

**SPECIAL! NEW COAST-TO-COAST PROGRAM GUIDE!**

# *Radio Stars*

J U L Y

**10**

C E N T S

Inside Stories On:

**EDDIE CANTOR  
SHIRLEY ROSS  
TONY MARTIN  
LUM 'N' ABNER  
EDGAR BERGEN  
CECIL B. DEMILLE**

GLADYS  
SWARTHOUT

*Earl  
Christy*

BE IRRESISTIBLE—USE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME

IRRESISTIBLE

YOU picture the Irresistible woman before you see her. She appears in a halo of exquisite fragrance. Men are instinctively drawn to her. The power to attract, to fascinate is the secret of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. Let it be yours, too.

On your next adventure apply a touch of Irresistible Perfume to your hair, on your lips, your throat and behind your ears. A drop, too, on your lingerie is so feminine and so exciting.

Millions of women everywhere — on Park Avenue, along Broadway, in countries throughout the world . . . prefer IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME for its exotic, lasting fragrance.

To be completely ravishing use all of the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Each has some special feature which gives you glorious new loveliness. Certified pure, laboratory tested and approved.

Only 10c each at all 5 & 10c Stores



IRRESISTIBLE LIP LURE—THE NEW GLOWING VIBRANT LIPSTICK

## Pretty lips cost her a pretty penny but never a second for her tender gums



**How often such neglect leads to real dental tragedies . . . give your gums the benefit of Ipana and Massage.**

LET her study herself in the mirror—while she outlines that classic mouth, powders that pretty nose. Let her favorite creams and cosmetics add to her charm. Then let her smile—smile that dull, dingy, shadowed smile of hers—and see how quickly her beauty vanishes.

A minor tragedy? Yet this girl might possess a radiant, appealing smile—but not until she lavishes a fraction of the

care she gives her lips on her dingy teeth, her tender, ailing gums—not until she knows the meaning of that tinge of "pink" upon her tooth brush.

### *Don't Overlook "Pink Tooth Brush"*

When that warning tinge appears on your tooth brush—go at once to your dentist. Probably no serious trouble is in store for you. No doubt, he'll lay the blame at the door of modern menus. Too-soft foods—foods that deprive your gums of necessary work and stimulation—have made the gum walls lazy, flabby. Usually, he will suggest harder, "chewier" foods—and often the stimulating help

of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

For nearly always, Ipana and massage is a wise precaution against the warning of "pink tooth brush." Begin today to help the health of your teeth and gums. Massage a little Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Watch those lazy tissues grow gradually firmer, sounder, healthier.

Start today the faithful use of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage. Let your smile do justice to your charm.

**LISTEN TO "Town Hall Tonight"**—every Wednesday night, over N. B. C. Red Network, 9 o'clock, E. D. S. T.

*Remember*  
a good tooth paste,  
like a good dentist,  
is never a luxury.



**I P A N A**  
*Tooth Paste*

# The DAILY BEAUTY RULE of Smart Women



## SECRET OF A LOVELY BODY

- 1—CLEANSE...lather gently but thoroughly.
- 2—STIMULATE...with soft-textured towel.
- 3—SOFTEN and PROTECT...with generous powdering of MAVIS, the beauty talcum.

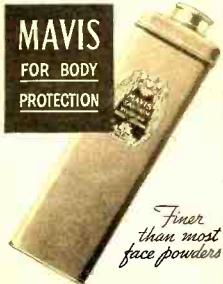
### NEW BEAUTY IN 10 DAYS

Do this every day for ten days. You will be thrilled with the difference in your skin! MAVIS keeps skin soft, youthful, alluring.

### FINER THAN MOST FACE POWDERS

MAVIS spreads evenly—clings for hours—leaves a bewitching fragrance that lasts! Keeps you free from perspiration odor. Safeguards feminine daintiness. Protects fine underthings. Cools, soothes, refreshes.

**FREE** Generous size trial package of MAVIS TALCUM. Write to Vivaudou, Dept. 70, Long Island City, N. Y. This offer not good after July 5, 1937. Get your FREE MAVIS now!



*Finer than most face powders*

WABC • WABD • WJZ • WJAL • WJW

# Radio Stars

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

## BROADCASTING

- IT'S MY HUMBLE OPINION—  
*(Rudy Vallee frankly speaks his mind)* ... by Rudy Vallee 8
- GLAMOUR IS HIS BUSINESS  
*(Cecil DeMille puts glamour in radio as he did in movies)* ... by Wilfred Healy 10
- SHE KEPT HER CHIN UP!  
*(The story behind Shirley Ross' conquest of radio and screen)* ... by Miriam Rogers 20
- CANTOR ON THE CARPET!  
*(Ida and the girl censor Eddie's programs and his life)* ... by Nanette Kutner 22
- NO WOMAN COULD STAND HIM  
*(So says Tony Martin, handsome radio and movie star)* ... by Gladys Hall 24
- SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN  
*(Ventrisquost Edgar Bergen and his detestable dummy, Charlie McCarthy)* ... by Nancy Barrows 28
- AFRAID OF HER LUCK  
*(Why Lucille Mariners, Clouse Service, etc., love Fate's wiles)* ... by Miriam Gibson 30
- TROMBONE TROUBADOUR  
*(Meet Jerry Cooper, new M. C. of Hollywood Hotel)* ... by George Kent 32
- GENTLEMEN BE SEATED  
*(The low-down on burnt-cork funsters, Molasses 'n' January)* ... by William Vallee 36
- PINE RIDGE GOES HOLLYWOOD  
*(What Lunt and Almer have done to Glesner Lauch and Norris Goff)* ... by Leslie Eaton 38
- EASY GOING EASY ACES  
*(Goodman and Jane defy the gossip-mongers)* ... by Muriel Babcock 40
- FOR WOMEN ONLY  
*(Behind the scenes with the Heinz Magazine of the Air)* ... by Jack Hanley 42

## SPECIAL FEATURES AND DEPARTMENTS

- |   |    |                                  |     |
|---|----|----------------------------------|-----|
| Beauty Advice.....                      | 6  | What They Listen To—and Why..... | 56  |
| Kate Smith's Own Cooking School.....    | 12 | Hollywood Invites You.....       | 58  |
| Comfort First in Play Clothes.....      | 14 | West Coast Chatter.....          | 76  |
| Radio Romblings.....                    | 16 | Nothing But The Truth?.....      | 82  |
| For Distinguished Service To Radio..... | 18 | Radio Laughs.....                | 100 |

Radio Stars published monthly and copyrighted, 1937, by DeFi Publishing Co., Inc. Office of publication at Washington and South Avenue, Dunellen, N. Y. Executive and editorial office: 118 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Business advertisements: 110 North Michigan Ave. Chicago, Illinois. J. J. Price: H. Meyer: Vice-President: Fred Henry: Vice-President: M. Belmont, New York. Vol. 10, No. 1, July, 1937, printed in U. S. A. Single copy price, 10 cents. Subscription price in the United States: \$3.00 a year. Second-class postage paid at New York. Entered as second-class matter August 1, 1932 at New York office of Postoffice, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1909. The publisher accepts no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material.

WJZ • WJW • WJAL • WJW • WJW

RADIO STARS



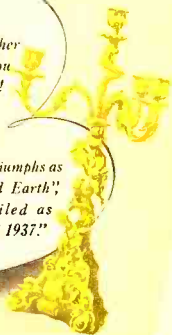
He introduced her first in "Escapade". She was an immediate sensation!



Then they appeared together in "The Great Ziegfeld". You know how wonderful they were!



Then she won new triumphs as O-lan in "The Good Earth", which is being hailed as "The Best Picture of 1937."



You will be thrilled to see them together again now in the most exciting romantic drama since "Mata Hari" and directed by the man who made it!

William *Luise*  
**POWELL • RAINER**

# *The Emperor's Candlesticks*

ROBERT YOUNG • MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN

FRANK MORGAN • Henry Stephenson

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE • Directed by GEORGE FITZMAURICE • Produced by JOHN W. CONSIDINE, Jr.







Badminton is another game in which Gladys delights.

# Beauty Advice

BY MARY BIDDLE

Would you know the secret of the famed Swarthout glamour? Here are her rules

Whoever says Gladys Swarthout is "lovely to look at—lovely to listen to," tells but half the story, for she is "lovely to know." Gladys Swarthout is more than a beautiful voice, face and figure—she is a real person . . . and she knocks our conceptions of temperamental opera divas right on the head! She is a thoroughly normal person, with a radiant personality. It takes only a few moments with her to feel her genuine interest in people and things.

Interviewing Gladys Swarthout on the subject of beauty—and in particular her beautiful figure—I kept bumping into her personality at every turn. It seems Gladys is really interested in sports, exercise, physical activities. That she really likes healthful foods! Well—the idea of a person having a beautiful figure by doing absolutely nothing but what she likes is certainly a novel one—one that I must pass along to you.

Just look around you. Look at all the figure-fault people you know. Watch their activities. The slim ones are always on the go. Nervously jumping here and there. Dashing hectically from one engagement to the next. And the fat ones—they take

(Continued on page 78)



Much of Gladys Swarthout's lovely litherness comes from the exercise of riding, of which she is a devotee. But you can achieve equal results from any exercise you enjoy.

# It's their Birthday.. *but Your Gift!*



## Mothers—ACCEPT THIS "DIONNE BIRTHDAY BOOK"

THE whole world shares a thrill of joy as those darling Dionne babies toddle past their third milestone—"bigger and better than ever!"

"Lysol" disinfectant celebrates with a birthday gift for you! Dr. Allan Roy Dafeo's own thrilling story of the methods used in bringing up his five famous little wards. Illustrated with many of their most appealing photographs! Free with each purchase of "Lysol"!

Dr. Dafeo talks to mothers on the radio (Columbia network) every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning. This is the only book containing the important information he has broadcast, as well as many additional facts of fascinating interest to everyone. While these books last, your druggist is authorized to give one free to each purchaser of "Lysol" disinfectant.

Since the day the Quins were born, May 28, 1934, "Lysol" has been the only disinfectant used to help keep their surroundings

hygienically clean... and of the important measures directed toward the prevention of infection.

Are you taking this simple, but scientific, precaution in the care of your own baby? You owe it to your family's welfare to keep their surroundings hygienically clean with "Lysol" disinfectant.

Use "Lysol" in all your household cleaning. Add "Lysol" to the laundry tub for washing towels, bedding, handkerchiefs, etc., especially when there is any sickness about. "Lysol" adds no work; hardly any cost—because it is highly concentrated. Get "Lysol" today and ask your druggist for a free copy of Dr. Dafeo's valuable book!



Photograph  
reproduced  
for NEA  
from NEA, Inc.

**FREE!** AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S  
with every purchase of "LYSOL"

If your druggist is out of these books, send "Lysol" carton and coupon below and we will mail you a copy, absolutely free and postpaid.

Lysol & First Products Corp., Dept. 7-R-S,  
Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

I am enclosing a carton from "Lysol". Please send me, by prepaid post, a FREE copy of Dr. Dafeo's book. My druggist's supply was exhausted.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Copyright 1934 by Lysol & First Products Corp.



*Lysol*  
Disinfectant

# It's My Humble Opinion—

BY

RUDY VALLEE

It was a great day when Rudy Vallee set sail on the *Ile de France* for England and the Coronation, whence came two of his Thursday night shows featuring all-British casts. Here he is, obliging eager autograph seekers who thronged about him before he left.



BELIEVING that every man is entitled to trial by a jury of his peers, I would like to present, Ladies and Gentlemen of the jury, my side of a recent mixup in which I was concerned.

To me the whole thing, and its subsequent newspaper treatment, is but further proof that there is a crying need for a Saturday-night publication to be called, let's say, *The Weekly Check-Up*, whose sole function it would be to show up the errors, omissions and misstatements made deliberately or otherwise by the Press (i.e. newspapers, magazines, all forms of printed material) and radio pronouncements made during the previous five or six days.

The proof? The story concerning the picture of yours truly and a young lady, photographed in Boston. Here are the errors committed by the newspapers: First—They misstated the name of the young lady. (The lady originally named was in New York City the night the picture was taken in Boston.) Second: The gentleman who was with me was neither my "stooge," nor my press-agent or publicity man. (For the past six years I have had no publicity man, no press-agent.) He represents the publishing firm of Irving Berlin in Boston, lectures on chemistry in two schools, writes for both a Catholic and a drug magazine and has been out of my employ for some six months. When he was with me, he acted as secretary and *aide-de-camp*. Third: My friend merely tried to secure the camera plate—he made no motion to attack. Fourth: But no time took the offensive. I asked my friend to release the plate, which he had wrested from the photographer, and then asked the photographer, in deference to the young lady present, not to print the picture which included her, but to take as many of me as he wished.

It is a peculiar paradox of our American way of living that we hold inviolate and sacred the privacy of our homes, through which no one may walk or search without a warrant. Yet, probably through fear of the Press more

than anything else, our legislators have not dared to guarantee, to celebrities or to *anyone*, the right to keep his or her physiognomy to himself or herself, the photographing, the subsequent reproduction of the photograph except when used for commercial purposes. Certainly it is a sad commentary on the state of *The Boston Record*, that, in its desperation to increase circulation, it finds it necessary to photograph a man leaving a theatre with a lady and thus to use that personality in conjunction with that of the lady to build up circulation, on the assumption that its readers secure a vicarious thrill in what this particular personality does or with whom he may associate. Is this news—for our Constitution guaranteed a one-sided freedom?

It could not help but amuse me, because as a personality and circulation builder I am really not that important—although by their snapping of the picture and the subsequent reprinting of it, they would have you believe that most of you wait breathlessly to see who my fair companion may be!

As laughable as this particular incident may seem on the surface, *The Boston Record* probably seriously thought it was doing me a favor by printing my picture in its pages. It probably seems incredible to its editors that there are those who do not subscribe to that moronic morsel of anticlimax which goes something like this: "*I don't care what you say about me as long as you mention my name.*"

But it was not my own feelings in this particular instance that I was considering. It is just possible that the young lady had reasons for not wishing to have a photograph of herself published without her permission. Unfortunately, the law may not offer redress to a young lady who may, or may not, suffer as a result of having a picture of herself spread throughout the press of the country, and perhaps does not permit another young lady, who was not even there, from securing any (Continued on page 64)

Diverting and newsy are Rudy's comments in his sixth column



# RELIEF FOR YOUR FEET

Don't suffer another day from your feet. No matter what common foot trouble you may have, you can now have IMMEDIATE RELIEF at very small cost. Dr. Wm. M. Scholl, the noted foot specialist, has formulated a Foot Comfort Remedy for every foot ailment. They are made under his personal supervision in the largest institution in the world devoted exclusively to the feet. Go to your Drug, Shoe, Department or 10c store *this week* and get the original Dr. Scholl's in the yellow package for quick, safe relief.

For FREE BOOKLET explaining the symptoms, causes and treatment of all foot trouble, write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., 247 W. Schiller St., Chicago.



**CORNS, SORE TOES**  
Dr. Scholl's Zimo-paste relieves pain, removes corns. Stops itching—relieves friction and pressure, prevents sore toes, blisters. Thin, soothing, healing.



**CALLOUSES**  
Dr. Scholl's Zimo-paste, special use for callouses, quickly relieves pain, safely removes hard, dead skin. Stops shoe pressure. Very soothing and healing.



**BUNIONS**  
Dr. Scholl's Zimo-paste for bunions relieves pain, stops shoe pressure on the sore spot. Thin, protective, healing, safe, sure. Easy to apply.



**SOFT CORNS**  
Dr. Scholl's Zimo-paste for soft corns relieves pain, relieves inflammation, stops pressure all the sore spot, safely removes soft corns.



**CORNS, CALLOUSES**  
Dr. Scholl's Liquid Corn and Callous Remedy 2 drops relieves pain, quickly, safely removes and restores hard or soft corns and callouses.



**REMOVES CORNS**  
Dr. Scholl's Corn Seta stops pain instantly and quickly, safely, safely removes and restores soft, hard corns.



**REMOVES CORNS**  
Dr. Scholl's Corn Seta relieves pain, safely removes corns. Instantly relieves pain; stop shoe pressure. Easy to apply, stay in place. Waterproof.



**FOOT RELIEF**  
Dr. Scholl's Kava-Kava relieves soft foot pressure, relieves shoe pressure on corns, callouses, bunions, tender spots and pressure blisters. Cut to any size.



**CROOKED HEELS**  
Dr. Scholl's Wain-Settes prevents crooked heels, keeps shoes shapely. Unshapely heels, cause no repairs. Heels attached in any shoe. For men and women.



**EASES FEET**  
Dr. Scholl's Mole-Kin, foot plaster for relieving shoe pressure on corns, callouses, bunions, tender spots and pressure blisters. Fits in any shoe.



**TENDER FEET**  
Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder relieves tender, hot, tired or perspiring feet. Soothing, healing, soothing to irritated skin. Keeps new, tight shoes.



**TIRED, SORE FEET**  
Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm quickly relieves men, feverish, chafed, swollen, aching, tender feet. Restores foot health. Very soothing.



**CLEANSSES FEET**  
Dr. Scholl's Foot Soap (granular) softens, soothes, relieves of the skin diseases, skin pores, stimulates circulation, promotes foot health.



**FOOT LOTION**  
Dr. Scholl's Foot Lotion relieves, soothes, moisturizes tired, burning feet. Restores softness, moistens, itches, soothes.



**SORE, TENDER HEELS**  
Dr. Scholl's Heel Cushions make walking a pleasure; help support arch; sponge rubber, covered with leather.



**RELIEVES SORE FEET**  
Dr. Scholl's Bain Seta relieves tired, aching feet. Also recommended for both in chlorination, hot tubs, pools. Softens water.



**LAMB'S WOOL**  
Dr. Scholl's Lamb's Wool sterilized super-soft, for padding and separating the toes; relieves cracks and soft corns.



**CORNS, BUNIONS**  
Dr. Scholl's Felt Pads in shoes for corns and bunions instantly relieves pain and shoe shoe pressure on sore spots.



**BURNING FEET**  
Dr. Scholl's Podagone a soothing, healing, cooling, soothing cream for relieving tired, burning, aching or itchy feet. Absolutely refreshing.



**ITCHING FEET, TOES**  
PERRIS BARKERS' FOOT PERRY'S relieves itching feet and toes. Kills fungi if causes itchy skin. Absolutely refreshing.

# Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Week

Responsible for over sixty film successes, Cecil DeMille now devotes himself to glamorizing radio.



"WATCH YOUR STEP" He said —

## — SHE'S A WILDCAT!

WHAT a penalty people pay for being mean and nasty! They hurt their friends and themselves! They're their own worst enemies!

Well, they're not always to blame. You know, yourself, that you can't escape being nervous, irritable, crabby. It isn't your system is clogged with poisonous wastes. So if you really want to be liked, respected, popular, fresh-looking... be sure that your *bowels* move regularly. And whenever *Nature* needs help—take Ex-Lax!

Ex-Lax works by the "GENTLE NUDGE" system

The "gentle nudge" system is a simple, easy, effective method of giving you a thorough cleansing. Ex-Lax fits a gentle, invigorating action right at the point where constipation exists. Irrigation is easy, comfortable—and complete. You'll feel clean. You'll feel more alert. And you'll be grateful for the absence of the strain and nausea that so often torment a harsh purgative—unpleasant.

Another thing: Ex-Lax tabs just like a broken chocolate. Children can't help you taking it, and Ex-Lax is just as good for them as it is for you. Available at all drug stores in 10 and 20¢ sizes.

FREE! If you prefer to be fooled at no expense, write for Free Sample to: Ex-Lax Dept., 5501 So. 10th Street, Phoenix, Arizona, U.S.A.

When Nature forgets—remember  
**EX-LAX**  
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE



Grocie and George, and the Jack Bronys congratulate DeMille after a *Lux Radio Theatre* show.

BACK in 1913 Cecil B. DeMille, now director of the *Lux Radio Theatre*, sat gloriously well respected inside Lucky 40, the restaurant of New York City's Carnegie Hotel. A play he'd produced had just failed. There was little he could do. He'd had just experienced a great failure in the sudden absence of his *Babies Reunion*.

Along came Spanish goldmine when the town wasn't doing so well in the glow of success. With a long, independent look on his feet, he found them at lunch.

"How's business, Sam?" they asked.

"If it goes any better, it would be still longer."

But, somehow, these three men could not be discouraged. Even as they sat there, talking each other along their respective failures, they decided to become partners in a new kind of business which was just getting under way: the making of motion pictures. So DeMille has fully participated in it. He's worked and acted a zillion or so odd, played and taken at what is now known as 34th Avenue and Bryant Street. Their

Rouism is attained on *Lux Theatre* by carefully timed sound effects. DeMille checks them with a CBS expert.



## Glamour Is His Business

BY WILFRED HEALY

First picture was *The Spanish Man* with Douglas Fairbanks, leader of the movie people William, as his star. From that time on, Cecil B. DeMille, incidentally, is the *Elm*. DeMille was outstandingly successful in directing and producing pictures. The one element he lacked, that is, all of his production sets, his glamour. More lavishly productions have never been filmed than his *The Ten Commandments*, *Ben Hur*, *The King of Kings*, *The Sign of the Cross* and *The Sign of the Cross*.

When *Lux Radio Theatre* was directed of it. (Continued on page 162)

air as he did the films



Dear Madam:

Tell me—honestly, even—what is your real opinion about all the many face powders you have tried? Have you ever truly found that one heaven-sent face powder which believes to live all the crowd, glowing, natural skin charm and assurance that you have every right to expect?

You ought to blame really if your search has failed. We have all had the same "trying experience." Testing—discussing, more quiet soon we were, the favorite person we tended to be.

You are the very perfect modern co-scientist, studied your star after your failure—LOVELY LADY was created. Millions of women go to make face powders, creating and then, dear friends, consider only the skin, finally, yielding their natural skin beauty.

Now, BEAUTIFUL, the creator of our world-famous, discoverer LOVELY LADY Face Powder sends you a special consideration had caused by hard-line, sharp-looking women. Because of BEAUTIFUL's free-regularity now double in LOVELY LADY. And you'll be over two years ago and contained complete skin care. Snowflake away tonight that that have made you look again—only bring back the fluttering tenderness of your natural skin true beauty.

Don't punish your complexion any longer! Sit down before your mirror—try all face powders of any Face Powder. You'll see them and only them, if you have been using the wrong face powder. You'll see instantly which one of our LOVELY LADY makes you look elegant, beautiful. Just send the coupon NOW and I'll send you a generous vanity size sample of all 5 new shades in my Face Powder; by return mail. BEAUTIFUL.

Sincerely,

Lovely Lady

FREE

LOVELY LADY Face Powder, BEAUTIFUL, is the only face powder that is made in America. It is the only face powder that is made in America. It is the only face powder that is made in America.

# Kate Smith's Own Cooking

On a pleasant summer afternoon at home, Kate Smith enjoys a cool drink of iced coffee, served on a lawn table shaded by an umbrella.

In this article, and also in the recipe leaflet, Miss Smith gives you recipes for this new *Mélange* salad and other tempting salads.



Photo by Thomas Corbridge

*Hello, Everybody!*

This is Kate Smith, bringing you some summer food suggestions and offering you, this month, recipes for several of our favorite hot weather dishes.

These are the very same recipes that I'll soon be following, myself, many island hours on beautiful Lake Placid, where I expect to spend as much time as I possibly can during the coming summer months. Yes, indeed, you can just lounge on the deck, right after my broadcast (or any other thing) that may bring me reluctantly to New York, shaking the dust of the city from my feet and boarding a train just back for the Adirondacks. I won't delay a minute. I assure you, however, when I'm in my beloved mountain camp, I know I'll be able to rest and relax, to swim and to play tennis and golf and, best of all, to entertain my folks and my friends in the most informal manner imaginable.

You can be sure, too, that I also still spend long pleasurable hours,

while there, experimenting and putting around in the large rustic kitchen of this country home of mine, fixing up the new dishes that I've been telling you about these past eight months—or so, in my capacity of "guest" cookmaster of *Radio Stars Magazine's* Cooking School.

I also intend to try out new dishes that I'll be able to tell you about at some future time. For I'm saying good-bye—or should I say on error—is my "cooking class" here, this month; but I want you to know that I plan to return to "meet" you again in these pages. Can't say just when, at the present moment, because I'm

vacation-minded just now. (I'll let you try, too!) and I'm shodding responsibilities as a duck does water! ("Less work for Katharine!" is my motto during the summer!) But I know from experience that I'll change my mind when the cooler fall days come around.

Then, too, I'll be going on the air next season for a new program, *Green and Growin'*, and I'm sure that will make me so food conscious that I'll want to talk about culinary matters more. So, though we part for the time being, let's agree that our theme song will be *Till The Heat Again*—with more meals, more

A summer cheese tray, featuring various popular cheeses, appeals to all hostsess.



# School

Our Cooking School Hostess says good-bye with a shower of summer recipes



recipes and more of those friendly letters from you to me which I have so greatly enjoyed reading during my "hours of office" as your Cooking School Director. I hope you'll write and let me know what you think of my evening back in this capacity, when you send in for this month's recipes, the last of the present series. I believe you'll find the coupon that brings you this free booklet at the end of this article of mine, for a change. But just because it isn't up here in front for you to see it over, don't overlook it at your next stop on some dishes that are full of summer appeal.

But let's see what they are, these tempting foods for the hot days, when foods need to be extra special to what you're having appetites. We'll start right off with salads, of course; first, because I know you like them, and, second, because I practically live on salads and eat meals, myself, in summer, so I've been particularly interested in all the salads I've ever heard of, seen or tasted. Which means, of course, (Continued on page 54)

RADIO STARS



**BEAUTY** authorities agree that the most important step in complete skin care is a simple step we call Daggett & Ramsdell's Golden Cleansing Cream, with its remarkable no-wax formula.

New kind of Cleansing Golden Cleansing Cream contains colloidal gold, which has an amazing power to rub skin pores of dirt, makeup and other impurities. You can't see or feel this colloidal gold, any more than you see or feel the iron in spinach. Yet the penetrating action of this colloidal gold is even more thorough than ordinary cleansers, and, at the same time, tones and invigorates skin tissues.

**Make This Simple Test:** Apply your usual skin cleanser. Wipe it



off with tissue. Then cleanse with Golden Cleansing Cream. On the tissue you will find some dirt—although from now on, this is more often dirt cleansing.

Try it tonight. See for yourself how fresh and clean Golden Cleansing Cream leaves your skin. You'll find this new cream at your drug or department store for just \$1.00.

*Daggett & Ramsdell*  
**GOLDEN CLEANSING CREAM**

Daggett & Ramsdell, Room 1400, 1401 Park Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

Buy 4oz. for

each at 1.00

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

Circle

May, 1941, *Radio Stars* 53



**WELL-DRESSED  
WOMEN NOW WEAR  
\*BRA-FORMS**

Leading American designers recommend the use of dress shields to protect their creations not only from perspiration but also from strong under-arm cosmetics.

At a recent Fashion Show in New York, every dress was worn over a carefully-selected Kleinert's Bra-form.

\*Bra-forms are smart uplift bras made in net, lace, batiste and satin and equipped with a pair of Kleinert's guaranteed dress shields.

They can be laundered as easily as your other lingerie, and solve your perspiration problem perfectly without the slightest bother.

You need bras and you need shields — Bra-forms combine them *most* conveniently! From a dollar up in good Notion Departments everywhere — a tiny fraction of the cost of the dresses they save.

The Bra-form illustrated above, is of fine batiste, \$1.25.



Ask for Kleinert's  
Launderite  
Shields—25¢ a pair  
at Notion Counters  
everywhere.

**Kleinert's**  
EST. 1882 • U.S. PAT. OFF.

485 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.  
TORONTO, CANADA...LONDON, ENG.

# Comfort First in Play Clothes

By  
**ELIZABETH ELLIS**

Lily Pons' favorite swim suit is of white satin and woven elastic, high in front, with deep sun-back.

I'VE discovered that it's the stars who have to be the most formal in their working hours who, actually, are the most informal in their play time. Such is true of tiny, vivacious Lily Pons. Lily's working life is composed of costumes and more costumes. If she isn't dressing up for a screen rôle, she's having fittings for some operatic part. And between times, she has to deck herself out fittingly for her radio broadcast every Wednesday night. As you know, Lily is soloist with Andre Kostelanetz' orchestra on the *Chesterfield* program. So it is no wonder that when she is at home, either in California or Connecticut, Lily relaxes completely and dresses for comfort above all else.

Chatting about clothes with Miss Pons has its conversational hurdles! Although Lily speaks English, she much prefers to talk French. And when she does talk English, her accent is much more apparent than when you hear her speak on the screen or over the air. At such times she has rehearsed what she is going to say and the results are much smoother than her impromptu conversations in person.



No frills for Lily Pons, when she is relaxing at home





For a sports costume she chooses a slacks suit, strictly man-tailored. This one is of crush-resisting linen in herringbone weave.



A charming summer evening gown of gaily printed seersucker is a gem for vacation travel or a week-end party. It can't wrinkle!

You can be right in the midst of a conversation with Lily, and thinking you are getting along swimmingly, when suddenly her shoulders move, her hands give a despairing gesture and she rattles the rest off in French to her maid, manager or publicity agent nearby. So these fashion observations on Mlle. P. are partly from

her own English descriptions, plus volumes in French, relayed to me by an interpreter who thought I couldn't understand a word of the language!

The first thing that surprised me, upon meeting the pint-sized Lily, was that her hair isn't black. Didn't you think it was? Instead, it's a colorful reddish brown which heightens the

effectiveness of her typically Latin skin coloring—a warm brimstone tone, which makes her appear perpetually sun-tanned. She always wears her hair the same, day or evening. Sometimes, with formal clothes, she wears flowers placed high upon her head because she feels it gives her an illusion

(Continued on page 68)

# "Glare-Proof"

Now 3 Ponds "Sunlight" shades



**Summer Brunette**

**Sunlight** (LIGHT)

**Sunlight** (DARK)

**to soften your face in blazing light . . .**

Now three new "Sunlight" Shades—to flatter you in hard sunlight.

Pond's "Sunlight" Shades are *new!* They catch only the softer rays of the sun. Soften its hard, unbecoming glare on your face. Completely away from the old "dirty-looking" sun-tan powders. Try them at our expense.

Or, get a box yourself. If you do not find it more flattering than ordinary sun-tan shades, send us back the box, and we will refund purchase price plus postage. Low prices. Decorated screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.

Test them **FREE!** in glorious Sunlight Pond's, Dept. 818-PC, Cincinnati, Ohio. Fill a rush net. Buy Pond's 3 new "Sunlight" shades (enough of each for a 7-day test. (This offer expires Sept. 1, 1937)



Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Street \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
 Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company



# Radio Ramblings



Meri Bell, popular songbird on CBS. Her favorite dish is black-eyed peas and onions!

This tip may or may not be as true to the *over-plump* ladies—but one of Fifth Avenue's expensive reducing salons has found Guy Lombardo's music best for reducing exercises. These reducing ladies usually exercise to the rhythm of a Lombardo phonograph record.

If the stars take an *slightly* more strenuous treatment at a *Mad Knave* recording is selected. His tempo are slightly faster and are the ex-citers hoping and dreaming at a faster rate.

A prank of this same Guy Lombardo, by the way, was the push that started Gracie Allen singing regularly on her radio program.

Marilyn Stuart, heard on Ken Murray's CBS show, definitely a radio personality.



In her early radio days, she had a terrible case of microphone fright. At first she hid behind a broadcasting booth, so that even the Lombardo musicians could not watch her.

When that time Gracie was fond of a new song called *A Little Grass Shake*. She really sang it around performers and, one day, the Lombardo band improvised an accompaniment as she sang. It sounded



The Bennys go to the circus. Joan Mason, Jack and Mary pose with DeDo, the clown.

well and Guy suggested that she sing it on the air.

"Oh, I couldn't," Gracie protested. "No one would like my singing and, besides, I'm simply shy."

Guy conferred with George Burns to see what could be done about it. After a brief rehearsal, George announced: "Gracie, the program is about three minutes short. Couldn't you possibly sing that song with Guy? We haven't time to write enough to fill those three minutes." Reluctantly Gracie consented. As

things turned out, it was not so terrible, either for herself or for the audience. She hasn't missed singing on a program since, except when occasional attacks of tininess visit.

Easy Jeez have a strange setup for their radio network. As far west as Denver, their programs are heard on an NBC network. West of Denver, NBC stations are not available at the proper time, so the Pacific coast hears them on Columbia stations.

The *Ice* sketches on the Columbia stations are broadcast from records and a lapse of three weeks is allowed for recording and mailing time. Thus the Pacific Coast hears them not only on another network but three weeks later than the Eastern broadcasts.

Kulouff is an enthusiastic camera fan and his enthusiasm really is astounding. He takes



Joe Cook shows Albert Payson Terhune the medal recently presented him by Radio Stars.

roll after roll of film, sends them out to be developed and they come back almost completely blank. Happily, he loads his camera and goes on again.

Impetuous and nervous, Robinson refuses lessons and is impatient with friendly correction. Instead,

if you want to be in the know on radio doings—here's the latest news

he takes the camera back to the store, insists it is no good and buys a more expensive one.

He is improving. The last report was that he had managed to get pictures on nearly a third of a roll, so he is working more feverishly than ever. Kulouff is tireless and severe in rehearsal but occasionally he will climb off the stand, come to the front, to crowd along the floor and try to get an action picture of a musician from an odd angle.

Andy Knight's music contains all sorts of experiments with putting queer sounds into the microphone. For a while he was getting a rhythmic effect by having a musician get close to the microphone and click his tongue against the roof of his mouth. The sound was mumbled, a couple of feet away but the microphone picked it up and amplified it. "Dental blocks" Kelly called that.

He has a new arrangement of Gowl Nighl Yalms, in which a door slam supplies the drums. It was done in scheduled order in the microphone and shown by a musician with notes in front of him.

(Continued on page 22)



Who can hit the highest note? Kenny Baker and Marfan Bawé engage in desperate rivalry.

Now SHE HAS Glamour



SCENTED WITH GENUINE IMPORTED French PERFUME

From Paris, where life is gay and glamorous—where women are fastidious and fascinating—comes the exquisite perfume that gives to Djer-Kiss Talc its enchanting fragrance. Here in America it is the lady choice of lovely women who have discovered its ability to enhance personal charm, with a haunting touch of magical allure.

**DJER-KISS**  
(Pronounced "Dear Kiss")  
**TALC**  
By KERKOFF PARIS

Buy Djer-Kiss Talc in drug and department stores at 25¢ and 35¢. New generous 10¢ size in ten-cent stores.



Bandleader Rex Chandler.



Baritone Richard Bonelli.

## For Distinguished Service to Radio

When the comparatively unknown Rex Chandler, with his *Universal Rhythm*, was chosen to succeed Fred Waring and his *Pennsylvanians* on the *Ford Program*, it was generally thought that either a lamentable mistake had been made or another musical genius had been found. The latter, of course, turned out to be true.

Rex Chandler is not one of those pompous conductors who simply waves a baton and does little else. On the contrary, he's an accomplished musician, personally supervises all musical arrangements of his orchestra and conceived his *Universal Rhythm* only after years of constant study, here and abroad, of the rhythms of all nations. He is not the temperamental type, conserving his energy for the long, wearying hours of preparation and rehearsal. His patience and mild manner bespeak his culture.

Richard Bonelli, baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and Alec Templeton, distinguished blind pianist, are the other highlights of the program. Few baritone voices are as pleasant sounding to listeners as is Bonelli's. His mastery of the microphone enables him

to sing out with the full quality of his voice without blasting listeners' ears, as many opera stars unfortunately do. The playing of Alec Templeton is one of radio's most unusual gifts. His interpretations astound even the most accomplished pianists.

With three outstanding artists, Chandler, Bonelli and Templeton, contributing their finest efforts each Saturday night, there is little surprise that the program has become so popular a favorite. Because of its artistry, precision and general excellence, *RADIO STARS MAGAZINE* awards its medal for Distinguished Service to Radio to the *Universal Rhythm Program*.

Lois C. Grady

EDITOR



Rex and Richard Bonelli discuss the musical score in rehearsal for the *Universal Rhythm Show*, heard Saturdays at 7:30 p.m. EDT on CBS.

YOU CAN *Tempt... Excite... Thrill*

**and Still Be Refined...If You Use  
This Talc That's Perfumed  
with Blended Flowers**

Ah-h-h!...what madness you can stir in the blood when you appeal to a man's sense of smell! Like the cave-man of old, seeking his mate among sweet flowers of the forest, a modern man is primitive, too.

His heart beats madly...he yearns for you...when you thrill him with the perfume of Nature's own flowers. Lander's Blended-Flower Talcs have this tempting, exciting perfume that men adore. Try the Lilacs and Roses Blend...dust your whole body with this exquisite powder...smell sweet all over!

Then, stand on your toes...stretch up, up...and whisper, "I'm utterly lovely—thrilling. I can win love." And you'll feel the power to go forth and conquer. Lander's Blended-Flower Talc does this for you and more...

It guards your refinement...makes a man long to protect you, because you're sweet as a flower. There may be fever in his kisses, but there'll be worship in his soul. He *knows* you're refined. Strong-scented talcums give the wrong idea. Play safe, get Lander's...perfumed with a blend of true flowers. Only 10c each at your 10c store.

SMELL SWEET  
ALL OVER

**LANDER'S BLENDED-FLOWER TALCS**

LILACS AND ROSES · GARDENIA AND SWEET PEA · CARNATION AND LILY  
OF THE VALLEY · LAVENDER AND PINE · ORCHID AND ORANGE BLOSSOM

10c  
SOLD ONLY  
AT ALL  
10c STORES

www.americanradiohistory.com

# .. She Kept Her Chin Up!

BY MIRIAM ROGERS

That's why Shirley Ross now has an enviable career, both in the movies and on the radio

She smiled wistfully. "I know a career isn't everything—there is so much more in life. I want to study and I want to travel—and I want to lead a normal, round-about life. I know trying to combine everything and a career is a risky business, and I don't intend to keep on working indefinitely, but I have fought too hard and too long to give up now."

Shirley was alone fifteen when she first definitely made up her mind what she wanted to do. She had studied piano since she was a small child and her mother was very anxious to have her become a concert pianist. But although Shirley played with skill and artistic concepts, terrified her. She realized that she could not go on with it, that she must find some other activity.

She could not contemplate just growing up, just being a debutante and later a wife. Life meant much more than that. She had to do something, for somebody. She never has been able to understand girls who lack initiative, lack ambition, the devoted urge to accomplish something, in whatever line.

While she was wondering just what her future course would be, fate threw down a challenge that gave her the direction she needed.

In Hollywood High School she had studied dramatics and was prominent in the school plays. It was while she was playing the lead in one of these that a talent scout saw her and arranged for a movie test. Shirley was thrilled, as any girl would be, and those words leapt high. But the test was a failure.

Shirley, however, showed her mettle. "When I treated it was bad, that my big opportunity had vanished into thin air, I was determined to show them."

It was the little girl who never refused a share! From then on, the purpose dominated her life. Shirley knew her mother was broken-hearted at her relinquishing a career as concert pianist—she had her to entertain, as well as producer and public. She began systematically to develop her voice, to study. (Continued on page 34)

Combining two careers makes a heavy schedule, but Shirley is young and healthy, and she loves every bit of it.

FIFTEEN years in Hollywood make her almost a native. She went to grammar school there and high school and, briefly, to college. Like many another Hollywood aspirant for success and fame, Shirley Ross found it a handicap to live in that city of opportunity. She was too close at hand to be seen, her talents too near the motion picture scouts to be recognized by them. But, although she feels she might have got ahead faster if she had not been a home town girl, she did manage to achieve her goal without going away from home.

And that is because Shirley is a born fighter. You wouldn't guess it to look at her. She is tall and slim, with light brown hair curling softly in a long bob and framing an almost perfect camera face, with straight nose, sensitive mouth and wide, long-lashed gray eyes. There are beauty and sweetness in her face, but the dominant characteristic is strength. You don't expect so much will power in a girl as young and pretty as Shirley, but from the time she was a little girl, she has shown a forceful, determined character, a decisive personality.

"If anyone waved a white handkerchief in front of me, I'd fight!" she smiled. "As for taking a dare, there was nothing I wouldn't try."

That's why, today, she rapidly is winning success on screen and radio—she's been seen, perhaps, most recently in *The Big Broadcast of 1937*, *Highway Girl* and *12 and 1/2* *Wedding*, and you hear her Wednesday evenings on Ken Murray's program, at 8:30 EST.

That's why she is a blues singer, and why she is an airplane pilot. And why she has the courage to combine the combining her two careers with that third and no less difficult career, marriage.

"I know it won't be easy," she confided, looking abstractedly down at the lovely, watchful ring on her finger. "It will be difficult. Marriage is a business, like anything else and, in Hollywood, in pictures, there is everything against it, but I intend to make a go of it, if possible."

Off for a brief holiday in Miami, Florida, Shirley dresses simply, but she has a flair for colorful smartness.



Shirley Ross, popular Paramount player and Miss Togo, is heard Wednesdays on Ken Murray's radio program.



Shirley is tall and slim, with light brown hair curling softly in a long bob, framing a perfect camera face.





Frank Miele Photos

He heard Nine o'clock! Time to get up and go to work!

Does he sing in his bath? Or is it a cry for help?

Over the morning coffee Ida offers helpful hints.



"Now, Eddie, the cigar is not your trademark!"

His daughter, Marjorie, is Eddie's copable secretary.

The gag writers gather—now for the new script!

# Cantor on

BY NANETTE KUTNER ●

Ida and the girls censor Eddie's

WHEN Eddie Cantor told me his family criticize his radio programs, I didn't believe him. I know Cantor!

For all his sweetness, his simple way of living, his many charitable enterprises, his reputation for being a spinster-chaser, he has the shrewdest intuition sense in show business.

I never shall forget what he told me one evening in Hollywood, as we sat, Ida and Eddie and I, in the cozy walled-in study that opens off their huge living-room. The other girls were out on various dates, the younger ones had gone to bed.

"With a snooty 'They grow so fast,' Ida commenced to lengthen one of Marjorie's dresses.

President Roosevelt was scheduled to speak and Eddie worried the radio dials. He always has been a staunch Roosevelt booster, feeling justly proud of having spent Thanksgiving Day, a year ago, with the President at Warm Springs.

"Roosevelt is the most human man I've ever met," declares Eddie.

We listened to the speech. After discussing its main points, Eddie, in the energetic manner characteristic of him, suddenly waved his hands at me, announcing: "I'll give you a great idea for an article.

You know, this *Good Will Court*?"

I smiled. *The Good Will Court* was then at its height.

"Write an article on why the public will sit in it. And I'll tell you why!"

Thereupon, Mr. Cantor proceeded to furnish me with some pretty pointed reasons.

Politely I rejected them. It wasn't until I sat in my own home that I saw the thought underlying his suggestions. *The Good Will Court* played opposite Eddie Cantor. It

"Why did you sing that song?" asked Edna. "The lyric was silly," said Marjorie. "And a bum joke is always a bum joke!" squelched Natalie. "You should be good thirty minutes out of thirty!"

# the Carpet!

programs. But he loves it and gauges his performances by them

would have been to his advantage if the public tired of the program. They had the same time on the air. Less listeners for *The Good Will Court* meant more for Cantor! I could not help smiling at his shrewdness. From that time on, all remarks of Eddie Cantor's had me looking for reasons behind them.

So when he told me his family censored, edited and criticized his programs, I thought: "Aha! You can't fool me, Mister! That's merely a story, concocted for publicity purposes." And for awhile I refused to believe it.

Well, I take this back. I eat my words. I apologize publicly, here and now, right in print. For unless the entire Cantor family, from Ida down to baby Janet, went to the inconceivable bother of staging a carefully-rehearsed scene for my benefit, then with my own eyes I saw and with my own ears I heard their tear apart Eddie's program, telling him just what they thought was wrong with it.

This is the story.

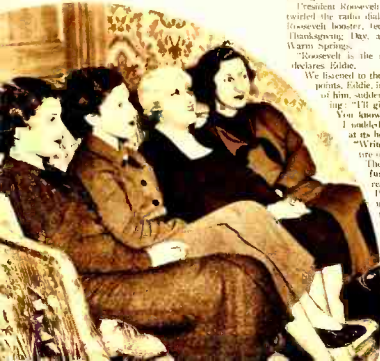
Eddie had invited me to watch his last evening broadcast. He gives three performances. At noon he stages a public dress rehearsal; in the afternoon, when in California, he broadcasts to the East; in the evening for the West.

I stood backstage with them, the whole Cantor gang. I watched their joint antics and marvelled at Cantor's enthusiasm, and the way, after the broadcast, he refused to let the audience go home, but stand out

the stage, entertaining them an extra fifteen minutes, simply because he loves to do it.

Finally, his performance finished, his forehead dripping with perspiration, he sank down upon a chair in his dressing-room.

"That one's over," I remarked. (Continued on page 92)



Eddie gazed at the assembled group. Listened tensely to the comments and criticisms. "Maybe it was your radio," he alibied. "Even President Roosevelt doesn't sound very good when there is static!"





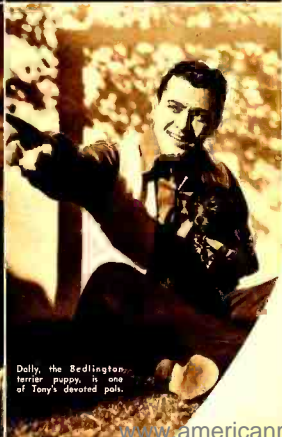
Anthony 'Tony' Martin, radio and movie star, judges what he wants.



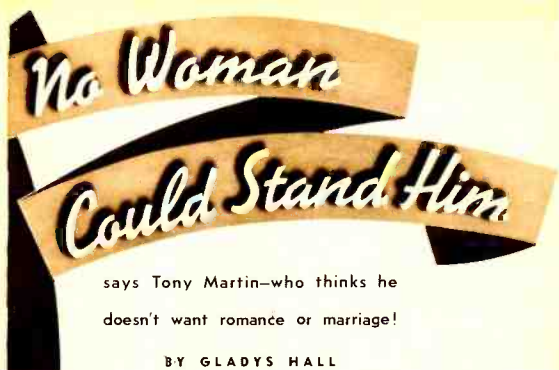
Gracie Allen gives Tony what is technically known as "the work."



Tony's good-looking is due to happenstance!



Dolly, the Bedlington terrier puppy, is one of Tony's devoted pals.



