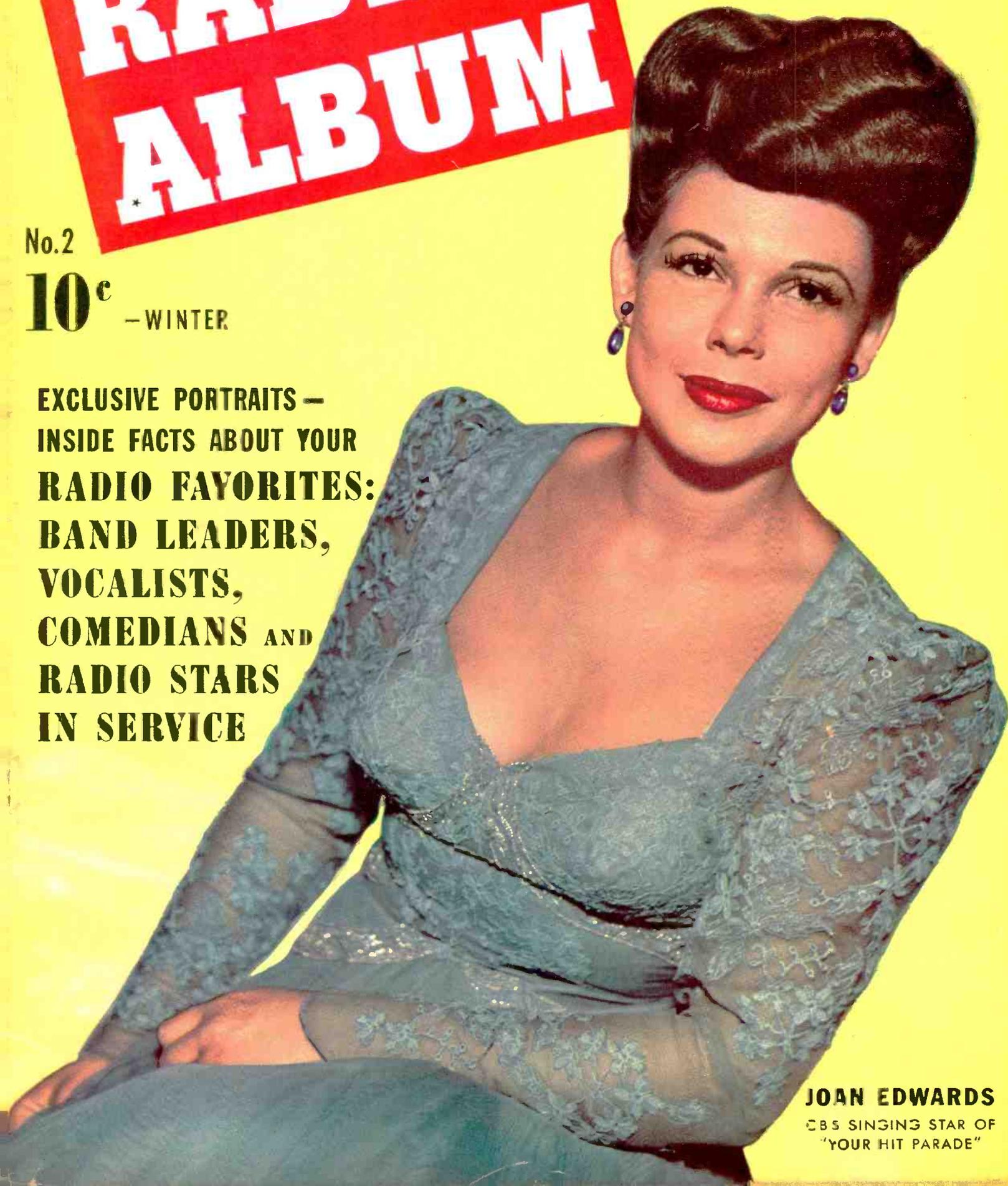


RADIO ALBUM

No.2

10^c — WINTER

**EXCLUSIVE PORTRAITS —
INSIDE FACTS ABOUT YOUR
RADIO FAVORITES:
BAND LEADERS,
VOCALISTS,
COMEDIANS AND
RADIO STARS
IN SERVICE**



JOAN EDWARDS

CBS SINGING STAR OF
"YOUR HIT PARADE"



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YOU CAN BE MORE BEAUTIFUL,
CHARMING AND POPULAR AT ONCE!

