutual network. Both of the broadcasts, each exactly the same, are heard in New York, the first on *WABC*, the second on *WOR*, which must puzzle listeners who don't understand the arrangement.

The closest parallel to this two-in-a-day was Erno Rapee's Sunday task—conducting two full hour concerts on one chain. At 12:30 p. m. Sunday, he conducts his *Radio City Music Hall* symphony orchestra. His next hearing was with the *General Motors* orchestra at 8 p. m., now off the air.

One of the cherished properties of Phil Lord's Gang Busters program is a slot machine, a real one with lever, jack pot and all. The slot machine was the solution to a despairing day of experiments in the sound effects department. The action of the script called for a slot machine paying off a jack pot. They tried everything to duplicate the sound—dropping coins into different sized kettles, dropping them through a pipe, throwing them into a gong—and none of them sounded right.

Finally they sent for a real machine and someone fixed the mechanism so it would drop a jack pot of coins on the first play, if it were properly primed.

Newcomers to the cast usually walk over and try to play it, during respites in rehearsal. The coin just drops through and nothing happens.

Phil Spitalny senses a note of warning in the current radio habit of trying to crowd seven or eight great movie stars into a single program. He was speaking of the new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Warner Brothers shows and the program that RKO-Radio Pictures is planning.

"It reminds me of the last days of vaudeville," he recalled. "Theatre business was falling off during the depression. To help business, the theatres were putting on bigger and bigger shows. I remember one week they had seven headliners, including Jack Benny and Fannie Brice, at the Capitol. It was a great show, sure. It broke house records. But after that, what could you do next week?"

"Vaudeville probably was disappearing, anyway. They hurt it, though, with those big shows. After a few of those, at regular prices, people wouldn't go to an ordinary vaudeville show any more. Then the big ones became an ordinary thing and wouldn't do record business. That meant just about the end of vaudeville."

Radio is traveling the same path, but Phil won't hazard a guess on what will come of it. He just shakes his head and wonders what will happen to programs like his girls' orchestra, which just offer pleasant music and no seven or eight movie stars.

—BY ARTHUR MASON

Oh Boy! How Grand I Feel

"NOW I know there IS a difference in the way laxatives work since I used the ALL-VEGETABLE Laxative, Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets). One NR Tablet convinced me... 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 try NR. Geta25c box from any druggist. Use for one week, then if you are not more than pleased, return the box and we will refund the purchase price. That's fair. Try it.

NR TO-NIGHT
TOMORROW ALRIGHT

FREE: Beautiful Six-color 1938 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of NR and Turns. Send stamp for packing and postage to Lewis-Howe Co., Desk 124-B, St. Louis, Mo.

CATARRH or SINUS Irritation Due to Nasal Congestion CHART FREE!

Hall's Catarrh Medicine relieves phlegm-filled throat, stuffed up nose, catarrhal bad breath, hawking, and Sinus headaches caused by nasal congestion. Relief or Your Money Back. At all Druggists'. Send Post Card for Free Treatment Chart. 65 years in business. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Dept. 32, TOLEDO, O.

You'll want to be "in the know" on your favorite stars of radio. Read *Radio Ramblings* (Page 12) and *West Coast Chatter* (Page 75) for new and amusing gossip.

BANISH DANGER of LOOSE WIRES with
JUSTRITE PUSH CLIPS
Keep lamp, radio, telephone wires SAFE and neat—off the floor with JUSTRITE PUSH-CLIPS. In colors to match lamp cords or wood-work. Insist on famous Justrite Quality Push-Clips—set of 8 for 10c.
EASY TO INSTALL NO TOOLS REQUIRED
AT YOUR 10-CENT STORE

LEARN AT HOME OF A RADIO ANNOUNCER
MICROPHONE TECHNIQUE
EVERY VOICE CAN BROADCAST
RADIO ARTS ACADEMY
3819 WILSHIRE - WESTERN
DEPT. 2 - HOLLYWOOD

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 35c box of GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules today—the original and genuine—right from Haarlem in Holland—Don't accept a counterfeit—Ask for and get GOLD MEDAL.

IT'S MY HUMBLE OPINION

(Continued from page 79)

—but about which there should be no false modesty but more frankness—that is the subject of bad breath.

Of course, anyone may offend at times. There are occasions when all of us find it just absolutely impossible—due to unusual circumstances—to rid the mouth properly of the aftermath of eating.

