

SO YOU'D LIKE TO GET ON THE AIR? See Page 20

Radio Stars

SEPTEMBER

10

CENTS

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE

SCRIPTS
THE
CENSORS
HAVE
KILLED

DOROTHY
LAMOUR





Irresistible

Romantic as your first rose...thrilling as your first bouquet... **IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME**, patterned from a blend of flowers, is romance woven into fragrance. Buy Irresistible Perfume if you want to be Irresistible. Be fragrant if you want to be pursued. Men adore fragrant hair, fragrant lips, and soft fragrant skin. Use Irresistible Perfume tonight. To be completely fascinating, use all of the Irresistible Cosmetics...each has some special feature that gives you glorious new loveliness. Laboratory tested and approved.

10c Each at 5 and 10c Stores

BE IRRESISTIBLE TONIGHT WITH IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME

No phone calls! No dates! As the lonely summer passes, Joan wonders why. (Joan doesn't know that men would think her lovely if she had n't let a dingy smile spoil her good looks!)



Here's news little Doris could tell her big sister Joan. Smiles are always lovely when teeth get proper care! (Doris knows you must massage your gums as well as clean your teeth.)



Wishes come true—when girls have the kind of smile men find appealing! (Joan could have that smile. Joan could be popular! But Joan should start today with Ipana Tooth Paste and massage to help keep gums healthier and teeth more sparkling!)



Does your date-book say—

"You'd be more popular if you had a lovelier smile!"

A GIRL SMILES—and her face glows with a touch of splendor. (Dazzling, bright teeth—firm, healthy gums help create that lovely moment.) Another girl smiles, and her charm vanishes. (Dingy teeth and tender gums halt your attention, tragic evidence of carelessness and neglect.)

It's a shame when a girl ignores "pink tooth brush!" and risks the beauty of her smile! True, "pink tooth brush" is only a warning—but when you see it—see your dentist. Let him decide.

Usually, however, they'll tell you that yours is just another case of lazy gums, gums robbed of exercise by modern soft, creamy foods. Probably he'll advise more work for your gums, more exercise. And, like so many dentists, he'll probably suggest the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

For Ipana with massage is especially designed not only to keep teeth bright and sparkling but to help the health of gums as well. Massage a little Ipana

into your gums each time you clean your teeth. Circulation quickens within the gum tissues—gums tend to become firmer, more resistant to trouble.

Start today with Ipana and massage. Let this modern dental health routine help you to a more attractive smile!

DOUBLE DUTY—Ask your druggist for Rubberset's Double Duty Tooth Brush, designed to massage gums effectively as well as to clean teeth thoroughly.



Change to
Ipana
and Massage

RADIO STARS

LESTER C. GRADY, Editor; ELLA RIDDLE, Associate Editor
 ABRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor

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Does Your Charm Thrill MEN'S HEARTS?



SHE KNEW THE SECRET—the secret of allure—a pulse stirring fragrance to weave on those around her, a spell of thrilling delight . . .



NOW IT'S YOURS—the secret of how to be utterly adorable always, with the romantic, lingering scent of Djer-Kiss Talc.

START your day the Djer-Kiss way! Bathe your entire body with this delightful talc each morning. Djer-Kiss keeps you dainty and refreshed all day . . . Helps you stay cool, for it actually lowers body temperature. Clothes feel more comfortable . . . Makes you alluringly fragrant. Use Djer-Kiss generously, for the cost is surprisingly small. Buy it today at drug and toilet goods counters—25c and 75c sizes. Liberal 10c size at all 10c stores.

The same delightful fragrances in Djer-Kiss Soaper, Eau de Toilette and Hair Powder.

YOURS FREE—the exciting new book, "Women Men Love—Which Type Are You?"

—full of valuable hints on how to make yourself more alluring. Just send a post card with your name and address to Parfums Kerkoff, Inc., Dept. G, New York.



... genuine imported talc scented with Djer-Kiss perfume by Kerkoff, Paris.

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



CLARK
GABLE

“TOO **HOT**
TO HANDLE”

MYRNA
LOY



The best news since “Test Pilot” with that rare pair of romancers, M-G-M’s tantalizing twosome. Clark’s a daredevil newsreel man—Myrna’s an airdevil aviatrix... Action! Heart-pumping paradise for thrill and fun-loving picture fans!

with WALTER PIDGEON · WALTER CONNOLLY
LEO CARRILLO · Screen Play by John Lee Mahin and Laurence Stallins
Directed by Jack Conway · Produced by Lawrence Welngarten · A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



MYRT AND MARGE ON A



George Damerel, Jr., Myrt's big son, prepares to give his mother a gentle dunking in the ocean.



Now it's a splashing! George, formerly heard on the program, now has organized a dance orchestra.



Star, wife, mother and grandmother, Myrtle Vail's a good cook, too. Anyway, George seems to think so.



Ray Hedge, who's been playing Clarence in the show for seven years, investigates a splinter.



One splinter gives him a chance to take both feet for a ride. Ray is a true son of Indiana.



Marge, who is Donna Damerel Kretzinger and twice a mother in real life, watches her own ma fix up.

PICNIC

A real good time was had when this jolly crew spent a day by the ocean



Myrt, left holding the basket, is creator and co-star of the show, which began in 1931. She's written over 2,500,000 words of script.



Marge, or Donna, decides to cover up. She made her stage debut at 15, when she joined her parents in one of their vaudeville tours.

RADIO STARS

It was Seb* that spoiled the Deb!



*Sebaction, dermatologists call it - you know it as SHINY NOSE. With excessive oiliness comes unflattering shine. Seboma aggravates this oily condition. Sebony powder retards germinology, helps subdue nose shine.

New Germ-Free Face Powder Helps to end Shiny Nose

FATHER came through with a cooling-out party that ran into thousands. Mother invited every eligible male. Everybody had "a wonderful time" . . . everybody, that is, but the nose-labbing Deb.

Deb or no Deb, what girl can exercise feminine charm with powder puff in hand and shine on her nose? Yet Shiny Nose is a beauty fault that germs-free face pow-

der, like Woodbury, can easily subdue!

Only film on the nose, which causes shine, is aggravated by germs. Woodbury Facial Powder, being germ-free, can convey no harmful germ-life to your skin.

Try this exquisite powder, and notice how smoothly it goes on, how reliably it clings! See the lovely life-like shades of Woodbury Facial Powder today. All seven have fashion approval. Winther Rose is divinely flattering to "simonary" complexionists. \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

Try, too, Woodbury Germ-proof Rouge and Lipstick in matching shades.



Send for 7 Thrilling Youth-Mood Shades
John H. Woodbury, Inc., 243 1/2 St. S., Cincinnati, Ohio
(in Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario
Please send me 7 shades of Woodbury Facial Powder (10¢
value of free Woodbury Beauty Creams, given with Woodbury Facial Soap. I enclose like to cover mailing costs.

Name: _____
Street: _____
City: _____ State: _____

SATURDAY NIGHT SWING CLUB

Who's who on one of Columbia's most popular programs



Tommy Dorsey, with his famed trombone, has often appeared on these Columbia swing festivals.

Producer Phil Cohan, of the CBS program department, who originated the *Swing Club*, June 13, 1936.

Ed Cashman, who was associated with Cohan in producing the *Saturday Night Swing Club* sessions.



Duke Ellington played on the program. He wrote a number called *Swing Session* for the Club.

Al Rinker (Left) and Bob Smith (Right) are the new producers. Lester Hatfield is at the controls.

Announcer Mel Ailen from Alabama succeeded Paul Douglas as commentator. Swing will never die, he says.



Gossip at the beach!



The brass section is the most important part of all swing bands. (Below) Drummer Billy Gussac.



"King of Swing" Benny Goodman, was one of the guests. The program is heard Saturday at eight EDST.



JUDY: "He nagged and acted so terribly mean, it sure looked like a bust-up for a while. I really felt sorry for Jane."

ALICE: "Aw, be fair! Tom raised Cain—but so would you if you always had to go around in tattle-tale gray. Jane was to blame for using lazy soap. It left dirt behind! Tom's shirts and her whole wash showed it."

SALLY: "Well, I'm glad the fuss has all blown over! If we'd only told Jane sooner how Fels-Naptha's richer golden soap and lots of naphtha hustle out every last speck of dirt—the whole mess wouldn't have happened."

MARY: "Better late than never! Since she listened to us and switched to Fels-Naptha Soap, everything's peaches again and they're off for a second honeymoon!"

COPY, 1930, FELS & CO.

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

NEW! Great for washing machines! Try Fels-Naptha Soap Chips, too!

DON JUAN McCARTHY



(Left) "Young man, women will be your ruination!" warns Ernest Cossart. To which Charlie replies, in his quaint way: "Can I actually depend on that?"

(Right) Ann Sheridan seems quite overwhelmed by Charlie's presence. However, in *Letter of Introduction*, Edgar Bergen is the head man, as it's a story based on the facts of his own life.



Rita Johnson, Ann Sheridan, Edgar Bergen and George Murphy, who appear with Charlie in *Letter of Introduction*. Adolphe Menjou is another important member of the big cast.



(Above) Being surrounded by three such beauties as Rita Johnson, Eve Arden and Ann Sheridan doesn't unnerve Charlie. But he does seem a bit speechless, at that—unusual for this dummy!



(Left) Charlie starts flirting with Eve Arden and then has his attention drawn to Rita Johnson. But leave it to our Charlie, he knows all the answers!

MUM'S THE WORD FOR CHARM IT'S QUICK, SAFE, SURE!



**More Screen Stars, Housewives, Nurses, Business Girls,
School Girls use Mum than any other deodorant**

GIRLS in love, girls who are married, girls whose goal is business success—they all use Mum to protect their charm! They're smart about this matter of perfect daintiness—they have to be. For they know that just a hint of odor can make you lose out with friends.

Even a fastidious girl risks offending if she trusts a *bath alone* to keep her sweet. A bath takes care only of *past* perspiration, it can't prevent odor *to come*. Mum *can!* Underarms always need Mum's sure care, to give you the *all-day* freshness that makes a girl click in business or in love.

Mum is so easy, so pleasant to use! In Hollywood, where charm is all-important, Mum plays the lead with stars and featured players. On duty or off, Mum is the favorite with nurses. They like Mum's effectiveness, its gentleness, its speed. *You'll* like Mum, too! Buy Mum at your drug store today—this pleasant cream

deodorant has all the things you're looking for to help you keep your charm.

ONLY 30 SECONDS TO USE. Two quick touches of Mum and you're through.

HARMLESS TO FABRICS. Mum's possession of the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering means Mum is harmless to any kind of fabric. You can put Mum on even *after* you're dressed!

ACTUALLY SOOTHES THE SKIN. Apply Mum immediately after underarm shaving and you'll notice its soothing touch.

MUM IS SURE. Mum simply stops every trace of odor—it does not stop perspiration. Smart girls use Mum after every bath and before every date. Then they never risk offending friends!

For Sanitary Nopkins, too! Thousands of women always use Mum for Sanitary Nopkins because they know Mum is gentle, SURE. Don't risk embarrassment. Always use Mum!



What is this power Charlie has over women like Ann? Ernest Cossart, among others, would like to know.

**Ladies' man Charlie
gayly cavorts in
Universal's Letter
of Introduction**

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



"HURRY UP WITH THAT TEABERRY BEFORE THE BOSS RINGS"

Hours of dictation can't outlast that extra-tasty flavor of Clark's! It's genuine teaberry, fresh as sunshine after rain... smoothest-chewing gum you ever knew. Get to know Clark's Teaberry reach for that familiar red package on the stands, everywhere!

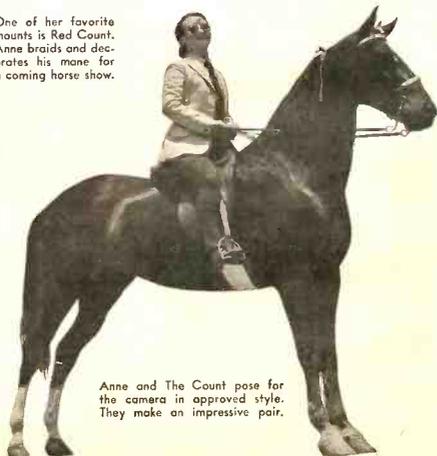


Reach for the Bright Red Package!

You'll like
**CLARK'S
TEABERRY
GUM**



One of her favorite mounts is Red Count. Anne braids and decorates his mane for a coming horse show.



Anne and The Count pose for the camera in approved style. They make an impressive pair.

RIDE AND KEEP FIT

Says Anne Jamison, expert horsewoman and radio songbird



(Above) After a morning canter, Anne removes the saddle, then, (Below) Red Count gets a drink from his considerate mistress.



AN EXPERIENCED WOMAN could have told her!



Neglect of intimate cleanliness may rob the loveliest woman of her charm... Use "Lysol" for feminine hygiene

ONE lesson life teaches a woman is the need for complete intimate cleanliness.

septic douche. Directions for use are on each bottle.

Six reasons for using "Lysol" for feminine hygiene—

A man wants to think of the woman whose love and companionship he seeks as his dream of feminine loveliness... fresh and exquisite at all times. But, without realizing it, there are times when even perfumes, baths and beauty aids may fail to make you attractive—if you neglect the practice of feminine hygiene. Many experienced family doctors know that this neglect has wrecked the happiness of countless marriages.

Don't risk offending in this most personal way. Be sure of complete exquisiteness. Follow the "Lysol" method of efficient feminine hygiene.

Ask your own doctor about "Lysol" disinfectant. He will tell you "Lysol" has been used in many hospitals and clinics for years as an efficient anti-

1—Non-Corrosive... "Lysol" is the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness... "Lysol" is a powerful germicide, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, sebum, etc.).

3—Spreading... "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually reach out germs.

4—Economy... "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor... The clean odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability... "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, how often it is uncorked.

Also, try Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands and complexion. It's cleansing, deodorant.

What Every Woman Should Know

SEND THIS COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BROCHURE
LENN & FINN Products Corp.,
Dept. 9-R-5, Hammond, Ind., U. S. A.
Send me free booklet "Lysol as Given" which tells the many uses of "Lysol."



Lysol
Disinfectant

FOR FEMINE HYGIENE

Name: _____
Street: _____
City: _____

Copyright © 1933 by Lenn & Finn Products Corp.



In Germ-killing power...

**1 BOTTLE
PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC
EQUALS 3 BOTTLES
OF ORDINARY KINOS**

Even when diluted with 2 parts water, still kills germs in seconds... Lasts 3 times as long!

**MAKES YOUR
MONEY GO 3
TIMES AS FAR!**



**PEPSODENT
ANTISEPTIC**

for LOOSE DANDRUFF

P. S. Don't forget Pepsodent Antiseptic for BAD BREATH, too!

What three famous air males look for



Joan Tetzel knows the secret of how to keep fresh and youthful. The NBC actress sleeps as much as possible and manages to exercise every day.

**BY
MARY
BIDDLE**

WHAT EVERY MAN ADMIRES



Phil Baker judges a girl by the contents of her purse.



With Guy Lombardo, beautiful eyes and teeth come first.



Paul Douglas goes for brains first and beautysecond.

What They Like

IT occurred to me the other day that there is not a woman among us (myself included) who wouldn't like to know how much of an impression we make on the men folks when we get all dressed up in our best bills and tuckers.

So, with this in mind, I sallied forth to find three representative males in the radio profession who would enlighten us on this question. And that's how you happen to find

How To Comply

IF you are going to see "eye to eye" with me on the question of Beautiful Eyes, then you will honestly admit the absolute necessity of plenty of sleep! With all the magic of make-up, there is still no perfect substitute for hours of relaxation and repose.

So, the first eye beauty requirement is sleep! Don't go to bed with the eyes feeling strained and cloudy. First, wash them out with a good eye wash or eye bath. Then, very gently,

(Continued on page 68)

(Continued on page 68)

in females, and how you may comply with their demands



If you're exotic like Jane Farrar you may use make-up to dramatize the eyes, but only in the evening.



"Windows of the soul" perfectly describes the eyes of singer-pianist Joan Edwards, who emphasizes them.



Sybil Chism, *Lum 'n' Abner's* organist, is smart enough to play up her blondeness without being artificial.

POND'S SUNLIGHT SHADES

"GLARE-PROOF" powder shades to flatter your skin in hard blazing sun...

OUT in the pitiless glare of the sun, skin faults are magnified. Color flattens out. Skin seems coarser. Your face looks harder all over!

But see how "Sunlight" shades flatter you! "Glare-proof" — Pond's "Sunlight" shades are scientifically blended to reflect only the softer rays of the sun. They soften its glare on your skin... make it *flattering!* Your face has a lovely soft look. Your tan a rich glow.

Try them right now. Two glorious "Sunlight" shades, Light and Dark. Low prices. Decorated screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. Big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.



Test them FREE! In glaring sunlight. Pond's, Clifton, Loan, Dept. 915-PF, Please rush me, free, Pond's "Sunlight" shades, enough of each for a 3-day test. (This offer expires Nov. 1, 1933)

Name: _____
Street: _____
City: _____ State: _____



Lynn Roberts Featured in Republic Pictures

BEAUTIFUL EYES Yours for the Asking with MAYBELLINE Eye Beauty Aids

Pale, dull, scraggly lashes simply ruin every chance to possess that "loveliness complete" which we all aim for in our make-up.

What can you do to make your lashes, brows and eyes just as beautiful as the rest of your make-up? Try this delightful, easy method:

First—form graceful eyebrows with Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Next—touch a bit of Maybelline Eye Shadow to your upper lids, blending it lightly outward toward your temples, concentrating it near the lash line. Third—and most enchanting of all—darken your lashes with your Maybelline Mascara, beginning lightly at the inner corners of your eyes, and deepening the mascara at the outer corners. Maybelline is harmless, tear-proof, non-smudging.

Now, glance into your mirror! You'll be delighted with the pleasing charm and added beauty which Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids give you.

Nightly—smooth a bit of Maybelline Eye Cream into the sensitive skin area around eyes—to guard against those persistent little crowfeet and eye wrinkles. It helps marvelously. For eye make-up in good taste—insist on Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

Maybelline



Maybelline Solid
Brow Mascara in
gold metal tins.
The Red Lip
Maybelline
Crimson
Caramels
Caramels in
dainty
tissue cases.
The
Maybelline
Eye
Brow Pencil.
All in
Black, Brown,
Blue, Maybelline
Eye Shadow, in
White, Blue-gray,
Brown, Green,
Violet, Maybelline
Sticlar Eye
Cream, Pumpettes
of all Maybelline
Eye Beauty Aids
at all 10c stores.



Jean Sablon, French singer, and Marion Talley met for the first time in Hollywood.



Jimmie Fidler's Coast gossip program has led to his newspaper column's syndication.

WEST COAST CHATTER

BY LOIS SVENSRUD

WHAT GOES ON WITH THE STARS IN CALIFORNIA'S RADIOLAND

LOOKS like the Werner Janssens are going to call Hollywood home again. They weren't too happy here for a while, after Mr. J.'s radio experiences, but as a result of his score and musical direction for *Blockade*, the Walter Wanger picture, the studios are clamoring for the Janssens services. Ann Harding's just signed a contract with a California radio agency, too, which we hope will result in this lovely star's come-back.

THE handsome blond circling Beverly Hills on a hike these mornings, and frequently bursting into song, is none other than Nelson Eddy.

He's just bought a de luxe bicycle with four-speed gear, spotlight for night travel and stream-lined wind-guards. Nelson's completely sold on this form of exercise for both the waistline and the vocal chords.

LANNY ROSS is "vacationing" in Hollywood, but in reality he is here to discuss a contract with a major film studio. He's not wasting time while they come to his fingers, though. For he's fast developing into one of the crack tennis players in the film and radio colony. At their Beverly Hills home, the Rosses have



Tenor John Carter was born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Success on the Metropolitan Auditions program led to his juicy Chase & Sanborn contract, at 26.

regular Sunday morning tennis-breakfasts. Mrs. Ross is more interested in properly serving up the ham and scrambled eggs than she is in the tennis balls.

FANNIE BRICE is now settled in that new house out Holmby Hills way. Since it's her first real home in thirty years of show business, "Snooks" is having a whale of a time. Just about everyone in Hollywood could tell you what a fine time was had by all at her house-warming.

JOE PENNEK'S the envy of

Hollywood was not surprised to find that Jon Hall and Frances Langford had become Mr. and Mrs. The two stars were obviously in love.



every actor in town. There's a new clause in his contract saying that Joe can't be called to work on his new picture at RKO until 9:30 any morning. According to Joe's story—and verified by a doctor, mind you—Joe is the lucky victim of some rare

branchial condition which won't allow that odd little voice of Joe's to function in the early hours.

EDGAR BERGEN was late on the (Continued on page 55)

HAIR THAT THRILLS!

Here's the Hollywood® Way to Beautiful Hair



WHAT a thrilling surprise awaits you the first time you use Drene—Procter & Gamble's amazing shampoo discovery. For you will find, as millions of women already have, that Drene leaves hair manageable, radiant, beautiful beyond your fondest dreams. Drene performs this beauty miracle because it magically removes dulling film on hair by previous shampoos. Drene is not a soap—just an oil. Contains no harmful chemicals. It cannot leave a beauty-clouding film on hair to dull natural lustre; nor a greasy oil film to catch dust. Drene actually makes 5 times more lather than soap in hardest water. Lather so gentle,

yet so active, that dirt, grease, perspiration—even those dandruff flakes—are washed away with a single sudsing and thorough rinsing. Hair is left sparkling clean this mild, safe way. Gloriously brilliant without the need of lemon, vinegar, or special after-rinse. Today, you can give your hair a shampoo specifically designed to bring out its full individual beauty. For there are now two kinds of Drene; Special Drene for Dry Hair—Regular Drene for normal and oily hair. Get Drene from drug, department or 10c stores. Better beauty shops everywhere feature this shampoo marvel. A single shampoo will both amaze and thrill you.

To Remove Dulling Film That Clouds Hair Beauty—

drene
Shampoo
SPECIAL for Dry Hair
REGULAR for Normal or Oily Hair
Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Five whole years of your life...

Here's an astonishing fact... the days in an average woman's life when she needs sanitary protection, add up to five whole years or more!

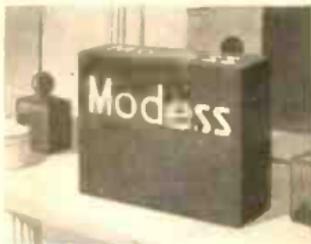
That's a lot of days. Every woman ought to learn to make them easier, more comfortable days. So—if you are still buying the same brand of sanitary napkins you started buying years ago—here's news you ought to hear...

There's something better now! Modess—a napkin so much *softer* and *safer* that it is bridging new comfort and peace of mind to millions of women!

Cut a Modess pad in two and examine the filler. It's fluffy, soft as down—entirely different from the close-packed layers found in so many other napkins. That's why Modess doesn't become stiff and rasping in use—doesn't chafe.

Now remove the moisture-resistant backing inside a Modess pad and test it. Pour water on it—and you'll see how completely you can rely on Modess!

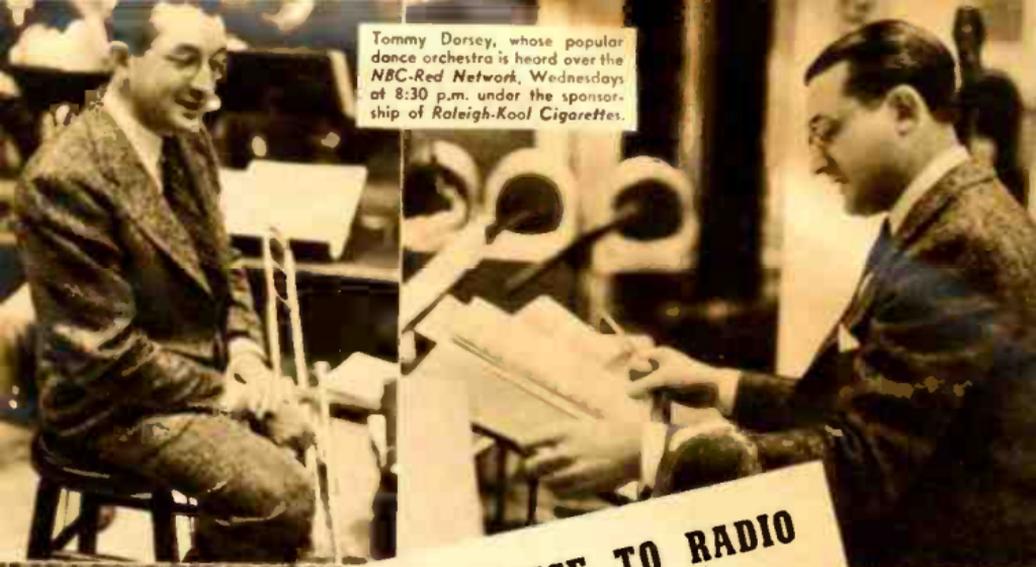
Yet for all its greater comfort and safety, Modess costs no more than any other nationally known napkin. So—when you buy napkins—insist upon Modess.



Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

IF YOU PREFER A SMALLER, SLIGHTLY NARROWER PAD, SAY "JUNIOR MODESS"

www.americanradiohistory.com



Tommy Dorsey, whose popular dance orchestra is heard over the NBC-Red Network, Wednesdays at 8:30 p.m. under the sponsorship of Raleigh-Kool Cigarettes.

FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO RADIO

No matter what sort of dance music you like, you may be sure that Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra play that particular brand. And play it with perfection. The organization has a distinctive, easily-recognizable style of its own, yet it's adaptable to whatever the current dance music trend happens to be. The boys are just as much at home with the Beale Street Blues as with the *Andante Cantabile* from Tschaiikowsky's *Fifth Symphony*.

Tommy is one of the few bandleaders who are actually good musicians. He's considered tops as a trombone player. He sticks to his instrument and therefore has little time to put over the "personality plus touch" that most leaders do with the aid of a smile and baton.

His program for Raleigh-Kool Cigarettes has a tremendous following. His choice and wide variety of numbers, his expert arrangements and the versatility of the boys in his band are responsible. His "swing contests" to encourage young amateur musicians were one of the program's highlights. It brought jobs to many youngsters who might otherwise have remained unheralded in their home towns.

Tommy has a talented group of vocalists in Edythe Wright, Jack Leonard and the Three Esquires. They've been with him for a long time and blend smoothly with the music of the band. Tommy was born in the Pennsylvania coal region in 1907, of musical parents. In fact, his father was a music teacher. Before forming his own band, Tommy and his well-known brother, Jimmy, played in the orchestras of Paul Whiteman, Ted Lewis, Rubinioff, Victor Young, Vincent Lopez and Rudy Vallée.

Many bands have become sensations overnight because they played the dance music of the day especially well. But just as soon as another type of music became the fad the bands were forgotten because they couldn't change their style accordingly. Crises may come and go, but they'll never interfere with Tommy's popularity. If it's swing you want, no band swings out any hotter than Tommy's. If it's the sweet, romantic rhythm you prefer, no one plays sweeter than Tommy. His boys are capable of any style.

To Tommy Dorsey, Radio Stars Magazine presents its Award for Distinguished Service to Radio.

Robert C. Grady

EDITOR.

An inside slant on what happens when you seek air employment, and how good your chances are

BY
NANETTE KUTNER

One of 4,000 who have applied for auditions, this young lady is being heard by members of the NBC Artists Bureau. They sit in a separate enclosure.

Only 3 children out of 50 have possibilities, and authorities warn that no radio school, late or not, can get your child a job.



... SO YOU'D

ALMOST anybody can have an interview for a radio audition. The networks may issue warnings about the folly of leaving your home town, but if you get to Radio City, headquarters of the National Broadcasting Company, or 485 Madison Avenue, New York City, headquarters of the Columbia Broadcasting System, and are not obviously a crack-pot, there is little opposition.

Each network considers itself a public utility. As such, its facilities are at your disposal. If you want an interview you get it, but getting an audition is something else again.

To both of these companies come thousands of would-be entertainers and still more thousands of written applications. Many of the letters are unbelievably naive. One applicant writes: "My sweetheart loves my voice on the telephone." He thinks *CBS* should give him an audition. *At NBC* arrive numerous requests for auditions "after five-thirty or on Sundays, because I'm a stenographer with five hours." And then there are those huggalos, letters not asking for auditions, but "just a criticism of my voice."