WIN LOVE, SOCIAL PLEASURES and HAPPINESS

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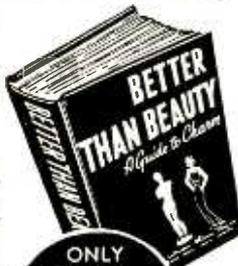
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3. Secrets of Smart Hair-styling.
4. Hands can tell a tale; manicuring.
5. Your feet should be admired.
6. Carriage, posture, walking, ac. Quiring grace and ease.
7. Do you sit correctly?
8. What you should weigh.
9. Table of Average Weights.
10. If you are fat, how to reduce safely, easily.
11. If you are thin, putting on weight.
12. Does one have to exercise?
13. Assuring personal cleanliness and hygiene; check list.
14. Take care of your teeth.
15. How much sleep do you need?
16. She Walks in Beauty.
17. When is a woman smartly dressed? Knows her type—never overdressed—never conscious of clothes—yet with certain verve and dash.
18. How to effect certain optical illusions to appear taller or shorter, thinner or rounder.
19. If you are very short, here is what you can do; fabrics, colors, types and clothes to wear; accessories. Action and manners, too.
20. How to dress if you are very tall.
21. If you are stout, besides trying to lose weight, here's what else to do and not to do. Don't wear tight clothes, tiny hats, small things. Here are best colors, fabrics, styles for you!
22. The normal figure woman; how to select the most becoming clothes; what goes with what.
23. Building your wardrobe, plan—don't plunge. Building around what you need most, adding endless variety.
24. Accessories are important relating to several costumes.
25. Six rules for being well-groomed.
26. What men don't like in women's clothes or grooming.
27. How to achieve that well-dressed appearance that makes people notice you.

SECTION II—WHAT TO DO TO IMPROVE YOUR RELATIONS WITH OTHERS.

28. How to meet people in cordial and poised manner—when to shake hands, what to say.

29. What a smile can do; laughter.
30. Adding interest to your voice.
31. Looking at other people with open mind.
32. Your troubles are your own; don't spread your woes.
33. The art of conversation. Don't be a tangent talker; omit the terrible details; brevity still soul of wit.
34. Nothing duller than walking encyclopedia; insert own opinions and ideas; avoid useless chatter.
35. How to be interesting talker.
36. Listen with mind as well as ears.
37. Do People like you more as time goes on?
38. How to overcome shyness and self-consciousness.
39. How to develop physical and mental appeal.
40. What to do if your husband flirts; if someone's husband flirts with you.
41. Having a good time at a party.
42. When dining out, two or a crowd, formal or casual.
43. How are your telephone manners?
44. Write the sort of letters you would like to receive.
45. Shopping, pleasure or ordeal?
46. Manners and clothes of yesterday compared to those of today.
47. Some age-old problems and their answers: To kiss or not to kiss; to drink or not; can a woman visit a man's apartment; can you invite a man to your room?
48. Don't be a martyr-type; out of fashion to enjoy poor health, or sacrifice life for children, parents, etc.
49. The wishy-washy deity is burden to herself and others; let people know your likes and dislikes.
50. How to handle the question of money matters: with husband, friends, etc.
51. Help, help, what's the answer? Should you let prospective beau take you to 55c theatre seats or to orchestra only? Does he fail to bring flowers because he is stingy, thoughtless or impoverished? When he asks you where to go, should you name a tea room or expensive supper club? When he asks you what you want for a gift, should you say, "nothing" or "Guerin's Perfume"? etc., etc.
52. Those difficult forties and fifties—the change of life.
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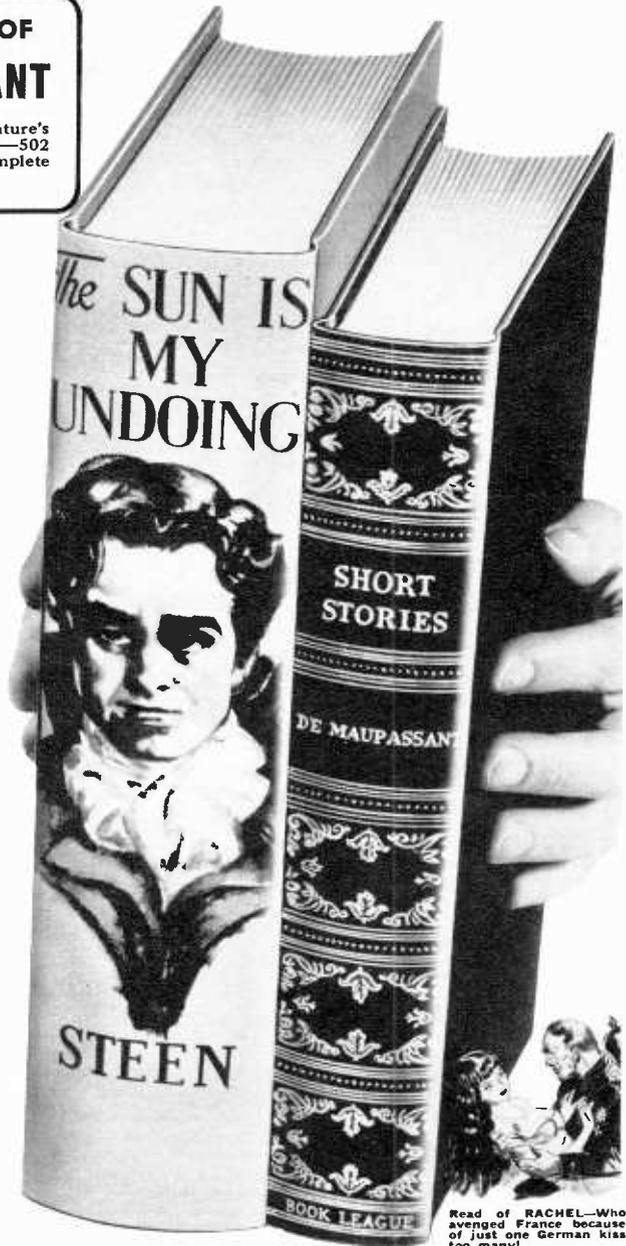
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● The boys who have to grease their brogans to slide into a six-inch peg may prefer Miller or James or Kyser for certain kinds of ballroom jive. But hustle them up to a handy juke box, and the nickel goes in every time for Tommy Dorsey's big brother 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 cranies into the Darsey Novelty Six, and was off to a Baltimore honky tank engagement before Pa Darsey could get up a head of steam. The Novelty Six piddled along on two cylinders, became Darsey's Wild Canaries. Each man knocked off a hot \$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 smaky 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 Bix 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 greenstuff around like a drunken sailor. But no big time name band can stand two bosses. In 1936, headstrong Tommy stalked off the Meadowbrook (N. J.) bandstand to build a band of his own around the sliphorn 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 dotes 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 won 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 soured up, she could make a neat living dancing . . . Handsome Bob Eberle comes of a Hoosick Falls (N. Y.) musical family, banged 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.

