

EAST-TO-COAST PROGRAM GUIDE

Radio Stars

EMBER



NTS

THE LARGEST
CIRCULATION OF ANY
RADIO MAGAZINE

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY,
GENERAL LIBRARY
370 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK, N.Y.

ONE POWER

**TYRONE
POWER
WOULD LIKE
TO
MARRY, BUT—**

*Earl
Cherry*



BE IRRESISTIBLE TONIGHT WITH IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME



YOU hold allure in the palm of your hand — with IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. A touch on your wrists, your throat, your fingertips, and your petite evening muff, and you become a more thrilling person to yourself, and to him. Teasing . . . provocative . . . irresistible!

Discover the exciting new confidence that IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME gives you. The glamorous women of Park Avenue, Hollywood Boulevard, and the Rue de la Paix all know that secret — the hidden power of Irresistible Perfume.


Lips must lure, too, with their fragrance, and challenge with their brilliancy. With Irresistible Lip Lure they do both. Try the fragrant, creamy Irresistible Lipstick in its exciting new shade — Coral — sparkling, vibrant, electric!

To be completely ravishing use all of the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Certified pure, laboratory tested and approved.

Only 10c each at 5 & 10c Stores



YOUR LIPS ALLURE WITH IRRESISTIBLE LIPLURE



IS IT TRUE THAT I CAN TRY
ALL 3 TYPES OF KOTEX*...
FREE ?

YES..AND ONLY BY TRYING
ALL 3 TYPES, CAN YOU MEET
EACH DAY'S EXACT NEEDS !

Confidential . . . TO WOMEN ONLY

One-size sanitary napkin will not do for every woman. No more than one-size hat, dress or pair of shoes. Besides, women's personal needs are different on different days.

Only Wondersoft Kotex sanitary napkins solve this problem for you. For only Kotex offers 3 types . . . Regular Kotex, Junior Kotex and Super Kotex.

Only by trying ALL 3 can you meet each day's exact needs. Prove it for yourself, FREE! Write today for a free supply of ALL 3 types of Kotex, the Wondersoft sanitary napkin that Can't Chafe, Can't Fail, Can't Show. Address Room 1407, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

TWO SIDES OF A GIRL'S LIFE!



ANOTHER DAY SPOILED by that dull, worn-out, headachy feeling that so often means constipation. A familiar experience to most of all of us, but read...

HOW A NEW IDEA MADE LIFE SO DIFFERENT



It was a new idea to her—tasteless medicine in delicious chewing gum—but an idea that 16 million people had already tried and found ideal. Perhaps you, too, feel mean, miserable, out-of-kilter right now because of constipation. Then try FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious, scientific chewing gum laxative. Try it and learn for yourself that no other type of laxative can do exactly what FEEN-A-MINT does. FEEN-A-MINT rates 3 stars for 3 special benefits:

- ★ **NO STOMACH UPSET**—With FEEN-A-MINT you don't swallow a heavy, bulky dose; there is nothing to further burden an already over-burdened digestion.
- ★ **CHEWING AIDS DIGESTION**—The chewing stimulates the flow of the same natural alkaline fluids that help food digest.
- ★ **ACTS WHERE YOU NEED IT**—FEEN-A-MINT's tasteless laxative ingredient does nothing in the stomach. It passes to the intestine and does its work just where you want it to—easily, pleasantly, comfortably.

FEEN-A-MINT won't gripe, nauseate, or disturb sleep. Find the joy of this amazing 3-star relief yourself. Get economical FEEN-A-MINT today. It's right for all the family and tastes like your favorite chewing gum. At your druggists, or write for generous FREE sample package. Dept. 61, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.



DELICIOUS
Tastes like
your favorite
chewing gum



RADIO STARS

LESTER C. GRADY, Editor

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NO PICTURE HAS EVER EQUALLED "CONQUEST"!



GRETA GARBO
CHARLES BOYER

IN CLARENCE BROWN'S PRODUCTION

Conquest

THE LOVE STORY OF MARIE WALEWSKA

Even Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—with the greatest productions in motion picture history to its credit—has never before made a picture on so lavish a scale as this. Its grandeur will dazzle your eyes...as its romance fills your heart. Garbo, as the temptress who is used to ensnare Charles Boyer as Napoleon; a glorious seductive pawn in an amazing international intrigue. A cast of thousands including Reginald Owen, Alan Marshall, Henry Stephenson, Leif Erickson, Dame May Whitty, C. Henry Gordon. Directed by Clarence Brown. Produced by Bernard H. Hyman... Screen Play by Samuel Hoffenstein, Salka Viertel and S. N. Behrman.

A GIANT PRODUCTION IN THE BRILLIANT M-G-M MANNER



RADIO RAMBLINGS



Meet the bride! Alyce McLaughlin, former adagio dancer, married Charles Correll, *Andy of Amos 'n' Andy*, September 11th last, in Hollywood, Cal.

PROBABLY the most complex, certainly the most puzzling, personality in radio is Phil Lord, once radio's *Seth Parker*, and more recently creator of *Gang Busters* and *We, the People*. None of the facts about the man and no set of his actions seem to fit any consistent pattern.

He is a super-salesman. Repeatedly he has stepped in and convinced prospective sponsors, when the crack contact men of advertising agencies and networks have failed. Nevertheless, he persisted in carrying on with his non-commercial *Seth Parker* programs until radio finally outgrew that homely style of entertainment.

Then there was his wild notion of a trip around the world, aboard an old sailing ship, a fiasco that cost him just about his entire fortune a couple of years ago. As a business associate, he alternates between moods of unreasonable tyranny, ruthless economy, extravagance and generosity.

Scene from *Ali Baba Goes to Town*. Eddie Cantor's new 20th Century-Fox film. Eddie greets Louise Hovick (once known as Gypsy Rose Lee).

Natalie Park — the Mrs. Martha Murgatroyd of *Bughouse Rhythm*, Fridays 7:45 p.m., EST (NBC-Red) is one of radio's cleverest young comedienne.

Hollace Shaw sings every Tuesday over the CBS network at 8:00 p.m., EST, with Mark Warnow's orchestra and Del Casino. The program, *Blue Velvet Music*.



Going to town with
the latest news of
notables of the air

Perhaps his whole strange character can be summed up in his queer gesture, bordering on insanity, to Mark Warnow at the close of Mark's season as orchestra leader for Phil last spring. Phil presented Mark with a beautiful, obviously costly watch. Mark was overwhelmed with the magnificence of the gift. Carrying the watch for a day, however, almost drove Mark nutty. It ran properly for a couple of hours, then reversed and ran backwards. Then it would stop for a while and start again.

Mark took it to the jewelry store where it had been purchased and was told that Phil Lord had left orders that the eccentric movement never was to be changed. The jeweler was completely baffled by this strange man who spent several hundred dollars extra on an expensive watch—just to have it made useless!

Kidding the chimes with which NBC networks preface every station
(Continued on page 75)

Templeton Fox, young NBC dramatic star, plays the leading feminine rôle of *Young Hickory* over the NBC-Blue network, Monday through Friday, 11:15 a.m.



TELL HIM
TO SWITCH
TO KOOLS
and he'll be all right



DOCTORS . . . lawyers . . . merchants . . . chiefs in every walk of life agree that KOOLS are soothing to your throat. Is this cooling process a secret? Not a bit of it! KOOLS are a blend of the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos . . . with a touch of mild menthol added for refreshing, cooling flavor. And each pack brings you a valuable coupon, good in the United States for a wide choice of beautiful, practical premiums. Switch to KOOLS and save those coupons! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Box 599, Louisville, Ky.

TUNE IN Tommy Dorsey's Orchestra NBC Blue Network, Fridays 10 P. M., E. S. T.



SAVE COUPONS . . . MANY HANDSOME NEW PREMIUMS



Bridge Table—De Luxe inlaid. Sturdy. 750 coupons. Plain model, 500 coupons

FREE. Write for illustrated 32-page B & W premium booklet, No. 14

Cigarette Case—Enamel and silver-nickel; choice of five colors. 100 coupons

RALEIGH CIGARETTES...NOW AT POPULAR PRICES...ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS



Amusing Mince Meat Pies,
with cut-out pastry cats
for your Hallowe'en feast.

Courtesy Non-Such Mince Meat

RADIO STARS COOKING SCHOOL

By NANCY WOOD

*Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight!
Make me a child again, just for to-night!*

Many's the time, I am sure, when your most fervent wish-of-the-moment could best be expressed in the familiar words of the above poem; and now, with Hallowe'en coming, you can realize that wish for at least one evening. One delightful evening of carefree, frolick-



Irene Wicker, famous as *The Singing Lady* (NBC-Blue network) makes these taste-tempting, eye-appealing dishes.

Hallowe'en's coming! What shall we have to make our table decorative?

some pleasure, according to Irene Wicker, the appealing, lovable *Singing Lady* of the air waves.

"Hallowe'en can be one of the happiest occasions in all the yearly calendar," Irene assured me, elin face alight with anticipation of the fun she intends having, on that particular evening, in the Wickers' delightful Connecticut home.

"You really *should* give a party for your friends on All Hallow's Eve," continued she, with conviction. "And, if there is a child in the house, the word 'should' immediately changes into an emphatic 'must.' But all of us, I think, like to be children again for a few hours, given a good excuse!

"There are so many amusing things one can do on Hallowe'en, too," she went on, "so many gay and inexpensive decorations that go with the occasion and, best of all, so many marvelous things to eat—particularly with the delicious foods of early fall. Why, Hallowe'en refreshments are a forerunner of the Thanksgiving and Christmas feasts to follow, added to which is the happy fact that the very nature of this occasion calls for the gayest informality in attire, favors, table decorations and refreshments!

"Yes, this is just the sort of party to make the kids merry and to make merry kids of us all," declared this little lady, who looks like a child herself and whose love for, and understanding of, youngsters is based on experience in bringing up her own sturdy pair, Nancy and Walter Jr.—the latter being generally called "Charlie" to distinguish him from his father, the well known Walter Wicker of *Today's Children* and other programs.

"Would you outline a menu that you think suits the occasion?" I asked Miss Wicker hopefully.

Would she? She would! Could she *really* cook? Emphatically, yes! Were there several of her favorite recipes that I could have to try myself and to pass on to food-minded readers of RADIO STARS? There certainly were.

I have them all—the menu, which follows shortly, and the many recipes you'll find on page 78. Serve most, or all, of the dishes suggested by Miss Wicker at your forthcoming Hallowe'en party. (Continued on page 79)

SUSAN: Hear that, Matilda? She's been crying ever since the bridge club left.



MATILDA: She heard the girls whispering. It would break my heart, too, if anybody said my clothes had tattle-tale gray.

SUSAN: But the poor thing works so hard. It's not her fault.



SUSAN: It's that lazy soap she uses. It leaves dirt behind. We ought to tell her how we got rid of tattle-tale gray.

MATILDA: Sh-h-h! That's why I've been saving this ad about Fels-Naptha Soap. Let's slip it under her door.



SUSAN: Wait, Matilda—does that ad say Fels-Naptha's richer golden soap and lots of naphtha chase out every speck of dirt?

MATILDA: Yes indeed, Susan. But keep still—or she'll hear us.



FEW WEEKS LATER

GUEST: But, Doris, these linens look brand-new! How do you ever get them so white?

DORIS: Sh-h-h! Two sly little birdies showed me how to banish tattle-tale gray with Fels-Naptha Soap. I haven't thanked them yet, but, as a bit of a reward, I'm treating them to the movies!

COPYR. 1937, FELS & CO.

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



"WINDSOR ROSE
gives life
to the
natural tints
of the skin"



says **MAGGY ROUFF of PARIS**
who created this stunning
new costume shade of
face powder for Woodbury's

"WINDSOR ROSE, the lovely new shade of Woodbury's powder, gives the skin a romantic beauty. Its creamy-pink and ivory-peach tints are the same that enliven the skin of blonde, brunette and titian. This is the secret of its breath-taking flattery to almost every complexion."

In all seven shades, Woodbury's Facial Powder is germ-free.* It cannot spread blemish-causing germs to your face. In the new blue box, \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.



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

MAIL FOR 10-PIECE LOVELINESS KIT!

For generous samples of Woodbury's Scientific Aids to Loveliness, enclose 10¢ and mail to John H. Woodbury, Inc., 2183 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O. In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario.

Name _____
Address _____

BEAUTY ADVICE



The always fresh loveliness of Florence George, soprano of the *Packard Hour*, is attained by a daily beauty routine which she passes on to you.

THE pace of this season makes for keen competition in all fields —getting your man, holding your man or your career. It won't be the gal with the shiny nose, straggly hair or wrinkled frock who wins out, either. Take a tip from your rival and see that you're not caught off-guard. On your toes!

Girls, you can't afford to "just get by" these days. Why, what could be more devastating than missing your Big Chance because this morning's make-up was sketchily applied? Well, you can't tell when Fate is going to pull a trick like that on you, so be ready to meet romance or adventure at any moment, or they'll surely pass you by!

Of course, if you're not in the mood for beauty, there isn't a thing I can say that will register—so how about getting into the proper frame of mind? Okay? Then, all of you with a spark of interest in your personal appearance, do this:

Cleanse your face thoroughly and brush your hair one hundred strokes.

If you want to give your complexion a new lease on life, then let this cleansing be something extra-special. I know an inexpensive little packet that is crammed full of new beauty and I'll give you the name, if you'll write. This packet may be a facial treatment that will stimulate the tissues and erase fatigue lines, or a pack to combat blackheads or enlarged pores, or a water-softener to smooth and cleanse!

How can it be all of these things? Well, you'll understand that better when you hear what this marvelous powder is. It is an oatmeal facial and cleanser which contains skin vitamin F. It also contains another marvelous softening ingredient—vegetable milk. You see, now, that with such ingredients it can be all three of these things by application in the proper manner. A tablespoonful of the (Continued on page 90)

By

MARY BIDDLE

Method, not magic,
has kept Florence
George beautiful
and well-groomed

Florence's beauty and talent
attracted film scouts, so now
she's under option to M-G-M.



POPULAR MODEL GIVES TIP ON SAVING STOCKINGS!

*I cut my stocking
bills IN HALF by
using Ivory Flakes
one minute
each night!*

Here's the girl you see in lots of fashion photographs—lovely Evelyn Kelly. "I furnish my own stockings," she says, "and Ivory Flakes save me money. Stockings washed with *pure suds* wear twice as long."



ACTION! DEMANDS PHOTOGRAPHER. Look at the strain on Evelyn's sheer stockings! They can take it, because they're kept fresh and strong by Ivory care!



ONE MINUTE PLEASE! Evelyn Kelly, popular photographers' model, takes one minute at bedtime to dash her stockings through Ivory Flakes suds. "Now they wear twice as long."

Pure soap prevents weakening of silk stockings

"Protecting the freshness of silk is the whole secret of getting real wear from stockings," say fine stores. "That's why we advise the soap flakes made from the famous pure Ivory Soap—the soap that protects even a baby's young skin."

Don't pile up stockings you've worn—*don't* use any soap less pure than Ivory Flakes—*don't* let your stockings get *stale*. All these make silk grow weak and old.

Start tonight with Ivory Flakes. One minute of daily care can add weeks of wear—Ivory Flakes are pure economy!



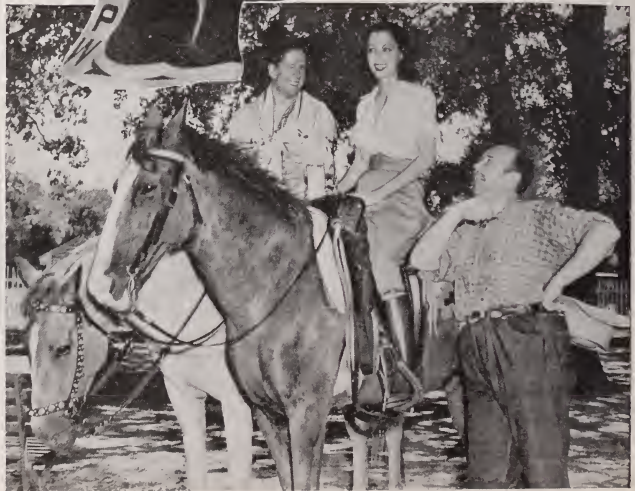
TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

IT'S MY

What a popular radio star thinks about.
More of Rudy's characteristic comments

Rudy as a cowboy! On a recent visit to Paul Whiteman at the Shady Oak Farm in Fort Worth, Texas. We hear that a high old time was had by all concerned.

Paul gives Rudy and the fair Ruby Stewart of Jacksonville some fine pointers on the art of riding, and Rudy counters with some hints on crooning!



*No Waste!
No Mess!*

..with the
KLEENEX*
200 SHEET

**Pull-Out
Package**

PULL A TISSUE

**NEXT ONE POPS UP
READY FOR USE**

**200-SHEET KLEENEX
NOW 2 FOR 25¢**

The handy size for every room

Why tolerate clumsy boxes or inferior tissues when Kleenex brings you *Double Economy*? Plus a world of convenience that others can't offer because *only Kleenex* has this patented Pull-Out Package.

Stop at your dealer's today and ask for 200-sheet Kleenex... now reduced to 2 for 25¢. It's the handy size for every room and for the car!

KLEENEX*
DISPOSABLE TISSUES
(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office)

HUMBLE OPINION-

A CAREFUL study of the notes that have piled up during the past month tells me that there are several matters I'd like to discuss with you—several observations I'd like to make. Some of them you may agree with—some you may not—but see if you don't agree with my first one.

Now, although *Burlesque*, as *Broadway last knew it*, is dead (at least for a while), I cannot refrain from smiling as I think of some of the clever titles they were accustomed, in their quaint way, to use on their theatre marquees (electric light signs to you):

- MIND OVER MATTRESS
- ANATOMY AND CLEOPATRA
- THREE SMART GIRLDES
- THE SWAY OF ALL FLESH
- HONEST TEASE THE BEST POLICY
- PANTIES' INFERNO
- SHE LIVES ALONE AND LOOKS IT
- GONE WITH THE WINDSOR
- ABROAD AT HOME
- STRIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

I have been quite frank and open in my admiration for the talents of Walter Winchell—and by talents I mean his creative ones, and not the energy he expends

catering to that depravity in all of us which moves us to a contemptible interest in affairs which do not concern us in any way, and that sadistic streak which affords a modicum of secret delight when one reads that so and so is unhappy because someone whom he loved no longer loves him.

By
RUDY VALLEE

It has become a kind of sport today, a race between those who stoop to these unhappy-private-life reportings to plaster them up first before the eyes of a public that is assumed to wait with bated breath for these sickening disclosures. While it is surely not important and, least of all, no concern of the reader, it is considered (in journalistic circles) comparable to withholding the details of a major crime to fail to inform all the busybodies in all of the small and large towns that a glamorous star of stage, screen or radio (the latter the least glamorous) has just walked into the kerotrack with—or without—a handsome or ugly escort.

I guess I must be the fellow out of step. . . . I can't be bothered to read these pusillanimous and rapid droolings, even when they concern me. . . . Tolerance to me, has always been one of the cardinal virtues of life. And I have never been able to interest (Continued on page 80)

"Glare-Proof" flattering in any light!



Strong open daylight
throws a hard light
on your face

Pond's "glare-proof"
shades reflect only
the softer rays of light
—soften your face

Pond's Shades Never Show "Powdery"

Out in the open daylight—what does your powder do for your face?

Sharp daylight throws angles into relief—shows up faults in your face—Does your powder show up terribly? Sharpening every fault?

Not with Pond's "glare-proof" shades! Pond's powder shades are carefully blended to catch and reflect only the softer rays of light. They soften your face. And never show up "powdery."

True skin tones. Uniformly blended. Softest texture. And clinging. Special ingredients make Pond's "glare-proof" Powder stay smooth, fresh-looking for hours.

Low prices. Decorated screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.

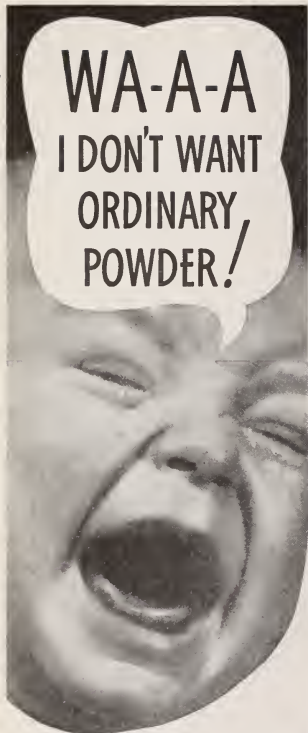
FREE . . .

5 "Glare-Proof" Shades

POND'S, Dept 988, P.O. 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 Jan. 1, 1938.)



Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____



"I want Mennen Antiseptic Powder that keeps me SAFER from germs!"

"Honest, Mummy, I'm not cryin' just to be bad. I'm scared of those germs that are always landin' on my skin; and I want the baby powder that'll protect me from 'em. I mean Mennen. You know, Mummy there couldn't be a powder that's softer than Mennen, or that works slicker in keepin' my skin free from chafin'. Besides that . . . this Mennen Powder is what my doctor ordered, 'cause it's antiseptic. It keeps a baby's skin from gettin' infected. And that's what counts! So Mummy—what?—you'll get me some Mennen Powder! Gee, that's great! Now I'll love you more'n ever!"

Recommended by more doctors than all other baby powders combined . . . that's what a recent survey shows about Mennen Antiseptic Powder

**MENNEEN
BORATED
POWDER
-ANTISEPTIC-**

**THE BABY
POWDER
THAT HELPS
PREVENT
INFECTION**



1 Eddie Janis, West Coast manager for Irving Berlin, Inc., brings a new song to the rehearsal. Green hums it over.



3 Back in the brass section now, Johnny Green explains one of the difficult passages to trumpeters Andy Siecrist and Eddie Ehlert, making careful definition of each bar of the arrangement.

4 On the podium, Green leads the orchestra, and studies the score while singer Jimmy Blair works out a vocal interpolation that completes the song's arrangement.



5 Then, as the show goes on the air from the NBC-Hollywood studio, announcer Ken Carpenter steps in beside Trudy Wood, to tell of the introduction of a new song. Then—

6 Maestro Johnny Green raises his baton as the new song faces its supreme test. Will America like it? Will youngsters demand that it be played when they go dancing? Will couples fall in love to its sweet strains? Has a hit been born?

**STORY
OF A
SONG
HIT**

Johnny Green, popular orchestra leader,



2 At home, Green makes an arrangement of the song, so as to bring out the composer's lovely theme.



sponsors a new song



No waiting for results when you use the
NEW LINIT MAGIC MILK MASK

HERE is a new, complete twenty-minute beauty treatment that begins its gentle, toning action as soon as it is applied, and leaves the skin looking soft, smooth and refreshed.

If your complexion is dull and sallow, the Linit Magic Milk Mask will help to clarify it through natural stimulation, and will heighten the natural bloom.

Look how easy it is for you to make the Linit Magic Milk Mask at home: *Simply mix three tablespoons of Linit (the same Linit so popular as a Beauty Bath) and one teaspoon of cold cream with enough milk to make a nice, firm consistency. Apply it to the cleansed face and neck and relax during the twenty minutes the mask takes to set. Then rinse off with clear, tepid water and pat the face and neck dry.

Feel your face—the petal-like smoothness and softness; observe the enchanting bloom of youth. The Linit Magic Milk Mask leaves the skin with a velvety "film" that is an excellent powder base, as it eliminates shine and helps to keep make-up looking fresh for hours longer.

Why not try Linit Magic Milk Mask NOW? If you do not have Linit at hand, your grocer can supply you.



***1st STEP**

Mixing takes a minute.



2nd STEP

Applying takes a minute.



3rd STEP

Resting for 20 minutes.



4th STEP

Rinsing off completely.

**A
CLEAN FACE**
*is the Secret of
Radiant Beauty*



**See how your skin responds
to the invigorating action of
this new cream** it contains
colloidal gold!

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

For this new cream contains colloidal gold . . . a substance with a remarkable power for toning and invigorating the skin. You can't see or feel this colloidal gold, any more than you can see or feel the iron in spinach. Yet its penetrating action not only makes Golden Cleansing Cream a more efficient cleanser . . . but aids in keeping the complexion clear and youthful.

Try Golden Cleansing Cream tonight. See how fresh and vitally alive it leaves your skin. At leading drug and department stores—\$1.00.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
Golden Cleansing Cream

Daggett & Ramsdell
Room 1980, 2 Park Ave., New York City

81M-11-A

Enclosed find 10c in stamps for trial size jar of Golden Cleansing Cream. (Offer good in U. S. only.)

Name

Address

City State

Copyright, 1937, Daggett & Ramsdell



Nino Martini, distinguished young Italian tenor, prefers to seek his friends himself.



Orchestra leader Abe Lyman admits he's very susceptible to blue eyes, blonde hair.

WHO COULD LOVE YOU?

By EVELYN EDWARDS

WHO could love you—just the way you are—even if you don't pet, and you're much too frank, and you hate outdoor sports and you'd rather have a career than children? Or even if you're plumper than you ought to be, and loathe the idea of pots and pans, and are openly on the lookout for a rich husband who'll idolize you?

Here's something entirely new in questionnaires. You don't get a score for an answer—you get Frank Parker, or Nelson Eddy, or Ray Heatherton, Nino Martini, Abe Lyman or Ken Murray!

These six, among the most attractive bachelors in all radio, have outlined in complete detail for us their likes, dislikes, ideals, preferences, opinions and don't-cares about women and marriage. We've melted those details down to thirty specific, unusual questions. You answer the questions—and find out which one of these stars would most likely be attracted to *you*. It's simple. You don't even need a sheet of paper to do it.

But before you begin the quiz, you're entitled to a look-see at the gentlemen in question. There's Frank Parker, for instance. Frank is thirty-one, brunette and dashing in the Latin way, and his tenor voice has been brightly starred on the networks for eight years. He lives in a smart Park Avenue apartment, owns four Argentine ponies, and is extremely proud of his high polo rating which classifies him the ninth best amateur player

in the whole U.S.A. If he wanted to, he could certainly be the debs' delight. But he doesn't want to. A good part of the invitations with which he is constantly deluged are responded to with regrets, since it's working, not playing, that Frank is mainly concerned with these days. He already has a movie, a bunch of short subjects and a successful Broadway play to his credit as an actor; and he's studying hard to prepare himself for concert appearances. All of which leaves time for only an occasional night club, very few parties, but lots of polo.

Nelson Eddy you've undoubtedly seen in pictures, so nobody needs to tell you how potently he does things to feminine hearts. Contrary to many of the movie Romeos, he's surprisingly more handsome off-screen than he is on. Much more natural, warmer; and his unique silver-blond hair puts him in a class by himself when it comes to looks. Nelson lives with his mother in a charming, unpretentious house atop a wind-swept Hollywood hill. He seldom mingles in Hollywood night life, doesn't run down to Palm Springs every week-end, never gives big parties. Because, what with radio, pictures and his annual concert tour, he has all he can do to find time for his daily handball stint and enough sleep. When he does take a girl out, she can usually expect a busman's holiday—Nelson loves to attend a broadcast (Continued on page 18)

Girls, try this quiz, and see which one of these stars might love you!



The girl who dates funnyman Ken Murray must be prepared for anything unpredictable!



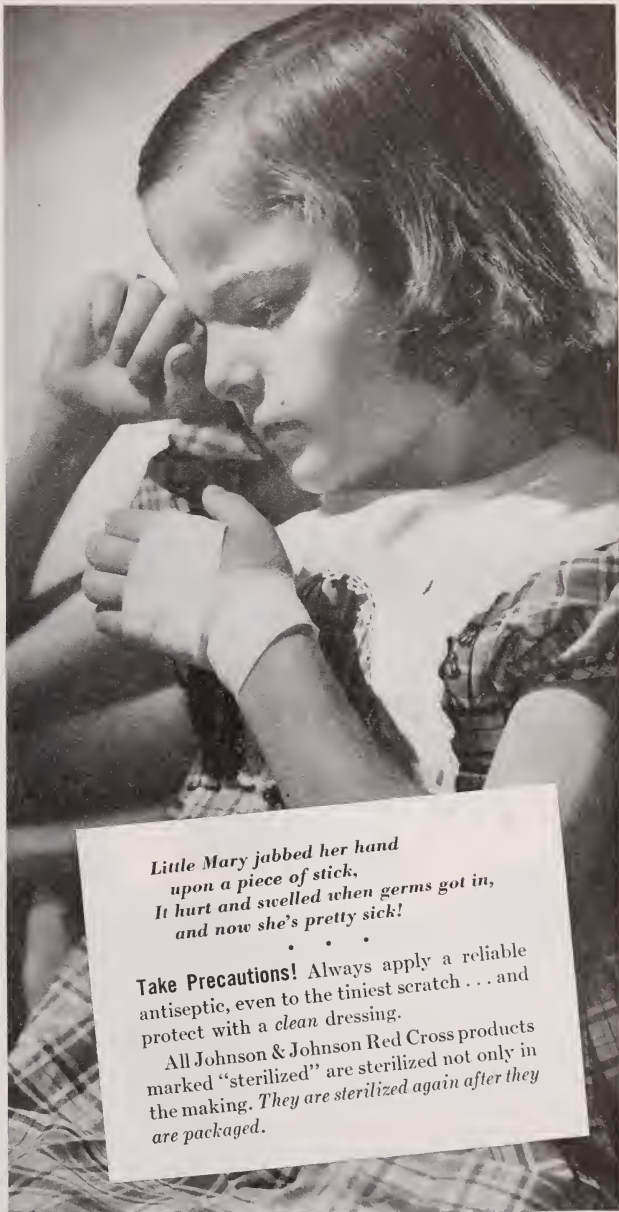
Baritone Ray Heatherton is the serious, thoughtful kind. He brings his date flowers.



Nelson Eddy, even more handsome off the screen, does things to feminine hearts!



Dashing tenor Frank Parker could, if he wanted to, be the debutantes' delight.



Little Mary jabbed her hand upon a piece of stick. It hurt and swelled when germs got in, and now she's pretty sick!

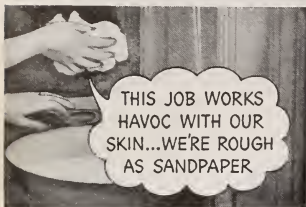
Take Precautions! Always apply a reliable antiseptic, even to the tiniest scratch . . . and protect with a *clean* dressing.

All Johnson & Johnson Red Cross products marked "sterilized" are sterilized not only in the making. *They are sterilized again after they are packaged.*

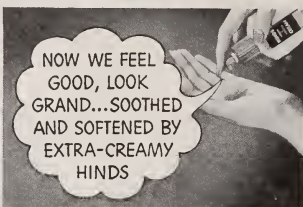
+ Johnson & Johnson **+**

COTTON · GAUZE · BANDAGES

If red, chapped hands could only talk after *Washing Windows*



THIS JOB WORKS HAVOC WITH OUR SKIN...WE'RE ROUGH AS SANDPAPER



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

WASHING windows makes a "mess" of tender hands. Harsh soaps, ammonia water, and wind roughen skin... cause hangnails! No wonder your hands don't get kisses! Help them be soft again...

USE HINDS! It's extra-creamy... works fast to soften harsh skin... comfort red, work-abused hands. With "sunshine" Vitamin D in it, Hinds helps your hands feel smoother, more romantic than ever!



WE'RE PROUD TO BE HIS
**HONEYMOON
HANDS**

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

EVEN one application of Hinds makes workaday hands more thrilling. Smoother to his touch...not a bit "scratchy." Use faithfully—before and after exposure, before and after household jobs. Hinds helps put back the softness that wind, cold, heat, hard water, and dust take away. Gives you the smooth, feminine hands that men like to hold! Hinds Honey and Almond Cream comes in \$1.00, 50c, 25c, and 10c sizes. Dispenser free with 50c size—attached to bottle, ready to use!



**QUICK
ACTING...
NOT
WATERY**

**FOR
HONEYMOON
HANDS**

HINDS
HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

(Continued from page 16)

or head for the neighborhood movie!

Ray Heatherton is definitely a grown-up star of twenty-six, but you are tempted to call him a sweet kid. That's what Ray really is. A few years ago he was a struggling twenty-dollar-a-week salesman for the telephone company, and now he's an important young baritone, but success hasn't changed him one whit. He recently established his mother, his younger sister and himself in a Manhattan apartment; drives a car of the tin Lizzie vintage, goes extravagant on books and voice lessons. He's the serious, thoughtful kind, who brings his date the right color of roses to match her gown, sends flowers to his hostess the day after the party. And he'd much rather prow around a museum, of an afternoon, than sit in a theatre or cocktail lounge.

But not so Abe Lyman. Abe is Broadway's own son and radio's man-about-town, and he lives the part and loves it. There's never an evening he can't be found in a night club somewhere, with or without his orchestra on the bandstand, but *with* a pretty girl on his arm! His big-time romances, from Clara Bow in 1926 to Eleanor Powell in 1936, have always been and will always be good copy until Abe walks down an aisle to the altar—and that will probably be the best copy of all. *The Californians'* maestro is an old-timer in radio and show business, knows everybody, is known by everybody and liked by most. He keeps bachelor quarters in a New York hotel, never gets tired of restaurant food or late hours or banging around the country with his band. And admits he's very susceptible to a pair of blue eyes and blonde hair—even bleached blonde, if necessary.

Nini Martini, on the other hand, would like to settle down in one place—the quiet Connecticut hills, preferably—and make his permanent home there for good. He's thoroughly weary of living in the heart of Manhattan, or traveling, because his work demands that he do both. Once or twice a year he treks to the West Coast to make a picture; winters he's busy at the Metropolitan Opera; and the rest of the time he's living in pullmans between concert jumps. Nino—short, slight and dark—is constantly being trailed by love-smitten fans, a situation which is very annoying to one so completely reserved and shy. He prefers to seek out his feminine friends himself, take them to hear symphonies and the opera, or maybe for a pre-luncheon canter in Central Park.

The girl who dates funnyman Ken Murray has to be prepared for anything in the way of surprises. For Ken is a mad dish and his whimsies are totally (Continued on page 94)



Guy Lombarda, whose orchestra has a definite spot in the heart of every listener. His music is heard every Sunday afternoon on the *Band Bread* program, at 5:30 p.m. EST, over the Columbia Broadcasting System.



FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO RADIO

Several years ago Guy Lombarda persuaded the manager of Chicago's Granada Café to put his band regularly on the air over *WBBM*. Immediately the rendezvous did a tremendous, turn-away business. Every collegian in the Midwest became "Lombarda-canscius."

New York soon heard of the Guy Lombarda band. Its distinctive dance music in soft, legata tempa. Many tempting offers finally brought Guy to the big metropolis. He played at the Hotel Roosevelt. Radio sponsors bid high for his services. His style of dance music, emphasizing melody and simplicity, skyrocketed to nationwide popularity. And it's been maintained ever since.

To Carmen, Leibert and Victor, his brothers, and to Fritz Kreitzer, Francis Henry, George Gowan, Fred Higman, Larry Owen, Jim Dillon and Ben Davis, the other original members of the band, Guy gives full credit for the argan-

ization's success. But they, on the other hand, insist Guy is the sole reason. That's just the way the boys are. Loyalty personified.

Guy is one of the most likable personalities in radio. No affectation whatever. Success, fortunately, has gone to his heart, not to his head. The rest of the boys have absorbed his genial, unselfish spirit.

Guy's current program for *Band Bread* is flawlessly presented. His long broadcasting experience, gained since the early Granada days, is evidenced by the smooth, consistent quality of all numbers played. No orchestra in radio is more appreciated, more thoroughly entrenched in the hearts of listeners.

To Guy Lombarda and his orchestra, one of the world's great musical organizations, *Radio Stars Magazine* presents its award for Distinguished Service to Radio.

Robert Grady —EDITOR



The Lombarda orchestra at rehearsal. Guy is at the far left. Carmen, center of the trio; Liebert, far right; Victor, second from right.

TYRONE POWER WOULD LIKE TO MARRY, BUT -

But not for another five years! Still, he admits
he might feel differently tomorrow—or today!

BY MIRIAM ROGERS



Will Tyrone marry the lovely Sonja Henie? Their romance began as a press agent story, but it soon developed into a friendship of a deeper significance.

Frank
Muto
Photo

Tyrone Power, 20th Century-Fox's new handsome hero, whose success after years of discouragement is another Hollywood fairy tale.



"In the first place," Tyrone explained, "I don't think it would be fair for me to get married now—I am too well enough established and I am too busy to be a good husband. Perhaps in another five years—"

He laughed. "You know, I think I am asked more questions and do more talking on the subject of marriage than any four other fellows, but I really don't want to get married! Not now—not for years!" But there was a twinkle in his eye, a laugh at his own expense. "At least, that is the way I feel today!"

A few years ago Tyrone was struggling determinedly to get into the movies. He always had wanted to be an actor, which was natural enough since his earliest memories were of the theatre and all his associations with theatrical people. His father, also Tyrone Power, was one of our foremost Shakespearean actors. His mother, Patia Power, was herself a fine actress, and although she was determined to make a real home for her two children, Tyrone and Ann, she kept in touch with things theatrical, organizing and managing a stock company during the war and later occupying a chair of voice and expression in a dramatic school in Cincinnati.

Tyrone was born in Cincinnati and was nine when they returned to that city. In the meantime, they had lived in New York and Santa Barbara, where they had gone for his health, but it is Cincinnati where his roots went deep. Cincinnati which will always be home.

Naturally, Mrs. Power early began to train her young son in dramatic expression. He was barely seven when he appeared in a Mission play, in which his mother played the lead, in San Gabriel, California, and by a splendid performance won special notice in the newspaper reviews. At eight, he recited his first poem over the radio.

In Cincinnati, Mrs. Power put on plays and trained her pupils for radio performances, in which her young son occasionally had small parts. Meantime, he attended school, played the leading rôle in his class play and augmented his small allowance by

ushering in a local theatre and soda-jerking at the corner drugstore.

Graduating from Purcell at seventeen, Tyrone broached the subject nearest his heart. His mother had planned to send him to college, but Tyrone saw no use in wasting any more time. If he were to be an actor, it was time he was getting started. His mother yielded—he was very young, but obviously, he knew what he wanted.

Tyrone's mother and father had been separated for some years, but the logical step now seemed to be for Mr. Power to take charge of his son's career and see that he got the right start. After several weeks of intensive training in Shakespearean rôles, Tyrone made his first appearance on the stage in Chicago, with his father. In the company were Fritz Lieber, William Faversham and Helen Menken.

His association with these famous actors strengthened his ideals and ambitions and was a liberal education in the best school of American acting. With such an introduction, it looked as if Tyrone's future was assured, as if he might look forward to working his way steadily up the ladder of fame. But fate brought Tyrone and his father to Hollywood, to appear in Paramount's production of *The Miracle Man* and a few weeks later, Mr. Power was suddenly taken ill and died.

Mrs. Power and Ann came at once to be with Tyrone. The boy braced himself against shock and grief and determinedly began his own assault against the Hollywood gates. His part in *The Miracle Man* did not materialize and Tyrone found that, while he could win an audience on the strength of his father's name, it was only because people were ready and willing to talk, to reminisce about the famous actor, not because they were interested in his son.

At the time, the struggle seemed long and bitter and well nigh hopeless to the ambitious, eager boy. Now he looks back on it and laughs.

"It was like finding a door locked against you, and putting your shoulder against it, determined to (Continued on page 58)



... . . . PORTRAIT OF A

Lovely Jessica Dragonette, young veteran of radio, and one of

LOOKING at her, you wouldn't think of her as a pioneer. For one thing, Jessica Dragonette seems far too young to have earned so hoary a title. And again, she's small and fragile, seemingly remote, reserved. The thrust and hardihood of the pioneer seem fantastic, linked with this young "Golden Girl" of radio.

We forget that pioneering is a quality of the mind, of the soul. But it is just this quality that has driven Jessica Dragonette—and still drives her—ever since that day in her early 'teens, when she left the sheltering walls of the convent school where she had been educated and sought a theatrical engagement.

What made the young Jessica seek her life's adventure in the entertainment world?

Childhood experiences often furnish a key to the understanding of adult character. Jessica was born in Calcutta, India, where the family lived until she was six years old. After that, as her father's business required him to travel extensively, Jessica accompanied him throughout Europe. She learned to know the folk of many lands and to love their music—and today that knowledge, absorbed by the impressionable child-mind, forms the rich background for the musical dramas of various lands sung on the *Palmolive Hour*. Later, Jessica and her father came to America where, in the convent school in which he placed her, she began in earnest the study of music, developing a voice of rare and thrilling beauty.

Too, she developed a passionate love of the theatre.

"As far back as I can remember," says Jessica, "I have loved to mimic people, impersonate them. As a child, I was allowed to go to the theatre once a year, on my birthday. Each year that day stood out as a memorable occasion—and for all the days between, the dream of that enchanted world of make-believe remained vivid and absorbing. For weeks afterward," she smiles, remembering, "I would reenact the entire play for my schoolmates, taking all the parts myself.

"The characters fascinated me," she explains. "And I used to study people about me—how they talked, how they walked, how they used their hands. . . . I find, now, all these childish memories and observations tucked away in some pigeonhole of my mind, ready for use in building a character for radio.

