

THE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE AT NBC

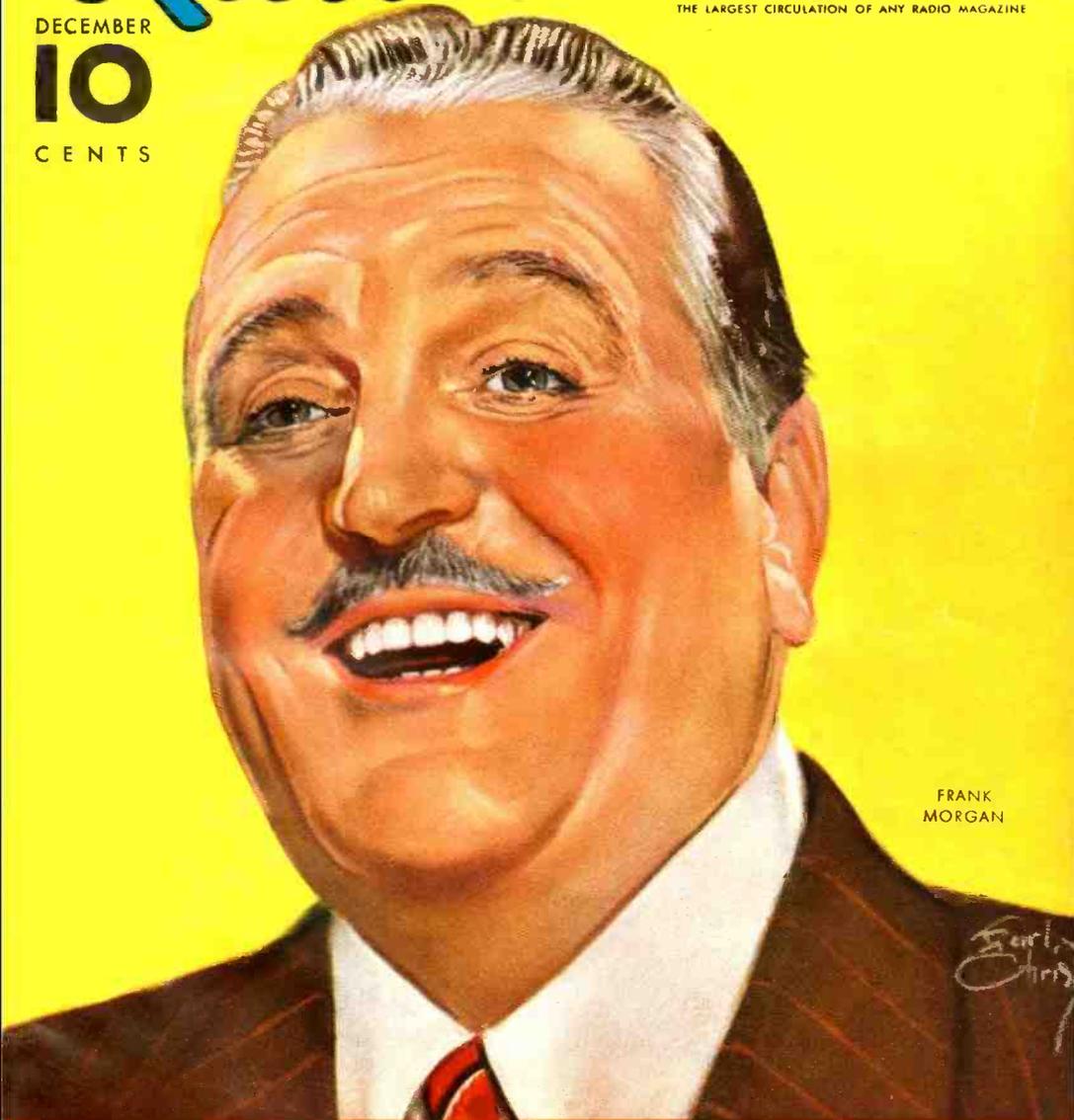
Radio Stars

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE

DECEMBER

10

CENTS



FRANK
MORGAN

HOW RADIO CAREERS BEGIN

BE IRRESISTIBLE TONIGHT WITH IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME



Irresistible

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

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

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

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

Only 10c each at all 5 & 10c Stores

YOUR LIPS INVITE ROMANCE WITH IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK

Poor lonely Sue! Life's no fun at all for a girl without telephone calls or dates. (But what man wants to play *Romero* to dull teeth and dingy gums, a drab, lack-lustre smile?)



There's hope for Sue. Her small sister could teach her the importance of gum massage to a winning smile. (Little Ann learned in school that gums as well as teeth need special care.)



Life's a lot of fun when a girl has a lovely, appealing smile! How popular Sue could be if she would start with Ipana today. (For Ipana Tooth Paste with massage is especially designed to help the gums as well as keep teeth bright and sparkling.)



Lovely Smiles win Romance

Keep your smile lovelier with Ipana and massage!

HOW SWIFTLY masculine eyes and hearts respond to a lovely, attractive smile! And how pitiful the girl who ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush," who lets dull teeth and dingy gums cheat her of life's fun.

Don't be foolish — don't risk your smile. If you see a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist. You may not be in for real trouble, but let your dentist decide. Usually, he'll tell you that yours is a case of lazy gums,

deprived of vigorous chewing by modern soft foods. He'll probably suggest that your gums need more work and exercise—and, like so many dentists today, he may advise "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but with massage to help the health of your gums as well. Massage a little Ipana into your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation within the gum tissues is aroused

—lazy gums awaken—tend to become firmer, healthier—more resistant.

Buy a famous tube of Ipana at your druggist's today. Adopt the common-sense dental routine of Ipana and massage as one helpful way to healthier gums, brighter teeth—a radiant smile.

TRY THE NEW D. D. DOUBLE DUTY TOOTH BRUSH
For more effective gum massage and cleansing, ask your druggist for the new D. D. Double Duty Tooth Brush.



Change to
Ipana
and Massage

RADIO STARS

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

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WHY WAS CLEOPATRA

Never Kissed?



→ Authorities apparently agree that kissing, on the lips, as a sign of affection, did not begin until after Cleopatra's time. She died in 30 B. C. and the custom seems to have been established well after her day.

Cleopatra had one other misfortune, too. She used skin lotions, but did *not* have the famous Skin Softener — Italian Balm. Her lotions were mixed, undoubtedly, with "a little of this and too much of that" — but today, no guesswork is permitted in making Italian Balm for milady's skin.

Here is a scientifically made skin-softening beauty aid that will help to keep your skin smoother and softer—fresher-feeling, more kissable and thrilling to the touch.

In Italian Balm you get not only a skin protection against chapping and skin dryness. You get also the costliest ingredients used in any of the largest selling lotions—yet the cost to use Italian Balm is negligible because it is rich, full-bodied and concentrated; not thin or watery. Try it FREE. Send coupon below.

Campana's

Italian Balm

FREE

CAMPANA SALES COMPANY
 601 Lincolnway, Batavia, Illinois

Gentlemen: I have never tried Italian Balm. Please send me VANITY Bottle FREE and postpaid.

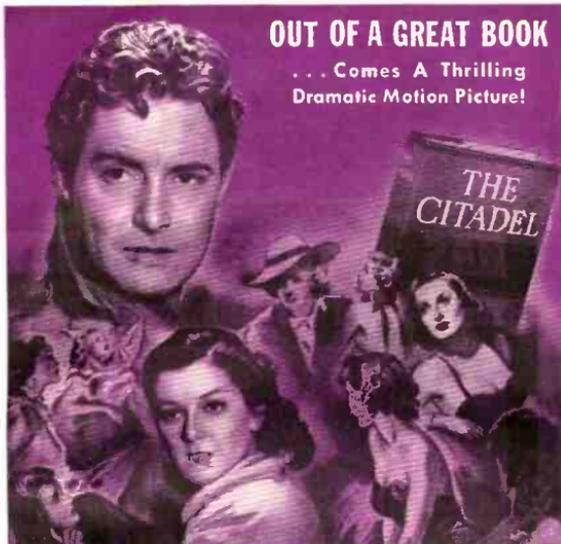
Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

In Canada, Campana, Ltd., 310-601, California Road, Toronto



OUT OF A GREAT BOOK

... Comes A Thrilling
Dramatic Motion Picture!

"Beautiful Women
will never let you
starve, doctor—
just cultivate a
bedside manne!"

Power that rivets eyes to the screen,
that chokes back tears, that grips
the heart and sets pulses leaping.
Yes, it's one of the greatest dramas
since films began! The young doctor
tempted . . . a world of luxury and
beautiful women within easy reach but
the cry of humanity calling him back
to the citadel of his youthful ideals.

THE

CITADEL

ROBERT DONAT
Rosalind **RUSSELL**
IN

A KING VIDOR PRODUCTION
Based on the novel by A. J. Cronin
with **RALPH RICHARDSON**
REX HARRISON · EMLYN WILLIAMS

Screen Play by Ian Dalrymple,
Frank Wead, Elizabeth Hill. Addi-
tional dialogue by Emlyn Williams.
Produced by Victor Saville

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



With everybody writing a col-
umn, I don't see why I should
not take a crack at it myself.

* * *

My idea is to tell you about
some of the Metro-Goldwyn-
Mayer pictures and personali-
ties. And folks, I've got the in-
side dope on everything that
goes on in the world's greatest
studio.



The late Will Rogers said all he
knew was "what he read in the
papers." All I know is what I
see on the screen (and what my
spies at the studio report to me).

* * *

You've read all about "The
Citadel" in our advertisement
on the left. It's made of the
sterner stuff. Merrier, gayer,
is "Sweethearts", which, with
appropriate fanfare, brings us
once again that thrush-throated
pair, Jeanette MacDonald and
Nelson Eddy.

* * *

"Sweethearts" is their first
modern musical. Modern as the
dialogue by Dorothy Parker (the
"glad girl") and Alan Campbell.



Hunt Stromberg, who produced
"Naughty Marietta", "Rose
Marie" and "Maytime", and
Director W. S. Van Dyke II,
are the sweethearts who give
us "Sweethearts"—and it's all
in beautiful Technicolor.

* * *

And if you want to hear more
about pictures, write for my
little book, "The Screen Fore-
cast." M-G-M
Studios, Culver
City, Cal. It's free!



Just call me *Leo*

MOTION PICTURES ARE YOUR BEST ENTERTAINMENT!

WORLD-FAMOUS EXPERT TELLS
HOW TO Make Your Lips Adorable
 WITH NEW
"BLACK" LIPSTICK



A Heart-to-Heart Talk with VARADY, Eminent Beauty Authority

"Few women know the power of their lips in enchanting men," says Varady, world-renowned authority on beauty and feminine charm. "Yet every woman knows her lips are the most glamorous, the most seductive instruments of romance."

THESE ARE LIPS MEN ADDRE!



GLORIA BREWSTER, of the famed *Ben Hur* Tunes, was featured in *20th Century Fox's* "Hold That Cool" musical hit.



NOVITA, glamorous star of *Monogram Pictures'* "Rose of the Rio Grande," "Mama" brings in new type of loveliness to the screen.



BARBARA BREWSTER, sister of the lovely *Gloria* lip sets. The *Brewster* family have enchanted millions with their singing and dancing.

Varady

The Original American-Made "Black" Lipstick

Now! See How Amazing Cream Makes Skin Lovelier!

• The very first time you use *Varady's Face Cream*, your own mirror will show you the wonderful results! Skin that is clear and smooth... skin that is soft and thrilling to touch! This all-purpose cream is light, velvety. It spreads readily, almost instantly, sinks into the pores. Just pat gently—no hard rubbing or slopping on. Leaves skin radiant, soft, smooth—wonderfully lighter and brighter looking.



For your beauty's sake, try these other *Varady* aids to loveliness: *Oil of Youth*, *Face Powder*, *Blending Rouge*. If not available at your favorite cosmetic counter, write *Varady, 27 W. Randolph St., Chicago*.

Varady INC.
 COSMETICS



HAS ANYONE SEEN BETTY

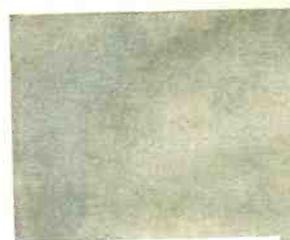
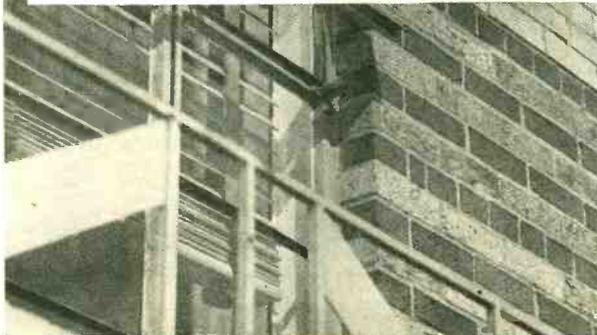
You've heard her with Tommy Riggs, but



Tommy's barber is wondering if this is a gag. Yes, he's heard the young lady on *Quaker Party*, Saturdays at 8 p.m. on *NBC-Red*, but he's never really seen her.



His secretary gives Tommy an amused look. She knows very well that Betty Lou lives only when Tommy changes his voice, and you can't see a voice, so there!



LOU?

where is she?

(Above left) "We've heard Betty Lou talking in your apartment," these ladies tell Tommy (below right), "but we've never seen her."

Careful there, Riggs, this doorman won't stand for any funny business! Betty Lou is an okay kid and he likes her, but you can't keep track of a phantom!



She was Beautiful
 IN HER SLEEP



... because her skin was Wide Awake!

Bed and Boudoir Accessories by LaCien Comforts

Your skin, like your heart, must never cease working. Help it stay vital, beautiful, youthful looking; use this "skin-awakening" cream.

Your skin, to stay lovely, must work all day long and all through the night. Woodbury Cold Cream which contains a skin-enlivening element—a skin-stimulating Vitamin—helps rouse sluggish skin to keep it busily working. By encouraging your skin to greater activity, Woodbury helps it stay fresh and vigorous.



Woodbury Cold Cream is a basic cream. It tones and stimulates the skin; cleanses the pores thoroughly; brings needful oils to lubricate the skin. And in this lovely beauty cream you have germ-free purity down to the very last dab in the jar.

Let Woodbury Cold Cream, with the skin-stimulating Vitamin, cleanse, tone and arouse your skin. \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

SEND for Trial Tubes of Woodbury Creams
 John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6796 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
 (In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario

Please send me trial tubes of Woodbury Cold and Facial Creams; 7 shades of Woodbury Facial Powder; giant-size Woodbury Facial Soap. I enclose 10¢ to cover mailing costs.

Name _____
 Address _____



BUSY DAY AHEAD!

... and that calls for a napkin that fits firmly, comfortably—doesn't bulk, doesn't show!

★ Kotex doesn't show—thanks to its flattened, tapered ends. Users say "It's less bulky—it fits!"

★ Kotex is made with a special patented center section that guards against spotting.

★ Kotex can be worn on either side—both sides are fully absorbent.

★ Kotex stays Wondersoft—it's cushioned in cotton to prevent chafing.

★ Only Kotex offers three types—Regular, Junior and Super—for different women on different days.

(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office)

KOTEX
SANITARY NAPKINS



LOOKS like Dorothy Lamour has been reading her press agent's brain-storms. For Dottie is showing all the well-known earmarks of "going Hollywood"—and going fast. She's trying to break her contract with NBC and, rumor has it, is trying to break matrimonial ties with Herbie Kay. Maybe the fact that Paramount moved her into their star dressing-room, formerly occupied by W. C. Fields, has put ideas into her purty head.

W. C. is still tops around the studio. Drops in every once in a while for a visit with the boys and regales them with choice stories



Pablo Ricardo, Latin-American violinist, conducts two programs over NBC.

of his travels. "Now the last time I was in Tahiti," he was musing the other day. "Er, by the way, any of you boys been to Tahiti? No? Well, that's swell! Now there's no limit to the lies I can tell."

M-G-M has been clamoring for Fields to be the wizard in The Wizard of Oz. But Mr. F. had to turn down that chance—and the \$150,000—because he's going to do a little opus for Universal, titled You Can't Cheat An Honest Man.

→
THERE'S a new and exclusive club at the NBC studios. So far, membership has been limited to the five charter members



Fannie Brice's new home was decorated by none other than Baby Snooks.

WEST COAST CHATTER

BY LOIS SVENSRUD

The latest lowdown
on air stars' doings
in the film capital

(Left) Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone are back for another season of super-entertainment.

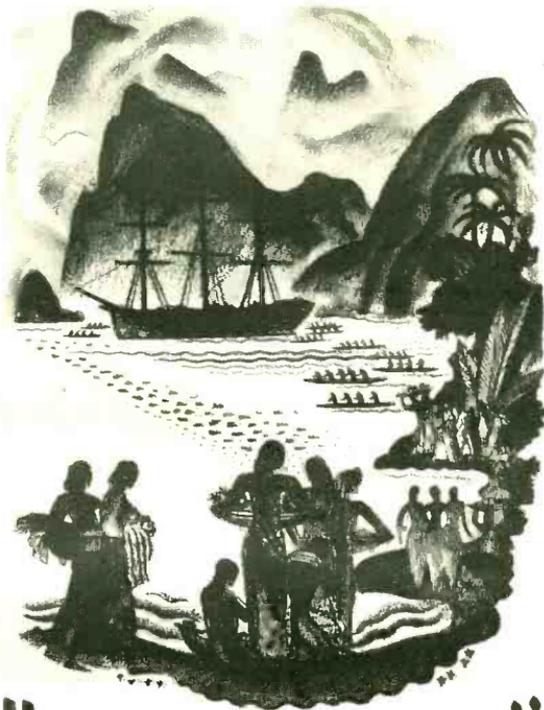
Andy Devine, Don Wilson, John Scott Trotter, Jack Smart and Anson Weeks. Eligibility requirements are high—230 pounds or over. Anyone who has the caloric consumption necessary to make that grade can become a tried and trusted brother "Fat Feller."

IF THERE are those among you who think Nelson Eddy doesn't have what it takes—drop around the NBC studios after a broadcast. It takes four ushers to get Nelson out of (Continued on page 74)



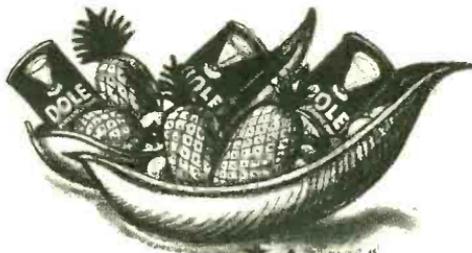
Edward G. Robinson and Claire Trevor go to town in the *Big Town* CBS series.

• Millard Sheets, noted American painter, pictures the century-old hospitality of friendly Hawaii—when natives greeted visitors from across the sea with luscious fruits.



Happy Holidays from Hawaii

Greet them zestfully
with DOLE Pineapple Juice — rich in
natural fruit sugars



DOLE PINEAPPLE JUICE FROM HAWAII



Frank Crumit watches as Julia Sanderson questions a male contestant. The pitting of men against women is designed to prove once and for all which are smarter.



Julia takes on another masculine battler. The program is broadcast over NBC-Red each Tuesday at 9 p.m. EST. The West Coast show is heard Mondays at 9:30 p.m. PST.



Frank awaits an answer from this lady combatant. The questions are all prepared by the Mofle question board comprised of the editors of the Quiz Digest Magazine.

BATTLE OF THE SEXES

A new quiz show makes its debut

General Julia, of course, is for the women. However, they're not doing so well!



Her husband, Frank Crumit, heads the men's army. He's right proud of them, too!

HOW TO ADD TO YOUR Popularity IN 3 EASY STEPS

Use them singly or collectively and see the thrilling improvement!

1 A BUDDING ROMANCE NEED NEVER BE NIPPED BY AN UNSIGHTLY BLEMISH!

A little Hide-It on that blemish... and presto!... your skin appears flawless! It's that easy to conceal pimples, freckles, birthmarks, bruises and dark eye-circles—with Hide-It. Four flesh-matching, waterproof shades. Lasts until removed with cold cream. Try it also as an all-over foundation when you want your skin to look creamy-smooth and satiny. 10c

Hide-it
HIDES SKIN BLEMISHES

2 USE THIS ROUGE THAT LETS YOUR COMPLEXION CHOOSE ITS SHADE

Instead of painting your cheeks with opaque color, White Rouge lets your complexion determine its shade. Hence, your make-up is in perfect harmony... natural... flattering beyond anything you've experienced. Marvelously enduring—you need apply it but once a day. Only one rouge needed for every complexion. 10c

WHITE ROUGE
SELF-BLENDING ROUGE

3 BLACK IN THE STICK... IT TURNS LUSCIOUS RED ON YOUR LIPS!

Your lips, framed in bewitching color, will speak wild praise for this magical Black Lips (Gek) that turns luscious red the moment you smooth it on. You'll love it for its sheer novelty... its faithful indelibility... its lasting quality... and for the tempting beauty it imparts to your lips. Three glorious shades. 10c

BLACK LIPSTICK
TURNS RED ON YOUR LIPS

At Leading Drug and Department Stores
10c Sizes at 5c and 10c Stores
If unobtainable, send coupon

CLARK MILLNER CO., Dept. 15-N
666 St. Clair St., Chicago

Enclose 10c (U. S. A. Only) each for the following:
Hide-It: Light Medium Beantele Sun Tan
White Rouge
Black Lipsstick: Light Medium Dark

Name _____
Address _____

Gloria Stuart*
(Hollywood Star)
TELLS GIRLS:
"Smooth HANDS are important"

"EXQUISITE HANDS are essential for feminine charm", says GLORIA STUART* co-starring in Columbia's "The Lady Objects." "A little regular care helps keep a woman's hands smooth and lovely." Try caring for your hands with Jergens! Used regularly, it prevents chapping!

*Gloria Stuart has lovely hands. With Lanny Ross in new Columbia Picture success "The Lady Objects"

How to help keep Your HANDS Smooth and Soft

HAND SKIN SUFFERS from loss of natural moisture, when exposed to cold and wind, or frequent use of water. Looks coarse and older, feels harsh. Girls, furnish beautifying moisture for the skin by using Jergens Lotion. No stickiness! Jergens contains 2 ingredients, so effective to help whiten and soften the skin that many doctors use them. Quickly soothes chapping! Use Jergens regularly for soft, smooth hands that kindle love's flame. At business—have a bottle in your desk drawer; at home—keep Jergens in kitchen and bathroom. Use after every hand-washing. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ — or \$1.00 for the special economy size—at any beauty counter.



JERGENS LOTION

FREE: GENEROUS SAMPLE
See—at our expense—how wonderfully this fragrant Jergens Lotion helps to make red, rough, chapped hands smooth and white.
The Andrew Jergens Co., 1485 Mt. Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada, Perth, Ontario)

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____



*Say it with
a Clear Skin*

OUR SKIN frequently reflects how we feel. In business and social contacts we like our friends to tell us *how well we look*.

The lady now recognizes—as physicians and scientists have for years—the vital importance of rich, red blood, as the foundation of strength, energy, and a clear healthy skin.

for that tired let-down feeling

It is well known how worry, overwork and undue strain take their toll of the precious red cells of the blood.

S.S.S. Tonic brings you new strength and vitality by restoring your blood to a healthy state, and its benefits are cumulative and enduring, in the absence of an organic trouble.

improves the appetite

Further, S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite... foods taste better... natural digestive juices are stimulated, and finally, the food you eat is of more value... a very important step back to health.

You, too, will want to take S.S.S. Tonic to help regain and maintain your red-blood-cells... to restore lost weight... to regain energy... and to give back to your skin that much desired natural glow, reflecting good health and well being.

You should note an improvement at once, but may we suggest a course of several bottles to insure more complete and lasting recovery.

Buy and use with complete confidence, and we believe you, like thousands of others, will be enthusiastic in your praise of S.S.S. Tonic for its part in making "you feel like yourself again."

At all drug stores in two sizes. You will find the larger size more economical.

S.S.S. Tonic stimulates the appetite and helps change weak blood cells to strong ones

Beauty Sins

BY MARY BIDDLE



Irene Rich, the personification of eternal youth and beauty, has a cure for stay-a-beds. If you will make up your mind to get up promptly, your clothes, face and disposition will benefit by that extra time you have to spend on them.

ON THE theory that we are all sisters under the skin, and that it is no easier for a glamorous radio star to diet or take a cold shower than it is for you or me, I resolved to learn some of the methods employed by said stars to keep themselves on the straight and narrow path to beauty.

Now it's not every woman who cares to admit past errors and weaknesses—even after her reform—so, it was with great trepidation that I approached Hollace Shaw, Eve March and Irene Rich with the plea that they confide in me the temptations they faced to backslide in their beauty routines, and the ways in which they overcame such temptations.

"Fresh as paint," was the reply I deserved to receive from these girls. However, they were good enough to listen to my impertinent questions and, once the ball of honest confession was started rolling, to give me some interesting and worthwhile information on How to Keep Young and Beautiful.

Eve March, who has the same freshly scrubbed, shin-

Have you been guilty of these particular beauty sins?

ing beauty as Hepburn, was the first to break the ice with this admission: She so loathed the nightly face-cleansing routine that she had even clambered into bed, make-up and all! Because Eve's beauty sin is one of the gravest and commonest of all beauty faults, how she eventually triumphed over it is of particular interest to everyone. Eve says that by adding a few drops of perfume to the last rinse water a lovely fragrance is imparted both to the water and one's skin. This faint fragrance so relieves the monotony of an otherwise dull task that Eve no longer succumbs to that beauty sin.

Eve has a trick, too, for taking the boredom out of hair-brushing. You, who brush your hair faithfully, will be as interested in this as the many of us who moan and groan and even, I'm sorry to say, skip the ritual entirely most of the time! She props a good book on her well-lighted dressing table and reads while she brushes her hair. Thus, the entertaining diversion passes the time in such a pleasant way that there is no temptation to cut short the number of brush (Continued on page 14)



Eve March, heard frequently on *Grand Central Station*, bears a marked resemblance to Katharine Hepburn. Eve's beauty sin was that she loathed the nightly face-cleansing routine.



Hollace Shaw, coloratura soprano, has a solution to that common sin—unlovely fingernails. She also gives us some tips on how to make regular exercising both easy and fun.

Here is the New Linit Complexion Mask

IN FOUR QUICK STEPS

***1st STEP**
Mixing Takes a Minute



2nd STEP
Applying Takes a Minute



3rd STEP
Resting For 20 Minutes.



4th STEP
Rinsing Off Completely



Look how easy it is for you to make the Linit Complexion Mask at home: *Simply mix three tablespoons of Linit (the same Linit so popular for the Bath) and one teaspoon of Cold Cream with enough milk to make a nice, firm consistency. Apply it to the cleansed face and neck and relax during the twenty minutes the mask takes to set. Then rinse off with clear, tepid water and pat the face and neck dry.



IT'S NEW!
LINIT ALL-PURPOSE POWDER
for every member of the family. Delightfully different. TRY IT TODAY!

LIVING COLORS FOR DYEING DRESSES!

A gay perky shade of Rit will make your costume sparkle . . . bring compliments galore. See how quickly, simply you get professional results . . . because Rit's new formula contains "neomerpin" . . . makes cloth soak in the color . . . makes colors fast without boiling. So easy . . . so much fun . . . you'll 'DYE' LAUGHING!



Never say "Dye" - say RIT!

KILL THE HAIR ROOT



Remove superfluous hair privately at home, following directions with medicinal cream and the Mahler Method positively prevents the hair from growing again by killing the hair root. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success. Backed by 45 years of successful use all over the world. Send for a stamp TODAY for illustrated booklet, "How to Remove Superfluous Hair." Forces, D. J. Mahler Co., Dept. 36P, Providence, R. I.

EXPECTANT

Consult your doctor regularly before and after baby comes. Ask him about easily cleaned Hygeia Nipples and Bottles. New patented ridge prevents nipple collapse. Tab keeps nipple germ-free. Don't take chances. Insist on Hygeia, the safe nursing bottle and nipple.



HYGEIA
NURSING BOTTLE
AND NIPPLE

SAFEST because
easiest to clean

ASK
YOUR
DOCTOR

strokes which your hair needs. In fact you'll probably give it a few extra ones if the story is particularly exciting. Incidentally, this is a fine way to find time for that "heavy reading" you are always planning to do "tomorrow."

Even a professional manicure doesn't last forever, so cracked nail polish is a too frequently observed sin against beauty. Are you guilty of inspecting a none-too-perfect finger-tip only to decide to fix it some other time? Then why not do this routine task of manicuring while listening to a good radio program? Hollace Shaw, a true radio lover, has fixed herself a little "radio manicure kit" that she keeps near her radio. While she listens to her favorite program she freshens her nail polish. Try this. You'll become acquainted with new programs and new stars, while your hands will always be lovely!

Don't you think most of us girls are inclined to do things about our figures in spasms? Maybe Saturday and Sunday we'll exercise with vim and vigor. Monday, we'll exercise half-heartedly. Tuesday we'll think about exercising. The rest of the week we'll do nothing about it! Well, Hollace says she is no harder than the rest of us, but she believes she has found the underlying cause of a

good part of the reluctance to exercise regularly! She says it is due to the inconvenience of exercising. Now that she has shifted her bedroom furniture around so there is a nice clear space right in the center of the floor, and keeps a comfortable old bathing suit easily accessible, there is no more temptation to skip the exercise period! She makes it easy for herself to do the things she should. What does it matter if her bedroom is not quite as decorative as formerly? It is still neat and attractive—while her figure is just about perfect! You, too, can easily do as Hollace does.

But before I get carried away by the beautiful thought of all of you with trim, svelt figures, I must remind you that even the best figure does not show to advantage unless it is well-groomed! If ever there is a sin against beauty it is the practice of stubbornly shutting eyes and ears to the alarm, and snuggling deeper into pillows, while those precious minutes, so necessary for good grooming, tick away! So, it was that I turned to Irene Rich, who has a reputation for perfect grooming and poise, in the hope that she could produce a "sure cure for the stay-a-beds!"

Unfortunately, Irene said, there is no tonic or patent medicine that will open our eyes wide and send us bouncing energetically out of bed at



Joan Field, one of the air's most accomplished violinists, was discovered at the age of five by Victor Kalar, conductor of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra. Kalar was her first teacher, but since then she has studied with many masters, among them Pastro of the New York Philharmonic.

the first *hrrrr* of the clock. The desire to stay in bed is all in the mind. By cultivating a new state of mind, we can get up without reluctance. Yes, we actually can arise eagerly! The first step in creating this new state of mind is to resolve before retiring that you will forget that the alarm is to remind you of the time. When the clock goes off, resist that old habit of turning over for another wink or two. Instead, tell yourself, "Here is a new day." Immediately begin thinking of this day—the things it holds for you—the things you wish to accomplish in its course.

And then what, says you? Well, you'll get up—that's all! It works, because I've tried it. However, don't fool yourself into thinking it is simple to change a whole lifetime's way of thinking overnight; it calls for will-power and practice. Just think, though, how nice it will be to have those extra minutes and actually to enjoy getting up!

Now Mary Biddle, your beauty editor, will do a little confessing! Oh, yes, I've been guilty of beauty sins, too. I think the worst sin of which I have been guilty was my way of getting so busy and interested in my work that I neglected to see that my make-up was fresh and every hair in place before dashing out on the trail of "something new" for the column! Have you committed this sin, too? If

so, then you will be interested to know that I checked this fault by placing mirrors near doors! I can't get out of my office or house now without seeing myself. This silent reminder that "all is not well" keeps me, and will keep you, too, on the beauty path.

This talk of make-up sins reminds me of the number of badly made-up faces one sees as the day wears on. There are all too many girls who will carefully apply make-up at their dressing tables in the morning, but whose subsequent beautifying is extremely sketchy. How to keep these willful wanderers in line was quite a problem until I conducted a survey of office desks and handbags. I discovered, then, that these backsliders were slipping because they were not provided with sufficient cosmetics to do a good job, or attractive enough cosmetics to arouse any interest in the subject! If this has been one of your sins, then why not make it easy for yourself to look your best all the time? Put on your list of "I want" Christmas presents all those items needed for handbag and desk that will remove the temptation to slip from the beauty fold.

There is another very common beauty sin, and as the cold weather is here with its insidious temptations, it is doubly important that it be called to your attention at this time.

Namely, that luxurious, soul-satisfying practice of taking very hot baths must be stopped! These extremely hot baths are bad for all—and especially for you who have dry skins. Add a perfumed water softener or a bubbly bath oil to your tub and focus your attention on their delights instead of the cooler temperature. You should not find it so hard, then, to forego the steaming hot tub which dries your skin and causes that scaly, chapped feeling.

Before I leave you I want to say a thing or two to you on the subject of keeping young and beautiful.

First, think of yourself as a growing person in an ever-changing world. Remember that time does not stand still. Never feel that you "know it all," for what is the style today will be out of date tomorrow. You should resist the temptation to be satisfied with the old hair-do because someone in your grammar school days told you it was becoming. Don't look scornfully at the girls with frapped finger-tips or silver-shadowed eyes before trying them out yourself, in the privacy of your room if you so desire, to prove the lift they may give to the spirit, and the freshness to the appearance! Dare to keep an open mind to the new things and to try them yourself—then you have risen above that most regrettable of all beauty sins—"getting in a rut!"



The fragrance

that whispers of LOVE

Your supreme adventure of life is love . . . and love is yours with the seductive lure of No. 3 Perfume. This entrancing perfume magically makes you a gay enchantress . . . stirs the pulses and throbs the hearts of those around you. Let No. 3 Perfume bring you romance to-night and every night. At leading drug and department stores, in \$1 and 25c sizes. Smart tuckaway size— for your purse— only 10c at all ten-cent stores.



Other famous odours:
Adventure, Cherish,
Gardenia, Lilac, and
No. 12.

PARK & TILFORD

No. 3 Perfume

FINE PERFUMES FOR HALF A CENTURY



(Left) Nan Wynn, CBS singer, attended the Swingtette's opening at the Lincoln. (Upper left) Maria Kramer, owner of the hotel, with Max Kramer and guest. (Above) John Wellington, accompanist, with Austin Johnson, NBC program director.



(Below left) Radio executive Marty Melcher with June Dwyer, Bunny Berigan's vocalist, and Tito, of Swingtette fame. (Below) Members of the American Accordion Association welcomed Tito to the Hotel Lincoln in New York.

A celebration in honor of the music-makers



(Above) Joan Mitchell and Jerry Cooper say hello to Nan Wynn and Mel Allen as they dance to Tito's music.

SWINGTETTE

(Right) Two of the boys and Tito (center) swing out on their accordions. They also play frequently over NBC.

HOW MOVIE STARS KEEP THEIR YOUTH



GLORIA STUART

THEY ARE ACTIVE AND ENERGETIC
THEY AVOID FATIGUE!

After years of strenuous work, most movie stars are as energetic, as youthful, as ever. Know why? They keep in trim; they eat foods which yield abundant energy. In Baby Ruth candy is an abundance of food-energy. That's because Baby Ruth is rich in Dextrose, called "muscle" sugar by doctors. Dextrose is the chief "fuel" of the body. That's why Baby Ruth is more than a pure delicious candy. It's a real-energy food as well.

IT'S HOLLYWOOD'S FAVORITE CANDY!



IT'S RICH IN DEXTROSE

THE SUGAR YOUR BODY USES DIRECTLY FOR ENERGY.



20th Century-Fox featured actress who will soon appear in Alexandre Dumas' "The Three Musketeers"

RADIO GOES HOLLYWOOD

Today it is difficult to find an outstanding program which does not originate in Hollywood. And fewer still are the radio performers who do not appear in pictures . . . or movie stars who aren't on the air. The radio and the screen are one. Radio's gone Hollywood.

So, RADIO STARS Goes Hollywood

Radio Stars conforms to the change. From its very inception, it has been a magazine devoted to radio personalities. But, today, radio's performers are Hollywood stars, and a radio magazine is, in effect, a movie magazine.

RADIO STARS merges with MODERN SCREEN

Next month Radio Stars will be combined with MODERN SCREEN. Thereafter you'll meet all of your favorite Radio-Movie stars in the pages of MODERN SCREEN, beginning with the January, 1939, issue, on sale everywhere December 1st.



HINDS GIVES EXTRA BOTTLE

without extra cost!
A good-will gift to your
chapped hands!



MONEY BACK ON THIS

IF NOT SATISFIED WITH THIS

Try Hinds at our expense! Extra Good-Will Bottle comes as a gift when you buy the medium size. No extra cost! A get-acquainted gift to new users! A bonus to regular Hinds users! **Money Back** if Hinds fails to soothe and soften your rough, chapped skin. If the Good-Will Bottle doesn't make your hands feel softer, look nicer, you can get **MONEY BACK** on large bottle. **More lotion for your money**—if you are pleased. You win—either way. This offer good for limited time only.



I SAW HINDS MONEY-BACK OFFER... TRIED THEIR WONDERFUL LOTION... NOW MY HANDS FEEL SMOOTH NO MATTER HOW MUCH HOUSEWORK I DO!

HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM IS AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE. SO THIS GOOD-WILL BOTTLE IS A BONUS TO ME NEARLY 20% EXTRA LOTION!

MONEY BACK! Buy the medium size—get the Good-Will gift bottle with it. If Good-Will bottle doesn't make your hands feel softer, look nicer, you can get **MONEY BACK**—where you bought it—on large bottle. If you've never used Hinds, try it now—at no risk. Find out for yourself how good Hinds is. Even 1 application makes dry, chapped skin feel *smoother!*

EXTRA LOTION! Nearly 20% more Hinds—when you buy this Hinds Good-Will bargain! More of this famous, fine hand lotion for the money than ever before. Use Hinds before and after household jobs. Coaxes back the softness that wind, cold, heat, hard water, and dust take away. Used faithfully, Hinds gives you "Honeymoon Hands." Also in 10c, 25c, \$1 sizes.