On the other hand, there are literally thousands of re-

LIKE TO GET ON THE AIR?

quests which show real promise, and these are given every consideration. Radio does want new talent but it must be better than, or capable of competing with, the entertainers already employed. If you want an audition if you have possible talent and some previous experience, you are heard. But—outside of the thrill it gives the applicant, the average audition of today means little or nothing. Let's see why.

Auditions are divided into special classifications—vocalists, actors, instrumentalists, children and announcers. In making an application, one should be definite as to the type wanted.

Yearly, 4,000 singers and instrumentalists apply to Robert E. Smith, of the National Broadcasting Company, who hears over 2,000, claiming it would be physically impossible to take care of more. He looks for that intangible gem which experts call "voice quality," and he looks for gem which experts call "voice quality," and he looks for technique, pitch and some previous professional experience. Out of this number perhaps twelve receive actual engagements on *NBC* programs. A number of others display talents better suited to club work or personal appearances of all kinds. Many artists whom Smith feels have

possibilities, but are not yet ready for the stiff competition of experienced radio singers, are taken under the protective wing of his staff and trained with a view to later auditions. He estimates that the number of men and women applying is about even, though women have a slight edge.

When a pretty girl or a tall, handsome man arrives for a test, the *NBC* Artists Service sends motion picture representatives to the studio to see if there are possibilities in that direction.

At the offices of the Columbia Broadcasting System, Lucille Singleton has charge of vocalists. Conservatively speaking, she grants interviews to fifty audition-seekers a day.

"It's tapering off," the girl at the information desk told me. "It used to be like the subway."

Immervious to bribes, threats or flattery, Miss Singleton weeds out her applicants, searching for musical background, poise and general appearance. This last became, now that radio goes in for stage shows, looks do count.

If you pass her intelligent scrutiny, and eleven or twelve a week do, you get your audition. (Continued on page 81)



(Above) The badly wounded body of Paul Jaworski, "The Phantom of the Coal Fields," on a warehouse porch. (Right) This shows how Trooper Hammond was handcuffed to a mail box post.

IN THE cases I have presented on *Gang Busters* for a period of three years, I do not believe any equaled "Cardinella—the Devil." "The Devil," though little known, operated a crime school in Chicago. Some of his graduates are still at large, but in hiding.

Cardinella, smartly, with heavy eyebrows which gave him a Mesopotamian appearance, took mere children and, by threats of torture, forced them to rob and murder for him. But the angle of this story that shakes the imagination is Cardinella's attempt to come back to life after he was hanged and pronounced dead.

Captured after a trail of six deaths his led to him, Cardinella and five of his henchmen were sentenced to die. But so fearful were the remaining members without him, that they executed a fantastic plot to return him to this earth.

Cardinella went to the gallows a limp, sodden figure. During his stay in the death cell he lost fifty pounds.

Only the watchful eyes of a prison guard saved Chicago from further visitations from "The Devil." Following the execution, an ambulance arrived to pick up the body of Cardinella to bring him to his family for burial. The guard noticed that the vehicle carried more than standard equipment. After the ambulance left the prison yard, a prison car started a chase. Inside the ambulance, members of "The Devil's" gang, working with hot water bottles, heated blankets, mattresses, oxygen tanks and pulmotors, were bringing "The Devil" back to life.

The gang was rounded up and Cardinella's body was brought back to cool off on a slab.

It was only after the plot was nipped that the reason was found for Cardinella's losing fifty pounds in the death cell. He figured that when the trap door was sprung his light weight would result in asphyxiation, rather than a broken neck.

AS a runner-up to this, I offer the "Licavoli Gang."

A few years ago the Licavoli Gang terrorized the whole city of Toledo, Ohio. They murdered, extorted and plundered. No one dared oppose them until Prosecuting Attorney Frazier Reams was elected and stated he would smash the gang.

Finally captured by police, it was then found that there was no real tangible evidence against Licavoli. He laughed at police efforts to trace robberies and killings to him.

Police admitted they would have to release Licavoli unless they received a complete confession.

In raiding the Licavoli Gang hangout, one detective noticed a parrot. The parrot seemed unusually smart. A second visit there had the detective brought the parrot to police headquarters. He locked himself, a stenographer and the parrot in a room.

For a day the detective and the stenographer listened to the parrot. The parrot broke the case.

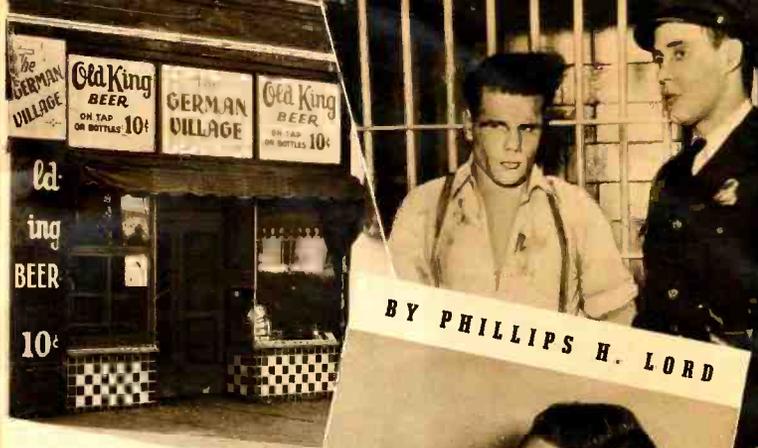
Having been around the gangsters for years, the bird had picked up odds and ends of names—and even addresses and the more frequently used telephone numbers.

With this information gleaned from the parrot, Prosecuting Attorney Reams confronted Licavoli. Amazed at Reams' intimate knowledge of petty details, Licavoli confessed.

Incidentally, the parrot still lives. It belongs to a young lady in Toledo, who asks that her name be withheld from any further stories about the amazing parrot. However, when I broadcast the Licavoli case, the parrot appeared on the program and screamed, "Licavoli."

A CASE which stands out, in my records, concerns itself with the preview of death given to police in the radio room of the Kansas City police headquarters.

Released on parole in 1937, Golden Barrett, Kansas City Bad Man, jumped right back into the old ways of crime. Barrett, with a former prison (Continued on page 22)



(Above) In this tavern Larry Devol met a violent end, thanks to James O'Neill. (Right) Radio led to the capture and incarceration of murderer Frency Benoit.

**The producer picks
the most thrilling
of his crime dramas**



(Right) Phillips Lord, author of this article, inaugurated the *Gang Busters* program in 1935. The series is produced with the cooperation of the law enforcement authorities.

...THE MOST EXCITING

GANG BUSTERS STORIES

Dr. Harry Hagen, conductor of True or False, tries to baffle two of his contestants. This show began on Mutual and is now heard over NBC-Blue, Mondays, 7 p.m., EDST.



Kay Kyser's musical quizzes are an outgrowth of the old formula. His is among the most popular of NBC hour shows and is aired over NBC-Red, Wednesdays, 10 p.m., EDST.

OUR QUIZ-CONSCIOUS

LIKE any other entertainment medium, radio is subject to noticeable cycles. Last year, for example, it was community sings, and the year before that, amateur hours. Now, in 1938, an entirely different type of program has zoomed to popularity and, in spite of its meteoric rise, bids fair to live a long and healthy life.

Question and answer games are anything but new. They've been used for years as forms of group amusement and are probably derived from the spelling bees which were in vogue around 1873. The early 1920's found people engrossed in *Guggenheims* and *Ask Me Another* stinklers.

The origin of the current air cycle dates back to

radio's earliest days. One of the first broadcasting stations presented a question and answer program which was conducted by Dr. Craig Earl, better known as today's *Professor Quiz*. At that time he answered queries mailed to him by those few radio fans who owned cat's-whisker sets. No doubt other such shows followed, but Walter Casey claims to have been the first to use questions testing the ability of an audience. His *Aircyclopedia* was presented originally on *WJVA* in 1930 and later on the *NBC* network. Then, in 1932, Jerry Belcher invented the sidewalk interview idea. From this grew the present-day *Vox Pop* airshow, which combines informal interviews with interesting questions.

Audience brain-storming shows are flooding the air.

Professor Quiz, whose real name is Dr. Craig Earl, has the most popular brain-teasing program and one of the oldest. It's an CBS Saturdays at 9 p.m., EDST.



The *Vox Pop* show of Paris Johnson and Wallace Butterworth no longer uses the \$5-alarm stunt because it was called a lottery. NBC-Red, Tuesday at 9 p.m., EDST.

PUBLIC . . . BY ELLA RIDDLE

That was only the beginning! Today there are well over two hundred of these brain-teasing, audience participation programs, and the list is growing fast. On the major networks alone they number thirteen at this writing, and their listeners number in the millions, including men, women and children.

The tremendous appeal of such airshows may seem extraordinary at first thought, but these analytical facts should be considered in arriving at its explanation. From the listener's standpoint, he is receiving a program that is unrehearsed—one in which anything may happen. This lends an aura of excitement which most broadcasts lack. He may participate actively by trying to answer the questions himself. If he suc-

ceeds, it is quite flattering to his ego. If he doesn't, an opportunity is afforded of amassing a store of interesting, educational and amusing facts which he may later use to advantage in business or socially. As for humor, there are hilarious moments in abundance—some derived from the questions; some, unhappily from the wrong answers and spontaneous remarks of contestants; and still others from the wise-cracks of the quiz-master. Lastly, he may win anything from a photograph to \$25 for submitting acceptable questions. plus the additional thrill of hearing his name or brain-child used on the air.

As for the contestant, the first and foremost attraction of facing a (Continued on page 36)

Here's the answer to the popularity of this new cycle

PASSPORTS AND PORTRAITS



Girl and eyebrows are the same, but the face of Valiant Lady Joan Blaine suffered in her passport photo. Now an air star, Joan was once a lawyer, songstress, harpist and stage actress.



Cameras can be kind or cruel to famous faces



Meredith Willson has that rugged, gallery look, and a mean camera, though by the registers, a genial extra chin. His glasses are missing.



Phil Baker's grin only made him look like an amiable taxi driver in the above atrocity. A film photographer did a better job with Phil in Golden Follies. The hair isn't his in either case, however.



Not a gangster's moll, snapped in the line-up, but Anne Jamison in a passport photo which allows no retouching or artistic lighting. The young soprano is really quite lovely, as you can see.



Tim Ryan, looking like a jovial pallidician in the little picture, is an ex-vaudevilian and radio partner of Irene Noble. In the other wife. Tim wears a toupee; lines are smoothed.



Irene Noble smiled unsuspectingly as her face was abused by the camera. Her portrait, though, is a wrinkle-flatterer. No wrinkles or lines may be removed in a passport photograph.



RADIO RAMBLINGS

The inside track on entertainers and programs, new and old

BY ARTHUR MASON

ONE fallacy radio has outgrown is its old style of "summer programs." When the big commercial programs took their summer recesses a few years ago, the networks used to fill in those hours with the lightest of music, on the theory, perhaps, that perspiration made inspiration vanish.

The past couple of summers have done away with that. The vacant hours in the summer are used for serious experiments along new and untried branches of radio.

Tenor Al Gorr is featured on John Nesbitt's *Passing Parade*, the show replacing Phil Baker on CBS, Sunday at 7:30 p.m. EDST.

Dick Kline, Paramount physical culture director, and Mary Lou Cook, singer, are on a West Coast health program.



The Kiss-Analyzer tests and airs the ability of Beverly Roberts and George Jessel. H. A. Gilbert mans the controls.

entertainment. Serious drama in particular has been given impetus.

Last year the Columbia network had its Shakespearean series enacted by the very greatest stars obtainable. No Shakespearean season ever before had presented the plays with such notable casts. NBC did a series of plays by such writers as Eugene O'Neill and George Bernard Shaw.

The work is being resumed this year. NBC has obtained rights to all the Pulitzer Prize plays of the past two decades and is presenting them Thursday evenings. *WABC* has Orson Welles, outstanding new figure in the Broadway theatre last winter, transferring his ingenuity to radio.

ONE fruit of this summer's experiment is an additional demonstration that the modern stage play is far from the best vehicle for radio drama. The Pulitzer Prize plays are as good a collection as you are likely to assemble. Their revivals by NBC have not been uniformly good, in spite of a sincere and painstaking production each week.

George Burns just took a wild chance on fitting him into a buffoon rôle. Surprisingly enough, Ray entered into the low clowning with eagerness and enthusiasm. He became easily the best stooge of the past season.

As an index of his effectiveness, the Burns and Allen program dropped sharply in the popularity ratings after Ray left it last spring.

THE new contract and new salary for the *Vox Pop* program this coming season is one of the few instances where a radio pioneer reaped the reward for an idea. Usually, the pioneer in radio is elbowed aside by imitators.

Vox Pop was first to bring questions-to-the-audience entertainment to the networks, arriving on an NBC chain in 1934. Since then, radio has been flooded with shows of the same general type, a good many of them excellent entertainment.

The pioneer show maintained its popularity in spite of stiff competition from imitators. (Continued on page 60)



Irene Rich has bought a farm in California, will continue her radio work and also return to films.

The arrival of baby Barbara Ann has kept Bob and Mrs. Burns close to home. They are just beginning to find time for a little socializing.

The long scenes, customary on the stage, became too slow for radio. The Monday evening Lux Radio Theatre, as another example, reached its greatest success after it began using movie scenarios instead of stage plays. The movies, with their quick transitions from setting to setting and dialogue in brief stretches, fit much better into the radio medium.

These are the experiments that will make radio drama eventually as important as comedy and music. At present, with a couple of outstanding exceptions, the drama programs rank far down the popularity scale.

THE suave and debonair Ray Noble will resume his idiotic and amusing character on the Gracie Allen program this fall, the most incongruous bit of casting in radio. In conversation, Ray has charm and wit, a very pleasant companion for an evening. Above all else, however, he leaves an impression of traditional English dignity and reserve, a man with whom one does not take intimate or too jovial liberties.



How the public is protected from hearing what is unfit

IN the dark recesses of network files are countless scripts that never reached the air. The collection is priceless. It contains some of the choicest wit and humor of the century. But the morgue of unperformed continuities is never disturbed, except for occasional staff reference to acquaint new continuity editors with the type of material that must never, never be permitted on the air.

Despite rigid adherence to prescribed program policies of all networks, many headlining performers—particularly comedians—must be cautiously observed, lest they slip over an occasional "fast one" on the corpses of men and women script readers who form the radio equivalent of Hollywood's Legion of Decency.

Script editors are reluctant to discuss their activities beyond stating their network's policies. They concede that they are blue-pencillers, but deny that they are blue-inkers. They enjoy a querry (in) as much as the fellow who writes one but they claim they must judge it in the light of how listeners will react to it. If it bears even a suggestion of offending a very small fraction of the air audience it is altered or—what is more likely—deleted.

The networks are not the only ones who lay down rules of what can and what can not be heard on the air. Certain top-notch sponsors and advertising agencies, presenting top-bracket names to national audiences, themselves frequently lay down the law of "do's/ie's" to their stars.

Stars, astronomers say, blink or shine. But when radio stars' scripts are censored, they burn!

The real reason Al Pearce wound up his contract with *Ford*, it is said, is because he resented the blue-penciling of his scripts. And it is understood that he rejected the higher salary of a tobacco sponsor to go with *Grape-Nuts* next fall because he believes it is with the latter that he'll have a freer hand in using the kind of material he desires.

Fred Allen is one radio funster who doesn't see anything comic in what *NBC* readers do to his scripts. And he doesn't mince words in giving his opinion of their actions. He believes, like many other air stars, that turning out a brand-new show every week is a big enough task, without having to cope with the irritations caused by seeing the final result tampered with.

They still tell the story at *NBC* of how Fred got his

SCRIPTS

BY SAMUEL KAUFMAN

THE CENSORS HAVE KILLED

revenge on at least one occasion. Here it is:

One of his lines in the original script told the story of a dog who was very happy because a Pole moved next door. The script reader said that would never do. Fred demurred a reason. The blue-penciler held it was because the gag might offend Polish listeners. So Fred changed the line to state that the canine was merry because a Mr. Post moved next door. Thus he avoided international complications while retaining the original comedy construction of the gag.

Actually, Allen—like other comedy headliners—does not intend to offend anyone and he is angered when his lines are changed for far-fetched reasons. He was particularly burned up when he used Toscanini's name in a script, in what he terms a complimentary manner, only to find that *NBC* would not permit any mention of their ace symphonic conductor. So Allen switched the line to include Sikowski's name, but again had to change it to a mythical Kutowski before it was okayed for airing.

It is a standard practice for comedians to use the names of their contemporaries in gags. The Benny-Allen feud, in this light, becomes a broadcasting classic. Hence Fred's temper rose when a large advertising agency requested Allen to refrain from any references to its programs. Fred was so mad he said he had a good mind to tell the agency that one of its own comedians should be stopped from lifting *Town Hall* Tonight jokes.

The agencies often bring pressure to bear on the networks in altering scripts other than their own. The repercussions of the *Mac West-Chase & Sanborn* broadcast, which caused Federal Communications Commission action, brought forth an edict to ban all Mike references to the screen star.

But there are other lons that were not preceded by such an incident. The sponsor of Charlie McCarthy requested that no mention of the popular dummy's name be made on other programs. Burke Carter does not permit any mincing of his voice except by Phil Baker, although it is conceded that there's little he can do about it if

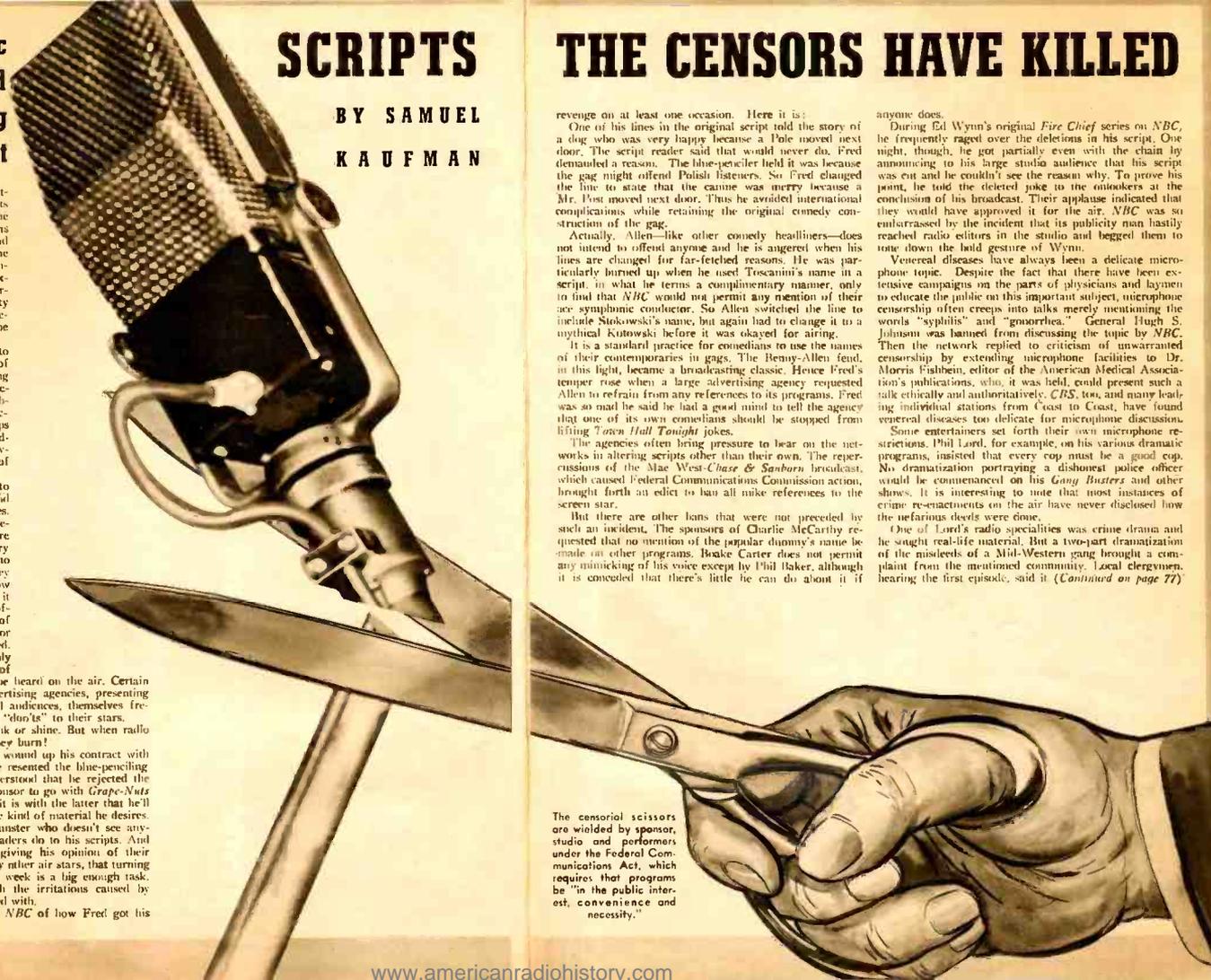
anyone does.

During Ed Wynn's original *Fire Chief* series on *NBC*, he frequently raged over the deletions in his script. One night, though, he got partially even with the chain by announcing to his large studio audience that his script was cut and he couldn't see the reason why. To prove his point, he told the deleted joke to the onlookers at the conclusion of his broadcast. Their applause indicated that they would have approved it for the air. *NBC* was so embarrassed by the incident that its publicity man hastily reached radio editors in the studio and begged them to tone down the bald gesture of Wynn.

Venereal diseases have always been a delicate microphone topic. Despite the fact that there have been extensive campaigns on the parts of physicians and laymen to educate the public on this important subject, microphone censorship often creeps into talks merely mentioning the words "syphilis" and "gonorrhoea." General Hugh S. Johnson was banned from discussing the topic by *NBC*. Then the network replied to criticism of unwarranted censorship by extending microphone facilities to Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of the American Medical Association's publications, who, it was held, could present such a talk ethically and authoritatively. *CBS*, too, and many leading individual stations from Coast to Coast, have found venereal diseases too delicate for microphone discussion.

Some entertainers set forth their own microphone restrictions. Phil Lord, for example, on his various dramatic programs, insisted that every cop must be a good cop. No dramatization portraying a dishonest police officer would be communcated on his *Gang Busters* and other shows. It is interesting to note that most instances of crime re-enactments on the air have never disclosed how the infernal devils were done.

One of Lord's radio specialties was crime drama and he sought real-life material. But a two-part dramatization of the misdeeds of a Mid-Western gang brought a complaint from the mentioned community. Local clergymen, hearing the first episode, said it (Continued on page 77)



The censorial scissors are wielded by sponsor, studio and performers under the Federal Communications Act, which requires that programs be "in the public interest, convenience and necessity."



Carole Lombard, recent guest on *Lux Radio Theatre*, believes in emoting facially as well as orally before the mike. A glamorous appearance doesn't count, in spite of the studio audience.



Nadine Connor, "most perfectly developed soprano," receives a cup from Charles Atlas, perfect man.



Madeline Lee is really both beautiful and smart although she plays the rôle of Genevieve Blue, Andy's dumb secretary, on the *Amos 'n' Andy* program. She is from Dallas, Tex.



Max Eastman, popular m.c. of the *CBS Word Game*, is pictured on his estate at Craton-on-Hudson with his wife, Elena Krylenko Eastman, and their cats.



Peggy Moran likes to rehearse in comfort, minus shoes. She is under contract to the Brothers Warner.



Jack Haley will m.c. a new *CBS* program this fall. He is married to Florence McFadden, also an ex-vaudevillian, and they have two children. This one is Jack, Jr., aged five.



Tim and Irene, of the *Friday Royal Crown Revue*, hated each other on meeting, but married three months later. They turned to radio when vaudeville died.

I N T H E
Turning the camera's

RADIO SPOTLIGHT
candid eye on stars in radio's firmament

THE BIG-SALARIED



Fredda Gibson, who's sung with many bands, has a chance to soar.



Barry McKinley's been on sustaining a long time. Progress is slow.



Dorothy Dreslin has a contract with NBC. Her soprano is heard often.



Tito Guizar was a CBS sustainer. Today he's doing well in Hollywood.

STARS OF TOMORROW?



Del Cosino, tenor, is a Columbia white hope. His chances are good.



NBC's Jean Sablon has a bright future if he could get a good spot.



Hollice Shaw has looks and a nice coloratura. CBS is betting on her.



Igor Gorin's case was almost tragic. Now he has a movie contract.

Marie Louise Quaveli is determined to make good. She has appeared on the Metropolitan Opera Auditions, and is heard frequently on *Continental Varieties*, an NBC show.

BY EVERETTA LOVE

HAVE you ever been around a radio crowd and heard them use the word "sustaining," and haven't you wondered what it meant? It is a very important word in radio. Aside from its technical definition, it stands for heart-breaks, for blasted hopes, and sometimes for a triumphant ending to hard work and hard luck. When you talk about "sustaining" artists, you're talking about the very backbone of radio—those who entertain you in the early morning, the mid-afternoon and between commercials; who keep the networks going from practically sun-up to sun-up. But they will be the big-salaried stars of tomorrow?

These artists are managed by the broadcasting companies. They're always "on call," but are used sporadically. They're always hoping for a sponsor, but, though most of them have real talent, few actually go on to commercial spots and stardom.

In the music field, when a contract is signed with a newcomer whose ability is yet to be proved, that artist is sent to the studio school, there to study dramatics, posture, walking—everything to do with making a successful screen appearance. The artist is told



Herbert I. Rosenthal heads Columbia Artists, Inc. He is sympathetic toward artists and understands their problems. However, he says that odds are against sustainers right now.

Will today's hard-working sustainers make good?

what to wear, how to groom the hair, even what phase of the personality to accentuate.

In radio, the newcomer signed to a contract is placed on "sustaining." That means that the broadcasting company will back the artist for a build-up, hoping to cash in on him for a big commercial contract later.

For a long time it seemed that the broadcasting companies, after one brief spurt of celebrities, had lost the formula for building stars. There seemed to be a lack of coordination between the various departments—management, program, publicity—which often caused a potential "hit" to be lost in the shuffle. Many artists became unhappy and bitter over the careless treatment which they received on sustaining shows. Now, however, things are better because radio is coming more and more to adopt the movie plan for building personalities.

Recently, the ever-alert Columbia Broadcasting System created a separate department for its sustaining artists and called it Columbia Artists, Incorporated. With great good sense the company named as head of the department Mr. Herbert Rosenthal, a young man who has literally grown up with the network. Immediately after his graduation from New York University in 1929, he joined CBS, when it had been in existence about a year. He served first in the program department and moved up soon after to

double his activities, serving both as assistant to the vice president in charge of programs and to the vice president in charge of operations. He is not only one of the best-equipped executives in the industry, who can be depended upon to act in the interests of the company, but he has a genuinely sympathetic attitude toward the artists. He has a real understanding of their problems, through his work in different departments.

From Mr. Rosenthal I learned that a "sustaining" artist is usually signed to a three-year contract. Ten percent of all bookings is the fee usually required by the broadcasting company, although it often runs much higher if the artist is an unknown who requires a particularly expensive and painstaking build-up.

When the artist has been shily signed, he is given a sustaining spot on the network. If a singer, he is aided by a studio orchestra for accompaniment and, if possible, special arrangers to make the songs outstanding. Immediately, he is turned over to the publicity department for a "build-up" by experts, who will interview him and determine just how he should be presented to the press. The photographic department will make the most of him. Columbia Artists, Inc., has the energetic and inventive Allan Meltzer in charge of publicity, and his responsibility is great. (Continued on page 66)

Nan Wynn has been singing on her own CBS program and is heard on the Summer Session broadcasts. She is one of the favored few who possess the cherished 3-year contracts and have them to a big air build-up to fame.



DEATH ALMOST CLAIMED THEM!

BY RITA LOWE

Many air stars live "on borrowed time,"

Death rode with Fred Waring in a speeding auto, but he survived.

Jane Martin was shot by a thug. The bullet just missed her heart.

It happened about ten years ago when he was "doing" Europe by air. The plane he was riding in developed engine trouble on the way from Alicante to Fez, and they made a forced landing in the Andalusian Desert. The pilot jumped out and hurried across the stretch of desert in search of a telephone to arrange for a relief plane to pick them up. While he was gone, Thomas and the other passenger, a French mechanic who was being transferred to Fez, crawled under a wing of the ship in an effort to protect themselves from the furnace-like heat. When the pilot returned and informed them that the relief ship was on its way, they felt they could bear their discomfort better, though this desert, says Thomas, was every bit as unbearable as the Sahara.

