NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY, INC.
GENERAL LIBRARY
ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK, N. Y.
The SECRET STORY of SETH PARKER'S COMEBACK

Posed by
Virginia Verrill
Awaken love... Be utterly Irresistible

Awaken love with the lure men can't resist... exotic, tempting IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. It stirs senses... thrills... sets hearts on fire.

Use Irresistible Perfume and know the mad joy of being utterly irresistible. Men will crowd around you... paying you compliments... begging for dates. Your friends will envy your strange new power to win love.

For perfect make-up match your lipstick to your rouge. Irresistible rouge blends perfectly with your skin and actually stays on all day. Irresistible Lip Lure, the new different cream base lipstick, melts deep into your lips leaving no paste or film... just warm red, indelible color. Irresistible Face Powder is so satin-fine and clinging that it hides small blemishes and stays on for hours.

Be completely fascinating, use all the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Each has some special feature that gives you glorious new loveliness. Certified pure, Laboratory tested and approved. Only 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.
"OUTRAGEOUS!" Says MODERN SOCIETY

"SPLENDID!" Says THE MODERN DENTIST

IT ISN'T BEING DONE, BUT IT'S One Way TO PREVENT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

Can't you just hear the shocked whispers flash around a dinner table at her conduct?... "How terrible"... "How perfectly awful"... And they'd be right—from a social angle.

But your dentist would come to her defense—promptly and emphatically.

"That's an immensely valuable lesson in the proper care of the teeth and gums," would be his reaction... "Vigorous chewing, rougher foods, and more primitive eating generally, would stop a host of complaints about gum disorders—and about 'pink tooth brush.'"

For all dentists know that soft, modern foods deprive teeth and gums of what they most need—plenty of exercise. And of course, "pink tooth brush" is just a way your gums have of asking for your help, and for better care.

DON'T NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH!"
Keep your teeth white—not dingy. Keep your gums firm and hard—not sensitive and tender. Keep that tinge of "pink" off your tooth brush. And keep gum disorders—gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease far in the background.

Use Ipana and massage regularly. Every time you brush your teeth, rub a little extra Ipana into your gums. You can feel—almost from the first—a change toward new healthy firmness, as Ipana wakens the lazy gum tissue, and as new circulation courses through them.

Try Ipana on your teeth and gums for a month. The improvement in both will give you the true explanation of Ipana's 15-year success in promoting complete oral health.

IPANA PLUS MASSAGE is your dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.
“BILIOUSNESS AND HEADACHES MADE MY LIFE MISERABLE”

"Then I traded 3 minutes for Relief"

I experimented with all kinds of laxatives. Then I discovered FEEN-A-MINT. I traded three minutes for relief. Whenever I feel constipated, I chew delicious FEEN-A-MINT for three minutes. Next day I feel like a different person. Of course if you aren’t willing to spend three minutes—jarring “all-at-once” cathartics will have to do. But what a difference FEEN-A-MINT makes—no cramps, nothing to cause a habit. Try the three-minute way yourself… 15c and 25c a box.

ATTENTION, MOTHERS—FEEN-A-MINT is ideal for everybody, and how children love it!

LONGER if you chew it

better because you chew it

RADIO STARS

CURTIS MITCHELL, EDITOR
AIDAM LAMARQUE, ART EDITOR

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Cover by EARL CHIRSTY

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"ALL THAT I KNOW... I KNOW BY LOVE ALONE"

The heart of a man called to the heart of a woman. "We love", it said, "and love is all." Heart answered heart. With eyes open to what she was leaving forever behind her, she went where love called... to dark despair or unimaginable bliss. It is a drama of deep, human emotions, of man and woman gripped by circumstance, moved by forces bigger than they—a great drama, portrayed by players of genius and produced with the fidelity, insight and skill which made "David Copperfield" an unforgettable experience.

**FRIDDEE BARTHOLOMEW**
(You remember him as "David Copperfield")

*with MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN, MAY ROBSON, BASIL RATHBONE*

**CLARENCE BROWN'S**

Production

*A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture... Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK*
LEAGUE TALK
By Wilson Brown, Director

Willing workers among our members have asked me: "How can we be of service to radio and to the League?" That is a welcomed question for it is proof of the interest members have for the purpose of the League.

There is an article appearing elsewhere on this page telling how the League has come to the aid of a member in need of service in the matter of making suggestions and criticisms. Now let me suggest some other ways.

All of you have a favorite program, and you can do a double service if you try to influence your friends in it. First, you'll be doing those friends a favor. Second, you will be contributing a direct service to the sponsor in increasing his audience.

If you like the work of an artist, or if you particularly like a certain program, let that be known. Write letters! Until our master minds of the studios figure out some way of registering your smiles and frowns, the letters you write are the only indication artists and sponsors have of your reception. Such letters may be addressed to the artists in care of The Listeners' League of America, 140 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y., and they will be sent directly to the sponsors or artists.

When a sponsor asks you to buy his product, he figures you'll find it to be what he claims and maybe become a regular customer. So how about giving him a fifty-fifty chance? That is, try his product. If you like it, write and tell him exactly what you want. Too, you will be showing your appreciation of his program and the artists he has engaged to feature on that program.

By doing these things, you will show your interest in radio by direct services. And when you serve radio, you serve the League.

What else can you do to help? What if you've found the League to be what we claimed, maybe you'll be willing to boost it among your friends. Let them know about the work we are doing. Perhaps they will become members. As membership increases, so will the accomplishments.

MRS. CONNOR, BUFFALO, PRESIDENT OF LARGEST CHAPTER YET FORMED

She Got Together Sixty Persons to Form Chapter No. 1 of the Muriel Wilson Club

To Mrs. Crissie Connor of 106 Elm Street, Buffalo, N. Y., goes the honor of being the president of the largest chapter yet to be formed in the Listeners' League of America. Mrs. Connor organized and was elected president of sixty loyal Muriel Wilson followers and, being the first to form in behalf of the Showboat sponsor, was granted Chapter No. 1.

The large majority of the members are Buffalo residents with other members being from Kenmore, Cheektowaga, and Lackawanna, N. Y. Likewise, the majority are connected with the Kleinhaus Company of Buffalo.

The second chapter to be formed is Miss Wilson in Philadelphia, Pa., and as its president Miss Anna Ryan. The secretary-treasurer is Miss Martha L. Townsend. This club was formed five months ago and shows promise of being one of the strongest in the nation.

SHUT-INS WELCOME LEAGUE AS AN AID

There are many loyal radio listeners who, because of physical handicaps, were unable to take part in regular fan clubs or to organize clubs of their own. The League has changed that. To the shut-ins, the club of their favorite artists is brought to their bedside.

Many shut-ins have written the League, enrolled in various chapters, and are among the most active members. This letter from Miss Jennie Blanco, Box 296, Duarte, Calif., shows what the League means to her: "Congratulations to the League of America. For a long time I have been wanting to join a Guy Lombardo club but it was impossible for me because I'm a shut-in. But your League has made it possible for me. And I appreciate it very much. Wishing the League the greatest success, I remain, yours gratefully."

RADIO PROGRAMS ON THE SPOT AS LISTENERS REGISTER CRITICISMS

LEAGUE INVITES MEMBERS TO MAKE SUGGESTIONS FOR THE GENERAL IMPROVEMENT OF BROADCASTING

Are you convinced that your favorite artist is being given the full consideration he deserves by his sponsor? Does his program present him in the way you would have him presented? Are you satisfied that your favorite artist is doing his best—or could you make some suggestions that would improve his work?

And what do you think of these so-called "horror" programs? What programs, for example, do you think would be objectionable for children to hear?

What do you call a poor program—one that you wouldn't go out of your way to hear?

These are a few of the questions sponsors and artists want to know. These are the questions the League expects to answer by giving you listeners the chance to make your likes and dislikes known. To this end the League will work toward two of its purposes:

1. To champion the cause of the artists around whose talents the business of broadcasting is built; and
2. To protect listeners from the abuses of poor or objectionable programs.

The League invites its members to give some serious thought to these and other similar questions and offer some good constructive criticism and suggestions. Listeners, and champions of the artists, will be doing a great service to those artists by making those suggestions. It is the only way the public reaction to their programs can be tested. Likewise, as radio's audience, you will be helping the business of broadcasting by making your likes and dislikes known. You are the artists and sponsors want to please for you are the ones for whom programs are broadcast.

What is your opinion, for example, of the way singers are presented? Do you like Frank Parker's work as a comedian or do you think it would be to his advantage to stick to singing? Perhaps you think he would make a good public services on his crooning program or in the manner of the Rudy Vallee type of show. Should Lanny Ross be in love with Diana Ross in the story part of his Showboat program? Would John Charles Thomas' program be better if it was a part of his Showboat concert as it was the year before?

So many actors and actresses say they are hidden in the background, so often being the speaking voice of some famous singer, or perhaps

(Please turn to page 8)

MEMBERS PRAISE IDEA OF LEAGUE

As radio artists and executives have been generous in their praise of the League, so have many members from coast to coast. The following are but a few of many such comments:

"I consider the idea of having a Listeners' League an excellent method of improving radio programs as well as building up one's favorite star."—Fredrick James, Easton, Pa.

"I am joining your League because anything sponsored by Radio Stars must be good."—Edgar Richardson, Philadelphia, Pa.

"I think the Listeners' League is the best idea any magazine has ever produced. I know I will enjoy being a member and I hope the League has the best of success."—Alice Allgood, Fayetteville, N. C.

"I think that Radio Stars magazine is one of the best radio magazines on the market. That is the reason I wish to join the Listeners' League of America."—Bruce Killian, West Reading, Pa.

"Congratulations to whoever the brave man was who thought up this idea. I think it must have come in answer to my most fervent prayers."—Arvell Reyer, Union City, N. J.

(Continue to page 8)
SAVE 50% by BUYING YOUR RADIO Direct from MIDWEST LABORATORIES

Exciting World-Wide Entertainment...Glorious New Acousti-Tone Guaranteed with Amazing New 1936 SUPER DELUXE MIDWEST 18-TUBE SIX-IN-ONE Radio (ALL WAVE - 6 BANDS)

30 Days FREE Trial!

EVERYWHERE radio enthusiasts are saying: "Have you seen the new 18 tube, 6-band, Acousti-Tone V-Spread Midwest?" It's an improvement over Midwest's 16-tube set, so popular last season. This amazingly beautiful, bigger, better, more powerful, super selective, 18-tube radio ... is not obtainable in retail stores ... but is sold direct to you from Midwest Laboratories at a positive saving of 40% to 50% (This statement has been verified by a Certified Public Accountant!) Out-performs $750.00 sets. Approved by over 120,000 customers. Before you buy any radio, write for FREE 40-page catalog. Never before so much radio for so little money. Why pay more? You are triple-protected with: One-Year, Guarantee, Foreign Reception Guarantee and Money-Back Guarantee.

Scores of marvelous features, many exclusive. Explain, Midwest super performance and world-wide reception ... enable Midwest to bring in vast distant foreign stations, with full loud speaker volume, on channels adjacent to locals. They have won when orchestras, leaders use Midwest radios to study types of harmony and rhythmic beats followed by leading American and foreign orchestras. Only Midwest tunes as low as 4/5 meters ..., only Midwest offers push button tuning and Acousti-Tone V-Spread design. See pages 12 to 20 in FREE catalog. Read about advantages of 6 bands—offered for first time—E, A, L, M, H and U ... that make this super de luxe 18-tube set the equivalent of six different radios ... offer wave bands not obtainable in other radios at any price.

Deal Direct with Laboratories No middlemen's profits to pay—buy at wholesale price direct from laboratories ... saving 35% to 50%. Increasing costs are sure to result in higher radio prices soon. But before the big advance ... NOW ..., while you can take advantage of Midwest's sensational values. You can order your 1936 Full Scope High Fidelity Acousti-Tone radio from the 40-page catalog with assurance of satisfaction. Midwest Laboratory. Your guarantee: All parts carry a five years parts and one year labor. You save 35% to 50% ... you get a FREE trial ... as little as $20.00 plus a Midwest radio in your home. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Write today, for FREE catalog.

PUSH-BUTTON TUNING (Patent Pending)
Now, Push Button Silent Tuning is offered for first time! Simply pushing Silencer Button hushes set between stations ... suppresses noises. Pressing Station Finder Button automatically indicates proper dial position for bringing in extremely weak stations.

Acousti-Tone V-Spread Design
... Establishes new radio style overnight! The V-Front Dispersing Vanes were developed by Midwest engineers as a result of study of directional effects of the Midwest Full Scope High Fidelity Speaker. These Vanes spread the beautiful laced-work of the "hi-hat" throughout the entire room in a scientific manner ... directing the High Fidelity waves uniformly to the ear. Send for new FREE 40-page catalog. It pictures the complete line of beautiful 1936 Acousti-Tone V-Spread consoles ... and chassis ... in four colors.

FULL SCOPE HIGH FIDELITY Brilliant Concert Tone
Now, get complete range of audible frequencies from 30 to 16,000 cycles being transmitted by four new High Fidelity Broadcasting stations—WIXRS, WXYZ, WIXR and WXL. Glorious new Acousti-tone is achieved ... assuring life-like, crystal-clear "concert" realism.

V-FRONT

30 Days FREE Trial!

EVERYWHERE radio enthusiasts are saying: "Have you seen the new 18 tube, 6-band, Acousti-Tone V-Spread Midwest?" It's an improvement over Midwest's 16-tube set, so popular last season. This amazingly beautiful, bigger, better, more powerful, super selective, 18-tube radio ... is not obtainable in retail stores ... but is sold direct to you from Midwest Laboratories at a positive saving of 40% to 50% (This statement has been verified by a Certified Public Accountant!) Out-performs $750.00 sets. Approved by over 120,000 customers. Before you buy any radio, write for FREE 40-page catalog. Never before so much radio for so little money. Why pay more? You are triple-protected with: One-Year, Guarantee, Foreign Reception Guarantee and Money-Back Guarantee.

Scores of marvelous features, many exclusive. Explain, Midwest super performance and world-wide reception ... enable Midwest to bring in vast distant foreign stations, with full loud speaker volume, on channels adjacent to locals. They have won when orchestras, leaders use Midwest radios to study types of harmony and rhythmic beats followed by leading American and foreign orchestras. Only Midwest tunes as low as 4/5 meters ..., only Midwest offers push button tuning and Acousti-Tone V-Spread design. See pages 12 to 20 in FREE catalog. Read about advantages of 6 bands—offered for first time—E, A, L, M, H and U ..., that make this super de luxe 18-tube set the equivalent of six different radios ..., offer wave bands not obtainable in other radios at any price.

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V-FRONT

METAL TUBES
This Midwest is furnished with the new glass-metal counterpart tubes. Set sockets are designed to accept glass-metal or METAL tubes, without change. Write for FREE facts.

1936 FEATURES
Thrill to new explorations in sections of radio spectrum that are strangers to you. Every type of broadcast from North and South America, Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia is now yours. See complete money-saving facts.

Two Strikes on Other Radios! Chicago, Ill.—It's a big thrill, snatching one over the fence to bring in distant foreign stations like locals. Midwest radios are best obtained and have two strikes on any other make.

England, Spain, Italy, Most Every Night
Washington, D. C.—We are more pleased with our Midwest every day. We tune in GBA, London—EAM, Spain—DRC, Germany—12RO, Rome, etc., most every evening with local volume. Robert H. Gerhardt

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

FREE 30-DAY TRIAL OFFER and 40-PAGE FOUR-COLOR FREE CATALOG

midwest radio corp., Dept.17D, Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A.
Established 1920, Cable Address MIRACO All Codes

User-Agent: Make Easy Extra Money
Check Here 1
Details
Name:
Address:
City:
State:
Check here, if interested in a Midwest Auto Radio.
MISS CLOUGH, NEW YORK, HAS FORMED THREE CHAPTERS

Two of Her Chapters Are in Behalf of Nelson Eddy and One for Rudy Vallee

Miss Bab Clough of 56 West 105th Street, New York City, is so loyal a radio follower that she was not satisfied with one chapter but organized and is president of three chapters. Two are in behalf of Nelson Eddy and one is formed for Rudy Vallee.

Miss Clough's members come from all sections of the United States, Canada, England and New Zealand. “And I'll get more,” she said on a recent visit to League headquarters.

So far, Miss Clough is the only person to hold this honor.

ANSWERING YOUR QUESTIONS

Each month this department will undertake to answer questions sent in by members. Such questions are invited and every effort will be made to give them prompt and complete answers in this column.

Q. Can a listener be a member of more than one League chapter? A. Yes, he can be a member of as many as he wants. Remember, however, that for each chapter he joins, a separate membership application is required.

Q. If a fan club already in existence wishes to affiliate with the League it is necessary to send in ten applications only to make that club a regular chapter? A. Ten members are all that are necessary to form a chapter. But, if a fan club of more than ten members sends in only ten applications, then only those whose applications are in are League members.

Q. Will the League conflict in any way with existing fan clubs or fan organizations? A. Absolutely not. Instead, the League will try to be of service to those clubs and organizations.

October, 1935

LISTENERS' LEAGUE GAZETTE

Page 2

LISTENERS' LEAGUE OF AMERICA,
149 Madison Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

APPLICATION FOR CHARTER

LISTENERS' LEAGUE OF AMERICA,
1 Madison Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

APPLICATION FOR CHARTER

I, the undersigned, as president of the chapter (insert name of artist for whom Charter is being formed), endorse one or more individual membership applications below and address them to the

LISTENERS' LEAGUE OF AMERICA, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

Name...

Street...

City...

State...

List the membership applications below...

LISTENERS' LEAGUE OF AMERICA
149 Madison Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

NAME...

ADDRESS...

INSTRUCTOR...

CITY...

STATE...

APPLICATION FOR Membership

LISTENERS' LEAGUE OF AMERICA,
149 Madison Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

Individual Application for Membership

1. The undersigned, apply for membership in the Listeners' League of America in support of...

2. (Insert name of artist whom you are hearing).

Name...

Street...

City...

State...

List the membership applications below...

LISTENERS' LEAGUE OF AMERICA
149 Madison Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

NAME...

ADDRESS...

INSTRUCTOR...

CITY...

STATE...

APPLICATION FOR Charter

LISTENERS' LEAGUE OF AMERICA,
1 Madison Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

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LISTENERS' LEAGUE OF AMERICA, 1 Madison Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

Name...

Street...

City...

State...

List the membership applications below...

LISTENERS' LEAGUE OF AMERICA
1 Madison Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

NAME...

ADDRESS...

INSTRUCTOR...

CITY...

STATE...
FIRST PREVIEW OF PARAMOUNT'S
"THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1936"
A Picture With More Stars Than There Are in Heaven!

Everything's ookie-daokie as Jack Oakie takes the air in "THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1936"

Bing Crosby sings the hit song of the season, "I Wished On the Moon"

Mama Loves Pap' as Mary Boland and Charlie Ruggles in a skit from "The Big Broadcast"

"Knits, Gracie!" George Burns and Gracie Allen in a scene from "The Big Broadcast"

Lovely Wendy Barrie and Henry Wadsworth add the necessary romantic touch to "The Big Broadcast"

Amos 'n Andy, solo proprietors of the Great A & A Grocery Chain, Incorporated, seem to be in a pickle

Mama Loves Pap's Mary Boland and Charlie Ruggles in a skit from "The Big Broadcast"

"Knits, Gracie!" George Burns and Gracie Allen in a scene from "The Big Broadcast"

The world's biggest chorus... LeRoy Prinz's dancing beauties, ten tons on the hoof

Jessica Dragonette, top soprano on the air today, sings... "Alice Blue Gown"

Mama Loves Pap's Mary Boland and Charlie Ruggles in a skit from "The Big Broadcast"

"Knits, Gracie!" George Burns and Gracie Allen in a scene from "The Big Broadcast"

The world's biggest chorus... LeRoy Prinz's dancing beauties, ten tons on the hoof

Jessica Dragonette, top soprano on the air today, sings... "Alice Blue Gown"

A Paramount Picture... Directed by Norman Taurog

Lydia Robert has two men—not time—on her hands as she goes into her song "Double Trouble"

Ethel Merman, who has scored such a tremendous hit this year in "Anything Goes" sings "It's the Animal In Me"

Roy Noble, composer of "The Very Thought of You" and "Love Is The Sweetest Thing", leads his orchestra in his latest piece, "Why Stars Come Out at Night"

Bill Robinson, greatest of all tap dancers, moves his feet to the hot rhythm of "Miss Brown To You"
Curtis Mitchell
Radio Star Magazine, Chairman
Alton Cook
N. Y. World-Telegram, N. Y. C.
S. A. Coleman
Wichita Beacon, Wichita, Kan.
Norman Siegel
Cleveland Press, Cleveland, O.
Andrew W. Smith
News & Ascher, Birmingham, Ala.
Lee Rider
Houston Chronicle, Houston, Texas

Si Steinaufer
Pittsburgh Press, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Leo Miller
Bridgewater Herald, Bridgewater, Conn.
Charlotte Greer
New York Evening News, Newark, N. J.
Richard G. Moffett
Florida Times-Union, Jacksonville, Fla.
James Sullivan
Louisville Times, Louisville, Ky.

R. E. Westergaard
Register & Tribune, Des Moines, Ia.
C. L. Ker
Indianapolis Star, Indianapolis, Ind.
Larry Walters
Chicago Tribune, Chicago, Ill.
H. Dean Fitzger
Kansas City Star, Kansas City, Mo.

Vivion M. Gardner
Wisconsin News, Milwaukee, Wis.
Joe Haefer
Buffalo Evening News, Buffalo, N. Y.
Andrew W. Foppo
Cincinnati Enquirer, Cincinnati, O.
Oscar H. Fernbach
San Francisco Examiner, San Francisco, Cal.
Jock Bernes
Union-Tribune, San Diego, Calif.

THE LEADERS
Here are the five most popular programs for the month as selected by our Board of Review. All other programs are grouped in four, three, and two star rank.

1. **** Major Bowes’ Amateur Hour (NBC)
2. **** Ford Program with Fred Waring’s Pennsylvanians and Stoopnagle and Budd (CBS)
3. **** Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre—guest artist; John Barclay, baritone; and others; Al Goodman’s orchestra. (NBC)
4. **** Fleischmann Variety Hour with Rudy Vallee and guests (NBC)
5. **** Paul Whiteman’s Music Hall (NBC)

**** Excellent
**** Good
**** Fair
**** Poor
* Not Recommended

**** Kate Smith’s Hudson Series (CBS)
**** Everett Marshall’s Broadway Varieties with Elizabeth Lennox and Victor Arden’s orchestra (CBS)
**** The Fitch Program (NBC)

Silken Strings with Charles Previn’s orchestra (NBC)
A. P. Gypsies with Harry Horlick’s orchestra (NBC)
Contended Program with Gene Arnold, the Lullaby Lady, Eugene Eastman’s orchestra (NBC)
Today’s Children (NBC)
Sinclair Greater Minstrels (NBC)
Philip Morris Program with Leo Reisman’s orchestra and Phil Duery (NBC)
Vic and Sade (NBC)
Irene Rich for Welch (NBC)
Death Valley Days (NBC)
Roses and Drums (NBC)
Boake Carter (CBS)
Edwin C. Hill (CBS)
Eno Crime Clues (NBC)
Climatelic Carnival (NBC)
One Night Stand with Pick and Pat (CBS)
Grand Hotel with Anne Seymour and Don Amence (NBC)
Bun Bernie and His Orchestra (NBC)
Eddie Duchin and his Fire Chief orchestra (NBC)
National Barn Dance (NBC)
Major Bowes’ Capitol Family (NBC)
Penthouse Serenade—Don Mario (NBC)
The Ivory Stamp Club with Tim Healy (NBC)
Carfree Carnival (NBC)
Campana’s First Nighter with Jane Meredith and Don Amence (NBC)
P.S.—Billy's mother did get rid of tattle-tale gray with Fels-Naptha Soap—and so can you!

Try it! Get some Fels-Naptha at your grocer's today—and see how safely and beautifully it washes even your very daintiest things—how easy it is on your hands!
"What country is Ethiopia in?" asked Jerry Belcher. "What beautiful big, brown eyes you have!" answered the sweet young thing—into the mike! Jerry gasped. "What do you want for Christmas?" he asked. "You!" said she very sweetly.

Jerry Belcher and Parks Johnson put over a new idea
The idea sprang to life three years ago in Houston, Texas. Now it has come to New York.

his comfortable chair safely out of the line of fire. But think of the fellow who is doing his level best to be bright for Messrs. Johnson and Belcher.

They got one man the other night who was particularly out of his depth. Belcher gave him a knock-out punch with: "Who wrote Gray's Elegy?"

"Gray's Elegy?" said the questionee. "Hm-m-m-m . . . I can't think right now who the author was."

The idea for these cute and crazy cross-examinations sprang to life three years ago in Houston, Texas. Listeners to Station KTRH still regret that their favorite half-hour up and left its birthplace for a trial in radio's capital, New York.

The idea was born on the very day Ted (Continued on page 78)
Albani believes that rest and relaxation do more for one's appearance than do costly treatments. She finds that the atomizer diffuses the brilliantine more evenly over the hair. Her powder-box contains several different color-blends of powder to suit the occasion or the mood.

**Olga Albani suggests to our beauty editor new hints for make-up glamour**

As I sat talking to tall, slender Olga Albani in the beautiful living-room of her friend Sophie Breslau's apartment, I was wishing that I might paint a word-picture of her. Blue is her favorite color. She was dressed in blue when I talked with her, and she posed for the pictures that you see on this page in the lovely blue and white boudoir that is always hers when she visits Sophie Breslau, former Metropolitan Opera star, with whom she studied music.

When Phil Spitalny gave his conception of the composite characteristics that an ideal Miss Radio would have, he chose the personal beauty of Olga Albani. And he might well have chosen her graciousness, her charm, and her glamour as well. Glamour is an overworked word, but I can think of none that so superbly fits this woman who was born in a castle overlooking Barcelona, but who is as modern in her convictions, her ambition, and her energy as any young American sportswoman ever was. She will never become a buxom, austere dowager laden with jewels.

Not this youthful person who swims, fences, dances, writes, cooks, and is an expert horsewoman. Her body has the grace and suppleness that afford adequate demonstration of the value of a trained body where posture and poise are concerned. She will always "keep young and beautiful."

Olga Albani qualifies for my conception of the adjective "glamorous", because she lives with color, verve, and assurance; because she has never lost the spurt of ambition, the spirit of adventure, nor the zest for intellectual curiosity. The real sophisticate is never bored. She finds life too interesting. Speaking with the voice of the beauty editor, I feel that we don't give enough importance to this mental attitude toward life. When you write and ask me how to be different, I want to suggest that you not just try a new make-up or a new exercise routine, but to develop new and different interests and activities. A woman must be interested in something before she is interesting. I sincerely believe that the reason a great many singers and ac-
tresses keep young and beautiful when other women get drab and old looking is because they give more exercise to their minds than does the average woman. Olga Albani's personal beauty is not of features alone, but of expression.

She carries over her enthusiasms and her interests to her dressing-table and wardrobe, too. Since she is devoted to blue as a color, her wardrobe is a study in blue and white. She likes white for evening. The blue that she chooses is the pale, sophisticated blue that the dark brunette can wear with more telling effect than the blonde who seems to have preempted it for her particular color. With her olive skin and dark hair, either white or pale blue are excellent foils. Most of us would profit by limiting our wardrobes in color, by finding those shades that do the most for us, and that we are happiest in, and then building up our wardrobes around them.

Albani loves blue eyeshadow. She blends it quite far out on her eyelids and thus makes her eyes look even wider than they are. For evening she finds it exciting to blend her blue eyeshadow with silver. It gives her a little extra "lift" when she is dressing for a glamorous evening. When she went to Hollywood to make a picture, the make-up man taught her to line the inner corner of her eyes with an eyebrow pencil, very lightly. She says it is amazing the illusion of greater width it achieves. (Remember, on just the inner corner of the eyes make a tiny V stroke with your black or brown eyebrow pencil.) She grooms her eyebrows with an eyebrow brush and pencil rather than with tweezers.

There are color tones in music, and there are color tones in make-up. The Spanish songstress believes in getting all the emotional lift out of colors that you can. In the center illustration you see her using her revolving powder-box. Each section has a different color blend of powder in it, and she uses the powder according to her mood and her costume. A sports costume may call for a shade of powder with a peach-bloom tone in it to emulate the golden health tones of the outdoor skin; an evening costume may call for a whiter powder with a slight violet hue. Changing her powder amuses her. She believes that one of the greatest values of make-up is the satisfaction women derive from it in their need for change, for experimentation ... for "being different."

Next to make-up in the order of glamour comes perfume. Olga Albani's favorite perfume is Gardenia.

(Continued on page 98)
How NOT to Crash Radio
By Helen Hover

"I'm gonna have an audition now!"

WE ALL know about the glamorous and successful star, with his four-figured weekly salary and his place in the glittering spotlight. But what about the ten thousand failures? What about the waitresses and mechanics and telephone operators and office clerks who leave home, and often jobs, to buck radio and get —where?

You'll find many of their stories hard to believe.

Such as the one about the young man who came to Eddie Cantor's office one morning and asked to see the button-eyed comedian. When he was told that Cantor was out for the day, he looked disappointed, and left.

The incident was forgotten until the end of the day, when the secretary went to the window to draw the shades. There, perched on the narrow ledge of the building a dizzy twenty stories from the ground, his back pressed tightly against the wall, stood the young man. The secretary yanked him in and demanded: "Why did you do it?"

Then came his story. He had hitch-hiked from Ohio in order to get into radio and he was trusting to the soft-hearted Cantor to ease him on to the air. He thought the secretary was trying to keep him from seeing his self-appointed benefactor, so when he left the office he had managed in some ingenuous manner to climb out on the ledge (these desperate radio crashers don't stop at a thing!) and had stayed in that dangerous spot all morning and afternoon, crawling over to the window every once in a while to peep in and see whether Cantor had come in!

Cantor shuddered when he learned of it. "But what can I do?" he said. "If I saw everyone who came to me I wouldn't have time for my own work. The great pity of that stunt was that it wasn't necessary. There are regular channels by which you can get auditions, and there's no sense in trying to sidetrack them."

But the over-zealous Ten Thousand don't want to believe that. They read that James Melton got his chance by singing in the corridor outside of Roxy's door until the great showman actually came outside and gave him a job; that Jane Froman sang at a party and was heard by a radio executive there; or that So-and-So got on the air by pulling a grand bluff, and they plunge right ahead and try to go them one better. So they attend public functions and benefits—or crash private ones—and select one prominent radio star in the midst and immediately make him a target for their impromptu audition. I'll never forget the time I attended a dinner benefit to which came some of the biggest stars in radio. Abe Lyman was sitting peacefully at one table with several friends, just minding his own business, when three girls suddenly swooped down upon him and without warning, launched into a loud and rather painful harmony of "Lookie, Lookie, Lookie, Here Comes Cookie," right before all the startled guests. It would have been funny—if it hadn't been so darned pathetic.

Genuinely heartbreaking is the story of the girl who
You’ll find these stories hard to believe—but all of them actually are true!

"It was the only way I could see him!"

appeared every afternoon at the cocktail hour at the swanky Ritz-Carlton where Richard Himber and his orchestra were playing. She came in alone every day and was quite shabbily dressed for such an exclusive place. She finally attracted Himber’s attention and as he passed her table he would smile at her and exchange greetings until one day he felt that he knew her well enough to talk to her. That was just what she wanted. She told him that she had come to the Ritz-Carlton every day just to catch his eye. She could sing very well and didn’t he want a girl singer for his band? As she talked, Dick learned that she was a stenographer out of work and that she practically went without food the whole day long, using up her frugal savings to come to the expensive Ritz-Carlton just so that she could get to know Dick! But all Dick could do was send her off with some money and good advice.

Another variant is the case of the two little girls, about ten and thirteen, who appeared at the audition office at Station WOR and announced that they wanted an audition. They were bedraggled little things and appeared so weak that Ted Fickett, one of the audition directors, drew them aside and got their story. They came, it appeared, from Florida, and their mother had skimped and saved to give them singing and elocution lessons. With her last few dollars she put them on a bus alone and sent them one thousand miles to New York. The two children, penniless and bewildered, had been sleeping in the subways and living off the remaining sandwiches in their lunch kit. Fickett got in touch with the Travelers’ Aid Society, who sent the children safely back home, and then he wrote a stern letter to the mother. He thought that it had ended it, but several months later the mother wrote that now her children had improved a great deal and she was going to send them on the bus to New York again. It was necessary for him to get in touch with the Florida authorities and prevent her from subjecting those two little girls again to such a cruel experience. (Continued on page 94)
Her first radio job was with Buddy Rogers. Her second is the gay from-me-to-you show you hear following Walter Winchell’s Sunday broadcast.
The Voice of Firestone has been singing in our loudspeakers for so many pleasant evenings and with such a lack of drum-beating and cracker-box preaching that we come near to forgetting that this is one of Radio's most worth-while programs.

Readers of this page have recommended it for three reasons: First, because of its distinguished singers; second, because of the splendid orchestral and choral support given under the direction of William Daly; third, for its thoughtful and considerate sales messages.

We can add more reasons of our own. The Voice of Firestone program has always been broadcast from a studio of moderate size. There are no visitors. The stars never commit the inexcusable error of “playing to the audience.” All America is their audience, which is undoubtedly one of the reasons the Voice of Firestone is all America’s program.

The recent vocal contributions of such singers as Richard Crooks, Gladys Swarthout, and Margaret Speaks have endowed this hour with an even greater degree of enjoyment. Because this program gives unfailingly beautiful performances, and because its good taste and good judgment provide such unflagging musical fun, we extend to the Voice of Firestone this month's Award for Distinguished Service to Radio.

Curtis Mitchell

Richard Crooks  Gladys Swarthout  Margaret Speaks
On the opposite page is Dorothy Page—and she needs no fine feathers to convince all hearers that she can sing like a bird! Dorothy won the 1932 Paul Whiteman audition. Then Universal Films bought her NBC contract. Above is wee Joan Naomi, little adopted daughter of Jack Benny. Jack just can't seem to check that smile of paternal pride as he holds her in his arms. Joan Naomi has just celebrated her first birthday.
Caught in Conference

Yessir, it's litterchure! Budd has a book. True, the Colonel's home work looks like a road map—but he'll get the right answers! Teacher Fred Waring dons spectacles and a thoughtful mien. And don't think that is easy, either, what with Rosemary and Priscilla Lane and Stella Friend hovering sweetly close! But he will concentrate on the tome on his knees. Yes, the Pennsylvanians must be in the know!

Not Janies—
but Highbrows

On the opposite page, George Burns reports, Frances Langford cons it over, Gracie Allen meditates thoughtfully while orchestra leader Raymond Paige, of the Hollywood Hotel program, ponders portentously—at 'a National Amateur Hour. The four are sitting in judgment on some unseen but ambitious amateurs who have just given of their best and fondly hope for a break. Well, maybe the break will be made by gorgeous Gracie.
FOR two years, people have been asking the reason for Phil Lord’s dogged determination to sail away on a worn-out ship.

They have wondered at the ugly rumors that followed the *Seth Parker* down the eastern seaboard like a wake, and at the publicity scandal that succeeded its wreck in mid-Pacific.

Now they are wondering because, though the press screamed this winter that Phil Lord was through, he’s back! Though it shouted that no one could bulldoze the public the way he had tried to and get away with it, Phil is in again—as Seth Parker and as the narrator and author of a smashing “G-man” script!

What, they ask, is the truth about him? What were the real reasons for his departure and comeback? Does anyone know?

These, *for the first time*, are the facts.

Get this picture of Phil Lord. It’s important.

He is a young man who, six years ago, invented a radio character he called Seth Parker. Had the character been a baseball player, or a story-teller, Phil might have remained a smart, tremendously ambitious actor-writer, likeable and striving for all the money he could get. But as millions found a new Messiah in Seth Parker and began to pause each Sunday evening to sing—and pray—with him, Seth started putting upon his creator a mantle of godliness that was—frankly, a heavy burden.

Now to that picture of the man, put this series of candid pictures. It’s an unknown incident in Phil’s life and one that shows better than words how much greater than Phil Lord Seth Parker had become.

One Sunday evening, just before Phil started on his voyage, he and his wife were working in one of the NBC studios. They were about to go on the air when a page boy entered and drew Phil to one side.

Lovely Mrs. Phillips Lord, whose maternal solicitude inadvertently puzzled both press and public.
Phil Lord and Seth Parker—and a strange dilemma!

"Mr. Lord," he said, "there's a call from Brooklyn. A girl. Her mother is dying and she's asking for you."

During the program, and during the dash through the crowded streets that followed it, Phil was quiet, constrained, as though he faced some special ordeal.

In the quiet side street before the little house, he paused a minute to compose himself; then he and his wife went on in.

They were too late. The white-haired old lady was still and her face was relaxed and quiet.

Phil looked at the radio at the side of the bed. He knew it had been turned on only a short time before for Seth Parker. He looked from it to the peacefulness of the dead face. Then he came away.

When he returned to the studios, he said something that we who heard it will never forget. He said: "I'm glad she didn't see me. She was happier in that she didn't."

Later I asked him what he had meant. He explained: "She thought until the last she would find in me everything she had heard over the air. She wouldn't have gone so happily had she known what a little man I am beside Seth Parker."

Do you begin to see? Why, the insistence of Phil Lord upon his voyage was nothing beside the insistence with which Seth Parker dinned his superiority in Phil's ears and governed his life.

Have you ever spent any time with anyone who excelled you in all the virtues? Who wouldn't let you smoke because he didn't smoke, nor drink because he didn't, nor drive a hard bargain because it was against his policy? Seth Parker placed all those restrictions on Phil's life.

But we must continue to examine with cold precision the reasons for Phil's departure and the strange chain of circumstances that presently caused his humiliation.

To go on . . . all that above happened some three months before Phil sailed away . . . and was one of the reasons. The others?

Phil was working too hard. He became intolerant in rehearsals; and his intolerance, so different from the kindliness of Seth Parker, became increasingly apparent in raging outbursts that set studio tongues to wagging like metronomes. Few, however, knew that after his almost apoplectic blow-ups, he would work all night re-writing a script to inject into it some of the faith he didn't have in himself. His wife would awaken early in the morning and go to his study. He would be there, his head sunk in his hands; and she would lead him off to bed like a child.

Three weeks after his visit to Brooklyn, he lost more than one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in a minor market sag, the greater part of his savings. I think that has been reported before, but only his closest friends know that, following this disaster, his secretary one morning walked into his office and found him lying unconscious on the floor.

He was all right, of course—as all right as a man can be whose heart had chosen this way of demanding a rest. The doctor who was called knew him and the ambition that drove him.

"He said, "You won't rest, though you should. So you must have variety. Do a little playing for a change."

Lord's attempt to follow these instructions resulted in further public comparisons of his character with that of Seth Parker. It was sarcastically pointed out that the Maine hymn-singer would not go dining and dancing in the smarter New York night clubs.

So again Phil was stopped in (Continued on page 68)
She was Marjorie Louise McClure till Jimmy saw her. Then he promptly persuaded her to become Mrs. James Melton. And can you blame him for it?

(Top Right) Friends wait to greet Jimmy after a broadcast.

There's been a lot of fiction written about Southern boys. You know the type—handsome, soft-spoken, easy-going, slow of speech and action. What we mean to say (in a nice way, of course) is "lazy". The climate below the Mason and Dixon Line is supposed to encourage this sort of thing.

In fiction Southern boys always stay that way. Even when they get to be bond salesmen in Toronto, they still have all the earmarks. But the fact is... well, take Jimmy Melton, who isn't hard to take, either vocally or visually, as you know. Tall, dark and handsome, he has all the physical attributes of your favorite cotton cavalier. But there the parallel ends. Product of a deep South sawmill town and three of the most Southern of Southern colleges, he has a right to be the typical Southerner. Instead, he's a go-getter, a fighter—a dynamo of energy.

You'll never hear him say: "Pardon my Southern accent." Not that he hasn't one—but he doesn't throw it at you. He hasn't time to drawl. His problem is to find enough work to keep his active mind and young body busy. The result is that he has long since passed the mark most people expect to reach when they are much older. Jimmy is thirty-one, and doesn't look it; he could "have fun" for a long time on the money he has made and the laurels he has won. But that wouldn't be fun for him. "If you gave me a million dollars, I'd take a two-weeks' boat trip and then go right back to work," he says. Work is what he likes. Action is the breath of life for him.

It's always been that way, ever since his birth in a tiny house on the outskirts of Moultrie, Georgia. His family were real Southerners, and even Georgia was too far North for them. As soon as Jimmy was old enough to wear his first pair of pants they pulled stakes and started toward Florida.

Here, in a rambling old house surrounded by droop-
You can’t have everything,” declares James Melton. But—reading the story of his career, one wonders . . .

ing trees and draped with honeysuckle vines, they made their home. Money wasn’t plentiful, so young James went barefoot most of the time. He dug cypress roots out of the swamps, which sold for a cent a-piece, if they were long enough and unbroken; he repaired coaster wagons and roller skates, for spending money. He didn’t have time to envy the boy next door who had a shiny new red bike sent down from Sears Roebuck. Jimmy went out and earned one for himself just like it.

“That,” he says, “was every poor boy’s life down there. And it was mine. I’ve never had an easy job.”

Nor can he remember when he didn’t have to work. His first steady salary came at the ripe old age of nine, when he donned one of his brother’s “cut-down” suits to get a job in the little country grocery store. He was paid forty cents a day. His duties weren’t much, he says. “I had to clean all the lamp chimneys with newspapers, every day, because there were no electric lights in Citra then. It was a country town, where Main Street ran knee-deep with mud after every rain. . . . I cleaned beneath the spigots of the molasses barrels and kerosene drums, too—and after deliveries were finished I swept the emporium.”

This lasted a year, until Jimmy was offered a better job, at a ten-cent salary increase—loading watermelons all day under the hot sun. Jimmy wasn’t so husky in those days. That’s hard to believe when you look at him today. But he was what they used to call a “puny” child—though he never realized it himself.

“When we got hot and tired we could always accidentally drop one of the very biggest melons and sink into it up to our ears,” he recollects, grinning. “But watermelons weren’t in season all year ‘round, so that job didn’t last long.”

Neither did his idleness. It was all right for him to be standing behind the altar as soloist in the Citra church, holding a book that was almost as big as he was. But that was only Sundays, and singing wasn’t work, anyway. So his father used him the rest of the week pulling a cross-cut saw in his sawmill. It was the hardest work Jimmy had ever done, yet there was no balk ing from the pale (Continued on page 83)
NOT IN THE SCRIPT: Some lines not heard on the air.
That minute before the program goes on the air! What happens? What would you hear if the microphone were to be turned on? . . . I've jotted down some of the things said just before the engineer held up his hand for silence in some of the studios. Here they are:

"PAUL WHITEMAN'S MUSIC HALL"

Paul—Okay, lads. Last chance to clear your throats.
(Blast of throat clearing, followed by a rhythmic squeaking.)
Johnny Hauser—Hey, Lou. Your shoes squeak.
Lou Holtz—Yes, my boy. But my jokes don't,

"EASY ACES"

(The accordionist is running through the theme, which is "Manhattan Melodrama.")
Goodman Ace—Hey, why do you play it so full?
Accordionist—I always play it full.
Jane Ace (she talks just as she does on the air)—Sure, honey; let him give it all he's got. . . . We'll probably hear it all the rest of our lives.
Accordionist—It's your fault. You picked it.
Jane—Lucky I did. It's the only thing about the program I'm not tired of.

"LUCKY SMITH"

Peg LaCentra—I was thinking—and I still think—it

Virginia Verrill keeps fit by this practical exercise.

### Gossip at a Glance

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<td>Just 24</td>
<td>5'3&quot;</td>
<td>119</td>
<td>Golden Brown</td>
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<td>Kathleen Wells</td>
<td>A few months ago, Kathleen was all ready to leave New York. She wanted to forget a busted romance. But then a nice singing beat came along and Kathleen decided that broken hearts were best forgotten. The real name is McClane.</td>
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<td>Ethel Merman</td>
<td>She has her own ideas about style. In New York, she wears nothing but town clothes; but in Hollywood, she wears nothing but sport clothes. It shows the difference, she thinks. Her name's Zimmerman.</td>
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<td>Cabina Wright</td>
<td>At a party, the other night, Cabina was looking for a thrill—so she smoked a cigar clear to here! She's doing well, thank you.</td>
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<td>Lionel Barrymore</td>
<td>The old burper has been signed by Dick Powell's Hollywood Hotel to da Scrooge in Dickens' &quot;Christmas Carol&quot; every Christmas Day for the next five years. It's a record.</td>
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by Gadabout

would be better to talk more loudly, away from the mike. You know, I'm in the back seat of the car.

Max Baer—Anything goes, Pally.

Director—Well, let it ride. Everybody ready?

Max (close to the mike)—All ah wants is one mo' chance, peepul. Ah'll bring home that title sho' . . . And, boy, will I! . . .

"LET'S DANCE"

Kay Thompson—Golly! If people talked the way those lyrics go. . . . Whoops!

Lennie Hayton—Gimmie my stick. . . . Hey, where's my stick. . . . Ops, sorry. . . . (Heh, heh! It was right in front of him.)

"DEATH VALLEY DAYS"

Director—Instead of taking that alone, we'll have the orchestra for a background.

Ruth Witter—Thanks. I felt lonely in there. After all, I'm kidding myself that I'm an actress and not a singer.

Director—Let's make it the public, too. Set?

"LAZY DAN, THE MINSTREL MAN"

Irving Kaufman (Lazy Dan)—Say, did I tell you fellows about . . .

Orchestra—Yes!!!!

Kaufman—Sorry. Let it pass.

(Continued on page 64)

Gossip at a Glance

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<td>Grey</td>
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<td>Will Ragers</td>
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<td>He's reputedly the only radio star who is now allowed to ad lib lines over the air. Jolson did, too, until a remark about a hotel almost brought a damage suit down on his sponsors.</td>
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<td>Nov. 3</td>
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<td>Chestnut</td>
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<tr>
<td>Tom Howard</td>
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<td>Tom now greets newcomers to Rudy Vallee's star-studded show with a sympathetic query. He asks, &quot;Hey, Pal. What you in for?&quot;</td>
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<td>Apr. 29</td>
<td>5' 10&quot;</td>
<td>155</td>
<td>Black</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ted Pearson</td>
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<td>This announcer is looking for a new name! You see, he's going to become a baritone and poetry reciter soon—and he doesn't think the name he has fits. What do you think?</td>
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<td>Nov. 27</td>
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<td>187</td>
<td>Chestnut</td>
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<tr>
<td>Edward ('Ted') Hasing</td>
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<td>Loquacious Ted has been revealed as the culprit who steals full-length pictures of Jean Harlow from the movie palaces. He has probably married Ann St. George by now.</td>
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<td>Nov. 10</td>
<td>5' 5&quot;</td>
<td>120</td>
<td>Dark Brown</td>
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<td>Jane Froman</td>
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<td>Best news of the month is that Jane has lost her stutter. She did it by being shut in a room and not uttering a word for five days. On the sixth, she was introduced to a number of people who had been cured—and talked her head off, without a stut.</td>
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just glance at these candid columns of useful facts
Take just one single look at the line-up of Lucky Strike playing and singing stars and you notice it immediately. That is, if you know your radio.

Starting with Lennie Hayton, who plays piano solos and leads the forty-piece orchestra. And Kay Thompson, Gogo DeLys, Johnny Hauser, Charles Carlisle, the Rhythm Boys, and the Melody Girls to complete the attractive set-up.

They're young, that's what you notice. They're pert and saucy and cocky in their own melodic way and there's not a dull moment among 'em; that is, if you agree that the jazz-amaroo they dispense these sticky Saturday nights is worth cupping an ear to.

A great many people know how they sing together in the week's climactic "Hit Parade." Only a few know how they got together in the very beginning.

It is a yarn with its roots in California.

To begin, let's pretend that we are the makers of a certain center-leaf cigarette and it is our desire to lure as many customers as possible into purchasing our worthy product. Our first need, then, is a satisfactory radio show.

What is a satisfactory radio show? Many people claim to know but actually no one does. In this instance, we desire to present something for the summer-time amusement of all America, a concoction of light airs and breezy melodies that will cool Johnny Public's fevered brow. A summer show, indeed.

Being bright, we look about to see what has succeeded elsewhere in the summertime. And what better place to hunt in than that land where it is always summer? California! In California, we find exactly what we seek.

It is a program which presents once each week the hit tunes of the last seven days. Broadcast locally, it has an enthusiastic following. Why not present the same idea in a national way? Why not learn the hit songs that Tallahassee and Bangor and Duluth are too-tapping to?

Not a bad idea. But now we slam-bang into the mysteries of a mysterious business—song publishing. We slam-bang into them because we want to learn the names of the hit-tunes from border to border and ocean to ocean. What do we find?

Nothing! Nobody knows what they are.

Oh, plenty of music men will tell you what they think, and they'll offer figures to prove it, but when the smoke clears away you'll find that they're trying to persuade you that it is their own number, published or written by themselves, that they want you to believe is the most popular.

It is an amazing fact that up to the time the "Hit Parade" marched across the kilocycles nobody in America knew what the fifteen current outstanding music hits were. Not a soul; they only learned afterwards when all the sales records were in.

Our problem is to take a sort of straw vote of what America is singing and whistling. Our problem is to give the real low-down on the sky-top numbers. Being ingenious, we do what nobody ever has had the patience or time or money.
the lively "Hit Parade"

(or could it, perhaps, be brains) to do before.
First, let us split our problem into four questions:

ONE: what sheet music is selling best?
TWO: what phonograph records are selling best?
THREE: what songs are played most often on the air?
FOUR: what are the songs that dancers ask for in hotels, dance halls, and night clubs?

Amazing how a problem becomes simple when you split it, isn't it? Amazing, too, that it never has been done before. The experts have known what was tops last year or even last month . . . but now, never!

As for us, we've got it in black and white. Add one and two and three and four, take the average, and we know we've got music that is Uncle Sam's day-to-day dish.

Next, who is to present that music? There's a problem for you. Imagine yourself with money-bags a-bursting and the whole milky way of stars awaiting your call. Whom would you beckon, keeping in mind the fact that you want this program to be the most popular on the air?

Perhaps it isn't fair to change you from a comfortable sitter-downer and listener-inner who never has to worry about his radio fare except to turn off Huey Long. So here is a tip. We can hire Rosa Ponselle—she's at liberty just now—or Bing Crosby or Lawrence Tibbett. They will attract a guaranteed audience, just as they have attracted audiences in the past. They are staple goods. When you present them to the customer, the customer knows what he is getting.

Sometimes, that is (Continued on page 60)

by Peter Peters

Winning a prize in a national radio contest brought Charles Carlile to be the Hit Parade's popular young tenor.

Kay Thompson is considered to be "one of the best bets on the air". She made her radio début while still in school.
Do you want to win a prize? Try this dandy new contest!

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PRIZES</th>
<th>1st Prize</th>
<th>2nd Prize</th>
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<tr>
<td>1st Prize</td>
<td>$250.00</td>
<td>$100.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>3rd Prize</td>
<td>A $75.00 radio</td>
<td>A dressing-table radio</td>
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<td>4th Prize</td>
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<td>5th Prize</td>
<td>Ten Max Factor MAKE-UP KITS to the ten next best answers.</td>
<td>6th Prize 100 $1.00 bills to the one hundred next best answers.</td>
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<tr>
<td>7th Prize</td>
<td>50 Max Factor Lipsticks to the 50 next best answers.</td>
<td>7th Prize 50 Decca-Bing Crosby Phonograph Records to the 50 next best answers.</td>
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<tr>
<td>9th Prize</td>
<td>100 sheets of &quot;Big Broadcast of 1936&quot; music to the next best 100 answers.</td>
<td>9th Prize</td>
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**RULES**

1. Contest is open to anyone living in United States or Canada with exception of employees of RADIO STARS Magazine and Paramount Pictures, Inc.
2. Contestants must submit two sets of Crazy Captions and Pictures, one set to be printed in October issue and one in November issue of RADIO STARS Magazine.
3. Contestants must correctly identify captions with personalities as presented in "The Big Broadcast of 1936."
4. In fifty words or less, tell which radio star's performance in the "Big Broadcast of 1936" you enjoyed most and why.
5. Your letters and both sets of captions and photographs or facsimiles thereof must be mailed to Crazy Captions Contest, RADIO STARS Magazine, 149 Madison Ave., N. Y. C., in one envelope or package, before November 1st, 1935.
6. Prizes will be awarded to those contestants who most correctly connect the crazy captions with the photographs or facsimiles thereof of the radio personalities appearing in the motion picture, "Big Broadcast of 1936," and who tell most clearly and interestingly in fifty words or less which radio star's performance they enjoyed in the "Big Broadcast of 1936" and why.
7. Judges shall be the editors of RADIO STARS Magazine.
8. In case of ties, each contestant will be awarded the prize tied for.
9. Contest shall close the last day of October, 1935.
RAZY Caption Contest is the easiest job of the month.
Of the year. Of the Age! If you don’t get in on it...
well, this heat just has gotcha!

Do it like this, for instance:
Look at the four pictures of radio and movie stars spread
along the top of this page. They all appeared in the great
picture, Paramount’s “Big Broadcast of 1936.” They all sang
songs and spoke lines that you and you and that little fellow
in the corner heard. Now look at the captions printed in the
white balloons that come out of their mouths. They are saying
things in those balloons...and it’s your job to see if they are
saying the right things.

Just between the half million of us, they’re all saying the
wrong things; they’re all saying lines or words of songs that
somebody else used in “The Big Broadcast.” The captions are
topsy-turvy. That’s why we call this a Crazy Caption contest.

Now, if you’ve a hunch that Bing Crosby didn’t sing the
words our clumsy artist put in his mouth, or that George Burns
ever mouthed: “Your caress possesses the kick of a kangaroo,”
just get to work with shears and paste or pen and ink, and put
the right words in the right mouths.

Simple, isn’t it? See “The Big Broadcast of 1936” or ask
someone who has seen it. The rest is easy. That’s the first
half of your job. The second is this:

In fifty words or less, write a paragraph stating which radio
star’s performance you enjoyed most in “The Big Broadcast
of 1936.” And why you enjoyed it. Write as interestingly as
you know how.

Next, get the second set of radio star photographs and crazy
captions to be published in the November issue of Radio Stars
(on sale October 1st.) and hook those captions up with the right
people, just as you’re doing this month. Mail your two sets
of photos with the captions all placed and your fifty-word para-
graph to this address:

CRAZY CAPTION CONTEST
Radio Stars Magazine, 149 Madison Ave., New York

There are 319 prizes, cash and make-up kits and
radio and music galore. Say, you’ll have to try hard
not to win one of these grand rewards.

Maybe it’s money you want...we’ve got $500 in
cash for the smarties who think fast and straight. Or
how would you like a great big grand Max Factor
make-up kit with everything in it from puff to paint?
Or a Decca recording of Bing Crosby’s marvellous
voice singing his favorite song?

The contest is easy to enter and easy to win. Re-
member, it runs for two months—October and No-

cember issues of Radio Stars—you’ve got plenty of
time to get all the information you need.
Why is Ted Husing so
Here is the answer

We hurry through Harlem, and now we are outside of a dance-hall in The Bronx. It is the night of a dance contest. There is a guy by the name of Georgie Raft, a dark and dismally debonair fellow with patent leather hair. He stands in the doorway, idle and suspicious, and watches as two couples flash by in the hoppy rites of the Charleston.

The judge banishes one couple from the floor. The winners dance alone.

They move jerkily with an angry quick-ness. They are grim, and they seem unhappy in their moment of glory. The crowd applauds. But they stay aloof from the cheers. Conquerors must be stern.

They dance as though they were crazy slaves of the orchestra. Their fun has ceased to be fun. It's a badge of superiority, it's a tin crown, tarnished, lop-sided.

They walk up and get their cup. They go home in the subway. Their dreams came true in the heat and glare of the dance-hall. They wear their victory like a medal.

The girl was Helen Gifford.
The boy was Ted Husing.
They were married.
Now they are divorced.

* * *

It might help you to understand Ted Husing, who is always misunderstood. This blurred typewriter mural of

She got what she wanted

Francia White says she has no business being on radio. It wasn't at all what she started out to be—but now, look at her!

Star of "Music at the Hardin's" and most of the "Palmolive Operettas." So she's turned into a downright, out-and-out fatalist.

By all the laws of circumstances, she should have been a movie star. Lived near Hollywood, had a figure like a cigarette ad model and a thrilling soprano which was already making the White name a pretty famous one in the California local operas.

So what? So naturally with all of these attributes, Francia came to the attention of the movie moguls. They took one look at her, heard that voice and saw before them the newest menace to Grace Moore. But first the formalities of a movie test.

Francia took one look at the finished test—and ran from the projection room weeping. It seems that she had broken her nose as a child, and while it's not noticeable in person, it was exaggerated in the films.

Flop went the movie star ambitions. But a girl has to eat, so she gulped back the disappointment and hung around the studios doing bit roles and voice doubling for the stars.

But what did we say about Pate? Some force was slowly but decidedly steering Francia on a different course. Anyway, with the filming of "The Mighty Barnum" (Continued on page 81)
often misunderstood?

... by James Cannon

a young man who danced morosely in a Bronx dance-hall.

His dance of life is as mechanical and without humor. He courts applause, but ignores it. He thinks he is a king, but frantically conceals his sceptre in a jester's bladder.

He is a little man with a big talent. The boy who was the best dancer in the Bronx auditorium today is the tops of his trade of radio announcing.

He has made more enemies than any other man in radio. But his worst enemy is himself.

I didn't speak to Husing for a year. I hated him more than any other man on the kilocycles. I am very fond of him now. He is a bore and a pompous wind-bag in a crowd. Sitting alone, he is a tender and sympathetic friend and a great companion. He is contemptuous of the throng, but seeks to wear its cheers like a garland to prove he is a great man.

Ted was a frequently unemployed furniture salesman until he answered an advertisement and became WHN'S star announcer. The way was slow for a while, but soon he was the zippiest talker in his big league.

He is made to order for his racket. There is no one who can talk faster, describe more clearly, interpret action the way he does. It is as if he thought aloud. There does not seem to be any pause in the passage of thought from his brain to his tongue. I have sat with him in press boxes all around the country. I have studied him. He hasn't time to think what he is saying, he says it so quickly. The words are on his tongue—and off they come.

One night in Boston Ted was master of ceremonies. I might add he is not a good act introducer. He knows it. He boasts he isn't. But you can't keep him off a night-club floor. There was a radio editor sitting at a ringside table. The newspaperman spoke loudly. Husing wheeled on him in his windy, forked-tongued anger.

"Keep still, bum," he said. "Just because you're in here on the cuff is no reason why you should holler."

They fought. Husing won. (Continued on page 60)

He said "No," Just like that

Wendell Hall

WENDELL HALL is probably the first radio artist ever to dare to thumb his nose at his sponsor.

What with the depression and everything, that's enough to make anyone's eyebrows shoot up. This momentous event occurred in June when he said fare-thee-well, ta-ta and toodle-oo to that hair tonic company after having been the star on their program for almost three years.

Why? Well, to begin with, Wendell is a rebel through and through. You can tell that by his paprika-colored hair, the under-slung jaw and the energetic movements of his long, gaunt body. But more than that, Wendell knows his radio, and to him that break was a case of damned shrewd showmanship.

In order for you to understand this Hall person and realize that he's not just talking through his Stetson when he gives his strange reasons for throwing up a perfectly good commercial, get a peep at his background.

He's just a natural-born pioneer. Must have taken after his great-great-so-on-and-so-forth grand-pappy, who was a feller by the name of Daniel Boone. Anyway, when this new-fangled thing called the wireless came along, Wendell did a bit of trail-blazing on the air with his uke. That was back in 1921, and with just an occasional interruption now and then, he's been on the air ever since. Blame him for that infectious ditty. (Continued on page 97)
OVER Charlie Winninger's impish white head is raging one of the bitterest wars in radio. It all started when Charlie left the helm of "Captain Henry's Showboat" and floundered about in stormy seas until he was picked up by another sponsor. Charlie and his traveling sponsor got into a secret huddle and emerged with their new program idea.

Well, you could have knocked over the whole "Showboat" company with one of their calliopes when they learned just what the new program was. "Uncle Charlie's Tent Show!" Get it? "Captain Henry's Showboat!" And the cast! Take a look: Conrad Thibault and Lois Bennett as the lovers, two colored comedians, Ernest Whitman and Eddie Green, and a tall headed of course, by the amiable Uncle Charlie. On "Showboat," Lanny Ross and Mary Lou are sweethearts, Pick and Pat the colored comedians, and all headed of course, by the equally amiable Captain Henry. Compare Uncle Charlie's catchline, "I'm just a-warmin' up, folks, just a-warmin' up," with Cap'n Henry's "This is only the beginnin', o'ny the-e beeginnin'," Whew! Were the Showboat people sore? "Copycat!" they cried, and the meemies pointed an accusing finger at good old Charlie Winninger.

But out of all of this, he turned his beaming, cherubic face.

"Why, as a child I've travelled around in a tent show, and always in the back of my head was the idea of creating my own tent show for radio," he said. "When this chance came, I just grabbed it. It's my own idea, no matter what anybody says."

So there we are.

But are we? What are a person's property rights on the air? Can anybody come along and copy something almost exactly and get away with it? To date, there is no answer but a lot of people are saying goodnatured Charlie violated one of Broadway's unwritten laws.

Of course, the Winninger background does bear out his claims. He was six when he toured the middle West with Mom and Pop Winninger and brothers and sisters in a tent show called the "Winninger Family Travelling Theatre—always a show of quality." It was in the old days of barnstorming.

For a time he did leave "The Winninger Family Theatre" for a shot at the old "Cotton Blossom" showboat troupe but he left it—just as he left "Showboat" some thirty odd years later—to return to his first love, the tent show.

After troup ing about with the family some more, he got the itch to try New York and there he found fame and success on Broadway in such shows as "No, No Nanette," and the immortal "Ziegfeld Showboat," and he found a wife and happiness in the person of vivacious Blanche Ring, the singing star and toast of New York.

Winninger went from tent show to show boat to Broadway. Then, with his career firmly planted on that pinnacle he went ever backwards, from Broadway to "Showboat" to "Tent Show." "Just reverting to type," he explains with his famous chuckle.

And that's the answer Cap'n Hen-er—I mean, Uncle Charlie flings in the teeth of his critics.
“HOW do you do it?” women all over the world ask of Irene Rich. They mean how does the amazing Miss Rich, a woman in her forties, the mother of two marriageable daughters, a hard-working radio and screen actress, manage to keep that Ziegfeld flinger and that boarding school giggle. At the time of life when most women are conveniently put on the shelf, Irene Rich can still steal the boy friend from under any woman’s nose without half trying.

“Don’t be age-conscious,” she advises. “Plunge yourself into a round of activities, surround yourself by friends and forget your birthdate.” It’s a prescription that Dr. Irene herself takes.

She adores people and her genuine enthusiasm for them gives her the dash and vigor which make her a popular playmate, and the culture and poise which make her one of the most sought-after dinner partners in New York City.

She’s utterly miserable at least, so we’re told by her loyal secretary, if on entering her modern New York apartment, there aren’t a half-dozen telegrams and messages waiting for her and a flock of friends already shaking up cocktails. And, take it from her harassed social secretary, she’s had very, very few miserable moments. Her vitality can put to shame a whole crop of eighteen-year-old debutantes. There are daily parties in her blue-and-white living-room with Irene, the chic, cosmopolitan hostess, presiding over the fun. And in the evening the number of suitors who phone for dates would turn the head of the most popular co-ed.

Yet every morning she’s up at seven-thirty to start all over again! Not even a dark circle under those large brown eyes as penalty for the night before.

This constant whirl is one of the reasons for her total lack of avoiddupois or that dreaded “past thirty hip spread.” And also one of the reasons why she is still a “friend” to her grown-up daughters. Oh, not the affected and ridiculous sort of “friendship” many puffing mamas try to inflict upon their suffering daughters. Frankness, freedom of thought, independence of each other and no infringing upon each other’s careers is the credo of Irene and her girls.

Her diet secret is rather odd, but judging from her five feet six, one hundred and thirty pounds of symmetry, there’s no doubt as to its effectiveness. “Don’t starve yourself. I eat about four or five times a day, but very lightly so that the stomach is never crowded.”

Looking at her today, wealthy, popular, well-groomed, with an envied place in society, it’s hard to picture her as ever facing hardship—difficult to believe that at twenty-six, poor and with two children to support, and two unhappy marriages behind her, she had to go out and earn a living. She turned to movies. After almost twenty years of successful movie work she tackled radio. After a year for Welch’s Grape Juice every Friday on NBC, she’s just been handed another contract.

Irene Rich can very well take her place alongside of Eleanor Roosevelt. Amelia Earhart and other great ladies of the day, because to the millions of women who see the heartbreak in their first gray hair she is the inspiring example that “life does begin at 40.”
Summer weather lures the Penthouse Serenaders, Maestro Charles Gaylord, Scriptwriter Sandra Michael, Singer Don Mario.

Speechless, for once, Fibber McGee (Jim Jordan) listens while his spouse, Molly, (who is Marian Jordan) does the talking.

Victor Young, busy orchestra leader of Al Jolson's program.

Alyce King, blues soloist, with Horace Heidt's Brigadiers.

Hoosier Songbird, Edna Odell, of the Galaxy of Stars.

Wilma Deering (Adele Ronson), Adventuress of the 25th Century.
Cyril Pitts (left), tenor, and Morgan L. Eastman, musical director of the Carnation program, on Mr. Eastman's 42-foot cruiser.

You've read of Nils T. Granlund and his girls. Here is lovely chorine, Fay Carroll, rehearsing with Nils for their broadcast.

Swinging around the circle with radio's whirling stars, the camera-man brings you new glimpses of your favorites

merry-go-round

Virginia Haig, of California, sings with Tom Cookley.

And here is Tom Cookley, now in the East with his band.

An announcer who might also be a singer, Norman Barry.

Paul Whiteman's pianist-vocalist, popular Ramona.
Upper Left, Irma Glenn organist of the "Galaxy of Stars". (Above) Showboat's Captain Henry, Frank McIntyre, broadcasts. Brilliant young baritone Igor Gorin came from Vienna to New York, then flew to Hollywood to sing in "Hollywood Hotel".

Beauty adviser, Miss Dorothy Hamilton, of Hollywood, now broadcasts on the "Penthouse Serenade" show.

One of radio's most popular masters of ceremonies, Al Pearce won his fame out on the West Coast, won it again when he came East with his gang.

Helene Dumas appeared in stock, then was heard in many roles on the air before she was selected by Gertrude Berg for the House of Glass.

(Above) They plan to wed soon: Frank Parker famous radio star, and lovely Dorothy Martin. (Below) The Voice of Experience is godfather to the son of Manager and Mrs. Elmer Rogers.
For Better
Not Worse
by Elizabeth Walker

How Marge and her husband triumph over the radio jinx

obstacles which Donna Damerel has had to surmount to insure the permanence of her marriage to Gene Kretzinger. See why it hasn’t been all orchids and oysters for this air-famous young matron whose performance as Marge, the sweetly unsophisticated stepping sister in that back-of-Broadway serial, “Myrt and Marge,” has helped make radio history.

Observe the scrap which her strapping, six-foot other half—the Gene Kretzinger of Columbia’s popular Gene and Charlie Melody team—has been putting up to insure his rights as a husband. Note, too, how in this struggle for wedded bliss, they’ve been battling, not each other, but the invisible forces to which they are indebted for their chance for happiness. Radio!

They’d have you believe, would Marge and Gene, that radio performers who fall in love and marry are exposed to a brand of trouble unknown by the average bride and groom. Especially is this true when the r.p.’s belong, as they do, to different air teams.

No combination of mothers-in-law, it would seem, can cause so many headaches as membership in diverse air units. For example, last summer when Marge was on vacation, Gene felt a sudden urge to check the commercial that was keeping his nose to the microphone and follow his bride to California. It was a normal impulse. Still, he dared not obey it. Why? By doing so, he would have jeopardized not only his own radio future, but—and this was the catch—that of his team-mate and brother, Charlie Kretzinger.

Nor is Marge immunized against this sense of obligation. One afternoon a year ago, while she and Gene were blithely cantering along a bridle path in the forested outskirts of Chicago, his horse shied and he suffered a nasty spill. So (Continued on page 72)
"Forget your past," they said.  
But Carol chose to remember it.  

by William L. Stuart

THIS IS an untold story—the never-before-printed truth about Carol Deis.  
It tells why the red-headed singing star, whom you hear three times a week over an NBC network, has kept the existence of a little seven-year-old named Donnie—her son—a secret.

It might even point a moral for other radio stars who are victims of the same situation that was shaped for her five years ago.

Five years ago . . . Carol's story doesn't actually start then. It begins with that breathless, emotion-charged moment three years earlier in the living-room of a tiny bride's house in Oakwood, a suburb of Dayton, Ohio. Yes, it was her house; but I'll tell you about that later. For the moment, five years ago must do.

That summer, Carol won the national Atwater Kent auditions. It was the biggest award radio could give then—a sort of glorified amateur contest in which the prize was not fifty dollars and a week's engagement at the Roxy, but a five-thousand-dollar scholarship and the promise of a spectacular future on the air. As in the amateur contest of today, butchers and clerks and dressmakers and models were entered. Carol, who won, was a stenographer.

Exultantly Carol accepted her award and the admiration of an audience that had been as delighted with her sparkling green eyes and undeniable attractiveness as it had been with her roaring voice. This was the perfect climax to two years of devotion to an almost hopeless task—the perfect present to take back to a two-year-old tyke who, with childish conviction, had said: "Mama win," when she had left home two days before.

However, Carol had reckoned without publicity. the little engine that keeps the wheels of radio whirling. And she was not aware of some still prevalent moss-covered ideas, which should have been abandoned with crystal sets and bustles. She arranged for her inevitable interview for the press and the band executive who conducted it started off with a favorite question: "To what," he asked smilingly, "do you owe your great success?"

And Carol was off on her favorite subject. "To my little boy," she exclaimed. "He's got brown eyes. Big ones."
"The executive frowned. "Then you're married?"
Carol hesitated. "No. I'm divorced"—and she told about the breathless moment.

Three years before, she had come back to the little bride's house, after having left it for good. She had come into the room built for happiness and she had wondered if this event—this blessed event—that had brought her back would dispel the despair the room had known. For that one, breathless moment, she had wondered. Then she had decided it might.

"But it didn't," she told the executive gravely. "For a while after Donnie was born, my husband and I got along. We would laugh together at him in his crib and let him play with our fingers. But it didn't last."

"There are a few arguments for divorce and many against it, it's a dreadful thing. Ours had to (Continued on page 91)
What's Behind Joe Cook?

Joe can laugh away every hardship he has known—except one

Two little boys gazed at their father in his coffin. Holy candles, casting fitful shadows on the plaster walls, sputtered light across the face of their weeping mother. Two days before her husband had been brought home dead—and a hero. He had taken his painting class for an outing at a lake near Grand Rapids, Michigan. They were having a gay time in the water when suddenly there was a frightened cry. One of the boys had gone out beyond his depth. Joe Lopez forgot that most of his pupils could swim much better than he. He forgot that he had a wife and two children at home; he forgot everything except that a boy was drowning. And when others got the two out, the student was revived—but Joe Lopez was dead.

Joe Cook can't remember any of this. He can't even remember how he felt two months later when he sat in the cool, candle-lit church as an old priest read the same solemn service over the body of his mother. He was far too young to realize what it meant to be an orphan. He only knows today what people have told him: that when his mother's funeral was over, he left the cemetery with his older brother, Leo, and an elderly retired couple named Cook.

The Cooks never had any children of their own. They liked boys, so they adopted Joe and Leo Lopez. They tried to guard the two youngsters against the world as once they had shielded them from the prying eyes of small-town neighbors in a graveyard at dusk. They hid, as though it were some deep disgrace, the fact that the boys had slept for two years in the pulled-out drawers of a worn theatrical trunk, back in the days when their parents were vaudeville troupers. They planned for them to grow up far removed from the atmosphere of footlights and grease paint.

But the theatre had been born in Joe Lopez' children, too strong to be overcome by environment. The urge to perform ran through their veins. By the time Joe was seven he was using his foster-mother's clothes-line to walk tight-ropes in the most approved circus fashion. She objected strenuously, but in her fondness she allowed him to continue. And within two years Joe Cook was proprietor of the biggest backyard pin-show in the outskirts of the then steadily growing town of Evansville, Indiana. He sold penny pink lemonades and hot dogs; he remodeled the old barn to resemble as closely as possible the Evansville opera house—and he brought more song and laughter to that neighborhood than it has ever seen since.

Today his happiest hours are the occasional ones spent in walking quietly about the scenes of his childhood, back home. The very roots of his life are there. In a public square stands a monument to Joe Cook—the only monument ever erected to an actor while he was still alive. Nobody was allowed to donate more than two dollars to it; it was made possible by dimes, quarters and half dollars given with full hearts by oldsters who remember the days when an elf lived in Evansville, and by youngsters who laugh up their sleeves at Skippy and would give up their new red wagons to be like Joe Cook. There he can have not only the keys to the city but the city itself, if he should happen to want it. He always could.

"The glibbtest cajoling I ever did was to persuade my foster-mother to install fifty electric lights in that barn, when the old homestead got along as best it could with merely gas. And that was some cajoling," he sighed, sinking into a comfortably upholstered chair at the Educational (Continued on page 75)
IT WAS eleven o'clock on a Tuesday evening in Studio 3B of the National Broadcasting Company. The final note had been sung on the Palmolive Theatre of the Air, the last straggling musician was tucking away his instrument and the walls still held an echo of the wild applause given throughout the entire cast. Gladys Swarthout, regal in a gold cloth wrap, was walking out of the studio on the arm of her handsome husband. Rosaline Green, the actress, flushed and excited, was giggling like a schoolgirl as she rushed out of the studio to meet her date. Al Goodman, the leader of the Palmolive Orchestra, in full dress, bowed and smiled to the people who swarmed around him. He was signing autographs; he was laughing and talking to some of his mink-coated, top-hatted friends nearby and presently he left, the center of an admiring, noisy throng. You couldn't miss the aura of glamour, power and gaiety that surrounded him.

I heard a man next to me say to his companion: "Gee, he certainly is lucky! He has everything. How I envy him!"

Envy him? Listen to this:

In the last year Fate has dealt Al Goodman three staggering blows. How he has stood them without collapsing, I don't know.

In the summer of 1933, Al Goodman once said to me: "I'm the happiest man in the world. I have everything to live for."

In the fall of 1934, Al Goodman, crushed in spirit, broken of heart and looking ten years older said: "I'm the unhappiest man in the world. I have nothing—absolutely nothing to live for. I would gladly exchange my life with that of a miner."

And Al Goodman meant it. If you think you've had tough luck, wait till you hear his tragic story.

In spite of the fact that Al Goodman is, and has been for twenty-five years, a definite part of the Broadway scene, he has always been a "home man". Throughout those years when he was musical director for the Ziegfeld shows, and in spite of the gay parties, the beautiful show-girls and the whole mad scramble of backstage life, Al would go home every night after he was through working and take that same homely pride and joy in his wife and family as would any small town bookkeeper.

He was very happy and terribly proud. They had told him, when he first wanted to marry Fanny, to wait until he was older. He was only eighteen! And Fanny had been warned that musicians don't make good husbands. Such unsteady work, and the life they lead, you know. And now they had the laugh on all of their friends.

Al Goodman still laughs, but there is a feverish tinge
Musical director of the Otto Harbach show, Al also has the Bromo Seltzer and the Palmolive programs. (Right) “I’m the happiest man in the world!” Al Goodman said. And then Fate took up the challenge! (Below) When he is at home, alone, then the desolate despair shows on his face. Only in work can he forget the tragedy and the incurable heartache of his life.

Al was getting along fine, and they had two children whom they adored, Rita and Herbert. If they could have been accused of having a favorite at all, it would undoubtedly be Herbert. For he was taking the place of the other little boy who had died. Their first boy had died when he was a child, and just two years later Herbert had been born.

“He’s my good-luck kid,” Al would often say, half-joking. It seemed that way, too. For, from then on, every year brought more happiness. There was his work, for instance. Day by day his reputation in show business grew. Ziegfeld was bidding for his services. George White. Earl Carroll. They all wanted this quiet, reliable un-Broadwayish fellow who knew his music so well. And with the increasing bid on his services each year, Al could afford to build up a solid trust fund for Rita and Herbert.

And it meant, too, that his family could enjoy more advantages. Fanny could have two maids to take care of their beautiful, large home. Rita could wear pretty clothes and was in a position (Continued on page 62)
“DON'T take advice!” These startling words came from the sensitive lips of Mario Chamlee. And Mario isn't talking through a cocked hat, either, for his whole career has been built on defiance to those who have told him, “Don't do this,” “Don't do that.” Three times he was given advice by men older, more experienced and wiser than himself. In those three crossroads of his life he had the audacity to turn a deaf ear to their advice and thus heaped upon his impulsive head the coals of criticism and hardship. But if he had listened—well, today he'd be anything but the delightful Tony of NBC's “Tony and Gus” series.

It was his father who issued the first “don't.” A strict Methodist, he was shocked when he learned of his son's plans to become a singer. “No child of mine will become connected with the stage!” And Mario, who had been reared to abide by the rules of his parents, for the first time let his father storm and rant and threaten and then did exactly as he pleased. He continued at the University of Southern California, near his home, but he took singing lessons in secret.

It was when he thought he was ready for the opera that the second “don't” was flung in his face. It was delivered by a famous English voice teacher to whom he had come for an audition in Los Angeles. After hearing him the teacher said, “You have a nice parlor voice to entertain your mother's friends. An (Cont'd on p. 74, Col. 11)

Mario Chamlee—"Tony"

Ray Lee Jackson

MEET Gus, of “Tony and Gus.” He answers to the name of George Frame Brown, but in intimate radio circles he's spoken of as “the man who came back.” Ask any one of the army of broken-down actors, and he'll tell you that the "rockiest road in the world is the comeback trail." But Brown, who saw himself suddenly careening from top position in radio to oblivion, made it!

If you’re a radio fan of any standing, you surely remember Luke Higgins in “Main Street Sketches,” and later Matt Thompkins in the equally famous “Real Folks” series. Well, not only were these two lovable old hicks played by Brown but he also authored that homely classic. Everything was hunky-dory, the stars were bright, there was money in the bank, tra-la and Brown's feet were on the uppermost rung of the radio ladder. Then some imp of Fate tripped the ladder and down to earth tumbled Brown with a crash that shook the show business.

It really began when “Real Folks” deserted the air after a long run and took to a personal appearance tour. All fine and dandy so far. It was booked through the country and theatre managers were actually fighting for the privilege of showing this popular radio act. But who had figured on the thunderclap? The first week Brown opened was in that memorable time in 1933 when the banks had a nasty habit of closing. Remember? The theatre was already paid for, so Brown and “Real (Cont'd on p. 74, Col. 111)

George Frame Brown—"Gus".
Here we are again with pages just for the juniors.

**Radio Stars Junior**

Have you listened to the Musical Rag Band? (Mondays, WSM, 11:00 A.M.) Marjorie Arnold entertains all youngsters from four to forty-four years of age with her merry music and her delightful nursery rhymes.

**PROGRAMS FOR CHILDREN**

9:00 EDST (1)—Sunday Morning at Aunt Susan’s. (Sundays only.)

WABC, WADC, WOKO, WOR, CKLW, WBSM, WCAU, WEAN, WFLN, WMBR, WQAM, WDBO, WQST, WQZ, WHTZ, KHTA, WPEA, WHEC, WLCI, WPSU, WDBJ, WMAS, WIBX, WNYA, WSPD, WORC, WDNC, WHD, WDOM, WNAC, WKBG, WKB, WJSB, WBIG, WBC, WMS, CKAC, WRC, WTC, WJJS, WSFA.

9:00 EDST (1)—Coast to Coast on a Bus of the White Rabbit Line. Milton J. Cross conducting. (Sundays only.)

WJZ and associated stations.

9:30 EDST (½)—Junior Radio Journal—Bill Slater. (Saturday only.)

WEAF and network.

11:00 EDST (1)—Horn and Hardart’s Children’s Hour, Juvenile Variety Program. (Sunday only.)

WABC only.

4:00 EDST—Our Barn—Children’s Program with Madge Tucker. (Saturday only.)

WEAF and network.


5:15 EDST (½)—Grandpa Burton—Humorous Sketch with Bill Bear.

5:00 EDST (1)—Grandpa Burton—Humorous Sketch with Bill Bear.

5:30 EDST (½)—The Singing Lady—Children’s Jingles, Songs and Stories. (Monday to Friday inclusive.)

WJZ, WHALE, WIZ, WIZA, WHAM, KDEA, WIGAR, WIR, W1LW, C1CT, CFCF, WFL1, W1MAL, WSTR.

5:30 EDST (½)—Jack Armstrong, All American Boy. (Monday to Friday inclusive.)

WABC, WOKO, WNAC, WDR, WJAS, WESN, WMBR, WCAU, WGB, W2IK, CKLW, WJSV, W1WO, W1HE, W1EBL.

5:45 EDST (½)—Mickey of the Circus. (Friday only.)

WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAU, WNAC, WJSB, WHSL, W1RDC, W1CAU, W1JAS, W1S, W1F1, W1DBO, W1DAE, K1HL, W1G1, W1PG, W1LHA, W1CC, W1BT, W1BR, W1SH, W1P1, W1MG, W1TO, W1DC, K1L, W1RNS, WM1, W1HE, W1OG, W1TO, K1SA, W1S1, W1GD, W1OH, W1RC, K1C, K1K, W1CO, W1QO, W1NOX, W1HA, W1OMA, W1FL1, W1DL1, K1MB, K1L, K1RL, W1P1, W1LE, W1AL, K1MOX, K1TH, K1R1, K1PPY.

5:45 EDST (½)—Little Orphan Annie—Childhood Playlet. (Monday to Friday inclusive.)

WABC, W1H1Z, W1B1ZA, KDEA, W1BA, W1GAR, W1VY, W1O1D, W1JAX, W1HAM, W1JR, W1C1Y, W1MAL, W1PL1, C1CT, CFCF, K1C1R, K1S1, W1K1F, K1FF, W1EH1C, K1F1R, W1B1M, W1MC, W1SH, W1KY, K1P1RC, W1OA1, KT1BS, W1AVE, W1S1BM, W1BA1.

5:15 EDST (½)—Nursery Rhymes—Milton J. Cross and Lewis James—Children’s Program. (Tuesday.)

WEAF and network.

6:00 EDST (½)—The Little Old Man—Children’s Adventure Story. (Thursday.)

WJZ and network.

6:00—EDST—Dorothy in the Air. (Saturday only.)

WEAF and network.

6:00 EDST (½)—Rinco Rogers in the 25th Century. (Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday.)

WABC, WOKO, WCAU, WAB, WKBH, WKB1, W1RC, W1HE, W1CAU, W1JAS, W1F1, W1FL1, W1JSY, W1B1N1, W1HE, W1M1.

6:15 EDST (½)—The Ivory Stump Club with Capil, Tim Healy—Staple and Adventure Talks. (Monday, Wednesday, Friday.)

WJZ, WHZ, WHZA.

6:15 EDST (½)—Bobby Benson and Sunny Jim. (Monday, Wednesday, Friday.)

WABC, WOKO, WAAH, WGB, WDR, WCAU, WEAN, WFL1, W1HE, W1MA, W1JSZ.

6:15 EDST (½)—Winnie, the Pooh—Children’s Program. (Tuesday.)

WJZ and network.
A "regular guy" is Billy Idelson, who plays "Rush Meadows," the boy whom Vic and Sade Cook are bringing up. Billy is fifteen years old and is a student in the High School in Maywood, Illinois.

Ever since she was six years old, Pat Ryan has been on radio programs. She is eleven now, so she has been a successful actress for five years. She wrote the fairy play entitled "The Silver Knight."

A clever actor and good trouper is fourteen-year-old Walter Tetley. Once he cracked his knee-cap, just before broadcasting, but went on without faltering. Hear him with Buck Rogers, and other programs.

IN KING ARTHUR LAND

(You who have listened to the Magic Hour on your radio know how the children gather around the Lady Next Door, while the Hidden Knight transports them to King Arthur Land. There, though magic makes them invisible, they can see and hear what happened long ago.

This is what they saw and heard in one of those Magic Hours. It is a story of the brave King Arthur and the lovely Lady Guinevere.)

* * *

You remember how King Arthur came to Camelot, to the Court of King Leodegrance. By means of a magic cap which Merlin, the Magician, had given him, he was disguised as a gardener's lad, and he worked in the gardens of the Lady Guinevere in order to be near her, because he loved her. And he thought that no flower in all the gardens was as beautiful and as fair as she.

Lady Guinevere thought him strong and handsome, and often her eyes followed him as he worked.

Once she pulled off his gardener's cap—and at once he changed into a knight! But quickly she gave him back his cap and asked no questions, for she was a proud and gracious lady.

Yet she knew that there was magic being wrought, for twice when she and her father, the King, were in sore distress, a brave knight, whom they called "The White Champion" because of his white and shining armor, had saved them. Once he even had slain the villainous Mordant, Duke of North Umber and cousin of their enemy, King Ryence, who had demanded the hand of the Lady Guinevere in marriage.

And Guinevere marked that when the White Champion came, the gardener's lad disappeared. And when the White Knight went away again, the gardener's lad came back. But she resolved not to speak of this mystery, but to wait and see what might befall.

And now once more great (Continued on page 54)
Dear Fans:

On this page you will see a picture of the club pin. And don’t you want to own one? All you have to do to get it is to write me a letter and say that you want to join Radio Stars Junior Club. There are no dues to pay. It costs you nothing.

* * *

Watch for these pages in Radio Stars Magazine each month. They are just for you. A story. Pictures. News about child stars. Write and ask me anything you want to know about anyone on the children’s radio programs.

* * *

Our club already has a fine list of members. We welcome these children to Radio Stars Junior Club. The club pins have been delayed, but each child will receive his or her membership pin as soon as we can get them.

Here are the first to join:

Barbara Strickland, Charles Strickland, Box 99, Marlboro, New Hampshire.
Gertrude Cañon, 320 North Smedley St., Philadelphia, Penna.
Clara Walters, F. O. Box 52, Clinton, Conn.
Virginia Lee Garstnerich, Vera Joan Garstnerich, 2520 Clay Ave., Fresno, California.
Milton Radsbaurich, 1220 Thirty-seventh St., San Diego, Calif.
Lucille McKeonie, 121 Second Avenue, Gatelyville, New York.
Frances Fox, 128 East 43rd St., Brooklyn, New York.
Florence Gardner, 533 Charles St., Fall River, Mass.
Adeline Roland, 350 Oliver St., North Tonawanda, New York.
Byron E. Furr, Jr., Pontotoc, Mississippi.
Mollie Krasner, 112 Wilson Ave., Newark, New Jersey.
Betty Heyt, 114 Heath Road, Upper Darby, Penna.

Ruth H. Strickland, 58 Bruce Road, Walham, Mass.
Ida Mae Riesberg, Box 11, Grassly Sound, New Jersey.
Lillian Molin, 20 Douglas St., West Warwick, Rhode Island.
Vivian Fraze, Norma Fraze, Edmund Frolse, 14 Douglas St., West Warwick, Rhode Island.
Edith Green, R.P.O. No. 1, West River Road, Fulton, New York.
John Joseph Frondel, 453 West Market St., Harrisonburg, Virginia.

I want to join Radio Stars Junior Club because:

1. It will help me to get the programs I want to hear on the radio.
2. I can write and tell the players how I like their programs, and see my letters printed in the magazine.
3. It will bring me a club pin to wear.
4. It will help the editors to print in these pages things I want to read about child radio performers and their programs.

The letters from these first members are most interesting. I am happy to know that you enjoy this junior section. And I am glad to know what pictures and stories you would like to see in these pages of your club month. I shall try to fill each request in turn.

Here are some letters:

Dear Peggy Lee:

Your new "Radio Stars Junior" is a grand idea. I am a girl of thirteen and I always enjoy your magazine. I especially like the stories concerning my favorite radio stars.

I’m sure the fans would enjoy stories and the life experiences of such young stars as Mary Small, Billy Halop and Florence Halop. Then also let’s have pictures of them and of the casts of "Buck Rogers," "Bobby Benson," "Jilly and Betty," "Jack Armstrong," etc.

Please do count me in to join your fan club. I hope you will send me the club pin. I am a shut-in and would love to hear from other members.

Here’s hoping to see my letter among your pages. And best luck to you and the club.

Very sincerely,

Clara Walters
P. O. Box 33, Clinton, Conn.

Dear Radio Stars Junior Club:

I would like to join your new club so I can enjoy all the good times that you are going to have.

Won’t you please print some time a story about Little Orphan Annie? She’s my favorite. Respectfully,

Florence Gardner
533 Charles St., Fall River, Mass.

I would like to print other letters in full, but as I haven’t space enough in this issue, I will just quote a few lines from some of the other letters.

Ellen Bobst (Route 5, Box 139, Vancouver, Washington) writes:

Dear Miss Lee:

My sister Cloe and I would like to join the Radio Stars Junior Club. Cloe is ten years old and I am sixteen. Is that too old?

NOTE: Anyone who enjoys the children’s programs, or enjoys these pages devoted to them is welcome as a member. Among our new members are children from three to sixteen.

Prote Lee.

(Please turn to page 56 for other letters and news.)
As our Cooking School, this month, features the Pickens Sisters (from G'awgia, suh) I suggest that we start this broadcast with a song of the Southland—a gay tune in honor of those states below the Mason and Dixon line, famed alike for charming women and delicious cooking.

The verse of that amusing popular song, "It's an Old Southern Custom," seems to me to be particularly appropriate. It goes something like this:

"Down south we still have chivalry
Old fashioned hospitality.
Time will never change our ways
Even in these modern days."

And certainly neither time, Radio fame, Northern "ways" nor a New York apartment have changed the atmosphere of Southern hospitality that one meets the moment one enters the Park Avenue home of the Pickens family.

First to greet your Cooking (Continued on page 40)
Mrs. Van Rensselaer finds America gayer and more stimulating than Europe. "If I'm tired from the exhilarating American pace," she says, "smoking a Camel gives me a 'lift'—a feeling of renewed energy, and I'm all ready to go on to the next thing." Camels release your latent energy in a safe way.

At home or abroad, Mrs. Brookfield Van Rensselaer smokes Camels. "Once you've enjoyed Camel's full, mild flavor, it is terribly hard to smoke any other cigarette," she says. "I can't bear a strong cigarette— that is why I smoke Camels." Camel spends millions more every year for finer, more expensive tobaccos than you get in any other popular brand. Camels are milder!

Among the Many Distinguished Women Who Prefer Camel's Costlier Tobaccos:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia
Miss Mary Byrd, Richmond
Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston
Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge, II, Boston
Mrs. Ernest Du Pont, Jr., Wilmington
Mrs. Henry Field, Chicago
Mrs. James Russell Lowell, New York
Mrs. Potter D'Orsay Palmer, Chicago

Camels are Milder!...made from finer, more expensive tobaccos...Turkish and Domestic...than any other popular brand
Better take off those dark glasses! Here's something to rest your eyes. Lovely Barbara Jo Allen, NBC dramatic star enjoys a sun-bath on the beach. Barbara Jo plays Rosemary, in the Thursday eve Winning the West series.
Every Wrinkle you See... STARTED UNDER YOUR SKIN

Miss Ann Keeble, New York: “Pond’s not only cleans—It keeps away lines, blackheads.”

Ugly little lines... dreaded wrinkles... don’t “just happen” overnight! Every wrinkle, every line that streaks your face had its start under your skin. Tiny fibres hidden out of sight, lost their snap—Tissues you can’t see went thin and sagging. Then, one day the skin you do see fell into little creases.

The same way with practically all common skin faults. Blemishes, blackheads, sagging tissues—all start deep in your underskin, when tiny glands and blood vessels, nerves and fibres begin to fail.

Skin faults go—new ones can’t start
What your skin needs is a cream that does more than cleanse—a “deep-skin” cream that goes right down and fights those lines and blemishes where they start.

This is exactly what Pond’s Cold Cream does. Its specially processed oils sink deep into the pores. There, patted briskly, Pond’s rouses the underskin. Circulation quickens. Lazy glands get busy. Fibres regain their snap. At the same time, long-lobged dirt and make-up flush out of your pores. Loosened by this deep-reaching cream!

One creaming shows how Pond’s Cold Cream cleans and stimulates. Right after it’s wiped off, your skin blooms fresher, livelier—clean—clear to its depths.

As you keep on using it, lines soften—blackheads and blemishes stop coming. Even very dry skin softens into supple texture. Your face takes on a new firmness—a radiant fresh-air look!

Every night, give your skin this double-benefit treatment. Pat Pond’s Cold Cream vigorously. See the deep-lobged dirt come completely out. Feel your skin refreshed, invigorated to its depths.

Every morning... reawaken your skin with Pond’s Cold Cream. It leaves your skin so soft and fine that powder goes on with a smooth, allover evenness. Pond’s Cold Cream is absolutely pure. Germs cannot live in it.

Send for Special 9-Treatment Tube
Begin to clear your skin faults away

POND’S, Dept. K-128 Clinton Conn.

I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond’s Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond’s Creams and 3 different shades of Pond’s Face Powder.

Name:
Street:
City
State

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trouble had come upon them. King Leodegrance had received a message from King Ryence, demanding that Leodegrance deliver to him at once the White Knight who had slain his cousin, the Duke Mor- daunt, and also to surrender to him certain lands which he desired.

As he told his daughter of this message, Lady Guinevere's eyes flashed.

"The White Knight, father?" she cried. "Thou canst not deliver him to King Ryence!"

"I would not, even though I could. And I cannot. I do not know where he is," King Leodegrance said. "And I have sent word to King Ryence, also, that I will not deliver unto him so much as a single blade of grass."

But he sighed, for an answer had come from King Ryence, saying that he himself would take by force what Leodegrance would not deliver. Unless the White Champion again should come to their rescue, their lands and castles would be taken from them. He asked his daughter to tell him, if she knew, where the White Champion might be found—for it was known that the brave knight wore the Lady Guinevere's necklace, which she had given him.

But Guinevere said: "Verily, my lord, I cannot tell you——"

And then the King spoke seriously to his daughter of the peril that threatened their kingdom, and of his fears for her safety.

"It would be well if thou didst give thy liking unto the White Knight," he said, "for he doth appear to be a champion of great prowess and strength. And," he added, "he doth appear to have a great liking for thee."

A rosy flush crept into Guinevere's face, and her eyes looked troubled. "Aye, father," she said. "But—my lord and father, if I give my liking unto anyone in the manner thou speakest of, I will give it only unto the gardener's lad."

King Leodegrance looked shocked. "Verily, there is more in this than I understand," he said.

"Send for the gardener's boy," Guinevere begged. "He knoweth more concerning the White Champion than doth anybody else."

The gardener's lad came when the King sent for him. Respectfully he bowed to the King and to the Lady Guinevere. But he did not remove his cap. When the King ordered him to take it off, he refused.

But Guinevere spoke: "I do beseech thee, Messire, to take off thy cap unto my father."

"At thy bidding, your Ladyship, I will take it off," said the gardener's lad. And bowing again, he removed the magic cap. And stood before them, a tall and handsome knight.

Guinevere felt her heart beat fast. And then she heard a gasp from her father, the King.

"Tis my lord and King!" And King Leodegrance fell to his knees. "Tis my Majesty, King Arthur, himself!"

"King Arthur!" Guinevere repeated, overcome with wonder.

"My Lord," King Leodegrance cried, "it is then thou who hast done all these wonderful things for us!"

"Rise you, good King Leodegrance," said Arthur. "Have no fear. My knights soon will rout once and forever King Ryence and his threats. Thy kingdom will not be harmed. Thy daughter—is safe."

Guinevere spoke softly: "Lord, I knew thou wert the White Champion. I did not know thee for our great King Arthur. I am afeared of thy greatness." And shyly she bowed before him.

"Nay, Lady," King Arthur said gently. "Rather is it that I am afeared of thee—for thy kind regard is dearer to me than all else in the world, else had I not served thee as gardener's boy in thy garden, all for thy good will!"

"Thou hast my good will, my Lord!" Guinevere's eyes shone softly.

"Have I thy good will in great measure?" he pleaded.

"Aye, thou hast it in great measure."

"In such measure that thou wilt marry with me, Lady Guinevere?" King Arthur asked, very tenderly. And very softly she spoke back: "Aye, Lord, on thou dost wish it."

He took her in his arms. "More than anything in the world, dear Lady!" And he kissed her.

And so the Lady Guinevere gave King Arthur her promise. But first, before the wedding-day was set, he summoned his knights, and together they put King Ryence to rout. Then he returned again to Camelot and in the Court of King Leodegrance there was great feasting and rejoicing.

And then the wedding-day was set. And, on the advice of Merlin, the Magician, King Leodegrance gave to Arthur, for a dover with his daughter, a table which had been made long ago by his father, King Uther-Pendragon, for his knights.

It was called the Round Table. And so it was that King Arthur received the Round Table, which became famous in song and story because of his brave knights who sat around it with him.

But his choicest gift was the lovely Lady Guinevere, whom he loved with all his heart, and who became his wife and Queen when they were married in Camelot.

* * *
"I'd sooner die than go to another party"

Pimples were "ruining her life"

Don't let adolescent pimples spoil YOUR fun——

Don't let a pimply skin spoil your good times — make you feel unpopular and ashamed. Even bad cases of pimples can be corrected.

Pimples come at adolescence because the important glands developing at this time cause disturbances throughout the body. Many irritating substances get into the blood stream. They irritate the skin, especially wherever there are many oil glands—on the face, on the chest and across the shoulders.

Fleischmann's Yeast clears the skin irritants out of the blood. With the cause removed, the pimples disappear.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until your skin has become entirely clear.

Many cases of pimples clear up within a week or two. Bad cases sometimes take a month or more. Start now to eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily!

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast as long as you have any tendency to pimples, for it is only by keeping your blood clear of skin irritants that you can keep pimples away.

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Esther Berman, of Brainard, N. Y., writes:

"I would like to join the Radio Stars Junior Club. I listen to many of the programs. Bobby Benson is one I like best of all. Another program which I like almost as much is "Let's Pretend.""

And here's a line from a letter from Grandpa Burton:

"May I take this opportunity to thank you for the novel version of radio script which Grandpa Burton apparently wrote. I feel honored to have your story appear first in your children's radio section of the magazine. The illustrations to the story are very good. Very truly yours, Bill BAR."  

Frances Fox (14) of 123 East 43rd St., Brooklyn, New York, writes that she would like to see a picture of the Horn & Hardart Children's Program. We will print one soon.

Gwendolyn Withers, of Putnam, Conn., also asks for the same picture, and for a story based on the Bobby Benson series. Gwendolyn is thirteen.

Ruth Strickland of Waltham, Mass., writes an interesting letter, listing the programs she enjoys. Ruth is thirteen and hopes to be a radio star herself, some day.

And here are a few lines from a letter from one we all know and love:

"The children of the radio audience have been the source of great joy and help to me, and I am very certain they will be just such kind friends to you in your new undertaking. Wishing you the greatest success the Junior Journal desires."

Most cordially yours,

Irene Wicker

The Singing Lady.

Errors will creep in! We apologize for a mistake in the August issue, in which we said that Baby Rose Marie was eight years old. Baby Rose Marie, herself, very kindly corrects us in a sweet little letter. Here is her letter:

Dear Miss Lee:

May I take this opportunity to thank you from the bottom of my heart for your nice story about me in your August Radio Stars magazine.

It really is friends like you that keep me from getting all out of focus and many radio fans, and I know it's friends like you that I see all my success to.

Believe me to be with many thanks,

Bill, Cherie, and Rose Marie.

May I let you know my real age? On August 13th I will be eleven years old, and I would love to become a member of your club.

We might add that Baby Rose Marie's success, in our opinion, is due to the fact that she is a natural, unsophisticated and lovable little girl, whose sweet singing cannot fail to delight any listener to her programs.

There's a new man in One Man's Family! One of the youngest actors ever to read a role before a microphone, Richard Harold Svihus (you pronounce his last name "Swish") made his debut in One Man's Family as Pinkie, one of the two grandsons of Henry Barbour. Richard is four years old, and can read words of even three syllables without hesitation. The program is heard on NBC-WEAF and network.

News Notes

Michael James O'Day, Jr., who was Mickey on the Lady Next Door program, thinks he would like to be a radio control engineer when he grows up. . . . Melvin Torme (9) and Lucy Gilman (10) play Jimmy the Newsboy and Mary Lou in Song of the City. . . . The children on the Let's Pretend program meet for their first rehearsal at 8:30 on Saturday morning. Miss Mack thinks they play their parts better if they haven't rehearsed them too many times. . . . Milton J. Cross, announcer for the Children's Hour, brings a pocket full of lollipops to the studio for the children, every Sunday morning. . . . Irene Wicker, "The Singing Lady," has composed more than 8,000 songs for children.

