

AUGUST

SPECIAL COAST-TO-COAST PROGRAM GUIDE!

10¢

# Radio Stars

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE

MRS. BING CROSBY  
GETS CONFIDENTIAL

GEORGE BURNS  
AND  
GRACIE ALLEN

www.americanradiohistory.com

# FIND *Love's Blue Heaven*



**Be Utterly Thrilling, Utterly Refined  
and You'll Keep Him All Yours Forever**

He'll love you, adore you and *worship* you, too, if you thrill him with the perfume of Nature's own flowers. It lured the cave-man pursuing his flower-decked mate... and it can weave a glamorous spell for *you*.

Let Lander's Blended-Flower Talc give you the rapturous daintiness, the flower-fresh sweetness that absolutely captivates a man. Try the Gardenia and Sweet Pea Blend. Every morning, dust your whole body with this exquisite powder... smell sweet all over! You feel glorified, inspired... you *know* you're divinely thrilling and that you *can* win love. 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. He dreams of marriage, a cozy home and you... you, so seductive and so refined, his bride in love's blue heaven. Get Lander's Blended-Flower Talc today. Only 10¢ each at your 10¢ store.



# 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

SOLD ONLY  
AT ALL  
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## WHY NOT MAKE IT A Complete VACATION?

**G**OING traveling in New England? Week-ending? Vacationing? Then why not leave care behind and relax in air-conditioned comfort—in a New Haven streamlined coach or luxurious Pullman?

You'll travel faster, safer, of course, and happier. And save money, as well—for train fares are lower this summer. They actually are less than you pay for traffic-ridden highway travel. If you're pleasure-bound, make your pleasure complete. Sink into a comfortable seat. Dine as you travel, leisurely and well. Chat, or read or rest. And arrive reinvigorated and happy.

The train's the thing, this season. And New Haven train travel rates high among the splendid service offered by most American railroads in 1937.

Write to Room 596, South Station, Boston, for your copy of illustrated, informative booklet—"SOUTHERN NEW ENGLAND RESORTS—and How to Get There."

**Work—Dine  
or Relax  
as you  
GO BY TRAIN  
to New England**



## THE NEW HAVEN RAILROAD

JEAN *Parker*  
TESTS 2 TALCUMS



See lovely JEAN PARKER on Columbia Picture "Life Begins With Love"

Likes Both—Prefers "Y"

Jean Parker tries both powd-er-in plain white boxes. She chooses "Y"—the new MAVIS, mildly scented. Other lovely stars choose "X"—the original MAVIS, fully scented. MAVIS flatters your skin like a glamorous face powder. Spreads evenly—clings for hours—leaves a bewitching fragrance that lasts! MAVIS cools, soothes and refreshes.

NEW! MILDLY SCENTED MAVIS

Created for the woman who prefers a lightly perfumed talcum. 34-hole needle-spray top showers body with light film of powder more effectively than old-fashioned powder puffs.

**FREE** Generous size trial package. Ask for either regular or mildly scented MAVIS. Write to Vivatou, Dept. 71, Long Island City, N. Y. Offer not good after Aug. 25th. Get your FREE MAVIS now!



Finer than  
most face powders



**MAVIS**  
FOR BODY  
PROTECTION

Two lovely MAVIS Talcums. Both will flatter you. Which one suits your type?

# RADIO STARS

LESTER C. GRADY, Editor

★ ★ ★ ★ ETHEL M. POMEROY, Associate Editor

ABRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor

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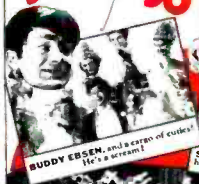
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# BROADWAY MELODY OF 1938

ELEANOR  
*Powell*  
ROBERT  
*Taylor*

SO BIG IT TOPS THEM ALL  
SO NEW IT'S A YEAR AHEAD!



**BUDDY EBSEN**, and a cargo of cuties!  
(He's a scream!)



**SOPHIE TUCKER**, the last of the red  
hot women singing her famous songs!



**JUDY GARLAND**, the sensational little  
hot singing discovery!



**GEORGE MURPHY**, Eleanor's new  
dancing partner!

Also in the Big Cast:  
**Binnie Barnes**  
**Charles Igor Gorin**  
**Raymond Walburn**  
**Robert Benchley**  
**Willie Howard**  
**Charley Grapewin**  
**Robert Wildhack**  
and hundreds more

Directed by  
**Roy Del Ruth**  
Produced by  
**Jack Cummings**  
Dance direction by  
**Dave Gould**  
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer  
Picture

The mammoth M-G-M  
musical that picks up  
where "Great Ziegfeld"  
and "Born to Dance" left  
off! . . . Scores of stars!  
Gigantic spectacle! Gor-  
geous girls! Thrilling ro-  
mance! Swing tunes! . . .  
It's M-G-M's gayest, star-  
jammed entertainment!

**BIG  
SONG HITS**  
"Years and More"  
"I'm Feeling Like a  
Million"  
"Son Shave"  
"Your Broadway  
and My Broadway"  
"Get a New Pair of  
Shoes"  
"Everybody Sings"  
and others



Teaser Nina Martini rises in the world! The Metropolitan Opera and radio star turns elevator boy in a San Francisco bachelorette.



Dan Amache, master of ceremonies of The Glenn and Samba Hour, and Loretta Young, in a 20th Century-Fox film, Love Under Fire.



That unique manikin, gay Charlie McCarthy, with Ventriloquist Edgar Bergen (right) in a scene from Warner Brothers' Double Take.



Two lovelies, Cynthia Westlake and Dorothy Fisher, glorify comedian Victor Moore in the new RKO-Radio picture, Meet the Missus.

# RADIO

W. C. FIELDS' sudden and extremely successful entry into Sunday evening radio took a large chunk out of Eddie Cantor's audience. Through most of the country, the Cantor and Fields programs are on at the same hour. The odd thing about the situation is that Eddie himself is partly responsible for this new program that is taking so many listeners away from him.

The story goes back some fifteen years when W. C. Fields was strictly a pantomime comedian, never speaking a word on the stage. He and Eddie had worked in shows together and became friends.

Among his pantomime's staff houses and gags, panting nonsense of speaking, Eddie used a line to add comic lines to the pantomime. Eddie's Fields began speaking, largely on Eddie's heels.

This spring, Eddie must have looked back on those days many a time and wondered whether he shouldn't have been just a little less invisible.

Radio people as a whole are such a flustered lot, it is astonishing to find a group like the Lombardos, who speak around doing things that another star would recognize as material for good publicity. They bought a Connecticut home for their parents a couple of years ago and installed a little home movie production. When the hand is in town, the boys always try to get up there for Sunday, or the week-end. They never go without picking up film for a whole movie show's feature picture, cartoons, news reel and shorts.

They keep that secret, even from his press agent, because he doesn't think a man should try to get publicity about being friendly with his mother and father. That his accident, I can assure Cornelia Lombardo, going into the camera there on Monday to see at the film (I mean also a goes because he is not in light, he is recognized a story.

I was sworn to secrecy about this but it's so evident you have such nice things to say (Continued on page 89)



Seen at a recent movie premiere: Radio commentator Floyd Gibbons (left) with movie stars Anna May Wong and Edward G. Robinson.



Rumor whispers romance! Bob Burns, of Bing Crosby's program and Paramount Pictures, with his charming secretary, Harriet Foster.

# RAMBLINGS

Highlights and happenings, last-minute news flashes from the radio lanes, to keep you posted on your favorite entertainers



## Glare-Proof!

Flatter you in hard, blazing light

Now 3 Sunlight shades.

Summer Brunette  
Sunlight  
Sunlight

Pond's new "Sunlight" Shades catch only the softer rays of the sun... flatter your face, often its look in the hardest glare! Three glowing shades completely away from the old sun-tan powders—try them at our expense.

Or buy a box, and if you do not find it more flattering than ordinary sun-tan shades, send it back the box, and we will refund purchase price plus postage. Low prices. Discounted new-top jars, 50c, 70c. New big boxes, 10c, 20c.



Test them 14881 in glaring Sunlight! Pond's Sunlight—Flatter your face, often its look in the hardest glare! Three glowing shades completely away from the old sun-tan powders—try them at our expense.

Valiant is the word for Myrtle,

of *Myrt and Marge*

BY JACK HANLEY



Myrtle Vail, *Myrt* of the long-popular radio team, *Myrt and Marge*, started her career at fifteen, when she ran away from home to go on the stage.

In private life Myrtle is Mrs. George Damerel. Here she is with her daughter, Donna Damerel, who plays young *Marge* in their radio serial.

Photos by Ben Pinchot



# A FAMILY AFFAIR

PERSONALLY, I've always been inclined to be dubious about families. "The Family" usually suggests a group of dullish persons, snugly self-centered and presided over by "Mama," who issues orders and always wants something brought to her. "Families" get in my hair.

But not Myrtle Vail's family!

I don't have to tell you about the veteran radio team of *Myrt and Marge*; for almost six years radio listeners have been following their interesting and amusing adventures in and around the world of the theatre. But about Myrtle Vail and her gang I'd rather say that than

"family"—there's plenty to tell.

They keep going, these friendly people, three generations of them, counting "Marge's" very young family, and all of them on the move since infancy or childhood.

Myrtle Vail started it all when she ran away from home to go on the stage at the age of fifteen. With the same determination that has carried her through many a tight spot since, she achieved her objective and landed a job as a chorus girl. Then, when she fell in love with handsome George Damerel, the petor leat of the show, it looked pretty hopeless for the little chorus girl. There was one number

in the show in which Myrtle had to carry a girl twice her size off the stage. Damerel saw her, felt sorry for her, and it wasn't long after that before they were engaged. In the show's second season, Myrt became Mrs. Damerel, but that didn't slow her up.

Damerel, a little later, landed the part of *Prince Danilo* in the *Merry Widow*, and while the show was playing in Chicago, "Marge"—properly Donna Damerel—was born. Shortly afterward, Damerel left for New York to play the same part in the Manhattan company, then went on tour with it. As soon as little Donna was able to travel, Myrt took her



Donna Damerel is the wife of Gene Kretzinger, who once was a member of a popular singing team on the air. They have two sons, Charles and Richard Gene.

along to New Orleans, where *The Merry Widow* was currently appearing, and joined Damerel. A tremendous hit like *The Merry Widow* could play for years—and did. Myrt and her husband and, later, daughter Donna (who was still quite a baby, of course) travelled with the *Widow* almost seven years, with a few interruptions. At first Myrt danced in the show and, several seasons later, she played the title rôle, opposite Damerel.

Now Donna—or Marge, if you like—had been on the move as soon as she was old enough to be moved. And she, too, had the stage bug at an early age, five, to be exact.

Myrtle Vail and her husband were appearing at a Texas theatre, in one of their vaudeville melodramas, when Marge made her first appearance, unheralded, unbillied. The hotel was right next door to the theatre, and little Marge had been put to bed before the night show. This night, however, she got out of bed, went out the window and down the fire escape to the theatre roof and somehow made her way backstage. Her mother and father were on stage at the moment, so little Marge ran right on also—her dress on backwards. She received a big reception from the audience—and a spanking, later, from Myrt!

It wasn't until she was fifteen that Marge really did go into show business. She wrote her mother, from school, that she was determined to leave and join the act of *Vail and Damerel*. (Continued on page 65)



*Little Peggy cut her thumb,  
the thumb began to swell,  
And it was nearly seven weeks  
before her thumb got well!*

**Avoid Infection!** Always apply an antiseptic, even to the tiniest scratch . . . and dress with a bandage as clean as your own doctor would use.

All Johnson & Johnson Red Cross products marked "sterilized"—Cotton, Gauze and Bandages—are sterilized not only in the making. They are sterilized again after they are packaged.

**+** Johnson & Johnson **+**

**COTTON · GAUZE · BANDAGES**



# RADIO STARS COOKING

BY NANCY WOOD

Lily Pons suggests some dainty French dishes. They are essentially light and thus splendid summer fare



**Tomatoes Côte d'Azur** are as appetizing as they appear. They're stuffed with crabmeat.

THIS is a season time when all or most of us are inclined to spend our time. So we can take an interesting and useful trip to France, that has a lot to offer in the way of recipes that starts at one of the many radio playhouses in the air and actually reaches us. Either thru Silvermaster, Connecticut (an which now the best time you can be just as French as the Americans for the air. In this case, Lily Pons is the star, which is more fitting. Quite as French in fact as Lily Pons, our delightful singer in this culinary playhouse, thanks to whom we will learn some of the secrets that have gained her fame on the radio and well deserved reputation on the stage.

I find this charming person we will collect is not only a great cook but a very good singer. In her own kitchen, she is so good in her own kitchen. In her own kitchen, she is so good in her own kitchen. In her own kitchen, she is so good in her own kitchen.

From this charming person we will collect is not only a great cook but a very good singer. In her own kitchen, she is so good in her own kitchen. In her own kitchen, she is so good in her own kitchen.



Lovely Lily Pons, Gallic songstress of ever-widening fame in opera, concert, radio and movies, is a true epicure in her private life. She gives us here enchanting but simple recipes for several food favorites.



# SCHOOL



Whitewashed walls and a tiled floor, casement windows, rough hewn beams in the ceiling, from the charming dining-room in Lily Pons' country home.

She has a very nice kitchen. It is a beautiful kitchen. It is a beautiful kitchen. It is a beautiful kitchen.

She has a very nice kitchen. It is a beautiful kitchen. It is a beautiful kitchen. It is a beautiful kitchen.

"It was worse than a slap in the face"



A few weeks ago, six little American children were crying as if her heart would break. She said her playmates had been making fun of her clothes.



When the poor kid turned around, I almost dropped. Somebody had pinned one of your ads about tattle-tale gray on the back of her dress.



It was worse than a slap in the face. Where did those youngsters get the idea? Had they heard their mothers criticizing my washes? I felt like tearing that ad to bits. But luckily, I read it, instead and found how the best housekeepers get tattle-tale gray on their clothes if they use a soap that leaves dirt behind.



So right away quick I changed to Fels-Naptha Soap — and as I WASH. Now those gentle soaps of rubber, resin, soap and lots of ammonia hustle out every speck of dirt. My clothes, not that horrid tattle-tale gray in no time! So I made a big freezer-ful of ice cream and gave those kids a "thank-you" party.

BANISH 'TATTLE-TALE GRAY' WITH FELS-NAPHTHA SOAP

Radio Stars Cooking School  
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.  
Lily Pons is the Instructor

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

# BEAUTY ADVICE

BY MARY BIDDLE



Irene is a San Francisco girl and former stage star. She is as clever as she is beautiful!

TIM AND IRENE and the green parrot live way up in a penthouse—and way up in the clouds. These two are just as hilarious at home as they are on the air and screen. When I asked: "Tim, do you love Irene?" Irene didn't even wait for the answer, but jumped right in with: "Yes!" Well, after that, we had to chase Irene out to the terrace to watch the flowers grow, so that Tim could speak for himself.

Now, you may wonder what the "carrying on" of this popular couple have to do with a beauty article, but, you see, they are as famous around the town for being a happily married couple as they are well known on the air as comedians. Of course, I wanted to find out both sides of the story and see if I could persuade Irene to part with any of her charm-and-beauty secrets for you. After all, when a woman keeps a man excited over her for years, she certainly has something worthwhile to teach the rest of us!

Tim was most helpful. He beamed while he talked of Irene. He said

that she is wonderful and then proceeded to tell me how charming she is (even with cold cream on) and what a grand, gay companion she can be, and how interested she is in all they do—and how clever she is, and how beautiful her hair is. . . . And then Irene, who had been hiding behind the door listening all the time, couldn't be still any longer and called out: "That's lovely—tell me some more!" So, we let her come back in again and explain how she had so bewitched the man.

Irene doesn't disappoint us, either. She gives us a very worthwhile charm formula. "*Be interested and you will be interesting!*" Irene appears so sparkling and vivacious, because of her interest in everything that goes on. How could a girl be dull, as long as she is truly interested? The spirit is contagious, too. . . . In fact we can't feel lackadaisical and colorless when we are around such a gay little sprite.

Now to discuss Irene's silky hair. It is as soft as a baby's, with thrilling highlights that gleam unexpectedly at odd moments. I just trembled when I asked Irene about her crowning glory. I was so afraid she would take the hope and heart from me, by saying, "It just grew!" But my

worry was all futile, for she convinced me that those soft ringlets were permanently waved! She also convinced me that those highlights were largely due to the "elbow work" and good intelligent care she gives it.

Irene says there just isn't any substitute for scalp stimulation! The health of the hair absolutely demands it. So dust off (or, to be literal, wash off) the hairbrush and get to work! Incidentally, your daily brushing will help keep the hair clean, too. You mustn't feel too virtuous, after all this brushing, and call it a day, for you are just one-half way through! The next step is massage. There is no comparison between a massage *with* and *without*! Irene means *with* a tonic! A hair tonic conditions the scalp and grows the hair.

The most effective way of applying your tonic and massage is to direct both to the scalp! You don't have to saturate the hair with hair tonic. Part the hair and apply the tonic directly to the scalp. Continue in this manner until the whole scalp has been treated. Now for the massage. One of the best methods of massage is the rotating finger movement. Place the thumb at the back of the head and spread the fingers—placing them

Irene, of Tim and Irene, offers you some valuable hints on how



Tim and Irene, that gay pair of the MBS Sunday evening program, *Fun in Swingtime*.

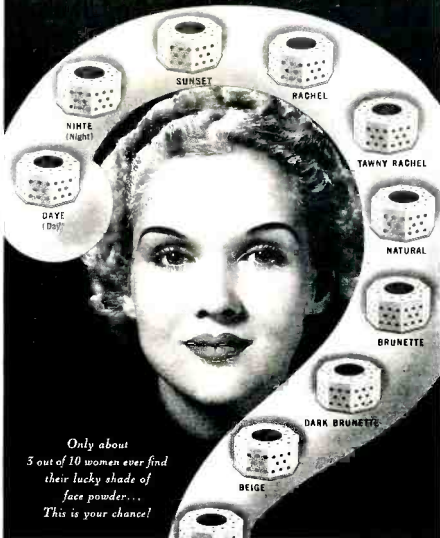
firmly on the scalp. Now, holding the thumbs firmly to the scalp, rotate the fingers, without moving them from the spot. When this area has been massaged, shift the fingers to another position. The whole scalp may be massaged in this manner.

Irene has a favorite hair tonic, and, if you will write me for the name, I shall be glad to tell you about it. Incidentally, there is a grand introductory offer of this tonic that will let you get acquainted with it and a gorgeous foamy oil shampoo, all at the same time, for a very special price. A special feature of this shampoo is that it leaves the hair so soft and manageable. There is none of the wildness fine hair is usually afflicted with, or the wiriness that usually follows the shampoo for coarse hair.

Irene has very fine hair. You can see that in this picture. She gives a tip on the arrangement of this type of hair. She says to get in "all-over" permanent. The all-over permanent gives body to the hair. Now that the  
(Continued on page 10)

to keep your man!

# WHICH IS YOUR LUCKY SHADE



Only about  
3 out of 10 women ever find  
their lucky shade of  
face powder...  
This is your chance!

Ten new—absolutely new—shades of face powder! You have never seen the like of them before.

They're new in color. They're new in color-magic. They do things for women never before known.

### You Will See a New "You"

One of these shades will prove the right one for you!

It will show you a new "you"—a more youthful "you"—a more vivid "you"

A  
thrilling  
surprise  
every  
woman

a breath-taking surprise to you. It may, for the first time, disclose your "lucky" shade of face powder. Clip and mail coupon today.

—a more glamorous "you." You don't have to take my word for this. You can prove it to yourself! Just mail the coupon and you will receive all ten of my new Lady Esther Face Powder shades postpaid and free.

### Try All Ten!

Try, not one or two shades, but all ten! The very one you think least suited to you may prove

(You can paste this on a postpaid envelope)

(10)

Lady Esther, 2010 Bidge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

I want to find my "lucky" shade of face powder. Please send me all ten of your new shades

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

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

## WASHDAY

UNCLE  
JACKIE  
BEACH

Jackie Beach, that merry old seapsuds sleuth, rehearses his CBS harmony hounds for his Fels Naptha broadcast.



Conductor Mark Warnow, Announcer John Reed King, Bill Rousseau, producer, and (right) Jackie Beach, CBS baritone.



Beach, featured on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 1:00 p.m., Ed St., opens his program with conductor Mark Warnow.



See how your skin responds to the invigorating action of this new cream. It contains

Beauty authorities agree that the most important step in the care of your complexion is thorough cleansing. It's a simple step, too, says Dr. Baggett & Ramsdell created Golden Creaming Cream.

For this new cream contains all the gold... a substance with the remarkable power of leaving skin pores of dirt, make-up and other impurities. You can't see or feel this colloidal gold any more than you can see or feel the steel in a pinhead. Yet its penetrating action not only makes Golden Creaming Cream a more thorough cleanser but also tones and invigorates the skin fibers. Try Golden Creaming Cream tonight. See how fresh and vital's skin is leaves your skin. At leading drug and department stores—\$1.00.

**BAGGETT & RAMSDALL**  
Golden Creaming Cream

Baggett & Ramsdell, Inc., 100 N. W. 10th St., Miami, Fla. 33136  
Largest Dept. Store, 100 N. W. 10th St., Miami, Fla. 33136  
Largest Dept. Store, 100 N. W. 10th St., Miami, Fla. 33136  
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## WARBLER

WHEN FINGERS AND TOES  
MUST LOOK THEIR BEST...

wear

GLAZO'S "Misty" Tints



Jackie Beach and His Boys in their blithe broadcast.



Announcer John Reed King blows his bit with Jackie.



Jackie Beach, featured on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 1:00 p.m., Ed St., opens his program with conductor Mark Warnow.



The newest, loveliest colors... in perfect skin-tone harmony

**B**EWARE, YOUNG WOMEN! Unscrupulous flattery of any kind are Glazo's beguiling modern "Misty" shades. Oh, Rose, Thistle, Rust and Roserose, Sunma, Dohla, Imperial Red—these Complimentary Colors have a way with them: a way of adding new beauty to your mouth, ears—and your pedicure.

But flattery from Glazo means honest admiration from beaus and escorts. So why resist its blandishments? You'll never suspect how fascinating your fingertips can be until Glazo's merry, amiable shades persuade you. That's why smart girls everywhere are loving their hearts and pledging their hands to Glazo.

A smooth article, all right, is Glazo—skin-smooth on the nail for several extra days of wear. But for all that, a "sun-tan" friend, whose charm doesn't fade, whose flattery doesn't grow a bit "thin-k" with lingering in the bottle. And one that, at 25 cents, has a care for your pocketbook.



GLAZO

The Smart Manicure

# WEST COAST CHATTER

Typical tidbits and tidings of your favorites among Hollywood broadcasters

NOW that Helen Troy is no more, no more—rather is *Suzanne Sumner*—the Elbica Cantor office can have its first sigh of relief in months. In fact, the first sigh of any kind, since none of the three has dared to breathe for fear of scattering those 300,000 contest letters piled up in every corner of the office. Susie McKay, 14-year-old winner of the Hollywood trip, wrote from the ham town Yalokasta, Georgia, to ask if Mr. Cantor would object to her graduating from high school before taking off for Hollywood. Elbica wrote Susie, assuring her that Hollywood could wait until after the leg event.

*Jack Benny* was at the NBC studios, one day, when rehearsals for the Chase and Sanborn Hour were going on. "Say, Joel," said W. C. Fields, meeting him in the hall and noting that he looked rather lonesome, "why not come in and watch rehearsals for awhile? There's Ann Harding, Werner Janssen, Dorothy Lamour, Edna Berger—"

Jack suddenly brightened. "And Charlie McCarthy?" he asked. When W. C. nodded, Jack made a rush for the rehearsal room. Charlie, you know, is Ventriologist Berger's dummy.

Hal Raynor, that retund and jolly gentleman of the cloth who writes all the Joe Penner songs, was at a rehearsal the other day when a photographer came in to get some shots of the principals in the show. "Hey," shouted the Reverend Raynor, "how about taking a picture of me?" The camera-clicker eyed him slowly up and down, then from side to side. "Brother," he said, at last. "I'd have to take a panorama of you."

Jack Oakie is back on the banana and skimmed-milk wagon, to stay until he gets that boyish figger back. It all started the other day because of two small boys at a preview. Jack came out of the theatre and heard one say: "Hey, that's Jack Oakie!" "Naw," said the other, "This one's a fatso, all right, but he's not as fat as Oakie. He waddles."

Joan Crawford's "mike fright" is no idle rumor. For a fact, the Crawford beauty has always proved so wobbly when in the maine zone confronted by a microphone that they've never been tempted to stand on their own. Never, that is, until this last LUX airing when Joan forgot her customer seat at a table and found right up there, center-stage and behind the mike, supporting itself in May of Scotland several inches above the "look her place at the end, and husband Lombard Tomp planted a kiss on the gorgeous little woman.

Perfection is the thing Joan strives for on every airing. And, unlike many other radio performers with the same idea, Joan

is willing to work for it. In addition to both afternoon and evening rehearsals for *Mary of Scotland* she and Franchot worked on the script with the technical director at extra sessions in their Brentwood home. They totaled 40 hours of rehearsal—a record for the air theatre and Hollywood performers. Perfection, too, was the outfit in which Joan appeared for the broadcast. Her simple black dress was splashed with print flowers in brilliant colors. A black cap atop her red hair was topped with a bunch of posies in the same colors, and ruby and emerald bracelets carried out the color scheme.

Clarette Colbert is another who keeps one nose too dependable when it comes to micro-phoning. At every broadcast she sits atop a high stool and goes through her dramatics for the mike. But this doesn't interfere in the least with the Colbert histrionics. She may have the cast and audience on the point of nervous collapse, with every wild gesticulation which threatens to land the star directly into the mike, but it's evidently impossible to shake the Colbert pose or perch!

Cluettie, incidentally, is credited with being the best-humored actress ever to appear on the Lux programs. Her good spirits, in fact, often delay rehearsals and sometimes seriously threaten the actual broadcast. For she's apt to dissolve into giggles on the slightest provocation. At the Hambs Across the Table broadcast, Joel McCrea kept a warning eye on her throughout. Cluettie would look at him with pursed mouth, with only her shaking shoulders to show that she was enjoying a good private giggle. And the audience is always affected by the good-time atmosphere, for Colbert applause rocks the theatre timbers.

Didja Know: that Clarence Muse wanted to be a lawyer and studied for this profession at Dickerson University in Baltimore? That Francis White was just a dubbed-in voice for Virginia Bruce's *Jenny Lind*, until a radio producer tried to sign up Virginia and her vocal chords and found the latter was Francis? That Ed Wynn might have been manufacturing hats, instead of wearing them, since Papa Wynn's business was whipping up chapeaux? That Haven MacQuarrie was the first person in San Francisco to establish a used car lot? . . . That Don Wilson couldn't smile, much less laugh in his now-famous manner, a few years ago, being the possessor of an inferiority complex?

Werner Janssen, Ann Harding's brainless husband, was introduced to the Hollywood press at a cocktail party the other day. Mr. J received the official stamp of approval from one and all, in spite of being very bored with any conversation a morning himself. But animation and charm

were suddenly turned on when Mrs. Janssen was mentioned. He refers to Ann as "my dear wife" and returned to her constantly until the party finally broke up!

Ann, incidentally, is looking prettier than ever and claims she doesn't even have an eye out for movie offers. Just wants to live atop the Hollywood hills in her old home with the husband and daughter—and be plain Mrs. Werner Janssen.

W. C. Fields' radio debut was the most sensational success in town. He not only took the audience by storm, but took the sponsor for a five-year contract! Fields' only previous airing was on a testimonial program to a movie producer—which he swore was not only his first airing but his last. All this, however, was in the days before the long Fields siege with hospitals and rest-homes. "The only day," says W. C., "that I seriously considered passing out, was the day my radio went dead, which accounts for my now being right in there rooting for dear old radio."

The first shopping Virginia Verrill did when she arrived on the Coast was for a dog. Having formerly owned thoroughbreds which developed into vet's pets more than hers, Virginia confined her pocket-shopping to the Los Angeles pound. Here, for one dollar, she picked up a spayed mumbler whose only charm was a friendly eye. Deciding to spend one more dollar, she took him to the vet's for a shampoo. But with the grime washed off, the pup proved a last bargain. Virginia found her mongrel was a throughbred schmauer!

The audience for that first airing of the Chase and Sanborn program comprised most of the Who's Who in Hollywood. And the rest were at the NBC doors trying to crash the program. Enthusiasm was kept at high pitch following the broadcast, with a cocktail party out at Don Attoche's Encino home. All in all, the new radio program got off to a fast start.

At a rehearsal of the *Kraft Hour*, a news scribbler was interviewing Bob Burns. Bob was reminiscing about some happening and drawled: "Now, let me see—that must have been about the time I started blossoming out." Bing Crosby, sitting by and quietly smoking a pipe, interrupted with: "Blossoming out, doncha mean, Bob?—when you first started to be a blooming idiot?"

Hearts and Flowers Dept: Judy Garland thinks Bill Goodwin is so-so-so swell. Not that half the girls in Hollywood don't think so, too, but Judy makes no bones about her open adoration. At every rehearsal she is either talking to Bill or bearing spellbound just looking at him. But there's actually the triangle! And in this case it's Jimmie Judy's big sister, who's causing the trouble. For Bill thinks Jimmie is so-so-so swell, and makes no bones about it either.

More Hearts and Flowers Dept: Molly Simon and Buster Keaton are seen, as you know, together these days. Ken Murray and Florence Heller, New York society girl, may head for Yuma any minute. Jerry Cooper hasn't given the Hollywood girls a chance yet—his *Alma Mater* is Joan Mitchell Foster, chanteuse. Frances Lamour and Lewy Martin are speed to be



that way about each other.

Hunting for Grace Moore between broadcasts is like hunting a needle in a haystack. For Grace and husband Valentin Parera might be anywhere between Seattle and Ensenada, Mexico. Valentin presented the little wife with a gray and tan auto-trailer and they take off immediately after every broadcast. Grace does all the cooking and's even whipped up dotted swiss curtains for all the windows. Just a hausfrau at heart.

Carlton Morse, author of *Our Man's Family*, took off for Hong Kong aboard the Pan American Clipper Ship, for his vacation. We hear that his baggage—the fifty pounds allowed him—was comprised of still and motion picture cameras and a thousand feet of film. No laundry, Carl?

At NBC there are all kinds of plans underfoot for vacations. Jack Benny and Mary Livingston will set sail for Europe, Charlie Hutteroth has Budapest on the beam, Ben Hurst will lead for Florida and the sackbats Conrad Tobsant is going to Hawaii, on U.S. and Bill Crosby is going to his ranch. Fred Astaire only answers to our question on his plans with, "What is a vacation?"

Hollywood Host No. 1 has turned out to be Joe Penner. He's rigged up a loud speaking system on the grounds of his Beverly Hills home, which enables him to shout a last farewell to guests as they go out the gate. But what the guests don't know is that Joe has also rigged up at the gate a trick transmitting set which relays back to the house any opinions which they may express concerning the Penner party.

On meeting Ella Logan, everyone thinks that such a baby-faced girl shouldn't be out in the cold, cruel world of the working gal. Someone, they feel sure, should adopt the little Logan. But the news has just leaked out that it's Ella who does the adopting. To date she's collected two little girls of her own—aged three months and four years. And says she's in the market for more!

There's a story back of that ballad which Gracie Fields rendered on the Hollywood Bowl program recently. Bill Basler, when he heard of Gracie's idea, said: "No, no, a thousand times no." But Gracie still felt like rendering a ballad. So she told Fox publicity director, Harry Brand, about how she felt and Harry told Bill how he felt about Bill not feeling that way about ballads. In fact, Bill was told in no uncertain tones that unless Gracie was allowed to sing, no more Twentieth Century Fox stars would ever appear on Hollywood Blvd. It's just thought you might appreciate that ballad more if you know.

The *Prince and the Pauper* broadcast was interesting on several counts. For one, the Mauch twins, who are a couple of the best troupers in town. Bobby was so stirred by some of his lines that he had to hastily wipe a tear or two away and get in a quick snuffle. Also interesting was the fact that Simone Simon was sitting right up front—with eyes only for Erol Flynn. Seems the little French girl thinks Erol is divine.

—BY LOIS SVENSRUD

# GIVE YOUR THROAT A KOOL VACATION!



LIKE A WEEK BY THE SEA, this mild menthol smoke is a tonic to hot, tired throats. The tiny bit of menthol cools and refreshes, yet never interferes with the full-bodied flavor of KOOLS' fine Turkish-Domestic blend. A coupon comes with each pack, good in the U. S. A. for beautiful, useful premiums. (Extra coupons in every carton.) Your throat needs a vacation, too! Get away from the heat, and head into a pack of KOOLS today! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Box 599, Louisville, Ky.

TUNE IN to the... NBC Blue Network... Friday, P.P., E. D. N. E.

SAVE COUPONS... MANY HANDSOME NEW PREMIUMS

One of Comments For This Year, 475 coupons, 2 qt. Pt 1

Illustrated 28 page booklet, No. 11

One of Comments For Plus Sheet Every Box and Tray... 450 coupons

R. PRICES... ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS



International Press

Rudy Vallee, surrounded by a crowd of British admirers on his arrival at Waterloo station for a London engagement during Coronation festivities.

Hildegard, famous cabaret and broadcasting star, another Coronation entertainer, posed with Rudy for London newspaper photographers.

# IT'S MY HUMBLE OPINION-

## BY RUDY VALLEE

Once again Rudy Vallee opens his heart in a free and frank commentary on divers subjects



H. H. World Photo

*I wish you'd be my guest long enough to join me in a discussion of the assorted things that, during the past month, have annoyed me, plagued me, and struck me as being worthy of scrutiny.*

If you've accepted my invitation, then sit back in your biggest, softest arm chair and turn your attention, with me, to Mr. John McCormack.

I was surprised at Mr. McCormack's recent blast at radio, having tremendous admiration for the artistry and intelligence of this Irish minstrel, who for years has brought so much enjoyment to so many people with his glorious voice. Surprised, because I know him, having had the pleasure of entertaining him shortly after one of our broadcasts.

I cannot believe that Mr. McCormack

was blasting radio generally. It seemed rather that his special objection was a certain program. His complaint was that paint manufacturers were not the proper judges of an artist's ability. But inasmuch as these gentlemen pay the bills, and, assuming that they are laymen common denominators, it is quite possible that their reactions ought to be much better barometers of public opinion than even those of critics and opera-goers. It is unfortunate that, one minute, a beautiful aria is to be heard, and, the next, cold-blooded advertising of such-and-such a product, but if the public knew that the cost of an hour broadcast, such as our own, is approximately \$17,000 for each broadcast and that this expense must be met some way, surely there could be no objection to short, well-worded commercials interspersed not more than three times

during the hour. Experience has proven that it *does* take repetition to impress people, so let's be fair to the much-abused sponsor, shall we?

Many of us are watching the bill proposed in Michigan requiring punishment for libel over the air. It seems, at the present time, that libel over the air is less easy to prove, and consequently to punish, than libelous statements appearing in the Press. This legislation may start something!

Not to give Mr. W. Winchell too much cause to accuse me of lingering in the first person singular, or to repeat too much of what was said last month concerning the Boston photographer episode, but now that I have been adjudged guilty of assault, those who followed the course of events will recognize it as an issue of whether a person may or may not object to having his picture taken.

Although Mr. Ex-Justice Van De-  
(Continued on page 62)

Battling Bill Fields squares off with a scowl, in his radio feud with that Casanova of Hollywood, dummy Charlie McCarthy. And even Ventriloquist Edgar Bergen seems a trifle perturbed by that fearsome frown!

After a broadcast of the *Chase and Sanborn Variety Hour*, Don Ameche, master of ceremonies, watches comedian W. C. Fields write his autograph for a fan. The program is heard Sundays, over the NBC-Red network.



Never did a radio program whiz so quickly to top ranking as the *Chase and Sanborn Variety Hour*, featuring W. C. Fields, Don Ameche, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, Dorothy Lamour and Werner Janssen. It would be unfair to single out one particular member of the cast as the outstanding reason for the program's success. All have been exceptionally entertaining.

Many rabid listeners are shouting from the housetops that without W. C. Fields the hour would be quite ordinary; but there are equally as many who rally to the cause of Edgar Bergen and his delectable dummy, Charlie McCarthy, insisting that this inimitable pair is the program's highlight. Furthermore, the Don Ameche fans are positive that without their Don all would be lost. And so it goes.

When you have so able and acknowledged a group of performers that it's impossible to select any one as the best, then you most decidedly have an outstanding radio program.

## FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO RADIO

The *Chase and Sanborn Hour* got off to such a fast start that the skeptics thought the pace could not be maintained. If anything, the pace has quickened. The script writers have not let the comedians down. The high-salaried guests stars have fitted nicely into the pattern.

The sponsors are spending a tremendous amount of money to present this show each week. But it is money well spent, and certainly the sponsors may feel assured that with few exceptions every dialer in the land is tuned in on their program each Sunday.

To the *Chase and Sanborn Variety Hour*, sixty minutes of sparkling variety entertainment, RADIO STARS magazine presents its award for Distinguished Service to Radio.

Letort C. Grady

—EDITOR

## How radio favorite Bing Crosby rates with his wife, Dixie Lee

"I OFTEN think," said Bing Crosby's young wife (the only girl Bing ever "went with") "that Bing made his money too fast—and too young. He made more money that first amazing year of his big success than he ever has made since. And when I got stop to realize that he was a poor boy, one of a big family, and had had to hustle for every two-bit piece he had to spend—well, it's a real wonder of the world that a dinkie inflated his ego till he burst! Anyone, in those days, would have been justified in prophesying that Bing would go berserk. But he didn't. It worked just the other way, with Bing. Fame and money didn't make him conceited, careless, reckless. He takes them as a grave responsibility, a trust to be executed, a burden to be borne, almost like a heritage which he must administer carefully and well. He acts like a trustworthy steward of his own success. His boyare have been all when he was a nobody, with nothing.

"From the time he first began to be really successful, from the day he first set eyes on me, he began to be an *Old Man on the Sea*, with the weight of the world on his shoulders. Why I should have had that effect on him," laughed Dixie. "I'll never know! I'm really not the type. I'm the one who wants to go places, go to parties, give parties, have a lot of fun. I hate to be alone. I love to leave crowds of people around me, things going on.

"I say so, too," grinned Dixie, ricketybody childlike.

in her pale blue corduroy shorts, white shirt, golden-brown bob, young scarlet mouth. "I say so, but Bing never 'hears' me. He doesn't pay any attention to what I say. He never tells me anything! He never tells me about his business problems, what goes on at the studio or anything. It makes me furious! I don't like it, because it makes me feel unimportant and I like to feel important. But he says I'd be bored to death if he came home and told me everything that goes on at the studio, business details, problems and so on. Maybe I'll probably never know. Bing is old-fashioned. He believes—and Bing acts on his beliefs—that a woman's place is in the home, with her children, and here he keeps me very well," grinned Dixie.