JD lives his music; on the chromium bandstand with Bob Eberle or home instructing his 11-year-old daughter Julie Lou.

Jimmy Dorsey

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



TWENTY-SEVEN years ago, the Milwau, 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 hepcat by just naming him after one. Woodrow Wilson Herman 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 hepcats would be swinging to. The folks back home were proud of their musical wunderkind, 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 moths 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 "Herman'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 Grey, Frisco-born honey blonde, Billie Rogers, one of the world's few lady trumpeters, Drummer Frank Carlson, a Bronx boy who beats a mean skin; Saxie Mansfield, tenor sax; Trombonist Neal Reid, a "growl" stylist; Pianist Tommy Linehon, solid in the boogie beats.



Torchy Carolyn Grey 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, tarrid, 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 hepchick's dream man was billed at 6 as "The Human Eel." Not strange tho. Mom was a trapeze 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? Li'l 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 at 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 Houston that made him a real musician. When movies pulled the curtain down an 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 racked with the realization

that something new had been added to the grooviest swing in the world. Success! Listen! 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 man, is an easy-going guy who dotes on burnt steaks, fried chicken—and baseball. Matter of fact, 18-year-old "Corky" 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 an 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 totes on every tour are hand-tailored, drape the long lean James torso like another 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 KHJ, Hollywood, 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.



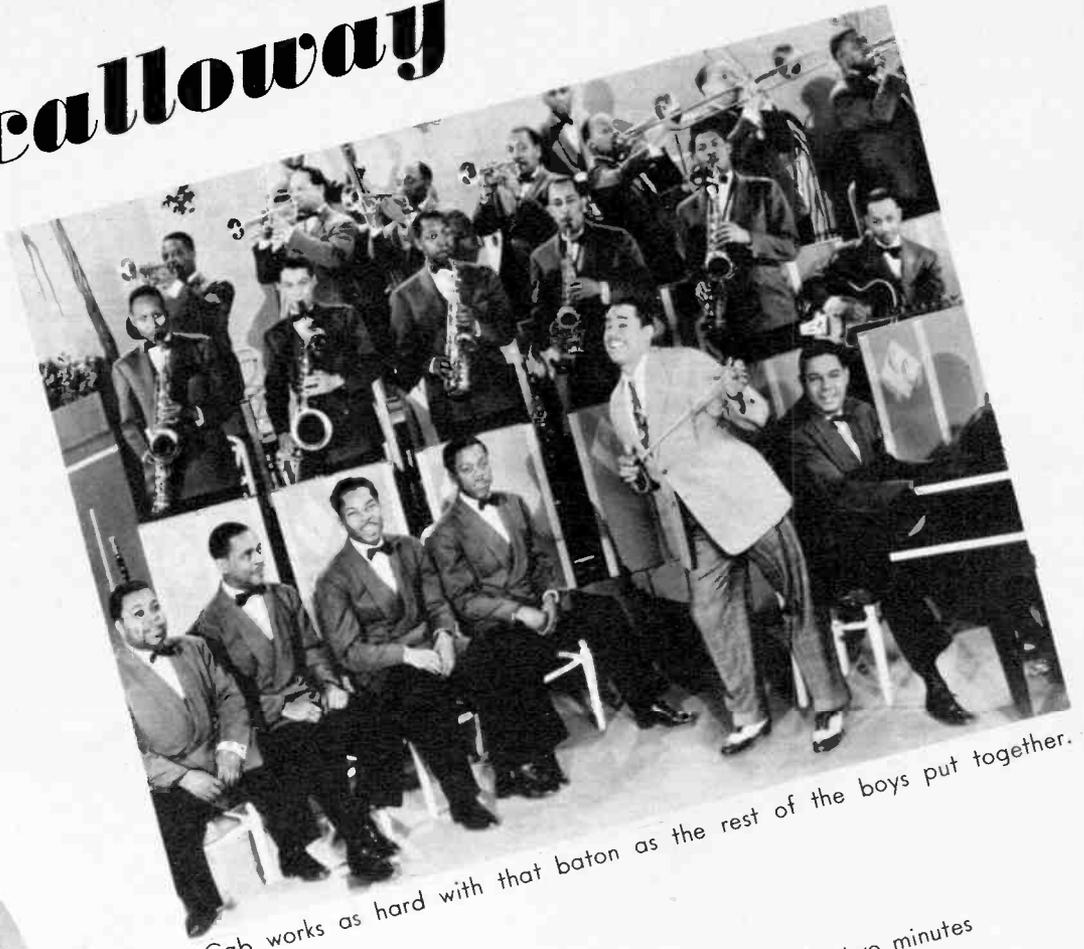
Rey first played his guitar 12 years ago.



