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 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!
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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 are 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.
1793 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets

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City State

Endorsement of this product are those of the writer, and do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the publisher.

RADIO STARS

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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"

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!
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

Produced by WILLIAM ANTHONY MCGUIRE
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-mono-logue 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 inexpert hands, dulls the edge.

The annoyance persists but (Continued on page 14)

Last-minute gossip about your favorite stars' network doings
RADIO STARS

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 THY’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

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 water, 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.
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

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.
Is Your Skin Treatment LUCKY FOR YOU?

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

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 postage paid. 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.)

VOTE HERE

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HAVEN'T you often noticed that even the most confirmed of the dash-
ing 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
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-loveliness. Fortunately, (Continued on page 72)
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-

Anyone who can make a successful cake like this, has good reason to boast of her culinary skill, says Kate Smith.
returns with holiday greetings 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 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 hooey, 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)
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 impersonators, 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, hereewith 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 elevator boys 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 certain 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 stunts.

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
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 Ace) 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 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 blues. There always was a call for actors to support guest stars in shows on variety hours.

The salary for an actor in a dramatized commercial ranges from $15 to $25; for the supporting roles 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 roles.

In spite of all the hullabaloo about swing music, radio has demonstrated that this is a greatly overratedfad. 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 an 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 reap 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 declined coming 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, voirey upsurge 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, attritional, 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 added an element, coming from people who so seldom unveil 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 favored 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 rancous 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 Boves, for instance, no longer is rated as radio's top star, but trade circles still contend 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 disputes 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 $4,900 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 novels, such as dolls, toys, lapel buttons and even women's hats adorned by a dummy head with wobbling chin.

Idde Duchi'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 Duchi vocalist saying: "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, WHIN, until he graduated to Hollywood a couple of years ago. +-

Perry was announcing a fight for WHIN 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 trusted quick ones during the fight as well as between rounds. Finally the goodled Perry Charles yelled into the microphone:

"The sponsor of this program thinks I am 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—PWW! +-

By Arthur Mason 15
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
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. "Oh—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 absently, meanwhile tearing up a sheet 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. 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 Krueger'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 Worcester Biltmore Country Club had told him that when she 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)
one of his regular listeners—a member of a typically Valley-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 shuffled visitors and didn’t answer the phone. So, going to the Lombardy was an event.

It was well worth 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 place where he had just 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 why the list was meaningful to him, 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 memories, 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 Valley fan, this was genuine tragedy; I didn’t take me long to rush down to this 81st Street Theatre, where he was playing, and I arrived just as he was mounting 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 grinned and dashed away into the theatre.

Just as he disappeared, I had a bit of luck. A charming girl came along, smiled at me and said: "Hello! Going in?" There was a terrible pan 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 was not prepared for the scene. The shifters 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 clavinet. I stood there. 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 came a sound like an approaching hurricane. I had never heard anything like it before, but suddenly I realized that it was applause. 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 shakily on my feet.

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 Bigband Lover.

He returned to the Paramount, and one day I dropped in to find him looking rather pleased at a stagewear heap of "Could 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 full of 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 never 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. 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 twistiness in many of these letters, which reveals two things: first, their intense loneliness and second, their mortal fear of ridicule. None of us like being laughed at, but sensitive souls shrink therefrom. High at a will I have learned that secretaries do not have a very good reputation as a class. If reports are to be believed, they snarl 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 tired of picking 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 that. 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 which has seen a white elephant. 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 delightfully gay young man who had addressed me from 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.

If 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-for gotten 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 song, Vieni Vieni undergoes considerable variations. For example: Theyene Theyene Dans a Bella, Vegi Syenayayegy and Beevy Beevy. They had plenty trouble with the phrase Baas Poos I Yeeuiee Yeeuiee Yeeuiee Yeeuiee Poos, 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 Co-ed which turned out to mean Betty Co- ed, or Vivian Bill, Sweetheart of Sig- nuinoa Chie, Lovely Troopa Door, Sicha rtt 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 steam was. Rudy was asked for Mr. Stein’s Drinking Song and the song that began Oh Phil! and the word "steam" appeared variously as "syrin," "stine," and "stien." If you ever heard You Can Take My Pu Pu Po Po Away and the Song About Poopa Doopa Down In Cuba On His Tappa Tappa, but a recent request, with a hillbilly flavor, has me stumped. With someone a song about You Ain’t Heard Folks Go Ibbi Dabba Dab Ibbi Dabba Dabba Woof Yoi Gurr. Following one broadcast of several years ago, a young lady wrote in to ask what I thought of her having asked the family to save his wife and cheese cakes. A quick reference to the script identified the line. It was— "Captain, save my Fleischmann’s Yeast cube!"

We get one share of oddly-addressed envelopes—those with a picture pasted on. (Continued on page 72)
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 Llama 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 "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 $30,000,000 in the two and a half years he was in charge 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 released, 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

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

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.

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

IN THE

New glimpses of network

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 *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 Rudy Vallee's program.
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 airlanes 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 "her 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 lift 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)
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 tetchy 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.
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.

A happy family group. Allan and Irene, with Irene's little daughter, Gail, just after the Jones-Hervey wedding — on July 26th, 1938.

HARD WORK'S A PLEASURE
ONE of the swelllest things said to me since the preview of "Firefly," said Allan Jones, was said to me by English, one of the studio chauffeurs. 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, tan-skinned 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)

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

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).
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 début 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.

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.
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 WEA'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.

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 life. 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 December, 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. Warriow 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 sheen, 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.
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 roles 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 Enigma 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 roles—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 Cabbage 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)
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.
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 unrenumerative 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 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)
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 reënacted 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)
COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM STATIONS

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY—BLUE-NETWORK

KOBI Albuquerque, N. M.
WASAN Allentown, Pa.
WABC New York, N. Y.
WCSH Chicago, Ill.
WFMX St. Louis, Mo.
KDBL Salt Lake City, Utah
KGMN San Francisco, Calif.
KUYG New York, N. Y.
KFWX Seattle, Wash.
KRMB Indianola, Ind.
WAFB Atlanta, Ga.
WGBS Tuscaloosa, Ala.
WMAZ Macon, Ga.
WREX Memphis, Tenn.
WCCU Nashville, Tenn.
WJMI Milwaukee, Wis.
WBCN Boston, Mass.
WKBW Buffalo, N. Y.
WJGD Kansas City, Mo.
WBIA Des Moines, lowa
WCVS Columbus, Ohio
WSPA Dallas, Tex.
WFBA Gainesville, Fla.
WAVM Miami, Fla.
WJMA Miami, Fla.
WMIA Miami, Fla.
WAKU Westminster, Fla.
WJRJ Lawrence, Kan.
WRRM Shreveport, La.
WJCT Kansas City, Mo.
WTVK Nashville, Tenn.
WTAM Cleveland, Ohio
WHO Des Moines, lowa
WWJ Detroit, Mich.
WIRE Indianapolis, Ind.
WDAF Kansas City, Mo.
KFI Los Angeles, Cal.
KTOP Minneapolis, St. Paul, Minn.
WEAF New York, N. Y.
WOW Omaha, Neb.
WCAE Pittsburg, Pa.
WCBS Portland, Me.
WCHS Portland, Ore.
KGW Portland, Ore.
KWKW Seattle, Wash.
WRC Washington, D. C.