Soon the relief ship came into sight, saw the pilot's smoke signal and circled down. The chief of pilots from Alicante and an expert mechanic were in it, but instead of trying to fix the disabled ship, they immediately switched the mail

for they narrowly escaped destruction

and baggage into the second plane. The intention was to avoid further delay by sending it on with Thomas and his two companions, while they repaired the first plane and returned to Alicante.

In fifteen minutes the new ship with Thomas aboard was ready to take off. They were on a fairly level stretch of twenty or thirty acres, but just beyond were huge boulders, olive trees and a mule. The plane went roaring across the desert, but gave no sign of leaving the ground. It looked as though they were headed for a smash—but the pilot throttled down and switched off just in time!

He swung the plane around, taxied back, and held a consultation with the chief pilot from Alicante. They decided a longer run would get the plane into the air.

Once more the plane roared across the desert, and this time seemed to have better luck. It bounced into the air and started to climb. A few seconds later it was about three hundred

feet above the olive trees, but the plane was not climbing as it should have been. When it started to turn to the right the plane did not bank, tipping one wing, which is one of the elemental rules in traveling in three dimensions. They were turning flat and losing flying speed.

It got around and was facing in the opposite direction when, in less than a split second, it nosed down. The eyes of the mechanic, who was sitting facing Thomas, were wide with terror. He screamed as the crash came. There was a horrible shock and roar, then all went black—not because he and the other men were knocked unconscious, Thomas says, but because, in diving into the desert, the plane had thrown up earth like the eruption of a

(Continued on page 72)



RADIO people are an easy-going, genial lot as a rule. But if you want to jar them out of their calm, just question some of them about their near-death experiences. Then watch their faces take on a strained, frightened look, even though many of the incidents occurred years ago. Some of them have been so near death that they could swear they heard the "brush of angels' wings" as they skirted on the thin line between this world and the next. They are, indeed, living "on borrowed time."

An explorer naturally gets into many tight spots, but Lowell Thomas really came face to face with death in a plane crash in the Sierra Nevada Mountains of Spain. He probably has had the narrowest escape of anyone.



(Left to Right—Rear) Michael Raffetto (Paul), MineHa Ellen (Ma Barbour), and J. Anthony Smythe (Pa Barbour). (Front) Page Gilman (Jack), Kathleen Wilson (Claudia), Barton Yarborough (Cliff), Winifred Wolfe (Teddy), Walter Paterson (Nick), and Bernice Berwin (Hazel).

Winifred and Kathleen are water enthusiasts as well as talented actresses. As members of the most famous radio family, they've worked together for five years.

ONE MAN'S FAMILY AT THE BEACH

At work and play, this serial's cast resembles a real family



Script-readings and informal rehearsals aren't work when they're conducted this way. Carlton Morse, wearing hat, authors this serial.

Enjoying outings and parties together has long been an old *One Man's Family* custom with the cast. They have fun, too, just as Kathleen, Page, Winifred and Bernice are doing here—no squabbles, as in a real family.

Such goings-on as this offer pleasant recreation between rehearsals. The spirit of fun, so apparent among the players when on the air, is all the more natural because it comes from a genuine spirit of camaraderie.





"Ole Cuneel Kemp" is from Marion, Ala., and his wife hails from Dallas, Texas. They have two children.

Hal, at the age of 6, was an expert pianist; at 10 he was tooting a cornet, and at 12 a clarinet. He mastered the sax later.



Aside from playing the electric organ installed in his home, Hal also tinkers around with building miniature boats, his hobby.

Tall and blonde, he usually wears a broad grin and has managed to retain an accent that is still very Southern.

Keep in tune with orchestral doings and maestri, and learn the low-down beat on Hal Kemp



(Left to Right) Announcer Don Seymour and Mrs. Seymour; your scribe, Jerry Mason; Maestro Larry Clinton and Mrs. Mason—at Glen Island Casino.

BY JERRY MASON

CHAPEL HILL, North Carolina, is the home of that illustrious seat of learning, the University of North Carolina. In addition to text-books and lectures and stuff, the university is also famous for having produced two important orchestras — Hal Kemp's and Kay Kysers'.

Talk among the collectors down at Chapel Hill, though, is that Hal never had time to graduate. He was much too busy organizing the band which was to become the college boys' favorite. Legendary, too, by now are the tales of how tall, blond Hal, immaculately clothed in white tie and tails, used to slip quietly into a seat at a morning lecture after having spent the night playing with his Carolina Club orchestra.

Skinny Emis, John Scott Trotter, Saxe Dowell, and others of the original Kemp crew, all entered the U. of N. C. with the idea of walking out with a sheepskin and an education. Instead, in 1925, they won a college band contest promoted by famed

THE BANDWAGON

vauville magnate B. F. Keith. The prize was a trip abroad. By the time the band members got back to these shores, they were ready for a career and a future sponsor.

If you're really curious about such things and take a real close look at the Kemp history, you might be tempted to remark that everything happens to Hal. Everything that happened was good until he was established as a top-rung landman. Then the chain of events ran something like this:

First important event was the departure from the orchestra of John Scott Trotter. You'll recognize the name of J. Scott as that of the lad who leads the orchestra in those magnificently classical accompaniments for Dr. Bing Crosby of good ole K. M. H. Professor John Scott, it is hinted, was hired by the sponsor-family of K. M. H. because of his fine collegiate background. Be that as it may, he was pianist and chief arranger for the Kemp organization. Then John Scott pulled up stakes and began to search for greener fields. He found them with Bing. But he left a large empty space behind him. Experts lauded him for much of the distinctive Kemp style and Hal found it hard to replace him.

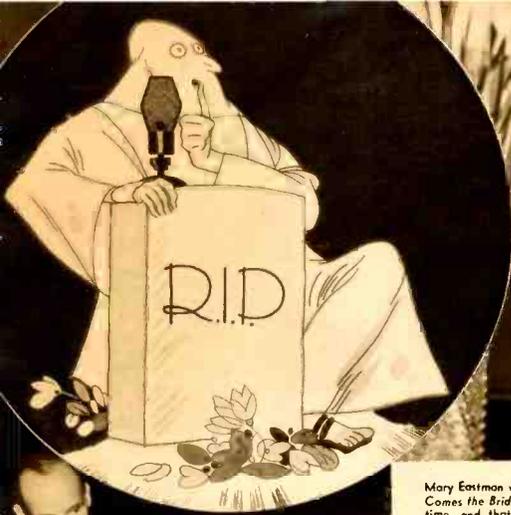
But he was replaced and Hal continued to zoom along

until he signed with a new sponsor, who decided to send him to California and let Alice Faye co-star with him. There is no musical movie star I like better than Tony Martin's beautiful and gay young wife. But Alice never had much time for a real musical education. In the movies, when she can work for weeks learning a song and where there is always the opportunity for retakes, she is top. But musically speaking, she just couldn't meet the exacting requirements of a thirteen-week radio series.

As a result, the Kemp-Faye programs were pretty bad. The talents of neither Hal nor Alice showed up to advantage. Talk began floating: "Kemp's slipping."

Before that talk got ominous, Hal checked out of Hollywood. But he left Skinny Emis behind him. Skinny, one of the chief attractions of the band, decided to become a stick-waver on his own.

So there you have lanky Mr. Kemp just getting back to normal after the departure of J. Scott when two more hay-makers hit him. A bad radio program—bun which there is nothing worse for a star—and a goodbye to Skinny. So he heads for Chicago. Fate wishes a tram-wreck on him, and lovely Maxine Gray, singing box-office attraction, is injured so badly (Continued on page 75)



Mary Eastman was to star on a program called *Here Comes the Bride*. Everything was all set except for the time, and that's why it was jilted at the church.



Comedian Frank Fay was slated to m.c. a big variety show when Barbara Stanwyck sued him for a divorce. So he couldn't sell the product to American wives.



Queen Marie of Rumania almost became a typewriter saleswoman on the air. However, she exercised a royal prerogative, refused to appear at the right time.



Helen Menken, now a leading radio star, auditioned for *Famous Love Letters*. They were never mailed for the prospective client was sure the program and Helen were both too sophisticated.

..... GHOST SHOWS YOU'LL NEVER HEAR

If you could dial in your loudspeaker tonight and hear Ethel Barrymore in one of a series of melodramas written by Bayard Veiller, author of *The 13th Chair* and *The Trail of Mary Dugan*, followed by a four-star soubrette featuring, as master of ceremonies, James J. Walker, colorful ex-mayor of New York Town, would you be excited?

Or if these features should fail to stimulate you and you could, by a twist of a wrist and the magic of the ether, dial in vivacious Elsa Maxwell, portly purveyor of parties, conducting a typical fiesta, with Allen Kent, Mary Small and Will Osborne's orchestra rounding out the sixty minutes, succeeded by thirty minutes of mysterious adventure with suave *Philo Vance*, enacted by dapper William Powell, would you consider your radio a gift from the gods or just another piece of furniture?

Then, perhaps, a weekly serialization of orchid-loving, beer-drinking *Nera Wolfe* and his faithful assistant, Archie, portrayed by Craig McDonald and Wallace Ford, would rate higher in your esteem.

Maybe a catfree carnival, supervised by Budd Hulick, Benay Venuta and Bunny Berigan's blaring huggle, would suit your listening requirements.

A lot of people, who should know, thought all these programs hang-up radio entertainment, certain to give Charlie McCarthy, Jack Benny, Major Bowes, and Phil

taker plenty of competition.

Well, don't get too excited over antcipating any of these big broadcasts in 1938.

These are but six of a thousand ghost programs that never will be heard on the air.

These are but a small handful of dreams, hopes, ideas that *neverly* made the grade.

To some of the participants, the failure was chalked up to experience and another fool's errand up radio row. They'll try again. More sensitive souls took it the hard way. The failure had the harsh and sickening impact of an egg crashing on the pavement.

All sorts of excuses are hurriedly presented when you ask why so many of these shows never reached your ears. A good majority of these ailments may be justified. 1. The recession. 2. Seasonal listening habits. 3. Similarity to other programs. 4. The whims of the prospective sponsor (and his wife and his cousins and his aunts). 5. The idea sounded swell on paper, but in front of the mike . . .

But somewhere behind all these man-made explanations, lurks the hand of Fate; a cold, calloused hand that cures not how many hearts it breaks.

You, the listening audience who go out and show your appreciation to *Savarell Coffey* by buying a fresh can so that Major Dough can continue throughout the summer, were never asked to pass judgment on these ill-fated

fiestas. The tribunal members, who gave their verdict, were solemn-faced Solomons cozied up in air-cooled clients' booths at *NBC, CBS* and Mutual.

Their decision usually came in a cool, crisp note: "Thanks, very much for letting us hear your program, but . . ."

"Now I know how a prisoner feels waiting for the governor's reprieve," is the way one prominent radio actor, battle-scarred from a thousand auditions, explained how he felt after hearing the bad news.

"Yes," summed up a big-time radio executive, "there have been many good radio shows that have come through our office on which we spent time and money which we almost got on the air. But 'almost' doesn't count, so we charge it all up to experience and let it go at that."

Almost doesn't count . . . almost doesn't count . . . almost doesn't count. It is the monotonous tom-tom chant of a thousand frustrations.

The networks and advertising agencies are reluctant to talk about these fanciful flops. But the grapevine system is as effective as Sing Sing's. Broadway's byways are filled with rumors, sprinkled by actors, page boys, agents, authors and musicians. The musicians talk rikat freely because, whether the auditions fail or succeed, they get paid for their talents. The others gamble. Perhaps that is why there are so many auditions. (Continued on page 79)

BY DAN WISTON

These programs were killed before they had even started

Announcer John Barry manages a smile as Jan disrupts his remarks with hanky-pulling.



THE CLOWN PRINCE OF MELODY



Wand-throwing definitely gets in the hair of Russ Brown, patient baritone.

Escorts, beware! Jan likes to dance and often trades his baton for a cute girl.



The maestro persuades a lady onlooker to give Fritz Heilbron inspiration as he sings.

Blowing off pianist-singer Rudy Rudtill's toupee gives Jan and audience a big laugh.

Jan Garber is a player of pranks as well as music



If Jan learns it's your birthday, be prepared for a serenade by the band.

BETWEEN BROADCASTS



Meredith Willson, *Good News* band-leader, works hard. If he's not conducting he's checking scores.

Random shots of ether stars in off-air moments

Paul Whiteman, who finds the going a bit hot, tears out for a thirst-quencher between his rehearsals.



NBC dramatic actress Elaine Basset is a modern Venus. She's often in demand as a style model.



Frances Langford, the new Mrs. Joan Hall, and singer Anne Jamison imitate the dogs in a tug-of-war.



Major Bowes had Song-writer Nick Kenny as guest on his yacht, *Edmar*.



Announcer Graham McNamee believes in comfort, hot looks, at rehearsal.



Martha Raye dunks frequently the pool at her Hollywood home.



Charlie McCarthy's new girlfriend is Joan Benny, who kisses him while Mary Livingstone and Edgar Bergen lend a hand.



Kay Kyser recently played host to Benny Goodman, Eunice Healey, Mrs. Bernie and the Old Maestro.



This three-piece wool suit in tan and rust-blended stripes was worn by Elaine Basset in the NBC television fashion show. The loose, swagger jacket is finger-length. The solid rust blouse has a tan corselet; and the skirt is pleated.



This romantic and glamorous gown of gold silk marquisette is fit for a princess. Her stockings are sheer gossamer and are rightly called "Nothing at All."



This smart rain outfit of oiled, transparent silk is perfect for a wet fall day. A big kerchief may be worn over hat or curls and the mittens will aid in saving gloves. The whole costume can be put in a tiny envelope and carried in a pocketbook.

FASHIONS THRU TELEVISION BY WENDY LEE

HOW would you like to see a real fall fashion show without moving from your comfortable easy chair in your own cool living-room?

Summer has passed its peak now, and the gay light clothes you bought last June are beginning to pall a little and you're anxious to start assembling your fall wardrobe. Before you buy anything, though, you want to look around and get an idea of what the prevailing styles are going to be for the new season and which ones are best suited to you. But, although you're looking forward to fall and its exciting new clothes, summer weather is still with us, the dog days persist and it's too darned hot to go downtown and poke around in the stores. So you put it off and put it off until, suddenly, the first cool fall day finds you totally unprepared. Then you rush out and buy the first thing you see, which will probably turn out to be a regular old white elephant when you plan the rest of your wardrobe later on. Wouldn't it be heavenly if you could see a preview of all the new styles right in (Continued on page 64)

Now—Apply Vitamin A

the "Skin-Vitamin"

Right on Your Skin

FOR YEARS we have been learning about the importance of the various vitamins to our health. A-B-C-D-E-G—who hasn't heard of them?

Now comes the exciting news that one of these is related in particular to the skin! Lack of this "skin-vitamin" in the skin produces roughness, dryness, scaliness. Restore it to the diet, or now apply it right on the skin, and our experiments indicate that the skin becomes smooth and healthy again!

That's all any woman wants to know. Immediately you ask, "Where can I get some of that 'skin-vitamin' to put on my skin?"

Pond's Cold Cream now contains this Vitamin

Pond's Cold Cream now contains this "skin-vitamin." Its formula has not been changed in any way apart from the addition of this

vitamin. It's the same grand cleanser. It softens and smooths for powder as divinely as ever.

But now, in addition, it brings to the skin a daily supply of the active "skin-vitamin."

Use Pond's Cold Cream in your usual way. If there is no lack of "skin-vitamin" in the skin, our experiments described in the next column show that the skin is capable of storing some of it against a possible future need. If there is a lack of this vitamin in the skin, these experiments indicate that the use of Pond's Cold Cream puts the needed "skin-vitamin" back into it.

Begin today. Get a jar of Pond's, and see what it will do for your skin.

Same Jars, same Labels, same Price

Pond's Cold Cream comes in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Now every jar of Pond's contains the active "skin-vitamin"—Vitamin A.

Most People don't know these Facts about Vitamin A and the Skin...

First Published Reports

In 1931 and 1932, deficiency of Vitamin A ("skin-vitamin") was first recognized as the cause of specific skin disorders. In the cases reported, a liberal Vitamin A diet made the dry, roughened skin smooth and healthy again. Later reports confirmed and extended the evidence of this.

In hospitals, other scientists found that Vitamin A ("skin-vitamin") applied in the skin healed wounds and burns quicker.

Treats with Pond's Creams

Experiments were made concerning possible causes of deficiency of "skin-vitamin" in the skin.

1. **Dietary**—The skin may lose "skin-vitamin" from deficiency of it in the diet. In our tests, skin faults were produced by a diet deficient in "skin-vitamin." Without any change in the diet, these faults were then treated by applying "skin-vitamin" to the skin. They were corrected promptly.

2. **Irral**—Our experiments also indicated that even when the diet contains enough "skin-vitamin," the stores of this vitamin in the skin may be reduced by exposure to sun, and also by exposure to wind, dry air together with frequent washing. In further tests, marked irritation resulted from repeated use of harsh soap and water. This irritation was then treated by applying the "skin-vitamin." The skin became smooth and healthy again. It improved more rapidly than in cases treated with the plain cold cream or with no cream at all. The experiments furnished evidence that the local treatment with "skin-vitamin" actually put the "skin-vitamin" back into the skin!

All of these tests were carried out on the skin of animals, following the accepted laboratory method of teaching findings which can be properly applied to human skin.

Even today it is not commonly known that the skin does absorb and make use of certain substances applied to it. Our experiments indicated not only that the skin absorbs "skin-vitamin" when applied to it, but that when "skin-vitamin" is applied to skin which already has enough of it, the skin can store some of it against a possible future need.

The Role of the "Skin-Vitamin"

The "skin-vitamin" functions like an architect in regulating the structure of the skin. It is necessary for the maintenance of skin health. When the skin is seriously deficient in the supply of this vitamin, the skin suffers.

Signs which may indicate "Skin-Vitamin" deficiency

Irritation, Roughness, Scaliness resulting in a Dull Appearance.

Copyright, 1935, Pond's Extract Company



MRS. ALEXANDER C. FORBES, young New York society woman, grandniece of MRS. JAMES ROOSEVELT: "With Pond's Cold Cream, my skin looks soft—not rough or dry."

MRS. WILLIAM RHINELANDER STEWART, beautiful as when she came out: "The use of Pond's Cold Cream has helped me to keep my skin fresh and bright and smooth."

MOST EXCITING GANG BUSTERS STORIES

(Continued from page 22)

companion named Squires, stole several cars, robbed two drugstores and got the Kansas City, Kansas, police hot on his trail. After a running gun battle with officers, the pair spotted an unoccupied radio car at the curb. A daring idea struck Barrett: he would steal the radio car to get out of town. Nobody would think of stopping an official car. But what Barrett did not know was that Kansas City police cars are equipped with a radio transmitter as well as a receiver. In fumbling for the switch to start the car, Barrett inadvertently snapped on the radio transmitter.

At headquarters, in the radio room, stunned officers heard the two killers, sitting in the police car, outline their plan of escape. Headquarters immediately sent word by code to police cars to proceed to the stolen car.

And then came a five-minute period of cold horror to the men at headquarters—Squires and Barrett had seen the two officers to whom the car belonged. The unsuspecting cops were coming back to the automobile.

"You get the one on the left," Barrett ordered Squires. Officers at headquarters say that at this point they wanted to take a shot right into the radio, so frenzied were they because of their helplessness.

To the further horror of the cops at headquarters, the sound of shooting began pouring through the loud speaker. After that, every cop at headquarters dashed out of the place, each hoping that he could help his fellow officers against what seemed a cold massacre.

When police cars converged on the stolen police car they found Barrett and Squires stretched out. The two officers whose car was stolen had a hunch that something was wrong and came to reclaim their car with guns drawn. One of the officers was severely wounded, but recovered and came back to the police force.

ANOTHER favorite case in which radio comes to mind is the case of "Frenchy Benoit." This gives an excellent example of the way the Michigan-Indiana-Ohio Tri-State Blockade works. These three states, by short-wave radio and patrol cars, can effectively block all roads leading from one state to the other.

Frenchy Benoit, in February of last year, was stopped and questioned by Michigan State Trooper Richard Hammond, concerning a killing. Benoit pulled a gun on Hammond and kidnaped him, forcing him to drive the patrol car.

The trooper's partner, left with Benoit's car, immediately phoned headquarters, and the Tri-State Blockade went into action. Within three minutes, calls were going out to all radio cars within an area of twenty miles. Like an old-fashioned fox hunt, the troopers in their cars began to converge—forming a gigantic net around Frenchy Benoit and his captive.

Benoit could hear the calls on the patrol car's short-wave radio, and began to get jittery. As every road he tried became

blocked, he got more hysterical and finally he ordered Hammond to stop the car and get out. He handcuffed the trooper to a mail box post and shot him, leaving his body sagging against the post. Then he deserted the police car and took to the woods.

Guided by headquarters' radio, the police cars closed in, with uniforms from three states flashing up and down the road. Through the woods tore the frenzied Benoit, the calls of the police radio reaching out on the air, presaging his capture. Relentlessly the net tightened and tightened. With nowhere to turn, Benoit gave himself up—a mental wreck as a result of the implacable chase that holed him up like a hunted animal.

Benoit is now serving a life sentence in Michigan State Prison for the murder of Trooper Hammond.

THE underworld has produced many elusive criminals, but none more ghost-like than Paul Jawarski, "The Phantom of the Coal Fields."

Over a period of a dozen years, no witness was ever able to give a description of this robber and killer. Jawarski had hideouts in abandoned mine shafts and in the

hills of the mining district of Pennsylvania. He stole payrolls of the mining companies to the value of hundreds of thousands of dollars, and more often than not, these robberies resulted in multiple murder.

It was directly as a result of Jawarski's large scale depredations that the armored truck was invented. The Phantom accepted the invention as a challenge. He knew the trucks could withstand any armed attack, so he distressed his gang as road laborers and had them plant dynamite over a hundred-yard stretch.

On a still afternoon a payroll cavalcade wound a tenuous path through the coal mining mountains of Pennsylvania, slowly winding its way to its doom. Like an evil genie leering above, Jawarski pushed the plunger and a whole section of the road, payroll cars and trucks, went flying hundreds of feet into the air. These dynamites paid off no less than \$100,000 at a time.

After every such robbery, Jawarski and his men disappeared in the labyrinth hideouts.

Jawarski was finally brought out in the open in a clever way. Rumors were spread throughout the mining country that police were going to shoot poison gas into all abandoned mines. When this rumor reached Jawarski's men, he couldn't control them. They refused to use their safe hideouts thereafter. Instead, Jawarski reluctantly led them to a hideout in the open country. But police had anticipated this move and trapped Jawarski and his men.

(Continued on page 54)



Judy Canova, with Sister Annie and Brother Zeke, will be back soon.



***"Don't tear up the snapshots
of that boy you're mad at"***

says **DOROTHY DIX**, famous adviser on life and marriage



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

YOUTH AND LOVE are both impulsive. How many times I have heard the story of a sudden lovers' quarrel, marriage to someone else—and then regret.

"It needn't happen. Suppose you do have a quarrel. Instead of rushing home and destroying the mementos of your association together, save these reminders. Be sure to save the snapshots you have made of your young man. This is most important, for nothing else will so rekindle your lost feeling.

"You may start going with someone else. But before you decide to marry, take out the snapshots of the

one from whom you parted in anger, and look at them earnestly. They may save you from a decision that would bring sorrow all through life."

Whether you're expert or inexperienced—for day-in and day-out picture making—use Kodak Verichrome Film for surer results. Double-coated by a special process—it takes care of reasonable exposure errors—increases your ability to get clear, satisfying pictures. Nothing else is "just as good." And certainly there is nothing better. Play safe. Use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

HOW TO SAVE MONEY ON FOOD



This Millionaire's Dish at 3¢ a portion does wonders for budgets!

It's grand to be able to save money on food and still give your family meals that are both delicious and nourishing!

Imagine a ready-cooked, savory and appetizing dish you can put on the table in ten minutes, which all your family will enjoy, and which costs less than 3 cents a portion!

Serve Franco-American as a main dish whenever you want an appetizing spaghetti meal. Give it to the children for lunch, with milk and fruit. They love it! Whenever you have meat or fish left-overs, just combine these with tasty Franco-American Spaghetti, and you'll have a dish that will bring your husband back for more.

Delicious Franco-American certainly saves work. And how it does save money! The big 15¢-ounce can usually costs only ten cents.

Franco-American is not just an ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. That extra-good sauce—made with eleven savory ingredients—with selected cheddar cheese and fine, sun-tipped tomatoes—makes Franco-American stand alone! Why not order several cans of Franco-American Spaghetti from your grocer today?

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups

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



CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY, Dept. 69 Camden, New Jersey. Please send me your free recipe book—"30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Police breathed a sigh of relief when Jawarski was finally placed in the death cell. But "The Phantom of the Coal Fields" proved to be as much of a phantom as ever. In a bold break, he escaped from the death cell and prison by shooting two guards. Once out in the open again, he became a reckless killer. He boasted of his killing at every opportunity and loved publicity. In order to assure getting his name in headlines, he held up the *Detroit News*, making off with the payroll.

The capture and death of Jawarski came as a result of his boasting. Seated in a restaurant in Cleveland one day, he saw a familiar face. It was a home-town boy. Instead of getting out of the restaurant in a hurry, Jawarski introduced himself to the home-town friend.

"I don't remember you," Jawarski's renewed acquaintance said.

"I used to be known by a different name in school," Jawarski stated. "But now I'm Jawarski—Jawarski. The Phantom—the guy that's knocked off more guys than you can count on your fingers. Remember me? I was a tough kid in school—but not as tough as I am now!"

The home-town acquaintance listened in amazement. He didn't know what to do. Jawarski took the decision off his hands.

"How would you like to tell the police that you've seen 'The Phantom'? You'll get a reward."

"Why, I don't dare. You'll kill me!" "No," the former coal miner answered. "I won't do a thing to you. But I want you to tell the cops that I sent you. I want them to see that I ain't scared of them."

Within ten minutes Jawarski's friend notified the cops. Police cars screamed to the restaurant. Jawarski met the police head-on. Three cops went down before his bullets. He escaped into a warehouse, where he held the cops at bay until they smoked him out with tear gas. On the door step of the warehouse a police bullet found its mark. Like a poled steer, Jawarski came down to earth with a bullet in his head. His fight against law and order ended.

A CASE which demonstrated the effectiveness of a program like *Gang Busters* was that of Bruno Sydow.

In May, 1937, George Thorp, a theatre owner of Crosby, Minnesota, was returning to his home with the day's receipts when he was accosted by a bandit. Refusing to give up his money, he was shot and killed, while the bandit was wounded in the foot.

The bandit escaped, but weak from the loss of blood, his car ran into a ditch. He held up five college youths and took their car; then he held up a Minnesota citizen and stole his car. In this one, a tan Ford de luxe coupé, he made good his escape. This much was known to the police. *Gang Busters* broadcast a description of the stolen tan Ford. Had it not been for this broadcast, the story might have ended unsolved, but immediately after the broadcast, Detroit police were informed by a listener that the described car was parked outside of his house. The police found a fingerprint on the car which proved to be that of one Bruno Sydow, burglar. With the identity of the criminal definitely established, the police waited. Then, nearly eight months later, Minneapolis police responded to a



Bob Ripley with a Japanese temple gong 300 years old. It rings for ten minutes when sounded properly.

burglary call. In fresh snow they tracked the burglar two miles and captured him. At headquarters his prints were taken—they matched those of Bruno Sydow, wanted for murder.

The bandit confessed his identity; then he confessed, also, to nearly thirty robberies as well as the murder, and was sentenced to prison for life.

ANOTHER case in which a *Gang Busters* broadcast captured a criminal was that of Larry Devol. Devol was one of the worst, as well as the shrewdest, criminals this country ever knew. Bank robber and all-around bandit and killer, he had been a member of the notorious Ma Barker-Alvin Karpis Gang. He was even too "hot" for them. After a double-murder of police officers, Devol was run down, captured and sentenced to Stillwater Penitentiary, for life.

Figuring that there was no escape from Stillwater, Devol feigned insanity for two years, and was finally committed to the State Insane Asylum. In the summer of 1936, Devol and a companion led the escape of sixteen maniacs from the State Hospital.

Gang Busters immediately broadcast the description of Larry Devol, noting the scars on his face and hands, and his stiff left ring finger.