"Of course, the essence of character is mental, emotional—but understanding people in their external aspects helps one to project over the air the underlying qualities of mind and spirit."

So her passion for play-acting, plus her clear, thrush-like voice, won her a chance in the theatre. From the beginning her work showed promise. *The Miracle*, *The Student Prince* and *The Grand Street Follies* gave her needed experience and she was filled with high hopes for the future.

"Now," said her friends, "Jessica's career is set. Now



One of radio's youngest veterans, Jessica Dragonette, from the first, has played a definite, important part in the development of radio broadcasting and its program fare.



With her music director, Al Goodman, Jessica discusses some changes in the script for one of her *Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre* broadcasts, over CBS, Wednesdays, at 9:30 p.m., EST.

PIONEER

its most beloved stars

she is on the high road to success."

But they reckoned without that divine unrest which drives the pioneer—that unrest which was, perhaps, the birthright of the little girl who, as soon as she became at home in one land, moved on to another.

"A letter came one day," Jessica says, looking backward to a fateful moment, an eventful decision. "It asked me if I would consider radio as a vocation. . . ."

She thought it over seriously. Made several auditions. Then, while her friends exclaimed, protesting that she was sacrificing a promising theatrical career for a passing fad, Jessica set her course in the then new and untried medium. Not for the pioneer the safety and security of the beaten path!

So this young radio veteran came to the air, ten years ago, while still in her 'teens. Some of her listeners today, no doubt, remember her as *Vivian*, the name under which she made her radio debut on the *Coca-Cola* hour.

Six months later, under her own name, Jessica Dragonette was starred in *Theatre Memories*, a series of light operas which ran for two and a half years. In 1930 she began her long and

(Continued on page 86)

She is young to be one of radio's pioneers. Small, and dainty as a porcelain figurine, with a halo of golden hair framing a sensitive face.



In her penthouse garden she plans and dreams of further fields of fine accomplishment. For the pioneer there always are alluring new horizons.



The Show Boat's
Cap'n Henry tells
gusty tales of the
good old days when
he was a trouper



"It's only the
beginning, folks!
On-lee—the bee-
ginning!" shouts
the lusty Cap'n.

With Virginia Ver-
rill (*left*), and
Nadine Conner.
It looks like a
gay life, Cap'n!



LUSTY,

HE is a darling. He is a lamb, this *Cap'n* (Charles Winninger *Henry*). He has white wool for hair. And lively blue marbles for eyes. He is sort of round and short. And walks bouncily. Everyone on the Selznick lot where, with Carole Lombard, Fredric March and Walter Connolly, he is making *Nothing Sacred* (in color), calls him "Cap'n Henry," in the affectionate tones used to a beloved character.

He is just the sort of person you would love to have for an uncle, say, with such rich and racy tales to tell, of other days and other ways, as would hold the attention with admiring awe.

His memory is like a grab-bag from which, like rabbits from a hat, he pulls the gaudy figures of Houdini in his youth, the Great Raymond, Master of Magic, the ceiling-walking Costellos, the Barrymores in their heydays, the Jeffersons, George M. Cohan waving his "grand old flag," Will Rogers when he first came to town, ventriloquists, trapeze performers, tumblers, acrobats, musicians. Charlie Winninger knew them all. And he knew all their tricks and all of their trades as well. And he



Frank Muto Photos

And here he is with Meredith Willson and Alma Kruger of the *Show Boat* company, all set for a good laugh.

From a mind stored with memories of the old trouping days, the Cap'n exchanges a gay quip with Warren Hull.

BY GLADYS HALL

GUSTY, WINNINGER!

practiced most of their trades and performed most of their tricks himself. There is nothing in show business he has not done, in his time, from walking the ceiling to Hamlet's gloomy Ghost.

And there is no trick of legerdemain he ever knew or saw slicker, more pat, than the trick Fate happily played by making him the creator of the original rôle of *Cap'n Henry* in the *Show Boat*, in New York, in 1927, '28, '29; the rôle of *Cap'n Henry* on the air in 1932; the rôle of the *Cap'n* in the screen version—and now, in 1937, *Cap'n Henry* on the air again, a tradition-in-the-making. For Charles Winninger played on show boats when he was a lad. He worked on Adams' *Floating Palace*—and others—during the summers, when those floating palaces of entertainment sailed the Father of Waters. He doubled in brass; he played parts; the real, flesh-and-blood *Cap'n Henrys* and *Parthenias* were his bosses and his fellow troupers. From luxurious, technically super-perfect broadcasting stations, from the mechanical marvels of movie sets, he still turns a wistful blue eye toward the old show boat days—the gusty, lusty days which are no more.

He could tell breathtaking tales of his schooldays with the Indians near Ashland, Wisconsin. He could tell tales of the days when his family was in the railroad show-business, hitching their cars to freight trains and slow passenger trains (the fast expresses wouldn't take them

because of the paraphernalia they carried). He'd tell tales of the bread that mother used to make—the real, old-fashioned rye loaves his own mother did make in her kitchen on wheels—and how his dad would scoop out the inside of a loaf, pack it with sweet butter, clamp on the crusty lid, pack up Charlie and his brothers and go off for a day's fishing, with bread and butter thus skillfully combined for their lunch.

There isn't much that he hasn't seen; there isn't much that he hasn't done; there are very few of the theatrical great he has not known, at close quarters. He taught Will Rogers to speak his first lines on the stage. He married the delectable Blanche Ring, in the days when she was the toast of New York. They were married on the very day Woodrow Wilson was elected to the presidency.

He knew Houdini in the days when the master necromancer was just beginning. Fact, it was Charlie's dad who gave Houdini his first leg-up. He tells about how, when he was a youngster and Houdini was working with their outfit, he tried to find out how the famed Houdini box mystery was done. He got together a chisel and a hammer and was happily engaged in trying to take the box apart, when Houdini stalked in and caught him at it.

"What happened?" I asked, with pleasant shudders. "He kicked my pants right (Continued on page 70)



Loretta Fyllbrandt is the lissom lass who portrays Dot Huston in NBC's *A Tale of Today*.



Dorothy Lamour, snapped as she rehearsed one of her songs for a *Chase and Sanborn* broadcast.



IN THE

Some lads and lassies of

Beauty and the beach! The *Hawthorne House* ingénue, Billie Byers, who plays the rôle of *Miriam Bracefield* in the NBC serial, heard Mondays at 9.00 p.m. PST.



Known to radio as one of the Hillbilly Canovas, sister Judy makes up for her rôle in the Jack Benny film, *Artists and Models*.



Our versatile little friend, Charlie McCarthy. Scene from Warner Brothers Vitaphone short, *Double Talk*, with Edgar Bergen and a player.

RADIO SPOTLIGHT

the current air shows, seen in more or less informal moments

In their quaint and colorful costumes for *Show Boat*, Tommy Thomas and Nadine Conner rehearse a romantic duet for the program.

A study in expressions. Martha Raye and John Howard in a gay bit of impromptu comedy at Martha's Charity Party in the Coconut Grove.

Frank Muto Photo





It was Rudy Vallee who first recognized Alice Faye's ability to put over a song. Everyone knows it now!

Alice, with Tyrone Power and Andy Devine in the 20th Century-Fox picture, *In Old Chicago*. Alice and Tyrone are "the love interest."

ALICE FAYE has two things in common with the immortal *Alice* of fiction. In the first place, her Wonderland is different from what she expected, a crazy world where anything can happen and nothing is what it seems to be. In the second place, Alice herself is different from her glamorous reflection, different from the gay, hard-boiled damsel who sings and cavorts on the silver screen. So different that sometimes she thinks she hardly knows herself. And wonders dizzily what it is all about, what is *real*, in this amazing land of make-believe.

Today Alice's place in the sun is an enviable one. She has achieved stardom on the screen. The colorful leading rôle in *In Old Chicago* is one she is justly thrilled about. And the lime-lighted spot as singer with Hal Kemp's Band on the *Chesterfield* program is another feather in a cap already well decorated with them. But all this is the result of long, hard work and now that her earnest struggles have brought her so far, Alice has begun to wonder what it is all about, begun to realize that stardom does not mean the end of hard work, but the beginning of even harder work. She has been working since she was fourteen. Will there ever, she wonders, be time to play?

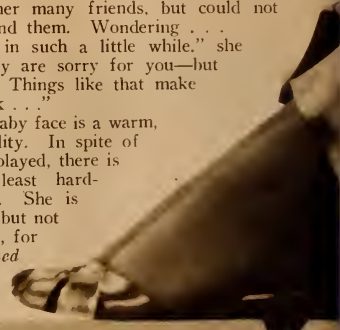
Twice in Alice's brief career she has been brought up short, forced to take time out to think about more serious things than just dancing one's way to fame. The first

time was when she was traveling with Rudy Vallee and his orchestra, and was injured in an automobile accident. The second time was when they first started production on her new picture, *In Old Chicago*, and Alice, excited, nervous over her big chance, eager to justify the faith of her producers and her co-workers, tripped on a flight of stairs and awoke some time later in the studio emergency hospital. Her body was bruised, her back wrenched, but the real shock went deeper. Suppose she had sustained a spinal injury? Suppose that had been the end!

She looked around at her room full of flowers and was grateful to her many friends, but could not help looking beyond them. Wondering . . .

"People forget in such a little while," she murmured. "They are sorry for you—but who wants pity? Things like that make you stop and think . . ."

Behind Alice's baby face is a warm, endearing personality. In spite of the rôles she has played, there is nothing in the least hard-boiled about her. She is sweet and sincere, but not at all wishy-washy, for a strong (Continued on page 60)



FAYE FOR GOOD

She chose the name "for luck." Today Alice is a star. But it was



Between scenes, on the movie lot, Alice and Anthony Martin, looking like love birds, have a bit of fun.



With Tyler Brooke, in a colorful scene from *In Old Chicago*.

Behind her face is a warm, endearing personality, sweet, sincere.

LUCK

not all luck!

By LESLIE
EATON

A R O M A N T I C

Built up into a personality he never was and does not wish



Photo by Sidney Desfor

With his new NBC Packard program and his Hollywood schedule, Lanny now looks forward to a more satisfying future.

THE radio star and the movie mogul, surrounded by their numerous advisers and assistants, had been closeted in the skyscraper office for four weary hours. The sunshine that pierced the Venetian blinds turned sallow with smoke, the room was bursting with the babble of persuasive, eager voices. Everybody was talking at once about the contract. The impressive contract that lay there on the desk looking very rich and crisp and important . . . three pictures a year for five years . . . top billing . . . vacations . . . unrestricted broadcasting privileges. . . .

Everybody was talking except the radio star, who sat in his gray tweeds quite calm and undisturbed, and listened and occasionally nodded his head in the manner that signifies "no."

Finally the movie mogul, exasperated beyond endurance, swung himself out of his chair and leaned across the desk.

"Look," he said quietly to the man in gray tweeds, "doesn't a half million dollars mean anything to you?"

"No," came the answer, "not if I have to be a 'romantic sap' to earn it."

And a few minutes later Lanny Ross was briskly crossing Fifth



Wide World Photo

BY MARY

WATKINS REEVES

SAP REBELS

to be, Lanny Ross is starting all over again to be himself!



Photo by Sidney Desfor

Another glimpse of the real Lanny, at his farm in Millbrook, New York, with a prize farm horse which he imported from Belgium.

Now sojourning in Hollywood, Lanny and his wife miss the country home which they made together and love deeply.

Avenue with all the aplomb and satisfaction in the world. The only thing that occupied his thoughts at the moment was that if he hurried he could get back to Millbrook by three o'clock, change into some old clothes and get a good workout in the fields before dinner. The men were cutting the wheat crops that carpeted his five hundred acres. The hot sun would sting his shoulders the way it had yesterday; he'd sweat and burn, eat with a farmhand's appetite afterward. Nothing like that farm on a summer day!

With no regret for the fabulous sum of money he had just rejected in a skyscraper office, he stepped on the starter of his roadster and headed for Poughkeepsie. Several times he thought proudly of himself, while he sped along the Hudson: "Well, I did it again. I took another step." And he hurried so that he might get home quicker, to tell Olive about it.

Behind him in New York, Lanny Ross once more had taken a step toward the greatest, toughest goal he ever has set for himself. They've been trying for years, radio and pictures, to make him "sort of a romantic sap," as he himself terms it. They succeeded, too, and nobody ever will know how Lanny hated it. But they won't succeed any more. Lanny's rebelling!

After you get to be "sort of a romantic sap," it's hard to change. Lanny's rebellion already has cost him weeks of persuasive argument, months of study and work and planning, and over a million dollars in potential earnings. But if it's the last thing he does, he's going to undo in Hollywood the mistakes that built him up as a

personality he wasn't and never will be.

Lanny Ross, at thirty-one, is starting all over again to be *himself*.


Looking back, of course, it's easy enough to see how Lanny got off on the wrong foot to begin with. When big-time radio first noticed him, he was a fresh-out-of-college youngster, singing for twenty-two dollars a week. They snapped him up at fifty a week to start and considered it a bargain. Then they sat back, with their bargain on their hands, to decide what to do with it.

There's only one classification in show business for a youngster such as Lanny was then. First and foremost, he was a tenor, a Yale man, and he was handsome. He'd walked off with a goodly number of the track trophies at his alma mater; he was tall and boyish, with gray eyes and a clean-cut profile. He had excellent family background, flawless breeding. And charm. Raw material like that, in the hands of expert showmen, has one chance in a thousand of missing the build-up that is carefully fashioned to make its owner "every mother's son" and "every girl's dream date."

Lanny didn't miss it. He was ambitious, willing to do (Continued on page 72)

LOVE IS WORTH

Love, flowering from friendship



As mistress of ceremonies for the *Hour of Charm* orchestra, Rosaline Greene, one of radio's feminine pioneers, introduces the melodies of Phil Spitalny's thirty girls.

SHE sits on one foot when she talks and she is small and dark and pretty and so changing in her moods that you can't think of her as a single personality at all.

That's how her radio sponsors see her, too, for there isn't a girl on the air who's been called on to be more versatile than Rosaline Greene. And today she stands out as the only woman announcer of major importance in radio. On Monday evenings her clear young voice, whose diction and tone critics hail as flawless, is heard announcing for Phil Spitalny and his all-girl *Hour of Charm* orchestra, and it was she who introduced Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt to her radio audiences, on her recent Wednesday programs.

Yet she has played more romantic leads than any other woman in radio, since her college days when she appeared with the first dramatic company to be heard on the air, the *WGY* players in Schenectady.

She loves being one of radio's pioneers.

"Once you've done pioneering, you've got more vision than the people who come afterwards," Rosaline said slowly. "And they've missed the thrill of creating something, too. Back there in Schenectady, we had no rules to follow, because there were no rules. We had to find out everything for ourselves, experimenting with sound effects and vocal characterizations. Nowadays radio is pretty much standardized. Then it was thrilling and new and unpredictable.

"For thirteen years now, I've been continuously in radio. I've seen so many come and go, have their brief moment of glory and been extinguished. And I've been awfully grateful that I've been allowed to go on.

"When I was a kid, there were so many things I dreamed of being. A secret service operator, a journalist, an explorer—dangerous, exciting things. Now I've lived them all through my acting. Vicariously, of course, but no less a thrill because of that.

"People always have been fascinating to me. I love to watch them and listen to them and wonder about them. It's essential for an actress to have this curiosity, to find out all the small details that color a characterization and make it convincing. But I've found out even more about people from reading. Especially biography. For people conceal things about themselves, while writers bare the essential qualities.

WAITING FOR

through the years, brings a happy marriage to Rosaline Greene

BY ELIZABETH

BENNECHE PETERSEN

"I would rather do a good radio program than anything else in the world. It's fun to create such a variety of characters. I loved being *Mary Lou* on the *Show Boat Hour*. People took it so seriously and used to give me advice on how to land Lanny and how to patch up any quarrel we'd had, and I loved it because I knew then I had made the character real to them.

"You know, I've played at romance so much that I used to be afraid of marriage! There was a time when I played in a series of famous loves of history. It was fascinating, playing those glamorous women—even more fascinating than playing fictional romances, because these women were real. They had lived and loved and died and become immortal, because of the love that lifted them above other humans.

"It did something to me, playing those parts. My family was sure that I was going to become an old maid, for I couldn't find any man who could live up to the ideal of those men who had been the lovers and husbands of the women I portrayed. No man could stand up to the illusion and idealism of those love stories, and any beau I happened to have seemed colorless and unexciting in comparison.

"Silly, wasn't it, for an adult to have such half-baked ideas? I laugh at it now, remembering, but it wasn't such a laughing matter then.

"But there was a man I met—just after I came out of college, full of confidence in myself and the things I was going to do in radio. He is Joseph M. Barnett, who was managing *WOR*, then in New York, and he was one of the first people I saw about a job. I liked him and I thought it began and ended with that, though I laugh at myself now, ten years later, knowing how distinct that meeting is; even today, how every little detail of his office is fixed in my mind, so that I can see, as clearly as if it were happening all over again, just where he sat and where I sat and what he said and how he looked saying it.

"I remember how his eyes were laughing, though he managed to keep his mouth perfectly serious, as I asked for a job acting and managing a dramatic company for him, and how nice he was when he turned me down, trying to tell me, without destroying my sublime young confidence in doing it, that I was really too inexperienced for such an ambitious program. (Continued on page 63)



A warm day at the season's end finds Rosaline enjoying a dip at a Connecticut beach resort.

With other members of the famous Spitalny group, Rosaline joins in a game of leap-frog.



Contributing to
Show Boat's cargo
of charm, petite
Virginia Verrill,
delights the eye,
even as the ear.



Fred Allen puts
his signature
on a contract
which will keep
him on as host
for *Town Hall
Tonight* for two
years to come.

BETWEEN BROADCASTS

Famous folk whom your dial summons—
makers of drama and music and mirth





Dwight Cooke, *Chase and Sanborn Hour* producer, shows comedian W. C. Fields and guest star Joan Blondell the script, but "W.C." only scoffs at it.



A place in the sun for fair Bernice Berwin, who plays Hazel in the NBC serial, *One Man's Family*—at the big swimming pool at her California home.

"The Old Maestro," Ben Bernie, temporarily deserts the lads, to exchange a few quips with those fey, febrile funsters, *Stoopnagle and Budd*.

"America's Sweetheart"—and Buddy's, too! Mary Pickford and Charles (Buddy) Rogers, pictured after their wedding, in Hollywood, on June 26th.

Wide World Photo



DISCOVERED ALL



Jack Haley, as he appears in *Danger, Love at Work*, his new 20th Century-Fox movie.

"IT'S FUNNY," said Jack Haley. "In vaudeville, not so many years ago, radio was always good for a laugh. Today you never hear of vaudeville, except when a radio comedian jokes about it.

"At the Palace, as few as ten years ago, when the going got tough, you could always convulse them with a crack like: '*I hooked my aerial to the bed last night—and got Hot Springs!*' But the joke bounced back and chased vaudeville right off the stage. Right now, at the Palace, they're running double features. It's sort of fantastic, when you think of it."

What happened to Jack Haley right here in Hollywood is sort of fantastic, too, when you think of it, or even when you don't. An outstanding success in vaudeville (heaven rest its soul!) and musical comedy, he listened to the siren call of the movie makers and came to Hollywood, where he was almost completely ignored for four years. Then came *Wake Up and Live*. People came to see Winchell and Bernie and went away raving about Haley. So Hollywood "discovered" Jack Haley. Suddenly he was terrific—a great comedian. The news even got to the big boys in radio, and now Jack has a swell contract on a big air show—and he's going through the process of being "discovered" all over again. But don't get

him wrong—he loves it. There never was a Haley born who couldn't use a little extra dough, and this particular Irishman is not at all displeased by the fact that it happens to be coming in in bundles at the moment.

We were sitting beside the pool of the Haley homestead in



Mr. and Mrs. Haley with Jack Benny (left) at the races.

OVER AGAIN

BY LEO TOWNSEND

He starred in vaudeville. Hollywood called him and then forgot him. Now his star is high again

Beverly Hills. The Chez Haley, unlike many a mansion in that glittering sector, has no mortgage between it and the California sun. The legal documents are all signed and owned by Mr. John Haley, a big city boy who made good in the country. The big city was Boston, and everybody knows what country he made good in. The house and lot, incidentally, he credits to a combination of the stage, the movies and Mrs. M. More about her later.

"Radio is a brand new thrill for me," said Jack. "Before *Wake Up and Live*, I never had been on the air. The day after the preview, I was signed up to go on the *Hollywood Hotel* program, and two weeks later I accepted my present job."

There's an amusing story about Jack's first radio appearance. As you may know, Jack didn't sing in *Wake Up and Live*. The studio wanted a deep-voiced baritone, so a double was used. The *Hollywood Hotel* producers wanted to give him a voice double for his *Wake Up and Live* numbers on their program. But Jack, who has sung hit numbers in such Broadway smashes as *Follow Thru*, *Good News* and *Take a Chance*, told them he'd handle his own warbling. Which is just what he did, and very nicely, too.

Anyway, his *Hollywood Hotel* appearance marked the first time Jack ever came face to face with a radio microphone. He thinks it's a fine thing, in spite of the fear and hatred he exhibited for it in *Wake Up and Live*. What about that, Haley?

"Mike fright? When I'm getting \$50,000 a week, or whatever my salary is? I should say not! As a matter of fact, I was so glad to be up in front of an audience (Continued on page 68)



Jack and Ann Sothorn. *Danger, Love at Work!*



Jack in *The Girl Friend*, a Columbia film.



Now he has a new contract on a big air show.



In M-G-M's *Pick a Star*, with Rossina Lawrence.



ROMANCE TO

SWINGTIME

Romance infects every little note of every little piece played by the Dorsey orchestra. Tommy's "sweet swing" has started plenty of pulses racing. Edythe Wright at the microphone.

By MURIEL BABCOCK

NOBODY ever has accused Tommy Dorsey of being a Rudolph Valentino. A sheik. A guy with soulful eyes and romance pouring out of his soul.

Of course, everybody who follows dance bands knows that romance actually pours out of the Dorsey trombone and infects every little note of every little piece played by a Dorsey orchestra. That Tommy's "sweet swing" style of music has started plenty of pulses racing and hearts beating faster.

But Tommy Dorsey personally? Oh, he's a tall, lanky chap, with steel-rimmed spectacles, a benign smile, lives up on a New Jersey farm, is happily married to a girl he met thirteen years ago and has two husky, growing children. Likes to spend all his spare time out on the farm, is never seen around night spots, probably thinks romance is something for the collegians.

That is where you're wrong. You don't know the half of it!

Maybe Mr. Thomas Dorsey, II, the orchestra leader, isn't a sheik in the Valentino-Navarro sense of the word, but underneath the breast pocket of his white dinner jacket there beats a heart that has whooped it up as hard as any rider of the desert.

It is his own personal love story. I want to tell you.

How he fell in love at first sight, suddenly, tumultuously, one warm spring evening. How he wooed and won his lady fair, and eloped with her, facing the ire and the wrath not only of her angry pa and ma but his own startled and bewildered family.

Just three weeks after that mellow April night in Michigan when he met the "girl of his dreams," he was calling her Missus Dorsey. Or rather, he was calling her Toots. Other folks called her Missus Dorsey.

Romance came to him just that quickly.

"They said it wouldn't, that it couldn't, last," said Tommy recently, a reminiscent gleam in his eye. "But look at us! We had our thirteenth anniversary the other day. It's wonderful!

"How did it all happen? Well, just like those things happen to anyone. Suddenly. I didn't have any warning. I didn't want to fall in love. I was having too good a time, knocking around the country with this band and that one. I didn't want responsibilities. I certainly had no thought of marriage and setting down.

"Then, boom! And there I was, out on the short limb of a tree and liking it. I was playing one night in Detroit, for a high school fraternity dance. Between notes, I had my eyes peeled for what was on the floor. There were a

The true romance of Tommy Dorsey, whose "sweet swing" music is



Personally, Tommy is a tall, lanky chap, with steel-rimmed spectacles and a benign smile. He is not a sheik, in the movie sense of the word.

He likes to spend all his spare time on the New Jersey farm that is his pride and joy—twenty-two acres, well stocked with cows, chickens and horses.

lot of cute girls and it was fun watching them.

"One in particular caught my eye. I remember she had on a white dress, all kind of billowy, and it made her dark hair and eyes stand out.

"When the intermission came, I tried to find somebody who would introduce me to her, but nobody seemed to know her or the fellow she was dancing with. I suppose that made me all the more interested.

"Anyway, two days later, she came into the Greystone ballroom and somehow I wangled an introduction. Then I managed to see her every night after that and sometimes in the late afternoon.

"I've often wondered how other fellows have proposed to their wives. I watch these kids around the dance floor and wonder how they are going to work up to the question."

"How'd you pop it?" I inquired.

"That's what had me," said Dorsey, taking a big swig of ice water and letting his eyes wander in the direction of the orchestra, who were winding their horns around Marie. (We were sitting at a secluded table back of the orchestra stand on the Hotel Pennsylvania roof. Tommy was letting the orchestra struggle along without him for a few minutes, but he was watching everything.)

"I never did 'pop the question,' as you put it," he returned. "No, she didn't ask me, either! A kind friend helped us out. We were sitting around one night with the Joe Venutis, mutual friends. All of a sudden Mrs. Joe said:

"Why don't you two kids get married? You act crazy about each other?"

"Well, it seemed like a swell idea. I said quickly: 'It's

okay by me! How about you, honey?"

"We made a date to meet at four o'clock the next afternoon. Got the license and were married. We didn't tell anybody. It was our wedding, wasn't it? I did ask Bill Rank to be best man, because he had a car and could drive us around.

"My, the commotion we caused! Her family didn't know if they liked the idea of a trombonist around, and my brother, Jimmy, was wild, as was the rest of my family. They figured I didn't know what I was doing—and anyway, if I did, I shouldn't have asked them about it.

"They said we were two crazy kids. That it wouldn't last. That we didn't have any sense. That we didn't know what real love meant—or affection, trust, loyalty, or any of those things that go to make a marriage worth while and lasting.

"They were the ones who were crazy! We've had a swell life together and we have a couple of the finest kids in the world.

"If I had to do it all over again, I'd get married early and in just the manner I did. I think it is good for a young fellow to get a nice wife early in the game and to settle down a little."

Tommy grinned. "See that pair over there?" he asked, pointing out a couple of kids who were having the time of their life in a rumba number. "They come up here all the time. I think they're just about ripe to get engaged or married.

"Gosh, I have fun watching 'em. I can usually spot the ones who are crazy about each other and I usually give 'em a little sentimental music to help things along.

(Continued on page 92)

famous, whose band is one of the most popular in the country



Photo by
Maurice Seymour

Irene Wicker, known and loved by countless radio listeners as *The Singing Lady* (heard on the *NBC-Blue* and the Mutual network), was born in Quincy, Illinois, and now lives in a New York suburb.

BY
HARRIET
MENKEN



Lanny Ross, whose birthplace is Seattle.

HOW SWEET

There's no place like home—

IT'S surprising how few radio stars would ever like to return to their home towns to live. One hears a good deal, generally speaking, in praise of *Home, Sweet Home*. People rave on with fervor about mother's cookies, and dear old dad, and the peaceful hills and the old home fire-side. But just face the celebrities with the actual question: Would you like to return to your home town to live there permanently some day? You will find that most of them will answer in the negative.

I asked eight famous radio stars this question, four women and four men. Listen to their replies!

And let me tell you, too, a little about how these celebrated folk chanced to leave home, and what happened

"I love Evansville," declares Joe Cook.



Ray Lee
Jackson
Photo



"Never liked my home town," says Dick Himber.



Lucille Manners calls Irvington, N. J., home.

Photos by Ray Lee Jackson

IS HOME SWEET HOME?

but would these, who won fame elsewhere, choose to go back?

when they returned for short visits.

When I asked Gladys Swarthout, beautiful world-renowned Metropolitan Opera star, whether she'd be willing some day, to live in her home town forever, she replied instantly with a terse: "No." The singer explained: "The reason I say 'no' is that, inasmuch as I would rather sing than do anything else, I feel that I couldn't limit my scope of activities in this direction to a town of about 1,300 people and still be happy. And Deepwater, Missouri, the place where I was born, has a population of about that number. So I'm afraid I wouldn't choose to go back there to live!

"I left my home town in pretty much of a daze," the

lovely, slender Gladys commented, smiling radiantly. "You see, I've discovered since then, upon inquiry, that I was less than a year old at the time! We moved to Kansas City, where I later pursued my musical studies, which I continued at a conservatory in Chicago.

"I've been back to visit Deepwater, though," Gladys said with a mischievous twinkle in her gorgeous brown eyes. "I'd forgotten the visit, myself. But one day, when I was singing with the Kansas City Orchestra, the President of the Chamber of Commerce of Deepwater came backstage. He showed me a group of photographs in which he had identified me at the age of three! Apparently I'd returned for someone's (Continued on page 66)

Macy, Indiana, is Phil Duey's home town.

Gladys Swarthout hails from Deepwater, Mo.





KENNY MINUS BENNY!

Kenny Baker goes to town!

Kenny Baker, away from Benny (Jack), to whose radio program he contributed his smooth tenor and ingratiating personality, lends those same charms to Warner Brothers' picture, *Mr. Dodd Takes the Air*—from which these surrounding scenes. The dark girl with Kenny is Jane Wyman (*Marjorie*). The blonde is Gertrude Michael (*Jessica*). The man standing by the table is Henry O'Neill (*Gateway*).



Miss Peggy Stevenson

**A CHARMING GOLFER
FROM THE NORTH SHORE
OF LONG ISLAND . . .
WHO ILLUSTRATES
THE IMPORTANCE OF
HEALTHY NERVES**

Watch Peggy Stevenson tee off calmly before a crowd (below) and you can well believe that her game is never upset by jangled nerves. "It takes healthy nerves to play a good game of golf," Miss Stevenson remarked recently, "so my smoking is confined to Camels. They're mild!"



Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PEGGY, lovely daughter of the Philip Stevensons of Glen Cove, Long Island, has been feted from Newport to Palm Beach. In clothes, Peggy's taste is simple. Note the nubby woolen jacket she wears above—a "comfy" for the golf she enjoys so much. Her cigarette preference is Camels. "After nine stiff holes of golf," she says, "I'm not so fresh as when I started out. But Camels give my energy a lift! And they are gentle on my throat." Turn to Camels. Like Miss Stevenson, you will find that Camels are so mild that you can smoke them steadily without their getting on your nerves.

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Camels are made from
finer, MORE EXPENSIVE
TOBACCOS . . . Turkish
and Domestic . . . than any
other popular brand.



*Other women distinguished in society who also prefer
Camel's mild, delicate flavor:*

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, Philadelphia
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MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE 2nd, Boston
MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL 3rd, Philadelphia
MRS. OGDEN HAMMOND, JR., New York

MISS WENDY MORGAN, New York
MRS. NICHOLAS G. PENNIMAN III, Baltimore
MRS. JOHN W. ROCKEFELLER, JR., New York
MRS. RUFUS PAINE SPALDING III, Pasadena
MRS. LOUIS SWIFT, JR., Chicago
MRS. BARCLAY WARBURTON, JR., Philadelphia

CAMELS NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES

Fashion Parade of the Month..... NOVEMBER

FOR HER FALL WARDROBE
MISS ELYSE LAW CHOOSES

3 "Smoky Nail Shades"



Old Rose

For country week ends in Del Monte, Elyse Law chooses a suit of the new tapestry tweed, in clover-lavender. "Cutex Old Rose is heavenly with it!" she says.



Robin Red

Miss Law will wear this gown of royal blue to the Spinster's Ball at the Palace Hotel, this Fall. "Won't Cutex Robin Red be marvelous with it?" asks Elyse.



Thistle

Miss Law has chosen Albany green for a town dress to wear luncheon at the St. Francis Hotel. She picks the new Cutex Thistle for this... a rosy faun color.

SAN FRANCISCO'S smart younger set boasts one of the loveliest debutantes ever presented to Society. Elyse Law's beauty is the kind that is only seen once or twice in a lifetime... Divinely tall, slim, with hair that shines like wheat in the sun, a faintly golden skin, blue eyes deep-set under a high, pure brow.

She's a very vital young person, too! Gols, swims at Pebble Beach, Santa Barbara. Adores far places... has traveled a lot. Likes music, the theatre. And has a really extraordinary flair for color and design in clothes.

In composing her color harmonies,

she uses the rich and subtle new "smoky" nail shades with unusual imaginativeness. "I never get tired of playing my Cutex nail shades against costume colors," she says. "I wish every girl appreciated what exciting possibilities they offer as contrast."

WHY NOT STUDY the three suggestions above, and then see what effects you can achieve? There are 11 shades to choose from altogether. And, being Cutex, they'll all wear for days... won't thicken up in the bottle... won't fade... but will shine and twinkle like bright little stars! And since Cutex is only 35¢ a bottle, you can start with 3 shades at least! At any shop, anywhere!

NORTHAM WARREN, New York, Montreal, London, Paris



CLOVER—Luscious with green, blue, brown, gray, black.

TULIP—A new bright accent for black. Goes with every color.

Also Rust, Light Rust, Natural, Colorless, Rose, Burgundy.

Send 16¢ for CUTEX INTRODUCTORY SET

NORTHAM WARREN CORPORATION, Dept. 7 M-11
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I enclose 16¢ to cover cost of postage and packing for the Cutex Introductory Set, including 2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, as checked. Rust Burgundy Thistle Clover Tulip Old Rose

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Address: _____
City _____ State _____

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.
- WFAC** Boston, Mass.
- WBEN** Buffalo, N. Y.
- WMAQ** Chicago, Ill.
- WSAI** Cincinnati, Ohio
- WTAM** Cleveland, Ohio
- WAO** Denver, Colo.
- KHO** Des Moines, Iowa
- WJW** Detroit, Mich.
- WHRT** Hartford, Conn.
- WIRE** Indianapolis, Ind.
- WDAF** Kansas City, Mo.
- KFI** Los Angeles, Cal.
- KSTP** Minneapolis-St. Paul, Minn.
- WEAF** New York, N. Y.
- WOW** Omaha, Neb.
- KYW** Philadelphia, Pa.
- WCBE** Pittsburgh, Pa.
- WCAE** Portland, Me.
- KGW** Portland, Ore.
- WJAR** Providence, R. I.
- WMBG** Richmond, Va.
- KPD** St. Louis, Mo.
- KDYL** Salt Lake City, Utah
- WFO** San Francisco, Cal.
- VGY** Schenectady, N. Y.

- KOMO** Seattle, Wash.
- KHQ** Spokane, Wash.
- WFEA** Washington, D. C.
- WDEL** Wilmington, Del.
- WTAG** Worcester, Mass.

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY—BLUE NETWORK

- WABY** Albany, N. Y.
- WAGA** Atlanta, Ga.
- WBAL** Baltimore, Md.
- WBEO** Baton Rouge, La.
- KFDM** Beaumont, Tex.
- WGN** Birmingham, Ala.
- WBZ** Boston, Mass.
- WICC** Bridgeport, Conn.
- WBR** Buffalo, N. Y.
- WMT** Cedar Rapids, Iowa
- WENR** Chicago, Ill.
- WLS** Chicago, Ill.
- WFLA** Cincinnati, Ohio
- WHK** Cleveland, Ohio
- KRO** Corpus Christi, Tex.
- KSD** Denver, Colo.
- KIS** Des Moines, Iowa
- WXVZ** Detroit, Mich.
- WYD** Erie, Pa.
- WOWO** Ft. Wayne, Ind.
- KXYZ** Houston, Tex.
- WJAN** Jamestown, N. Y.
- WREN** Kansas City, Kan.
- WROL** Knoxville, Tenn.
- KECA** Los Angeles, Cal.
- WMPA** Memphis, Tenn.
- WTCN** Minneapolis, Minn.
- WICC** New Haven, Conn.
- WDSU** New Orleans, La.
- WJZ** New York, N. Y.
- KLO** Ogden, Utah
- KOIL** Omaha, Neb.-Council Bluffs, Ia.

- WFIL** Philadelphia, Pa.
- KPKA** Pittsburgh, Pa.
- KEX** Portland, Ore.
- WEAN** Providence, R. I.
- WRDT** Richmond, Va.
- WHAM** Rochester, N. Y.
- KWK** St. Louis, Mo.
- KFSD** San Diego, Cal.
- KGO** San Francisco, Cal.
- KJR** Seattle, Wash.
- KGA** Spokane, Wash.
- WFLN** Springfield, Mass.
- WYSR** Syracuse, N. Y.
- WSPD** Toledo, Ohio
- WMAL** Washington, D. C.
- KRGK** Wichita, Kan.

DULC-SUPPLEMENTARY STATIONS

May be on either RED or BLUE networks)

- KOB** Albuquerque, N. M.
- KSAN** Albuquerque, N. M.
- KGNC** Amarillo, Tex.
- WNNC** Asheville, N. C.
- KEL** Atlanta, Ga.
- KERN** Bakersfield, Cal.
- KGHL** Billings, Mont.
- KBR** Birmingham, Ala.
- KFYR** Bismark, N. D.
- KGIR** Butte, Mont.
- WFCJ** Charleston, S. C.
- WSCC** Charlotte, N. C.
- WCFL** Chicago, Ill.
- WLW** Cincinnati, Ohio
- WFLR** Clearwater, Fla.
- WIS** Columbia, S. C.
- WCOL** Columbus, Ohio
- WFLA** Dallas, Tex.
- WBCB** Duluth, Minn.
- WGRF** Evansville, Ind.
- WFLA** Ft. Wayne, Ind.
- WBAP** Ft. Worth, Tex.
- WGL** Fresno, Cal.
- WOOD** Grand Rapids, Mich.
- KFCU** Greenville, S. C.
- WBCB** Honolulu, Hawaii
- WFLR** Hot Springs, Ark.
- KPRC** Houston, Tex.
- WIDX** Jackson, Miss.
- WFLR** Jacksonville, Fla.
- KARK** Little Rock, Ark.

- WAVE** Louisville, Ky.
- WIBA** Madison, Wis.
- WFLA** Manchester, N. H.
- KMED** Medford, Ore.
- WMC** Memphis, Tenn.
- WIOD** Miami Beach, Fla.
- WTMJ** Milwaukee, Wis.
- CFCF** Montreal, Canada
- WSM** Nashville, Tenn.
- WSMB** New Orleans, La.
- WTR** Norfolk, Va.
- WKY** Oklahoma City, Okla.
- KTAR** Phoenix, Ariz.
- KGHF** Pueblo, Colo.
- WPFT** Raleigh, N. C.
- KTBS** Sacramento, Cal.
- WSUN** St. Petersburg, Fla.
- WOAI** San Antonio, Tex.
- WFTS** Shreveport, La.
- KSOO** Sioux Falls, S. D.
- KELO** Sioux Falls, S. D.
- KGBX** Springfield, Mo.
- KWG** Stockton, Cal.
- WBCB** Superior, Wis.
- WFLA** Tampa, Fla.
- WBOV** Terre Haute, Ind.
- CRCT** Toronto, Canada
- KVOD** Tulsa, Okla.
- KANS** Wichita, Kans.
- WORK** York, Pa.

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM STATIONS

- WADC** Akron, Ohio
- WOKR** Albany, N. Y.
- WAIM** Anderson, S. C.
- WGST** Atlanta, Ga.
- WPG** Atlantic City, N. J.
- KNOW** Austin, Tex.
- WCAO** Baltimore, Md.
- WBNG** Bangor, Me.
- WBRC** Birmingham, Ala.
- WBEI** Binghamton, N. Y.
- WBOS** Boston, Mass.
- WGR** Buffalo, N. Y.
- WKBW** Buffalo, N. Y.
- WCHS** Charleston, W. Va.
- WBT** Charlotte, N. C.
- WDDO** Chattanooga, Tenn.
- WBFA** Chicago, Ill.
- WKRC** Cincinnati, Ohio
- WGAR** Cleveland, Ohio
- KVOR** Colorado Springs, Col.
- WENS** Columbus, Ohio
- KRLD** Dallas, Tex.
- WCC** 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** Elmas-Ithaca, N. Y.
- WEOA** Evansville, Ind.
- WMMN** Fairmont, W. Va.
- WGBB** Green Bay, Wis.
- WBIG** Greensboro, N. C.
- KFBB** Great Falls, Mont.
- WHBP** Harrisburg, Pa.
- WDRB** Hartford, Conn.
- KGMB** Honolulu, Hawaii
- WHTS** Houston, Tex.
- WFBM** Indianapolis, Ind.
- WMBR** Jacksonville, Fla.
- WVBC** Kansas City, Mo.
- WNOX** Knoxville, Tenn.
- WKBH** La Crosse, Wis.
- KFAN** Lincoln, Neb.
- KLRA** Little Rock, Ark.
- KNX** Los Angeles, Cal.
- WHAS** Louisville, Ky.
- WMLZ** Macon, Ga.
- KGLO** Mason City, Iowa
- WREC** Memphis, Tenn.
- WVBC** Meridian, Miss.
- WQAM** Miami, Fla.
- WALA** Mobile, Ala.
- WISN** Milwaukee, Wis.
- WCCO** Minneapolis, Minn.
- KGVO** Missoula, Mont.
- WSPA** Montgomery, Ala.
- WVBC** Montreal, Canada
- WVBC** Nashville, Tenn.
- WVBC** New Orleans, La.
- WVBC** New York, N. Y.
- KOMA** Oklahoma City, Okla.
- WDBO** Orlando, Fla.
- WPAR** Parkersburg, W. Va.
- WCOA** Pensacola, Fla.