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LOOK FOR THIS
HINDS GOOD-WILL BARGAIN
AT ALL TOILET GOODS COUNTERS



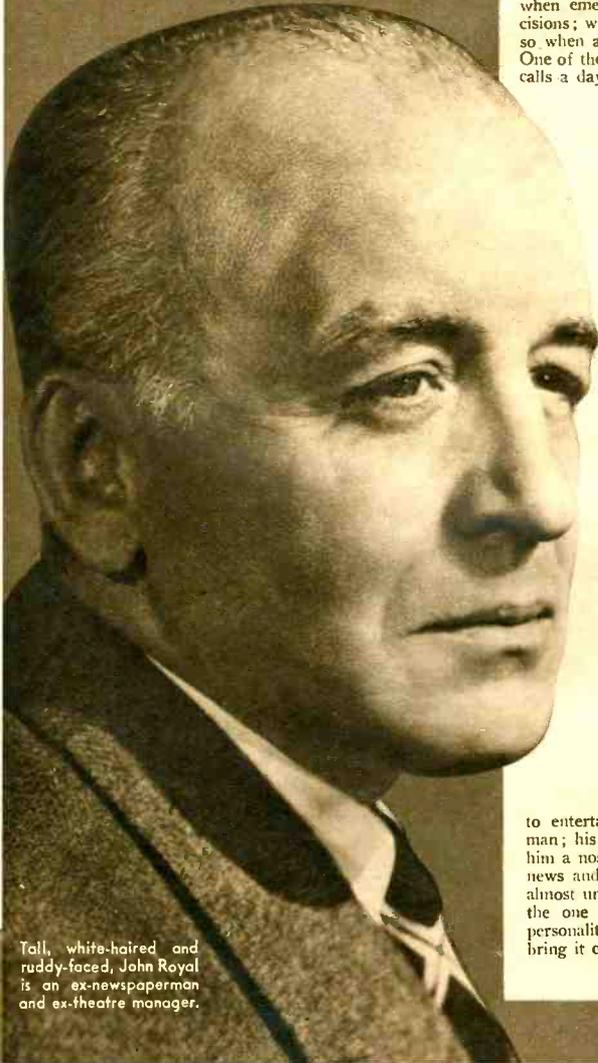
HINDS HONEY & ALMOND CREAM

FOR HONEYMOON HANDS

THE POWER BEHIND

BY JACK HANLEY

Here is John F. Royal, dynamo in human form and one of the busiest men in the world



AT NBC's transmitter in Long Island, huge generators produce the electrical current that keeps their signal on the air. And perhaps equally important to the chain's operation is their dynamo in human form, John F. Royal.

It's hard to coin a descriptive phrase about John Royal. He doesn't fit any pattern, unless one might make the pattern a cross between a whirlwind and a high-tension power line. As program director of the NBC chain, Royal is the supershowman of the world, presenting not one, but seventy-odd shows a day to an audience of millions. On his word, oceans and continents are bridged by radio; when emergencies arrive he makes the split-second decisions; whips together a whole new show in an hour or so when a star is too ill to "feed" the waiting network. One of the busiest men in the world, three hundred phone calls a day come to his desk, and his day is a fourteen-hour one with every hour geared to a pace that would wear down an ordinary man.

But there's nothing ordinary about John Royal. The tall, white-haired, ruddy-faced ex-newspaperman, ex-theatre manager is a tough man in a tough job. His friends—and you'll find them not only at Radio City but in practically every corner of the globe—may swear at him occasionally but they all swear by him. The breeze that zips past you in the office corridors at NBC is probably Royal on the way to one of his innumerable conferences or meetings; the telephone receiver that roars, smokes and crackles against the ear of some luckless department head, likewise, is probably John Royal expressing his disapproval in his own characteristic way that leaves the victim a shaken and gasping thing. And two hours later you may see the same victim at lunch with Royal, the perfect host, providing fine food and drink, a man of infinite charm, blue eyes sparkling and a friendly grin lighting his full Irish face. He can roar like the Bull of Bashan, and coo in practically the same breath. There's an awful impersonality about his raging storms, but they're never grudges. Once the calm has come, it's all forgotten and he is his usual pleasant self. But when Royal really is mad he grows very white and very quiet. Those are the times that anything can happen, but they don't occur very often.

Speaking from the standpoint of experience, John F. Royal is perhaps the only real showman in radio. He's an authority on opera, on sports, on the legitimate stage and vaudeville, on aviation. He can judge, with equal appreciation and competence, a Toscanini symphony broadcast, a popular crooner or a boxing match. Former division head and theatre manager for B. F. Keith, his approach to entertainment problems is that of the trained showman; his newspaper and publicity experience has given him a nose for news, and makes him equally valuable to news and Special Events departments. He has, too, an almost uncanny sense in auditions; the ability to pick out the one thing that's wrong, to hit upon the idea or personality that has potential possibilities, land on it and bring it out.

THE THRONE AT NBC

Royal skims through a newspaper in nothing flat. He can read six of them in the time the average person takes for one, pulling out the stories that really mean something and retaining the salient points. And you can call him up in the middle of the night with an important problem to be decided and get an immediate answer: "Yes—we'll do it," or "No—it won't work that way because . . . we'll do thus-and-so." In a business where seconds of time are of paramount importance, this ability to reach a split-second decision is invaluable. Particularly since his decisions are almost always right.

There's nothing of the super-dignified stuffed shirt about Royal, but an aura of importance surrounds him, nevertheless. Not knowing him, one is aware of him the moment he enters a room, feels the force of the man's dynamic personality. A backwash of pure energy seems to follow him as he breezes from interview to conference.

For years it was a bugaboo of his that he might also be susceptible to the disease. Whistling, he heard, built strong lungs, so young John, for hours on end, made the air horrible with his piercing whistle. From the same motivation he took up athletics and tells how he used to tie strings around his chest, breaking them Sandow-fashion by expanding. His love of sports carries up to the present; he's been known to hop in a plane and fly five hundred miles to watch a game of football or baseball he particularly wants to see. He played football and baseball at school, but now his personal athletics are confined to handball—a very strenuous game as Royal plays it—and an occasional golf match. He's not much of a golfer, but he tears around the course at a terrific rate, is too impatient to search for balls in the rough, preferring to drop a new one. His victories are as much a matter of wearing out his opponent by the sheer speed of his pace as outplaying him.

Hardly a single major sporting event has passed without Royal's presence, however. He saw Dempsey batter Willard, Carpentier and Firpo, and Tunney beat Dempsey. Before that, Royal watched one of the greatest fights in history when Sam Langford met Jack Johnson. He took his son to Cleveland to see Bob Feller pitch against the Yankees, and, in line with his love both for aviation and big events, he came to Boston from Cleveland to witness the arrival of Lieutenant Smith on his round-the-world flight.

During his school days Royal decided that perhaps he should be a merchant. He opened a little candy store opposite the school. Every few minutes he'd stop to count over his takings and incidentally to sample his stock. The venture was not a success because he ate himself out of business, the beginning and end of Royal's commercial career.

His first job was as night office boy on the *Boston Post*. The paper being willing to buy free-lance stories on "space rates" of something like fifteen cents per printed inch, Royal decided he had the scoop of the century when he tracked down a story in his locality of a petty thief who had been caught stealing lead pipe from washrooms. Elated, Johnny wrote 406 pages of copy and turned them in to the night city editor; was crushed when they landed in the waste basket.

Later, he was promoted to day office boy. This job was fairly profitable, since he purchased editions of other papers for all the editors and the profit between the price he received and the wholesale price he paid made his earnings more than that of many reporters. Nevertheless, when he was finally made a cub reporter, at the age of eighteen, he went at his job with characteristic vigor. It was before the days of elaborate news services, and papers did their own district coverage. By a lucky break, the snubbed cub saw a man robbed and thrown off a bridge. The night editor rewrote the story and gave it an eight-column head. The next day Royal basked in the glory of. (Continued on page 68)

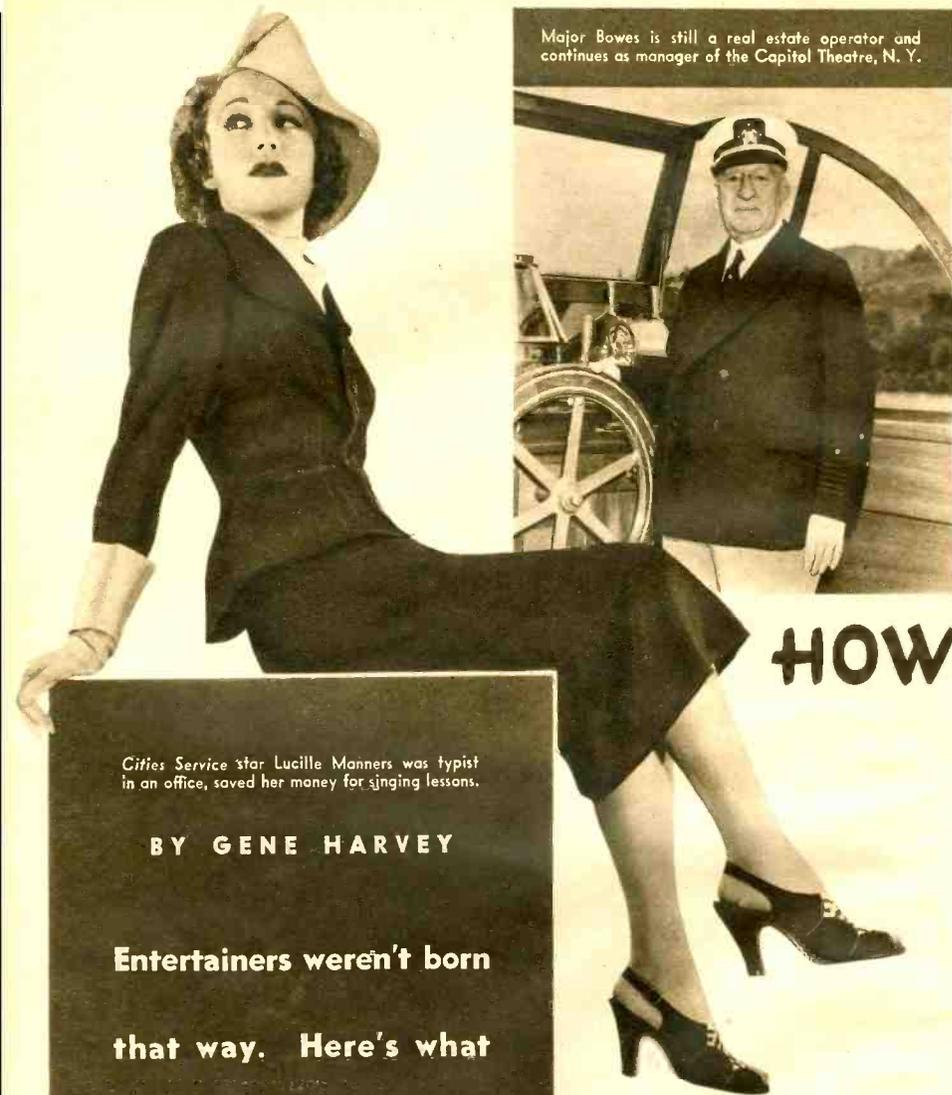


As Vice President in Charge of Programs, John Royal works fourteen hours, and is responsible for seventy-odd programs, a day, not to mention endless conferences. Bandleader Victor Young is with him here.

Things are always happening around Royal and there's a tradition in Radio City that by some mysterious means Royal is always listening in when anything goes wrong over the air.

His job and the way he does it are exciting, and he loves excitement. He's been known to follow parades for blocks and he likes fireworks. Probably because, like a contemporary known as George M. Cohan, Royal was born on the Fourth of July. The time was 1886 and the place East Cambridge, Massachusetts. Ever since he's been old enough, Royal has managed to set off a firecracker on his birthday, wherever he might be. One year when in Italy, Max Jordan, NBC's European representative, had to arrange the matter with the Italian officials, but that evening John Royal set off a loud salute to celebrate his own and his country's birthday.

While still a boy, Royal's father died of tuberculosis.



Cities Service star Lucille Manners was typist in an office, saved her money for singing lessons.

BY GENE HARVEY

Entertainers weren't born that way. Here's what some of them did before mikework claimed them



Major Bowes is still a real estate operator and continues as manager of the Capitol Theatre, N. Y.

HOW

WHERE do they come from—the stars of the radio; the singers, orchestra leaders, comedians, actors we hear on the national networks? Have they all followed their individual professions all their lives before bringing their talents to the microphone?

As a matter of fact, the record shows that there is no one highway to radio success; rather, a series of winding trails that originate in hundreds of widely different and far-flung places before converging in the broadcasting studio. The



Tommy Dorsey's vocalist, Edythe Wright, worked in a coffee shop on the New Jersey College campus.



Goodman Ace was a *Katitas* City reporter before he married Jane and they became the famed *Easy Aces*.

RADIO CAREERS BEGIN

"names" of today's radio roster frequently have originated in theatres, orchestras and concert halls, of course. But certainly as many have come to radio stardom from behind counters and typewriters, from sand-lot baseball fields and the depths of mines.

Take singers, for instance. One crooner was a professional pugilist; Buddy Clark was a law student, as was Bing Crosby. Nelson Eddy worked as a reporter before radio found him; and Morton Downey, who returned to the air for Mutual, was a salesman of such varied stuff as phonograph records, silverware and insurance, besides a brief career running a donkey engine in a freight yard. So you never know—the man who delivers your milk today may be crooning through your loudspeaker tomorrow; the girl who takes your dictation at the office may be the prima donna of a big commercial next year.

Lucille Manners prepared for her radio career by pounding the keys of a typewriter in a small New Jersey office, and she was not a secretary—just a stenographer. Stardom on the *Cities Service* program was a far-off dream, then, but she spent every penny she could save from her salary for singing lessons. In spite of the skepticism of friends and associates, she studied with the best teachers she could afford; got up an hour early each morning to practice before going to work. And the fragile, blonde Lucille belied her appearance by showing the tenacity of a bulldog. This sounds, of course, like a typical success story. Well, it is—except that few attain the success that has come to Lucille.

Then there's Edythe Wright, the attractive young vocalist with Tommy Dorsey's orchestra over the *NBC* networks. Edythe didn't come to radio from behind a typewriter, but neither was she a glamour gal of stage or screen. Before radio found her she was engaged in

the prosaic job of running a coffee shop on the campus of New Jersey College, at New Brunswick, in order to work her way through school. While still coffee-shopping through college she sang over a small local station and substituted for the girl vocalist in Frank Dailey's dance band. Dailey was a friend of the Wrights, and his singer was ill. Through this, Tommy Dorsey heard her . . . and now, so do you.

Oh yes—and there's another typist-singer starring in the radio firmament. But the twist to Sara Rehm's story is that she's still working her typewriter five days a week for the *Wheeling Steel Corporation*, with a metamorphosis into a radio soprano sensation on Sundays in the *Musical Steelmakers* program, which is composed entirely of talent recruited from the company's mills and offices.

Most musicians—like vocalists—have been interested in music all their lives. But not all of them have wholly musical backgrounds. There's Russ Morgan, for example, who, in immaculate white tie and tails, conducts *Music in the Morgan Manner* at the swank New York Biltmore and over the air. That's a far cry from a grimy coal mine in Scranton, but that's where Russ used to work. True, his father was a musician as well as mine foreman and started young Russ's musical education when the boy was eight. But when he was old enough, Russ got a job in the mines and only shook Scranton's coal dust from his clothes when he went to Philadelphia to join Paul Specht's orchestra. His history from then on is entirely musical.

Eddy Duchin, too, was only a part-time musician at first, with piano as a hobby. He became interested in orchestras while working as a waiter at a boys' camp and organized the other waiters into a three-piece orchestra. While studying pharmacy he (Continued on page 66)

SHE SCOOPS TO Conquer

Newspaper reporter, author and air columnist,

Mary Margaret McBride's life has been

one hard, swift search for stories

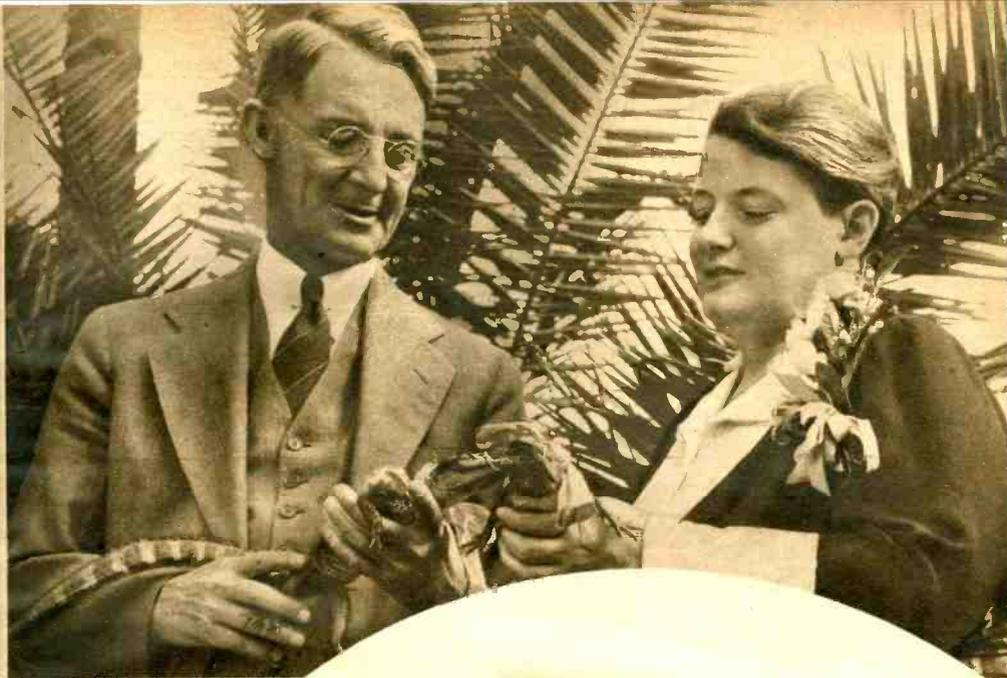
When she was in Orlando, Fla., the Mayor presented her with Min and Tap, baby alligators.



Born on a farm in Missouri, Mary Margaret is fond of animals. Pierrot is a goat she brought back from France.



There's nothing of the sophisticate about Miss McBride, as her listeners know. She inspires confidence and friendliness.



BY MILDRED MASTIN

MARY MARGARET McBRIDE once chased the Shah of Persia all over Europe to find out if he really carried pearls and diamonds in the folds of his garments. She finally caught up with him in Paris, and he was wearing a dark, tailored suit, with nary a jewel in sight. If Mary Margaret was disappointed in the Shah, she was pleased to get the story. Her life, for years now, has been one hard, swift, continual search for stories—first as a newspaper reporter, later as an author, and now as a columnist on the air. She's gone beneath the sea, above the clouds, under the earth, around the world, watching, listening, asking questions, always hurrying on the trail of a scoop. Mary Margaret doesn't look like you expect a successful newspaper woman and radio columnist to look. Right today she could go back to the Missouri farm where she came from and be perfectly at home. She has soft, dark eyes that light up when you talk to her, and clear pink and white skin that is rare in sooty New York. There is nothing of the sophisticate about her. She's the kind of woman who wouldn't look out of place with a cigarette because she wouldn't know just how to hold it. She'd probably light it as if it were a candle. When invited to a smart cocktail bar, she orders a cup of tea and, without thinking, always takes off her hat. She admits that at dinner parties she usually spills something on her front. And once when a friend lent her an ermine wrap to wear to a very swanky affair, Mary Margaret refused to check it because she couldn't bear not to show it off, then, in a burst of guilty conscience, told everybody who admired it that it was borrowed.

A woman of quick sympathies and deep understanding, people easily confide in her. She still considers as her most harrowing reportorial experience the time a

woman confessed to her that she was a murderer. No one—least of all Mary Margaret—suspected the woman of murder. Suddenly in the midst of an interview, the woman, feeling instinctively that Mary Margaret was understanding and could be trusted, blurted out the story of a murder she had committed, unburdened to her the details of a perfect crime.

What would you do if an undetected murderer confessed her crime to you? For weeks Mary Margaret led a life of troubled days and sleepless nights, trying to find an answer to that question. Was it her duty as a law-abiding citizen to tell the police? Should she betray a trust or shield a murderer? She had heard vaguely of people who shared such secrets being, in the eyes of the law, an accessory after the fact. She had visions of a trial, notoriety, even prison. She was also haunted by the fear that the woman, having regretted her confession, might do away with her, too, since dead men tell no tales. Just about the time Mary Margaret, torn by fear and pity and duty, had reached a decision, the poor woman suddenly died. Mary Margaret allowed the story of the secret crime to be buried with her. And there the matter ended.

Of course, this ability to inspire confidence has been a big help to her on her never-ending search for stories. A scientist, notoriously tight-mouthed about his work, will open up and tell Mary Margaret exciting incidents of his most recent expedition. A jade collector, known to be impatient with people who are ignorant on his favorite subject, finds himself telling Mary Margaret all about jade and inviting her to see his collection. Her note- (Continued on page 54)

IN THE RADIO Spotlight

The camera casts its eye on some important radio personalities



Milo. Rachel Carley has signed again as star of *Manhattan Merry-Go-Round*.



Joan Edwards, vocalist with Paul Whiteman's band, is an expert pianist and wants to become a song writer.



Merry Mac Ted McMichael and *What's My Name* Budd Hulick combine their talents in a bit of harmony.



Harry Babbitt and Virginia Sims swing out on Kay Kyser's *Klass*.



Skinny Ennis makes music on Bob Hope's new show, and Carmine Calhoun sings swing with his orchestra.



Professor Quiz, now under a new sponsor and heard at 8:30 Saturday nights, is still assisted by Bob Trout.

Eileen Palmer plays the rôle of Red Lamson in the serial, *Girl Alone*. In real life, though, her hair is a lovely blonde.



Bandleader Ben Bernie pulled a gag on a new acquaintance and laughed heartily — until he learned his identity.



Edgar Bergen still blushes when he recalls what he did to Charles McC.



Agnes Moorehead says her most embarrassing moment occurred when a dramatic scene and a violent fit of hiccups arrived at once.



Fred Allen's quick wit failed him when something unexpected happened.



BY ELLA RIDDLE

Anecdotes which prove that mike artists are not immune to crimson faces or agitation

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

IF YOU have ever felt that indescribable hot feeling in your face, known that a gorgeous shade of crimson was suffusing your physiognomy, and wanted to sink as rapidly as possible through the ground and out of sight, then you have something in common with all of radio's star performers.

It is a safe bet that not one of them has been spared his embarrassing moment, particularly since broadcasting is fraught with so many pitfalls, a business in which anything can happen and all too frequently does. What makes it even worse is that an air artist has an unseen audience of millions and most often a studio audience of hundreds to witness his discomfort and laugh at his dilemma. His face has every reason to become very red, indeed.

Bill Stern, NBC's ace football announcer, still has night-

mares when he remembers a certain program he conducted in Texas. Two colleges were to meet in a neutral town for the play-off game, and Bill had arranged to broadcast the arrival of the teams, college bands and rooters as their trains pulled into the station. The first Special was due at ten a.m., and a few minutes before that time Bill had everything in readiness—mikes were set up and an orchestra in the main studio was supplying music until the time for the show to start. Suddenly he heard the shriek of an engine whistle in the distance and rushed to the station-master's office.

"Is that the Special coming now?" he called. "Sure, son. She'll be here in a minute," drawled the station-master.

Stern raced back to the radio (Continued on page 70)

Often the neat work of some practical joker throws air stars for a temporary loss.

Professional judging services, such as the Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation, are hired by sponsors to take care of the thousands of contest entries.



BY RITA LOWE

DIALING dollars has become one of America's favorite pastimes. Tune in almost any station, day or night, and you will find some golden opportunity to enter a contest and win a prize of a thousand dollars, a trip to Honolulu, an automobile, or even a coffee percolator. It was in the depression year of 1932 that people began to wake up to the possibilities of overnight riches by air and jotted down requirements from their loud-speakers to make, draw, write or solve something which would bring them prizes running into thousands of dollars in cash or merchandise.

Since then, the radio contest has grown in popularity by leaps and bounds, until there are now more than fifty thousand people in the United States—clever, unusually intelligent, with the time to devote to it—who are making extra money out of contests. They even have their own magazines, which list the contests of the month, publish letters from winners and critical reviews of contest entries which did not win prizes.

In 1936, when the sponsors of *Amos 'n' Andy* appealed to their listeners for a name for Amos' and Ruby's baby, they received more than 2,250,000 entries, each entry representing a purchase of the sponsor's product. A soap contest brought in about one million soap wrappers (*Canary*); a cigar sponsor (*Cremo*) ran a contest for seven months on the air, at the rate of eight thousand entries per day, twenty cigar bands per entry, and so on, which proves without a doubt the value to sales increase of these promotional events, and the enthusiasm with which the public receives them.

This year, a banner year for contestants, has brought them richer returns than ever, with one sponsor (*Ivory Flakes*) offering every week for five weeks a 1938 automobile, equipped with radio, plus a thousand gallons of gas and one hundred dollars vacation money; and

with another sponsor (*Royal Crown Cola*) completing a contest of several weeks for which fifty thousand dollars was paid to 1,525 persons, whose names were published with a grand flourish in a full-page magazine advertisement.

From the beginning, skeptics have maintained that these contests were an out-and-out racket. People who philosophically swallow their losses in the stock market look upon their failure in a radio contest as a result of fraud. But, even if the advertising agencies and their clients were disposed to run a dishonest contest, and certainly they are not, they must keep themselves beyond reproach because of the danger of indefensible lawsuits. The broadcasting companies, the Federal Radio Commission and the Post Office Department maintain a stern lookout for anything shady. Then, of course, no advertiser wants to sponsor a contest which would be run in such a fashion that he would lose customers and gain everlasting ill-will for his product.

It is only natural that there was confusion when contests first became a fad. A sponsor would find that he was unprepared to handle the inordinate quantity of mail which poured in upon him after a prize announcement, and unintentional oversights would result. For example, there would be duplication of prize-winning answers, failure to publish the list of winners, or to acknowledge every entry.

But, today, radio contests are run on a large scale, with a carefully-worked-out efficiency technique for the handling of mail and judging of entries—large staffs of workers who do nothing but read and sort out the letters, specialists from appropriate fields of business or the arts to select the winners, so that there couldn't be the slightest suspicion of fraud.

In 1932, before the running of contests was so reg-

ARE RADIO CONTESTS ON THE LEVEL?

You'll find the truth here, with information as to how contest entries are handled and judged



Donnelley's system guarantees impartial and speedy selection of winning entries. Here are a group of judges at work on one of the large contests.

imented, one sponsor, the Jones Metal Stamping Company of Saturnalia, Ohio, had a very sad and expensive experience which was typical in those days. Mr. Jones was highly elated at receiving forty thousand letters a week on his contest, until he discovered that his factory would be utterly unable to take care of the mail, having neither the space nor facilities to handle it. He had to spend some fifteen thousand dollars for extra space, clerks, executives and, later, five judges, so that the company might be freed of any suspicion of partiality or prejudice.

But, in spite of his judges, Mr. Jones received more than seventeen thousand angry "nuisance" letters after the winners were selected. Here are samples of them: "Gentlemen:

I wouldn't buy one of the Kitchen Mechanic machines you make under no circumstances. My wife and myself worked for two weeks on your contest and our answer should have entitled some kind of prize but no. You did not even tell us you got it. We know now, you dirty crooks because you were afraid it would show you got it. Probably some relatives got these prizes. I have told George Sampson from who I buy lumber as well as hardware if he carries your lousy

machine I will buy all my needs from someone who don't.

Yours (Signature)"

"Gentlemen: We are all a little disgusted with a company which hitherto had enjoyed such a thorough respect and confidence in our family. When your radio program first went on the air, we felt a personal gladness in the fact because our own kitchen boasted one of your Kitchen Mechanics, a priceless assistant to my wife in the preparation of food.

We had decided to get one of them for our married daughter as a Christmas gift. But that is unthinkable, today, thanks to your contest. Our youngest daughter, who is at (Blank) College and an honor student and who has specialized in advertising, sent you one of the cleverest solutions to the contest problem you possibly could have received. Her answer was posted on the bulletin board of her advertising class at college because of its excellence, and now we are asked to believe it unworthy even of honorable mention by your judges.

Under the circumstances, you (Continued on page 52)



Sammy Goldberg (Everett Sloane) to **Joyce** (Anne Teeman): We're not any different than lots of other families, Joyce. Please don't think we're just being kind. We really like you.

Rosalie Goldberg (Roslyn Silber): Sammy, if you don't stop picking on me I'm going to tell Poppa—then you'll get it. Now see if you don't! **Sammy**: Ya big baby! Gwan and tell!

Molly (Gertrude Berg): Haha. That's funny, Jake. Don't you think so, Samele? **Oy**, (sigh) it makes me happy to see you happy.

Joyce (Anne Teeman): Sammy, you don't believe me, do you? Nobody trusts me, either. And even you don't believe or trust me.

Joyce (Anne Teeman): They're chasing me, Sammy. Why don't they let me be happy? I'm afraid they'll take me away from you.

Joyce (Anne Teeman): I'm so unhappy. My mother hates me—because she knows I know she killed my father. I loved him so! (sobs at intervals).

PUTTING THEIR How realistic performances have

THE GOLDBERGS serial has become an epic of the airwaves, and as such is still enjoying one of the longest and most successful consecutive runs in radio history.

In 1928, Gertrude Berg, a Manhattan housewife, conceived the idea for a radio serial about a Jewish family. Without any previous entertainment experience, she finally succeeded in selling the idea and building a hit program from it.

Mrs. Berg not only continues to write the scripts herself, but she has endeared herself to listeners as *Molly*, the loving wife and mother of the *Goldberg* family. She has thought and lived this character for so long that, when she's before the mike, she can actually sense and experience all the emotions which *Molly* is supposed to be feeling.

Jake, the irascible but kindly *Mr. Goldberg*, has been played since the program's debut by James R. Waters, veteran stage actor. He's so completely wrapped up in the rôle that he even finds himself worrying about his radio family as much as he



Edna (Helene Dumas): It isn't hard to understand, Mrs. Goldberg. They're just two kids that fell in love, that's all. It's natural.

Edna (Helene Dumas): Look, Joyce. Don't you think you'd feel better if you got it all off your chest? Spill it to me, honey.

Jake (James Waters): I tell you, Molly, I know something is wrong. I can feel it in here. Everything is not as it ought to be.

Molly (Gertrude Berg): Oy—I'm so nervous and flustered—I can't remember the name she said. Let me think—was it Bradford?

HEARTS INTO IT won laurels for The Goldbergs

does about his own.

To Roslyn Silber and Everett Sloane, playing the parts of the youthful *Rosalie* and *Sammy* isn't work. They both throw themselves into the characterizations with such enthusiasm and intensity that they are actually *Rosalie* and *Sammy* as they face the mike. The same holds true of Anne Teeman, who plays *Joyce*, and Helene Dumas, who is *Edna*.

Despite the artificial studio atmosphere, lack of make-up, costumes and scenery, a witness to the broadcast would soon forget that he was watching actors and actresses, so expressive are their faces, words and gestures. So completely do they "put their hearts" into their work that they are one with the characters they portray.

Aside from the universal human interest and appeal of the story itself and the superlative quality of the script, it is this intense realism on the part of the cast which has brought popularity to *The Goldbergs*.

Rosalie (Roslyn Silber): Oh Mama, darling! I'm so glad—I'm so happy. Everything is fine now. Isn't it wonderful, Mama, dear?

Joyce (Anne Teeman): Oh, I'd die first before I'd go back there! You won't let them take me, will you? They aren't coming, Sammy, are they? Really?



Jake (James Waters): Now I want it understood that I'm the head of this house. I will not stand for any more of this shilly-shallying.

Molly (Gertrude Berg): Are you looking so happy, Jake, because you're really happy? **Jake**: Is it a crime I should feel good, Molly?

Jake Goldberg (James Waters): Hallo-hallo-Molly? Yes-yes-this is Jake. Don't worry, Molly, everything is under control.



(Left to Right) Annie, Zeke and Judy Canova have good reason to look happy. They are now cast members of one of the air's big-time shows, *The Chase and Sanborn Hour*. Instead of two Strouds you now have the three hillbilly Canovas.



(Left to Right) Emily, Solly, Virginia, Frank and Louisa Vass. As *The Vass Family* they're heard over NBC on the *National Barn Dance* the *National Farm and Home Hour*, *Breakfast Club*, *Club Matinee* and *NBC Jamboree*. Singing is their specialty.

RADIO RAMBLINGS

BY ARTHUR MASON

Concerning celebrities
of the air, what they're
doing and plan to do
in Broadcastland, USA

AFTER vainly trying the skill of all the leading dummy-makers in the country, Edgar Bergen still pursues his quest for a spare copy of Charlie McCarthy. A number of carvers have made approximate replicas but, since movies and photographs have made Charlie's saucy face so familiar, approximation is not sufficient.

For the ordinary ventriloquist, a dummy would last a lifetime with reasonable care. No dummy ever before assumed the importance of Charlie McCarthy, and Bergen shudders at the thought of theft by a souvenir hunter, loss in an accident, fire or any of the dozen mishaps that might lose or destroy the crudely carved little manikin.

In the latest effort to provide a duplicate, Bergen had a plaster cast of Charlie's head taken. The carvers will work from the cast to create a wooden model.

BANDS seem to have been adopted officially this season as the proper medium for advertising cigarettes on the air. Four of the major brands are pinning their hopes to swing or sweet. Camel has *Benny Goodman*, *Lucky Strike* its *Hit Parade*, *Tommy Dorsey* for *Raleigh* and *Kool*, and *Russ Morgan* for *Philip Morris*.

Exceptions are *Chesterfield*, which has ended its four-year association with the *Kostelanetz* orchestra to engage *George Burns* and *Gracie Allen*; and *Old Gold*, which returns to the air with *Robert Benchley*.

IN SPITE of the anti-Semitic propaganda that has seeped across the Atlantic from the Fascist nations of Europe, *The Goldbergs* continue a serene course with no trace of an attack on racial grounds. Small repercussions were expected to pop up in the fan mail. So far, the expectations have been groundless.

On the contrary, the letter files of *Gertrude Berg*, creator of

The Goldbergs, include warm tributes from Protestant, Catholic and Jew alike, praising her for the spirit of toleration she is indirectly spreading by her sympathetic, comic treatment of a simple Jewish family.

THE recent broadcasts of *Amos 'n' Andy* from a hospital is another example of the extreme measures troupers take to avoid missing a program. With *Charles Correll* in the hospital, scripts probably could have been rewritten to account for *Amos'* absence for a few days. Nothing of the sort was considered. The program's headquarters moved from its office and studio right into the hospital, and *Correll*, despite weakness from an operation, missed no day on the air and worked on the writing as usual.

Stoopnagle once found *Budd* in a state of collapse late in the afternoon of their broadcast day. A doctor frantically worked over the prostrate *Budd* to summon up his strength for that program. From there he went to a hospital for a couple of weeks, emerging only for the radio shows.

Jack Benny, threatened with pneumonia, almost had to be restrained by force because of his insistence that he would make a scheduled appearance (without salary) on the program of his old friend, *Fred Allen*. The combined insistence of a doctor, *Jack's* wife and *Fred* himself was needed to keep *Jack* in bed.

It is no uncommon sight in a radio studio to find a laryngitis-stricken singer undergoing treatment by a physician offstage between songs. When any performer does miss a broadcast, you may take it for granted, he is unable to walk or speak.

A STRANGER visiting the *Kate Smith* studio after a broadcast would go away puzzled about who is the star of that show. *Kate* would be quietly out of the way, dressed in the white apron to which she changes from her black dress immediately after the program ends. Chances are she would be cutting the cake that always is part of her dressing-room furnishings. Musicians, page boys, anyone who drops in, is *Kate's* guest at the cake cutting. She'd be asking how they are, about one who had been sick, etc.

Her announcer and manager, *Ted Collins*, would be speaking in the florid style radio and theatrical stars usually give themselves. The "woos" of the last program, reassuring the sponsor that tonight's show was great, plans for next week are still greater—that's the *Ted Collins* theme and spirit.

They are a strange pair, *Kate* and *Ted*. *Kate* is a quiet, domestic sort and *Ted* supplies the Broadway strut and shrewdness to the team. They are connected by warm friendship as well as business ties. Results of their association have been mutually beneficial. *Ted* has become a rich man; *Kate* has outlasted all the popular singers who rose to stardom in the seasons when she was having her own rise. In the radio business, much of the credit for *Kate's* enduring success is given to the wise managerial manipulations of *Ted Collins*. *Kate* never has been permitted to take a program when there was any possibility of its failure.

FIBBER MCGEE has started another season without the aid of *Molly*, his partner in robust comedy. In spite of a year of rest and (Continued on page 62)

BETWEEN BROADCASTS

A pictorial peek at air
favorites' pet pastimes
when they're at leisure



Busy as she is with four programs a week, Kate Smith works nights catching up on correspondence.



Fans and friends won't let NBC's George Griffin forget work. Wherever he is, he's asked to sing.



Ted McMichael, one of *The Merry Macs*, lives up to his name as he gives a friend a surprise hot-foot.



Madaline Lee (left), who is Genevieve Blue on *Amos 'n' Andy*, strolls with Helen Wood of *Those We Love*.



Announcer Del Sharbutt's story-telling ability makes him a popular guest at social gatherings.



When Natalie Parks can spare a minute from her acting before NBC's San Francisco mikes, she may be found on a sailboat enjoying her pet sport.

THE STORIES BEHIND FAMOUS FIRST FACTS

BY JOSEPH
NATHAN KANE

Fourteen years
of research have
made the writer an
authority on firsts

IF YOU'RE ONE of those typical American radio listeners who believes implicitly that Robert Fulton built the first steamboat, George Washington was the first President of the United States, and Elias Howe invented the first sewing machine, then you should listen to my weekly broadcast of *Famous First Facts* on the Mutual network. I believe this show can prove to you how wrong these notions are.

After fourteen years of traveling the highways and byways of this nation, checking and rechecking the history of American inventions, I have become somewhat of an authority on who did this or that first, and where and why. Frankly, the gathering of "first facts" has become more than just my life-work—it has become almost a fanaticism with me.

This unique occupation has made me realize that there are virtually thousands and thousands of unsung inventors, artists, workers and other individuals who have accomplished great things and yet, through their own modesty or some twist of fate, have never received and may never enjoy the faintest spark of recognition from posterity. Thus, it is an indescribable thrill to unearth, in some obscure corner of the globe, a truly elusive genius whose heart is more in his work than in seeking the glare of the spotlight.