Listening to the *Gang Busters* broadcast in his tavern in Enid, Oklahoma, was James O'Neil. He heard the description of Devol and then noticed that sitting in one of his booths was a man who answered that description perfectly. He went to a telephone and called the police. But what O'Neil did not realize was that Devol was a desperate killer. Police arrived. They walked up to Devol and asked him to come to headquarters for questioning. Devol requested permission to finish his beer. As he drank, he thrust his hand into a briefcase and brought it out shooting. One of the officers was killed instantly. A bullet crashed into a mirror inches above O'Neil's head as Devol dashed for the door. But outside were other officers and the Chief of Police. In the terrific gun battle that ensued, the Chief had a finger shot off, but Devol was finally brought down.

Devol had killed one more man, but because of the *Gang Busters* clue, the lives of many others had undoubtedly been saved.

WEST COAST CHATTER

(Continued from page 17)

set of *Letter of Introduction* at Universal the other morning. Generally the soul of punctuality, he rushed in with Charlie dangling over his shoulder and, with a brief nod to the assembled cast, made straight for the make-up department. "What in the world?" wisecracked Andrea Leeds, "has Edgar a chip on his shoulder?" "Don't call me a chip—I'm Charlie McCarthy!" came an annoyed voice from the make-up department.

DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN: A young man named Jack Benny was one of the first and most successful masters-of-ceremonies to head a Broadway Revue? ... Sam "Schlepperman" Hearn's vaudeville act, *Marry Me*, the score of which he composed himself, was tops on the five-day circuit? ... Fred Allen, then a young vaudevillian, went from New Orleans, La., to Brisbane, Australia, without a passport, and to get into the country had to get the Mayor of Boston to swear that he was born John Florence Sullivan? ... Kate Smith conducted 2,000 auditions throughout the nation and discovered eighteen "new stars" for radio? ... Mary Margaret McBride's book on "*Charm*" was one of the best sellers among young and old? ... A young lady named Mary Livingstone traveled from Vancouver, B. C., to Chicago to become Mrs. Jack Benny, after she had become engaged a few weeks before to a young Canadian? ... Dan Wilson was named All-Kocky Mountain Conference guard, when playing for the University of Colorado football team? ... Harry "Battle" McNighton was hailed as Ziegfeld's great English comedy discovery of the '20's? ... Peter Van Siceidon's orchestra was the toast of society matrons in New York, and the handsome Dutch balancer had all he could do to fill *Mayfair* engagements? ... The Texaco Radio Open singing contest was won by Kenny Baker?

JACK BENNY hotly denies the rumor that the large dog house on his new Beverly Hills estate is for his own use when he's on the outs with Mary Livingstone. "Nothing of the kind," Jack told us in an exclusive interview. "That house will be used exclusively as guest accommodation for Fred Allen."

TONY MARTIN and Alice Faye came back from their Hawaiian honeymoon loaded down with gifts for all and sundry. The cast of George Burns and Gracie Allen's show really rated. George received a beautiful grass skirt and a detailed phonograph record on "How to Master the Hula." Jan Garber received a bushman's bolo knife and a pamphlet on "How to Master the Holo in Ten Easy Lessons." Gracie's gift was a fine book on "Research of Native Customs and Development of Social Consciousness in Hawaii." Gracie immediately had the cover redone to harmonize with her living-room furnishings and thinks it's a mighty useful book. Gracie and George, incidentally, will vacation themselves in Hawaii this fall.



● "Why, Mr. Pig, I think that's downright shocking! Really? You don't believe in bathing? ... Merciful goodness, I didn't suppose there was anybody left with such old-fashioned, moss-grown ideas!



● "Something's got to be done about this! ... Let's see ... who's been wrong with the baths you've had? Soap in the eye? Or ... Wait—I see it all now! You've never had Johnson's Baby Powder afterward!



● "Hold on—don't run away! You're going to have a brand-new thrill! Soft silky Johnson's Baby Powder to make you feel cool as a breeze and happy as a pig in clover. Now ... who's afraid of the big bad bath?"



● "Wouldn't you like to feel a pinch of my Johnson's? It's so lovely and smooth! ... Made of fine impure talc—an irritant—Johnson's Baby Powder helps to keep babies' skins unchafed, free from prickly heat, and in good general condition. Try Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream, and Baby Oil, too. This new oil is cleansing, soothing, stainless, and will not turn rancid.

Johnson's Johnson
J.D. JOHNSON & CO. NEW BRUNSWICK, N.J.

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

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DANDRUFF?



4 Minute Treatment Stops Dandruff Itch

And Kills Nasty Scalp Odor

Dandruff is the sign of a diseased, unclean scalp. Through neglect, the tiny sebaceous glands (oil glands) fail to work as they should and become clogged with scales and dirt. The scalp becomes infected by germs and fungi, and the condition spreads.

Skin specialists generally agree that effective treatment for dandruff must include (1) regular cleansing of scalp; (2) killing the germs that spread infection; (3) stimulating circulation of the scalp; (4) lubrication of scalp to prevent dryness.

The Zonite Antiseptic Scalp Treatment Does These 4 Things

WHAT TO DO: Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution—2 tablespoons Zonite to 1 quart of water. Use this same solution for shampoo with any good soap. Rinse very thoroughly. If scalp is dry, massage in any preferred scalp oil. (For complete details of treatment, read folder in Zonite package.)

It is vitally important to use this treatment regularly (twice every week at first) to keep dandruff under control and keep germs from spreading. Because reinfection constantly takes place from hats, bed-pillows, combs and brushes.

If you're faithful, you'll be delighted with the way this treatment leaves your scalp clean and healthy—free from itch and nasty scalp odor.

At all U. S. and Canadian drug stores.

TRIAL OFFER—For a real trial bottle of Zonite, mailed to you postpaid, send 10¢ to Zonite 912 New Brunswick, New Jersey U. S. A.

Next time be sure to USE ZONITE FOR

- ✓ DANDRUFF
- ✓ BAD BREATH
- ✓ SORE THROAT
- ✓ CUTS & WOUNDS
- ✓ FEMINE CLEANSING
- ✓ ATHLETE'S FOOT

SPECIAL OFFER
Get the necessary plans for the exciting new 4-minute scalp oil package folder for dandruff.

ZONITE Is 9.3 Times More Active
than any other popular, non-poisonous antiseptic—by standard laboratory tests

OUR QUIZ-CONSCIOUS PUBLIC

(Continued from page 25)

microphone intrigues the average person. Long denied this stimulating and novel experience, the radio novice is all the more eager to give it a trial now that the opportunity is available. Whether he is brilliant, below or above average in intelligence, he is egotistical enough to want to test his knowledge. "At any rate," thinks he, "I can't do any worse than a lot of people I've heard!" If he loses, he may be given a consolation prize and he's had fun. If he wins, his finances are bettered by a few dollars, his self-esteem has undergone a thorough pat on the back, and he can even do a bit of crowing among his friends. There is also the tempting competitive angle, for who doesn't enjoy a contest of brain or brawn, whether it be as participant or onlooker?

On the other hand, what have sponsors and broadcasting companies to lose? Instead of spending thousands of dollars per show for top-notch vocal, dramatic and comedy talent, and large sums on script writers and gag writers, they may pay a comparatively moderate salary to the conductor of the program, offer a few hundred dollars a week in prizes and receive, virtually gratis, the services of the most engaging of entertainers—everyday people! Here, at last, is an entertainment formula abounding in audience appeal, whose production costs are low and whose popularity, according to the ratings, is comparable to that of the highest-priced programs. In these days of financial uncertainty, both sponsors and radio stations realize that they "have something" here. The question is, how to make it last? To this end many variations of the original technique have been put into use in order to create new features and attract new listeners.

As mentioned before, *Vor Pap* was one of the first to query "the man on the street." Jerry Belcher's idea was that a curious crowd would gather around a mike set up in a busy spot and that members of that group would submit to informal interviews. Injecting humor into straight conversation proved difficult, so the system of asking interesting questions was hit upon. Belcher deserted the show in 1936 and now Parks Johnson and Wallace Birtwirth carry on. Their success is proved by the fourth place they hold in the Crossley Ratings on quiz shows. This is remarkable since no rewards are given for questions submitted and no prize, other than a tube of shaving cream, is offered to the participants. At one time a five-dollar bill was given to the lucky person who happened to be facing the mike when an alarm clock went off. This by the way, was abandoned because of complaints that it constituted a lottery and was therefore illegal. Parks and Wally carry with them a list of some 1,200 questions suitable to people of all types and vocations—clergymen, engineers, hairdressers, etc. Since the interviewers do not wish to hurt the feelings of their guests who might give wrong answers, the correct ones are seldom offered.

The two most popular question and answer shows are the two oldest still on

the air, *Professor Quiz* and *Uncle Jim's Question Bee*. The former ranks highest in the ratings. Since its debut on CBS in March, 1936, 1,000 contenders have faced the genial Professor and attempted to answer questions picked from a battered hat. Nearly \$25,000 has been awarded in prizes and cash. Each week contestants are chosen from letters of application, five for the Eastern and five for the Western broadcast. Usually three men and two women compete, since that reflects the proportion of requests—about 65% of them coming from men. The person having the highest score wins \$25, and the second highest, \$15. As many as 42,000 letters have been received in a week, the average being 18,000. Of these, 16,000 contain questions. For each set of five with correct answers, \$25 is paid. Just recently, the Professor was awarded a prize for conducting the second-best adult education program on radio, the first being *America's Town Meeting of the Air*. Though flattered by this honor, the Professor was a bit amazed, as his purpose is primarily to entertain, not to educate.

Uncle Jim's Question Bee originated in Washington, hopped to CBS and finally to NBC in September, 1936. Jim McWilliams, the star and master of ceremonies, is an ex-vaudevillean, once the partner of Frank Crumit. His method of conducting is to pick six volunteer contestants from the audience, three men and three women. The winner receives \$25, and each participant an Uncle Jim Question Game as well as a large can of coffee. For questions submitted and accepted, listeners receive smaller portions of coffee. A year ago the mail draw amounted to 2,700 letters a week. Today it approaches 4,000. Ticket requests are so heavy that the program has been moved to a large studio and 5,000 potential contestants are still waiting for their chance.

Now we come to the new question and answer shows which have blossomed during the last year, particularly this spring, *True or False*, conducted by Dr. Harry Hagen, began on MBS and is now heard on NBC. Instead of asking for direct answers, participants are requested merely to answer "true" or "false" to the given statement. This eliminates the necessity of their putting thoughts into words, often a lugaboo. Two teams of six each, usually men versus women, are pitted against each other. These groups are suggested by listeners and the lucky ones accepted in advance of the show. Secretaries have faced lawyers, chorus girls competed with internes and Smith students with Harvard students. Again we find that the winner's prize is \$25, but each member of the winning team is awarded \$5 and a tube of shaving cream as well. No questions are accepted from listeners since Dr. Hagen originates them himself.

News Testers, an MBS sustaining show conducted by Leonard M. Leonard, has varied the scheme in yet another direction by specializing in news alone. All questions used are compiled by Mr. Leonard, who selects his facts from the newspapers on the day preceding and on the day of

the broadcast. Five contestants, three men and two women, are selected from the audience a few minutes before airtime. They are asked approximately twenty-four questions in the fifteen-minute period, mostly of the multiple choice variety based on international, political, human interest and odd news events. The only prize given is \$5, but people are eager to contend none the less.

An old parlor game fashionable around 1876 has given rise to the current *What's My Name?* show conducted by Budl Hulich, formerly of *Stoopnagle and Budd*, and actress Arlene Frances. Each of the eight or more competitors, chosen from the studio audience in advance of airtime, must try to guess the identity of a famous personage described in a set of four statements. If successful on the first clue, he wins \$10; on the second, \$9; the third, \$8; and the fourth, \$7. Even if he doesn't make a guess he is consoled with \$5. Besides the monetary prizes, all participants are given a humidor can of cigarettes. Approximately 12,000 sets of *What's My Name?* puzzles are submitted each week and \$10 is paid for each one used on the show.

Two new sustaining programs specializing only in words arrived on the ether almost simultaneously. The first is *MRS' Say It With Words*, Allen Prescott, of *Wifemaker* fame, and Dr. Charles E. Funk, dictionary expert, are in charge. Contestants, drawn from the studio audience by numbers on their ticket stubs, are given queries based on definitions and derivations and are asked to use a common English word in a sentence. The questions drawn are graded at from \$1 to \$3, and the contestant is given the equivalent in silver. It is his if he answers correctly, is taken away if he is wrong. There is also a guest performer who represents some occupation which has developed its own colorful and distinctive jargon. Another unique feature is the "Word Mint," the idea being for listeners to coin new words descriptive of objects, actions or thoughts now requiring several words to express, such as "white collar worker." To the originators of the six best words, standard Funk and Wagnalls Dictionaries are awarded.

The Word Game, heard on *CBS*, is similar in many respects. As Max Eastman, master of ceremonies, puts it: "We, all of us, like to talk all the time—or at least as often as we can get anybody to listen, and words are what we talk with. The contest is to see whether we know what we are talking about." Here the classifications used are word definitions, a "Grammar Bee," spelling, slang definitions and *Guguenchelin* (i.e. name a snake beginning with "R"). Three women and two men are chosen ahead of time from applicants' letters. First prize is a Merriam Webster's New International Dictionary, unabridged. Second is a leather-bound edition and all other contestants are given a copy of the regular Collegiate Dictionary.

Information Please, an *NBC* sustainer, puts the usual order in reverse. The basic idea of "stumping the teacher" has such definite psychological appeal that this program is offering serious competition to the others. It is presided over by Clifton Fadiman, literary critic, who presents listeners'

(Continued on page 58)

MY FIRST DATE WITH HIM TONIGHT!

SO I'M BATHING WITH FRAGRANT CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP... IT'S THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!



I WANT TO MAKE A HIT TONIGHT! THAT'S WHY I WOULDN'T THINK OF GOING OUT UNTIL I'VE BATHED WITH CASHMERE BOUQUET... THE LOVELY PERFUMED SOAP THAT KEEPS A GIRL FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!

CASHMERE BOUQUET'S RICH, DEEP-CLEANSING LATHER REMOVES BODY ODOR SO COMPLETELY, AND THEN ITS FLOWER-LIKE PERFUME LINGERES... LONG AFTER YOUR BATH, YOU'RE STILL ALLURINGLY FRAGRANT!

THE LAST DANCE... AND SHE'S STILL ADORABLY DAINTY!

AND THANKS FOR THE MEMORY OF A SIMPLY PERFECT EVENING! CAN'T WE HAVE ANOTHER... SOON?

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A GOOD FIRST IMPRESSION! AND NOTHING LIKE CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP TO HELP A GIRL MAKE ONE!

MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!

You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath.

Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, leaving your skin clearer, tanner... more radiant and alluring!



NOW ONLY 10¢

at drug department, 100-cent stores

TO KEEP *Fragrantly Dainty* — BATHE WITH PERFUMED CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

questions when they are not present to do so in person. Four members of a rotating board, representing authorities on various subjects, face the barrage of questions and volunteer to answer as they see fit. Not only do persons submitting acceptable questions win \$2 for each one, but they also net an additional \$5 if the learned board is unable to produce the correct answer. A fund of \$100 is put up for each program. From this the \$5 failures-to-answer-correctly are deducted, the remainder being divided equally among the board members as a bonus.

The Town Hall Big Game Hunt, now replacing Fred Allen during his vacation, is under the supervision of Norman Frestcott, ex-waudeville mind reader, and Jane Martin who at one time conducted *Let's Play Games*, on *WOR*. Each week a guest star is introduced and quizzed by the two conductors. His incorrect answers reduce the fee he is paid for appearing. The games, such as spelling words backwards, giving sentences in reverse, etc., are played by contestants selected at random from the audience. The prizes have not been decided upon as we go to press.

The musical quiz program is an outgrowth of the basic question and answer show. Kay Kyser's *College of Musical Knowledge* is the outstanding example. Starting on *MRS*, it was transferred to *NBC* and now ranks in eleventh place among the one-hour shows. No *NBC* program has ever had as many ticket requests, and each one is from a potential contestant, since those who compete are chosen by ticket numbers drawn from a fishbowl. Two teams of three members

each vie with each other. Questions are of a musical nature, either requiring straight answers or asking the identity of a number played in part by the orchestra. First place brings \$35; second, \$20; and third, \$5. All participants are gifted with a package of cigarettes, but nothing is offered listeners for submitting usable questions, except the thrill of hearing their names announced.

The Musical Sleepchase, a Josef Cherniavsky creation broadcast over *MRS*, has an entirely new game. Four volunteers assume the names of race horses, each being assigned a toy ring and a separate course. Three series of questions are given to each starter in rotation. In one of them the orchestra plays the opening choruses of two songs, the titles of which make a musical statement—such as, *Let Me Call You Sweetheart*, *Rosalie*. If they answer correctly their horse moves on one place; if not, it remains as was. One good guess nets \$1; two, \$4; and all three, \$10.

Even the children have their oral contest program. It is called *The March of Games* and is a fifteen-minute *CBS* sustainer which recently replaced the similar *Dear Teacher* show. The fourteen-year-old master of ceremonies, Arthur Ross, and a drum major, Sybil Trent, aged 11, are the stars. The first series of questions require ordinary answers. The second section alternates between "Tongue-twisty Teasers," such as what's wrong with: "William Tell shot an arrow through an orange while standing on his son's head?" and "Musical Memory," in which contestants are asked to identify familiar songs from

strains played by the orchestra. Last is "Tongue Twisters," such as: "A crop of poppies in a copper coffee pot." Two boy and two girl participants are chosen from letters, grouped according to age and given questions geared to their age level. First prize is \$5; second, \$3; and a consolation prize of \$1 is given to the other two. Children submitting questions used are given an autographed photograph of the drum major.

These brief synopses cover, of course, only the quiz programs on the major networks. Among others are *Give Me a Sentence*, *The Answer Man*, *Make Up Your Mind*, *Facto*, *Don't You Believe It!* and *What Do You Know About Movies?*

In general summary, most programs choose questions which anyone of average intelligence stands a chance of being able to answer. There are humorous questions; those which evoke remarks of, "I didn't know that, but isn't it interesting!" and a third type which makes one say: "I knew that but the answer slipped my mind." Program directors make every effort to check the answers for validity, but even so there are sometimes slip-ups which call forth an avalanche of mail disputing the answer. The classic example is *Professor Quiz*' monkey question. He asked the following: "A rope is hanging over a pulley; on one end hangs a certain weight. On the other end is a monkey of exactly the same weight. The monkey starts to climb the rope. What happens to the weight on the other end?" He said it did not move. Came thousands of letters, some five-hundred these from engineers, mathematicians and physicists, and pages of elaborate il-

AW, MOM... I ONLY TOLD HIM
HE HAS BAD BREATH!

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH



"You see, Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach... removes the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly cleans the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle!"

BUT JIMMIE—TELL MOTHER! WHATEVER MADE YOU DO SUCH A NAUGHTY THING?



WELL AUNT MARY SAID MR. REED WAS NICE—ONLY HE OUGHTA GO SEE HIS DENTIST ABOUT HIS BREATH—SO I TOLD HIM!



MR. REED TAKES JIMMIE'S TIP

TESTS SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREATHING DEPOSITS, AND THAT'S WHY...



LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S

BOY! THIS GLOVE'LL KNOCK THE TEAMS EYES OUT, MR. REED! I'M SURE GLAD YOU'RE GOING TO BE MY UNCLE!



NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!



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





Handsome Del Casino, CBS sustainer.

Illustrations. The controversy ended when a demonstration was held in Madison Square Garden and a live circus monkey was put to the test. The weight went up! At all times novel and interesting forums are sought for questions. It is more entertaining to ask: "Name three of five famous persons born on May 28," than: "When were the Quintuplets born?" This was done on *Information Please* and the learned board, by the way, missed completely.

It seems that men are more eager to enter the contests than women, probably because they have more self-confidence, but no one could say the females are bashful. Mike Fright is a mental menace until the master of ceremonies goes to work on the contestants, joking and talking to them until they feel at ease and realize that the whole thing is all in fun. Seldom is anyone so overcome with fear that he or she is speechless.

As for the winners, it's almost a draw between the male and female contingents. Women, housewives in particular, have carried off the honors on *Professor Quiz*. Men have won more frequently on *True or False*, though the secretaries beat the lawyers and Smith triumphed over Harvard. Men seem to do better on *The Word Game* and on *Uncle Jim's Question Bee*, though the running is close. On Kay Kyser's *Kollege* there's no doubt but what the males have the upper hand. But they're mostly college boys, and to them a popular music education is almost as important as an academic one. Men are often downed because their knowledge is too confined to the occupations in which they are engaged, whereas women and housewives have more outside interests, and through them acquire a general knowledge which is helpful. Also, they are less likely to be self-conscious, a definite asset. College students are in the upper bracket, but there, too, lack of general information is likely to be their downfall.

All types of people have competed, from ditch-diggers to prominent bankers, yet no one classification can be called more outstandingly successful than another. A lot of it depends on luck in drawing questions. As a whole, "Americans are pretty smart people," says *Professor Quiz*.

But the fact remains, when all is said and done, that quiz programs are the order of the day. Whether they will retain their present popularity is uncertain. Perhaps only the best will be able to survive this latest radio cycle. However, Mr. and Mrs. Public, and the little Publics, too, agree for the nonce that it is all grand fun and super-entertainment.



I'M CRAZY ABOUT THE NEW ODORONO ICE — IT'S ABSOLUTELY GREASELESS

YES — IT VANISHES COMPLETELY AS YOU PUT IT ON



NEW-TYPE ICE DEODORANT

is greaseless, actually cooling and checks perspiration 1 to 3 days

YOU don't know the meaning of "perfection" till you try Odorono ICE—the new non-greasy, non-sticky ICE deodorant that disappears as you put it on, leaves your skin feeling cool and refreshed, and checks perspiration instantly!

The new Odorono ICE keeps your underarm completely dry for as much as three whole days. Yet it takes only a few seconds to apply. Light and delicate in texture, Odorono ICE is greaseless and non-sticky. And there is nothing but its

own fresh odor of pure alcohol which evaporates immediately.

Here is a satisfactory answer to the appeals of fastidious women for an effective, greaseless underarm deodorant. A really pleasant, quick way to put an end to offensive odors and embarrassing and costly perspiration stains.

Why risk offending the very people you want most to impress? Start today to enjoy the sure protection of Odorono ICE! Use Odorono ICE according to the directions on the label of the jar. Only 35¢ at all toilet-goods departments.



*** ODO-RO-NO ICE**
COOLING — NON-GREASY

SEND 10¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY JAR

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc., Dept. 8-E-47, 181 Hudson St., New York City (In Canada, address P. O. Box 487, Montreal)

1 envelope 10¢ (15¢ in Canada) to cover cost of postage and parking for generous introductory jar of Odorono Ice.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

RADIO RAMBLINGS

(Continued from page 20)

This season its salary is tattered, putting the program up in the important money brackets, around \$3,000 per week.

THE most sensitive admirers in the world seem to be the respective followers of this oddly assorted lot: Guy Lombardo, Jessica Dragonette and Benny Goodman. The writer who says anything at all complimentary about them brings down a pile of angry letters upon himself.

A couple of months back, I told about how Guy and Carmen Lombardo kidded about Carmen's singing, even Carmen himself declaring he was no great singer. Trying to analyze the popularity of a voice that was certainly not good from accepted vocal standards, I decided it must be the warm sincerity he brings to every song.

Did I get slapped around? Letters came to the editor demanding that "that ignorant so-and-so" be fired at once. In unaccustomed spirit I came suggestions that I visit a psychiatrist and undergo treatment for insanity before it was too late.

The odd part of it is, I yield to very few in my admiration for the Lombardos. The long-standing leadership among popular orchestras makes my own hearty approbation superficial. In addition to that, the whole crew of them are men you instantly respect and like. Their success has produced no egotism. One of the pleasant corners in radio is the band's dressing-room with that jovial, good natured crowd during intervals between radio rehearsals or dance music sessions.

Listen, you radio Lombardists! Along with the whole music business, radio editors and writers have nothing but admiration and respect for the Lombardos.

FOR different reasons, Miss Dragonette's admirers protest most of what is written about her. Her small, sweet voice is perfectly adapted to the microphone, which enhances all its good qualities. Not all voices are so fortunate when they face a microphone. Last winter she also demonstrated her effectiveness in the concert hall by making a very successful tour around the country. Her devoted followers, however, resent comment which makes her anything short of a goddess, absurd in the face of the simple, gracious dignity that characterizes Miss Dragonette, off-stage and on.

This piece probably has gotten me in bad already with Benny Goodman and his jitters. They can't understand anyone's liking both Lombardo and Goodman. My notion is that the rhythms of Goodman's quartet is one of the most exciting items of radio entertainment these days, but its admirers in theatre or studio drown out many of its best passages by ill-bred noise. That brings advice to get back to listening to Lombardo, the sort of music a dumb cluck like myself can understand.

Eddie Cantor used to have that same resentful class of admirers, but they apparently have removed their burdensome worship elsewhere.

IF Al Pearce's endless good nature and spirit of sunshine occasionally seem a little exaggerated and thresome on the air, it is a defect Al can't help. He probably could not change it if he wanted to. Al is completely that man he brings to the microphone, naive, easily amused and likable. He visited a Fred Allen broadcast one night and Fred introduced him to the studio audience. That little attention brought Al backstage with thanks profuse enough to cover a gift of a million dollars.

Al has little flurries of bad temper, occasionally, but they don't last long. An episode in Al's office not long ago may give some insight into his character.

One of the girls working for him was notified that her father had died suddenly in Michigan. Al was at home but he happened to hear about it almost immediately. He hurried down to the office, telephoned for train reservations for the girl and then gently ordered her to get down to the train and stay away from the office for a couple of weeks.

It was a small kindness, one that Al could easily afford. The manner of its performance was what stamped it as the act of a great character.

FROM Harlem this summer arrived a song called Flat—something or other. In radio programs, phonograph records and nickel-in-the-slot machines it has been given various spellings, Flat—Fleet Floojie, Font Flungee, and variations from there. It is one song you can spell your own way.

Slim and Slam brought it down from Harlem. Up there the swing people make up words to fit what they have in mind and never bother about the spelling. Slim and Slam volunteer no official spelling. The song has given them national popularity, with money rolling in, and they are not bothering.

They are being sued for the authorship of the song by Arlie Shatz. If you hear them stop swinging it, some lawyer man must have been around telling them about injunctives.

FIBBER MCGEE (Jim Jordan) is on his summer vacation now. He will come back in the fall and let's hope it will be with Mally (wife Marion Jordan). Together they laughed their way to the top. Along with Snopnagle and Budd, these two were the only ones to try comedy in radio without stage or screen seasoning.

They were just on the verge of becoming as important as, say, Burns and Allen, a year ago. Then came the distressing illness that forced Mally off the air suddenly and unexpectedly. The raucous and emphatic Mally is a great comedienne, and they are too scarce for radio to lose at this stage.

THOSE words, "at this stage," were used because they seemed the proper ones. Eddie Cantor, Jack Benny and a lot of others have asked: "Where will radio get its comedians, once the present genera-

tion of vaudeville-trained comedians steps out?"

The past season, unfortunately, radio's own products, Fibber McGee and Molly and Snopnagle and Budd, were separated. There was the answer, Fibber McGee carried on pretty well alone, which should have killed some misgivings.

Radio is such an uncertain business that prophecies are not only unsafe but insane. Nevertheless, give this a thought. A whole crew of brash young men are standing around microphones, asking questions of volunteers who may be shy or who may talk back. In any case, the brash young men are trying to keep things funny within discreet limits.

This sounds exactly like the training that your good comedians boast they got in their old small-time vaudeville days. Anyway, don't worry too much about vaudeville comedy. No matter how far back you go in human history, you will find fun. Radio is too important a part of current life to escape its slure.

Note that comedians are the subject, there is one of radio's good ones who seems to need adjustment. Ben Bernie is the subject right-~~now~~.

Ben was a pioneer in informal radio fun. For years he was allowed to run along as he pleased, no strict set of lines to follow, just kidding his way through whatever comes to his mind. Last spring he stepped into a program which wanted to make him another Benny. The difference is Jack Benny and Benny Bernie. The latter Benny improved a little as weeks went on, but he is no man to sled to lines as they are written down on the page. He loses his spontaneity.

Ben is a man who makes amusing moments of small things as they float through his mind. He has been at his best at ceremonial broadcasts, to which he went with little or no preparation. Out of my own fond memories was Ben at the opening of a Cisharan race-track.

