

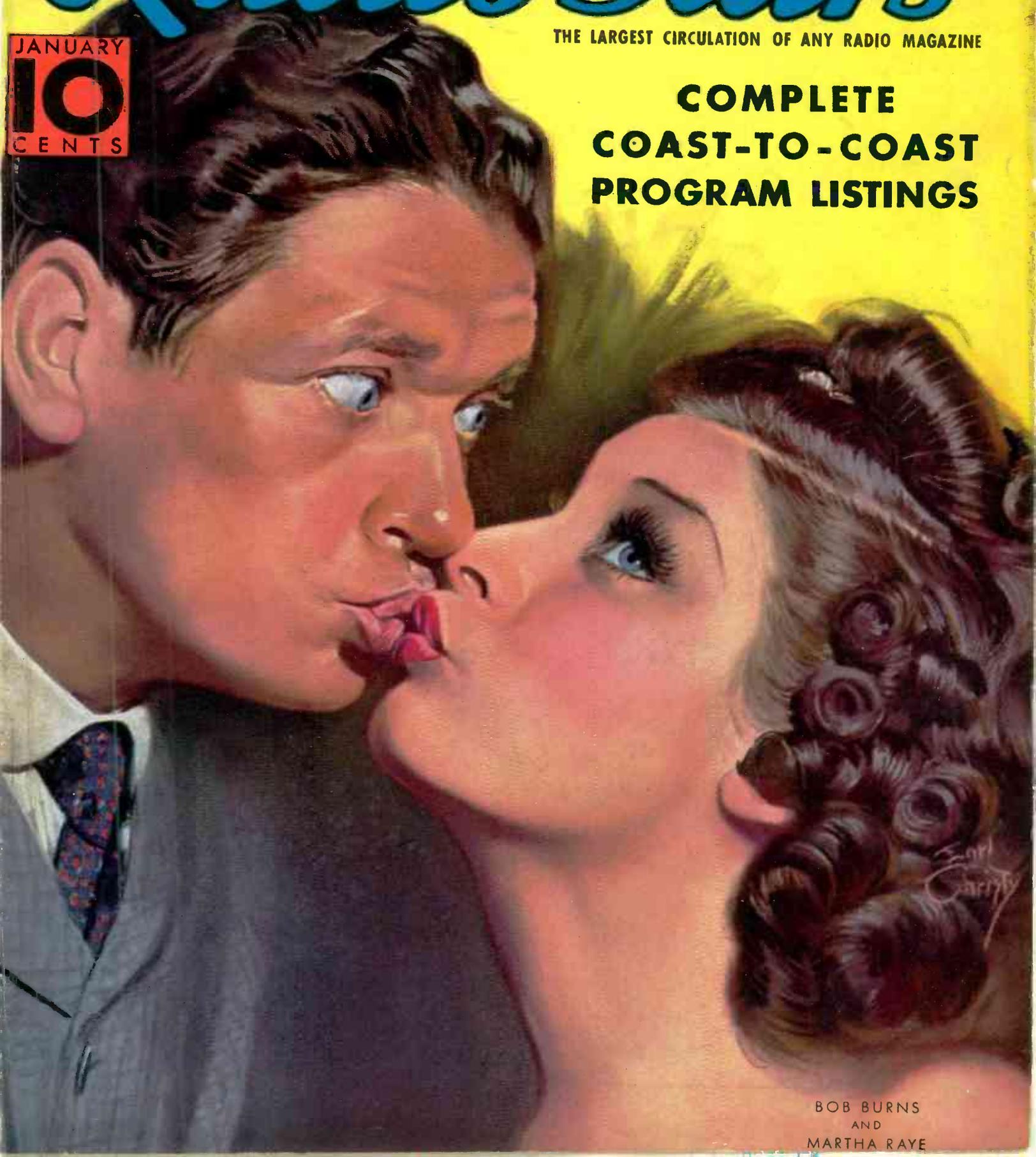
INSIDE STORY OF THE METRO-MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW!

Radio Stars

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE

**COMPLETE
COAST-TO-COAST
PROGRAM LISTINGS**

JANUARY
10
CENTS



BOB BURNS
AND
MARTHA RAYE

Screen Romances

JANUARY ISSUE—
16 STORIES OF MOVIE HITS!



Screen Romances

● The story of Marco Polo, traveller, adventurer, a stirring romance during the colorful reign of Kublai Khan. Exciting conflict and brilliant spectacle are woven into an adventurous and intriguing love story set against the background of the Orient.

The private life of this great adventurer is one of magnificent courage and overpowering love—a love which caused him to pit two empires against each other that he might take a Princess home—his bride!

With all its turbulence—conflict—splendor—“The Adventures of Marco Polo,” starring Gary Cooper, appears in the JANUARY issue—on sale at all newsstands!

**THE ADVENTURES OF
MARCO POLO**

Foolish Joan... Tonight she's a picture of breath-taking loveliness—yet she hasn't had a dancing partner all evening. (And who can blame them... when they see her pitiful, tragic smile?)



Her small brother could show Joan how to help win a lovely smile—to have teeth that sparkle, gums firm and healthy' (Bob is only six, but he's already learned the value of gum massage.)



Joan's telephone would be one of the busiest in town—her date book would always be filled—if she only realized no man can resist the appeal and charm of a radiant smile! (Ipana Tooth Paste and massage would help her—for, remember, gums need care and attention as well as teeth!)



Ask yourself this question—

"Does my Smile really attract others?"

WONDERFUL, isn't it—the quick magic a smile can work when it reveals brilliant and sparkling teeth! Shocking, isn't it—the disappointment that follows a smile that reveals dull and dingy teeth—tragic evidence of "pink tooth brush" disregarded.

"Pink Tooth Brush" may rob you of loveliness

"Pink tooth brush" is only a warning—but when you see it, see your dentist!

You may not be in for serious trouble—but let your dentist decide. Usually, however, it only means gums that have grown tender under our modern soft foods—gums that need more work and, as your dentist may advise, "gums that need the help of Ipana and massage."

Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help promote healthy gums—as well as keep the teeth bright and sparkling. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush

your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gum tissues—your gums become firmer, more resistant, more immune to trouble.

Change to Ipana and massage, today. Help keep your gums firmer, stronger—your smile brilliant, sparkling, attractive—with Ipana and massage!

* * *

DOUBLE DUTY—For more effective massage and more thorough cleansing, ask your druggist for Rubberset's Double Duty Tooth Brush.



Change to
Ipana
and Massage

TO HELP END THE CATHARTIC HABIT

Try This Improved Pasteurized Yeast That's EASY TO EAT



IF YOU take laxatives to keep "regular," you know from experience that cathartics give only temporary relief from constipation—that they don't seem to correct the *cause* of your condition.

Doctors now know that in many cases the real cause of constipation is a shortage of the vitamin B complex. This precious factor is often deficient in many typical every-day diets. Thus when this factor is added to such diets in sufficient amounts, constipation goes. Elimination becomes regular and complete.

Energy Revives—Headaches Go

Yeast Foam Tablets are pure pasteurized yeast and yeast is the richest known food source of vitamins B and G. They should stimulate your weakened intestinal nerves and muscles and quickly restore your eliminative system to normal, healthy function.

Thus, with the true cause of your constipation corrected, energy revives, headaches of the constipation type go, skin becomes clearer and fresher.

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. *These tablets cannot ferment in the body.* They have a pleasant, nut-like taste. And contain nothing to put on fat.

All druggists sell Yeast Foam Tablets. Get a bottle today. Refuse substitutes.



Free Taste Sample

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO. MM1-88
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets

Name

Address

City State

Canadian readers please send 10c to cover postage and duty.

RADIO STARS

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

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Radio Stars published monthly and copyrighted, 1937, by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Office of publication at Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Chicago advertising office, 360 North Michigan Ave. George Delacorte, Jr., Pres. H. Meyer, Vice-Pres.; J. Fred Henry, Vice-Pres.; M. Delacorte, Sec'y. Vol. 11, No. 4, Jan., 1938, (No. 299986), printed in U. S. A. Single copy price 10 cents. Subscription price in the United States and Canada \$1.00 a year; Foreign Subscription \$2.00 a year. Entered as second class matter August 5, 1932, at the Post Office at Dunellen, N. J., under the act of March 3, 1879. The publisher accepts no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material.

The Amusement World is Ablaze!

"ROSALIE"

Ziegfeld created it on the stage — his greatest triumph! Now — on the screen — M-G-M tops even "The Great Ziegfeld" itself with a new happiness hit! ... Thrilling music! Gorgeous girls! Laughs galore! Tender romance — of a Princess and a West Point cadet — with the grandest cast of stars ever in one spectacular picture!

COLE PORTER SONGS

- "It's All Over But the Shouting"
- "Spring Love Is in the Air"
- "Rosalie"
- "In the Still of the Night"
- "Who Knows"
- "Why Should I Care"



Starring **NELSON EDDY**

Eleanor **POWELL**

featuring **RAY BOLGER · FRANK MORGAN · EDNA MAY OLIVER · REGINALD OWEN · ILONA MASSEY · BILLY GILBERT · JANET BEECHER · VIRGINIA GREY** and Hundreds of American Beauties

Directed by **W. S. VAN DYKE II**

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Produced by **WILLIAM ANTHONY McGUIRE**



Introducing beautiful Ilona Massey, new star sensation! ... And above, just for laughs, you have funny Frank Morgan, Edna May Oliver and Ray Bolger.



R A D I O

R A M B L I N G S



Buddy Twiss, NBC announcer, goes fishing with Marion Talley, Irene Rich, Dorothy Page and Elinor Harriot.



Guy Lombardo wins our Distinguished Service award. With Dell Sharbutt (left) and Producer Dave White.

Millionaire Jackie Coogan and blonde Betty Grable, Paramount actress, will be married on December 18th.

Wide World Photo



EVERYONE took it for granted that Kate Smith would come to the party following her opening broadcast this season. Actually, it was a great departure from precedent for Kate to join a large merrymaking throng. She doesn't like the noise and hubbub of these gatherings and avoids them.

This was a great occasion, though, and Kate seemed to enjoy herself completely. An attentive friend asked if he couldn't bring her something from the bar.

"Sure," Kate answered, "a glass of milk."

The party was in the very Broadwayish Sardi's Restaurant and no one had thought of milk at the party bar. They had to send for a bottle so Kate could join in the clinking of glasses.

Kate is very sensitive about wearing glasses—keeps taking them off as often as she can before a studio audience. She did the same thing at the party, slipping them up before her eyes when she wanted to see who was over in a far corner, or to reply to a greeting coming from another table.

Most of the guests at the party were in evening dress. The invitations had specified, "Formal." Among those not in formal dress, however, was Kate herself. That was one rule she would not break. As is her longstanding custom, Kate did the broadcast and came to the party in an informal black dinner gown.

Sheila Barrett is a picturesque addition to radio's gallery. She developed her style of sentimental semi-monologue by doing bitingly satirical impersonations of various radio stars. As a comedienne, she finally reached a point where night club and radio impresarios would listen to her insistent demand to do a more serious style of portrait.

There is one story from the impersonation part of her career that is always worth re-telling. Sheila wanted to add an impersonation of Fred Allen to her act, so she called Fred for permission.

"Well," Fred answered in his nasal drawl, "it's all right with me. But I think you ought to call Rudy Vallee about it. He has been doing a comedy impersonation of me so long, I think he must have established rights to it by now. As a matter of fact, I was going to call him myself to see if he minded my going on as Fred Allen."

Comedians used to be annoyed at the impersonators who swarm through radio programs. The impersonators usually hit on each comic's most effective tricks—and frequent use, especially in inexperienced hands, dulls the edge.

The annoyance persists but (Continued on page 14)

Last-minute gossip about your favorite stars' network doings



Catching Martha Raye in her boudoir. Martha sings on Al Jolson's CBS show.

Noel Mills, NBC actress, of *John's Other Wife* and *Kitchen Cavalcade*.



NO KISSES

**FOR RED,
CHAPPED HANDS!**



**IF HANDS
COULD TALK
THEY'D
SAY:**

SCRUBBING
FLOORS MAKES
US ROUGH AND
UNROMANTIC
... SKIN LIKE
SANDPAPER



UMM...HINDS
FEELS SO GOOD
AND SOOTHING.
IT'S EXTRA-
CREAMY...
EXTRA-SOFTENING!

Soapy-water jobs rob your hands, of all romance. Tough wear and tear on tender skin! Hands get red, chapped, water-puffed. That's when you need the comfort of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

Hinds works fast...toning down redness... smoothing away that sandpaper look. And now Hinds has the "sunshine" Vitamin D in it, added to all the other good things that make Hinds so effective!



HINDS MAKES US HIS

**HONEYMOON
HANDS**



**QUICK
ACTING...
NOT
WATERY**

EVEN one application of Hinds makes hard-working hands smoother. Use Hinds faithfully—before and after household jobs, indoors and out. Hinds helps put back the softness that biting winds, bitter cold, household heat, hard work, and dust take away. Gives you Honeymoon Hands—smooth, dainty, feminine! Hinds Honey and Almond Cream comes in \$1.00, 50c, 25c, and 10c sizes. Dispenser free with 50c size—fits on bottle.

HINDS
HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

**FOR
HONEYMOON
HANDS**

RADIO STARS



Wide World Photos

Notables of radio, stage, the press and sports gathered at Sardi's for supper, after the show. Above, actress Tallulah Bankhead and her actor husband, John Emery.



Two who need no introduction to the fans, Lou Gehrig, famous Yankee star, and Joe Williams (right), World-Telegram sports writer, chat with a guest, Miss Scanlon.

The opening of Kate Smith's new season was a gala affair

P R E M I È R E

Kate Smith, perennially popular *Songbird of the South*, and star of the 8:00 o'clock CBS program, drinks a beaker of milk with Arthur Mason, our *Radio Ramblings* writer.

The theatre and the baseball diamond hobnob. Tallulah Bankhead, popular stage star, and Lou Gehrig, star first baseman of the New York Yankees, make merry together.





Here is tall, lanky Henny Youngman, star comedian on Kate Smith's CBS hour, whose monologues and chatter took him from night clubs to radio.

PARTY

Lovely young CBS singer, Joy Hedges. She's in Universal's Broadway Merry-Go-Round of 1938 and in the new hit stage show, I'd Rather Be Right!



Is Your Skin Treatment LUCKY FOR YOU?



VOTE HERE		
SOAP AND WATER	YES	NO
ASTRINGENTS	YES	NO
VANISHING CREAMS	YES	NO
STEAMING	YES	NO
TONICS	YES	NO

IF YOUR PRESENT METHOD LEAVES YOU WITH BLACKHEADS, COARSE PORES, DRY SKIN, THEN IT'S TIME TO SWITCH TO A PENETRATING FACE CREAM!

Let me ask you a perfectly frank question. What results do you *expect* from your way of skin cleansing, and do you get them?

First, you expect a *clear, fresh* skin, don't you? If your skin seems to have a dingy cast, or if blackheads grow in the corners of your skin, your cleansing method has simply failed to remove dirt hidden in your pores.

Then too, you'd like to have a *soft* skin. But how does your face feel when you smile or talk? Does it seem dry; does it feel a little tight? If it does then your treatment is *not* re-supplying your skin with essential oils that help give it a soft, baby-like texture.

And of course you want a *smooth* skin. But if, when you pass your fingertips over your face, you feel tiny little bumps, then you cannot say your skin is smooth. Those little bumps often come from specks of waxy dirt which your cleansing method has failed to dislodge from your pores.

So let's be honest with ourselves. If you are not getting the results you pay your good money to get, then your skin treatment is not lucky for you.

How a Penetrating Cream Works

Women who use Lady Esther Face Cream are amazed at the improvement in their skin, even after a few applications. That's because this cream *penetrates* the dirt that clogs the pores.

Lady Esther Face Cream loosens blackheads, floats out the stubborn dirt that laughs at your surface cleanser.

At the same time, this cream re-supplies your skin with a fine oil to help keep it soft and smooth.

Try, Don't Buy

I do not want you to buy my cream to prove what I say. I want you to see what it will do for your skin, at my expense. So I simply ask that you let me send you a trial supply of my Face Cream *free and postpaid*. I want you to see and feel—at my expense—how your complexion responds to this new kind of penetrating cream.

I'll also send you all ten shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder free, so you can see which is your most flattering color—see how Lady Esther Face Cream and Face Powder work together to give you perfect skin smoothness. Mail me the coupon today.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

Lady Esther, 7110 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois

Please send me by return mail your seven-day supply of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream; also ten shades of your Face Powder.

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____

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

(38)

HE'S NO DUMMY

HAVEN'T you often noticed that even the most confirmed of the dashing Casanovas has a vulnerable spot which makes him fall head over heels for one certain person? Certainly this seems to be true of that current sensation and our "diminutive little chum," Charlie McCarthy. Charlie's eyes are keen enough to see that the beautiful hair, face and figure of the lovely Dorothy Lamour are just about tops! With all the flirting and carrying on he does with the beautiful ladies who appear on his program, he still remains faithful to his "true love."

Our Charlie knows what it's all about! Don't be fooled for a single instant into thinking the little fellow is any dummy! The lovely Dorothy Lamour has many of the attributes of perfect beauty. She also has the cleverness to enhance this beauty and keep her position of first place in the redoubtable Charlie's affections.

Naturally, Dorothy Lamour's beauty secrets are of interest to all of us—for hasn't she proved them successful? She has the heart of the dapper Charlie, a most successful marriage with Herbie Kay, and an enviable position as a star both in radio and Hollywood! So take notes on her ways and means to beauty—and in particular, beautifying the eyes.

Dorothy's eyes are naturally beautiful. I will grant that. But she gives her eyes further charm by attention to health, coiffure and careful make-up. So, you see, a "come hither" expression in the eyes is imparted by art as well as nature!

It's a daily routine of good health habits that puts the sparkle of youth and brilliance in the eyes. Drink a glass of warm water with the juice of one-half lemon (no sugar!) first thing every morning. This will tone your system. A cold shower, or a few simple "waking-up" exercises will give you bright eyes, even so early as breakfast-time!

Take a little cat-nap before going out in the evening. Keep pads of cotton, that have been dipped in a refreshing lotion, on the eyes and forget all cares and worries during



B Y M A R Y B I D D L E



Who wouldn't want to know Dorothy Lamour's secret of fresh loveliness?

Although she has many attributes of perfect beauty, Dorothy also has the cleverness to enhance each point by routines you, too, may use effectively.

these stolen moments. One of the best of the Yogi tricks is designed to induce complete relaxation and as it is so simple and delightful I'll give it to you here, so you'll be sure to get full benefit from these moments of rest. Simply close your eyes and visualize yourself putting the sun into a triangle. Concentrate on trying to keep the sun in this triangle and gradually your mind will grow peaceful and you will become calm and composed.

Dorothy Lamour advocates eye-exercises. They relieve strain and strengthen the eyesight. Of course, it will probably be safest to practice these exercises at home, for you may be misunderstood if you start rolling your eyes from right to left, up and down, and all around, on the bus or train! Yes, those are the exercises, and here is the way they are done:

Turn the eyes as far to the right as possible, then as far to the left. Repeat twice. Turn the eyes as far up as possible, then as far down as possible. Repeat twice. Now roll the eyes from the right, downward, to the left, then up and across to the right. Repeat twice. Rest a few moments and then reverse the procedure beginning by turning the eyes to the left. You will find these exercises quite difficult at first. Perhaps you will find you can only do them once without resting. So, don't force your eyes, but stop when they are tired. Later, as the eyes become stronger, you can exercise them oftener and for longer periods with absolute ease.

There are lines, crow's feet, puffy circles and all manner of ills that lie in wait to rob you of eye-lure. Fortunately, (Continued on page 72)

Charlie McCarthy, bright boy of the *Chase and Sanborn Hour*, fell in love with Dottie at first sight. Thus proving that the little chap's no dummy!



... USE

Specialized MEDICATION

THE Modern Mother knows how important it is to use the proper medication at the proper time. That's why she uses specialized medication for different stages and types of colds—medication that's specially designed to attack the distressing symptoms right where they attack you—when they attack you.

When Colds THREATEN



At the first warning sneeze, sniffle, or irritation in the nose—quick!—put a few drops of Vicks VA-TRO-NOL up each nostril.

VA-TRO-NOL is specialized medication for the nose and upper throat, where 3 out of 4 colds start. Used in time, it helps to prevent many colds—or to throw off head colds in their early stages.

Clears Stuffed-Up Heads. Even when your head is all clogged up from a cold, Va-tro-nol brings comforting relief. It clears away clogging mucus, reduces swollen membranes, and helps to keep the sinuses open. It lets you breathe again. And Va-tro-nol is so easy to use—at home or at work. Keep it handy—use it early.

If a Cold STRIKES



If first signs have been neglected—or a cold strikes without warning—use Vicks VAPORUB, the safe, external treatment. No "dosing"—no risk of stomach upsets. Best of all, no long waiting for relief to begin. For VAPORUB

attacks the distressing symptoms direct—right where you feel them.

Simply massage VapoRub on throat, chest, and back at bedtime. Almost before you finish rubbing, it goes to work direct through the skin like a poultice. At the same time, its medicated vapors, released by the warmth of the body, are carried direct to the irritated air passages with every breath.

This double action loosens phlegm—relieves irritation and coughing—helps break local congestion. And long after restful sleep comes, VapoRub keeps right on working. Often, by morning the worst of the cold is over.

Proved in Clinical Tests Among 17,353 People

Both Va-tro-nol and VapoRub have been doubly proved for you—by everyday use in millions of homes, and by one of the largest clinical tests ever made on colds. For details see folder—"Vicks Plan for Better Control of Colds"—which comes in each Vicks package.

VICKS

VA-TRO-NOL

Used at the first warning sneeze or sniffle

Helps PREVENT many colds

VAPORUB

Just rubbed on the throat, chest, and back

Helps END a cold sooner



2 BIG RADIO SHOWS: Sunday 7 P. M. (EST)—famous guest stars featuring JEANETTE MacDONALD... Mon., Wed., Fri., 10:30 A. M. (EST) TONY WONS. Both Columbia Network.

OVER 53 26 47 MILLION VICK AIDS USED YEARLY FOR BETTER CONTROL OF COLDS

COOKING FOR CHRISTMAS WITH



Kate Smith smiles as she tests one of the layers of her "Grandmother's Cake," for which the recipe is given in this article.

Anyone who can make a successful angel food cake like this, has good reason to boast of her culinary skill, says Kate

HELLO, EVERYBODY: This is Kate Smith, happily saluting you once again as guest conductor of RADIO STARS MAGAZINE'S Cooking School; and, to my further delight, returning to these pages just in time to extend cheery holiday greetings to you all.

Can't imagine any nicer season of the year to pay you a visit (in print, as I do here, or over the air as I do on Thursday evenings) than around Christmas. For right about now it seems that every one of you—not just Katie here—goes around "*with a song in your heart*," while home is at its best, too, with holly wreaths at the windows, mistletoe over the doorways and a tree all shiny with ornaments in the living-room. And, coming from the kitchen, the tantalizing, fragrant, spicy odor of good things a-baking!

You probably realize, with some misgivings, that around Christmas and New Year greater demands are made upon you as a housewife than at any other season of the year. Party follows party in quick succession; friends call; neighbor's children troop in with your children. So of course it's up to us women to see that the larder is well supplied at all times with tempting delicacies—both to satisfy hunger and uphold our reputation as gracious, provident hostesses.

It takes a bit of doing, I'll admit, with gifts to be thought about and regular meals to be planned. But it's fun, really, if you go about it the right way and have the cooky crock, the cake box and the candy jar always filled with intriguing surprises. Of course, these sweets will also serve as desserts for the family, if there is no influx of outsiders to stage a special raid on the available supply. Meanwhile how proud you'll be that, because of an hour or so of work in the morning, you can enjoy a feeling of "social security" throughout the entire day and evening!

My contribution to your outward expression of hospitality and your inward feeling of cheer and well-being, is again in the form of recipes, each and every one a par-

Courtesy General Foods



KATE

Kate Smith

returns with

holiday greet-

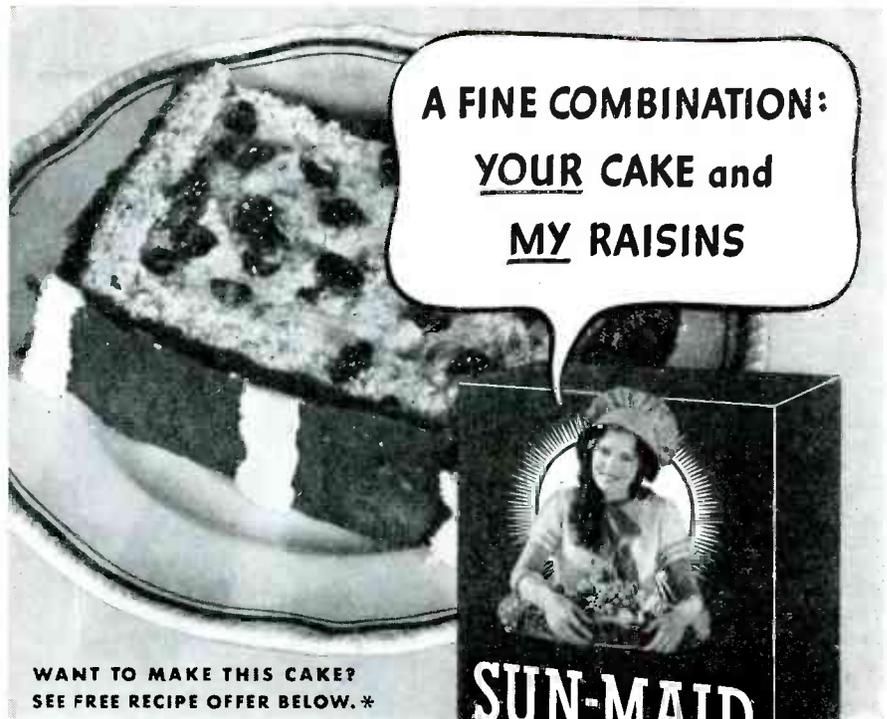
ings and Yule-

tide recipes

ticular favorite of mine. New treats that I've just recently learned how to make myself; old favorites, too, that constantly appear on my table, as I hope they will on yours. But none so definitely dated *Christmas* that they can't be enjoyed on other festive occasions the year 'round. Yes, the word "festive" certainly describes these foods—all being intended for *special occasions*, when the eye is not on the budget but on satisfying the hungry horde! Two cakes, a couple of frostings, one hot drink and some delicious cookies!

I really should start off by telling you that I've learned a lot of new baking rules since last we got together here. You see, now that I'm on a program sponsored by *General Foods*, I've been getting a first class cooking course on my frequent visits to their wonderful test kitchens. I always was what you might call "a naturally good cook," with some grand training from my mother and grandmother to help me along. But now I do believe I'm well on the way to qualifying as an expert—no fooling! Whereas before I could just give baking directions and promise certain results if you followed them carefully, now I can actually go into the whys and wherefores! And so I shall, later on. First, however I want to talk with you all a bit about my recipes which you'll find on page 56.

The first one you'll find on the recipe page is my *Grandmother's Cake* recipe—the one I use more frequently than any other. Many of you, I suppose, tried this cake when



WANT TO MAKE THIS CAKE?
SEE FREE RECIPE OFFER BELOW. *

YES! You can brighten up your finest cake with Sun-Maid Raisins—the best, most richly flavored raisins in the world.

YES! Sun-Maid Raisins are of special California culture, plump, juicy, tender. You'll find them better, too, for pies, puddings, cookies and all other delicious raisin foods.

NO! You need not wash Sun-Maid Raisins. Special machinery has done it for you. Pour Sun-Maids directly from the package into recipe mixtures, or give them to children between meals for extra energy and food-iron.

YES! It's easy to get Sun-Maid Raisins. Just say "Sun-Maid" to your grocer, and look for the Girl on the package when you buy.

***CERTAINLY!** We'll send you *free* the recipe for Raisin Ice Box Cake, also a booklet of 50 other raisin recipes. Send your name and address to Sun-Maid Raisin Growers, Dept. Q. Fresno, California.

I offered it here before. Others, however, were too late to get a copy of the recipe (which in those days you had to send in for) so I thought, here's a good chance to help out those who were disappointed the last time! This cake is a *honey*, whether you serve it with a chocolate frosting as my family always does, or with the *Orange Butter Frosting* that I used on it recently, when I baked a whopping big version of this cake as a surprise for Ted Collins on his birthday. Be sure to use the walnuts with the latter frosting, and also pay particular attention to the way you are told to put them on. The general effect (not even to *mention* the flavor) is devastatingly grand.

The second recipe is for that queen of cakes—supreme sovereign of them all—*Angel Food*. Many women think this cake so extremely difficult that they hesitate even to try to make it. But, really, I don't think you'll have any trouble, with these directions I'm giving you. And you *should* know how to turn out a good *Angel Food*, if only to "show off" what a good

cook you are on gala occasions! Then, too, this cake is so versatile! It can be frosted and decorated appropriately for a party; it can be served plain with afternoon tea or chocolate. It can be baked with a sprinkling of coconut (as you see it in the illustration at the beginning of my article) to serve as a very special dessert—with or without ice cream! And, if you have never tried *Angel Food* with *Chocolate Sauce*, you've missed something!

By the way, you can use the *Hot Chocolate* recipe I'm giving you as a *sauce*, with excellent results. Just omit the milk part of the recipe. With the milk added, this is about the nicest version of a justly popular beverage that I've ever tried. Mighty convenient to have on hand, too, because it can be stored in the refrigerator for a couple of days—requiring only the addition of hot milk to become, in a jiffy, a grand treat for old and young alike.

These recipes, and the others, will cater healthfully to a Christmas sweet tooth (*Continued on page 57*)

RADIO RAMBLINGS

(Continued from page 7)

the past couple of seasons, the funny men's attitude has grown more cooperative. Some comedians even have gone so far as to give old radio scripts to the impersonator, so that at least the imitation would be done with a good grade of jokes.

In keeping with this corner's policy of minding other people's business, herewith is the announcement of the first *Radio Ramblings Invitation Ping Pong Tournament*. The only ones invited are Dell Sharbutt and Andre Baruch, two of Columbia's stalwart announcers.

This magazine had a story about Dell being the head man among radio ping pong players. From Andre comes an agonized howl. He's the head man, he says. Not only that, Andre thinks Harry Von Zell could set Dell back on his heels, away back.

Andre and Von Zell are good friends, but Andre doesn't mind saying: "I can beat Von Zell, too!" Harry Von Zell just laughs that boast off as ridiculous and if he ever gets back in practice again, he will show them.

So, if a great wrong has been done, Andre is hereby invited to take his little racket in hand the same day Dell takes his. The results will be set down in full in our next issue. And if Harry carries out his threats of getting back into top form, the second *Radio Ramblings Invitation Ping Pong Tournament* will be staged the very first time we—the announcers and the rest of us—can get around to it.

Those Stroud twins, who popped up on Sunday night programs with Charlie McCarthy recently, are a pair of reformed acrobats from vaudeville. They wouldn't have been comedians at all if it hadn't been for Frank Fay and one of those wise audiences that used to go to New York's Palace Theatre in the days when that house was vaudeville's Mecca.

The young acrobats were making their first appearance at the old Palace, a decade ago, and they were impressed with the importance of the occasion. Frank Fay was headlining the bill that week and, always watching for a chance to kid someone, he told the Strouds they certainly ought to get out and make a curtain speech. The Strouds did. As Frank expected, the audience laughed.

It's no joke to get acrobats angry, but the Strouds were in no fighting mood when they came off and met Fay. They had been laughed at by the toughest audience in the world, hadn't they? From that beginning, they became comedians—working more and more comedy into the act until finally there was no more room for the acrobatic tricks.

The Strouds have illustrious precedent for that change. Joe Cook followed the same course. Joe never did discard all the acrobatic tricks. He turned his agility to burlesque of the very stunts he once had done seriously.



The very happiest hours for Deanna Durbin, little singing star of Eddie Cantor's radio program, are those she spends at home with Mother and Dad.

Joe even carried them into radio one night. There was a lot of argument but he finally had his way and did a whole program while he balanced himself precariously on top of a large ball. The next week he wanted to stand on a wire and do the whole show from there, script in one hand and Japanese parasol in the other. NBC put its foot down there. Radio City was new then and they absolutely refused to have acrobats cutting holes in the floor to set up tight wire tackle.

Fred Allen designed his own letterhead. It is a caricature of himself, squirming grimly as he tries to squeeze out of a volume titled, *Joe Miller's Joke Book*.

Comedians usually come out just before broadcast time and jest with the studio audience for a few moments, to get everyone in a receptive mood. Joe Rines, the orchestra leader, has been trying the same idea to pave the way for his music and jests with Graham McNamee on NBC every Sunday afternoon.

A minute before microphone deadline, a man in the audience brings him a hat, and Joe, introducing himself as a magician, promises a disappearing stunt. He shows

there is no trick about the hat and then breaks an egg into it. His magic, he promises, will make the egg disappear, leaving the hat good as new. A cloth is thrown over the hat, Joe makes magic gestures and, lo—the egg still is there and the hat is a terrible mess.

Joe tries again—and the mess is more soggy than ever. A program director comes up and whispers something to Joe. Joe apologizes hastily: "This is very unfortunate, but we have to go on the air now and I won't be able to finish the trick."

The hat's owner walks off, staring ruefully into his hat, and the broadcast begins. Later, however, the man receives a check for a new hat.

Some of radio's very best musicians were recently invited to experiment with a new gadget called a Resonoscope, which shows with electrical precision whether the musician is playing on pitch. The dial is set for, say, *A Flat*, and the musician is asked to sound an *A Flat*.

After the experiment, chances of the gadget finding a place in radio seemed remote. It showed that all the musicians had been

RADIO STARS

playing off key for years, not enough off to be detected by listening ears—but they certainly are not inviting in any machine to make trouble!

Some of the boys were talking about the horses, and Goodman (*Easy Aces*) Ace topped off the discussion. "You can talk," he said, "but I've got the bookmakers just where they want me."

The number of Broadway plays never has reached the pre-depression level but many of the stage actors have found radio acting a solution to the problem of those three meals every day. The jobs offer small pay but, because of brief rehearsals, several such jobs could be taken each week.

Now the haven in radio is slipping away from Broadway. Well over half of the big shows have left New York and moved to Hollywood. The dramatic shows such as Lux Radio Theatre are not the only ones missed. Many of the musical programs used actors in dramatized commercial blurbs. There always was a call for actors to support guest stars in skits on variety hours.