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.

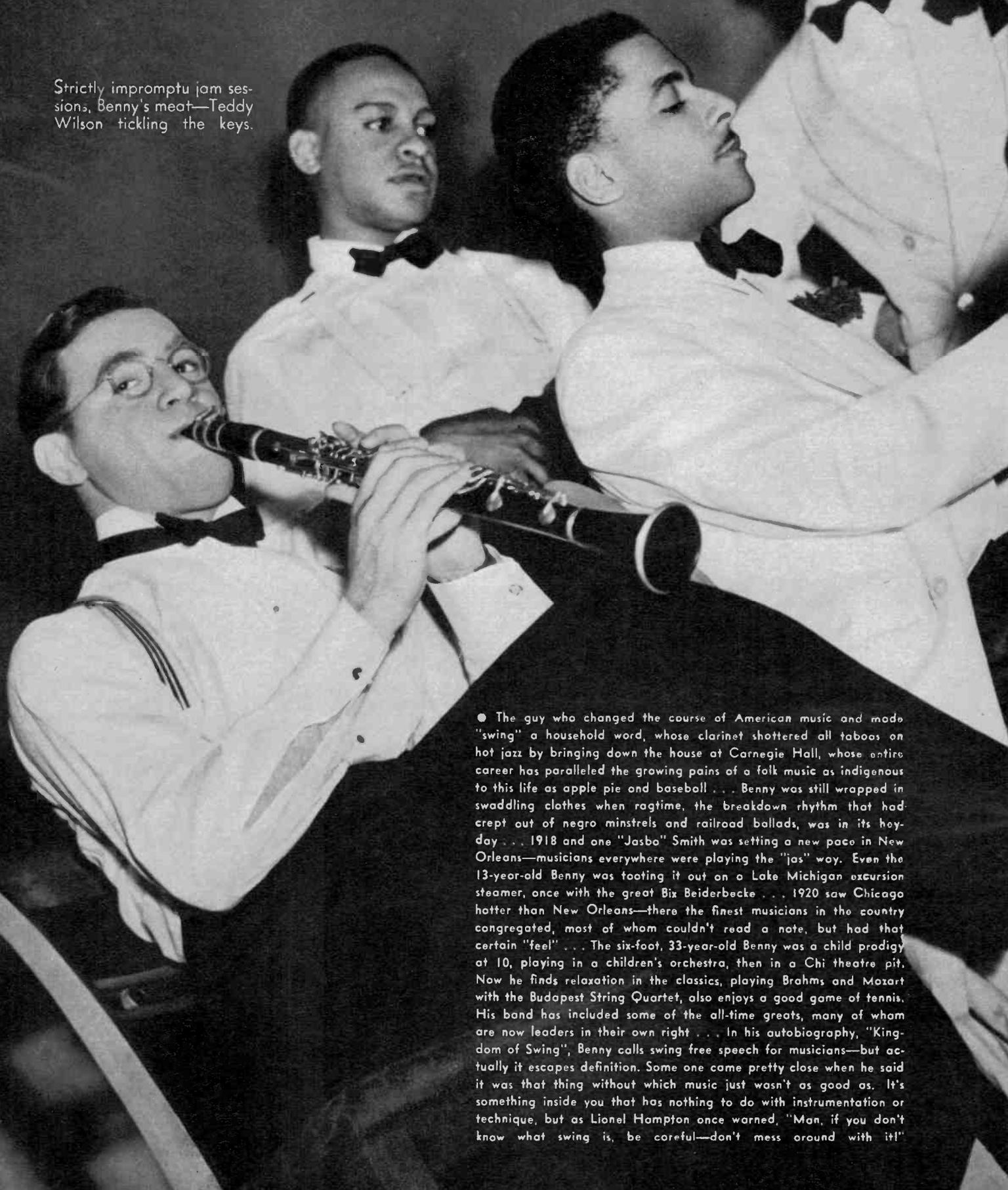
The four Cabaliers first scored in New England.



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 bringing 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 minstrels and railroad ballads, was in its heyday . . . 1918 and one "Jasbo" Smith was setting a new pace in New Orleans—musicians everywhere were playing the "jas" way. Even the 13-year-old Benny was tooting it out on a Lake Michigan excursion steamer, once with the great Bix Beiderbecke . . . 1920 saw Chicago hotter than New Orleans—there the finest musicians in the country congregated, most of whom couldn't read a note, but had that certain "feel" . . . The six-foot, 33-year-old Benny was a child prodigy at 10, playing in a children's orchestra, then in a Chi theatre 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 one came 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 Bing.