She writes all the songs she sings and all the stories she tells. . . . Captain Tim Healy, director of NBC's Stamp Club of the Air, has lived on every continent. He was born in Australia of Irish parents, but he now is an American citizen. . . . Janet Van Loon, the Sick-A-Bed Lady, tells children who are ill in bed how to make animals out of rocks, bits of string, or paper, and tells of puzzles and games that may be played in bed. If you are ill, tune in on her program and learn new ways to amuse yourself. . . . In "Mrs. Wiggles of the Cabbage Patch," Estelle Levy is European and Pat Ryan is Asia. Andy Donnelly plays Billy and Amy Sedelle is Australia. . . .
"I'm the luckiest man in the world"

Romance comes to the girl who guards against COSMETIC SKIN

SOFT, smooth skin wins romance—tender moments no woman ever forgets! So what a shame it is when good looks are spoiled by unattractive Cosmetic Skin.

It's so unnecessary for any woman to risk this modern complexion trouble—with its enlarged pores, tiny blemishes, blackheads, perhaps.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics thoroughly. Its ACTIVE lather guards against dangerous pore clogging because it cleans so deeply—gently carries away every vestige of hidden dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

You can use cosmetics all you wish if you remove them this safe, gentle way. Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—use Lux Toilet Soap.

Remember, this is the fine, white soap 9 out of 10 screen stars have used for years. It will protect your skin—give it that smooth, cared-for look that's so appealing.

Use Cosmetics? Yes, indeed! But I always use Lux Toilet Soap to guard against Cosmetic Skin

Claudette Colbert
STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "THE BRIDE COMES HOME"
Let my death be a warning
to all other CORNS, young or old!

"Every corn that ever stabbed a human toe should beware of that arch enemy, Blue-Jay!"—wails this old patriarch, in death-bed testimony

(1) "For 23 years I was the power behind the throne in the Briggs family. Mrs. Briggs had tried in many ways to get rid of me—even tried to murder me with a razor—but this old corn always won out.

(2) Time after time I almost wrecked that family! I made life so miserable for poor Mrs. Briggs that she became cranky and cross—and Mr. Briggs would get mad and leave the house in a huff.

(3) A kindly neighbor woman, Mrs. Allen, was the start of my undoing. One day when she found Mrs. Briggs crying, she whispered to her, "My dear, why don't you get rid of that corn with this Blue-Jay?"

(4) Blue-Jay struck me like lightning! In just a moment I was smothered in soft, felt prison walls. My cries were unheard and my shrieking went unnoticed. My 25 year racket was over. I was a doomed corn.

(5) When Mr. Briggs came home that night, he found a happy wife. They went out and danced just to celebrate! And I was forgotten. Now, 3 days later, my lifeless form will soon be lifted out. My dying words are—Corns, beware of Blue-Jay!"

Corn suffering ended safely and easily with this scientific method

- Only a corn sufferer knows how painful a corn can really be. Yet this suffering is absolutely unnecessary. A visit to any druggist—and the purchase of Blue-Jay (the scientific corn remover) for 25c—will bring blessed and lasting relief.
- Blue-Jay stops the pain instantly. The soft, snug fitting pad cushions the corn against painful shoe pressure. The pad is held securely in place by the special Wet-Pruf adhesive strip (waterproof—soft, kid-like finish—does not cling to stocking). In the meantime, without your knowing or feeling it, the safe Blue-Jay medication is gently undermining the corn. After 3 days, you take off the pad and the corn lifts out completely.
- If you have a corn—even a tiny one—remove it right away with Blue-Jay. Don't be satisfied with temporary relief. Insist on Blue-Jay.

EXERCISE BOOK FREE. Illustrates valuable exercises for foot health and beauty. Also free booklet: "Foot Better Feet," contains helpful information for foot sufferers. Address Bauer & Black, 2500 S. Dearborn St., Chicago. Pasting coupon on government postcard saves postage.

Name. ____________________________  City ____________________________
Street. ____________________________  Date ____________________________
His Own Worst Enemy

(Continued from page 35)

The next day Husing apologized. But it was too late. The damage was done. He was a target once again for journalistic knives.

The best liked guy on Radio Row is a sweet, young guy in Columbia's press department. He asked me not to mention his name. So I will not. Husing, who has no sense of humor, insulted him before a crowded room. They went down to the cellar of the broadcasting building. The kid is as big as Husing and very handy with his dukes.

But again Husing won.

He was filled with remorse the next day, when I met him. He confessed he really liked the guy, and was sorry it had happened. But his worst enemy was getting in his licks. Husing was fighting himself.

At the Kentucky Derby, he met Jack Foster. If there ever was a right guy, Foster is it. He was a radio editor before he became an important executive on the New York World-Telegram. Jack is famous for his severity and his honesty.

to my table in Billy La Hiff's Tavern where we all hang out. He stuck out his hand.

"Come up to the house for breakfast tomorrow," he said. "You haven't a radio column in, I didn't need you."

There is a strange man. He insulted me when I could do him some good. He made a friend out of me when my days of boosting and bad notices were over!

So now you can understand why you read about Husing being a wrong gee in the newspapers. He doesn't want to, but he always manages to annoy the critics. It all comes down to the lack of humor in the best announcer in the world. His former wife is a remarkable woman, a fine cook and a generous hostess who is one of the handsomest women on Broadway. I do not know their secret sorrow. They parted with fine dignity, still friends but concealing their difficulties. I have been around with them many times, separately and singly, before and after their divorce.

When Mrs. Husing married Lenny Hayton, the Micky Mouse of orchestra lead-

STOP!!! Wouldn't you like to win a prize?

On Pages 32 and 33 of this issue—319 prizes! Yes, sir!

LOOK!!! three hundred and nineteen of 'em—just waiting to be won!

LISTEN !!! Read the rules—put on your thinking cap—and go in and win one for yourself. It's a cinch!

"Sit in my booth," Ted asked Foster.
"I can't," explained the mild kilocycle commentator. "I promised Clem McCarthy I would sit with him in the NBC coop."

"So," sneered Husing, "you're subsidized?"

Foster winced, and walked away. They are mortal enemies to this day.

Husing pulled the same thing on me. I was the guest of CBS at the inauguration of President Roosevelt. Husing, Ted Glover, CBS news manager, Quentin Reynolds, of Collier's, and I shared a suite.

Husing came home. There was a party going. The room was thronged. There were people there I didn't know.

"Screw," shouted Husing to me as I sat on his bed, "you got to leave. You're subsidized by Columbia!"

I think the only thing a newspaperman has is his honesty. Naturally I resented Husing's remark. We almost came to blows. The fight was stopped. I thought Husing had done a masterful job in reporting the oath-taking. I said so in my column the next day.

I had hardly got back into my office in New York when a letter came. It was from Husing. He was sorry he had been so crude. But that was the last good news he got from me. I received him every day for a year.

But he proved to be a bigger guy than I was. I was going to Washington to write a political column. He came over and wished me happiness. I am sure Ted did, too.

The ladies like Husing. I have seen him and sat with him in the Broadway deadfalls with Estelle Taylor and Peggy Hopkins Joyce. His name has appeared in print with that of Jean Harlow.

But lately he is often with Ann St. George, a blond and beautiful choir girl from the Hollywood Restaurant circle. I sat one night with Ted and Ann. A reporter asked them if they were engaged.

"That's our business," Ted said.

There is not a guy in our town who plays more benefits. He is making money, and likes to spend it. You see him around and about, staking guys whose luck ran out, picking up checks for friends and scowling at pests.

That's Husing the man—I like him, and I hope he likes me.

He stands alone as a radio announcer. Office politics has robbed him of the excitement of news broadcasts he likes so much, and now he does only sports.

The guy who took him off the big jobs says he has no change of pace. I have heard the flabby substitutes who have taken his place where the headlines are rigged. They don't belong in the same studio with him.

The guy is a stand out. He is at the peak of his profession. But there's only one guy who may trip him up; who may ruin him; who may shatter his pedestal.

The guy's name is Ted Husing.
Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre
changes its broadcast hour to
FRIDAY NIGHTS
NBC BLUE NETWORK

Now you can listen to this delightful radio program at a more convenient time. Palmolive's famous series of one-hour musical dramas is now on the air every FRIDAY night. Over a coast-to-coast NBC Network. (Please see Friday listings in this issue for your local time and station.)

Look forward to the same wonderful performances you have enjoyed on Tuesday nights. The same clever adaptations from favorite stage productions. The same brilliant all-star cast of radio, concert and opera headliners . . . Francia White, James Melton, Theodore Webb, Jan Peerce, Florence Vickland, etc. . . . together with the Palmolive 30 piece orchestra and the glorious Palmolive Chorus of 20 voices.

The Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre is brought to you by PALMOLIVE—the Beauty Soap made with gentle Olive and Palm Oils to keep skin lovely.

COMING ATTRACTIONS

COUNTESS MARITZA
STUDENT PRINCE
MISS SPRINGTIME
BLOSSOM TIME
THE RED MILL
NEW MOON
DU BARRY
NATOMA

Thrilling new PALMOLIVE CONTEST!
"FOR BEAUTY'S SAKE"
EVERY WEEK $1000 IN CASH
1000 other prizes!

A contest so simple, so easy, and such fun to do! In addition to the first prize of $1000 in cash, there are 1000 other prizes. Don't fail to listen in for complete details.
to meet and entertain fine young boys and girls. And Herbert—well, there wasn’t a thing Herbert couldn’t have. But don’t think he was spoiled. Far from it. He was a fine, handsome boy who had a grown-up mind and a wholesome personality.

Al and his son would talk and argue for hours at a stretch about anything. Very often, the boy would get the best of his father in this battle of wits, and Al would beam with delight and paternal pride. You could see the great admiration and companionship father and son shared. The boy already had displayed a remarkable talent as an artist and many professional artists, to whom Al proudly had shown his work, predicted a great future for him. Great kid, that boy! Al Goodman’s eyes betrayed his feelings for his son every time he looked at him.

The succeeding years brought those intimate little episodes that round out a family album. One day when there was thick fog, Rita married Irving Prager, a musician. And the time when Herbert was valedictorian of his class in High School. Then Evelyn’s baby. And the excitement the day that Herbert won the scholarship. When Al became music director of one of the most important radio shows.

His happiness was mounting in a rising crescendo. Then in that fateful year, his whole world crashed around him. The series of tragedies started with the day last summer when Al bumped his leg against a piano during rehearsal. Like a forecast of what the rest of the year was to bring, it started out as an inconsequential incident, and suddenly turned out to be a horrible nightmare.

When he reached home, the pain in his leg increased and Fanny called a doctor. “You’ve got to lie flat on your back, without moving,” the doctor told him.

Al thought he was kidding. “It’s possible,” his wife warned him. “You hit the main artery and a blood clot developed. One tiny move will break that clot and send it to the heart, and then— instant death.”

For three months Al Goodman, an active, strong, healthy man in his early forties, had to give up his work and lie flat on his back without daring to move his leg even a fraction. Can you picture the ordeal he went through, with the dread thought that death might catch him unawares any moment? Added to that was the fact that it was during the hot, sticky summer months and he couldn’t be moved out of the city. His bed was like a torture chamber. Friends who saw and visited him often, as any excitement might cause a fatal jerk of the body. It was fifteen-year-old Herbert who made those unsufferable days tolerable. He would sit by his father’s bedside and direct Al, lost in a discussion with him, would forget his trouble. The understanding between father and son deepened into a silent devotion during those terrible months.

Finally, the leg healed completely. Al went about trying to make up for the time he had lost. It was in the Fall, sponsors were hearing new programs, and Al was auditioning for several of them. He was busy and happy.

There was one program he was particularly anxious to get. The Palmolive Theatre of the Air was casting the drag-net for a new orchestra leader. The best known musicians tried out for the job. The prestige behind it, the money, the opportunities—it was one of the most valuable catches in radio.

Then the big day, last October, when Al was to audition for that show. “If I get it,” he told Herbert excitedly, “we’ll go out and have a swell celebration.”

He was in rare form that day. His expressive, expressive eyes wobbled his musicians into action and they played with the verve and beauty that distinguishes the Al Goodman orchestra. He was half-way through the audition when he was interrupted by a phone call. “It’s fixed,” he said to Al. “You won’t be told.”

His hands trembled as he put down his baton. He had a certain feeling that disaster lay at the other end of the receiver.

“Herbert is very sick. He’s calling for you. Come at once!”

He stood dazed. It took him a full minute to get the meaning of that message. Then he uttered a terrible cry and rushed from the studio. His violinist picked up Al’s baton and the audition went on.

Al reached home just before they placed the boy on the stretcher and trundled him off to the hospital for an emergency operation. It was internal paralysis, the aftermath of an appendicitis operation. It had struck suddenly, without warning.

All night long he and Fanny stood outside that operating-room praying, too tense even to cry. Finally, hours and hours later, they heard the doctor’s voice, shrill but excited, which told the doctor out. Al’s hopes gave a frantic jump. Then he looked at the doctor’s face. He didn’t have to be told.

Herbert was dead.

That night he was told he had got the Palmolive job.

It might sound heroic and valiant if I were to say that Al Goodman didn’t flinch. That he still carried on and masked his emotions in a calm exterior. Pagliacci stuff, you know.

But such was not the case. Al Goodman broke down completely. He gave up his job in the show “Life Begins at 8:40.” He wanted to give up all his jobs. He wanted to give up everything.

“What does all this mean to me now?” he cried hopelessly. “Nothing matters any more. I’m going to stay at home and take care of Fanny.”

That luxurious, eleven-room duplex apartment which was a cozy home before, now was empty and hollow as a tomb. Wherever he turned he saw Herbert. There was Herbert’s favorite book. There

(Continued on page 64)
Tintex
Waves a Magic Wand of COLOR over your faded Apparel and Home Decorations

Tintex—brings Color Magic to Curtains, Drapes, Luncheon Sets, Pillow Covers and all Home Decorations

Tintex—brings Color Magic to Afternoon Frocks, Evening Dresses, Evening Wraps, and Scarfs

Tintex—brings Color Magic to Underthings and Lingerie—lace-trimmed Negligees—Stockings

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EASY TO BE A TINTEX COLOR MAGICIAN!

Every day Tintex is performing miracles of color in millions of homes. Let it work its magic in your home—today! Let it restore faded color—or give new color, if you wish—to everything in your home decorations and wardrobe. Tintexing is simple—it's just fun. So quick it takes but a few minutes.

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Avoid Substitutes . . .
Tintex quality never varies! Perfect results every time. That's why millions of women INSIST ON TINTEX

PARK & TILFORD, Distributors

TINTEX WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING TINTS AND DYSES

AT ALL DRUG STORES, NOTION AND TOILET GOODS COUNTERS
Radio Stars

The Man Who Lost Everything

(Continued from page 62)

was that half-finished drawing. And that was the corner where he and Herbert used to sit and talk.

He couldn't stand it any longer. He and Fanny made plans to move out of the house haunted with happy memories, and live in a hotel room.

But during those awful dark hours was to come another cross to bear on top of all his sufferings. His father was so overcome with grief that his health became affected. The older Goodman wouldn't eat or sleep. His weakened condition and lack of resistance caused gangrene to set in his leg. One thing alone might save him. The leg would have to be amputated.

And for the second time in one month, Al Goodman, terrified and grief-stricken, stood outside of a hospital door praying for a loved one inside. The leg was amputated to the thigh, and to-day the father is a wreck of his former self.

Al Goodman returned to his work. And in it he has found some salvation, some small measure of peace. Many people say that he is a man of iron. They can't understand where he gets the energy to do much work. As musical director of the Otto Harbach series and the Bromo Seltzer program besides the Palomino show, he is one of the busiest men in radio. He shouts and laughs and talks excitedly and rushes from one rehearsal to another. We who know him notice that he laughs a little too hard, and there is an hysterical tinge to his gait. It's not natural.

"Why, the man probably doesn't get more than four hours of sleep," says his observers. He doesn't. How long he can stand it, I don't know. But he is thankful for that, because only in the sleeping hours can he forget for a moment that terrible ache in his heart. It's when he is at home, alone with Fanny that the desolate despair shows on his face.

And that's the story I wanted to tell the man who stood next to me in the Palomino studio and said: "Gee, Al Goodman certainly is lucky. He has everything. How I envy him."

The End

Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 29)

People Behind Voices You're Hearing

David Ross. Sure he reads poetry, but you should see him! He's a cocky little banty who walks around as though he were about to knock the head off of Jimmy Braddock . . . and maybe he could. At the microphone, while his silky voice seems off the rhymes, he looks as though he were going to bite the top off it. In a word (and you'll doubt it): dynamic.

Jessica Dragonette. This lovely little lady should be called the frigisprime—she's that cool. No matter what the excitement and the crash and the study no trembles nor laughs. Her sister does her worrying for her, often approaching hysterical nervousness in the dressing-room before a program; but Jessica's only show of emotion before she goes on the air is to devotely to cross herself. As an example of how like a child she appears, they tell about one of her recent visits to a convent. On her way out with two of the Sisters, a nearby doorman exclaimed: "Wow, but they're dressing those kids up nowadays!"

Major Bowes. He may be outstanding for his amateur hour, but to me he is most outstanding for the love he still cherishes for a memory. Probably the most heart touching dedication ever to go out over the air was that occasion recently when Charles Dillingham, in the studio audience, had responded to Bowes' invitation to say hello to the radio public. Dillingham told about a brilliant girl who came to him one time about a part in a play and how she became one of our greatest dramatic artists. "That girl," he concluded, "was the fine actress you all knew as Margaret Illington . . . For almost a minute, the great network was silent; and you who listened may have thought something had gone wrong. But nothing had. The Major had been unable to speak. Margaret Illington had been his wife . . . One more thing: They tell me that he and Mrs. Bowes would slip into the Capitol Theater lounges almost every day and hold hands during a long performance, paying no attention to the screen. Since her death, the Major has not been in them once.

Sight for Sore Eyes

NBC kindly sends me some information on its Kathleen Wells. "Kathleen," the little gem reads, "is an expert swimmer and only gets out of her bathing suit when she comes to Radio City for her song programs and rehearsals."

Unless you have seen the shapely Miss Wells, you have no idea how interesting a performance that could be.

Phoney Signature

It may be different now, but a while back, when you sent in for Dick Hinder's autograph, you didn't get the McCoy at all. And here's how the truth came out.

One of the bright lads had been making a nice thing of getting stars' signatures and forging them to checks that were palmed off as payment for "Material." Hinder was on the list. The autograph came and it was carefully copied. But the check bounced so hard it punched the bright lid into a cell—because Hinder's secretary had been signing his autograph all along and her writing is not like his.
Powder shade too light—skin looked chalky

Science finds true cause of many "dead-looking" complexities

Look at this girl. Decidedly blonde, with glorious fair skin—yet her skin seemed "dead-looking"—like the chalk-marked streak above. Her powder had taken the liveliness out of her skin!

The Color Analyst wiped it off—"Here's the color for you," he said, and applied Pond's Rose Cream. Amazing, the change! Pond's hidden color notes brightened her whole face. Brought out her true blondeness. Gone—that dull, paste-y look!

Blonde of Brunette, Pond's Face Powder can work the same color miracle in your skin.

With an optical machine, Pond's analyzed the skin of over 200 girls. They discovered the hidden tints that give different skins their beauty. In blondes, a hint of bright blue gives that transparent look. In brunettes, a touch of green brings out that creamy enchantment.

New Reduced Prices

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5 Different Shades FREE—Mail Coupon Today

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POND'S, Dept K126 Clinton, Conn. Please send me free 5 different shades of Pond's new Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

Copyright, 1935, Pond's Extract Company
Amazing 2-minute Oatmeal Facial

Combs

ROUGH-DRYNESS
BLACKHEADS
COARSE PORES
OILY SKIN!

1. BLEND
a little
Lavena
with water

2. APPLY
to face. Wash
off. Takes
2 minutes.

3. NOW!
Skin is radiant,
soft! Velvety
and fresh!

Every day, when your skin is tiredest; when blackheads, blotchiness, large pores look their worst, give yourself this 2-minute oatmeal facial. Instantly you'll notice the difference. Your skin will look so clear, so refreshed and rested. You'll find blackheads combated. Large pores counteracted. And oh, how soft, how velvety, how fresh and young your complexion looks. That's because Lavena deep-cleans. And unlike soap it does not irritate. It cannot clog pores with grease. If you want your skin to look creamy, vital, get a package of Lavena today. Give your skin the benefit of this 2-minute facial every day.

We guarantee to refund the price of Lavena if it does not perform exactly as we say. Try either the 10c or 60c size.

LAVENA CORP., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

LAVENA
The 2-Minute Oatmeal Facial

just the trouble; sometimes, the customer would rather not know quite so accurately what he is getting. This "Hit Parade" of ours requires talent with more of a flair for adventure, for surprises, for excitement. That's it... excitement. Get that in our show and we've got something that will pull as many listeners as the Coughlin-General Johnson debates.

Excitement wanted!

Remember this: Old folks don't get excited—or if they do sounds like worry. Young folks do get excited. What do we do?

We do exactly what the creators of the Saturday evening "Hit Parade" did. We take girls like Gogo Delays and Kay Thompson and the Melody Girls, and boys like Johnny Hauser and Charlie Carlisle, and the Rhythm Boys. And we take a conductor like Lennie Hayton who is just in his middle-twenties. But—live you me, with the fifteen authentic bits of the week for music, that crew can make a show.

Maybe I'm wrong but I think this Parade of yesterday's and today's favorites is proving something. The critics sneered when the announcement first reached them. If you aren't a New Yorker you've no idea how radio critics can sneer. "We're already sick of the most popular numbers," they complained. "Playing them once again is just going to make us and the rest of the country a little sickier."

They didn't figure on you. Old ideas, any old idea, if the right kid gets a fresh grip on it, is apt to turn into a world-beater.

Some of Mr. Lucky Strike's right, bright kids are:

Lennie Hayton—Every one of radio behind his back—is good natured enough not to mind even if he were called that to his face. The big news about him is that he, who was one of Broadway's best bachelor bets, is now a married man. And the honeymoon is none other than Helen G. Husing, ex-wife of the gabby Ted Husing of announcing fame. They were married in Metuchen, New Jersey, recently.

Born in 1908, just a few feet from one of the sidewalks of New York, Lennie has his mind full of such memories as only old New York can have, horse-cars, for instance. And the old Bowery which exists nowadays only in story and song.

It was Paul Whiteman who brought him into the limelight. Already, Lennie had spent two years playing piano for the famous Cass Hagan, a next door neighbor. When Paul got him, he was ready to take over some of Paul's more tedious duties, such as conducting the orchestra during rehearsals. At first, so modest was the lad, he wouldn't get up and wave a stick in front of everyone. Paul had to insist, threaten to fire him.

For years, he was known as Bing Crosby's closest friend. From Bing, perhaps, he got his most astonishing idiosyncrasy. He has one precious possession which ranks above all others. It is his mascot, good luck charm, and inspiration combined. It is an ancient, bent, bedraggled lightweight felt hat. He wears it during rehearsals, auditions, programs, everywhere. For a while, during the Hit Parade, he left it off and immediately things went badly. Gogo and Johnny Hauser and all the others begged him to start wearing it again. He did, and things picked up immediately.

Kay Thompson is a girl from Missouri who is out to show the world. Born in St. Louis a little more than twenty years ago, she studied to be a concert pianist. After fifteen years of pounding the black and white keys, she decided to be a singer. They do things like that in Missouri.

West Coasters may remember her for her broadcasts when she was working her way through college. She's got a habit, sort of, like Lennie. She wears a scarf while broadcasting, but can't tell you why to save her life. Right now she lives on Park Avenue with two sisters. They are tall, blonde, willowy—which should be interesting to any stray stags about town. For the way she can hit the notes, Empty bottles. They don't do anything with them, just collect them. Some fun, eh?

Happy-go-lucky Johnny Hauser is a
chicken farmer. Really. Born in New York twenty-four years ago, he first learned to sing by doing solos at Corn Beef Dinners for a political club.

Paul Whiteman has always been his idol and getting a job with Paul last year was the ambition of a lifetime. He thought he was set for life until the "Hit Parade" came along and offered him a featured spot. He wanted to stick to Paul but the jazz king said the same magic words that have boosted many another star into the heights. Those words: "Get off my program and get on one of your own." Johnny got, and you and I are liking it.

About those chickens, he raises Leghorns . . . a thousand of 'em . . . at Northvale, New Jersey. His folks run the place when he is away. Or courting. He is quite a courtier, by the way, always addressing the cherie dumplings of his eye as "The Duchess." Just a whim, probably. There's a new Duchess every week. Just another whim. When excited, thrilled, stumped or stymied, he always says, "Yeah, man!"

Gogo Dellys has the darndest name. If you haven't heard it, pick yourself a nice cool spot and start reading. It is Marie-Jeanne Gabrielle Germaine Belzemyre Belanger. She's called Gogo because her baby sister couldn't pronounce Marie-Jeanne or Gabrielle or Germaine or Belzemyre. Or do you care?

She is another California product, coming to the University of Southern California from Edmonton, Canada, where she made her professional debut at the age of seven. Jimmy Grier's band first provided the "thumpa-tumpas" behind her canarying. Next, the "Carefree Carnival" signed her to sing and "carry on." She loves to "carry on" and she'll do it at the drop of a hat, particularly Lennie Hayton's.

It was Phil Baker who brought her east for his last winter's show and New Yorkers and other foreigners got their first good look at her. Strange fact is that the first twelve maidens who worked for her quit their jobs after one week. Couldn't put up with her hobby, it seemed. Her hobby is whittling things out of blocks of soft wood. Cute, eh?

Charles Carlisle is doing what the wisacres call a comeback. Several years ago Charlie won a singing contest on the radio and decided that he might get somewhere on the air if he applied himself. What with his good looks and his high tenor voice, he did right well until the prankish nabobs of the business began to forget that he was one of the best bets on their air. Result: he didn't get much business.

But now the picture has changed. Young Mr. Carlisle, who is one of the snappiest dressers on Kilicycle Alley, is very much back in the radio framework. He is featured on the "Hit Parade" and they do say he is one of the reasons the girls' schools in the East dismissed a week earlier than usual this year.

Carlisle, who is also a New Yorker—Glenn Falls is the village—is another reformed piano player. He learned the knack at the age of eight and still insists on "chording" after the third Martini.

If you need money—and who doesn't—see Pages 32-33.
an effort to be himself. It was just as well, perhaps, because his nerves had continued to tighten anyway. That’s the way things stood. His bankroll was badly de- flated, his faith in himself was shot, and his health was shattered. He lost offered to economize if he would leave the air. They had enough money to last a while. Phil said he wouldn’t. It was not his way.

Those were the reasons why his family looked upon the cruise of the Seth Parker as a God-sent opportunity.

Phil came home one day with his eyes shining for the first time in months. He was actually gay, Mrs. Lord says, for it seemed he was to begin a great adventure that would smooth all his difficulties. He had arranged to buy, for a little more than five thousand dollars, an old lumber schooner that had plied ocean waters in the Australian trade. NBC would pay him to broadcast each week on a round-the-world cruise, and an ice box manufac- turer would pay him for broadcasts down the East coast. Beside the five thousand, he would need ten thousand more for his share in outfitting the boat, but his home could be mortgaged—and it was.

Details were arranged with scarcely a hitch. Mrs. Lord and her two little girls would join the Seth Parker at Singapore and it would give the whole family a two-year vacation while making scads of money.

“Money,” said Phil. “We’ll make lots of it, I hope. It’s a good thing, too, because the kids will need it some day... But do you remember the time we went to Brooklyn and I was glad because the old lady hadn’t found me out?”

“Well, I’m afraid the whole world is going to find me out this time. It may even finish me as Seth Parker, because people have violent objections to saints who step behind counters and sell ribbons and groceries.”

Aided and abetted by editors, they ob- jected almost immediately.

They said his programs were fakes, though every program he put on was ab- solutely true to the announcement he made of it.

They said the ice box manufacturer canc-elled his contract in disgust, though the manufacturer actually offered Phil another and better contract, which he didn’t feel he should accept. It meant his continued appearance in American ports, and Phil turned it down, with sincere thanks, because millions of Americans expected him to leave on his world cruise.

They said the progress of the Seth Parker down the coast was punctuated by “drunken orgies,” though Phil is not such a fool as to so flagrantly jeopardize the reputation of his wife and family.

In spite of these vicious rumors, he con- tinued on. The reason is not hard to see. Everything he owned was sunk into the venture and he couldn’t let it flop. The Seth Parker moved to Haiti, through the Panama Canal, to the Galapagos and to Tahiti. The months passed.

Then, in three vivid scenes came the change. After what we can do about this awful mess when I get there. We’ll have to start from the bottom.”

Never, I think, did Seth Parker him- self get a more pitiful letter than that his creator sent home, nor one that spoke be-
Why do minds misbehave?

THE PSYCHIATRIST OFFERS TWO ANSWERS...

Case No. 256

Miss O.H.F., Age 29.

Teacher of English in high school. Successful in her work—but tortured by belief that her superiors discriminated against her maliciously. Accused her favorite student of telling lies about her to the school principal.

DIAGNOSIS: Paranoid suspicions.

CURE: Complete—when cause of fear was revealed in the course of psychiatric consultations. Her mental illness had its beginning in childhood, when quarrelling Parents made her feel insecure, unsure of affection.

Case No. 432

Mrs. T.O.V., Age 31.

Frequently embarrassed husband by telephoning guests and withdrawing invitations. Offended her husband's employer by her inattention and pre-occupation with secret worries during a dinner given in her honor.

DIAGNOSIS: "Accident panic"—the fear that the sanitary napkin she wore did not afford complete safety and protection.

CURE: Complete—when cause of her fear was discovered and the fear ended by introducing to her a sanitary Modess ("Certain-Safe"") that was designed in a way to make "accidents" impossible.

Even if "accident panic" has never haunted you..., protect yourself against the possibility of an accident ever happening. Get a box of the new Modess today. Its name—"Certain-Safe"—tells the story...and you can look at the napkin and see why it's accident-proof:

1. Extra-long tabs provide firmer pinning bases...
   Modess can't pull loose from the pins.

2. Specially-treated material covers back and sides of pad...Modess can't strike through.

The day you buy Modess is the day you end "accident panic" forever!

MODESS STAYS SOFT...STAYS SAFE
Why Gamble WITH DANGEROUS METHODS OF
Marriage Hygiene

"I'VE BEEN A SATISFIED USER FOR OVER
20 YEARS"

FREE Sample
Demonstrates Amazing Doubly Effective Method!

MUST every woman live constantly in fear of suffering? “Not at all!” say many thousands who have found new happiness and confidence by using Boro-Pheno-Form in marriage hygiene. Originated by a well-known physician for his own practice, its remarkable effectiveness has been won from coast to coast popularity. Hundreds have written of continued satisfaction 5 to 20 years or more! That record should banish doubt and fear from any mind!

So why imperil health with harsh drugs, some of which are actually poisonous? Their effect at best is perniciously brief. Boro-Pheno-Form Suppositories give DOUBLE effectiveness—IMMEDIATE effectiveness upon application and CONTINUED effectiveness afterward. Amazingly powerful, yet gently soothing, even beneficial, to inflamed or irritated tissues.

So convenient too! Ready to use, no clumsy apparatus—no mixing—no danger of overdose or burns, and no telltale antiseptic odor. Instead, they are actually deodorizing and are used by many fastidious women for that purpose alone. One trial will convince you that here at last is the ideal marriage hygiene method—and trial will cost you nothing. Mail the coupon below for a liberal FREE SAMPLE and informative booklet.

Dr. Pierre Chemical Co., Dept. P-30
162 N. Franklin St., Chicago, Illinois.

Dr. Pierre's BORO-PHENO-FORM
MAIL COUPON FOR FREE SAMPLE

Dr. Pierre Chemical Co.—Dept. P-30
162 N. Franklin St., Chicago, Illinois.
Please send me FREE SAMPLE of Boro-Pheno-Form and Free Booklet.

Name
Address
City State

RADIO STARS

Radio Stars’ Cooking School (Continued from page 50)

School director when I went to interview
the Pickens’ recently was Mrs. Pickens
herself, a pretty little gray-haired indi-
nian with the marked Southern accent and
slow speech so characteristic of Georgia
folk. A remarkable woman, Mrs. Pickens.
It is her expressed desire to remain very
much in the background of her daugh-
ters’ personal life. But I feel sure
that her touch, delicate but sure, can be
felt in the girls’ every decision and I know
for a fact that it is she who, with a firm
hand, directs the running of their home.

It’s a lovely home, too. Fireplace, books
and furnishings give the living-room some
of the charm of a Southern interior,
supplying a fitting frame for the gay
young faces of the Pickens girls, Helen,
Jane, Patti and Grace.

Maybe you didn’t know about Grace?
Well, she’s the fourth of the Pickens sis-
ters. Originally one of the singing trio
(before Patti “grew up”) Grace now acts
as business manager for her better known
sisters and substitutes as singer if one of
the others is ill. Certainly Grace is less
well known to the Radio Audience, but she
too contributes (as does the Mother) to
the Pickens’ success.

There is another member of the Pickens
menage who is bound to get a share of
attention in any article dealing primarily
with things Southern. Flat-Elnora, the
colored maid, brought from Georgia
(along with other “Old Southern Cus-
toms”) to preside over the kitchen, boss
the other servants and watch over the in-
terests of the family in general and with
that mixture of adoration, loyalty and jeal-
ousy so characteristic of her race.

Yes, indeed, although Mrs. Pickens will
tell you what her daughters like to eat
and the girls themselves will inform you
that they amuse themselves occasionally
by making up some special dish (each to
her own liking) it is to Elnora we must
go if we are seeking detailed directions
for making their favorite foods, “Miss Helen’s
Ambrosia,” “Miss Jane’s Fried Chicken and
Southern Chicken Pie” and “the Baby’s
Brown Betty.”

Oh dear, oh dear, I’ll wager seventeen-
year-old Patti Pickens would cheerfully
slay me for calling her that, but the fond
way Elnora says “the Baby” so well ex-
presses her love and loyalty that I can’t
resist quoting her. The fact that Patti,
Jane and Helen are now famous (because
of their phonograph recording and musical
comedies appearances as well as their
success over the air—they are now on the
Bourjois program—has not changed
Elnora. She just goes on serenely catering
to her “folks” and fixing up, day in,
day out, the delectable Southern foods
the Pickens’ like.

So let’s go into the Pickens’ kitchen
and learn some more culinary secrets
which have made Southern cooking and
Southern mammas famous the world over.

The first thing to engage our attention
(and rightly so) is chicken, to which, as
you will have noticed, Jane Pickens is
especially partial. Jane herself gave me
some interesting pointers on frying chicken
in true Southern fashion. (That grin you
notice on her pretty face in the picture at
the top of the Pickens’ column, too, is one
of justifiable pride over her one outstanding
culinary accomplishment.) There are im-
portant “do’s and don’ts” in cooking Fried
Chicken in true Southern style, according
to Jane.

“If I really very easy,” Jane declared,
“but there are certain rules that simply
must be observed. In the first place you
need a large enough skillet to cook the
chicken without crowding. Then you need
enough fat to cover every piece. You
brown the chicken in the fat . . .”

“And then you cover the pan . . .” I re-
marked, wishing to air my knowledge and
having always done just that little thing
myself. But at this point I was the re-
cipient of several reproving, I might even
say scolding, glances.

“You most emphatically do not cover
the pan!” Jane hastened to correct me
while Elnora shook her head in a manner
that indicated her low opinion of Northern
cooking in general.”

“No, siree,” said Elnora as we listened
with the respect that should be given to
authoritative information of any sort.

“You-all don’t want to stew your chicken,
you want to fry it!” And certainly that’s
what we-all want to do! And we’ll fol-
low Elnora’s recipe, too, if we are wise.
Later on in the article I’ll tell you
how to get it.

When it came to the subject of South-
ern Chicken Pie, Jane left the matter in
Elnora’s capable hands at the outset. Odd-
ly enough Elnora turned out to be splendid
at giving directions—not at all like the
usual colored maid who professes to cook
with a complete disregard for measurements
and quantities. Elnora knows exactly
what goes into her Chicken Pie and
furthermore she is most explicit about
directions for making the biscuits that
form its tempting golden-brown crust.

Under these fluffy biscuits nest such treats
as baby carrots, small onions and boned
chicken, all smothered in a rich chicken
gravy. (Any that stumpin’?)

You’ll find the recipe at the end of this
article. Be sure to cut it out and save
it so that you can make the Pickens Biscuit
Crust for the Pickens Southern Chicken
Pie. And the way to get the latter recipe?
Well, as always, all you have to do is
fill in and mail the coupon.

The ideal dessert to follow a meal that
features a rich Chicken Pie, according to
Helen Pickens, is Ambrosia. This is a
fresh fruit concoction which Helen made
up for me as I watched her. The collec-
tion of thisa and thata was noteworthy
and the results achieved (when they were
correctly blended and sweetened) were
stupendous! Another nice thing about this
dish is that it omits one fruit and sub-
stitutes the one I like best, so it is a
completer around. The Ambrosia recipe also
is included in our Cooking School leaflet
this month.

Another recipe in the leaflet will tell
you just how to make Patti’s pet sweet
Brown Betty. Once a week, at the very
least, this apple and bread combination graces the Pickens dinner table to the joy of the entire family and to Patti's especial delight. There's a trick about making this dessert, I discovered from Elhora—not a fancy, difficult trick. I assure you—just one of those little touches that change "pretty good" into "perfect". I am delighted therefore to be able to pass it on to you on one of the recipe cards.

So there you have a brief description of the marvelous foods you will learn how to prepare by sending for this month's Radio Stars' Cooking School leaflet. Let's see, now—in the attractively printed leaflet there are four recipes, carefully tested, simply stated, free as usual and particularly delicious in true Southern style. And remember that Southern cooking represents the most delectable dishes our country has developed—while the Pickens recipes represent Southern cooking at its very best.

Just think! For the cost of only a postage stamp you'll have explicit directions telling you how to make Helen's Ambrosia, Patti's Brown Betty, and Jane's Southern Chicken Pie and Georgia Fried Chicken. The Brown Betty recipe card also includes a tasty Wine Sauce often served at the Pickens home as an accompaniment to this favored dessert (it's like gilding the lily, I'll admit, but though unnecessary this sauce does add a sophisticated touch). The Fried Chicken recipe card, included in the leaflet, tells you how to make Cream Gravy, without which no such dish is considered complete.

Quite a collection, isn't it? And although the girls may have been nicknamed "The Slim Pickens" by some wag, there will be no "slim pickins'" in your home if you send for a copy of the leaflet containing all these grand recipes for the Pickens' sisters' favorite foods. So send for your set now...don't delay...we expect a rush of requests for these splendid Southern recipes and you'll want to be among the very first in your crowd to try them out.

This is Nancy Wood signing off. The biscuit recipe follows (as promised) and that valuable little coupon.

**BAKING POWDER BISCUITS**

2 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
\( \frac{3}{4} \) teaspoon salt
\( \frac{1}{4} \) cup vegetable shortening (butter)
\( \frac{1}{2} \) to \( \frac{3}{4} \) cup milk

Mix and sift dry ingredients. Work in shortening with tips of fingers. Add milk slowly, mixing it into dough with two forks. Turn onto lightly floured board and roll out lightly (with floured rolling pin) to desired thickness. (Elhora recommends a thickness of \( \frac{1}{2} \) inch.) Cut with biscuit cutter and bake to a golden brown in hot oven (450° F.) 12 to 15 minutes.

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**COUPON**

Please send me the FREE recipes for the Pickens Sisters' favorite Southern dishes.

Name: ........................................ Print in pencil
Street: ...........................................
City: .......................... State: ...........

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HERE's one little medicine-hater who is going to bed happy. She's just had her first taste of Fletcher's Castoria—and she loved it! Now mother is back in favor once more.

Do you know that even the *taste* of Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children?

It's one laxative they take willingly. And it's very important that a child *should* take a laxative without a struggle. For the fear and resentment a child feels when forced to take a bad-tasting laxative often seriously upsets her nerves and her digestion.

But there's more to the laxative question than taste. Children's systems are sensitive, delicate. So Fletcher's Castoria is made just for children, of ingredients that are safe and suitable for a child.

It contains no narcotics. No harsh, purging drugs such as some "grown-up" laxatives contain...It will never, never cause gripping pain. It will not form a habit. It is gentle, yet thorough.

Buy a bottle today. Depend on it always until your youngest child is 11 years old. Be thrifty—buy the family-size bottle. And look for the signature Chas. H. Fletcher.
For Better—Not Worse

(Continued from page 41)

That Gene eventually yielded was, however, no slumber upon his spinal rigidity. Rather does it explain, I think, why Marge, after spending the first eighteen months following their chance engagement meeting confirming herself that she would never, never marry him, turned around and, at a spectacular ceremony, solemnized at the People's Church by that radio-
renowned parson, Dr. Preston Bradley, became Mrs. Gene Kretsinger.

Gene's spirit of compromise has gone far no doubt towards insuring the suc- cess of his and his talented wife's marriage. Nevertheless at least half the credit is due to Marge.

Few married women of my acquaintance have met the crises of wedlock with greater equanimity than this dutiful daughter of the Middle Border who, at fourteen, quit High School to join the vaudeville act of her parents, George J. Damerel, the origin- al Prince Danielle of The Merry Widow, and the theater-wise creator and co-star of "Myrt and Marge." Let me cite an example: Shortly after their marriage Marge and Gene determined to celebrate their first fifth anniversary with a week-end of winter sports in Wisconsin. Everything was all arranged but the reservations at the hotel where they planned to stop. So a couple of mornings before they were to leave, as Gene was leaving for the studio, Marge sweetly reminded him:

"You won't forget to attend those accommodations, will you?"

"Of course not, darling."

But when he returned home at noon, he sheepishly acknowledged he didn't have them. What had happened? Unlike his wife, whose air time is monopolized by a single sponsor, his is shared by half a dozen.

And that morning a new one had entered his business life, one with a product he wanted aired on Thursday, Saturday and Sunday.

All women know how eagerly the average bride anticipates the anniversaries of her marriage. Especially the first one. And Marge, in spite of the divorce de- cree that separated her from her first husband, is no exception. Still she was sensible wife and seasoned trooper enough to know that business comes before pleasure.

Occurring once or twice in a life-time, a disappointment like that might be glossed over without comment. But wrecked week-ends, like solo summer vacations, so Marge tells me, are the warp and woof of a radio-wife's life. And when that wife happens to be a scintillant somebody on her own account, the marital situation also becomes complicated for the husband.

When Gene married Marge he not only attached to himself a career wife, he also acquired a popular favorite with a fan public that took its radio romance literally and regarded her as the exclusive property of her air lover, Jack Arnold. In consequence one of the first lessons he had to learn as a husband was to accommodate himself to this fantastic notion.
In the first flush of romantic realization this was a cinch. Gene has a swell sense of humor and when letters began pouring in to his wife, berating her for "two-timing Jack" and "chasing around with that dark stranger," he laughed long and loud. But gradually his notion of fun changed until one evening, shortly after Marge's microphone marriage to Arnold, it did a complete somersault.

That evening the Kretsingers were seated at a table for two in a local night club when a pretty young thing detached herself from a nearby party and approached them. Fulsomely she introduced herself as one of Marge's constant listeners, and begged for an autograph. Obligingly Marge scrawled her name across the menu the fair stranger handed her and, as she returned it, graciously asked: "Wouldn't you like to meet my husband?"

The girl would, of course, and, grabbing up a second order card, thrust it toward Gene, asking: "Can't I have your autograph, too?"

Pardonably pleased, Gene signed, but his pleasure was short-lived.

"Are you—Jack Arnold?" demanded the fair stranger accusingly, her gaze fixed reproachfully upon his signature.

"No. I'm Marge's real husband. Gene Kretsinger."

"Ohhhhhhh."

His wife's pulchritudinous public made no effort to conceal her dismay and, as she rejoined her own party, Gene saw her surreptitiously slip under the white-clothed table the card on which was his John Hancock.

Still another complication, unique to radio newlyweds, which temporarily threatened the convivial calm of the Kretsingers was that of leisure. Gene had to be at the studio by nine every morning and remain there intermittently until two or three o'clock. Marge's working day, on the other hand, began with her four p. m. rehearsal and continued with long breathing spells through her seven and ten o'clock broadcasts. The question, therefore, of how to utilize pleasantly and profitably these crazy chunks of in-between time became a puzzler.

The story of how they solved it is so typical that I think it bears repeating here. Although the Kretsinger menage has always boasted an excellent housekeeper, Marge is so proud of her culinary skill that she seldom allows anybody else to do the cooking. And on this day of which I'm about to speak she was in the kitchen, blissfully preparing luncheon, when Gene for lack of anything else to do wandered in.

With the fortitude of a Spartan wife, Marge watched him open the oven door to see what was baking inside, sample the salted nuts for the salad, do sleight-of-hand tricks with her pet paring knife. But she said nothing. Then he started to mop up with one of her best linen glass towels some cream he'd spilled, she exploded.

"Gene Kretsinger!" she wailed. "Can't you find anything else to do besides wreck my kitchen?"

"Why Cupcake, I—" Gene started to explain, but Marge cut him off.

"Before we were married," she went on hotly, "you were the busiest man I knew. There were always a dozen things you had..."

"Don't I?" laughed Gene hollowly, and added: "But you don't. And that settles it. I'm not such a fool that I'd leave you alone while I was off enjoying myself."

And that brings us to the drafting of the Kretingers' new design for leisure, the turning point in their married life.

Only the other day as I was chatting with a friend at WBBM, a meteor in sports clothes flashed across the reception room. It was Marge. She had just finished rehearsing and was bound for the curb outside where Gene was waiting in their car. They were heading for the gun club in Lincoln Park, she called back to me. "We're going to do some trap-shooting before my broadcast."

I mention this incident because it summarizes more eloquently than can words the successful radio program of play. At the same time it vividly depicts the new Marge, the vivid, vibrant young matron of the microphone who, with eyes as well as actions, lets you know that her marriage to Gene Kretzinger has been for better—not worse.

**The End**

**Tony and Gus**

(Continued from page 46)

Folks' had to trot out on the stage for the four or five people who had conveniently tucked away their money in an old sock. But actors had to eat. Brown's hands went into his own pockets to make up the salary. It was the first jinx to set off the fireworks. He had to open at theaters contracted for or else be sued by the local managers, there were actors to be paid, scenery to be transported.

Hopefully he wrote his New York brokers for more money, but they beat him to it by writing for more margin.

But back in New York, the unconquering hero stumbled into the fact that news of his unfortunate tour had already hit the town, and he was labelled a " flop."

Show business has no use for failures, whatever the reason. He tried to peckle some shows he had written, but the finger was on him. Where before he had been ushered into private offices of radio executives as a star, now he found himself warming the chairs of the outer offices waiting hours for an interview.

On the verge of bankruptcy, sick and larcenized in spirit, he quit everything and fled to Connecticut to start all over again.

At the insistence of friends, Brown attended a house-party nearby. He got into the swing of the fun and went into a comic Swedish dialect for the amusement of the guests. One of the men in the crowd returned with a rapid-fire stream of Italian gibberish. That started them off and in no time at all there was the whole party listening on the first performance of what was to be "Tony and Gus."

The other man, of course, was his future radio partner, Mario Chamlee. Brown wrote a whole batch of "Tony and Gus" skits, and in one of the quickest deals on record, sold the idea to the General Foods Corporation who now sponsors it every weekday evening at 7:15 over the NBC network.

So there we have the happy ending of the "has-been" who came back. Brown wrote the script besides playing Gus, and oddly enough, he looks somewhat like the big Swede he portrays. Big-boned, blondish, slow-speaking and rather plodmatic. But he's not at all—plodmatic, we mean. He was born in Seattle, Washington, some forty years ago, but he's still an "eligible."

**The End**
**What's Behind Joe Cook**

(Continued from page 43)

Studios where we finally located him. "We called the place 'Pleasure Park' and we had the best backyard show in town. We charged a nickel admission right off the bat, when all the other kids were afraid to charge more than twelve pins. But then, we gave them their money's worth."

"I used to juggle and do stunts on an old-shaped wooden ball that I got for two bucks from the Evansville Planing Company. Mother bought an extra clothesline so we could walk tight rope and slack, too, even when the family washing was out. Once we needed piping for a trapeze frame, so we sneaked over to the gas plant and hooked some that was lying around loose. We caught us but we didn't care because the chief was one of our best customers. 'Leave those kids alone,' he said. 'They're O. K. and I'm for them.'"

Joe likes to boast of his juvenile performances in the show business, but he never talks about the real difficulties of those early days. Yet the silent, unseen progress of childhood gliding into youth did not bring with it a life of ease for him. He worked every night after school, driving a delivery wagon for a department store, for two dollars a week. He'd like to make one think that was more fun than work.

"A man came to town and established a baking department in the basement of the store," he says. "I never had tasted anything but chocolate cake at home, so when I delivered my first angel food I turned it over and scooped out just a little bit at first—and then a little more, until I finally delivered the shell. That lady never reported it, so I got a little bolder; the next time it was a lemon meringue pie, and I just ate it all and signed her name to the slip. This time I was fired."

"On the way home I passed 'Dr. Johnson's Elixir of Life Company', a traveling medicine show that had stopped to water the horses. The old Doc had twenty-dollar gold pieces for buttons on his coat, and ten-dollar gold pieces on his sleeves. His remedy was supposed to be an old Indian herb secret. Actually, it wasn't anything more than quinine mixed with whiskey. Anyway, he took me along because I could drive the wagon and do three good acts on the backboard. When I quit at the end of the week he called me over and said:

"'You're a fine fellow, Joe, and I'm going to be very generous with you. I'll give you a dollar a bottle for this medicine and I'm going to give you not two bottles for the two dollars I owe you, but seven.'"

"I was spellbound, I believed so in the darn stuff. I left the tent show dizzy with success, with seven Elixirs of Life clutched to my chest. That was my real initiation into the art of show business. I went proudly home, but Mother didn't seem to be much impressed with the Elixir,

... Not long after this, my brother Leo
and I started to try to crash New York.”

Two orphans trying to battle Broadway! The little money they had was invested immediately in a second-hand junker’s table with a green-spangled top and a crate rungs of glass vials of which is apparent from the name “Cook Brothers.” Even with the accouterments such as this, the Great White Way wasn’t extending open arms and jobs for two kids under fifteen years old from the corn husking country.

They slept in packing boxes along Thirteenth Street rather than return to Evansville admitting failure. They could have pawned their table for a meal but with stomachs hollow and minds determined they still clung desperately to their props. They walked miles to save a nickel, they did odd jobs in restaurants and stores in return for food or rehearsal space in some cluttered back room.

Two years after this they were ready — ready to become amateurs. At a burlesque house on Eighth Avenue the Cook Brothers put on their first “strong man and juggling act” on Amateur Night. But the. The callous audience wasn’t interested in Indian clubs and balls. They knew nothing of the two long years of suffering and privation as they hissed the Cook Brothers off the stage to bring on five minutes sooner the twenty girls with rouged and dimpled knees.

“Out of the tent, we didn’t give up. And we took in another fellow named Curly, who had been hissed off, too. Curly could get us three stiff white shirts for the act because his father was head waiter at the Hoffman House. Four months later we all went back to the same theatre and they hollered ‘ringers’ at us, thinking we were too good to be amateurs. But when they held the prize up over our heads it was the Cook Brothers who got the most applause and came in for the ten bucks or their last money. And,” he winked and reached for a cigarette, “we played amateur shows from the Bowery to the Bronx after that. A skinny little tap dancer known as George White and a gawky Jewish girl named Fanny Brice and — oh, yes, the people who heard a little bit about today, we were amateurs right along with us.”

The boys didn’t always get first money, but Joe had a trick by which they always got some money. When Leo was in the spotlight, Joe would manage to reach into his own pocket and get out a few pennies and throw them over his shoulder. “Sort of a decoy,” he explains. “Somebody would always bite, and after the mob spirit would take care of us.”

When there was action of coins and they were hungry, the three boys would walk past Bowery saloons where free lunch was served. Joe and Leo were obviously too young to partake, so they waited outside while the taller and more mature Curly entered to return with his arms full of ham, tongue, cheese and sardine-on-rye sandwiches.

“One night very late we were scuttling up the Bowery, luging our heavy valise filled with Indian clubs, when a police man saw the situation. He sprung from his undershirt the ten-dollar bill we had just won, the cop wouldn’t believe we hadn’t stolen both the clubs and the money. But we must have looked pretty honest because he unlocked a barber shop and told us to do our act if we weren’t lying. We sprang into our finest tiyada position; the clubs gleamed green and crimson as they flashed back and forth. We outdid ourselves, and when we finished, the barman said, ‘Well, now, he demanded, could he do his work at the Hoffman House when his three best shirts were appearing in a juggling act at some Bowery theatre? It was high time for Curly to make a name and get a regular job as a waiter, or else out of his house. The Cook Brothers waited outside in the bleak shadows of the corner gas light while Curly packed his two handkerchiefs and tooth brush. Joe and Leo took him home to their room, where he slept on the floor but didn’t sleep much.

“Two days later we worked at the Alcazar in Brooklyn. Curly kept doing off on every piece of furniture backstage. I wanted him to get in bed but he was awake, just as our act went on. Leo and I were juggling away as if our lives depended on it. ‘Right!’ I yelled. This was the signal for Curly to start his part of the routine. Nothing happened. ‘Right!’ I repeated. ‘Right, right, right!’ By now the audience was roaring. I looked around to see what they were laughing at, and there was Curly, fast asleep on a divan in front of the whole house!”

The Cook Brothers certainly weren’t in the money that night. Whenever they over they carried their smoking companion from the stage. In the dismal hall room they held a candlelight conference that lasted until the early morning hours, when Curly shuffled dozily toward home to find his father that was ready to leave the theatre and be a waiter.

The next afternoon when Joe and Leo returned to the Alcazar to retrieve their spangled table they were greeted by good-natured laughter from the professionals on duty. But when Joe looked up, there smiles there was one who had a heart of gold.” Joe says, “and she was Elsie Janis. She had suddenly grown quite hungry, but she didn’t feel like eating if we wouldn’t accompany her to lunch—as her guests, of course.”

After that first meal the three got along famously. Smothered laughter echoed from behind the closed doors of her dressing-room as Elsie Janis planned a Career for two boys who years before had worshipped her from the hard-earned gallery seat in an Evansville theatre. Stories of the lean and lively years which she coaxed from them were soon forgotten in tales of breathless feats of juggling. Her personal story was the one that had been in the business at that time, she might not have believed Joe if he had come alone; he might not have believed Elsie Janis if she had not told him about the act. But from beneath the spangled table top Joe had spied the photograph which pictured him juggling, balancing sixteen balls in the air at once time.

(When he left with a contract in his pocket, Joe still neglected to tell Elsie or her agent that a kindly photographer had painted out the wire on which the six-
teem balls were strung!)

When he stepped on the stage for his first non-murder performance, it may seem incredible but Joe Cook's props were lost in transit. Those sixteen spectacular halls could not be found anywhere. So he began to talk. He started with a description of his great sorrow that he was unable to show his audience his brilliant prowess as a juggler, ending with a rapid, ludicrous narrative which left his hearers weak from laughter.

But he was a success. Engagements in small-time vaudeville, amusement parks and tent shows followed rapidly. He never had a lay-off. And he emerged as one of the biggest one-man shows on the vaudeville stage. Everyone yielded to the breathless spell of his very human antics. He could quietly, unsmilingly, go through an incredible act of wire-walking, juggling, fiddling or master yarn-spinning and "bring down the house."

Backstage it was the same. Actors and actresses never seemed to leave theatres between shows when he was on the bill; they could always be found with the boys from the corner barber shop, sitting in Joe Cook's dressing-room, listening to ghost stories that first found hearers in an Indiana hayloft. Everyone's voice was a half note above his head. His brother Leo's death caused Joe to shut himself away from friends, managers, critics, and to give up the theatre.

He hid from the puzzle of comedy he had created. He could be found at home, spending quiet evenings with his family—playing billiards with his sons, or swimming far out into the lake with his daughter, or making up stories about being the youngest drummer boy in the Civil War, when friends dropped in for dinner; but when bedtime came it was he who laid aside his levity and carried the weary children in his arms to bed.

When Earl Carroll motored out to Lake Hopatcong, to "Sleepless Hollow," where Joe lives, he expected to be met by liveried footmen two miles down the road, or to talk into a telephone which squirted water into his face. He was anticipated being made uncomfortable by any number of inventions and goofy contraptions, of which he had heard so much gossip. But when he yanked at the bell-pull of the panelled front door a friendly porch light winked on above his head, and his friend led him into the serenity of a quiet house, where a huge log burned hospitably in an open grate.

For friendship's sake Joe emerged from his retirement. To please Earl Car- roll he went back to Broadway, co-starred with Peggy Hopkins Joyce, a girl whom he termed "that somewhat different virgin making her professional début." His long absence from footlights had only caused his fame to burn more brightly. Broadway recognized him as a comedy genius, in a class with their beloved Chap lin Chaplin. Crowds overfilled his dressing-room after each performance—happy people glad to see him back.

Among those many well-wishers there was always a few who came to ask for help. Joe Cook could be a very rich man today if he had ever succeeded in aban doning his custom of giving money to everyone who asks. Then came the dis ordered, panicky days of 1929. So that

"SUB SOIL" GROWS GOOD BLACKHEADS

By Lady Esther

Those pesky Blackheads and Whiteheads that keep popping out in your skin—they have their roots in a bed of under-surface dirt.

That underneath dirt is also the cause of other heart-breaking blemishes, such as: Enlarged Pores, Dry and Scaly Skin, Muddy and Sallow Skin. There is only one way to get rid of these skin troubles and that is to cleanse your skin.

A Face Cream that Penetrates

It takes a penetrating face cream to reach that hidden "second layer" of dirt; a face cream that gets right down into the pores and cleans them out.

Lady Esther Face Cream is definitely a penetrating face cream. It is a reaching and searching face cream. It does not just lie on the surface. It works its way into the pores immediately. It penetrates the pores, loosens and breaks up the waxy dirt and makes it easily removable.

It Does 4 Things for the Benefit of Your Skin

First, it cleanses the pores.
Second, it lubricates the skin. Resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft and flexible.
Third, because it cleanses the pores thoroughly, the pores open and close naturally and become normal in size, invisibly small.
Fourth, it provides a smooth, non-sticky base for face powder.

Fourth, it provides a smooth, non-sticky base for face powder. I want you to see for yourself what Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream will do for your skin. So I offer you a 7-day supply free of charge. Write today for this 7-day supply and put it to the test on your skin.

See for Yourself!

Note the dirt that this cream gets out of your skin the very first cleansing. Mark how your skin seems to get lighter in color as you continue to use the cream. Note how clear and radiant your skin becomes and how soft and smooth.

Even in three days' time you will see such a difference in your skin as to amaze you.

At My Expense!

With the free tube of cream I'll also send you all five shades of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Powder. Thus, you can see which is your most flattering shade and also how well the cream and powder go together to give you a lovely complexion.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.)

FREE

Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail your 7-day supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Powder.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City ____________________________
State ____________________________

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.
one chill October evening in 1933, when Joe Cook entered the NBC studios for his first broadcast, he was a comparatively poor man.

“When I barged into this broadcasting business the only thing that felt queer was keeping still before the mike,” he told me today. “I tried tap dancing; it made too much noise. I favored tightrope walking, but NBC officials said that would require too much temporary engineering, whatever that is. So I picked up my rolling ball and stood on that. I had to give them six rehearsals before they believed I could and stay in front of the mike on it. I guess Roosevelt had the same trouble building confidence in Huey Long.”

He had overcome sadness by making others happy, now on the radio as, on the stage he played, as his brother Leo would have liked, to the kids in the gallery. Crowds of small boys follow him down Broadway in New York, or Main Street in Evansville, until he feels like the Pied Piper. In his wide black hat—and there is no black hat in the world quite like Joe Cook’s—he seems like a padre striding through his neighborhood toward church. Everyone knows and loves him, not because he is a clown but because he is still the country boy, the barefoot orphan who became an idol and still remains the salt of Broadway’s earth.

I have watched him broadcast in his circles since the day B. A. B. forgot always that he is in the studio, playing only to an imaginary gallery of chuckling children. And I thought it was grand. I have seen him stop to give a generous hand-out to a clown of lesser talent whovia his special train which carried him to dine with the President. I thought that was grand.

But the greatest thing I ever saw was Joe Cook standing on the edge of Lake Hopatcong, clicking Indian clubs with his eleven-year-old son, Leo. The clubs glittered in the bright sunlight; but all the brightness and kindness in the world seemed concentrated in the eyes of that man and boy.

The End

Their Studio’s on the Street

(Continued from page 13)

January

Shawors

April

T A L C

2 8 c.

There’s glorious fragrance—the perfume of youth—in April Showers Talc. There’s luxury supreme in its soothing, smoothing touch. Yet the cost is low for quality so high.

No wonder it’s the most famous and best loved talcum powder in the world!

Exquisite...but not Expensive

78
Before these boys could put their show on a network they had to convince broadcasting officials of just one thing. That they could keep it clean. With an open mike in a catch-as-catch-can crowd, somebody would surely be tempted to spill a swear-word or so. Up to date, just one little damn has got out.

When queried why, they explained that the questionee was too busy trying to answer to think up any mischief. Try it yourself.

"Should a ship's captain always go down with his ship?"
"Where is Singapore?"
"Can you describe the wallpaper on your bedroom walls?"
"Can a chicken swim?"
"If you bought a horse for seventy dollars and sold him for eighty, then bought him back for ninety and sold him again for one hundred dollars, would you make or lose money?"

Yes, indeed, you're much too busy for profane thoughts, especially when the world is waiting for you to give the wrong answer. But if it is wrong, you'll never learn of it from Messrs. Johnson and Belcher. They're too kind—and too canny—to infer that they are smarter than any single one of their sidewalk geniuses.

**The End**

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**Southern Belle on Broadway**

(Continued from page 37)

ern ladies and gentlemen. You meet her, too amid circumstances far removed from those of her native setting. For Helen Claire, too, drums summon to battle for her ideals, while drums whisper of romance. And through it all she, too, is undeniably the little Southern lady.

Being by choice an actress, she can and does play many parts. She has created notably successful roles on the Broadway stage and in Summer Stock companies. But the type to which she was shaped by generations of her forebears is neither altered nor eradicated.

Helen Claire was born and grew up in the little town of Union Springs, Alabama—a town of approximately five thousand people. Her father owns plantations and other property. She is an only child. She went to school and college in the South, graduating from Randolph Macon college with a degree and a Phi Beta Kappa key.

And, having finished her schooling, the natural expectation was that Helen would marry one of her young suitors and make a home according to tradition. The suitor was ready and waiting. In fact he, and dozens of his ilk, had long been saying it with flowers, whispering it in impassioned words, "neath the Southern moon, where love is warm and tender."

Southern girls mature early. "I had my first serious romance at twelve," Helen confessed, with a twinkling smile and softly glowing eyes.

But romance was as familiar, as natural as breathing. Helen Claire needed more to challenge her mettle. The

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**She Cheats**

(Continued from page 37)

SHE cheats herself out of good times, good friends, good jobs—perhaps even out of a good marriage.

And all because she is careless! Or, unbelievable as it is, because she has never discovered this fact:

That socially refined people never welcome a girl who offends with the unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

There's little excuse for it these days. For there's a quick, easy way to keep your underarms fresh, free from odor all day long. Mum!

It takes just half a minute to use Mum. And you can use it any time— even after you're dressed. It's harmless to clothing.

You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once. It's so soothing and cooling to the skin!

Always count on Mum to prevent the odor of underarm perspiration, without affecting perspiration itself. Don't cheat yourself! Get the daily Mum habit. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

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**MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION**

**ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS** is on sanitary napkins. Don't worry about this cause of unpleasantness any more. Use Mum!
world beyond Union Springs was thrilling and strange and alluring. There were dangers to be met and mastered. There were careers to be found.

Helen Claire wanted a career. She wanted to be an actress.

She came to New York. Not with gilt-edged introductions to open friendly doors, but with the down of ambition and courage. With self-reliance, and with pride. And she took whatever work was offered, to help her along her chosen way. She was a good Settlement worker, a good waitress. A good usher. And she became a good actress. Whatever Helen Claire does is well done, with intelligence and with an ingrained passion for perfection. Summer Stock companies gave her invaluable experience toward achieving her desired career on the stage. And a trained and eager mind taught her how to use it.

And, as she went along, there were so many new and interesting experiences. And amusing ones. That time, for instance, when, with a company starring Henry Hull, she played the role of the "Henrietta" in a factory town near Boston, for audiences that missed the subtle comedy and wondered, in dwindling numbers, what it was all about. So that, at the end of a week's engagement, they found themselves minus salaries and owning the theatre management eighty-five dollars!

Or that time when she played on Broadway in "Jezabel," under the management of Guthrie McClintic, and the only Southerner in the cast—she chanced for the role of the only Northerner in the play!

"I didn't tell Mr. McClintic till it was too late to fire me," Helen said, with her merry smile. "Then he laughed, and said, "That's an example of true casting!"

Then one day Helen decided to seek an audition for radio work. The audition was successful, and shortly afterward she was assigned the stellar role in the series of "Roses and Drums," in which she has admirably filled during the four years that this war drama has been on the air.

Hitherto Roses and Drums has closed during the summer months and Helen has gained increasing acting experience in the out-of-town companies. But this year the program continued without break throughout the summer, so Summer Stock lost one of its loyal recruits.

But with all her gratifying success, Helen Claire remains an unspoiled and charming young person. Poised, but natural. She wears no make-up. She dresses simply and in quiet taste. Her voice is low and pleasantly modulated. And she has blue eyes and softly curling blonde hair.

There is, in her conversation, one noticeable lack—the absence of the pronoun "I"! A most refreshing and unexpected lack of egotism! There speaks the Southern lady—not the career girl.

And Helen Claire, whether or not she realizes it to herself, is truly the Southern belle, and not the career girl. However successful she may be, she is not selfish enough to insist upon the career at any cost. With a nice sense of values, of things, of the proportionate worth of the elements that enter into a balanced way of living. And her life will be a happily rounded one, with the career of her choice, conditioned by the standards to which she was born.

The proof of Helen Claire's success is that even though she came to New York to make her own way, she did not break with her family, nor did they indignantly cast her off. At least every week she writes long letters to home. And from home come letters even oftener. Sometimes daily. Last Christmas she was given a few days' vacation between performances, and she hurried home to spend it with her family. Recently her father and mother came north to visit her.

Southern beauty, too, come north to pursue their interrupted romance. Northern sweethearts are ardent in their efforts to convince her that a northerner would make a good husband. And, secretly, Helen is beginning to think that a certain one would.

But for the time being she continues to find the career all that she hoped it would be. She enjoys her work as star of Roses and Drums. She likes to study the stage mechanics of radio production that she looks forward to the new developments to come in radio drama, with plays written definitely for the radio and employing a technique better suited to its needs than are stage plays. She studies the art and mechanics of voice production that listeners with an eager ear for anything in even the casual conversation of passers-by that may aid her in her work.

This ambitious young person also is a successful writer. You undoubtedly have listened to many a radio program for which Helen Claire has written the entertaining script. Acting, however, remains her first love, the writing of secondary interest.

Books are her friends. Though you need meet her but once to know that she is not dependent for companionship upon books alone. She is however an avid reader, with biography her favorite field of exploration. Just now she is reading the life of General Lee. The art of writing, reading and writing do not occupy all her time, nor all her active mind. Helen loves to swim. She plays a good game of golf. And she is, as one would expect of a girl who grew up on a spacious Southern estate, a lover of horses and an expert horsewoman. In the city, however, she prefers the car, with long drives into the country for recreation and refreshment.

Helen's apartment in New York is charmingly furnished with things from her own home in the South, providing the familiar atmosphere and background which she loves. Another proof that roots deeply sunk in tradition are not easily transplanted.

"Wherever I live, of course I always will have my permanent home in the South," Helen says.

With her costume for the role of Betty Graham, Helen Claire wears about her a miniature Southern grandmother. And, looking at it, you will be struck by the resemblance between the two. Perhaps that grandmother, too, defied tradition in her own way, and handed on to her little granddaughter the glorious heritage of individual adventure and achievement.

So our Southern belle on Broadway

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**When the Party's at YOUR HOUSE serve Drip-O-lator Coffee!**

- What is the admiration of your friends worth to you? They expect a GOOD cup of good coffee. You can eliminate all worry about YOUR coffee by using a Drip-O-lator. It brews perfect coffee always—requires no attention. Get one of the new models today. Look for the name Drip-O-lator stamped in the base... Accept no substitute.

---

**LEARN TO IRON beautifully speedily happily**

Here's that modern way to that starch without mixing, boiling and bother with a lump starch. Makes starching easy. Makes ironing easy. Restores elasticity and that soft charm of newness. No sticking. No scorching. Your iron fairly glides. A wonderful invention. This new test convinces. See for yourself!

**THANK YOU—**

**THE HUBINGER CO., No.977, Keokuk, la.**

Send this trial offer check good for free on the purchase of a large box of商品名称 or a small box of any Homestead Brand. Address: and your name, "That Wonderful Way to Ho. Starch."
plays her rôle with dual success, on the stage and in her personal life. Clever and talented actress, and lovely lady.

Nevertheless we believe that she is inherently the home girl and not the career girl. So perhaps when Betty Graham decides between Randy and Gordon, the Southern and Northern Captains, Helen Claire, too, will come to a decision that will make one man happy—and direct her career along new lines, and with equally gratifying success.

THE END

She Got What She Wanted
(Continued from page 34)

while Virginia Bruce played the rôle of Jenny Lind, Francia was selected to do the voice doubling for her. And that started everything!

If you saw that picture you must have marvelled at how perfectly Miss Bruce played, and apparently sang, her rôle of the immortal Lind. Over in New York an advertising executive saw the picture and rushed a wire to the Coast: "Get Virginia Bruce as singer for my new radio program. Must have her at any price."

But when he finally got a record of Miss Bruce's voice, a look of disappointment settled on his face. It was not the Lind voice he had heard!

He promptly forgot about the matter and went about looking for another singer. Meanwhile Francia, who knew nothing about this comedy of errors, hung around the movie lots looking for more work and prayed for an opportunity to get her Big Chance. And here was the B. C. being shuffled around in a mass of mistaken identities.

Well, like the climax of a mellerdrama, the program was just about to go on with another singer, leaving our heroine out in the cold, when a Hollywood agent suddenly remembered little Miss White and shot a wire to New York to hold everything.

Everything was held. Francia grabbed her toothbrush and hopped a plane, hit New York and got the job. It was as Barbara Haydn in "Music at the Haydns," and the first step in a sensational radio career. Since then, she's taken over Gladys Swarthout's much-talked-over place on the Palmolive operettas and—listen to this—the movies are after her now! They're going to employ their photographic magic to eliminate that teeny bump.

And, oh, yes, in the excitement and rush of dashing to New York, one perfectly good California boy friend was lost. He had objected violently to Francia's leaving the Coast to go on a wild chase halfway across the continent "just for a career." A year ago that loss would have worried Francia, but looking back at the dizzy, unplanned workings of her career, she dismisses it with a toss of her sleek brown head—"It was meant to be that way, I guess. Fate must have different plans in store for me, as far as love goes."

The END

"The Average Child Needs One Quart of Milk Per Day for Normal Growth and Development"

H. C. Sherman, Ph. D., Sc. D.
"Chemistry of Food and Nutrition"
courtesy of MaxMillon Company

THIS DELICIOUS FOOD-DRINK PROVIDES almost twice the FOOD-ENERGY of MILK ALONE

DOCTORS, dieticians, pediatricians agree that growing children need a quart of milk a day. For milk gives the most valuable nourishment for strong bones, sound teeth, straight legs and active muscles.

Unfortunately, many children do not receive sufficient milk as part of their daily diet—either because they dislike milk—or because a quart a day, every day, soon becomes monotonous.

Doubly valuable, therefore, to growing children is Cocomalt. For not only does Cocomalt make milk delicious, but made as directed, it almost DOUBLES the food-energy value of every glass or cup of milk.

Add 5 vital food essentials

Cocomalt is rich in five important food essentials. It supplies extra carbohydrates which provide food-energy needed for pep and endurance. It supplies extra specially valuable proteins that help replace used or wasted muscle tissue—for building solid flesh and muscle. It supplies extra food-calcium, food-phosphorus and Sunshine Vitamin D for the formation of strong bones, sound teeth.

Doctors advise busy adults and convalescents to drink Cocomalt in milk every day because it is easily digested, quickly assimilated and because of its high nutritional value. A hot, non-stimulating drink, helps to induce restful sleep. Cocomalt taken hot at bedtime helps you to sleep soundly.

Cocomalt is sold at grocery, drug and department stores in 5-lb. and 1-lb. air-tight cans. Also in the economical 1-lb. hospital size. In powder form only, easy to mix with milk—delicious HOT or COLD.

Special Trial Offer: For a trial-size can of Cocomalt, send name and address (with 10¢ to cover cost of packing and mailing) to R. B. Davis Co., Dept. MA6, Hoboken, N. J.

Cocomalt is accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association. Prepared by an exclusive process under scientific control. Cocomalt is composed of sweetened, skimmed milk, selected essences, barley malt extract, flavoring and added Sunshine Vitamin D (Irradiated ergosterol).
for a real shine

SUNDAYS (Continued)
KFPY, KWQ, KVL, WOST, WFT,
WBWN, K hides, WGO, WOCU,
WDSF, WHEC, KSL, CFRB, KFAB,
WOVO, KOMA.
6:30 EDST (12)—Grand Hotel, Anne Seymour and Don Americh, (Campana Co.)
WZJ, WBAL, WMJ, WBZA, WBBF,
WTH, WJNA, WEF, KSD, WCKY, WKE,
KSL, WCKY, WREM, KOLH,
WHBC, KOA, KFDY, KPO, KPL,
KOW, KOMO, HRQ, WMT.
6:30 EDST (14)—Martin Ed McConnell.
Sings. (Acme Paints).
WAB, WBAL, WFFA, WAB, WRGC,
CRLY, WCAU, WJAS, WJS, WDBM,
WKI, WHEC, WFBL, WYB, WBT.
6:45 EDST (15)—Voice of Experience.
(Wayer Products,)
WJDC, WGBK, WACO, WNAC, WKBW,
WBBM, WRGC, WEAL, NRB, WIVE,
WEHM, WHAM, WKA, KDA, WQAR,
WJZ, WCHJ, WCH, WBE, WJR, WBL,
WKQ, KKB, KPRC, WQAR, WGL,
WBB, WHAM, RFH.
7:00 EDST (16)—Lanny Ross State Fair Concert—featuring guest stars, Howard
Barlow's Concert Orchestra. (N.C. Service.)
WHEC, WCAL, WML, WML, WBB,
WAP, WPTL, WEEZ, WBZA, WBB,
WHAM, KAYA, WREM, WBF, WNB,
WKT, KWO, KKW, WREN, KOLH,
WBB, WSB, WYLA, WRGC, WBB,
WFFA, WAB, WRGC, CRLY, WCAU,
WJZ, WCHJ, WJAS, WJS, WDBM.
7:00 EDST (17)—The Voice of the People—sidewalk interviews conducted by Jerry
Belcher and WGN reporter. (The 11
men.
KIE, same to WJJ, WBAL, WMJ,
WBZ, WHQ, WHAM, KDA, WRG,
WJZ, KPA, KGUP, WQAR, WDB,
WCH, WBL, WBE, WJZ.
7:30 EDST (18)—Fair Recitals, Sigdahl,
Nissen, basso; Hardesty Johnson, tenor;
Graham McNamara, commentator. (Amer-
ican Radio Co.)
WEAP, WTAG, WJZ, WCHJ, WJW,
WCRC, WFTVW, WTV, WJAC,
WJTG, KFFY, WQAR, WBB,
WKOT, WKZ, WCTP, WBB,
WKY, WDB, WJZ, WDB.
7:45 EDST (19)—Sunset Dreams—Morin
Sisters and the Ranch Boys.
WGBA, WFAA, WKBW, KPRC,
WRF, KTBS, KOA, KFDY, KPO, KPL,
KFDY, KKB, WQAR, WYLA.
8:00 EDST (1)—Major Boover's Amateur
Hour. (Standard Brands, Inc.)
WEAP, WTAG, WJZ, WCHJ, WJW,
WBB, WBZ, WBB, KDA, KGUP,
WQAR, WDB, WCH, WBL, WBE,
WJZ, WBB, WQAR, WFFA,
WCAE, WQO, WFE, WQO, WJS,
WFL, WFL, WFC, WCCO,
WRC, WQO, WFFP, WSR, WCH,
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That Meltin' Voice

(Continued from page 27)

youngster. He liked to work for his dad, who often took him out prospecting for lumber in the woods and swamps. Besides, around the mill, Jimmy could always find just the right-sized pieces of oak or mango wood he needed to build his boats.

When his first loaf was finished he painted "La Kreese" (the title of his favorite musical composition) on the gunwale and went sailing. He never has forgotten the thrill of that first sail. Boats still are his hobby. From the window of his East River apartment he watches them for hours at a time, as with lights winking in the dusk, they pass through Hell Gate into the murky Harlem River. And he wishes now for a sawmill close by, because he still builds ship models and miniature trains—and his wife claims he's right handy at putting up a kitchen shelf.

But in his youth it was not only the cross-cut saw that kept him busy. Singing in the choir, running errands, school work and various other activities kept him out of mischief and quite out of breath, till he emerged from High School with a diploma. Immediately he began working his way through the University of Florida, with the idea of becoming a lawyer.

He was still a Freshman and only sixteen when his most embarrassing moment occurred. He blushes even now when he tells the story—but it brought it the beginning of his unexpected professional career.

"It was a sort of 'tug of music,' " he explains. "to find out which could sing louder, the students in the balcony or those in the assembly. The song was 'America the Beautiful,' and I was on the balcony team. I guess I felt especially good that day—anyway, I sang louder than the whole bunch of them. Suddenly President Murphee stopped us.

"Who is the Chapel Caruso?" he demanded, looking straight at me.

"I hid behind the bench, but finally I had to show myself. And believe me, I was scared to death. Fellow had been 'shipped' for less than that."

But the President didn't expel Jimmy; instead, he ordered him to sing a solo before the entire student body. Jimmy did, though he was petrified, and when he finished, he admits shame-facedly, "Everyone applauded. Gosh!"

From that day on President Murphee took a special interest in the Melton boy. He mapped out a course for him in languages and music, and the law studies were forgotten entirely in the new scheme of things. Jimmy plunged into work with characteristic enthusiasm, yet he found time to join a fraternity—Delta Tau Delta. Trust him not to miss a thing.

"For initiation," he recalled, "they tied me to a big tombstone out in the cemetery, seven miles from town. I was supposed to stay there all night. But it was too cold and creepy, so just as soon as the fellows were out of sight I pulled that tombstone up by the roots and walked."

Behind a screen of matter-of-fact efficiency, Julia Scott tried to conceal her love for the man who was her boss. But that didn't work. She had to leave. When she told him, he made her a proposal—a proposal which was very different from one that was due a beautiful girl.

What was the outcome of this strange bargain? You will be surprised to learn what happened to Julia in "She Married Her Boss," the story based on the Columbia Picture starring Claudette Colbert.


SCREEN ROMANCES

The Love Story Magazine of the Screen

OCTOBER ISSUE NOW ON SALE

83
A NY person with Piles knows what suffering means. Piles cause you physical suffering. They cause you mental distress. They make you look worn and haggard.

Piles can take various forms—internal or external, itching or painful, bleeding or non-bleeding—but whatever form they take, they are a cause of misery and a danger.

A Scientific Formula

Effective treatment today for Piles is to be had in Pazo Ointment. Pazo is a scientific treat-ment for this trouble of proven efficacy. Pazo gives quick relief. It stops pain and itching. It assures comfort, day and night.

Pazo is reliable because it is threefold in effect. First, it is soothing, which tends to relieve soreness and inflammation. Second, it is lubricating, which tends to soften hard parts and also to make passage easy. Third, it is astringent, which tends to reduce swollen parts and to stop bleeding.

Now In 3 Forms

Pazo Ointment now comes in three forms: (1) in Tubes with Special Pile Pore for insertion high up in the rectum; (2) in Tins for application in the ordinary way; (3) in Suppository form (new). Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo the most satisfactory, as they are self-lubricating and otherwise highly efficient.

Try It Free!

All drug stores sell Pazo in the three forms described. But a liberal trial tube is free for the asking. Just put your name and address on a penny postcard or the coupon below and by return mail you'll get the free tube. Write for it today and prove the needlessness of your suffering.

— Grove Laboratories, Inc. Dept.37-M, St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen: Please send me, in PLAIN WRAPPER, your liberal free trial size of Pazo Ointment.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

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"I COULDN'T TAKE A STEP IN PEACE!"

(Continued from page 82)

MONDAYS (Continued)

(Continued from page 82)

RADIO STARS

(continued on page 82)

8:00 EDST (2)—Annies Anonymous. (Ladies Aid Society, Inc.)

8:30 EDST (2)—Lavender and Old Lace, with Frank Murray, Irene; Lucy Monroe, Supranor, and Gustav Hornschen's Orchestra. (National Airlines, Inc.; Buyers Aspirin.)

8:30 EDST (2)—Parkard Presents Lawrence Tibbett. (Raymond Memorial Orchestra.)

9:00 EDST (2)—Wives of Many Men, Mystery drama. (Hollywood Films.)

9:00 EDST (2)—Edgar A. Guest, in Welcome Valley with Bernadine Flynn, Don Bruce, and the Binaglia's orchestra. (Household Foods.)

9:00 EDST (2)—Fiend's Folly. (Em-"Dame".)

9:30 EDST (2)—Lady Esther Serenade and Winkle's King Biscuit Hour. (Kern's King Biscuit Hour.)

9:30 EDST (2)—Continued Program. Lulla-

Lady; male quartet; Morgan L. East-Edie. (Carnation Co.)

9:30 EDST (2)—William Tell. (Piano, vocal, and orchestra.)

9:30 EDST (2)—‘**— Tony and Gus—dramatic skit with M. Delmar and George France at the Frozen Fish Co. (General Foods Corp.)

9:30 EDST (2)——Voice of Firestone Concerts.

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9:30 EDST (2)——Voice of Firestone Concerts.
That Meltin' Voice

(Continued from page 83)

back to town, with it still tied to my back.”
That’s characteristic of Jimmy Melton.
He didn’t like it in the cemetery, so rather
than stay, he simply toted a hundred
pounds of granite back to town with him.

Prodigiously he studied with the vocal
teacher at the University. He was active
in the Masqueraders, the dramatic club
of the school, and soloist of the college
orchestra, besides being on the football
team. But this was not enough—he also
wanted a job in the band. So he locked
himself in a room for three days and
learned to play the saxophone. “I didn’t
play well, but I guess I played well
enough, because they took me in.”

When funds ran low he organized a
dance orchestra, playing all night, study-
ing and attending classes all day. Then,
working his way Northward by degrees,
he left Florida to attend the University
of Georgia. His dance orchestra there
became better known; proms and fraternity
parties were his specialty, and his genial
smile was to collegiate audiences from
Miami to Washington a trademark for
good music.

Then he heard about a good voice
teacher in Nashville, Tennessee. There
was a University there, too—Vanderbilt.
So Jimmy disbanded the orchestra, de-
termined to spend his Senior year at
Vanderbilt. That he was broke when he
arrived made no difference to him; he
wanted to be an opera singer. He en-
rolled immediately with the expensive
instructor, found a job in a night club—
and with the money he earned singing hot
choruses by night he began earnestly to
study operatic arias by day.

At this time not even Jimmy himself
knew which road his career would take.
He might continue to be an orchestra
leader and singer, or he might go into
opera. He could sing both types of songs
well. He still can, and this versatility has
stood him in good stead on radio.

After graduation he stayed on in Nash-
ville for two years, playing and singing
at the Hermitage Hotel, studying with
Gaetano de Luca. Then suddenly he de-

cided to go to New York. He was ready,
he thought, for musical comedy; Broad-
way was the place for him.

When he arrived all of New York’s
six millions seemed to be out—but not to
meet Jimmy. A young man named Lind-
bergh was arriving in town that day, too
—from Paris. So Mrs. Melton’s little boy
spent his first lonely, bewildered day in
the metropolis without speaking to a soul,
“just trying to cross Fifth Avenue.”

The next morning he discovered the
painful truth. The managers, while of
course they didn’t mind his coming to
Broadway, didn’t quite seem to recognize
the name... Yes, the Shuberts knew
who Lindbergh was—in fact Mr. Lee
Shubert had presented that young man
with a diamond-studded pass, good at
all of his theatres. But, “Who is Mr.
Melton?” he inquired.

All the other ears of musical comedy
(Continued on page 87)

The Serene Confidence
of the 8th Woman

NATURE being what it is, all women
are not born “free and equal.” A
woman’s days are not all alike. There are
difficult days when some women suffer
too severely to conceal it.

There didn’t used to be anything to do
about it. It is estimated that eight million
had to suffer month after month. Today,
a million less. Because that many women
have accepted the relief of Midol.

Are you a martyr to regular pain?
Must you favor yourself, and save your-
self, certain days of every month? Midol
might change all this. Might have you
riding horseback. And even if it didn’t
make you completely comfortable you
would receive a measure of relief well
worth while!

Doesn’t the number of women, and
the kind of women who have adopted Midol
mean a lot? As a rule, it’s a knowing
woman who has that little aluminum
case tucked in her purse. One who knows
what to wear, where to go, how to take
care of herself, and how to get the most
out of life in general.

Of course, a smart woman doesn’t try
every pill or tablet somebody says is good
for periodic pain. But Midol is a special
medicine. Recommended by specialists
for this particular purpose. And it can
form no habit because it is not a narcotic.
Taken in time, it often avoids the pain
altogether. But Midol is effective even
when the pain has caught you unaware
and has reached its height. It’s effective
for hours, so two tablets should see you
through your worst day.

You’ll find Midol in any drug store—
usually right out on the toilet goods
counter. Or, a card addressed to Midol,
170 Varick St., New York, will bring a
trial box postpaid, plainly wrapped.

ALWAYS HERSELF

Do you know a woman who is

never at a disadvantage, never breaks

engagements, never declines dances
(unless she wants to!) and whose spirits
never seem to droop? She is up to
be that eighth woman who uses Midol.

85
USE COLORINSE
and let your hair be gay and youthful.
Give it color sheen and sparkle — that soft, sleek, natural lustre. ColorInse works into the hair. It's harmless because it neither dyes nor bleaches. Twelve glorious tints to choose from — why have dull, faded or harsh hair when ColorInse will take those troubles away? Used by leading beauticians throughout the world.

Available at beauty parlors.

10c Trial Size at all 10c Stores

ECONOMY SIZE PACK.

The RAINEY COMPANY
MAKERS OF QUALITY PRODUCTS
NEW YORK

3 New Lipsticks
Why waste money experimenting to get the most thrilling lipstick shades for your lips? The TEMP Test Kit ... three full-sized lipsticks in unusual new shades — it's yours FREE. Just send 10c in stamps to cover postage costs. Offer now while quantities last!

TEMP PRODUCTS LAB
118 W. 4th St., New York

2 New Ripple Shaves
One of these 3 shapes will fit your baby's mouth and reduce windshaking. Available in unirupted and contoured designs.

Avoid Diet—This large ripple is safest, as it is easily inserted and cleaned.

HGYELA
The Safe Nursing Bottle

Four New Perfumes

Redwood Treasure Chest

These alluring fragrances are each a $4.00 bottle and are now yours for only $2.00. Additional 30c bottle for each additional $5.00. 6x3”. Made from Giant Redwood trees of California.

You can win RICHES!

The Crazy Caption Contest is on Pages 32 and 33.

NUFF SAID!
That Meltin’ Voice (Continued from page 85)

were busy likewise—or else out of town. Jimmy knew what that meant. If he didn’t like it, he could go back to Ten-
nessee. Or else get a job playing sax-
ophone again. No, he was all through with that sort of thing; he wanted to sing. If the Shuberts wouldn’t listen, he would concentrate on some one else. Roxy—he liked the name. It had a lucky sound.

But Roxy, it seemed, had other ideas. Erno Rapee, his maestro, was also busy. At last, grown desperate, Jimmy decided on bold strategy. They had refused him an audition—well, he would stage one for himself. Outside Roxy’s office door he bellowed at the top of his lyric voice—not in one language, but three. It worked like magic; far sooner than it had taken

him to cross Fifth Avenue a few days be-
fore, the young tenor was a member of

Roxy’s famous Gang.

Everyone fell in love with him imme-
diately. Listeners called him the “Golden Voiced Tenor;” audiences melted under the spell of his dark eyes and engaging grin. He was modest but not too modest—a balance which is most usual. And his great ambition never had made him offen-
sive to anyone.

His success soon won for him the recog-
nition of the same important theatrical producers who had repeatedly refused him a hearing before. Now they came and sat “out front” listening, charmed by a voice they could not buy. Over four hundred telegrams poured into Roxy’s office the first day, congratulating him on his new find. Within two months, Jimmy had been offered parts in a score of Broadway’s biggest shows.

But now he began to realize the poten-
tialities of his voice. While he had

learned to love the stage, he also had learned to fear it. The constant strain of singing loudly day after day might run the rich quality of his singing. And his ultimate goal was still the concert plat-

form. The more he thought about the future, the more he wanted to study again. He was making over a thousand dollars a month. New York was at his feet, but he began to look around for another job.

This time he had no difficulty. He was still captivating blase Broadway by his singing of “Charmaine” and “Diane” when NBC offered him a contract. Radio —that was just the thing he wanted. So he quit the stage and celebrated his first day on the air by attending the theatre—at Roxy’s!

He became top tenor of the Revelers’ quartette. And he upset the first re-
hearsal he ever had with them by his keen Irish wit. The breezy wisecracks of the tousle-haired “kid” endeared him to the group. It was after one of these re-
hearsals that Jimmy stepped into an air-
plane and sped toward Akron, Ohio. The plane was encountered for nearly all the trip, but that wasn’t why Jimmy looked so serious. He knew his whole future in radio depended on that trip. He was go-

(Continued on page 89)
RADIO STARS
f

THANKS TO

DR. SCHOLL'S ZINO-PADS
I

WALK MILES EVERY DAY
WITH PERFECT EASE!
(Continued from page 86)

THURSDAYS (Continued)
WMBD, KOH, WMBG, WDBJ. WHEC,
KTSA. WTOC, KWKH, KSCJ, WSBT,
WMAS, CFRB, WIBX, WWVA. KFH,
WS.TS, WORC, WKBN, WMBR, WDOD.
WSFA. KRNT, WHP. WLAC, WICC.
WACO. WSMK. WOWO, KGKO.

— Captain
Boat.

Henry's Maxwell
Frank Mclntyre,
Muriel Wilson, soprano; Helen Oelheim, contralto; Conrad
Thibault, baritone; Molasses 'n' January,
comedy; Gus Haenschen's Show Boat

9:00

EDST

(1)

House Show
Lanny Ross,

CORNS

Band.

CALLOUSES, BUNIONS, SORE TOES
"What

a relief!", you'll exclaim the instant
Scholl's Zino-pads for these foot
troubles. Not only the pain, but the cause as
well, is immediately ended by these thin, soothing, healing, cushioning pads.

you use Dr.

from annoying rubbing, pressing
or pinching of your shoes, Dr. Scholl's
Zino-pads will stop all that dis- >
comfort at once and prevent corns,
Separate
sore toes and blisters.
Medication, easy to use, included for

loosening and

safely,

re-

double-acting treatCosts but a trifle.
Sold everywhere.
today.

Dr Scholl's
*

pain

is gone.'

in

.NATIONAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC

did George Burns

tell

Gracie Allen?
OUR

SEE

hand; Lou
son, soprano; Ramona; the King's Men,

and others.

(Kraft.)

20th and 27th)
Lowell Thomas.

13th,

6th,

EDST (Vi) —
7:00 EDST (Vi) — Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday.)
7:00 EDST (Vi> —.Just Entertainment.
(For stations see Monday same time.)
7:15 EDST (Vi) — Tony and (.us.
(See Monday same time for stations.)
7:1".
KDST (Vi) — Uncle Ezra> Radio Sta6:45

(For stations see Monday.)

tion.

(For

CRAZY CAPTION CONTEST

7:45

that—

noises.

Drums. He wore them day and

They are

WABC, WOKO, WNAC, WGR. WDRC.
WEAN, WICC. WORC, WLBZ, WMAS.
WFBL, WHEC. WCAU.

tun lit.

his head
invisible

—

andcomfortable.no wires
or batteries. Write for

v

>

Elsie

"

Mr. Way madehimself hear his watch tick after
^being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Arti-

™^\They stopped

time.)

—

deaf
Toperson
BEknows
NoJoke
—Every
gk. jdifialKar

Monday same

Hitz and Nick Dawson.
(For stations see Monday.)
Sketch-Book.
Soeony
EDST (Ms)
8:00
Johnny Green and his orchestra; Virand Christopher
singer,
Verrill,
ginia
Morley.

32-33

deaf

see

stations

EDST (Vi) — Boake Carter.
EDST (%) — Dangerous Paradise.

(For stations see Monday.

7:45

ON PAGES

(Stewart-Warner

KFPY, KWG. KVI. WGST, WBRC,
WBT, WBNS, KRLD, WOC, WLZ,
KTRH, KLRA. WREC. WCCO, WLAC,
WDSU, WMBG, KSL, KTSA. KTUL,
WNAX. WDBO. WISN.
Andy.
11:00 EDST
Vi) — Amos
(For stations see Monday same time.)
11:15 EDST (Vi) — Tony and Gus.
(For stations see Monday same time.)
FRIDAYS
(Sept.

1525 East 53rd Street. Chicago

What

(1)

TRUE STORY. Also
booklet on Deafness.
Artificial Ear Drum
THE WAY COMPANY
W
Dotroit. Michigan
71 7H<>f idqdd lildg.

8:00
EDST (1) Cities Service Concert.
Jessica Drngonette, soprano; quartette;

Prank

and Milton Rettenherg.
Rosario Bourdon's orchestra.

Banta

piano duo;

WSAI, WEEI, WCAE.
WCSH, WRC, WBEN, WTAG
WJAR, WTAM. WRVA (WGY
WMAQ. WKY, KSTP
off 8:30), WDAF.
(WTMJ on 8:30), WFAA. WOAI,
KPRC, KTBS, KYW. KSD. WHO, WOW,
WEBC, KOA. (KDYL on 8:15 to 9:00),
WIOD, WHIO, KFBK (WBAP oft 8:30),
KVOO, KTHS.
Dramatic
Rich.
KDST
8:00
Vi — Irene
(Welch Grape Juice.)
sketch.
WBAL. WBZ. WBZA. WHAM.
W.IZ
KDKA, WLS. KSO. WREN. KOIL, WSM,
WMC. WSB, WAVE, WMT. WIRE.
WGAR, WJR, KDYL. KPO. KFI, KGW,
KOMO, KHQ, WMAL. WSYR.
College Prom
8:30 KDST
(Vi) — Kellogg

WEAF,

WWJ

WTIC,

CRCT,

MAKE BIGGER
,

.

PROFITS.'

THISTLE

with

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS
More

aaleB*-easier, quicker, bigger nates- -and bigGreeting's. Complete new 1935 line-all original, exclusive, distinctive, outstanding in quality, lie Iter lino than ever

ger profits when you show

I

I

16
JmllHdS

Fast- Selling Assortments

Sentmtlonnl valuer. IB-card box parchment folders.
50c. Three 21-card assortments, also DeLuxe, Religious, Every Day and Gift Wrapping assortments
sell for $1.00. Beautiful French-fold Greeting* with
customer's name as low as $1.00 for 26. Hig profits
and commissions . « . prizes . . . cash bonus
Sent On Approval. No deposit required. Your request brings saleable assortments postpaid on apGet an early start 1
proval. Write today
1

I

THISTLE GREETINGS
DEPT.

7-K,

CINCINNATI,

Guest

Theatre.

0.

<

)

Kiting and Red Nichols
orchestra; guest artist.
Kutli

WJZ network,
KDST (Vi)— Waltz
!):II0

Time.

and

his

Vlvtenne

Segal, soprano; Frank Munn, tenor; Ahe
(Sterling Products.)
Lyman's orchestra.

WRAP, WEEI. WTAG, WLW. WRC,
WBEN. WWJ. WJAR, WCSH. WFBR.

John Barclay,
Goodman's or-

artist;

baritone, and others; Al
chestra.
NBC Service to WEAF,

WTAG, WEEI,
WCSH, WFBR, WRC, WGY,
WBEN, WCAE. WTAM, WLW,
KSD, WHO. WOW, WTMJ.
CFCF, WDAY, KFYR, WRVA,
WWNC, WIS, WJAX. WIOD.
WSM, WMC. WJDX. WSMB.
WSOC, KTAR, WKY, WOAI,
KOA, KDYL. KGIR. WBAP, KGHL.
KPO. KFI, KGW, KOMO. KHQ, KFSD,
WIRE, KPRC, CRCT. WSB. KSTP,
KYW. WDAF, KTBS, WTIC. KVOO.
10:00
EDST (Vi)— Richard Himber and
WJAR.

WWJ.
WMAQ,
WEBC,
WPTF,
WFLA,
WAVE,

Studebaker

Champions.

Stuart

Vocalist.

WABC. WADC. WOKO, WCAO,
WKBW, WBBM, WKRC, WHK,
WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, KFAB,
WCAU, WJAS, KMOX, WFBL,
WJSV. WGST, WBT, WBNS,
WSBT, KFH.
10:00
EDST (Vi) — First Nighter.
with

Cliff

June

Meredith,

Allen,

WAAB,
C KI.W,
WHAS.

WSPD.
WCCO.
Drama
Don Ameche and

Souhier, Eric Sagerquist's orchestra.

(Campana.)

WEAF. WEEI, WGY, WLW, WTAM,
WTAG, WRC, WTIC. WJAR, WFBR,
WBEN, WWJ, WCSH, WCAE. WMAQ,
KSD,
WHO, WMC. WOW. WDAF.
WKY. KPRC. WEBC, WSM, WSB.
WSMB. WFAA. WOAI. KOA, KDYT
KPO. KFI, KGW. KOMO. KHQ KSTP,
KYW. WTMJ.
11:15 EDST (Vi)— Tony and Gus.
(See Monday same time for stations.)
SATURDAYS

(

amazingly snort time. 300,000
enthusiastic students. Low cost; easy terms. Satisfaction
guaranteed. Free Catalog gives full details.

664

KWK,

WREN,

— Paul Whiteman and his
Holtz, comedian; Helen Jep-

KDST

WABC WOKO, WCAO. WNAC, WGR.
WBBM, WKRC, WHK, KRNT. CKLW,
WDRC, WFBM. KMBC, KFAB, WHAS.
WCAU, WJAS. KMOX, WFBL, WJSV,
WQAM, KERN, KM J, KH.T. KOIN.
KOL.
KDB,
KGB,
KFRC
KFBK,

Piano, Violin, Cornet,

Dep t.

Borax

Coast

Corp.)

Trumpet, Mandolin, Guitar,
Ban jo, Organ, Accordion, Saxophone, Clarinet
EASY HOME METHOD — new. fast way for beginners.
Makes you accomplished

WMAL. WLS. KOIL,
WMT, WFIL.

KSO.
10:00

ace Heidt's Brigadiers.

"Zino-pads
Learn ifttgr+w
Put one on -the

(Pacittc

WBZA, WJR. WLW,
WBZ,
WSYR, KDKA, WBAL, WHAM, WGAR.

WTAG, WFBR, WBEN, WWJ,
WJAX, WEEI, WCSH, WTIC.
CRCT. WRC, WCAE,
WIS.
WIOD, WJAR. WGY. WTAM,
CFCF, WWNC, WMAQ, WAPI.
KYW. WHO. WOW, WSMB.
WKY, KTBS, WOAI, WIBA.
KSD. KPRC. WTMJ, KSTP.
WSM, WDAY, KFYR, KTHS,
WSB. WAVE, WJDX. KOA. KTAR.
KDYL, KOMO, KPO. KFI. KGW, KHQ.
Hor10:00 EDST (Vi) — Alemite Half Hour.

this safe, sure

ment

sketches.

WEAF.
WPTF,
WFLA,
WLW,
WRVA,
WMC.
WBAP,
WEBC.
WDAF,

Get

callouses.

matic

WJZ,

If you suffer

moving corns or

WEAF, WTAG. WEEI. WJAR. wsoc,
WTAR, WCSH, WFBR, WRC, WGY,
WRVA, WIOD, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM,
WWJ, WSAI, WWNC, WIS. WJAX,
WFLA, WMAQ, KSD, WHO, KYW.
KFYR, WEBC, WOW WDAF, WTMJ,
WJDX. WJIC, WSB, WAPI, WSMB,
WBAP, KTBS, WKY, KPRC. WOAI,
WSM, WAVE, KSTP. KTAR. KOA,
KDYL, KGIR, KGHL. KPO. KFI, KGW,
KOMO, KHQ, KFSD. WTIC, WHIO,
WIRE. WIBA, WDAY. WPTF.
9:00 EDST (Vi) — Death Valley Days. DraCo.)