For over a decade I have visited libraries, interviewed descendants of forgotten inventors, kept the midnight oil burning while I pored over rare papers, legacies, and visited historical societies and dusty museums. And, like a fool, I thought I could do this work without the aid of radio. It was impossible, for only radio could bring me nearer to the people I wanted to meet, those who might be able to help by supplying missing scraps of information otherwise unattainable.

Since the inauguration of *Famous First Facts* several months ago, it is gratifying to find that radio listeners are more than willing to help. Better than fifty letters a day stuff my mail box. They come from individuals who feel they are able to supply some missing clue in many of the problems which have bothered me for years. Others make interesting claims as pioneers in unusual fields. From these letters I have been able to cull a mass of absorbing data for some of my new volumes.

But there are other aspects to the aid which radio has given me.

On this program many people come to me with their claims to fame in varied and unique fields, from the first woman cab driver to a descendant of the inventor of condensed milk. Drawing upon the overwhelming mass of data which I have gathered during years of research, usually I am able to support or reject these claims. Most cases have been fairly authentic. In the event I do not find them so, the person making the claim has quietly accepted my decision as final.

Here, for example, is a cross section of some of the "first facts" I have been privileged to offer the radio audience since my air début.

One of the first figures who comes to mind is the man who built and successfully flew the first monoplane. Today, school children from ocean to ocean are taught the exploits of the world-famous Wright brothers. I have no desire to detract from the glory which rightfully is and has been theirs, but today if you visit any large airport you will naturally find that the great skyships which now span our continent in less than a day are all single-winged craft. Military planes, too, are trending in this same direction; almost every record-holding plane in America has been of the sturdy, simple monoplane construction. Yet Orville and Wilbur Wright believed in and experimented only with the bi-plane, or double-winged aircraft.

In 1909 it took vision and courage for an American to build a monoplane. Today only a handful of Americans know his name. It gave me great pleasure when Dr. Henry W. Walden, a New York dentist, visited the Mutual studios and told the great radio audience the true events of his epochal achievement which has never before won the attention it deserved.

Every year, everywhere, the grand institution of Mother's Day is observed in each state of the Union. Yet how many of my listeners had ever before heard of the quiet, modest little woman—Miss Anna Jarvis—who traveled from Philadelphia to tell for the first time how she was inspired to begin this touching, national custom?

On another occasion I featured Charles E. Duryea, whom my records show to be the builder of the first (Continued on page 72)

Joseph Nathan Kane shows some fan mail to Dr. Louis J. Odets, who established the first sleep clinic, and Michael J. Sauchelli (right), first airplane wing-walker.



Mr. Kane with Frank Broacker, first certified public accountant. The program is on MBS Mondays at 8:30 p.m. EST.

Scott, Gould, Ellington and Grofe are all possible candidates, but can any one of them fill the place left by America's greatest composer?

WHO IS GERSHWIN'S SUCCESSOR ?

BY JERALD
MANNING



Raymond Scott's melodic and rhythmic sense and his unusual creative ideas are similar.

Ferde Grofe's collection of musical pictures of America makes him a likely contender.



Morton Gould's creative ability seems endless, and he has all the necessary attributes.

Duke Ellington has been called the Negro Gershwin. He is considered a melodic genius.

THE RANKS of the great are small. As soon as one member leaves, a new candidate steps up to enter the exclusive society. The vacant one's place is taken but never is the cry of "The King Is Dead, Long Live The King" shouted. For the kings of the great cannot be replaced.

Enrico Caruso died. New tenors were hailed. But there will never be another Caruso. Will Rogers has left. There have been pretenders to his throne, but it will always be vacant. Babe Ruth and Jack Dempsey retired. There have been new champions but there will never be another Babe or Manassa Mauler.

George Gershwin is gone. Gershwin, the young East Side genius hailed as America's greatest composer. The one man who most successfully was able to catch and put into music the heart-beat of a nation. Gershwin is gone. Who is there in music today who can step up and fill the space in the ranks that his departure has left open?

I wanted to find out. I thought the only way to do it was to ask those men who conduct music. Conductors who have played the works of Gershwin and are now playing what the new candidates offer.

I began to make the rounds. I went from one important conductor's office to another, and the reaction I got was interesting. There were some who said: "Gershwin is alone. There will never be another like him. There is no composer in America today who can be mentioned in the same breath with George."

There were others who mentioned possible candidates for his place. Each agreed that those candidates had yet to prove themselves. And there was one man who did not hesitate to speak and predict. The man who is called the Dean of American Music, sponsor of the *Rhapsody in Blue*, one of Gershwin's closest friends, the conductor who best knows George's work. He is Paul Whiteman, and here is his answer to the blunt question: "Who is Gershwin's successor?"

"That's a large order to fill, but I think Raymond Scott is this era's ace composer. Like all people of greatness, he has a positive, definite trademark on everything he writes. He is very much of this age and has a marvelous technique for 'mike' writing. What I like best about Scott is that he gets better with each new thing he writes."

Just as he sponsored Gershwin, Paul is now centering his attention on Scott. He is the first

to play new Scott compositions, for example.

So there is Raymond Scott as the first nominee. After my tour of the experts, the rest of the candidates line up to include, at the top: Morton Gould, Duke Ellington and Ferde Grofe. Before you hear about each of these gentlemen, I'd like you to know what Frank Black had to say on the subject. Black is musical director of *NBC* and was an intimate of Gershwin's. He has an encyclopedic knowledge of music and musicians and a habit of saying what he thinks.

"The stuff those people are doing," he said, "is not as good as what George did when he first started out."

As to Raymond Scott as a possibility, he added: "Gershwin never gave a damn about perfection of performance. Scott strives for perfection. Scott's music is dependent upon the way it is played—his *Quintet* makes it. Gershwin, certainly, didn't compose that way.

"Gould?—A babe in arms!

"Grofe? He possesses an enormous amount of talent, but not a spark of what Gershwin had. Ferde is essentially an orchestrator, an arranger—a talent which George lacked completely and which would have made him even greater. Grofe is a descriptive, photographic writer. Gershwin composed pure, absolute music.

"Ellington?—He is the Negro Gershwin. I don't think he has what may be called 'profundity,' but he is a terrific melodic genius."

But he agreed that all four are heading in the direction of the paths Gershwin took.

Andre Kostelanetz, another Gershwin friend and admirer, refused to commit himself. He said no one has approached Gershwin yet. He agreed that the candidates included the four we
(Continued on page 64)



George Gershwin was the one man who was able to catch and put into music the heart-beat of a nation. Only time can answer the question of who will be his successor.

THE

BANDWAGON

All about popular orchestras —how Sammy Kaye "arrived"

BY
JERRY MASON

SAMMY KAYE is undoubtedly the music trade's outstanding example of a guy who wanted to make money out of orchestra leading and found the best way to do it. It wasn't just a matter of dollars and cents with Sammy. He liked music better than any other profession he could think of—including civil engineering wherein he boasts a collegiate degree.

Sammy's way to orchestral money is simple and almost obvious. He surveyed the band scene and, being a bright lad, made two discoveries: (1) The surest way of all to orchestra success is through the build-up of radio and (2) The boys with sweet bands and a style make money longer and more often.

Logically, he had to start with discovery number two. He did.

He graduated from Ohio University in 1933. He led an orchestra all through college, but it was one of those student affairs that copied any big-time band it liked. Every other number sounded like somebody else until Sammy slipped out of his cap and gown and went to work in earnest. His first step was to stop swinging. His second step was to develop a style.

That second step was designed for radio, on which he had his eye. He decided to stereotype his band. Knowing the power of the airwaves, he wanted a band which a listener could identify after listening to it for thirty seconds—announcer or no announcer.

After kicking around for a year or so and increasing the organization from the original five pieces to its final eleven-man group, Sammy opened at Cleveland's Cabin Club in the winter of 1935. He high-pressured the Cabin's owner into putting in a radio wire. It belonged to NBC and it was Sammy's first. So now he had both essentials, and he began to perfect his style. Among other things he wanted a nice easy rhyme that people would remember and associate with the band. He and the boys first concocted



Bandleader Sammy Kaye signs a contract with James Peppe, who is now his personal manager.



Then Sammy is booked by the Music Corporation of America and Harry Mass plans a tour for him.



Kaye's recordings are released through Victor and Vocalion. He looks for flaws with an engineer.



Comes pay day, and Sammy signs checks for his musicians. Carrying a band runs into big money.



A "song plucker" goes over some new tunes with the maestro, who's always looking for hit songs.



Success at last! The Commodore's advertising manager shows Kaye the sign announcing his band.

Music In the Romantic Way—Played By Sammy Kaye.

That was pretty good—but not too hot. So they kept trying until they hit on *Swing And Sway With Sammy Kaye*. Everybody liked that one, so it stuck.

Then the singing titles came in. You probably remember that idea as beginning with Gus Arnheim 'way back. Up until 1935, Sammy had had the whole band sing the title, but that got too complicated so he finally turned it over to the vocalist as a solo job. Sammy seems to have had a profound pity for the poor radio announcer—he wanted to reduce his work to a minimum.

He also wanted to keep his band down to a minimum. The more men you have, the more expensive. That was simple arithmetic, so Kaye limited the organization to eleven men, including three vocalists, a trio and a glee club. Sammy himself plays a clarinet—according to him, he's not very good so he only plays on special occasions. All in all, though, there is no waste motion in the Kaye crew. Every singer plays an instrument and some men double. When Sammy hired a man to play second trumpet,

he bought an electric guitar and told the new trumpeter to learn how to play it.

That trumpeter now knows how. He's never had a lesson, but Sammy told him which strings were which, and every time an arrangement is made a chart is drawn from which the electric guitar man works. That diagram is so simple that you or I could pluck the strings when and where necessary. Sammy uses the instrument only to back up sweet vocals, but he likes the effect there.

In August, 1936, the band was stranded in Pittsburgh with no job and faint prospects of one. But Sammy persuaded Bill Green to give *Swing and Sway* a three-week trial at his Casino. He also talked him into putting in a radio wire. The combination resulted in a six months' contract and the entrance of Kaye into the big-time ranks. The following summer he landed a job at Point Pleasant, N. J. Again he persuaded the owner to put in a radio wire. That was three times in succession. Definite proof that Sammy was sold on radio. And most observers nowadays agree that radio sold Sammy.

That winter—1937—he was hired by the Hotel Statler in Cleveland. It was Sammy's first big-league job and the kind he'd been hoping for. He had built his band for a hotel room. His music, like Lombardo's, was aimed both at those who just sit around and talk and those who want to dance. That job—with its regular broadcasts—was the last push needed to carry Sammy over into the big-money brackets.

He now has his style down pat. It's sweet and slow. He has never played a swing number on a radio broadcast. But he's smart enough to vary his pace when he gets on a theatre stage or a dance floor. There he really blows it out. But on a radio broadcast, where the people who make bands listen, he keeps to his stereotyped formula. You listen to eight bars and you know it's Sammy Kaye. Any-one who makes a habit of listening to orchestras cannot possibly miss it. In the course of our discussion, I told him I thought his style was just about as corny as they come. That remark nearly produced blows.

"My band is not corny," said (Continued on page 56)

BACHELOR QUARTERS

**Life was anything but smooth,
as lived by three musicians in
their new Hollywood home**



(L. to R.) Skinny Ennis, Claude Thornhill and John Scott Trotter live together on Maravilla Road. The boys also get along nicely when they play golf.

Claude thinks maybe he pulled a boner when he left his wife for temporary bachelorhood to do arrangements for the mad maestri. He's the wild-eyed genius.





Two bachelor bandleaders conduct a dish-washing marathon. It was fun at first, but Skinnay and John Scott soon found they were too busy for such menial chores.

The cooking was another problem. Skinnay, whose orchestra is on Bob Hope's show, thinks John Scott is better at baton-waving for *K.M.H.* than he is at spoon-waving.

Then came a brilliant inspiration in the person of Prunella. And with her came order, efficiency and a plentitude of good food. Her three employers are so happy about it all that they've agreed not to disagree about anything from now on. If this state of affairs continues, we may expect big things from Messrs. Ennis, Trotter and Thornhill.



FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO RADIO



Each year Bing Crosby seems to become more and more informal on his program, and each year his listening audience grows. Does this mean that informality is the secret of success on radio? Not necessarily—for, while there are many varieties, none can compare with the Crosby informality.

His is a rare combination of spontaneity, humor and sincerity which is well nigh impossible for other entertainers to equal. And he's consistent, too, in that he never steps out of character, even while singing. Throughout each of the K.M.H. sessions, Bing is responsible for sustaining that give-and-take spirit which is the key-note of the show.

That we're all "just plain folks" at heart is a fact which Bing never forgets. Since we're at home among family and friends as we listen in, he feels that the entertainment he furnishes should be natural and in keeping with the homey atmosphere. His success in achieving this effect is another reason why he's an outstanding favorite today.

Whereas informality, in some cases, leads to a crude and lackadaisical performance, such is not the case with the Crosby brand. In spite of the unrehearsed manner of its presentation, the program moves smoothly and is invariably entertaining. It is easy for Bing's guest artists, no matter how important or dignified they are, to fall happily into the swing of things. And for Bob Burns, John Scott Trotter and the other regulars to aid and abet the genial M.C. Bing knows how to inject that informal flavor into radio entertainment. He also knows what we listeners want and sees to it that we are never disappointed. That is the reason why he has become a national institution in human form.

To Bing Crosby, RADIO STARS Magazine presents its Award for Distinguished Service to Radio.

Lester C. Grady
EDITOR.

WOODEN ANNIVERSARY

—More Like a Honeymoon!



SMART WIVES USE THIS EXTRA BEAUTY CARE...THEY CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" INTO THEIR SKIN*



Princess—H. R. H. Princess Maria Antonia de Bragança (Mrs. Ashley Chanler) is a great believer in creaming "skin-vitamin" into her skin. She says: "I'm glad to get this extra beauty care in Pond's—the cream I've always used."



Earl's Daughter—Lady Cynthia Williams, popular member of British aristocracy, has used Pond's since her deb days... "Now I'm more enthusiastic about Pond's than ever. Extra 'skin-vitamin' in Pond's Cold Cream



helps provide against possible lack of it in my skin." (above) At her ancestral home, Waldershare Park, Kent, England—introducing her baby daughter, Juliana, to the hounds.

Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. In hospitals, scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns *quicker*.

• Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, same labels, same prices.



"Any wife would be foolish not to take advantage of Pond's new 'skin-vitamin' beauty care! I've always used Pond's. It softens my skin... gives sparkle to my make-up."

Charming Hostess, **MRS. CHARLES MORGAN, III (left)** popular in New York's young married set

Amazing Pond's Offer

With purchase of large jar of Pond's Cold Cream, get a generous box of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Powder. BOTH for the price of the Cold Cream. LIMITED SUPPLY... GET YOURS TODAY



SOCIETY BEAUTIES USE POND'S

* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.

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I CERTAINLY WAS
LUCKY WHEN I
MARRIED YOU!



YOU FEED ME LIKE
A MILLIONAIRE



YOU S-T-R-E-T-C-H
THE MONEY IN MY PAY
ENVELOPE



YOU'RE NEVER TOO
TIRED TO STEP OUT
AND HAVE FUN



Now—read her secret

FRANCO-AMERICAN Spaghetti is one of my best helps," she'll tell you. It means tasty, appetizing meals without long hours in the kitchen. It means being able to serve cheaper meat cuts and left-overs and get compliments on them! It means a nourishing hot lunch for the children in next to no time. Its zesty, savory cheese-and-tomato sauce makes Franco-American far superior to ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. Try it.



BE SURE
YOU GET
THIS
KIND!



**Franco-American
SPAGHETTI**

Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups

Send for **FREE Recipe Book**

CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY, Dept. 6312

Camden, New Jersey. Please send me your free recipe book. "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print) _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

ARE RADIO CONTESTS ON THE LEVEL?

(Continued from page 31)

will understand why I have purchased for my married daughter the machine of one of your competitors.

Yours very truly,
(Signature)"

Thus, it seems that men and women, unlettered or of obvious refinement, feel equally a sense of having been cheated if they do not win a prize, particularly if the names and addresses of the winners are not known to them. That is why sponsors make a practice now of announcing the highest winners on the air and publishing the rest of them in their newspaper or magazine advertisements. Or, better still, they mail a list of the winners to every contestant.

Good-will toward the product must be maintained, otherwise the contest fails to attain its goal, no matter what vast publicity it may have brought. That is why most sponsors announce, nowadays, that their contests will be judged by a professional judging service which assures the entrant of efficiency and impartiality.

The most widely-known of these professional contest services is the Reuben H. Donnelly Corporation of New York, Chicago and Los Angeles. This company, which has judged many of the largest and most successful contests on the air, has a system of judging which inspires confidence in both sponsor and contestant. First, every entry is actually judged, thus allaying the suspicion that winning entries are "pulled out of a hat." Second, the element of human mis-judgment is minimized through setting up a standard pattern against which entries are measured and rated. Third, judging is done as speedily as possible. Donnelly's has such an extensive organization that prompt selection of the winning entries, an important point with the contestants, is guaranteed. Recently, Donnelly's handled 25,000 entries within four days.

Let us see in detail just how this work is handled to assure fairness and impartiality. The procedure has two phases: (1) the purely mechanical operations and (2) the actual grading and judging process. The mechanical operations are handled economically when laid out for straight line production. As the mail comes from the post office, it passes down a production line in which each operator performs a pre-determined operation involving certain steps, which, of course, vary with the different types of contests. The following staff instructions would be typical of a slogan contest requiring proof of purchase with dealer's name on an official entry blank:

(1) Face all addresses one way and sort by state. (This operation is omitted if the sponsor does not require an analysis of results by state or territory.)

(2) Open envelopes on opening machine.

(3) Remove contents and check for proof of purchase. Where proof of purchase is omitted, stamp the entry blank "N.P.P." (No proof of purchase). (This provides legal proof of ineligibility.)

(4) Cut off all the entry blank except the section covering the contest entry, con-

testant's name and dealer's name. (This is to speed up the subsequent handling and sorting. The entry blank should be designed to permit this treatment.)

(5) Assort alphabetically, by name of contestant, and stamp all multiple entries "Dup." (This avoids mailing more than one acknowledgment to each contestant. The operation may be omitted where no acknowledgment or list of winners is to be sent, but it is advisable to send such a list.)

(6) Address envelopes for acknowledging entries or for mailing of winner lists.

(7) Re-file all entries by last word of slogan. (This brings duplicate entries together.)

(8) Subdivide each group of "last word" duplicates into next-to-last word. Where necessary, file to third word to identify all exact duplications.

In this manner, the strictly mechanical portion of the job is completed and the entries are now ready for judging. A pattern is set up, a chart of checking points, against which each entry is measured. A typical chart for the preliminary sorting of entries looks something like this:

- Pre-requisites:
1. Must not contain more than 1000 words.
 2. Must mention name of product. (Assuming this to be specified in contest rules.) Give credit for the following:
 3. Soundness of thought.
 4. Pertinency.
 5. Conciseness.
 6. Intermediate rhyme.
 7. Alliteration.
 8. Pun.
 9. Unusual swing or lift.
 10. Any original or unusual thought.

From this chart, the "Primary Judges," as they are called, discard the obviously unfit and ineligible entries and pass to the "Junior Judges" all entries which have even the slightest chance to win. The Primary Judges are liberal in their judgment, and always give the contestant the benefit of a doubt.

The Junior Judges are young men and women with special training in English. They continue the process of discarding the poorest entries until they have reduced the total number of approved entries to approximately three times the total number of prizes offered.

From now on, each surviving entry blank requires a permanently attached "Rating Sheet." This Rating Sheet itemizes the points which will be considered by the "Senior Judges" in evaluating each entry. Here is a typical Rating Sheet for a slogan contest—bearing in mind that the pre-requisites of product-mention and other factors have already been considered:

- Rating Sheet
1. Conciseness. (Not the minimum number of words but rather the minimum number used to convey the thought. 12 words, in some cases, might be more concise than 6.)
 2. Lucidity. (Clarity of expression and meaning.)
 3. Human interest.

RADIO STARS

4. Originality. (Not an obvious imitation of a well-known slogan.)

5. Good pun, rhyme and/or alliteration.

6. Good tie-up to product. (Emphasizing value or quality, or benefits accruing to user.)

7. Miscellaneous. (Exceptional degree of selling punch, extraordinary lift or euphony.)

When the Senior Judges have checked the entry against this schedule of seven points, it receives a rating of anywhere from 1 to 7. This method delivers the entries to the "Executive Judges" in sequence according to ratings earned, and permits the Executive Judges to modify or confirm the judgment of the Senior Judges. In so doing, they have for their guidance the exact reasons why each entry received this particular rating. (The Executive Judges are executives of the Donnelly Corporation.)

This method assures each contestant equal and thorough consideration and also provides legal protection for the sponsor against contestants who honestly believe in their claims, as well as by those who sue in the hope of settlement for the nuisance value of their suits.

Thus, we see with what thoroughness and efficiency the entries are handled, and that invariably the winners are fairly selected. It seems cruel to eliminate contestants because they omitted some simple requirement of the contest, the writing of the name in full, the using of pencil instead of ink or typewriter. But, the assumption is that anyone unable to follow simple rules is not likely to have a prize-winner's mentality.

There are many complaints from contestants, naturally. They cannot imagine that anyone could have produced better ideas than theirs. Or, if they are among the winners, they cannot understand why they do not receive their prizes immediately. Both the National Broadcasting Company and the Columbia Broadcasting System have special employees who devote all their time to the problems of contests held on their networks. At CBS, in New York, Miss Araby Gilmore receives telephone calls, many of them in broken English, which she must answer as diplomatically as possible, explaining to minds which do not seem to comprehend the enormity of the mail received in contests, that prizes will be sent along as soon as humanly possible. One woman called her every day or so for two weeks to ask why she had not received a small contest prize which she had won. It was a pin and she wanted to give it to her grand-daughter as a high school graduation present. Miss Gilmore's sentiments were touched and she kept on that particular job so zealously that the pin was received in time.

Miss Ethel Gilchrist of NBC has similar experiences with contestants' calls and letters. She says that occasionally there are "thank you" letters and they are, indeed, appreciated. There is no doubt that the radio contests have made many things possible for the fortunate winners which never could have been managed otherwise. Miss Sarah Turk, of Austin, Texas, an enthusiastic radio listener, was the winner of a thousand dollars in a recent contest, and she wrote gratefully to the sponsors that the money would enable her to make a

much-anticipated trip to Europe.

In the spring of this year, the *Contest World* held its third annual National Contest Popularity Poll, with more than three thousand readers voting and submitting their opinions on radio contests. Here are some of the answers in reply to the question: "Did contesting help you in any way?"

"Yes—it helped me to express myself more clearly."

"Contesting has increased my vocabulary."

"Contesting has helped me to make business contacts which I otherwise would have been unable to make; has introduced me to people I otherwise would not have met; and has taken me to places where I otherwise would not have gone."

"The prizes have helped us through the lean years of depression."

In one specific contest, the "Phyl" Coe Mystery Contest sponsored this spring by the Philco Radio Corporation, the contestants had a good course in amateur scouting. John F. Early, a young artist of Mt. Lebanon, Pennsylvania, won the first prize of five thousand dollars; a woman, Miss Elizabeth Henderson of Portland, Oregon, captured the second prize of a thousand dollars; and the five-hundred-dollar third prize went to Ephraim P. Winters, a newspaper editor of Potsdam, New York; and, among the forty-eight hundred-dollar winners, was John A. Waring, a W.P.A. worker, of Minneapolis.

To these grateful citizens—and thousands of others—radio has given an opportunity to engage in an entertaining and profitable pastime, one that they may rest assured is definitely on the level!



Stunning!

ISN'T SHE?

That's what they'll say about you when you enhance your charm with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids—the eye make-up in good taste. When you darken your lashes to long, sweeping loveliness with Maybelline Mascara it seems as though Nature made them that way. Maybelline Mascara goes on easily and stays on perfectly. It is harmless, tear-proof, and non-smarting.

Give your eyebrows definite grace and character with the Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. It's perfectly pointed to form trim, tapering contours.

The slightest touch of Maybelline Eye Shadow blended on your eyelids gives them that misty, luminous effect.

Be your most adorable self by giving your eyes this added loveliness today.

Attractive purse sizes of Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids are obtainable at all 100+ stores.

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS



Maybelline famous "Velvet Touch" Mascara in beautiful individual tints: The Black, Brown, and Blue. All, including new form, 35c.



Maybelline popular Cream-form Mascara in dusty smoky finish upper case. The Black, Brown and Blue. Easily applied without water.



Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown, and Blue (or eyelid liner).



Maybelline Eye Shadow in six glamorous shades: Blue, Gray, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green, Violet.

The Largest Selling Eye Beauty Aids in the World

SHE SCOOPS TO CONQUER

(Continued from page 25)

TO Complete YOUR Loveliness



Cure for
YOUR HANDS, too
THIS NEW, EASY WAY

Apply just a few golden drops of Chamberlain's Lotion. Notice how it soothes as it smooths away roughness and redness. There's an Important Ingredient in Chamberlain's not generally found in other lotions, to keep skin soft, smooth and young. There's never a trace of stickiness and you don't have to shake the bottle. That's why so many prefer Chamberlain's. Attractive hands are yours for the asking if you ask for

Chamberlain's Lotion

at Drug... Department Stores
and Toilet Goods Counters



SEND FOR CONVENIENT "CARRY SIZE"

CHAMBERLAIN LABORATORIES, INC.
DES MOINES, IOWA

MNS-128

Please send Free "Carry-Size"
Chamberlain's Lotion.

FREE!

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY-STATE _____

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY! *Good only in U.S.A.*

30¢ BUY! CLASS OR CLUB PIN!

SMART, up-to-the-minute designs. Pins in 2 colors with any 3 or 4 letters and year. Hand some Sterling silver pins. Oldies, largest makers famous for quality 44 years. Write for catalog. BASTIAN BROS. Dept. 51, Rochester, N.Y.

YOUR CUE TO BEAUTY



Lovely make-up... always

with the new POWD'R BASE stick

Keeps powder and make-up on until removed. No nose or face shine. Non-visible; non-greasy and waterproof. Simple to use; achieves that velvety, flattering complexion.

Flesh - Rosella - Brunette -
Suntan. 10c-25c-50c-\$1.

POWDER BASE
Hampten

Hampten 251 Fifth Ave. N.Y.

book is always with her.

Her friends sometimes say: "You don't dare invite Mary Margaret to dinner unless you invite a story for her." Once, a man seated next to her at a dinner party realized suddenly that he was her story. He was furious! For a long time he wouldn't say a word. But Mary Margaret, with her frank interest in his work, her naive disappointment at his silence, finally won him over. He talked, gave her a grand story, and then, for good measure, agreed to be a guest on her program some day and talk some more. This he did, and they're friends now.

In spite of her years in New York, her travels over the world, she keeps a kind of fresh-from-the-farm simplicity. It's a simplicity which gives her a kind of poise that the most sophisticated person can well envy. A poise that makes her perfectly at home wherever she is, and at ease with whomsoever she meets.

She was one of the reporters, some years back, sent to meet Prince Christopher, son of the then King of Greece, when he arrived in this country. She boarded the ship and joined the group of newspapermen who waited nervously to greet a titled man. Prince Christopher was one of the first members of European royalty to visit the United States in the post-War era, and nobody knew, then, just how to greet him. Mary Margaret listened with amused amazement while the newspapermen discussed the problem among themselves. Should they curtsy? Were you supposed to kneel? She was aglazed to see "hard-boiled" reporters worrying and flutgering because they didn't know how to approach a prince.

When the great moment came, Mary Margaret simply said good morning, just as if he were a neighbor, and confessed to him that she was disappointed because he looked much like any other nice-looking man. The Prince laughed and told her she reminded him of the little boy who, upon meeting him, cried and cried and couldn't be consoled. When they asked him what was wrong, he sobbed: "He hasn't got a crown."

Her natural approach with the Prince, incidentally, won for her one of the finest scoops of her writing career. Charmed by her simplicity, the Prince talked to her willingly. Up until that time, practically nothing had been written about the personal lives of royal families. To Mary Margaret the Prince poured out his story. He told her about his childhood in the great royal palace. Of how, on rainy days, he and his brothers were permitted to get their bicycles and ride them around and around in the throne room. Of how the palace, so grand, so impressive, actually wasn't very comfortable to live in. Of its one bath— and that in his father's, the King's room— and how it ran rusty water and harbored water bugs. When her writing job was ended, the farm girl from Missouri and the Prince from Greece parted friends.

You have a feeling that when she was a little girl, and poor, her mother instilled

in her the belief that as long as you were neat and clean and honest, you were as good as a princess. Thus, a person's station never impresses her, but what he is does. She's so honest, it's sometimes a nuisance. Once she did a story for a national magazine on Anne Morgan. When the story was published, Anne Morgan was pleased and amazed at its accuracy, because, she said, in her interviews Mary Margaret hadn't taken a single note. In no time at all people were hearing from Anne Morgan what a marvel this McBride woman was— remembering with precise accuracy every detail of her conversation. Well, as a matter of fact, Mary Margaret had taken copious notes. But the small note-book, as usual lay in her lap, and she scribbled without looking at it. Miss Morgan hadn't even noticed the note-taking. As soon as Mary Margaret heard rumors of Anne Morgan's mistaken opinion, she began frantically to try to correct it. She phoned people, she wrote denials, she worried and fretted, and finally gave up. Most people, it seemed, believed Anne Morgan, anyway.

In her radio work she refuses to accept as a commercial any product she doesn't believe in thoroughly. This kind of honesty never fails to amaze business associates. Before accepting a sponsor for her program, she investigates his product, visits his plant, uses his product in her own household for a while, and then, if she doesn't think it's the best on the market, refuses to take it on the program. It's simply that she can't honestly advise women to use a product that she herself wouldn't use.

Nothing upsets her so much as having people question her sincerity. People sometimes write her, saying: "I can't believe that you really eat all the things you pretend to have in front of you while you broadcast." One letter like that ruins a day. It's absolutely true that while she yums-yums over a delicious pudding or a chocolate cake, she's devouring it then and there. Ask the man in the control room. It drives him crazy. He must watch carefully, and soften, as best he can, the sudden click of spoon on china, the handling of dishes. He has confessed, too, that he watches in terror lest a blob of whipped cream be flicked into the microphone. It seems that the microphone is such a delicate instrument that one speck of whipped cream could completely ruin it, besides messing up the broadcast. So far, there have been no such casualties.

Food is still her most exciting experience. She tells, shamelessly, of visiting an inn famous for its desserts and eating fifteen desserts in one day. She couldn't bear not to taste them all. It's her pride that she is willing to taste anything that's served as food and enjoyed by some people. As an experience, she's eaten so-called delicacies ranging from rattlesnake meat to raw fish.

Her favorite food, though, is still hot biscuits and Southern fried chicken and the kind of food her mother used to cook for Sunday dinner down on the farm.

It's typical of her that a few years ago, when she was assigned to make an ex-king tour of Europe, as the basis for a series of stories, she took her mother along. Most reporters would never have thought of doing this, but Mary Margaret had always dreamed of taking her mother away from the farm, showing her the wonders of foreign lands, the adventures of traveling.

The trip was a hard one. It meant scurrying to all parts of Europe, tracking down dethroned monarchs who were in hiding or in exile. Most of them were, naturally, resentful of intruders, and proud. But the quiet little farm woman from Missouri had a way with ex-kings. She felt sorry for them. And she treated each one, not as a monarch, but as if he were an unhappy little boy who had been mistreated. Several of them were farming, and to them Mary Margaret's mother gave friendly advice on the subject she knew best. They found Mammel, ex-King of Portugal, raising ducks in a little English town, and there they had a delightful visit, swapping stories on the problems of duck raising. The former monarchs, suspicious of most people, talked freely of their sorrows. Some of them even showed Mrs. McBride and Mary Margaret small boxes of earth, cherished soil from their native lands which they still loved and to which they could never return. The shrewdest reporter in the world could never have uncovered the human, touching stories that Mary Margaret and her mother were told.

However, like any good reporter, many of her best stories are the result of sheer nerve and fearlessness. Her first scoop—

in her early newspaper days—was a story about stunt flying. Aviation was fairly new then, and few people had been up in a plane. Most of the material written about flying was frankly second hand. When her editor told her to do a story on stunt flying, Mary Margaret did what was to her the obvious thing—she arranged to go up with a stunt flyer. Her editor was horrified. He refused to assign her to the story. If she wanted to do it, if she came back in one piece, if she wrote the story, he'd publish it. But he wouldn't assign her to so dangerous a task.

She went out to the field dressed in her best clothes. The flyer gave her pants, a jacket, goggles, a helmet. Since ships in those days were open crates, they strapped her in, and the stunt flyer took off. There was a breath-taking ascent. The wind tore at her helmet, the noise was deafening. Suddenly she felt the plane stand on its nose and go into a whirling motion. By some miracle it straightened up. The pilot turned around, grinning, and shouted against the wind: "That was a spin." Then they went into loops, barrel-rolls, wing-overs, more spins—all the lazardous exciting stunts. When they returned to earth, photographers from her paper were there, nervous friends were on hand to greet her. Later an acquaintance asked her: "What was the most thrilling part of the whole thing?" And she answered quite honestly, "Getting my picture in the paper." They actually had run her picture, in the borrowed flying togs, along with her story.

She is still an aviation enthusiast. And one of her radio programs that pleased

listeners most was the story of her flight to Europe on the *Hindenburg*.

When Mary Margaret came to New York, one of the first things she wanted to see was "the street with the park in the middle of it." She had seen it in the movies. Today, as a kind of fulfillment of an old dream, she lives on that street. For all her love of the farm, and all the nostalgia it holds for her, she probably will never return to it. There are no microphones down on the farm. Besides, she also loves New York. Her fondness for the sight of golden wheat bowing before the wind, for the sweet smell of new-plowed earth after a rain, for a country kitchen fragrant with baking bread, is lasting and sincere. But she finds equal rhapsody in the sight of New York's skyline studded with lights, of a ship coming into the harbor, of Fifth Avenue on a winter afternoon, brushed with snow. She's one of those rare people who sees beauty wherever she goes.

Right now her dream is to have a white garden, a garden with nothing but white flowers growing in it. But even while she talks of white tulips silhouetted against evergreens, and white roses climbing a pastel wall—even when she shows you, enthusiastically, the white-garden plan which a landscape gardener drew for her—you know she'll never plant one. For she could never resist a clump of purple pansies here, a delicate spray of blue delphinium there, and violets. Yellow roses would tempt her, and old-fashioned holly-hocks, and sweet peas in a hodgepodge of color like they had down home. She's that kind of a person.



Every pack wrapped in two jackets of Cellophane; the OUTER jacket opens from the BOTTOM

TUNE IN on Old Gold's "Melody and Madness" with Bob Benchley, every Sunday night starting November 20th, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

A Volume of Cigarette Pleasure

...for his or her Old Gold-en Christmas

HERE'S one "volume" that will never get tucked away in the book shelves to gather dust! It's filled with 100 Old Golds, the cigarettes that are as double-mellow as Santa's smile. And it costs no more than two regular "Flat-Fifty" packages.

What a handsome gift it makes! Give him this "True Story of America's Double-Mellow Cigarette," and you'll give him a whole volume of smoking pleasure. Ladies will be thrilled with this Old Gold gift, too!



1 It looks like a rare edition, richly bound in maroon and gold.

2 Open it up and you find 2 regular "Flat-fifties" of Old Golds (100 cigarettes).



3 Open one of the "flat-fifties" and enjoy America's double-mellow cigarette.

THE BANDWAGON

(Continued from page 47)

Mr. Kaye with dangerous emphasis. "Our synchronization and our ideas are just as modern and streamlined as any outfit you can name."

I said: "Sammy, you're wrong."

He said: "Jerry, you're wrong."

We left it at that.

GESTURE

No rivalry in radio is quite so great as that between the two big chains. So here's a little incident that makes you wonder:

Eddy Duchin began his new commercial series over NBC in September. First rehearsal was called for a Friday. But, in all of gigantic Radio City, there wasn't a rehearsal studio which wasn't occupied. Linger over that situation for a minute: an important new radio premiere; thousands of dollars invested; a billion-dollar skyscraper with the last word in radio equipment—and not a studio which the stars of the new program could use.

The solution was just as odd as the situation: CBS offered to lend NBC and its client a studio. So Eddy Duchin and his band rehearsed on Friday in a CBS studio for a program that made its debut on a Monday night over NBC.

PIPE OF PEACE

Closer than Walter Winchell and Ben Bernie are Bernie and his cigar. You think of Ben and you think of his tobacco cylinder. Ben's face would look positively nude without that stogie.

So the years have passed and Ben and his cigars have been inseparable pals. All went well until Bernie made the fatal mistake of signing up with a sponsor who manufactured pipe tobacco. Ben, thinking not of what lay ahead of him, inserted an ad in *Variety*—that primer of show business—telling all about himself and his new sponsor. His sponsor needed only one look at that ad to reach a trembling hand for the telephone. For there was pictured Ben and his cigar—and he was supposed to sell pipe tobacco!

That little crisis passed and all was well until word came that new decorations were being planned for McGuinness' Tavern, a favorite Broadway resort. And one of the new murals depicted radio's Ole Maestro accompanied by his never-missing cigar. Quickly, an employee of Mr. Bernie's office was dispatched to see Mr. McGuinness. The latter was impressed with the solemnity and danger of the situation and agreed to remove the cigar from Ben's mouth. Just to make sure, a scout was sent out the next morning to see if that fateful cigar had been severed so that sponsor and Ben might rest easily. But—cut to the quick was the scout when he observed that the cigar hadn't been moved an inch—not even to dust an ash.

He quickly inspected the empty room, reached in his pocket for a penknife and delicately and hastily removed the cigar from between Mr. Bernie's lips. Then he

drew pencil from pocket and filled in that denuded space with a neat cupid's bow.

Today Mr. Bernie strides up and down Broadway with a pipe. A pipe in which he may smoke his sponsor's tobacco. But who knows what he does in the privacy of his little room?

PAGE DAVE ELMAN

Harry Salter is musical director of Dave Elman's *Hobby Lobby*—the program which has hit top-flight success because of its novel idea. Each week a group of oddly assorted people are presented who tell all about their unique and interesting hobbies. Week after week, Harry has watched the parade of every imaginable kind of hobby. Finally, I asked him about his hobby. It seems that Harry has never had one!