Rehearsing special show with Connee 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 those Bobcats with their uninhibited dixieland 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 yen to sing himself, but the first time he was up to bat he struck out with a ditty called "Has Anyone Seen My Gal". '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 Weeks heard him on a walkathon broadcast and promptly signed him with his band, where Bob was late for the opening on account of not knowing how to work 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 Bobcats 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.

Kay

Kyser's

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 Meyer Davis were only other baton-wielders paying this tune. But critics like Kyser style. So do radio's faithful; the people whose opinions became Crosley ratings. Kay'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 coasters! 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 Kay's auditions. . . . Kyser talents were first exercised at University of North Carolina; assisting 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. Collegians—kids 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 Duning and comedian Merwyn (Ish Kabibble) Bogue were part of the original six-man outfit. Gandeas, pianist, and Lloyd Snow, bass player, matriculated 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 ol' feelin' for each other—and maybe? . . . C'mon, chillun, le's dance!



Merwyn Bogue's his real name.



Kay's shirts rival the fabulous shirts.



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 flight 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 Mahoney 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 Spivac and Ray 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 "Song 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 waxing 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 railroad 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.



Four of a kind. Those tall, dark, and lovely Lee Sisters are featured with Vaughn's orchestra.



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. Blond, six footer Vaughn Monroe has shot up to nation-wide prominence since he left Jock 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 Jeanette, 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 rhumba." 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 Lanny Ross on "Your Hit Parade." A brother of Barney 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



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



Maestro "Hot Lips" Levine is now in khaki.

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 Camps. 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 Taft. 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 Rhumbo Revue." Five-feet-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.

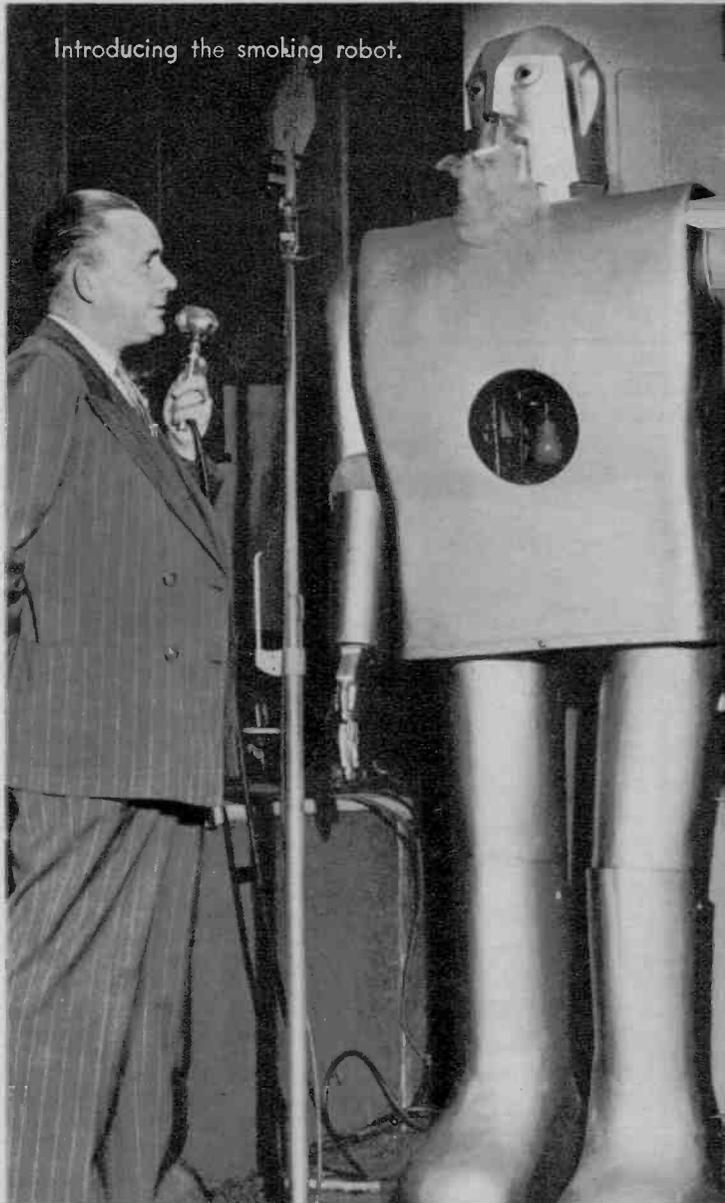
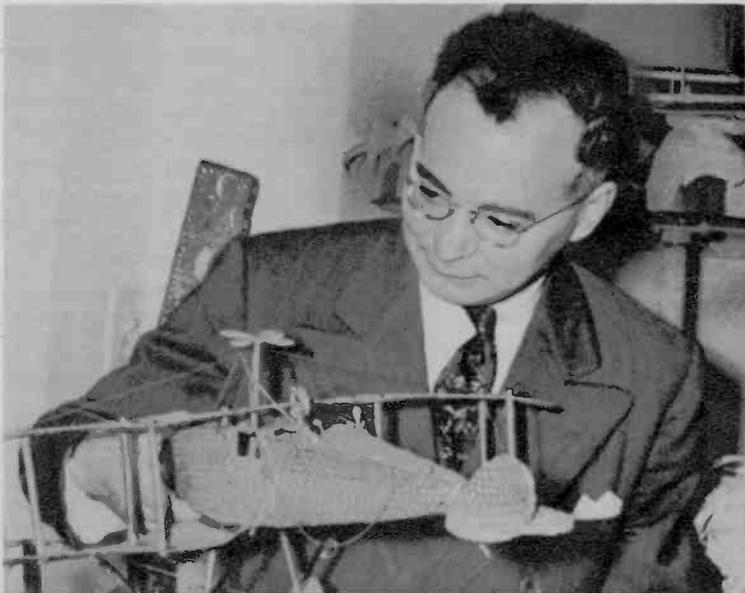
Cugat's also been a news-
paperman and an artist.