- WMBD** Peoria, Ill.
- WCAU** Philadelphia, Pa.
- WPCB** Phoenix, Ariz.
- WJAS** Pittsburgh, Pa.
- KOIN** Portland, Ore.
- WPRO** Providence, R. I.
- KOH** Reno, Nev.
- WRVA** Richmond, Va.
- WDBJ** Roanoke, Va.
- WIEC** Rochester, N. Y.
- KMOX** St. Louis, Mo.
- WCSA** St. Paul, Minn.
- KSL** Salt Lake City, Utah
- KTSA** San Antonio, Tex.
- KSFO** San Francisco, Cal.
- WTOC** Savannah, Ga.
- WGBI** Scranton, Pa.
- KOL** Seattle, Wash.
- KWKH** Shreveport, La.
- KSCJ** Sioux City, Iowa
- WSBT** South Bend, Ind.
- KFPY** Spokane, Wash.
- WMAA** Springfield, Mass.
- WFBF** Syracuse, N. Y.
- WDAE** Tampa, Fla.
- WBWB** Topeka, Kans.
- CFRB** Toronto, Canada
- KTUL** Tulsa, Okla.
- WBIX** Utica, N. Y.
- WACO** Waco, Tex.
- WISV** Washington, D. C.
- WJNO** W. Palm Beach, Fla.
- WVVA** Wheeling, W. Va.
- KFBI** Wichita, Kans.
- WJGS** Wichita Falls, Tex.
- KGKO** Winston-Salem, N. C.
- WVBC** Worcester, Mass.
- WNAH** Yakonok, Okla.
- WBNB** Youngstown, Ohio

MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM STATIONS

- KADA** Ada, Okla.
- KVSO** Ardmore, Okla.
- WRDO** Augusta, Me.
- KPFC** Bakersfield, Cal.
- WBAL** Baltimore, Md.
- WLBZ** Bangor, Me.
- WMB** Boston, Mass.
- WABT** Bridgeport, Conn.
- WAAE** Cedar Rapids, Iowa
- WGN** Chicago, Ill.
- WVBC** Cincinnati, Ohio
- WSAI** Cincinnati, Ohio
- WGAR** Cleveland, Ohio
- WHKC** Columbus, Ohio
- Dallas, Tex.**
- KFEL** Denver, Colo.
- KSO** Des Moines, Iowa
- KXO** El Centro, Cal.
- KASA** Elk City, Okla.
- KRCA** Emid, Okla.
- WABC** Fall River, Mass.
- KTAT** Ft. Worth, Tex.
- KPKA** Greeley, Colo.
- Hartford, Conn.**
- KGMB** Honolulu, Hawaii
- WACB** Kansas City, Mo.
- KFOR** Lincoln, Neb.
- KHJ** Los Angeles, Cal.
- WTLH** London, Conn.
- WFEA** Manchester, N. H.
- KDON** Monterey, Cal.
- KBH** Muskegon, Mich.
- WSM** Nashville, Tenn.
- WOR** Newark, N. J.
- WNBH** New Bedford, Mass.
- WVBC** New London, Conn.
- KTOK** Oklahoma City, Okla.
- KOIL** Omaha, Neb.
- WFLA** Philadelphia, Pa.
- WCAE** Pittsburgh, Pa.
- WBBZ** Ponce City, Okla.
- WCAP** Richmond, Va.
- WRVA** Richmond, Va.
- KWB** St. Louis, Mo.
- KFMM** St. Louis, Mo.
- KGWB** San Diego, Cal.
- KFRC** San Francisco, Cal.
- KVBC** San Francisco, Cal.
- KDB** Santa Barbara, Cal.
- KGFF** Shawnee, Okla.
- WSPR** Springfield, Mass.
- WNBX** Springfield, Mass.
- WGLM** Stockton, Cal.
- KDGM** Washington, D. C.
- WBY** Windsor, Conn.
- CKLW** Windsor-Detroit, Mich.

MORNING

8:00
NBC-Red: WILLIAM MEEB-ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: MELODY HOUR—Josef Honti's orchestra

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

9:00
NBC-Red: HAROLD NAGEL'S RHUMBA ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: COAST TO COAST ON A BUS—Milton J. Cross
CBS: SUNDAY MORNING AT AUNT SUSAN'S—children's program, Artelis Dickson

9:30
NBC-Red: CONCERT ENSEMBLE—Harry Gilbert, organist

9:55
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

10:00
NBC-Red: HIGHLIGHTS OF THE BIBLE



Nelson Eddy



Marion Talley



Phil Baker

Sundays

OCTOBER 3—10—17—24—31

NBC-Blue: RUSSIAN MELODIES
CBS: CHURCH OF THE AIR

10:30
NBC-Red: CLOISTER BELLS
NBC-Blue: WALTER BROWN STRING ENSEMBLE
CBS: ROMAN Y TRAIL—Emery Deutsch's orchestra
MBS: RAINBOW HOUSE—children's program with Bob Emery

10:45
NBC-Red: MADRIGAL SINGERS

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 MUZZY—piano duo
NBC-Blue: ALICE REMSEN—contralto

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

11:30
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: MAJOR BOWES CAPITOL FAMILY
MBS: BENNY FREEDMAN—Sunday Morning Quarterback

11:45
NBC-Red: HENRY BUSSE'S ORCHESTRA
MBS: CANARY CHORUS

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: THE HOUR GLASS—Jerry Brannon, Paul Gershaman
NBC-Blue: SOUTHERNAIRES—Negro male quartet

12:30
NBC-Red: UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION—guest speakers
NBC-Blue: RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL ORCHESTRA—soloists
CBS: SALT LAKE CITY TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN

1:00
NBC-Red: DOROTHY DRESLIN, soprano; FRED HUF-SMITH, tenor
CBS: CHURCH OF THE AIR
MBS: SAMMY KAYE'S ORCHESTRA

1:30
NBC-Red: SMOKE DREAMS—The Dremont, Virginia Marucci's orchestra
NBC-Blue: OUR NEIGHBORS—Jerry Belcher, Interviewer
CBS: POET'S GOLD—David Ross
MBS: TED VEEMS' ORCHESTRA

1:45
MBS: EDNA SELLERS—organist

2:00
NBC-Red: SUNDAY DRIVERS—Fields and Hall, Frances Adair
NBC-Blue: MAGIC KEY OF RCA—Frank Black's symphony orchestra, Milton J. Cross
CBS: ST. LOUIS SERENADE
MBS: THE CHARITTEERS

2:15
MBS: SALLY JO NELSON—songs

2:30
NBC-Red: THATCHER COLT MYSTERIES
CBS: LIVING DRAMAS OF THE BIBLE—dramatizations
MBS: ORCHESTRA

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

3:30
NBC-Red: WIDOW'S SONS—dramatizations
NBC-Blue: POPULAR MELODIES
MBS: ORCHESTRA

3:45
NBC-Blue: CHUCHU MARTINEZ—tenor

4:00
NBC-Red: ROMANCE MELODIES—Ruth Lyon, Edward Davies, Shield's orchestra
NBC-Blue: SUNDAY VESPEERS
CBS: SPELLING BEE—Dr. Harry Hagen
MBS: RADIOLAND ORCHESTRA

4:30
NBC-Red: THE WORLD IS YOURS—dramatization
NBC-Blue: SENATOR FISHFACE AND PROFESSOR FIGSBOTTLE—Jerry Sears' orchestra
MBS: ALPINE VILLAGE ORCHESTRA

5:00
NBC-Red: RY-KRISP PRESENTS MARION TALLEY—Kosstner's orchestra
NBC-Blue: METROPOLITAN OPERA ADDITIONS OF THE AIR—Edward Johnson, Wilfred Pellet, conductor
CBS: SILVER THEATRE—dramatic program, Rosalind Russell
MBS: THE SINGING LADY—children's program

5:30
NBC-Red: THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE—Sheila Barrett, Joe Rines, Graham McNamee, orchestra
NBC-Blue: SUNDAY AFTERNOON WITH ED MCCONNELL
CBS: GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ORCHESTRA
MBS: GEORGE OLSEN'S ORCHESTRA

6:00
NBC-Red: CATHOLIC HOUR
CBS: JOE FENNER—Gene Austin, Grier's orchestra
MBS: BENNY DAVIS' STAR-DUST REVUE

EVENING

6:30
NBC-Red: A TALE OF TODAY—sketch
NBC-Blue: HELEN TRAUBEL—soprano
CBS: CHEVROLET PROGRAM
MBS: FUN-IN SWINGTIME—Tim and Irene, Dell Sharbutt, Berigan's orchestra

7:00
NBC-Red: JELL-O PROGRAM—Jack Benny, Mary Livingstone, Kenny Baker, Don Wilson, Sam Hearn, Phil Harris' orchestra
CBS: VICKI'S OPEN HOUSE—Jeanette MacDonald, Paster-nack's orchestra
MBS: STAN LOMAX—sports commentator

7:15
MBS: RAYMOND GRAM SWING—commentator

7:30
NBC-Red: FIRESIDE RECITALS—Helen Marrahall, soprano; Sigurd Nilssen, basso
NBC-Blue: FLEISCHMANN PROGRAM—Allan Jones, Werner Janssen's orchestra
CBS: PHIL FLAKER—Beetle and Bottle, Bradley's orchestra
MBS: GEORGE PRICE, THE KEY MEN AND VIVIAN RUTH—Gould's orchestra

7:45
NBC-Red: SUNSET DREAMS—Morin Sisters, Ranch Boys

8:00
NBC-Red: CHASE AND SAND-BORN PROGRAM—Don Ameche, W. C. Fields, Edgar Bergen, Nelson Eddy, Dorothy Lamour, Arrambusta's orchestra
NBC-Blue: GENERAL MOTORS CONCERTS
MBS: ORCHESTRA

8:30
CBS: VARIETY PROGRAM
MBS: HI THERE, AUDIENCE—Ray Perkins, Helene Daniels, Sid Gary, Willard Amison, Stanley's orchestra

9:00
NBC-Red: MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND—Rachel Carlay, Pierre Le Kreeun, Donnie's orchestra
NBC-Blue: WOODBURY PRESENTS—Byrone Power, guests
CBS: FORD SUNDAY EVENING HOOP
MBS: PASSING PARADE—John Nesbitt

9:30
NBC-Red: AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILAR MUSIC—Frank Munn, Jean Dickenson, Haenschen's orchestra
NBC-Blue: JERGENS PROGRAM—Walter Winchell, news commentator
MBS: WOR PRESENTS SYLVIA FROGS

9:45
NBC-Blue: WELCH PRESENTS IRENE RICH—dramatization

10:00
NBC-Red: SUNDAY NIGHT PARTY—James Melton, Tom Howard, George Shelton, Dolan's orchestra
NBC-Blue: THE ZENITH FOUNDATION
MBS: DRAMATIC VARIETIES

10:30
NBC-Blue: ERNEST GILL'S ORCHESTRA
MBS: RHYTHM AND ROMANCE—Stokes' orchestra

11:00
NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC
NBC-Blue: JUDY AND THE BUNCH—vocal quartet
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
MBS: OLD FASHIONED REVIVAL

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

MORNING

Mondays

OCTOBER 4-11-18-25

8:00 NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES
NBC-Blue: MORNING DEVOTIONS—organ and songs

8:15 NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's program
NBC-Blue: ISLAND SERENADES

8:30 NBC-Red: CHERIO—talk and music
NBC-Blue: WILLIAM MEEDER—organist

8:45 NBC-Blue: NORSE MEN QUARTET

9:00 NBC-Red: THE STREAM-LINERS—Fields and Hall, orchestra
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—variety program
CBS: METROPOLITAN PARADE

9:15 CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL—songs

9:25 CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

9:30 CBS: JACK BERCH AND HIS BOYS

9:40 NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

9:45 NBC-Red: LANDT TRIO
CBS: MORNING MOODS

9:55 NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

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
MBS: MARRIAGE CLINIC—Frances McDonald

10:45 NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch
NBC-Blue: KITCHEN CAVALCADE—Crosby Gaige
CBS: RUTH AND BILL
MBS: HAROLD TURNER—pianist

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

11:15 NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch
CBS: HEINZ MAGAZINE OF THE AIR—Carol Kennedy's Romance, dramatic serial

11:30 NBC-Red: HOW TO BE CHARMING—sketch
NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADE—sketch
CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch
MBS: MARTHA AND HAL—songs and patter

11:45 NBC-Red: MANHATTEN ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: EDWARD MACGUGH—The Gospel Singer
CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAR END STORIES
MBS: HECKEY'S INFORMATION BUREAU—Myra Kingsley, Jean Paul King

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch
NBC-Blue: RHYTHM GIRLS
CBS: SWINGING THE BLUES

12:15 NBC-Red: THE GOLDBERGS—tenor
NBC-Blue: TERRI FRANCONI
CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE—Edwin C. Hill, commentator

12:30 NBC-Red: THREE MARSHALS

NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—Walter Bliafuss' orchestra
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TUNNEY—sketch
MBS: BILL LEWIS—baritone and organ

12:45 NBC-Red: ROSA LEE—soprano
NBC-Blue: OUR GAL SUNDAY—sketch
MBS: WE ARE FOUR—sketch

1:00 NBC-Red: JOE WHITE—tenor
CBS: BETTY AND BOB—sketch
MBS: MICROPHONE IN THE SKY—Earl Harper, interviewer

1:15 NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Larry Larsen, Ruth Lyon Harvey Heays
CBS: HYMNS OF ALL CHURCHES: BETTY CROCKER, cooking expert

1:30 NBC-Blue: LOVE AND LEARN—sketch
CBS: ARNOLD GRIMM'S DAUGHTER—sketch
MBS: LEN SALVO—organist

1:45 NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: GRACE AND COTTY—songs and patter
CBS: HOLLYWOOD IN PERSPECTIVE

2:00 NBC-Red: JERRY SEARS' ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: GEORGE HESSBERGER'S ORCHESTRA
CBS: NEWS THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES—Kathryn Cravens

2:15 CBS JACK AND LORETTA—songs and patter
MBS: ORGANA RECITAL—Louise Wilcher

2:30 NBC-Red: BENNETT AND WOLVERTON—piano and guitar
NBC-Blue: HOUR OF MEMORIES—U. S. Navy Band
CBS: MONTANA SLIM

2:45 NBC-Red: THREE CHEERS—vocal trio
CBS: TED MALONE'S—Between the Bookends

3:00 NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
CBS: COLONEL JACK MAJOR'S VARIETY SHOW
MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

3:15 NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch

3:30 NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—sketch
NBC-Blue: LET'S TALK IT OVER—Alma Kitchell
CBS: POP CORN—How do I starve
MBS: GLEN GRAY'S ORCHESTRA

3:45 NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch

4:00 NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—comedy sketch
NBC-Blue: CARSON ROBISON AND HIS RUCKAROOS
CBS: BOB BYRON—piano and patter
MBS: TEXAS JIM LEWIS—his cowboys

4:15 NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch
NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE—variety program
CBS: DICTATORS

4:30 NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
CBS: CHICAGO VARIETY HOUR
MBS: ORCHESTRA

4:45 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch
CBS: DR. ALLAN ROY DAFOE

5:00 NBC-Red: SOLOIST
NBC-Blue: NEIGHBOR NELL
CBS: FOLLOW THE MOON—Eddie Nickerson
MBS: ORANGE BLOSSOM QUARTET

5:15 NBC-Red: WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS—dramatization
NBC-Blue: JACKIE HELLER—tenor
CBS: LIFE OF MARY SOTHE—sketch
MBS: LEN SALVO—organist

5:30 NBC-Red: JACK ARMSTRONG—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: SINGING LADY—children's program
CBS: MORIS KERR—songs
MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

5:45 NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: TOM MITCHELL AND THE RALSTON STRAIGHT SHOOTERS—juvenile serial
CBS: FUNNY THINGS—Norm Stirling's children's program

EVENING

6:00 NBC-Red: VOCAL SOLOISTS
NBC-Blue: U. S. ARMY BAND
CBS: HOWARD PHILLIPS—baritone
MBS: ORCHESTRA

6:15 CBS: FOUR STARS—quartette
MBS: STUDIES IN BLACK AND WHITE

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

6:35 NBC-Red: THREE SISTERS
NBC-Blue: CHARLES SEARS—tenor
CBS: PAUL DOUGLAS—sports commentator

6:45 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS—news commentator
CBS: ORCHESTRA
MBS: JOHNSON FAMILY—sketch, with Jimmy Scribner

7:00 NBC-Red: AMOS 'N' ANDY—sketch
NBC-Blue: HUGHIE BARRITT'S ORCHESTRA—John B. Gambling, Jean O'Neill, Barry McKinley
CBS: POETIC MELODIES—Jack Fulton, Franklyn McCormack, Kelsey's orchestra
MBS: PALMER HOUSE ENSEMBLE

7:15 NBC-Red: UNCLE EZRA'S RADIO STATION—Pat Barrett
CBS: SONG TIME—Hollace Shaw, Ray Heatherton
MBS: BLACKSTONE CONCERT TRIO

7:30 NBC-Red: SOLOIST
NBC-Blue: LUM AND ARNER—sketch
CBS: NEAL O'HARA'S RADIO GAZETTE
MBS: THE LONE RANGER—Western serial

7:45 NBC-Red: ROY CAMPBELL'S ROYALISTS
NBC-Blue: JOHN HERRICK—baritone
CBS: BOAKE CARTER—news commentator

8:00 NBC-Red: BURNS AND ALLEN—Tony Martin, Noble's orchestra
NBC-Blue: GENERAL HUGH S. JOHNSON—commentator
CBS: ALPHIE HALE HOUR—Horace Heidt's orchestra
MBS: JAZZ NOCTURNE—Helene Danikis, Connie Miles, Stanley's orchestra

8:30 NBC-Red: VOICE OF FIRESTONE—Margaret Speaks, Walleustein's orchestra, guests

NBC-Blue: CAMPANA PROGRAM—variety
CBS: BICK AND PAT—comedy and music
MBS: LET'S VISIT—Jerry Denzig, Dave Driscoll

9:00 NBC-Red: FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY—comedy sketch, Marian and Jim Jordan, Warren's orchestra
CBS: LUX RADIO THEATRE
MBS: ORCHESTRA

9:30 NBC-Red: HOUR OF CHARM—Bill Spitalny and his girls
MBS: SYMPHONIC STRINGS

10:00 NBC-Red: CONTENTED PROGRAM—Vivian Della Chiesa, Black's orchestra
NBC-Blue: 20,000 YEARS IN SING SING—Warden Lewis E. Lawes
CBS: WAYNE KING'S ORCHESTRA
MBS: BLDER LIGHTFOOT, SOLOMON MICHAUX—and congregation

10:30 NBC-Red: MUSIC FOR MODERNS
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL RADIO FORUM—guest speaker
CBS: YOUR NECK OF THE WOODS—Carl Farmer
MBS: HENRY WEBER'S PAGEANT OF MELODY

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



George Burns



Kathryn Cravens



Tony Wons

MORNING

8:00
NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES
NBC-Blue: MORNING DEVOTIONS—organ and songs

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

8:50
NBC-Red: CHEERIO—talk and music
NBC-Blue: MORNING GLEE CLUB

9:00
NBC-Red: STREAMLINERS—Fields and Hall orchestra
NBC-Blue: BREA KFAST CLUB—variety program
CBS: DEAR COLUMBIA—fan mail dramatizations

9:25
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

9:30
CBS: GOOD NEIGHBORS—Richard Maxwell

9:40
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

9:45
NB-Red: LENDT TRIO
NBC-Blue: ANNIE O'BRIEN ON THE AIR—varieties
CBS: WALTZES OF THE WORLD

9:55
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

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: PIANO DUO
MBS: MARRIAGE CLINIC—Frances McDonald

10:45
NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch
NBC-Blue: KITCHEN CAVALCADE—Crosby Gaigo
CBS: MADISON ENSEMBLE
MBS: HAROLD TURNER—pianist

11:00
NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
CBS: MARY LEE TAYLOR
MBS: GET THY TO MUSIC

11:15
NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch
CBS: HPINZ MAGAZINE OF THE AIR—Carol Kennedy's Romance, dramatic serial

11:30
NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADE—sketch
CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch
MBS: RHYTHM ORCHESTRA

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

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch
NBC-Blue: RHYTHM GIRLS
CBS: RHYTHMAIRES
MBS: PARENTS' CLUB OF THE AIR

12:15
NBC-Red: THE GOLDBERGS—sketch
NBC-Blue: TERRI FRANCONI—tenor
CBS: FOUR NEWS PARADE—Edwin C. Hill, commentator
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL

12:30
NBC-Red: BARRY McKINLEY—baritone

Tuesdays

OCTOBER 5—12—19—26

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

12:45
NBC-Red: ARMCHAIR QUARTET
CBS: OUR GAL SUNDAY—sketch
MBS: WE ARE FOUR—sketch

1:00
NBC-Red: ESCORTS AND BETTY
CBS: BETTY AND BOB—sketch
MBS: MICROPHONE IN THE SKY—Earl Harper, interviewer

1:15
NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Ruth Lyon, Larry Larson, Harvey Hays
CBS: H Y M N S OF A L L C H U R C H E S : B E T T Y C R O C K E R, cooking expert

1:30
NBC-Blue: LOVE AND LEARN—sketch
CBS: A R N O L D G R I M M ' S DAUGHTER—sketch
MBS: LEN SALVO—organist

1:45
NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch
CBS: HOLLYWOOD IN PERSON
CBS: ARTHUR WRIGHT—pianist

2:00
NBC-Red: DR. MADDY'S BAND LESSONS
NBC-Blue: STROLLERS MATINEE

2:15
CBS: JACK AND LORETTA—songs and patter
MBS: ORCHESTRA

2:30
NBC-Blue: NBC MUSIC GUILD
CBS: DALTON BROTHERS—novelty duo

2:45
NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
CBS: TED MALONE'S—Between the Bookends
MBS: BILLY DUDLEY'S THEATRE CLUB OF THE AIR

3:00
NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
NBC-Blue: AIRBREAKS—variety program
CBS: THEATRE MATINEE
MBS: BLACKSTONE CONCERT TRIO

3:15
NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch

3:30
NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—sketch
NBC-Blue: KIDOODLERS—quartet
CBS: COLUMBIA CONCERT HALL—Story of the Song
MBS: LEN SALVO—organist

3:45
NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
NBC-Blue: H A V E Y O U D R E M E M B E R E D ? —dramatization
MBS: RADIO GARDEN CLUB

4:00
NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—comedy sketch

NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE—variety program
CBS: BOB BYRON—piano and patter

4:15
NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch
CBS: NOVELTIES

4:30
NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
CBS: SING AND SWING—Kelsey's orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA

4:45
NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch

5:00
NBC-Red: RHYTHMAIRES
NBC-Blue: PEGGY WOOD CALLING
CBS: FOLLOW THE MOON—Elsie Hitz, Nick Dawson
MBS: RADIOLAND ORCHESTRA—and soloists

5:15
NBC-Red: NELLIE REVELL INTERVIEW—sketch
NBC-Blue: SOUTHERNAIRES
CBS: LIFE OF MARY SOTHERS—sketch

5:30
NBC-Red: JACK ARMSTRONG—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: SINGING LADY—children's program
CBS: ST. LOUIS SYNCOPATORS

5:45
NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: TOM MIX AND HIS RALSTON STRAIGHT SHOOTERS—juvenile serial
CBS: DOROTHY GORDON'S CHILDREN'S CORNER

EVENING

6:00
NBC-Red: SCIENCE IN THE NEWS
NBC-Blue: JACK MEAKIN DIRECTS STRINGTIME
CBS: ALL HANDS ON DECK
MBS: ORCHESTRA

6:15
NBC-Red: THREE X SISTERS—chammy trio
MBS: STUDIES IN BLACK AND WHITE

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

6:35
NBC-Red: GLENN DARWIN—baritone
NBC-Blue: TONY RUSSELL—tenor
CBS: PAUL DOUGLAS—sports commentator

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

7:00
NBC-Red: AMOS 'N' ANDY—sketch
NBC-Blue: EASY ACES—comedy sketch
CBS: POETIC MELODIES—Jack Fulton, Franklyn McCormack, Kelsey's orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA

7:15
NBC-Red: VOCAL VARIETIES—choral singing
NBC-Blue: AMERICAN HOME PRODUCTS COMPANY
CBS: SONG TIME—Ruth Carhart, Bill Perry.

7:30
NBC-Red: PIANO DUO
NBC-Blue: LUAM AND ABNER—comedy duo
CBS: SECOND HUSBAND—serial, Helen Menken

7:45
NBC-Red: FAIRCHILD AND CAMPBELL—piano duo
NBC-Blue: VIVIEN DRLLA CHIESA—mezzo-soprano
MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

8:00
NBC-Red: JOHNNY PRESENTS RUSS MORGAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA—Charles Martin
NBC-Blue: HUSBANDS AND WIVES—Sedley Brown, Allie Lowe Miles
CBS: BLUE VELVET MUSIC—Warnow's orchestra, Hollace Shaw
MBS: MUSIC BY—guest conductors

8:30
NBC-Red: LADY ESTHER SERENAIDE 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: BEN BERNIE AND ALL THE LADS
CBS: WATCH THE FUN GO BY—Al Pearce, Nick Lucas, Holt's orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA

9:15
MBS: CONSOLE AND KEYBOARD—Louise Wilcher, Pauline Alpert

9:30
NBC-Red: H O L L Y W O O D M A R I G O L D S —Lanny Ross, Charles Butterworth, Florence George, Don Wilson, Paige's orchestra
NBC-Blue: GRAND CENTRAL STATION—dramatic sketch
CBS: JACK OAKIE'S COLLEGE—Goodman's orchestra
MBS: HOBBY LOBBY

10:00
NBC-Blue: GENERAL HUGH S. JOHNSON—commentator
CBS: YOUR UNSEEN FRIEND—sketch
MBS: SINFIORETTA

10:30
NBC-Red: JIMMIE FIDLER'S HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP
NBC-Blue: PAST MASTERS PROGRAM—barpichord ensemble
CBS: RUSSELL DORR—baritone

10:45
NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—comedy sketch

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



Jack Oakie



Florence George



Al Jolson

Wednesdays

OCTOBER 6—13—20—27

MORNING

8:00 NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES
NBC-Blue: MORNING DEVOTIONS—organ and songs

8:15 NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's program
NBC-Blue: ISLAND SERENADERS

8:30 NBC-Red: CHEERIO—talk and music
NBC-Blue: WILLIAM MEEDE—organist

8:45 NBC-Blue: FOUR SHOWMEN—male quartet

9:00 NBC-Red: STREAMLINERS—Fields and Hall
NBC-Blue: H K A F A S T CLUB—variety program
CBS: AS YOU LIKE IT
CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL—songs

9:25 CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

9:30 CBS: JACK BERCH AND HIS BOYS

9:45 NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

9:55 NBC-Red: LANDT TRIO
NBC-Blue: AUNT JEMIMA ON THE AIR—varieties
CBS: FIDDLER'S FANCY

9:55 NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

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
MBS: MARRIAGE CLINIC—Frances McDonald

10:45 NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch
NBC-Blue: KITCHEN CAVALCADE—Crosby Galsie
CBS: RUTH AND BILL
MBS: HAROLD TURNER—pianist

11:00 NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
CBS: HEINZ MAGAZINE OF THE AIR—Julia Sanderson, Frank Crumit, Belle's orchestra, Carol Kennedy's Romance
MBS: GET TINY TO MUSIC

11:15 NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch

11:30 NBC-Red: HOW TO BE CHARMING—sketch
NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADE—sketch
CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch
MBS: RAOUL NADEAU—baritone

11:45 NBC-Red: HELLO PEGGY—sketch

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

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch
NBC-Blue: TRAIL FINDER—Dr. William Hansche
CBS: CHERI AND THE THREE NOTES

12:15 NBC-Red: THE GOLDBERGS—sketch
NBC-Blue: TERRI FRANCONI—tenor
CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE—Edwin C. Hill, commentator
MBS: LEN SALVO—organist

12:30 NBC-Blue: THREE MARSHALLS
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—Walter Dainger's orchestra
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT—sketch
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL

12:45 NBC-Red: JOE WHITE—tenor
CBS: OUR GAL SUNDAY—sketch
MBS: WE ARE FOUR—sketch

1:00 NBC-Red: THREE RANCHEROS
CBS: BETTY AND BOB—sketch
MBS: MICROPHONE IN THE SKY—Earl Harper, interviewee

1:15 NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Ruth Lyon, Larry Larsen, Harvey Hays
CBS: H Y M N S O F A L L C H U R C H E S—B E T T Y C R O C K E R, cooking expert

1:30 NBC-Blue: LOVE AND LEARN—sketch
CBS: A R N O L D G R I M M ' S DAUGHTER—sketch
MBS: LEN SALVO—organist

1:45 NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: G R A C E A N D S C O T T Y—songs and patter
CBS: HOLLYWOOD IN PERSOON
MBS: JANICE PORTER—songs

2:00 NBC-Red: YOUR HEALTH—talk, dramatization
NBC-Blue: HEALANI OF THE SOUTH SEAS
CBS: NEWS THROUGH A MIRROR—SARAH EYES—Kathryn Cravens

2:15 NBC-Blue: CHARLES SEARS—tenor
CBS: JACK AND LORETTA—songs and patter
MBS: ORCHESTRA

2:30 NBC-Red: GENERAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS
NBC-Blue: MEETIN' HOUSE—dramatization

2:45 NBC-Red: MONTANA SLIM

2:55 NBC-Red: MUSIC OF THE MOMENT
CBS: TED MALONE'S—Between the Bookends
MBS: MEMORY SONGS—Key West Quartet

3:00 NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
NBC-Blue: SOUTHERNAIRES
CBS: MANHATTAN MATINEE—orchestra

3:15 NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch
NBC-Blue: CONTINENTAL VARIETIES—Stopak's orchestra

3:30 NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—sketch
NBC-Blue: KIDOODLERS
CBS: COLUMBIA CONCERT HALL
MBS: ARTHUR WRIGHT—pianist

3:45 NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
NBC-Blue: PIANO D'IO
MBS: R U T G E R S HOME ECONOMICS BUREAU

4:00 NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—comedy sketch
NBC-Blue: GAYSON ROBISON AND HIS BUCKAROOES
CBS: DANCE TIME

4:15 NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch
NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE—variety program
MBS: TEXAS JIM LEWIS—Western serial

4:30 NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
CBS: RUSSELL DORR—Goldman's orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA

4:45 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch
CBS: DR. ALLAN ROY DAFOE

5:00 NBC-Red: NOT FOR LADIES—Ben Alexander, Hollywood commentator
NBC-Blue: NEIGHBOR NELL
CBS: FOLLOW THE MEANS—Elsie Hitz, Nick Dawson
MBS: RADIOLAND ORCHESTRA

5:15 NBC-Red: WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS—dramatization
NBC-Blue: DOT AND PAT—songs
CBS: LIFE OF MARY SOTHERN—sketch

5:30 NBC-Red: JACK ARMSTRONG—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: SINGING LADY—children's program
CBS: DORIS KERR—songs

5:45 NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: TOM MIX AND HIS RALSTON STRAIGHT SHOOTERS—juvenile serial
CBS: FUNNY THINGS—Nora Stirling's children's program

EVENING

6:00 NBC-Red: P'S AND Q'S—Allen Prescott
NBC-Blue: HARRY KOGEN AND HIS ORCHESTRA—Sair Lee
CBS: DEL CASINO—songs
MBS: ORCHESTRA

6:15 NBC-Red: CAROL DEIS—soprano
CBS: FOUR STARS
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL

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

6:35 NBC-Red: CAPPY BARRA—and his swing harmonies
NBC-Blue: JACK BAKER—tenor
CBS: PAUL DOUGLAS—sports commentator

6:45 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS—news commentator
CBS: SONG TIME—WALTERS
MBS: JOHNSON FAMILY—sketch, with Jimmy Scribner

7:00 NBC-Red: AMOS 'N' ANDY—sketch
NBC-Blue: EASY ACES—comedy sketch
CBS: POETIC MELODIES—Jack Fulton, Franklyn McCormack, Kelsey's orchestra
MBS: PALMER HOUSE ENSEMBLE

7:15 NBC-Red: UNCLE EZRA'S RADIO STATION—Pat Barrett
NBC-Blue: AMERICAN HOME PRODUCTS COMPANY
CBS: SONG TIME—Fatti Chapin, Howard Phillips
MBS: LES CAVALLIERS DE LA SALLE

7:30 NBC-Red: STRINGS IN SWINGTIME
NBC-Blue: LUM AND ABNER—comedy sketch
CBS: ORCHESTRA
MBS: THE LONE RANGER—Western serial

7:45 NBC-Red: JEAN SARLON
NBC-Blue: CHARLOTTE LANSING—soprano
CBS: BOAKE CARTER—news commentator

8:00 NBC-Red: ONE MAN'S FAMILY—sketch
NBC-Blue: ROY SHIELD'S REVUE
CBS: CAVALCADE OF AMERICA—guests, Voorhes' orchestra
MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

8:15 NBC-Red: LADY ESTHER SERENADE—Wayne King's orchestra
NBC-Blue: MARY SMALL'S JUNIOR REVUE
CBS: TEXACO FIRE CHIEF—Eddie Cantor, Deanna Durbin, Jimmy Wallington, Pinky Tomlin, Seymour Saks, Leonard's orchestra
MBS: ED FITZGERALD AND CO.—variety program

9:00 NBC-Red: TOWN HALL TONIGHT—Walter O'Keefe, Alice Forst, Van Steeden's orchestra
NBC-Blue: NBC'S STRING SYMPHONY—Frank Black
CBS: CHESTERFIELD PRESENTS—Deems Taylor, Kostelanetz' orchestra, guests
MBS: ORCHESTRA

9:15 MBS: CRIME CLINIC

9:30 CBS: PALMOLIVE BEAUTY BOX THEATRE—Jessie Dragonette, Charles Kullman, Al Goodman's orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA

10:00 NBC-Red: YOUR HIT PARADE
NBC-Blue: GENERAL HUGH S. JOHNSON—commentator
CBS: GANG BUSTERS—crime dramatizations, Phillips Lord
MBS: HOW ABOUT IT?—Sam Hammer

10:30 NBC-Blue: NBC MINISTRAL SHOW—Gene Arnold, Short's orchestra
CBS: U. S. CABINET SERIES
MBS: MELODIES FROM THE SKIES

10:45 NBC-Red: ALISTAIR COOKE—news commentator



Eddie Cantor



Mary Small



Ed Fitzgerald

MORNING

8:00 NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES
NBC-Blue: MORNING DEVOTIONS—organ and songs

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

8:30 NBC-Red: CHEERIO—talk and music

8:45 NBC-Blue: MORNING GLEE CLUB

9:00 NBC-Red: STREAMLINERS—Fields and Hall
NBC-Blue: BR E A K F A S T CLUB—variety program
CBS: MUSIC IN THE AIR

9:25 CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

9:30 CBS: GREENFIELD VILLAGE CHAPEL

9:40 NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

9:45 NBC-Red: LANDT TRIO
NBC-Blue: AUNT JEMIMA ON THE AIR—varieties
CBS: SONG STYLISTS—male quartet

9:55 NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

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: INSTRUMENTALISTS
MBS: MARRIAGE CLINIC—Frances McDonald

10:45 NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch
NBC-Blue: KITCHEN CAVALCADE—Crosby Gaije
MBS: HAROLD TURNER—pianist

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

11:15 NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch
CBS: HEINZ MAGAZINE OF THE AIR—Carol Kennedy's Romance, dramatic serial

11:30 NBC-Red: HALF PAST ELEVEN
NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADE—comedy sketch
CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL

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

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch
NBC-Blue: RHYTHM GIRLS
CBS: MERRYLAKERS
MBS: LUNCHEON MUSIC

12:15 NBC-Red: THE GOLDBERGS—sketch
NBC-Blue: TERRI FRANCONI—tenor
CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE—Edwin C. Hill, commentator



OCTOBER 7-14-21-28



Bing Crosby

12:30 NBC-Red: BAILEY AXTON—tenor
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—Walter Blaufuss' orchestra
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT—sketch
MBS: LEN SALVO—organist

12:45 NBC-Red: ARMCHAIR QUARTET
CBS: OUR GALT SUNDAY—sketch
MBS: WE ARE FOUR—sketch

1:00 NBC-Red: SOLOIST
CBS: BETTY AND BOB—sketch
MBS: MICROPHONE IN THE SKY—Earl Harper, interviewer

1:15 NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Ruth Lyon, Larry Larsen, Harvey Hays
CBS: H Y M N S OF A L L C H U R C H E S: BETTY CROCKER, cooking expert

1:30 NBC-Blue: LOVE AND LEARN—sketch
CBS: ARNOLD GRIMM'S DAUGHTER—sketch
MBS: LEN SALVO—organist

1:45 NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch
CBS: HOLLYWOOD IN PERSON
MBS: BLACKSTONE CONCERT TRIO

2:00 NBC-Red: NBC MUSIC GUILD
NBC-Blue: S T R O L L E R S MATINEE

2:15 CBS: JACK AND LORETTA—songs and patter
MBS: ORCHESTRA

2:30 NBC-Red: BALLAD WEAVERS
NBC-Blue: PIANO RECITAL
CBS: DALTON BROTHERS—novelty trio

2:45 NBC-Red: MEN OF THE WEST—quartet
NBC-Blue: MUSICAL ADVENTURES—Alma Schirmer, pianist
CBS: TED MALONE'S—Between the Bookends

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

3:15 NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch

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

3:45 NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
NBC-Blue: SWING SERENADE
MBS: RHUMBA RHYTHMS AND TANGOS

4:00 NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—comedy sketch
NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE—variety program
CBS: PIANO TEAM

4:15 NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch
CBS: NOVELTIES
MBS: TEXAS JIM LEWIS—and his cowboys

4:30 NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
CBS: U. S. ARMY BAND
MBS: ORCHESTRA

4:45 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch

5:00 NBC-Red: TOP HATTERS
NBC-Blue: PEGGY WOOD CALLING
CBS: FOLLOW THE MOON—Elsie Hitz, Nick Dawson
MBS: RADIOLAND ORCHESTRA

5:15 NBC-Red: ARCHER GIBSON—organist
NBC-Blue: STUART GRACEY—haritone
CBS: LIFE OF MARY SOTHERN—sketch

5:30 NBC-Red: JACK ARMSTRONG—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: SINGING LADY—children's program
CBS: ELSIE THOMPSON—organist
MBS: ORCHESTRA

5:45 NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: TOM MIX AND HIS RALSTON STRAIGHT SHOOTERS—juvenile serial
CBS: DOROTHY GORDON'S CHILDREN'S CORNER

EVENING

6:00 NBC-Red: NORSEMEN QUARTET
NBC-Blue: HARRY KOGEN AND HIS ORCHESTRA
CBS: RAY HEATHERTON—songs
MBS: ORCHESTRA

6:15 NBC-Red: TURN BACK THE CLOCK—Alice Remsen, George Griffin
NBC-Blue: DEAN OF HOLLYWOOD—Hobart Bosworth
MBS: STUDIES IN BLACK AND WHITE

6:25 CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

6:30 NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
CBS: SPORTS RESUME—Eddie Cooney, Paul Douglas



Patricia Wilder

6:35 NBC-Red: BERT AND LEW—songs and patter
NBC-Blue: TONY RUSSELL—tenor

6:45 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS—news commentator
CBS: GEORGE HALL'S ORCHESTRA
MBS: JOHNSON FAMILY—sketch, with Jimmy Scriber

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

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

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

7:45 NBC-Red: KIDODDLERS
NBC-Blue: CABIN IN THE COTTON—Southernaires Quartet
CBS: PATTI CHAPIN—songs

8:00 NBC-Red: ROYAL GELATIN PROGRAM—Rudy Valley, guests
NBC-Blue: GENERAL HUGH S. JOHNSON—commentator
CBS: KATE SMITH—Henny Youngman, Miller's orchestra
MBS: INTERNATIONAL SALON—Corinna Mura, Raul Nadeau, Stanley's orchestra

8:30 NBC-Blue: SOLOIST
MBS: FRED WARING'S ORCHESTRA

9:00 NBC-Red: MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT—Charles Winger, Tom Thomas, Nadine Conner, Patricia Wilder, Virginia Verrill, Warren Hull, Wilson's orchestra
CBS: MAJOR BOVES' AMATEUR HOUR
MBS: ORCHESTRA

9:30 MBS: PAT BARNES' OPERA HOUSE—varieties

10:00 NBC-Red: KRAFT MUSIC HALL—Bing Crosby, Bob Burns, Trotter's orchestra, guests
NBC-Blue: PICCADILLY MUSIC HALL
CBS: YOUR TRIP ADVENTURES—Floyd Robinson
MBS: WITCH'S TALE—Alonso Deen Cole, Marie O'Flynn