TURNING OVER A MUSICAL LEAF

After many long years, Al Goodman has reached the disheartening conclusion that there is very little future for straight musical directors in radio. The only niche for them is on the super-terrific variety shows, and even there they are buried at the bottom of a large mass of talent.

The only way out, Goodman feels, is to build a reputation as a dance-band maestro. He reached this decision after the latest of several odd experiences. His name was submitted to some of the advertising agencies in the process of building new radio shows. "Al Goodman! Who is he?" was the general attitude.

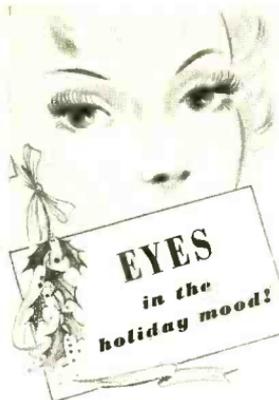
All this despite the Goodman background: conductor of radio's Showboat, Beauty Box Theatre and Ziegfeld Follies of the Air. Creator of the Hit Parade style in 1935 and director of the series eight times—more often than any other leader. Conductor of more than 150 musical comedies and operettas on Broadway, leaving the baton for such names as Eddie Cantor, Al Jolson, Frank Morgan, Fannie Brice, Ethel Merman.

But now he wants to forget about all that. He wants to draw on that tremendous background of his and bring forth a band to compare with Lombardo or Duchin or Clinton. He has even invented a catch phrase to compare with the best—"Al Goodman and his Everybody Dance Music."

All this may give you some idea of the power of radio.

FURTHER PROOF

That Al is right (and that we were right in the first place) is proved by the fact that the aforementioned Larry Clinton's brand-new outfit has walked away with two commercial radio shows for the new season. They are the Tommy Riggs program and the production starring Bob Benchley and Clinton, set to start on November 20, over CBS.



• Put your eyes in the holiday mood—live them up with KURLASH's flattery! Curl your lashes up from your eyes, show off their size and brilliance—and sing carols with the wide-eyed, angelic look that only KURLASH gives!

Learn what shades of eye make-up are becoming to you—how to apply them skillfully! Send your name, address and coloring to Jane Heath, Dept. E-12; receive—free—a personal color-chart and full instructions in eye make-up!

THE KURLASH COMPANY, Inc.
Rochester, New York, U. S. A.
Canada: Toronto, 3

Kurlash

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THE Answer



TO the perplexed woman seeking to do away with the bother of measuring and mixing solutions, we suggest BORO-PHENO-FORM. This forty-six year old product is widely preferred for Feminine Hygiene because it needs no water or accessories for its use. Each dainty suppository is complete in itself. No danger of "over-dose" or "underdose." Soothing, harmless, odorless. At all drug stores.

Dr. Pierre's BORO-PHENO-FORM

FREE! Mail Coupon today for "The Answer"—an informative booklet on Feminine Hygiene.

Dr. Pierre Chemical Co., Dept. 14-N
162 N. Franklin Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me booklet "The Answer."



Name _____
Address _____
Town _____ State _____

THE MODERNAIRES

Radio's best quartet is the outfit which graces the Paul Whiteman program—the *Modernaires*.

Their harmonies started back in Buffalo when Bill Conway and Chuck Goldstein shared the driver's seat of a pie-wagon. Then they wanted a three-handed bridge game and added Harold Dickinson. But instead of playing bridge they played a record of the old *Rhythm Boys* and learned how to imitate them. They turned into a quartet when a sponsor said he didn't want a trio but could use a four-some. After Ralph Brewster, of Kansas, joined them they didn't get the job—but it wasn't Brewster's fault. The sponsor wanted an octet or something.

Using an odd assortment of names, they've worked for practically everybody in radio. With Ozzie Nelson they were known as the *Wizards of Oz*. You might remember them, too, as the *Colleagues*. They finally settled on *Modernaires*.

Both Whiteman and the boys are well satisfied with their new job. The oddest part of their connection with Paul, though, is that he auditioned them in Buffalo eight years ago and refused to hire them.

DRUM SCOUT

Drummer Johnny Williams of the Raymond Scott Quintet is well known for the eerie effects he gets on the skins. Particularly effective is the unusual drum passage in Scott's Egyptian Barn Dance. Investigation reveals that Johnny's work



Herman F. Krausser, NBC's piano tuner, works six nights a week from 1:00 to 7:30 a.m. tuning 38 grand pianos.

is no black magic—it's just the special drum he uses on those occasions. He picked it up in a Boy Scout shop. "Scout Model No. 30-and-so—designed especially for drum and file corps."

EXPERT

Andre Kostelanetz, returned from his South American trip, decided to clean out his office files during one of his few leisure moments. He came across a telegram dated in the early part of 1935. It was addressed to Boake Carter, who at that time was suggesting programs for

his listeners to turn to. The wire read: "IF YOU WANT TO HEAR THE WORLDS GREATEST TROMBONIST LISTEN TO THE CHESTERFIELD PROGRAM TONIGHT STOP HIS NAME IS TOMMY DORSEY ANDRE KOSTELANETZ"

ONCE OVER LIGHTLY

The bands are up to their old tricks of horse-trading again. Trumpeters Yank Lawson and Charlie Spivak of Bob Crosby's crew have switched to Tommy Dorsey—making Tommy's brass section close to perfect. Pee Wee Erwin, the ex-Dorsey No. 1 trumpeter, is now working for Raymond Warnow Scott. . . . Pretty Texan Louise Tobin vocalizes with Bobby Hackett—one of the better swing outfits. Louise took the job because she was tired of staying home by herself in the evenings. Her husband works nights. He is Harry James—Benny Goodman's first trumpeter.

Jimmy Shields came up to NBC to audition for the Eddy Duchin program. Eddy looked at him with a faint gleam of recognition in his eyes—"Don't I know you?" He did—Jimmy won third place in the national talent audition Duchin held two years ago. Shields, incidentally, is now featured vocalist on Eddy's program. . . . Chick Webb and Ella Fitzgerald rate high among the jittery-bugs. Ella is one of those gals who is everybody's friend. When the band played at a Harlem theatre, Ella spent her intermissions playing soft-ball with the kids who flocked to greet her at the stage door.

Her Petal Smooth Skin
STOPS HIM IN HIS TRACKS!



"BLIZZARDS
ROUGHEN MY
SKIN? NO!
I PROTECT MY SKIN
WITH POND'S
VANISHING CREAM. IT
KEEPS MY SKIN NICE
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"SKIN-VITAMIN"
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Now Pond's Vanishing Cream brings to its many users this extra beauty care—it contains Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin." This vitamin is necessary to skin health—and skin that lacks it becomes rough and dry. But once "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps skin become smooth again. Now you can smooth some of this necessary vitamin into your skin with every Pond's creaming! Same jars. Same labels. Same prices.

*Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

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Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time. N.B.C.

CORONATION-YEAR DEB
H. H. Princess Priscilla Bibesco
—DAUGHTER OF THE FAMOUS ROMANIAN DIPLOMAT, AND GRANDDAUGHTER OF THE COUNTESS OF OXFORD AND ASQUITH
"Pond's Vanishing Cream always was grand for smoothing away little roughness. Now I'm even more excited about the extra 'skin-vitamin' it brings to my skin."

**TO INTRODUCE
TAYTON'S
SILK-SIFTED POWDER**

**24 KARAT GOLD FINISH
GOOD LUCK CHARM BRACELET**



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IN SILK-SIFTED POWDER**

To introduce TAYTON'S silk-sifted powder this beautiful 24 karat gold finish charm bracelet, with four rosette charms attached—a 24 karat gold finish horse shoe, four leaf clover, a diamond and a bracelet designed exactly like the expensive \$50.00 bracelet presented to Margaret Lockwood in her area of the picture work, will be sent to the first 1,000 customers who send only one and the pink hand and toe—Tayton Company, Department H, 1 West 42nd Street, Los Angeles, California. You will receive your charm bracelet.

Buy a box of TAYTON'S face powder in your face powder. Tear off the pink hand that goes around the box. Mail the pink hand and toe—Tayton Company, Department H, 1 West 42nd Street, Los Angeles, California. You will receive your charm bracelet.

NOTE: If you like to wear it on your face, you can use it on your face. Tear off the pink hand and toe—Tayton Company, Department H, 1 West 42nd Street, Los Angeles, California. You will receive your charm bracelet.

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CREAM-POWDER-LIPSTICK-ROUGE**



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AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE**

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NEW! Smart, long-lasting nails for every one! Cover, thins, short, thin nails with NU-NAILS. Can be worn any length and polished any desired shade. Detects dandruff. Waterproof, nail growth or excite. Removed at will. Set of Ten. 20c. All 3c and 10c stores.

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Ankles Swollen?**

Much nervousness is caused by an excess of acids and poisons due to functional kidney and bladder disorders which may also cause Getting Up Nights, Burning Passages, Swollen Joints, Backache, Cycles Under Eyes, Excess Acidity, Leg Pains and Dizziness. Help your kidneys purify your blood with Cystex. Usually the very first dose starts helping your kidneys clean out excess acids and this soon may make you feel like new. Under the money-back guarantee Cystex may satisfy completely or cost nothing. Get Cystex (sixties) today. It costs only 3c a dose at druggists and the guarantee protects you.

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I am interested in the 2-page booklet with list of U. S. Government jobs. Tell me how to qualify for one.
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PLATTER PATTERN

SHOWMANSHIP is a tough word to define. But whatever it is, Decca has it. Consistently, they've managed to come out with some of the most interesting records ever issued. Take a listen at *Bei Mir Bist Du*, Louis Armstrong's *Shadrack*, Crosby's and Boswell's *Bob White*, Fitzgerald's *A-Ticket A-Tasket*, Crosby's and Mercer's *Small Fry*—and all the rest.

Now they've done it again with the Andrews Sisters' new series. The Andrews had begun to slip back from that peak set by their original recording of *Bei Mir*. Decca has revived them for a long time to come with the release of *Shut Shut and Toot-Too Time*. The orchestra is Jimmy Dorsey's—which makes it perfect. Other items in this month's products that deserve your attention are:

SWING

Two recordings by Lionel Hampton boasting some never-to-be-duplicated sax work and Lionel himself: *Shoe Shiners Drag* and *I'm in the Mood for Swing* and *Muskrat Rumble*, backed by *Ring Dem Bells* (Victor).

A-Ticket is dead, but Teddy Wilson's record isn't. It features a great six-piece combination and Nan Wynn's singing. The other side is *Note It Can Be Told* (Brunswick).

Count Basie, now being boomed as having the greatest colored swing band (which it isn't, because it can't compare with Ellington's), does a good job in the nursery rhyme tradition. The tunes? *London Bridge Is Falling Down* and *Stop Beatin' 'Round the Mulberry Bush* (Decca).

T. Dorsey is here with a great collection of material. Novelty: *I'll See You In My Dreams*, done like *Marie*, and *Stop Beatin' 'Round*, a tune of which Tommy is practically the father. Sweet and terrific: *The Sweetheart of Niema Chi*, backed by *Copenhagen*. Swing: *The Clambake Seven in The Shik of Araby* and *Chinatown*, *My Chinatown* (Victor).

Just to prove to yourself that my last month's rave about Art Shaw was deserved, get these Shaw numbers: Vocalion *Bus Nightmare* and *It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary*. Bluebird has *Indian Love Call*, coupled with *Begin the Beguine*, plus *Puck Bay Shuffle* and *Any Old Time*. You've never heard anything quite like them.

No matter what the tune, you can always depend on the Duke. The Ellington recordings of the month have *Watermelon Man* with *Love In Swingtime*, which is a little better than the coupling of *Lambeth Walk* and *Prelude to a Kiss* (Brunswick). An abbreviated Ellington band plays under the Johnny Hodges label. You'll like *A Blues Serenade* and *Jitterbug's Lullaby* (Vocalion).

Jimmy Dorsey's *Change Partners* and *The Yam* (Decca) are right up there with the best. His *Love Is Where You Find It* and *Guardian of the Moon* aren't.

Gene Krupa still comes along. You'll approve of his *Rhythm Jam*. It's backed by the slower *You're as Pretty as a Picture* (Brunswick).

Two oldies are done up by Larry Clinton: *Milenberg Joys* and *Dipper Mouth* (Victor)—both worth your while. Larry has also coupled Berlin's *The Yam* and *Change Partners*. *Bea Wain* can take a bow on them.

SWEET

Al Donahue is a smooth sophisticated outfit. Examples are *Lambeth Walk* and *Stop Beatin' 'Round* (Vocalion).

Henry Busse, complete with the wa-wa corn of his trumpet, is on hand with two more Berlin ditties—*I Used To Be Color Blind* and *The Night Is Filled With Music*. You might also try *Bambina* and *Don't Cross Your Fingers* (Decca).

Hal Kemp, too, has recorded the two Berlin tunes worked over by Busse. Nice work—but I still wish Kemp could find that old style of his. It was much superior. Bob Allen's vocals, however, are a large help.

VOCALS

Ella Logan, the girl who started to swing the old Scotch ballads a long time ago, has done two new ones. Her kind treatment of *The Blue Bells of Scotland* and *My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean* (Brunswick) are both good.

The first of the Decca records by the Merry Maes are good vocal work. You can have *Stop Beatin' 'Round* and *Pop Goes the Weasel* or *On the Bumpy Road to Love* and *There's Honey on the Moon Tonight*.

Bea Wain, who has decided to leave Clinton to free-lance, is the principal attraction on a new recording by Larry. She sings the operatic *My Heart Is Thy Sweet Voice* and the ancient *A Pretty Girl Like Me* (Victor). Good luck, Bea.

CLASSICAL

If you really want some fun along the classical lines, get hold of Victor's *Lieutenant Kite Album*. Recorded by Koussevitzky, it is the music from a popular Russian film. Good blues, lively tunes and a lot of musical humor.

Popular Debussy's *Iberia* is the other ace of the month. Conducted by John Barbirolli and played by the New York Philharmonic, the album definitely belongs in any growing collection.

Arthur Fiedler's Boston "Pop" Orchestra does a varied job—everything from a minute to swing—in *Pop Goes the Weasel* (Victor). Then they've also done a two-part arrangement of the *Skaters Waltz*. Both of these old standbys are good.

Another charmingly entertaining collection is the album of the *Fantastic Toy Shop*. Ballet music, it is played by the London Philharmonic, conducted by Eugene Goossens (Victor).

Marian Anderson, great contralto, sings two of the spirituals of her own race: *Trampin'* and *I Know Lord Laid His Hands On Me* (Victor). An unforgettable record.

—J. M.

STARS WITHOUT BALLYHOO

(Continued from page 39)

and dedicates them to different listeners. Then, every day, she reads a "Secret of Happiness" which seems to find great response among their fans. They send birthday and wedding greetings, and answer requests for songs from sweethearts, happy and unhappy. In 1924, May and Peter sent greetings over the air to Mr. and Mrs. A. Martini of Jersey City on their golden wedding anniversary. Last spring, they sent greetings to the same couple on their sixty-fourth anniversary. The followers of *Sweethearts of the Air* never leave them. One fan, Florence Camillone of New Rochelle, New York, has been keeping a scrap-book of clippings about Breen and de Rose for eight years. She has kept a record of every song which they have done on every program. If they want to know what songs they did on a certain program three years ago, all they have to do is telephone Florence!

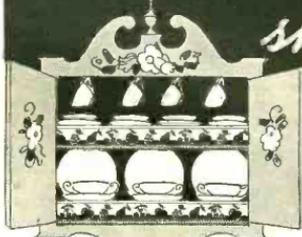
In their fourteen years of broadcasting, May and Peter have been off the air only two weeks, during which time they were married and went on a honeymoon. To celebrate that event, Peter wrote *When Your Hair Has Turned to Silver*.

They have never been late for a broadcast. But they had a close call once. That was during the blizzard of 1933, when they were living in New Rochelle. They were the only Westchester County broadcasters to get to their programs on time. They gave themselves three hours to drive twenty miles, and made it by ten seconds. Peter rushed to the piano to play their theme song, still wearing his overcoat and heavy boots, while May sang until her fingers were sufficiently thawed so that she could play her lute. Sammy Herman was not so fortunate. Sammy, the noted xylophonist who has entertained for years with Frank Banta at the piano, lived in Pelham. He couldn't get his car started. Trains weren't running. So, Sammy stood in the road in snow up to his knees, and finally thumbed his way into New York. He missed his show by two hours, but Peter had filled in for him, with a piano interlude.

These stars hold to a rigid routine which keeps them toting the mark and makes them all sympathetic brother-slaves to the alarm clock. By the time you sit down to breakfast, they are already on the air. When the alarm clock rings, they can't stretch and take another forty winks. There's no time to lose. Missing a train may mean missing a broadcast. Most of these early birds of the air shut night lite in order to retire early. In order to do their best job, most of them get to bed by 10:30. For five years, the *NBC Red* network was opened at 7:00 in the morning by the Japanese xylophonist, Yoichi Hiraoka. Yoichi never talled. When he was tempted to ignore his alarm clock, his wife would come to the rescue with a wet towel. That always roused him.

One of the mysteries of radio has been the hearty laugh and cheerful nonsense of *Jolly Bill Steinke* on the *Jolly Bill*

WHY PAY MORE FOR shelf decor?



DON'T BE WASTEFUL and buy extravagant shelf trimmings when your shelves can be just as smart and colorfully dressed in *5c Royledge!*

Royledge is excellent taste. Decorators have used it in model kitchens and closets. They recommend it because it is attractive, practical, thrifty. The embossed, curl-proof edge needs no tacks, no laundering. A dust cloth keeps it clean, and it lasts a whole season.

Royledge is so popular that every 5-and-10c department and neighborhood store carries a host of new patterns to match other home furnishings. Look for *ROYLEDGE*—5¢ or 10¢ packages. You'll see that good decor doesn't need a fancy price. Royledge, 99 Gold Street, Brooklyn, New York.

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5¢
"FEEL THE EDGE"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

Please turn to page 18.

HAIR THAT HAS BEEN ABUSED

Made Soft and Lovely Again

Don't put up with "apology" hair any longer. Nobody believes you when you say, "I can't do a thing with my hair." Because thousands know that you can! Just a few, simple treatments will work wonders with hair that has been abused. If it is parched and dry or if the ends are split and burned to a crisp, you can restore its natural softness by using the same method professional hairdressers use... the soapless, latherless olive oil treatment.

You can give yourself one of the treatments en masse and inexpensively right in your own home with *Admiration Olive Oil Shampoo-Treatment*. Don't confuse *Admiration* with ordinary shampoos. While *Admiration* (pronounced admiration) is called a shampoo it is really more than a shampoo. It is a therapeutic scalp treatment. There is nothing like *Admiration*. It is not a soap—makes no lather—contains no alkali or drying chemicals. Try it! Ask your druggist tomorrow for *Admiration Olive Oil Shampoo-Treatment* and if your hair doesn't wake up with new softness and beauty, we'll refund your money.

NOTICE

Admiration now makes two shampoos—the famous *Olive Oil* as advertised above. And the new *Admiration Foamy Oil* for women who prefer a lather.



Know the Thrill of a Lovely, Clear Complexion

Popularity, good times, more dates and romance are the natural reward of a clear, flawless skin. That smooth, unbroken, love-liness gives you poise, confidence, self-assurance. If you have surface skin problems that soon to keep you from enjoying life as you should, the masters of *STUART'S LAXATIVE COMPOUND TABLETS* will gladly send you their specially written fascinating booklet: "AIDS TO BEAUTY"... (What every woman should do to make the most of her looks and her personality). It contains scores of helpful beauty hints that may be just what is needed in your case. This booklet is yours free, if you will write for



FREE SAMPLE STUART'S LAXATIVE COMPOUND TABLETS and a FREE copy of "AIDS TO BEAUTY"

... what every woman should do. Send name and address now. Send to: F. A. STUART COMPANY, Dept. H-115, Marshall, Mich.

THE COACH COULDN'T HELP GRINNING



It was between halves, score 0-0, when the Captain barks "Thompson—Get out some Beeman's—Pass it around—Let's get our minds on something pleasant—Relax."

Even the Coach had to grin. "Learn a lesson from Beeman's," says he. "That fresh tangy flavor scores every time. Got a tang to it that drives away that weary feeling. Just think how fresh that flavor makes you feel and you can score like Beeman's does." We did, too.



and Jane programs at the unearthly hour of 7:15 in the morning. How Jolly Bill can be jolly when he has had to get up at 3:30 in order to get down town and do his daily stint on the air is more than any layman could ever figure out, but for years he's been doing it. There's no mistaking the heartiness of that laugh, either. It's one of the trademarks of Bill Steinke's personality. Kid listeners all over the country know it and love it.

Bill is one of the fraternity, too, who stands ready to rush to the assistance of any early broadcaster who needs it. One morning there was a near-calamity on the program of the Don Hall Trio, which was composed of Don Hall and two girls. It was two minutes until eight o'clock, the hour when the Don Hall Trio was supposed to give the call to breakfast. The two girls were there, but Don was missing. The girls had rushed page boys to the drug store where the seven o'clockers, their programs finished, were enjoying their counter breakfasts. At one minute of eight, the studio door flew open and in rushed Jolly Bill, Bradley Kincaid, with his "Hoon" Dawg Guitar, and Muriel Pollack and Vee Lawnhurst, the two-piano team, ready to lend a hand if Mr. Hall didn't show up. Miss Pollack had a piece of toast in her hand, but she sat ready at the piano. At a quarter of a minute before eight, in flew Don Hall, his violin out of the case, and he commenced playing the theme song when the engineer gave the signal, as though not a thing unusual had happened.

One of the most popular of the "unballyhooed" stars is the Landt Trio, which has been on the air since 1928. The Trio, made up of Carl, Dan and Jack Landt, was formed in Scranton, Pa., where the boys ran across an old friend, Howard White, one day in his bakery, and discovered that he had a piano in a back room of the shop and spent hours playing it. The Landts had been doing a little radio singing, so they got together and eventually landed at NBC, New York. When Howard White died two years ago, they took Curley Mahr as their accompanist, and carried on.

For years, the Landt Trio's program was called *On the 8:15*. Commuters in hundreds of suburbs timed their departure for their stations by the 8:15. On April Fools' Day the boys decided to play a joke on their listeners. The signature of their program was the sound of a train pulling out of the station. On this occasion, they started the program with this sound effect at 8 a.m., instead of signing off with it at 8:15. As a result, hundreds of commuters were confused, scalded their throats with hot coffee, and rushed from their homes only to arrive at their offices fifteen minutes early. They protested by telephonic, telegraph and letter, and the pranksters were duly remorseful, but they did have the satisfaction of checking up on their following.

In the nine years of their broadcasting at early hours, the Landts have had many unusual things happen to them, but none so exciting as the morning when they were rushing in to do their program at the ABC studios at 711 Fifth Avenue, and were followed in by policemen. The cops wanted to arrest them as suspects in the robbery of a nearby bank. The boys had

overslept and had a stubble of beard which made them look like suspicious characters as they ran into the building. Then, to top it off, Carl was carrying his guitar and the cops were sure that the case was full of bank notes. It took no end of explaining by the ABC employees to keep the representatives of the law from going right into the studio and pulling the Trio off the air.

"Our songs were a little shaky that morning," they recall.

No star has been more beloved than Vaughn de Leath, the first woman singer on the air, who is still heard almost every day over NBC. It was back in 1920 that Vaughn was invited to experiment with that new thing called "radio," and became the "Original Radio Girl." In fact, Vaughn can be credited with originating crooning, because when she was doing her experimenting with radio, she noticed that loud soprano notes often crashed into the radio tubes, with damaging results, so she pitched her tones lower and softer, made her voice throaty and "modulated."

Today, with all the self-importance and formality attached to the big revue shows of the air, it is a pleasure to watch Vaughn de Leath at the piano, playing her own accompaniments to her easy singing, keeping one eye on the clock as she does her own timing, now as in the first days of radio. Nothing fazes her. Once, two porters, acting on mistaken instructions, walked right in during the middle of her broadcast and moved out one of the two pianos which she was using with an assistant. She ad-libbed and went on with her show. Her self-assurance comes of the years when all the programs came from one studio, and anything could happen.

Vaughn puts a great deal of the personal element into her programs, carrying on a dialogue with her announcer, and giving heart-to-heart talks to her fans. Her advice is popular, for she gets a lot of fan mail which she always answers. Two girls are kept busy helping her at this job.

"I like being neighborly," Vaughn says—"swapping jelly and home-made bread across a back fence."

And, that's just what radio is to her and to the other members of this free and easy crowd—a back-yard fence.

On NBC's eighth floor in the mornings, you are sure to see Joe White (Joseph White, *The Silver Masked Tenor*) visiting with Vaughn, May and Peter, Sammy Herman or other members of the gang, after he has finished his broadcast with Jerry Sears' orchestra. Joe's name is still magic to the steady daytime listeners. From 1925 to 1930, he was known from Coast to Coast as *The Silver Masked Tenor* and appeared on the *Goodrich Tire* programs wearing a silver mask. When he was touring the country with the *Goodrich Silver-tone* orchestra, he had a chance to learn the great extent to which the radio had built up its favorites. Cheering crowds greeted him everywhere. One morning he was standing in front of a theatre which advertised the presence of *The Silver Masked Tenor*. A man struck up a conversation with him and asked him if he would like to meet the tenor.

"Do you know him?" Joe asked. "Sure, I know him," the man answered. "He got part of his face shot off during

he War. That's the reason he wears the mask. If you'll meet me here at the theatre this evening, I'll take you backstage to see him."

That, says Joe, was the nearest he came to being introduced to himself!

He is still being billed as *The Silver Masked Tenor*, and gets fan mail from all over the country, from people who have held him in affection for more than twelve years.

This happy, friendly bunch of veteran artists have stuck together through the years and form a distinct social crowd of their own, with May Breen and Peter de Rose at the head. May and Peter are famous for their parties, at which you'll find all of the "gang"—Wendell Hall, Vaughn de Leath, Billy Jones and Ernie Hare. *The Happiness Boys*: the Landt Trio, Sam Herman, Welcome Lewis, Milton Cross and Kelvin Keech, the popular announcers; Graham McNamee, with his tall stories which the gang loves; Joe White, Nellie Revell, Phil Cook, the perennial favorite comedian, always carrying on in three or four dialects to everyone's amusement; Bill Steinke, Vincent Lopez, discussing numerology with anyone who will listen; Paul Whitenau, playing his favorite party prank of giving people "the hot foot"; the *Revelers*, who have helped to make the *Cities Service* program a favorite for a decade; Robert Simmons, Annette Hanshaw, Gene and Glenn, when they are in from Chicago; Bertha Brainerd, Phillips Carlin and George Engles, NBC executives; Mathilde Harding, Judson House and last, but not least, though he is on the short side, Andy Sannella, the wizard of the steel guitar. Andy, with his orchestra, is a real "star without lally-hoo," since people have thrilled to his guitar for more than ten years and, for the past five, have hailed him on the *Manhattan Merry-Go-Round*.

May and Peter's parties are distinguished for their tricks, electrified chairs, dummy cigarettes and dishes, glasses with holes in them that spill water on the guests, chairs with rubber legs, in fact everything to keep people in an uproar. And, everyone gets up and does a specialty. The parties are given at the drop of a hat—a birthday party for Bertha Brainerd every year, a party for "the sons and daughters of NBC," at which all the gang bring out their children and show them off, a party to celebrate someone's wedding anniversary.

It's a "folksy" set. It makes one wonder if the younger daytime crowd, the stars springing up now, without any special help from anyone, will have a similar congenial circle after they've been on the air for ten years. There are the cute brother-sister team, Jack and Loretta Clemens; Dorothy Dreslin, of the lovely soprano voice; George Griffin, the lyric baritone; Maudine Ward and Florence Muzzy, a two-piano team whom the morning listeners have heard for four years now over NBC; and Amanda Snow, who is fast building up a great following for her simple songs, to mention a few.

Perhaps ten years from now, these artists, too, in point of service and amount of fan mail, will have proved their unshakable positions in the affections of the public.



BLUE

now dreams come true

When it's swingtime and dancetime, she'll never be lonely again. What a difference since she discovered Blue Waltz Perfume! There's something actually tantalizing about its lovely, floral bouquet. Perhaps you'd find greater happiness, too, if you'd remember to say "Blue Waltz" when you buy perfume and cosmetics.



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A SHINE SURE PEPS YOU UP!

AND IT'S SO EASY WHEN YOU USE THESE GRIFFIN POLISHES

GRIFFIN A. B. C. LIQUID WAX requires no brushing or polishing. Just spread it on... it dries to a real shine in a jiffy!

GRIFFIN A. B. C. WAX POLISH in the famous jumbo tin with the easy opener for the nearest thing to a professional shine at home. It's water-repellent!

All Popular Colors



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IN SHOE POLISH

HERE'S THAT NEW BLACK LIPSTICK

that magically changes to your own personal shade of a new, more alluring South Sea RED the instant it touches your lips!



A moonless South Sea night, black as a pocket... a Voodoo fire... 'tis the night of the Love Dance, during which charm-wise maidens conjure the hearts of their mates-to-be. Black Magic! And now... for YOU... all the witchery of this intense South Sea moment... in the new BLACK MAGIC shade of TATTOO. Black as night in the stick (yes, actually!)... but the instant it touches your lips it magically changes to the exact shade of teasing, pagan RED that your own natural coloring requires... different on every woman. Your own personal lipstick! And oh! how it lasts on your lips; hours longer than you'll ever need it. Today... regardless of what shade of lipstick you've always used... try BLACK MAGIC. You'll find that it works like a charm... that it IS a charm... that it makes YOU more charming, \$1 everywhere. Five other thrilling TATTOO shades too: CORAL... EXOTIC... NATURAL... PASTEL... HAWAIIAN

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Your mirror tells! **SPEARMINT TOOTH PASTE**
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IN DEMAND — Radio — America's fastest growing industry — big pay — short hours — fame and success. Thousands possess valuable undiscovered talents. Are you one? Is this golden opportunity passing you by? Don't wait another minute, send now for your

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audition chart. A new, scientific method of determining your ability. Discover your niche in radio's hall of fame. This vitally important question is the key to your future happiness — fame and wealth. There is absolutely no obligation.

MAIL TODAY

RADIO ARTS ACADEMY, Studio 14,
3819 Wilshire Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Rush FREE Audition Chart to me.

Name _____
Address _____

RADIO RAMBLINGS

(Continued from page 35)

treatment, she still is not sufficiently recovered from her nervous breakdown to risk the strain and worry that accompanies a weekly broadcast. The program has been moved from Chicago to California for the sake of Molly's health. Possibly she will be back for occasional programs and, before the season is out, she may be heard regularly again.

A VOICE from the past brought back by Fibber McGee's program this season is the tenor of Donald Novis, missing from the air almost entirely ever since his debacle in the radio version of Billy Rose's *Jumbo*. Donald had seemed to be just on the verge of stardom that year.

He came to radio as a winner in one of the old *Atwater-Kent* audition contests. His progress as a radio singer was not meteoric but it was consistent. After three seasons, Donald's clear tenor had brought him to a point where he seemed ready to become a formidable rival for Frank Parker, James Melton and Lanny Ross, the leading tenors of that year. Prospects were still brighter when he landed the tenor lead in *Jumbo*, which promised to be the big new show of that season. When *Jumbo* flopped on the air, Novis had to stay with it because he was tied by contract. The program got small attention. So did Donald Novis. By the time that season of comparative obscurity was over, he found sponsors no longer eagerly bidding for his songs.

Donald has been in no distress in the intervening years. He spent one season on a program heard on a Pacific Coast network and occasionally was guest star on a national network program. Vaudeville appearances have been lucrative.

The Fibber McGee program is the first regular network engagement he has had, however. The tragic part is that progress toward stardom in radio, once it is interrupted, seldom is resumed with the old impetus.

TED HUSING is swaggering through another football season with the same bravado that has made him at once the most annoying, fascinating, exciting and entertaining of all sports announcers. Backing up his egotistical microphone manners, of course, he has a talent for quick-tongued and accurate reporting scarcely approached by any of his competitors.

At the risk of life and limb, Ted once belittled a great Minnesota team as he broadcast one of its games. The team happened to be playing on off days, and Minnesota partisans felt no more kindly toward him because his slighting remarks were only for that day. Ted confessed a little weakness when he went up to Minneapolis to cover another Minnesota game the next season. He believed a bag of water dropped on his head from a second story window would be the last he could expect from the irate Minnesotans.

During that visit, Ted turned on another facet of his brilliant personality, sat down one night with a crowd of sports writers and football fans and left Minneapolis as a popular figure.

He once deliberately angered dignified old Yale by referring to its team as "sons of Bull Dogs" all through one broadcast, knowing very well that the term might easily be construed as opprobrious and offensive. He caused himself to be barred from Harvard's stadium by calling a Harvard football team "putrid."

Theoretically, such outbursts as these may not be contributions to good sports announcing. They do add a spice to Husing's performance at the microphone, though. Any game may bring another of his historic and outrageous vocal antics.

WITH the percentage of failures so high among radio programs, some sort of a medal should be pinned on the Chase and Sanborn radio overlords for their consistent record. In the past five years, the Sunday evening *Chase and Sanborn* hour has had eight changes of program, the majority of them landing among the most popular shows of their particular season.

Five years ago, the program was taking Eddie Cantor to the peak of his popularity. None of his subsequent radio ventures has hit the same fantastic success. Rubinooff was developed on that program and Jimmy Durante had his best radio series there as a summer substitute for Cantor.

When Cantor finally left the program, a daring experiment was tried. Deems Taylor was engaged to stage a series of grand operas in English, using Metropolitan Opera stars. The program was not as popular as expected and another experiment replaced it. Major Bowes' *Amateur Hour* had its first network hearings, with results still fresh in memory. The Major was lured away by larger salary and once more the replacement was far off the beaten path.

A. L. Alexander's *Good Will Court* was brought in and set the whole nation debating, condemning, praising—but listening.

Opposition of lawyers to a radio program handing out legal advice resulted in a sudden court order, banning the program. With only a few days to assemble a substitute program, the one outright failure was marked down in the record. That was Haven MacQuarrie's *Do You Want to Be An Actor?*—a failure by contrast with the hour's earlier achievements. All through these successful years, this Sunday evening hour had been one of the less expensive radio shows, spending around \$5,000 a week or less for talent.

Its current show with Charlie McCarthy is its first big financial splurge. The total salaries of Edgar Bergen, Nelson Eddy, Don Ameche, Dorothy Lamour, the Canovas, large orchestra and guest stars from the films run up to almost \$15,000 every week, making the show one of the highest-priced on the air. But again, *Chase and Sanborn* owns the most popular program in radio.

MENTION of the *Good Will Court* ban is a reminder that the hour still flour-

ishes in a small way despite the ban. It moved to *NBC* from the Mutual network and is now back there again, sufficiently revised to keep out from under the provisions of the ban.

No legal advice is given now. The advice is entirely emotional, usually urging the applicant for help to look into his heart and find the right course.

THIS radio season has started with an unusually long list of absences among the comedians. Head man is Phil Baker. Some others are Tom Howard, the Stroud Twins, Lou Holtz, Joe Cook, Frank Fay, Block and Sully, and the Marx Brothers.

A NEW entry among the evening comedians is Ransom Sherman, for years a hard-worked announcer and general cut-up on afternoon programs out in Chicago. He has a fertile and occasionally amusing vein of nonsense but, because he has always had several programs a week to write and put together, his comedy always suffered from hasty preparation. This fall a sponsor has been found to concentrate the Ransom talents on one Friday evening program every week. He may become the next successful comedian developed strictly by radio without benefit of vaudeville or theatrical training.

PAUL WHITEMAN'S recent selection of an All-American swing band in a magazine article is a stunt that only Paul would dare to try. No other bandleader would brave the wrath of all the musicians left out of the selections. The only way to avoid trouble would be to pick a 788-piece band—or to be Paul Whiteman.

"Of Pappy," the musicians around radio and Broadway call him with affection. Some other bands may be more popular at the moment but musicians still consider it a special honor to land a job as horn blower or orchestrator with "Pap."

Their respect is understandable. Run through today's list of popular bands and see how few date back to the jazz era that happened right after the War two decades ago. There are Paul and Vincent Lopez—and that's about the end of the list in big-time brackets.

ONE possession of the new Max Reinhardt-Adolphe Menjou program is the most temperamental director in radio. The fiery gentleman is lony-haired, nervous, excitable, impetuous Bill Bacher, who has careened through a cyclonic career the past eight years.

Last season Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer put him in charge of its Thursday evening radio program, then being launched. The first couple of programs were a fiasco. Bill stepped out, charging that he had not been given stars or authority for a successful show.

He did more than merely quit. Broken hearted, nerves shattered, he hurled himself into strict seclusion, seeing no one, taking no phone calls, until his wounds and pride had healed. He tried to assemble several other programs during the summer for prospective sponsors, but his prospects seemed cloudy until late fall when he bounced up again, more important than ever, with the biggest new show of the fall season.

MARCHAND'S TONIGHT MEANS NEW GLAMOUR TOMORROW

BEFORE—Gladys S. used Marchand's—her hair was dark, faded-looking, contrasting with her light complexion, this did much to age and dull her beauty.



AFTER—Gladys S. used Marchand's—notice the blonde highlights that blend into perfect color harmony with her fair skin and light eyes. Now she is younger looking and more glamorous.

AT DRUG COUNTERS EVERYWHERE

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

60% OF ALL WOMEN WERE BORN BLONDE



Opera star Helen Jepson can blow a mean note, even on an antique horn. It is from her large collection of old musical instruments.

WHO IS GERSHWIN'S SUCCESSOR?

(Continued from page 45)

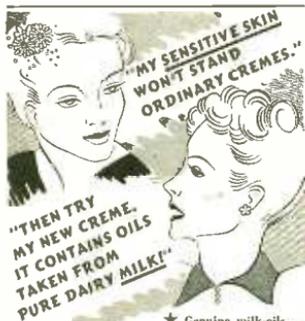


... Like This

Beware of outgrown shoes. They ruin baby feet. Save your baby's feet. Buy inexpensive Wee Walker Shoes and change to new ones often. Carefully proportioned lasts afford barefoot freedom and correct support. Wee Walkers have the shape and other features endorsed by authorities.