CAMEL

Caravan

● The time is any Saturday night at 8:30, a ringing telephone is heard, and a young announcer named Tip Cornings 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. Titring 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 impresario 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.



Mrs. Davis' snore-muffler.



DAVE ELMAN AIRS 'HOBBY LOBBY'

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 get 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 Cohan 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 Arnstein 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 Angastura 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 both 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 same squeaky-voiced, hesitant, lovable comic.

Fanny Brice and Frank Morgan

FOR nine long gruelling months in Alaska, Trinidad, England and Ireland, Al Jolson sang and clowned, 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 cueing 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 Yoelson, who had fled St. Petersburg, Russia, to the New World with his baby son, wanted the little Asa to be a cantor—a singer of his people's ancient songs. The bright-eyed boychik had different ideas, ran himself skinny after every passing band. At 14 he was ballyhooing 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 crooned and moaned a wailing obbligato to the thumping jazzmania of the 20's. Al's triumphant career laces the pattern of that mad period like a bright ribbon. When talkies greased the skids under vaudeville, he made "The Jazz Singer," planted those 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 Bar" to strut and croon before the cameras. He'd had his own theater on 59th Street when the cinema was creeping out of nickel joints to plush Broadway palaces. And still another new medium—radio

—was a set-up for the St. Petersburg waif who might have made some synagague 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. . . . Parkykarus, 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 present name, now trademarked, was born out of a gag-bred Greek character who "ran" for mayor of Boston. The belly laughs of listeners to Eddie 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—an 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," "Nice Going" and "Louisiana Purchase" and hot-footed to Hollywood for a neat Universal contract. "I should be a bigger star than Garbo," she cracks, "I wear bigger shoes."

Jolson brings a little bit of home to the distant AEF overseas; Al's just back from a singing tour of the outest outposts.





Carol Bruce.



"Parkyakarkus" gets hep.



The Mammy singer at home.



THE AL JOLSON SHOW

● Kate Smith's 235 pounds of charm have made her a millionaire 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 needn'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 vaudevillian 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

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 abassamento 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, juke 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.

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- lanes. 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 McNeigh, 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.



LOWER BASIN STREET



Rubber-faced WPA artist Mostel took his life-of-the-party routines to Broadway and found himself a national character overnight!



The ensemble is now led by Lavalle.

SERIOUS-MINDED alligators don't, as a rule, dig the kind of jive they dish out every week on the Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street half 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 far wondering. That is, until Dr. Henry "Hot Lips" Levine and his Dixieland Octet come in on the southland beam or Maestro Paul Lavalle starts slicing hunks out of the living room rug. Henry, alas, is in the army now, after working his way, trumpet in one hot, 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 snatch 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 Barefoot Philharmonic, but Maestro Lavalle 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 Julliard clarinet scholarship did what family arguments couldn't. Before tying up with NBC, he played with Paul Ash, Dave Rubinoff, and for the early Cantor broadcasts. Still a career high spot to Paul is the time Toscani demanded his saxophone services for an NBC Symphony broadcast, then, after a solo passage from Moussorgsky's "Pictures at 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 Dinah Shore to glory and is 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 unknown comedian began panicking the regular customers with some pure and unadulterated specimens of wackery. "I was born," claims Zero Mostel, "in the station wagon section of Brownsville (Brooklyn), a gunshot away from Murder, Inc." Real name was Sammy, but "Zero" fitted his report card better. Insists he majored in swimming at CCNY, and that all the class crapshooters 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 "Senator Phineas T. Pellagra" bellow: "What I want to know is, WHAT THE HELL WAS HAWAII DOING IN THE PACIFIC!" Zero had long been testing his "one toot a half-a-toot" take-off on Durante and similar insanities on men's room habits. 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 "DuBarry Was a Lady" is a success. No telling where Zero 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 wizardry . . . 7-year-old Ruth Duskin is, at this writing, doing all right for herself and the Shakesperian 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 364 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 Darrow is only nine.



Those five junior-size masterminds drop into City Hall for a heart-to-heart chat with New York's Mayor LaGuardia.



The Baron and "Sharlie," back on the air after four years.

ALIAS THE BARON

Jack Pearl came back to the Mutual networks on October 14th, thanks to

the Schenley-sponsored Cresto Blanca Carnival program . . . Cliff (Vas 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. Stokowski 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 Munchausen to Alias the Baron. But the funnyman 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!