The home of the Bing Crosbys in North Hollywood, in the Toluca Lake region, is spacious and white. And Southern, sub, in architecture, in "feelin'." It is white-columned and gracious and set in wide green lawns, luxuriantly green, and walnut trees in majestic groves across, the woods playing among their leaves, beneath the Crosbys' white-curtained windows. A Negro butler, with a family-retainer courtesy, had admitted me when I arrived, and ushered me into the playroom, paneled in pale paneled wood, furnished with rag rugs, drapes, chairs and divans in shades blending from palest rose to deepest crimson. A bar, facing the room obliquely, is lined with tiers of glasses, from enormous brandy snags to tiniest

BY GLADYS HALL

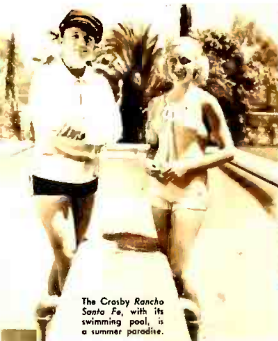
cordials, and all in shades of blue, royal blue to pale spring blue. From the wide entrance hall, as I entered, I caught a glimpse of the dining-room—Duncan Phyfe table, pale blue patterned walls, formalized draperies—note sentimental, all of it, to what a Spokane boy with a heart-catch in his voice has done.

Now, from above came the patter of little feet, descending the stairs. Six little feet. The little feet of the sons of the Crosbys—Gary Evan, aged four, Philip Lang and Dennis Michael, aged three. The nurse came in with the three little boys, fresh from their naps. Three blond little boys, Gary Evan, a small and almost exact replica of Bing; the twins, one at all identical save for blond hair and blue eyes, the hair of Dennis Michael wavy, that of Philip Lang, tingily straight.

I asked Gary Evan if he liked to hear his father sing. The ten-year-old commented, discriminatingly. "Yes, specially in the shower. And specially *Little Rockers*—that's our favorite. My Daddy sang it for me over the radio last week." The little boys shook hands (politely, scrambled) over their mother, who looks ridiculously like their not-so-much-older sister, and went forth to swim in the pool.

"Bing calls them his 'Three-Man Circus,'" Dixie told me. "I call them my Four-Man Circus—'for Bing is one of the kids when he's playing with them. I've known what he did on his last (Continued on page 73)

It's Love! All for Bing and his wife, known to the movie fans as Dixie Lee.



The Crosby Rancho Santa Fe, with its swimming pool, is a summer paradise.



There's a tennis court, too, on this 65-acre estate of Mr. and Mrs. Crosby.

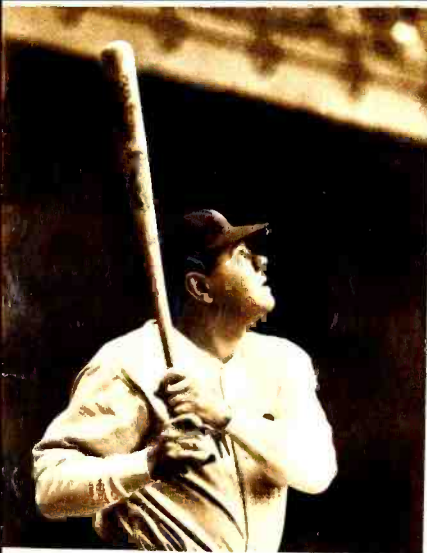


Plenty of open country for riding. Dixie (Mrs. Bing) and her favorite horse, Sorrell.



MRS BING CROSBY

GETS CONFIDENTIAL



# THE BABE IS STILL KING!

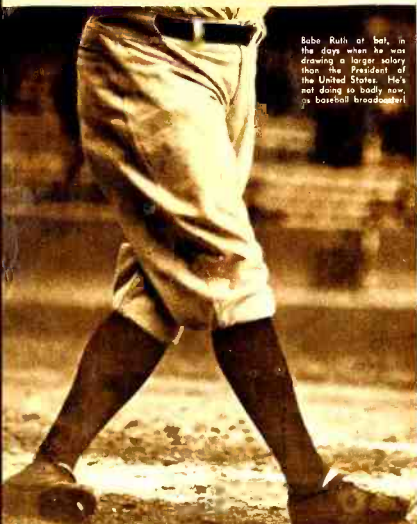
They thought he was through—not only as a ball player, but as a public hero! Now he's radio's Number 1 baseball man!

BY TOM MEANY

FOR ABOUT two years now there has been a sentimental clamor arising to find a place in the major leagues for Babe Ruth. The fans, the writers, too, for that matter, can't cotton to the spectacle of the

and told us he had decided to call it a career. We all felt sorry for the old guy, a pathetic figure with all the fire and challenge gone from him.

It was nearly a month before



Babe Ruth at bat, in the days when he was drawing a larger salary than the President of the United States. He's not doing so badly now, as baseball broadcaster

loan who led baseball to the pot of gold, standing on the outside looking in, like a kid with his nose flattened against the window of a lakerloop.

Whether or not baseball funds room for Ruth, the big fat man has found room for himself. The Babe is on the air now, broad-casting twice weekly over the Columbia System, and his broadcasts naturally are all baseball. For the game always has come first with the Babe, from the time he was a smothered kid out of a Baltimore orphan asylum, playing ball for \$800 a season. Years later, when Ruth was drawing more money than the President of the United States, he was breaking as hard as when he broke in, his affection for the game in no whit abated.

When Ruth had his unfortunate experience with the Boston Braves and Judge Fuchs, when he quietly was eased out of Yankee Stadium, out of the American League and eventually out of organized baseball, it was believed in many quarters that his fame had been irreparably tarnished. So pitiful were his efforts with the Braves, barring occasional sporadic bursts of home run gumption, and so involved were the conditions under which he left on June 2nd, 1935, that it seemed the big fellow was finished, not alone as a ball player, but also as a public hero. Babe, himself, as well as baseball men throughout the nation, were sure that the fans would reach the conclusion that they had had feet of clay, that he no longer was a plain-clothes figure, but merely a broken-down ball player, grown fat and pretentious.

Ruth, himself, was pretty well in 800-pp. I was in the clubhouse up in Boston, along with other New York and Boston sports writers, when the Babe gathered us together

Ruth appeared in public again and when he did, at a game at the Polo Grounds, he was nearly mobbed by admirers. A cord of junk police had to be thrown around the box where the Babe and his party sat, to protect the honor run king from autograph seekers. The following Sunday, Ruth visited Yankee Stadium and received a similar ovation. Later Babe tried to avoid the Stadium, but his presence there embarrassed Manager Joe McCarthy.

Those roasting receptions restored all the old Ruthian confidence. No longer was he the old man in dressing-robe and slippers, who was going so quietly into retirement and await the arrival of the postman with the annuity checks! He knew that he still was baseball's Number 1 man in the eyes of the public. Whether or not the niggards knew it, didn't matter.

When the Yankees opened the season at the Stadium, last April, Babe drew more cheers than any member of the team which had won the world's championship last fall, more than any of the public officials who participated in the inaugural ceremonies. He had tried to slip into his seat unobserved, while the teams were parading to the flag pole in center field, but the crowd spotted him instantly and the cheers that greeted him drowned out the blaring of the band.

Ruth already had opened his radio program, which started while the teams were in the South. His baseball comments over CBS, on the events of the training season, and his pungent predictions, apparently scored with the fans, for the weekly contest staged by his sponsors, *Stanton Oil*, was drawing an increasing number of cosies with each program.

Baseball (Continued on page 82)



# HER SECOND HUSBAND

The picture below shows Helen Menken as Queen Elizabeth in *Mary of Scotland*, in a recent broadcast from that stage play.



As Brenda, in her first microphone rôle, Helen Menken, noted stage star, faces many perplexing problems.

Miss Menken broadcasts her serial, *Second Husband*, each Wednesday at 8:30 p.m. EDT over the NBC Blue network.



Helen Menken hopes that Brenda, of her NBC serial, will be happy, as she is, in her second marriage



IN THE theatre Helen Menken has been an outstanding figure for so long, one quite naturally thinks of her as an old-timer. As a matter of fact, she has been staying on the stage for nearly thirty years. But don't let that mislead you. She started her theatrical career at the age of four, playing with the late Vivian Russell in *Melbourne's Night's Dream*.

On the air, however, Miss Menken is in the novice class. She has, on occasions, made guest appearances, playing scenes from some of her Broadway successes. But this spring, for the first time, she embarked on a career as a radio actress, in the NBC serial, *Second Husband*, broadcast Wednesday evenings under the auspices of The Famous Actors Guild.

Miss Menken's radio serial matches, in some respects, her own experience—for she has been married twice. Her first husband was Humphrey Bogart, well known to the stage and screen. Recently he played with Hette Davis in the film, *Verdict of Spain*. He was starred in *The Black Legion*, and has been featured in a number of other successful movies.

"We grew up together," Helen said. "I knew Humphrey when he

was in short pants! But marriage, for us, was a failure from the start. We lived together only two months. He has been married again, since, and divorced again. But we are still friends. My husband likes him very much, too. We see him occasionally. And when I see him, I think 'I'm glad I'm not married to you—you! I'm glad you're doing so well in your career!'"

Miss Menken's present husband, a Texan, is an eye specialist in the city.

"I met him five years ago," she told me. "I liked him at once. But, just after we met, he sailed for Paris with another doctor."

Not long afterward, however, Helen and her mother and sister went abroad for a summer's holiday. Eventually they arrived in Paris.

"And, of course, I thought of him," she says. "I kept thinking about him—kept finding pretexts to bring his name into the conversation. At last a friend said to me: 'Why don't you call up this man you're always talking about, if he's here in Paris?' As a matter of fact, I knew his telephone number! I'd been saying it over and over to myself, secretly! But I hedged. Then she tumbled me—dared me to do it. And one day I did..."

And so the young doctor came to call on Helen Menken. And for the next few weeks that European holiday was a season in paradise.

"Then I had to go home," she said. "Before he came, I had been impatient to go—eager to get back to work. But then I hated the thought of it. And then he said to me: 'If you'll marry me—I'll go back with you. That,' she smiled reminiscently, "was the way he proposed!"

"So we came back together—and we were married here, by Jimmy Walker. That was five years ago—and I had known him just two months."

Their marriage, we gather, has been a completely happy one, although much of the time their hours have been at odds.

"It has been hard on him, I know," she said understandingly. "At first our hours were utterly topsy turvy. He has to start his day at seven-thirty in the morning. When I'm working in the theatre, I don't get home till twelve. Then I'm all keyed up—I never get to bed till three in the morning—and I'm sleeping when he starts out. Then, when he is through work, ready to relax and enjoy himself, I'm just starting my work! And Sunday, the day when most people plan some sort of social

diversion, is my one day to rest and relax—let down my hair and put cold cream on my face! Sometimes, of course, we go out together, but often he stays at home with me. It isn't fair to him, but he is clear and understanding—interested in my work—and helpful. Last summer he and I had our first vacation together since we were married. We went to a farm my family have, up in New York state, near Taxedo. It's a real farm, in real country. We loved it!"

"Radio," she said, and her dark eyes glowed, "gives us more time together. I like radio!"

She lighted a cigarette. "I'm always jittery, right after a broadcast, though. And before a too! You'd think, having grown up in the theatre, I'd have more assurance. But it isn't so. I know the technique of course—I'm completely at home in it. But I still have the jitters! Most actors I know," she went on, "work—and then relax afterwards. I can only relax when I'm working! Both before and after. I'm terribly tense!"

Although she grew up in the theatre, her family, Helen says, were not theatrical people. The powerful backstage trunk was not Helen Menken's cradle. Her mother was a friend of (Continued on page 62)

A summertime silhouette—Ina Ray Hutton, popular girl orchestra leader of Miami, Florida, caught at the seaside.



Edie Wolfe

# IN THE

Picking out some of the



Lovely and lissome, little Dorelle Alexander, sweet singer who now has her own CBS program, makes a charming study for the photographer.

Don't look now, but we think Foo Foo is yawning! Alice Frost, of CBS' Big Sister, broadcasts, tells her pet the camera won't bite!



# RADIO SPOTLIGHT

stars of the summer season's radio roundup in mirth and music



"Mama! Oh, Mama! That man's here again!" chirps comely Marlyn Stuart, CBS favorite.



Fibber McGee and Molly (Marian and Jim Jordan) Hollywood-bound, with Kathryn and Jim, Jr., to make a movie.



Barb Lahr, as star of *Manhattan Merry-Go-Round* broadcasts, finds himself in plenty of trouble.

A favorite radio star, Charlie McCarthy (right) of the *Chase and Sanborn Hour*, turns in surprise on his stooge and pal, ventriloquist Edgar Bergen, introduces a miniature mannikin in his very own imogel



Bobby Breen and Jolly Gillette giggle during ground-breaking ceremonies for CBS' new studio.

Edie Wolfe

Ed East and Ralph Dumke, those

doughty "Sisters of the Skillet,"

tell their beguiling

true life story!



On Tuesdays and Thursdays at 11:15 a.m. EDT, they broadcast on *The Quality Fairs*, over the CBS network. And on Wednesdays and Fridays, on WJZ only in their familiar roles of *The Sisters of the Skillet*, they are on the air at 7:45 p.m. EDT. But, *Twins or Sisters*, they continue to be irresistibly funny in their more or less dubious advice to harried housewives. Their fan mail is, we are told, tremendous!

## WE HELP DISTRACTED

IN 1924 Ed East and Ralph Dumke were vaudevillians, playing the small-time Keith circuit. While stilled in Niagara Falls, with a three-day layoff, just prior to breaking into New York and the big-time, one of their fellow actors gave them a tip.

"Now listen, fellers," he drawled (his name was Jack Benny and draws even today—draws down a big salary check), "I know this Keith gang in New York. They're a high-pressure bunch and if you show up there just in time to go on, and you sign the contract then, you may get fifty dollars more than you're getting now—but no more. Take an old soldier's advice, beat it up there while you have a chance and demand a big increase in dough."

"Aw gee, Jack," they moaned in something like unison, "we've only got thirteen dollars between us!"

"If that's all that's worrying you, take this—" and Jack Benny handed them a roll of bills that totaled just a little over five hundred dollars.

But East and Dumke didn't go to New York to demand more money, because, well, frankly, they were scared of the big officials. "Yes—they got a measly fifty-dollar raise, just as Jack had said they would."

This happened in the formative days of the present stars of the *Knox Gelatine* show and the *Kellogg Corn Flakes* show—the two beneficiaries of flesh who coyly call themselves *The Sisters Of The Skillet*, and who are about as effeminate as two Jack Dempseys! Ed, for instance, weighs about two hundred and sixty pounds and stands six feet, one and one-half inches tall. Ralph is exactly six feet tall and might weigh a half pound less than Ed, but

I doubt it. Can you picture them doing the cartwheels a recent cast of theirs called for?

But, to get on. Much water, indeed, has since flowed under the water wheels that make the electricity that runs the radio stations these fameters have patronized—on such shows as *Koloz Shaving Cream*, *Lomas Tuna's Ginger Ale*, *McLaughlin Manor House Coffee*, *Procter & Gamble Soap*, *Armour Meats*, *Ponize Cars*, *Teraco Gasoline*, *Charo Corsets*, *Krueger Beer* and others—six to forget the two present-day shows.

When I talked to them, they were just about to do their *Knox* Thursday-morning show, and they stopped talking to me long enough to rush to the mike and open the show with a duet. Ralph once sang in a quartet with Herr Walter O'Keefe, and, as a consequence, he rather fancies himself as a singer, but Ed, actually, is every whit as good. At any rate, after fifteen minutes of *Knox* sparkling whimsy, they wiped brows and said "Let's go out!"

Over plates heaped high with food, they relaxed and time turned abruptly backward in his flight.

"I was born," began Ed East, in answer to a question, "in April, the fourth day of the year 18—er—18—"

"1894," sang out Ralph, the man with the face of a cherub. "I know more about you than you do yourself, Ed. You were born in Bloomington, Indiana, and for several years you were a little boy. You grew fast and you went to school with Hoagy Carmichael and you both played piano by ear. He taught you how."

"I taught him, if you don't mind! Say, do you remember how Hoagy fainted one day when a trumpet player

took a 'break' particularly well? Gosh, how that boy loves music! And how, years later, when he was staying at the Ritz Tower here in New York, we found him by yelling from the street 'Hoagy! Hoagy Carmichael!'"

Ed is something of a composer, himself, having turned out some five hundred songs, including a little number called *Sixty Wallys*, which you must have heard unless you live in a barrel.

"Then you ran away from home with a carnival," Ralph continued Ed's history, "where you played nursemaid to a bilious elephant named Abner."

"It wasn't an elephant, it was a man. His name wasn't Abner, it was *Dare-Devil Foster*—and he wasn't bilious, he was a high-diver and I announced him."

That left Ed gasping for breath!

"Well, elephant or high-diver—I mean diver—they put you back home again," Ralph continued, "and somehow you were sixteen and you enrolled at Indiana University. During school you were an engine wiper, a soda clerk, and, oh, yes, you led a small and very bad dance band. Then you went into blackface and then law, then blackface once more, and then law again—right, pal?"

"Right, pal—and now how would you like to hear your life story, pal? There was more than a hint of malice in Ed's tone. He didn't wait for an answer. "You were born, I don't know why, in South Bend, Indiana, in 1899. You weren't of much importance to the world when your school put on *The Mikado* and you played 'Nanki Poo', and you weren't much more, after that! Then you ran away, same's I did, didn't you? You stole a steam-roller,

wasn't that it?"

"I ran away because my banjo art demanded expression," answered Ralph, with some heat, "and not because I swiped a steam-roller. I went into vaudeville, mister!"

"Yeah, and you wanted your folks to think that you were selling insurance, so you wrote home on borrowed insurance stationery."

"Would you want to stay home and design plots, just because your father had, before you, for forty years?" demanded Ralph.

Ed was nonplussed. He did the first thing that came to mind—he fell to rating.

It developed, however, that Ralph returned home and entered Notre Dame University, along with Charlie Butterworth and Walter O'Keefe.

The writer brought on another course and for several minutes silence, as the cliché has it, reigned supreme.

When everything but the design was eaten from the plates it came out that Ralph and Charlie Butterworth worked in the same clothing shop while at school, Charlie selling boys' wear, and Ralph, haberdashery. It was a strongly-worded hint of the manager's that aided them in their decision to forego commerce and to try their luck together on the local stages.

One of their "angels" at this time was the late Knute Rockne. It appears that the gentry in and about South Bend had a very low regard for the Notre Dame boys and even less for the athletes—so Knute considered the pair good-will ambassadors, to the extent of a regular five-dollar bill from his own pocket to (Continued on page 76)

## LADIES!

By WILLIAM L. VALLEE



The only really free person,  
says Olga, Countess Albani,  
is the one whom nobody wants!

BY ELIZABETH BENNECHE PETERSEN

"WHEN a woman sets out to make a career, she thinks she's mapping out a job for herself. But she's wrong! She's taking on two jobs, and she might as well know it from the very beginning."

The Countess Albani smiled. Looking at her, you found it hard to believe her a career woman. For all the intelligence of her wide forehead, the humor in her brown eyes, the aliveness of her voice, she doesn't look like a woman who's made her own way in the world. Here, if ever there was one, is a man's woman—so feminine she looks, with her small, stumpy rounded figure and her worn skin and that vital something that shows in her laugh and in her talk and the very eagerness with which she looks at you.

Only a happy woman can look like that, a woman who's proved herself to herself and to everyone important to her. Maybe it's that sense of happiness and of complete fulfillment that denies her the look of the career she's worked for so hard.

For, in her, there's none of that restlessness you see in so many successful and near-successful women. None of that feverishness of voice or searching of eyes you see in so many women who have gained the success they thought they wanted.

But then, you see, Olga Albani is smarter than most women.

She knew what she wanted, from the beginning, and she never lost sight of all the values.

"Funny thing about women," she looked taller somehow, sitting so straight in the high-backed chair, "they can give their lives to independence, to the hard grinding work that goes into the making of a career; they can give up parties and fun and, sometimes, even love—only to discover, in the end, that the thing they want above everything else in the world is the thing they've been running away from.

"For women want to be dependent. They fight to be tied down! Yes, for all their brittle tongues, they want the same things, in their hearts, that their stay-at-home sisters want, a husband, a home and children.

"They prove it over and over again. If they're living in a hotel, or a furnished room, they're forever buying things of their own to put around it. Curtains or cushions, or bookshelves, things that take the very edge off their independence, little things to tie themselves down to. And, as soon as they can afford it, they usually move into an apartment of their own and cheerfully use an hour earlier to put it in order, and stop on the way home to buy things for dinner, what they could just as well be doing in a favorite restaurant.

"They talk about being free, and yet, all the time, they're tying themselves down more and more. Sometimes it's a dog, or a cat, or a cattery, that holds to earth those free, brave wings they've won for themselves. Sometimes it's only a ceremony that makes them refuse weekend invitations and stay in town over Sunday to see if it's scattered and taken care of. Women really are funny that way!

"The woman who never has wanted a career beyond the care of her home and family is, in a sense, the happiest. For she hasn't known what (Continued on page 46)

## WOMEN WANT TO BE TIED DOWN



The candid camera gives us various glimpses of Olga, Countess Albani, as she rehearses recently for the Ford Sunday night Universal Rhythm program. Countess Albani, a native daughter of Spain, came to America to pursue her career as a singer. She really has a double career, for she is wife and mother and homemaker, as well as opera, concert and radio singing star. Career women, she thinks, give even more attention to their homes than does the stay-at-home wife, and win far richer reward.





Dick Foran—born John Nicholas Foran—whom you hear on the Burns and Allen broadcasts and see in Warner Brothers pictures, is a cowboy at heart!



Dick Foran, popular singing cowboy.



Dick flirts with his horse, "Smoky."



"What do you want me to sing?"

# A BULL IN A CHINA SHOP

"Drawing-room stuff is not for me—not without a yelp!" says dashing Dick Foran

By  
FAITH SERVICE

"I like to sing cowboy songs!"

"I AM a cowboy actor, making Westerns," said Dick Foran, "and I want to remain a cowboy actor making Westerns. Very, forever! They are talking here at the studio of 'grounding' me, taking me out of Westerns, putting me into musicals, dramas, and so on. I don't call it promotion! I hate the idea! I want to remain a cowboy. I want to work with horses, not with 'glamour' girls. I want to work out of shows, on the ranges, on the trails, not in a studio, sweating sweat stages with overcastled frontiers. I want to shout and yell and be noisy—the 'yelp'-kind of thing! I can be as noisy and boisterous as I like, out of doors, and as awkward and rough. I like to sing cowboy songs on the air. I'm in good business, I don't belong. Don't know what to do with myself. I can't make professional love, polite or impolite. I hate to wear Bond Streetish clothes, with a gardenia in my buttonhole! A handful of sagebrush behind the ear goes better with the Foran face! I have an illusion about the way I look. I'm no Galde or Taylor. I can't dance. I can't slick my hair and give 'em this shah!"

Warner Brothers made Dick a star.

"I want to keep on working in Westerns, because I like the fellows I work with. That's the real reason. They're swell as they come, all of them! I have fifteen clonkings working with me, most of the time—bull-doggers (meaning steer wrestlers), broncho riders, bareback broncho riders, calf ropers, buck ropers, all of them. I'd hate like hell to work without them. I'm at home with them. I have fun with them. I speak their language. I admire and respect them and I've got to admire and respect the people I work with, to be happy. And as for the money—and that's what I'm after—well, Tom Mix, Bill Hart, Buck Jones, Gene Autry and about twenty others have mine and are doing all right for themselves. Their pictures are making the money. So are Dick's. Riding in the fat and!"

"I'd like to keep on doing Westerns for the rest of my life. But, if the studio takes me out of them, that's that. I know better than to back a corporation, fight a lone hand against an organization. It can't be done."

"There's some talk now that I may play the Red Shadow, in *The Desert Son*. That's okay. (Continued on page 84)

"I want horses, not glamour girls!"







Mantle Raye of *Waikiki Wedding* it teamed again with Bob Burns in a new picture for Paramount.



Clyde Beatty (left) with Colonel Jack Major, who interviewed the intrepid animal trainer over CBS.



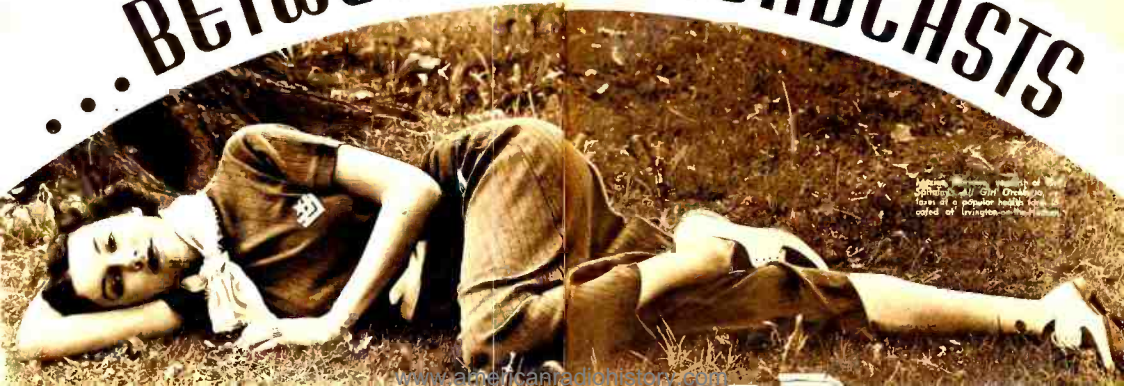
Blonde Marilyn Stuart (left) and winsome Shirley Ross, of CBS Ken Murray show, pose in a garden.



Chief Hoop-Big-Sour-Pass (Fred Allen), on vacation from *Town Hall* tonight, smokes a peace pipe.

# BETWEEN

# BROADCASTS



Milton Berle, host of *The Colgate All Girl Orchestra*, faces a popular health scare, coaxed of Irvington on the Hudson.

# ISN'T THIS A FINE ROMANCE!

BY MILDRED MASTIN

WHEN Dell Sharbutt first glared at Meri Bell, and she stared back coolly, the best fortune teller in Manhattan couldn't have convinced either of them that love was about to bloom!

That was a little over two years ago—before Meri Bell's velvety voice had scored a hit on the *Five Star Yearer*, and when Dell was just beginning to make a name for himself in radio, as an ace announcer.

It was a nice, quiet, sunny afternoon. Dell had finished up for the day and was walking down Sixth Avenue toward home, in a relaxed and contented mood and not expecting anything to happen. Then, all of a sudden, he spotted an odd girl peering from above in Tenise—a fellow named Hal. And Dell, far from home and loneliness, was tickled pink to see him. Sixth Avenue never witnessed a gladder reunion.

Dell asked Hal to come on up to his apartment. Hal pointed, and said: "Can I bring her along?" Then Dell noticed the girl! He looked at her and smiled. The girl seemed lanky. She was tall and lanky and yellow-haired.

"Yes," said Dell, with a *what-else-do-you-say* air. "She can come, too." So Meri Bell tagged along.

Neither of them knew it, but nothing short of a cataclysm of nature could have shaken Meri Bell loose from them. Because—Meri Bell was hungry! She had come to New York, just the day before, to seek her fortune and a job. She had come with exactly seven and a half dollars. Five

dollars she had spent getting her hair fixed. (How can a girl get anywhere if her hair looks stringy?)

Two of it had gone for her room at the hotel. (There'd be two more due tomorrow!) She had spent a quarter for food, and had twenty-five cents left. (Those fellows wouldn't get rid of Meri Bell—not till she was fed!)

Dell Sharbutt was pretty proud of his apartment. It was different. For one thing, he had a ruby red and cobalt blue light bulbs in the fixtures. He pressed a light button, flooding the room with a soft, deep glow.

"Ah," said Meri Bell wistfully. "The oriental influence! You must know a Turkish dancing girl!"

But the man ignored this. They pulled up two low, comfortable chairs, thrust their pipes, and were deep in hazy, nostalgic conversation, leaving Meri Bell to think.

After a while Meri Bell suggested: "Let's play a game—" But nobody heard her. Anyhow, thought Meri, you couldn't see the spots on the cards in this dump—it's so dark! The lights were giving her the *whim-whams*. A few minutes later she rose, told the men she'd be back, and walked down the stairs, out into the bright sunshine on the street. After all, a quarter won't keep the wolf from the door long enough to matter! When she came back, she held carefully in her hand a sixty-wait bulb.



Meri Bell and Dell Sharbutt hated each other!

So they married and lived happily ever after!

Today Meri Bell admits: "I have never heard Dell squawk the way he did that afternoon, when I came lanky and took out an oddball blue light bulb, substituting a nice, legit, sixty-wait!"

And Dell defends himself: "Well, I didn't want her up there in the first place! And there she was—just like a damn—changing my apartment around, when she hadn't been in it ten minutes!"

"Let's play a game," Meri Bell suggested again. She said in every fifteen minutes. Finally the man told her that, if she'd be good and quiet, so they could talk, they'd take her out to dinner, soon, and, after dinner, they'd buy her another sixty-wait bulb—and she could put it in any lamp she wished, and they'd all play a game. So Meri Bell, being reasonable and patient, curled up and snoozed till dinner time.

After dinner, when they asked her what she wanted to play, Meri

Bell said: "I don't know any game, except one, a little bit—that's Russian Bank." So they played Russian Bank. When the game started, Meri Bell said: "I don't know how to play it, fess. I learned to play it with money."

So they played for money. At the end of the evening, Meri Bell had enough cash to pay her room rent and eat frugally for three more days. The lads laughed at "beginner's luck" and took Meri Bell home.

A few days later Dell called Meri Bell and asked her to go out to dinner. He didn't know exactly why he called her. Maybe putting the cobalt blue light bulbs in again had reminded him of her. He suggested taking her to a theatre, but Meri Bell didn't want to see a show—she wanted to play Russian Bank.

For the next three weeks Meri Bell played Russian Bank with Dell Sharbutt every chance she got, and managed to keep the wolf from the door. She was too proud to tell him that she was broke. He never knew, until after they were married, that she had been living off these slim winnings—chicken feed to him—and that if she had lost a game, she couldn't have paid off!

Mr. Sharbutt just thought that Meri Bell was just a lanky, yellow-haired (Continued on page 71)



You could search New York with spotlight and spy-glass and never find a happier couple than radio announcer Dell Sharbutt and CBS singer Meri Bell.

# "GRAVEL VOICE" ANDY

SOME years ago, when Andy Devine was no bigger than this, he fell on his face in a gravel pit—or so the story goes. What that gravel did to his face is common knowledge. The man on the street can tell you that Andy isn't beautiful. Chances are he'd never have grown up to look like even a distant relative of Robert Taylor, anyway, so perhaps the gravel pit incident never really did make any startling change in Andy's personal pulchritude. But it had a lot to do with his voice, according to the legend. It seems Andy fell a lot as a kid, so it was only natural that his mouth was open when he fell into the pit. What he got, besides the possible changes in his facial contour, was a mouthful of gravel.

To this day Andy swears he's still carrying that gravel around, and that's why his voice sounds like someone sandpapering a rock. Or *Donald Duck* with a sore throat. You might not like to own it yourself, but to Andy it's the secret of his success on the air, and the reason he's still looked upon with favor by his employers, even at Universal Studios. And that's why he regards that dive into the gravel pit as the luckiest moment of his life, even though it took radio some twenty-five years to get wind of it.

"Evidently," said Andy after he finished his story and woke me up, "not arose from that gravel pit a new man, with visions of a radio and picture career your ultimate goal."

"Well, no," said Andy. "At the time, I figured that, if everything went well, I'd eventually get to be a cowboy. I was in Arizona at the time, and in Arizona, when you grow up, you're either a cowboy or just passing through."

The reason Andy was in Arizona at the time was that a few years prior to the incident—in 1905, to be exact—he honored Flagstaff, Arizona, by choosing it for his birthplace. His father and mother called him Andrew and told him that if he wanted to be a cowboy he could go ahead and be one. But they didn't offer to buy him any cows—and without cows, a cowboy looks pretty silly!

"I think my family had ideas," said Andy. "I mean they sent me to school. Dad moved to Los Angeles, where he went into the hotel business, so I took a slack of education, and vice versa. It didn't seem to take, even though I was what you might call a four-letter man at school."

"Fishing, boating, bathing and football?"

"Not quite, although I did play football. You see, I went to four schools, and I got a letter from each of them—a letter suggesting that maybe I was in the wrong field of endeavor."

Andy's list of schools sounds like a stock company's road-show schedule. He started off at Harvard and he always passes a moment before he adds: Military Academy in Los Angeles. From there he (continued on page 70)

By LEO TOWNSEND

Andy Devine, who sounds like Donald Duck with a sore throat, regards a fall into a gravel pit his luckiest moment



Here's Andy, who rode to radio fame with that hard-riding hombie, Buck Benny, of the Sunday night *Jeff-O* program. Andy works six days a week in the moon pitchers, too.



Andy Devine (center) with Slim Summerville (left), and Larry Blake, Maurice Murphy (be-kind Slim), Noah Berry, Jr., and Henry Hunter, as they appeared in Universal's *The Road Back*.

It took radio a long time to discover Andy, but the gravel voice pays dividends now, both on the air and in the movies. He first appeared on Bing Crosby's program.







The Cassel family, Jean, Walter, Baby Mary, Mrs. Cassel and Walter, Jr.



BY MIRIAM ROGERS

Mary Martha Cassel, aged six whole months, refuses to be coaxed by Mother and Daddy and the cameraman! She just naturally hates publicity photographs!



Johnny (John Walter Cassel, Jr.) and Jeanie play (acquires with Daddy) (Walter-Cassel) on the wide lawn of their Hollywood home.



Walter Cassel's glorious voice has won him an enviable place among radio's brilliant stars and also in the movie musicals.



Cassel has made Baby Mary and Golden Days for Warner Brothers.

# MARRIAGE MADE A DIFFERENCE

Success has no point but to do things for those you love, says Walter Cassel

If you see a fellow ahead of the crowd, successful and prominent in whatever line, aren't you inclined to say: "Lucky guy!" or words to that effect? And not stop to ask by what painful route, by what sacrifices, by what grit and determination he has reached that point? It is human to assume that our favorite stars of screen and stage and radio are lucky, born with silver, if not golden, spoons in their mouths. But facts seldom bear out our casual assumption.

To Walter Cassel, whose glorious voice has but recently won for him an enviable position, rich with promise as well as with the first sweet fruits of achievement, the struggle is still too close to be taken lightly, to be forgotten. Not that he is the least bitter about it—just that it makes for a deeper appreciation and enjoyment of what he now has and what he hopes to have in the future.

"I am not sorry for any of it," he said heartily. "It was all good experience—even wiping engines so that I could go with the Union Pacific band."

For Walter's first efforts toward fame were confined

to tramping with high school and other bands. A Council Bluffs, Iowa, boy, Walter was brought up chiefly by a doting aunt and uncle. His father died when he was a baby and, when he was about three, his mother married again. Though the family was not particularly well-to-do, they saw to it that Walter never lacked for anything he needed or wanted.

In those days he took everything pretty much for granted, had no particular ambition or urge to accomplishment. He learned to play the trumpet, because his aunt wanted him to, and he had a good time traipsing around with the local bands, but it was not until he went to college that life was given a more serious turn.

The turning point for him was, quite simply, meeting a girl—a pretty, sweet and ambitious youngster, who was studying voice and had bright particular dreams of her own. But from the time she met Walter her dreams centered about his blond head, so, in turn, she gave new meaning to life for him. With that brave impatience that has urged him on and on, he prevailed upon Nadine (blackboard to claps, and after marriage and the brief ecstasy of a one-night honeymoon in a little hotel in Logan, Iowa, life began in earnest.

Parental wrath had to be faced, they had to prove they knew what they were doing, were able to cope with exorbitant problems and new responsibilities. But Walter, all doubts were resolved. He had Nadine to work for now; he had to succeed, to amount to something.

Having a natural gift for jawing, Walter turned first to sign pointing and lettering. He studied newspaper writing and secured an office job in a local firm selling business. But Nadine was not satisfied. She was determined that he should do something with his voice. Walter felt uncertain, not sure the voice was worth the glorious sacrifices, inevitable if he were to make a career that preparations earlier. But he turned tentatively to radio, played his trumpet with a dance band three nights a week, was soloist in church on Sundays and presently had an evening commercial, which, in some measure, increased his self-assurance.

A hot lead been written linking Walter's name with Lawrence Tibbett's. It has been natural enough, partly because Walter bears a certain superficial facial resemblance to his idol and friend, partly because his rich baritone is shown to best advantage in the type of songs Tibbett sings, and partly because the final impetus to his choice of a career was given Walter by an actual encounter with the famous singer. (Continued on page 58)

# IS FATE AGAINST ME?

Whenever opportunity beckons her, Mary Eastman must turn away!

SOMETHING always seems to happen to Mary Eastman, at the crucial moment, to prevent her from achieving the success she has dreamed of. Mary undoubtedly has a rare voice, one of the really distinguished voices in radio. You feel it when you hear her each Friday night over *NBC*, singing with Frank Munn in *Waltz Time*. You thrill to it each Saturday night over the Columbia network. But, even though she has the success these programs afford, Mary might have gone much farther up the ladder of luminaries if something hadn't happened each time, to keep her from taking her place in the top rank of radio stars.

What were those happenings?

Is fate against beautiful Mary Eastman?

And if it is, what is she going to do about it?

"Things always have happened to me, to seem to prevent my landing at the top of a singing career," said the girl with the hazel eyes, the perfect features and the sunny smile. "Don't misunderstand me. I'm not whining. It's just an amusing fact that something always has happened, just as I seemed all set for real success. This began in my earliest childhood. I was born in Kansas City, of a musical family. My mother played and sang, and my sisters and brothers all were musical. I, myself, could play the piano, without having had a lesson, when

I was seven years old. But I always wanted to sing. That was my special dream. Accordingly, it was planned that I should have vocal lessons as soon as I was old enough. But when that time came, the first thing happened to stop me," Mary explained. "The family fortunes wouldn't permit my taking these lessons. Well, in time, I got over that first hurdle. My uncle, my mother's brother, appeared from South America. He was about to make his home in Chicago, and he offered to take me along and give me the advantages of a musical education. The long and short of it was that I went.

"My real name was Mary Hewitt," she told me. "But when I went to live with my uncle, I took his name and became known as Mary Tippett. At his request, I called my uncle 'Father.' In fact, hardly anyone knows to this day that he's not my real father," Mary continued. Years later, before Mary Hewitt-Tippett had become Mary Eastman, and while she still was using her uncle's name, she appeared as a guest artist on a program with Lawrence Tibbett. Mary told me that Tibbett twitted her about the similarity of their names.

Mary studied hard at her singing lessons, and her lessons in harmony and counterpoint, at the Chicago Musical College. When they had a contest, she won the second prize. She secretly (Continued on page 78)

Mary Eastman, of the lovely voice, heard over CBS and NBC networks, dreams secretly of greater fame.

BY HARRIET  
MENKEN





Swimming is the favorite sport  
of this vivid Park Avenue matron

*Mrs. Ogden Hammond, Jr.*  
aboard S.S. Conte di Savoia

Hammond, daughter-in-law of the former Ambas-  
sador, is one to the world of society,  
work. Traveled  
and swimmer.  
On the Conte  
enjoying my  
in Camel! So  
rel, but espe-  
cially her life!