"We are talking," Ben's ingratiating half-chant began, "of this-a and that-a at Santa Anita"—and he apologized for all those A's—"if you will 'g'ive me." It's a trifling little joke but exactly the sort that has made Ben funny through years of broadcasting and kidding in studio or theatre.

PROBABLY this is enough about Bernie, but I can't resist recalling the time when Ben had a colored guest star who could not read. The man was a great star in the theatre and Ben knew it would have broken a heart to have that illiteracy shown up before an orchestra and the other people at rehearsal.

In a corner backstage Ben could be found saying: "When I say this to you, you answer this . . . and then I say . . ." Rehearsal before the microphone began when the jubilant and grateful colored star had mastered his lines.

There are a million stories that add up to the fact that Ben Bernie is a pretty nice man, one you'd be glad to have kidding a half hour away in your living-room once in a while every radio session.

SWITCHING over to another side of radio—I wonder how our readers up in Boston feel about the treatment of their symphony orchestra these past few years?

Music critics usually rank the Philadelphia, New York Philharmonic-Symphony and Boston orchestras as the three preeminent orchestras of America.

The first-mentioned two have been on the air regularly. Boston's great orchestra has had parts of concerts slipped in to fill gaps here and there. Radio is full of inequities which only volunteer and plentiful protests from listeners can correct. It's a matter for writing.

NBC is bringing back Toscanini for another series this winter. As a tribute to a great orchestra, this little gray idol of music should make amends for radio neglect and conduct one or more major broadcasts with the Boston orchestra. The mere suggestion may anger (perhaps rightly) the disciples of the orchestra's own conductor, Serge Koussevitzky.

The old truism that music is universal reaches justification now with radio networks extending over a nation. Toscanini is the greatest of living conductors. Boston and a nation owe it to themselves to have conductor and orchestra fused this season. It's a matter for writing.

IF you get a little tired of Bing Crosby's eternal joviality and irreverence with movie and musical greats, just bend an ear toward his program these days, note that he is on vacation. My own testimony cannot get back to the day when I was not amused by Bob Burns, but my protests about being tired of Bing now run toward demanding his return.

Bing is the man who talks to celebrities in the casual deprecating tone we would like to assume if we met those same people at a party. Both detractors and admirers of these great guests find something to smile at. So do Bing and the greats. It is a pleasant prescription for a Thursday evening.

Bob Burns is the dream man to add the last note of completely enjoyable nonsense to the evening. After all, where would that old combination of H₂O be without the O. (Surely you remember that much about water.)

NO matter who falls by the wayside in radio, Amos 'n' Andy have made it clear that they will go on forever. I have just been wondering about one minor branch of their talent, if they don't mind.

Charles Correll and Freeman Gosden, the Amos 'n' Andy team, are people who don't mix around too freely in Hollywood society. They have their own little circle of old friends, and from that they seldom air, regardless of who invites.

No matter what walk of life their skirts stray into, the tone always finds the mark. If Amos has a grocery store, he has intimate problems that amuse or touch all of us—and grocerymen most of all.

In their recent venture into the fight business, they made no mistakes. Unerringly, their misadventures ran along lines that had the boxing fraternity howling with glee. Every episode carried a flavor boxing men told me was familiar.

Correll and Gosden do not tangle in all these diverse walks of life, but Amos 'n' Andy do. Correll and Gosden unflinchingly kid a questioner away from such topics, so puzzle it out for yourself—as I have been trying to do every time I meet this unpretentious pair.

Have you tried chewing gum while you're driving?



Many drivers tell us—and many laboratory tests explain why—chewing gum helps ease nervous tension under pressure, aids in reducing your feeling of fatigue. Just as gum helps an athlete keep "on his game," so it helps a driver keep on the job, alert and yet relaxed. On long trips chewing gum helps to relieve driving drowsiness. Keep a package of Beech-Nut Gum or a box of candy-coated Beechies always handy in the pocket of your car. You will enjoy their fresh, rich flavor... and the aid they lend to better driving.



3 KINDS OF BEECHIES
A package full of candy-coated individual pieces of gum... in three flavors... Peppermint, Pepsin and Spearmint. Select the kind you like.

ALWAYS REFRESHING

Beech-Nut Peppermint Gum is so good it's the most popular flavor of gum in America. Beech-Nut Spearmint has a richness you're sure to enjoy.

BEECH-NUT GUM is always refreshing

P. S. Have you tried RUMMIES, the new Beech-Nut Candy with the different and delicious flavor?

GIVING THE KIDDIES WHAT THEY WANT

(Continued from page 47)

for the comfort of those allergic to them. There can be no question that the networks have devoted a great deal of effort toward improving kid shows. And while some may feel that the boy cowboys, invincible athletes and indomitable detectives of current favorite programs are cheap, trashy and absurd, it must be remembered that a child spends his time on many things that fail to interest adults; that a child may enjoy a radio program which, to his parents, seems utterly inane.

The important thing is that, however uninteresting or silly a children's show may seem to adults, it has been carefully considered from every angle; content, possible effect upon young listeners, and the motives and ideals which it exemplifies. The lit-or-miss, thrill-em-and-scare-em days are past.

It is true that there are occasional misses, and that occasional complaints or blasts are leveled at radio for its children's programs. The major networks agree that such organizations as the National Congress of Parents and Teachers, or the Women's National Radio Committee, were instrumental in stimulating improvement. Not that the chains were unwilling to cooperate, but because such groups could, in many cases, "scare" the advertisers into improvement where the radio station couldn't. And the complaints received today are not only

fewer in number but considerably less well-founded.

On any main network, there is hardly a program aimed specifically at children that is open to criticism on the grounds of being a bad influence on the child's peace of mind or morals. What offenders there are among broadcasters are usually found among the smaller, independent stations. Then, too, there are always the quibblers and hair-splitters who hold to the extreme view that any excitement is bad, that any presentation of crime is wrong, even though the criminal never wins and law and order is glorified.

Those same types probably allow their children to read all the gory details about gangsters and murderers in the newspapers, exercise little or no supervision over the books their children read, and allow the kids to pick their own movies. Yet they are most zealous in their condemnation of radio.

There is, too, the ever present group which expects radio to assume the guidance of their children, a function that is properly the parents'. This is illustrated by the well-known case of the woman who arose at a Parent-Teachers meeting and said: "My little girl heard a program the other night that is actually beyond description. It was so full of horror and made such an impression on her that she couldn't

**HAVE YOU
BEEN TOLD**
— about
Tampax?



**NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADDS
NO ODOR**

W

omen everywhere are telling their women about Tampax, the new form of sanitary protection for monthly use. Tampax is worn internally. You can do your household work or office work or take part in outdoor sports without even remembering you are wearing it. You can wear the sheersuit gown or a modern swim suit—no bulk, so nothing can show. Use Tampax this summer; a month's supply can be carried in your purse.

Tampax was perfected by a physician for all normal women. It is neatly and efficiently absorbent, doing away with pins, pads and belts. It will not come apart and so fail in its protection. No odor. Disposed of easily. Made of absorbent surgical cotton, greatly compressed, hygienically sealed in patented applicator. Endorsed by gynecologists. Sold at drug stores and notion counters—month's supply, 35c. Introductory package 20c. If your dealer has not stocked, please use coupon.

**"YOU ACTUALLY DON'T KNOW
YOU'RE WEARING IT!"**

Accepted for advertising by
the Journal of the American
Medical Association



TAMPAX INCORPORATED

New Brunswick, New Jersey

Please send me introductory size package of Tampax with full directions. Enclosed is 20¢ (stamps or coins).

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____



Rudy Vallee, who was guest of honor at the Opportunity Shop, N. Y., is shown with several children who were aided by the Shop's fund-raising program.

sleep all night. Something should really be done about it!"

"What," she was asked, "was the program?"

"It was the *Pitch's Tale*," the mother said, bristling.

"And how old is your little girl?"

"She's eight!" the mother admitted, and reddened when the entire meeting practically laughed her off the floor. The point, of course, being that no child of eight had any business being awake, listening to the radio at the late hour when that particular program was broadcast. As a matter of fact, such eerie programs are deliberately staged at hours calculated to make them inaccessible to children, and the problem in this case was purely one of improper child training by the parent.

Another almost identical case was that of a man who complained about the effect the *Eno Crime Chaser* was having on his four- and seven-year-olds, and who bristled when it was suggested that such protagonists should have been in bed at nine o'clock at night.

There are many cases of this sort. There is, too, the candid kind of admission from one mother that "I found the *schandach* program pretty strong meat for my child. Now I know that program isn't designed for my daughter—but I just can't keep her from listening!"

That's at least honest, and unfortunate. But radio censors, with a great deal of justice, that parents are responsible for the guidance of their children—not the radio industry. Certainly, the whole scope of radio entertainment can hardly be geared to the reactions of a child six or eight years old!

Children's Program officials point out, too, that radio has frequently been blamed for conditions that very likely have arisen from an entirely different source. The "funnies"—most popular children's pastime—are not funny any more, running to heart throbs, action and wild adventure as most of them do. And those of us past adolescence can remember the dime novels—*Nick Carter* and *Buffalo Bill*, with killings on every page—that were the youthful diet of so many men who are apparently none the wiser for it now.

In fact, as one Children's Program Director and many psychologists point out, the main literary diet of most children for many years was the fairy tales of Grimm and Andersen. And, analyzed under the restrictions of present-day radio programs, practically any one of those hardy favorites would be barred from the air on the grounds of being false, horror-filled and frightening to children, with their talk of witches, ogres, man-eating giants and horrible dragons. How much better the painless geography in the peregrinations of wise *Orphan Annie*, the dauntless decency of brave *Dick Tracy*, the manly and patriotic *Don Winslow of the Navy*?

That radio has erred in the past is admitted, even though a good portion of the fault may be laid at the door of the commercial advertiser, eager to boost his product's sales at any cost. But with the present-day setup of consulting psychologists, children's specialists and careful scrutiny of every feature of a children's program the errors today approach the vanishing point. Indeed, even in adult programs, particularly those comedians most favored by children,

(Continued on page 71)



Make Arm and Leg Hair INVISIBLE Now...with Marchand's

It's summer costume time—it's the season when hair on arms and legs becomes most conspicuous. Smart women avoid this unsightliness quickly and easily with Marchand's—for Marchand's lightens the color of the hair making it blend with the very color of the skin. It is odorless, does not stain, and best of all leaves no hair stubble.

MARCHAND'S

GOLDEN HAIR WASH

AT ALL DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES

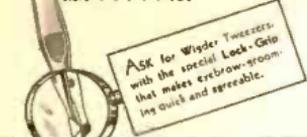
FASHIONS THRU TELEVISION

(Continued from page 50)



with Wigder EYEBROW CONTROL

For charm and beauty, it's most important to keep your eyebrows trim and shapely. And it's easy, too. Just "tweeze" away those stray hairs and heavy outlines with Wigder Tweezers—especially constructed with raised shoulders and carefully set jaws for positive grip. Don't neglect this essential beauty card. Get Wigder Tweezers today at any drug or 10-cent store. . . . 10c



Wigder QUALITY COSTS NO MORE
WALL PAINTS • TWEEDERS • RAZOR CLIPS • SCISSORS

STOP Itching TORTURE This Quick Way

For quick relief from the itching of eczema, blotches, pimples, athlete's foot, scabies, rashes and other externally caused skin eruptions, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION**. Original formula of Doctor Dennis Croswine and stainless. Soothes the irritation and quickly stops the most intense itching. A 25c trial bottle, at drug stores, prevents it—or your money back. Ask for **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION**.

THE INSIDE FACTS ABOUT
ELECTRICALLY TRANSCRIBED
BROADCASTS
in October RADIO STARS



wise girls don't risk body odors! after every bath use **Hush** and be Sure
You're dainty and sweet as you step from your bath, and keep your skin for hours longer with HUSH. There's a type for each need:
CREAM—Pure, soothing to skin, luxurious in cream fabric.
LIQUID—Instant, protects 24 hours. Inquire for 1 to 3-day.
POWDER—Ideal for Sanitary Appearance. Keeps face cool, skin fresh.

25c 50c—10c size at 10c counters

your own home? Well, it won't be long now before that's exactly what you'll be doing!

How? Television! Although this wonderful method of transmitting moving pictures over the airwaves is still in its veriest infancy, it is making rapid strides toward practical use and perfection. Every day experiments are being made which show new ways to improve it so that television soon will be an everyday part of your life, just as radio is now. But no matter how common television may become, I don't think you'll ever cease to marvel at the fact that the scenes you will see on your television screen are at that very moment being photographed in a studio miles away by a huge, box-like camera (called an ienoscope) and transmitted to you over the air!

Already, experimental telecasts can be received clearly anywhere within a radius of fifty miles from New York, and as one of the tests recently was a television fashion show of early fall styles. I know you'll be interested to see, not only a preview of one of the many ways television is going to serve you in future years, but also a review of fall fashions for 1938. Dust off your imagination now, and let's look into the future of science and style. We're going to see a television fashion show!

Imagine that your favorite fashion store has just received its new fall line and is going to telecast it tonight at seven o'clock. At the appointed hour, comfortably clad in lounging clothes, you settle yourself in your easy chair before your television receiving set, which looks like a large cabinet radio with a small movie screen standing on top. You take a sip of your cool drink, tune in your station and relax. An image appears on the screen and, as you tune it in clearly, you see that it's Helen Walpole, one of your favorite NBC actresses. She is going to announce the program, and she smiles at you and speaks:

"Good evening. This is Helen Walpole speaking to you from the experimental television studio on the third floor of the RCA Building (Radio City). Tonight the National Broadcasting Company presents an experiment in fashions, bringing to you the latest designs in ladies' clothes—"

The camera now fades to three girls wearing three types of fall suits. The announcer's voice describes them as each girl walks down toward the camera. (We wish space would allow us to show you photographs of all the costumes in the show. However, from each group of fashions, we have selected those which will have the widest general interest for all of you.)

"These costumes, including the hats, are from the Jaeger Company." Helen announces. "Jaeger, as you know, are importers of lovely casual clothes, some of the finest British wools and tweeds. Their suits are amusingly called by men's names.

"The first is a four-piece suit called 'Cyril.' The large plaid, three-quarter length topcoat is purple and lavender rough wool. This coat will win every girl's respect and every man's, too." The model walks around slowly and removes the topcoat. "Now you see the jacket of purple

tweed and a soft sweater of purple and lavender stripes, called 'Nora.' Notice how the jacket contrasts with the colors of the striped sweater and blends it with the lavender of the simple wool skirt.

"The small tailored hat is felt. It's collegiate and perky and goes perfectly with the suit, making a lovely ensemble."

The first model steps back and the next one comes forward.

"This suit is called 'Desmond.' It's made of very soft, real cashmere in tan and brown. The top coat is of a natural color—notice particularly the new rounded shoulder and the little round collar. This coat will do a lot of traveling, because it can be worn over dresses of all colors, and all year round to every kind of sports event. A brown, hip-length jacket is worn over a blouse of soft cashmere. It is called 'Muriel,' and is that color said to have been invented by the ancient Egyptians—royal blue. The skirt is gored to give a snug fit around the waist and that swirling flare so necessary this season."

As the third model steps forward, you recognize pretty, blonde Elaine Hessel, popular NBC actress. Her suit is announced:

"And this is 'Nigel'—a suit of an entirely different type. A three-piece suit of wool, in rust and tan blended stripes. (Pictured on page 50.) The loose swaggar jacket is of finger-tip length. Under it you see a blouse of solid rust color, but with a tan and rust striped corslet, that design made famous by the Duchess of Windsor. See how it ties tightly around the back to make it really snug and very feminine. The skirt is pleated all around with one-inch pleats. This is a suit that 'does something' for every type of figure."

And now the scene shifts to show us a novel rainy day outfit, which the voice of Helen Walpole dramatizes for us:

"It's raining! And how it's raining! But what can be more becoming than this rainy day outfit? The transparent, oiled silk raincoat keeps the water out—and yet pretty fall frocks show under it. No girl need worry about putting off that shopping trip because it's raining, or about keeping dates—her clothes will stay as fresh and as well pressed as when she left home. And look at the mittens! They're transparent just like the rest of the outfit. How cute they are—and how useful! You may think they can only be used to save your nicest gloves from the rain, but maybe even in dry weather they'd come in handy for keeping white gloves clean while reading papers on the train or hanging on a subway strap! The great big kerchief can be worn either over the hat or over the curls. And, of course, the amazing thing is that all this costume folds up into a tiny, transparent envelope that will fit right into your purse. You can always be prepared for sudden showers. And as for the elegant oiled silk umbrella, you'll need that in a cloudiest 1"

In the next scene, working up to evening fashions, Helen Walpole shows you some new accessory items, beginning with some enchanting evening fans, some of silk embroidered with sequins, some all sequins,

RADIO STARS

and a beautiful ostrich feather fan, romantic and graceful. Jeweled side-combs, such as your grandmother wore, will be a fashion "must" for your upswept coiffure on formal evenings. Next, she shows you something really novel—a transparent evening bag made of a composition material that looks like glass. And then she displays a glass evening slipper, a transparent slipper with transparent heel and silver binding. The evening fashions which follow are dramatized by a little play built around the glass slipper. Helen Walpole tells this story of Modern Cinderella:

"Once upon a time, long ago in the year 1938, a great ball was given, and at that ball were many beautiful girls—all rivals for the attention of a handsome young Prince whose name was Charming. Prince Charming danced with all the girls, but there was one he liked better than the rest. Alas! he was so fascinated by her, he forgot to ask her name and there was only one way of finding out who she was. She had dropped her glass slipper!"

Prince Charming, in the person of a handsome young announcer, stands waiting to find the Princess as the rivals parade past, each wearing a lovely evening gown. There's a stunning chartrreuse silk chiffon with the new sweater top, the whole waist of smocked laces, the skirt full and flowing. A charming Southern belle in white organza with off-shoulder décolletage and billowing skirts; a modern miss in a strapless gown of gray satin with shirred fitted bodice pass by—none of these is the Princess. Then, Elaine Basset steps forward, and the announcer says:

"Here's a dress that could certainly be

worn by a Princess. It's of gold silk marquisette. See how gracefully it hangs—it's romantic and glamorous. The skirt is made with a full, deep flounce; it's old-fashioned, and yet so modern. The silk flowers at the bodice are gold and deep pink. And now the Prince must try the slipper. But first, let's notice the stocking that Cinderella is wearing—because it's just the kind she would wear. It's the new stocking called 'Nothing-At-All.' The name fits because it's only a shadow of the sheerest silk. It's one-throat—toeless and heelless—and comes in four colors. If you've ever worried about wrinkled heels in your stocking, 'Nothing-At-All' will be the answer to your prayer, and the seams are the kind you've longed for, tiny and strong, really only a double shadow. The newest in evening hosiery is perfect for the newest in evening footwear, the Cinderella slipper. And now Prince Charming has tried on the slipper and it fits. He has found the girl he danced with and he takes her away in her gold-colored gown to his golden castle—which may be a penitence—and they live happily ever after!"

With this little comedy, the Ginder show is over, and the scene moves on to another studio and the next program.

What mental fashion notes have you made? From the three suits, you have seen that color is very important, either in contrast or in light and dark shades of one color. You know that purple and lavender tones are good. Or, if brown has always been becoming, you'll plan on a brown suit, and you'll be anxious to see how the new combination of brown, tan and royal blue will look on you. Or perhaps you'll decide

to adopt Elaine Basset's tan and rust blend. You'll note that skirts are as short as ever; flared or pleated skirts are still with us, as well as the flattering corselet waistline, that suit jackets and coats range from three-quarter to hip-length and the swagger line is very much "in." You'll decide you must have a transparent rainy day outfit so you can wear your new fall suit, no matter what the weather, and hide none of its glory under an old-fashioned opaque raincoat. You'll want an evening fan, and you'll certainly decide to wear your hair high for evening (if you haven't already done so), held with jeweled side-combs. You'll be glad to note that fall evening gowns are romantic, as those of last spring and summer, with off-shoulder lines, fitted bodices, graceful flowing skirts.

Without moving from your chair, you have seen a parade of the latest fashions. And you'll agree that when television gets beyond the experimental stage and becomes an everyday affair, among its many blessings will be the fact that your shopping worries, especially in hot weather, will become practically non-existent!

Returning to the present, these days you can depend a great deal upon the good old radio for your fashion news. Many merchants' syndicates and manufacturers now use radio to keep you up with the latest fashions. Perhaps your own department store, the one which will telecast to you a few years hence, now has a regular radio program on your local station, featuring their stylist as fashion commentator. The news is the very latest and, even though they're not televised as yet, you'll find the fashion hints very helpful.



JOAN BLONDELL
WARNER BROS. STAR

I ALWAYS USE LUX TOILET SOAP IT REMOVES COSMETICS THOROUGHLY

Out in Hollywood where a Complexion Care has to work



SCREEN STARS USE LUX TOILET SOAP BECAUSE IT HAS ACTIVE LATHER, THIS SAFE, EASY CARE GUARDS AGAINST COSMETIC SKIN

BARBARA STANWYCK
20th CENTURY-FOX STAR

and in your own home town—



SCREEN STARS OUGHT TO KNOW ABOUT COMPLEXION CARE AND BELIEVE ME, THEY DO!

IT'S MY NICE, SMOOTH SKIN THAT'S MADE A HIT WITH BILL... I USE COSMETICS, BUT I'LL NEVER RISK COSMETIC SKIN



9 OUT OF 10 SCREEN STARS USE LUX TOILET SOAP

HERE'S HOW
I KEEP
TOILETS
CLEAN AS A
CHINA DISH



It's no trouble to keep a toilet sparkling clean and sanitary. You don't even have to touch the toilet with your hands. Just sprinkle a little SANI-FLUSH in the bowl. (Follow directions on the can.) Flush the toilet and that's all!

SANI-FLUSH is made to do this job. It removes stains. It puts an end to toilet odors. It kills germs. It purifies the hidden trap. Porcelain glistens like new. SANI-FLUSH can't injure plumbing connections. It is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators (directions on can). Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores. 25¢ and 10¢ sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, O.



Sani-Flush

CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

FOR Try this FREE
**WONDERFUL
IRONINGS**

Here's that new way to do hot starching without mixing, boiling or straining as with old fashioned lump starch. Everything already included in powdered form. Makes starching easy. Makes ironing easy. See how elasticity and that fresh new look are given back to curtains, aprons, play clothes, soft collars and shirts. Your iron fairly glides. A wonderful invention. Send now.

THANK YOU—

THE HUBINGER CO., No. 591, Keokuk, Ia.
Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please.
"That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."



THE BIG-SALARIED STARS OF TOMORROW?

(Continued from page 35)

There are usually option clauses in the contracts, which allow the broadcasting company to drop the artist if, after a reasonable length of time following his "build-up," he has failed to draw a sponsor or click with the public.

"The artist's staying is always determined on a talent basis," says Mr. Rosenthal. "It depends on public response and the sponsors. We always wait longer than we should to release the artist, in order to give him a fair deal."

Although Columbia gets its talent largely through regular channels, sometimes a new artist pops up from the most unexpected place. Barry Wood, the popular singer and instrumentalist, was discovered at Yale on the All-American water polo team. Bob Gibson, brother of Freda Gibson, who's sung with many bands, was a CBS page boy who had left his job of window-dressing in a department store with the hope of becoming a radio production man. Singing was just a hobby. But one day Kay Thompson, passing the page boys' locker room, heard Bob "sounding off" on a popular tune, and ordered him to come out and sing for her. She was so intrigued by his voice that she urged him to study with her teacher, and arranged for Ed Cashman, CBS production man and talent scout, to give him an audition. The result was that Bob doffed his page boy uniform and is now a featured baritone of Columbia Artists, Inc.

You may wonder why, today, there are no big sustaining stars as there were years ago, when Bing Crosby, Kate Smith, Morton Downey, the Mills Brothers, the Street Singer, the Boswell Sisters and Tito Guizar were developed. It surely cannot be that there is a lack of talent in our country, because local amateur contests, local theatres, colleges, night clubs and out-of-the-way places are forever yielding a mine of new enterprisers for the net-works. But they seem to flare fitfully, then die away into obscurity, whereas in former years there was a swift build-up to fame.

This may largely be explained by the fact that now there are very few good listening spots available for sustaining artists. The early evening hours, from six to eight or eight-thirty, are now taken up with commercial broadcasts. If the sustaining artist is fortunate enough to have a good spot, say at 7-15 one evening, he may find that spot cancelled without warning a few evenings later because the time has been sold. Then the radio audience, which may have formed quite a liking for that particular artist, will look in vain for him at his customary hour. Not finding him there, the public will probably lose interest quickly, for very few listeners have time to go through the weekly schedule and search out the afternoon or morning spot to which their favorite has been relegated.

In the earlier days, there was time for the building of stars. Take the case of *The Street Singer*. Arthur Tracy was given an audition with the Columbia Broadcasting System. The committee who heard him

knew immediately that he would click, that he had a definite romantic appeal in his voice. They started him off at eleven o'clock in the morning. They billed him simply as *The Street Singer*. The housewives loved him. His fan mail was tremendous. That convinced the committee that they definitely had a hit. They gave Tracy a night spot two weeks later, and three weeks after that he was up in the smash-hit class, his income in the thousands.

"Straight across the board" means that the station can give the artist the same time spot every day or every night. That probably couldn't happen now, but it happened a few years ago to Morton Downey. Downey had been singing for eight years when CBS "discovered" him. He had been with Paul Whiteman, then he went to the Delmonico Restaurant with Leon Belasco's orchestra. CBS picked him up "on remote" from Delmonico's, with Belasco. His singing created such a furor that the broadcast officials decided to bring him into the studio and give him a special build-up. They signed him on a sustaining contract at sixty dollars a week and gave him a choice spot, seven to seven-fifteen every evening, five evenings a week "straight across the board." They gave him Freddie Rich, their best studio orchestra leader, and special arrangements for his songs. Within three months the new singer had clicked so well that he was earning something like \$8,000 a week. He was singing on the *Colonel Carter*, with Jacques Renard, and Tony Wong, then dashing over to Central Park to thrill the Casino audiences every evening. There was a story floating around the radio circles at the time that Phil Plant, millionaire playboy, was backing Downey's career to win back his ex-wife, Constance Bennett, whose sister, Barbara Bennett, Morton Downey had married. Whether or not that was true, the radio-voiced tenor soon didn't need aid. It was one of the most spectacular rises of all times.

Ed Cashman, who worked very closely with the stars who had their rise six or eight years ago, relates many interesting stories about them. A funny one was about Bing Crosby's trip to New York to start his sustaining series for Columbia. NBC had been featuring their new baritone discovery, Russ Colombo, so CBS signed Crosby as a rival to him. Crosby, in California, bought his plane ticket to New York. Then, being a great lover of horse-racing, he went over into Mexico on a little jaunt to the races with his pal, Joe Venuti, the violinist. Time went by and the two revelers lost most of their money on the horses. It was necessary for Crosby to get back to Los Angeles to catch his plane for New York, so he communicated a taxi. When they arrived at the airport, the bill was \$106, and the state of their combined finances was: Joe Venuti, \$5; Crosby, one plane ticket to New York. Crosby hopped out of the taxi and, while Venuti did some plain and fancy explaining to the cab driver, offer-

ing him his I.O.U., etc. Bing caught his plane and headed East to begin his great series on the air. From eleven to eleven-thirty every evening he was to sing his haunting theme, *Too Late*, over the CBS network.

There was a nerve-racking experience for the CBS higher-ups, however, before Crosby was introduced to his radio audience. After ballyhooing him from one end of the country to the other, and having the talented Victor Young work night and day on special arrangements for him with his orchestra, the radio producers had to postpone the big debut for four days while Bing went into a heavy case of laryngitis. Reward came swiftly, though, when Crosby finally sang.

"He was 'in' from the start," Mr. Cashman recalls. "And you'll get a laugh from this—he wanted to announce his own program, and we were afraid to let him do it."

Crosby, whose breezy, informal manner has made him the top "tenor" in the business, wasn't allowed to open his mouth in the old days, except to sing!

And, from the first, Bing Crosby was the same simple, unassuming fellow that he is today. He usually appeared at the broadcast in a sweater and old slouch hat or cap. He was always very friendly to the page boys, receptionists, everyone with whom he came in contact. He was never an exhibitionist, never took his success seriously. The studio staff can't say the same for Downey, or some of the other "sustainers" who found over-night fame. *The Street Singer* was one whom they think went "berserk" with success. Once

Tracy gave the studio a few bright, if audacious, moments—unwittingly. Thirty seconds before he was to go on the air with his theme song, *Alaria*, he started over suddenly to say something to his guitarist, and walked right into a suspended microphone. The mike landed him a wallop that knocked him out cold. The startled guitarist had to play *Alaria* over and over again until *The Street Singer* recovered sufficiently to join him, while the announcer out-did himself in ad-libbing about "the music of the guitar in the strains of *Alaria*, bringing *The Street Singer* down the road to you."