STOP NAGGING SHOE PRESSURE

quickly,

tenor;

WGY, WTAM, WCAE, WMAQ, KSD,
WOW, KYW, WDAF.
EDST (1>— Campbell Soup Company
presents "Hollywood Hotel," with Dick
Powell, Raymond Paige's orchestra, guest
stars.
WABC, WADC, WBIG, WBT. WHEC.
WIBX, WCOA. WHK, WEAN, WFBL.
WFEA, WBNS, WCAO, WCAU, WDAE,
AVDBJ, WDRC. WHP, WICC, WJAS,
AVJSV. WKBW, WKRC, WLBZ, WMAS,
WMBG, WNAC, WOKO, WORC, WPG,
WQAM, WSJS, WSPD. CFRB, CKAC,
CKLW, WBBM, WNOX. KWKH,
WTOC, WSFA, WMBR, WALA, KFAB,
KFH, KLRA. KMBC, KMOX, KOMA,
KRLD, KSCJ. KTRH, KTSA. WACO.
WBRC, WCCO, WDOD, WDSU, WGST.
WHAS. WIBW, WLAC. WMBD, WNAX.
WREC, KTUL. KLZ, KSL, KVOR,
KFPY.
KFRC. KGB. KERN. KMJ,
KFBK, KDB. KWG, KHJ, KOH, KOIN,
KOL. KVI, KRNT. WFBM. WNOX.
:00
EDST (1) — Palm,. live Beauty Box

:00

14th,

7th,

(Sept.

EDST

7:45

(Vi)

the Air with

21st

Briggs
—
Thornton

and 28th)
Sport Review of
Fisher. (P. Loril-

lard Co.)

WKAF

EDST

network.

—

—

The Hit Parade with Len(1)
Hayton and his orchestra; Gogo d~
l.ys and Johnny llauser, vocalists; and
(American Tobacco Co.)
others.

8:00

Die

WEAF. WTIC. WEEI, WJAR, WCSH.
WTAG. KYW. WHIO, WFBR, WRC,
WGY. WBEN, WCAE, WLW. WTAM,
WIRE. WMAQ, KSD, WHO, WOW,
WDAF, WIBA. KSTP, WEBC. WDAY.
KFYR, WPTF, WWNC, WIS, WJAX.
WIOD. WFLA, WMC. WSB. WAPI,
W.IDX, WSMB. WAVE. WTAR, WSOC,
WKY. KTBS. KPRC, WOAI. KOA,
KDYL. KGIR. KGHL. KPO. KFI, KGW.
KOMO, KHQ. KFSD. KTAR. KGU,
KVOO, KTHS (WTMJ, WFAA 8:30-9:00),
(WSM. WBAP 8:00-8:30). WRVA
Authentic case«
9:00 EDST (Vi) — G Men.
from official Department of Justice
dramatized by Phillips Lord.

tiles

WEAF. WTIC. WTAG,
WEEI, WJAR, WCSH. KYW. WFBR,
WRC. WGY, WBEN. WCAE, WTAM,
WWJ, WHIO, WLW, WIRE. WMAQ,
KSD. WOW, WDAE. WTMJ. WIBA,
KSTP. WEBC. WDAY, KFYR, WRVA,
WPTF, WTAR. WSOC, WWNC, WIS,
WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WAVE, WSM.
WMC, WSB. WAPI. WJDX, WSMB,
WOAI.
WKY WBAP. KTBS. KPRC.
KOA. KDYL. KGIR, KGHL. KPO. KFI,
KGW, KOMO. KHQ. KFSD, KTAR.
9:30 EDST (1) — The Shell Chateau starring

NBC

Al

Service

Joleon

Young and

to

with

bis

guest
artists;
VlctOI
(Shell Kaslerll
orchestra.

Petroleum Products, Inc.)

WEAF. WTIC. WTAG, WEEI. WJAR,
WCSH, KYW, WHIO, WFBR, WRC,
WGY. WBEN. WCAE. WTAM. WSAI,
WMAQ. WDAE. WIBA. KSTP. WEBC.
WDAY. KFYR. KDYL. WWJ. KSD,
Wild WOW, WTMJ, WRVA, WPTF,
WWNC, WIS. WJAX. WIOD, WFLA,
WTAR. WSOC. KGIR. KGHL. KPO. KFI,
KGW. KOMO. KHQ. KFSD. KTAR. KOA,
WLW.
(Dr.
9:30 EDST (1) — National Bam Dance.
Miles Laboratories.)
WJZ WBZ. WBZA. WSYR. WHAM,
KDKA. WGAR. WLS. WJR, WMT.
KSO WIRE, KWK. WBAL, WMAL,
WREN. KOIL. WFIL.


That Meltin' Voice

(Continued from page 87)

ing to meet a prospective sponsor—and, though he did not know it, he was going to meet his future wife.

Marjorie Louise McClure was in Akron, oil a vacation from Bryan Mawr. In spite of the fact that he is as gallant with the ladies as any Southern boy, Jimmy had never been in love—not until the moment he saw her. Then he was, hopelessly. He didn't wait any longer for marriage than he waits for anything else. He threw himself into courtship with the same impatience which marks all that he does. The next night Marjorie heard him sing an aria from "Romeo and Juliet" for her alone, and she knew he was proposeing in song. The result—well, she got her mother's consent while he got the license, and, reader, he married her.

To celebrate, he bought a yacht and christened it with champagne. Then started a series of concert engagements all over the country. On his return, he accepted another radio program which makes him today one of radio's busiest singers. He arranges and scores all his own music, and wishes there were more. When his manager contracts for a personal-appearance tour or special performance as guest star, Jimmy claps him on the shoulder and says: "That's great. But what'll I do next week?" He and Marjorie jump in a plane at half an hour's notice with the greatest of ease, if there's work for Jimmy at the other end of the line.

Still this is not enough. He never has stopped studying for opera. He has learned the scores of three operas recently, "Madame Butterfly," "Manon" and "La Traviata." He is seldom seen without a text book in which he is immersed. French, Spanish, Russian—he'll know them all before long. For he believes that with international broadcasts becoming more frequent, it soon will be necessary for American singers to know foreign languages. And, as usual, he wants to be at the head of the class. By the time you read this he will be in Hollywood, at work on a new picture. But he'll still be doing all his other jobs; this will be just one more.

He is full of enthusiasm, but yachting comes first. Spring found him painting his yacht Melody with its two 150-horse power motors; the first warm breeze of summer found him far out in cool waters, glorrying in the wonders of air and water and sun. Both he and Marjorie are excellent sailors, and Marjorie knows almost as much about boats as he does. They have had many experiences while racing the white-capped billows of Long Island Sound, or sailing down to Washington. Once they were caught in a bad squall and couldn't radio for help because the wireless was broken.

"But the grimmest thing of all happened when we were right in dock. I'll never forget it if I live to be a hundred," Jimmy says.

He was on the deck of the Melody, talking to his friend, the captain of another
makes family Chicago, no He the liked right interferes I've creamy sit singer save doesn't mean picture full- the no one. sort

NADINOLA, Box M-9, Paris, Texas. Generous 50c sizes of Nadinola Beauty aids at mass he and the stores.

The Whitney Family Ensemble, after having been on concert tour for three years, now is heard regularly from Chicago over NBC networks. Robert, the eldest, first entered radio in 1922 as pianist and announcer at WMAQ, Chicago. His sisters joined him to form the present group in 1927. The girls (left to right) are: Edith, second violin, Edna, viola, Noreen, first violin, and Grace, cello.

with gangster stories as second choice.

Lawrence Tibbett lives in the apartment below him and is perhaps his best pal. Often these two pack up for some deep-sea fishing and start out alone; or, they take their wives and friends aboard the Melody, so as to have some one to beat at deck tennis. Guests on the boat usually means that Jimmy has prepared a huge batch of his famous spaghetti or baked beans. He has any number of culinary specialties. His wife claims their honeymoon was really a sort of "cook's tour." He likes food, and he likes cooking. "There's something elemental about preparing a good broiled steak," he says. He also can cook a mean meal over a campfire.

But no enthusiasm can reach such a pitch that it interferes with the Melody music. When his fondness for food had reached the point where he was getting, well, plump, Jimmy tightened his belt and his lips and reduced twenty-eight pounds. It was hard work, but it was worth it. He is better looking now, and can look any movie camera in the eye without flinching. His figure is that of a boy, his muscles hard from daily exercise.

He takes excellent care of his person without being a health fanatic. He doesn't smoke or drink; he rises daily at nine, and always gets from eight to ten hours sleep each night—so you can figure out for yourself that he's no night-owl.

"You can't have everything," he says. "If you want to be a singer you have to key your whole life to it."

You can't have everything... one looks at Jimmy Melton and wonders.

The End
Carol Deis Confesses (Continued from page 42)

come—for the baby’s good. It would have been unfair to raise him in a house that knew only unhappiness.”

So they had separated. Carol took the baby. She went back to her folks and set about being both a mother and father to her child. During the mornings and evenings, she was mother, caring for Donnie and loving him; during the day, she was daddy, going to work to supply the things Donnie needed—and at night, after ten o’clock, she was Carol Deis, going out for her singing lessons and practicing against that day when a chance might come.

“Interesting,” admitted the executive; then he brought up that incredibly ancient idea: “but we must keep it quiet. You’ve got a voice and the looks, so we mustn’t let out anything like marriage and divorce, that would impair your chances. Like scandal, for instance. We’ll publicize you as a young steno getting some place. . . . Just forget your past and go on from here.”

Forget her past!

Why, her past was the grandest thing about her. It was the only thing that made this new world desirable.

Still, she did not know but what this immensely stupid move was one of the sacrifices she would have to make to assure her son the things every mother wants her boy to have.

So, little Donnie, whose teeth were just completing their debut and who was just beginning to walk without falling down every ten steps with an amazing bump, stayed in Dayton with his grandmother while his mother went to Philadelphia to study.

“It was a lonesome, homesick existence,” Carol says, “and one constantly beset by a thousand little fears. The most recurrent was that Donnie would forget me. After that, I was practically frantic with the thought that he might swallow a button or become ill—and I wouldn’t be there to thump him on the back or nurse him. If it hadn’t been he who was benefiting, I think I would have handed the prize back—with thanks!”

For a full month, Carol continued woefully her rounds of study and work. Then, one day, her teacher called her in for a conference.

“Carol,” he said gently, “your voice is grand and your technique is excellent. But, my dear, you must—you must sing as though the song were worth the effort of opening your mouth.”

“I know,” Carol replied humbly, “but—”

She said no more. She thanked him and went to her lonely room. Miserable place, she thought, how different you’d be if Donnie were here. He’d brighten you up. If only I could be tucking him into bed over there and scrubbing off his chin after luncheon here. No one would have to know . . .

She dropped everything and fled to Dayton.

One Grand Fudge!

EAGLE BRAND CHOCOLATE FUDGE

Mix sugar and water in large saucepan and bring to boil. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and boil over low flame until mixture will form firm ball when tested in cold water (235° F.-240° F.). Stir mixture constantly to prevent burning. Remove from fire, add chocolate cut in small pieces. Chop nut meats and add. Beat until thick and creamy. Pour into buttered pan. When cool, cut in squares.

- Let others have their fudge failures. You needn’t. This recipe is never granular—never anything but creamy-smooth perfection. Clip it. Try it.
- But remember—Evaporated Milk won’t—can’t—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.

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

Lovely Ruth Robin, soloist with Charles Barnet’s orchestra, is heard several times weekly over the WABC-Columbia network. Miss Robin is just nineteen. Listeners love her deep-throated voice.
It's too bad that someone who knew could not have told her as she sat at
home that next day and bouded a de-
liriously happy little boy up and down
on her knees, that this was the stuff
America loved—that everyone would be
able to know of something as touching
and tremendous as her affection for her
child . . . But no one like that was there,
so when she finally said what was in
her mind, only her mother could answer.
"Mother," she declared, "I have to have
him with me or give it up. I nearly
go mad, so far away from him."
Carol's mother thought for a moment.
"Probably," she said finally, "the man
knew best. He has seen them fall fast,
I suppose, and knows why they do. But
after you've gone into radio—your job
—I don't think they'd care. You could
surely have him then?"
"Of course," Carol breathed. "Why
hadn't I thought of that? When I've got
my contract, why, there's no reason they
should object. I'll be able to afford
a nice place, too."
Carol went back to Philadelphia, all
buoyed up. She went at her work with
a new interest, sustained by secret flying
trips home. Even the three months she
spent studying in Paris were happy ones;
for, though she was a long way from
home, she knew each day that passed pre-
pared her for a triumphant entry into her
chosen field. And that meant that Donnie
would be hers—for all the world to know!
When she returned to America, she went
directly to Dayton for a week of rest and
then returned to New York, where she set
in motion that machinery that would make
her a radio star.
"I had never," she says, "been happier
than I was those first few days. There was
so much to do. I had to find an apartment
and a good nursery school. I had to buy
dishes and furniture. I felt the same ex-
citement I knew when Earl and I
furnished that little bungalow, only this
time I was sure nothing could go wrong,
because—well, it didn't seem that anything
could. I auditioned and signed contracts
and met people. Then, when every-
thing was prepared, I arranged for the story
that would tell about Donnie."
She went in for the interview with a
light heart. She told everything, just as
she had told everything after she had first
won her right to this future. "He takes
awfully cute pictures, too," she con-
cluded brightly.
"We can understand how you feel," her
sponsors answered, "but you must con-
sider this: If the young men in Podunk
and Oskaloosa think you are free, they
will set you up as their dream girl. They
will propose marriage by mail and send
mash notes. They'll vote for you in
popularity contests. If they know about
a son, they may not do that, so maybe
we'd better just let your past stay in the
background."

The stupidity of this is apparent to
anyone who knows that Bing Crosby has
married and is raising a family and that
other stars have adopted children without
in the least impairing their romantic
appeal over the air. It's even more
apparent when one considers the jubila-
tion of the fans over Jane Froman's mar-
rriage and the birth of Tito Guizar's little
daughter. But, apparently, the moguls
didn't see that. And Carol had no one
close to advise her.

What did she do?
What could she do?
Carol was new to the world of en-
tertainment and the thought of those millions of persons passing judgment on her frightened her a little—especially since the millions had been falsely represented as scandal-mad hordes aching to tear a newcomer to bits.

She told the renting agent she wouldn't need the apartment. She told the nursery school that things could wait. She became so certain that her career—and with it, the things she had planned for her son—would be ruined if the slightest hint of his existence leaked out that she bent over backwards in her efforts to keep it a secret. Her frequent moods of depression she overcame by carefully masked "business" trips to Dayton, where she snatched a moment of peace and rest.

But it's all over now. This year Carol decided that she had had enough of that! She brought her mother and Donnie East and had a swell time finding an apartment and a school. She went on a furniture and clothes buying spree that lasted two weeks. Then she asked me if I would tell the real story about him—ii, and her eyes were anxious, I thought it would not hurt.

I said it wouldn't. I said so because, at the moment, Donnie was sitting on the other side of the room and a ray of sunlight from the window was brightening his hair as he hoisted a small, red car up on to the sofa—and I didn't see how in the world anyone could hear their story and not love them for it.

The End

Make Him Remember You!

Learn the secret of Blue Waltz Perfume...

WILL the spell of your charm keep him thinking of you long after he says good-night? It will...if you know the secret power of Blue Waltz Perfume!

Be one of the clever girls who have discovered how a touch of Blue Waltz Perfume on the hollow of the throat, behind the ears, along the part of your hair, gives a haunting fragrance that lingers in one's memory. A fragrance that will irresistibly beckon him back again and again.

Blue Waltz face powder and lipstick have the same seductive fragrance as Blue Waltz Perfume. Make triply sure of your magic by using all three tonight! You will conveniently find them in your 5 and 10¢ store. Only 10¢ each. All Blue Waltz cosmetics are laboratory tested, their ingredients certified pure, for your protection!

Blue Waltz

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Suggest a song title and win fame and fortune. Enter this great contest today.

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The contest is for amateurs only. Winning songs will be broadcast coast-to-coast over

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(Feen-a-Mint Program)
Every Sunday, 6 p.m., E.D.S.T. (Columbia Network)

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Now on Sale . . . . . . . . 10¢
Reduces hostess I DAISY radio getting radio Addr.sa. sent. send actually I have hand visible gun around. T will Bronxville 1 the and ed. shown money New today have offer pounds FREE | 'I DEAFNESS A. Feminine sagging, | Dec 30-day desire. I decide | The | With | Wax | All | His | My | Frank | It | In | His | Their | Wax | And | My | My | Wax | My | Wax | He | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax 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His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | His | His | Wax | H
that such a step is foolish and useless.

The manager of one of the leading employ-
ment agencies for domestic help told me that this is getting to be an increas-
ingly difficult problem. On several occa-
sions American boys and girls have drifted
into the agency asking for jobs as cooks, 
maids and butlers. "They lie about their ex-
perience and tell me they are willing to
work for nothing, but on one condition:
the job must be in the home of a radio
star or executive. One girl fooled us so
completely that she was actually sent out
as a nurse's helper to the family of a
well-known radio personality. Within a
week she was returned because the fam-
ily got wise to her when she neglected
the baby to show off her talents before
her employer."

They pose as window-washers, hair
lotion salesmen, flagpole painters—these
desperate Ten Thousand, if only it will
gain them entree to the Broadcasting Pow-
ers. One aspirant paid a hotel elevator
operator fifty cents for a lesson in elevator
manipulation. Then he applied for and
got a job in Radio City. But his wrath-
ful and wealthy father stormed to New
York and brought the boy home before he
had a chance to put his wild plan to
work. "I have thirty elevator boys work-
ing for me in my buildings," said the
father, puzzled. "What made my boy
run away to New York and get such a
job? I can't understand it!"

John Royal, vice-president in charge of
programs in NBC, must surround himself
with a horde of secretaries to keep out
persistent crashers. But once in a
while, one of them will get the better of
him. A man claiming to be a salesman
marketing a new hair-restorer treat-
ment, finally gained an audience with
Royal. In the midst of his sales talk he
switched to talking about his own vocal
ability and then let out a few lusty notes
for good measure. But it availed him
nothing.

Probably no group in this vague Ten
Thousand offers as many headaches as
the mausas and papas of undiscovered baby
stars. Pity young Paul Douglas, the
shining spirit behind the Horn and Hard-
art Sunday morning children's shows, who
is the victim of most of these ambitious
but misguided parents.

"Somehow or other, they manage to
find out my phone number and call at all
hours of the day—the more unusual
the hour the better, they reason, because
then they can catch me unawares. Phone
calls at one or two in the morning are not
unusual. They give all sorts of reasons.
One woman, I remember, wouldn't tell
me what she wanted. 'It's a case of life
and death,' she said. 'I must see you
about someone close to you!' That last
got me because at that time my mother
was very ill, so I dressed hurriedly and
rushed off to meet her. Well, you can
imagine my disgust when I learned that
I had fallen for a cheap gag to get me
to hear about her proidy who did a
wonderful imitation of Jimmy Durante!"

At another time, Paul was leaving for
Philadelphia. He was seated in the train
and was settling down to enjoy a good
book when the conductor came to collect
tickets. "What about your wife and
child?" he asked. Paul, twenty-eight and
blissfully single, looked up. There was
a stout, middle-aged woman, with a pale

A romance which defies the saying that you can't have a career and a
happy home life. Xavier Cugat, Tango King, and his lovely wife and
singer, Carmen Castilla, long have been noted both for their artistic
success and for their mutual happiness. Here they are with two of
their pets, in the charming garden of their apartment near the East River.
**GRAY HAIR**

Now, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or foiled hair to harmonize shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and Brownatone does it. Prove it by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair.

Used and approved—for over twenty years by thousands of Gray-Headed Americans. Guarantees harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—but will wash out. Simply re-touch as the new gray appears. Imparted rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need.

BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

**Inflamed Eyes?**

Bathe them with LAVOPTIK

Instant relief for inflamed, sore, tired, strained or itching eyes. 6000 eye-sight specialists endorse it. 25 years success. Get Lavo Optik with free eye cup from your druggist.

**Learn To Play Piano The Magichord Way!**

Easiest Teach Yourself Method

Sentimental new quick short-cut reveals secrets of Modern Piano Playing. Wonderful Magichord Fingering! Included FREE, teacher chords without notes. You start playing at once—play popular songs in few weeks. Play by note, or ear. No tedious reading. Results guaranteed. Send 113 J for complete course, or unit C.O.D. to C. Box 506, Dept. A, MAGICHORD METHODS Los Angeles...Customize...

**Gayanne**

THE SOFTEST POWDER PUFF

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY AT ALL $5-KRESGE STORES

**KILL THE HAIR ROOT**

The rejuvenating method positively prevents hair from growing again. Safe, easy, permanent. Use at intervals, at home. The original relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success. Backed by 35 years successful use all over the world. Send 6c In stamps TODAY for illustrated leaflet. We teach beauty culture.

D. J. Mahler Co., Dept. 385M, Providence, R. I.

**Sheet Music**

WHEN BUYING SHEET MUSIC

Ask your dealer to show you CENTURY CERTIFIED EDITION IT COSTS ONLY 15c A COPY

Catalogue of 5000 Selections FREE ON REQUEST

CENTURY MUSIC PUBLISHING CO.

232 W. 40TH STREET, N. Y. C.

**Be a Nurse**

MAKE 50c-53c A WEEK

You can learn at home in spare time. First practical training by physicians. 300 graduates. Over 300 hospitals. A.A.N. recognized. 18 to 65 years. 240 hours training. Highest school of its kind. Fully equipped. High school or college required. Start tuition payment. Write for catalog.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

Dept. 2130, 26 N. Ashland Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

**It's Fun to Look Younger Again!**

and So Easy to Safely Tint

**RADIO STARS**

Before leaving this country for stage and radio engagements in England, the famed Boswell Sisters, Martha and Connie and Vi, lunched with the noted English composer and orchestra leader Ray Noble, and his drummer, Bill Harty, and singer Al Bowlly. Left to right, Bill, Martha, Ray, Connie, Al, and Vi Boswell.
He Said "No," Just Like That (Continued from page 35)

"It Ain't Gonna Rain No More," which swept the country some years ago and had half the population going gaga thinking up new lyrics for it. Yessir, that's his brainchild and he made enough on it to get married and set up a whopping trust fund.

About that marriage, it created a sensation in 1924 because the entire ceremony was broadcast over the air. There were about four million guests, and Phillips Carlin was best man with a stopwatch in his hand. That unromantic stopwatch so unnerved the bride that she fumbled on her "I do's." Some people thought the wedding was a publicity stunt. No doubt it was—but there are Wendell, Jr., aged seven, and Lowell, five, to prove that it's been a success.

With his feet planted so firmly on radio soil, Wendell's naturally had a chance to nab most of the radio's "firsts" for his scrapbook. He was the first to have a sponsor. It was the old Eveready program. He was the first to appear on a "network." In those days there was no radio chain, so he created his own by touring the United States in an auto and visiting the principal stations as "the Eveready Entertainer." Which makes him, then, the poppa of radio advertising.

ONCE MORE
Let us remind you:
The smartest people are entering The Crazy Caption Contest See Pages 32 and 33.

So when he gives a bonafide sponsor the air, his reasons are worth listening to.

"I've been associated with my sponsors for almost three years," says he, "and I was getting into a rut. If I didn't get out in time, no other company would want me.

"Then I was on a fifteen-minute program once a week, and my contract stated I was to sing exclusively for them. There wasn't enough work to keep me happy and that short time on the air was like a drop in the bucket. I was in danger of being lost.

"But most important, lengthy commercial plugs were killing my program—and eventually my popularity. Imagine, on a fifteen-minute program the commercial took up about eight or nine minutes. It was annoying the listeners, and I was the one who was getting the blame. I had to wage a one-man fight and when I couldn't gain my point I just upped and left."

It takes a lot of nerve to leave a sponsored program and all the security that goes with it, for the uncertainty and lower pay check of a sustaining morning series. But—well, you'll find the explanation in the fiery mop of hair and the Boone blood.

The END

Radio Stars

What Secret Power Did the Ancients Possess?

Are the stories of the great miracles of the past legend or fact? Is it possible that once the forces of nature were at the command of man? Whence came that power? Starting is the revelation that the strange wisdom they possessed has been preserved for centuries and today is available to all who seek a Mastery of Life.

Send For Free Sealed Book

Those today who have acquired these Cosmic truths find them simple, forceful, and the instrument by which they fashion a new and abundant life. Write the Rosicrucians (not a religious organization), who have carefully guarded these age-old principles, for free Sealed Book which tells how YOU, too, may acquire this personal guidance. (The curious not invited). Address: Scribe O.N.B.

The Rosicrucians
San Jose
AMORC
California

The Biggest
10¢ Worth
I EVER BOUGHT!

Compare Lander's with other talcum powders. Compare it for quality and economy! You save money without sacrificing quality. The big over-size box costs only 10¢ at any dime counter. And, if you want variety, ask for these other skillful Lander's blends:

Lavender and Pine Sweet Pea and Gardenia Orchid and Orange Blossom Carnation and Lily "O' the Valley"

Lander
FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

Scientific Advance Stops Itch

Skin Outbreaks

Rashes, Eczema

Foot Itch

Hydrosal for Itching Skin

Head-To-Foot Effectiveness

We write and square helplessly under the unbearable torture of itching? No matter what the cause, amazing Hydrosal will give almost instant relief and help nature to heal the skin, irritated skin. Chloroform, camphor, salicylic acid, lindane, menthol, phenol, balsam—table blessing for any kind of itch, eczema, rubra, psoriasis, lice, lichen, athlete's foot, pimples, prickly heat. Successfully used by doctors and hospitals for years. Now available to the general public for the first time. Touted and approved by Good Housekeeping. Ask your druggist for HYDROSAL—liquid or ointment—30c or 60c size.

Hydrosal

$1260 to $2100 Year

TO START

MEN—WOMEN—

Get ready immediately

Common education, usually

Coaching tests.

Mail Coupon

Today—Sure

Address

A Government JOB!

Franklin Institute
Dept. A-120
Rochester, N. Y. 32-page book describing salaries, work and free sample coaching tests.
NEW SHOES for OLD

NEW Griffin Black Dye

Less work, no mess—just paint it on for a jet black finish which will not wear off. Gives you a “new” pair of shoes with old shoe comfort. Adds another pair of shoes to your wardrobe. Available at your favorite 5 and 10 cent store, or any shoe repair shop.

10c BOTTLE

Griffin MFG. Co.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Be a Hotel Hostess
Enjoy Your Work (Good positions in hotels for women as Hostesses. Housekeeper, Manager, etc. Train at home, in leisure time. Our Lewis student written “How to Manage Country Club, open all year. Salary $150 monthly and full maintenance for two children and self. Write for Free Book. LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS, SWS, S.S., Washington, D.C.

BECOME AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountant and C. P. A. is very $1500 to $2500 a year. Thousands of I. B. M. deed. Train at home, leisure time. Many successful men and women in business. Guaranteed job after training. The best in the field. $2 a day for ten weeks. "Accuracy, the Professional that Pays." LaSalle Extension University, Dept. L. 1, Chicago The School That Has Trained Over 1,200 C. P. A.'s.

Stoves At Factory Prices

SALE CATALOG—FREE Over 200 Styles and Sizes of Stoves, Ranges, Furnaces at Factory Prices and Easy Terms—as little as $6.75 a day. Write for Free Book. New styles, new features. 30 days trial—30 days approval—24-hour shipments. The Kalamazoo Stove Co., M. H. 405 Rochester Avenue, Kalamazoo, Michigan.

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RAIIO STARS

The Listeners’ League Gazette

(Continued from page 8)

PAUL WHITMAN, Mascot: Phillip Martin, Cotomet, Ont.
HONEYBOY AND SASSAFRAS, Mascots: John Pittman, Steven, Conn.; Paul Green, 7 Flora St., Augusta, Me.
PRIGGILLA LANE, Mascot: Paul Reinbold, Ritz, Mich.
LANE SISTERS, Mascots: Howard James, P. O. Box 621, Maroon Hook, Pa.
TONE WONG, Mascots: George James, 945 Konzil Boulevard, East Windsor, Conn.
PAULINE ALPERT, Mascot: Florence Cortwright, 152 S. 9th Terrance, Roseville, Calif.
JANE FROMAN, Mascot, Hannah Smithson, 7215 9th Ave., Beechwood, Pa.
MAX BAER, Mascot: Bernadine Palmore, 14 John St., Austin, N. Y.
ENRICO MADRIGUERA, Mascot: Leto Dell Red, Spur, Texas.
K. J. MARCONI (Chapter ranked In behalf of a 6th grade): Leonard S. Glenn, 1082 W. California, St. Louis, Mo.
RUTH ETTING, Mascot: Jean Stabo, 4414 St., Rutland, O.
FRANKIE MASTERS, Mascot: Harry Jacobs, Jr., 2313 S. Lillington, West Chicago, Ill.
RED FOLEY, Mascot: Miss Ruth Martin, 4099 N. Raiding Ave., Chicago, Ill.
GRACIE ALLEN, Mascot, Eleanor Bemfeld, B.P.D., No. 2, Levittown, N. Y.
JULIA SANDERSON CRUMIT, Mascot: Maryland Louise Bay, 35 N. Belvedere Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.
DAVE RAPPALL, Mascot: Daisy M. Hart, 915 Market St., Alton, Ill.

FRED WARING, Mascot: Jack Dobhey, 149 Winthrop Ave., Boston, Mass.; 354 47th St., N. Y. C.; F, Howard A. James, 201 White Ave., Linwood, N. J.
HARRY RICHMAN, Mascot: Queenie Markowitz, 1105 Stratford Ave., Bronx, N. Y.
RAB NEY, Mascot: Jack Robbin, 223 S. Vermont, Columbus, Cal.; Louis McHekin, 73 S. Summer St., Kinston, Mass.
MORTON DOWNEY, Mascot: Ruth Feinberg, 1803 Uni-

(Continued from page 99)

The Listeners’ League Gazette

(Continued from page 15)

She prefers the light, illusive floral bouquet perfumes to the heavy, amber oriental scents. Always perfume should be illusive, never obvious, says Albani. The Spanish glamour exponent uses an atomizer for spraying perfume on her skin, and an atomizer for spraying brilliantine on her hair. She finds that the atomizer diffuses the brilliantine and prevents the oily look sometimes achieved when brilliantine is rubbed on with the hands.

Albani’s favorite hair beautifier is the hairbrush. And her hair has a sheen that is the natural result of the hairbrush rather than the use of oils and brilliantine. She always wears her hair very simply. It is fine and glossy enough to be a coiffure in itself without the aid of curls or artificial ones.

In general, the beautiful Olga’s beauty routines are very simple. Perhaps therein lies their wisdom. She amazes an expensive beauty consultant when she said that she thought a few days of relaxation and plenty of rest would do her more good than the costly beauty treatment she was pro-

(Continued from page 99)

KEEP YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL

(Continued from page 15)

too. But whether you have singing aspirations or not, try taking at least ten deep breaths in front of your open window every morning and every night. At times when you feel all tense and “tied up in knots,” remember Albani’s recommendation of deep breathing exercises for perfect relaxation.

While the famous Albani’s tastes in beauty routines are very simple, her tastes in food are a bit more elaborate. She is simply one of those rare and fortunate beings who can eat what they choose, and yet remain in perfect health. But the rest of us must stick to our spinach.

From spinach to glamour isn’t such a large stride. There’s certainly a lot of glamour about perfect health and vitality. But even the sparkling eyes and red lips of health call for the added glamour of make-up. Perhaps these dressing-table pictures of Olga Albani will inspire you to clip the coupon and send in for the “Hints for Make-Up Glamour” that I’ve promised for you. You’ll find included some of Albani’s hints for make-up.

MARY BIDDLE

RADIO STARS

149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me your bulletin on “Hints for Make-Up Glamour”

Name: ____________________________
Address: ____________________________
City: ____________________________

Please enclose stamped addressed envelope. Personal beauty problems will also be answered if desired.

(Continued from page 15)
This genial purveyor of laughter and high comedy is Marty May, Columbia's latest find, who frolics over the CBS airwaves every Thursday at 9:30 p.m.
The last pose of Summer! But not the last rose, though fair enough, say we! She's Kaye Kernan, Cincinnati society girl, vocalist of Johnny Hamp's orchestra. Lower left. What thanks does Red Barber get for teaching two fair pupils, Flora Fern Blackshaw and Mary Alcott, to swim? Only a ducking from the budding mermaids! Lower right. Beautiful Betty Winkler dares the sun in a beach-chair. Betty is twenty-one, 5'3" tall, weighs 107 pounds.

Autumn will soon be here. Let's dip once more in sunny deeps!
MATCHING LIPS AND FINGER TIPS

Lips and finger tips must match—that's the latest rule for make-up! And you had better follow it because you'll look pretty scrambled if you don't.

It sounds like more work, but it isn't. You can be all matched up today without wrinkling a brow or lifting a finger. Because Cutex has brought out a complete range of harmonizing lipsticks and nail polishes.

6 smart harmonizing shades

Just pick the smart shade of Cutex Liquid Polish that will best accent your costume—you can choose from Natural, Rose, Mauve, Coral, Cardinal and Ruby.

Cutex is a polish that flows on evenly, leaving no rim or streaking of color. It won't chip or peel off. Cutex finger tips—and toe tips, too, if you want to be very smart—will stay marvelously smooth and gleaming.

Now, you simply complete the color ensemble with the Cutex Lipstick that matches or tones in with your nail polish. Natural Lipstick goes with Natural, Rose and Mauve Polish. Coral, Cardinal and Ruby Lipsticks match Coral, Cardinal and Ruby Polish.

And remember—the new Cutex Lipstick shares the famous Cutex quality. It's creamy and smooth—never greasy. It goes on with the greatest ease and stays on. And it positively won't dry your pretty lips.

You'll find Cutex Liquid Polish at your favorite store. Crème or Clear, with patented metal-shaft brush that holds the bristles in tightly. Be sure to get the Cutex matching Lipstick, in its smart black enamel case!

NORTHAM WARREN • NEW YORK
Montreal London Paris

Smart Young Things say—
"Once you've seen yourself perfectly made up with Cutex lips and finger tips all in one smart color key, you'll wonder how you ever went around in ordinary clashing shades of make-up!"

MRS. FRANCIS L. ROBBINS, JR., wearing Cutex Ruby Nail Polish and smart matching Cutex Ruby Lipstick. Mrs. Robbins is a beautiful and popular member of Long Island and New York society.

CUTEX Nail Polish and Lipstick
IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS
There are no finer tobaccos than those used in Lucky Strike.

NO THANKS!
I'D RATHER HAVE A LUCKY
WILL THE MOVIES WRECK DRAGONETTE'S CAREER?

HAT IS HOLLYWOOD DOING TO JACK BENNY?

Patti Pickens
You, yes you, can become divinely irresistible. Use the lure that has always won love for famous, enchanting women... tempting, exotic perfume. Such is *Irresistible Perfume*. Wear it night and day to thrill... excite senses... madden hearts... with its haunting, lasting fragrance.

For perfect make-up match your lipstick to your rouge. Irresistible Rouge blends perfectly with your skin and actually stays on all day. Irresistible Lip Lure, the new different cream base lipstick, melts deep into your lips leaving no paste or film... just warm red, indelible color. Irresistible Face Powder is so satin-fine and clinging that it hides small blemishes and stays on for hours.

Be completely fascinating, use all the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Each has some special feature that gives you glorious new loveliness. Certified pure. Laboratory tested and approved. Only 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.

© 1935, Irresistible Inc.
RADIO STARS

JOAN
Why so fussy about cleaning your face? It's late.

LOTTY
I never leave stale make-up on all night.

JOAN
What's the harm in that?

LOTTY
Don't you know stale make-up left clogging the pores causes ugly Cosmetic Skin? Lux Toilet Soap's made to guard against it.

THE lather of Lux Toilet Soap is ACTIVE. That's why it protects the skin against the enlarged pores and tiny blemishes that are signs of Cosmetic Skin. If your skin is dull or unattractive, choked pores may be the unsuspected cause.

Don't risk this modern complexion trouble! Guard against it the easy way thousands of women find effective.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way
Lux Toilet Soap is especially made to remove from the pores every trace of stale rouge and powder, dust and dirt. 9 out of 10 screen stars have used it for years because they've found it really works.

Why not follow their example? Use all the cosmetics you wish! But before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—give your skin this gentle care that's so important to loveliness—and charm!

Margaret Sullivan
Star of Universal's "Next Time We Live"

USE ALL THE COSMETICS YOU WISH! I AVOID COSMETIC SKIN BY REMOVING MAKE-UP WITH LUX TOILET SOAP
I don’t consider three minutes of my time a very high price to pay for banishing headaches and the tired feeling that come from constipation. Particularly when during those three minutes you simply chew a delicious gum like FEEN-A-MINT. Of course, if you aren’t willing to spend three minutes, harsh “all-at-once” cathartics will have to do. But what a difference chewing makes! With FEEN-A-MINT there are no cramps, no griping, no bad after-effects! Try the three-minute way yourself. Only 15¢ and 25¢ for a large supply.

ATTENTION, MOTHERS—FEEN-A-MINT is ideal for everybody, and how children love it!

* Longer if you care to

RADIO STARS

CURTIS MITCHELL, EDITOR
ABRIL LAMARQUE, ART EDITOR

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Cover by EARL CHRISTY

M-G-M again electrifies the world with "Broadway Melody of 1936" glorious successor to the picture which 7 years ago set a new standard in musicals. Roaring comedy, warm romance, sensational song hits, toe-tapping dances, eye-filling spectacle, a hand-picked cast.

THE GREATEST MUSICAL SHOW IN SCREEN HISTORY!

SING THESE SONG HITS!
"On a Sunday Afternoon"
"You Are My Lucky Star"
"Broadway Rhythm"
"Sing Before Breakfast"
"I've Got A Feeling You're Foolin'"

by Nacio Herb Brown and Arthur Freed, composers for the original "Broadway Melody"

with

JACK ELEANOR ROBERT
BENNY POWELL TAYLOR
UNA MERKEL FRANCES LANGFORD
SID SILVERS BUDDY EBSEN
JUNE KNIGHT VILMA EBSEN
HARRY STOCKWELL NICK LONG, JR.

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Directed by Roy Del Ruth · Produced by John W. Considine, Jr.
LEAGUE TALK
By Wilson Brown, Director

I NEVER thought the League would have to apologize for anything. Yet that is now my task. It's about the delay you have experienced in receiving membership cards. The truth is that we are receiving several times the number of applications we had expected. Each one must be handled separately which takes time. So we ask that you be patient with us until we have caught up with the rush.

ALREADY many letters are arriving pointing out that this or that program is not up to par. An equal number of letters are filled with praise for programs and artists. It shows a decided interest on the part of members to realize the potentialities of the League. What we ask now is this: In pointing out poor or objectionable programs, please do not hesitate to mention the program by name, as your letters will be held confidential. May we ask that you also tell why you think the programs poor or objectionable, as constructive criticism will be the basis for correcting such program evils.

ABOUT your letters: Several members in the vicinity of New York have telephoned to this effect: "I sent So-and-So (naming an artist) a letter in care of the League and have had no reply." I was talking to Honeyboy and Sassafras (George Fields and Johnny Welsh) of NBC the other day and asked them about this situation. Their explanation is the best I've heard to date. The more popular artists, they point out, receive hundreds of such letters each day. To answer all of these letters would require a staff of three or four secretaries, the salary of each overcharging $25 per week. In addition, there is the added expense of stationery and postage which would total $25 or more per week. All together, the cost of answering fan mail would be more than $100 a week, they pointed out.

Some of the really big name artists might be able to afford this expense. Sustaining artists and lesser lights in the commercial field, however, cannot (Continued on page 9)

LEAGUE MEMBERSHIP CONTINUES TO GROW BEYOND EXPECTATIONS

ALREADY IT IS THE LARGEST ORGANIZATION EVER TO BE FORMED FOR RADIO LISTENERS

The Listeners' League of America has grown to such heights in the few months of its existence that it already is the largest organization of its kind ever to be formed among radio listeners.

The response was immediate at the very beginning, nearly one thousand members being enrolled the first month. Then, as the news spread, the applications were considerably higher than the one thousand mark.

Never before in the history of radio have listeners so readily responded to a movement designed to improve and support the business of broadcasting. It is a very definite indication, say officials, that there is a real need for such organized effort on the part of listeners to accomplish the best in radio entertainment.

Right now, radio programs are on the spot. Listeners are writing by the hundreds offering suggestions for the improvement of current programs. These suggestions are being tabulated and will be presented soon as constructive opinion. The League is attempting in this way to be of direct assistance to program builders as well as to protect listeners from poor or objectionable programs.

Many artists have reported a sudden increase in mail received, due largely to the letters League members are writing. Enough amount of mail received is one indication of the popularity of an artist, the League's contribution in this regard has proven to be a valuable aid to artists. In this and other ways the League is attempting to champion the cause of the artists among whose talents the business of broadcasting is built.

The drive for new members continues. Listeners not in the League are invited to send in their applications as soon as possible. In the League they will receive services heretofore denied them; they will be contributing to the improvement of radio; and they will be better serving their favorite artist.

For the advantage of those not acquainted with the methods of organization, the League repeats the rules:
1. A Chapter is formed by ten or more persons. Each person fills out an individual application blank and the president of the group fills out the application for a charter. All are mailed together to the Listeners' League of America, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City. Membership cards will then be sent each individual, and the Chapter will receive its Charter and a picture of the artist it is supporting.
2. The Marconi Chapter is provided for those individuals (Continued on page 9)

MARCONI MEMBERS SEEK AFFILIATION WITH REGULAR CLUBS

Several members of the Marconi Chapter have signified their desire to join the members of regular active Chapters. It is suggested that Chapter presidents seeking additional members correspond with these individuals. The members and the artists they wish to support are:

Miss Anna Brinch, 431 E. 144th St., The Bronx, N. Y.—Lanny Ross.

Geraldine Calligan, 83 Putnam St., East Weymouth, Mass.—Nelson Eddy.

Mary Gillen, 60 Clark St., Hillsdale, N. J.—Frank Parker.

Mary Halloran, 3117 W. Spangler St., Philadelphia, Pa.—Frank Parker.

Charlotte M. Bierbower, 1215 W. 5th St., Hastings, Neb.—Al Kavelin.

Robert Elder, 81 Gibbs St., New Haven, Conn.—Fred Waring.

Miss Mary Jane Muscatel, 33 Clinton Ave., Lambertville, N. J.—Lanny Ross.

Miss Isla Mae Stengle, 266 N. Union St., Lambertville, N. J.—Lanny Ross.
PUSH-BUTTON TUNING
(Moises Suppressed)
Now, Push Button Silent TUNING is offered for first time! Simply pushing Silencer Button hushes set between stations... suppresses noises. Pressing Station Finder Button automatically indicates proper dial position. Tuning in extremely weak stations.

Acousti-Tone V-Spread Design (Patent Pending)
Establishes new radio tone tonight! The V-Front Dispensing Valves were developed by Midwest engineers as a result of a study of directional effect of the Midwest Full Scope High Fidelity Speaker. These Valves spread the beautiful treblewood of the "high" throughout the entire room in a scientific manner... directing the High Fidelity waves uniformly to the ear. Send for new FREE 40-page catalog. It pictures the complete line of beautiful 1936 Acousti-Tone V-Spread consoles... and chassis... in four colors.

FULL SCOPE HIGH FIDELITY
Brilliant Concert Tone
Now, get complete range of audible frequencies from 30 to 14,000 cycles, being transmitted by four new High Fidelity Broadcasting stations--WXIN, WLOX, WJMX, and WJX. Glorious new Acousti-Tone is achieved by assuring life-like, crystal-clear "concert" realism.

V-Front

EVERYWHERE, radio enthusiasts are praising this amazingly beautiful, bigger, better, more powerful, super selective, 18-tube 6-tuning range radio. They say it is a tremendous improvement over Midwest's 16-tube set, so popular last season. It is sold direct to you from Midwest Laboratories at a positive saving of 30% to 50%. (This statement has been verified by a Certified Public Accountant who conducted an impartial survey among representative Ohio, Kentucky and Indiana radio retailers.) Before you buy any radio, write for FREE 40-page 1936 catalog. Never before so much radio for so little money. Why pay more? You are triple-protected with One Year Guarantee, Foreign Reception Guarantee and Money-Back Guarantee!

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No middleman's profits to pay--you buy direct from laboratories, saving 90% to 95%! Increasing costs are sure to result in higher radio prices soon. Buy before the big advance... NOW... while you can take advantage of Midwest's sensational values.

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A FINE TRIBUTE TO RUDY VALLEE

Sophie Tucker, one of Broadway's best known characters, pays high tribute to Rudy Vallee in the birthday issue of "Rudyments," edited by Dorothy Yosnow. It is such a high tribute that the League takes pleasure in reprinting it for the benefit of all Vallee fans.

"A TRIBUTE TO RUDY VALLEE"

"By Sophie Tucker"

"I am delighted at the opportunity to take my typewriter in hand to pay a tribute to my dear friend, Rudy Vallee.

"I have watched Rudy from the days of his beginnings in the profession, and I have seen him grow into one of the greatest entertainers in the world. And I marvel that today, at the very height of his career, he is still the same honest, likable, level-headed and generous boy he was when he first came to New York from his father's drug store in Middlesex, New Jersey.

"Our beginnings are strangely alike. Rudy's father owned a drugstore in New England; my father ran a restaurant in New England. Neither of us comes of a theatrical family; but we both loved to sing and we both found our places in the world.

"I have worked with Rudy many times on his Thursday night radio program and frankly, I must say that I never have and never will enjoy working with any one else quite as much as I did with Rudy. He is so kind, so intelligent, and so generous. He is also a real gentleman, and each time I am out in the theater, Rudy knows how much I admire him and reminds me to think that Rudy loves and respects me. At least, I hope so.

"So here's good luck to you, my friend. May health and happiness be yours in abundance."

"VALLEGIANS" HAVE MANY ARTISTS AS HONORARY MEMBERS

"The Valley Voice," publication of "The Vallegians" whose president is Beatrice Gordon, a member of the League, announced last week the formation of a new chapter which includes many celebrities. They are: The Connecticut Yankees, Charles A. Vallee, Mr. and Mrs. Prosper Lennerville, William Vallee, John S. Young, Buddy Rogers, Mary Brian, Bing Crosby, Harry Paul, Mayor Edward Bowes, Alice Faye, Jimmie Fuller, Ray Bolger, Ethel Merman, Sophie Tucker, Mary Pickford, Mae Questel, Jesse Crawford, Dave Rubinoff, James Wallington, Lenore Ulric and Eddie Cantor.

CHAPTERS MAY BE FORMED FOR SHOWS AS WELL AS STARS

While all Chapters formed to date have been in support of individual artists, the League's policy will permit Chapters to be organized in behalf of programs. In many cases, it has been point out, listeners have favorite programs whereas they do not necessarily have favorite individual artists or do not wish to show favoritism to any one artist. Those listeners are now invited to form Chapters in behalf of those programs.

Listeners who are loyal to Lanny Ross, Muriel Wilson, Conrad Thibault, Rosaline Green, Irene Hubbard and other members of the cast of Show Boat may, for example, organize a Show Boat Chapter. Likewise, if the Lux Radio Theatre program is a favorite of a listener, he may organize a Lux Radio Theatre Chapter. Regular chapters will be issued and pictures of the cast issued just as is done with Chapters formed for individual artists.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

LISTENERS' LEAGUE OF AMERICA
149 Madison Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

I, the undersigned, apply for membership in the Listeners' League of America in support of

[Insert name of artist whom you are backing].

Name
Street
City

APPLICATION FOR CHARTER

LISTENERS' LEAGUE OF AMERICA
149 Madison Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

I, the undersigned, apply for a charter in the Listeners' League of America. When this application has been acted upon, it is understood that each of these members will receive membership cards and the Chapter will receive its Charter signed by

[Insert name of artist whom Chapter is formed].

Name
Street
City

NEWS FLASHES OF YOUR FAVORITES

Lanny Ross, still tops in the League, as far as the number of members is concerned, was married July 29th in Millbrook, N. Y., to Olive White, his model. Betty Barthell is enroute to Yokohama, Japan, where she will be married October 18th to Charles Vaughn formerly of Nashville, Tenn., Betty's home. They will make their home in Shanghai, China, where Mr. Vaughn is an official of Pan American Airways.

Leigh Love, who played the role of Dr. Watson in the Sherlock Holmes sketches on NBC, died suddenly in August at his home in England where he was vacationing.

James Wallington has left NBC where he was an ace announcer to become stooge to Eddie Cantor on CBS.

Don Love, NBC announcer, was married September 7th to Lillian Hazel Trotter, radio and concert pianist.

Frank Parker's and Don Bestor's absence from the new Jack Benny program is due to money matters. Both asked more than the sponsor was willing to pay. Michael Bartlett, the new singer, came into prominence after acting with Grace Moore in her new movie, "Love Me Forever." Johnny Green, hereabouts a CBS artist, is the new maestro.

It has been announced that Amette Hanshaw will be back on the air again this month.
LISTENERS' LEAGUE GAZETTE

LEAGUE TALK
(Continued from page 6, Col I)

afford to do this. "Many singers and actors," they told me, "do not get as much as $100 a week. Even those who do make as much as $500 a week could hardly afford to spend $100 of that for mail, especially when you stop to consider that so much has to be spent for music and dramatic lessons, for photographs to supply newspaper and magazine demands, for script material and special arrangements of songs. "Every one of us, however, reads every letter we receive," they continued. "We really do like to hear from our listeners. It shows they are loyal to us; it gives us an indication of how our programs are being received; it helps to inspire us to do better things. If we cannot answer this mail, it certainly is no indication that it isn't appreciated. We hope listeners understand this."

That, it seems to me, is a perfectly logical explanation to a problem which faces every artist. Those of us who write letters must not expect too much of the artists. We know they welcome our letters, even that they want them. We know, too, that they are read. So it is that the Listeners' League of America is serving an additional need—being able to give in these columns the information which listeners seek and which the artists cannot themselves supply directly.

FORM ONE CHAPTER
(Continued from page 6, Col. II)

Jo Jaskiewicz, 606 East Fourteenth Street, New York City. This chapter is the first of such chapters to be organized in half of more than a single artist.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED
(Continued from page 8, Col. IV)

tions are affiliated with the League. If you want your entire club to be in the organization, then you must send in a blank for each one.

Q. Can the League supply me with tickets to broadcasts?
A. It is the policy of radio to place the matter of tickets in the hands of the sponsor of the programs. Therefore we suggest that you write direct to the sponsor.

LEAGUE MEMBERSHIP
(Continued from page 6, Col. IV)

who find it impossible to organize a group of ten or more. In this case, individuals merely fill out an application blank, write the word "Marconi" on it, and mail to the League. A membership card will be sent and the individual enrolled in the master Chapter which has its headquarters in New York.

3. In the case of fan clubs already formed and in operation, all that is necessary to do for the club to affiliate with the League is to have each member fill out an application and mail them together with the application for a Charter by a member of the president of the club.

Continuing publication of as many names as possible, the League presents the following new members:

(Please turn to page 91)

How he became the best-dressed baby in town

Little Judy was taking a sun bath with my Danny. That's how this thing started. Judy's diaper was so much whiter than Danny's, it made him look like a poor relation. "How come, Hazel?" I asked Judy's mother. "I work harder than you, but your clothes are white."

"Danny, you get Judy out of your hair," Hazel grinned back. "And tell your mother that she works hard enough, but her soap is lazy. It just doesn't wash out ALL the dirt. So her clothes are only half-clean—and that's why they have that tattle-tale gray look."

It sounded pretty sensible to me, so I took Hazel's advice and changed to her soap—Fels-Naptha. Glory, what a difference! That marvelous golden soap is so chuckful of naptha that dirt almost flies out. In no time at all, my clothes were a gorgeous white again.

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!
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Cincinnati Enquirer, Cincinnati, O.
Oscar H. Fernbach
San Francisco Examiner, San Francisco, Cal.
Jack Barnes
Union-Tribune, San Diego, Cal.

**** Columbia Symphonic Hour—Howard Barlow conductor (CBS).
**** American Album of Familiar Music with Frank Munn, Vivienne Segal and Gus Haenschen’s orchestra (NBC).
**** Fleischmann Variety Hour with Rudy Vallee and guests (NBC).
**** Paul Whiteman’s Music Hall (NBC).
**** One Man’s Family (NBC).
**** Cities Service with Jessica Dragoonette (NBC).
**** Eddie Duchin and his Fire Chief orchestra (NBC).
**** Voice of Firestone with William Daly’s orchestra and mixed chorus (NBC).
**** Coty presents Ray Noble and his dance orchestra (NBC).
**** Waltz Time—Frank Munn, tenor; Bernice Clair, soprano; and Abe Lyman’s orchestra (NBC).
**** Lucky Strike Hit Parade with Lennie Hayton, Gogo Delays, Kay Thompson, Johnny Hauser and guest stars (NBC).
**** The Voice of the People (NBC).
**** NBC Symphony Orchestra, Frank Black, conductor (NBC).
**** America’s Hour (CBS).

** Radio City Music Hall Concert with Erno Rapee (NBC)
** Golf Headliners with James Melton, Revelers Quartet, etc. (CBS).
** Captain Henry’s Maxwell House Showboat (NBC).
** The Shell Chateau starring Al Jolson; Guest stars (NBC).
** The Adventures of Gracie with Burns and Allen (CBS).
** Scoony Sketchbook—Johnny Green and his orchestra; Virginia Verrill and Christopher Morley (CBS).

THE LEADERS

Once again we have the five most interesting and popular programs as selected by our Board of Review. All other programs are grouped in four, three and two star rank.

1. **** Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre—guest artists; John Barclay, baritone with Al Goodman’s orchestra. (NBC)
2. **** Lux Radio Theatre. (CBS)
3. **** Major Bowes’ Amateur Hour. (NBC)
4. **** Ford Program with Fred Waring’s Pennsylvanians and Stoopnagle & Budd. (CBS)
5. **** The Jergens Program with Cornelia Otis Skinner. (CBS)

**** Excellent
**** Good
**** Fair
** Poor
* Not Recommended

**** Goldman Band Concerts (NBC)
**** Bond Bread with Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson (CBS).
**** Lady Esther program with Wayne King and orchestra (CBS) (NBC).
**** Kate Smith
**** Everett Marshall’s Broadway Varieties with Elizabeth Lennex and Victor Arden’s orchestra (CBS).
**** Manhattan Merry-Go-Round with Rachel Carlay, Andy Sannella’s orchestra (NBC).

**** Silken Strings with Charles Prev-in’s orchestra (NBC).
**** A. & P. Gypsies with Harry Horlick’s orchestra (NBC).
**** Contented Program with Gene Arnold, The Lullaby Lady, Morgan Eastman’s orch. (NBC).
**** Today’s Children (NBC).
**** Sinclair Greater Minstrels (NBC).
**** Philip Morris Program with Leo Reisman’s orchestra and Phil Durey (NBC).
**** “Town Hall Tonight” with Jim Hanks and Peter Van Steeden’s orchestra (NBC).
**** Vic and Sade (NBC).
**** Death Valley Days (NBC).
**** Roses and Drums (NBC).
**** Boake Carter (CBS).
**** Edwin C. Hill (CBS).
**** Eno Crime Clues (NBC).
**** Climalene Carnival (NBC).
**** One Night Stand with Pick and Pat (CBS).
**** Grand Hotel with Anne Seymour and Don Ameche (NBC).
**** Ben Bernie and his orchestra (NBC).
**** National Barn Dance (NBC).
**** Major Bowes’ Capitol Family (NBC).
**** Penthouse Serenade—Don Mario (NBC).
**** The Ivory Stamp Club with Tim Healy (NBC).
**** Carefree Carnival (NBC).
**** Campagna’s First Nighter with June Meredith and Don Ameche (NBC).
**** Columbia Dramatic Guild (CBS).
*** Heart Throbs of the Hills with Frank Luther, Ethel Park Richardson (NBC).
*** "Dreams Come True" with Barry McKinley and Ray Sinatra's band (NBC).
*** Kitchen Party with Frances Lee Barton; Martha Mears, contralto; Al and Lee Reiser, piano team (NBC).
*** Easy Aces (NBC).
*** Dream Drama, with Arthur Allen and Parker Fennelly (NBC).
*** Fireside Recitals: Sigurd Nilsson, basso; Hardesty Johnson, tenor; and Graham McNamee (NBC).
*** Stories of the Black Chamber (NBC).
*** The Story of Mary Marlin with Joan Blaine (CBS).
*** The Garden of Tomorrow, featuring E. L. D. Gaymour (CBS).
*** Roadways of Romance; featuring Jerry Cooper, Roger Kinne and Freddie Rich's orchestra (CBS).
*** Five Star Jones (CBS).
*** Circus Nights in Silvertown featuring Joe Cook with B. A. Rolfe's orchestra (NBC).
*** Fibber McGee and Molly (NBC).
*** House of Glass (NBC).
*** John Charles Thomas and his Neighbors with William Daly's orchestra (NBC).
*** Tony & Gus (NBC).
*** Rhythm at Eight—Al Goodman's orchestra (CBS).
*** Edgar A. Guest in Welcome Valley (NBC).
*** Mexican Musical Tours—Angel McCandless and his Mexican orchestra (NBC).
*** Sunset Dream—Merrill Sisters, Ranch Boys, trio (NBC).
*** Esso Marketers present Guy Lombardo (CBS).
*** N. T. G. and his Girls (NBC).
*** Evening in Paris (NBC).
*** Lud Gluskin Presents (CBS).
*** Willard Robison and his Deep River Orchestra with Louise Jean Norman (NBC).
*** America's First Rhythm Symphony—De Wolf Hopper, narrator (NBC).
*** Uncle Charlie's Ivory Tent Show featuring Charles Winninger, Lois Bennett, Conrad Thibault, Jack and Loreta Clemens with Don Voorhees and his orchestra (NBC).
*** Hits and Bits (NBC).
*** "Lavendar and Old Lace" with Frank MacMurray and Gus Haenschens's orchestra (CBS).
*** National Amateur Night with Ray Perkins (CBS).
*** G-Men with Phillips Lord (NBC).
*** Lanny Ross' State Fair Concert (NBC).
*** The Fitch Program with Wendall Hall (NBC).
*** Irene Rich for Welch (NBC).
*** Voice of Experience (CBS).
*** Romance of Helen Trent (CBS).
*** The Gumps (CBS).
*** Marie, The Little French Princess (CBS).
*** Uncle Ezra's Radio Station (NBC).
*** The Shadow (CBS).
*** Seth Parker (NBC).

B E H I N D many a young and lovely face is a mind rich in mature wisdom. The instinctive knowledge women seem to be born with. It commands..."Stay lovely as long as you can."

So, you pay great attention to your complexion, your hair, your figure. Your dressing table looks like a queen's... gay with bright jars of creams and cosmetics. And if you know all of your beauty lore, there'll be in your medicine chest a certain little blue box.

Ex-Lax, its name. And its role in your life is to combat one of your worst enemies to loveliness and health... constipation. You know what that does to your looks!

Ex-Lax is ideal for you. Because it is mild, gentle, it doesn't strain your system. It is thorough. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. And it is such a joy to take... it tastes just like delicious chocolate.

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When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Tune in on "Strange as It Seems", new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.
[Image of a woman sitting in a chair]

HER real name is Gabrielle, and she has a little angel curl on her forehead. And when she is good I'll warrant she is very good, and when she is bad, I'm sure she couldn't be horrid. She'd work off her excess spirits in activity. She gives an immediate impression of vivacity, energy, and a love of living for the joy of it. She is animation itself. She is always on the go. And you've guessed it! She is Gogo (nickname) DeLys, the talented French Canadian songstress who is guest instructor on our beauty advice program this month.

Gogo makes me wonder why fragility and languor and pallor ever should have been synonymous with femininity. Health, vivacity, and physical perfection should be the distinguishing marks of feminine charm. I originally sought Gogo for advice on acquiring (and keeping) a beautiful figure . . . and, yes, beautiful legs. You may remember that Phil Spitalny, in his selections for an imaginative composite Ideal Miss Radio, specified that she should have the figure of Gogo DeLys.

It didn't take me long to discover Gogo's secret, nor did it take any astuteness on my part. Her very activity is an explanation of her lithe, fuscous figure. Although my interview with Gogo happened to come at the end of a hectic day for her, and she was "dog-tired," she nevertheless bobbed up and down showing me her pet cleansing cream, having me try out the liquid rouge over which she is enthusiastic, and then bringing forth with delightfully girlish naveté the gorgeous birthday presents she had received (one a gold embroidered robe from China). Most anyone else would have considered it her privilege to play the languid lady.

Gogo loves to walk. And whenever she can get to any place by walking, she walks. When she lived in California, she hiked, and by that I mean "hiked!" City pavements aren't conducive to hiking as sport, but even in New York City she still gets in her regular daily walks.

Walking is a grand beauty recipe. It doesn't get much publicity because it's free. It ironizes your mental creases and worries, it stimulates your circulation, and it helps to prevent the spare tire that is wont to develop in insidious fashion around the waistline. Those of you who have been developing inferiority complexes over skinny legs ought to devote more time to walking. Walk! Play golf! Use your legs! These crisp cool days of fall should urge you to take a large dose of "walking tonic."

Golf is Gogo's favorite sport. She tells an amusing story of how she took up golf. Originally she thought of golf only as a bitter pill to take under Doctor's orders. It seemed that she was enjoying, very heartily, she assured me (for I can't imagine her ever enjoying inactivity), a semi-invalid state of just not feeling quite up to things, with her mother and friends twittering over her, fixing her fancy, appetizing dishes, and plumping up the cushions for her. Along came the doctor and brutally said, "Up with her! She doesn't need rest, she needs exercise. Off with her to the golf links!" And she soon developed a regular golf mania which she indulges whenever and wherever possible.

How is she able to spend so much time on her feet and not get tired and foot-weary? Well, Gogo believes that women should have more consideration for their feet. She is frank to admit that she wears a very generous-sized shoe, so that her feet are allowed plenty of freedom and comfort. Moreover, she will wear nothing but openwork sandals around the house, or at the broadcasting studio. She shoulders at really high heels as bad for health and balance. In fact, she honestly would prefer to wear no shoes at all when she broadcasts. She confessed to a strong secret desire to kick off her shoes every time she steps in front of the microphone, so that she could have the comforting feeling of broadcasting with her feet on
solid ground, as it were.

After all, when your feet are tired, you feel tired all over. Your face takes on fatigue lines, too, Gogo believes that her fondness for sandals, and her care in selecting a comfortable shoe, are the two things most responsible for keeping her feet in condition to be "always on the go."

She has a couple of other pet recipes, however, in the way of foot bathing and massage, that you may find helpful. She finds that bathing the feet in warm water to which a large dose of pine oil has been added is a grand way of making them feel rejuvenated. In fact, a luxurious tubbing in a pine oil bath is her favorite bathing recipe. Massaging the feet, especially under the arches, with a good bath-oil or cold cream, is another aid to keeping her feet in condition.

You may not have occasion to get ready for a broadcast, but you may well have occasion to dance to one. So before you dial the "Carefree Carnival," especially if you've spent a hectic day and you're "dead on your feet," give yourself a five or ten minute relaxation period. Lie down on the bed with your feet, not your head. (Continued on page 64)

Here's a very pretty person and a lifelong friend of Camay—at least from the age she could tell right from wrong in a beauty soap. Her name was Sara Stratton and she was married just last fall.

Her clear and lovely skin is a real compliment to Camay's gentle character. And another indication that Camay's pure and gentle lather keeps the feminine skin marvelously soft and beautifully clear. Your very first use of Camay will show you how gentle and mild a fine beauty soap can be—how it can help to bring new softness and clarity to your skin. Camay's low price is another pleasant advantage.

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.

Photo by Romaine

How does she spend so much time on her feet without weariness?
"LANNY ROSS presents the Maxwell House Show Boat . . ."

Those words have floated out of a good many million loudspeakers during the last few weeks. In most homes, I dare say, not so much as a lifted eyebrow has testified to their brave syllables. Yet, I know of one small room in which a lone listener sits on Thursday evenings to whom those words mean almost as much as the difference between daylight and darkness. Last year, it was said like this, you know: "Captain Henry's Maxwell House Show Boat, Lanny Ross, etc . . ."

And now it is: "Lanny Ross presents . . ."

Not much of a change, is it? Yet, it marks the turning point in a man's life—and a woman's, too, for all I know. It just happens that the man is the most popular singer on today's kilocycles, and the woman is a radio unknown. Lanny Ross and—but her name will come later.

More important at the moment, to those who like to listen to his singing, is this fact: Lanny Ross has "come of age." I don't mean in years, but in the all-embracing aspect of his personality and his mind.

By way of example, I point to the past summer months. Until he had lived them through, he was a failure. And yet:

He was earning three thousand dollars a week.
He was top man on the Show Boat.
He was collecting five thousand dollars a week for personal appearances at conventions and in theatres.
He was presenting his own concert hour in his State Fair programs.

But, despite all that, he had taken a licking—two lickings—and the wounds had not healed. Those lickings were administered by Hollywood, not by the public as some of his critics would have you believe. The flail of whips came when he was on the motion picture lot, a stranger in a foreign land, you might say, filming "Melody in Spring" and "College Rhythm."

No one ever has denied that Lanny Ross is as clean-cut a young American as you'll ever see, but, in Hollywood's parlance, he was a "stick." Couldn't act, they said. Directors wore themselves out attempting to get from him the results they got from other Broadway and radio recruits. Storming, yelling, driving . . .

They should have seen that Lanny doesn't drive.

So two pictures were offered to the American public, starring a Lanny Ross who was about as exciting and thrilling as some tailor's dummy. Two pictures that flopped with such dull thuds that those in the know said once again:

"I told you so! Take these radio singers away from their mike and they're like babies without their bottle."

That is the wreckage Lanny Ross left behind him in Hollywood. The wreckage of a career he'd failed in. Oh, I know his friends will protest that he never has failed, that he always has had more offers than he could fill, that other movie companies have been bidding furiously for his services.

All of which is just dandy, and which proves the point I set out to prove. Lanny has had many offers and his financial success has been amazing. Yet—and this is the point—he didn't go back to the movies until he had done something else that is typical of the new adult "come of age" Lanny Ross.

He put himself through the mill.

What mill? And why?

In White Plains, New York, an earnest group of theatrical people present Broadway plays during the warm months. Its work is professional, expert. It uses only the finest material and offers the public only top-notch attractions. It is typical of a dozen or so little theatres which dot the East in the summer.

Here Lanny found his mill. Here he found a laboratory with a test tube big enough to hold his tall, broad body. Here, too, the flame of public reaction.

He joined that theatrical company and played the lead in a play called "Petticoat Fever." The play is one in a million, requiring the star to be on the stage almost from first to final curtain. In such a play there can be no doubt about the chief performer's merit. If he's bad, the play seems terrible; if he's good . . .

Lanny went into the star's dressing-room, the star's role. By heart, he had learned the star's lines until they were letter-perfect in his mind. That first night, in the cool country of Westchester County, several hundred people gathered to look at Lanny Ross. In their minds, they called him a singer on a lark. I wonder what was in Lanny's mind.

Something like this, perhaps. For this week's work he was receiving a trifling sum—a hundred dollars, maybe. Already he had spent more than that for his costumes. Certainly, he wasn't
He looked at the years ahead and asked himself a question. When he had found the answer, things began to happen!

BY ANTHONY CANDY

up here for the money. Nor for the fun, either. Then for what?

People across the footlights by the hundreds had seen him bumble through "Melody in Spring" and "College Rhythm." Some of them had said he couldn't act. Were they right? Could he really and professionally and genuinely act? That's why he was there.

He remembered his first appearance on a public stage. It was a small New Jersey theatre into which he had been booked because of his early radio following. A woman had talked him into that other appearance, insisting that he needed the experience. She had been right.

They had gone over to that New Jersey theatre and accepted one hundred and fifty dollars. His accompanist got half of that, and the man who supplied the microphone through which he sang got the rest. Before he started, he was out of pocket for expenses and commissions.

But the crowds had come. (Continued on page 63)

(Left) Here is the new Lanny Ross. He's put himself through the mill, and knows what he wants to do. (Below) On Thursday nights Lanny sings, and there is one who listens, with dreams that match his own.
GOOD EVENING, folks.

These movie people have quite a town out here. A big town and a little town, a good town and a bad town, a wise town and a dumb town all rolled into one. I like it.

I like it, if you want a reason, because you can't be lonesome, and in that respect, Hollywood stands all alone and at the head of the class. I like it because up to now it has been pretty damned good to this son of radio. And I like Hollywood, too, because Mary likes it.

Somebody called this place the world's grab-bag; you stick in your hand and get a surprise package that you'll get nowhere else on earth.

For instance, where else can you find bills-of-fare with such knee-high prices? Honestly, one of the first things I noticed was that a ten-dollar dinner on Broadway came to about two Hollywood dollars. Think what that does to a guy whose self-esteem is tied to his pocketbook.

Sardi's is one of those places. You can get more to eat there for ninety cents than anywhere west of the Bowery soup kitchens. It's a buffet luncheon where you take whatever you want. Eight or a dozen meats, as many salads, desserts, coffee, tea.

Or if you're in a twenty-cent mood you can roll your car up to one of the huge drive-in sandwicheries that the boys have built on almost every other corner. Those drive-in places really have to be seen to be believed. If ever you're a tourist in Southern California, try it yourself. It's an emotional as well as a gastronomical experience.

You're rolling along Wilshire Boulevard, for instance, when the pangs of hunger hit you. Over on the right is a structure that looks like a cross between the Ford building at the Chicago World's Fair and a merry-go-round. Usually, it is painted blue or yellow or scarlet. . .

Something easy on the eyes—if you're wearing dark glasses.

You roll your car into an opening between a Buick from Missouri and a Chrysler from Milwaukee. From the air, these places must look like a lot of wheels, with the cars forming the spokes of the wheel and the sandwichy the hub.

You've just had time to switch off your ignition when a Follies dolly in blue and white gingham floats up and takes your order. Inside those three deep breaths of this wonderful sunshine-washed California air, she's back fastening a tray to your car-side and filling it with such a culinary creature that would delight even Primo Carnera. All for twenty cents. Yeah, as I was saying, I like this town.

Of course, if you've money to spend and the formal clothes to spend it in, the Troc's the place to go. Troc is
"It's a crazy town and a grand town.

I like it," says Jack Benny

short for Trocadero, which is the place to see and be seen in your best bib and tucker. Mary and I tried it and found as fine a midnight supper and show as New York or Chicago can offer. Maybe you read about that time Garbo went stepping and ran into Dietrich and cut her dead. That happened there, and I'd give one of Bestor's spats to have seen it.

Probably you already know about the Brown Derby; it's got a lot of booths and mostly the male stars eat there. And the Vendome with its knotty pine tables. Just a low building on Sunset Boulevard, but if you're ever within a thousand miles, there's one thing you oughtn't to miss. It is the girl behind the cigar counter.

That girl—I don't even know her name—is one of the prettiest things I've seen outside the story books. Not one out of ten can match her for looks, yet she is selling cigars. Why? Why isn't she making movies? You ask yourself that question often, as you walk around this town. Beauty is all over the place, selling sandwiches, cigars, waiting on tables. Kids burning with ambition, waiting for their chance in the flickers. They'll get it, someday, and then they'll either click big or go back to some decent guy who'd rather have plain Jane Doe for his honey than a Marlene or a Jean.

One of the crazy things that happen to you out here is people. In radio, you know, you go to the studio the day of your broadcast and rehearse for a few hours. That night you put on a show and then go back home. Maybe, during the dozen hours you are about, you see some people you know. Afterwards, you don't see anyone but strangers or friends from some other field.

Hollywood is different. You eat movies, sleep movies, smell movies. I think it is because the town is small and you're continually rubbing elbows with folks you know almost well enough to kid. And let me tell you, you can't rub elbows with some of them without something happening to you. (Continued on page 60)
Lois Ravel

By the route of exclusive night clubs in New York and Philadelphia, this charming young singer comes to radio as one of Columbia's newest and most promising discoveries. Lois is featured with the Leith Stevens Orchestra, heard on Fridays.
Salute!
To "Hollywood Hotel"!
To Dick Powell, Frances Langford, Igor Gorin, Anne Jamison, Raymond Paige and all the other celebrities who have spun their webs of words and music across America.
Salute to one other, too, whose name you never have heard but whose efforts have lifted this famous show to the week's brightest spot for millions of fans.
The man Bill Bacher!
Bill Bacher is a veteran of radio, one of those unsung heroes whose deeds die in the studio. They say he knows more radio than most men forget. Our October issue last year told his thrilling story under the title of "Little Man, What Next?" Though we didn't then know it, "Hollywood Hotel" was next.
The same "Hollywood Hotel," if you remember, that gave you the ingratiating cadences of Dick Powell's tenor, the sweep of Jane Williams' soprano, the laugh antics of El Brendel, the heroics of Louella Parson's visiting motion picture stars and yet...yet...wasn't quite the show it should have been. A million-dollar show, that's what it was, that sounded like a relief worker's pay check. Remember when they made some changes last Spring? New voices, new ideas, giving the whole old idea of Hollywood Hotel a new brilliance. That was Bacher's doing. The 1936 streamlined supercharged "Hollywood Hotel" that today is and sounds like a million-dollar show still is his doing.
So, for the first time since we commenced designating persons and programs as worthy of RADIO STARS Magazine's medal, we select a backstage broadcasting veteran for the recipient of it.
Because The Hollywood Hotel Program is one of broadcasting's great shows and because his efforts are in large measure responsible for it, we give to William Bacher, radio director and producer, and creator of this program, this month's Award for Distinguished Service to Radio.

Curtis Mitchell
You've seen him in motion pictures. Remember him in "Roberta?" And again in "Top Hat"? Yes, it's Fred Astaire! And he studies while he dances. Or, maybe, he dances while he's studying. Like the daring young man, Fred can "fly through the air with the greatest of ease!" You've heard him on the "Hit Parade."
High-hatting her friends? No-no! Not Frances Langford. Since her rise to radio fame on Rudy Vallee's hour, Frances' sweet contralto crooning has won countless admirers along the airlanes. Here she is in her rôle in "Broadway Melody of 1936", a musical extravaganza starring Jack Benny and featuring other notable stars of radio, stage, and screen. Frances now is being groomed for a starring rôle.
He may be at the foot of the ladder in this picture, but in real life Everett Marshall is so near the top all he can do for excitement is to scale the heights from another side! For four successful seasons Marshall sang in Grand Opera. Musical Comedy lured him. Then Movies. Radio heard him in Broadway Varieties. Now he is starring with Dolores Del Rio in a new picture, called "I Live for Love."
Baritone star of the Philip Morris Program, Philip Alexander Duey rejoices to see the increased popularity of classical music on the air although most of his own songs are of the popular variety. He is as sincerely interested in the future of radio as he is in his own personal future. This Fall you will be hearing him in his first big dramatic as well as singing rôle, starring in a new program with the "Men About Town," with Aldo Ricci's orchestra.
With her little daughter, Mary, Helen enjoys the sunshine in the garden of their California home.
THERE must be much to learn from a woman who never has come out second best! Tiny Helen Hayes, with pleasant but not too-regular features, has come to be known as America's leading actress, Hollywood's ace performer (she won a movie award for the year's best performance in 1933) and radio's foremost dramatic star! Everyone, it seems, is a Hayes fan!

What are her thoughts? Her aims? Her ambitions? Maybe we can profit by her experience.

In Sir James Barrie's "Dear Brutus," her first real success as a comedienne, and in "Coquette," the tragic play of a small town Southern girl (in which Mary Pickford appeared on the screen), she displayed her wide range of characterization and the emotional powers which will give her enduring fame as one of the great American actresses of all time.

Ask her what is most important in the make-up of an actress and, without hesitation, her answer is: "A love of people and a relish of life itself—humanity... Concentration and the gift of relaxation... An ability to work hard and the capacity for a vision and a dream..."

"People," she explained, "always interest me..." For instance, several years ago, a woman travelled opposite me on a bus. There was nothing startling about her, but I found myself wondering why she had bought the particular hat she was wearing, why she was talking in a certain way. Then, not long ago, I was given a rôle which brought that woman clearly to mind again and I found her very valuable in building a character, dressing her

Helen and Charles MacArthur are devotees of amateur photography.

to type and in talking as a woman such as she would talk—making her believable."

On either side of the footlights she is a fascinating person—delightful actress, good little trouper, loyal friend, devoted wife and mother. As Mrs. Chas. MacArthur of Nyack, her charming and well-run Victorian home is the centre of many brilliant gatherings of distinguished guests. It is a haven of refuge for Chicago's star newspaper-man turned dramatist and successful screen producer, for the star. Helen Hayes, and for six-year-old Mary MacArthur, their small and unsuspecting daughter—unsuspecting that is, of being the pride and joy of two very famous people who happen to be her parents.

"Charlie and I are grand friends and sweethearts, too," she said, meditatively, tugging at the brim of her hat with the nervous little habit she has—I suspect to keep it down over a face too famous for comfort. "I do want to be attractive to him, but I never make too much of an effort."

The important thing, I believe, is how you think—for thinking registers... You come to look and even sound pretty much like the person you really are!"

Nothing could give you a better insight into the sort of person Helen really is than her relation towards those with whom she works. A veteran of the Valley hour and headliner on several occasions of the Lux Radio Theatre show, it was not so long ago she presented herself for the first rehearsal of her very first broadcast.

Around the room stood several small straight-back chairs for everyone, while a large (Continued on page 71)
YOU sit at your desk, your shoulders hunched, your face bitter with conflicting emotions, wondering why you've been such a flop. While other men went ahead and found the pot of gold at the rainbow's end, you've found life hard and niggardly and mean. And you don't know why. You've worked like a Roman galley slave. And been so cautious. So very, very cautious. You've never taken terrible risks, or gambled everything on a whim of fate. And yet you're a failure. In the name of all that's merciful, why?

Maybe that's why. The risks you didn't take defeated you. You played a snail's game, not a man's. You played for nickels and threw away the rich fortune that was your life. Reverse your motto. Don't look before you leap. Tiny Ruffner, announcer and director of Show Boat, the Palmolive show and Fred Allen's Town Hall program, is on top of the world today because he leaped before he looked.

Didn't he get into trouble doing that? Of course he did! He threw away money; he threw away jobs; he threw away, at the drop of a hat, everything that men hold dear. And once, because he leaped before he looked, because he risked everything for an idea, men hated him, reviled him, called him every contemptuous name they could think of. He knew what it was to be afraid of his life by day; and to skulk in his home like a wounded cub at night. Men's hatred reared a bitter barricade between him and them. The people he had loved best shunned him as though he were a leper, an unclean thing.

But before I tell you about that, I want you to get a picture of Tiny Ruffner, six feet five and every inch a man.

He comes of pioneering stock, men who didn't seek the cautious, easy way of doing things. For back, his folks on his mother's side were brave Scots who sailed from Scotland on windjammers. They laughed at the people who said it couldn't be done. For back in history, his father was descended from a man named Peter Ruffner, the second son in a Swiss family. Two hundred and seventy years ago in Switzerland, the eldest son inherited everything, the second son not a Swedish penny. So Peter Ruffner, turning his back on the traditions of his people, said, "If I stay here, nothing will ever happen to me." And with that he sailed for Charleston, South Carolina.

In the blood of the Ruffners was eagerness for adventure. They moved farther and farther West, when the West was strange and pioneer territory. Into this family, in Crawfordsville, Indiana, Tiny was born—named Edmund J. Ruffner. At thirteen he shot up suddenly, tall and very lean, till it seemed as if his body would not be strong enough to carry the full height of him. Though tall, he was very frail, thin as a gangling string bean. There was no strength in his arms and shoulders. His mother watched over him solicitously.

At seventeen Tiny started on his career of leaping headlong into difficulties.

One day he came home and announced proudly that he had got a job as riveter in a ship-building company. His mother had a swift vision of what the work would be...
like. For ships were being turned out then like so many sausages, and the work was horribly dangerous. The mortality rate in the shipyards was very high.

"Tiny," she said, horror in her eyes. "You can't do that. Remember you're not as strong as most boys. You're our only son, Tiny. Why do you want to take such a dangerous job? You mustn't do it!"

But Tiny was past remembering, or hesitating. If life was going to keep him a weakling, a boy who couldn't compete with the other boys, he would have none of it.

"It's all right, mother. Nothing will happen to me," Tiny said, grinning at her fondly.

With white hot rivets he worked all day, so fast that the eye could hardly follow his movements. Do you know how riveters work? Have you ever seen them, one man driving the rivet, while a man on the other side, called the bucker-up, holds on to it? One day the man who was working as Tiny's partner missed the rivet, and the plunger hit Tiny on the forehead. Tiny was knocked out cold. He fell twelve feet off the scaffold on to the steel deck.

The men gathered anxiously around Tiny. Only too often they had seen accidents like this happen. Men unaimed and miserable for life. Their faces were wet with sweat, their lips mute with pity.

But fortunately for Tiny, he had been wearing a cap with a visor, and the hat had broken the blow of the rivet. Otherwise his skull would have been smashed. As it was, he just picked himself up, dusted himself off, and asked a bit incoherently: "What happened?" They told him—marvelling that he could be alive to ask!

"I guess that's enough for today. I'll go home now." So he stumbled home. But the next day he was back at work.

All this took physical courage. But that was nothing. It's not so hard to leap before you look when all you're risking is your life. But far, far worse and far more bitter is it to face the hatred of men, poisonous, searing, blind hatred, because you've stood by something you believed in. When Tiny was about eighteen he was working for the Bolcon Canal Lumber Company in Seattle. The men struck for higher wages and got them. Tiny was with them. Suddenly into the picture came a bunch of Red agitators, inflaming the hatred of the men, poisoning their minds, fomenting trouble.

"You struck for higher wages and got them. That's fine," they said. "Now strike again. Strike while you have the chance. Strike for shorter hours."

The men, who had been delighted when the company granted their demands, began to grumble among themselves. Slowly discontent spread in their ranks. Led on by a group of agitators, they went on strike again.

"Don't do it," Tiny Ruffner begged them. "The company's played ball with us. Let's play ball with them. They gave us the raise we asked for on condition that we make no more trouble."

"Why, you so-and-so," the men told him, their faces harsh with contempt. "So you're on the side of the company now!"

No one would listen to him. Now if Tiny had had any sense at all, when he found (Continued on page 93)
Was a career so important? Neila sometimes wondered. Was Mother always right?

Neila was to be a concert pianist—to win the fame and glory her mother had missed.

introducing Miss radio

A lovely girl in her early twenties, who knows just

"I MIGHT have been—"

You've heard it before. Perhaps those words have plagued you, too. There's no expression which covers so much defeat, so much futility.

A young mother who saw her promising singing career nipped by an early marriage stared at her baby girl sleeping in the crib and promised: "She never will be a 'might have been' like myself." And because of that desperate vow Neila Goodelle today is a star. She's the radio newcomer who does cute things with her voice and a piano Sunday evenings on the NBC net work for the Cutex Company.

She got there because she followed Mama's advice. True, if she had gone ahead in her own young, impulsive way she would have been a Missus today with, perhaps, a couple of button-nosed, gray-eyed youngsters resembling her. But mama said: "Turn your back on marriage if it interferes with your career, then you'll never regret."

So Neila, being a dutiful dotter, did turn her back. Once it was to a laughing tow-haired college boy whose father owned half the town. The second time it was to a gilt-edged movie star—the Hollywood variety, you know, with a string of ponies and half the female population mooning over him. Then it was a prominent professional man who could have given Neila social position and money.

Each time that Neila was on the verge of taking the Lohengrin leap there came the after-midnight talk with mama, at the end of which she would sigh, then slip the ring from the finger and send it back.

Did Mama know best? Neila thinks so now. But you'll have a chance to decide for yourself.

To Mrs. Goodelle, Neila is her second chance. The fulfillment of what she herself "might have been." She planned her daughter's life (Continued on page 75).
Where does she get her old-fashioned common-sense, Broadway wonders. For Neila never yet has "gone Broadway."

Once each year RADIO STARS Magazine designates a young American girl and a young American boy as the most talented of the younger crop of stars. We do this with the hope that our finger-pointing will lift them above the crowd of clamoring, capable newcomers.

We hope that the friendship they will find among our readers will help them to reach the goal of their desires. Now, calling her Miss Radio Stars of 1935, we name as our first choice of the year the capable young lady who undertakes single-handed to entertain us on the Cutex program, Miss Neila Goodelle. We know you like her singing—and we hope you'll like her story. A story of a typical American girl and a lot of uncommon sense.—The Editor.
1. Contest is open to anyone living in United States or Canada with exception of employees of RADIO STARS Magazine and Paramount Pictures, Inc.
2. Contestants must submit two sets of Crazy Captions and Pictures, one set to be printed in October issue and one in November issue of RADIO STARS Magazine.
3. Contestants must correctly identify captions with personalities as presented in "The Big Broadcast of 1936."
4. In fifty words or less, tell which radio star's performance in the "Big Broadcast of 1936" you enjoyed most and why.
5. Your letters and both sets of captions and photographs or facsimiles thereof must be mailed to Crazy Captions Contest, RADIO STARS Magazine, 149 Madison Ave., New York City, in one envelope or package, before November 1st, 1935.
6. Prizes will be awarded to those contestants who most correctly connect the crazy captions with the photographs or facsimiles thereof of the radio personalities appearing in the motion picture, "Big Broadcast of 1936," and who tell most clearly and interestingly in fifty words or less which radio star's performance they enjoyed in the "Big Broadcast of 1936" and why.
7. Judges shall be the editors of RADIO STARS Magazine.
8. In case of ties, each contestant will be awarded the prize tied for.
9. Contest shall close the last day of October, 1935.

1st Prize $250.00 cash
2nd Prize $100.00 cash
3rd Prize A $75.00 radio
4th Prize A dressing-table radio
5th Prize Ten Max Factor MAKE-UP KITS to the ten next best answers.
6th Prize 100 $1.00 bills to the one hundred next best answers.
7th Prize 50 Max Factor Lipsticks to the 50 next best answers.
8th Prize 50 Decca-Bing Crosby Phonograph Records to the 50 next best answers.
9th Prize 100 sheets of "Big Broadcast of 1936" music to the next best 100 answers.
O you want to win a prize?

Here’s a corking contest!

It started last month—in the October issue—but if you haven’t it, you can get a copy of that issue from this office. (Both sets must be submitted together to compete for the prizes.)

Here’s the story: Above are four pictures of radio and movie stars. They all appeared in Paramount’s great picture, “The Big Broadcast of 1936”. They sang songs and spoke lines. Now look at the captions printed in the balloons that come out of their mouths.

Just between us, they’re all saying the wrong things! They’re saying lines or words of songs that somebody else used in “The Big Broadcast”.

That’s why we call this “Crazy Caption Contest”.

What you must do, if you want to win one of the fine prizes offered, is to get to work with shears and paste, or pen and ink, and put the right words in the right mouths.

See “The Big Broadcast of 1936”, or ask someone who has seen it. Then put the right captions in the right places. That’s the first half of your job.

The rest is this:

In fifty words, or less, write a paragraph stating which radio star’s performance you enjoyed most in “The Big Broadcast of 1936”, and tell why you enjoyed it. Write as interestingly as you know how.

Then mail the two sets of pictures, or facsimiles thereof, with the captions properly placed, and your fifty-word letter, to this address:

CRAZY CAPTION CONTEST
Radio Stars Magazine, 149 Madison Ave., New York

There are 314 prizes—cash, make-up kits, radios and music. . . . Just look at that thrilling list on the opposite page!

The contest is easy to enter and easy to win! Remember—send in together both sets of pictures (one from October and one from this issue) with correctly placed captions, either clipped from the magazines or facsimiles of them, and your fifty-word letter.

And you have until the last day of October to do it.

Again we remind you—314 stunning prizes, 9 simple rules—get going and try for a prize!
AN invitation to Rudy Vallee’s hideaway lodge in the heart of the green lake country of Maine is the sort of thing calculated to add a beat to any girl’s pulse rate. When my editor-husband came home with the news that Rudy had invited us up for a week-end, I started packing with a whoop.

Rudy Vallee Lodge is famous among the New England folk sixty miles northwest of Portland, Maine, but to me it was hardly more than a vague rumor. I remembered reading something of its incredible bathrooms, of the Fifth Avenue kitchen transplanted to the heart of the wilds, of a cold, blue lake almost at world’s end.

Long before we reached the lake we felt the cleanness and calmness of this north country.

As we drove, I wondered if the Rudy Vallee of Maine would be different from the Rudy Vallee of Radio City. I knew he had a reputation for thoroughness and attention to detail. Already, we had tangible evidence of it in the map we had sent us. It was a mimeographed sheet of white paper with the route from New York to his lodge carefully sketched. The last eight miles were in detail:

"Leave far road . . ."

By MRS. CURTIS MITCHELL

"Pass cemetery on right . . ."
"Country club on left . . ."
"Bridge . . ."
"Don’s gate . . ."

By this time we were rolling slowly up a hillside on a road which would not permit two cars passing. The Jack pines were closing about us. In the distance, we glimpsed mountain tops. Then, on the right, we saw the gate.

It bore no name to show it belonged to Rudy Vallee but I knew it was his. I think the signs told me—that and my memory of his reputation for thoroughness. Grey stone made formal bas for a wide steel gate. We slowed down to read the signs.

One was a warning to uninvited guests who were promised immediate arrest by officers on duty if they intruded. Evidence that even here a public hero found it difficult to escape from his admirers. Another cautioned against dropping lighted cigarettes from the car—good advice, indeed, for a constant threat to that immense forest of pines is fire. Another requested us to proceed slowly and with care. The road—one mile of it to the border of the lake and the lodge buildings—had been driven through the forest. Rudy had erected a street sign at its beginning. It was called, with a

The Pirate’s Den, at the lake’s edge, is playroom and boathouse combined.

"Do as you please, and be happy," is Rudy’s rule for
considerable show of humor, the "Rue de la Paix." Then we found the lodges. Four jolly-looking shingled houses situated on a couple of acres of cleared ground. At three sides was nothing but fragrant pines; at the fourth, the lake itself. Several people were swimming about the float. A man with a face like the map of Maine came toward us. We asked for Rudy. "He won't be here until in the morning." "Who's in charge?" "I am." And that is the way we met Henry—last name unknown. Henry is a Maine veteran who lives at the lodge winter and summer and looks after the place. Before we left we discovered that he was a very nice guy—as nice a guy as ever took a lady riding in the rear seat of a speed boat and then dumped her lap full of lake water with his writhing dervish turns. I liked it after I got over being petrified but I'm afraid my own enthusiasm never quite equaled Henry's. Next day I saw him initiate all the other guests in the same damp fashion.

Two other people come to mean a lot to you at the Vallee Lodge. One is Theresa and the other is Manuel, Irish and Latin-American respectively. Theresa shows you things and places and has charge of the houses. Manuel waits on table, stands by with a fresh drink for whoever is thirsty and does whatever else the perfect butler does. Theresa and Manuel, and Nora, the perfect cook, are the only servants who go back to New York with Rudy in the winter.

The Main Lodge is large and friendly. It is the night headquarters of all. Which is as it should be, for a billiard table and a bar offer their seductive pleasures. Adjoining, a tremendous hall with a fireplace at the end holds the deepest-cushioned chairs north of Boston. Next, with another giant fireplace, is the main dining-room. Then the kitchen, and such a kitchen you've probably never seen. Upstairs were the bedrooms. They aren't large—just big enough—but nothing has been omitted. Lambskin rugs, on the polished pine floors, are the softest, soothingest things for chilly feet I've ever experienced. Crêpe de Chine spreads for the twin beds, bearing the host's embroidered farewell, blue silk letters spelling "Bonne Nuit."

A reading-lamp at the head of the bed, cigarettes and cleansing tissues in a dressing table drawer, hangers in the closet, lighter, freshly filled; pen, ink, and specially printed stationery with a picture of each Lodge on it. And, more than that, it (Continued on page 67)
**too old to dream?**

"Take the world as you find it," says Sigmund Romberg

BY JAY KIEFFER

There is a popular belief that all really great artists live in chilly attic rooms, with their pockets and stomachs chronically empty. Here is one who didn't. He never was broke, he never was hungry. He always could look at a good steak smothered in mushrooms without reminiscing over winter nights when he longed for one just like it. He can truthfully say: "I've never struggled."

Sigmund Romberg's father, Adam Romberg, was rich, manager of three Hungarian chemical factories, when his first son was born. He was pleased; little Sigmund, he beamed, would grow up and some day take his place at the factory. But Fran Romberg was of another mind. Ever since her marriage she had lived constantly with fear—fear that an explosion might some day occur and her husband would be brought home to her a corpse. Their son must never face that danger; they could give him every opportunity in some less hazardous profession.

The boy grew up amid the pageantry of old Vienna. He learned to dance the mazurka and schottische with grace and gallantry, as was an accepted part of every Viennese youth's education. Prep school gave way to university. Now Sigmund realized fully what his parents planned for him. He was to be an engineer, a bridge builder—that would please them.

Well, he would try. But happiness did not really begin for him until every prosaic textbook had been put away and he was in the nearest beer garden. Whirling about under the linden trees to bright music, returning flushed and warm to blow the foam from a brimming stein, making speeches to a pretty face—that was his element. Always he wanted to be where there was music. It seemed a part of life from which he never could long abstain himself.

He felt himself an alien in the silent corridors of the university. He hated the dull classrooms with their smell of chalk and dust. Draftsmanship irked him most of all. He designed monstrosities when he tried to picture grace and beauty. In sheer desperation he would turn to the back of the book and sketch a clef surrounded by sharps or flats. In music, it was easy for him to achieve grace and beauty; gay melodies seemed to drip lavishly from his pen. He would forget monuments and towers and arches to sketch some haunting or tuneful waltz to a contest.

And more often than not he won. By the time he was fifteen his tunes were as much admired in Vienna's drawing-rooms as his poor sketches were derided throughout the university. Everyone except his own parents realized that Sigmund Romberg would never be able to fill the role chosen for him—and that he was destined for one much greater.

But within a year even his father and mother were to be as certain of this as the whole world is now. Proudly they watched him conduct the seventy-piece orchestra of the Budapest College of Music in a performance of one of his own compositions. His gift was too strong to be denied; they allowed him to withdraw from college and devote his time to music.

Success was instantaneous. All of Budapest twirled and dipped to the melodies of a seventeen-year-old boy. A big city bowed before its youngest composer—all except the first real love of Sigmund Romberg's life. For years she had been the girl next door, the flaxen-haired fraulein who accompanied him to picnics and concerts.

Now she stood before him, grown-up, smiling, radiant, beautiful. "She was dressed in white, and the feather fan she carried waved nervously back and forth as she congratulated me," he said dreamily. "Her name? That doesn't matter. I'll tell you how I won her and how I lost her. That should be enough. She used to ride around Budapest on the handle-bars of my bicycle. That was when I was still wearing... (Continued on page 60)
Kay Thompson sings and handles all the choral work for the Hit Parade

BY PEGGY WELLS

Then there was the time when sixteen-year-old Kay electrified her father and mother by coming home with forty-five dollars for a week's work, playing the piano three hours a day after school.

How did it happen? Piano has always been Kay's forte; since she was four years old she took piano lessons, practicing four or five hours a day. In her early 'teens, she was already an accomplished pianist. A friend of her sister's conducted an exclusive dancing school. Suddenly this girl found herself without a pianist, a few weeks before her recital.

To Kay she came. "How much do you want for playing for me?" she asked the child.

Kay didn't know anything about prices, but her own teacher charged three dollars an hour.

"Three dollars an hour," Kay replied.

"Goodness," said the other. "Who do you think you are, Paderewski?"

Kay knew the dancing teacher was in a tight spot. "That's my price," young Miss Thompson answered, firmly.

"O.K., you little Big Shot. I'll have to give it to you." Which she did. "That was the first money I ever earned," Kay told me. "It seemed so easy to make forty-five dollars a week." So Kay, once she had had a taste of big money, just had to devise some new way of eking out her five-dollar-weekly allowance. That's how she came to radio as a singer.

Blues singers were just coming in, and with her usual aplomb, Kay felt she could sing better than they could. Although Nature had endowed her with a high, squeaky voice, the butt of her family’s jokes, she was not daunted by that.

"Mother, who gave vocal lessons, had often said you could change the range of your tones," she told me. "I decided to get rid of my squeak and develop a lower range for blues singing." So for months she practiced by herself; grunting, growling, barking, using the piano notes as accompanist and guide. After three months she had four low notes, full and throaty, at her command. Finally, there was an entire octave. Now she felt it was time to get on the air and make big money.

She didn’t apply for an audition the regular way, approaching humbly, the wav any girl who wanted to get started in a new field would (Continued on page 78)
the original IF girl

IF!
Upon that insignificant word hinged the whole future of Pat-ti Chapin. If she hadn't tearfully broken her engagement with the Boy Friend, she wouldn't have gone on that West Indies trip to forget. If she hadn't missed the boat going home she wouldn't have made the next boat. If she hadn't made the next boat she wouldn't have got that New York job. If she hadn't got the New York job she wouldn't have made the important New York connections. If she hadn't made the connections—well, she'd have been where she started, a little Atlantic City typewriter pound- er who sang in amateur church shows, instead of cooing blue notes into a CBS microphone.

Lest this sound like so much Einstein, let's start with the Boy Friend, because, after all, he was the first link in the fateful chain. It was one of those childhood sweetheart arrangements, which began with his carrying her books from school, and then progressed to the fraternity-pin and finally the engagement ring stage. Then one day they took stock of each other and discovered that in the long period between the "school books" and the "engagement ring" periods they had both wandered on entirely different paths. So they shook hands and called it a day.

Well, a girl doesn't break off with a boy friend of upteen years standing without getting some sort of an empty feeling around the heart. Patti's family got tired of seeing her moping around the house, so they shipped her off on one of those West Indies cruises "to forget." How were they to know that the trip was to be link No. 2; forging their Patti to an entirely new life?

Patti was so busy in the West Indies "forgetting" that she entirely forgot the boat's sailing schedule and reached the harbor just in time to see the smoke stacks fading into the distance.

She (Continued on page 70)

it started
Willie Morris changed

IT was a laugh—a hearty, innocent laugh—which switched Willie Morris from one career to another. Yes, the same Willie Morris who trills those lyrical high notes opposite John Charles Thomas on his Wednesday evening show, "John Charles Thomas and His Neighbors."

It occurred—the laugh, I mean—in the Paris salon of Mme. Hilda Roosevelt, a music critic. Mme. Roosevelt said something amusing and Willie just threw back her head and laughed. That's all there was to it. But Mme. Roosevelt sat bolt upright. "My dear, if your voice has the tonal quality of your laugh, you're a born singer!"

At that Willie laughed again. This was too—too funny! Here she was, studying the piano in Europe after having devoted her whole young life to becoming a concert pianist, and now she was told she was a singer—because of her laugh!

But Mme. Roosevelt insisted and Willie, being from Missouri (Mexico City, if you insist), decided to be shown. She crossed a couple of borderlines and ended up in Rome and Mme. Bianco's voice studio. Mme. Bi-

Lanny Ross introduced our Willie to the air.
they called him 'pipes'

TALK about your success stories—listen to this! Stuart Allen, vocalist with Richard Himber's orchestra, was born in Harlem, which—any New Yorker will tell you—is a little neighborhood bounded on all sides by fire-escapes and poverty. A few days ago the social columns carried the item that Mr. Allen was the weekend guest at the Long Island estate of—ahem—Mr. George Vanderbilt... Boy, page Horatio Alger!

How did he do it? "With my voice," sez he, blushing to the roots of his wavy brown hair. (Yes, Stu is of the blushing variety.)

That voice was to do a lot of things for him. It got his family in the clutches of the law. It had him travelling half way around the world from the time he was eight, giving him the amateur championship of having slept in more Pullmans than all the travelling salesmen put together.

About the "clutches of the law," though. It happened when Stuart was just so high and piping his uncertain tenor in orchestra pits of the theatre houses. Everybody was happy. The audience went for kid entertainers in those days. Little "Pipes" (he couldn't escape the nickname) could buy all the lollipops he wanted. And to the Allen family it meant that they didn't have to hide when the landlord knocked. But one day three men from the Gerry Children's Society called and took "Pipes" home and told mama and papa that it wasn't nice to let children perform in New York theatres. Or legal, either, they added significantly.

Mama and papa took the hint, but there was still the landlord to think of, so they trundled "Pipes" off with a travelling show whose manager thought it was perfectly okay and nice and legal if children sang their little heads off on the stage.

This continued until the piping deepened into a baritone. "Pipes" (Continued on page 70)

with a laugh

BY HELEN HOVER

horses in mid-stream and triumphantly rode to success!

ancio said, "Yes, yes—by all means sing, and leave the piano alone!"

But back home there were Complications. It seems that Colonel Morris, a methodical gentleman if ever there was one, had set aside a certain trust fund for the education of each of his three children. So much for Willie, so much for Fred, and so much for Mize. Well, Willie's so much had been spent—down to the very last penny—on her piano. She couldn't squeeze another cent for vocal lessons, because there just wasn't another cent to squeeze. What to do now?

Suddenly young brother Fred stepped in like a Dick Tracy hero to save the day for our Willie. "I'll give up a term of college and give you that money of my fund. But it's for just one term—remember."

Into that time Willie slammed all the voice training she could possibly get, studying with the best teachers in Boston. At the end of the six months Willie trooped into Station WEEI in Boston, took an audition and ended up as hostess-soloist there. Willie continued her voice lessons and Fred entered his second year at Notre Dame.

In between times she managed to tuck the New England prize of the 1931 Atwater Kent music contest under her belt, so she decided that she was on the right track.

This past winter she was called to New York to sing with John Charles Thomas in his new show. Imagine—an unknown to sing with the John Charles Thomas. It was a gruelling test for a recognized singer—much less a nervous little newcomer from the midwest. But she's still there, standing next to the great Thomas, singing note for note with him, acting as calmly as though she'd been singing before a mike all her life.

Willie looks more like an athlete than a gifted soprano. She has a wholesome, beaming face like the girl on the Cream of Wheat ads, blondeish, flyaway hair and the broad shoulders and slim hips of a back-stroke swimmer.