Wee Walkers cost less because they are sold nationally through store groups with tremendous buying power and a small profit policy. See them—compare them—in the Infant's Wear Department. Sizes up to about age 4. For baby's sake accept no substitutes.

W. T. Grant Co. S. S. Kresge Co. J. J. Newberry Co.
 H. L. Green Co., Inc. Sears, Roebuck & Co. Charles Stores
 F. & W. Grand Stores G. R. Kinney Co., Inc.
 House Silver and Bros. Metropolitan Chain Stores, Inc.
 Schulte-United Stores Lincoln Stores, Inc.



discussed. Yet he definitely pointed out that no one, so far, has exhibited the breadth and all-inclusiveness of Gershwin's talents.

Scott, Gould, Ellington, Grofé—they are your candidates. The experts agree basically that these four are the most likely nominees. All have potentialities. All are writing American music free of European influences. All are honest, sincere workers. Here they go up on display:

RAYMOND SCOTT

Scott, as you all know by now, is the 29-year-old younger brother of Mark Warnow. His real name is Harry and he became famous when he organized the fabulous six-man *Quintet*.

He started out as an electrical engineer and was doing very well in school with that subject when he decided to switch over to the Institute of Musical Art. But don't think that Scott just stopped being an engineer, because he didn't. Something like half of his music is built with engineering principles applied—to such things as microphones, amplifiers and transmitters.

After his graduation from the Institute, he took a job at CBS in the house band. Mark was responsible for that, and he it was who held the baton over his kid brother most of the time. It was also Mark who was responsible for introducing Harry's first compositions. The pair of them are supposed to have plucked the Scott label from the telephone book to avoid mix-ups. Mark played Scott's first successful piece in 1932. It was called *Christmas Night in Harlem*. You may remember it as being a little different from his later works, which now include twenty-five successful ones.

The *Quintet*, actually, was Scott's first major work. He got together with five other members of the CBS house band. The combination was Dave Wade on trumpet; Lou Scheider, bass; Dave Harris, saxophone; Johnny Williams, drums; and Scott at piano. The line-up is the same now, with the exception that Pee-Wee Irwin plays trumpet.

In creating new compositions and arranging for the *Quintet*, Harry likes to use his engineering training to get new acoustical effects. Before one of their regular recordings is made, the boys take recordings of their rehearsal periods and keep on with the practice records until the number is perfect. Scott is supposed to compose the same way. It is said that he has never written down a note of his music. He gets his ideas at the piano, plays them, the members of the band get it that way, a record is made and you have a new Scott composition.

That system of composing applies to the Scott titles you are familiar with. Such things as *Powerhouse*, *Twilight in Turkey*, *Toy Trumpet*, *War Dance for Wooden Indians*, *Dinner Music for a Pack of Hungry Cannibals* and the others. He has just finished *Siberian Sleigh Ride* and *Bumpy Weather Over Newark* and is now

working on *Twenty-Five Women in a Dead Man's Bed*.

All this doesn't sound much like Gershwin. However, some authorities point out one very essential similarity: Scott has much the same melodic and rhythmic sense that George had. But they say Scott hasn't the depth of Gershwin. That's one phase of the younger Warnow's work, however, that no one can pass on yet. At present Scott is working on a series of compositions which hardly anyone knows about. There are several long symphonic suites and other heavier musical forms in this group. CBS is turning over to him a symphonic orchestra with which to experiment. If this combination pans out the way Scott's intimates expect, then we'll be able to compare him with Gershwin on more points than melody, rhythm and unusual creative ideas.

Right now, Harry—still a young man—has aroused much the same attention that Gershwin did when he started out.

MORTON GOULD

Even younger than Raymond Scott is Morton Gould. Now twenty-four, he was eight when he was awarded a scholarship to the famed Juilliard School of Music. His career is a phenomenal one—his accomplishments just as fantastic. Together they make him a very strong contender. Gould began playing the piano when he was four. At six, his first song was accepted for publication. At ten he entered New York University's School of Music. When he was fourteen he began composing serious music. At seventeen he was making a lecture tour of Eastern colleges.

When Gould was twenty-one he heard Leopold Stokowski conduct the Philadelphia Symphony in his *Choral and Fugue in Jazz*. This year Fritz Reiner, conducting the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, played Gould's *American Symphonette No. 2*. After the performance, Reiner asked the young composer to write a symphony. The request was filled and it will be played by the Pittsburgh Symphony on December second. Alfred Wallenstein introduced his *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra* with the composer himself as soloist.

In September, '36, Gould began a series of modern music broadcasts over WOR, which were heard nationally after MBS was founded. He now divides his time between conducting, composing and arranging. He is considered one of the best arrangers in the business.

With the exception of opera, Gould has used almost every kind of music form. He has written an American suite, Three symphonettes, Two symphonies, A concerto for piano and one for violin. Four piano sonatas. A five-movement ballet suite. Then there are his shorter creations—*Deserted Ballroom*, *Lullaby to a New Born Love*, *Continental Serenade*, *Mantelita Polka* and *Robot*. All in all, Gould has had more than forty compositions published.

has had more than forty compositions published. Primarily, his idiom is entirely American. He is writing both light and

more profound music. His *Deserted Ballroom*, for example, is something like Scott's *Powerhouse*. Some say that it is a superior piece.

Gershwin himself had Gould orchestrate his *I Got Rhythm* for him. That is another interesting sidelight. The young man knows the modern music scene thoroughly. His musical background is musically good, his creative ability seems endless, his work is free from any sort of foreign influence and he is only twenty-four.

DUKE ELLINGTON

Percy Grainger, noted composer-pianist-conductor, was director of New York University's School of Music when he compared Duke Ellington's compositions to those of Bach and Debussy. Others have called him the world's foremost composer of jazz, the greatest Negro composer who ever lived, etc., etc. and etc. Extravagant as some of these descriptions sound, the Duke probably deserves all of them.

Graduating from high school, he won a scholarship to the Pratt Institute, a well-known art school in Brooklyn. Before he left, though, he got a job in a Washington dance band as pianist. That position finished any idea of art as a career. He arrived in New York in 1924. He brought along four other musicians and tried to find work as a five-piece jazz orchestra.

It was a tough struggle. Duke gave up once and went home—but he came right back. In '26, his break arrived. He and his boys went to work at the Kentucky Club. That was the period in our life when jazz had gone high-class. It was polite and polished and rather boring. Duke changed all that.

His was a six-piece outfit at the Kentucky. It began to create attention. Hearing the talk alone the Main Stem, Irving Mills, big time music publisher and manager, dropped in on the Duke, put him under contract, increased the band to twelve pieces and began to build him up. In 1927, he went into Harlem's Cotton Club and started to attract the carriage trade. Radio, theatres and records completed the Ellington build-up.

From the beginning, Duke has composed. Without a doubt, his is the most eloquent voice of the colored race. Jazz and swing and modern music have been based to a large extent on Negro blues and Negro rhythms. In that Ellington has no peers.

He is best known for his *Solitude*, *I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart*, *Mood Indigo*, *Sophisticated Lady*—these and his other magnificent popular numbers run up into the hundreds. Each is individual, each is a new kind of expression. In this field of smaller, popular forms, he is said to be as great a master as Gershwin.

But in the larger field, too, Duke is approaching Gershwin. He says nothing about it and makes no claim to greatness. But he has and is doing work far ahead of the more popular form. His *Black and Tan Fantasy* is a great deal more than a good jazz piece. His *Croche Rhapsody* is a two-part work with unusual musical merit. *Diminuendo and Crescendo in Blue*, *Echoes of Harlem*, *Reminiscing in Tempo* and *Symphony In Black* are acknowledged as great and good works.

Now, he is working on two compositions which will be almost a test. The first

is a piano suite which Paul Whiteman intends to introduce in concert this fall. The second is an opera. The opera is something about which Duke is reluctant to talk, yet he has been working on it for ten years. During the past five or six months he has almost finished it. It is called *Babalo*. Running three acts and covering three centuries, it will be the musical history of the Negro race in America. Ellington has composed the music, written the libretto and orchestrated the entire work. *Babalo* is his alone.

It is already the Negro Gershwin. But he may be a great deal more.

FERDE GROFE

George Gershwin reached the peak the hard way. So did Ferde Grofe. Gershwin was a piano player in a music-publishing house. Grofe had to struggle up to composing from arranger. He was one of the best arrangers in the field but his ambition was to compose. Yet all the leaders he knew preferred to listen to his arrangements than to his compositions.

Grofe's background is solid. His musical training is well-grounded and varied. More than anything else, the *Rhapsody In Blue* first called him to public attention. When the *Rhapsody* was written, he was working as arranger for Whiteman and his was the arrangement that Paul played when the composition was introduced. Critics have always attached great importance to the Grofe arrangement in evaluating the success of the *Rhapsody*.

Ferde has been heavily responsible for the rise and acclaim of "symphonic jazz"—the sort of thing which gave Whiteman the title of King of Jazz. *Nano of India*, as played by Whiteman in dance tempo, was one composition that helped start all the talk. The arrangement was Grofe's.

Peculiarly, Grofe's chief difficulty as a composer seems to be his arranging talent. He writes with both orchestration and music in mind. His music depends a lot upon the sounds he can create for various instruments. Gershwin, on the other hand, was never a good orchestrator. It is a talent he could have used and which, despite its drawbacks, may help Grofe.

Ferde has worked in the larger form—principally suites. You know most of them, or at least the frequently played parts. There are the *Grand Canyon Suite*, the *Mississippi Suite* and *Tabloid*. Each is descriptive and each is designed to give a musical picture of some facet of America. As Frank Black pointed out, his work is photographic and descriptive where Gershwin's wasn't. But Grofe is thoroughly steeped in what he is doing—which, of course, is a collection of musical pictures of America.

Whether he will develop the melodic, rhythmic touch of Gershwin remains to be seen.

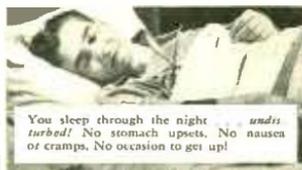
So there are the four. Whether one will step out to close in that empty space in the ranks is a question to be answered by the years. Judging from my conversations with the experts, the answer is still "no." George Gershwin had the essential talents that all four possess. None of the four own—so far—what this one man had to offer. The gods seem to have taken his one talent, divided it and let it scatter.

TROUBLED BY CONSTIPATION?

Get relief this simple, pleasant way!



Take one or two tablets of Ex-Lax before retiring. It tastes like delicious chocolate. No spoons, no bottles! No fuss, no bother! Ex-Lax is easy to use and pleasant to take!



You sleep through the night undisturbed! No stomach upsets, no nausea or cramps. No occasion to get up!



In the morning you have a thorough bowel movement. Ex-Lax works easily, without strain or discomfort. You feel fine after taking it, ready and fit for a full day's work!

Ex-Lax is good for every member of the family—the youngsters as well as the grown-ups. At all drug stores in 10¢ and 25¢ sizes. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative.

Now Improved—better than ever!

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

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. 5 rinses 25 cents at drug and department stores. 2 rinse size at ten cent stores.

LOVALON

—the 4 purpose vegetable HAIR RINSE

HOW RADIO CAREERS BEGIN

(Continued from page 23)



© We don't say you'll want to give a song recital, BUT—

If you don't find FEEN-A-MINT the grandest way to chase the blues of constipation, you'll get back every penny you paid for it. FEEN-A-MINT, you know, is the delicious chewing gum way to relieve constipation. FEEN-A-MINT is so modern, so effective, so completely different from ordinary methods. You get all its splendid benefits simply by chewing this marvelous-tasting gum. Think—how easy and pleasant! No wonder folks say: "Why, it seems like magic!" Already millions use it— young and old. Try FEEN-A-MINT yourself!

FEEN-A-MINT
Tastes like your favorite chewing gum!

COUGHS!

Get After That Cough Today with PERTUSSIN

When you catch cold and your throat feels dry or clogged, the secretions from countless tiny glands in your throat and windpipe often turn into sticky, irritating phlegm. This makes you cough.

Pertussin stimulates these glands to pour out their natural moisture so that the annoying phlegm is loosened and easily raised. Quickly your throat is soothed, your cough relieved!

Your cough may be a warning signal! Why neglect it? Do as millions have done! Use Pertussin, a safe and pleasant herbal syrup for children and grownups. Many physicians have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years. It's safe and acts quickly. Sold at all druggists.

PERTUSSIN

The "Molest-Throat" Method of Cough Relief

JEWELLED WRIST WATCH
OF ANY EXTRA CHARGE SMART! TINY! NICE!

FREE

Simulated diamonds set in Rhodium Sterling Silver. Guaranteed in Lifetime. 1 1/2, 1 3/4, 1 1/2 Gold.

1333 Quonset Quality Watch.
Dial Small as a Dime. Jeweled. Accuracy Guaranteed enclosed.

WATCH IS yours FREE of any extra charge with every ring ordered NOW and paid for promptly on our easy two monthly \$2 payment plan (total only \$4). Remember, the value of the watch is included in the price of the ring. **YOU PAY NOTHING EXTRA** for the Watch! Wear to days ON AP-PROVED! Send for information with enclosed! We trust you. Mail coupon.

NO MONEY DOWN!

How Good. We pay postage. Your package comes at once by express mail.

•••••

SOLE STANDARD WATCH CO., Dept. 1-3912, Boston, Mass.
Ring offer. Lady's Model Man's Model

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
•••••

joined the union and earned extra money playing local dances. He played with Leo Reisman at the Central Park Casino, graduated from school as president of his class. Then instead of going into a drug store, he went back to Reisman and music.

Rudy Vallee, too, worked in a pharmaceutical atmosphere 'way back when. The drug store was his father's. And Dr. Frank Black, head of NBC's music department, is a graduate chemical engineer. When he graduated from Haverford he was offered two jobs: one as a chemical engineer and the other as pianist in a hotel. He went to Harrisburg, to the hotel, and never returned to chemistry.

For diversity of talents—aside from radio—and really expert versatility, meet Joan Blaine, heard on the *Palant Lady* program. Joan has been in pictures, seen her name in lights on Broadway in the legitimate theatre, and before that had practiced law as head of a gold mine's legal department, doubling up with running a mine hospital as head nurse during an epidemic. Before that, Joan was an infant prodigy, a school superintendent and a concert platform singer and harpist. And she worked with entire success at all of those before she went into radio—which she did in order to stay at her father's bedside before he died. By the time he had passed away she was so busy and so enthralled by radio she forgot all about the five-year movie contract she had been offered, and carried on in radio.

Before Curtis Arnall began as a radio actor in 1932 he appeared on the stage. But Arnall's work was not always in theatre or radio. Back in Omaha, Nebraska, Curtis Arnall was known not as the hero of *Pepper Donna's Family*, but as a promising young stockbroker. It was while working with the Omaha brokerage firm that he became interested in a local Unity Theatre group, and every night forgot stocks and bonds for make-up and footlights. But that was only for fun, it didn't pay anything. It was two years later that he finally abandoned the brokerage business to go to Honolulu with Mabel Tabarero's repertory company. When he returned to the States the die was cast, he was an actor, and has been ever since.

Nor were all the radio announcers, boy orators or elocutionists. Don Wilson, who has dimmed you pleasantly with his "six delicious flavors," entered the business world as a salesman. While exploiting his various lines—drugs, oil, gasoline and coal—Wilson got together with a couple of other fellows and formed a harmony trio. It was so successful that they gave up their jobs and went on a tour of the West. An advertiser who heard them in San Francisco put them on the air for a year, and for the next year Wilson and one of his pals put on programs in Los Angeles. Then he took a job as announcer at *KFI*.

But equally, in fact even more round-about was Special Events announcer George Hicks' road to the microphone. When he was a kid, George didn't know what he wanted to do but, being willing to try anything, he started with jobs as a day laborer. Brought up in the lumber

country, he worked in sawmills, door factories, logging camps and ship-yards. He's been a truck driver, a ditch digger, a hardware store clerk and haberdashery salesman. But Hicks' career was not yet rounded out. He was once a hand in a pickle factory, went north to Alaska and south to Panama; got a job on a freighter as a sailor and drove a car across the American continent. Hicks acquired his schooling the same way; he's gone to the College of Puget Sound in Tacoma, U. of Washington, and Corcoran Art School—none for more than a year. Ready to enroll in a school for consular service, George saw an ad for a radio announcer and answered it along with two hundred other applicants. He was terrible—but the others were worse so he got the job, in September, 1928. By November, 1929, he had become an excellent announcer, and *NBC* took him to New York.

The field of sports, also, has produced several radio personalities. Ford Rush, star of Mutual's *Hi De Ho* show, came to radio from the baseball diamond. Starting as a sand-lotter, Rush was ordered to come south to Bradenton, training headquarters for the St. Louis Cardinals, where the town manager, Miller Huggins, looked him over. If Rush had had a better pitching arm he'd be one of the Cards now; instead, when Huggins turned him down, he got out his guitar and tried working as an entertainer, winding up in radio instead of the pitcher's box.

Sam Baltar, Mutual sports commentator, was a former Olympic basketball star, and still referees games in Los Angeles.

Another far cry was the jump Harry Einstein took from a job as advertising director for a chain of seventeen stores into the stupid, funny stogie known as *Parkies* ("Parky," came by his track shaver in his youth). His father was an importer, dealing with many Greeks, and young Harry used to mimic the dialects he heard just for laughs. He never thought of utilizing this talent through school, where he distinguished himself at football, debating and dramatics as well as landing the honor of class orator. His first job was an ad solicitor on the *Boston American*.

In 1932 Joe Kines, the orchestra leader and Harry's friend, persuaded him to do a Greek comedy bit on Kines' program. The sponsor was so delighted that he signed Harry to a twenty-six week contract, and Einstein was both ad man and comedian. He became a New England sensation, and in '34 met Eddie Cantor while in New York for a week-end. Cantor needed a dialect stogie, signed Harry and thereafter he worked at his job all week, then commuted to New York week ends for the Cantor program. Finally he was offered the chance to become Cantor's associate full-time, and after debating with himself a while he gave up his job to become Parkyakarkus; a name, incidentally, which originated through his habit of saying to office visitors: "Sit down and park your carcass," and which he has patented.

Bill Bacher, *CB* director of the *Texas* show, came into radio through an unpaid

dentist bill. Bill was Dr. William Bacher, D.D.S., L.L.D., M.A., B.A., and a practicing dentist in Bayonne, N. J. In his spare time he studied law and took that degree. It was in 1932 that a patient, who was unable to pay his bill, gave Dr. Bacher a couple of tickets to a broadcast. Bill, who had never seen a broadcast, accepted and attended the show with a friend who was in the advertising business. He didn't like the show, so he wrote a letter to the directors outlining his criticisms which were so valid that he was invited to come in to see them. In the course of conversation it was discovered that Bill Bacher not only could criticize but also could make constructive suggestions. He was offered a job at a figure that made him accept and close up his dental office, to become one of the leading directors in radio.

Oh, they come from all parts of the country, all walks of life, the great of radio. Take Johnny, who calls for *Philip Morris*. Five years ago Johnny Roventini was a page boy in the New Yorker Hotel. A man came in, sat down and asked him to page a friend. For five minutes Johnny wandered around calling at the top of his voice. When he returned after failing to find his man he was told that he had passed an audition for a radio job: the man in the easy chair was a radio agency man.

You all know the genial Major Bowes as entrepreneur of the *Amateur Hour*; some of you may know him also as director of the Capitol Theatre. But before busying himself with radio, Major Bowes was—and still is—a highly successful real estate operator, dealing mainly in theatrical properties.

The *Easy Aces*, too, or at least Goodman Ace, came to radio indirectly. Ace was a newspaperman for many years as reporter on the *Kansas City Journal-Post*, then dramatic critic and column conductor. In 1928 he broadcast a radio edition of his column, calling himself *The Movie Man*. It was a year later that he started

the *Easy Aces* over a Kansas City station with his new wife of one year playing opposite him. Ace had been wooing Jane since they were kids at school. *Easy Aces* was an immediate hit, and they've been on the major networks almost continuously ever since.

Gertrude Berg is a reitiation of the belief that radio writers and actors need a stage background. Mrs. Berg came to radio with only one thing behind her: she had been a housewife and mother. True, she had been trying her hand at writing ever since childhood. She would study the characters around the family's summer hotel in the Catskills, and write skits which she presented at the entertainment evenings. But when she finally placed *The Goldbergs* with a radio station she was so ignorant of radio that she didn't know what it meant when she was told the program would go on "sustaining." Not long afterward, a sponsor took up the show—and the rest you know.

Bob Burns had a checkered career before radio. Though he has played half a dozen musical instruments since childhood and was first cornetist in the Van Buren City Queens Silver Cornet Band, he worked for a living selling hay, piloting a river ferry, raising peanuts and playing, along with his brother, in honky-tonks. He wound up selling advertising in Chicago, when the War came. Bob served in France with the Marines and back in the States organized an orchestra and conducted it in night spots in New York. He invested the money he had saved in a carnival concession wheel game and cleaned up \$8,000 in a month and a half. After eight years in carnivals he came to Hollywood and picked up a few parts in pictures, but nothing really important happened until he went to New York determined to get on the *Vallee* program . . . and the rest is history.

But there's one big radio star who is absolutely unique in his pre-radio career. No one else—except Charlie McCarthy—came from a tree!



Richard Crooks (right), distinguished American tenor starring for his eighth consecutive season on *The Voice of Firestone*, is shown aboard the U. S. S. *Indianapolis* as guest of Vice Admiral Adolphus Andrews, Commander Scouting Force, United States Fleet.

BLACKHEADS... LARGE PORES

Caused by Simple Mistake!

Avoid it with Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay!

You yourself may be causing those large pores and blackheads that are so stubborn, so hateful! Every day millions of women are making their pores large and conspicuous simply because they do not realize the danger of applying Fresh make-up over oil.

Down-town shopping . . . at a party . . . out comes the powder puff. Never dreaming of the trouble that they are causing, they rub, rub, rub all the stale powder, all the dust and dirt that have accumulated on the face, right into the pores. This fills up the pores . . . blocks them with dirt that is difficult to remove . . . makes them large, dark, ugly.

REMARKABLE! CREAM-IN-A-STICK!

What can you do when you're away from home and your face needs powder? Remove old make-up *first*, with Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay! Carry it in your handbag . . . it comes in a push-up metal case as easy to use as a lipstick! With Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay you can cleanse your skin perfectly in a few quick seconds before applying fresh powder. It will remove every trace of dirt and stale make-up from your skin. Your face powder will go on beautifully and stay on longer. And the effect will be fresher, younger, lovelier than ever before!

YOU NEED NO OTHER CREAM

Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay is more than a cleansing cream. It is a complete beauty treatment, a combination of oils . . . blended by a long, slow secret process. You need no other creams when you use Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay. Generations of lovely women have proved it is the only preparation needed to keep the skin clean, soft . . . Always Young!

Stop causing large pores and blackheads! Start using Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay regularly, morning, noon and night, and always before applying fresh make-up, and you'll see your skin grow finer, softer, clearer every day! You can use Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay at all good cosmetic counters, small size 10c, large size 60c, both in dainty metal cases. Or mail this coupon now for 10c size.



SEM-PRAY JO-VE-NAY

Elizabeth Hatfield, Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay Company
Dept. 6-M, Grand Rapids, Michigan
Please send me your clever purse-size container of Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay. Enclosed you will find ten cents to cover cost of handling.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____



THE MODERN IDEA FOR Feminine Hygiene

LYGENES . . . when your doctor advises feminine hygiene . . . a dainty, white, anti-septic suppository; ready for instant use . . . melts promptly at internal body temperature, to form a soothing antiseptic film . . . freshly scented; no other odor . . . individually sealed; untouched by human hands until you open . . . scientifically prepared by the makers of "Lysol" disinfectant . . . box of 12, with full directions, \$1.00.

LYGENES

A product of the makers of "Lysol".
Cop. 1938 by Levin & Plak Products Corp., Bloomfield, N. J.

POWER BEHIND THE THRONE AT NBC

(Continued from page 21)

having the dean of the local reporters pat him on the back, tell him they "ought to work together on these things."

At twenty-four Royal was assistant city editor, and later acting city editor for two years. In his reportorial career Royal covered the first radio story—the classic exploit of Radio Operator Jack Binns' C O D distress signal at the sinking of the *S. S. Republic*. He still has photostatic copies of his signed story on that and other yarns.

1910 was a big year in Royal's life. He had gone to Europe for his paper, interviewed fifteen opera stars in their homes and watched Mai-sant try to fly the English Channel. When he came home there was an argument over salary, and he went to work for the vaudeville magnate, R. F. Keith, as publicity man.

Keith wanted more advertising through the New England territory and he was assigned to write copy for cards to be posted about the territory. Word came that there was no appropriation for a bill-poster's salary and Royal, reasoning shrewdly that this might be one of Keith's famous "tests" of loyalty, offered to get the cards up himself.

He bought boat and train tickets all over the territory, put himself into a natty new pair of overalls and slapped R. F. Keith poster cards all over stations, fences and walls in the territory—even to slapping them on the top of Mt. Washington, which desecration aroused plenty of indignant comment.

Keith liked Royal's ideas and zeal and he was made manager of a Cincinnati theatre. Shortly afterward he shifted to the Cleveland Hippodrome, one of the most important houses on the circuit. Managers, in 1916, were more than mere figureheads waiting for main office orders, and Royal was more than an average manager. The best was never too good for Royal's house, and the standards of the New York Palace, key house of the circuit, were his. Bookers who sent him shows he thought inferior heard from him in no uncertain terms; his reports on acts—many of them now famous performers—are still preserved and furnish chuckles today to the stars who were blistered or damned with faint praise by Royal. And a good report really meant something.

When the Cleveland Palace was built, Royal superintended the job. Still the Stormy Petrel of the circuit, he burned the wires with bitter complaint at weak bills, insisted on the same quality as the New York Palace. And not long after that the new medium, radio broadcasting, came into being as another outlet for Royal's showmanship.

On a local station he presented one of the first radio variety bills, comparable to the star-filled shows today. Came a letter from B. F. Keith that he'd have to stop fooling with radio—which Keith considered opposition—or be fired. The general consensus was that Royal was crazy, fooling with radio, and perforce he gave up his air shows, retaining his interest in broadcasting nevertheless. As time went on and the Keith organization had a shakeup, Royal,

who was then head of the Mid-Western division, became increasingly dissatisfied. He was approached by the head of *HT-131* who asked him if he'd like to go into the station as program director.

"I don't know anything about it," he said, "I didn't ask you that—do you want to?" was the answer. He did, and when *NBC* bought the station Mr. Aylesworth, then President, suggested that Royal come to New York. He didn't like New York much; thought the town was phony. But one day in October, 1931, while there on a business trip, he saw crowds on Broadway staring through telescopes at a flagpole siter. He went to a telephone and called Aylesworth, said he'd take the job. "Why," Aylesworth asked, "did you change your mind?"

"If New Yorkers are small-town enough to pay ten cents to look at a man sitting on a flagpole, it's okay with me," he said.

When he came to work at *NBC* he arrived cold. Department heads, anticipating a "purge" and shakeup, were amazed to discover that he arrived without stooges, without a retinue of "Royal men." He still hates "yes men." At this first meeting of department heads he said: "I'm new here. You've all been doing a grand job. Just keep it up."

Those who anticipated having to teach him his job soon found that they were drawing upon him for ideas, decisions and support. A hell-raiser and whirlwind in his own department he will, however, tolerate no criticism against it from the outside and will valiantly defend his own people from it, in purely Irish fashion. All his associates agree that he would have made a wonderful prosecutor. No one gets by with anything when Royal begins a cross-examination. He pins down every fact, drags out of a prolix memory every detail of a conversation held weeks or months before to bolster his point, and batters down defenses, evasions and alibis. He hates lying or double crossing, but his witness-stand tactics are not for purposes of intimidation. He merely wants the facts—and he gets them.

He has no use for compromise. In differences of opinion he may say: "Very well, then—do it just the way you want to." And if all works out nothing more is said. But heaven help the one who turns out to be wrong!

His storms, however, are as mercurial as his many faceted personality, leaving no aftermaths. Most of his associates agree that much of his raging is a shield for the kindest, softest Irish heart in the world. But he'd throw anyone out of his office who suggested such a thing.

Royal, too, is unable to say "I'm sorry." But he apologizes for a mistake in his own fashion. One very competent woman head of a department was on the receiving end of a devastating blast from Royal, by telephone, which happened to be unjustified. Later in the day Royal discovered this, but saying nothing about it, invited the woman to have luncheon with him. He supplied an excellent meal, from cocktails to champagne and fine foods in between, with, however, no word of the recent storm. Finally



DO
YOUR
EYES
SAY
ROMANCE

Know the thrill of having eyes that attract. Camille Cream Mascara will turn your eyelashes into frames of glamour... long, dark, silky lashes that cast velvety reflections of loveliness in your eyes.

The attractive plastic Vanity carries this marvelous mascara and brush safely in your purse at all times. Ask for Camille Cream Mascara at department, drug and 5 & 10c stores—10c. Black, Brown or Blue. Camille Inc., New York.

Camille
MASCARA 10c

Complete with Vanity Pisk and Ebony Vanity



RUB IN AND INHALE
ZIP
PLASTIK-VAPOR
FOR COLDS

At first sign of a cold, rub on ZIP Plastik-Vapor to help relieve congestion in throat and chest. Large jar 10c., extra large jar 39c. All good 10c. stores and druggists.



SOOTHES
HANDS
that Chap easily

"I used to almost cry about my hands. They chapped so easily. Then a nurse suggested Frostilla. I use it regularly... a little goes far... and now my skin is soft and satiny." Use Frostilla yourself every time you've had your hands in water. Made with costlier ingredients, you can feel the difference. 35c, 50c, \$1.00 sizes in U. S. and Canada. Travel size in better 10c. stores.

FROSTILLA
for Lovely Hands

RADIO STARS

she mentioned it, as well as the fact that it had been uncalled for.

"Oh," he grinned, "next time I do that just say 'Phooey' to me."

Sure enough, a few days later came another horrendous howling on the lady's phone. Recalling, she said: "Oh, phooey to you!" There was an instant's shocked silence; then Royal laughed and said: "You win?"

A great habit of his is scribbling "See me on this" across some letter or paper, then sending it to the person concerned. And while he doesn't make himself inaccessible it's something of a trick to catch him in his office, with the result that the "see me" letters pile up. One of the boys collected a sheaf of them, all bearing the Royal "see me," clipped another paper to the top reading "Suppose you see me?" Royal did.

Admittedly a driver, Royal, used to the theatre's seven-day-week, comes in almost every Sunday. Even though it may not be necessary he wants at least one of his department heads to be there also, if the

net result is only sitting around chinning. So the others alternate in coming to the office Sunday, to keep the boss company. He has the knack, too, of doing the right thing at the right time; of making just the right gesture, whether it be solicitously standing in the wings with a towel for the maestro, Toscanini, or sending coffee and sandwiches to control men on a late shift. And they're more than mere gestures—he's sincere about them. And he covers a very real shyness by raging if anyone ever tries to thank him.

His acquaintances and friends are legion; he can hardly go anywhere in this country or abroad without finding a dozen or so persons he knows. And while one is admittedly either a Royal "fan" or completely baffled by him, he has many more friends than enemies. Working with him is something of a strain; one has to be able to "take it," for his sheer nervous energy will wear down a man who can't. But of all those associated with him daily none seems to resent him. Certainly, life around the Royal man of radio is never dull!

ANYTHING FOR A LAUGH!

(Continued from page 37)

such day "Uncle Jim" sought out Allen in a hotel room, which he had rented to get utterly away from the world. He thought he had fooled everybody, even "Uncle Jim." So when the latter appeared, Fred looked up from his drawing board and peevishly drawled, "You know I can't be disturbed, today of all days. It cramps my style." "Uncle Jim" gave a spoofing smile and picked up a page of Allen's manuscript where he had crowded those famous tiny seravils of his into as little space as possible, as if his life depended on an economy of space on paper. "Your style's been cramped for years, and you've done all right," he said. Fred smiled. "Okay, let's have it."

My particular blues-fader is Scotty Bates. You have never heard Scotty on the air, though if you've ever attended one of our stage shows you've seen him—the goof who wanders in too late with the announcement cards and who clowns around a lot with Poley McClintock. I never know what Scotty's going to do next, on the stage or off. Once, right in the middle of a solemn glee club number, he rode across the stage on a velocipede. I take my glee club numbers very seriously. I was rather offended when I heard the audience laughing.

I guess it was about 1924 when I met Scotty. I was out on the Coast with the *Pennsylvanians* and we were making our first really big hit in Sid Grauman's theatre. The band had come up pretty fast and I imagine the business of being famous had got me. At least, I liked all the head waters to recognize me when I walked into a restaurant for dinner.

One night I went to the theatre. There weren't many seats and I raised pretty much of a ruckus with a kid usher for not seeming more anxious to find me a couple. He listened to me with a look of unmistakable disgust. "Who do you think you are?" he asked me. This is an old question, and not very original, but some

people can put an awful lot into an old chestnut like that. I told him who I was. He didn't seem to give a hoot in you know what. He had a very funny voice and he looked very funny, just a fresh kid with a mad face, telling me off. I had to laugh. I asked him to come around to our theatre some night.

Now Scotty couldn't play anything but a ukulele, and that very badly, but when we left Los Angeles I had hired him. I gave him a job—that of building up a music library and keeping it in order. But it was Scotty's sense of humor I had actually hired—that and his peculiar ability for making me feel human. High pressure can make temperaments and temperaments can make people crabby, and if they have a little power along with the crabbiness they can take it out on other people. I know I'm on the safe side as long as Scotty's around to turn it all into a laugh. I have had any number of tiffs with him. I have even fired him. But he's an audacious clown and I have to have him around.

The last personal appearance tour we made, the boys in the band were feeling a little sour on me on account of my insistence on a freshly shaven crew, freshly pressed uniforms, etc. Scotty took a way of telling me off that the audience also enjoyed. He refused to shave and would come walking lazily onto the stage like some old stumble-bum, his clothes sloppy, scratching his head, etc. I couldn't help laughing, and besides I was beaten at the start because the audience loved his goofy pantomiming. What could I do?

I don't know that there is any moral to all this. But it occurs to me that this season there may be certain innocent young things who wish to be associated with radio stars in the radio business, as assistants. And I would offer them this advice—take the job seriously, but not the star. Never be awed or frightened by a show business personality or you will never understand him, nor he understand you.

YOU'LL NEVER MISS WITH A PACK OF TEABERRY



It's a bulls-eye—that keen, fresh Teaberry flavor. Hits your taste dead-center every time, makes you feel as zesty and full-of-pep as a frosty morning Hunt where you will—you'll never find a tastier, smoother, longer-lasting gum!



Reach for the Bright Red Package!

You'll like
CLARK'S
TEABERRY
GUM

ported from place to place! There was no time to send home for the deserted dummy, so Bergen went on the air without his impertinent friend at his side. Of course, radio listeners at home could detect no difference, unless it were the lack of applause by a highly indignant studio audience. Bergen can't remember a time when he was more ill at ease, or when a program seemed to be a more complete flop.

Ben Bernie and Arline Blackburn have pulled similar boners which left them positively aghast. Ben recalls the time when he had one of those little gadgets which, when pressed against someone's hand, gives the person a shock. At one of his broadcasts he was introduced, rather vaguely, to a man in the control room. And, since Ben is one who never lets a good opportunity slip by, he put the gadget into use as he shook hands with the stranger. The man, as you might expect, let out a terrific yelp and Bernie laughed uproariously—until he learned that the stranger was his new sponsor whom he had not met before.

Arline, who stars on *Pretty Kitty Kelly*, walked right into an awkward situation when she was introduced to a gentleman who seemed to have an active interest in her program. Anxious to be pleasant, but knowing nothing about the man, Arline made light conversation and finally asked if he were employed by the company which sponsored her show. Her blushes came fast and furiously when he replied that he was employed by the company—in the capacity of president!

It was but a short time ago that Jack Berch and His Boys did a walloping good job on the last number of their fifteen-minute show. When it was over, Jack breathed a satisfied sigh and in hearty tones congratulated his co-workers. "We sure put that one over, didn't we, Boys?" Which was all very nice, except for the fact that the mike was still on and surprised listeners were treated to this unrehearsed bit of self-approbation.

There is a certain sound effects engineer on the *Gang Busters* program who quite unintentionally embarrassed both the cast and himself. As you know, sound effects play an important part in the presentation of the exciting crime stories, and since so much shooting is necessary to the action, the sound effects men are forced to reload their pistols with blanks whenever they have a spare moment. On one show an actor spoke the line: "When the clock strikes three that's our signal to get going." The sound effects man promptly sounded the chimes once, then twice, and went back to reloading his gun. Several seconds, which seemed like hours to the cast, elapsed before the man became conscious of a deep silence. With a start he realized that he had neglected to sound the third chime on which the whole plot and the next line depended. He immediately rectified his error, but he still shudders to think what might have happened had he not come out of his fog as soon as he did.

Recently, on a Paul Whitman program, Joan Edwards found herself in a fieldish spot. The broadcast was being presented in a large CBS playhouse, and Joan was given the cue for her number. She waltzed up to the piano and started to seat herself on the stool—which promptly did a nip-up and crashed to the floor. As



Shirley Howard swings a song.

though that weren't bad enough, Joan had to go on with her number, singing and playing her own piano accompaniment at the same time while half-crouching before the keyboard. She stayed in this position until some kind person righted the stool and shoved it under her.

There are a number of radio stars who no doubt wish that their voices had failed them completely instead of producing such garbled and idiotic phrases as these. For example, Announcer Ray Winters blushed brightly when he introduced Bide Dudley, veteran of stage and screen, to a nationwide audience as "the well-known drama critter." After an awkward pause he tried to recover his vocal equilibrium and blurted out, "I mean, the well-known drama cricket." Bide did a little blushing, too!

Bess Johnson's master stroke made her feel pretty silly. In doing a commercial announcement, she was supposed to say: "Just spread a little on your shaving brush." Instead, she came out with "saving lus." Similarly, Milton J. Cross is responsible for: "There were little red paper bells, Christmas trees and much whistle-to." And Bob Trout for: "Ladies and gentlemen . . . ex-President Hoabert Herver!"