The salary for an actor in a dramatized commercial ranges from \$15 to \$25; for the supporting rôles in skits from \$25 to \$75. A few of the players have managed to work up reputations which earn them slightly higher fees in certain types of rôles.

In spite of all the hullabaloo about swing music, radio has demonstrated that this is a greatly overrated fad. Swing has its ardent devotees but they are a minority, a group of fanatics with eccentric taste. With a single exception, swing orchestras have failed to get any sizable audience on the air.

Louis Armstrong, whose guttural voice and wildly inspired trumpet make him one of the greatest swingers of them all, had a commercial program that lasted six months. The sponsor kept it on to give the show a thorough trial and reaped his reward in heavy expense with small listener response. Any swing addict speaks of Tommy Dorsey in reverent tones. Tommy's Friday night swing show on an NBC network has gradually relegated swing to the background and devotes most of its half hour to the more conventional "sweet" style.

The one exception is Benny Goodman but, for the air, he has a mild, subdued form of swing, very little of the impetuous, rowdy uproar that is characteristic of real swing bands.

The idea seems to be that swing has a place only as a small part of a big radio show. A good example is the occasional interlude devoted to Jimmy Dorsey when that swingster led a band on the Bing Crosby show last season.

While on the subject of Bing Crosby's program, something should be said about the people who complain of Bing's jovial tone and treatment of concert artists who appear on the show. In the first place, that hour is a light, casual entertainment, and music of concert caliber would sound heavy and slow and out of place in such an atmosphere. Great musicians appear to much better advantage, under the circumstances, doing light classics—even though

certain admirers consider such performances undignified.

And, as long as the music is not too serious, it's hard to find a reason why the musician should conduct himself with the lofty solemnity suited to a concert stage. The unexpected, jovial remarks to Bing and Bob Burns have an added mirth, coming from people who so seldom unbend in public.

A lot of us still recall Rose Bampton's duets with Bing Crosby as a superb musical joke. She tossed off her musicianship and scooped under notes just as Bing always does.

For years I, for one, have been trying to understand just why Carmen Lombardo can hold such popularity as a singer. True, he is associated with radio's most popular band—but along with that, he seems to have a following of his own. On tour, spectators crowd around the platform when he is singing and the steady sale of Lombardo recordings doesn't seem to indicate any objection to his voice.



What's this? Mary Livingstone—hugging George Burns? But don't be alarmed. Gracie and Jack Benny were right there, beside them.

So Carmen carries on with his quavering, thin little baritone, each note sounding as though it were squeezed out with great effort. On first hearing, that voice annoyed me greatly. As I became accustomed to it, however, I actually began to like it and wondered why. The voice does have a warm, sentimental quality and the sentiment sounds genuine. Perhaps that's the answer, but every time I hear it, I wonder again.

If you listen to the late evening dance hours, you may have come across Paul Whiteman playing in a manner altogether unfamiliar to the Whiteman fans. Paul has dropped his "symphonic jazz" mannerisms and completely revamped his orchestra.

There are no longer any strings, not even a single violin—just saxophones, woodwinds, brass, piano and drums. The band swings a little more than Paul has ventured since his early jazz days but is by no means an out and out swing band. In short, Paul now has a compromise between his former full toned, mellifluous style and the raucous blare of the very hot bands.

Paul was the man who established the general dance style that grew out of jazz. Perhaps he is now performing the same service for swing.

With the new season under way, we might pause to look over estimates of salaries radio stars are receiving. The top stars are not always the men receiving the highest wages.

Major Bowes, for instance, no longer is rated as radio's top star, but trade circles still concede that he is receiving the top salary. Estimates range around \$20,000 per week for his amateur hour. Second in line is Eddie Cantor, who receives something over \$15,000 for each of his Wednesday programs, from which he pays orchestra, writers and cast, leaving him with a net of around \$12,000.

Some other trade guesses: Jack Benny, a little over \$10,000; Burns and Allen, around \$8,500; Phil Baker, about \$7,500. One of the salary oddities is that Fred Allen gets slightly less for a full hour program than the much less popular Phil Baker gets for a half hour. Amos 'n' Andy have been getting \$4,000 a week to divide, the past few years, but under their new contract starting January 1st, the figure jumps to \$7,500.

Edgar Bergen, whose Charlie McCarthy is the most popular radio figure in years, is in comparatively low salary brackets. His radio income is around \$3,000 a week, but he clears much more than that from outside activities—movies, occasional stage and night club appearances, and sales of Charlie McCarthy novelties, such as dolls, toys, lapel buttons and even women's hats adorned by a dummy head with wobbling chin.

Eddie Duchin's band is famous as a "society band," one of the few orchestras that always does well in places patronized by the upper crust of social circles. That made it surprising the other evening to hear the Duchin vocalist singing: "The very thought of you, the mere idea of you."

Radio's classic example of rebellion against an over dictatorial sponsor can be narrated now without harming anyone. The hero is one Perry Charles, a jolly young man who used to do comedy, announcing and general routine tasks for one of the smaller New York stations, WHN, until he graduated to Hollywood a couple of years ago.

Perry was announcing a fight for WHN one night, and the sponsor sat in a chair right at his elbow. The sponsor kept urging Perry to slip in more commercial plugs and make them stronger. He wanted quick ones during the fight as well as between rounds. Finally the goaded Perry Charles yelled into the microphone:

"The sponsor of this program thinks I am not mentioning him often enough. He wants everyone to know that his store is conducting a big sale of shoes this week. I wouldn't be caught dead in any of them but the sale is on."

That ended Perry's trouble for the duration of the fight but when he got back to the studio—*IVOW!*

—BY ARTHUR MASON



IT'S MY

This month Rudy Vallee's secretary contributes her humble opinion of Rudy

Rudy goes gunning, with candid camera all set for a shot of some nifty bit. Whatever Rudy does, says his secretary, is done with thoroughness, accuracy and entire success.

BY
MARJORIE
DIVEN

HUMBLE OPINION-

FOR years I have been oppressed with a burning desire to put down on paper, for others to see, my impressions of my most-interesting employer. Particularly when people so often stop me on the street and say: "Marjorie, why is Rudy Vallee such a success? My brother Gedney plays the flute awful good and he don't . . ."

So when Rudy was cleaning up some office matters, just prior to leaving for the Coast, I broached the subject to him. "Ob—obviously," I stammered, "obviously you won't have time to do your RADIO STARS' column this month, so I—I thought that perhaps—" "Yes?" he murmured absent-mindedly, meanwhile tearing up a sheaf of papers the thickness of the Manhattan telephone book. "So, I thought perhaps you'd let me do it. I've got some things to say about you—" There, it was out. "Great!" he looked up and smiled. "Marvelous! But one thing—" "Yes?" "Don't be too hard on me!" The smile turned into a grin.

Having just finished my eighth year with Rudy, and having listened to countless people offering reasons for his continued success, perhaps I should be allowed to offer an opinion. After all, you can't watch a person almost daily for years and years without thinking a good deal about the contributing factors to his success.

There seems to exist a popular belief that a successful man accidentally has come upon some sort of secret formula, which he could share with the less fortunate if he only would.

If you ask a man outright why he is a success, his answer may sound a little evasive, as though he were holding out on you. Supposing he says: "It's my pleasing personality." I don't have to tell you what the reaction to that would be! If he says "hard work," that leaves you just about where you were before. Lots of people work very hard indeed, and they aren't necessarily successes.

My guess is that Rudy possesses a triple combination of contributory factors: Natural talent, a capacity for more-than-average hard work and the intelligence to organize his materials, plan with a definite purpose and take advantage of opportunities.

Many people possess one or two of these qualifications, but few have all three. Natural talent plus hard work may bring you to the top but it won't necessarily keep you there.

Let's analyze Rudy: First, we have his natural aptitude. From his earliest childhood he seemed destined to be connected in some way with music and the stage. Among his Christmas gifts was usually a drum. His first public appearance was at school, when he was allowed to beat a march for the children to march out to, at recess. All through his school days and college days his musical training continued to develop, in his study of other instruments.

Which brings us to the second qualification. He had to have excellent health and tremendous energy to carry on the schedule he mapped out for himself. To play at a dance, return to college at three a. m., and then study for the next day's classes, required great vitality and endurance.

The third quality—intelligent foresight—was also evident in his boyhood. The thing that lifted him out of the class of the average ambitious youngster was his method of approach. When he wrote to Rudy Wiedoeft (the famous saxophonist and the *raison d'être* for the change from Hubert to Rudy Vallee), it was not to ask him for a break, nor for a picture. He wanted to know how Wiedoeft attained a certain desirable effect in his recording of *The Crocodile*. He asked about mouthpieces and reeds. Having made up his mind to master the technique of the sax, he deliberately set about digging up all available information on the subject.

One thing always has impressed me about Rudy. He is not just a bandleader and a singer—he is a man of infinite potentialities. If music were not his chosen field, I believe that he would have succeeded as a lawyer, an orator, a doctor, a business executive and, yes—even a minister. If you have never heard Rudy deliver a speech, you've missed something! The point I want to make is that he has the fundamental characteristics that lead to success in whatever field he may have selected. If he were to change places with any member of his organization, he would do that job more thoroughly, more accurately and probably get more done in less time than that particular member—and that goes for me and my job, too!

By the time Rudy was graduated from Yale, in 1927, he already had had considerable experience in the musical field. He had played with a large number of different bands, including the Savoy in London; he had appeared at night clubs, hotels, vaudeville, summer resorts and, although he was a crackerjack sax man, no one knew he could sing but those select few who had heard him at the society spots of Maine (where in the summer of 1924 he played with a Boston society orchestra); at Old Orchard Beach, Maine, where, after his return from London in 1925, he sang, through a little red megaphone: *If You Were The Only Girl, I Love The Moon, St. Louis Blues, Beale St. Blues, How Come Ya Do Me Like Ya Do Do Do, I Ain't Got Nobody* (you see, the influence of Marion Harris and Al Bernard on Brunswick Records had inspired him to sing these songs in much the same manner as they did). Benny Kreuger's sax style was his ideal, although he still worshiped Rudy Wiedoeft. By 1925 and '26 he was singing in a trio with the *Yale Collegians*, in vaudeville, and he shyly confided to me that one girl, at least, from the society crowd at the Westchester Biltmore Country Club had told him that when he sang it did things to her!

Yet the world of everyday people didn't really know that Rudy could tell a story in melody.

But in January, 1928, he opened at the Heigh-Ho Club and the Connecticut Yankees came into being. It was radio that brought him to the attention of a large public, and his voice—especially his singing voice—was found to be particularly adapted to the microphone. Today Rudy rarely touches the saxophone and then only as a novelty!

The first time I ever saw Rudy was in 1929. He was playing at the Lombardy Hotel, for tea dances. For the past few months I had been (Continued on page 18)

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(Continued from page 17)

one of his regular listeners—a member of a typically Vallee-conscious family, who raced up the hill to home just three minutes before the broadcast, flinging ourselves at the radio before removing coats and hats. We shushed visitors and didn't answer the phone. So, going to the Lombardy was an event.

He fitted well into the quiet, restful atmosphere of that room. The lights were low, the conversation subdued and the dancers were neither noisy nor inclined to chatter. Rudy picked up his megaphone and stepped to the front of the small platform to sing *Lover Come Back To Me*. Instantly the dancing ceased, and couples moved softly forward to listen.

After that I often dropped in for tea, watching him pass among the various tables, like a host, sitting now with one group and now with another. Rudy found the vacant chair at my table a convenient place to stop for a rest and a bite to eat. He generally had scrambled eggs, bacon, milk and whole wheat toast. I never could figure out what meal it was meant to be, because while it had a breakfast look, the time was late afternoon. I brought him clippings whenever I found anything about him, and although he was often silent and preoccupied, he had conversational moments and I began to learn something about him.

Our first real meeting, however, was at the stage door of the RKO 81st Street Theatre. I had switched on the radio at home for his usual broadcast and found another band in his place. For a Vallee-fan family, this was genuine tragedy! It didn't take me long to rush down to this 81st Street Theatre, where he was playing, and I arrived just as he was untangling his raccoon coat from the steering wheel of his car. I watched him while he took out a big sax on wheels and a little sax not on wheels and several piles of music. Then I demanded to know why he wasn't on the air. My manner must have implied that I had received a personal insult, but he merely grinned and dashed away into the theatre.

Just as he disappeared, I had a bit of luck. A chorus girl came along, smiled at me and said: "Hello! Going in?" There was a terrible jam around the corner in front of the theatre, the SRO sign was out, so I felt very lucky indeed and thanked my stars for pleasant chorus girls, and went in with her.

It was my first experience backstage and I got mixed up in the scenery. A scene shifter eyed me nervously and remarked: "Lady, if you stand there you're going to get beamed with the curtain!" So I backed up a little. Rudy and the boys were setting up the music on the dimly-lit stage. He looked intensely serious and not a little worried. That is putting it mildly—I thought he looked, actually, scared to death! It seems that he had no idea whether a personal appearance was a safe experiment for a radio band.

At the opening bars of *Deep Night*, just before the curtain was raised, there arose a sound like an approaching hurricane. I never had heard anything like it before, but suddenly I realized that it was ap-

plause. Applause sounds quite differently, backstage, from the way it does when you are sitting in the middle of it. I'll never forget Rudy's face at that moment. As soon as the first few bars identified one of his numbers, the applause rose again. Watching from the wings, I was so excited I was shaking.

Things happened with breath-taking swiftness after that. There was the record-breaking engagement at the Paramount and the trip to the Coast to film *Vagabond Lover*.

He returned to the Paramount, and one day I dropped in to find him looking rather helplessly at a staggering heap of mail. "Can't you help me with this?" he asked. "Answer some of it for me . . ."

The suggestion came as a surprise to me and I nearly refused, fearing that I might not do it to suit him. "Say what you'd think I'd say," he replied to my misgivings. So that night I returned to a dumbfounded family, weighed down with a brief-case overflowing with packages of letters, and said: "I seem to have a job!" I collected all the cardboard-box covers in the house, arranged them about me and began to deal mail into them. That was in October, 1929, and metal trays in profusion have since taken the place of the cardboard boxes.

People frequently ask me questions about the fan mail and I am happy to be given the opportunity of saying something about it.

The average person lives a quiet, uneventful life, meeting the same people, doing the same things, seeing the same familiar places, day after day. Some people are timid or naturally reticent and do not make new friends easily. The stage, the movies and the radio offer a fascinating field for exploration and adventure. So sometimes these reserved souls venture to write to a person they admire but do not know personally.

There is a certain wistfulness in many of these letters, which reveals two things: First, their intense loneliness and second, their mortal fear of ridicule. None of us likes being laughed at, but sensitive souls shrink from it as from the lash of a whip. I have learned that secretaries do not have a very good reputation as a class. If reports are to be believed, they sneer at the mail and are scornful of the writer.

People come into my office, look at my desk heaped high with trays of letters and ask: "Isn't it dreadfully boring to go through all those hundreds of letters? Don't you get frightfully sick of it?"

Bored? The best friends I ever had came out of those trays (figuratively, of course). Almost any morning I may reach in and draw out a prize. The timid, earnest little girl, whose letter I answer today, may be one of my intimate friends a few weeks hence. Through an interchange of letters I become familiar with the lives of innumerable people. I know when they graduate, when they marry, when they die. Some of them live very far away and even though we may never meet, friendships develop and last. I have friends in Iceland, India, Java, New Zealand, Australia, the Philippines and the Virgin Islands. I know a Buddhist Princess and a Maori

girl and an engineer who lives in the Never Never Land of Australia, rarely seeing a white man. On rare occasions I have had a surprise visit from one of these friends and we were both excited and thrilled. It is true that I once discovered that I had been addressing as "Dear Lucy" a delightful person who had artfully concealed from me the fact that she was a grandmother with married grandchildren. It seems she liked being called "Dear Lucy," and it was only by chance that I heard about her grandmother state.

So when people ask me if I'm bored, I can reply with the utmost sincerity, no, never!

But there are problems connected with trying to correspond with half the people in the United States, let alone thirty-six foreign countries. The letters pile up alarmingly, and though I do much of this writing at night, it sometimes gets over my head. Besides, there are other things that must be done.

I suppose we get an average of two hundred letters a day. I've never had time to count them. There was one never-to-be-forgotten week when Rudy sang a song called *Then I'd Be Lying*, and offered a choice of two different endings. The next morning four postmen brought in the mail. They drew package after package out of their knapsacks and arranged them in rows all along the edge of the room. That week totaled 11,000 letters, and at the end of three weeks we had 24,000 on the subject.

There are many requests for favorite songs, of course, but sometimes one must do a bit of guessing. Of the current songs, *Vieni Vieni* undergoes considerable variations. For example: *Yeene Yeene Dus a Bella*, *Veyimny Veyimny* and *Beeny Beeny Beeny*. They had plenteous trouble with the *Whiffenpoof Song*, which has been referred to as the *Sheep Song*, (the one with *Baas* in it) and once as *The Whipping Post Song*.

In past years we have had requests for *Vedi Coes* which turned out to mean *Betty Co-ed*; *Bronikle Bill*, *Sweetheart of Sig-munda Chic*, *Lonely Troopa Door*, *Sickaret Lady* and *The Peanut Bender*.

The *Stein Song* appeared in prohibition days and I discovered that a good many people didn't know what a stein was. Rudy was asked for *Mr. Stein's Drinking Song* and the song that began *Oh Phil*; and the word "stein" appeared variously as "styne," "stine," "stiene," and "stien."

I guessed *You Can't Take My Pu Pu Pe Dow Away* and the *Song About Poopa Doopa Down In Cuba On His Toopa Toopa*, but a recent request, with a hill-billy flavor, has me stumped. Will someone please enlighten me? It's *But You Ain't Heard Folks Go Ibba Dabba Dab Ibba Dabba Ibba Dabba Wooj By Gum*.

Following one broadcast of several years ago, a young lady wrote in to ask what Rudy meant by asking the captain to save his wife and cheese cakes. A quick reference to the script identified the line. It was—"*Captain, save my Fleischmann's Yeast cake.*"

We get our share of oddly-addressed envelopes—those with a picture pasted on,
(Continued on page 72)



FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO RADIO



The sort of musical organization which turns the average listener into a confirmed radio addict is Horace Heidt and his *Alemite Brigadiers*. His broadcasts have such a high quality of versatile entertainment that, once heard, they're never missed.

The ingratiating spirit and personality of Horace Heidt permeates not only his orchestra, but all of his programs, as well. That "million-dollar" smile of his is no prop. He really enjoys his work. He's actually happy directing the proceedings. Genuinely glad to be there. And no wonder.

When seriously injured as a University of California football player, it was feared that Horace Heidt would be crippled for life. But with that smile of his, and that grit that's always been in back of it, Horace felt otherwise. He knew he'd get well and be healthy again. It took seventeen spinal operations to prove he was right, but his health returned.

While convalescing, he studied music. Once out of the wheelchair, he formed an orchestra. It didn't create much notice at first, but Horace was sure it would. Vaudeville was popular at the time, so he trained his musicians especially for vaudeville audiences. His band gradually became a terrific success here and abroad. But then vaudeville faded. Radio took its place and, unfortunately, the Horace Heidt band was strictly for vaudeville. He went to work and radically revamped his entire organization, keeping always in mind the radio listener. With the gratifying result that Horace Heidt now is enjoying greater success than ever before. And all because he made a careful study of what the listener likes to hear and wisely built his programs accordingly.

To *Horace Heidt and his Alemite Brigadiers*, Radio Stars Magazine presents its award for Distinguished Service to Radio.

Lester C. Grady

She is glamorous on the screen, glamorous, too, on the airways, the lovely Myrna Loy!

THE INSIDE STORY MAXWELL HOUSE

WITH parental blessings from studio, exhibitors, theatre owners, with cheers and hosannas from every star on the M-G-M lot (excepting only Garbo), the alliance between movies and radio was cemented, made a more firmly accomplished fact than ever it has been made before when, last November, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, sponsored by *General Foods*, with William Bacher as officiating High Lama of the program, went on the air.

And thereby hangs a tale, the "inside story" of which I shall now attempt to tell you.

For years, as we all know, there has been enmity between the movies and radio. The Capulets and the Montagues of the entertainment world, were movies and the radio. True, stars of the screen did appear on the air, as guest artists, on the *Hollywood Hotel* hour, *Lux Radio Theatre* and one or two others. But, in spite of these concessions, the studios didn't really want their stars to do radio. It was said that, compromise as they would, the radio and movies were still deadly rivals. The studios would continue to balk at radio for their stars, the exhibitors would cut their throats, the theatre owners commit hari-kiri, if the studios ever fully surrendered to the "Menace" of the air.

The reason for this fear, it was said, was the fear that if the stars went on the air, the fans would sit at home in their own living-rooms instead of occupying seats in

According to Bill Bacher, who



Spencer Tracy is beloved alike by countless movie and radio fans.

Even if you can't see her, Eleanor Powell does make your pulses leap!

OF THE M-G-M SHOW BY GLADYS HALL

the local motion picture theatres.

That, I can now tell you, was *not* the real fear. Actual statistics prove that there was no rational reason for such a fear because, in the past three years, with rapid improving in quality and increasing in quantity, pictures have made more money than ever before.

William Bacher, the ace producer of radio, the man who "did" *Hollywood Hotel*, increasing the sponsors' sales of the hour; the man who started the *Crime Club* on the air; the man who produced *National Dairy Trials*, featuring such notables as Clarence Darrow. Arthur Garfield Hayes and others; the man who produced the *Maxwell House Show Boat* for three and a half years; the man of whom the late Irving Thalberg said: "He has more spirit than any man I have ever known."—this same Bill Bacher told me the inside story of that rumored fear. It was the fear, not that the stars would be too good on the air, thus satisfying their fans to such an extent that they would not feel impelled to see them often on the screen—but that they would be *just too bad!* They feared that, if the stars did radio without the guidance and protection of the studios, if they gave broadcasts too hastily rehearsed, gave characterizations out of line with their personalities, they might destroy all of the glamour and prestige the studios have so carefully and expensively (Continued on page 73)

is directing M-G-M's famous stars



Frank Morgan's bemused, beguiling humor's a radio must, for us.

It's a treat for radio fans whenever Clark Gable goes on the air.

The date? Nine p.m. on Thursdays. NBC-Red, Wallace Beery reminds us.



In this original new radio-movie program, Joan Crawford is another star we hear.

DEANNA LEARNS



Child stars must receive three hours of schooling each day. Deanna Durbin studies with Mrs. Mary West, studio resident teacher and Deanna's companion in her working days.



Deanna goes nautical, while on vacation at Lake Arrowhead, California. A girl has to have some fun once in a while, even if she is a movie starlet, thinks Deanna.

ON A late September evening a little girl stepped confidently before a microphone and, aware of her studio audience and of that greater multitude listening in, lifted up her lark-like voice in song. A very famous little girl, who displayed no nervousness but who sang the difficult aria from *Madame Butterfly* with the gracious ease of a veteran, her manner a delightful compound of radiant child and gifted artist . . .

Deanna's experiences since she first sang on the *Fire Chief* program with Eddie Cantor, little over a year ago, have been many and varied. Looking at her on the screen, listening to her over the air, you are conscious that she has changed. She is a better actress than

she was a year ago; her voice, remarkable as it was then, has improved, is richer, more moving; her manner more assured, without losing her delicate childish appeal. But can one believe in appearances? Is this the real Deanna? Or has she changed in other ways less gratifying to her fans and friends?

It was her little-girl charm, almost as much as that glorious, unexpectedly mature soprano, that made Deanna Durbin a star. It would be sheer tragedy if a year of being a Hollywood success, a natural celebrity, had altered her, if she had lost that endearing simplicity, that unaffected sweetness, that were an integral part of her charm. And yet the risk was great—if sudden fame, with its concomit-

A LESSON

BY
MIRIAM ROGERS



"H'm, this is tougher than I thought!" says Deanna, puzzling over a weighty problem. But she has learned the answer to problems that have flunked out many an older star!



As Patsy in Universal's *100 Men and a Girl*, Deanna tries to improve the appearance of Daddy (Adolphe Menjou) before he applies for a job with an orchestra.

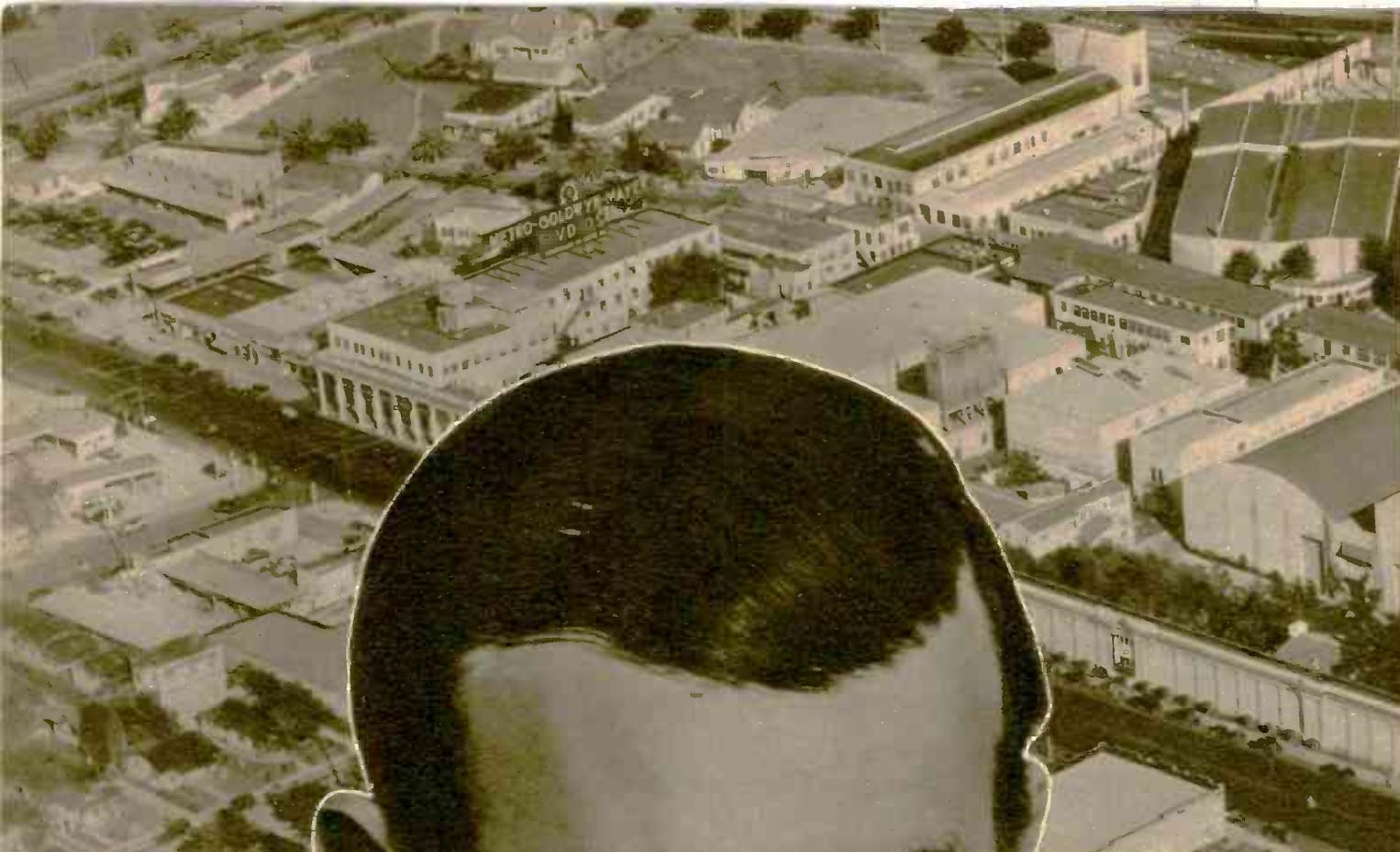
ant, big money, can change a man or woman almost beyond recognition, what might it not do to a child, a little girl plucked out of a simple middle-class home and made, almost overnight, the idol of millions?

For her original success on the Cantor program was immediate and amazing. From an unknown Hollywood schoolgirl, she became at once a national sensation. Success on the screen followed swiftly with the release of *Three Smart Girls*. And now *100 Men and a Girl* bulwarks that success, establishes her as no flash in the pan but every inch a star. Again she enjoys the spotlight on the Cantor program Wednesday nights at 8:30, EST over the CBS network, and her third picture

for Universal, *Mad About Music*, will soon be released.

What then of the child herself? Is she the same little girl whose only thought in the excitement of her first success was for Mother, Daddy and Sister? Or is she what some gossips have proclaimed, that saddening spectacle, a child gone Hollywood?

They—including a famous radio commentator—asserted that the child had been hopelessly ruined, her sweetness lost, her natural charm exchanged for temperament—or just plain temper. They said she wouldn't give interviews unless she could choose her own interviewers, that she had tantrums on the set and off, held up (Continued on page 53)



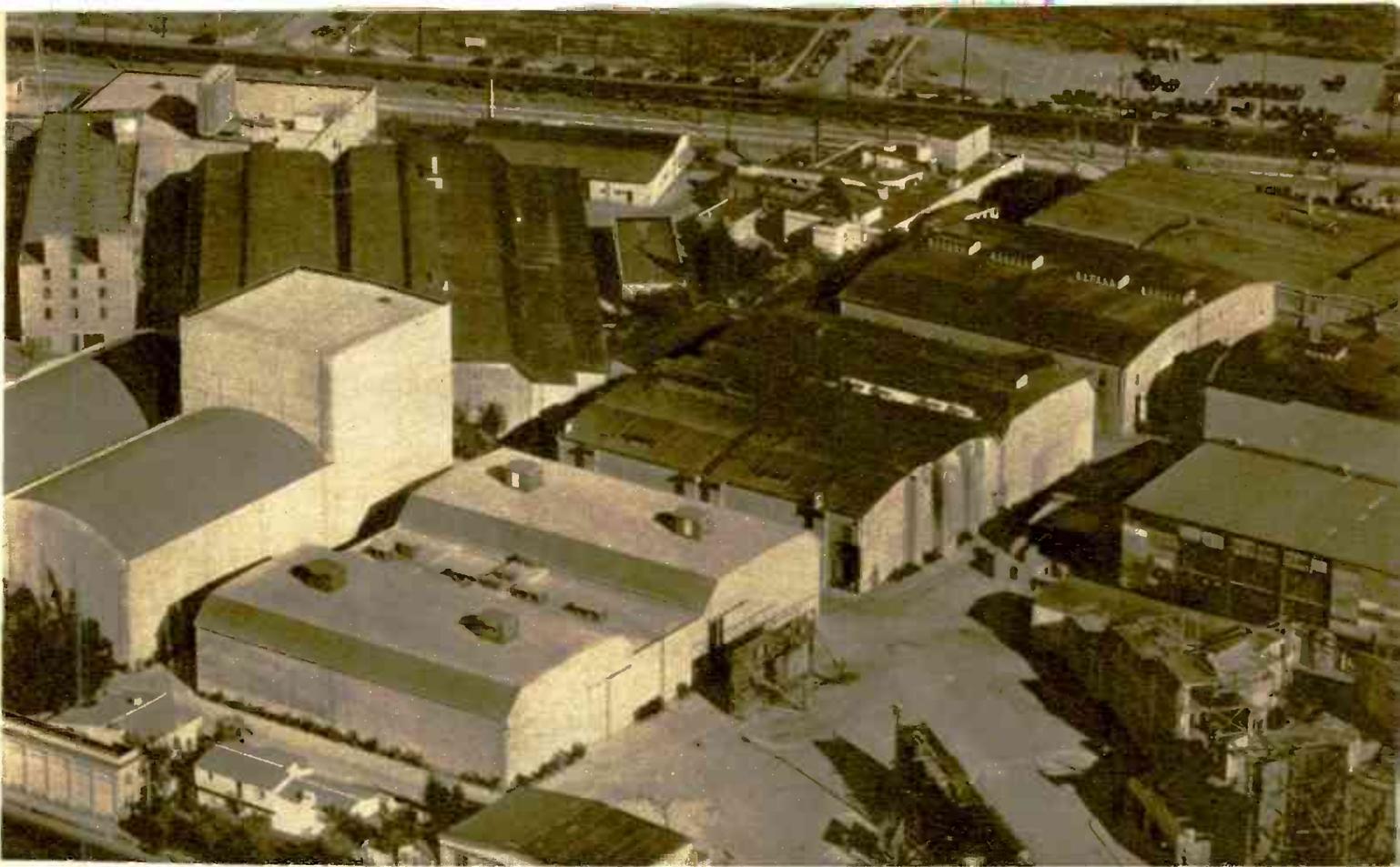
All roads lead to Hollywood now! Here's a bird's-eye view of one of the big movie centers. (M-G-M).

Hollywood, says Phil Baker, is a *Shangri-La*, where even air comics have palaces and swimming-pools.

'm

By LEO
TOWNSEND





AFRAID OF HOLLYWOOD

WHAT would you say to a guy, with both radio and film contracts in Hollywood, who says he's afraid of the place? You'd ask him how come. And if the guy happened to be Phil Baker, he'd give you such a sensible, convincing answer that you'd probably quit asking him questions. Instead, you'd just sit back and listen to him, which is more fun anyway.

Phil Baker—as everyone in the country knows, with the possible exception of those three people who don't have radios—is *Gulf Oil's* Jester-in-Chief. Before that his beaming pan and his rollicking gags brightened up many a vaudeville and musical comedy stage. Now he's living the life of a country squire in Hollywood, battling his weekly battles with *Beetle* and *Bottle*, and lending his talents to the famed Mr. Sam Goldwyn for the forthcoming *Goldwyn Follies*, where you'll see him in company with such other zanies as The Ritz Brothers and that cantankerous little chunk of lumber, *Charlie McCarthy*. So why is Phil Baker afraid of Hollywood?

In the first place, don't get Phil wrong. He likes Hollywood. He likes it a lot. And that's where all the trouble sits.

"Hollywood is swell," says Phil. "It's a *Shangri-La*, where weary travelers, and even radio comedians, wind up in palatial 20-room estates, with block-long swimming-pools. Why, it's so wonderful you can even hire a guy to do your swimming for you.

"Everything is beautiful—the women are beautiful, the men are beautiful, the climate is beautiful, the checks are beautiful. And I'm afraid of it, simply because it's all too

wonderful. I'm afraid I'd like it so much I'd give up work entirely and spend my days lying under a palm tree, eating lotus blossoms, or whatever it is people eat who lie under palm trees.

"That prospect might not sound bad, but I've worked hard all my life, and I've got so now I actually enjoy it. I'm not the type who could retire. And besides, maybe I wouldn't care for lotus blossoms. A nice filet mignon has always been more in my line."