JACK BENNY & CO.

● Holding down the Number One spot as America's favorite funster 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 Seamen'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 ranneth 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 naw, but for years he used to carry it wistfully but silently back and farth every performance. . . . Natoriously 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 ceegar. Off-stage he and Mary relax with their adapted 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 palate-teaser, cold asparagus aazing 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 everything he likes as "marvelous", and he likes sa 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.



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, said their humor was 90% visual—but a Kate Smith guest spot led them to get sewed up for five years anyway; and finally they turned down 8 Hollywood offers for some obscure reason before rolling half the country into the aisles with their first starring effort *Buck Privates* . . . 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; corny, they cheerfully admit, hoky, 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—candy 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 talkies 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.

Lou and Bud have been heckling each other for ten years.



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, cocky, altogether mon-of-the-world Charles McCarthy was once a pine cone bumbling 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 Laguara leper colony in Venezuela . . . All this took time, and when they reached home port, there was vaudeville, stuck behind the 8-ball, going pfft fast . . . so okay, what was wrong with nite-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 nite 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 guest star.



Breathless Skinny Ennis makes the music.



THE GUY with the medium-sized shoulders, black shoe-button eyes, and a nose like a Turkish slipper, leans forward and flashes his teeth at the microphone. "Those autograph haunts 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 khaki 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 enlist, too. Mrs. Hope—the former nitery singer Dolores Reade—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 lonely 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 gruelling entertainment hours at camps, shipyards and aircraft plants that would make the toughest swing shifter blench.

When Bob, Professor Colonna and Frances Langford visit the army camps, it's Christmas in July.



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-priced gag men sweat blood to make him radio's ace chump. Sounds fast and easy when he starts letting you have it. But figure it out: 39 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 Pepsodent by a song-and-dance vaude route. Dottie Lamour will always marvel that they pay her for the fun 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 gags 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—not 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 exalted 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 Marian 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 Jardans get same time off they haptail it to the nearest mountain for a back-woady 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 older, 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 trouper, 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 at \$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 dabbler of Wistful Vista is Mr. Efficiency himself in his duties as president of the Chamber of Commerce. . . . Both share a love for pong, 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 Man*, the colored character on the old *Spotlight Revue*? And *Uncle Hannibal* on the daily *Wheatenville* 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 Marlin*, *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.

House Jameson and Katherine Raht rule the Aldrich roost—they think.



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 Bleak Life* for Norman—his voice was taa-toa 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 Oiving 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!

SERIALS

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-es 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 Fifield.



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 breadwon 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. For instance, 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 wrote 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 glues 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 Years' 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 o 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 Tansey, 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 o husband named Monte. Monte's Chester Stratton. During octing lay-offs, Chet's driven trucks, sold washing machines ond worked his way to Europe on an oil tanker. At 10, he fell in love with the bareback rider in a circus; ran away to join the troupe—Anti-climax Dep't: The circus sent him home . . . Peg O'Neill also has two children, Janice, ond Eddie. Who are respectively Janice Gilbert and Jimmy Donnelly. 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 ond a second hand car you can't see for the gadgets . . . Now comes Mr. Levy, the gentleman who helped Ma O'Neill raise her fotherless brood. He's portroyed 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 at the U. of Wis. with classmate Don Ameche. She's married to a doctor, has two sons. She knits and she has big brown eyes and she cooks, 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 doting 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 exect



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 resume; listen to some guy telling Jack Benny's old jokes; listen to the Quiz Kids, only for the sake of be-kind-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—Ssh, 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-ble killings, give a thought to the man behind 'em. Meaning Hi Brown. 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 greaspaint 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 glored 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." Joy 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 touring 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 "Lambs 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 foibles 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 drags 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 shouted at her, "Why do you want to marry these two unfortunates? 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 sorrows, 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 disarmed. 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 "Lie 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 detector, conducts a weekly expose of Axis and fifth column propaganda.





GLENN MILLER poses before Army Headquarters where he was sworn in on September 10. The "King" is Captain now!

EZRA STONE graduated from "The Aldrich Family" to Uncle Sam's "This Is The Army." He was recently made a Staff Sergeant.



ORRIN 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

RUDY VALLEE, a bronzed Chief Petty Officer in the Coast Guard, can still be heard Thursdays with Joan Davis.



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—Mrs. G. A. W. E. M. M. E. R., Sedan, Kan., has sold several paintings. One small picture for \$25. (2/37)

\$93.95 IN SPARE TIME
—B. L. SNYDER of Scranton, Pa., earned this amount for spare time Art work, while taking our course. (7/39)

THANKS W. S. A. FOR JOB!