Kelvin Keech, *NBC* announcer, has two such tongue-slips to his credit. The first occurred when he was reading the narrative introduction to an air play about sailors and the briny deep. The sponsor nearly collapsed when Keech ended a dramatic build-up by referring to "the tall, high-masted slipper clips!" The second was when he produced the classic "loud clap of thunder preceded by two squeaks of lightning."

Also, when John Nesbitt of *Passing Parade* fame was supposed to say: "The attendant places the nozzle of the hose in the tank," he first bungled it with "hobble of the hose." Then he tried "noggle of the hose" and finally blurted out "bozzle of the nose," with which he gave up.

Ben Grauer surprised himself and a certain lady air guest by saying in honeyed tones: "Mrs. —, we are deepful greatly . . ."

And last but not least, there was the *Pep Breakfast Food* announcer who pulled the following: "Ladies, when your husband wakes up in the morning—dill and just-less . . ."

FROM HOLLYWOOD
COMES SOMETHING
New to LET YOU
SHAPE YOUR LIPS
AS YOU LIKE THEM!

USE THE
Two
STEPS TO
LIP BEAUTY!

A FINE POINT
TO SHAPE YOUR LIPS

Stein's
COMBINATION
Lip-Liner
LIPSTICK

25¢
AT ALL
CHAIN
STORES

No more haphazard
shaping of your lips
with your fingers. Make
up your lips as movie
stars do! Use the fine
point of the Lip-Liner
for shaping—the Fas-
mos Stein Lipstick at
the other end for that
permanent smooth fin-
ish every girl wants.

3
SHADES—LIGHT, MEDIUM, RASPBERRY

STEIN'S MAKE-UP

THE CHOICE OF STAGE AND SCREEN STARS FOR OVER 50 YEARS

ANY PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 8x10 inches
or smaller if desired.
Best price for full length
or half form, groups, land-
scapes, group portraits, etc.,
or enlargements of any
pair of group pictures. Be-
return of original photo
guaranteed.

3 for \$1.00

SEND NO MONEY! Just mail photo
today and within a week you'll receive
your beautiful enlargement, guaranteed full-
length! The greatest for less money—
with order and we pay postage. Big 100%
refund guarantee. No risk to you. No
age or need. Size and we pay postage. Full advantage of this amazing
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HERE'S QUICK RELIEF
For quick relief from it-
ching of eczema, rash, pin-
ples, athlete's foot, and
other externally caused
skin affections, use cooling,
antiseptic, liquid D. D. D.
PRESCRIPTION. Grass-
less, stainless, dries fast.
Stops the most intense
itching in a hurry. A 35c
trial bottle, at drug stores,
proves it—or money back.

STOP
THAT
ITCH
WITH
D. D. D. Prescription

NEURITIS Relieve
Pain In Few
Minutes

To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheu-
matism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in few minutes,
get NURITO, the Doctor's formula. No opiates,
no narcotics. Does the work quickly—must relieve
worry pain to your satisfaction in few minutes or
money back at Druggist's. Don't suffer. Get
trustworthy NURITO today on this guarantee.

BE A NURSE
MAKE \$25-\$35 A WEEK
You can have practical nursing at home
in 30 days time. Course endorsed by phys-
icians. Thousands of graduates. \$100 pr.
One graduate has charge of 10 bed hos-
pital. Another saved \$100 while learn-
ing. Equipment included. Men and women 18 to 40. High
School not required. Easy tuition payments. Write now
to CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 5212, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.
Please send free booklet and 10 sample lesson pages.

Name _____
City _____ State _____ Age _____

STORIES BEHIND FAMOUS FIRST FACTS

(Continued from page 42)

Easy
to Beautify Skin with
MERCOLIZED Wax CREAM

Make your skin young looking. Flake off the stale, surface skin. Reveal the clear, beautiful underkin by using Mercolized Wax Cream regularly. Give your skin the combined benefits of cleansing, clearing, softening, smoothing and beautifying in every application of this single cream. Mercolized Wax Cream brings out the hidden beauty of the skin.

Use **Saxolite Astringent Daily**
Try **Phelacine Depilatory**
This tingling, antiseptic astringent is delightfully refreshing and helpful. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint of water and apply.

For quickly removing superfluous hair from face.
Sold at cosmetic counters everywhere.

**Happ
Relief**
From
Painful Backache
Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for **Doan's Pills**, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

**New! ...A 7 DAY
SHAMPOO
FOR BLOWDES!!**



You Keep the
**BRILLIANCE,
LUSTRE and
LOVELINESS** this
Shampoo Gives
Blonde Hair for
a **WHOLE WEEK!**

Ends Dull,
Between-Shampoo
Look!

A single wash with this amazing new type shampoo instantly removes the dull, dingy oil and dust-laden film that leaves blonde hair lifeless, mouse-colored and "flat" looking, and enables you to keep that "JUST SHAMPOOED" look, all week. Done in a few minutes and at a cost of but a few pennies, New **Blonde** gives your hair that glorious, lustreous, shimmering radiance that usually comes only in childhood. All shades of blondes find New **Blonde** leaves their hair lighter—lovelier. Start **BLONDEX** today. Sold at all stores.

American gasoline automobile. Through his son he told listeners how his embryo auto, grand-daddy of the efficient, noiseless vehicles which we see everywhere today, was brought into being, how it proved its worth against obstacles which now seem ludicrous to us, and finally won a place in the life of America.

During that broadcast it so happened that another pioneer of automobilizing was listening in at his Brooklyn, N. Y., home. He was, as near as I can ever determine, the oldest veteran of the continual battle between pedestrians and autos. For when Duryea told about the first accident on record when an early Duryea car struck a bicycle and knocked its rider to the pavement, A. J. Wilbert called on the telephone after the broadcast and admitted he was the unfortunate bicyclist.

"First facts" must not necessarily be of nation-shaking importance. Many trivial yet interesting exploits are also fit subjects for the broadcasts. Among them are such personages as a descendant of the inventor of the first safety pin, the first man to ride a bicycle at sixty miles an hour, the designer of the omnipresent Buffalo Nickel, a man with the tale of the first rubber heel, and a lawyer who, years ago, conceived and broached the notion of the first NRA.

Listeners often ask how I chanced to start on my long career of "first" seeking. It dates back, as I have said, a good many years to a period when I was a journalist, contributing to everything from the *Confessions' Journal* to a casket-maker's publication.

I finally received an important commission—to prepare a book on American inventions. That is how I set out on my exhaustive research. The more I delved into the records, however, the more confused I became, and finally arrived at this conclusion: That much of the historical data taught in our schools is sheer baloney! The credit always seemed to go to the inventor with the best publicity agent, and the little man, too engrossed in his beloved work to advertise his exploits, was simply lost in the shuffle.

One of the most interesting features about these "firsts" is that they always disagree with preconceived notions, directly contradicting many facts taught as gospel truth in our schools. For example, steamboats were successfully operated twenty-five years before Fulton sailed his *Clermont*, and a practical sewing machine had been in operation fourteen years before Elias Howe, Jr., obtained his sewing machine patent.

But never do I make any statements for which there is not full and indisputable proof. The old adage, "There is nothing new under the sun," is still as true as it ever was. Many things which we consider novel or even revolutionary today were actually first done by the Babylonians, the Assyrians, the Carthaginians or other enterprising ancients of both hemispheres.

I think my favorite story is probably

the obscure tale of a certain inventive genius. I uncovered it in the little Vermont town of Brandon for it was here that the first electric motor sputtered and sparked its erratic way. An apprentice blacksmith named Thomas Davenport, without a penny to his name and gravely in debt, once walked thirty miles to view a new marvel called an electro-magnet.

It impressed him so deeply that Davenport threw common-sense to the winds and managed to borrow seventy-five dollars with which to purchase this strange device. He lugged it back to Brantford, took it apart, built a bigger one, until finally he evolved the principle of the electric motors which today do so much of the world's work. Through the trying weeks when debtors pounded at his door, Davenport's wife stood by him nobly, even tearing her only silk dress into strips that he might have the expensive cloth for his electrical experiments. Here, to me, is the perfect example of the self-sacrificing devotion to an ideal which marks a genius and, at the same time, by his indifference to fame, keeps him from finding a place in our history books.

Imposters have never bothered me. Acquisition of many books and papers which I have bought, begged or borrowed, possess the only records extant on the subject under discussion.

Often it is impossible to secure the original records for my collection and I am naturally forced to have photo-static copies made. These include facsimiles of everything from crumbling manuscripts and letters to almost-illegible gravestones. I recall one exciting moment in northern New York State, when, after crawling through the wilderness of an abandoned cemetery, I came upon the headstone for which I had been looking for several hours. I brushed aside the weeds and prepared to take a picture of it with my Graflex camera, which as you may know, has a folding top over the ground-glass viewing screen. The top snapped open as I bent over the camera and a very excited little garter snake flew out into my face and then wiggled away through the deep grass. How he ever got into the camera I shall never know, but after this episode in the lonely graveyard, it was days before my pulse returned to normal.

I can thank radio, however, for giving me an entirely new angle on the compilation of *Famous First Facts*. It has proven to me beyond a doubt that people are eager to give credit where credit is due and to learn who are the real inventors, geniuses and pioneers in all the fields of endeavor. Consequently, each week I find a wider source of material presenting itself for my broadcasts.

Without the cosmic coverage of the microphone I might never have discovered these "firsts": Dr. Henry Louis Smith, president emeritus of Washington and Lee University, who took the first X-ray picture in the United States and owned the same equipment with which Roentgen an-

GIVE YOUR LAZY LIVER THIS GENTLE "NUDGE"

FOLLOW NOTED DOCTOR'S ADVICE. FEEL "TIP-TOP" IN MORNING!



If liver bile doesn't flow freely every day into your intestines—headaches, constipation and that "half-alive" feeling often result.

So step up that liver bile and see how much better you should feel. Just try Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, used so successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards for his patients troubled with constipation and sluggish liver bile.

Made from purely vegetable ingredients—Olive Tablets are harmless, non-habit-forming. They not only stimulate bile flow to help digest fatty foods, but also help to keep you regular. Get a box TODAY. 15c, 30c, 60c. All drugstores.

Dr. Edwards' OLIVE TABLETS



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. Active 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 sold at all drug or toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

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Easy to use Viscosce Home Method heals many old leg sores caused by leg congestion, varicose veins, swollen legs and injuries or no cost for trial. If it fails to show results in 10 days, describe the cause of your trouble and get a FREE BOOK.

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To introduce our new Sterling Silver Simulated Diamond Rings, decorated in 1/30, 1/48, Gold, We will give you your choice of man's gold plate front or ladies' model jeweled wrist watch with every ring ordered. **NEW** and paid for promptly on our new easy two monthly \$2 payment plan! (total only \$4). The watch comes to you as a GIFT... it does not cost you one cent extra! **Wait 10 days on approval!** Mail coupon or postcard NOW! **SEND NO MONEY** with order! We pay postage. We Trust Your! Your package comes by return mail!

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announced the discovery... Colonel Charles R. Morris, who devised the system by which men were drafted into the World War, and blindfolded President Wilson when he drew the first names out of the globe... Addie M. Van Patten, first licensed woman taxicab driver in New York in 1925... Merkel Landis, who conceived the idea of the nation's widespread Christmas Savings Clubs... John Hanson Briscoe, nine-year-old descendant of the first President of the United States, who proudly told *Famous First Facts* listeners how his great-great-great-grandfather healed the first Continental Congress while George Washington was still riding up and down the country dodging musketeers, thus proving that old John Hanson was entitled to the unofficial title of "The Father of His Country."

My career as a fact-finder has its humorous aspects, too. A lot of people, listening to the radio program, have come to the conclusion that I am an authority on anything that ever happened first. Industrial concerns have offered to hire me when suits arose over priority claims. And one optimistic devotee of the Sport of Kings thought it would be a lucrative idea if I would pick the horses that would come in "first" at the race tracks!

Yet, in all my life, try as I may, I have never been able to pick the first horse in any race I've witnessed!

What has it all gained me? That's a question I can answer without the slightest bit of hesitation, for the thrill of championing the unsung, gaining recognition for unheralded American ingenuity and delving into the nation's unwritten but vital history, is all the rich reward anyone could ever ask.

STATEMENT OF "THE OWNERSHIP," MANAGED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF APRIL 24, 1912, OF RADIO STARS, published monthly at Dunellen, New Jersey, for October 1, 1935. State of New York, County of New York.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of RADIO STARS and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1925, embodied in section 353, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 119 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Lewis Gray, 119 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Helen Meyer, 140 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.
2. That the owner is: Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 119 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 119 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Margarita Delacorte, 119 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.
3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds or mortgages, or other securities, are: None.
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but none, in case there be stockholders or security holders, under such conditions and under such terms as to give to any other individual the name of the person or corporation for whom such transfer is being so given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements regarding affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders do not appear upon the books of the company as transfer holders and securities holders, in any other than that of a bona fide owner; and that affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities that are so stated by her.

HELEN MEYER, Business Manager.
Notary in and authorized before this 1st day of September, 1935.
ALFRED R. POLK,
Notary Public, No. 100, 1489,
Certificate filed in New York County,
N. Y. County Clerk's No. 214,
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Today, at any newsstand or five-and-ten, ask for HOUSEKEEPING HINTS. It is the only magazine of its kind, and it costs but a dime!

WEST COAST CHATTER

(Continued from page 9)

the grounds. They stand on the running boards of his swank roadster and beat off the frantic fans. We hear that back in his reportorial days Nelson had even the hard hearted Ladies of the Press going in circles. In those days he didn't sing a note—but he did have red hair!

FANNIE BRICE is having the time of her life in that new Beverly Hills home—the first she's ever owned down to the last shingle. The house is perfect in every detail, both inside and out. The interior, incidentally, has been decorated by none other than Baby Snooks herself. What surprised us most were the beautiful portraits hanging in the hall and living-rooms. "Those?" said Fannie airily, "Oh, yeah, I did those, too."

THERE are no parties given at the Brice home, but the latch-string's always out—and a mob is always there. The latest rumor to reach us is that Fannie's been over at Paramount teaching Claudette Colbert some torch-singing tricks. Claudette has a song in Zaza which had her stumped—and scared. What it needed to be put over was the Fannie Brice technique. Fannie not only gave the technique, but two days' coaching thrown in.

DON AMECHE didn't let his studio in on the news of his arrival from Europe. In fact he didn't let anyone know about it except Jack Benny. And the two of them sneaked out to Yosemite for a week's fishing. On their return they tried to keep the trip quiet, too. But when finally cornered, Jack admitted they hadn't done so well. "The fish just wouldn't bite," he said sadly. "We tried every bait we knew—worms, bugs, fish eggs—everything. Why those fish wouldn't even go for Hedy Lamarr!"

KENNY BAKER has really struck it rich—and there isn't a person in Hollywood who begrudges him his good fortune. It was just four years ago that the "blind tenor" was working as a day laborer on Boulder Dam in order to raise rent money. Now he's back in town after making a successful English picture and has two movie contracts to choose from here, besides tempting recital offers from all over the country. "Sure, I'm pleased as punch about it all," Kenny told us. "But the very best is being signed up by Jack Benny again. Say, you can't beat that gang!"

EDGAR BERGEN doesn't get perturbed very often, but recently he was considerably agitated because the studio informed him that he would have to give up his latest craze—flying. But Bergen being an ingenious guy, as even Charlie McCarthy admits, is now feeling fine—thanks to a new craze. It's motor-cycling. He has the latest model with the highest speed, which enables him to zoom up the tortuous trail to his mountain home in no time flat.

IT WAS a gala night at Los Angeles' famed Cocolatino Grove when Morton

Downey opened there with Anson Weeks' orchestra. All the Who's Who of radio and screen circles were there to contribute glamour and applause. And so, of course, were the Bennett sisters—Joan, Constance and Barbara, who is Mrs. Morton Downey in both private and public life. The Downeys, *en famille*, are the guests of Joan. The family, you know, consists of Michael, Sean Morton, Lorelle Ann, Anthony Patrick and a new baby who may rate the name of Corrigan.

DICK POWELL and Joan Blondell celebrated their second wedding anniversary the other day by giving a "baby preview." Star of the performance, two-months-old Helen, slept peacefully through the whole show.

THEIR children don't keep Ma and Pa Powell home every night, though. In one week they were seen at La Conga, learning a new rumba step, and twice at the Palomar, swingin' a mean shag. The Palomar is a dance hall frequented by high-school and college gangs, usually the most rabid fans. But Dick and Joan weren't even asked for an autograph, so intent were the jitterbugs on keeping legs and arms unsnarled.

LOOKS like the Lane girls are doing all right for themselves after review notices on their latest picture. Even Eddie Cantor admits that *Four Daughters* is a better show than his five daughters. "But

what burns me," says Eddie, "is that Warners' *Four Daughters* will get a long run at the box-office while my five get only long runs in their stockings."

DID YOU hear about Eddie's newest protégée, Ruth Hilda Sumner? A young immigrant on Eddie's boat coming back from Europe, she begged for a chance to play the piano on the program the last night on board. Eddie was so impressed with her ability that he's signed her under personal contract. She'll make a concert tour of the country—and a few months ago Ruth Hilda was washing other people's clothes back in Austria.

JOHN NESBITT was completely baffled and befuddled when he arrived in Hollywood and was confronted by the strange vernacular of radio and movie studios. So he's now authoring a *Handbook of Hollywood Lingo* for any of you who might find yourselves in a similar spot. In the book will be liberal English translations of such phrases as "kill the spot," "let 'em roll," "on the nose," "dub it in," "sync the dialogue," "hit the arc" and "muzzle the baby"—all of which make good sense to those in the know around town.

VISITING John this month has been Lady Faith Montague, daughter of England's Earl of Sandwich and sister-in-law of the *Passing Parade* commentator. Lady Faith's "a good egg" in plain American, but that broad English accent makes her host a little leery. "It'll probably be the ruin of me yet," says Nesbitt. "Why, I'd just met her at the train before coming to the studio for a broadcast. And doggone if I didn't hear myself say right into the mike, 'This is the Pah-sing Pah-rod!'"

DIDJA KNOW? That when Amos (Freeman Gosden) was ill in the hospital recently, the program was broadcast from his bedside? That Amos 'n' Andy have yet to miss a performance? That Andy (Charles Correll) is due to become a proud papa in December? That Irene Rich slipped into overalls and slapped on a few coats of paint at the NBC studios for the sake of sweet publicity? That Frank Morgan has bought a new yacht, the Dolphin, to take the place of the Katinka? That Bob Taylor is to keep right on being a he-man in pictures? That Wallace Beery will break Bob's nose in his next M-G-M thriller? That the Stroud Twins plan a personal appearance tour of the country now that they're off the coffee hour? That Lucy Gilman, 15-year-old radio actress, will play Jackie Cooper's girlfriend in *Gangster's Boy*? That she appeared with him three years ago in a radio dramatization in Chicago and has carried the torch ever since? That Bing Crosby and Andy Devine chugged home with a boatload of fish after just a few days in Mexican waters? That no one was allowed to visit William Powell during his recent illness but his mother and Mrs. Jean Bello?



Donald Novis, after a long absence, has returned to the air on Fibber McGee's show. The man at the left is his brother Ed, a voice teacher.

NOW

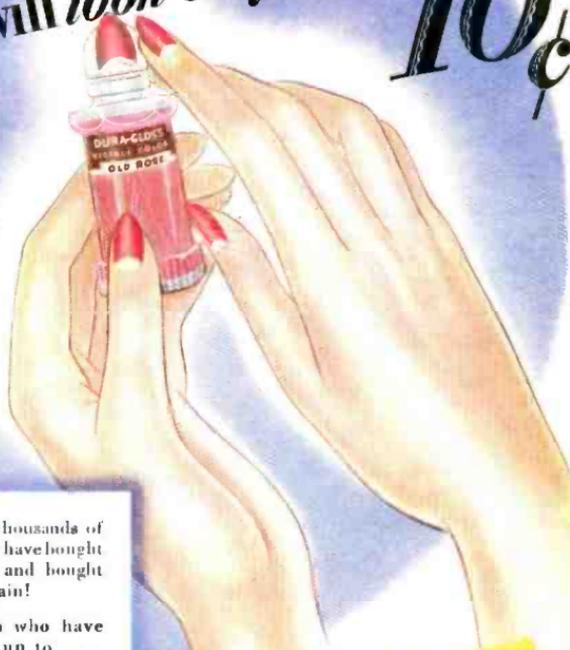
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NEW patented "pre-view" cap shows you the actual color just as it will look on your own nails *before* you buy

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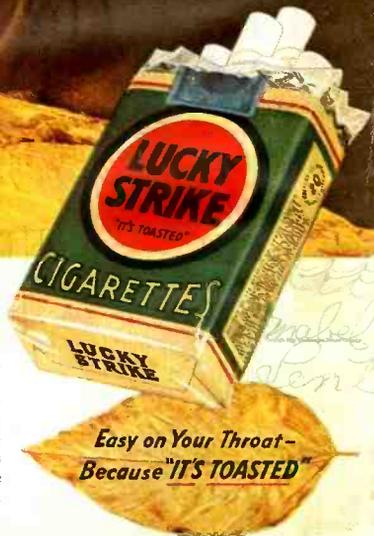
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No. 2

10^c - WINTER

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- 1. How to find care of your skin.
- 2. Professional Hair-up Tricks.
- 3. Secrets of Smart Manicuring.
- 4. How can you get a hair manicure?
- 5. Your feet should be covered.
- 6. Grooming, posture, walking, accentuating grace and poise.
- 7. Use eye art correctly?
- 8. What you should weigh.
- 9. Value of Accurate Weights.
- 10. If you are fat, how to reduce safely, easily.
- 11. If you are thin, putting on weight.
- 12. Don't be hair to yourself!
- 13. How to make a beautiful complexion and healthy, rosy cheeks.
- 14. Take care of your teeth.
- 15. How much sleep do you need?
- 16. The Works in Beauty.
- 17. How to make your complexion glowing? Knows her symptoms and how to correct them.
- 18. How is most certain optical illusion—beamer taller or shorter—line or broader.
- 19. If you are only short, how to make your face, hair, color, eyes, nose, chin, lips, neck, throat, collar and shoulders, look like a beauty.
- 20. How to dress if you are very tall.
- 21. If you are stout, beautiful, light and slim, how to dress.
- 22. The normal figure—womanly, how to get the ideal becoming condition.
- 23. How to make your hair shine, glossy, smooth, beautiful, grand—what work with shampoo.
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- 26. How to make your hair shine, glossy, smooth, beautiful, grand—what work with shampoo.
- 27. What a smile can do for you.
- 28. Ageing interest in your voice.
- 29. Looking at other people with your eyes.
- 30. You, looking up your own; don't stare at your own.
- 31. How to smile.
- 32. The art of conversation. Don't be a boring talker, don't be a chatterbox; be a conversationalist; be a conversationalist; be a conversationalist.
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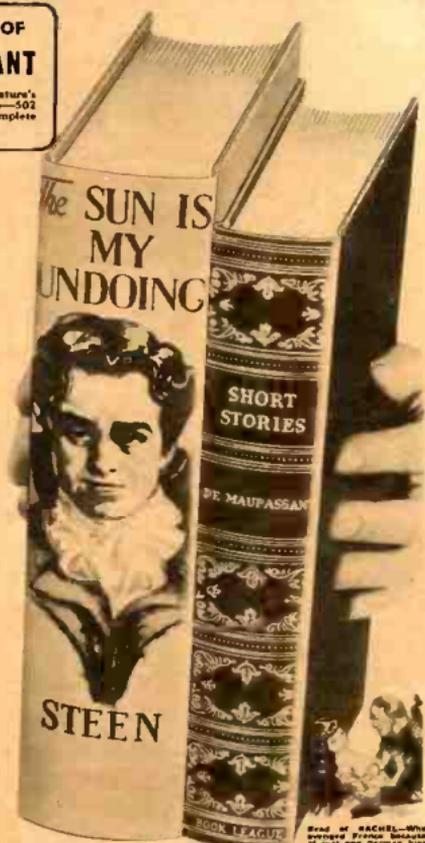
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JD lives his music; on the chromium bandstand with Bob Eberle or home instructing his 11-year-old daughter Julie Lou.

● The boys who have to grease their brogans to slide into a six-inch peg may prefer Miller or James or Kyser for certain kinds of ballroom live. But hustle them up to a handy lute box, and the nickel goes in every time for Tommy Dorsey's big brother James. Last year, Jimmy sold 5,000,000 records for Decca, had nine song hits on his hands, and got \$75,000 for four weeks of film work in "The Fleet's In"—biggest bundle ever handed a maestro. You don't harvest that kind of hay with mirrors. It takes solid musicianship that in Jimmy's case dates back 34 years to the day a Shenandoah, Pa., coal miner handed one of his two sons a cornet and kept him blowing. Jimmy, 4, hated the damned thing, couldn't read a note, in fact, after 8 years of listless booping. But sometimes, seed will grow in the most unwilling soil. After one day in high school, Jimmy swapped his school books for an alto sax, whipped his kid brother and some musical cronies into the Dorsey Novelty Six, and was off to a Baltimore honky-tonk engagement before Pa Dorsey could get up a head of steam. The Novelty Six piddled along on two cylinders, became Dorsey's Wild Canaries. Each man knocked off a hat \$45 weekly, except the married pianist who got \$60. But the boys got hep to a new, exciting type of music—Dixieland, sweeping up like a warm, throbbing tide from Basin Street and smoky New Orleans stomp joints. Like flies to a honey pot they blew East to New York, where the great colored bands were coming into their own, and Big Beiderbecke's immortal trumpet poked shining holes in the smoke of all-night jam sessions on 53rd Street. Jimmy and his kid brother sat side by side through these gay, mad 20's while America tossed the long green stuff around like a drunken sailor. But no big time name band can stand two basses. In 1936, headstrong Tommy stalled off the Meadowsbrook (N. J.) bandstand to build a band of his own around the siphone that Jimmy still thinks the best the swing world's ever known. Soft-spoken Jimmy dates his pretty wife Janie, dresses like a banker, lives in hotels and dates above all on 11-year-old Julie Lou, who thinks Ty Power is a frump compared to her old man. You could argue all night about who's the better musician, but the boys who do it for a living really give out with the musical double talk over a sax technique that was Jimmy an orchid from Ripley. As a guy to work for, Jimmy gets the nod over Tom. Just ask Bob Eberle or Helen O'Connell, who's almost as shy as her boss. A Lima, Ohio, youngster, whom her closer friends call "Button Nose," Helen's easily the best looking band vocalist now working. If her vocal chords sour up, he could make a neat living dancing. . . Handsome Bob Eberle comes of a Hoosick Falls (N. Y.) musical family, bonped his head for a long time in Manhattan before Jimmy Dorsey scooped him up on a tour. Like Helen, he wouldn't leave Jimmy for a 10-year Met contract.



Jimmy Dorsey

Back from Hollywood, the polished Mr. D is riding high n' handsome; his records sell like hot cokes.



TWENTY-SEVEN years ago, the Milwaukee, Wis., Hermans boosted America's population by one, but it didn't take them long to see that you can't make an American president out of a hepcot by just naming him after one. Woodrow Wilson Hermon chopped it down to Woody, and at 9, was punching the stops on an alto sax bigger than himself. At 11, he switched to a clarinet, picked up a few dance steps, and a year later set out to give the vaude circuits a preview of what 1942's hepcots would be swinging to. The folks back home were proud of their musical wonderkid, but didn't want a bandleader in the family who'd have to spell out "schmaltz" with one finger and a dictionary. Woody learned how the hard way—at school. Stuck it out thru 2 years of Marquette University, then cut classes for good to study under Profs. Gus Arnheim, Harry Sosnik, Isham Jones. When Isham chucked everything in 1937 for a pie and a pair of slippers young Woody pulled the boys into a huddle, came out of it with "Woody Herman and his Orchestra, Inc." He was president, but the rest all owned stock . . . You can copy the rest out of any bandleader's press book: a series of hungry jumps from one small engagement to another; a handful of punchy math's fluttering around the rich, glowing fringes of the Big Time . . . Even up to a couple of years ago, the jiving elite shrugged a bored, padded shoulder when you said Woody Herman. But just listen to them now! Swing mag editors take their hats off when you mention "Hermon's Herd—the Band that Plays the Blues." . . . Give a lot of the credit to 150-lb., curly-haired Woody, but don't overlook this line-up: Vocalist Carolyn Gray, Frisco-born honey blonde, Billie Rogers, one of the world's few lady trumpeters, Drummer Frank Carlson, a Brons boy who beats a mean skin; Saxie Mansfield, tenor sax; Trombonist Neal Reid, a "growl" stylist; Pianist Tommy Lincoln, solid in the boogie beats.



Torchy Carolyn Gray has a smooth, solid delivery.



Billie Rogers is featured on trumpet and vocals.

"Doctor Jazz" hisself! Black-stick Woody is 1943's fair-haired boy.



WOODY HERMAN

HARRY JAMES

Harry's sky-rocketing crew has been assigned Glenn Miller's radio chores. Tune in for Helen Forrest, Johnny McAfee and the hottest horn in the land!

IT'S TENDER, torrid, and triumphant, that thing handsome Harry James blows into to send us out of this world. Never think, watching him punch sweet holes in young American hearts, that this hep-chick's dream man was billed at 6 as "The Human Eel." Not strange tho. Mem was a frappee artist, grabbing for those swinging bars while Pop beat it out in front with the band for a Christy Bros. circus. Who could help become a contortionist? U! Harry was too young to argue. Instead, he went on trouping with elephants and knife-throwers until a mastoid operation at 6 retired him to Pop's side of the drums. He still beats it out solid, the boys in the band will tell you, but the Big Day was his 9th birthday when some one slid a trumpet under his pillow. Harry can thank Jim Sr. for the years of lessons down in Houstea that made him a real musician. When movies pulled the curtea down on circus, he went out and discovered jazz, was blowing his brains out for peanuts and experience until some of the sweet stuff hit Ben Pollack's sensitive eardrum. Everybody remembers that fateful Xmas Day, '37, when Benny Goodman wired COME ON, BOY from N. Y., and the Hotel Pennsylvania ricked with the realization

that something new had been added to the grooviest swing in the world. Success Listed! Harry put the bite on B.G. for \$4,500 to hit off on his own in '39. This year Benny got it back in a wad of twenty \$1,000 bills. And there's plenty more where that came from. . . . Harry, the moe, is an easy-going guy who dotes on burnt steaks, fried chicken—and baseball. Matter of fact, 18-year-old "Carly" Corcoran was just another tenor sax until his new boss discovered he was death on hot liners to infield. The James boys, who choose up automatically every time they park alongside ee empty sand lot, went into mourning when their favorite Dodgers were nosed out for a World Series try . . . Another passion of Harry's is clothes. Nothing zooty about his wardrobe, however. The 12 suits he takes on every tour are hand-tailored, drape the long lean James torso like leather elegant skin, set him back between \$125 and \$150 apiece. The boys each have 9 outfits to play in—all designed by the Maestro himself . . . It's easy to like this ex-circus contortionist. Just ask Helen Forrest or any one of the boys. Their devotion pays off in legal tender, but come a slump, they'd stick by America's sweetest trumpet.

LISTEN, LISTEN, LISTEN . . . ALVINO REY . . . and his singing guitar! The voices of the Four King Sisters making with the "voice-through-the-guitar" effect has stamped Alvino Rey indelibly in the minds of the American band-loving public, with the most unique signature in band history. Alvino Rey, nation's number one guitarist (and he has a Gold Cup from the American Guild of Guitarists to prove it) has been a successful "name" musician for a number of years, starring with Horace Heidt, Phil Spitalny and NBC. Born in Oakland, California, Rey began playing guitar about 12 years ago and his guitar, his own invention, is featured on almost all his numbers. When he was musical director of the King Sisters and Alvino married Louise King and the talents of the King Sisters and the Rey band were soon combined over KHJ. Then Mr. and Mrs. Alvino Rey decided to go into the band business, left for New York, formed their now famous orchestra with some of the best instrumentalists in the country. That's just the first chapter of a band that's making musical history.



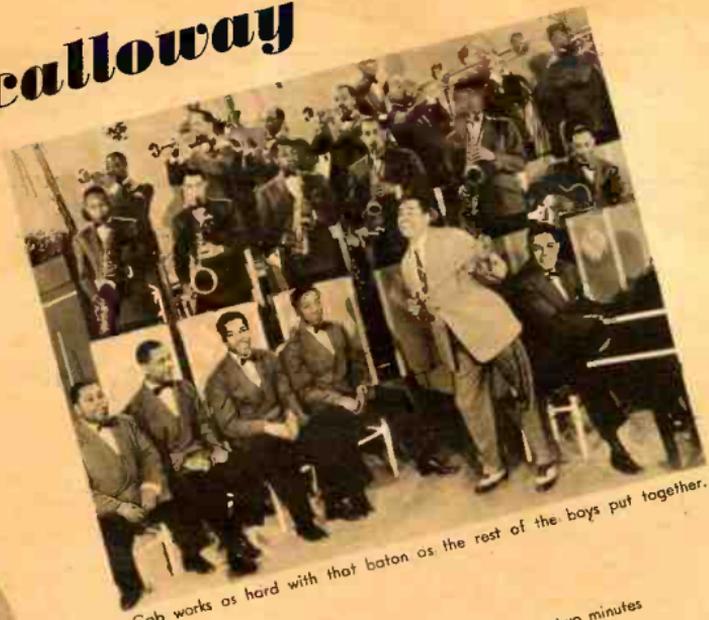
Rey first played his guitar 12 years ago.



Meet the King Sisters—from left to right, Yvonne, Donna, Louise (Mrs. Alvino Rey), and Alyce.

Alvino Rey

cab calloway



Cab works as hard with that baton as the rest of the boys put together.

The four Caballiers first scored in New England.



CAB CALLOWAY was born in Rochester, N. Y., two minutes before Christmas, 1907, and for a decade has led one of America's most popular orchestras. Brother of stage and orchestra star Blanche Calloway, Cab obtained a minor role in "Plantation Days", in order to earn his way through Crane College. After that show, Cab dropped his books for a job at the Sunset Cafe where he got his first break as a vocalist when the star failed to show up. Later the M.C. missed a performance and Cab subbed so well he inherited the job! His debut as a band leader was made in the Sunset also and then he went on to New York's Savoy, "Connie's Hot Chocolates", and finally to the Cotton Club where he introduced the immortal "Minnie the Moocher" which made his "scat" singing world-famous. Successes in Hollywood followed, and eventually Cab toured Europe. Now more than ten years a head-liner, Cab is still going better than ever, and his band is the best he's ever had. The CABALIERS, featured vocalists with the band, are a New England product, debuting Pawtucket. They scored a hit there, and obtained engagements in the "Black and White Revue", at the Grand Terrace, Onyx, Cotton Club, 51, Kelly's Stables and the Famous Door before The Cab grabbed 'em.

Benny Goodman

Strictly impromptu jam sessions, Benny's meat—Teddy Wilson tickling the keys.



● The guy who changed the course of American music and made "swing" a household word, whose clarinet shattered all taboos on hot jazz by blowing down the house at Carnegie Hall, whose entire career has paralleled the growing pains of a folk music as indigenous to this life as apple pie and baseball... Benny was still wrapped in swaddling clothes when ragtime, the breakdown rhythm that had crept out of negro minstrel and railroad ballads, was in its heyday... 1918 and one "Jabbo" Smith was testing a new pace in New Orleans—musicians everywhere were playing the "jazz" new. Even the 13-year-old Benny was tooting it out on a Lake Michigan excursion steamer, once with the great Sir Birdy-bird... 1920 saw Chicago hotter than New Orleans—here the finest musicians in the country congregated, most of whom couldn't read a note, but had that certain "feeling"... The thirteen-year-old Benny was a child prodigy at 10, playing in a children's orchestra, then in a Chicago pit. Now he finds relaxation in the classics, playing Brahms and Mozart with the Budapest String Quartet, also enjoys a good game of tennis. His band has included some of the all-time greats, many of whom are now leaders in their own right... In his autobiography, "Kingdom of Swing," Benny calls swing free speech for musicians—but actually it escapes definition. Some are some pretty close when he said it was that thing without which music just wasn't as good as it's something inside you that has nothing to do with instrumentation or technique, but as Lionel Hampton once warned, "Man, if you don't know what swing is, be careful—don't mess around with it!"

BOB CROSBY



Right up in the big-time now with brother Bina.



Rehearsing special show with Connie Boswell

BOB CROSBY? Oh, you mean Bing's brother!" That was how it used to be—but things have changed since Bob hit town with a band that's strictly something... Not that these Bobcros with their unimpeachable distaloid style are so out of this world they've lost the common touch—thousands of fans'll tell you they put an itch in your feet you just have to dance off... It's been a tough grind for the Spokane kid who had five older brothers, one of them a guy named Bing. Bob had kind of a year to sing himself, but the first time he was up to bat he struck out with a ditty called "Yes, Anson, Steep My Gals." 'Course he was only 13, and the next few years saw him going strong in amateur entertainments... Majored in music two years at Gonzaga University, and piled up athletic letters, in 1929 he was Spokane's tennis champ. Then Anson Wells heard him on a walkathon broadcast and promptly signed him with his band, where Bob was fate for the opening an account of not knowing how to walk a bow tie. Two years later he put in six months yodelling for the brothers Dorsey, and in '35 sailed forth with his own outfit... This is how it happened: a bunch of fellows from Ben Pollack's band wanted a good looking leader who would talk for them, sing, conduct, and generally organize. The deal was closed in a half hour, and a week later the Bobcros moved the tobacco bales out of a Wilson, N. C., warehouse and made music. There followed a three-year junket across the continent and back, a movie, and steady radio time... 6', 185 pounds, carries a good luck Irish shilling, loves flying and the big city... and Bing, once his greatest handicap, now his greatest fan.



Meet the King of the
Crosley! He did it all
with gags, gentlemen!