Certainly the Lambert Pharmaceutical Company deserves much praise and credit for having dared to try to make America breath-conscious (notice I said *try*). Spurred on by practical and financial motives, the company nevertheless has begun a campaign that has made life for many a heretofore-miserable-wife or husband and theatrical performer much more livable. It is a commentary on American apathy and laziness that, even after millions have been expended in an advertising (none the less educational) effort to bring home the fact that there is no greater sin than to offend in this manner, how few people have heeded the all too true and relentless fact that this, unquestionably, is the *Number One Social Crime!*

It is to laugh when I note the re-opening of *Stage Door* (the play) and *The Show Is On*. I can hear the old, ultra-conservative producers, informing me, as though I were a child, when I asked them if it were not possible for a show to open or close at the will of the producer by the simple process of announcements through the press—and to do it successfully. The old-fashioned producer would have you believe that once a musical comedy had opened, it must run on Broadway until it was closed, once and for all.

Even the closing-down for one week (Holy Week) had not shown most producers that if it became necessary, due to unusual circumstances or an act of God, to close a successful show, that when the emergency had passed it would be comparatively easy to reopen and continue the prosperous running of the show. But today producers think nothing of closing a show like *Stage Door* and opening months or even a year later—with the result that the show grosses as much as it did before closing. The same holds true for *The Show Is On*.

Likewise in radio do the Messrs. Cantor, Benny and Allen leave their shows for vacations, and we find that on their return to the air-waves—repetition to the effect that people are creatures of habit to the contrary—they are just as popular as ever. Take Mr. Cantor, for instance, who took several months off, came back only to change his show from Sunday to Wednesday and what have you? Mr. Cantor is enjoying a rating as high as when he left the air waves. That—for stupid tradition!

NEXT MONTH SOME MORE ELEMENTALS OF SHOWMANSHIP, OR A TOUR THROUGH THE HEBRIDES OF CALIFORNIA!

BRIDGE HANDS



Are yours winning hands? White... satiny... alluring! Or losing hands, rough and red? Today women are using Barrington Hand Cream to keep their hands as lovely and attractive as their complexions. Barrington protects at the same time it improves the hands. Don't neglect the simple, inexpensive way to add a real charm to your general affect of good grooming. Only a few days' use will show you the great change for the better.

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

NORTH AMERICAN DYE CORPORATION
MT. VERNON, N. Y.

Barrington
HAND CREAM



NOW!
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AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE
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RADIO LAUGHS...

(SELECTED SNICKERS FROM POPULAR PROGRAMS)

IRENE: Tim, there's quite a difference between you and—exhale—Jack Benny.

TIM: Wait a minute, Irene. Why do you exhale between me and Jack Benny?

IRENE: I don't wanna mention you and Jack Benny in the same breath.

(TIM and IRENE, Admiracion Program.)

CHARLIE: *Why, I used to play second base with the South Bend Bloomer Girls' Accordion Band.*

LANNY: *You did, Charlie?*

CHARLIE: *Yes. Playing the accordion made so many wrinkles in my chest that my mother had to press my shirts with a waffle iron!*

(CHARLES BUTTERWORTH, Packard Program.)

TONY: I bought Alice a gorgeous string of pearls for her wedding present and now she wants a new car.

GEORGE: Well, Tony, instead of buying her the pearls why didn't you get her the car?

GRACIE: Don't be silly, George! Where can you buy an imitation car? (BURNS and ALLEN, Grape-Nuts Program.)

JERRY: I've really accomplished things.

TED: Not really!

JERRY: Yes, Ted, I've been working myself to the bone.

TED: That's using your head!

(JERRY MANN & TED HAMMERSTEIN, Hammerstein Music Hall.)

AL: You see, this is still September. Your show doesn't go on the air until October. Remember what you learned in school—Thirty days hath September...

JOE:—April, June and November. All the rest got thirty-one, except my uncle—he got a fifty-dollar fine and a suspended sentence.

(AL JOLSON and JOE PENNER, Lifebuoy Program.)

GEORGIE: Morton, do you know: *It Looks Like Rain?*

MORTON: Whadda I care? I got my old suit on.

(GEORGIE PRICE, WOR-Mutual Network.)

FISHFACE: *Can anybody tell me why this tree is turning red?*

FIGG: *I know why it's turning red.*

FISH: *Why?*

FIGG: *It's blushing because its limbs are bare!*

(FISHFACE and FIGGSBOTTLE, NBC-Blue Network.)

PICK: Pat, what was your rank in the army?

PAT: Oh, I was an admiral.

PICK: An admiral! How could you be an admiral in the army?

PAT: I had charge of the vessels in the kitchen.

(PICK and PAT, Pipe Smoking Time.)