Practically every letter that Willie receives asks: "Wherever did you get that funny first name?"

I told you before that Willie's father was methodical and planned every little detail in advance. Well, he and Mrs. Morris were so sure (Continued on page 69)
When chorines dance, the mike goes on the floor to catch the sound of their lyric feet. Here are the girls who broadcast the opening and closing tap-dance of "N.T.G. and His Girls".

J. Walter Thompson

Bernie Ross, deft impersonator of many famous folk, tries his art on Schnozzle Durante.
Have you heard Prima’s band? Its popularity is spreading rapidly from Coast to Coast. Here is Louis Prima with his Famous Door Five, whose ultrahot dance rhythms are fast becoming the rage. Tune in on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

"I don’t know whether I’m him or he’s me!" says Jimmie Durante, looking at Bernie.
MEMORIAL
Radio has a heart! Deep down under its adamant schedules and its iron-bound rules, it has feeling. But Will Rogers and Wiley Post had to die before it was revealed.

Perhaps you listened to the hour-long memorial program NBC prepared, when word was flashed to the world of the tragedy. If so, you heard strong men—Roscoe Turner, Fred Stone, George M. Cohan—cry as they told of their friendship for the dead men. You heard Bing Crosby lower his voice a full octave when it broke in the middle of his song, "Home On The Range." So that these men might speak their hearts, NBC waived its most rigid rule: it was not necessary for them to read from approved scripts. NBC knew that only fine, good things could be said of them.

REUNION
We're in studio 8G, where most of NBC's big things happen. Something is happening, too. Bing Crosby is on the stage, wearing his usual white cap and polo shirt. He's decidedly chubby. He's grinning and shaking hands enthusiastically with everyone in Paul Whiteman's orchestra. For the first time in five years, he's playing a date with the band that started him out. He's doing it for nothing, for old time's sake, and the fact is worth about five thousand dollars to Whiteman, since that is approximately Bing's price for a guest appearance. Paul probably didn't pay Crosby much more than that all the time he sang with his orchestra.

As we watch, one of the violinists asks with mock seriousness for an autograph on a music stand. Crosby hops him smartly on the head with a rubber, mallet he takes away from the drummer and they both laugh like a couple of kids. After a bit, the greetings are over and—while Crosby and the Dorsey brothers gab—the orchestra rehearse. Crosby rehearse, too—and everyone who is visiting the studio is disgruntled, for he does not sing while rehearsing. He shouts a line or two, then whistles the rest, listening critically to the orchestra the while. It is this trait of Crosby's that drives production men frantic, since it is their desire to make rehearsals as near perfect as possible.

... AND DISUNION
You're hearing, if you like good dance music, Jacques Fray's orchestra over the (Continued on page 87).
Fred Astaire
I saw Fred recently in one of our most staid publishing houses. But even the traditions of the place didn't keep everyone in the building from coming in to look at the new radio star who is plotting a boat for them.

Betty Barthell
Betty sang a real swan song to radio recently. She's travelling 'way over to China to marry an aviator stationed there by Pan-American Airways—the name's Vaughn—and she'll only be back for visits, if then.

Wallace Butterworth
His agency cancelled a program on the day of its broadcast on NBC and it anyway. Wally shouted a denial at the end of the program, and was NBC sore!

Don Bestor
I understand that besotted bandleader Don has started making phonograph records to be played from roadside signboards. They'll be automatically played over and over and loud-speakered so we'll hear 'em clear to here.

Virginia Verrill
According to rumor, her mother, Aimie McLean, may join her in a bit of duo singing—the first such team on the air.

Gaga DeLys
During one of the breathless Manhattan heat waves, she lost her voice, poor thing. So a pilot took her miles above the humidity and back it came. Bing! Like this item!

Annette Hanshaw
Annette comes back to a grand new show of her own after her first vacation since Show Boat went on the air—about three years ago. She went to the Maine woods and she looks swell, thank you.

Duke Ellington
Leo Reisman considers this pianist and arranger and leader one of the few modern geniuses. Ellington buys the most expensive silk shirts made and rarely stays in one place more than a month.

Kate Smith
She got nicked for fifteen dollars by a millionaire father. Abraham Starr, the East side blacksmith who may inherit millions in diamond dough, was asked if he would broadcast. He said he would—for $25. Kate chiselled him down.

Vera Van
You'll not hear her for a time on Columbia's sustaining programs. She wanted too much dough and now she is looking for something else—which she probably will get.

Conrad Thibault
The agency handling Show Boat is plotting stardom for Conrad. The angle is that they will call a new show "Conrad Thibault's Log Cabin," if he signs an exclusive contract which will take him off of Winnering's Tent Show.

B. A. Rolfe
This rotund gentleman, busy making his third million—he made two in the movies—will hire a promising arranger any day in the week. So, if you arrange promisingly. . . .

Ray Perkins
This funny comic could have crashed the doughty Major Bowes' amateur winners are making an tour, but since he conducts a rival simon-pure program, he decided it would be unethical.

George Olsen
Maybe it's because George has six new men in his band, none more than twenty-one, that he is replacing his familiar train theme. Anyway, the new melody (to be inaugurated, possibly, on a new commercial) is by an amateur writer.

Phil Baker
Don't worry about Phil. Although the hams he has been plugging have decided against further radio ads, Beetle, Bottle and Baker are set for an even better show to be aired as soon as you read this.

Connie Gates
Connie is greeted by studio friends with this: "Wie Gekht?!" It's Peter Van Steeden's idea. Incidentally, Peter and David Broeckman are the only leaders to hail from Holland.
BY MARY JACOBS

Mid-Victorian angel, or modern Miss—which is Jessica Dragonette?

IT took almost a whole day for Jessica Dragonette to get her hair cut. Moreover, she had to go to three different places ... but, what? What! You didn’t know she’d had her hair cut?

Well, it’s the big news of the moment. And a big scene in the Paramount picture, “Big Broadcast of 1936.” There, for the first time, the folk who worship at the shrine of the air’s First Lady will have a chance to see their goddess in the movies.

The funny—and sorta sad—thing is that they won’t be seeing the person they’ve adored. They’ll be seeing a girl whose looks have done a chameleon change these last few weeks. Here is a brand-new Jessica just out of the cellophane wrapper, all dressed up and ready to go places in the motion picture business. The hair-cut did it. Personally, I like her heaps, but somehow I can’t repress the teeny-weeny wonder if all this about-face is going to do anything to the heaven-high career of hers. If being a movie actress—and subject to the mad things the movie moguls cause nice girls to do—might not wreck the affection in which she is held by a lot of folk.

You see, Jessica never was a flesh-and-blood radio star. That nightingale voice came out of the heavens and listening Hans Olsen up in Minnesota let his brain vaporings turn her into a blonde and buxom Brunhilde. At the same moment, Enrico Spiglione sat listening to a dark, flashing-eyed Carmen and plain Joe Doakes heard a girl with a Pollie’s face and a Marlene Dietrich figure. But now, parading through two superb songs in the “Big Broadcast,” Jessica becomes a lady indubitably lovely to look at but none of the things those worthy gentlemen had imagined.

So the movies, whether we like it or not, indeed, whether she likes it or not, are bound to do something to her.

You may wonder why this all came about. Why has she decided to run the gamut of critical eyes in ten thousand American theatres. I think I know the answer.

You see, really, there are two Jessica Dragonettes. First, there is the angelic sweetness-and-light figure. The girl without a human vice, an ordinary emotion. A spiritual being, above all worldly things, sheltered, living in shadows. That’s the picture Publicity has created: the image that millions of fans, hearing only the clear, sweet, flute-like voice, have implanted in their hearts. During the first years of her radio career this side of Jessica predominated.

And then there is the other Jessica, the modern miss. A bit of a flirt. A bit of a hoyden. With a will of iron. With a temper. Courage to spare. Her share of human virtues and failings. A modern up-to-date Jessica, who wears a rubber bathing suit and kids about its ripping; who takes a drink every now and then; who loves to stay up late dancing with the boys. A bit of the devil in her.

Constantly, since Jessica first came to the air in 1926, these two Jessica Dragonettes have been warring with each other. The old-fashioned girl with the modern. The mid-Victorian angel with the flesh-and-blood twentieth century girl.

Publicity has shoved the old-fashioned girl into the limelight. The millions who worship Jessica as an ethereal being never had the chance to get a glimpse of the other Jessica. How could she show her real self to you? Once the image of her as a spiritual being had been created, she was afraid to come out into the open; afraid you might not like her as she really is. Besides, she did not approve of airing her private life.

Well, all that is over. Jessica has surrendered—decided to let you and me know exactly what she is like. She’s as fed up with the pictures of herself as an uncluttered nun as I am. It’s her cutting her hair that did it, more than any other single factor I know. It has introduced into her life a new phase, what might almost be called the Hollywood period.

In the past there have been flashes of the modern girl, of the hoyden, even. If the stories of what Jessica has done had been told of anyone else, they would have caused quite a rumpus. When they happened to little Miss Dragonette, no one paid any attention to them. For Jessica, like Helen Hayes, has the faculty of making whatever she does seem immensely proper.

You can’t conceive of your spiritual, gossamer girl pulling such a prank on a producer that he still nurses a grudge, after nine years, can you?

Yet it happened—when Jessica, new to New York, was walking her feet off looking for a chance at a stage play. For two hours she had sat waiting patiently in the stuffy theatre. There were at least a hundred other girls, tired and restless, waiting for tryouts. They had been called to be tested for a singing rôle in a new Morris Green musical show.

Finally the stage manager appeared, as arrogant and high-hat as they come. Patronizingly he told the girls about the play. As soon as Jessica heard it was to be a road show, her interest vanished. She couldn’t leave New York.

She rose quietly, and began walking out.

“Hey, you!” he yelled, “where are you going?”

“On the spur of the moment,” she told me, “I decided to have some fun with the pompous stage director. It would, at least, repay me for my two hours’ wait.”

Now Jessica speaks French beautifully. In her most flirtatious French manner she (Continued on page 72)
Leading off our patchwork of radio personalities is "Andy" Andrews (above). Listed in the family Bible in his home town, Lincoln, Nebraska, as Orvill Andrews, Jr., Andy early devoted himself to music. His voice and his banjo helped to put him through the University of Nebraska. In 1932 he joined Al Pearce's gang and still is its singing comedian. He is married and has a young son.

As easy to look at as to listen to is Kaye Kernan (above). Miss Kernan is a Cincinnati society girl, who studied voice at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music. She appeared in amateur theatricals and also she modeled professionally for a short time, prior to her radio début in January, 1934. Kaye is the vocalist with Johnny Hamp's orchestra at the Ambassador Hotel, in Atlantic City.

This young and smiling lady on our left is Helen Oelheim. You've heard her amiable, sweet contralto on the "Showboat" program. Helen began her singing at the advanced age of ten—as a church soloist! Ever since 1928 she's been in radio almost constantly. The Metropolitan Opera has engaged her for the coming season. Helen is married and lives in Merrick, Long Island.

So much has been written about Vivienne Segal (below)—Vivienne of the Broadway musical comedy stage—Vivienne of the movies—Vivienne of the airplanes. . . . You know her as well as we do now! Vivienne is the featured soloist of Waltz Time—that delightful program that makes Friday evenings at nine a truly memorable occasion. We couldn't omit her from our pages of radio personalities.

Looking at Loretta Lee (above) you are aware of gay, vivid color notes—green eyes, and auburn hair, and warm, red lips. . . . Listening to her sing, you are aware of sweet notes, and hot notes—notes that stir a responsive feeling in your heart. George Hall "discovered" Loretta in a music publisher's office. She made her start in kiddie reviews. Remember "There ain't no maybe in my baby's eyes"...
Another in our crosswalk pattern of radio favorites is Zora Layman (below). Zora is the tuneful soloist on the "Home on the Range" program, and she likewise has a range of her very own well worth boasting about! Yes—it's a vocal range, and it actually covers three octaves—from low C to high C! You've heard this lovely and talented songstress with John Charles Thomas on Wednesday evenings.

"Uncle" Jim Harkins (above), pinch-hitter for Fred Allen in Town Hall Tonight while the comedian is out in Hollywood, once was a vaudeville headliner, with his wife. The team was billed as "Marion and Jim Harkins". Later he appeared in many movie "shorts". Friendship with Fred Allen brought him into radio work in 1931. Uncle Jim now acts as Amateur Casting Director for Town Hall.

And another popular singing trio is composed of "The Fiorettes" and "Muzzy" (below). "The Fiorettes", who look like twins but aren't, are May and Dee Gohlke. And "Muzzy" is Muzzy Marcellino. Their fetching close harmony is heard with Ted Fiorito's band. "The Fiorettes" joined the band early last season, but "Muzzy" long has been a favorite with countless Fiorito fans along the airlanes.

After NBC engineers "woke up" the networks, the Don Hall trio (above) goes on the air every week-day morning promptly at seven-thirty, as the eye-opener for the radio audience. The trio's offering is a program of songs and patter, an offering that brought them from an Ohio schoolroom to New York. The trio are Grace Donaldson (left), George "Don" Hall, Hortense Rose (Mrs. Hall).

Across the page, at our left, is talented Anne Teeman. Anne is a New Yorker, but she grew up out in Chicago. There she played in stock companies, then she was whisked off to Hollywood to make silent pictures. After that she returned to New York to play featured roles on the Broadway stage. She now plays an important role—that of Norah—in Gertrude Berg's "The House of Glass."
How Pat found Pick, Molasses found January and both found fortune

"Us is minstrel mens," say Pat and Pick — alias Padgett and Malone — or Molasses 'n' January.

"RUN 'em on, boys—Run 'em o-o-on!"
Folks, say howdy to Molasses 'n' January, alias Pick and Pat, alias Padgett and Malone. First meet Pat, or Molasses, or Butterbeans, or Boxcar or Sooty or any non-de-blackface you can think of off-hand. He's answered to the most outland-ish names this side of the minstrel boards. But if he had a formal moment, he'd be called Mr. Pat Padgett.

Some folks are disappointed when they see "Showboat" to learn that Molasses 'n' January really are not negroes at all but a pair of white fellers with black stuff smeared all over their Irish noggin. But—"Us ain't supposed to be culluh'd," explains Pat in real Molasses-ese. "Us is minstrel mens."

Any veteran barnstormer just has to take a look at Pat Padgett to see before him a real old-time minstrel man come to life. From that broken-down straw hat, past the burnt cork face and languorous drawl, down to the dawdling dog-trot. Pat's as much a part of a minstrel show as a page out of a 1907 Billboard.

Get his background. Birthplace: Atlanta, Geawgiah. First stepping stone: amateur nights at the "Orpy" House. Experience: end man in a Birmingham minstrel show. Shades of a cross-eyed pickanniny, if that don't give him all the ingrejiments of a lowdown minstrel mans! (Help, they've got us talking that way, too!)

After touring around with the then-famous Lasses White's Show, Pat annexed himself a partner and they both did a blackface double in vaudeville. They toured the South and Midwest until one fine day the partner got homesick and left Pat and a little note stuck underneath a cold cream jar, and a "dare-you-make-me-laugh" audience howling for them out front.

Equal to the emergency, Pat (Continued on page 83)

"WE'RE too much alike to go together outside of work."
Pick Malone—otherwise January of Molasses 'n' January, otherwise Pick of Pick and Pat—talking about his partner and himself. "We're two hot-headed Irishmen," Pat said, "and if we saw too much of each other—well, the team of Molasses and January wouldn't have been together this long." (Going on its fourth birthday, incidentally.)

No wonder. They're two scrappy Irishmen who will square fists at the drop of a brown derby. And just as quickly forget what they're fighting about. Like the time they were playing vaudeville and were supposed to take a curtain call. Pick found himself on the stage—no Pat in sight—taking the bow alone. He started off the stage and found Pat in the dressing-room contentedly listening to the World Series over the radio. Pick called Pat a so-and-so. Pat called Pick a this-and-that. Pick swung at Pat. Pat swung at Pick. And pretty soon there were four white-gloved minstrel fists pummeling away until a group of stagehands heaved the fists and their owners clear out into the backstage alleyway. They lifted themselves up. Pat dusted Pick's suit. Pick dusted Pat's trousers, and they walked in, friends again.

TNT and nitro-glycerine, Mrs. Pick calls them. Mrs. Pick should know her famous husband better than any-one else because besides being his marital partner for about twenty years, she was his vaudeville partner for about sixteen. She met him when she was a chorus-girl and he was hoofer and end man in a Midwest travelling show. They both came from Oklahoma, they both liked show business and hot tamales, so they married and forthwith became the professional team of Malone and Mack, a black-and-tan minstrel twosome. (Continued on page 85)
Here we are, Juniors! New Pictures, new programs, news!

PROGRAMS FOR CHILDREN

12:00 EST (4)—The Gumps. Radio Sketch. Sponsored by Corn Products Refining Co. (Monday, Wednesday and Friday.)

12:15 EST (4)—Jolly Bill and Jane. NBC Service to WEAF only. (Monday to Saturday inclusive.)

13:00 EST (5)—Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Dramatic Sketch. Sponsored by Wyeth Chemical Co., Inc.—2nd Suits. (Monday to Friday inclusive.)

13:05 EST (4)—Bill and Helene's Children's Hour. Juvenile Variety Program. (Sunday only.)

15:00 EST (5)—Signal Service. NBC Service to WJZ and network.

15:30 EST (5)—The Adventures of Sam and Dick—sketch. (Monday, Wednesday and Friday.)

16:00 EST (4)—Animal News Club—children's program featuring Lou Rogers, cartoonist and entertainer. (Wednesday only.)

16:30 EST—Guests in the Air. (Tuesdays only.)

17:00 EST (5)—Let's Pretend—Children's Program. (Saturday only.)

17:30 EST (4)—Chef Cobb. NBC Service to WJZ and network.

18:00 EST (4)—Adventures in King Arthur Land. Direction of Marge Tucker. (Thursday only.)

18:30 EST (5)—Grandpa Burton—humorous sketch with Bill Bar. (Monday, Wednesday and Friday.)

19:00 EST—Children's program featuring Tom Mix—Hollywood Pictures Co. (Monday only.)

20:00 EST (5)—Little Orphant Annie—chilhood playlet. (Monday to Friday inclusive.)

20:30 EST (4)—Our Barn—Children's Program with Marge Tucker. (Saturday only.)

21:00 EST—New Picture in the Air. (Tuesdays only.)

21:30 EST (5)—Buck Rogers in the 25th Century. (Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday.)

22:00 EST—Broadcast to the World. (Monday only.)

22:30 EST (5)—The Ivory Stamp Club with Capt. Jim Hofta—Stamp and Adventure Table. (Monday, Wednesday, Friday.)

23:00 EST—Betty and the Bull. (Tuesdays only.)

23:30 EST (4)—The Gumps. Radio Sketch. Sponsored by Corn Products Refining Co. (Monday, Wednesday and Friday.)

24:00 EST (4)—Betty and Bob—dramatic sketch. (Monday, Thursday, Friday.)

24:30 EST (4)—The Singing Lady—nursery rhymes, songs and stories. (Monday to Friday inclusive.)

25:00 EST (5)—Jack Armstrong, All American Boy. (Monday to Friday inclusive.)

25:30 EST (4)—Our Barn—Children's Program with Marge Tucker. (Saturday only.)

26:00 EST (4)—Chloe, the Cabbage Patch. NBC Service to WJZ and network.

27:00 EST (4)—Mr. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Dramatic Sketch. Sponsored by Wyeth Chemical Co., Inc.—2nd Suits. (Monday to Friday inclusive.)

27:30 EST (4)—The Juice of the Circus. (Friday only.)

28:00 EST (4)—Tom Mix—Robert Purina Co. (Monday only.)

28:30 EST (5)—Lee and Helene's Children's Hour. Juvenile Variety Program. (Sunday only.)

29:00 EST (4)—Jolly Bill and Jane. NBC Service to WEAF only.
Two old friends! Daily, except on Sundays, you can hear Jolly Bill and Jane. Jane's real name is Peggy Zinke. She is fourteen years of age. Jolly Bill's name is William Steinke.

Billy and Bobby Mauch are ten. They sing, dance and act on The Children's Hour, Gibson Family, Tom Mix, The Lady Next Door and on other NBC programs.

Here is Jimmy McCallion, whose picture several have asked to see. He is in several spots in these pages. Jimmy has lots of pep, and is chief mainstay to Madge Tucker.

Ethel Blume is sixteen and a real veteran of the airwaves. She is Queen Guinevere, in Adventures in King Arthur Land. She makes her own sailor suits to wear in the studio.

You know this one, of course! Adventures in King Arthur Land. Left to right—Charita Bauer, Jimmy McCallion, Ethel Blume, Lynn Mary Oldham, Patricia Peardon.

Dick Tracy and Tess Trueheart, whose thrilling adventures are eagerly followed by many fans. Dick is really Ned Wever, and Tess Trueheart's name is Rose Keane.
Dear Girls and Boys:

This month we are crowded for space, and so I have room for a story.... On the opposite page you will see some new pictures of your radio favorites, with news about them and their work. Next month I expect to have a nice story for you.

All the children who have written me that they wish to join our Radio Stars Junior Club, I must express my deep appreciation that they have had to wait so long for their membership pins. I hope that can be patient a little longer, for I am sure you will all love them. I have a very fine pin for you—soon as they are ready to be sent, all have them.

Use of lack of space we had to omit Club Room page from the September issue, and so we have a few new members that we have to add to our list. But we expect to hear from many more children soon as they have read the September issue of Radio Stars Magazine. Watch for their names next month.

Here are the newest to join our club:

By Peggy Lee

Dear Peggy Lee:

I noticed in the September issue of Radio Stars Junior that there were only three of our promised five pages. I thought the reason might be that you had not received many letters from your junior readers. I have been wanting to join the club but have never found time. When I saw two pages of our club missing, I thought I had better hurry and join. So, here I am.

I am fifteen years old, and I think the Radio Stars Junior is a great thing for all junior readers. For a long time there have been certain boys and girls' pictures that I have wanted to see in Radio Stars, and now I am glad I can be assured of seeing them sooner or later.

Would you please put in the Radio Stars Junior a picture of Florence and Billy Halop and Walter Tetley.

Don't you think it would be nice to have a questionnaire, so that the members could ask questions about their favorite club story? I hope you like my letter, and I will be awaiting my membership pin. I hope there will be more members joining our club. You will be hearing from me often, because I want the club to continue. I'm all for it!

Yours truly,
Ruth Gurn, East Canton, Ohio.

And here is one from Allan Jones:

Dear Miss Lee:

I read Radio Stars and enjoy it very much, especially the Junior section. I am writing to you because I would like to become a member of your club. "Buck Shot Justice" is my favorite, and I have been watching for "Little Orphan Annie" and "Buck Rogers" running a close race for second place. I would like to see pictures of the cast of "Little Orphan Annie" in your section.

Hoping that I may become a member and wishing you lots of success.

Yours sincerely,
Allan Jones, Little Britain, Ontario, Canada.

Marjorie Rosen writes:

"My favorite children's program on the air is Mickey of the Circus. I like him because he is so human, not like others that sound so make-believe. Another favorite is Buck Rogers in the 21st Century."

"Would you please have a picture of Jimmy McCallion in this section some month?"

Adeline Rosen asks a story of Og, Son of Fire, and I hope to have one for a future issue. ... Gwendolyn Withers and Carolyn Kerr ask for a story of Bobby Benson. ... Frances Box would like to see one of Mary Small. ... Clara Waller also is interested in Mary Small and in Florence and Billy Halop. ... Marie Hedges asks for a picture of the White Rabbit Bus, and I was glad to use one for our program page. ... Virginia and Vera Gurientic also are Bobby Benson fans, and followers of Little Orphan Annie. ... Russell and Elaine Carroll ask for Buck Rogers and Bobby Benson. ... Eleanor Fair wants the story of the Singing Lady told about Chilndera. ... Thomas M. Hancock likes the Singing Lady and Mickey of the Circus. ... Edith Green enjoys the Let's Pretend program. ... And there are many, many other requests and...

(Please turn to page 54 for other letters and Club Room news.)
How to serve grand dinners with that greatly desired effect of casual perfection

By NANCY WOOD

For his evening meal Fred Waring enjoys a thick slab of roast beef, bouillon potatoes and new succotash. Below, a tempting dish, this plate of Southern chicken and rice croquettes.

THE important business of an appetizing meal may seem to have little in common with a successful broadcast, yet in both cases the reason for their success is much the same—advance thought and preparation.

I kept thinking of this the other day as I listened, fascinated, while Fred Waring described the tremendous amount of thought and planning that goes into each of his regular weekly Ford broadcasts. Yet this delightful hour of entertainment achieves above all an effect of casual informality. The effort expended on its preparation, as you know, is never, for one instant, apparent during the broadcast.

Just the previous Tuesday I had witnessed one of these broadcasts at Columbia's Radio Playhouse and commented on the smoothness and ease of the performance (quite unlike the hurried last-minute-meal I had literally thrown together before going to the theater.)

At the door of the Playhouse I presented a pass which had proved almost as hard to get as an interview with Greta Garbo! Then, as I found a seat in the already crowded theatre, a slim, collegiate-looking young man came to the front of the stage and made a short speech of introduction to the audience of well over a thousand people. On the platform back of him were three young girls in simple evening dresses and an orchestra of some thirty-five men, all grinning in happy, friendly fashion. Even the sound effect fellows and the men in the control room were wreathed in smiles.

The hands of the clock moved around to 9:30. A young leader raised his hand. Silence! Then a burst of gay, peppy music—Fred Waring was on the air! The studio audience settled back in (Continued on page 50
"I'M ALL READY TO GO ON AFTER I'VE SMOKED A CAMEL...IT ALWAYS SEEMS TO RENEW MY ENERGY"

Mrs. Langhorne grew up in New Orleans. Now she lives in Virginia, where she rides to hounds. "One thing I especially like about Camels," she says, "is the fact that they are not strong and yet, if I am tired, smoking one always picks me up. I feel better and more enthusiastic immediately." Camels release your latent energy—give you a "lift." Millions more are spent every year by Camel for finer, more expensive tobaccos.

**AMONG THE MANY DISTINGUISHED WOMEN WHO PREFER CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS:**

**MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, Philadelphia**
**MISS MARY BYRD, Richmond**
**MRS. POWELL CABOT, Boston**
**MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., New York**
**MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II., Boston**
**MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR., Wilmington**
**MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, New York**
**MRS. POTTER D'ORSAY PALMER, Chicago**
**MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN BENSSELAEER New York**

Camels are Milder...made from finer, more expensive tobaccos...Turkish and Domestic...than any other popular brand.
All her eggs in one basket?
Oh, no—just tennis balls!
And here’s another rôle in
which Grace is a winner—
as a tennis star! She loves
to be out on the court of
her Beverly Hills estate.
Playing tennis, singing in
Grand Opera, making Motion
Pictures, singing on the air
—we wonder what Grace
does with her spare time?
Also we wonder, granting
that one person really can
have so many talents, where
does she get all the energy
necessary to employ them
all? Our battered beret is
off to Grace, who soon will
be singing once more to her
countless admirers over the
radio on the Vick’s program.

Grace
Moore

William A. Frakes
Columbia Studios
Wake up that Sleepy Under Skin with "Deep-Skin" Cream

See outer skin lose Lines, Blackheads, Blemishes

The first line that shows in your face is a danger signal! A sign that right under it skin glands and cells are growing tired—getting sleepy.

Every blackhead you find means that those same little glands are overworked! Getting clogged! And that's true of most common skin faults—nearly all start when your underskin slows up.

How to stir up underskin
But you can awaken that sleepy underskin! Start the circulation going briskly again. Stimulate those little glands and cells to full activity!

What your underskin needs is the rousing action of Pond's deep-skin Cream.

Pond's Cold Cream is made of specially processed fine oils which go deep into the pores. The first application flushes them clean of every particle of dirt.... make-up... skin secretions. At once, your skin feels fresher, livelier—looks clearer.

Then you pat fresh Pond's Cold Cream right into your newly cleansed skin. Pat it briskly with your finger tips. Feel the blood coursing through! Every little nerve and gland and fibre is wakened by this treatment. Toned up. Invigorated! Your skin feels alive!.... wide- awake! Do this day after day—regularly—night and morning.

The very first treatment makes your skin clearer—feel satiny. Soon little threatening lines begin to fade. Blackheads clear away. Blemishes stop coming. Once again your skin is firm—young. Its color blooms again!

Every night, give your skin this double-benefit treatment... Pat in Pond's Cold Cream to flush out all dirt, make-up, skin impurities. Wipe off. Then—briskly—pat in more Pond's Cold Cream to invigorate your underskin—wake up tired skin glands, nerves and cells.

Every morning, in the daytime before you make up, refresh and reawaken your skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin will be smooth and satiny, ready for powder.

Try this for just a few days—Send for the special 9-treatment tube offered below. You'll always be glad of the day you started to use Pond's! Pond's Cold Cream is absolutely pure. Germs cannot live in it.

Send for Special 9-Treatment Tube
Begin to clear YOUR skin faults away

POND'S, Department L128, Clinton, Conn.

I enclose 10c (to cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 3 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

Name______________________________

Street__________City__________State____

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**The Club Room**

*Continued from page 49*

Wicker, the Singing Lady, enjoyed a short vacation in London, England, this summer. One of her special wishes was to see the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace... Here is the cast of the Bobby Benson program: Bobby Benson, Billy Halop, Tex Neil O'Malley, Harka, Craig McDonnell, Waco, John Shea; Diosgenes, Tex Ritter, John and Bill, John and Bill Mitchell... Billy Halop's salary for his radio work is high, but he gets only twenty-five cents a day for spending money.

**ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS:**

**Donna Eberly, Carolyn Kerr**—Bobby Benson (Billy Halop) is thirteen, Lucy Gilman is ten.

**Roberta Perkins**—Yes, child stars read their own fan mail and will send pictures if you ask for them.

**Anne Oliver**—Baby Rose Marie's address was given in the Club Room in the October issue. As this book goes to press there is no information as to when she will return to the air.

**Mrs. Eula Blackman, Bernita Rieley**—Our press service gave us the information that Irene Wicker had played "Jane" on the "Judy and Jane" program. Checking with the studio, we learn that the role is played by Joan Kay. Sorry. Errors will creep in sometimes, but we do make every effort to be accurate. Thank you for writing us about this.

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In the picture above, we look in on a rehearsal scene. Miss Nina Mack is the lady standing with her back to the camera. She is the director of children's programs for the Columbia Broadcasting System, and she is leading her juvenile cast through a rehearsal of the dramatized fairy tale program, "Let's Pretend". Florence Halop is standing by the hanging microphone. Estelle Levy and Pat Ryan are seated.

Russell and Elaine Carroll, Joan Levilles—No information as to the date of Dick Tracy's return to the air is available at this date.

Age—Several have inquired the ages of some of the child stars. This always is a difficult question to answer with complete accuracy. Very often child stars, their parents, or their managers, do not like to reveal their actual ages. Which is natural enough. Everyone has a right to privacy in certain matters. We give you these figures which have come to us from the studios where the children broadcast: Billy Ideison (15), Melvin Torne (9), Michael James O'Day (10), Pat Ryan (11), Seymour Young (10), Florence Halop (11), Sonya Benjamin (4), Mildred Schneider (12), Billy Halop and Lucy Gilman—we have mentioned elsewhere in this department.

In case you have not already joined Radio Stars Junior Club, here is a coupon for you to send in. Remember, it costs you nothing. There are no dues to pay. The purpose of the club is to bring child radio listeners together, to have a place where they can tell what programs they like, and what they think of the programs to which they listen, to bring to children pictures, news and stories of child radio performers and their programs.

---

**I want to join Radio Stars' Junior Club.**

**Name.**

**Street.**

**City.**

**State.**
DON'T ASK MABEL—HER SKIN GIVES ME THE WILLIES!

MABEL, WHY DON'T YOU TRY FLEISHMANN'S YEAST? IT CLEARED UP MY SKIN.

THEN I CAN REALLY GET RID OF THESE HICKIES!

MABEL, I WISH YOU'D GO TO THE PROM WITH ME!

BOY, THE FELLOWS SURE ARE RUSHING MABEL—AND NO WONDER—with a skin like hers!

MOTHER, WHAT'S ADOLESCENT SKIN?

DARLING, EVERY GIRL IN HER TEENS GOES THROUGH A PIMPLY STAGE.

DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES HUMILIATE YOU

Between the ages of 13 and 25, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. Harmful waste products get into your blood. These poisons irritate the skin—and pimpls pop out on the face, chest and back.

Fleischmann's Yeast clears those skin irritants out of your blood. And the pimpls disappear!

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until your skin has become entirely clear. Start today!

---

clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood
COOL UNDER FIRE!

Cooler—they've got a touch of mild menthol to refresh your throat. Tastier—because the fine tobacco flavor is kept at the peak. And you get a fat dividend in the valuable B & W coupon in each pack; save them for handsome premiums. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Now that the season of overheated rooms and stuffiness is coming, do right by yourself and your throat; get on the trail of KOOLs. And send for illustrated premium booklet.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

COOL UNDER FIRE!
THE SINGING LADY

Asks your CO-OPERATION

I am sure that every one who loves children will be interested in this unusual offer.

You see, as the Singing Lady I have been telling stories over the radio to children five days a week for the past five years. In that time I have written and told over a thousand stories. Now I am eager to have your cooperation in obtaining new ideas for new story material. And I am sure that there are many wonderful stories that you tell your children, or have read, or know about that will bring joy and pleasure to little folks who listen to the Singing Lady. Won't you send those ideas to me?

My sponsor, the Kellogg Company, has very generously offered $9000 in cash prizes for the best letters that are sent in to me.

NO TOPS TO SEND—NO LABELS—NO BOther!

$10,000 IN CASH PRIZES

The Kellogg Company is very happy to co-operate with the Singing Lady in her quest for new ideas by offering $10,000 in cash prizes.

Few radio programs have ever appealed to a larger and more loyal audience. The Singing Lady has been voted the best children's radio entertainment for the past two years in a poll of radio editors conducted by the New York World-Telegram. This year the Singing Lady received the Radio Stars' Award for distinguished service to radio. In addition, more than two million fan letters have been received.

The Kellogg Company believes with the Singing Lady that the mothers and those who love children can help materially in making these programs even more interesting and enjoyable to little folks.

Three kinds of letters can win prizes:
1. A letter with ideas for new stories.
3. A letter giving constructive suggestions and ideas for the Singing Lady's program.

Make your letter any of these three types. The cash prizes will be paid for the letters that are the most helpful to the Singing Lady. As there are 1035 cash prizes, there is a fine chance for you to win one of them.

You can hear the Singing Lady over the N. B. C. Basic Blue Network—also in Toronto and Montreal. See your newspaper for time and station. Also, you will find some of the Singing Lady stories in condensed version printed on the backs of Rice Krispies packages. These are very helpful in writing your letter.

Let your children enjoy the stories on the packages. They are an extra value when you buy Kellogg's Rice Krispies—the delicious cereal that snaps, crackles and pops in milk or cream. Your grocer sells Rice Krispies. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

Here are the rules:
1. Any one can submit a letter excepting employees and members of employees' families of the Kellogg Company and their advertising agents.
2. Put the name of your grocer or the store manager on your letter. If you win one of the big prizes he will win one too.
3. Prizes will be awarded for the letters that are the most helpful to the Singing Lady. Any one of three types can win: (1) a letter with ideas for new stories; (2) a letter telling what kind of stories children like best; (3) a letter giving constructive suggestions and ideas for the Singing Lady's programs.
4. All suggestions submitted become the property of the Kellogg Company.
5. Contest closes October 26, 1935. Letters postmarked later than this date not accepted.
6. Send your letter to the Singing Lady, Kellogg Company, Box 9, Battle Creek, Michigan.

$1000 IN PRIZES FOR GROCERS

In recognition of the co-operation of grocers in displaying Rice Krispies and explaining this offer, we will give the following prizes to the grocers whose customers win prizes: First prize, $300; second prize, $200; third prize, $100; next ten, $25 each, $250; next twenty, $10 each. Total, $1000.

Kellogg's RICE KRISPIES

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their chairs to enjoy an hour of outstanding entertainment, characterized by its general air of high good humor.

It all seemed so simple—"nothing to it at all!" I thought. Yet those "in the know" could tell you, as Fred Waring afterwards told me, that those minutes on the air represented hours of planning, days of rehearsing and actually years of experience (many of Fred's "f ellas" have been with him for six years).

What is true in broadcasting is also true—fortuitously in a more simplified sense—in the home. Where the perfect program that goes out from the studio is one that is planned and rehearsed until neither planning nor rehearsing is evident, so the perfect meal that comes out of the home kitchen is one that has been planned and prepared with an eye to achieving the same effect of casual perfection. The program-director who can give that impression over the air waves is a success—the housewife who can achieve it in the home is a jewel! And both types have discovered that they must approach the problem well in advance. Certainly anyone I know of benefits tremendously by some constructive thought given it in the morning, or even the day before.

The big meal of the day, generally, plans itself around the main dish which in the majority of homes most frequently is meat.

The Waring penthouse home is no exception in this respect. There a colored cook presides over the kitchen (under the watchful eye of Evalyn, Fred's wife) preparing for the evening meal any one of the many meals that the Warnings like.

During the day Fred eats very lightly, having a decided preference for dairy foods. On the day of the broadcast he scarcely eats at all, contenting himself with graham crackers and milk both before and after the broadcast. On other days, however, he enjoys a hearty evening meal.

Dinner in the Waring home features a good filling meat around which the rest of the meal is planned. A favorite combination of Fred Waring's is the one you see him eating in the picture—a thick slab of roast beef, with Bouillon Potatoes and New Succotash. Here are simple directions for the potatoes and the succotash.

**BOUILLON POTATOES**

4 medium sized potatoes
1 cup concentrated bouillon
Peel and quarter potatoes. Place in small deep saucepan and cover with canned bouillon. (If the bouillon does not cover potatoes add water.) Cover saucepan, bring contents to a boil and continue boiling gently until potatoes are tender. Drain off and reserve bouillon.

The potatoes cooked in this way have a most unusual flavor. The bouillon in which the potatoes have cooked may be used for the soup course of that meal, or the one following, or it may be used to add flavor to sauces or gravies.

**NEW SUCCOTASH**

2 cups whole kernel corn (canned)
1/2 cup milk
1 cup fresh, cooked peas
2 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon sugar
a few grains pepper

Heat together corn and milk for 10 minutes over boiling water in top of double boiler. Melt butter. Add flour, salt, pepper and sugar. Blend thoroughly. Add milk and corn mixture slowly to flour mixture. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add cooked peas.

Not all of Fred Waring's favorite meals are as expensive as the Roast Beef that accompanied these two dishes, I am glad to report. Meat Loaf, for instance, appears frequently on the Waring menu, combining with beef such penny savers as veal, pork and bread crumbs. Here is the recipe given me by Evalyn Waring's cook:

**MEAT LOAF**

1 1/2 pounds ground beef
1/2 pound ground pork
1/2 pound veal
1 1/2 teaspoons salt
1/2 teaspoon pepper
1 small onion, minced
1/2 cup bread crumbs
juice of 1 lemon
1 egg
1/2 cup milk

Mix together all ingredients until thoroughly blended. Place in well greased loaf pan, pressing down firmly. Bake in hot oven (400°F.) 1 1/2 hours. Remove loaf carefully to hot plate. Make a gravy of 2 tablespoons of fat in pan, adding flour, water and seasoning to taste.

This meat loaf is delicious hot or cold.

**Rit gives you FAST COLORS WITHOUT BOILING**

Easier on YOU and on your clothes is the Rit way of dying!

You'll glory in Rit's glowing colors—and you'll be grateful for this easy way to get them. Transform dresses, draperies, lingerie, or anything else that color benefits—so easily and surely now!

Simply use Rit in warm water for the loveliest Tints imaginable. For dark shades (even black!) you can now get FAST COLORS without the harsh boiling that is so hard on fabrics. Rit contains an exclusive penetrating agent that makes the color soak in deeper and set faster—quick and failure-proof. Use Rit for all tinting and dyeing!

Rit is a concentrated uater; easier to measure than powder; won't silt out of the packages dissolves instantly.

**INSTANT RIT TINTS AND DYES**

White Rit Color Remover...takes out color without harming the fabric—really whitens white goods.
writing in for your own set of recipe cards? It takes only a minute's time to fill in and mail the coupon. It takes only a short time for us to send your leaflet to you. And then it won't take you long to make up these dishes.

But let me remind you again that no amount of recipes will help you to serve a good meal, if you don't give some real thought, well in advance, to its preparation. In the morning get out the recipe card you plan to use for the main dish of the meal that night. If it is to be the Waring Ham and Cider Sauce (and I can think of no better suggestion) decide on the vegetables and potatoes or other starch that will accompany this dish. Make out your menu and your marketing list. And do your marketing early.

Since the oven will have to be lighted for the ham anyway, why not decide on having sweet potatoes which can be put in to bake along with the meat? Scrub and grease the potato skins and have them ready to pop into the oven. Prepare your green vegetable. Spinach is excellent with ham but don't wait till the last hurried minute to wash it.

If you have all these dinner preparations done well ahead of time and have your salad chilling and your dessert made there should be no last minute flurries of indecision, or late shopping sorties.

Remember, when next you listen to the Fred Waring broadcast, that there have been five days of rehearsing before those sixty minutes of gay entertainment go on the air. Then you won't feel so abused when you have to give a few minutes of thought to your own most important hour of the day—the Dinner Hour.

The Fred Waring recipes will be a great help to you so be sure to use the coupon to get your free copy of this month's Radio Stars' Cooking School Leaflet.

This is Nancy Wood signing off.

P. S. As a special "Prize for Promptness" this month I will also send a copy of the leaflet containing Annette Hanshaw's favorite foods to the first couple of hundred who ask for it when sending in their Fred Waring coupon. I had some extra copies made because I felt many of you would certainly hate to miss having Annette's Chocolate Angel Food recipe! Women's liking for Angel Food goes on through the years, seemingly undimmed by the number of eggs required, while men will especially like this Chocolate version.

If you are not one of the lucky gals who got their copy of this cake recipe, together with recipes for three other delicious dishes that petite Annette Hanshaw likes—or if you would like an extra copy to give to a friend—send a note of your request on the Fred Waring coupon. But it's first come, first served.

Please send me the free leaflet containing recipes for three of Fred Waring's favorite Meat Dishes and the Caramel Chiffon Pie.

Name ...........................................
Address ......................................
City ...........................................
State ........................................

"Beats my home-cooked spaghetti a mile—quicker, easier—costs less, too!"

"I don't wonder Mary was surprised. I certainly was the first time I tasted Franco-American. Up until then I firmly believed no ready-prepared spaghetti could possibly be as good as home-cooked. But Franco-American is actually better—ever so much better! I use it all the time now and I've told a number of my friends how delicious it is.

"We all agree it has the best sauce we ever tasted. In fact, we never knew how good spaghetti could be till we tried Franco-American!"

Good? No wonder!

Franco-American chefs use eleven different ingredients when they prepare their delectable sauce. Tomato puree, lusciously smooth and rich. Golden Cheddar cheese of just the right sharpness. Selected spices and seasonings, each one adding its tiny bit more of zestful flavor and delicate piquancy.

"Why should I bother with home-cooked spaghetti now?" women are saying. "I never could make as good a sauce as this. And I'm not even going to try." Franco-American is so much easier, too. No cooking or fussing—simply heat and serve.

And there's a pleasant surprise. You pay less for it than if you bought all the different sauce ingredients plus the cost of cooking them. And isn't the time you save worth something, too? Ask your grocer for Franco-American today. A can holding three to four portions is never more than ten cents.
Any Woman can be Up to Date
(in her information)

A great deal of the talk among women, on the subject of feminine hygiene, had better be disregarded. Some of it is garbled, incorrect, perhaps even dangerous. And some of it is just plain old-fashioned. Here are the facts, for any woman to read, and bring herself up to date.

With Zonite available in every drug store, it is old-fashioned to think that poisonous antiseptics are needed for feminine hygiene. There was a time in the past, when certain caustic and poisonous compounds actually were the only antiseptics strong enough for the purpose. But that day ended with the World War which brought about the discovery of Zonite.

Zonite is the great modern antiseptic-germicide—for more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely used on human flesh. But Zonite is not caustic, not poisonous. This marvelous Zonite is gentle in use and as harmless as pure water. Zonite never injured any woman. No delicate membranes were ever damaged by Zonite, or areas of scar-tissue formed.

It is hard to believe that such power and such gentleness could ever be combined—as they are in Zonite. But what an ideal combination this is—for the particular requirements of feminine hygiene.

Also Zonite Suppositories (semi-solid) Zonite comes in liquid form—30c, 60c and $1.00 bottles. The semi-solid Suppository form sells at $1.00 a dozen, each pure white Suppository sealed separately in glass vial. Many women use both. Ask for both Zonite Suppositories and Liquid Zonite by name, at drug or department stores. There is no substitute.

Send for the booklet “Facts for Women.” This is a frank and wholesome booklet—scientific and impersonal. It has been prepared for the special purpose of bringing women up to date. Don’t miss reading it. Just mail the coupon.

USE COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION
35-51
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Please send a copy of the booklet or booklet check below,

(1) Facts for Women
(2) Uses of Antiseptic in the Home

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

(Please print name)

(On orders from U. S. post office)

(Continued from page 34)

The funny little cap and bright striped blazer of the uniform. We were too young to realize we were sweethearts.

“Now I was a musician, with the first laurels of a concert master being heaped on me. I was old enough to have a girl. For months I saw her every day, and every day I loved her more. We drove through the park behind smart trotting horses, we dined and drank at sidewalk cafés, we danced at every gay party in town. We—well, I was in love. I thought I could not live without her.

“But I wanted to know if she could live without me. I decided to test her love. There was a fashionable swimming club along the Danube; we were going there for the first time one afternoon. The swimming master tied a long rope around my waist to find out whether I could swim in the strong current. Now was my chance! If I don’t come after the raft and slipped from my belt, I could rise free on the other side. I knew the rest: my girl would faint, the guard would jump in and save me, and everything would end happily. We would go to a café later; all the world would be informed. She would hold tightly to me, tell how scared she was while I was drowning...

“Well, I did dive in, and I fastened my belt to the raft. But everything else went wrongly. It was the guard who fainted, and my girl who jumped in to save me. She couldn’t swim. I had my hands full; she was saved—but I lost my life. My little practical joke had ended in tragedy. She was with me; she had seen through the whole silly business. Her warm, full heart, which had been full of love that needed no testing was cold and bitter now.”

Try as he would, Romberg failed to win her back. All his little blandishments which before had been so effective now were met with a laugh, and a wave to “follow me away.” And without her Budapest seemed suddenly empty, lifeless. Even its gay music fell on dull ears. She had told him to go away; now she felt it. Perhaps in America he could forget; things might be different there.

Brokenheartedly his parents watched him sail. This was one sort of explosion, one unhappiness against which they had never thought to guard their sheltered son.

In the new world Sigmund Romberg found that the praises of Budapest and Vienna had preceded him. But there were other things to worry about. New York producers frankly were not interested in European dittellantes. How, they asked him, could he write soul-stirring music when he had never had the fangs of poverty?

Still he continued to write. To get a good job playing in an orchestra would have been easy, with his reputation; but this was not what he wanted. At the musicians’ club he met other composers—thin men, and of a height from overwork, hollow-eyed. They were poor, hungry, yet the producers did not want their music either. What did they want? Perhaps, he thought, they would like him better if he were American and spoke their language.

He applied for naturalization papers and enrolled at night-school. His knowledge of the violin, piano, organ, bass viol and cello he shared freely with others. He even took stock in an orchestra of a musical comedy. He wrote sketches, submitted them to every producer and recognized actor along the Great White Way. Was this enough?

It must have been. One of his sketches was accepted. Sigmund Romberg, humble violinist in an orchestra, could sell music where Sigmund Romberg, son of wealth, could not.

In the production which used his first sketch were three young actors just getting started, Al Jolson had not yet thought of blue-nose, and was playing straight as stooge for Willie and Eugene Howard. Long after the last curtain had fallen on the first performance, the three comedians and the young composer sat in a cheap beer garden listening with critical ears to the German music played by them. They realized that Sigmund Romberg could easily have bought his way into any production on Broadway; they knew, too, why he had never done so, why he never would. And they admired him for it.

As they sat musing, a girl came to their table. She was selling songs, inducing customers to stay for one more round of foaming steins. Suddenly Sigmund Romberg spoke the name with his big hand. He would write an operetta! He would call it “The Midnight Girl.” Great bowls of oro-promottes disappeared, washed down with stein after stein, as the four sat and planned. Dawn crept over the jigsaw sky-line of Manhattan when they finally parted and went weary home.

Confident, almost over-confident, the day “The Midnight Girl” opened at the New York Garden Theatre Sigmund Romberg quit his orchestra job. If no one else knew his show would be a success, he himself was certain of it. So were the critics, the morning after. He immediately signed a contract to write another large with music, “The Girl of New York.” At last America was giving him recognition. His light and breezy tunes were hummed and whistled all over the country.

In four years he had become as American as the rest. When the United States plunged into the second year of war, Citizen Romberg was among the first to forget his own tender “Auf Wiedersehen” for martial strains. He enlisted in the infantry, but never felt the grip of a machine gun. Because he spoke German, Hungarion, Russian, and Serbian, he was transferred at once to the Intelligence Department. After his army service he visited as a secret service agent, ostensibly searching for musical ideas, in reality keeping his eyes and ears open for valuable information. He could identify spies unerringly, and with his winning manner wormed important secrets from them.
When the war was over he went back to Broadway. The first people he looked up were his old pals, Al Jolson and Buddy De Sylva. (De Sylva had written the lyrics for his first operetta.)

"Times had changed," Romberg said. "It was the age of aspirin and jazz, and all our old haunts were closed. We decided to write a show together. So we went to a resort in the Adirondacks where we could live bachelor-fashion and not even shave until our work had been completed. Our cottage happened to be named 'The Lion's Den,' and believe me, we all looked like Daniel after the first week!

"We worked hard from sunrise till dinner every day, and each night we gave a concert for the other guests. Jolson sang the ballads, Buddy played the ukulele, and I hammered on the old piano. . . . One day some new visitors arrived, prominent people from Washington. But we didn't care. We wouldn't shave. We weren't senators—we were musicians. If they wanted to hear our music they could come to 'The Lion's Den' and see us as we were.

"Well, they did. With them came the loveliest woman in the world. I played for her alone, and when she left that night it was with a promise to be my guest at tea the following afternoon. All bets were off. I had to look presentable for her, so I shaved. Al and Buddy kidded me unmercifully, but I didn't care—I was in love. . . . Over an hour I waited, hot and uncomfortable in a stiff collar and tightly buttoned coat. Then she came up the walk. She looked at me in bewilderment. She didn't even like me now! I was a different man, she said—too square-jawed and red-cheeked, and not half as cute as I seemed the day before.

"She refused to have tea with me. I vowed I'd make her pay for humiliating me and I did. I grew another beard—and I married her!"

His happiness complete, Romberg turned toward writing compositions of a finer, more lasting quality. Work—he was a slave to it. But it brought him fame; he was feted like a king, pointed out everywhere by eager hero-worshippers. Women adored his personality and charm; men admired him for his genius. Naturally, this adulation had its effect on him.

"I took things, people, too seriously," he realizes now. "I was as temperamental as Duse. The Musicians' Union was wrong because I disagreed with them; Actors' Equity crossed my young path and there was another battle. I was Romberg, the most sought-after writer in New York, and I let everyone know it."

All this passed with youth, however; today, far more signal honors have been heaped on his wide shoulders, yet he lives like a simple country squire, in harmony with everyone. The years have mellowed him; he is content. Only one thing mars his happiness, his longing for a son has never been gratified. But all the energy, all the devotion he would have expended on a family of his own he gives to others. Sigmund Romberg is perhaps the gentlest, most charitable man in the theatre, a profession which prides itself on bringing joy and help to those less fortunate.

Five years ago he visited a children's hospital along the Hudson, merely two rude frame buildings with an inadequate . . .

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\text{BLONDE: "Look! Your Brunette powder makes my skin glorious!"}

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The two girls had happened on something that many a woman can benefit by.

Creamy-skinned, Miss Hope Garin (left) had deadened her skin with too light a powder. Miss Marjorie Striker, dark-haired, had dimmed her fair skin with too dark a powder!

Then, how can I find my shade, you ask. Study your skin—not your hair, nor your eyes! Is it sallow? Your powder can brighten it! Dull? The right powder will make it clear!

But old-style, deadening shades can't do this!

With an optical machine, Pond's tested over 200 girls' skins. They brought to light the hidden tints that make skin beautiful. In blondes, a suggestion of bright blue intensifies that delicate transparency. In brunettes, a hint of brilliant green brings sparkling clarity!

Now these magic tints are blended invisibly into Pond's new shades. Try them—see the difference! Each does something special for a different type of skin.

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See how delicately Pond's clings. Won't clog or cake. As natural as skin itself!

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The charm of lovely eyes can be yours

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staff of nurses. Romberg returned to New York; in Park Avenue mansions and Fifth Avenue palaces he appealed to his many influential friends, with the result that debutantes donned grease paint and downtowners gladly forsook their ermines to put on costumes for charity. More than a million dollars was raised through his ceaseless efforts. The Dobb's Ferry Hospital was built so that two hundred and fifty tons no longer need fear the ravages of fire.

Two years of untiring devotion during the most productive period in his life had been given up to charity; now he must work for himself. Romberg returned to his penthouse apartment to try a new experiment in music. For the first time he used large choruses of men and women took the place of the dancing ensemble on the stage. The libretto told the story of the boy Schubert, and the score was based on the sweet-sad themes of the great composer himself. Months turned into years and Broadway still claimed to "The Student Prince". Nine companies poured its tunefulness into eager ears all over the world. Romberg rose to higher fame than he had ever dared to dream.

But happiness was not to be his for long. He returned to Vienna in mourning while the world hummed his gay tunes and proclaimed his genius. Gay parties given in his honor failed to make him happy now. Vienna, city of youth and song, he left behind the day his father's funeral was over.

In Berlin he sat with two friends, prettending to be amused, hiding in false laughter the deepest sorrow of his life. First one of them wrote several bars of music on a menu and handed it to Sigmund saying: "Here, play this, it is art." Then the other pulled an envelope from his pocket, scrawled two bars of music and handed it to his sad-eyed friend from America.

Tired, bored, Romberg rose solemnly, pushed the beer mugs aside and drew on the tablecloth one simple line, headed by the word "Andante". Pointing to it, he said: "Here, you play. This is art."

In bewilderment, the two men picked the cloth up and carried it to the piano. Then, in unison, "How is this possible?" they exclaimed. "One hand at one end of the piano, the other at the opposite end. How do you expect us to play the middle C?"

"With your nose," sighed Romberg, as he rose and left the beer garden.

Two days later he was on his way back to America. The memories of his father could not be blotted out, the very genuineness of his grief refuted the aura of make-believe his lilting music had built around him. Sigmund Romberg hid from the world. Work was his only solace. Titles, words, a catchy phrase, a line of verse—anything was due to start him on an orgy of writing. He would work for days, weeks at a time, trying to transfer to paper some of the loneliness and sadness that was in his heart.

"The Desert Song", one of Hollywood's first talking musicals, was written during this period. Money poured in from all sides, but dollars and cents from a fawning public meant nothing now. Sigmund Romberg knew at last what sorrow was. The producers who had turned him down because he never had suffered should have seen him. He needed sympathy, friends, himself.

Instead, from Pittsburgh, came word that a young acquaintance wanted to become a professional singer. Could Romberg in any way help "just once more"?

... Help others! Help others, when his own heart was breaking? Of course he would. Other people's troubles were his salvation.

When he saw the tall, lanky young man standing before him in awe, like a boy gaping at the president, he had his first good laugh in a long time.

"I listened to him sing because I knew the earnestness in my own heart years before. I was asking for help. I told him that if he could get a letter granting him leave of absence from his bookkeeping job I would help him. Six weeks later I placed him in the chorus of my own show "New Moon", and sent him to a prominent voice teacher. I watched that boy slaving at his music with all of youth's eagerness, and when Hollywood offered him a contract not even he was as happy as I. Today you hear him as a leading man in pictures. ... Who is he? That doesn't matter. But he deserves every happiness life can give him.

"Oh yes," his broad, friendly smile lightened up his kind face. "Here is something that might interest you. Last year I received a letter from the Death House at Sing Sing. It was from one of those hospital kids who recalled that I had once been kind to him. He asked me to help him now. A strange letter, from a strange place. But suppose that were my son, condemned to die—I would want someone to help him. With the aid of friends I got that boy a reprieve and a new trial—his case comes up next September. I believe he's innocent, and I'm sure he will be freed."

This is the man I know, the Sigmund Romberg who is not a Romantic as defined by his six thousand beloved volumes of music, his organ and grand piano. If his home were as big as his heart, visitors could move more easily among the crowded chairs and settees, while "Rommy" clears away sheaves of manuscript with sweeping gestures of both great arms.

He is the man who always has brought happiness to everyone and everything. Yet Broadway once tried to hold him back because he was not poor, because he never had suffered! That's why he knows that take him on visits in weathervanes as in hovels, why he realizes that riches can hold one back as relentlessly as empty pockets. Ask any of the many stars he has befriended—Vivienne Segal, Rosaleen Green, Lila Fisk, Mary Taylor, Jeanette MacDonal, Jane Jarrett, Ask any, they say, that at a lowly Missouri, script girl, who gave her a chance at radio stardom. Ask who made them famous. They will fall over themselves to tell you it was Romberg. He wasn't interested in how much money they had—it was because he had seen that he helped them all, rich or poor.

We sat for a long while in his dressing room at NBC. He has a special loud speaker rigged up, which I imagined was to bring him music exclusively. But I
soon found out that “Rommy” is a great football enthusiast. Here, during leisure moments, he sneaks away and listens to all the big games. He even hired a page boy last fall to take down the scores while he was rehearsing or conducting.

William Lyon Phelps was already on the air when we entered the glass enclosure to watch the broadcast. But all eyes turned toward the great musician as he ascended the platform. “Rommy” tapped first one foot, then the other, on the dais. He fingered the gardenia in his lapel—forty-five seconds! He was really nervous now as he declined the paper cup of water offered by an attendant. Beside him stood one of his secretaries, who turns pages for him. The music starts, he smiles broadly as the great orchestra goes into some theme which he has just composed. Perhaps he is thinking, remembering the past, when as a lad of seventeen he conducted another great orchestra in Budapest.

Whatever his thoughts may be, his smile disappears as he lowers his Napoleonic baton. A girl rushes forward handing him a freshly polished pair of horn-rimmed spectacles. The music which can't be conducted with glasses on is forgotten for the script which can't be read with glasses off. “Rommy” is now the actor—until the program ends. Then he mops his brow, plunges his handkerchief hurriedly back into his pocket and walks off, smiling, bowing right and left. Another performance has been added to his memories.

Memories...memories. He looks back now on his fiery, turbulent youth and smiles tolerantly. How different now is his creed of life from what it was in those days. “Happiness is so simple,” he says. “I believe it consists of little things like rising early every morning, with a smile. If you never keep a grrouch over five minutes you won’t get in much trouble. Don’t expect the world to be as you want it. Take it as you find it—and you’ll find it’s a pretty good old world, after all. Besides,” he smiles. “It’s more fun being surprised than disappointed!”

The End

Meet the New
Lanny Ross

(Continued from page 15)

How they had come, filling the street and stopping traffic, eager to catch sight of the boy whose sincere voice had thrilled them in their homes. After that it was easy to make money. But that was singing... This—this was acting. And the critics said he couldn't act!

Well, it is no secret that in the village of White Plains on a bare board stage Lanny Ross found himself. He got the answer he wanted. He showed the world he could act.

It was really that performance, I think, that made possible the new announcement line he uses on the air: “Lanny Ross presents...”

I know it was that performance which completed his “coming of age.”

Fashion advisers recommend Kleinert's Dress Shields for every dress because the underarm is the part most likely to show signs of wear. Whatever threatens the smartness of your dress—friction, perspiration, or corrosive chemicals—a pair of Kleinert's Dress Shields will give you the assurance of guaranteed protection. Genuine Kleinert's Dress Shields now cost as little as 25¢ a pair—why be imposed upon by substitutes?

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When perfect comfort is essential—Kleinert's NUVO Sanitary Belts. Can't curl... Washable...Some are pinless...From 25¢ to $1.00 each...All Notion Counters.
And he easy simple twinkle I've singer. Prunes first completely Carrots. Thorough the. Shaker-Cooked formally, Shaker-Cooking. So this MOTHERS'. Vitamin Committee. Cook... good you C. Air... With salt— the shops; Before. Looking... in table. Twelve Canada:... in ordinary... psychology,"... Ph.D... "It's only a name. Of course, he was drawing a king's ransom for singing... and every girl's dormitory pulsed to his hall... but as yet he had not struck down enough roots to be an individual. I felt, when I first knew him, that he was a magnificent instrument for making musical sounds, but little else. As a man, he was less important and less colorful than he was as a star. Which meant there was no telling what might happen to him; how he might go.

So many people in that situation go fat-headed. Or pompous. Or else, they remain empty the rest of their lives. You know many such, don't you; men and women who are professionally successful but who are failures as individuals, because they never do any of the things they want to. Because they never really have any fun.

Lanny easily might have been like that. His success came when he was so very young.

Last spring, he took his first vacation in seven years. I saw him just after he came home. Lanny, tall and lean, with the cleanest level blue eyes, and a speaking voice that is touched by exactly the same feeling that warms his singing. He told me about his rest; thirty days of letting time and fame shift for itself while he had done the things he had so long delayed doing.

Last spring, he told me, "Well, I've made up my mind to become a singer." He'd made up his mind to be a singer. What else, in Heaven's name, had he been all along? Well, for one thing, he had been a law student. In the beginning, radio was just a means to earn money toward the completion of his law course. I imagine the crash of his Hollywood pictures caused them to recall often that other career he had abandoned.

Until he thought it through. "I went off by myself and cocked a cold and dispassionate eye at all the years ahead of me," he told me. "I asked myself plain blankly: if singing my way through those years gave me an even chance of finding the satisfaction and happiness which spell real success. Or if I'd better get into something else. Then I decided it was music for me. I've been studying ever since. Music itself, languages."

After that, things began to happen. Co-incidence, perhaps, or something Olive White saw in the man she managed. Something that gave her confidence to plan bigger things for him.

One of those bigger things was Lanny Ross starring in the show, presenting the Show Boat. You'd heard the result these past weeks. Another big thing was Lanny's own concert series. The State Fair program is completely his own. Another big thing is a big Hollywood motion picture.

Lanny Ross and Olive White are a team to reckon with in today's entertainment world. Thursday nights at the Radio City studios, the crowds see him spotlighted on the stage, the idol, the hero, the singing star. But they never see her. Four floors below there is a little room to which only a few people ever find their way. She sits there alone, listening to the voice that fills the little room, making mental corrections that she will tell him when he joins her after the shows. She sits there listening, while through her brain march dreams that match his—Carnegie Hall, the Metropitan, La Scala... yes, even another film at those treacherous Hollywood movies. Dreams that would be insane for anyone else but for the singing star. Ross presents may soon become only a stepping stone.

**The END**

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Keep Young and Beautiful

(Continued from page 13)

**Mother's Seed for these two helpful books**

(1) "Baby's Book," by Harriet Davis, R. N., former instructor in nursing. Practical information on baby's daily care. SEND Tc.

(2) "Mealtime Psychology," by Lillian B. Storrns, Ph. D., widely distributed to mothers by physicians for its practical aid in developing normal eating habits. FREE. (Enclose 10c additional if you wish to receive a copy of the Gerbers Baby, ready for framing.)

**Gerbers Shaker-Cooked Strained Foods**

**MOTHERS! Send for these two helpful books (Check book wanted)**

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**RADIO STARS**

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Elevated on a pillow. That gives your feet a change of blood circulation. It's a good trick. Try it!

When you want to feel energetic enough to dance through a whole day, try Gogo's favorite salt rub in combination with your morning shower. Just take a handful of ordinary table salt and rub it over your body briskly while you're slightly damp from the shower. Then with a thorough rinsing and drying, your circulation will be all in a glow. The salt rub is a good thing to remember, now that the days are getting chillier. You'll need all the "glow" you can get.

"I'm not going to fight," said Gogo, looking at me with a twinkle in her eye, "I do not take cold showers. Tepid ones, yes, but cold ones, no."

There's no pretense about Gogo. She is one of the most thoroughly natural persons I've ever met. And, naturally enough, we got around to the subject of make-up, of course is always interesting to all of us experimental females. What does she use? Well, a liquid rouge, for one thing, because of the natural effect it gives. It is slightly astrin gent, and only mildly colored, and leaves the cheeks with a sort of natural sheen. She applies it over her powder. When she uses eyeshadow, she generally chooses brown, in spite of the fact that her eyes are blue, because it seems to tone in well with her skin, and thus looks more subdued and natural than blue eyeshadow does. You
see, Gogo has lived in Hollywood, the world's greatest center for unnaturalness and artificiality. That has contributed to make her all the more wary of anything that tends in the least toward artificiality. Her French-Canadian background was anything but theatrical. All her relatives looked askance at the idea of Gogo "going theatrical" by profession. They got over it, but she hasn't got over her naturalness.

Gogo says that her hair is not a lovely shade (I disagree with her), but that at least it's her own natural shade. Hollywood wanted to bleach or tint it or do something Hollywoodish to it, but she refused all offers. It was her own shade, and she was going to keep it. You would appreciate why if you could see how beautifully it harmonizes with the underlying color tones in her skin. It is closer to an ash blonde shade than anything else, although it is a little too dark to be definitely termed, "ash blonde." It belongs to her as part of her own symphony of coloring. Every once in a while when you write me about bleaching your hair, or changing its color in some way or other, I feel like groaning aloud, and calling upon nature to defend its own handiwork. Why is it that we can't give nature credit for being the clever color chemist that she is? You would be wiser to worry about "sheen" than "shade." Apply the hairbrush, and one of those harmless rinses that bring highlights to your hair! Be your own shiny-haired self!

Gogo's color preferences in clothes are largely determined by her own coloring. She is very fond of gray, for example, and gray is something of an "individual" shade because so few people can wear it to advantage, as she can. If you have any such color individualities, capitalize on them! Don't choose a color just because "it's what they're wearing." Choose a color because it is flattering! Gogo likes soft unusual shades of blue. They "do things" for her eyes, which are just as large as they are blue.

Naturalness and individuality . . . there's a whole beauty sermon in itself.

But let's get back to our original footnotes. If you want slender ankles and shapely legs, you'll have to exercise a little energy, energy enough to cut out this coupon, and then to follow the instructions the coupon brings. It will bring you exercises to reduce or build up the legs and thighs . . . and for good measure, exercises to slim down the hips. If you want a figure like Gogo's, you've got to work for it.

Kindly send me your exercises for the legs, thighs, and hips.

Name ........................................ ...........................................................

Address .......................................................... ...........................................................

Please inclose self-addressed stamped envelope! If you wish any additional bulletins offered in past issues, kindly inclose additional stamped envelope.

Mary Biddle,
RADIO STARS,
149 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

This little medicine-fighter has one of childhood's greatest worries licked.

He has just been introduced to a laxative that's a treat—Fletcher's Castoria!

"It's sweet, Joe!"

Even the taste of Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children. A youngster takes it willingly . . . and it's important that he should. For the revulsion a child feels when forced to take a laxative he hates upsets his nerves and digestion.

And—Fletcher's Castoria was made especially for a child's needs—no harsh, purging drugs in Fletcher's Castoria such as some "grown-up" laxatives contain.

"That's right—Fletcher's Castoria!"

Like the carefully chosen food you give your child, Fletcher's Castoria is ideally suited for a child's growing body.

It will never cause gripping pain. It does not form a habit. It is gentle, safe and thorough.

"Tell your mom to get some!"

Adopt Fletcher's Castoria as your child's laxative—until he is 11 years old. Get a bottle today—the carton bears the signature Chas. H. Fletcher. Buy the Family-Size bottle—it's more economical.
Garbo, for instance. She reminds me of Jessica Dragonette. Jessica has lots of natural beauty and with her new hair-cut she's prettier than ever, but the thing you feel about her is the mental force she puts into her job. She says a little prayer every time she sings, you know. And something more than her voice goes through the mike, just as something more than Garbo's external appearance even through the camera lens. Jessica is in pictures now, too. I wish Garbo were on the radio. That link between them—that depth—would be interesting to observe.

Jean Harlow walks on to your set. She talks about books and philosophy and whether horse-racing is a good or had influence. You find she's one of the best-read women you've met. She has life all worked out. Live for today! Forget tomorrow. It may never come. The past has gone. Why worry? Today is here. Let it do its best for you. And after ten minutes talking to Jean you are ready to launch a thousand ships.

As for Myrna Loy. Now there is a woman a man can never forget. She has a knack which gives a man an entirely new thought about a woman. She can listen. She leans slightly forward, a little, bright-eyed hollywood, swaying slightly in a light breeze. Her eyes are stars twinkling approval. Her lips part slightly like delicate petals awaiting rain. And your words are that rain. I guess I'm going poetic. But that's what Myrna Loy does even to a Benny.

Myrna doesn't make a man feel like just an extra in life. He's the whole show. He's the star from the first moment he sits down with her until she says she must go, not with words but by gathering up her hankie and bag and smiling the loveliest farewell you've ever had said to you.

Of course, when you've met these women and come to know them, you remember radio. And you wish they were on your program. They'd bring the pulsating vigor of youth to the loudspeaker. Don't ask me how, but they'd do it—and it's something radio could use.

As for Myrna, she's got a standing offer to join my hour. And she won't need to say a word. She can just sit there in the first row of the audience, where each of us can see her. We'll broadcast to her, in person. She'll make us so good, just by the way she listens, that we'll be better than our best.

Now, here's a thing about this town I like, too. People have cut out the false modesty. And it's wonderful, I mean it. Most places, people talk about ego and conceal as if they were diseases. Well, I've still got to meet the guy who makes the other fellow believe in him unless he believes in himself. Take a kid. If he wins the high jump, he's proud and happy about it. He doesn't hide the fact he's done something big by saying: "Someone else took that jump for me." He knows he did it and he went a little higher than the other fellow.

Somehow, outside of Hollywood, a man who's succeeded in his jump is supposed to act as though he didn't know he'd been jumping. He's supposed to show the world a face blushing from modesty when it should properly blush from pride.

In Hollywood, they're honest. Here they don't brag about things they haven't done, but they are enthusiastic and bubbling over from excitement about what they have accomplished. If Lupe Velez has just signed a contract for big money in South America, she tells you about it. She tells you the salary, tells what new fame in a new land is going to mean to her. She's a kid who's won another race and she wants everyone to enjoy the fact with her.

Why these folks out here like the way they act so well they play charades at private parties. They show each other their latest films; their newest publicity pictures. They have photographs of themselves sitting possessively on grand pianos. They are stars. They are important. They know it. And they expect and want you to know it.

Yeah, it's a crazy town, and a grand town. I could go on for another ten million words about it. Hollywood, like a Hollywood party, never stops. Which reminds me, the other night Mary and I threw a pretty sizable party for Fred Allen and Portland Hoffa. It was the first week of their stay out here and I wanted them to meet all the right people.

I was receiving the guests at my front door. One fellow I'd known around New York in the old days but hadn't met for some time saw me standing there. He came over and stuck his hand up, "Jack Benny! Of all people. What are you doing here?"

He didn't realize he'd come to my party. And that's typical of Hollywood.
even bears the name of the room in which you are quartered.

No, indeed, you don't sleep in a room with a number in the Vallee establishment; you sleep in a room with a name. A year ago I'd heard the story of his naming rooms after famous songs he had popularized, and then had been only a little impressed. Let me tell you it is different when Theresa comes up to you and says you will sleep in "Betty Co-Ed." And dinner is served in "The Stein Song." And you can take a shower in "The Pink Lady." And how would you like to peek at "Vagabond Lover"? A tidy bronze name-plate is attached to every door.

"Vagabond Lover" is Rudy's own room at the head of the stair, and if Theresa likes you she permits you to step within. The color scheme is blue, Rudy's favorite color, Theresa told us. He has a little balcony that overlooks the lake, a bathroom positively classic in its beauty and the usual twin beds, dresser, and other accouterments. A perfect place for peace and relaxation.

I forgot one thing about the guest rooms. Each has a lady's dressing-table. And each bears two cruets which hold two kinds of perfume—Paris perfume, mind you, in the heart of a Maine wilderness—of which the wives of visiting firemen can take their choice. I used it for two nights and I still can't quite believe it happened.

A second building is a guest lodge, much like the first, but not so pretentious. A third houses the cars and truck and several servants. The fourth is called "The Pirate's Den" and is the daytime headquarters of all and sundry.

Right away, we were told by Theresa that Rudy's system of entertaining was "every guest for himself." Do as you please and be happy. It's a nice formula, isn't it? "The Pirate's Den" is ideal for that sort of thing. It has, upstairs, a pool table, ping-pong, bar, and a bathroom. On the balcony are a half-dozen bagatelle games. Below, the building adjoins the boat and swimming float.

Rudy has worked hard since that red-ringed day when he became a radio celebrity. His hours have been fantastic. For instance, the night we arrived at the lodge he was playing at a dance at Burlington, Vermont, hundreds of miles away. He got away from Burlington only a little while before dawn and drove through the sunrise to Lake Kezar. It was 9 a.m. when he arrived. Can you imagine getting into bed at 9 a.m.? Some of his guests were just getting up. He slept until 3 and then came down to the lake for his swim.

Sunday night he rested. Monday and Tuesday were supposed to be free, too. But on Monday he went down the road to a nearby town and helped them put on a show to raise money for some worthy cause. Tuesday night he drove to another town. He got no money for those jobs, but he sang as hard and entertained the crowds with as much energy and enthusiasm.

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3. **Indigestion**
4. **Run Down Condition**

**Thousands get Amazing Results with Yeast Foam Tablets—a Dry Yeast—the Kind Science finds so Abundant in Health-Building Vitamin B**

If you suffer from any of the common troubles listed above, let Yeast Foam Tablets help you correct the condition now. These pleasant, pasteurized yeast tablets have done wonders for thousands of men and women.

Doctors all over the world recommend yeast for combating skin troubles and faulty elimination. In these easy-to-eat tablets you get this corrective food in the form science now knows is so rich as a source of Vitamin B.

Tests reveal that from dry yeast the system quickly absorbs generous quantities of the precious element that gives tone to the digestive system, stimulates intestinal action and helps to free the body of poisons. No wonder users report such amazing results!

At a well known clinic, 83% of the patients with constipation, who were given Yeast Foam Tablets, reported marked improvement within two weeks. Before starting to eat this dry yeast, some of these patients had used laxatives almost continuously.

Start now to eat Yeast Foam Tablets regularly. See how fast this dry yeast helps you to look better and feel better. Within a short time your whole digestive system should return to healthy function. You should no longer need to take harsh cathartics. You should have more strength and energy. Ugly pimples and other skin blemishes caused by a sluggish system should disappear.

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Refuse all substitutes.

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**FREE! This beautiful tilted mirror. Gives perfect close-up. Leaves both hands free to put on make-up. Amazingly convenient. Sent free for an empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton. Use the coupon.**

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**NORTHEASTERN YEAST CO.**
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

enclose empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton. Please send me the handy tilted make-up mirror.
Don’t Fool Around with a COLD!

Every Four Minutes Some One Dies from Pneumonia, Traceable to the “Common Cold!”

Define Treatment

A cold is an internal infection and requires internal treatment.

Be Sure—Be Safe!

All drug stores sell Grove’s Laxative Bromo Quinine in two sizes—5c and 50c. Get a package at the first sign of a cold and be secure in the knowledge that you have taken a dependable treatment.

Grove’s Laxative Bromo Quinine is the largest selling cold tablet in the world, a fact that attests to its efficacy as well as harmlessness. Let no one tell you he “has something better.”

GROVE’S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

asm as the times he was paid five thousand dollars a night.

So he works hard—and for relaxation he plays hard. He found that out during my brief visit. His lodge in Maine is stocked with playthings. Grow-un play-
things, of course, that only a man with a hundred-thousand-dollar income could afford, but nevertheless playthings.

Look at his boats. In the first floor of “Pirate’s Den” I counted fourteen. A Chris-Craft speedboat—the fastest thing on the lake, by the way—is his flagship. After it come sailboats, rowboats, canoes, scooters with powerful outboard motors, even two water bicycles.

For the more athletically inclined there was a springboard, a slide, and an aqua-plane that trailed the speeding Chris-Craft like a leaping tuna on a line. A leaping tuna, by the way, that was ridden beautiful
ly by a girl barely out of her teens and from which my ambitious editor-husband tumbled three times before he gave up ignominiously.

The most recently acquired plaything was a diving helmet which dropped down over your head until it rested on your shoulders. Then the seventy-five pounds of it shaved you gently under water while some trustworthy soul above pumped down air. I tried it and walked about the bottom of Rudy’s lake with almost as much confidence as I would walk into my kitchen.

Rudy himself is the champion diver of the camp. It was he who put on the helmet and went out on the lake’s bottom, tied a rope around a sunken tree that had menaced swimming and boating, and hauled it to the surface.

In talking about playthings I shouldn’t forget his cameras. This is an old love that has been publicized before. What hasn’t been mentioned is that, during the past spring, he has had a projection-booth built into his lodge so that he can put on a motion picture show as good as any you get at the Bijou or Capitol. We saw one that Sunday evening—Rudy Vallee in “Sweet Music,” plus short subjects and one natural-color reel he had taken of a cat-and-dog argument between the camp kitten and one of his other feline tenants.

That one of his dogs was Jim, a tremendous Great Dane, who could make a single mouthful of Shirley Temple, but who wouldn’t harm a fly. Another is a Doberman named Himmel, who races madly to the lake every time someone dives and won’t leave until he perceives that the diver is not in immediate need of rescue.

The third is Windy, Rudy’s personal pet. Windy looks like a tall, thin Chow and acts like an uncaged tiger. Alone and怎么办, I would rather see both Himmel and Jim if he got his dander up.

I am not sure Rudy would permit me to mention it, but I must say something about his open-handed hospitality. I understand my own week-end at his camp was the best I’ve ever spent.

The previous week, he had entertained fifty-four.

One delightful couple we met was honeymooning. Friends of Rudy’s, he had given them the run of his place—and where a more delightful honeymoon could be spent, I don’t know. Another was the mother of a friend. Others were business acquaintances. Each year he invites his entire orchestra, with their wives and sweethearts, up for five days. This year, which was their fourth annual outing, he had them for three days of one week; and then the next week he put them up at Old Orchard Beach for three days to give them a taste of the ocean. I do know of others, dozens of people to whom he owes nothing, but to whom he has offered the use of his lodge any time they wish it. Sometimes they call him and ask if he’ll accept a room.

“Will make room for you,” is his answer.

And he does make room for them. Why? I think I know one of the reasons. I think he takes a little-boy sort of pleasure in showing his friends the kind of a place he has carved out of virgin forest. The meticulously furnished guest rooms, the broad sweep of his veranda. But most of all, I think he likes for them to see his bathrooms.

I done them seriously. There must be six or seven bathrooms in his lodge. Each is done in pastel shades and is equipped with the very latest fixtures. My powers of description falter at the thought of them. Pull down the shade, blot out the sight of pictures, and you might be in New York or Los Angeles.

Their presence is incredible, fantastic, and you are grateful all the more that the amazingly thorough Mr. Vallee has done it again.

Someone asked me about sheets, the towels, the pillow-ships required by such an establishment. Theresa threw up her hands at my questioning. Women were the worst, she told me. They use a towel once and then look for a clean one. Fortunately, Rudy has no men guests than women.

And the food?

There were fourteen of us at dinner Sunday. I watched Manuel come from the kitchen with a huge tray carrying fourteen broilers. In my humble household, fourteen broilers would bankrupt the budget. I saw the milkman make an early morning delivery He carried two wire baskets heaped with bottles. And cream! “Cream in your coffee” at the Vallee lodge means rich, golden, gooey cream, completely unlike the mixture to which my milkman has educated me. I am still in awe of this.

Purposely I’ve stayed out of the kitchen until now. Because I don’t really expect to be believed. But honestly the one I saw must be housewives’ idea of Paradise. To begin with, all the cooking is done by electricity. To continue, there are banks of ovens and burners and broiling racks that rival the famous electric range just installed in the White House.

To finish it off, there is an electric refrigerator that is the granddaddy of all the refrigerators I’ve ever seen. It is tall and broad, and it needs to be. If you had, or if I had, fifty-four guests to feed over a whole week-end, I’m afraid we’d be borrowing shelves in refrigerators all up and down the block.

Someone asked me about Rudy himself—the someone was a neighbor girl in the hero-worshiping stage. Was he sweet? Was he handsome? Was he really as nice as he sounded?

One doesn’t learn much about a man in a week-end, and most of the answers to her were probably unsatisfactory. I saw a Rudy who played through the hot summer day in a pair of trunks. That night he donned sloppy white trousers, and suspenders. A white fleece sweater toughed them off.
I didn't have to tell my little friend he was as sweet and handsome as he sounded. She was convinced of that already. What I did have to tell her was that Rudy reminded me, a little pitifully, of a squirrel in a cage. As he climbs, the cage turns. The higher and faster he climbs, the faster the cage turns. He's at the peak now, and he must work furiously to stay there or the cage will spin away under him.

This became especially apparent as I watched him play his phonograph. From the time he awoke at 3 a.m. until the curfew hour of 2 a.m. he kept the machine going. One record after another from his vast and entertaining collection. Rudy Vallee songs and numbers recorded by other orchestra leaders. As they were changed or replayed by the automatic machine, he listened intently, made criticisms, suggested improvements. As he swims, or rests or plays billiards, he listens. That phonograph has speakers in each of the lodge buildings. Wherever one is, the music comes to him. We had it straight through dinner. Once, during the evening, he stopped in the midst of conversation to dictate some notes to his secretary.

Music has become his life. He eats it, breathes it, sleeps it. It is all modern music that sets a lusty rhythm going through your blood. He has helped make much of it, and it has helped to make him. They make a fine team, Rudy Vallee and rhythm music.

Recently he bought one of the new electric organs which are proving to be such a miracle instrument. Perhaps you have heard some of the broadcasts made with them. They produce the tones of the old pipe-organs, but occupy only a little space. Rudy's magnificent instrument stands across the room from the busy phonograph. Except for a few brief moments, it stood silent and neglected.

Thinking of it, I found myself wishing that Rudy could get into his soul some of the chords of that unused organ. I wish its peaceful harmonies could soothe the feverish tempo of his life. Soit music and slow music can be so restful, and Rudy needs rest. I know. Oh, it wouldn't make a better man of him or a finer host or a gay companion, but it would, I'm sure, make him happier.

Somehow, after you have enjoyed his hospitality a little while you feel that he isn't quite happy and, darn it, he's the kind of a guy who deserves to be!

The End

Search Your Skin

FEEL FOR LITTLE BUMPS!

They Indicate Clogged Pores, the Beginning of Enlarged Pores, Blackheads and Other Blemishes!

By Lady Esther

Don't trust to your eyes alone! Most skin blemishes, like evil weeds, get well started underground before they make their appearance above surface.

Make this telling finger-tip test. It may save you a lot of heartaches. Just rub your finger-tips across your face, pressing firmly. Give particular attention to the skin around your mouth, your chin, your nose and your forehead.

Now—does your skin feel absolutely smooth to your touch or do you notice anything like little bumps or rough patches? If you do feel anything like tiny bumps or rough spots, it's a sign usually that your pores are clogged and may be ready to blossom out into enlarged pores, blackheads, whiteheads, "dirty-gray" skin and other blemishes.

A Penetrating Cream, the Need!

What you need is not just ordinary cleansing methods, but a penetrating face cream—such a face cream as I have perfected.

Lady Esther Face Cream penetrates the pores quickly. It does not just lie on the surface and fool you. Gently and soothingly, it works its way into the little openings. There it "goes to work" on the accumulated waxy dirt—loosens it—breaks it up—and makes it easily removable.

When you have cleansed your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream, you get more dirt out than you ever suspected was there. It will probably shock you to see what your cloth shows. But you don't have to have your cloth to tell you that your skin is really clean. Your skin shows it in the way it looks and feels.

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin, it also lubricates it. It supplies the skin with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft, smooth and flexible.

Thousands of women have overcome dry, scaly skin, as well as enlarged pores and coarse-textured skin, with the use of Lady Esther Face Cream.

The Proof Is Free!

But don't take my word for the cleansing and lubricating powers of this cream. Prove it to yourself at my expense. Upon receipt of your name and address, I'll send you a 7-day tube of Lady Esther Face Cream postpaid and free. Let the cream itself show you how efficient it is.

With the free tube of Lady Esther Face Cream, I'll send you all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, so you can see for yourself how the two go together to make a beautiful and lovely complexion. Write me today for the free cream and face powder.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (38)

Lady Esther, 1010 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

Please send me by return mail your 7-day supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

Name.

Address.

City ______ State ______

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

The End

It Started with a Laugh

(Continued from page 37)

their first arrival would be a boy that they plucked "William" off the old family tree, dusted and polished it and had it waiting for the little stranger. And even when they found that it wasn't that kind of a baby, they just couldn't go back on their plans. You see, Willie's parents, unlike herself, do not change boats in mid-stream.

The End
Exquisite but not Expensive

28¢

April Showers Talc

It's thrilling to use only the softest, finest, imported talc... It's exciting to enjoy the refreshing fragrance of April Showers, "the perfume of Youth"... And it's satisfying to get this luxury at so low a price.

No wonder April Showers Talc is the most famous and best loved talcum powder in the world!

The Original
"If Girl"
(Continued from page 36)

waited around and hopped on the next boat that came along. On this boat was the prominent New York dentist, who offered her a job in his office which made her Atlantic City salary look like so much gum-drop money. And New York! The day-dreaming little Atlantic City stenographer was sprouting wings!

Dreams do come true—if you dream them well and long and hard enough—and by this time our little love-born laisie had discovered what she really wanted.

Patti lost no time in the Big City. She flashed her toothpaste ad smile and arched her Irish blue eyes at the Important People who came into the office. She knew that sooner or later she'd start her own personal train—you know, meet someone who could introduce her to someone who could introduce her to someone who could get her on the air. It required clear headwork, and the smile and eyes had to do sixteen-hour a day duty.

Sure enough, the break did come. Oh, not as easy as all that. There was the small job with WNEW, a local radio station.

Then the graduation to WOR. By this time Patti had an inkling that she was heading straight for a singing career, so she gave up the dental job and its regular Saturday pay-check to devote her afternoons to making the rounds of audition directors.

And, friends, if you don't think that requires nerve, show me ten people who will give up a secure position just on a slim hope!

It was the audition at Columbia which clinched it for her. Last winter she made her debut on Jack Pearl's Peter Pfeiffer program and Columbia thinks there are big doings ahead for her on the airwaves.

The night that she made her first network appearance, she received a telegram of congratulations from the old Boy Friend. She wired back one word:

"Thanks."

Maybe when he reads this story, he'll know just what she meant.

The End

They Called Him
"Pipes"
(Continued from page 37)

became Stuart and the skinny little kid developed into a romantic singer who could get his listeners in a ga-ga mood. Because his voice and his boyish good looks fit in just swell with soft lights and sweet music and expensive, modernistic daddies, he was quickly grabbed by the more elegant of the New York night clubs. The Embassy, El Morrocce, the Versailles, the Westchester, Bath Club, for instance—where a ham sandwich is paid for with a gift edged security and you're liable to find a Whitney floating around in your soup.

Stuart was looker-on to the high jinks of the hoity-tottles and in no time at all he found himself calling the socials of Park Avenue by their pet names. He played Cupid to several society romances, John Jacob Astor and Tucky French, for instance, would trip to El Morrocce nightly to hear Stuart sing "Melancholy Baby" for them. It was guaranteed to put him in that hand-holding, melting-eyed mood.

Stu was present at one of the most lavish weddings in the social calendar, the Winston Guest-Helen McCann nuptials which united two old families and fortunes. The reception lasted all day, and take his word for it, never have so many orchids, so many diamonds, or so much champagne ever been crowded under one roof.

Do you want the lowdown on what society folks do to keep from getting bored? Stuart reports that at the Westchester Bath Club the main sport at night would be for the guests to start pushing each other, clothes and all, into the pool. Heaven only knows how many two-hundred-dollar de Pinna full dress suits or Hattie Carnegie creations were thus ruined.

Stu got his radio job in a most accidental manner. It was just about the time that Dick Himber and Joey Nash, his former vocalist, had a falling out. Himber staggered into the Versailles one night, heard Stu and walked out with a new singer.

Stu likes radio better than singing in night clubs. "The hours are much saner—and so are the people."

The End

'Scuse It, Please!

Remember that little yarn about Kathleen Wells which appeared in RADIO STARS far last July. It stated the blue-singing Katey was released from WHOM in New Jersey because the station was in financial difficulties. Now comes a letter from Harry O'Melia, WHOM president, saying, "At no time has Station WHOM been in financial difficulties, and especially at the time of which she speaks."

So that there can be no misunderstanding, we want readers who are interested to know the facts of the case, which are as presented by Mr. O'Melia. For its error, RADIO STARS offers regrets.
You Don't Need Beauty

(Continued from page 25)

upholstered one yawned for the elfin body of the star. Accustomed to a place among the socially élite, and a leading light of the smart literary and artistic set, she completely ignored the distinction and made for one of the small chairs.

"Here's your place, Miss Hayes," the director pointed out.

"Oh, I fit better into this one!" She smiled, and at the next rehearsal the larger chair was missing, undoubtedly at her request.

Later on the director called time for lunch. He invited Miss Hayes to a restaurant in Radio City, along with the sponsor, explaining that there really wouldn't be time to frequent her usual rendezvous, the smart Park Avenue restaurants, hotels or clubs.

"Is everyone going?" she asked.

The rest of the company, she learned, were remaining.

"Oh, let us all have our lunch here together," she suggested. And along with the director, the sponsor and the rest of the cast she munched sandwiches, sipped a malted milk out of a container.

Hollywood, with its caste system, its cliques of stars, featured players, bit performers and atmosphere hangers-on, all of whom keep to their particular sphere on pain of complete social annihilation, would be horrified. I think Helen gets pretty bored with that sort of thing, even after such successes as "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," "A Farewell to Arms," "Another Language," and many others. Pictures never held the lure for her to which most of the great ones of the stage ultimately succumbed. Probably that is because money means so little to her. She spends as she goes and, except for a trust fund for little Mary, she never has made any effort to insure material security. In her work, her husband and their child she already has found it.

Her contract with M-G-M calls for two more pictures but they permit her to fit the time with her stage engagements, and this fall she is to open in a new play, so the picture work will be deferred. During the summer she remained East with Charlie, who was making pictures in Astoria (remember "The Scoundrel?")

Never before has she been so happy. "To watch a rose grow," she says, "to get down on my knees in my garden and nurture it tenderly, spreading the bone-meal around with my fingers, feeling the kindness and closeness of the good earth is the most exciting, absorbing and satisfying of careers. And radio permits me to have that and my work, too!... And then there is Charlie, that good-looking, witty, irresponsible genius, who is her perfect companion, her dearest friend. And there will be more children. That is very important.

Years ago MacArthur sent her this telegram:

"Darling, if you worry me you'll never be contented, but you'll never be bored exclamation point."

I know she never has been bored. And I am sure she is contented.

He is, of course, a delightfully interesting person—and an enfant terrible.

Listen to this:

When the Lux Radio Theatre was putting on "Peg o' My Heart," starring Margaret Sullivan and Bramwell Fletcher, Miss Sullivan suddenly was stricken with laryngitis. It was 12:45 on the Sunday afternoon of the broadcast, then scheduled for 2:30. The agency that put on the show was faced with the almost impossible task of securing a star to go on the air without any rehearsal.

Desperate, they called the MacArthur home at Nyack. Charlie answered. He and Helen were having their usual Sunday "brunch"—a combination breakfast and lunch.

Helen heard this conversation:

"Um hum?... I see... oh yes... I see—um hum... right away... yes... goodbye."

NOBODY CAN CALL HER A "SLOW POKE" NOW!

She can do a big pan of dishes in 3 minutes—let her tell you how

Rinso's rich sud's loosen grease in a flash—dishes come bright and clean in no time. Wonderful for the week's washing too. Soaks clothes whiter—safely—without scrubbing or boiling. Great in washers.
RADIO STARS

FREE SAMPLE

DEMONSTRATES

DOUBLY EFFECTIVE

MARRIAGE HYGIENE

"I have used

BORO-PHENO-FORMS

FOR 17 YEARS AND

WOULDN'T BE

WITHOUT THEM"

Says MRS. A. B.

Doctor's Prescription

WINS PRAISE OF

Millions...

Over 45 Years of Supreme

Satisfaction for Users!

"MARRIAGE HYGIENE"—how much

depends on those two words! Supreme

happiness for those who find a dependable

way—until misery of doubt and fear for

those who do not. Why take needless risks?

Why experiment with uncertain liquids and

solutions, which, if not actually poisons, have

only dangerously brief effectiveness? Dainty,

convenient Boro-Pheno-Form suppositories

offer DOUBLE effectiveness—IMMEDIATE

effectiveness on application, CONTINUED

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Send now for the liberal FREE SAMPLE

which demonstrates Boro-Pheno-Form superior-

ity so convincingly. Learn from your own

experience how convenient it is. No bulky

apparatus. No danger of overdose or burns.

Can be used in perfect secrecy too—no telltale

antiseptic odor. Originated as a doctor's pre-

scription for his own practice, Boro-Pheno-Form

was quickly swamped nation-wide popularity.

Thousands have written of uninterrupted satis-

faction for 5, 12, 17, 20 years and longer.

Send no money, merely mail the coupon

below for YOUR FREE SAMPLE and an in-

formative booklet, "The Answer," which will

shed welcome light on the perplexing prob-

lem of "Marriage Hygiene." Mail the coupon
today!

Dr. Pierre Chemical Co., Dept. R-30

162 N. Franklin St., Chicago, Illinois.

Dr. Pierre's BORO-PHENO-FORM

Mail Coupon for FREE SAMPLE

DR. PIERRE CHEMICAL CO.—Dept. R-30

162 N. Franklin St., Chicago, Illinois

Rush me FREE SAMPLE of Boro-Pheno-Form an*

FREE BOOKLET of Marriage Hygiene Facts.

None

Address.............................................State.

Jessica

(Continued from page 43)

said: "I see no interest. I do not wish

to try for any part." Then she rolled her

eyes provocatively at the surprised man,

and marched out.

"I've got to talk to you," he yelled,

running after her. "I think you're just the

person we need."

He led Jessica into Morris Green's san-

tum, buzzed into Mr. Green's ear exctily.

"Then things happened fast," Jessica
told me laughingly. "Mr. Green dismissed

the important-looking actress he was in-

terviewing, and porters rushed back and

forth, pulling out a piano for me."

Royally they waved her to the piano

stool. "Sing something," both men com-

manded. Jessica could hardly control her

laughter. She sang, still with her put-on

French accent, The Sunshine of Your

Smile.

"Wonderful," they said, when the last

clear, sweet note had died away. "But

what are we going to do with you? How

will the public feel about your accent? If

only you could speak English better."

She pretended to be greatly hurt, and

drew herself up stiffly to her entire five

feet one and a half inches. Regally she

pouted. "I sisk I speak ze English very

tell. I speak as good as you."

"Yes, yes," they said placatingly. "But

that French accent."

For an hour they kept Jessica there,

correcting her pronunciation, coaching her

in English idioms. Then, when she

thought the game had gone far enough,

she spoke in her perfectly normal English.

They were flabbergasted, furious. Im-

mediately their interest in her ceased.

No, they couldn't use her for this day. They

haven't forgiven me," Jessica told me.

And the people she worked with in

radio also learned that she wasn't the

spineless, fragile, weak-willed songbird

they'd been reading about. Ask the Coca

Cola people. They'll tell you. Do you re-

member when she was under contract to

them as Vivian, the Coca Cola girl? Viv-

ian was supposed to be a refined, charm-

ing girl who traveled around the country,

followed by two adoring suitors, Jimmy

and Freddie. One week, when Jessica came

for a rehearsal, she found that the part

written for her was not in keeping with

Vivian's character. She was expected to
act the part of a cabaret singer. Common sense told her that a wealthy, inexperienced young girl would not turn cabaret entertainer overnight. She explained this to the director.

"You don't like the part we've given you," he said impatiently. "OK, we'll give it to someone else this week. We'll write you out of the script."

"But I'm supposed to be in it," she said. "Why not change the script a little?"

"What's the matter, sister," he sneered. "Are you afraid the show wouldn't be any good without you?"

"I know it wouldn't be any good without me," Jessica said in her quiet way. "P.S. The script was changed."

Another time when Jessica revealed the fighting spirit of a young modern was four years ago. She was having a great deal of trouble with her sponsors, who insisted that she change the type of her program. It had too much high-brow music. It was jazz she wanted. And it was jazz they meant to give it!

Do you think Jessica said: "Yes, sirs," meekly, blushed and hid, as accounts would have you believe she does? Like a defiant little squirrel, shoulders thrown back, tiny chin protruding, she stood her ground. And convinced the men she was right. Not only that, but ever since her contracts have read that she alone has the right to select her own singing numbers.

But these were only flashes, kept carefully concealed from the public. It would never do to let them learn that their angel with the nightingale's voice was really a shrewd business woman, quietly confident of her own abilities.

Not till the present year did the modern Jessica emerge, triumphant at last. And the cutting of her hair stands as a symbol—the only visible token of the bitter emotional strife that has been going on inside little Miss Dragonette. It is the decisive round in a long, hard-fought battle.

Remember this. Three years ago most girls already had done away with their long tresses. It was cooler. It was easier to comb. Short hair made you look years younger.

Jessica longed to cut her honey-colored, waist-length hair and be like other girls. First her family dissuaded her. So did her business advisers. And when her fans got wind of what she planned to do, they wrote in, objecting. She wouldn't seem like "our Jessica" if she cut off that luxurious head of hair; she'd be just another girl. And the illusion would be spoiled.

For millions of photographs had been sent out of Jessica with her long, wavy hair, and that's the way they pictured her. To Jessica, the millions of her admiring fans are her life. They always come first. She no more dreamed of tearing down the illusionary figure they had built up of her than you or I would of murdering our best friend. So Jessica did nothing. But inwardly she kept thinking about it.

Then suddenly, on June 19th of this year, she got a hair-cut. Risking her sponsor's wrath. Jeopardizing her affection and mine, taking a chance on casting down the ideal we have built up. Why? Because the hidden, human side of Jessica conquered, overthrew once and for ever the old-fashioned image that had been created.

**HE LOOKS FOR A "Yes" IN YOUR EYES**

How to give them tantalizing allure by framing them with long, seductive lashes

EYES say more than lips ever can... so make-up must begin with the lashes... in 40 seconds Winx Mascara gives new beauty to skimpy lashes, lifeless eyes.

For only 10¢ you can improve your appearance greatly—you'll never know how beautiful your eyes can be until you try Winx Mascara—so buy it today.

I present Winx Mascara in two convenient forms—Winx Emollient (cake) and Winx Creamy Liquid (bottle). You can apply Winx perfectly, instantly, easily with the dainty brush that comes with each package. Each form is the climax of years of pioneering in eye beautification—each is smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—each is scientifically approved.

Buy whichever form of Winx Mascara you prefer today. See how quickly Winx glorifies your lashes. Note Winx superiority—refuse any substitute. And think of it—long, lovely lashes are yours so inexpensively, so easily.

**Louise Ross**

**WINX**

Eye Beautifiers

**10¢**

Winx Cake Mascara—far years the most popular form of all. So easy to apply. Its soothing emollient oils keep lashes soft, silky.


A Winx Eyebrow Pencil molds and shapes the brows with charming curves.

Winx Eye Shadow gives depth and glamour to the eyes.
THE NAKED EYE!

To your naked eye, it probably looks as if the country were full of women more beautiful than you, about to steal your best beau! Probably that's the trouble—your naked eye! Try slipping your lashes into Kurlash. Lol! Your lashes are curled up in a fascinating sweep like a movie star's, looking twice as long, dark and glamorous. Your eyes sparkle (that's more light entering!), are deeper and more colorful! No heat—no cosmetics! $1, at stores near you.

I know what it must have cost Jessica to do this. But I also know that once she realized it was right for her to do it, she went ahead, unflinchingly.

The immediate cause of her hair shaving was her moving picture, in which she sings two songs. For years Jessica has been vowing that she would make no pictures. All her time and attention, she said, belonged to her radio audience, her first love. Besides, she privately admitted, she didn't think she was pretty enough for pictures...

After Jessica saw the first rushes of her film, she decided to cut her hair, come what might. Paramount officials provided the impetus. "Why in heaven's name," they argued, "don't you cut your hair? Every other girl wants to look young. And you deliberately make yourself appear years older, wearing that lovely hair in a bun like an old lady?"

Tired and discouraged, Jessica went home that night. She looked at herself in the mirror, fingered her spun-gold hair. And her heart was as tumultuous, swelling river, straining to burst its dams.

Rebellion seethed within her. Rebellion against the publicity men, who had branded her as a tissue-paper doll. Rebellion against her business advisers who dared tell the woman, Jessica Dragonette, what to do. And before her eyes there floated a vision—the vision of what she would look like with her hair cut. She knew in her heart that the Paramount officials were right, that she would look years younger. Let me be a human being," she prayed silently.