*These distinguished women  
also prefer  
Camel's mild, deliberate taste:*

MRS. JOAN BELMONT, New York  
MRS. NICHOLAS BISHOP, Philadelphia  
MRS. POWELL CABOT, Boston  
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNegie, JR., New York  
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, 2nd, Boston  
MRS. ANTHONY J. DIENGE, JR., Philadelphia  
MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGRISH, Lexington  
MRS. JASPER MOHRAN, New York  
MRS. NICHOLAS G. FENSMAN III, Baltimore  
MRS. JOHN W. ROCKEFELLER, JR., New York  
MRS. HETTY PAINE SPALDING, III, Pasadena  
MRS. LOUIS SWIFT, III, Chicago

*Good digestion at sea too!* Clean-skinned, radiant, Mrs. Ogden Hammond is a vision of charm and well-being. "Camels certainly help digestion," she says, adding, "I've smoked Camels for six years, and they never get on my nerves." Throughout the dining rooms of the Conte di Savoia, Camels are much in evidence. Smoking Camels spreads the natural flow of digestive fluids—alkaline digestive fluids—so indispensable to mealtime comfort!

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



*For Digestion's Sake... Smoke Camels*



T.  
C.  
le  
bar  
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spa  
a pl  
existe  
New

## DOWN ON "SWING" FARM

He can show you some prize breeds of hens, and he likes to dig in the garden, says Tommy. He can milk his cows, and do a swell job of running the planting and plowing on his fine twenty-two acre farm.



Meet the Dorsey family—Mrs. Tammy, who is called "Toots," Tommy, young Thomas Francis 3rd, aged six, known as "Skipper," Patsy Marie, who is even. They all are listening to a broadcast of one of the Raleigh and Broadcasts.



# 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 DAYLIGHT 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. *EDST* becomes 10:00 A. M. *MDST* and *CDST*; 9:00 A. M. *MDST* and *CDST*; 8:00 A. M. *PDST* and *MDST*; 7:00 A. M. *PSL*.

If, at a particular time on 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 BROADCAST-ING COMPANY—RED NETWORK

**WFBZ** Baltimore, Md.  
**WBAC** Boston, Mass.  
**WBEW** Buffalo, N. Y.  
**WMAQ** Chicago, Ill.  
**WISN** Cincinnati, Ohio  
**WTAM** Cleveland, Ohio  
**KOA** Denver, Colo.  
**WHD** Des Moines, Iowa  
**WJZ** Detroit, Mich.  
**WTIC** Hartford, Conn.  
**WIBC** Indianapolis, Ind.  
**WDAF** Kansas City, Mo.  
**KFI** Los Angeles, Cal.  
**MSTP** Minneapolis—St. Paul, Minn.  
**WEAF** New York, N. Y.  
**WOW** Omaha, Neb.  
**WPHD** Philadelphia, Pa.  
**WCBE** Pittsburgh, Pa.  
**WCBS** Portland, Ore.  
**WJAZ** Providence, R. I.  
**WMBG** Richmond, Va.  
**KSD** St. Louis, Mo.

**KBYL** Salt Lake City, Utah  
**KPD** San Francisco, Cal.  
**KNIO** Schenectady, N. Y.  
**WHC** Spokane, Wash.  
**WRC** Washington, D. C.  
**WDEL** Wilmington, Del.  
**WTAG** Worcester, Mass.

## NATIONAL BROADCAST-ING COMPANY—BLUE NETWORK

**WARY** Albany, N. Y.  
**WBAL** Baltimore, Md.  
**WBZ** Boston, Mass.  
**WICC** Bridgeport, Conn.  
**WBRT** Buffalo, N. Y.  
**WEAR** Chicago, Ill.  
**WLS** Chicago, Ill.  
**WCAY** Cincinnati, Ohio  
**WUAB** Cleveland, Ohio  
**KVOD** Denver, Colo.  
**WXYZ** Des Moines, Iowa  
**WLEU** Detroit, Mich.  
**WLO** Erie, Pa.  
**WVIZ** Ft. Wayne, Ind.  
**WVON** Kansas City, Mo.  
**KECA** Los Angeles, Cal.  
**WTGN** Minneapolis, Minn.  
**WCBC** New Haven, Conn.  
**WJZ** New York, N. Y.  
**KLD** Oyster, Utah  
**KOIL** Omaha, Neb.  
**WFIL** Philadelphia, Pa.  
**KDKA** Pittsburgh, Pa.  
**KEX** Portland, Ore.  
**WEAN** Providence, R. I.  
**WRFD** Richmond, Va.  
**WABC** Rochester, N. Y.  
**KWK** St. Louis, Mo.  
**KFSO** St. Paul, Minn.  
**KJR** San Francisco, Cal.  
**KJL** Seattle, Wash.  
**WBSA** Spokane, Wash.  
**WSPR** Springfield, Mass.  
**WSPD** Syracuse, N. Y.  
**WJOL** Toledo, Ohio  
**WJAL** Washington, D. C.

## NBC-SUPPLEMENTARY STATIONS

(May be on either red or blue networks)  
**KOB** Albuquerque, N. M.  
**W5AN** Albuquerque, N. M.  
**W5BG** Albuquerque, N. M.  
**W5NC** Asheville, N. C.  
**W5B** Atlanta, Ga.  
**KERN** Baker, Ore.  
**KGHL** Billings, Mont.  
**WAPI** Birmingham, Ala.  
**WMBR** Boston, Mass.  
**KGIR** Butte, Mont.  
**W5CS** Charleston, S. C.  
**W5CB** Charlotte, N. C.  
**W5CF** Chicago, Ill.  
**W5CL** Cincinnati, Ohio  
**WFLA** Cleveland, Ohio  
**W5CO** Columbia, S. C.  
**W5AA** Dallas, Tex.  
**W5CB** Dallas, Tex.  
**W5BF** Evansville, Ind.  
**W5DY** Evansville, Ind.  
**W5E** Ft. Worth, Tex.  
**W5AP** Fresno, Cal.  
**W5DD** Grand Rapids, Mich.  
**W5BC** Hartford, Conn.  
**KTHS** Hot Springs, Ark.  
**W5DL** Houston, Tex.  
**W5DX** Jackson, Miss.  
**W5AX** Jacksonville, Fla.  
**W5DO** Kansas City, Mo.  
**KATK** Lake Park, Ark.  
**W5VE** Lansing, Mich.  
**W5BA** Little Rock, Ark.  
**W5WA** Louisville, Ky.  
**W5BB** Madison, Wis.  
**W5MC** Memphis, Tenn.  
**W5OD** Miami Beach, Fla.  
**W5MJ** Milwaukee, Wis.

**CFCF** Montreal, Canada  
**WSM** Nashville, Tenn.  
**WSMB** New Orleans, La.  
**WTAR** Norfolk, Va.  
**WKY** Oklahoma City, Okla.  
**KTAR** Phoenix, Ariz.  
**KCHF** Pueblo, Colo.  
**WRTF** Raleigh, N. C.  
**KFBK** Sacramento, Cal.  
**WSUN** St. Petersburg, Fla.  
**WOST** St. Paul, Minn.  
**KYBS** Shreveport, La.  
**K500** Sioux Falls, S. D.  
**WGBX** Springfield, Mass.  
**KWG** Stockton, Cal.  
**W5BC** Superior, Wis.  
**WFLA** Tampa, Fla.  
**W5EW** Terre Haute, Ind.  
**CRCT** Toronto, Canada  
**KVOD** Tulsa, Okla.  
**KANS** Wichita, Kans.  
**WORK** York, Pa.

## COLUMBIA BROADCAST-ING SYSTEM STATIONS

**WADC** Akron, Ohio  
**WKOK** Albany, N. Y.  
**WGST** Albany, Ga.  
**WPC** Atlantic City, N. J.  
**KNOW** Austin, Tex.  
**WCAD** Baltimore, Md.  
**WYBB** Bangor, Me.  
**WBRC** Birmingham, Ala.  
**WEEI** Boston, Mass.  
**WGR** Buffalo, N. Y.  
**WBW** Burlington, W. Va.  
**WBST** Charlotte, N. C.  
**WDDO** Chattanooga, Tenn.  
**WBBM** Chicago, Ill.  
**WKRC** Cincinnati, Ohio  
**WHK** Cleveland, Ohio  
**WVGB** Columbia, S. C.  
**WBNS** Columbus, Ohio  
**KRLD** Dallas, Tex.  
**WVBC** Des Moines, Iowa  
**WHIO** Dayton, Ohio  
**WJZR** Detroit, Mich.  
**KRNT** Des Moines, Iowa  
**KLZ** Denver, Colo.  
**WKBK** Dubuque, Iowa  
**W5DC** Durham, N. C.  
**W5EC** El Paso, Texas  
**W5MN** Fairmont, W. Va.  
**W5GAY** Green Bay, Wis.  
**W5G** Greenville, S. C.  
**K5BF** Great Falls, Mont.  
**W5H** Harrisburg, Pa.  
**WDRF** Hartford, Conn.  
**KTRH** Houston, Tex.  
**W5BM** Indianapolis, Ind.  
**W5BD** Jacksonville, Fla.  
**K5BC** Kansas City, Mo.  
**W5NX** Knoxville, Tenn.  
**W5CB** La Crosse, Wis.  
**K5AB** Little Rock, Ark.  
**KLRA** Little Rock, Ark.  
**W5NH** Los Angeles, Cal.  
**W5AS** Louisville, Ky.  
**W5MAZ** Mexico, Ia.  
**W5RM** Memphis, Tenn.  
**W5CO** Miami, Fla.  
**WQAM** Miami, Fla.  
**W5LA** Mobile, Ala.  
**W5W** Milwaukee, Wis.  
**W5CO** Minneapolis, Minn.  
**K5VO** Montreal, Canada  
**W5FA** Nashville, Tenn.  
**W5WA** New Orleans, La.  
**W5NY** New York, N. Y.  
**W5WA** Oklahoma City, Okla.  
**W5FA** Orlando, Fla.  
**K5PA** Parkersburg, W. Va.  
**W5CO** Pensacola, Fla.  
**W5BB** Philadelphia, Pa.  
**W5CAU** Philadelphia, Pa.  
**K5Y** Phoenix, Ariz.  
**W5AS** Pittsburgh, Pa.  
**K5IN** Portland, Ore.

**WPRD** Providence, R. I.  
**KOH** Reno, Nev.  
**WDBJ** Roanoke, Va.  
**KMOX** Rochester, N. Y.  
**WCCO** St. Louis, Mo.  
**K5SA** Salt Lake City, Utah  
**K5FO** San Antonio, Tex.  
**W5TC** San Francisco, Cal.  
**W5BI** Savannah, Ga.  
**K5OL** Scranton, Pa.  
**K5KB** Seattle, Wash.  
**K5SC** Shreveport, La.  
**W5AS** Sioux City, Iowa  
**W5BT** South Bend, Ind.  
**K5FY** Spokane, Wash.  
**W5BE** Springfield, Mass.  
**K5VI** Tacoma, Wash.  
**W5BW** Tallahassee, Fla.  
**CFRB** Toronto, Canada  
**K5UL** Tulsa, Okla.  
**W5BX** Utica, N. Y.  
**W5CO** Waco, Tex.  
**W5VO** Washington, D. C.  
**W5WV** Wichita, Kan.  
**K5FH** Wichita, Kan.  
**W5GS** Wichita, Kan.  
**K5KO** Wichita Falls, Tex.  
**W5RC** Worcester, Mass.  
**W5BN** York, Pa.  
**W5BN** Youngstown, Ohio

## MUTUAL BROADCAST-ING SYSTEM STATIONS

**KADA** Adm. Okla.  
**KVSO** Anderson, Okla.  
**K5MO** Annapolis, Md.  
**KPMC** Baker, Ore.  
**WBAL** Baltimore, Md.  
**K5BE** Bangor, Me.  
**W5AB** Boston, Mass.  
**W5CC** Bridgeport, Conn.  
**W5AC** Cedar Rapids, Iowa  
**W5GN** Chicago, Ill.  
**W5LV** Cincinnati, Ohio  
**W5AI** Cincinnati, Ohio  
**W5AR** Dallas, Tex.  
**K5EL** Denver, Colo.  
**W5MT** Des Moines, Iowa  
**K5XO** El Centro, Cal.  
**K5AS** El Paso, Okla.  
**W5AT** El Paso, Okla.  
**W5AR** Fall River, Mass.  
**K5TR** Ft. Worth, Texas  
**W5DR** Greeley, Colo.  
**W5HT** Hartford, Conn.  
**W5HB** Kansas City, Mo.  
**W5BN** Knoxville, Tenn.  
**K5OR** Lincoln, Neb.  
**K5JI** Los Angeles, Cal.  
**W5MA** Lowell, Mass.  
**W5EA** Manchester, N. H.  
**K5DN** Monterey, Cal.  
**K5BX** Muskegon, Mich.  
**W5DE** New Bedford, Mass.  
**W5OR** Newark, N. J.  
**W5NB** New Bedford, Mass.  
**W5CO** Oklahoma City, Okla.  
**K5IL** Omaha, Neb.  
**W5DE** Philadelphia, Pa.  
**W5AE** Pittsburgh, Pa.  
**W5BB** Piquette, Mich.  
**W5WA** Portland, Ore.  
**W5VA** Richmond, Va.  
**K5WH** St. Louis, Mo.  
**W5MT** San Antonio, Cal.  
**K5BB** San Diego, Cal.  
**K5RC** San Francisco, Cal.  
**W5MT** Santa Ana, Cal.  
**K5BB** Santa Barbara, Cal.  
**K5GF** Shawnee, Okla.  
**W5SR** Springfield, Mass.  
**K5DM** Springfield, Mass.  
**W5LV** Washington, D. C.  
**W5RY** Waterbury, Conn.  
**K5LW** Windsor, Detroit, Mich.

RADIO STARS

MORNING



JULY 4-11-18-25

8:00  
NBC-Red: GOLDTHWAITE  
ENSEMBLE—organ and voices  
NBC-Blue: MELODY HOUR—  
Josef Horst's orchestra

9:00  
NBC-Red: CHILDREN'S  
CONCERT—Josef Stupak's or-  
chestra, Paul Wing, narrator  
NBC-Blue: TONI'S PICTURES  
—Ruth People, pianist, mixed  
quartet

9:30  
NBC-Red: HAROLD SAGELS'  
HUMMA ORCHESTRA  
NBC-Blue: WHITE RABBIT  
LINE—Milton J. Cross  
CBS: SUNDAY MORNING AT  
LUNCH BY SAGELS—children's  
program, Artie's Dickson

9:50  
NBC-Red: CONCERT EN-  
SEMBLE—Harry Gilbert, or-  
ganist

9:55  
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS



Bob Hope



Jane Froman



Bert Lohr

10:00  
NBC-Red: HIGH LIGHTS OF  
THE HILL  
NBC-Blue: RUSSIAN MELLO-  
DIES  
CBS: CHURCH OF THE AIR

10:30  
NBC-Blue: W. A. L. B. R. G.  
DROWN'S FORTY EIGHTS  
CBS: ROMANTIC TRIANGLE—  
Emery Deutsch's orchestra  
MBS: RAINBOW HORIZON—  
children's program with Bob  
Hooper

11:00  
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO  
NEWS  
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO  
NEWS  
CBS: OCEAN MOODS  
MBS: REWINDING STAND-  
world problems

11:35  
NBC-Red: WARD AND MUZ-  
ZY—piano duo  
NBC-Blue: ALICE REISEN—  
contralto

11:45  
NBC-Red: HARVEST OF THE  
EVENING—concert with  
NBC-Blue: HENDRIK WIL-  
LIM VAN LOON—author and  
lecturer

11:50  
NBC-Blue: VARIETY PRO-  
GRAM  
CBS: MAJOR HOWIE'S CAP-  
TIVE FAMILY

11:55  
NBC-Red: HENRY BRASS'S  
ORCHESTRA

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon  
NBC-Red: THE HOUR GLASS  
—Jerry Bronson, Paul Ger-  
man  
NBC-Blue: SOUTHERNERS  
—Norton Hays' quartet  
MBS: CABLE TALKERNACTH  
CHILL—entire talk

12:30  
NBC-Red: UNIACITY OF  
THE AIR—RODNEY TAYLOR  
DICKSON—piano recital  
NBC-Blue: RADIO CITY MU-  
SIC HALL SYMPHONY OR-  
CHESTRA—piano  
CBS: KALP LARK CITY TALK-  
ERNALE CHURCH AND OR-  
GAN

1:00  
NBC-Red: DOROTHY DICER-  
LIN, soprano; FRED HUP-  
SMITH, tenor  
CBS: CHURCH OF THE AIR  
MBS: NEW FRONTIER HOUR—  
A. M. Sullivan

1:30  
NBC-Red: DREAMS OF LONG  
AGO—Bibi Paris Richardson  
NBC-Blue: OUR NEIGHBORS  
—Jerry Blaher, interviewer  
CBS: FORTUNE NEWS EX-  
CHANGE

1:45  
CBS: WORLD'S THINGS

2:00  
NBC-Red: VARIETY PRO-  
GRAM  
NBC-Blue: MAGIC KEY OF  
LOVE—Frank Black's sym-  
phony orchestra, Milton J.  
Cross  
MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

2:30  
NBC-Red: THATCHER COLT  
MYSTRIES  
CBS: LIVING DRAMAS OF  
THE BIBLE—translations  
MBS: THE RIGHT JOB

2:45  
MBS: GREAT MUSIC OF THE  
MIDDLE  
3:00  
NBC-Blue: SUNDAY DELI-  
CIOUS—Frieda and Hal, Phoe-  
be, Alice  
CBS: EVERBODY'S MUSIC  
Howard Barlow, symphony or-  
chestra

3:15  
MBS: MARTHA AND HAL—  
songs and poetry  
3:45  
MBS: PALMER HOUSE CON-  
CERT ORCHESTRA

3:50  
NBC-Red: WIDOW'S SONS—  
piano  
NBC-Blue: INTERNATIONAL  
BROADCAST FROM LONDON

3:45  
NBC-Blue: CHUCHU MARTI-  
NEZ—singer  
4:00  
NBC-Red: ROMANIC MELLO-  
DIES—Hutch Lamb, low co-  
llege, alto soloist  
NBC-Blue: SUNDAY AFTER-  
NOON SPECIALS, 1928—Du-  
lany Oak II

4:30  
NBC-Red: THE WORLD IS  
MINE—Amazitation  
NBC-Blue: SENATOR FISH-  
LARK AND PROFESSOR  
FRASSETTLE—Jerry Seaw's  
orchestra  
MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

5:00  
NBC-Red: BOY SHIELDS'S  
ENHIRE 3180—Gale Pace  
Charles Sears  
CBS: SUNDAY AFTERNOON  
PARTY  
5:30  
CBS: GUY LOMBARDO AND  
HIS ORCHESTRA  
MBS: FORCE HOUR

EVENING

6:00  
NBC-Red: CATHOLIC HEAR-  
ING  
NBC-Blue: C. A. N. A. D. L. A.  
CONCERN CHURCH BAND  
MBS: ORCHESTRA  
6:30  
NBC-Red: A TALE OF TRI-  
DAY—sketch  
NBC-Blue: GOLDEN GATE  
PARK BAND CONCERT  
CBS: HILTON HOTEL'S PRO-  
GRAM  
MBS: TEN IN SWANSON—  
The mid-time, Paul Shaffer  
Bergman's orchestra

7:00  
NBC-Red: JELL-O PROGRAM  
—Don Fontana Donald Ross  
7:15  
NBC-Red: HELLEN TRAUDEL  
—soprano  
CBS: COLUMBIA WORK-  
SHOP—dramatizations  
MBS: STAN LOMAN—sports  
commentator

7:30  
NBC-Red: FIRESIDE REVI-  
TALS—Helen Marshall, so-  
prano; Sigurd Niemi, bass  
NBC-Blue: BARBERS HEAD-  
CASE—Robert Ripley, Doris  
Nolan's orchestra, Shirley  
Lafayette  
CBS: HARRY VON MILL—  
singer Brudley's orchestra  
MBS: HENRY V. VINI TA'S  
STUDIO 54—Maurice Ambrose  
Shi Gertz, Brudley's orchestra  
7:45  
NBC-Red: FIFTH JUNGLE  
PROGRAM—Morris Strakos  
Ranch Boys  
8:00  
NBC-Red: CHASE AND SAN-  
DOUGAN PROGRAM—Don  
Amenic, W. C. Fields, Edgar  
Berger, Dorothy Johnson, Wes-  
ton Jannsen's orchestra  
8:30  
CBS: TUNANO PROGRAM—  
Eugene Kelly, Ed Logan, Helen  
Tate, 24 Girls, Wellington,  
Hound's orchestra  
MBS: ORCHESTRA  
9:00  
NBC-Red: MANHATTAN  
MUSIC CONCERT—Dor-  
othy Lober, Rachel Gering, Phoe-  
be, Lyman's orchestra  
NBC-Blue: R. I. P. L. I. S. at  
REACTOR REACTOR—Ben  
Feld's orchestra, Frank Par-  
ker, Hal Hove, Honeydew  
CBS: UNIVERSAL HYPHUM  
—Roy Chuggler's orchestra,  
Alice Tompkins, Harold Ber-  
delli  
MBS: ORCHESTRA  
9:30  
NBC-Blue: AMERICAN AL-  
BUM OF FAMOUS MUSIC—  
Frank Muller, Jeanne DeLoach,  
Benedict's orchestra  
NBC-Blue: JEROME'S PRO-  
GRAM—Walter Winchell, news  
commentator  
MBS: OLD TIME SINGING  
10:00  
NBC-Red: SUNDAY NIGHT  
PARTY—Johns 30, 30, 30  
Frank Donald Jackson, To-  
lan's orchestra  
NBC-Blue: CALIFORNIA  
COUNTRY  
CBS: GILLETTE'S 30 MINUTE  
HOTEL, Milton Brant, Win-  
dell Hall, Sam-Hack orchestra  
MBS: SURFING PARTY—  
Kay Kwon's orchestra and  
quartet  
10:30  
CBS: H. V. KALPINS HORN-  
sops commentator  
MBS: ORCHESTRA  
10:45  
CBS: MATHEWS' GONNOR  
AND HER SINGING SOCIETY  
11:00  
NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC  
NBC-Blue: JUDY AND THE  
BUNCH—singer quartet  
CBS: JOEY BAKER'S NEWS  
MBS: DANCE MUSIC  
11:10  
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO  
NEWS  
CBS: ORCHESTRA

MORNING

8:00  
NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIR—  
—children's program  
NBC-Blue: MORNING DEVO-  
TIONS—organ and songs

8:15  
NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING  
MELROSE  
NBC-Blue: ISLAND SEREN-  
ADERS

8:30  
NBC-Red: CHERIC—talk  
and music  
NBC-Blue: WILLIAM MEE-  
DER—organist

8:45  
NBC-Blue: N O R E S E M E N  
QUARTET

9:00  
NBC-Red: THE STRAUM-  
LAKERS—Polo and Hill, or-  
ganist  
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST  
CLUB—100% Nat'l. 100% U.S.  
Gene Healy, Chick Tomson  
CBS METROPOLITAN PA-  
RADE

9:30  
CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL  
—songs

9:45  
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

10:00  
NBC-Red: LAND TO  
CBS: MORNING WOODS

10:35  
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO  
NEWS  
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO  
NEWS

10:00  
NBC-Red: MRS WIGGS OF  
THE CABBAGE PATCH—  
sketch  
NBC-Blue: TIM HEALY—  
news commentator  
CBS: BERTY AND BOB—  
sketch

10:15  
NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER  
WIFE—sketch  
NBC-Blue: MA PERKINS—  
sketch  
CBS: HYMN OF A L I L  
CBS-Blue: KATY O'LEA—  
CBS, radioist's report

10:30  
NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN HILL  
—sketch  
NBC-Blue: PEPPER YOUNG'S  
PAMILY—sketch  
CBS: MICHIE'S CINDERELLA  
—sketch  
CBS: MARRIAGE CLINIC—  
Frances McDonald

10:45  
NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILD-  
HOOD—sketch  
NBC-Blue: HELEN JANE  
HULL—CBS, author  
CBS: JOHN K. PATRICKS—  
news commentator

11:00  
NBC-Red: DAVID HARRM—  
sketch  
NBC-Blue: THE O'NEILLS—  
sketch  
CBS: BRINZ MAGAZINE OF  
THE YH—talk, sketch, radio's  
orchestra  
CBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC

11:15  
NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE  
—songs  
NBC-Blue: PERSONAL COL-  
LATION Q' THE AIR—Inez Lopez  
MRS: ORGAIN HUVAL

11:30  
NBC-Red: HOW TO BE  
A HUSBAND—sketch  
NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADE—  
sketch  
CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch

11:45  
NBC-Blue: EDWARD Mac-  
HUGH—The Gospel Sing-  
ers: Dr. ALAN ROY DA-  
FOE

*Monday's*  
**JULY 5—12—19—26**

11:55  
CBS: ROMANIC OF HELEN  
TYNNT—sketch  
MRS: HILL LEWIS—hostess  
and organ

12:15  
NBC-Red: ROSA LEE—so-  
nata  
NBC-Blue: VIENNESE EX-  
TRAITS  
CBS: QUIR GAL SUNDAY—  
sketch  
MRS: WE ARE FOUR—sketch

1:00  
NBC-Red: JOE WHITE—tenor  
NBC-Blue: LOVE AND  
LEARNY—sketch  
MRS: LUNCHEON DANCE  
MUSIC

1:15  
NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S  
WIFE—sketch  
NBC-Blue: NEIGHBOR NELL  
CBS: PRETTY KITTY KELLY  
—sketch

1:30  
NBC-Red: WORDS AND MU-  
SIC—Larry Larsen, Ruth Lon,  
Charles Ross, Harvey Hays  
CBS: Blue: NATIONAL FARM  
AND HOME HOUR—Walter  
Blufuss on hostess  
MRS: ORGAN HIDDAY SER-  
VICE

1:45  
CBS: ALYN KENNY'S REAL  
LIFE STORIES

2:00  
NBC-Red: EDUCATIONAL  
PROGRAM  
CBS: NEWS THROUGH A  
WOMAN'S EYES—Kathryn  
Cravens  
MRS: PALMER HOUSE CON-  
CERT ORCHESTRA—Ralph  
Burrough

2:15  
CBS: JACK AND LORETTA—  
songs and ballet  
MRS: ORGAIN HUVAL

2:30  
NBC-Red: HANNETT AND  
WOLFE—CBS, piano and mu-  
sic  
NBC-Blue: HOPE OF MIMO-  
HISTS—T. S. Navy Band  
CBS: MONTANA PALM  
MRS: THE QUILT FAN-  
TASY

2:45  
NBC-Red: I O H S N V  
O H I R E N S O R C H E S T R A  
CBS: MYRT AND MARGE—  
sketch

3:00  
NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S  
PAMILY—sketch  
CBS: LORENZO JACK MA-  
CARTHY—CBS, variety show  
MRS: VARIETY PROGRAM

3:15  
NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—  
sketch

3:30  
NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—  
sketch  
NBC-Blue: LET'S TALK IT  
OVER—Alan K. H. H.  
CBS: POP CONCERT—How-  
ard Hanson  
MRS: RADIO AND OUTLET

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

4:00  
NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES  
—comedy sketch  
NBC-Blue: CLAY MATINEE—  
—musette, song, Jack Baker, Ke-  
nnes on hostess  
MRS: TENAS JIM LEWIS—  
and his orchestra

4:15  
NBC-Red: PERSONAL COL-  
LATION OF THE AIR—Inez Lo-  
pez

4:30  
NBC-Red: FOLLOW THE  
MUSIC—Bliss Hill, Nick De-  
vason  
CBS: CHICAGO VARIETY  
HOUR  
MRS: VARIETY PROGRAM—  
Lou Freedberg's orchestra

4:45  
NBC-Red: THE GUIDING  
LIGHT—sketch

5:00  
NBC-Red: CAROL WEYMANN  
—comedy-songs  
NBC-Blue: STORY OF MARY  
MARLIN—sketch  
CBS: CLYDE BARRIE—bar-  
itone  
MRS: AT PINE VILLAGE  
CONCERT

5:15  
NBC-Red: ADVENTURES OF  
DARI DAN—sketch  
NBC-Blue: YOUNG HUCKERY  
—sketch  
CBS: ETON BOYS—quartet  
MRS: STORY TELLERS  
HOUSE

5:30  
NBC-Red: DON WINSLOW  
OF THE NAVY—sketch  
NBC-Blue: SINGING LADY—  
children's program  
CBS: DORIS KUH—songs  
MRS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

5:45  
NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN  
ANNIE—children's sketch  
CBS: PUNNY THINGS—Nora  
Stirling's children's program

EVENING

6:00  
NBC-Blue: U S ARMY BAND  
CBS: HOWARD PHILIPS—  
baritone

6:15  
NBC-Red: JOHN GURNEY—  
baritone  
CBS: FOUR STARS—quartet  
MRS: SKETCHES IN BLACK  
AND WHITE

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

6:35  
NBC-Red: THREE SISTERS  
—sketch  
NBC-Blue: CLARK DENNIS—  
tenor  
CBS: PAUL BOGGAAS—sports  
commentator

6:45  
NBC-Red: ELY FIMAIRES  
NBC-Blue: LAWELL THOMAS  
—news commentator  
CBS: HOWLAWRE SILLAW—  
songs  
MRS: CHILDREN'S ALBUM—  
Story Book Land

7:00  
NBC-Red: ADON N' ANDY—  
sketch  
NBC-Blue: BARRY MCKIN-  
LEY—Baritone's orchestra  
CBS: FOOTBALL MELLODIES—  
Jack Fulton, Franklyn Mac-  
Cormack, Robert's orchestra  
MRS: FOLKLORE SOCIETY EX-  
PERIMENT

7:15  
NBC-Red: UNCLE EZRA'S  
RADIO STATION—Pat Har-  
vatt  
CBS: MA AND PA—sketch

7:30  
NBC-Red: MIDGE WILLIAMS  
—songs  
NBC-Blue: LUM AND ADBER  
—sketch  
CBS: JACK SHANNON—tenor

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

8:00  
NBC-Red: BIRN AND AL-  
LEN—Dick Pagan, Noble's or-  
chestra  
CBS: ALGUTTE HALF HOUR  
—Ted Wiggins' orchestra  
MRS: ROBERTS' AND HEVYTHIN  
—Edwin Lane, Jack Arthur,  
Hanshoff's orchestra

8:30  
NBC-Red: VOICE OF FIRE-  
STONE—Margaret Sparks,  
Waltson's orchestra, Lucien  
NBC-Blue: PAUL MORTON  
AND HIS MUSIC

CBS: BOCK AND PAT—com-  
edy and music  
MRS: LET'S VISIT—Joy  
Lanzetta, Day, Lincoln

8:00  
NBC-Red: FIBBER MCGEE  
AND MULLY—comedy sketch,  
Martin and Jim Jordan,  
George Hechler  
NBC-Blue: HOW TIME SO-  
CREEPY—Bill Nepp, George  
CBS: LAX RADIO THEATRE  
—dramatizations  
MRS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

8:30  
NBC-Red: HOUR OF CHARM  
—Phil Harty and his girls  
NBC-Blue: A B L O D I C  
STYLINGS  
MRS: CRESAIRE SODERO DI-  
RECTORS

10:00  
NBC-Red: CONTENTED PRO-  
GRAM—Victor Lolla, Chas.  
Black's orchestra  
CBS: WAYNE KING'S OR-  
CHESTRA  
MRS: ELEANOR LIGHTFOOT,  
ROSEMAN, MICHAEL—aud-  
ience participation

10:30  
NBC-Red: MUSIC FOR MOD-  
ERNS  
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL RA-  
DIO ORGAIN—guest speaker  
CBS: NEW OF THE WINDS  
—Carl Carter  
MRS: HENRY WEBER'S  
TALKANT OF MELODY

11:00  
NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA  
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA  
CBS: DANCO MUSIC  
MRS: DANCO MUSIC



Ray Noble



Vivien Della Chiesa



Fibber McGee





MORNING

- 8:00  
 NDR Red MARY OLIVIERA—  
 —children's program  
 NDR Blue MORNING DEVO-  
 TIONS—organ and songs
- 8:15  
 NDR Red GOOD MORNING  
 MARY OLIVIERA  
 NDR Blue ISLAND STIMU-  
 LATION
- 8:30  
 NDR Red CHORUS—talk  
 and music  
 NDR Blue WILLIAM MITCH-  
 ELL—talk program
- 8:45  
 NDR Blue DANCE TALK—talk  
 and musical comedy program
- 9:00  
 NDR Red STAMFORDS—  
 —fiction and news  
 NDR Blue JACK PAPER  
 TALK—talk with Neddie  
 and John Barry, check book  
 —CBS MUSIC IN THE AIR
- 9:30  
 CBS RICHARD MAXWELL  
 —talk  
 CBS MELBA RADIO NEWS
- 9:45  
 CBS BLUE LAUREL HUGHES  
 CBS PHOENIX PANSY
- 9:55  
 NDR Blue PRESS RADIO  
 NEWS  
 NDR Blue PRESS RADIO  
 NEWS
- 10:00  
 NDR Red MR WINGS OP  
 THE CAROL PATCH—  
 sketch  
 NDR Blue TIM HEVLY—  
 news columnator  
 CBS HEVLY AND BOB—  
 sketch
- 10:15  
 NDR Red JOHNS OTHER  
 MUSIC—sketch  
 NDR Blue MA PERKINS—  
 sketch  
 CBS HYLMA'S OF A LITTLE  
 HEART HERE—COMEDY  
 CBS NEWS—comedy sketch
- 10:30  
 NDR Red JUST PLAIN BILL  
 —sketch  
 NDR Blue PUPPETEERS  
 FAMILY—sketch  
 CBS MARY FERRELL—15  
 MINUTE MUSIC—talk  
 MISS MARY FERRELL—  
 sketch
- 10:45  
 NDR Red TODAY'S FOLK-  
 SONGS—sketch  
 NDR Blue JULIA LANE  
 HILL—sketch  
 CBS JOHN K. WALKERS—  
 news columnator
- 11:00  
 NDR Red DAVID HARTM—  
 sketch  
 NDR Blue THE O'NEILLS—  
 sketch  
 CBS HINZ MAGAZINE OF  
 THE AIR—talk, sketch, radio  
 program  
 CBS GET THEE TO MELODY
- 11:15  
 NDR Red JACK STABLE  
 WIFE—sketch  
 NDR Blue PERSONAL COL-  
 LUMN OF THE AIR—news  
 columnator
- 11:30  
 NDR Red HOW TO BE  
 A FOLK SINGER—sketch  
 NDR Blue VIC AND SAGE—  
 sketch  
 CBS THE SISTERS—sketch
- 11:45  
 NDR Red THE OLD REP-  
 UBLIC—news and fiction  
 NDR Blue EDWARD MAC-  
 HUGH—The Long Ship  
 CBS DR ALLAN DUNBAR

# Wednesdays

JULY 7—14—21—28

AFTERNOON

- 12:00 Noon  
 NDR Red GILL ALONE—  
 sketch  
 NDR Blue TALK FRANK  
 CONNOR—talk  
 CBS THE CITY OF MRS. SHEP-  
 HERD
- 12:15  
 NDR Red STORY OF MARY  
 MALLON—sketch  
 NDR Blue THE SISTERS—Wi-  
 reless fiction  
 CBS THE NEWS PARADE  
 —talk and TV commentary
- 12:30  
 NDR Red THREE MARI-  
 SHALLS  
 NDR Blue TALK OF THE  
 AND THE VICTORY OF VICTORY  
 OF THE MARY OF THE  
 THE CITY OF MRS. SHEP-  
 HERD
- 1:00  
 NDR Red THE WIFE FOR  
 NDR Blue ALVIN AND THE  
 CHICKENS—sketch  
 CBS THE WIFE FOR THE  
 WIFE FOR THE WIFE
- 1:15  
 NDR Red THE WIFE FOR  
 NDR Blue ALVIN AND THE  
 CHICKENS—sketch  
 CBS THE WIFE FOR THE  
 WIFE FOR THE WIFE
- 1:30  
 NDR Red THE WIFE FOR  
 NDR Blue ALVIN AND THE  
 CHICKENS—sketch  
 CBS THE WIFE FOR THE  
 WIFE FOR THE WIFE
- 1:45  
 NDR Red THE WIFE FOR  
 NDR Blue ALVIN AND THE  
 CHICKENS—sketch  
 CBS THE WIFE FOR THE  
 WIFE FOR THE WIFE
- 2:00  
 NDR Red THE WIFE FOR  
 NDR Blue ALVIN AND THE  
 CHICKENS—sketch  
 CBS THE WIFE FOR THE  
 WIFE FOR THE WIFE
- 2:15  
 NDR Red THE WIFE FOR  
 NDR Blue ALVIN AND THE  
 CHICKENS—sketch  
 CBS THE WIFE FOR THE  
 WIFE FOR THE WIFE
- 2:30  
 NDR Red THE WIFE FOR  
 NDR Blue ALVIN AND THE  
 CHICKENS—sketch  
 CBS THE WIFE FOR THE  
 WIFE FOR THE WIFE
- 2:45  
 NDR Red THE WIFE FOR  
 NDR Blue ALVIN AND THE  
 CHICKENS—sketch  
 CBS THE WIFE FOR THE  
 WIFE FOR THE WIFE
- 3:00  
 NDR Red THE WIFE FOR  
 NDR Blue ALVIN AND THE  
 CHICKENS—sketch  
 CBS THE WIFE FOR THE  
 WIFE FOR THE WIFE
- 3:15  
 NDR Red THE WIFE FOR  
 NDR Blue ALVIN AND THE  
 CHICKENS—sketch  
 CBS THE WIFE FOR THE  
 WIFE FOR THE WIFE
- 3:30  
 NDR Red THE WIFE FOR  
 NDR Blue ALVIN AND THE  
 CHICKENS—sketch  
 CBS THE WIFE FOR THE  
 WIFE FOR THE WIFE
- 3:45  
 NDR Red THE WIFE FOR  
 NDR Blue ALVIN AND THE  
 CHICKENS—sketch  
 CBS THE WIFE FOR THE  
 WIFE FOR THE WIFE
- 4:00  
 NDR Red THE WIFE FOR  
 NDR Blue ALVIN AND THE  
 CHICKENS—sketch  
 CBS THE WIFE FOR THE  
 WIFE FOR THE WIFE
- 4:15  
 NDR Red THE WIFE FOR  
 NDR Blue ALVIN AND THE  
 CHICKENS—sketch  
 CBS THE WIFE FOR THE  
 WIFE FOR THE WIFE
- 4:30  
 NDR Red THE WIFE FOR  
 NDR Blue ALVIN AND THE  
 CHICKENS—sketch  
 CBS THE WIFE FOR THE  
 WIFE FOR THE WIFE
- 4:45  
 NDR Red THE WIFE FOR  
 NDR Blue ALVIN AND THE  
 CHICKENS—sketch  
 CBS THE WIFE FOR THE  
 WIFE FOR THE WIFE
- 5:00  
 NDR Red THE WIFE FOR  
 NDR Blue ALVIN AND THE  
 CHICKENS—sketch  
 CBS THE WIFE FOR THE  
 WIFE FOR THE WIFE
- 5:15  
 NDR Red THE WIFE FOR  
 NDR Blue ALVIN AND THE  
 CHICKENS—sketch  
 CBS THE WIFE FOR THE  
 WIFE FOR THE WIFE
- 5:30  
 NDR Red THE WIFE FOR  
 NDR Blue ALVIN AND THE  
 CHICKENS—sketch  
 CBS THE WIFE FOR THE  
 WIFE FOR THE WIFE
- 5:45  
 NDR Red THE WIFE FOR  
 NDR Blue ALVIN AND THE  
 CHICKENS—sketch  
 CBS THE WIFE FOR THE  
 WIFE FOR THE WIFE
- 6:00  
 NDR Red THE WIFE FOR  
 NDR Blue ALVIN AND THE  
 CHICKENS—sketch  
 CBS THE WIFE FOR THE  
 WIFE FOR THE WIFE