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY—BLUE-NETWORK

WABC New York, N. Y.
WBAL Baltimore, Md.
WCSH Chicago, Ill.
WFMX St. Louis, Mo.
KDBL Salt Lake City, Utah
KGMN San Francisco, Calif.
KUYG New York, N. Y.
KFWX Seattle, Wash.
KRMB Indianola, Ind.
WAFB Atlanta, Ga.
WGBS Tuscaloosa, Ala.
WMAZ Macon, Ga.
WREX Memphis, Tenn.
WCCU Nashville, Tenn.
WJMI Milwaukee, Wis.
WBCN Boston, Mass.
WKBW Buffalo, N. Y.
WJGD Kansas City, Mo.
WBIA Des Moines, lowa
WCVS Columbus, Ohio
WSPA Dallas, Tex.
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COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM STATIONS

WABC New York, N. Y.
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WCSH Chicago, Ill.
WFMX St. Louis, Mo.
KDBL Salt Lake City, Utah
KGMN San Francisco, Calif.
KUYG New York, N. Y.
KFWX Seattle, Wash.
KRMB Indianola, Ind.
WAFB Atlanta, Ga.
WGBS Tuscaloosa, Ala.
WMAZ Macon, Ga.
WREX Memphis, Tenn.
WCCU Nashville, Tenn.
WJMI Milwaukee, Wis.
WBCN Boston, Mass.
WKBW Buffalo, N. Y.
WJGD Kansas City, Mo.
WBIA Des Moines, lowa
WCVS Columbus, Ohio
WSPA Dallas, Tex.
WFBA Gainesville, Fla.
WAVM Miami, Fla.
WJMA Miami, Fla.
WMIA Miami, Fla.
WAKU Westminster, Fla.
WJRJ Lawrence, Kan.
WRRM Shreveport, La.
WJCT Kansas City, Mo.
WTVK Nashville, Tenn.
WTAM Cleveland, Ohio
WHO Des Moines, lowa
WWJ Detroit, Mich.
WIRE Indianapolis, Ind.
WDAF Kansas City, Mo.
KFI Los Angeles, Cal.
KTOP Minneapolis, St. Paul, Minn.
WEAF New York, N. Y.
WOW Omaha, Neb.
WCAE Pittsburg, Pa.
WCBS Portland, Me.
WCHS Portland, Ore.
KGW Portland, Ore.
KWKW Seattle, Wash.
WRC Washington, D. C.

MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM STATIONS

KIRO Seattle, Wash.
KWFR Kent, Wash.
KSCJ Sioux City, lowa
WBBM Chicago, Ill.
KFPY Spokane, Wash.
WPMI New Orleans, La.
WNBC Springfield, Vt.
WFLY Syracuse, N. Y.
KTCI Tacoma, Wash.
WDAP Denver, Colo.
WBIR Topeka, Kans.
KXDC Toronto, Canada
CTUL Utica, N. Y.
WACX Detroit, Mich.
WJSV Washington, D. C.
WPEL City of Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
WWVA Wheeling, W. Va.
KXGO Fort Worth, Tex.
KGGO Kalamazoo, N. C.
WKJY Green Bay, Wis.
WKBK Youngstown, Ohio
MORNING

8:00  NBC-Red: WILLIAM MBE-
           DR—organist
MBS: NORLEMEN QUARTET

8:15  NBC-Blue: BENO RABIN- 
           OFF—villains

8:30  NBC-Red: KIDDODDERS
NBC-Blue: TONE PICTURES—
           Ruth Pepple, pianist; mixed 
           quartet
CBS: LYRIC SERENADE

8:45  NBC-Red: ANIMAL NEWS 
           CLUB
CBS: MICHEL ROSSO—
           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 BUBBA—children's 
           program. Artiea Dobson

9:30  NBC-Red: MELODY HOUR

9:55  CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

Patsy Kelly

Emo Rapee

Helen Marshall

RAOOL STARS

DECEMBER 5—12—19—26

MRS. FUX IN SWINGTIME— 
Tim and Irene. Hal Gordon. 
Dell Sharbutt. D'Artega's 
orchestra

7:00  NBC-Red: JELL-O PROGRAM— 
Jack Benny. Mary Living- 
stone, Kenny Baker. David 
son, Sam Havrin, Andy Devine. 
Phil Harris' orchestra
NBS: POPULAR CLASSICS— 
H. Leopold Stoks'ny's 
orchestra
CBS: VICKI'S OPEN HOUSE— 
Jeannette MacDonald. Wither 
Evans. Pasternack's orchestra
MBS: MORNALOMAN—sports 
commentator

1:15  MBS: RAYMOND GRAM 
SINGING—commentator

1:30  NBC-Red: FIRESIDE REC-
           TALS—Mervyn Warren. 
           Frank Fronc. Sigurd Nilsson. 
           basso
NBS-Blue: BAKED'S BROAD-
           CAST—Peg Murray. Harriett 
           Billaur, Odile Nielson's 
           orchestra
CBS: PHIL BAKER—Reita 
           and Hal. Patsy Kelly. Al 
           Harr. Brandon's orchestra
MBS: THE WELM ORCHESTRA

4:45  NBC-Red: INTERESTING 
           NEIGHBORS. HOSTED BY 
           JERRY BRICKER

8.00  NBC-Red: CHARE AND 
           RATCH—FLETCHER. 
           popcorn. Sigurd Nilsson. 
           basso
NBS-Blue: HOLLYWOOD PLAY-
           HOUSE—Tyron Power. 
           guests
CBS: SUNDAY EVEN-
           ing— 
           Mr. and Mrs. Lou 
           Donahue
MBS: PASSING PARADE— 
           John Nesbitt

9:45  MBS: DEEP SOUTH—Negro 
           chorus

9:50  NBC-Red: AMERICAN AL-
           BUM OF FAMOUS MUSIC— 
           Frank Munz. Jean Johnsen. 
           Menken's orchestra
NBS: JERGENS PROGRAM—Walter 
           Winchell, news commentator
MBS: COMMENTATORS 
           FORUM

9:45  NBC-Blue: WELCH PRE-
           SERTS—IRENE HIGG—drama-
           tization

10:00  NBC-Red: RISING MUSI-
           CAL STARS—Richard Gordon. 
           Jelmans' orchestra. guests
NBS-Blue: THE ZENITH 
           FOUNDATION
CBS: HOLLYWOOD SHOW 
           CASE—Gluskin's orchestra 
           guests

10:30  NBC-Blue: CHEERIO—talk 
           and music
CBS: HEADLINES AND BY-
           LINES—II. V. Kalmenson. 
           Bob Truitt. Lewis Brown
MBS: OLD FASHIONED 
           RECITAL

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

11:15  NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: ORCHESTRA

10:00  NBC-Red: THE RADIO PUL-
           PIT—Dr. Ralph W. Sackman
MBS: RUSH HOUR MELO-
           DIES
CBS: CHURCH OF THE AIR

10:30  NBC-Red: MUSIC AND AM-
           ERICN YOUTH
MBS: DREAMS OF LONG 
           AGO
CBS: WALBERG BROWN 
           STRING ENSEMBLE

11:00  NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO 
           NEWS
MBS: PRESS-RADIO 
           NEWS
CBS: TEXAS BANDS
MBS: REVIEWING Stand-
           ward problems

11:30  NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
CBS: MAJOR HOPES' CAP-
           TOL FAMILY

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: DENVER STRING 
          ORCHESTRA
NBS: SOUTHERN AIRWAYS 
          Negro male quartet
MBS: DR. CHARLES COUR-
          BOIN