10:30 CBS: MARCH OF TIME—dramatizations
MBS: HENRY WEBER'S MUSICAL REVUE

11:00 NBC-Red: FOOTNOTES ON HEADLINES—John B. Kennedy, commentator
NBC-Blue: DANCE MUSIC
CBS: DANCE MUSIC
MBS: DANCE MUSIC



Kate Smith

MORNING

- 8:00 NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES
NBC-Blue: MORNING DEVOTIONS—organ and songs
- 8:15 NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's program
NBC-Blue: ISLAND SERENADES
- 8:30 NBC-Red: CHERIO—talk and music
NBC-Blue: WILLIAM MEEDEB—organist
- 8:45 NBC-Blue: FOUR SHOWMEN
- 9:00 NBC-Red: STREAMLINERS—Fields and Hill, orchestra
NBC-Blue: BREA KFAST CLUB—variety program
CBS: METROPOLITAN PARADE
- 9:15 CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL songs
- 9:25 CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 9:30 CBS: JACK BERCH AND HIS BOYS
- 9:40 NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 9:55 NBC-Red: LANDT TRIO
NBC-Blue: AUNT JEMIMA ON THE AIR—varieties
CBS: NOVELTEERS
- 9:55 NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 10:00 NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—sketch
NBC-Blue: STORY OF MARY MARY—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
MBS: MARRIAGE CLINIC—Frances McDonald
- 10:45 NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch
NBC-Blue: KITCHEN CAVALCADE—Crosby Gaige
CBS: RUTH AND BILL
MBS: HAROLD TURNER—pianist
- 11:00 NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
CBS: HEINZ MAGAZINE OF THE AIR—Judy Sanderson, Frank Crumit, Rolfe's orchestra, Carol Kennedy's Romance
MBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC
- 11:15 NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch
- 11:30 NBC-Red: HOW TO BE CHARMING—sketch
NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADE—sketch
CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch
MBS: MARTHA AND HAL—songs and patter

Fridays

OCTOBER 1—8—15—22—29

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

AFTERNOON

- 12:00 Noon NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch
NBC-Blue: U. S. MARINE BAND
CBS: RHYTHMAIRES
- 12:15 NBC-Red: THE GOLDBERGS—sketch
CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE—Edwin C. Hill, commentator
MBS: LEN SALVO—organist
- 12:30 NBC-Red: THE VAGABONDS
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—Walter Blaufuss' orchestra
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRIENT—sketch
- 12:45 NBC-Red: JOE WHITE—tenor
CBS: OUR GAL SUNDAY—sketch
MBS: WE ARE FOUR—sketch
- 1:00 NBC-Red: PIANO DUO
CBS: BETTY AND BOB—sketch
MBS: MICROPHONE IN THE SKY—Earl Harper, interviewer
- 1:15 CBS: BETTY CROCKER—cooking expert
- 1:30 NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Larry Larsen, Ruth Lyon, Harvey Hays
NBC-Blue: LOVE AND LEARN—sketch
CBS: ARNOLD GRIMM'S DAUGHTER—sketch
MBS: LEN SALVO—organist
- 1:45 NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch
CBS: HOLLYWOOD IN PERSON
MBS: THE THREE GRACES—and piano
- 2:00 NBC-Red and NBC-Blue: NBC MUSIC APPRECIATION HOUR—Dr. Walter Damrosch
CBS: NEWS THROUGH A TOMAN'S EYES—Kathryn Cravens
MBS: PALMER HOUSE CONCERT ORCHESTRA
- 2:15 CBS: JACK AND LORETTA—songs and patter
MBS: SID GARY—baritone
- 2:30 CBS: MONTANA SLIM
- 2:45 CBS: TED MALONE'S—Reverend the Bookends
MBS: BIDE DUDLEY'S THEATRE CLUB OF THE AIR



Dr. Walter Damrosch

- 3:00 NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
NBC-Blue: RADIO GUILD—dramatization
CBS: COLUMBIA CONCERT HALL
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 3:15 NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch
- 3:30 NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—sketch
CBS: THREE CONSOLES
- 3:45 NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
MBS: RADIO GARDEN CLUB
- 4:00 NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—comedy sketch
NBC-Blue: CARSON ROBINSON AND HIS BUCKAROOS
CBS: BOB BYRON—songs
- 4:15 NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch
NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE—variety program
CBS: AMONG OUR SOUTHERNS
MBS: TEXAS JIM LEWIS—and his cowboys
- 4:30 NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
CBS: BON VOYAGE
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 4:45 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch
CBS: DR. ALLAN ROY DAFUE
- 5:00 NBC-Red: ARTHUR LANGBARIONE
CBS: BON VOYAGE
CBS: FOLLOW THE MOON—Elsie Hitz, Nick Dawson
MBS: RADIOLAND ORCHESTRA
- 5:15 NBC-Red: WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS—dramatization
NBC-Blue: JACKIE HELLER—soprano
CBS: LIFE OF MARY SOTHEBY—sketch
- 5:30 NBC-Red: JACK ARMSTRONG—juvenile serial
CBS: DORIS KEENE—songs
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 5:45 NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: TOM MIX AND HIS RALSTON STRAIGHT SHOOTERS—juvenile serial
CBS: FUNNY THINGS—Nora Stirling's children's program
MBS: QUARTET



Jack Haley

EVENING

- 6:00 NBC-Red: EDUCATION IN THE NEWS—dramatization
NBC-Blue: HARRY ROGEN AND HIS ORCHESTRA
CBS: MARGARET DAUM—soprano
MBS: ORCHESTRA

- 6:15 NBC-Red: BARRY MCKINLEY—baritone
- 6:30 NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 6:45 NBC-Red: CAROL DEIS—soprano
NBC-Blue: SOLOIST
CBS: PAUL DOUGLAS—sports commentator
- 6:45 NBC-Red: RHYTHMAIRES
NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS—news commentator
CBS: FRANK DAILEY'S ORCHESTRA
MBS: JOHNSON FAMILY—sketch, with Jimmy Scribner
- 7:00 NBC-Red: AMOS 'N' ANDY—sketch
NBC-Blue: MARY SMALL—songs
CBS: POETIC MELODIES—Jack Fulton, Franklin McCormack, Kelsey's orchestra
MBS: PALMER HOUSE ENSEMBLE
- 7:15 NBC-Red: UNCLE EZRA'S RADIO STATION—Pat Barrett
NBC-Blue: FRAY AND BRAGIOTTI—piano duo
CBS: SONGS OF ITALY—Gogo de Lya, Jack Shannon
MBS: NOVELTEES
- 7:25 NBC-Red: EL CABALLERO
NBC-Blue: LUM AND ABNER—sketch
CBS: ORCHESTRA
MBS: THE LONE RANGER—Western serial
- 7:45 NBC-Red: BUGHOUSE RHYTHM
NBC-Blue: LOUISE FLOREA—soprano
CBS: BOAKE CARTER—news commentator
- 8:00 NBC-Red: CITIES SERVICE CONCERT—Lester Manners, Bourdon's orchestra
NBC-Blue: PONTIAC VARSITY SHOW
CBS: HAMMERSTEIN MUSIC HALL
MBS: CHARLOTTEERS
- 8:15 MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 8:30 NBC-Blue: DEATH VALLEY DAYS—dramatization
CBS: HAL KEMP'S DANCE BAND—Alice Faye
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 8:45 MBS: LET'S PLAY GAMES
- 9:00 NBC-Red: WALTZ TIME—Frank Munn, Lois Bennett, Lyman's orchestra
NBC-Blue: BELIEVE-IT-OR-NOT—Robert Ripley, B. A. Rolfe's orchestra
CBS: HOLLYWOOD HOTEL
Jerry Cooper, Frances Langford, Anne Jamison, Igor Gorin, Faic's orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 9:30 NBC-Red: TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS—dramatization
NBC-Blue: JACK HALEY
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 10:00 NBC-Red: FIRST NIGHTER—dramatization, Les Tremayne, Barbara Luddy
NBC-Blue: RALEIGH AND KOOL SHOW—Tommy Dorsey's orchestra, Morton Bow
CBS: COCA-COLA SONGSHOP—Kitty Carlisle, Frank Crumit, Reed Kennedy, Alice Corbett, Haenschen's orchestra.
- 10:30 NBC-Red: JIMMIE FIDLER'S HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP
NBC-Blue: LIEDERINGERS
MBS: CURTAIN TIME—dramatization
- 10:45 NBC-Red: PEOPLE IN THE NEWS—Dorothy Thompson, commentator
NBC-Blue: STRINGING ALONG—novelty program
- 11:00 NBC-Red: GEORGE R. HOLMES—Washington commentator
NBC-Blue: PROMENADE
CBS: DANCE MUSIC
MBS: DANCE MUSIC



Kitty Carlisle

MORNING

- 8:00
NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING
MELODIES
NBC-Blue: ISLAND SERENADERS
- 8:15
NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's program
NBC-Blue: DICK LEIBERT ENSEMBLE
- 8:50
NBC-Red: CHEERIO—talk and music
- 8:45
NBC-Blue: MORNING GLEE CLUB
- 9:00
NBC-Red: STREAMLINERS—Fields and Hall
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—variety program
CBS: RAY BLOCK—pianist
- 9:15
CBS: DALTON BROTHERS—novelty trio
- 9:30
NBC-Red: SPECIAL DELIVERY—dramatic serial
CBS: FIDDLER'S FANCY
- 9:40
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 9:45
NBC-Red: LANDT TRIO
NBC-Blue: AUNT JEMIMA ON THE AIR—varieties
- 9:55
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 10:00
NBC-Red: CHARIOTEERS—male quartet
NBC-Blue: SWEETHEARTS OF THE AIR—May Singh Breen, Peter de Rose
CBS: THE STRINGERS

- 10:15
NBC-Red: THE VASS FAMILY—children's harmony
NBC-Blue: RAISING YOUR PARENTS—juvenile forum, Milton J. Cross
CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL—songs
- 10:30
NBC-Red: MANHATTEN
CBS: LET'S PRETEND—children's program
MBS: VARIETY PROGRAM—Freudberg's orchestra, Norman Brokenshire
- 10:45
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
- 11:00
NBC-Blue: PATRICIA RYAN—songs
CBS: FRED FEIBEL AT THE CONSOLE
MBS: ED FITZGERALD AND CO.—variety program
- 11:15
NBC-Red: NANCY SWANSON—songs
NBC-Blue: MINUTE MEN—male quartet
- 11:30
CBS: COMPINSKY TRIO
MBS: U. S. ARMY BAND
- 11:45
NBC-Red: MELODY MEN
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA

AFTERNOON

- 12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: CONTINENTALS—Beatrice Lind, Josef Hontl, director
NBC-Blue: CALL TO YOUTH
CBS: JACK SHANNON—tenor
- 12:15
NBC-Blue: THREE MARSHALS
CBS: ORIENTALE
MBS: LUNCHEON DANCE MUSIC

Saturdays

OCTOBER 2—9—16—23—30



Betty Grable

- 12:30
NBC-Red: REX BATTLE'S CONCERT ENSEMBLE
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR
CBS: GEORGE HALL AND HIS ORCHESTRA
- 12:45
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL
- 1:00
NBC-Red: HAPPY JACK—tenor
CBS: CAPTIVATORS
MBS: MICROPHONE IN THE SKY—Earl Harper, interviewer
- 1:15
NBC-Red: ESCORTS AND BETTY
CBS: JIMMY SHIELDS—tenor
MBS: STEVE SEVERN'S PET CLUB
- 1:30
NBC-Red: CAMPUS CAPERS—orchestra, vocalists
NBC-Blue: OUR BARN—children's program, Madge Tucker
CBS: BUFFALO PRESENTERS
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 2:00
NBC-Red: YOUR HOST IS BUFFALO—orchestra, soloist
CBS: MADISON ENSEMBLE
MBS: MARY WILLIAMS—soprano
- 2:15
CBS: ANN LEAF—organist
- 2:30
NBC-Red: GOLDEN MELODIES—orchestra, vocalists
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
MBS: PALMER HOUSE ORCHESTRA
- 2:45
NBC-Blue: CADETS QUARTET
CBS: TOURS IN TONE
MBS: BIDE DUDLEY'S THEATRE CLUB OF THE AIR
- 3:00
NBC-Red: CONCERT MINIA-TURES
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: DOWN BY HERMAN'S
MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM
- 3:30
NBC-Red: WEEK-END REVUE—varieties, Levey's orchestra



Russ Morgan

- NBC-Blue: RICARDO AND HIS CABALLEROS
CBS: WALTZES OF THE WORLD
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 3:45
CBS: THE DICTATORS
- 4:00
NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE—variety program
- 4:30
NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
CBS: DANCEPATORS
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 4:45
CBS: ORCHESTRA
- 5:00
NBC-Red: VAGABOND ADVENTURES—Tom Terriss, Carol Deis, Ross Graham, Kiriloff's orchestra
NBC-Blue: LITTLE VARIETY SHOW
MBS: RADIOLAND ORCHESTRA
- 5:15
CBS: GREAT LAKES REVIEW
- 5:30
NBC-Red: KALTENMEYER'S KINDERGARTEN—varieties, Bruce Kamman, Kogen's orchestra
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA

NOTE:

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

EVENING

- 5:45
CBS: DOROTHY GORDON'S CHILDREN'S CORNER
- 6:00
NBC-Red: TOP HATTERS ORCHESTRA—Jan Savitt
NBC-Blue: VLADIMIR BRENNER—pianist
CBS: ORCHESTRA
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL
- 6:05
NBC-Blue: NICKELODEON—Sylvia Clark
- 6:15
MBS: SALLY JO NELSON—songs

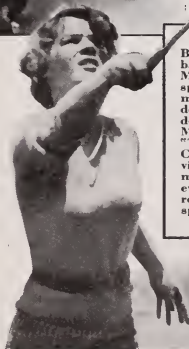
- 6:25
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 6:30
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
CBS: SPORTS RESUME—Eddie Dooley, Paul Douglas
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 6:35
NBC-Red: ALMA KITCHELL—contralto
NBC-Blue: WHITTIER MUSIC—John Tasker Howard
- 6:45
NBC-Red: THE ART OF LIVING—Dr. Norman Vincent Peale
CBS: MELODIES OF YESTERDAY
- 7:00
NBC-Red: EL CHICO SPANISH REVUE
NBC-Blue: MESSAGE OF ISRAEL—guests and music
CBS: ORCHESTRA
MBS: PALMER HOUSE ENSEMBLE
- 7:15
CBS: SONG TIME—Betty Grable, John Payne
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 7:30
NBC-Red: JIMMY KEMPER—Song Stories
NBC-Blue: UNCLE JIM'S QUESTION BEE
CBS: JACQUES JOLAS—pianist
- 7:45
NBC-Red: PIANO DUO
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 8:00
NBC-Red: MEREDITH WILLSON'S ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: HOMETOWNERS—Cliff Hall, Wires' orchestra
CBS: SATURDAY NIGHT SWING CLUB
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 8:30
NBC-Red: LINTON WELLS—That's Life
NBC-Blue: NOLA DAY—songs
CBS: JOHNNY HESKINEN'S RUSS MORGAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA—Charles Martin guests
MBS: MUSIC OF THE STARS—David Brokman's orchestra
- 8:45
NBC-Red: NBC CONCERT HOUR
NBC-Blue: NORSEMAN'S QUARTET
- 9:00
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL BARN DANCE—Joe Kelly
CBS: PROFESSOR QUIZ—Bob Trott
MBS: LOUISIANA HAYRIDE
- 9:30
NBC-Red: SPECIAL DELIVERY—sketch
CBS: SATURDAY NIGHT SERENADE—Mary Eastman, Bill Perry, Hanschen's orchestra
MBS: ECSTASY—Frederick Stark's orchestra, soloists
- 10:00
NBC-Red: NBC JAMBOREE—Kogen's orchestra, guests
NBC-Blue: DANCE MUSIC
CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE
MBS: OTILIO FARRARA AND HIS MEXICAN ORCHESTRA
- 10:15
MBS: HOLLYWOOD WHISPERS—George Fischer
- 10:30
NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 10:45
CBS: PATTI CHAPIN—songs
- 11:00
NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC
NBC-Blue: DANCE MUSIC
CBS: TED FIORITO'S ORCHESTRA
MBS: DANCE MUSIC

Now—this new Cream brings to Women the Active “Skin-Vitamin”

Applied right on the Skin—
this special Vitamin helps
the Skin more directly

**“IT’S WONDERFUL,” says
Mrs. C. Henry Mellon, Jr.**

one of the first women to use
Pond’s new “skin-vitamin” Cold
Cream. “It’s wonderful,” she
says. “My skin is so much bright-
er—and finer textured. The new
cream is even better than before.
Congratulations to Pond’s—and
to all women.”



Badminton and horse-
back riding are Mrs.
Mellon’s favorite
sports. Both of them
mean the out-of-
doors dries your skin.
Mrs. Mellon says:
“The new Pond’s Cold
Cream with “skin-
vitamin” in it keeps
my skin better than
ever. It’s never dry or
rough now, in spite of
sports.”

THIS NEW CREAM does more for the
skin than ever before! It contains
a certain vitamin found in many
foods—the “skin-vitamin.”

When you eat foods containing this
vitamin, one of its special functions is
to help keep skin tissue healthy. But
when this vitamin is applied right to
skin, it aids the skin more directly.

Here is great news for women!

First doctors found this out. Then
Pond’s found a way to put “skin-
vitamin” into Pond’s Cold Cream.
Now everyone can have Pond’s new
“skin-vitamin” Cold Cream!

**Famous beauty cream now has
“Something More”**

Pond’s Cold Cream has always been
more than a cleanser. Patted into

the skin, it invigorates it, keeps it clear,
soft, free from skin faults.

But now this famous cream is better
than ever for the skin. Women say its
use makes their pores less noticeable,
softens lines; best of all, seems to give a
livelier, more glowing look to their skin!

Same jars, same labels, same price

Already this new Pond’s “skin-vitamin”
Cold Cream is on sale everywhere.

The cream itself has the same pure white
color, the same delightful light texture.

But remember, as you use it, that Pond’s
Cold Cream now contains the precious
“skin-vitamin.” Not the “sunshine” vita-
min. Not the orange-juice vitamin. Not
“irradiated.” But the vitamin which espe-
cially helps to maintain healthy skin—skin
that is soft and smooth, fine as a baby’s!

TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS

**SEND FOR
THE NEW CREAM!**

Pond’s, Dept. 9834-L,
Clinton, Conn. Rush
special tube of Pond’s
new “skin-vitamin”

Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with
samples of 2 other Pond’s “skin-vitamin” Creams and
5 different shades of Pond’s Face Powder. I enclose
10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

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GOOD NEWS TO MILLIONS

**SCIENTIFICALLY
IMPROVED
EX-LAX**

NOW BETTER THAN EVER!



**TASTES BETTER
THAN EVER**

Ex-Lax now has a smoother, richer chocolate flavor—tastes like a choice confection! You'll like it even better than you did before.

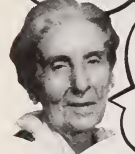
**ACTS BETTER
THAN EVER**

Ex-Lax is now even more effective than it used to be. Empties the bowels more thoroughly, more smoothly, in less time than before.



**MORE GENTLE
THAN EVER**

Ever famous for its mildness, Ex-Lax is today so remarkably gentle in action that, except for the relief you get, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.



.. and you'll

FEEL BETTER
after taking it!

PEOPLE everywhere are praising the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax! Thousands have written glowing letters telling of their own experiences with this remarkable laxative

"I always liked the taste of Ex-Lax," many said, "but now it's even more delicious!" ... "It certainly gives you a thorough cleaning out!" was another popular comment ... "We never dreamed that any laxative could be so gentle—you'll feel better after taking Ex-Lax!" hundreds wrote.

And right they are! For today Ex-Lax is better than ever! A more satisfactory laxative in every way! ... If you are suffering from headaches, biliousness, listlessness or any of the other ailments so often caused by constipation—you'll feel better after taking Ex-Lax!

Your druggist has the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes. The box is the same as always—but the contents are better than ever! Get a box today!

FREE! If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. MM-117 Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta. Brooklyn N.Y.

Now improved—better than ever!

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

WEST COAST CHATTER

Topical tidbits and tidings of your favorites among Hollywood's air stars



Jeanette MacDonald, pictured in a scene from the film musical, *Firefly*, is the new star of *Vicks Open House*, heard Sundays at 7:00 p.m. EST over CBS.

THE ABNERS, or rather the Norris Goffs, have had just one celebration after another this last month. For one thing, Mr. and Mrs. Goff celebrated their eighth wedding anniversary with a gala party at the Trocadero. And then Mrs. Dora Goff, Abner's mother from Mena, Arkansas, was visiting here for a couple of weeks, which called for a whole series of parties. Mrs. Goff admitted that she was quite pleased over Norris' success. "Goodness knows he was far from a success as a grocery clerk," she said, "so I'm glad he's found something he can do right. You know, the whole family's always been a little crazy—but Norris is the first one to make any money because of it!"

Looks like wedding bells for Carlton KaDell and Paula Winslow. Carlton's just bought a big and beautiful new house out in Beverly Hills—and the interior decorating has all been in charge of Paula.

And 'tis definitely wedding bells for Elinor Harriot, which means that Amos will lose his *Ruby*, Andy will lose his little girl and the *Kingfish* will lose a wife. When Elinor was in Palm Springs with Amos 'n' Andy, she met Frank Nathan, a Los Angeles business man, who lost no time in presenting her with a diamond ring. They'll honeymoon in Hawaii next month.

We understand that there's never been a great deal of love lost between Jeanette

MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. It seems that Nelson is just a little burnt up, now that Jeanette has landed as star of that air-show for which he formerly warbled. Of course it's true that Mr. E. turned down the chance to work again for the same sponsor. But he's just realizing now that while Jeanette will be the whole show on her broadcast, he'll just be plain second fiddle to a dummy on the *Chase and Sanborn Hour*.

Nelson is a *Sensitive Soul* when it comes to publicity, too. He tries to keep his private life a deep, dark secret at all times. So much so, in fact, that he recently moved into a new home, way out on Misty Mountain, in order to get far from the madding throng. But the other day, Nelson moved back to Beverly Hills. He found his mountain too lonesome!

Nadine Conner bought twelve lovely evening gowns before taking the train for Hollywood, expecting to take the town by storm when she wore them on *Show Boat*. Imagine Nadine's chagrin to find, upon arriving, that she would have to wear old-fashioned crinolines! Now she wishes that hard-earned money had been invested in a dozen pairs of slacks!

Incidentally, Tommy Thomas and Nadine are appearing everywhere together. They met in New York, but it took Hollywood to develop a romance between the

two. Nadine lives with her mother at Sunset Beach—and you can find Tommy there most of the time.

◆
It's quintuplets at the Jack Oakies! Jack's been passing out the cigars around town with a laxish hand. For his Afghan pup has just presented him with five little Afghans. Mr. and Mrs. Oakie have just moved into that lovely new home at the Pacific Palisades. But neither of them is half as interested in the house as in the dog kennels. They're really going into dog-raising in a big way and expect to make plenty of pin-money.

◆
Here's a tip for housewives—and from Gracie Allen, of all people. She has a new way of solving the servant problem and says it works like a charm. When Gracie hires a new maid or cook, she puts her under contract with options. If she pans out well, the option is renewed at an increase of salary.

◆
Marion Talley really had a serious time of it when she and her appendix parted company. But she's out of the hospital now and looks better than ever. Marion says she's rarin' to go on her new program.

◆
Here's the inside story on the Alice Faye and Tony Martin romance. It's romance only on Tony's part—and just a very good friendship as far as Alice is concerned. Seems that the studio cooked up that love affair between the two, and now that Alice has gained so much prominence, she doesn't feel that it would be fair to Tony's career to announce that it's all over. One of those mix-ups that could occur only in Hollywood.

◆
It's nothing for Hattie McDaniels to knock off the family wash before coming for the Thursday Show Boat airing. Success hasn't gone to Hattie's head—says that frying chicken is still her idea of the best time in the world. But with her first pay check from the show, she really splurged. Bought herself two electric stoves for her home—so she can turn out the fried chicken twice as fast.

◆
The Bob Burns' new home is really something. It's a fifteen-room affair in a swanky neighborhood and done in de luxe style both inside and out. But did you know that all the decorating was done by Mrs. Beth Alexander? She's the mother of Ben, you know, who's getting fame and fortune with that Not For Ladies program.

◆
Jack Benny's secretary has a time of it. For Jack is pretty absent-minded and has a habit of saying: "Just remind me of that, will you?" The other day, when said secretary handed him his social security card, Jack asked what in the world that could be. "That," she explained, "gives you a pension when you're sixty-five." "Oh, yes," said Jack, "just remind me of that, will you?"

◆
Latest studio strike was out on the set of Ali Baba Goes to Town. Twenty Arabs went into a sit-down because Director Butler told some Arabian princes that they were going to have the rôles of thieves in the picture. They refused to lose caste, even in celluloid. When Butler finally gave in, the Arabs began calling him "Effendi"—meaning something like honorable gentleman in Arabian. Eddie Cantor, the star



● "Now wait a minute, Mrs. Zebra. What's your hurry? Stop and catch your breath. Look at your poor little colt—he's winded and all of a lather! You really shouldn't let a baby get so hot."



● "I'll fix him up, though. Just leave it to your Uncle Dudley. A good rub-down with gentle, cooling Johnson's Baby Powder and he'll be fit as a fiddle and rarin' to go again."



● "Imagine, Mother—Mrs. Zebra has been trying to raise a baby without Johnson's Baby Powder!...She'd no idea how to stop chafes, rashes and prickly heat. Seems odd in this day and age, doesn't it?"

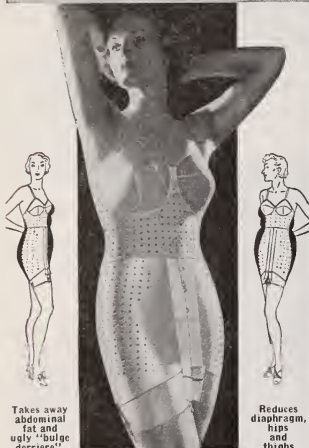


● "I love the feel of Johnson's Baby Powder—it's so much softer and finer than lots of powders. Keeps my skin just perfect." . . . And perfect condition, Mothers, is the skin's best protection against infection. Johnson's Baby Powder contains no coarse, scratchy particles—it's made entirely of finest Italian talc—no orris-root. Your baby needs Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too—and if he's very young, the new Johnson's Baby Oil, which is stainless, pleasantly fragrant and cannot turn rancid.



JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

QUICKLY CORRECT THESE
4
FIGURE FAULTS
 PERFOLASTIC NOT ONLY CONFINES
 . . . IT REDUCES UGLY BULGES



Takes away abdominal fat and ugly "bulge derriere"

Reduces diaphragm, hips and thighs

IF YOU DO NOT REDUCE 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS . . . it will cost you nothing!

Thousands of women today owe their slim youthful figures to the quick, safe way to reduce . . . Perfolastic "Hips 12 inches smaller," says Miss Richardson, "Lost 60 pounds and reduced my waist 9 inches," writes Mrs. Derr, "I used to wear a size 42, now I take size 18" says Mrs. Faust, "Never owned a girdle I liked so much—reduced 26 pounds," writes Miss Marshall. Why don't you, too, test the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere at our expense?

Immediately Appear Inches Slimmer!

■ You need not risk one penny . . . simply try Perfolastic for 10 days without cost. You will be thrilled with the results . . . as are all Perfolastic wearers! You appear inches smaller at once, and yet are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfolastic garments the gentle pressure and massage-like action are actually reducing hips, waist, diaphragm and thighs . . . the spots where fat first accumulates.

No Diets, Drugs or Exercise!

■ You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. No strenuous exercise to wear you out . . . no dangerous drugs to take . . . and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. The Perforations and soft, silky lining make Perfolastic delightful to wear. And with the loss of excess fat will come increased pep and energy.

■ See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks . . . safely! You risk nothing. Mail coupon now!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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Dept. 5311, 41 EAST 42nd ST., NEW YORK, N.Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET in plain envelope describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of Perforated material and particulars of your 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name

Address

Use coupon or send name and address on penny postcard



Franca White, California-born songstress who sang with Nelson Eddy on the Vicks show last year, abandoned the West this summer to join Don Voorhees on the *Cavalcade of Music* program, heard Wednesdays at 8 p.m. on CBS.

of the picture, wondered why he wasn't being called "Effendi," too. It was explained that Eddie didn't deserve the title, because he's only playing a lowly Arab. From now on, says Mr. Cantor, he'll read the scripts for his pictures with greater care. He can't afford to lose caste, either!

Radio fans are doing away with autograph books and using candid cameras in their stead. After the *Show Boat* airing the other day, Virginia Verrill wasn't asked to sign a single autograph, but on coming out of the broadcasting station was met by a battery of fourteen candid cameras. However, some of the fans still prefer the good old John Henry—though not in autograph books. Charles Winninger was handed a live turtle and a knife when he came out—with the request to carve his name on the animal.

Here's the lowdown on why Buddy Westmore took that surprise plane trip to New York when Martha was there. Seems that when Buddy called his bride at her hotel one day, Martha's mama answered the phone. She informed Buddy that if he was calling to ask Martha to finance a trip to New York for himself, he might just as well hang up. The infuriated Buddy did just that—and called up brother Ernie Westmore. Ernie then called Mama Raye, gave her a good piece of his mind, and then bought Buddy a plane ticket East.

Too bad if in-law trouble breaks up that happy couple.

We hear that when Buddy arrived, Martha's mama kept insinuating that he ought to go home. And that Buddy kept insinuating that he intended to stay. Which is just what he did—and Mr. and Mrs. Westmore sneaked off for a week's second honeymoon between New York and California—and alone.

Joan Crawford was furiously knitting between scenes of *The Bride Wore Red*, her current picture. She completed six baby blankets, all told. And they're for the Gary Coopers, the Robert Youngs and Irene Hervey and Allan Jones—all of whom expect to be proud parents pretty soon now. Joan always knits two apiece—one pink and one blue, just in case.

Tyrone Power was coming out of the Fox commissary the other day when a girl rushed up to him. "May I have your autograph, Mr. Cantor?" she asked. At least, that's Eddie's story!

The liveliest set in town was on Bobby Breen's new picture, *Make a Wish*. There were one hundred and sixty children in it. One day cameramen were nearly wild when they discovered some ten thousand dollars' worth of film missing, which had been packed in flat tin boxes. The film was finally discovered—being used by the boys

as first, second and third base markers for their ball game!

When Dorothy Lamour's not at the mike, she can be found out at the Samuel Goldwyn Studios, hard at work on her new picture, *Hurricane*. Dorothy's really taking a terrible beating out there, due to the thirty-two powerful wind-machines which can produce a hurricane at the touch of a switch. For her long hair gets so tangled on every shot that it takes three combers to yank the knots out of the Lamour locks.

The other day at a rehearsal of the Chase and Sanborn show, Bobby Armstrong turned to the crooning Dorothy and yelled: "Pianissimo, Dorothy!" Dorothy's expression gave way to one of absolute blankness. Husband Herbie Kaye, who was visiting at the time, doubled up with laughter, then finally cried: "Softer, you lug, softer!" And that, said Herbie, shows how much influence he's had on the little woman. For Herbie, you know, is an orchestra leader from 'way back.

Charlie Butterworth is turning into the life of the party around town. The other night the frozen-faced comedian was spotted at a gay night-spot, escorting no less than six lovely ladies. The manager was so impressed that he presented Charlie with a straw hat, lavishly trimmed with parsley, carrots and butterflies, which Mr. B. wore all through dinner. Later, he did a tap-dance which would have put Fred Astaire to shame. But only because Charles insisted that it was Fred who taught it to him.

Hollywood's radio colony will be increased by some fifty persons when the *One Man's Family* lands in town. And all the Hollywood hillsides are being scoured by the cast. None of them are objecting to long-term leases on homes, so it looks like the *Family* will not go back to San Francisco at all.

You won't have to wait for television to see Hollywood Hotel in person. For Warner Brothers are hard at work right now on a picture by that name. Campbell's gave them permission to use the title for the moon pitcher, providing the studio would include an actual Orchid Room feature. So you'll be seeing Frances Langford, Jerry Cooper, Igor Gorin, Anne Janison, Ken Niles, Raymond Paige and Louella Parsons, all in celluloid.

Since the Freddie Bartholomew feud still hasn't been settled out at Metro Studios, the youngster who's pulling down the highest salary on the lot is Judy Garland. After making that success in *Broadway Melody of 1938*, Judy was given a raise in salary—and a picture of her own. She'll be starred in *Swing Fever*. But Judy's not having any extra trouble with her budget on account of it. She still gets a weekly allowance of fifty cents.

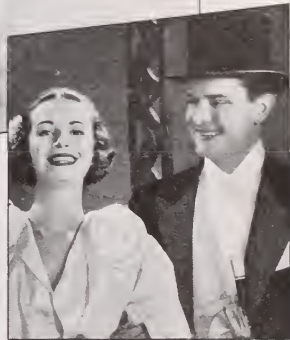
When Al Pearce left the East for California, one of his bon voyage gifts came from Henry Ford. It was a shiny new car—with a note from Henry explaining that though it had the body of a Ford, it had the spirit of a Lincoln. And the license reads "CBS—9 PM"—just so Al wouldn't forget the time and place of his broadcast!

—LOIS SVENSRUD.

Prelude to Allure...



**THIS
LOVELIER
WAY TO
AVOID
OFFENDING**



A LOVELY DENVER BRIDE WRITES—"Who o pity that every girl doesn't bathe with Coshmere Bouquet! For this deep-cleansing perfumed soap removes body odor so completely . . . keeps you so sweet and clean. And then Coshmere Bouquet leaves its flower-like perfume clinging to your skin. No wonder Coshmere Bouquet is called the lovelier way to avoid offending!"

SO BEFORE YOU GO STEPPING OUT, take this wise precaution! Bathe with Coshmere Bouquet—the perfumed soap that keeps you *fragrantly dainty!* Long after your bath, Coshmere Bouquet's lingering perfume still surrounds you. But remember that only o perfume as rare as Coshmere Bouquet's has this *lingering* quality. You won't find it in ordinary scented soaps.

MARVELOUS FOR
YOUR COMPLEXION, TOO!

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



NOW ONLY 10¢ at drug, department and ten-cent stores

TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED
CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

GIRLS!

TEACH YOURSELF TYPING

Easy! With Royal's free Instant Typing Chart and a latest model Royal Portable with full-sized keyboard and other "big machine" features.



MOTHERS!

SEND YOUR CHILDREN THROUGH SCHOOL FASTER



Students with Royal Portables win higher marks—stand a better chance for higher-paid jobs. Let them try a Royal at home free!

WIVES! HELP YOUR HUSBANDS IN BUSINESS

Help him get ahead faster, make more money—with a Royal Portable. See what a help it is—in your home at Royal's risk!



ACT NOW! free home trial

WHY WAIT? Today you can own a factory-new, latest model Royal Portable on your own terms . . . try it out at home free—prove to yourself what it will do for your whole family . . . then pay cash, or as little as only a few cents a day!

Royals are the finest portables made! Beautiful lines and finish. Sturdy. Simple to use. Standard full-sized keyboard and smooth, easy action. The coupon brings full details. No obligation to buy.

ONLY A FEW CENTS A DAY

FREE

CARRYING CASE, Handsome, durable, instantly convertible. Remove the typewriter and have a perfect week-end case.



OWN A

ROYAL Portable

Typewriter on your own terms

WHY WAIT?

ROYAL TYPEWRITER CO., Inc.
Dept. A 211, 2 Park Ave., New York City
Tell me how I can own— for only a few cents a day—a latest model Royal Portable—with Carrying Case and Instant Typing Chart, FREE.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
I already own a _____ Typewriter,
Serial No. _____ Tell me how much you will allow on it as a CASH payment on a new Royal.

TYRONE POWER WOULD LIKE TO MARRY, BUT—

(Continued from page 21)

push and push until it opened—and having it suddenly give way, hurling you off balance with such force that it left you off-side—I am still stumbling!"

How it happened is one more Hollywood fairy tale. After two years of repeated discouragement, almost getting something, but never quite, Tyrone reluctantly turned his back on Hollywood and set out for New York.

A stopover in Chicago delayed him somewhat and played a certain part in his eventual success. It was Fair time in Chicago, and Tyrone was persuaded by some young friends to try out for the Circuit Theatre productions. He was engaged, but the remuneration was small so he decided to audition at NBC and soon found himself signing on the dotted line. Actually, the contract was of little value, as there was no emolument connected with it, it merely limited him to the NBC air waves, and no opportunity presented itself of demonstrating his ability. He read the comics, he played an occasional small part on the *Grand Hotel* program, he read commercials. Except that it marked the beginning of his friendship with Don Ameche, with whom he has been associated in pictures, he had little to show for the passing weeks.

His only real break was when he was engaged to play in *Romance*, starring Eugenic Leontovich, and at the conclusion of the play's eight weeks' run, he decided he had better continue his interrupted trip to New York.

More disappointments awaited him in that city, but he was fortunate in being the guest of Michael Strange, poet and playwright, and her husband, Harrison Tweed. The Tweeds were more than helpful to their young house guest, but were far from realizing his actual financial state. Tyrone was elated when he had a chance to appear on an NBC program and cheerfully walked from 86th Street to Radio City—at least, he thought, he could ride back! But at the conclusion of the broadcast, he was informed a check would be mailed to him. Swallowing his disappointment, he waved an airy okay—after all, walking was good exercise!

After that, he appeared several times on the *Roses and Drums* program. More recently, he was featured in a skit on Rudy Vallee's program. But radio was to prove no *open sesame* to fame. However, while Tyrone was desperately hanging on, unwilling to write home for help or to leave New York, what he still considers the best break he ever had was right around the corner. Helen Menken, with whom he had played in Chicago, had talked to Guthrie McClintic, famous stage director and husband of Katharine Cornell, about young Power and Tyrone received a call from him and was immediately signed to understudy Burgess Meredith, who was playing the lead in *Floccers of the Forest*, starring Katharine Cornell.

When the play closed, Miss Cornell saw that Tyrone had a contract for the next season, and he returned to Cincinnati for a few weeks' vacation with his mother, with the pleasing consciousness of that precious paper rustling in his pocket.

"It was like Miss Cornell to realize what it would mean to me to have the actual contract in my possession," Tyrone commented. "She is the most understanding person . . ."

Tyrone played *Benwolio* in Miss Cornell's production of *Romeo and Juliet* that fall, after a few weeks with a summer stock company at West Falmouth, Massachusetts. And now the familiar Hollywood tale repeats itself—talent scouts caught up with him, endeavoring to entice him back to the cinema city. Tyrone, however, continued with Katharine Cornell a while longer, playing with her in *St. Joan* and profiting immeasurably by his association with her and her company.

But he took time out for a screen test, and Darryl Zanuck of 20th Century-Fox was quick to realize that the boy had something. The gates that had seemed so formidable swung open and Tyrone found himself inside . . .

Lloyds of London was his first big opportunity. Almost overnight, the movie world was Tyrone Power conscious, the girls and women crazy about him, the fan mail piling up. But Tyrone is much more than a handsome boy, a boy with that mysterious appeal that women of all ages find so irresistible. He has looks and physical attraction to a degree, but above and beyond that, he is an actor. Seasoned critics and fine actors have recognized his ability and are confident that he is tops among the younger actors and will remain tops.

And Tyrone himself has not been bewildered or misled by his quick success, but is intent on forging ahead, on striving for further achievement. As a matter of fact, he prefers character parts, something he can get a grip on. In a rôle of the handsome leading man type, he is ill-at-ease, self-conscious. What he wants is not just to photograph well, but a chance to act.

"A few years ago," he admits, "if anyone had asked me if I'd like to be right where I am now, I would have thought it was the ultimate goal. It was what I longed for, dreamed of. But it is like anything else—when you reach one goal, you see another beyond it. There is always something more to strive for . . ."

That is why he likes the forceful part he has in *In Old Chicago*. And why he is very much excited over the radio opportunity which is his at last—under *Woodbury* sponsorship, on the NBC network, he is to do a series of half-hour plays and not only to have the lead but to have a voice in selecting his vehicles. It is a thrilling opportunity, to a boy of twenty-three.

It is the habit of movie studios and

press agents, these days, to manufacture romances for their young actors and actresses. Because of his popularity and natural interest in the opposite sex, Tyrone's excellent material. His romance with Sonja Henie began this way, as a good press story for their picture, *Thru Lee*. Oftentimes, such an artificial romance leads to a real love story; sometimes it leads to a broken heart—sometimes it remains merely a press story, no more.

In this case, Tyrone and Sonja came to be genuinely fond of each other, real friends, enjoying their companionship and, perhaps, ignoring for a while deeper implications. It seems likely now that Sonja's emotions were the more deeply involved of the two. In any case, this romance, rumored on and off so many miles by the press, is not likely to lead to marriage, for while Tyrone is no more fickle than any other boy of his age, he definitely is not ready for marriage and his tastes change, his attentions wander from one pretty girl to another.

When I suggested that the two girls he s with most constantly, Sonja and Loretta Young, seemed to me as different as two girls could be, Sonja being the forthright sportswoman and business woman, the almost masculine type, while gracious and gentle Loretta was essentially the languid, clinging vine type, Tyrone agreed. "That's another reason why I shouldn't marry," he grinned.