And then she exulted in a new freedom. No longer would her wings be pinioned. Once and forever she cast off the bondage of the figure she had outgrown.

"It took me a whole day to get my hair cut," she said. "Nobody wanted to do it. I went to my regular hairdresser, and she turned me down flat."

"What, the woman said in horror, 'cut off that long mass of lovely hair? You must be crazy!'" So Jessica went to a beauty-parlor. Her perusal of the operator was adamant. It wasn't till she visited a strange hairdresser that the job finally was done.

With her new hair-cut, shoulder length, Jessica looks about sixteen. In fact, she looks so enchanting that when the Paramount officials saw the new bob, they begged her to make retakes. So the Jessica you will see in pictures will be the girl with bobbed hair.

And now her full personality, that of a "regular" girl, is apparent even to the blindest. People are beginning to look at her with different eyes. They worshipped the Jessica whom they considered an angel; but they adore this human Jessica. This courageous, altogether real, girl. One with faults like you and me. With a temper, which she has strained for years to control. "My temper," she told me, "is worse than the kind that makes you want to throw things at people. When I get angry I freeze up externally and get all choked up inside. I go as far away as possible from the person who's angered me."

She doesn't get angry often, and never allows herself to get angry before a broadcast. Any violent emotion interferes with singing. And her singing must come first.

But you can always tell when Jessica is reaching the boiling point. Her blue eyes shoot sparks, "South American looks," her friends tell her.

When someone circulates false, or half-baked stories about her, it makes her furious. Like the time a story was printed that she had chased someone out of her studio, saying: "I am Jessica Dragonette. This is my studio. You're not allowed in here!"

The real facts? Here they are:

"One day I was sitting in the studio before a rehearsal," she told me. "I noticed a fine-looking gentleman peering in. Very evidently looking for someone."

Jessica smiled. He came forward. "Are you the young English lady who is waiting for me?" he asked.

"I'm afraid not," Jessica replied. He excused himself and went out. That's all the writer of the story saw. So he used his imagination.

But he didn't see the gentleman, Captain Davis, come back a minute later.

"Please forgive me," the Captain begged, "for not recognizing you. You are Jessica Dragonette, who sings over the air. When was last laid up in hospital? used to wait eagerly for your programs."

Jessica and the Captain began to talk, as would any normal girl and man under similar circumstances. And it ended with Jessica's going to lunch with him!

In line with your guessing for the true Jessica, she has not turned down offers for personal appearances this year, as heretofore. Within the past year she has made more personal appearances than in all the other years combined. She even appeared before the Sales Convention of the Motion Picture executives, and actually made a speech!

On her last vacation she learned to pilot an aquaplane, something that would have been forbidden to the Jessica of old. One morning Jessica, out at Ventnor, New Jersey, got it into her head that she wanted to learn to pilot an aquaplane, that she'd enjoy the thrill of skimming over the bounding waves. Now the water in Ventnor is pretty rough, with what boats sail back and forth. You can dive, it's really taking quite a chance to go out on one of the planes by yourself.

Everyone Jessica knew was aghast when she said she was going to learn to ride one. "Why, you can't even dive," they said. What if you break an aquaplane should capsize? You must be careful of what you do."

But Jessica was sick of being the mustn't-take-chances star. Fearlessly she rode the waves. And when the backwash of a passing boat threw her off balance, almost breaking her wrist. Her friends stood on the shore, waving their hands. Their darling Jessica had been hurt! But Jessica just picked herself up, twisted her wrist a few times to relieve the strain, and hopped back again on the plane, laughing as she rode off.

Yet though you may not believe this, Jessica claims nothing has changed about her. As for changing her personality, she says that's all nonsense—it's just that people are beginning to see the true Jessica Dragonette.

Frankly, I think she's wrong—that she has changed more than she herself realizes. What do you think?

THE END
“Can it be TRUE?”
WOMEN GASPED WHEN THEY SAW
THE CHARM AND BEAUTY OF
VENETIAN BLINDS

FOR ONLY
15¢

“THEY LOOK
SO EXPENSIVE
I THOUGHT I
MUST BE
DREAMING!”

New Kind of
CLOPAY WINDOW SHADE
AMazes WOMEN!

“I DON’T think there’s anything as smart
for windows as Venetian blinds—but
they’ve always been way out of my reach.
So you can imagine how thrilled I was to
discover that I could achieve this same
fashionable, luxurious effect with CLOPAYS
—for only fifteen cents a window!”

These gorgeous new CLOPAY “Venice”
shades are literally taking the country by
storm! For they now make it possible for
the first time for every home to have that
expensive Venetian blind effect thousands
have envied but few could afford! No won-
der these new CLOPAY 15¢ “Venice” shades
have become the rage almost overnight!

Can’t Crack, Fray or Pinhole!
Best of all, these thrilling new shades are
made from famous, durable CLOPAY fibre.
Won’t crack or fray. Pinholed texture
makes them roll easily, hang straight and
resist wear. No cracking, no fraying, no
pinholing to make them look shabby. See
the new “Venice” pattern—and 20 other
beautiful patterns and rich plain colors at
your nearest store. Send 3¢ stamp for color sam-
ples to Clopay Corporation, 1504 York St., Cincin-
nati, Ohio.

Introducing Miss
Radio Stars

(Continued from page 29)

from the very beginning. At the age ofive, Neila’s pudgy fingers were already
plucking tunes on the piano. She was go-
ing to be a concert pianist. Go on the
stage. Taste the glory and fame that had
been snatched from her mother.

When Neila was in the “growing up”
years, the Goodelles left New York for
the lure of gold in the Florida land boom.
Here she met Burton Thatcher, the singer,
and made a bargain with him to play his
accompaniments in return for vocal les-
sions. Through this arrangement she gained
entrée into the Winter mansions of the
Stotesburys, the Huttons and the Vander-
bilts, and over the piano tops she cooed
at the Captains of Industry. One of these
Captains fell for the cooing and sent her
to New York with a letter of introduction
to some theatrical friends. The letter was
partly responsible for her winning a schol-
arship to the Berkshire Playhouse, where
Katharine Hepburn and Alexander Kirk-
land were among those who were learning
how to walk gracefully on to a stage.

“Neila” at the time was Helen Goodelle.
“Alexander Kirkland thought it sounded
too kitcheny for an actress,” she explains.
“He said: ‘Pronounce Helen backwards
and spell it to fit,’ and there I was! I even
had a christening. I was wrapped in a
huge white sheet like a baby and Alex-
der dumped a big pitcher of ice water
over my head.”

Dripping little Helen became siren Neila,
and from then on her life managed to fit
that de luxe name.

There was that experience in a New
York café, for instance. This was several
months later, after Neila had been seen
in the Playhouse by Theresa Helburn of
the theater Guild and placed in the Gar-
rick Gaieties. The season in the Gaieties
was as much fun as a college prom, but
since mother was back home Neila went
her own way and blew her one hundred
and twenty-five per on the silliest doodads.
That’s why she grabbed the first job
offered her, even though it was singing
in a club that you couldn’t exactly take
your visiting Aunt Lydia to.

About that experience, though—two men
wanted to take her home and then decided
to settle the argument by pulling out guns.
Neila, who gets the jitters at the sight of
a firecracker, ran screaming from the
place. The next night occurred the raid
of the club, accompanied by more guns
and screams, and Neila found herself
shoved out in the street, tickled pink to
have the skin left on her bones.

Here Iney (pet name for Inez, who is
Mrs. Goodelle) stepped in and took con-
trol once more. The master-of-ceremonies
of that night club got Neila a job singing
at the Rice-Carlton in Philadelphia. And
it was there that Neila was to run smack
into Heart Throbs No. 1—and also into the
fact that she couldn’t take her life and live it
as she pleased.

His college boy whose dad owned
a good share of the city. Now that in
itself was enough to turn any girl's head. Add to it a perfectly disarming grin, the most attentive stare and a long road on which stopped at the best parties in town and you have a picture of Neila being rushed right off her 4 A.M. She was dizzy with happiness the night he gave her his fraternity ring.

But Iney wasn't. "He drinks too much," she told Neila. They were having one of their "after-midnight" talks in Iney's bedroom. Neila laughed, then stormed her disagreement. Oh—all right, better to give in to Iney's strange request. She'd wait a month. Test him.

For several weeks he was on his best behavior, and Neila flipped the fashion magazine pages looking at bridal gowns. One day she got a hurry call to come to New York for a few days. "We'll be married when I get back," she promised. She was still lovestruck.

When she did return, he wasn't at the station to meet her. He was at the infirmary, she was told. She saw him there, in an ugly, drunken stupor. "He's been on a continuous tear since you left him." Was she to rush home to the comforting arms of Iney, but not before she first switched a jewelled frat pin from her dress into an envelope and slipped it under his door.

Score one for wanna.

That stroke of judgment made Neila the most combined "mother's girl." Iney advised her about contracts, about her diet and what shade of lipstick to smear on her lips. And the advice, take it from Neila, was good. Otherwise she would never have got that chance to take Jane Froman's role in the "fad-collared and "Follies". Nor would she have met Heart Pulser No. Two.

Iney had warned her about taking the job. Oh, strictly business principles. No hint of the Love Menace at the time. "The show will keep you out of New York for about a year, and in that time the managers here will forget you." But Neila thought she saw in this her Big Chance.

In every city she was dated and fêted and tossed over. But that all seemed a Sunday-school trip compared to the Big Rush the Movie Star gave her when the "Follies" played California. I can't reveal his name here, but his flashing grin and his six feet of magnetism has caused a flurry in every movie house. Night after night Neila received his telegrams in her dressing-room, but she thought it was a joke of one of the boys in the show. Well, you could have topped her over with a false eyelash when this star appeared in her dressing-room one night—in person—with a bunch of velvet orchids in his hands.

The next day there was luncheon with him, breezing through Beverly Hills in that gleaming silver projectile of a car. Introductions to Swanson and Lombard and Deanna at the Brown Derby. Then to his home, where he had a genuine Japanese valet and all the movie star trappings. By this time Neila's arm was black and blue what with her pinching herself so often. After the show that night came the Trocadero club where they gave twenty dollars a throw and movie stars get in your sherbert. Neila was still in Wonderland with a Prince Charming come to life. He was so sweet, and just dizzy enough to make himself completely irresistible. At the head of the famous winding stairs, he lifted her up and ran down the steps holding his squirming little bundle tightly. "Folks," he announced to the gay crowd below. "I got you to meet my future wife!" There were lots of giggles and congratulations and envious stares.

On the tour back East again, there were extravagant telegrams from him. He flew to New York to be with her for a few days and wanted to take her back to Hollywood as his bride. Neila's head was whirling in the clouds as she rushed into Iney's room.

But it seems that mother had done some sleuthing. She learned that the man was one of those irresistible philanderers who couldn't quite stay true to one woman for very long. He had been married before—a furious and hectic courtship like this—and the marriage lasted two months. The girl had been a promising actress who had given up the stage to be his wife. Today she was doing second-rate rôles, buried in obscurity. Neila suddenly remembered his, "Give up the stage!" Was she to head for the same fate as his first wife? As she and Iney threshed out this problem together, she saw him as one who would chafe at the bit of domesticity. His pace was one dizzy joyride; she wasn't geared to his stride. How long could they stay together? And after that—what? Was another ex-wife accusing of trying to trade in on her famous ex-husband's name? Not on la Goodelle's life, thank you!

Another one of Iney's prophecies was coming true, too. After the road edition of "Follies," Neila couldn't get a grip on another show and another tour. That eight-months tour had been too long to stay away from the street that forgets names so quickly.

It was about this time that Neila got so good and mad sitting in the outer offices and hearing the familiar, "Come back tomorrow," that she decided to get married and forget all about the career.

She looked around for a lifeline and found it in the person of a famous lawyer in the Middle West. She had met him some three years ago while she was swinging in a hotel there, and he had fallen in love with her. He was twenty years older than she—well-known, rich, looked up to in the community—but he was as completely in love with her as a sixteen-year-old boy. Promised to take every advantage. "I'll settle an estate upon your parents and they'll never have to worry." If Iney were a daughter-exploiter, she would have seized this opportunity. But instead—"He's older than you and what you feel for him is admiration, not love." Then again he wants you to leave show business altogether. To settle down in a small town and be his wife. In a month you'll start thinking of Broadway and the fame and glory you might have had. That's it—you'll be a 'might have been.'

Up to that time Neila, young and impressionable, had accepted Iney's advice complacently. But now, with her career in midair, doubts began to assail her. Was mother always right? Was a career so important? Why shouldn't she have the luxury and security of an advantageous marriage?

She learned for herself when the man came to New York to see her. It was at a party. She was dancing with one of the men when he strode toward her, his face
flushed with anger and too much Bourbon. "See here!" Everyone turned around to stare. "No wife of mine is ever going to look at another man. And no more of this show business, either! You're going to live an entirely different life from now on."

So Neila could see herself cooped up, away from everything her young heart loved. Her career suddenly became very precious to her.

She crept into the apartment and flew into her mother's bedroom. "Iney! Iney!" It was a joyful war whoop. "Iney, you were right!"

She plugged down to the business of her work in dead earnest now. Men were out of the picture for the time being. And with Iney to advise, to criticize, to encourage and to manage her, she obtained a one-time spot on Al Jolson's Shell Chateau program.

"I was so nervous, my knees almost buckled under me! Jolson had to put his arm around me to hold me up."

But nerves or no nerves, it was that program which got her the present contract with Cutex. There's an interesting story about this show. Neila was originally supposed to carry the entertainment part of the program; while a society woman was to do the announcing. They auditioned this woman, and then let Neila do a little prattling herself. After listening to both, the sponsor decided to have Neila do the announcing, too. "You sound more refined," she was told. So, as things stand now, Neila will carry the complete program alone, singing, playing the piano and announcing. "Unless," she adds, "I slide under the piano from Mike fright."

Today Neila is a young woman in her early twenties, belonging to the show world where girls of her age usually have discarded one or two husbands, or have acquired a cynical attitude toward life. "Where does she get her old-fashioned common sense," asks Broadway of this girl who, in spite of her pert face and chorusy figure, has certainly not "gone Broadway." They don't know that whenever Neila shows signs of raving off into an "I'm-a-star" complex, Mrs. Goodelle merely says, "Don't forget you're still Methodist Helen Goodelle to me." It always works.

Is Mrs. Goodelle one of these possessive stage mamas who is determined to have her daughter crowd out love and marriage for the sake of the career? Or is she a woman who is weaving a sensible pattern of life for daughter—one in which marriage will take its natural place after the first thrill of applause has worn off?

I found the answer.

We were all in the Goodelles' modern white-and-blue apartment in New York's chic Fifties—Neila, Iney and myself.

"Oh, yes, I intend to get married. When?" The snub nose wrinkled. "In about two years, I guess, I'll be ready for it."

"You mean give up your career, after all, for marriage?"

Neila grinned. "Not at all. But in two years I'll really know just how my future will work out. If I'm a success, then marriage will be all I need to give me complete happiness. If I fail—well," a shrug, "at least I've had my chance. I'll never have to say, 'I might have been'!"

THE END

"No. 8"

She is easy to identify

EIGHT million women have always had to consider the time of the month in making their engagements—avoiding any strenuous activities on difficult days when Nature has handicapped them severely.

Today, a million escape this regular martyrdom, thanks to Midol. A tiny tablet, white and tasteless, is the secret of the eighth woman's perfect poise at this time. A merciful special medicine recommended by the specialists for this particular purpose. It can form no habit because it is not a narcotic. And that is all a million women had to know to accept this new comfort and freedom.

Are you a martyr to "regular" pain? Must you favor yourself, and save yourself, certain days of every month? Midol might change all this. Might have you your confident self, leading your regular life, free from "regular" pain. Even if you didn't receive complete relief from every bit of pain or discomfort, you would be certain of a measure of relief well worth while!

Doesn't the number of those now using Midol mean something? It's the knowing women who have that little aluminum case tucked in their purse. Midol is taken any time, preferably before the time of the expected pain. This precaution often avoids the pain altogether. But Midol is effective even when the pain has caught you unaware and has reached its height. It's effective for hours, so two tablets should see you through your worst day. Get these tablets in any drug store—they're usually right out on the toilet goods counter. Or you may try them free! A card addressed to Midol, 170 Varick St., New York, will bring a plainly wrapped trial box.
Miss Hey Nonny Nonny Arrives  
(Continued from page 35)

She just walked up to the secretary of George Junkins, director of station KMox, and said in her haughtiest manner. “You’d better tell Mr. Junkins Miss Thompson is here and I haven’t much time to give him.”

Mr. Junkins, amazed, consented to see her. She was ushered in. “Oh, hello George Junkins,” she said brightly.

Flabbergasted, Mr. Junkins stared at her. “Heavens!” he thought. “She must have slipped my memory. She seems to know me, well enough.”

Then she explained what she wanted. “So you think you can sing,” Mr. Junkins said weakly.

“I know I can sing.”

“Go ahead.”

She sang Rocking Chair. “You sound a little like Libby Holman,” he said. “All right, we’ll take you on at twenty-five dollars a week.”

Any other girl would have been tickled. Not Kay. “That’s not enough,” she said. “Look how much Libby gets and you sound just like her.”

“Keep still or I’ll make it twenty dollars,” he countered.

“Go ahead,” said Miss Thompson, as sassy and fresh as they come. “I’ll be making more than you will, some day.”

On the air went Kay three times a week.

“What, they pay you for making those noises that drove us crazy?” her father said.

“Something is wrong somewhere.”

In the middle of one of her first broadcasts, something happened. Now a microphone (particularly the old style one they used) is a precious, fragile, expensive thing. And at the slightest touch mine have been known to break and fall apart. Artists are always warned never to handle them. They are sacred to the fingers of the engineers alone.

But little Kay knew nothing of this. One night the mike was too high. She was in a hurry. She saw the screw that did the job. And bang! the mike had toppled over, and lay at her feet, in a hundred pieces. Kay kept on singing.

The studio officials were wild. “That mine cost us three hundred dollars,” they said. “How did you ever dare touch it? You’ll have to pay for it.”

“Pay you three hundred dollars?” she hooted. “Don’t be silly. You can’t draw blood from a turnip.”

She never did pay, either, and she kept right on singing till she was fired from her first commercial.

Then her father insisted she enter Washington University in St. Louis. He thought it might keep her out of mischief, enable him to keep an eye on his effervescent daughter, since she had to live at home. But he didn’t know her darling, Kay Thompson.

And on the principle that it was a mistake to allow learning to interfere with pleasure.

One term her family insisted she take Greek. Her sister Blanche had passed it with flying colors. Kay took it, cutting classes three quarters of the time.

When the day for the exam arrived, Kay was at a loss for once. The only words she recognized on the exam were the verb for to march, and her sorority letters. For ten minutes she sat and thought. Then she wrote on her paper: “Dear Mr. Durfy: (he was the instructor) “I am sorry I will not be able to answer these questions today. Mother has been ill and I haven’t been able to concentrate. This is no reflection upon your teaching.”

After handing in her paper she walked out, every one of the suffering students gasping at the proficiency with which she had completed a three-hour exam in ten minutes.

Mr. Durfy insisted, under the circumstances, that she take a reexam. They set the date for the end of the summer vacation. By that time Blanche had coached her sufficiently for her to get by. “My days,” Kay told me, “as a Greek student were over.”

The next year Kay decided to go to California, the land of sunshine, movie sheiks, and romance, where one could dance and swim and golf to one’s heart’s content. Unfortunately, dad refused to finance the trip. That didn’t phase Kay.

“I got a copy of Harper’s Bazaar,” she said, “and picked out all the ritzy western girl’s camps as my prey. I sat down and wrote them all the same masterpiece, asking for a job as counselor.”

She said modestly that she was terribly efficient in swimming, diving, music, and dancing, could be head of campfire, that she was a college graduate, and felt if they took her they’d be getting something worth while. And she landed a job at a camp on the Catalina Islands, at $175 for the season.

At the end of the summer, she refused to go back to St. Louis. With that $175 tucked away she would conquer the world of radio, anyway. She was all set for big time. It was easy, or so she thought.

At the very least seemed she was right. She went up to see Glenn Delyberg, in charge of programs at station KFI. He promised her a job singing.

A month later, when she came back in her very best bib and Tucker, and the job was supposed to be ready, Delyberg said he couldn’t remember her, didn’t remember any such promise.

It’s the thing that puzzled Kay ever since. Why did he do it? I think I know. I think he was an exceedingly wise man. When he met this cocky, bouncy, personable young lady, he recognized the fine talent in her voice. But, very evidently, she needed discipline, or she would ruin her career.

So he made his plans to do something about it. He taught her a lesson, once and for all. He took her down a peg or two.

Now it seemed her luck had turned for the worse. For three months she hunted a singing job, and couldn’t get one. It got so the only time she was sure of a decent meal was when one of the local sheiks took her out. Since her dad and mother kept begging this headstrong
Millions use Medicated Cream to Promote Rapid Healing

You can dress smartly—you can have lovely features—but if your skin is marred by Large Pores, Blackheads or Pimples, much of your charm is lost.

Today, millions of women use a famous medicated cream as an aid to quick healing—to improve their complexion by eliminating blackheads and reducing enlarged pores.

That cream is Noxzema Skin Cream.

Prescribed by Doctors

Noxzema was first prescribed by doctors to relieve itching Eczema, and for Burns, Scalds, Chafing and other skin irritations. Today over 12,000,000 jars are used throughout the United States, in Canada and other countries!

If your skin is Rough and Chapped—if you have Large Pores or Blackheads—if you have Pimples resulting from dust, face powder or other external causes—then by all means get a small inexpensive jar of Noxzema. Use it and see how wonderful it is.

Noxzema is not a salve—but a dainty, snow-white, medicated vanishing cream. It's so soothing, clean and easy to use.

HOW TO USE: Apply Noxzema every night after all make-up has been removed. Wash off in the morning with warm water, followed by cold water or ice. Apply a little Noxzema again before you powder as a protective powder base. Use Noxzema until skin condition is entirely relieved.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

Noxzema is sold at almost all drug and department stores. If your dealer can't supply you, send | 13¢ for a generous 25¢ trial jar—enough to bring real comfort and a big improvement in your skin. Send name and address to Noxzema Chemical Company, Dept. 511, Baltimore, Md.
BLEND

LEW

EVERY

Get

velvet and fresh!

This test will amaze you

To prove Lavena's superiority, first cleanse your face with soap. Then with cold water. Then try the 2-minute Lavena facial. You'll find your complexion looks far cleaner, cleaner.

Get a package of Lavena, the amazing oatmeal facial, today. In either 10c or 60c size.

We guarantee to refund the price of Lavena if it does not perform exactly as we say.

LAVENA

The 2-Minute Oatmeal Facial

KEEP YOUR HANDS FREE OF "CHAP"

This Hem Witch Hazel Cream—a few drops applied every day, and your hands will stay soft and smooth forever. It's completely absorbed by the skin, making your skin soft as velvet. Sold in all 10c stores.

THE E. E. HESS CO., Brook, Ind.

IRRESISTIBLE!

(Continued from page 56)

Programs Day by Day

8:00 EST (1)—Major Bowes' Amateur Hour. (Standard Brands.)
  8:15 EST (1)—Fuller's Blue. (M.S.)
  8:30 EST (1)—Good Hijinks. (Marine Products, Inc.)
  8:45 EST (1)—Luxury Theater. (Standard Oil Co. of N. J.)

9:00 EST (1)—CBS News. (CBS News.)

9:15 EST (1)—Condiments. (Standard Brands.)

9:30 EST (1)—C.R. Byrnes. (C.R. Byrnes.)

9:45 EST (1)—Edison. (Edison.)

10:00 EST (1)—RKO Radio. (RKO Radio.)

10:15 EST (1)—Perfect. (Perfect.)

11:00 EST (1)—FOX at 11. (FOX.)

11:15 EST (1)—The Great Day. (The Great Day.)

12:00 EST (1)—FOX at 12. (FOX.)

1:00 EST (1)—One Night Stand with Pike and Fink. (One Night Stand with Pike and Fink.)

2:00 EST (1)—FOX at 2. (FOX.)

3:00 EST (1)—FOX at 3. (FOX.)

4:00 EST (1)—FOX at 4. (FOX.)

5:00 EST (1)—FOX at 5. (FOX.)

6:00 EST (1)—FOX at 6. (FOX.)

7:00 EST (1)—FOX at 7. (FOX.)

8:00 EST (1)—FOX at 8. (FOX.)

9:00 EST (1)—FOX at 9. (FOX.)

10:00 EST (1)—FOX at 10. (FOX.)

11:00 EST (1)—FOX at 11. (FOX.)

12:00 EST (1)—FOX at 12. (FOX.)

1:00 EST (1)—FOX at 1. (FOX.)

2:00 EST (1)—FOX at 2. (FOX.)

3:00 EST (1)—FOX at 3. (FOX.)

4:00 EST (1)—FOX at 4. (FOX.)

5:00 EST (1)—FOX at 5. (FOX.)

6:00 EST (1)—FOX at 6. (FOX.)

7:00 EST (1)—FOX at 7. (FOX.)

8:00 EST (1)—FOX at 8. (FOX.)

9:00 EST (1)—FOX at 9. (FOX.)

10:00 EST (1)—FOX at 10. (FOX.)

11:00 EST (1)—FOX at 11. (FOX.)

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NEW FIGURES FOR OLD QUICK, SAY THOUSANDS

TO THINK I LOOKED LIKE THAT JUST A FEW WEEKS AGO!

GAINS OF 10 TO 25 POUNDS IN A FEW WEEKS REPORTED BY USERS

SKINNY people who never could gain an ounce—many who for years had seen themselves held back by a bony, gawky figure—cannot say enough in praise of this remarkable new discovery that has given them normal curves and natural attractiveness they so long had wished for—in just a few weeks!

Doctors know that the real reason why great numbers of people find it hard to gain weight is that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Now with this new discovery which combines these two vital elements in little concentrated tablets, hosts of people have put on pounds of firm flesh—in a very short time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining normal, good-looking pounds, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep—7 times more powerful!

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special cultured ale yeast imported from Europe, the richest known source of Vitamin B. By a new process this yeast is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful. Then it is ironized with 3 kinds of strengthening iron.

If you, too, are one of the many who simply need Vitamin B and iron to build them up, get these new Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist at once. Day after day, as you take them, watch skinny limbs and flat chest round out to normal attractiveness. Skin clears to natural beauty, new health comes—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and run-down you may be from lack of enough Vitamin B and iron, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only don't be deceived by the many cheaply prepared "Yeast and Iron" tablets sold in imitation of Ironized Yeast. These cheap imitations usually contain only the lowest grade of ordinary yeast and iron, and cannot possibly give the same results. Be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast. Look for "ITY" stamped on tablets.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 311, Atlanta, Ga.
NEW GRiffin BLACK Dye

Less work, no mess—just paint it on for a jet black finish which will not wear off. Gives you a “new” pair of shoes with old shoe comfort. Adds another pair of shoes to your wardrobe. Available at your favor- ite 5 and 10 cent store, or any shoe repair shop.

10c BOTTLE
GRiffin MFG. Co. BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DENISON'S PLAYS
60 YEARS OF HITS
Musical Comedies, Operettas, Grand Opera, Minstrelsy, Comedy Songs, Make-up Goods. Catalog Free.
T.S. Denison & Co. 623 S. Wabash, Dept. 25, Chicago

LEARN AT HOME
Are you adult, alert, ambitious, willing to study? Investigate LAW! We guide you step by step—furnish all texts, including 14-volume Law Library. Training prepared by leading law professors and given by members of bar. Degree of L. B. conferred. Low cost, easy terms. Send NOW for Free, 64-page "Law Training for Leadership". LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 1114-I, Chicago

STOVES AT FACTORY PRICES!
SALe CATALoG — FREE

(Continued from page 80)

Programs Day by Day

New Shoes for Old

WABC WADC WOKE WCAM WCAO WAAB WCAM WCAO WHC WREK WHK CKLW DCWR WJG FBLL WWST 9:00 CST—WBBM KGBO WHAS KFKA WABC WOKE WOKE KFCA WCAM WCAO KRM KFCA WCAM WREK WOKE WREK WREK WREK KFCA WCAM WREK WREK 8:30 EST—KGO KFCA WREK KFCA WREK WREK WREK WREK KFCA WCAM WREK WREK WREK WCAM WREK WREK 8:00 EST—KGO KFCA WREK KFCA WREK WREK WREK WREK KFCA WCAM WREK WREK WREK WCAM WREK WREK 7:30 EST—KGO KFCA WREK KFCA WREK WREK WREK WREK KFCA WCAM WREK WREK WREK WCAM WREK WREK 7:00 EST—KGO KFCA WREK KFCA WREK WREK WREK WREK KFCA WCAM WREK WREK WREK WCAM WREK WREK

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instantly transformed the blackface team into a blackface single and became "The Dixie Sunflower".

But, being a good-hearted, fun-loving Irishman underneath all that burnt cork, he spent his money like a college boy on a spree. And the audiences, being normal human beings who wanted their money's worth, demanded two blackfacers instead of one. That's how it happened that the Dixie Sunflower found himself one day without any more bookings and no money in the bank. And that's how it happened also that this same little Sunflower started the long and fateful quest for a partner.

The search brought him clear to New York. He had invested three of his last remaining nickles on a chicken pie in the Automat and was morosely nibbling it when a fellow sitting at his table clumsily spilled his cup of steaming coffee in Pat's lap. Pat got up, Irish temper riled, Irish fists poised à la Dempsey, he yelled:

"Why, you bug-eyed ape!" The coffee-spiller yelled back: "Push your bare face in, you fan-footed fool!"

Pat's anger left and he scratched his head in amazement. Why, that was strictly a Beale Street colloquialism that no one but a blackface would know. Could it be possible? Could it possibly be possible that out of all the six million people in New York, fate had contrived to steer him into that rare species of humanity—another minstrel man? They sat down and talked it over. They walked out partners. That was how Pat found Pick. Molasses found January, they both found a little fortune and radio found its bonä-fide, genu-wine minstrel men.

In spite of that varied background, Pat is a young man, still in his early thirties. He is a widower and is devoted to his five-year-old son. His wife, a former Vanities beauty, died out West on a Thursday just two months ago. Pat heard the news during a "Show Boat" rehearsal. The director offered to eliminate Molasses 'n January from the program that night so that Pat could go out to her. But Pat, who had twenty years of the severest trouping behind him, stayed until the show was over before he flew West. For somehow, it just ain't like a minstrel man to quit his show in the middle, come what may.

The End

The Story of PICK is continued on page 85

WHAT IS THE LISTENERS' LEAGUE OF AMERICA?

See Pages 6 and 8.

SCREEN ROMANCES

The Love Story Magazine of the Screen

83
The war interrupted their act and Mrs. Pick went back to kicking up her heels in the chorus so that when Pick came back there would be some nickels in the bank. But the war had given Oklahoman Pick a glimpse of the outside world and a longing to escape the tight, gray rim of the Western deserts. When he returned, he and his wife emptied their bank account and made for New York.

Then the fun began! Vaudeville just wasn't interested in a man-and-woman act. Too many of the darned things cluttering up the New York stages. But another minstrel man like himself—well, said the managers, that might do the trick. So while Mrs. Pick stayed in the hotel room sitting on the trunk to make sure the management wouldn't hold it for rent, Pick went about looking for a male blackface teammate—just at the very moment when another woebegone minstrel was hunting the Big Town for a partner.

Pick... 

The End

Three of the foremost personalities in the world of music and song discuss the future of entertainment. (Left to right) Victor Young, famous conductor and composer, maestro of Shell Chateau; Gene Buck, president of the American Society of Composers, and Al Jolson, Master of Ceremonies of Shell Chateau.
WINNERS OF THE SCRAMBLED STARS CONTEST

Will be announced in the DECEMBER ISSUE of RADIO STARS
On Sale November 1st

ONLY $4 DOWN
buys a new Remington
TYPEWRITER

Not a used or rebuilt machine.
A brand new regulation Remington Portable. Simple to operate. Full set of keys with large and small letters. Carrying case included. Use it 10 days free. You get all this for only $4 down. Remington Rand, Inc. Dept. 44-11 200 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.
Bernice Claire resumed her radio work after a summer’s absence in London, where she starred in a British musical film. She is heard in “Lavender and Old Lace,” and also in “Melodiana.”

Silver Linings

Bright interest has been aroused in the smooth singing of Lois Ravel, but not long ago it appeared there would be no interest at all. A few months ago I noticed that Lois, favorite of the fashionable niteries, was lined up for a tremendous CBS build-up with Andre Kostelanetz. Shortly be-

When he says Good-Bye

Does he mean Forever?

WILL the spell of your charm keep him thinking of you long after he says good-bye? It will...if you know the secret power of Blue Waltz Perfume!

Be one of the clever girls who have discovered how a touch of Blue Waltz Perfume on the hollow of the throat, behind the ears, along the part of your hair, gives a haunting fragrance that lingers in one’s memory. A fragrance that will irresistibly beckon him back again and again.

Blue Waltz face powder and lipstick have the same seductive fragrance as Blue Waltz Perfume. Make triply sure of your magic by using all three tonight! For your protection all Blue Waltz cosmetics are laboratory tested and certified to be pure. Only 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.

Blue Waltz

FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

Blue Waltz Perfume • Face Powder • Lipstick • Brilliantine • Cold Cream • Talc

ALONE AT LAST...

ROMANCE PAST!

“TUMS” SAYS FRIEND...

HAPPY END!

1

2

3

4

Don’t take your woes to Reno, dear—
Give him Tums—and stay right here!

WHO CARES FOR WEALTH OR HIGH POSITION
I LOVE YOUR CAREFREE DISPOSITION!

HEARTBURNS MADE YOU JUST A Louse—
NOT FIT TO HAVE AROUND THE HOUSE!

Just Try Tums After Meals!

“IF you get acid indigestion from favorite foods...but distrust those old-fashioned water-soluble antacids as I did...munch a few TUMS after meals! They’re absolutely safe, and relieve gas, heartburn or sour stomach in a jiffy!” You never know when...that’s why thousands carry the handy vest-pocket roll of TUMS with them always.

Free

A beautiful 5-color 1935–36 Calendar — Thermometer with the purchase of a 5¢ roll of TUMS or 25¢ box of Sodas (the all-vegetable laxatives). At your druggist’s.

TUMS

FOR THE TUMMY

A. H. LEWIS COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.
You simply can't expect to have sparkling eyes, a clear youthful complexion and plenty of pep, unless you insist on regular elimination. Never wait a second day. Take a beauty laxative.

Olive Tablets gently and safely help nature carry off the waste and poisonous matter in one's system; keep you looking and feeling fine and fit. And they're non-habit-forming.

Keep a box of these time-tried beauty laxatives handy for the times when nature skips a day. Three sizes, 15c-30c-60c. All druggists.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets
The Beauty Laxative

The signal "on the air" finds a cast of fifty actors weaving an intricate pattern of voices and accents to compose the radio picture of American achievements known as "America's Hour." A part of the cast is shown above in a dynamic bit before the microphones. Depicting America at work in such fields as oil, medicine, aviation and agriculture, this program is heard over WABC.

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TEMPERAMENT

Now that Sigmund Romberg is back on the air, I can tell a story. It happened just a while back, when Romberg was vacationing in Canada. One evening he attended a recital and liked the work of the harpist. Liked it so well, in fact, that he suddenly decided he would like to hear some of his own music played. He went through his pockets for a bit of paper on which to scribble his requests—and found none. So what did he do? . . . He surprised the natives by ripping off his collars, writing on it, and calmly passing it down.

However, the harpist was unimpressed. Not only did he ignore the request, it later developed that he didn't even know any of Romberg's music.

And of such are our fond and fleeting delusions of fame!

HOLLYWOOD

The Theater of the Air, that hour play you should listen to every Monday night is doing a lot to debunk the movie stars. Never does one, in watching them rehearse, find the lurid temperamental displays with which tradition has credited them. Of course, all have their character- istics. Wallace Beery sheds his coat, dis,
plays with his fireman suspenders, and manages to look pretty sloppy; Leslie Howard puffs coolly at a curve-stemmed pipe when he is not actually at the microphone; most of the gals prefer to work in bedroom slippers. However, they go at it the same way you go at a job; but, instead of saying, "Another day, another dollar," when they have finished, they usually say, "Three thousand dollars."

Danny Danker is the man behind it all. He works out in Hollywood. First, he decides whom you are to hear; then he follows that film star night and day until he signs him. He's been known to trail one to parties, to night clubs, to the mountains, and on to the lot. The movie kings and queens aren't exactly wild about making a special trip to New York, which they pay for themselves, and it takes a lot of persuasion. Danny has recently decided you shall hear Joan Crawford, Clark Gable and Greta Garbo. Crawford will probably be on in December, Gable in January. La Garbo is still at large.

LONG TIME OFF
Not long ago, just to be doing something, I asked three radio stars where they expected to be in twenty years. Gracie Allen said, "It isn't I who will be in twenty years, it's daddy, and he's in San Quentin... and not only that, I'm not answering the question. My public is."... Benay Venuta and Virginia Verrill were a little more definite. Benay says she will be doing Mary Boland roles on the legitimate stage; Virginia says she will be in California, married, and the mother of no fewer than six kids.

WRONG NUMBER
When Anne Seymour, "Grand Hotel" actress, was in the hospital recently, Jim (Fibber McGee) Jordan decided to send her a small radio that would cheer her up. With that in mind, he called the hospital. "Have you AC current in the hospital?" he asked.

"No," came the blithe answer after a moment. "No one by that name at all."

WHEN THE AUDIENCE IS AWAY
You and I have stopped in at one of the studios to watch Popeye the Sailor's efforts to come into existence as a radio star. ... A young man is standing before the microphone and reading from a script in which Popeye is stopping a runaway horse to aid a helpless child. As the scene becomes more dramatic, we notice that the young man is talking in a tone not nearly so deep as the amazing sailor's. The director who is casting the show notices it, too. He shouts: "Can you make it a little more gruff here? Just to give us an idea?"... "Sure," agrees the actor. He speaks one line gruffly, with an effort. Then he says: "I'm going to be all right. It's just a little too deep to practice."... Later, we learn that the actor they really want for the part is another fellow, Billy.
How to wash Blonde hair 2 to 4 shades lighter—safely!

Blonds, why put up with dingy, stringy, dull-looking hair? And why take chances with dyes and ordinary shampoo which might cause your hair to fade or darken? Wash your hair 2 to 4 shades lighter with Blondex—safely. Blondex is not a dye. It is a shampoo made especially to keep blonde hair light, silky, fascinatingly beautiful. It's a powder that quickly bubbles up into a foamy froth which removes the dust-laden oil film that streaks your hair. You'll be delighted the way Blondex brings back the true golden radiance to faded blonde hair—makes natural blonde hair more beautiful than ever. Try it today. Sold in all good drug and department stores.

Ladies and gentlemen, we present Mr. and Mrs. Lanny Ross. Mrs. Ross is the former Olive White, who for three years has been Lanny's personal representative and business manager. She will continue in that capacity, retaining her name, Olive White. The marriage took place July 29th at Millbrook, N. Y.

Costello, who does Popeye for the cartoon movies. The voice has to be authentic, for Popeye will not clout roughneck in the script, but will use his Herculean strength to do good.

This time, we're admiring Cornelia Otis Skinner as she runs through her script. The Distinguished Service Award winner smiles occasionally with quick brightness at a man who talks to the sound effectician. He is her husband, Alden Blodgett. It has been reported—though we don't see it happen—that Bledgett is enthusiastic about sound gadgets, and has been promised the chance to manipulate them during one of his wife's programs. The gag is that each week he is told he had better wait until the next time.

SPECIAL EVENTS

Many more amazing and amusing things happen during the broadcast of a special event program than get on the air. Here's an example:

Recently, a party of broadcasters journeyed out to sea aboard the steam trawler Hekla to report the adventures of large scale fishing. Alan Kent, the suave, moustached young announcer, was along. He is a bright boy with a ready tongue, and during the first few hours aboard, kept up a steady flow of wisecracks. Finally he captured the Hekla, smiling not at all, interrupted to tell him that no man with hair on his face was allowed to sleep on the boat. Kent was incredulous, at first. He scoffed at the idea and flatly refused to harm a hair of his beloved cookie duster. But as the day wore on and the captain remained adamant, Kent gave in. It was a crestfallen announcer who de-

The Last Word

The night NTG and his Girls opened on the air, I went to the party given for him at his Paradise restaurant. Early in the morning, he asked the engineer who had handled his show how he liked it.

"Fine," said the technician, "but watch your ad libbing."

"For instance?" suggested Granny.

"That place where you turned to the girl and said, 'I'm going to play on that big thing behind you.'"

"I meant the zylophone."

"Of course. But 'Skeets' Miller was behind me and he was listening. All he had to do was say the word, and bang!—the show would have been off the air."

Who is this 'Skeets' Miller?"

Well, he's a number of things. His full name is William Burke Miller. He's tonight program manager of NBC, onetime winner of the Pulitzer prize for newspaper reporting and a most excellent guy.

I talked to him about this power to cut shows off the air, and though he didn't deny it, he did his darndest to deflate it. It seems that Janet MacRorie, who heads the NBC department of good taste, has every script that is to go on the air under scrutiny twenty-four hours before it is used. Miss MacRorie, I gather, is death on dirty imbeciles, and comes down on the vaguest of them with a whoop and a boiller. Therefore, bad taste is eliminated in her office and Mr. Miller has little to worry about—except in rare cases of boisterous ad libbing.

A bit of horse-play makes the whole world grin! Here is a novelty, showing members of the Fred Waring organization in an unconventional performance. (Left to right) Bud Hulick, Priscilla Lane, Rosemary Lane, Stella Friend, and (center) Fred Waring and Col. Stoopnagle.
Lander
FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

What did Amos say to Andy?

SEE OUR
CRAZY CAPTION CONTEST
ON PAGES 30-31

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The new Larkin Catalog is ready. Send a cent for a postcard and use to send you your free copy, but don't spend a cent for your wardrobe until you see our lovely new Edna May dresses. So stylish, so serviceable and so inexpensive! The one pictured costs you only 96c.

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Larkin Co. Inc.
664 Seneus St.,
BUFFALO, N. Y.

Radio Stars

"I FOUND OUT
that the purest tale
costs but 10c"

...and it's blended!

I tried every high-priced talcum and now I know that—now if I had a million—I couldn't buy a finer or softer powder than Lander's blended talcum. Besides—there's so much in those extra-large-size tins.

Select your favorite from these five delicate blends:
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2. Lavender and Pine
3. Sweet Pea and Gardenia
4. Orchids and Orange Blossoms
5. Carnation and Lily of the Valley

Lander alone gives you the requisite fragrances of BLENDED TALC because Lander alone has discovered the secret of blending. The secret is in the copyright.

Giant Tin
ALL DIME COUNTERS
10c

Yes, you've guessed it! It's Amos 'n' Andy! Here is Goshen, arguing as the lordly Kingfish, while Correll, in his favorite rôle of Andy, unfolds his part in the argument. And now if we only had television.

The Listeners' League Gazette

(Continued from page 91)

RADIO STARS

(Continued on page 95)
The four Lombardos and a friend enjoy a late summer outing as gay sea-dogs! (Left to Right) Carmen, Leibert, Guy and Victor. In the rear is Fred Utal.

Leap Before You Look
(Continued from page 27)

himself championing an unpopular cause, he would have dropped it. He would have looked where he was going, and he would have seen that he was heading straight for trouble. He would have seen bitter months of ostracism, of hatred facing him. And he would have turned right about.

Instead, he defied one hundred and fifty raging strikers, and with one other man he continued to work in the lumber company, because he thought he was right. And while he worked in the yard there, the strikers came and threw rocks at him.

"Scab!" was the mildest word they called him. "Traitor!" rang in his ears. People who had been his friends turned and walked away when they saw him. The superintendent took him down to the mill each day in a special car. It was not safe for him to walk on the streets alone. Strikers were lying in wait for him; men who had been his buddies before, but who would have taken his life if they'd had a chance now. Or sent him mail to the hospital.

Even when the strike ended, the men continued to hate Tiny, to blame him because they hadn't won what they asked for. No one at the mill would talk to him or associate with him. He walked among these men, his former friends, lonely and a stranger.

His whole community was down on him.

It was impossible to keep on working at that place, with the hatred a living, palpable thing he could feel in the very air he breathed. So he went to work for a sheet-metal life-boat manufacturing company. And a year later he once more leaped before he looked. And faced disaster once again. Only this time he was on the other side of the fence.

Honesty it seems almost as if he went gunning for trouble. He discovered that the company he was working for was chiseling on the salaries they paid the men. They weren't paying them what the government required. But Tiny was earning a good salary, so if he'd been wise he would have kept quiet and let the plant-owner chisel all he pleased.

But it wasn't in Tiny to do that. To the owner of the plant he went and said: "If you don't pay back every nickel you've chiseled the men out of, we'll strike."

"You're crazy!" said the owner of the plant, "you're a trouble maker—get out of here."

So Tiny led the men out in a strike. The place closed down.

Then Tiny went down to the Boiler Makers' Union and told them how the manufacturer was chiseling, and asked them not to put any of this man's boats on the big ocean steamships. He went to the United States Shipping Board in Seattle, and told them what this manufacturer was doing. They cracked down on him.

In three days the men won their strike. And the owner of the plant took every one of the strikers back except Tiny and one other man who'd helped him organize the men. Tiny was left out in the cold. "If I ever catch you so much as hanging round this place again," the owner threatened him, "I'll have you arrested."

And Tiny, desperate, bitter, disillusioned, left the United States and went up to Alaska. At an agency in Seattle they told him that they could use a webman and a trap builder in a cannery in Alaska. "That's fine," said Tiny, "I'll go."

No matter that he didn't know what a webman did, how a trap builder worked. There would be time enough to worry about that later on.

On the way up to Alaska Tiny met other workmen, some of them sturdy Norwe-
Reduces dol-
Sim-
Tiny room.
Easy
closet i
half,
his
find
too,
Heaven
famous
it,

temperature
good.
the

Bic
Pave
EASY
DEAFNESS
RILL
SEND
—
MercolizedWax
Phelactine
I
I
I
your
I
defects
particles
§

§

Powdered Saxolite—
Reduces white hair and other defects. Sim-
ply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint
wine and use daily as face lotion.

We knew you would want to see this new and charming picture of Irene Wicker, the ever increasing popular Singing Lady, with her husband, Walter Wicker. These two have worked together successfully for years. They have two children.
Every Move I Made was Torment

I thought I'd go mad with the suffering I had to bear in your absence.

That's the situation of the person who suffers from Piles! Always in pain yet dreading to seek relief, because the affliction is such a delicate one. Yet no ailment is more costly in terms of treatment than Piles. For Piles, no cure can only ruin your health and looks, but they can develop into something very serious.

Real relief for the distress due to Piles is to be had in Pile Ointment! Pile ointment instantly stops the pain and itching and checks any bleeding.

Pile ointment is effective because it is threefold in effect. First, soothing, which tends to relieve soreness and inflammation. Second, lubricating, which cases drawn parts and makes passage easy. Third, astringent, which tends to reduce swollen parts.

Real comfort! Try Pano and see how efficacious it is! Pano comes in Collapsible Tube with Detachable Pipette which prevents any application high up in the rectum where it reaches and thoroughly covers affected parts. Pano also now comes in suppository form. Pano Suppositories are Pile Ointment, simply in suppository form. Those who prefer suppositories will find Pano the most satisfactory as well as most economical.

All drug stores sell Pano-in-Tubes and Pano Suppositories. Get either today and see the relief it affords you.

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LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS, St. LT-109, Washington, D.C.

Follow This Man Service Officer No. 58 is an official seal of the Historic Women's War Service Corps. This is the seal used to stamp mail delivered to distinguished women's war service corps.

Miss Helen Bennin, 1906 State St., Utica, N. Y.; Miss Bessie Rootstock, 2704 East 13th St., Jacksonville, N. Y.; Miss Minnie Carls, 65 Carpenter Ave., Lakewood, N. Y.; Miss Mary Grier, 145 State St., New York, N. Y.; Miss Roberta A. Merle, 125 South Main St., New York, N. Y.; Miss Laura E. Bartley, 636 Maryland Ave., Utica, N. Y.; Miss William H. Barlow, 149 S. Grand Ave., Grand Rapids, L. I.; Emily Pauley, 148 Cleveland Ave., Utica, N. Y.

GIRL FAYED HAIR

Women, arise, men withdraw, naked, streaked, hairless. She swipes and color your hair at the same time with new French Hair Dye O! (230 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 6, Illinois.)


OLD FACES MADE YOUNG

5 MINUTES a day Keeps Wrinkles Away and crane age lines. This new hygienic and assured method fully explained photograph in a thrilling story book sent free upon request in plain wrapper.

PAULINE PALMER, 1920, Armory Blvd., Kansas City, Mo. Women, men, all ages, write before supply is exhausted.

Name: ____________________________
City: ____________________________
State: ____________________________
The "Grand Old Opry" program received Radio Stars Magazine's award for distinguished service to radio this month. Here is Mr. J. Percy Priest, holding the medallion, with the "Solemn Old Judge" on the other side of the microphone. The Judge is holding under his arm "Hushpuckena," the famous steamship whistle. Behind Mr. Priest is Manager Harry Stone. The other man is Uncle Dave Mason, seventy-year-old star of this increasingly popular program.

Leap Before You Look

(Continued from page 94)
LEAP BEFORE YOU LOOK
(Continued from page 96)

nouncer, then as chief announcer, and
finally after two years he was made studio
director.
Now it really looked as if Lady Luck
had kissed Tiny on both cheeks. Until
Tiny once more leaped before he looked.
He was offered a job as sales manager of
the Judson Radio Corporation, at that time
a rival of NBC.
When Tiny told his boss at NBC that
he was leaving, the man was angry.
"If you go with that outfit," he said,
"you're washed up here."
Tiny had a chance to make twice as
much with the new company. Or to lose
everything, since it was a smaller com-
pany, with less money than NBC. In two
years' time the Judson Radio Corporation
ceased to exist. Tiny found himself out
on his ear.
But he had made some good contacts
with advertising agencies. When the Jud-
son Company folded up, he got a job as
head of radio production with Erwin Wasey.
And later a chance with Benton & Bowles.
While handling the General Foods ac-
count Tiny Ruffner became interested in
a showboat program called "The Cot-
ton Queen," in Cincinnati. When Chet
Bowles later got his idea of a national
showboat program, Tiny and Atherton W.
Hohler told him how beautifully the idea
had worked on a local station. Tiny
worked out a formula for Showboat and
did the casting. The idea for the Palmo-
live show was mostly his. And now he
stands aces high in the radio world.
Because he always leaped before he looked.
He's happily married to a singer who
gave up her career for him, Florence
Kowalewska. But his wife never
knows what Tiny will do next. I doubt if Tiny
himself knows. But she does know that
whatever he does, he will go at it with
blazing disregard for consequences.
Like a man, not a jellyfish.
Undoubtedly he'll still do some mad, up-
roarious things. And somehow, I feel,
he'll come out on top, while the jellyfish
stay just where they belong, under several
feet of water.

THE END
The Listener's League Gazette

Guarantee of Satisfaction

The publishers of RADIO STARS guarantee that you will be satisfied with your purchase of each packaged product advertised in this magazine. If for any reason you are dissatisfied, RADIO STARS will replace the product or, if you prefer, refund your purchase price. In either case you have to do is send us the unused portion, accompanied by a letter outlining your complaint. This guarantee also applies if the product, in your opinion does not justify the claims made in its advertising in RADIO STARS.

Careful examination before publication and rigid censorship, plus our guarantee, enable you to buy with complete confidence the products you see advertised in this issue of RADIO STARS.

Index of Advertisers

November 1935

Although we make every effort to ensure the accuracy of this index, we take no responsibility for an occasional omission or inadvertent error.
Last Minute News Reel

Snatched from the camera as the book goes to press!

Below, an exclusive shot of Messrs. (left to right) Orville Knapp, Jan Garber, Eddie Duchin and Jimmy Grier, plotting new music at Sardi's. Right, two popular favorites of the Swift program, Morton Bowes, tenor; and Helen Marshall, soprano. Next below, three noted film players who presented over the radio scenes from their picture, "China Seas", Rosalind Russell, Clark Gable, Jean Harlow. Lower right, Paul Whiteman, Mrs. Paul, and Bing Crosby have a grand time reminiscing at Saratoga. It was Paul, you know, who gave Bing his start. Lower left, George Burns, Gracie Allen, and their adopted daughter, Sandra. They thought of getting a playmate for Sandra, but "just couldn't find anything to match her," Gracie justifiably states.
...a freshly different, more alluring color that brings to lips the sublime madness of a moon-kissed jungle night

When shapely lips are given this new, sense-stirring jungle red, tempests rage about them... and other hearts throb with impatience. "Jungle" is the most vivid shade ever put into lipstick, and the most exotic. It is divinely daring... mercilessly teasing... dangerously tempting... a truly adventurous hue, artfully created to bring rapt attention to the luscious, moist softness this lipstick also gives to lips. And is "Jungle" indelible? So much so, that its intense color becomes an actual part of you... clinging to your lips, and YOUR lips alone... all day... or, all night... savagely! See "Jungle"... use it, if you are going out to conquer!

20c at all ten cent stores

Wicked NEW shade!
JUNGLE
A brilliant, vivid brighter red

There are four other SAVAGE shades too:
TANGERINE (Orangeish)... FLAME (Fiery)... NATURAL (Blood Color)... BLUSH (Changeable)
More cigarettes are smoked today because more people know about them—they are better advertised.

But the main reason for the increase is that they are made better—made of better tobaccos; then again the tobaccos are blended—a blend of Domestic and Turkish tobaccos. Chesterfield is made of mild, ripe tobaccos. Everything that science knows about is used in making it a milder and better-tasting cigarette.

We believe you will enjoy them.
WHY HELEN HAYES QUIT HOLLYWOOD!
IRRESISTIBLE
Lovely to look at, delightful to give, and perfect for the budget that must stretch over many holiday items. A combination like this is hard to resist, especially when it is IRRESISTIBLE, the name that is synonymous with "allure" in cosmetics; with quality and real value.
If you want to be romantic as well as practical about your gift problems, ask for Irresistible Beauty Aids. They will solve your year-round cosmetic problems, too. Introduce yourself now to Irresistible Cosmetics ... to satin-soft powder, to Lip Lure that is so vivid and lasting, and to Irresistible Perfume, potent as the wine of a thousand Christmas flowers.

IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME IN ATTRACTIVE BOX — 10¢
3-PIECE IRRESISTIBLE GIFT SET — 25¢
5-PIECE IRRESISTIBLE GIFT SET IN SILK LINED BOX — 50¢

BUY
Irresistible
PERFUME and BEAUTY AIDS
IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME, FACE POWDER, ROUGE, LIP LURE,
MASCARA, COLD CREAM, COLOGNE, BRILLIANTINE, TALC.
ONLY 10¢ EACH AT ALL 5 AND 10¢ STORES
A MAN'S first swift look sometimes says . . . "You're a charming woman."
And a woman's eyes may answer . . . "You're a likeable person."
And then she smiles. Lucky for both of them if it's a lovely, quick flash of white teeth, in healthy gums.

For a glimpse of dingy teeth and tender gums can blast a budding romance in a split second!

WHY IS "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" SO COMMON?
It's very simple. The soft foods that we all eat nowadays—almost exclusively—cannot possibly give teeth and gums enough work to do to keep them healthy. They grow lazy. Deprived of the natural stimulation of hard, coarse foods, they become sensitive, tender. And then, presently, "pink tooth brush" warns you that your gums are unhealthy—susceptible to infection.

Modern dental practice suggests Ipana plus massage for several good reasons. If you will put a little extra Ipana on brush or fingertip and massage your gums every time you brush your teeth, you will understand. Rub it in thoroughly. Massage it vigorously. Do it regularly. And your mouth will feel cleaner. There will be a new and livelier tingle in your gums—new circulation, new firmness, new health.

Make Ipana plus massage a regular part of your routine. It is the dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of the teeth and gums. For with healthy gums, you've ceased to invite "pink tooth brush." You are not likely to get gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease. And you'll bring the clear and brilliant beauty of a lovely smile into any and every close-up.
LATEST STORIES OF RADIO PERSONALITIES

IT'S A DIZZY WORLD
Dizzy Dean comes to the air

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Little known partners of well known stars.

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The search for truth is dangerous. believe it or not.

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Cover by EARL CHRISTY
From the blood-drenched decks of a man o' war to the ecstasy of a sun-baked paradise isle... from the tyrannical grasp of a brutal captain to the arms of native beauties who brought them love and forgetfulness... came sixteen men from the "Bounty". Now their romantic story lives on the screens of the world... in one of the greatest entertainments since the birth of motion pictures!
**Picked up and set down by our inquiring reporter**

**ROUTINE**

For two reasons, attending Lennie Hayton’s “Hit Parade” is like seeing the same movie over and over. The first reason, of course, is that Lennie repeats so many songs from week to week; the second is his routine with his hat. It never varies.

You know about Hayton’s hat—a bedraggled felt he cherishes for the luck it brings—but do you know what he does with it? Watch.

We’re sitting in the balcony of the world’s largest studio. On the stage the orchestra has assembled and Kay Thompson’s chorus, gaw-jus gals all, is filing out from behind the wings. On Lennie’s stand is a tall stool—the kind bookkeepers use. To the right of it is a halltree. No less.

Len comes in. He is faultlessly groomed for the evening—below the ears. Above them, he isn’t. His hair is tousled and on the back of his head sits that hat.

As the orchestra makes its last discordant flourish before the opening Hayton takes the stool from the stand and sets it carefully to the left. Then he takes his hat off and sets it on the stool. A moment later, he takes the hat up, puts it on, and walks to his piano: there, he takes his hat off and hangs it on the halltree while he arranges his music on the rack. When he is finished, he takes his—

**BEHIND THE VOICE**

Curtis Arnall, “Buck Rogers” looks the part. He is husky and looks like the broad-shouldered fullback who used to crash the line for your Alma Mammy. In addition to that, his face is perpetually tanned and he has a determined glint in his eyes—though he meant to rip the dickens out of Mars. Perhaps he will do that very thing—when he gets into the 26th Century!

**BE-YOOTIFUL LADY**

You and I have dropped in to watch Irene Rich rehearse. The sound man says, as we sit down: “Have you heard the ‘Caspar Milne’s in the air.” New comic strip of the air. (Continued on page 8)

Below, proud papa Walter O’Keefe introduces his baby to Deane Janis, singer on his Camel Caravan program.

And here is Town Hall’s Fred Allen, in a scene from his movie, “Thanks a Million,” starring Dick Powell.
Radio Ramblings

HELEN HAYES, now starred in "The New Penny," is known as a great emotional actress, but she began her career as a mime and a comedienne. Her first performance on any stage was a comic impersonation of Annabelle Whitford, a famous beauty of the 1900's.

Jack Benny, who resumed his NBC laughcasts on September 29th, has decided to give up trying to be the best dressed man in Hollywood. He has bought himself a new "wash rag" scarf and considered himself pretty fancy. He couldn't find it one day and discovered that Mary Livingstone had given it to the cook to dry the dishes...

The Chica's favorite recreation is painting, mainly landscapes...Summer house by here to take a role in "Myrt and Marge," ten-year-old Lucy Gilfan flew to Chicago from New York so she'd have an extra day in the cast with her twelve-year-old actress sister, Tony...Ed McCardell has moved to Chicago, and does his Sunday broadcasts from the WBBM studios there. Ken Griffin, "Darrell Moore" in "Myrt and Marge," was admitted to Harward at the age of fifteen...Jack Major made his professional debut in his college town as "The Singing Owl"—symbol of his alma mater...Patricia Dunlop's first job, at the age of nine, was as sales-and-errand girl in her grandmother's grocery store...Art Therese, bass player and singer with Horace Heidt's Brigaders, who spends his spare time building ship models, has finally set knife to wood for a model of the "Bounty," after spending nearly a year's time and $150 in research on the historic ship...

Benay Venuta, star of radio, was thrilled the other night when Walter Winchell took J. Edgar Hoover, head "G" man, backstage to commend her on her performance. Hal Kemp uses the same James H. Kemp to sign business contracts...Lucy Monroe, lyric soprano star of "I Love a Man," plans to do "Margarit" in Max Reiner's "Faust." She has played thirty "Margarite" in grand opera...Mark Warnam sums her up by saying his hand is so dirty his new and never been picked up by the mix..."The Three Little Words" have just returned from personal appearances in Detroit and Boston...Gracie Allen is looking forward to her "Mother Juice Rhymes" she intends putting on the air...Larry Harding is at work on another song he hopes to be able to announce to the air soon.

Jack Johnstone, who authors and directs the "Buck Rogers in the 25th Century" scripts, recently decided to fine each member of his cast twenty-five cents for appearing late for rehearsal. Result? It worked quite well in six months he had collected only seventy-five cents. But the rub came when one day Jack was late. He had to pay each member twenty-five cents and there were seven in the cast...Singin' Sam has found an ideal home to indulge his yen for fishing. The stream that runs past his Indiana farm is followed through much of its course by a road. Sam simply drives to a likely spot, tries his luck, and if it is bad he keeps driving downstream until he finds an angler's paradise. If this fails, the road finally runs into a Hoosier village where fresh fish are always on sale...So Sam always returns home with a full creel.

* FREDERICS PERMANENT WAVES ARE 50% COOLER

Your hair is waved with exactly one-half the heat formerly required as a result the hair is more vibrant and alive—scintillatingly beautiful—never dry and brittle. Your finished permanent is lovelier, delightfully manageable, and so much more lasting. Even hair that is silky soft—dyed or bleached, or wiry and unruly—can be successfully waved with this new Frederics Process...Try a 50% Cooler Frederics Permanent, and know the joy of having soft, appealingly "natural" easy to manage waves.

E. FREDERICS, Inc., Dept. MM1, 255-247 East 45th St., New York, N.Y.

Kindly send me free booklet showing latest Hollywood Hair Styles and list of Authorized Frederics Franchise Salons in my vicinity.

Name.................................................. Address
City.................................................. State
and it's a woze.” Then he goes over to his turntables and starts an airplane motor to roaring by putting on a record.

After a moment, the rehearsal gets under way. First, the players are to ad lib a crowd sound for the airport scene. You and I ad lib, too. We do it by saying, behind our hand: “Oh, I had a lovely time and I'll have some coffee,” and laughing brightly.

The players run through their script quickly. Irene leans against a grand piano, puts on horn-rimmed specs, and starts to correct her lines. And we notice something. We had always known that Irene is the personality girl. Her eyes sparkle when she talks and her voice is vibrant and alive. But we had never noticed that she even smiles while frowning over her work. And she does.

STRANGEST STORIES

How odd the stories that get into circulation! Some are funny, some sad, and none can be logically explained. The uncommonly malicious tales told about Phil Lord were classics in the field, of course. They painted him a drunkard and a fraud. It was funny the way the scan-
dal mongers hopped back on his band wagon as soon as he had been exonerated. . . There are others whispered (and shouted) that are just as unfounded and can hurt just as much. One, for instance, is that Dick Powell engineered the removal of Ted Fiorito from his “Hollywood Hotel.” Even Ted will tell you they are the best of pals. Another is that Paul Whiteman started his scholarships as a gag and actually doesn’t contribute a cent toward the musical education of the winners. He pays plenty and the kids are plenty grateful. The stories that knocked Val-lee made his success that much sweeter; and was there any purpose to the tale that Victor Young had married Lee Wiley? He hadn’t, of course. . . While I’m on the subject, I had better spike another rumor that is devastating in its lurid implications. It’s whispered that Jack Benny can really play “Love in Bloom.” Well, it’s an out-and-out lie, and Jack wants you to know it.

THESE GRAY WALLS

You and I have dropped in to watch Warden Lawes rehearse his “20,000 Years in Sing Sing.” The Warden

Above, radio’s Warren Hull, now in the films, with Margaret Lindsay. Below, Lily Pons, with Jerry, trained seal in her film.

Sandra Jean Burns (above) with Daddy George and Mama Gracie. Below, Jack Benny and “Broadway Melody of 1936” girls.
is standing at the microphone, reading from his script, which has him in his office at Sing Sing talking to a new prisoner, played by Jack Arthur. “Your actions will govern your treatment here,” the Warden says. “I know, sir,” Jack answers.

At that point, the production-man, who is in the control-room, interrupts by means of a loudspeaker that brings his voice to the studio. “Don’t be so damn cheerful, Jack,” he booms. “You sound as though you’ve just had a promotion.” “Or, the Warden had asked him in for a drink,” another actor adds. So, when Jack says his lines over, his voice is a dull monotone, which is as it should be.

A moment later, Warden Lawes turns and nods gravely to us. And we notice he is wearing a striped suit, a striped shirt, and a striped tie—the only person in Sing Sing who dresses in stripes!

NEW VOICES

If you buy perfume, you know L’amour means “love” in French. Maybe you know it without buying perfume. Anyway, with Dorothy L’Amour, song specialist, whose voice you’re hearing over NBC, that’s the whole idea, because when she sings her songs, she feels the presence of an ideal lover. No special one. Just an ideal.

In case you’ve wondered what a gal has to do to feel an ideal presence three times a week, here’s her daily program. She gets up at 10:30 in the morning and breakfasts on orange juice, bacon and black tea. Then she rehearses for three hours, without any fooling. After that, she goes to the Paramount studios, where she rehearses for another hour and a half with a dramatic coach who is teaching her. For the movies, to say things as though she means them. She has no lunch because she has to run right over to still another studio and rehearse for a theater presentation act. After that she goes home to dress for work, which is singing in one of the smart late spots.

This program is spiced, incidentally, by the fact that she is very temperamental. If something goes wrong, or even when something doesn’t, she’ll stamp her feet and pout and grow very angry. She cools off quickly, though, when allowed to go to a movie.

Patti Chapin, CBS star, is another of the new voices. And she’s so darn sweet everybody calls her “Patti-cake.” Not so long ago she was a dentist’s receptionist in Atlantic City, and it’s probably for those two reasons that she doesn’t like crowds of noisy people.

For a (Continued on page 91)

ONCE this lady fairly loathed the idea of taking a laxative. Postponed it as long as she could. Hated the taste; hated the effect; hated the aftermath. Then she found out about Ex-Lax.

It tastes just like smooth, velvety, delicious chocolate. Mild and gentle in action—approximating Nature. She found it thorough, too, without over-action.

There was no need for her to keep on increasing the dose to get results. On every count she found Ex-Lax the ideal laxative. It is the best in America—according to America’s opinion of it. Because more people take Ex-Lax than any other laxative. 46 million boxes were bought last year alone. 10c and 25c boxes; at every drug store.

GUARD AGAINST Colds! Remember these common-sense rules for fighting colds—get enough sleep, eat sensibly, dress warmly, keep out of drafts, keep your feet dry, and keep regular—with Ex-Lax, the delicious chocolate laxative.

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
MM125 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.
Name. ____________________________
Address. ___________________________
(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd.,
716 Notre Dame B. W., Montreal.)

When Nature forgets—remember
EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Tune in on "Strange as it Seem", new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.
This popular star
is a model for
fashion, figure
and friendliness.

ELECTED the best-dressed woman in radio by the Mayfair Mannequin Academy, Vivienne Segal is our choice for a holiday fashion and charm expert. It happens that the Mayfair Mannequin Academy is the smartest in New York City. Gilded débutantes and professional artists' models mingle there to get their training for a "model" career. It was by this selective group that Vivienne Segal was voted the best-dressed woman in radio, with Gladys Swarthout second.

Vivienne is a perfect model to follow, whether it be in matters of figure, fashion, or friendliness. She meets people more than half-way. That's why she has so many friends. And that is an important asset to develop from a beauty standpoint. Mannequins may go in for statuesque poses, but it's the warm personality that wins the radio audience—and the attention of the beauty editor.

When I interviewed Vivienne, she was dressed for her broadcast. She was all in white, but with sparkling clips at the shoulders and belt, and sparkling bracelets on her beautifully moulded arms. Someone else might have spoiled that straight, slim simplicity of the beautiful evening gown, almost tailored in its well-cut lines, by adding a frou-frou cape or flowers. Not Vivienne. She adores clothes. She would rather shop than do anything else in the world. But she would give up shopping forever if she had to invest in fripperies.

Simplicity is a cardinal rule in dress to which Vivienne adheres. To quote Vivienne, "Sins of omission are better than sins of commission when it comes to dressing." Pin that on your mirror when it comes time to dress for your most important holiday party. It's good advice!

Another axiom of Vivienne's is: "If you dress in haste, you'll repent at leisure." Some of us have repeated in the dressing-room, where we have retired to save a little of our pride from wallflower prominence on the dance floor. Some of us have tried to sit on our hands when we became conscious of our manufacturing negligence, after it was too late to do anything about it. Some of us even have lost a job on that account, or the blossoming of a romance. Haste lays waste many a beautiful evening for the woman who must be well-groomed if she is to be well poised.

Most girls have spasms of doing things for their faces or their figures or their hands or their coiffures. Maybe on a Sunday they'll go in for a really strenuous session with their mirror and their beauty aids. Monday they'll feel so festive that they
Warm milk, as a nightcap, is one of Vivienne's favorite means of relaxation after the stress of a broadcast, when she feels too tense to think of bed and sleep.

won't bother with any beauty routine. By Thursday they'll be back in the same old rut again.

Vivienne believes that the only insurance policy that you can take out in "well-groomedness" is one that invokes system. Sunday for the pedicure, Sunday and Wednesday for the manicure, Saturday for the hair, and so on. And the figure must be watched every day—every meal, every time you're slipping into that slinky new satin or velvet that reveals the hipline so conspicuously. Vivienne has regular massages. She dotes on them as a means of relaxation as well as a means of keeping "mannequin's hips." Regular massages might not be possible for all of us, but regular exercising, and regular attention to diet most certainly are possible.

Warm milk as a nightcap is another of Vivienne's favorite means of relaxation, especially right after the stress of a broadcast when she is all keyed up and feeling more like dancing than going to bed for her beauty sleep. You see her at her cocktail bar sipping milk, a good hint for all would-be beauties around the holidays.

Vivienne (Continued on page 77)
RATINGS

At present, there are so many excellent programs on the air the judges found it quite impossible to single out the best five. Practically every important program has been considered, but unfortunately, space does not permit a complete listing. The ratings are as follows:

**** Excellent
*** Good
** Fair

The ratings of the Board of Review are a consensus of opinion of radio editors throughout the country and do not necessarily agree with the editorial opinion of Radio Stars Magazine.

There has been an amazing general improvement in radio programs. Today there is scarcely a program on the air which is without merit.

LESLE HOWARD DRAMATIC SKETCHES (NBC).
Of course, you haven’t missed one.

GRACE MOORE (NBC).
Beautiful to hear, beautiful to see.

WALLACE BEERY AND THE SHELL PROGRAM (NBC).
Just as entertaining as he is on the screen.

GENERAL MOTORS CONCERTS (NBC).
Transforming us all into confirmed music lovers.

RCA MAGIC KEY (NBC).
Always an all-star cast of guests.

WORLD PEACEWAYS (CBS).
Superb artistry, as you like it.

LESTER RIDER
Houston Chronicle, Houston, Texas
Si Steinhauer
Pittsburgh Press, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Lee Miller
Bridgport Herald, Bridgport, Conn.
Charlotte Green
Newark Evening News, Newark, N. J.
Richard G. Maffett
Florida Times-Union, Jacksonville, Fla.

James Sullivan
Louisville Times, Louisville, Ky.
R. E. Westergaard
Register & Tribune, Des Moines, la.
C. L. Kern
Indianapolis Star, Indianapolis, Ind.
Larry Walters
Chicago Tribune, Chicago, Ill.
James E. Chinn
Evening and Sunday Star, Washington, D. C.

H. Dees Filter
Kansas City Star, Kansas City, Mo.
Vivien M. Gardner
Wisconsin News, Milwaukee, Wis.
Joe Hoeffner
Buffalo Evening News, Buffalo, N. Y.
Andrew W. Toppe
Cincinnati Enquirer, Cincinnati, O.
Oscar H. Forbach
San Francisco Examiner, San Francisco, Cal.

CHESTERFIELD PROGRAM (CBS).
Billy Bons and Nina Marrion in alternate nights.

TOWN HALL TONIGHT (NBC).
Fred Allen in person.

FORD PROGRAM WITH FRED WARDING'S PENNSYLVANIANS AND STOOPNAGLE & BUDD (CBS).
Extraordinary melody and humor.

LAWRENCE TIBBETT, BARITONE, WITH DON VOORHEES AND HIS ORCHESTRA (CBS).
Powerfully good.

CAMEL CARAVAN WITH WALTER O'KEEFE, DEANE JANS AND GLEN GRAY AND THE CASA LOMA ORCHESTRA (CBS).
You'd walk a mile for this program.

PHIL BAKER WITH BEETLE, BOTTLE AND HALL KEMP'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).
A grand job.

LUX RADIO THEATRE (CBS).
Seldom less than superior.

KATE SMITH'S COFFEE TIME WITH JACK MILLER'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).
Din't miss it.

MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT (NBC).
It's been changed for the better.

PALMOLIVE BEAUTY BOX THEATRE (NBC).
Dynamic John Barclay and guests.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA (NBC).
Emphasis on the classics.

BOND BREAD WITH FRANK CRUMIT AND JULIA SANDERSON (CBS).
Favorite from away back.

MAJOR BOWES' CAPITOL FAMILY (NBC).
Almost as good as his amateurs.

NATIONAL AMATEUR NIGHT WITH RAY PERKINS (CBS).
Not quite as amusing as the Major's.

PENTHOUSE SERENADE—DON MARIO (NBC).
Don is always enjoyable.

LADY ESTHER PROGRAM WITH WAYNE KING AND ORCHESTRA (CBS) (NBC).
Instructive.

Lucky Strike Hit Parade, with Fred Astaire, Lennie Hayton, Kay Thompson and Charles Carlile (NBC).

COLUMBIA SYMPHONIC HOUR—VICTOR TAYLOR, CONDUCTOR (CBS).
Glorying the classics.

AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC WITH FRANK Munn, VIVIENNE SEGAL AND GUS HAENSCHEI'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
A favorite of long standing.

FLEISCHMANN VARIETY HOUR WITH RUDY VALLEE AND GUESTS (NBC).
Consistently above the average.

ONE MAN'S FAMILY (NBC).
Life as you know it.

CITIES SERVICE CONCERT WITH JESSICA DRAGONETTE (NBC).
Would that there were more like Jessica!

MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR (NBC).
Everybody's listening!

VOICE OF FIRESTONE WITH WILLIAM D'ALY'S ORCHESTRA, MARGARET SPEAKS AND MIXED CHORUS (NBC).
One of the finest on the air.

JELLO PROGRAM STARRING JACK BERNY, MICHAEL BARTLETT AND JOHNNY GREEN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
Making the world a better place to live in.

WALTZ TIME—FRANK Munn, TENOR; VIVIENNE SEGAL, SOPRANO; AND ABE LYMAN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
Better than ever.

FORD SUNDAY EVENING SYMPHONY—VICTOR KOLAR, CONDUCTOR (CBS).
Class with a capital C.
Why does NEMO tag its corsets:

"Your corsets—since you wear them next to your skin—need frequent washings," declares Nemo. "Not only to preserve their looks and fit, but because perspiration when allowed to remain in fine corsets actually rots away the strength of the fabric!"

A DANGER. Your corsets are made of "live" fabric—need gentle treatment. Don’t make the mistake of washing them with hot water or a strong soap! Any soap less pure than Ivory is apt to make the elastic flabby. Use chiffon-thin Ivory Flakes, made of pure Ivory Soap—"safe even for a baby’s skin."

A PRECAUTION. "If you give your corsets Ivory Flakes care you can keep them looking as they did in the fitting room," promises Nemo. "Ivory Flakes are an absolutely pure soap—they preserve the elasticity and fit, prolong the life of fine corsets!"

DO’s and DON’Ts in Corset-washing

DO use lukewarm water and pure Ivory Flakes.
DON’T use a less-pure soap—it weakens fabrics.
DO squeeze suds through, using a soft brush on soiled spots—Rinse in lukewarm water.
DON’T rub, wring or twist—it may distort the garment.
DO roll in towel and knead to remove excess moisture.
DON’T allow to remain rolled up.
DO air garment away from heat—Press fabric parts on wrong side with a moderately warm iron.
DON’T use hot iron—Don’t iron elastic.

IVORY FLAKES 99 4/10% PURE
WHEN you consider the tremendous amount of words flung over the air-waves every year on behalf of sporting events, it seems odd that sport has yet to contribute its first radio personality. There are sports broadcasters, to be sure, some of them good, some of them bad, but there is no one figure from sport itself who definitely has established himself in the field of radio. There's a strong possibility that Dizzy Dean, the flamboyant Cardinal pitching star, may yet be the man.

Guest stars from baseball, football, boxing and tennis have appeared on various commercial broadcasts, but no sport celebrity ever has been able to carry his own program over any appreciable period. The nearest approach was Babe Ruth, who was on the air thrice weekly for thirteen weeks in the spring of 1934 for a breakfast food.

The Babe, like practically every other notable sporting figure who has tried the air-waves, suffered because he is not a good reader. As an extemporaneous speaker, the Babe was fine, but he dropped into a near-drone when reading his lines. And his script, in my opinion, was the best any athlete has had to work with on the air so
Baseball's Colorful Hero, Dizzy Dean, Promises to be as Popular on the Air.

Below, Announcer Ford Bond rehearses the Dean brothers for a footlight engagement. (Lower right) Fans, meet Paul "Daffy" and Jerome "Dizzy," in the Cardinals' dugout.

It was written by Bill Slocum, veteran New York City baseball writer and Ruth's close friend for the last fifteen or twenty years.

Possibly the nearest thing to a regular sports program by an athlete, is the weekly feature of Dizzy Dean, who last year was voted, by sports editors throughout the country, the outstanding athlete in these United States. Diz goes on the air weekly for an East St. Louis, Illinois, furniture dealer when the Cardinals are at home.

It would be fitting if Dean were to be the first sports figure to establish a regular place in radio. Diz is a natural broadcaster—with or without a microphone. He loves to sound off, as ball players phrase it, has the natural instincts of a showman and positive genius for saying something that starts people talking. His background is the most interesting since the late Jack Dunn lifted Babe Ruth from a Baltimore orphanage to become baseball's brightest star.

With his brother Paul, Diz constitutes the best source of copy in the sports world. Diz, spokesman for the pair, gets headlines without benefit of performance. And, the beauty of it is, he has the (Continued on page 61)
RADIO STARS

THEY ALSO SERVE

By Dorothy Brooks

Three notables of the radio scene—Dixie Lee (top picture), who won a place of her own before she chose to be Mrs. Bing Crosby. (Center) Gertrude Berg, who reversed the process, with the help of her husband. And (below) lovely Annette Hanshaw, whose husband devotes himself to her career.

WHEN a young woman sacrifices a promising and profitable career, as a lawyer, an actress, or proprietress of a tea shoppe, and trades the ups and downs of making her own way in the world for the security of a home, a husband, and all that goes with them, her sisters beam approval. She is, of course, fulfilling a woman's natural destiny. But let a husband abandon his career to work, no matter how unselfishly, to further the career of his wife, and society is apt to view the self-sacrificing man through prejudiced eyes.

Nowhere is that viewpoint more evident than in the field of radio. Dixie Lee was applauded when she left a promising screen career to mother three babies for Bing Crosby, and incidentally to mother Bing himself, while he rose to fame he had only dreamed of before he met her. The two Bennett sisters, acclaimed as screen stars of the first magnitude, secretly envy their lesser publicized sister, Barbara, because of her happy marriage to Morton Downey, even though she abandoned a place she already had won on Page One for romance and domesticity. Margaret Livingstone bade fair to become the screen's Number One home wrecker when she resigned to become the Number One heart interest in the life of Paul Whiteman.

Those women, and the others who have done likewise, bask contentedly in their husbands' reflected glory. The world drapes figurative laurel wreaths over their brows for the "sacrifice" they have made of their own careers.

But what of the husbands who are content to remain unsung in the background, shadowed by the glamour of famous radio wives? Husbands who actually work harder to further their wives' careers than the most slave-driven 8.30-to-5.30 commuter—what is their reward? Certainly
RADIO STARS

An appreciation of the silent partners to the shining success of many of radio’s most popular favorites.

not the acclaim given to wives when the position is reversed. Indeed, they are referred to sneeringly by men who work only half as hard, and achieve far less than half as much.

Countless radio fans could tell you what Annette Hanshaw eats for breakfast, but they never heard of “Wally” Rose. Even a casual tuner-inner may have heard that Ruth Etting makes her own clothes, but will look blank if you mention Colonel Snyder. Who does not know every little detail in the rise to fame of Grace Moore? Yet how many could tell you who is Valentin Parera’s favorite singer? These radio husbands, and others similarly situated form a silent legion of unselfish men who, giving all, ask nothing.

During the war, mothers who sat behind the lines at home were given a star in recognition of their sacrifice, devotion, and silent courage. Pin a star, then, on the lapel of Herman “Wally” Rose, self-effacing and highly efficient husband of Annette Hanshaw. You might nominate Wally Hero Husband Number One. He was a highly-paid and unusually successful executive of the Columbia Recording Studios until the fateful summer day when the motor of his automobile went dead near Mt. Kisco, New York. Wally fled himself to a nearby hotel for a bite of lunch while repairs were being made. There he overheard the proprietor’s daughter singing a haunting melody, and from that day to this, Wally Rose never has had another thought for his own personal success. The hotel proprietor’s daughter, whose voice captivated the recording executive, was Annette Hanshaw, eighteen, then, with flaxen hair curling about her doll-like face.

Rose’s mission in life then and there became the advancement of Annette Hanshaw to the place in the sun which he felt she deserved. His fulfillment of that mission is attested by the success Annette subsequently enjoyed, first as a recording artist and later as a radio chanteuse. Rose gave up his job and devoted every moment of his time to the girl twenty years his junior. Shrewdly he managed her affairs; painstakingly he taught her the art of “putting over” a song. His devotion to his girl-wife has been an epic of unselfishness and consideration. Any married woman will appreciate his courage as exemplified in his deliberate encouragement of the illusion fostered among Annette’s public that she is unmarried. Because Annette’s popularity has been built largely upon her appeal to the young, Rose has bent every effort to suppress all reference to the fact that she is married.

Annette is fragile and easily upset temperamentally. So, while she lies abed until afternoon, Rose is up early bustling about the city selecting her songs, doing the thousand and one chores attendant upon radio success. One incident will illustrate his considerate care for his talented young wife. I was present one day when he painstakingly took apart a radio publication which contained a photograph Annette did not like, a picture of herself which had been released for publication by mistake and without her approval or that of Rose. With infinite patience he bound the magazine, removed the offending page, and then put the paper back together again so that Annette, perusing it, would not be upset by the picture. During the entire month the magazine was on sale, he was unremitting in his successful efforts to prevent her from seeing the photograph.

Few romances of the entertainment world are so successful as the Abie’s Irish Rose marriage of Ruth Etting and her husband-manager Colonel Snyder. The envious point to the Colonel’s luck is being married to one of the richest of radio stars. They overlook the fact that when he married Ruth, she was singing in an obscure Chicago café. Sacrificing a promising (Continued on page 65)
EYES INVITE ROMANCE

If framed by long lovely lashes

Now a wonderful new way to beautify lashes—as easy as using lipstick or rouge.

*Instantly* EVERY girl can have the romantic eyes that men adore... thanks to the latest improvement in mascaras, based on years of experience.

An up-to-the-minute *creamy* mascara! Always ready! No water required! No mixing. No bother. Easier to apply. In 40 seconds your lashes look longer, darker, more luxuriant.

Creamy Winx comes in a dainty, convenient tube, handy to use anywhere, anytime. You simply squeeze a bit of Creamy Winx on a brush and apply... it's so easy.

This new Creamy Winx keeps the lashes soft and silky, with no danger of brittleness. And, of course, this new style of Creamy Winx Mascara does not smart—it is tear-proof, smudge-proof. Absolutely harmless.

Its creamy smoothness beautifies lashes naturally, overcoming the artificial look of ordinary mascaras.

Today, buy a tube of this new Creamy Winx—to try it is to abandon all others. Black, brown or blue. At all 10¢ toilet counters.

*Other Winx Eye Beautifiers*

Winx Mascara for darkening lashes is also presented in cake and liquid—each superior in its field. For lovelier brows, use a Winx Eyebrow Pencil. For giving your eyes depth and accent, use Winx Eye Shadow.

ROSS COMPANY, 243 West 17th Street, New York City
The nimble-footed Fred Astaire, equally entertaining with his voice, has become one of radio’s favorite personalities since appearing on the program.

To the persistently popular "Lucky Strike Hit Parade," starring Fred Astaire with Lennie Hayton’s orchestra, RADIO STARS MAGAZINE presents its monthly award for Distinguished Service to Radio. Never has a livelier, more tuneful, more invigorating program brightened the airwaves. The "Lucky Strike Hit Parade" has the nation tapping its feet and humming away the blues!

Selecting the week’s fifteen most popular tunes has given the program an envied individuality and established it as something decidedly more entertaining and interesting than simply an hour of dance music. Although many of the songs continue as hits week after week, Lennie Hayton’s masterful and varied arrangements keep the numbers sparkingly new. Lennie’s arrangements don’t confuse and befuddle, but bring out and enrich the melody of the song.

The addition of Fred Astaire, whose charming sophistication is not lost on the air; the remarkably fine voices of Kay Thompson, Charles Carlile and the Rhythm Boys; the program’s flawless presentation and timeliness and the music of Lennie Hayton and his orchestra make the "Lucky Strike Hit Parade" outstanding entertainment. RADIO STARS MAGAZINE is delighted to honor it with its Distinguished Service to Radio Award!

The youthful Lennie Hayton, whose rhythmic orchestra you hear on the "Lucky Strike Hit Parade," started his mastery of the piano at the age of six.

The youthful Lennie Hayton, whose rhythmic orchestra you hear on the "Lucky Strike Hit Parade," started his mastery of the piano at the age of six.
Above are the Boswell sisters—it looks like five, but it's only Constance, Martha and Vet. The other two are what is called "atmosphere". And below are two who are heard in the "Club Continental"—Gertrude Niesen and Phil Regan.

Johnny Green (above), the youthful conductor of "In the Modern Manner", is pictured here at home in the modern manner with Mrs. Green. Radio songsters James Melton and Jane Froman (below) now are featured in a motion picture.
People You Know and Love!

New Photographs of Your Favorites of the Airwaves.

Doris Robbins, freckle-faced, titian-haired songstress, is heard nightly with Ben Pollack's orchestra. Doris is Mrs. Pollack.

Two talented music-makers (above), Lois Ravel, contralto, and Leith Stevens, orchestra director, work on a new song. Below, "Any day is unlucky when you meet Gracie Allen," says Black Cat, while husband George Burns groans.
IN THE RADIO SPOTLIGHT

Wide World

J. Fred Henry Vice-president of RADIO STARS’ presents our award for Distinguished Service to Harvey S. Firestone, Jr. Below, Fred Astaire, famous dancing and singing star.

Two who need no introduction—Grace Moore and her husband, Valentino Parera.
The Harmony Trio (above), June, Joan and Jeri (left to right) make a quartette with their accompanist, Jill (rear center). Below, Grace and Eddie Albert, "The Honeymooners."

Above, Papa Lawrence Tibbett enjoys giving Sonny a morning canter about the farm. He balks at taking the gate, however! Below, Singer Ray Heatherington timed by Harold Levy.

Nore Popular Personalities Pass in our Radio Review
Here Is One

AT the height of her screen career, Helen Hayes has turned her back on the gold and tinsel of Hollywood and said: "I'm through."

There was none of the usual contract trouble, no flare of temperament no studio quarrel. With best wishes to all, she vacated her Hollywood home, dis mantled her bungalow-dressing-room and boarded an east-bound train amid chorus of: "Why, WHY, WHY?"

Her answer, briefly, was: "I've signed a radio contract for twenty-six weeks on the air. While it has been pointed out that I could handle the broadcasting from the coast, working in pictures simultaneously I don't want to do that. I feel that if I tried to make movies at the same time. Hollywood gasped. The radio world cheered. Hollywood gasped because, in making her choice at this time, Miss Hayes turned down one of the most flattering offers ever made to a movie star: an offer of $85,000.00 to play the lead in the screen version of the Pulitzer Prize winner, "The Old Maid."

The radio world cheered because it was the first time a movie star had deserted films to turn to broadcasting. Always before it had been the other way around—the screen snatching 'talent away from the air with dazzling, extravagant offers.
To those who know her story, there was nothing strange about Helen Hayes' choice. To her friends, it seemed inevitable that she should retire from the screen.

In the first place, she has always hated the idea of being a movie star. That career is alien to her nature. A person of simple tastes, she resented the fact that she was expected to look and act like a glamour-lady of the screen. In Hollywood, surrounded by glittering constellations of beautifully gowned women, she said sadly: "I'm certainly the worst-dressed woman in America!"

Once she overheard a girl exclaim to her escort: "But it can't be Helen Hayes! No movie star would wear a shabby coat like that!" Helen was so upset she went out immediately and bought a beautiful sable wrap, commenting apologetically: "After all, a sable coat will do to cover up any kind of a dress, won't it?"

But Hollywood is a city of fine feathers, where women recline for hours on end in perfumed beauty salons; where a day is not considered wasted if it has been spent choosing a dress or a hat. It was a new world to Helen Hayes, and she never quite understood it. Her world since childhood had been one of serious, hard work. On the stage since she was nine years old, she had studied and slaved and fought her way up from children's roles to ingenue parts, and over the high hurdle to stardom.

Sleeper jumps, nightly performances, rehearsals till dawn, summer stock, meals on the fly, tedious costume fittings, and always study, study, study. If she had a moment's leisure, there were books she should read, plays to be seen, dear friends with whom she cherished an afternoon. Time always has been precious to her. She never could quite fit into the Hollywood merry-go-round, where it was considered smart to pour time and energy into the business of making a good appearance.

Then, there is her family. She always resented the way the screen interfered with her home and family life. She went to Hollywood first, not to go into movies, but to join her husband, Charles MacArthur, who was there under contract, writing scenarios. When it was announced in the New York papers that Helen Hayes—one of the stage's great ones, who never had even submitted to a screen test—was leaving for Hollywood, reporters rushed to catch her at the station. They saw her boarding the train, her baby in her arms. And to their question: "Why are you going to Hollywood?" she answered simply: "I want to be with Charlie."

Once on the Coast, she was talked into playing in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." Charlie had just finished writing the script for the film. Helen played the part and won the Academy Award with her performance. And after that the movie net tightened. Many of her admirers, for a long time, feared that she gradually would be weaned away from Broadway and an art that was more subtle than any she had a chance to exhibit on the screen.

But there never was a time when leaving for the coast wasn't a heartbreak for her. At their home in Nyack, New York, with Charlie and their child, Mary, with her flower gardens to tend and friends close by, she was happy. But she never was (Continued on page 79)

**Star Hollywood's Glittering Offers Could Not Hold**
QUEEREST thing I know is the idea you folks have that this job of mine is easy! Nothing to do, you think, but roam about the world, draw pictures, talk over the radio and make pots of money!

Let me tell you here and now that there are times when it is the toughest job in the world, times when my life is at stake. For example, how would you like to travel for days across China without a bit of food, with fleas nipping you from toe to collar-bone, with mosquitoes chawing great chunks out of your neck and ears—and all the time the heat frying you, the smells of your compartment driving you berserk? Would you, once safely arrived in civilization, go on with the job? Maybe you would—and then again, you might quit right there.

I have traveled in one hundred and eighty countries, on steamships, trains, planes, boats, camel-back, horse-back, mule-back—in rickshas, ox-carts and dog-wagons. Thrilling? Certainly it is—but only when I'm safe at home! It's thrilling chatting about my adventures over coffee taken on a clean, American porch with some friends. And how pleasant to dream about far-off places in a snug studio before a crackling log fire!

But in the jungle there is no comfort and little security. In the jungle there are no waiters—and the food can be anything from stewed grasshoppers to roasted snake. Sometimes, to save myself from hunger, I have eaten whatever strange food was set before me. To quench my thirst I have swallowed water from polluted streams. And why I have not got typhoid I do not know. Dysentery I have had several times. They call this the plague of the tropics, this illness which drains your energy. Lying day after day listlessly in bed, I have felt that any job, however wretched, was better than this one of mint with all its glamour.

Yes, I am only a reporter and only a small percentage of the oddities I talk about are the result of my own bright ideas. I have a staff of sixteen who plow their way through books and magazines in thirteen languages, medical books, old manuscripts, brittle old records. They smoke out many weird facts. And when they are no busy discovering the fantastic, they are checking the...
In Kairovan, North Africa, one of the holiest cities of the Mohammedan world, these anchors are treasured, believed to be the selfsame ones with which Noah fastened his Ark to Mt. Ararat. And in Bali, in the Dutch East Indies, the natives give more time to play than to work. Here are two holiday grotesques.

In Kairovan, North Africa, one of the holiest cities of the Mohammedan world, these anchors are treasured, believed to be the selfsame ones with which Noah fastened his Ark to Mt. Ararat. And in Bali, in the Dutch East Indies, the natives give more time to play than to work. Here are two holiday grotesques.

**STAKE!**

**jobs with anybody!**

veracity of suggestions received in the mail. People ask me how soon I shall come to the end of my oddities. The answer is—never. That part of my job is easy. I could lock myself up for ten years, never stir, and still be able to make you gasp at your loud-speaker three hundred and sixty-five days a year. And longer, too. Yes, and without repeating myself once!

Back in 1918, when I drew my first Believe It or Not cartoon for the New York Globe, I almost went crazy trying to find ideas for the next one. But as I struggled, it grew easier. The second was the hardest—the twentieth was relatively easy. It gets easier all the time and I have been at it seventeen years—and I think I could continue for one hundred and seventeen.

Something there is about human beings that drives them to doing curious things. Here, for example, is a fond father who wants to build a doll’s house for his (Continued on page 64)
WHY HAS
Grace Moore
TRIUMPHED?

She hadn't the voice for opera, nor the figure for movies, wise ones predicted.

By Katherine Albert

WHEN GRACE MOORE arrived in New York from Europe not long ago she actually was mobbed by thousands of adoring fans. They shouted and called her name and would not leave the docks until she was at last in a car en route to her hotel. Above her head a sky-writer in a swift airplane flung the legend: "Welcome Home, Grace Moore!" to the winds. At City Hall there was an official welcome.

Seldom has New York gone so wild over a radio, screen and opera personage. The hysterical greetings were like those long ago accorded to Jenny Lind.

Later that day I happened to be having cocktails with a woman who is a very close friend of Grace Moore. "I saw her in London," she told me. "The British were completely bowled over by her. Crowds mobbed her hotel, day and night. They swore they would not go away until she had sung for them. So she would stick her head out the window and sing like an angel for long minutes."

Grace's friend giggled. "Apparently her husband wasn't around. He often stops her from being so extremely impulsive. For instance, when they returned from their honeymoon the photographers wanted them to pose in a fond embrace. Grace would have loved it. But Valentino would be party to no such pose."

When you realize that all this adulation, all this mob hysteria is for a little girl from Jellico, Tennessee, a girl who was told she didn't have a good enough voice to make opera, a girl who was told she didn't have the figure to be a movie actress—well, it is amazing, isn't it?"

How did she do it? The first glimpse I, myself, had of Grace Moore was years ago in Hollywood when she was brought out by M-G-M to do "Jenny Lind." There was a lot of publicity ballyhoo about her. She rented a veritable palace on top of one of Southern California's highest hills and very shortly threw the house open with a bung-up party for the press. We swam in the pool and ate wonderful food and had a fine time. But the consensus of opinion among the women members of the press was that she wasn't a picture hot. One of them said: "She has no glamour. She's much too much a regular fellow and a grand pal. I can't believe that she has any sex appeal."

Well, a few days later, one of the boys on the staff of my
magazine was given an assignment to interview her. He came back with a dreamy look in his eyes. All he could say was: "She's wonderful! She's divine!" And that lad had interviewed every important glamour gal in Hollywood! He was utterly and completely bowled over by her as were we, soon discovered, half the men in Hollywood.

But "Jenny Lind" was a flop. They told Grace she was too fat. So she appealed to Sylvia, the most famous take-downer in Hollywood. Sylvia has told me that she has never met a woman who could take the punishment Grace could take. And beg for more. And with every slap from Sylvia, Grace would say: "I'll show 'em. You'll see—I'll show 'em."

Sylvia took her down by many, many pounds and Grace lovingly inscribed a photograph: "To Sylvia—God's gift to a prima donna."

"New Moon," with Lawrence Tibbett, followed "Jenny Lind," and, in spite of Grace's lost poundage, it, too, flopped. Grace left Hollywood. So it must be pretty gratifying to her to be going back to the M-G-M lot, loaned by Columbia at a huge figure, to make a film with Nelson Eddy. She did, you see, "show 'em."

But when she left, everyone thought that Grace Moore's star had set. The next time I saw her was at a party in New York. It was a very elegant party and there were some of the most famous stage and screen stars there—beautiful, exciting women. Most of them were more famous, more sought after than Grace Moore at the time.

Then Grace arrived. And every man in the place deserted whatever famous, beautiful woman he was talking to so he could be near Grace Moore. She was still the good scout, the regular fellow. She did not lure them with simous gestures or fluttering eyelashes. But she got 'em. Boy, how she got 'em! And in one half hour after her arrival she had all the men draped around the piano as she played and sang and said witty and amusing things.

I was talking about this one (Continued on page 7
NINO MARTINI has never said: "I love you," to any woman!
That is because these words have meaning for
him, a meaning beyond the glib assurance a
chance moon or a star-bung night can give to
men's tongues.

It goes deeper than that. This most romantic tenor of
all is afraid to love.

When a man or woman is caught up in a neurosis,
psychologists trace back through the years to the begin-
nings of that man or woman. Somewhere in their child-
hood lies the thing that is the basis for their fear and
holds them back from living completely and fully.

Martini is a little surprised, himself, that no woman has
ever touched him so deeply that life without her would
be intolerable. A psychologist would probably say the
answer is the tomb he visited as a child.

Romeo and Juliet lie in that tomb, quiet in their sleep
of all time.

Nino Martini knew about love before most boys do.
For in that city of Verona where he was born, were born,
too, the lovers held most dearly to the world's heart.
There where he had his being, Romeo and Juliet had their
being, and lived their little while and died because they
loved each other so much that neither could bear living
without the other.

That tomb was in his consciousness from the first time
impressions began to creep in upon his baby brain. For
the land surrounding it was owned by his grandfather and
his father was custodian of the young lovers' last resting
place. They took that tomb casually for the most part,
the Martinis, and Nino remembers how his mother used
to go into it to wash and prepare vegetables for the family
dinner, for it was cool in there and sheltered from the
heat of an Italian summer.

It was different with the boy. When he first began to
sing he sought seclusion in his shyness and he had discov-
ered, too, that the acoustics in this chamber fashioned of
century-old stone were perfect as a practice hall. So it
was to Romeo and Juliet that he first poured out his
heart in song.

It must have sunk deep in this sensitive boy's imagina-
tion, singing of love to those young lovers dead. When
he speaks their names it is as if he were speaking, not of
two people who have become a legend, but of a boy and a
girl whom he knows. A boy and a girl for whom he has
warmth in his voice and sympathy in his eyes.

He feels close to them. To him they are alive and
vibrant and real, his friends, who have shared the tragedy
of their love with him. They have shown him how love
can hurt and because of the hurt they found, they have
made him afraid to love.

There is no doubt that Martini has given much thought
to love.

Probing the Reason Why the Glamorous Nino Martini

By Elizabeth Benneche Petersen
"Once, long ago, there was a girl in Italy," he said slowly and there was a remembered feeling in his voice. "It was the first time a girl had filled me with tenderness. More than that, we were friends. We understood each other. There was always so much to say when we were together.

"I thought then it would always be like that and when I thought of the future I saw this girl as my wife, sharing my thoughts and love always. But I did not tell her I loved her or ask her to be my wife.

"My career was only starting and I had nothing to offer her. And even then, young as I was, I had the conviction that it is unfair to a woman to ask her to become engaged when the marriage must necessarily be years in the distance.

"My work called me away and I was gone two years. When I returned again I could not wait to see her. But from the first moment I knew it was different. She still was beautiful, even more lovely than I had remembered, and she still had the charm and intelligence that had moved me so deeply. But something was gone. The tenderness, the quickening of my heart at her smile, all the little intangible things that are a part of love.

"I was glad then I had not asked her to marry me. All my life I have wondered at men who say: 'I love you' to every girl who momentarily stirs them. For unless it lasts these words must be (Continued on page 81)
"HE CAN'T BE DEAD!"

Incredulously Helen Oelheim's warm contralto voice trembled over the wire into the office of the manager of the Metropolitan Opera House. A glance at the jewelled watch on her wrist only confirmed her disbelief in news so shocking. It was half past four. "He can't be dead!" she reiterated dazedly. "I was talking with him at quarter to four. He was well, then—cheerful. And he promised me that, even though his budget was filled, he would make a place for me at the Metropolitan this season. . . ."

But on that pleasant Friday afternoon, last May, his brain filled with plans for a brilliant new season in opera, Herbert Witherspoon had died. Probably his last act as General Manager of the Metropolitan Opera had been to promise little Miss Oelheim a place on the new season's roster.