EVENING

- 6:15  
 NDR Red CAROL DIER—  
 piano  
 CBS CHORUS OF HALL AND  
 HIS ORCHESTRA  
 MISS MORGAN HITTAL
- 6:30  
 NDR Blue PRESS RADIO  
 NEWS  
 NDR Blue PRESS RADIO  
 NEWS  
 CBS PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 6:45  
 NDR Red CAPPY HALL—  
 and his orchestra  
 NDR Blue PHILIP HANKS  
 AND HIS ORCHESTRA  
 CBS PHILIP HANKS AND  
 HIS ORCHESTRA
- 7:15  
 NDR Red RHYTHMMASTERS  
 NDR Blue RHYTHMMASTERS  
 —news columnator  
 CBS STANLEY WAITERS
- 7:30  
 NDR Red ADOLPH ANDY—  
 sketch  
 NDR Blue BABY ACTS—  
 comedy sketch  
 CBS PHOTIC MITHRA  
 AND HIS ORCHESTRA  
 CBS MARY FERRELL  
 CBS MARY FERRELL  
 CBS MARY FERRELL
- 7:45  
 NDR Red LLOYD AND ABNER  
 —comedy sketch  
 CBS THE TALK FOR BUDDY  
 CLARK
- 8:00  
 NDR Red VIC AND SAGE—  
 comedy sketch  
 NDR Blue MARY O'NEILL  
 HUGHES—COMEDY  
 CBS HENRY HUGHES  
 CBS HENRY HUGHES
- 8:15  
 NDR Red ONE MAN'S FAMIL-  
 Y—sketch  
 NDR Blue HOWARD WY-  
 MERY—talk  
 CBS DEATH OF ROBERT  
 DEATH OF ROBERT  
 CBS DEATH OF ROBERT
- 8:30  
 NDR Red LADY ESTHER  
 HUGHES—talk  
 NDR Blue SECONDARY  
 HUGHES—talk  
 CBS MURRAY—talk  
 CBS MURRAY—talk
- 8:45  
 NDR Red TOWN HALL TO  
 NIGHT—talk  
 NDR Blue NIP TALKING  
 HUGHES—talk  
 CBS NIP TALKING  
 HUGHES—talk
- 9:00  
 NDR Red PALMIST BEAUTY  
 BOX THEATRE—Jesse  
 and orchestra  
 CBS PALMIST BEAUTY  
 BOX THEATRE
- 9:15  
 NDR Red CAROL WEA-  
 LMAN—talk  
 NDR Blue NIP TALKING  
 HUGHES—talk  
 CBS NIP TALKING  
 HUGHES—talk
- 9:30  
 NDR Blue NIP TALKING  
 HUGHES—talk  
 CBS NIP TALKING  
 HUGHES—talk
- 9:45  
 NDR Red HENRY HUGHES  
 AND HIS ORCHESTRA  
 NDR Blue HENRY HUGHES  
 AND HIS ORCHESTRA
- 10:00  
 NDR Red DANCE MUSIC  
 NDR Blue DANCE MUSIC  
 CBS DANCE MUSIC



Walter O'Keefe



Jane Ace



Ken Murray

MORNING

- 8:00 NBC-Red MAXWELL CLAIRE—cherry and butter  
NBC-Blue MORNING DEVOTIONS—organ and songs
- 8:15 NBC-Red. GOOD MORNING MIDDLETOWN  
NBC-Blue. DICK LEIBERT KENNESHVILLE
- 8:30 NBC-Red. CHERIELO—talk and music
- 8:45 NBC-Blue: RHYTHM RASCALS
- 9:00 NBC-Red STREAMLINE:NE—Flids and Itell  
NBC-Blue: BREAKFASTY FIGHT—Don MUNCH, Helen Jung Bellini, Clark Dennis  
CBS: AS YOU LIKE IT—variety program
- 9:15 CBS PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 9:30 CBS GREENFIELD VILLAGES CHAMPEL
- 9:45 NBC-Red. LANTY TRIO (CBS SONG STYLERS)—male quartet
- 9:55 NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS  
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 10:00 NBC-Red MRS. WINGS OF THE CARBAGE PATCH—sketch  
NBC-Blue: TIM HEALY—news commentator  
CBS: BETTY AND BOB—sketch
- 10:15 NBC-Red JOHNS OTHER WIFE—sketch  
NBC-Blue: MA PERKINS—sketch  
CBS: JIMMY'S AW-A-L-L  
NBC-Blue: BETTY CHUCKLE—talk, cooking expert
- 10:30 NBC-Red. JUST PLAIN BILL—sketch  
NBC-Blue. PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch  
CBS: MODERN GIMMERECLA—sketch  
MRS. MARYHAIR CLINGS—CBS' Musical
- 10:45 NBC-Red. TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch  
NBC-Blue. MALE PAGE—magazine  
CBS: JOHN K. WATKINS—news commentator
- 11:00 NBC-Blue: DAVID HARUM—sketch  
NBC-Blue: THE O'NEILLS—sketch  
CBS: MARY LEB TAYLOR  
MRS. GET THIN TO MUSIC
- 11:15 NBC-Red. BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch  
NBC-Blue. PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—(two ladies)  
CBS: QUALITY TWINS—Food and Drink
- 11:30 NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADD—comedy sketch  
CBS: HIS SISTER—sketch
- 11:45 NBC-Red: ALLEN PRESCOTT—The Wife Saver  
NBC-Blue: EDWARD MACMURRAY—The Grogel Singer  
CBS: MERRYMAKERS  
MRS. MARTHA AND HAL—songs and patter

AFTERNOON

- 1:00 Noon NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch  
NBC-Blue: THUR FRANKONI—(com)  
CBS: THE GUMPS—sketch  
MRS. LUNCHEON MUSIC
- 1:15 NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch  
NBC-Blue: L'ORANGE AND SWEET—songs and patter  
CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE—Edwin C Hill, commentator



JULY 1-8-15-22-29



Bob Burns

- 12:00 NBC-Red: BAILEY AXTON—(com)  
NBC-Blue: JOE DEWOND AND THE GAUPTS QUARTET  
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN THREN—sketch
- 12:15 NBC-Red: ARMCHAIR QUARTET  
NBC-Blue: VIENNESE SEX-TETTE  
CBS: OUR GAL SUNDAY—sketch  
MRS. WE ARE FOUR—sketch
- 1:00 NBC-Red. MARGUERITE PATHE—(com)  
NBC-Blue: LOVE AND LARLY—sketch  
CBS: JACK BEICH AND HIS BOYS
- 1:15 NBC-Red. DAN HADDING'S WIFE—sketch  
NBC-Blue: HAL GORDON—(com)  
CBS: PHILTY KIPPI KELLY—sketch
- 1:30 NBC-Red. WORDS AND MUSH—(com) Lou, Larry Lou, Broxy Lou  
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOLD—Walter Johnson's orchestra  
CBS: DINING WITH GEORGE REITER—food talk
- 1:45 CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES—sketch
- 2:00 NBC-Red: NBC MUSIC GUILD (CBS) RAMBLERS IN RHYTHM MRS. FALMER HOUSE ORCHESTRA
- 2:15 CBS: JACK AND LORETTA—songs and patter  
MRS: ORGAN RECITAL
- 2:30 NBC-Red: IT'S A WOMAN'S WORLD—Claudine McDonald, Levey's orchestra  
NBC-Blue: GENERAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS  
CBS: BALTON BROTHERS—navy trio  
MRS: THE QUIET SANTIARY
- 2:45 NBC-Red: MEN OF THE WERT—quartet  
NBC-Blue: PLANS HOSPITAL  
CBS: MYRT AND MARGE—sketch
- 3:00 NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch  
NBC-Blue: NBC LIGHT OPERA COMPANY  
CBS: LUTHERS MATINEE  
MRS: THE HEBERTS
- 3:15 NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch

- MRS: LA FORGE-BERUMEN RECITAL
- 3:30 NBC-Red VIC AND SADD—comedy sketch  
CBS: DO YOU REMEMBER—old favorite melodies
- 3:45 NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch  
NBC-Blue: THE CABAL-LEROS
- 4:00 NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—comedy sketch  
NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE—Annette King, Jack Baker, Koenig's orchestra  
MRS: TEXAS JIM LEWIS—old hit loveyays
- 4:15 NBC-Red: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—(two Lopez)
- 4:30 NBC-Red. FOLLOW THE THOUGHT—Elsie Hiltz and Nick Hines—(com)  
CBS: U S ARMY BAND  
MRS: VARIETY PROGRAM—Pauline Albert, Sid Gray, Norman Lichtenblat
- 4:45 NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch
- 5:00 NBC-Red. ARCHER GIBSON—organist  
NBC-Blue: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch  
MRS: RADIOLAND ORCHESTRA
- 5:15 NBC-Red: TURN BACK TIME (com)—Alice Remmen, George Grebb  
NBC-Blue: YOUNG HICKORY—sketch  
CBS: ALL HOURS ON DECK
- 5:30 NBC-Red: BOB WINSLOW OF THE NAVY—sketch  
NBC-Blue: RINGING LADY—children's program
- 5:45 NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANAST—children's sketch  
NBC-Blue: KING S MEN (com)  
CBS: DOROTHY DELANEY'S CHILDREN'S CORNER

EVENING

- 6:00 NBC-Red: NORSEMAN QUARTET  
NBC-Blue: HARRY KOEEN AND HIS ORCHESTRA  
CBS: PATTI CHAPIN—songs
- 6:15 NBC-Red: VLADIMIR BREN-SHANN—(com)  
CBS: CLYDE BARRID—baritone  
MRS: STORIES IN BLACK AND WHITE
- 6:30 NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch  
NBC-Blue: NBC LIGHT OPERA COMPANY  
CBS: LUTHERS MATINEE  
MRS: THE HEBERTS
- 6:45 NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch



Roy Shield

- 6:30 NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS  
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS  
CBS: PRESS RATH: NEWS  
MRS: ORCHESTRA
- 6:35 NBC-Red. BOB AND LEW—songs and patter  
NBC-Blue: 'CHUCHU MARTINEZ—(com)  
CBS: PAUL DUCULAS—(com) commentary
- 6:45 NBC-Red: RHYTHMATHS  
NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS—news commentator  
CBS: EDITH HALL'S ORCHESTRA
- 7:00 NBC-Red. AMOS 'N' ANDY—sketch  
NBC-Blue: EASY ACES—comedy sketch  
CBS: POETIC MELODIES—Jack Fulton, Franklin Macomber, Kelsey's orchestra  
MRS: SPRING RHYTHM
- 7:15 NBC-Red. VOCAL VARIETY  
NBC-Blue: LUTHERAL THOMAS  
CBS: MA AND YA—sketch
- 7:30 NBC-Red: MARY DIETRICH—(com)  
NBC-Blue: LUM AND ABNER—comedy sketch  
CBS: BEN SANDER WOOLCOTT—The Town Crier
- 7:45 NBC-Red: ELSIE HILTS BOISE—(com)  
NBC-Blue: 'CARIN IN THE CITY—(com)—butcher's quartet  
CBS: HOAKE CARTER—news commentator
- 8:00 NBC-Red: ROYAL GELATIN PROGRAM—Hedy Vallon  
NBC-Blue: ROY SHIELD IN STYLE MUSIC—(orchestra, auto)  
MRS: MERIC AND YOU—symphony program
- 8:15 NBC-Blue: BOSTON POP CONCERT—(orchestra)  
MRS: ORCHESTRA
- 8:30 NBC-Red. MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW HUNT—Lanny Ross, Bob Thomas  
CBS: MAJOR DOWES AMATEUR HUCK
- 9:15 MRS: TALK ABOUT BOOKS
- 9:30 NBC-Blue: MIDNIGHT IN MAYFAIR—English dance music  
MRS: MUSIC FOR TODAY
- 10:00 NBC-Red. KRAFT MUSIC HALL—Bob Bryant, Daisy's orchestra, guests  
NBC-Blue: NBC SPELLING BOOK—Paul Wang  
CBS: YOUR TRUE ADVENTURES—Pistol Gibbons  
MRS: WITCH STALK—Alanzo Leon Cole, Marie Offigun
- 10:30 CBS: MARCH OF TIME—(com)  
MRS: HENRY WEBER'S MUSICAL REVUE
- 11:00 NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC  
NBC-Blue: NBC NIGHT CLUB—(com)  
CBS: HANCO MUSIC  
MRS: DANCE MUSIC



Elsie Hiltz

MORNING

- 8:30 NBC-Blue: MARY MCELROY—talk and music program  
NBC-Blue: MORNINGS NEWS  
NBC-Blue: MORNING NEWS
- 8:45 NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MICHIGAN  
NBC-Blue: ISLAND SHOW—NADREB
- 9:30 NBC-Red: CATERIO—talk and music  
NBC-Blue: WILLIAM MCDONNELL—organist
- 9:45 NBC-Blue: DANDERS OF THE TRILBY—quartet
- 10:00 NBC-Red: STREAMLINERS—Felix and Bill, orchestra  
NBC-Blue: BEA KATZ AND TONY MARTIN—NBC-Blue, Helen Egan, Lillian, Clark, Jerome  
CBS: METROPOLITAN PARADE
- 10:30 CBS: RICHARD MANWELL—organist
- 9:10 CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 9:15 NBC-Red: LANTO TRIO  
CBS: NOVELTIES
- 9:55 NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS  
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 10:00 NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF THE AUBURN PATCH—sketch  
NBC-Blue: THE HEALY—CBS: MARGARET  
CBS: BETTY AND BOB—sketch
- 10:15 NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER LIFE—sketch  
NBC-Blue: MA FERRIS—sketch  
CBS: BETTY CROCKER—cooking expert
- 10:20 NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN BILL—sketch  
NBC-Blue: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch  
CBS: HELEEN CINDERELLA—sketch  
MRS. MARIAGE CLINIC—Frances McDonald
- 10:45 NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch  
NBC-Blue: YOUNGER SENTINEL  
CBS: JOHN K. WATKINS—news commentator
- 11:00 NBC-Red: DAVID HANCOCK—sketch  
NBC-Blue: THE O'NEILLS—sketch  
CBS: HELEN ALVAZING OF THE AIR—talk, sketch, radio personality  
MRS. GET THIN—music
- 11:15 NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch  
NBC-Blue: PERSONAL POLICEMAN OF THE AIR—Helen Loring
- 11:20 NBC-Red: HOW TO BE A CHAMP—sketch  
NBC-Blue: VIC AND SAGE—sketch  
CBS: THE SISTER—sketch
- 11:45 NBC-Red: THE GUY REPORT—sketch and radio show  
NBC-Blue: MOWAT AND

# Fridays

## JULY 2—9—16—23—30

11:00—The Gospel singer  
CBS: DR. ALLAN ROY DAVIS

AFTERNOON

- 12:00 Noon NBC-Red: GUY ALONE—sketch  
NBC-Blue: D. S. MARINE BAND  
CBS: THE GUMPS—sketch
- 12:15 NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARTIN—sketch  
CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE—(John C. Hill), commentator
- 12:20 NBC-Red: JOY DIMOND AND THE CALETTI QUARTET  
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT—sketch
- 12:45 NBC-Red: JOE WHITE—tenor  
CBS: OUR GAL SUNDAY—sketch  
MRS. WE ARE FOUR—sketch
- 1:00 NBC-Red: PIANO DUO  
NBC-Blue: LOVE AND LEARN—sketch  
CBS: MARK HELLMAN—Bill Feltz, Ruth (artist)  
MRS. LUNCHEON MUSIC
- 1:15 NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch  
NBC-Blue: NICHOLAS NELL  
CBS: KIPPITY KIPPY KELLY—sketch  
MRS. ORGAN RECITAL
- 1:30 NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Lucy Luessen, Ruth Loring, Harvey Tracy  
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUSING—Walter Bradford, orchestra  
CBS: DINING WITH GEORGE RIVINGTON—food line  
MRS. ORGAN SUNDAY SERVICE
- 1:45 CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES—sketch
- 2:00 NBC-Red: SHOW TIME MATINEE  
CBS: NEWS THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES—Kathryn Crowley  
MRS. PALMER HOUSE CONCERT ORCHESTRA
- 2:15 CBS: JACK AND LORITTA—songs and patter  
MRS. ORGAN RECITAL
- 2:30 NBC-Red: CONCERT MINUTE  
NBC-Blue: BENNETT AND MCGILVERSON—(John and Julia) TERRY  
CBS: MONTANA SLIM  
MRS. THE HEART SANG-TERRY
- 2:45 NBC-Blue: FREGGY WOOD  
CBS: MYRT AND MARGE—sketch  
MRS. LEO FREUDLERG'S ORCHESTRA



Les Tremayne

- 3:50 NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch  
NBC-Blue: RADIO GUILD—dramatization  
CBS: COLUMBIA CONCERT HALL  
MRS. RHYTHM ORCHESTRA
- 4:15 NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch  
MRS. RADIO GARDEN CLUB
- 4:30 NBC-Red: VIC AND SAGE—sketch  
CBS: THREE CONSOLES  
MRS. ORCHESTRA
- 4:45 NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
- 4:50 NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—comedy sketch  
NBC-Blue: CLIB MATINEE—Annetta King, Jack Baker, Roy's orchestra  
CBS: FRIDAY MELODY REVIEW  
MRS. TEXAS JIM LEWIS—and his orchestra
- 4:15 NBC-Blue: PERSONAL POLICEMAN OF THE AIR—Helen Loring
- 5:20 NBC-Red: FOLLOW THE DORIS—Miss Hilda, Dick Dawson  
CBS: AMONG OUR SOLVEYS  
MRS. VARIETY PROGRAM
- 5:45 NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch
- 6:00 NBC-Red: TOP HATTERS  
NBC-Blue: STORY OF MARY MARTIN—sketch  
CBS: SALVATION ARMY  
MRS. RANDALL ORCHESTRA
- 5:15 NBC-Red: ADVENTURES OF DARI DAN—sketch  
NBC-Blue: SINGING LADY—(musical play)  
CBS: RYON BOYS—male quartet
- 5:30 NBC-Red: DON WINSLOW OF THE MAXY—sketch  
CBS: DORIS KERR—songs
- 5:45 NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—sketch and sketch  
NBC-Blue: ROY CAMPBELL & ROYALISTS  
CBS: PUNNY THINGS—(Not a string's children's program)

EVENING

- 6:00 NBC-Red: EDUCATION IN THE NEWS—(dramatization)  
NBC-Blue: HARRY KOGIN AND HIS ORCHESTRA  
CBS: HOWARD PHILLIPS—baritone
- 6:15 NBC-Red: HARRY MCKINLEY—baritone

- 6:15 CBS: DEAN OF HOLLYWOOD—Robert Downorth
- 6:30 NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS  
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS  
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS  
MRS. ORCHESTRA
- 6:50 NBC-Red: CAROL DEBS—soprano  
NBC-Blue: CLARK DENNIS—tenor  
CBS: PAUL DOUGLAS—sports commentator
- 7:45 NBC-Red: SINGING STRINGS  
NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS—news commentator  
CBS: TALL FOR RUDDY CLARK
- 7:50 NBC-Red: AMOS 'N' ANDY—sketch  
NBC-Blue: MARY SMALL—singer  
CBS: POLITE MELODIES—Jack Patton, Frankie Mayo, Cora Lee, Kathryn Crowley  
MRS. PALMER HOUSE ENTERTAINERS
- 7:15 NBC-Red: INCLER DEBS'S RADIO STATION—(Ed Barrett)  
NBC-Blue: PLAY AND HEAR IT—(radio show)  
CBS: MA AND PA—sketch  
MRS. NOVELTIES
- 7:30 NBC-Red: CABALEROS—songs  
NBC-Blue: LUM AND ADNER  
CBS: HOLLACE SHAW—songs
- 7:45 NBC-Red: RUCHOIRER RHYTHM  
NBC-Blue: LOUISE FLOREN—soprano  
CBS: LOU K CARTER—(comedian)  
MRS. ORCHESTRA
- 8:00 NBC-Red: CITIES SERVICE—(concert)—Lucille Blanner, Leonard's orchestra  
NBC-Blue: IRENE RICE  
CBS: ROADWAY VARIETIES—(var. Show, Comedy Show)—Elizabeth Lennox, Victor's orchestra
- 8:10 NBC-Red: DEATH VALLEY DAYS—(dramatization)  
CBS: HILK KEMP'S DANCE BAND—Kay Thompson, Rhythm Singers
- 8:45 MRS. CHARLOTTE—songs—FET
- 9:00 NBC-Red: WALTZ TIME—(Frank Mayo, Tom Bennett, Leonard's orchestra)  
NBC-Blue: KATHLEEN—(Amstrong's orchestra, Hilda Hara)  
CBS: HOLLYWOOD HOTEL—Jerry Cooper, Frances Langford, Anne Carson, (not seen)  
Patsy's orchestra  
MRS. ORCHESTRA
- 9:30 NBC-Red: THE STORY LOUPE OF HUMAN RELATIONS—(dramatization)  
NBC-Blue: COLOMBET ON THE AIR—(Dorothy Taylor)  
Amstrong's orchestra  
MRS. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
- 10:00 NBC-Red: FIRST NIGHTS—(dramatization)  
NBC-Blue: LAUREL AND HARDY—(radio show)—Jack Paul and Bill Norton, (live)  
Dorothy's orchestra  
CBS: FRED GROOM'S ORCHESTRA—(live)—(radio show)  
MRS. ORCHESTRA
- 10:30 NBC-Red: JIMMY FIDELIS—HOLLYWOOD 40-88-11  
CBS: HILK KEMP'S RADIO PROGRAM
- 10:45 NBC-Red: VIC AND SAGE—comedy sketch  
NBC-Blue: ELZA SCHELTER REVIDEN—(radio show)
- 11:00 NBC-Red: DAN'S MUSIC  
NBC-Blue: DAN'S MUSIC  
MRS. DAN'S MUSIC



Virginia Verrill



Jerry Cooper

MORNING



8:00  
NBC-Red MARY McLELLIN PLAZER  
—Children's program

8:15  
NBC-Red BOB HOPE JOHNSON  
MUSICIANS  
NBC-Blue DONALD BRIDGES  
CONCERT HALL

8:30  
NBC-Red CHICK DEWLEY—talk  
and music

8:45  
NBC-Blue RAYMOND BASKIN  
—talk

9:00  
NBC-Red BETHELMAN GREEN—  
Professional Help  
NBC-Blue BREAKFAST  
with Tom McEvoy—Helen  
H. Hooper—15 min.  
CBS-Blue BOB HOPE—talk

9:15  
CBS-Blue TONY MARTINEZ—  
talk (by air)

9:30  
CBS-BLUEBOW MOMENTS

9:45  
NBC-Red LANDIT TALK

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

10:00  
NBC-Red CHARD OBERG—  
talk  
NBC-Blue SMITZER HARTER  
10:15-10:30 AM—Max Smith  
10:30-10:45 AM—Bob  
CBS-Blue GARDEN AND  
WALKER—talk

10:15  
NBC-Blue THE YANK PAM  
HAY—talk and music

10:30  
NBC-Blue KENNETH COOPER  
HARDEN—talk (by air) 10:00  
10:00-11:00  
CBS-Blue HARDY MANWELL  
—talk

10:50  
NBC-Red MANLY HITCHES—  
Amateur Football—10:30  
CBS-Blue HAZEL HIGGINS—talk  
and music  
NBC-Red PETER HENRI A  
Famous story of the Philadelphia  
of the 18th Century

10:15  
NBC-Blue BILL RICHIE—talk  
and music

11:00  
NBC-Red OUR AMERICAN  
SOCIETY—Dr. Frances Hale  
NBC-Blue MADGE MARLEY  
—talk (by air)  
CBS-Blue ORGAN HEDDING

11:15  
NBC-Red HOME TOWN—  
talk  
NBC-Blue MENTOR MEN—  
talk (by air)

11:30  
NBC-Red MYSTERY CHEF  
NBC-Blue MARGIE O'P  
SHE—11:00-11:30  
CBS-Blue COLUMBIA CONCERT  
HALL  
NBC-Blue ARMY BAND

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon  
NBC-Blue CALL TO YOUTH  
—Amateur Sports—10 min.  
CBS-Blue THE FACTORS

12:15  
NBC-Blue THE BLUE RAINBOW  
NBC-Blue ORIENTAL



Mary Eastman



Phil Dey

12:30  
NBC-Blue LIZ PATTON'S  
INFORMED ENTERTAINMENT  
NBC-Blue OUR HOSTESS  
CBS-Blue OUR HOSTESS  
AND HER GUESTS

12:45  
NBC-Blue JANE SEYMOUR—  
talk and music

1:00  
NBC-Blue WILSON'S PSYCHOLOGY  
NBC-Blue OUR PATRONS  
NBC-Blue JACK SHANNON—talk

1:15  
CBS-Blue ANDY AND VERA  
CBS-Blue BILLY SAVANNAH—talk

1:30  
NBC-Blue GARDEN AND WALKER  
NBC-Blue JACK SHANNON—talk

1:45  
NBC-Blue GARDEN AND WALKER  
NBC-Blue JACK SHANNON—talk

2:00  
NBC-Blue GARDEN AND WALKER  
NBC-Blue JACK SHANNON—talk

2:15  
NBC-Blue GARDEN AND WALKER  
NBC-Blue JACK SHANNON—talk

2:30  
NBC-Blue GARDEN AND WALKER  
NBC-Blue JACK SHANNON—talk

2:45  
NBC-Blue GARDEN AND WALKER  
NBC-Blue JACK SHANNON—talk

3:00  
NBC-Blue GARDEN AND WALKER  
NBC-Blue JACK SHANNON—talk

3:15  
NBC-Blue GARDEN AND WALKER  
NBC-Blue JACK SHANNON—talk

3:30  
NBC-Blue GARDEN AND WALKER  
NBC-Blue JACK SHANNON—talk

3:45  
NBC-Blue GARDEN AND WALKER  
NBC-Blue JACK SHANNON—talk

4:00  
NBC-Blue GARDEN AND WALKER  
NBC-Blue JACK SHANNON—talk

4:15  
NBC-Blue GARDEN AND WALKER  
NBC-Blue JACK SHANNON—talk

4:30  
NBC-Blue GARDEN AND WALKER  
NBC-Blue JACK SHANNON—talk

3:15  
CBS-Blue CLYDE BARRIE—  
talk

3:30  
NBC-Blue CLUB MATINEE—  
Amateur Singing, Jack DeLoe  
—talk and music

3:45  
CBS-Blue THE DOCTORS  
NBC-Blue OUR HOSTESS

4:00  
CBS-Blue DIAN SCOTCHDOPOLE  
NBC-Blue OUR HOSTESS

4:15  
NBC-Blue OUR HOSTESS  
NBC-Blue RAYMOND AND HERSIE  
—talk

4:30  
NBC-Blue ANIMAL NEWS  
CBS-Blue THE DOCTORS  
with Lou Rogers

4:45  
NBC-Red KATHY SUTHERS  
KATHY SUTHERS—10:00-10:30  
Helen Krumpholtz—talk

5:00  
NBC-Red SNOW VILLAGE  
NBC-Blue SNOW VILLAGE  
NBC-Blue SNOW VILLAGE

5:15  
NBC-Blue SNOW VILLAGE  
NBC-Blue SNOW VILLAGE

5:30  
NBC-Blue SNOW VILLAGE  
NBC-Blue SNOW VILLAGE

5:45  
NBC-Blue SNOW VILLAGE  
NBC-Blue SNOW VILLAGE

6:00  
NBC-Blue SNOW VILLAGE  
NBC-Blue SNOW VILLAGE

6:15  
NBC-Blue SNOW VILLAGE  
NBC-Blue SNOW VILLAGE

6:30  
NBC-Blue SNOW VILLAGE  
NBC-Blue SNOW VILLAGE

6:45  
NBC-Blue SNOW VILLAGE  
NBC-Blue SNOW VILLAGE

7:00  
NBC-Blue SNOW VILLAGE  
NBC-Blue SNOW VILLAGE

7:15  
NBC-Blue SNOW VILLAGE  
NBC-Blue SNOW VILLAGE

7:30  
NBC-Blue SNOW VILLAGE  
NBC-Blue SNOW VILLAGE

NBC-Blue PRESS-RADIO  
NEWS  
CBS PRESS-RADIO NEWS  
NBC OUR HOSTESS

6:55  
NBC-Red ALMA KITT FIELD  
—talk (by air)  
CBS-Blue DONALD BRIDGES—talk  
and music

7:00  
NBC-Red RELIGION IN THE  
NEWS—10:00-10:30  
CBS DEN FIELD'S ORGANS  
—talk

7:15  
NBC-Red THE SPANISH  
REVIEW  
NBC-Blue MESSAGE OF THE  
NIGHT—talk and music  
CBS SATURDAY NIGHT  
SWEET—talk—Humor, Bern  
and music  
NBC-Blue TALKER TONKES EN-  
SEMBLE

7:30  
NBC-Red HERRERA  
NBC-Blue HERRERA

7:45  
NBC-Red JIMMY KEMMER—  
Song Stories  
NBC-Blue UNCLE TOM'S  
CABIN—talk—10 min.

7:55  
NBC-Red THE ABC'S OF ABC  
—talk (by air) the beneficiaries  
NBC-Blue THE ABC'S OF ABC  
—talk (by air) the beneficiaries

8:00  
NBC-Blue THE ABC'S OF ABC  
—talk (by air) the beneficiaries

8:15  
NBC-Blue THE ABC'S OF ABC  
—talk (by air) the beneficiaries

8:30  
NBC-Blue THE ABC'S OF ABC  
—talk (by air) the beneficiaries

8:45  
NBC-Blue THE ABC'S OF ABC  
—talk (by air) the beneficiaries

9:00  
NBC-Blue THE ABC'S OF ABC  
—talk (by air) the beneficiaries

9:15  
NBC-Blue THE ABC'S OF ABC  
—talk (by air) the beneficiaries

9:30  
NBC-Blue THE ABC'S OF ABC  
—talk (by air) the beneficiaries

9:45  
NBC-Blue THE ABC'S OF ABC  
—talk (by air) the beneficiaries

10:00  
NBC-Blue THE ABC'S OF ABC  
—talk (by air) the beneficiaries

10:15  
NBC-Blue THE ABC'S OF ABC  
—talk (by air) the beneficiaries

10:30  
NBC-Blue THE ABC'S OF ABC  
—talk (by air) the beneficiaries

10:45  
NBC-Blue THE ABC'S OF ABC  
—talk (by air) the beneficiaries

11:00  
NBC-Blue THE ABC'S OF ABC  
—talk (by air) the beneficiaries

11:15  
NBC-Blue THE ABC'S OF ABC  
—talk (by air) the beneficiaries

11:30  
NBC-Blue THE ABC'S OF ABC  
—talk (by air) the beneficiaries

11:45  
NBC-Blue THE ABC'S OF ABC  
—talk (by air) the beneficiaries

12:00  
NBC-Blue THE ABC'S OF ABC  
—talk (by air) the beneficiaries

12:15  
NBC-Blue THE ABC'S OF ABC  
—talk (by air) the beneficiaries

12:30  
NBC-Blue THE ABC'S OF ABC  
—talk (by air) the beneficiaries

12:45  
NBC-Blue THE ABC'S OF ABC  
—talk (by air) the beneficiaries

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

EVENING

6:00  
NBC-Red TOP HATTERS OR  
CHES PRA—Jan Smith  
NBC-Blue VLAADIMIR ENIG-  
MA—talk  
CBS-Blue COLUMBIA CONCERT  
HALL

6:15  
NBC-Blue HAROLD TURNER—  
talk

6:30  
NBC-Red PRESS-RADIO  
NEWS

6:45  
NBC-Blue HAROLD TURNER—  
talk

7:00  
NBC-Red PRESS-RADIO  
NEWS



*"This was the snapshot  
that brought us together"*



"WHEN I left the old home town, Helen was just a little girl. Her brother Dick was one of my pals, and she was always tagging us around. But it never occurred to me that she was anything except a nice little nuisance.

"After I landed a job a thousand miles away from home, getting back wasn't easy. I let several years go by, and had forgotten all about Helen until one day my mother sent this snapshot. She wrote on the back—"Do you remember your little playmate Helen?"

"I could hardly believe my eyes. Believe me, it wasn't long before I found a way to get home—and when I came away again, Helen came with me. . . . I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for this snapshot."

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

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

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



## RADIO STARS COOKING SCHOOL

(Continued from page 11)



In Paris, the woman of glamour turns instinctively to Djer-Kiss to increase her charm. . . . To her cousins in America this precious French perfume is now available in Djer-Kiss Talc. To make yourself fascinating, use this exquisite Djer-Kiss Talc, every day.

In drug and department stores at 25c and 75c. New generous 10c size in ten-cent stores.



write about tools as lyrically as did Shelley of the skylark! While to talk of tools is never considered triteism!

Yes, as I subsequently discovered, when Miss Pons and I discussed the matter in her delightful French-Normandy home in its New England countryside setting, cooking is a subject of the most vital interest to her, as it is to all who proudly claim to be *la France* as their birthplace. "No Frenchman, you know," my hostess assured me, as we staid ourselves contentedly on the stone terrace outside the lovely green-and-white dining room, "has any patience with bad or tasteless tools."

"The famous Brillat Savarin," she continued, "this famous chef once said: 'The indication of a most noble being responsible for his complete contentment while he lingers under your roof.' Therefore, seeing that the guest is well fed should be considered one of the most important ways to cater to his comfort."

The French, according to Miss Pons, believe that if you love to cook you will be a good cook! They also pay much more attention to seasoning than we do. "They taste as they cook."

In that respect, I remember once reading that when directions say: "season to taste," they mean certain definite proportions of salt and pepper. Just salt and pepper!

"Herbs and spices," said Lily, "such things as tarragon, parsley, shallots, chives and mushrooms, must not be overlooked. I am sure that if I should read *Season to taste*, I should think of these and I should make one of the best desired chef in the only way possible—by *tasting*!"

"No Frenchman is a glutton, you know, but all are epicures," Miss Pons remarked. "Our tools are economical, too. *Kéroul*, *la braise*, nothing is ever wasted, not one scrap! And the pride we take in the special dishes of our part of the country! Our recipes are passed down from one generation to the next! My mother, whom you met today, told me how to prepare some things she was taught to make by her mother!"

Miss Pons described some of the dishes she has served. She also made known some of her own preferences in menus.

Lunches, in the country in summer, or at her town apartment in winter, generally consist of a soup and a salad. No meal, in fact, is complete without both soup and salad, in her estimation, but whereas they merely supplement the other courses at dinner, they supply, between them, enough nourishment for an entire luncheon. Vegetable salads and fish salads are extremely popular in that delightfully colorful household. With these either a simple French dressing or mayonnaise is served.

You'll find in easy mayonnaise recipe at the end of this article it happens to be mine, not Miss Pons', but it was excellently well prepared *l'ancienne* *Cote d'Azur* tomatoes stuffed with anchovies and other things in an interesting combination. The recipe is in the leaflet.

You can also use this mayonnaise with the *Dents d'Alou* (ears, to you) which

happens to be one of the nicest (and salubrious) I've ever come across. This one is in the leaflet, too.

Some may prefer a simple French dressing with all salads. The proportion generally used by Miss Pons is 4 tablespoons of vinegar to 2 tablespoons of oil to 2 tablespoons of salt and pepper "to taste." But at the risk of having my previous words thrown up to me for the suggest  $\frac{1}{2}$  tea-spoon salt and  $\frac{1}{4}$  tea-spoon pepper for this amount of dressing. "The dressing must be added just before eating," cautions Miss Pons. "Not fifteen minutes ahead of time, not even now." The addition of finely minced chives is suggested, rubbing the bowl with garlic recommended!

This just isn't room here to tell you any of the interesting things Miss Pons had to say about the French methods of vegetable preparation. But I do suggest that you try the *Mushrooms à la Bordelaise*, for which she gave me the recipe. Nor can I go into the subject of meats, but then, that's no hardship at this particular season of the year, when "going light" on meats is wiser, cooler and more economical. As a substitute, I'm giving you Miss Pons' recipe for *Choucroute Soufflé*. With this the sauce is required.

The subject of desserts is always a fascinating one and it's most particularly so when one's *vis-à-vis* is from France, where desserts are so entirely different from our own idea of sweets and so foreign to what we generally think the French like. *Ne French pastries*, I assure you will be found among Miss Pons' suggestions. These are at the restaurants, not for the home. *L'art de la pâtisserie* she does, although she is one *pinna donna* who is supposed to consume a certain amount of food every day in order to *gain weight*. Lily Pons favors sweets that are not too heavy, too rich. Like all French folk, she particularly likes cooked fruit or fruit-flavored desserts. Very often, too, just plain raw fruit and an assortment of cheeses takes the place of the sweets entirely. Sometimes, however, *Crêpes Suzette* appear on the menu. The sauce for these water thin pancakes usually is prepared at the table in a chafin dish over a spirit lamp. You can do just as well at the family range. In this month's leaflet Lily's recipes for *Crêpe* and the sauce are given you in detail. Also a simpler fruit sauce to serve with the *Crêpe*, as a substitute, if you can't quite "go" the *Crêpe* and brandy sauce.

Gracious! If I'm going to leave room for some of Miss Pons' recipes here, I can only skim over the other fine dishes included in her leaflet. Briefly then they include two *Compotes*—or *Sauces d'été*, but with a difference! And *Orange Kisselle*, which combine fresh fruit, sherry, mentha and a surprise! *A mentha*, to make a summer time sensation!

Now, however, we must leave this corner of France in final comment! Just time for a farewell pat to Pamouche, Lily-Skye Terrier, and a stroke of the head for White Soaks the new and to Pamouche, my welcome (to you) addition to the family.

A French: "Au plaisir!" to Miss Pons' mother, a word of thanks to our hostess herself, and we return to familiar American surroundings, but with fine French recipes as a welcome reminder of the trip. You, too, can have copies of these, you know, for the asking. Those that is, that you do not find here; which should also be tried out at your leisure. The summary *Salads and Souffles* that the coupon brings you will be well worth adding to your collection of delicious and unusual recipes. Send for them now!