BY GLADYS HALL

HE knows what he wants all right, this dark young Tony Martin, six feet tall, weight one hundred and seventy-five pounds, dark brown eyes, crisp black hair, tanned skin, black strong, white teeth, genial, assured manner, lively humor—he is not in love. He doesn't want marriage. He doesn't like changing wings. He does want music and security and travel and fun. And always, always, beyond, permeating all else, the beat in his blood, the systole and diastole of his heart, he wants music. Music on the air. Music in the movies. Music with an orchestra. Music on the stage. He isn't partial, just as long as it is music and he is singing it, playing it, launching it into his lungs, giving it forth again. He always knew what he wanted, the young Tony Martin. Even when he was a tiny shaver of eight and his stepfather, to whom he is devoted, offered to buy him anything he might fancy, in any one of the Oakland shops, Tony wanted a saxophone. And not all of the proffered substitutes, tops, marbles, skates, a lake, football gear, books, or as much soda pop as he could drink, saved him from the fatal core of his wanting. A saxophone. A saxophone or nothing. Perhaps, then, it would have to be nothing. For the mother and stepfather of Tony were not well-to-do people. Tony's stepfather was proprietor of a modest shop featuring ladies' wear. A small-town merchant of just-sufficient earnings. Tony's own father and mother were separated when Tony was an infant, his brother a few years older. The father died when Tony was still very small, leaving all of his considerable estate to the elder brother, nothing at all to Tony. His brother, Tony told me, had, as a lad, a fine flair for imitations. He used to stand in front of picture

theatres showing Chaplin pictures and imitate Chaplin more to the life than Chaplin himself. He might have gone far in the theatre, which he loved and still loves. But it was the love of a dilettante. He did not want the theatre with the single-minded intensity with which Tony wanted music. And knew what he wanted. And so, if it couldn't be the saxophone, okay then, it would be nothing, thanks. And then a customer of Tony's dad couldn't pay his bill. He suggested that he pay with a used and unplayed saxophone. And Tony's great father, remembering the fanatic light in the boy's eyes, accepted the saxophone and—Tony got what he wanted. When he was in grade school he was the trimmer boy. He says that in no other capacity did he feel so dominant, so important, so master of his fate and captain of his soul as when he led that troupe, *rat-a-tat, rat-a-tat*, and knew that the fret of his schoolmates marched to his drum. In Oakland High School he organized and conducted what he now calls, but affectionately, "a little old orchestra." They called themselves *The Five Red Peppers*. And the next tune, and the first song, Tony Martin ever sang in public was when he sang *Banker Rose*, against the background of that orchestra in school. *The Five Red Peppers* finally got saxophone looking, or at least San Francisco. They were paid, eventually, sixty-or-thirty-a-week for the five of them. Tony kept meticulous accounts of all earnings, disbursements, et cetera. And when they hit the sixty-six-dollar mark he has a notation in one of his penny account books—"In the Big House now." Which was all very exciting, but it didn't further the daily stints of algebra, English, biology and so on. The boy was young, the hours were late, school work was interfering and his mother, always firm with this son she adored, persuaded him to give up his orchestra and stick to studying. After high school Tony entered St. Mary's College. A student six-footer, he was (Continued on page 69)



Music Director Mark Warnow entertains and dishes it hot for Andre Baruch.



Andy Devine, of the Jack Benny show, is co-owner of a riding academy in Glendale.



Gay, glamorous Gertrude Ninson, topflight star in many fields of entertainment.



An armful of honey for Victor Moore of Twin Stars. The lass is Barbara Read.



Virginia Verrill, CBS songstress, visits an indoor pool between visits to the beaches.

# In the Radio Spotlight

Comics, choristers,

savants and sirens, bright stars of the lively broadcast lanes



Flutist John Amos practices with Lily Pons for a General Motors concert and Andre Kostelanetz assists.



Two hundred and seventy-five pounds of comedy! Jack Smart in a "Truckin'" number.

LIKE everyone else who has listened to Ventriloquist Edgar Bergen and his dummy, Charlie McCarthy, who first bowed to radio on the Valley program, we were all agog to meet the delectable Charlie. We called at the Waldorf, the day they arrived in New York. To us Charlie was so definitely a personality, it came as a distinct shock to see Mr. Bergen open a suitcase and lift out his famous mimic, removing a spiffed wrapper from its head!

Of course he was alive, we felt laboriously, as he emerged from the wrapping. Such an aura of individuality was revealed with that unique small figure! We felt excited, eager to talk with him.

"It must be uncomfortable, traveling in a suitcase," we murmured commiseratingly, as Charlie settled himself with a little shake on Mr. Bergen's knee.

"Oh, yes, it is—yes, indeed!" Charlie nodded his head. "So hard on the clothes, too—my suitcases get crushed!" He looked reproachfully at Edgar Bergen through his monocle. "I used to travel in a trunk," he went on in his dry, beguiling voice, "but now I'm so valuable to Mr. Bergen, he wants me right with him—right in the bag, you might say."

Charlie McCarthy, we learned, is seventeen years old. He started life as a ragged newsboy and, like many another self-made man, he regards his top hat, tails and monocle with keen satisfaction. It isn't exactly fair, Charlie thinks, to refer to him as a shummy. His father was a Big Stick, out in Michigan.

"Whitey Pine, they called him," says Charlie. "I'm a chip off the old block!"

We asked Mr. Bergen where the name, Charlie McCarthy, came from. Charlie, he explained, was the name of a little Irish newsboy in Detroit, Michigan, Bergen's boyhood haunt. And when young Bergen decided to become a ventriloquist, he made a sketch of the boy's head, from which a woodcarver named Black constructed the now famous figure. He should, they decided, have an Irish name. So they christened him Charlie McCarthy.

BY NANCY BARROWS

# Something New Under the Sun

Ventriloquist Edgar Bergen and his delectable dummy, Charlie

McCarthy, give us something never before attempted on the air!



"Originally," said Edgar Bergen, "Charlie had a sort of quaint smile—a grin—but as he grew up and went into night club work, he took on a more serious expression, so keeping with his more sophisticated character."

"Oh, definitely," agreed Charlie. "Still, from the *fronter* of some eyes, people would know you came from the woods," remarked Mr. Bergen. Charlie winked his head and regarded him severely. "Only God can make a tree," he quoted.

The metamorphosis of Charlie Bergen a little over a year ago. In January, 1936, Edgar Bergen made the ventriloquist discovery that vaudville—the chief source of his livelihood—was definitely dead. For the first time in his seventeen-year career he had no role. From his most consistent efforts in school and college shows, he had come out in a banjo and tenor

corn that now seemed strangely unorthodox. A box had materialized for Charlie, he mused. . . . A few sidling touches with a respected his tail and stooge. A monicle.

"It was the smartest idea I ever had in my life!" says Edgar Bergen.

And then, being ready for opportunity, it knocked at his door. Helen Morgan's club gave him an opening. And while he was playing there, the Shuberts saw him and signed him for a spot in the *Ziegfeld Follies*.

"It didn't work out," Mr. Bergen says philosophically. "I was playing 'in me,' before a backflip. It looked too much like a vaudeville act. They were right in saying it didn't send an integral part of the *Follies*. So, two weeks before the New York opening, they took me out."

He was then in Chicago, and, all else failing, he agreed to make a series of appearances in a small club, not frequented by the class he and Charlie had hoped to entertain. But it was a job. And he had no choice then.

An agent for Abe Lyman saw him, however, and asked Bergen to sign a contract to appear as entertainer with Lyman at his club. Bergen was delighted, but explained that he had to work out his agreement with the small café. The agent, eager, says Bergen, for his fee, assured him that it would be all right. And Bergen signed the contract.

But on his next to last performance in the café Lyman chanced to drop in. He was shocked to see his prospective entertainer, playing with all his zest, in such a mediocre spot. The agent, it seemed, hadn't pointed in Lyman. He couldn't. Lyman said, take me an act from such a place.

Philosophically Bergen accepted his release from the Lyman contract and finished up his engagement at the café, wondering where he would go next. And then, as if to reward good sportsmanship, fate tossed into his lap (Continued on page 70)

"My father was a Big Stick, out in Michigan," says Charlie. "Whitey Pine, they called him." "From the timber of your voice, people would know you came from the woods," says Mr. Bergen.

shows, to the four or six-a-day vaudeville, and gradually established himself in the better vaudeville houses throughout the country. Summers, he took to the sea, serving as an entertainer on Southern or European or round-the-world cruises.

Now, on that dismal January day, he sat in a furnished room and wondered what lay before him. For two weeks he had had no job. Where, he wondered, in this world of depression and change, could he find one? What now were the chief fields of entertainment? The answer to that, of course, was movies and night clubs. Movies, Bergen reflected, staring through a small window at the icy rain, had little to offer him. He had made it one period of his career, fourteen one-reelers, but they did poorly by him. There remained—night clubs. He looked at the interdenial Charlie, with his



Charlie sits on a high stool placed on a platform to bring him close up to the microphone, when he broadcast calls his gib wit.

# Afraid of Her Luck

Lucille Manners is  
a sensational star,  
but she is fearful  
of Fate's trickery!

BY MIRIAM  
GIBSON



Lucille Manners, star of the *Cities Service* program, heard over the NBC Red Network Fridays at 8:50 p.m. EDT.



Lucille, of the emotionally sweet voice, has honey-blonde hair, sapphire blue eyes and a real peaches-and-cream complexion.



"When I was offered the chance of replacing Jessica, I was delighted—but scared!" Lucille confesses frankly with a smile.

She is tiny in stature, but she has a voice of great volume—and she says she has the constitution of an Amazon!

LUCILLE MANNERS is radio's contradiction.  
She is the prima donna of the *Cities Service* program each Friday night, yet she has the soul of an ingénieur.  
She is confident when she sings into a microphone, yet really is nervous when talking to the press.  
She is not temperamental, yet ever conscious of temperament.  
She is tiny in stature, but she has a voice of great volume and the constitution of an Amazon.  
She dresses simply, yet points her nails with platinum polish.  
When asked how she feels about replacing Jessica Dragonette, she says she has all the confidence in the world. In the next breath she says she is scared to death.  
At first glance it is hard to realize that a girl of twenty-three can be so paradoxical, yet sincere. However, when one knows the psychological phases of her life up to now, Lucille Manners can be understood.  
Last winter, Jessica Dragonette left the *Cities Service* program on which she had been star for eight years. In that time Miss Dragonette had built a tremendous following. Lucille Manners, a cooperative newcomer to radio, was given this coveted spot on the air. Starlets was thrust on her. Suddenly, she found herself in the limelight, and a very strong light it was.  
"When I was offered the chance of replacing Jessica, I was delighted—but scared," explains Miss Manners. "Yet

I could not afford to turn down such a golden opportunity. I knew I could sing well enough to fill the role, but I realized that the position meant a great deal more than just singing. Jessica has a host of admirers. Fans resist having their idol replaced," Miss Manners said.  
Then, too, the sponsors were accustomed to Jessica Dragonette—in her singing, to her personality. They had spent eight years in building her. Would they be satisfied with a new personality? Miss Manners herself answers the question.  
"Just after I had been signed to replace Jessica," she said, "the chairman of the board of directors of my sponsor was having a dinner party at his home. He asked me to sing for him and his guests. I would like to have my friends see you as well as hear you," he said. That ought to give you a clue as to how I feel. And as far as my concern, she can stay with us even longer than eight years. I believe you all agree after hearing her."  
"It was only then that I realized that nearly every director of the company was among my host's guests. Naturally, I felt better after that, but I still was afraid of what the radio audience, the *Cities Service* audience,"





Jerry Cooper, tall, bronzed baritone, is the new M.C. on *Hollywood Hotel*, heard over CBS Fridays at 9 p.m. EDST.



While still a boy, he mastered the guitar, was on the trombone, never dreaming then of radio fame.

# ... Trombone

BY GEORGE KENT

Unknown, unbefriended, Jerry Cooper came to New York with twenty dollars in his pocket. Now he is ranked among the best-paid radio entertainers

IN the veins of Jerry Cooper is more than a drop or two of Latin blood. His eyes glow darkly and his voice has the tenderness of an Old World serenader singing beneath a balcony. He sings through a microphone to millions, yet to you, and all the other sweet things who listen, it seems he is pouring out his heart to one pair of small pink ears.

This is the great gift of Jerry Cooper, who, not long since, climbed out of a box-car with twenty dollars in his pocket, unknown and unbefriended, to conquer New York. And this is the gift that, in three short years, made that conquest possible. His voice is a remarkable instrument and he could sing hot songs, scat or classical—but romance won for him. Being a man who knows what it is to be poor, he'll stick to romance!

Jerry Cooper will not betray the thousands who have learned to depend upon him for a moment or two of romantic happiness. Bluntly he informed me that he does not intend to get married. He will not fall in love. He will remain, so far as you and I are concerned, the serene bachelor balladist, unattached and wise (singing to the unknown *She*. Rudy Vallee is one of his great admirations, but Jerry feels that marriage hurt Rudy irreparably, both as a man and as an artist. Jerry Cooper does not propose to make that particular mistake.

A great many performers, as you may recall, have made similar announcements and stuck to their word—until a wise-some something in pink organdy bounced into the studio. But none of them came through this lad's searing mill of experience. For the sake of the record, and to assure you that he means what he says, let me put



Jerry tries the drums, and smiles, remembering how once, as "horse" for the band, he toiled the instrument.



With orchestra leader Roy Black, Jerry works out a new arrangement of a popular song for a broadcast.

# Troubadour

down a few of the facts.

He was born in 1907, in Bay Minette, Alabama, son of a railway mail clerk. The family moved to New Orleans, where his father and mother separated. At thirteen, Jerry's education stopped and he became sole support of his mother and a brother and sister, both younger.

Music fascinated him, but he got a job in a wholesale grocery at twenty dollars a week. Still he wanted to work on the railroad and, during his lunch hour, he dinged along at the assistant to the chief clerk of the Illinois Central for a job. The answer always was: "No." Jerry thumbed his way to and from work to save car-fare. There was not enough left out of his pay to buy him lunch. He used to go among the men in the grocery, asking each to lend him a penny. At that early age he was clever enough to realize that no one would mind parting with a penny, whereas any would hesitate to give up a quarter.

Two years in the grocery, and two years of annoying the Illinois Central, finally drove him against the wall. One day he quit his job, walked up to the chief clerk's desk in the office of the Illinois Central, with the question: "Where do I go to work?"

He had calculated that the chief clerk, with three hundred employees, could not possibly know all the details about each. The chief clerk stared at him, said he never had seen him before. But Jerry persisted, said that he already had quit his old job and he had to have the new one.

In the end, he went to work. The story is interesting because it shows how the young Jerry was able to make

up his mind and get what he wanted. The new job, incidentally, paid him sixty dollars a month.

Money, then as now, was not the important factor in his life. This railroad job turned out to be a temporary one—and at the end of six months, Jerry was out of a job. He went to work for Western Union, getting his job only through a fib about his age, being as yet too young to be a messenger. He learned the tricks and, inside of a month, was earning thirty-five dollars a week—or twice as much as he had been getting down at the Illinois Central.

Wealth for a boy of fifteen, yet when the railroad asked him to come back, he quit the telegraph company and reported for work. The change was a break, for there he met Steve Hudreau. Steve was a truck driver who nights and Sundays, operated a small band. He used to come to Jerry's desk to get his bills received and it wasn't long before Steve discovered Jerry had a voice, and Jerry that Steve had a band!

Jerry had made a hit in a small way, singing at parties, "socials," picnics and the like. He had no professional dreams and when Steve suggested that he come along one night to an Elks' "terrace" and sing, he refused. At least he said "no" until his girl heard of it. This girl, Jerry's puppy love, insisted he get up and show what he could do—called him a coward, said she would leave him if he didn't. So Jerry sang. The applause was murmur: "It gave Jerry ideas."

When Hudreau suggested he sing with them over the radio, Jerry agreed, this time without hesitancy. This radio station was a small-watter, with a studio about the size of a packing case, and the (Continued on page 94)



Kathleen Wilson (Claudia of *One Man's Family*) studies with the famous Chinese concert dancer King Lan Chew (*Lost Orchid*).



Colonel Stoopnagle and his partner, Budd (left) rehearse for their Sunday eve NBC broadcast.



Leith Stevens, CBS conductor, whose hot jazz makes *The Saturday Night Swing Club* famous.



Irene Beasley, that beguiling blues singer, known to radio listeners as "the long tall gal from Dixie," now a popular star of night clubs along the gay, white way.

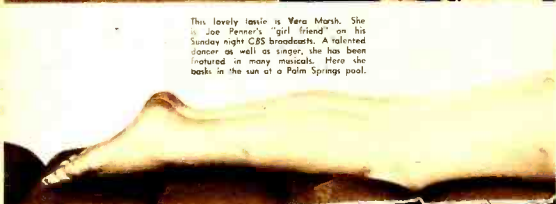


Bondleader Horace Heidt of the CBS *Atentive Hall Hour*, with his soloist, Lysbeth Hughes.



Friendly rivals, Partytalker (left), Joe Penner and Milton Berle, three popular CBS comics.

This lovely lassie is Vera Marsh. She is Joe Penner's "girl friend" on his Sunday night CBS broadcasts. A talented dancer as well as singer, she has been featured in many musicals. Here she basks in the sun at a Palm Springs pool.



# Between Broadcasts

# Gentlemen

Here's the real lowdown on Molasses



Pat Dodgett (left) plays Molasses on the air. Pick, or January (right), is Pick Malone, who was christened Andrew Pickens Malaise.

Molasses and January prepare to celebrate in a big way! Or, maybe, this is the latest in duelling, in the best burnt-cork circles!



January, is Pick Malone, christened Andrew Pickens Malaise.

They aren't spectacular looking, each being light-weight and small in stature. Pick is dark-haired and swarthy and Pat is sandy-haired and fair. They never quarrel with anyone and are called radio's happiness pair. Their accents are all tangled up with the deep South and their dialect as Negro comes isn't exactly different from their everyday diction. They're both intensely suggestive tones, relying on much finger-crossing and

# Be Seated!

and January, those burnt-cork funsters!

"Everything I doet jes' burns out wrong!" laments January. "Yee a Jonah!" "Jonah done come out all right," says Molasses.

They sit around all afternoon discussing gags and situations. Then, at radio time, get into costume and apply the burnt cork



laces, but he tells me that he lost most of his savings in the crash.

"Yeah," you sit Pat, "look at *Helntree & Heath*. They're eighty years old now and bigley because they're not working. Do you know that, even today, they remember the jokes they used to use?"

"You said it, Willie!" (They call each other "Willie," for no obvious reason.) "They remember them as well that they tain't us about some of ours. Heath says they used them when they started fifty years ago!"

Was Mr. Heath referring to the one they use about Jonah?

Pick, as January, says to Pat, "Everything Edoes turns out wrong. The a Jonah!" "Nelder usual, January. Jes' remember Jonah done come out all right!"

Mr. Heath was referring to that Jonah story.

And speaking of minstrel shows, are you old enough to remember that day in spring, when, through the disacaron windows, came the *song-pak* of a *lass harr*, augmented by the grunting and squealing of kindred brass instruments, picked for their carrying powers? (Continued on page 96)

BY WILLIAM VALLEE

*Molasses 'n' January* are the only pair of cranes in the world who work on two leg-time radio shows, week in and week out! While they're *Molasses 'n' January* on the Maxwell House Show *Round*, they're also *Pick and Pat on the Hill's Best Show*. For this, of course, they get paid, and if you're interested in figures, they total up to \$1750 for each one, each week. They find they can live on it, indeed, it's a far cry from the (approximately) forty dollars they get when they were working in minstrel shows and "tab" shows of the poorer grade. Now these burnt-cork cranes are persons of blackface comely.

Not that there's much that can be said against minstrel shows. They were the theatrical staff-of-life for many great performers, including a fellow named Edison—yes, Al Jolson. "Torty, yes," said Pat, "minstrel-show training never did anyone any harm and is sure entertainment a whole of a lot of people."

Pat, who plays the part of *Molasses* on the air, is in private life Pat Dodgett, the younger of the two. Pick, or

spitting out the crossed fingers to guard against bad luck.

"It certainly is too bad about the old-time minstrel shows," said Pick, sadly, "though sometimes I do get the notion that a good one might do business today through the South. I think-erand there's an outfit run by the little old Guy Brothers, which still does a moderate business down there.

"Some of the old timers who're left make you feel lolly. Take Bert Swan, who lives over near me in Flaming, he was a cracker-pick end man in his day. He used to make nine hundred dollars a week, when he was cracking the



How Lum and Abner have influenced the characters of their creators, Chester Lauck and Norris Goff

# Pine Ridge Goes Hollywood

BY LESLIE EATON

"As a man thinks, so he is." If that is not an "old Edwards" saying, it ought to be! For their way of thinking has created not only *Lum and Abner* but all the folks at Pine Ridge, but it quite definitely has influenced and developed the personalities of Chester Lauck and Norris Goff, authors and interpreters of these familiar shts.

It is not only that these characters have become so familiar and dear to their creators that they sometimes are inclined to forget they are merely fictional, but they have identified themselves so completely with their respective roles that sometimes they are not sure where Lauck leaves off and *Lum* begins, or how much of Goff goes into the characterization of *Abner*. Day in and day out, they live and think and talk and act *Lum* and *Abner* and their friends, and it is hardly to be wondered at that the line between actor and role becomes less and less distinct.

Now that Goff is slow of wit or Lauck absorbed in small affairs, by any means. They remain two personable young men, quite different in appearance and dress from the oval-faced farmers they portray. They are keen and witty and highly imaginative, and their clever impersonations have brought them success beyond the dreams of anyone in Pine Ridge, but their wider travels and broader contacts have developed and strengthened their fundamental ideals, not altered them. And they retain a simplicity of outlook, an honesty of mind that is typical of the small-town people they love. And gradually, almost without realizing it themselves, the once mythical Pine Ridge has shaped their characters, and its imaginary inhabitants have directed and

"As long as anyone wants to hear about *Lum* and *Abner* and their doings," Chester Lauck (left) and Norris Goff agree, "we won't get very far away!" So they take their vacations at home.

Meet your favorites—Chester Lauck (left) and Norris Goff (Lum and Abner) of Pine Ridge and Hollywood.



After the day's work is done, the Laucks and the Goffs enjoy care-free hours. Mrs. Lauck (seated) and Mrs. Goff cry "Swing it!"



Lauck is *Cedric Weehant* and *Grandpappy Spears*, as well as *Lum*, *Goff* is *Dick Maddeston* and *Squire Skimp*, in addition to being *Abner*. And the roles they have played so long have become very, very real to them.

controlled their very dreams and ambitions.

"We weren't either of us born on a farm," Lauck explained, "but we've talked about them so much that we'd like nothing better than to own one."

"I'd like to have a nice horse farm," Goff concurred.

It was this desire for broader pastures, for a more open life than was possible in a Chicago apartment, that brought these two to California.

Perhaps you wouldn't think of Hollywood as offering anything in the way of rural life. You might think, hearing that *Lum* and *Abner* were broadcasting from the movie city, that they had "gone Hollywood," whatever that implies, and were separating themselves widely from the dear realities of Pine Ridge, Arkansas.

But bear in mind that the boys had to be governed in their choice of location by their work. And Hollywood offered them not only sunshine and the out-of-door life they longed for, but ideal facilities for their broadcasting. Nowadays their broadcast for the East and Middle West is four-thirty in the afternoon and for the Pacific Coast at eight-fifteen.

That means that their work can be concentrated between four and eight-thirty o'clock. They have an office near the NBC studios and, between shows, work on their script for the following day, with the assistance of their pretty secretary, Velma McCall. (Velma incidentally, recently was given a few lines to read—the first. The rest of the day and evening is their own, giving them plenty of opportunity to enjoy their new homes, play golf and otherwise take advantage of the warm climate.)

Within two weeks of coming to Hollywood, the boys had found houses and established their families in them. Chester Lauck—who is *Cedric Weehant* and *Grandpappy Spears* as well as *Lum*), rented a lovely place in Beverly Hills, where he now lives with his wife and two little girls.

Norris Goff, who is *Dick Maddeston* and *Squire Skimp*, in addition to being *Abner*), found a ranch outside Hollywood, which is a long step farther his ideals than the apartment which was home before.

"We feel as if we'd been let out of a cage!" Lauck laughed.

And who wouldn't, with swimming pools, tennis courts, citrus groves and what not, in one's own backyard!

"Don't think we didn't like Chicago," he went on quickly. "We loved it—I'd like to be there right now. I miss the *Cubs*, for just one thing." And I miss Lake Michigan—we both have boats, you know, and we haven't found a good place for them here—they are small speed boats, not suitable for the ocean, of course. (Continued on page 90)





The Easy Aces headline the popular program.

People who know them say they are a swell couple.

# Easy Going

BY MURIEL BABCOCK

JUST because they live the simple life in the heart of sophisticated New York City and broadcast a home-falls-kind-of program, don't think that Jane and Goodman Ace—*Easy Aces* to you—are immune from the rumor mongers.

None, these old-timed gossip hounds have plenty to say about the *Easy Aces*. Things like this:

That they're jealous of all the big dough (\$6,500 weekly for radio broadcasts, plus \$75,000 per motion picture) that their old pal, Jack Benny, is making.

That they are going to change their type of show—do something entirely different.

That they are going to change their names—and a nickname other than *Easy Aces*, which they took when cartoon bridge was in its heyday.

That their radio show is slipping.

That Goodman and Jane have their eyes on Hollywood, à la Burns and Allen, Fred Allen, Milton Berle, etc., and a Beverly Hills mansion and swimming pool.

That Jane is being groomed to make her debut as a stage comedienne.

That—oh, my goodness, why go on?—there are plenty more fishy rumors floating up and down Radio Row about

the *Easy Aces*, just as there always is wild tattle about anybody eminently and pleasantly successful. The only bit of gossip that never has dared to cause its head to open the private life of Goodman and Jane—Nobels even has hinted that the *Easy Aces* are awaiting for a very largely married couple.

Which they are, very much so. "Took me long enough to persuade her that I was the right fellow," Goodman will say. "Guess it will take a sight longer to break up."

People who know them insist that Goodman and Jane are two of the sweetest people who live in New York. That they know what life is all about, and therein lies the secret of their success in the radio.

With the idea of gleaming some facts about this swell couple and giving Goodman a chance to deny or confirm Radio Row's rumors, we caught up with the *Easy Aces* about an hour before their broadcast from an NBC studio in Rockefeller Center one fine spring evening. We sat on the edge of one of those uncomfortable modernistic chairs and listened to Goodman, Jane and two other cast members go through rehearsal faces, preparatory to the regular Tuesday broadcast.

They all sat around a square, four-legged table, which looked much like and was the size of your bridge table at

lane. It had, however, unlike your little infirmary microphone buried in its center, into which the *Easy Aces* talk. Another possible microphone shade of Goodman's right shoulder, but that is for emergency use only. Anything you say thus has a double chance to go on over the ether waves. (Imagine having your remarks to your partner at bridge thus made available to the world!) Goodman, hat tilted rakishly on the back of his head like a character out of the play, *Gentleman of the Press* (he was for twelve years a go-getting reporter and drama critic on the Kansas City *Journal-Post*), lounged rather than sat in his chair and concentrated on the script, intermingling from time to time with instructions. Jane, looking very pert and cute in a new spring suit, her blonde hair prettily curled, sat primly erect and also concentrated. We sneaked a look at her manuscript and saw it was penciled along the margin with words such as "Laugh!" "Soothe!" "Be sarcastic!" etc., about which we will tell you more later.

On this particular evening, the *Easy Aces* were broadcasting one of their series of adventures with a movie director. You remember, don't you, the big slum Hollywood megabombard, with the foreign agent, who was conducting a search for talent, and Jane's determination to be the winner of his contest? Well, this was the evening

she was choosing her movie-star name—in case she went. Everlastingly of it was a simple, easy, matter-of-fact matter.

Goodman spoke his piece as if it were second nature, with Goodman doing a minimum of directing. He's the big boss. There's an advertising agency producer present. Goodman writes all the scripts, lures the actors (even Jane and himself), directs, produces and checks it off on the air, all in addition to acting himself.

He also is his own publicity director (what publicity he will permit) and his own business manager, but more of that later. Let's get on with these rumors.

"Why," said Goodman, taking a few minutes off to talk, "why should I be jealous of Jack Benny? That's ridiculous! He's one of the finest fellows in the world and one of my best friends. Jane and I just saw him and his wife, Mary Livingstone last night. We had a swell time."

"Nor am I the least bit envious of his great success, Frankly, no, and I'll tell you why. Jack is, at the top. He's one to the very best, or the best, in radio today and he knows it better than anyone else. Where do you go when you hit the top of the trail? There's only one way to go—that's down! Unless you stay on top. It's Benny's problem today to stay at that peak. He will, I am sure, because he's a master showman. (Continued on page 38)

Let rumor rave and gossips gabble, the *Easy Aces* continue with

their popular NBC show and follow the even tenor of their life

# FOR WOMEN ONLY!

BY JACK HANLEY

*CBS' Heinz Magazine of the Air*  
breaks some traditions and  
so delights its listeners

IT'S primarily what is known to radio as a "woman appeal" show, the *Heinz Magazine of the Air*, but I got in, anyway. Standing behind the glass panel of the control-room, the subdued babble of feminine voices sounded, as guest artists answered questions while waiting to face the mike. Outside, in the studio, plump, rosy-cheeked, white-haired B. A. Rolfe stood before his orchestra, as peeps and trills from strings and brasses announced tuning up. A tall man, with iron-gray hair, looked over his script, suggesting a Shakespearian actor waiting his cue—Bill Adams, the announcer; at the editor's mike sat Delmar Edmondson, a round-faced, sandy-haired, scholarly type of man, his arms folded quietly on the table before him. Dorothy Lowell and Ann Elstner were laughing together near one of the six mikes, their scripts for *Trouble House* in their hands, and it came with something of a surprise that on this women's program they were the only women within my line of vision in the studio at the moment.

Mrs. William Harkness, that day's guest celebrity, was showing the scratches on her arm from the baby Giant Panda which she had brought back to America, when the aimless bustle out in the studio seemed to crystallize and there was a moment of tension. Then the Rolfe baton swept downwards, and the show was on the air.

As the musical signature sounded, I waited for a coy and mictious female voice to begin a commercial spiel, giving some recipe as though it were a deeply confidential state secret upon which hung the fate of nations. Instead, Bill Adams' friendly, dignified voice sounded. True, he talked about the sponsor's product, but it managed to sound so appetizing that my mouth watered—which (Continued on page 62)



Carleton Young (Bill Mears of *Trouble House*) and its author.



Natalie Hall and Delmar Edmondson on the CBS show.



Albert Payson Terhune (right) and Edmondson.



Only 22

**BUT "ON  
THE  
SHELF"**

**BECAUSE OF  
"MIDDLE-AGE"  
SKIN!**



I'LL BET YOU'D HAVE PLENTY OF DATES, IF YOU'D JUST DO SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR SKIN! WHY DON'T YOU SEE THAT BEAUTY EXPERT EVERYONE IS RAVING ABOUT?

**SHE CONSULTS FAMOUS BEAUTY EXPERT, PAUL OF FIFTH AVENUE**

YOUR COMPLEXION HAS THE SYMPTOMS OF WHAT I CALL "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN! IT'S DRY AND LIFELESS, AND COARSE TEXTURED. I SUGGEST THAT YOU CHANGE YOUR SOAP -- USE ONLY PALMOLIVE, BECAUSE--



**PAUL EXPLAINS WHY PALMOLIVE CORRECTS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!**

"Palmolive is made with Olive Oil, a real beauty aid. And Olive Oil makes Palmolive's lather gentler, more soothing... gives it a special protective quality all its own. Thus Palmolive does more than just cleanse. It protects your skin against the loss of those precious natural oils which feed and nourish it... That's why Palmolive keeps your complexion soft, smooth and young!"

*Paul of Fifth Ave*

**NOW NO MORE LONELY EVENINGS  
... THANKS TO PALMOLIVE**



**How Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, prevents dry, lifeless, old-looking skin**

**I creeps up on you** without warning... this heart-breaking "Middle-Age" skin!

You may have a soft, smooth complexion today. Yet next month, or even next week, you may look in your mirror and find your skin dry, lifeless, coarse-looking.

So right now is the time to watch out... to take this simple precaution advised by beauty experts.

Use Palmolive Soap regularly. For Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, does more than just cleanse. Its gentle, protective lather helps prevent your skin from becoming

dry, old-looking; keeps your complexion soft, smooth, young!

Does the soap you are now using give you this same protection? Do you know what ingredients go into it? Are you sure it is as pure, as gentle and safe as Palmolive?

You know that Palmolive Soap is made from a blend of real beauty ingredients... soothing Olive and Palm oils.

That's why Palmolive, more than any other soap, promises to keep your complexion young and lovely through the years! Why not start using Palmolive soap--today?

**FREE! DIONNE QUIN CUT-OUT BOOK FOR CHILDREN!**

Beautifully colored cut-outs of the Quins, with dresses, coats -- 64 in all. A lovely picture of the Quins on cover... ideal for framing! Send 3 Palmolive Soap bands to Palmolive, Dept. M-151, Jersey City, N. J. (Offer expires July 15, 1937.)



**MADE WITH OLIVE OIL  
TO KEEP COMPLEXIONS  
YOUNG AND LOVELY**

*If* . . . YOU'RE YOUNG  
 . . . YOU'RE SMART—you'll want to wear  
**GLAZO'S** *"Misty" Tints*

**S**OUGHT AFTER girls . . . gay young moderns who never let themselves or their escorts down in the matter of smartness . . . are climaxing their chic with Glazo's Misty nail polish shades.

Where else can you find colors so excitingly lovely? . . . the perfect accent to that ravishing new frock . . . the ultimate

in fingertip flattery! Beguiling as their names are Glazo's subtle, misty, smoky hues—Shell and Old Rose, Thistle, Rust and Russet, Suntan, Dahlia, Imperial Red.

And Glazo, as good as it is beautiful, possesses all the virtues that smart young things demand . . . satin-smoothness on the nail . . . stern prejudices against peeling or

fading . . . the rare ability to stay smooth-flowing, usable to the last drop in that economical 20¢ bottle, or in the new and larger 25¢ size.

For a new kind of Social Security—the knowledge of your own loveliness—choose Glazo in clear shades or the sophisticated new "Misty" tints.



**GLAZO**

*The Smart Manicure*

*They're fashion's  
 latest and loveliest  
 Nail Polish Shades*

**OLD ROSE** *A subtle, smoky rose. Utterly feminine and flattering. Matches with fashion's new "off colors," with pastels. No chipping. No peeling.*

**THISTLE** *A new misty beige-rose. Perfect with sun-tanned or pale skin. Excellent for wear with gray, beige, green, brown. No chipping. . . . No peeling.*

**RUSSET** *A misty red with subtle brown undertone. Becoming to almost every type of skin. Outstanding with light or dark colors. No chipping. . . . No peeling.*

# 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 DAY-LIGHT SAVING TIME.** This means that for Eastern Standard and Central Daylight Time, you must subtract one hour. For Mountain Daylight and Central Standard Time, subtract two hours. For Pacific Daylight and Mountain Standard Time, subtract three hours. And for Pacific Standard Time, subtract four hours. For example: 11:00 A. M. EST becomes 10:00 A. M. MST and 9:00 A. M. PST and 8:00 A. M. PST and 7:00 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

- WFER Baltimore, Md.
- WVAC Boston, Mass.
- WVBC Buffalo, N. Y.
- WMAQ Chicago, Ill.
- WTAM Cincinnati, Ohio
- KOA Denver, Colo.
- WHO Des Moines, Iowa
- WDAF Detroit, Mich.
- WTIC Hartford, Conn.
- WFI Indianapolis, Ind.
- WFAE Kansas City, Mo.
- KFI Los Angeles, Cal.
- KSTP Minneapolis—St. Paul, Minn.
- WEAF New York, N. Y.
- KYW Omaha, Neb.
- WOW Philadelphia, Pa.
- WCBE Pittsburgh, Pa.
- WCBS Portland, Ore.
- KGW Portland, Ore.
- WJAR Providence, R. I.
- WVIA Richmond, Va.

- KSD St. Louis, Mo.
- KDYL Salt Lake City, Utah
- KFO San Francisco, Cal.
- WG Seattle, Wash.
- KOMO Spokane, Wash.
- WHK Washington, D. C.
- WDEL Wilmington, Del.
- WTAG Worcester, Mass.

## NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY—BLUE NETWORK

- WABY Albany, N. Y.
- WBAL Baltimore, Md.
- WBZ Boston, Mass.
- WICC Bridgeport, Conn.
- WBFR Buffalo, N. Y.
- WATL Cedar Rapids, Iowa
- WENR Chicago, Ill.
- WLS Chicago, Ill.
- WCKY Cincinnati, Ohio
- WEAR Cleveland, Ohio
- KVOD Denver, Colo.
- WLSU Des Moines, Iowa
- WXYZ Detroit, Mich.
- WLE Erie, Pa.
- WOWO Ft. Wayne, Ind.
- WREN Lawrence, Kans.
- KECA Los Angeles, Cal.
- WTEN Minneapolis, Minn.
- WICC New Haven, Conn.
- WVZ New York, N. Y.
- KLO Omaha, Neb.
- KOIL Omaha, Neb.—Council Bluffs, Ia.
- WFIL Philadelphia, Pa.
- KDKA Pittsburgh, Pa.
- KEX Portland, Ore.
- WBTV Providence, R. I.
- WHAM Rochester, N. Y.
- KWK St. Louis, Mo.
- KFSO San Francisco, Cal.
- KJR Seattle, Wash.
- KGA Spokane, Wash.
- WVBC Springfield, Mass.
- WSYR Syracuse, N. Y.
- WSPD Toledo, Ohio
- WMAL Washington, D. C.

## NBC-SUPPLEMENTARY STATIONS

- (May be on either RED or BLUE networks)
- WSAN Allentown, Pa.
  - KNCN Aurora, Ill.
  - WVBC Asheville, N. C.
  - WVIA Atlanta, Ga.
  - KERN Bakerfield, Cal.
  - KPHI Billings, Mont.
  - WGPI Birmingham, Ala.
  - KYR Bonaraville, N. D.
  - KGIR Butte, Mont.
  - WCSC Charleston, S. C.
  - WVBC Charlotte, N. C.
  - WVBC Chicago, Ill.
  - WVBC Cincinnati, Ohio
  - WVBC Clearwater, Fla.
  - WVBC Columbia, S. C.
  - WVBC Columbus, Ohio
  - WVBC Dallas, Tex.
  - WVBC Duluth, Minn.
  - WVBC Evansville, Ind.
  - WVBC Fargo, N. D.
  - WVBC Ft. Wayne, Ind.
  - WVBC Ft. Worth, Tex.
  - WVBC Fresno, Cal.
  - WVBC Grand Rapids, Mich.
  - WVBC Greenville, S. C.
  - WVBC Hot Springs, Ark.
  - KPRC Houston, Tex.
  - WVBC Jackson, Miss.
  - WVBC Jacksonville, Fla.
  - WVBC Jamestown, N. Y.
  - WVBC Little Rock, Ark.
  - WVBC Louisville, Ky.
  - WVBC Madison, Wis.
  - WVBC Manchester, N. H.
  - WVBC Memphis, Tenn.
  - WVBC Miami Beach, Fla.
  - WVBC Milwaukee, Wis.
  - WVBC Minneapolis, Minn.
  - WVBC Mobile, Ala.
  - WVBC Norfolk, Va.
  - WVBC Oklahoma City, Okla.
  - WVBC Orlando, Fla.
  - WVBC Parkersburg, W. Va.
  - WVBC Pensacola, Fla.
  - WVBC Peoria, Ill.
  - WVBC Philadelphia, Pa.
  - WVBC Phoenix, Ariz.
  - WVBC Pittsburgh, Pa.

- CFCF Montreal, Canada
- WSM Nashville, Tenn.
- WSMS New Orleans, La.
- WTAR Norfolk, Va.
- WKY Oklahoma City, Okla.
- KTAR Phoenix, Ariz.
- KHNT Pueblo, Colo.
- WPTF Raleigh, N. C.
- KFEK Sacramento, Cal.
- WSUN St. Petersburg, Fla.
- WVBC San Antonio, Tex.
- KTBS Shreveport, La.
- KSOO Sioux Falls, S. D.
- KCRX Springfield, Mo.
- KWGC Stockton, Cal.
- WVBC Superior, Wis.
- WFLA Tampa, Fla.
- WVBC Three Rivers, Ind.
- CRCT Toronto, Canada
- KVOD Tulsa, Okla.
- KANS Wichita, Kans.
- WORK York, Pa.

## COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM STATIONS

- WADC Akron, Ohio
- WOKD Albany, N. Y.
- WGST Alhambra, Cal.
- KNOW Austin, Tex.
- WCAD Baltimore, Md.
- WVBC Bangor, Me.
- WBRC Birmingham, Ala.
- WVBC Buchanan, N. Y.
- WVBC Boston, Mass.
- WVBC Buffalo, N. Y.
- WVBC Buffalo, N. Y.
- WVBC Charleston, W. Va.
- WVBC Charlotte, N. C.
- WVBC Chattanooga, Tenn.
- WVBC Chicago, Ill.
- WVBC Cincinnati, Ohio
- WVBC Cleveland, Ohio
- WVBC Colorado Springs, Colo.
- WVBC Columbia, Ohio
- WVBC Dallas, Tex.
- WVBC Denver, Iowa
- WVBC Dayton, Ohio
- WVBC Dayton, Ohio
- WVBC Des Moines, Iowa
- WVBC Denver, Colo.
- WVBC Dubuque, Iowa
- WVBC Durham, N. C.
- WVBC Elgin, Ill.
- WVBC El Paso, Tex.
- WVBC Fairmont, W. Va.
- WVBC Fort Wayne, Ind.
- WVBC Fort Worth, Tex.
- WVBC Greenville, S. C.
- WVBC Great Falls, Mont.
- WVBC Harrisburg, Pa.
- WVBC Hartford, Conn.
- WVBC Houston, Tex.
- WVBC Indianapolis, Ind.
- WVBC Independence, Mo.
- WVBC Kansas City, Mo.
- WVBC Knoxville, Tenn.
- WVBC La Grange, Wis.
- WVBC Lincoln, Neb.
- WVBC Little Rock, Ark.
- WVBC Los Angeles, Cal.
- WVBC Louisville, Ky.
- WVBC Miami, Fla.
- WVBC Miami, Fla.
- WVBC Milwaukee, Wis.
- WVBC Minneapolis, Minn.
- WVBC Missouri, Mo.
- WVBC Montgomery, Ala.
- WVBC Montreal, Canada
- WVBC Nashville, Tenn.
- WVBC New Orleans, La.
- WVBC New York, N. Y.
- WVBC Oklahoma City, Okla.
- WVBC Orlando, Fla.
- WVBC Parkersburg, W. Va.
- WVBC Pensacola, Fla.
- WVBC Peoria, Ill.
- WVBC Philadelphia, Pa.
- WVBC Phoenix, Ariz.
- WVBC Pittsburgh, Pa.

- KOIN Portland, Ore.
- WPRO Providence, R. I.
- KOH Reno, Nev.
- WVBC Richmond, Va.
- WVBC Roanoke, Va.
- WVBC Rochester, N. Y.
- KMOX St. Louis, Mo.
- WVBC St. Paul, Minn.
- KSL Salt Lake City, Utah
- KVBC San Antonio, Tex.
- KSFQ San Francisco, Cal.
- WVBC Savannah, Ga.
- WVBC Seattle, Wash.
- KVBC Shreveport, La.
- KVBC Sioux City, Iowa
- WVBC South Bend, Ind.
- KVBC Spokane, Wash.
- WVBC Springfield, Mass.
- WVBC Syracuse, N. Y.
- WVBC Tacoma, Wash.
- WVBC Tampa, Fla.
- WVBC Toledo, Ohio
- WVBC Topeka, Kans.
- WVBC Toronto, Canada
- KTUL Tulsa, Okla.
- WVBC Utica, N. Y.
- WVBC Vancouver, B. C.
- WVBC Washington, D. C.
- WVBC Waco, Tex.
- WVBC Wheeling, W. Va.
- WVBC Wichita, Kan.
- WVBC Wichita-Solom, N. C.
- WVBC Wichita Falls, Tex.
- WVBC Worcester, Mass.
- WVBC Yakonko, S. D.
- WVBC Youngstown, Ohio

## MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM STATIONS

- KADA Aids, Okla.
- KVGO Ansonia, Okla.
- WVBC Ansonia, Okla.
- KPMC Bakersfield, Cal.
- WVBC Baltimore, Md.
- KVBC Bakersfield, Cal.
- WVBC Boston, Mass.
- WVBC Bridgeport, Conn.
- WVBC Cedar Rapids, Iowa
- WVBC Chicago, Ill.
- WVBC Cincinnati, Ohio
- WVBC Cincinnati, Ohio
- WVBC Cleveland, Ohio
- WVBC Dallas, Tex.
- KVBC Denver, Colo.
- KSO Des Moines, Iowa
- WVBC Des Moines, Iowa
- WVBC Detroit, Mich.
- KASA Erie, Pa.
- WVBC Erie, Pa.
- WVBC Fall River, Mass.
- KVBC Ft. Worth, Texas
- KVBC Greeley, Colo.
- WVBC Hartford, Conn.
- WVBC Kansas City, Mo.
- WVBC Lincoln, Neb.
- WVBC Los Angeles, Cal.
- WVBC Lowell, Mass.
- WVBC Manchester, N. H.
- KVBC Monterey, Cal.
- WVBC New York, N. Y.
- WVBC New York, N. Y.
- WVBC Oklahoma City, Okla.
- KOIL Omaha, Neb.
- WFIL Philadelphia, Pa.
- WVBC Phoenix, Ariz.
- WVBC Ponce City, Fla.
- WVBC Providence, R. I.
- WVBC Richmond, Va.
- WVBC San Bernardino, Cal.
- WVBC San Diego, Cal.
- KVBC San Francisco, Cal.
- WVBC Santa Barbara, Cal.
- WVBC Shawnee, Okla.
- WVBC Springfield, Mass.
- WVBC St. Louis, Mo.
- WVBC St. Louis, Mo.
- WVBC Washington, D. C.
- WVBC Windsor-Detroit, Mich.