KOLLEGE OF MUSICAL KNOWLEDGE

● Kay Kyser: Deprecates own musical ability; claims he just knows how to sell gags. To prove it, he pays income tax on a million dollars each year. Eddie Duchin and Mayer Davis were only other baton-wielders paying this tune. But critics like Kyser style. So do radio's faithful; the people whose opinions become Crosley ratings. Kyser's band has highest Crosley of any on air. Fans like Kyser originality: Harry Babbitt's singing of song titles, trumpeters trilling musical bridges, four bars from theme song announcing vocal. . . . Kay is a Gemini; was born on June 18, 1906. Place was Rocky Mount, North Carolina. Birth record gives his name as James Kern Kyser. He loves swimming and horseback riding; will pass up both for a double feature. But movies play second fiddle to roller coaster. Aversion to moustaches was picked up somewhere. Only rule for his men is that they don't sport 'em. New talent for Kyser Krew need not even be musical, according to rumor. Character and personality are high notes at Kyser's audition. . . . Kyser talents were first exercised at University of North Carolina; existing late Hal Kemp in directing musicals there. It was Kemp's suggestion that was responsible for Kay's deserting the briefs, torts and writs of law school for the study of the clarinet. He organized a six-man outfit at the University when Kemp left. That was in 1926. Walter Donaldson's then current "Thinking of You" was adopted as a theme song. . . . First engagement east of the Mississippi was at Chicago's Black Hawk Cafe. Chicagoans were slow to appreciate Kyserian renditions and gags. They sat on their hands—or elsewhere, but not at the Black Hawk. Colleagues—sids for whom Kay had played forty dates—in town for Christmas holidays finally made Chicago Kyser conscious, set still-unbroken attendance records. . . . The Kollege of Musical Knowledge was founded at the Black Hawk during Kay's second stand there. Radio was demanding audience participation. Someone suggested the musical quiz. Sully Mason, vocalist, named it. Sixteen weeks later Lucky Strike bought everything but the students. . . . The band is popular with itself. Mason, arranger George Daring and comedian Merwyn Ish Kabibbel Bogue were part of the original six-man outfit. Gansley, pianist, and Lloyd Snow, bass player, mortified early. Harry Babbitt gave up a band of his own to join Kyser. Present personnel is fifteen. . . . Band's most popular femme vocalist was Ginny Simms, particularly with Kay. Julie Conway now handles upper register vocals, but latest dope says Kay and Ginny still have that old "feelin'" for each other—and maybe? . . . C'mon, chillun, let's dance!



Merwyn Bogue's his real name.



Harry Babbitt, Ish and Sully Mason find Dean Kyser's clarinet on the sordid side. He doesn't play any instrument.

TOMMY DORSEY

the "Sentimental Gentleman" of swing and sweet has been a top right star for a number of years in a field that is noted for its turnover. Tommy's popularity can be traced to the fact that he's all things to all men, jazz trombonist to the hep-cats and still able to play that soft and sweet lullaby music for his other fans. Born in Mahanoy Plains, Pennsylvania, his father, an accomplished musician, was his first teacher. The Dorsey boys organized their own band, the "Wild Canaries," at an early age and right after that were grabbed by one of the leading bands of the day, "The Scranton Sirens." The next ten years were spent in switching from one name band to another in radio stations and theaters until, in 1934, there wasn't a name band that both Dorsey boys hadn't played in from Whiteman to Kostelanetz. Then Tommy and Jimmy formed the famous Dorsey Brothers Band with Bob Crosby, Glenn Miller, Charlie Spivak and Roy McKinley as their nucleus. After that the boys split up, each forming his own band. Tommy opened at the French Casino in New York and skyrocketed to immediate success. He filled in on the Ford program for Fred Waring and then Raleigh put him on his own show. "Marie" and "Sang of India," with the late Bunny Berrigan on trumpet, made Tommy's band the idol of the nation. After that Tommy toured the country playing the best dance halls and hotels, became the band for college dances and in 1940 made a grand tour of theaters throughout the United States. A wailing by Dorsey is a pre-requisite for song success today. "I'll Never Smile Again" leads the Victor best seller list for all time. When he's working Tommy's home is the best hotel but in between times he retires to his estate at Bernardsville, N. J., where a "week end at the Dorseys" has become a legend. Tommy collects farms and loves his miniature rail-road which he has installed in his New Jersey "Shangri-la." Successful in Hollywood, on the air and the stage with his band, Tommy is the father of two strapping youngsters, Patsy and Skippy, whose play-room occupies a whole wing of the Dorsey home. Tommy's fondest hopes are to settle down to the quiet life of a country squire.



Tiny Connie Haynes warbles.

The Sentimental Gent and Lana Turner at the Palladium.





Boston's Vaughn Monroe.

VAUGHN MONROE

Carnegie Tech. '33 — Nation's Favorite, '42. That's the story of the sensational band

that was organized only two years ago and today is among the leading bands in the country. Bland, six footer Vaughn Monroe has shot up to nation-wide prominence since he left Jack Marshand's band in 1940. His Bluebird Records and his CBS sustaining wire established him as the new idol of the dance fans; his subbing on a Camel Summer Show clinched the honors he had won already. Born in Akron, Ohio, Vaughn was tooting a trumpet in a school band at the age of eleven . . . and when the Monroe family moved to Jeonette, Pennsylvania, Vaughn became an all around athlete; playing trumpet and vocalizing with the school band on the side. Planning to be an engineer, Vaughn attended Carnegie Tech, earned his tuition as a musician but on graduation in 1932, landed a job playing trumpet with Austin Wiley's band and was also featured as vocalist. He joined Jack Marshand in 1936 and four years later left to organize his own band. But it took a lot of convincing by Marshand for Vaughn to make the move. Marshand finally told Vaughn he'd fire him if he didn't agree to start his own band, so Vaughn took the big step and was an immediate success. His engineering training now proves useful in his hobbies of flying and outboard motorboat racing. He plays golf, tennis, swims and rides horseback for recreation and his eventual ambition is to retire to his New Hampshire farm. Twenty-seven-year-old Vaughn says his band owes its success to the fact that it can play both sweet and swing. Vaughn won a state contest for a trumpet solo at Milwaukee in 1926 and ever after that instrument was the guiding force in his life—at college, Vaughn played trumpet nights and as a result flunked Italian! Equally successful as a vocalist, Vaughn's fine baritone voice helped him land his first band job with Austin Wiley. Once a featured NBC vocalist, his vocals are now as popular as the band's own records. When Vaughn organized his present band, featuring Marilyn Duke and trumpeter Ziggy Talent, he said, "I want a real *musical* band, the kind that can play the best music, sweet, swing, fox-trot or rumba." That's the kind of band he has today.

vocalists



Barry (Any Bonds Today) Wood wanted to be a medic.



Joan Edwards would like to write music the Gershwin way.

CO-STAR of the Hit Parade Barry Wood made two false starts before he definitely decided to hitch his star to his baritone voice. As a kid he wanted to be a doctor, that's why he took a pre-Med course at Yale. After graduating from Yale, Barry decided to become the world's greatest saxophonist. He came to New York in 1931, joined Buddy Rogers band and did some singing. For the next four years he sang and played with Paul Ash, Vincent Lopez and Abe Lyman. Barry quit a \$300-a-week job undecided whether to be a dramatic actor, a singer or a saxophonist. He studied dramatics for six months and finally landed a job on a local station at nothing a week! When a network program needed a singer to replace its star who had been lured to Hollywood, Barry got his first radio "break." He auditioned with two hundred other baritones and got the job! When that show left the air Barry was engaged by CBS for "Barry Wood and His Music." In 1939, Barry's biggest break came when Lucky Strike signed him to replace Lonny Ross on "Your Hit Parade." A brother of Barry Rapp, the band leader, Barry was born in New Haven, is a crack swimmer and was an All-American water poloist for three straight years. Married, with two daughters, he collects stamps, is an excellent cook, and likes to hunt and fish. . . .

Joan Edwards, singing star of "Your Hit Parade," is one person who should have been discovered by Gus Edwards, but wasn't. He's her uncle! When she finished her studies at New York's George Washington High, her Uncle Gus and the rest of her family wouldn't agree to a professional career so Joan went to Hunter College instead of Broadway. After three years at Hunter, Joan changed her name, got a job as staff pianist and vocalist on a small out-of-town radio station. With the aid of a music publisher who had no idea of her relation to Gus Edwards, she secured her own program, "Joan Edwards Entertains," and then became pianist-vocalist for Paul Whiteman. She remained with Whiteman for a year and went back on her own, a full-fledged star. Though she seldom plays the piano today, for professional reasons, Joan turns out all of her own musical backgrounds for her songs. Appearing recently at the Paramount, Ina Ray Hutton's Orchestra accompanied Joan using Joan Edwards arrangements! She still keeps up her ability as a pianist, by practicing two or three hours each day. Doctors' advice when she was a child, led to her taking up the piano. She had a heart murmur, which subsequently passed away, and the piano was suggested to keep her busy outside of school hours! Her ultimate ambition is "to write music about 25% as good as George Gershwin's"—which means it will be great.

YOUR HIT PARADE

GAY NINETIES REVUE



Joe Howard's put 60 years of trouping behind him.

PETITE, Beatrice Kay, singing comedienne of the "Gay Nineties Revue," tried to keep out of radio for years and only consented to an audition because she was too sleepy at the time to argue. Successful in stage and night club appearances, she was playing the feature role in "Behind the Red Lights" when a radio scout insisted she try out in an audition. Beatrice had previously made up her mind that her talents were not for the air-planes. She made excuse after excuse and finally even refused to answer the phone. But the scout called her in the early hours of the morning and in a sleepy voice she agreed to be at the studio that afternoon. The result was regular appearances with Harry von Zell on the CBS "Summer Stars" program, appearances with Jay C. Flippen and a contract from Columbia Artists. Born in New York, Beatrice Kay moved to Louisville at an early age and made her first professional appearance as Little Lord Fauntleroy with the McCauley Stock Company of Louisville. She has since appeared in many prominent stage successes, has been starred in many CBS programs including "Earaches of 1938" and is now nationally known for her delightful comic songs on "Gay Nineties."

At 76, Joe Howard can look back on 60 years as an entertainer and 60 years is a long time to remain on top! Ask any star! Joe has seen \$1,500,000 slip through his fingers since he skipped out of an orphanage and hopped a St. Louis-bound freight. He's been an actor, song-writer, boxer and now is in the midst of a new career as emcee of "Gay Nineties." The composer of more than 500 songs, one selling more than 3 million copies, Joe has written 28 musical comedies and received \$50,000 for one song during the last war. He once claimed the bantam-weight boxing championship of the world, refereed exhibition bouts of Bob Fitzsimmons, the old heavy-weight champion who brought him to New York. He has been married seven times and today is the proud father of a 12 year old son. Joe made his first hit singing "A Boy's Best Friend Is His Mother" with McNaigh, Johnson and Slavin's Refined Minstrels. Successful as a song-writer, Joe authored musical comedies and soon had enough money to open his own theater in Chicago. His most famous song, but in Joe's opinion not his best though it sold 3 million copies, was "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now." Joe says it was a "barrel-organ song!" He received \$50,000 for the mechanical right for six months for "Somewhere in France Is the Lily," popular during the first World War. In 1938 Joe was engaged to sing old time songs at Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe in New York... six months later he was called in to emcee the Gay Nineties Program and he's been a fixture on the show ever since.

Beatrice Kay fought a losing battle to stay out of radio.



DINAH SHORE



● What's in a mint julep? Plenty of sweet, plenty of wallop, an indescribable something from the old south . . . Dinah Shore's got the ingredients. Look at what she does to a song: Plantation rhythm goes into a ballad, and out of a rhythm number comes a sound feeling for melodic contour. Demure rebel with the smallest waist in radio and abasamento di voce vocal chords (roughly translated—deep, throaty). A rebel since she was ten, the time she scandalized her mother's Ladies' Aid society by her wide-eyed rendition of "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby". Again at fourteen, she wasn't getting any younger, she decided, so it was high time to turn pro. In her sister's favorite evening gown, Dinah sauntered onto the stage of a cabaret on the outskirts of town, went into her song, discovered Mom and Pop at a ringside table, and was promptly hustled home—but not until she collected the ten bucks coming to her. . . . This was the little gal whose pop plugging of *Dinah* led her to annex it legally instead of her own Frances Rose that begot such awful puns, [Fanny sat on a tack, Fanny Rose. Did Fanny rise? Shore!] . . . The rebel whose parents wanted her to take up social work. Sure she graduated from Vanderbilt

University with a B. S. in sociology, but what about the singing lessons that landed her on her hometown Nashville radio program, or the school recitals, or the amateur plays? Nope, Dinah was headed for New York and the career that was waiting for her. . . . At first it was only peanuts from a local station, then she got to be a sustaining NBC vocalist, and finally found herself with the grandiose title, "Diva of the Blues" with the Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street. What would a montage show . . . featured spot on Eddie Cantor's program, guest appearance with Rudy Vallee, name in lights on the Paramount Theatre marquee, a season at the Waldorf, jute boxes spinning her "Yes, My Darling Daughter", 600 radio editors voting her outstanding new star of 1940, screen tests, and Hollywood. . . . An incurable romantic, she eats up novels, but cheers with the best at football or baseball games, crazy about swimming and fencing, no men in her life as yet, vows she hasn't the time. . . . Somewhat of a hero-worshipper, Dinah refers to Crosby as "The King", thinks he's tops, and back in school collected all the Mildred Bailey and Kate Smith discs, never dreaming she'd be right up there with them someday.

● Kate Smith's 235 pounds of charm have made her a millionaira at 33. Honest, unadulterated charm, aided and abetted by the uncanny judgment of her manager Ted Collins. Looking at the record in the light of cold reason, it adds up to an inescapable truth—that the greater part of America's radio listeners are just plain folks who share Kate's homely philosophy, her belief that, despite this tragic world of today, human nature is essentially good. . . . Broadcasting statisticians rate her Friday evening listeners at twenty-five million—by far the largest audience of any Friday night program. Ten million pairs of ears are cocked to hear her Monday-to-Friday program, so the experts rate them as a total of fifty million a week. Reason enough for the lucky sponsor, General Foods, to exercise their yearly option for another year's extension of her three-year contract. . . . The Smiths' little girl didn't talk until she was nearly four, thus causing them considerable anguish. They hadn't have worried. By the time she was five, Kate was a streak-of-lightning conversationalist and a star singing attraction at church suppers. At eight she was entertaining soldiers in the camps near Washington, D.C. No less a personage than

General Pershing pinned a medal on her for bolstering military morale, and said earnestly, "You must keep on singing, child." . . . At sixteen, Kate's newsdealer papa took stock of her future and viewed it with alarm. The stage, he averred, was certainly no place for a nice girl. So, heeding his ideas about the nobility of a nursing career, Kate endured nine months at George Washington University Hospital, then quit. . . . Filling in for an absentee vaudevillean in Washington, she was "discovered" by Eddie Dowling. And, on September 20, 1926, Miss Smith made her Broadway debut in *Honeymoon Lane*, a solid hit. Followed a year's tour with *Hit the Deck*, then back to Broadway in *Flying High* which was where Ted Collins came in. . . . A phonograph company executive, he went backstage to suggest that Kate make some recordings. Ten minutes later, they shook hands on a verbal contract whereby he was to guide her future fame-spurred footsteps. . . . Miss Smith lives in a four-room penthouse apartment on lower Park Avenue with a cocker spaniel named Freckles. She has a home at Lake Placid where she golfs, pilots a speedboat, skis and skates with both grace and gusto—those millions of just plain folks have done all right by their Katie.



KATE SMITH



Carol Bruce.

FOR nine long glistening months in Alaska, Trinidad, England and Ireland, Al Jolson sang and acted: watched with a lump in his throat the way homesick eyes and lonely faces eased into chuckles and grins. He remembered, perhaps, a day when these kids were in diapers, when the triumphant armistice bells of 1918 were ceasing him onto Broadway and fame. Or remembered, maybe, the restless 12-year-old who rode shoulder high as mascot of a Spanish American regiment. Papa Yastson, who had fled St. Petersburg, Russia, to the New World with his baby son, wanted the little Al to be a cantor—a singer of his people's ancient songs. The bright-eyed boychild had different ideas; ran himself skinny after every passing band. At 14 he was bellydancing a circus. Six years later an old colored man watched his vaudeville act from the wings, whispered in his ear. A minstrel man was born—a soot-black face and a pink gash of a mouth that craned and moaned a willing obligatio to the thumping jargonisms of the 20's. Al's triumphant career traced the pattern of that mad period like a bright ribbon. When talkies gossiped the stolid under-soundville, he made "The Jazz Singer," planted these first crude sound tracks with "Sonny Boy," "Mammy"—songs America will always hum . . . It was no trick for the star of "Gus," "Big Boy" and "Wonder Boy" to strut and croon before the cameras. He'd had his own theater on 57th Street when the cinema was creeping out of nickel joints to pluck Broadway palaces. And still another new medium—radio

—was a setup for the St. Petersburg wail who might have made some synagogue famous . . . Today, Al's on an ageless 56, a fixture on the airwaves, and a legend to all of America. The cycle's swung around again to yet another war. The faces of marching soldier boys are strange and the songs are new—but the same little man in blackface is singing them. . . . Parlykarkus, a veteran like Al, was born Harry to the Boston Einsteins in 1904 with a yen to be a fireman—but no trace of a Greek accent. That came later. A dabbler in advertising before he knew better, he broadcast first in 1924, was so thrilled he walked home 7 miles away in a daze. His greatest name, now trademarked, was born out of a gag-bred Greek character who "ran" for mayor of Boston. The belly laughs of listeners to Eddis Cantor's program in Feb. '35, first spelled bright lights and big dough to the unnaturalized Greek. He's a burly six-footer, weighs 190 lbs., owns a parrot who speaks real Greek. . . . Carol Bruce is one of those fabulous Cinderella girls—made overnight success on Broadway, featured in her first film. She left her Long Island home at 15 with a high school diploma to be a career girl at \$7 per week. From office chores she shifted to modeling, then pulled strings to tour as a vocalist with Lloyd Huntley's band. Carol clicked in "George White's Scandals of 1939," "Nick Going" and "Louisiana Purchase" and hoisted to Hollywood for a neat Universal contract. "I should be a bigger star than Garbo," she cracks, "I wear bigger shoes."



"Parlykarkus" gets hep.



The Mammy singer at home.

Jolson brings a little bit of home to the distant AEF overseas: Al's just back from a singing tour of the outest outposts.



THE AL JOLSON SHOW

Daddy Stafford and his 4-year-old.



More consternation in the Stafford family.



Baby Snooks and co-star Frank Morgan swap reminiscences.

● With the passing of each era there are always some who got left behind, who must continue on with only the memories of other days and other friends. The departed days of Ziegfeld left many such. An impudent daughter of New York's East side remembers the great Flo, the fabulous beauty of Lillian Russell, and the fabulous wealth of Diamond Jim Brady. The bright-eyed gamine who introduced *My Man* and "Rose of Washington Square," who trod a glittering, red plush Broadway with the Shuberts, Ann Pennington, Johnnie Wanamaker. "Our paths met, our hearts met, it was a world of our own," says Fannie . . . This, after winning an amateur contest at Keeney's theater in Brooklyn, taking over a \$23 a week chorus spot in a Cohen and Harris show, moving into burlesque with a custom-built Berlin tune, and finally fourteen years with the Ziegfeld Follies . . . Now she's Baby Snooks, the joy and plague of Daddy Stafford's aerial life. But Snooks is more to her than just a way of bringing home the bacon—it's her hobby, an antidote for headaches, war jitters, melancholia . . . an inordinately proud mother of her voting-age daughter and 18-year-old son, Fannie has been married and divorced twice—to Nicky Arstein and Billy Rose . . . This one-time tomboy with the remarkable powers of mimicry, credits Irving Berlin for her success, chuckles at the time the Prince of Wales dropped in and she thought it was a gag, has a horde of happy memories, and in Baby Snooks finds an outlet for the impish humor that time will never drain . . . Holder-upper of the other half of the show is Frank Morgan, who, though born in luxury's lap, Papa owning the valuable Angostura Bitters formula, chose to troupe in brother Ralph's footsteps—but not until he had essayed briefly into the diverse arts of brush-peddling, real-estating and cow-punching which left him stranded somewhere in Mexico . . . The years between 1914 and 1932 found him starring in vaudeville and musical comedy, then abandoning bath for the legitimate stage . . . *Seventh Heaven*, *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, *Topaze*, *Firebrand*, to name a few . . . A native New Yorker, Hollywood claimed him in '32, and six years later he made his debut in front of the mike . . . The perfect day is one of unending breakfast, and when food begins to pall there is always hunting, fishing, tennis, or golf to keep a man amused . . . Doesn't swim, but spent most of his spare time on his 75-foot yacht "Dolphin" until it was requisitioned for coastal patrol . . . Never carries a watch and hates to shave himself . . . A sprightly fifty-two, six-foot one, and 180 pounder, he loves to sleep late, travel, and listen to the radio, and wife Alma Muller's been catering to all these idiosyncrasies nigh onto thirty years . . . And by the way, that 4,000 word thesis in the Encyclopedia Britannica on the Motion Picture Industry, its history and technique, was penned by none other than this some squeaky-voiced, hesitant, lovable comic.

Fanny Brice and Frank Morgan

● The time is any Saturday night at 8:30, a ringing telephone is heard, and a young announcer named Tip Corning hurries to answer it, "Hobby Lobby? It's for you, ladies and gentlemen, it's for you" . . . It all began with Dave Elman's brainstorm back in the spring of 1937: almost every one had a hobby of one sort or another, what about the myriad stamp collectors, or that guy who was always building things out of match sticks—who knew what stranger pastimes might be unearthed were one but to look. And wasn't it axiomatic that man was eternally interested in the peculiarities of his neighbor? Well then, why not track down some of these folk with their oddly diverse ways of idling the hours and persuade them to air their hobbies on the radio. Curiosity would provide the audience . . . Elman was 100% right. By October his brain child was walking, talking, and making a big hit. Tiling it Hobby Lobby, he managed to present a cross-section of the country's incredible collectors and spare-time spenders, introducing everybody from worm-trainers to amateur sculptors. Nearly three thousand applications rolled in weekly, from which but a half-dozen could be selected for each program. Radio editors voted it outstanding "idea" show of the year . . . Born some forty odd years ago, genial impresaria Dave Elman grew up in a small North Dakota town, but at an early age ran away from home to land his first job in show business. He did not scurry home when the novelty wore off, but stuck it out until the opportunity presented itself for him to study dramatics in a serious way. After that he served the usual apprenticeship in stock and repertory. . . . 1922 brought him, inevitably, to the glittering lights on Broadway, it was a time when few were refusing the siren call, and landing in New York was as legendary as the struggles that were to follow. Pleasing the palate of the Great White Way was no cinch when all the vaudeville greats were lined up as competition. Elman was writing songs about the trouble he had seen when a chance sketch in Earl Carroll's Vanities gave him his first boost onto the big-time ladder . . . Kindly-faced Elman, whose own hobby is collecting hobbyists, possesses the supreme knack of setting people at their ease. A trait welcome even to those already hardened to the public eye such as Gypsy Rose Lee, Guy Lombardo, and W. C. Handy, all hobby exhibitors. A great amount of leeway is allowed in selecting visitors: a famous strongman appeared last year, who first donated a pint of blood to the Red Cross, and then broke a half-inch chain with his chest. This performance was repeated for a special broadcast later that evening; the hypnotist, Howard Klein, mesmerized several volunteers by remote control while members of the press stood by to verify the experiment; and the program was not without its touch of romance when a young lady appeared, gave a repeat performance later, and finally married the bandleader, Harry Salter.

Flora and fauna of hobbyist collector Dave Elman.



DAVE ELMAN AIRS 'HOBBY LOBBY'

Cugat's also been a news-
paperman and an artist.

CAMEL

Caravan

IF LEADING a band ever proves dull to Xavier Cugat, he can always resume his career as an artist or as a concert violinist. Cugat, renowned for his Latin American rhythms, is one of the world's finest caricaturists and originally came to this country as violin accompanist for the great Caruso. He toured the country as a concert violinist, once drew pictures for Los Angeles papers, is composer of several numbers. Cugat spent 13 years selling rhumbas, congas, and tangos in the U. S., but now feels vindicated for staying with "los bailes latinos." Cugat was awarded the Grand Cross of Carlos Manuel de Cespedes for popularizing Cuban music, the highest honor Cuba can bestow. He met Mrs. Cugat (Carmen Castillo) while she was acting a hair pulling match with Dolores del Rio in "Carmen" (1939), fell in love with her because she was "such a good fighter"! Of medium height, Cugat has dark hair, blue eyes. Herb Shriner **WRITES EVERYTHING LIKE THIS** but he doesn't know why! CBS's newest comedian is Ohio-born Indiana-bred, six-foot-one, and the boys in the service claim him as their own "discovery"; he rose to popularity touring the Army, Navy camps with the Camel Caravan. Herb's first appearance on the air was in a CBS barn dance program. After that he formed a harmonica band. Then came a two year stand at Chicago's Sherman Hotel and Oriental Theater and a six months' tour of Australia. Returning, Herb played theaters and swank spots on the West Coast. A six weeks' tour of Service Camps and an appearance on the Kate Smith show, led to Herb's joining one of the Camel Caravans touring the Comps. Herb skyrocketed to popularity among the Servicemen and when the Camel Caravan returned to the air, was the natural comedian choice! Lanny Ross was all but born on stage! He made his vaudeville debut at two and when he was four was a member of a Shakespearean troupe in England. A Yale and Columbia Law graduate, Lanny could have been an athlete (he was selected for the 1928 Olympic team) but he preferred singing, and a \$200 a week contract won him away from his legal career. A former member of the choir of New York's Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Lanny's musical ability won him a scholarship at Tuft. In 1932 Lanny joined the radio "Showboat," was featured for five years; in '38 he starred on "Your Hit Parade."

Born in Mexico City, Margo made her debut as a dancer when she was seven. While dancing with her Uncle's (Xavier Cugat's) band in Los Angeles, she was signed for "Crime Without Passion"; a series of Hollywood successes followed including "Winterset" and "Lost Horizon." She first appeared on the New York stage in "Winterset," later in "Faust" and the "Outward Room." Margo guested on Kate Smith's show and "Cugat Rhumba Revue." Five-foot-four, 110, dark haired and with hazel eyes, her hobbies are walking, swimming and folk dancing.



Lanny sang his way through law school.



The Maestro never uses a baton!



Margo, Xavier's versatile niece, once studied dancing in Spain.



Herb Shriner's tops with Servicemen.



Mademoiselle Kay Lorraine, Diva of The Blues

They wrap it in somber satin
and put it in the parlor
but it's rhythm hot and groovy
when it hits the air waves!

The Chamber Music Society of

LOWER BASIN STREET



Maestro "Hot Lips" Levine is now in khaki.



Rubber-faced WPA artist Mostal took his life-of-the-party routines to Broadway and found himself a national character overnight!



The ensemble is now led by Lovelle.

SERIOUS-MINDED alligators don't, as a rule, dig the kind of five they dish out every week on the Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street hall hour. First there's this long haired, Milton J. Cross, giving out some double talk about barrelhouse, boogie-woogie and the blues, like a broad "a" echo from Carnegie. Can't blame a hepcat for wandering. That is, until Dr. Henry "Hot Lips" Levine and his Dixieland Octet come in on the southland beam or Maestro Paul Lovelle starts slicing hunkies out of the living room rug. Henry, alas, is in the army now, after working his way, trumpet in one hat, grimy little fist, through a Brooklyn high school to a spot on the old Dixieland Jazz Band. After a detour to London's swank Mayfair House, Dr. Hank came back to play with Cass Hagan, Rudy Vallee and the NBC Symphony. By the time his draft-board put the snitch on him, the Chamber Music Society's mushrooming reputation and a "Birth of the Blues" album had eased him into a spot in Who's Who. Hank's shoes are being filled by Dr. Charles Marlowe and his Baroloff Philharmonic, but Maestro Lovelle is still in there punching. An upstate New Yorker, Paul wanted to cross up a musical family and study law. Got all the way to Columbia's law school. In fact, before a dullard clarinet scholarship did what family arguments couldn't. Before tying up with NBC, he played with Paul Ash, Dave Rubinoff, and for the early Contro broadcasts. Still a career high spot to Paul is the time Toscanini demanded his saxophone services for an NBC Symphony broadcast, then, after a solo passage from Meusburger's "Pictures of an Exhibition," yelled "bravo!" Like many a jazz maestro, Paul's a real musician's musician. He's married, 34, has one son, has done a lot of brilliant woodwind arrangements and orchestral scores used by music students all over the country. . . . The Society's solid musicianship, that sent Dank Shore to glory and it building green-eyed Kay Lorraine into the big time, has given it a solid spot on the airwaves since 1940. But who will deny the shot in the arm administered this past year when a plump-faced urban comedian began panicking the regular customers with some pure and unadulterated specimens of wackery. "I was born," claims Zara Mostal, "in the station wagon section of Brownsville [Brooklyn], a gunshot away from Murder, Inc." Real name was Tommy, but "Zara" fitted his report card better. Insists he majored in swimming at CCNY, and that all the class crookshooters remember him. A Depression-year graduate, he began work as a floor boy in a clothing shop until he socked his boss. He lost a job as YMHA art teacher for taking his class down to the pool on a hot day, then started painting pictures that nobody would buy. Right up to March of this year, even Winchell would have looked blank if you'd mentioned the name. Then Barney Josephson, Cafe Society owner, dropped in on a private United China Relief party and heard a "Sanator Phineas T. Pallagros" bellow: "What I want to know is, WHAT THE HELL WAS HAWAII DOING IN THE PACIFIC?" Zero had long been testing his "one foot a half-toot" take-off on Durante and similar insouciant men's room habitues. No reason he shouldn't do it for money, and the screams of delight that started drifting out of the Village Cafe meant green stuff—and we don't mean hay. Any one of you can take it on from that point. M-G-M yanked Mr. Z. all the way to California to make sure "Dibbity Was a Lady" is a success. No telling where Zara goes from there. And no telling whether Basin St. will be a permanent address for honey-voiced Kay Lorraine from St. Louis.

THE QUIZ KIDS

Lives there a radio fan with wits so dulled that he or she has not listened with pleasure and profit to those mighty mastermind moppets—the Quiz Kids? Nay! So you doubtless know they celebrated their second broadcasting birthday on June 24th. 109 children had previously appeared on the program presided over by genial Joe Kelly. Seven high scorers are coast-to-coast known to parents, educators and other kids. Veterans of the clan are Gerard Barrow, 10; Richard Williams, 12; Claude Brenner, 14; Jack Lucal, Van Dyke Tiers, Joan Bishop, each 15. Cynthia Cline was recently retired—16 is the limit for Quiz Kid stardom. . . . 7-year-old Ruth Dublin is, at this writing, doing all right for herself and the Shakespeare classics she was spouting at an age when most babes are prettily prattling ma-ma and da-da. . . . In their brief career, the kids have matched wits with Grade-A scholars. In bouts with panels of professors from the Universities of Chicago and Michigan, they won hands down. Rating on the social side has also been something to write home about. Mrs. Roosevelt entertained them at the White House. On a Hollywood junket, film notables feted them. New York's Mayor La Guardia received them at his office. . . . 18 national magazines have preserved them in ink. Six movie shorts have immortalized them on celluloid. . . . Gerard, the botanist-mineralogist-ornithologist, has a place on the rolls of the Audubon Society and a life membership in the Chicago Academy of Sciences. At 4, he could identify from pictures 264 birds, and his brain hasn't known an idle split-second since. . . . Each Kid gets a \$100 War Bond, a red-white-and-blue token for the weekly question-answer talkfest. And it's a pleasure to report that, underneath The Erudition, the Quiz Kids are Just Kids!



Ornithologist extraordinary, Gerard Barrow is only nine.



Those five junior-size masterminds drop into City Hall for a heart-to-heart chat with New York's Mayor La Guardia.



The Baron and "Sharlie," back on the air after four years.

ALIAS THE BARON

Jack Pearl came back to the Mutual network on October 14th, thanks to

the Schenley-sponsored Cresto Blanca Carnival program . . . Cliff (Was you dere, Sharlie?) Hall again plays straight man to Jack's guffaw-getting gags . . . Brad Reynolds, handsome six-footer male soloist, has a contract that proves he was eminently sane in checking out of medical school to study music at the Damrosch School of Music Arts . . . Jean Merrill, young Metropolitan Opera star, matches Brad's tenor with a golden soprano that once thrilled home folks in Everett, Wash. This is her first big commercial broadcasting break . . . Nationally famous Morton Gould, who leads his 37-piece orchestra for the show, grew up with jazz in all its phases. At 6, he composed his first song, has been making music every day of the 23 years since. Stawowski conducted his "Jazz Fugue," declared it was "the most daring, most unusual, most creative work ever submitted to me." Gould himself, having put jive on a classical pedestal, thinks the old masters wouldn't disapprove of his arrangements . . . Getting back to Jack, you can understand why he's changed the Baron Muschausen to Alias the Baron. But the funsman himself hasn't changed. Says he, and we quote from his Pearls of Wisdom: "Hitler declared he would conquer the U. S. from within; Jap Tojo promised to dictate the peace from the White House; Mussolini threatened to become the big-time boss. *How now can I be the world's biggest liar?*" H'mm. Well, Mr. P., your announcer, Frank Gallop, 3-season program annotator for the N. Y. Philharmonic broadcasts, used to be a Boston broker's customer's man. If he doesn't know the answer, you might ask that cleverest of wives, your Winnie.



Tenor soloist Brad Reynolds and Metropolitan Opera star Jean Merrill sing along with Morton Gould's orchestra.



Trotter shows guest star Dorsey his musical script.



Kraft Music Hall

He's just a happy, easy-going guy who likes to sing, but the money it brings ain't hay—that is, not 'til it goes into his stables!

Background for Bing's offhand song styling is carefully arranged for the Music Maids by Director John Scott Trotter.



HE'S HARRY LILLIS CROSBY in the family Bible, but he's just plain Bing to his host of radio and screen fans. And the busiest easy-going guy you ever did see. Look at him. Top man of the Kraft Music Hall since January 2, 1938. One half of the patty-cake combination. Hope's fellow traveller in Paramount's "Road" series. Their latest, *Road to Morocco*, will positively roll you in the aisle. Datty Lamour, who supplies the allure, could tell you. They kept her in gales of giggles with their ad-libbing on the set . . . Go right on looking at Mr. C., President of the Del Mar track until the government took over the Coast racing meccas for the internment of enemy alien Japs. Co-partner with Lin Howard on the 4000-acre La Portena ranch. Part owner of the Hollywood team of the Pacific Coast League. Bing's a robid baseball fan . . . And look at the moll he still gets from South America, addressed affectionately to El Bingu. El Bingu's also one of four owners of a ranch in Corrientes, Brasil, with 4500 head of fine cattle. On his visit there last year, he proved he was a man after the Latins' well-known warm hearts. Music, sports and thoroughbred race horses—that's a language they speak to perfection . . . On the home front, Bing's done all right ever since he arrived on the world scene, May 2, 1904, in Tacoma, Washington. He meandered through high school, did a three-year stretch studying law at Gonzaga University, then removed self complete with incomparable larynx to Los Angeles and the Cocoanut Grove as one of the Rhythm Boys . . . That's where he met screen actress, Dixie Lee, the girl he'd been dreaming about. Took six months of persistent persuasion to march her down the flowered aisle . . . Four husky sons, Lindsay, Gary, the twins, Phillip and Dennis, accent the Crosby conjugal contentment . . . Mary Martin now has the Connee Boswell spot on the Kraft program. The *My Heart Belongs to Daddy* girl of overnight sensational fame—her heart belongs exclusively to Dick Holliday, whom she married May 4, 1940. She must oft think it is to laugh when she remembers her lean years in Hollywood before the aforementioned Daddy tune made her the darling of blasé New Yorkers . . . John Scott Trotter made his first bow before the mike with Bing, and has been taking bows ever since. A 6' 1", 190 pounder, Trotter was arranger for the late Hal Kemp's orchestra for eight years. And none knows better than Bing how much his soft backdrop of rhythm contributes to the success of the program . . . The cute quartette, called the Music Maids, have been with the show since February, '39.

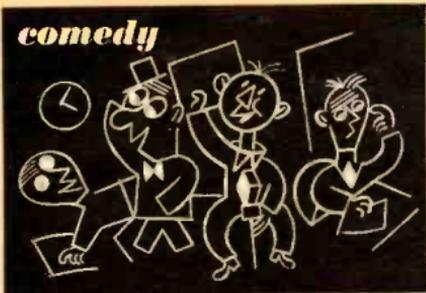


Daddy's Mary Martin



Bing's solid on the skins.

comedy



RED SKELTON

"If I dood it I get a whippin', I dood it!", catchphrase for the red-haired Hoosier comic who does not want to play Hamlet, does not want to write poetry, in fact, does not want to do anything but make people laugh. And he's dood just that for fifteen years, right into the cream with his present Tuesday night combat bandleader Ozzie Nelson and his singing wife Harriet Hilliard, colored itooze Wonderful Smith, and announcer Truman Bradley. . . . Son of Hagenback-Wallace and announcer Truman ambitions to be a lion-tamer, saw Clyde Beatty get the bun's rush, and resigned himself to the Quiet Life—he thought. But if variety means excitement, things haven't been dull for Mr. Bernard's little boy, Red. . . . At a tender age he bowed as a mammy singer in "Doc" Lewis' medicine show, graduated to tent shows, was one of the youngest burlesque comedians going, cruised with the showboat "Cotton Blossom", ate an estimated 37,791¹/₂ doughnuts during his World's Greatest Dunker period, and all before 1938 when he launched himself onto the air waves via the Rudy Vallee guest star route. As usually happens in such cases he found his victory topped by offers from Hollywood, where he's going great guns in his double-threat career. . . . Right arm and mainstay along the line has been vivacious Edna Stillwell whom he married when he was seventeen, and the lady in question two years younger. She was ushering at the Kansas City theatre, he was playing, and managing his financial affairs. He suggested they make the latter permanent and it turned out to be a crack team—she's been writing his routines and generally taking care of him ever since. They would like a large family that would make a lot of noise, each with a crowning glory of red hair and freckles. . . . An itemized account of what makes Red Skelton unique would be staggering: he's allergic to phones, has a large pipe collection, is usually seen with a cigar, but doesn't smoke or drink, can sleep only in snow-white pajamas, wears only maroon ties and has 223 of 'em, has his ice box wired to scare off midnight raiders, likes jitterbugs, can rehearse anywhere, hates planned social functions, loves rain and the dark providing he's not alone in them, and while his formal education took him only as far as the 4th grade he received his high school diploma from taking correspondence courses. . . . With Red it's anything for a laugh: dressed in an expensive tailored suit he won't hesitate to roll in a mud puddle if it will bring a Charlie. His M.G.-M screen test has made comedy history, although when he first saw himself on the screen he says he could hear his poor contract groaning away in his desk drawer. Still, judging from reports that have drifted in from over 200 army camps he's toured since Pearl Harbor, this laugh-getting business is plenty all right.