#### MAYONNAISE SUPRÊME

$\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon dry mustard  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon paprika  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt  
 1 egg  
 1 cup salad oil  
 1 tablespoon lemon juice

Mix dry ingredients. Add lemon juice and blend thoroughly. Add egg. Slowly add salad oil, a teaspoon at a time until one-half of the oil has been added, beating constantly with rotary beater. The remaining half of the oil may be added in larger amounts, to make a stiff dressing. If not stiff enough, add more oil. If too stiff, thin with a little additional lemon juice. Chill thoroughly.

#### CONSOMME BARRITZ

Place in a saucepan a lump of butter (about 2 tablespoons) equal quantities of finely minced carrots, turneps, lettuce and cauliflower—2 cups in all. Add 1 pint beef stock (canned head-on will make an excellent substitute) salt and pepper "to taste," and simmer gently for 1 hour. Just before serving stir in the beaten yolk of 1 egg.

#### MUSHROOMS A LA BORDELAISE

Prep a dozen large mushrooms, cutting the stems up short. Place mushrooms, stalks uppermost, in a deep frying pan containing hot salad oil. Cook 5 minutes; add  $\frac{1}{2}$  clove of garlic, minced fine, also some finely chopped shallots (scallions). Cook 5 minutes more, turn mushrooms and continue cooking slowly for another 5-8 minutes or until tender. Place mushrooms on a very hot dish, season well with salt and pepper, pour over them a little of the hot oil containing garlic and shallots. Sprinkle with parsley and serve immediately.

#### CHEESE SOUFFLE

Melt 2 tablespoons butter, add 3 tablespoons flour, blend thoroughly. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup scalded milk; cook and stir until smooth and thickened; stir in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup grated cheese. Remove from heat, cool slightly, add beaten yolks of 3 eggs. Fold in beaten whites of eggs carefully. Turn mixture into buttered baking dish and bake in moderate oven (375 F.) until puffed, browned and firm to the touch (about 25 minutes). Serve immediately or reheat from oven.

#### CAFE DIABLE

To each cup of hot, strong coffee add 2 whole cloves, a lump of sugar, a 2-inch stick of cinnamon,  $\frac{1}{4}$  orange peel,  $\frac{1}{4}$  lemon peel. Bring to a boil. Put  $\frac{1}{2}$  liquor of brandy in a half, add it over the coffee, grate it and stir gradually into coffee. Serve immediately. Very attractive to look at if served at the table over a lighted alcohol lamp, but equally tasty and "spicy" if prepared in a convenient saucepan!



## KEEP OUT OF THAT HOT KITCHEN!

Serve the Delicious Spaghetti that makes quick Summer Meals Possible

BUT be sure it's Franco-American Spaghetti you use. There is a real difference between Franco-American and ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. Well, there ought to be! First, in taste! There are eleven savory ingredients in that world-famous cheese-and-tomato sauce—there's no imitating that! Second, in nourishment. The selected top quality durum wheat that Franco-American is made from—rich in proteins and carbohydrates—there's no improving on that! Franco-American is an appetizing, delicious food that saves you money. It usually costs

only ten cents a can—three cents a portion! When a hot day comes along and you dread cooking—DON'T! Just serve that delicious Franco-American Spaghetti as a main dish—with a crisp green salad, milk, and fruit. It's on the table in no time. And your family will say: "Gee, this is swell, Mother!" Or if you're leftovers you want to use up, Franco-American's rare and tasty flavor makes a dish of leftover meat taste like the proud creation of a French chef. Serve Franco-American!

## Franco-American SPAGHETTI

Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD CO., Dept. 68  
 2 Linden, New Jersey  
 Please send me your free recipe book  
 and Tempting Spaghetti Meal.

Name   
 Address   
 City  State



Don't Let  
**Dry Dead Skin**  
Make You A Wall Flower  
Here's the Amazing Beauty  
Cream That's Thrilling  
Entire America -

- WRINKLES
- LINES
- BLACKHEADS
- SHINY NOSE
- DRYNESS
- ROUGHNESS
- CREPEY THROAT

Give Your  
Skin These  
Thrilling  
New Beauty  
Benefits To Help  
Nature  
Restore  
Smooth  
Younger  
Looking  
Skin



Romeo + Juliet. Dites. Pam—to enter them  
on most love skin beauty. At last a way has  
been found to help nature restore soft, smooth,  
youthful looking skin. The most advanced beauty  
development known to the cosmetic art to aid na-  
ture's mission to give fresh, clear skin.  
Beauty editors and specialists are writing about it.  
Thousands praise it! Now you can let these  
precious ingredients work for you!

**Try This Guaranteed  
3 DAY TEST**  
That Is Showing Thousands  
of Girls How To Combat  
Dry, Rough Skin, Shiny Nose,  
Blackheads, Premature Lines.

The very first application of this new beauty cream  
TAYLOR'S CREAM Triple White, restores freshness,  
smooths wrinkles, combats dryness, brightens,  
shines & softens. Blackheads, irritated pores and  
shiny nose. Wrinkles, Tired Lines. Like nature's  
own chemicals, keep the skin soft and supple. TAYLOR'S  
CREAM Triple White, smooths, softens and does  
what the dry, rough skin tells a doctor. Laboratory  
tests show New Triple White looking skin appar-  
ently stimulating the production of new skin cells.  
Having checked pores the time of blackheads, shiny  
nose, dryness and irritation, smoothing skin  
helped in nature's own way. That's why TAYLOR'S  
CREAM is succeeding in the most stubborn cases.

**MAKE THIS GUARANTEED TEST**

Use TAYLOR'S CREAM to cleanse with and also as  
a night cream or 3 days. If you do not see a  
noticeable smoother, less shiny and softer complexion  
in seven to ten days, you will be refunded.  
Ask for TAYLOR'S CREAM in the old 2 1/2 sizes at  
the stores or larger size and 3 1/2 sizes at drug and  
department stores. It is available in most drug stores  
and department stores, but you can't get the original  
and most for under ten cents in the health-food store  
wholesale.

AT DRUG, DEPT AND 10c STORES



# NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH?

How radio stars answer your questions!

At what point in your career did life seem the rosier?

Pick and Pat: "Not."

**Il F. Kallenberg:** "When I reached that point of financial independence where I could tell editors, sponsors, program managers and radio's executives to go to the what ever place I would have pleased me to send them."

**Don McNeill:** "Right now. Mrs. McNeill is well, the two little McNeills are well, things on the air for fall look well—"

**Hildy Dudley:** "When a girl I was in love with at last kissed me."

**Flora Hill:** "Just before I opened as leading lady in a New York play, but that play which was very short-lived—the play was a failure."

**Ed Fitzgerald:** "It hasn't."

**Johnny Green:** "The night the Philharmonic Symphony Society played my Night Club Suite at the Lincoln Stadium under the baton of Paul Whiteman."

**Kaye Morgan:** "The day I walked into the Brunswick Recording Company."

**Betty Winkler:** "When I went on the air in my first starring show—five days a week."

**Conrad Tinberg:** "Rosa bloomed in your yard when I won a scholarship at the Curtis Institute of Music, giving me an opportunity to learn and prepare for all that followed—opera, radio, concerts."

**Nick Dixon:** "When I was married."

**Ted Hammerstein:** "When I was a kid—between the ages of fifteen and twenty—because then I didn't have to worry about contract renewals."

**Elgar Bergen:** "It has never been more thrilling than it is now."

**Idola Rogers St. Johns:** "I like life so much, being an incurable optimist, that it always seems to get right where I am."

**Richard Crocker:** "When I married my school days sweetheart, who is still my best girl and my best pal."

**Roscoe Turner:** "It has never been dull though it has never been easy, so perhaps I should say it has always seemed bright on it I have really enjoyed the hard work it takes to make a career."

**Lud Gluskins:** "When I came from New

York to assume the position of Musical Director for CBS on the Pacific Coast."

**Welcome Lewis:** "When I received my first big commercial—I walked on air."

**Frank Huntington:** "I've never ceased to be fairly the most satisfied in the life of a child in Harlem—although I feel, in comparison, conditions are not today, and still am enjoying my tooth and nails."

**Ilma Kahlert:** "From the public standpoint, my greatest experience was in the great Billy Sunday revival campaign, where I had the privilege of singing to and directing the largest crowds that were being gathered anywhere in the world."

**Gabriel Heatter:** "When I got my first sponsor."

**Helen Broderick:** "Right now. I have a swell screen on my mother's money and we just have a party of five."

**Jack Benny:** "When I was first recognized as a radio personality and realized that this was a new and very important phase of show business."

**Rubinf:** "During the days of study—artistic days."

**Kenny Baker:** "The last pay check that brought me out of the red also ended my life a rose shade. It's just two years into this summer."

**Bernice Chase:** "When I stepped into the pump chugging role of *The Desert Song*—my first break, and first professional job."

Do you consider it a necessity to follow your script exactly? How do you react to ad libbing?

**Jack Benny:** "If ad lib is natural and fits the situation, I can use no objection."

**Kay Chandler:** "It is best to do one's ad libbing in writing the script, rather than afterwards, for 95% of the actors or any number."

**Don McNeill:** "I never follow the script exactly as ad libbing is my forte. In fact, on *The Breakfast Club*, I don't use a script at all."

**Frank White:** "When I have a script I usually follow it, unless when reading aloud, especially with comedians, one has to expect ad libbing, which is usually a lot of fun but it's not nervous as a lot."

**Morton Bennett:** "As much as possible I stick to the script, to avoid embarrassing others. If there are changes to be made to it, a possibility they should be made in rehearsal."

**Fred Hammerstein:** "I think one should follow one's script closely because of the timing element. All programs are timed so that any change will throw everyone off."

**Conrad Habault:** "Yes, it is not a necessity, but very helpful to one's personality to be able to ad lib fairly well. I don't mind ad libbing at all."

**Rebecca White:** "Ad libbing is a little out of my line, and the artists who can ad lib clearly are few. I have personally never done any on the air."

**Cab Calloway:** "It is not only unnecessary but it is difficult for me to follow a script exactly. I feel that I am much more natural, both on the air and screen, when I am ad libbing my lines."

**I. Edgar Bergen:** "I do not read my script but depend on ad libbing which is dictated by the audience's reaction. I find it difficult to ad lib with other people, but easy for the dummy because they are prompt marks, and it saves me the embarrassment."

**Jack Donaghy:** "In follow, the Moon we rarely pre-cut a script as originally written. Intelligent and carefully timed ad libs can ribbite, sparkle and reality to almost any program."

**Ethel Merman:** "It depends with whom you are working. Some people must get direct cues or they are lost. If you work with someone who ad libs, you usually follow suit."

**Clara McCarthy:** "Following the script and a star on other work by others in the program. It doesn't sound like a monotonous, written by words, no. Some find certain phrases or words in a script which they cannot speak naturally. I think these, if possible, should be altered."

**Father Moon:** "Would much rather follow script closely. Ad libbing is okay, if good."

**Johnny Green:** "I have always followed my end of the script exactly and have left the ad libbing to the star. Ad libbing is swell if it happens to be funny."

**Luella Manners:** "I think it is best to follow the script. There is an exception—sometimes a comedian's ad libbing often adds spontaneity to the program."

**James Melton:** "Yes, unless an emergency arises. In informal conversation ad libbing is not confusing, and sometimes it is desirable."

**Lanny Ross:** "It is better to follow the script when working with others. Ad libbing is necessary if there is a slight slip-up for one reason or another."

**James T. Under:** "Rehearsal copy from scripts might provide one laugh, but if the habit became general, there would be too many more ad libs on the air. There are very few traditionalists who are consistently funny."



● "Excuse me for getting persoud—but haven't you gone pretty far with this nose idea? Enough is enough, I always say. . . It's none of my business, of course—but what's a nose like that for?"



● "You don't tell me! . . . You fill it full of water on a hot day—yes, yes, go on . . . Then you throw it up over your head and give yourself a shower? Boy! . . . Well, I must say you're got something there!"



● "Don't try to sell me one though! Nope—I've got my own system. A soft cooling sprinkle of downy Johnson's Baby Powder. . . no prickly heat or rashes or chafing after that kind of shower!"



● "Take one fret of Johnson's Baby Powder—you'll see why it keeps my skin so healthy and smooth!" Healthy skin, Mothers, is the best protection against skin infections. Johnson's Baby Powder is made of finest talc—no gritty particles and no orris-root. . . Remember Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too. And for tiny babies, try the new Johnson's Baby Oil—stainless, not sticky, and cannot turn rancid.

**Johnson-Johnson**  
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY



"I WANT  
AN ANSWER  
YES OR NO?"



"It's yes, of course!

You know I go for this Beeman's flavor. I like the neat and nifty airtight package that keeps it so absolutely fresh-tasting. And of course everybody knows Beeman's is good for digestion."

Beeman's  
AIDS DIGESTION...

## MARRIAGE MADE A DIFFERENCE

(Continued from page 11)

For a long time Walter had been wishing he could know definitely whether he had something or not, whether Nadine was right and he should give up everything but singing, risk his all on one throw of the dice. Through his studio affiliations, he was given a chance to sing for Tibbett. The great singer listened and was impressed. His only contribution to Walter's career were his assurance that the boy had a voice—and the reminder that being a singer meant a whole lot of work!

Walter was not afraid of work, not afraid of anything, now that he knew he had something more than a pleasing, a microphone, voice.

But for all that Tibbett spoke the deciding word it is not far to Walter to regard him as Tibbett's protégé. He never has been trained on that name but always has stood determinedly on his own feet, made his own way, and, against heavy odds, has put his name in bright lights, on important contracts.

It never has been easy. And it has meant hard work and many sacrifices, not only on his part, but—what hurts him much more—on Nadine's part.

"I have used the word 'career' several times and, before going further, I ought to explain that it is a word Walter hates. "It is essentially a selfish word," he explained. "As if you set yourself and what you were doing apart—a sort of *don't-touch-me* word. As if you said: 'This is my career—it has nothing to do with you or anyone else.' He leaned forward earnestly. "I don't feel that way about it, at all. Singing is my work, that is all, like the milling business or sign painting, or anything else. It is what I do to make a living for my family. Naturally, I want to succeed, to do things for them, to buy them the things they need and want—success has no point, no meaning, except as it enables you to do things for the ones you love."

"Nadine has a lovely voice. Perhaps she might have done something with it—perhaps now and then she feels a twinge of regret that she gave up a career of her own—but, although we were very young when we were married, we knew what we were about and we wanted it to last—for always, Nadine felt that what she wanted most was to be wife and mother and homemaker. Her ambitions were transferred to me, centered in me. Without her, I wouldn't have done anything, but she had confidence in me and in my dreams, and whatever I've done has been through her and because of her."

When, in their youthful impatience to get started in the new work—we won't call it career!—Walter gave up his radio and office jobs, everyone said he was crazy. It was too great a risk, they said, for a young man with a wife and family. Besides, they argued, he was young—much better to wait until opportunity knocked on his door than to go, unknown and unprepared to New York, that city of broken dreams, and hazard everything in an effort to create his own opportunity.

But Walter felt, as all young people do,

that youth is fleeting and that it was important to get started. Nadine agreed. With high hopes—and forty dollars—Walter said goodbye to his wife and two babies and set forth for New York.

The trip east was an ordeal in itself. He traveled, transportation free, on a freight train, as soon for a load of steers. He had many and somewhat harrowing experiences, but eventually he found himself in New York. Friendless and alone, with less than forty dollars in his pocket now, but in New York!

He had letters of introduction, but none proved helpful in actually getting him anything to do. But he found an inexpensive place to live, made a few friends, wrote optimistically to Nadine, who, to help tide them over, had taken over his church position and also was clerking in a store.

Briefly, he thought the struggle was about to end, life to be made easy, when a night club position with the princely stipend of \$250 a week was dangled over his head. He was all ready to send for his wife and babies when, for what reason he never knew, the job vanished into thin air. Discouraged, determined never again to let his hopes run away with him, Walter wearily went the rounds once more. Even the sign painting kit came out now. There was only one thing the boy was certain of: he couldn't quit! There was no turning back.

At last an audition at ABC led to a guest appearance on Ernest Cutting's *Dr. Broke's* program and a return engagement. Soon he had a sustaining spot, and finally four of them, which, with a new church position on Sundays, pushed his income up to a living wage. Now, instead of going without food to pay pianists to accompany him at auditions ("I must have made a thousand auditions!" he exclaimed), he could pay up his debts and send for his little family.

He had been along for nine months—and of all their hardships, Nadine and Walter regard separation as the worst. But they were together again, at last, in a pretty apartment in Forest Hills, and Walter definitely was getting somewhere.

His first guest appearance was on Ted Hammerstein's program, next on *Palmyra Beauty Box*. *Shore Boat* followed, with five guest appearances in a row—he sang on that program nine times. Then came a performance with the *General Motors* spring concert, followed by his first commercial series with the *Seaside Saturday Night Party*.

Then Warner Brothers stepped in, dangling a nice contract, and Walter asked for a cancellation of his *Seaside* contract and embarked for the Golden West.

It meant another separation—and there was another baby coming! But Nadine's eyes were bright, the words on her lips were: "Go—you must go!" It was what she had been dreaming of, hoping for, for longer than Walter knew.

It began with wires and a rush to get a plane, but, true to form, having tacked him out in a hurry, the moves began the familiar waiting game. However, Walter

has been busy. His tests were very good—incidentally, he is six feet tall, blond and very good-looking, and he keeps in fine physical trim with football and tennis and riding. He has appeared in two pictures, a straight dramatic part in *I only Luck* and a nice singing role in a technical-opera, *A Golden Harvest*. He also has made five guest appearances on the *Chat-inet Program*, during Kubanoff's stay in Hollywood. The studio has big ideas for him.

"I want him to do that to be successful in the movies," Nadine said softly, "and I want him to have a radio program of his own. And then—concert work—and the Met! But, oh, I hope it doesn't mean more long separations! I hate them so—I miss him so! I get so lonely, it just seems as if I couldn't bear it."

And, much as she would like to travel with him, that is out. "I couldn't leave the children," she said simply. "I'd be worried sick if I had to be away from them one night!"

The little family now consists of John Walter Caswell, Jr., aged six, Catherine Jean—better known as Jeanie—aged five, Mary Martha, aged six months—with Marjorie, a charming young girl who accompanied them from New York and helps take care of the babies. For Nadine, the trip west meant the end of another separation; each whir of the wheels sang that they were that much nearer Hollywood, nearer Walter, nearer home!

Walter had found for them in Hollywood a lovely turn-of-hill house on a palm-lined street near the foothills. There they live very simply, but happily. Nadine does her

own cooking and I not only have her husband's testimony that she is a grand cook but I sampled her delicious spaghetti, myself.

One of Nadine's personal hardships was the necessity of wearing old clothes, so that Walter's wardrobe could be all that of a man in public life should be—that wardrobe which had its early pantalo beginnings when a week's salary went for a dinner coat or tatts, to be worn at some special function where Walter was to sing or meet someone important! But, now, with increasing prosperity, Nadine doesn't desire a lot of new cloths. Her wants remain few, her tastes simple.

Walter, of course, shares her ambitions for himself, and is coaching in dramatic art, studying and practicing faithfully at his music, so that he will be ready for any eventuality. His voice has depth and power and beauty enough to take him far and it has, also, a depth of feeling that derives from his varied experience and from his own emotional response to life and love. His little family means everything in the world to him, and when he sings a love song, you will know he is thinking of Nadine and all the things she has made possible, all he owes to her.

"Of course there is a satisfaction in singing to an audience, in feeling their response. And there is a satisfaction just in the work itself, in perfecting one's performance—I never feel satisfied, always feel sure that I will do better next time! And I think being an artist means being an artisan, giving as capable, as careful a performance as possible. To do that, to

give a workmanlike performance, you need to be versatile, to have had a varied comprehensive experience—a balanced diet!" He smiled, and added: "To live fully, to feel deeply—it all shows in your voice. That is why I am glad I have been a sign painter and worked in an office, been nursemaid to steers and wiped down engines! And why I want to sing on the radio, in the movies, in concert. It is all a part of life and it gives me a deeper understanding, a breadth of sympathy, that is as important as actual *analysis*!"

"But, in the final analysis," he continued, "it is just my work, and the whole point of it is to make life pleasant and happy for Nadine and the children. That is the important thing—having someone to work for, and having faith, . . ."

After a moment he went on: "Naturally I want it easier than it has been for Nadine, but we like simple pleasures, a simple way of living. We have fun just in being together, doing things together—if it is only going to the movies."

"Or stopping at the *nutberger* stand," Nadine laughingly contributed. She looked at me suddenly. "You haven't asked me any questions!"

I said, "Well—are you sorry you gave up your own career?"

She answered quickly: "Of course not!" "And how about the movies? Are you afraid Walter will be changed—are you afraid to trust him with all those pretty girls?"

"I wish people would stop trying to make me jealous," she cried. "I'm not jealous—not a bit!"



# WOMAN HATER?

THAT'S WHAT MEN THOUGHT

—BUT GIRLS KNEW BETTER!...

WHAT A MAN! BY THE WAY SIS, WHAT'S THE LOW-DOWN ON HIM? IS HE A WOMAN-HATER OR —



WOMAN-HATER, NOTHING! GUY LIKES THE GIRLS, BUT THE GIRLS DON'T LIKE HIS BREATH!

HIS BROTHER TAKES A HAND

HIS IS A SWEET GIRL... FUSSEY ABOUT THINGS LIKE BAD BREATH, OF COURSE SHE SAYS HER DENTIST TOLD HER —



IS THAT A HINT FOR ME?

GUY TAKES THE HINT

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



COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH



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

SEVERAL WEEKS LATER

JUST HEARD THE GOOD NEWS ABOUT YOU AND SIS, GUY. GOOD LUCK!

THANKS! I OWE ALL MY GOOD LUCK TO YOU.

AND TO COLGATE!



Now—NO BAD BREATH behind his Sparkling Smile!

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



20¢ LARGE SIZE

35¢ GIANT SIZE

OVER TWICE AS MUCH



COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM



WHAT AN AMAZING *Improvement*  
*Maybelline* DOES MAKE!

BEHOLD the same person—you'd hardly believe it, would you? A few simple brush-strokes of Maybelline Mascara make all the difference in the busy-world, pale, scanty, unattractive, lash-less or the long, dark, luxuriant things that invites romance—let your mirror help you choose.

No longer need you risk the bold, artificial look of lumpy, gummy mascara—when you can so easily have the *real* appearance of beautiful dark lashes—with Maybelline Mascara. Either the popular Cream-Liner or famous Soft-Liner lasts all day—and through the romantic hours of evening. Tear-proof, non-staining, harmless. Obtainable at your favorite cosmetic counter. Try Maybelline—and see why 11,000,000 busy-wise women prefer it.

Try Maybelline's exquisite creamy Eye Shadow. Blend a delicate harmonizing shade on your lids—to accent the color and sparkle of your eyes.

Turn your brows into swift curving lines of beauty—with Maybelline's smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil.

Generous introductory sizes of the world's largest selling eye beauty aids are obtainable at all 10¢ stores. Introduce yourself to thrilling new loveliness—insist on Maybelline!

Most of these eye beauties are available in 10¢ introductory sizes at all 10¢ stores.  
 Most of these eye beauties are available in 10¢ introductory sizes at all 10¢ stores.  
 Most of these eye beauties are available in 10¢ introductory sizes at all 10¢ stores.  
 Most of these eye beauties are available in 10¢ introductory sizes at all 10¢ stores.  
 Most of these eye beauties are available in 10¢ introductory sizes at all 10¢ stores.

**Maybelline**  
 THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

"She needn't be," Walter interposed quietly. "There is no one out here any prettier than she is."

"And the domestic life is awfully—"

"Of course. I love cleaning I love taking care of the children (She laughed) Jinnie and Jennie herself, the night before Mary was born! I love buying furniture, furnishing a house—but I hate cooking!" She flashed me a quick look. "I don't have to lie do I? I really hate it! What else do you want to know?" she laughed.

"She didn't have to lie—especially since I already knew what a grand cook she was. Besides, she didn't really have to answer any questions at all. I had learned all I wanted to know, all I had come for, and when she said: 'What else do you want to know?' I could have said: 'Nothing you haven't already told me; nothing more than I see in the way you hold your baby, the way you speak to your children, the way you look at Walter—and the way he looks at you.'"

That's the story—two youngsters against the world. And the world is with them now and forever, because they are so real and so sincere and so ardent, as much as because of the glorious fortune that goes out over the air and that will some day heap many gifts at their feet, but never anything more precious than what they have today in mutual love and understanding.

## BEAUTY ADVICE

(Continued from page 13)

shek-on-top and softly waved corners are all the rage, she frequently borrows it to a smooth cap on the sides and back and wears just a few soft waves at the front, with the ends of the hair in soft curls. A good permogen, given when the hair is in good condition, is most adaptable and will enable you to style your hair in numerous ways without waiting to train it to a new style.

We are all interested in highlighting the hair—for unfortunately not all of us have richly-colored hair. If you would like to know about a tint that does this in a beautiful manner, and at the same time contains oil for reconditioning the hair, a letter to me will bring you the necessary information.

When you have your hair waved, and must sit under the dryer, then do take a jar of cold cream along. You will find that a generous slathering of cream will counteract the unpleasant tight-drawn feeling the heat gives to your face, and you will emerge with a complexion soft and supple.

There are all kinds of tricks to applying perfumes, but one of the most pleasing is to dash just a few drops of your favorite perfume in the water when you rinse your hair! You will feel especially lovely, knowing that your hair has a faint fresh whisp of flowers. Write to me and I will tell you about an inexpensive line of perfumes. You will want to use this perfume on your hands, wrists, and throat, too, to complete the fragrant ensemble.

There is another trick to daintiness—too—and this time I have a free sample

offer to introduce it to you? Don't overlook the coupon at the end of this article—it will bring you a dainty little packet of lipstick tissues, to tuck in your handbag, for use in applying make-up away from the comfort of your private dressing-table.

Lipstick smears can spoil the clear cut of your mouth. You know, too, the trick of applying lipstick intelligibly is first to apply the lipstick, then wipe it off. Apply lipstick again, and this time dust with powder. Apply lipstick a third time, just lightly retouching the lips to give the highlights. With these little tissues, you will find it a simple matter to follow this three-step routine at any time, any place.

Lipstick stains on the fingertips have an awful way of turning up again on the hat brim, handkerchief bag and even favorite frocks. These tissues make nothing of that problem. If you are one who likes to apply make-up before slipping into your dress, you will save yourself lots of angst if you will form the habit of pressing one of these tissues between your lips (the tissue will cover all lipstick) and then whisk the dress over your head. No stains then on your lovely frocks. I could chart the uses for these tissues far into the night, but you will be discovering soon for yourself what indispensable items they are!

Here are two new things for summer sunning: Whether you sun on a penthouse terrace, the beach or in your own backyard, you will be interested in a fragrant and lovely oil that promotes smooth, even tanning. Or perhaps you have decided not to tan, but stay white and tan this summer—then you will want to tuck the creamy lotion into your bag to protect and soothe your skin. These two lotions are reasonably priced!

If you acquire your tan synthetically, through the use of a dark powder, don't forget to powder the eyelids. Powder right up to the hairline. Powder the neck. The new summer shades of powders are beautiful, and one of the finest and smoothest powder steps out in *Summer Pleasures*. Worth investigating, whether you are fair or tan, for the shade is so subtle.

Working toes just make you feel young and beautiful! Give yourself a pedicure every week, just as you give yourself a manicure. Use the same flattering shades of polish on your toes that you do on your fingers. If you are looking for a long-lasting polish, non-streaky, and that will not dry out in the bottle I'll be glad to give you the tip. You will be thrilled to find this polish has the newest of new in shades, too!

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

Please send me, absolutely free, the gift offer of the dainty lipstick tissues.

Name   
Address   
City  State



## NEW-TYPE CREAM DEODORANT

Leaves no grease on skin or clothes  
—checks perspiration 1 to 3 days

UNTIL now you just had to put up with them. Cream deodorants were greasy, sticky, ruinous to clothes—no wonder women complained!

But here at last is deodorant perfection—Odorono Ice—a cream as easy and pleasant to use as your vanishing cream. And unlike ordinary cream deodorants, it really does check perspiration!

You've never known anything like the new Odorono Ice! It's like magic! You smooth this fluffy, dainty cream on . . . and presto! It's gone! And both dampness and odor are gone, too!

In two seconds your clothes are safe, your mind at rest about perspiration on brassieres for 1 to 3 days. No ruined dresses, no extra cleaners' bills. Get some! Work this miracle for yourself.

Odorono Ice has no strange odor to turn nasty after a while. There's only the clean, fresh smell of alcohol that evaporates completely the moment it's on. It's so pleasant, so effective, that 80% of the women who have tried it prefer it to any other deodorant.

Don't mess about with smelly, greasy, ineffective creams another day. Save your clothes, your time, your temper with this newest scientific advance in deodorants.

The wonderful new Odorono Ice is only 35¢ at all Toilet-Goods Departments. Buy a jar tomorrow!

SEND 10¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY JAR

RE THE MEELEB Co. (Odorono Co., Inc.) Dept. 96-577, 101 Hudson St., New York City (In Canada, address P. O. Box 2590, Montreal)

Enclose for 10¢ in Canada, plus 50¢ for postage and packing for generous introductory jar of Odorono Ice.

Name   
Address   
City  State

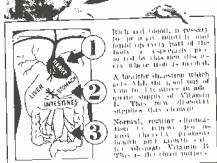


**\*ODO-RO-NO ICE**  
NON-GREASY

# IT'S MY HUMBLE OPINION—

(Continued from page 18)

**THIS NEW 3-WAY TREATMENT HAS PUT ON SOLID POUNDS FOR THOUSANDS OF SKINNY PEOPLE**



It's not about, it's really to get a little more to eat every part of the body. A carefully prepared diet plan is included in this new product.

A local physician which has been used in the same steps of Vitamin B. This new diet plan stipulates this change.

Normal, regular, functioning. It is not a diet plan, but a carefully planned diet plan. It is not a diet plan, but a carefully planned diet plan. It is not a diet plan, but a carefully planned diet plan.

**QUICK GAINS OF 10 TO 25 LBS. REPORTED WITH NEW IRONIZED YEAST**

NOW thousands of skinny, thin women find it easy to get back to a healthy, normal weight. This new 3-way treatment helps you to gain weight in a healthy, normal way. It is not a diet plan, but a carefully planned diet plan. It is not a diet plan, but a carefully planned diet plan.



**Why it builds up so quick**

Doctors now know that the main reason why many thin women are so thin is that they don't eat enough Vitamin B. Without these 3000 extra back appetite and get the most from every bite. It's not a diet plan, but a carefully planned diet plan.

Now scientists have discovered that the main reason why many thin women are so thin is that they don't eat enough Vitamin B. Without these 3000 extra back appetite and get the most from every bite. It's not a diet plan, but a carefully planned diet plan.

It's not a diet plan, but a carefully planned diet plan. It is not a diet plan, but a carefully planned diet plan. It is not a diet plan, but a carefully planned diet plan.

*Proof by professional model*

**Money-back guarantee**  
No matter how many times you try to lose weight, you can't seem to get it off. It's not a diet plan, but a carefully planned diet plan. It is not a diet plan, but a carefully planned diet plan.

**Special FREE offer!**  
To get thousands of copies of this new 3-way treatment, we are giving away a free copy of this new 3-way treatment. It is not a diet plan, but a carefully planned diet plan.

rather, of recent times, objected to having his picture taken and was said to have finished a camera, and from Mr. J. Preston Morgan, according to *Time*, after an encounter with a photographer, said: "This won't leave me alone. And those flashlights were too bright to death!"—and not, excepting perhaps the Press, has seemed to realize what is at the basis of it all.

*I could not help but comment at the fact that nowhere has anyone dared to point out the simple fact that the trial was a test of human rights!*

Even the *Boston Globe*, which has been overwhelmingly fair and generous in its treatment of my difficulties in that city and which quoted about two-thirds of a radio speech which I made in Boston the evening of the day of the trial, quoting me accurately and carefully—even the *Globe* recognized that it was wise to omit any mention that might open up this question for discussion.

I have a hunch that, some day, in the not too distant future and in spite of ourselves, this subject will be aired and brought to a head. This world of ours has a peculiar way of solving injustices. I am sure that most of the fan-mad editors and publishers, while of course hating for what are the basic features of their business and lives have thus far congratulated themselves on the fact that no one has questioned legally this right and have probably hoped that no one ever would. While cases have been won where photographs have been used for commercial purposes (in advertisements) yet no judge has dared the wrath of the fourth Estate by taking the word "commercial" to include my means of expression circulation and thus increasing profits.

*To do, in the smoke of battle between those who believe radio broadcasts of this nature back a picture's story and those who back the opposite viewpoint, that when the picture has won against the writing of their help—the picture Top of the Town has come through with very satisfactory results. That Top of the Town—now generally favored by critics—did excellent business in its first showings, seems to point to the side that favors that the broadcasting of its tunes before the appearance of the future helped it considerably.*

While we are marking time waiting for your definitions of the word *crooner*, let me take time to express myself on the subject of jazz—since enough of you have asked me to state my ideas on it. In the first place, I have always preferred to be specific, rather than to take short cuts and time-saving methods in such discussions. In other words, it is my belief that the word jazz, itself, has no specific definition and means little or nothing.

It is said to have originated in New Orleans and it is generally believed that it originated with a Negro instrumentalist, whose first name was *Chaskey* and who

was generally called, by admirers— "Chaz," and that eventually this evolved into *charo*. At first, although the public may not be able to give a clear-cut definition of the word I believe the average person has a reasonably good idea of the word itself. It must be obvious that it depends on the viewpoint of the individual in question. To the dyed-in-the-wool operator, all the fat and opera with the possible exception of symphony—is jazz. To the singer of ballads of a semi-classic type, nearly everything else is jazz, although I suppose such an individual would recognize the field of operatic and symphonic music as "good" music.

*You will recall that, in my question to you concerning jazz, I asked whether it was a question of material—that is composition itself—whether it was the type of melodic size instrumentation—the place. It is quite of one that the meaning of the word on these three landmarks presents a knotty problem.*

If—for example—Mr. Paul Whiteman's orchestra of thirty-five pieces plays Rimsky Korsakoff's *Song of India* for dancing at a night club and calls the composition *Song of India*, is it jazz—or not—and why? I would describe it as symphonized syncopation, played at a night club for dancing. Why? Because an orchestra of thirty-five pieces—while not a symphony orchestra by the standards as we know them—does have much of the quality of a symphony orchestra and since the composition is played for dancing, and since dance music always has some sort of syncopation, this would seem to cover it.

*To the devotee—the real lover of the classic and the higher forms of music, all a tune played in night clubs, ballrooms and the like, becomes jazz.*

It must be apparent that music which is strictly rhythmic is not necessarily jazz, because many of the higher forms of music are in strict dance tempo, and there are operas, white ballet and other forms of dancing are interpolated. Therefore music, merely because it is played for dancing, is not jazz. Nor is it called jazz due to the place where it is played. Night clubs, *ping-pong* and other places of public enjoyment do not necessarily give the strain to jazz. Such things as gigue-and, synchronization, broken chords, arpeggios and such variations are used by dance musicians and also by studied, legitimate performers of fine music. Yet the layman, when hearing many of these things performed by pianists, would invariably say they are "playing things up" or "jazzing it." Frankly I prefer doing things the laborious and different way, because there is much of the fun in me and I delight in seeing myself work hard. Therefore, in speaking I prefer many movements of the laws concerning and describing specifically what is happening, to saying loosely, "It is jazz," and going back to my hiehell or cigarette.





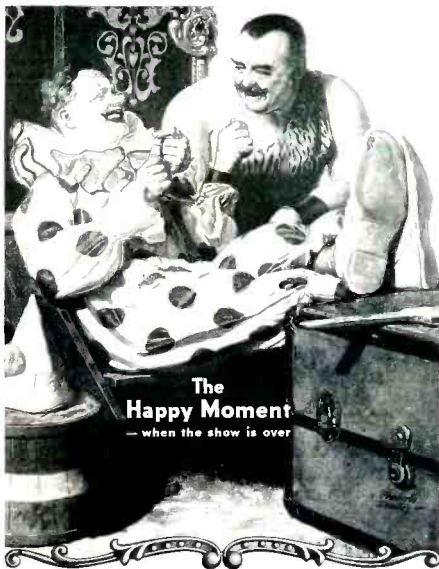
That Old Maestro, Ben Bernie, sly, suave and sophisticated, an example of versatility for "all the lads," and a pain in the neck to Walter Winchell!

Log-rolling among air performers has been rather mandlin, according to critics, in the last several months. I believe our program was one of the first, in a spirit of general camaraderie, to do this, because I have always preferred saying kind and pleasant things about people. I can see no discredit, however, in starting the idea of pleasing others for no ulterior motive, until others have, evidently, hoped to find some magic in such a procedure.

Good trombonists are scarcer than the proverbial hen's teeth. Is it because the trombone is a more difficult instrument than the average brass instrument? The answer is *no*. Good trombonists are scarce, because the men with the best sense of pitch, the greatest talent for phrasing, style and physical aptitude, invariably take up a more distinguished-appearing instrument, such as the violin, the saxophone or the trumpet. Quite obviously, if the men with the most talent play the latter instruments, leaving only the second and third raters to take up the trombone, this would explain the fact that the outstanding trombone players in New York City, that is, men with the artistry of Tommy Dorsey and Clarkey Butterfield, could be counted on the fingers of one hand—at least not more than two.

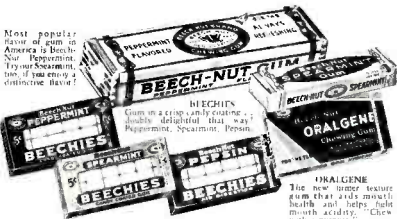
*Pet Peeves Department: Do you ever grind your teeth at the things some people do? If you're a teeth-grinder, step on, this is right up your alley.*

*Don't you detest people who hang up your coat and hat, when you have deliberately left them across a chair to make them easier to grab up when you intend staying only a minute, and who invariably (excuse me, always, is what I mean) disappear at the time you must leave, necessitating a frantic search through all of the closets and resulting in general consternation until finally, much later, someone finds them under Cousin Lettie's coat—Cousin Lettie who intends staying at least two months even though she has been*



The Happy Moment  
— when the show is over

# BEECH-NUT GUM



Most popular flavor of gum in America is Beech-Nut Peppermint. Try our Spearmint, too, if you enjoy a distinctive flavor!

BEECH-NUT GUM in a crisp candy coating, doubly delightful that way! Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin.

**ORALGENE**  
The new tarter 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, a ring of performers, a show, animals, music, in everything! Now touring the country. Don't miss it.

HEAT IS NO HEALTH HAZARD WHEN TOILETS ARE CLEANED WITH Sani-Flush



Beware of a soiled toilet. Hot weather increases the danger. Germs breed faster. Odors become more noticeable. Keep the bowl sparkling clean. Purify the hidden trap. Use Sani-Flush.

The scientific formula for Sani-Flush was developed especially to do this job better. Sani-Flush cleans toilets without unpleasant scouring. Just sprinkle a little in the bowl. (Follow directions on the can.) Flush. Stains vanish. Odors are banished. Germs are killed. The porcelain becomes white as snow. Sani-Flush cannot injure plumbing.

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



Sani-Flush

CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

Coming—In our September issue—A fascinating true story of the girl who might have owned Hollywood! Don't miss RADIO STARS for September!