And Phil is probably right. He's been working hard ever since he was ten years old. Up to that time, his life in Philadelphia was about as quiet as anybody's life in Philadelphia. Philadelphia is only an hour and a half's train ride from New York, but the distance from Philadelphia to Broadway is something else again. It took Phil Baker across the country many times in vaudeville, before he arrived at Broadway's Palace Theatre with his accordion and his partner, an alleged violin player named Ben Bernie. Since that time he's been working regularly, first as a musical comedy star and now in radio and pictures. And he likes hard work, so the palm trees had better look around for another customer.

"When I say I'm afraid of Hollywood," Phil continued, "I don't mean it in a disparaging way. Hollywood has many advantages you can't find anywhere else and there are people who could live here all their lives and never want to leave. *Peter, the Hermit*, for instance, and *Donald Duck*.

"Hollywood and New York might as well be in two worlds, they're so different. In (Continued on page 71)

Why does radio and film comic Phil Baker fear the Wonder City?

IN THE

New glimpses of network



Badminton enthusiast, Betty Lou Gerson (Mme. Henriette in the NBC Story of Mary Marlin).

26



Tyrone Power enjoys his dramatic series for Woodbury broadcast Sundays over the NBC-Blue network from Hollywood, where he is one of 20th Century-Fox's leading stars. His latest picture is *An Old Chicago*.

When Tommy Riggs discovered that, in addition to his nice baritone, he could talk in the voice of a small child, he didn't know his *Betty Lou* would make him famous. Now he and *Betty* are on Rucy Vallee's program.



Wide World

RADIO SPOTLIGHT

stars whose genius rewards your keeping dial dates with them



Alice Faye, whom you will see with Tyrone Power in the 20th Century-Fox movie, *In Old Chicago*, stars with Hal Kemp in the popular CBS program, *Music from Hollywood*, which you hear on Fridays at 8:30 p.m. EST.

The candid camera catches the beloved "Songbird of the South," Kate Smith, as she rehearses for her variety program, heard Thursdays from eight to nine over the CBS network, with a star-studded cast.



Comedian Eddie Cantor broadcasts with his protégée, Deanna Durbin, Wednesdays at 8:30 p.m., EST, over the CBS network. This past year Deanna has risen to the heights in the movie *100 Men and a Girl*.

Here is the "Blacksheep" son of the Park Avenue Penners. Joe doesn't look very happy but he's guaranteed to make you laugh! He's on the CBS airplanes each Sunday at 6 p.m., with his variety show.



Dear Miss Fairfax

The story of the "Advice to the Lovelorn" lady

BY ELIZABETH BENNECHE PETERSEN

SHE says that her grown sons look on her as an elderly female urchin. A great psychologist cites her as one of the most successful suicide preventive forces in the United States today, and thousands of men and women regard her as a particularly understanding friend. And all of them are right about this woman you know as *Beatrice Fairfax*.

There have been other *Beatrice Fairfaxes*, for the name is a copyrighted one, owned by the newspaper that has featured this *Advice to the Lovelorn* column for years. But Marie Manning is the original *Beatrice*.

She was only twenty, that day when the late Arthur Brisbane came bustling into "the hen coop," as the office of the woman's page was known, and demanded new ideas for his feminine readers.

It was Marie's first job, and she had been on the paper only two weeks, but she had an idea.

"The only thing women are really interested in is getting the man they're in love with," she said with all the conviction of a girl interested in a man herself.

"A magnificent idea, if it can be put across," Brisbane agreed, so the girl set about proving that it could be done, and succeeded so well that now there isn't a paper in the country without its own *Lovelorn* column.

The name, *Beatrice Fairfax*, has proved a gold mine to its copyright owners, but Marie Manning tossed it off as glibly as she did her million-dollar idea. Fairfax County, Virginia, had been the home of the Mannings since the first of them settled in America, and Marie, being all bound up in a romance herself at the time, tossed a bouquet to another great love and honored Dante's *Beatrice* by using her name.

Brisbane, astute newspaperman that he was, knew he had something in that name, *Beatrice Fairfax*, and time proved what a bonanza it was. People liked the lilt of it as it fell from their tongues and the impressiveness of it as their pens wrote it,

for it held just enough charm and dignity and elegance and friendliness to impress itself on everybody.

Mail came pouring in by the sackload, and Marie guided the love-life of her readers for five years. Then she took her own medicine and got married.

"You know, I've never met my husband socially," she says with that grand laugh of hers. "I took up with a young man I'd never been introduced to."

But she wasn't going against her own advice to girls when she became interested in Herman Gasch, who was the head clerk in the real estate office that was handling some property she inherited from her father. For it's the street corner and rumble seat type of flirtation she objects to, not a meeting such as this that holds as much dignity as a hundred introductions could confer upon a relationship.

And she discovered that love wasn't an old story to *Beatrice Fairfax*, after all. Somehow it didn't matter at all that she had felt the pulse of thousands of romances and had given sage counsel to all those unknown girls and boys who had asked for her help. For falling in love, really in love, was as new and bewildering and exciting to the astute *Beatrice Fairfax*, High Priestess of Love, as it was to any other young girl.

She took her own advice to other young brides, when she gave up her job and settled down into being the best wife and mother she knew how to be.

"The woman in business is a problem. To herself, most of all," she says frankly. "It's difficult for a woman to have a career and her domestic life, too. One almost always is bound to lose to the other. Unless they have a terrific urge to express themselves, or achieve good success, a woman usually loses in following a career."

"Men aren't any different today from what they were centuries ago. They like the feeling of providing for the woman they love. Many a woman, successful in her own work, (Continued on page 66)

ON THE HOLLYWOOD HOTEL SET



The new Warner Brothers "filmusical," *Hollywood Hotel*, presents familiar faces. (1) Gene Krupa, drummer of Benny Goodman's famous swing band. (2) Johnnie Davis, trumpet soloist of Fred Waring's band, carries the torch for Frances Langford in this movie. (3) Here Johnnie and Frances rehearse their lines with Dialogue Director Gene Lewis on the studio *Hotel* set. (4) Later, in the studio commissary, they snatch a bit of lunch together, discussing meanwhile a tarchy scene. (5) Rosemary Lane, also one of the Fred Waring stars, shares feminine honors with her sister, Lola, in *Hollywood Hotel*, opposite Dick Powell. (6) "Sofer," says Benny Goodman, to Trombonist Murray McEachern, as he listens through the sound recorder.



A happy family group. Allan and Irene, with Irene's little daughter, Gail, just after the Jones-Hervey wedding — on July 26th, 1936.



Irene Hervey, who now is Mrs. Allan Jones, takes a whirl at being her husband's secretary. They fell in love at first sight, when they met on the M-G-M lot.

HARD WORK'S A PLEASURE

"ONE of the swellest things said to me since the preview of *Firefly*," said Allan Jones, "was said to me by English, one of the studio chaffeurs. He said: 'No matter how big you get, Allan, I hope you'll never be any different from the way you are now—you sure are the working man's friend.'" And I said: "I'll always be Allan to you fellows, same as I am now. Why should I be any different? I'm a working man myself."

Thus the muscular, gray-eyed, tanned young man, of whom Hollywood and radio are saying: "*He's the tops.*" "And so I am a working man," Allan went on. "The grandson of a working man, the son of a working man, a working man myself. I have the idea that, no matter what a fellow does, whether he sings on the air, works in the mines, digs ditches, hunts microbes, makes pictures, he's still a working man, a laborer in his own particular vineyard. If the rewards for some kinds of work are higher than for others—well, that's a problem in sociology or economics or something. It shouldn't affect the man himself. I should have told my friend, English, that if I ever do change, he can clunk me over the head. I'll deserve it. I'm telling him now."

"My grand-dad was a miner. My dad was a miner. I was a miner. The folks came from Wales. And my dad had a better voice than I've got, only he didn't have the chance to do anything with it, professionally. So he handed it down to me. He worked hard in the mines there in Scranton, Pennsylvania, where I was born. He got advanced, became superintendent of mines, and when he had saved enough money, the first thing he did was buy an organ, and then a piano, and every evening he gave the family singing lessons in the old front parlor. My childhood was 'conditioned,' as they

say, by coal-dust and chords. The two seemed to mix all right.

"When I was four, my dad would perch me on his shoulder and carry me to all the church sociables and ice-cream festivals and strawberry festivals and chicken dinners given by the Ladies Aid for miles around. I'd stand on a chair and sing hymns and the old songs. When I was eight, I sang in the church choir at St. Luke's Episcopal Church, there in Scranton.

"I was an only child, but that didn't spell spoiling. We had no time for spoiling. My Welsh grandmother lived with us and she and my mother kept house the old-fashioned way. They baked, cooked good, plain food, said grace at table, gave me plenty of chores to do. We had a kitchen garden, and when other kids were playing marbles, I was planting corn and pole beans and splitting kindling. Gave me good muscles, and if you don't think a singer needs muscles . . . !

"I was about ten when I knew, and the folks knew, that a musical career was the goal. That meant plugging. God gives you a voice, but you've got to work to get the trimmings. And they cost money. I started out to earn money. I knew that Dad had given me the only legacy he could, the best one possible—the voice. I knew that I didn't have any 'uncle in Australia' who would die and leave me endowed. I'd never heard of 'angels' and I didn't believe in miracles. I was used to seeing men work for what they wanted, sweat for it. Well, so would I.

"I did!" laughed Allan. "I went to work for Silverbergh's Clothing Store in Scranton, after school hours. I delivered suits for them and I made ten dollars a week, and every red cent of that, except just enough to (Continued on page 64)

BY Faith Service

Allan Jones, Hollywood leading man and operatic star, walks to work. He sings with Jeanette MacDonald in *The Firefly* (M-G-M).

Coal dust and chords, says Allan Jones, conditioned his career. Seems a good formula!



THE PRIVATE LIFE

IS there a married woman living who has not realized the futility of marital arguments? Who has not regretted a hasty word, vainly desiring to recall it? Lives there a person, man or woman, single or married, who has not at some time wished for as keen foresight as hindsight? Myra Kingsley, noted astrologer, has a message to all those whose lives are imperfect—and this includes practically everyone. Her advice and counsel are given five days a week over the Mutual Broadcasting System.

"We never have arguments in our family," Myra Kingsley says of her married life.

When a wife makes such a statement, we are apt to view her with raised eyebrows. But somehow we believe this exceptional woman, viewing the happy family group. Myra Kingsley, one of the country's leading astrologers, is married to Howard L. Taylor. The family consists of Mr. Taylor's daughter, Margot, and his son, Howard, Jr., by a former marriage. Margot, at present, is in Paris, working for one of the leading fashion magazines. Young Howard makes his home with his father and Miss Kingsley—and they all are most congenial.

"It is because we all are astrologically suited to each other," is the way Miss Kingsley explains it. "If more people understood astrology, lives would be more harmonious. It makes good things better and the bad less bad."

But how does she apply this philosophy to her own life?

Last spring, Miss Kingsley's chart showed that the fall of this year held good things for her in a professional way. It showed distance, space, expansion in her field.

As a result of these findings, the astrologer refused to sign a lease on the apartment in which she and Howard Taylor make their home—because she interpreted "distance" to mean travel.

"My chart showed so clearly that the expansion in my professional

Myra Kingsley, noted astrologer of the Four Hundred, is now heard with her horoscopes over the Mutual network, daily except Saturday and Sunday, at 11:45 a.m., EST, along with Jean Paul King, commentator, and guest stars.

BY MIRIAM GIBSON

Myra Kingsley explains how she applies her knowledge of astrology to her own life, and how one may avoid much sorrow by knowing what the stars foretell

OF AN ASTROLOGER

life had to do with distances, that I felt it would be foolish to sign a lease for a home in New York, much as we love this apartment," explained Miss Kingsley. "It was not until I realized that the distance was airwaves, that the expansion meant extending my work into radio, not in travel, that we renewed our lease on this place."

Myra Kingsley now appears on the air five days a week for the *Hecker Flour* people. When the program was definitely signed, the sponsor asked Myra to pick an auspicious day for the debut of the new air show. "September 7th showed itself to be a most advantageous day for the start of a radio program, so that was the day on which we began," she told me. And from present indications, the stars did not mislead her. The sponsors of the program are so well pleased that they have given Miss Kingsley a three-year contract.

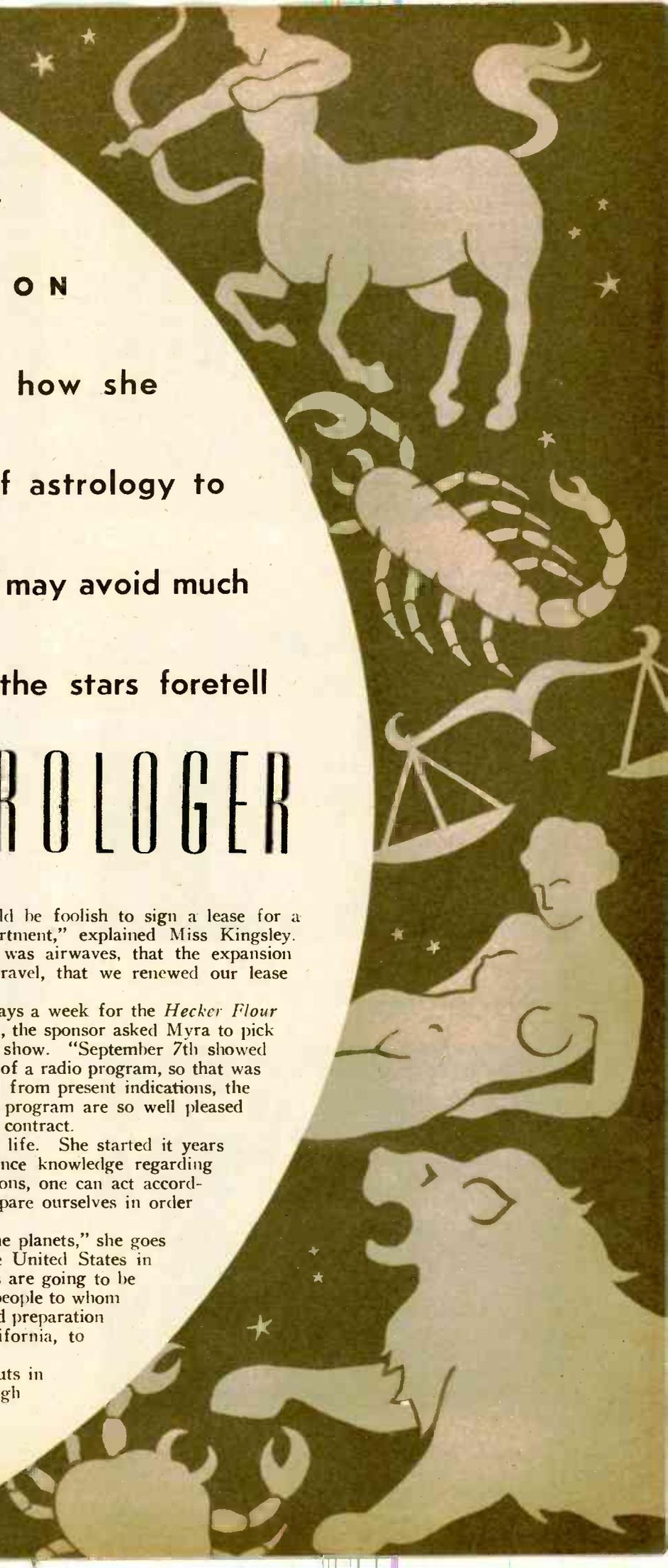
Miss Kingsley keeps a daily chart of her own life. She started it years ago. Astrology, she maintains, gives you advance knowledge regarding general conditions. "If one knows those conditions, one can act accordingly. If we know trouble is ahead, we can prepare ourselves in order to avoid disaster.

"Everything we do as a family is guided by the planets," she goes on. "For instance, I see a serious time for the United States in 1942. There is a revolutionary aspect, conditions are going to be upset for the country for five or six years. Few people to whom I tell this will believe me. But as a precaution and preparation for that time, we have bought a ranch in California, to which we shall retire when that time comes."

"Large cities are places to stay away from," cuts in Howard Taylor. "I know! I have been through three revolutions. I don't want to be caught in a big city in my fourth."

He was born in Munich and has seen Germany in upheaval. He attended

(Continued on page 69)



BETWEEN BROADCASTS

The camera discloses leading lights of the airlines



Dorothy Lamour goes to town with the *Yacht Club Boys*. They appear together in the gay Universal picture, most aptly titled: *Thrill of a Lifetime*.



Wide World

Jadwiga Jedrzejowska, Polish tennis star, smiles, as Fred MacMurray, Jack Benny and Carole Lombard autograph the plaster cast on her fractured toe.



Showing Alice Faye and Tyler Brooke in one of the merry scenes from *In Old Chicago*. Alice stars with Hal Kemp on the CBS air-show, *Music from Hollywood*.



The sands of the old year are running out! Jack Haley, star of the *NBC Log Cabin* show [Saturdays, 8:30 p.m., EST], as Father Time.



Lovely Wendy Barrie, heard with Jack Haley on the *Log Cabin* show, plays with Kent Taylor in Universal's film, *Prescription for Romance*.

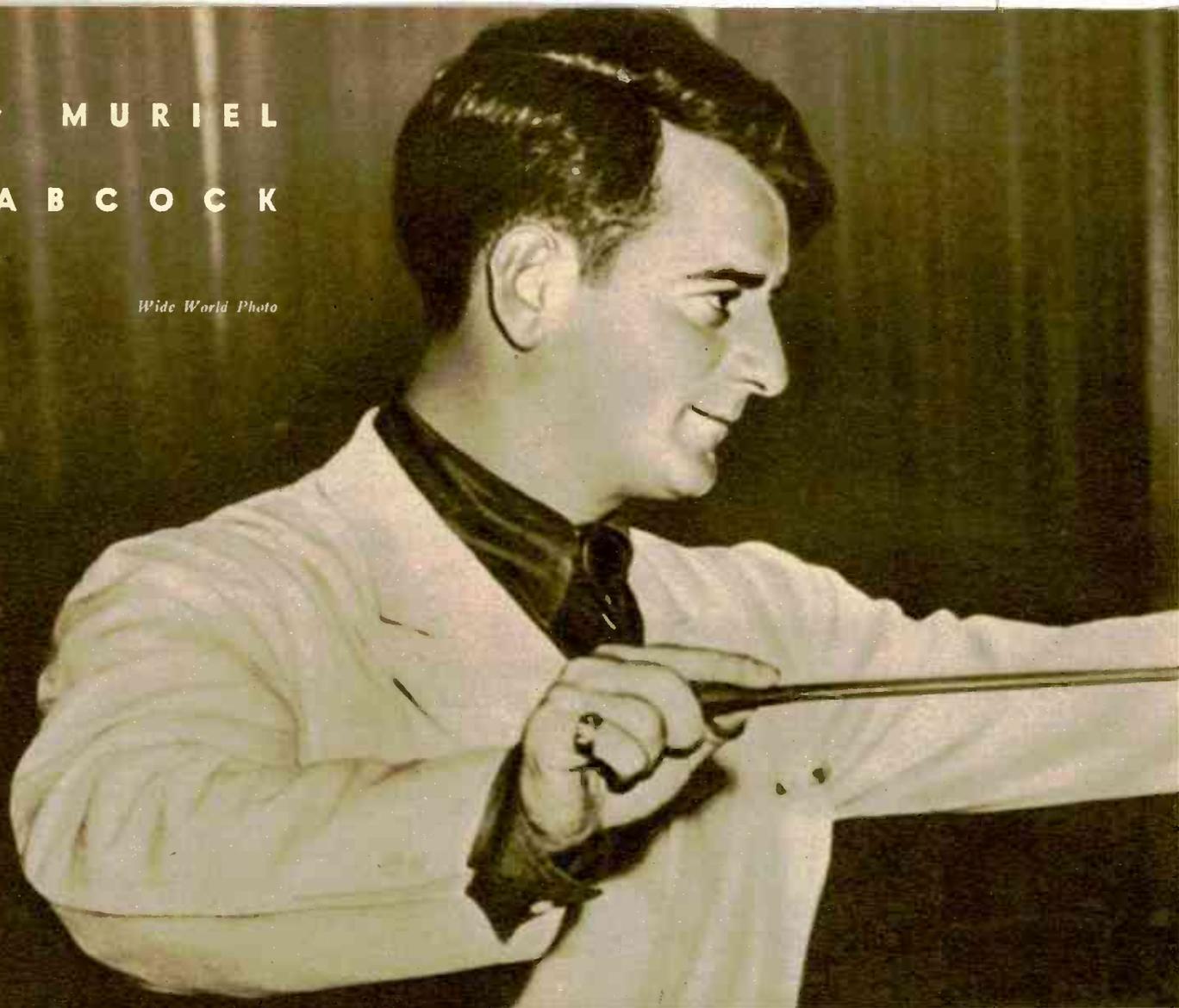


Funster Henny Youngman, featured on Kate Smith's *CBS Variety Hour* (Thursdays, 8:00 p.m., EST), gets set for a chop suey dinner.

By MURIEL

BABCOCK

Wide World Photo



IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR

A GIRL in a red sweater, a clanging fire engine, a cold November day, may not spell romance to you, but to Mark Warnow, who turns out all those smoothie tunes over both *CBS* and *NBC*, it adds up to something important.

Mr. Warnow chased a Brooklyn fire, found the girl of his dreams and started right up the ladder which has put him on top in the radio musical world.

Sounds a little mad? Well, mebbe, but doesn't everybody do something mad once in his life? And, very often, doesn't the wildest, most extravagantly romantic gesture of your life turn out to be the finest?

Just ask Mr. Mark Warnow. He'll tell you. Mark, as you know, is the black-haired maestro of music who presided until November over the *Lucky Strike* program, who conducts his Blue Velvet orchestra on *NBC's New York on Parade* and on *We, The People* for *CBS*.

Now, of course, if it's a warm June day, the girl wears a white fluffy dress instead of a red sweater, and you can't find a fire engine—well, use your own judgment. It might spell romance, anyway, but to Mark—

"I always did chase fires," he said with a grin, as he leaned back comfortably behind his desk in his office, sixteen stories above Madison Avenue, New York. "I wouldn't miss one now for the world. They're lucky. They're romantic.

"There's symphony music in the clanging of the engine bells, the roaring of the sirens, the shouts of the fellows fighting the fire, the excitement.

"It's a swell setting—believe it or not—for falling in love. It was for me that November. The girl was there. She wore a red sweater. She had black hair and sparkling eyes and she was breathless from running.

"I had that funny feeling inside me that something important had just happened. Some tremendous chord of music was resounding through me. I knew I *had* to know her. I had to say something terribly dramatic and poetic and effective.

"So—this is what I said: 'Lousy fire, isn't it?' Then, as she said, 'yes,' with another supreme effort I got out: 'Pretty cold day, I think. Don't you?' That got over

Every bit of good luck I've had has come since that girl in the

Left, Mark Warnow, Russian-born maestro of music, conducts his Blue Velvet Orchestra on *We, The People* (CBS Thursday, 7:30 p.m. EST) and on *WEAF's New York on Parade* with John B. Kennedy, Mondays at 7:30.

Here is Mark Warnow, with the girl who went to a fire in a red sweater. The Warnows have been married for thirteen years and have three children. Morton, twelve; Elaine, ten; and Sandra, three. Sandra, they think, is a musical genius.



THE GIRL IN RED . . .

all right and my next effort really got me somewhere. I said: 'Do you live near here?'

"She did. Just two blocks from me. So I saw her home, bought her a cup of hot chocolate at the corner drugstore and finagled a date to go ice-skating on the rink the following Sunday.

"It was the real thing, I knew. It was something I felt that I couldn't explain. That's the way with music, you know. When I play the violin, or conduct, I couldn't tell you exactly why or what it is all about, except I feel it. Music, of course, has tremendous romance. But then, so has I. But, I am getting away from my story.

"This adventure came all of a sudden in November. It was so important, and so big, that by December I was engaged to the girl. In November, too, I had been just a fiddler at the Roseland Ball Room. Certainly, I had had a good musical education, but I hadn't done much about it. I hadn't cared particularly, and I didn't have a dime in the bank. At Christmas time I had enough money to buy a beautiful diamond—at least I thought it was pretty

gorgeous and Mrs. Warnow has never complained—and by June of the following year, I had enough to get married on, buy some furniture, get a home and do all the things a young fellow has to do when he takes a bride.

"I had a better job, too. Immediately I began to get ambitious, and I must say that every bit of good luck I've had in the radio world has come since that girl in the red sweater said Yes, she'd take a chance on a fellow like me!

"We've been married thirteen years. We have three swell kids. Morton, the oldest, is twelve years old. Elaine is ten, and Sandra, the baby, just three years old. All of the children are talented musically, but Sandra is a genius. I truly believe. She's been singing since she was nine months old. She has a voice and she has temperament."

Although romance came to Mark Warnow at a Brooklyn fire, when he chased a fire engine, he's the kind of a fellow who has always had plenty of adventure. As a matter of fact, he's had sheer, stark, dangerous adventure. He's known poverty and cold and hunger. He's seen men killed and, when only a boy of (Continued on page 52)

red sweater said she'd take a chance on me, says Mark Warnow



Alice Frost, often called "radio's girl of a hundred voices," because of her versatility.



Breakfast in bed, in her charming home, starts the day off nicely for Alice.

THE

BY

NANCY BARROWS

The player is young Alice Frost, one of radio's busiest dramatic actresses





Alice and her husband, Robert C. Foulk, who is as busy in the theatre as she is on the air.



Broadcasting the CBS serial, *Big Sister*. Alice Frost as *Ruth Evans*, Martin Gable as *Dr. Wayne*.

CURTAIN RISES

YOU may not know her name, but hers is a voice you have heard over the air on countless radio programs. She is, in fact, one of radio's busiest young dramatic actresses. She hates to be called an impersonator, and she shudders at the word "stooge," but she has given impersonations of innumerable stars, from Gracie Allen to Greta Garbo, and she has been a stooge for *Stoopnagle and Budd*, for Walter O'Keefe on his *Camel Caravan* show, and more recently on *Town Hall Tonight*, besides playing straight dramatic rôles in many a radio serial.

Alice Frost, in fact, sometimes is called "radio's girl of a hundred voices," so busy is she, and so versatile. She played in *The Townsend Murder Mysteries*. She was the girl in *Eno Crime Clues*. Her voice was heard in *Impossible Interviews*, an hour-length show. In *Vanished Voices*, broadcast two evenings a week, she played a number of historical rôles—Catherine the Great, Nell Gwynne, Molly Pitcher, Highland Mary, and many others. She was the Swedish maid in the NBC serial, *Billy and Betty*.

She was in the Hudson Terraplane show, with Graham McNamee. She did impersonations on the Bob Crosby show. She was *Miss Hazy*, in *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabage Patch*.

There isn't space to quote them all. You can hear her over the NBC-Blue network on Sunday afternoons at 3:00 p. m., EST, on the Diamond Salt program. *On Broadway*, and over the MBS network Sundays at 5:30 p. m.; EST, in *The Shadow*, and at 11.30 a. m., EST, any week-day morning, except Saturday, in the CBS serial, *Big Sister*. In this last-named program you will hear the announcer say something like this: "Radio's beloved character, *Big Sister*—bringing you two of America's favorite players of the air, Alice Frost, as romantic, self-sacrificing Ruth Evans, and Martin Gable, as Dr. John Wayne."

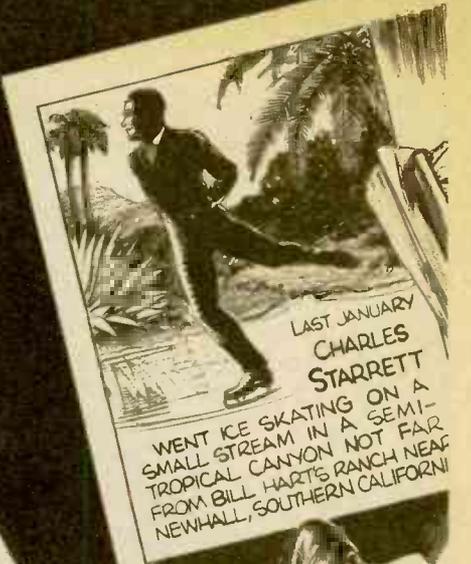
Alice's radio career started in October, 1934, when she made her début on the Columbia network in Walter O'Keefe's *Camel Caravan*. Since then she has dashed from studio to studio, from station to (Continued on page 58)





WALT DISNEY RECEIVED THIS LETTER.

WHILE ON LOCATION FOR 'VARSITY SHOW' FRED WARDING FOUND A TARANTULA IN HIS MAKE-UP BOX.



LUISE RAINER WAS CO-STARRING WITH BILL POWELL 3 TIMES IN HER FIRST 4 PICTURES

POWELL HANDED, SAVES HANDS, NEVER CHEWS, CANNOT SMOKE CIGARS, WEEPING.



FOR

The story of Feg Murray, whose radio program highlights some strange stories of the stars

Feg Murray is the Hollywood columnist and cartoonist whose *Seein' Stars* is featured on the *Bakers Broadcast*, Sundays at 7:30 p.m., EST, over the *NBC-Blue* network.



GINGER ROGERS
DOES SURPRISINGLY GOOD SKETCHES OF HER FRIENDS, AND ALSO OF HER FELLOW PLAYERS BETWEEN SCENES ON THE SETS.

ADD AT AND TENNIS.)



FERNAND GRAVET
HAS AN ARMY OF 30,000 TOY SOLDIERS. (HE ALWAYS TAKES SOME OF THEM ALONG ON TRIPS WITH HIM, TOO).

GINALD VEN

ABLE TENNIS ENTHUSIAST, PING PONG IS ONLY ONE FAVORITE SPORTS; ALSO PLAYS CRICKET, TENNIS AND GOLF, AND LIKES TO FISH AND SWIM.

CAROLE LOMBARD

HAS A PASSION FOR THE COLOR BLUE. "ONCE IN A BLUE MOON" AND "ALICE BLUE GOWN" ARE HER FAVORITE SONGS, AND, IN "SWING HIGH, SWING LOW" SHE RECORDED A "BLUES" SINGED FOR

AND SAPPHIRES ARE HER FAVORITE JEWELS

YOUR OWN AMAZEEMENT

FEG MURRAY doesn't look like a cartoonist, any more than he looks like a radio master of ceremonies.

When you first look at him—he measures six-feet-two by some other equally imposing figure—you'd swear he was an athlete. And your swearing would, indeed, be correct, for if you checked back in the records you'd discover he was a member of the American Olympics team in 1920, at which time he galloped over a set of low hurdles with considerable success.

The low hurdles being a highly unremunerative profession—there's a nasty rumor around that even the high hurdles don't pay off—Feg set out in quest of a bit of fortune to add to the fame he'd acquired. Cartooning and radio work don't bring in any medals, but they make a very comfortable living for Feg and family, with enough left over to buy a few ping pong balls for one of his favorite present-day sports. (Confidentially, Feg is so well fixed he could even buy off that load of ping pong spheres so industriously autographed last year by Harry Richman, the aviator.)

Right at this point it would be a dandy idea to insert something inspirational, like *Over Life's Low Hurdles* to

By WILFRED HEALY

Success, in which our subject compared life to a game, with the low hurdles symbolizing the obstacles in the

path to fame. Four or five nice slushy paragraphs could be squeezed out of that one, but Feg isn't that kind of a guy—and neither are we, for that matter—so let's drop the whole thing and get back to business.

In the Murray Hill district in New York—at the corner of 34th Street and Park Avenue, to be exact—there's a bronze tablet commemorating the memory of Mary Lindley Murray, Feg's great-great aunt. Reason for the tablet is that Mary Lindley Murray staged a personal and private tea party which made history, even though it didn't rival the Boston affair in publicity. The party was attended by a group of British officers, and Mrs. Murray, who must have reminded the boys of Carole Lombard, detained them long enough to allow General Putnam to slip through their fingers and join General Washington in one of the big campaigns of the Revolutionary War. Just think, if it weren't for the Murrays, we might still be paying homage to the British throne—and Mrs. Simpson would probably be queen!

"Does the family still own (Continued on page 68)

SORE SPOTS

By MARY WATKINS REEVES

Don't mention these things, if you'd get on with these stars!

STARS, as any astronomer will tell you, aren't glittery all over. Every celestial body has at least one dark place on its surface that flatly refuses to twinkle for even the most expensive telescopes, and these mysterious areas are sometimes referred to by astronomers as "sore spots." Sore spots are part of a star's private life. Nobody's ever been able to figure them out.

This is a parable with a point—in the case of radio stars. There's hardly a mike celeb without a sore spot, on the subject of which he or she flatly refuses to be approached. The stars try to keep their sore spots a part of their private lives. But they can't, wholly successfully. Everybody's always trying to figure them out.

Take Lanny Ross, for instance. There are a lot of questions you wouldn't dare ask Lanny and they all have to do with his marriage. When, as the *Show Boat* tenor, several summers ago, he was wed to Olive White, he reenacted one of fiction's best plots—with a novel twist. He didn't marry the boss' daughter, he married the boss, herself! For years chic little Olive, who is her husband's senior by half a decade, had been his astute business manager; dictating his goings and comings, plotting his important moves, deciding where he would sing and for how much, and a very good job she did of it, too. But, my, my, when a man marries his (Continued on page 61)



Helen Jepson, opera and radio soprano star, with her husband, George Possell, celebrated flutist. There's just one thing you daren't discuss, if you want Helen to be your friend!

Another lovely lady of opera and radio, Carmela Ponselle, has a strange sore spot!

Gladys Swarthout's sore spot has to do with her devoted husband, Frank Chapman.



COAST-TO-COAST PROGRAM GUIDE

THE regular programs on the four coast-to-coast networks are here listed in a day-by-day time schedule. The National Broadcasting Company Red-Network is indicated by *NBC-Red*; the National Broadcasting Company Blue-Network is indicated by *NBC-Blue*; the Columbia Broadcasting System by *CBS*; and Mutual Broadcasting System by *MBS*.

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

ALL TIME RECORDED IS EASTERN STANDARD TIME. This means that for Central Standard Time you must subtract one hour from the listed time. For Mountain Standard Time, subtract two hours; and for Pacific Standard Time, three hours. For example: 11:00 A. M. EST becomes 10:00 A. M. CST; 9:00 A. M. MST; and 8:00 A. M. PST.

If, at a particular time, no network program is listed, that is because there is no regular program for that time, or because the preceding program continues into that period.