12:30  NBC-Red: UNIVERSITY OF 
           CHICAGO VIBRANT 
           TABLE DISCUSSION—guest 
           speakers
NBS: RAYS OF THE CITY 
           MUSIC HALL ORCHESTRA— 
           solos
CBS: SALT LAKE CITY 
           TABERNACLE CHOIR AND 
           OR- 
           GAR

12:45  MBS: MARTHA AND HAL- 
           ING and father

1:00  NBC-Red: PAUL MARTIN 
           AND HIS MUSIC
MBS: CHURCH OF THE AIR 
           ORCHESTRA

1:30  NBC-Red: TUNKER Insti-
           tute CHORAL CONCERT
NBS: NBC SPELLING 
           BEE—Paul Wing
CBS: PORTS GOLD—David 
           Ross
MBS: TED WHEELER ORCHESTRA

1:45  CBS: LLOYD PATTENS 
           COVERS HOLLYWOOD

2:00  NBC-Red: SUNDAY DRIVERS— 
           Chances and Hays. Frances 
           Adair
NBS: MAGIC KEY OF 
           RCA—Frank Black's symphony 
           orchestra. Milvao J. Cross
CBS: PFN BUG—Billy Franz. 
           comedian. orchestra

2:15  MBS: PALMER HOUSE 
           CONCERT ENSEMBLE

EVENING

6:00  NBC-Red: CATHOLIC HOUR— 
           ORCHESTRA
NBS: ORCHESTRA 
           PHONIC PAYS
CBS: JOE PENNER—Gene 
           Austin. Grie's orchestra

6:30  NBC-Red: A TALE OF 
           TODAY— 
           SIMS
NBS-Blue: ORCHESTRA 
           CBS: ROMANTIC RHYTHM— 
           Sally Nelson. Harry Melkin-
           ley. Simons' orchestra

6:30  NBC-Red: STRING THE 
           ARTISTRY OF 
           TURIN
NBS: AMSTERDAM 
           CONCERTS
CBS: BLUE PICTURES 
           TORE 
           ORCHESTRA

7:00  NBC-Red: CLOWN 
           HOUR—Perry Como. 
           Ethel Merman. Bob 
           Hope. Guests
NBS: PERSERI 
           ORCHESTRA
CBS: THE MANHATTAN 
           BAND
DEC. 1, 8, 15, 22, 29

MBS: MYRA KINGSLEY, astrologer, J. Paul King, on astrology

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1 8, 15, 22, 29

MBS: STUDIES AND SKETCHES—IN BLACK AND WHITE

MBS: BEATRICE FAIRFAX

MBS: MEN OF THE WOOLSHIPP

MBS: CAROL DREW

MBS: BARBARA CUSWORTH

MBS: CAROL DREW
MORNING
8:00 NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's stories
NBC-Blue: CHARIOTEERS
8:15 NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING
NBC-Blue: DICK LEIBERT ENSEMBLE
8:30 NBC-Red: DO YOU REMEMBER?
CBS: POSTIC STRINGS
8:45 NBC-Red: LUCILLE AND LANNY
9:00 NBC-Red: WOMEN AND NEWS
CBS: BREAKFAST CLUB—summer series
CBS: DEAR COLUMBIA—fan mail dramatizations
9:15 NBC-Red: STREAMLINES—Fields and Staff
9:30 CBS: PRESS- RADIO NEWS
9:35 CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL—news
9:45 NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
9:45 NBC-Red: LANBTY TRIO
NBC-Blue: AGENT JENNA ON THIS AIR—summer series
CBS: BUCHANAN'S CHILDREN—sketch
10:00 NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—sketch
CBS: PRETTY KITTY KELLY—sketch
10:15 NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER WIFE—sketch
CBS: MA PERKINS—sketch
CBS: MYRT AND MARTI—sketch
10:30 NBC-Red: JUST Plain BILL
NBC-Blue: PUDDLE JUMPERS—summer series
CBS: HEINZ—GET THIN TO MUSIC
10:45 NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch
CBS: BROWNIE BAKESALE: Crofzy Isaac
CBS: INSTRUMENTALISTS—sketch
CBS: ORCHESTRA
11:00 NBC-Red: DAVID HABUM—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE O'NEILS—sketch
CBS: MARY LEE TAYLOR
11:15 NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFI—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch
CBS: HEINZ MAGAZINE OF THE AIR—Carol Kennedy's romance, dramatic serial
CBS: ORGAN RECITAL
11:30 NBC-Red: HOME MAKERS—sketch
NBC-Blue: VIC AND BARRY—summer series
CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch
11:45 NBC-Red: THE MYSTERY CHIEF
CBS: EDWARD MAC-HUGH—The Gospel Singer
CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES—sketch
CBS: MYRA KINGSLEY, astrologer, JEAN PAUL KING, commentator
AFTERNOON
12:00 Noon NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch
NBC-Blue: TIME FOR THOUGHT
CBS: CHEE! AND THE THREE KOSES
12:15 NBC-Red: THE GOLDBURGS—sketch

DECEMBER 2—9—16—23—30

THURSDAYS

3:45 NBC-Red: THE O'NEILS—sketch
DO YOU REMEMBER?
CBS: YOUR FAVORITE MELODIES
MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM
4:15 NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—comedy sketch
NBC-Blue: CLUB MABEL—variety program
CBS: TED MALLOW—between the commercials
4:45 NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch
CBS: BOB BYRON—songs
5:00 NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARTIN—sketch
NBC-Blue: GENERAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS
CBS: U.S. ARMY BAND, MA JOHNSON FAMILY—sketch, with Jimmy Scribner
5:15 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch
MBS: RONGLAND
5:30 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
CBS: LITTLE VARIETY GUESTS—sketch
CBS: FOLLOW THE MOON—sketch
5:45 NBC-Red: LIFE OF MARY ROTHBERG—sketch
CBS: VILLAGE BARN CUTS
6:00 NBC-Red: JACK ARMSTRONG—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: SINGING LADIES—children's program
CBS: DEAR TEACHER—children's program
MBS: ORCHESTRA
6:45 NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: T to M FRENCH DANCER—juvenile serial
CBS: HILLTOP HOUSE—dramatic serial
MBS: MARTHA AND HAL—songs and patter

EVENING
6:00 NBC-Red: DANCE BAND
NBC-Blue: HARRY KOUNIN AND HIS ORCHESTRA
CBS: DEL CASINO—songs
6:45 NBC-Red: DOX WINBLOW—juvenile serial
CBS: ETOH BOYS—sketch
MBS: FOUR CALIFORNIANS
7:15 CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
6:50 NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