As she slowly hung up the phone and walked away, Helen seemed still to hear his deep, rich voice speaking those rewarding words that had filled her heart with pride and hope.

At a quarter to four he had said them.

Up to that moment she had not felt that the goal of her ambition was to sing at the Met. She had had notable success in concert work, and with that and her equally successful radio engagements she had found ample outlet for her song. A pleasantly gratifying outlet, pleasantly remunerative. One that did not make excessive demands upon her time and strength. Her friends, however, estimated her stature as a singer more accurately. To please them—really to still their clamor, she felt privately—she applied for an audition at the Met. And, after a preliminary hearing, she was given an appointment to sing for Witherspoon.

She was excused early from her "Show Boat" rehearsal. In the subway she went down to the opera house, arriving three minutes before the appointed time. And, now that the moment was at hand, she found herself nervous, tense. Another singer was being heard. Then, in a moment, the secretary called "Miss Oelheim!"—mistaking the first "e" in her name.
for an "i." Irresistibly Helen began to laugh. Still laughing, she mounted the platform to sing—feeling gay and at ease, all nervousness vanished in that unexpected laughter.

The audition was a success. They asked her to sing again. Then Witherspoon said to her, in his fatherly, kind voice: "You are young. It looks like a tremendous undertaking to you. But don't be anxious. I will help you. I will take you under my wing." And as she left the opera house, it was as if she walked on rainbow-hued clouds. She felt that now her, future course was set. This wasn't just a blithe adventure for a brief season or so—something to please her friends. She wanted most earnestly now to sing at the Met. She wanted, if possible, to keep on singing there.

And now it was half past four—and the rosy clouds had vanished and the ground was hard and uneven beneath her feet. In those brief, lost moments she had found. (Continued on page 67)

from radio to Grand Opera.

It was singing the rôle of Martha, in "Faust," that brought Helen Oelheime into radio.
Below are four famous folk whom the radio has wooed with varying success. Chaplin's art of pantomime must await the advent of television. Fascinating Mae West awaits the proper vehicle for her rare gifts. Maestro Toscanini recently conducted a symphony orchestra in an especially prepared concert. And former Queen Marie of Roumania, who came too soon and upset broadcast!

Katharine Hepburn is mike-shy. She is one movie star who feels broadcasting hurts rather than helps her popularity with fans.
A Fascinating Tale of Radio's Quest for Celebrities.
A Few Still Hold Out, but Same Day They'll Capitulate.

LIKE the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, Radio always gets its man!

If you doubt it, get your newspaper and look at the radio programs. Count the celebrities—stars from Hollywood and Broadway, from Grand Opera and the concert stage...notables from the halls of government, from palaces and palazzos. They've all capitulated, except for a handful of die-hards.

There was a time when the presence of a star on a radio program was a rarity. But every year has seen radio raid the haunts of celebrities and bring them to the loudspeakers.

Paderewski is a recent recruit. Two years ago he played once for the British Broadcasting Company, a performance short-waved to this country. When it was over, he swore never to do it again.

"Too brutally mechanical," said the Polish pianist.

But the other day he changed his mind. He will play as at a concert, for an hour or more. The microphone can have all or part of his playing—but he won't play just one selection.

George Arliss is another you never have heard—but that doesn't mean that he won't broadcast, some day. Sponsors would like to sign him, but the figure has not yet been agreed upon.

Greta Garbo, also, has indicated that she could be persuaded, if a satisfactory agreement could be reached.

The only great violinist you haven't heard is Fritz Kreisler—the greatest of them all. His original objection to radio was that transmission was poor and would distort his playing. Then he refused an offer because the proposed program included several comedians. Right now he won't talk business at any price. But we still hope to hear him on the air, and confidently expect it.

Besides Kreisler, one other musical celebrity hangs back—Rachmaninoff, the justly famous Russian pianist. But he, too, may some day change his mind.

Arturo Toscanini, unquestionably the greatest orchestra conductor in the world, was on the air once only. His appearances with the Philharmonic don't count. The story goes that General Motors offered him plenty of money if he would lead their Sunday night concert—but he would not accept money.

Then they offered him a 16-cylinder automobile delivered to the door of his home in Milan, Italy—not quite realizing the kind of bargain they had made.

This offer Toscanini accepted.

The car cost $8,000 set up and ready to roll in Detroit. The duty on a car in Italy is exactly 125%. So, before counting shipping costs, the price of the gift already was $18,000. Now slap on a conservative $2,000 for transportation and it reaches a total of $20,000. Also, the automobile thus presented falls in the category of a gift, so its recipient pays no income tax on it.

All of which puts the maestro at the top of the radio money-makers.

As to royalty, all but a few have tumbled. The former German Kaiser is one man you have never heard. Recently, when asked to speak, he said: "My well-known principles of modesty forbid it."

Stalin, top man in Soviet Russia, won't even answer the invitation to go on the air. Gandhi was difficult to get. Also the King of Siam. They dwelt so far away from wires and good radio facilities it was physically impossible to bring them to you. However, when Gandhi came to London and Siam's monarch came to New York, they submitted gracefully.

Which reminds me of Bertha Brainard's story of Queen Marie of Roumania's (Continued on page 95)
The top-ranking tenor of radio, James Melton, is a sailor by avocation. He owns a cabin-yacht, and whenever cir-
cumstances permit he sails the open seas. He is one of the few to crash radio, by singing outside of Roxy’s office. He was born in Moultrie, Georgia, on January 2nd, 1904. His wife is Marjorie McClure Melton, a writer, and they live in a New York penthouse. James also likes to hunt wild game when he is in the Maine woods. And likes to cook it!
Even the more discerning autograph-seekers frequently mistake this alluring young radio starlet for that elusive elf of Hollywood, Katharine Hepburn. But Betty Lou Gerson, whose performances over the air-waves already have won her a large and enthusiastic following, doesn’t mind—so long as she can continue to autograph interesting radio contracts. Rumor whispers that she soon may be a party to another contract—when she can find time to name the day.
Rosemary Lane, who with her sister, Priscilla, contributes many a bright spot to the Fred Waring program, is one of the most winning of radio’s younger stars. With an enormous zest for life, Rosemary finds everything interesting, even the long hours and hard work of rehearsals. It is that quality of enthusiasm which so delights listeners.
Meet Patti from Atlantic City! Three months after her network debut as a sustaining artist, young Patti Chapin was engaged as the featured singer on the "Family Hotel" program, starring Jack Pearl. More recently, she was established in her own program—heard every Monday. Patti also is featured now on her outstanding broadcasts. There's no keeping Patti down!
BY RUTH GERI

ALL DAY the sun sears the plains of Eritrea with brutal, relentless fire, till at last night descends with its equally cruel frost. In their drab, brown tents, the Italian soldiers huddle together, wondering if it perhaps is not better to search all day than to shiver all night. Over there, just a few feet over the border in Ethiopia, death may be hiding in ambush. But tonight it is Sunday and they are still alive and there must be amusement to distract a soldier from the grimness of war. The radio—cards—a cigarette...

In the communications tent a serious, darkly handsome lieutenant bends over his receiving set. It is lucky, he thinks, that he is a sound-engineer and that the set is perhaps the best in all Africa...

Far away in Chicago, a friendly noonday sun shines down on the whiteness of the Wrigley Building rising from the banks of the Chicago River. Outside, leisurely strollers promenade Michigan Avenue on their way from church. Within, although it is Sunday, there is as much bustle as ever in the Columbia Broadcasting Studios, for radio knows no day of rest.

A slim, blonde girl stands before a microphone. An engineer raises his hand. All right, take it away! And the limpid, sweet voice of Vivien della Chiesa is loosed on the air waves, to bring beauty and joy into a million homes; to go out even across a continent and an ocean to distant Africa.

Surely it is a long way from Chicago to Ethiopia, and Premier Mussolini’s quarrel with the Ethiopians is a dim, distant catastrophe which one reads about in the papers while enjoying a nice, warm breakfast. And yet from the silken-haired girl at the microphone in Chicago, to the dark, tragic Italian lieutenant bent breathlessly over his radio, there stretches a fragile, tenuous thread of sound, binding them with a golden cord of music and love. And if there is a shadow of a tear in her blue eyes as she sings the tender words of a love song, it is because of the fear clutching at her heart for her loved one. And if he, in far-off Africa, smiles as he catches the echo of her beloved voice, it is because it is good to know that least she is safe and it is comforting to hear her sweet tones in the wilderness.

Love came riding over the waves to pretty eighteen-year-old Vivien della Chiesa on the wings of Balboa Armada—that splendid fleet of seaplanes which can bear the good will of the Italian people to the Chicago World’s Fair in 1933. Vivien, just out of high school, never dreaming that fame was to come to her so soon, went down to Grant Park, with so many other Italian girls, waving a flag and shouting a greeting. Almost immediately her interest centered in just one of all the handsome, bronzed, intrepid fliers, who speedily were whisked away for a royal reception. It didn’t matter that they were gone so soon. Vivien counted herself lucky indeed that she would see him again at the banquet where she was to sing, which was to be tendered the heroes by the Italian organization to which her mother and father belonged.

She blushed prettily as all the dashing Italian visitors...
complimented her for the beauty and charm of her voice, but when he came she stood there awkward and tongue-tied. He was curious about her name. Did she perhaps come from the town of Chiesa? he asked.

“No, I was born right here in Chicago and I’ve never been to Italy, but my family come from there—they take their name from the village,” she replied, hating herself for blushing a deep crimson and thankful that she had studied her Italian so well. Of course, he had meant to use it only for the opera, but to what sweet purpose she now saw he was putting it!

“But, how fortunate!” he exclaimed. “My family, too, are from Chiesa!”

Of course, Mr. and Mrs. della Chiesa must meet Lieutenant Emil Finardi, who was, so to speak, almost a neighbor. Certainly, they knew the Finardis although they could not remember this Emil who must have been running around, no bigger than a tadpole, when they had left Italy for America. With true Italian hospitality, Vivien’s mother greeted this son of an old friend, pressing upon him eager invitations. But surely he must come to supper with them one night and tell them of his father and mother and eat good home-cooked vermicelli and spaghetti.

If Mrs. Chiesa secretly nursed any matchmaking scheme for capturing so distinguished a son-in-law, it was for Vera, her beautiful elder daughter. Vivien, too, when she dared to think at all, sighed hopelessly; for what chance had she, little more than a schoolgirl, against her sister? But from the first Emil had eyes only for Vivien, whose hair was the color of sweet, yellow Lombardy wine and eyes like blue Italian lakes and a voice which rightly should one day echo in the famous La Scala—Vivien, who was yet but a baby, as mama said.

But at eighteen one is not too young to understand the quickening of the heart and the unspoken words in a man’s eyes, and so quickly (for time was so pitifully short) these two—young Vivien (Continued on page 66)
SECRETS of the LUX RADIO THEATRE

The first program to broadcast full length plays with famous stage stars

By Dora Albert

Musicals may come and go on the air, but there is one dramatic program, the Lux Radio Theatre, which seems destined to go on forever. It has brought us John Boles and Miriam Hopkins in “Seventh Heaven,” Tallulah Bankhead’s “Let Us Be Gay,” Claudette Colbert’s “Holiday,” Leslie Howard’s “Romantic Age,” Wallace Beery’s inimitable portrait of “Lightnin’,” and Helen Hayes’ tender “Peg o’ My Heart.”

Over forty hit shows have been produced already, and there’s a new one on the boards each week.

Already the program, which started last October, has built up three legends, the Broadway legend, the legend of America and the Hollywood legend. Probably Broadway has the sanest viewpoint. It regards the Lux Radio Theatre as the smartest bit of dramatic showmanship on the air, and also as a glittering show window where Broadway topnotchers can parade their wares. To America at large the Lux Radio Theatre is a glorified road show, bringing Broadway to the most isolated sections of the country. Hollywood sees it as an opportunity for a grand and glorious week-end, an exciting and thrilling house-party created for the special benefit of Hollywood stars. Lupe Velez flies to New York, dashes around town, appears for one thrilling hour on the air, earns enough money to pay for a whole week’s jamboree!

At any rate, everyone agrees that the Lux Radio Theatre is unique. It has brought more stars into one studio than any other program. It has produced more fireworks, more comedy, and more heartache behind the scenes than any other program.

You’ve heard that Wallace Beery worked with his suspenders hanging down over his great fat stomach. Remember that? It’s a symbol. Speaking figuratively, all the stars worked that way.

Claudette Colbert lay down in the middle of the rehearsal right on the floor of the studio—said it helped to straighten her spine when she lay that way.

Tallulah Bankhead has claustrophobia (fear of small confined spaces), so she couldn’t bear to stay in one room for an hour at a time. During the middle of rehearsal she would take a walk round the block. He
first introduction to the other people in her cast and to her director was amazing. The studio was located in an out-of-the-way spot, so she hunted all over the place for it. Then she stuck her head into the room and yelled, "For heaven’s sake, you so-and-so, how the devil did you find this place?"

The actors do all they can to help themselves and the rest of the cast get the illusion of a real show. When Ina Claire played a dual rôle in "Polly with a Past," she wore a black hat and lots of pearls for her rôle as Paulette, the adventuress, but took off her hat and pearls when she played simple, sweet Polly. When Paul Muni said he was accustomed to grabbing his hat in a certain scene in "Counsellor-at-Law," they gave him a hat rack to play with.

James Cagney wasn't the least bit temperamental. He said he was a little tired of socking ladies with grapefruit, but he was perfectly willing to have one of the actresses in the cast sock him with a grapefruit as a publicity gag.

The most amazing thing about the Lux Radio Theatre, however, is not the glamour of the personalities involved, fascinating as they are, but the fact that anyone had the courage to put the program on the air at all. The idea of a dramatic show wasn't new, but nobody ever had ventured to try it before. There was too much money and time involved; it was too big a gamble. When an agency, which had considered the idea for years, finally decided to try it, all the wise guys along Broadway hooted. "Who'll listen to a full-hour dramatic show?" they clamored. "Why, it's insane! It's ridiculous! Music is what people want. No one can ever make America sit still and listen to drama for one solid hour."

I was among the people who thought the idea would be a failure. As did thousands of other people far wiser, far more experienced in radio show business than I.

But the hour went on the air. On October 14th, 1934, Miriam Hopkins and John Boles appeared in "Seventh Heaven." The atmosphere of the studio was as tense as if this were the première of a great Broadway play. There were no dowagers present in ermine, it is true. There were no bald-headed men watching the play from the front row. There were no women from the upper crust of society in the audience, loaded down with pearls. In fact, there was no audience at all, save three or four men who had moulded the program.

But everything else that belongs to a first night was there. The fear. The uncertainty. The tenseness and the excitement. The leading lady tearing a handkerchief to pieces in her nervousness, going through every gesture, every movement as though she were appearing on a real stage instead of just before a mike that had ears, but no eyes with which to see her. At the (Continued on page 70)
Two favorites of the air now are teamed by Paramount in their new musical picture, "Collegiate." Joe Penner, the duck man, and Frances Langford, sparkling contralto of radio, will both be seen and heard in this most delightful comedy of events that transpire when Jack Oakie inherits a girls' school. Frances was notably successful in her first movie, "Every Night at Eight." And she will continue to function as one of the glittering galaxy of "Hollywood Hotel."

Lovely Gladys Swarthout, star of the Metropolitan Opera, and star of the air-waves, now is one of the principals, with John Boles, in Paramount Pictures' musical romance, "The Rose of the Rancho." The stars are pictured here in a between-scenes chat at the studio ranch, where they were engaged in filming a gay fiesta scene which climaxes the picture. The huge sombrero which Miss Swarthout is holding is one of several which she uses in her "Sombrero Dance."
IF I WERE RADIO'S MIGHTY MOGUL

By Fred Allen

If I were the mighty mogul of the airwaves:
All lone cowboys in radio would have to find a friend. This would stop them from being lonesome and assure them of at least one listener.

All bridge experts who explain intricate plays over the air would be made dummy for the duration of the series.

The Secretary of Agriculture would be contacted regarding a back-to-the-farm movement for radio hill-billies. This would make it possible to walk around Radio City without tripping over banjos and ten-gallon hats. It would also send a lot of yodelers back to the 'hills of the Bronx.

A new day would dawn for announcers. The Allen-controlled program would have no commercial sales talk.

Under my system the selling would be done in the listener’s home. Announcers throughout the country would hurry from dwelling to dwelling, tapping on the door and asking folks what they’re tuning in on. "Bide-a-Wee Biscuits, starring Noel Coward," the folks might say. Right away the announcers rattle off the Bide-a-Wee sales talk. This puts thousands more announcers to work. They wear out thousands more shoes.

The author goes into action before the mike—with his prescription for ridding radio of some of its chief annoyances.
That wise and genial philosopher of Town Hall fame, Fred Allen, speaks out of turn.

Which puts thousands more tanners to work. Which plays the devil with the mortality rate among cattle—but who cares?

I would also take the amateur situation in hand. Gongs must go. They should be restored to their rightful owners—Chinese mandarins—whose servants whang them to announce callers and dinner. I would sponsor a series of programs on which well-known amateurs give professionals a break. They would hold professional contests and the winners would have a chance to appear on the amateur vaudeville units which are sweeping the country.

I would take drastic steps in overhauling the comedy situation. All big broadcasting buildings would have de luxe barber shops, where the comics would be forced to have the whiskers snipped off their jokes. No gag writer could sell the same joke to more than three funny men at the same time. There would be a Mae West joke to end all Mae West jokes.

All jokes would be brought up to date. To wit: "The neighborhood was so tough that when the goldfish got hungry they climbed out of their bowls and chased the cats up alleys." The neighborhood, when I finished with it, would be so tough that when the cats got hungry they hi-jacked a milkman.

When Eddie Cantor and I, as children, were playing before packed houses—on the sidewalk in front of tenements—they used to define college-bred as a four-year loaf.

Panced up for modern usage, college graduation becomes a ceremony where students get a sheepskin after four years of wool-gathering.

On second thought I'd end up by sending all radio comedians to a nudist camp—just because I like the comic strips, Graham!

Blues singers would be given something to cry about. My staff would hire Jersey mosquitoes who'd got melancholia from biting vacationing blue bloods. These doleful little winged fellows would be kept on hand in case the singer unconsciously fell into a happy mood. At the first sign of gaiety, drilling would begin and the young lady soon would become as sad as a fan dancer when the moulting season comes.

Character actors would be limited to a dozen voices each. This would put more of them to work and reduce the breadline, where for months they've been causing disturbances by returning for third and fourth helpings, each time under another disguise.

Symphony orchestras would be directed by men with pronounceable names. If it's impossible to find a baton-waver named Smith, let his name be changed. This would immediately increase the popularity of classical music. People would be able to say: "Did you hear Smith conducting the Philharmonic last night?" Instead of: "Did you hear Vlad-er—that Russian—er—skip it."

Kiddie hours would be presented in much larger studios. These would accommodate all parents and relatives. Then the programs wouldn't have to be broadcast.

Script shows continued from week to week would end (Continued on page 78)
TO THIS day Ted Husing doesn't know how it happened—just who it was that yanked him out of bed, like clockwork, every fifteen minutes, one dreary morning. When Ted, tired from a late broadcast, wanted nothing more than a nice morning's snooze.

The first phone call to break the sound of his rhythmic snoring came at 5:30 A.M. In case you'd like to know, just at that moment Mr. Richard Himber, as dignified-appearing and studious-looking a gentleman as ever trod on shoe leather, was in the Pennsylvania station, on the last lap of his personal appearance tour.

The phone rang again, like the clang of a fire bell. It kept on ringing. Sleepily Ted reached for it. A stern voice said: "This is Western Union calling. We have a wire to call you at 5:30 A.M. today."

"What?" yelled the outraged Ted. "It's a mistake!"

"Sorry, sir," said Richard Himber, and hung up. 5:45 A.M. Ted Husing's phone rang again. This time a high-pitched, girlish voice said cheerily: "Good morning, Mr. Husing. This is Postal Telegraph. It is 5:45 A.M. We have a call to wake you then."

I don't have to tell you what Ted answered. By this time he realized it was a gag.

But Dick wasn't through, not by a long shot. At 6 A.M. Ted was back in bed when the phone rang ominously. "This is RCA Communications," said a low-pitched, he-mannish voice. "We have a call to ring Columbus 4-5450 at 6 A.M."

Then Husing let loose. He was furious. And his vocabulary is pretty extensive when he loses his temper. "I pity the joker when I lay my hands on him!" he yelled.

Having done his good deed for the day, Himber went about his business.

This is the same Dick Himber, paradox, who took an unemployed musician, who was desperate, and gave him a job. At a small salary, it is true, but sufficient to keep his wife and baby.

For two weeks he kept this young violinist on his payroll, and the young man's fingers were all thumbs. Now that he had got his chance, he was too nervous to make the most of it—to make any kind of a showing.

Now Himber hates discord in music. His sensitive ear will detect the slightest sharpening of a note. Toward the other members of the band, when they played off-key, he showed no mercy. Yet never a word of reproach did he utter to this boy.

Three weeks passed. Still the young violinist was no good. Then one day Himber sent for him. Tremblingly, the violinist came to his office, certain that this meant dismissal—"And," he added, "I've been watching your work, kid, and you're doing fine. Beginning with next week you get a five-dollar raise."

I don't have to tell you that the violinist did a Marathon to the bank. And that the next day when he came to rehearsal, all his nervousness was gone. He just had to make good. And he has!

When I mentioned this incident to Himmel, good natured, fat, indolent-looking, he blushed like a child, squirmed and said: "Aw, forget it. I didn't know anyone knew about that. The kid just lacked self-confidence, that was all. Anyone would have done the same."

The most unusual, most paradoxical figure alone, Radio Row, Dick Himber. (Continued on page 58;
**GOSSIP AT A GLANCE**

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<th>Birthday</th>
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**Birthday**
- Jan. 27
- April 1
- July 8
- May 2
- Jan. 21
- May 26
- Aug. 20
- July 10
- Aug. 7
- July 16
- Feb. 19
- Mar. 29
- July 18
- July 10
- July 22

**Weight**
- 138 lbs
- 163 lbs
- 115 lbs
- 170 lbs
- 115 lbs
- 160 lbs
- 200 lbs
- 120 lbs
- 155 lbs
- 190 lbs
- 110 lbs
- 220 lbs
- 105 lbs
- 180 lbs
- 128 lbs

**Height**
- 5'7½"
- 6'0"
- 5'4"
- 5'9"
- 5'4"
- 5'10"
- 5'9½"
- 5'7½"
- 5'5½"
- 6'0"
- 5'3½"
- 6'¼"
- 5'2"
- 5'5½"
- 5'6"

**Hair**
- Gold
- Black
- Dark Brown
- Brown
- Blonde
- Brown
- Brown
- Red-Brown
- Brown
- Dark Brown
- Blonde

**Married?**
- She says "No"
- Nope
- Yes, with kids
- You bet
- Yes
- Yes-s-s
- He is
- No
- See item
- See item
- See item
- Yes
- Nope

49
YEARS ago, in Fall River, Mass., to be exact, a young boy by the name of Phil Baker earned the large sum of one dollar for an act he put on in the local vaudeville house there. And to this day Phil remembers that ninety cents of that hard-earned dollar went for a single meal—the first square meal he had had in days!

Quite a feast, that must have been, although details of the dishes he ordered are now sadly lacking. But I dare say they included some of the same dishes that he likes to this day. For though Phil Baker nowadays is "tops" in the field of entertainment and, with his new Gulf program on Sunday nights, has one of the best and most highly-paid spots on the air, his food tastes have changed but little from the time when a single dollar bill represented his entire earthly wealth.

That is true of most well-known people in the Radio game, I find. Whereas you may hear colorful (and possibly exaggerated) tales of Wall Street plungers who celebrate a killing in the market with champagne dinners, roast pheasant and out-of-season delicacies, you’ll seldom find a Radio star splurging that way. If he once liked corn beef and cabbage—back in the days before a sponsor and a coast-to-coast hook-up boosted him into the money class—the star of the air-waves sees no reason to pretend that he now prefers caviar, Crépes Suzette and the like. The idea that success (and consequent affluence) changes a fellow (or gal) into an epicure and food faddist overnight is entirely false in most cases. Certainly the foods Phil Baker likes to this day are the simplest sort imaginable. Actually only one odd, expensive, dish was mentioned in all our conversation about the things he likes to eat.

But let’s hurry on out to Phil’s home for an interview. Doubtless you are as curious as I was to inspect his new house, as well as to learn about his food preferences.

The Bakers live in a lovely large, white house with green shutters, in a New York suburb overlooking Long Island Sound. I half expected to have “Bottle,” that impeccable butler of Phil’s broadcasts, greet me at the door of the house, but there is no man-servant to “butter” for Baker off the air. Instead, a quiet colored girl opened the door and ushered me into the homey living-room with its cheery scheme of bright (Continued on page 72)
"I enjoy the added zest that comes with smoking a Camel"

Mrs. Jasper Morgan

When not occupying her town house, Mrs. Morgan is at Westbury, Long Island. "Mildness is important in a cigarette," she says. "I'm sure that is one reason everyone is enthusiastic about Camels. And I never tire of their flavor." The fact that Camels are milder makes a big difference.

Young Mrs. Jasper Morgan's town house is one of the most individual in New York, with the spacious charm of its two terraces. "Town is a busy place during the season," she says. "There is so much to do, so much entertaining. And the more people do, the more they seem to smoke—

and certainly Camels are the popular cigarette. If I'm tired from the rush of things, I notice that smoking a Camel revives my energy in a pleasant way. And I find their flavor most agreeable." Camel spends millions more every year for finer, more expensive tobaccos. Get a "lift" with a Camel.

In summer Mrs. Morgan is keenly interested in yachting. "Another thing that makes me like Camels so much," she says, "is that they never affect my nerves. I suppose that is because of the finer tobaccos in Camels. Smoking Camels never upsets your nerves.

Camels are Milder!...made from finer, more expensive tobaccos...Turkish and Domestic...than any other popular brand.
Favorite of countless radio fans, Frank Parker. Having finished his mov- ie, "Sweet Surrender," now is back on the air in the stellar role in "The Atlantic Family." Frank enacts the part of Frank Gibbons, a cele- brated radio singer who tours the Atlantic sea- board with the Fultons.
Put new life into Under Skin

See outer skin bloom...Faultless!

Deep-skin Cream reaches beginnings of Common Skin Faults

What annoys you most when you peer into the mirror?

Blackheads dotting your nose? Lines on forehead? Little blemishes? If you could only start new—with a satin-clear skin!

And you can!—by putting new life into your underskin! There’s where skin faults begin. And there’s where you must work to get rid of them.

Your underskin is made up of tiny nerves, blood vessels, glands and fibres. Kept active—they rush life to your outer skin—free it of flaws. Annoying lines, blackheads, blemishes are a sign your underskin is losing its vigor!

To keep that underskin pulsating with life—stimulate it deep with Pond’s Cold Cream. Made of specially processed oils, it seeps down the pore through cloggings of dirt...make-up...skin secretions. Out they flow—leaving your skin fresher, immediately clearer.

But Pond’s Cold Cream does still more! Pat in more cream briskly. Circulation quickens, little glands get busy. Now pores reduce, blemishes go away, lines begin to fade!

A double-benefit treatment

Every Night, pat in Pond’s Cold Cream to uproot clogging make-up and dirt. Wipe off. Now pat in fresh Cream—for underskin stimulation!

Every Morning, and before make-up, refresh your skin with Pond’s Cold Cream. It smooths your skin for powdering.

Pond’s Cold Cream is absolutely pure. Germs cannot live in it.

Special 9-Treatment Tube

POND’S, Dept. M128 Clinton Conn., I enclose 10c (to cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond’s Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond’s Creams and 5 different shades of Pond’s Face Powder.

Name:

Street:

City:

Copyright, 1933, Pond’s Extract Company

53
Dear Junior Listeners:

On this page you will find the latest programs. And bits of news of popular child stars of the radio.

7:00 EST (7)—Jolly Bill and Jane. NBC Service to WEAF only. (Monday to Saturday inclusive.)

8:00 EST (8)—Square — children's story with Malcolm Clarke. NBC Service Chicago to WEF and network. (Monday to Saturday inclusive.)

8:15 EST (9)—Taps—children's dramatic sketch. NBC Service to WJZ and network. (Monday to Saturday inclusive.)

9:00 EST (10)—Sunday Morning at Aunt Susan's.

9:15 EST (11)—WACD WADC WABD WABO CKLY WJMS WCAU WEAN WPEL WMBR WMAB WLIW WBBF WIGE WFBW WGBP WILX WDCM WMBR WGRB WCEH WDDF WOAA WHLB WASS WHIH WEDC WSMR WABA WFTW WABC WLDK WUBB WACW WJKC WJDC WBBF WDCM WSMR WABA WFTW WABC WLDK WUBB WACW WJKC WJDC WBBF WDCM WSMR.

9:15 EST (12)—WABC WADC WABD WABO CKLY WJMS WCAU WEAN WPEL WMBR WMAB WLIW WBBF WIGE WFBW WGBP WILX WDCM WMBR WGRB WCEH WDDF WOAA WHLB WASS WHIH WEDC WSMR WABA WFTW WABC WLDK WUBB WACW WJKC WJDC WBBF WDCM WSMR.

9:30 EST (13)—Junior Radio Journal—Bill Slater. (Saturday only.)

10:00 EST (14)—Let's Pretend—Children's Program. (Saturday only.)

11:00 EST (15)—Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabin. NBC Service to WEAF and network. (Sunday only.)

12:15 EST (16)—The Gangs. Radio Sketch. Sponsored by Corn Products Refining Co. to WUNI. (Monday, Wednesday and Friday.)

12:30 EST (17)—Wednesday—Jack Armstrong, All American Boy. (Monday to Friday inclusive.)

12:45 EST (18)—Little Orphan Annie—Children's Dramatic Stories. (Libby, McVeil and Lilly.) (Monday, Wednesday and Friday.)

13:15 EST (19)—The Adventures of Sam and Dick—Sketch. (Monday and Friday.)

13:30 EST (20)—Animal News Club—Children's program featuring Lou Rogers, cartoonist and entertainer. (Wednesday only.)

13:45 EST (21)—Aunt, Our Aunt! NBC Service to WJZ and network. (Tuesdays only.)

14:00 EST (22)—Jack Armstrong, All American Boy. (Monday, Wednesday, Thursday.)

14:15 EST (23)—Wednesday—The Gangs. Radio Sketch. Sponsored by Corn Products Refining Co. to WUNI. (Tuesday.)

14:30 EST (24)—Jack Armstrong, All American Boy. (Monday, Wednesday, Friday.)

14:45 EST (25)—Wednesday—Jack Armstrong, All American Boy. (Wednesday.)

15:00 EST (26)—The Gangs. Radio Sketch. Sponsored by Corn Products Refining Co. to WUNI. (Tuesday.)

15:15 EST (27)—Wednesday—The Gangs. Radio Sketch. Sponsored by Corn Products Refining Co. to WUNI. (Wednesday.)

15:30 EST (28)—Jack Armstrong, All American Boy. (Wednesday.)

15:45 EST (29)—Wednesday—The Gangs. Radio Sketch. Sponsored by Corn Products Refining Co. to WUNI. (Wednesday.)

16:00 EST (30)—The Gangs. Radio Sketch. Sponsored by Corn Products Refining Co. to WUNI. (Wednesday.)

16:15 EST (31)—Wednesday—The Gangs. Radio Sketch. Sponsored by Corn Products Refining Co. to WUNI. (Wednesday.)

16:30 EST (32)—Jack Armstrong, All American Boy. (Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday.)

16:45 EST (33)—Wednesday—The Gangs. Radio Sketch. Sponsored by Corn Products Refining Co. to WUNI. (Wednesday.)

17:00 EST (34)—The Gangs. Radio Sketch. Sponsored by Corn Products Refining Co. to WUNI. (Wednesday.)

17:15 EST (35)—Wednesday—The Gangs. Radio Sketch. Sponsored by Corn Products Refining Co. to WUNI. (Wednesday.)

17:30 EST (36)—Jack Armstrong, All American Boy. (Wednesday.)

17:45 EST (37)—Wednesday—The Gangs. Radio Sketch. Sponsored by Corn Products Refining Co. to WUNI. (Wednesday.)

18:00 EST (38)—The Gangs. Radio Sketch. Sponsored by Corn Products Refining Co. to WUNI. (Wednesday.)

18:15 EST (39)—Wednesday—The Gangs. Radio Sketch. Sponsored by Corn Products Refining Co. to WUNI. (Wednesday.)

18:30 EST (40)—Jack Armstrong, All American Boy. (Wednesday.)

18:45 EST (41)—Wednesday—The Gangs. Radio Sketch. Sponsored by Corn Products Refining Co. to WUNI. (Wednesday.)

19:00 EST (42)—The Gangs. Radio Sketch. Sponsored by Corn Products Refining Co. to WUNI. (Wednesday.)

19:15 EST (43)—Wednesday—The Gangs. Radio Sketch. Sponsored by Corn Products Refining Co. to WUNI. (Wednesday.)

19:30 EST (44)—Jack Armstrong, All American Boy. (Wednesday.)

19:45 EST (45)—Wednesday—The Gangs. Radio Sketch. Sponsored by Corn Products Refining Co. to WUNI. (Wednesday.)

20:00 EST (46)—The Gangs. Radio Sketch. Sponsored by Corn Products Refining Co. to WUNI. (Wednesday.)

20:15 EST (47)—Wednesday—The Gangs. Radio Sketch. Sponsored by Corn Products Refining Co. to WUNI. (Wednesday.)

20:30 EST (48)—Jack Armstrong, All American Boy. (Wednesday.)

20:45 EST (49)—Wednesday—The Gangs. Radio Sketch. Sponsored by Corn Products Refining Co. to WUNI. (Wednesday.)

21:00 EST (50)—The Gangs. Radio Sketch. Sponsored by Corn Products Refining Co. to WUNI. (Wednesday.)

21:15 EST (51)—Wednesday—The Gangs. Radio Sketch. Sponsored by Corn Products Refining Co. to WUNI. (Wednesday.)

21:30 EST (52)—Jack Armstrong, All American Boy. (Wednesday.)

21:45 EST (53)—Wednesday—The Gangs. Radio Sketch. Sponsored by Corn Products Refining Co. to WUNI. (Wednesday.)

22:00 EST (54)—The Gangs. Radio Sketch. Sponsored by Corn Products Refining Co. to WUNI. (Wednesday.)

22:15 EST (55)—Wednesday—The Gangs. Radio Sketch. Sponsored by Corn Products Refining Co. to WUNI. (Wednesday.)

22:30 EST (56)—Jack Armstrong, All American Boy. (Wednesday.)

22:45 EST (57)—Wednesday—The Gangs. Radio Sketch. Sponsored by Corn Products Refining Co. to WUNI. (Wednesday.)

23:00 EST (58)—The Gangs. Radio Sketch. Sponsored by Corn Products Refining Co. to WUNI. (Wednesday.)

23:15 EST (59)—Wednesday—The Gangs. Radio Sketch. Sponsored by Corn Products Refining Co. to WUNI. (Wednesday.)

23:30 EST (60)—Jack Armstrong, All American Boy. (Wednesday.)

23:45 EST (61)—Wednesday—The Gangs. Radio Sketch. Sponsored by Corn Products Refining Co. to WUNI. (Wednesday.)

News Notes

Tag-a-Long Johnstone, whose picture you see at the top of this page, made his air debut on Monday, September 23rd. His master, Jack Johnstone, writes the stories for the Buck Rogers program.

Do you know who plays Eddie, the blind boy, in the Maxwell House Show Boat program? It is our old friend, Walter Tetsley. Walter has been in radio for six years now. Because of his work, he can't go to school. Instead, he has a private tutor.

Mary Small returned to the air on September 25th in a new series of broadcasts. Mary spent the summer at Atlantic City, as mistress of ceremonies at Mary Small's Little Playhouse on the Steel Pier.

Bill Ideker, who plays Rush Meadows in the "Vic and Sade" program, loves dogs. He has two of which he is extremely fond.
Maybe it's the touch of match-making in it that appeals to every woman! Anyway, you'll want to come out—right now—in the new Cutex matching lips and finger tips.

Abandon any fears that the matching idea may be complicated to work out! Just choose one of the 6 smart shades of Cutex Polish. Then complete your color ensemble by smoothing on matching Cutex Lipstick. Could anything be simpler?

A perfect match in quality, too

Cutex Polish, you'll find, flows onto your nails with positively divine smoothness. It leaves no rim or streaking of color. It won't peel or chip. And every smart shade is authentic, selected by the World’s Manicure Authority.

The new Cutex Lipstick is just as expertly made as the polish. It's smooth, creamy . . . yet never messy or greasy. And it stays on—without drying your lips. It's a perfectly grand lipstick at about half the price you usually pay!

Get Cutex Liquid Polish . . . Crème or Clear... with patented metal-shaft brush that holds the bristles in tightly, and Cutex matching Lipstick, in a smart black enamel case, at any Toilet Goods Department.

Start off with your favorite shade of Cutex Polish and matching Cutex Lipstick—and you'll soon see what an adventure in smartness it turns out to be! Begin today!

the Studebaker Champion maestro, is generous to a fault. The best-natured, most easy-going guy in the world. And the person I'd like least of all to have as an enemy.

He hates people who come late for appointments; yet he is invariably late. He doesn't drink. Yet he has two bars full of the choicest liquors. He doesn't smoke. Yet he has a complete assortment of cigars and cigarettes. He can splice a cigarette with a rifle shot. Yet he never smokes. For ten years he danced on the stage; today, when he takes a girl out, he insists she can't dance a step!

When he goes to the movies and doesn't like the show, he talks right out loud and says what he wants. When he doesn't like a person, he does the same. Once he told Laura Lorraine, who was with him on a few Essex House programs, that everyone said her singing was terrible. And he couldn't understand why she got angry, slapped his face, and walked out on him.

To me, the most pronounced of his characteristics is his fun-loving spirit, which has resulted in bcoz. eminents and dents to his friends and associates. Let me tell you something he put on Isidore Zir, his very competent but very serious first violinist.

One day he and Izzie were going out together. It was after a broadcast, and they just had time to make their appointment. Just before they got started, when Izzie reached in to turn the key in the car, Dick grabbed it.

"My, this is a lovely key," Dick said. "Is it the only one you've got to the car?" Izzie answered truthfully that it was.

"Of what metal is it made?" Dick queried innocently, hanging the key. "Does it bounce?"

Before the violinist could stop him, he threw it into a wall. Of course, Zir couldn't find it. He almost went wild searching for it. "I'm ruined," he groaned. "Oh, what am I going to do now?"

After twenty minutes, Dick suddenly got an inspiration. "Perhaps you can start the car without a key," he said.

"What!" exploded the harrassed Izzie. "Well, let's get in and try," Dick said.

They got into the car. And there was the key in the lock!

How was it done? Dick, who is an amateur magician, had a couple of dummy keys asked in his hand. When he asked, "What kind of metal is this," and banged the key, he made the switch.

And then there was the time when Arty Shaw, who was first sax with the Himber orchestra, and some of the other boys, piled into the Shaw car, changed a little Ford, and went for a ride. Every few blocks the car would stop. Shaw inspected the gas tank; the motor; nothing was out of order. There was plenty of gas. When he was about ready to drop, Dick would say innocently: "Maybe the car will start now. Give it a try." And sure enough, it went beautifully—for a few more blocks. Finally Arty doped it out, or so he thought.

"I guess every time my little buggy hits a bump, the key turns and the car is locked," he explained apologetically.

To this day he doesn't know what really was the trouble. Dick, seated in the far end of the car, had attached an invisible horsehair, the kind you use for magic tricks, to the key. Whenever he wanted to he pulled it, turning the key. Then quite as easily, he'd yank it back into moving position.

Don't think the boys sit by with folded hands and say nothing to all of Dick's gags. One night Johnny Young, the announcer, "Good he put Dick's table in his own coin. He had some of the band members pretend to be undertakers and called up the Essex House where Dick lives, insisting there was a corpse in Room 608, Dick's room. At A M. the house detective came on the run, and woke Dick up, knocking at the door. "To make sure there was no hidden corpse, he even examined the apartment!"

Finally, though, his friends framed Dick. They all know that clowning Mr. Himber, boisterous and loud as he is at times, becomes quiet and deadly serious the minute rehearsals start. Goes haywire if anything spoils his program. Insists upon absolute cooperation from the entire orchestra. A sour note makes him almost physically sick.

This day he came to the studio, set for the broadcast. The clock struck eight. Dick raised his baton.

Came a down beat. One of the saxies hit a wrong note. "I got sick," Dick told me. "I waved with my hand for the men to tighten up. Another down beat. Another off-key note. Then they all hit wrong notes. I nearly fainted. We were on the air!"

Panicky, Himber stood, white as a sheet, while David Ross, the announcer, broke in with his usual commercial announcements. He began in his smooth, golden, suave tones, "This is Stude—stude—stude—baker Chump—Chump—Champion," he stuttered out.

No longer could Himber contain himself. "Good he put Dick's table in his own coin. He had some of the band members pretend to be undertakers and called up the Essex House where Dick lives, insisting there was a corpse in Room 608, Dick's room. At A M. the house detective came on the run, and woke Dick up, knocking at the door. "To make sure there was no hidden corpse, he even examined the apartment!"

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walked in. "Andy," Himber said, "do you play bridge?"

"No," said Baruch. "I haven't time for such foolishness."

"Well, you're going to play now," said Himber. "I don't play, either, so honors are even. There's only one provision I make, boys," Dick continued. "And that's that we all bid blind." The boys agreed. They were jubilant, certain it would be a walkaway for them.

Dick stacked and mixed the cards. Baruch cut them. Mansfield dealt them. Dick went up to seven spades. Lyons did seven no trump, figuring that even if Himber had dealt himself thirteen spades, he could play another suit and so kick him. Dick doubled. And won! He had thirteen spades; Baruch had thirteen clubs; the other two boys' hands were mixed.

Himber explained to me: "For fifteen years cards have been my hobby. I can do anything with a deck of cards. I know all the percentages of every gambling game in the world. If I won, playing legitimately, people would say I was crooked. If I lost, they'd say I was just kidding. So card playing is out." That's the penalty of being too good at it.

By the same token, Himber never indulges in pocket billiards. Though years ago he won a match from Andrew Ponzi, former American Professional Pocket Billiards' champ. In the past six years Dick hasn't played a shot, except once.

One of the men in his orchestra, the tenor sax, Bernie Ladd, thought he was an expert player, which he is. He kidded Dick unmercifully. "I bet it's all publicity stunt," he insisted, "you saying you're such a fine player. If you think you're so good, play a couple of games with me."

"But I haven't played for many years," Dick insisted. Finally, goaded by Bernie's wisecracks about heroes in war who never fought a battle, and billiard experts who couldn't play, he agreed.

In the first game Bernie beat him badly. In the second game Dick, getting back into form, emerged victorious. The score was 50 to 16.

"Aw, you were stalling for a bet," Bernie and some of the boys insisted.

"All right," Dick said. "We'll play luck pool, so you'll each have a chance."

That's a game in which each takes a number and uses only the particular ball with that number. Dick's key ball was thirteen. Yet at the end of an hours play, he had all the money stacked in front of him.

"Let's go back to the broadcast." Bernie finally said meekly, feeling his empty pockets. "We're convinced you can play anything."

All the boys got up silently. "Wait a minute," Dick said. "I can't take your money." He made them divide the huge stack of coins among themselves.

Recently, Himber did something else that is quite characteristic of his paradoxical personality.

When he went out of town for a trip, he left orders with his secretary, telling her what she was to do—about the mail, about phone calls, about paying the men, about handling his private bills.

Back home, the very first morning, he called the girl to his private office. Everything she had been told to do she had done. Yet, very evidently, Himber was not satisfied. He was sure she had loafed, that
YOUR SKIN
IS SO LOVELY, DEAR!

TO END
SKIN TROUBLES

Try This Improved
Pasteurized Yeast
That's Easy to Eat

PIMPLES and blotches, like mud-ness and lack of color in the skin, are usually caused by a sluggish system. That is why external treatments bring so little relief.

Thousands have found in Yeast Foam Tablets a pleasant, easy way to correct skin troubles caused by digestive sluggishness. Science now knows that very often slow, imperfect elimination of body wastes is brought on by insufficient vitamin B complex. The stomach and intestines, deprived of this essential element, no longer function properly. Your digestion slows up. Body poisons cause ugly eruptions and bad color.

Yeast Foam Tablets supply the vitamin B complex needed to correct this condition. These tablets are pure pasteurized yeast—and yeast is the richest known food source of vitamins B and G. This improved yeast should strengthen and tone up your intestinal nerves and muscles. It should quickly restore your digestive and eliminative system to normal, healthy function.

With the true cause of your trouble corrected, pimples and other common skin troubles disappear. And your whole system benefits so that you feel better as well as look better.

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. These tablets have a pleasant, nut-like taste that you will really enjoy. Pasteurization makes Yeast Foam Tablets utterly safe for everyone to eat. They cannot cause fermentation in the body and they contain nothing to put on fat.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50¢. Get one today. Refuse substitutes.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

FREE MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY
You may paste this on a penny post card

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO. MM-12-35
1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, III.
Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets.

Name.

Address.

City..........State...

RADIO STARS

"How do I rate with you?" asks Eddie Duchin of Gladys Swarthout and John Boles. The words are the title of one of Eddie's song numbers in "Coronado," and the famous band maestro is working on a sound stage adjoining that on which the new Paramount musical romance, "The Rose of the Rancho," is now in production. Gladys and John are principals in this Paramount picture, and they dropped in for a visit with Eddie during their lunch hour.

she had been idle for days.

"I'll bet you took half days off and everything," he said, "while I paid you for working." In vain the girl assured him she had done everything there was to do. He was adamant. "To make up for your vacation," he finally said, "you'll have to work late tonight." He kept her there long after her usual dismissal time, dictating mail that could have waited till the next morning. Accustomed to her unusual boss, the girl did as she was told, and said nothing.

By the next day Himber was thoroughly ashamed of himself. So when he appeared at her desk he handed her a package—half a dozen lovely pairs of sheer silk stockings!

To lose weight, a short time ago, Dick had to go on a strenuous diet, foregoing the rich cakes and sodas that are his delight. Living on orange juice and milk and spinach, the sight of which he abominates.

One day when he was out riding, en route to Ashbury Park for a week's vacation, he stopped at a stand and bought some corn on the cob, hot and steaming.

"Dick," his chum said, "corn's no good without butter. Do you mean to say you're going to eat it plain?"

"Well, I'll tell you," Dick said. "The doctor says I can't put butter on my food. I promised him I wouldn't."

Very conveniently and purposefully, Dick turned his back on his buddy, who, realizing what was expected of him, smeared the corn with butter. Which Dick ate with evident relish!

Himber has never had much of a formal education. His early experiences in honky-tonk cafes, certainly are not supposed to create any high standards, an insatiable quest for knowledge and good manners. Yet he reads Shakespeare, Balzac, Shelley, Sara Teasdale. Without an ounce of training, he has become a really fine interior decorator. I wish you could see his bachelor apartment at the Essex House. Every bit of furniture he has designed himself. Loud? Rauous? As you might expect of a rough diamond? It's all subdued, dignified, done in the best of taste.

There's just one infallible rule in the Himber apartment. You can't smoke. Because the smell of tobacco makes Dick sick!

The End
ability to back up his chatter with his performances on the pitching mound.

During the 1934 World Series, I was assigned to cover the St. Louis Cardinals. It was my job to keep track of the radio broadcasts of the series. Paul will tag along with him, but that never was a problem for me. Sometimes there would be discrepancies between what Diz told me and what he told other writers, but he never could be pinned down.

"If I can't get away with it, I'll just have to laugh at it," he would say with a laugh by way of explanation. "If you get different stories, then everybody has a scoop or whatever you call it, and there's no harm done. Trust ole Diz!"

So much for the personality of the man who has hit fair to be the first sports figure of radio, the number one man. Paul will hang with him, for Diz will insist on it. The younger Dean is content to let Diz do the talking for both, but Paul is not backward before a mike. He showed plenty of stage presence in their skit at New York's Roxy theatre last winter.

Because of the rapidity with which Diz changes his tune, it is difficult to determine his broadcasting plans for next year, if any. That he has a $15,000 contract with General Foods for this year is known, but so far, his exploitation has been limited to cartoons in the comic section, with no radio work.

During the visit of the Cardinals to New York in mid-August, Dean made several electrical transcriptions, although he didn't know that they were called that. It was rumored later that the company reminded them all with an imitation to get the stutters out of the two-cylinder words. If so, it's readily understandable.

In the first place, Diz is a poor reader, even as Ruth was. There is something about the printed words that brings out stammers in the best of us. Reading scripts, as radio artists found out years ago, is a profession in itself. The pauses, inflections and other trivia were too much for our Diz. On top of that, he had a heavy summer cold. The Giants were in first place and he had to pitch an important game against them in that series. For the purposes of the record, he did pitch that important game and won it, too, beating Hal Schumacher by 4-0.

As a guest star, Dizzy was on the Shell hour with Al Jolson and his brother Paul, a bit that enabled them to split $800 or $900 between them. Diz also went on with Kate Smith and made $400 or $500 for that appearance.

What Dean receives for his furniture broadcasts in East St. Louis is something only Diz and his sponsor know. The pitcher was hailed before the august Commissioner Kenesaw Mountain Landis in Chicago this summer because papers quoted

**It's a Dizzy World**

(Continued from page 15)

**Her skin looked dull, sallow...**

Miss Rosalie de Forest Crosby, a beautiful brunette

"The right powder makes it brilliant," Color Analyst said

Here's a girl who thought all brunette powder shades were alike. Dark-haired with pale creamy skin, she had been using "just any" brunette powder. Her skin looked sallow with it—yellowish. Pond's Color Analyst told her why: "Too dull a shade." He smoothed on Pond's Brunette. "Why, this brightens my skin!" Her coloring looked positively alive!

**Don't think Pond's Brunette is like any other brunette shade. Nor Pond's Rose Cream like any other blonde powder! They're not. Pond's Powder shades are the result of a new discovery that adds life to every skin.**

With an optical machine, Pond's color-analyzed the skins of over 200 girls. They discovered the secret tints that made each skin what it was. Most astonishing of all, they found that dazzling blonde skin owes its transparency to a hidden blue tint! Glowing brunette skin gets its creamy clarity from a hidden touch of green!

Over 200 girls skin color-analyzed to find the hidden tints in lovely skin now blended invisibly in Pond's new Face Powder.

Pond's blended all these precious tints into their face powder. Invisibly. When you fluff on Pond's, dull skin lights up. Pale skin surges with new vitality. A florid complexion tones down soft. Every skin blooms afresh!

Don't use a powder shade that stamps you old-fashioned, dull. See what the new Pond's shades can do for you—

Brunette—clears brunette skins
Rose Brunette—warms dull skins
Rose Cream—gives radiance to fair skins
Natural—lighter—a delicate flesh tint
Light Cream—a light ivory tone

With Pond's, you don't have to be "powdering all the time"—it clings for hours. So delicate, it cannot clog.

**New Reduced Prices—**

55¢ size now 35¢
$1.10 size now 70¢

5 Different Shades FREE!—Mail Coupon Today

(This offer expires February 1, 1936)

POND'S, Dept. M-126, Chilton, Conn. Please send me free 5 different shades of Pond's new Powder, enough of each shade for a thorough 3-day test.

Name,
Street,
City,
State,

Copyright, 1935, Pond's Extract Company

61
**Why doesn't it EVER ring?**

**WHAT** wouldn't she give to hear it ring? To hear a girl friend's voice: "Come on down, Kit. The bunch is here!"

Or more important: "This is Bill. How about the club dance Saturday night?"

The truth is, Bill **would** ask her. And so would the girls. If it weren't for the fact that underarm perspiration odor makes her so unpleasant to be near.

What a pity it is! Doubly so, since perspiration odor is so easy to avoid. With Mum!

Just half a minute is all you need to use Mum. Then you're safe for the whole day!

Use Mum any time, **even after you're dressed.** For it's harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too — so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

Mum doesn't prevent perspiration. But it does prevent every trace of perspiration odor. Use it daily and you'll never be guilty of personal unpleasantness. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

**MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION**

**ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS** is on sanitary napkins. Use it for this and you'll never have to worry about this cause of unpleasantness.

Dean, saying that he couldn't get enough money from the St. Louis club and that his radio sponsor, Dick Slack, was making up the difference.

When Diz went on the carpet, he flashed a contract purporting to call for $2,000 for the season on the air. Then later Diz told his manager, Bill DeWitt, who also is treasurer of the Cardinal organization, not to believe everything he heard about the contract. St. Louis baseball writers insist that the contract is strictly the "phonus bonous" and that Diz gets a great deal less than that for his broadcast.

Dean told a story last year that Slack paid him at the rate of $100 for every game he won. At that rate, the Diz made himself $3,000, for he won thirty games for the Redbirds last year. Again, no one can say for certain how true this is. That's one thing about Diz — you've got to take plenty of salt with all information from headquarters, meaning Diz himself. And sometimes pepper, mustard and ketchup help, too!

Whatever else he is, Dean is not a business man. During the world series last year, Diz was so rushed by theatrical and radio-book ing agents, endorsement seekers and barnstorming promoters that it's a wonder he was able to win any games in the series, let alone two. He got one good night's sleep during the series — in a St. Louis hospital the night after he was beaned by Bili Rogell's throw and was believed to be suffering from a brain concussion. And he lost his only game of the series the next day, so apparently sleep is not a prerequisite in his winning formula.

Swamped on all sides by agents, besieged by admirers and a constant target for interviewers during the season, Dean decided in the middle of it to change business managers. Asking J. Roy Stockton, a St. Louis baseball writer who has grati-

Popular Ramona, of the Paul Whiteman orchestra.

**RADIO STARS**

Colossus of Clown.

With the Deans, it is a different story. Paul is twenty-three and Diz is a year older. Paul has concluded his second full season in the major leagues and Dean his...
fourth. It takes no mature baseball fan to remember the highlights of their careers, as was the case when babe went on the air.

Because the Deans, or I should say, because Diz has the gift of saying almost exactly what people want him to say, the pair has acquired considerable stature with the sports public of America. When Diz refuses to pitch an exhibition game and Paul rebelliously stands his ground and says, "If Diz won't go, I won't, neither!" it strikes a responsive chord with the sports fans. When he publicly makes up with Manager Frankie Frisch and says, "I know I ain't bin right, Frank, but I'll show you from now on. Me 'n Paul'll pitch every dad-blamed game if you ask us," he again scores a ten-strike.

Dean's temperamental outbursts have been condoned by sport fans because of the sincerity of his repentance. That and the fact that he has invariably delivered the promised number of victories by way of atonement.

There is nothing of the swell-head about either of the boys. Last October, the day before the series opened in Detroit, Ruth, there in a repororial capacity, called Dean on the phone to wish him luck and, incidentally, to give him some sound advice about spotlight behavior. Babe, baseball's Number One man for a long time, knew all the pitfalls and de-tours.

When Diz heard that Ruth was on the phone, he thought he was being kidded. He acted as pleased over Babe's visit as though he was Elmer Hoskins, aged eleven, from Pumpkin Creek, Kansas, instead of Dizzy Dean, the headline man of the hour. Hardly the behavior of one who sometimes is accused of being conceited. For five minutes of his talk with Babe, he called him "Mister Ruth" until the big fellow himself became embarrassed.

Having been through the first flurry of stardom, both the Deans know what it's all about by now. They have dabbled just enough in radio to know that it holds possibilities for them. They know, too, that that's gold in them there miles.

Should Diz and Paul emerge as steady radio performers by next summer, don't be surprised. Radio and sports have much in common and the time is near for someone to bridge the gap. And I know of none more capable of making the leap than the Deans. When, as and if they do, they'll need no help from the promotion department to push them along. And they're as truly American as the hot dog itself.

The dangers besetting a sports figure who tackles the field of radio are multitudinous. To begin with, their athletic work must not regress. An athlete with a mediocre record would be no more of an asset to a commercial program than a soprano with bronchitis. The Deans have the youth, and the physical qualifications, to carry on their athletic successes for years to come.

Dean's amazing business convolutions and evolutions have finally untangled themselves. With his manager, he, and the Deans set straight on their course. Diz, the fire-ball ing broadcaster, is ready to step to the mike and say; "Hello, America!" He always did like a big audience!

The End

"MUTINY!"

... So rang the cry from stem to stern of H.M.S. BOUNTY, homeward bound to England from the enchanted islands of the South Seas...

"MUTINY! Down with Captain Bligh!"

The men of the BOUNTY had been at the breaking point for many long weeks, and at last, unable to stand any longer the scenes of horror and ghastly brutality that had marked the voyage, they turned against their captain in fierce mutiny, led by the gallant mate, Fletcher Christian.

Gaining command of the ship, Christian and his men turned their course back to the green isles of Tahiti. The men were elated...were they not bound for a peaceful carefree life...for a Paradise on earth? Christian rejoiced, for he was returning, as he had promised, to Maimiti, the beautiful Tahitian maiden who had captured his heart...

But cruel Captain Bligh, whom they thought dead, was seeking revenge...could they escape him and remain in this Eden for which they had fought so desperately?

You will enjoy reading the thrilling and romantic story of "Mutiny on the BOUNTY," M-G-M's picture featuring Clark Gable, Charles Laughton, and Franchot Tone—it appears in complete story form in the December issue

Screen Romances
The Love Story Magazine of the Screen
December now on sale
My Life Is At Stake

(Continued from page 27)

little girl. He could buy a few feet of
lumber and in an hour or so finish the
job. But no, that would make it like every
other doll’s house. So he starts collecting
matchsticks, thousands of them; and after
a year or more of incredible labor he man-
gages to glue them together making a doll’s
house that is different—although not near-
ly as strong. People come and stare and
say ooh—and that makes the fond father
happy.

I traveled a thousand or more miles
across the desert to find the Tomb of
Noah and when I got there I was baked,
broiled and roasted in the heat. I did as
many miles under worse conditions to look
at a stump which I was told was the tree
of knowledge in the Garden of Eden. And
out of these two torture journeys—what
did I get? About two minutes on the air.
Did they interest yow? Okay then.

In Najaf, holy city of the Mohammedans,
I tried to make a photograph—considered
a sin by all good Moslems—and escaped
lysing by an inch. The only reason I
wasn’t killed in Canton, one day during
the Chinese Revolution, was that the Chi-
inese were too busy killing one another.
Later I learned that I was the only white
man in the city on that day of bloodshed.

No, no, it’s not an easy job! I travel
long and far but with me goes a trunk-load
of files, each file containing hundreds of
items, each item demanding verification.
Oh, the wild goose chases I have had!
Yes, my friends, I want you to know that
checking the truth of thousands of fantas-
tic facts, places and people is hard labor
whether it takes in Java or New Jersey.
For all that, I wouldn’t change jobs with
anyone. The letters come in. A little girl
writes to say how thrilled she was to hear
me tell of the Garden of Eden. That’s enough. It cancels out the bugs,
the heat, the evil food, the rocky beds.
I am no Rudy Vallee but I get more
mail than he does—aye, more mail than any
other person in the United States, not ex-
cepting the President. Ask Jim Farley, if
you doubt my word. A million letters a
year. And one year—the year of the radio
Believe It Or Not contest, 4,000,000 of
them. I daren’t look a postman in the eye.

Letters have come to me addressed in
the language of the ancient Vikings and in
the old Confederate Civil War code, in short-
hand, telegraphic dots and dashes, the wig-
way and numeric codes, in sign language.
Many had rippling lines drawn across the
envelope—that and nothing more—to indi-
cate a ripply (Ripley) river. On New
Year’s Day I received a postcard twenty-
seven feet long and eight feet wide.

I have received letters on a piece of
human skin, on a turkey bone, on a rock,
a chip of wood, on glass, tin, and—be-
lieve it or not—an egg. Good old
Uncle Sam! The egg traveled safely
through the mails, for miles and miles of
mail routes. And then some careless boy
in my office handled it roughly and it
broke. On March 26th, 1930, E. L. Bly-
stone of Ardara, Pa., sent me a message
of 1615 letters engraved on a grain of
rice. The feat was bettered by a man
who worked in the U.S. Mint—who went
insane doing it! The most remarkable
of these freak messages was a lock of hair
on which I discovered the words, “The
finest welcome in the world to Robert L.
Ripley.”

And the letters come from all classes.
From prisons, royal palaces, the halls
of Congress. The Princess Inez Beatriz
of Spain became so impatient for the solu-
tion of a puzzle, she wrote me personally.
Seeking oddities is a job that takes the
hustle out of life; you can no longer
glad from home to office without asking questions, without wondering a little. You
take a walk in the woods—and the trees are
not simple trees any more. You know that
there are trees that whistle and trees that
weep, trees which grow shirts and trees in
which men have been buried and who
have been digested and completely hidden
by the pulp and bark.

You cannot look at the people you
meet every day without brooding a little
over the depth and mystery of human pow-
er. You cannot help remembering that
a man once held his hand above his head
so long that a bird built a nest in it; that
Ernst, a Norwegian, ran the 5,625 miles
from Paris to Moscow in 14 days; that the
Chief Rabbi of Lithuania committed to
memory 2,500 volumes; that Sara and
Janos Roven were married for 147 years,
that and that and that, . . . These are the
things that give you pause and make you
think.

You may have gone to the best schools,
read hundreds of books—yet it is surpris-
ing how many facts which we take for
granted simply aren't so. You fancy the
South Pole as a pretty cold place and it is—
except for one day of the year when
it is the hottest spot on earth. You look
up to Mt. Everest as the tallest mountain
peak, but right here at our back door in
Ecuador we have a peak three and a half
miles higher. No, things are not what
they seem and every fact has a flaw. Lin-
coln was wrong; rivers run in two direc-
tions; people have frozen to death at the
Equator! Santa Claus is the patron saint
of thieves, and the East Wind is heavier
than the West wind—Believe It or Not.

And, Believe It or Not, this is my fifth
year in radio. The mike doesn't worry me
these days but back in 1930, when I was
on the air at the same time with such vet-
eran radio performers as Phil Cook, Phil
Baker, Roxy and his Gang—I was plenty
nervous. However, I got over it. My
sponsors made a check-up and discovered,
to my own amazement, that the Believe It
or Not program had gathered in about
73 per cent of the listeners. Right then
and there I lost the jitters. And they never
have come back.

Was that broadcast of mine last year an
accident? I mean the one in which my
program went completely around the world.
Whether it was or not, I was gratified to
discover that I was the first to accomplish
a round-the-world radio talk. Not a
country with short-wave equipment was
omitted. The broadcast went out in six-
teen languages. I also was the first to
broadcast from ship to shore, the program
going out from the Leviathan, July 24th,
1931.

One of these days when my bones creak
and my muscles all have kinks, I am go-
ing to settle down to the house I have
built on a lagoon near New York. Then per-
haps, I'll retire from hunting the strange
and the incredible. The house is practi-
cally a museum now, what with jungle drums
and mastodon tusks—and dried human
heads cluttering the mantels. And then,
the long job over, I'll walk through the
rooms—there are seventeen of them—and
think of the man who resolved never to
speak and kept his word for thirty years;
of the man who winked out of turn and kept
one eye shut for three months; of
Kaspar Hauser who without mechanical
aid could see the stars shining in daytime.

RADIO STARS

CHERAMY

April Showers
THE PERFUME OF YOUTH

Luxury... ON A BUDGET

YOUTH shall not be denied loveliness, says April
Showers... and forthwith presents the most ex-
quisite toilettries that ever fitted a young budget! Face
powder... a sheer veil of scented mist. Tale for a re-
freshing body-bath. Eau de cologne for a glamorous
rub-down. And a perfume created by one of the
world's greatest perfumers to give you a fragrance
that is young and gay and in supreme good taste.

PRICE LIST

April Showers
Eau de Cologne .25c, 35c, $1
Face Powder .25c and 35c
Talc............25c and 35c
Perfume
jours sizes .25c and .50c
Dusting Powder .30c and $1.25
Rouge, Lipstick, Skin Lotion,
Bath Sets, etc., from 25c to
$2.50. At stores everywhere.

Exquisite... but not Expensive

65
When Shall They Meet Again?

(Continued from page 41)

and stalwart Emil declared their love and hand in hand went shyly to Mr. Chiesa, gravely announcing their intention to marry. “Of course not immediately, papa,” Vivien hastily assured him, “but after I graduate from the conservatory.”

There followed a gay little party for which Vivien cooked spaghetti; with her own hands to prove to Emil’s brother officers that he was not unwise in his choice of a future wife. Many toasts for the happiness of the betrothed pair were drunk and the engagement rings exchanged. Mama, with many lamentations and tears, albeit her face shone with pride, agreed that after Vivien had completed her course at the Chicago Musical College, the following year, she would set sail with her daughter for Italy for the wedding. Emil, for his part, agreed that his young bride should be permitted to continue her music studies at the great operatic capitals of Italy and then go on to a brilliant operatic career.

A few days later, the shining planes winged their way back to Italy, leaving a happy little Vivien to her rosette dreams. But fate worked in its own devious ways. The following year, while Vivien was busy assembling fine linens for her marriage chest and a suitable trousseau, the Columbia Broadcasting System announced that it would conduct a contest throughout the middle west to give some deserving unknown singer a chance at a radio contract. Vivien’s friends and family urged her to enter it. For had she not graduated from the conservatory with highest honors? Half-laughing, half-hoping she agreed.

How she won, picked unanimously by a jury of competent judges, and now after her very first appearance on the air she was offered a commercial contract is an old story. Never was success more instantaneous. But with what misgivings she accepted her good fortune, envied by thousands of other young singers! It had been so exciting, planning to go abroad, to see all the famous centers of music in Europe and Italy. And there, on the other side of the Atlantic, Emil waited for her.

However ambition burned strongly, too. Her parents entreated her not to pass up this golden opportunity. “You are yet so young—you and Emil have so many years before you.” Emil, too, who received the news by cablegram unselfishly was of the same opinion. “Take your chance, and good luck. We have a lifetime to be happy in.”

“I wonder if we will have?” she questioned despairingly, when I saw her last, sitting grave and trim in a chic blue tailleur, at lunch. “I wonder if I was wrong—if I had gone when I promised we at least would have had a year of happiness before this—this awful war.” Her blue eyes brooded darkly. “If he’s killed—she broke off unable to hold that terrible thought. “But he couldn’t be—I love him so much.”

And then a brave, new light lifted the cloud from her eyes again. “Anyway, I’ll have to work terribly hard and be a great success. That is the only way I can ever repay Emil for his sacrifice.”

And so she sings to him, bravely and sweetly, in far-off Africa each Sunday and he listens and writes to tell her he heard her and how happy it made him.

For dictators and emperors may make wars, but a man and a maid make—
to radio and love distance is nothing.

THE END
and lost a friend. In those moments she had touched the high point of her career.

And now?

She didn't dare to think that the dream was done, the bubble burst. She just had to hope that everything yet would be all right—that her verbal contract with Mr. Witherspoon would be ratified by his successor. But there was a strange ache in her heart for the lost glory of that moment, a mist in her soft blue eyes for the lost friend.

Like one coming the pages of an unfamiliar book, she reviewed the brief, bright story of her life. Music inevitably had been its theme. Her parents were musicians—not professionals, but people to whom music had a meaning beyond the filling of an idle hour. Her two brothers and her sister played and sang. Piano lessons were begun as soon as small hands had the necessary strength. And Helen had practised so assiduously that in her early teens—she smiled at the remembrance—she was acclaimed as a child prodigy. All through her High School days she continued to study, and had, herself, given piano lessons, proud of the first money that her music earned.

Her career as a singer started when she was a High School girl in Buffalo, where she was born. There she met George Houston, then a singer in the Rochester Opera Company, who suggested that she study at the Eastman School of Music in Rochester. That was an intriguing thought—but, how to do it? Some singers have had their careers sponsored by wealthy patrons of music—but not Helen Oelheim. She made her own way. She resolved to try for a scholarship, and was successful in winning one for two consecutive years. During those years, while studying at the school, she sang with the Rochester Opera Company.

And during those years a new experience came into her life—one that made music more real, more beautiful, that made life richer than she had dreamed it could be. The manager of the Rochester Opera Company was a young man named Fred Michel. At the end of the two years the company was reorganized and went on tour as the American Opera Company. Mr. Michel went with it as manager. Helen went with it as one of its brilliant soloists—and as Mrs. Michel.

On tour she sang three roles, Suzuki in "Madame Butterfly," Nancy, in the opera "Martha," and Martha in "Faust." It was the last-named role that brought her into radio.

For the second time that emissary of fate, George Houston, came into her life. Through him, she was engaged to sing at a recital at the Stadium in New York. There a radio official heard her.

"Has Helen Oelheim signed her contract with the opera company for next year?" he asked. And on being told that she had not, he said: "Don't let her do anything till she has talked with me."

(Continued from page 23)
A recent shot of Michael Bartlett in action. Michael, who discovered an enthusiastic fan following after his success in “Love Me Forever,” starring Grace Moore, is busy on the Coast with radio work. He is singing now with the Jack Benny program, broadcast on Sunday nights.

The result was that Helen began the radio work which was to keep her busy for the next five years. That same year, she sang in a recital with Giovanni Martinielli of the Metropolitan. Also she sang on the Friends of Music program with Borsansky, who heard her first audition. And through the succeeding years many radio programs heard her golden voice—the Sonora Hour, the Jack Frost Hour, the American Radiator program, The Dutch Masters Hour, in which she starred with Nelson Eddy. Later she sang in concerts with Eddy, in Philadelphia. She was on the Swift Hour, and with the A & P Gypsies. Then the Palmolive program—the Show Boat—and Lanny Ross’ State Fair program. Beside these engagements there were frequent concerts—in New York, in Philadelphia, in Buffalo, and in a number of other cities.

A full life, and a happy one. A happy home life, too. For her husband, unwilling to travel while her work kept her in New York, resigned his position with the opera company and became associated with a firm of industrial engineers in New York. They have a charming home in Merrick, Long Island.

Well, Helen thought, if nothing came of the Metropolitan dream, life still was pretty good!

And so the Spring days lengthened. And then one day the message came which justified the acumen of Herbert Wither- spoon and the wisdom of his successor, Edward Johnson. Without a further audition Edward Johnson signed a contract with Helen Oelheim for this season’s opera.

She was given twenty-two roles to learn this summer—no small assignment for a busy young singer! Some in German, some in French, some in Italian, German and French languages, at least, were familiar to her, but of Italian she knew nothing. Hitherto her operatic roles were sung in English. And earnestly she began studying Italian, taking two lessons a week.

So, learning twenty-two operatic roles, taking voice lessons, Italian lessons, rehearsing for radio programs, singing on the “Show Boat” program and on the Lanny Ross Sunday night concert program, her days were, one may believe, fairly full! They rented their home in Merrick and moved into an apartment in New York, to make the schedule easier.

I talked with her one evening, in a niche in Radio City, after a broadcast. “Don’t you find,” I asked, “getting all that into a workable program somewhat difficult?”

“Tragically difficult,” she said. “There aren’t days enough in the week, nor hours enough in the day!”
But I saw no shadow of fatigue in her eyes, that shine as she speaks. Genius must lend some special luster to those who serve it. Otherwise flesh would rebel at the strain.

And now that the coveted accolade is hers, she looks forward to the beginning of rehearsals in the famous old opera house. "I don't imagine that I shall have very much to do this winter," she says modestly. "But I hope to continue there, and some day to sing the roles I love. What those roles are she would not care to say, lest it should seem presumptuous in so young a singer.

And she is young. Perhaps twenty-six in years, but looking younger than that, though with no suggestion of immaturity. Young, slenderly built and lovely, short of stature—about five feet two in height—with soft brown hair and eloquent, bright eyes, blue as a summer sea. Her speaking voice is richly beautiful. I asked her if she ever had been interested in dramatic work, for while there is an entire absence of anything theatrical in her manner, no pose, no attitudes, it struck me that with that lovely voice, with the gracious charm and beauty that is hers—and no picture does her justice—she would be an asset to any stage.

"I love it!" she confessed. "I've always hoped that if anything happened to my singing voice, I might find an opening in the theatre."

But we will cherish the hope that her song will continue to be our delight for long years to come.

Her first voice teacher was Adolin, noted as the teacher of John Charles Thomas. Her present teacher, with whom she has been studying ever since she first came to New York, is Walter Golde, and the success of his pupil must be very gratifying to him. As, also, to her countless friends, who see her moving steadily toward the heights for which they believe her destined. A belief that those who listen to her over the air will heartily share.

She will continue her concert work this winter, too. In February she will sing in Buffalo. Each year she gives three concerts at Hamilton College.

She told me a little episode of her interview with Herbert Witherspoon, that fateful Friday afternoon. As she was leaving, after the audition, he stopped her.

"Can you see me later this afternoon?" he asked.

"Oh, no," Helen said hesitatingly. "I have a rehearsal for the Show Boat."

If the impresario felt any surprise that a postulant young singer should hold a Show Boat rehearsal of more importance than an interview with him concerning her career in Grand Opera, he did not show it. Graciously he agreed that she should phone him for another appointment. But when she made that postponed call, it was forever too late.

A friend, to whom she told the story, gasped: "Imagine turning down Witherspoon for the Show Boat!"

"Why not?" Helen countered calmly. "That's my job. They pay me for it." 

Which, I venture to guess, is characteristic of Helen Oelheim. If she has a job to do, she will do it with all her heart.

The End

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You May Think It is No.1 When It Really is No. 3; Or No.2 Rather than No.4

The Wrong Shade of Face Powder Will Make You Look Years Older Than You Really Are!

by Lady Esther

Are you using the right shade of face powder for you?
That sounds like a rather needless question, doesn't it? For there is nothing a woman selects more confidently than her color of face powder. Yet, it is an actual fact, as artists and make-up experts will tell you, that many women use altogether the wrong shade of face powder.

The shade they so fondly believe makes them look their youngest and most attractive does just the opposite and makes them look years older than they really are!

Brunettes think that because they are brunettes they should use a dark shade. Blondes think they should use a light shade. Titians think they should use something else.

Choose by Trying

The fact is, you shouldn't choose a face powder shade according to your "type" or coloring, but according to which one is the most becoming for you. After all, a brunette may have a very fair skin while a blonde may have a dark or olive skin or any shade between. The only way to tell, therefore, is to try all five shades which, experts agree, accommodate all colorings.

So fundamentally sound is this principle that I want you to prove it to yourself at my expense. I will therefore send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder free of charge and obligation. When you get the five shades, try all five on. Don't think that your choice must be confined to any one or two shades. As I say, try on all five. Maybe the very shade you think least suited to you is really your most becoming, your most flattering.

Stays on for 4 Hours

When you make the shade test of Lady Esther Face Powder, I want you to notice, too, how smooth this face powder is—how evenly it goes on and long it holds. By actual test, you will find this face powder adheres for four hours or more.

Write today for all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder which I offer free. With the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder I will also send you a 7-day tube of Lady Esther Face Cream. The coupon brings both the powder and cream.

(You can return this coupon at no cost) (19)

Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois
Please send me a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, also a 7-day supply of your Lady Esther Four-purpose Face Cream.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City ____________________________ State ______
(If you live in Canada, write Esther Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

FREE
end, throwing herself quite exhausted into a chair.

And the next day there were the notices which the actors and the director read with trembling eagerness. Then they sighed with relief, for the notices all hailed a new program on the air, worthy of taking its place with the finest dramatic shows.

The show made a hit on Sunday afternoons and became the most popular day-time show on the air, the producers were not satisfied. Compared to the popular evening shows it wasn't getting as big an audience as they wanted. Mary Pickford got a bigger audience and they thought that they had the making of a more popular program. That's why the Lux show switched to Monday evenings—to get the biggest potential audience.

There are three important people behind the show—Danny Danker, Hollywood contact man, Thomas Luckenbill, the producer, and Anthony Stanford, the director—all very colorful. Then there's George Wells, who does the adaptations, and Robert Armbruster, who handles the musical backgrounds.

Perhaps Danny Danker has one of the most difficult jobs in the picture. He's the liaison man between the producers and the stars. Very close is Danny Danker to the stars of Hollywood. Calls them all by their nicknames. And it's doubtful if they'd trust anyone else. He's been in Hollywood for eight years.

Nothing fazes Danny Danker. He knew, of course, that Greta Garbo never had consented to appear over the air. But that didn't stop him. To Garbo he went and asked her the momentous question. She said no. Nobody expected her to say yes.

But Mr. Danker will take nothing for granted.

It was Mr. Danker who persuaded Wallace Beery to appear over the air for the first time, to get his air baptism on the Lux program. He watched Wallace at work, as a cat watches a mouse, waiting for the moment when Wally would be free. A dozen times he suggested to Wallace Beery that he go to New York to appear in a play. But Wallace didn't want to go on the air. Maybe he was afraid of the mike; maybe he just didn't want to leave Hollywood.

One day Mr. Danker got an inspiration. He knew that Wallace was going to New York to buy a plane. And he nabbed him just before he left. "Wally, won't you appear in the Lux Radio Theatre," he asked, "while you're in New York getting your plane?" "Sure," said Wally, "why didn't you ask me before?"

It's Thomas Luckenbill's job to engage the stars who can't be reached in Hollywood. He buys plays, too. But the stars have to be secured first.

"I want Ruth Chatterton," said Tony Stanford, who directs the plays.

Ruth was in Spain. Mr. Luckenbill cabled her. Would she appear in a play for the Lux Radio Theatre? She already had made "Rebound" for them, and loved it. So she cabled "yes" and grabbed a boat for New York. Now Mr. Luckenbill cabled her that they had decided to do "The Lion and the Mouse." Would she appear in it? Ruth cabled back that she didn't care much for the play; she'd prefer something more sophisticated. Midway across the ocean, she cabled that she not only didn't care for the play; she actually hated it. It was old-fashioned; it was this and that; would they please let her do something else?

By this time the play had been bought, and four or five people in New York had okayed it, so Luckenbill cabled again: "Please, for heaven's sake, do it!"

Ruth consented, although she still thought the play too old-fashioned. Even when she got to New York, she couldn't work up any enthusiasm for the play, and Mr. Luckenbill, watching her rehearsal, was afraid she wouldn't put it over. Really she was just holding back, as all the best actresses do in rehearsal. They don't give their all till the final performance. Came the afternoon when the play went over the air. Now Ruth was terrific. She gave the part everything she had. Everyone around the studio whooped and cheered.

Producers, following a quaint custom of theirs, sent orchids to Mr. Stanford and Mr. Luckenbill. As they do whenever they think that some show is colossal. Rudy Vallee receives their orchids sometimes. So does Al Jolson. The Lux show has received orchids five times. For Susan Heaven, For Rebound, For The Lion and the Mouse, For The Barker and Counselor, At-Law.

At heart Mr. Luckenbill is a pirate. A modern, quiet pirate, not the swashbuckling kind. But just as effective. When Leslie Howard arrived in New York a few days late for rehearsals for "The Petrified Forest," three men from the theatre office hung around grimly, determined to capture Leslie and make him rehearse for their play. But Mr. Luckenbill was at the Newark airport, determined to capture Leslie for the rehearsals for "Berkeley Square."

As the plane landed, he grabbed Leslie Howard's luggage and thrust it into a taxi. Leslie followed his luggage. And arrived, to his surprise, at the radio studios. Where Tony Stanford at once started to put him through his paces.

Leslie, who never had had to rehearse much for a radio play before, stammered that he couldn't see the necessity for so much rehearsal. Such nonsense, he said. But his eyes twinkled.

"Leslie," Tony Stanford told me, "is the laziest actor I've ever met in my life. And the most charming. I don't blame you girls a bit for going mad about him."

It was something of a job to get Ina Claire to sign up to appear over the air. Not that she didn't want to do it. Oh, dear, no! But three or four times negotiations started. Each time Ina changed her mind. The first time everything was keyed by astrology; Ina refused to sign up because the sun was in the wrong quarter of the heavens or something like that. Finally, when they got Ina to sign a contract, they put a clause in it saying that if she didn't go through with the play, Mr. Luckenbill would have to pay the sponsor instead of the sponsor paying her.

Though Ina had refused to sign up until she had a whole week when she could concentrate entirely on her Lux perform-

"Now there's a program that's different," quoth Myrt to Marge, cocking an ear at the huge ventilator at the S. S. Malolo, and overhearing some interesting chatter from below decks, on their return from a trip to Hawaii.
rance, she is such a dynamo that when the time for rehearsals came, she tried to do a dozen other things at the same time. Finally the director said to her: "For heaven's sake, stop worrying about other things and concentrate on 'Polly! Now behave!'"

The announcer was a very serious guy, so Ina determined that if it was the last thing she ever did in her life, she would make him laugh. "Mr. Velvet Voice," she called him all over the place, but he wouldn't crack a smile. On the afternoon when he made his commercial announcement, she stood near him, making faces at him that would make a sphinx laugh. But on he went solemnly reading. She put her finger to her nose in an ancient and derisive gesture, and waited to see what effect that would have. The flood of oratory continued unabated. Finally, just as the announcer got to the most impassioned part of his advertising blurb, Ina stole behind him and tickled him! He struggled for a moment with himself, as though he were about to break down, and then he recovered his voice, and finished in a tone of uncanny triumph. Ina had failed to break him down!

You couldn't get Tony Stanford, who directs the show, to admit that any of the stars are temperamental. He just doesn't call those things temperament. He says the stars never get angry, except at themselves for failing to put across an effect. Not even volatile Lupe Velez.

What a sight she was as she broadcast! Russian boots. A huge Mexican sombrero. She wore beach slacks that looked like blue sailor pants, a polo coat and a yellow jersey sweater. Someone asked her the why of this extraordinary assortment. "Oh, she explained tremulously, "Johnny Weissmuller made me leave home without any decent clothes. He was afraid if I had any party clothes I'd go to too many parties and meet too many other men."

The stars are completely themselves when they rehearse. And most of them are pretty swell. But no one could understand the aloofness of Claude Rains, who had made a hit in "The Invisible Man" and other horror films. For some reason known only to himself, he wouldn't talk to the other members of the cast or to the director. It made Dorothy Gish, who was playing opposite him, develop a terrific inferiority complex. The director diagnosed her disease as Claude Rains-fright, but could find no antidote. Consequently, "The Green Goddess," in which they appeared together, was one of the very few duds the Lux Radio Theatre has produced. Dorothy was elated when she got a chance to appear in another show later on, "Now," she said, "I'll be able to show you what I really can do."

Gary Cooper was very shy, like a little boy. He was so self-conscious, so unsure of himself, that no one would have dreamed that he was one of the greatest stars of Hollywood.

It looked for a time as if Gary would collapse, just from shyness. Everyone was afraid he wouldn't be able to put over his role. He was trying terrifically hard, but this was something new to him, something almost terrifying. And just when it looked as if Gary was licked, ten-year-old Janet Lee Hutchinson stepped into the picture.

Gary fell for her at once. Under the spell of this child's personality, he relaxed and forgot himself completely. With her Gary could do his finest work. The only time he really was himself was when he played opposite her.

All the time the actors are rehearsing, new plays are being bought. They are bought several weeks in advance, and have to be approved by the producer, the director, the client, the account executives and the star. Every effort is made to choose a play that fits a star's personality exactly — "What Every Woman Knows" for Helen Hayes, "The Barker" for Walter Huston, "Berkeley Square" for Leslie Howard, "The Old Soak" for Wallace Beery, "The Man In Possession" for Robert Montgomery, and so on. In the offices of the producers they keep a record of plays they are considering, giving their plots, their casts, and even their box-office history on Broadway and in the films. Plays dealing with religious and racial themes are barred. Sex is virtually tabooed, except when it is handled with the utmost delicacy, as in "Michael and Mary."

You may wonder why no audiences are ever allowed at the Lux Radio Theatre. Even important officials of the networks are turned away. Once distinguished visitors came from the British Broadcasting Company and begged to watch the broadcast. But they were refused. One representative of the client is permitted to sit and watch from the clients' booth.

Joe E. Brown wanted his wife and his two children to watch the show. The (Continued on page 74)
blue and gold, its comfortable chairs and sofas and its lovely fire-place of delft-blue tiles.

As I sat down to wait for the maid to summon Mrs. Baker I could hear gay laughter in some distant part of the house, and detected the unmistakable sounds of children's voices. Soon I found myself making my way towards these cheery sounds under Mrs. Baker's hospitable guidance.

She's a cute little girl, Mr. wife's, Peggy—petite, sparkling and looking more like an older sister than the mother of the two Baker babies, "Little Miss Muffet," aged two and "Algy," something under a year of age.

Phil presently joined the family group and we went tramping forth on a tour of inspection, first up the circular staircase to the nursery where the children's lunch awaited them, then eventually on to the kitchen where Phil demonstrated his skill in preparing "Nova Scotia Eggs" while discussing his other food favorites. Mrs. Baker played "stooge" for this particular broadcast by reminding Phil of this and that dish which he had failed to mention, while the cook filled in the missing details. During all this, as you can well imagine, your Cooking School correspondent was an interested audience of one. It was all very jolly, informal and, I am pleased to say, informative. (And never once did I hear the sepulchral mocking tones of "Beetle." Phil's "haunter" on the air!) I came home with a notebook filled with recipes and with some cooking ideas that are simply swell-elegant! Naturally I intend to pass every single one of them on to you.

But first of all let me describe that egg dish that Mr. Baker so skillfully whipped together as I watched. This is the "old, expensive" combination I mentioned, since it calls for Nova Scotia smoked salmon—which costs quite a pretty penny and can only be secured at food specialty shops.

First the eggs are broken into a bowl and mixed with a fork until thoroughly blended, after which small pieces of the salmon are added and the mixture turned into a frying pan in which butter has been melted but not browned. The eggs are scrambled to the desired consistency over very low heat, using a large spoon and not very much stirring. Served on wedges of buttered toast this makes an unusual and delicious luncheon or late supper dish.

But I am even more enthusiastic over Mrs. Baker's ideas for Oven Meals. It seems that in the cold weather almost everything is baked at the Baker's, with the strong matter of personal preference but to the rest of us the economy feature of such meals is sure to provide added appeal.

For when you decide on a real Oven Meal, you know that a whole dish (whether meat or fish) also cooks the potatoes, the vegetables and the dessert. If you follow Mrs. Baker's suggestions you'll go even further and bake the Soup for dinner and the fruit course for the next day's luncheon dessert at one and the same time. Bearing this thought in mind you, yourself, can work up a lot of ordeals of this type, but you'll have a hard time devising a better menu than the following one, for a typical Baker Baked Dinner. I'm proud to say that I have recipes for all the dishes mentioned. That I don't want you here will be found in this month's Radio Stars Cooking School leaflet.

Here's the menu, as suggested by Mrs. Baker, and including all of the dishes Phil likes best:

**Savory Baked Fish**

1 pound white fish, or stew (or other firm-textured fish)

2 tablespoons lemon juice

3/4 teaspoon salt

A few grains cayenne

1/4 cup buttered bread crumbs

2 cups canned tomatoes, juice and pulp

1 small onion, chopped

2 stalks celery, chopped

1 green pepper, chopped

1 small onion, chopped

2 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese

3/4 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

3/4 cup buttered bread crumbs

2 whole cloves

Wash fish, cover with lemon juice and allow to stand for one hour. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, cover with buttered crumbs and place in large greased baking dish. Mix tomatoes, add bouillon cube, finely chopped celery, green pepper and onion, cheese, Worcestershire sauce, bay leaf and cloves. Pour tomato mixture around (but not over) fish in pan. Bake 20 to 30 minutes in hot oven (400°F.) or until fish is tender and crumbs are browned.

The soup also pays a visit to the oven! The recipe for this easily made, warming soup is one I know you will want to have in your files, so I've had directions for making it printed on one of this month's recipe cards. Another card will tell you both the Egg Plant and the Potato Puffs mentioned on the Baker menu, while a third card will tell you how to make the Baked Spanish Steak. Since an inexpensive cut of beef is called for, you will find this recipe economical as well as delicious.

The fourth card, this month, will give you explicit directions for making that

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**Radio Stars' Cooking School**

(Continued from page 50)
NEW EASY WAY TO
Perfect Chocolate Pie!

EAGLE BRAND CHOCOLATE PIE

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, stirring over boiling water five minutes until mixture thickens. Add water, stir until thoroughly blended. Pour into baked pie shell. Garnish with whipped cream if desired. Chill.

**FREE! New Cook Book of Wonders!**


Name: ____________________________

Address: __________________________

City: __________________________ State: __________

This coupon may be pasted on a penny postcard.

Ralph Dumke and Ed East, known to radio as "Sisters of the Skillet".

divine pie you see pictured on the first page of this article. It's not one bit hard to make, either, for the crust can be of the easy graham cracker type and the filling is simple, too. If you're looking for something new in the pumpkin pie line for Christmas, or better still for Thanksgiving, here's your chance to collect a worthwhile inspiration.

And by the way, for those of you who may not be satisfied with only one Thanksgiving suggestion, I've had printed some extra copies of last year's Rudy Vallee Thanksgiving leaflet which you may have missed. This contains a more familiar type of pumpkin pie, an unusual Cheese Pastry Crust recipe, a recipe for Chestnut Stuffing, that will add a last touch of perfection to your holiday bird, and Scalloped Onions, New England style. (These onions, by the way will be grand to use as another vegetable suggestion for one of your Oven Meats.)

Only a few hundred of the Vallee leaflets have been reprinted, however, so it will be a case of "first come, first served." In other words the first couple of hundred to send in this month's coupon for the Baker recipes will also get recipes for Rudy's New England dishes. Just place a check in the space indicated on the coupon, be prompt in sending in, and they, too, are yours, together with this month's recipes for Phil Baker's preferred Oven Dishes.

Just think—nine perfectly marvelous recipes this month—and all for the price of the stamp you use to mail your coupon.

COUPON

RADIO STARS' Cooking School
RADIO STARS Magazine
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me this month's free recipes for Phil Baker's favorite Baked foods.

I have put a check here (_____) to indicate that I would also like a free copy of the Rudy Vallee leaflet featuring traditional New England Thanksgiving dishes.

Name: ____________________________

Address: __________________________

City: __________________________ State: __________

Nils T. Granlund, with his secretary, Claire Sasser, who, Nils says, does much of the work for the weekly programs, "N.T.G. and his Girls!"
For a MEMORABLE VISIT TO NEW YORK

Enjoy living at the Savoy-Plaza with its spacious...tastefully furnished rooms...outstanding service...delicious cuisine...and exciting entertainment facilities. With Central Park at its door and the fine shops, theaters and subway near-by, this hotel is convenient to all parts of the city. The Savoy-Plaza awaits your arrival to tender you with all those attendant harmonies of fine living that have made this hotel the favorite of New Yorkers. Single rooms $5, $6, $7...Double $7, $8, $9...Suites from $10.

THE NEW Savoy Room

The Savoy-Plaza announces the opening of the new Savoy Room designed by Eugene Schoen, of Eugene Schoen and Sons...The Savoy Room is now open for Luncheon, Dinner and Supper.

The Inimitable DWIGHT FISKE In his Stories of the Piano

AFTER THE THEATRE

ROSITA and FONTANA at Dinner, in their original interpretations of the newest dances

DICK GASPARRE and his orchestra

AT DINNER AND SUPPER

CAFÉ LOUNGE AND SNACK BAR
(Informal) Open for Luncheon Cocktail Hour, Dinner and Supper

BASIL FOMEEN and his Internationals play for dancing at Cocktail Hour and Supper

RADIO STARS

Secrets of the Lux Radio Theatre

(Continued from page 71)

agency officials pondered. At first they were inclined to say no. But Joe was giving the last show ever to appear over the NBC network (they're on Columbia now) so, because it was something of a gala occasion, they let the wife and the two youngsters watch the program.

The reason audiences aren't allowed at the Lux Radio Theatre is because the plays are designed for the ear, not the eye, for the millions in the home, not a few hundred people who could be crowded into a studio. You can build up a perfect picture of the play as you sit there before your radio. But if you were in the studio watching the actors read from scripts, your illusions would be shattered.

The plays, by the way, have to be especially adapted for the radio. That's George Wells' job. When you see things happening on a real stage, it's much easier to convince you. Over the radio nothing can be taken for granted. For instance, when "The Bishop Misbehaves," with its original cast, was to be played over the air, Mr. Wells encountered a neat little problem. In the original play, a woman holds up the Bishop, saying to him: "Hold up your hands." She didn't have a gun or anything else to hold him up with, but the Bishop, who was holding up a gang of desperadoes, meekly obeyed. Over the air that would sound just silly.

Mr. Wells hit on the idea of having the woman hold up the Bishop by proddling his back with a monkey-wrench. Thinking it's a gun, he puts up his hands. Later he discovers he was held up with a monkey-wrench. "An old trick but a useful one," says the woman, grinning.

When Mr. Golden, producer of the play, heard this scene over the air, he said, "For heaven's sake, why didn't I do that!"

This perfect program takes hard work, long hours of rehearsing.

And most of them love it! They're gluttons for punishment. Like Walter Huston. He had appeared in "The Barker" on the stage about a thousand times. He was so grand at rehearsals that the director and everyone else, sighing with relief because the whole thing was going off so well, decided to take an hour for lunch.

Walter Huston stopped them. "Let's not," he said. "Let's just have some coffee. Can't we run through this thing again?"

Already, in only a year's time, the Lux Radio Theatre has more traditions, more legends, more amazing stories told about it than any other program that has been on the air for so short a time. Some of the stories are true. All of them are touched with the magic glitter of the stage, and breathe a sorcery of their own. Some of the best stories about the dramas behind the scenes cannot be told.

Of those that can be told, my favorite is the story of Ethel Barrymore, who was suffering from a nasal ailment and at the same time had trouble with her eyes. By accident she put the nasal drops, a strong astringent preparation, into her eyes. And suffered the agonies of the damned. White and writhing with pain, she went on the air, hardly able to see enough to read her script. Trying to remember it while she stood there, a spirit in torment.

She got through the role finally. The director of the theatre came up to Ethel Barrymore to congratulate her. "You were magnificent," he said humbly.

Through the swollen optics she eyed him arrogantly. "I'm Ethel Barrymore," she said, and "I don't need any little boy to tell me whether I'm good or not."

The End
day to a woman who knew her when she was a kid in Tennessee. "She was always that way," this friend said. "She could always make people flock around her—boys and girls both. She taught a Sunday-school class, sang at morning services, led a children's choir and was always the ring-leader of every town enterprise.

"There was a boy who was mad about her. He confided to me, almost with tears in his eyes, that he had thought Grace was crazy about him until he saw her with other boys and realized that she treated them all equally well and was as charming with one as another. Maybe that trait, which began back in Jellico, Tennessee, is the secret of her great success with men.

"When she told me she wanted to study for grand opera I was amazed. I even laughed at her—I think now with shame. Her voice was sweet and very tender but if it was not, I felt sure, a great voice. I told her so and she wouldn't believe me. In just the same way she wouldn't believe Hollywood when they told her she wasn't star material. Grace's not believing people is what has made her a success."

She wouldn't believe her father when he said he would not let her study for grand opera, so she ran away from school and sang in a Greenwich Village restaurant called "The Black Cat." Literally she sang for her supper and when her irate father came to New York to take her back home she wouldn't go with him. And even when she lost her voice completely she would not give up. Dr. Mario Marafioti, one of the most famous teachers and throat specialists in the world, remembers a girl who sat in his office for three days waiting for him. Time and again he told his secretary to tell her to go away that he was too busy to see her. But she sat until, worn down by her patient presence there, the doctor examined her throat.

He could promise her nothing. He said that six months of complete rest and relaxation might help her. And he forgot about her—forgot about her until Grace Moore, the Metropolitan Opera star, recalled herself to him.

You know how she was refused by the opera company and how, undaunted, she studied in Europe until Gatti-Casazza himself, asked her to sign a Metropolitan contract. You know how she returned to Hollywood and made a startling and tremendous success. And you know how brilliant and successful her radio programs are.

And now she stands triumphant. What is she like today?

She married the Spanish actor, Valentino Parera, in July, 1931. You've read of their meeting, two months before. Grace
and her secretary were walking up the gangplank of the Ile de France on their way to Europe. Suddenly Grace turned to her and said, "Something marvelous is going to happen. I feel it in my bones. I know it."

As they crossed the deck Grace saw a tall, handsome man. She clutched her secretary by the arm. "It has happened!" she said. "I'm going to marry that man."

Grace Moore has a greater amount of energy and vitality than any person I've ever known anything about. She has a secretary but she uses her only for dictating letters and making a few appointments. And although she has a manager she does most of the business connected with her screen, operatic and radio work herself. As a result she always says she is too busy to make appointments for interviews, yet she always ends by giving the appointments, and she will talk for hours on any subject the interviewer suggests.

She swears she has no time to pose for photographs. But she always winds up by posing, getting the whole job done up in fifteen minutes and arriving with boxes of new clothes and all sorts of tricky hats, along with dozens of wonderful suggestions for poses.

Besides her enthusiasm for clothes she adores houses. She and Ruth Chatterton are intimate friends and they spend a great deal of their time together hunting for houses which they never buy. A few years ago when Grace returned to New York from one of her many European jaunts Ruth Chatterton was also in the big town. Ruth sent Grace a wire: "Meet me this afternoon. Have found an adorable house in Westchester." And Grace broke every appointment to look at houses with Ruth all afternoon.

They do the same thing when they're together in Hollywood. But at last Grace broke down and bought a place in Beverly Hills. She also owns a home in Nice and has just given up the apartment she kept for so long in New York.

There is literally nothing in contemporary life that does not interest her. During her last vacation she took up mountain climbing and cut a notch on her stick for every mountain she climbed. Every year she and Parera spend their anniversary in Venice, where they were married, for she is as sentimental as she is excitable. And in spite of her ability to ensure men she ardently declares that there never can be another man in her life but Valentin Parera—the suave, poised, Continental, so different from herself, the.

And she has friends—hundreds of friends—both in Europe and America, social contacts she never neglects. Gay, ambitious, energetic, volatile, glamorous, triumphant Grace Moore!

The End
"The notes come from the diaphragm," says Professor Loubet, showing that a match cannot be extinguished while John Papadulli, a soda fountain clerk acclaimed as another Caruso, sings.

Keep Young and Beautiful

(Continued from page 11)

I am so enthused again about the beautifying properties of milk (she uses it for facials, as well) that I decided to prepare a special bulletin for you all about the milk diet as a sort of counter-balance to your holiday feastings. If you over-indulge on turkey and then on turkey hash, you'll need a little extra effort to get your figure back into condition. The milk diet is perfect for this. Or maybe you're counting on mistletoe happenings, or wishes coming true on turkey wishbones, in which case you'll want to get into condition before the festivities begin. Either way you'll want complete instructions for the milk diet—the milky way to mannequin perfection.

A few months ago I wrote an article on a milk and health farm which drew such a tremendous response that I felt it only fair to you to offer an authoritative milk diet before you started believing in Santa Claus and dreaming of candy, bon bons, fruit cake, plum pudding, and all the rest of it. The diet I offered before was not a milk diet; it was simply a well-balanced 2-day reducing diet, which, however, included considerable milk in its menus. Now you may have both diets, if you wish, but you'll be sure to want the milk diet for quick, harmless reducing.

I'm going to skim off the cream of the new beauty ideas that I think will help you to be most glamorous for the holidays. The first selection is a new creamy mascara. (Not intended as a pan.) You simply apply it right from the tube, and then whip out your eye-brow brush to finish the eyelash beautifying process. It's about the creamiest mascara I've ever discovered, and it achieves a really natural effect. More important than anything else, it's kind to your lashes. It doesn't make them harsh and brittle.

You will note that Vivienne uses considerable eye make-up. She believes that her eyes are her best facial asset, hence she does everything possible to enhance them. She succeeds in making them look even larger than they are. Her skillful application of mascara from the base of the lashes clear to the tips (the tips are the finest part of the lash and hence the lightest) makes her lashes look almost twice as long as they really are. There's always a mirror above a cocktail bar. Try considering your dressing-table a make-up bar, and you'll be gratified at the results you see in the mirrors that greet you during all the holiday festivities.

Yet another "creamy" news note is the news of a new two-minute facial that leaves your skin as smooth as satin, or as a creamy magnolia petal. It only takes two minutes, honestly, and it will be a life-saver for you when you're rushing to get ready for your all-important date. It is especially effective for coarse pores, blackheads and dry skin. I guarantee that if you try the milk diet and this new facial...you'll be amazed at the results.

Mary Biddle, RADIO STARS, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me your Milk Diet & Hints for Holiday Glamour.

Name, ......................................

Address, ......................................

Are your hands ROUGH as Stucco?

Do your hands feel coarse? Are they rough as stucco? Do they "snag" on silk?

Why not use some rich, wide-spreading, quick-drying Italian Balm (just one drop is sufficient) and see how quickly your skin becomes soft and smooth in texture!

Italian Balm is recognized as one of the quickest-acting, most economical skin beautifiers ever invented. These two qualities—effectiveness and economy—have made it the largest selling skin protector in America.

In one of the nation's largest cities a recent Parent Teacher's Association Report, covering over 5,000 homes, revealed that Italian Balm was practically a 3 to 1 favorite—used in about 3 times as many homes as any other similar preparation.

Italian Balm is made from a secret formula, by a secret process. There is nothing like it on the world market today. 3 our drug and department store carry Italian Balm in 3 sizes of long-lasting bottles—5sc, 60c and $1.00—and in handy 25 cent tubes.