The Boswell Sisters appeared first on NBC, but didn't seem to get anywhere. They were released, then went over to CBS. It was decided there to back them up with a guitar, and to put them in a very small studio where informality would be the keynote. The Boswells loved it and put those "lah-moulin'" Southern souls of theirs completely into their work. The result just had to be a success—and it was. There probably never again will be such honest-to-goodness, break-down singing on the air as the three Boswells put out from eight-forty-five to nine every evening, "straight across the board." They never lacked for sponsors, and it was only because Vee and Connie decided to go in for wedded life that the trio broke up. Now Connie is making a grand come-back all alone in several of our best commercials. All because the Boswells had a wise sustaining build-up in their early days, which took their names to every corner of the globe.

Tito Guizar is another famous person-

ality who got his start as a sustaining artist over CBS, as was Kate Smith. But the Columbia higher-ups give Kate Smith's manager, Ted Collins, all the credit for her big-time ratings. Managers just don't come like Ted Collins, according to them.

Tito was brought up under the supervision of Columbia. He was a Mexican, completely charming but utterly irresponsible—youth, handsome, in love with life, singing mainly just for the joy of singing.

Belonging to a high-ranking family of Mexico, Tito had followed his singing career against the wishes of his family. He was married to a smart young woman who had, herself, been a singing and dancing star on the stage, and this young wife did her best to make Tito business-like and to have him keep his mind seriously on his work. Tito's gay and carefree, "Va-ho-ho-ho! You make me verree happy!" that opened his broadcast, was typical of him. He just sang. As for the business end of things, and the responsibilities, they didn't bother him in the least. Often, he didn't show up for rehearsals. Sometimes he even forgot his programs. The people in charge always had someone standing by to fill in for Tito if he didn't show up. And he would break the song-plugger's hearts and get them in a jam with their horses by forgetting to put on a song that he had promised to sing. Nevertheless, Tito Guizar was and still is one of radio's big favorites. Today he is a movie star, and he can be just as free and devil-may-care as he likes, because that is his great charm on the screen.

(Continued on page 70)



Binnie Barnes has the fresh beauty so often found in her native Britain. After successes on the London stage, her movie roles under the direction of the famous Alexander Korda led to a Hollywood contract in 1934. (See her in Goldwyn's "Alamo Polo".)

Freshness is the special charm of Old Golds, too!



Every pack wrapped in 2 jackets of Cellophane, the *OUTER* jacket opens from the *BOTTOM*.

THE most priceless and *perishable* charm a star—or a cigarette—can have, is *freshness*. No effort, no expense, is too great to guard it. For if it fades, down goes "box office appeal".

Hollywood spends fabulous sums to prolong the freshness of its stars. Old Gold spends a fortune to protect—for you—the freshness of prize crop tobaccos.

Just as too much exposure coarsens beauty, so dryness, dampness and dust rob fine tobaccos of smoothness and flavor. To give you Old Golds at the very peak of appealing freshness, every Old Gold package is *double-sealed*, in 2 jackets of moisture-proof Cellophane.

Try a pack of Double-Mellow Old Golds, and discover how much *factory-freshness* adds to your smoking pleasure!

TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screen-scops, Tues. and Thurs. nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast.

WHAT EVERY MAN ADMIRES

(Continued from page 14)

Worse than

BODY ODOR-

P.O.



The worst body odor comes from P. O.—perspiration odor under the arms.

Take 1 minute to use Yodora—new, amazing deodorant cream that works directly on underarm secretions. Normally

stops odor in 2 days. Yodora also reduces amount of perspiration.

Yodora is made differently. It actually has a cosmetic base. That is why it is (1) soft—smooth on your face cream; (2) not sticky—extremely easy to apply; (3) has a clean delicate fragrance. See—only Got It today—money back if not delighted. Trial size FREE. Send coupon.

YODORA

DEDORANT CREAM

FREE!

Send coupon for trial size to McKesson & Robbins, Fairfield, Conn. Dept. M-2.

Name _____

Address _____

Quickly Tint
GRAY HAIR
and Look 10
Years Younger

• At home—quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Guaranteed harmless. Actual coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Imparts rich, beautiful, natural appearing color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by tinting a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50¢—at all drug or toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

Complexion Glamour
EVEN IN SUMMER!



Retain your glamorous complexion, so attractive to men—so conducive to romance! It can be yours all day at golf, tennis, swimming... all evening—no dancing, no tanning!

MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP keeps skin pale, smooth, aglow with radiant freshness. Avoids shine and an overworked powder-pail. Use it regularly on face as complete make-up or powder base alone—also on nose, neck, back and legs. Try the flattering seasonal tint shade!

MINER'S
Liquid MAKE-UP

50¢ or all drug and department stores. Trial size at 10¢ counters in most regions.

MINER'S 40 E. 20th St. Dept. 100, New York, N.Y.
Exclusive trial size by mail from Dept. of Beauty
Liquid Make-Up

SHADE _____
 PEACH _____
 RASCALS _____
 BEAUTIFUL _____
 SUMMER _____

Name _____
Address _____

WHAT THEY LIKE

Guy Lombardo, Phil Baker and Paul Douglas holding forth on a beauty page!

Yes, we are now going to tune in on these prominent men to get a new slant on an old question. Through the very nature of their work, these three are as perfectly fitted as one could wish to discuss the subject of feminine beauty. Their jobs bring them into contact with so many lovely and alluring ladies that each has evolved his own personal code as to what constitutes a woman's outstanding charm.

Just as we might have expected, all three men expressed three very different opinions! Furthermore, they completely blasted the idea that a gal must either be born a beauty or resign herself to knitting forevermore! Although their ideas as to what would win a beauty prize were a bit vague and hazy, their notions as to what makes a woman desirable, in the "eyes of the world" in general and to her men folk in particular, were most definite.

Once their initial reluctance to talk on such a controversial subject as "What Every Man Admires in Women" had been overcome, the fun waxed high and the arguments fast and furious. While Lombardo said "eyes," Phil Baker expounded upon "neatness" and Douglas tried to shunt them both down with "intelligence." (From which we observe, with some satisfaction that, in spite of a stoical indifference men seem to affect, and certain scathing remarks they cast upon the foibles of our make-up and dress, we women are still very muchly interested!)

All through the ages the poets have grown lyrical over eyes—"the windows of the soul." So, we were not at all surprised to hear the artistic and musical Guy Lombardo single out eyes and teeth as the first requirements of beauty; especially, when we remember that Mrs. Lombardo, who is blonde, possesses beautiful blue eyes and sparkling, well-cared-for teeth! However, if Mrs. Lombardo is pleased at possessing perfection of the two features her husband most admires—so may we all be pleased at his choice. Beautiful eyes and teeth may be had by any one of us who gives them the proper treatment and care.

Now, while Lombardo talked at great length about eyes and teeth, I had considerable difficulty in pinning him down to facts on coiffures. It seems to me that a couple of past experiences of his have made him extremely wary of going on record in this case! As Mr. Lombardo expressed it, "I don't know exactly what I do like or what I don't like. I just know when a woman looks attractive." So, we are left to presume that Mr. Lombardo would hesitate to tell one woman that she looks just short of freakish in a modish coiffure because, perchance, he might find the identical hair style most becoming to another woman of a different type. This "fashion be hanged" attitude is typically masculine.

Phil Baker says that eyes and teeth are fine and all that—but just give him a look inside of a girl's handbag and then he can tell you what she's like! Phil isn't refer-

(Continued on page 69)

HOW TO COMPLY

with an upward and circular motion, massage a good eye cream around them. The cream may remain on all night.

Light is just as sure to be a sleep-robbing as noise. Dark green or black window shades are better for sleeping purposes than the light ones. Glossy paint, shiny objects and stimulating pictures all distract the mind from the perfect blank it should be to induce deep, restful sleep. Don't worry about which side you sleep on. Just make yourself as comfortable as possible and slip right off into dreamland. You'll turn and change your position from ten to twelve times an hour anyway.

Don't get into the habit of thinking that night is the only time you can sleep. Cat naps of ten minutes or so at odd intervals during the day are great reversals and beautifiers.

All the things that add to the health of the body increase the brightness of the eyes. Proper diet and quantities of water every day will help make the eyes luminous and clear. Circulation stimulation also beautifies the eyes. To this end general exercises are helpful, and lying with the head lower than the rest of the body also will stimulate circulation in the eyes.

Adhesive plaster may be put into diamond shapes and stuck between the brows where frown lines are inclined to appear, or in the corners of the eyes where "laughing" lines gather.

Eye make-up dramatizes the eyes. However, unless you are the exotic type, you should avoid exaggerated use of eyebrow pencil and eyeshadow at all times. Even if you are exotic you should indulge in unusual effects only in the evening.

Powder dusted over the lashes before mascara is applied will make thin lashes seem thicker. Brush the lashes upward. Eyeshadow should never be applied below the eyes.

Petroleum jelly, oil or an eye cream applied to the lids gives them a shiny, delicate appearance.

On the matter of that fundamental virtue, "neatness," there is much to say (not that we all don't appreciate neatness, but because it is so easy to become careless). Of course, we comb our hair every day, but do we shampoo it often enough to keep it fluffy and soft? Do we critically study our hair at least twice a day to see that there are no straggling ends where the wave has become a little dejected or limp? Are we as punctual about the regular use of a deodorant as we should be? And even a clean face lacks charm if it is shiny.

Now, there is nothing like falling in love to make a woman absolutely aware of all the smallest details of her appearance. So, fall in love—if just a little bit—and you'll find it easier to follow "beauty advice" than to read it! If you are married, your husband will be delighted to see you soap out of the carny, lazy "any old dress will do—we're not going out tonight" attitude that usually follows marriage. While, if you are single, that particular young man will be quick to notice and respond to the change in that "old-dog-Trey" treatment

(Continued on page 69)

WHAT THEY LIKE

ring to money, either, if you please! He's talking about the little things like comb, lipstick, compact and handkerchief in that bag. Are they in good taste? Clean? Nicely matched? Are there so many articles in the bag that a girl has to plunge in up to the elbow and rummage for hours in pursuit of an elusive powderpuff or coin? "Yes," Phil Baker says, "the contents of a handbag reveal the owner's character very clearly!"

Do you feel a little glibly now—and have you made a mental note to give your own handbag a thorough over-hauling? Then, we'll progress to Paul Douglas.

Paul is taking a new approach as to what constitutes feminine charm. He is insisting that he'd just as soon take out a clothes dummy from Bouwit Teller's window as a girl with no mentality! Physical beauty doesn't matter to him in the least, but a girl who is intelligent enough to know how to dress and to make the most of her best features is never plain to look at nor dull to listen to! Even if her individual features are not beautiful from an absolute point of view, they can be made striking and outstanding if they are properly treated. Then, when such a girl talks intelligently, too, she has all the attractiveness a man could possibly desire.

These three prominent men of discriminating judgment have painted with words a picture of an ideal woman—an ideal that is within every woman's power to attain. So, now turn over to the opposite side of this story and after reading "How



Virginia Yerrill, CBS songstress, wears no jewelry except a diamond ring, which is a priceless family heirloom.

to Comply," see how easy it is to be that vision of loveliness—a dream come true!

HOW TO COMPLY

you have slipped in the habit of giving him.

When Paul Douglas said he liked "intelligent" women he voiced the opinion of the majority of men today. Now, that doesn't mean that you can only use words of more than three syllables. Or, that you have to spend hours in the library over weighty volumes so you can discuss engineering problems with an engineer, or knotty legal tangles with a lawyer! It simply means that you'll be smart enough to look terrifically interested when anyone talks to you, and give your full attention to the discussion. It also means that you'll be clever enough to part your hair in the middle if you have a nice nose and a full face; that you will part the hair low on the side if you have a thin face; that you will wear a shade of powder that blends suitably with your own coloring and does not stand out like a dusting of flour; that if you have any figure faults you'll diet and exercise them away.

If your face is too round to be pretty, you'll tackle the problem in a clever way. You will avoid all round lines and concentrate on the suavely oval. Avoid round hats, round curls or a round mouth. Keep your hair piled high on the head. Make your mouth wide and rather thin. If your face is too thin, reverse this process.

So it is that you may achieve perfection, first by criticising yourself ruthlessly, and then by applying the beauty advice given with good, common sense.

PLAY SAFE the MAVIS Way!

the "Undies" Test proves how this amazing talcum guards your daintiness

What good times you can have in the summer! Beach parties... dances... dates with a man who adores you! But you'll miss all this happiness, unless you're careful to guard your daintiness. So always, before you dress, shower your body with Mavis Talcum. It's the easy, delightful way to guard against giving offense.

Make the undies test and prove what amazing protection Mavis Talcum gives. Tomorrow morning, shower your body with Mavis Talcum... then at night, notice that your undies are fresh and sweet. This proves that you, yourself, have been sweet, dainty and alluring!

Mavis Talcum reduces the amount you perspire because it forms a soothing film of protection between your clothing and your skin. And the Mavis fragrance is divinely glamorous! Get your Mavis Talcum today. Generous quantities — 10¢, 25¢, 50¢, \$1. V. VIVAODDU, INC.

MAVIS TALCUM

TRIPLE WHIPPED CREAM AIDS DRY SKIN



PRaised BY
MOVIE STARS

If your skin is dry and therefore rough you owe it to yourself to try the new triple-whipped cream called TAYTON'S CREAM. Modern electric emulsion methods and triple-whipping make TAYTON'S CREAM so soft, light and fine in texture that it absorbs evenly and thoroughly, resulting in true cleansing, lubrication, freshening and softening.

And equally important, modern high speed machinery produces a sterilized cream for TAYTON'S at a saving of one-half compared with most cosmetic jars. This saving is passed on to you in two ways; the purest and most expensive ingredients that money can buy and double the quantity.

*BOOTS MALLORY

The 10c jar contains one ounce, while most others contain only one-half ounce. Compare these facts for yourself. TAYTON'S is top in quality. It has been tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. And the glamorous movie stars also praise TAYTON'S—for instance lovely Boots Mallory says: "I use TAYTON'S Cream to cleanse and keep my skin smooth and youthful looking."

You can't know the joy that TAYTON'S can bring until you try it for a jar of TAYTON'S Cream at your local store today. Put it to the test. See how it cleanses, softens and lubricates dryness. If your dealer is not available, write or telegraph to our sales manager to order for you or send 10c to TAYTON'S Dept. P. 811 W. 7th St., Los Angeles, Calif.

FREE POWDER SAMPLE COUPON

Take this coupon to any drug store for your generous trial package of TAYTON'S new, no-shine, silk-lifted Face Powder with surprise of the jar of TAYTON'S Cream. See the new color. Use first if you use it. No cash—will not cash. If store is out of samples send coupon to us with a stamp in cover mailing to: TAYTON Co.

LONG LASTING FAST DRYING

Now! A special lotion for use with any hair curler, bobby pin, or clip. Easy to use, not sticky or greasy. Makes long-lasting, fast-drying curls even in damp weather. Get Wilbro's Curling Lotion Today!

10¢ at all drug counters 15 Cents in Canada

NEW WILDROOT CURLING LOTION

BE A NURSE
MAKE \$25-\$35 A WEEK

Home training course in practical nursing at home. You can learn practical nursing at home in 10 weeks. Course includes 100 lessons. Thousands of graduates. Only \$25.00 the graduate has storage of 10-200 lbs. total. Another saved \$100 while here.

The equipment included 100 and women 18 to 40 (with doctor and required) will be provided.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 259, 100 Carlisle Street, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me book and 10 sample lesson book.

Name _____
City _____ State _____ Age _____

THE BIG-SALARIED STARS OF TOMORROW?

(Continued from page 67)

At this point in our reminiscences, Mr. Caselman paused to telephone a young singer about an appointment with a prospective sponsor.

"Don't wear your Spanish motif—that's well business," he told her. "If you do, he'll probably want to marry you, and you never will get the job. Wear your tan outfit, and look like the fresh, wholesome girl you are!"

Which shows that the sustaining department maintains a critical supervision, to the last detail, over its artists.

I asked Caselman why Art Jarrett, ex-husband of Eleanor Holm, had not become a star. He started about the same time and he was handsome. His case, said the production man, proves that talent and a good build-up do not always mean success for a sustaining artist. There was a psychological element there that spelled defeat. In his opinion, Jarrett had entered the field just about one month too late. Crosby and Downey were at their peak, with Russ Columbo at NBC, and it seemed that the public just couldn't spare its affections from these singers to admit a new one.

Besides, the others had been given the benefit of a night build-up. There were no night spots left for Jarrett, so he was put on at three in the afternoon. In talking it over, we decided that if Art Jarrett were given the chance now, he would probably be a big hit. He still has his voice and his looks, and he has public opinion on his side in a case that has brought him great publicity—publicity which he didn't seek.

Jean Sabin at NBC is another singer who should click, we thought, if given a good, permanent spot so that his fans could find him. The good-looking Frenchman definitely has romance in his voice and that's what the radio audience wants to hear.

The case of Igor Gorin, the Russian baritone with the thrilling voice that you all know, was heart-breaking for a time, all on account of that lack of a regular night-spot build-up, but, fortunately, it had a happy ending.

When Igor was first signed by NBC, he was given an evening spot, with a full orchestra for a background. Soon his singing began to attract nation-wide attention. Then his time was sold and for a while Igor was not heard at all on the air. Later he was given a spot in the early afternoon, with just a piano for accompaniment, at a time when very few people were listening in—even the housewives were away from their radios, out shopping or visiting friends. Poor Igor sang his love songs, his dramatic Russian melodies, out into an ungrateful ether that gave him back nothing. He became more and more discouraged. There he was, with a magnificent voice, and nobody was doing anything about it. At last he was sent to the publicity department. A "romantic" build-up was planned for him which, surely, with his singing, would have brought fame

and fortune almost overnight. Igor was elated. But nothing happened. When the idea finally made the rounds through NBC red tape to the program department, it died. They would not find room for him on an evening schedule, when he would have a chance to sing to an appreciable audience, nor would they provide him with an orchestra, which he needed to set off his voice. Perhaps it was not possible to do so. But one who knows the radio field will realize that the Powers That Be can arrange anything—and, in Igor's case, the Powers That Be just couldn't see things his way.

Igor asked for a release from his contract and received it. Within a few days he was signed to appear on Columbia's *Hollywood Hotel* series, one of the most popular programs on the air. In addition, he found himself with a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract in his pocket, which meant Hollywood and a chance at screen fame.

Besides Barry Wood, Columbia has the tenor, Del Casino; Hollace Shaw, coloratura; Nan Wynn, cute personality singer; and numerous other white hopes. NBC has Harry McKinley, Dorothy Dréslin and Marie Louise Quevli, to mention a few.

All are talented performers, but whether or not you can expect from them a spectacular sky-rocketing to fame as there was in the Crosby-Downey-Mills Brothers days, seems doubtful, with the commercial shows apparently favoring established names or serving as talent scouts themselves.

In spite of the odds which are against them, however, Mr. Rosenthal, who guides the destinies of Columbia artists, insists that "the stage is set for any new talent, of an extraordinary type; also for popular and legitimate singers, novelty acts, such as the Mills Brothers, even actors and actresses who can be lifted from the ranks and featured as dramatic stars. Radio is still continuing the search for the unusual." Therein lies hope, scant though it be, for the sustaining artists. Some of them may be the big salaried stars of tomorrow.



Marion Talley, a big-salaried star.

SCRIPTS THE CENSORS HAVE KILLED

(Continued from page 31)

was unwise to revive the memories of the outlaw group. Hence, real names and cities were not mentioned on the second week's continuation.

Mimicry of President Roosevelt is generally tabooed, not for censorship reasons but to avoid misleading the public or any part of it into thinking that the President himself is on the air. Jokes about Mrs. Roosevelt and the heads of foreign governments are also on the deletion list.

Henry Ford (and probably other sponsors) forbids the mention of politics, labor and Washington events in general, regardless of whether the material is used "in fun" or otherwise.

Bob Ripley's *Believe-It-Or-Nots* are frequently altered to eliminate any claim that they might not be authentic. The least doubt as to the accuracy of his subjects' claims calls for deletion rather than alteration. But one time a Ripley oddity was ruled out for another reason. He was to present a narrative by a former cellmate of Edith Cavell, the war martyr. But the broadcasters ruled it out on the ground that it might offend Germany.

Many topical items go on the taboo list. The Wally Simpson-Duke of Windsor chain of events came under restrictions laid down by the networks. Current divorce and separation suits and such things as child marriages also come under general bans.

Certain topics—religion, for instance—can only be dealt with on programs completely assigned under distinctive headings. When the *Radio Newscast* program desired to present a former hotel bellboy, who became a priest, the producers were informed that he could go on the air provided he did not talk about religion.

Mention of the Deity is carefully checked lest some people disapprove. Even such dramatic expressions as "Thank God!" have been deleted from scripts.

A chat with Miss MacRorie, a former newspaper woman who has headed NBC's continuity acceptance department for four years, revealed that jokes on marital relations often come in for altering.

She pointed out that, in one script, a woman was asked how she kept her husband, the inquirer adding that she knew good cooking was one way. But when the wife replied: "There are other ways, but we won't go into that!" Miss MacRorie deleted the entire gag.

And, another time, she came across the following line: "Why does your husband like you?" the answer being, "Personality, bed at night and I feed him."

Blue-penciling a gag of that type is never questioned.

Then there was the time when a script-writer, intending to denote laziness in a radio character, had him pasting prayers on the wall to read them at night. All forms of humor touching on religion are carefully scanned and this is one form of joke that is barred particularly.

A typically tabooed line recently yanked from one of the network's scripts was:

"Yes, she don't know how to say no," but Miss MacRorie explained that the reason it was yanked was not on account of any hidden meaning, but rather because the person so described was married, and any gag that might even faintly suggest misbehavior in matrimony is barred.

Here's another line caught by Miss MacRorie's alert eyes: "A compassionate piano? Yes! Try it for two months and then we'll take it back, provided there are no children."

Adaptations of stage plays are combed for lines which might be deemed offensive on the air, even though considered good taste in the theatre. She mentioned that the public knows what to expect at a play but never has advance indication of the lines that will come out of a home loud-speaker.

For instance, in the radio version of *Having Wonderful Time*, a fellow said: "Life can be beautiful without marriage," and immediately kicks poured in, not from sophisticated New Yorkers, but from people in various other parts of the country.

Miss MacRorie concedes that she is guided by listener mail as well as network policy in making her cuts. It is expected, she said, that some people will take offense at anything and that cranks and fanatics are regularly heard from.

But, also, she declared, there are intelligent letters of protest from time to time and, when as many as 800 arrived complaining about the same point, she assumes that there are many others who feel the same way but don't take the trouble of writing. An offensive phrase—that is, one bringing mass protests—is banned in all future scripts.

There are occasions when scripts are killed for reasons far removed from censorship. Galby Hartnett, the ball player, was signed as a guest star with Fannie Brice on the *Good News* program. But, in every rehearsal effort, he would burst out laughing when laughter was not desired. Finally, he had to be dropped. During last season's Western floods, when it was feared that curtailed telephone service from California would hamper the piping-in of the *Good News* show from the Coast, a substitute program, co-starring Eddie Cantor and Bob Ripley, was rehearsed in New York. But the punch-lifting program—one of the costliest shows ever built by the sponsor—never got on the air because telephone conditions were in good shape by program time.

The mention of various ailments is taboo. As mentioned earlier in this article, most broadcasters are especially careful on the topic of venereal diseases. Hence, you can imagine the embarrassment of the master-of-ceremonies of an audience-participation show from a Western CBS station, when the following took place:

It was a spelling bee in reverse, with the audience asking the spelling master to spell the words. Everything went well until one person called out, "Gonorrea!" The

(Continued on page 78)



A Big Bottle
Costs
Little

**WON
BY A HEAD
(Of Attractive Hair)**

IN BUSINESS or social affairs, winning success depends a great deal on appearance. That's why it's good business to keep a bottle of Lucky Tiger handy.

Lucky Tiger eliminates closing dandruff. No more "snowy" coat collars. It checks excessive falling hair and relieves that miserable itching—and it adds beauty to any head of hair. You can keep your hair young-looking by using Lucky Tiger two or three times weekly. Costs little at good druggists, barber shops and 10¢ stores.

**Lucky Tiger
HAIR TONIC**
MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Included
FREE
of extra charge
Your choice of Man's or Lady's Watch with **FREE** of extra charge with every (line ordered) during this **SALE** and paid for on our easy monthly plan. Lady's or Man's Ring, with simulated diamond that you'd think cost many times the price. Nothing extra for this. It's included **FREE** with your 100-day trial period. Man's Watch—**FREE**—with every watch order. Lady's Watch—**FREE**—with every watch order. **FREE**—with every watch order. **FREE**—with every watch order.

GOLD STANDARD WATCH CO.
Dept. 329 B, New York, N.Y.
Rush after by RETURN MAIL—
No postage paid to us by order
of Ladies' Model □ Men's Model
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

**SOFT, TENDER GUMS?
YES I CAN HELP YOU—
BUT YOU MUST
DO YOUR
JOB, TOO!**



START NOW to cooperate with your dentist at home. Massage your gums twice every day with Forhan's.

**Forhan's Does Both Jobs
CLEANS TEETH • AIDS GUMS**

Dentists know that when gums are healthy, your teeth will be **BRIGHTER**—noticeably more attractive. Use Forhan's gum massage regularly. Forhan's Toothpaste is **different**—because it contains a special ingredient for your gums.

(Continued from page 63)

a careful self-censorship is imposed with young listeners in mind, even though the programs in question are not essentially aimed at children.

Meanwhile, program directors are constantly seeking to improve the quality of kid shows, to find writers capable of producing scripts that will be "harmless" and at the same time interest the young listeners. And while there is naturally a wide variation among parents and authorities over what is suitable for children to hear, the major chains have adopted rigid requirements to which every children's program must adhere.

Anything smacking of the supernatural or superstitious is ruled out, wholly. Events in a real script must all be explainable by natural laws without recourse to the eerie.

While suspense is a natural ingredient of any action story, radio frowns upon the suspense "break-over"; that is, leaving the hero in some perilous situation until the next episode, for the child listener to worry over. When *Dick Tracy*, for example, gets himself in some terrific jam you may rest assured that before the program is over *Dick* will triumph as usual, allowing his young fans to go to bed peacefully. And, naturally, crime, gangsters, racketeers and such are never exalted or built up as popular heroes.

These are fairly obvious safeguards. But the chances are that organized radio, in attempting to safeguard child listeners, has made many more taboos and editorial restrictions than the most earnest parent would even think of. And to hear in mind and observe all of the following points and still give the kids what they want, is something of a real job, yet it's being done. Notice, please, that broadcasters will *NOT* let your child hear:

- ...Anything disrespectful of parental or other proper authority.
 - ...Cruelty, greed or selfishness presented as worthy motivations.
 - ...Programs that arouse harmful, nervous reactions in the child.
 - ...Conceit, smugness or an unwarranted sense of superiority over others less fortunate, presented as laudable.
 - ...Recklessness and abandon falsely identified with a healthy spirit of adventure.
 - ...Unfair exploitation of others for personal gain made praiseworthy.
 - ...Dishonesty or deceit made attractive.
- Remembering the things you discuss at home, the books and papers to which the child has access, the movies you take him to, the conduct he sees about him; bearing all this in mind along with the things radio protects him from . . . are you as careful?

ATTENTION!

The winners of the

LARRY CLINTON

Circus Song Title Contest

will be announced in

OCTOBER RADIO STARS

GRIFFIN ALLWHITE
for all white shoes

BOTTLE OR TUBE . . . 10c & 25c SIZES

Gives a "new shoe" finish because it cleans as it whitens . . . whitens whiter and will not rub off. Absolutely neutral . . . safe and easy to apply.



The King's Men (Ken Darby, Rod Robinson, Jon Dodson and Bud Linn) are active aviation enthusiasts. In fact, Ken Darby is a full-fledged pilot.