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY— RED-NETWORK

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

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY— BLUE-NETWORK

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

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

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

NBC-SUPPLEMENTARY STATIONS

(May be on either RED or BLUE networks)

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

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

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM STATIONS

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

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

MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM STATIONS

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

RADIO STARS

Sundays

DECEMBER 5—12—19—26

MORNING

- 8:00
NBC-Red: WILLIAM MEEDER—organist
NBC-Blue: NORSEMEN QUARTET
- 8:15
NBC-Blue: BENNO RABINOFF—violinist
- 8:30
NBC-Red: KIDODDLERS
NBC-Blue: TONE PICTURES—Ruth Pepple, pianist; mixed quartet
CBS: LYRIC SERENADE
- 8:45
NBC-Red: ANIMAL NEWS CLUB
CBS: MICHEL ROSCOE—pianist
- 9:00
NBC-Red: HAROLD NAGEL'S RHUMBA ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: COAST TO COAST ON A BUS—Milton J. Cross
CBS: SUNDAY MORNING AT AUNT SUSAN'S—children's program. Artells Dickson
- 9:30
NBC-Red: MELODY HOUR
- 9:55
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS



Patsy Kelly



Erno Rapee



Helen Marshall

- 10:00
NBC-Red: THE RADIO PULPIT—Dr. Ralph W. Sockman
NBC-Blue: RUSSIAN MELODIES
CBS: CHURCH OF THE AIR
- 10:30
NBC-Red: MUSIC AND AMERICAN YOUTH
NBC-Blue: DREAMS OF LONG AGO
CBS: WALBERG BROWN STRING ENSEMBLE
- 11:00
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
CBS: TEXAS RANGERS
MBS: REVIEWING STAND—world problems
- 11:05
NBC-Red: WARD AND MUZZY—piano duo
NBC-Blue: ALICE REMSEN—contralto
- 11:15
NBC-Red: SILVER FLUTE
NBC-Blue: NEIGHBOR NELL
- 11:30
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: MAJOR BOWES' CAPITOL FAMILY

AFTERNOON

- 12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: DENVER STRING QUARTET
NBC-Blue: SOUTHERNAIRES—Negro male quartet
MBS: DR. CHARLES COURBOIN
- 12:30
NBC-Red: UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION—guest speakers
NBC-Blue: RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL ORCHESTRA—soloists
CBS: SALT LAKE CITY TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN
- 12:45
MBS: MARTHA AND HAL—songs and patter
- 1:00
NBC-Red: PAUL MARTIN AND HIS MUSIC
CBS: CHURCH OF THE AIR
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 1:30
NBC-Red: TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE CHOIR CONCERT
NBC-Blue: NBC SPELLING BEE—Paul Wing
CBS: POET'S GOLD—David Ross
MBS: TED WEEMS' ORCHESTRA
- 1:45
CBS: LLOYD PANTAGES COVERS HOLLYWOOD
- 2:00
NBC-Red: SUNDAY DRIVERS—Fields and Hall, Frances Adair
NBC-Blue: MAGIC KEY OF RCA—Frank Black's symphony orchestra, Milton J. Cross
CBS: FUN BUG—Billy Franz, comedian, orchestra
- 2:15
MBS: PALMER HOUSE CONCERT ENSEMBLE
- 2:30
NBC-Red: WAY DOWN HOME—musical drama
CBS: DR. CHRISTIAN—drama, starring Jean Hersholt
- 3:00
NBC-Red: RADIO NEWS-REEL—Parks Johnson, Wallace Butterworth
NBC-Blue: ON BROADWAY—dramatizations
CBS: NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
MBS: ALICE BLUE—pianist
- 3:15
MBS: PALMER HOUSE CONCERT ORCHESTRA
- 3:30
NBC-Red: BICYCLE PARTY—Bill Slater, m.c., Mariani's orchestra
NBC-Blue: SENATOR FISHFACE AND PROFESSOR FIGGSBOTTLE—Jerry Sears' orchestra
MBS: ORGANIST
- 4:00
NBC-Red: ROMANCE MELODIES—Ruth Lyon, Edward Davies, Shield's orchestra
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL VESPER—Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick
- 4:30
NBC-Red: THE WORLD IS YOURS—dramatization
NBC-Blue: BETH CHANDLER—soloist
MBS: LUTHERAN HOUR
- 4:45
NBC-Blue: DOG HEROES
- 5:00
NBC-Red: RY-KRISP PRESENTS MARION TALLEY—Koestner's orchestra
NBC-Blue: METROPOLITAN OPERA AUDITIONS OF THE AIR—Edward Johnson, Wilfred Pelletier, conductor
CBS: SILVER THEATRE—dramatic program, Conrad Nagel, m.c.
MBS: THE SINGING LADY—children's program
- 5:30
NBC-Red: THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE—Sheila Barrett, Joe Rines, Graham McNamee, orchestra
NBC-Blue: SUNDAY AFTERNOON WITH EDMONNELL
CBS: GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ORCHESTRA
MBS: THE SHADOW—mystery drama, Orson Welles

EVENING

- MBS: FUN IN SWINGTIME—Tim and Irene, Hal Gordon, Dell Sharbutt, D'Artega's orchestra
- 7:00
NBC-Red: JELL-O PROGRAM—Jack Benny, Mary Livingstone, Kenny Baker, Don Wilson, Sam Hearn, Andy Devine, Phil Harris' orchestra
NBC-Blue: POPULAR CLASSICS—H. Leopold Spitalny's orchestra
CBS: VICK'S OPEN HOUSE—Jeanette MacDonald, Wilbur Evans, Pasternack's orchestra
MBS: STAN LOMAX—sports commentator
- 7:15
MBS: RAYMOND GRAM SWING—commentator
- 7:30
NBC-Red: FIRESIDE RECITALS—Helen Marshall, soprano; Sigurd Nilssen, basso
NBC-Blue: BAKER'S BROADCAST—Feg Murray, Harriet Hilliard, Ozzie Nelson's orchestra
CBS: PHIL BAKER—Beetle and Bottle, Patsy Kelly, Al Garr, Bradley's orchestra
MBS: TED WEEMS' ORCHESTRA
- 7:45
NBC-Red: INTERESTING NEIGHBORS VISITED BY JERRY BELCHER
- 8:00
NBC-Red: CHASE AND SANBORN PROGRAM—Don Ameche, W. C. Fields, Edgar Bergen, Nelson Eddy, Dorothy Lamour, Stroud Twins, Armbruster's orchestra
NBC-Blue: GENERAL MOTORS CONCERTS—Erno Rapee, John B. Kennedy, guests
CBS: COLUMBIA WORKSHOP
MBS: BENNY DAVIS' STARDUST REVUE
- 8:30
CBS: MILESTONES
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 9:00
NBC-Red: MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND—Rachel Carlay, Pierre Le Kreeun, Donnie's orchestra
NBC-Blue: HOLLYWOOD PLAYHOUSE—Tyrone Power, guests
CBS: FORD SUNDAY EVENING HOUR
MBS: PASSING PARADE—John Nesbitt
- 9:15
MBS: DEEP SOUTH—Negro chorus
- 9:30
NBC-Red: AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC—Frank Munn, Jean Dickenson, Haenschen's orchestra
NBC-Blue: JERGENS PROGRAM—Walter Winchell, news commentator
MBS: COMMENTATORS FORUM
- 9:45
NBC-Blue: WELCH PRESENTS IRENE RICH—dramatization
- 10:00
NBC-Red: RISING MUSICAL STARS—Richard Gordon, Smallens' orchestra, guests
NBC-Blue: THE ZENITH FOUNDATION
CBS: HOLLYWOOD SHOW CASE—Gluskin's orchestra, guests
- 10:30
NBC-Blue: CHEERIO—talk and music
CBS: HEADLINES AND BYLINES—H. V. Kallenborn, Bob Trout, Lewis Browne
MBS: OLD FASHIONED REVIVAL
- 11:00
NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
CBS: ORCHESTRA
- 11:10
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: ORCHESTRA

RADIO STARS

MORNING

- 8:00**
NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's stories
NBC-Blue: NORSE MEN QUARTET
- 8:15**
NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES
NBC-Blue: WILLIAM MEEDE—organist
- 8:30**
NBC-Red: DO YOU REMEMBER?
CBS: FIDDLER'S FANCY
- 8:45**
NBC-Blue: LUCILLE AND LANNY
- 9:00**
NBC-Red: WOMEN AND NEWS
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—variety program
CBS: METROPOLITAN PARADE
- 9:15**
NBC-Red: THE STREAMLINERS—Fields and Hall, orchestra
- 9:25**
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 9:30**
CBS: MORNING MOODS
- 9:40**
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 9:45**
NBC-Red: LANDT TRIO
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—variety program
CBS: BACHELOR'S CHILDREN—sketch
- 10:00**
NBC-Red: MRS WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—sketch
NBC-Blue: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
CBS: PRETTY KITTY KELLY—sketch
- 10:15**
NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: MA PERKINS—sketch
CBS: MYRT AND MARGE—sketch
- 10:30**
NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN BILL—sketch
NBC-Blue: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
CBS: TONY WONS' SCRAPBOOK—Ann Leaf
MBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC
- 10:45**
NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch
NBC-Blue: KITCHEN CAVALCADE—Crosby Gaige
CBS: RUTH CARHART—songs
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL
- 11:00**
NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
- 11:15**
NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch
CBS: HEINZ MAGAZINE OF THE AIR—Carol Kennedy's Romance, dramatic serial
- 11:30**
NBC-Red: HOW TO BE CHARMING—sketch
NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADE—sketch
CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 11:45**
NBC-Red: MANHATTERS ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: EDWARD MAC-HUGH—The Gospel Singer
CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES
MBS: MYRA KINGSLEY, astrologer, JEAN PAUL KING, commentator

AFTERNOON

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



DECEMBER 6—13—20—27

- CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE—Edwin C. Hill, commentator
- 12:30**
NBC-Red: THREE MARSHALS
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—Walter Blaufuss' orchestra
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT—sketch
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL
- 12:45**
NBC-Red: ROSA LEE—soprano
CBS: OUR GAL SUNDAY—sketch
MBS: WE ARE FOUR—sketch
- 1:00**
NBC-Red: JOE WHITE—tenor
CBS: BETTY AND BOB—sketch
MBS: MICROPHONE IN THE SKY—Earl Harper, interviewer
- 1:15**
NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Larry Larsen, Ruth Lyon, Harvey Hays
CBS: HYMNS OF ALL CHURCHES: BETTY CROCKETT, cooking expert
MBS: CARSON ROBISON AND HIS BUCKAROOS

- 1:30**
NBC-Blue: LOVE AND LEARN—sketch
CBS: ARNOLD GRIMM'S DAUGHTER—sketch
- 1:45**
NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: GRACE AND SCOTTY—songs and patter
CBS: HOLLYWOOD IN PERSON—Bob Baker, commentator
MBS: REX BATTLE'S ORCHESTRA
- 2:00**
NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: STROLLERS MATINEE
CBS: NEWS THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES—Kathryn Cravens
MBS: DON'T LOOK NOW—Lavalle and Sands, comedians, orchestra
- 2:15**
CBS: DALTON BROTHERS
MBS: SYLVIA CYDE—soprano
- 2:30**
NBC-Red: BENNETT AND WOLVERTON—piano and guitar
NBC-Blue: LET'S TALK IT OVER—Alma Kitchell
CBS: AMERICAN SCHOOL OF THE AIR—Exits and Entrances
- 2:45**
NBC-Red: THREE CHEERS—vocal trio
- 3:00**
NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
NBC-Blue: ROCHESTER CIVIC ORCHESTRA
CBS: ANN LEAF—organist
- 3:15**
NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch
- 3:30**
NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—sketch
CBS: JENNY PEABODY—sketch
MBS: GOOD HEALTH AND TRAINING
- 3:45**
NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE
MBS: RHUMBA RHYTHMS AND TANGOS

- 4:00**
NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—comedy sketch
CBS: TED MALONE'S—Between the Bookends
- 4:15**
NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch
CBS: SING AND SWING
- 4:30**
NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
MBS: JOHNSON FAMILY—sketch with Jimmy Scribner

- 4:45**
NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch
CBS: DR. ALLAN ROY DAFOE
- 5:00**
NBC-Red: VOCALIST
NBC-Blue: NEIGHBOR NELL
CBS: FOLLOW THE MOON—Elsie Hitz, Nick Dawson
- 5:15**
NBC-Red: TERRY AND THE PIRATES—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE FOUR OF US
CBS: LIFE OF MARY SOTHERN—sketch
- 5:30**
NBC-Red: JACK ARMSTRONG—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: SINGING LADY—children's program
CBS: DOROTHY GORDON'S CHILDREN'S CORNER
- 5:45**
NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNTIE—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: TOM MIX STRAIGHT SHOOTERS—juvenile serial
CBS: HILLTOP HOUSE—dramatic serial

EVENING

- 6:00**
NBC-Red: SOLOIST
NBC-Blue: U. S. ARMY BAND
CBS: HOWARD PHILLIPS—baritone
- 6:15**
NBC-Red: DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY—sketch
CBS: NEW HORIZONS
- 6:30**
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 6:35**
NBC-Red: SOLOIST
NBC-Blue: CHARLES SEARS—tenor
CBS: ORCHESTRA
- 6:45**
NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS—news commentator
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 7:00**
NBC-Red: AMOS 'N' ANDY—sketch
CBS: POETIC MELODIES—Jack Fulton, Franklyn McCormack, Kelsey's orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 7:15**
NBC-Red: UNCLE EZRA'S RADIO STATION—Pat Barrett
CBS: ORCHESTRA
- 7:30**
NBC-Red: SOLOIST
NBC-Blue: LUM AND ARNER—sketch
CBS: NEAL O'HARA'S RADIO GAZETTE
- 7:45**
NBC-Red: TOP HATTERS ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: SOLOIST
CBS: BOAKE CARTER—news commentator
- 8:00**
NBC-Red: BURNS AND ALLEN—Tony Martin, Noble's orchestra
NBC-Blue: GENERAL HUGH S. JOHNSON—commentator
CBS: ALEMITE HALF HOUR—Horace Heidt's orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 8:15**
NBC-Blue: ROY CAMPBELL'S ROYALISTS
- 8:30**
NBC-Red: VOICE OF FIRESTONE—Margaret Speaks, Richard Crooks, Wallenstein's orchestra, guests
NBC-Blue: CAMPANA'S VANITY FAIR—Cal Tinney, Sheila Graham
CBS: PICK AND PAT—comedy and music
MBS: ORCHESTRA

- 9:00**
NBC-Red: FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY—comedy sketch, Marian and Jim Jordan, Woems' orchestra
NBC-Blue: PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Eugene Ormandy, guests
CBS: LUX RADIO THEATRE

- 9:30**
NBC-Red: HOUR OF CHARM—Phil Spitalny and his girls
MBS: GEORGIE PRICE—Mary Williams, Stanley's orchestra

- 10:00**
NBC-Red: CONTENTED PROGRAM—Vivien Della Chiesa, Black's orchestra
NBC-Blue: BEHIND PRISON BARS—Warden Lewis E. Lawes
CBS: WAYNE KING'S ORCHESTRA

- 10:30**
NBC-Red: MUSIC FOR MODERNS
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL RADIO FORUM—guest speaker
CBS: BRAVE NEW WORLD—dramatizations

- 10:45**
MBS: HENRY WEBER'S PAGEANT OF MELODY

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



Jean Paul King



Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe



Eugene Ormandy

RADIO STARS

MORNING

- 8:00
NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's stories
NBC-Blue: CHARIOTEERS
- 8:15
NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES
NBC-Blue: DICK LEIBERT ENSEMBLE
- 8:30
NBC-Red: DO YOU REMEMBER?
CBS: POETIC STRINGS
- 8:45
NBC-Blue: LUCILLE AND LANNY
CBS: MICHEL ROSCOE—pianist
- 9:00
NBC-Red: WOMEN AND NEWS
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—variety program
CBS: MUSIC IN THE AIR
- 9:15
NBC-Red: STREAMLINERS—Fields and Hall, orchestra
- 9:25
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 9:30
CBS: GOOD NEIGHBORS—Richard Maxwell
- 9:40
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 9:45
NBC-Red: LANDT TRIO
NBC-Blue: AUNT JEMIMA ON THE AIR—varieties
CBS: BACHELOR'S CHILDREN—sketch
- 10:00
NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—sketch
NBC-Blue: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
CBS: PRETTY KITTY KELLY—sketch
- 10:15
NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: MA PERKINS—sketch
CBS: MYRT AND MARGE—sketch
- 10:30
NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN BILL—sketch
NBC-Blue: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
CBS: HOW TO GET THE MOST OUT OF LIFE—family Post
MBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC
- 10:45
NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch
NBC-Blue: KITCHEN CAVATCADE—Crosby Gaige
CBS: PIANO DUO
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 11:00
NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
CBS: MARY LEE TAYLOR
- 11:15
NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch
CBS: HEINZ MAGAZINE OF THE AIR—Carol Kennedy's Romance, dramatic serial
- 11:30
NBC-Red: HOMEMAKERS' EXCHANGE—Eleanor Howe
NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADE—sketch
CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch
- 11:45
NBC-Red: MYSTERY CHEF
NBC-Blue: EDWARD MAC- HUGH—The Gospel Singer
CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES—sketch
MBS: MYRA KINGSLEY, astrologer, JEAN PAUL KING, commentator

AFTERNOON

- 12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch
NBC-Blue: TIME FOR THOUGHT
CBS: SWINGING THE BLUES
- 12:15
NBC-Red: THE GOLDBERGS—sketch
NBC-Blue: VOCALIST
CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE—Edwin C. Hill, commentator
- 12:30
NBC-Red: PIANO DUO
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—Walter Blaufuss' orchestra
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT—sketch
MBS: STUDIES AND

Tuesdays

DECEMBER 7—14—21—28

- SKETCHES IN BLACK AND WHITE
- 12:15
NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
CBS: OUR GAL, SUNDAY—sketch
MBS: WE ARE FOUR—sketch
- 1:00
NBC-Red: ESCORTS AND BETTY
CBS: BETTY AND BOB—sketch
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 1:15
NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Ruth Lyon, Larry Larsen, Harvey Hays
CBS: HYMNS OF ALL CHURCHES: BETTY CROCKER, cooking expert
- 1:30
NBC-Blue: LOVE AND LEARN—sketch
CBS: ARNOLD GRIMM'S DAUGHTER—sketch
- 1:45
NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: VOCALIST
CBS: HOLLYWOOD IN PERSON—Bob Baker, commentator
- 2:00
NBC-Red: FUN IN MUSIC—Dr. Joseph E. Maddy
NBC-Blue: RANCH BOYS—trio
CBS: PETTICOAT OF THE AIR
MBS: DON'T LOOK NOW—Lavalle and Sands, comedians, orchestra
- 2:15
NBC-Blue: HAVE YOU HEARD?—dramatization
CBS: CHERI AND THE THREE NOTES
MBS: MARY WILLIAMS—soprano
- 2:30
NBC-Red: GENERAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS
NBC-Blue: NBC MUSIC GUILD
CBS: AMERICAN SCHOOL OF THE AIR—Literature and Music
- 2:45
NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
MBS: BEATRICE FAIRFAX
- 3:00
NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
NBC-Blue: U. S. MARINE BAND
CBS: COLONEL JACK MAJOR'S VARIETY SHOW
MBS: BLACKSTONE CONCERT TRIO
- 3:15
NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch
MBS: REVERIES
- 3:30
NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—sketch
CBS: HALLACE SHAW—songs
MBS: GOOD HEALTH AND TRAINING
- 3:45
NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
MBS: RADIO GARDEN CLUB
- 4:00
NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—comedy sketch

- NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE—variety program
CBS: TED MALONE'S—Between the Bookends
- 4:15
NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch
CBS: BOB BYRON—piano and patter
- 4:20
NBC-Blue: AS I SEE IT—broadcast from England
- 4:30
NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
CBS: STORY OF INDUSTRY
MBS: JOHNSON FAMILY—sketch, with Jimmy Scribner
- 4:35
NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE
- 4:45
NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch
MBS: SONGLAND
- 5:00
NBC-Red: NELLIE REVELL INTERVIEWS
NBC-Blue: PEGGY WOOD CALLING
CBS: FOLLOW THE MOON—Elsie Hitz, Nick Dawson
- 5:15
NBC-Red: TERRY AND THE PIRATES—sketch
NBC-Blue: VOCALIST
CBS: LIFE OF MARY SOTHERN—sketch
- 5:30
NBC-Red: JACK ARM-STRONG—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: SINGING LADY—children's program
CBS: DEAR TEACHER—children's program
MBS: DORIS SCOTT—songs
- 5:45
NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNE—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: T O M M I X STRAIGHT SHOOTERS—juvenile serial
CBS: HILLTOP HOUSE—dramatic serial
MBS: MARTHA AND HAL—songs and patter

EVENING

- 6:00
NBC-Red: SCIENCE IN THE NEWS
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: ALL HANDS ON DECK
- 6:15
NBC-Red: DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY—sketch
MBS: FOUR CALIFORNIANS
- 6:30
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 6:35
NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: SOLOIST
CBS: GEORGE HALL'S ORCHESTRA
- 6:45
NBC-Red: THREE RANCHEROS
NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS—news commentator
CBS: SONGTIME—Ruth Carhart, Bill Perry
- 7:00
NBC-Red: AMOS 'N' ANDY—sketch

- NBC-Blue: EASY ACES—comedy sketch
CBS: POETIC MELODIES—Jack Fulton, Franklyn Mac-Cormack, Kelsey's orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 7:15
NBC-Red: VOCAL VARIETIES—choral singing
NBC-Blue: M R, K E E N, TRACER OF LOST PERSONS—dramatic serial
- 7:30
NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: LUM AND ABNER—comedy sketch
CBS: SECOND HUSBAND—serial, Helen Menken
MBS: CHILDREN'S HOUR—Story Book Lady
- 7:45
NBC-Red: BENNO RABINOFF—violinist
NBC-Blue: VIVIEN DELLA CHIESA—mezzo-soprano
MBS: THE CRIME CLINIC
- 8:00
NBC-Red: JOHNNY PRESENTS RUSS MORGAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA—Charles Martin
NBC-Blue: HUSBANDS AND WIVES—Sedley Brown, Allie Lowe Miles
CBS: BIG TOWN—Edward G. Robinson, Claire Trevor, dramatization
MBS: JAZZ NOCTURNE—Helene Daniels, Connie Miles, Stanley's orchestra
- 8:30
NBC-Red: LADY ESTHER SERENADE—Wayne King's orchestra
NBC-Blue: EDGAR GUEST In "IT CAN BE DONE"—Masters' orchestra
CBS: AL JOLSON—Martha Raye, Parkyakarkus, Victor Young's orchestra, guests.
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 9:00
NBC-Red: VOX POP—Parks Johnson, Wallace Butterworth
CBS: WATCH THE FUN GO BY—Al Pearce, Nick Lucas, Hoff's orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 9:30
NBC-Red: HOLLYWOOD MARI GRAS—Lanny Ross, Charles Butterworth, Florence George, Don Wilson, Jane Rhodes, Paige's orchestra
NBC-Blue: NBC NIGHT CLUB
Ranson Sherman, Shield's orchestra
CBS: JACK OAKIE'S COLLEGE—Stuart Erwin, William Austin, Raymond Hutton, Helen Lynd, Harry Barris, Billy Benedict, Stoll's orchestra
MBS: LET'S VISIT—Dave Driscoll, Jerry Danzig
- 10:00
NBC-Blue: GENERAL HUGH S. JOHNSON—commentator
CBS: BENNY GOODMAN'S SWING SCHOOL
MBS: SYMPHONIC STRINGS
- 10:15
NBC-Blue: CHOIR SYMPHONETTE
- 10:30
NBC-Red: JIMMIE FIDLER'S HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: DEL CASINO—baritone
MBS: WITCH'S TALE—Alonzo Deen Cole, Marie O'Flynn
- 10:45
NBC-Red: SERENADE IN THE NIGHT
- 11:00
NBC-Red: SCIENCE VS. CRIME
NBC-Blue: DANCE MUSIC
MBS: DANCE MUSIC
MBS: MUSIC



Helene Daniels



Edward G. Robinson



Hollace Shaw

RADIO STARS

Wednesdays

DECEMBER 1—8—15—22—29

MORNING

- 8:00
NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE
—children's stories
NBC-Blue: FOUR SHOWMEN
—quartet
- 8:15
NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING
MELODIES
NBC-Blue: WILLIAM MEE-
DER—organist
- 8:30
NBC-Red: DO YOU REMEM-
BER?
CBS: GREENFIELD VILLAGE
CHAPEL
- 8:45
NBC-Blue: LUCILLE AND
LANNY
CBS: AS YOU LIKE IT
- 9:00
NBC-Red: WOMEN AND
NEWS
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST
CLUB—variety program
- 9:15
NBC-Red: STREAMLINERS—
Fields and Hall
CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL
—songs
- 9:25
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 9:30
CBS: FIDDLER'S FANCY
- 9:40
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO
NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO
NEWS
- 9:45
NBC-Red: LANDT TRIO
NBC-Blue: AUNT JEMIMA ON
THE AIR—varieties
CBS: BACHELOR'S CHIL-
DREN—sketch
- 10:00
NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF
THE CABBAGE PATCH—
sketch
NBC-Blue: STORY OF MARY
MARLIN—sketch
CBS: PRETTY KITTY KELLY
—sketch
- 10:15
NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER
WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: MA PERKINS—
sketch
CBS: MYRT AND MARGE—
sketch
- 10:30
NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN BILL
—sketch
NBC-Blue: PEPPER YOUNG'S
FAMILY—sketch
CBS: TONY WONS' SCRAP-
BOOK—Ann Leaf
MBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC
- 10:45
NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHIL-
DREN—sketch
NBC-Blue: KITCHEN CAVAL-
CADE—Crosby Gaige
CBS: RUTH CARHART—songs
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL
- 11:00
NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—
sketch
NBC-Blue: THE O'NEILLS—
sketch
CBS: HEINZ MAGAZINE OF
THE AIR—Julia Sanderson,
Frank Crumit, Rolfe's orches-
tra, Carol Kennedy's Romance
- 11:15
NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE
WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch
- 11:30
NBC-Red: HOW TO BE
CHARMING—sketch
NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADE—
sketch
CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch
- 11:45
NBC-Red: HELLO PEGGY—
sketch
NBC-Blue: EDWARD Mac-
HUGH—The Gospel Singer
CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL
LIFE STORIES—sketch



Pinky Tomlin



Crosby Gaige



Ben Alexander

MBS: MYRA KINGSLEY, as-
trotologer, JEAN PAUL KING,
commentator

AFTERNOON

- 12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—
sketch
NBC-Blue: TIME FOR
THOUGHT
CBS: THE RADIO COLUMN-
IST—Mary Margaret McBride
MBS: NORMAN BROKEN-
SHIRE'S VARIETY PRO-
GRAM
- 12:15
NBC-Red: THE GOLDBERGS
—sketch
NBC-Blue: VOCALIST
CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE
—Edwin C. Hill, commentator
- 12:30
NBC-Red: THROUGH THE
YEARS
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM
AND HOME HOUR—Walter
Blaufuss' orchestra
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN
TRENT—sketch
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL
- 12:45
NBC-Red: JOE WHITE—tenor
CBS: OUR GAL, SUNDAY—
sketch
MBS: WE ARE FOUR—sketch
- 1:00
NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
CBS: BETTY AND BOB—
sketch
MBS: MICROPHONE IN THE
SKY—Earl Harper, inter-
viewer
- 1:15
NBC-Red: WORDS AND MU-
SIC—Ruth Lyon, Larry Lar-
sen, Harvey Hays
CBS: HYMNS OF ALL
CHURCHES: BETTY CROCK-
ER, cooking expert
MBS: CARSON ROBISON
AND HIS BUCKAROOS
- 1:30
NBC-Blue: LOVE AND
LEARN—sketch
CBS: ARNOLD GRIMM'S
DAUGHTER—sketch
- 1:45
NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S
WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: GRACE AND
SCOTTY—songs and patter
CBS: HOLLYWOOD IN PER-
SON—Bob Baker, commentator
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 2:00
NBC-Red: YOUR HEALTH—
talk, dramatization
NBC-Blue: STROLLERS
MATINEE
CBS: NEWS THROUGH A
WOMAN'S EYES—Kathryn
Cravens
MBS: DON'T LOOK NOW—
Lavalle and Sands, comedians,
orchestra
- 2:15
CBS: JACK SHANNON—songs
- 2:30
NBC-Red: CARLILE AND
LONDON—Frances Carroll
NBC-Blue: WALTZ FAVOR-
ITES
CBS: AMERICAN SCHOOL OF
THE AIR—Geography
- MBS: STUDIES AND SKETCH-
ES IN BLACK AND WHITE
- 2:45
NBC-Red: MEN OF THE
WEST
MBS: BEATRICE FAIRFAX
- 3:00
NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S
FAMILY—sketch
NBC-Blue: CONTINENTAL
VARIETIES—Stopak's orches-
tra
CBS: RAY BLOCK'S VARIE-
TIES
MBS: BLACK AND WHITE
- 3:15
NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—
sketch
- 3:30
NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—
sketch
NBC-Blue: KIDOODLERS
CBS: JENNY PEABODY—
sketch
MBS: GOOD HEALTH AND
TRAINING
- 3:45
NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—
sketch
NBC-Blue: SWING SERE-
NADE
CBS: ACADEMY OF MEDI-
CINE
MBS: RUTGERS HOME ECO-
NOMICS BUREAU
- 4:00
NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES
—comedy sketch
NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE
—variety program
CBS: CURTIS INSTITUTE OF
MUSIC
- 4:15
NBC-Red: THE GUIDING
LIGHT—sketch
- 4:30
NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY
MARLIN—sketch
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL CON-
GRESS OF PARENTS' AND
TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION
MBS: JOHNSON FAMILY—
sketch, with Jimmy Scribner
- 4:45
NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch
CBS: DR. ALLAN ROY DA-
FOE
- 5:00
NBC-Red: NOT FOR LADIES
—Ben Alexander, Hollywood
commentator
NBC-Blue: NEIGHBOR NELL
CBS: FOLLOW THE MOON—
Elsie Hitz, Nick Dawson
- 5:15
NBC-Red: TERRY AND THE
PIRATES—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE FOUR OF US
CBS: LIFE OF MARY SOTH-
ERN—sketch
- 5:30
NBC-Red: JACK ARMSTRONG
—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: SINGING LADY—
children's program
CBS: DOROTHY GORDON'S
CHILDREN'S CORNER
- 5:45
NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN
ANNIE—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: T O M M I X
STRAIGHT SHOOTERS—
juvenile serial
CBS: HILLTOP HOUSE—
dramatic serial

EVENING

- 6:00
NBC-Red: AMERICA'S
SCHOOLS
NBC-Blue: HARRY KOGEN
AND HIS ORCHESTRA—Sair
Lee
CBS: ORCHESTRA
- 6:15
NBC-Red: DON WINSLOW OF
THE NAVY—sketch
- 6:30
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO
NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO
NEWS
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 6:35
NBC-Red: VOCALIST
NBC-Blue: JACK BAKER—
tenor
CBS: FOUR STARS
- 6:45
NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS
—news commentator
CBS: SONG TIME—Doris Kerr,
Howard Phillips
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 7:00
NBC-Red: AMOS 'N' ANDY—
sketch
NBC-Blue: EASY ACES—
comedy sketch
CBS: POETIC MELODIES—
Jack Fulton, Franklyn Mac-
Cormack, Kelsey's orchestra
- 7:15
NBC-Red: UNCLE EZRA'S
RADIO STATION—Pat Bar-
rett
NBC-Blue: MR. KEEN, TRA-
CER OF LOST PERSONS—
dramatic serial
CBS: HOBBY LOBBY—David
Elman
MBS: LES CAVALLIERS de
LA SALLE
- 7:30
NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: LUM AND ABNER
—comedy sketch
- 7:45
NBC-Red: JEAN SABLON
NBC-Blue: CHARLOTTE LAN-
SING—soprano
CBS: BOAKE CARTER—news
commentator
- 8:00
NBC-Red: ONE MAN'S FAM-
ILY—sketch
NBC-Blue: MUSIC OF RO-
MANCE—Eddie Duchin's or-
chestra, Stanley Worth, vocal-
ist
CBS: CAVALCADE OF
AMERICA—guests, Voorhees'
orchestra
MBS: LAUGHING WITH
CANADA
- 8:15
MBS: PIANO TEAM
- 8:30
NBC-Red: LADY ESTHER
SERENADE—Wayne King's
orchestra
NBC-Blue: SID SKOLSKY—
Hollywood news
CBS: TEXACO TOWN—
Eddie Cantor, Deanna Durbin,
Jimmy Wallington, Pinky Tom-
lin, Saymore Saymore, Renard's
orchestra
- 8:45
NBC-Blue: NORSE MEN
QUARTET
- 9:00
NBC-Red: TOWN HALL TO-
NIGHT—Fred Allen, Portland
Hoffa, Van Siedden's orchestra
NBC-Blue: MUSICAL COMEDY
HITS—Al Roth's orchestra
CBS—LISTENERS' DIGEST—
Kostelanetz' orchestra, Deems
Taylor, guests
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 9:15
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 9:30
NBC-Blue: NBC MINSTREL
SHOW—Gene Arnold, Short's
orchestra
CBS: TISH—dramatization
MBS: ELDER LIGHTFOOT,
SOLOMON MICHAUX— and
congregation
- 10:00
NBC-Red: YOUR HIT PA-
RADE
NBC-Blue: GENERAL HUGH
S. JOHNSON—commentator
CBS: GANG BUSTERS—crime
dramatizations, Phillips Lord
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 10:15
NBC-Blue: SOLOIST
- 10:30
NBC-Blue: WALTZ INTER-
LUDE—Gill's orchestra
CBS: PATTI CHAPIN—songs
- 10:45
NBC-Red: ALISTAIR COOKE
—commentator on stage and
films.