Free HANDY HOME DISPENSER

Nickel plated, 100% guaranteed Italian Balm HOME DISPENSER—attaches easily to bathroom, kitchen or laundry wall (wood or tile). Dispenses one drop when you press the plunger. Try your druggist first—ask for the Dispenser Package. If he can't supply you—they get one FREE by sending ONE 6sc Italian Balm carton and NO MONEY—with your name and address—to CAMPANA, Batavia, Illinois.

Campana's

Italian Balm

THE ORIGINAL SKIN SOFTENER

"America's Most Economical Skin Protector"
Science Discovers New Way to Increase Weight

Gains of 10 to 25 lbs. in a few weeks. First package must add weight or the trial is free

AN AMAZING new "I-power" yeast discovery in pleasant tablets is putting pounds of solid, normally attractive flesh on thousands of "skinny", run-down people who never could gain an ounce before.

Doctors now know that the real reason why great numbers of people find it hard to gain weight is that they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Now scientists have discovered that the richest known source of health-building Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 2 kinds of blood-strengthening iron in little tablets called Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, are one of the many "skinny", run-down persons who need these vital elements, get those new "I-power" Ironized tablets from your druggist at once. Day after day, as you take them, watch that chest develop and skinny limbs round out to normal attractiveness. Indigestion and constipation from the same source quickly vanish, skin clears to normal beauty—you are an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed
No matter how skinny and run-down you may be, try this wonderful new "I-power" Ironized Yeast for just a few short weeks. If you're not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!
To start you building up your body right away we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed with the very first package—no money refunded. At all drugstores.

10 lbs., 3 weeks
"I was like a scarecrow. With Ironized Yeast I gained 10 lbs. in 3 weeks."—Fenna Allen, Oneida, Tenn.

14 lbs. quick
"I seemed born to be skinny, but with Ironized Yeast I gained 14 lbs. in less than a week."—Mr. Soto, Anaheim, Calif.

"SKINNY? SEE HOW I LOOK SINCE I GAINED 12 POUNDS"

The candid camera clicks, as Rudy Vallee softens the tempo of the Connecticut Yankees. Vallee's Variety programs are heard each Thursday evening over nation-wide WEAF-NBC networks. One of the hardest working of radio's stars, Rudy never loses the edge of enthusiasm, as his programs testify.

If I Were Radio's Mighty Mogul

(Continued from page 47)

each episode with more suspense. This could be effected by having someone shot just as the episode goes off the air. Beginning, naturally, with the author.

More discrimination would be used in selecting movie talent for radio. Mickey Mouse would be put under contract until he grows older and his voice deepens. The cheese people would then introduce him as one of Whitman's guest stars. Karloff and Lugosi, the gay ghouls twins, would be featured in a modern adaptation of Cinderella. The pumpkin coach would become a hearse and the prince would probably turn out to be a prominent mortician. King Kong, who made a monkey of himself in a big way, would be starred in a series sponsored by an animal cracker firm.

Sports broadcasts would be announced by the world's greatest soothsayer, whatever his name is. Only two people would listen—Graham MacNamee and Ted Husing. The broadcast would be given ten days before the events took place. Ted and Graham would write down all that was going to happen, memorize it, and then go to the game and give the performance of their lives.

Boxers who have just won the heavyweight championship of the world would be asked to say: "Hello, Pa!" This would make long-neglected fathers of pugilists throughout the country feel better.

Impromptu broadcasting would be popularized. Radio engineers with sound equipment would go into nooks and crannies and bring to the listening world unusual sounds. They'd go into the Senate chamber, slip a microphone under a desk and catch the buzz of solons snoring. They'd pick up the fizz of peroxide as Hollywood blondes stayed blonde, detect the whistle of swiftly-thumbed joke-books as radio comedians prepared "original" scripts, register the tiny cry of starving moths— in Sally Rand's dressing-room—and eavesdrop on robins in the spring, arguing about which one is going to be first.

Imitators of George Givot, the Greek Ambassador of Mirth, would be severely punished. Habitual offenders would even be forced to spend six months in Greece.

All imitators of Fred Allen would be carefully grilled as to the extent of their criminal record. The one with the most evidence against him would get the maximum penalty—he'd take my spot in radio and I would retire to the hills of North Dakota.
happy in Hollywood. Always she was hungry for her home in the East, where neighbors called her "Mrs. MacArthur," where she could walk down to the grocery store with her youngster and not be stared at. "I love it here at home," she always has said, her eyes shining, "We're just home folks up here."

Every minute at Nyack was precious to her, every day counted. A year ago last Spring, when telegrams from the Coast were reminding her that work soon would begin on "Vanessa," she said sadly: "How I hate leaving home! My lovely lilacs are just coming into full bloom." Then she added apologetically: "Oh, I realize how familiar a complaint that is, coming from me!"

When asked: "Well, why do you go back? Why not stay?" she answered: "There's a little Hollywood custom known as a long-term contract."

However, even if you could move Hollywood to Nyack, and give Helen Hayes her home, her garden, her family, her friends, all within walking distance of the set, I don't believe she would want to return to the screen.

She never has been happy working in the medium of the motion picture, even though she has been very successful.

Backstage one day, after a matinee performance of "Mary of Scotland," someone asked her how it was that she, the smallest actress on the American stage, could play so successfully the role of the tallest queen in history. Helen hesitated a moment, then answered: "Why—I just think tall."

Packed in that short statement is the

artistic reason for Helen Hayes' choice of the radio over the screen. She has always stressed the importance of imagination, of the intangible, in acting. And she always resented the mechanics, the constant hammering of literal details in movie making.

She knows, as any truly great actress knows, the emotional power of a whisper, the dramatic effect of a half-spoken word, the suspense created by raising or lowering the voice, the magic of timing, the wizardry of a laugh or a sob. She needs no glycerine tears, no close-ups, no artificial shadows or striking backgrounds to create drama. She can paint with words, and color with her voice.

She once said: "I love the sound of words beautifully put together. That is why I prefer spoken drama—it is much more literary than the screen. How I love the lifting lines of Barrie's plays, and the beautiful prose of Molnar's!" When someone reminded her that the screen now was using more dialogue, she said: "Yes. But the screen is best when handling swift action, adventure. It isn't meant for long speeches, no matter how beautifully they may be spoken."

Schooled in the theater of long rehearsals and constant study, the importance of fine workmanship always has been paramount with her. It was while she was playing in "Mary of Scotland" and dreading the scheduled return to the Coast that she said: "Somehow, one feels frustrated, working in the movies. You generally have to do what you are told, whether or not you think it is right or wrong." Then she added: "I guess
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Name
Address
Age
Occupation

Board of Review
(Continued from page 15)

LUM AND ABNER (NBC).
Hayseed hilarity.

MYRT AND MARGE (CBS).
They're in the movies now.

SINGIN' SAM (CBS).
Good cheer.

MARCH OF TIME (CBS).
Rapid for dramaticatation of the news.

LOIS LONG'S WOMAN'S PAGE (CBS).
Just what a man has been waiting for.

AMOS 'N' ANDY (NBC).
Still top.

LOWELL THOMAS (NBC).
Great man of the commentators.

DANGEROUS PARADISE (NBC).
Drama, wit and Nick Sesemann.

BEN BERNIE'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
The life of the party.

SWIFT STUDIO PARTY (NBC).
Signature of Willard Van Dyke, Drama Taylor—what more could you ask?

HARRY AND ESTHER (CBS).
Usual good.

ATWATER KENT PROGRAM (CBS).
Summer.

HOUSE OF GLASS (NBC).
Another "Goldberg" series.

JOHN CHARLES THOMAS (NBC).
A marvelous singer.

EDGAR A. GUEST IN WELCOME VALLEY (NBC).
Good for the soul.

N. T. G. AND HIS GIRLS (NBC).
Coyote Plus.

LUD GLUSKIN PRESENTS (CBS).
Musical arrangements you should hear.

LAVENDER AND HOLY LACE (CBS).
Franklin Munn again.

G-MEN WITH PHILLIPS LORD (NBC).
Weekly at time.

VOICE OF EXPERIENCE (CBS).
Friendly advice.

UNCLE ERA'S RADIO STATION (NBC).
Well or ill.

THE SINGING LADY (NBC).
Improving.

POPEYE (NBC).
Rather disappointing.

MARIE, LITTLE FRENCH PRINCESS (CBS).
Opinion divided.

THE GUMP'S (CBS).
Could be improved.
Helen Claire, of "Roses and Drums," wore this authentic Confederate uniform when she played the rôle of a Virginia girl spy in the popular Civil War drama, heard each Sunday. Miss Claire is a native of Alabama.

Afraid of Love

(Continued from page 31)

unsaid again. They must hurt some-one who believed in them and in their love."

As he spoke, his dark eyes luminous with a vicarious pain, it was clear why Martini is afraid to love. It is not that he is afraid for himself, A man who has made the the amazing success he has, in the short span of years since his career started, cannot be afraid for himself. His fear comes from the horror of hurting another human being.

"Once you have told a woman you love her and have gone on to know the emotion was only of the moment, you have lost that woman forever," he went on. "You can never be her friend after that and friendship between a man and a woman is so enriching a thing for both of them. There has never been a woman in my life who has been at all important to me who is not my friend today. That is what men, on whose tongues talk of love lies lightly, miss.

"I have never found the woman I know I want to spend the rest of my life with." For all the light in his eyes, the quick readiness of his smile, he speaks earnestly and there is an impression of every word being carefully measured. For, with all his charm and sensitiveness, Martini is not the volatile Latin. "Sometimes, of course, since then, there have been girls different from the others. Girls I have wondered about, who have quickened my heart-beat when I have been with them. Then, tomorrow maybe, I am gone and sometimes I may see them again and sometimes I may not. To really love, to really be sure, you must spend much time with a woman.

"You can see how it is with me. Today I am in New York, singing in radio or at the Metropolitan. Tomorrow or next week I am away again. I sing in San Francisco or London or Paris. There is Hollywood and my work in pictures. Since the beginning of my career I have never been able to stay long in one place.

"And so because I have found out how
important it is to be sure that an emotion
is lasting and not a whim of a moon-
colored night, that early experience in
Italy has held me back when a woman's
voice has caught itself in my thoughts or
when a smile or a chance gesture has su-
denly torn at my heart. This beginning
of an emotion is so elusive. It may mean
everything or nothing at all.

"Only once since then have I felt as
deply about a girl. She is an American
and I met her in New York shortly be-
fore I went to Hollywood to make my pic-
ture. I wanted to know this girl better
and it was hard to leave when I wanted
so much to stay. Now that I am back
in New York, she is away and when I go
alone to the places where we went together
I see her sometimes almost as if she were
with me, and the way the light fell on her
hair and deepened in her eyes and the little
trick she had of lifting her chin when she
laughed. Maybe someday we will meet
again. I hope so."

Martini looked lonely and there was a
timbre in his voice that made his words
suddenly rich with overtones of feeling. He
is barely thirty but he looks even
younger than his years, except for an
understanding in his eyes. You feel that it
has cost this man something to bow to the
line he has marked for himself. Sometimes,
only, it must have been hard not to reach
out for a warmth that was his for the
asking. That girl in Italy...That other
girl in New York...

"I want to marry some day," he went
on slowly. "Very much. But it must be to
a woman I love in the full sense of the
word. Selflessly and with full under-
standing, and she must love me, too, like that.
And we must know each other long enough
and well enough to be sure it is like that.

"You see, from the beginning, a singer's
marriage faces a hazard. It means much
time spent away from each other and
that is bad in any marriage. The happiest
ones are those rooted in companionship
and all the little things of everyday that
they share together.

"It would be impossible for my wife
to travel with me on my concert tours.
There is the physical discomfort of liv-
ying your life in a train drawing-room, of
packing and unpacking practically every
day, of rushing from one hotel to another.
And there would be the monotony for
her of days spent alone away from
friends and her own interests, while my life
would go on as usual, full of the interest
in my career, rehearsals, interviews, con-
ferences and so on.

"So, because it would be asking too
much of any woman to travel with me,
from the beginning we would have to fore-
go all the little intimacies that make a
husband and wife grow together. We
would both have to seek too much out-
side of marriage. Unless our love was
truly great it could not survive."

It seems inevitable that Martini will fall
in love some day. For he is adored by
women, this young tenor. At his debut
at the Metropolitan Opera House a woman
young and lovely and proud, unpinched her
corsage and pressed her lips against it
Here is Malcolm Claire, who is "Spareribs," NBC's children's story-teller, surrounded by the things he likes best—his library of children's books, from which he compiles his stories, and musical instruments, none of which he can play—so he plays the comb!

before she threw it to him at his last curtain call. They say his work in "Here's To Romance" sets a new mark for movie matinee idols and when his glorious voice comes over the radio, many a woman whom romance has passed by is caught in the ecstasy of a vicarious emotion. For the moment she, too, is young and lovely and adored.

For Martini has a special quality only one other man I have ever seen has possessed. That was his fellow countryman, Rudolph Valentino. A quality difficult to describe, save that it held warmth and tenderness and a universal romanticism, so that while Valentino held one woman in his arms every woman watching felt that it was she who was being held like that.

So it is with Martini. Every woman, listening to his song of love, feels that it is for her alone that song is sung. Every woman, watching his eyes, feels that they soften and glow for her.

And yet Martini never has told a woman he loves her. Someday he will. Romance is inevitable in his life. No man with his bright charm can escape it utterly.

Someday a woman will erase that early knowledge of tragedy from his mind. A woman so gay, maybe, and so gallant, that no man could feel it lay within his power ever to hurt her. A woman with perhaps the feminine counterpart of his charm, so that instead it would lie with-


RADIO STARS

Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 54)

WRC WGY WPTF WJAR WCSS WREA WJAX 7:00 CST—KTHS WAPI WSR WMAQ WSM WTMJ KFVY WOA WWO WMC WJDX KSD WHO WDAF KFRC WXY KSTP WLBK WDAY KQKO WFAA WSMB WAVE 6:00 MST—KTAR KDYL KOA 3:00 PST—KGI KGW KKO KOMO KDY

8:30 EST (5)—Leslie Howard. (Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.)

KABC and network.

9:00 EST (1)—Ford Sunday Evening Hour.

KABC and network.

9:00 EST (5)—Manhattan Merry-Go-Round.

Evelyn Caruso, tenor; George Metaxas; Andy Sennella's Orchestra. (Sterling Products, Inc.)

WDAF WJAR WJAX WTMJ WHO WTAQ WCAQ WHEN WCSS WPFB WRC WGY WJXJ WMLI CCPF KYW. 8:00 CST—KFRY WMAG KSQ WHO WOW WTMJ KFST WJRC WDAF 7:00 MST—KOA KDYL 6:00 PST—KIQI KPF KPI KGW KOMO.

9:00 EST (15)—Silken Strings Program. Charles Previn and his orchestra. (Real Silk Hosiery.)

WJZ WIAL WMAI WJX WPR WFLA WFMX WVRB WMAK KDIA WGA N WLN WEN M KO W 8:00 CST—WEN M KO W.

9:30 EST (4)—Walter Winchell. (Jergen's Lotion.)

WJZ WZRA WIAL WMR WYRA WHM KDKA WGBR WENK MWT KSO KKW WHEN KUL M WUL WML WAW XIE.

9:30 EST (15)—American Album of Familiar Music. Frank Munn, tenor; Vivienne Negut, soprano; Bertram Hirsch, violist; Harpo Marx's Sacred Orchestra. (Sterling Products, Inc.)

WDAF WJAR WJAX WTMJ WHO WTAQ WCAQ WHEN WCSS WPFB WRC WGY WJXJ WMLI CCPF KYW. 8:00 CST—WFRY WMAG KSQ WHO WOW WTMJ KFST WJRC WDAF 7:00 MST—KOA KDYL 6:00 PST—KIQI KPF KPI KGW KOMO.

10:30 EST (15)—Wayne King. (Lady Esther.)

WABC WAPC WOKO WCD WABA WKBW WREB WRC WREB WMBW KFIB WDAF WCAT WJAR WPEL WQPD WQSY. 9:00 CST—WFRM KJOS WHIM WKKC WNAS WSDU WCTO KRLD WYHY KQAR. 8:00 MST—KAO KUL KEL 7:00 PST—KERN KMJ KXN KXH KFBR KGB KPRC KOM KOL KFTY KGW KLY.

10:00 EST (11)—General Motors Concerts. (General Motors Corp.)

WDAF WJAR WJAX WTMJ WHO WTAQ WCAQ WHEN WCSS WPFB WRC WGY WJXJ WMLI CCPF KYW. 8:00 CST—WFRY WMAG KSQ WHO WOW WTMJ KFST WJRC WDAF 7:00 MST—KOA KDYL 6:00 PST—KIQI KPF KGW KOMO KDY.

11:00 EST (5)—Sunset Dreams—Marin Sisters and the Ranch Boys.

10:00 PST—WGOA KTVH WSAFE WYK KFRC WRAP KTBX 9:00 MST—KOA KDY J 8:00 PST—KFI KGW KOMO KHS KFSD KTAH.

11:15 EST (5)—Walter Winchell. The Jergens Program.

BGX MST—KOA KDY, KGB KGL, KBO KFW KO W KOMO KHS KFSD KTAH.

11:30 EST (5)—Voice of Experience.

KGB KFW KOMO KHS KFSD KTAH.

11:30 EST (11)—Eddie South and his Riviera Orchestra.

KGW and network.

12:00 EST (15)—The Silken Strings Program. Charles Previn and his orchestra.

10:00 PST—KOA KDYL 9:00 PST—KIQI KGW KOMO KDY.

MONDAY

(Nov. 1oth, 11th, 18th and 25th)

6:45 EST (5)—Lowell Thomas gives the

(Continued from page 56)

Smooth-white attractive hands give you poise and confidence. You can have them too, by becoming a regular user of Chamberlain's Lotion. A clear liquid, not sticky or gummy, absorbed in 57 seconds, it not only re-beautifies hands, but arms and skin as well. Blended from thirteen different imported oils, it is a complete beauty treatment, one you will enjoy using. Two sizes—at any drug or department store.

A new picture of Xavier Cugat, who is renowned almost as much for his unusually clever talent as a cartoonist as he is for his delightful music.

CROSLEY

YOU'RE THERE WITH A PIONEERS IN RADIO
On October 6th Countess Olga Albi, long a favorite singing star of radio, started a new series of programs, with the title, "Life is a Song." She was welcomed back by Announcer Charles Lyon.

They Also Serve

(Continued from page 17)

political career, Snyder, adroitly handling Miss Etting's affairs, brought her to the front rank in short order, and has handled her investments so shrewdly that they have suffered but slight shrinkage since that fatal October day in 1929. As though that were not devoted service enough, watch Ruth's shining eye and glowing countenance when she speaks of their fifteen years' romance.

The lots of Wally Rose and Colonel Snyder have been relatively easy compared with that of Valentin Parera, husband of the talented Grace Moore. At the time of their marriage, Grace already had achieved fame and riches, and it was a difficult decision when Valentin was forced to forego his own career as an actor in order to permit her freedom for her own more illustrious one. Parera was deep in plans for an M-G-M picture when Grace was summoned to sing before King George and Queen Mary, of England, in a command performance of La Boheme in London's Covent Garden. He dropped everything to remain by her side. A short time ago, when Miss Moore was appearing in a Chicago theater, I was present backstage when a bewildered cub reporter, sent to interview her, addressed Parera as "Mister Moore." The singer's handsome husband lost none of his Latin suavity, although his hot Spanish blood must have burned at the unintentional slight. Similarly he accepted flowers sent by a dozen admirers and conveyed them dutifully to his famous wife. However, Grace will tell you that it is not simply coincidence that she has enjoyed her greatest triumphs since that day, four years ago, when she met her handsome husband on the Ile de France and fell in love with him at sight.

If you are a woman who has ever had the questionable good fortune to beat your husband at bridge or golf, you are well able to understand the sportsmanship of those husbands who, working side by side in the same profession with talented wives, have watched the wives climb faster up the ladder of fame, and still have been so lacking of professional and personal jealousy as to be able to remain uncomplaining and even give the little woman a much needed boost now and then. There are many of today's radio luminaries who have benefited vastly and readily admit it, through such husbandly aid.

When Gladys Swarthout married Frank Chapman, whom she met in the opera house in Florence, Italy, his was the better known name musically. Capricious radio swept Gladys in its upward tide until her fame far overshadowed that of Chapman. Yet unselfish Chapman refused a proffered concert tour to remain with Gladys in (Continued on page 87)
Heartbreak—at the sight of his Brother’s Wife!

Cynthia and Jeff were alone in the garden. Their hour was upon them: two who had loved spoke fiercely, quickly . . . Cynthia told him simply “You must have thought me a fool, bringing me to this place so offhand. You might have known I’d find out all about you if I came here.” Jeff replied, “Why, honey, I was only keen about her the way a kid is! Then Todd came along and fell for her, and I passed over the picture.” “And you’ve regretted it ever since,” Cynthia said hotly. “Being noble. Giving up your brother’s wife? You regret it now!” “If that’s the way you feel,” he commented, “There’s not much for me to say, is there?”

But there was more to say . . .

Cold, cruel words that left their pride, their love in tattered shreds. Did these two who loved each other so deeply, who hated each other so bitterly, ever forgive each other the dreadful words each had spoken?

Read
STRANGER, TAKE MY HEART!
by Ellen Hogue

in
Sweetheart STORIES
December Now on Sale . . . 10¢
They Also Serve

(Continued from page 85)

New York while she filled her radio engagement last winter, and when Hollywood called her, he gave up a chance to sing with a European opera company because he felt that she needed him.

Once Helen Jepson sat in the front row of a concert hall, casting worshipful eyes upon the first flutist of the Chautauqua Symphony Orchestra. Several years later, he stood in the wings of the Metropolitan, rejoicing as much in her triumphant success as Nedda in Pagliacci as though it were his own. George Posser, the flutist, encouraged the blonde star when, discouraged, she wept that her ambition was dead; killed by too oft-repeated discouragement. She would be content, she told him, to be his wife and the mother of their daughter, Sallie Patricia.

"No, no," he reassured her. "You have talent, dearest. They must hear you. I shall make them." And he did. Posser begged a friend who conducted the Little Symphony Orchestra to permit his wife to sing as a soloist. The friend acceded to the prayerful request. Thence came Helen's radio opportunity, and the story of how Gatti-Casazza heard her sing with Paul Whiteman and took her to the Metropolitan is an oft-told tale. Only Posser's part in the success story of Helen Jepson has been overlooked by the public.

Mrs. Louis Berg had been married for ten uneventful years to a successful official of a sugar refinery, and was the mother of two growing children when she announced suddenly that she planned to go on the radio. She had written a script, and wanted to act in it. Instead of pooh-poohing her suddenly born ambition, and telling her to go down town and buy herself a new coat and forget it, Louis Berg read the script. He took time from his own work to help Gertrude Berg, and typed out the show she had written in longhand. His part in the success of "The Goldberg's" and later of "The House of Glass" has been a silent one though no less potent.

When Elsie Hitz was seventeen, she married an actor named Jack Welch. After a whirlwind courtship, Welch, offered a few radio parts when radio was still in the crystal set stage, thrust his young bride into parts opposite him. Thus she gained the training that has made her today one of the highest-salaried actresses of the airwaves. Welch long since has forsaken his Thespian career in favor of a more remunerative one in the banking field, but he insisted that Elsie continue her dramatic work, and coached her untiringly. Her success is a tribute to his interest, and incidentally to his ability as a teacher.

To paraphrase an old adage, they also serve who only sit and wait—outside bookers' offices to get their wives a break.

The End

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Have you wormed your dog lately? Worms kill thousands of dogs. All puppies and dogs should be wormed regularly. For safe, sure results use SERGEANT'S PUPPY CAPSULES for worms in pups; SERGEANT'S SURE-SHOT CAPSULES for older dogs. Sold by druggists and pet shops everywhere.

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87
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Millions have found they do not need to drench their stomachs with strong, caustic alkalies. Physicians have said this habit often brings further acid indigestion. So much more safe and sensible to simply carry a roll of Tums in your pocket. Munch 3 or 4 after meals—or whenever troubled by heartburn, gas, sour stomach. Try them when you feel the effects of last night's party, or when you smoke too much. Tums contain a wonderful antacid which neutralizes acid in the stomach, but never over-alkalizes the system or blood. Pleasant to eat as candy. Only 10c at any drug store.

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Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blemishes, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and soft—face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists. Painless and removes hair growth—takes them out easily, quickly and gently. Leaves the skin hair free.

Powdered Saxolite

Reduces wrinkles and other age spots. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint warm water and use daily as face lotion.

NO ALKALIES FOR ACID INDIGESTION!

Mercolized Wax

Keeps Skin Young

Hair OFF Face Lips Chin

Unloved I once looked like this. Ugly hair unloved, disfigured. Nothing helped. Depilatories, wax, lotions... even razors failed. I then discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty and love with the secret. My FREE book "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair" explains the method and proves actual success. See your druggist. Ask the hair analyst. A trial offer. No obligation. Write Mle. Annette L'Enneta, P.O. Box 946, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 187, Chicago.

Phil Baker finds himself somewhat handicapped for his broadcast! The extraordinary idea originated in the fertile brains of Beetle and Bottle.
Alexander Woollcott—a Vignette

ALEXANDER WOOLLcott, noted author, playwright, raconteur and—in the role of the “Town Crier”—conductor of one of the most popular and provocative periods on the air, usually baffles his interviewers. He doesn’t like to be interviewed. For those listeners, however, who know that Woollcott is a celebrated wit, a boon companion of great personalities, a host at famous Sunday breakfasts, a champion croquet player, and a lot of other intimate details—but who do not know where he was born, went to school, worked and played, this history has been compiled.

Alexander Woollcott was born in Phiala, New Jersey, U. S. A., on January 19th, 1887, the son of Walter and Frances Grey Bucklin Woollcott. After he finished wading through his nursery library—reading everything from Nietzsche to Lewis Carroll—Woollcott trudged off to Philadelphia to attend Central High School.

From Philadelphia Woollcott proceeded to Clinton, N. Y., and spent the usual amount of time acquiring a Ph.D. degree from Hamilton College in 1909. After some years of general writing, studying and teaching, he became dramatic critic of the New York Times—a post he held from 1914 to 1922.

During the War, Woollcott deserted his aisle seat and enlisted for service overseas. With Harold Ross and several others, during those tremendous times, he published “The Stars and Stripes,” a superb literary creation and the official newspaper of the A. E. F.

In 1922 Woollcott became dictator of dramatic tastes for the readers of the New York Herald. Three years later his criticisms and personal enthusiasms popped up on the drama page of the New York World.

By 1928 Woollcott’s talent for injecting his own enthusiasm into the imaginations of a vast number of readers brought his writings into the pages of the Saturday Evening Post, Collier’s, newspaper syndicates, and books. His writings include “Mrs. Fiske—Her Views on Acting, Actors, and the Problems of the Stage,” “The Command Is Forward,” “Mr. Dickens Goes to the Play,” “Enchanted Aisles,” “The Story of Irving Berlin,” “Going Places,” and the recent best-seller, “While Rome Burns.” He has also written the plays, “The Channel Road,” and “The Dark Tower,” and made his debut as an actor in “Brief Moment,” at the Belasco Theatre in 1931.

Late in 1930, Woollcott faced the microphone for the first time in the New York studios of the Columbia Broadcasting System, conducting a chatty literary column called “The Early Bookworm.” Since that time he has commuted, off and on, between the typewriter and the “mike.” After a vacation Woollcott now is back on the air as “The Town Crier,” heard every Sunday from 7:00 to 7:30 P. M. (E. S. T. WABC.)

Woollcott always carries a cane and a well-filled portfolio, and “collects” god-children.
Stop... WORRY OVER tell tall GRAY HAIR

Now, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or pial pipe which permits application high up in secetion where it reaches and thoroughly covers affected part. Pazo now goes in suggestive form. Pazo for Pazo comes in suggestive form. Pazo comes in Collapsible Tube with Detachable Pils Pipe which permits application high up in region where it reaches and thoroughly covers affected part.

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while there was an amusing story going the rounds about how she used a carrier pigeon to get her first audition. That, she says, is baloney and very thinly sliced. She got her audition through regular channels, the way you could, and when they said she needed more experience, she went to work on a local station. "Patti-cake" is not lazy. No matter how late she is in getting to bed, she awakens at eight in the morning. She answers her own fan mail and chooses her songs by practicing them at home. If the neighbors applaud, they're good.

When they don't applaud, she feels low. She's very sensitive, crying easily about little things. The nearest she came to crying while on the air was about a month ago when she coughed in the middle of a song. For an instant, she was horrified; then she apologized contritely to her listeners. As a result, the next day she had an extra large batch of fan mail.

RENDEZVOUS
This is the show in which the cast is temperamental. Not Phil Duce, nor Jane Williams, who are the stars; but Eunice Howard, who reads Jane's lines, and Buford Hampton, who has a role of his own. As we watch, Phil is seated over in a corner, reading his script. He is not bothered by the pandemonium at the microphone. There, Miss Howard and Mr. Hampton are having a lovely time. She is trying her darndest to get the director to change one line from "Yes, my Park Avenue farmer," to "Yes, YOU Park Avenue farmer." She has lots of reasons, and it takes her three minutes, by the clock, to give them all. Hampton, in the meantime, is running between the window of the control-room and the microphone, shouting: "These two next lines are deadly for me."

Finally, the director comes out. He calms them down, with an effort, and the show goes on.

GOOD CLEAN FUN
As we walk into Al Pearce's rehearsal, a blonde gal in front is saying: "I know a young lady who makes her living by crying like a baby," to a girl on the stage, who is screaming at the top of her voice. The girl on the stage is Bernadine Upton, who is now making her living by playing sound effects for Andy Andrews' coming song, "Sawing a Lady in Half."

As the song is being rehearsed, Phil Hamma saws on a log, she screams, and a page boy comes in. The show is about to go on, so he moves along asking those

(Continued on page 92)
Skin Help
When surface pimples spoil looks or eczema torments you
POSILAM WORKS FAST
The Great Exchange
Goes On!
Hollywood has taken Gladys Swarthout from Radio — Radio has taken Wallace Beery from Hollywood! DON'T MISS the revealing stories of these stars in RADIO STARS MAGAZINE for January on all newsstands November 29th

Radio's Paul Whiteman leads his band in "Thanks a Million."
"Tops" in three worlds—a leading motor magnate, a leading opera star, and a leading screen comedian on the "Rose of the Rancho" set. Edsel Ford (left), Gladys Swarthout, and Harold Lloyd.

The Up and Up on the Lowdown

(The continued from page 91)

The studio for their tickets. The blon- 
desk, "What tickets?" He replies she must 
aves ticket to stay. She kids him for 
a while before telling him she is a member 
of the cast.

Then he kids her for a while by making 
her prove it.

PERSONALITIES THAT COUNT

Ben Bernie. The Old Maestro is one of 
the few guys in radio who acts in real life 
as he does on the air. His devotion to his 
family is lovely. If you see someone in 
taxi rehearsal you don't recognize, you can 
yay to him: "You're Ben's brother"—and 
right. He seems to have a million of 
them and they all seem to have a finger 
in his pie.

Ray Block. Columbia Broadcasting Sys-

tem recently made Ray one of its musical 
conductors. Among those he's coached are 
Jatit Chapin, Benay Venuta, Sally Singer, 
Chal, the Four Eton Boys and the 
So, Re, Mi Girls. His programs include 
the Merry MAKERS, The Dictators, Man-

attan Mooda, Vocals by Verril, Philip 
Morris and United Cigar. Ray also 
does the piano solo program three times a week! 

is right!

INFORMATION

It's a pleasure for us to watch Guy 
Lombardo rehearse his orchestra, for he 
rehearses it differently from the way most 
leaders do. He walks into the control-room 
and sits down. There he lights a cigarette 
and lounges back, listening to the band 
through the loudspeaker and watching it 
through the plate glass window that sepa-

rates him from it.

In the studio, the orchestra is working. 
All the men sit around in a cozy group 
and talk. Carmen and Liebert discuss the 
song they are to play and the arranger 
notes as they bring in a new angle on treat-

ment. When the number is set, the cozy 
little group plays it—without much 
figuring around. All very easy. If we were 
Lombardos, we could do it, too. . . .

While I'm on the subject, I'll tell you 
this. It's confidential. You're going to 
notice that wherever Lombardo plays, 
Veloz and Yolanda, the super dance team, 
will follow with their orchestra. That's 
because when Lombardo leaves a place, it 
goes dead and needs a smash attraction to 
keep the customers coming. Here's some-
thing else. The Veloz and Yolanda or-
chestra is really the Shep Fields' orchestra. 
And Shep Fields, whose music you're go-
ing to like more and more, rehearses much 
as the Lombardos rehearse. You know: 

The End
The Best GRAY HAIR REMEDY IS MADE AT HOME

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of barbo compound and one-fourth ounce of sodium hypochlorite. Any druggist can get this up or you can make it yourself at very little cost. Add to the hair twice a week. The result will be a shade of gray or brown. Barbo imparts color to stressed, faded, or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your look. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

Don't miss the fascinating story of LESLIE HOWARD coming in the January issue—out November 29th.

ASTHMA?

"If you are sick and tired of gasping and struggling for breath—tired of sitting up night after night and using needed rest and sleep, write me at once for a FREE trial of the medicine that gave me the relief I have today for a FREE trial. Your name and address on a postcard will bring it by return mail." W. W. Dean, President Free Breath Products Company, Dept. 1351-B, Benton Harbor, Michigan.

RADIO STARS

Programs by Day

(Continued from page 92)
Radio Always Gets Its Man

(Continued from page 35)

first nod to the microphone back in the early days of WJZ. Bertha, who is now NBC program director, was then manager of WJZ, and thrilled over the fact that she had obtained Her Majesty’s consent to speak for fifteen minutes starting at nine o’clock on the evening in question. This was the first time royalty had ever been on the air. The studio help tore around getting new furniture, setting flowers everywhere. The question of etiquette was discussed. The page boys were drilled until they bowed and marched like West Pointers. At 8.15 everybody dashed away to doll up for the occasion.

They were still at it when Marie and her retinue arrived—full fifteen minutes head of time. There wasn’t a soul to meet her! The Queen walked in, took the look at the empty foyer, turned around and departed.

Miss Brainard came downstairs au galop, ashed after Her Majesty, explained what had occurred, apologized, wept, and begged her to return. But in vain. Queen Marie didn’t even answer. Her aide informed Miss Brainard that it was not permitted to a commoner to speak directly to the Queen.

Well, there was nothing left but for David Sarnoff, president of RCA, to apologize to the radio audience. He took the microphone and tactfully explained what had happened.

Returning to the dictators, Hitler and Mussolini have been heard. The only other one, besides Stalin, who hasn’t been heard, is Kemal Pasha of Turkey—and he has been silent because of technical difficulties in reaching the Turkish capital.

The Pope, who was heard for the first time two years ago, never objected to radio. There were simply no radio facilities in the Vatican. When Guglielmo Marconi built him a station, the Pope went on the air.

One ruler you probably won’t hear is the Emperor of Japan. In his country he is looked upon as half divine. And for him to speak over the radio would be impossible.

Movie stars once were hard to get. You remember when hearing a Hollywood star on the air was a red-letter day. Then movie magnates felt that radio hurt the drawing power of their players. They have changed their minds. In fact, they have discovered that radio helps build up a star’s box-office value.

Apart from Arliss and Garbo, there are less than six important screen performers (Continued on page 97)
DISTRESSING CHEST COLDS and minor throat irritations should never be neglected. They usually respond to the application of good old Musterole Plaster. It is a soothing, silvery cream that relieves the irritation and affords absolute comfort. It is recommended by many doctors and nurses—used by millions for 25 years. Three kinds: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 46c each.

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IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT!

Owing to the tremendous number of entries in the recent SCRAMBLED STARS contest, the judges are still at their task of deciding the winners. It is impossible to publish a complete list of winners until the January issue of

RADIO STARS

ON SALE NOVEMBER 29TH
That lovely low voice you listen to on the Camel Caravan program belongs to this charming young person, Deane Janis, bright star of the new series with Walter O'Keefe, Louis Sorin and Ted Husing.

(Continued from page 95)

Radio Always Gets Its Man

(Continued from page 95)

That lovely low voice you listen to on the Camel Caravan program belongs to this charming young person, Deane Janis, bright star of the new series with Walter O'Keefe, Louis Sorin and Ted Husing.

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Carol Dee, red-headed stooge on Marty May’s variety program.
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The publishers of RADIO STARS guarantee that you will be satisfied with your purchase of every packaged product advertised in this magazine. If for any reason you are dissatisfied, RADIO STARS will replace the product or, if you prefer, refund your purchase price. In either case all you have to do is to send us the unused portion, accompanied by a letter outlining your complaint. This guarantee also applies if the product, in your opinion does not justify the claims made in its advertising in RADIO STARS.

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Although we make every effort to insure the accuracy of this index, we take no responsibility for an occasional omission or inadvertent error.

99
PAT: Say, what do dey mean by inflation?

PICK: Dat mean dey blow up a dollar bill.

PAT: Dat's right. I blew up three dollar bills las' night at de bar, and boy! did I get inflated.

PICK: Speakin' of inflation—play dat inflation song.

PAT: What is de inflation song?

PICK: "If a hen should lay an ostrich egg—what would de rooster say?"

(Pick and Pat, ONE NIGHT STANDS.)

GEORGE: You know, Tom, my uncle was a miner.

TOM: Is that so, George? Well, I was a miner, too. . . . I was a miner until I was eighteen years old.

GEORGE: Why, Tom, I didn't know you worked in the coal mines.

TOM: Who? I never said I worked in the coal mines. I said I was a miner.

GEORGE: All right—all right. But if you never worked in the mines, how were you a miner 'til you were eighteen?

TOM: Why, George, everybody's a miner 'til he's eighteen!

(Tom Howard and George Shelton, RUDY VALLEE Program.)

ALLEN: I'll say; it'll prove whether or not those theatres can be emptied in three minutes.

PORTLAND: Why didn't they make it in color, like "Becky Sharp?"

ALLEN: What good would that do?

PORTLAND: Well, at the finish, when you all realize what you've done, you could blush unnoticed.

(Fred Allen, TOWN HALL TONIGHT.)

MOLASSES: Love is supposed to be tender.

JANUARY: Huh! So is a thirty-cent steak.

(Molasses and January, SHOW BOAT.)

JACK: Say, Wilson, I hear you spent the summer in Denver. What's the chief industry there?

DON: Opera singers, Jack. You've heard of Colorado sopranos.

JACK: Of course, Don. I suppose they get that way from the high alto-tude!

(Jack Benny and Don Wilson, JELLO Program.)

BOTTLE: Mr. Baker, I have a very sad dentist.

PHIL: Sad dentist? Why sad, Bottle?

BOTTLE: He's always down in the mouth.

BAKER: Yeah. . . . I see. Makes mountains out of molars!

(Phil Baker and Bottle, GULF Program.)

JOLSON: Speaking of golf, a great many people would like to know if learning to play golf is like learning to drive a car. . . . Well, all I can say is when you learn to play golf you don't hit anything.

MAXINE: Oh, Mr. Jolson . . . today my Granddaddy is 86 years old and he has 25 children. Don't you think I ought to notify the newspapers?

JOLSON: No! Not yet—why don't you wait until you get the final score?

(Al Jolson and Maxine Lewis, SHELL CHATEAU.)

JESSEL: I'm crossing homing pigeons with parrots.

JOLSON: Why, Georgie, what's the idea?

JESSEL: Say, listen—if a pigeon gets lost at least he can ask his way home!

(George Jessel and Al Jolson, SHELL CHATEAU.)

FAMOUS INVENTIONS

Eyeglasses with vertical stripes for bank tellers so they can recognize their clients when they meet them on the street. Especially large ink bottles exclusively for making capital letters.

Ink with the spaces already in it so you don't have to raise your pen from the paper.

A piano with the strings straight up in the air for people who prefer to play the harp.

Bent smoke for when your chimney gets bent, if it should.

The Bellago . . . a bell that when you press the button it rings ten minutes ago. This is mostly for getting the firemen to your house before the fire starts, if it should.

An alarm clock with half a bell so when two people are rooming together it just wakes one of them.

(Col. Steepnagle and Budd, FORD MOTOR Program.)

MARY: You know, my uncle celebrated July 4th last February.

JACK: Celebrated July 4th in February! How, Mary?

MARY: Oh, he shot himself!

(Jack Benny and Mary Livingston, JELLO PROGRAM.)

DAN: Lissen here, Misery . . . you forgot somethin'. You forgot dat you owes me two bits.

BILL: No, I ain't forgot, Dan. But gimme time. . . . I will!

(Lazy Dan and Misery Bill, OLD ENGLISH WAX Program.)

PORTLAND: This picture of yours should do a lot for the movie industry.
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Glorious Tone Realism...World-Wide Entertainment Guaranteed!
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Thrill to new explorations in sections of radio spectrum that are strangers to you. Every type of broadcast from North and South America, Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia is now yours. Send today for money-saving facts.

GEORGE OLSEN PRAISES LIFE-LIKE TONE REALISM

Long Island, N. Y.—After comparing many different makes, I finally decided upon Midwest. It outperforms other radios costing almost twice as much. The crystal-clear tone is so lifelike that it sounds as though I am in the studio, actually hearing artists performing.

TOP HIS DAY'S RADIO SAYS TED FIO RITO

My new Midwest is finest radio I have had pleasure of hearing. Ease-Treble control is marvelous...enables one to hear every instrument in orchestra.

FULL SCOPE HIGH FIDELITY

Brilliant Concert Tone

Now, get complete range of audible frequencies from 30 to 16,000 cycles, being transmitted by four new High Fidelity Broadcasting stations—WJZ, WJZB, WJZK and WJZX.

Glorious new Acousti-Tone is achieved by a new "Crystal Clear" system. V-FOUNT.

EVERYWHERE, radio enthusiasts are praising this amazing beautiful, bigger, better, more powerful, Acousti-Tone, superb selective, 18-tube High Fidelity radio. They say it is a tremendous improvement over Midwest's 16-tube set, so popular last season. It is sold direct to you from Midwest Laboratories at a positive saving of 30% to 50%. (This statement has been verified by a Certified Public Accountant who conducted an impartial survey among representative Ohio, Kentucky and Indiana radio retailers.) Before you buy any radio, write for FREE 40-page 1936 catalog. Never before so much radio for so little money. Why pay more?

You are triple-protected with: One Year Guarantee, Foreign Reception Guarantee and Money-Back Guarantee

This super Midwest will out-perform $300 to $500 sets on a point-for-point comparison. This is why nationally known orchestra leaders like Fred Waring, George Olsen, Jack Benny, Ted Fio Rito, and others use Midwest sets to study types of harmony and rhythmic beats followed by leading American and Foreign orchestras.

80 ADVANCED 1936 FEATURES

Source of marvelous features, many exclusive, include Midwest super performance and thrilling world-wide all-wave reception ... enable Midwest to bring in weak distant foreign stations, with full loud speaker volume, on channels adjacent to local. Only Midwest offers so many features ... only Midwest tunes as low as 45½ meters ... only Midwest gives the sensational new Push-Button Tuning feature, etc. See pages 12 to 21 in FREE catalog for description of the 80 features. Read about advantages of 6 Tuning ranges ... offered for first times E, A, L, M, H and U. They make this Super Deluxe 18-tube set the equivalent of six different radios ... offer tuning ranges not obtainable in other radios at any price!

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No middlemen's profits to pay—you buy as wholesale price direct from laboratories...saving 30% to 50%. Increasing costs are sure to result in higher radio prices soon. Buy before the big advance NOW ... while you can take advantage of Midwest's sensational values. You can order your Midwest 1936 Full Scope High Fidelity Acousti-Tone radio from the 40-page catalog with as much certainty of satisfaction as if you were to come yourself to our great radio laboratories. You are 30% to 50%...you get 30 days FREE trial...as little as $1.00 puts a Midwest radio in your home...Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Write today, for FREE catalog.

MIDWEST RADIO CORP.
DEPT. 175 CINCINNATI, OHIO U.S.A.
Established 1920 Cable Address MIRACO All Codes
THANKS—
I'D RATHER HAVE A LUCKY.
They're easy on my throat.

There are no finer tobaccos than those used in Luckies' exclusive process is your throat protect against irritation - against cough.
Radio Stars

January 10

Will Lily Pons regret her promise?

ESLIE HOWARD - WALLACE BEERY - GLADYS SWARTHOUT
IN LOVE WITH HER SLAVE

... What happened when beautiful aristocratic Arabella Bishop became the captive of the man she had once purchased at the slave block for ten pounds?

Admiration for his proudly insolent manner and for his refusal to be humbled by those supposed to be his masters, coupled with a strange inner feeling, had prompted her to bid ten pounds for this man when he was auctioned off. And although his manner toward this girl, who had bought him as she would buy a horse, was one of scorn, Peter Blood could not dismiss the face of Arabella from his mind. ... Even the hardship and torture of a slave's life could not do this....

You will enjoy reading the thrilling romance of Captain Blood—an exciting story of slavery and piracy in the Caribbean. The complete story of "Captain Blood," Warner's new picture, starring Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland, appears in the January issue of SCREEN ROMANCES.

Other complete stories in this issue include "Riffraff," with Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy.... Jack Oakie, Joe Penner and Franches Langford in "Collegiate." ... Paul Muni in "Enemy of Man." ... Gene Raymond in "Seven Keys to Baldpate." ... Also previews of "Hands Across the Table," with Carole Lombard. ... Shirley Temple in "The Littlest Rebel." ... "Mary Burns, Fugitive" with Sylvia Sidney. ... "Transatlantic Tunnel" with Richard Dix and Madge Evans.

THE LOVE STORY MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN • JANUARY ISSUE NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE

SCREEN ROMANCES
Yet in her heart she knew her bad skin was no asset for any job.

Wish my skin was clear like hers—but this is no beauty contest—bet I'm twice as good at the work.

I would have hired that blonde girl just now. Fine references... sounds capable—but her skin!

Don't let adolescent pimples keep you out of a job!

Between the ages 13 and 25, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes over-sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin—and pimples are the result.

For the treatment of these adolescent pimples, doctors prescribe Fleischmann's Yeast. This fresh yeast clears the blood of the skin irritants that cause pimples.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until your skin is entirely clear.

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TRUE STORIES OF POPULAR PERSONALITIES

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Cover by EARL CHRISTY

THE FUNNIEST PICTURE SINCE CHAPLIN’S "SHOULDER ARMS"

And that—
If your memory is good . . .
Was way back yonder!

We’ve gone a long way back
We admit.
But then, consider what
"A NIGHT AT THE OPERA" has—
And you’ll see why
We feel safe
In making
This comparison.

It has
The Marx Brothers—
Groucho . . . Chico
And Harpo—
Every one of them a comic genius,
And together the funniest trio
That ever played on stage or screen
In this
Or any other country.

And it was written by
Two famous comedy dramatists—
George Kaufman
And Morrie Ryskind
(George is the fellow who wrote
"Once in a Lifetime,"
"Merrily We Roll Along,"
And Morrie collaborated
With George on
"Of Thee I Sing" and other hits).
This is their first joint job
Of movie writing.
Their stage successes were
Laugh riots—

Imagine what they do
With the wider range
Of the screen—
And three master comics
To do their stuff.

Then Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Put $1,000,000 into
Making this picture.
Yes, sir! One million dollars
For ninety consecutive minutes
Of entertainment.
Which,
So our Certified
Public Accountant says,
Is $12,000 worth of laughs
Per minute (and that, we think,
Is an all-time high).

And lest we forget,
That new song—"Alone"
By Nacio Herb Brown
And Arthur Freed
(The tunesmiths who gave you
Five happy hit numbers in
"Broadway Melody of 1936")—
And there’s lots of
Music and romance
For instance
Allan Jones’ rendition
Of "Il Trovatore"
(Watch this boy, he’s
A new singing star)
And watch
Kitty Carlisle—
She is something
To watch!

"A NIGHT AT THE OPERA"
Starring the
MARX BROTHERS

with KITTY CARLISLE and ALLAN JONES • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Directed by Sam Wood • Story by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind
The type of evening gown worn by Vivienne Segal (upper left), simple, well-cut, sophisticated black, fits the conception of an evening gown that can be worn in any setting. The black and white notes are the ones to strike if you would dine and dance smartly. (Center picture) Gladys Swarthout wears an effective gown of white, under a monk's cowled cape of black. (Upper right) Harriet Hilliard is a picture of slender and graceful loveliness in black velvet. (Right) Leo Reisman, of the Philip Morris program, leading his popular orchestra in Central Park Casino.

Keep Young and Beautiful

A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE FOR GLAMOROUS GATHERINGS

"I HATE fat women," declared Leo Reisman vociferously, grasping his pencil almost as though it were a baton.

I seized my own pencil with jubilation, for here at last was a man who would say what he liked and didn't like about women, and who wouldn't be wishy-washy about it. A man, moreover, who long has been in a position to observe women at their best and at their worst...dancing, romancing, dining, winning, primping, preening... under the glare and glitter of night club lights. As an outstanding dance orchestra conductor, Leo Reisman has set the musical stage for many glamorous gatherings, including those on the old Waldorf-Astoria roof, which was "the tops" with the Four Hundred... and in more recent years the Central Park Casino, where he has been setting a long-time record.

Mr. Reisman expressed amazement over the fact that out of an entire assemblage of women there are so few who have figures to measure up to anything like Ziegfeld (or even television) standards. He believes that a woman's figure is her biggest asset or liability, the biggest contributing factor to her attractiveness or unattractive-ness. He finds women in general too neglectful of their weight. Nobody loves a fat woman... on the dance floor. We have almost the same temptations to stick pins in her as we do in a balloon on New Year's Eve. A
woman who wants to step to the
gay and exciting places should watch
her step when it comes to her figure.

The interesting angle which Mr.
Reisman gave to this question of
feminine avoidance is the matter of
a man's psychological reaction to
a heavy dancing partner. His re-
action to her is rather like that to a
lodestone 'round his neck, which he
would hate to think of dragging
around for a lifetime. It's a weighty
problem to think of her at all ro-
mantically. He wants the light and
joyous touch in his life. He wants
an unencumbered, carefree future.
The woman with the slim, light, and
lithesome figure has all the psycho-
logical advantage when it comes to
matrimonial thoughts. Take it from
Leo Reisman, the psychological ad-
vantage is an important one.

Maybe it is sort of taking advan-
tage of your good humor to talk
about the problem of plumpness
when the season of good cheer and
feasting is upon us . . . when hot
mince pie seduces even the most
ardent sylph. Christmas comes but
once a year, and who is a beauty
editor to cast a spirit of gloom over
the festive board? But if you feast
at dinner, you can fast at breakfast,
you know. A breakfast of fruit
(citric) juices will be grand for you.
And a three-day fruit or milk diet,
after the holiday "stuffing" is over,
would be excellent for dispositions,
digestions, and figures. The milk
diet I offered you last month is still
available. Just drop me a line if you
would like a copy.

When a girl is invited to a party,
the first thing she immediately be-
gins to figure out is what to wear.
According to Mr. Reisman, we ought
to do more figuring in black and
white when it comes to dressing for
the evening. He believes that a wo-
man's costume should blend in with
its setting. As an artist, Reisman
is annoyed by offenses against the
beauty of line and proportion ("I
hate fat women!"), and by offenses
against color harmony. Color and
line are important to him, and he be-
lieves that they should be more im-
portant in the feminine scheme of
things.

Supper clubs in recent years have
gone in for modernistic color schemes
in a big way. We are apt to find
ourselves against a background of
red and green and blue, or almost any
other conceivable, or inconceivable
color combination. We never know.
Then again the walls may be done in
a blend of pale pastels and silver.
So we may be having a red dress
against a delicate background of
pink and lavender, or a pink dress
against black and orange background.
The same (Continued on page 73)
WORDS AND MUSIC

Boake Carter, famous news commentator, speaks 2,200 words in each of his fifteen minute broadcasts.

Hal Kemp has added two new instruments to his orchestra, an electric organ and an electric guitar. You'll be hearing them on the Phil Baker show, Sunday nights, over CBS.

A short story by Gabriel Heatter, NBC week-end commentator, was selected by Arthur T. Vance, editor of Pictorial Review, as the year's best short story, and as we go to press it is being put in dramatic form for the air-waves.

Andre Kostelanetz, whose orchestra, augmented by an 18-voice chorus, forms a brilliant musical tapestry for the singing of Lily Pons and Nino Martini on the Chesterfield program, is one of radio's leading maestros. What skilful artists do with colors and talented orators and writers do with words, Kostelanetz does with music. His is one of the largest and most versatile orchestras on the air—a 45-piece ensemble, drawn from the finest symphony orchestras and dance bands in the country.

Leslie Howard's radio audience mail includes a large percentage of letters from his English fans, who are short-wave listeners.

Paul Whiteman has a budget of $6,000.00 per program, under his new contract—which means that the Woodbury soap program will have some starry guest talent.

Jessica Dragonette, Cities Service soprano, who recently

JUST TO GIVE YOU
THE LOWDOWN!

LATEST NEWS OF
STUDIOS, STARS,
AND PROGRAMS.

Miss Virginia Verrill helps Mark Warnow trim a gay Christmas tree for little two-year-old Sandra Warnow.
(Top Picture) Here are the “Three Little Words,” Billie Severance, Frances Joy and Beth Raborn, a charming trio, singing Tuesdays and Saturdays.

(Middle Picture) Meet the new radio firm of Benny and Bartlett. Michael Bartlett, the new singing star, will broadcast with the comedian.

(Bottom Picture) Mr. and Mrs. Ozzie Nelson, after their wedding at the home of Ozzie’s mother. Ozzie is the noted orchestra leader; his wife (Harriet Hilliard) a popular radio singer.

observed her tenth anniversary on the air, recalled her first microphone experience. “I was terrified! I wanted to run away, and never come back,” she said. “But how glad I am now that I didn’t!”

When broadcasting, Lawrence Tibbett, CBS celebrated baritone, won’t have an audience. But when he is learning new songs and roles at home, he asks for listeners. He says he works harder if there is someone to hear him.

Guy Lombardo has added a new member to his Royal Canadians, making an even dozen musicians. The newcomer is Wayne Webb, a trombonist from Cleveland, Ohio.

Phil Baker, “Great American Tourist,” plays golf. During a round on a Connecticut course last week he sliced miserably off the fourteenth tee and landed deep in the rough. After a long search he found the ball and said to the caddy: “Well, son, what do I do now?”

“I dunno, sir,” replied the youngster. “Nobody’s ever been here before.”

Vivienne Segal’s voice has a range of two and one-half octaves, which enables her to sing in a contralto range, although she is a soprano.

Billy Halop, radio’s “Bobby Benson,” is now having his fling at Broadway’s legitimate stage. The popular juvenile star is playing a rôle in “Dead End,” new play of Sydney Kingsley.

SCHOOL DAYS

Phil Baker was the laziest pupil in the Philadelphia Public School system. . . . Mike Bartlett was once a chorus-girl in a Princeton Triangle Club musical. . . . Helen Hayes was an honor student at the Sacred Heart School in Washington, D. C. During vacations she came to New York for featured parts on Broadway. . . . Jack Benny was called “Mouse” by his school-mates at Waukegan, Illinois, because he was so shy and quiet. . . .

Lawrence Tibbett failed to make the High School Glee Club. . . . Hal Kemp organized his now famous orchestra on the campus of the University of California. . . .

Johnny Green majored in economics at Harvard. . . .

Agnes Moorhead, who is “Mrs. Crowder” in Helen Hayes’ radio serial, “The New Penny,” studied for a Master’s degree at the University of Wisconsin. . . .

Don Voorhees was leader of the Allentown, Pennsylvania, High School Band. . . . Sigmund Romberg was educated to be an engineer. . . .

PHILOSOPHY

“There is no lasting happiness. Joys come and go, and in between the heartaches fall. He only can find it good to live who has determined in all tests to do his best.”

—Edgar A. Guest, poet-star of the Welcome Valley program.

“A woman’s tongue would make excellent shoe leather. It never wears out.”—Fred Allen. (Continued on page 82)
**RADIO STARS**

**BOARD OF REVIEW**

Lester C. Greedy
Radio Stars Magazine, Chairman
Alton Cook
N. Y. World-Telegram, N. Y. C.
S. A. Coleman
Wichita Beacon, Wichita, Kan.
Norman Siegel
Cleveland Press, Cleveland, O.
Andrew W. Smith
News & Age-Herald, Birmingham, Ala.

- **AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC WITH FRANK MUNN, VIVIENNE SEGAL AND GUS HAENSCHEK'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).**
  - Current winner of Radio Stars' Distinguished Service to Radio Award.
- **LUCKY STRIKE HIT PARADE WITH FRED ASTAIRE, AL GOODMAN, KAY THOMPSON AND CHARLES CARLILE (NBC).**
  - Recent winner of Radio Stars' Distinguished Service to Radio Award.
- **HOLLYWOOD HOTEL WITH DICK POWELL, LOUILLA PARSONS, FRANCES LANGFORD, GUEST SCREEN STARS AND RAY PAIGE'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).**
  - A preview of a forthcoming musical with the original cast and its outstanding feature.
- **EDDIE CANTOR WITH PARKYAKAR-KAS, JIMMY WALLINGTON AND GUEST ORCHESTRA (CBS).**
  - Eddie's pages are funnier and the tunes more melodies than ever.
- **COLUMBIA SYMPHONIC HOUR—VICTOR BAY, CONDUCTOR (CBS).**
  - The classics as you would have them played.
- **FLEISCHMANN VARIETY HOUR WITH RUDY VALLÉE AND GUESTS (NBC).**
  - No wonder it's tops. Practically every well-known entertainer has guest-starred for Rudy.
- **ONE MAN'S FAMILY (NBC).**
  - So realistic that you feel yourself a member of this popular radio family.
- **CITIES SERVICE CONCERT WITH JESSICA DRAGONETTE (NBC).**
  - Jessica's lovely voice and a distinctive supporting symphony.
- **MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR (NBC).**
  - The whole country listens, and why not?
- **VOICE OF FIRESTONE WITH WILLIAM DALY'S ORCHESTRA, MARGARET SPEAKS, NELSON EDDY, RICHARD CROOKS AND MIXED CHORUS (NBC).**
  - There is no finer supersonic voice on the air than Margaret Speaks.

---

**RATINGS**

At present, there are so many excellent programs on the air the judges found it quite impossible to single out the best five. Practically every important program has been considered, but, unfortunately, space does not permit a complete listing. The ratings are as follows:

- **Excellent**
- **Good**
- **Fair**

The ratings of the Board of Review are a consensus of opinion of radio editors throughout the country and do not necessarily agree with the editorial opinion of Radio Stars Magazine.

There has been an amazing general improvement in radio programs. Today there is scarcely a program on the air which is not capable of merit.
WINNING WISDOMS (CBS). A way of entertaining and instructing in a minute.

MAJOR BOWES' CAPITOL FAMILY (NBC). The Major's professionals are not as entertaining as his amateurs.

NATIONAL AMATEUR NIGHT WITH RAY PERKINS (CBS). A competition (?) for the Major.

PENTHOUSE SERENADE—DON MARIO (NBC). Charles Gaylord's sophisticated music with two tenors—Don Mario and Jack Fulton.

LADY ESTHER PROGRAM WITH WAYNE KING AND ORCHESTRA (CBS). Smooth.

FREDIE ROBERT'S PENTHOUSE PARTY (CBS). Dance lovers' delight.

MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND WITH RACHEL CARLAY AND ANDY SANDELLA'S ORCHESTRA (NBC). A fast-moving show with a fascinating French songbird.

BOAKE CARTER (CBS). Clear, unbiased opinion on current problems.

ONE NIGHT STANDS WITH PICK AND PAT (CBS). Mastertape stuff.

JERRY COOPER, BARITONE (CBS). A comparatively new voice which continues to gain more and more listeners.

SILKEN STRINGS WITH CHARLES PREVIN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC). Countess Olga Albinia is starred.

NEILA GOODELLE (NBC). Miss Radio Stars.

TASTEY OPPORTUNITY MATINEE (NBC). An amateur show in which the amateurs have a swell time.

ROSES AND DRUMS (NBC). Actual Civil War happenings blended with a stirring romance.

BROADWAY VARIETIES (CBS). Headliners from vaudeville and musical comedy.

LAZY DAN (CBS). Bus an ambitious program.

SOCONY SKETCHBOOK (CBS). Johnny Green is missed.

A AND P GYPSIES (NBC). Harry Horlick and his orchestra. Old favorites.

SINCLAIR GREATER MINSTRELS (NBC). Proves that the old guys are the best.

PHILIP MORRIS PROGRAM (NBC). Phil Decay, "Johnny" and Lou Reisman orchestra.

VIC AND SAGE (NBC). Humor and human interest in a swell family.

CAMP'ANA'S FIRST NIGHTER WITH JUNE MEREDITH AND DON AMECHE (NBC). A new show each week from the mythical little theater on Times Square.

GABRIEL HEATTER (NBC). A commentator with well selected and scientifically prepared material.

HAMMERSTEIN'S MUSIC HALL (NBC). A new and novel way of presenting stars and melodies.

EVENING IN PARIS (NBC). The Pickles Sisters on 2e boulevards.

ALEXANDER WOOLCOTT (CBS). Either you like him a lot or not at all.

LUM AND ABNER (NBC). Life at Pine Ridge, if you're interested.

MYRT AND MARGE (CBS). The girls are better than ever. New situations and new characters.

SINGIN' SAM (CBS). Songs, mostly.

SALT LAKE CITY TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN (CBS). Comfort for the soul.

Hal Totten, veteran NBC sports announcer, who comments on sports, past and present, on Elgin Campus Revue.

MARCH OF TIME (CBS). Five times a week and five times as thrilling.

LOIS LONG'S WOMAN'S PAGE (CBS). The ladies' delight.

AMOS 'N' ANDY (NBC). All of their well established characterizations.

LOWELL THOMAS (NBC). The news while it's still news.

DANGEROUS PARADISE (NBC). A perfect blend of romance and adventure.

BEN BERNIE'S ORCHESTRA (CBS). Ben and his kids. Wavebreaks and lummy tunes.

SWIFT STUDIO PARTY (NBC). Sturdy Romberg and Deems Taylor head an informal reference galaxy.

HARRY AND ESTHER (NBC). Songs, stories, laughter, and commercial plugs.

AT WATER KENT PROGRAM (CBS). William Daly handles the baton.

HOUSE OF GLASS (NBC). Gertrude Berg's new dramatic offering, but not as good as her "Goldbergs."

JOHN CHARLES THOMAS (NBC). A voice that will delight you.

EDGAR A. GUEST IN WELCOME VALLEY (NBC). Down to earth philosophy and story telling.

N. T. G. AND HIS GIRLS (NBC). Bringing Broadway right into your home.

LUD GLUSKIN PRESENTS (CBS). Continental tunes from a conductor who really knows them.

LAVENDER AND OLD LACE (CBS). As romantic and nostalgic as the title implies. Frank Munn again.

VOICE OF EXPERIENCE (CBS). Friendly advice which has helped thousands.

IRENE RICH (NBC). Starring in quarter hour dramas.


BOBBY BENSON AND SUNNY JIM (CBS). Beyond adventures in the great outdoors.

ESSO MARKETERS PRESENT LOMBARDO ROAD (CBS). Genial Roy Lombardo and brothers.

RUBINOFF AND HIS VIOLIN (NBC). Separated from Eddie Cantor, but doing nicely.

REFRESHeMENT TIME WITH RAY NOSE AND HIS ORCHESTRA (CBS). This English orchestra has captivated American listeners.

FREDERICK WILLIAM WILE (CBS). The truth about the Washington political situation.

THE CARBORUNDUM BAND (CBS). Stirring marches and romantic melodies from operettas.
BEETLE TELLS ALL

THE WHOLE TRUTH ABOUT PHIL BAKER IS REVEALED IN THIS GAY STORY

As Confided to Helen Harrison

Phil Baker is still the little boy who went to school in Philadelphia, and became a Ziegfeld star. There's a warmth about this man that makes you realize just what a swell guy he really is.

There comes a moment in the life of every man, beast and Beetle when, at peace with the world and his sponsor, he finds at last that Truth is stranger than friction! ... And the Whole Truth about Phil Baker has never been told! Phil and I have been together for many a long century—or maybe it only seems that way—and during that time I've impatiently been trying to get in a word edgewise, parallel, vertical, sitting-standing and standing-sitting (and very pretty, too!) and I guess I know him better than anyone else—even without his accordion.

Our friction started long ago when, from a theatre box, and without any charge at all, I volunteered some choice synonyms for the colorful adjective "pediculous." Phil, who had been playing variety for years without having a fan, was so excited that someone was still awake in the audience, he invited me to his dressing-room.

Throwing on a fedora, a spring coat and a light moustache, I ran around to the stage entrance and found a door with a star on it. Not believing my own eyes—- for I've seen stars, often—I climbed up and looked through the transom. Sure enough, there was Phil! And I've been the invisible man ever since, throwing discretion and my voice to the four winds—eastern, central, mountain and western.

One of the funniest things about this funny man, Baker, is that he still has faith in mankind. And after all our years together, too! You don't have to know him very well, or for very long, to discover he'll befriend anyone who happens to get into a mix-up. I know. I've seen him hire lawyers, send money and do some very personal worrying, recently, for a couple of Brooklyn fads he scarcely knew, whose family was in serious trouble. Up to this moment he has never known I knew about that—and many other individual charities of which the world, and his intimates, have never heard. (Could anything be funnier with all the broadcasting that goes on over a roast-to-roast hook-up?)

Back at the very beginning, Jack Benny and Phil were pals. They still are. Both of them had been doing singles in vaudeville. Phil, I remember, had fallen for a pretty little Irish girl and he was doing his best to forget her. His best was looking at her picture all day and dreaming about her all night. Call love, of course.

It was summer, and Phil and Jack decided to team up and go West.

Playing an engagement at Grauman's Chinese Theatre in Los Angeles, Phil ate at a nearby restaurant each day. It was patronized chiefly by picture people and there was always an assortment of pretty girls toying with a lettuce leaf and a slice of
If they thought they could escape Beetle by leaving Chicago, they were doomed to disappointment. As Phil and his butler, Battle [Harry McNaughton] posed for this picture, Beetle rose up behind them.

Phil fell in and out of love more than once, until he met Peggy Cartwright, and real love signed up for a long contract. They have two children now, Margot and young Stuart Henry Baker, called “Algy.”

tomato. But Phil couldn’t see any of them for his little colleen. Not, that is, for twenty-four hours.

Then he started to notice a beauty who was constantly accompanied by the director, Louis Gasnier. Realizing that those nip-ups his heart was taking had nothing to do with an earthquake, he decided that wouldn’t do either—so they started East, stopping off at Chicago. It was here that the most beautiful creature Phil had ever seen—for a day and a half—turned up.

Soon they became good friends, and although Phil had left his bankroll in California, that didn’t stop him from inviting the young lady out to dinner next day. No, she didn’t think she’d accept, it was a bit too informal—but she would call for him at the hotel and drive him to dinner at her home in South Bend.

Phil decided Jack and he had better put on a little dog, so they rang for the maitre d’hôtel and swapped in their $2.50 room for the best suite—$8.00 per diem. After all, it was only for one day, and even if they didn’t have enough money for a trunk, it was something to usher the young lady into spacious quarters—large enough at least so that one could turn around while shaving without committing hara-kari.

But Phil was still wrestling with the problem of what to do about his soiled clothes—without a trunk. The fresh ones went into the suitcase just fine, but the crumpled shirts, socks, collars and pyjamas took up a lot of room.

“I can’t tote around a laundry bag,” Phil explained patiently to Jack. “I haven’t had time to grow a pigtail!”

Jack shook his head. Suddenly he exclaimed:

“I’ve got it! I’ll borrow a violin case from a guy I know!”

Life began to look as though it were sponsored by Heaven, Inc., as Phil dressed for his Big Moment.

I nearly fell off the transom as I hollered: “Don’t for-get your violin case, Philip. Somebody may take you for a musician!”

Those words, as I see them now, were prophetic.

Sure enough, up rolled a Rolls Royce and pretty soon Phil and his baggage—including the violin case—were headed for dinner at one of the swankiest mansions in little ol’ South Twist.

After dinner Phil, the girl, and her parents were sitting around indulging in cordials and light conversation when the girl mentioned Phil’s “violin.” She asked him if he played.

“Oh sure,” he casually assured her, “for years.”

She shyly mentioned that she had “always wanted to marry a musician.” Mama and papa nodded their approval. Her favorite, she confided, was the “Meditation from Thais.” would he play it—now?”

It was sheer good fortune, when his anguished eyes sought the clock, that there was little time left to make the train for Pittsburgh. The girl accompanied him to the station and Phil gathered up his baggage as the train drew in. There wasn’t a second to spare!

She hurriedly whispered: “Darling, call me up tomorrow!”

Without time to reassure her, he grasped his “violin” and started for the train on a run. Piteously the case opened and emptied itself of Phil’s laundry. In full view of his inamorata, the self-appointed Kreisler had to turn around and pick them up, piece by piece. Grabbing both his belongings and the case in his arms, he made the train, though how he never knew.

... And that was the end of the “romance.”

When Phil sent the case back to Benny he put a note in it which read:

“I hope you’re buried in this.” (Continued on page 68)
FOOTBALL'S ALL-

AT THE ARMY-NAVY GAME

FRANK MUNN, STAR OF

THREE BIG PROGRAMS, ALL

BUT RUINING HIS CAREER

By Tom Meany

PICTURE yourself at Franklin Field, Philadelphia, on the last Saturday of the 1934 football season. The gridiron is a morass from a three-day rain. When the Midshipmen parade around the field, prior to the meeting between the Navy team and Army, hundreds of rubber overshoes are sucked from the wearers' feet into the mud. It isn't a downpour, but a cold, incessant drizzle, a penetrating winter rain.

You sit in your seat and wonder why you came. If you're lucky, the least you can get is pneumonia. And right away you take a mental inventory of how much of a wallow a disabling cold will hit your pocketbook. You calculate the number of days you may be forced to miss from the office and wonder whether or not there will be a deficit in the weekly pay-check.

Somewhere in those stands that cold, gray, wet day was Frank Munn, the golden-voiced tenor of radio, star of "Waltz Time," "Lavendar and Old Lace," and the "American Album of Familiar Music." If you were running the risk of the loss of a day or two at the office, and a subsequent penalty in the pay-envelope, consider the risk Munn was running. You could go to the office hoarse, but Munn couldn't stand before a microphone with a frog in his throat. And each of his absences from the microphone would cost him several hundred dollars.

There is no catch in this story. Munn did incur a cold, a cold which he fought for a month but which eventually forced him from the air in January, 1935, the first time he had missed a broadcast in eleven years. He was out for three weeks, a total of nine programs, and, to be vulgar about it, he also was out plenty of money.

I knew Munn was a football fanatic. I'd seen him out at Farmingdale, L. I., in September when N.Y.U. took its pre-season work there under Coach Chick Meehan. I'd seen him at Ohio Field when the Violets returned to town later in the year and had seen him peering intently at football games from those 50-yard line boxes in front of the working press section at Yankee Stadium, operating a pair of binoculars large enough to follow the America's Cup races from the Newport shore.

Knowing his intense love of football, I asked him if he ever had missed a broadcast so he could see a game which had particularly attracted him. "No," answered Munn, simply. "That would be foolish." Foolish? How about the guy sitting in the rain in Philly for three hours, risking one of the greatest voices on the air?

"That's different," smiled Frank. "I never thought I'd catch cold watching a game. I hadn't had a cold in ten years and how was I to know I was going to start then? In 1931, I sat on the Notre Dame bench with Hunk
Anderson watching the Army game in New York. There was snow on the field and a series of cold showers throughout the game, but I caught no cold."

Make no mistake about Munn’s love of football. It is an actual force, almost a mania. And he doesn’t try to cash in on the fact that he is “among those present” at the big games in the East. Some stage, screen and radio stars go to major sporting events for no other reason than to be seen. And they take precious good care to be noted, even to the extent of sending couriers to the press-box to convey the news of their arrival.

For thirteen years, Munn didn’t miss a football game on a Saturday until this year. On September 24th, he quietly married Miss Margaret Deffaa, moved from the Bronx where he’d lived till then and established a home at Merrick, Long Island. The business of getting settled, of opening and examining the furniture as it arrived, to be sure it was as ordered, caused him to miss the first two Saturday games of this season. He was back on duty again at the Vanderbilt-Fordham game at the Polo Grounds on October 19th.

Fortunately for both of the newlyweds, Mrs. Munn is as enthusiastic about football as Frank. Otherwise marital bliss would be impossible. Frank talks football all through the Fall, draws diagrams on table-cloths in restaurants (but not at home, you bet!) to illustrate pet plays, crouches on the floor to show the proper stance for a lineman and has all the hundred-and-one odd foibles that stamp your real football bug as a man apart.

Strangely enough, Munn played little football. He left his books to go to work in his last year in grammar school. His only football was with the Locust Field Club on Saturday afternoons on the old Westchester golf links. On that same Locust team was another youngster who did pretty well in football, Harry Blodgett, a half-back who later played at Annapolis and was a better than ordinary punter.

A casual acquaintance with (Continued on page 58)
UP until yesterday Gladys Swarthout might just as well have been as ugly as a mule fence. It wouldn’t have influenced her success one whit. For, in opera they disguised her feminine beauty in boy’s clothing, and on the air her loveliness was, of course, invisible to her audience.

But that was yesterday. Today all is different. For Gladys is in the movies now. And Hollywood—wise appraiser of beauty’s value—is gowning her in graceful frocks and ruffles, piling her curls on top of her head and showing the world what it’s been missing for the last ten years by hiding this lady’s loveliness.

It is ironic that she—one of the most beautiful women in America—should have made her operatic début as a shepherd boy. That one of her most successful roles should be in “Romeo and Juliet,” not as Juliet, but as Stephano, the page boy. That when they finally did cast her as a woman, it should have been as the blind old mother in “La Gioconda,” her beauty hidden beneath a mask of ugly make-up.

Ironic, too, was her statement when, after her first broadcast, someone asked her how she liked singing over the air. “I love it,” she answered, “I can dress like a girl.” Singing in a lovely gown—even if her audience couldn’t see her—was a big thrill for Gladys.

Today she says: “One of the most fascinating features about Hollywood, to my mind, is the opportunity it provides to wear the type of clothes most suitable to every hour of the day and to every mood which overtakes one.”

Hollywood never had an easier job of “glorifying” a star, nor a more helpful model! Others may weep at the changed hair-dress, the re-costuming and new make-ups that Hollywood forces on them, but Gladys has welcomed with delight every change, every suggestion. A very beautiful woman before Hollywood ever saw her, she is glamorously gorgeous now.

And she won’t believe it!

Take her by the hand, lead her to the full length mirror in her dressing-room at the Paramount studios, and say: “Look!” She laughs and answers: “Life is so full of surprises!”

As a matter of fact, her life has been full of surprises. Ever since she first opened her eyes, on a snowy Christmas morning in Deep Water, Missouri, strange and lovely things have been happening to Gladys Swarthout.

Probably the biggest surprise in the Swarthout family is Gladys, herself. For the Swarthouts, living plainly in the little Missouri mining town, never had dreamed that a musical genius was born in their midst when Gladys let

loose that beautiful voice of hers for the first time in a loud, new-born baby squall.

The family always had loved music. One of Gladys’ earliest memories is that of her mother playing the piano in the evening and herself trying to sing. Then there was Roma, a sister just two years older than Gladys, who began picking tunes out on the piano as soon as she was tall enough to reach the keys. She would teach the little sister to follow the melodies, scolding her if she sang them wrong, patiently making her repeat if the little voice didn’t quite reach a high note or went a bit flat on a lower one.

Ask Gladys now whom she studied under and she answers: “Roma. My sister. She taught me all my life. And what she couldn’t teach me I learned from people she discovered to teach me.”

When Gladys was twelve, she and Roma decided she was ready for her first public appearance. The Swarthouts had moved to Kansas City by then, and both girls were taking piano and voice lessons from a woman in the neighborhood. Roma talked the teacher into giving a recital at which Gladys would be presented.

Gladys says that first public appearance was her most important one. All went well until the fourth song on her program, a song in which it was necessary for the twelve-year-old child to reach, and hold, high C.

“I reached for the high C,” she says, “but it wasn’t there! I felt funny all over. My teacher, accompanying me, went on as if nothing had happened. But my shame had turned to anger. I turned to the teacher and said: ‘Please start that song over again.’ She couldn’t very well argue on the concert stage! I began the song again, and at that time I reached the C and held it, and the audience applauded. I’ve never had sweeter applause!’

People who heard the child at that concert and admired her grit as well as her talent, offered to lend the Swarthouts money for her musical education. The very next day, a grand piano arrived at their home to replace the old upright. And Gladys’ training began in earnest.

Just a year later, when she was thirteen, she pinned up her hair, put on one of Roma’s long-skirt dresses, and went forth to get a job. At a Methodist church, she told the choir master that she was nineteen, sang a few airs of music for him, and was hired.

“One reason I went to that particular church for a job,” she now confesses, “is because I had attended services there and always objected to the stiff, unbecoming way the soloist held her music. I didn’t think I could sing better music than she, but I did think I could hold the music better!”

Gladys sang there for a year, (Continued on page 86)
Gladys Swarthout enjoys a game of tennis with her husband, Frank Chapman, who also is an opera singer. And at the right, she poses in one of the lovely gowns chosen from her personal wardrobe for formal evening wear. It is made of stiffened brocaded lamé.
You of the radio audience know her as soloist of the Climalene Carnival. Gale's personal friends know her as Mrs. Frederick Tritschlar, wife of a Chicago investment banker, and the proud mother of a three-year-old boy.
Conductor Gustave Haenschen of the "American Album of Familiar Music."
Lovely Vivienne Segal, superb soprano of this widely popular program.
Frank Munn, whose golden voice has made the "Album" an outstanding half hour.

FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO RADIO

OUR medal for Distinguished Service to Radio is this month awarded to the "American Album of Familiar Music," charmingly presented each Sunday evening by Bayer Aspirin. No program has been more thoroughly consistent in offering so high a quality of musical entertainment.

The "American Album of Familiar Music" has given its legions of listeners a definite appreciation of how soul-stirring are favorite American musical compositions, no matter how familiar to the ear. This, of course, is due chiefly to the masterly efforts of Frank Munn, Vivienne Segal and Gustave Haenschen and his orchestra, who've confined themselves to those numbers which may be enjoyed not alone by students of music, but by all listeners, whether they know one note from another.

The program demonstrates what a beautiful blessing is sweet, simple music, appealing to the heart rather than to the mind; that songs, although heard often before, always will be gladly heard again and again so long as they are sung or played as touchingly or as spiritedly as they are by the talented artists of this program.

And so, to Bayer's "American Album of Familiar Music," featuring Frank Munn, Vivienne Segal, Gustave Haenschen, Bertram Hirsch, Arden and Arden and the others who have contributed to the program's success, Radio Stars Magazine, not only because of its own but its readers' opinion as well, presents its award for Distinguished Service to Radio.

—Editor.
RADIO STARS

IN THE RADIO SPOTLIGHT

STARS OF THE AIR-WAVES, CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA, IN AND OUT OF THE STUDIOS.

Guy Lombardo wins Gold Trophy for motor boat record, Long Beach, L. I.

Kay Thompson and "Three Rhythm Kings," Lowry, Hopper and Newberry.
Metropolitan’s Helen Jepson, as Marguerite in the opera “Faust.”

Eddie Cantor rolls his eyes, but Pratyphonics (Harry Einstein) pauses.

Frances Langford poses with Gertrude Niesen at the Club Lamaz.

Winter weather cannot keep Virginia Verrill from a swimming pool.
The exciting rhythm of Loretta Lee's singing forms an attractive feature of the "Good Evening Serenade" show.
Lanny Ross (above) with the girl whose singing merits unlimited praise, Louise Massey of "The Westerners," new feature of the Maxwell House Show Boat program.


A bitter dose, but it must be taken! The "Sisters of the Skillet" (above) show us how it's done! Boake Carter (below) brings us the day's news highlights.
IF SHE COULD SING, AS THE MAESTRO

IF SHE COULD SING, AS THE MAESTRO

DOES a promise mean anything?
Sometimes a person makes a promise with, perhaps wholly unconscious, mental reservations! “I will—or I will not—do so and so...” But deep in the subconscious lurks unguessed an “if” or an “unless” that some day will confront the promiser with such force that inevitably the promise fades into insignificance.

And some faithfully keep their word to others, but are faithless to themselves when the test comes. We’ve all of us made such promises—made them and broken them and made new vows.

Here is the story of a girl who broke one promise she had made to someone else, because to keep it would involve being faithless to a greater promise, one that she must keep if she would not fail more tragically in all the relationships of life. It is the story of Lily Pons, who promised herself that to music she would give all that she had to give—that nothing should come between her and her purpose, which was to develop to its fullest capacity the singing voice in which her teacher had such faith—that in her life marriage had no place, for she had nothing to give it.

In her school days, in France, Lily may have read in translation some of the plays of England’s great poet, who said:

“This, above all, to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.”

Lily Pons is true to herself. I met her recently, to find a very lovely young person, frank and friendly, without conscious reserve.
regret her promise?

PREDICTED. LILY THOUGHT. SHE COULD ASK NO MORE OF LIFE.

Slim, small and gracious, with honest dark eyes in a mobile face, with eloquent, slender hands, you know her at once for a veritable artist. Not from any studied pose. Rather from the obvious singleness of her purpose, from the unaffected simplicity of her speech, her integrity, scornful of compromise. Looking at her, talking with her, you feel definitely conscious of her as the symbol of that clear, immortal beauty that is her exquisite singing voice. That voice that, on her début in January, 1931, at the Metropolitan Opera House, stirred listeners to enthusiastic acclaim that has not been the reward of any singer since Adelina Patti sang. The voice that, since that day, in radio, in concert and opera, has thrilled uncounted listeners in all the world’s great centers and in its humblest homes.

I asked her when she first discovered that singing voice, having read variously that it was while singing to soldiers in a French hospital, and that it was her husband who first realized its possibilities, its promise.

“Oh, not in the hospital!” she laughed. “Then I am too young. I am just a child. I sing for the soldiers, because my mothers is—comme on dire—chief nurse. But it does not mean anything. It is later—after I am married. . . .”

Born in Cannes, in Southern France, of Franco-Italian parents, the young Lily, growing up in a family of comfortable means and gracious standards, looked forward like any other young girl to the conventional career of wife and mother. She received a musical education at the Paris Conservatoire, where only the most talented are accepted as pupils. She became a proficient pianist, graduating at the age of thirteen with highest honors.

But a possible career as a pianist faded into insignificance when, a few years later she met and married August Mesritz, a former music critic. And shortly afterward her husband, fated to procure his own defeat, recognized the rare quality of her singing voice. It was, he saw, a crime to use it merely for her own pleasure, and his, and that of their friends.

He took her to a celebrated Parisian voice teacher, Alberti de Gorostiaga, who was immediately impressed with the girl’s rare talent.

And as he trained her flexible, rich voice, Alberti taught her to understand the inevitable sacrifices that must be exacted if the promise of that voice were to be fulfilled. And working, studying, singing with ever growing ardor, Lily Pons absorbed the all-encompassing ideal. If she could sing as the maestro predicted, she could ask no more of life.

“If the voice is all,” she said, her eyes soft with remembered dreams, “it is perfect.”

Reluctantly, at length, her husband read the hand-writing on the wall. Divorce, when it came, severed them with no sharper blade than that of the career which already had set their lives apart. But he recognized the superior claim. He had known that Lily possessed a voice. Now he understood that the voice, in reality, was the possessor.

Not coldly, not indifferently, did Lily watch the end of that first bright dream of happiness. But—

“How could I be married?” she asked, dark eyes deep with feeling. “I had to go here, there, everywhere—London, Paris, Vienna, South America—and he could not leave his affairs to follow me. . . . And I had to work, to study long hours, practise, rehearse—where was there any time for marriage?”

Where, indeed? To one of Lily’s standards, marriage was in itself an absorbing career. The cultured, conventional young French wife does not live a life apart from her husband. There is his house to keep, his children to bear and raise, his friends to entertain—the thousand and one social amenities to be observed. And Lily Pons is too honest to cheat herself or another.

She could not be married (Continued on page 64)
IT IS logical that Leslie Howard should be the first great actor to become a regular radio performer. And that, in going on the air, he should be the one to introduce a new technique in radio drama.

For Mr. Howard is one of the most daring young men in the theatre. He has smashed age-old traditions on the stage and startled all Hollywood by doing the unexpected. And if your picture of Mr. Howard is that of a conventional Englishman, drawing-room type, flawlessly attired, sauvage, and carefully courtious, discard it. The description doesn’t fit. It isn’t big enough.

In England they call him "that American actor." In America they call him "the great English star." Mr. Howard considers both flattering. But call him "a matinee idol" and he’ll throw the nearest thing at hand—and hit you, too!

For he is too modest to tolerate a title, and too sincere about his work to let a descriptive phrase type him.

By the same token, he refuses to allow traditions or conventions of the theatre to interfere with his work and how he does it.

There was the time, for example, when, clad in an old dressing-gown, he appeared before a large audience and dashed the famous the-show-must-go-on tradition right smack out the nearest exit. It was an opening night in Chicago. Howard had a sore throat which had been growing steadily worse all day. He had asked the manager to postpone the opening, but the manager only said: "The show must go on!"

Since he had no understudy, the show couldn’t go on without Leslie Howard. He struggled through the first act, suffering with every word he uttered, and growing hoarser speech by speech. At the end of the act, he called the manager, told him it was ridiculous for the play to continue under such circumstances, that is was unfair to the audience. The manager reminded him again that always the show must go on, and the rest of the cast agreed with the manager.

When, at the end of the first scene of the second act,
Howard's voice had dwindled to a hoarse, whispery laryngitis. The manager of the theater was reluctant to call the show. Mr. Howard slipped into his makeup, stained dressing-gown, and stepped in front of the footlights.

He told the audience it was being cheated. That he was suffering, and because of that, those in the theater were seeing a rotten performance. He advised them to leave at once and demand their money back.

"The audience applauded," says Mr. Howard, "They rose as one man, and a lot of women, and demanded and received their money at the box-office. You may have noticed that the time-honored tradition 'the show must go on' applies only to lead players. An electrician, a member of the chorus, a scene-shifter, even the manager himself, may stay at home if he is ill or his wife is sick or his father is dying. The receipts at the box office will not be affected by his absence. But if the leading man or leading woman—the big name of the play—suggests missing a performance, everyone exclaims: 'But don't you realize? The show must go on!' Why, it's ridiculous!"

The fact that he was criticized later in the press and by theatrical people for breaking the "sacred" tradition that night in Chicago never worried him.

Leslie Howard also has conceived a rather unconventional "cure" for an actor or actress who goes upstage on him. In his pocket he keeps one of those rubber balls with a face painted on it and a tongue that sticks out. When another member of the cast begins moving slowly upstage, taking the eyes of the audience with him or her, Howard has given fair warning that he'll turn his back to the audience, take the rubber ball in his right hand, put it behind him, and begin making faces with it, for the benefit of the audience.

"The warning was effective," Leslie remarked.
And it must have been. Certainly no one has ever tried to get upstage with Leslie Howard.

It was entirely unconventional, in the first place, for Leslie Howard to become an actor. He never had even considered it until he was dismissed from the Army, after the Armistice was signed.

It always had been assumed that (Continued on page 30)

Four characteristic shots of Leslie Howard. The first, a scene with Kay Francis, from the movie "British Agent." And next a domestic scene, showing Leslie and his wife, Ruth, arriving at the NBC Broadcasting Studio in Hollywood. And here is a very characteristic shot—according to Leslie: "The whole family is horse-mad." And polo is one of their greatest interests. Here are (left to right) Claudette Colbert, Leslie and Mrs. Howard, at the Uplifters Polo Club. And, last but not least, our Leslie with one of his mounts, at the Riviera Club.
This young American soprano continues as soloist of the Voice of Firestone's new winter series of radio programs, along with William Daly's orchestra and the Firestone Choral Symphony. Richard Crooks and Nelson Eddy also will star on the new program. Margaret Speaks, who began her singing career in vaudeville and musical comedy, is a niece of the famous composer, Oley Speaks. She comes from Columbus, Ohio, and is a popular hostess.
A charming new photograph of Jane Froman, who numbers countless radio fans among her host of friends. Jane has recently returned from Hollywood, where she was engaged in filming a new picture. She comes from a musical family. Her mother, Anna Froman, was pianist for the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Jane attended the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, where she studied all branches of music. She is an accomplished pianist.
"SHUCKS!" said Wally! "Domitell," said Wally. "I'm not on the air to do one of those darn 'Chi-Chi-Chi-cago call-ing' kind of things, all la-de-da and theatrical like. I'm just going to say: "This is Wally Beery talking, folks, not that you care—but I want to say howdy to my old friends and hello to the new ones I hope I'll make—anyway, here I am. That is the spirit of the thing, you know.

"I'm not on the air for money.

"I'm not on the air to try to sell any more of the Beery personality. I've spent twenty-seven years selling that and that's a handful of time in any man's language.

"Nope, I'm just on the air with the hope of giving other folks a chance—the breaks—the breaks I got twenty-seven years ago. I'm not doing any Good Samaritan, either, because I'm doing what I want to do. I thought it up and it's my pleasure. And I don't figure it in terms of thanks, either. Don't want any. If some kid gets a break she's been aching her heart out to get; if some old-timer that's never made the grade makes it, that'll be all the thanks I can handle."

By which you may deduce, you audiences of the air, that you are now listening to a good
By Gladys Hall

Samaritan, whether he claims the title or not. You are listening to the same Wally Beery you’ve been seeing all these years—the same gruff old, rough old Wally, with neither frills nor furbelows; the same uncertain Wally who rousted about and rode freight in his early youth; who worked with the circus as an elephant trainer; who started in pictures in the character of a Swedish servant girl and has worked up to becoming the only one of his kind in the multitudinous mêlée of the movies—the same Wally who adopted a little girl and loves her with such tenderness as to bring tears to the coldest eye.

"Folks," said Wally, squawking his yellow shoes comfortably as we talked together, between takes, on the set of "Ah Wilderness," "folks have told me I ought to put on more of an act, being a movie star and all. They say I ought to talk fancy and all that. But I’m a plain, ordinary guy and I’m going to stay this way—on the earth or in the air. Animals and kids like me and that’s good enough for me.

"I won’t be doing any acting on the air, either, as you’ll know by this time. Don’t know anything about acting and never did. Folks ask me how I get my ‘effects’ and I don’t know what they mean. They tell me I make ‘em laugh and then cry in the same breath and ask me what is my technique. Is it my voice, they want to know? Gosh, how do I know? Maybe it is. Maybe it isn’t.

"Well, the folks that will hear me over the Shell Chateau hour every Saturday night from Hollywood for seventeen, weeks—they’ll know whether it’s my voice or not. Cause my voice is all they’ll have. They won’t see my face nor have to watch me shuffling my hands and feet not knowing what to do with them. Someone once said that an actor can make a living all his life just so long as he don’t act—and I guess that’s the explanation of me in the movies and it will be the explanation of me on the air.

"It is a relief," guffawed Wally loudly, "not to have to wonder about my hands and feet. Not that that’s why I started on the air. It isn’t. It isn’t the money, either, as I’ve said. So far as money goes I’d like to cut down on what I’m doing, not add to it. I’d like to get my picture making down to two pictures a year—and at that I’d be just as well off, financially, and a whole lot better off in point of time.

"Nope, I’ve got another reason. One I’ve had in here—and Wally thumped his massive chest resonantly, "for a dozen years or so, I want to give the other fellows a break. I never knew just how to go about it before. Didn’t seem able to find the way. Now I’ve found it—the air way. (Continued on page 60)
A MAN
MISUNDERSTOOD?

HERE'S A REVEALING STORY OF A GREAT ARTIST AND A VERY
HUMAN MAN WHOM FEW OF US REALLY KNOW—LAWRENCE TIBBETT

"IT'S GOOD for you to be misunderstood!"
There you have it in Lawrence Tibbett's own words. And he should know. For Tibbett is probably the most misunderstood man in 'Radio.
Misunderstood pictorially, too.
For seeing Tibbett is to realize how unkind photographers and moving picture cameras can be to a truly handsome man. A man whose bronzed skin makes the blue of his eyes the more intense. Whose fullness accentuates his ease and charm of manner.
The drawing-room of Tibbett's apartment overlooking the East River was designed for a man who is first of all a human being. A man who likes companionship. Chairs are drawn together in groups. Great, comfortable divans face each other from diagonal walls. A warm, gracious room in which even a concert grand piano becomes informal.
A room a small boy can run into breathlessly and ask: "Do the eggs go, too, dad, or only the tomatoes?"
And Lawrence Tibbett laughing as he says: "Only the tomatoes," and explaining that they had just come in from their farm in the country, with the usual loot to be dis-


Tibbett, a tennis enthusiast, poses with his wife, after a strenuous session of the net on their estate.
tributed among their friends.

Tibbett's laugh is as warm, as tolerant as the man himself.

"When you get down to facts, being misunderstood is really being unjustly criticized," he went on. "Fair criticism helps, too. For all our defenses and our outward quibbling, I'll wager most of us have a pretty good mental picture of ourselves. I know I have!

"I'm fully aware of my good points and try to gloss over the bad ones. They're there and I know it but I try to kid myself that no one else sees them. Then somebody comes along and points out a thing I've been congratulating myself I was getting away with. Then I know I haven't been so smart, after all, and set about really getting rid of the fault instead of just covering it up.

"But it's unfair criticism that's really good for the soul. In other words, being misunderstood. Nothing makes me so mad as to be unjustly set upon. And nothing does this old brain of mine so much good as getting mad. Fighting mad.

"For years I go along stuffing things into my brain. Most of us do that. Little bits (Continued on page 56)}
"THEY SHOULDN'T HAVE PRINTED SUCH LIES!"

VIVIENNE SEGAL has red hair. She will commit aggravated assault and battery upon the very next writer, male or female, who prints, publishes, or otherwise disseminates misinformation concerning her. Therefore the following interview, transcribed from shorthand (rather rusty shorthand, to be sure, but shorthand, nevertheless), is set down precisely as she gave it out while striding up and down the luxuriously appointed living-room of her New York apartment—very peeved she was, too.

"Of all the tommyrot!" she protested vigorously. "I think it's high time some of the things people have written about me were set straight. What's the matter with you writers, anyhow? Why on earth do you have to take simple facts and distort them so? Why, I wish you'd read all this junk—" She pointed to a fat, well-filled scrapbook lying on a console table, "and then give me your honest opinion. Know what you'd say if you'd tell the truth? You'd say the stuff in that book was just exactly what I called it—tommyrot. Or else you'd say I was a candidate for a nice room with quilted walls and bars on the windows!"

You would gather that vivacious Miss Segal took issue with some of the interviewers who had attempted the task of dishing out a few inside facts to her public. She sat down and opened the scrapbook at random.

"Now look at this," she directed. "Just read that. See what it says? My mother and father were divorced because father didn't approve of my going on the stage. Maybe that makes a better story than the correct version, but it's silly rot, just the same! They were divorced, that's true. But not because I went on the stage. And look!"

Her finger pointed out the offending paragraph.

"Good Heavens! Why, that makes me look like some monster! It actually says that I never..."
"LIFE'S WONDERFUL."

SAYS VIVIENNE SEGAL.

"IT'S ALWAYS HAD MORE SWEET THAN BITTER."

By Ruth Geri

went near my father even when he was dying! I don't care whether that makes what you call a story or not. It's a downright lie—that's what it is! Now, as a matter of fact, my mother and father always were the best of friends, even after their divorce, and as a matter of more fact, my father signed papers as my legal guardian, permitting me to take my first stage job. That's how much he was against my going on the stage."

"I never will forget the time we had with dad then, though," she recalled. "Mother brought me to New York to make the rounds of casting offices, and she told dad we were going on a shopping trip, because he really didn't approve of my going into the theater professionally. I sang in a dozen offices, and if there ever was a hotter day in New York, I can't remember it. Finally one of the men who heard me told me I had some promise, but he advised me to go back home and wait until I was a little older."

"Well, I did, and a couple of weeks later, right out of a clear sky, a wire came from him asking me to come to Atlantic City right away. Was I excited! It was like a fairy tale. The leading-lady had been taken suddenly ill, and they wanted to try me out for her part. Imagine! I had one day in which to learn the part, and mother and I sat up all night in our hotel room while I studied it. We tried out the show in Atlantic City and then went to New York for the opening there. Think of it! Imagine the thrill, for a little, inexperienced girl who had always dreamed of being on the stage! Opening on Broadway! Well, the day before we opened, I had to sign a contract, or rather mother had to sign it, because I was a minor. She thought her signature would be enough—but it wasn't, as we found out when it came (Continued on page 72)
Pretty red-haired Mildred Baker is a Southern girl, but in a long and successful stage career she never has played a Southern rôle. She plays Katie McDonald, the northern rebel, in the ever-popular radio drama, "Roses and Drums."
Dick Powell

Both radio and the movies have made Dick theirs, and made him yours. Music is his profession and his hobby. Besides singing he plays many musical instruments. Star of "Hollywood Hotel," a bright spot in your Friday evenings.
"Show Boat's" popular Lanny Ross, now the entertainment director of the Maxwell House program, was born in Seattle, Washington, January 16th, 1906. His father, Douglas Ross, was a noted Shakespearean actor. Lanny graduated from Yale in 1928, and made his radio début on Christmas night of that year.
Blue-eyed, auburn-haired Dorothy Lamour is winning an appreciative following with her new program, "Dreamer of Songs," on the air Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. For these programs she learns twelve new songs weekly and has nine hours of rehearsals. Lovely to look at, lovely to listen to, is Dorothy.
Rudy Vallee, who, with his Connecticut Yankees and guest artists, makes the Fleischmann Variety hour one you won't miss.

"THERE IS NO DR. LEE!" Skeptics say. "WELL, I'M WRITING THIS TO TELL YOU THERE IS!"

By Dr. R. E. Lee
FOR twenty years I have held a position in the scientific department of a large organization, and until six years ago I was hidden away in the laboratory, hospital, and office, and my circle of acquaintances was small.

And then I went on the air! I was coaxed up to a microphone and bullied into speaking for one minute. That is all. Sixty seconds of talk on health, no more. But it was enough to perform a great miracle—the miracle which I have learned to accept as the every day job of radio.

What can be done in a minute? Think about it—what can you do in the time it takes the second-hand to tick its way around the small dial? In ordinary life—nothing. In radio, everything—or almost everything. At least, so it seems to me after six years of broadcasting.

I remember that first time at the mike—and it was a horrible ordeal. There were about a hundred invited guests sitting there terribly silent. There was Rudy, perched on his stool, smiling and nodding his head sympathetically, the orchestra with their instruments at rest—and in the center—the black circle of the microphone. I felt cold all over and my jaw was strangely stiff and numb. The voice that issued from my throat was a voice I had never heard before.

Since then, I have discovered that everyone feels much the same as I did, when they first come to the microphone. In fact, I have yet to hear of anyone who doesn't gibber a little at his or her début. Marie Dressier wrung her hands and rolled her eyes and moaned: "Oh why did I ever get into this?" Katherine Hepburn spat: "I hate that little black box!" And I recall that Irene Bordoni's hands got as cold as ice.

My début, it seemed to me, was a ghastly experience, yet it accomplished the incredible.

At that time I knew altogether about a thousand people. I received about twenty letters in my business and personal mail each day. One minute on the air—and what happened? In the week that followed, I received 226 letters, close to a hundred telephone calls from strangers, and fifteen telegrams. People I did not know nodded when they were introduced to me and said: "Oh, the Dr. Lee who broadcast on the Rudy Vallee program?"

I broadcast again the following week, again for one minute—and I have been doing it every Thursday since, ever since November, 1929. Three hundred weeks—three hundred minutes. Five hours in all. Short enough as time goes, especially when spread out over six years—but these five hours have caused 250,000 letters to be written to me, on personal and health matters, that never would have been written. And if it is true that for every letter writer there are three others who would have liked to write but lacked the courage or the energy to do so, then this means that a million men and women were helped materially by some of the things I said during these five hours.

Nothing that I said was especially remarkable. I have made it a practice to dish up the knowledge which every doctor knows. I spoke and still (Continued on page 70).
WHEN Guy Lombardo plays "Auld Lang Syne" something happens. There's magic in the air. Whether the lovely old refrain he has selected as a theme song comes to you from a thousand miles away, or whether you're dancing in front of his orchestra, you feel the spell in its strains. It evokes a sense of the fragrance of the past, of old friendships that never die, of old loves always young, and of the bright colors of youthful dreams. Under its melody you can reach out, capture something old and lovely.

The Royal Canadians work that spell better than any other orchestra. "Auld Lang Syne" belongs to them because they, more than others, can know what it means.

This December Guy Lombardo is celebrating the twentieth anniversary of the birth of his band. They've shared twenty years of work and play and ambitions. And because they have an understanding of shared affections and shared dreams, born of those twenty years, they can play their signature in a way to make us feel its nostalgic charm.

Since first they started not a man in that band has been changed. They've added members but they've never dropped one. A fifth of a century they've stuck together through discouragement, grueling hours of practice and playing, hectic travelling from one city to another, and, for the last seven—probably the hardest thing of all to share, overwhelming success. What is it that has held them, still holds them?

I asked Guy Lombardo what the secret was. We were sitting in the bar of one of the gay night clubs where he has played—one of the new, smart New York night spots. Around us was the glitter of gigantic mirrors, black-and-chromium decorations, sleek, smartly dressed men and women. It was sophisticated, gay.