—J. BEAIRD of Columbus, Ga., credits our course as sole reason for job as Art Director in Advertising Agency. (9/41)



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RADIO ALBUM

contents

bands

Jimmy Dorsey.....	4
Woody Herman.....	6
Harry James.....	7
Alvino Rey.....	8
Cab Calloway.....	9
Benny Goodman.....	10
Bob Crosby.....	11
Kay Kyser.....	12
Tommy Dorsey.....	14
Vaughn Monroe.....	15

vocalists

Barry Wood, Joan Edwards.....	16
Beatrice Kay, Joe Howard.....	17
Dinah Shore.....	18
Kate Smith.....	19

variety

The Al Jolson Show.....	20
Fanny Brice, Frank Morgan.....	22
Hobby Lobby.....	23
The Camel Caravan.....	24
Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street.....	26
The Quiz Kids.....	28
Alias The Baron.....	29
The Kraft Music Hall.....	30

comedy

Red Skelton.....	32
Fred Allen.....	33
Jack Benny.....	34
Abbott and Costello.....	36
Bergen and McCarthy.....	37
Bob Hope.....	38
McGee and Mollie.....	40
The Great Gildersleeve.....	40
The Aldrich Family.....	41

serials

Abie's Irish Rose.....	42
Amos 'n' Andy.....	42
The O'Neills.....	43
Vic and Sade.....	43
Inner Sanctum.....	44
Mr. District Attorney.....	45

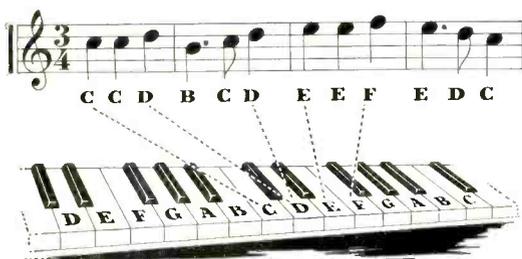
miscellaneous

The Good Will Hour.....	46
Our Secret Weapon.....	47
Stars in the Service.....	48

CHARLES SAXON, Editor • DIANE KEEDWELL, Associate Editor

To those who think LEARNING MUSIC is hard...

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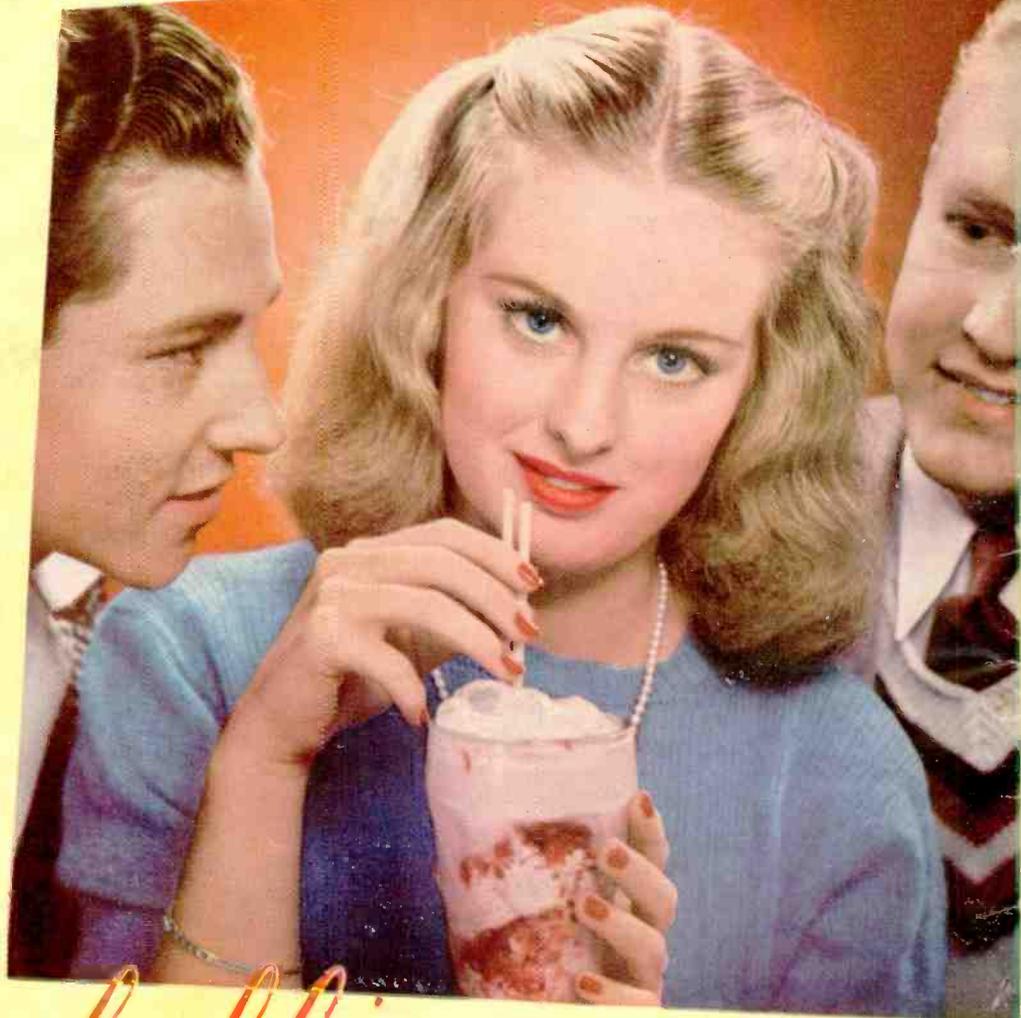
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