After a moment, he went on: "I still believe that some day I'll meet a girl who combines all the qualities I like. A professional woman, probably—and I don't mean necessarily an actress, but a girl who

is doing something, who has that quality of awareness peculiar to people who lead active lives of one sort or another . . ."

There is one quality Tyrone is particularly wary of and that is possessiveness. He doesn't want to be "the world and all" to any woman, the center of her interests, the hub of her universe. That is one reason why a girl with a career appeals to him, for her interests are necessarily divided and she would be less demanding than the girl who was merely wife and sweetheart.

Tyrone is very independent, somewhat self-willed, occasionally stubborn. He has to live his own life, to shape it as he thinks best, to feel free, not bound to anyone's apron-strings. After years of devoting herself entirely to Tyrone, of being absorbed in his welfare, his development, his mother has found it necessary to adjust herself to this independence of spirit. Not that he isn't grateful for all she has done—he is thoroughly appreciative, utterly devoted. But he is at the age which has to make its own mistakes, abide by its own decisions. And the girl who falls in love with him would be wise to recognize that only a loose rein will serve in holding this spirited young man.

In spite of his youth, he is wise in his way of living, investing his money carefully through "Uncle Frank" Adams, the friend and financial adviser who stood by him in the lean years.

He lives quietly with his mother in Beverly Hills.

"Probably I am the only actor in Hollywood who has neither a swimming pool nor a bar!" he remarked.

He is a loyal friend. Tommy Noonan, his stand-in and pal, was a former schoolmate, and he has kept in touch with other boyhood friends. He did splurge to the extent of buying a Cord, but though he likes a good time as well as the next fellow, he is working too hard to have much time for sports or for night clubs. He loathes parties where people always say the same things, but enjoys a twosome or foursome for dinner and dancing.

He is, when all is said and done, a normal, talented boy, his ingratiating ways, his charming manners, his gay good humor and love for fun offset by a keen conception of what he wants of life, a strong determination to reach his goal, a sense of values, strengthened by vivid memories of the lean and difficult years. He won't waste time fighting windmills, but he won't let anyone divert him from the path he has chosen.

Success is his goal and his excellent training, plus his native ability, have him well on the road. When he decides upon marriage, he will bring the same qualities to it and the girl he chooses will be lucky, indeed.

"Of course, you can theorize," he summed it up lightly, "and make up your mind to do this or not to do that, but it is always possible something will happen to change your mind. I mean it when I say I don't want to marry, for lots of reasons—and good reasons! But if I happened to meet somebody, I might feel differently—tomorrow!"

"Or even today?" I suggested.
He grinned. "Or even today!" he admitted, after a moment.

YES, I'M STILL SINGLE



DO YOU LIKE TO BE SINGLE, MISS ELLEN?

TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, JUDY, I DON'T! I'D LOVE TO HAVE A LITTLE GIRL LIKE YOU!

THEN WHY DON'T YOU DO WHAT MAMA SAID? SHE SAID YOU WOULDN'T STILL BE SINGLE IF YOU ASKED THE DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH

MY BREATH! WHY, JUDY? IS THAT...

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

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!"

Not-No BAD BREATH behind her SPARKLING SMILE!

THREE MONTHS LATER— THANKS TO COLGATE'S

AND MISS ELLEN SAYS I CAN HAVE THE BIGGEST PIECE OF HER WEDDING CAKE!

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

20¢ LARGE SIZE, over 35¢ Giant Size, over twice as much.

FAYE FOR GOOD LUCK

(Continued from page 28)

FREE!
MEASURING GLASS
WORTH 35¢



FREE WITH ZONITE

Use Zonite For —

1. **BAD BREATH**—Gargle, rinse, brush teeth with Zonite dilution. Zonite removes causes of halitosis—kills tobacco breath, even onion breath!
2. **DANDRUFF**—Zonite actually destroys dandruff and all scalp germs—*at contact!* Ends nasty scalp odor. Use Zonite scalp treatment when washing head.
3. **CUTS AND WOUNDS**—Zonite kills many kinds of germs, not just one or two. Then tissues heal in *less time!* Apply Zonite wet dressing *at once!*
4. **SORE THROAT**—Zonite kills "cold bugs" at start! At first sign of irritation, gargle every 2 hrs. with Zonite dilution.
5. **"ATHLETE'S FOOT"**—Zonite treatment gives quick relief from itching. For prevention, bathe feet in Zonite solution.

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



Shows teaspoons and also table-spoons. Ends guesswork whenever you are measuring medicines.

will and genuine courage give force to her character. There also is an underlying moodiness, a thoughtfulness that her superficial gaiety belies.

When I saw her, after her accident, the wide blue eyes still mirrored fear at her narrow escape, her tenderly curved mouth quivered nervously, her slim, long-fingered hands torn at her handkerchief. So much that she had worked and striven for had almost eluded her, almost slipped from those sensitive, eager fingers. But her chin was up, she was ready for her cue, ready with a bright smile, a toss of her honey-colored head, to dance onto the stage, to sing in her warm contralto: "You can't have everything—"

Alice was born in New York City on May 5th, 1915. Her ancestors on both sides were Americans from Colonial days. Before that, strains from France and Germany, England and Ireland mingled, ultimately to produce this quicksilver girl with the Irish smile and Irish moodiness.

There never was any idea beneath her mop of blonde hair but to play make-believe, to play theatre. School she endured as long as she had to. She went ice-skating in Central Park, she rode a bicycle, learned to swim—still her favorite sport—and otherwise disported herself as any healthy, growing girl. But by the time she was eleven, dancing school had thrilled her and ambition had begun to stir beneath her curls.

At thirteen, she registered at the *Ziegfeld Follies* offices for chorus work and was called for a tryout. Her disappointment, when she was turned down on account of her youth, was extreme. But she kept on with her dancing, appearing in several big entertainments, perfecting her tap routines, and a year later had an engagement with the Chester Hale unit at the Capitol Theatre.

Thrilled, she broke the news to her family. They yielded reluctantly to her persuasions and Alice was definitely embarked upon her chosen career.

The family name of Leppert had been discarded. *Faye* was chosen because Frank Fay was a bright and shining star on Broadway at that time and Alice thought it might bring her luck. Not in the least superstitious, Alice yet had a deep inferiority complex. Taking the new name gave her an assurance she sorely needed. But oddly enough, even after years of steadily mounting success, she stands as much in need of outside assurance today as she did then. The fact that she has made the name *Alice Faye* famous, that she is today a star in her own right, with no need to lean on someone else's name, has not increased her self-confidence. Her family, her friends, her associates still frequently have to boost her spirits, to bolster her faltering ego. Success came too hard, there were too many hours of dark discouragement for her to believe it is real, enduring.

After her first appearance on the *Chesterfield* program, she was convinced that she was no good, certain that she could not go on again. But, although her acci-

dent intervened between that and the next performance, she went on like the trouser she is, coming out of the hospital and, after a brief rehearsal, going gaily into her song for the first broadcast at 4:30 and repeating at 7:30, in spite of torn nerves and a bruised and aching body.

It was Rudy Vallee, the presiding genius over so many careers, who first recognized Alice's ability to put over a song. After touring with the Chester Hale unit, Alice was engaged to do a dance specialty at Hollywood Gardens on Pelham Parkway in New York. While there, she had an opportunity to try out for a spot in the chorus of *George White's Scandals*, starring Rudy and his *Connecticut Yankees*. At a party, during the *Scandals* run, guests were induced to make records of their voices. Alice nonchalantly sang *Mini* to the whirling wax disc, little dreaming how that stunt was to alter her career. But Rudy, to whom one of the guests brought Alice's record, was so impressed with her vocal talent that he gave her an opportunity to sing with his *Yankees* during the run of the show.

Today, Cole Porter and Irving Berlin concur with Rudy's judgment, agreeing that they would rather have Alice Faye introduce one of their songs than any other girl now before the public.

Another of Alice's faithful boosters is Walter Winchell, who long has sung her praises.

Alice's picture career began when she came to Hollywood with Rudy to appear in the film version of *Scandals*. Scheduled to sing one number, she presently found herself in the leading rôle, turned down by Lillian Harvey as too unimportant. Before the first week's shooting was over, she had been signed to a term contract. And the six weeks she had planned to spend in Hollywood slipped into months, the months into years.

Today Alice rents a lovely home, with a swimming pool, in popular Beverly Hills. Success has brought her many pleasures, but it has brought many worries, many changes, too.

"We all are changed," she confessed, with a wistful smile. "All this—makes a difference."

Alice's family, joining her in Hollywood, found various niches for themselves. In the height of her first success, her father was taken from them, a loss that shocked Alice so terribly that for a time it seemed impossible for her to pull herself together, to go on with her career. But the inevitable adjustments had to be made. Life goes on. The romantic lead in Shirley Temple's *Poor Little Rich Girl* helped her to carry on.

Her brother Charles, starting in at the bottom to learn the production end of the movie business, today is an assistant director. Her older brother, William, is Alice's mentor and business manager. Charles and her mother share an apartment, where they can entertain and enjoy life without worrying lest their programs interfere in any way with Alice's, or, more vitally, with her need of quiet and

rest. Alice's mother loves Hollywood and gets a rich pleasure out of her daughter's success and her sons' achievements in their different lines.

Bill and Alice live in her lovely house and he guards her zealously against unnecessary interruptions, controlling her career with the complete authority she was only too glad to give him.

"I need to be alone," she explained. "It was too much, having all four of us in one house. Of course, Mother comes and stays with me frequently, but she enjoys entertaining at her own place and Charles has his friends, too. But I have been working without a break since last August, going from one picture to another. I am nervous and moody—I have to be able to get away from people, to be by myself, to relax and rest as much as I can. I don't enjoy meeting, mixing with people—I never know what to say.

"I don't mean I don't like parties." Her face lighted with a sudden gay smile. "Of course I love to dance, to go to the night spots with a few friends, to entertain them at my home. But I just can't do much of it when I am working. In fact, I really don't have much fun—I miss a lot—there just isn't time to see people, to do things—"

As for romance, for marriage—well, Alice herself says: "I don't talk about it, I don't think about it. It just happens, I suppose. When it does, you adjust yourself, adjust your life to it. But I hope it doesn't happen to me for awhile. I haven't had enough fun. . . .

"Tony Martin?" She repeated my question. "Well, of course, we have lots of fun together. We like the same things, music, dancing." She held out a slim ankle with a tiny platinum chain linked around it. "He gave me that. But we are not in love. Tony is too young. We both are too young and our careers too new, to think seriously of marriage for a long time yet. Marriage ties you down too much. It is bad enough to be tied down by studio and radio, without having any additional ties!"

Tyrone Power is another of Alice's very good friends. They share the same birthday and celebrated together this year with a party and a group of friends. And when Tyrone had his first real opportunity, Alice volunteered to make his test with him and recently Tyrone reciprocated by suggesting that they make the tests for *In Old Chicago* together. Tyrone and Alice are the love interest in this picture and Alice enjoys working with him, and with Don Ameche, also a good friend, for whom she cannot say enough. Don and Alice are the ace ribbers on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot. So far, I think, it is a draw between them, for though Don has something of a reputation for playing pranks, Alice manages to hold her own pretty well.

When Alice first became a Hollywood resident, she sent not only for her family but for her best friend, Betty King, who became her stand-in. Today Betty is married and the mother of a young son, so that Alice does not see as much of her as formerly. But Alice is preeminently a loyal friend and you will find everyone who comes in contact with her singing her praises loyally in return.

In radio, as on the movie lot, she makes

Disappointing Rough Hands

made
Soft, White and Young!

HANDS LOOK OLD when the skin cells lose their special beautifying moisture. But Jergens soon replaces the lost moisture, because it goes into the skin.



NOW **"WE'RE GOING TO BE MARRIED"**

YOUNG, soft hands—romantic hands—have a rich supply of moisture in the skin cells.

Look out! Wind, cold, even ordinary use of water—tend to dry out that moisture. Then your hands are soon like old hands—rough, much coarser!

Jergens Lotion helps prevent this, because it *sinks in*, replaces lost moisture. Of all lotions tested, Jergens goes in the most completely. Even neglected hands soon regain youthful softness! Jergens' two ingredients are used by many doctors to make harsh, rough or chapped skin soft and white. For lovely hands—use Jergens every time you've had your hands in water. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—\$1.00 for the large economy size—at any beauty counter.



FREE! PURSE-SIZE JERGENS!

See for yourself at our expense how Jergens soaks into the skin—soon softens and whitens dry, rough hands.

MAIL THIS COUPON

Andrew Jergens Co., 1635 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O.
(In Canada, Perth, Ontario.)

I'd like to try Jergens Lotion. Please send me—free—my purse-size trial bottle.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

• WALTER WINCHELL tells all every Sunday night...NBC Blue Network...Coast-to-Coast

DRY SKIN

Smoothed Nature's Way

Here's the Amazing New Beauty Cream That Both Cleanses and Dissolves Dry Scaliness First Application



THE SAME GIRL

See how old and unattractive dry, rough skin makes you look. Here the skin looks dull. Powder flakes off. Make-up appears harsh due to dry, dead, scaly cells that cause roughness, which are not properly dissolved and removed.

See how young and appealing smooth skin makes you look. TAYTON'S CREAM not only cleanses but dissolves dry, dead cells of youth to lubricate and dissolve the scaly, rough, live skin. Powder stays on longer.

Both a Cleansing and Night Cream



At last science has found a way to both cleanse and help combat Dry, Rough, Aging Skin, Shiny Nose, Blackheads and Enlarged Pores. Beauty editors are writing about it! Thousands praise it! . . . The very first application of this new beautifier, TAYTON'S CREAM, releases precious ingredients, triple whipped that melt powder dry, dead, scaly cells that cling, causing roughness, lines to show more plainly and away to flake off. Stimulates underskin. Awakens sleepy tissues. Arouses oil glands. Lubricates dryness. Aids nature like oils of youth to do bring out new, live, fresh skin, smoother, softer, younger looking—vastly more attractive.

MAKE THIS THRILLING NEW BEAUTY TEST UNDER GUARANTEE

TAYTON'S CREAM is the most advanced cleansing and beauty cream known to the cosmetic art and you can prove it under money back guarantee. Give your skin these thrilling new beauty benefits. Get a 10c or 25c jar of guaranteed TAYTON'S CREAM at your 10c store today. Use it to cleanse with and also as a night cream. It must make your skin smoother, softer, look younger the first application, powder stay on longer, make-up go on more smoothly, or your money will be refunded. If your 10c store has not as yet stocked TAYTON'S CREAM and other beauty preparations refuse a substitute and ask the manager to get TAYTON'S for you.

NEW GLAMOUR MAKE-UP

Latest rage! New ravishing, double liddable matched colors give you glamorous appeal. Get TAYTON'S new non-messy LIPSTICK, new blending ROUGE and silk-sifted POWDER. See TAYTON'S color chart in 10c stores. Ask for TAYTON'S and discover the new Hollywood make-up thrill!

At 10c Stores



Holidays over, Kate Smith says goodbye to Chief Two Young Men, in Banff, Canada, to return to her Thursday night programs over the CBS network.

friends quickly and keeps them forever. "She is grand to work with, a wonderful girl, a grand good scout, a great guy," are the sort of comments you hear when you wander around asking people what they think of Alice Faye. "She's swell." And the way they say those two words is a paean of praise any girl might well be proud of.

Recently an extra on the lot lost her purse. The story had hardly got around when an envelope appeared, with the missing sum. Because the girl thought the thief had repented and returned the cash, an investigation was started. Presently they uncovered the fact that it was Alice who, hearing the story and sensing the girl's need, had tucked the bills into an envelope. Accused of making the anonymous gift, Alice shrugged: "What the heck? I've got plenty of money."

Money is, in fact, the least of her concerns. Of course she enjoys what she has. She loves beautiful clothes—although, as a matter of fact, she dresses very simply, wearing, for the most part, tailored suits and print dresses—and it is nice to be able to indulge whims, whether they are for expensive perfumes or for making others happy. Mostly, she wants to be really good in her profession, to dance and sing to the satisfaction of movie and radio fans—and some day, perhaps, to be able to travel and to play enough to make up for the young girlhood she sacrificed on the altar of her career. For she knows now that fourteen is too young to go to work, to embark upon such a demanding profession. But she really wouldn't have it otherwise. This, after all, is what she wanted, what she still wants above everything.

"As long as they want me," and there is an underlying pathos in the words—that inferiority complex again—"I'll be around."

In explanation of her style of singing, of putting over a song, she says: "People want you natural, I think." And that, above all, is what Alice Faye is. In spite of the glamour of her success, in spite of Hollywood ways and Hollywood whispers, in spite of superficial changes, Alice remains the same girl she always has been, so lacking in artificiality that it is almost startling. She wears very little make-up,

a dash of lipstick, her long lashes slightly darkened, her soft amber curls brushed lightly back from a still childish face. Her manner is direct, sincere. She will do nothing for effect, anything for a friend.

Comparisons are always invidious and it is unfortunate that Alice has so frequently been compared to Jean Harlow, that her hair was platinumed, at first, that now her biggest rôle should be inherited from Jean, so untimely removed from the Hollywood scene. But Alice is determined to be herself, to make the rôle her own and to prove that no jinx shadows her career.

"Anyone might have fallen," she said sturdily, referring to her tumble down the studio stairs.

Anyone might have fallen, but not many would have pulled themselves together again and carried on as determinedly as Alice. *Wonderland*, for her, is a land of hard work, a land where you can't let the other fellow down, a land where you have got to do always a little bit more than is expected of you, never less. So Alice girds on her armor, shuts her house door carefully on her moods, dons a gay smile, her lips curved merrily over some new wisecrack, her eyes shining with her eagerness to please, with gratefulness for the warm response with which her efforts always are met, with gratitude for all and sundry who have helped her in whatever way, and an eager hand outstretched to help in return.

If you have seen only the play-girl, you are looking at the picture the wrong way. Turn it about—hold it in front of the mirror—and see the blithe and valiant girl, earnest, hard-working, almost too anxious to please.

The piper plays and Alice dances—and loves it. But beneath the glamorous exterior is the little Faye girl, wondering if it is real, if it will last—if you really like her!

She strives to please and there is nothing half-hearted about her striving. How well she succeeds, you can discover by a flick of your dial these Friday evenings.

Personally, I think that Alice, however much she *thinks* she would like to run away and play, will be with us a long time yet.

LOVE IS WORTH WAITING FOR

(Continued from page 33)

"Then, a few months later, I was offered a job in a show, and the next day Joe called me and offered me a job with WOR. I should have known then that the joy I felt in turning him down meant something! But I didn't know much about psychology and such things as over-reaction, in those days, and didn't realize how important he was to me, even then.

"Funny about psychological reactions, how some of them work against you and others for you. When a child, I adored my father and mother above all reason, and justly so. It seemed to me that no other children had such parents as mine, so generous and fine and full of kindly humor.

"I remember how I loved hearing them talk Russian at home (for they had come to this country after they were grown) and how softly the language fell from their lips.

"They spoke with an accent, and I realize now how fascinating that accent of my mother's is, with its little way of slurring certain words and turning T's into S's and Z's, and how charming her friends find it today, just as they did when I was a child. But to me it was different from the way the mothers of my school chums talked and, because children are the most conventional, undiscerning little wretches on the face of the globe, I agonized over it.

"Strange, isn't it, but it was that stupid, childish reaction that is responsible for my success in radio today, for it made diction so important to me that I did everything I could to improve my voice and speech. It was the thing that always meant most to me and it's because I gave it so much thought and worked so hard with it, that it has brought its own measure of success to me.

"It was just as well that I didn't know so much about psychology then, for I would have realized that I was compensating in working so hard on my voice and probably would have laughed at myself and done nothing about it. But if I had known more about it when I first met Joe, I would have had so many more happy years with him.

"But I didn't know how important he was to me, during all those years. We used to meet sometimes in the studios, but I thought it was just a friendly interest we had in each other that used to make the room seem to come alive, just because he was in it, and when we met on the street I thought it was just that his conversation happened to be interesting to me that made me stand on and on talking to him.

"Joe says that he always knew just how he felt about me but that I gave him no encouragement. But I didn't know I loved him. I must have expected that a gong would sound or bells would ring, or something, when I fell in love!

"There was the time I did Joan of Arc for the *Eveready Hour* and I got such a kick out of doing it and I was so disappointed afterwards because nobody called to congratulate me. But Joe called, early the next morning, and somehow, after that, it didn't matter that no one else had. He

2 Big Radio Shows: Sunday 7 P. M. (EST) famous guest stars featuring JEANETTE MacDonald... Mon., Wed., Fri. 10:30 A. M. (EST) TONY WONS. Both on Columbia Network.



"You're all the family I've got, Molly-o"

"I don't want you to come down with a bad cold. We're going to tackle it right now—at that very first sneeze. I'll just put a few drops of this Vicks Vapo-TRO-NOL right up your nose.

"Now the other side.

"There. Doesn't that feel fine! Notice how clear and comfortable it makes your head. Bet you couldn't sneeze now if you wanted to!

"Sure, Mummy does all this when she's here. But, shucks, I've got to keep up with the times, too, if I'm going to take care of a young lady all by myself.

"You know, Honey, Vicks made this Vapo-Tro-nol on purpose for people's noses, 'cause that's where 3 out of 4 colds start.

"Even when I forget and wait till my own head is stuffed up tight, just a few drops are generally enough to let me breathe nice and easy again. And if you get after the cold early, like I'm doing with yours, why, lots of times it never does grow up into a real cold.

"Course, some colds are plumb stubborn and get by no matter what you do. If you don't feel all better tonight, we'll get out the good old Vicks

VAPORUB and give your chest and back a good rubbing, like Mummy does. Remember how good it made you feel that night when you started coughing?

"There's nothing like VapoRub when you're tight and achy with a cold. You seem to feel it working right through your skin and all the time you're re-breathing in those grand Vicks vapors. Before you know it, you're sound asleep just as if you'd never had a cold at all."



Molly's father certainly knows what to do about colds. He must have read the special folder that comes in each Vicks package—"Vicks Plan for Better Control of Colds in the Home."

In the largest clinical tests ever made on colds—tests in which 17,353 people were subjects—Vicks Plan cut sickness from colds more than half! Vapo-Tro-nol and VapoRub are the only medications used in Vicks Plan. You'll find it a simple, practical guide that any mother (or daddy) can easily follow.



53
25
27
OVER 53 MILLION VICK AID'S USED YEARLY FOR BETTER CONTROL OF COLDS

VICKS

<p>VAPORUB</p> <p>For double direct action (stimulation-inhalation) if a cold should develop</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Helps PREVENT many colds</p>	<p>VAPORUB</p> <p>For double direct action (stimulation-inhalation) if a cold should develop</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Helps END a cold sooner</p>
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FELLOWS NEVER LOOKED AT HER



until she found
a way to add

11 LBS. QUICK
with **IRONIZED YEAST**



NEVER HAD A DATE WHEN SHE WAS THIN. NOW EVERYBODY REMARKS ABOUT HER BETTER LOOKS, AND SHE HAS ALL THE DATES SHE WANTS!

Posed by professional models

I KNOW what it is to be skinny and pale. The fellows never look at you. Finally I got Ironized Yeast tablets. Soon I felt a lot peppier, my skin got smooth and in just 4 weeks I reached eleven pounds. Everybody says how pretty I've gotten and I have all the dates I want."—*Ella Craig, Lancaster, S. C.*

Thousands gain 10 to 25 lbs.

Skinny, friendless girls who never could gain an ounce, have easily gained 10 to 25 pounds, normally rounded curves, in this new easy way—in just a few weeks! What is more, this new discovery has given them naturally clear skin and normally lovely color, new pep and charm, loads of new friends and popularity.

Scientists have discovered that many are thin and run-down simply because they do not get enough yeast vitamins (Vitamin B, and iron in their daily food. Without these elements you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building food out of what you eat. One of the richest sources of marvellous health-building Vitamin B is the most yeast used in making English ale.

Now by a new and costly process, perfected after long research, the vitamins from this imported English ale yeast are concentrated to 7 times their strength in ordinary yeast! This 7-power vitamin concentrate is then combined with three kinds of strength-building iron—organic, inorganic and hemoglobin iron; also pasteurized English ale yeast. Finally, for your protection and benefit, every batch of Ironized Yeast is tested and retested biologically to insure its very high vitamin strength.

The result is this new easy-to-take, marvellously effective little Ironized Yeast tablets which have helped thousands of the skinniest people who needed their vital elements quickly to gain just the normally attractive pounds, natural development and peppy health they longed for.

Make this money-back test

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

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer: Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once out of 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 Health," absolutely free! It's the very first package—or money refunded. At all drugstores, Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 311, Atlanta, Ga.

WARNING: Beware of the many cheap substitutes for this successful formula. Be sure you get the genuine IRONIZED YEAST.

always called me after every important show and I waited for those calls, but if anyone had asked me how I felt about him then, I would have insisted he was the merest acquaintance, and believed it, too!

"One awfully hot morning we met in one of the studios and Joe suggested we go to a beach. So we went to Jones Beach and spent the day there and afterwards we had dinner and drove back to the city. It was different after that. I knew Joe was important to me.

"We have so much in common. That's awfully important in marriage, I think, speaking the same language and understanding each other thoroughly. And we both are radio people who have pioneered and worked for it so long that we feel we have sort of a prior right to it.

"Always before, when I had a date with a man, I would take it for granted that he would take me out to dinner or to a theatre or dancing. But it was different with Joe. I didn't want him to take me places. I used to come home and cook dinner for him, and sitting around, talking with him, was more exciting than going any place in the world. And I realized that it's only with men that you don't care for that you need all the glamorous embellishments. When a man has glamour for you, that's all he needs.

"I had been planning a trip to Havana, and went on with my plans, but when I spent all my time there just missing Joe, there seemed to be only one solution and we accepted it. We got married."

Only really happy women look the way Rosaline Greene looks when she speaks about her marriage and the new world it has opened for her. For it is a world a man and a woman have created for themselves, a world truly glamorous because it is built on reality.

They supplement each other, these two, just as their work does, for they work in the same medium, without being competitors or rivals.

But, even more than all that, is that knowledge they have of each other, that getting to know each other so slowly and so surely in the years that went into building their friendship. It's important that they liked each other before they loved each other and that they admire each other's instincts and qualities.

"Joe is tall and dark and charming," Rosaline says, describing him. "And he has a genius for human contacts. So few men bother to be gracious, or have social consciousness, but he has so much of it and is so warm and friendly and interested in everyone."

And it's Rosaline's courage and stamina that endeared her to Joseph Barnett from that first moment of meeting him, when she sat in his office, so small and serious, and outlined her ambitious plans to him.

There was a time when Rosaline didn't need courage, especially, but even then she had it. That time when she was a kid, out in Hempstead, Long Island, and her father owned a big department store there and they lived in a lovely, gracious house and owned one of the first cars to come out on the market, and there was a governor to look after her and her four brothers and sisters. In those days her courage resolved itself in being a sort of super tomboy, who didn't hesitate at any physical feat to prove herself as athletic and spunky as any of her brothers, that

drove her into becoming the expert swimmer and sportswoman she is today.

But there's another kind of courage that isn't as spectacular or as colorful as physical daring and Rosaline proved that she had that kind, too. The quiet, inward courage that nobody notices much, because it is hidden deep in a person's character.

Many a girl would have felt beaten by fate and given up, when, used to money and the things money will buy, it was all taken away from her at the time when she needed it most. But Rosaline wasn't like that. When her father lost his money, just at the time she had planned to enter college, she just went ahead and worked her way through.

Radio was nothing in those days, but she was fascinated by it and got a job with the *HGY* studio in Schenectady. She was going to college in Albany, so it meant an hour and a half trolley ride, twice a week, to earn the \$7.50 a week she got for those early broadcasts, getting the rest of the money she needed by typing manuscripts.

It's this mixture of talent and courage and utter femininity that has given Rosaline the place she holds in radio today.

She enjoys her work on the *Charm Hour* and has never ceased to wonder at the perfect union that exists between Phil Spitalny and the thirty girls who make up his orchestra.

"The spirit shown in that outfit is incredible," she says.

"Those thirty girls are all such good friends, and not one of them ever has displayed a single jealous or catty instinct. Phil Spitalny deserves a lot of credit for this, both in picking the right type of girl and in maintaining that smooth unity that exists among them. He's awfully smart in handling those girls. He never shows partiality toward any of them and he's always so quick to praise them when they have put across a particularly good performance.

"He notices little things, too, and women like that in a man. Whenever anyone of them has a new hat or new dress, he always comments on it. Sometimes he doesn't like the dress or hat, and he tells them so, and his opinion counts with them. They will take criticism from him as eagerly as praise, because they know he is just and impersonal."

When our President's wife, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, was to begin her series of radio talks, Rosaline wanted the opportunity of announcing for her, more than she had ever wanted anything else. For that reason she felt nervous and unsure of herself when she auditioned for the job and was so sure she had made a miserable failure of it that she began apologizing when the sponsors called her the next morning.

But they had called her to tell her the job was hers.

"It was such a privilege, being associated with Mrs. Roosevelt," she says, and her face reflects her admiration. "She is a real human being, warm and generous, with a grand sense of humor. Her vitality is astonishing and she is very much interested in her radio work and corrects and changes her scripts up to the very moment she is going on the air. She is most moment in earnest and sincere about it than many people whose careers and livelihood depend on it.

"Absolutely without affectation, she is

WHEN IT'S "TWO ON THE AISLE"
ADD TO YOUR OWN DRAMA WITH

GLAZO'S "Misty" Tints



Ben Alexander, youngest of the Hollywood commentators, is a film veteran of 22 years. Only 25 now, he conducts the *Not for Ladies* show on NBC, Wednesdays.

affable and gracious and has a genuine love for people that shows in everything she says and does.

"And her simplicity should be a lesson to lesser individuals, who wrap themselves around with pretensions and grandeur.

"NBC had put aside a special elevator for her use, but I doubt if she knew she was being privileged, as there always was a group of friends with her and that private car always was well filled.

"The first evening after her broadcast, an imposing majordomo came hurrying toward her, as she got out of the elevator, and told her that he'd take her to her car.

"But Mrs. Roosevelt just smiled in that bright, frank way of hers and said: 'I haven't any car. We'll walk!' And left him staring after her incredulously.

"That sort of simplicity, so utterly devoid of affectation, is a heart-warming thing to see in anyone in her position. Talent and brains notwithstanding, heart is what is needed in human beings, and I am afraid enough people don't know it."

Rosaline Greene knows about heart, though, just as she knows of all the other worthwhile things that go to make a real human being. Thirteen years ago, when she was a girl starting in college, she hitched her ambition to a star—a small, unimportant star that turned out to be that dazzling comet, radio, streaking up the sky to world-wide importance. But she hitched her heart to other things, to simplicity and graciousness and understanding, and that was the ballast that kept her firm in the giddy flight to success.



*Glazo's stunning
"sunfast" colors
wear days longer*

BROADWAY hit or neighborhood movie...when you're stepping out with your own leading man for an evening of gay entertainment...you'll want to play up your own glamour with a Glazo manicure.

In exciting "Misty" colors, Glazo lends new allure to your hands...dramatic accents to smart

costumes. Enhance the beauty of your fingertips with any one of these misty, smoky shades—Shell or Old Rose, Thistle, Rust or Russet, Suntan, Dahlia, or Imperial Red—and rejoice in the admiration of your spectators.

A lasting joy is Glazo to the well-groomed girl. For its lustre lingers on the nail...defying sun to fade it or the day's activities to chip or peel it. And every drop in that economical, new, larger 25-cent bottle remains smooth, free-flowing to the end.

To score in your Personal Appearance, wear Glazo's misty tints.



GLAZO

The Smart Manicure

TAKE NO CHANCES
with 1/2 Way Tooth Pastes



Do this
**FOR A TRULY
ATTRACTIVE
SMILE**



Your dentist will tell you: for gleaming teeth, keep gums healthy too. So don't trust to half-way measures. Begin tonight with the two-way care dentists advise.

1. Clean teeth by brushing all surfaces with Forhan's in the usual manner.

2. Massage Gums briskly with 1/2 inch of Forhan's on the brush or finger. Results are amazing! Gums are stimulated—soon there's a new youthful lustre to your teeth.

Forhan's toothpaste, created by an eminent dental surgeon, was especially designed to do both vital jobs—clean teeth and safeguard gums. It contains a special ingredient found in no other toothpaste. End half-way care. Use Forhan's tonight! Also sold in Canada.

FORMULA OF R. J. FORHAN, D. D. S.

Forhan's

**DOES
BOTH JOBS**

**{ CLEANS TEETH
SAVES GUMS }**

Tint away the
STREAKS
of GRAY

(Test Bottle **FREE**)



Have ever-youthful looking hair this SAFE way. Merely combing clear liquid through hair brings desired color: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Gray goes—streaks disappear. No fear of washing or rubbing off on garments. Hair stays soft, fluffy. Takes wave or curl. Ask druggist for full-sized bottle on money-back guarantee.

Insist on Mary T. Goldman's. Or test it Free.



FREE TEST—We send complete test package Free. Snip off a lock of hair... Test it first this safe way. No risk. No expense. 3,000,000 women have received this test. Mail coupon.

MARY T. GOLDMAN

2321 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....
Color of your hair.....

HOW SWEET IS HOME SWEET HOME?

(Continued from page 41)

birthday party." Miss Swarthout laughed. Then she added, with that serious charm that is characteristic of her: "However, I shall always love Deepwater. For the inhabitants are among my most loyal radio and picture fans. At least fifty percent of the population has written to me. They seem to take a personal pride in the little Swarthout girl, who was born in their own town. And that makes me very happy, even if I could never wish to return to Deepwater to live."

Lanny Ross, beloved by all of us, would not wish to go back to live in his home town, either. But the Packard star's reasons are entirely different from the prima donna's. "I wouldn't want to return to Seattle, my birthplace, to live," Lanny said slowly, "because I'm afraid all the wonderful things I remember wouldn't live up to my memory of them."

"I'll never forget fishing in the lake there," Lanny said. "It was one of my great delights as a boy. Then, I can still remember the lemonade stand I had on the hill in the summertime. I often think of the days I sold holly in Seattle, in the winter. What wonderful times we had in those days! There were sixty children on our street—just think of it—sixty! And we played games in the quiet summer evenings. Surely there's no place in the world where children can have such fun as in Seattle! I like to keep the old dream perfect," handsome Lanny declared quietly. "I wouldn't want to go back and find things weren't quite as ideal as I remember them."

"I left home first when I was four years old," he continued. "But I went back there and didn't leave for good until I was fourteen. My first trip to New York was made because my father appeared in a play there. When I left again, it was to go to New York, too. But this time I was the hero of the occasion. I left to be a choir boy at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine."

Lanny looked out of the window thoughtfully. "I've never been back to visit Seattle," he said slowly. "Perhaps I'd feel differently, if I returned. Perhaps I'd like all the modern improvements so much that I'd be willing to exchange them for my old dreams. Perhaps! But I wouldn't take the chance. So I'll still say that I don't want to go back to Seattle to live."

Irene Wicker, *The Singing Lady*, whom you hear over NBC four times weekly, wouldn't like to return to her home town of Quincy, Illinois, to stay forever. "I wouldn't choose to do this," Irene told me. "You see, Quincy is a typical, small Mid-Western town. The interests of the people there are simple. The inhabitants are wrapped up in their own activities. I couldn't be happy there, because of these reasons. Besides, I don't want to sound smug, but my own interests have grown in different directions since I left there. And too, I couldn't continue to grow broadly and develop, in Quincy. The facilities just aren't there."

"I left Quincy at fifteen, to go to the

University of Illinois," Irene continued. "I took all the dramatic work there I could find. It was at college that I met Walter (*The Singing Lady*, in private life, is Mrs. Walter Wicker), and we were married when I was only seventeen. Walter had to go to Florida; later we both went to Chicago; and now we're making our home in New York," Irene told me. "So I never did get back to Quincy to live. But when I lived in Chicago, I used to go back there to visit sometimes, over week-ends. Walter and my two children and I would drive down there. Everyone was awfully nice and friendly to me. And I liked the peace of the place. But I was always glad to get back to work again," Irene said slowly. "And now that I'm living in New York and broadcasting almost daily, I don't see how I'll ever be able even to visit Quincy again. And I'd like to do that, even though I wouldn't like to go back home to live."

When Phil Ducey, the radio singer whose voice is such a joy to all of us, was asked: "Do you want to return to your home town some day and live there permanently?" he replied: "I wouldn't care to do that. My home is a little farm near Macy, Indiana. Although I was brought up there and enjoyed the life, I certainly wouldn't want to return there to live permanently. Of course, Macy still is my beloved home town. I like to think of it and remember my experiences there. Yet I couldn't be as happy in Macy now, or at any future time, as I was as a small boy."

"The main reason why I shouldn't like to return to my home town to live," Phil explained, "is that I would miss all the phases of the life I've found in New York: the theatre, the opera, and the concerts—which I suppose most native New Yorkers take more or less for granted—have become almost indispensable to me. Besides, I've made many friends in this city. I'd miss them tremendously, were I to return to Indiana."

"In fact, I left home, in the first place, to go to New York, because my big ambition always was to make a niche for myself in the world of music. I felt that New York offered opportunities, which did not exist in my home town, to further that ambition. The event which actually precipitated my coming East was my winning, unexpectedly, a scholarship to study at the Juilliard School of Music in New York," Phil stated. "This was a chance I couldn't afford to pass up."

But now that he's a success in the big city, Phil Ducey often visits his home town. "I really make an annual pilgrimage to Macy," the radio star commented. "I love the country now as much as I did when I was a small boy, and then there is the added inducement of many old friends and relatives to visit. My wife enjoys these visits to Macy, too. She and I grew up together, you know, on adjoining farms. And both of us retain close mutual friendships there. I now own the family homestead in which I passed my

RADIO STARS

boyhood, and my sister, Edith Duey, lives there," Phil told me. "My reception in Macy invariably is heart-warming. My old friends and my family make a delightful fuss about my being a product of Macy, and are nice enough to take a lively interest in my work. So I have a wonderful time in my home town, when I visit it, even though I wouldn't care to live there permanently."

Lucille Manners, *Cities Service* star, is the one exception that proves the rule that radio stars wouldn't like to return to their home towns to live. For Lucille, alone of the eight celebrities I questioned, said: "Yes, I'd like to live in Irvington forever some day. I call Irvington, New Jersey, my home town. For, although I was born in Newark, my family moved to Irvington when I was a baby. I'd like to live there, because my family and friends are there. And it's nice to be around people you've known all your life." the blonde Miss Manners enunciated. "I only left Irvington because it was too inconvenient to travel back and forth to New York, and I have to be in New York for rehearsals and broadcasts," Lucille explained. "But I often go back to visit. Why, just recently, I was the guest of honor at the alumni meeting of our high school. Everybody made a great fuss over me and I loved it," Lucille said naively.

But, I repeat, Miss Manners is the one exception who proves the rule! Moreover, she also is the sole celebrity I interviewed on this question who only became a star a few months ago. I wonder how she will feel ten years from now?

Joe Cook, comedian, was born in Evansville, Indiana. But: "Much as I like Evansville and my friends there, I couldn't say that I'd like to go back and live there permanently," Joe declared. "You see, it wouldn't be practical. Evansville is too far away from the center of show business and radio. And I hope to stay in these fields indefinitely. But I love Evansville. I've visited there many times, and still know a good many people in the town. I've even played in Evansville several times, and the people gave this local boy a big hand on each occasion. This was particularly kind of the folks," Joe continued, "because, after all, I was only a little boy when we moved away. I left because my mother sold her house there and moved to New York. And though I wouldn't want to live in Indiana permanently, I certainly love my home town."

Rose Bampton, Metropolitan Opera star, who has sung on the *General Motors, Firestone*, Bing Crosby programs, and many other prominent radio hours, would never wish to live permanently in Cleveland, where she was born, or in Buffalo, where she went to school. "I don't know which place you'd call my home town," the lovely, tall young singer declared laughingly. "But I wouldn't care to return to either of them to stay forever. I have too many interests now. I couldn't find enough music in Cleveland or Buffalo—the kind to which I've grown accustomed. I'd miss the opera, the concerts and the theatre in New York terribly. Besides, I've grown away from my old friends," Rose said thoughtfully. "I haven't

seen them for any long periods of time since I left Buffalo to go to the Curtis Institute to study. I've been back to visit in Buffalo often," Miss Bampton told me. "Everyone was lovely to me. I've been very happy there. In fact, I can have a very good time when I visit my home town for a short while," Miss Bampton said. "But I would never wish to live in either spot forever."

When I asked Richard Himber the red-headed conductor, if he'd ever care to return to his home town to live, he replied in the decided negative. In fact, what Dick said characteristically was: "No! For what? As a matter of fact, I never liked my home town, Newark, New Jersey. I was a lone wolf there, with very few playmates for whom I cared. My parents were kind, and they were wealthy and could give me everything, when I was very young. But, nevertheless, they spent their time in pastimes for which I happened to have no inclination—playing cards and going to parties. So when my father lost his money and I was forced to leave home and make a career for myself, I really had no pangs about leaving my home town," Dick explained. "No, I seldom go back to visit. And I wouldn't live there permanently—of course not. For what?" repeated Richard Himber.