NEW KIND OF SEAL FOR JAMS, JELLIES, ETC.



JIFFY-SEAL FOR EVERY KIND OF GLASS OR JAR! Saves Time—Money—Labor—Materials

A MARVELOUS new invention needed by every housewife who makes jelly, preserves, or other preserves is just in the world—made of the best quality No. 10 wax—no tin tops or other substances—no water. A perfect seal, very time and money saving to use. Try Jiffy-Seal—the new, improved film invention. Find it at your dealer's, send for full particulars to CLARENCE C. HERRINGTON, 1722 Eaker St., Cincinnati, O.

AT YOUR LOCAL STORE, GROCERY AND FINE FISH-FLUID STORE

(initial only for a footnote?)

People who scrutinize everyone in elevators—as Gilbert and Sullivan would have it! "I've put them on the list!" I am aware that it is the job of a detective, but there can't be that many detectives in the world! You've seen those people, the ones who, the minute they enter an elevator, must turn a rude stare on everyone present. Not because I fall under the heading of a celebrity and prefer to remain incognito, but just because I believe that in an elevator, or anywhere, a stare is uncalled for and most annoying to everyone with a degree of culture, refinement and breeding.

What is our pronunciation of a word very much in use today, since a celebrated one started using the word *ambrosia*? Are you careless? Do you say "ambrosia"? Or do you feel extremely pleased with yourself and considerably above the common herd, when you patronizingly correct the individual who pronounces it "mud clove," and tell them in no uncertain terms it is "ambrosia," if you please? Then how do you or a swift kick yourself? Because it should be pronounced "ambrose"! I always "mud-saw" and "mud-saw" are not "mud-saw" and "mud-saw" but "mud-saw" and "mud-saw," accents very lightly on the last syllable.

Time to see the interesting in that the name Lockhead was used at a small public incidence and persistence in pronunciation to legal at Lock head.

Reading a criticism of a fellow who does an impression of Charlie Chaplin, drove home the point that an impression of a personality is successful in the rendition in proportion to the number of people in the audience who have heard the real personality! Speaking of Frank Criville, who does impressions of Charlie Chaplin, this critic said it was good for the old folks but that the young ones think it is just a character-getting!

We call them P.A. systems the apparatus that amplifies voices. They are used and had expensive and expensive ones. Luckily, they are known as public address or amplifying systems.

They have been used for years in the banquet rooms of a very few New York hotels, for speakers at banquets. The quality of these early systems was atrocious, which probably accounted for their not being used for amplifying singing voices or the instruments of a live orchestra.

I believe that we were the first to use a public address system with music and the singing voice. I had one built in 1929 when the Paramount masterpiece suggested that we use one at the New York Paramount Theatre for a new added attraction. It was completed really a novelty for me to sing in the wax and for my voice to come out of the wall of the theatre. Yet, for almost a year, no other attempts had been made with the sound coming through the movie screen. A I contemplated a dance tour in 1930, Paul Whiteman visiting me at the Radio Palace, advised as follows we should be able to fill some of the large dance halls which we

would meet on tour—The Connecticut Yankee then numbered eight!

I had had I had to tell me to say something an amplifying system. When I think of how it must have sounded, I can not help but to do at my article!

For speakers (loud speakers) we used two Victor radios, an old-fashioned carbon microphone (the ultimate in "mikes" in those days), and a little control box, which was not as big as a typewriter.

While it was better than nothing, it must have been pretty bad. I picked up the wires in front of the band platform, as well as the instruments nearest it in the orchestra, and there was always a noticeable hum which made it really difficult to get over the voice. When I compare that early system with the \$5000 Western Electric system we carry today wherever we go with four large horns bigger, in each instance, than a good sized dining table and the control box five feet long and three feet wide, I am indeed grateful to those scientific researchers who have given us such perfect amplifying apparatus.

We have placed in an auditorium of 12,000 people, some of them dancing, when we had a very good live orchestra and a very good orchestra, and the audience is required to take out a certain number of tickets to have a certain public address system, where the price was 1/2 the band, and the orchestra and the patron is the amplifying system!

Yet there are places and theatres that pay artists thousands of dollars for an appearance before an audience, that has likewise paid thousands for tickets or covert charges—but often as not, the performer is badly handicapped and badly presented, in just such a case, by a second-rate public address system costing less than two or three hundred dollars.

Even our best night clubs in New York City rarely have the proper amplifying apparatus. I cannot stress too strongly that this is indeed being penny wise and pound-foolish!

Cheap economy—but at least there is hardly a place today that does not have some kind of a sound system, so that I can only say "thanks," because it has not possibly the same of the human ear, and the possible personal enjoy of many a happy and pleasant which would be, sounded to a few minutes of many a year, or the best of our own and the best of our own.

It is a far cry from 1929 to today, on from today to 1929, when at first there were probably four places in the entire United States where any sort of a public address amplifying system was being used—and a happy day for the man who sings to his subject.

- Applause-getters in order:
1. Acrobatic and eccentric dancers—especially of the Ray Bolger, Gloria Gilbert type—high kicks—spinning.
  2. Comedians.
  3. Popular song hits of the day.
  4. Patriotic mentions—flag waving.
- See, 'ill' next month—  
Cherry!

## A FAMILY AFFAIR

(Continued from page 9)

So there was only one thing out Myrt to do: she wrote her slant-biter into the act, where Marge's Charleston dance scored nicely.

For before this, young George Dymond Jr. had been born—in 1917, to be exact. Not then the advent of her second child held Myrt down. When he was fourteen days old Myrt was in rehearsal with another show! And like his sister Marge, young George decided last year that he'd had enough prep school and college and wanted to go to work. So Myrt began writing him into *Myrt and Marge*, and put him on the air. Young George sings well and fits very nicely into the program.

By the time young George was going into the show, another generation was on the way. Donna "Marge" Dymond had met Gene Kretzmer, married him, and became the mother of little Charles. And on May 14th, this year, another youngster, who was named Richard Owen, was born to Marge. So just about the time Myrt was "writing in" her young son she had to "write out" Marge for awhile, to give her a chance to have her second baby.

No, they don't stay put very long. But neither do they stay down. Back in '29 before Myrt went on the air, she and her husband had left show business to settle down and they operated a real estate business in Chicago. They were doing very nicely when the crash came and wiped them out. Things didn't look so hot there, as a matter of fact, they weren't so hot. After years of hard work, all their stability and well-earned security had vanished and Myrt didn't like the idea of going back to unnumberable economies, cheap clothes and scrimping. And that was when she decided she was going into the radio, with P. K. Wrigley picked as her sponsor. The fact that she knew nothing about radio—never even had been in front of a mike—didn't stop her. She sailed north to sell her idea to Mr. Wrigley, rushing in where agencies feared to tread. But that story has been told before, many times. The net result was *Myrt and Marge*, as successful a script show as anyone could ask.

After five years on the air, they finished up their contracts last April, 1936.

"Now," Myrt sighed with a breath of relief, "we can take it easy, awhile, and do some of the things we've been wanting to do for years."

"Me, too," said Marge, who had been a housewife for some time and had in mind a home with her husband and offspring. So when the contract finished, Marge and Gene Kretzmer built a lovely eleven-room cabin in the San Jacinto hills, right on the spot where her "radio baby" was supposed to have been born. She was having fun with Gene; doing shooting and getting his home ready. And she wrote Myrt in Chicago, to be much into it all ways. But there was in her life a bit of restlessness to the know, in spite of herself there must have crept between the lines a hint of sadness at the cessation of so many years of happy work together on the air.

She might have said of the effort: "Because



"You have an enemy  
—a beautiful blonde

IT'S YOURSELF!"

"I see a tall, handsome, dark man. He thought a great deal of you at first—but he has become estranged.

"I see merry gatherings, parties—but you do not seem to be present.

"I see a trip for you—but you are going alone.

"I see an enemy. She is a lovely blonde. It's you, yourself, my dear!"

The most dangerous enemy a woman ever has is herself. For it is her own failings which defeat her — of which she too often is completely unaware.

It's a common experience to meet a girl who seems to have everything — to study, brains, personality. And yet one personal fault holds her back — a fault with which the social and business worlds have no patience. The annoying odor of *underarm perspiration on person and clothing*.

It is the harder to remove because it is so easy to avoid. With Mum!

So quick and easy to use! It takes only half a minute to use Mum. Just smooth a quick fingertipful under each arm —

that's all there is to it! No waiting for it to dry; no rinsing off.

**Harmless to clothing.** Use Mum any time, before dressing or afterwards. For it's harmless to clothing. Mum has been awarded the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics.

**Soothing to skin.** You'll like this about Mum, too — you can use it on the most delicate skin right after shaving your underarms. It soothes and cools.

**Lasts all day.** Use Mum in the morning and you're safe for all day long!

**Does not prevent natural perspiration.** And this is important! You can always count on Mum to prevent every trace of unpleasant body odor and yet it doesn't interfere with natural perspiration.

Protect that niceness of person which is such an important part of success, by the daily Mum habit. Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.



FOR SANITARY NAPKINS there's nothing quite so effective as Mum — and so easy, too, for you to use.

**MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION**



Have ugly eye look . . . reddened and prominently veined . . . caused by too long hours . . . overwork . . . thanks to this discovery of two prominent eye specialists you can make them

**CLEAR, WHITE and SPARKLING**



**in Seconds!**

**New Kind of Eye Lotion Wins Thousands**  
Amazing new formula . . . with an ingredient found in no other eye lotion . . . acts in seconds to make eyes clear-white. Makes tired, overtaxed eyes feel so refreshed . . . almost instantly. With just a couple of drops of EYE-GENE! Stainless as water. Now used by thousands for clear, sparkling, *side-suckle* eyes. At all drug, department and toy stores.

**EYE-GENE**



**LOOK TO YEARS YOUNGER—BRUSH AWAY GRAY HAIR**

Quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. BROWNATONE and a small brush does it. Used and approved for over twenty-four years. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply returns as new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by tinting a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only sold—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

for Summer Skin of Radiant Invincibility!

**MINER'S Liquid MAKE-UP**

In the searching glare of summer sun—on golf links, tennis court, hippodrome and in the moonlit evening that follows—more than ever is your skin on parade. Keep it looking flawless with Miner's Liquid Make-Up. Apply to face, neck, arms, legs. How smooth, how lovely Miner's makes them! Stays on all day, won't rub off or streak. See at drug & dept. stores. Trial size at 10¢ counters, or mail coupon with 10¢.

MINER'S, 400 E. 20 ST., N. Y. C.  
Enclosed find 10¢ (stamps or coin) for trial bottle Miner's Liquid Make-Up.  
NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
Shade \_\_\_\_\_

Myrt already was on the train to New York, a new set of *Myrt and Marge* scripts in her bag!

The result was, of course, the present *Myrt and Marge* series, and Mr and Mrs Kretzinger had to forsake their ideal new home to come to New York.

"We had trucked all our furniture up to the cabin our-clo's," Donna said excitedly, "and had just about a set when we had to leave."

"What she didn't say," Myrt chuckled, "was that moving up there was such a problem Marge bought a truck" (Myrt often calls Donna "Marge") "and they loaded the truck up, made their move, and then sold the truck for more than it cost them!"

This was in Myrt's new home in Forest Hills, New York. It's on a quiet street in the Long Island town, white-painted, grass-bordered and utterly homelike. We were sitting in the bright, enclosed sun porch, and Donna and Gene Kretzinger had just arrived. They have an apartment nearby, Young George Damarel was lounging on a sofa after a ride—horses are his hobby and he's a two-goal polo player. Working in the show, now, there's little time for jobs.

When George, Jr., is on the air, Myrt watches his every move, in contrast to the complacency of her own performance. When he speaks his lines, or sings her lips move with his and she's obviously wrapped up in this nice-looking youngster, who is the family's most recent addition to the program. And while he has had a few hump—yours as he is—the way will be a great deal smoother for him than it was for Myrt. The crash that destroyed Myrt and Gene's Damarel's stability took young George out of prep school, where he was a class officer. But when Myrt remembers . . .

"I ran away," she says "and got that first job in the chorus. With the job security, I put all my money—what there was of it—into renting a room, forgetting that I'd have to eat. And I was slowly starved to death until the other girls noticed how lean I was looking, so they chipped in and fed me until I could collect some salary." And she'll laugh at the memory, but there's a bit of wistfulness behind the laugh. "Then there was the time, in those days, when Easter was coming and I needed a new pair of shoes. It had been very rainy, and my shoes were almost completely gone. So, since I couldn't afford a new pair of shoes, I bought a new, shiny pair of rubbers. And Easter Sunday dawned—bright and sunny. But I had to wear those rubbers just the same. . . . Myrt's gray-green eyes look away. "I'll never forget how those rubbers felt, dragging on me, that hot day. . . ."

"Do you," I ventured, "miss those days—traveling in the theatre?"

"Me—I should say not!" Myrt explodes vigorously. "Regret losing sleepless nights in miserable hotels? Miss cracked china wash-basins, cold water and bathrooms at the end of a rilly hall? One and two-night stands and layouts and hunting for bookings? No—I don't miss a bit of it!"

But Myrt doesn't indulge in reminiscence easily, she doesn't live in the past. Just as she looked ahead to the new field of radio, when her whole world crashed six

years ago, so does she face present and future now; brightly, with quiet confidence and youthful ingenuity that quenches a bright sparkle in her eyes and a smile on her lips. She's not very happy about the time or her show; it means quite a different audience to reach at 2:45 p. m., from that she used to reach in the evening. But she merely wrote the type program that she thought would appeal to the more feminine listeners at that time of day. Her writing before, too, has been happily mixed.

Normally Myrt used to write her "big" program 10:00 a. m. to 3:30 p. m. but she leans to the afternoon and breakfast. But, with the show in the air in the afternoon, rehearsals begin in the morning and carry on right up to the time of the broadcast. Which means that Myrt has to get her writing done at night—three thousand words a night, five days a week. She's still in the process of getting used to it. And when there's trouble working out a script, or last minute changes to make, it means an all night job. Not very long ago young George raced his Alburn to Manhattan at 6:30 in the morning, to deliver the days script to the agency, after Myrt had been turning the midnight oil.

But Myrt can take it. Not only that, she undoubtedly loves it. No one who has led as active and busy a life as Myrtle Vail has, can sit back and merely watch the world go by, even though she *must* she'll like a nice job turning show, or something.

They're settled down snugly, for the moment, in Long Island; Myrtle and so George and Ellen Johnson, the colored model who was with Myrtle back in her theatre days. Donna and Gene and their legs are near by. Gene, incidentally, who was half of the brother singing team of Gene and Charlie, no longer is performing on the air. He now holds an executive position with an advertising outfit; not the one, however, handling *Myrt and Marge*. Whenever they have a chance, Gene and Donna go out on what Myrt calls "graveyard tripping," touring through New England, poking about churchyards, investigating ancient tombs and such. Donna will tell you about seeing the Witches' Dungeon at Salem, the graves of John Alden and Priscilla; the wonderful old beams in Sea Horse Inn at Marblehead, and her velvet, dark brown eyes glow with interest while Gene grins affectionately and says: "Isn't she pretty?"

From the varied and sometimes hectic experiences of this gang of Myrt's, you might expect to find them remembering the stage families in *Three Corned Mon or You Can't Take It With You*. (No, you!) But they're not. They're interesting and amusing, without being at all eccentric. Experiences have enriched their lives without warping them; they work and play together in warm, friendly fashion, loving one another, kidding one another and always understanding one another. With all the ties binding them together, they each have lives of their own and interests of their own. And while they have the friendly informality associated with stage families, their conversation is unlike that of many stage folks, not exclusively about their work or themselves.

Myrt will tell you Donna won a prize in a debating contest in her seventh grade. "I can understand that," Gene nods. "She

could still win it?" And they don't take themselves too seriously, either.

"I was traveling in the West," Gene says, "and Myrt and Marge were appearing on the Kate Smith show as guests. The nearest station carrying the program was KDKA, in Pittsburgh, and I managed to tune it in. Everything came through fine; and Myrt and Marge came on. Then I was amazed to hear the first terrific burst of applause I'd ever heard on the air. The funny part of it was the applause kept right on the much shorter part of the program. And by then I had an idea why it was so hot."

"We had a terrible time, at first, on this show," Donna smiles. "We weren't used to working before a studio audience."

"Not that we couldn't take an audience," Myrt explains, "but working in an audience while holding a script seemed weird."

"I felt I was holding a pipe and making faces," Donna picks it up. "So we dropped the script and went on ad lib."

Incidentally, young George speaks up nobly: "I'm afraid there are a lot to be some surprised cops out this way."

Myrt looks up: "Why?"

"Well—you know, I—plus—me!—them and sort of maintain my connection with the Myrt and Marge show, and I've given quite a few of them passes to the broadcast."

"But you have no studio audience," I offer.

"That's just it," George grins. "Will they be surprised?"

Would you like to see a picture of the back? Donna asks. "Come show him the picture." Gene obligingly produces a photo of young Charles Kretzinger on the proverbial photograph's Sheffield pony. "I think it's the same pony I had my picture taken on," Myrt grins.

Chuck has been waking us up early every morning, Donna says. "Always with some different excuse."

"And this morning," Gene puts in, "he ran out of reasons for waking us, so he just came in and kissed us, which was supposed to make everything all right."

"Did it?" I ask.

"Oh, come!" Donna smiles.

Very normal, very happy people, this family. Each with enough outside interests to balance the hard work. Myrt would like to write—outside of her scripts—and she probably will, sometime soon. Donna is interested in her historical musings, in photography and sports; Gene too, likes to ride and shoot, both with gun and camera. George is an ardent horseman and quite in love with his car.

It's a gratifying achievement, Myrtle Ann's, I think. Still at the peak of a long, interesting career, she has sacrificed none of the more human attributes. She's found time in her busy life to raise two grand, likable children and help them become established in work they love. She has managed to hold a busy workaday life with a happy home life, and stay amazingly young and beautiful in the process, taking the bumps as they come and coming out invariably on top.

It's definitely a family, this group and Myrt is the guiding spirit. But I hesitate to call her matriarch—or even matriarch. She's one of the stars.

Valiant is the word for Myrtle!



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## HER SECOND HUSBAND

(Continued from page 23)



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Dissolve Colorinse in warm water and pour the mixture over your head to saturate.  
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Mrs. Tabarero, mother of Edith and Mabel Tabarero, long prominent on the stage. Mrs. Tabarero, a theatrical agent, suggested that Edith's older sister try out for the part in *Hollywood's Noblest Woman*. But the sister proved to be too tall for the role, and Helen, aged four, who had tagged along, was chosen.

At five, she was playing with Gai-Fordways. At six she danced with Adelaide Genet. And, in succeeding years, she played a wide variety of roles, ranging from comedy to tragedy. She was the original *Diana* in *Sixth Heaven*. In a fantasy called *The Metropolis Secret*, she played a 30-year-old flapper—a role she loved.

"This perennial flapper," she revealed, "had lived countless lives. And out of all that past, she remembers only her love affairs. Every time she met a man, she said: 'I've seen you before—where? There!'"

Thus Mrs. Minkov was arrested and failed to fail because of her performance. It was while she was playing in *The Crook*, a drama, translated from the French, dealing with a sex theme of which she was supposed to be ignorant. But the complaint was withdrawn and the play proved a successful run during which she received the unique gift of a genuine Chinese-Java bracelet sent her by a Chinese pirate.

In all her years in the theatre her performance have been outstanding successes. This young old-time has a genius for creating memorable roles. She played in *She's His Girl* in *The Bad Piper*. More recently we remember her as the impressive *Queen Elizabeth*, with Helen Hayes in *Marie* at Newland. And hers was the ink job in the Pulitzer prize winner of a season ago, *The Old Maid*.

"Queen Elizabeth," she says, "is an absorbing study. I've read every word that's been written about her. Her character, like that of a *chatter* in *The Old Maid* is the embodiment of conflict.

Such roles thrill her, and her interpretation of them thrills the spectator.

But as if all her work in the theatre were not enough work for any one person, she, perhaps, with a sunny business sense that seeks expression, this slim, vivacious young woman owns and operates, with her sister, a nursing dress shop in New York.

Was it not a Hollywood branch no? she told us.

"But you don't personally operate your shop of dress, we suggested.

"Oh, yes. . . . Even when I'm playing in the theatre, every day I'm in there, in my cloak. It's great fun. I love making the different types of people who come in—the ones who spend two hours looking at everything—and buy nothing. And the ones who know exactly what they want, and buy it in fifteen minutes. This dress I'm wearing," she added, "is one of ours."

It was a smartly tailored dark blue frock. And the part little hat perched atop her red-gold hair had a twist of red in it.

"I'm always working," she said, "I always have worked. There's always some-

thing I must be thinking about for the 'future.' A play I should be reading, perhaps, in the next room my desk is literally buried in play scripts! There've even been over the floor into my closet, crowding my clothes! You have to keep reading them—you never know when you'll come on some thing tremendously new.

"And when I'm not playing in New York I'm usually either touring the country in the season's play, or making a vaudeville tour. Once, for several seasons, I toured in vaudeville with Jack Benny. He's one of my oldest friends. He used to go on in his act, with his violin. Then I'd play my act. Then, when we'd changed into street clothes, we'd go on 'in one'—before a backstage and do a skit together."

People in the theatre, Mrs. Minkov thinks, become too absorbed in themselves.

"For example," she said, "just recently my sister came on for a visit. She is married to Bert Lyell and has been living in Hollywood. I met her at the train. We rushed into each other's arms. And, while I was embracing her, I asked: 'Did you hear my broadcast?' Her eyes? Not a word about her—how she was—and I hadn't seen her for two years!"

"There's a class story in that line, at Miral Lind and Lynn Fontaine. It was after *The Confessions* opened. He was walking up and down the room, telling her just how he had played certain scenes, asking her if she had noticed this or that—how he had put it over. And when he finished, she said: 'I wonder if my lip rouge was on straight!'

"We're sensitive, too," she smiled to what is said about us. The kind, the flatter, the thing, we may forget—but anything that hints we always remember!

"After my first broadcast, one of the critics said: 'After all these years of achievement, Helen Minkov has stopped to appear in *trials*!' I don't think so. *and* *Husband* is trash! It's not the usual *cinema* story. The characters are adult. The woman, *Brenda*, has two fairly large children and the problems and situations require mature, multi-strand. I think the development of Brenda's second marriage is going to be very interesting. What is all that money going to mean to her? There are going to be crises and others that will be difficult for her to handle. It's an intriguing psychological situation. There's promise in it—and there's interest."

At once, Mrs. Minkov thinks, demands *Katana*, under talking, tolerance. "My philosophy—in so far as I have any—she says, "is tolerance. But you have to have experience to acquire it."

Despite her own divorce and second marriage, she does not believe in divorce, in the frequent marriages that some indulge in.

She said: "When I married the second time, some of my friends said to me: 'Why did you marry again? How will this work out?' Well, I told them: 'This time, it will be my fault!'"

There is, she thinks, a sort of special

## RADIO STARS

affinity between people of the theatre and those whose professions are somehow of the cloud. Which, she maintains, augurs of success in marriages between them.

"In a sense," she explained, "the miser and the doctor are playing roles. They are of the spiritual order, the romantic, the weaker. They must, to a certain extent, dramatize themselves and the situation between them and the patient or parishioner. I find that harmony between my husband's profession and mine. It makes for mutual understanding and sympathy."

"Would you," we asked her, "like to retire. To have more time for home life?"

"Well, some days, of course. But I want to grow old gracefully in the theatre. . . . Let Shubert say a woman isn't old enough to play an heroine till she's forty! I find around thirty-six or thirty-seven are a woman's best ages in the theatre."

"I want to do some movies, too. I was going to do one for Universal, this summer, call it *Daisy in the Sun*—but it got delayed. The scene was laid in Spain and the Spanish situation made them decide to postpone it."

"That, of course, one doesn't look more than a day older in this business—but I want to do more in radio. . . ."

Rubio Helen Merker thinks that already gives us the best of music, can and will give us the best in drama. Eventually, perhaps, with television, supplanting the stage. She doesn't agree with those who think the average normal age of the radio listener is twelve years. She doesn't believe in writing down that supposed age.

In one script, recently, she wanted to say: "That was . . . gracefully put." But

the form divided upon was "that is just what I thought you'd say." "Obnoxious" words, she thinks, make dialogue more interesting and intriguing.

"I love radio listeners," she said, "are precisely the same people who go to the theatre. . . . People," she mused, "join radio because it costs nothing. The theatre is expensive. Movies are cheap, and radio is free. Therefore, we put it! We never up close things we get for nothing!"

"Praising Roosevelt wants to raise more money. Why doesn't he tax each of us one cent a day for our radios? No one would feel such a tax—the poorest person could pay it. And three dollars and sixty-five cents a year from over one hundred and twenty million people would be a lot of money!"

But we shied away from the grim thought of further taxes.

"Would you like," we asked, "if radio does simplify the stage and you are invited to town, to live in the country?"

"No, no." She was a little doubtful. "I love the country—but, in a small town you haven't the freedom you have in the city. You're more suspicious there. . . ."

New York," she said enthusiastically, "is the greatest city in the world. You can live in a tiny furnished room or in an attic, though your friends may live in palaces. No one asks where you come from or what you have. You can go out anywhere without an escort. One evening Judith Anderson and I decided to have dinner at the Ritz and go to a movie. We went to the Ritz in the tailored suits we happened to be wearing. Everyone else was in evening dress—but no one stared.

No one cared. You couldn't do that in London, or in Paris. On the Continent it wouldn't even be safe. So, though I may some day live in the country, I shall always love New York. I love everything about it—and I've been poor in it too."

The hard luck of poverty, however, had no part in stopping the room in which we sat. It had a cool, formal beauty, an intellectual rather than a sensuous charm. Nevertheless it was definitely home like and hospitable. The soft gray tone of the walls and the white woodwork was repeated in the gray velvet rug, fringed with white. Two sets of gray velvet, with small white velvet cushions, stood out from each side of a green bronze fireplace. Between them a low white table with a mirror top, on which were a vase and cigarette containers of silver and crystal. A sunnier table stood across the room, in front of a green silk sofa, flanked by two small chairs covered in pale yellow silk. Behind them, on the wall, a wall black mirror. White candles, set in silver, with glittering crystal drops. White porcelain on the dining piano.

"Well," we murmured, glancing about the room, "this is close to the sky, but hardly an attic! Did anyone help you?" we asked our hostess, "in your career. Was there a lady godmother, to change a Village attic into a Central Park chair?" Helen Merker laughed. "No one. I never had anyone to help me. I often wished I had. . . . Except . . . but you see, my mother, so, breathless, "my husband. . . . He helps me."

And, as we said goodbye, she added: "I hope Brenda is going to be as happy with her *Second Husband*!"

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**WELL I DID, JOAN—YEAH, LUX TAKES IT ALL AWAY. YOU KNOW AND HONESTLY IT KEEPS A DRESS LIKE NEW**

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## ISN'T THIS A FINE ROMANCE!

(Continued from page 37)

youngster with impudent eyes. A nice kid, a swell voice, but to appeal. Then, one night, he went up to see her, and there were two other fellows there. Dell wasn't jealous. He just left sorry for Meri Bell. They were typical Broadway boys—loud shirts, screaming ties, *Dandee-Jane* boys, that a nice girl shouldn't know.

To protect her, Dell decided he'd outstay them. When they finally left, Meri Bell, tired and gallant, explained that they were rascals—they had met her then while traveling once with a show, and they had been kind to her, so she wanted to be kind to them.

Dell says, now, he felt real sorry for her. She really was sort of sweet and very innocent. He rose to go—then turned, and kissed her softly, just once. And then he was gone.

Meri Bell thought about that kiss several times, the next day. After all, Dell Sharbott was *different*—in more ways than light bulbs!

He came again, a few nights later, and they had dinner together and played Russian Bank. When it was time for Dell to go, he went to the door, as usual. Said: "Well, good night," and left.

But Meri Bell called him back. She said: "Last time you came, you kissed me when you left!"

Dell looked at her and growled: "Is that any reason why I should kiss you this time? Dames are nuts!" And the door slammed after him.

He was, Meri Bell decided, a *funny* fellow. Probably hard to manage. . . . Then she forgot about it. There were too many other things to think about.

The next week she was offered a job, touring with an air show. So she packed her bag, said goodbye to New York and Dell Sharbott—and for eight months she didn't hear from him and seldom thought of him.

When she finally did hit New York again, on her way to New England, she happened to be near the studio, and gave him a ring to say "Hello." He asked her to go to dinner with him. Her train left that evening. It was a winter night and New York was locked tight in a blizzard. They had an early dinner and he went to the train with her. The town was blanketed with snow, and he teased her because she was heading north in a blizzard, and told her there was no colder place on earth than a small New England hotel in midwinter.

The next night she knew he was right! She filled the tub full of hot water and jumped in, to thaw out. The telephone rang. It might be something about an early rehearsal call. So she jumped out of the brassy hot bath, wrapped herself in a towel and robe, and went, shivering, dripping, to the phone.

It was Dell Sharbott—calling from New York, to tell her gleefully that he was sitting in front of an open fire in his New York apartment, with plenty of steam heat and a hot toddy by his side—and didn't

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she wish she was there? She says she was mad until she learned that he had phoned every hotel in town until he located her. Then she figured there must be something to it, only he was really... and she didn't like him much, anyhow!

To this day they don't know exactly how they happened to get married. But three weeks after the blizzard, Meri Bell was back in New York, and Dell Sharbutt was coming up to see her every night instead of just once in a while, and staying late to make sure that nobody else called after he left. Then, all of a sudden, one night he said "What would your mother say, if we got married?" And Meri Bell said casually "Oh, I don't know... I guess maybe she'd like it." So the next day it was a Friday—they called up everybody they knew and said "We're going to get married tomorrow. Want to come around Sunday and help us celebrate?"

Then, having made it official by announcing it they had to do it. They were married down at City Hall in New York, and pretty sure they were, too, because the city employees were so matter of fact about it—couldn't they see that this was a real romance? And different?

Today you could search New York with spotlight and spotlamps and never find a happier couple. Of course, Dell knows what Meri Bell is not a tall, lanky young fellow, but a slim and lovely young woman with natural blonde hair and a peaches and cream complexion any girl would envy. And Meri Bell realizes that a calm and casual lover can turn into a most romantic husband.

Just recently they took a big roomy house out in Forest Hills, Long Island, where they are living happily ever after. Their pride and joy is a bright-eyed black Scotch terrier named Stunks. When they aren't working or entertaining an apparently endless procession of guests, you'll find them on the golf course. Dell is a proud member of the *Hale-Hart Club*, and you'll find their tournament last year.

Love, home, dog, success, golf—yes, life is smooth as high quality satin now! And both of them have had enough rough spots in the past to appreciate its smoothness.

Dell can remember, a few years back, the lonely bitter days when he had to make good, or else. When he chose to go into radio, Dell was compelled to leave home and cut himself off completely from his family. That's always a heart-breaking thing to do a youngster to do. And especially bad when life at home always has been pleasant and happy and full of deep affections.

Dell was the only son. From the time he was a tiny child, his parents planned that someday he should be a law lawyer. Throughout childhood and youth, his training, his parents' hopes and disappointed him for that profession. It was in his third year of law school when he was offered a part time job, singing on the air over a local station. He took the job—studying law by day, singing by night. At the end of the month he showed his father his check from the broadcasting company. It was for a hundred and seventy-five dollars. His father looked at the check, then said sharply in his law "That's too much money for a young fellow your age to be making. Forget radio and get back to your books."

But Dell couldn't forget radio. Especially he couldn't forget when he found that some young lawyers, who had graduated years before him, considered themselves lucky if they earned a hundred a month. He had made almost twice that much in his spare time. Still it wasn't the money that lured him, really. It was the job, singing songs you liked, the exciting moment of quiet tension before you went on the air, the pleasant, friendly "Oh dear, when the show was over—the atmosphere of the studio. As night followed night Dell realized more and more that he never could be happy in a law office. He put the problem up to his father and mother. But they were firm—law and home, or radio and a family? Dell chose. He couldn't stay in Texas after the break with his family. He came to New York, and got a job not as a singer, but as an announcer. He is an announcer now for City Lombardo for *Mid and Ten, On the Air in Manhattan* with Tim and Irene, and for *Radio's Favorites*. His successful career is a well known story in radio news.

It wasn't until Dell was on national book ups, and the home town folks were lavish in their praise, that his parents really gave him for disapproving them so bitterly. They are very proud of him now, of course, and everybody is happy.

While Dell was fighting loneliness and struggling for a firm hold on the air, Meri Bell was having battles too. She had her first job in radio in her apartment singing over a small station. Everybody liked her voice, but somehow there was no sponsor who needed her at the moment, and she was on the air again in a few weeks.

She got a job as a stenographer and might have given up singing altogether, if she hadn't dropped by the studio one day to say "Hello" to her friends, and there she met Guy Lombardo. He asked her to sing for him. No, he didn't give her a job. But a short time later, up in Chicago, he mentioned Meri Bell and her voice to Gus Arnheim. It was Arnheim who brought her to Chicago and gave her a job. After that she toured the country, singing in most of the better night clubs, and even making a brief stop at pictures, doubling in singing stunts for Kay Francis, Jean Blondell, Joan Harlow and other stars.

Like most ambitious kids, New York was her goal. And even if she came with out money, she had plenty of talent and bright hopes and lots of grit. Still, it Dell Sharbutt had been my good at Russian Bank, Meri Bell might be back in the Middle West instead of singing with Kay Smalley's orchestra on the *Radio* hour.

Plans for the future loom high and shining. Success came to Dell as an announcer and he's pleased with it. But it isn't enough. People who know him well predict that greater fame will come to him when he gets back to his singing. And Meri Bell—she's happiest just being Mrs. Dell Sharbutt. She's been turning down an endless row of new shows because, if she had more work, she couldn't take care of Dell. She acts as his secretary and general manager. And it's a big job. She's still in her early twenties and Dell is only three years her senior. So they have lots of fun and lots of talent and should go far together.

But aside from all that isn't it a romance?



## MRS. BING CROSBY GETS CONFIDENTIAL

(Continued from page 21)

birthday? Well, Bing never likes any fuss made over his birthday, you know. Or any holiday, for that matter. He thinks it's all a lot of nonsense. Even Christmas. He says that Christmas is a religious festival and that people have completely lost track of that. Anyway, on Bing's last birthday, we thought we'd make a little fuss over him. I ordered a big cake, with candles and all. I invited a few people in for the day. And do you know what he did? He took the kids to the zoo. That's the way he celebrated his birthday! He's crazy about the kids. Wrestles with them. Sings to them all over the place. I tell him that if he must sing to them like that he might at least sing nicely and— and crooningly. He doesn't—he shouts. Gary has a voice just like his Dad's. I don't mean a singing voice. It's too early to tell about that yet. But his speaking voice is exactly the same as Bing's. Did you notice that?"

"I said I had. I said that he was exactly like Bing in every way."

"Bing is a pretty good disciplinarian, too," Dixie went on confidentially. "He never spansks them. But you know that voice of his when he lets it go—all he has to do is yell: 'Hi, there!' at the children and there's instant obedience. He plays Hide and Seek with them, and Cops and Robbers. He rides their scooters and kiddie cars, and I must say *that's* a pretty sight! He swims with them, dunks them, has water fights with them. He hears their prayers and tells them bedtime stories and is up with them at the crack of dawn every morning."

"You know," Dixie meditated, "I never thought Bing would be the way he is. Never! He's so serious. He's so quiet. He's often worried, but he never says that he is. He never tells me anything about his worries or problems. But I know him so well, I can tell. And he gets more serious and more dignified and quieter and quieter as time goes on. When he's with the kids is practically the only time he ever lets loose and acts crazy. We never go anywhere, you know. We almost never go to parties. Bing won't go to the 'Flop' or any other night clubs. He says that when he goes to a night club he feels just like he's going to work. He sang in places like that for so long, you know. About once or, at most, twice a year. I'm able to drag him out and we go shopping. And when we do, he stays till the last trumpet blows. He is always the last to go home. Bing, who was the craziest Indian alive when he began, you know, in the old days (I think of them as 'the old days' now) when he was one of the *Rhythm Boys*, with Paul Whiteman!"

"I think," said Dixie, discerningly, "that's the real reason why Bing won't go out. He knows himself too well. He knows that he likes to have some drinks, and then some more drinks. And he just

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For generous trial bottle send this ad and 3c stamp to LADY LILLIAN, Dept. M-3, 11-0 Washington St., Boston, Mass. Specify shade you prefer.

Conveniently On Sale  
At 5 and 10 Cent Stores

## HOW TO BE LOVELY ON HOTTEST DAYS

No need to neglect your complexion because most face creams are unpleasant to use in hot weather. Just try the new ARMAND BLENDED CREAM! You'll find it cooling, refreshing—delightful to use even on warmest days. Ask for ARMAND BLENDED CREAM of your favorite toilet goods counter. Mail this ad to Armand, Des Moines, Iowa, not later than September 15, 1937, for free sample.

*New deodorant cream safely stops perspiration*



1. Cannot irritate skin except on driers.  
2. No stinging to dry.  
3. Can be used right after shaving.  
4. Stops perspiration 1 to 3 days. Prevents underarm odor. A whole perspiration, vanishing cream.

**ARRID** 39c a tin

doesn't go any place where he might be tempted. He *never* takes a drink, not even beer, during the week. And only on very rare occasions—on a Saturday night, can he be induced to have one or two highballs. So, we just stay at home, go to bed every night at ten o'clock—and I mean ten o'clock. The only places he ever goes to are the homes of our few intimate friends, the Andy Deans, the Dick Arlens, the homes of some of the boys who are on the air with him.

"He has absolutely no personal vanity. It's almost unbelievable, even to me. I can't understand it. I've given up trying. Dixie's mother told me, ages ago, that I'd better not try to understand him. *She never had!*" But it really fascinates me," said Dixie seriously. "To watch a man who has come through all the adulate in Bing has had, all the girl crush and fan-crush available to which he was, and still is, subjected, and to realize that he *just isn't conscious of it*. Maybe he isn't conscious," I laughed Dixie, mischievously, "maybe that's the explanation of it!"

"I told Bing, by the way, that you were coming over to interview me. Gladly I asked him if he wanted me to tell you the real truth about him. He said: 'Sure, why not?' And I said, 'If I do my good man, you have sang your last note over the air?' It didn't faze him!"

"But honestly, he really is unbelievable. He *never* looks decent. When Harold Griese did our dining-room for us—you saw it, kind of formal and elegant and all—I said: 'Imagine the Crooner dining in that, in his sweat shirt!' Which," sighed Dixie dolorously, "is the very thing he *does* dine in! And nothing I can say has any effect. I tell him I like the Herbert Marshall type, sort of dandified and wearing morning coats and striped trousers, the kind who dress for dinner—and Bing just laughs and says: 'Yeah—want to get yourself another box?' and goes into dinner in the sweat shirt! He makes me furious! Even when he's broadcasting—well, have you ever *seen* him?"

"I said that I had.