RADIO STARS

MORNING

- 8:00
NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE
—children's stories
NBC-Blue: CHARIOTEERS
- 8:15
NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING
MELODIES
NBC-Blue: DICK LEIBERT
ENSEMBLE
- 8:30
NBC-Red: DO YOU REMEM-
BER?
CBS: POETIC STRINGS
- 8:45
NBC-Blue: LUCILLE AND
LANNY
- 9:00
NBC-Red: WOMEN AND
NEWS
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST
CLUB—variety program
CBS: DEAR COLUMBIA—fan
mail dramatizations
- 9:15
NBC-Red: STREAMLINERS—
Fields and Hall
- 9:25
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 9:30
CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL—
songs
- 9:40
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO
NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO
NEWS
- 9:45
NBC-Red: LANDT TRIO
NBC-Blue: AUNT JEMIMA ON
THE AIR—varieties
CBS: BACHELOR'S CHILD-
REN—sketch
- 10:00
NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF
THE CABBAGE PATCH—
sketch
NBC-Blue: STORY OF MARY
MARLIN—sketch
CBS: PRETTY KITTY KELLY
—sketch
- 10:15
NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER
WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: MA PERKINS—
sketch
CBS: MYRT AND MARGE—
sketch
- 10:30
NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN BILL
—sketch
NBC-Blue: PEPPER YOUNG'S
FAMILY—sketch
CBS: HOW TO GET THE
MOST OUT OF LIFE—Emily
Post
MBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC
- 10:45
NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILD-
REN—sketch
NBC-Blue: KITCHEN CAV-
ALCADE—Crosby Gaije
CBS: INSTRUMENTALISTS
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 11:00
NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—
sketch
NBC-Blue: THE O'NEILLS—
sketch
CBS: MARY LEE TAYLOR
- 11:15
NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE
—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch
CBS: HEINZ MAGAZINE OF
THE AIR—Carol Kennedy's
Romance, dramatic serial
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL
- 11:30
NBC-Red: HOMEMAKERS'
EXCHANGE—Eleanor Howe
NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADE—
comedy sketch
CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch
- 11:45
NBC-Red: THE MYSTERY
CHEF
NBC-Blue: EDWARD Mac-
HUGH—The Gospel Singer
CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL
LIFE STORIES—sketch
MBS: MYRA KINGSLEY, as-
trotologer, JEAN PAUL KING,
commentator

AFTERNOON

- 12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—
sketch
NBC-Blue: TIME FOR
THOUGHT
CBS: CHERI AND THE
THREE NOTES
- 12:15
NBC-Red: THE GOLDBERGS
—sketch

Thursdays

DECEMBER 2—9—16—23—30



Gabriel Heatter

NBC-Blue: VOCALIST
CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE
Edwin C. Hill, commentator

12:30
NBC-Red: VOCALIST
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM
AND HOME HOUR—Walter
Blaufuss' orchestra
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN
TRENT—sketch

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

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

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

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

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

2:00
NBC-Red: NBC MUSIC GUILD
NBC-Blue: VOCAL DUET
CBS: PETTICOAT OF THE
AIR
MBS: DON'T LOOK NOW—
Lavalle and Sands, comedians,
orchestra

2:15
CBS: LOUISE AND THE
LADS

2:30
NBC-Blue: EL CABALLERO
CBS: AMERICAN SCHOOL
OF THE AIR—songs for chil-
dren; folk tales

2:45
NBC-Red: QUARTET
NBC-Blue: RANCH BOYS
MBS: BEATRICE FAIRFAX

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

3:15
NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—
sketch
NBC-Blue: EASTMAN
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
MBS: STUDIOS AND
SKETCHES IN BLACK AND
WHITE

3:30
NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—
comedy sketch
CBS: SCIENCE SERVICE
SERIES

3:45
NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—
sketch
CBS: DO YOU REMEMBER?
—old favorite melodies
MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

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

4:15
NBC-Red: THE GUIDING
LIGHT—sketch
CBS: BOB BYRON—songs

4:30
NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY
MARLIN—sketch
NBC-Blue: GENERAL FED-
ERATION OF WOMEN'S
CLUBS
CBS: U. S. ARMY BAND
MBS: JOHNSON FAMILY—
sketch, with Jimmy Scribner

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

5:00
NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: LITTLE VARIETY
SHOW
CBS: FOLLOW THE MOON—
Elsie Hitz, Nick Dawson

5:15
CBS: LIFE OF MARY SOTH-
ERN—sketch
MBS: VILLAGE BARN CUT-
UPS

5:30
NBC-Red: JACK ARMSTRONG
—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: SINGING LADY—
children's program
CBS: DEAR TEACHER—chil-
dren's program
MBS: ORCHESTRA

5:45
NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN
ANNIE—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: TOM MIX
STRAIGHT SHOOTERS—
juvenile serial
CBS: HILLTOP HOUSE—
dramatic serial
MBS: MARTHA AND HAL—
songs and patter

EVENING

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

6:15
NBC-Red: DON WINSLOW
OF THE NAVY—sketch
CBS: ETON BOYS—quartet
MBS: FOUR CALIFORNIANS
—quartet

6:25
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

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

6:35
NBC-Red: RHYTHMAIRES
NBC-Blue: TONY RUSSELL—
tenor

6:45
NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS
—news commentator
CBS: SONG TIME—Lorraine
Grimm, Harry Cool
MBS: RADIE HARRIS—Holly-
wood commentator

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

7:15
NBC-Red: VOCAL VARIE-
TIES—choral singing
NBC-Blue: M. R. K. E. E. N.
THACHER OF LOST PERSONS
—dramatic serial

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

7:45
NBC-Blue: KIDODDLERS

8:00
NBC-Red: ROYAL GELATIN
PROGRAM—Rudy Vallee,
guests
NBC-Blue: GENERAL HUGH
S. JOHNSON—commentator
CBS: KATE SMITH—Ted Col-
lins, Henry Youngman, Miller's
orchestra
MBS: MUSIC BY—guest con-
ductors, Jack Arthur, baritone

8:15
NBC-Blue: LIEDERSINGERS

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

9:00
NBC-Red: GOOD NEWS OF
1938—M-G-M stars, Willson's
orchestra
NBC-Blue: ROCHESTER
PHILHARMONIC ORCHES-
TRA
CBS: MAJOR BOWES' AMA-
TEUR HOUR
MBS: ORCHESTRA

9:30
NBC-Blue: AMERICA'S
TOWN MEETING OF THE
AIR—speakers
MBS: ALFRED WALLEN-
STEIN'S SINFONIETTA

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

10:30
CBS: ESSAYS IN MUSIC—
Victor Bay's concert orchestra
MBS: HENRY WEBER'S
MUSICAL REVUE

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

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



Ruth Lyon



Victor Bay

RADIO STARS

MORNING

- 8:00
NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE
—children's stories
NBC-Blue: FOUR SHOWMEN
—quartet
- 8:15
NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING
MELODIES
NBC-Blue: WILLIAM MEE-
DER—organist
- 8:30
NBC-Red: DO YOU REMEM-
BER?
CBS: MERRYMAKERS
- 8:45
NBC-Blue: LUCILLE AND
LANNY
CBS: ETON BOYS
- 9:00
NBC-Red: WOMEN AND
NEWS
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST
CLUB—variety program
CBS: METROPOLITAN PA-
RADE
- 9:15
NBC-Red: STREAMLINERS—
Fields and Hall, orchestra
CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL
—songs
- 9:25
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 9:30
CBS: SUNNY MELODIES
- 9:40
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO
NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO
NEWS
- 9:45
NBC-Red: LANDT TRIO
NBC-Blue: AUNT JEMIMA
ON THE AIR—varieties
CBS: BACHELOR'S CHIL-
DREN—sketch
- 10:00
NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF
THE CABBAGE PATCH—
sketch
NBC-Blue: STORY OF MARY
MARLIN—sketch
CBS: PRETTY KITTY KELLY
—sketch
- 10:15
NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER
WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: MA PERKINS—
sketch
CBS: MYRT AND MARGE—
sketch
- 10:30
NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN BILL
sketch
NBC-Blue: PEPPER YOUNG'S
FAMILY—sketch
CBS: TONY WONS' SCRAP-
BOOK—Ann Leaf
MBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC
- 10:45
NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHIL-
DREN—sketch
NBC-Blue: KITCHEN CAV-
ALCADE—Crosby Gaige
CBS: RUTH CARHART—songs
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL
- 11:00
NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—
sketch
NBC-Blue: THE O'NEILLS—
sketch
CBS: HEINZ MAGAZINE OF
THE AIR—Julia Sanderson,
Frank Crumit, Rolfe's orches-
tra, Carol Kennedy's Romance
MBS: REMINISCING
- 11:15
NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE
WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch
- 11:30
NBC-Red: HOW TO BE
CHARMING—sketch
NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADE—
sketch
CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch
MBS: ORCHESTRA



Edythe Wright

Friday

DECEMBER 3—10—17—24—31

AFTERNOON

- 11:45
NBC-Red: HELLO PEGGY—
sketch
NBC-Blue: EDWARD Mac-
HUGH—The Gospel Singer
CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL
LIFE STORIES—sketch
MBS: MYRA KINGSLEY, as-
trotologer, JEAN PAUL KING,
commentator
- 12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—
sketch
NBC-Blue: TIME FOR
THOUGHT
CBS: THE RADIO COLUMN-
IST—Mary Margaret McBride
MBS: NORMAN BROKEN-
SHIRE'S VARIETY PROGRAM
- 12:15
NBC-Red: THE GOLDBERGS
—sketch
NBC-Blue: VOCALIST
CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE
—Edwin C. Hill, commentator
- 12:30
NBC-Red: THE VAGABONDS
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM
AND HOME HOUR—Walter
Blaufuss' orchestra
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN
TRENT—sketch
MBS: STUDIES AND
SKETCHES IN BLACK AND
WHITE
- 12:45
NBC-Red: JOE WHITE AND
PADRAIC COLUM
CBS: OUR GAL SUNDAY—
sketch
MBS: WE ARE FOUR—sketch
- 1:00
NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
CBS: BETTY AND BOB—
sketch
MBS: MICROPHONE IN THE
SKY—Earl Harper, interviewer
- 1:15
NBC-Red: WORDS AND MU-
SIC—Larry Larsen, Ruth
Lyon, Harvey Hays
CBS: BETTY CROCKER—
cooking expert
MBS: CARSON ROBISON
AND HIS BUCKAROOS
- 1:30
NBC-Blue: LOVE AND
LEARN—sketch
CBS: ARNOLD GRIMM'S
DAUGHTER—sketch
- 1:45
NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S
WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: GRACE AND
SCOTTY—songs and patter
CBS: HOLLYWOOD IN PER-
SON—Bob Baker, commentator
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 2:00
NBC-Red and NBC-Blue: NBC
MUSIC APPRECIATION
HOUR—Dr. Walter Damrosch
CBS: NEWS THROUGH A
WOMAN'S EYES—Kathryn
Cravens
MBS: DON'T LOOK NOW—
Lavalle and Sands, comedians,
orchestra
- 2:15
CBS: BOB BYRON—songs
MBS: VOCALIST
- 2:30
CBS: AMERICAN SCHOOL
OF THE AIR—Vocational
Guidance; Science Club of the
Air
- 2:45
MBS: BEATRICE FAIRFAX
- 3:00
NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S
FAMILY—sketch
NBC-Blue: RADIO GUILD—
dramatization
CBS: COLUMBIA CONCERT
HALL
- 3:15
NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—
sketch
- 3:30
NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—
sketch
CBS: JENNY PEABODY—
sketch
MBS: GOOD HEALTH AND
TRAINING
- 3:45
NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—
sketch
CBS: SALVATION ARMY
STAFF BAND
MBS: RADIO GARDEN CLUB
- 4:00
NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES
—comedy sketch
NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE—
variety program
CBS: TED MALONE'S—Be-
tween the Bookends
- 4:15
NBC-Red: THE GUIDING
LIGHT—sketch
CBS: MUSIC FROM THE
GOLD COAST
- 4:30
NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY
MARLIN—sketch
MBS: JOHNSON FAMILY—
sketch, with Jimmy Scribner
- 4:45
NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF
LIFE—sketch
CBS: DR. ALLAN ROY DA-
FOE
- 5:00
NBC-Red: ARTHUR LANG—
baritone
NBC-Blue: NEIGHBOR NELL
CBS: FOLLOW THE MOON—
Elsie Hitz, Nick Dawson
- 5:15
NBC-Red: VOCALIST
NBC-Blue: SOLOIST
CBS: LIFE OF MARY SOTH-
ERN—sketch
- 5:30
NBC-Red: JACK ARM-
STRONG—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: DOROTHY GORDON'S
CHILDREN'S CORNER
MBS: PIANIST
- 5:45
NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN
ANNIE—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: TOM MIX
STRAIGHT SHOOTERS—
juvenile serial
CBS: HILLTOP HOUSE—
dramatic serial



Julia Sanderson



Barbara Luddy

NBC-Blue: HARRY KOGEN
AND HIS ORCHESTRA

6:15
NBC-Red: DON WINSLOW
OF THE NAVY—sketch

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

6:35
NBC-Red: RHYTHMAIRES
NBC-Blue: SOLOIST
CBS: FRANK DAILEY'S OR-
CHESTRA

6:45
NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS
—news commentator
CBS: SONG TIME — Betty
Grable, John Payne

7:00
NBC-Red: AMOS 'N' ANDY—
sketch
NBC-Blue: MARY SMALL—
songs
CBS: POETIC MELODIES—
Jack Fulton, Franklin Mac-
Cormack, Kelsey's orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA

7:15
NBC-Red: UNCLE EZRA'S
RADIO STATION—Pat Barrett
NBC-Blue: DR. KARL REI-
LAND—commentator
CBS: DINNER CONCERT
MBS: LaSALLE CAVALIERS

7:30
NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: LUM AND ABNER
—sketch
CBS: NEAL O'HARA'S RADIO
GAZETTE

7:45
NBC-Red: BUGHOUSE
RHYTHM
NBC-Blue: LOUISE FLOREA
—soprano
CBS: BOAKE CARTER—
news commentator

8:00
NBC-Red: CITIES SERVICE
CONCERT — Lucille Manners,
Bourdon's orchestra
NBC-Blue: GRAND CENTRAL
STATION—dramatic sketch
CBS: HAMMERSTEIN MUSIC
HALL

8:30
NBC-Blue: DEATH VALLEY
DAYS—dramatization
CBS: MUSIC FROM HOLLY-
WOOD—Alice Faye, Hal
Kemp's orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA

8:45
MBS: PICTURES IN MUSIC

9:00
NBC-Red: WALTZ TIME—
Frank Munn, Lois Bennett,
Lyman's orchestra
NBC-Blue: PONTIAC VAR-
SITY SHOW—Paul Dumont,
m.c.
CBS: HOLLYWOOD HOTEL—
Frances Langford, Jerry Coop-
er, Ken Murray, Oswald, Anne
Jamison, Paige's orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA

9:30
NBC-Red: TRUE STORY
COURT OF HUMAN RELA-
TIONS—dramatization
NBC-Blue: RALEIGH AND
KOOL SHOW—Tommy Dor-
sey's orchestra, Edythe Wright,
Jack Leonard, Paul Stewart
MBS: PAT BARNES AND HIS
BAIN STORMERS

10:00
NBC-Red: FIRST NIGHTER—
dramatization, Les Tremayne,
Barbara Luddy
CBS: COCA-COLA SONG SHOP
—Kitty Carlisle, Frank Crum-
it, Reed Kennedy, Alice Cor-
nett, Haenschel's orchestra,
MBS: ORCHESTRA

10:30
NBC-Red: JIMMIE FIDLER'S
HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP
MBS: CURTAIN TIME—
dramatization

10:45
NBC-Red: PEOPLE IN THE
NEWS — Dorothy Thompson,
commentator

11:00
NBC-Red: GEORGE R.
HOLMES — Washington com-
mentator
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: DANCE MUSIC
MBS: DANCE MUSIC

EVENING

6:00
NBC-Red: EDUCATION IN
THE NEWS—dramatization

RADIO STARS

MORNING

- 8:00**
NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's stories
NBC-Blue: NORSE MEN QUARTET
- 8:15**
NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES
NBC-Blue: DICK LEIBERT ENSEMBLE
- 8:30**
NBC-Red: DO YOU REMEMBER?
CBS: JACK SHANNON—songs
- 8:45**
NBC-Blue: LUCILLE AND LANNY
CBS: VIOLINIST
- 9:00**
NBC-Red: THE WISE MAN
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—variety program
CBS: RAY BLOCK—pianist
- 9:15**
NBC-Red: STREAMLINERS—Fields and Hall
CBS: DALTON BROTHERS—novelty trio
- 9:30**
CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL—songs
- 9:40**
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 9:45**
NBC-Red: LANDT TRIO
NBC-Blue: AUNT JEMIMA ON THE AIR—varieties
CBS: FIDDLER'S FANCY
- 9:55**
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 10:00**
NBC-Red: NANCY SWANSON—songs
NBC-Blue: SWEETHEARTS OF THE AIR—May Singhi, Been, Peter de Rose
CBS: FRED FEIBEL—organist
- 10:15**
NBC-Red: CHARIOTEERS—male quartet
NBC-Blue: SWINGTIME TRIO
- 10:30**
NBC-Red: MANHATTERS
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: LET'S PRETEND—children's program
MBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC
- 11:00**
NBC-Red: FLORENCE HALE'S RADIO FORUM
NBC-Blue: PATRICIA RYAN—songs
CBS: CINCINNATI CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC CONCERT
MBS: NORMAN BROKENSHIRE'S VARIETY PROGRAM
- 11:15**
NBC-Red: FORD RUSH AND SILENT SLIM
NBC-Blue: MINUTE MEN—male quartet
- 11:30**
NBC-Red: HALF PAST ELEVEN
NBC-Blue: OUR BARN—children's program, Madge Tucker
MBS: U. S. ARMY BAND
- 11:45**
NBC-Red: INSTRUMENTAL GROUP

AFTERNOON

- 12:00 Noon**
NBC-Red: CONTINENTALS—Beatrice Lind, Josef Honti, director

Saturdays

DECEMBER 4—11—18—25



Bill Perry



Wendy Barrie

- NBC-Blue: CALL TO YOUTH
CBS: CAPTIVATORS
MBS: PARENTS' MAGAZINE OF THE AIR

- 12:15**
NBC-Blue: SOLOIST

- 12:30**
NBC-Red: REX BATTLE'S CONCERT ENSEMBLE
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR
CBS: GEORGE HALL AND HIS ORCHESTRA
MBS: STUDIES AND SKETCHES IN BLACK AND WHITE

- 12:45**
MBS: STEVE SEVERN'S PET CLUB

- 1:00**
NBC-Red: HAPPY JACK—tenor
CBS: ORIENTALE
MBS: ORCHESTRA

- 1:15**
NBC-Red: ESCORTS AND BETTY
CBS: JIMMY SHIELDS—tenor

- 1:30**
NBC-Red: CAMPUS CAPEKS—orchestra, vocalists
NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE
CBS: BUFFALO PRESENTS
MBS: ORCHESTRA

- 2:00**
NBC-Red: YOUR HOST IS BUFFALO—orchestra, soloists
CBS: MADISON ENSEMBLE
MBS: PALMER HOUSE CONCERT ORCHESTRA

- 2:15**
CBS: ANN LEAF—organist
MBS: THREE GRACES AND PIANO

- 2:30**
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
MBS: PALMER HOUSE ORCHESTRA

- 2:45**
NBC-Blue: CADETS QUARTET
CBS: TOURS IN TONE

- 3:00**
NBC-Red: CONCERT MINIATURES
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: DOWN BY HERMAN'S
MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

- 3:30**
NBC-Blue: RICARDO AND HIS CABALLEROS
CBS: WALTZES OF THE WORLD
MBS: ORCHESTRA

- 3:45**
CBS: THE DICTATORS

- 4:00**
NBC-Red: WEEK-END REVUE—varieties, Levey's orchestra
NBC-Blue: VARIETY PROGRAM

- 4:30**
MBS: ORCHESTRA

- 5:00**
NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: LITTLE VARIETY SHOW
CBS: ORCHESTRA

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

- 5:30**
NBC-Red: KALTENMEYER'S KINDERGARTEN—varieties, Bruce Kamman, Kogen's orchestra
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA

- 5:45**
CBS: COOLIDGE QUARTET
MBS: ORCHESTRA

- 6:00**
NBC-Red: EL CHICO SPANISH REVUE
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL

- 6:15**
MBS: FOUR CALIFORNIANS

- 6:25**
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

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

- 6:35**
NBC-Red: VOCALIST
NBC-Blue: ALMA KITCHELL—contralto

- 6:45**
NBC-Red: THE ART OF LIVING—Dr. Norman Vincent Peale
NBC-Blue: JOHNNY O'BRIEN
CBS: ORCHESTRA

- 7:00**
NBC-Red: TOP HATTERS ORCHESTRA—Jan Savitt
NBC-Blue: MESSAGE OF ISRAEL—guests and music
CBS: SATURDAY SWING SESSION
MBS: PALMER HOUSE ENSEMBLE

- 7:15**
MBS: ORCHESTRA

- 7:30**
NBC-Red: GIRLS OF THE WEST
NBC-Blue: UNCLE JIM'S QUESTION BEE
CBS: CARBORUNDUM BAND—Edward D'Anna, conductor

- 7:45**
NBC-Red: JEAN SABLON
MBS: ORCHESTRA

- 8:00**
NBC-Red: BELIEVE-IT-OR-NOT—Robert L. Ripley, Rolfe's orchestra
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: YOUR UNSEEN FRIEND—dramatization
MBS: HI THERE, AUDIENCE—Ray Perkins, Helene Daniels, Stanley's orchestra

- 8:30**
NBC-Red: LOG CABIN SHOW—Jack Haley, Virginia Verrill, Warren Hull, Wendy Barrie, Pio-Rito's orchestra
NBC-Blue: LINTON WELLS—commentator
CBS: JOHNNY PRESENTS RUSS MORGAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA—Charles Martin, guests
MBS: WOR PRESENTS SYLVIA FROOS

- 8:45**
NBC-Blue: NOLA DAY—songs

- 9:00**
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL BARN DANCE—Joe Kelly
CBS: PROFESSOR QUIZZ—Bob Trout
MBS: LOUISIANA HAYRIDE

- 9:30**
NBC-Red: SPECIAL DELIVERY—sketch
CBS: SATURDAY NIGHT SERENADE—Mary Eastman, Bill Perry, Haenschen's orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA

- 10:00**
NBC-Red and NBC-Blue: NBC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Artur Rodzinski, conductor
CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE
MBS: DRAMATIC PROGRAM

- 10:30**
MBS: ORCHESTRA

- 10:45**
CBS: PATTI CHAPIN—songs

- 11:00**
NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC
NBC-Blue: DANCE MUSIC
CBS: BENNY GOODMAN'S ORCHESTRA
MBS: DANCE MUSIC

EVENING

A New Cream brings to Women *the Active "Skin-Vitamin"*

Puts into skin the substance that helps to make it beautiful

A NEW KIND OF CREAM has been developed!

A cream that puts into women's skin the substance that especially helps to make it beautiful—the active "skin-vitamin."

For years, leading doctors have known how this "skin-vitamin" heals skin faster when applied to wounds or burns. How it heals skin infections. And also how skin may grow rough and subject to infections when there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet.

Then we tested it in Pond's Creams. The results were favorable! In animal tests, skin that had been rough and dry because of "skin-vitamin" deficiency in the diet became smooth and supple again—in only 3 weeks!

Women who had long used Pond's Cold Cream tried the new Pond's Cream with "skin-vitamin"—and found it "better than ever." They said that it gives skin a bright, clear look; that it keeps skin so much smoother.

"GIVES BETTER COLOR. NOW MY SKIN IS CLEARER"



Joan Belmont—now Mrs. Ellsworth N. Bailey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Belmont

Exposure dries the "skin-vitamin" out of skin. Mrs. Bailey says: "I am so glad to use the new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream. It keeps my skin finer and softer, in spite of all my sports."

(left) Mrs. Bailey skeet shooting at her home in Tuxedo Park. (center) Leaving the Plaza after luncheon.



Same jars, same labels, same price
Now the new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream is on sale everywhere—in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Use it as before—but see how much healthier and freer of faults it makes your skin look!

This new cream brings to your skin the vitamin that especially aids in keeping skin beautiful. Not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. But the active "skin-vitamin."

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM! TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS

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

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
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IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THE GIRL IN RED—

(Continued from page 37)

seven, barely escaped with his own life.

He was born in Monastrhisht, Russia. His father was a music arranger for the Russian Court orchestra. When Mark was seven, the family decided to leave Russia and come to America. This was at the risk of their lives. They were forbidden by court order to leave.

Then began a two-year trek across the vast stretches of Russia, a trek that turned into a flight. Mark (his real name is Max Voronov) dimly remembers sleeping in haymows of barns by day and traveling by night, sometimes on foot and sometimes in a wagon. His only personal possessions were his violin and his *whoople* and *pushkin* (hoop and stick), and to these he clung fast until the day he arrived in Manhattan.

He remembers fear and hunger and cold. He remembers walking until his thin, pipe-stem legs were wobbly with fatigue. He remembers seeing death and murder and desolation—things that today he would rather forget.

He remembers that fateful day, just before they safely crossed the border, when their little straw trunk, which held everything in the way of clothing that the refugee family possessed, was stolen—how, surrounded by surly and vengeful-looking strangers, he strummed his cheap violin as if one inspired, fiddled gay tunes, sad tunes, until somehow the sight and sound of this gallant boy and his music touched the hearts of the ruffians who had robbed the Warnows. The trunk was returned, the passage across the border was accomplished.

"Then we went across Austria," said Warnow. "I don't remember much about that, and the next vivid memory I have is coming into New York on the steamer, *Abraham Lincoln*. Oh, sure, we traveled steerage. We had no money, nothing—just hope for the future.

"I remember peering through the bars at Castle Garden, where the immigration authorities detained us, trying to get a glimpse of this wonderful city of New York, whose streets, I had heard, were paved with gold, and where food was plentiful and jobs to be had on every corner.

"Well, finally some relatives arrived to get us out and take us to a one-room flat at 97th Street and First Avenue, the heart of the East Side. I was a pretty disappointed little boy. The streets were of cold cement. There was no gold that I could see and we had, as in Russia, tea and toast, and tea and toast some more. For months this went on until my father got a job as a writer for a Russian paper. How do you live on tea and toast? I don't know. You just do. It doesn't hurt you any, it seems. It didn't hurt me. I had discovered that there's always adventure in some form, around the corner."

After a couple of years, the family moved to Brooklyn, where Warnow has lived ever since.

"I went to School 109. One of my classmates was Sam Liebowitz, the big criminal attorney of today. Another was Dave



Fans who tune in NBC's *Breakfast Club* and *Club Matinée* are familiar with Annette King's contralto voice, but not her lovely face.

Sarnoff, head of *RCA*, whose mother was janitress of the building in which we lived. Yes—think of that! None of us had much money, but we seemed to get along and have exciting times. As in all those schools, there were other boys who ended as gangsters and racketeers. They sought a different and more ugly kind of adventure.

"I loved the violin always. I kept on playing it and as soon as there was a little spare money, I had lessons. When I finished high school I found a scholarship at the Arnold Volpe Institute waiting for me. That was wonderful. To Arnold Volpe I owe a great deal, not only for the help he gave me, but for the inspiration bestowed when I was young and impressionable. He made me work, study and love music as a great art.

"I've always known that music was to be my life work. That's why I've never cared much about what kind of jobs I had, as long as they were musical. Just so long as I could play the violin, I was happy.

"Once I did take a fling at a business career. It wasn't my idea, but anyway, I tried. My father-in-law, you see, didn't approve of fiddlers as a class. About all he knew about them was what he had gleaned from seeing these old guys who come around and play at weddings and celebrations. He thought I had to have a more substantial, solid business." Warnow stopped and chuckled reminiscently. "He thinks differently now," he said, with a twinkle in his eye. "Since those days, he's come to know music is important. But then—

"Well, anyway, I promised I'd try his business—the garment trade. I started out one day, with a satchel of sample dresses, to interview buyers. How I hated it! In the first place, none of 'em wanted to see me—just a young kid—and in the second place, I really didn't want to see them! After I had exhausted my friends, I was stuck. I couldn't get in to see anybody!

"But the third day I got mad. When a woman buyer, on whom I called five times,

refused to see me on the sixth call, I sat down and wrote a fresh, flip poem and sent it in to her. It went like this:

*'Amidst rain and snow
And weather like h—
I come to show
The styles that sell.'*

"She saw me, all right, but just in order to bawl me out for using a word like h—, even though I hadn't spelled it out. So I got mad, too! I told her off, and told her what I thought of the dress garment business. Finally she said: 'Well, you're in here now; let's see what you have.' When I opened my case, she almost fainted. I had a dress model, a copy of an original, she'd been trying to find for a week. So I made a big sale, after all. But that particular incident finished me. I turned in my case that night and said I was through. I was going back to fiddling. And so I did."

Warnow next found a job in the Paramount Theatre orchestra. From there, in 1928, he went to *CBS* as a violinist, and two weeks later found himself arranging and conducting a small sustaining program. From that day on, he has climbed the radio ladder.

Important modern musical ideas which he has introduced in radio include the swing feuds, pictures in rhythm, strange harmonies and musical drills. In the latter he endeavors to convey orally what the Roxettes, for example, convey visually. In strange harmonies he tries to give his ideas of what music of fifty years hence will be like.

What will this music consist of?

"Of course, we can't actually tell," he answers. "No one knows, but I predict that it will be more restful, more colorful, more intriguing. The tension and the speed and the noise of the world constantly increase and we will turn more and more to music for relaxation. Therefore, it must be restful, but it also must be colorful and intriguing."

Warnow's favorite popular tune is *Where or When*, because, he says, it is melodious and appealing.

Among the celebrities of radio today whom he has helped get started are Morton Downey (who began with Warnow on a sustaining program), Gertrude Niesen, Buddy Clark, Del Casino and Hollace Shaw.

Warnow always has his eye peeled for newcomers. He feels that always there is somebody with a new, exciting idea or new, exhilarating personality, just around the corner. He likes to find new ideas and do new things, which probably is one of the secrets of his fine record in radio.

Meanwhile, he enjoys life. He has one of the finest and largest record collections in the country, he has a yacht on Long Island Sound, a limousine upholstered in blue, a charming wife and three beautiful children. The little Russian boy in the blouse and boots, with the *whoople*, *pushkin* and fiddle, who stared wide-eyed at New York in 1909, looking vainly for the streets of gold, has found his own Dream City.

DEANNA LEARNS A LESSON

(Continued from page 23)

radio and picture production, was, if still a darling at times, at other times very much the spoiled darling that critics and press had predicted.

The story spread, magnifying like the proverbial snowball, threatening to swamp this promising career. Making an effort to get behind the cloudy web of gossip, I thought that much was to be said for Deanna, if the stories were true. She had been just thirteen when her spectacular career began and, in addition to the emotional and physical strain of her new work, was going through a trying period with its own mental and physical strain and difficult adjustment. Plucked from her classes in the Bret Harte Junior High School, plucked from her singing lessons and her soft ball games and her roller skating, she had been plunged into a never ceasing whirl of activity and excitement and enough praise to turn the head of any child. And if the stories were *not* true, they should be cleared up now, in all fairness to the child.

Nearly everyone knows Deanna's story now: that she was born in Canada, to which her English parents migrated a few years before, and brought to Los Angeles when she was a year old. That she went to public school and sang at parties and social functions, but that no one recognized the exceptional qualities of her voice until she was ten. That it was her gifted elder sister, Edith, whose devotion and encouragement and ambition for the adored little sister made the singing lessons possible, and kept the child so interested that she was willing to come home from school at three and sing until dinner time, seldom getting out to play before dark. Thus the habit of devotion to her career was begun early and music was as much a part of the day's regular schedule as was the three R's.

The later story is familiar too: Deanna, signed by M-G-M to play the part of Madame Schumann-Heink as a girl, in a picture to be called *Gram*, was forgotten by her studio when the great singer's illness prevented the making of that picture. A short was made, but nothing came of it and it looked for a while as if her movie career would end before it had ever really begun.

Not that Deanna cared particularly. She was in Junior High by now and more interested in soft ball games than in a movie career, anyway. She actually had refused to make tests, when first approached, because they interfered with her team's program.

But since Metro had no definite plans for her, her agent arranged for an audition at New Universal, and a shiny new contract was the result. This time there was no slip-up and, rather against her will than otherwise, little Edna Mae Durbin was forced to exchange her pleasant school-girl existence for the hectic, if exciting, career of movie actress Deanna.



HOW MUCH OLDER your hands look when water, wind and cold have robbed the skin of moisture! Jergens replaces that important moisture, because this lotion goes down into the skin better than other lotions tested.



then Romance comes

AREN'T YOU TROUBLED when your hands begin to roughen and chap? They look unromantic—like old hands.

Why let this happen? Relief is quick when you use Jergens Lotion, which overcomes the drying effect of water, wind and cold upon your skin.

Not just an outside "coating"—Jergens *sinks in* and carries in beauty-giving moisture to the thirsty skin. By actual test, Jergens *goes in more effectively* than any other lotion tested. Two of its ingredients are used

by many doctors to make horny, discolored skin white, soft and smooth.

Apply Jergens even once! Immediately it starts to heal chapping, smooth out roughness. Do you want silken, tea-rose hands to hold a man's heart for life? Then use Jergens faithfully. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—or \$1.00 for the special economy size of this fragrant lotion—at any beauty counter.

HEAR WALTER WINCHELL—Sunday nights—National Broadcasting Company Blue Network—Coast-to-Coast.

JERGENS
LOTION



FREE! PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE OF JERGENS

See for yourself—entirely free—how effectively Jergens *goes in*—softens and whitens chapped, rough hands.

The Andrew Jergens Co., 1637 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio (In Canada: Perth, Ontario.)

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P E R F E C T

**for name after name
on your Christmas list!**

Now! Armand comes to the rescue of those perplexed by Christmas buying. Every friend whom you remember with an Armand Gift Set, will exclaim, "Oh, how NICE!" gorgeously artistic, Armand Gift Sets are sure to please . . . yet helpfully inexpensive.

The lucky recipient of an Armand Gift Set will thank you ever afterward. In two styles, both contain Armand Blended Cream, that new five-in-one facial . . . the secret of fresh, radiant loveliness. Both styles contain Armand Cream Rouge, used by fastidious women to subtly high light their beauty. You have your choice of either Armand Wind Blown Roses Powder or the famous Armand Cold Cream Powder.

Do your Christmas shopping early at your favorite toiletries counter. When you see these exciting Armand Gift Sets, you will want several, probably one for yourself, too.