So you see, despite the old adage that there's no place like home, surprisingly few radio stars would actually choose to return to their home towns to live permanently. If given their choice, many other celebrities would say that, home sweet home would not be sweet forever!



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DISCOVERED ALL OVER AGAIN

(Continued from page 37)

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SATINMESH



A merry foursome around the mike are Jack Haley and Joe E. Brown, guests, Virginia Verrill and Warren Hull, regulars, on *Maxwell House Show Boat*

again, I forgot all about the mike. I hadn't had an audience in four years, outside of my wife and son, and I always suspected they were in on passes.

"The trouble is, I'm always tempted to desert the microphone and play direct to the audience. After all, audiences paid for my meals for years, and it takes a lot of will power to turn my back on the customers and sing into a metal gadget, even though it's the gadget that's buying the groceries now."

Jack Haley is still a song-and-dance man at heart. He likes the warmth of the applause, and he likes everything else about show business. His best friends are Fred Allen, Benny Rubin, Jack Benny, George Burns and Gracie Allen, all of whom he knew back in the two-, three- and sometimes four-a-day vaudeville circuits. Those, to Jack Haley, were the days.

He likes to recall, for instance, the time, back in 1925, when Haley and McFadden followed Julia Arthur, the Shakespearean actress. The McFadden part of the act was Flo McFadden on-stage and Mrs. Jack Haley off, and the two of them waited in the wings with fear and trepidation while the great Julia played *Hamlet*, with all the stops out. A fine spot for a pair of comics, thought the trembling Haleys. Finally the end came—Hamlet's villainous uncle had just been killed, and Julia, in a sepulchral voice, pronounced her final words: "The good is before—the worst remains behind!"

With the audience in tears, out came Haley and McFadden. "Did you hear that?" shouted Jack. "Do you suppose she meant us?" The customers promptly forgot the Bard and settled down to the more mundane offerings of Haley and McFadden.

And the time at the Stanley Theatre in Pittsburgh, when Jack was on with the theatre's master of ceremonies, a personable young chap who took it upon himself to sing a popular Yiddish ballad. In the middle of the song, Jack walked off the

stage and returned with an interpreter. It broke up the show—and the song. Just the other evening Jack dined with the same m. c., and the guy warned him he's still waiting to get even. Dick Powell never forgets.

And you might like his story about the dancing trio who played the tank towns for years, hoping for their big chance at the Palace in New York. Finally it came, and Jack, who was playing the same bill, watched them from the wings. The act went along without a hitch until the middle of a tap dance routine—the gal member of the trio suddenly lost her balance and fell flat on her you-know-what. Bursting with all the anguish of her years of trying she screamed: "— And at the Palace!"

"It's things like that," said Jack, "that make show business exciting. For instance, look at me now—a pancake salesman!"

"A pancake salesman? How come?"

"Well, I'm on a maple syrup program—and what good is maple syrup without pancakes under it?"

Our interview was interrupted at this point by a voice from the house yelling: "Daddy, can I come out there and play?" It was Jackie, the four-year-old heir to the Haley fortunes.

"No," said Jack, sternly, "Papa's busy. Why don't you go to bed, or something?"

Just to show you who's boss around the place, the voice continued: "I don't want to go to bed. I want to play." But he didn't venture out.

When asked if Jackie would one day become a comedian, Haley, Senior, replied:

"Not unless he has talent for it. I've seen too many kids with theatrical parents. They grow up in the excitement of the show business, and they want to get into it themselves. If they haven't talent, their heartache is much greater than that of a kid who knows nothing about show business and just tries to break in cold. Like myself, for instance."

It was back in Boston, some thirty years ago when Jack, aged six, made his

theatrical debut. It was a church festival, and Jack was pretty bad, in spite of his mother's praises. There was a period of twelve years between Jack's first and second appearances, and this time he found himself playing small-time vaudeville round Hoboken, New Jersey.

Six months of this led to a booking on the Keith Circuit with *The Lightner Girls and Alexander*. One of the prettiest of the Lightner Girls was Flo McFadden, a act which Jack noted almost immediately, and which he remembered later on when he asked her to marry him. Miss McFadden, who was smart as well as pretty, said yes. That was almost fifteen years ago, and she still thinks her answer was ght.

After three years on the vaudeville circuits, Jack played a season at New York's Winter Garden in a show called *Gay arce*. All he remembers now about *Gay arce* is that one of the chorus girls, Ruby Stevens, is doing all right these days, in the movies, under the name of Barbara Stanwyck.

When *Gay Paree* closed, Jack married, and *Haley and McFadden* drifted to Los Angeles, where they were playing Loew's Gate when Haley took the gamble that changed his career. He was offered a guarantee of only two weeks in the Chicago company of *Good News*, but he gave up the security of his vaudeville job and accepted. *Good News* clicked, and Jack Haley was set. At this point Flo McFadden promptly quit the stage to devote herself to her husband's future. That it as a wise move is proved by the fact that their partnership is still in business—and business is good.

His next show was on Broadway. As a part of *Follow Thru*, a smash musical, he introduced that memorable song hit, *utton Up Your Overcoat*.

For the next few years the sailing was smooth for Jack Haley, in spite of the fact that he followed *Follow Thru* with *orce For All*, an alleged musical which closed almost before the first nighters had me to rush for the exits. Next came *ake a Chance*, in which Jack, with Ethel Ierman, introduced *You're An Old moothie!* *Take a Chance* was a whacking success, and the picture producers bid high for Jack's services. They had to, or his salary on Broadway was \$2,500 a week.

Ironically enough, his first picture was a little gem called *Sitting Pretty*. When the picture makers saw it, they managed to forget all about Jack Haley. He appeared in a series of minor epics—what the industry calls "B" pictures and what the public calls something else—until he met Darryl Zanuck, who has been to Broadway once or twice, gave him his chance in *Wake Up and Live*.

That's Jack Haley's story, and he's glad he's stuck with it. He'd do the same things over again, if he had his choice in the matter. On the credit side of his books he had his wife, his daughter, Gloria, and the aforementioned Jackie—plus a home, radio and picture contracts, and money in the bank. On the debit side he can list only those four years of waiting around in Hollywood—but (and don't tell this to soul) during all that time he was drawing down a very nice salary. In other words, the Haleys are doing all right!

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LUSTY, GUSTY, WINNINGER!

(Continued from page 25)

out of the place," chuckled Charlie.

Show people were real mysteries in those days. Houdini's secrets died with him. Charlie believes that his famous stunts of escaping from strait jackets, from electric chairs, were done by somehow expanding his mighty muscles, as he was being strapped in—and then deflating his muscles as he made his phenomenal escapes. But nobody knows.

He knew the also famed Costellos, Dan and Jenny and Harry, trapeze performers, the ceiling-walkers who taught him to do their ceiling-walking act. And he did it, on many a show. It was done, he said, "with suction cups." Now you know as much as I do!

He knew New York in the old days. He lived in a back hall-bedroom of a theatrical boarding-house in the Roaring Forties—in the days when the Barrymores were the theatre; when John Drew was a handsome leading man; when George M. Cohan was just beginning; when Jefferson reigned and Minnie Maddern Fiske was young, and Sothern and Marlowe were the king and queen of Shakespearean repertoire; the days when vaudeville was the movies of today; when Diamond Jim stood treat to dinners running into dozens of courses and thousands of dollars; when Lillian Russell rode her diamond-studded bicycle and there were no "types," every trouper trouping the whole gamut, from *Bertha*, *The Sewing Machine Girl* to the stately *Portia*.

Yes, the gusty, lusty days! There was nothing phony about troupers then.

"Not," said Charlie, "that I dwell on, or in the past. That's over and done with. Today is the thing—today and tomorrow. Every day is a laugh and I've never looked for trouble. There are people who are chronic trouble-hunters, you know, always worried about the future or bemoaning the past. I've never looked for trouble and never will. I've had my ups and downs, who hasn't? I've had my heart broken, too, and that was healthy, did me good. I've never gone in for fights. I've taken a lot of insults and humiliations in my time, rather than have a scrap.

"Well, it's all different now, the show business. It's *business* now. It's mechanized. It's a factory product. It's marvelous, in many ways, but much of the heart has gone out of it. The nearest we come to the old show business now is when a movie company goes on location and we sort of pitch tents (even if they are equipped with telephones and radios, hot and cold running water, iceless refrigerators, and chaises longues!) and we all eat together, cast and crew, swap stories, play some poker, are one big family.

"We get a taste of it, too, in some of the programs on the air. The ones that carry on from week to week, month to month, even year to year—programs like *One Man's Family* and the *Goldbergs* and Jack Benny's outfit and our *Show Boat*. Programs like these are kind of like real shows, too, because if you slip up or give

a bum show one night, you can always have a chance to do better the next time. But most actors have got too damned elegant these days, too refined and all that. When you talk to actors who are too refined, don't you believe 'em—they've got something to hide. We didn't have anything to hide in the old days. And if we did, we were too busy to think about it. Too busy getting our stomachs filled and no one was above admitting to a stomach, either!"

Charles Winninger was born in a log cabin, near Athens, Wisconsin, on May 26th, 1884. There were five brothers of them, and one sister. And they became known in time, as *The Winninger Family Novelty Company* . . . "I hate to say it again," said Charlie, "it's been said so many times before, by so many actors—but I was one of the originals! I was 'born in a theatrical trunk,' I did spend my infancy sprawled on an old bearskin, backstage."

It was in 1894 that the elder Winninger, himself an accomplished violinist (Charlie, an American to the bone, is of Austrian descent), conceived the idea of forming a traveling family show. And did. And for many years, doing one-night stands, barnstorming, show-boating, railroading, in their own theatre in Warsaw, *The Winninger Family Novelty Company* toured Wisconsin, Michigan, Iowa, Illinois, points North and South, East and West. Each member of the family had his or her own job to do. One brother took the front of the house. Another brother was stage manager. Charlie usually "took the stage." They were one for all and all for one. There was no staking of one's own claim and pushing the other fellow off. It was the same in the whole show business, Charlie says, troupers were brothers all.

They didn't get much schooling, much book larnin', Charlie and his brothers. Charlie thinks he got "about as far as the 7th grade." One of the brothers, "scholarly inclined," got about as far as the 8th. Schooling had to be intermittent, during such periods of slack or bad weather as compelled the *Family* to "lay up" for a spell. And schooling, in those days, was not compulsory as it is now. Charlie was no little Freddie Bartholomew, with private tutors, textbooks in hand, waiting off-set.

"I got my schooling from hard knocks and from experience," says Charlie, "from talking to folks and rubbing elbows with them, not just reading about them."

They had, withal, a warm, normal family life, the young Winningers. When they had their railroad show, their own car which, as you know, was hitched to a freight or a slow passenger train, Mama Winninger baked and sewed and washed and mended for her family, taught them their catechism, heard their prayers, taught them the Golden Rule, supervised their Saturday night baths and, in short, made a home for them wherever on the road they happened to be.

It was the kind of a life, the kind of experience which makes Charlie the be-

loved *Cap'n Henry* he is today, privately and professionally. The kind of experience which, rich in the juices of all sort and kinds of humanity, under all sorts and kinds of conditions, makes Charlie Winninger a citizen of the world, a brother and a comrade to everyone he meets, from a King Cophetua to any beggar maid—o man. He can eat anything and like it. He can talk with anyone on their own terms and relish it. He can take any part on stage or screen or air and give it what he takes.

It is a "quick study," one of the verquickest. Because he was wont to play dozen parts in a week, sometimes two or three parts in one play, he doesn't have to rehearse more than once. He doesn't have to make retakes. He reads his line *once* and it's a take." He has little use for the pampered, milk-fed, "techy" temperamental individuals to be found among the silky "stars" we have here today. "Star" dressing-rooms, the vedd Grand Manner, orchestras to play a music for the evocation of mechanic tears, actors who are "typed," would get laugh, wise, not unkind but laced with nostalgia, from one who knew and worked with the grand old-timers.

Some among the stars of today at troupers of the old school, he says. Carol Lombard is such a one. Freddie Marc is another. Walter Connolly another. Spencer Tracy . . . Alice Faye will go far, very far, he predicts. And mostly because she has never forgotten that she once lived on Tenth Avenue. Jack Benny and Edd Cantor are troupers. Burns and Allen.

"Don't forget for a minute," says Charlie, "that they have tough rows. They *work* for a living, as we used to do. They've got to keep the laugh coming, every time they go on the air, every minute of every time. Compare with them, I've got a cinch on my *Show Boat*, talking about the river and the moonlight—

"Yep, they have to work something if we did in the old days, when the moon we earned came straight from the folk who sat in the seats out front. And was our job to see to it that they care in and *stayed* in. It was a great life—wouldn't have changed it for any *Little Lord Fauntleroy* set-up in the world. We did everything in those days. I start my career singing newsboy songs. I been a tumbler, an acrobat. I learned the ceiling walking act from the Costell. One night one of the boys neglected check one of the ropes and pulleys, means of which I came down from the ceiling and made my take-off. I got down all right, with half my skin peeled off. We had our own orchestra. We mixed a little medicine with the show—there were the days of the Spanish-American War—and we sold physics, blood purifier and such like. We worked hard, play hard, got knocked down and stood again. There was a lot of ballyhoo to but no bluff."

In 1907, Charlie broke away from

RADIO STARS

Family. He went to New York. "To make my name," he said. And then: "I pulled out of De Kalb and my brothers gave me the laugh. They said I'd be coming back faster'n ever I went. But I never did. Now my mother and dad are gone—and two of the elder brothers. One of the other brothers is out here in Hollywood with me, sort of stooging for me. Well, I hit New York and had some tough times. I took a little hall bedroom on 45th street. I joined the Actors Society—which was the forerunner of the Equity. Tom Wise was head of it then. We used to hold meetings and make speeches and pass around liverwurst sandwiches and emonade and beer. And some out-of-work member would always say to some other out-of-work member: 'I know a manager who—'

"I went to call on such a manager. He said: 'You're not one of the *Winninger Family Novelty Company*, are you?' When I told him I was he asked me why the o-and-so I'd left them. I told him because I wanted to make my name and came in New York. So he sent me 3,500 miles away from New York, to San Antonio, Texas, with Emma Bunting's stock company. The first part I ever played, on my own, so to speak, was with that company in *Bertha, The Sewing Machine Girl*. I found out later that I nly got the job because the comic who had been engaged for the part had broken his leg. Irving Cummings, later a big film director, was our leading man. I got 65.00 a week and we were out for two ears.

"Then they sent for me to come back

to New York. My first Broadway appearance was with Blanche Ring in *The Yankee Girl* at the Herald Square Theatre. The next day Alan Dale, then a leading critic wrote: 'Something with a German accent appeared on the scene.' That was my first New York press notice! Later, we took the play on a coast-to-coast tour and I acted in the double capacity of actor-manager. Blanche Ring was the star, of course. And she was then married to the producer of the show. One night I bawled the whole company out, fine and fancy. Blanche took exception to the plain terms I used. She would not, she said, be talked to 'like that.' She fired me at the back door. I walked around to the front door, ran into her then husband, who had heard what I'd said—and he hired me back again! Later, Blanche and I were married—our wedding day was the day Woodrow Wilson was elected President. We have lived apart for some years now, Blanche and I. I've only been married the one time."

In 1912, Charles Winger produced a show called *The Wall Street Girl*—again with Blanche Ring. In this play he coached Will Rogers for his first stage rôle. The show opened the night the *Titanic* went down. In between acts someone in the audience bought a paper and in five seconds everyone in the house knew of the disaster. It looked, Charlie told me, as though the show would go down with the *Titanic*. Will Rogers saved the situation. He got out there and, with his length of rope and his wad of gum, held *The Wall Street Girl* up and out of the reach of failure. (It was during the run of this show that

Blanche Ring and Charlie were married.)

In 1915 Charlie played what, to this day, he considers his most important rôle—the part of *Herr von Barwig*, with Chamberlain Brown's Stock Company production of *The Music Master*.

He played in vaudeville. He appeared at the Orpheum Theatre in Los Angeles, an appearance which resulted in a contract to do comedies on the Universal lot. He made his first actual screen test for Mack Sennett. He made a few comedies for Universal, returned to the stage and to a long line of successful appearances in vaudeville, plays, musical comedies.

In 1930 he returned to Hollywood and played in *Night Nurse*, *Flying High*, *The Sin of Madelon Claudet* and several other pictures.

And now he is in Hollywood for, it would seem, "keeps." He has made *Three Smart Girls*, *Woman Chases Man*, *Café Metropole* and *Nothing Sacred*. He has his *Shoebat* every week. He lives near the sea, in a rented house, with his brother and a trusty couple to "do" for them. He has bought acreage in the Valley and plans to build a farmhouse there. He only hopes that he can build into it some of the atmosphere of home his mother contrived to give to their "homes" in railroad trains and hotel rooms or backstage dressing-rooms.

He said, with a laugh, as we lunched together in the commissary on the Selznick lot: "I am an old-timer. I do like to talk of the 'good old days,' but I don't live in 'em. I know that they are gone. And, above all, I don't tell you that I 'knocked 'em cold in Scranton in '91!'"



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A ROMANTIC SAP REBELS

(Continued from page 31)



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and try to be whatever his job required.

So they put him to singing love songs on *Show Boat*, reading love-making lines to *Mary Lou*. The songs were easy enough, but the lines took a lot of private blushing and practice. He wasn't an actor and he'd never seriously courted but one girl in his life. The back of his neck pinked with complete embarrassment whenever he stepped up to the microphone with a script instead of a sheet of music. Frequently he faltered or "blew up" his lines, right in the middle of a sentimental speech.

But, oddly enough, nothing could have suited the showmen better. His faltering gave his other love-making just the right degree of shyness and boyishness! His very handicap was working for him. Lanny couldn't understand it when they told him his performance was excellent, mistakes and all.

And after a while on the air, it happened. You began to hear a lot about Lanny Ross and you heard it mostly from women. Crowds of feminine fans mobbed him after every broadcast. Thousands of fan letters poured in to his sponsors every week and thousands of autographed photographs poured out in answer to those letters. It happened the way radio predicted it would. Lanny Ross was the symbol of every mother's son and every girl's ideal.

As a new-born idol, Lanny was stunned and a little uneasy. He was hurtling, month after month, through the dizzy kaleidoscope of quick success. He was achieving some of the things he had worked for very long and very hard, and they were good; a beautiful home, fame, money, a promising career. But he didn't know quite how to handle the business of being a romantic idol.

Every radio idol has certain duties, not the least of which is to give satisfactory interviews to the press. The first time I interviewed Lanny Ross I came away, frankly, quite angry. He had refused to discuss any of the topics on which I'd been sent to get information. He was brief, almost to the point of rudeness; he shifted about in his chair with a nervousness I mistook for boredom, and to mine out of ten of my questions he would answer gravely: "Really, I wouldn't want to talk about that." They were run-of-the-mill questions that every star receives. Past romances? There hadn't been any. Ideal girl? That was foolish. Marriage? Silence.

I considered it all a pose and a poor one at that. Obviously Lanny Ross didn't care whether he lived up to his romantic reputation or not. Reporters refused to believe it when intimates of the *Show Boat* tenor declared: "You've got to forgive Lanny for his punk interviews—honestly, the kid's just an ordinary guy and he's scared of all this!"

Then Hollywood came on the scene. Hollywood wanted this popular idol, at a stupendous sum, to sing for its sound tracks. Everybody from radio was rushing to pictures. Lanny, still a bit dizzy

about the present and the future, fell in step. With his mother and Olive White formerly his publicity representative and now his manager, Lanny rushed, too.

He stayed a year, and if you'll remember he didn't do so well. He made two pictures, *Melody in Spring*, with Ann Sother and *College Rhythm*, with Helen MacL neither of which was a big success at the box office nor a personal success for him.

There were several reasons for this which Lanny began to realize as the Hollywood months rolled on. For one thing, he couldn't act. For another, his energies were split between pictures and radio. With *Show Boat* originating back in New York, piping his part of it by wire cost him a lot of work and worry to keep doing a competent job, so far remove from base. And, for a third thing, which Lanny saw after it was too late, in a box of his pictures he had been completed atrociously miscast.

Not until he watched himself in shadow and sound, at the premiere of his second picture, did he fully realize what had happened to him.

"I give you my word," he recalled me, "I sat there and couldn't believe it that was really me on that screen, going through some of the silliest and most real antics on earth!"

Bursting into song right in the middle of what were supposed to be true-to-love scenes. Attempting a smoothness performance he never could achieve without years of dramatic training. The scenario had called for a romantic he but he couldn't act the part, he could even be the part, because he wasn't naturally that way.

With the awful result that pictures he made him just "sort of a romantic sap." Sorry, and a little ashamed, Lanny turned to his mother and Olive, before twenty minutes of the preview were over. "This settles it," he whispered tensely. "I'm going back to New York."

The next day he walked out on a five-year Hollywood contract, a contract that would be running today, if he had fulfilled it. The fault had not been entirely the studio's; studios can't always give their stars perfect vehicles. The fault had been equally his own, because he hadn't known exactly the goal he was shooting for. It he knew now. The first two reels of *College Rhythm* had given him his first clear idea of what he wanted to become in the entertainment world—himself.

Back in Manhattan, he spent much time in conference with Olive and his close advisers, discussing what his next move should be. Together they decided that would be wise to go about his rebellion slowly and somewhat secretly. It's almost impossible, in radio and pictures, to come yourself after you've been something else. Myrna Loy, Joan Crawford, Rly Vallee have changed the old molds to which they were originally "typed," and for each of their successes there have been scores of failures. Better, Lanny agreed, to take it slowly and secretly for a while.



Chester Lauck and Norris Goff, Lum and Abner, worry over their daily NBC script in Hollywood.

and see what happened.

"It looks as if I'm pretty well typed as a grown-up Little Lord Fauntleroy, or something," he said to me disconsolately and off-the-record at the time. "A clipping came in the other day from a Western newspaper, in which a radio editor had referred to me as the 'male Pollyanna of the airwaves.'" Lanny stood up to his full tall height, set his teeth and pounded a fist in his hand. "Boy," he said with no little anger, "I'll bet you five to one I could lick that guy with one arm tied behind me!

"Hollywood's made me think about a lot of things," he continued. "William Powell's my ideal out there. Bill isn't a youngster and he isn't handsome—he's got something better than either of those things. I want to be as much my own personality as he's his own. But Bill can act, and I can't. I," he added with determination, "am going to learn to act."

Lanny's been learning ever since, although few people know of the months and money he has quietly spent at it. Much publicized were his performances in *Petticoat Fever* and *Pursuit of Happiness*, that he played with a summer stock company at White Plains, New York. He did a competent job and got excellent notices. But compared to his private routine of dramatic training, the White Plains engagement was a mere drop in the bucket.

Next, Lanny began to work on the directors of *Show Boat*. Couldn't they let him off easy on the love-making, and allow him to do some straight, serious performances now and then? At first they couldn't see it. He talked and persuaded and got exactly nowhere. But after much hammering, they began to give in—and, as they did, an odd thing happened. *Show Boat*, if you'll remember, underwent repeated alterations. Part of this was due to the fact that its star was altering, too. The directors were waking up to the fact that Lanny Ross was a competent m.c., that he shone much brighter, exchanging bright dialogue with guest stars, than he did on a steady diet of sentimental script.

TO HELP END THE CATHARTIC HABIT

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At Your Druggist—Now in the New DOUBLE VALUE 30-Day Bottle

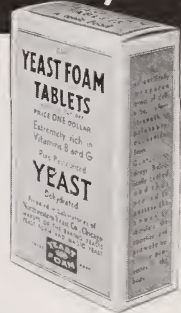
IF YOU take laxatives to keep "regular," you know from experience that drugs and cathartics give only temporary relief from constipation. Such remedies merely cause a drastic purging action. They do not correct the cause of your condition.

Doctors now know that in many cases the real cause of constipation is a shortage of the vitamin B complex. This precious factor is often deficient in many typical every-day diets. In many foods it is entirely lacking. When this factor is added to such diets in sufficient amounts, constipation goes. Elimination becomes regular and complete.

Energy Revives—Headaches Go

Yeast Foam Tablets are pure pasteurized yeast and yeast is the richest known food source of vitamins B and G. They should stimulate your weakened intestinal nerves and muscles and quickly restore your eliminative system to normal, healthy function.

Thus with the true cause of your constipation corrected, you will be rid of the evil cathartic habit. Your energy will revive.

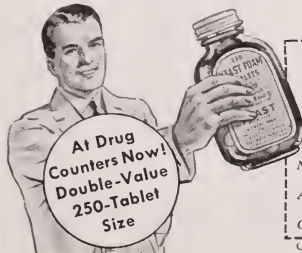


Headaches of the constipation type will go. Your skin will be clearer and fresher.

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. These tablets cannot ferment in the body. Pasteurization makes this yeast utterly safe for everyone to eat. It has a pleasant, nut-like taste that you will really enjoy. And it contains nothing to put on fat.

All druggists sell Yeast Foam Tablets. Get a bottle today. Refuse substitutes.

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Free Taste Sample

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets. MM 11-37

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Canadian readers please send 10c to cover postage and duty.

**WHY SHOULD
I RUB AND
SCRUB WHEN
I CAN USE
Sani-Flush?**



SCRUBBING a toilet with your hands is old-fashioned. Science will do this unpleasant job for you. Just use a little Sani-Flush in the bowl. (Follow directions on the can.) Flush the toilet and the job is done.

Sani-Flush has no odor of its own. It puts an end to unsanitary toilet odors by killing the germs and removing stains and incrustations. The toilet glistens like new. Sani-Flush purifies the hidden trap that no other method can clean. It cannot injure plumbing.

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CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

**GRAY
HAIR?**

Correct it with PATRICIAN TINT-BEST. Leaves hair soft, lustrous and natural looking. Easy to use, no experience required. Unaffected by washing or permanent waving. Send for FREE sample. White color of hair.

PATRICIAN LABORATORIES, LTD., Dept. M.M., 17 East 48th St., New York



**ONE SICK
HEADACHE
AFTER ANOTHER**

**BUT THAT
IS ALL OVER
NOW**



I FEEL grand since I began taking the ALL-VEGETABLE Laxative, Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets). One NR Tablet convinced me... so mild, thorough, refreshing, invigorating. Dependable relief from sick headaches, bilious spells and that tired-out feeling, when caused by or associated with constipation.

Without Risk! Get a 25c box of NRs from any drugist. Use for a week. If not more than pleased, return the box and we will refund purchase price. That's fair. Try it—NR Tonight—Tomorrow Alright.



Lanny didn't stop. As another step toward his goal, and an antidote for having leaned too long toward popular music exclusively, he took time off to go abroad and study German *lieder*. A year later he debuted in concert at Town Hall, scored with the critics. When his second concert took place, at Carnegie Hall, he was accused by his critics of being snooty in his choice of auditoriums. Three years before he would have taken such unfair criticism to heart; but by that time Lanny knew what to let hurt him and what not to. He chose Carnegie because he found its acoustics were far better suited to his voice. He said so, and let his enemies make of it what they liked.

It was a long, dogged fight, trying to change back to himself, to grow to professional maturity with ease and grace. You and I tuned in *Show Boat*, as usual, and hardly realized what was happening to its star. But the time was destined to arrive when Lanny's progress faced its most decisive crisis. And that was when, two summers ago, he married Olive White.

It's impossible to write about any phase of his career without including Olive, too. She has been the chief personal factor in his success and he is proud to admit it. They have loved each other so long they can't even remember exactly how or when it all began. But their marriage, contrary to the way they'd originally planned things, was one step in Lanny's change that could be neither gradual nor secretive. Suddenly, on a July day, there it was: Lanny Ross was grown-up, married and settled down. And it couldn't have happened at a more inopportune time, because, two summers ago, Lanny was precisely in the thick of his rebellion. In the eyes of his fans, he had neither ceased being a romantic idol nor yet become a different personality who would appeal to them for other than sentimental reasons.

How would his listeners take it? It was a dangerous predicament which Olive, being as smart as she is sweet, realized only too well. Being smart, she decided she must do something about it. And this she did very simply and effectively.

As Lanny's manager, she refused any interviews concerning their home life. Reporters were informed that they would receive full cooperation on any subject they wished, except the romance and marriage of the Lanny Rosses.

It worked. So little was written about that side of Lanny's life, his fans continued to think of him very much as the same Lanny Ross he'd always been. They listened and still liked it. His popularity kept growing and he kept fighting to break the old mold.

As a last stroke, he left *Show Boat*. There were a number of reasons involved, but important among them was the reason that, to complete his transition, he must cut the ties that held him to former times and former ways. His sponsors were and still are his very good friends, but even a debt of friendship had to go in the path of Lanny's determination to make a clean sweep of the past.

Which brings us up to now. Lanny Ross, as I talked to him the other day, is ten times the personality he ever has been before. He's mature and confident and altogether different from the shy youth

who used to blush at rehearsals whenever he went over his script. His hair is graying very slightly at his temples, his poise and manner are fascinatingly man-of-the-world. He's doing, on his new radio series, the kind of thing he's always wanted to do. He's starting a new career in pictures that will keep him in Hollywood for the next three years and will, he plans, present him in the serious operetta roles, such as *The Student Prince*, which he has fitted himself to play.

I asked him why he turned down several half-million-dollar picture contracts, before he finally signed. His answer was typical of the new Lanny. "They all wanted me for the wrong stories," he said frankly. "Five years ago I couldn't have resisted any Hollywood opportunities, I couldn't see anything but the tinsel of fast achievement. But now I know the right stories are important. 'Romantic saps' are youngsters and they can't last. I'm thirty-one years old, now—and thinking about my future.

"I still want to be," he said, "the way I told you that time about William Powell. I want to be as much me as Bill is Bill. And another thing, this trip I won't have to worry about being away from radio while I'm out here. Radio's practically in Hollywood now."

So Lanny's come back to start all over again. He doesn't like Hollywood very much. Olive doesn't like it. Because the homes they've made together and love, their rambling old farm and their smart duplex overlooking the East River, are far behind them. Amid the pink stucco and palm trees of the cinema city Mr. and Mrs. Ross are very inclined to get dreamy looks in their eyes and tell you, because they like to think of it themselves, that the farm's changing from dairy cattle to beef cattle, that they've decided to do over the game room of their town place in unfinished maple, and that their precious stamp collection is carefully stored, for the time being, in a vault. And they'll also add that, if it weren't for Tiny Ruffner to keep them company in California, they'd almost die of homesickness.

"Only, please," Lanny added seriously, "don't get the idea that I'm kicking. The minute I can't give up my home, I'd better give up being an entertainer."

So, for the present, the Rosses will live in an apartment until they find a house, and golf and swim and add to their stamp collection and avoid night clubs. Lanny will take his problems home to Olive at night and she, as always, will do her share to solve them.

"It's not very often that I get philosophical," grinned Lanny, "but it seems to me that life is all growing and industry and change. When I was eight years old, I started making money by running a lemonade stand. Now I make it by singing. I started my career being a puppet and now I've evolved to something real. I don't regret those early years any more. They were all a very definite part of the game."

There was only one other thing Lanny wanted me to say to you for him. And that is that he hopes above everything else that you'll like him in his new rôle. It will be the first time he's ever been cast the way he wanted to be: Lanny Ross playing Lanny Ross.

RADIO RAMBLINGS

(Continued from page 7)

announcement is becoming a fad lately. Since programs always imitate one another, a lot of it probably will be heard this year.

Charlie McCarthy hums "Bong, bong, bong," in echo of the chimes. Charlie Butterworth tries to work the notes into his sketches somehow.

A group was recalling occasions when radio stars had grimly carried on "the-show-must-go-on" tradition under heart-breaking handicaps. There was the time Jimmy Wallington almost broke down completely as he rushed out of a program, between announcements, to get bulletins from the hospital where his wife lay dying. Walter O'Keefe got news of a new son in the midst of a program and excitedly yelled into the microphone: "It's a boy!"

Lennie Hayton contributed a story that somehow never had found its way into print all these years.

"I was the orchestra leader on the dramatic and musical program Socony had a few years back," Lennie began, "The skit we were doing that night had an explosion as its climax. Out on Long Island Sound that same afternoon a motorboat exploded. One of the actors in our show had a wife and several relatives aboard. The wife

was taken to a hospital with a broken back and some of his relatives were badly hurt.

"The news didn't get to the studio until just before the broadcast, too late to let the man go and put in a substitute. That wasn't a night when it was an actor who had to be brave and carry on. It was the whole cast—with one exception. Everyone knew about it except the man whose wife lay with a broken back. We couldn't bear to tell him and then ask him to go through a drama about an explosion. It was the longest half hour any of us ever spent.

"At the end of the program, we had an automobile with motorcycle police escort waiting. Without a word, we pushed the actor into the car and one of his best friends got in with him to break the news as gently as news like that could be broken, with screaming sirens rushing them to a hospital."

Radio sponsors usually are shrewd business men but their treatment of radio assets sometimes makes you wonder. Bristol & Myers (Sal Hepatica, Ipana) have signed Fred Allen to a two-year contract, which is an investment running well into six figures. Then they turn around and jeopardize that huge invest-

ment by engaging Walter O'Keefe for the summer to imitate Fred Allen's style. O'Keefe's summer program has appropriated Fred's manner of presentation, even down to using identical fanfares.

No matter how great the star or style, copy cats probably will shorten his professional life, driving him into retirement or into new and perhaps less successful methods. It may be, of course, that the sponsor has such complete confidence in Fred's comic talent, he is sure no ordinary abuse can menace it.

Al Jolson and Ben Bernie run into one another often at the tracks and the conversation usually turns, sooner or later, to the standing of their respective radio programs.

"I had a program last season that was terrible," Al said one day. "Everybody panned it, but it had a rating around sixteen points all season. You're supposed to be great and your rating is only about a third as high as my bad program."

Al is kidding his old track companion, of course, and Ben laughs it off. That long standing in the radio survey secretly irks Ben fearfully, however.

The standing is arrived at through a telephone survey. Operators in various cities make a total of 2,000 phone calls a

New Cream brings to Women the Active "Skin-Vitamin"

DOCTORS have known for some time that a certain vitamin is particularly beneficial to the skin. When we eat foods that contain it, this vitamin helps to keep skin healthy.

Then doctors applied this vitamin right to skin in cases of wounds and burns—and found it healed the skin more quickly! This is the "skin-vitamin" that you now get in Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Always grand for flaky skin. Pond's Vanishing Cream has always been especially good for a powder base and overnight softener.

But now, this cream is even better for the skin. Use it for helping your skin in every way. Its use makes the skin smoother, softer, softens lines; best of all, gives the whole skin a livelier, glowing look!

BETTER
THAN EVER
FOR SKIN

says

MRS. W. FORBES MORGAN
OF WASHINGTON, D. C.



"I have always depended on Pond's Vanishing Cream." Mrs. Morgan says. "For smoothing little rough places. It's a grand powder base and overnight softener. But now with the new 'skin-vitamin' in it, it is better than ever for my skin."

The same jars, same labels, same price
The new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream is on sale everywhere.

Remember—it now contains the precious "skin-vitamin." Not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. Not "irradiated." But the vitamin that especially helps to maintain skin health.

SMOOTHS
ROUGHNESS AWAY



SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM!
Try it in 9 Treatments

Pond's Dept. 9RS-VL, Clinton, Conn. Rush special Inbe 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.

Name _____
Street _____
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Skin Reveals Thrilling Beauty

When cleansed this exciting new way



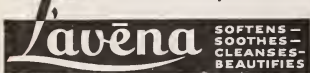
IT'S no wonder women are so enthusiastic about this thrilling new natural cleanser called Lavena. It leaves the skin velvety smooth, wonderfully clean and refreshed. Lavena is a fragrant, improved form of oatmeal powder, the beauty secret our grandmothers found so beneficial. Contains no soap—no cold cream. Utterly neutral in action.

As Easy As Washing Your Face

Do this daily. Mix Lavena with warm water. Apply, and massage gently. Wash off immediately. Do not use soap or cold cream. Lavena removes dirt and make-up most effectively—without irritating skin as ordinary cleansers can. Thus the skin becomes gloriously soft and beautiful.

FREE—A Generous Supply

Over 4 million packages already sold. Good House-keeping Approved. Get Lavena from drug, department or 1c stores. Or send name, address to Lavena, Dept. 20, 141 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, at once, for liberal trial package, absolutely free! Offer good for limited time only.



STOP Scratching

RELIEVE ITCHING SKIN QUICKLY

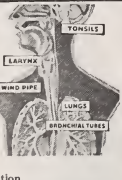
Even the most stubborn itching of eczema, blotches, pimples, athlete's foot, rashes and other externally caused skin eruptions, quickly yields to cooling, antipruritic, liquid **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION**. Dr. Dennis' original formula. Greaseless and stainless. Soothes the irritation and quickly stops the most intense itching. A 30c trial bottle, at all drug stores, proves it—or your money back. Ask for **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION**.

COUGHS...

Get After That Cough Today with **PERTUSSIN**

Pertussin is so good for coughs that over ONE MILLION PRESCRIPTIONS were filled in a single year. This estimate is based on a Prescription Ingredient Survey issued by the American Pharmaceutical Association.

It relieves coughs quickly by stimulating the tiny mucus glands in your throat and bronchial tract to pour out their natural moisture so that sticky, irritating phlegm is easily raised. Coughing is relieved—your throat is soothed. Save money by buying the big economy trial size bottle enough for your whole family. Or mail coupon and 10c for large trial bottle.



Large Trial Bottle for 10c PERTUSSIN

Seek & Kade, Inc., Dept. W7, 440 Washington Street, N. Y. C. Please send me a large Trial Bottle of Pertussin. I enclose 10c.

Name _____
Address _____

week, inquiring: "What radio program have you been listening to?" Tolson's sixteen points indicate that sixteen percent of the nation's radio sets were turned to his program each week. That figure is considered good.

Leaders in the survey usually rate around thirty points, though Major Bowes once passed forty at the peak of his popularity. The leaders are the ones you would imagine—Jack Benny, Fred Allen, Major Bowes, Eddie Cantor, all last season.

Some programs that stay on the air year after year and undoubtedly have a large following never make any sort of showing in this survey. Some examples are Ben Bernie, Easy Aces, the Friday evening Cities Service concerts and Guy Lombardo. No one can explain it.

Radio simply can't hit on catch lines to sweep into the nation's conversation any more. All the Jewish comedians—Milton Berle, Eddie Cantor, Phil Baker, etc.—took a hand last season at "Today I am a man," which is a phrase from a Jewish religious ceremony. A song was written around it, too. Under all that pressure, it still failed to become popular.

More are being tried this year, but so far nothing really catchy has been heard. Martha Raye, if she remains on the air regularly, might be the lady to establish a new radio catch line. Her manner of half chanting, half shouting, "O-o-o-h boy!" is infectious.

Jack Benny's vacation, this past summer, must have cost him around a quarter of a million dollars. Everywhere he went, from Hollywood to New York and across the Atlantic to Europe, he was besieged with offers to appear in theatres, on radio and in pictures during his three-month holiday. In spite of the large sums, Jack firmly refused them all.

He did get together with his old friend, Jack Pearl, for an informal broadcast from the Normandie, en voyage. That was all.

Jack Pearl, incidentally, started Jack Benny's trip to Europe with one of the season's most amusing practical jokes. Pearl had promised to make the European trip with Benny, but at the last minute backed out. Benny was heartbroken. He likes company, especially friends with whom he can reminisce about the old days in show business.

The night Benny sailed, Pearl was down to see him off. Finally came the order: "All ashore that's going ashore!" Pearl waited and waited and Benny warned: "You'll be carried off, if you don't hurry."

Not until then did Pearl walk into the stateroom next to Benny's and collapse with laughter. Pearl never had had the slightest intention of giving up the trip with Jack Benny. But he couldn't resist the idea of that gag, when someone suggested it.

Seems strange, having a radio season start with Paul Whiteman's plans still indefinite. Paul was one of radio's first big stars and his program has been one of the important items of every season for ten years and more. He may be heard from before long, though.

There is no shortage of sponsors for

Paul. But the past few seasons, Paul had sponsor trouble and was persuaded to depart from the style he had made famous. His band went into a decline in the popularity standings.

This season, Paul has announced: "My next program will be done the way I want it, or there won't be any next program." A couple of negotiations for contracts this season have ended on that clause. Paul means what he says and, what's more, he is rich enough to carry out his plan for retirement any time he pleases.

The *Your Hit Parade* program started a new radio feud, Richard Himber and Peter Van Steeden as principals. For years, Himber and Van Steeden have used many of the same musicians in their respective bands. That was all right when Himber's program was Monday night, and Peter was on *Town Hall Tonight*, Wednesday nights.

Then Himber got a chance to do *Your Hit Parade*, Wednesday evenings. The programs followed one another so closely, musicians did not have time to get from one studio to the other. Himber tried to persuade Peter to give up several musicians and Peter, reluctant to disrupt his band, refused.

The feud came to a head in one of the Broadway restaurants where the radio and theatre crowds gather. There the two maestros went at their argument, loud and long—and made a columnist's holiday.

Lucy Monroe offers an example of a career that received its real impetus from a great misfortune. For years, Lucy had been singing beautifully, but always on minor programs where her rich soprano voice did not receive just recognition.