4:35 NBC-Red: RHYTHMIARES
NBC-Blue: TONY RUSSELL—tenor
6:45 NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMPSON—newspaper commentator
CBS: KING SIZE—Lorraine Grimm, Harry Cool
MBS: KADIE HARRIS—Hollywood commentator
7:00 NBC-Red: AMOR N'ANDY—sketch
CBS: ALL TIME HIT-RADIO REVIEW—comedy sketch
CBS: PISTOL MELODIES—Jack Burton, Frank MacDormand, Keeler's orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA
7:15 NBC-Red: VON THERING—voicelock, comic
CBS: BLUE RAY—comedy sketch
CBS: PRINCE OF PORTO RICANS—dramatic serial
7:20 NBC-Red: NAVITT SERENADE
NBC-Blue: LULY AND ABBIE—comedy sketch
CBS: CHAPLIN PEOPLE—sketch
MBS: ORCHESTRA
7:15 NBC-Blue: KIDDOOLLERS
8:00 NBC-Red: ROLY GELATIN PROGRAM—Red Villiers, guest
CBS: B+FAMILY—THE YOUNG HUGH D. JOHNSTON, commentator
CBS: CONFESSIONS—Ted Collins, Youngman, Miller's orchestra
MBS: MUSIC BY—guest conductor, Jack Arthur, baritone
8:30 NBC-Blue: LIEDEHSINGERS
8:45 NBC-Blue: MARCH OF TIME
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: ROYAL ORCHERSTRA
CBS: MAJOR DOWNS—ANNUAL HOUR
MBS: ORCHESTRA
9:20 NBC-Blue: AMERICA'S TOWN MEETING OF THE AIR—singers
MBS: ALFRED WALLENSTEIN'S HISTORIANS
9:45 NBC-Red: KRAFT MUSIC HOUR
CBS: BING CRASBY, Bob Burns, Trotter's orchestra, guest
CBS: JABBERWOCKY OF CHERY CLARK ENTERTAINMENTS, MUSIC COMPOSITIONS
10:00 CBS: ESSAYS IN MUSIC—Victor Bary's concert orchestra
MBS: HENRY WISE'S MUSICAL REVUE
11:00 NBC-Red: DANCING MUSIC
CBS: YAGA BONDS
MBS: CROW'r ORCHESTRA
11:15 NBC-Blue: ELIZA SCHALCER—reviews, preview announcements
MBS: DANCE MUSIC

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

3:45 NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
DO YOU REMEMBER?
CBS: YOUR FAVORITE MELODIES
MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

4:15 NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—comedy sketch
NBC-Blue: CLUB MABEL—variety program
CBS: TED MALLOW—between the commercials

4:45 NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch
CBS: BOB BYRON—songs

5:00 NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARTIN—sketch
NBC-Blue: GENERAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS
CBS: U.S. ARMY BAND, MA JOHNSON FAMILY—sketch, with Jimmy Scribner

5:15 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch
MBS: RONGLAND

5:30 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
CBS: LITTLE VARIETY GUESTS—sketch
CBS: FOLLOW THE MOON—sketch

5:45 NBC-Red: LIFE OF MARY ROTHBERG—sketch
CBS: VILLAGE BARN CUTS

6:00 NBC-Red: JACK ARMSTRONG—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: SINGING LADIES—children's program
CBS: DEAR TEACHER—children's program
MBS: ORCHESTRA

6:45 NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—juvenile serial
NBC-Blue: T to M FRENCH DANCER—juvenile serial
CBS: HILLTOP HOUSE—dramatic serial
MBS: MARTHA AND HAL—songs and patter

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

6:45 NBC-Red: DOX WINBLOW—juvenile serial
CBS: ETOH BOYS—sketch
MBS: FOUR CALIFORNIANS

7:15 CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

6:50 NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

4:35 NBC-Red: RHYTHMIARES
NBC-Blue: TONY RUSSELL—tenor

6:45 NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMPSON—newspaper commentator
CBS: KING SIZE—Lorraine Grimm, Harry Cool
MBS: KADIE HARRIS—Hollywood commentator

7:00 NBC-Red: AMOR N'ANDY—sketch
CBS: ALL TIME HIT-RADIO REVIEW—comedy sketch
CBS: PISTOL MELODIES—Jack Burton, Frank MacDormand, Keeler's orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA

7:15 NBC-Red: VON THERING—voicelock, comic
CBS: BLUE RAY—comedy sketch
CBS: PRINCE OF PORTO RICANS—dramatic serial

7:20 NBC-Red: NAVITT SERENADE
NBC-Blue: LULY AND ABBIE—comedy sketch
CBS: CHAPLIN PEOPLE—sketch
MBS: ORCHESTRA

7:15 NBC-Blue: KIDDOOLLERS

8:00 NBC-Red: ROLY GELATIN PROGRAM—Red Villiers, guest
CBS: B+FAMILY—THE YOUNG HUGH D. JOHNSTON, commentator
CBS: CONFESSIONS—Ted Collins, Youngman, Miller's orchestra
MBS: MUSIC BY—guest conductor, Jack Arthur, baritone

8:30 NBC-Blue: LIEDEHSINGERS

8:45 NBC-Blue: MARCH OF TIME
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

9:00 NBC-Red: GOOD NEWS OF 1946—3:15-G.I. stars, Wilson's orchestra
NBC-Blue: ROYAL ORCHERSTRA
CBS: MAJOR DOWNS—ANNUAL HOUR
MBS: ORCHESTRA

9:20 NBC-Blue: AMERICA'S TOWN MEETING OF THE AIR—singers
MBS: ALFRED WALLENSTEIN'S HISTORIANS

9:45 NBC-Red: KRAFT MUSIC HOUR
CBS: BING CRASBY, Bob Burns, Trotter's orchestra, guest
CBS: JABBERWOCKY OF CHERY CLARK ENTERTAINMENTS, MUSIC COMPOSITIONS

10:00 CBS: ESSAYS IN MUSIC—Victor Bary's concert orchestra
MBS: HENRY WISE'S MUSICAL REVUE

11:00 NBC-Red: DANCING MUSIC
CBS: YAGA BONDS
MBS: CROW'r ORCHESTRA

11:15 NBC-Blue: ELIZA SCHALCER—reviews, preview announcements
MBS: DANCE MUSIC

Ruth Lyon
Victor Bay
**FRIDAYS**

**DECEMBER 3—10—17—24—31**

**MORNING**

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

8:20 NBC-Red: THE BAND

8:40 NBC-Blue: FOUR SHOWMEN—quartet

9:15 NBC-red: DOROTHY PERKINS—soprano

9:20 NBC-Blue: LUCILLE AND IRVING—saxophone quartet

9:30 NBC-Red: LADY DUB—singers

9:45 NBC-Blue: AUNT JEMIMA—singers

10:00 NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—comedy

10:15 NBC-Blue: STORY OF MARY MARTIN—sketch

10:30 NBC-Red: JOHNNY'S OTHER WIFE—sketch

10:45 NBC-Blue: PEPPERS FOLK FAMILY—sketch

11:00 NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN BILL

11:15 NBC-Blue: PEPPEP YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch

11:30 NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch

11:45 NBC-Blue: KITCHEN CABaret—songs

12:00 NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch

12:15 NBC-Blue: THE BEAGLES—sketch

12:30 NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch

12:45 NBC-Blue: THE BEAGLES—sketch

1:00 NBC-Red: SILENT ARMY STAFF BAND—bands

1:15 NBC-Blue: LORENZO JONES—concert sketch

1:30 NBC-Red: ME AND LEAH—sketch

1:45 NBC-Blue: GRACE AND SCOTTY—sketch

2:00 NBC-Red: NEWS THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES—singers

2:15 NBC-Blue: DON'T LOOK AT THE WOMAN'S EYES—singers

2:30 NBC-Red: NINA SIMONE—soprano

2:45 NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA

3:00 NBC-Red: JENNY FAIRFAX—soprano

3:15 NBC-Blue: JEWEL AND PIPER COLES—sketch

3:30 NBC-Red: OUR GALL SUNDAY—sketch

3:45 NBC-Blue: LUCY AND MARGO—sketch

4:00 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA

4:15 NBC-Blue: BETTY AND BOB—sketch

4:30 NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA

4:45 NBC-Blue: MICROWAVE IN THE SKY—singers

5:00 NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—singers

5:15 NBC-Blue: JEANNE BARNES—singers

5:30 NBC-Red:ーショー・マリリン—sketch

5:45 NBC-Blue: OUR GALL SUNDAY—sketch

6:00 NBC-Red: HOW TO BE CHARMING—sketch

6:15 NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADIE—sketch

6:30 NBC-Red: HOW TO BE CHARMING—sketch

6:45 NBC-Blue: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch

7:00 NBC-Red: ARTHUR LANG—singers

7:15 NBC-Blue: NEIGHBOR NELL—singers

7:30 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch

7:45 NBC-Blue: NINA SIMONE—soprano

8:00 NBC-Red: ARTHUR LANG—singers

8:15 NBC-Blue: LUCY AND MARGO—sketch

8:30 NBC-Red: NEWS THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES—singers