HELENE: You know, Ray, we ought to get a sponsor pretty soon. Business is improving.

RAY: Yeah, business is improving. The people that can't pay are buying again.

(RAY PERKINS, Hi There Audience, WOR-Mutual.)

BERT: I bet you don't know what diagonally means.

LUBIN: Why, it's a-a-a—

BERT: No, it isn't dat at all. Now I'll explain to you what diagonally means. Suppose I drew a line from California to New York City, and another one from de North Pole down to Texas. What would dat be?

LUBIN: Dat would be an awful waste of pencils.

(SWOR and LUBIN, Bicycle Party.)

TONY: *I'm a married man now and I want my wife to have the things that other married women have.*

GRACIE: *I know what you mean, Tony—the necessities of life, such as sable coats, diamond bracelets, imported automobiles and yachts.*

(GRACIE ALLEN and TONY MARTIN, Grape-Nuts Program.)

PICK: Well, I'll try your French. *Parlez-vous?*

PAT: Yeah... I *parlez*.

PICK: You *parlez* what?

PAT: I *parlay* on the first, second and third races.

(PICK and PAT, Pipe Smoking Time.)

GEORGE: *You know, Ray, I heard you on a phonograph record last night.*

RAY: *Oh, so that's where I was last night? I wondered what made me so dizzy!*

(GEORGE BURNS, Grape-Nuts Program.)

TED: Now, I'm going to take you to a party tonight and I want you to be on your best behaviour. And, incidentally, don't forget to wash your face.

JERRY: Oh-h-h, it's gonna be formal! (TED HAMMERSTEIN and JERRY MANN, Hammerstein Music Hall.)

JACK: *Mary, I want to thank you for those lovely roses you sent me. They were beautiful.*

MARY: *Were they?*

JACK: *Yes, that's the first time I've ever seen a third of a dozen... but Mary, I did notice that the roses were quite limp and droopy. What happened?*

MARY: *I knew you were sick so I boiled 'em!*

(JACK BENNY, Jell-O Program.)

PHIL: When I sneeze I put my hand in front of my mouth.

HARRY: Really, Phil? Why do you do that?

BEETLE: To catch his teeth!

(PHIL BAKER, Gulf Program.)

FRED: You're under arrest for violatin' the anti-noise law, Bub.

ACTOR: Hey, wait a minute! I ain't done nothin'!

FRED: You just drank a bicarbonate of soda, didn't you?

ACTOR: So what? I ain't made a noise yet, have I?

FRED: No, but you will in a minute. Let's go!

(FRED ALLEN, Town Hall Tonight.)

GRACIE: *Well, my brother never says: "Hello,"—he says: "Honk, Honk!" Of course, that's...*

GEORGE: *Your brother says: "Honk, Honk"?*

GRACIE: *Yeah—when he's crossing the street. You see, he doesn't want people to think he hasn't got an automobile.*

(BURNS and ALLEN, Grape-Nuts Program.)

BOTTLE: Gosh, it's terribly warm, sir. Do you mind if I sit down?

PHIL: Why, Bottle, does the hot air bother you?

BOTTLE: Er... no, sir, go right on talking.

(PHIL BAKER, Gulf Program.)

DOC: *Jack Benny, it's time for your medicine again... Now first you take this red pill and then you follow it with this white one.*

JACK: *Mum, two of 'em this time. What's the white pill for, Doc?*

DOC: *In case the red one is poison!*

(JACK BENNY, Jell-O Program.)

PHIL: Bottle, you ought to get married and go in for a little connubial bliss.

BOTTLE: Beg pardon, sir?

PHIL: Connubial bliss! Look, Bottle, what binds women together and makes them better than they are by nature?

BOTTLE: Er... corsets.

(PHIL BAKER, Gulf Program.)

FRED: Today is the big birthday party.

PORTLAND: Really? Whose birthday is it?

FRED: The Dionne babies'. The Quintuplets are three today.

PORT: Oh! That's too bad. Did two of them get away?

(FRED ALLEN, Town Hall Tonight.)

IRENE: Tim, when you were in vaudeville you used to make the people laugh so much they'd fall on their faces in the aisles.

TIM: That's right, Irene! But how did you know?

IRENE: You told me.

(TIM and IRENE, Admiracion Program.)

BETTY LOU: Yes, I know, Mister Tommy, but my Grand-daddy makes a lot of money when he plays football.

TOMMY: Your Grand-daddy makes a lot of money playing football? Who told you that?

BETTY: My daddy. 'Cause he says we're gonna have a lot of money when Grand-daddy kicks off.

(ROYAL GELATIN PROGRAM.)

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