Then came the tragic death of Lucy's mother, Anna Laughlin. She committed suicide, leaving a note charging Lucy Monroe with ingratitude. Friends felt sure that the tragedy was a result of Mrs. Laughlin's illness, which might have temporarily upset her reason. Nevertheless, Lucy's name disappeared from the radio programs. Whether the sponsors feared a scandal or not, there was no explanation. She simply did not sing on the programs any more.

Lucy's career seemed blighted, for a season or two at least, but the setback really was her beginning. The past summer, Miss Monroe, no longer seeking minor radio engagements, has found operatic and concert work, more than enough to keep her feverishly busy. She has sung with some of the leading symphony orchestras of the country, including the Philadelphia orchestra.

Her soprano voice, dropped so unceremoniously from a minor place in radio, now is headed straight for the Metropolitan Opera Company. Her appearances this summer make her a virtual certainty to be enrolled regularly with the Met in a season or two.

This season Lanny Ross achieves an old, old ambition of his. Next to recognition as a concert tenor, Lanny's dearest wish has been a rôle with a comedian. Now he has it on the *Packard* program, with Charlie Butterworth.

Show Boat always carefully kept Lanny restricted to romantic ardor in everything he did. Only occasionally could Lanny



Bob Burns held down *Kraft Music Hall* during Bing's vacation. Now they're reunited for the winter.

persuade them to allow him something with humor to it. One of the high points of Lanny's *Show Boat* years came the night he played the Jack Oakie rôle in a radio version of the movie, *June Moon*.

Lanny's wife sat at a loud speaker, laughing uproariously all through that skit. Not that Lanny's comedy acting was so funny—but she knew with what relish he was treating every line, word by word, and zag by gag. That was one of the most enjoyable evenings he ever has had.

You hear so many stories about the overwhelming vanity of Rudy Vallee. Well, believe them or not, but here's something I'd like to put in evidence.

When Rudy Vallee turns his baton over to an assistant and steps to another microphone to sing a song, he invariably turns his back on the studio audience. That is neither polite nor calculated to get the best reaction when it comes time for applause.

Rudy is so intent, however, on his work and his orchestra, he hates to take his eyes off the musicians for a moment. So he stands, back to the audience, still beating time and signaling instructions to the assistant conductor all through the solos.

During a lull in rehearsal, Andre Kostelanetz' musicians were kidding him about his accent, one of the heaviest samples of Russian dialect to be found around radio studios. Andre is a linguist, speaking half a dozen languages fluently, and a few years ago he imagined he had mastered English pretty well, leaving all trace of accent behind. He was wondering whether he might not speak on his programs.

"So I had a recording of my voice made," said Andre in this Russian accent that simply cannot be set down in print. Oof, what a shock! For the first time I hear what an accent I still have. I decide not to speak on the radio."

Andre's speaking in public is confined to a single sentence which he repeats just before his program goes on the air. Announcer David Ross introduces all the performers of the program to the studio audience, and Andre then says: "And now, may I present Mr. David Ross." Just to give you a notion of how Andre speaks, that single remark is always good for a laugh.

—ARTHUR MASON.



James Dunn, Columbia star now appearing in "Venus Makes Trouble".

Jimmy Dunn drops a hint



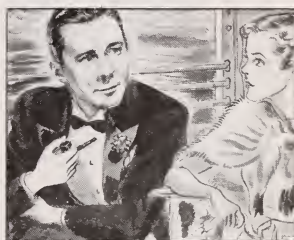
"I MET THEM ON SHIPBOARD—Tom and Sally Roberts, on their honeymoon. They seemed ideally suited . . .



"IMAGINE MY SURPRISE, then, to find Sally alone on deck one night—huddled in a corner crying her heart out . . .



"SHE TOLD ME HER TROUBLES—said Tom seemed to be tiring of her . . . He was always finding fault with her appearance and he didn't even care about kissing her any more . . .



"JUDGING TOM BY OTHER MEN—who are always repelled by dry, rough lips—I dropped a pretty broad hint about the lipstick that I've heard so many girls praising for its Beauty-Cream base . . ."



NOW THAT JIMMY DUNN HAS TOLD ME ABOUT KISSPROOF LIPSTICK, MY HONEYMOON WILL NEVER BE OVER! . . . THE BEAUTY-CREAM BASE OF KISSPROOF PROTECTS MY LIPS FROM DRYNESS . . . KEEPS THEM ALWAYS SMOOTH AND KISSABLE

Kissproof Lipstick in 5 luscious shades of drug and department stores . . . 50c

Match it with Kissproof rouge, 2 styles—Lip and Chee's (creme) or Compact (dry). Kissproof Powder in 5 flattering shades. Generous trial sizes of all 10c stores.

Kissproof
Indelible LIPSTICK and ROUGE



HALLOWE'EN RECIPES

"CRISPY" FRIED CHICKEN

Clean and singe pieces of tender, young frying chickens. Dip each piece into cold water, drain and place on plate without wiping. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and roll at once in fine cornflakes crumbs.* Place chicken pieces, without crowding, into a skillet filled to the depth of 1 inch with half butter, half vegetable shortening, piping hot. Fry on both sides to a rich, golden brown. Reduce heat, cover tightly and continue cooking until tender, turning occasionally to brown evenly. Remove each piece as soon as cooked and drain on white paper kitchen towels. If chicken is to be served hot, place cooked pieces in a pan in hot oven until all are ready and gravy has been made. For gravy Pour off all but two tablespoons of the fat in pan. (These proportions are for 1 chicken. Increase in proportion to number of chickens used.) Brown 1½ tablespoons flour in fat in pan, stirring constantly. Add ½ cup rich milk and ½ cup chicken stock slowly (or all milk). Cook and stir until smooth and thickened. Season to taste, strain into gravy boat.

*To make cornflakes crumbs: Put cornflakes through very fine food grinder, or roll with a rolling pin into the finest of crumbs between folds of a clean towel

WICKER WALDORF SALAD

1 cup diced celery
6 firm, bright red apples
3 tablespoons lemon juice

1 tablespoon sugar
a pinch of salt
¼ cup mayonnaise

¼ cup cream, whipped
lettuce
toasted almonds

Crisp the celery by letting it stand in ice water. Drain and dry thoroughly. Cut: slice from top of each apple. Scoop out the inside pulp, leaving just enough to hold it outside skin in place. Brush the inside of these apples with lemon juice. Place in refrigerator while preparing filling as follows: Cut the pulp that was removed from apple into small pieces (after carefully removing core and seeds). Add to the pulp 2 tablespoon lemon juice, the sugar and salt. Chill for 10 minutes. Add celery and dressing made by combining mayonnaise with the whipped cream. Toss together lightly. Fill apple "cups" with this mixture. Place each filled apple on a lettuce leaf. Top with a little additional salad dressing, if desired, and sprinkle with coarsely chopped, toasted almonds.

JACK O' LANTERN COOKIES

¼ cup butter
1 cup light brown sugar,
firmly packed
1 egg yolk, beaten

¼ teaspoon vanilla
2½ cups sifted flour
½ teaspoon soda
¼ teaspoon salt

2 tablespoons sour cream
orange vegetable coloring
1 egg white, slightly beaten

Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, creaming well together. Add beaten yolk and vanilla. Mix well. Sift flour, measure. Add soda and salt and sift again. Add flour mixture to butter mixture alternately with the sour cream, mixing well after each addition. Color dough orange with harmless vegetable coloring. Have the color quite deep as it will "fade" somewhat in baking. Place dough in refrigerator for at least 15 minutes to make it easier to handle. (Dough should be soft but not sticky before the chilling process.) Roll out half of the chilled dough on slightly floured board with slightly floured rolling pin. Cut into circles with floured cutter. Spread these cookies evenly with raspberry jam (or any other thick jam or jelly), keeping the jam ¼ inch from edge all around. Roll out remaining dough and cut with same size cutter. In case of these cookies cut three holes for Jack o' lantern eyes and nose. The small end of small funnel, dipped in flour, will serve excellently, or any other circle of similar size; a thimble, however, is too large. Place these cut-out cookies on the spread cookies, that the filling shows through in eyes and nose. Press edges together, all around, with floured tips of fork. Brush tops of cookies with slightly beaten egg white. Bake in hot oven (425°F.) 7 or 8 minutes. Cool on wire rack, then draw on each cookie a grinning Jack o' lantern mouth with a toothpick dipped in melted semi-sweet or sweet chocolate.

HALLOWE'EN INDIVIDUAL MINCE MEAT PIES

1 package (9 oz.) dry mince meat
1½ cups water

3 tablespoons sugar
pie crust

Break mince meat into pieces. Add water and sugar. Place over direct heat; cover and stir until all lumps are thoroughly broken up. Bring mixture to a brisk boil; continue boiling for one minute, stirring constantly. Allow to cool. Line tart shells (one ear pie plate) with pastry and fill with mince meat mixture. Cut a pattern of a Halloween cat from stiff white paper. (You can get cardboard cats or paper napkins with cats them from which to trace your pattern.) Using this pattern as a guide, cut out the required number of cats from pastry. Place a cat on top of each tart (see illustration) one large cat on top of a regular size pie. Bake 35 minutes in hot oven (400°F.).

As the cats shrink in baking, be sure to make them large enough. Flako, prepared pastry flour, is excellent for this purpose.

GOLDEN HONEY BALLS

½ cup honey
½ cup sugar

¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vinegar

1 tablespoon butter
1 package Rice Krispies

Combine honey and sugar in heavy saucepan. Cook over low heat, stirring constant until sugar is dissolved and mixture comes to a boil. Cover and continue boiling gently for 5 minutes. Uncover and cook, stirring only occasionally to prevent burning; mixture has just reached the hard crack* stage (290°F. on candy thermometer). It will not take much more than 5 minutes. Remove at once from heat, add salt, vinegar and butter. Pour over Rice Krispies which have been placed in a large greased bowl (Be sure the cereal is very fresh and crisp. If necessary, heat it in a hot oven, with door open, to restore crispness, before starting to make the candy.) Stir with large fork or spoon until thoroughly mixed. Cool to lukewarm. Grease hands with butter and roll mixture into balls about 2 inches in diameter.

*The hard crack stage has been reached when a little syrup, if dropped into cold water, will become brittle and will remain brittle after being taken from water.

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THAT FLAVOR"

BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM

"Neither can I! It's got the taste I like—delicious, with a bit of real tang. And it's kept so peppery and fresh. This airtight package of Beeman's guards every speck of flavor like precious essence. Beeman's is so fine for digestion, too. A happy thought after lunch or dinner—and a welcome treat any time!"

Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

RADIO STARS COOKING SCHOOL

(Continued from page 9)

You'll then be assured of having a buffet supper of eye-appealing, taste-tempting merit that will delight old and young. We'll start right off with the menu.

HALLOWEEN PARTY REFRESHMENTS

- "Crispy" Fried Chicken
- Wicker Waldorf Salad
- Thin Buttered Slices of Boston Brown Bread
- Cider Grape Juice Punch
- Individual Mince Meat Pies
- Jack O'Lantern Cookies
- Golden Honey Balls
- Bowls and Baskets of Apples, Nuts and Seedless Raisins
- Cheese

Just visualize this proud display of victuals—all set out on a long table or buffet when the guests troop in happy and hungry, after an evening of games and merriment. An orange paper tablecloth or inner will set the right note in the color. Be dressy, if you feel you must, and use acetate lace doilies over the paper and under the plates holding the various foods. In the center of the table, place a large hollowed-out pumpkin with a grinning Jack o' Lantern face and a big, fat (but w) candle burning within.

A generously heaped bowl of fried chicken on one side, a platter of Waldorf salad on t'other. Apples, bright red and

highly polished; brown seedless raisins in small, orange paper baskets; a plate—preferably a wooden one—of golden cheese; unshelled nuts, topped with a spray of autumn leaves; a pitcher of amber cider; a bowl of purple grape-juice punch, with grape leaves (if there's an arbor handy) garnishing the plate on which it stands. Amusing Jack o' Lantern Cookies for the young (in both years and feelings); equally amusing Mince Meat Pies (pictured) for those of not quite such tender years. And last, but by no means least, Golden Honey Balls—the sort of homemade candy treat that is completely healthful to eat and an absolute cinch to make!

A word or two about the recipes themselves, as I promised. The crust on the chicken, to begin with, really is "something to write home about." Or perhaps to write Miss Wicker about, after you've tried it and proved the worth of her suggestion to your own satisfaction and that of your friends. Her version of Waldorf Salad is something pretty special in appearance, and is particularly timely in the bargain, for apples are both plentiful and popular, come Hallowe'en. (By the by, how about "apples on strings" and "bobbing for apples" at your Hallowe'en party?)

The beverages require no recipes, although I will take time to suggest that

you add canned pineapple juice and canned grapefruit juice to grape juice in making the punch. Taste as you go along, until the flavor is to your liking.

The Jack o' Lantern Cookies are an amusing idea that you will probably like to try out but, made plain or fancy, you'll still find this an excellent cookie recipe. Let the children take a hand in making the "cut outs" for the faces, suggests Miss Wicker. And, by all means let them try their luck at making the Golden Honey Balls.

A welcome bow to more sophisticated tastes are the cat-decorated Mince Meat Pies. A single large pie may be substituted for the smaller individual ones, if you prefer. But you can find inexpensive small pie plates at your local chain store and get a much cuter effect, so why not try it, especially if you follow the pastry-cat suggestion shown pictorially and described for you in the recipe. And be sure to follow the suggestion of lots of candles, also brought out in the picture. Dozens of them, every place—all ones on the buffet, others on the mantel, window sills or any other place where they can safely shed their soft, flattering light. Candles just seem to go with Hallowe'en, together with black cats, witches, broomsticks and all the other rollicking delights of this jolly party occasion. May yours be a howling success!

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LUCILLE MANNERS SAYS

"CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES"

APPLAUSE! Lucille Manners is welcomed with rounds of it when she steps out to sing on the Cities Service Program. And applause she promises you when you share her beauty secret. For...

HOLLYWOOD IS RIGHT, says this glamour girl of the air. You really can be lovelier when you wear **Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup.** For it's makeup that matches...harmonizing face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and mascara. And it's makeup that matches you...scientifically keyed to your own personality

color, the color that never changes, the color of your eyes.

FIND THE MAKEUP THAT MATCHES YOU at your favorite drug or department store... *Dresden* type, if your eyes are blue; *Parisian* type, if they're brown; *Continental* type for hazel eyes; *Patrician* type for gray eyes. Full size packages of the face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow or mascara only 55¢ each (Canada 65¢).

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READ THE MAKEUP ADVICE of Lucille Manners, of NBC's Cities Service Concerts.

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Save Big Money on WINDOW SHADES

care one way or the other, but the fact remains that I don't agree *completely* with him in his theory that one should never correct people when they make mistakes or when they are in error. Even though I know that it *does* wound that person's precious vanity, I think that failure to wound more vanities and to awaken more of us to the fact that we are woefully inadequate in certain phases and things is responsible for much of the stupidity surrounding us on all sides. The apathy of the average person to many things that should arouse him to a rage of reformation is in no small measure responsible for the public tolerance of the one unpardonable crime (in my lexicon at least) of *racketeering*—that scourge upon our nation, that parasitical vermin that some day, I hope, I shall have the privilege of stamping out through the medium of a vigilante committee that will shoot first and ask questions afterward.

Yes, Mr. Carnegie, I have just finished bawling out one of my staff for his failure to have had this portable typewriter fixed when he noticed that the ribbon was all out of place. So just when I had a few minutes to do a little typing between shows, here in the hot Texas sun, I found the type half-red and half-black—and to complicate matters further, it was impossible to see what I was typing (the ribbon was obviously too high), and so, typing as I do in the best Hunt And Poke system, made it almost impossible to do much at the machine.

That brings me to the thought that this failure to have things immediately repaired when they require it is one of the most common forms of human laziness. Go through the average American house and count the number of sewing machines, vacuum cleaners, radios and phonographs that lie in need of only a slight adjustment to make them workable, and you'll see what I mean.

I've had boys playing for me who were fine musicians but who were too lazy and procrastinating to take their instruments to the repair man, with the net result that the fine instruments with which they earn a living were festooned with elastics and colored string, making the instrument a likely source of trouble and hardly a visual help to the band. Oh Laziness! what sins are perpetrated in thy name and truly so

Now don't misunderstand me—I don't disagree with all that Mr. Carnegie has to say on the subject of rebuke and criticism—indeed, in his story of Lincoln and General Meade I concur with him completely as to Lincoln's handling of Meade. In a later issue of this magazine I would like to discuss the book *How To Win Friends And Influence People* more completely.

STUPID EXPRESSIONS

The Real McCoy—In this case the word "real" is unnecessary, redundant—"McCoy" itself means the genuine article.

PUZZLERS

Why—why, down here in Texas and other parts of the South, are "myself" and "help," pronounced "myseff" and



Buy 15¢ CLOPAYS

AT 5 AND 10c AND NEIGHBORHOOD STORES EVERYWHERE

Only CLOPAYS Have These Amazing Advantages*

* I M A G I N E having fresh, lovely-looking shades at every window *all the time*, for a fraction of what it used to cost! Yes, you can! Actually get 10 window shades for the price of one . . . and they *look like costly linen!* Wear 2 years and more. No wonder thousands of women everywhere are switching to 15c CLOPAYS . . . the gorgeous new window shades made of an amazing new cellulose material that looks like costly linen. CLOPAYS won't crack, won't pinch, won't fray or curl. Everybody mistakes them for expensive shades . . . yet CLOPAYS cost only 15c . . . in full

6-foot lengths . . . ready to attach to old rollers in a jiffy with CLOPAY's patented gummed strip . . . that needs no tacks or tools . . . Buy beautiful 15c CLOPAYS at 5 and 10c and neighborhood stores everywhere. Your choice of many lovely patterns and plain colors. Ready to attach to roller, only 15c each. Roller and brackets, 15c extra. Write for FREE color samples . . . to CLOPAY CORP., 1292 York Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.



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All women have the opportunity of hair sparkling with natural freshness and beauty . . . hair that possesses every sunshine tint and delicate overtones of Youth. Golden Glint, the natural color rinse, gives every hair shade this needed emphasis and sparkle.

BROWNETTES, BRUNETTES, BLONDES and all in-between shades find it as necessary to a smart appearance as lipstick and rouge. The only rinse flexible enough to accurately highlight your individual hair shade without changing its natural appearance. Not a dye, and highlight you require. Not a dye, not a bleach. Millions use it regularly.

SILVER GLINT—A rinse created especially for white, platinum and very gray hair. Imparts sparkling silver highlights, leaving the hair amazingly soft and manageable. Adds beauty to permanent and natural waves.

THE PRICE IS SMALL—THE EFFECT PRICELESS! Golden Glint Rinse at 10¢ drug and department stores. Golden Glint Shampoo and Rinse at drug and dept. stores. Silver Glint Rinse at 10¢ stores.

GOLDEN GLINT

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BY SHOP WORK—NOT BY BOOKS
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Prepare for jobs in Service Work, Broadcasting, Talking Pictures, Television, Wireles, etc., by 12 weeks practical shop training in Coyne Shops. Free Employment Service Manual. Includes: **FREE RADIO AND TELEVISION BOOK**, and my "Pay-Yourself-After-Creditation" Plan.
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THE Answer



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Soothing, harmless, odorless. At all drug stores.

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Jean Dickenson, luscious to look at, lovely to hear, sings with Frank Munn on **NBC-Red, Sundays at 9:30 p.m. EST.**

"hepp," without the "l"? Also, why the unusual accent on "United States"? Up North it is "You Nited States" but in the South it's "You Nited States"—remember how the late Huey Long pronounced it? Long also tyfied the Southern pronunciation by saying "Wall Street"—we say "W'all Street."

Some people show a woeful lack of knowledge of human nature. The only palliative that anyone can offer is that they "mean well," which doesn't help much. It all stems from the fallacy that people must always be talking or doing something, else happiness is impossible. Therefore, then, it becomes a major crime for one to remain silent at a social gathering and for one to sit and twiddle his thumbs (instead of holding a cocktail in one hand and a cigarette in the other, meanwhile jabbering away furiously of nothing at all). In society's eyes, the fellow merits the firing squad, no less. In other words, the arts of day-dreaming and of sober reflection (which can be so soothing to a tired, tortured soul), have become outlawed in the scheme of things here in America.

Just why anyone should fail to understand that some of us might like just to sit by ourselves with our elbows on the table and muse for a moment or two, is quite beyond me. But so many good Samaritans, with the best of intentions, have come over to me when I have been happily deep in my thoughts and, with a pitying smile, have volunteered to cheer me up. With an air of doing their daily good deed, and a sigh of resignation, these fellows proceed to ask foolish questions, thinking to rescue me from my supposed melancholy Where can I rent a gun?

People do not sing "off key"—that is, they rarely do. What most people mean is that the singer, or instrumentalist, is singing or playing, **sharp or flat**, or singing "off pitch" there is a wide difference between off pitch and off key.

"Off key" means that the singer has left the key in which the song was being played and is now in another key. Which

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... says beautiful **RUTH COLEMAN** Paramount Player

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(2) Tell me how to get one.

little trick would require an atrocious sense of pitch and even the layman-singer (and I have heard some pretty poor ones) rarely wanders that far afield. Usually he sings out of tune, or to put it more technically, his ear and sense of pitch, which are guided by the ears' keenness, are deficient in that task. Of course those of you who have sung in, or directed, glee clubs will hasten to tell me about groups of singers who end in another key several tones flat (usually). Yes, they do do this but they do it very gradually, almost imperceptibly and they all go together. It would take pages to try to explain this phenomenon.

Pitch is like color. Just as red has infinite variations of the color itself—varying all the way from dark red to very light red—so may the note "A" vary from an "A" that is many double variations sharp or flat and yet it is still the note "A." Most people have a defective sense of pitch and I am of the belief that training can not remedy this any more than a short man can become tall by training or exercise.

Only a surgical operation could possibly correct the deflection in the ear, and no one has ever found out why one person's sense of pitch is perfect and the other fellow's most imperfect—any more than we can explain why one child is born ugly and the other an Adonis. I'm afraid we'll have to lay it at the door of Old Man Inheritance. Some people have the gift of being able, on hearing the sound of a bell, a horn, a glass—in fact any musical sound however produced,

to tell you what note in the scale it is. This is called "arbitrary pitch" and can be trained. Pianists have it most often, as they have learned to associate musical sounds with the keys of the piano. It is indeed a question of arbitrary measurement, like learning to estimate the height of hats.

Some call it "absolute" or "relative" pitch, as distinguished from "perfect" pitch, which no one has but which the finest violinists almost have—or they wouldn't be great violinists.

Absolute pitch is like always being able to tell red from blue. Perfect pitch is the ability to distinguish between varying shades of red. Perfectly clear?

If you're interested in knowing just how good your sense of pitch is and want to measure your own pitch very accurately and definitely, write me and I'll tell you where you can secure the apparatus that even a child can operate and by which you can measure all gifts of musical talent. Notice, please, that I said "gifts!" You have never thought of these talents as gifts, have you? Thought it was all a matter of training and "the breaks?" Sorry to disillusion you!

A lot of instructors who are bleeding poor, untalented clods, telling them that by hard work musical talent may be cultivated, ought to be taken out and horse-whipped! Of course I'm not talking about a dry academic knowledge of music—I'm talking about the ability to render music in sound and to sing or play an

instrument successfully and pleasingly. This must be inherited, and the child devoid of the talent is wasting his time and energy. Old Mother Nature has a lot to answer for

REVERSALS

Why must people say "Zig-zag" when it is "Zeeg-zeld"—and "barrrel" or "berrell" for "barrel"? (The last is a Western and Mid-Western trait.)

An article in *Variety*, the aforementioned Bible of the entertainment world, catches my attention. It appears that the Telephone Company has noticed a decrease in the number of telephone calls made by owners of telephones on Thursday evenings between the hours of 8:00 and 11:00. The Company is quite concerned about this. Both *Variety* and Company executives have come to the conclusion that people who normally might be making telephone calls between those hours on that evening are tuned-in to some of the major radio programs. This seems to be a fairly logical and reasonable explanation. Somewhat like the old vaudeville gag about the cities with the greatest population having the greatest number of people!

At the risk of being rated egotistical, I think I am safe in saying that the fact that we have been broadcasting Thursday evenings from 8:00 to 9:00 was one of the motivating factors causing Thursday evening between 8:00 and 11:00 to become one of the week's outstanding broadcasting evenings. Surveys find many people seated before their radio loud-speakers,

What Two Things Happen When You Are Constipated?

When you are constipated two things happen. FIRST: Wastes swell up the bowels and press on nerves in the digestive tract. This nerve pressure causes headaches, a dull, lazy feeling, bilious spells, loss of appetite and dizziness. SECOND: Partly digested food starts to decay forming GAS, bringing on sour stomach (acid indigestion), and heartburn, bloating you up until you sometimes gasp for breath.

Then you spend many miserable days. You can't eat. You can't sleep. Your stomach is sour. You feel tired out, grouchy and miserable.

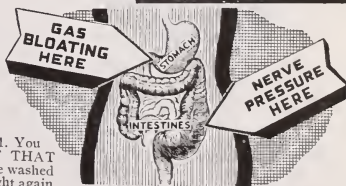
To get the complete relief you ask you must do TWO things. 1. You must relieve the GAS. 2. You must clear the bowels and GET THAT PRESSURE OFF THE NERVES. As soon as offending wastes are washed out you feel marvelously refreshed, blues vanish, the world looks bright again.

There is only one product on the market that gives you the double action you need. It is ADLERIKA. This efficient carminative cathartic relieves that awful GAS at once. It often removes bowel congestion in half an hour. No waiting for overnight relief. Adlerika acts on the stomach and both bowels. Ordinary laxatives act on the lower bowel only.

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Most women don't need beauty parlors. Your own doctor will tell you that sallow complexions and pimply skins are rarely matters for cosmetics. Because most skin blemishes are aggravated by constipation.

Dr. F. M. Edwards treated hundreds of women for constipation and frequently noted remarkable improvements in their appearance. He used a purely vegetable compound—Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. This laxative is gentle, yet peculiarly effective because it increases the bile flow without shocking the intestinal system. Try Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. At all druggists, 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

ANDY, of the long-beloved team, Amos 'n' Andy, has a new bride! Read the story of their romance in RADIO STARS, for December.



After a summer's absence, Nelson Eddy returned to the air to sing, act and indulge in verbal horseplay with Charlie McCarthy on the Sunday Chase and Sanborn Hour.

ready to listen-in over that long three-hour stretch. It must be quite obvious to anyone who has thought about it that it was good reasoning on the part of the *Show Boat* broadcast to theorize that the audience which has listened to our program between 8:00 and 9:00 was a ready-made audience and could easily be persuaded to tune in to an hour which would immediately follow, providing that hour could be made interesting. That seems to be precisely what happened.

Show Boat not only takes over the ready-made audience that we have prepared for it, but it has its own unique adherents who perhaps prefer the *Show Boat*. This it might be quite obvious that in reality we do *Show Boat* a service by handing over to them some of our own fellow-radio-listeners, who otherwise might not even be home to listen at all. And, of course, it was quite logical reasoning on the part of a smart advertising agency to theorize that people's span of attention might be lengthened into even three hours and therefore, a very fine show is prepared to follow the *Show Boat* hour.

That fine show, the *Kraft Music Hall*, not only secures a goodly portion of our adherents but also those who have been listening to *Show Boat* as well. Small wonder that Bing has a fine and large audience and deservedly so. As I personally enjoy the *Kraft* hour, not only because it contains my favorite singer but because I have always enjoyed Bob Burns since I first knew him—I think it's quite obvious that the gentlemen who put on the show are remarkably clever—as witness the sparkling lines and superb choice of artists.

HERE COMES SHIRLEY!

A Shirley more lovable than ever!

With that endearing dimple, that enchanting smile, gloriously she brings to life a Heidi you'll adore. Her every gesture will charm you . . . her every tear will stir you . . . as she steals the heart of that cranky, cussed, cantankerous Grandfather, Jean Hersholt . . . a Jean Hersholt so grandly human you can't help but love him, too!

Don't miss the complete story of Shirley Temple's latest triumph—Heidi—in the November issue of

SCREEN ROMANCES



NOW ON SALE

MUSCULAR RHEUMATIC PAIN

It takes more than "just a salve" to draw it out. It takes a "counter-irritant"! And that's what good old *Musterole* is—soothing, warming, penetrating and helpful in drawing out local congestion and pain when rubbed on the sore, aching spots.

Muscular lumbago, soreness and stiffness generally yield promptly to this treatment, and with continued application, blessed relief usually follows.

Even better results than the old-fashioned mustard plaster. Used by millions for 25 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. All druggists. In three strengths: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40¢ each.



I have often been asked why the *Fleischmann's Yeast Hour* was originally broadcast on Thursday evenings. I'm afraid I must take the bow or the kick-in-the-pants for that particular schedule. When we began broadcasting the *Fleischmann's Yeast Hour* in October, 1929, it was generally conceded that Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights were the best listening nights, with the emphasis on Thursday and Friday. Saturday was considered good, Sunday poor (it really was, then) and Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, just fair.

I was under contract to Paramount Public Theatres at that time, a contract that necessitated my appearing, for months at a time, day in and day out, at either the New York or Brooklyn Paramount Theatres, doing as many as five and sometimes six shows a day. The sponsors of our broadcast desired an hour when we might attract children and adults who might wish to retire early. Anything before 6:30 would have been too early, especially as it would reach the West Coast at a bad time and not a particularly good hour in the East. Our third theatre show generally went on at 7:00 or a little before and being, usually, forty to fifty minutes in length, we generally finished the third show at the Paramount at approximately 7:50.

Therefore, eight o'clock seemed to be the best choice of hour, as my next stage show was scheduled for approximately 9:20 and would not see me off until 10:10.

Friday morning, a new Paramount unit arrived at the theatre, necessitating a very early rehearsal, sometimes at six o'clock in the morning. A long morning rehearsal and the hectic anxiety attendant on a first show in the theatre made Friday a bad day to add to the day's hours a long radio rehearsal and performance. Saturday was generally our biggest day at the theatre, with usually six and often seven shows. So with the schedule being constantly rearranged as a result of crowds standing in line and the first show beginning quite a bit before noon, Saturday was an equally bad day for the broadcast.

Therefore, Thursday seemed the most logical day and 8:00 o'clock the most sensible hour. And thus, because of the whims of theatrical audiences and producers and the capricious likes and dislikes of radio listeners, what is generally known as "Cookie's Night Out" became the night of the original *Fleischmann's Yeast Hour* and continues to be for the Royal Gelatine Hour.

A recommendation before closing—a most eloquent, thorough and helpful book for singers—*Pierre Keyes' This Business Of Singing*. As one who believes in singing naturally, I can't commend it too highly.

Remember, now, that you're going to write me, if you're interested, about the device for measuring musical talent. It might very easily save you time and money.

As Variety would say—your correspondent is shuttering—closing down for another month.



F R E E D

Woman's place was in the home!

Not many years ago, it was unthinkable that women would ever compete with men in business, in sport, in art! The ordeals of her sex made it apparently impossible.

Yet today, woman is freed. Everywhere, in every field, she competes on a basis of strict equality. Her's is a new life.

And the greatest contribution, perhaps, to this new freedom, was one woman's courage in defying tradition. She dared to say that women were not meant to suffer. She dared to claim that no wife or mother must spend one-quarter of her life wracked with pain. She dared to assert that the ordeal of motherhood could be eased.

We know now that Lydia Pinkham was right. And it is doubtful whether, throughout the entire world, any single aid to woman has won more eager gratitude than Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.*

We have received more than a million letters blessing Lydia Pinkham

for enabling the writers to go "smiling through" the ordeals of a woman's life.

The bitter aches and pains, the terrific mental and nervous strain that so many women undergo, are often needless. As wife, mother, daughter, you owe it to those about you to test whether Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will not help you, also, to go "smiling through." Why not get a bottle today from your druggist?

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

The Three Ordeals of Woman

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

One woman tells another how to go "Smiling Through" with

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PORTRAIT OF A PIONEER

(Continued from page 23)

successful association with the Cities Service NBC programs—a concert series which set a new high standard for radio music, in which she starred for six years. This past January she left that program to star in a series of weekly half-hour musical programs for the Palmolive Company, over CBS.

Many have asked why Jessica left the Cities Service Hour.

It wasn't an easy thing to do—to turn her back on all she had so splendidly built up through those six years. And the network protested. The sponsors protested. Friends argued. Fans were alarmed.

But the pioneer must be ruthless. Ruthless with all the dear, familiar ties that form impalpable and cherished bonds. Ruthless, most of all, with herself. It was necessary now, she saw, to find expression for richer gifts within herself, to evolve new formulae for worthier radio fare, to reach a wider audience.

So, holding the vision high, Jessica made the change, never faltering, despite much unfavorable publicity and misrepresentation of her motives and plans.

Now, for the first time, Jessica reveals those motives.

"There were several reasons for making the change," she explains. "For one thing, this new program reaches forty-eight stations—almost twice as many as the other did. Now listeners from coast to coast may hear me, where before the program reached only Eastern and Mid-Western listeners. Enthusiastic letters, pouring in from the West Coast," she added, "have more than justified the change on that score."

"Another reason for the change was that many fans had asked me for a program in which I would have dialog—lines to speak—as well as songs to sing. That wasn't possible on the other program. So, for the Palmolive show, we planned these miniature operettas.

"When the present contract was being negotiated," said Jessica, "it was arranged that we should present an operetta one week and a concert program the next week—which seemed very desirable, giving a chance for different forms of music. But that arrangement was not carried out. The immediate success of the operettas made the sponsors decide to keep to them every week.

"That is a great disappointment to me!" Her eyes flash. "People say: 'Oh, Jessica always gets everything she wants!' But I haven't yet got what I wanted—what I expected to have—in this series.

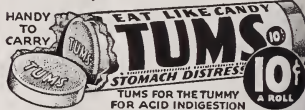
"There is," said Jessica, "a vast literature of music outside of the operatic field. I've given my life to the study of it. I know listeners want to hear it—and I want to give it to them.

"If we could increase the program to an hour, instead of the half hour, we could present an operetta in the first half hour, and then devote the second half hour to concert music.



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"I hope they'll do it . . ." She smiled. "There have been over ten thousand petitions to increase the program to an hour! But as yet the idea hasn't seemed to interest the sponsors. They are so reluctant to change!"

To Jessica Dragonette, pioneer, reluctance to change is almost high treason! As to every true adventurer, change is her friend and counselor. When the idea of condensing operettas to the limitations of a half-hour program was first suggested, "they" said it couldn't be done. Now their very reluctance to change testifies to the practicality of her vision.

In Jessica Dragonette's early broadcasting years everything was experimental. "The studio," she says, "resembled a combination laboratory and sweat-shop, where we all slaved together. Often it was like a madhouse! There were no studio audiences then, of course—just two small rooms where we worked. Quite different from the modern theatre where we broadcast today."

Through the rush and clamor of those early studio sessions, Jessica's instinct for inner quiet and her unshakable purpose steadied her. She learned a new operetta each week. Daily she committed to memory one or two new songs. (She never uses a score, or any memorandum, when she sings.) She studied and perfected tone and diction. Style presented no problem, since then, as now, simplicity was her keynote.

Then, as now, Jessica Dragonette was not just a singer, "putting over" a song. She had a definite part, not only in shaping and perfecting those early programs, but in shaping and perfecting the development of broadcasting itself.

As an instance of this: One day Mr. McClelland, later to become the "father" of the NBC chain—there were no networks then—saw her sitting in the hall outside the studio, studying a score. Hours passed and, going in and out of his office, he observed the small figure, still lost in concentration.

"Who is she?" he asked someone, presently. And, being told, he asked her to come into his office and talk to him. It was the beginning of a long friendship, and Mr. McClelland, recognizing the young singer's ardent interest in radio problems, asked her to sit in at official meetings, at which various such problems were threshed out, and production formulae were evolved. She had, they say, always something definite to contribute, looking always toward the future, fighting stoutly for what she believed in, protesting stoutly against what seemed short-sighted policy.

In those early years Jessica "did everything" on the air. She was the first to suggest presenting Shakespeare on the air and broadcast on some of her programs short scenes from some of the Bard's plays, and some of the lovely songs. But it till this past year did radio really catch up with Jessica's vision of presenting our-length versions of the Shakespeare plays.

"I'd like to do some Shakespeare now," she says eagerly. "If they'll give me a full our program, I can do it!"

Jessica has been associated with many "firsts" in radio. It was she who first introduced Robert L. (Believe-It-Or-



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Not) Ripley to the air. She sang on the first *General Motors* program and on the first international broadcast. When Byrd was at the South Pole, she sang on the first broadcast to him. She was in the first of the experimental television broadcasts, a private demonstration, at which former mayor Jimmy Walker was the honored guest. And the list is still longer.

She also, perhaps, was the first to be chided for a bit of impromptu mimicry on the air!

You may not know it, but Jessica is an accomplished mimic. One day, after hearing Irene Bordoni sing one of her famous—and just a wee bit naughty—French songs, Jessica was inspired to do an imitation of her. The song was "Do It Again!"

We were a bit on the prim side, in those days. Letters poured in, protesting in shocked amazement. "She is corrupting the youth of our nation!" one indignant writer exclaimed.

And the Board forthwith "sat upon" Jessica! So, for once, the pioneering instinct was squelched!

What is Jessica Dragonette like, really? Many ask that question.

But it's a question not too easy to answer. In every person there are a thousand personalities. Little by little, as one of them emerges dominant, the others are submerged. And yet, at any time, chance and change may call up one of the hidden personalities, to surprise even the closest friend.

There are those who know Jessica as an enchanting companion—one with a gay sense of humor, a keen grip, an eager zest for the moment's pleasure. The Jessica, for example, who celebrated the New Year riding up Fifth Avenue with the young James Meltons, in Jimmy's prized 1910 White—laughing when it broke down in front of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and to the annoyance of the traffic cop, refused to budge.

To those associated with her on her programs, she is Jessica, steadfast, sincere, a good worker, a good fighter, a good friend. Some, in various parts of the land, know her as an unseen but loyal friend, with a sympathetic heart and a ready hand to help. Others, close to her through the years, see her as one with an all-absorbing interest in her work, with a passion for perfection that drives her relentlessly.

To these, who casually combine life and love and laughter, career and home-keeping, music and motherhood, she seems a little too much the "angel of song," the lonely saint on a pedestal, far removed from dear human contacts that shape a rounded life. "She just lives for that program!" said one, with a faint edge of impatience in her voice. To these she seems to be spending years that might be rich with romance in work that some day will leave her desolate and alone.

But are they right? Surely, of all people in the world, the pioneer has the fullest life, the most richly rewarding experiences. It is certain that Jessica Dragonette knows no lack, nurses no frustrated longings. Only weaknesses suffer so—and, far from being a weakening, Jessica is strong, vital, dynamic.

Nor is it merely her career that she serves. It would be more true to say it

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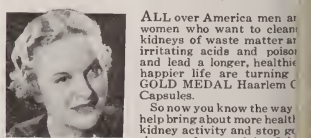
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So now you know what help brings about more health kidney activity and stop getting up often at night. Old symptoms are backache, irritated bladder—difficult or smarting passages—puffiness under eyes—nervousness and shifting pains.

This harmless yet effective medicine brings real—you'll feel better in a few days. So why not get six boxes of GOLD MEDAL Haariem C Capsules today—the original and genuine—right from Haariem in Holland—Don't accept a counterfeit—Ask for GOLD MEDAL.

is life. It is beauty, art, humanity, music, radio . . . It is her heart's high adventure—and to it she gives all that she has to give. Life, as she shapes it, is rich, full, satisfying. Its rewards only the true pioneer understands.

Obviously, love couldn't pass her by! Some day it will have its place in the pattern of her life. With her rare qualities of heart and mind, she is lovely to know, lovely to look upon. Small—five feet-two and weighing a hundred pounds—she is dainty as a porcelain figurine. In her dress, she has a gift for style any woman might envy—the ability to wear something as if it had been created by an artist for her alone—as it may have been. Or, she may have achieved it herself in an odd half hour. Her hair is a golden halo, framing her sensitive face. Her voice, whether in speech or song, is a jewelled loveliness. She likes to dance and swim and ride horseback. She loves flowers and proudly raises them in her penthouse garden.

All of which forms merely a lightly sketched background for our portrait of a pioneer. The real Jessica Dragonette is measured not only by the long list of her sterling achievements, but by her plans and dreams of further fields of fine accomplishment. For the pioneer, there always are new horizons.

She looks ahead toward a projected series of concert recitals. It had been her plan to put off consideration of that for another year. But, urged on by friendly advisers, as well as by many of her radio audience, she may undertake it sooner than she had foreseen.

And there is the question of movie work. Producers are urging her to consider contracts—and she feels that that, too, is a step to be taken presently.

She hasn't got all she wants yet. There still is something to struggle for. Still she must "follow the gleam" that has made her one of radio's pioneers, one of its most beloved and most outstanding stars. And that gleam she will always follow, wherever it leads.

For Jessica Dragonette, adventure will always light its stars. And she will continue to pioneer up bright new paths of beauty and fulfillment.

"TREAT YOURSELF TO BEAUTY— the way I do!"



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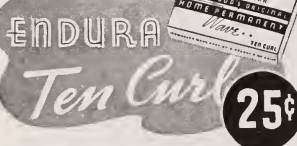
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The large-size Endura gives you 50 curls. Everything you need for a complete home permanent.