8:45 NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA

9:00 NBC-Red: JENNY FAIRFAX—soprano

9:15 NBC-Blue: LUCY AND MARGO—sketch

9:30 NBC-Red: NINA SIMONE—soprano

9:45 NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA

10:00 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch

10:15 NBC-Blue: ARTHUR LANG—singers

10:30 NBC-Red: JENNY FAIRFAX—soprano

10:45 NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA

11:00 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch

11:15 NBC-Blue: ARTHUR LANG—singers

11:30 NBC-Red: NINA SIMONE—soprano

11:45 NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA

**AFTERNOON**

12:00 NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch

12:30 NBC-Blue: TIME FOR THOUGHT—singers

12:45 NBC-Red: THE GOLDENBERGS—sketch

1:00 NBC-Blue: VOCALIST

1:15 NBC-Red: THE VAGABONDS—singers

1:30 NBC-Blue: THE BEAGLES—singers

1:45 NBC-Red: THE GESTURES—singers

2:00 NBC-Blue: JIMMY SHATZ—singers

2:15 NBC-Red: THE GESTURES—singers

2:30 NBC-Blue: THE GESTURES—singers

2:45 NBC-Red: THE GESTURES—singers

3:00 NBC-Blue: THE GESTURES—singers

3:15 NBC-Red: THE GESTURES—singers

3:30 NBC-Blue: THE GESTURES—singers

3:45 NBC-Red: THE GESTURES—singers

4:00 NBC-Blue: THE GESTURES—singers

4:15 NBC-Red: THE GESTURES—singers

4:30 NBC-Blue: THE GESTURES—singers

4:45 NBC-Red: THE GESTURES—singers

5:00 NBC-Blue: THE GESTURES—singers

5:15 NBC-Red: THE GESTURES—singers

5:30 NBC-Blue: THE GESTURES—singers

5:45 NBC-Red: THE GESTURES—singers

6:00 NBC-Blue: THE GESTURES—singers

6:15 NBC-Red: VOCALIST

6:30 NBC-Blue: LUCY AND MARGO—sketch

6:45 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch

7:00 NBC-Blue: NINA SIMONE—soprano

7:15 NBC-Red: JENNY FAIRFAX—soprano

7:30 NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA

7:45 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch

8:00 NBC-Blue: ARTHUR LANG—singers

8:15 NBC-Red: JENNY FAIRFAX—soprano

8:30 NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA

8:45 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch

9:00 NBC-Blue: ARTHUR LANG—singers

9:15 NBC-Red: JENNY FAIRFAX—soprano

9:30 NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA

9:45 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch

10:00 NBC-Blue: ARTHUR LANG—singers

10:15 NBC-Red: JENNY FAIRFAX—soprano

10:30 NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA

10:45 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch

11:00 NBC-Blue: ARTHUR LANG—singers

11:15 NBC-Red: JENNY FAIRFAX—soprano

11:30 NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA

11:45 NBC-Red: THE ROAD OF LIFE—sketch

12:00 NBC-Blue: ARTHUR LANG—singers
**MORNING**

8:00 NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE — children's stories  
NBC-Blue: NORMAN'S 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 LADDY — violinist

9:00 NBC-Red: THE VERY MAN  
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB — variety program  
CBS: RAY BLOCK — pianist

9:15 NBC-Red: STREAMLINERS — fields and fairs  
CBS: DALTON BROTHERS — novelty trio

9:30 CBS: RICHARD MANWELL — songs

9:45 NBC-Red: PRESS RADIO NEWS  
NBC-Blue: PRESS RADIO NEWS

10:00 NBC-Red: NANCY SWANSON — songs  
NBC-Blue: SWEETHEARTS OF THE AIR — Max Singh  
Bob, Peter de Roes

10:15 NBC-Red: CHARITY MIX — male quartet  
NBC-Blue: WINGTIME TRIO

10:30 NBC-Red: THE HATTERS — orchestra  
CBS: LET'S PRETEND — children's program

11:00 NBC-Red: FLORENCE HALE'S RADIO FORUM  
NBC-Blue: PATRICIA IANSON

**AFTERNOON**

12:00 Noon NBC-Red: CONTINENTAL — Lettice Lind, Jovee Hontz, director

**SATURDAYS**

**DECEMBER 4—11—18—25**

Bill Perry  
Wendy Barrie

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

**EVENING**

6:00 NBC-Red: 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: PROSS RADIO NEWS  
NBC-Blue: PRESS RADIO NEWS  
MBS: ORCHESTRA

6:45 NBC-Red: VOCALIST  
NBC-Blue: ALMA KITCHELL — concert

7:00 NBC-Red: THE ART OF LIVING — Dr. Norman Vincent Peale  
NBC-Blue: JOHNNY O'BRIEN — CBS: ORCHESTRA

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

8:00 NBC-Red: BELIEVE IT OR NOT — Robert L. Ripley, radio's Oratorio

8:30 NBC-Red: LOG CABIN SHOW — Jack Haley, Virginia Vertue, Warren Hull, Wendy Barrie, Fig-Rite's orchestra

9:00 NBC-Red: NATIONAL BARN DANCE — Bob Trout  
MBS: ORCHESTRA

9:30 NBC-Red: SPECIAL DELIVERY — sketch  
CBS: SATURDAY NIGHT SIZZLE— Mary Eastman, John Perry, Haenschen's orchestra

10:00 NBC-ted and NBC-Blue: NBC SYNDICATE ORCHESTRA — Artur Rodzinski, conductor

10:30 MBS: DRAMATIC PROGRAM

**EVENING**

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

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 TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS

Pond's, Dept. 89-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 10c in cover postage and packing.

Name.
Street.
City.
State.

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seven, barely escaped with his own life.

He was born in Monastirshist, 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 Voronow) 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 holpkin (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, pipestem 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 Voronows. 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 to New York on the streets of 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 pave 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 one boy. The streets were 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 waiter for a Russian restaurant. 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 Lebowitz, the big criminal attorney of today. Another was Dave 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 won 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 thought I had to have a more substantial, solid business." War new 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 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:

'And what we wanted to see

A frigate rain
And weather like h—

I come to show

The styles that sell.'"

"She saw me, all right, but just in order to be polite, she sent a verse, 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 clamp the 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, and two weeks later formed 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 fiddles, pictures in rhythm, strange harmonies and musical tricks. In the latter he endeavors to convey orally what the Roxette, 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 Nielsen, Buddy Clark, Del Casino and Hollace Shiner.

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 Yacht Club, upholstery in blue, a charming wife and three beautiful children. The little Russian boy in the blouse and boots, with the holpkin and fiddle, who stared wide-eyed at New York in 1909, looking vainly for the streets of gold, has found his own Dream City.
radio and picture production, was, it 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 Rs.

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 now 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 schoolgirl 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 replace that important moisture, because this lotion goes down into the skin better than other lotions tested.

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.