MORNING

8:00  
 NBC-Red GOLDTHWAITE  
 ENSEMBLE—organ and soloist  
 NBC Blue SILENT HOUR—  
 Josef Hoff's orchestra

8:30  
 NBC-Red CHILDREN'S  
 ORCHESTRA—Josef Sponak's or-  
 chestra, Paul Wing, narrator  
 NBC-Blue TOMMY PICTURES  
 —Burt Pepple, pianist, mixed  
 quartet

9:00  
 NBC-Red HAROLD NAUGHTON  
 RHYTHM ORCHESTRA  
 NBC-Blue WHITE HADDT  
 GARDEN—Milton J. Cross  
 CBS SUNDAY MORNING AT  
 TEN—SUNAN'S—children's  
 program, Artella Dickson

9:30  
 NBC-Red CONCERT BY  
 RYMCHILL—Harry Gillett, or-  
 ganist

10:15  
 CBS PRESS RADIO NEWS

10:30  
 NBC-Red HIGHLIGHTS OF  
 THE BIBLE  
 NBC-Blue RUSSIAN MELO-  
 DIES  
 CBS CHURCH OF THE AIR

10:30  
 NBC-Red MUSIC AND  
 AMERICAN POTTY  
 NBC-Blue WALTER BERG  
 BROWN STRING ENSEMBLE  
 CBS ROMANLY TRAIL—  
 Emory Deutsch's orchestra

11:00  
 NBC-Red PRESS RADIO  
 NEWS  
 NBC-Blue PRESS RADIO  
 NEWS  
 CBS ORGAN MOODS  
 MRS. HAVLING STAND—  
 vocal problems

11:05  
 NBC-Red WARD AND MIZ-  
 ZY—piano duo  
 NBC-Blue ALICE HEMSEN  
 —soloist

11:15  
 NBC-Red PRODIGES TRIO  
 —songs  
 NBC-Blue HENDRIK WIL-  
 LEM VAN LOON—piano and  
 lecturer

11:30  
 NBC-Red PRAYER OF THE  
 BIBLE—scriptural  
 NBC-Blue VARIETY PRO-  
 GRAM  
 CBS MARY BOWEN CAP-  
 TOW, FAMILY

11:45  
 NBC-Red HARRY HAYS—  
 orchestra



JUNE 6-13-20-27

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon  
 NBC-Red THE HOT GLASS  
 —Jerry Brannan, Paul Gor-  
 man  
 NBC-Blue SOUTHERNAIRES  
 —male quartet  
 MRS. SADIE TABERNACLE  
 CBS-Blue—music, talk

12:30  
 NBC-Red UNIVERSITY OF  
 CHICAGO ROUND TABLE  
 LECTURES—local speakers  
 NBC-Blue RAINY CITY MU-  
 SIO HALL—SYMPHONY OR-  
 CHESTRA—soloist  
 CBS SALT LAKE CITY TAR-  
 GANABLE CHURCH AND OR-  
 GAN  
 MRS. ORGAN HEAVLY

1:00  
 NBC-Red DOROTHY DREY-  
 LIN, soprano; FRED W. P.  
 SMITH, tenor  
 CBS CHURCH OF THE AIR  
 MRS. KEVIN PATRICK HOUR—  
 A. J. Sullivan

1:30  
 NBC-Red DREAMS OF LONG  
 AGO—Ethel Parks, Richardson  
 NBC-Blue OUR NEIGHBORS  
 —Jerry Heller, interviewer  
 CBS PORTIC STRINGS

1:45  
 CBS HISTORIC BEHIND  
 THE HEADLINES—Bob  
 Todd, commentator

2:00  
 NBC-Red VARIETY PRO-  
 GRAM  
 NBC-Blue MAGIC KEY OF  
 RO—Frank Black's sympho-  
 ny orchestra, Milton J. Cross  
 MRS. MUSICAL PROGRAM

2:15  
 MRS. KEY MEN—quartet

2:30  
 NBC-Red THATCHER COLT  
 MYSTERIES  
 CBS LIVING DREAMS OF  
 THE BIBLE—foundations  
 MRS. THE RIGHT JOB

2:45  
 MRS. GREAT MINDS OF THE  
 GREAT BIR

3:00  
 NBC-Blue SUNDAY DEVI-  
 LIES—Patsy and Hall, Fin-  
 cee, actor  
 CBS REVEREND'S MUSIC  
 Howard Barlow, symphony or-  
 chestra  
 MRS. MARTHA AND HAL—  
 songs and soloist

3:15  
 MRS. PALMER HOUSE CON-  
 CERT ORCHESTRA

3:30  
 NBC-Red WHO'S SONS—  
 sketch  
 NBC-Blue INTERNATIONAL  
 BROADCAST FROM LONDON

3:45  
 NBC-Blue STUBBIE MARTI-  
 NOK—soloist

4:00  
 NBC-Red ROMANCE MELO-  
 DIES—Milt Page, Carlotta  
 Sears, Shelia's orchestra

NBC-Blue NATIONAL VE-  
 GETERIES

1:00  
 NBC-Red THE WORLD IS  
 MY HOME—Broadway  
 NBC-Blue SUNDAY FISH-  
 YAKE AND LUFFERS  
 FISHBOATLE—Judy Sears  
 orchestra  
 MRS. OLD TIME SPELLING  
 HITS

5:00  
 NBC-Red MY KRIS PEE-  
 NENTS, MADON TALLIE—  
 Josef Kowitz's orchestra  
 NBC-Blue VARIETY PRO-  
 GRAM  
 CBS SUNDAY AFTERNOON'S  
 PARTY

5:30  
 NBC-Red SMILING ED  
 McCONNELL—songs, Clark's  
 orchestra  
 CBS GUY LASHARDO AND  
 HIS ORCHESTRA  
 MRS. FORUM HOUR

EVENING

6:00  
 NBC-Red CATHOLIC HOUR  
 NBC-Blue ANTOUAL'S CU-  
 SINES  
 CBS JOE PENNER—Gene  
 Austin, Grier's orchestra  
 MRS. 1927 RADIO SHOW—  
 Guy Knight, Johnson's orches-  
 tra

6:30  
 NBC-Red A TALK OF TO-  
 DAY—sketch  
 NBC-Blue GOLDEN GATE  
 PARK BAND CONCERT  
 CBS RIBBONET—Fred Ke-  
 tting, Walter Connell, guests  
 MRS. FUN IN SWINGTIME—  
 Tim and Irene, Ed Shearbit,  
 Heligan's orchestra

7:00  
 NBC-Red BELL O PROGRAM  
 —Jack Benny, Mary Living-  
 stone, Kenny Baker, Phil Har-  
 ris' orchestra  
 NBC-Blue HELEN TRACHEL  
 —soprano  
 CBS COLUMBIA WORK-  
 SHOP—orchestral band  
 MRS. STAN LOMAN—sport  
 commentator

7:30  
 NBC-Red FIREBIRD IMPRO-  
 VISATIONS—Helen Marshall, su-  
 prano, Richard Belmont, organ  
 NBC-Blue DAKES BROAD-  
 CAST—Robert Hines, 6440  
 N. Long's orchestra, Shirley  
 Lovell, vocalist

7:45  
 CBS PHIL BAKER—soprano  
 Hurdles's orchestra  
 MRS. SAMPHON STRINGS  
 —soloist

7:15  
 NBC-Red FITCH JUNGLE  
 PROGRAM—Morris Statura,  
 Ranch Boys

8:00  
 NBC-Red CHASE AND SAN-  
 HOON PROGRAM—Don  
 Anovick, Edgar Hoover, Wern-  
 er Johnson's orchestra  
 NBC-Blue GENERAL AD-  
 DRES FROM CONCERT  
 CBS 1927 TWIN STARS—  
 Victor Moore, Helen Haddock,  
 Roger's orchestra  
 MRS. JAZZ NOCTURNE—Hol-  
 son, Fred Keating, Miles Tra-  
 velt's orchestra

8:30  
 CBS HEDDIE CANTOR—Hed-  
 die Cantor, Boston Patten, Har-  
 old Whitman, Board's or-  
 chestra  
 MRS. ALLIANCE FROM THE  
 1940'S

9:00  
 NBC-Red MANHATTAN  
 JAZZ—Scott Hudson—Don  
 Carter, Port Lott, Piero La  
 Vecchia, Johnson's orchestra

NBC-Blue RITZ PLEAS-  
 URE WITH M. BEAVER—soloist  
 Phil's orchestra, Frank Par-  
 ker, Bob Hope, Honeydell  
 CBS RADIO SUNDAY EVEN-  
 ING HOUR  
 MRS. ORCHESTRA

9:30  
 NBC-Red AMERICAN AL-  
 BIONIC FAMILIAR MUSIC—  
 Frank Munn, Jean Dickenson,  
 Brownstein's orchestra  
 NBC-Blue CHILDREN'S PRO-  
 GRAM—Walter Warfield, news  
 commentator

10:15  
 NBC-Blue THEIR SYMPHO-  
 NETTE  
 MRS. DANCE ORCHESTRA

10:00  
 NBC-Red SUNDAY NIGHT  
 PARTY—Lester Melton, Com-  
 munity Union, Duke's orchestra  
 NBC-Blue CALIFORNIA  
 CONCERT  
 CBS GILLETTE COMMUN-  
 ITY—Milton Berle, Won-  
 der Ball, Jones and Hays  
 Rhythm's orchestra  
 MRS. STRIPTEASE PARTY  
 by Kaye's orchestra and  
 guests

10:30  
 CBS MAUREEN O'SHEA  
 AND THE MOUNTAIN STRINGS

10:45  
 CBS H. V. KALTENDORN—  
 news commentator

11:00  
 NBC-Red HARVEY HAYS—  
 piano recital  
 NBC-Blue JUDY AND THE  
 HENRY—soloist quartet  
 CBS PRESS RADIO NEWS  
 MRS. DANCE MUSIC

11:30  
 NBC-Blue PRESS RADIO  
 NEWS  
 CBS ORCHESTRA



Gustave Haenschen



Milton Berle



Don Ameche



MORNING

*Tuesdays*

**JUNE 1—8—15—22—29**

- 8:00 Nip-Rod: MALCOLM C. BARKER  
with his program  
Nip-Rod: MARY ANN, PHYLIS  
Lynn—songs and songs
- 8:15 Nip-Rod: GOOD MORNING  
MELBOURNE  
Nip-Rod: LEO J. B. RYAN  
Nip-Rod: Island Sounds
- 8:30 Nip-Rod: CHERIE — with  
her music
- 8:45 Nip-Rod: RHYTHM BAS-  
TARD
- 9:00 Nip-Rod: STRAHLINERS —  
Dicks and Dick  
Nip-Rod: CLAY R. PEARCE  
with his program  
Nip-Rod: CLAY R. PEARCE  
with his program  
Nip-Rod: CLAY R. PEARCE  
with his program
- 9:15 Nip-Rod: ALMA BOWERS  
with her program  
Nip-Rod: WALTZES OF THE  
WORLD
- 9:30 Nip-Rod: PERS-B-RADIO  
NEWS  
Nip-Rod: PERS-B-RADIO  
NEWS
- 9:45 Nip-Rod: MRS. WIGOR OF  
THE "CABARET PATCH"  
sketch  
Nip-Rod: THE DEWLY — a wa-  
gony show  
Nip-Rod: HILTY AND BOB —  
sketch
- 10:00 Nip-Rod: JOHNS OTHER  
WIFE — sketch  
Nip-Rod: MA PERKINS  
with her program  
Nip-Rod: GOLDEN GLOBE —  
sketch
- 10:15 Nip-Rod: HUSTY PAIN FILL  
— sketch  
Nip-Rod: PETER YOUNG  
with his program  
Nip-Rod: LITTY PETER, making  
his first hymn of all  
his life  
Nip-Rod: MRS. MARRIAGE CLINIC  
— sketch
- 10:30 Nip-Rod: TODAY'S CUTE  
GIRL — sketch  
Nip-Rod: H. K. WATKINS  
with his program
- 10:45 Nip-Rod: DAVID BARLON  
— sketch  
Nip-Rod: THE O'NEILLS —  
sketch  
Nip-Rod: MARY LEE TAYLOR  
with her program
- 11:00 Nip-Rod: BAY STRAGE WIFE  
— sketch  
Nip-Rod: PERSONAL COU-  
PONS OF THE AIR — song  
Nip-Rod: QUALITY PAINS — East  
and West
- 11:15 Nip-Rod: MYSTERY GIEP  
Nip-Rod: AD AND SAGE —  
sketch  
Nip-Rod: SISTER — sketch
- 11:30 Nip-Rod: ALVIN DRISCOLL  
— sketch  
Nip-Rod: RICHARD MORTON  
with his program  
Nip-Rod: THE GREAT SINGER  
Nip-Rod: THE GREAT SINGER  
Nip-Rod: THE GREAT SINGER  
Nip-Rod: THE GREAT SINGER  
Nip-Rod: THE GREAT SINGER

AFTERNOON

- 12:00 Noon Nip-Rod: GIEP ALONE —  
sketch  
Nip-Rod: THE GIBBONS — sketch
- 12:15 Nip-Rod: STORIES OF MARY  
MAGDALENE — sketch  
Nip-Rod: THE GREAT SINGER  
with his program  
Nip-Rod: THE GREAT SINGER  
with his program  
Nip-Rod: THE GREAT SINGER  
with his program
- 12:30 Nip-Rod: ALPHABETICAL  
— sketch

- Nip-Rod: ANNETTE KING  
with her program  
Nip-Rod: ROMANCE OF HELEN  
THORN — sketch
- 12:45 Nip-Rod: JULES LANDIER  
with his program  
Nip-Rod: CONCRETE IN-  
TERESTS  
Nip-Rod: THE GREAT SINGER  
with his program  
Nip-Rod: THE GREAT SINGER  
with his program  
Nip-Rod: THE GREAT SINGER  
with his program
- 1:00 Nip-Rod: SYLVIA CLARK —  
with her program  
Nip-Rod: LOVE AND LEARN  
with her program  
Nip-Rod: JACK BIRCH AND HIS  
PALS  
Nip-Rod: DICK STABLES ON  
CHICKEN
- 1:15 Nip-Rod: DAN HARDING'S  
WIFE — sketch  
Nip-Rod: THE TWISTERS  
with their program  
Nip-Rod: THE TWISTERS  
with their program
- 1:30 Nip-Rod: WORDS AND MU-  
SIC — sketch  
Nip-Rod: LARRY LAY  
with his program  
Nip-Rod: NATIONAL PAIR  
AND HOBBY — sketch  
Nip-Rod: THE GREAT SINGER  
with his program  
Nip-Rod: THE GREAT SINGER  
with his program
- 1:45 Nip-Rod: AUNT JENNY'S REAL  
LIFE SPOON — sketch  
Nip-Rod: DR. JOSEPH E.  
MADON'S BAZILLI LESSONS  
with his program  
Nip-Rod: THE GREAT SINGER  
with his program  
Nip-Rod: THE GREAT SINGER  
with his program
- 2:00 Nip-Rod: JACK AND LOUISE  
with their program  
Nip-Rod: JACK AND LOUISE  
with their program  
Nip-Rod: JACK AND LOUISE  
with their program
- 2:15 Nip-Rod: H. S. A WOMAN  
WORLD — sketch  
Nip-Rod: THE GREAT SINGER  
with his program  
Nip-Rod: THE GREAT SINGER  
with his program
- 2:30 Nip-Rod: COLLEGIANS  
with their program  
Nip-Rod: MART AND MAURIE —  
sketch  
Nip-Rod: DREPPER YOUNG &  
FAMILY — sketch  
Nip-Rod: H. S. MARINE  
with his program  
Nip-Rod: HILL, WRIGHT, WICK,  
AND SHIRAZ  
Nip-Rod: RHYTHM ORCHESTRA
- 2:45 Nip-Rod: MA PERKINS —  
sketch  
Nip-Rod: RADIO GARDEN CLUB  
with her program
- 3:00 Nip-Rod: VIC AND SAGE —  
sketch  
Nip-Rod: COLUMBIAN CONCERT  
HALL — sketch  
Nip-Rod: THE GREAT SINGER  
with his program

- 3:15 Nip-Rod: THE O'NEILLS —  
sketch  
Nip-Rod: HAVE YOU  
HEARD? — sketch
- 3:30 Nip-Rod: LOUINGTON JONES  
with his program  
Nip-Rod: VAGUE JONTS  
with his program  
Nip-Rod: SING AND SWING  
with his program
- 3:45 Nip-Rod: PERSONAL COU-  
PONS OF THE AIR — sketch  
Nip-Rod: FOLLOW THE  
MUSIC — sketch  
Nip-Rod: FLOYD MANNING  
with his program  
Nip-Rod: FLOYD MANNING  
with his program  
Nip-Rod: FLOYD MANNING  
with his program
- 4:00 Nip-Rod: STALLIE BEVILL  
with her program  
Nip-Rod: STALLIE BEVILL  
with her program  
Nip-Rod: STALLIE BEVILL  
with her program
- 4:15 Nip-Rod: THE GUIDING  
LIGHT — sketch  
Nip-Rod: THE GUIDING  
LIGHT — sketch  
Nip-Rod: THE GUIDING  
LIGHT — sketch
- 4:30 Nip-Rod: GENERAL PRO-  
DUCTIONS OF WOMEN &  
CHILDREN  
Nip-Rod: YOUNG HONEY  
with her program  
Nip-Rod: YOUNG HONEY  
with her program  
Nip-Rod: YOUNG HONEY  
with her program
- 4:45 Nip-Rod: DON WINSLOW  
OF THE NAY — sketch  
Nip-Rod: DON WINSLOW  
OF THE NAY — sketch



Martha Roye

- Children's program  
Nip-Rod: ST. LOUIS SYMPO-  
SIUM
- 5:15 Nip-Rod: LITTLE ORPHAN  
ANNE — sketch  
Nip-Rod: BANTON — sketch  
Nip-Rod: BANTON — sketch  
Nip-Rod: BANTON — sketch

EVENING

- 6:00 Nip-Rod: THE SCIENCE IN THE  
NEWS  
Nip-Rod: THE SCIENCE IN THE  
NEWS  
Nip-Rod: THE SCIENCE IN THE  
NEWS  
Nip-Rod: THE SCIENCE IN THE  
NEWS
- 6:15 Nip-Rod: THREE SISTERS  
with their program  
Nip-Rod: THREE SISTERS  
with their program  
Nip-Rod: THREE SISTERS  
with their program
- 6:30 Nip-Rod: PRESS-RADIO  
NEWS  
Nip-Rod: PRESS-RADIO  
NEWS  
Nip-Rod: PRESS-RADIO  
NEWS
- 6:45 Nip-Rod: TOM THOMAS  
with his program  
Nip-Rod: TOM THOMAS  
with his program  
Nip-Rod: TOM THOMAS  
with his program



Ben Bernie

- 6:45 Nip-Rod: RHYTHMAIRES  
with their program  
Nip-Rod: RHYTHMAIRES  
with their program  
Nip-Rod: RHYTHMAIRES  
with their program
- 7:00 Nip-Rod: AMOR 'N' ANNY —  
sketch  
Nip-Rod: AMOR 'N' ANNY —  
sketch  
Nip-Rod: AMOR 'N' ANNY —  
sketch
- 7:15 Nip-Rod: VOCAL VALUE-  
TIERS — sketch  
Nip-Rod: VOCAL VALUE-  
TIERS — sketch  
Nip-Rod: VOCAL VALUE-  
TIERS — sketch
- 7:30 Nip-Rod: HENDRIX WIL-  
LIAMSON — sketch  
Nip-Rod: HENDRIX WIL-  
LIAMSON — sketch  
Nip-Rod: HENDRIX WIL-  
LIAMSON — sketch



Johnny Green

- 7:45 Nip-Rod: ALEXANDER WOOD-  
COCK — sketch  
Nip-Rod: ALEXANDER WOOD-  
COCK — sketch  
Nip-Rod: ALEXANDER WOOD-  
COCK — sketch
- 8:00 Nip-Rod: I HAVE A DREAM  
with his program  
Nip-Rod: I HAVE A DREAM  
with his program  
Nip-Rod: I HAVE A DREAM  
with his program
- 8:15 Nip-Rod: JOHNNY PHOENIX  
with his program  
Nip-Rod: JOHNNY PHOENIX  
with his program  
Nip-Rod: JOHNNY PHOENIX  
with his program
- 8:30 Nip-Rod: LADY PETER  
with her program  
Nip-Rod: LADY PETER  
with her program  
Nip-Rod: LADY PETER  
with her program
- 8:45 Nip-Rod: THE GREAT SINGER  
with his program  
Nip-Rod: THE GREAT SINGER  
with his program  
Nip-Rod: THE GREAT SINGER  
with his program
- 9:00 Nip-Rod: VOX DOP — sketch  
Nip-Rod: VOX DOP — sketch  
Nip-Rod: VOX DOP — sketch
- 9:15 Nip-Rod: PAVARD HOUR —  
sketch  
Nip-Rod: PAVARD HOUR —  
sketch  
Nip-Rod: PAVARD HOUR —  
sketch
- 9:30 Nip-Rod: HILTY AND BOB  
with their program  
Nip-Rod: HILTY AND BOB  
with their program  
Nip-Rod: HILTY AND BOB  
with their program
- 9:45 Nip-Rod: DAN & MARY  
with their program  
Nip-Rod: DAN & MARY  
with their program  
Nip-Rod: DAN & MARY  
with their program

MORNING

# Wednesdays

JUNE 2-9-16-23-30

8:00  
 NBC-R-4 M A L E C O L M  
 "Larkie" children's program  
 NBC-R-4 MORNING DEVOTIONS—prayer and songs

8:15  
 NBC-R-4 GOOD MORNING  
 MILDRED  
 NBC-R-4 IRVING BERLIN  
 NADLER

8:30  
 NBC-R-4 "STURDIO"—talk and music  
 NBC-R-4 BILL WILLIAM MCGUIRE—organist

8:45  
 NBC-R-4 "FOUR MARTINEZ"—HOTHORNS—songs and music

9:00  
 NBC-R-4 STEAMLINERS—Pfeife and Tom  
 NBC-R-4 F R E A K F A S T  
 CLYDE—John McNeill, Helen Lane, Melba, Clark Dennis  
 CBS—MUSIC IN THE AIR

9:20  
 CBS—HOWARD MANWELL—comedian

9:30  
 CBS—PRESS-RADIO NEWS

9:45  
 NBC-R-4 MELBA COMBES  
 ST. JOHNS—news commentator

9:55  
 CBS—FOLKERS' FAN'S

10:00  
 NBC-R-4 PRESS-RADIO NEWS  
 NBC-R-4 PRESS-RADIO NEWS

10:00  
 NBC-R-4 MRS. WOODS OF THE CABARET PATRIOT—sketch  
 NBC-R-4 TIM HEALY—news commentator  
 CBS—BETTY AND BOB—sketch

10:15  
 NBC-R-4 JOHN S. OTHER WIFE—sketch  
 NBC-R-4 JOE PERKINS—sketch  
 CBS—MODERN CINDERELLA—sketch

10:30  
 NBC-R-4 HST PLAIN BILL—sketch  
 NBC-R-4 "PHEPHERLOPE" FAMILY—sketch  
 CBS—BETTY "ROCKEER"—sketch  
 CBS—HILZA MAGAZINE OF THE AIR—sketch, follow on broadcast  
 CBS—LET TALK TO ME—sketch

10:45  
 NBC-R-4 "D A C K F A C E"  
 WATKINS—sketch  
 NBC-R-4 PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Joy Lovell

11:00  
 NBC-R-4 HOW TO BE CHEERFUL—sketch  
 NBC-R-4 VIC AND SALLY—sketch  
 CBS—DR. SHELLEY—sketch

11:15  
 NBC-R-4 HOWARD MCGUIRE—"The Gospel Singer"  
 CBS—DR. ALLAN HADAPOR

**AFTERNOON**

12:00 Noon  
 NBC-R-4 GAIL ALDRON—sketch  
 CBS—THE GUMPS—sketch

12:15  
 NBC-R-4 "THE STORY OF MARY MARY"—sketch  
 NBC-R-4 "DOMESTIC"—William Hiram Phillips  
 CBS—YOUR NEWS PARADE—Edwin C. Hill, commentator

12:30  
 NBC-R-4 "THREE MAE SHELLEY"  
 NBC-R-4 HELEN LANE BURKLE—organist  
 CBS—"STAIRS" OF HELEN FREEM—sketch  
 MRS. DONALD FAR FROLIC—musical variety

12:45  
 NBC-R-4 JOE WILFONG—comic  
 NBC-R-4 JOE DE MESSIA  
 AND THE "VOTES OF ARTEL"  
 CBS—"OUR GAIL, MUNDAY"—sketch  
 MRS. WILFONG—sketch

1:00  
 NBC-R-4 RAYNBERG—comic  
 NBC-R-4 LOVE AND LEVANS—sketch  
 CBS—"FIVE STAR BRET"—Morton Brown, Meri Bell, Bill Johnston, "SQUATERS" JACKSON  
 CBS—LINDA BROWN LARKIN—sketch

1:15  
 NBC-R-4 DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch  
 NBC-R-4 NEIGHBOR NELL



André Kostelanetz

1:30  
 NBC-R-4 WORDS AND MUSIC—Bibi Lou Lorry Larkins  
 NBC-R-4 NATIONAL PAIR AND HOME HOUR—Walter Huddleston—organist  
 CBS—DINING WITH GEORGE RICHARD—food talk  
 CBS—"OHAN MIDDAY SERVICE"

1:45  
 NBC-R-4 "KID MARY GULLO"  
 CBS—AUNT JENNY'S BOYS  
 LIPKOT—sketch

2:00  
 NBC-R-4 SAVITT FERNANDEZ  
 CBS—NEWS THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES—R (C) D  
 FRANKS

2:15  
 NBC-R-4 PALMER HOUSE CONCERT—ORCHESTRA—Baldie Thompson

2:30  
 CBS—JACK AND LORETTA—songs and music  
 CBS—ORGAN RIFLE

2:40  
 NBC-R-4 "FOUR SYMPHONY"  
 NBC-R-4 "MIRACLES"—Vernon  
 NBC-R-4 "MISTY ANA REEM"

2:45  
 NBC-R-4 MISC. OF THE MOMENT—L. Douglas

2:50  
 CBS—MYRT AND MAHO—sketch  
 MRS. HILL LEWIS—talk and organ

3:00  
 NBC-R-4 "PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY"—sketch  
 NBC-R-4 "DO YOU WANT TO WRITE"—Margaret Whyte  
 F. and dramatizations  
 CBS—MANHATTAN MATINEE  
 MRS. RHYTHM ORCHESTRA

3:15  
 NBC-R-4 MA PERKINS—sketch  
 NBC-R-4 "CONTINENTAL CALIFORNIA"—sketch and organ

3:30  
 NBC-R-4 VIC AND KATH—sketch

3:45  
 NBC-R-4 THE O'NEILLS—sketch  
 NBC-R-4 "TICKETS"—Seymour  
 CBS—"POUCH" STINKS

4:00  
 NBC-R-4 LORENZO JONES—comedy sketch  
 NBC-R-4 NATIONAL CONVENTION OF PARENTS AND TEACHERS ASSN.  
 MRS. THASAM LEMLEWIS—talk and illustrations

4:15  
 NBC-R-4 PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Joy Lovell

4:30  
 NBC-R-4 FOLLOW THE MOON—Helen Hill, Nick Dawson

4:45  
 NBC-R-4 "OUR MATINEE"—Ann O. King, Jack Baker  
 NBC-R-4 "LITTLE BOB"—sketch  
 CBS—"THE BIRTH OF THE NATION"—sketch

4:55  
 NBC-R-4 THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch  
 CBS—ACADEMY OF MEDICINE

5:00  
 NBC-R-4 "THE MATTERS OF THE DAY"  
 NBC-R-4 "STORY OF MARY MARY"—sketch  
 CBS—BLINK THOMPSON—organist

5:15  
 NBC-R-4 "ADVENTURES OF BILL DAN"—sketch  
 NBC-R-4 "YOUNG HICKORY"—sketch  
 CBS—"FOUR STARS"—opera

5:30  
 NBC-R-4 DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY—sketch  
 NBC-R-4 "SINGING LADY"—children's program  
 CBS—DORIS KIRK—songs

5:45  
 NBC-R-4 "LITTLE ORPHAN ANNE"—children's sketch  
 CBS—"MEET THE ORCHESTRA"  
 CBS—"FUNNY THINGS"—Song  
 SINGING children's program  
 MRS. ORCHESTRA

6:00  
 NBC-R-4 "OUR AMERICAN SEVENTH"  
 NBC-R-4 "DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY"—sketch  
 NBC-R-4 "SINGING LADY"—children's program  
 CBS—DORIS KIRK—songs

6:15  
 NBC-R-4 "LITTLE ORPHAN ANNE"—children's sketch  
 CBS—"MEET THE ORCHESTRA"  
 CBS—"FUNNY THINGS"—Song  
 SINGING children's program  
 MRS. ORCHESTRA

6:30  
 NBC-R-4 "LITTLE ORPHAN ANNE"—children's sketch  
 CBS—"MEET THE ORCHESTRA"  
 CBS—"FUNNY THINGS"—Song  
 SINGING children's program  
 MRS. ORCHESTRA

6:45  
 NBC-R-4 "LITTLE ORPHAN ANNE"—children's sketch  
 CBS—"MEET THE ORCHESTRA"  
 CBS—"FUNNY THINGS"—Song  
 SINGING children's program  
 MRS. ORCHESTRA

7:00  
 NBC-R-4 "LITTLE ORPHAN ANNE"—children's sketch  
 CBS—"MEET THE ORCHESTRA"  
 CBS—"FUNNY THINGS"—Song  
 SINGING children's program  
 MRS. ORCHESTRA

7:15  
 NBC-R-4 "LITTLE ORPHAN ANNE"—children's sketch  
 CBS—"MEET THE ORCHESTRA"  
 CBS—"FUNNY THINGS"—Song  
 SINGING children's program  
 MRS. ORCHESTRA

7:30  
 NBC-R-4 "LITTLE ORPHAN ANNE"—children's sketch  
 CBS—"MEET THE ORCHESTRA"  
 CBS—"FUNNY THINGS"—Song  
 SINGING children's program  
 MRS. ORCHESTRA

7:45  
 NBC-R-4 "LITTLE ORPHAN ANNE"—children's sketch  
 CBS—"MEET THE ORCHESTRA"  
 CBS—"FUNNY THINGS"—Song  
 SINGING children's program  
 MRS. ORCHESTRA

8:00  
 NBC-R-4 "LITTLE ORPHAN ANNE"—children's sketch  
 CBS—"MEET THE ORCHESTRA"  
 CBS—"FUNNY THINGS"—Song  
 SINGING children's program  
 MRS. ORCHESTRA

8:15  
 NBC-R-4 "LITTLE ORPHAN ANNE"—children's sketch  
 CBS—"MEET THE ORCHESTRA"  
 CBS—"FUNNY THINGS"—Song  
 SINGING children's program  
 MRS. ORCHESTRA

8:30  
 NBC-R-4 "LITTLE ORPHAN ANNE"—children's sketch  
 CBS—"MEET THE ORCHESTRA"  
 CBS—"FUNNY THINGS"—Song  
 SINGING children's program  
 MRS. ORCHESTRA

8:45  
 NBC-R-4 "LITTLE ORPHAN ANNE"—children's sketch  
 CBS—"MEET THE ORCHESTRA"  
 CBS—"FUNNY THINGS"—Song  
 SINGING children's program  
 MRS. ORCHESTRA

NBC-R-4 HARRY ROYDEN  
 AND HIS ORCHESTRA—talk  
 CBS—DR. GABRIEL—songs

8:45  
 NBC-R-4 CAROL WOODS—10:00  
 CBS—"LITTLE HALL AND HIS ORCHESTRA"  
 CBS—ORGAN RIFLE

9:00  
 NBC-R-4 "PRESS-RADIO NEWS"  
 NBC-R-4 "PRESS-RADIO NEWS"  
 CBS—PRESS-RADIO NEWS

9:15  
 NBC-R-4 "CAMPY HARRIS"—and his swing band  
 NBC-R-4 "P. O. R. G. S. I."  
 CBS—"PAL, DONALD"—talk and music

9:30  
 NBC-R-4 RHYTHMAIRES  
 NBC-R-4 LAWELL THOMAS—news commentator  
 CBS—SINGING WAITERS

10:00  
 NBC-R-4 "AMOS 'N' ANA"—sketch  
 NBC-R-4 "EASY ACCESS"—sketch  
 CBS—"POLICE MURDERS"—Jack Fulton, Frank O. Mason  
 CBS—KELLY'S ORCHESTRA

10:15  
 NBC-R-4 "ONCE UPON A RADIO STATION"—Pat Barrett  
 NBC-R-4 MRS. FRANKLIN  
 CBS—"MA AND PA"—sketch

10:30  
 NBC-R-4 "MEET THE ORCHESTRA"  
 NBC-R-4 "LUM AND ARNIE"—comedy sketch  
 CBS—"TUNE IN TO BUDY"—sketch

10:45  
 NBC-R-4 "VIC AND SALLY"—comedy sketch  
 NBC-R-4 "MATHIE CORZEL"—talk and "CHICKEN JOE"  
 CBS—"DINKIE PARTNER"—news commentator

11:00  
 NBC-R-4 "ONE MAN'S FAMILY"  
 NBC-R-4 "HILDA WYMECHER"—talk and organ  
 CBS—"HILDA WYMECHER"—talk and organ  
 CBS—"HILDA WYMECHER"—talk and organ  
 CBS—"HILDA WYMECHER"—talk and organ

11:15  
 NBC-R-4 "LARRY BERTHE"—sketch  
 NBC-R-4 "WAVE KINGS"—organist  
 CBS—"LARRY BERTHE"—sketch  
 CBS—"LARRY BERTHE"—sketch

11:30  
 NBC-R-4 "TOWN HALL, TOWN HALL"—talk and organ  
 NBC-R-4 "TOWN HALL, TOWN HALL"—talk and organ  
 CBS—"TOWN HALL, TOWN HALL"—talk and organ  
 CBS—"TOWN HALL, TOWN HALL"—talk and organ

11:45  
 NBC-R-4 "STREET SYMPHONY"—Frank Black—organist  
 CBS—"STREET SYMPHONY"—Frank Black—organist  
 CBS—"STREET SYMPHONY"—Frank Black—organist  
 CBS—"STREET SYMPHONY"—Frank Black—organist

12:00  
 NBC-R-4 "YOUR HIT PARADE AND SWITZERLAND"  
 NBC-R-4 "VIC AND SALLY"—comedy sketch  
 CBS—"GANG BUSTER"—crime dramatizations  
 Philips Lord  
 MRS. ORCHESTRA

12:15  
 NBC-R-4 "CAROL WOODS"—10:00  
 NBC-R-4 "NIGHT MINSTREL"—10:00  
 CBS—"GANG BUSTER"—crime dramatizations  
 Philips Lord  
 MRS. ORCHESTRA

12:30  
 NBC-R-4 "NIGHT MINSTREL"—10:00  
 CBS—"GANG BUSTER"—crime dramatizations  
 Philips Lord  
 MRS. ORCHESTRA

12:45  
 NBC-R-4 "NIGHT MINSTREL"—10:00  
 CBS—"GANG BUSTER"—crime dramatizations  
 Philips Lord  
 MRS. ORCHESTRA

1:00  
 NBC-R-4 "NIGHT MINSTREL"—10:00  
 CBS—"GANG BUSTER"—crime dramatizations  
 Philips Lord  
 MRS. ORCHESTRA



Jessica Dragonette

MORNING



- 8:00 NBC-Red MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's program  
NBC-Blue BURNING DEVOTIONS—org to aid sears
- 8:15 NBC-Red GOOD MORNING MELLOWEENS  
NBC-Blue KRISTIE ENSEMBLE—Island Scandinavians
- 8:30 NBC-Red CHEERUP — talk and music  
CBS GREENFIELD VILLAGE A HANDEL
- 8:45 NBC-Blue RHYTHM RAVALS
- 9:00 NBC-Red STRAHLINGS—talk and music  
NBC-Blue HILFE A PAST CLIFF—talk  
CBS Blue Clark Loomis  
CBS: AN YOU LIAL I—satiric program
- 9:15 CBS PRESS RADIO NEWS
- 9:30 CBS GREENFIELD VILLAGE CHAMPEL
- 9:45 NBC-Red ABELA ROBERTS ST. JOHN—news commentator  
CBS NEWS STYLISH—music program
- 9:55 NBC-Red PRESS-RADIO NEWS  
NBC-Blue PRESS-RADIO NEWS

- 12:00 NBC-Red ARDITHA QUARTET  
NBC-Blue GALE PAGE—operetta  
CBS ROMANCE OF HELEN TRINT—sketch
- 12:45 NBC-Red JIMMY LAMONT'S COCKTAIL ENSEMBLE  
NBC-Blue THE DUMOND AND THE GADGETS QUARTET  
CBS OUR GAY SUNDAY—sketch  
CBS: WE ARE FOUR—sketch
- 1:00 NBC-Red MARGUERITE PAOLA—music  
NBC-Blue LOVE AND LEARN—sketch  
CBS JACK BIRCH AND HIS BOYS
- 1:15 NBC-Red DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch  
NBC-Blue JOHN DARWIN—harmony  
CBS PRETTY KITTY KELLY—sketch

- MRS. LA FORGE-BERUMEN QUINTETTA
- 3:00 NBC-Red AYO AND SAGE—comedy sketch  
CBS: DO YOU REMEMBER?—old favorite melodies
- 3:15 NBC-Red THE ONEBILLS—sketch  
NBC-Blue THE CABAL—sketch
- 4:00 NBC-Red LORENZO JONES—comedy sketch  
NBC-Blue: CLAU MATINEL—Amelia King Jack Baker, songs and sketches  
CBS: PRINCE JACK LEWIS—old and hillbilly
- 4:15 NBC-Red PERSONAL TOUCH OF THE AIR—Inez Tojima
- 4:30 NBC-Red FOLLOW THE MEAN—Eddie Hill and Nick Dawson  
CBS: U S ARMY BAND  
MRS. KARITY PROGRAM—Pauline Aupert, Sgt. Guy, Wilbert Amoson

- 6:30 NBC-Red PRESS-RADIO NEWS  
NBC-Blue PRESS-RADIO NEWS  
CBS PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 6:55 NBC-Blue YUCHU MARTINEZ—singer  
CBS: PAUL DOUGLAS—sports commentator
- 7:15 NBC-Red RHYTHMATES  
NBC-Blue LA WELLS THOMAS—news commentator  
CBS: JOE HALL'S ORCHESTRA
- 7:30 NBC-Red AMOS 'N' ANDY—sketch  
NBC-Blue EASY ACES—comedy sketch  
CBS: 1937'S MELODIES—Jack Fulton Franklyn Maxwell  
NBC: MING RHYTHM
- 7:45 NBC-Red VOYAL VARIETIES—Borral Maguire  
NBC-Blue: CHAS. HALL THE KILROY'S CLUB—sketch and comedy  
CBS: MA AND PA—sketch
- 7:50 NBC-Red HELEN TRAUERL—songs  
NBC-Blue: LAM AND ABNER—comedy sketch  
CBS: ALEXANDER WOOLCOTT—The Town Crier
- 7:55 NBC-Red: MILLSTONES AND MILLSTONES—Eddie O'Connell  
Voice commentator  
CBS: HENRY SOUTHBEAVERS—quartet  
CBS: ROARKE CARTER—news commentator

- 10:00 NBC-Red MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—sketch  
NBC-Blue TIM HEALY—news commentator  
CBS: BETTY AND BOB—sketch
- 10:15 NBC-Red JOHN'S OTHER WIFE—sketch  
NBC-Blue MA PERKINS—sketch  
CBS: MARYBY CINDERELLA—sketch
- 10:30 NBC-Red JUST PLAIN BILL—sketch  
NBC-Blue: PETER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch  
CBS: HENRY WALKER, asking experts: MYSTIC OF ALL THE WORLD'S  
MRS. MARIANNE PALM—Frances Alexander
- 10:45 NBC-Red TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch  
CBS: JOHN K WATKINS—news commentator
- 11:00 NBC-Red DAVID HARM—sketch  
NBC-Blue THE ONEBILLS—sketch  
CBS: MARY LEE TAYLOR—Miss GRET THIN TO MUSIC
- 11:15 NBC-Red HUCKLEBERRY WIFE—sketch  
NBC-Blue: PERSONAL TOUCH OF THE AIR—Inez Tojima  
CBS: QUALITY TWINS—talk and music
- 11:30 NBC-Blue, VIP AND SAGE—comedy sketch  
CBS: BILL STEPHENSON
- 11:45 NBC-Red ALLEN PRESCOTT  
NBC-Blue: EDWARD MARCH—The Great Singer  
CBS: MARY WALKER  
MRS. MARYBY AND HALL—news and program



Major Edward Bowes



Kate Smith



Rudy Vallee

- 1:00 NBC-Red WORDS AND MUSIC—Hall Leon Larry Carson Harry Hays  
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—Walter Huddlesworth  
CBS: DINING WITH GEORGE ROBERTSON—food talk
- 1:15 CBS: AUNT JENNY'S BEAL LIPS FORBES—sketch
- 2:00 NBC-Red: NBC MUSIC HIGHLIGHTS OF WOMEN'S CLUBS  
CBS: TELL US YOUR STORY—radio program  
MRS. PALMER HOUSE ORCHESTRA
- 2:15 CBS: LAUK AND LORETTA—news and matter  
CBS: ORGAN REPTAL
- 2:30 NBC-Blue: GENERAL FEELING OF WOMEN'S CLUBS  
CBS: DALTON BROTHERS—comedy trio
- 2:45 NBC-Red MEN OF THE WEST—music  
NBC-Blue: PLAIN REPTAL HUB. MERT AND MARGE—sketch
- 3:00 NBC-Red: PETER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch  
NBC-Blue: NBC LIGHT OPERA COMPANY  
CBS: HILL, WRIGHT, VICE-PRESIDENT
- 3:15 NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch

- 1:15 NBC-Red THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch
- 3:00 NBC-Red: ARCHER GIBSON—comedy  
NBC-Blue: STORY OF MARY MULLIN—sketch
- 5:15 NBC-Red: NERAL PHILIPSON—children's sketch  
NBC-Blue: YOUNG HICKORY—sketch  
CBS: ALL HANDS ON DECK
- 5:30 NBC-Red: DON WINSLOW OF THE NAU—sketch  
NBC-Blue: RAINING LADY—radio play  
CBS: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNE—children's sketch  
NBC-Blue: JACKIE HELLER—comedy  
CBS: DOROTHY GARDON'S CHILDREN'S CORNER  
CBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM
- 6:00 NBC-Red: NORBURN HARTLEY  
NBC-Blue: HARRY ROSEN AND HIS ORCHESTRA  
CBS: PATTY CHAPIN—songs
- 6:15 NBC-Red: AL L. DENBERSON AND HIS ORCHESTRA  
CBS: CLAUDE BARRIE—harmony  
CBS: PLANO REPTAL

- 8:00 NBC-Red: RUFY VALLEE'S VARIETIES—singer  
NBC-Blue: BOB MILLERS RENOWNED MUSIC—Jack Deming, Robert Leahy, Louie King  
CBS: KATE SMITH'S BAND WAGON—Miles and orchestra  
CBS: MITSU AND YUKI—satiric program
- 8:30 NBC-Blue: 1947 DISCOVERY—fiction, satiric and comedy  
CBS: HILBERTS
- 9:00 NBC-Red: MAXWELL HOUSNILLAW TODAY  
CBS: MAJOR HOWDS AMATEUR HOUR  
CBS: TALK ABOUT LOOKS
- 9:30 NBC-Blue: NBC SPELLING 1947—Paul Wing  
CBS: MERRY FOR TODAY
- 10:00 NBC-Red: KHAFT MUSIC HALL—Big 7 songs  
Bob Hines, Donny Ophelander  
CBS: YOU'RE GREAT ADVENTURES—Play of Gullona  
MRS. WATKINS TALK—Monna Lisa, Orie, Marie O'Ryan
- 10:40 NBC-Blue: NBC JAMBOREE CBS: MARYBY OF 1430—radio program  
CBS: HENRY WRIBER'S MUSICAL RIVIERE
- 11:00 NBC-Red: JOHN B. KENNEDY—news commentator  
NBC-Blue: DAVE E MUSIC CBS: DANCE MISC

AFTERNOON

- 12:00 Noon NBC-Red: GIRL ALONG—sketch  
CBS: THE GAY SUNDAY  
MRS. HEID, DUDLEY, THEATRICAL CLUB OF THE AIR AND GIGAN
- 12:30 NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MULLIN—sketch  
NBC-Blue: MARYBY AND SAGE  
CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE—radio program  
CBS: ORGAN REPTAL

EVENING

- 6:00 NBC-Red: NORBURN HARTLEY  
NBC-Blue: HARRY ROSEN AND HIS ORCHESTRA  
CBS: PATTY CHAPIN—songs
- 6:15 NBC-Red: AL L. DENBERSON AND HIS ORCHESTRA  
CBS: CLAUDE BARRIE—harmony  
CBS: PLANO REPTAL

MORNING

- 8:00 NBC-Red M A L C O L M  
CLAYTON—children's program,  
WIP-Blue MORNING NEWS  
THURS—6:00 and 6:00A.
- 8:15 NBC-Red GOOD MORNING  
MILWAUKEE  
NBS-Blue WILIAM BERN-  
NADLER
- 8:30 NBC-Red CIBERIO—talk  
and music  
NBS-Blue WILLIAM MEG-  
DOCH—organist
- 8:45 NBC-Blue DANDIES OF  
VENICE—quartet
- 9:00 NBC-Red STREAMLINERS—  
Felix and Hal—radio  
NBS-Blue BREA K FARI  
L LIT—Tom McNeil, Helen  
Joy Hobbes, Clark Bennett,  
Gus, METROPOLITAN PA-  
RADIO
- 9:30 CBS-Red HARRY MAXWELL—  
songs
- 9:40 CBS-Red-RADIO NEWS
- 9:45 NBC-Red AMELIA BENTLEY  
ST. JOHNS—news commenta-  
tor  
CBS NOVELTIES

# Fridays

JUNE 4—11—18—25

- 11:15 NBC-Blue EDWARD Mac-  
MILLIN—The Chapel Singer  
CBS DR ALLAN ROY DA-  
FOE

**AFTERNOON**

- 12:00 Noon NBC-Red GILL LOANE—  
sketch  
NBS-Blue U S MARINE  
BAND  
CBS THE GUMPS—sketch
- 12:15 NBC-Red STORY OF MARY  
MAGDALENE—sketch  
CBS YOUR NEWS PARADE  
—John C. Hill, commentator
- 12:30 NBC-Red THREE MALE  
SOULS  
CBS ROMANCE OF HELEN  
TRENTE—sketch
- 12:45 NBC-Red: JOE WHITE—  
tenor

- MBS-Red FRED BERG S  
ORCHESTRA
- 2:00 NBC-Red PEPPER YOUNG'S  
FAMILY—sketch  
NBS-Blue RADIO GUID—  
dramatization  
CBS COLUMBIA CONCERT  
HALL  
MBS HULYFIN ORCHESTRA
- 2:15 NBC-Red MA FULKINS—  
sketch  
MBS RADIO GARDEN CLUB
- 2:30 NBC-Red VIC AND SADE—  
sketch  
CBS THREE CROSSING
- 2:45 NBC-Red THE ONELIES—  
sketch
- 3:00 NBC-Red TEA TIME AT  
MORRIS'S—Gale Page,  
Charles Sears, Don McNeil,  
orchestra  
NBS-Blue CLUB MATINEE—



Hol Kemp



Frances Langford



Irene Wicker

- 9:55 NBC-Red PRESS RADIO  
NEWS  
NBS-Blue PRESS RADIO  
NEWS
- 10:00 NBC-Red MIM WILSON OF  
THE CABINAGE PARTY—  
sketch  
NBS-Blue TIM HEALY—  
news commentator  
CBS HUFFY AND JOE—  
sketch
- 10:15 NBC-Red JOHN STURM  
MCP—sketch  
NBS-Blue MA FULKINS—  
sketch  
CBS MODERN CINDER-  
ELLA—sketch
- 10:30 NBC-Red JUST PLAIN BILL  
—sketch  
NBS-Blue PEPPER YOUNG'S  
FAMILY—sketch  
CBS HERTY CROCKER  
—sketch  
CBS MYRAHAY PLINK—  
Fleanor McDonald
- 10:45 NBC-Red TODAY'S CHIL-  
DREN—sketch  
CBS JOHN K WATKINS—  
news commentator
- 11:00 NBC-Red: DAVID HARM—  
sketch  
NBS-Blue THE ONELIES—  
sketch  
CBS HEINZ MAGAZINE OF  
THE AIR—talk, Felix L. Hoffa's  
orchestra  
MBS LET THIN TO MUSIC
- 11:15 NBC-Red BACKSTAGE  
WIP—sketch  
NBS-Blue PROFESSIONAL COL-  
LEGE OF THE AIR—Jury Le-  
vy
- 11:30 NBC-Red HOW TO BE  
CHARMING—sketch  
NBS-Blue VIC AND SADE—  
sketch  
CBS BIG SISTER—sketch