Mail This

ARMAND: Des Moines, Iowa

Please send free sample of Armand Blended Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

I buy my cosmetics at the following store: _____

MM 138—This offer expires Feb. 1, 1938

Tackling the problem of presenting an unknown in an important rôle, Charles R. Rogers of Universal decided that radio was the obvious, the quickest way of building up a reputation for her. Appreciating her talent and the rare quality of her voice as he did, he must nevertheless have been surprised as well as gratified by what that coast-to-coast broadcast did for her. Fan letters poured in, local celebrities crowded around, generous in their praise. She appeared at important social functions, she sang to ever-increasing and always wildly enthusiastic audiences. The added laurels of her first screen success placed her in the top-flight of brilliant Hollywood stars.

Many an adult has found the combination of the two careers of screen and radio a too-heavy burden. Deanna, in addition to the radio rehearsals and two broadcasts, one for the East and one for the West Coast, and in addition to learning her songs and dialogue, has three hours of schooling daily. Only nine hours a day can be working hours and into them, somehow, must be crowded an hour or so of vocalizing, a certain amount of time for wardrobe and make-up, another hour now and then for posing for stills—and time allotted, when possible, for interviews. One hour of the nine is for lunch and rest. Interviews properly come under the head of work, and when you consider her schedule, you won't wonder that, willing and anxious as she is to please, there was a time when her answers were sometimes stilted, brief to the point of curtness, not because she was unfriendly, but because her throat ached, her mind and body were fatigued. That was before the rising tide of gossip pricked the studio into a realization of what was happening . . .

Deanna, never omitting her radio program, had made her first picture, had gone on a personal appearance tour, had flown to Philadelphia to record songs with Leopold Stokowski for her next picture. Traveling turned out to be not much fun, after all, spoiled by a weary round of interviews, of being on parade, of smiling and singing, of signing autographs and answering foolish questions. It must sometimes have occurred to the child that no one had a better right to trade on her fame, her success, than Deanna Durbin! Why must she do all this? Why couldn't she just be herself, run away and play once in a while if she wanted to?

She was a disappointed little girl when a roller-skating expedition turned into an autograph-signing party and she did not even get a chance to put on her skates. She was briefly downcast when a trip to a drugstore to get a chocolate soda resulted in a similar mobbing and she finally returned home without her soda. But she got a thrill out of it, too, and did not complain. In fact, although having only an hour for lunch and rest, she continued her habit of going into the studio café by the front door and accepting as a regular part of the game the demands of the sight-seers always grouped around Universal's entrance for her signature. It was her teacher, Mrs. West, who decided this had to be stopped and took her in thereafter by another door.

On the whole, Deanna takes things very much as they come. Brief moments of rebellion, or of an impulse to show off or

splurge a bit, are rare, and a quiet remark by her mother or her beloved big sister are enough to restore her amiability, her essential humility. She is used to a disciplined life and always is agreeable and eager to please.

So much seems to be indisputable fact. But what had happened? A photographer wanted to take some pictures of Deanna in poses not suitable for a young girl. The studio refused to permit it and the photographer took out his resentment in personal remarks about Deanna. Then, working in a difficult emotional scene in *100 Men and a Girl*, Deanna told the director she found it hard to work with so many visitors looking on—as many an older actress has found it—and the set was closed.

Here was the beginning of the story. Then there was a time when her doctor issued orders that she should have more time to rest, and studio and radio work were accordingly adjusted, actual hours of work shortened as much as possible.

So much for holding up production! What about temperament? Let's run the reel backwards to a day on the set when her director, Henry Koster, suddenly shouted: "What have you got in your mouth?" Deanna stiffened—he was not usually so abrupt. "Licorice," she answered shortly. And Koster, still curt: "Spit it out!" "I won't," Deanna said spiritedly. "This is only a rehearsal—it doesn't interfere with my speech. Why should I?"

Realizing that he had used the wrong tone and that any child would have responded similarly, Koster hid a smile. "Very well," he said quietly. "Turn out the lights—we will wait until Miss Durbin has finished her licorice."

Shamefaced, Deanna threw away the candy and continued the scene.

But, unknown to Deanna, unknown to her studio and friends, the snowball of adverse publicity was growing. Suddenly they found themselves facing a crisis, the child's whole career at stake. They all had been careless—too absorbed in their productions, too pleased with her great success, too concerned in adding to it, to protect her properly. The sudden flare-up had two immediate results: In the first place, it taught Deanna a lesson she already has profited by. She knows Hollywood better now, she knows that critics are as ready to pounce as to praise, and she knows that Publicity is a two-faced monster, capable of depriving her of all the gifts so richly bestowed. Not even her golden voice would prevent such a punishment, if she incurred the creature's displeasure. To be true to herself, then, is not enough, for even the simple truth can be distorted.

The second result was that the studio threw up a protective wall, higher, more formidable than the wall Deanna herself was supposed to have created. To conserve time, to save her strength, to protect her against possible physical injury in crowds, she is kept more secluded, her privacy carefully guarded. Belatedly they have realized that the youth they have publicized and traded upon is a liability as well as an asset.

Lunching with Deanna in the studio café, I was first of all impressed by her poise, an almost adult graciousness. She met me with that radiant smile that crinkles around her clear blue eyes and

RADIO STARS

lights up her lovely face—a face that still retains its round, childish contour and is the first refutation of the gossips who insist she is more than fourteen.

It is easy to see why people think she must be older, for it seems almost incredible that a child could possess that superb voice. Yet without the studio records to prove that Deanna was born on December 4th, 1922, and was therefore thirteen in the days of her first success, and in spite of her assurance and unusual poise, a few minutes with Deanna would suffice to convince you that she is still a little girl, a little girl with lovely manners and more than average intelligence, but still the charming, impetuous little girl you are familiar with on the screen.

Still young enough to live each day for itself, Deanna's personality radiates charm that is based on sincerity and a glowing happiness. She still works hard and was sorry not to have the long summer vacation she was used to; she misses her school friends and perhaps occasionally wishes she were an unknown again. But it is all grand fun and she has adjusted herself to the exigencies of her profession with better grace than many an adult actor. Her days are well-ordered now and no variation in schedule is allowed to overtax her. School begins at nine—at present she has only one fellow-student, Nan Grey, but their lessons follow the public system closely. Deanna's plans include a college course and she is now having her second year of Latin, her first of French.

"We are studying Shakespeare, too," she explained, "and my teacher, Mrs. West,

sent for the picture, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and had it shown for us." Her eyes glowed. "It's fun to study that way."

So the three hours pass quickly and, after lunch, Deanna has her singing lesson. Other things are fitted into this basic schedule.

"Yesterday," she remarked, "I made some recordings. Tomorrow I have to sit for some stills. Today they want me to run over some of the new songs for my next picture. The radio program takes a lot of time, too, and when a picture is in production, I can't get in a lot of things I really ought to do. Like piano practice—I can't find time for it even now, and I ought to get it in somehow, I really ought—"

But when one of her song writers suggested she run over a new song on Saturday, her teacher was firm in her refusal. Saturdays and Sundays are for rest and play. On these days, Deanna gets in a swim or a horseback ride or roller skating, or maybe just sticks stamps in the lovely new album Joe Pasternak, associate producer of her pictures, gave her recently. Once in a while she gives a party for her young friends. She has a small movie camera, too, and loves to run off her informal pictures on her little projection machine.

You can see that everyone on the lot adores Deanna and you can very quickly realize why. She is so completely natural, so warmly responsive. Not a trace of affectation, of artificiality—you'll find much more in the average girl you see on the streets every afternoon when school is

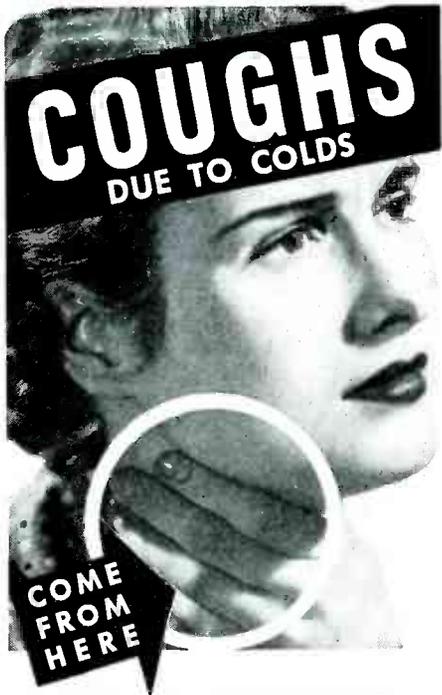
over. Pink-cheeked, shining-eyed, her vivid personality would charm the most hardened, and you can only feel it a great pity the gossips couldn't have spared her.

But youth is resilient. If Deanna has lost some illusions, she bears no grudges. At home, Mother and Daddy see that life runs smoothly as it always did. They do not feel that she is any different today from the child of a year ago. She romps with her two boy cousins; goes, whenever she gets a chance, to her sister Edith's home. She loves pretty clothes, got a tremendous thrill out of her first première, her first "formal," but she is just as happy in overalls or on roller skates. And when she gave her first big party, her guests were not the biggies of Hollywood, who would have been so happy to come, but her old school friends.

And so the questions are answered. Talking with Deanna, watching her, talking about her with those who come in contact with her in various capacities, I am convinced of this: Deanna is still the girl you want her to be, the girl she has always been, the ideal of schoolgirls and mothers, of youngsters and oldsters and all ages in between. The year just past has brought her great fame and it has brought her richer equipment, but it has not altered her fundamental sweetness. Just as her glorious voice stands for the best in music, she herself stands for what we like to think of as the ideal American schoolgirl. Sweet sixteen will find her essentially the same, when she rounds the corner of another year—or I miss my guess. She's a sweet kid, Deanna!



On the occasion of its third anniversary, the Mutual Broadcasting System received Radio Stars Magazine's award For Distinguished Service to Radio. Above, a group of MBS notables. Left to right: Music Director Bob Stanley, the popular network baritone Sid Gary, character actor Ken Delmar, Helene Daniels, talented actress and blues singer, Producer Roger Bower, Fred Weber, General Manager of MBS, and Master of Ceremonies Ray Perkins.



TAKE THE SYRUP THAT
**CLINGS TO
COUGH ZONE**

The right medicine for a cough (due to a cold) is one that does its work where the cough is lodged...that is, in the cough zone. That's why Smith Brothers made their cough syrup thick, clinging. *It clings to the cough zone.* There it does three things: (1) soothes sore membranes, (2) throws a protective film over the irritated area, (3) helps to loosen phlegm. 6 oz. bottle only 60¢!

"IT CONTAINS VITAMIN A"
This vitamin raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.

**SMITH BROS.
COUGH SYRUP**

Sheila Barrett takes them off! The story of this gorgeous mimic is told in February RADIO STARS. Out December 30. Don't miss it!

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RECIPES FOR A MERRY CHRISTMAS

GRANDMOTHER'S LAYER CAKE
(with Chocolate or Orange Butter Frosting)

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 2 cups sifted cake flour | 1 1/4 cups sugar |
| 2 1/2 teaspoons Calumet baking powder | 3 egg yolks |
| 1/4 teaspoon salt | 1 cup milk |
| 1/2 cup butter (1/4 pound) | 1 1/2 teaspoons vanilla |

Sift flour, measure, adding baking powder and salt. Sift together twice. Cream butter, add sugar gradually, creaming together until light and fluffy. Add well beaten egg yolks, reserving whites*. Add flour mixture to butter mixture alternately with the milk, a little at a time, beating until smooth after each addition. Add vanilla. Bake in two large, greased layer cake pans in moderate oven (375° F.) 20-25 minutes, or until cake shrinks from sides of pan and cake tester comes out clean. Cool on cake rack and cover top, sides and between layers with either of the two following frostings.

*The Chocolate Frosting calls for the use of these 3 egg whites. However, if you plan to use the Orange Frosting, the 3 egg whites, stiffly beaten, may be folded into the cake batter after the vanilla has been added.

GRANDMOTHER'S CHOCOLATE FROSTING

- | | |
|------------------------------|---|
| 3 egg whites, stiffly beaten | 2 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted |
| confectioner's sugar | 1/4 teaspoon vanilla |

Gradually add 1/2 cup confectioner's sugar to stiffly beaten egg whites. Add chocolate which has been melted and slightly cooled. Add vanilla. Mix thoroughly. Add enough confectioner's sugar to make frosting of the right consistency to spread, approximately 2 cups.

ORANGE BUTTER FROSTING

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 4 tablespoons butter | 1 egg yolk |
| 2 cups confectioner's sugar | 1 teaspoon grated orange rind |
| 1/2 teaspoon vanilla | 2 tablespoons orange juice |
- 1/2 cup chopped walnut meats

Cream butter thoroughly. Mix in 1/4 cup sugar. Add vanilla. Stir in the unbeaten egg yolk. Add grated rind. Add remaining sugar and the orange juice alternately, creaming together thoroughly. Spread between layers and on sides of cake. Before frosting the top of the cake cover the sides with the chopped nuts, then frost top of cake, omitting the nuts.

ANGEL FOOD CAKE

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1 cup sifted cake flour | 1 1/4 cups sifted granulated sugar |
| 1 cup egg whites (approx. 8-10 eggs) | 3/4 teaspoon vanilla |
| 1/4 teaspoon salt | 1/4 teaspoon almond extract |
| 1 teaspoon cream of tartar | 1/2 cup shredded coconut, if desired |

Sift flour, measure. Sift four more times at least. Beat egg whites and salt with flat wire whisk until foamy. Add cream of tartar and continue beating until eggs will pile up in glossy peaks with fine even bubbles, fluffy and slightly moist, not dry. Fold in sugar carefully, 2 tablespoons at a time. Fold in flavoring. Sift a small amount of flour over mixture and fold in carefully with a light hand until all is used. Turn batter into ungreased angel food (tube) pan. If desired, sprinkle with coconut. Place in slow oven (275° F.) and bake for 30 minutes. Increase heat slightly (325° F.) and bake at least 30 minutes longer or until cake is done and a cake tester inserted in cake comes out clean. Remove from oven. Invert in pan on wire cake rack for 1 hour. When cake is cold loosen sides first; then loosen around center tube with thin knife or cake tester. Tilt pan and gently draw out cake.

P. S. For economy's sake, plan to make a custard or a Gold Cake, mayonnaise or cooked salad dressing in order to use up the egg yolks immediately.

HOT CHOCOLATE

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|------------------------|
| 2 1/2 squares unsweetened chocolate | a pinch of salt |
| 1/2 cup water | 1/2 cup cream, whipped |
| 3/4 cup granulated sugar | 1/4 teaspoon vanilla |
- 6 cups hot milk

Cut chocolate into small pieces. Place in saucepan, add water and cook over low heat until smooth and blended (approximately 4 minutes) stirring constantly. Cool fold into whipped cream, add vanilla. Place a large tablespoon of chocolate mixture in each cup (more or less may be used, according to taste and the size of the cup). Add very hot milk, filling cup. Serves 8.

BUTTERSCOTCH MARVELS
(Crisp "Refrigerator" Cookies)

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1 cup butter | 1/2 teaspoon salt |
| 2 cups brown sugar | 1 cup finely chopped nut meats |
| 3 cups sifted flour | 2 eggs, beaten |
| 3 teaspoons Calumet baking powder | 1 teaspoon vanilla |

Melt butter, add sugar and cook over low heat until blended, stirring constantly. Cool. Sift flour, measure. Add baking powder and salt and sift together twice more. Mix in the nuts. Add well beaten eggs and vanilla to the cooled butter mixture. Add dry ingredients gradually. Blend thoroughly. Turn mixture into a straight-sided loaf pan which has been greased, lined with waxed paper and greased again. (This dough is much softer than the usual cookie dough but do not add more flour than is called for above.) Cover and chill thoroughly in refrigerator for several hours at least. Remove from pan and cut into thin slices with a sharp knife. Place slices on slightly greased cookie sheet and bake in hot oven (400° F.) 8-10 minutes to a golden brown. Remove from pan as soon as baked.

COOKING FOR CHRISTMAS

(Continued from page 13)

Now just a word about those *Butterscotch Marvel Cookies*, that I just recently learned how to bake, myself. They are about the crispest things I've ever tasted and also the easiest of all cookies to make. The recipe is on page 56, you know, so just cut it out and save it for future use.

And now for a few of those baking pointers I promised to give you. This is "Calumet Kate" Smith broadcasting some useful culinary advice, so stand by, friends!

First off—do you measure correctly? I take it for granted that you use standard measuring cups and spoons, but do you use them the right way? When you measure flour, for instance, don't measure it from the container without first sifting it, or you may have as much as an extra cup of flour in your batter! And what will that do to your cake, over which you've labored so long and lovingly? Plenty! Besides, failures are costly in money as well as time. So first sift the flour, then pile it lightly into the measuring cup with a tablespoon, then level it off with a spatula or knife. Don't bang the cup, rap it on the table or in any way pack the flour down.

Measure baking powder only in a standard measuring spoon. Fill the spoon heaping full and level it off. Don't heap the teaspoon and use it without leveling, however, or you'll have from two to three teaspoons extra for each one called for in the recipe. Don't guess at fractions, either. Use the small size standard measuring spoons for lesser amounts, to assure absolute accuracy.

Measure liquids (in a standard measuring cup, naturally) on a level surface. For measuring shortening, you may conveniently use print butter wrapped in quarter pound pieces. Then you'll know that each quarter pound strip is equal to a half cup. Easy, but both accurate and time saving, so it's something to be remembered, especially around the busy holiday season. When you use bulk butter, or other shortening, pack it into the cup firmly so that it will hold the shape of the cup if turned out.

Allow the shortening to stand at room temperature before creaming it, so that it can be worked easily and quickly. Butter should be creamed until waxy. Only then should the sugar be added, and very gradually at that. The yolks should be beaten until thick before they are added to the butter mixture. These first steps are all mighty important and are those most frequently overlooked by many cooks, I'm told.

Whites of eggs are added at the last, after all the beating has been done. Egg whites are "folded in." In all cakes this "folding" process is important; in *Angel Food* it is the secret of success. "Folding" is a gentle down-up-and-over motion. It is intended to incorporate as much air into the batter as possible. For this same reason, when making *Angel Food*, beat the whites with a flat wire whisk rather than with a rotary beater.

5-way cookies

Easy! Quick!



EAGLE BRAND MAGIC COOKIES

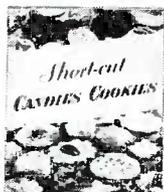
1. Two Cups Raisins
- or
2. Two Cups Corn Flakes
- or
3. Three Cups Coconut
- or
4. Two Cups Bran Flakes
- or
5. One Cup Nut Meats, Chopped

1 1/2 cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Magic Milk
1/2 cup peanut butter
Any one of the five ingredients listed at left.

Thoroughly blend Eagle Brand Magic Milk, peanut butter and any one of the five ingredients listed at the left. Drop by spoonfuls on buttered baking sheet. Bake in moderately hot oven (375° F.) 15 minutes or until brown. Remove from pan at once. Makes about 30.

• No flour! No baking powder! Only 3 ingredients! Mix in no time! Yet—whichever of the 5 ways you choose to make them—these cookies are crunchy, crispy winners! • But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just ask for Eagle Brand Magic Milk.

FREE! Candy and Cookie Recipe Book



"Short-cut Candies, Cookies" gives 11 delicious candy recipes, 11 crunchy-crisp cookies. All easy, quick, or failure-proof. Many so easy, a small child can make them! Also 4 other amazing recipes! Send today. Address: The Borden Company, Dept. MM-18, 350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Name _____

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(Print name and address plainly)
This coupon may be pasted on a penny post card.

Always prepare your pans before starting your recipe. Pans are greased for butter cakes, but remain ungreased for *Angel Food* and *Sponge Cakes*. When salted butter is used for greasing, melt it in a cup over hot water and use only the oil that comes to the top, not the salt that sinks to the bottom. A pastry brush is a grand thing to have, and of course you must have a cake tester (such as I am shown using in the picture) to make sure the cake has been baked long enough and is absolutely perfect.

You'll notice that cake flour is called for in making both of my cakes. Specially milled, cake flour is something like twenty-

seven times as fine as ordinary flour and therefore makes a more tender and finer-grained cake.

Guess that covers about as much of the baking subject as I have room for in this article.

But of course we talk about it often over the air, and since my broadcasts are now on a coast-to-coast hook-up, you can all tune in for more information on this subject so dear to every woman's heart. So, for the time-being, *Merry Christmas*, with these recipes I'm giving you here. And as for 1938, well, Happy New Year to you all—and thanks for listenin'.

THE CURTAIN RISES

(Continued from page 39)

WHAT TO DO WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD



IF YOU'RE nursing a cold—see a doctor! Curing a cold is the doctor's business. But the doctor himself will tell you that a regular movement of the bowels will help to shorten the duration of a cold. Remember, also, that it will do much to make you *less susceptible* to colds.

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

EX-LAX NOW SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROVED
1—TASTES BETTER THAN EVER!
2—ACTS BETTER THAN EVER!
3—MORE GENTLE THAN EVER!

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

Now improved—better than ever!
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 THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

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

**Mommy, I've
Quit Coughing
ALREADY!**

FOLEY'S RELIEVES COUGHS ALMOST INSTANTLY WITHOUT NARCOTICS OR STOMACH-UPSETTING DRUGS

Check your child's cough, due to a cold, before it gets worse! Over one million mothers find Foley's ideal for children. It's

delicious! It never harms or upsets children's stomachs no matter how often given to afford continuous relief. Quick-acting; promptly soothes raw, irritated throat and allays tickling, hacking, coughing. Speeds recovery by loosening phlegm and helping break up cough. Spoonful on retiring promotes cough-free sleep. Unsurpassed for adults, too! For quick, pleasant, safe relief from coughs and a speeded up recovery. Get a bottle of Foley's today without fail.

FOLEY'S Honey & Tar
COUGH SYRUP

station, from network to network—in countless characterizations, on innumerable programs.

She loves it all—but the theatre is her first love. For which reason she now is cutting down on her radio work, limiting it to early daytime hours, so that she may be free to do a play on Broadway this winter.

She couldn't tell you, if she tried, when she first began to think of herself as an actress. Her parents, both born in Sweden, selected Minneapolis, Minnesota, where her father was a Lutheran clergyman, for her birthplace. She first opened her eager blue eyes on an August morning in 1910—and practically from that moment, so far as she can recall, began to prepare herself to become another Eleanora Duse.

It's strange how such things take root in the imagination, become the ultimate and only urge. She's not a theatrical-looking person. Meeting her on the street, you might take her for any young debutante, out for an afternoon of bridge. Tall, slender, with the lovely coloring that seems characteristic of those of Swedish blood, blonde hair that has a sheen of gold, blue eyes that glow with inner fire, long, slim, expressive hands . . . Radio misses all that, giving only her soft, exquisite voice. The stage should be her setting . . .

And for Alice Frost, her world, indeed, was the stage—even when it was only a Minnesota parsonage.

Down in the cellar of the parsonage there was a barrel, where her mother kept odd bits of things that had outlived their immediate usefulness but still might serve some purpose on another day. Bits of silk and velvet, old lace curtains, shining tinsel cords. She did not guess, this busy minister's wife, that the barrel was to become wardrobe room, property box and general treasure chest for a stage-struck small daughter.

But to Alice, from her earliest childhood, that barrel was a symbol of enchantment—the doorway from reality into the land of make-believe. By its magic the dusty cellar became a stage. "*the curtain rising, and the flutes intoning.*" Clad in trailing lace or velvet, she was the fairy princess, the *Lily Maid of Astolat*, *Juliet*, *Lady Macbeth*, and others of her own invention. And with no audience save that created in her eager imagination, she acted out her impassioned rôles.

"They were always tragic," she recalls with some amusement. "We always had so much fun in the parsonage—my brothers and sister and I—humor, comedy, was everyday life. The theatre, for me, was sadder drama, emotion, tragedy."

She came by her love of the theatre naturally, Alice thinks. Her mother always had a love for it, for great drama, great music. She was, herself, a musician, playing the pipe organ in church, playing the piano at home, creating music that enchanted the beauty-loving child. Often, when her mother was playing, Alice would steal down to the cellar and, to the

accompaniment of the music, lose herself in the magic of some imagined rôle.

Perhaps, too, there is a kinship between the pastoral profession and that of the theatre. Sitting in the little church, listening to her father's rich, deep voice lift and sway his hearers, she may well have visioned him as an actor in the rôle of priest and prophet, rather than the tender, laughing man she knew at home.

Everything, Alice says, was grist to her mill.

"Our house was like an inn. People came to the parsonage from everywhere—a missionary from India, a teacher from Spain, travelers from Canada and across the seas—and I loved to watch them, listen to them, imitate them. Any least difference in manner and speech, any accent, intrigued me enormously. Sometimes I'd get the giggles—and be sent away from the table in disgrace!"

Her mother tried, wisely, to satisfy her daughter's urge for acting by letting her take part in church and school entertainments, in the high school glee club and debating and dramatic societies. But it all only fed the secret flame. And when Alice, at seventeen, announced that she wanted to go on the stage, there was consternation in the parsonage. It wasn't at all the thing for a *nice* girl to do! It wasn't to be thought of, really. They couldn't even bring themselves to discuss it as a possible career for the lovely blonde young girl. And Alice, still cherishing her dream, was enrolled at the University of Minnesota.

And then the father died—and all was sadly changed. A minister has little of this world's wealth. Not even the house in which he lives is his own. Another family came to live in the parsonage, and they had to find themselves another home. One by one the brothers and the older sister married, and Alice found work in the credit offices of a big Minneapolis department store. But, still true to her first love, she went nights to a dramatic school, to which she had won a scholarship.

"Besides the death of my father, that year," she says—and there is a mist in her eyes, remembering, "a number of sad and tragic things happened. The last was the death of a boy I had gone through school with—we were devoted friends, always. His family had been very wealthy, but had lost everything in some sudden reverses. He had taken a job in a filling station, away on the outskirts of the city. Then his father recovered some of his fortune, and the boy was coming home to return to college. That was to be his last week at the filling station . . ."

She was silent for a moment. Then she said, from a tight throat: "Saturday night some bandits held up the place . . . He was alone there . . . He tried to save his employer's money . . . They shot him . . ."

"After that," she went on presently, "my mother felt it would be better for me to go away . . . I was so—unhappy . . . So she consented to my joining a Chau-tauqua company that was touring the

West."

So, at last, at eighteen, Alice Frost was an actress. Although her theatre now, instead of the parsonage cellar, was a rickety tent, threatening to collapse upon players and audience whenever the wind blew, still she was a trouper now, appearing behind footlights—and on her way to Broadway!

Her first rôle was that of *Lorelei*, in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*—and not even one-night stands, scanty dressing-room facilities, hard hours of travel in ancient automobiles over long, dusty roads, not even the dismal diet of canned foods, could discount the thrill of being a real actress.

She came back to play in a stock company in Chicago. Went with it to Miami, Florida, for a winter engagement.

"We didn't do very well," she admits. "In Miami, people weren't very interested in stock plays. They go there for the races, sports, fishing . . . So the company went broke. We had played for weeks for just our living expenses, and I didn't have money enough to get home. So I joined a musical stock company, and played with them till it, too, went broke.

"But just then I received a legacy. An uncle of mine had died and left me a little money—about thirteen hundred dollars. So I went home, and presently I persuaded Mother to come to New York with me."

For a year Alice Frost made the rounds of managers' offices. Shy, reserved, unsophisticated, she found it impossible even to get in to see them.

"I used to envy," she says, "those girls who could look so assured, so important, and somehow get by the office boys. I couldn't do it! And the few managers who did see me wouldn't even give me a chance to read anything for them. I was too tall for an ingénue, and too young, too naïve, for anything else. So—I never got anything!"

At last, however, she got a small part in a movie made in New York. It was called *Damaged Love*. June Collyer had the leading rôle.

"I was sent to try out for the lead," Alice said, "but I couldn't believe they would give it to me. I was inexperienced, unknown. They'd never, I felt, give me the leading rôle. But I was so desperately anxious to get something—so I went. I took along some pictures of myself in character rôles—and I asked them to let me have the part of the maid. I could play her, I said, with a Swedish accent. I guess the idea intrigued them—anyway, they gave me the rôle."

That was in 1930. Things looked up a bit, after that. In 1931 she was signed by the Theatre Guild for an understudy rôle in *Green Grow The Lilacs*. "I worked awfully hard," she says of it, "but I never spoke a word on the stage!"

Still, she was in the theatre, and on Broadway. Later she played with the late Lou Tellegen in *The Great Lover*, and with J. C. Nugent in *That's Gratitude*. She appeared also in *It's a Wise Child*, and *The Good Girl*.

In 1934, the year when she made her bow on the air, she was playing in the Rachel Crothers comedy, *As Husbands Go*.

In the cast of that play was young Rob-

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STUART'S LAXATIVE COMPOUND



Alice Frost, with her secretary, Ruth Wickes.

ert C. Foulk. Foulk had been a promising young architect, but 1929 had brought an abrupt and untimely end to his hopes in that career. Remembering some success in school and college plays, he turned to the theatre. If, he reasoned, he couldn't act, perhaps he could make a living designing stage sets. He does both now, and very successfully.

Alice, playing the leading rôle in its second Broadway season—she had joined the cast in its late spring road season—met the young actor-artist and found him a most congenial friend. What she meant to him, one may easily surmise. Young and slim and lovely, shy and sweet, with a cultured background and an eager, sensitive mind, she may well have seemed the ideal, the only girl. But Alice, still in love with the theatre, didn't realize that she was falling in love with a man.

"It wasn't until he went away—that I knew," she confessed, with an inner radiance glowing in her blue eyes. "That summer he had to go to Ogunquit, Maine. He was designing some sets for a play, and had to be there for some weeks.

"As soon as he had gone, I felt the most frightening loneliness . . . I knew then—it was real . . . Mother had gone to Minneapolis, for a short summer visit with my sister. I wanted to rush to Ogunquit—but I had some radio programs then, and I couldn't get away. Finally I arranged to have three days free—and I told him I was coming . . . And he got the license.

"There was a charming little church there, which was so beautiful, we wanted to be married in it. We tried to see the minister, but couldn't seem to get to him. I guess he just didn't care very much about strangers.

"Finally I got him on the phone. He wanted to know why we wanted to get married in such a hurry. I said it seemed a good idea to us. And we'd had the license for five days—and I had to go back to New York the next day. But it didn't impress him. We'd have, he said, without any softening explanation, to wait at least a week.

"I felt hurt, angry, that a minister's daughter should be treated so inhospitably. My father wouldn't have been like that, to anyone!

"So—we went on to another church—and its minister was kind and friendly—and he married us.

"And then I came back to New York, to

my radio programs—and Bob stayed in Ogunquit with his stage sets!

"We had telephoned our people—Bob's parents and my mother—immediately after the ceremony. Mother was very hurt—I'd always promised her I'd never run off and get married! But we both tried to explain that we hadn't known it would happen like that. We hadn't planned it. We just—couldn't help it. But Mother knew Bob, and she forgave us—though I think she felt hurt for a long time."

All is serene now, however, and Alice's mother lives with Alice and her husband in their charming New York apartment. They have a cat named Henry. A talented cat, who makes friends with you somewhat after the fashion of a well-bred child who still wants you to know he's pretty smart. Henry does a number of tricks, and needs no encouragement. But he doesn't make himself tiresome. When your attention wanders, Henry departs.

"I've always wanted a dog," Alice says. "I love dogs. But Mother doesn't believe in keeping dogs in a city apartment, walking them in city streets. And she's right, of course. We do adore Henry.

"But some day we're going to have a home in the country—and dogs—and children . . ." She says the last word softly, with a light in her eyes that makes you know how much it means.

Still, one ventures to believe, not even that dear dream of home and babies will wholly supplant the dream that began with her first awakening imagination. She may not become a second Duse, but Alice Frost will give a good account of herself on the stage before she is finished with it.

This season she is going to play with Orson Welles' repertory company in Shaw's *Heartbreak House*, and possibly in other plays planned for the repertoire. Alice Frost believes in repertory. She doesn't like the idea of "typing" a player. She wants to play every sort of rôle. She is busily reading scripts, seeking for a play of her own in which she will appear this winter.

There are other radio plans in the making, too. And, come television, Alice Frost may find still another medium for her varied talents—and still wider audiences to know and delight in her work.

But, even if there were no more audiences than she had in the parsonage cellar, still, one guesses, she will play her part. Maybe, best of all, to the next generation, in the nursery of the Foulk home.

SORE SPOTS

(Continued from page 42)

boss, he lets himself in for a lot of good-natured ribbing!

It's a pretty sore spot with Mr. Ross, the stories that have circulated about his home life—that his wife has most noticeably shifted the seat of her managerial capacity to their smart East River duplex; that even Lanny's carefree, boyish personality has been molded over into the staid one of a properly conservative married man.

Anybody seeking to find out who's the boss at the Lanny Ross' house will have a tough time. All requests for interviews are handled by Olive, who warns writers in advance that yarns on their home life are definitely out. The tenor will talk about his career—but his marriage, never! Interviewers are made to give their word that they won't even bring up the tabooed subject.

Rumors notwithstanding, the fact remains that Lanny has advanced farther since the day he became a benedict than at any other period since he first stood behind a mike. He now stars on the *Packard* show; he has studied voice in Germany; he has taken to farming in Millbrook, N. Y., and looks considerably healthier for it; he has made a highly successful concert debut at Town Hall; and he is making movies in Hollywood. Which should give him plenty of reason to be thankful to Olive, and touchy on the point of her managerial status.

Eddie Cantor's major sore spot is the \$250,000-suit brought against him by friends of the late David Freedman. Dave Freedman was one of the most well-liked and important persons in radio, although you probably never heard his name. He wrote the gags you laughed at when you tuned in Jack Benny, Joe Penner, Milton Berle—nearly all the star comedians—and he also authored Fannie Brice's famous *Baby Snooks* scripts.

Shortly before his death he had brought suit, charging that his material had helped make Cantor famous on the air and that the banjo-eyed funnyman had broken a verbal contract with him. The second day of court proceedings, Freedman died of heart trouble. The judge ruled the action dropped and Eddie commented: "No matter which way the decision fell, if Dave had lived, I believe the time would have come when we would have shaken hands and called each other pal again." Then, thinking that the whole affair was finished, he went back to Hollywood to continue his radio and film work.

But David Freedman's closest friends later reopened the suit and pressed it strongly. It is now believed that Cantor may have settled the suit privately with them.