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DEANNA LEARNS A LESSON
(Continued from page 23)
Tackling the problem of presenting an unknown in an important role, Charles J. Rogers of Universal decided that radio was the obvious, 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, 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 radio and radio 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 coarseness, not because she was unfriendly, but because her throat itched, her mind and body were fatigued. That was before the rising tide of gossip prickled 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 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 molar 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 cafè by the front door and accepting as a regular part of the game the demands of the sightseers 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 the elevator 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 better now.

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 said, "What have you got to smile for?" Deanna stiffened—he was not usually so abrupt. "Liccors," she answered shortly. And Koster, still curt, "Spit it out!" Deanna said spiritedly. "This is only a rehearsal—it doesn't interfere with my speech. Why should it?"

Realizing that he had used the wrong tone and that any child would have responded similarly, Koster hid a smile. "Who are you talking to?" he said enigmatically. "The lights—we will wait until Miss Durbin has finished her liccors.

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

But, unknown to Deanna, unknown to her studio and friends, her 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—took advantage of their productions, too pleased with her 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 had already been provoking by. She knew Hollywood was a two-faced monster, capable of depriving her of all the gifts so richly bestowed. Not even her golden voice would prevent her from suffering 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.

Living with Deanna in the studio, 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 reflection of the gossip who insists 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 school system closely. Deanna's plans include a college course and she is now having her second year of Latin, her first year 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 glistened. "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, or 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 vivacity, her 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.
RECIPIES 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 teaspoon salt 1 cup milk
1/2 cup butter (3/4 pound) 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 flour alternately with milk. Beat well, adding enough water to make stiff and creamy. Bake in 2 large, greased layer cake pans in moderate oven (350° F.) for 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.

GRANDMOTHER'S CHOCOLATE FROSTING

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

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
1/4 cup chopped walnuts

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

ANGELE 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
1/2 cup butter

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 time ebbles, fluffy and slightly moist, not dry. Fold in sugar carefully, 2 tablespoons at a time. Fold in the grated orange rind. Mix the grated rind. Fold in the remaining sugar alternately with a light hand. Beat until stiff. Pour into ungreased angel food cake (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. If cake is done, 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 cool, loosen sides first; then loosen around center tube with thin knife or cake tester. Tilt pan and gently draw out cake.

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

HOT CHOCOLATE

5 squares unsweetened chocolate 1 pinch of salt
1/2 cup water 1/2 cup cream, whipped
4 cups granulated sugar 1/4 teaspoon vanilla

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 in 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. Serve in S. S.

BUTTERSCOTCH MARVELS
(Crisp "Refrigerator" Cookies)

1 cup butter 1/2 teaspoon salt
3 cups brown sugar 1/2 cup finely chopped nuts
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 tin 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 Butter-scotch 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 “Calamet 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 stirring 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 your butter wrapper in 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 heating 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.

RADIO STARS

5-way cookies

Easy!

Quick!

EAGLE BRAND MAGIC COOKIES

1/4 cup (1 can) Eagle Brand Magic Milk
3/4 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 room. Remove from pan at once. Makes about 50.

• No flour! No baking powder! Only 5 ingredients! Mix in no time! Let—whichever of the 5 ways you choose to make them—these cookies are crunchy, crispy winners! But remember! Evaporated Milk won’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 an 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.

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 listening.
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!

EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATE LAXATIVE

“My little girl had a bad cough. Brought it home, we thought. As long as we lived, she continued to cough. Finally we tried Ex-Lax. The cough cleared up. It never came back. The doctor said she was just a victim of her mother's nerves. Thank you, Ex-Lax!”

Mrs. G. A. Hill
Beloit, Wisconsin

“After we came to this hotel, we had a little girl who was always coughing and sneezing. We tried all sorts of remedies and could not be sure that something would act. One day she had a good night's sleep and did not cough at all. She has not coughed since. I have been using Ex-Lax ever since. Why don't you try it?”

Mrs. F. Havens
Springfield, Massachusetts

“Ever since I began working, I have had coughing spells. I always felt weak during the attacks and had to stay in bed. After trying Ex-Lax, I am no longer subject to spells. I am much better and have more energy. I am now working 10 hours a day.”

E. C. Jones
Boston, Massachusetts

“Ex-Lax has cured my cough, but it has cured my sister, too. We call it 'my cough.'”

J. A. W. Jones
Chicago, Illinois

“Ex-Lax has cured my cough. The doctors have tried everything, but Ex-Lax has been the only thing that has worked.”

J. E. B.
New York, New York

Take after dinner or bedtime. A gentle laxative that cleanses the bowels and is liked by all, even children. Start on Ex-Lax and keep on using it. It is the best laxative for children.

FOLEY'S COUGH SYRUP

Mommy, I've Quit Coughing ALREADY!

FOLEY'S BELIEVES 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 have Foley's ideal for children. It's delicious! It never harshes or upsets children's stomachs—so matter how often given to afford continuous relief. Quick-acting promptly soothes raw, irritated throat and allays coughing, hacking, coughing. Helps recovery by loosening phlegm and helping break up cough. Spontaneous on returning promote cough-free sleep. Unparalled 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

RADIO STARS

THE CURTAIN RISES

(Continued from page 39)

station, from network to network—in countless characterizations, on immem-erable programs.

She loved 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 Eleanor 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, 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 through inner fire, long, slim, expressive hands... Radio misses that, giving only her soft, exquisite voice. The stage should be her setting.

And for Alice Frost, her world, indeed, was the stage—ever since 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, slinging tassel cords. She did not guess, this busy minister's wife, that the barrel was to become the property box and general treasure chest of 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 lights going on." Clad in trailing lace or velvet, she was the fairy princess, the Lily Maid of Aridol, 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 roles.

"They were always tragic," she recalls, with some amusement, "always had so much fun in the parsonage—my brothers and sister and I—humor, comedy, was everyday life. The theatre, for me, was somber drama, emotion, tragedy." She can't think 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, and 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 role.

Perhaps, too, there is a kinship between the personal and professional life 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 envisioned him as an actor in the role of priest and prophet, role of 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 tremendously. 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 happenings, in school entertainments, in the high school glee club and debating and dramatic societies. But it all led only 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 herself 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 boz 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, almost in a whisper, "Something night some bawdies held up the place... He was alone there. He tried to save his employer's money... They shot him.

"At first, I remember, the thought was, 'Better than 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- niqua 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 ingenue, and too young, too naive, 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....
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STUART'S LAXATIVE COMPOUND

RADIO STARS

Alice Frost, with her secretary, Ruth Wickes.

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 series—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 no money 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 and 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 some what 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 sometime 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 repertory. Alice Frost believes in repertory. She doesn't like the idea of "typing" a player. She wants to play every sort of role. 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 parasolome 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 more notice-ably 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 toner 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 benefict 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 début at Town Hall; and he is making movies in Hollywood. Which should give him plenty of reason to be thankful to Olive, and toughly 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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RADIO STARS

sue 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 good-natured 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 activities. People have viciously compared her to that one seldom heard of other radio stars' generosity, 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 name and activities thoroughly informed of what she 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 asks Kate, Here is one who can 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 generosity, 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 -- notably when the same person does things that any certain object is omitted, the mighty Husing can take all the kidding into sticky, tiny, little tearful tears.

As a matter of fact, vou can tell "Songbird of the South" to yourself. Kate Smith has admitted that she is a talkative, gossipy person, but her talk is of the iciest and the most interesting sort. As Kate has explained this to a lot of persons who have unconsidered, the mighty Husing can take all the kidding into sticky, tiny, little tearful tears.