- CBS OUR GAL SUNDAY—  
sketch  
MBS WE ARE FOUR—sketch
- 1:00 NBC-Red PIANO DUO  
NBS-Blue T O A D A N D  
LEWIS—sketch  
CBS PAUL SEAR REVUE—  
Marion Davis, Muriel Bell and  
Johnstone, Sammie's orchestra  
MBS LONGBORN BRIDGE
- 1:15 NBC-Red DAN HARDING'S  
WIFE—sketch  
NBS-Blue NIGH-HIGH BELL  
LIPS PRITTY KITTY KELLY  
—sketch  
MBS FIVE DOLLARS THE-  
ATRE CLUB OF THE AIR
- 1:30 NBC-Red WORDS AND ME-  
LODY—Barry Lister, Bob  
Leon, Harry Hawk  
NBS-Blue NATIONAL FARM  
AND HOME HOUR—Walter  
Higgins' orchestra  
CBS FEMAL WITH GIBBIE  
RICHARDS—song, talk  
MBS ORGAN MIDDAY SER-  
VICE
- 1:45 CBS AUNT JENNY'S REAL  
LIFE STORIES—sketch
- 2:00 NBC-Red SHOW THIRTY MAT-  
TNER  
CBS NEWS THROUGH A  
WOMAN'S EYES—Chicago  
Orchestra  
MBS TALKER HOME CON-  
CERT ORCHESTRA
- 2:15 CBS JACK AND LORETTA  
—songs and later  
MBS ORGAN HOSPITAL
- 2:30 NBC-Red CONCERT MIRA-  
TRES  
NBS-Blue DOROTHY DRES-  
LER—sketch  
CBS MONTANA SWIM
- 2:45 CBS MYRT AND MARGE—  
sketch

- CBS FOUR STARS—quartet  
MBS PIANO REVIVAL
- 2:50 NBC-Red PRESS-RADIO  
NEWS  
NBS-Blue PRESS-RADIO  
NEWS  
CBS PRESS-RADIO NEWS  
MBS HAROLD TURNER—  
pianist
- 3:05 NBC-Red: CATOL DEIS—so-  
preno  
NBS-Blue CLARK DENNIS—  
tenor  
CBS PAUL DOUGLAS—sports  
commentator
- 3:15 NBC-Red SUNSHINE STRINGS  
NBS-Blue LOWELL THOMAS  
—news commentator  
CBS TIME FOR HOLIDAY  
CLARK
- 3:30 NBC-Red AMOS 'N' ANDY—  
sketch  
NBS-Blue MARY SMALL—  
soprano  
CBS FORTY MILEPHONES—  
Billie Holiday, Pauline Do-  
nner, Clark, Kelsey's orchestra
- 3:45 NBC-Red UNCLE LARA'S  
RADIO STATIONS—Pat Harteil  
CBS MA AND PA—sketch  
MBS NOVELTIES
- 3:50 NBC-Red CAVALLEROS—  
quartet  
NBS-Blue LEM AND ANGER  
—sketch  
CBS HOLLACE SHAW —  
soprano
- 4:15 NBC-Red U G A H O U S E  
HITCHHI  
NBS-Blue IRAN DICKEN-  
SON—soprano  
CBS BOAKIE CARTER—  
news commentator  
MBS ORCHESTRA
- 4:30 NBC-Red CITIES SERVICE  
CONCERT—Lucille Manners  
Hudson's orchestra  
NBS-Blue HENRY HICH  
CBS HOLIDAY VARI-  
ETIES—four stars, Patricia  
Lyons, Dr. Elizabeth Lennan,  
Adrian's orchestra
- 4:45 NBC-Blue SIMON SAM—  
The Doctor of Music
- 4:50 NBC-Blue DEATH VALLEY  
DAYS—dramatization  
CBS HAY RHEIMS DAN-  
DANSON—K.A. Thompson  
Rhythm Strings
- 5:15 MBS CHARACTERS
- 5:30 NBC-Red WALTZ TIME—  
Frank Mann, Merv Gorman,  
Lynn's orchestra  
NBS-Blue HARRY HICH—Ann  
Ming's orchestra, Billie Holiday  
CBS HOLLOWAY VARI-  
ETIES—two stars, Frances Long-  
ford, Ann Johnson, Igor Go-  
rdon, Duke's orchestra
- 5:45 NBC-Red: TRUE STORY  
COURT OF HUMAN REA-  
CTIONS—dramatization  
NBS-Blue A COUSIN ET ON  
THE AIR—Doc Taylor,  
Archie's orchestra  
MBS ALBERTA WALKER—  
EUGEN SEXTONETTA
- 6:00 NBC-Red: FIRST NIGHTER  
—dramatization, Lou Teetman  
Harter's orchestra  
NBS-Blue JACK PHILL—  
Cliff Hall, Merton Brown, Dor-  
othy's orchestra  
CBS PHILADELPHIA OR-  
CHESTRA  
MBS ORCHESTRA
- 6:15 NBC-Red: JIMMY HENDER'S  
HOLLOWAY GORSE  
NBS-Blue: DORIS HAIER  
CBS HARRY HICH'S RADIO  
PROGRAM
- 6:30 NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—  
comedy sketch  
NBS-Blue: ELZA SCHAL,  
LARRY RAYBURN—movie pro-  
cess
- 6:45 NBC-Red: DAN D MURPHY  
NBS-Blue: DAN D MURPHY  
MBS: DAN D MURPHY  
MBS: DAN D MURPHY



MORNING

- 8:00 NRC-Red. M.A.L.C.O.L.M. CLAIBORNE—children's program. NRC-Red. THE CHURCH IS THE WISDOM TODAY—Dr. Alfred Grant Walton
- 8:15 NRC-Red. GOOD MORNING MILDRED NRC-Red. ROBERT KEN-SCHMIDT—Island Serenades
- 8:30 NRC-Red. CHERIELO—talk and music
- 8:45 NRC-Red. RHYTHM HAS A VIBE
- 9:00 NRC-Red. STREAMLINERS—Frieda and Bud



Joe Cook

- 9:15 NRC-Red. HERB FRANK CLEGG—on My Soul, Heroin, Bobb, Clark Deans CBS RAY BLOOR—songs
- 9:15 CBS DAVON BROTHERS—music by trio
- 9:30 CBS MELLOW MOMENTS
- 9:45 NRC-Red. PRESS RADIO NEWS NRC-Red. PRESS RADIO NEWS CBS PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 10:00 NRC-Red. CHARLOTTERS—male quartet NRC-Red. SWING HEARTS CBS THE MR.—Sing Suzie Rison, Peter de Rosa
- 10:15 NRC-Red. THE VASS PARADE—radio orchestra NRC-Red. RAISING YOUR PANTS—travels Tomp Milton J. Ross CBS JOHANN MANWELL—songs
- 10:30 NRC-Red. MANHATTEN—Arthur Lake, orchestra CBS LIT'S FRIENDS—children's program CBS THE PLEASANT SONGS—Arthur Lake, orchestra CBS THE HILL KINGS' ORCHESTRA
- 11:00 NRC-Red. OUR AMERICAN PROGRAMS—Dr. Frances Holt NRC-Red. MARGE MAJORY—soloists CBS CONNATI CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC DR. GRAY
- 11:15 NRC-Red. HOME TOWN—talk and music NRC-Red. MUSIC MEN—male quartet

# Saturdays

JUNE 5—12—19—26

- 11:30 NRC-Red. MYSTERY CHIMP NRC-Red. M.A.G.I.C. OF NORTON—Vlad. Ravenstaff Norton CBS U.S. ARMY BAND
- 11:45 NRC-Red. PITCH BOMANCES—on the radio and the radio boys

AFTERNOON

- 12:00 Noon NRC-Red. CHARLES MUSIC BOULEVARD—Alvin Karpis, records commentator NRC-Red. CALL TO YOUTH—Anne Barnhill, Monday CBS THE CAPTIVATORS
- 12:15 NRC-Red. STOUT-HIGHTED MEN—music CBS ORIENTALE CBS ORGAN RECITAL
- 12:30 NRC-Red. BEN BATTLE'S CONCERT ENSEMBLE NRC-Red. ORCHESTRA



Gladys Swarthout

- 1:15 CBS GEORGE HALL AND HIS ORCHESTRA
- 1:30 NRC-Red. WHITNEY BEN BRIDGER NRC-Red. OUR BARN—children's program CBS JACK STANSON—talk
- 1:45 CBS JACK AND VERA—songs and talks CBS STEVE SEVEN'S PUP CLUB
- 1:50 NRC-Red. CAMPUS CAREER NRC-Red. NATI'S A L LARD AND HOMER BOER CBS M'PADO PRESENTS CBS MUSICAL PROGRAM
- 2:00 NRC-Red. YOUR HOST IS RUFFALO CBS WIFE IN YOUR STORY—soloist CBS SYLVIA CIDE RADEL NORTON—solo

- 2:15 CBS DICTATORS—orchestra
- 2:30 NRC-Red. GOLDEN BELLETT—orchestra soloists NRC-Red. ORCHESTRA CBS J. ALMIR HOUSE ORCHESTRA
- 2:45 CBS THURS IN TUNE CBS ORGAN RECITAL
- 3:00 NRC-Red. WALTER LOGAN'S MUSIC HALL NRC-Red. ORCHESTRA CBS DOWN BY HERMAN'S CBS MUSICAL PROGRAM
- 3:30 NRC-Red. WEEK-END REVUE—orchestra, vocal, orchestra
- 3:45 CBS CLYDE HARRIS—baritone
- 4:00 NRC-Red. CLUB MATINEE—Jimmie Rouse, Jack Heller, vocal, orchestra CBS ORCHESTRA
- 4:15 CBS THE DICTATORS
- 4:30 CBS DAN DICTATORS
- 5:00 NRC-Red. ORCHESTRA CBS RINGO HITCHER CLUBS CBS JOHNNY THURSTON CBS MUSICAL PROGRAM
- 5:30 NRC-Red. KALTENWEYER'S KINORCHESTER—vocalists, Irene Kammill, Jim Harold, Milton and Jim Jordan

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

- 5:45 NRC-Red. BEET BLOCK'S ORCHESTRA CBS VOICES BY ABRIEL CBS DANCE ORCHESTRA
- 5:45 CBS GOTHY STEINSON'S CHILDREN'S CONCERT
- 6:00 NRC-Red. TOP HATTERS OR CHEER UP—on radio NRC-Red. VAGABONDS CBS CALIFORNIA CONCERT HALL
- 6:30 NRC-Red. PRESS-RADIO NEWS

EVENING

- NRC-Red. PRESS RADIO NEWS CBS PRESS-RADIO NEWS CBS ENOUGH LIGHTS OR CHESTRA
- 6:45 NRC-Red. ALVA KITCHELL—soloists CBS PAUL DEAN LAST—soloist commentator
- 7:15 NRC-Red. BELIEVIN IN THE NEWS—Walter W. Van Kirk CBS BEN FIELDS ORCHESTRA
- 7:30 NRC-Red. MARY LENEE HIGHTHORN—soloist NRC-Red. MESSAGE OF ISLAND—songs and music CBS SATURDAY NIGHT SWING CLUB—Barry Burton and orchestra CBS ORCHESTRA
- 7:45 NRC-Red. HAMPTON INSTITUTE SINGERS CBS TITO GUZZAR—songs CBS ORCHESTRA
- 7:50 NRC-Red. FLEET JIM'S QUESTION TIME—Jim McWhorter CBS INTERNATIONAL HITS—A. C. Chandler, orchestra (Horton Hottel, Ale Tondro and Loretta Trott)
- 7:55 NRC-Red. THE ABC OF NBC—on final broadcast CBS CBS ORCHESTRA
- 8:00 CBS FIVE ESSON QUIZ—Arthur Godfrey CBS JOHNNY VIKUTA'S PHOENIX—Walter Amson, Ed Geary, vocal, orchestra
- 8:30 NRC-Red. MERE DITTE WILLSON AND HIS ORCHESTRA CBS JOHNNY THURSTON CBS ORCHESTRA—Charles Martin, Phil Dwyer
- 9:00 NRC-Red. KNOW VILLAGE AND TOWN—Arthur Allen and Parker Bennett CBS THE NATIONAL BARN BAND—Solo Kelly CBS NASH PRESENTERS—George Mason, vocal, orchestra CBS HAWAIIAN BEACH NADERS
- 9:45 NRC-Red. SHELL SHOW—Joe Cook, vocal, orchestra CBS SATURDAY NIGHT SWING—Mary Eastman, Jim Dwyer, Hartsheba orchestra CBS ORCHESTRA MELDRAMAS
- 10:00 CBS YOUR HIT PARADE AND SWINGSTAKES CBS THEER M. HILFALBE MUSIC CLUB
- 10:15 CBS HOLLYWOOD WHISPER—George Foster
- 10:30 CBS SATURDAY SERENADE—orchestra, quartet
- 10:45 CBS DESIGN IN HARMONY—soloist
- 11:00 NRC-Red. PANGY MUSIC CBS LIVE DANCE MUSIC CBS JOHNNY BERGIAN'S ORCHESTRA CBS DANCE MUSIC

# THIS *Freshening Up*



## DOES MORE THAN CLEAN YOUR SKIN —IT INVIGORATES!



• The freshening up before a party that does more than clean your skin. That gives it the lovely, vital look the world admires.

That's the Pond's method, whose fame has spread around the world! Girls have found that it *invigorates* their skin! In over 30 countries, they use this rousing treatment.

*Every night*, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it softens and releases dirt, stale make-up and skin secretions—wipe them **all off**. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream—*briskly*, till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated and freshened. It is softer—and so much smoother!

*Every morning* (and before make-up) repeat... Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

Try this famous freshening-up method yourself. See your own skin daily growing clearer, smoother—altogether lovelier!

### Miss Mary Augusta Biddle

Getting ready for a dance, for a center, or for a morning out of doors with her spaniel, Miss Biddle always begins with Pond's. "A Pond's freshening up does more than clean my skin. It gives it a vital look. I always use Pond's before I go out."



Miss Biddle has used Pond's ever since she started using cream! "And I found girls using it in England, France, Belgium, Holland—wherever I visited last summer."



Send for **SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE** and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

Pond's Dept. 985-CG, Chestnut  
Corn. Rush special tube of  
Pond's Cold Cream, sample for  
treatment, with generous sam-  
ples of 2 other Pond's Creams  
and 3 different shades of Pond's  
Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to  
cover postage and packing.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
Street: \_\_\_\_\_  
City: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_  
Contract, 1937, Pond - Radiator Company

## KATE SMITH'S OWN COOKING SCHOOL

(Continued from page 13)



DON'T YOU SIMPLY  
DESPISE COOKING  
IN THIS HOT  
WEATHER?  
THE KITCHEN  
GETS SO HOT  
AND STEAMY...

NOT MY KITCHEN!  
I'M GOING TO HAVE  
THIS DELICIOUS  
FRANCO-AMERICAN  
SPAGHETTI TONIGHT—  
IT'S SO EASY TO FIX  
— DOESN'T HEAT  
THE KITCHEN

## HOT WEATHER HINT!

Serve Delicious, Nourishing  
Franco-American Spaghetti

Ready in a jiffy... costs less  
than 3¢ a portion

YOU can make your kitchen-work much easier this summer. Several times a week give your family delicious Franco-American Spaghetti. They'll love it! It's simply packed with nourishment—good for children and grown-ups, too, and it is the greatest little work-saver you ever saw. All you need to do is just heat it, and it's ready to eat.

Sometimes serve Franco-American Spaghetti as a main dish. It makes a complete meal with perhaps a fresh green salad, milk, and a fruit dessert. Other times, use Franco-American Spaghetti to make your left-over meat-into savory, delicious meals.

Please do not confuse Franco-American Spaghetti with ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. Franco-American is entirely different. That marvelous cheddar cheese and tomato sauce, with its eleven delicious ingredients, makes Franco-American what it is—a tasty, delicious dish, with a flavor all its own.

Franco-American is a real help to the budget, too. A can usually costs ten cents, so Franco-American costs less than 3 cents a portion. Why not give yourself a break this summer, and give your family a treat, too?

Franco-American  
SPAGHETTI

Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups

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



THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD COMPANY, DEPT. 67  
Camden, New Jersey  
Please send me your free recipe book:  
"30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print)

Address

City

State

that I've collected quite a large number of recipes for them, from which I've chosen two or three that I think would be most popular with the majority of people.

One is pictured here. But I'm afraid the photograph will not do it justice, since it's a substantial, tasty salad rather than one of those "fretts" ones that strive primarily for effective appearance. Now, mind you, I'm not criticising the type of salads that are a delight to the eye as well as to the palate. Many of them I think are swell. Just to prove that I mean that, I'm going to give you a couple of those, too. But there are certain salads that should be served in a large bowl all mixed up, shall we say, and they're as delicious as any you could find. Such salads are the popular French Salad Bowl, which consists of greens with a simple French Dressing and a suggestion of garlic, if you like it; Chiffonade Salad, which contains hard cooked eggs and minced beets, as well as various greens; and the Melange Salad, which I'm offering you in this month's recipe leaflet.

Melange, you know, actually means mixture. But also, you realize, there are mixtures and mixtures; some good, some terrible. In mixing various ingredients for salads, not only taste but texture deserves your consideration. Something crisp, for instance, with something smooth. The desired crispness—apart from the lettuce, tomato and the like, which must always be crisp, of course—can be supplied by sliced celery, thinly sliced radishes or even raw cauliflower heads shaved paper thin. One I must know added tiny cubes of dried bread to her mixed salad, just before serving. These little bread squares were cooked in deep fat to the palest golden color and they really were delicious and effective.

But to get back to our own Melange. This one combines pineapple, crisp raw cabbage and other interesting items. The salad not only gives you these in the correct proportions but also a recipe for the Cooked Salad Dressing which supplies the final note of perfection. Try them both—and think of me enjoying this same salad thoroughly and often!

Here's another salad suggestion that I think you'll like, too. This one has distinct eye-appeal—so much so, in fact, that it can serve as a garnish for a cold meat platter, as well as a salad.

## GREEN PEPPER SLICES

Wash two or three green peppers. Remove thin slice from stem end, hollow out and scrape. Fill each pepper solidly with a mixture of mashed liverwurst, mayonnaise and sliced celery. Chill thoroughly. Cut filled peppers into thick crosswise slices. If using as a salad, place each slice on a lettuce leaf, top with mayonnaise and sprinkle with paprika. If using as a garnish, place a slice of hard-cooked egg on top of each pepper slice, then a slice of stuffed olive on the egg. A still more attractive color combination can be achieved by placing the peppers on thin slices of

tomato, then garnishing them as above. They also can be served more easily if prepared in this fashion.

A creamy Main Course Mousse provides a filling salad that you're sure to like. This type of salad recipe is a valuable one to have on hand for many reasons. You can serve one of these molded salads as a main course luncheon dish, a Sunday supper salad, or a buffet supper masterpiece; you can make them up a day or two in advance when you have a busy weekend ahead of you. Best of all, perhaps, they adapt themselves to various forms of service. Made up in small molds, they provide convenient individual servings. Made up in ring molds, they present an infinite number of possibilities. For instance, you can fill the center with crisp julienne potatoes or potato chips. You can place a bowl in the hollow center of the ring, containing the salad dressing that goes with the salad. Or place little "egg tomatoes" there in a nest of lettuce leaves. Oh, there are any number of things you can do with a ring mold, but let me urge you not to put anything in that space which will run out and all over the platter as soon as a wedge is removed from the outside ring! Bear that in mind always, and avoid one pitfall.

Another pitfall, with many people, seems to be the difficulty they have in getting the mold into the center of the platter—where it belongs, of course. To do this successfully, you should place the platter over the mold instead of trying to shake the mold out on to the platter. Another little idea that you'll find helpful is to place a lace paper doily over the molded salad before turning it out. The salad will stick to the doily, the doily, however, will not stick to the platter and can be moved about with the greatest ease.

The particular Mousse I am giving you can be made with chicken, veal, lamb or pork. I prefer chicken, because it is so light and tempting on a hot day.

Speaking of hot days brings up the thought of ice cream, of which I am particularly fond. Especially Chocolate Ice Cream! During the winter, when I'm in town, I buy it at the most convenient restaurant of a well-known chain which specializes in frozen goods, baked goods and candy. In the summer, however, we make our own in the mechanical refrigerator, up at camp—trays and trays of it. Knowing how popular ice creams are with my guests as well as myself—I've been experimenting until finally I've found a recipe that is ice cream. Not mousse, mind you, but real ice cream, smooth, rich, creamy, chocolatey... but why go on? Try it out for yourself and see if you don't agree with me that it's about the most perfect mechanical refrigerator ice cream you've ever tried. Tell your friends who have a mechanical refrigerator to send in for a copy, too. They'll thank you and you'll thank me for the suggestion!

Let's see now if we have a salad and its

(Continued on page 66)

"The snapshot wouldn't  
let me forget her"



"I DIDN'T KNOW there was such a person as Betty in the world when I went on my vacation last year. I met her at the Inn, and she was one of the crowd that went around a good deal together during the two weeks.

"Of course some snapshots were taken—one of the fellows shot this of Betty and me on a picnic. When I got back on the job, things seemed pretty flat, somehow. Every little while I'd dig this snapshot out of my pocket—then write Betty another letter.

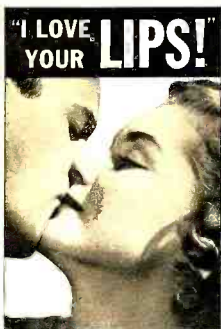
"The snapshot wouldn't let me forget her. Boy, am I glad right now!"

Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box—Kodak Film—which only Eastman makes.

By far the greater number of snapshots are made on Kodak Verichrome Film because people have found that "it gets the picture"—clean, true, lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome. Don't take chances, use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

*The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow—you must take Today*





*Exciting, Alluring...*

of course men thrill to the rosy softness of Tangee lips! Men despise a "painted look". Tangee isn't paint... it's the only lipstick with the Tangee Color Change Principle. Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips to warm blush-rose, emphasizes your charm... Use Tangee Rouge for lovely color in cheeks.

**USE TANGEE LIPSTICK** every night before you go to bed. Its special cream base soothes and softens lips, gives them a luscious texture while you sleep. Tangee won't rub off on bed linen. Awake with fresh alluring lips. Try Tangee, the 24-hour way to loveliness, 39¢ and \$1.10. Or send coupon below for Miracle Make-Up Set.



PAINTED TANGEE

World's Most Famous Lipstick  
**TANGEE**  
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

**BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES!** There is only one in use. Don't let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURALS. If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Dramatic!



**"MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET"**

The George W. Luff Co., 475 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.  
Please check "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Cream Blush, Face Powder. I enclose the (stamp or real) 15¢ (in cash only).  
 Plain Shaded  Flesh  Hazel  Light  Dark

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_

**WHAT THEY LISTEN TO-AND WHY**

Anna Morgan, Oakland, Cal. (*School Teacher*). "My especial favorite is *First Nighter*. These original plays are clean and have been made famous by their presentation and the most unusual, pleasing voice, the voice of smiles... that of the inimitable Don Ameche. I never miss a broadcast."

Mary Kathryn Brown, Miami, Fla. (*Stenographer*). "My choice for radio honors is *One Man's Family*. It is, to my mind, the one perfect half hour of entertainment."

"Pickles" Hynes, New Rochelle, N. Y. "Feel lousy? Got the blues? Contemplating suicide? Here's a tonic to snap you out of it and it won't cost a cent. Catch 'California's Brightest Sunbeam,' Judy Garland on *Jack Onkie's College*. If that 'Sunbeam's' warbling doesn't do the trick, nothing will. It's better than all the medicine in the world."

Mrs. C. Johnson, Cadillac, Mich. "I should like to register my vote for *Girl Alone*. Why? It is a normal, real life story, expertly cast and cleverly written. It lacks the usual blood and thunder and incorporates some of the best humor offered radio listeners."

Helen C. Schneider, Creighton, Neb. (*Cashier*). "Violets to Jessica Dragonette! Listening to her glorious voice is the biggest thrill I get out of radio. Whatever the program or

whatever the song, she is the tops. May her lovely voice never be lost from the air waves!"

Jack Holden, York, England. (*Baker*). "I like the thrilling *Thatcher Colt Mysteries*, because they are exciting to the last minute. I listen to *Maule Key of R.C.A.*, *The World Is Yours* and *Have You Heard?*, because they are educational. For really smart comedy, *Amos 'n' Andy*, *The Red and Sued*, *Stoopnagle and Budd*. Although over 3,000 miles away, I receive your programs as clearly as our local ones, thanks to your efficient short wave stations."

Mrs. Dorothy Pinnick, East Gary, Ind. (*Housewife*). "Whom do I like? Why—doggone—it's *Lum and Abner!* They're radio's greatest comedians. I like 'em so well that I'll take on all comers interested in a *Lum and Abner* Fan Club."

Ruth Rosenthal, Germantown, Phila., Pa. (*Student*). "No radio program brings me as much delight as *Songs by Jerry Cooper*. Time never flies as fast as the fifteen minutes he is on. His deep baritone voice fills me with pleasure."

Thomas Biddy, Jacksonville, Fla. (*Railroad Conductor*). "For music, *Shep Fields* and his *Rippling Rhythmic* orchestra is tops with me. Next, I like Al Pearce and all his Gang."

Jane Lumley, Pittston, Pa. (*Student*). "Even though I am a great radio fan, my favorite program is *The Packard Hour*, because of the marvelous voice of Conrad Thibault. His voice has always been an inspiration to me."

Bessie G. Nichols, Essex Junction, Vermont. (*At Home*). "If I could listen to but one program a week, it would be to Jessica Dragonette's. She has ruled the networks so long, because of her talent, graciousness and sincerity. There will never be anyone who can replace her. Truly, she's a Queen of Radio."

Chaw Mank, Staunton, Ill. (*Dance Band Leader*). "Dick Powell is the greatest MC of the air. We need this sparkling personality, the voice loved by millions, on the radio today. This sentiment is expressed by the Dick Powell Fan Club, of which I'm president, composed of over 1,000 members."

Luella Brown, Lapeer, Mich. (*Nurse*). "I never fail to listen to any program which has Milton Cross as announcer, because he has a voice unequalled. His descriptions are so real that I can visualize each act. My favorite program is the Sunday morning *Children's Hour*, which Mr.

Cross originated."

**Mrs. K. Popovic, Buffalo, N. Y. (Housewife.)** "I enjoy Rudy Vallee's *Variety Hour*. Mr. Vallee sings as easily as he talks, without strain or violent effort. His cast of guest stars is always entertaining, too."

**Eddie Pirrung, St. Paul, Minn.** "I enjoy many programs, but most of all Eddie Cantor's, because of the charming young singer, Bobby Green. He is my favorite star and I sincerely hope he makes good. This is meant right from my heart."

**Mildred Buck, Sunnyside, L. I., N. Y., and Mary Munger, Pittsfield, Mass.** "As presidents of two of Lamy's largest fan clubs, we'd like to voice the joint opinion of our hundreds of members—that THE outstanding star of radio today is Lamy Ross. Can you name any other star with such a grand voice, charming personality and friendly manner, who has remained so consistently popular for eight radio years?"

**A Hood River Spy, Hood River, Ore.** "Here are my nominations for the four best orchestras: 1, Guy Lombardo; 2, Jan Garber; 3, Ted Fiorino; 4, Bernie Cummins."

**Edna Schurmann, Bronx, N. Y. (Student.)** "My radio favorites are the following: Nelson Eddy, because of his voice and personality; Jack Benny and Fred Allen, for their dry humor and wit. *The Lone Ranger* series, because of the thrilling and daring acts, and *Lux Radio Theatre*, because of the interesting plays."

**E. Wagner, Los Angeles, Cal. (Secretary.)** "My favorite radio entertainment is good organ music, with Irma Glen as my first choice. I like the *General Motors Concerts*, Jessica Dragonette, Frank Parker and Walter Winchell. Also enjoy *One Man's Family*. Why isn't there a limit to gaudicity on the Jack Benny, Fred Allens, etc.? We are fed up with it."

**Charles F. Simon, Omaha, Neb. (Flower Gardener.)** "The stars most popular with me are Eddie Cantor, Jimmy Wallington and Deanna Durbin, who is a great singer for her age. Also Bob Burns of the *Kraft Music Hall*."



• "Hi-ya, Fuzzy! Don't be scared of me—come over here and get acquainted! Where did you come from and why the heavy woolies on a day like this?... You can't change 'em?... Say, that's tough!"



• "Mother, come quick! Look at this poor guy—has to wear a camel's hair coat the year around! And he's so hot it's sticking tight to him—bring some Johnson's Baby Powder right away!"



• "Now cheer up, pal—that soft, cooling powder makes you forget all about prickly heat and sticky hot weather. And every time Mother gives me a rub-down, I'll get her to give you one, too!"

• "Feel my Johnson's Baby Powder—it's as soft as the baby's eye! Not gritty like some powders. That's why it keeps my skin so smooth... Smooth, healthy skin is the best protection against skin infections. Mothers! And Johnson's Baby Powder is made of the rarest Italian talc... no arsenic... Don't forget today's other toilet needs—Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream and Baby Oil!"



Johnson & Johnson  
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

Have YOU registered your radio preferences? Just let your feelings be known in fifty words or less, and be sure to state your name, address and occupation. Address: QUERRY EDITOR, RADIO STARS, 140 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

# Hollywood Invites



Leo Carrillo will give a Spanish fiesta in your honor at his famous ranch at Santa Monica.

Glenda Farrell, Warner star, also will play hostess at a grand party for you, given at her home.

This vacation comes to you through the courtesy of Radio City. Make your ladies and gentlemen so tall you can see the ocean to end all vacations, the thrill to top all thrills, a sea-southern trip to radiate a unique and privileged group, the studios and the stars of screen and radio!

Take in eleven days for these relaxing, shorter vacations. All three trips will enjoy swimming, stovetop entertainment, at the parks and even the sleep trip gives you the same benefits of star in music and radio land.

Next, of course, when you get there, the party will really get going.

It's that time you'll all be well acquainted about in your period booklet for the names of that party and to leave it and you'll discover that this is a houseparty with care left behind!

Heading into Hollywood, the first visit is a trip to New Universal Studios for lunch and to see movies in the making, a privilege very few visitors can arrange. And here's a tip—be sure to see *Top of the Tenth* before you come, so that you'll know who to ask about and who to look for, when you arrive at Universal City. It's the year's biggest musical and a won from start to



Don't be a Wash-out!

SAYS *Jan's Health*  
Never again should you come out of the sun looking less than lovely! (Examine your face, you see the streaks on your cheeks or pale, sun-baked lips—this means it is really water proof!) It never cracks or flakes, and looks perfectly soft and natural. Comes in black, brown, blue or green \$1.



and then  
The girl with an eye for elegant understated attire of a subtle touch of eye shadow to give her eyes depth and color under a strong, white sun... or to just shimmering highlights on her eyelids at night. Slightly more than an eye subtle daytime shades to match your eye coloration, whether in gold and silver for evening, too.



and never forget  
That the basic secret of all beautiful eyes is a framed photograph. Ladies, just get your eyes into KURLASH, the beauty little beauty secrets that are in there in only 20 seconds without heat, cosmetics or practice. \$1.

Open KURLASH program in THREE EASY STEPS: 1. Apply the eye shadow to the eyelids in the LASHLINE. 2. Apply the eye shadow to the eyelids in the LASHLINE. 3. Apply the eye shadow to the eyelids in the LASHLINE. 4. Apply the eye shadow to the eyelids in the LASHLINE. 5. Apply the eye shadow to the eyelids in the LASHLINE. 6. Apply the eye shadow to the eyelids in the LASHLINE. 7. Apply the eye shadow to the eyelids in the LASHLINE. 8. Apply the eye shadow to the eyelids in the LASHLINE. 9. Apply the eye shadow to the eyelids in the LASHLINE. 10. Apply the eye shadow to the eyelids in the LASHLINE.

## Kurlash

USE THIS FIRST!  
For more details, Dept. 107,  
The Kurlash Company, Inc., 100 N. Y.  
The Kurlash Company of Canada, 1 Toronto, 5  
Kurlash is the only eye shadow on the market  
with a special feature that the eye shadow  
is...  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Send me \_\_\_\_\_  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# You!

BY JACK SMALLEY

Don't miss this glorious vacation trip, to meet the Hollywood stars of screen and radio



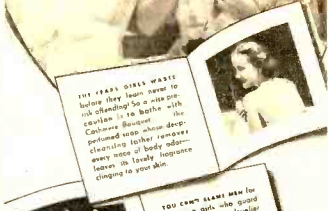
finish, Gregory, Ralph, Hugh Herbert, Lynn Nolan, George Murphy, The Three Sailors (and they are a secret!) are just a few of the entertainers in this Universal musical play.

Then, of course, we have to have a party with lots of movie stars present and to make it something really unusual, three grand stars have planned special parties at their homes. Leo Carrillo has arranged a Spanish fiesta, starting his famous California guests (and to give for distinguished guests complete with hors-d'oeuvres, singing, and entertainment at his Santa Monica ranch, Glenda Farrell will be hostess at her home for the

(Continued on page 114)

# Back in his heart again!

...SINCE I'VE LEARNED THIS "LOVELIER WAY" TO AVOID OFFENDING!



THE FEARS GIRLS WASTE before they learn never to offend! So a nice present to be bathed with caution is to bathe with Cashmere Bouquet. Perfumed soap whose deep-cleaning lather removes every trace of body odor—leaves its lovely fragrance clinging to your skin.

YOU CAN'T BLAME MEN for preferring girls who guard their dresses the lovelier way—with Cashmere Bouquet bath. Why don't you try this exquisite perfume, lingering fragrance keeps you alluringly dainty!

NOW ONLY 10¢

MAVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!

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

TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

## GLAMOUR IS HIS BUSINESS

(Continued from page 11)

*NOW—Amazing new  
underarm creams!*

Which... for you?



*-this one stops odor*  
**FRESH NO. 1**

- Formerly known to a discriminating few as simply Fresh, this cream deodorant is big news wherever it is tried.
- For Fresh No. 1 has no medicinal smell—nothing to identify it as a deodorant. Yet it positively eliminates underarm odor.
- And Fresh No. 1 is anti-itch... safe after shaving. Not greasy, messy. So easy to use. Travel-size tube, 10c at variety stores. Large tube, 50c at toiletries counters.



*-this one stops  
perspiration, too!*

**FRESH NO. 2**

- Brand-new! Fresh No. 2 is a vanishing cream, which dries quickly and stops perspiration for from 1 to 3 days. Eliminates odor, too. Greaseless, stainless.
- And how quickly it dries... how quickly you can go right on with your dressing! Once you've tried Fresh No. 2, you'll never use another non-perspirant. Travel-size jar, 10c at variety stores. Large tubes, 50c at toiletries counters.

THE PHARMA-CRAFT CORPORATION, INC.  
LOUISVILLE, KY.



Lovely Edythe Wright brings glamour to the air as featured vocalist with Tommy Dorsey's Orchestra, heard Fridays on the Raleigh and Kool NBC show.

Monday night *Radio Theatre*, it was with the hope that this master showman of glamour could reject it into radio. And that's exactly what he has accomplished. And not by chance, either. DeMille has been a student of glamour and showmanship since his days at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. He entered the Academy only after being turned down, because of his youth, when he tried to enlist for service in the Spanish-American War.

Cecil comes from a theatrical family. His father was Henry Churchill DeMille, teacher and playwright, who wrote many plays in association with the late David Belasco. His mother was Mathilde Beatrice Samuel, who gave birth to Cecil on August 12th, 1881, at Ashfield, Massachusetts. His brother William is one of the better known names of the stage and screen.

After the father's death, Mrs. DeMille turned her home at Echo Lake, New Jersey, into the Henry C. DeMille Memorial School for Girls. The income from this served to give Cecil preparatory training at the Pennsylvania Military Academy and to send his brother to Columbia University.

Cecil's wife is the former Constance Adams of France, New Jersey, whom he married while touring with Sothorn and Marlowe.

After his graduation from the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, Cecil naturally turned to the stage. He did surprisingly well in playing leading parts in *The Prince Chap*, *Lord Chumley* and several other popular plays. Later, when stock companies became the rage, his mother formed the DeMille Play Company, which featured the old DeMille-Belasco plays, among others. The company flourished for nearly twenty years.

"I gave up acting," he explained to me, refusing a cigarette with a shake of his massive, bald head, "and became its manager, in association with my brother William, who by this time had written several stage successes, including *Strongheart* and *The Women of Virginia*. It was during this period that I wrote *The Stampede*, and also did *The Royal Mounted* in collaboration with my brother William. I also wrote *The Return of Peter Grimm*."

As I listened, I could not help but recall that this same Cecil DeMille has been responsible for the success of countless screen stars—Wallace Reid, Leatrice Joy, Milton Sills, Richard Dix, Ramon Novarro, Gloria Swanson, Lita Lee and Conrad Nagel, to name a few. The same DeMille who always wears riding boots and breeches while directing a picture, the

some DeMille who glorified the bathub in so many of his spectacles and so has no ornate bathub in his own home; who still clings to the old directorial habit of using a metaphor; and who earnestly believes that any woman, no matter what she looks like, can appear beautiful if she learns to express beauty through her personality.

The conversation changed to the injection of glamour into radio.

"In bringing the gorgeous Marlene Dietrich to the microphone, for example, it entails giving an impression of her glamorous personality. Only speech can establish that vision. I say: 'A gorgeous palace in Berlin, and the most beautiful woman in it,' and so on. I am greatly aided, however, in the case of such a well-known person as Marlene Dietrich, due to the fact that most of my listeners already are familiar with her appearance, and I merely bring up the photographic image in their minds.

"If we have Gary Cooper on the air, in a Western atmosphere, for instance, we may rather easily establish the Western atmosphere by means of sound effects, but Gary's characterization will depend largely on my word introduction. From that point on, Gary's genius and the audience's imagination will take care of the rest."

Marlene and Gary co-starred on one of DeMille's programs in a radio version of *Mattie*.

I made mention that several motion picture exhibitors thought that his Monday night broadcasts were harmful to the motion picture industry. In fact, running motion pictures.

"Knitting motion pictures? Why, it will mean the rejuvenating of the movies; the remaking of them? Fancy missing this great opportunity and the incalculable benefit of virtually making the star, the whole company of players, into seven million homes; setting them down by the fire-side of twenty-five million people. If that isn't gilt-edged publicity and advertising, then I don't know the game!"

And what did he have to say about studio audiences?

"I'm highly in favor of studio audiences. One of my associates in production felt that the radio audience should not be allowed to applaud or laugh during the action of the play. I disagreed. I thought laughter or applause by the audience present at a broadcast, increased the illusion of it as an actual play, for the listening-in audience.

"We have been flattered, during the course of our radio production of plays, by letters asking: 'Are your people in costume?' That means that we had succeeded in creating the illusion for the audience."

"In the production of plays on the radio, two schools of method have sprung up. One believes that the listening radio audience should be given no inkling of the presence of an audience in the studio. They fear that the thread of illusion might be broken by laughter and applause in the studio. I am an advocate of the very opposite. I believe that nothing stimulates the player more than a flesh-and-blood studio audience. It gives him a constant check on whether or not he is going over. Plays were written to be presented before audiences. This gives the desirable feel-

ing of 'theatre,' to which every player immediately responds and reacts. And again, when the unseen audience hears the studio audience laughing and applauding, they, too, become infected with the true glamour of the theatre. We all know that it is not reality, but we all respond to the glamorous reality of the theatre and the proper mood is engendered and sustained. The answer is, that be it stage, screen or radio, it is all theatre. And the essence of good theatre is glamour. The only difference is the convention of presentation. One on the boards, another on the screen and the third on the air."

DeMille believes in hours of rehearsal until the program is letter-perfect. On broadcasting days on the Coast, his day begins at eight and he stops his direction at four. He requests and considers advice on important details from all around him, from the star of his production or one of the studio page boys. He makes it a rule never to call down a person in public. He has an ironic sense of humor; doesn't mind a good joke on himself; and has the habit of running his hand over his bald head as if he were running his fingers through a bushy head of hair.

He has four children, Cecelia Hoyt (Mrs. Francis Edgar Valiant), Katherine Lester, John Blount and Richard; besides two grandchildren, Peter and Cecelia Lester. His the record for one of the longest and happiest marriages in Hollywood, being married to the same woman for almost thirty-five years. So don't believe all the aborning things you hear about Hollywood marriages. Cecil De Mille has glamour in his home as well as in his theatre!

**STRANDED UNTIL HER DENTIST TOLD HER WHY...**

**COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH**

**ONE MONTH LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S**

**NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!**

**AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!**

**COLGATE TRIBON DENTAL CREAM**

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

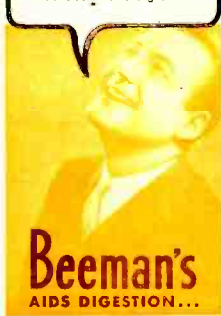


## FOR WOMEN ONLY!

(Continued from page 42)



"So you've just discovered Beeman's? About time such a bright girl caught up with such a luscious flavor! As a discriminating person you've noticed that airtight package. It's important to those who appreciate fresh chewing gum. And Beeman's is the favorite among thinking people as a delicious aid to digestion."



was a pit), because I hadn't had lunch yet! Instead of the crooner you might expect, Reed Kennedy approached the mike and delivered a song in the thoroughly masculine baritone that I defy anyone to dislike. The orchestra played insinuatingly—a new style for B. A. Rolfe, whose "brass band" style on former programs is utterly foreign to the present "sweet" arrangements. Delmar Edmondson spoke briefly, in rounded pleasant accents, and there was a momentary bustle in the control room as the guest speaker hurried out to face him across the mike. The interview, I thought, will probably drip a little. But it didn't. I might have liked to hear Gertrude Palmer, the interviewer, a bit less and Mrs. Barkness, the guest, a bit more, but what there was was interesting.

*Trouble House*, Elaine Carrington's serial play, went out, and though I hadn't been following it, I found it amusing and well played. More music, a song and another blurb that managed to be inoffensive. Well, by this time, you get the idea: I liked it!

Your reporter's recognition of a well-balanced, instead program was, truthfully, a bit late. All over the United States and Canada two hundred and fifty-two radio editors in the recent Scripps-Howard poll voted the *Magazine of The Air* first place among women's programs, and this after only five months on the air. No other program ever ranked among the leaders in less than a year's airing. Naturally, everybody on the show feels pretty good about it, particularly Delmar Edmondson, who presides as "editor" of this radio magazine. And it is just what its name signifies, sending over the air the same blend of fact and entertainment that the women's better magazines try to achieve in print.

"It seemed funny to me," Edmondson said later, "when I first started. That is, until I saw the sort of show we were putting together. I guess most men feel a bit dubious about anything that's supposed to be primarily for women. But the idea of the *Magazine of The Air* is to present an interesting, well-balanced show."

"You mean you don't think a 'women's show' differs essentially from a general program?" I offered.

"That's exactly what I do mean. Naturally, a talk about—say—pipes, or fishing and hunting, or finance would hardly fit on a women's show. But things like that are specialized masculine subjects; all men wouldn't be interested in them, either. And I'll bet there would be some women who would find such topics interesting, just as I'd like to know how many men have tried some of the recipes Bill Adams gives on the program."

I wondered if he had.

"Well, no," Del grinned. "I don't feel around in a kitchen much. But I'll bet I could. But to get back to the show—I think the distinction between masculine and feminine interests is much too sharply drawn. Men, almost invariably, are editors of women's magazines. And the old

saw tells us that a doctor doesn't have to have pneumonia to treat a case. That's another one, of course, that says to ride horseback, you first have to know more than the horse! Well—I don't claim to know more than my audience, but I think that the things I find generally interesting will interest most other people, and the things I dislike on the air most women seem to dislike, too."

"How about women's intuition?" I probed.

"I don't think it would be safe to build a radio show by women's intuition," Edmondson grined. "And—this may get me in Dutch but that's something else I believe is overrated. I'm not claiming men and women are alike—and thank heaven they're not! But I think men, perhaps, are as intuitive as women; the difference lies in that women being more emotional than men, are more prone to act intuitively than men. I've never seen much proof that a woman's hunches were any more infallible than a man's. But your average man will reject a purely intuitive idea often—and maybe he shouldn't—whereas most women are satisfied to act on nothing more than a 'feeling' about something."

In spite of these observations, Delmar Edmondson doesn't make any claim of being an authority on women. There's nothing in his varied background that suggests the expert on femininity. There is, however, plenty that would indicate a feeling for the dramatic and the topical.

That, perhaps, is why he manages to talk interestingly about such widely different subjects as symphony concerts and wrestling matches. And though he gets a certain amount of "mash" notes in the mail, his voice, clear in dictation without being affected, suggests nothing of the Great Lover; on the contrary, it's a voice that most men enjoy, which would seem to prove his point that women do not like the suave sunction of those announcers who deliberately strive for "women appeal."

His home is in Hollywood, though he was born in Marion, Ohio, right across from the house of the late President Harding. Several years later he studied at Notre Dame University, where Charles Butterworth, Walter O'Keefe and Ralph Dunlap were among those present. There were, of course, quite a few other boys but these are some who later made their mark in radio, along with Del.

He took his master's degree at Notre Dame, and his master's thesis, which was on *The One-Act Play*, was later published by the Drama League. His first newspaper job was on the Harling-owned *Marion Star*, and Edmondson worked on various papers through the Middle West, ending up on the *Los Angeles Examiner*. Journalism and theatre shared his interest; on several papers he served as drama critic, and in California he lectured on dramaturgy at the University of Southern California. Later he taught journalism for several years at Glendale, California, disproving the old maxim that: "Thou shalt not, do; those who can't, teach!" Ed

had done plenty, and he was now teaching.

Around this time Marco and his brother, Rube Wolfe, were doing a newspaper program on K.V.V. and Edmondson went on as news commentator. A *Game and Gossip* program followed. Then he was called upon to do a six-or-seven-minute commentary on a program about the local theatre, and the reaction was so favorable that he soon writing his own program and appeared as a sustaining artist on *KFI*. This was a local sponsor and a little later Del was on the *CBS* network—sustaining acting, singing commentary. Then came a spot do-be master of ceremonies on the *California Melodize* program, as well as general commentary—and back to a fifteen-minute sustaining program again.

"By this time," says Del Edmondson, "I decided that there wasn't very much money in sustaining shows, and I came to New York—signed for the *Home Magazine* show—and here I am."

Sometimes an over-full program keeps Edmondson down to little more than announcements and introductions of guest speakers. And sometimes he is able to speak a more length, or read a bit of poetry. I asked about the guest speakers.

"We've had quite a few celebrities on the show," he says. "Some of the biggest names are the most nervous as a mike. Julian Gish was nervous as a kitten, and when she heard that the re-broadcast was going to California she asked if she should talk leader! One absent-minded professor forgot all about the re-broadcast and when it went on he was already on a train to his home in Searsdale! That was a hectic moment! But John Reed King, Columbia's announcer, went on in his place and gave a perfect imitation of the learned professor. Theodore Dreiser's talk was edited considerably, and the last paragraph, which was something of a political tract, was sliced out completely. At the end of his talk he said: 'And now you are justified in asking me what I do believe in!' That was supposed to be the last line of his talk. He stood up, glowered at the mike and just as the interviewer was about to say: 'Thank you, Mr. Dreiser,' he leaped forward and roared: 'Reality!' into the mike."

"One author of human pestered me, before the broadcast, to be sure and mention his books. I said that I was mentioning me, but he wanted me to plug another so that was just about to come out. Then, when it became necessary to cut a few seconds from the script, he howled to the heavens and unconditionally refused to cut a single word! And I must admit I somehow forgot to mention either book!"

"And another author, well-known for his adventure stories, spoke in such a thick Dorset accent that he was almost unintelligible. At rehearsals everything went well, aside from the accent. But at the actual broadcast he got the jists of his script mixed up in some way, and read his whole speech backwards, starting at page 1 and working through to page 1. And nobody noticed the difference!"

"We've had any number of big 'names' as guest speakers on the show—Fannie Harsh, Amelia Earhart, Emily Post, Lawrence Stallings, Faith Babban, Sidney Lenz, Princess Kropakkin, Walter Hampden, and many others. And the bigger the man—or woman—the less difficulty there seems to be."