He dood it too, Red tells Ozzie, Harriet, and Mrs. S.



Unit cigarette, just a prop.



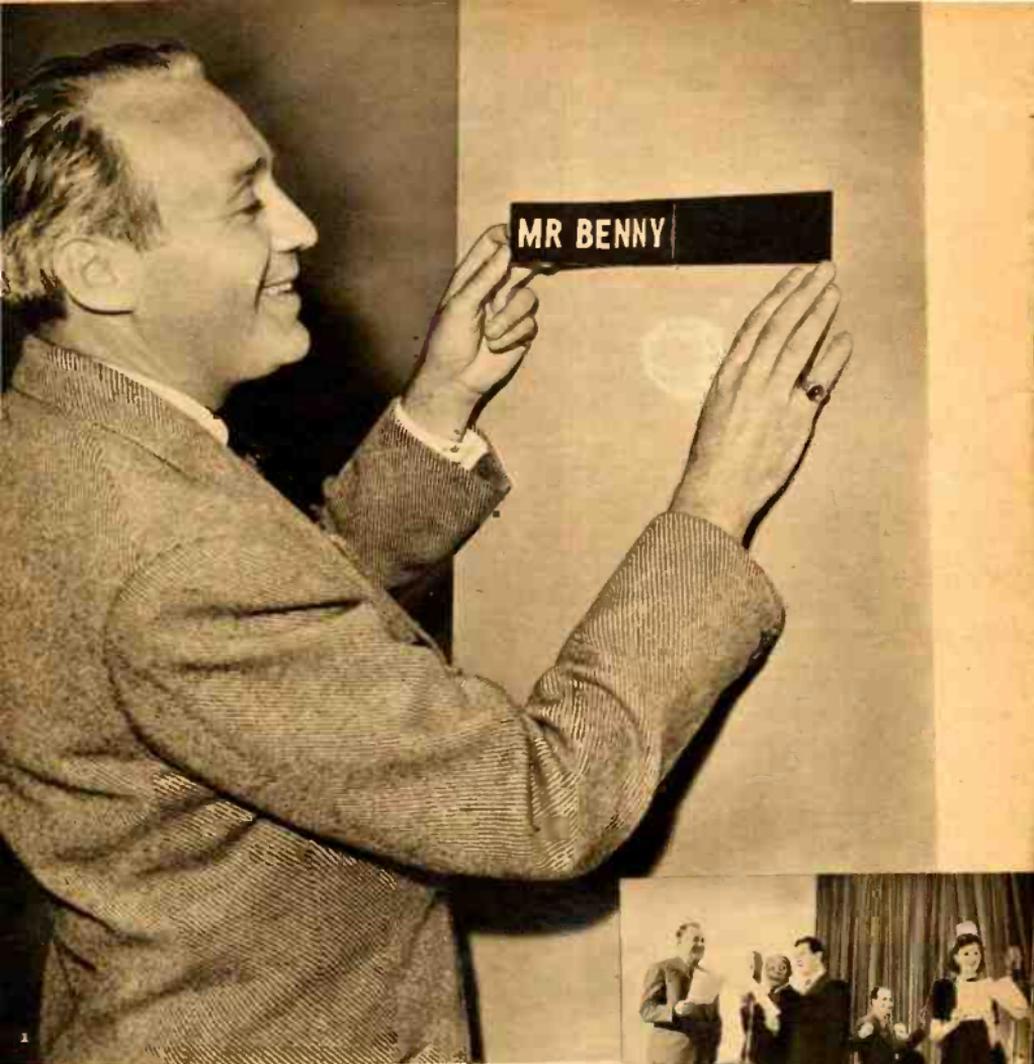
And he doesn't like phones.

FRED ALLEN

● His Sunday night quips are Monday morning by-words. The guy with the deadpan voice, the satirical wit, who lets fall his dry observations with relentless timing—like drops of water from a leaky faucet. The guy who every week promises himself that he'll get out of radio soon, then lets his nagging conscience hog-ride him into grinding out another week's supply of the stuff Croslays are made of. Comedy is his nemesis, his week is budgetted like a recipe for a nervous breakdown, he'll tell you bitterly. But it pays, and he really doesn't want to do anything else, except maybe write a book. . . . It's been ten years now since he was caught in the "whirling vortex" and abandoned the boards for the air waves to get his first mike fright. . . . Boston, of course, knew him a long time ago when he was punch drunk from trying to win just one amateur night contest, and Boston was getting kinda suspicious of the similarity between John Sullivan, Fred Allen, and Fred St. James—despite the cognomens they all had some pretty bad juggling in common. After two years of not getting anywhere, he shipped to Australia as the "World's Worst Juggler", and spent 14 months tramping the countries down under, then there was a war and he served with the AEF. . . . The roaring '20's found him kitting his stride with the Keith circuit, big-time vaudeville with Willie and Eugene Howard at the Winter Garden, the famous Greenwich Village Follies. . . . 1928 he met and married Portland Moffa who was playing with him in George White's Scandals. The two have not been separated since then, and together they appeared in three hit musicals—when he went on the air Portland came right along, her "Mr. A-a-allen" practically the show's trade mark. . . . Three pictures in Hollywood started him on a campaign against stuffed-shirts, advertising men are "decimal maggots", even his fellow comics come in for their share, "intellectual midgets living on borrowed minds" . . . unfortunately, however, he's hounded by a warmth and generosity he tries hard to hide; tough work for the guy known as the easiest touch on Broadway. . . . 5' 11½", an amateur boxer, he's one of Charles Atlas' most distinguished alumnae; chews gum or tobacco; writes most of his material; and answers 100 or so fan letters per week. . . . Ten years ago folks tuned into his hour for relief, and discovered he was funny. He hasn't let them down yet.

Despite the script, Fred's known for ad libbing.





1. Staking his claim on an NBC dressing room beyond gum-popping range!
2. Hello again! Robust Don Wilson gets the business off to a jolly start.
3. A gay quartet—and the Phil Harris's plenty happy about the new heir.
4. Last minute script changes with gagmen Bill Morrow and Eddie Beloin.
5. Eddie "Rochester" Anderson and the maestro chew a slice of repartee.
6. On his camp tour, Mr. B. gave out with *The Flight of the Bumble B.*



JACK BENNY & CO.

● Holding down the Number One spot at America's favorite fanster is no cushy proposition: it's up at eight every morning and into a five-day huddle with writers Morrow, Belen, and Beloin; it's nail-biting and hair-pulling in a frenzied search for gags with the topical Benny twist ("You must come up sometime and see my granulated sugar"), for smooth transition between all sections of his new Grape Nuts program. But smooth it is . . . penny-pinching Jack put to the acid test by Mary Livingstone, who happened along one day to fill in for an absent performer, and has been pulling her share ever since; the oppressed but irrepressible valet, Rochester; Maestro Phil Harris, Alice Faye's spouse; well-timed commercials from hefty but hearty Don Wilson; and Dennis Day singing 'em sweet. . . . It all started some forty odd years ago when little Joe Kubelsky of Waukegan, Illinois, learned to wring notes out of a violin. "My father gave me a fiddle and a monkey wrench," explains Benny. "He told me not to take chances. Plumbing isn't a bad business." Thus, at sixteen, our hero set forth to woo the obstinate muse . . . school dances, doorman at the only theatre with a band, property man. Then came the war, and he joined the navy. This didn't help him along any with the muse, but it started him talkin': at a Seaman's Benefit, he found he wasn't getting anywhere with his bow-pushing so, tucking fiddle under his arm, he began to talk—sailors roared and his cup raneth over. He's been gagging his way up ever since . . . through vaudeville, the stage, movies, and radio, right now he's saddled himself with a twelve-million smackeroo contract as an independent producer. As for the fiddle, it's just another laugh now, but for years he used to carry it wistfully but silently back and forth every performance. . . . Notoriously one of radio's most nervous big-timers, he scurries through rehearsals like a guy ducking a hot foot, lights and relights the ever-present ceagor. Off-stage he and Mary relax with their adopted daughter Jean Naomi, in the Beverly Hills home he helped to build and landscape—it's fifteen years now of wedded bliss. Then there's his pet pal-toe-ter, cold asparagus oasing with mustard, and favorite pastimes, golf and gin rummy. . . . Every Sunday night he broadcasts to nearly 40,000,000 listeners, wearing his hat and glasses. . . . He describes every-thing he likes as "marvelous", and he likes so many things that he once got a fan letter that curbed his enthusiasm for a while. It read: Enjoyed your performance very much. Liked everything but the word "marvelous". Am sending you a list of words you can use in the place of marvelous. Except for that, Mr. Benny, you are quite marvelous.



Their "break" came after a Kate Smith guest spot.



Lou and Bud have been heckling each other for ten years.



Squeaky-voiced Lou is the eternal fall guy.



ABBOTT & COSTELLO

A Lloyds of London policy to the tune of \$100,000 assures an insatiable public of at least ten more years of Abbott and Costello hijinx . . . A good thing, too—that pair of slap-happy zanies have done their best to bum up their careers thus far . . . First they didn't want to go into any Broadway musicals, thought their stuff wasn't high brow enough—but it was their gallivanting in *Streets of Paris* that drew the first laughs, echoes of which seem destined to rumble through the decade; then they fought tooth and nail to stay away from radio; and finally they turned down Hollywood offers for some obscure reason before rolling half the country into the aisles with their first starring effort *Back to Back*. . . Lou "I'm a bad boy" Costello was playing in a burlesque theatre 12 years ago where Bud "Hi ya, neighbor" Abbott was cashier; they struck up a gin rummy game (it's still going strong—Lou says it's cost him \$3000 to date), and also cooked up an act. It was the same knock down and drag out routine, they pull now; carry, they cheerfully admit, holy, rowdy and low, but the public's lapping it up . . . Lean, immaculately dressed Abbott, who'd rather play cards than eat, was born under the Big Top 47 years back, followed a diversity of callings before hitting the chips—condy butcher, lion trainer, sign painter, burlesque chain operator . . . Lou, 13 years younger, got the movie bug in 1920, hit Hollywood only to get knocked around as stunt man and scenery shifter. He was just beginning to get somewhere as a comedian when folkies came in, so his squeaky-voiced routine seemed to be out . . . They're both happily married to former show girls—Lou has two daughters, and aside from the fights he never misses, his favorite topics of conversation are garden and family.

Dorothy Lamour pays a visit, and busy Edgar Bergen has his hands full with the country bumpkin, Mortimer Snerd.



Every once in a while Charlie's antics land him in some trouble.



BERGEN & MCCARTHY

Who'd have thought that dapper, cackly, altogether man-of-the-world Charles McCarthy was once a pine cone bumming around the north woods, more or less at loose ends till he ran into a craftsman named Charlie Mack, who put some tin in his chest, hair in his legs, and introduced him to a guy named Bergen—the rest is what you'd expect when ventriloquist meets dummy . . . But first they went to college, Northwestern, where Edgar pulled in the book-learning, and Charlie pulled in the lucre . . . 1927 they hopped merrily into vaudeville's waiting arms, touched every state in the Union, and decided a Grand Tour was in order . . . London's swank Grosvenor House, a command performance for the Swedish Crown Prince in his own lingo, Russia, Iceland, South America, the latter memorable for a pathetically eager demonstration outside the locked gates of Laguarda leper colony in Venezuela . . . All this took time, and when they reached home port, there was vaudeville, stuck behind the B-ball, going pit fast . . . so aboy, what was wrong with sht-clubbing? So nothing was, in fact tickling the Rainbow Room's funny bone panned out to be just the thing. Rudy Vallee came, saw, and signed—on the site of December 16, 1936, they were in. But sensationally . . . Came Hollywood, and Charlie just loves all its lovely, lovely girls. Never at a loss for words himself, he can't understand why Bergen never speaks up. Retiring fellow, Bergen . . . Charlie says anything he pleases, once toyed with the idea of becoming a lawyer but he does wish that people wouldn't harp so on this school business—after all, he went to college, didn't he . . . Script-writer Joe Bigelow says it's a toss-up who's head man around the Bergen-McCarthy menage, but it's generally conceded that one without the other wouldn't be as good as with . . . and after having melted most of the ice in Alaska on their recent tour, who cares anyway?



BOB HOPE & CO.

Filmland's favorite master of ceremonies.



Dottie Lamour is a frequent quest star.



Breathless Skinnay Ennis makes the music.



THE GUY with the medium-sized shoulders, black thin-button eyes, and a nose like a Turkish slipper, leans forward and flashes his teeth at the microphone. "These autograph hounds were so rough," he complains in a high nasal voice crackling with laughter. "They wouldn't let go of my pocket. [Pause] I finally had to give their fountain pen back." Out in front, the wooden benches packed solidly with their erupts in roaring hysteria. Whistles. Yells. Outside, a dull Alaskan autumn fog billows against the windows. But inside the hall, for a blessed few minutes, grinning young faces forget cold and the letter from home that never arrived—the thin drone of plane motors above a cloud bank that might mean sudden blasting death from the skies... Bob Hope's no dodderer at 38. He'd like to exit, too. Mrs. Hope—the former nitery singer Dolores Reed—and their two adopted kids back in Hollywood wouldn't need a government pension. But who would bury the two-legged equivalent of a full morale division in a private's uniform! From Alaska's lonesome outposts all the way to Texas training camps Bob's set off a powder train of surging laughter that's worth a squadron of Flying Fortresses to the American cause. By train and plane he's put in quelling entertainment hours at camps, shipyards and aircraft plants that would make the toughest swing shifter blanch.

And it's not surprising. The army's just getting the benefit of a driving talent that's been tucking an annual \$400,000 into the Hope coffers. ... Like Benny, Bob's a comic fall guy. His six high-pitched gag men sweat blood to make him radio's ace clump. Sounds fast and easy when he starts letting you have it. But figure it out: 19 programs a season, 40 hours preparation per week; about 115 gags all told. That adds up to a solid two-man hours per gag. Not that you can discount the natural talent of this London-born funny man who came to Paramount by a song-and-dance vaude route. Dottie Lamour will always marvel that they pay her for the ten she gets watching Hope and Crosby outgag each other thru a picture on a Paramount lot. America loves Bob because he'll kid anything or anybody—especially himself. Hollywood's candid cameramen, toughest star critics alive, silver cupped him last year as "most cooperative star in the film capital!" But at home a comfortable secluded refuge without a swimming pool, he's a model husband who doesn't like cameras snapping at the grounds or the two youngsters. ... He leaves his gag at the doorstep, since Mrs. H. feels that's one place a funny man should be able to relax. Right now she's just a gag-widow. There ain't no medals—yet, even a uniform—but Bob's been in there fighting for some time.



Married 24 years, it's still fun:



FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY

Nearly eight years ago a small suburban town named Wistful Vista began to spring up on the radio map, and its two most prominent citizens, Fibber and Molly McGee, were launched on a domestic career calculated to win the heart of the average American family whose life they so closely paralleled. Proof of their success is shown by the scatted niche they claim as their own on all popularity and listener's polls. . . . Few can resist Fibber, whose boast is no better than his bite, as he submits with docile good humor to Molly's sharp rejoinders, her " 'Tain't funny, McGee." . . . Added to eight years of radio conjugality, Jim and Marion Jordan have scored with 24 years of real married life, dating back to five days before Jim left for the trenches of World War I. Excepting that time, their careers, professional and domestic, have been inseparable. Small wonder they fail to understand why some couples feel the need of vacations from each other—when the Jordans get some time off they hoptail it to the nearest mountain for a backwoods camping trip, or fishing if the season's on. . . . And then there are the two grown-up children of whom they are immeasurably proud—Katherine, the elder, is carving out a tidy radio career of her own, and young Jim is still a student at U. C. L. A. . . . It was in Peoria, Illinois, that Jim and Marion grew up together—at choir practice they met and fell in love. Jim, despite three generations of farming behind him, had already decided on the life of a trauper, and Marion, too, was musically bound, so the team was a natural. . . . It was touring the tank towns with various concert companies, before friends dared them to try the air waves. Radio then was still a novelty, but they soon landed a midwestern program of \$10 a week, starting as singers, and switching over to comedy and drama when they hooked up with NBC in '31. Their steady climb to the top since then is radio history. . . . They've made several films, and have settled permanently in Encino, Cal., where the dabbling of Wistful Vista is Mr. Efficiency himself in his duties as president of the Chamber of Commerce. . . . Both share a love for pang, mystery stories, and their home that's "just plain comfortable to live in."

THE GREAT GILDERSLEEVE

One Peary discovered the North Pole, thereby insuring the fame of his name. But we sing the praises of a later and gayer Peary who has captivated NBC listeners for 10, fourteen fruitfully fun-making years. . . . Remember the programs from San Francisco: *Who—Dat Men*, the colored character on the old *Spotlight Revue*? And *Uncle Hannibal* on the daily Wheatville serial? And the skits with cowboy singer Charlie Marshall, billed as *Mr. Marshall and Mr. Peary*? . . . In 1935, Harold Peary transferred his talents to Chicago, where he was featured on NBC's *First Nighter*, *Grand Hotel*, *Story of Mary Martin*, *Girl Alone*, and as a nameless voice on the Fibber McGee and Molly program. When the Fibber company went to Hollywood in '39, Hal Peary went along as Throckmorton P. Gildersleeve, whose big voice and booming laughter have become a trademark of hearty good will. . . . Of Portuguese descent, Mr. Peary was born on July 25, 1905, in San Leandro, Cal., son of a pioneer family holding a large Spanish land grant. He's 5' 10" tall, weighs 190 lbs., with black hair and brown eyes. And he's one actor who did not begin his career as a child wonder. He made his first professional appearance in one of the early stage units organized in California for motion picture theatres, and was playing stock when he made his radio debut over an Oakland station in 1925, a sort of punctuation mark for the three years of stage work preceding his joining the NBC studios. . . . Happily married to Betty Jourdain, a former dancer, Mr. Peary has built a home in a one acre walnut grove near Encino, Cal., where Fibber McGee is mayor. Peary, at home, contemplates his life and pronounces it okay!



Hal Peary's been in radio since '25.



The Aldrich Family

Now that Ezra Stone is enacting the realistic role of U. S. A. Sergeant, red-headed, freckle-faced Norman Tokar has inherited the Henry Aldrich mantle which Ezra so becomingly wore for nearly five years. First in Clifford Goldsmith's engaging stage play, *What a Life*, then in the radio serial that has earned a warm welcome for *The Aldrich Family* in millions of American homes. . . . Understudy to Ezra in the play, Norman had only one fling at the part, and that was when Eddie Bracken, the road company's Henry, was briefly silenced by a cold in Philadelphia. Came casting time for the supporting roles in the radio show, starring Ezra, and *What a Bleat Life* for Norman—his voice was too-too much like Ezra's! No mental slouch, the young Mr. Tokar paused for thought, invented the befuddled, mumble-mouthed character named Willie—and scored a direct hit. An affable lad, also ambitious, Norman writes radio scripts in his spare time. His dad's a contractor; home town is Newark, New Jersey. . . . And here's Aldrich's pal, Homer—Jackie Kalk to his personal pals. Squeaky-voiced, pop-eyed Jackie was looking-glass play-acting when he was five. Three years later, it was real footlight make-believing with Madge Kennedy. Fannie Brice nabbed him to play Oving in *The Cohens*, and 1934 found him on the screen with Cary Grant and Loretta Young in *Born to Be Bad*. Since then he's had dozens of radio plays to his credit. . . . Father and Mother Aldrich are played by Texas-born, stage-trained House Jameson and Tennessee-born, ex-schoolmistress Katherine Raht. . . . Mighty fine folks, the Aldriches!



Norman Tokar took over—and scored!

Abie's Irish Rose is Anne Nichols' brain child and, with tender care, she has fashioned radio personalities of the Murphys and Levys in her popular play (which ran on Broadway for six years). Because of her affection for the people of New York City's lower East Side, because she earnestly believes that prejudices can be done away with, she has poured her heart into these human episodes. And since she has an incredibly large heart, Abie's Irish Rose has an incredibly large following . . . For years, Anne Nichols lived there on the East Side, making friends with priests and rabbis, pushcart peddlers and bartenders, serious young students and pretty girls. She ate with them and drank with them and shared their happiness. "I love those people—they're so real and wonderful," she says. "I understand them." Once she knew a Jewish boy who married an Irish girl. They were disowned by their respective parents, until the arrival of a baby reunited the two families. From this situation, came the idea for Miss Nichols' hilarious but touching romance, Abie's Irish Rose. At least it appears to be a romance. It is really a plea for tolerance. And while there may have been more thrilling ones in history, there has never been a gentler plea to love your fellow-man. Perhaps it is too gentle for these times. But so long as there is an America there will be Anne Nichols—fighting bigotry . . . On the lighter side, we note that Clayton Collier Jr. plays Abie . . . While petite Mercedes McCambridge who portrays Rosemary Murphy Levy, was born, approximately, on St. Patrick's Day. American herself, she had four Irish grandparents, and is married to radio-writer Bill Fifeild.



Alan Reed, Miss McCambridge, Walter Kinsella.

22 years on the air for Gosden and Correll,



Amos 'n' Andy (Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll) radio debuted on one of those experimental stations back in 1920. "The kind," Correll explains, "that used to go on the air if someone would telephone in, just so he could test his receiving set. And boy, were we a hit!" he chuckles. But the boys really broadway those days, as a singing team. "We even made records," boasts Freeman. "Why in one music store, our recording 'Georgian' was all sold out. Did we think we were something! That is until we found—well." The fellows look at you sadly—"On the other side of the disc was a wonderful Gene Austin!" . . . Their A 'n' A broadcasts are so spontaneous they sometimes put themselves on the spot. Frinstance, there's no rehearsal unless Madaline Lee (Miss Blue) is to play that night. Charlie and Freeman simply talk out an outline and then with C, at the typewriter and F, pacing around the room, they work up a script and go on the air. So once they write Miss Blue into a script and went gaily to a party. An hour before broadcast time, they stared at each other in horror. They'd forgotten Madaline was out of town! They whipped up another script with 15 minutes to spare! . . . They both love dogs and tropical fish. More than good friends, they've shared glad times and sad times. Charlie laughs when Freeman gives quarters to the bottom of a swimming pool; Freeman carried on when Charlie's baby died—took both parts for the rebroadcast. For 20 years, they've spent New Year's Eves together—At midnight, there's a solemn toast. We'd like to propose a sentimental one—"To Amos 'n' Andy, a couple of kinda nice guys."

The O'Neills are so many that we'll have to skim thru 'em, giving a couple of lines to each. First there's Ma O'Neill and that good lady is played by Kate McComb. Kate began her career at the age of six, reciting "This li'l piggie—" in French. Has wonderful white hair and writes poetry . . . Son Danny O'Neill is really Jimmy Tansley, who claims he was born in Omaha in 1910 in a theater trunk. He loves racing; throws a mean boxing glove . . . Then Peg O'Neill, the married daughter has a husband named Monte. Monte's Chester Stratton. During acting lay-offs, Chef's driven trucks, sold washing machines and worked his way to Europe on an oil tanker. At 10, he fell in love with the bareback rider in a circus; the circus sent him home . . . Peg O'Neill also has two children, Janice and Eddie. Who are respectively Janice Gilbert and Jimmy Dannelly. They've become so well-known as the O'Neill brother-and-sis team, they're often asked to handle similar roles in other sketches. Janice is 19; does a crying infant or a 16-year-old with equal ease. Jimmy's the crew-cut type—sweat shirts and a second hand car you can't see for the gadgets . . . Now comes Mr. Levy, the gentleman who helped Ma O'Neill raise her fatherless brood. He's portrayed by Jack Rubin and the miracle is that Jack Rubin's an actor at all. For as a little boy, a practical-joking London bobby gave him a fright which caused him to be struck dumb for over a year! Interesting fact: He was welterweight wrestling champ of the A.E.F. in World War I . . . And most fascinating of all is Jane West. She writes and acts on the O'Neill's!

Ma (Kate McComb) O'Neill and her radio brood



Left to right are Vic, Unk, Sade, and Rush.



Vic and Sade are small town. With their son, Rush, they are the folks in "the little house up on the next block." And their everyday experiences remind listeners of all the tiny things they have ever laughed at or cried over, in their own lives. It's warm, human stuff . . . Vic, in real life, is Art Van Harvey, a gentleman who spent his boyhood dreaming of elephants and big tops and heavenly glittering spangles! Alas, cruel fate (aided by Momma and Poppa) made him an office-boy to the tune of \$3 a week. But though he spent 20 years in the business world, he never stopped dreaming of a theatrical career. Came the crash, and whoops, he was acting! For bread. He thinks he's found his niche in Vic. Is crazy about sturgeon [only actors can afford it] and is a bridge bug. Art's favorite entertainment? "Are you kiddin'?" he grins. "It's still the circus" . . . Bernadine Flynn, who's been Sade since 1932, still considers the part the luckiest break of her career. She appeared in plays of the U, at Wis, with classmate Don Ameche. She's married to a doctor, has two sons. She knits and she has big brown eyes and the cools, umm, something wonderful—What more need be said? . . . If you notice someone around NBC pulling his ear when he sneezes, he's not crazy—he's just Rush. Or rather, superstitious William James Idelson. W.J. started his career at the age of 11, by snatching a part right out from under a hundred competitors' noses. And his dotting parents swear he talked profusely at nine months. Anyhow, since then, pun-crazy Billy has had many interesting experiences. Like the time he ordered a visitor out of the studio. The ordered-out visitor was an NBC exec!



Your grim "Host," Raymond Johnson's really a kindly soul who loves his hearth.

Leslie Woods survives these weekly horrors quite nicely.



INNER SANCTUM

● It is a cold night in the dead of winter. A wind howls down the deserted street, whines into the chimney. There is no moon. And inside, you are alone. Ladies and gentlemen, this is not the night for you to tune in "Inner Sanctum" on your portable. Listen to a sports rumorm; listen to some guy telling Jack Benny's old jokes; listen to the Quiz Kids, only for the sake of be- blind-to-your-nerves-and-relieve-the-strain-on-psychopathic-wards-week, stay away from the "Inner Sanctum." But of course, you won't pay any attention to us, so—Shh, a creaking slow sound—the opening of some secret door—the door to "Inner Sanctum." Its hinges are rusty; the mysteries that lie hidden behind it are very old. Mysteries of blood and greed, and suddenly, like a shriek in the night—MURDER! Step a little closer now. Just a little. And meet Raymond. Have you met Raymond before? He is your host of "Inner Sanctum." He is an eerie voice from out of the depths of some forgotten tomb. Raymond's patter goes something like: "Ah, come right in and make yourselves at home. Now, now, a few ghosts aren't going to scare you. Everyone knows that a ghost is just an old dead body, just a corpse. And a corpse can't hurt you, can it? Or can it, hmm?" This introduction, guaranteed to make you think Raymond a lovable sort of fiend, is followed by several evil-sounding chuckles. After that, comes the gruesome story scheduled for the particular evening, and from then—you're strictly on your own, kids. Don't come screaming to us ... And while you're listening, entranced, to horror-bis killings, give a thought to the man behind 'em. Meaning HI Browns. He's the mastermind of these thrillers. A mere 32 years old, he's been in radio for 15, and has produced and directed over 15,000 broadcasts. He once had 35 shows going each week! The listening public knows nothing of him, though. Matter of fact, he's a puzzle within the radio industry itself. Answers his own mail, never has had an office (but neither can you reach him at home), and is kept posted by means of a message service which relays his phone calls to him. How this amazing service keeps up with him in his daily peregrinations, is a mystery worthy of "Inner Sanctum." He's tall, dark, and uh huh, handsome. Wants to be an actor. And might have been a lawyer but he flunked his bar exam, for which he is now "most grateful." ... As for Raymond [Raymond E. Johnson], we are told he's really a good guy and tho we don't believe it, pass the info along to you, for what it's worth. They claim he's a "country squire at heart; loves music—Dorsey, Stowkowski, etc." But, and listen carefully, his most prized possession is a bronze death-mask of Beethoven. So there. Well, as Raymond says, "Goodby all, and er, don't kill your friends—they won't like you."

DO YOU listen to "Mr. District Attorney"? If you do, then you know that crime does not pay. "Mr. District Attorney" who is "champion of the people" puts you straight on that point in short order. He has found out, however what does pay. All you have to do is grow up to be "Mr. District Attorney" on the radio. If this is impossible, then try any other radio personage. Jay Jostyn, who plays "Mr. D. A.", set a record in such personages. In one week, he appeared in 36 script shows as 48 people! Only six years in the business, but people marvel "Boy, is that guy versatile. You could populate a good-size village with the characters he's played!" . . . He remembers, when he was a kid, his father painting scenery for the parish's annual "Passion Play" and little Jay watching, getting some thrill of "theatre", wishing he could have a part in all the excitement. Maybe even then, smelling greasepaint in those colored flats. Years later, Jay himself appeared in the same play. . . . After he grew up a bit, he went to Marquette University, with the very best of intentions. But actors can't help being actors. Regular school work didn't go so well, and at the end of two years, he left. He straightaway entered dramatic school at the Wisconsin Conservatory of Music, where he studied under Herbert and Estelle Fielding. . . . And at 19, got a break. He met the famous Oscar O'Shea (of the stock company). Now O'Shea hated, despised, loathed and abhorred dramatic schools, the which he explained in extremely plain language to young Mr. Jostyn. Quaking, Jay performed. O'Shea glared accusingly. "Been to dramatic school, haven't you—" Poor Jay nodded. Whereupon O'Shea grunted, "Well, I think you got

out just in time. You'll do." Jay neither fainted nor faltered but went on to tour with the O'Shea company and other groups, throughout the far West and Canada for several years. And he might have been lauring yet, but that a Los Angeles station executive [whose way of uncovering talent was to sit through a play with his eyes screwed tightly shut, and his ears wide open] persuaded him to do a radio show. And apparently he liked the work. Anyhow, he's been in it ever since. In it up to his neck even. Cast your eye upon these: "Renfrew of the Mounted", "This Day is Ours", "Second Husband", "Gang Busters", "Seth Parker", and only heaven knows how many one-time assignments he's handled in addition to these serials. . . . Mr. Jostyn's most difficult task as an actor? Well—"It sure is hard for me to look like a villain." The funny thing is that he's almost never given a romantic part—In Hollywood, they'd turn him into a glamour-boy double quick. This doesn't worry him though. "I always prefer character roles," he says. [Oh, you know what's a character role—"The Ancient Mariner", "King Lear".] Now you come to "Mr. D. A.'s" own personality. You're in for a shock. Did you ever hear of an actor who was calm and reserved, before? Well, perhaps we did, too, but you've got to admit they're rare. This particular one likes cultured, quiet people, and roast lamb. And while on the subject of lamb, he is one of the favored few to be a member of the exclusive and very unusual "Lombs Club" of New York. He likes, furthermore, turquoises, soft music, and oh yes, the theatre. And his favorite quotation is "This above all—to thine own self be true"—which isn't half-bad, even if Hamlet said it first.

Mr. District Attorney



Mr. D. A., with cohorts Vicki Vola and Leonard Doyle—champions of the people.



John J. Anthony grapples with a cross-section of woe.

● Would you like to pour out your grievances to some sympathetic ear? Have you got a broken heart? Or even a badly battered one? Do you have an in-law problem? There are thousands of people in these United States, who are yearly faced with domestic and personal difficulties, and who bring them to John J. Anthony. He runs one of the strangest businesses in the world. It deals with human troubles. From his lofty seat in the Good Will Court, over which he presides every week, Mr. Anthony hears more of the faults and failings of your fellow creatures than you ever suspected existed. Here are found all sorts of cases. Amusing

THE GOOD WILL HOUR

cases where Joe who wants to be a lawyer is dominated by Momma who wants him to be a doctor. [Amusing except to Joe.] Tragic cases—The stories of divorced couples and their children; children torn between two loves and two loyalties; their parents not knowing what to do—There are terribly personal things—marriages of mixed faiths; questions of "the other woman"; and there are cases of money, money, money always and forever. Of course, in any venture of this sort, all sorts of peculiar people are bound to turn up. Like the woman who stated that she had a mentally deficient brother. Now she was thinking, well you see, it was like this—she had a friend who had a mentally deficient sister, and since both her brother and her friend's sister were drops on their respective families—well she was thinking, why not let them get married? "Are you insane?" was the question put to her in a mild tone of voice. Why of course she wasn't insane, why the very idea—"Well then," and this time the question was fairly skated at her, "Why do you want to marry these two unfortunate? Do you particularly want to see them unhappy? Or," and this time he almost whispered, "do you propose to start a race of feeble-minded people?" We never did find out what she decided to do, but obviously a race of feeble-minded people could have nicely used her as a starter. Fortunately, such characters are rare. For the most part, the people heard on the Good Will Hour are normal but unhappy human beings. They are the little people; often too poor, who work along trying to figure out which way to happiness, willing to take advice if it will help them. They come with small troubles and great sorrow, petty grievances and deep hurts. . . . And often they go away comforted. For Mr. Anthony has fought their battle all his life. As a boy, he planned to make law his work, and when he started legal study, found inequalities in the marital laws of the country—inequalities due to a lack of understanding by the lawmakers. He studied law as applied to marriage and divorce abroad, delving into psychology and psychoanalysis. He did welfare work, toured the country lecturing, writing books, crusading for changes in the laws that govern marriage and divorce. And out of his vast experience with human problems, has come the compassion and understanding with which he helps those who seek his aid, and sends them forth with a new confidence.

OUR SECRET WEAPON

● You would assault in rage, anyone who accused you of being a fifth columnist. "Who, me?" Yeah, you. Sure you buy your 10% of War Bonds, and maybe you pool your car or eat less sugar—so you're a patriot! Not so fast—Have you ever once thought, "we can't win this war?" Have you ever doubted the value of what American boys are dying for? Have you believed any Axis propaganda whatsoever? If you're guilty, watch out! Because this is a war of propaganda; a war of nerves. And Axis propaganda is a vicious weapon. Its poison is deadly subtle. For instance: Perhaps you do not agree with Britain's treatment of India. The Indian peoples have been exploited by imperialistic England and you in America cannot bear the thought. Hail Freedom! Wasn't that why our forefathers fought the Revolution? O.K., so loyal American citizens hold meetings, take ads in newspapers advocating "Freedom for India!" etc. It reads well, but—it's the very thing the fifth column wants you to do! They've told you that India was badly treated [and that may be quite true] but they've neglected to add to the tale such gems as: Gandhi has given his solemn word that upon India's receiving independence, all the native troops will be disbanded. This would leave thousands of American and British soldiers there, to be brutally slaughtered by the Japs. And in addition, our so frank disapproval tends to separate us from our ally, England. [Points recently made by Dorothy Thompson.] Thus we sabotage ourselves according to Axis plan. . . . This all leads up to the story of a man who saw through Axis propaganda nine years ago. He is Rex Stout, famous author and "Lila Detective." An authority on this subject of propaganda, he says that the history of Axis lies can be traced back to one perpetrated nine years ago. For the idea, then set rolling by the Nazis about the "un-

fairness" of the Versailles Treaty, was disproved by one fact—the Germans piled up three billion dollars' worth of investments in the U. S. in the years following World War I. . . . Mr. Stout gathers material for his program by daily readings of transcripts of all foreign broadcasts. Government sources send him reports on Jap propaganda heard on the Pacific Coast, and from CBS, he gets reports on the shortwave listening posts. He says "It isn't hard to find Axis lies to expose"—and grins ruefully, "There are so darn many lies I can't decide which ones to talk about!" He goes on, "I've read millions of words of it since 1933, and since that first lie, I've known that Americans would again have to kill Germans. Our enemies spend more than a half billion dollars a year, spreading lies. Here," he says bitterly, "we eat steaks and fried chicken and carry on heated arguments. Why shouldn't we argue? There's enough energy in a pound of steak to keep a guy arguing for hours." He gives it to you straight—"The Greek mothers are not arguing. There is nothing left to argue about after you have watched the trucks carrying all the food away and you sit with your starving child on your lap!" . . . Here's a little about this Rex Stout, a man who says what he thinks. He's lean, hard, and active. He is, of course, the creator of that lazy genius, Nero Wolfe. But once he was only an office boy with dreams. Then he managed a hotel, joined the navy, became a banker and married Paula Hoffman, a Viennese designer. They've two daughters. . . . Summing up the propaganda situation, he says, "The Nazis believe that lies will win the war for them." And adds, "Or maybe it is a desperate hope—a hope that they can spread confusion among their enemies." But, Rex Stout, propaganda fighter extraordinary, is right in there, trading blows with the worst of 'em.



Rex Stout, author and lie detective, conducts a weekly expose of Axis and fifth column propaganda.





GLENN MILLER graduated from "The Aldrich Family" to Uncle Sam's "This Is The Army." He was recently made a Staff Sergeant.



GLENN MILLER poses before Army Headquarters where he was sworn in on September 10. The "King" is Captain now!



ORNITH TUCKER gave up a handsome road tour for the current season, broke up his orchestra to enlist in the Navy.



EDDY DUCHIN doffed his white tie and tails for the Navy Blue. Duchin was commissioned a Lieutenant last summer.



ARTIE SHAW is another new Navy man. He's been leading a service band since last May.



SERGEANT GENE AUTRY continues his weekly stint on CBS, but "The Melody Ranch" has been taken over by the Air Corps. He'll dramatize exploits of our Flying heroes.



Called to the **COLORS**

JUDY VALLERIE, a bronzed Chief Petty Officer in the Coast Guard, can still be heard Thursdays with Joan Davis.

To those who think LEARNING MUSIC is hard...

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And you're never in hot water. First, you are told how a thing is done. Then a picture shows you how, then you do it yourself and hear it. No private teacher could make it clearer or easier.

Soon when your friends say "please play something" you can surprise and entertain them with pleasing melodies on your favorite instrument. You'll find yourself in the spotlight—popular everywhere. Life at last will have its silver lining and lonely hours will vanish as you play the "dopes" away.

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