There's a saying around Broadway that "Husing can court 'em but he can't hold 'em." Actually this is so 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 Stan keep their romances pretty much to themselves but Ted, spontaneous and dramatic Irishman that he is, has a habit of making his conclusions and heart wounds known for all the world to see.

That is, he uses 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 and sundry. 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 attentions elsewhere. Again Ted staged an Irish dinner, dissecting his heart for anybody who'd listen. But when his bride of last spring, showgirl Celia Rylan, sailed for California three days later, Ted made the most eloquent 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 pocket. Ted didn't do his job 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 got around. 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 had 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. They have a sore spot that is divided by two grillworks 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 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 do they allow relations to go to either party. 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 phase, and it actually suits them both. Being sisters and prima donas, if they went about together, they would constantly be compared and one of them undoubtedly would be superior to the other. But this never happens, they would have 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 Carl 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 has been revealed 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 sourness.
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're rising 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.
keep me decently clothed, went into the Dime & Savings Bank. They gave me an extra car ticket, but I didn’t use them, 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 earned the bank name 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 family in New York. 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’ve taken a worse beating than she gave me.

“Once I summer I went to Ashbury 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 especially fine as I was working with a strangling 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 ‘wash wet’ 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 we were one of the family.

“I fell in love that summer in Ashbury, 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 farmers as compost. 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 hooking 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-six四十-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 sold the school papers. 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 on I took work from one of the steel girder 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 best of them all—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 the curator of St. Luke’s when I was a student there. He asked me if I’d come to New York. I believed he knew what he was talking about. He wouldn’t give me a bun to eat, but I packed up and left. It didn’t look too bad 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 other. Pretentious, as youth always is. I sang ‘The Valley’ from The Messiah. Claude Warford said 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 I kept on working under whatever job I could find. When the first month was over, I had forty dollars in the bank and I kept on working. I worked on where loading sixty-ton trucks had not. I told them I’d have to quit and they cooperated 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. I didn’t have any money in the bank. I had two thousand men working under him and that every man Jack of them would buy a ticket or wish they had! They didn’t! They not only bought tickets, they gave away good, real opera tickets that I darn near broke into tears instead of song! That concert netted me eleven hundred dollars—and more that—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
and with Felix Le Roux. I sort of learned my way around, too. I met charming people, and the point, and the point, 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 or stammering over my own feet.

"There I came back to New York, 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 could feel luck, 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 spots, at sixty dollars per. I kept on taking my three lessons a week from Claude Warner, 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 feel 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. Charlie Wagner put me 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 operettas, Ploradora, 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 opera house and it would flop and I'd go back to St. Louis and sweat more. The mines had nothing on that experience.

"I sang Amina with Jeritza. Those were the days when prima donnas were prima donnas, indeed. Jeritza had a red velvet scarf 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 Amina, 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 no vacations, of course. 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 took the M-G-M test?'

"'Sweet Mystery of Life,' Allan grinsnel.

"'And when I made the dramatic test, I did a sort of Jekyll and Hyde—played a dual role with myself—talked to myself.'

"It was Hollywood as 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 I was all alone, I liked her. 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 all.

"I played the Opera in The Time of The Opera. 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 screen.

"'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 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 hollows 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 any size. And I'm only a bit player in Firefly. And all through the production she threw everything she could the way. The songs were divided more than fifty-fifty in my favor. And the night of the preview she said to me 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,' he said, and he kept his promise. Folks ask me whether people are 'different' to me since Firefly. The answer is, 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 doesn't like the picture slated for him to do, feels it 'is a step backward.' If this is so, it's at least understandable. A workman, a man who has gone where he is by manual labor, sweat, strain, doesn't easily relinquish progress. He may not fight to take a step forward; he will fight to hold the step he's on.)
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 at a studio party. She was playing 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 right for 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 knew I was going to marry 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 lunch 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 didn't know what love was, chemical, something predesigned, human, divine—whatever it is, it hits 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 quite naturally Cupid's aide-de-camp with us, arranged it so that I took Irene home and she took Bob home."

'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 Gale. Her little daughter, and pretty soon there will be our little daughter—or son. I've collected,' grumbled 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 expressions, but also its first cry. We're discussing names. Irene wants the name to be Allan Harvey 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. If I ever forgets that, that invitation to climb me on the head goes on for anyone who's hardy enough to do it!"

**DEAR MISS FAIRFAX**

(Continued from page 28)

has defended 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 she-dog, 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 still do the 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 ease 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 by her dress allowances by buying 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 maids, 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 Gads. 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. She was living in lovely old red brick house on 17th 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 was away, and when the war was over, when she once more devoted herself solely to her family—until 1929, when the market broke hit the Gasch family, as it did so many others.

So now it is the first Beatrice Fairfax who have been 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 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 kindliness, 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 through 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 written in despair and found happiness in 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 Lovers is so 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 in just what is a tragic or tremendous 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.

"I've tried for a 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 the trouble begins.

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

"But men should wait before they settle down for a young who seems adorable to him 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 husbands who have themselves gone, 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 to save a woman. 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 cut, what you put together. So don't cut away from me again, waiting for you with the next, with 'crumments.'

"What difference that she didn't know much about book learning and couldn't pronounce accentuations. That woman was wise in heart. No wonder she lived.

"Women who rush to Reno in a hurry, or divorces 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'd probably find only loneliness. A legal document can't really end a marriage that has held any happiness or respect. Roots stick 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 tears lesson with the insight, now that they hear her voice soften in sympathy as she unravels for them the problems they couldn't unravle 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 gay. 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. I was afraid I might be after my pocketbook, which looked awfully good at that time. I thought about going into a drug store, but I was afraid the man might be after me. I kept walking, though, and passed a drug store, and then I realized that I was being hit over the head with a blackjack.
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FOR YOUR OWN AMAZEAMENT

(Continued from page 41)

Murray Hill” we asked Feg.

"I beg your pardon, but 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 born 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 discovered 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 for an hour scrap plank off the fallen bricks. He denies, however, that he was working his way through school.

Someone put up another school building, and Feg continued his education, winding up at Stanford, where he captained the 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 Europe. When we arrived, I lined up with the Camouflage Division, under the unfortunate dehumanization that the job entailed a lot of painting. I was wrong--unless you classify digging foxholes as one of the finer arts."

Everyone who has seen Feg Murray's "Sein' Stars," has seen the goopy-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 brown crossed Feggio's incalculable 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 returned to a deserted barn in the little town of Gesnes, in France. The barn had been occupied for four years by the Germans, and its hulks and rending 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 obesdent master promptly got up, and with one of his three companions linked 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 Fegggo smiling at you in Sein' 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 hellmial loops, and he won first prize 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

ORANGE 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 Katzenjammer, 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 journeymen 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 sensation 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 Seein' Stars, and the Feg Murrays have been in Hollywood ever since.

At the moment Seein' Stars appears daily in over fifty newspapers, and its creator appears weekly, along with Harriet Hilliard and Ozzie Nelson, on the Baker's Broadcasts Sundays at 7:30 p.m. EST, over the NBC-Blue network—and all that because Fegg wore a crown that night in the little town of Gesine.

Because Feg is a friend of ours, it would be embarassing to 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, batiminton 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 Zinonieck announced to his colleagues that Seein' Stars'惯用 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 as 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 never knew how people were," 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' (That you, 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 both personal and 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
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 instructions in all the arts, particularly music, but she rebelled. 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 occupation— 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 game called Camouflage. 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 dissenter planet."

"But La Kingsley never is in a bad humor," lustily 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 bandleader, toasts a mean trombone solo.