Bob Feller (right) of the Cleveland Indians, who appeared on Joe Cook's Saturday night *Shell Show*.

"Aren't many of the guest speakers chosen particularly for their appeal to the ladies?" I asked.

"Of course they are. After all, I don't say the show isn't designed to please the ladies—it is. When Miss Ethel Cotton, for example, speaks on suitable subjects for conversation with your husband over the breakfast table, that's obviously for women. Or when Maury Paul, who writes under the name of *Cholly Knickerbocker*, tells the audience about ex-Queen Victoria of Spain never using make-up, that, too, is slanted directly at a feminine audience. My point is that plenty of men might be interested in what is said. And that few men would take issue with the way it is presented."

"I think he's got something there! And as long as the *Magazine Of The Air* can take two honors in its class, there's little room for argument."

"For heaven's sake," Del finished, "don't be setting me up as an authority on women, now! All I'm doing is trying to edit a radio magazine of the air as well as I can."

"You do have certain convictions about women, though."

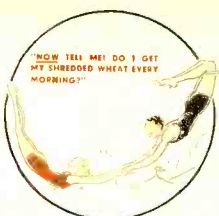
"Naturally — what man hasn't? But they're not particularly original. Women are supposed to be able to fool a man, any time they want to, whereas no man, presumably, can get away with anything like fooling a woman. Yet newspapers are full of stories disproving that. Women are famous for being able to add two and two and get a tremendous sum; for being able to make a major repair with only a hairpin, after some man has worn out himself and a full kit of tools."

"And don't you think they do?"  
 "That's the baffling part of it," he grinned. "Just often enough—they do! And maybe one reason why men are not supposed to be able to fool women is because women are inclined to be more suspicious—and perhaps that's why they find out things faster than we males. But those are just generalizations."

I asked Del Edmondson if he were a little cynical about women.

"Me?" he gasped. "I should say not! I like women!"

And, after all . . . who doesn't?



It's the main show on millions of breakfast tables — crisp, delicious Shredded Wheat—swimming in wholesome milk—sprinkled with sugar. Try it!



The season's perfect match—Shredded Wheat and peaches—order this grand flavor combination from your grocer today!



Shredded Wheat is 100% whole wheat. You get all the vital food essentials that nature put into wheat—the essentials that help build energy and keep you active and alert.

## IT'S MY HUMBLE OPINION—

(Continued from page 8)

WHAT?  
NO  
MENNEN OIL  
RUB TODAY—



—then what's to  
keep my skin  
SAFE from germs?

"What's the big idea, Mommy? You're not going to take a day off from rubbing me with Mennen Antiseptic Oil, are you? Not if I can help it! Germs don't take any days off, do they? They keep getting on my skin all the time. That's why the nurse over at the hospital told you to rub me with Mennen Antiseptic Oil every single day. Doctor says it kills germs... and leaves a film of protection all over the skin. He says every baby needs this protection and I'm certainly no exception! Oh, you were going to give me my Mennen Antiseptic Oil rub anyhow? Why didn't you say so—hurry up, I need it—now! I want to sleep in peace and safety."

*Nine-tenths of all the hospital's important in-maternity work use Mennen Antiseptic Oil on their babies every day. Your baby deserves it, too.*

**MENNEN**  
*Antiseptic*  
**OIL**

Most hospitals rub their  
babies with it daily

just rebless, after she was said to have been there, when in fact she was not there.

To the individual who thinks at all, this must be a subject above man-made statutes and laws. It certainly goes deeper than man-made legislation. It is instinctive and basic that the individual should have the right to say whether or not his or her photograph is to appear in the Press of the country.

Of course, those new photographically-inclined magazines, *Life* and *Look*, wouldn't especially like such legislation, but it is quite obvious that, regardless of the timidity that most of our legislators exhibit in restrictions of this kind, it *must come eventually!*

It certainly takes no great mind to see that this sort of thing cannot continue indefinitely in a country that *quarantines* life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness to every individual. Surely there can be little justice or fairness when it is given to the few, with their cameras and presses, to make monkeys out of the rest of us by seeking to show us in unguarded moments of rest and leisure.

It is to protect the woman in the case, if no one else, that there must come to an end the unscrupulous and libertine practice of collecting and printing the photographs of famous actresses, taken during various periods of their lives, printing them for the salacious enjoyment and morbid curiosity of those who crave that sort of thing, to the embarrassment and unhappiness of these women. Surely they deserve that protection!

The commercial photographer demands that his permission be obtained before the photographs taken by him may be reprinted or recycled. Surely it is not asking too much that the photographic victim, himself or herself, be accorded the right of censorship, especially if the photograph be out of the dead past and perhaps embarrassing. After all, there is no one among us—editor, reporter, cameraman—*but* has had features of his life best left unsaid, unprinted and *deeply* buried.

*Another marvel of mystique that comes to my attention and a true story that I tell is five o'clock in the morning. The young and delicate wife of an unknown husband definitely has a bad appendicitis case. A doctor, at the only hospital in the district to which these young people have recently moved, informs the husband that she must be operated upon immediately, and that she is too ill to be moved to another hospital. Yet the hospital demands \$250 cash before the operation can take place!*

*Intestines, permissive flows, tearful supplications are all in vain, while the young lady writhes in agony and the husband scurries about in the early dawn, trying to find someone in this Westchester County section of New York State (where he is practically a total stranger) who will cash his check. By the time he has done so, the appendix has burst and peritonitis has set in.*

*Is it any wonder then, that this young man becomes rabid at the thought of con-*

*tributing to hospitals? Fortunately, all hospitals are not as heartless as this particular institution must be. It is almost unbelievable that such things can and do happen about us in everyday life. It should make us wonder if man is very far advanced in civilization, culture and refinement, after all!*

Music publishers, and other authorities on the things people like to sing, insist that songs be simple and not tricky—claiming that the music mentality of the average person is no better than that of an eleven-year-old child and that people sometimes have to hear songs thirty times in order to learn them.

Yet, on my occasional visits to the Paramount Theatre in New York, where audiences still sing with the lantern slides and the organ, I find them singing a song such as *De Lovely from Red, Hot and Blue*, singing it with gusto, precision and perfect diction—and yet Cole Porter has never written a trickier song!

Not so long ago I heard them singing a song from a picture yet to be released. The fact that the audience was singing this particular song so perfectly could indicate only one thing—that it must have been learned by listening to radio broadcasts of it. The song was *Swing High, Swing Low*. Even I (and I did in pretty often), had never heard the song over the air. But the audience had!

On the other hand, it is true that an occasional *unnatural* change in a song, or an added four measures (making a song 36 measures instead of 32), does seem to upset the average audience in what might be called perfect meter. Therefore, we might conclude that audiences master tricky songs but shun *unnatural* ones.

In their magazine advertisement of the picture *Walkie Walkie*, Paramount has featured the cavernous mouth of Martha Raye. Almost every time I see Miss Raye's name or her face, I cannot help but realize—perhaps a bit sadly—that this is one time where Old Man Vallee (The "Old Man Vallee" will riddle Justice Bashful!) slipped up. Yet, I think the reasons for my failure to have made her a part of our company were quite natural and obvious. During the summer of 1934 we were playing at the Pavilion Royal at Valley Stream, Long Island, and our second trumpet player, one "two-man" so-called, was one Mickey Bloom, now with Hal Kemp and his band.

Now Mickey and Martha were "the way" about each other and Martha was working at a Manhattan Beach night club not far from where we were playing. On Sunday evenings she used to come to the Pavilion Royal to wait for Mickey to finish, and inasmuch as our Sunday night audiences were pretty small at 1:30 in the morning, it was not uncommon for her to come on the stand, at Mickey's and my invitation, and do three or four songs.

I always had characterized her performance as that of a "coon-shouter." We had a pretty crazy band that summer, at least one of the craziest, with the Mar-

Moak—in other words, Mr. Riley of *Sound-and-Round* fame, the man who could stand a pail of water thrown over his head while playing his trombone, with the greatest of urbanity. It was waiting for him to receive a specially-made marshmallow pie smock in the face and give nothing but a horse-lurch in answer. Therefore, when he and Martha got together with the boys, in a festive mood, I generally sat at a table and let them have their way. Although I knew Martha had a great sense of humor and comedy (the unusual quality of being very attractive physically, yet able to assume some of the funniest of facial and acrobatic poses), it never occurred to me to keep her permanently with us as a comedienne. Even after seeing her in *Calling All Stars*—where she practically stole the show with her drunk-bit, so effectively used in *Hawaiiki Wedding*—even then it failed to suggest to me that this girl would be a great bet for pictures. However, no one is more happy than I at her well-deserved success in pictures. An outstanding star already, the tremendous success of *Hawaiiki Wedding* throughout the country is, at least in my humble opinion, due in great part to her work and appearance in it.

**Peculiarities in pronunciation:** Those who say quite for quiet (evidently the desire to make one syllable into two movements of the jaws are really necessary). Likewise come for seven. And for the same reason and classification: Morris becomes Maurice.

**Night clubs—according to *Variety*, the theatrical weekly—may be:** 1. Hang-out (*Kit Kat Club*) 2. Real show (*Cotton Club*) 3. Show-off (*El Morocco*) 4. Food-and-show (*Hollywood Restaurant*) 5. Extravaganza (*French Casino*).

Worshippers and admirers of Mr. Arturo Toscanini may be roughly divided into three classes. 1. Those who are thrilled because of his interpretations, artistry and conducting, but who do not understand why they are thrilled. 2. Those who are thrilled and have a perfect understanding of his tremendous command of style, interpretive ability, tempo, rhythm, metricomic heat and ability to instill into his men the feelings of his own heart, mind and spine. 3. Those who affect an admiration for him because it is the vogue, the thing to do—to keep up with the times!

I believe I may put myself in the second class. To be sure, on Thursdays, I conduct only some twenty-five to thirty men, but with years of so doing, I have come to have a tremendous respect for those who not only conduct ninety or more men but who are able to read the score they are conducting or, as in the unique case of Mr. Toscanini, to have memorized every note of a ninety-piece-orchestra almost incredible feat, originally necessitated by the weak eye-sight of the maestro). I must confess that, to my shame, I fell asleep at the only Toscanini concert which it was my privilege to attend. I may be excused because of the fact that I was working eighteen hours a day and attended his concert while doing six shows at the Brooklyn Paramount Theatre. And the music of this particular symphony was so superior that it lulled me into unconsciousness. This,



## New Non-Greasy Cream Vanishes Instantly and Checks Perspiration!

**N**OW, at last, there is a cream deodorant that is absolutely non-greasy. And checks perspiration immediately!

Just apply Odorono Ice with your finger tips, night or morning. In no time, it is completely absorbed, leaving no grease to make your underarm or your clothes messy.

A single application keeps your underarm odorless and perfectly dry for 1 to 3 days! And Odorono Ice leaves

no odor of its own to betray you to other people. Its own clean, fresh odor of pure alcohol disappears at once.

Odorono Ice is made on a totally new principle. Its light, melting texture is entirely different—refreshing and cooling on your skin. And unlike ordinary creams, it frees you not only from odor, but from all shininess.

This means you need never again worry about ruining your lovely frocks. You'll save on both clothes and cleaner's bills.

Odorono Ice is so easy and pleasant to use, so sanitary and so wonderfully effective that 80 per cent of the women who have tried it prefer it to any other deodorant they have ever used! Buy a jar tomorrow, 35¢ at all Toilet-Goods Departments.



**\*ODO-RO-NO ICE**  
NON-GREASY

SEND 10¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY JAR

BETH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.  
Dept. 7-4575, 104 Hudson St., New York City  
In Canada, address P. O. Box 2595, Montreal.

I enclose 10¢ (Use in Canada) to cover cost of postage and packing for generous introductory jar of Odorono Ice.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# HER DRY "DEAD SKIN" Lost Him



Don't Let  
Dry, Dull,  
Dead Skin  
Make You A  
Wall Flower

Darling,  
Your Skin  
Is Lovely

Here's the Amazing Beauty  
Cream That's Thrilling  
Entire America

All last a way has been found to help nature regulate soft, smooth, youthful-looking skin and fight long face lines. Meet romance in a bottle. Give your skin these thrilling new beauty benefits. Let these marvelous ingredients give you the you.

## Try This Guaranteed 3 DAY TEST

That is Showing Thousands  
of Women How To Combat  
Dry, Rough Skin, Blackheads,  
Premature Lines — Wrinkles

The most advanced beauty development in skin culture... **TAyton's TRIPLE-WHIP CREAM**... **TAyton's TRIPLE-WHIP**... **TAyton's TRIPLE-WHIP**... **TAyton's TRIPLE-WHIP**...

### Make This Guaranteed Test

Use **TAyton's TRIPLE-WHIP CREAM** to cleanse skin and give you a moist treat to face daily... **TAyton's TRIPLE-WHIP**... **TAyton's TRIPLE-WHIP**...

### New Youthful Glamour Make-up

Look more youthful, radiant, glamorous... **TAyton's TRIPLE-WHIP**... **TAyton's TRIPLE-WHIP**...

**TAyton's DOUBLE INDELBLE LIPSTICK**  
**TAyton's DOUBLE INDELBLE ROUGE**  
**TAyton's SILK-SIFTED POWDER**

AT DRUG, DEPT AND 10c STORES



of course, in the eyes of the extreme Toscanini worshippers, will undoubtedly make me a musical perial. However, I do have a truly great admiration for the man's tremendous ability, genius and interpretation.

I do believe, however, that there is some justification for the criticism directed at Mr. Toscanini by Mr. Doran Attrim, editor of *Metronome*, the musical monthly. Mr. Attrim finds him rather an inconsistent individual, inconsistent in the matter of playing a farewell concert and saying "an evv'ry" once and for all to these shores and sailing to Europe, supposedly never to come back, only suddenly to accept an *NBC* contract at \$10,000 a concert (or broadcast) for a period of fifty-two weeks.

While I believe that one has the right to change his mind, it should be somewhat embarrassing to Mr. Toscanini, because of the fact that he permitted his managers to make so much hysterical ado about his last concert at Carnegie Hall. Most of us remember the long lines of people who took their places in line some forty-eight hours before the concert, sitting outside on camp chairs, with lunches wrapped up in papers. We remember, too, the concert, itself, with the rude photographer, who came as near to being lynched as a photographer ever will be, by those ruffid outcasts who knew Mr. Toscanini's aversion to being photographed (because the flashlights hurt his eyes). We recall the farewell dinner, after the concert, with tears, goodbyes, handshakes and the continued motif that this was the last time—that he never again would set foot on these shores.

Had this about-face not been quite so abrupt, it would not have been quite so difficult to accept, but all of a sudden—BOOM!—back again, not for one concert (to satisfy those who couldn't get in at the final concert), but for a series extending over fifty-two weeks at \$10,000 per!

Many felt that all of this much ado and hoopla about the gentleman was overdone in the first place—people, of course, who failed to understand the iniquities of his gifts—gifts so unique that it would be necessary to examine perhaps one hundred million men before we should find another with all the gifts that we find in this very sensitive, comparatively diminutive, yet tre-

mendously vital and dynamic individual.

I give credence to Mr. Attrim's criticism that many of the men who have played under him here in New York, presumably in the Philharmonic, could have been employed, instead of unemployed since his farewell concert, had he not returned to Italy and Europe—also that in his National Broadcasting concerts, he will not use these men who have labored so faithfully to establish him at previous American concerts. While his departure may have worked a hardship upon those who served with him in his early days of New York triumph, his departure, itself, was indeed his privilege and the men he will use during his *NBC* concerts may be the men who are on the *NBC* payroll and who must be used as a part of *NBC* policy and terms of contract—but his sudden about-face, after his tremendous, maudlin, tearful farewell is much less easily explained if there is need for an explanation.

Well, let's have a little musical-nonsense spot. It's asked for a definition of jazz, and not very many of you responded. Perhaps you would rather talk about another word that I've sure many of you use often and with complete assurance in the radio—namely the word crooner.

Of course you know what a crooner is—or do you? Don't give me the dictionary definition that says crooning is a low wailing sound as produced by a cove, but give me a real, valuable, interesting analysis of the word.

Maybe something about its origin. At least distinguish, let's say, between a crooner and an operatic singer. Why is one a crooner and the other an operatic singer? Don't give me the definitions that several people, in all seriousness, have offered. And they were supposed to be quite intelligent and sane at that!

Such definitions as these:

1. A fellow with wavy hair.
2. One who sings behind a microphone.
- Or even more absurd than that: 3. One who sings with his eyes closed.

By your answers I shall know you. How about it?

ADIOS!

## KATE SMITH'S OWN COOKING SCHOOL

(Continued from page 54)

salad dressing accompaniment, a main course dish, and a dessert—all particularly well adapted to hot weather eating. But there are still other foods that deserve mention in such an article as this is intended to be. Vegetables and beverages, in particular, must not be overlooked.

Of course, the summer presents an infinite choice of greens and vegetables at economical prices. Doubtless of all of these, the most popular and seasonal vegetable is corn and I heartily join the throng singing its praises. I'll go even farther and give you my favorite recipe for these golden kernels. It's called *These Corn Soufflé* and is made with fresh corn, grated from the cob—or whole kernel canned corn, if the other is not available. I like to prepare this dish in little individual baking cups. One of these

can then be placed on the same dish with your salad and cold meat, to make an appetizing attractive one-plate meal. That recipe, too, will have to go into the kitchen, because I really won't have any space left to give it to you here, with all the things I will have to tell you about summer meals.

I just mentioned beverages, you'll recall. The one I like best of all in hot weather is iced coffee. I have my own way of preparing this too. In the first place I scrupulously observe all the rules for making good coffee—whether hot or cold! Good coffee, you know, can be made only by using accurate measurements, both of the water and the coffee. Extra strength can be acquired by using more coffee of a stronger blend. But, please, oh please, don't imagine for a moment that you can achieve greater strength in your brew by



long boiling, prolonged percolating, or a second "pouring through the grounds" in a drip pot—without affecting the quality disastrously! My present sponsor, the J & P Company, list seven requirements for *Better Coffee*: A blend to suit your taste; fresh coffee kept in a tightly closed container; the correct grind for the method of coffee-making that you use in your own home; accurate measurements; avoiding the boiling point; watching the time, so that too long brewing (whatever the method) will not give your beverage a harsh, bitter flavor; a clean, well-sealed coffee pot. Hot or cold, these are the rules.

In making iced coffee, pour the hot coffee directly over the ice cubes or coarsely chopped ice. In order not to dilute the coffee, it's an excellent idea to make up a tray of coffee ice cubes and use these! These fancy ice cubes are a cute idea for many drinks, by the way. They can be colored, made of fruit juices, or of ginger ale, and are very attractive, indeed, for using the syrup often left over from canned fruits. Canned tomato juice cubes in canned tomato juice will keep it cold longer without diluting it, too.

And here I am, almost to the end of the space allotted me, and I don't seem to have discussed half the things I intended to. Haven't even mentioned shortcakes, for instance, and I dearly love those! Of course I just use the regular biscuit dough, with a little sugar added. Sometimes I put the dough into rather large biscuits, placing two together, one on top of another, to bake in a very hot oven, then forget! Sometimes, especially if there are

six or more persons for the meal, I make the single large shortcake, splitting it after it has cooked. I always use mashed and sweetened berries between the layers and on top of the cake. Then I top these with slightly sweetened whipped cream and garnish this "sky-crafter" with some of the most attractive looking whole berries, reserved from the original supply for that very purpose. It's a picture! I also like all sorts of gelatin desserts in summer; made with quick-setting gelatin into which I fold stiffly beaten egg whites and fresh berries, as it starts to thicken. Particularly good with blueberries, which I sweeten, mash through a fine sieve and add in pulp form. Lemon-flavored jelly is best for this one, I've found.

Don't forget cheese in summer, either. Why, a well planned Cheese Tray is one of the most "pick snack" suggestions I can think of, accompanied by one of the salty crisp crackers of which your grocer carries such a large and interesting stock. Whole cream cheese with home made jam provides a dessert or luncheon idea that deserves every one's consideration.

Well, friends, it's time to "sign off." You'll find the recipes I've been telling you about in the kitchen—the coupon which brings them to you at the bottom of this page. By sending in promptly for your copy, I can promise you clear directions telling you how to prepare *Melange Salad*, *Cooked Salad Dressing*, *Main Course Monaca*, *Cheese Corn Stuffed* and that perfect *Chocolate Ice Cream* I was sneering over. I, too, will have the time to prepare the very same dishes in the very same manner, perhaps at the very same moment

that you'll be fixing them!

Yes, in my mind's eye, as I write this, I can see my guests up at Placid, gathered around the big table, which on lovely summer evenings is set up out in the open. Probably we will have had a picnic during the day, at the end of the trail which crosses my island. There is an open gate there, on which to prepare corn and make a lot of coffee to go with the refreshments that we've brought along with us. But "now the day is over," so we are back at the camp again, tired, happy and oh boy, how lonesome, for these self-same foods I've been talking about!

Think of me up there, won't you, when you no longer meet me here? Remember the little talks we have had together (through the pages of this magazine) when you try some of the many recipes I have given you. And, of course, do continue to tune in on my present program and on my new one later on, so that I can say as always, from the bottom of my heart: "Thanks for listening!"

Kate Smith,  
Radio Stars Magazine,  
149 Madison Avenue,  
New York, N. Y.

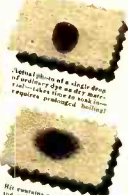
Please send me—absolutely free—  
recipes for your favorite summer  
dishes.

Name .....

Street .....

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

# NEVER SAY 'DYE'



"A few bits of a clear drop of Rit—coloring as it were—will take time to wash requires prolonged boiling!"

Rit contains a special penetrating substance—makes dye take in instantly! But is the only brand you'd buy with this feature.

# SAY RIT!



**RIT**  
TINTS & DYES

THERE'S a new discovery in Rit that makes ordinary dyes surest way! Rit penetrates every thread and fibre without harsh boiling—gives you glowing "professional" results every time. Endorsed by millions of women. Sold everywhere.

Use **WHITE RIT** Color Remover first—harmless as boiling water—takes out old color so you can dye dark things lighter. Really whitens white goods.

Break off as much as you need! Rit is in water form for your convenience. Dissolves instantly.

# IF MEN "HATE THE SIGHT OF YOU" READ THIS...

LET'S BEAT IT... HERE COMES THAT SKINNY DAME



MEN HATE THE SIGHT OF ME, I'M SO SKINNY I'M GOING TO TRY IRONIZED YEAST



YOU'RE GORGEOUS SINCE YOU'VE GAINED WEIGHT!



A FEW WEEKS LATER



Found by photographer

## SKINNY THOUSANDS GAIN 10 TO 20 LBS. WITH NEW IRONIZED YEAST

BUT BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES BE SURE YOU GET THE GENUINE

If you're skinny, rawky, lacking in that I-considerable amount of plumpness curves which attracts the other sex like a magnet, here's glorious news! Thousands of girls who'd never been able to add an ounce have put on 10 to 20 pounds or more, naturally good-looking flesh in a few weeks—gained naturally clear skin, new pep and charm—with those new pleasant-tasting Ironized Yeast tablets.

Scientists recently discovered that thousands of people are thin and rundown for the simple reason that they do not get enough Vitamin B and Iron in their daily food.

Now one of the richest known sources of Vitamin B is imported French alfalfa seed. In a new process this special seed is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more potent. This it is combined with 4 kinds of food—milk, molasses, natural whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in pleasant-tasting tablets. And these three famous Yeast tablets have helped thousands of men and women, boys and girls, to gain bone-healthy, or more, new pep and popularity—in just a few weeks!

### Try them without risking a cent!

If you try, you'll find these vital food elements are those new "7 potent" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist in 10 days. Then, day after day, watch the great change and slimness flows from you to natural attractiveness. See natural beauty come to your skin. Soon you'll feel like an entirely different person, with new pep, new charm.

If not satisfied with the results of the first five packets, your money will be refunded. So don't bother with making the wonderful change that is sure to get the original Ironized Yeast tablets, not any substitute.

### Special FREE offer!

The smart thousands looking in their health right away, we made this FREE offer. Purchase a box of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out and send us box and mail it to us with a clipping of this interesting. We will send you a fashionable new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Herein you'll learn the very best practices or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., P.O. #7, Atlanta, Ga.

# COMFORT FIRST IN PLAY CLOTHES

(Continued from page 15)

of height. Remember, Gladys Swarthout employs the same rule for evening, too, although she is inches taller than Lily. Lily, by the way, appears taller than she is, due, I am sure, to her very erect carriage through shoulders and back. And in evening clothes she looks inches taller because she wears gloves which reveal a well-exposed bare shoulders and neck—like the charming summer evening dress pictured. More about it later.

Lily's face is a long oval, rather than round, as you probably have noticed. And her eyes are large and dark, changing with her moods—which are quite changeable. Indeed, since she isn't what you'd call a static gal!

Our interview probably would have been considerably less hectic if it had taken place at Lily's country home in Silvermine, Connecticut. Instead, it was all mixed up with the hurly-burly of the photographic studio. I would yell a question at Mlle. E. as she hurried in and out of her dressing-room with changes of costume for each camera sitting. She would stop to argue the pose with the photographer, then turn a smiling face to me, answering the question. Someone would hold up the next costume to be tried on and Lily would shake her head, saying: "No! Positively I will not wear that. Why? Look at the neck—it's too short. The sleeves, they are too long. And the trimming..." She trailed off with some French expression of complete disgust. Turning to me, she said: "I cannot bear trimmings of any kind—the what you call 'garmenture'."

She really doesn't like trills on her clothes, yet with typical Gallic inconsistency, she loves hats all tricked up with the most elaborate of feathers, flowers and veils. It was a cool day and she wore a trim black wool suit, very plain, with a collarless jacket, the sole trimming of which were three S-shaped buttons of suede. Her accessories were of the severest—a tailored, saddle-stitched calf bag, snide pull-on gloves to match the cinnamon brown of the jacket's buttons, and open-toed pumps. Yet, on top of it all was an utterly crazy little hat of shiny black straw bedecked with an enormous bunch of flowers and a small veil. It probably sounds quite silly, actually it was perfect on Lily. She knows just how far she can go on the giddy touches without looking too frisky.

A little later, when she was posing in a dramatic and very becoming pale green organdy dress, she insisted that she must sit in a chair with her feet turned full toward the camera. The dress had her favorite off-the-shoulder neckline and low cut bodice and the skirt was cut very full gathered into a green, jeweled belt. She knew she looked deplorative in it, but the photographer wanted her head turned slightly. "She fixed her with a stern eye and said stubbornly: 'I know my angles.' And she would not change the pose.

The thing that amused me most about this incident, however, was the fact that the pose had hardly been snapped when Lily turned toward the most dazzling and beautiful of smiles, asking him, in French, if he thought the dress looked well. And wasn't she right upon insisting that this view of her face (taking it up with her hand) was best.

He gave her the most indulgent of looks, agreed solemnly that she was right and departed. From that point on Mlle. E. was as mild as a kitten and there were no more arguments about "angles."

Oh her play clothes, Lily has volumes to say. In California she has a house which literally is built about her swimming pool. She spends every spare moment there, swimming. And because she enjoys this sport so much, she chooses a practical, one-piece type of bathing suit, which has a short overskirt attached and a "bras" top feature. Her favorite suit is pictured. It's made of white satin and woven elastic—it has a deep sun-back cut, but is high in front, with strips of the material. She has repeated this style in other fabrics, once a waffle-weave wool knit in a soft pastel shade. This has the latter type top. Occasionally she wears a halter bras and shorts arrangement in wool knit—the shorts are navy blue and the halter bras in white with blue trim, an uplift line achieved by means of a bow directly in the front.

While on the subject of swim suits, I want to remind you that the July Shopping Bulletin has full descriptions and prices of two excellent styles made by a nationally known swim suit manufacturer. Both of these are jets of screen and radiol stars this season. You can buy these in your own stores at moderate prices and, therefore, you will want all this information about them.

You'll find that practically all of this season's suits feature the built-in leg detail, whether they are made of an elastic and fabric combination, of wool knit, or of rubber. Incidentally, this year's crop of rubber suits is more durable and more generally suited to all types of figures than ever before. They come in all sorts of attractive color combinations and some of the cleverest imitations of fabric weaves I've seen.

Lily's favorite sports costume is a slacks suit, such as you see her wearing this month. She likes these suits to be strictly man-tailored and even has her women ones made by a well-known tailor, so that they will have that trimness of cut. For cooler days, she wears a tweed jacket with contrasting slacks. Some of her suits combine brown with gray or beige, blue with white, and brown with white. For hot weather the linen suit, pictured, is a favorite. This particular suit is made of a crush-resisting linen, woven to resemble herringbone tweed. As contrast for the all

Radio's newest attraction—Babe Ruth—revealed in a characteristic story in RADIO STARS for August, out July first.

white of the suit, Lily wears a blue and white checked gingham shirt, and on her feet she puts beach shoes with cork soles and fishnet tops.

I asked her why she liked slacks better than the more feminine and colorful sports dresses. She told me that she walks a lot and finds them more comfortable and much more practical. Also, like many stars who have been exposed in the Hollywood studio life for part of every year, she finds them the only wearable outfit for traveling back and forth between home and studio.

Like Gladys Swarthout, Lily uses the well-known New York designer, Valentino, for her clothes. And, also like Gladys, she frequently has one of Valentino's models copied in several different fabrics. And there's a valuable tip for all of you from these famous screen and radio stars—they do not hesitate to have a repeat performance for a style that they know is becoming.

That's the way to gain real individuality in dress. And you girls who are home-sewers, have the advantage over those who aren't, because you can duplicate, again and again, any dress, coat or suit that you find particularly becoming to you. And there's no time more ideal for smart copying than in the summer, when inexpensive cottons, silks and rayons bloom in all manner of colors and designs, so that one good pattern may be infinitely varied. It's an economical idea, which gives you a chance to be a "type."

And, before leaving Lily, be sure to study that charming summer evening gown she's wearing. It's the sort of thing all of you can copy for yourselves. The fabric is a gaily printed seersucker, which doesn't require ironing after it's laundered. And, for that reason, it's a gem for vacation traveling and week-end partying. It can't wrinkle and it can be kept fresh.

Lily's dress is made with a very full skirt, banded at the hem with solid color bands to match the predominant color in the print. The bodice is fitted with large puff sleeves and a very low front cut. The only trimming Lily permits with this is that clip at the V-neckline and a nosegay of flowers in her hair. It's as cool as a summer ice and as satisfactory.

Cottons, like seersucker, piqué, linen, gingham and many others, are an inexpensive yet colorful answer to the growing budget. For day or evening, they adapt themselves to your needs with a minimum of cost and a maximum of service.

Don't forget to fill on the coupon below for bathing suit shopping information as well as other items of interest to your summer vacation plans.

Elizabeth Ellis,  
Radio Stars Magazine,  
149 Madison Avenue,  
New York, N. Y.

Enclosed please find a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Kindly send me, free of charge, your JULY SHOPPING BULLETIN.

Name .....  
Street .....  
City ..... State .....

# Duchess of PARIS

wraps you in fragrance

**LILAC BUDS** — for daytime... refreshing, sweet as the first blossoms of spring.

**GARDENIA** — for cocktailtime... accent to brilliant afternoons.

**MISCHIEF** — for sports... light, dashing, modern as youth itself.

**SINGAPORE NIGHTS** — for evening... a haunting, glamorous fragrance of the East.

"When you wear Duchess of Paris, you are truly 'wrapped in fragrance'... these indescribably lovely adours surround you with an aura of charm. Each blended with the highest skill of the parfumeur's art... with restraint, with exquisite taste. In four elusive scents created to match your every mood.

DUCHESS OF PARIS PERFUMES IN PURSE SIZES  
AT LEADING 5 & 10c STORES—10c EACH

Also Duchess of Paris "Parfum Cologne" at department stores—\$1



Duchess of  
PARIS  
FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK



## TAKE NO CHANCES with 1/2 Way Tooth Pastes

"I'll certainly  
use Forhan's  
from now on!"

## Get Double Protection This Way —

Your dentist will tell you that to keep teeth white and sparkling, gums must be firm and healthy, too. To do both vital jobs—*clean teeth and safeguard gums*—an eminent member of the dental profession created Forhan's Tooth Paste. When you brush your teeth with Forhan's, massage it gently into the gums just as dentists advise. Note how it stimulates the gums, how clean and fresh your whole mouth feels! Forhan's costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes, and the new big tube saves you money. Start using Forhan's today. Also sold in Canada.

FORMULA OF R. J. FORHAN, D.D.S.

# Forhan's

DOES BOTH JOBS  
CLEANS TEETH  
SAVES GUMS



Give Yourself  
this  
**MARVELOUS**  
New Facial

... by using the flexible  
Seville Facial  
Brush and Cream.

The lip of the brush measures the cream — 250 rubber fingers work it in, they scratch out the dirt — bring forth a delicate glow.

Seville Cleansing Cream is a fine old formula blended with pure imported olive oil. Melts at a touch — leaves no greasy residue — serves as powder base. Beautiful oval hold holds enough for 15 to 20 facials. Brush and bowl complete for 25c. Get it at the Little Se and 10c stores, or send 25c to address below.

LEON SEVILLE, 6300 Elzel Avenue, St. Louis

Seville  
Cream

Blended with Pure  
Imported Olive Oil

25c Complete



VS

## SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN

(Continued from page 29)

lap an engagement with Harry Richmond at his popular Chicago night club, *Club Paroo*. After five weeks there, Bergen went out to Hollywood for four weeks, returning for another nine weeks' engagement at *Club Paroo*.

It was while he was appearing there that Rudy Vallee first saw Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, and, astute showman that he is, he fled away in his mental archives the astounding idea of putting a ventriloquist on the air.

Then came the *Rainbow Room* engagement, and, entertaining in New York's smartest, gayest spot, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy became, for the select few, a sensation.

"Put Charlie McCarthy first," interjected Charlie. "I am the important member of this team."

"Look out!" Bergen warned him, "or that smart top hat of yours won't fit!"

"Well," Charlie bedded in his engaging manner, "well, of course, Mr. Bergen—perhaps my hair needs a little brushing," he added, as a happy thought.

"Perhaps you need a bath, too," Bergen said, looking at him critically.

Charlie gave him a dirty look! "We played for private parties," Bergen went on. "All the society folk—we kidded them—they loved it."

Elsa Maxwell, famed entrepreneur of society entertainment, was impressed with the sparkling comedy of the Bergen act. Herself a great star on the Vallee program, she reminded Rudy of the idea which already had suggested itself to him. Seriously he considered the possibility of a ventriloquist act on the air.

Some of his associates and sponsors were doubtful, but Rudy was convinced. And, on last December 17th, Edgar and Charlie made their radio debut on his program.

Said Rudy: "People have said to me: 'Why put a ventriloquist on a radio program?' And, with true Yankee psychology, he answered the question with wit. "The answer," said Rudy, simply, "is—why not?"

And so radio listeners got a new thrill. It was not only a new thing in radio fare it was, new comedy, from the first bright introductory greeting to the gay quip. No stale, stereotyped gags or situations to disinterest the listener. One and all, we moved closer to our micro-phones on those succeeding Thursday nights, waiting expectantly for Charlie McCarthy's delicious drawl and his sly, knowing humor. Listening with irresistible chuckles as he crossed words of shaming wit with Edgar Bergen. Sighing regretfully when the last word was spoken.

"At first," says Bergen, "the sponsors on the Vallee show were skeptical. After that first show, they asked me if I had material enough for a second!" He chuckled.

Naturally, Mr. Bergen had. And again the sponsors inquired if he could do a third. He could—and did. And where,

they asked, did he get his material? He wrote it himself. Well! And so the duo continued to appear on the Vallee hour.

Edgar Bergen writes all his scripts himself. And, usually, at the last possible moment! Till he went on the air, he never used a script in actual performance. Never read his lines. His preferred method is to memorize a situation and then ad lib the lines.

"I often surprise Mr. Bergen, too!" Charlie reminded us, with a chuckle of malicious mirth.

"Oh, yes—yes, you do!" Bergen agreed.

"You really should learn to read, though," Charlie commented dryly, reminding Bergen of how he had stumbled through a script at one of his rehearsal. "There'll be no stopping us, then!"

It's not so easy, though, you can see, watching Bergen, as he looks into Charlie's eyes when he is speaking, to turn from Charlie to the script and instantly find the proper place. But the smoothness of his broadcastists proves that nothing can stop him.

Once a writer sent in an unsolicited script, and called to inquire if Bergen would buy it. Tactfully, Bergen pointed out that the situations were old, familiar routines and the gags stolen by usage.

"Well," the disgruntled writer countered, "there's nothing new under the sun!"

But radio showman Vallee retorted that contentment when he put ventriloquist Bergen and his dimmy on the air. Here, indeed, was something new—something never before considered possible for radio entertainment. And listeners to Bergen and Charlie would rise with one voice to protest that there really is something new under the sun, every moment that that unique team is talking!

"Life never has been so thrilling as it is right now," says Edgar Bergen, and his deep-set blue eyes glow and dimples show in his cheeks. And Charlie bows!

In addition to the radio program, Edgar and Charlie filled a night club engagement in Chicago during the winter months. In April they opened at the *Seri Room* at New York's Waldorf-Astoria. On April twenty-ninth, when Vallee was London-bound for Coronation festivities, the two were a delectable dual master of ceremonies for the Vallee show. And on May ninth they began a new radio series—Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy—with a cast which includes Don Ameche and Nelson Eddy (after August eighth), with Werner Janssen's orchestra and guest stars. It's the Sunday night *Chase and Sanabria* hour, broadcast from Hollywood.

In Hollywood, Edgar and Charlie will make a movie for Samuel Goldwyn. It will not be just a spot, or an act, but an integral part of the *Goldwyn Follics*. Many other movie companies, that once gave them a cold shoulder, now are bidding for their services.

"Well—if I have time—I may take them on," says Bergen, and laughs with boyish delight at the idea of being able to pick

and choose what he wants to do.

Lynn, too, he relates, with amusement in which there is no malice, sometimes sits in at a broadcast and weeps because he missed out on this topnotch sensation.

"He asked me if I would sign with him again," says Bergen. "But I told him I didn't think I could. I don't think it would work out . . ."

"We have about all we can do, right now," interposes Charlie with a dry chuckle.

It was a bit over seventeen years ago that this bright career really started, when the younger Bergen boy sent a hard-earned quarter for a book on *Magic, Hypnotism and Ventriloquism*. At first, magic and hypnotism interested the boy most. It was fun, doing tricks for schoolmates, trying to hypnotize them, trying it out on clerks in stores where he worked through summer vacations.

He found he could hypnotize successfully. And, absorbed in this strange gift, supplemented by his studies in psychology at Northwestern University, Bergen conceived the idea of helping unfortunate inmates of insane asylums. "Much could be done by hypnotic treatment, I thought, to improve their condition," he says seriously. But entertainment engagements prevented his trying out his theory.

"I never got into an insane asylum, either as practitioner or patient!" he laughed.

We suggested that making people laugh in these more or less grim days was a hypnotic treatment that probably kept many more of us out of insane asylums. "There's something in that, too," he

agreed. "It's good to laugh."

But he discovered that he could "throw his voice" and began to study ventriloquism seriously, practicing on his friends and neighbors, dreaming of a stage career. Edgar's father, a godly man of Swedish birth, who wanted his boy to be a minister, frowned upon the idea. And his older brother, an accountant, thought that Edgar was frittering his life away.

"I guess now," Bergen chuckles, "he marvels at it—as I do." But, of course, no really intelligent youth, he maintains, however, "would seriously think of taking up ventriloquism as a profession. And I'm no exception! It just doesn't seem bright, when you think of it."

But Bergen's father died when he was sixteen, and the boy discovered that he could make a living with his new-boy, Charlie—so he started out on the Chautauqui circuit.

"I wasn't very good," he says, "but most of those people never had seen anything, so it was all right! Some of them were substitutions—though it took magic, I guess. Usually the first three or four rows of seats were empty—they were afraid to get too close!"

When he was first starting out, he ventured one day backstage at a vaudeville house to speak to *The Great Lester*, after a performance. Lester was a Polish ventriloquist, once internationally famous. The story of *The Great Gable*, which was made into a movie, was supposed to be based on Lester's own story. But Bergen contends it is fiction.

"He was a very fine man," Bergen says. "Very generous. He gave away all he

had in the world. He was most kind to me that day. I told him I was trying to be a ventriloquist. He asked me to talk for him, and, when I did, he assured me that I would do well. He made some helpful suggestions on the use of my voice, suggested a type of act for me, gave me some gags—and encouraged me tremendously.

"Ever since—if any boy comes backstage to talk with me, looking for help, as I went to Lester, I try to do all I can for him, in return for what Lester did for me. I never forget it."

Did he, we wondered, have many grim experiences? Or was life fairly smooth, as he went from Chautauqui to vaudeville to cruises south or abroad?

"Well," he grinned, "some people might have thought it grim, playing in barn-like theatres in the Middle West—draughty shacks that seated only two or three hundred—where you had to dress in the boiler room, or in some barn fifty yards from the stage . . ."

"Sometimes I would drive miles to a theatre, sitting on my trunk in the back of a pug, with the temperature ten degrees below zero. Then, at six a. m., I would get up, break the ice in my water pitcher for a bath, haul my trunk to the station—and what a station! I'd make a fire, myself, in the station stove, to keep from freezing. Then, when the train came in, I'd get my trunk on a wheelbarrow and roll along the track, pound on the door to wake the baggage man, and heave my trunk up to him.

"Then the train went so far up the track. The engineer yelled at me to come

HOW ABOUT A DATE FOR FRIDAY?

WHAT! ALL DATED UP FOR A MONTH?

WHEN CAN I TAKE YOU FOR LUNCH?

## Sally's in a whirl these days

... she's learned how to guard against Cosmetic Skin

WISE girls everywhere guard against Cosmetic Skin—tiny blemishes, enlarged pores—with Lux Toilet Soap. Its ACTIVE lather removes from the pores every hidden trace of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. To keep skin attractive, use it before you put on fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed. 9 out of 10 screen stars use it!



USE ALL THE COSMETICS YOU WISH! I GUARD AGAINST COSMETIC SKIN BY REMOVING MAKE-UP WITH LUX TOILET SOAP

JEAN ARTHUR





**In spite of her daily bath  
she's an**

**UNDERARM VICTIM!**

**E**VERY day she makes the same mistake. She expects the bath she takes at 8 o'clock in the morning to protect her from underarm perspiration odor at 3 o'clock in the afternoon!

*It can't be done.* All a bath can do is to wash away the traces of past perspiration. It cannot prevent perspiration odor from cropping out later in the day. A bath works backwards; never forwards.

You cannot count on your daily bath to keep your underarms fresh, free from odor longer than an hour or two.

It takes more than soap and water to do that; it takes special care.

You can give your underarms this special care in just half a minute. With Mum!

**Mum takes care of you all day.** Smooth a quick fingertipful of Mum under each arm and you're safe for that day, no matter how long and strenuous it is.

**No trouble to use Mum.** You waste no time in using Mum. And when it's on, you're through. No fuss of waiting and rinsing off.

**Harmless to clothing.** Mum has been awarded the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics. So don't worry—if you forget to use it before you dress, just use it afterwards.

**Soothing to sensitive skin.** Mum is so cooling and soothing you can use it right after shaving the underarms. How women appreciate this!

**Does not prevent natural perspiration.** Mum does just what you want it to do—prevents the ugly odor of perspiration and not the perspiration itself.

Don't be an underarm victim! Depend upon the daily Mum habit as the quick, easy, sure way to avoid repellent underarm odor. Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York City.



**USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO.**

Mum daily gives to countless women comforting assurance that they cannot offend.



**Dark glasses ease Rubinoff's eyes as he rehearses his CBS program.**

on me. I couldn't—the show was too deep. I yelled at him: "The heck with you—you back up!" We compromised, half way.

"But I didn't mind it," Bergen grinned. "I was doing what I wanted to do—and having a swell time!"

He's always having a swell time, you gather. His eyes sparkle. He walks with a gay swing. But he doesn't get time to go around a lot. He likes a quiet time, with congenial friends. He doesn't like night clubs. They are too noisy!

Home is where his hat is, more or less. Some day, he thinks, he'd like to own some land in Arizona. He likes the climate there. He thinks the Hollywood climate miserable.

"But I don't want a home now," he says. "I don't know where I'll be for any length of time. Of course, there is the family home in Chicago, where my mother and brother are. . . . I own a couple of bits near Chicago," he went on, "and they've already cost me more in taxes than I paid for them!"

He likes sports — likes to swim, ride, play tennis. Not golf. "God! tightens your muscles," he says. Bergen's muscles move in apparently effortless coordination. At times you feel that he hasn't a bone in his body, so supple and relaxed he seems. And you realize that this is necessary to the flawless perfection of his—and Charlie's—voices. He never is tense, self-conscious, as he speaks to you.

He talks freely about his experiences, interrupting himself with: "Of course, I hate to talk about myself, but—" and laughs gaily.

A man who can laugh at himself, with genuine mirth, is rare, but Bergen does it. There's nothing hard or cynical in his reaction to life. It's a grand adventure, and never more thrilling than now. He doesn't worry about the future, any more than Charlie does. Today is the time to live, to laugh. And tomorrow is another day. He has put some money into his utilities and government bonds—fun, whatever comes, he and Charlie will get a laugh out of it.

"I can always get a laugh out of Bergen," says Charlie McCarthy. "Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"That will do, young man," says Bergen sternly, nicking Charlie away in his suit-case. As he closes the bag, he gives a little rap on the side of it.

"Um that out," says Charlie, from within. "and let me get my beauty sleep!"

And the interview with radio's brightest act is over.

**MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION**

# RADIO RAMBLINGS

(Continued from page 17)

Inquiries occasionally come about Tony Wons, who has disappeared from the networks this season. Tony took a good slice of radio money with him when he vanished. He lives in ease at a lake home in Wisconsin during the summer. In the fall, he comes into Chicago to see what radio has to offer. If there is nothing, Tony probably sighs luxuriously and spends the winter in ease, too.

Robert Armbruster, orchestra leader for Gledys Swarthout, occasionally gets out the old player-piano rolls he used to make. That was back in his days as a concert pianist, eking out a small living with the fees he got for making popular music rolls. He wishes he could play that well now. He challenges anyone else to play that well, too!

"After I finished a roll," he said, "I used to get in extra effects by cutting a few more notes into the paper with my pen knife. Some of the playing in those rolls is impossible!"

The success of Tommy Dorsey's orchestra has a little story of struggle against discouragement behind it. A little more than a year ago, Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey were getting along very well with *Dorsey Brothers' Orchestra*, riding to popularity on the last waves of swing music. Then the brothers decided to part. Jimmy kept the orchestra and Tommy was to organize a new one of his own.

A couple of days after the rupture, Tommy learned that *Dorsey Brothers' Orchestra*, now led by Jimmy, had been awarded the Bing Crosby program, one of the richest plums of the season. Tommy was trying to get a new orchestra in shape and, at first, it was not very good. All through his wrestling with the new band, he heard his old one running along smoothly and successfully.

The tide finally has turned. Jimmy's orchestra, still an excellent one, has been overshadowed by the amusing banter of Bing Crosby and Bob Burns. Tommy's swing music has risen to prominence on Jack Pearl's comedy show and this summer he is to be the featured artist in a program of his own.

Friday evening's recently arrived program with Louis Armstrong's orchestra will help settle one of radio's lively arguments. The wild colored swing bands always have had their followers but sponsors have shied away from hiring them for commercial programs. The theory was that music as crazy as theirs could have only a small following.

The colored bands have gone on being very successful in night clubs and on phonograph records—with radio sunbathing them as far as its high-advised spots are concerned. This new program, with Louis Armstrong, is the first all-colored swing and comedy show on the networks.