"Then you know," sighed Dixie, "that he stands up there in front of that audience, wearing a shirt, a pair of trousers, no tie, his hair glistening of a hair brush since early morning. When we go to the races or to tennis or golf matches—almost the only places he'll go at all—he'll trot off with me, wearing an old polo shirt, an ancient pair of flannels, looking like something that should be on relief! And when I speak my piece about it, he says: 'No one's going to look at *me*—they're going to look at the horses.' And he believes it. I tell him that I might like to feel proud of him, that I like to know that people are looking at us and saying: 'There's Bing Crosby and his wife!' He still doesn't get it. Things like that are just insignificant to Bing.

"I think one explanation is," laughed Dixie, "that Bing really doesn't like women. He's typically and purely a man's man. His two major passions in life are horses and golf. The sport of kings, the sport of men. I don't mean that he's a woman-hater. Bing would never think of such a thing. He wouldn't be that dramatic about anything. He just isn't aware of women. He isn't 'haunted' when it comes to women.

He thinks we are all very well in our way and in our places. Wives and mothers are necessary, of course and very nice. But beyond those spheres—no. He never notices what women wear. He never knows what I have on. I've spent an evening out with Bing—on one of our rare evenings—and I'll be all alone up in some brand new forty fifth number, and when we get home Bing won't even be able to tell me what color I've been wearing! I've never once heard him make a remark about any girl or woman or anything. I've never seen him even attempt a mild flirtation. He's wonderful!"

"He's absolutely without any self-consciousness at all. He proves that by the way he behaves when we do go out. When you can get him into a night club, for instance, he'll take over the whole show. He'll sing all evening long, because he enjoys it. Because he's having a good time. You can tell that it never strikes him that *Bing Crosby* is singing. He's completely unaware of any connection. He's just having fun, as Joe DiMaggio or any other citizen might do on an evening out. One time, at New York, we went to the movies. They had one of those "times," where the works of some actor flashed on the screen, an organization, the audience joins in. And Bing just stood up there and sang at the top of his lungs. It never occurred to him that everyone in the place would know that Bing Crosby was singing—you couldn't miss that voice—and would make him. He thought, if he thought about it at all, that he had just as much right to stand up there and sing as any Rotarian visiting New York. And would attract about the same amount of attention no more. I nearly died. I had to take him by his coat-tails and pull him back in his seat and flush him up. Before we were surrounded.

"He's crazy about his work. But it's a business with him. He's interested in it, just as a banker is interested in banking, a chain store grocer is interested in his chain stores and their success. He's in it for the *do or die* that's in it, as any business man is. That's all. He never reads his fan mail, unless we push some of the letters right under his nose. He never goes to his previews. He just doesn't pay any attention to the 'glamour' part of it at all. It's nice, of course, that he's the way he is, with all the 'lum' left on. But it's too bad for him, I think. He misses all of the kick he might get out of it, out of being Bing Crosby.

"He always gets up at six every morning, when he's working, when he's not working. When he's making a picture he's off to the studio, of course. He's always on time, punctual to the minute. When he's not working, he just patters and patters about the house. He's the nearest man about his possessions! The most orderly man I ever knew. He cleans up cupboards and puts linen drawers in order. He mows about the garden, examining the flowers and shrubs and trees. He sort of looks things over. About once every six months he goes on a sort of head-of-the-house rampage and asks why the looks aren't better taken care of! And that's the end of that for six months more. He isn't a bit busy about his food. So long as his tummy is filled, he doesn't care what he eats.

"He doesn't worry about putting on weight. We have to do that worrying on him. Though he did come home one day last week and say: 'I saw a glass of orange juice for lunch.' 'Wasser meter, Crooner,' I said 'dixing'." He looked kind of sheepish and said: 'I saw my fishes this morning. I looked like Walter Hays.' *Chorus sings.*

Another thing about Bing," said Bing's wife, and all the time she talked lightly, amusingly, one could detect, without doing much detecting, the strong underlying note of affection, a admiration slightly amazed admiration, for the cartoon Crooner who has "grown up" to be so odd, so substantial a citizen—"another thing about Bing is that when he tells anyone he will do a thing he does it. That's what I mean again, when I say that I never dreamed Bing would be like this. Even when he was a little boy, he was wild his mother tells me. He was always into something, always in hot water and now look at him! You remember how he got the name of Bing—the old story about how, when he was a kid in Spokane, he used to ride a broom-stick horse and romp about playing Cowboy and Indian and shouting: 'Ying! Bing!' louder than any other six boys put together. Bing it was then, and Bing has stuck—the Harry Lillis Crosby they gave him at his christening is all but forgotten. He refuses to admit to the Lillis at all. I still call him 'Crooner,'" laughed Dixie, and that burns him up, too!

"Perhaps playing Cowboy was also a part of being father to the man—not all Bing really likes to talk about now is the race track, his horses. You know that he first had the idea of our Del Mar race track? That's the only thing Bing ever consulted me about, buying his first horse. He thought then, that he would buy just that one, no more! Now I couldn't tell you how many we have. We're breeding them at our Santa Fe ranch. I was scared when Bing first got this crazy. It costs up money. Then I saw it was no use and I just said to him: 'Okay, Crooner. We can always work in the stables and, if worse comes to worst, we have three potential jockeys in the family.' Now I'm as keen about the horses as he is. You can't help it—watching little scabby-legged colts, being with them from the moment they are born, figuring that some day they may win a race. There's a kick to it, no doubt about that. And it's swell for the kids. Being with horses is supposed to teach boys something about human nature and character and stamina and all that, isn't it?"

"Horses, racing, golf—these are Bing's hobbies. He hasn't any other hobby. He has no other extravagancies. He lives his own life. He wouldn't have a chauffeur. He would die if he ever had a valet to lay out his clothes! He'd think someone was playing a joke on him, and a very funny one. He doesn't read much. He doesn't care about traveling. Neither of us has ever been abroad, and we have no desire to go."

"I guess I could sum it all up by saying this" said Dixie thoughtfully—"I get much more kick out of being Bing Crosby's wife than Bing gets out of being Bing Crosby."

## "What has happened to us, Dear?"

### Why are we Drifting Apart?



**How could he answer frankly? How could he tell her that one serious neglect—a lack of proper attention to feminine cleanliness—had made her almost repulsive to him?**

**I**F UNHAPPY COUPLES would consult doctors, instead of divorce-lawyers, many a wife could be surprised to learn why her husband's love had cooled. Often it is due simply to ignorance about the proper precautions to insure intimate personal cleanliness.

A wholesome method of feminine hygiene is important not only for your own sense of personal cleanliness and comfort. It is often still more important for the sensibilities of your husband. For no man's love can long survive neglect of this obligation that marriage brings to every woman. Many doctors recommend "Lysol" disinfectant as a cleanly aid in feminine hygiene, as a means of assuring freshness and cleanliness.

The fact that "Lysol" disinfectant is used by many doctors, nurses and hospitals—for many exacting antiseptic needs—is your assurance that "Lysol", in the correct solutions, does not hurt or harm normal tissue. There are many other valuable household uses for "Lysol".

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1. **NON-EXCITING**—"Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
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4. **ECONOMY**—"Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than any other application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.
5. **ODOR**—The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.
6. **STABILITY**—"Lysol" keeps its full, dependable strength no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is needed.

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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 fussing with pins or belts. Holly-Pax is approved by the Bureau of Geniture Hygiene. Package of Four, 10c.

THE WIX COMPANY  
Minneapolis — Los Angeles

# holly-Pax

AT 5 AND 10c STORES

# WE HELP DISTRACTED LADIES!

(Continued from page 29)

france then neighborhood appearance.

"Like all good things, that came to an end," Ed went on telling Ralph about his own life. "You remember Charlie Davis' band, playing lamps, and then what important thing happened?"

"You mean, I met you?"

"Oh, my dear, of course, man—*are you deaf?*" Ed, who looks Swedish but is not was facetiously Scotch.

"You're telling the story of my life, so tell it, buddy!" Ralph went on eating pie.

"I'm not sure whether I thought of the combination of whether Ralph did," Ed said, "but I think it was inevitable that we should wind up as an act. It took us a while to shape it up to the point where it was really presentable, and, of course, we made mistakes."

"In fact, one reason why we didn't dare to take Jack Benny's advice was that early in our career as an act, we'd taken the counsel of a pal of ours named Tink, and had tried a similar trick with a vaudeville hooker. According to the plan outlined to us by Tink, we promptly turned down the hooker's offer of sixty dollars and marched off to the elevator. Tink had assured us that the agent would stop us, before we could reach the car and plead with us to take more dough. We walked as slowly as we could—we even let three elevators go by before we took one—but the man didn't stir from his desk. We waited two hours in the lobby and, finally, slunk back and took the sixty bucks! So you see—"

"They had a lot of fun in vaudeville, before they tired of it, but long trips they'd greet each other at railroad stations as long lost brothers and attract crowds with their lark. *Have the you had your hair cut?*" And so on, through hundreds of materialy malices. Once Ed noticed Ralph with lamullette and Ralph worked on the sympathies of the station crowd so successfully that there was a movement about to string Ed up!

Their first taste of radio came to them in return for a charitable act they had performed. They were playing in New Orleans, in 1926, when that section suffered one of its periodic floods. The boys organized several flood benefits and a couple of them were broadcast by the local radio station. They definitely liked the taste.

"Circus's *It's a* gave them a crack at a regular program but they didn't somehow impress the listeners, so back they trotted to the "board" and the spin wheels.

"But we were serious about listening on the radio, so we stayed up some dough, went back to *It's a* and offered our services free. They took us," said Ralph.

They decided to businesse the currently popular repaying-type of act—slow and it went over with a bang—or rather with a thud—the thud of overflowing mail bags, stuffed with letters from amused women listeners, by the thousands! (4,286) women wrote in, during their first year, to ask about a method of moth prevention advocated in an unwarmed moment by the show.) And the station began to take heed. The kids went back on the payroll and

each sold his trunk marked *Theater*.

"There has been some talk, recently, of changing the name they adopted for their gag-recap show, *Justice Of The Shillelagh*, because almost everyone now knows them by this name, and because to assure a radio man as George Hughes of *WVA*, has advised them to hold on to it, you probably will continue to hear these guys announced as such—stilly as it may seem."

Over the *ABC* network they broadcast as *The Quality Parade*.

You may even hear one of the other playing such titles as *Exceedingly*, *The Not-so-great Dub Washes*, *Review*, *The Beautiful Fairbank Girl* or *De Plains Love Expert* *17* *Woodwards*.

"We advised families to save worn-out buttonholes and to use them for postholes," said Ed, "and the text and subsequent puns from us to you of 'em. Even today we occasionally give a buttonhole from a former with a long men's."

"Yeah, reminded Ralph, closing the last minute speck of pie around the plate with his fork, "we helped distracted ladies! We told them how to prevent their husbands from annoying them with their snoring, how to stop their husbands from leaving the cellar light on and how to get rid on the necks on the back porch. I really don't know what they'd do, without our help!"

"Did any of the good ladies taken them seriously, it would perhaps have been a question of what the husbands would have done with them? Because—to prevent us from annoying the boys described, and illustrated fully over the air, a way of attaching a night harmonica to the snoring husband's mouth, thereby rendering him—would you say—deaf?" To prevent the thoughtless, careless snoring from leaving the cellar light on they outlined a highly ingenious method of attaching a ball to a moth. The moth, on seeing the light, would fly about banging the ball and the good wife would announce sleepily, *'Zip—snoring! Zip—go back and put out the cellar light! And use it as a snore!'* To get rid of the ticks on the back porch, too, such elaborate method was necessary—you merely burned it down the porch and then merely no more ticks there!"

Ed got up to take a phone call for him.

"Ed's a swell guy," said Ralph, evoking a tray of French pastry, but struggling monotonously, "we get along fine. Did you know that, a while ago, he told from his back porch and vaudeville his noble severity? But it didn't prevent him from working on the show that day!"

"That's a fact—he did work even though I took three of *It's a* strongest men to support him while he did it! They've held their breath through enough in show business to know that there's a reason for this "show must go on" talk—it must go on, or there's a new act in your place pronto!"

They've also been through enough perspiration show business to appreciate their homes, too, Ed married a girl he has known since the eighth grade and they have an attractive daughter, Jeanne, it was twenty years old. Ralph married Grete Eilmer, a

pianist, whom he started courting in his freshman year at high school. They have two strapping sons Jimmy and Billy, seven and nine. (Ralph wonders why the rubbers, not the sons, aren't the strapping one!) Both men have boats, and the laws that they can now, when cameramen come for publicity stunts, but it's Ed who has George George, kind people, is one of those in-movie, shaggy English sheep-dogs, the kind you see with the movie stars. Wats are prone to ask Ed if that isn't Ralph, wrapped in a fur robe? George doesn't mind.

They wanted to talk about their new *Kellogg* show.

"It's this way," said Ed, who does most of the writing. "We're going to pretend that we don't want to be sponsored and, in arguing with us, they will be able to spot the commercials with the smallest amount of pain we think. We'll have our usual household aid department, of course."

Meanwhile, they're not worrying about television, although there has been some talk about a wider screen to accommodate their images. There even has been lots of loose talk about diets and exercise, but Monday lunch-time sees an end to such chatter! They've tried exercising, but the appetites so developed have more than overcome any benefits derived from the facts so they are going on, for the present, at least, in the jolly, well-fed way so dilly maintained by this very lunch.

They've tried the movies and even though Ralph's wife complained that he didn't look enough like Clark Gable, they plan to continue making shorts.

"We had lots of fun, out there in A-



Mr. and Mrs. Bob Simmons (Patti Pickens) and Terry, Bob's tenor with the NBC Revelers Quartet.

torra, making our last short" chuckled Ed. "We were supposed to wear tails for the picture, but we didn't—we couldn't get into ours."

"We were so fat the tails stuck straight out!" laughed Ralph.

"Anyway," Ed continued, "the light-colored suits we wore, worked out better. Ralph and I are supposed to be surrounded by a pack of faithful bloodhounds, who are to help us find a lost collar button. Actually the dogs refused to give us so much as hello, but they slobbered all over the cameraman. Finally Ralph and I—"

"Held pounds of sliced ham in our hands, so they'd come to us instead of to the cameraman," interrupted Ralph. "They did! They knocked me down! By this time they had decided they liked us, so we got down to business. The director dipped the collar button in talbot grease and threw it under the bed. The ten bloodhounds looked all afternoon, but couldn't find it. When we looked for it, ourselves, we couldn't locate it! So we were about to send a plane back to New York for another collar button when one of the girl players calmly strolled over to a corner and picked it up."

Aside from such technical difficulties, and, the 7:30 a.m. call and the job of getting anyone to work while Ralph was being fitted to a woman's blouse w.p., their shorts are doing very well, thank you, throughout the country. One of them, in fact, is listed as the second best seller in the United States. This is very encouraging to men harassed by fanatic football-mobs!

"The manager of the movie theatre in Ed's home town," said Ralph, "wrote to Educational Pictures and asked if he couldn't have the world premiere of our first short. The movie crowd was so tickled by the idea of a world premiere for a short, that they rushed it out air mail with good wishes.

"They made quite a thing out of it. Had Ed's ma at the premiere and a band!"

The boys couldn't get there, themselves, but they sent a cute wire to the theatre manager, who promptly posted it in the lobby:

"I love you to Gable!"

Ma East is mightily proud of both of them.



OH, JANE, I CAN'T GO. MY SKIN'S SO ROUGH FROM RIDING IN THE RUMBLE SEAT THAT I'M A SIGHT

DON'T BE SILLY! I KNOW A SPECIAL CREAM THAT MELTS SKIN SMOOTH



THAT WAS A SWELL, STEER ABOUT POND'S VANISHING CREAM. NOW MY SKIN'S SMOOTH POWDER STAYS ON

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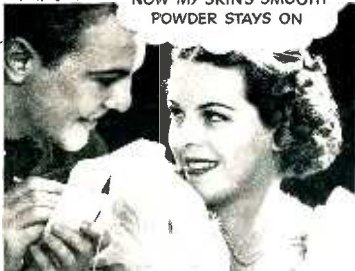
ANNS made a hit! Any girl does if her skin is smooth and soft, if her make-up looks flawless—stays looking that way.

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Just one application of Pond's Vanishing Cream and dry, flaky bits melt away. An instant later, powder goes on smooth-as-silk. You'll be delighted with the way it clings!

**For powder base**—Pond's Vanishing Cream makes a perfect powder base because it smooths your skin. Make-up goes on with an even finish, stays.

**For overnight**—Apply after cleansing. Not greasy. It won't smear. Lovely skin by morning!



### Miss Nancy Whitney

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#### B-PIECE PACKAGE

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## IS FATE AGAINST ME?

(Continued from page 12)

believes she would even have won the first prize, if she'd been allowed to warble the song she'd personally selected. "But they wouldn't let me," Mary declared. "That was another thing that happened to hinder me, even though it was a very little one," she said. "However, this time, it didn't really matter. For I was progressing wonderfully at the musical college. I'm happy to say. I was the baby of the place, and everyone made a great fuss about my talent. I was supposed to be a phenomenal child. My dearest ambition was to get into the Chicago Opera Company, and I think I would have made it in a year or two. I was all set. But again something happened. My uncle had to move to New York, for business reasons, and, naturally, I had to go along. So there went my chance at the Chicago Opera Company, and, soon after I left, my teacher at the college became a coach of the Opera House! Wasn't that ironic?"

In New York, Mr. Tuppert took Mary to Frank La Forge, who was so impressed with her voice that he took her as a pupil of his own at once, instead of letting one of his assistants teach her, as had been originally planned. "In fact, Mr. La Forge was so interested in me that, after a while, he had me give an audition for Otto Kahn," Mary told me. "Mr. Kahn was also much impressed with my voice. To my intense delight, he arranged an audition for me at the Metropolitan. I was thrilled, hopeful and expectant. I felt that, because Mr. Kahn really admired my voice, I'd probably not have much trouble getting into the Metropolitan Opera Company. So another great moment of my life approached. But something tragic happened... Mr. Kahn died!"

Time passed, and Mary continued her studies. Her teacher believed that she should have some operatic experience, and arranged for the singer to go into a little opera company. She appeared as Violetta in *Traviata*, in Stamford, Connecticut, singing in the Artistry there. Curiously enough, that Artistry was just two doors away from a certain prominent gentleman's business. That gentleman, Mr. Lee Eastman, whom she hadn't met as yet, was destined to become Mary's husband.

"I sang at the Artistry that night," Mary went on, "and an NBC official happened to be in the audience. He came to see me afterward, and told me that he liked my voice immensely and felt that I could have a great future in radio. Through him I was given a chance, some time later, to appear as a guest artist on a commercial program. The great night of my commercial radio debut finally came. I was very much elated because I felt that this might mean up enormous possibilities for me in the radio field. All kinds of dreams floated through my mind as I stood waiting for my number. Then just before my number, the announcer took the stand with my music on it, and carried it to a different position. The music was eight pages long. It fell to the ground and

scattered all over the floor. Of course I couldn't get it together at once. I had to sing 'la, la, la' for the first four or five bars! You can imagine how it upset me. Naturally, I didn't sing my best, and, consequently, I didn't get any other radio offers at the time.

"Another little hindrance occurred right afterwards," Mary said. "Although it wasn't so important, it seemed bad at the time, because I had just had such a big disappointment. Mr. La Forge arranged for me to be heard by one of his famous pupils, a celebrated singer who was known for her helpfulness to young artists. The day I was to sing for her—I developed a cold!"

"Next came an offer for Mary to understudy the star in *Eat, Drink and Be Merry*. But her foster father, Mr. Tuppert wouldn't permit her to do it. Mary feels that although she might have started to musical comedy heights had she accepted this offer, she's really glad now that her uncle-tanther refused to permit her to appear. However, at the time, she felt that she'd received another blow to her career.

"All this time I'd been giving recitals around the country," Mary said. "One day a friend of mine asked me to go out on a blind date, with her brother and another man. I couldn't go because I was sailing for Havana. But when I came back and this girl asked me again, I said, 'All right.' Her brother was—Lee Eastman. I married him!"

But it really was six months after they met, that Mary married the president of the Eastman Motor Car Company, whose father is president of the Packard Motor Car Company. Just before they were to be married, Mary got an offer to sing with an opera company in Australia. It might have led to great things, but something was happening now to prevent it—something outside of her career, that Mary wanted for her happiness—the tugging of wedding bells!

"Since then, there is one happening that has recurred several times," Mary said. "Frequently I've been at the point of landing a really big commercial, only to find that it was an automobile commercial! And when it was discovered that I was Mrs. Lee Eastman, everything was over. I've sung as Mrs. Eastman for four and a half years now, ever since my marriage." Mary said. "I did appear on *Blunk*, it is true, but how they kidded me!"

"Well, anyway," Mary Eastman related, "a few months after my marriage, I signed up with Columbia. My friend, Julius Seebach, who was with CBS then, signed me and took infinite pains and trouble with me, giving me a wonderful time. CBS wanted me to be their Jessica Dragonette. Miss Dragonette was with NBC at the time. I felt that, at last something big was coming to me in radio. And then—I found that I was going to have a baby! (Glad as I was—and I was very glad as you may imagine)—I definitely felt that this was the end of my career as I felt Columbia."

But such was not to be the case. Mary Eastman was at home about five months. She was very, very ill. Even her life was in danger. But she recovered and, in time, Columbia got in touch with her and asked her to do a sustaining program.

But, in February, a year ago, they told me that they didn't have a place for my sustaining hour. Mary said: "I was heart broken. I felt that this time I was really misled. For I'm not the sort of person who can sell herself. I can only sing. Well, I went to Miami with my husband for the winter. When I came back, however, I did not a guest performance on Paul White man's show. The following October, I had an audition, with thirty-six other sopranos, for *Pat Healy*. They knew me only as *Number 21*. And I got the job to broadcast for them on Saturday nights. Another commercial came along for Friday nights—*Waltz Time*. I am very happy in these programs—very!

"And on reflecting on it all, I believe that, if it hadn't happened that I had a nice home, that I knew I'd always be taken care of, I might have had more emotion to get out and do things for myself."

Mary, who is one of the prettiest girls I've ever seen, feels that another thing to hinder her success was—her appearance! "It's always been against me," she said. "I've never looked old enough, at any age, and I don't look a bit like a singer! I don't look tall and regal, as a singer should! And then, perhaps, another thing that hindered me was that I was born to enjoy too many things, instead of having the ability to devote myself to one thing. Also, I married a man who, in his heart, prefers a home woman. Oh, he's sweet about my singing, he's wonderful, even helpful. But I know, deep down, he wishes that I'd give up my career. But whether or not all these things really have delayed my success, I think anyone will agree that every time I was ready for my biggest chances, something happened to stop me.

"Is fate against me? I'm a very happy person—but I can't help feeling that it is!" Mary even feels that it's possible that she's not destined to become an immortal name in the singing world. Perhaps fate hasn't intended it. She hopes this is not true.

"But I'm going to do something about it," Mary said to me. "I'm going to give myself just two years more to become a celebrated singer in radio, or at the Metropolitan Opera House. I have got a manager. I've got a publicity agent. I'm studying hard. And I'm going to try harder than I ever have before, to reach the top. I'm going to give myself these next two years to do it. In that time, if I haven't scaled the heights, I'll give it all up. I'll believe that I wasn't meant to be a great singer. And I'll accept Fate's verdict," Mary said.

Two years! Well, lovely Mary of the beautiful voice, I hope that in two years now you will have your dream of greatness! I hope that Uncle Sam's happy godmother will come along and touch you with her magic wand. I hope that she'll exclaim to you in the phrase, "Some things always happen to people on their birthday." I hope that her magic carpet will transport you and your gorgeous voice, high, high up in the starry fields where you yearn to sing!

MEMO to A. E. C.  
Referring to attached letter:  
This is nice indeed, but has no  
value to us as we do not use  
testimonial advertising.  
Shut it up, however.  
W. H. G.

MEMO to W. H. G.  
Letter 100 - genuine.  
Urge publishing it.  
A. E. C.

### The Letter

I HAD a sister-in-law who was so nervous, in fact for years, she would say, I am so nervous my body itches all over and she at times would embarrass me as she was always either scratching her foot or her arm or her leg, and I said really you should see a doctor as you make me so nervous you don't sit still a minute.

She finally decided on seeing one of the best doctors in Chicago (I could give you his name at any time) and after he examined her he found nothing wrong. Just told her to rest more and take things calmly. He said, have you ever used Linit. She said, well, I don't do my own washing. He said, No, I mean for the Bath. She said, No. So he said, now I want you to buy it, and use 1/2 a box in your bath every morning and see what fine results you gain from it.

I can't tell you what a different person she is due to this product. In fact, her whole appearance is different to me. Her face looks 10 years younger, she seems so much more relaxful and can truthfully say, her body is free from that horrible itching, that she had, all due to this wonderful product."



FOR THE BATH

**NOW LITTLE JOAN IS NEVER ALONE**



**Use Hush and be Sure**

● It's the fact that the popular person is the one who is always fresh and dainty, so play safe against Body Odor by daily use of HUSH! Instant protection from perspiration odors is your with HUSH—use it any time, it is harmless to fabrics and imparts a soothing coolness to the skin. Use it Daily

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THE SKIN  
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● Help your lips to look 5 years younger—with CUTEX Lipstick. Its special oil helps keep them smooth, more alluring. Natural, Coral, Cardinal, Blush, Italy.

**CUTEX**  
Lipstick

**50¢**



# LETTERS TO LISTENERS

(Reversing the Usual Order)

*My Dear Radio Fans:*

One of the peculiar things about radio is the fact that no three people will agree on what they like about a program. I believe this is especially true of musical offerings.

In my own case, the first comments I usually get after a show are from professional musicians, and these are usually contradictory. Some will say that the balance of the orchestra was excellent, others that it was bad; some that the string section was too prominent, others that the strings weren't loud enough. And so on.

The public, of course, is not so technical in its approach. You either like us or you don't—for more general reasons. I make it a point, personally, to submit out forty or fifty people every week for frank opinions of the show. If there's one item in the program that receives a preponderance of criticism, the only sensible thing to do is to revise or delete it.

The public, after all, has the final word in our success or failure, and we're always hospitable to criticism from one and all.

Let us have your criticism, but don't pull your punches. Let us know why you like or dislike a broadcast. If we know how we can make broadcasting better, we'll do so.

REN CHANDLER

*Dear Listeners:*

For some time now, you've been sending me letters requesting that I sing this song and that, and once in a while when you wasn't on my schedule, you became peeved.

Let me explain, therefore, why your request was not included.

In the first place, requesting a number does not mean that it definitely will be featured. Far from it. I submit the song you request, providing it is a harmonic selection of one that can be transposed easily, to our production sheet. It is his duty to check with the networks to see how many times the same song is to be featured on the same network the same evening. If it is already scheduled over the ASCAP limit, I have to wait until there is an evening without a full schedule.

Even then it might not be heard. There might be sponsorship objection or it might not fit in with Russ Morgan's musical plans, and if I feel the number is not suited to my style, it is automatically eliminated.

So you see that accommodating every person who writes in requesting songs isn't the easiest task in the world. Bear with me, dear listeners, and perhaps I'll be able to get around to your time.

PHIL DURY

*Dear Listeners:*

Like most musicians who have spent their early years in another land, one of my greatest enthusiasms, ever since I've been in America, has been the wealth of musical possibilities in your folk music.

It's one of those things you take for granted, and I've discovered that the size of the country has kept native songs, in too many instances, completely within their

original locality.

Radio, it seems to me, is the ideal medium for paying just tribute to the charm of this unexploited musical field, and of bringing national recognition to the melodies of the various parts of the country.

Of course, much has been done with hillbilly mountain songs and cowboy songs, yet only a small portion of these are the true songs of the people in those districts. Too many are clever, but synthetic, products of professional song writers.

You radio listeners are the largest research staff any musician could possibly hope to have. So I wish those of you who have been hearing or singing local melodies for years would bring them to our attention.

I know you radio fans like songs such as *Oh, Susanna* and *Good Night, Ladies*, because you've told me so, I'd like to bring you some you haven't heard yet. And be lieve me, I will!

ANDRE KOSTELANEIZ

*Dear Listeners:*

I appreciate your interest and am sincerely thankful for your kind comments on our work. But I'd like to explain why it's really impossible for me to send you broadcast tickets. We, on the program, are given only a limited number of them, which are gone as soon as received.

I am quite sure that if you write to the sponsor, your request will be granted. Again, on behalf of the boys and myself, many thanks for your letters.

HAL KEMP

*Dear Listeners:*

This is the first public opportunity I have had to thank you, on behalf of Margie and myself, for the wonderful manner in which you have received our *Myrt* and *Alma* offerings.

Writing five scripts a week is a difficult task, and it requires intensive concentration on the part of all members of our company. It is, therefore, with a feeling of the utmost sincerity that I thank each and every one of you who have taken the trouble to let me know you like our offerings.

I only hope that you continue your interest in *Myrt* and *Alma*. You, dear listeners, can make or break a radio program. If you feel you can give any constructive criticism, please do so. I shall give every opinion serious consideration.

MYRTLE VAIL, DAMEREL

*Dear Listeners:*

A great many listeners write to ask and in securing answers and engagements but unfortunately there is very little that a radio artist can do beyond giving advice.

That advice is the result of experience. Frankly, we advise would-be radio artists against coming to New York to seek their fortune. Competition is too heavy, jobs are scarce and it takes more than enthusiasm to get along. It is hopeless to expect

## RADIO STARS

even the smallest amount of success unless you are able to support yourself for a year, at least, have experience in some other kind of work, or have responsible friends in Manhattan who can back after you.

There is usually some way in which to air your talents in your own town—a community theatre, a radio station. Try them, and if you are capable, your talents will soon be recognized and brought to the attention of the right people.

### LANDT TRIO

Dear Listeners:

In all my radio experience I have constantly noticed one peculiar thing about criticisms of programs, whether oral or written, and that is the great number of times people deplore the lack of serious music on the majority of broadcasts.

Now here is the interesting paradox: We do hear from those listeners who want popular melodies. They know what they want and just which selections are their favorites. And they are just as positive about the popular songs they no longer want to hear.

But the letters of those who say they like serious music are much fewer and, while they condemn popular music, they just as often don't bother to mention what they do want to hear.

We, on the air, want to please you who listen, so let's hear more often from those who like classical selections so that we can balance our musical fare. If you want both *Try Got My Love to Keep Me Warm* and *Indian Love Lyrics*—we'll give them to you.

Best wishes and thanks for the many kind letters from those of you who know

what you like and say so when you hear it.  
LANNY ROSS

Dear Listeners:

No, we're not a real-life family! In fact, not a single member of *Pepper Young's Family* is even remotely related to another, and until the program went on the air, none of us knew the others!

Jack Roosevelt is my radio husband, "Mr. Young." Betty Wragge, a pretty 19-year-old girl is cast as "Peggy," and the hero of the script, "Pepper," is played by Curtis Arnall, whom you may remember as *Buck Keweenaw* in the script of that name.

Strangely enough, in real life we closely resemble any happy American family. After broadcasts we gather for little socials, share each other's troubles.

I hope you will continue to correspond with us. We enjoy every letter received. This letter is intended for a double purpose—to make it clear that we are not a real-life family, and to thank you for all past correspondence.

MARIAN BARNEY ("Mrs. Young.")

Dear Listeners:

I'd like to take this opportunity to clear up a popular misconception. Everyone seems to think that it's the collegians who set the pace for hit songs with the public.

It's true that they're discriminating, and when we introduce a new song I'm always very interested to hear their reactions to it.

But, among the radio audience are many who no longer care particularly to go dancing regularly, week after week, as the school boys and girls manage to do. Among these are many of the fathers and mothers of those youngsters who tell me

week after week what they think of the latest songs.

I believe that the older generation hasn't received nearly enough credit for being able to single out a hit song. Time after time, when a new number has been introduced, the first letters saying: "I like that," are from parents of collegians.

The boys and girls may keep a hit song going, but I think they ought to add their thanks to mine for the once-in-a-while older folks give to young song writers and orchestra musicians. Years ago the old folks at home said: "That awful jazz!" Now they say: "Strike up the band!"

GUY LOMBARDO

Dear Listeners:

Recently all of us got together to choose our pet radio peeve, and the unanimous decision was "people who play bridge and talk while listening to the radio."

Now, doing this would tax the brain of an Einstein. You don't do the game justice; you can't possibly pay full attention to what your neighbor is saying; and finally, you hear practically nothing of what is broadcast.

Bridge, radio and social conversation are three separate entities and should never be mixed. The purpose of any type of radio program is to afford you enjoyment from your radio. Trying to do something else while listening to it completely nullifies the pleasure you might get. Talking while listening to the radio should be as taboo as talking in the theatre or at a movie.

See if you can't get more solid pleasure out of radio's bridge and social conversation if you treat them as individual happenings.

"THE O'NEILLS"

**Singapore Nights**

BY **Duchess of PARIS** FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

Lovely lady, take care when you wear this seductive perfume... for all the romance of the sensuous East is captured in its fragrance. Worldly, sophisticated—yet with a certain lightness and verve... unforgettable as moonlight in Malaya. Purse size "Singapore Nights" Perfume—10c at leading 10c stores. "Singapore Nights" Parfum Cologne \$1.00 at better department stores.

Also creators of **LILAC BUDS** for daytime... **MISCHIEF** for sports... **GARDENIA** for cocktail time... 10c at 10c stores

# THE BABE IS STILL KING!

(Continued from page 23)



## Remove Unsightly Hair the modern, feminine way

Are you letting unsightly hair-growth spoil your feminine charm? Here is the dainty, modern method of removing hair on arms and legs without a razor.

Use NEET—easy, sure, effective! Like a cold cream in texture, you simply spread it on unwanted hair; rinse off with water. Then feel how soft and delightfully smooth it leaves the skin!

That's because NEET removes the hair closer to the skin surface than is possible with a razor. Regrowth 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.



**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. Dishes detection. Waterproof. Easily applied, remains firm. No effect on nail growth or cuticle. Removed at will. Marvelously natural-looking! Try them!

Set of 10  
**20¢**  
At all  
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Stores

**NU-NAILS ARTIFICIAL FINGER NAILS**

NO NAIL CO., 5243 W. MADISON ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

Who was the most important woman in Don Ameche's life? You'll find the answer in an absorbing story in **September RADIO STARS.**

## FRECKLES

**DISAPPEAR**  
in 5 to 10 days

It's really easy to get rid of freckles in 5 to 10 days with NADINOL A. Freckles are eliminated by a colorless cream with 36 special ingredients in this type of skin treatment. Only one application is needed. No sunbathing. No tanning. No sunburn. No irritation. No redness. No stinging. No itching. No burning. No pain. No discomfort. No inconvenience. No time for trial package to NADINOL A, Dept. 157, Paris, Tenn.

**NADINOL A Freckle Cream**

can well stand a broadcast such as that of Ruth, for the game has not yet taken full advantage of the air waves. There are daily broadcasts of baseball games in most major league cities, to be sure, but the evening baseball hours on the air are most lacking in authoritative comment, and being little more than a recital of that day's scores. Babe, on the other hand, is a true expert and his observations on baseball are certainly more enjoyable to the fans than the mere listing of that afternoon's results.

Ruth is no stranger to the microphone. He was on the *Quaker Oats* program in 1934, a thirteen-weeks' venture in which he appeared three weeks at \$1,000 per broadcast, or \$39,000 for the entire series. There was a dramatization of some incident in Babe's career on each broadcast, followed by some question-and-answer dialogue between Ruth and Norman Sweetster, with Sweetster asking the questions and Ruth making the comments. The script was one of the best any athlete ever had on the air and Babe, through constant rehearsals with Sweetster, delivered it fairly well.

The program was such a success that the contract was not renewed, which sounds like a gag, but isn't. Baseball gloves and bats were awarded to those sending in package tops of the products advertised, and so many package tops were sent in during the thirteen-week program that the sponsors decided the saturation point had been reached. It was obvious that once a youngster, listening in, had obtained a glove or bat, there was no further incentive for him to save carton tops for another glove or another bat. Another factor which mitigated against an extension of Ruth's contract was that these broadcasts, which went over the *NBC* network, didn't start until 8:45 p. m., a time at which many of the youngsters, at whom it was aimed, were asleep.

In his *Sinclair* program, Ruth again has the advantage of a fine script. It is written in the direction of Joe Hill and gives Babe plenty of opportunity to make intelligent comment on baseball affairs. John Reed King gives Babe the questions in this broadcast and sets the stage for some keen, expert answers by Ruth. For this series, which emanates from the *CBS* studios on Madison Avenue, the Babe receives \$750 a broadcast, which will net him \$19,500 for the entire program. His current contract extends through July 8th.

Once the major league season opened, Ruth's broadcasts perked up, just as his playing used to in the old days when the chips were down. The Babe goes either to Yankee Stadium or the Polo Grounds on the afternoon of each broadcast, with the result that he is in a position to comment on that day's game. He usually has a guest star on each program, so far meeting with only one refusal and that not from the player himself, but from the player's manager.

The guest stars on Ruth's program get \$100 for their turn before the mike. Babe tried to get Dick Barrett, peppery short-stop of the *Giants*, for one of his April

broadcasts but Bill Terry, dictatorial manager of the *Giants*, refused to allow Barrett to accept, apparently believing that \$100 wasn't enough.

That one refusal, through the shortsightedness of Terry, didn't hamper the program. Ruth has had Buddy Myer, Jewish star of the *Washington Senators*, and the battling champion of the American League in 1935. Other baseball figures whom Babe has had as guest stars include Tony Cuccinelli, second baseman of the *Boston Red Sox*; Buddy Hassett, the Irish tender who plays first base for the *Brooklyn Dodgers*; and Tiny Parker, one of the National League umpires.

Since Ruth is on the air from 10:30 (EST) until 10:45 each Wednesday and Friday evening, his program has a distinct edge on the other baseball programs, other than the best it gets from his name alone. Whereas the others have to content themselves with the results of that day's games, and sometimes not the complete results, the Babe has a chance to study those results and comment on them in relation to each other, to editorialize, as it were, rather than merely report. An added feature is the introduction of up-to-the-minute summaries, the leading pitcher, leading batter, leading scorer, and so on, something which couldn't possibly be compiled in time for the earlier broadcasts.

Don't think from all the foregoing that the Babe is an accomplished radio performer. He isn't. The Babe is reading his lines fairly well, but he staggers every once in a while. And every so often, too, the big yellow ad libs, which causes his script-writers to stagger with fright. So far the results have not been fatal. From the viewpoint of the listeners-in, Ruth's ad libbing lends the program an authentic touch.

The Babe is inordinately proud of his radio work, like a kid with a new toy. Ruth has a genuine love of the game he helped to build up and sincerely believes that his broadcasts are an aid to baseball.

"I don't think baseball gets enough publicity over the air," said Babe, in his apartment in the upper Eighties, one afternoon. "If there were more programs like this, the game would profit. I don't say this because of my own program—it could be anybody's program, as long as it took regular big leaguers, whose names are known to the fans, and let them chat about that day's ball game. It gives the listeners-in a chance to hear first-hand information about the game, and I'm sure it builds up their interest. I like this business of broadcasting, well—everything but the rehearsals! But I guess we have to go through some hardships to have some fun. I loved playing baseball, too, but I hated those red-staining seasons I had to go through at Arnie McDevitt's gym every winter, to get in shape for the season. Yet I couldn't have played without em, and it's the same way with rehearsing. I can't broadcast unless I first rehearse."