"I believe that Howard Taylor has a perfect disposition," said Miss Kingsley, smiling. "He thinks I am always good-natured. 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! It only takes a little more patience to witness an enormous change in one's life, and the change will naturally be for the better."

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 feel 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 manse 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. But we cocked 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 interview was in the kitchen boiling his lovely 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 fellow 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.

But at that time the 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.

Phil was 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 engagement 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 smelled 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 Folies, 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 Mamaroneck, 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 wants 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 he was incidentally 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 Folies," 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 some guy got hold of me and told me the truth. He told me about the girl next door, the one 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. If it isn't going to get me, I love it—but I'm still afraid of it."

B. If the worst comes to the worst, you still have those three houses. You can start a vaudeville circuit!
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 keep the eyes free from 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 can ensnare you. A strain is placed on the outer corner of the eyes. Astringents are most helpful in treating loose skin and puff 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 eye lotions and washes will not keep you from looking tired and unattractive. 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 transitory 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 dress, almost instantly, the 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, except for those 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 shorter) and you can promote the growth and keep them in top condition by 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 uses 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 upper bridge of the nose and eyes. This is necessary should be done from the under side of the brows. Be careful to follow the natural bow structure of the arch. Don't try to force the brows into unnatural shapes. The correct shape is the one of your head 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. Blend around your eyelid, 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. Notice how the shade is dropped away 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. Astringent 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.)

Step 5. Take a finely pointed eye 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 eyes. The expression of the eyes—classification, 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, and treated. However, 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 a mirror and look at 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, "I am happy." 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 the eyes will work up to those intense and intense 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.

RADIO STARS

IT'S MY HUMBLE OPINION—

(Continued from page 18)

or a drawing of a nephogram or sax, or saying: "My Time Is Your Time." A variation of this is being a drawing of two people hand in hand each other a clock. Variations of the spelling of his name sometimes startling. I'm, "Mr. Vallee Villa," another to "Mr. Rudolph Vallee,"--several "Rudi Walesy" and one to "Rudina Wallis Walla." Many letters from India are obviously mailed. 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, all of them had to return back because the hall 'House Full' was hanged outside the theatre. This shows your marvelous emotional power." My favorite from India begins: "I might introduce you to you as an Eastern Film fan. Theatres have been it 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 even an understanding. It is acting far excellence that I like. I go for it."

What is Rudy really like? Well, his office is rather like a formal, panelled 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 shouts and chuckles—and you peek in to find Rudy rolling around on the floor with Himmel, his Doberman Pinscher.

That should give you a rough idea . . . .
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 mil-
ions of dollars in building the star per-
sonality, the 'salaried value' of its stars. Garbo, Gable, Powell, me, all of us have, for
instance, to be dressed up all 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 don't want to think of 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 pay 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 under-
standably, they 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 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 give in. 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, Loy, Crawford, all the others,
waiting at the Waiting 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 Your Own 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, Color. Leonard

to direct you in pictures; now we give
you Bill Bacher to direct you on the air."

And that was that.

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, Elsa, Rosalind Russell, Jimmy Stewart, Joan Crawford, Jeanette
MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, Allan Jones, Judy
Garland, Virginia Bruce, Louise Rainer,
Spencer Tracy, Robert Montgomery, Fran-
chot Tone, Robert Taylor, Bob Bechly,
Sylvie Tucker, Frank Morgan, Pete
Smith, Ted Healy... With such a plethora of dramatic, comedic 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, Scotty's
 Rice, Lucky Strike, J. Walter Thomson,
for one of their clients, all played hounds
to the air-shy hare of M-G-M. When Ford
Motor Car's 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 be-
cause, 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 gear-
ing. There were so many factors to be
considered, some of them as yet unre-
olved, perhaps irreconcilable. It would
take time to sound out the studio people
and theatre owners. They would have to get
the reaction of the New York Office, of
Mr. Mann's 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
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, maybe that in any six stars combined, would tolerate outside jurisdiction for a moment, that deal, too,
twisted through. J. Walter Thomson's client
wanted another position. Why, said Mr.
Bacher, should anything be necessary? A
Gable, a Crawford, possibly a Garbo to be
asked to audition? Ac, ac! 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
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 en-
thusiasm simmer until then? No! No,
we start at once. We go on the air in
November," he said.

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, too. It's now, that
to day radio is working for their interests, not
against them. With Bill's hands on the
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 only times that people at home would hear. Moreover, General Foods is happy, because they know, with Baker 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 Dr. Charles was based, considerably, on good faith on both sides. No exact stipulations were made by the sponsors. They didn't say: "You must guarantee six Grade A stars on each program." No, they know that there will be eleven pictures, one of 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 Baker, dipping his fingers dipped fingers into that treasure trove of Gables, Garbo, Shearer, Tracys, Lawys—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 probably hundreds of pictures behind the scenes in the studio, showing how a certain story is developed: broadcasts from locations, 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 the movies—"Bill-MacDonald" 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 ring of the ladder they mounted. I could go on indefinitely about ideas, ideas about ideas.

No, no. General Foods is not worrying? The sponsors are not worrying? Yes, they have worries. Even some 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. Sunday's broadcast, for example, where 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 to hawk their own products. 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 Colours, the Leonards, Van Dykes have let them through the intricacies of the sound track, the lenses of the cameras, so Bill, the maestro of radio, will lead them through the airwaves. Says Spender: "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 temperament—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 show with Hopkins and MacDonald, MacDonald 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. She said 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 exception is the rule. 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 snoopish storm, went ahead with the preparations. The music began. The announcer was announced. "Doorbell" 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, all right; she was reading one and assisted 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—really, I mean it!—you'll see that none of the stars holds a grudge against the dictator for his dictations, which are as just as they are adamant. It's: "Hi, Bill! Here and: "Hi, Bill!" there. Not a grudge in a star load.

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 Baker believes in radio audiences, feels that only the radio audiences, at all hours, at all times can take liberties. 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 wouldn't take six months to know how a picture has clicked, have 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, Garbo and others, over the airwaves and into the homes of the radio audience?"

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, Fredric March, Jeanette MacDonald, actress has been projected through their pictures. The thing is, audiences already know them. They know most of the faces and phases of their personalities, beauty, powers and potentials. 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 be a helping hand, a helping hand for General Foods. It is new, 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 their first pictures, 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 over a year, at a salary of $1,000 a week, and no spot ready for the Eddy talents. It was dull and discouraging for Nelson, profitless for the studio. Now such a condition could not exist.

And this, not only does M-G-M propose to build up the unestablished stars, but it finds this unbeatable this way, this airway, to build its new players, to find employment for idle ones. Studio overhead will be, presumably, radically reduced."

"I don't 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. His voice is strong and masculine, has an authority to him. 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, friendly, calm 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 work with. They are the salt of the earth. They are generous of heart and of spirit, as well as of course. They bear no grudges. You've got to interest them, they're 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-M must build up their air with it, with every star and bit player on the program, all the way!"

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MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS

In choosing cigarettes for Christmas giving, remember Camels are the favorite of more smokers than any other brand. There’s no doubt about how much people appreciate Camel’s finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS. A gift of Camels carries a doubly greeting from you. It says: “Happy Holidays and Happy Smoking!”

(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!

(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.

(right) The famous Camel carton — 200 cigarettes — in this extra-special Christmas art wrapper. A truly popular gift!

(right) A tempting Christmas special — 4 boxes of Camels in “flat fifties” — wrapped in gay holiday dress for the Yuletide season.

(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!

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