The studio, during their show, is a picturesque place. The program's producers were afraid that the musicians, used to

"Always worth stopping for"



## BEECH-NUT GUM

Most popular gum in America is Beech-Nut Peppermint. Try our Spearmint, too if you enjoy a distinctive flavor!



BEECHIES  
Gum in a crisp sand coating...  
Possibly the most delicious that way! Peppermint, Spearmint, Peppermint.

ORALGENE  
The new firmer texture gum that aids mouth health and helps fight mouth acidity. "Chew with a purpose."

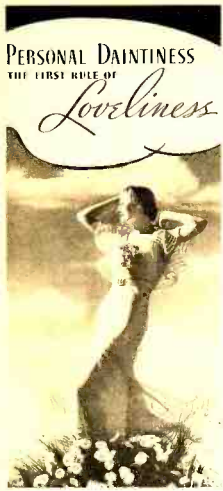
You can taste the difference Quality makes



SEE THE BEECH-NUT CIRCUS

Biggest Little Show on Earth!

A mechanical marvel, 5 rings of performance, clowns, animals, music in everything! Now touring the country. Don't miss it.



Prove for Yourself that  
QUEST NEVER FAILS ON  
SANITARY NAPKINS

Why take chances now that complete protection is so easily obtainable? The makers of Kotex bring you a new deodorant powder named Quest that positively destroys all types of napkin and body odors.

Quest is utterly effective—even on sanitary napkins. It prevents perspiration offense; assures all-day-long body freshness, yet does not irritate skin or clog pores.

Try Quest today. Use this cool, soothing powder on sanitary napkins—after the bath—under arms and for foot comfort. Quest is unscented, so does not cover up the fragrance of perfume.

And Quest costs no more than other kinds... only 35c for the large two-ounce can. Buy it at any drug counter.

**QUEST**  
FOR PERSONAL DAININESS



Use it with Kotex

playing in the uproar and turmoil of a night club, might feel subdued in the solemn atmosphere of a radio studio. Tables were moved into one end, and members of both cast and studio audience all there to applaud, yell and generally stir things up. The studio show begins a half hour before it goes on the air. Most of the hot lines these boys give are not written in the music. They are just improvised as the band gets hot. It takes a half hour really to heat them up, so they come in early to "muddle around," which is the swing man's way of saying playing just for the fun of it.

John Nesbit, the commentator whose chatty anecdotes recently have been promoted to a nationwide network, has an amusing story about his own entrance into this business of entertaining people. His father had an office in a theatrical building, and eight-year-old John was waiting for him in the corridor one afternoon.

"Hey, kid," a man hawled at him, "go up into the costume room and get your stuff."

John had no notion of what the man was talking about but he dutifully scampered in the direction indicated. There come other children were being dressed for a rehearsal of Macterlinck's play, *The Blue Bird*. John was costumed, along with the rest, and rehearsed all afternoon.

He returned home to dispel his parents' anxiety about their missing offspring. After some explaining and pleading, he was allowed to return next day and played in the production, a semi-professional affair, for a whole week. His fee, the first money he earned as entertainer, was \$6.00.

Oddly enough, the *Sul Hepatica-Ibani* executive in charge of Fred Allen's program is named Allen, too—Joe Allen. He and Peter Van Sveden have a weekly conference about the music to be played. Joe takes a great deal of pride in his judgment of popular music. As any orchestra leader would, Peter used to accept a sponsor's judgment with misgivings. Mr. Allen recently selected all that.

When the *Hil Parade* started its guessing contest, on which were to be next week's popular songs. Mr. Allen started competing. For three weeks he submitted his guesses and, sure enough, the third week he came out the winner of a carton of *Lucky Strike* cigarettes.

"Well, Peter, you know," is sufficient to settle any argument now on what the music for next week's Fred Allen show will be.

After nearly ten years in America, Lily Pons still is ill-at-ease in English, much preferring to speak in her native French. It's not that Lily is stupid about the language. During her early years in America she had small need for learning the language. Foreign opera stars learn nearly every major European language, but not English. There are no important operas written in English.

For several years, most of Miss Pons' activities in America were with the Metropolitan Opera. Until recently, when a new policy of admitting American singers has been followed, very little English was heard backstage at the Metropolitan. Not until she branched out into radio and movies and Miss Pons has no use for English. Her broadcasts always are greeted by a

whole crowd of musical people—old friends of the star. After the program, Miss Pons' dressing-room always becomes a miniature mob scene, as they all rush back with greetings and congratulations. The conversation there goes almost entirely in French. Even Andy Kostelanz, the orchestra leader, speaks French when he addresses his singing star.

You think of these New York radio studios as palatial affairs, the last word in modern equipment. But one of the Columbia network theatre-studios in New York (right on Broadway, too) can't be reached by telephone during a broadcast. The only phone in the place is located backstage. If it rang during a program, the ring would get into the microphone and be heard from coast to coast.

To make sure the phone doesn't ring, they take the receiver off the hook as soon as the studio goes on the air.

One of Babe Ruth's recent baseball chats for the Columbia network brought up an old thought. Babe once was baseball's most persistent holdout when contract time came around each spring. Yet there he was, that night, lightly dismissing the bobble of Rutting, a New York Yankee pitcher.

"They'll get along without him," Babe casually remarked.

I was wondering what would have happened if the Babe had heard any such radio remark about himself in his own holdout days. Can you imagine how a huge, burly man would look, ferociously tearing a radio set apart with his bare hands?

If Wallace Beery ever gets jolted around to working on radio again, he'll have an difficulty about finding plays. As a matter of fact, he has a bulky envelope of them ready for his next coast to the microphone.

When Beery substituted for Al Johnson on the *Sheil Chateau* program, two seasons ago, his success in a number of one-act plays convinced him that this was a good branch of show business for him. He stepped into the literary market and purchased radio rights to a dozen plays that he thought would make suitable vehicles for him, paying a good sum of his own money for the rights.

But from that day to this, movie work and picture producers' objections have kept Wallace off the air. If that ever happens written a play, he has accumulated more plays in his trunk than an unsuccessful playwright.

A crowd of radio press agents (they usually nurse a healthy but secret hatred of the people they help make famous, you know) were talking about which were the most elegant programs on the air. The way they mentioned *Elegant*, you could be sure it was spiced with a capital E.

Most of the votes went to Mary Pickford for her house party series of two seasons ago, where everyone was greeted effusively and gushful over. There was one pair who insistently held out for NBC's new singer, Hillegard.

"This girl," their explanation ran, "grew up in Milwaukee, went abroad for a couple of years and came back with an accent she must have picked up in some mythical kingdom like Grantstark. I never heard anything to match it. She's the top girl in *Elegant*!"

A great change comes over these press agents in their off hours. They spend their working hours building glamorous atmosphere and legend about the stars. Once the work is done, they get together and abuse the same people for the rest of the evening!

With all the disturbance going on in large studio audiences, it seems miraculous at times that the program itself is not drowned out. NBC's largest studio, for instance, is big enough to seat nearly 1,500 persons and big enough so that persons in the back can see very little and hear almost none of the dialogue. During any broadcast, a few of them get up and try to sneak around to a better spot. The usher tiptoes over to them.

"I just want to take one good look," the restless one says. "Then I'll go back."

The usher has a problem. He must be quiet himself and keep the other man quiet, too. The surprising thing is that the ushers usually are able to explain in whispers and pantomime and keep everyone in their proper seats. At the end of a program an usher often is upbraided furiously by someone who asked for a free ticket and failed to arrive early enough to get a good seat.

They have loud speakers in the studios, so that persons in the rear may hear, but occasionally the engineer forgets to turn them on. Often they cannot be turned on loud enough, anyway, because the sound from the speakers would get back into the microphone and blur the effect.

The mode of the double-named Simone Simon must have made life much easier for Carol Carol, the young writer who puts together the informal dialog for Bing Crosby and his guest artists. Carol used to arrive at the studio every once in a while with a story of some foolish or unpleasant incident his name had caused. It almost upset his marriage a couple of years ago, while Carol still was writing in New York.

Carol was taking out a marriage license in Brooklyn and the clerk asked: "Last name?"

"Carol."  
"First name?"  
"Carol."

The clerk asked again and Carol repeated again: "Carol."

Brooklyn license clerks have no time to waste on nervous grunts and still less for eye-rolls. This one was about to order poor Carol right out of the office. Friends managed to calm things.

"That's his name," they replied. "Carol Carol. He doesn't like it, either."

He can like it now, though. It's right in the mode. So is Thomas Thomas, the radio baritone who has been trying for years to mask his affliction by billing himself as Tom Thomas. He's the singer who won a place in the Metropolitan this year, through NBC's Metropolitan Opera Auditions of the Air.

—By ARTHUR MASON

Coming—an exclusive story on Helen Menken, star of the new NBC serial, *Second Husband*.

RADIO STARS for August  
out July first

# "CAN'T CHAFE"

means Extra Comfort!

"CAN'T FAIL," "CAN'T SHOW"  
mean Extra Security!



## 1. CAN'T CHAFE...

The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is free to absorb.

## 2. CAN'T FAIL...

By actual test Kotex absorbs many times its own weight in moisture! A special "Equalizer" center guides moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping.

## 3. CAN'T SHOW...

The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no tell-tale lines or wrinkles.

Now...  
3 types

OF KOTEX  
ALL AT THE SAME LOW PRICE

Regular, Junior, and Super—for different women, different days.

**WONDERSOFT KOTEX** **SANITARY NAPKINS**  
made from Cellucotton (not cotton)



**Sani-Flush**  
REMOVES THE  
CAUSE OF  
HOT DAY ODORS



**TOILET ODORS** are a danger sign. They mean germs! And germs breed fast in hot weather. Don't take chances on a unsafe toilet bowl. Sani-Flush cleans and purifies—without scouring.

This odorless powder is made scientifically for toilets. Just sprinkle a little in the bowl. (Follow directions on the can.) Then flush, and the job is done. Stains and spots vanish. The porcelain gleams. Odors go. Germs are killed. The hidden trap that no other method can reach is safe and sanitary. Sani-Flush cannot harm plumbing.

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



**Sani-Flush**

CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

Sensational **FREE** Offer

SEND COUPON

FOR 3 LIPSTICKS

AND REJUVIA  
MASCARA CREAM

It's our treat! Let us send you 3 full trial sizes of the famous **FLAME-GLO** Triple Indelible Lipsticks **FREE**—each in a different fascinating shade, so you can discover the color most becoming to you. To introduce our newest achievement we will also send you a tube of **REJUVIA** Mascara Cream, with brush. It's Guaranteed Waterproof and Smear-proof; perfectly "Harmless" Just send 10c in stamps to cover mailing costs. For beauty's sake, send coupon **TODAY!**

**Flame-Glo**  
TRIPLE INDELIBLE

REJUVIA BEAUTY LAB.  
DEPT. H, 295 1/2 W. 4th St. N. Y. C.  
Send us 3 full size FLAME-GLO Lipsticks and  
REJUVIA Mascara Cream, enclosed form 10c  
Stamp—No Cash for mailing cost (10c in Cash)  
NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CIRCLE NUMBER FOR FREE \_\_\_\_\_  
10c AND 20c  
AT LEADING  
5 & 10c STORES

## WEST COAST CHATTER

Just to keep you posted on the doings of radio's celebrities at work in Hollywood

WHEN Burns and Allen moved over to the NBC studios, Jack Benny's welcoming gift to Gracie was a box of 39 brand new pencils—one to chew on each broadcast. "It steadies my nerves," Gracie explained to bystanders, after thinking Jack for the gift. "And drives me crazy!" said George, tearing his hair. Fifteen minutes later Jack presented George with a similar box, with a note: "Overcome your nerves. Chew two each broadcast."

Gracie Allen's attire always looks like the last pass by the fashion front. She may be caught in the same suit or dress twice, but the hat, perched at a jaunty angle over one of the Allen bosoms, is always different. Our spy finally inquired the other day how she ever found time, let alone money, to buy all those cheapies. "Oh, I'm not so dumb," said Gracie, disarming into smiles. "This is the only hat I own in my name. I hat pin a different flock of flowers on the front every day and feel as well-hatted as I can!"

Wally Winchell, Walter's thirteen-year-old daughter, came with Mack Gordon to a recent Jack Benny rehearsal to watch the goings-on. In the middle of a line, Jack spotted the little girl, sitting towards the back of the auditorium. "Hah!" he barked, pointing a menacing finger at her, and leering savagely. "Here to get dirt for your old man, eh?"

Laur and Amer and Don Auerbe got together the other day and decided to try a bit of deep-sea fishing, since none of them ever had attempted that sport before. With the boss of their friends and family ringing in their ears, the three hired a boat at Santa Monica, to the tune of fifteen dollars for the day, and set sail. The pay-off to this fish story is that they caught enough fish to repay the owner of the boat, with plenty left over to send special delivery to the biggest sneeters.

Ray Noble was talker to George Burns about the program and offered to use a decided English accent if George thought it would be better. "Better?" exclaimed George. "Why, I can't understand half of what you say now." "My word," said Ray. "This is mild. Sometimes I talk in British. I can't understand myself." Ray's taken in his first citizenship pips, and says that, as soon as he's any-coush "American" he's going to exclusively for the U. S. Amigos.

It's wedding bells, sure enough, for Natalie Cantor and Joe Metzger, who have been contemplating marriage for to, these nine years. Natalie's given up her job in the CBS mimeographing department, and Papa Cantor's setting Joe up in business.

Eling Cantor, the 10-year-old daughter, didn't prove to be a chip-off the old block, recently. Scheduled to be on John Hebb,

It's broadcast from the University of Southern California, Eling's teeth chattered at such an alarming rate when she faced the mike, that Charley Chase's daughter had to be rushed on the air in her place.

When Amelia Earhart appeared on Bing Crosby's program recently, she started quite a furor. Everyone in the audience was clamoring for her autograph before and after the broadcast. Miss Earhart gave as many as she had time for and was very cool, calm and collected about it all. But when Bob Burns came up to shake hands with her and wish her goodbye, the gal who makes globes became suddenly shy. "I was just wondering, Mr. Burns," she said, "if you could give me your autograph?" Bob blinked his eyes with incredulity and drawled: "Well, can you beat that! I was just workin' up enough nerve to ask you for one!"

John Barrymore still has charms, even if Elaine Barrie doesn't think so. When the actor and his profile guest-starred on a recent Bing Crosby program, a pretty high-school girl pushed her way through the crowd, after the broadcast, and insisted on shaking hands with John. Then she presented her mother, and the Barrymore brows went up in disbelief. "This charming girl your mother?" he inquired, "but my dear, what a delightful liar you are!"

Barbara Luddy had just "gone Hollywood" to the extent of purchasing a home in the San Fernando Valley, when the news came that the *First Nighter* would be broadcast from Chicago from now on. Barbara refused flatly to move—until she was offered exactly twice her present salary and a three-year contract to host *Financier* Luddy then turned around and sold the new house at a neat profit, the day before heading east with her mother, Mrs. Molly Luddy, and Peteey, "just dig."

Marian Talley always looks neat and pretty at broadcasts, but a far cry from stonking. So the other evening, when she swished into the studio, all done up in a black hair gown and looking like a few million dollars, she had everyone in the place awed. The new looked as if they could stand it forever, but the woman couldn't stand a few another minute. "Tell us where you got it, please, Marion," they begged. "Marion looked very mysterious and shook her head. 'I wish I could,'" she said sadly, "but it's an imported gown and my contractor would be furious if I breathed her name." But just before leaving, Marion turned back at the door and said: "It was imported from the Kansas corn-belt. My sister Florence whipped it up one evening, after making the coast!"

CBS and NBC joining hands for three minutes, during the second annual *Radio Show* at the Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles, was an event in itself. But the whole



show turned out to be something extra special. There were fine performances by Burns and Allen, Al Jolson, Eddie Cantor, Don Ameche, Mack Gordon and Harry Revel, Ken Murray, Mary Martin, Johnny Green, Lum and Abner, Block and Sally and many other radio high-lighters. The show was emceed by Gary Breckner, Don Wilson and Walter Winchell.

Tops, however, for performances went to Eddie Cantor and Jack Benny. When Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy couldn't appear, due to picture re-takes, Jack and Eddie romped out in *Maytime* costumes, so as not to disappoint the audience. Jack was in a long rose-pink coat suit with hat to match, while Eddie was gowned in a delectable number of pale blue, which set off his dark beauty to perfection. Jack was in a long rose-pink coat suit with hat to match, while Eddie was gowned in a delectable number of pale blue, which set off his dark beauty to perfection. His hoop-skirt, however, nearly broke one of Benny's legs as they swung into a dance!

Presentations of Maureen O'Connor, thirteen-year-old singer, as *Queen of Radio* for 1937, was another highlight. Picked by the radio editors as next year's *Baby Star*, they will look after her career in a group. Small Maureen was almost hidden on the stage by her escort of beaming winners from the Mid-Western universities. These good-looking girls were picked out by a jury composed of Al Jolson, Joe Penner, Eddie Cantor, George Burns, Jack Oakie and Milton Berle. "The boys call themselves the 'Comedians Congress For Choosing Comedy Co-Eds.'"

Eddie Cantor's Helen Troy is no newcomer to the airwaves. She used to be

Sally of *Cecil and Sally*—remember? 20th Century-Fox are going to make a picture of Cecil and Sally, so the other day they called Helen over to make a test for the rôle. In a few days they sent her the message: "Sorry, you just don't look enough like Sally." Helen's wondering who's crazy.

When that *Wake Up and Live* program was broadcast recently, all the 20th Century-Fox Players were there in full regalia—among them Alice Faye, Walter Winchell and others. Just before the program then Bernie received a wire from the sponsor of the show: "Do you suppose that 20th Century-Fox would allow us to squeeze in a mention of the American Can Company?"

Little Ella Logan can do a few more things besides warble a torch-song. She can—and does—support some twenty-eight people, all of them relatives! Some are known here in Hollywood with her, but most of them are still back in Scotland. "Thanks be for the immigration laws," says Ella, "for natural comes considerable higher a lashed here in the States!"

Just as the signal was given to indicate that the *Community Sing* program was over, the other day, a voice was heard from the back of the auditorium: "Hey, Milt!" Everyone turned to see Vince Barnett standing in his chair and madly waving to attract Milton Berle's attention. "I was just wondering," yelled Vince, "if I could get my passes back!"

Mary Livingstone has more relatives than you can shake a mite at. Though

most of them are frequent visitors at the Benny home, Jack, it seems, doesn't get much opportunity to air his opinion of them. But he does at the broadcasts. There always are three or four of them sitting in the front row and the half-hour rehearsal before the show is inter-spersed with Jack's remarks to them. "So you think s-a-r-e, cute, because you're Mary's sister, huh?" or "Well, you may be Mary's aunt, but you're just an aunt to me," or "Mary's grandmother, eh? Can't see where she got her good looks?" And the loudest giggles come from the relatives.

When Tony Martin sings at the radio station, there are always plenty of pretty girls turned away, due to lack of tickets. But three hundred of them had their chance to hear Tony at the movie studio the other day—and received fifteen dollars for doing it. It was for a scene in *Sing and Be Happy*, in which Tony and Leah Kay will be radio stars, and the girls were needed for atmosphere.

It was "Water, water everywhere . . ." with Charlie Forsyth in the middle of it! *Alibi* he siring was over. The sound-effect man for the *Lux Theatre* was found up in his booth, plying a mop with all the vigor of a house-keeper, for Charlie had almost swamped himself while supplying background for Joe E.'s and Helen Chandler's love scene in a cowboat. Poor Charlie had to paddle all that time in a tub of water, with a flat stick, and engineer two hefty splashes when Joe and Helen got their ducking.

—By LOIS SVENSRUD.

# "WHY CAN'T I MAKE ANY TIME WITH BILL?"

**Avoid Offending...**

**Popular girls never risk offending. Luxing underthings after each wearing whisks away every trace of perspiration odor.**

Lux has none of the harmful alkali found in many ordinary soaps that may fade colors—wear things out. With Lux there's no injurious cake-soup rubbing. Anything safe in water alone is safe in gentle Lux.

**—for undies**

**LUX**

www.americanradiohistory.com

## BEAUTY ADVICE

(Continued from page 6)

I SIMPLY  
"LIVE" IN  
MY PEDS  
ALL YEAR  
'ROUND!

SO DO! THEY'RE  
COMFORTABLE  
AND SAVE SHEER  
HOSE. THE MOST  
SENSIBLE THING  
I'VE FOUND YET!



## HAPPY WOMEN

wear PEDS, with or without stockings. With stockings they guard against heel and toe wear... prevent runs. Without stockings, PEDS banish that "naked" feeling when you slip your feet into bedroom slippers, house or sport shoes. PEDS cover the foot completely... yet will not show above shoe top.

At hosiery counters of all 5c and 10c stores and department stores.

STANDARD Style for any shoe, mercerized knit, 20c pair, OXFORD Style for Oxfords, 18c pair or Sport Shoes, 25c pair.

\*STREET WEAR

Silk at slightly higher price. All stockings sizes. Get a pair today.

\*HOUSE WEAR

\*SPORTS WEAR

\*peds



COMMENTED  
Good Housekeeping  
on Pedals

SHOE-HI STOCKING SAVERS!

## Goodbye FRECKLES

Send for this true story of a freckled face girl's life. Learn how her skin freckled easily—how her homely freckles made her self-conscious and miserable at fourteen—how she gave up hope of ever being popular socially, until one day she saw a Stillman's ad.

She purchased a jar of Stillman's Freckle Cream. Used it nightly. Her ugly embarrassing freckles soon disappeared, leaving her skin clear, soft and beautiful.

It's a real experience that will bring hope to you too, reprinted word for word in our booklet "Good-bye Freckles."

50¢  
free BOOKLET SEND COUPON OR POST CARD

THE STILLMAN COMPANY  
Box 11, Aurora, Ill., U. S. A.  
Name.....  
Address.....

Stillman's  
FRECKLE CREAM

life easy! A laugh is their biggest exertion.

Next time you dine out, glance discreetly at your neighbor's bill of fare. Ten to one, if she is more than pleasantly plump, you will find her energetically pursuing cream soup and chicken à la king, right down to a fudge sundae with marshmallows and whipped cream! To the left of her you will find the "puff of wind" will blow her right way! Miss, demurely picking her way through a lettuce and tomato salad with sliced oranges for dessert!

How much better both of those neighbors would be if they would exchange likes! And you can develop likes—there is no doubt about that. Gladys Swarthout thinks thin! She has cultivated a taste for simplicity. She says anyone who takes just a little trouble can learn how delicious broths, lamb, chicken and vegetables really are—not to mention the myriad combinations of fresh fruit salads.

And you—who really need to count calories and hold them down to the "merest nothing"—should open your eyes to the delicious crispness of fresh vegetables and the lusciousness of fruits.

There is a lovely Fifth Avenue beauty salon that is now featuring a "Matière Vivante" luncheon that I wish you could all have—if just once. You would never again scorn the vegetables after you have seen the fascinating possibilities they have! This luncheon is composed solely of raw vegetables and fruits, and until you see it and taste it you can't imagine how delightful and soul-satisfying a health luncheon can be! If you would like to have a "Matière Vivante" luncheon, I shall be glad to give you the name and address of the salon.

And you—who need to count calories and make them add higher and higher—would be interested in my weight-gaining bulletin. A check on the coupon at the end of this article—a self-addressed envelope—and it's yours!

Exercise, you know, is the great normalizer. It takes inches off the overweight and adds curves to the underweight. Of course, during the winter months you wanted to cling to your firesides, but now, with the spring and summer here, do bestir yourselves and make up for lost time. The outdoor games and sports serve a double purpose by giving you fresh air at the same time you exercise. The summer sun does present some special problems of its own, though—and here is where your beauty editor comes to your assistance.

I have for you, this month, a generous sample—absolutely free—of a grand protective lotion. Even on cloudy days the sun can give you bad burns, so use it lavishly at all times. This lotion is made of thirteen fine imported oils and it will soften and soothe your skin at the same time it protects. Use it on your face and all exposed parts of the body. In fact, this lotion is so delightful, you will probably want to use it all over. It is quick-drying and non-greasy and gives your skin a lovely, satiny feel!

There is no substitute for comfort, especially during the holiday play season. I

am thinking you will be wanting to keep a large supply of this grand lotion at hand! So fill out the coupon and get acquainted with the free sample now!

Now that, with the aid of this lotion, you can "take" the outdoors and exercise. Let's turn our attention again to Gladys Swarthout's beauty secrets! In addition to her famous voice and beauty, Gladys Swarthout is known as being one of the world's best-dressed women. Yet, study her pictures. Her clothes are in exquisite taste, it is true, but they are not startlingly different or exotic. It is her own posture, grace and dignity that glorify any costume she might wear! And, so it may be with you. Whether you wear a gingham pinafore or a frothy, filmy frock, you, too, will be well-dressed if you wear your clothes with verve. How to acquire this dash? Well, that takes us right back to exercise and lozies.

Stand up. Now sit down again. How did you do it? Clumsily? Stiffly—with protesting and creaking muscles? Yet, countless times a day, you rise and seat yourself! And so you could go through the whole movement list. How much lovelier life, and you would be if you would awake to the possibilities your own body possesses. Your body is always with you, so why not train it to do your bidding? Become posture-conscious. Not just while standing or walking, but twenty-four hour a day posture!

Gladys Swarthout's liteness comes from her riding, badminton, swimming, and exercises. You may develop this same liteness. You don't have to take the exact exercises Gladys Swarthout does, but you should select activities you enjoy, so that you will really "put yourself" into their execution. Walking is a grand form of exercise all may take. Walk briskly. Be conscious of yourself and your posture while you are walking. You don't actually have to hike across the country with a basket on your head—just imagine that basket is there and hold your head up as though it were. If this idea is a bit too prosaic for some imaginations, then I would suggest you follow the "floating ribs." This has been described as a walking exercise where you visualize your ribs floating up and out before you. Try it. You will be amazed at the way you straighten up and the jerkiness vanishes from your movements.

That a straight line is the shortest distance between two points is a geometrical fact. It also is beyond dispute that economy and simplicity of movement make up grace and charm. Eliminate the body twisting and wiggling and you have taken a long step forward in pursuit of the body beautiful.

Economy of movement may sound like a far cry from summertime faintness and freshness, but I do feel that you will be interested in hearing about a new preparation that combines three grooming requisites all in one beautiful bottle! A combination eau de cologne, dusting powder and a mild deodorant, all in one.

Likewise—there is an economy of effort (as well as of purse) in a certain delight-

ful soapless shampoo I know. There is no doubt about it being a nuisance to spend hours over the shampoo on a glorious day. But what else are you to do? Well, write to me and find out about this time-and-energy-saving shampoo. A few drops of the shampoo, and you have a beautiful lather. Massage. Rinse the hair once. Dry. No bother about lemon or vinegar rinses, for there is no alkali to banish.

Now that you are becoming so posture and figure conscious, you will most likely note certain "spots" that need special attention. Give it to them! There is one figure fault that many many of you have mourned over, and now that short skirts are the style once again, and frivolous shoes are claiming their own, you are most anxious to do something about—large ankles!

Reducing ankles always has been a heart-breaking task, so I was delighted to come across a safe exercise that really gives results! A simple exercise, too. One that you can take while comfortably seated. One that you can surreptitiously practice in the movie, or while reading or at work, as well as at definitely "set aside" times. You simply cross your knees and, with the feet free, describe a circle. Repeat this exercise several times every day. It would be interesting to measure the ankles before beginning and then check your progress. Of course, you know, you don't get results overnight from exercises, but you do get results if you will stick to them!

You have reviewed the figure and posture and painless ways of acquiring perfection and grace. Someone has said: "Happiness lies not in doing what one likes but in liking what one has to do." I do hope that you, my readers, will take stock of yourselves and cultivate the habit of liking the things you should do. Then you will find the pot-of-gold at the end of the rainbow—"true beauty of form and spirit."

There is nothing like perfume to put you in time with the time, the place, and the one. It's fun to change your perfume to complement your mood. The gay, spirited charm of Paris in the spring is the inspiration for a delectable new perfume foursome. In this line you will find a pungent, fresh young scent especially adapted to sports tops. There is a delicate scent to strike a more subdued note for informal afternoon or business hours. And a romantic, languorous scent that is particularly appropriate for formal afternoon occasions or dining out. Then, to lend glamour and sophistication to your evening *decolletage*, there is a heavier, more exotic scent. Be sure to write for the name of this delightful perfume foursome. Your pin money can easily manage the set.

# Thirst!



Don't let your face become a desert!... prevent destructive "skin-thirst" with OUTDOOR GIRL face powder—contains Olive Oil for your protection

Sucked dry by relentless sun and wind! The parched Sahara sands show what happens when the vital moisture of nature is lost...

In this same way, nature's beauty-giving moisture is stolen from your skin. As early as 16, your face starts to dry—the charm of youth begins to fade.

Guard your precious complexion from dreaded "Skin-thirst" with Outdoor Girl Face Powder. By a special patented process each fine flake carries a tiny particle of Olive Oil to keep it from "sponging-up" the natural moisture so essential to a youthful skin.



## OUTDOOR GIRL

The face powder blended with OLIVE OIL



Six luscious shades of clinging loveliness, approved by beauty experts, at your nearest drug and department store, in the large size... **50c**

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

Mary Biddle, RADIO STARS,  
149 Madison Avenue,  
New York, N. Y.

Please send me the free sample of the protective lotion.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

P.S.—I would like the Weight Gaining Suggestions.

Give yourself the Outdoor Girl Beauty Treatment today!



## All Set TO GO PLACES



10c for the large bottle with comb-clip neck at all 10-cent stores.

Two formulas—regular (green) and the new No. 2 (translucent and fast-drying).



If you find it difficult to keep your hair just as you want it, use Superset—the easily applied fast-drying moisture lotion. Lustrous women prefer Nestlé Superset sets your hair as you comb it places...keeps it soft and shining...holds it in place in a lovely, natural way.

Superset is made by Nestlé, who originated the permanent wave. It is non-toxic, does not become "tacky," and will not stretch. It leaves no flaky deposit. The yellow and black Nestlé labels your guarantee of hair loveliness.

## Nestlé SUPERSET WAVING LOTION

### HAIR KILLED FOREVER

#### KILLED PERMANENTLY

It's a fact of life, with permanent waves, without losing the ability to attract and retain moisture. This hair-killing device is guaranteed to remove your permanency of waves without any loss of moisture. Product of C. G. B. Co.

CANFIELD & CO., 200 FIDELITY BLDG., 2575 Broadway, N. Y. City

## A New Freedom FOR WOMEN!

### APPROVED SANITARY PROTECTION

to be Worn Internally...

Once you have known the glorious freedom and comfort of Holly-Pax, the modern method of sanitary protection, you'll never go through a period without it.

Worn internally, Holly-Pax is never felt, and never shows. No fumes, with pins or belts. Holly-Pax is approved by the Bureau of Female Hygiene, Packard of Post, Inc.

THE WIX COMPANY  
Manufacturers—Los Angeles

## holly-Pax

AT 5 AND 10c STORES

# NO WOMAN COULD STAND HIM

(Continued from page 25)

potential football material in the college, which at that time flourished prominently in West Coast football news. But athletes did not call the young student as did music. He preferred lingering over his wind instruments, studying the theory of music. And when he horrified the Brothers of the school, by playing popular tunes on the chapel organ, his mother agreed with him that it was about time he quit school. I gave myself in body to what he already had given himself in heart and soul—his music, in an orchestra. In his junior year he left college. When he was sixteen he was making \$102.00 a week. In eleven years he had saved, the items neatly noted in his account books, \$850. For, allied with music in this boy is, also, matter-of-factness, a sound business head derived, no doubt, from his merchant forefathers.

Tony keeps accounts of everything. His money, his moods, his emotions he conserves as he conserves his finances. His main ambition, now realized, was to establish a trust fund for his mother and stepfather, so that he can know, and mix does know, that they are safe.

The saxophone, then, was the beginning. Now Tony plays the saxophone, the bassoon, flute, piccolo, clarinet, piano, with any woodwind instrument you can name through in for good measure. He never studied voice. He took only brief and sketchy lessons on the saxophone and piano. Music oozes from the pores of his skin. As we sat at luncheon in the Café de Paris on the 20th Century-Fox lot, I drummed rhythms on the tablecloth, sang a snatch of *Yankee Doodle*—seemed to be less a man than a musical instrument, so finely strung, and, like some bird of song, melodies pour from him, spontaneously.

It was when Tony was nineteen that he knew, concretely, what he wanted to do, to be. He had become associated with Tom Gerrin's Orchestra, playing at the Bal Tabarin in San Francisco. The orchestra toured to Chicago. This was the first time that Tony ever had been out of his native state. More, it was the first time he ever had gone to the theatre. And when he saw his first musical comedy, he knew that his world was there, his life work, his career—somehow up there among dancing, color, song and, above all, the shimmer of glancing notes, of music.

It was then that he began managing or playing with the better orchestras, at the World's Fair in Chicago, later over the National Broadcasting Company's programs in San Francisco. In 1931 he was broadcasting over the *Lucky Strike* hour and began to sing an occasional song with his orchestra. One of the heads of the music department at M-G-M heard him and was so impressed with the thrill and timbre of that young male voice that he induced Tony to come to Hollywood.

Nothing came of this trip. But four years later, when he made a return trip, things happened very swiftly. Tony got an agent. He signed a six-months' contract with RKO. Somewhere in that interval, in 1934, it was, he tested for the

part opposite Joan Crawford in *Sally McKee*—but was counted out on the score of youth. Musicals were slackening while he was with RKO and no picture presented itself for him. And at the end of the six months he asked for and obtained a release. The release became effective March 10th, 1936. On March 11th he signed with 20th Century-Fox. What happened was this: On the morning of March 11th his agent called him. He told the boy to be ready to go on that night at the Trocadero, with a show that included Dixie Danbar, "Fats" Waller and other well known professionals. Tony told me, "I was pretty scared. Most of the singing I'd done had been in front of my orchestra, into whose arms and horns I could crawl in the eggs and colobages came flying. I'd never sung alone. But there are times, you know, when you've got to know that you are good. If you can't know that of yourself, you're licked before you start. I knew I was good that night. I sang, among others, *You Hit the Spot*. Mr. Zarnek was at the Troc' that night and heard me. I must have been good," grinned Tony. "I must have hit the spot" for I signed a contract then, and here I am!

"Speaking of knowing you are good, you've not to know that on the air! If you don't, it comes right through the mike. You've got to feel all heated up and alive or it shows! In pictures it's different. There are the face, the gestures, the scenery, other players, all kinds of distractions to help out. On the air there is only one thing—the voice. And unless you are all primed and full of spring and alive, you're sunk. The mike can sear a strong man to death, if he dwells on this. George Burns, when I was on the air with *Humor and Alibi*, told me what to do if ever I blipped on the air. Missed a note, you know, forgot the words of a song, anything like that. He told me to stop dead, say to him: 'Well, George, you'll have to cut your dialogue tonight, I've got to begin all over again,' and just go on from there. I've never done it yet—but I may—anyone night, at any time. And there's no cover-up when you're live on the air. There it is, stark, irrevocable. All you can do is admit it and begin over again.

"Something awful is due to happen to me," said Tony, "sure as fate. For this far nothing has. I've always been lucky. I've always had the breaks. I've always had everything I wanted, done everything I've wanted to do. There have been no stumbling blocks, thorns or briars on my path. I've never had a secret sorrow, heartache, been disillusioned, had to turn the other cheek. The saxophone incident, when I was eight, strikes the keynote of my whole life. I wanted a saxophone. I couldn't have one. No? What happens? A delinquent account 'guy's with a saxophone. That's the way it's been.

"The only time the breaks may have been said to work against me was when I made my first picture and was asked to do the 'mumbling,' in a sequence to match another fellow's singing. In other words,



he actually sang the song, made the recording, and I just stood there and made faces as though I were doing the singing. I didn't mind. I think it's funny! I've never tried to keep it dark. The chap was Dick Webster, who sings at the Baltimore Bowl with Jimmy Greer's orchestra. We've had many a laugh about it since. My favorite song is *If You Don't Love Heaven*—which I sang in *Sings, Baby, Sing*—next, always, to *Yankee Rose*, of course.

Tony is not in love. Tony never has been in love. Tony has gone out, had dates with Frances Langford (Frances, Jack Oakie, Fred Astaire and Fred Allen are his radio favorites, by the way—and he says that no one yet born can put over a song like Alice Faye), Dixie Dunbar, and exclusively, as everyone knows, with Alice Faye. Tony will not, he says go out with two girls at one time. He will not submit to what other rising young stars submit—dates with two girls at one time, dates with this, that and the other girl, for the sake of publicity.

Tony will not, he said talk about "my romance with Alice Faye." Why? Because *there isn't any romance*. There never has been any romance. And unless the lightning called Love strikes them now, there never will be any "romance."

"We're fine friends," Tony told me. "We always have been and we still are and we will continue to be, I hope. We have a lot in common, everything in common. I like Alice an awful lot and I think, I hope, that she likes me. But there has never been any word about marriage between us. Never."

Tony doesn't want to get married. He says no woman could stand him. He is nobody. He likes to have his time to him-

self, do what he pleases with it. He likes to go out with the boys, play poker, go to the fights—things a woman wouldn't want to do. He doesn't want to marry for several years, if ever. He wants to work. He wants to sing. He'd like, best of all, he admitted, to travel with an orchestra of his own again. There is something about having an orchestra, traveling with it, meeting all kinds of new people, conquering new territories, that is in his blood. There must be something to it, the adventure of it, perhaps. For the nostalgia for an orchestra is in the hearts of all the boys who ever had one—Buddy Rogers, Fred MacMurray, Tony—

When I said: "But this marriage business—what will you do if you fall frantically, head over heels in love? Really in love? What then?"

"Then," grinned Tony, his white teeth flashing in the somehow Italianate darkness of his face, "then it wouldn't matter what I did or wanted to do or thought or theorized. When you fall frantically in love, I'm sure, everything goes black. And you *tap* *disagree* right into the front room of a Justice of the Peace and *pon* slowly into a *tee-shot* of a silly-looking groom and a bewitching bride—and that's that!

"I'd have to find a girl," said Tony, "who would boss me, order me around, tell me to get out of bed in the morning, or *clay*—I like strong-minded girls. I like independent girls. I like militant girls. The instant a girl says to me, when we're dining out: 'You order for me, I want to eat what you want to eat,' I like 'em. Or, if she asks me what I want to do, or begs me to tell her what I do—I'm through. The clinging vine type has no appeal for me, scares me to death.

I'm glad I was born in this age. I could never have endured the women who fainted at sight of a mouse, had 'fainting spells,' were weak and wally. A mother-complex, I guess. My mother is a very strong-minded woman. She always was plenty firm with me. She told me what to do and how to do it and she meant what she said and I knew it. And liked it. I still like it. I will want a woman to tell me what to do. I'm used to that kind of a woman and I couldn't be content, or even in love with any other kind.

"Also, when or if I do marry (which same I certainly am not contemplating—the columnists have done my contemplating for me), I'd like to marry a Hollywood girl, a girl in pictures or radio. Know why? Because if a girl in this business falls in love with a fellow and marries him, it's because she loves him and for no other reason. Girls in this business don't have to marry. They can take care of themselves, have everything they want. That very independence of motive appeals to me, you see. For when they do fall in love, you can be sure it's love and nothing else but.

"Right now I have my house in Beverly Hills. I have a Filipino boy who takes care of me, cooks me the Chinese food I love, the potato pancakes which are my favorite vegetables! I even know what I want to eat, you see. By the time this story appears I'll be on the *Hollywood Hotel* *House* and that's something I *ce*rtainly want."

"I was born knowing what I wanted, I guess. And I know that I've got it. I'm one hundred percent happy and there's no such thing as one hundred and one percent—is there?"



*Melt*

SKIN SMOOTH... THEN POWDER CLINGS



Lady Milbanke

"First smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream... then powder will look just right and stay."

IT DRIVES a girl nearly frantic when powder won't go on smooth—won't stay on! No worries like this if you use Pond's Vanishing Cream! "A *beautif*ic cream (Vanishing Cream) has the ability to melt away dried-out, dead surface cells," a famous dermatologist says. "New cells come into view—smooth and soft. The skin takes on a fresh, soft-appearing appearance instantly."

This smooth, new skin takes make-up beautifully. Dry, rough skin can't. Easy to

see why popular girls depend on Pond's Vanishing Cream. They *always* use it for perfect make-up before a date. You'll find it does wonders for your skin, too. Use it  
**For Powder Base**—A thin film of Pond's Vanishing Cream melts flakiness away. Make-up stays wonderfully smooth!  
**For Overnight**—Use after cleansing. No greasy, morning, your skin is soft.  
**For Protection**—Applies before long hours out of doors. Your skin won't rough up!

**8-Piece Package** POND'S Dept. MRS. V.G. Gibson, Dept. Rich Beauty package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous sample of 3 other Pond's Creams and 2 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. 1 package 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Street \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
 Copyright, 1927, Pond's Extract Company



Follow **THE NEW HOLLYWOOD HAIR STYLES WITH ENDURA**



**ENDURA KEEPS YOUR HAIR LOVELY, ALLURING PERMANENT WAVE THOSE STRAGGLY END CURLS**

Endura permanent waves those curly end and side curls and makes your present permanent last twice as long. Endura is so easy to use, so inexpensive, so certain. Without machines, heat or electricity you can permanent wave your surely curls at home while you work or read or even sleep, it's no trouble at all. More than 100,000 women have changed to this modern way to lovely, lasting waves.

**A COMPLETE PERMANENT \$1.00**  
The largest Endura gets you 50 curls. Every thing you need for a complete home permanent.

Endura is featured at drug, department and 5 and 10c stores. If you don't carry you supply you, ask him to order it.

**ENDURA**  
*Ten Curl* 25¢  
THE ENDURA CORPORATION  
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Look Years Younger  
APPROVED WAY TO TINT



**GRAY HAIR**

Quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray in lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. **BIRDWANTINE** and a small brush does it. Dried and approved for over twenty-four years. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Reverses and fading will not wash out. Simply rub on as new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Easy to remove by taking a lock of your own hair. **BIRDWANTINE** is only 50¢—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

**SECRETARIES, STENOGRAPHERS AND TYPISTS—Becomes An Expert STENOYPIST**

Stenoytists win today's preferred jobs and better pay. Stenoytist machine speed, accuracy and ease make your work faster, better, easier—and you get the credit. Executive welcome this machine—new way of taking dictation faster than any man can talk. Stenoytist is easy to learn—easy to use. We train you thoroughly at home in your spare time. At low cost and on easy terms. Write for interesting, free booklet "Stenoytist, the New Profession," describing the many opportunities in Stenoytist and telling how you may master it successfully.

**THE STENOYPIST COMPANY**  
Dept. 711-57, 4101 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

# NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH?

Compare the answers of your favorites

If you could ask your fan audience one question, what would it be?

**Harry Von Zell:** "Do you feel that the announcer is a definite part of your favorite program, or do you look upon him as a 'necessary evil'?"

**Frank Parker:** "It wouldn't be a question. It would be a statement—'Thanks!'"

**Virginia Verrill:** "Would you rather hear me sing ballads or rhythm songs—and why?"

**Lennie Hayton:** "What is there about my orchestra that you don't like? (I figure the good parts are by left alone.)"

**Jack Pearl:** "Have you any suggestions to make which might help me prepare my program so that you would derive more enjoyment from it?"

**Shep Fields:** "I can't help but want to know what each listener thinks of my little brain-child, *Rippling Rhythm*."

**Joe Cook:** "It wouldn't be a question. I'd invite him out to dinner."

**Tom Howard:** "Which type of comedy do you prefer—gags or situations?"

**Ally Lyman:** "I would like to know the ten favorite songs of each listener."

**Willie Morris:** "What type of song do you like best?"

**Leo Peisanz:** "How do you die?"

**Richard Hinberg:** "What do you think of me? (I'm only kidding, of course) but incidentally, is my program just what you want?"

**Irene Wicker:** "What can I do that would most improve my program—for citizenship, educationally and atomically?"

**Mervyn H. Wilson:** "Why do you stand for the countless imitations of the one and only superlative *Warner Glee Club*?"

**Harold Heidt:** "How much happiness are we bringing you? Happiness should be the goal of all entertainment. Performers are governed by emotions—they sing and play from their hearts, and if they make people happy, that's what brings them happiness."

**Anne Seymour:** "What do I do on the air, in the way of announcements or tricks, that you don't like?"

**Dol Casino:** "Is my singing intimate?"

**Jack Fulton:** "What types of songs do you like best to hear?"

**Meri Bell:** "Is there any chance you think I could make to improve my present activities on the air?"

**Edna Duchin:** "What suggestions for the improvement of my band have you?"

**Marion Talley:** "How am I doing? And do I inspire a love of music in you?"

**George Burns:** "How are the children?"

**Art Van Harvey:** "What particular moods or characteristics do you like about my characters—which ones don't you like?"

**Joan Blaine:** "Do you like actresses best when they are simple and sincere and quite natural—or do you prefer them when they are simply glittering with glamour?"

**Milton Berk:** "How long will you continue to laugh at my jokes?"

**Jack Oakie:** "Do you think I'm getting fat, or is the light bad here?"

**Loretta Lee:** "Have you ever bought any of the products sold by my sponsors, because I was on their radio programs?"

**Phillips Lord:** "Which do you prefer—musical or dramatic programs—and why?"

**Curtis Arnold:** "How do you like the commercials?"

Would you be willing to give up radio entirely for a screen or stage career?

**Edgar Bergen:** "I am more interested in radio because there is so little stage work and so unreliable. As a sportsperson, I am limited in pictures to being a specialty or to a short scene."

**Ed Wynn:** "For personal reasons only, I prefer the stage to any other medium. I was on it exactly 30 years before I entered radio."

**Phil Harris:** "No, because in my case I feel that radio is much more suited to my talents and gives one a much wider scope than the stage, or even the screen, can offer."

**Benny Venona:** "As far as I feel there are so many fans who don't go to the movies but who do listen to the radio. Radio is the most important thing for any artist, and pictures next."

**Rose Brown:** "Both will make me more famous than screen or stage. When

I become big enough, the screen and stage will come to me."

**Kenny Baker:** "Absolutely not. The value of radio as an entertainment medium is greater than the stage and screen combined."

**Edgar Guest:** "In no sense of the word an actor. Lack the ability and the art. Too late now to learn a nice profession."

**Adela Rogers St. Johns:** "The first few weeks I would have given up radio and gone back entirely to newspaper and magazine work. But radio grows on you, and soon you can't imagine being without it."

**Johnny Green:** "The only career for which I would be willing to give up radio entirely would be that of composing, on a respectably lucrative basis and in a spot where I could write the kind of music that I want to write."

**Bible Dudley:** "No. It's better to be heard but not seen."

**Ed Fitzgerald:** "Give up radio? Sure, if Carole Lombard were in the same moon pitcher with me."

**Elsie Hitz:** "No. I am too fond of radio work to give it up entirely. It would be perfect to be able to do a play and radio."

**Richard Crooks:** "No. Radio isn't entirely a business with me, but a means of reaching people, finding out what they want, and trying to give it to them."

**Allen Poycott:** "It would depend on the circumstances, of course, but I don't think I'd ever give up radio, since my kind of work succeeds there better than anywhere else."

**Ralph Kirby:** "No, I feel that radio gave me my first opportunity to fulfill my hopes of a singing career and I would never, as long as I am able to sing, want to give it up."