At a recent flood benefit Irvin Cobb (left) and Walter Winchell contributed their services on an NBC-Red Cross radio broadcast.

Should Ruth's current *Sinbad* program continue to be well received, it would seem there might be a spot for Babe as an actual broadcaster of ball games. Not in Greater New York, of course, since the *Yankees*, *Giants* and *Dodgers* have a five-year agreement not to broadcast from their parks. The Babe wouldn't care to go out of town to broadcast, but he might be worked in next fall at the World Series, wherever it may be played.

The Babe's resonant, booming voice should go well in the broadcast of a ball game, better than it does in mere reading from script. Aside from the glamour of his name and his fame, Ruth could present an accurate and expert picture of exactly what was taking place, with no guessing, humming or hawing and no phony enthusiasm of the "Oh-hay-Oh-hay" type.

Ruth has mellowed with the years. No longer is he the rough, tough kid whom the late Jack Duhan christened "Babe," when he was with the *Baltimore Orioles*. No longer is he the turbulent swash-buckler, whose nights of riotous carousing and afternoons of amazing baseball performances alternately kept the late little Miller Huggins between a scowling frown and a wide grin. The \$5,000 fine, slapped on him by Hug and collected by the *Yankees*, started Babe on the path of decorum, and his marriage to Claire Hodgson, in April, 1929, completed the reformation.

The Babe is out of baseball now, out of it officially, but not sentimentally. He goes to the ball park whenever he can, and probably would be there daily if he could go incognito and not be mobbed by his admirers. He talks baseball all the time, not alone on his radio broadcasts. And they do say that the Babe was some day he back in the game again, as manager of a big league club. Colonel "Tilloughast" L'Hamonneton Huston, who was Colonel Knupper's partner when the *Yankees* were purchased in 1915, is eyeing the attractive Brooklyn franchise as the spot to install Babe as manager. And by 1938, you may find the Babe in Flatbush!

# NOW! TELEDIAL *Automatic Tuning*

ONLY **\$54.95**  
(Includes shipping and handling charges)

## ZIP!!

*There's Your Station Tuned to a Pin Point*

**EUROPE GUARANTEED!**

• Yes! GRUNOW for 1938 halves the price of TELEDIAL, first and finest in automatic tuning. Now... a big beautiful matched walnut TELEDIAL console with American, foreign, amateur and aviation reception... only \$54.95! See it at leading radio and department stores. Convenient payments. Other GRUNOW Radios, \$22.50 up. (Prices slightly higher West and South).

GENERAL HOUSEHOLD UTILITIES COMPANY • Chicago, Illinois • Marion, Indiana

NEW  
*Grunow*  
FOR 1938

## THE WAY HOLLYWOOD MAKES LOVE

Hollywood, romantic capital of the world, knows all there is to know about making love. FOTO takes you to Hollywood to show you "How To Make Love."

But the Hollywood section is only a part of this outstanding picture magazine. In addition, you will be thrilled and delighted by:

"Meet 'Miss Anatomy,'"—sensational succubus to the "transparent woman."

"Streamline Your Body,"—containing many worthwhile hints for reducing.

"Backstage at Broadway's French Casino," the inside picture story of the nation's most daring night club. And, there are dozens of other new exciting pictures that you won't want to miss. Don't fail to secure your copy of the biggest picture magazine on the newsstands.

AUGUST ISSUE 10¢

# FOTO

RADIO STARS for September offers you, among other unusually intriguing stories, the delightful story of the *Shaw Boat's* lovely little soprano, Nadine Conner. DON'T MISS IT! Out August 1st.

## REFRESHING

*As a dip in the Sea!*

Summer is under your nose. On warm days nothing is quite so refreshing and stimulating as RONNI Toilet Water. Six popular odors from which to choose—Gardenia, Lily of the Valley, Lavender, Sweet Pea and Orchid. Get a bottle today.

10¢ EACH



NEW

## TOILET WATERS

BY *Ronni*

# Fingernails too, TELL A STORY



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 WIGGER Manicure Aids, WIGGER Nail Files do their work quickly because they have even, triple-cutting teeth for smooth and fast filing. WIGGER'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.

**Wigger** quality costs no more.  
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NAIL FILES • TWEEZERS • NAIL CLIPS • SCISSORS

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RELIEVE Itching of Insect Bites

Even the most stubborn itching of insect bites, athlete's foot, hives, warts, eczema, and other externally caused skin afflictions quickly yields to soothing, antipruritic liquid **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION**, original formula of Doctor Dennis, Groszelski and Sauter. Soothing the irritation and quickly stops the most intense itching. A 30¢ trial bottle, at all drug stores, proven it's not money back. Ask for **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION**.



● Home remedy methods make cures come back bigger, uglier, more painful than ever. Don't take that chance. Use the Blue-Jay method that removes corns completely in 3 short days (occasionally stubborn cases may require a second application). Easy to use, Blue-Jay is a modern, scientific corn plaster. Try the Blue-Jay method now.

**FREE OFFER:** We will be glad to send you one Blue-Jay (absolutely free to anyone who has a corn to prove that it ends pain instantly, removes the corn completely. Just send your name and address to: **Blue-Jay Black, Dept. 45-99, 2400 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. Act quickly before this trial offer expires. Write today.**

**BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS**  
\* A plug of dead cells non-like on form and position. If left long enough as focal point for renewed circulation.

# A BULL IN A CHINA SHOP

(Continued from page 35)

After all, the *Red Shindae* is nothing but a cowboy, wrapped up in a sheet instead of a flannel shirt! He rides across the desert, instead of riding the ranges. But this drawing-room stuff is not for me—not without a yelp!"

No, not for him! Looking at Dick Foran, I had to agree with him. I had also, to deplore the idea of cramping this splendid specimen in conventional cutaways and capers. For he would be a bull restive, in any china shop. A flame-headed lull, smashing his head against Seves sentiment, porcelain passion, Dresden desire and doddle. He is six feet three in height. He weighs one hundred and ninety robust, muscular pounds. He has blazing red hair, blazing blue eyes, sometimes hot, when the fighting Irish is up in them; sometimes cold and slightly contemptuous, a little cruel in their appraisal of mice and men. He didn't tell me that he likes dogs and horses better than men. He didn't need to. And health glows in him so splendidly, so abundantly, that it is like a physical impact.

Not once, I talk quite as glibly as it may seem, written down. For, characteristic of the man who is his own man with men with horses, with the out-of-doors, he is shy and somewhat inarticulate when it comes to prattling on fluently, about himself. He would constantly interrupt himself while talking and say: "Aw, but you don't want to hear about that?" or "Say, we're not getting anywhere, are we?"

The boy was, indeed, father to the man. For back home in Flemington, New Jersey, (Dick's father was Collector at the Port of New York, one of the most prominent of the Republican politicians) is a fine, old Colonial mansion, the Foran home-stead, set stately among century-old elms. And here the five Foran brothers were lustily born and lustily grew to manhood—Dick (christened John Nicholas Foran), Arthur, Jim, Walter and Billy (now aged nine) in the order of their personal appearances upon this earth. They went to public school there in Flemington, the Foran boys. And the nine-old house was stony bare-naked or free (rough and always ready boys) for their wrestling and noisy growing, for their football year and baseball year and bikes and skates and music. They grew up in a solid world, the Foran brothers, with a mother earth and understanding and firm, with a father they could honor and respect and be pals with.

Dick went later, he told me, to most of the prep schools in the country. And—ah!—left most of them! They didn't agree, Dick and the schools, as to what boys and school-should do together. This may be a slight exaggeration, since his official biography gives Mercedesburg Academy and the Hun School as his two schools preparatory to Princeton.

But before and during his school life, Dick and his brothers spent most of their time, week-ends, long vacations, on the home, 2000-acre hunting preserve which their father owned, and still owns, in New Jersey. An immense game preserve, with lakes and at times and timber lands. And

there, Dick and his brothers and their polished and ashed and rook horses, horse-back Western saddle, on their heads, on their hands, on their loaves. They played they were cowboys, steel wrestlers, Indians. They wore wood and cooked and slept out of doors. They grew familiar with the rough earth as their bed and the stars and the winds as their blankets. And here Dick grew to his vigorous proportions and here he learned to love, as his natural habitat, the "all-out-doors." Love it with the passion that, today, makes him eager to cleave to it forsaking all other film roles.

Later still, Dick went to Princeton. He majored in geology. He played football and baseball and lacrosse and ice-hockey. He slugged, for two successive summers, as an able seaman aboard freighters visiting most of the South American coasts, and the West Indies. While in college a rich baritone voice was discovered to be lodging in the deep barrel of the Foran chest. And he studied voice, with opera, the Met, as his teachers. He intended, academically, to become a geologist. He said to me: "I'm glad I didn't. There are more rocks in Hollywood than in all the ancient excavations of other, and perhaps more polished, civilizations! And it's the rocks I'm after!" There's no other place in the world, where a young man of my age can make the money I make here. And that's what I want. I've got hungry. I didn't like it. I went hungry after I came to Hollywood. I learned how to eat on the cuff. Song-writing pals of mine supplied the horrid gaps in my diet. I'd paid two months' rent in advance, or it would have meant the park bench for the first of the five Forans! I learned a lot. I also learned that, despite the few charitable exceptions, thumbs are down and doors closed and faces averted from the fellow who is down and out. The world isn't kind to failures. I have no illusions about that! Well, that's all right, too. The law of the survival of the fittest is a hard law. But it is the law of the best—and I'm in the human herd, too."

Dick never took grand opera. "Not a word touched," he told me, grinning. "Got in, in 1917! But that didn't keep me from singing. For next to being a cowboy, I like to sing. I like to sing on the air, on the range, in the barland, in church on a yacht and everywhere else."

He did some radio work. Mostly for experience or as a courtesy to friends. And then, after interment at Princeton, he went to work as a special investigator for the Pennsylvania Railroad. And one of these investigations brought him to Hollywood, to Los Angeles. In Hollywood he met Lew Brown, of the musical comedy producing organization of the Studio City. He was an Heider-on. They persuaded him to take a screen test. And a contract with Fox was the result. He had a small part (of course, they didn't let him sing!) in *Sarah T. P. And Cheryl*. ("Stand Up and Sing," said Dick, "should have been the title of that!")

Then Warner Brothers borrowed him

to play a leading role in *Gentlemen Are Born* and he did such an excellent job that he was cast in the role of Midshipman Gullford in *Shipmates Forever*. It was while this production was under way that a series of tests were conducted for a cowboy star for six Westerns, to be made by Warner Brothers. Dick took the test. And a new cowboy star was made, then and there. Now on the Warner Brothers lot, without benefit of publicity or any of the customary star manufacturing methods, Dick's fan mail is third in bulk of anyone on the lot. And when you consider that Pette Davis, Errol Flynn and Kay Francis also are on that lot, you may doubt perceive the value, the box office value, of Dick Forman. He has since appeared in *Lottery Love*, *One More Spring*, *Moonlight on the Prairie*, *Song of the Saddle*, *Petshof Forest*, *Truckery Rides The Range*, *Public Enemy's Wife*, *Pony Express Rider*, *Guns of the Pecos* and *Black Legion*. And Burns and Allen have staked their claim on him for radio, as you know.

Dick said: "If I could have things just as I would like to have them, I would like to continue to do Western pictures and nothing else but. And I would like to sing cowboy songs on the air. At least, part of the time I'd like to know what the radio fans would most like me to sing, though. I wish you would ask them for me in this story. I wish you'd ask them whether they prefer me to sing Western songs exclusively, such as *Lullie Buckaroo* or *Honey On The Range*, or whether they'd prefer me to vary the broadcasts with popular songs such as *I'll Be A Preacher* (since *Honey*), and such classical standards as operatic arias and *Drift To Me* (only *With Thine Eyes*) and so forth. I'd really like to know. Ask them to write in and tell me, will you?"

"For my part," said Dick leaning back of the hickory table in the Green Room on the Warner Brothers lot, seeming much too large for his chair and decidedly uncomfortable in it, waving an acknowledging hand to Betty Davis, Pat O'Brien, Humphrey Bogart, Archie Mayo, Harry Joe Brown and others who came into the Green Room and one and all, offered congratulations on his broadcast of the night before. "For my part I like to sing the kind of songs that just gush out—*It Is*. *It is* my favorite song, by the way. I like to sing the kind of songs that just come on spontaneously as well as on a horse or on the piano as in a broadcasting station or on a sound stage. I like everything that's natural. Richard Tauber is my favorite singer. And Jack Benny and Fred Allen are my favorite comedians on the air. Just because they all are so natural and fun. It Burns and Allen, of course. I still think Burns' crack about learning to not talk without rattling a paper is one of the funniest cracks ever made on the air or anywhere else. Yep, I like things and people natural. I like an actor who's natural. I like a book that's natural, not too highbrow, not too lowbrow. I like people who are natural and human and folksy and understandable. And girls . . ."

It's just one girl now! Six months after Dick met Ruth Hollingsworth, New York socialite, at a Hollywood party, he eloped with her to Tia Juana, where they were married, as we want to press!



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**WOMEN WANT TO BE TIED DOWN**

(Continued from page 31)

it means to be torn between two interests, to be torn between deciding which of her emotions is the most important to her, it's different when women have an urge to do things on their own. The restless wife would be better off for having interests of her own.

"Years ago, before women were allowed to take their place in a world of men, those who, today, would have made careers for themselves, had to stifle any urge for life outside of the home. So, for the most part, they made restless, dissatisfied wives, women who wrote scraps of poetry nobody ever saw, women who spent secret hours playing the piano or lost in day-dreams of what might have been. Women, who would have made a name for themselves in the business world, nagged their husbands because there was no outlet for their talents and the men they married became as unhappy as they did.

"Of course there were other women, wiser women, who used their excess energy in a constructive way and helped their husbands to achieve things they weren't allowed to win for themselves. These were the women, who, if their husbands were the right type, helped to build great fortunes, or paint great pictures, or write great books. These were the women who bundled the most precious of their belongings into covered wagons and went with their husbands on the new trails leading westward and who helped them till alien fields and begin a home in a new country.

"I was probably meant to be a home woman. All my heritage points that way. After all, I was born in the Spain that used to be, the country of possessive men and sheltered women. But I was brought up in America. I saw the girls I had grown up with making their own way in the world, so that when the time came for me to make my way, too, it was exciting to me rather than depressing.

"A cousin of mine, in Spain, really has an amazing voice and, though her parents have spent a small fortune in having it trained, it is nothing more to her now than a pleasing talent. Her teacher said to her once: 'What a pity you don't have to sing for your living! Your voice would bring so much pleasure to so many people.'

"I had to sing. My husband's business went wrong and it was the only talent I had to work with. Afterwards, after my marriage went, too, I had to keep on, to support my small son.

"There wasn't any choice for me, then, about the things I had to do. I had to make a home for my small son and I had to make the money to keep it going. Maybe that's where I was luckier than most women, who have to choose between domesticity and a career."

It was then that work became more than work, and success more than success, for Olga Albani. It was in those days that she really began growing up. For all that she had fallen in love and married and borne a child, she really didn't know much about the world she was living in. It was only when disillusionment came, that she found that life wasn't the pretty story she always had thought it. It was only when she found work, that she realized how easy it would have been to become bitter when the fragile bubble of happiness broke in her hands.

Work ... It became awfully important to her, then. She found in it a thing separate and apart from the rest of her existence. Somehow it had nothing to do with her small son, or the life they shared together. It had nothing to do with her love for him, or the fun the two of them had together.

It was something that stood on its own firm feet, something that she could control as she couldn't control other things. Love could come, and could change, and could

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During a Seafest Sunday Night Party rehearsal, Tom Howard tries the piano for M. C. James Melton.

go—but work wasn't like that! Her work was tangibly part of herself. It was something that could grow and become more exciting with the growing. It was the only thing she could count on, as she could count on herself.

So she saw her name go up in lights over the theatre, where the successful operetta, *The Moon*, was playing, and she knew the thrill of reading enthusiastic reviews of her rôle in the play.

Life was exciting. It couldn't be anything else, with the flowers that began arriving, the bouquets that were given her, the offers that came her way. There was only one thing she would have changed then and that was her life with her son. Starring on Broadway didn't give her as much time to spend with him as she wanted to have.

So, when the time came for her to make a decision, it was the National Broadcasting Company's offer that she accepted. For radio was different from the other arts. Different from the stage or movies or opera, radio was a home institution. Its appeal, unlike that of any of the others, was primarily designed for the home, not only as far as its listeners were concerned, but for its artists as well.

When she went to Chicago for that engagement, Olga Abood thought her life and her future were pretty well mapped out. But then something happened that she couldn't possibly have foreseen. She fell in love.

Only it was different this time. Once before a girl had fallen in love. That had been all romance and feu-rance and moonlight and youth. Now it was a woman who fell in love. A woman whose eyes were wide open and who had grown wise through living. And so she came to know, as so many women before her had come to know, that second love was real love. No less exciting because it was adult and understanding; no less thrilling because there was peace mixed up in it, too.

Life was beginning all over again. Once it had been spring, then winter had come—and now it was spring again.

Her falling in love brought its own problems. For the first time she had to decide between a home and a career.

There was no compulsion to keep on with her work now. The man she was going to marry was a successful business man,

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who preferred that his wife shouldn't work for Wallace Caldwell was an understanding man, too, and felt that it was his wife's privilege to make her own decision.

Maybe that's the reason their marriage has been so successful. That understanding both of them have for each other. For when Olga Alban decided that she had worked too hard for her career to give it up, she saw her husband's side of the problem as well as her own.

"That's when I discovered that career women really choose two jobs for themselves." She laughed. "For it isn't fair to a man, who wants a home, to have to take half measures. Women with careers have to give even more attention to their homes than the stay-at-home wife must give to it."

"When I came to New York for my Friday night broadcast of *Universal Rhythm* I had to plan things so that they would run smoothly while I was away from home. That meant menus for those days must be worked out before I went, and that I must have trained my household help, so that everything went as efficiently as if I were there.

"My career is separate and apart from my home life. And I find joy in both of them. The cook's night out is an event we all look forward to in our home, for, on that night, I cook dinner and my husband and the two children have just as much fun helping me as I have in cooking it. And my cooking is one of the things I brag about shamelessly!

"I think the woman who runs both a career and a home gets her biggest reward in the different attitudes her family have toward her. Why, you would almost think a queen had cooked-toiled to come into the kitchen, from the fuss they make over me! Instead of taking things for granted, they think it is wonderful when I do things for them.

"And a husband and children love bragging about a woman with a bit of her own apart from them. Often I've heard the children talking about me to their parents, telling them of this thing I've done, and that thing, and I wouldn't be human if it didn't give me a terrific kick! I've seen Wallace beam, too, when friends of his have told him they've enjoyed my singing over the radio.

"For the most part, I keep my business details away from him. It doesn't seem fair to saddle him with my responsibilities. I make my decisions for myself and would no more think of asking him for advice than he would think of giving it.

"That's the reason my career has never conflicted with our life together. When I've made mistakes, he would no more think of mentioning them to me than it would to a friend who had done the same thing.

"It's important, in marriage, to give each other the same courtesies you would give to a friend. It's so easy to say to a wife or to a husband, 'I told you so' or 'Why didn't you do this or that?' To keep love, you have to err it, just as much as you have to earn friendship. It's when intimate association makes men or women feel they own their partners that married happiness goes.

"You have to work to earn happiness in anything, and a successful marriage isn't a fluke. It's something you've worked at

hard to attain as success in any other field. And there's no other success that brings such complete satisfaction.

"I felt some of that satisfaction, the other evening, when Wally turned to me and said: 'You know, I can't really believe I've married a working girl.' My travels aren't so sure of making that wives at home, waiting for them, when they leave the office, as I am—and you always have time to do things I want to do."

"He really sounded surprised, as if he hadn't expected a career woman would be like that, and, somehow, I felt it was the greatest compliment anyone ever had given me.

"In the beginning, I think Wally thought he was being an exceptionally understanding husband, by not interfering with my career. But that was only in the beginning, before he had the chance to see how it all worked out. Now he knows my work takes nothing away from him. After all, most of it is done while he is working, too. It only means that I have less leisure to play than most women have, less time for lunches and theatres and bridge and shopping. If I have stolen time from anyone, it is only from myself that I have stolen it. But my work is so absorbing to me, I couldn't begrudge any of the things it might have taken from me.

"And, if anything, my home encroaches on my career more than my career encroaches on my home. Sometimes it is something I am doing for Wally that takes some of my time. I had planned for business details. Sometimes it is the children. Sometimes it is the dog.

"The other day he was gone ten hours. I was worried when I called up a neighbor whose dog is a pal of mine, and discovered that his dog was safe at their home. I had a business engagement that day, but I had to put it off, and spent the afternoon running around in the car to all the places a dog might possibly have gone.

"Some of us could eat dinner that night and the children didn't even try to hide their tears as Wally and I had to, because we were grown up and not supposed to go to pieces over a lost dog. But I couldn't hold them back any longer when I heard that familiar scratching at the door and flung it open to take a muddy, tired animal in my arms and make a complete and thorough fool of myself over him!

"Maybe that's the reason I'm so devoted to that dog, because he does tie me down just as my children tie me down, and my husband and home tie me. *Because I want to be his dog's dog!* And the only person in this whole world who is free is the person nobody needs. That must be really tragic, isn't it? Not being needed, being free, because there's no one to care enough about you to hold you down?"

Olga Alban smiled, in the way that really happy women smile, with her eyes as well as her lips, and then she gasped as she looked down at her wrist watch.

"I've only fifteen minutes to make my train!"

There was a mad dash to the taxi, for Olga Alban was on her way to Chicago, back to the husband and the children, and the dog, and all the other things that go to make up the home, tying her down to happiness.

## RADIO RAMBLINGS

(Continued from page 61)

about people, it's hard to resist running out and blating the secret to everyone you know.

Here's another secret deal that probably will have taken shape on NBC networks by the time you read this. Lanny Ross has a brother, Winston, from whom he had been separated since boyhood. Their parents parted when the two boys were small. Lanny stayed in America with his mother and Winston went to England with his father.

While Lanny was at Yale becoming a star singer (he just missed going on an Olympic team, you know) and the star tenor of the Yale Glee Club, Winston was in England, studying for the theatre. He sang, too. Winston returned to the United States a year or so ago. Enter into radio, theatre or the movies would have been made easy on Lanny's stardom and influence. Neither brother was willing to do anything of that sort. Both are proud, dignified and honest.

Winston went his own way and played all of the past season in *Mad's Delight*, during the show's Broadway engagement and on the road. Independent of his brother, he caught some radio attention, also. NBC has just signed Winston Ross as a tenor and he is to start singing on a program regularly in the late spring or summer. But his name won't be Ross.

These two brothers are keeping the whole affair as secret. I can't tell you what his name will be. But if you hear a new young tenor voice under the name, So-and-so Winston, listen carefully and see what you think of Lanny's brother. He has decided to keep Winston as his last name.

It took radio quite a while to settle on "listener" as the word to describe a member of its audience. Now comes television demanding a new word for the member of the audiences it will create. Just as hard of words to come, "viewer" is the word the English use; American engineers who watch television broadcast speak of one another as "observers."

Leon Holtz was full of negotiations about radio programs all spring. Conferees went on about his slipping into various programs for the summer.

"It's the craziest business," Lou insists. "All this talk and what's happening."

Radio always seems to take crazy turns, as far as Leon Holtz is concerned. Before a program, he's usually so nervous he sits backstage sipping at a bottle of sherry to nerve himself to go on.

Then, after a recent appearance with Ben Bernie was over, he came into the control room for a few minutes and mentioned nothing except: "Boy, wasn't I good! I killed them, didn't I?"

After each guest star appearance, he wonders about sanity of radio sponsors.

# SABLES FROM HEAVEN



How would you like to be riding on the top of a Fifth Avenue bus and have a \$50,000 sable coat land on your head! That's what happens to Jean Arthur in "EASY LIVING" . . . and it's only the beginning of this hilarious tale of a modern Cinderella.

"EASY LIVING" is one of the merriest stories in many a moon—and just one of the many COMPLETE stories of the outstanding screen hits of the month which appear exclusively in the AUGUST issue of

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**DULL, dark skin no longer need make brunettes and blondes look older! A gentle cream now banishes dull outer film... surface freckles, pimples, blackheads, in a few days. Leaves skin thoroughly soft, clear! Use Golden Peacock Bleach Cream just one week! At cosmetic counters or send \$1.00 to Golden Peacock Inc., Dept. L-346, Paris, Tenn.**



**Many Never Suspect Cause Of Backaches**

**This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief**  
Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.  
The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people note a dull a-pain, a-dull or about 8 months of waste, frequent or scanty passage with aching and burning shows there may be something wrong with your kidneys or the liver.  
An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatism, migraines, leg pains, loss of sap and energy, getting up middle, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.  
Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give a quick relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes, flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

who don't grab him at once! He walked off the *Music Boat* stage and suggested: "Every time I go on the air, it's a success. I'm great! Everyone tells me that! I do it every time!"

*This brave swashbuckler will make another quest today, appearance before him. Just before broadcast time the changes are you'll find him, small bottle of sherry in hand uneasy and depressed, perhaps he'll have nerve enough to get through the coming microphone ordeal.*

"How can I be good?" he probably will ask. "That director cut out one of my best jokes. Crazy people you work with around here!"

One of the sights of New York this spring has been Jimmy McLean driving around in an automobile old enough to be a museum piece. The car is a 1910 White, high-backed seats, small doors, no top born with a rubber fath, gear slat out on the running board. It doesn't go very fast, the brakes don't work well, it is uncomfortable—and Jimmy takes it out and drives around every chance he gets.

*In the car humbers along crowded New York streets, people head, "Get a horse! Let Jimmy handle back Rulhiere!" The only trouble is that when the car pulls up to the curb, passerby are so intent on its vintage, they overlook the fame of the driver. Jimmy is a man who doesn't like to have his fame overlooked, but with his good old gas buggy, he doesn't mind even that.*

"I didn't want just any old car," he recounts. "It took me years to find this one. My uncle had a car like this when I was a kid. It was one of the first I ever saw and I wanted one like it more than anything in the world."

By the time Jimmy could have a car like that, he could have a much better and more modern one. He still wanted a 1910 White touring car. He started an advertising campaign in the country newspapers, hoping to find some old country gentleman who still had an old White sitting out in the shed. When he finally located the right White, it hadn't been running for goodness knows how many years. Fixing it cost Jim around \$1,000. But there it is now, all painted red, and the engine ready to say: "Twenty-three Andoo!" at a twist of the crank. It's all just like the luxury Jim's uncle had back in 1910.

*The White company wanted to borrow the car for an exhibit at the Cleveland exposition this summer. They had been so nice about fixing it Jimmy couldn't say no.*

"I told them they could have it just for a couple of weeks. It cheers me up to drive this old buggy around. Whenever I have to go anywhere I don't want to go, I drive this good old buggy down there. You can't imagine what a feeling it gives me."

If Joe Cox hadn't so many more important distractions, you might see him put down as the politer man about *No Treason* signs on his counters, place. Instead of the usual "pardon of the law" threat, Joe's signs merely read *No Treason, Thank You!*—a surprising how ashamed the

"plans" makes you feel after you've been out on a hike that wandered mostly through private grounds.

*Perhaps this accident was a little colored, but Nelson Liddy paid an astounding sum for a minor operation on his throat and was last a star. The doctor bill, so minor, cancelled broadcasts and concerts rolled up a loss between \$20,000 and \$25,000, no little sum to a young man with Nelson Liddy's income. Besides, he went through the whole latter half of his radio career and concert tour feeling miserable. When it ended this spring he was on the verge of a breakdown, both vocal and nervous.*

The operation was not an emergency, either. He was advised he'd feel more comfortable with the thing out of the way, so he submitted right in the middle of his season. Things seemed to be going well in the first few days of his convalescence. Then the medically incalculable happened and complications arose.

By the time the season was over, he realized he probably had had the highest priced tonsillectomy on record.

Over the weekend the other night, a friend spoke in scientific spirit: "You know a lot of comedians. What is it they have, a colossal brass that gives them nerve to get up with those old jokes, or are they so ignorant about jokes they don't know the eggs are old?"

*Right on the spot I made a memorandum about asking a few comedians—but, on second thought, it was the sort of question you can ask, is it? I wish someone with either ignorance or colossal brass would go around asking and settle that question!*

After the strain of getting a radio program together for a whole season, most comedians insist on a couple of months' rest to refresh minds and stave off collapse. An exception is Bob Burns. He has become important enough now to demand almost any sort of rest period he pleases. So he took a mere two weeks off this spring.

Bob struggled through so many discouraging years in small time vanaville and, after that, years still more discouraging as a Hollywood extra, he is taking no chances about losing any cracks at the big money he now commands. His tastes are simple and he saves nearly every cent he makes, minus that of delinquent income tax. His success came so suddenly, it still seems too incredible to last.

*"I'll have a good rest when this thing blows up," he remarks.*

Other exceptions to the vacation rule are George Burns and Gracie Allen. Their only extended vacation in five years of broadcasting was the summer two years ago when they made a tour of Europe. Gracie relishes a holiday, but not George.

George simply loves jobs—telling them, hearing them or simply discussing them. He laughs easily and heartily over little remarks that crop up in conversation that's just talk. A job is something different. Every day for the program, he meets solemnly in appreciation, with the air of a commission sampling a bit of old wine. His writers come in the raw material for



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a program and George sits with them, assembling it, tag by tag, much as a crowd of old gentlemen might sit putting together their stamp collection. One may laugh occasionally, but someone usually reprimands: "Come on, let's get back to work."

*What good would a vacation be to George, taken him away from jokes?*

Ben Bernie is one who has decided on a permanent vacation. He is still doing his broadcast every week, but for years and years. Ben has been on the go, week in and week out, theatres, hotels, ball rooms, summer castles, any spot that wanted Ben Bernie's hand at a good fee. He's a rich man now and doesn't need to work so hard.

"But," he protested, "one broadcast a week is not enough to keep a band like mine going. I couldn't afford to pay them all week for just one broadcast."

*Ben said that problem by dropping his band. He simply chooses some good band for the evening, every Tuesday, when broadcast time rolls around. Is a man who has worked as hard as Bernie, all these years, one broadcast a week is practically retirement into leisure.*

His preparation for a radio program is almost relaxation. The band comes to rehearsal and Ben sits and listens for a couple of hours, occasionally suggesting a tune. He can't be sure which tunes he will use on the program that night. Often as not, Ben has not written his script before rehearsal and you can't arrange a band program until you have the script.

It's no way to run a business as big as the Bernie enterprise, but there's a quality about running it that way that has kept Ben in the prominent radio ranks for ten years. After you mention *Amos 'n' Andy*, who else has held first rank popularity as long as Ben Bernie?

*After enjoying our radio artists for a long time, here are some of the quiet and characteristic things you remember.*

Tom Howard is the man who, never bothers about his clothes, except when he has a new suit. He goes the whole hog then and gets new shoes, too. A couple of years ago, he even tried gray suede shoes with a gray summer suit. "All doddled up, hey?" he asked everyone. He took great pride in that outfit at first but after a while, the suede shoes did not appear any more. Tom just laughs it off now when you ask him how he ever happened to buy gray suede shoes.

Paul Whiteman is the man who came back from Texas with spurs made of delicate filigree work. They are the apple of Paul's eye. At a casual glance they look as though they would break if a determined rider jammed them against a horse, but Paul hoots at that idea.

Lily Pons is the only girl who wears a fabulously valuable diamond brooch at broadcast.

Ken Murray has a syndicated column and it intercepts rehearsals when the man who writes it comes rushing in to Ken's OK and then rushes off again to get it to the syndicate office.

—ARTHUR MASON

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# RADIO LAUGHS...

(SELECTED SNICKERS FROM POPULAR PROGRAMS)

**MILTON:** Well, Tony Martin did come along with Miss Lissy and myself, but I only took him along to help with the car.  
**SEYMOUR:** What do you mean help with the car?

**MILTON:** Well, while Tony danced with Alice, I watched the car. But later in the afternoon it was different.

**SEYMOUR:** What do you mean, different?

**MILTON:** Let me—I watched the car, and Tony danced with Alice.  
**(MILTON BERLE, Gillette Program.)**

**PHILKINGTON:** Just now Fernitude confessed to me that yesterday she kissed the plumber.

**BEATRICE:** Oh, she did? I'll kill her!

**PHILK:** Oh, Miss Lillie, you mustn't be too hard on her. After all, the fact that she confessed shows she's sorry.

**BEATRICE:** That's not the point . . . Why should she kiss the plumber, when we owe the landlord three months rent?

**(BEATRICE LILLIE, Broadway Merry-Go-Round.)**

**ED:** Hello, Sheila Barrett. What are you going to do for us this evening?

**SHEILA:** Well, you know I'm a mimic.

**ED:** I don't care about the condition of your blood. I want to know what you're going to do.

**(ED WYNN, Spud Program.)**

**FRANK:** I hear you shave had a great run in Chicago.

**BOB:** Yeah . . . ha, ha . . . the man in the box-oher died of heart failure, and nobody knew it for a week!

**(BOB HOPE and FRANK PARKER, Rippling Rhythm Program.)**

**EDGAR:** I want you to personally carry them all on so there is no damage done . . . there are 38 pieces of luggage and then, of course, my town car is also to go on.

**CHARLIE:** Well I'll need a little help with that!

**(EDGAR BERGEN and CHARLIE MET ARTHUR, Valler Varieties.)**

**BOB:** This was poor the cockroaches used to snub 'em . . . They set such a poor table the mice used to eat! . . . Why, it finally got so bad the rats used to run around the basement with tears in their eyes. . . . I'm just tellin' ya all this to show ya what a poor environment my Uncle Tweedie was brought up in.

**(BOB BURNS, Kraft Program.)**

**PHILK:** I was running down the street to get my car on time, when someone fell on my head.

**PHIL:** Did it? What fell on your head?

**PHILK:** Well, Bob, I fell so hard I almost hospitalized myself.

**PHIL:** Hypnotized? What's hypnotized?

**PHILK:** Hypnotized is when a man in your face can make him do whatever you want.

**PHIL:** Boy, dat ain't hypnotized—dat's narcosis!

**(PHILK and PHIL, Pipe Smoking Time.)**

**GEORGE:** What do you mean, you can't drive a bargain?

**TOM:** Well, I bought a used car last week—it was a bargain—but I couldn't drive it!

**(TOM HOWARD and GEORGE SHELLTON, Seaside Program.)**

**STOOP:** Imagine! Hollywood! A hundred thousand dollars. Bosh!

**BUDD:** Hollywood! A hundred thousand dollars! And you turned it down?

**STOOP:** I wouldn't pay a hundred thousand dollars for all the orange groves in California.

**(STOOPNAGLE & BUDD, Minute Tapioca Program.)**

**PHIL:** Harry, what's the idea of introducing me as the son of a horse? That calls for an apology.

**BEETLE:** I call it—the horse!

**PHIL:** You keep out of this, Beetle. I'll try, Harry, the idea of associating me with a horse. Especially a horse that only runs well in rainy weather.

**HARRY:** Well, Phil, isn't this mud day's day?

**(PHIL BAKKER, Gull Program.)**

**BEET:** Here! Now I gotta complain.

**MGR:** Yes?

**BEET:** Yeah . . . the woman in the room next to mine is raising chickens.

**MGR:** What's the matter—do the chickens make too much noise?

**(BEET LAHR, Manhattan Merry-Go-Round.)**

**JIMMY:** Don't be so modest, Eddie, you've made many stars. Why, I know of at least one great star you've made.

**EDDIE:** Who is that, Jimmy?

**JIMMY:** Well—until I met you I was nothing!

**(EDDIE CANTOR, Texaco Program.)**

**PORTLAND:** Anna sent me out to look for Papa, so I thought I'd look in.

**FRED:** Is your father missing?

**PORTLAND:** Yeah . . . Anna read that they closed all the big-league theaters and she's afraid Papa is locked in somewhere.

**(FRANK ALLEN, Loew's Hall Tonight.)**

**FRED:** I suppose the Count entertained you with a bit of shooting . . . thoroughbred pointers and all that.

**CHARLIE:** He planned to. Fredrick, but I'm too well bred. I know your should never p-d in except at I rem-pastry.

**FRED:** Say . . . you must be a real blue blood, Charlie.

**CHARLIE:** Blue-blood? Why just last week I got a remission to a tumblin' pen!

**(FRED ASTAIRE and CHARLIE HUTTENROTH, Packard Program.)**

**MARY:** Well, what about our play, Jack—are we going to do it?

**JACK:** No—I'm in no mood for a play . . . Kenny's gone home, Phil's sore . . . things look pretty black, believe me!

**MARY:** Then let's do a minstrel show.

**(JACK BENNY and MARY LIVINGSTONE, Jell-O Program.)**

**CHARLIE:** That's my father, and the funniest thing—George—he thinks he's a poet.

**GEORGE:** Your brother thinks he's a ghost?

**CHARLIE:** Sure—he was going around the house this morning, singing, "I Ain't Got No Body" . . .

**(BURNS and ALLEN, Grape Nuts Program.)**

**TEACHER:** Now, Molasses, we're going to take up words . . . I want you to use the word "Miscellaneous" correctly in a sentence.

**MOLASSES:** Miscellaneous? Here it is—Franklin D. Roosevelt is the head man in this country and miscellaneous the head man in Italy.

**(MOLASSES and JANUARY, Maxwell House Show Boat.)**

**MILTON:** You'd better be careful that I don't lose my temper.

**JOLLY:** If you do, your job will go with it.

**MILTON:** Is that so? Jolly—do you know what would happen if I were your dad?

**JOLLY:** My mother . . . and it certainly would annoy my mother.

**(MILTON BERLE, Gillette Program.)**

**PHILK:** Oh—here's another letter—a demand for money from my creditors. They . . . you enclose a stamped envelope.

**BEATRICE:** Splendid! Send them back the stamp on account.

**(BEATRICE LILLIE, Broadway Merry-Go-Round.)**

**ED:** Could I show you something in a bathrobe?

**GRAHAM:** Yes—Jean Harlow!

**(ED WYNN, Spud Program.)**

**BOB:** C'mere, screwball . . . who are you?

**FRANK:** Frankie Parker. Such language! Whatever school did you come from?

**BOB:** Me? I went to Bedford Reformatory.

**FRANK:** Bedford Reformatory? Why, that's a school for girls.

**BOB:** Yeah . . . that's why I liked it.

**(BOB HOPE and FRANK PARKER, Rippling Rhythm Program.)**

**ED:** In the next week the vote due and two months later the husband put an epistle on her tombstone.

**GRAHAM:** Is that so? How did it read?

**ED:** "The Light of My Life has gone out . . . but I struck an other match."

**(ED WYNN, Spud Program.)**

**ACTRESS:** What makes Jack act so goofy?

**MARY:** Oh, he's telling.

**ACTRESS:** Telling?

**MARY:** Yes . . . they keep slipping out!

**(MARY HAINES-LONE, Jell-O Program.)**

**GAIL:** My father heard your program and he nearly choked to death.

**EDDIE:** But my dear—no matter how funny it was, he didn't have to choke to death!

**GAIL:** No! Well, you try holding your nose for a half hour!

**(EDDIE CANTOR, Texaco Program.)**



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*Constance Bennett*

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