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BEAUTY ADVICE

(Continued from page 10)

fragrant powder stirred into the water will soften the water. Mix the powder with plain water to the consistency of a lotion and allow the lotion to remain on your face for a few minutes; rinse with warm water, then cold—there you have a facial treatment. To make this oatmeal facial a blackhead and pore treatment, you should first steam the face and neck, then apply this facial, mixed to a paste with lukewarm water. Allow it to remain on for twenty minutes. Finish this pack treatment, as you do the facial, by rinsing first with warm water and then with cold.

Do you feel so fresh, now, that you want to keep right on going? Want to get some practical pointers on how to be well-groomed and poised every hour of the day? Then here is Florence George to demonstrate how really simple it is to accomplish.

Florence George is with Larry Ross on the *Packard Hour*. You can hear her every Tuesday over the *NBC-Red* network. You can see her in these pictures—and she is always that lovely.

Don't look down your nose and mutter "humph!" Florence isn't a bit smug about herself. In fact, she tells you how to be well-groomed at all times—painlessly, and with no strain on the pocketbook. Florence achieved the distinction of being selected one of the three most beautiful co-eds at Wittenberg College—all on the average school-girl's allowance which, you know, is infinitesimal. Later she was described by Milton Stiefel, former coach of Katharine Hepburn, as "pictorially and vocally perfect," and she was optioned by M-G-M.

Fifteen minutes' beauty routine today is worth an hour tomorrow! And will save you not only time but heartaches, for all your tomorrows will be beautiful ones if you take care of today! Get in the habit of planning a day ahead and you'll find wrinkles disappearing and a new pleasure in your own appearance taking their place.

Just as regularly as the sun goes down, you should prepare your pocketbook with tomorrow's cosmetics. You should have your dressing-table arranged conveniently, so that the morning's routine can be followed without a hitch—no scrambling around in cluttered drawers for the foundation preparation, then deciding to go without it! A quick inventory should be made of all cosmetics, so short supplies can be replenished.

How can you be faultlessly groomed at all times, if you don't have the necessary cosmetics at hand? Florence George has solved this problem and you can follow her system, too. She always keeps make-up essentials in a table drawer in the foyer of her home. Ravages of wind and weather can then be repaired before meeting anyone! This is a grand idea and one your guests will be quick to appreciate, too. Really, make-up kits should be convenient to every place where you spend much of your time—be it the office, kitchen or car. If your time is divided among all of



**New GRIFFIN
BLACK DYE**

Time to dye your white and colored shoes with **GRIFFIN BLACK DYE**... a new formula that guarantees a jet black finish which will not wear off. Easy to use... non-poisonous... leaves no odor.

Give you a new pair of shoes at practically no cost. For sale at 5 and 10 cent stores and shoe repair shops.



10c BOTTLE
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BROOKLYN, N. Y.



Hair OFF Face Lips Chin

Happy! I once had ugly hair on my face and chin... was unloved... discouraged. Tried depilatories, waxes, liquids... even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty, love, happiness with the secret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Miss Annette Lamette, P. O. Box 4014, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 421 Chicago.

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Many Debutantes now say
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The Sensational New Volatilized Sulphur and Vitamin "P" Skin-Clearing Prescription Cream and Powder Treatment.



Quickly Clears the Skin



of Pimples by destroying the germs that enter the skin from the outside, and by promoting rapid healing.
NAC Cream 35c-\$1.00
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"NAC Has the Knack of Quickly Clearing the Skin." Don't delay. Get your NAC today. Satisfaction is Guaranteed or Money Back.
SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE
For a free sample of NAC Prescription Powder (Chicago) Write—NAC, Dept. 1, Winnetka, Ill.

RADIO STARS

these places, then have a kit in each one, as well as in your dressing-table.

Are you gasping at this suggestion? Well, relax, for it's not as bad as first glance would indicate—not bad for the pocketbook, or the appearance, and it is certainly a lot of fun. Perfectly marvelous make-up kits are available at cosmetic counters. Kits with price ranges from inexpensive to the exorbitant. Somewhere in the scale you will find just what you want, or you may assemble your own kit. Where can you have the fun of assembling a very inexpensive kit for your very own? In the chain stores! You can browse along one tremendous counter and, in a few minutes, have everything you need. (I say a few minutes, but you'll enjoy this shopping trip so much you'll probably linger for hours!)

You will find every type of cosmetic, nationally known cosmetics, too, in small sizes and large sizes in the chain stores. I suggest you take a list with you when you go to assemble your kits, then you won't be so overwhelmed by the many things you see, that essentials are overlooked. Determine the number of kits you need and what each should contain—then begin your shopping orgy!

First, you will want beauty boxes to hold your cosmetics. You should have a box for each set of cosmetics. You can make this box, yourself, from a candy box, or any other odd box, or you may purchase a box. Perfectly grand boxes with mirrors in the cover may be had. While you are collecting these beauty boxes, do make or purchase a zipper

waterproof kit to hold the cosmetics in your pocketbook.

There are certain essential beauty aids each beauty box and waterproof kit should contain, so I'll itemize them for you here. First is a cleansing cream or lotion, for the beauty boxes, and tissues for removing. (You would find a combination cleaner and foundation convenient here.) Second is a hand lotion, to correct and prevent rough, red hands. Then nail polish remover, polish and file go into the beauty boxes, as first-aid treatment for fingernail accidents. Third is a comb. (You may want to tuck in a few hairpins or bobby pins alongside the comb.) Fourth is your make-up. This should consist of rouge, powder, lipstick, eyebrow pencil, eye-shadow and mascara.

There you have the requisites to daintiness, wherever you may be! You'll never look frowzy with all these beauty aids to command. Of course you can make your boxes even more elaborate, or add to them, from time to time, when you have a few extra pennies. A small flask of perfume is a luxury touch; mouth wash and deodorant will assure personal daintiness, and a needle and thread, pins, shoe brush and small clothes brush, would leave you unperturbed in the face of any calamity.

After Florence George fired me with enthusiasm for "preparedness," I did a little scouting around the cosmetic counters myself and found some things for the beauty boxes that I am glad to recommend to you. One discovery, in particular, thrilled me. It is a cleansing cream that

does wonders in the way of cleansing and softening the skin. It is that "miracle"—a quick cleanser and a thorough one at the same time. This triple-whip cream really does something about banishing blackheads and does combat rough skin and the premature wrinkles and lines that accompany a dry skin. You will probably be so delighted with this cream that you will want a large jar for your dressing-table, as well as the smaller jars for your kits.

The same manufacturers of this cream have an indelible lipstick and rouge, a silk-sifted face powder, and a hand lotion. The quality of all these cosmetics is on a par with the cream! Of course, when you are out to beautify yourself, the external appearance of jars and boxes should not matter, but I can promise you that you will find this line of cosmetics so daintily and appealingly packaged that you will want the whole line.

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

I am enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope and would like to know the names of the facial treatment, cream and cosmetics recommended by Mary Biddle.

Name

Address

City State

Perfume for a different "You"



GARDENIA by day—true essence of the fragile flower... warm and lingering as the memory of a friendly smile.



No. 3 PERFUME by night—exotic breath of the Orient... weaving its magic spell through romantic hours.

Your different "selves" demand *both* these exquisite perfumes. The carefree, playful "You" of daytime wears Park & Tilford Gardenia... but night and romance find "You" subtly alluring with No. 3. At leading drug and department stores... 25¢

Smart tuckaway size all for 10c in ten-cent stores

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Perfumes

FAOEN



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Don't envy the woman with fascinating hair. Colorinse, the modern rinse, makes it so easy to glorify your hair and give it a youthful brilliance. Use Colorinse to have hair that women envy and men admire. You'll find your own correct shade on the Nestle Color Card, at all counters.

SO SIMPLE TO USE

After a shampoo, dissolve a package of Colorinse in warm water and pour over your hair. Dry hair, brush it, and you'll see asparkle into your hair that will astonish you. Try Colorinse today.

10c for a package of 2 rinses at 5 and 10-cent stores. 25c for package of five rinses at drug and department stores.



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 Send me FREE your new book, "A Career in Costume Designing" and full particulars of your homestay course. My age is.....
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ROMANCE TO SWINGTIME

(Continued from page 39)

"A romantic at heart? Ah, no, not me!"

Tommy's two children, of whom he is extraordinarily proud, are Tommy, Jr., or Thomas Francis Dorsey, III (better known as "Skipper"), and Patsy Marie. The boy is six and the girl is eleven years old.

They are being brought up on a farm, to which Tommy commutes nightly after he finishes playing at the Commodore, the Pennsylvania, or whatever smart New York dance floor has him under contract at the moment.

The farm is Dorsey's pride and joy. Located at Bernardsville, New Jersey, it is twenty-two acres in extent and is well stocked with cows, chickens and horses. A beautiful rambling farmhouse, over which Missus Dorsey presides gracefully, gives them all the comforts of a Manhattan town house.

Once in a great while Tommy has to work so late at night and be up so early in the morning for recordings or for radio work, that it is necessary for him to spend the night at a New York hotel. He just hates to do this. Mostly, winter or summer, he commutes, no matter what the weather or what the time, for he loves that farm and being on it with his family.

No, he wasn't brought up to be a farmer. His father was a music teacher, first in Mahanoy Plane, Pennsylvania, later in Shenandoah and Lansford, Pennsylvania, in the coal mining country. As soon as Tommy and his brother, Jimmy, were old enough to distinguish one note from another, they were getting music lessons. Before they were in long pants they were playing in orchestras and organizing their own band.

Tommy always hated school. When he was about twelve, he came home and announced he was through. His father stormed, his mother pleaded with him, his brother Jimmy gave him a licking. Tommy went back, under protest, for two more years. Then he refused to bother with books any longer. He found a job delivering pasteurized milk and, in his spare hours, he tinkered with his trombone.

What is now known as "swing" hadn't yet become popular, but jazz, as played by Paul Whiteman, had all the embryo musicians in its throes. Tommy used to spend every cent he could muster to buy Whiteman records of such pieces as *Oh, Feather Your Nest*, *Oriental*, *Song of India* and *Yellow Dog Blues*.

He'd play them over and over again, to absorb the Whiteman tempo and rhythm, often playing his own horn right along with the Victrola. When he and his brother were in their first small-town band, it was the Dorsey brothers' version of the Whiteman piece that the cash customers yelled for.

It was not many years later that Tommy and Jimmy wound up with jobs in Paul Whiteman's band and were considered top men when they left to organize their own famous *Dorsey Brothers' Orchestra*, which was a mild sensation in the East a few years ago.

"OH BOY! NO MORE WORMS"



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REMOVE CORNS ROOT AND ALL

• A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.



Frances Langford, of Hollywood Hotel, at work on a new song.

When this organization broke up—and the story of that split and resulting feud—one that shall be reserved for another me—Jimmy took the nucleus of the group and went West and Tommy had to start all over again. From scratch—building a new band, new reputation, getting new engagements.

Just how well he built is shown by his wonderful reputation today on both radio and dance floor. Dorsey "sweet swing" music is famous everywhere. He has one of the most popular bands in the country.

Part of the secret of his success, says those who study musical trends, is his inimitable swing—his own particular brand. Nobody else "swings" quite like Dorsey!

I asked him about this. "Well," he said, "it is kind of hard to define in words. I can show you better with horns, but as near as I can explain it, it is a matter of accenting and unaccenting certain sounds.

"What the dancer feels and calls swing is a mechanical business with the orchestra. You create swing by the grouping of notes or emphasis. A particular style depends upon the phrasing or grouping of accented or unaccented sounds.

"Some people complain that swing is too risy and too raucous. That's when it is laced forte or 'barrel-house' style. I think, myself, that five muted brasses can whisper swing as convincingly as when they open p. That's the way I handle it—whisper style. Then, when we do want to rough up or put sawdust on its tail, the result is pretty darned effective."

Maybe it is the sentimentalist in him, at Tommy concentrates on old numbers rather than the brand-new pieces for his living repertoire. He says, however, it isn't matter of his choice, but the preference expressed by the people who dance to his music. He has a list of eleven favorites, shown by requests. Here's the list:

Sona of India; Marie; Sentimental Dorsey (theme song); *Star Dust; Night and Day; Sophisticated Lady; Time on My Hands; I've Got You Under My Skin; Stop, Look and Listen; Melancholy Baby; Solitude.*

Popular favorites, he finds, are *This Year's Kisses* and *Goodnight, My Love*. The latter should be really big about two years from now.

"They'll be a part of that "romance to vintage" that he dishes out nightly, when the horns warm up and the kids get out on the dance floor, that same romance that burns deeply in his own personal life.

1. ORALGENE is a firmer, "chewier" gum. It gives your mouth, teeth and gums needed exercise.

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Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....
GIVE ORIGINAL HAIR COLOR.

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

part fibbing, or checking the answer you think you ought to check to obtain the best results, you're going to get all mixed up.

In fact, this is practically a cheatless quiz, if you must know. Because the query that you think will show how extravagant you are may not really show that at all; it will probably reveal that you're incurably sentimental or a swell sport, or something you hadn't even guessed.

So let's begin with a pencil and *Question Number One*. Read each question, decide on your answer for it, then turn to pages 96 and 97 and check off each of your answers as you go along.

QUESTIONS

Are you blonde? Brunette? Titian?
Are you in your 'teens? Twenties? Thirties?

Is your figure stunning? Average? Not so good?

Do you bleach, dye, or otherwise change the natural color of your hair?

Are you unusually good-looking? Fairly? Not very?

If you were more clever and intelligent than a man, would you try to hide this fact from him?

Do you think a girl who has had many romances makes a more successful wife than one who has had only one or two beaux?

If you could be only one of the two, would you rather be extremely glamorous or a good sport?

Do you consider it a good idea to hand men a "line"? Bad idea?

Have you ever written a "crush" letter to a masculine star?

Do you like big parties and crowds? Provided no one would know the difference, would you give a date to a man you were a little ashamed of, rather than spend an evening by yourself?

Would you rather be diplomatic always, or consistently frank?

If you could attend the theatre only one time, on a trip to New York, would you select opera, burlesque, a play or a musical comedy?

Do you want men to put you on a pedestal, or accept you on equal terms with themselves?

Have you never been able to stick strictly to a diet, a budget, or the doctor's orders?

Do you consider that you have not "led a man on," unless you have actually told him in words that you love him?

Do you read a great deal? An average amount? Very little?

Would you want your husband to be the head of the house, or share that position equally with you?

Are you a better-than-average dancer?

If a man failed to show you courtesy and respect, would you attribute this entirely to him or partly to yourself?

Do you drink?

Would you insist on a church wedding, if you could well afford one?

If you were engaged to a man who lived in a distant city, would you feel entitled to have other dates to pass the time away during the period of your engagement?

LLOYD'S of LONDON
Back Fitch's Guarantee to
REMOVE DANDRUFF
with the first application



Here is good news for everyone troubled with unsightly dandruff. Now you can remove dandruff by using a shampoo which completely dissolves dandruff and then washes it away. Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo is guaranteed to remove dandruff with the first application—under a positive money-back guarantee. Back of this guarantee is Lloyd's of London, world famous guarantors for over two hundred years... your positive assurance that Fitch's Shampoo removes dandruff with the very first application. And remember, a Fitch Shampoo leaves your hair shining clean and radiantly beautiful.

LABORATORY TESTS

PROVE Fitch's Efficiency

1 This photograph shows bacteria and dandruff scattered, but not removed by ordinary soap shampoo.



2 All bacteria, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo.



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Removes all Dandruff, Dirt and Foreign Matter

Tests made by some of America's leading bacteriologists have shown striking results. Their findings prove that Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo is a true germicide, certain to destroy bacteria as well as to remove all dandruff, dirt and foreign matter. Try it today and enjoy the thrill of a really clean and healthy scalp. Equally as good for blondes as brunettes. Sold at drug counters. Professional applications at beauty and barber shops.

After and between Fitch Shampoos, Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic is the ideal preparation to stimulate the hair roots and give new life, luster and beauty to your hair.

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No more drunken pranks! The day of "blotto highjinks" is passed! For Cleveland's Mayor endorses a unique service—BLOTTO SERVICE. A simple 'phone call... and two strong huskies will tote you and your car a-home!

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NOVEMBER ISSUE
On Sale October 10th

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For Your Wife



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These lovely new Oriental Jinken Satin Pajama Suits are the smartest of garments—for lounging, sleeping, etc.—make ideal gifts. Come in rich Black Satin with trim in Chinese Red; (Sells regularly also Royal Blue Satin with trim . . . \$5.90) Gold trim. Bed with White; Green with Gold. All hand-embroidered in silk floral designs to match trim. Belt to match. Slight size. Fabric: Iremum, small.

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Shipped C.O.D. or send check, stamps or money order on my money-back guarantee.

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Write for catalogue of wonderful kimonos and other Oriental Articles from \$2 to \$50

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福
壽
祥



Al (Pancho) Pearce looks a bit cynical, finding himself amidst this Love Quiz! Or maybe he gets that way listening to the hot tangle tunesmiths on his CBS show!

HOLLYWOOD CURLERS



JOAN PERRY
Columbia Player

When you star in your own romances, take a tip from the romantic stars of cinema town...look your loveliest and best with a flattering hairdress made with Hollywood Curlers! Whether many curls or just a few will frame your face most becomingly...you can have them quickly, easily...right at home...with the "Curlers used by the Stars." Insist on Hollywood Curlers.



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TABLETS

HAVE RECOGNIZED MERIT

At all drugstores, or send for a free sample to K. A. Hughes Co., 80 Jamaica Plain, Mass.

What are their hair grow?

Here is the Answer

"New Hair came after I began using Kotalco, and kept on growing," writes Mr. H. A. Wild. "In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since."

Mary H. Little also has luxuriant hair now after using Kotalco. Yet for years her hair, as she describes it, "was almost as bare as the back of my hand."

Many other men and women attest that hair has stopped falling excessive diandrut has been decrease; new luxuriant hair grow has been developed; and roots were alive, after use Kotalco to stimulate action.



Are your hair roots alive & dormant? If so, why not let Kotalco? Encourage a growth of hair to live sustenance available in yec scalp. Kotalco is sold at dr stores everywhere.

FREE BOX. To prove the efficacy of Kotal for men's, women's and children's hair. Use our Kotalco Co., D-75, General P.O., New York

Please send me Proof Box of KOTALCO.

Name

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Relieve Pain In Few Minutes

To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in few minutes, get **NEURITO**, the Doctor's formula. No opiates, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—must relieve worst pain to your satisfaction in few minutes or money back at Druggist's. Don't suffer. Get trustworthy **NEURITO** today on this guarantee.

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FREQUENTLY, admired skin and complexion owe their rose-petal loveliness to Chamberlain's, the lotion that satinizes. This clear, golden liquid lotion, used regularly, enhances natural loveliness, encourages smoothness, freedom from irritation, relieves chapping. Chamberlain's Lotion is most convenient to use, dries quickly, is never sticky, greasy, gummy nor "messy." At all retail goods counters.

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Please send free trial size of your lotion.

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ANSWERS

- Blonde: A, E
Brunette: B, F
Titan: C, D
- Teens: C, E
Twenties: A, D
Thirties: B
- Stunning: A
Average: C, D, E, F
Not so good: B
- Yes: D, E
No: C, F
- Unusually: A, F
Fairly: C, D, E
Not very: B
- Yes: C, E, F
No: A, B
- Yes: C, F
No: D
- Glamorous: Blank
Good sport: A, B, C, D, E, F
- Good: A, F
Bad: D, E
- Yes: B, E
No: A, C, D
- Yes: A, E, F
No: B, C, D

12. Yes: A, F
No: B, D, E
13. Diplomatic: B, C, F
Frank: A, E
14. Opera: B, D
Burlesque: Blank
Play: C, F
Musical Comedy: A, E
15. Pedestal: E
Equal terms: A, B, C, F
16. Never been able: A
Usually do: B, C, D
17. Yes: Blank
No: A, B, C, D, E, F
18. Great deal: A
Average: B, C, D, F
Very little: E
19. Head: D, E, F
Share: B, C
20. Yes: C
No: A, F
21. To him: B, C
Partly to yourself: A, D, E
22. Yes: F
No: A, C, D, E
23. Yes: A
No: D, E
24. Yes: B, C
No: E, F
25. Large diamond: E, F
Tiny diamond: B, D
26. Baby husband: B, D, F
Be babied: E
27. Good: D, F
Poor: A, B
28. Yes: A, B, C, E, F
No: Blank
29. Maid: B, D
Yourself: A, C, F
30. Yes: A, C
No: B, D

* * * *

(Now that you've finished, look back over your check-marks and count up the letters of the alphabet opposite them—in this way: How many A's did you get? Write how many A's you got on the margin of this page. How many B's did you get? Write how many B's you got on the margin of this page. And so on through the letter F.)

Now have a look at what you've written in the margin and you'll see who could love you.

Key to WHO COULD LOVE YOU Quiz

Frank Parker	A
Nelson Eddy	B
Ray Heatherton	C
Nino Martini	D
Abe Lyman	E
Ken Murray	F

The highest number you could have got of any of the letters could have been 24. However, if you got 16 or more D's, you're practically Nino Martini's dream girl. Or if you got 16 or more C's you're Ray Heatherton's ideal, and so on.

(In case you're curious about any one of these bachelors, look back, following the letter that represents him and see what his likes and dislikes are.)

Here's hoping you got the man of your choice!

NEVER A DANCE NOW Romance

Two hearts in Blue Waltz Time! Music, laughter, romance, the picture is complete. A wallflower has blossomed into a leading lady.

The secret of success at a dance comes in feeling and looking alluring. You can learn it in one-two-three steps. *One:* Blue Waltz Perfume, thrilling as the quickening tempo of his heart, lasting as a happy memory. *Two:* Blue Waltz Face Powder, fragrant and satin-soft. *Three:* Blue Waltz Lipstick, a temptation to dance the kiss waltz with you.

Buy Blue Waltz Perfume and Cosmetics. Laboratory tested, certified pure. 10¢ each at 5 and 10¢ stores.

Blue Waltz
FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

BLUE WALTZ PERFUME • FACE POWDER • LIPSTICK • BRILLIANTINE • COLD CREAM • TALC

RAIN OR SHINE

DOUBLE MINT GUM DAILY HELPS
KEEP YOUR FACIAL CONTOUR YOUNG
AND LOVELY

WRIGLEY'S DOUBLE MINT CHEWING GUM
PEPPERMINT FLAVOR

CORNS



THE
MEDICALLY
SAFE
SURE WAY!

PAIN ENDS IN ONE MINUTE!

In one minute pain is gone—forgotten. That's how quickly Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads give relief! These soothing, healing pads stop the cause by lifting nagging shoe pressure off the irritated nerves. Result—no more pain, no more blisters, no more discomfort from new or tight shoes.

Remove Corns and Callouses

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads quickly, safely loosen and remove corns or callouses when used with the separate Medicated Disks included in every box. Just the pads alone will stop corns before they can develop! No other method does all these things for you. Sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Soft Corns between toes. Get a box today. Cost but a trifle, sold everywhere.



Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

WHEN IS YOUR BIRTH DATE

Get your trial astrology reading. Be analyzed by NORVELL, famous astrologer to the movie stars. The science of astrology is being logically applied to many of today's baffling problems with great success. It has helped thousands to find themselves. Give it a chance to help you. NORVELL has read the famous movie stars of Hollywood...through the medium of astrology he has helped them solve their problems. Send at once...today...for your trial astrology reading. Send only 10c with your birth date and a self-addressed, stamped envelope to



NORVELL P. O. Box 989 HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Keeps You Looking LOVELY LONGER

MINER'S Liquid MAKE-UP



MINER'S, 40BE, 20 ST., N. Y. C.
Enclosed find 10c (stamps or coin) for trial bottle Miner's Liquid Make-Up.
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____ Shade _____

LETTERS TO LISTENERS

Reversing the Usual Order of the Day!

Dear Listeners:

A great many young people who write me would like some cut-and-dried rule whereby they can become successful radio singers. All I can say is that there is no rule except the old stand-by: Talent plus application, instruction and stick-to-it-iveness. They undoubtedly will pay dividends in the end.

I say that in all sincerity, too. I went through the same hard grind that I think is necessary for the ambitious youngster. It isn't theory that I quote, it's an actuality which I personally experienced.

Often I have been asked how long I studied before I felt that I was ready for real singing. The answer to that is simple. I'm still studying. There's always something more any singer can learn.

One final bit of advice—if you want to be a radio singer, take all the hardships that come your way in your stride. Keep your goal always in mind, and don't let any temporary difficulties sidetrack you. It's worth it in the end!

FRANK PARKER.

Dear Listeners:

You don't know how much it meant to me to have you all write letters, after my first broadcast with Hal Kemp. I'd been off the air for so long that I was afraid you mightn't even like me. Frankly, I was scared silly, that first broadcast!

You see, I've been working in the movies. There, at least, you can see yourself before your audience does, and you can retake some of the scenes, if you're not good in them. But in radio, you just have to go out and sing—and pray you'll do all right, because you can never do it over again.

That's why your letters helped so. I wasn't nearly as scared in my later broadcasts, because I knew that, even if I was singing "blind," you thought I was headed in the right direction.

ALICE FAYE.

Dear Listeners:

In the concert hall or at the movies, it's the box office that tells the story of success or failure. In radio, fan mail is perhaps our surest contact with the public. So don't think we don't pay close attention to your letters.

As you may, or may not, know, when I'm not conducting an orchestra, I spend my time trying to justify my impressive title of NBC's General Musical Director. The one important trend in fan mail received by NBC over the past ten years has been your continued requests for better music on the air.

We are doing everything we can to answer these requests. This June, serious

Brown Haired Girls-be Blondes AGAIN..!

Get Back the Lovely Golden Lightness of Childhood

Makes Hair 2 to 4 Shades Lighter in 1 Shampoo



Try this fascinating new Shampoo-Rinse which, in a few minutes and at the cost of but a few cents, washes your hair 2 to 4 shades lighter. Safely, too. You will be delighted with the new shimmering highlights and lustre of your hair, the glorious, natural golden radiance that usually comes only in childhood. This amazing shampoo—called New Blondex (now in a combination package with FREE Golden Rings)—hitherto used only for blondes, is now just as effective with brown, chestnut and auburn blondes whose hair has grown darkened and dull. Start New Blondex today. Contains no bleach or dye, prevents brittleness and dandruff, rejuvenates the roots, makes your permanent "take" better. Sold at all stores. Buy the large size if it costs less per shampoo.

New BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO & RINSE



Look! You can clear eyes in a few seconds

Simply put a drop or two of this amazing new EYE-DEW in each eye. Tired, heavy, smarting eyes feel gloriously refreshed almost instantly. In a few seconds, whites start to clear up and prominent red veins fade away. EYE-DEW makes eyes look larger—sparkling—more alluring. Whenever your eyes feel tired, or look dull and red-veined, as the result of late hours, excessive smoking or exposure, use EYE-DEW. Its action is quick and safe. Tested and approved by famous clinical laboratory and Good Housekeeping Bureau. EYE-DEW comes with handy eye-dropper and travel drug bottle-top. Get EYE-DEW today at drug and department store counters.



Happy Relief From Painful Backache

Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backache people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's. It cures excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Mr. Doan says about 3 pints a day or about 3 poun of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters do work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under t eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's. It used successfully by millions for over 40 years. It give you relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

musical programs took up almost thirty percent of the time on the air. But remember—those of you who are really anxious to increase this percentage and hear more of the best in music—that it's primarily in the knowledge that we are pleasing you that we ourselves find satisfaction.

FRANK J. BLACK.

Dear Listeners:

So many of you have asked why the audience laughs just before Oswald says his "Oh, yeah!" the first time on each program, that I thought I might be able to clear it up.

Oswald is a very funny-looking guy—as you may have gathered from his pictures. He wears a little derby hat that sits on top of his head. He rolls his eyes, and loiters across the stage. When he gives the audience that first side-glance from his eyes, on his stroll up to the microphone, they collapse from the front row to the gallery.

We've threatened to mask him. When we tell him just to talk funny and not look funny, he mumbles: "Oh, yeah? Well, what can I do with a face like mine?"

So that, you see, is the reason for the unexplained audience laugh that interrupts everything from soup to CBS station announcements on the Ken Murray program.

KEN MURRAY.

Dear Listeners:

It's been mighty nice of you folks to write in to Mr. Cantor's office and tell him that you liked the songs I wrote for his summer program. I don't ever feel very confident about those jingles I sing on the air, because, you know, I'm not really a songwriter. A good tunesmith can sit down and pound out a hit song in no time at all, but they just have to happen to me. I'd never be a success on Tin Pan Alley. Why, it took me a year to write *Love Bug*.

The little ditties I do in pictures and on the air really are situation tunes, to fit a particular spot. The folks down in Oklahoma, where I come from, like these home-made rhymes.

When you write in that you liked them, too, I was really pretty pleased. I guess folks are just the same everywhere. They like the simple little things that are easy to understand.

Thanks again to all of you for writing.
PINKY TOMLIN.

Dear Listeners:

Quite frequently radio artists receive beautiful and useful presents from their listening friends, which I am sure they deeply appreciate. It is nice to receive tokens and gifts which the donor must have gone to great expense, in time and money, to secure for their favorites.

It would please me very much, though, if you would send articles of clothing and their practical gifts to relief agencies instead, where they will do the most good. I am speaking for myself in the above matter, but I am sure that many other performers feel the same as I do. Don't you think that's a better plan? Really, your continued friendship and helpful criticism is all we ask. Thanks so much or your kindness in the past.

BERNICE CLAIRE.



Give This Flour A New Name!

**\$300 in Cash
for Best 15 Names**

**\$50 Check Each Month for Rest of This Year—
Extra Promptness Prize**

Here is an amazing offer! One that should tax the imagination of every man, woman and child. You have an equal opportunity to win a big cash prize and receive a \$50 check regularly each month for the three remaining months of 1937. In order to get a new name for flour, we are passing on to the readers of this magazine the opportunity of selecting a new name and winning cash prizes for their efforts. There are a lot of good names being used now, such as Big Four, Golden Harvest, Queen's Best, Lily White, Kansas Pride, and others. We want a new name, and for the best fifteen sent in, we will award \$300 in cash prizes, plus a \$50 check each month for the three remaining months of 1937 as a promptness prize.

The First Name You Think of May Be a Winner

Think of the many names that are now being used and suggest a new name for flour—one that you feel will appeal to the housewife. The name you send in may be of one, two or three words, separate or combined. It will cost you nothing to send in a name. You may win one of the fifteen prizes.

15 Cash Prizes Totalling \$300.00

Write your name for this flour on a penny post card or sheet of paper, sign your own name and address, and mail within three days from the time you read this announcement. It will pay you to be prompt. Your name for this flour must be mailed before Dec. 18, 1937. Fifteen cash prizes will be awarded. If the name you send in is selected as First Prize winner, you will receive \$100 in cash, and as an extra prize for promptness you will receive a check for \$50 each month for the three remaining months of 1937. Second Prize will be \$50. Third Prize \$25. Fourth Prize \$15; and eleven prizes of \$10 each. These fifteen prizes are in addition to the extra prize of \$50 a month which is offered to the first prize winner for promptness in sending in the winning name. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in the event of a tie.

Right now you may be thinking of just the name we are looking for—the name that will win First Prize! Sometimes the first name you think of is the best name to send in. Send only one name to:
FLOUR DEPT. 107 CAPPER BLDG. TOPEKA, KANSAS

MY GOODNESS, WHAT A SHINE!

**GRIFFIN
A·B·C
LIQUID WAX
SHOE POLISH**

TAKE YOUR PICK

The new GRIFFIN A. B. C. Liquid Wax in black, tan, brown and blue. Just spread it on with swab in bottle. It dries in a jiffy to a shine.

—Or, GRIFFIN A. B. C. Wax Polish in the jumbo tin, black, brown, tan, ox-blood and neutral—it's waterproof.

**GRIFFIN
A·B·C
SHOE POLISH**

BLACK

Bottle or Tin
10c

BOTH MADE BY
GRIFFIN
THE GREATEST NAME
IN SHOE POLISH

RADIO LAUGHS...

(SELECTED SNICKERS FROM POPULAR PROGRAMS)

FRED: How old is this skull, Professor?

HARRY: 250,000 years old.

FRED: How can you tell?

HARRY: When this skull was found there was no cellophane around it. That proves it was B. C.—before cellophane.

FRED: Can you tell whether the skull is that of a man or woman?

HARRY: Yes, yes . . . unquestionably.

FRED: How?

HARRY: This is the lower jawbone. It is two feet long.

FRED: What does that prove?

HARRY: It's a woman!

(FRED ALLEN, *Town Hall Tonight*, Program.)

PIC: Boy, you don't know anything about Benjamin Franklin.

PAT: Squirrily I do . . . Benjamin Franklin is the man what wrote the proverbs.

PIC: What proverbs?

PAT: Well . . . he wrote dat Kate Smith proverb that shows she must have been in a hurry.

PIC: What's that?

PAT: Haste makes waste!
(PIC AND PAT, *Pipe Smoking Time*.)

PHIL: Look at this pair of flannel pants my kid gave me.

VON: But wait a minute, Phil . . . they have no suspenders.

PHIL: What do I care? The job of these pants is to keep my legs covered.

VON: Well, they're falling down on the job.

PHIL: Go on, Harry . . . you're jealous because my kid gave me such an expensive present. I think these pants are from Macy's.

VON: On the contrary, Phil, I think they're from Saks?

PHIL: Really, Harry, how do you know they're from Saks?

VON: They look like burlap.
(PHIL BAKER, *Good Gulf Program*.)

GRACIE: Did you see my uncle?

SPUTTER: Where was he?

GRACIE: With my auntie, in the anteroom. (Laugh loud and long) I don't get it!

GEORGE: You don't get it? Gracie, you told the joke yourself!

GRACIE: Did I? I guess I wasn't listening.

GEORGE: I guess not.
(BURNS AND ALLEN, *Grape Nuts Program*.)

JAN: Boy, I'll bet you put away a big breakfast today.

MOL: Not me. All I had for breakfast today was rotten eggs and burnt toast?

JAN: For heaven's sake! Why did you eat rotten eggs and burnt toast?

MOL: I got a tapeworm and I don't want to puffer him.

JAN: Well, if you is sick, why don't you use the same method I do?

MOL: What's your method?

JAN: Whenever I feel sick I go home to my gal, she throws her arms around me, kisses me and my sickness disappears.

MOL: That's great. When is your gal home?
(MOLASSES AND JANUARY, Show Boat Program.)

MARY: Say, Jack . . .

JACK: What?

MARY: Why do they have Father's Day in the middle of the month?

JACK: So he can enjoy his present before he gets the bill.

(JACK BENNY, *Jell-O Program*.)

BEA: Well, if it's any news to you, I worked as a night-club entertainer for years. I did a sister act with another girl. They called us the Springboard Sisters.

PILK: Heavens! Why the Springboard Sisters?

BEA: Possibly because we sang in all the dives.

(BEATRICE LILLIE, *Broadway Merry-Go-Round*.)

STOOP: You'd like to hear the story of the lion and the mouse, eh? Well, once upon a time there was a great, big mauling lion . . .

BUDD: Nice start, Pater. Spin it . . . spin it.

STOOP: Now this lion was walking through the forest one day when suddenly he stepped on a thorn. He got a great, big, sharp thorn in his paw.

BUDD: Oh, his father was there too, huh?

(STOOP/NAGLE and BUDD, *Minute Tapioca Program*.)

PIC: Say, Pat old boy, I hear thou has been down to Washington for the week end . . . is that true?

PAT: Yes, sir . . . I was down there seein' the sights. I visited Congress. I saw the Congressmen . . . I saw the Speaker of the Congress . . . I saw the Chaplain of the Congress . . .

PIC: The Chaplain! Say—what does the Chaplain do?

PAT: The Chaplain? Oh, he just gets up on a platform . . . looks at Congress . . . and then prays for the country.

(PIC AND PAT, *Pipe Smoking Time*.)

PHIL: . . . What did your father say to the stork when you were born, my little chuckeroo?

BOTTLE: Oh! That's an insult! Take it back!

PHIL: That's what I thought.
(PHIL BAKER, *Good Gulf Program*.)

MOL: Here's the first bit of news: MATTRESS BURNS AS RADIO SINGER SINGS IN BED. Now—what's your headline?

JAN: MAIN BROADCASTS FROM HOOT SPRINGS.

(MOLASSES AND JANUARY, Show Boat Program.)

PILK: What were you doing down at the bank this morning?

BEA: Oh, I went down to borrow some money to tide us over the first few weeks' operating expenses of our tea room.

PILK: Borrowing money? How do you expect to borrow money without security?

BEA: On my face.

PILK: Oh—how did you come out?

BEA: On my face!
(BEATRICE LILLIE, *Broadway Merry-Go-Round*.)

JACK: You know, I'm a little nervous today for the first time . . . funny, an old trouper like me.

DON: You'll be all right, Jack. Why don't you sit down and relax?

JACK: Oh—I thought I was sitting down. . . . Say, Mary, were you this nervous when you shot your first scene?

MARY: Yes . . . but I was doing a rhumba and nobody noticed it.

(JACK BENNY, *Jell-O Program*.)

FRED: A pessimist, huh?

ACTOR: And how! I'm the first pessimist to pan the milky way because it ain't buttered.

PORTLAND: A pessimist is a man who looks at a doughnut and only sees the hole, isn't he, Mr. Sour?

ACTOR: A real pessimist is a guy who complains that the silver lining isn't stamped sterling.

FRED: I know a pessimist who wears smoked glasses when he orders fried eggs. He can't stand the sight of an egg sunny side up.

(FRED ALLEN and PORTLAND HOFFA, *Town Hall Tonight*.)

PAT: . . . So the bartender checked him down.

PIC: You mean he hit him on the head?

PAT: Did he! Boy—they called an ambulance.

PIC: They did?

PAT: Yeah . . . and my brother had such a big bump on his head . . . they stuck the bump in the ambulance and my brother had to walk!

(PIC AND PAT, *Pipe Smoking Time*.)

BOTTLE: Here I am, Mr. Baker, wearing the flesh-colored socks with holes to match.

BAKER: So you're here at last, eh, Bot? Tell me, love-bug, what took you so long to get here?

BOTTLE: Oh, forgive me, sir, but this time it was all your fault. You told me, in order to get from my girl's house to the studio, I should wait on the corner and take the Fifty-fourth Street car.

BAKER: Well, Bottle, did you take the Fifty-fourth Street car?

BOTTLE: Oh, yes, sir, but it was a shame to let the other fifty-three go by!

(PHIL BAKER and BOTTLE, *Good Gulf Program*.)

BOB: . . . I'm a little bit of the romantic type, I think. In fact, last year I was supposed to play opposite Myrna Loy—in a bridge game—but she had a dunno. But I know I'm the romantic type because when I walked into the studio tonight I heard a girl say: "Get a load of that kisser!" . . . Speaking of beauty, my Aunt Enny was a great believer in natural beauty. No powder, no paint or pastes for Aunt Enny . . . she just wore a mask! . . . To show you how many wrinkles she had in her face . . . at breakfast one morning I poured the cream over Aunt Enny and I passed the paper to the prunes!

(BOB HOPE, *Rippling Rhythm Program*.)

AGENT: Can you identify yourself?

BEA: Well, I've got a fascinating little mole on my right knee.

AGENT: That's no good.

BEA: How do you know? You've never seen it.

(BEATRICE LILLIE, *Broadway Merry-Go-Round*.)

What a Difference Maybelline does Make!

What a Truly Marvelous Improvement MAYBELLINE Eye Beauty Aids Do Make!

DO YOU carefully powder and rouge, and then allow pale, scanty lashes and scraggly brows to mar what should be your most expressive feature — your eyes? You would be amazed at the added loveliness that could be so easily yours with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids!

Simply darken your lashes into long, curling, luxuriant fringe with the famous Maybelline Mascara—in either the economical Solid-form or the popular Cream-form—see how your eyes appear instantly larger and more expressive. Absolutely harmless, non-smarting, and tear-proof. Keeps your lashes soft and silky and tends to make them curl. At any cosmetic counter—only 75c.

Now a bit of Maybelline Eye Shadow blended softly on your eyelids, and notice how your eyes immediately take on brilliance and color, adding depth and beauty to your expression!

Form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking, easy-to-use Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. A perfect pencil that you will adore.

Every time you squint or blink your eyes the tender skin around your eyes is creased, encouraging wrinkles. Help to avoid these crow's feet, wrinkles and laugh lines—keep this sensitive skin soft and youthful—by simply smoothing on Maybelline Eye Cream each night.

The name Maybelline is your absolute assurance of purity and effectiveness. These famous products in purse sizes are now within the reach of every girl and woman—at all 10c stores. Try them today and see what an amazing difference Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids can make in your appearance.



Maybelline famous, economical Solid-form Mascara, in brilliant gold metal vanity. Black, Brown, Blue. 75c. Refills 55c.

Maybelline popular Cream-form Mascara, with Brush, in dainty zipper bag. Black, Brown, Blue. 75c.

Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Colors to match your Mascara. Black, Brown, Blue.

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

Maybelline Eye Cream to soften, protect and smooth the tender skin around your eyes.



*A pack o'
pleasure*



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CIGARETTES

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