**Helen Broderick:** "No. The combination makes for a terrific following—that is, if you are good."

**Roscoe Turner:** "Radio work is more like being than anything else I have ever found. I like it—don't know whether I would have the same feeling about the screen and stage."

**Duke Ellington:** "I would not want to give up radio entirely, because it means a lot to me and my orchestra. I am not an individual performer, so personal appearances on screen or stage would mean little to me without a band behind me."

**Sedley Breese:** "No. Radio is the best and most direct medium of expression there is, as far as I'm concerned. Regardless of what other fields of entertainment endeavor I might invade, I would always want to remain in radio."

**Shirley Lloyd:** "It depends on the contract offered, but I would try to keep my radio contacts and make regular appearances over the air. Contacts made over the air are so much more intimate with your audience."

# Your Skin Responds with Beauty to this GERM-FREE care!

"I was heartbroken about my blemished skin. Then my aunt, whose skin is smooth as a girl's, begged me to try Woodbury's Germ-free Cold Cream."



"In less than three weeks, Bob began to invite me to dances. And last night he confessed he first fell in love with my complexion."

**Woodbury's Cold Cream helps to guard from blemish and to soften lines. Vitamin D ingredient stimulates the skin to breathe**

**G**ERMS are unfriendly to the delicate skin. Just waiting for some crack in its surface to set up a blemish-infection. So use a beauty cream that is germ-free... Woodbury's Cold Cream!

Less chance for germs to cause ugly blemishes when Woodbury's softens your skin. This cream arrests germ-growth.

And now Woodbury's Cold Cream contains another protective element that all skins need... Sunshine Vitamin D. Vitamin D wakes up the quick-breathing process of skin cells. And when the skin breathes fast, takes up oxygen quickly, it retains its youthful vigor.

Use Woodbury's Cold Cream to keep your skin soft, young-looking, clear. Use Woodbury's Facial Cream as a powder base to hold makeup smoothly. Each of these lovely creams \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ in jars; 25¢, 10¢ in tubes.

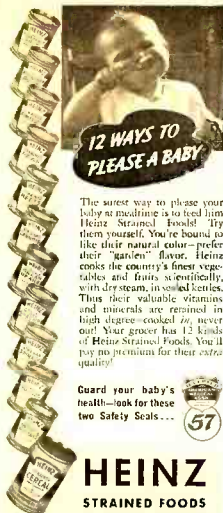


**MAIL for 10-PIECE COMPLEXION KIT!**  
It contains trial tubes of Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams, germ-free Woodbury's Linal Soap, 7 shades Woodbury's Facial Powder, Send 10¢ to cover mailing costs. Address: John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6779 Alford St., Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada: John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_


## .. SHE KEPT HER CHIN UP!

(Continued from page 21)



**12 WAYS TO PLEASE A BABY**

The surest way to please your baby at bedtime is to feed him Heinz Strained Foods! Try them yourself. You're bound to like their natural color—prefer their "garden" flavor. Heinz cooks the country's finest vegetables and fruits scientifically, with dry steam, in sealed kettles. Thus their valuable vitamins and minerals are retained in high degree—cooked in, never out! Your grocer has 12 kinds of Heinz Strained Foods. You'll pay no premium for their extra quality!

Guard your baby's health—look for these two Safety Seals... 

**HEINZ**  
STRAINED FOODS

**MEND THINGS!**

China  
Glassware  
Leather  
Toys  
Furniture  
Books


10¢ At Hardware, Drug & Grocers



**MCCORMICK'S IRON GLUE**  
MADE BY MILLIONS EVERYWHERE

**No More "Dead-Arm" Ironing**

FREE OFFER



**QUICK ELASTIC**  
HOT STARCH  
IN 30 SECONDS

Makes Ironing Easy

Learn to press things quickly to glazing perfection

We hope this message may bring you the decision now to turn, to change to this modern powdered starching and ironing compound. Irons never stick, they don't brown things and you get no spots or rings as with solid starches. We, The Huggins Co., number 401, Keokuk, Iowa will send our little proof packet. Simply write for "That Wonderful Way To Hot Starch".

arrangements, to build up a personal way of putting over the current popular songs.

Because her parents wanted it, she started college, at U. C. L. A. At some small college, Shirley might have found what she wanted, for she is a natural student, but the vastness of this great institution discouraged her. She loathed the sorority-fraternity madness that dominated college life, was unutterably bored by the endless teas, and got nothing out of sitting in some vast auditorium, listening to the droning of a professor she could scarcely hear.

Six months of it was all she could bear. But she had worked with a college musician, who had helped her with arrangements, and she felt increasingly confident that she was getting some-where with her singing. Putting school days definitely behind her, she concentrated on developing her own personality as a blues singer, realizing that originality would be her strongest card. Gradually the family was won over, urged her more and more to sing for guests.

It is a part of Shirley's credo to do her best always, under whatever circumstances, and she worked as hard for her family and friends as she would have for the coveted audition. Thus, when her chance came, she was ready.

Asked to sing at a Hollywood party, she stepped forward simply, very nonchalantly, and sang, refusing to let herself become nervous over the fact that Gus Arnheim and Sid Grauman were among the guests listening to her.

Arnheim, a popular West Coast orchestra leader, was so impressed that he gave her an audition and signed her to a nine-months' contract. She always had addressed and forewarned night clubs, but singing in the best hotels with this famous orchestra was just the opportunity she had been hoping for. It ought, she thought, to give her the entrée to pictures that was still her goal.

And she was right. M-G-M scouts saw her when she was singing at a Beverly Hills hotel, signed her, and she felt she was, at last, definitely started on the right road.

But the peppy little fighter had the hardest battle of her young life on her hands—she had to play that most exhausting, most discouraging game she had to win on the sidelines and wait. For, once having recognized her talents and charm, the studio officials made the same mistake they have made with others, notably Nelson Eddy and Deanna Durbin. Having bound her to a contract, they proceeded to forget her.

When she had sat around for a year, appearing only occasionally in small parts, New York scouts saw a bit of hers, liked it and decided to put her on Loew's circuit. In spite of her greenness, she was a hit, and studio officials were so impressed, they wired for her immediate return. It seemed like Opportunity with a big O, at last, for they wanted her to play the leading role in *Ready, Willing*. Shirley returned with high hopes—only to find that they had elongated their minds, converted it into a dancing picture and she was out!

Another year of idleness followed, and anyone less determined, less firm of purpose than Shirley, would have been ready to quit. But she had a good friend in Bernie Hyman, M-G-M producer, and he was determined she should have a chance. Through him, she secured a part in *The Devil Is a Sissy*. Shirley was delighted, so much so that when Paramount sought her out and offered her the leading role in *The Big Broadcast of 1937*, she turned it down. But they wouldn't take "no" for an answer, and, after reading the script and conferring with Hyman, the great decision was made. Shirley was released from her contract and cast her lot with Paramount.

It was a chance—and another challenge. And this time her ability was recognized and a part in *Hollywood Girl* followed immediately, and *Hawaiiki Wedding* next.

At the completion of this picture, she was told she could have a part in the *Temp-A-T* program if she wanted it.

The title fits definitely Shirley. It will be a long time before Shirley knows idleness again. Right now, between pictures, she is able to give a lot of time to her radio work. On Thursday, for instance, she meets her co-workers to plan the next week's program. She chooses her songs, goes over arrangements with Gordon Jenkins, her arranger, and Lud Gluskin, the orchestra leader. She rehearses ardently on Tuesday and again on Wednesday with the cast and finds time to study at least two hours at home on Monday and Tuesday. When the new picture starts, she will have, somehow, to fit this selected into the other. She plans to have two pianos, one on the lot and one in her dressing-room, and the rehearsing will have to be done at Paramount instead of the CBS studios. A heavy schedule, but she is young and healthy and she loves it!

"I am too newly arrived to relax for a moment," she said earnestly. "Radio, for instance, is a tricky business. You never know who is listening in, but you can always be sure someone important is. Someone whose opinion matters, now or later. Who will remember when you give a bad performance or were on a poor show. One bad radio program, one careless performance, can ruin two careers!"

And so to her new career, Shirley gives the same care, the same concentration she has given the other. She has a charming stage presence and throws herself into her song, is as peppy and provocative when working before the mike as she is before the camera.

And I have no doubt that, when it comes to marriage, these same qualities will be exerted to make that relationship the success she wants it to be.

Meanwhile, she continues to lead a normal home life with her mother and father and younger sister in their beautiful home in the Hollywood hills, with one of the city's loveliest views to add to their delight in life. She plays golf with her father, enjoys badminton, likes just being out of doors. She is sensible enough to be aware of the difficulties in attempting

to lead a natural, simple life under the stress and strain of pictures and radio work, but her family has been a tremendous help. When she comes home tired and inclined to be temperamental—or merely hot-tempered—they know just how to calm her down.

Can she, Shirley wonders, count on as much understanding and sympathy from a husband?

"I've always thought," she confessed, "that it would be much wiser for me to marry an older man, perhaps even a man who has been married before. I know I will take some handling! And two people having to learn how to adjust themselves to marriage would be an almost impossible situation in my circumstances. A man who had been married before would be able to foresee difficulties and to avoid them, would know how to manage a woman!

"And I have always thought it important for him to be in a similar line of work, in order to understand the demands on my time. It is the time element that presents the greatest difficulty—I might have to work one night and be the next, and he would have to be very patient to put up with a situation like that.

"I don't mean that I expect all the understanding and the giving to be on his side—I mean to do my part! Living at home, as I do, has taught me a lot, has helped me to keep my feet on the ground. Marriage is a very serious business and, when I marry, I am determined to do my best to make a go of it."

Shirley's best ought to be guaranty enough of happiness. And she has been lucky in finding a man who seems to



After presenting his CBS *Amateur Hour*, Major Edward Bowes finds relaxation in a game of solitaire.

measure up to her ideals, to fit beautifully the picture her imagination already had created.

For the man who escorts her to broadcasts and rehearsals, who keeps her supplied with garterlets for the shows, is an older man. He is a musician, an ex-pilot, and he has his own well-established place in pictures, which gives them a common background, many similar tastes and interests, and a firm basis for the relationship Shirley feels marriage should be. He is quiet, rather shy, but his adoration of Shirley is for all to read, and it

seems safe to predict that the security, the breadth of understanding that the young actress needs, are hers for the asking. And that she will appreciate these qualities seems equally evident.

Shirley has moderate tastes. Although she dresses very smartly, she dresses simply, too. She drives a coupe of a well-known make and drives as efficiently as she does everything else. Her father handles her finances, but she is well aware of the value of money and careful in her spending. There are many dollar books on her library shelves, but they are classics, books of proven worth, and they are well read. With money sense, she has that larger sense of values that will give her a proper perspective in love as well as in business.

When she has enjoyed success for a while and been able to relax a bit, to let up on the terrific struggle she feels is still essential in order to hold and better her but recently achieved place in the limelight, she will want more time for travel, for study, for her brow—and for the boy and girl that are a part of that particular dream.

And I feel that if anyone could make a go of marriage in the hectic motion-picture atmosphere, Shirley is the one to do it. And just because she will make a business of it, will give herself to as ardently as she gives herself to her work on the screen and on the air.

Whatever is worth having, is worth fighting for—and when Shirley marries, you may be sure her marriage will come first and her gaiter-buffing qualities will make it a success.

## WHY DID HE CALL ME "A COLD WEATHER GIRL"?



I HEARD JACK SAY I WAS A "COLD WEATHER GIRL" AND NO GOOD ON SUMMER PARTIES

I'M SORRY HE HURT YOU, ALICE... BUT YOU SHOULD BE MORE CAREFUL IN HOT WEATHER



I AM VERY CAREFUL! I BATHE EVERY SINGLE DAY

BUT ARE YOU USING LIFEBOUY? WE ALL NEED ITS VERY SPECIAL PROTECTION IN HOT WEATHER



LIFEBOUY CONTAINS A SPECIAL PURIFYING INGREDIENT NOT IN OTHER WELL-KNOWN TOILET SOAPS

IF IT REALLY STOPS 'BO' JANE, I'LL TRY IT!



WHAT GLORIOUS LATHER... I NEVER FELT SO THOROUGHLY CLEAN IN MY LIFE



LATER Alice enjoys lusting freshness

HOW DO YOU KEEP SO FRESH AND DAINTY IN ALL THIS HEAT?

CROSS MY HEART... JUST REGULAR LIFEBOUY BATHS!



AND YOUR SKIN'S SMOOTH AS CREAM

LIFEBOUY freshens, clears, helps condition dull, tired skin... And it really flatters skin already lovely... For Lifebouy is mild!—More than 20% milder by test than many so-called "beauty soaps" and "baby soaps."

Do you know that more American women—men and children, too—use Lifebouy for the bath than any other soap? It's a fact—revealed when 8 leading magazines questioned 120,000 women!

THAT COMES FROM USING LIFEBOUY, TOO!





## There's A New Thrill To Skin

When cleansed with this amazing beauty treatment



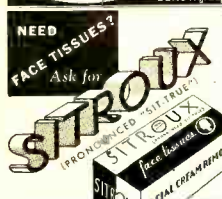
EVERYWHERE women are raving about a thrilling, new beauty cleanser that leaves the skin unbelievably soft, smooth and alluring. It is called Lavena, and it works such beauty wonders because it is artfully neutral in action. For, while Lavena removes every trace of dirt and make-up—it does not dry the skin or do virtually ALL alkaline cleansing methods in use today.

### Do These 2 Simple Things Daily

Simply mix Lavena with warm water to a creamy smoothness and rub on gently with your finger tips. Remove immediately with a wash cloth dipped in warm water. Do not use soap or cold cream. Then see how refreshed your skin looks. How beautiful, how velvet soft it feels.

Over 1 million packages of Lavena have already produced amazing results. Get a package from your drug department or the store. A week's trial will thrill and delight you.

**Lavena** SOFTENS—SOOTHES—CLEANSES—BEAUTIFIES.



AT 5 AND 10c STORES

**STOP** "painting" your white shoes. Clean them white safely with Shu-Milk. It absolutely removes dirt, won't rub off and will not mat back or suede. Guaranteed best ever used or your money refunded.

**GET RID OF UGLY HAIR** **zip** PERFUMED DEPILATORY  
Today's most popular depilatory. Instantly eliminates every trace of hair. As delightful as your choicest cold cream. Simply spread on and rinse off. Ask dealer or write Medame Berthe, 562 Fifth Ave., New York

## AFRAID OF HER LUCK

(Continued from page 31)

Draguonette fans would say.

"Of course Mother was delighted. She could enjoy the pleasure of my being chosen to be star without having the worry of all the other things. You see, I realized the job I had to do. I knew there would be much talk this way and that, some good, some bad. But I am happy to say that of all the stacks of fan mail which I have had since singing on *Cities Service*, only two letters have been unfriendly. And we all figure that both those notes were from the same person."

One of those notes was a valentine sent to Lucille. Although she says she does not worry about it, the comic valentine must have made a deep impression on her, for she went to great lengths to explain what it was and how it did not fit her at all. She still maintains the defensive attitude about herself. She has not yet learned to take such minor things on the chin, and let them roll off unnoted. She still has the outlook of an ingenue.

Born in Newark, New Jersey, Lucille Manners has had but one thought before—a singing career. Her mother was determined to make her daughter a singer. When Lucille was two years old, she was taught nursery songs, her mother accompanying her on the piano. That was before Lucille Manners came into being. Her name at that time was Marie McClinchy. Lucille was born with a singing voice, having inherited it from her mother and her grandfather. Although neither of them was a professional, they sang in church choirs, were soloists in charitable festivals. Lucille's grandfather sang with a German quartet. But he was over-moderate about his voice. He would not sing even at home where his family would hear him. Lucille's mother was determined that her daughter should be a professional singer, that nothing in the world should stop her.

However, Lucille's singing was interrupted when she was three. Interrupted by pneumonia which almost cost her life. Only by tedious and unflinching care was she saved. During her convalescence her lungs were found to be weak. In order to strengthen them, it was necessary for her to blow into large tubes.

"That really was the beginning of my singing training," she laughs. "My lungs became unusually strong, which is a great help now when it is necessary to have perfect breath control. I believe that early strengthening of my lungs has helped me as much as any one thing since."

When Lucille was sixteen, she spent her summer vacation from school working to earn money for singing lessons. "I liked the idea of working, so much so that I did not return to high school for my senior year," she continues. "It was grand to be earning money, to be building a fund for future singing lessons. Of course, it was a shame that I didn't go back that last year, it did seem too bad not to finish high school when I had so little longer to attend," she adds a little wistfully.

The next few years were spent by Lucille either typing in an office or singing.

Every moment away from the typewriter was devoted to music. Even lunch hours were taken in auditioning, later in fifteen-minute broadcasts. Fired from one office because they felt she spent too much time singing, Lucille was unemployed. She took other jobs, keeping them as long as they did not interfere with her beloved music. For five years, her life was spent in a tireless effort to become a professional.

During this time she became a member of the Opera Club of the Oranges, a semi-professional club of music lovers in New Jersey. Her first operatic role was as a member of the quartette in *Ruybleto*. It is a true saying that a busy person always has time to do one more thing. Lucille Manners, at this time, never refused to do anything which was connected with music. It is surprising that a slight, five-foot girl should have been able to withstand such a strain. Such a girl she allow herself more than five or six hours' sleep at night. It was as a member of the Opera Club that she met her teachers, Louis Dornez and his wife, Retsy Culp. They became interested in the tiny blonde with the huge voice. Mr. Dornez was singing for the National Broadcasting Company and he procured an audition for Lucille. Accepted, she was given a few great spots, but there was not enough revenue for her to be able to give up her daily job of stenographer in Newark. Finally her teacher realized that the years of hard work with little rest were beginning to tell on the tiny person. He begged NBC to give his star pupil a sustaining program, which would mean a steady income. They agreed to do so. It was at this time that Marie McClinchy became Lucille Manners.

"I hated the thought of changing my name. But Mr. Dornez said that McClinchy would be too difficult to understand over the air, that I must have a simpler name. NBC was adamant about my having another name. Mr. Dornez had known a successful singer whose name was Manners, so he thought it would bring me good luck. I had taken his advice on everything up to then, so I said to him: 'If you say so, all right.' Then I was told that I could not be Marie Manners, that it was not euphonious, that I would be known henceforth as Lucille Manners. I was heart-broken. My grandmother's name had been Marie and I hated to give it up. But again, I bowed to Mr. Dornez' decision."

The next two years were a heaven on earth to Lucille Manners. She moved to New York City, bringing her mother and father with her. Mr. McClinchy had been in the hat business in Newark and now he transferred his job to New York, to make life easier for his only and adored daughter. Lucille had her own sustaining program over the NBC networks. She was guest star on several programs. She was on *Morning Parade*, a daily sustaining program. She became a featured singer on the Viennese program of Hugo Kiesenfeld, the same man who now is in California working on motion picture scores. With guest appearances and sustaining



programs. Lucille was happy—but there was a little yearning, too. She kept wondering when she would make that jump to the place coveted by all radio artists—the sponsored program. One night, when she was making a guest appearance on the old *Bub-O* program, an executive of that same advertising agency which handles *Cities Service* heard her sing *One Night of Love*. He and his wife were having dinner and both remarked on the beauty of the voice which was coming out of the loudspeaker. *NBC* was called on the telephone at once. "Who was that girl singing on the *Bub-O* program?" the executive asked. "Can you arrange five auditions immediately?"

"The next thing I knew," Lucille relates, "was that *NBC* called me for five consecutive auditions. I was not told the why and wherefore. With a full-piece orchestra I was put on five different sustaining programs and told I was singing over the air. It was the strangest thing I ever had heard of, but I was willing to do anything if there were a chance of a sponsor. This I could only guess. Everything was done with the utmost secrecy.

"A week, ten days passed, and I heard nothing from these auditions. In the meantime I was doing sustaining programs and more guest appearances. Finally, when I thought I could stand the suspense no longer, I was told that Jessica Dragonette of the *Cities Service* program was taking a vacation and I was to substitute during her absence. Walking on air? Of course I was! Even though I knew that it was only an extended guest appearance. Then again, the following spring, I was substi-



A Texan from 'way down thar, Dell Sharbut, popular CBS announcer, clings to his old ten-gallon hat.

tute for Jessica." Lucille sighed as she looked back at those days, thinking of the years and months of waiting for something big to come her way.

Last fall, Miss Manners was asked to be understudy to Helen Gleason in the current Broadway musical, *Frederika*. She was delighted with the thought of getting experience in stage work. Her ambition is to be an opera star and any opportunity which helps her on this road, Lucille grasps. However, when she was about to accept definitely the offer of stage work, she was given the important spot of replacing Jessica Dragonette on the air.

"It was too important a step in my career for me to refuse. In fact, I could hardly realize my good fortune—and to think that I am signed for three years!" She hesitated. "I am afraid to mention that, though! I keep telling myself it is for only one year, that the next two years are optional with the sponsor. In reality, my contract reads with options for the five years following the original three." That old contradiction again. In one breath she is confident that everything is perfect. In the next, she is afraid of her good luck.

So many times her career has been threatened, that she hesitates to plan for anything more than the next few weeks. When she first started studying voice, she took lessons from a teacher for six months. She and her mother noticed that her voice gradually was becoming hoarse. She stopped lessons and practicing and waited—waited for her voice either to recover from mismanagement or to disappear completely. For seven months she was afraid to sing.

Again, two years ago, the doctors told her that she must have her tonsils removed. Fearful of what effect this might have on her voice, she postponed the operation until a year ago. After recovery, she found that her voice no longer was a contralto; she had become a soprano. But in those few weeks, when she was not sure whether her voice had changed or vanished, she suffered heartbreaking suspense.

Now that good fortune has come her way, Lucille Manners is afraid. She is fearful of Fate tricking her. Now a prima donna on the air, in reality she is a little girl who dares not trust her good luck.

The scene changes—so must your perfume



GARDENIA—true essence of the exquisite flower, heart-throbbing as a summer breeze...enchanting from dawn to dusk.

No. 3 PERFUME—the mysterious lure of the Orient...tempting, seductive as the enraging spell of a romantic mood.

The right perfume for each magic moment—you need these two glorious fragrances as much as correct clothes to grace every occasion. Park & Tilford Gardenia and No. 3 belong in 25¢ your life. Get them at leading druggists and dept. stores...

A smart take-away size for use in the ten-cent stores.

**PARK & TILFORD**  
FINE PERFUMES FOR HALF A CENTURY

Perfumes

FAOEN

## EASY GOING EASY ACES

(Continued from page 41)

This much more  
EXCLUSIVELY in a  
SHELVDOR



• MORE BEAUTY  
• ECONOMY • CONVENIENCE  
• USABLE SPACE • ACCESSIBILITY  
EXCLUSIVELY IN

**CROSLY**  
ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS

**NEW KIND OF  
SEAL**

FOR JAMS..JELLIES..ETC.

A WHOLE  
PACKAGE OF 25  
FOR ONLY 10¢



**JIFFY-  
SEAL**

FOR EVERY  
KIND OF GLASS  
OR JAR!

**Saves Time**—Jiffy-Seal is the marvelous new invention for sealing jams and jellies of every kind. No wax to melt. No tin tops to boil. Just moisten, press on, and it's done!

**Saves Money**—25 Jiffy-Seals for 10¢! Use all your odd-shaped glasses or jars! No new glasses to buy! No tin covers needed!

**Saves Preserves**—Millions find Jiffy-Seals give absolute protection! Tough, air-tight, transparent seal! Preserves are safe when protected by Jiffy-Seals!

At 5c and 10c stores, grocery and neighborhood stores. Or send 10c to Clopay Corp., 1238 Exeter Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

but in the meantime, think of the grief and the strain and the worry. He has to watch every little thing. He has to worry about the back-slappers and the slippery-tongued hangers-on who keep telling him he is great, no matter what he does.

"Now, we've got a little show, a happy, comfortable little show, that just goes on its even way, week in and week out. We try to build steadily all the time, but we've got a long way to go to hit the very top. I hope we don't hit the top for quite a while, because we're doing all right the way we are.

"More money? What good would that be? The more you make, the more the government takes! If we earned more, I figure we wouldn't earn enough more to make up for the additional grief.

"Jane and I live the way we like to live. We have a nice apartment; high in the Essex House in the heart of New York City. It's delightfully cool there in the summer, warm in the winter. We have our friends. We don't care much for night clubs or rushing around to the hot spots, Beverly Hills houses and swimming pools? Baloney! We'd be out of touch with the kind of people we know and for whom we broadcast. The psychology of it would be wrong."

Change the *Easy Aces* program? Goodman shook his head emphatically "no."

"Why?" he asked again. "This show still has friends and is going along all right. I will admit I get a bit stumped for story ideas now and then. But every time I think there's nothing else for us to do, something else comes along.

"Of course, like everybody else, we have 'family' problems. We have to be careful about expanding our little group, having or adopting a child, or letting an aunt or uncle visit us for too long. Because, as in real families, they're apt to be too expensive. Yes, ah, you see we pay off in salaries!

"For instance, do you remember, a while back Jane wanted to adopt a child? Well, I was worried for quite a while how that story was going to come out. If we really had adopted a child, it would have been a permanent member of the family. A permanent cost addition with a permanent salary and, worse than that, I'd have had to think up dialogue for it as well as for Jane and Margie and me!"

Like most newspapermen who have been trained to write on "deadlines," Goodman never minds out his radio script until the very last moment. Two are due on Sunday evening and that means he has to work all day Sunday. Another is due Monday. No, of course, he never does an on-the-air!

"Sometimes they come right out of the typewriter," Jane told me. "Other times, it takes hours for him to get them going, hours of walking up and down, smoking cigarettes, lying down on the couch, drinking one glass of water after another—oh, well you know all the things a writer can think up to do in order not to write!"

"What do you do about it?" we asked Jane. "Can you help with the ideas?"

She laughed. "Mostly," she answered, "I fetch the water or the cigarettes. Sometimes I make a suggestion and she says: 'No, no, that's not it, but still—wait—' and then he goes and bangs away. But when it comes out, it's nothing like what I said."

Goodman tried a couple of script writers at one time, he said. He thought they would give him not only rest, but fresh ideas.

"It didn't work," he said. "The writers, clever as they were, got me off on wrong tangents. Ours is just average family stuff and I usually get my ideas from friends of ours, or amusing things that actually happen to Jane and me—dramatized, of course. My hired writers tried to be too clever."

That story that Jane is such a swell comedienne and that Goodman wants her to go on the stage or in the movies and develop her talents? That, it appears, came out of a spontaneous compliment paid one evening by Frank Fay, after he had watched the *Easy Aces* broadcast. He told Jane she was simply swell and she had something definitely for audiences. That she ought to do something with her ability.

Pleased with the praise, Jane says frankly she thinks Fay is over-optimistic.

"Actresses know instinctively when to laugh or cry or have a little catch in their voices, don't they?" she asks. "Well, I never do. It never comes to me. I have to go over my script beforehand and mark in every little piece of business such as laughing, sneezing, coughing or crying. Now it's fun, but I want to do nothing more. If ever this program stops, I am going to retire and let Goodman do the work from then on. I'll just be a wife. I love to go shopping!"

Goodman Ace is his own publicity director, for two reasons. First, he doesn't, at heart and although a newspaperman, believe in publicity about the *Easy Aces*. He doesn't like to send out fan pictures. He doesn't believe in personal appearances. He thinks such things destroy the illusion he and Jane have built up in seven years over the air, that the *Easy Aces* are an actual family with woes, hopes and happiness, as any other family. He tells me they get many letters from fans who naturally worry about Jane's and Goodman's problems, and take them seriously as a real family.

"Why make those people think of us as performers, rather than real individuals?" he asks. "We tried personal appearances once. Our fan reaction wasn't good and we hated the personal appearances ourselves. We hated the noise, the crowds, the pushing, the five or three or four-a-day shows we played. People stared at us. We felt like curiosities. The way we live now, nobody knows us. Nobody stares at us. We can go about our own business like human beings and keep our perspective."

"We had a press agent once. He got us fine notices in the paper, but when I'd pick up somebody's radio column and read

things like: "Goodman and Jane Ace are the two best bets on the air today." I'd know it wasn't anything we'd done that had attracted that notice. It was just the press agent doing his job. If you really do a good job, you don't need press agents. Your fans will talk about you.

"Change our name, just because bridge isn't as popular as it once was? I think that's silly, too. We're known as the *Easy Aces* and it is a good name and we are going to keep it. It would be like changing your married name. It would just confuse your friends.

"Go in the movies? I don't think so. We tried making some short subjects once, but we didn't like the work. Again, it destroyed illusion and, again, it took too much of our time and kept us from leading the kind of pleasant, quiet life we like. I think it's better if people don't know what we look like."

About that crack of Goodman's that it took him a long time to win Jane over to the idea of being Mrs. Ace, it's true. It took him the better part of twelve years.

You might call him, this figure out of *Gentlemen of the Press*, this hat-wearing, cigar-smoking, nonchalant Goodman Ace, a true, certainly a persistent romantic. He fell in love with blonde, post Jane when they were in the seventh grade at school.

He wooed her obstinately, through seventh and eighth grades, high school, journalism work at college and after he became a full-fledged newspaperman, until she said "yes," twelve years later!

She wouldn't give him the time of day at first. She had lots of beaux and, to her, Goodman was just that boy who sat across the aisle in school.

In order to see her at all, he was at one time reduced to calling on the kid sister, under pretense of helping with school lessons, but always hoping for a glimpse of Jane.

One night, after he had become a pretty good newspaperman, he called up and said he had a couple of passes for an Al Johnson show. Would she go? Nobody else had asked her and it was a good show. She would.

Goodman pressed his advantage. He kept on getting more show passes and taking her out. He started proposing. Any place, any time. At the soda fountain after the show. Underneath the arc light on the way home. In the movies. Between rubbers of bridge. She just laughed gaily and Goodman kept right on.

One night there was a full moon—a lovely, big, glowing Kansas moon—and Jane found herself being kissed. By the time papa got down to the front door, they were engaged. They were married shortly thereafter and have lived happily ever since.

*Easy Aces?* Come to think of it, it's not such a bad name. They're easy-going, pleasant people with a thoroughly sane slant on life. Maybe that's why their program has kept along at its comfortable gait these past years, and why so many radio listeners think of them as friends.

## NEW... a CREAM DEODORANT

*which safely*

### STOPS PERSPIRATION

Arrid is the ONLY deodorant to stop perspiration with all these five advantages:—

1. Cannot rot dresses, cannot irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days—keeps armpits dry and odorless, saves dresses from perspiration stains and offensive odor.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid is the ONLY deodorant to stop perspiration which has been awarded the Textile Seal of Approval of The American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.



39¢ a jar

At drug and dept. stores

# ARRID



TRIAL JAR. Send 10 cents (stamps or coin) for a generous size jar of Arrid. Feminine Products Inc., 55 Park Place, New York, N. Y.



MAN'S WORK LASTS  
TILL SET OF SUN

# WOMAN'S WORK IS NEVER DONE - YET

WHILE DOING OTHER THINGS YOU CAN ENJOY *Double Mint*  
GUM — HELPS KEEP YOUR FACE YOUNG AND LOVELY.

Are you registering your radio preferences? See pages 56—57 of this issue. Let us hear yours. Address: QUERY EDITOR, Radio Stars, 149 Madison Avenue, New York.

For the **BRIDE**  
the Bride-to-be,  
and the Bride of  
Yesterday—



"Here comes the Bride" ... and you think of Orange Blossoms—their delicate loveliness and subtle fragrance. In perfect keeping is Bo-Kay Orange Blossom Talcum—leather-textured, refreshing, silky-smooth—the romantic product she will want later, too, to keep that "bridal-day-freshness" always!

**DOES THIS SURPRISE YOU?**

**Guarantee**

Bo-Kay Orange Blossom Talcum is made from the finest and purest ingredients obtainable. Its quality compares with other brands sold at up to five times the price—for the same quantity as is contained in our ten-cent package!

Bo-Kay Perfume Co.  
Jacksonville, Fla.

The Superfine Tale Texture  
Keeps a little Bo-Kay Orange Blossom Talcum between the sensitive backs of your hands. Note its satin-smoothness, and freedom from grit.

**10¢**

At all 10c stores in generous sized attractive package

*The Original*

**Bo-Kay Blossom  
Orange Talcum**

**MADE IN FLORIDA**

*Fingernails too,*  
**TELL A  
STORY**



**10¢**

There's romance in dainty fingers—but they must be well groomed to their very tips... if they are to tell a love story. It's so easy to keep fingernails lovely and beautiful with WIGDER Manicure Aid. WIGDER Nail Files do their work quickly because they have even, triple-cutting teeth for smooth and fast filing. WIGDER'S Improved Cleaner Point is specially shaped and enables you to clean nails quickly.

On sale at all drug and  
5 and 10 cent stores.

*Wigder* quality costs no more

MADE IN U.S.A.  
NAIL FILES • TWEEZERS • NAIL CLIPS • SCISSORS

## PINE RIDGE GOES HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from page 39)

But we love it here, too, and we thought it was foolish not to go where we could get sunshine and outdoor life, as long as we could afford it."

Just as *Pine Ridge* is "a little wide place in the road" and *Mena*, the boys' home town, a city and the county seat, so Hollywood is just another pretty place in which to live. The fact that movies are made here, and that the world at large imagines it as a rather hectic spot, has not prevented the boys from seeing it as an overgrown country town, with much to offer in the way of the quiet life they love.

"The people are grand—you expect them to be different, maybe, but they aren't. They are just the same as in Chicago or *Mena* or anywhere. And we have so many friends here, Bob Burns and Don Ameche, for instance—Don used to live in the same apartment house with us in Chicago, and now Goff's place is right next to his."

Overhearing Lauck and Bob Burns' exchange reminiscences is like listening in on one of their programs. "Did you know—have you seen—do you remember—Annyahis Jones, Sadie what's her name, that girl with the yellow pigtails." And with a drizzling twang that grows richer as the talk goes on:

"Black home" takes on a deeper meaning to us all, as time and space widen between us, but it seems that Lauck and Goff—and Kolan Burns—are more fortunate than most, for their home town and their past are ever with them, an integral part of their lives and of themselves. We cannot all turn our memories into a livelihood—perhaps that is why the little glimpses they give us on their program have, in addition to humor and homely philosophy, a certain nostalgic charm.

As a hotel proprietor, Lauck has a big house, a swimming pool in the rear and an acre of fruit trees—orange, lemon, tangerine, kumquat, avocado. And Goff (who is "Tuffy" to his intimates) has fourteen acres, a swimming pool, of course, a tennis court, a horse and—less usual on a Hollywood "ranch"—hens and a cow and calf. The cow has obliged them with four gallons of milk a day and the hens provide fresh eggs for breakfast. Also, we must not forget the parrot of the Great Dane and the darshund!

Evidently the odd combination of dogs appealed to Chester Lauck, for he provided his family with a cocker spaniel and a St. Bernard!

"There is nothing very startling about our lives," Lauck commented. "It is all very simple, but we have a big time, enjoy life a lot..."

"We admire and love that type of character," Goff explained, "and the simple life they represent. You might not think it, but we would be perfectly contented to live just that sort of life."

*Mena* sounds a far cry from Hollywood, but they were unanimous in exalting its charms—if either suffers by comparison, it is Hollywood!

The cross-section of life and the people they present on their program are intimately known to them from long associa-

tion in their boyhood days and from later thoughtful study and careful interpretation. They present them with all their foibles, but they never mock or make fun of them.

The program itself came about almost accidentally. The boys had enjoyed amateur theatricals, but had expected to live the same sort of life that their friends did, to follow some more usual line of business. Both had been in college. Lauck had studied commercial art and had edited a small magazine in Texas, before returning to *Mena*, and, after some time in a local bank, became manager of an automobile finance company. Goff was helping his father run a wholesale grocery business and the boys, who had known each other since childhood, went about together and fell into the habit of helping with such local entertainments as were put on by the Elks and the Lions Club.

They both possess a keen sense of humor, as well as insight into the natures of the people they knew and dealt with. So, when they had an opportunity to go on the air in Hot Springs, they devised a brief skit based on the hill folk they had come in contact with. It was in April, 1931, that *Lam* and *Usher* thus came into being, but the two boys, busy at their respective jobs next day, were far from guessing what a momentous occasion that had been.

Like a snowball rolling down hill, that first broadcast led to mine more and the boys suddenly were confronted by the startling idea that they might have hit upon something with real possibilities. A vacation time-out for some intensive thinking, seemed in order. Radio was young and alluring. An audition in Chicago was the next step, and, before they had really made up their minds, they found themselves signing a contract.

Their early experiences were not too successful. They had a succession of sponsors and, for one reason or another, though *Pine Ridge* and the little coterie which gathered at the *Jat 'Em Down Store* were very popular with their fans, the program still was restricted to the Middle West. It was not until the latter part of 1934 that, through the interest and efforts of the late Mr. Horlick, they were put on a Coast-to-Coast hook-up and became familiar to fans from Maine to Florida, from New York to Hollywood.

Chicago had become home, with the Laucks, whose household includes two lovely little girls, Shirley Mae and Nancy, and the Goffs, with their baby boy, Gary, established in beautiful apartments on Lake Michigan. Their wives were Arkansas girls, both dark-haired and pretty, both quiet, both well content to follow where their husbands led. Like the boys, they have been completely unspoiled by their increasing affluence. Each runs her big house the way they were taught back home. They like to shop at the Farmers' Market and come home laden with fresh vegetables and fruit.

"Probably spend a whole lot more than they would if they stopped by phone,"



was Lauck's amused, husbandly comment. Naturally, all of them enjoyed their introduction to Hollywood and a taste of Hollywood's famed night life. They had to go to the Clover Club, the "Croc," the Brown Derby, to see their favorite movie stars near to.

But otherwise Hollywood has had no more effect on them than Chicago. Nor is it likely to. They retain their Arkansas twang, almost that way of speaking, though naturally not so noticeably as for *Lulu* and *Ahner*. More important, they retain that way of thinking, that deep sense of values.

"Naturally, our way of life has been changed and we've been changed by our experiences," Goff said. "Just as anyone is changed who travels, who meets a lot of people. But fundamentally, we are the same. Like the same things, have the same ideals."

They are essentially conservative, putting their money by in the form of annuities and not living extravagantly, not doing anything for show. They thoroughly enjoy being able to have the things they like, to dress well and to give their wives and children security as well as pleasure. They like to have a good time, as anyone does, but they see that good time in terms of being together, of playing golf, of swimming and boating and riding, and perhaps risking a small bet now and then at Santa Anita. They'd like to travel.

"But we are not in any hurry," Lauck grinned. "As long as anyone wants to hear about *Lulu* and *Ahner* and their doings, we won't get far away!"

Of course, being in the movie capital, they have given some thought to the making of a movie. But not just any movie—they won't make one at all, unless the right vehicle can be found. Something that will present *Pine Kettle* and its inhabitants as they really are, as they are portrayed to you over the air. They would not risk spoiling the illusion that has been so carefully created, destroying the picture fans have built of these likable, amusing people. Because they take their work seriously and regard their program not merely as comedy but as an interpretation of one kind of American life.

And because, in a sense, like *Frankenstein*, they have built something that has grown to tremendous proportions and that in a very real, though entirely pleasant sense, controls their lives. They feel they owe a debt not only to their fans but to their own creations. *Lulu* and *Ahner* are near and dear to their hearts, and hardly less real than the actual *Dick Huddleston*, who is the only real-life character in their skits. And the oth rs seem equally as real, so much so that neither Lauck nor Goff can visualize doing anything to disrupt the picture they have created. Just as *Waters, Arkansas*, the little town which they picked as a locale for their stories, changed itself to *Pine Kettle* in fact as well as fancy, so their fictional townspeople live their similar lives, share their problems and their small adventures.

And whether in Chicago or Hollywood, Lauck and Goff live likewise and imagine themselves as really being landowners in *Pine Kettle* or *Mea*—"back home"—where, perhaps, they will live again some day.

Romance  
in  
SWINGTIME

As romantic as a Waltz, as exciting as a Swing Band—the gay bouquet fragrance of Blue Waltz Perfume has a potent appeal to the masculine heart. It sets the senses awhirl, and swings hearts into harmonious rhythm. A lough on your throat, your lips, and your wrists, and you will swirl in a cloud of enchanting fragrance.

★ Best of all, Blue Waltz Perfume lasts and lasts!

10¢ or oil 5¢ and 10¢ stores

Blue Waltz  
FIFTH AVENUE - NEW YORK

BLUE-WALTZ PERFUME - FACE POWDER - LIPSICK - BRILLIANTINE - COLD CREAM - TAIL

# GRIFFIN ALLWITE

look!

whitens whiter  
won't rub off

for all  
white  
shoes

BOTTLE or TUBE . . . . 10¢  
LARGER SIZES FOR ECONOMY

MADE BY LORNY



## CANTOR ON THE CARPET!

(Continued from page 23)



YOUR skin looks beautiful—what are you using? Ask her dearest friends. Kitty-cat lady just smiles. She wants to keep the secret. But we are going to give her away! She is using Satinmesh twice a day and her skin has become simply lovely.

ELUCISE Satinmesh, the remarkable new liquid preparation cleanses pores as they close, has been cleansed before, stimulates the skin to a new youth, gently closes capillary "cattle paths"—and acts as a perfect powder base.

You can test it work—see its marvelous results. Wander of woods—here is a liquid that will give you radiant beauty. Thrifty, too—does the work of four expensive preparations!

10¢ at your "five and ten" store.

Larger sizes at Drug & Dept. Stores.

If you cannot buy Satinmesh locally send 10¢ in stamps to ALMA WOODWARD, Dept. J., Graybar Bldg., New York City.

Can you pass THE CLOSE-UP Body TEST?



use **Hush** and be **Sure**

Complete confidence is yours with daily use of HUSH in any of its four convenient forms. Men and women alike rely upon HUSH for instant protection against Body Odors, particularly during sultry summer days and long nights. HUSH is refreshing, too, soothes the skin and will not stain fabrics. Use It Daily.



10¢ 25¢ 50¢ at your Favorite toilet goods counter. PRICE SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA.

"Not yet," said Eddie.  
 "What do you mean?" I asked.  
 "Come home with me and you'll see," he said. "Come home and have a bite to eat. Ida always has supper waiting after the broadcast," he added.

So I took with him to the big white house in Beverly Hills, the house Cantor has leased from Raoul Walsh, the picture director.

Quietly he rattled his key in the lock, opened the front door, marched into the living room.

Ida greeted him with a kiss.  
 "How was it?" he asked.  
 "On the whole, good," said Ida. "But . . ."  
 "I don't like that *but*," murmured Eddie. He looked about him at his daughters, who sat around the room. "Where's Janet?" he demanded.

"Upstairs, in bed," answered Ida.  
 "And listening to Jack Benny?" supplemented Natalie.

"I come home from work and my daughter is listening to Jack Benny?" Eddie growled. "Well, he's my best friend, anyway. You folks go on in and eat. I want to say good night to Janet. I'll be with you in a minute." And he raced upstairs.

Ida led the way through the dining-room and into an intimate, pine-decorated, many-windowed sun parlor, where the Cantors eat their breakfasts and late suppers. The table was set with cold chicken, home-made chocolate cake and preserves. Ida piled out plates.

When Eddie came down he turned to the girls: "Did you hear Jack Benny, too?"

"Most of it," said Marjorie. "He told a very funny joke. My manner was both sad and reproving."

"But what about my jokes?"  
 "You'd better eat first, Daddy," interrupted Marilyn.

"Yes, and . . . We'll talk about it later," soothed Edna.

"Was it as bad as all that?" he asked.  
 "It was okay, but . . ." began Marjorie.

The table stopped him from eating. "If I don't have a good program, I don't deserve to eat," he said. "And if it's not good, it won't be long before we don't eat altogether."

They laughed at this. Then there was a silence, an almost ominous silence.

Then they all hopped on him with: "You should be good thirty minutes out of thirty!"

"Why did you sing that song?" asked Edna.

"You mean *Henry Women*?"  
 "Yes."

He bristled. "I sang it in *The Pathos of 1916*. Audiences paid six-sixty a ticket, and they loved it!"

"This is a new generation," said Edna.  
 "Besides, the lyric was silly. Nowadays girls don't go around gold-digging men for meals," said Marjorie.

"There you're wrong," Eddie insisted. "You happen to be fortunate, living in a nice home, sure of your food, but plenty of girls gold-dig for a dinner."

"Then you should educate them."  
 "Educate them! Why, Marjorie, I'm paid to entertain! If they want somebody to educate them, let the sponsors hire Nicholas Murray Butler!"

There Mr. Cantor was right. But his family had not finished.

"What about that political joke you told?" asked Natalie.

"Why, what about it? I said to Jimmy Wallington I had a new dance called *The Republican-Democratic Swing*. He asked me how I do it, and I demonstrated. Then he said: 'What kind of a dance is that, just shaking your knees?' And I said: 'That's why it's called *The Republican-Democratic Swing*—because they keep knocking each other!'"

"We couldn't watch you demonstrate," admonished Marjorie. "We could only hear the story."

He added: "Maybe it was your radio. Even President Roosevelt's voice sounds badly when there's static."

"But a hum joke is always a hum joke," squeaked Natalie.

I have tried to report this conversation exactly the way it occurred, but upon re-reading my efforts I see it was impossible for me to put down on paper the spirit of comradeship existing between Eddie Cantor and his girls. Eddie listened attentively to their opinions, making them unseen stooges, a vital part of his program. And through it all Ida sat there, silent, patient and wise.

Later, he explained: "I love those post mortems. My family is an average family. Their reactions must be the reactions of the average audience. Therefore, I gauge my performances by them."

"They keep me on my toes. I've been twenty-five years in every branch of the show world, except the circus, and that's a long stretch for anyone. Whenever I am tempted to cut down on my jobs, I stop and remember my family might think I am slipping."

"Marjorie is a typical American girl. When my programs do not appeal to her, I know there is something vitally wrong. They have to please her—or else!"

"She has a remarkable car for what the public wants. She knows radio deals with all classes so: 'This line is a little obvious,' she says, or: 'Take that one out, it might offend.'"

"For example, in one broadcast, I explained some of the Bible stories to Bobby Green. He wanted dramatic reading material. I told him the Bible is full of such tales, of mystery, romance and adventure. I cited the chapter about Jonah and the whale; I suggested he read the story of Noah and the flood. He said he liked books about invention; I told him how the earth and everything in it was created in six days. He asked for a public enemy yarn; I related the story of Cain, Eddie's twenty Number One. And when he demanded prize fights, I described how a lightweight beat a heavyweight for the championship of the world."

"David knocked out Goliath with one blow," I said, "and there were no motion

picture rights in those days, either!" "You can readily see why this was a ticklish script to handle. So that it might not offend churchgoers, Marjorie edited the entire program. She insisted I cut out twelve lines, a lot in radio. She did such a good job that, within twenty-four hours after the broadcast, I received over five thousand requests for mimeographed copies."

"Edna often chooses my songs. With meticulous care she scans trade papers and studies the weekly song ratings. Then she runs to me with: 'I've been playing this over; it's coming up fast. Sing it two weeks from now, when it'll be on top!'"

"I never broadcast a joke unless it is fit for my younger daughters' ears, so Marilyn and our nine-year-old baby, Janet, join my preview audiences."

"The girls invariably are right. They did not like my last picture. I let them see the daily rushes. They didn't like it even then, during the making."

"That's not you," they said. "It's false!" "It was hard for me to admit I did not care for it myself, but that my boss, a man well-versed in the motion picture business, thought it was what the public wanted. So I said nothing. As events developed, my boss, with his experience, was wrong, and my daughters were right!"