It isn't the monetary aspect of the thing that troubled Eddie. He's a rich man and the sum is less than half his yearly income. It's the fact that he always has maintained a reputation for honesty and fair play and loyalty to his friends, and he hated to see that reputation assailed. Particularly wounding to genial Eddie was the fact that some of the people who pressed

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SHINE!**



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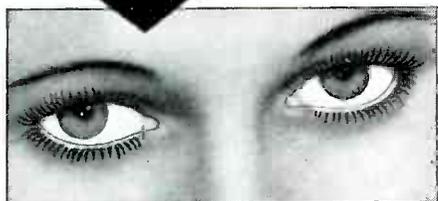
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the suit against him were once his close friends, too.

So it's understandable that he won't allow the subject to be mentioned in his presence.

It takes a lot to get goodnatured Kate Smith really upset, but the one little thing that could do it would be a question about her charities. Kate has been the victim of the accusation that she seeks publicity through her charitable acts. People have viciously commented that one seldom hears of other radio stars' generousities, but somehow hers invariably are written and talked about. And so, they conclude, the "Songbird of the South" believes it's smart policy to keep her right hand thoroughly informed of what her left hand doeth.

Kate Smith was extremely poor as a child. As an underpaid singer, struggling in show business a decade ago, she often earned her meager livelihood for weeks by giving fifteen-cent (and plenty of free) haircuts to chorus girls she knew around Broadway. She has come a long way since those days, made a large fortune and saved most of it, but she hasn't forgotten. If anyone would know how to give tactfully and lavishly it would be she.

As a matter of fact, Kate persistently has refused to discuss her kind deeds. If she talked back to her accusers she could say, with truth, that anything a person in her position does runs the risk of being misunderstood; that if writers have uncovered her generousities, they've done so strictly without her assistance; that anybody who says she has to resort to such means to obtain publicity overlooks the undeniable fact that she still is, and has been for years, one of the very biggest stars in radio.

But everybody who knows Kate knows those things. She'll never say them because she'll never have to.

Ted Husing has a sore spot, the very mention of which has often enraged him into banging doors in the faces of, and phones in the ears of, some of his best friends—and enemies. As long as a certain subject is omitted, the mighty Husing can take all the kidding that comes his way and hand it back, bristling with barbs. But if you happen to mention the ladies he's loved and lost—well, the Mile-a-Minute Man can do the iciest job of inviting you out you ever experienced!

There's a saying around Broadway that 'Husing can court 'em but he can't hold 'em.' Actually this is no more true of him than it is of any other handsome bachelor in the radio limelight. The hitch is that the other Don Juans of the Stem keep their romances pretty much to themselves—but Ted, spontaneous and dramatic Irishman that he is, parades his torches and heart wounds for all the world to see. That is, he used to—but he doesn't any more.

Some time ago, after a marriage that had lasted twelve years, former showgirl Bubbles Gifford divorced Husing in Reno, to marry maestro Lennie Hayton. Ted, hollow-eyed and talkative, gloomed openly, night after night, at the gay clubs; told his woes to all his friends. A while later, after he had publicly stated on innumerable occasions: "I've asked her to marry me a thousand times, but she won't do it," showgirl Anne St. George said "no" for the last time and switched her affections

elsewhere. Again Ted staged an Irish gloom, dissecting his heart for anybody who'd listen. But when his bride of last spring, showgirl Celia Ryland, sailed for Europe three days after their midnight elopement to Harrison. New York, he suddenly changed his mind about being so outspoken.

Broadway figured that one out. The Husing heart was wounded, they said, but not so much as the Husing pride. It just doesn't do for a Don Juan to get the short end of it every time!

Ted's going around again with this showgirl and that. It used to be that he'd talk gladly and volubly about his romances, and it always made choice copy. But now his sole retort to all comers is: "Why, I would like to know, should I discuss my private affairs with you?" And there's ice enough in every word of it to freeze New York Harbor on the Fourth of July!

Nobody ever has understood it, but from every indication it seems that Carmela Ponselle's main sore spot is Rosa, and Rosa Ponselle's main sore spot is Carmela. Here is one of the strangest situations in all radio. The two sisters not only live totally divided public lives, but separate private ones as well.

The famous Ponselle penthouse, at Eighty-first Street and Riverside Drive, has a small foyer that is divided by two grillwork doors. One leads to Carmela's apartment and the other to Rosa's, both suites being separate units that are shut off entirely to themselves. After you have once been a guest at the penthouse, you learn that when you're visiting Rosa you do not discuss or ask to see Carmela at the same time, and vice versa. Carmela refers to her younger sister only as "Miss Rosa," when she refers to her at all, and Rosa in turn speaks of Carmela as "Miss Carmela."

They do not attend each other's broadcasts, they have separate servants, they never entertain together, nor will they accept invitations to the same parties. The sisters Ponselle definitely prefer to have as little as possible to do with each other.

Carmela has explained this odd situation by saying that they both hit upon it as a necessary and smart piece of strategy. Being sisters and prima donnas, if they went about together, they would constantly be compared and one of them would inevitably have to suffer by that comparison; so they agreed, long ago, to stay out of each other's lives.

But Rosa never has verified this explanation. "I will not speak for Miss Carmela," she says emphatically. "You will have to discuss everything pertaining to her with her, herself."

Recently, after a brief courtship, Rosa was wed to Carle Jackson, son of the mayor of Baltimore. Carmela was her only attendant at a small and quiet ceremony. At the reception for three hundred guests that followed, she was present for only a few moments—the first public appearance of the sisters together in more than five years.

It is likely that Carmela will close the celebrated penthouse on the Drive and move to quarters of her own. And it will be a long time before anyone knows whether the situation between the Ponselles is really strategy or soreness.



Charles Correll, *Andy of Amos 'n' Andy*, popular NBC blackface duo.

Helen Jepson and Gladys Swarthout have a mutual sore spot, the slightest irritation of which will send them into a fury. And that's one time they're justified in behaving as much like prima donnas as they please. For people are forever reminding them how, since their weddings, they've risen to considerably greater heights of fame than their husbands; and how such a status is usually disastrous to a celebrity marriage.

Poor Gladys has sat over her breakfast tray on more than twenty occasions and read in the morning paper that she and Frank were separating for reasons of professional jealousy. There never has been an ounce of truth in these reports and they have only served to bring up an unhappy subject between the Chapmans. Frank Chapman has graciously and unselfishly postponed his own singing career to devote his full time to helping his pretty young wife get ahead.

"And if I have achieved anything," states Gladys, "I owe it all to him, which certainly makes Frank by far the more important of the two of us. It's only with malicious intent that people can possibly question our complete contentment—and frankly, it makes me furious!"

Helen Jepson's husband, as many people do not know, was an internationally famous flutist before Helen was even out of grammar school. Now in his late forties, George Possell has practically retired from his active musical career. He renders invaluable assistance to his busy wife by overseeing their upstate farm and Manhattan apartment and keeping a constant eye on little Sallie Patricia. Every morning at seven he throws a couple of shopping baskets into the car, drives down to the markets that line the docks along the Hudson, and brings back the freshest, choicest country produce to the Possell kitchen. This is merely the first and smallest of the business details of every day that he handles for his wife, leaving her mind and time free for her work.

"My husband has had his career," Helen explains. "He has had his fill of the exhaustion and excitement of the spotlight. He is entirely content now to live under less pressure, to help me reach my ambitions. For that I owe him an immeasurable debt, part of which is to stamp out any gossip that may make us unhappy."

So, unless you like fireworks, never be too curious about the marriages of Gladys Swarthout and Helen Jepson. In fact, if you're going to meet any stars, it's a good idea to know their sore spots in advance.

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(Continued from page 31)



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keep me decently clothed, went into the Dime & Savings Bank. They gave me my car tickets, but I didn't use 'em. I saved 'em and cashed 'em in. I had a second-hand bike and I rode that instead of the trolleys.

"When I went to high school, I got a job at the Dime & Savings Bank. I was the bank messenger and I toted such huge sums of money, nine and ten thousand at a crack, they gave me a revolver to carry in case of trouble. That was big stuff! In the summer I got a job as chauffeur to a wealthy Scranton widow. She was one of the very few people I ever worked for, or with, who wasn't pretty decent to me. Maybe that was because she didn't earn her money, she just married it. Anyway, she paid me twenty dollars a week, and for that I'd have taken a worse beating than she gave me.

"One summer I went to Asbury Park and got a job at a bakery. I worked over the ovens from ten p. m. to six a. m. It was kind of stiff, especially as I was working with a strapping Negro, who didn't take very kindly to me. One night we got our fists mixed up and I managed to survive the fight—but not the job. We were both kicked out.

"After that I drove a laundry truck. The laundry did 'wet wash' and catered to the summer hotels, the walk-up kinds, with some six flights of stairs. After that I got a job as chauffeur to a wealthy family from New York. They were swell to me. They told me a lot about New York and singers and musicians they knew there. I ate at the table with them and was one of the family.

"I fell in love that summer in Asbury, too. For the first time in my life. I'd never had any time for girls. I'd never had a girl friend. I'm not much of a ladies' man now. I never did 'go with' girls, properly speaking. I never had a real girl friend in Scranton, not even when I was in high school. I didn't have time. That was the first time, the first romance.

"During my senior year in high school, I got a job driving the coal trucks. I worked for a man who had a dandy little racket, during the coal strike. He had a method whereby he collected the waste-material from coal, processed it, sold it to the famine-suffering consumers. He made quite a pile by the time the strike was over—and I didn't do so badly myself. I managed to get the job of loading the cars. I was eighteen and my predecessor had been a hulking fellow, twice my size. But I persuaded the boss that I could do it and he let me try. I got to the point where I could load twenty-one sixty-ton trucks a day—and I earned seventy-five dollars a week. When the strike and the job ended, my savings had ballooned considerably.

"Then I went into the mines. My dad was foreman and I got to work double shift, sixteen hours a day, at fifty-eight cents an hour.

"I did all kinds of odd jobs, while I was

in high school. I had the bleacher concession and did pretty well with that. I managed the school cafeteria. Later on I worked with the steel girder gang in the mines. I played a bit of football and, just to prove that work and not play was my meat, I broke my wrist the first month I was playing. Later I took a spill from one of the steel girders and broke the same wrist again. I now wear a silver plate in my arm as a souvenir. It doesn't cause me much trouble, though I doubt that I could swing a lariat with it."

It was when Allan was eighteen, he told me, that he had his fifteen hundred dollars in the bank. He'd worked, labored, sweated for eight years and more for that sum. He wanted to enter Syracuse University—the School of Fine Arts—and he did. He said: "I stayed at the University for three months. Then I had a wire from the man who always had been a pal of mine—LeRoy Eltringham, who had been curate of St. Luke's when I sang in the choir there. He told me to come to New York. I believed he knew what he was talking about, knew he wouldn't give me a bum steer, and I packed up and left. It didn't look easy at first.

"We went the rounds of voice teachers, but when they found that I couldn't afford to pay their prices, they decided that they couldn't afford to teach me. We finally went to Claude Warford. I sang for him as I'd sung for the others. Pretentious, as youth always is, I sang *The Valley* from *The Messiah*. Claude Warford said that he'd give me three lessons a week—*gratis*. I didn't want to quit college, after all my plans for the Higher Education, so, thanks to Mr. Eltringham, to whom so many thanks are due, I got a scholarship at N. Y. U. I sang in the Glee Club and that got me in the 'in.' But I found that I couldn't quite make the grade. The college curriculum, plus the singing lessons, the long hours of practice, got me down where loading sixty-ton trucks had not. I told them I'd have to quit and they co-operated still further by offering to keep me on as a special student, studying languages. That's what I did.

"Claude Warford had a summer school in Paris. I wanted to go over with the other students and he wanted me to go. But he couldn't afford to take me, free. And I didn't have the money to get there, not even steorage, which wouldn't have stopped me. I got to wondering, how about giving a concert in the home town? I had a lot of friends there, in the mines, in the town. I wrote Dad and Dad wrote back and told me that he had two thousand men working under him and that every man Jack of them would buy a ticket or wish they had! They did! They not only bought tickets, but they gave me such a rousing ovation that I darn near broke into tears instead of song! That concert netted me eleven hundred dollars—and more than that—the feeling of belief in my fellow men I've never lost.

"I went to Paris with Warford and the others. I coached with Reynaldo Hahn

RADIO STARS

and with Felix Le Roux. I sort of learned my way around, too. I met charming people. I never got to the point, and never will get to it, where I could kiss a lady's hand or turn a neat compliment—but I did acquire enough poise to meet all kinds of people without turning red as brick dust or stumbling over my own feet.

"That autumn I came back to the United States, to New York, and got my first really big, professional engagement. I was soloist with Anna Case at the New York Philharmonic, with Walter Damrosch conducting. I commuted back and forth between Europe and America, for a couple of years after that. I studied oratorio in London with Sir Henry Wood. I sang at Deauville. When I was in America I'd give concerts all over the States. I did some radio shots, at sixty dollars per. I kept on taking my three lessons a week from Claude Warford, whenever I was in New York. I kept up my study of languages.

"1929 was the Bad Year. I lost most of my savings in the crash. My good friend, LeRoy Eltringham, dropped dead. When I walked out of the preview of *Firefly*, my first thought was, I wish he could have been here. I never sing on the air that I don't wish he could be out there, somewhere . . . Maybe he is . . .

"Anyway, I was pretty well down to bedrock for a time. Even the one or two things that did 'break,' soon broke down. Charley Wagner put on *Boccaccio*, and the critics were swell to me—but the thing failed, commercially.

"I finally signed with the Shuberts. I went to St. Louis and did a new show every week. We ran through the whole repertoire of light opera—*Sari, Floradora, The Student Prince*—we didn't miss one of them. Then, in the fall, I'd go to Boston and we'd open in some huge *opus* and it would flop and I'd go back to St. Louis and sweat some more. The mines had nothing on that experience!

"I sang *Annina* with Jeritza. Those were the days when prima donnas were prima donnas, indeed. Jeritza had a red velvet carpet unrolled for her, from the train to her car, from the stage door to her car. When she traveled, the very engine bore the word *Jeritza* in letters of shining steel or chromium or something. Flowers were strewn before her wherever she walked. It was wonderful!

"I also played in *The Life of Stephen Foster*. And just around this time—when I was singing *Annina*, it was—Bill Grady and one or two other officials of M-G-M were there. First thing I knew, there was a test, and then a wire from Louis B. Mayer, saying: '*Sign Jones to long term contract immediately.*' There were some complications. I had my Shubert contract, and to get free of that cost me plenty of grief—and twenty thousand dollars in cash."

I said: "What song did you sing when you made the M-G-M test?"

"*Sweet Mystery of Life*," Allan grinned. "And when I made the dramatic test, I did a sort of *Jekyll and Hyde*—played a dual rôle with myself—talked to myself.

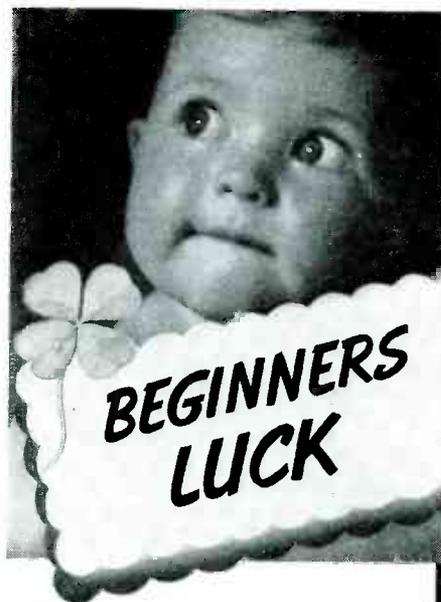
"Well, I hit Hollywood at crack of dawn one morning. I didn't know a soul. I was a stranger, in a very strange land, if ever there was one! I was in the studio and on the set before ten that same morning.

The first person I met was Jean Harlow. I sang my song for *Reckless*, my first job. Jean was sure swell to me, as she was to everyone. I know. She was friendly and helpful and told me I'd make the grade and wished me luck. She even wrote a letter to a friend and said that she'd just met me and was sure I was destined to 'go places.' The friend, who happened to be a mutual friend, sent her letter to me. I have it now, one of my most prized possessions. I thought of Jean, too, when I came out of the preview of *Firefly*. I had the feeling that she was glad about it . . .

"I played in *A Night At The Opera*, and I did *Showboat* for Universal. I wasn't ready for that, at the time. It was premature. I sang the operatic sequence with Jeanette MacDonald in *Rose Marie*, and Hunt Stromberg asked me, 'as a favor,' to do the sound track for *A Pretty Girl Is Like A Melody* in *The Great Ziegfeld*. He told me that if I'd do that for him, he'd keep his eyes open for something for me, something that would put me on the screen, on the top.

"Right here is as good a time as any to say that I may be naive, but I believe that people are pretty swell. I'm no cynic. I don't hold with the idea that you only get the glad hand, the helping hand, when you're some kind of a Big Shot. I was just a kid, trying to wangle some dough so I could go abroad and study, when I gave my one-man concert back in Scranton. And there wasn't one of the gang who didn't dig into his jeans for a dollar or two bits to hear me sing—they'd been hearing me sing all my life, too—down in the howels of the earth, on the girders, everywhere—*free*. Jean Harlow didn't know me, that first day on the set of *Reckless*, but she was as swell to me as she could have been to Gable or Caruso. Jeanette and Gene and Irene and I became friends, darned good friends, long before any one of us had any idea I'd ever get a break of singing opposite Jeanette in *Firefly*. And all through the production she threw everything she could my way. The songs were divided more than fifty-fifty—in my favor. And the night of the preview she sent me a wire from Honolulu. It said: '*Congratulations on your big night.*' Hunt Stromberg didn't need to keep his promise to me. But he did keep it. There were plenty of other Marx Brothers comedies to come, and I could have continued to be in them. But no, Stromberg promised me the 'breaks' and he saw to it that I got the breaks. Folks ask me whether people are 'different' to me since *Firefly*. The answer is *no*. They've been grand about it—but they were grand before. It's been the same with everyone on the air. I get a very folksy feeling, when I'm broadcasting, the feeling that the people listening are *right with me, as I sing*. A kind of all-together sing fest."

(There is, at this writing, the rumor that all is not well between Allan and M-G-M, that Allan does not like the picture slated for him to do, feels it is "a step backward." If this is so, it's at least understandable. A workingman, a man who has got where he is by manual labor, sweat, strain, does not easily relinquish progress. He may not fight to take a step forward; he will fight to hold the step he's on.)



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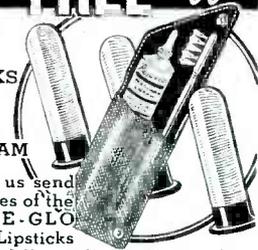
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"And so they were married and lived happily ever after," Allan was saying. "That should be the end of my 'story,' as it is the real beginning of my personal life. It was through Betty Furness that I first met Irene. I was with Betty when I first saw Irene. We'd gone to a studio play together and Irene had the feminine lead. The instant I saw her, I was interested, wanted to know who she was. There was something so clean-cut about her, something so definite and—I don't know, she just looked *differant* to me. Betty warned me to look the other way. Where had I been all my life, she wanted to know. Hadn't I heard about Irene and Bob Taylor? I'd heard. But I didn't look the other way. I kept remembering her. One day I walked across the lot a few feet in back of her. She was humming the song I sang in *Night At The Opera*—alone. I caught up with her, passed her, looked back. Our eyes met and we both laughed. I have a pretty good hunch that we both knew then . . . I know that I did. No poet, it was sure enough love at first sight with me. And Irene has told me since that when she first saw me, in *Night At The Opera*, she asked who I was. I don't know what love is, chemical, something predestined, human, divine—whatever it is, it hit us both and we didn't get up at the count.

"We met at several parties. Betty gave a party at Christmas time and Irene was there, with Bob. I managed to make a trio of Irene, Bob—and me. And I never

talked so hard and so fast in my life. We met at a party given by Raoul Walsh. Bob was on location and Irene came with Cesar Romero. Betty, who was certainly Cupid's aide-de-camp with us, arranged it so that I took Irene home and she went home with Cesar.

"A few days later we took a long drive and it was all settled. There were several problems to be worked out, before we could be married. We worked them out. And on the 26th of July, 1936, we were married. I'm not much of a hand to talk glibly about the things that mean the most to me. Irene means the most to me—and Gail, her little daughter—and pretty soon there will be *our* little daughter—or son. I've collected," grinned Allan, "every kind of a camera, with sound devices and without, I've been able to find. I'm not only going to record the baby's first expression, but also its first cry. We're discussing names. Irene wants the name to be Allan Hervey Jones, if it's a boy. We may call it Jacqueline—Jacky—Jones, if a girl. Take any pretty name," said Allan, "and add the *Jones* to it—and what have you got?"

"And so, I've got the working man's heaven, too . . . Our 'little gray home in the West,' the 'Missus,' the babies. . . .

"You bet I'm a working man," Allan said, "and proud of it. And if I ever forget it, that invitation to clunk me on the head goes for anyone who's handy enough to do it!"

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX

(Continued from page 28)

has defeated her husband in his by taking too much from his pride, or his initiative, or his sense of well being. And so often a successful career makes domestic life seem flat to a woman. So she takes the glamour and lets the real thing go, and eventually finds herself face to face with disillusion and heartbreak. For women haven't changed any more than men have, for all the excitement of these few years they have been out on their own. In their hearts they want the same things their mothers and grandmothers and great grandmothers wanted. A home, a husband and children.

"Women miss so much of their children, too, when they work away from their homes. They lose so much of the fun of them and they take away so much of the understanding and love that count so much, not only then, but in all of their children's future lives. Other people can make so many mistakes with children, and many a working mother entrusts them to women they would not trust with far less precious things.

"The women who really have no inclination to work, but feel they have to help eke out the family income, are guilty of the gravest mistake. They usually don't realize how little their salary really adds. One woman was amazed when I pointed out to her that she actually was costing her husband money by working. A woman at home can economize in so many ways that are impossible for her working sister.

"To begin with, there is the question of clothes, always so much more costly for her than for the domestic wife, who can get along with a much smaller wardrobe and who can sometimes save still more of her dress allowance by making her own clothes. Then there is the food budget, that always mounts in proportion to the dwindling of time spent in preparing it. And there are all the other things, too—salaries for household help and for someone to look after the children, not to speak of the cost of luxuries a working wife feels that she is entitled to, but that she would be just as happy without. Making a husband happy is a full time job and reaps more benefits than any other work I know of."

Those first five years of her own marriage were full and happy ones for Marie Manning Gasch. There was her husband, growing steadily more successful in his own business, and the two boys born of their marriage, proving themselves such an exciting adventure that she didn't have time to think of any others. And there was her writing, too, for there were hours she didn't have to steal from anyone but herself, which she devoted to novels, and one of them, *Judith of the Plains*, headed the best-seller lists of that day.

They lived in a lovely old red brick house on P Street in Washington and they bought a country place in Virginia, a friendly, hospitable house that they added on to, year after year, and which rambled around the towering old trees they refused

to cut down.

Then the war came and, in that restless period when women found they were needed in the places left vacant by men at the front, Arthur Brisbane sent for Marie Gasch, and she took over the *Beatrice Fairfax* column again. She held it until the war was over, when she once more devoted herself solely to her family—until 1929, when the market break hit the Gasch family, as it did so many others.

So now it is the first *Beatrice Fairfax* who again is taking the helm of the ship she launched. Years ago, as a young girl endowed with understanding far beyond her years, her advice was uncanny in its accuracy. Today, with thirty happy years of marriage behind her, she brings that fine understanding to the problems of those who seek her help. Add to that the knowledge the years have given her, and her wisdom and tolerance and kindness, and you find the reason for her success in the newspaper world and in radio.

The confidences poured into her waiting ears are kept as inviolate as the confessional, and throughout the length and breadth of the country are men and women who have entrusted her with secrets they never have told anyone else. Secrets they never have told themselves, really, for her eyes have that God-given talent for reading between words and to see beyond them to the core of the problem itself.

Men and women have written to her, when life became intolerable to them, and, through her advice, found the courage to make it tolerable again. Girls have given up the wrong man and found happiness with the right one, under her sage counseling, and she has guided many a marriage, on the verge of failure, into peace and contentment again.

Advice to the Lovelorn is no stereotyped routine to her. To her, everyone who asks for her counsel is an individual with an individual problem. The same troubles can come to people but they become different in the reaction they bring. People don't react alike and what is a minor annoyance to one can be a tragedy to another. It's knowing this that makes Mrs. Gasch, *Beatrice Fairfax* to you, the splendid person she is.

"Take the freedom young people have today," she says. "It's a wonderful thing for the kind of people who can take it. But some can't. Parents should learn to know their own children and just how much rope they can give them.

"But it's a great mistake to keep young people chained up. Girls and boys, who have been held down too much, become intoxicated with the first freedom they get, and go under.

"I believe in early marriages for girls, providing, of course, they really are in love with the men they marry. If she waits too long, has too many beaux and too much attention, the chances are that a girl won't want to relinquish them, even after she is married. You can't diffuse love too much.

"But men should wait before they settle down, for many a girl who seems adorable to them at twenty-two becomes a different person at thirty. Boys are too much given to regard externals. It's only after they've been around a bit that they begin to appreciate the qualities that go into the

making of a good wife.

"If I could choose the type of girl I'd like to see my sons marry, I'd ask that she be a good cook and a housekeeper and that she reads newspapers and knows what's going on in the world.

"In my opinion it's the woman, usually, who is the deciding factor in a happy marriage. So many women who write to me, telling of straying husbands, haven't bothered to make their homes attractive enough to hold a man's attention, and so many others have let themselves go, mentally, so much that they haven't a thought interesting enough to hold a stranger, much less a husband.

"Divorce, like a surgical operation, is sometimes necessary. But it should always be regarded as the last resort.

"I'll never forget what the old colored woman, who took care of me as a child and afterwards helped nurse my own sons, used to say about it: '*De torment, what you escapes with one, is standing there waiting for you with the next, with 'crumments!*'

"What difference that she didn't know much about book learning and couldn't pronounce accrumments. That woman was wise in herself, and she knew!

"Women who rush to Reno in a huff, or divorce their husbands for a whim, should discipline themselves enough to find out what they really want. Then they'd realize that, instead of finding glamour with their new freedom, they'll probably find only loneliness. A legal document can't really end a marriage that has held any happiness or respect. Roots strike down deep, in spite of what people may think, and are awfully difficult to pull up."

Bringing *Beatrice Fairfax* to the airwaves (over *MBS*) brings her closer to men and women who count her no less a friend because they've never met her. Her personality always was strong enough to break through even the cold newspaper type of her column, but on the air her vibrant voice brings its own warmth into her relationship with them. Now that they hear her laugh, sometimes, and feel their own fears lessen with that laugh, now that they hear her voice soften in sympathy as she unravels for them the problems they couldn't unravel for themselves, they know her for the first time as a human being like themselves and like her the better for that knowledge.

She loves to tell the story of the aftermath of one of her broadcasts, heard Tuesdays through Fridays, from coast to coast, over the Mutual network, from 2:45 to three in the afternoon.

"In a spurt of thrift one night, I decided to walk home from the studios. I was all dressed up in a new, spiffy green dress that made me feel so young and gay that I tripped along the street as buoyantly as a girl of eighteen. Suddenly I felt a man was following me. I didn't have any illusions about my looks, so I knew it wasn't my youth or beauty that interested him, but I was afraid he might be after my pocketbook, which looked awfully inviting and fat, what with all the newspaper clippings it was crammed with.

"I walked faster and he walked faster, and then I was sure he was following me, so I began to run. He ran, too, and just as we reached the clump of rhododendrons in Gramercy Park, and I had visions of being hit over the head with a blackjack,

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he gained on me and thrust himself in front of me.

"He reached out his hand, and then I saw he wasn't trying to take anything away from me, after all, but was giving me a sheet of paper. I took it gratefully and read it under a street lamp.

"Yes, Jesus loves you," greeted my astonished eyes, followed by three asterisks. And then, 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow.' Three asterisks. 'Special services Wednesday evening for fallen women!' Three asterisks. 'Come. If you are hungry we will feed you!'

"And this after my nice moral talk over the radio, telling the boys and girls listen-

ing in: 'No, no, you mustn't pet on the back seat of a car. No, no, you mustn't let a man kiss you the first time he takes you out.' And I've wondered, since, what that little man, so intent on the salvation of my soul, would think if he knew my interest in wayward women was as academic as his own."

When Mrs. Gasch laughs, as she was laughing now, her laugh begins in her eyes and creeps right down to her mouth and her whole face laughs with it. It's one of the grand things about her. For she knows how to laugh at herself, this woman known as *Beatrice Fairfax*. But she never laughs at anybody else.

FOR YOUR OWN AMAZEMENT

(Continued from page 41)

Murray Hill?" we asked Feg.

"The answer to that is easy," he said. "I'm working." Okay, the Murrays no longer own Murray Hill.

The Feg Murray personal history begins in Palo Alto, California, somewhere near the turn of the present century. Feg was in Palo Alto because his father was a professor of Greek at Stanford, and it's always nice to be near your father, at least until you're two or three years old and can stand on your own feet.

Incidentally, Feg arrived in time to be present at the great San Francisco earthquake in 1906. In fact, he claims the distinction of being the only San Francisco earthquake survivor now on the air with Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard.

Feg—the name "Feg" is a nickname, bestowed upon him by a small brother who couldn't pronounce Fred—earned his first dollar as a direct result of the earthquake. His own school building was demolished in the disaster, and Feg drew down a quarter an hour scraping plaster off the fallen bricks. He denies, however, that he was working his way through grade school.

Someone put up another school building, and Feg continued his education, winding up at Stanford, where he captained the track team and, in 1916, set a world's record in the low hurdles, which stood for fourteen years. That same year he toured Norway and Sweden with an American track team, and returned to New York to look for work.

"Shortly after that," says Feg, "America entered the World War. I knew what this country needed, so I joined the Engineering Corps and sailed for France. When we arrived, I lined up with the Camouflage Division, under the unfortunate delusion that the job entailed a lot of painting. I was wrong—unless you classify digging latrines as one of the fine arts."

Everyone who has seen Feg Murray's *Secin' Stars*, has seen the goofy-looking little character which generally hangs out in the lower corner of the cartoon. Its name is Feggo, and Feggo has a story.

In 1916, when Feg was an undergraduate student at Stanford, he bought a ten-cent porcelain Chinese Lucky Dog to wear on his watch chain. It became Feggo, and when Feg went to France in September, 1917, Feggo went along. Before any important move, Feg took counsel with his lucky piece. If Feggo seemed to smile,

everything was dandy, but if a frown crossed Feggo's inscrutable pan, bad luck was ahead.

In October, 1918, during the height of the Argonne Forest siege and the advance of the Allied forces, Feg and three members of his division found a deserted barn in the little town of Gesnes, in France. The barn had been occupied for four years by the Germans, and its bunks and reading lamps looked like heaven to four guys who had spent the past six weeks sleeping in the mud. Feg settled down to the luxuries of the barn but, before going to sleep, he consulted Feggo. Feggo frowned, so his obedient master promptly got up, and with one of his three companions hiked down the road and spent the night in a ditch. Next morning they returned to the barn to pick up their belongings—and found their two friends dead and the barn demolished by shell fire. That's why you see Feggo smiling at you in *Secin' Stars* today.

It was also in 1918 that Feg took part in the Fourth of July track meet in Paris. He ran second in the 100-yard dash, in spite of his hobnail boots, and he won first place in the shot-put, probably because of them.

Hitch-hiking back to his division, he stopped a military policeman and asked him the way to the front.

"Just take this road, buddy," said the cop, "until you come to a war!"

Along the way he stopped off to grab a free meal with an anti-aircraft crew. Exchanging conversation for food, he asked them how many planes they had brought down that week.

"Three," said one of the guys. "Two German—and one French."

The victorious gladiator returned from the wars with no scars, a fine gold medal for his hundred-yard dash in Paris, and a cheap razor for winning the shot-put. He packed his medal in a nice clean box and went once more in search of work. Since he was fond of both sports and drawing, he was fortunate enough to combine the two and sell a few sports cartoons. Along about this period he also studied at the Art Students' League for an indefinite time. The time is indefinite because Feg can't remember whether it was ten minutes or fifteen minutes.

Then came the 1920 Olympic Games in Antwerp. Antwerp is in Belgium but Feg

RADIO STARS

could hurdle in any language—and hurdle he did, placing third in spite of the fact that he'd had little or no training.

Back again to the United States (that's three times the guy has made the round-trip free—a racket!), Feg went to work for Gregory La Cava, now one of Hollywood's top-ranking directors, who then was a pioneer in the animated cartoon field. Those were the early days of *Krazy Kat* and the *Katzenjammers*, before anyone thought of a mouse as a national hero.

Next step was back to California, where he married his college sweetheart—a young lady who was a freshman at Stanford when Feg was a senior. (Both Feg and Mrs. M. would murder us in cold blood if we made the pronouncement that they're still sweethearts, so we won't make it.)

After a year in Los Angeles, selling sports cartoons on a free-lance basis (translated, that means Feg wasn't doing so hot—or is it hotly?), the Murrays journeyed back to New York and their first real break financially. Feg's sports cartoons began their daily appearance in the *New York Sun* and a syndicate of papers throughout the country. This sort of thing went on until 1932, when Feg was assigned to cover the Olympic Games in Los Angeles.

"When I returned to New York," he says, "I was full of anecdotes about Babe Didrikson, but no one asked about her. They wanted to know about Clara Bow."

Feg got to thinking about Clara Bow—a national pastime in those days, you may recall—and from that developed an idea for a cartoon series on Hollywood. It took

him a year to sell it, 1932 being what it was, and all that, but in 1933 King Features bought *Secin' Stars*, and the Feg Murrays have been in Hollywood ever since.

At the moment *Secin' Stars* appears daily in over fifty newspapers, and its creator appears weekly, along with Harriet Hilliard and Ozzie Nelson, on the *Baker's Broadcast*, Sundays, at 7:30 p.m., EST., over the NBC-Blue network—and all that because Feggo frowned that night in the little town of Gesnes.

Because Feg is a friend of ours, it would be embarrassing to come right out and say he is one of the nicest guys we've ever known, so we'll skip that and say he's a fine fellow who enjoys his work because it gives him time for his favorite diversions, tennis, badminton and ping pong. We might also add that he has the dubious honor of being practically the only cartoonist mentioned on the floor of our National Congress.

Several years ago the late Congressman Zioncheck announced to his colleagues that *Secin' Stars* contained code messages from an underworld chief in Chicago to "the boys" in the New York branch! The pronouncement was a slight overstatement, but it's in the *Congressional Record*.