I STOP PERSPIRATION

I AM

dri-dew

THE NEW

CREAM DEODORANT

I AM APPROVED by the American Institute of Laundering, and the Nat'l Ass'n of Dyers and Cleaners

I do not dry up in the jar

I do not irritate, even right after shaving

I am not greasy and I'm safe

I smell nice and clean

I am a new member of the well-known family of DEW deodorants

I do not harm towels or clothes

I WILL KEEP YOUR SECRET

P. S.

I am sure you will find I am the last word in cream deodorants that stop perspiration



NEURITIS

Relieve Pain In Few Minutes

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MARY T. GOLDMAN
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Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....
Color of your hair.....

DEATH ALMOST CLAIMED THEM!

(Continued from page 37)

volcano. The moment they struck they all yelled and jumped from the wreck simultaneously, like bullets from a gun. The plane was in flames and all knew they'd be cooked alive if they didn't get clear. Thomas scrambled to his feet and staggered away a few yards, respecting the gasoline tanks to explode, but the pilot and mechanic were considerably injured and stayed where they fell, groaning and crying. All the while the engine was gasping like a dying monster. Gasoline was pouring from the tanks. But it did not explode. The pilot, instinctively, had switched off the ignition as they dived. Thomas ran to the pilot and pulled the mask off his face. There was a tremendous bulge on his forehead. He was clutched his chest as though he had been injured internally. Thomas dragged him out of range of the gasoline tanks, then ran to the mechanic. He seemed to be in equally great pain, with blood streaming down his face.

The other airmen and the Spaniards, who had gathered about the plane in the desert, were about a quarter of a mile away, and it was several minutes before they got to the wreck. The country folk stood around, all eyes, too frightened to help, but the chief of pilots and the Alliance mechanic raced to get water for the victims, whose throats were so choked with the dirt and sand that they could hardly breathe.

The injured mechanic grew weaker and weaker. His face began to puff up, and finally both eyes were swollen completely shut. Thomas stretched him out in the shade of one of the smashed wings. Apparently, none of his own bones had been broken, though he had crumpled up a few moments from the shock. Later, when he looked at the wreckage of the plane, he had a curious feeling of exhilaration, he felt so lucky. The tail assembly was smashed, the fuselage was snapped, the wings crushed and twisted. The mail and baggage compartments were scattered to smithereens, and the mail was scattered all over the desert. Every part of the plane was wrecked, except the two cockpits.

Only Providence could have saved them from death in a crash like that. It was the same sort of crash that took the life of Will Rogers, and that has spelled doom for so many liars ever since the beginning of aviation. When you go into a nose-dive at three hundred feet above the earth, there is no chance whatever to straighten out the plane, and generally you are in for it. Thomas saved a piece of the propeller about eighteen inches long, all that was left of it, and even today, when he looks at that grisly souvenir, he cannot repress a shudder.

Fred Waring is no explorer, but he will swear that Death rides as surely in a speeding automobile as in a disabled plane hovering over a foreign desert.

"The only sensation I remember," says he, in discussing his narrowest escape, "is that it seemed to take about three hours for the car to turn over.

"It was back in 1925 when the band

was doing one of its first big road tours, only in those days Pullmans were too expensive and we drove from late in state. On this particular Thursday night I was driving with Curly Cockerill, who is still in my saxophone section, from Kansas City to St. Louis. We had to open in St. Louis the next day and there was such a bad storm in Kansas City that we had to delay our departure until about 4 a. m. and then, of course, we had to drive fast to make up time.

"All of a sudden, and without any warning, the cement road we were traveling on came to an end and became a dirt road. We skidded wildly and rolled down under a trestle. The top, the windshield, everything was cut off clean as a whistle, but Curly and I escaped without a scratch. Fortunately, a couple of the other boys were following us and picked us up."

Needless to say, Fred Waring is as jittery as a jitter-bug when he's in an automobile, and does plenty of "back-seat" driving if he isn't at the wheel.

Another orchestra leader who has had a close call is Horace Heidt. His came under unusual circumstances. Heidt was playing football on the University of California team one day, when he had his luck broken. It took seven operations to ease the pain of the fracture so that he could begin to enjoy normal activities again, and the doctors told him he was lucky even to be alive. Today he can play golf occasionally, and swim, but he can't ride horseback. And often the pain comes back to remind him that he once lay at death's door.

Irene Wickler almost met her fate when she was swimming once near Palm Beach, and she and her companion were caught in a terrific undertow. They fought it madly, but finally Irene became unconscious and remained that way for half an hour while her companion succeeded in holding her afloat until the life-guards were able to rescue them.

Harry von Zell, too, once came near drowning in the sea. He was caught in a "rip tide" off Laguna Beach on the West Coast. It took him two hours to get ashore, where he collapsed and was revived only through pulmonary.

Vaughn de Leath's near-drowning experience occurred in a salt-water pool in California. She had always been afraid of swimming but, through sheer will-power, had succeeded in learning how by means of a dog-paddle stroke. She was idling around in the pool when suddenly a group of friends, thinking to help her get over her fear of the water, began to duck her. She begged them to stop, but they paid no attention. She choked and went under. Then her friends became panicky and yelled for the life-guard, who helped them save her. She was unconscious for a long period, but was revived with the aid of a pulmonary. Today she makes herself go in swimming, but there is an underlying fear that would drive her into a panic if thoughtless friends should try to duck her again.

When Ford Bond was a small boy in

Louisville, Kentucky, he and an older brother were bitten by a mad dog. His brother died three days later, but the Pasteur serum arrived from New York in time to save Ford's life. Another few hours would have been too late.

Robert L. Ripley, the world's most widely-traveled explorer, never knew the meaning of "fear of death" until he was trapped underneath the Sahara Desert, unable to communicate with the outer world, cut off from all possible rescue.

Through this amazing experience, Ripley learned why the River Lethe got its fabulous reputation as the River of Death, why his name has been handed down as a synonym for oblivion through the word, "lethal."

The adventure started when Ripley became bored with his visit to the Hesperides, near Bengazi, in North Africa, and discovered that the famous "golden apples of Hesperides" were merely oranges. It is the one garden in the world that blooms in a desert, but Ripley found it greatly over-rated. His interest was held immediately, however, when he learned that a great opening in the garden led to the underground river whose waters "irrigated" this one fertile spot in the midst of the Sahara. He determined to explore it.

The guides balked at exploring the river. The legend that it would bring forgetfulness terrified the Arabs. A young Italian was appeased by an offer of money, however, and agreed to go along. Then several of the Arabs decided to join him.

At the entrance to the underground stream, Ripley found a half-submerged rowboat in which some other adventurer must have attempted to explore the stream. After a struggle it was raised and patched enough to be serviceable. Ripley and the guide lighted torches and paddled up the "river of forgetfulness."

"The water in the caverns must get very high at times," the Italian pointed out, after a while. "See the high water line on the rocks?"

Slowly they paddled along, seeming to get nowhere. All around them were the dark, damp walls of the cave.

"Look! The water is rising!" the guide exclaimed, after a time. "The high water mark, it is much nearer the water than before. It must be the tide rising."

Quickly his fear spread to the Arabs, and it was decided to return to the river entrance. They turned the boat around, paddled anxiously. Now the rising tide was in full flow, and fighting the current made progress slow. They came to a low place in the cavern, where, a short time before, they had been able to pass in comfort. Now they had to lie flat in the boat, push on the roof to submerge the boat enough to pass!

The Arabs wailed that they were lost, that they would be drowned. Ripley began to know fear, too, but he put up a brave front. He assured the Italian that they would get out, and told him to calm the Arabs. They struggled against the rushing current, with progress becoming slower and slower.

And then their torches burned out! They were trapped under the Sahara Desert, lost, without food, terrified, with the water rising steadily every minute. Darkness swallowed everything.

Ripley made a desperate effort to keep command of the situation. He ordered the boat moved to the side of the cave where, at least, the wall could be used to guide them.

Minutes dragged slowly and the lamentations of the Arabs filled the cavern. Ripley urged them to continue to follow the wall, pushing the boat against the tide. This they did desperately.

The guides became thirsty. "Drink from the river," Ripley suggested.

This they would never do. If man drank from the River Lethe, he would forget friends and home, everything connected with his past existence.

Ripley sampled the water, but he found its anesthetic qualities to be grossly exaggerated. He was still conscious of the horrible present. Just as he was preparing to resign himself to the inevitable, a faint glow appeared in the distance.

"See! Ahead there!" shouted the Italian. "Daylight! It's the entrance to the cavern!"

Eager hands pushed the boat toward the light. And, after an interminable period, they squeezed under the lowering roof to safety.

"And that," says Ripley, "is the last I hope to see of the River Lethe. It was too close to being lethal to me, for comfort. I came very near to having a permanent sleep."

Margaret Speaks, top-flight soprano of concert and radio, tries to rule all thought of danger out of her life. She believes that often danger is brought on by the vibration of fear which a person may give out.

"If you really believe in danger, you can get in a panic every time you cross a traffic-lighted street," she says. "And that's not really living. I believe that danger is very often a product of the imagination."

Nevertheless, Margaret Speaks will admit that she was frightened once when the plane she was riding in was delayed for three hours in a dense fog over the Alleghenies—that section which might well be called the "grave-yard of planes." Most of the passengers felt that their end had come. But it turned out that the pilot knew where he was every minute of the time, and everything was under control.

Again, there was an incident in her childhood which might well have turned into tragedy. She was riding a pony in the Michigan woods. She rode into a field where there were a lot of lumber horses turned free to graze while the workmen headed toward breakfast and her pony. As they rambled across the field and bure down on her, their hooves made a terrific sound.

As they came close, their sweating faces and the thick muscles standing out on their shoulders frightened the little girl almost out of her wits. To her, it was a fearful stampede. The workmen shouted at the horses, however, and thus the danger of being trampled under those pounding hooves was avoided. Later, the workmen persuaded Margaret to laugh at the matter by telling her that the big horses were only giving her pony a friendly greeting.

(Continued on page 74)

HOW YOU CAN Attract MEN



Men Love Peppy Girls

If you'd like to help change your dull, drab life into a more happy, thrilling existence—if you'd like to be more sought after and admired by men, consider this:

It's the girl bubbling over with vivacious pep and ginger who attracts men. Men can't stand cranky, ailing women.

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This stimulating, antiseptic astringent is lightweight, refreshing and helpful. Dissolve Sazoile in one-half pint witch hazel and apply.

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If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is hot and sultry; if heat, dust and general miasmas make you wheeze and choke as if each breath for breath was the very last; if mental sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a life-time and tried everything you could learn of without relief, even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address: **Frontier Asthma Co. 197-C Frontier Bldg. 107 Niagara St. Buffalo, N. Y.**

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YOUR
LIVER
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Without Calomel—
And You'll Jump
Out of Bed in the
Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of fluid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas blocks up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, rank and the world looks pink.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

Bill Stern, the popular sports announcer, feels that he is truly lucky to be still among the living. In the fall of 1935, he was sent to Austin, Texas, to broadcast one of the University of Texas football games. The next day, after the game, he was driving in his small, light roadster on the road to Shreveport, Louisiana. He was doing about eighty over a perfect Texas cement road, when he came to an important intersection and crashed into a car that was coming at a great speed at right angles to him. It was a blind crossing, and the only thing that could happen was a head-on collision. Bill was knocked out of his car and thrown under the other automobile, which immediately caught fire. Unconscious, he was pulled to safety by a quick-thinking passer-by, and an ambulance was sent for.

It took the ambulance one hour to arrive, an hour in which Bill lay on the pavement in agony, with two broken arms and a broken leg, and most of the skin burned off his body. Finally he was removed to a small Texas hospital where they operated on his leg at once. They closed up the wounds but, unfortunately, closed in cement and dirt from the road. As a result, gangrene set in, and his life was despaired of. It was decided to send him East on a special train to New York. On that trip, for two days and nights, Bill's dirt consisted entirely of morphine. Arriving in New York, he was immediately operated upon again, the dirt removed and, after five blood transfusions and three more operations, Bill Stern was started back on the road to recovery. But he spent the next six months in a plaster cast, and the next year on crutches. Oh, yes—Bill is one of those who have heard the brushing of "angels' wings!"

Tim and Irene are other lucky survivors of automobile crashes. Once the car they were in was speeding down a hill toward a small bridge. It was night. A truck was stalled on the bridge, without lights. Their driver had to swerve his car toward the bridge rail. He hit it, of course, and went down a steep embankment. The car turned over five times, and no one received a scratch!

Announcers who are sent on "special events" assignments often risk their lives, as do newspaper correspondents and news-reel photographers. Kelvin Keech had a narrow escape when he was sent to "cover" the arrival of the French fliers. Coste and Bellonte in the *Question Mark*.

"While Curt Peterson and I were waiting for the ship to taxi in," Kelvin says, "fifteen thousand frenzied spectators broke through the fence and completely swamped us. I tripped over the microphone lead wire and fell headlong into the mud beneath the fishing boat, but managed to keep on talking."

Kelvin's back and hands were trampled upon heedlessly, and he was unable to get up, so he began to fear that he would be killed in the human stampede. Mud was plastered over the mike and all over him, but he carried on. In spite of his bruises and the confusion and the mud. He described the arrival in both English and French, while Peterson miraculously got through the crowd to the plane to interview the fliers.

Young Jane Martin, heard on the *Tom Hall Big Game Hunt*, was once held up in Brooklyn by a masked thug with a drawn gun. Suddenly several men saw what was happening and rushed to her rescue. The thug turned to fire, but pulled the trigger before he wheeled around, shooting Miss Martin in the arm. A little higher would have meant her heart.

Jack Benny thanks his lucky stars for the strange twist of fate which befell him in the days when he was touring in vaudeville. In 1923, he was playing in a Mid-Western town, when the show ran over several minutes—just long enough to make him miss the train that he had intended to take to the next town. Several hours later that train was involved in a famous railroad accident in which more than twenty people lost their lives.

Call it Fate, call it Providence, or what you will, but the heroes and heroines of these near-death dramas are here with us today through sheer, hair-breadth escapes. And they are thankful for their "borrowed time."



This fall you'll hear Ed Wynn on a new show. Here's Ed showing his Radio Stars' Distinguished Service Award to Announcer Harry von Zell.

THE BANDWAGON

(Continued from page 41)

that Hal had to let her rest and find a substitute.

By that time, Kemp should have been floored and waiting humbly for them to count him out. He didn't, though. As the boys on the street say, he beat the rap. He lauded his *Time to Shine* commercial, which is doing both him and his sponsor a lot of good.

There are now exactly two members of the original Kemp outfit left—Saxie Dowell and Ben Williams. And rumor says that Saxie is getting ready to resign and organize his own band. But Hal has passed the point where that would bother him. He's demonstrated, almost conclusively, that in his case, anyway, it's possible for a maestro who knows his business to be a success all by himself.

U. OF N. C. AGAIN

I've told you how the University of North Carolina has sent K. Kyser and H. Kemp forth into the world. I've mentioned the U. of N. C. so much that somebody's likely to toss an honorary degree in my direction. But try to hear with me while I relate one more story to come out of that collegiate resort.

It is already part of campus history but it never leaked out into the outside world. A few years ago Alabama was scheduled to play California in a championship Rose Bowl football match. At that time Bing Crosby was busy, as usual, on the air. Bing was always an athletically inclined youth and this time he seemed to favor California in the forthcoming contest. He favored U. of C. so much that he used to sing, sarcastically, a song called "Stars Fell On Alabama."

A group of young men at North Carolina resented it. One dormitory group got up a long letter protesting Bing's favoritism and let that Alabama would win the game. The terms of the bet are unique in radio history. If Bing lost, he would present the students with a ping-pong table; if he won, every member of the dormitory would write Bing's sponsor a letter telling said sponsor what a great job Crosby was doing. Bing agreed to the terms of the bet over the air.

Today at Chapel Hill, in the game room of Lewis Hall, a dormitory of the University of North Carolina, there is a magnificent ping-pong table. The boys fondly call it the "Bing Crosby Table."

TROMBONE MAN

On his way to the West Coast, Tommy Dorsey stopped in Chicago to play a two weeks' theatre engagement. Arriving in his dressing-room on his first day there, he found a message to call Louis Armstrong at such-and-such a number sometime during the evening.

Tommy called and asked for Louis. He wasn't there but Mrs. Armstrong, Louis' elderly mother, answered the phone.

"Will you take a message for Louis?" asked Tommy. "Will you tell him that Tommy Dorsey called?"

"Who?" queried Mrs. Armstrong who,

although the mother of Trumpet King Armstrong, is no swing-cat herself.

"Tommy Dorsey T-o-m-m-y D-o-r-s-e-y. I play a trombone."

DISCOVERER?

Over the years Rudy Vallee has managed to build quite a reputation as a discoverer of talent. But there have been numerous occasions where astute Crooner Vallee has let great talent slip from between his fingers.

One case in point is that of a young man named Allie Wrubel. Back in 1931, Wrubel was working with Vallee. Allie wrote a number of songs which he showed to Rudy. Vallee turned thumbs down on them and soon sent the young man on his way.

Allie, discouraged, stopped by to see Martin Downey. They went over his songs together. One of them Downey liked particularly and he worked on it with the composer. Then he arranged to have it published. The song was called *Now You're In My Arms*—the number one hit of the year.

After that success, Hollywood called siren-like for Wrubel. He is now working for Warner Brothers at a weekly salary of something over a thousand a week. He's just written a new tune which promises to be this year's sensation. It's called *Music, Maestro, Please*.

THAT title, *Music, Maestro*, is oddly ironic. Two years ago Vallee decided that something was wrong with the "attitude" of his band. He fired every member of the Connecticut Yankees. Among those musicians to go were:

Mickey Bloom—whose trumpet Hal Kemp now features.

Buddy Sheppard—who now leads his own band on the *CBS Rhythm Roundabouts* and is a featured CBS violin soloist.

Saxophonist Benny Krueger—who has been conductor of the orchestra on the *Pick and Pat* show ever since he left Vallee.

Walter Schari—now one of Hollywood's greatest pianists and arrangers.

Walter Gross—who has started with his piano on *Swing Session* and played with Kostelanetz all season.

Vibralist Eddie Davis—who has clicked with his own band at New York's swankiest clubs.

In place of his old band, Vallee hired a group of the regular radio house men who play on a lot of commercials. Listening to the new Yankees, a wise-cracker may easily ask: "What's happened to the music, Maestro, please?"

IMITATION IS THE—

Sad, indeed, is the lot of a bright clasp who gets hold of a good idea and then can't use it himself.

Mark Warnow was a pioneer in the what-do-you-know kind of program. Last year on his *Blue Velvet* series he presented "Tune Teasers" as a feature. Mark played a group of familiar melodies and

(Continued on page 76)

BABY FEET

RUINED

OUTGROWN SHOES

It's true Mother!

Millions of baby feet are RUINED because mother lets baby wear outgrown shoes. Short, tight, outgrown shoes, no matter what you paid, will twist and warp the soft, delicate bones forever out of shape.

Wee Walker shoes are so inexpensive you can afford to change to new ones often. They have every feature baby needs. They are correctly proportioned, full-sized, mummy shoes that give real barefoot freedom. They are good-looking, flexible, soft. Distributed at low cost through our 400-wide stores maintaining a low profit policy. The stores listed have or will gladly order the size and style you want. See them—compare them—in the infant's wear department. For baby's sake accept no substitute.

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YOUR choice is rewarded with every pair of shoes you purchase. FREE! A \$10.00 watch with every pair of shoes you purchase. FREE! A \$10.00 watch with every pair of shoes you purchase. FREE! A \$10.00 watch with every pair of shoes you purchase.

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EXACT MEASURE • QUICKER IRONING • FINER FINISH



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Finest gloss starch is now available in handy exact-measure cubes. No guess-work, no mess. Just count cubes for perfect results. Women say smoother ironing surface saves 35 ironing time — imparts lustrous finish. Saves time and water. Ask your grocer today for laundry starch in CUBES. A. E. Staley Mfg. Co., Decatur, Ill.



STALEY'S GLOSS STARCH CUBES



NOW! Beautiful NAILS

AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE

NEW! Smart, long tapering nails for everyone! Cure broken, thin nails with NU-NAILS. Cover them any length and polished any desired shade. Defies detraction. Waterproof.

Easy applied, remains firm. No chipping and peeling out. Remo-void will. All size and 10 stores.

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BECOME AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT

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LABALLE EXTENSION, Dept. 2111-H Chicago

Happy Relief from PAINFUL BACKACHE

Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those grating, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous wastes out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 2 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, sleepless nights, listlessness, loss of general energy, grating, aching, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headache and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Donan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Donan's Pills.

asked listeners to write in and give the tunes their correct files. That idea was probably the greatest fan-mail inducer that Warnow or any other listener had thought of up till then.

But *Blue Velvet* went off the air after the summer and first thing you know you had your *Kollege of Musical Knowledge* and all the other radio brain-teasers. Warnow is back with *Blue Velvet* but the Tune Teaser feature is no more. Mark wouldn't like being called an imitator.

TO FUTURE BANDLEADERS:

Meredith Willson has saved all you lads who want to be maestri a great deal of trouble. For every musical division, there is a favorite composition. If you want to get along you must have these audience favorites in your repertoire. Meredith, kindly enough, has collected all of them for the benefit of his *Good News* patrons. Now all you have to do is clip and file them away. The Willson musical sweepstakes winners are: Piano—*Liebestraum*; March—*Stars and Stripes Forever*; Operatic Aria—*Toreador Song*; Lullaby—*Sweet and Love*; Violin—*Caprice Viennois*; Love Song—*Love's Old Sweet Song*; American Folk Song—*My Old Kentucky Home*; Serenade—*Serenade*; Spiritual—*Swing Low, Sweet Chariot*; American Melody—*To a Wild Rose*; Most Beloved Encore—*Liedesfreud*. And then you can't forget the ages' most kicked around number—*Hearts and Flowers*.

TWO CLICKS FROM STICKS

The Gibson Family of Worcester, Mass., is batting 100 percent these days.

Little more than a year ago, Fredla and Bobby Gibson were two stage-struck kids, living in an average small American city and hoping for a chance. Fredla's came first. After singing at every available home-town function, she was offered a job by the old Hudson-Delange band. Singing at her first date, she received a wire from Richard Humber asking her to come to New York as his vocalist. Fredla went to work as the *Hit Parade* vocalist and brought her whole family to Manhattan with her.

Kid brother Bobby landed a job as a *CRS* page boy, which he followed with a spot as a sustaining Columbia singer. Will Osborne came along next, first thing you know, Bob had a job as his vocalist. Since her arrival, Fredla has not only starred on *Hit Parade*, but also on the George Olsen-Tim and Irene show. And now four different bands are after Bobby. At the moment, it looks like Ben Bernie is going to get him.

Just goes to show you that all you have to have is the talent.

SKIN-BEATERS

Gene Krupa has always claimed that authentic swing drumming originated among the savage African tribes. Skin-beater Krupa was proved right when *CRS* Producer John Carille collected eighteen native African drummers and put them on the *Columbia* *Drumshop*.

Peculiarly, they were heard during the half hour directly preceding the *Swing Session*. The expert musicians of that show listened to the Africans beat it out and issued collective statements that it was the finest swing drumming they'd ever heard.

The most unusual-looking drum in the collection of eighteen is the "blood-drum." They are all made of goat-skin and half, but this one is a special number. It's a tribal custom to cut off the head of an opponent, toss it against the drum and let the splattered blood serve as decorations. *Ey-yo-o-o-u-w-w-w!*

THE PURSE STRINGS HOLDER

Noted illustrator McClelland Barclay needed a model to pose as the blonde society beauty who falls in love with an orchestra leader in a story called *Up Beat*, which will appear in a popular fiction magazine. He selected Frederika Gallatin—who happens to be the wife of bandleader Al Dosulue.

Mrs. Dosulue models only in her spare time. She spends most of her day working as business manager and financial adviser for her husband and his twenty-one orchestras. Lovely Frederika comes very naturally by her financial talents, too. She is a direct descendant of Albert Gallatin, one of the first U. S. Secretaries of the Treasury.

KILLER-DILLER

Most orchestra leaders become famous in the trade for some little personal characteristic. Benny Meroff is famous for doing a "Parykarkus" act with words, but without being of dialect. Recently he was holding a band rehearsal and the boys were playing as if they hadn't been to bed for weeks. Finally Benny's patience was exhausted and he turned on them:

"What's the matter with you guys? Are you in a trance?"

ONCE OVER LIGHTLY

How long will it take for some one to realize that if Gene Krupa is ever to make a success of his band he must settle down in one spot where he can get a network wire? No band, in this day and age, can ever hope to build up to anything without time on the air. Look what happened to Cass Lantz when they stopped broadcasting. . . . Incidentally, Elizabeth Tilton, Martin's younger sister, received her high school diploma in California and the next day set out for the East to go to work as the Krupa gal vocalist. . . . Johnny Augustine has taken Freddie Riel's place as *CBS* studio conductor. . . . Members of the studio audience attending the Ben Bernie broadcasts could never figure out why one lone member of the orchestra was arrayed in a full dress suit while the rest of the boys were content with Tuxedos. Paul Sparr was the lad. He used to dash from the broadcast to Manhattan's swank Versailles Club, where he led his own orchestra. . . .

T. Dorsey's Western tour was a highly romantic thing. His band had one week's vacation between a date in Detroit and the Palomar in Los Angeles. Skeets Herfurt, Hymie Shertzer and Dean Kincaid—all ace of the sax section—used that week to get married. . . .

It might interest you to know that *CRS' Tin Pan Alley*—a program built to play ten new tunes each week—had to get off the air because there weren't enough good new tunes being written.

EXTRA! EXTRA! The winners of the Larry Clinton Circus Song Title Contest, sponsored by *The Bandwagon*, will be announced here next month. Keep your fingers crossed!



YOU'LL DANCE FOR JOY

when corns go Root* and All

NO MORE painful corns! No more dangerous old-fashioned paring that only affects the surface of a corn, leaves the root to come back bigger and more painful than ever! Now it's easy to remove corns quickly—safely—root and all! The new double-action Blue-Jay method ends pain by removing pressure, then in a few days the corn lifts out root and all! Exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application. Blue-Jay is a tiny medicated plaster. Easy to use. Safe—quick-acting—painless. 25¢ for a package of 6. Same price in Canada. At all drug and department stores.

BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS
 *A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. It lifts away, leaving the root in place for renewed development.

FRECKLES DISAPPEAR in 5 to 10 days



Don't worry over unsightly freckles. Here's a new way to remove them quickly and gently while you sleep. Simply apply Nadinola Freckle Cream over face and arms at night. Then wait! Freckles disappear usually in 5 to 10 days. Your skin is cleared, freckles become satin-smooth. NADINOLA Freckle Cream is most approved by dermatologists who cover 36 years' experience in this type of skin treatment. Only 50¢ at toilet counters; 10¢ each at Five and Ten Cent Stores. *For saving a dime get trial package to NADINOLA, Dept. 188, Fair, Conn.

NADINOLA Freckle Cream

You'll Be Fascinated By THE STORIES BEHIND THE THEME SONGS in October RADIO STARS

Say Goodbye to Dull, Drab Hair



In one, simple, quick operation, Lovalon the 4 purpose rinse, does all these 4 important things to your hair. 1. Gives lustrous highlights. 2. Rinses away shampoo film. 3. Tints the hair as it rinses. 4. Helps keep hair neatly in place. Use Lovalon after your next shampoo. It does not dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, made in 12 different shades. Try Lovalon. You will be amazed at the results.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. 3 times 25 cents at drug and department stores. 2 rinse size at 10¢ each.

LOVALON
 —the 4 purpose vegetable HAIR RINSE

spelling master hesitated for just a second and then proceeded. "G-o-o-d-b-y-e-r-r." he spelled and then, in usual spelling-bee style, pronounced the word. "Gondolier." In the station's eyes, he saved the day, but there are probably many who wouldn't have represented the actual spelling of the original word.

Sir Josiah Stamp, on a visit to New York, told a joke that is considered unlikeworthy by the chains. But he told it on a local station and the repercussions that may have been attached to its nationwide air dissemination were absent. It concerned the boy who was absent from school for a day and had a note from his mother which stated that he was home because he had the measles. The teacher was surprised to see him cured so rapidly and queried him further. Then the boy explained that it wasn't actually the measles; it was diarrhea, but his mother couldn't spell it!

One of the oddest and funniest incidents of radio censorship concerns a vocalist on one of the first *Canned* series. But the censorship concerns a costume he wore at the rehearsal and the sponsor insisted he change it by broadcast time. He was to sing a Russian ballad and, inasmuch as the program originated before a large visible audience, the cast frequently employed the use of costumes. The singer came with a military outfit and the sponsor complained that the shell pockets across his chest looked too much like cigars, and were therefore out of place on a cigarette program!