"Constantly I learn from them. They censor my life as well as my programs. Naturally, in the erratic pace of my work, I am liable to forget others. Natalie, who was a typist for Columbia Broadcasting System, taught me to be more thoughtful."

"One evening she did not arrive home from the office until half past eight. She entered, pale, tired, and handed me my forty-one page radio script."

"You forget how busy the Columbia typists are," she said. "I don't care, for myself, but if you could only arrange to turn in your final copies at a reasonable hour, the girls wouldn't have to work overtime!"

"On account of my family, I am a better man. Occasionally I have to show them my ability by my performances, my character by my conduct."

"One graphic example, I think, they have not forgotten. I was invited to make a speech for what I considered an important cause. My friends told me it would hurt my popularity; the thousands against that cause would never buy a ticket to see me again!"

"But I believed in that cause. My family knew I believed. Their eyes shone with faith in me. So I made the speech."

"When I stood upon the platform, ready to talk, and saw Ida and the girls seated out front, I told the audience: 'It may hurt my pocketbook to be here, but if I didn't do it, it would hurt me more here! And I pointed to my heart.'

"So you see, it is not surprising that I feel I owe everything, from the success of my program to the success of my life, to my family. I have to be what they expect me to be. I daren't disappoint them!"

This time I did not need to look for a reason underlying Eddie Cantor's words. Tears glistened in those big eyes of his. And I knew the reason. It was just one word—*love*.

## LETTERS TO LISTENERS

(Reversing the Usual Order)

### Dear Listeners:

Many of you have written to ask about our Monday night program over CBS for *Dick's Best Tobacco*, and wanted to know if it were true that we did our program with blackface make-up on. Well, we do.

The reason for this is that it gets into the spirit of things to a greater extent. Our efforts seem to sound more convincing and more like the characters we portray. Then, too, the members of the studio audience enjoy the programs more because of the visual illusion.

On the other hand, when we broadcast as *Mohawks 'n' January*, we wear no make-up, an costume, conforming to the pattern set by the sponsor.

We hope this answers a question that has been asked us for years.

PICK MALONE AND PAT PADGETT

### Dear Listeners:

It's a very odd thing, this relationship between a speaker on the air and his listeners. I've never seen you of the radio audience who listen in on the *Luxury Show* broadcast, and yet, I feel I know pretty much what you're thinking on Friday nights at 10:30.

"Well," you say to yourselves, "here's this fellow Held again. He may be a fair master of ceremonies, but, say—those boys and girls from the universities he visits really have what it takes!"

Therefore, I'm going to say very little for myself, but in behalf of the student performers who have appeared on *Luxury Show*, I want to thank you for the letters you've written and for the support you've given to the first broadcast that has taken the spotlight away from athletics in the universities and put it on the talented musicians and actors found in these halls of learning.

JOHN HELD, JR.

### Dear Listeners:

You few of you understand the correct use of that delicate missive, the fan letter. True, we arrive back forward to receiving them, but in 99 cases out of 100, your letters are confined to praise of our efforts on the air.

Now, don't misunderstand. These letters of yours are as welcome as strawberries in December. But what we would like, now, would be for more of you listeners to tell us our faults. Naturally, any air artist tries to give his or her best at all times. There are instances, however, when we might fall short of the mark. Perhaps this week's program wasn't as good as the one we did last week.

Won't you tell us about these things, too? We bask in your praise and we love it, for we feel that you mean it, since you have gone to the trouble of writing us. Therefore, we consider you as friends. True friends point out one another's faults—won't you do that for us?

MILTON BERLE.



**MY POOR FEET!**

*Instant Relief...*

## CRO-PAX FOOT AIDS

AT ALL 5 AND 10c STORES

Why suffer, when relief costs only a dime. A tested and approved Cro-Pax Foot Aid for every foot ailment... Corns, Bunions, Callouses and Weak Arches. You will be amazed at Cro-Pax value and delighted with Cro-Pax quality. Over 35 million Cro-Pax foot aids sold every year.

**CRO-PAX Corn Pads**

6 WATERPROOF PADS WITH 10c

40 MEDICATED DISCS

\*Slightly Higher in Canada

CRO-PAX PRODUCTS - CLEVELAND, OHIO



*Smart*

white shoes deserve a right smart cleaner and whiter... and one that will not rub off!

*that's*

## WHITTEMORE'S CADET WHITE

10c IN TUBES AND BOTTLES EVERYWHERE

## How to WORM YOUR DOG Safely



• All puppies should be wormed when 4 weeks old. All dogs should be wormed in the Spring and Fall.

There are different kinds of worms. No one medicine can safely be used for all kinds or for all size dogs. Don't gamble with your dog's life. Use these safe, sure, effective treatments: Sergeant's Sure Shot Capsules (or Liquid) for Roundworms and Hookworms in grown dogs and large puppies; Sergeant's Puppy Capsules for these worms in puppies and toy breeds. For Tapeworms in puppies and dogs, use Sergeant's Tapeworm Medicine.

These are 23 tested and tested SERGEANT'S DOG MEDICINES, standard since 1929. Made of the finest ingredients. Sold under a Horse of Color Guarantee by Drug and Pet Stores. Ask them for a FREE copy of Sergeant's Book on the care of dogs or write.

PULK MILLER PRODUCTS CORPORATION  
1979 W Broad St. • Richmond, Virginia

## Sergeant's DOG MEDICINES

## Just isn't sticky Chatterbox LOTION

For Your Hands, Face,  
Arms and Shoulders  
Eradicates Blemish, Redness,  
Stinging Ingredients penetrate  
to a depth. Leaves your skin  
soft, smooth, free from  
irritation. Use before and  
after outdoor exposure. First trial  
will convince you.



AT ALL 5c & 10c STORES

## HOW OLD IS YOUR MOUTH?



5  
YEARS  
YOUNGER



• Give your lips the freshness of youth! Use Cutex Lipstick, with its special oil that helps make your lips look smoother, softer—5 years younger! In Natural, Coral, Cardinal, Rust, Ruby. Try Cutex Lipstick today!

50c CUTEX  
Lipstick

## ... TROMBONE TROUBADOUR

(Continued from page 33)

band's idea of broadcasting was to hit everything as hard as they could. The mike, however, was run of the old, tough affairs of long ago. It had to be shaken every once and so often, or the audience heard nothing.

Jerry made his radio debut over this station. He thought he knew the choruses—and then discovered, mid-broadcast, he knew only a few lines! Besides, he was so nervous, his voice came through in a strange squeal. His friends, listening in, told him candidly that he was awful and advised him to stick to parlor crooning. But Juddan believed he had good stuff, got him some copies of the songs and gave him another opportunity. This time it was better.

Anyone else would have given up. Remember this when you discuss Jerry Cooper. He came right back. After that he sang regularly. He used to go around with the band. To make himself welcome, he used to carry the instruments.

"I was horse for the band," he said, laughing.

For his singing and for his horse-work, he received no money. Wearing of this, he asked Steve what he could do to make some money out of his music. Steve told him to learn to play some sort of an instrument.

But what instrument? Steve could not advise him. One day, passing a dance hall, he heard a solo of the song, *Just a Melody*. He went up, discovered it was a trombone solo. The next day he hit ten dollars down on a \$175-trombone. With the instrument went eight free lessons.

The Italian teacher gave him a piece to learn. Jerry insisted on learning four, knowing, in his sturdiness, that soon the free lessons would be over, and he must learn all he could quickly. At the end of the eight lessons he told the professor he could not continue, he was broke. The good soul agreed to give him additional instruction gratis.

At the end of eight weeks, he had the tenacity to apply and what is more, get a job. It was with a 12-piece band in Biloxi, Mississippi, a summer resort across the river. The leader of the band said to Jerry:

"Hey, stuff that born with paper. And when the boss comes around, just act wise."

He got away with it, for the length of the band's engagement—two weeks—and received one hundred and ten dollars. After a while he got to be a fair trombone player, became a member of the 50-piece Illinois Central band, wore a real coat with yellow striped trousers, and became expert in all the rousing *non-no* Sousa marches.

"I was that dumb," he confided, "I used to come home and ask my mother how I sounded. And me playing with a fifty-piece band, and no solos, either!"

Looking about for something that he could use to accompany himself, he bought a guitar for three dollars from a blind Negro and learned to be pretty good at

it. With his guitar, he used to sing for two hours over the old WFL station at New Orleans, and for the first time experienced the thrill that comes with fan mail. Letters came to him from as far west as the state of Washington.

Work at the railroad office was slack. Main after main was let go and Jerry was reduced to piece work, some weeks making no more than fifty cents a day. But with his singing and tromboning, he made, after hours, fifteen dollars a week.

The next upward step came in the shape of an offer to sing in a night club. The offer was for thirty-five dollars a week. He was scared. He never had sung without a megaphone. But giving the patrons of the club, *Rover, Mississippi, Rover*, he clicked.

The club was a school in human nature for Jerry Cooper, an essential part of his education. He learned to go about from table to table. He studied people, got to know them—and some nights made as high as a hundred dollars. He took down the names and addresses of these habitués—and when, later, he changed jobs, he dropped them each a card. They followed him. It made him valuable to all who chose to employ singers.

One night the master of ceremonies quit and Jerry got the job. He told me it was just as hard to speak for the first time in public as it had been to sing. And then the orchestra walked out. Jerry picked up his own band. In a small way, he had made good.

Among those early jobs was one at a lakeside resort. The band would stand on the porch and, when they saw a car coming, would rush inside and start to play. If the car stopped, they would go on, but if it passed, they would come to a sudden stop.

Jerry's first hope of climbing higher than New Orleans was kindled by Roger Wolfe Kahn, who heard him sing and said he would give him a job. But Kahn's dickering with hotels in Chicago and Dallas, Texas, came to naught. He had nothing to offer. But the seed had been planted and one day Jerry, then master of ceremonies and leader of the Cooper-Cabrera Band, borrowed a little money from his grandmother, and thumbed his way to New York.

Before he went, he said goodbye to his friends. They told him not to go, New York, they said, was a cold, brutal city, the only people who got by there were New Yorkers. They prophesied that he would be back in a month. It's three years since he left, and still Jerry Cooper hasn't come back.

Those were hard weeks, those early weeks in New York. A rule of the musicians' union tormented his playing until he had been there at least six months. He could have got work in small night clubs, but, penniless and hungry though he was, he refused these opportunities. He felt that they would hurt his future.

Andrus had received, from everybody of importance, from all the radio studios,

from all the band-leaders. They thought he was good "but not colossal." Everybody heard him, nobody gave him work. Finally he drifted into a recording studio and did the vocal for some dance records at twenty-five dollars apiece—and for the moment, the wolf was off the Cooper doorstep.

Ben Selvin, chief of the recording studios, got Emil Coleman, the band-leader, to give him a job and Jerry was hired. The job was at the Palais Royale, huge New York night club. Jerry learned all the songs, his own and everybody else's, and one afternoon, during rehearsal, when there was difficulty with another singer who didn't know his lines, he bitted in.

"I know the words," he said. When he went on for the first time, he had to hire a dress suit, which he describes as "one of those green ones." People liked him. He was only earning fifty dollars a week, but he was on his way. When a jukebox in the floor show quit, he stepped into the job at a twenty-five-dollar-a-week increase.

Always alert, a charming, unaffected, boyish individual, he made friends with everybody. Among them, the *H'OK* announcer, who found a couple of guest spots for him to sing in. His songs were heard somehow, some way, by the keen ears of the radio impresarios—and *CBS* brought him in on a sustaining program. The date is important in Jerry's life—May 25th, 1935.

This program was a sort of death valley for new talent. It came at 4:15 in the afternoon. Fifteen before him had howled there and flunked back into oblivion. But Jerry Cooper did not flunk. Some objected to him, because he was said to sound like Bing Crosby. If there is a resemblance, it is unobtrusive, pure coincidence. Years before, his mother had tuned in on Bing and remarked to Jerry: "There's someone I heard sounds just like you, Jerry."

The Columbia executives were worried over the similarity. But one of them declared: "Heck, let the kid sing as he pleases."

After that it was all right. He, himself, scooped the record of his appeal being the result of the resemblance, by singing on the *Bravo Shampoo* program, under a different name—the name "Jack Randolph."

Just recently Cooper was signed as master of ceremonies and singing star of *Hollywood Hotel*, replacing Fred MacMurray. Now, for the first time, he makes his appearance on one of radio's outstanding, full-hour broadcasts. And, any day now, a call may come from the movies. Cooper will go far, for he is ready for it. Good-looking, beautifully mannered, he can travel with the best company. His clothes are tailored by New York's best, he looks, acts and thinks as a man in the movie.

It's a long pitch, this, from the days when he played horse for Steve Brodwin's band. A long haul from the bitter, poverty-stricken years of his early life to the romance of his present success. But, it was no simple piece of luck that brought Jerry Cooper along. It was his strength and shrewdness that made the success possible. Which is why you can be assured that, when he promises to stick to romance, he will keep his word.

# GOODBYE DANDRUFF



Copyright © W. F. Fitch Co.

THERE is a simple, easy way to rid yourself of dandruff with the very first application. All that is necessary is to use a shampoo that completely dissolves dandruff and then washes it away.

## The Truth About Soap Shampoos

1. Bacteria and dandruff scurf, but not removed by ordinary soap shampoos.



Soap Shampoo

2. All bacteria, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by Fitch Shampoo.



Fitch Shampoo

Repeated laboratory, as well as practical, tests show that ordinary shampoos will not dissolve dandruff. Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo dissolves every speck of dandruff instantly—under a money-back guarantee—and then washes it away. It rinses clean in hard or soft water. Equally as good for blondes as brunettes. Try it today! For sale at all drug counters. Professional applications at beauty shops 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.

WRITE TODAY to The F. W. Fitch Co., Dept. MS, Des Moines, Iowa, for a generous FREE Sample of Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo

# Fitch's

Dandruff Remover Shampoo



The F. W. Fitch Co., Des Moines, Iowa, Farano, Can.

**Bad days**  
Reduce the pain  
Save your nerves  
**Salicon** TABLETS  
At all drug stores or send for free sample to  
R. A. Hughes Co., 76 Jamaica Plain, Mass.

SKIN  
*Beauty*  
WITH  
**Mercolized Wax**

Any complexion can be made clearer, smoother, younger with Mercolized Wax. This single cream is a complete beauty treatment. Mercolized Wax absorbs the discolored, flaking outer skin in tiny, invisible particles. Brings out the young, beautiful skin hidden beneath. Just put Mercolized Wax on your skin every night like cold cream. It beautifies while you sleep. Mercolized Wax brings out your loveliest beauty. USE Sanolice Astringent—a refreshing, stimulating skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Refreshes coarse pores, eliminates oiliness. Dissolve Sanolice in one-half pint water.

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME...  
KEEP CURLS LOVELY with  
**HOLLYWOOD Rapid Dry CURLERS**  
Sunbathing! Outdoor time! Play in sun and wind and water. Wonderful days...but cruel to curls. Lucky for it, that Hollywood Curlers can repair the damage so quickly. Roll your hair for a little while on Hollywood Curlers and there you have...lovely restored! At Malibu Beach and Palm Springs, where picture people play, a "first aid" supply of Hollywood Curlers is in every dressing room. Get your emergency supply for summer needs NOW.  
Sold on Hollywood Curls!



HOW'S YOUR HAIR?



No. 1 Beauty Asset

for A GLORIOUS WAVE  
USE THIS WONDERFUL WAVE SET

Quick drying. Combs and shimmering soft, leaving long lasting waves. Make certain of your No. 1 Beauty Asset with Dr. Ellis Wave Set.

Millions of users testify to the merit of this fine wave set—the comb fits the bottle—applied to a few seconds—beautiful every type and color of hair.



Try it today!!



ONLY 10¢  
at 5¢ & 10¢ and  
DRUG STORES  
EVERYWHERE

DR. ELLIS SALES CO., INC.  
602 Second Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.  
Canadian Address: Toronto, Ontario

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

Many people with defective hearing and deafness may be cured, if they use Leonard Inevitable Ear Drums which resemble tiny Megaphones fitting in the ear snugly out of sight. No wires, batteries or loud noise. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who himself has been benefited by the use of the drums.

A. C. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 986, 70 5th Ave., New York



MINER'S  
Liquid MAKE-UP

FOR A FINEST VELVET  
SHINEY SKIN

Indoor or out—before floor, tennis court, or beach—bring the sparkle of youth to your skin with Miner's Liquid Make-Up. Apply to face, neck, arms, legs—your skin feels silky, looks fresh, tempting, radiant. You're lovely! Play hours under scorching sun or dance till dawn—Miner's stays on, won't rub off or streak. At drug and dept. stores, 50c. Trial sizes 25c and 10c of any 10c counter, or send 10c for a generous trial bottle, mentioning trade, to Miner's, 40 East 20th St., N. Y. C.

MINER'S, INC. Masters of Make-up Since 1864.

GENTLEMEN BE SEATED!

(Continued from page 37)

Know what it meant? Of course you did, and so did every other kid in school. All those silk hats, those gold-headed canes twirled so elegantly by the tatty gentlemen of the ensemble as they paraded down the street! And the drum major, who tossed his baton high into the trees and caught it behind his back, with the calmest of smiles—what a god was he!

Then that glorious night and the end seat in the second row, from where you could see half circles of beautifully over-dressed gentlemen, flanked by fantastically over-dressed end-men, done in oak leaf, holding antic tambourines. And the interlocutor, all dignified but with a twinkle in his eye, who'd say those immortal words: "Gentlemen—be seated!"

Shades of George H. Primrose, of Billy Emerson, of George H. Thatcher, of Gus Hill and all that immortal band! Can't you hear "Daddy" Rice, singing Jim Crow and I'd Choose To Be a Fairy? Why, it was Dan Emmett, a minstrel man, who wrote Dixie, that all-time Southern anthem. And Lew Lockstader's coat, was there ever anything like it? "A thing of shreds and patches..." indeed, and as the patches increased in size and number, the more did Lew (and the audience) treasure it.

Yes, the minstrel show was truly America's own!

One of the better known minstrel men of the day was a gentleman known as Lasses White, who called his minstrel show, "Lasses White's Tab Shore." It was to Lasses White that Pat went, after an unwilling year at Georgia Military Academy.

"Besides amateur-night experience at clausifying," began Pat. "I'd learned to play the harmonica in the Sunday School band and this stood me in good stead when I asked Lasses for a job. He let me sit in the ensemble until, one night, the end man on my left had the misery and I got my chance. For two happy years I was one of Lasses' end men, at forty per."

To earn his forty per he played the harmonica and did specialty acts, like playing Negro girl parts—easy enough because his voice hadn't changed. Another, which called for eight other men, took the form of a skit called *The Three O'Clock Train*, which train was supposed to be coming into a haunted station. One crabby critic advised the troupe to take an earlier train than the *Three O'Clock*, if they really wanted to keep their skins, but he was a morose exception, for the show was generally liked and when they hit a town and their band swung into *Cappuccino's March*, almost every kid in town was seized with violent pains which necessitated his immediate departure of the classroom and the vicinity of the *McGuffey Fifth Reader*.

"I did more in vaudeville than in minstrel shows," said Pat, "but I got a crack at them, too. I'm from Dallas, Texas, you know. That is to say, I was born there; back to '93, but when I was a little shaver of six my daddy moved us out to Oklahoma, where, to my joy, there were still lujans."

His daddy tried to make a school teacher out of him, but it didn't take, so he joined the army. Naturally, when the War came along, he did his bit by entertaining the men. He got to liking it so much that when the War, and his time, were up he went into minstrel shows, then into vaudeville and then stock. One of his big moments in stock occurred when he imitated a horse's hooves—bringing no less than General Sheridan's horse right up to the wings from twenty miles away. He acted, too, he said.

"Pick saw me before I saw him," explained Pat. "My brother and I were in a show in St. Louis, called *South and West*. It's always been a wonder to me, since, how he was willing to work with me after seeing us in that *E-flat tab*."

An "E-flat tab," gentle readers, is a bad show. It's nigger talk and it stumpy, and terribly, means—*lousy*!

But it didn't make any difference, because, when they were introduced in a New York Automat, they signed articles five minutes later.

"Pat, I said," Pick tells, "want to go up to my hotel room and talk over the partnership?" He was all for it, so we went over to the room. I took out my key to open the door but I couldn't get the key in because there was a plug in the keyhole. "Somebody amassa broken a key off in the door," I said, innocently. "Jes' wait till I plione the little old manager on this hall phone, here." So I called the desk and said: "Mister, I think you ought to know that there's a plug in my keyhole." "Sure," answered the man at the desk, "we know about it. Why don'teler pay yer rent?"

"Our first plug," Pat said, and thumped. "Well, we talked it over," continued Pick, "and I showed Pat to the manager. I guess he liked his looks, because he let us in. That was a fine start."

They had adventures a-plenty after this. They were first booked into a theatre on 125th Street, and to celebrate the engagement they bought multi-neevled clothes and had them sent to the manager *C.O.D.* They even borrowed twenty-five dollars from him.

Then they went over to *H.O.I.* one day, looking for work. "Sure," said the station manager, "I'll give you a job, if you can write, and act in, a minstrel show in half an hour." Could they? Of course they could. An assignment like that was duck soup for a pair of old minstrel-buns.

It wasn't a too-bad show that they turned out that day, but were the succeeding ones, even if they did detect the eight o'clock (in the morning) performance. That early session, however, was to be lucky for them, as the manager of *H.O.R.* tuned in while shaving one morning and nearly cut himself over one of their gags.

"*H.O.R.* kept them at stamining for a year-and-a-half and there were no more plugs in the keyhole, just an occasional plug from an admirer. The same being ever a delight to the soul of a performer.



Your eyes can seem to be natural beauties!



**PINAUD'S IMPROVED SIX-TWELVE CREAMY MASCARA**  
PREPARED IN FRANCE

• Make your eyelashes a natural-looking fringed dark, long, silky beauty with this extra-creamy mascara. Smudgeproof. Permanent. Non-smudging. Apply with or without water. Black, brown, blue, green.

For that extra touch

PINAUD'S SIX-TWELVE EYE SHADOW  
PINAUD'S SIX-TWELVE EYEBROW PENCIL

THE HOUSE OF PINAUD PARIS NEW YORK

NOW! Beautiful NAILS AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE

**NEW!** Smart, long, tapering nails for everyone! Cover broken, short, thin nails with **NU-NAILS**. Can be worn any length and polished any desired shade. Instant detection. Waterproof. Easily applied. Remains firm. No effect on nail growth or cuticle. Removes off with Marvelously natural-looking. Try them!

**NU-NAILS ARTIFICIAL FINGER NAILS**  
5229 W. MADISON ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

NU-NAIL LB



**Happy Relief From Painful Backache**  
Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those crawling, nagging, painful backaches, prickling blazes on scalp or across eyes are often caused by tired kidneys and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 4 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 pairs of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may attack tongue, backache, rheumatic pains, lameness, leg aches, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headache and vertigo.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for **Doan's Pills**, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 million of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

A vaseline company thought that they were smooth enough to do advertising for them over NBC, and the youngish hopefuls figured they'd arrived. But it wasn't until the *Maxwell House Show Boat* slid down the airways that they really came into their own, and the sponsor's generous budget. *Dill's* came along later, so there you see them, *Molasses 'n' January* and *Pick and Pat*.

Somewhere, sometime, in the midst of all the hustle and bustle, they got themselves married. Pick married a girl who had been in the profession, and Pat married a *Follies* girl he'd met in Montreal. She hated him when they met and she hated her, but love changed that. She died two years ago, leaving their time-year-old Bobby and Pat to feud for themselves. Bobby at present is at Riverdale-On-The-Hudson, in a military academy.

"He's not going to be an actor," Pat swears, "he's enrolled in Georgia Tech already, where they're going to teach him engineering and perhaps make an artist out of him. His nation's paid for and now all he has to do is to grow up."

Pick's two boys, Jack and Buddy, are still in school. Pat asked him whether he had to whip his seventeen-year-old Jack.

"Ohly in self defense!" snapped back Pick.

You expect radio comics to say things like that.

They're really hard-working guys. For instance, on Mondays and Thursdays, their activities shape up something like this: Rehearsal at one o'clock. Dress (rehearsal) at three. No—they don't write their own stuff, publicity releases to the contrary. Naturally, they make little changes in their material, so it will be just a bit more their own, but that's expected. They sit around all afternoon, discussing gags and situations, then at radio time get into their costumes and apply the burnt cork. This you have *Molasses 'n' January* or *Pick and Pat*, depending on which night you tune them in.

"Gets so," complained Pat, "that half of the time we forget which we're supposed to be on that particular hour and I'm apt to run to Pick and call him *January*, on the *Dill's Best Show*!"

"Huh," grunted Pick, "I remembers one little old night when you didn't know who you were! Lordy me, but that was funny! Pat's Doc told him to drink some whiskey for a cold he had, so he asked me to keep him company. Since I'm most un-naturally polite and considerate," (Pat snorted), "I jes' helped him do away with a pint before the broadcast. Well, the first five minutes or the air were okay. I could jes' about make out every other word, and I wasn't complaining, when I noticed Pat was havin' trouble. I nudged him and he near fell over. Then he threw his script down on the floor and I did, too. We ad libbed all the rest of the show."

"Yassir," added Pat, "and bless me if the President of the United States, who was supposed to follow us on the air, wasn't fifteen minutes late and didn't we have to ad lib that extra fifteen minutes, too!"

They howled at the memory of it. Pat said people from everywhere told them it was one of their best broadcasts. Then

**Comfy Baby!**

THANKS TO HIS OLIVE OIL POWDER



MOTHER, nothing will keep your baby so cool and happy, so free from chafing, as Z.B.T. Olive Oil Baby Powder. The olive oil makes Z.B.T. smoother, longer-clinging, superior in "slip"—makes it more effective for diaper rash, prickly heat and skin irritations. Free from zinc stearate, Z.B.T. is approved by leading hospitals, by Good Housekeeping and your baby. Large 25¢ and 50¢ sizes.

For FREE SAMPLE send postcard to Z. B. T., Dept. K-4, 80 Varick Street, New York City.



**NURSING MOTHERS**

Consult your doctor regularly. Ask about Hygeia Nipples and Bottles. Nipple breast shaped, easily inverted and thoroughly cleaned. Patented tab keeps nipple germ-free. New inside valve prevents collapse.



**CORNS COME BACK BIGGER-UGLIER**  
UNLESS REMOVED ROOT & ALL

**DRAW OUT ROOT AND ALL—this safe, gentle way**

• When you pare a corn you only trim the surface—the root remains imbedded in your toe and the corn soon comes back bigger and uglier—more painful than before.

But when you use the new double-action Blue-Jay method the corn is gone for good. The tiny Blue-Jay medicated plaster, by removing pressure, at once relieves pain and in 3 short days the corn lifts out—Root and All (exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application).

Try this safe, easy Blue-Jay method today. 25¢ for 6—at all druggists.



# Two Drops!

**IN RED-VEINED EYES**



Amazing new discovery... The formula of two model eye doctors. Contains an extract found in no other eye lotion. That's why Eye-Gene clears and whiten eyes that are red, prominently veined and dull from fatigue, late hours exposure, or strain.

**CLEAR, WHITENS!**



**EYE SPECIALISTS AMAZING FORMULA WINNING THOUSANDS**

It's just a few seconds' eyes look clearer, brighter, larger! And feel so amazingly refreshed! With Eye-Gene... new scientific staining eye lotion discovery. Tested and approved. Now used by thousands wherever eyes are dull, tired, over-taxed or temporarily veined. At all drug, department and 10c stores.

**EYE-GENE**



**FREE WHITE NAIL PENCIL**



With Big Bottle Nail Polish Only 10c for Both!

**Lady LILLIAN**

**CREME NAIL POLISH**

Don't mar beautiful hands with a nail polish that streaks on your nails when it goes on and chips off after a couple of days. Don't wear out-of-date shades. Try the new LADY LILLIAN Creme Polish in Rose, Rust and "Smoky" red colors. LADY LILLIAN is approved by Good Housekeeping.

**Special 3c Trial Offer**

For generous trial bottle send this ad and 3c stamp to LADY LILLIAN, Dept. M-2, 1140 Washington St., Boston, Mass. Specify shade you prefer.

**Conveniently On Sale At 5 and 10 Cent Stores**

he went on, apropos of nothing at all: "We've come to the conclusion that we don't ever want to go back on the boards. We don't even like to make personal appearances. Oh, we've played the Paramount and theatres like that, but we don't like it."

"No," echoed Pick, "we do not. Why, once when I was making an out-of-town personal appearance, two guys named Tom and Jerry threw me off the train." He threw out a hint that that was supposed to be funny, but giving up all hope for a laugh, continued: "We do do an occasional benefit, however. We were over at Radio City Music Hall the night they put on that big flood benefit. We'd agreed on some lines, but darned if we didn't get to talking with some of our performer-friends and forget the routine we'd agreed on."

"Ah! we hadn't been taking any cough medicine," slipped in Pat.

In their eight years together they've had only one fight, and that was because Pat rushed off after a stage matinee to find out how his baseball-playing cousin, Burley Grimes (now manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers), had come out on the day's pitching—and so consequently hadn't taken his bows.

Then, under the heading of "events," there was the time they left their costumes in the car while they did a benefit at the Hudson Theatre. Somebody, some dastard, stole them, and as Pick said, it was a tough thing to happen to them when they were doing a good deed!

Their only solace was the thought of the thief's face when he lifted the bundle and found that the costumes were of too-bright a hue to be worn and that the shoes were the kind clowns wear—three feet long!

"I've found a teller," said Pat, "who's a real character. He's a farmer down near my home town of Bogart, Georgia, and I don't even know his name, but he's the doggonest man I ever did see. He can mimic anything there is. I'm going to bring him up for one of the shows, pay his fare, give him some dough and show him the sights. I'll bet he's never been more than twenty miles away from Bogart in all his life!"

However, the biggest interest the boys have is a 20-acre farm in a town actually (so Pat says) called Gloucester Court House, down in old Virginia. There's a beautiful old mansion on the land and they're going to raise saddle horses, with the help of three Negroes, one of whom is a preacher.

But that isn't all. No, sir, they're going to raise pigs. And what are they going to do with the pigs? That's right, Ma'am, they're going to transform the pigs into hams and smoke the hams over hickory logs. Then they're going to call them *Molasses 'n' January Hickory Smoked Hams*, and sell them all over the country. (Advt.)

That's what they're going to do and if you have any jokes in mind about hams, in the theatrical sense of the word, you'll better just forget 'em, or else little old Pick and little old *Molasses 'n' January* will tear you limb from limb or tie you up and make you listen to some of their poorer jokes!

# Blondes With Darkened Hair!



Give Your Hair That Lighter Natural "Spun-Gold" Look With This New Shampoo and Rinse — 3 Shades Lighter in 15 Minutes Without Harsh Bleaches or Dyes.

How is this? Is an easy way to bring out the real radiant brightness of blonde or tawny hair. Try New Blondex, the Blonde and Shaded Blonde formula that makes it 3 to 4 shades lighter and brings out the natural lustrous golden glow. The amazing brightness that can make hair so attractive. New Blondex does not do a hair permanent and is absolutely safe. Contains no harsh bleaches or dyes. Total readiness of action. Cleanses and hair condition and body dressing with haircare highlights. Get Blondex today! New combination package, shampoo with F.P.P. Rinse, for sale at all stores. New size of all the roomer.

**New-BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO & RINSE**

**I'M A GREAT ONE FOR BARGAINS MY DEAR!**

"Not since I've discovered Camille COLLEGE-STOP I've been telling everybody about it. Just think—for the price you get a tube with enough cream to top 50 cones, and it's put up in such a clever 10-D AND BLACK TRIKLE VASITY Vase that it's almost impossible to have a sure way of stopping time and checking ahead."

RUN-R-STOP does not burn or weigh out. Ask for it at chain, department and shoe stores. CAMILLE, INC. 45 E. 21 St., New York

**RUN - R-STOP**

**FREE FOR ASTHMA AND HAY FEVER**

If you suffer with attacks of asthma or terrible hay fever, and can't get relief, if they prevent sleep, breathing and talking, while your eyes water and nose discharges continually, don't fail to ask for one of the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable medicine. No matter where you live or what you have any faith in, we guarantee either the box and for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could ever think of, relief, even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope, but send now for the free trial. It will save you misery. Address: FRONTIER ASTHMA CO., 244-B FRONTIER BLDG. 462 NIAGARA ST. BUFFALO, N. Y.

What does a radio star think about? See NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH? (Page 82)

**ITCH!** Use D.D.D. Prescription STOPPED QUICKLY

OF ECZEMA, RASHES AND OTHER EXTERNALLY CAUSED SKIN ROUBLES

YOU CAN LEARN INSTANT RELIEF OF ITCHES IN 10 SECONDS. COURSE ENDORS BY JAMA, PEDIATRIC, GYNAECOLOGY, AND OTHERS. 1000-1000. CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING. DALL. 237, 130 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill. Please send free booklet and 3c sample bottle price.

**BE A NURSE** MAKE \$25-535 A WEEK

You can learn practical nursing at home in spare time. Course endorsed by JAMA, PEDIATRIC, GYNAECOLOGY, AND OTHERS. 1000-1000. CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING. DALL. 237, 130 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill. Please send free booklet and 3c sample bottle price.

# HOLLYWOOD INVITES YOU

(Continued from page 59)



Glenda Farrell, Warner Brothers' star, will entertain you in her San Fernando home. She is a bird lover.



## WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE...

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

The liver should pour out two pints of fluid into your bowels daily. If bile bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just stays in the bowels, Gas builds up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sick and the world looks pink.

Laxatives are only a palliative. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "out and out". Having one, really, get amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c.

**HOME OF THE RANGE**

Assorted musical catalog  
Hundreds of favorite songs!  
Full size sheet music  
Colored title pages, words  
musically placed, and  
and picture inserts and  
newly printed  
also 1000 hit songs. Ask for C.A.L. 11525  
CLARK & MILLER CO. CHICAGO, ILL.

**5¢**

**5¢**

**5¢**

## I WANT YOU

Work for "Uncle Sam"

Start \$1200 in \$2100 a year  
365—WASHINGTON—Common Education  
andly sufficient. Short term. Write  
to me immediately for free 20-page  
book, with list of positions and full  
particulars on how to get one. Act  
Immediately.

F. HANKLIN INSTITUTE  
Dept. D262  
Hoboken, N. Y.

**DON'T PAINT**

your white shoes!

Shu-Milk, the safest cleaner  
for all white shoes. Won't rub  
off and will not mat buck or suede.

**COLOR YOUR HAIR** THE NEW FRENCH WAY

Shampoo and color your hair at the same time.  
any shade. Shampoo—color—wash—rins—dry.  
Colors—no—dyes—no—hair—malt—natural—protein.  
peroxide—Free—Bak—Kilgus—Prod. Inc. Dept. 38-K, 131 W. 31st, N. Y.



George Murphy, star of *Top of the Town*, with Luella Parsons, noted Hollywood press and radio columnist.

second trippers, and Dick Arlen's "Melting Pot" party features the third vacation trip.

And here's another main event—a party at NBC's Hollywood station, where you'll meet radio celebrities in person! So keep that dial turned to the *NBC Red and Blue* networks and tune in Jack Benny, Marion Talley, Walter Winchell, Conrad Nagel, *Amos and Andy*, *Lum and Abner*, Col. Irvin S. Cobb, Les Tremayne and his *First Nighters*, Victor Moore and Helen Broderick, and all that galaxy of entertainers who come to you through the *NBC* network from Hollywood.

Did we forget to mention Bing Crosby and Bob Burns? That would burn 'em up, because they're looking forward to your visit, too! This is going to be fun, and you'll enjoy every minute of it.

But we haven't space for more than a few words here. The whole complete story, containing details and costs, is in the big illustrated booklet to be mailed you free.

Write now, right now! Make up your mind that, when that crowd of merry-makers pills out of Chicago, you'll be on hand, or that you'll hop on somewhere en route. This is one vacation that you don't want to miss! The cost is no more than you'd pay for a so-so vacation, slapping mosquitoes at the lake, but it will fill your memory book with one thrill after another.

This is the last call—reservations are nearly complete—so act today! See you in Hollywood!

Joe Godfrey, Jr., Suite 1804  
360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me free illustrated booklet containing full description of the **RADIO STARS MAGAZINE TOURS** to Hollywood.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State .....

(Enclose \$10 if you wish to insure a reservation. Money will be refunded if you cannot go.)

**Clear Skin**

**Hide-it**  
HIDES SKIN BLEMISHES

NO SKIN BLEMISHES need be marred by an unexpected month. Scurvy, facial pimples, freckles, birthmarks, scars, bruises or any "blemish" which is not obliterated by water or perspiration. Flexible—won't crack or peel. Lasts until re-apply with cream. Four fresh tints to match your skin. Use the Cream for large areas. Stick for touch-ups.

8 1/2 size and 10 size

SEE SIZE AT TEN CENT STORES

**LIKE TO TRY IT?** Send coupon and 10¢ (Canada 15¢) each to CLARK-MILLNER CO., Dept. 15-G, 466 St. Clair St., Chicago, Ill. for  Cream or  Stick Cream tint:  Light  Medium  Brunette  Sun Tan

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

Easy way to remove hair from arms and legs—without shaving

## Rinse Off Unwanted Hair

avoid bristly re-growth

Why spoil your summer fun with ugly hair on arms and legs? Bathing suits and shorts demand the utmost feminine daintiness. Forget shaving—discover the **NEET** way—easy, sure, dependable!

NEET is like a cold cream in texture. Simply spread it on unwanted hair; rinse off with water. Then feel how petal-soft and smooth it leaves the skin. That's because NEET removes the hair closer to the skin surface than is possible with a razor. Re-growth is thus delayed and when it does appear there are no sharp-edged bristles. Millions of women depend on NEET. Get it in drug and department stores; trial size at 10¢ stores.

# RADIO LAUGHS...

(SELECTED SNICKERS FROM POPULAR PROGRAMS)

**JUDY:** Zeke played a mean trick on our partner.

**ANNCR:** What'd he do?

**JUDY:** The parrot was sound asleep in its cage, so Zeke got a great big candy Easter egg and squeezed it into the cage with it. Then he woke the parrot up. The parrot took one look at this great big old egg and said: "THAT'S A LIE!"  
(**JUDY CANOVA**, Woodbury Program.)

**GRACIE:** Why don't you give yourself a trout and cox to give you a kiss?

**GEORGE:** Gracie, you wouldn't want to kiss Tony before all these boys!

**GRACIE:** Why, sure, . . . I certainly wouldn't want to be last!  
(**BURNS and ALLEN**, Campbell Program.)

**MARY:** I've been working on my garden all week. Yesterday I put in carrots, pansies, cherries, violets and radishes and I planted them in straw.

**JACK:** In straw? Well, what are you trying to raise?

**MARY:** Straw hats.  
(**JACK BENNY and MARY LIVINGSTONE**, Jell-O Program.)

**PORTLAND:** Mr. Allen, Mr. Allen.  
**FRED:** Quiet, please! There is only one Mr. Allen, fortunately, as some of the radio critics put it.

**PORTLAND:** Hello!  
**FRED:** Well, sir, they laughed when I said I was going to brush up on my bodice. They didn't know I was a street cleaner on the New Triboro. (I don't live in Portland.)

(**FRED ALLEN and PORTLAND HOPPER**, Texas Hall Tonight.)

**PHIL:** You know, my screen test for United Artists came out so well, I was offered a job by Twentieth Century.

**HARRY:** You were offered a job by Twentieth Century? Really, Phil? What did they want you to do?

**PHIL:** Make up the berths.  
(**PHIL BAKER**, Gulf Program.)

**JANUARY:** Stop gabbin' an' get up to bat, small, dark and repulsive. Before he pitches again I want to take a few trial swings.

**MOLASSES:** Oh, you don't want to do that. . . Last week my uncle had a few trial swings.

**JANUARY:** Then what happened?  
**MOLASSES:** They hung him.  
(**MOLASSES and JANUARY**, Show Boat Program.)

**HENRY:** But those income tax collectors . . . it was a crutch. All I had to do was wave them my last dollar and a mortgage on my wife. I still own my father outright. . . And what service they had there! On the way out a man gives you a mirror, so you can watch yourself stare to death!  
(**HENRY YOUNGMAN**, A & P Band Program.)

**MOTHER:** En so elad you're all right, Joseph, my son. Here, drink this hot lemonade. Then well pour you a hot bath.

**JOE:** But mother, if I drink this lemonade, I won't have any room for the bath!  
(**JOE PENNER**, Cosmoart Program.)

**MILTON:** Judge, this is your director, Cecil B. deMoody. Cecil, I'd like you to know Judge Hugo Straight, a very repulsive friend of mine.

**MACK:** Director? He couldn't direct a jackass.

**GORDON:** Yes, I can—we'll get along fine. Not only am I a great director, I am also a very fine camebert.

**MILTON:** Wait a minute, Moody—you don't mean camebert—you mean cameraman.

**GORDON:** I said camebert and I mean camebert.

**MILTON:** But you're wrong. Camebert is an imported cheese.

**GORDON:** What are you—a native?  
(**MILTON BERLE**, Gillette Program.)

**PAT:** Eddie Cantor, *vid his five gals, thinks de stork is de worst postman in de world.*

**PICK:** *Why does Eddie Cantor, vid his five gals, think de stork is de worst postman in de world?*

**PAT:** *Cause it never delivered any mail to him.*

(**PICK and PAT**, Pipe Smoking Tune.)

**BING:** This doesn't happen to be your birthday, does it, Bob?

**BOB:** That depends, Bing.

**BING:** Depends on what?

**BOB:** If it was—would you give me a present?

**BING:** But of course.

**BOB:** Then it's my birthday!  
(**BING CROSBY and BOB BURNS**, Kraft Program.)

**BERGEN:** Robbie never gave up the idea of going to sea and wanting to be a sailor, so one day he got a position on a boat.

**CHARLIE:** Yeah—after all, that's the best place to be a sailor.

(**EDGAR BERGEN and Dummy Charlie**, Vallee Program.)

**CLERK:** I hope your plants will be thriving when you reach Southampton.

**MARY:** When I reach where?

**CLERK:** Southampton.

**MARY:** How dull of you! Everyrone knows Southampton is on Long Island, and I want to go to England.

(**MARY BOLAND**, Saturday Night Party.)

**JUDY:** It's a nice heavy material, all right, but every time Annie puts on that dress, it makes her feel sad.

**ANNCR:** Why does it make you sad, Annie?

**ANNIE:** I keep a-thinkin' about that poor home, gone around without his blanket!

(**THE CANOVAS**, Woodbury Program.)

**PHIL:** Bottle, another crack like that, and on the Fourth of July you'll be without a punk.

**BOTTLE:** Oh, Mr. Baker—don't leave me.

**PHIL:** You know, Bottle, I tried to remove a ring for five years and I finally got it off with soap and water.

**BOTTLE:** Oh, I say, sir, didn't you wet your collar?

(**PHIL BAKER and BOTTLE**, Gulf Program.)

**BUDD:** You know, Pop, we could go even further with that abbreviation stuff. For instance—if I wanted to say that Albany is the capital of New York, I'd just say: *YOB is the cap of New.*

**STOOP:** Never mind the Greek fraternities. . . stick to the last letter.

(**STOOP, HAGLE & BUDD**, Minute Tapian Program.)

**GRAHAM:** Well, did your aunt have the dinner party, Ed?

**ED:** Oh, yes, Graham. . . and my aunt never stopped talking the entire evening. She said to my uncle, "I believe my voice is getting husky." And my uncle said, "Well, if I got as much exercise as your voice, I'd be husky too!"

(**ED WYNN**, Spud Program.)

**MARY:** I even found a way to grow mashed potatoes.

**JACK:** How?

**MARY:** First I put vanishing cream on the skins.

**JACK:** Yes?

**MARY:** Then I plant them with a hammer.

**JACK:** Oh, go away, Gracie!

(**JACK BENNY and MARY LIVINGSTONE**, Jell-O Program.)

**FRED:** I thought your mother got your father in a raffle.

**PORTLAND:** When Papa was courtin' Maama, he came to the house every night, and Maama'd cook him pot roast.

**FRED:** Oh—girl MEETS boy, eh?

(**FRED ALLEN**, Texas Hall Tonight.)

**MOLASSES:** Strike one!

**JANUARY:** Strike one? You idiot . . . the ball hit me on the head.

**MOLASSES:** Well, it struck you, didn't it? That's two dollars' fine for you.

**JANUARY:** Two dollars' fine? What's the two bucks for?

**MOLASSES:** To buy a new ball.

(**MOLASSES and JANUARY**, Show Boat Program.)

**HENRY:** I stepped into the barber shop. . . there was a sign on the wall saying: *SIX FIFTEEN CENTS AND A QUARTER.* I said to the barber: "What's the difference?" He said: "With the quarter shave you get bandages." Just then a bald-headed man rushed in, took off his toupee and said: "Give me a haircut and shampoo—I'll be back in half an hour!"

(**HENRY YOUNGMAN**, A & P Band Program.)

**WALTER:** But it's on March 15th—income tax day—that every one starts taking things off. I took so much off that the government sent me one of Sally Rand's leas.

For what I paid, you'd think they'd send me Sally Rand!

(**WALTER OKCIFE**, Vallee Program.)

**ANNCR:** "What is so rare as a day in June?"

**JUDY:** Hey, Zeke, what is so rare as a day in June?

**ZEKE:** . . . and-headed Chinaman.

(**THE CANOVAS**, Woodbury Program.)



# Fashion Parade of the month... JULY

## The New "Smoky" Nail Shades as Miss Nancy Harrar wears them



**Manoir Richelieu  
Canada**

Nancy Harrar puts her tennis opponent very much off his game with her new above-the-knees outfit in 2 shades of blue accented with a rose-colored sash and Cutex Old Rose nails.

"Old Rose is lovely for 'house' types," Nancy says, "and especially with pastels for both sports and evening."



**Rainbow Room  
Rockefeller Center  
New York**

Nancy Harrar is the particular star of the evening in glancing white satin boddy splashed with primary bouquets and belted with tortoise... worn with nails in the startling new Cutex Burgundy.

Nancy finds Burgundy creates a big stir—it's so new and unusual. She wears this sophisticated color with black, white, wine, emerald and, above all, blue.



**En route to London**

For tea with the Captain of the Aquitaine—Nancy Harrar chooses distinguished gray and white sheer jersey with lovely dusky nails in Cutex Rust.

Nancy says Rust is congenial with green, beige and russet, as well as gray. "And it's absolutely the nail color when you're sun-tanned!"



*Old Rose*



*Burgundy*



*Rust*

more with them as color accents than with ordinary glaring polishes."

See just how she uses three of the Cutex "smoky" shades by cutting out the figure above. Now work out several clever Cutex color schemes for yourself! There are 12 smart shades to choose from—Old Rose, Burgundy, Rust, Light Rust, Rose, Mauve, Coral, Ruby, Robin Red, Cardinal, Natural, Colorless. Cutex is more handsome, looser-wears-for-days, won't thicken up in the bottle, won't fade!

Start right now to accent your personality with 3 or 4 glamorous shades. Only 35¢ a large bottle, at any shop!

Northon Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

• To give yourself a complete manicure, be sure to use the new Cutex Only Cuticle Removers. It removes the dead cuticle, restores the natural oil, keeps cuticle lovely without harmful cutting.



Northon Warren Corporation, Dept. 7-M-7  
121 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.  
(in Canada, P. O. Box 2370, Montreal)

I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of postage and packing for the Cutex Introductory Set, including 2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, as checked, Mauve  Rust  Burgundy  Robin Red  Old Rose

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

*- refreshing mildness  
- better taste  
all the way*



**Chesterfield**  
*Wins*