Today Feg Murray is doing very well for himself. The young lady from Stanford is still Mrs. M., and there are, in addition, four Murray offspring, who look extremely happy and seem entirely oblivious of the stigma attached to their old man. But probably one day they'll have to be told he was once a low hurdler.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF AN ASTROLOGER

(Continued from page 33)

the University of Munich, where he studied philosophy. A requirement of this course was an understanding of the occult. In 1915 he studied palmistry and it has been his hobby ever since.

He first came to this country in 1916, to manage a concert tour for Richard Strauss, composer of *Der Rosenkavalier*. Mr. Taylor became so interested in music that, during the '20s, he was president of the Judson Music Corporation, and was instrumental in starting what now is the Columbia Broadcasting System. It was at this same time that he was president of the American Opera Company and thus met his present wife—who, at that time, was a singer, not an astrologer.

Strange that these two people should now be husband and wife. They have known each other for twelve years, but their marriage date was April 5th, 1934.

In 1927, Miss Kingsley obtained a divorce from her first husband. Friends wanted to know who the next lucky man would be. "You know how people are," says the astrologer. "They were sure that I must be in love with someone else! I told them that such was not the case. My chart showed that I would not fall in love until 1932. That was five years to wait!

"In June of 1932, Howard Taylor asked me to attend a dinner with him. We saw

each other, infrequently, for several weeks. A friend asked me if he was the man I would marry. 'Yes,' I said, 'but he won't know it until August!' (That, you see, I knew from his chart!)"

Miss Kingsley had worked out the astrological chart of Howard Taylor and found that he would probably propose marriage in August. And he did!

For some years previously, Mr. Taylor had visited the noted astrologer professionally.

"I disregarded her advice just once," he laughed. "I wanted to buy a certain automobile, on which I had set my heart. She told me it was a bad time for me to spend money—"

"Astrology, you see, could reveal conditions in a general financial way," interrupted Miss Kingsley.

"Anyway," continued her husband, "I decided that I wanted that particular car, and bought it—regardless of her advice. And I never had so much trouble with a car as I did with that one! I never have crossed her since!" He told the tale on himself with much amusement.

Myra Kingsley was born in Westport, Connecticut, on October 1st, 1897. "I've always wanted to be forty years old and now in 1937, I am, at last!" she said. Her father is William Morgan Kingsley, the

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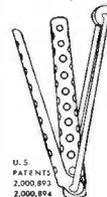
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banker. Her mother is a lady who placed much faith in metaphysics.

"From the time I can remember, there have been books on astrology lying about the house," said Miss Kingsley. "As a child I was an avid reader, so naturally I read all Mother's books on the subject. I can not remember the first time I went to Evangeline Adams, but I know I was very young. And I was fascinated."

Brought up as every proper little lady, Myra was given instruction in all the arts, particularly in music. Little wonder, then, that she decided to become a fine singer. She had dreams of opera and concert. When she was nineteen, she paid Evangeline Adams one of her periodic visits.

"You have a natural talent for music," Miss Adams told her, "but that is not your destiny. You should be a teacher."

"I was furious," laughed Miss Kingsley, recalling that day, "because, at nineteen, all I could think of was that I might be an austere academic teacher."

Today Myra Kingsley looks far from austere. With her curly blonde hair piled high on her head, she radiates personality. She is proud to be forty—perhaps because she appears ten years younger. She is a woman who never will grow old, because of her natural magnetism, her amazing vitality, and her absorbing interest in other people.

For several years, she made music her life, but never felt satisfied with her progress. Each time she visited Evangeline Adams she was told that music should be her avocation—that teaching should be her life's work. "You are fitted for astrology," Miss Adams told her one day. Myra went home to think about that. She had more than an elemental knowledge of the work, and the more she thought about it, the better she liked the idea.

She made up her mind to take more instruction in astrology, and went out to California, where she studied with Milton Pierce Ropp, who, besides making a study of astrology, maintains a bookshop in San Francisco.

"I believe that Ropp is one of the greatest astrologers in the country, and should be better known," said Miss Kingsley. "I took daily instruction from him, for about five months."

Following which, in 1925, Myra Kingsley became a professional astrologer. She finds it a gratifying profession, not only in that she has been able to help others, but that it has greatly helped the course of her own life. Understanding, of course, naturally makes for harmony.

"When the signs are not propitious for a party, I do not entertain," Miss Kingsley told me. "When the evening looks bad, the three of us—Howard, Chico (that is what we call Howard, Jr.) and I stay home and play a lovely game called *Cameroon*. When my daily chart shows that I am to be in a bad frame of mind, I say to Howard: '*Be careful, dear, watch for Mars!*' And he knows what I mean. Mars is my dissenting planet."

"But La Kingsley never is in a bad humor," hastily interposes her husband. "Sometimes, after a party, she and I will go to a favorite restaurant of ours and start a discussion, merely because we think we *should* have a good argument!"



Russ Morgan, Philip Morris band-leader, toots a mean trombone solo.

"I believe that Howard Taylor has a perfect disposition," said Miss Kingsley, smiling. "He thinks I am always good-humored. That," she adds, "is perhaps, because I know influences ahead of time. My own horoscope isn't a very good one, yet I have a better time out of life than anyone I know. I have to work for everything I get, but I am supremely happy. A bad chart does not necessarily mean that the owner's life is unfortunate. So many great people of the world have been born with bad charts. But, in having to overcome obstacles, they have formed character. Whenever I meet a lackadaisical, unambitious person, I know that that person may have a beautiful chart, but everything in life is too easy for him," says Miss Kingsley.

What encouraging news for those who feel that fate has been unkind to them. almost to the point of exhaustion! Miss Kingsley has even happier news for you who believe life is too hard.

"Every person's chart runs in cycles. The bad influences gradually give way to good influences. How much better, then, to be prepared for the misfortunes in life, how much pleasanter to know that happiness is just around the corner! If only more people would take astrology seriously, there would be more contentment."

Certainly the private life of Myra Kingsley proves the truth of this belief. It is seldom one has the opportunity to step into a family circle such as hers, in which each member gives forth a glow of happiness and contentment.

"In my daily broadcasts," she smiles, "I endeavor to give that encouragement to my listeners. It is my part in making some contribution to the world's happiness."

I'M AFRAID OF HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from page 25)

New York there is pace and tension—everyone's in a hurry. Everybody on the street looks like he's two minutes late for an important appointment. I'm even faster. I look three minutes late.

"In Hollywood, it's just the opposite. The incessant sunshine makes the days longer, and it gives you the idea that whatever you have to do can be done later. And it can. But after years in New York, I can't adjust myself to it.

"The big difference is this: New York is paced to 4-4 time—Hollywood is waltz time. And I can't waltz!"

Phil probably can't waltz, but he knows how to enjoy his Hollywood surroundings, even if they do cast a shade of fear over him. Our interview was conducted in the comfortable Baker ménage in Bel-Air, one of Beverly Hills' nicer sub-divisions. Just to show you that the pace and excitement Phil likes always surrounds him, let me give you a picture of our conference.

It was Thursday, maid's day off in Hollywood. It was also 11 a. m., and the master of the house hadn't had breakfast. The comely Mrs. B. had just left on a house-shopping tour (the Bakers' hobby is moving), leaving Phil all alone with a secretary, three children, a nurse and us. Phil wanted a boiled egg—a simple request for a guy in his income bracket, we thought. But we reckoned without the Baker household. The secretary, a lovely girl and all that, had never boiled an egg in her life, and didn't see why she should start now. The nurse could boil eggs, but have you ever tried it with three healthy youngsters crawling up and down your anatomy? We offered to boil the egg if he'd write the interview, but we were turned down. We don't have to tell you who finally boiled it.

While the master was in the kitchen boiling his lonely egg, we were entertained by two of his offspring—Muffet, a charming young lady given to standing on her head for company, and Stuart, a young man given to *trying* to stand on his head. Here, we thought, is our chance to get the real lowdown on this Baker guy.

With pencil poised, we set Muffet up on her proper end and asked her: "How often does your daddy beat your mama?"

Her reply was as brief as it was puzzling. She said: "No."

Throwing discretion to the winds, we asked Muffet her age. She said she was three and a half.

"And how old is Stuart?" we asked.

"Three," replied little Miss Muffet, without even blushing. We didn't ask her any more questions.

By that time their proud father had consumed his egg and was once more among us. He rejected Stuart's invitation to go out and play, and suggested that his two little friends go and dig in the sand.

So now we're back to the question of the moment once more—Hollywood. Did you know, for instance, that Phil Baker first came to Hollywood to make pictures twenty years ago? He came, but after three months of it he begged off. The *Shangri-La* stuff was getting him, and he

felt he was going soft. He told his picture bosses he had a road show engagement, so they canceled his contract. Phil took to the road—the "show" part of his statement being a slight exaggeration.

Phil's next Hollywood venture was during the days when silent pictures were struggling their last struggle. He came out with Jack Benny and they made a screen test at Universal. The boys saw the test, and sneaked quietly out of town.

Phil's next Hollywood engagement was in a little gem called *Gift of Gab*. He'd rather not talk about that one.

But now he's doing *The Goldwyn Follies*, and his picture career is looking up. The astute Mr. Goldwyn has an option on Phil Baker's future services, all of which means that our hero will probably find himself spending at least half of every year in Hollywood.

"But I won't let it get me," says Phil. "If I'm out here in the middle of the winter, where all is sunshine and bliss, I'll grab a plane to New York for a few days, and stand around in a blizzard. Then, if I'm still alive, I'll come back, a warmer but wiser man.

"And here's another problem. If I do spend a lot of time out here, I'll have to buy a house. Houses are nice, of course, but I already have two—one in Mamaronck, New York, and one in Miami, Florida. And now, another in Hollywood!"

Anyway, those three houses are a decided contrast to the small, furnished room which was Phil Baker's Hollywood abode twenty years ago. At that time he was invited to a party at the home of a producer. Looking around the sumptuous domain, he determined then and there that one day he'd have one himself. To say that Phil is a guy with determination is to put it mildly. He wishes for one house—and gets three!

Phil's present determination is to make picture producers quit regarding him as "that fellow with the accordion." On the stage his accordion always was incidental to his comedy, just as it has been in his four years of radio. Calling Phil an accordion player is like calling Jack Benny a violinist.

"In *The Goldwyn Follies*," says Phil, "I hope to make my entrance as a comedian, and bring on the pleated piano later. Of course, you never can tell. Hollywood is a strange town, and I'll believe anything. Why, just the other day I heard that there isn't a soul out here with less than a million dollars. Everyone has three swimming-pools, and they're all filled with champagne. Then someone got hold of me and told me the truth. He told me about the poor guy who lives across the street from him. His pool is filled with champagne—but it's domestic. Nobody speaks to him.

"So here I am in Hollywood, for a while at least, but it's not going to get me. I love it—but I'm still afraid of it."

Don't let it frighten you too much, Mr. B. If the worst comes to the worst, you still have those three houses. You can start a vaudeville circuit!

HERE'S WHAT I WANT!

MENNEN Baby GIFT BOXES



\$1.00

"Gosh, look here!" says baby, "these beautiful gift boxes are chockful of that wonderful Mennen Antiseptic Oil and Powder that Mummy uses on me every day. Won't you tell Santa to bring me one, please?"



\$1.50

Upper gift box contains bottle of Mennen Antiseptic Oil and two tins of Mennen Antiseptic Borated Powder \$1
Lower gift box contains jumbo sizes of Mennen Antiseptic Oil and Powder \$1.50
(At Drug and Department Stores)

VOICE

100% Improvement Guaranteed

We build, strengthen the vocal organs—~~not with singing lessons~~—but by fundamentally sound and scientifically correct silent exercises... and absolutely guarantee to improve any singing or speaking voice at least 100%... Write for wonderful voice book—sent free. Learn WHY you can now have the voice you want. No literature sent to anyone under 17 unless signed by parent. PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE, Studio 7211 64 E. Lake St., Chicago



Happy Relief From Painful Backache

Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

HE'S NO DUMMY

(Continued from page 11)

most of these conditions can be greatly allayed by nightly care and patience. Rich, nourishing eye creams, applied with the proper massage movements, will do much to smooth away and make less conspicuous wrinkles and crow's feet. Apply your cream from the inner corner of the upper lid outward, and back under the eye. Be sure to take in the section where crow's feet appear, when you are at the outer corner of the eye. Astringents are most helpful in treating loose skin and puffs under the eyes. Each time, after the face has been cleansed, take a piece of cotton moistened with astringent and pat around the eyes, lightly but briskly. Always be careful, when working around the eyes, not to pull or stretch the delicate skin.

Of course, if your wrinkles and crow's feet are due to facial habits or weak eyes, then no amount of creams will make you stop squinting or substitute for glasses. Correct your facial habits. See an oculist. Occasionally organic disorders cause circles and puffs, and in those instances only a doctor can advise the proper treatment.

Although eye lotions and washes usually are kept in the medicine chest and are used for the health of the eyes, their effect is usually so transforming that I am tempted to classify them as "make-up." Eye lotions and washes clear up cloudy, veined, dull, unattractive eyes quickly and effectively—actually requiring only a few seconds to make even bloodshot, red eyes clear and sparkling. They offer almost instant rest for tired, strained, smarting, itching eyes. Exhaustive tests have proved that they can be used daily without any harmful effect.

Everyone would like long, luxuriant lashes. However, except for the use of artificial lashes, or the skillful use of mascara, there is no short cut to achieving this effect. The growth of the lashes is similar to that of the hair (only, of course, much slower) and is promoted in the same way. Frequent brushing and the daily use of an eyelash grower, combined with patience, is the best treatment you can give your lashes from the health standpoint.

The skillful use of eye make-up will enhance your eyes, just as it does Dorothy Lamour's deep violet blue eyes and black lashes. Does mascara harm the eyelashes? No, not if it is properly removed with creams each night before retiring. Dorothy Lamour wears mascara almost constantly, during the day and evening, and these photographs of her are ample proof of that statement! Of course, good taste dictates discretion in the application of eye make-up—particularly for daytime occasions.

With these questions answered, we proceed to the five steps of eye make-up.

Step 1. Tweeze all straggly eyebrows over the bridge of the nose and between the eyes. Any further tweezing that is necessary should be done from the under side of the brows. Be careful to follow the natural bony structure of the arch. Don't try to force the brows into unnatural shapes or into a too thin line. The brows lend character and personality to the face and eyes. Now, brush the brows. Use a bit of eyelash grower when you brush

them, to keep them in line. The brows should be brushed first in the opposite direction, then straight up, and then into a smooth even line. Nightly brushing, too, in this manner, will soon subdue even the most unruly brows.

Step 2. Whisk out your eyeshadow—but prepare to use it sparingly for the daytime. You may go a bit more dramatic in the evening. Apply this shadow from the center of the eyelid, shading it up to the brows and out to the outer corner of the eyes. Never apply eyeshadow below the eyes. Darkness under the eyes is overcome by lightly blending a tiny bit of cream rouge under the eyes, working it up and around to the temples.

Step 3. The eyes appear larger and the lashes seem much longer when the upper lashes curl up. (Girls who wear glasses should take especial note of this.) The little eyelash curling gadgets are indispensable beauty aids.

Step 4. Mascara should be applied to the upper lashes. Particularly small eyes appear larger if the mascara is applied a bit more heavily to the tips. (Be careful not to get a beaded effect here, for that is too artificial for beauty.)

Step 5. Take a finely pointed eyebrow pencil and, with short feathery strokes, trace the eyebrows. Extending the eyebrow line a little toward the temple makes a

frame for the eyes and gives them more expression.

If you are seeing eye to eye with Dorothy Lamour through these pages, you will know that there is still one important phase of beauty that has not yet been touched. That is the expression of the eyes. Poetically, and literally, the eyes are the windows of the soul. You must have a happy disposition if the eyes are to be bright and sunny. Depth and fine shades of emotions and meaning can be expressed by the eyes, too, if you will train them.

There is an old trick, but still the best one, for cultivating expression in the eyes. I'll remind you of it in case it is forgotten or you have never encountered it before. It is to sit before your mirror, with the lower half of your face covered, and talk to yourself. Watch your eyes. Repeat the same sentence over and over, until your eyes speak more clearly than your words. For example, with your face covered, say to yourself: "I am sad." At first the eyes will be bland and expressionless, but gradually the meaning of those words will reflect themselves in the eyes. Say: "I am happy," several times, in the same manner. Gradually work up a whole repertoire of expressions for your eyes. You will find, after a few days' practice, that your eyes are expressive, even when you are not consciously striving for effect.

IT'S MY HUMBLE OPINION—

(Continued from page 18)

or a drawing of a megaphone or sax, or saying: "My Time Is Your Time." One variation of this being a drawing of two people handing each other a clock. Variations of the spelling of his name are sometimes startling. One came addressed to "Mr. Vallee Villa," another to "Mr. Rud-dah Vallah"—several "Ruddy Wallys" and one to "Rudina Wallina Walley."

Many letters from India are obviously written through an interpreter. Most of these Indian letters are anything but restrained in their enthusiasm. One said: "When some of your best productions were released in Bombay, the audience came one hour before the show commenced, still some of them had to return back because the board 'House Full' was hanged outside the theatre. This shows your marvelous emotional power."

My favorite from India begins: "I might introduce myself to you as an Eastern Film fan. Theatreland has been it were my Heaven, the actors demi-gods, when I see them shedding their everyday skin and take the part given them. Good acting like good wine tastes well only on maturing. It is the acting par excellence that I like. I go for it . . ."

What is Rudy really like? Well, his office is rather like a formal, paneled living-room, with a dark red carpet, drapes to match. In the corner is an imposing desk, behind which Rudy sits. The picture is one of quiet dignity and repose and, as Rudy steps forward to greet a caller, his manner is quietly courteous. As the caller leaves, Rudy shakes hands—gives a little

bow—then goes back into his office and the door is closed . . .

Suddenly you hear yelps and chuckles—and you peep in to find Rudy rolling around on the floor with Himmel, his Doberman Pinscher!

That should give you a rough idea . . .

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933.

Of RADIO STARS, published monthly at Dunellen, New Jersey, for October 1, 1937.
State of New York,
County of New York, } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of RADIO STARS and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Lester Grady, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Helen Meyer, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Margarita Delacorte, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her.

Helen Meyer, Business Manager.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September, 1937.

(SEAL)
ALFREDA R. COLE,
Notary Public, Nassau Co., 1849.
Certificate filed in New York County,
N. Y. County Clerk's No. 858,
Reg. No. 8C518.
Commission expires March 30, 1938.

THE M-G-M MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW

(Continued from page 21)

built for them. It was Myrna Loy who told me: "The studio spends literally millions of dollars in building the star personality, the 'sales value' of its stars, Gable, Bill Powell, me, all of us. I hate, for instance, to be dressed up all of the time. I'd like nothing better than to relax, forget the lipstick, put on an old coat, run down to the corner drugstore for a soda. I can't. It wouldn't be fair to my studio for me to be seen looking anything but my best. They have invested a great deal of money in the Myrna Loy they sell. I've got to maintain the standard they have set for me."

And it was Clark Gable who told me: "The studio employs the highest-priced writers in the world to write for us, Hugh Walpole, James Hilton, Faith Baldwin, others. They'll spend anywhere from \$10,000 to \$250,000 for a play, a published novel, so that we'll have the most perfect story available for our particular brand of talent. Their investment in each and every star is prodigious. And quite understandably they do not want their expensive investments to go on the air (or anywhere else) and in fifteen minutes dispel all the glamour, tear down the personality so painstakingly pruned and tended in the studio. *That was their fear.* Now they've got Bill Bacher at the controls and all fear has left them."

And so, it wasn't because they didn't want radio for their stars that the studios denied many of their contract players the right to accept many of the constant and opulent offers radio made them. It was because they would have no control over what their players did on the air. It was because they realized that, without their studio's protection, which is as fostering as a father's, as anxious as a mother's, their stars might pull boners which would undo the work of years.

No one actual incident prompted M-G-M to go on the air. It was a cumulative thing. For some time the studios have seen the writing on the wall. They have heard the plaints of Jeanette MacDonald, who vowed: "No radio, no new contract with the studio." They have heard the Gables, Loys, Crawfords, all the others, wailing at the Wailing Wall. The studio faced the situation and accepted it. They said, in effect: "Very well, then, so you must have radio. All right, you shall have radio. But you shall have it under our protection. We will give you radio right in your own backyard. We will build you a Theatre of the Air on your own lot. We will protect you on the air as we have protected you on the screen. We have given you Van Dyke, Cukor, Leonard to direct you in pictures; we now give you Bill Bacher to direct you on the air."

And so it was done.

There is no mystery about M-G-M being the first studio the sponsors sought. The star list of M-G-M answers that question. Garbo, Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, Bill Powell, Rosalind Russell, Jimmy Stewart, Joan Crawford, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, Allan Jones, Judy Garland, Virginia Bruce, Louise Rainer,

Spencer Tracy, Robert Montgomery, Franchoe Tone, Robert Taylor, Bob Benchley, Sophie Tucker, Frank Morgan, Pete Smith, Ted Healy... With such a plethora of dramatic talent, musical talent, comedy talent—why wouldn't any sponsor want to sponsor what Bill Bacher calls "my Treasure House?"

And many a sponsor sought M-G-M. Ford Motor Cars, Palmolive, Socony Vacuum, Lucky Strike, J. Walter Thompson for one of their clients, all played hounds to the air-shy hare of M-G-M. When Ford Motor Cars' deal came up, M-G-M was not prepared, psychologically, as it were, for the air. They weren't quite sure... They hadn't got Bill Bacher then. (Bill has signed a seven-years' producers contract with M-G-M—picture producer. He is doing the radio program first because, he says: "I just don't feel that I've done quite enough radio.") They were not quite geared up to it. Bill did the gearing. There were so many factors to be considered, some of them as yet unresolved, perhaps irreconcilable. It would take time to sound out the exhibitors and theatre owners. They would have to get the reaction of the New York Office, of Mr. Mannix' department of production out here. Objections might be raised: *Are your stars picture people, or are they radio people?* They might have trouble with the stars themselves.

The Palmolive deal would have come off, except for the fact that Palmolive would not give over production to M-G-M. They wanted to have complete control of the program. And as complete control of their stars on the air was M-G-M's primary reason for doing radio at all, and as it is not to be imagined that Bill Bacher, stormy, more temperamental than any six stars combined, would tolerate outside jurisdiction for a moment, that deal, too, fell through. J. Walter Thompson's client wanted an audition. Why, said Mr. Bacher, should an audition be necessary? A Gable, a Crawford, possibly a Garbo to be asked to audition? *Ack, ack!* Any sponsor knows the talent of M-G-M; knows the plays Bill Bacher has produced!

It resolved itself, then, into a question of which of the remaining sponsors would sign first. Bill Bacher flew to New York. He arrived early one morning. By 2:30 of the same day he had the contract with General Foods in his pocket—a contract which gives to M-G-M complete control, complete "say" on all production. He flew back to Hollywood, began at once to make plans for his first broadcast. The sponsors suggested that he wait, take his time, go on the air in January. Not Bill! "What?" he said. "And let all my enthusiasm simmer until then? No! No, we start at once. We go on the air in November." And they did.

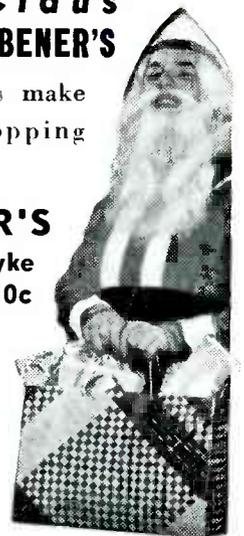
And everyone is happy. The studio is happy, the "children," taking their air flights, well, most of them, under the parent wing. Exhibitors and theatre owners are happy, because they know, now, that radio is working for their interests, not against them. With Bill's hands on the

Santa Claus Says—"DEUBENER'S

Shopping Bags make Christmas Shopping less hectic!"

DEUBENER'S No. 20 Basketlyke Carrier..... 10c

Make Your shopping easier and safer with these better-made, stronger, handier bags. For shopping, knitting and other uses every day.



DEUBENER'S No. 1 Leatherlyke Shopping Bag.... 5c

"America's Standard" ropes around bottom. "They hold a lot." Sold at Your Favorite Store.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS & HAPPY NEW YEAR!



DEUBENER'S SHOPPING BAGS GARFIELD PARK, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Stranger than fiction—the story of Wendy Barrie, whom Fate has changed from society butterfly to screen and radio star. Read this surprising tale in

RADIO STARS for February

BIG Free BOOK ON CRIME CASES

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

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ONE SICK HEADACHE AFTER ANOTHER

BUT THAT IS ALL OVER NOW

I FEEL grand since I began taking the ALL-VEGETABLE Laxative, Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets). One NR Tablet convinced me... so mild, thorough, refreshing, invigorating. Dependable relief from sick headaches, bilious spells and that tired-out feeling, when caused by or associated with constipation.

Without Risk get a 25c box of NRs from any druggist. Use for a week. If not more than pleased, return the box and we will refund purchase price. That's fair. Try it—NR Tonight—Tomorrow Alright.

Nature's Remedy NR TABLETS-NR

FREE Beautiful Six-color 1938 Calendar-Thermometer. Also sample of NR and Tums. Send stamp for packing and postage to Lewis-Howe Co., Desk 124-A, St. Louis, Mo.

RADIO STARS

controls, everything is satisfactory. He must have pleased exhibitors and theatre owners enormously by assuring them that he would never broadcast on Saturdays or Sundays. "Because," he says, "I realize that Saturdays and Sundays are the best theatre days." Sponsor General Foods is happy, because they know, with Bacher at the helm of his "Treasure House," they will get their \$20,000-worth, good measure and overflowing. The contract between M-G-M and General Foods was based, considerably, on good faith on both sides. No exact stipulations were made by the sponsors. They didn't say: "You must guarantee us six *Grade A* stars on each program." No, they know that there will either be a preview of an *A* picture, which automatically includes a number of the big stars, or there will be a skit, a play, a novelty idea, including several of the stellar personalities. Bill Bacher, dipping his genius-tipped fingers into that treasure trove of Gables, Garbos, Shearers, Tracys, Loys—who'd be afraid of that set-up? Bill has, indeed, more ideas than there are stars in the heavens—and in Hollywood! There will be, there *are*, the previews of the big pictures; behind the scenes in the studio, showing how a certain story is developed; broadcasts from location, with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy on location for *Girl of The Golden West*, for instance. He says: "Actors are always saying they'd like to be writers. All right, I'll give them a chance to write. It would be fun, wouldn't it, to have Myrna Loy and Bill Powell write for themselves a short of *Thin-Mannish* sketch for the air? That's one idea. We'll give life stories of some of the stars—the lives of Nelson Eddy, Jeanette MacDonald, Allan Jones in song . . . We'll have a song for each period of their lives, for each rung of the ladder they mounted . . . I could go on indefinitely about ideas, ideas about ideas . . ."

No, no, General Foods is not worrying! The stars are happy. They have their radio. Every one of them, with the aforementioned exception (as I write) of Garbo, have assured Bill and have now proved to Bill, many of them, their 100 percent enthusiasm, interest, cooperation. Norma Shearer, among them. Garbo will go on the air, with the studio's blessing, if she can be prevailed upon. And when Bill was telling me about the rapid-fire deal in New York he said: "If that can happen, anything can happen—I may persuade Garbo yet. I am 'campaigning.'"

Yes, the stars are happy! They are paid for their broadcasts as they would be paid for them off the home lot. In some instances they are permitted other radio contracts. In the instances where they already had radio commitments, such as Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, Allan Jones, Rosalind Russell, they will be permitted to continue with these commitments. They are happy because, as the Cukors, the Leonards, Van Dykes have led them through the intricacies of the sound track, the lenses of the cameras, so Bill, the maestro of radio, will lead them on the air. It has been said: "How about Bill's temperament? Won't it conflict with the temperaments of the movie stars on his program?" Allan Jones answered that when he said, laughing: "Bill's temperament won't conflict with any other tem-

perament — because Bill's temperament tops all other temperaments. His will be the only one around the place!"

There is an amusing anecdote told about Bill and his methods. One night, on the *Hollywood Hotel* hour, Miriam Hopkins was coming on the air. She had been announced on the preceding broadcast; she had been advertised. Miriam arrived at the station, read the script again, decided she wanted some changes made in it, said that she would not go on the air unless the changes were made. Pandemonium! Bill was told, frantically: "You'd better talk to her, Bill! She says she won't go on!" And Bill's answer was: "*What of it?*" The excited chorus continued: "But she's been announced! Her fans are expecting her!" Said Bill: "That's her business, not mine." He sent for one of his stock players. He asked her if she could do Miriam's part. When she said that she could, Bill, without being in the least upset, with that deadly calm of his which is more devastating than the most simoonish storm, went ahead with the preparations. The music began. The announcer was announcing. The commercial began. Nearby, Miriam heard the prelude to the program. She was incredulous. But they couldn't—Bill couldn't—she wasn't there—But they did! Bill could. And Miriam was there. Meek as any lamb, having met and saluted the dictator, she stepped before the mike and went on the air as scheduled. That's Bill! And if you happen into the Trocadero any Saturday night when Bill is there (his one evening of pastime and play), you will see that none of the stars holds a grudge against the dictator for his dictates, which are as just as they are adamant. It's: "Hi, Bill!" here and: "Hi Bill!" there. Not a grudge in a starload.

And so here, for M-G-M's *Good News of 1938*, in the new theatre built for it, the weekly programs are rehearsed, the weekly broadcasts "played" to capacity audiences. For Bill Bacher believes in radio audiences, flesh and blood audiences, at all broadcasts. He says: "One of the biggest things radio will give to the screen stars is the 'feel' of the theatre again. Now they have their audiences. Now they have the instant audience reaction to their work. They won't have to wait six months to know how a picture has clicked, having done two other pictures in the meantime. I don't think you'll hear many of the M-G-M stars saying: 'I want to go back to the theatre,' any longer."

I asked Bill some questions. I said: "What is your trick in getting the glamour of the big stars, the Shearers, Gables, Loys and others, over the airwaves and into the homes of the listeners?"

Bill shook his wild, red head. He said: "It would be presumptuous to say that any radio program would try to enhance the glamour of these big stars. It would be as ridiculous as presumptuous. I try to put them on the air in such a way that nothing whatsoever is added to or subtracted from the personalities they already are. With stars like Joan Crawford, Bill Powell and the others, all glamour, all romance already has been projected through their pictures. The thing is, *audiences already know them*. They know most of the facets and phases of their personalities, beauty, powers and potentialities. Not to change them, not

to alter in the slightest way these established personalities, is my sole aim and intention when I work with them. I try only to put them on *exactly as they are*."

"Radio, our program here at M-G-M, will lend a helping hand, too, in molding such new and as yet unestablished players as, say, Betty Jaynes, Ruby Mercer, Phyllis Welch, Ann Rutherford and others. Young, new talent will be used on the air. Girls who, for one reason or another, are not yet qualified to make a picture. Think of the publicity value this program will have for them—and for the studio in "building" them! Their names will be built on the air to such an extent that, when they do make their first screen appearances, they will find a ready-made, radio-made audience waiting for them. Something it was never possible to do before. It is not always possible, say, to find the suitable story for Judy Garland. All right, she doesn't need to stand around doing nothing. She can go on the air. When Nelson Eddy first came to Hollywood he was on the lot for well over a year, at a salary of \$1,000 a week, and doing nothing. There was no story ready for the Eddy talents. It was dull and discouraging for Nelson, profitless for the studio. Now such a condition could not exist."

And thus, not only does M-G-M protect its carefully built, established stars, but it finds this unbeatable way, this air way, to build its new players, to find employment for idle ones. Studio overhead will be, presumably, radically reduced.

"I believe," Bill was saying, "that Clark Gable will be one of the biggest stars of the air, as of the screen. The same qualities which put Clark where he is on the screen will put him in a similar spot on the air. That virility, that ruggedness, that appeal which makes him both a man's man and a woman's man—as Myrna Loy is both a man's woman and a woman's woman—will come over the air in his voice. I'd like to have Bill Powell as my master of ceremonies. He'd be sleek and suave and smooth. He'd be the *Thin Man* on the air quite as definitely as on the screen. I'd like to have Bob Taylor as a master of ceremonies. His voice is strong and masculine and has an arresting quality. I've been asked whether we will pick up Bob Taylor in England on a special broadcast. I don't think so. You take a lot of chances on the short wave. Much nicer, I think, to wait and pick up Bob when he returns, his first day back in Hollywood, perhaps. I'd like to have Bob Montgomery as an M. C., too. And I'd like very much to have Director Bob Leonard. He has one of the most genial, most lovable of voices, an infectious laugh, a heartiness."

"They're all with me. And let me tell you this, the stars of Hollywood are not temperamental. They are the easiest people in the world to get along with. They are the salt of the earth. They are generous of heart and of spirit, as well as of purse. They bear no grudges. You've got to interest them, that's all they ask. And once you do interest them they give you all they've got, hold nothing back."

"Our contract with General Foods is for two years. After that—yes, I'm interested in directing pictures, too. But right now M-G-M is on the air—and I'm with it, with every star and bit player on the program, all the way!"

Chances are 6 to 10 ...

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Gloria Rich

appearing in
"MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND"
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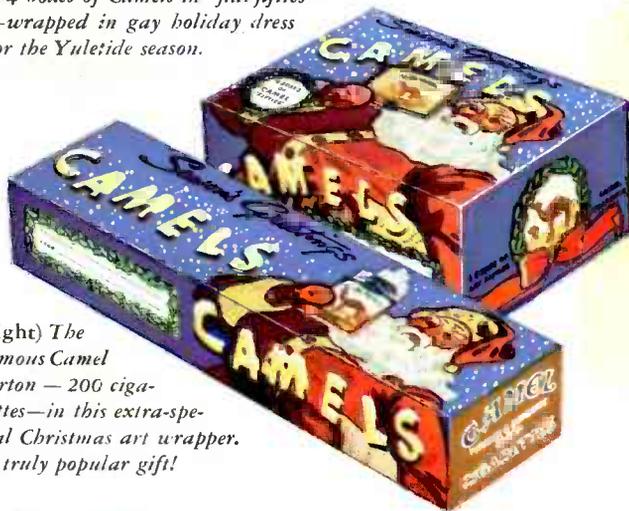
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(right) The famous Camel carton—200 cigarettes—in this extra-special Christmas art wrapper. A truly popular gift!

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(left) A pound of Prince Albert, packed in a real glass humidor that keeps the tobacco in prime condition. The humidor becomes a cherished, permanent possession! Gift wrap.



(left) A pound of mild, mellow Prince Albert—the choice, "biteless" tobacco—in the famous red tin humidor, plus an attractive Christmas gift package wrap!