NBC, CBS and Mutual—as well as independent stations—maintain staffs of carefully-trained script readers assigned to scan all continuities to ascertain that nothing goes on the air which does not measure up to the prescribed standards of broadcasting.

Broadcasters detest the word "censorship." They concede that their forms of "editorial supervision" are censorial. But they are quick to add that such duties are not self-assumed but are actually obligations placed on the stations by the Communications Act. In most other nations, the governments supply the program copy-readers. In the U. S. A., the burden is

placed on the shoulders of the broadcasters themselves, who are told that the programs must be in the "public interest, convenience or necessity." In that phase and phrase lies the editorial license stations assume. Just those few simple words give the stations wide latitude in deciding what's fit and what's unfit for the public ear.

General proscriptions set forth by broadcasters are probably in accord with most listeners' views of good taste and propriety. Obscene and sacrilegious remarks are banned. So are attacks on creeds and races.

A staff of script readers, headed by Janet MacKorie, does the advance checking on all NBC continuities, excepting drama, that long topic being assigned to Lewis H. Titterton. At CBS, Gilson Gray heads the readers of sponsored scripts, while Helen Siousat directs the staff of sustaining program checkers. Head of Mutual's program editors is a chap named Leonard Leonard.

The question has often been asked as to how some jokes and serious remarks that border on the double entendre pattern are skipped by the censors. The answer is that a continuity may look like a Sunday School lecture in mimeographed form, but there's many a slip 'twixt the mike and the script, and an accent on a certain syllable or an inflection on a selected line can make it appear like one of those *solilo* *stare* stories usually associated with stag parties or traveling salesmen.

Recent seasons have seen a bit of a departure from the advance script requirements. Spot news pick-ups and play-by-play sports commentaries, of course, never called for continuities being submitted in advance. But now scripts are waived on the rapidly growing list of audience participation shows. Such programs as *Far Pop*, *Uncle Jim's Question Bee*, *Professor Quiz* and the numerous other question and answer features have dispensed with the formality of scripts. But the networks first ascertain the competence of the conductors of such programs in steering the broadcasts along proper lines. Also, there is an alert production man standing by, ready to switch off any extemporaneous utterance deemed unfit for public audition.



Ken Murray, who was master of ceremonies on the *Hollywood Hotel* program, is taking it easy for the summer. Marlyn Stuart is seen with him. Ken always has a cigar in his mouth when facing the microphone. He claims it gives him self-assurance.

GHOST SHOWS YOU'LL NEVER HEAR

(Continued from page 43)

Almost any day, in the sacred sanctuaries of radioiland, some new opus is being heard. And mum's the word along the corridors. They are tougher to get into than the U. S. Mint. But the leaks are many, as the wet wash 'is hung out over glasses of beer in the cafes and bistros frequented by the radio trade.

There was the time that the *Kellogg Company* decided to sponsor a new radio show, built to hallyhoo *Rice Krispies*. In order to find the best possible type of program, the cereal tycoons ordered a big agency to make a careful survey of listener tastes. Researchers with big black pencils and oodles of statistics were hired. Lo, and behold, when the final returns were compiled, it was revealed that 85% of the buying of breakfast foods was done by women.

"Then we put on a show that appeals to the fair sex," commanded one cereal sage.

A woman news commentator, a recipe instructor and a small string orchestra were the ingredients of the program auditioned, and it seemed successful. A final decision would be forthcoming in twenty-four hours. The twenty-four hours seemed like a century to the auditioners. The news came. Statistics were scrapped. What the women liked was forgotten. *Kellogg* decided to sponsor baseball games.

Not so long ago, glib Frank Fay quietly climbed to stardom on Mr. Vallee's hour. When a shortage of comedians was nervously discovered, the name of Mrs. Fay's red-headed son cropped up. An optimistic client wanted the Irish thrust to ringmaster a big-time variety show over Mutual. Everything was set until the client picked up his morning newspaper one day and read this ominous headline: "Barbara Stanwyck Sues Frank Fay For Cruelty."

Alas, naughty husband Fay could never sell a product over the air to the wives of this fair nation!

Herman Schaad, a wise program supervisor, insisted that Helen Menken was a good bet for radio. The stage star auditioned a program entitled *Famous Love Letters*. But the letters were never mailed. The client who listened was convinced that the program and Miss Menken were too sophisticated. Herman Schaad is dead, but his idea finally came through. Today Helen Menken is a prominent radio star.

If a comic could sell *Jello-O*, and a cartoonist peddle cereal, why couldn't a real queen sell typewriters? That was what rattled Aid-man Sturges Dorrance thought when he signed Dowager Queen Marie of Rumania to a contract, giving him the exclusive rights to sell the gracious lady to a sponsor. *Royal Typewriters* thought the tie-up a natural. The guest appearance of Her Majesty was set for 3 p.m., *EDS*, on a *Coast-to-Coast* hookup. At 1 p.m., sharp, Marie marched in, trailed by an entourage of ladies-in-waiting, advisers, chamberlains and European yes-men.

"I shall go on the radio now," commanded the Queen.

"Hint Your Majesty," implored a nervous radioiland, "you are not scheduled to speak until 3 p.m.!"

"Now or never!" retorted Marie.

So the Queen is back in her Budapest parlor, minus a healthy paycheck from *Royal Typewriters*. Mr. Dorrance no longer deals in queens since he held the joker that memorable day.

"This will be a great radio show," said Smith, "we will tear out the seats."

"But where will the audience sit?" asked Dale.

"The audience will stand," answered Smith.

"But what about the orchestra?" cross-fired Dale.

"There will be no orchestra; the audience will hum."

"Ah," cheered Roger White, a producer, as he put his arms around those two veteran comics, Smith and Dale, "that's a swell script. A grand take-off on big radio shows. What satire! What finesse! I should sell this quicker than you can say 'sponsor.'"

The comics auditioned and the prospective buyer laughed and laughed at the barrage of bellylaughs.

But Smith and Dale never got that sponsor. They didn't count on the sponsor's wife. "Papa," she told her husband, "I told you I wanted a movie star like Robert Taylor or Don Ameche. These fellows we heard ain't refined."

Smith and Dale are funny, but unfortunately not Adonises.

When name personalities such as *Singin' Sam*, *Amos 'n' Andy* or *Jessie Dragnet* made identified with one product, it is not easy to replace them. So when layzy but lovable Harry Frankel (*Singin' Sam*), the squire of Indiana, decided to retire temporarily from the radio scene, the *Barbaret* people worried dreadfully over *Sam's* successor.

The first show they auditioned was a streamlined, swiny show featuring Chick Webb, associate-catalogued drummer, Ella Fitzgerald and The Three Ink Spots. "I heard that audition and was willing to bet anybody's best-top that it would be sold.

Well, was my face red when word came that the indigo revelers were unsuccessful! Instead, a blues singer named Mary Jane Walsh would try to fill *Singin' Sam's* shoes.

Rumor has it that the *Barbaret Company* feared as all black-and-tan show would fall to impress Southern shavers.

Bruce and Sheridan Fairnestock, youthful adventurers who sailed the seven seas in an open boat just for fun, always believed that truth was stranger than fiction. They proved this adage on their thousand and one nights of thrills, but now they know that there's nothing stranger than a radio sponsor.

When they mapped out their prospective radio serial, dramatizing their authentic adventures, it sounded too good to be true. A veritable Buck Rogers-Bobby Benson-Tarzan-Ripley rolled into one. Nobody in the agencies would believe their stories. "Better get me a good fiction writer," suggested one cynic. The boys were flabbergasted.

Unfortunately, there is no set formula for finding a successful radio program.

(Continued on page 80)



Here's News! **LODENT**
No. 2 toothpaste and powder is scientifically compounded by a Dentist and guaranteed to SAFELY remove most stubborn stains—even smoke stains—from hard-to-bryten teeth, or money back. Have bright, sparkling teeth like millions do. Get refreshing **LODENT** today.



CALL ME SIT-TRUE

STRONGER
• MORE ABSORBENT
AT 5 AND 10¢ AND BETTER
DEPARTMENT STORES

KIDNEYS MUST CLEAN OUT ACIDS

Your body cleans out excess Acids and poisonous wastes in your blood thru 7 million tiny delicate Kidney Tubules or filters. If functional disorders due to toxins in the Kidneys or Bladder make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Crises Under Eyes, Dizziness, Backache, Swollen Joints, Acidity, or Burning Passages, don't rely on ordinary medicines. Fight such ills with the doctor's prescription, **Cyaxin**. **Cyaxin** starts working in 3 hours and must prove entirely satisfactory in 1 week and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Telephone your druggist for **Cyaxin** (Cost-free) today. The Guarantee protects you. Copy, 1937 The Know Co.

TOUCH UP GRAY STREAKS

ANY COLOR
LIGHT BROWN to BLACK
Gives a natural, youthful appearance. Easy to use in the clean privacy of your home; not greasy, will not rub off nor interfere with curling. \$1.35, for sale everywhere

FREE SAMPLE
REQUILINE CAREFUL, GU.
79 Buckley Street, Boston, Mass. Dept. 1088

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

"I'll Love You Always"

What was the frightening secret of the old Selkirk mansion—the secret that threatened to forever keep apart two ardent lovers who would have preferred death to separation?

That question had an answer, and pert little Molly Flynn was determined to find it. What if French Selkirk had allowed the ancient mystery to haunt him since he was a child—she wasn't going to let it shatter her life—their life together!

But solutions don't hang on doorknobs, and many times before the terrifying night was over, Molly was to wish she had never entered the great house . . . and never set eyes on the passion-possessed madman who ruled it. For the riddle she found concealed behind the grey walls was more dreadful, more incredible than she had ever dreamed!

Don't miss "I'll Love You Always", a heart-thrilling story of impatient love and a dangerous adventure, appearing in the SEPTEMBER issue of SWEETHEART STORIES.

Sweetheart
Stories

On Sale Everywhere 10¢

NIL

THE VANISHING CREAM DEODORANT

Nil never reminds you that you have it on. It's absolutely safe—non-irritating—non-greasy! It dries instantly—vanishes entirely—and perspiration odor immediately. . . . Use Nil any time—even after shaving—will not rub off or harm fabrics. . . .

Approved by
Dermatologists
Cosmetologists
Physicians

Large size, ten cents
All leading drug stores

NIL LABORATORIES - TOLEDO, OHIO

Mistakes in judgment are made by one and all. One agency I know, made it a point to have two executives pass on all programs which emanated from their office. Auditioning one daytime serial some time ago, the sequence concerned a mother in the process of having a baby.

These two worthy executives listened attentively and decided that the script didn't sound convincing enough. The writer of the program was the mother of four children.

When movie and theatre producers want originality in a musical play they call upon those little men with the big ideas, Dick Rodgers and Larry Hart, who wrote such hits as *I Married An Angel*, *On Your Toes*, *Babes in Arms*, *A Connecticut Yankee*, and others.

If they could do it for the stage and screen, figured one ingenious broadcaster, why couldn't they evolve the same formula for radio?

Try they did. The pint-sized tunesmiths proceeded to create an outstanding half hour of entertainment. New songs would be written each week. Musical curtains, musical commercials and musical sound effects were all incorporated into the creation. As it hatched in the idea incubator it gave every indication of being a smash hit.

But an unwelcome intruder—Fate—upset the musical apple cart and sent dejected Rodgers and Hart scurrying back to the safer and saner regions of Broadway and Hollywood.

The program, *Here Comes the Bride*, starring Ray Sinatra, Joey Nash, Mary Eastman and a large chorus, budgeted at \$4,700 a week, interested a cold cream account. Everything was set but the air time. The client wanted 9 p.m., *EDSY*, and nothing else. But 9 o'clock on the national networks was not available. Clients like *Marcell House*, *Chrysler*, *Ipans* and *Lux* had a strangle hold on this valuable hour. So *Here Comes the Bride* was fitted at the altar. That was a year and a half ago. You can find a record of this gem lying peacefully on a shelf, collecting dust and memories. Time, in this case, never marched on to nine o'clock.

Perhaps the strangest of all these stories of ghost shows is the one concerning Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson. Four years ago *CRS* decided to go after a prominent cosmetic account. They sent their then-star salesman, Nick Dawson, to work on it. One day *Hudnut & Company* decided to go on the air, if *CRS* could give them a program trying up directly with their product—*DuBarry*. *The Life of DuBarry* was elected and Georgia Backus pounded out a script. Tasha Seidel was groomed as musical director and the role of *DuBarry* would be played by Elsie Hitz.

"Everything is set but the male lead," commented a *CBS* director. "Who can play *Louis*?"

"I can," suggested Nick Dawson, the salesman who wanted to be an actor.

Desperate, they let Nick audition. Then he got the bad news.

"As an actor," came the stock reply, "you're a swell salesman. Now go out and find us a real *Louis*."

This took all the fight out of Nick. He lost interest in the show, the account and the job.

And poor *Madame DuBarry* died a more horrible death than she ever did in real



Gladys Swarthout knows how to be cool and chic at the same time.

life. After all, there were no radio auditions in her salad days.

But Nick Dawson, ex-salesman, became a star radio player.

On it goes, never ending. The *Nero Wolfe* and *Philo Vance* series were stylized by the exorbitant fees authors Rex Stout and S. S. Van Dine demanded. Jimmy Walker decided to stick to his law practice. He recalled that the last time he stepped into the public spotlight he got too sunburned. An ambitious presentation, titled *Book of the Week*, featuring Gabriel Heatter and stirring dramatizations of current best sellers, faded into oblivion when one sponsor said: "Nobody reads any more."

A big-time movie star was signed to a singing contract until the client decided the singer couldn't act. Now he's on the air as an actor, because another client didn't like the way he sang.

The curtain has never gone up on these programs. They lie moth-eaten in steel file cases—the Radio Cain's Storage House. I doubt if they will ever be resuscitated. Time and ideas move too quickly in the broadcast world. They became outdated like a 1928 commercial spiel.

Still, for every one that failed to make the grade, another has taken his place. You see, the people who decide what to give you over the kilocycles have quite a lot of respect for your tastes. Only I wonder how often they have been wrong!

Down at the Mutual network they have evolved a new idea that takes the soap, sugar, salt, and soup sultans out of the audition booth and puts you, the radio audience, in it. All new programs are auditioned over the air for one performance. If you like them, they stay on. If you don't, a lily is placed in the hand of the creator. The first program to undergo this novel test was an audience participation program, *Say It With Words*. You liked it and it is now heard weekly on the air.

Those who tried valiantly, and missed the boat, still keep trying. They know that a real trouper never gives up.

SO YOU'D LIKE TO GET ON THE AIR?

(Continued from page 21)

Before you sing, she asks where you studied. And she stands you with your back toward the control room so, while singing, you won't feel self-conscious. Afterwards she writes a frank letter stating what's what with your performance. She is likely to re-audition an exceptional voice, piping it down to the offices of the executives. Either way, she classifies you on a neat card buried in her files. It is Miss Singleton's boast that she has card-indexed every voice in radio. She admits that only one vocalist out of four hundred lands a job. Considering Columbia's sole chain in comparison to National's two, those statistics are fairly even.

Stations of the Mutual Broadcasting System, youngest of the network trio, give individual auditions. Its key station, *WJON*, encourages auditions because, according to Mitchell Benson, Assistant Director of Program Operations, "It is not right to turn down any performer who has real talent." Approximately forty vocalists are auditioned each week, and over a six-month period only three have been engaged. This is explained by Julius F. Seebach, *WJON*'s Program Director: "Merely adequate work is no longer of any use to us. The artist who feels his contribution is acceptable, but not outstanding, should know we already have at our disposal literally hundreds of just such people whom we cannot use."

Dramatic auditions at *NBC* are heard by an audition committee composed of directors who cast and produce dramatic programs. According to Miss Beulah Jarvis, who receives all applications and makes the necessary arrangements, about 175 auditions are given a month. Here is what happens when your dramatic abilities are tested at *NBC*:

You stand in a room, bare but for one important item—a microphone. You have three of your pet pieces ready to roll off your tongue. You forget radio is a business of time and adaptation to it. But no one else forgets. You are given approximately four or five minutes. Nervous, hurried, you try to make the most of them. Each audition head, however, tries to make the process as pleasant as possible, realizing that such a test is far from easy. Applicants are usually amazed at the consideration they receive.

A few days later you get a letter. Actors say their letters prove virtually the same—polite, with the cordiality of a magazine rejection slip.

If you pass the audition, your name, address and classification are put on file and typed into a detailed, confidential record regularly sent out to *NBC* producers.

A couple of paragraphs copied from *NBC* reports furnish an idea of the way you might be criticized.

"Woman . . . humorous monologues; Does this type of work very well and would no doubt be excellent for appearance at women's clubs. Not good radio material."

"Baritone: Fundamentally a good voice. Production is labored and throaty. Lacks

musicianship and has an artificial pronunciation of lyrics. Still a student."

"Monologist, male: 'This boy has a flair for writing satirical monologues and here is where his value lies—writing for others. As a performer he is amateurish.'"

Twice a week the producers' offices become open house for eligibles listed. On such days you are entitled to appointments. In an effort to impress yourself upon burdened memories . . . go. It is the producer who sends for you when an actor is needed, or recommends one to the advertising agencies putting on programs. As most of the agencies are equipped with miniature audition rooms, you may have to do it all over again. And the admen are likely to ask anything: one demanding that an actor appear in a ten-minute sketch, playing both a twenty-year-old English lieutenant and a German of fifty.

If you do fine work it may be a one-time choral shot or a small dramatic bit. Don't think you are going to earn anything like Walter Winchell's five thousand dollars a broadcast. True, commercial programs pay the most money, but they have set prices for little people, the lowest agency fee being \$12.50, the average \$20. *The March of Time*, with its radio cast resembling any hard-to-break-in stock company, pays \$65. Last year, Helen Hayes' program struck a high with \$75. Prices include rehearsals plus a re-broadcast to the Coast. Names draw the big money, unknowns are told to be grateful: an example of this attitude occurring when a radio actor appeared in a two-character sketch, playing opposite a world-famous actress. For his services he received \$35 as against her \$1,500! And with the exception of those few star announcers whom sponsors demand and who double as masters-of-ceremonies, their salaries are said to be \$56 a week.

At one time it seemed to radio officials that, so long as he was the possessor of a loud voice, each and every American man wanted to be an announcer. Even *NBC*, despite its public utility hospitality, has to mimeograph circulars stating essential qualifications for him who wishes an announcer's audition. He must be able to write continuity, speak at least one foreign language, have a college education and two years of small station broadcasting experience. The circular winds up with a paragraph so courteous it is a masterpiece of understatement. It says: "The field for announcers is not overcrowded; but there are always many applicants."

It neglects to say that so many applicants fit the strict stipulations that special days for a certain period are set aside for announcers' auditions. And in this "not overcrowded field," the National Broadcasting Company has, on its payroll, thirty announcers.

Instead of a circular, Mr. John S. Carille, production manager at Columbia, issues a mimeographed letter. Mr. Carille likes a voice "just identifiable with any particular section." To his surprise, he found

(Continued on page 82)

Wipe off your
old nail polish -
This New Instant Way



With
Ginnie-Lou
NAIL POLISH REMOVER PADS

Quick dab with a wafer-thin pad—and instantly your ten fingernails are free of polish, ready for a fresh manicure. No bottles—no brushes—no bother—and Ginnie-Lou Nail Polish Remover Pads are treated to lubricate and condition nails and cuticle, prevent drying or cracking. Nails stay soft and smooth and beautiful. But be sure to say, "Ginnie-Lou Pads, please!" when you purchase. 10¢ and 25¢ packages.

Other Products by

Ginnie-Lou

Special Cleansing Pads
Both Pina-Creme Rouge

STA-RITE CO. SHELBYVILLE, ILL.

WHAT MAKES
RADIO SERIALS POPULAR?
Find Out For Yourself in RADIO STARS
for October

End CORNS

USE ONLY DR. SCHOLL'S ZINO-PADS AND NEVER HAVE CORNS!



Instant Relief—Prevent Corns, Sore Toes

Stop suffering! Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads on your feet or toes—wherever the shoe hurts—and you'll have no more pain. Finds instant relief with these soft, soothing, healing, cushioning pads. Wear new or tight shoes and never have corns, sore toes or blisters. The special *Altradon* included in every box, quickly, safely removes your corns or calluses. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads cost but a trifle. Sold everywhere. Made in stars top Corns, Calluses, Blisters, Sore Corns, FREE sample Corns size, also Dr. Scholl's Foot Booklet—write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Chicago, Ill.

Dr. Scholl's
Zino-pads

There is a Dr. Scholl Remedy, Appliance or Arch Support for Every Foot Trouble

this is a man from Alabama. Mr. Carille auditioned 1,250 announcers three years ago, 600 year before last. Columbia employs sixteen announcers and made one change during the entire season.

This apparent closed shop does not mean the broadcasting outfits are stubborn. If they could possibly do so they would produce more programs and hire more announcers, but they are up against one unbeatable problem, and you, as a radio aspirant, face it with them. No matter how they figure, there are still only twenty-four hours to a day.

Although prospective announcers must have certain requirements, there are no rules for people who like to hear themselves talk. By now broadcasting companies are surfeited with after-dinner speakers, energetic club women, self-appointed authorities, critics and commentators, those with political, religious or philanthropic axes to grind, and all ambitious homemade lecturers whose friends tell them they are "just as good as anybody on the air."

As for an instrumentalist, no matter if he brilliantly plays violin, piano, banjo, harmonica, saxophone, xylophone and harp, the audition answer will be a laconic, "So what?" Unless a musician belongs to a professional group performing where he can be heard publicly, or possesses an original way of presenting his talent, the chance for obtaining a radio job, from the rough reckoning of Columbia's Phil Cohan, is one in ten thousand.

NBC's Midge Tucker auditions the children. She hears fifty a week. They must not only be potential actors to assure success, but should be quick readers as well. Parents, visualizing a Temple income, are disappointed when their exceptional child, passing Miss Tucker's audition, is asked to appear on her program—grats.

Three weekly, Nita Mack of Columbia used to audition children. She has cut this down to four days a year. Three children out of fifty have possibilities. She keeps on file a list of five hundred, audition-tested. She works with fifty.

Miss Mack's nemesis is the "radio nana." Vehemently she cites the parent who ruined her talented daughter's opportunity by sending her three notes during an audition.

Both the Misses Tucker and Mack hate to see money squandered for useless lessons. They are rabid on the subject of fake radio schools. They want it said that no school, however certain-sounding its guarantee, can get your child a broadcasting job.

To this I add that no one can find a definite place in radio unless his is a professional attitude. If you must broadcast, do it in connection with your work. Walter Winchell, Lonella Parsons, Alexander Woolcott, Bonke Carter and the rest were successful journalists before attempting programs. Radio went after them. It was not the other way around.

And radio is nobody's sideline. Asking a musical comedy and motion picture comedian what he intends doing after his current air series, he looked startled.

"What do you mean—after?" bellowed Eddie Cantor, "Radio is my business!"

The stars spend hours learning new songs and routines. Applicants are lazy. A control man told me that nearly every

baritone, when auditioning, sings *Home on the Range*, and that three years ago, during Kate Smith's *Hudson-Ester* voice contest, it seemed as if ninety percent of six thousand singers sang *Jane in January*.

Discount sudden success stories. They sound like, and often are, the dreams of zealous press agents; such as the one about William S. Paley, Columbia's president, accidentally, while Europe-bound, hearing a phonograph record that appealed to him so much he cabled his office to sign its practically unknown performer, a Mr. Bing Crosby, at fifteen hundred dollars per sustaining broadcast.

Discount everything except two irrefutable facts. *No famous star ever came out of an amateur hour and no star was made overnight.*

Early broadcasting successes were built slowly, evening after evening, as the same performers sang on sustaining time. And to the public, now grown so sophisticated, fairly unknown vocalists first become novelties, then beloved habits.

Behind those short sustaining programs was a reason. In radio's holy days, when unsold time hung expensively, stations pre-empted orchestras, making each play a solid hour because the musicians' union demanded an hour's pay for them, whether or not their men worked sixty minutes. Change came with the first nation-wide radio hit. It was something unheard-of—a fifteen-minute commercial called *Amos 'n' Andy*. Other sponsors quickly followed suit, buying fifteen-minute programs, and leaving an embarrassment of short, empty spots. If chains sold seven to seven-fifteen and seven-thirty to a quarter of eight, what were they to do with the seven-fifteen to seven-thirty interim? Pay an orchestra a full hour's salary? No. The story goes that they hired singers, and worthies like Kate Smith, Morton Downey and the Boswell Sisters got their breaks. It was a set of circumstances that can never happen again. Nevertheless, there was nothing amateurish about the first radio stars; they were seasoned trumpets before they ever saw a microphone.

Now, with choice sustaining time unavailable, the broadcasting show window is a guest-star spot on one of the large programs. Your initial step in getting there is to work professionally in some place where you may be seen. A scout for Rudy Vallee spied Joe Penner in a motion picture presentation. And Eddie Cantor employed both Bobbie Breen and Deanna Durbin after hearing them sing at benefits.

Pull won't do you any good. The influential lady who came for an ABC dramatic audition, bringing along her own orchestra to put her in the mood, got no further than audition number one. And I was present at Columbia when a sponsor wanted his daughter to be a lady announcer. She auditioned with twenty other women. None of the listeners saw the performers. They heard the voices through a loud-speaker, and were obliged, willy-nilly, to give honest verdicts. P.S. Sponsor's daughter did not get the job.

No matter how good your speaking voice may be, there is no telling what tricks a microphone will play with it. Some voices are like vacuum cleaners, picking up scratchy, foreign sounds. Some never go flat; their vibrations are the same as those of the radio. President Roose-



Al Jolson, like other stars, keeps in practice even during his vacation. He's due back in September.

velt has such a voice. So has Emily Post.

When the National Broadcasting Company, after two unsuccessful attempts, persuaded Mrs. Post to take an audition, she reluctantly came to their studios. Without a rehearsal, and not having the faintest idea as to whom might be listening, Mrs. Post marched up to the microphone and said: "I don't know why I'm here. I don't like women's voices on the air. They are unmet to thin. I don't know why they want them to broadcast anyway. I know I have a loud telephone voice. Either I speak so low my friends cannot understand me or I shriek into their ears. I think you've heard enough," and with a sweetly over-emphasized "Goodbye," Mrs. Post made her exit. Seven sponsors were seated in the next room. Each one said, "I'll take her." And she signed with *General Electric*.

So there are no rules for auditions. The prepared one may fail, the unprepared be a winner. The surest way is to be established first on a small station, build a local following, build experience, then try the big city chains. But don't bother any station unless you ask yourself: "What have I to sell?" and can give an honest answer.

Remember, no matter how important you are, if you do go on the air, there is no way of erasing an audition. Radio circles can point to but a sole program broadcast without one. That program is . . .

The Butora Watch Tinct

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"Close, what makes you say 'Camels are different'?"

Comfortably lounging in the calañia, Dorothy Lovett and Chisie Farrington (right, above) are deep in a talk about the difference in cigarettes. "I'm really quite interested in that difference you're always bringing up—the difference between Camels and other cigarettes," says Miss Lovett. "What is it?"

"Oh, you *must* have noticed!" replies Mrs. Farrington. "Why, for one thing, I can smoke Camels steadily—and they never upset my nerves. They never tire my taste either. And they're always gentle to my throat... good to my digestion. Oh, there are so many ways in which Camels agree with me..."

"That's it," she repeats. "Camels agree with me!"

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MRS. FARRINGTON is a lovable, easy-to-know person. Even mere acquaintances think of her fondly as "Chisie". Before "winter at home"—smoking a Camel. She is an alumna of the Spence School and Miss Porter's... travels considerably... takes part in sports the year 'round. A steady Camel smoker, she has this to say: "Almost all of my friends smoke Camels too. If they're not smoking mine, I'm smoking theirs. A grand cigarette—Camels! So good and odd!"



MRS. FARRINGTON has fished for big game from Nova Scotia to the Bahamas—caught tarpon, sailfish, big blue marlin, tuna. Above, photograph taken after her biggest catch was weighed in. A giant tuna—720 pounds, 9 feet, 10 inches long! And she's a mere 102 pounds! "That tuna tried hard to pull me overboard," she says. "Tense moments like that make me realize how much I depend upon healthy nerves—and how glad I am that I smoke Camels! Camels never jangle my nerves, and I smoke them steadily. And when I'm tired, smoking Camels gives my energy such a 'bit'!"



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