Guy smiled and stirred his coffee thoughtfully. "A lot of people ask me that," he said. "One of the reasons is because we started so young. We were only kids. When you grow up together you have a lot in common—the same background, old associations. That sort of thing holds you."

Then he told me how they started.

Twenty years ago there were no Royal Canadians.
And here is Guy himself, leader of the Royal Canadians, whose distinctive music is such a heart-warming spot on those Monday evening programs. Guy started playing the violin in public at the tender age of thirteen.

by Helen Irwin

SYNE..."

There were only three little boys in knee pants playing for the Mothers’ Club of London, Ontario. They were Guy, aged thirteen, who played the violin and conducted. And Carmen, eleven, tooting at his new flute. And Freddy Kretzer, also eleven, and known as “de Enemy” because twenty years ago a war was going on and Kretzer is a German name. He pounded the piano.

They played “When You Wore a Tulip” and “There’s a Long, Long Trail” and other tunes people sang in 1915. Seventy-five mothers smiled and applauded and afterwards congratulated Mrs. Lombardo and Mrs. Kretzer. Those two ladies beamed and said: “They were good, weren’t they?” And added sotto voce, “But my dear, we suffered during rehearsals!” The three little boys were told how nice it was for them to have such an interesting hobby and how when they were grown-up business men they would always be glad they had music to turn to for relaxation.

(Continued on page 62)
Edythe Wright is the name of this most personable young songstress. Hers is the voice you hear with Tommy Dorsey's distinctive new orchestra over the Columbia network each Monday and Friday night. Edythe, as you may notice, is one of radio's most attractive young ladies, and the coming of television will hold no terrors for her. What's more, it has been rumored about that a few of the major film companies are interested in signing up Edythe's charm to enhance their pictures.
Does motion picture work add to or detract from a performer's work on the air? Well, Eddie Cantor's show on the air never has been better, as you know if you've been listening lately on Sunday evenings at eight o'clock. The scene above is from Eddie's new film, "Shoot the Chutes," and the tall guy in the natty striped suit is none other than Parkyakarkas (Harry Einstein). Standing on tiptoe, Eddie rolls an inquiring eye at Elaine Johnson, one of the "Gorgeous Goldwyn Girls," but Elaine's smiles seem all for Parkyakarkas.
STAR SPANGLED BRITON

By Jack Hanley

JOHN BARCLAY, SINGER-ACTOR OF THE PALMOLIVE BEAUTY BOX PROGRAM, IS A VERY UNUSUAL PERSON.

This story about John Barclay is unorthodox. To go a little farther, John Barclay, singer-actor of the popular Palmolive Beauty Box show, is unorthodox. Let's go still farther, and begin at the beginning.

When your reporter learned he was to do a piece on John Barclay he was a wee bit disgruntled, not to say chagrined. Frankly, I had pleasantly anticipated a charming chat with some lovely and utterly feminine honey like Gladys Swarthout or Francia White. Knowing that Mr. Barclay was born in Bletchingly, England; had taken a B.A. at Pembroke College, Cambridge; was on intimate musical terms with Bach and Brahms and had sung with various oratorio societies and symphony orchestras, didn't especially whet the enthusiasm, if you know what I mean. Or maybe you've never met English actors.

The first surprise came in meeting Mr. Barclay at the N.B.C. studios, right after the Beauty Box broadcast, to arrange for the interview. The effect was somewhat like shaking hands with the statue of Liberty. It is common knowledge that John Barclay is six feet five inches tall and not very wide. But confronted suddenly, your reporter felt, for the first time in years, like one of Singer's Midgets. We set a time and discussed an pace for the interview. John Barclay lives on Long Island with his wife and young daughter. With visions of a busy day all broken up by a trip to the country I made a suggestion. Just to get the reaction, I tentatively pushed forth the idea that we might meet at my place.

"Fine!" Barclay said. "Splendid. Be glad to stop in... any time you say."

That was the second shock. The third came when he arrived exactly on time, without telephone reminders, folded himself like a carpenter's rule into a low chair and began to talk about everything but John Barclay. And talked, mind you, not in the exaggerated Oxford drawl that most English actors regard as their birthright, but in a singularly pleasant style that combines the best features of the English and American languages.

At my comment on his speech he referred to his engagement with Winthrop Ames' Gilbert and Sullivan revivals from 1926 to 1928.

"In the company," said Mr. Barclay, "were sopranos, tenors and baritones from all parts of America and England and no two accents were alike. Mr. Ames stressed the necessity of coördinating the various accents into a sort of common denominator. We worked very hard to achieve a pure vowelization that was neither English nor American. The idea appealed to me and I've kept at it always."

"You mean," I said incredulously, "that you don't consider British speech the only correctly spoken English?"

"Of course not!" His dark eyes reflected earnestness. "Oxford English is just as much a local accent as Brooklynese. An actor should strive for a pure speech, a diction that is pleasing to the ear and readily understood, both in
John Barclay himself, lean and tall and bearing a resemblance to the younger Lincoln.

A sympathetic camera study of the actor in his home, with his little six-year-old daughter, Mary Cornelia, to whom he is devoted.

drama and song. London English is no more pure than Nashville English." From the way he said it I had a sneaking suspicion that he really meant it, heretical as it sounds. I made a noise like a reporter, poised a sharpened pencil and made one more attempt to let John Barclay revert to type.

"Do you find many things wrong with America?" I murmured.

"America?" he said, brightening up visibly. "I've always been terribly enthusiastic about America. I came to New York in June of 1921, after a season of opera in the south of France. I've been here ever since and I haven't the slightest desire to go back."

"You mean you like the United States?"

"I think it's swell," he said. "Here nobody depends on background for a living. The man himself counts. He's judged by what he can do, not by who he is. The man who can provide something that meets with popular approval, something that the public wants, is a success. The hifalutin artist starves to death."

There was no question about the sincerity in John Barclay's lean, deeply lined face; his eyes were lighted with interest in a favorite topic.

"Perhaps the main reason I'm fond of America is because I'm interested in the future rather than in the past. I think 'You're the Top' is vastly more important and interesting musically than the bleary old sob ballads that used to be the favorite repertoire of the song recitalist. Highbrows say 'you can't do this'—I say let's have a modern idiom that the man in the street can appreciate and enjoy."

Mr. Barclay continued enthusiastically: "George Gershwin or Jerome Kern are doing far more for music than—well, say, those who cling tenaciously to the past. Popular music of today has a genuine beauty, a real melodic quality and the lyrics (Continued on page 54)
BUT WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO THE AMATEUR?

STORIES OF SOME WHO WON A CAREER—OR GOT THE GONG.

By Dorothy Brooks

MAJOR EDWARD BOWES, the man of the (amateur) hour, supervises a new, fascinating industry—the manufacture of stars. The star-mill grinds away each Sunday night, and the trail of the amateur hour is strewn with star-dust. Out of the mint come a few brilliant, flawless products and a host of minor satellites. But the star-dust when sifted yields golden grains, equally precious in their own way, rich in laughter, tears and consolation.

Perhaps only a few of the hundreds of amateurs will parallel the success of Doris Wester, who is being tested by several companies for a screen career; of Clyde Barrie who is now a regular ether star broadcasting on a coast-to-coast network. For some the climb may be long and tortuous. For others, hopeless. But win or lose, in one way or another hundreds of lives, have been brightened by the golden opportunity accorded by the Major Bowes’ Amateur Hour.

The story of the three young Youman Brothers is a modern variation of the delightful Cinderella theme, emerging from the amateur hour wheel of chance.

The brothers are George, Jack and Seymour, known as Skippy—nineteen, eighteen and seventeen respectively—three brilliant youngsters who, with the aid of an accordion, a violin and a clarinet, demonstrated their uncanny ability to imitate a dozen of the best known orchestras on the air. To these youngsters has come success so dazzling that their future is clearly marked for stardom. Fresh from the schoolroom they have been catapulted (Continued on page 76)
KATE SMITH WRITES OF THE WINNERS
AND HOW SHE WON THEM
FOR HER MIKE PARADE

Above) Champion of the champions—Miss Kate Smith.

(Above) James J. Braddock, Kate Smith, and the wood-choppers.

(Left) With "Big Bill Tilden," one of the best of the raquet wielders.

(Above) Kate and Dizzy Dean indulge in a bit of clowning after the show.

SHAKE HANDS WITH THE CHAMPIONS

By Kate Smith

I LIKE the new title some folks have given me. They call me the "champion champion-getter," and to be kind of honest and frank about it—I really think I've earned the label. Why? I'll tell you—and I hope you find it as interesting as I have.

When I returned to the airwaves, in September, a year ago, with my fall program, I wanted to do something that was "different." Everybody in radio, and in show business, also, for that matter, is always in search for that quality—and if one can find it, and deliver, too, then he or she really has got something. So Ted Collins and I began going into huddles, but, as a result, we didn't seem to gain any yardage. (You can see I took in some of those football games this past season!) Anyway, although we did have an idea of what we wanted, we didn't quite know how to get it.

Here was the situation. We both agreed that listening ears were a bit dulled by elaborately staged radio shows that lacked a certain friendliness and informality. After all, an entertainer can't say: "I sing—or make jokes, as the case might be—to millions of people." It's not so. We, of the broadcasting studios, entertain only one and two, or three, four or five persons at a time as they sit in their homes before the radio. Those millions aren't massed together. They're each separate individual units—and the radio programs come to them in their homes—not in theatres or large auditoriums.

We figured that something with a quality of human interest should be injected into our programs. Amateurs weren't the answer. This, I thought, was being overdone, and besides, was unfair exploitation of earnest people who needed a real "break," and not a laugh at their expense. But Ted and I just couldn't seem to find what we vaguely had in mind.

Although we had a wide variety of entertainment scheduled on our first program, nevertheless that certain "human interest" feature was missing.

The day of the first broadcast came around. That morning I read in the newspapers that right here in the city a Miss Elinor Murdoch (Continued on page 74)
IT IS my great pleasure this month to extend hearty Christmas Greetings to you all from George Burns and Gracie Allen. It is my further pleasure to take you with me for a mad, merry visit to these famous stars in their lovely New York apartment. Once there we'll kid with the irrepressible George and romp with Gracie from the huge two-story-high living-room into their diminutive but complete kitchen, to learn all about the good things to eat that will be served to George, Gracie and their friends during the coming holidays—delicious foods which you too will be able to enjoy.

And there we'll also meet Sandra—the fifteen months old blonde darling who is the apple of their eye and queen of all she surveys. Before we are through perhaps you will feel that you too know "Burns and Allen" better.

"Are they mad and crazy away from the mike, too?" did I hear you ask? Well, yes, they are—"mad" about their home and their two adopted children (Sandra and an infant boy still too young to be introduced to outsiders) and "crazy" about each other. You'd look far and wide before you'd find a more devoted couple or prouder parents than these two and it would be difficult indeed to discover a more charming or better run home.

For Gracie, despite her giggle, is really an efficient little homebody and George, although he kids her off the air as well as on, is mighty proud of his "Googie".

"Gracious! What a pet name!" I objected when first I heard Mr. Burns use it. (Continued on page 06)
"BAD SKIN" means—A Lazy Under Skin

Underlying glands, nerves, fibres... need rousing with this deep-skin cream

TODAY, stand close to some girl you know. Gaze right at the skin on her nose, on her chin. Isn’t it awful?—the way coarse pores and blackheads stand out!

Your own face gets the same "third degree" every time you’re at arm’s length. People think, Why don’t you do something about your skin?

Yet it’s not the skin they see that’s at fault. It’s your lazy underskin! Tiny glands are overtaxed... The oil they give off is thick... clogs the pores on its way out. What follow are the blackheads, coarse pores that ruin your good looks!

Even heartbreaking lines and sagging contours are just the outward signs of an underskin "let-down"!

Stop Skin Faults...

But you can quicken that underskin—rouse it, set it to work. Yes, you can!—with this deep-skin cream of Pond’s.

Pond’s Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which go straight to the underskin. Even as you smooth it on, you see it go in, come out—thickened with grayish dirt, stale make-up. Now your skin is clean. Clear to its depths! Now smooth on more Pond’s Cold Cream. Pat it in sharply with firm finger tips. This way you rouse that lazy underskin. Nerves, glands and fibres "step lively"... flush your skin with new fault-fighting vigor! Keep this up. See how quickly bad skin becomes "a good complexion."

Tip-ends of blackheads loosen. Deep-lodged matter comes out... fine texture takes the place of every blemish. Even critical eyes can’t find anything wrong!

For a Beautiful Skin

Every Night, pat in Pond’s Cold Cream. Watch it bring out dirt, make-up, secretions. Wipe off. Pat in more cream briskly. Your underskin feels it... gets awakened. Your outer skin shows it... blooms fresh, unblemished! Every Morning, and always before make-up, renew this newly-won freshness with Pond’s Cold Cream. See it brighten your skin—soften it. Now powder can’t possibly catch or flake!

Try this cream without delay. Pond’s Cold Cream is pure. Germs cannot live in it.

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NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH?
RADIO FAVORITES DO THEIR BEST TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS—

Sigmund Romberg—"If you find anything exciting in a few crossed wires, I'll tell you my story. I was broadcasting from a New York studio with California clamoring on the phone...that's the set up. But the studio wants a new song immediately. My audience wants to hear the rest of the broadcast. I take an eleven-minute leave of absence from the mike, give birth to a tune, whistle it to Hollywood, and then go on with the broadcast."

Igor Gorin
famous concert and operatic singer from Vienna, who soon will make his motion picture debut with M-G-M.

Belgian ancestry. Luck was with us. We unearthed a patriot. I sang the song."

Connie Gates—This was one time when nobody laughed when I sat down at the piano. The music of the song I was to sing wasn't on the rack and knowing only the melody and piano accompaniment, I had to fake the lyrics...with a tra-la-la and a heigh-nonny-nonny and a lump in my throat."

Frances Langford
tiny contralto crooner with 'Hollywood Hotel,' may be heard in the M-G-M show, 'Broadway Melody of 1936.'

Benay Venuta
California's songbird, made her début in radio about five years ago and now stars in radio and musical comedy.

John Charles Thomas
celebrated American baritone, star of musical comedy, opera and radio, sings each Wednesday.

N.T.G.—"Way back in the early days of radio, all programs were under the censorship of the navy...and the sailors were plenty strict. It happened one night that an admiral was speaking at a convention luncheon in honor of police commissioners from all over the world. I was master of ceremonies. Law, order, and censorship all assembled in one room. Auspicious—and then the admiral starts telling off-color jokes. Rather than put the sailors in the awkward position of having to censor their own admiral, I dragged the mike over to the other end of the hall and then went back to get in on the rest of the jokes."

Jessica Dragontette
celebrates her tenth radio anniversary this year. She has made more than 700 radio appearances.

Rosario Bourdon
musician and conductor of The Cities Service Orchestra, is a native of Canada. Born in Montreal, March 6, 1881.

George Burns—"I had a new pair of glasses which seemed to be on the bum. Well, the more they bothered my eyes, the more I insisted on wearing them. Yeah, I wanted to get adjusted. So one night Gracie and I are broadcasting and all of a sudden the script begins to blur. The rest of the program is ad libbing and poor little Gracie wondering what it's all about. To make a long story short, it seems that the optician had got my glasses mixed up with those of a guy by the name of Brown."

Curtis Arnall (Buck Rogers)—"I remember one time when I went through what I thought was a dress rehearsal, taking it real easy, making a few breaks here and there. When the rehearsal was over, I sat around waiting for the real thing to begin. When I finally came to and realized it had been the real thing, I felt the way you do when you're going down a flight of stairs in the dark, expecting one more step and it just isn't there."

Gabriel Heatter—"Not all broadcasts issue from the cloistered walls of the studio. A certain assignment took Jeff Sparks and myself twenty-five stories up the side of a skyscraper. The (Continued on page 79)
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usually tell a more interesting story than the old sob ballads. You can't ignore it or pass it off as unimportant. After all, many of the masters wrote contemporary music—they weren't writing for posterity. The old time singer at recitals would do ballads with informality, but if he sang Brahms it called for a top hat and tails. They forgot that Bach's best compositions were originally written only as music for Sunday services."

This, remember, wasn't a crooner speaking. Nor an unschooled blues singer defending his music. John Barclay studied music three years with Jean de Reszke and later with Raymond von zu Muhlen. He sang "Samson and Delilah" at the Drury Lane in London, toured America under the auspices of Arthur Judson for five years in concerts and recitals; appeared with Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, the New York Philharmonic, the Detroit Symphony. He sang oratorio with the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir, the Apollo Club Choir, the New York Oratorio Society; and at many other music festivals and ensembles equally well known. He is married to Madame Dagmar Ryher, pianist and composer.

"I have no use for the professional high brow," he went on, and told a story in that connection about the old waiter who has served most of his life in a London club. The waiter's son had achieved a brilliant career as a lawyer and one of the gentle men at the club spoke to the old man about it.

"I'll wager you're proud of your boy today," the man said heartily.

"Yes," the waiter nodded mildly, "Ah'm proud. But Ah'ad to keep 'im till 'e was forty!"

Incidentally, John Barclay does an excellent cockney dialect, as well as many other foreign dialects. That was one of the reasons Deems Taylor was very kind in one of his criticisms of Barclay's work with the Winthrop Ames Gilbert and Sullivan company. And speaking of criticism, the biggest kick John Barclay ever got out of a notice was when the D'Oyly Carte company brought another revival of Gilbert and Sullivan to America recently.

Four of the reviews harked back to Bar- clay's performances in the same rôle—favorably—after a lapse of seven years. Another thing Deems Taylor liked was the Barclay ability to paint a picture with song, his talent for dramatizing a number.

Barclay doesn't believe in standing with folded hands and spraining an audience with merely the melody of a song. Back in the days when he did recital work he played as many as twenty different characters in an evening, through the medium of the songs he did. That's one of the reasons why he's an actor on the radio today.

"I believe in bringing out the inherent drama in a musical composition," he says. "Whether it's popular or classical music, the public is interested in the story of it, as well as the melody. That's why people go to hear Lucienne Boyer, or Yvette Guilbert. They have the same ability to create a scene in the listener's mind that Ruth Draper has in her monologues. Take the Doppelgänger of Schubert; there's a perfect example. It's the story of a man who sees his phantom double. You've got to put yourself into the scene. . . . see the street, dim in the flickering lamplight of the old town. . . . show the man approaching the house where he had once lived. As he approaches he sees someone standing outside and he realizes that he is seeing himself as a youth—his phantom double. There's plenty of drama there and you've got to have it in your mind and get it across. Or take 'Two Cigarettes in the Dark. . . ."

"It illustrates exactly what I mean," said Barclay. "People don't get bored with popular music if it's presented properly. The Two Cigarettes number is more than a pleasant melody. A man goes outside to find his sweetheart, and sees the glow of two cigarettes—realizes that she is with another man. That's essentially drama. And the singer must realize that drama—get it across to his audience. That's the interesting thing about radio work; through the single dimension of hearing, a per-

Charming Jean Yewell discovered, one day, that she possessed a singing voice of lyric loveliness. Singing, Jean concluded, was better than teaching school. So she resigned her position as a school-teacher in Kansas, and came to New York. She now adds her talents to the sophisticated harmonies and lifting lyrics of NBC's Roy Campbell's Royalists.
former can project the other dimensions and build a fully rounded picture in the listener’s mind.”

Personally, I feel that all performers don’t. It’s the difference between a radio performer and a radio artist.

But John Barclay was tremendously interested in the topic. He’s utterly sincere in his appreciation of popular music. And amazingly enough, it doesn’t make him stuffy. There was the time he appeared at a music festival in Chicago before an audience of six thousand. His part called for him to step out dramatically and declaim the lines: “A Grecian poet, I—but born too late!” To an actor before a non-highbrow audience, those are lines to huddle at! It’s the sort of a speech that is apt to produce the American phenomenon known as the belly-laugh. But Barclay sank so completely into his part and delivered the lines with such simple lack of affectation that there wasn’t a giggle. “What a chance,” I said, “for a razz or snicker. What would you have done in that case?”

“I wasn’t thinking about the audience,” he said. “For the moment I was the Grecian poet. And if the audience happened to find it funny—why, nuts to them!”

Which is a good old British expression, right out of Cambridge! You can’t hate a guy like that! With more reason than most to be snooty about his background John Barclay isn’t so at all. He isn’t Americanized—he’s American. His ancestors founded many branches of the Barclay family in America, though some of them returned to England. Barclay Street in Philadelphia was named for a direct ancestor of his. He’s done many interesting things and skips lightly over them in the telling, except those which are not particularly complimentary. When he was even years old he had the opportunity to sing for John McCormack. McCormack listened attentively to the number until it was over. Then he said: “Johnnie, why do you sit on your voice, instead of letting your voice sit on you?”

Barclay took the advice from the renowned tenor seriously. He never learned to sing—that was a natural gift. But he studied hard to find out what was right and wrong in singing, to develop technique.

He first appeared on the air in 1929 and has been Le Dandy in the D’Orsay French Romances, played on the Fada, Lyric, True Story, True Detective and Philco programs. He is best known, perhaps, for the long succession of acting and singing leads in the Palmolive musicals.

One of his first professional appearances was for Sir Nigel Playfair and Arnold Bennett in Hammersmith, England—the place where John Drinkwater’s play, “Abraham Lincoln,” was first produced. As a matter of fact, John Barclay bears a striking resemblance to the younger Lincoln, though he has never played the role.

He spreads his legs wide apart when broadcasting, to come down to microphone level. He thinks advertising art is, at its best, a fine art form; that Ford cars and electric locomotives are beautiful in fact, that in all modern civilization the strictly utilitarian can be as beautiful as the purely artistic. He is devoted to his work, his wife, his little six-year-old daughter, Mary Cornelia.

He’s a pretty swell person.

The End

MAKE YOUR NEXT SELECTION “KOOLS”—That note of mild menthol refreshes every throat, those cork tips save every lip, and those valuable B & W coupons in each package are good for mighty worth-while premiums. Hot throats need KOOLS. Get a pack and sing for joy, Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky.

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55
A Man Misunderstood

(Continued from page 33)

of philosophy, chunks of culture, a smattering of this ism and that one. Some of it is good, of course. Some had. But, bit by bit, my brain becomes like an over-crowded room. My thoughts go knocking up against all the choice knickknacks I've stored there, the mental counterparts of the spindle chairs and fuzzy lamps and create little tables that can make a hodge-podge of any room.

"Then somebody comes along and takes an unjust crack at me and I'm grateful for it. Because I get mad!"

"What happens when you get fighting mad? You start kicking things around, don't you? Well, your brain is doing that, too. Kicking out all the little pastel thoughts and petty fancies you've been hoarding. All the gimcracks, the super-ficialities go flying. Only the strong things, the stable things are untouched. After all, you can't kick a grand piano out of the window when you get mad!"

"First thing you know your thoughts are clear again. Why shouldn't they be, with your brain's cleared again for action? That's the reason I say it's good to be misunderstood."

Lawrence Tibbett talks as forcefully as he sings. Singers know the importance of good enunciation. Tibbett goes further than that. His thoughts are as clear cut as his words. It takes a lot of knowing to think that way. A lot of understanding. A lot of experience.

"I know what people say about me," he admitted candidly. "That I'm conceited."

"The first time I heard it I was bewildered. How could people say such things about me when I knew the conflict, the mental turmoil, the uneasiness that lurks inside my mind?"

"Then, because they were wrong, I got mad."

"It is probably my very unsureness of myself that has created that impression. Sometimes when I come out on the stage, or before the microphone or the camera, I am so filled with misgivings about myself and my voice and everything else that I'm sure I'm going to stand there like an awkward dolt afraid to open my mouth."

"But I can't do that. Singing is my business and I have to sing. So I force myself to go through the pieces. I pull myself up and in my frenzy I probably push my head back more than I should and stick my chest out further. I don't want people to see how scared I am, so I overdo it."

"Now if I were conceited I wouldn't do that. I wouldn't feel the need for covering up. And in being so thoroughly sure of myself I'd probably give the impression of downright shyness."

"The same thing happens when a stranger recognizes me on the street and comes over to shake hands or to ask for an autograph. Of course I'm grateful for the compliment but I get so covered with confusion in my first impulse is to run. Now, I like people. More than the average person does, I think. Being naturally gregarious, I don't think there is anything much more fun than talking or exchanging ideas with someone I've just met. It's always an adventure to meet a new person."

"But it's something else to be stopped by a stranger and be told how good you are. No matter how sincere the praise is, it's embarrassing. I love hearing it, of course, who wouldn't? But the satisfaction comes a little later. After it's all so awkward and so at loss for adequate words that I respond stiffly. And I don't blame the person for going away thinking I'm swell-headed and a prig."

"There are so many ways a person in the public eye can be misunderstood. Little things most of them. But annoying."

"Not long ago a newspaper quoted me as saying that the greatest music in the world at present was coming from Tin Pan Alley. It was being misquoted on the term 'Tin Pan Alley' that I objected to. I don't like the phrase and I never use it."

"The essence of the statement was true. America is making the music the world is dancing to. Great songs are being written, songs that a certain type of person ignores because they are popular."

"Now take Bach, or Wagner or Beethoven or any of the other musical geniuses of the world. All of them have been guilty of passages unworthy of them at some time or another. They've all had their trite moments, their banal ones, their stupid ones. And take George Gershwin or Jerome Kern or Vincent Youmans or Irving Berlin—to mention only a few of our popular composers—and you'll find that all of them have written music that is really great.

"People consciously acquiring culture are too prone to be afraid of their own judgment, afraid to express themselves until they first run to a little book and look up the things that should be applauded and the things that should be frowned upon. No matter how bore they may be by passages in a symphony or in an opera they would as soon cut off their right hand as admit it. It's the thing to like that Sigmund Romberg and so they like him in everything he does."

"These are the people who would be ashamed to admit a popular song thrilled them. And it is people like these who have criticized me for including these songs in my Radio and Concert programs."

"It would be impossible for me to please everyone I sing for. After all, I have three distinctly different types of audiences. Opera, radio and movies. It seems
logical that in adhering too closely to one audience's demands I would be displeasing the other two.

"So I sing the songs I want to sing. The songs that have meaning and beauty for me. For I know that only by being true to myself can I be true to the people who have paid me the great compliment of liking my voice."

Lawrence Tibbett has come a long way from where he was born. A long way and a hard way. A long way from the grandmother who came to California in the gold rush of '49. From Bakersfield and the kid whose father was killed by an outlaw. And from Los Angeles and the hotel out of which his mother tried so valiantly to make a living for herself and her children. He has come a long way, too, from the youngster who started his career singing in the prologues of the movies shown at Sid Grauman's Chinese Theatre in Hollywood.

But all these things came with him: the adventurous spirit of his grandfather. The courage of his sheriff father. The eternal hope of his mother. The fortune of that boy who was himself.

They are the things that carried him from the bleak sun-baked town in California to the Metropolitan Opera House and to Radio and his success in the Movies.

Lawrence Tibbett has drunk deeply of life. He has known poverty and fear. He has known young love and what it means to marry with no security except the hope in his heart, and he fathered twin sons when he was little more than a boy himself.

And he lived to know the breaking up of that marriage and the disillusion that comes with the end of love. To know success. And mature love, he came to know that, too, and a second marriage that has endured.

He gives you all this when he sings for you, all the frustration and the hope and all the fulfillment. In return he asks for the thing that is more important to him than success. The right to a life of his own.

"Of course my life story is generally known," he said quietly. "But the details are my own. No one else has a right to them. My voice is public property and my audience has a right to demand certain things of it. And when I sing I try to give them the things they demand, the emotion they want."

"Why the public doesn't understand is this: That it's my life, the things I've done and the things I haven't done, the mistakes I've made and all those other details that make that emotion possible. For if I hadn't lived as I have, I wouldn't be feeling these things when I sing.

"Strange, isn't it, how quick the public is to damn the very things they demand of any creative person, whether they be writer or actor or artist or singer. That they don't understand that the very things they are ready to tear a person apart for are the qualities that have gone into making the emotion that gave them pleasure."

Lawrence Tibbett has come a long way along the Glory Road he loves to sing about. Success has come, greater than any he dared dream about in those other years. Another success, too. A success at being a human being.

THE END

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

MAKE sure you don't have bad breath! Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes all the decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums and around the tongue—which dentists agree are the source of most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle. Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate's. If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will gladly refund TWICE what you paid.
Dick Powell, star of the "Hollywood Hotel" program which you hear every Friday evening, caught chatting with Joan Blondell, Warner Brothers star, who is reported to be Dick's favorite Hollywood actress. Rumors are to the effect that there's definitely a romance, but there are also contradictory rumors which lead you to believe Dick and Joan are just the best of friends. Cupid plays lots of tricks out in Hollywood. You never know exactly what to think.

Football's All-American Tenor

(Continued from page 15)

Meehan, when the latter came to N. Y. U., ripened into a friendship which resulted in Munn eventually meeting every coach of importance in the nation. Lou Little, Harry Stuhldreher, Mal Stevens, Jimmy Crowley, the late Knute Rockne, Hunk Anderson, Herb Kopf—all of the important gridiron greats.

Munn used to spend the training season with Meehan at N.Y.U.'s Farmingdale Camp. Driving fifty miles into New York to broadcast and driving back again afterward was worth the effort, in Munn's opinion, because of the football knowledge he acquired. Frank sat in on the "skull-sessions," watched the workouts, noted the blackboard drills—in short, became one of the squad.

His knowledge of football is sound. Munn has the grid fanatic's knack of recalling incidents in games played a dozen years ago. He remembers the famous Columbia-N.Y.U. game at South Field, in 1922, when Jack Weinheimer, now on the N.Y.U. coaching staff, played so brilliantly that the Violets were able to bottle the great Walter Koppisch and leave the gridiron with a 7-6 victory, one of the most startling upsets in football history in the metropolitan district. Imagine the chagrin of the Violets to discover next day that the referee, reaching the sanctuary of Philadelphia, decided that he had interpreted the rules incorrectly in giving N.Y.U. its touchdown, that it should have been a safety and that the proper result was: Columbia 6; N.Y.U. 2! It is the only game in the annals of football that the team which won on Saturday afternoon, lost on Sunday morning.

Munn considers the greatest game he ever saw was the N.Y.U.-Carnegie Tech battle at Pittsburgh in 1928, when the Violets defeated a great Tech team, which already had conquered Notre Dame by 27-13. He also looks back with fond memories on a Dartmouth-Penn game at the Polo Grounds, which resulted in a tie-game of 14-14 in 1921, and another game at the same ball park the following year when a great Lafayette team, which had held Navy and Boston College without a first down on successive Saturdays, was humbled by Greasy Neale's Washington and Jefferson team by 14-13.

"There were many odd features to that game," explains Munn, with the joy of a story-teller who has a subject warm to his heart. "Lafayette led at the end of the first half by 13-0 and W. & J. hadn't made a first down. Then they came on in the second half to tie the score. Everybody was waiting for the try-for-point when Erickson flipped a forward-pass to Herb Kopf in the end-zone to win the game. That was the first year, '22, that the rules permitted a conversion by a run or pass, as well as a kick, and that was the first major game decided by the new rules."

 Asked what football player he considered the greatest, Munn answered without hesitation, "Ken Strong. I thought so when he was at N.Y.U. and now when I see him playing pro football with the Giants, I'm sure of it."

While Strong's collegiate and professional records bear out Munn's estimate of his ability, Frank's choice of a linemen doubtless will be subject to dispute. He named Bing Miller, who was a tackle at N.Y.U. contemporaneous with Strong.

"Of course, I'm naming only the players I've actually seen," said Munn. "I liked
filler because he was a sixty-minute player. Give me those kind of guys on my team, men that are in there from whistle to whistle and never let up.

"One season, before the first game, Miller collided with Dave Myers, the great Negro guard of N.Y.U. There was a mix-up on signals and they came out of the line, heads down, running in opposite directions. Bing got the worst of the injury, sustaining a severe cut on his forehead. Instead of quitting, he had Charley Porter, the trainer, construct a special headguard, and he didn't miss a minute for the season. Miller played a little pro football with the Stapletons on Staten Island.

used to go over there on Sundays to see him."

Munn was too wary to be trapped into picking out one football mentor as the nation's best. "I know too many of them," grinned Frank. "Take fellows like Lou Little, his assistant Herb Kopf, and Meehan. They all know plenty of football, and as much as any man in the country. But football is a lot like cards. No matter how smart a bridge player you are, you can't take an ace with a deuce. If the coach knows his business, and is interested in it, he's a good coach, regardless of the record his team may make. The schedule and the material at hand don't always match, you know."

Although football is Frank's first sporting love, it isn't his only one. He rarely misses the Penn Relays in Philadelphia, or the IC4A track meets, whether they are held in Boston or New York. Oddly enough, Munn isn't a great baseball fan, although his father helped organize the first nine in the history of the New York Police Department, back in 1882, together with J. W. Apple, who is still alive. Frank never has seen a world series game, although of the last fifteen world series no fewer than nine have been played in New York.

Less publicity is sent out on Munn than any other star of similar magnitude. There is a rumor that Frank refuses to have his picture taken because of his ample bulk. "I'm stout and that's all there is to it," grins Munn, in denying the story. "The only time I ever squawk about pictures is when they are poor ones. And anybody'll do that, whether you're a singer or a butcher's clerk. I'm no Clark Gable, but I like my pictures to look like me."

Because Munn has eschewed personal appearances during his long career as a radio star, it has been hinted that Frank prefers people to visualize him as they hear him over the air, rather than see him as he is. Again the studio gossips are 100 per cent wrong.

"I believe my place is at the microphone, that's all," says Munn. "I'm making my living through singing over the air, not through touring the country, making four or five appearances a day and being confined to the theatre from eleven in the morning until eleven at night, putting up with the inconveniences of Pullman travel, hotel rooms and living out of a trunk."

My life is as well regulated as that of any business man. I come to the studio for rehearsals and broadcasts and then go home, the same as though it were my office. I took a Chicago trip with Abe Lyman while A Century of Progress was on the lake-front out there. I enjoyed it, much as a business-man would enjoy a vacation.

"The biggest thrill I get out of radio is when visitors come to the RCA building, particularly during the holidays when the tourist trade is heavy. They'll come up to me, introduce themselves and say that they've been listening to me for years and feel as though they've known me. I get a real bang out of that."

It has been a long step for Munn, since the days when, with a bundle of songs under his arm, he'd show up at WOR, WEAF or WMCA and sing gratis for an hour, just in the hope that somebody might hear him and sign him. As a matter of fact, it was while making phonograph records for the Brunswick Co., not singing for radio, that Frank was discovered and signed up.

Gas Haenschen, musical director for the record company, heard Munn making records, arranged an audition for him, and finally got him a spot on a commercial, the E. A. White hour, with Virginia Rea, who later was to play Olive Palmer, while Frank played Paul Oliver on the Palm-Olive hour. Munn received less than fifty dollars for his first commercial work on the air.

Munn grades his progress, not by the increased remuneration, but by the fact that it has enabled him to enjoy more football than would otherwise be possible. He knows now that he can sit on the fifty-yard line instead of the dollar bleachers. And he does, sitting in midfield, not to be seen, but because from there he can see more football.

THE END

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A LOVELY new face powder that stays on your cheeks and nose for hours. That spreads farther* than other popular-priced powders and does not clog the pores—the new Woodbury’s Facial Powder.

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& 1918, John H. Woodbury, Inc.
"It's like this—I'm on my last lap in the picture business, or I ought to be—I've been on the stage and screen for twenty-seven years. Thanks to this pan of mine, no doubt. Pretty fellows last about five, as a rule. And it's about time I gave some of the others a break. And that's just what I figure on doing. The movies here are overcrowded. You can't do much for folks in this field but there's a lot of air—

"And so, each week, on my hour, some newcomer is going to be introduced—or some old-timer who never got to first base.

"Folks have asked me whether I have any 'theories' about radio work. I looked up 'theories' in the dictionary and my answer is—no! I'm just going to announce the others, be master of ceremonies like AI was last year on the same hour.

"I'm not a bit scared of the mike, though. Don't know why I should be, since I've been talking into one since talkies came in. But some actors tell me they get terrible broadcast fright when they first stand up to the mike. They get all jittery and affected and feel like kids feel, when they speak their first pieces at school. I don't. I just figure I'm talking to the folks—and why feel funny about that?

"Tell you what, Carol Ann taught me a lesson. On our way home from Europe last Fall, while the Ile de France was in Quarantine, I was asked to say a few words over the radio. I did. They estimated that about 50,000,000 people were listening in. When I got done what I had to say, Carol Ann piped up and asked if she could speak, too. They said she could. I kind of shouldered, as you never know what the little tyke is liable to say. But I said: 'Sure, honey, you go right to it.'

"And she just stood up there and said into the mike: 'Hello, everybody! I'm glad I'm coming home and I'm going right out to California to see my Mama!'

"And then she turned to me and said: 'Did I do all right, Daddy?' And I said: 'I'll tell the world you did!'

"And she did, too," said Wally, one broad grin of paternal delight, "she did the way I'm trying to do. She just told folks what was on her mind and in her heart—and that's the only way to do, too.

"And that will be about all there is to it, so far as I am personally concerned. The rest of it will concern other folks...

"See," said Wally, "it works something like this—the hour is divided into five parts, or sections. Victor Young's orchestra will take off. Then will come the dramatic section—about fifteen minutes for that—and I'll give scenes from my different pictures. The first one was from 'Viva Villa!' and then there was 'O'Shaughnessy's Boy' and then 'Min And Bill' and so on.

"Then follows the singing part—think that Jack Stanton will take care of that part of the broadcast.

"And after that the comedy part and someone like Polly Moran, is always featured in that.

"And last of all I introduce some interesting personality in the world's news today—or yesterday.

"I'm explainin' the routine of it to show you how I figure on working it. The big point is that each week I introduce some new personality, or some old one that's new to the public because of being forgotten in the shuffle. There's a whole lot of forgotten men and women around the studios of Hollywood and I'm going to do my bit toward seeing that they begin to be remembered.

"One week I'll introduce someone with me while I do the scenes from my pictures. Another week it'll be someone in the singing section. Another week in the comedy part—just as I happen to select them.

"When I do the scenes from 'Min And Bill,' for instance, I'll probably introduce some unknown character woman and she'll play the part opposite me—the part M'rie played when we did the picture together.

"I got my eye on someone for that part right now. A woman, not young any more. A woman who's been working around the studios for years. She's good. She's got courage and stick-to-itiveness. She's never said die. But—somehow, in the subway scramble of the screen, she never got a seat. Well, I'll give her one, right on the cushioned air, with me. That's the kind of woman I hope to cast opposite me. M'rie would like it, too, for me to do this . . .

"And I figure this way—that if I give such a woman the part—the part opposite me—it could mean something—could be the means of attracting attention to her, getting her somewhere. And that," said Wally, wiping the bead of earnestness.
from his brow with the sleeve of his coat, "that's what I'll be hoping."

"Then, another week, I'll introduce someone in the singing section. There's a kid right now, name of Marjorie Lane, singing down at the Trocadero. Kid of about seventeen. Lots of ability. But she's never had the Big Chance. Well, I'll give her the chance on my hour and maybe that'll give her a boost in the right direction."

I said, interrupting: "But who will do your casting for you, Wally? I mean, who'll be delegated to find these people?"

"I'm delegated," said Wally, grinning. "I've appointed myself as delegate. I don't have to hunt for 'em. It was my idea to begin with and I know how to go about it. I know everyone in Hollywood. I know the extras and the bit players and the whole kit and caboodle of 'em. I like folks, plain, working folks and I know where they are.

"Well, then, for the last part of the program I introduce someone that everyone knows—or has known. I introduced Mabel Starke first. Mabel had been in the papers on account of how she was gored up by her big cats again. I naturally feel sympathy for Mabel, remembering my own circus days and the way the rubber cows—as they call the elephants in circus lingo—used me for a baseball once or twice.

"It's going to be worth doing, I think," said Wally, "it's going to be something new, too, something new for me and something new, I hope, for the others.

"And it's a chance for me, too, in another way. It's a chance to make new friends, which is something I always like to do. I've often thought I'd like to be a Small Town guy and now I've got a chance of going, not only into the small towns—the movies that—but into the small town homes. I'll be right in the parlor with the home folks, Maw and Paw and Grand-maw and little Willie—the folks that don't get out, for one reason or another, to go to movies.

"Do you know that by actual statistics only fourteen per cent of the people are movie fans and the other eighty-six per cent are radio fans? I never knew it until recently. But it's so. And such being the case, I figure I can make several thousand new friends and that's a heartening thought, any way you look at it.

"After I did 'The Old Soak' on the air I had a bunch of letters—and the writers said that they had never seen me on the screen, not being movie fans, but now they had heard me on the air they would watch out for my pictures and go to see 'em. So, you see, it's sort of mutually beneficial, the radio and the movies.

"And that's what I've wanted the chance to be," laughed Wally, shortening his cuffs and straightening his trouser legs as Director Clarence Brown summoned him to the set, "mutually beneficial. And now I've got it."

Yes, now he's got it. And others will "have it" too. Those others—those forgotten men and women who have never been forgotten by Wally Beery—those youngsters burning with ambition, those older people cold with frustrated hope—new-comers and old-timers who can take heart of hope because a good Samaritan is on the air.

The END
They're grown-up business men now. Guy has exchanged his violin for a full-time baton. Carmen has given up the flute for the saxophone. And De Enemy still pounds the piano. But the music they play isn't a hobby. It's their vocation, their avocation, their life.

After the appearance at the Mothers' Club they played various places, gradually enlarging the orchestra to include other London boys they knew and liked. By 1920 they had a full-phased dance band of nine and were playing engagements in Ontario and occasionally in the United States. It was then that they developed the slow, romantic tempo that characterizes the Lombardo music. And it was then their early dreams of success were born—and shared. . . .

"But a lot of boys start young," I protested to Guy, "and they don't stick together. They join other orchestras or drop out for one reason or another."

"We like each other," Guy said definitely. "When we started enlarging we picked boys we liked rather than good musicians. We figured we could make ourselves good by working hard. The important thing was to have fun and get along together.

An orchestra—or any group—founded on real liking has the best chance of success."

There's no doubt that they get along. When they're on the road there are no petty jealousies, no cliques. One night the drummer shares his bed with the banjo-player, the next with the trumpeter. They're all brothers—the four Lombardos actually, the others practically.

When they're not working they play together. There are golf and tennis tournaments in the band. Or they're gathered at somebody's house or on Guy's speed-boat, "Tempo."

They've had to like each other to stand the rehearsals. Once, in Cleveland, they needed another saxophone player. They engaged Larry Owen, the only American in the orchestra. Larry went to his first rehearsal. During the second number there was disagreement—violent disagreement—as to how it should be played. Guy said one thing, Carmen another. Liebert sided with Carmen, and so did Freddy. Guy argued.

"You're crazy!" Carmen shouted. "Go away!"

"I'm not crazy! This is the way to play that number—"

"Now look, Guy. Anybody in his senses—"

"No, no, no! This is the way—"

"Throw him out!" urged Freddy from the masts.

Carmen and Liebert rose, and in a gentle but very businesslike way, the protesting Guy was ejected bodily from the room and the door locked.

Larry Owen went home to his wife that night.

"Gosh," he said, "I'm sorry I teamed up with that outfit. They had an awful fight tonight. They won't last a week. Maybe you'd better call up tomorrow and see if they're going to keep the engagement."

Mrs. Owen called. She came back, puzzled. "They said of course they're going to keep the engagement. They fight like that all the time."

I once sat in on a rehearsal for one of the Esso programs. The dulcet strains of "Dancing Cheek to Cheek" filled the darkened theater and I relaxed in the soft mood of the music. Suddenly Carmen stomped his foot and the music stopped jarringly. He whirled around in his chair.

"For heaven's sake," he shouted at Liebert, "You going to hold that note all day?"

Liebert, the serious-minded one who always arrives for rehearsals ten minutes early, looked injured.

"That's the way it goes," he said. Carmen glared. "Take it again."

They took it. It sounded grand to me. Carmen jumped out of his seat. "You're still doing it!" he yelled. "You're holding it!"

Victor put down the big saxophone and rose to join the argument. Guy came out from the sound control booth. Larry Owen shouted something unintelligible and joined the fray with the gleam of battle in his eye, while Freddy asked plaintively from the piano:

"Is there a musician in the house?"

Voices were raised, chairs were pushed back, and I looked around for the nearest exit. "They'll never get that program ready for tonight," I thought gloomily. Then abruptly there was silence. Everybody went back to his seat. And in a moment the soft melody of "Dancing Cheek to Cheek" pulsed again through the theater—this time without a hitch.

It's like family squabbles that flare up and blow over. . . .

Thinking of that I said to Guy: "It takes a closely knit group to survive that sort of thing. But that can't be the whole answer. What else is it—this bond that holds you?"

"Well, another reason," Guy said, "is because we have no rules. There are no laws in the orchestra about drinking or
They didn't fire the chauffeur—just one Fred, a giant Negro. Fred has the facility for getting on the wrong roads at crucial times, for turning up late for important appointments, for doing many things a chauffeur shouldn't. Fred has been fired probably a hundred times in the five years he's been with Guy. He won't stay fired. He always comes back—or rather he never leaves. Guy will fire him, come back an hour later, and find Fred sitting glumly in the kitchen, an "explanation" ready.

"I thought I fired you," Guy says sternly.

"Yessuh. But I can't go."

"Why not? You can get another job."

"Yessuh. But—honest, now, Mr. Lombardo them signposts was wrong. I didn't aim to get on the wrong road. Aw, Mr. Lombardo, let me stay, I wouldn't be happy away from you."

And Fred sticks.

Old associations, family ties mean a lot to all the Lombardos. Guy spent his first vacation away from the rest of the troupe last summer. Two days—and he began wondering what Carmen was doing. Whatever Liebert had got over his cold, how Victor's baby was. Another two days—and the Lombardos were having a joint vacation.

There they are—eleven men among the tops of their profession. They're heard by millions on the air. Sophisticated New York comes nightly to throng wherever they're playing and dance to their ultra-smooth music. But when they swing into the familiar strain of "Auld Lang Syne," the chromium and the mirror decorations fade. The smartly dressed dancers disappear, the drinking and the laughter and the noise. And with the melody comes the shadows of three little boys—Guy and Carmen and De Enemy—who, twenty years ago this December, played "When You Were a Tulip" for their mothers.

The End
Will Lily Pons Regret Her Promise?
(Continued from page 25)

and not be completely the wife. She could not be the singer she clearly was destined to become, and be married.

And so, freed from that first promise, she gave herself to be the medium of that exquisite song, that—who knows—look on a richer splendor from the sacrifice.

Her operatic début was made in Alsace, when she was in her early twenties. The opera was "Lakmé," still one of her favorite operas. Followed engagements in minor opera houses in France and Italy. It was while singing at Montpellier, a university town in Southern France, in 1930, that a former Metropolitan Opera tenor heard her. And at once he cabled to Gatti-Casazza, then the Met's director, that he had heard that rarest of voices, the perfect coloratura, with a range from middle C to A above high C.

As a result Lily Pons was summoned to New York for an audition. And the result of the audition was a five-year contract with the Met, to begin the following season. Also a concert bureau and a phonograph company, whose executives had listened to her, put her under contract.

Dazed with the thrilling vista now opening before her, Lily Pons sailed back to France. Eleven months later she returned to America, unknown, unheralded, for the début that was to make operatic history.

On the night of January 3rd, 1931, she sang the title rôle in Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor." The great audience in the Metropolitan, silent under the spell of her flawless voice, rose at the end in sensational acclaim for this young singer. The ovation given her was the greatest to be accorded any new singer at the famous opera house in many years. Overnight Lily Pons became known as the world's foremost coloratura soprano.

Her career since that notable occasion has been a succession of triumphs. She became the most sought-after artist in the concert field, here and abroad. Guest appearances on the air further extended the sphere of her conquests. At the Metropolitan new operas were added to the repertoire—great and seldom sung coloratura roles, such as those in Bellini's "La Sonnambula," Delibes "Lakmé," "Linda di Chamounix," originally written for such voices as that of Lily Pons, had been obsolete for years because there had been no such voice to sing them. "Linda" had not been heard in New York since 1890, when Madame Patti last sang it at the Met.

During these years since her début Lily Pons has sung tirelessly. Thirty performances in a Metropolitan Opera season. Thirteen weeks on the radio last year. And again this season. Concerts.

She has travelled throughout the United States, becoming well acquainted with American cities and towns, and American people.

"I love America," she says earnestly. "When I am away from it, in France or England, I am homesick for America. I love to go home, to see my people, my friends—but always I am homesick for America!"

"It has been hard work," she suggested. "It is hard work," she agreed. Rehearsals... Performances... Study... Practise... Every day Alberti—he has been my only teacher—comes to me. Wherever I am, he comes to me, and we work together for two hours, every day. Hard, yes—but I am well, strong... I have that energy; the—come on dire—the pep. I do not tire easily."

I inquired what she did for rest, for recreation.

She never had had a real vacation, she said. But next year she has promised herself one. She outlined her schedule:

On December 23rd, the Metropolitan Opera House opens its season under its new director, Edward Johnson. It will be a splendid season, Miss Pons believes.

"He will be a fine director," she said enthusiastically. "He is the artist, and the understanding man."

This season, instead of thirty performances, she will sing but eight times, and in four operas—"Lakmé," "The Barber of Seville," "Lucia," and "Rigoletto." She will, she admits with a little smile, spare herself a little, this season—but, you perceive without asking, in the number of appearances only, not in quality, not in concentration.

So, December, January and February will be spent at the Met. In March she sings in Monte Carlo, Paris in April, in both opera and concert. In May she will sing in Covent Garden, in London. And, later that month, in Germany, and in Vienna.

June, July and August will be the months of the promised vacation. Then in September she will return to Hollywood, to make her second motion picture, for RKO-Radio Pictures. That will occupy three months—September, October and November. And in December her next Metropolitan season opens.

This year she had her first picture experience in Hollywood, making the picture "I Dream Too Much." The work occupied three months, June, July and August.

"And it was so hot—so terribly hot!" Miss Pons sighed. "Even at home, on the Riviera, I cannot bear the heat! And the long hours—sometimes nine or ten hours a day."

Nevertheless, she loved making the picture, she said sincerely. All the associations there were most agreeable. "The people are lovely!" And she looks forward to making her next movie—"But not in the summer! That will be my vacation!"

Her thirteen-weeks' radio contract,
which started October second, has given
her a pleasant respite, however, after the
long, hot Hollywood summer. Once the
broadcast is finished, she leaves the city
for the charming Connecticut cottage she
has rented—the cottage where she plans
to spend the anticipated vacation next sum-
mer. There she relaxes and rests and
stores up new energy.

There, every day, comes Alberti to
practise with her for two hours. There
her mother has spent the Fall months
with her—returning in December to her
home in Paris, where she has two other
daughters, one married, the other a young
girl of twenty, at home. And there Lily
has her saddle horse, or, in slacks and
sweater and comfortable brogues, walks
the country-side with her Skye terrier,
Panouche. "Panouche," if you translate it,
means "dirty rag,"— which, Miss
Pons explains, refers to his coat of griz-
zled gray, and not to any lack of esteem
for his dignified personality.

"I love the country," Lily Pons says
dreamily. "I love the woods, the hills, the
quiet... In New York I cannot rest.
I love to walk—and ride—and read... I am going out to the cottage in
Connecticut this evening," she says. And her
expressive face lights with eagerness.

"What else is there to look forward to,"
I hazard, "when one has reached the top—
except rest and relaxation?"

"But, no—" Lily Pons smiles. "It is
necessary to work harder than ever—to
stay where you are!"

And—will she, perhaps, some day, marry
again?

"But that question already is answered,"
she said. "How can I marry?"

But don't get the idea of Lily Pons as
the sacrificial heroine of music. She is
truly happy in her career. The song is
the thing. Always the song... And
her singing is agreeably varied.

"I sing all kinds of music," she said.
"The popular song, the classical, oper-
ettas, and the opera."

"Do you enjoy them all?" I wondered.
"All." She nodded emphatically.

"You really like singing the popular
songs of the day?"

"I love them... Oh, not the—the
heavy moderne—but the American popu-
lar song, I think it is beautiful," said
Lily Pons.

So, to the question, "Will Lily Pons
regret her promise?", the only pertinent
answer is: Lily Pons has fulfilled her
promise. And she is an honest person.
She does not compromise with herself,
nor with life. The woman and the song
are one, in an established harmony that
knows no discord. She has success, and
she has friends. She has an integrity of
purpose, and a happy heart.

"She has such a capacity for happiness,"
a friend of hers—one who has known her
intimately ever since she came to America—
told me. "It makes you want to keep her
always happy. She is so responsive..."

Lily Pons has given to music what it
asked of her—and music has given her
what she wants most of all. You can't
have anything worth while without paying
for it—but, having discovered what you
want, only a stupid nature could cavil at
the price.

How could Lily Pons regret?
THE END
“Why, he's called me that for thousands of years,” Gracie informed me proudly.

But let's get back to the beginning, ride up to the twenty-first floor of a smart New York apartment hotel, ring the bell and step into the Burns' comfortable living-room, done in shades of tan and soft green with tremendous windows overlooking the city skyline to the south.

“Did you come here to interview Gracie on cooking?” inquired George Burns after introductions had been completed, a look of complete scorn on his face, but a tell-tale, proud little twinkle in his eye.

“Why, when it comes to cooking,” he continued, “Gracie is non crumens mentalis!”

“Oh, George, there you go again!” giggled Gracie in her best mike manner. “Always saying nice things about me!”

“Gracie!” interrupted George in a tone reminiscent of his broadcasting technique. “Gracie, what I said was that as a cook you haven't any brains!”

“You don't need brains to cook,” replied the not-easily-stumped Miss Allen brightly. “To cook you need good recipes or a can opener! I know! For I'm one of the most skilled can openers there is. I can get an entire meal myself—and a good one—out of cans. Or I can change an inexperienced servant into a good cook by giving her simple recipes for the things we like to eat.

“It takes a long time to learn to cook by the trial and error method,” declared Gracie with conviction, “but anyone should be able to follow a first class, simply worded, fool proof recipe! So when I discover something George likes to eat I get directions for making it—whether the person who is responsible for its goodness is my own servant, a friend's cook or a restaurant chef. Then we're all set and can have that same dish any time we want, whether we're in my native California or George's native New York or points between!”

“Tell me more,” I begged, surprised and pleased to find the supposedly "dizzy" Gracie so sensible about culinary matters.

“Say,” interrupted George, “the next thing you know Gracie will tell you why she likes old-fashioned telephones best!”

“Well, I'll bite,” I replied in as good a imitation of a stogie as I knew how to give. “Why does she like old-fashioned telephones best, Mr. Burns?”

“Gracie says that with an old-fashioned telephone you can always use the mouth-piece as a cookie cutter in making cupcakes!”

“Gracie, Watson, Renard!” I cried reprovingly, “you don't make cup-cakes with cookie cutters!”

“You don't talk sense with George in this mood, either,” said Gracie. “But speaking of cookies, come on out into our two-by-four kitchen and we'll raid my recipe files for cookie and other recipes.”

“Just now you are interested in Christmas stuff, aren't you?” she went on, leading the way into the kitchen, leaving George flat. Everybody's thinking of Christmas these days. I know we have the grandest plans we've ever had, for Sandra is old enough this year to enjoy a tree. And already George has started buying presents and rehearsing his role as Santa Claus, which will get a big kick out of it all, I know.

“Of course, she's still too young for the rich Christmas foods we like—things like puddings, tempting hot sauce for ice cream and Fruit Cake—two kinds of Fruit Cake! One is "Gracie's!" Can you imagine a mixed, complete with the pan in which it is to be cooked—you just add the liquid and bake it according to directions on the box. That's my speed! The other is made in small frosted squares. 'Samples,' George calls them and, my! how he does sample them! Then there is my own favorite cookie..."

"Googie," called George.

“I said "cookie,"" laughed Gracie.

“Well, I said "Googie,"" came back Mr. Burns' voice in joyous accents, "Googie, here's Sandra!"

And that brought us out of the kitchen on a dead run. Don't expect me to give a coherent description of the rest of that interview or to tell you much more about the two people I had come to see. For from that moment on, it was Sandra on whom the spotlight of attention was focused, Sandra, who was placed in the middle of every picture we posed; Sandra, with whom we returned to the kitchen for a glass of tomato juice; Sandra, whose food preferences, though not discussed, were evident in the form of one very crushed cracker grasped in a chubby fist.

But adored and adorable child notwithstanding, I had come for one definite purpose and nothing could distract me for long. So, in odd moments, I collected the desired number of recipes. They sounded good—Gracie declared they were good and George said they were better than that! (Sandra said "Ah-hoo, approvingly.") But in order to make sure that it wasn't just another Burns and Allen joke I tried 'em out myself to make sure. I'm giving you the results of my first two attempts here together, with my solemn assurance that comedy is all very well on the air but Gracie, I discovered, realizes that it has no place in the kitchen. And so she has taken her can opening and recipe collecting seriously. Certainly if the foods I tried out are George's favorites, I'm willing to broadcast the fact that he is a man of culinary discernment as well as keen humor.

Your husband, too, will like the Frosted Fruit Cake Squares and the Steamed Honey Bran Pudding which Gracie's recipes taught me how to make. You will share his enthusiasm for those sweets. I'm sure, although possibly you will prefer..."
the Chocolate Nut Cakes included in the leaflet, or the Maple Nut Chews given below. And any children in your family will certainly cheer over the Fudge, Butter-cooked and Peppermint Sauces which will make "bought's" ice cream taste like home-made. With the exception of the Maple Nut Cookies, which I am giving you shortly, you'll find recipes for all these delicious treats in this month's Burns and Allen-type leaflet.

Then, in order to get away from sweets, I've given you at the end of this article, one of Gracie's can-opener specialties. You won't have to wait for the Holidays to have this dish make its welcome appearance. Smarter and different, none of the recipes given by Gracie-Googie-Allen-Burns need to be saved for festive occasions for they'll make any occasion festive!

Do send for the free Cooking-School leaflet now, at once, and forthwith—thereby adding some grand dishes to your menus. Remember, Gracie claims anyone can cook well with a good recipe and here you have, offered to you without cost, several of her own good recipes with which to test out the truth of her statement. Puddings, Cakes, Fruit Cakes and Sauces—all Burns and Allen favorites—all for the price of a stamp! (Be sure to try the following recipes, too, and cut them out or copy them to add to your collection.)

This is—Nancy Wood signing off. I'll be back on the air next month with a new star, new recipes and some new culinary data. Meanwhile, if you are not already numbered among the thousands of women who have taken advantage of this service, here's your chance to become a regular RADIO STARS COOKING SCHOOL follower by sending for this month's interesting, helpful leaflet.

MAPLE NUT CHEWIES

1 cup (1-3/4 cups) sweetened condensed milk
2/3 cup maple syrup
2 cup graham cracker crumbs
1/2 cup nuts, chopped fine
1/2 teaspoon vanilla

Combine sweetened condensed milk and maple syrup. Cook over low heat in heavy saucepan, until mixture thickens (about 5 minutes), stirring constantly. Cool. Pass graham crackers through food grinder or roll out to make 2 1/2 cups fine crumbs. Add crumbled crumbs to cooled milk mixture and vanilla to cooled syrup mixture. Mix together thoroughly. Drop by spoonful on to greased cookie sheet. Bake 15 minutes in moderate oven (350°F.).

CORN A LA ALLEN

2 tablespoons butter
1 small onion, minced fine
1 small can mushrooms
1 can whole kernel corn
1 can condensed tomato soup
1/2 teaspoon salt
a few grains pepper

Melt butter in saucepan. Drain mushrooms, slice thin, combine with minced onion and add to butter in pan. Cover and simmer gently for 10 minutes. Add drained whole kernel corn, soup, salt and pepper. Heat thoroughly.

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Radio's decidedly handsome James Melton surrounded by a bevy of beauties who appear with him in the Warner Brothers picture, "Stars Over Broadway." They like our James so well out in Hollywood that he's to be starred in a re-make of "The Desert Song."

Beetle Tells All

(Continued from page 13)

Benny wrote back:

"When I am, it'll be all right—as long as you're alongside of me!"

Phil and Ben Bernie, the boy who plays a black cigar, teamed up for two years. Ben did all the talking, yowsh, and made all the announcements. Phil practically played in pantomime. Finally, one day, he did make an announcement and Jake Shubert sured him.

It was a unique arrangement.

The case was called at the Vanderbilt Hotel behind closed doors, with Judge Philip Sullivan of Chicago presiding. There, between nine and twelve each day, Jake called Phil everything unmentionable. Then, at twelve, they would go to lunch together, engage in general conversation, be the greatest of pals. Back to the hotel then, where, from one to five, an orgy of recriminations would make it unnecessary for me to do any plain or fancy heckling. And then five o'clock would find them railing against each other—at the hotel bar—the best of friends!

The fact is that nobody can be really angry with Phil for more than five consecutive minutes. There's a warmth and humanness about him that gets down under your shell and you soon find yourself thinking what a swell guy he is.

When it comes to his family, Phil becomes unusually serious. He's really devoted to them—and for his mother he has a little boy's idealistic adoration. His sisters, too, he admires—especially the one "who is single"—about whom he'll talk enthusiastically at the slightest provocation—with no provocation at all!

But to get back to the Shuberts.

Phil appeared in "A Night in Spain," a musical hit which set them back a hundred thousand. But Phil wasn't happy in the part and withdrew. He was out of pocket an actual $15,000.00. Yet, when all the tumult and shouting subsided, he was handed a Shubert contract, that permitted him to pass on the people who were to appear in his show—even those who were under contract to the management!

The team of Bernie and Baker was one of the oddest in all show business.

Bernie loves to sleep. He would sleep for hours in his dressing-room, right up to the introduction of their act, when he would walk on alert and puffing hard at his stoic. Together Ben and Phil cleaned up the grand total of $200.00 a week at the Palace, under the expert handling of Max Gordon. When they split for singles Ben went back to the Palace at $6,000.00 and Phil didn't do so badly for himself at the Capitol at $5,000.00 and a percentage—$11,000.00 plus—run up by the old team of Bernie and Baker, disincorporated.

Of course I don't like to get personal, but it really was my genius that put Phil over. Some people might have thought Phil was pretty good until they heard me. Then they knew!

Phil hasn't changed any from the little boy who went to school in Philadelphia and became a Ziegfeld Star. And he can't hear to see anyone taken seriously who doesn't want to be. When Charles Lindbergh completed that epochal flight in 1927 he was tendered a huge dinner. There was a giant horseshoe, an electric-lighted aeroplane cake—and a lot of stuffed shirts. Everyone worshipped the young flyer like a tin god and the affair gave all the promise of being a colossal flop.

Phil stepped out to sing a song and felt that it would be but a matter of time be-
fore the party blew up. It was dying on its feet. Right in the middle of his song he stopped.

"What seems to be wrong?" he asked, in a conversational tone. "This fellow wants a good time—doesn't he want to be a hero. For heaven's sake treat him like a human being."

It seems nobody had thought of that and from then on everyone went to town—and had a swell time!

Phil has been in and out of love a good many times but real love settled down for a long engagement only once—when he set eyes on pretty little Peggy Cartwright. It was in "American" they met and for the first time Phil tried "Lohengrin's Wedding March" on his hand piano. It sounded mighty pretty. Peggy accompanied him—to a Justice of the Peace. A couple of years ago Margot was born, and in January, 1935, little Master Stuart Henry Baker, uh, broke into the Florida season with a lusty yell. Bottle is his godfather, poor child. And Beetle, he tells me, is his favorite flower.

Phil was terribly excited when Stuart was born. He wanted to go right down to Florida and give him his first accordion lesson, but he was appearing in "Calling All Stars," and the box-office lane was busy. So he flew down the following week-end. Phil was thrilled with his young son, but Stuart took me aside and said if there wasn't anyone understudying me, he'd like the job. I suggested he go on the early morning shift—which has kept Phil pretty busy.

Last winter Phil purchased some land in Mamaroneck and proceeded to build a house with an oil burner, refrigeration, and air-cooling system and a mortgage. This house, a surprise for Peggy, he furnished all by himself, with some professional heckling from me—a First Class Heckler in good standing with Local 624. It's authentic Colonial, with antiques which include spinning wheel, highboy, spinet, and, if the deal we're negotiating goes through, the Plymouth Rock for Phil's garden. . . . As you can see, everything's right up to the minute! As a matter of fact, Phil, Bottle and myself may even throw in a minute man for a fourth at bridge!

But no medium of entertainment can quite equal the regard in which he holds radio. He makes a complete recording of each broadcast and plays the records over and over to learn more about what the wild air-waves are saying. He also admits he finds it the most fascinating way of making money.

But from where I sit, up here on the transom, it seems to me that millions and millions of people are laughing with and not at Phil Baker when he appears as "The Great American Tourist" over a CBS nation-wide hook-up on Sunday evenings. It's discouraging—it means I have to work twice as hard!

The End

Here are the Three Brown Bears (Carl Brown, George Strayer and Glenn Christopher), whose voices have been on the airwaves for several years. The boys have known each other since early school days in Springfield, Ohio. They're all talented musicians, besides, and formerly had their own dance orchestra. But it seems there was more fame and money for them to be gained singing as the Three Brown Bears, and the dance orchestra was wisely disbanded.
Over the "back-fence network" come bits of gossip to the listening ears of Clara, Lu 'n' Em, those delightful small-town housewives whose kindly, ingenuous chatter entertains you daily, except Saturdays and Sundays, over the NBC-WEAF network. In real life they are (left to right): Em—Mrs. Helen King Mitchell; Clara—Mrs. Louise Starkey Mead; and Lu—Mrs. Isobel Carothers Berolzheimer. And—Special Extra!—we have a treat in store for you. Next month, in our February issue, on sale January first, you will find a most delightful story of the three girls pictured above, by a writer who recently interviewed them for RADIO STARS Magazine.

Strange Things are Happening

(Continued from page 41)

The importance of radio to medicine is not yet realized; when it is, we will find ourselves in a new era. We will find ourselves then in a position to halt an epidemic before it has a chance to get started, by the simple device of a daily radio broadcast instructing people what to do.

If you seek definite proof of what radio talk can accomplish, consider what it has done for sailors and fishermen on the high seas, occupants of lighthouses and others remote from the services of a physician. Ailments have been diagnosed and cured. Operations have been performed on pitching windjammers by amateur surgeons, working with car phones strapped to their heads. Thousands of lives have been saved. We have today the International Radio Medical Service with its ninety-three well equipped stations prepared to broadcast medical advice to ships on all the oceans. Eventually, there will be a chain of these stations around the world, each staffed with competent physicians.

The job of the radio doctor covers a wider territory than mere physical health. I know from the letters I receive that thousands look to the physician, especially one who broadcasts, as the repository of all wisdom. Many of my correspondents seek advice on problems which are of an intimate and a non-medical nature. They write to me the kind of letters they write to Dorothy Dix, of newspaper fame.

For example, there is a girl who has fallen in love with her employer who is a married man. What should she do? There is the married woman whose husband deserted her three years ago. She made a new life for herself, is happy, completely out of love with him—but now he has returned and wishes to resume the old relationship. Another woman has found her husband kissing her girl friend. "Please, doctor, what shall I do?" And so it goes. I answer these letters as best I can. I mention them here to show that the job of a radio doctor is broader than health—it is real social service.

When we speak of radio, we have in mind the narrow group of air waves which enables us to transmit talk. But there are other waves which are also radio—which hold possibly greater promise for the welfare of humanity than the talk band does. The X-ray, for example, is a form of radio. And we all know how important this is in enabling doctors to see inside the human body, how effective it is in the curing of certain forms of skin disease. But we are only at the beginning, so far as this valuable instrument is concerned.

We also know a little about the ultraviolet rays which are the rays of sunlight, which tan our skins, and help make good
teeth and strong straight bones. We can reproduce them by means of lamps and so feed sunlight into milk and bread and to- matoes, thus producing them. These rays are also part of the radio magic.

Again, there are the infra-red rays—which are the heat rays. And these have a special curative value all of their own.

A fairly recent development is the use of short waves to raise the temperature of the human body. In this way they produce a sort of artificial fever which has brought about some miraculous cures. These are really wireless waves because there is no way to detect the patient undergoing treatment.

It is also well known that waves of cer- tain lengths are specifically deadly to cer- tain microbes while leaving others un- harmed. This whole field is unexplored but it may be the future when treatment of many infectious diseases will be carried out by exposing the patient to the proper wave length to kill the harmful bacteria. And it may turn out that the action of cer- tain important glands may be controlled by the use of radiation of the proper wave length.

In surgery, the radiologists have de- veloped the radio scalpel which multiplies the skill of the doctor performing an operation, diminishing the danger of ex- ceeded bleeding, lessening pain, and re- moving the risk of an unguarded move- ment.

There are whole bands of waves which at present have no practical value. And what these unknown regions promise in the future for our health is anyone's guess. But so swift, so spectacular is the march of science that almost anything may come out of them.

If you are of a fantastic turn of mind, you can spend a happy half-hour visualizing the home radio installation of the fu- ture. This will be an instrument built to make possible the broadcast of the entire radio band. The waves which bring our entertainment will be only a small part of those that enter this receiver. Through it, we can receive waves to heat or cool our apartments, waves for banishing fatigue and others for inducing rest or sleep. Waves for growing children and waves for the aged. Fantasy, of course, but enough progress has been made in this general direction to place something of this sort within the realm of probability.

To return to reality, I would like to take this opportunity to answer the ques- tions which are asked of me so frequently. These talks of mine so quickly given are of ten the result of considerable labor. They average about 200 words, one side of a sheet of typewriting paper—but they have often taken me hours to prepare. Now and then I dash one off in a few minutes. Others have taken me five and six hours. The average time has been an hour.

When Rudy is in Hollywood or on the road, you hear my voice on the program except when we are together in New York. How is that done? I simply go down to the studio, get to a microphone and at a signal I am cut in. I talk my minute—and I am through. When I, in turn, have to travel, I go to the NBC station of the town I am in and am cut in on the program in the same way.

I got into broadcasting by a strange twist of circumstances. It happened that I objected to the advertising blurb that was being read at that time over the an- nouncer. My superior snapped back: "Sup- pose you try one yourself." I had no great desire to be a doctor, be- ing, like a great many other youngsters, un- certain and undecided about my future profession. But when one of my best friends matriculated at Harvard Medical school I went along too. We chose Har- vard because it was near Boston where we lived.

My first job was with the government, working under Harvey Wiley, the great pure food crusader. Today I am the di- rector of the department of applied re- search of a large corporation with twenty specialists of one sort or another under me. I also supervise research projects in twenty universities, all of which have been endowed by the corporation.

The fact that I am not a regular med- ical practitioner has not relieved me of the trials that go with being a doctor. I have been called all too often from my seat in a theater to answer the call: "Is there any doctor here?" I have been yanked from my Pullman berth more than once. I recall riding with my wife, when the conductor asked me to do what I could for an hysterical woman in the next coach. By administering a sedative, talking in a gentle voice and patting her hand, I man- aged to calm her. I admit I was a little flustered when my wife walked in and be- held me sitting there with a strange wom- an, patting her hand, my arm about her shoulders.

Strange as it may seem, I have never been called on to attend any of my fellow radio performers. These men and women of the air take good care of themselves. Especially of their throats. I know one man who never travels without his ar- onizer. Graham McNamore always has a box of throat lozenges handy. They all have their tricks for ensuring a clear throat. Lou Houtz, for example, starts the broadcast with a swig of sherry.

As a radio doctor, the most profound emotion I have had since beginning my air career was the night an appeal for blood donors was broadcast in New York City. This was for a little girl who was dying of a streptococcus infection. Sev- eral thousand offers of blood were received at the hospital within a half-hour. After that, let me say that New York is lack- ing in spirit and generosity.

My most amusing experience concerns a theory some people have that Dr. R. E. Lee does not exist, that the voice they hear is simply that of an announcer. It happened that one of these skeptics vis- ited the studio on an evening when, due to the crowded condition of the stage, I was obliged to broadcast from the wings.

"See, I told you there was no Doctor Lee," growled the skeptic.

Well, I am writing to tell you that there is, that I am real, that nothing that you have ever heard on the air as coming from me has ever come from anyone else.

The END

Kurlash

The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N.Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto 7.71
They Shouldn't Have Printed Such Lies!

(Continued from page 35)

time to sign the agreement. Dad didn't
know a thing about it yet, and when mother
learned he would have to sign the contract,
too, she nearly had hysteric. We wired
him to come to New York in a hurry, and
he came, but when he found out what we
wanted him for, he was furious. At first
he refused point blank to sign, but we
finally prevailed him, and then he was
swell about it.

"Dad was my best audience. He used
to come to see the shows I was in so often
he usually knew them better than I did.
We were the swellest pals!"

Vivienne's eyes flashed anger as she re-
called that paragraph about the breach be-
tween herself and her father.

"Never go near him, indeed!" she cried.
"Why, for the last three weeks of Dad's
life, he wouldn't take food, or medicine,
even, from anyone but me," she declared.
Her brown eyes, glittering like dark car-
nelians, clouded. "For three whole weeks
I never stepped out of the house. I used to
read or sing to Dad. I think I was his
favorite daughter.

"Oh, yes, indeed, I have two sisters. I
know it says in that book that I'm an only
child, but that's like a lot of other stuff
in that book. I have two sisters. In fact,
two very distinguished sisters, Vera is
married to Maurice Sterne, the famous
painter and sculptor, and she's pretty handly
with the brush, herself. Louise is the wife
of the son of the Cuban minister to Vene-
zuela, and is one of the diplomatic set's
most brilliant hostesses."

Once more Vivienne pointed to a para-
graph on the page open before her.
"Here," she said, "is the prize of the
lot. Of all the malicious pieces of idle
gossip ever printed, this tops them! See
what it says? Robert Ames and I were
reconciled and were about to be re-married
when he died! Why the person who wrote
that ought to be horse-whipped! It's so
unfair! And it must have hurt a grand
person. You know Robert was to have
been married to Ina Claire when he died.
And think how Ina must have felt when she
read it!

"Bob Ames and I were always the very,
very best of friends—before we were di-
 vorced and afterward, too. It's true we
couldn't seem to hit it off as husband and
wife—but this is 1935, and nowadays when
a man and woman are divorced, it doesn't
necessarily mean they hate each other.
Why I'll never forget Bob's words when
he heard that Bill Boyd and I were—
well, practically engaged. 'I hear you're
running around with a swell guy,' he said,
and I'd like to meet him.' That's the kind
of man Bob Ames was."

"Well, we fixed it up for Bob and Bill
to get together, and that night, the night
they were to have met each other, was
the most tragic in my life. I don't think
the story of it has ever been told be-
fore—not correctly, anyhow. What hap-
pened was this: Bill and I and another
couple were going to a boxing-match. Bob
had been invited, but he couldn't go. How-
ever, he invited us to stop in at his apart-
ment for cocktails before the fights. When
we got there, we found Bob—her voice
broke, then she went on: 'we found him-
dead.'"

There was a long silence.
"I can't even talk about it now," Vivienne
said at length.

Then her vibrant, vivacious self reas-
serted itself. Once more laughing good
humor shone from her dark eyes.

"What I've been driving at," she ex-
plained, "is that if you'd read through this
scrapbook, what would you see? What
picture would you get? Why, you'll see a
Vivienne Segal that isn't me at all. A
bitter, morbid, disillusioned person. Now
I ask you—do I look like a bitter, morbid,
disillusioned person?"

I gave the obvious answer.
"I'm not bitter," she continued. "Why
should I be? What could I be? True,
I've had some tough breaks. Who hasn't?
But all in all, I've been a pretty lucky girl.
I'm young, alive and healthy. Life's won-
derful. And when the right man comes
along, I guess I'll marry again. Maybe I'll
be right this time, and maybe I won't. You
have to take the bitter with the sweet, I
suppose. But for me, there's always been
more sweet than bitter—nothing morbid
about that, is there?"

I said there wasn't, androse to go.
"But wait," Vivienne reminded me.
"You came here to interview me."

"I did," I said.

For a moment, her big brown eyes ex-
pressed bewilderment, then she laughed
gleefully.

"So, that was an interview, was it?" she
said. "My raving away like that! But if
I have one more piece of printed misinfor-
mation to add to this collection—" she
pointed to the scrapbook, "I'll be after
you with a shotgun!"

So I hope I've got everything straight.

THE END
Keep Young and Beautiful
(Continued from page 7)

is true to a lesser degree when we go to parties at our friends' homes. Thus Mr. Reisman believes that the smartest choice we can make today is a costume, in black, or white. Not only is it the smartest choice, but it is also the most sophisticated. You'll find black or white worn by the best dressed women on the dance floor. The type of evening gown worn by Harriet Hillard—Vivien Leigh—simple well cut sophisticated black—fits the conception of an evening gown that can be worn in any setting. The black and white notes are the ones to strike if you would dine and dance smartly to Leo Reisman's orchestra.

As an artist, Leo Reisman is offended by discordant color clashes; as a fastidious gentleman of the world, he is offended by anything that clashes with the dictates of good breeding. The old Victorian slogan of "Be a Lady" is one that Mr. Reisman believes ought to be re-popularized. His pet peeve is seeing a woman planked up against a bar, her foot on the rail. He is an ardent believer in the principles of appropriateness and suitability. A woman just doesn't belong at a bar. It isn't the right setting. Men still like women to fit the lipstick along with the matching rouge has just appeared on the holiday market in a stunning new compact, the lipstick of which has a separate little metal case that fits right into the compact. You can get this lipstick in a darker shade for evening if you wish... the metal top will fit it, too, so you can alternate your lipsticks by day and by night without spoiling your coat arrangement. You'll really be tempted, though, to expose the compact to the public gaze... it's such a "smoothie" for looks.

Perfume shouldn't be any more obvious than make-up. There are special daytime and evening perfumes that will help you to make a subtle choice. The art of perfuming is so important when it comes to the proximity of the dance floor and the overcrowded, close night club atmosphere. Dance maestro Reisman believes that there is nothing more indicative of poor taste than heavy perfume used too lavishly.

Now I have a list of inexpensive but lightly intriguing perfumes that may help you to strike the right note in fragrance, too. Do you want one that is warm and vibrant or fresh and elusive? One that is young and gay, or wise and sophisticated?

RADIO FANS!

Some very special treats await you in the next issue of RADIO STARS! The February issue is the news stand January first—don't miss it! There will be an extremely fascinating and informative story about Joan Crawford—Joan of the movies, and Joan as a radio actress—and what she thinks of radio broadcasting. Also a most unusual story of Warden Lowes, whom you know on the air through his "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing" program. James Melton also has a place in the next issue—and other popular radio stars will be featured in new stories. Watch for the February RADIO STARS

in with their ideals of her, maintains Reisman, their own gallant conceptions of what is feminine and what isn't.

The dance maestro says that placing him in an embarrassing spot is the one thing a man can't forgive a woman. Women who indulge in raucous laughter and loud talk are an embarrassment to their escorts, says Reisman. Good breeding, beautiful manners, and a low, soft, well modulated voice are all as much attributes of beauty as the more obvious items of figure and complexion.

Still, the voice of the woman who gives the beauty talk on the Lady Esther program. It has a lovely quality that is unusual in feminine voices, even on the radio.

Reisman voiced the feeling that seems common to most men in expressing annoyance over a woman's applying make-up in public. In spite of, or maybe because of, the artificiality which must necessarily surround a dance maestro, he hates artificiality in make-up.

I'd like to remind you of the lipstick that contains no pigment or paint, but that magically changes color to match your complexion.

Spray a bit of perfume around the hem of your dance frock, and you'll float in a cloud of fragrance. For the rest, just touch a bit of perfume to your wrists, your car lobes, your throat. One glamour secret for the dance is to take a tiny pad of cotton, apply several drops of perfume to it, and then pin it securely into the neckline of your gown.

I'm offering my make-up guide to help you achieve color harmony in make-up. If you want your party face to be a success, you won't want your rouge to clash with your lipstick. The right make-up can make the right things happen, and there's psychology in that, too.

Mary Biddle
RADIO STARS
149 Madison Avenue
New York City, N. Y.

Kindly send me your bulletin on make-up tips.

Name.
Address.

(Kindly enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Seven Years of Constipation!

Every quotation in this advertisement is from an actual and voluntary letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

I had a most stubborn case of constipation, seven years of it, for which I tried almost everything."

I was growing steadily worse until I read about Yeast Foam Tablets and decided to try them."

In a short time I was entirely regulated. I have regained my old energy."
had outplayed the country's leading bridge experts to win the Individual Masters Bridge Championship—the highest honors in Bridgeedom.

A little later I got a telephone call from Ted Collins. "Say, Katherine," he said excitedly, "did you read in the newspapers about that young woman beating thirty of the best bridge players in the country last night?"

I told him I had read the story. "Well," he went on, "that gives me an idea. Let's get her on the program. After all, she's a champion—and since she can do one thing better than anyone else, that makes her interesting to the public. And she's fresh in the news, too."

Well, after a lot of hurried telephone calling, we finally got in touch with Miss Murdoch—just two hours before the broadcast. Although she was fatigued from three days of strenuous tournament play, she generously consented to appear on our program. We interviewed her for six minutes and everything turned out splendidly.

The reaction to our interview with Miss Murdoch was very encouraging. People seemed to like to hear the story of a person who was "the tops"—who possessed an ability that made her the best. And in this particular case, it was a woman who won a championship in a field in which millions sought perfection.

The next week it happened that the annual rodeo championships at the Madison Square Garden produced some real cattle-roping, rough-riding champions. Here were some interesting individuals, I thought. We called Ted Deglin, contact man for the Garden, and through him arranged for them to be interviewed on the next Thursday's program. They were grand, with their western drawls, and we had no trouble in getting them.

Then Ted and I realized that we had stumbled on that human interest feature for which we had been seeking. We decided that each week we would bring a champion to the microphone—it didn't make any difference what kind of champ—just as long as they were deserving of the title of champion. We knew it would be a difficult task to ferret one out, week after week, but we were set on it.

As a result, ever since then—on our Matinee Hours, our nighttime hour programs, and on our current A. & P. "Coffee-Time" broadcasts, we've had champions—more than fifty of them altogether. Think of that—fifty champs, and all types, too! And I want to tell you that they are grand people—and everyone of them as interesting as can be.

The world's champion speed typist, Mr. George V. Hossfeld, did a speed drill before the microphone of more than 220 words a minute. Big Bill Tilden and Mr. George Lott, professional tennis champs and about the best racquet-wielders on the courts today, were interviewed on separate programs. Separate, because at the time Mr. Lott was making his professional debut, and because of their scheduled match there wasn't the least of feelings between them. Afterwards, I certainly got a kick out of watching them burn those balls across the net.

I've had ice-skating champions on the radio—Mr. Irving Jaffee, Olympic speed titleholder, and ten year old Robin Lee, who was the National Senior Figure-Skating champ. A mite of a kid who cut-figured the best men on the ice.

Major James A. Doolittle and Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, World War Ace, were among our champion aviators. Major Doolittle had just broken the cross-country record the day before the broadcast. Captain Rickenbacker, who raced automobiles and airplanes, and shot enemy planes during the war, was so nervous that he couldn't hold his notes. It's hard to imagine a man like that appalled by a little microphone—but the mike does that sometimes. Elinor Smith, the aviatrix, also was a guest. She, on the other hand, performed like a radio veteran.

Speaking of the ladies, I've had an unusual array of feminine champions. There was Mrs. Floretta McCutcheon, who won the world's bowling championship—she even knocked down more pins than the top men bowlers—only four years after she saw her first alley. You probably read about those two girls from Idaho who...
chopped down a bull pine tree in a little over a minute—to come out No. 1 in a tree-chopping contest that won them a trip to Manhattan. They were our guests, and told how they did the trick. They seemed almost as tall and rangy as the bull pine trees themselves.

And here's something interesting. Mr. James J. Braddock, who, that very day, had been signed for his match with Max Baer, was on the same program with the woodchopping experts. We had a doubleheader that was broadcast. He was very attentive to the girls said, and when they finished he left me on the air that he was going to “chop down a six-foot bull in just about the same length of time on a night in June.” The night of the fight I said: “And now I’m going out to see a new heavyweight champion of the world win the title.” There was something very determined and sincere about Mr. Braddock when we interviewed him, the day the match was signed, that impressed me. And by the way, I was the first network man to broadcast the “World’s champion” a week later. He was the guest of honor at a sports dinner at a New York hotel, and arrangements were made for us to talk back and forth from studio and hotel over the radio. We both wore headphones, and it worked out very well.

Talk about tricky champions. I interviewed at different times, Mr. Charles Jacobson, the champ puzzle solver of the country; Mr. Frank Marshall, who can outwit and outplay any one else at chess board; Mr. Edward Cashin, a good last name for a fellow who won the national cross-word puzzle championships to “cash in” on $10,000; Mr. Willie Hoppe, of the billiard tables who certainly knows his p’s and q’s; Miss Clara Mohler, the little girl who won the title of the best grade-school speller in the land; and a group of pinocchio champions from different parts of the country who came to New York for the final round. And I never met a more rabid group of people in my life. It was a lovely interview.

Mr. Dizzy Dean—the wonder pitcher himself—was another one of our guests. Mr. Dean is a very cordial person, and, take it from me, besides having a lot on the ball, as they say, he’s got a lot in his head. At the time I interviewed him, a certain radio comedian, who, by the way, tried to carbon copy our champion feature some months after we had inaugurated it. This comedian interviewed Mr. Dean on the radio and, according to the ball-player, took his “gag” lines, and substituted the comedian’s remarks, and then heckled him extemporaneously during the actual broadcast. “As though this wasn’t bad enough,” Mr. Dean told me, “that guy had the nerve to ask me who passes to the ball game the next day!”

Did you ever hear of a “stowaway Champion”? Well, I did—and two of them, too. I read in the newspapers that a Mr. Seppie Popfinger, the “champion of stowaways,” plans to leave autos, ships, trains and even airplanes, to thirty-five different countries. After a lot of detective work we finally were able to communicate with him and arrange for his appearance on the air. Naturally, since he had done all this, I introduced him, without fear of contradiction, as the “champion of stowaways.” Well, the next day I received a letter from another man, who called himself George Tyler, and claimed that Mr. Popfinger hadn’t stepped up in as many places as he had. The other, he said, was just a rank amateur compared to him—he, who had stowed away to forty-four different countries on every one of the seven continents. Mr. Tyler wasn’t his real name, as, since he had settled down, he didn’t want to lose the respect of his Manhattan neighbors. So we gave him his say on the radio the following week. You can understand my predicament, I hope. After all, there just aren’t any annual stowaway championships. For anything like that, the best man, in the manner of boxing, or wrestling—so I let the listeners decide who was the real titleholder.

Danno O’Mahoney, the champion shoulder-downer of the wrestling world, replied to our questions with a nice, thick brogue that one could almost cut with a knife. It was the wearing of the green that evening, all right. And speaking of greens, another guest of ours was Mr. Horton Smith, one of the best golfers that ever sunk a putt on a green patch. Women’s swimmers—the speediest in the world—Leonor Knight, Eleanor Holm and others, also were subjects of our interviews. And these bright-eyed mermaids were good radio material, too, and our air talks went along swimmingly.

Society was represented among our champions, Mr. Richard C. Du Pont, a quiet, handsome young man, scion of the famous Du Pont family, came from Wilmington, Delaware, to make his first radio appearance on our program. He is the national gliding champion, and he told us some very revealing facts about this dangerous and little-known sport. Mr. Francis H. Low, Yale graduate, caught the biggest fish ever hooked with a regular line—I think it weighed more than a thousand pounds—and since that was the champion catch of the year, it made him a champion fisherman for us. Mr. Jay O’Brien, the noted society sportsman, answered our questions about bob-sledding—he’s the Olympic titleholder—and when we finished, I decided that here was one that, I was going to stay away from at a respectful distance. It’s too breath-taking for me—and I need my breath for my singing.

There have been many others on the microphone parade of champions—I wish I had time and space to name them all—and it’s been good fun. I enjoy meeting them, and they seem to like the idea of our radio chats. And a funny thing, too, but I certainly have learned a lot from them. After all, when a person can do one single thing better than anyone else, their prowess in their line is certainly worth “airing.” They say that when a man can build a better mouse-trap than his fellow-men, the world will beat a path to his door. Well, folks, you don’t have to go to all that trouble—because I’ll bring my champion through your door into your homes—and when I find that champion mouse-trap maker—well, I’ll be the one who’ll do the catching—and you’ll hear from him, too.

The End

BID THAT COLD BE GONE!
Oust it Promptly with This Fourfold Treatment!

BEWARE of a cold— even a slight cold— and any cold! A cold can quickly take a serious turn.

What you want to do is treat it promptly and thoroughly. Don’t be satisfied with mere palliatives. A cold, being an internal infection, calls for internal treatment. That’s common sense. A cold, moreover, calls for a cold treatment and not for a cure-all.

Grove’s Laxative Bromo Quinine is what you want for a cold. First of all, it is expressly a cold tablet and not a preparation good for half a dozen other things as well. Secondly, it is internal medication and does four important things.

Fourfold Effect
First, it opens the bowels. Second, it checks the infection in the system. Third, it relieves the headache and fever. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attacks.

All drug stores sell Grove’s Bromo Quinine—and the few pennies’ cost may save you a lot in worry, suspense and expense. Ask firmly for Grove’s Laxative Bromo Quinine and accept no substitute.
to theatrical and movie careers. Just how lucky these boys are to find themselves set in careers they love, at an age when most young people have to look about them and question helplessly, "What shall I do?" "Where can I find a job?" "What chance has a young person in this topsy-turvy world?" is something they perhaps are too young to understand. For them indeed, opportunity has been golden and their careers have been established by the amateur hour.

Then there is the story of their father. Much has been written and said on the subject of mother-love. Just why father has always taken a back seat when laurels were handed out is one of those inexplicable mysteries that seem to abound in this mad whirl called life. Surely thousands of fathers, who have slaved and sacrificed to give their best to their families, must have thrilled to the joy of Mr. Youman, a simple tool and die maker. The love of music had burned as brightly in his heart as in those of his three sons. But when one has to earn enough to keep a wife and five kiddies one doesn't often have the leisure or inclination to indulge expensive hobbies. So Mr. Youman, like so many other unselfish parents, concentrated his frustrated hopes in his sons, delighting in their obvious musical talent. Not long ago he quit his job, scraped together every available penny and decided to drive them east to give them their chance. And now he can sit back, contented in the knowledge that his sacrifices were not in vain and know through his sons the success and happiness which he passed up for their sakes.

The third story belongs to a person who remains unnamed by request—a person who passed casually into the lives of the Youman family but left an indelible impression. He met them at a tourist camp in Pennsylvania. The brave little quartette, father and sons, were stranded on their way east with but forty-five cents between them to get them the rest of the way to New York. The stranger heard them play in their little tourist cabin, struck up an acquaintanceship and had so

Here is the first picture to be snapped of Joan Crawford broadcasting. It was made while Joan was rehearsing for her radio début in the leading rôle of "Within the Law," for the Lux Radio Theatre anniversary.
much faith in the boys that he lent them enough money to take them to New York. The “good Samaritan” received his loan back as soon as Major Bowes heard from the line of the young brothers this strange tale of unexpected kindness.

For interest he can cherish the knowledge that he set the feet of three people on the path to fame.

And as a fitting climax to this fairytale of happiness, a union between Mr. Youman and a sister, lost for twenty-seven years and believed dead, was effected, when she heard the broadcast. She and her children have been rescued from the relief rolls and are assured of security.

Then came the Mrs. Ida Levine. Comely, for all of her forty-five years, she appeared for an audition, distraught and on the verge of a nervous collapse. Her voice cracked pitifully, as she started to sing for the audition and she broke down wracked by hysterical tears.

After regaining composure, she poured out her tale of a blasted marriage, how she had left her husband after almost twenty-five years of alternate bliss and sorrow and fled from Miami to a married life in Toronto. When she came to Miami, she had conducted a beach-wear shop. Her husband had been unemployed for some time. His enforced idleness had frayed the nerves of both of them, resulting in futile, bitter quarrels.

On the night of their second wedding anniversary, she appeared on Major Bowes’ amateur hour, singing, “The Things You Used To Do,” extemporizing the lyrics to convey her message of repentance to her husband, should he be listening in. He was. So what mattered her failure to score in a winning place! As this is being written, after several weeks of correspondence, Mrs. Levine left for Miami to rejoin her husband. “I’ll never be able to repay the Major for the happiness I found again through his amateur hour!” Her eyes shone with hope.

Although one would hardly suspect a radio program of being a Court of Domestic Relations, the marital difficulties of the Brennas were ironed out by Major Bowes, too. Married six years, their romance was beginning to wear a bit thin. Frank Brenna had sold his barber shop all day, but in the evening he insisted on playing the rôle of Petruchio to his wife’s Katherine. Inasmuch as Mrs. Brenna did not fancy herself as a shrew, nor did she think she needed taming, their domestic life teetered on a precipitous cliff of destruction.

Frank Brenna appeared on one of the programs and his fine, operatic voice easily won him enthusiastic acclaim. But his victory did little towards contributing peace to the Brenna domicile. As Mrs. Brenna confided to him, “There was no living with the man.” In desperation, his wife petitioned for an audition. On the following Sunday night, she, too, emerged a winner in the voting, so on the third Sunday, the Major recalled them both as a singing team. Their debut was even a greater success than either of their solos. And so, after signing a contract with one of the vaudeville units, they bought a car and drove to California on a second honeymoon. They have just returned and are preparing to leave with Unit 6, in which they will work as a team.

Needless to say, peace and harmony have been fully restored.

Paul Reagan won enthusiastic acclaim on one of the amateur programs with his uncanny impersonations of notable people. Who can measure the happiness which he brought to his parents when he treated them to a trip to New York with his first salary earned in one of the units? Perhaps only people who have struggled for twenty-eight years and faced all kinds of privation to give their best to a flock of seven children could tell you that. All their lives, Mr. and Mrs. Reagan had lived in Medford, Massachusetts, without ever finding the leisure or the extra money for a holiday. A long time ago, when they were first married, Mr. Reagan promised his wife a real honeymoon trip to New York. But instead of the trip, at the end of their first year of marriage, a new baby arrived. Thereafter more babies came. In the years that followed, there was always so much needed and so little to go around that wistfully they saw the honeymoon they’d never achieved fade into oblivion. In the end, they stopped thinking about it. But their son Paul, didn’t, and when he met with success on the amateur program, he asked Major Bowes for an advance on his first salary to treat mom and pop to their long-deferred honeymoon. Undoubtedly that precious week-end when they were the guests of Major Bowes in New York was the high spot of their lives—unless it was the week that their boy played Boston with his vaudeville unit.

Mary Perry, an eighteen-year-old colored girl from Miami, may never achieve any great measure of theatrical success, but whether she does or does not, Mary has achieved the big ambition of her life through the grace of the amateur hour. She stepped before the microphone, flashing a 14-karat laugh and a gold front tooth. Her good humor was so infectious that Major Bowes tipped her about both the smile and the gold tooth. She confessed she was very proud of it, but the ultimate in gold teeth would be the possession of one set with a diamond, like that owned by a friend of hers, whose blazing bicuspid she long had envied. A Mrs. Cross of Portland, Maine, who said he’d turned up his boy-scout badge for the day, donated the diamond in the worthy cause of keeping little Mary Perry eternally laughing. The Major himself contributed the gold cap and the dental service and today, Mary Perry’s diamond tooth is flashing merrily behind footlights of western theatres. Who knows, perhaps one day it may flash across the footlights of Broadway? Even Ethel Waters hasn’t a diamond tooth.

And then there is the poignant drama which was played behind the curtain of a Sunday night broadcast. Back of the application of Israel Margolies, operatic tenor, who wanted to sing an operatic aria, lay a passionate struggle between father and a son, the old against the new, the church against the theatre. Israel was the son of a famous rabbi. Although he, too, was a student of the rabbinate, his real and fervid ambition was to be an opera singer. His father, fatally ill, looked with longing eyes upon his son, hoping he would carry on the family rabbinical tradition. When Israel sent in his ap-
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Enjoy living at the Savoy-Plaza with its spacious... tastefully furnished rooms... outstanding service... delicious cuisine... and exciting entertainment facilities. With Central Park at its door and the fine shops, theatres and subway near-by, this hotel is convenient to all parts of the city. The Savoy-Plaza awaits your arrival to tender you with all those attendant harmonies of fine living that have made this hotel the favorite of New Yorkers... Single rooms $5, $6, $7... Double $7, $8, $9... Suites from $10.

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Jimmy "Schnozzle" Durante, as Claudius B. ("B" for "Brainy") Bowers, the high-pressure press agent for the Jumbo-Fire Chief show, produced as a stage spectacle at the New York Hippodrome, and serialized on the radio.

application to Major Bows, Rabbi Margolies pleaded with Israel, urging him to sing one of the traditional Hebrew chants. But Israel, with the obstinacy of youth, had insisted on his operatic aria.

At the last moment, before the microphone, Major Bows, ignorant of the sick man's wish, but with a typical sense of the fitness of things, and sensitive sympathy, prevailed upon the boy to sing the beautiful Hebrew traditional chant, "Adu Dala."

At home, tears streamed down the seamed, ravaged face of the dying rabbi as he heard his son's voice intone the holy cadences. The emotion and excitement proved too much for him and he was put back to bed. A few days later he died, but not before an unprecedented avalanche of votes had attested to the triumph of his son.

The question of what happens to those who "get the gong" is raised frequently and many speculate about the effect on the unfortunate losers. The story of Rosalind Penkinson is an excellent example. This young woman, who termed herself "The Blacksmith's Daughter," immediately won the sympathy of the audience with her story of her mother, who, widowed quite young, carried on her husband's blacksmith business with the help of her children. Rosalind's job was driving horses to and from their destination.

However, when she started to sing, she was rewarded only with the gong. Immediately protests began to pour in—in fact over three thousand of them—and the Major resolved to recall her the following week and give her another chance. At the second broadcast he questioned her, asking her whether she thought she had sung well. She replied: "Yes, but I didn't think so!" Miss Penkinson sang her song again, this time all the way through and no better. Nearly all of the people who had protested wrote in agreeing that the Major was justified in giving her the gong in the first place.

Several weeks later Rosalind's mother wrote in her sequel to the story. A letter to Major Bows thanked him profusely for having set her daughter's feet on the right path. Rosalind had, as her mother phrased it, "come down to earth." Her experiences on the amateur hour had abated her mind of the idea that there was theatrical fame in store for her, and now she was content once more, willing to take what life offered and shape it to her own happiness.

The End.
Nothing but the Truth
(Continued from page 52)

Normandie was coming to New York harbor for the first time and we were reporting her progress. We lost sight of her for a second and I took a notion to crawl along a narrow ledge to a better vantage point. Half way along something went wrong with my equilibrium. I called to Jeff to grab my legs. 'Right with you,' says Jeff, and then: 'If you fall, remember, hold on to the mike and tell us what it feels like.'

Vivienne Segal—"They've given the barefoot boy a lot of publicity, but here's one about a barefoot girl you may not have heard. Singing on a program one night I couldn't seem to get to feeling at home... I slipped off my shoes and in two shakes of a lamb's tail everything was fine and dandy."

Mark Warnow—"All set to start a number when the announcer makes a slip and calls the wrong tune... 'Stardust,' I think it was. For a second my baton poised motionless in the air. I looked meaningly at the gang. Then, as the baton came down, every man in the band swung into 'Stardust,' playing from memory. I blew kisses with my free hand."

Jane Pickens—"This happened in the days when we were singing with our fourth sister, Grace. Grace fell ill; so Helen and I, knowing she'd be unable to perform, yanked Patti out of school and taught her the routine practically overnight. At the broadcast, Helen and I were extremely nervous. We stood on each side of Patti to support her in case she faltered. As it happened, Patti was the coolest member of the trio, and held her two sisters up. She sang so well she's been in the trio ever since, while Grace has become our manager."

Portland Hoffa—"Life may be full of ups and downs for the average elevator man. My brief life as an operator came to a sudden standstill right between two floors. It happened that I was on my way to a broadcast, with only a few seconds to go. So, without waiting for first aid, I squeezed out on to the upper floor, and went about my business breathing the sweet air of liberty."

James Melton—"I suppose you know that I always carry a twenty and a five dollar gold piece in my pocket... for luck. Well, that day I was in a hurry to get down to the broadcast. I forgot my gold. Don't get the idea I didn't pay for that little omission. Two taxi wrecks! Stepped right out of one into the next. Made the broadcast, though."

(Continued on page 84)

Sound reasoning and common-sense recommend the form, the convenience, and the dependability of PAR-I-O-GEN Tablets, features which are often so difficult adequately to describe.

They are neatly packaged in tubes almost as small as the daintiest fountain pen, each tube containing twelve tablets, and may be conveniently carried in one's purse or hand-bag, for use while traveling or at home.

A tablet dissolves in a few moments and the solution thus formed has been found by thousands to be entirely adequate and dependable without the use of water or other accessories.

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AMERICAN DRUG & CHEMICAL CO.
Dept. 912, 420 S. Sixth Street
Minneapolis, Minn.

Here she is—the one and only ZaSu Pitts—ZaSu of the tired voice and the self-conscious hands—who appeared on the Lux Radio Theatre program in the title rôle of the famous S. Kaufman-Marc Connelly stage play, "Dulcy." Even without television, ZaSu is almost as delightful on the air as in movies.
he would follow in his father’s footsteps and become a broker.

But after the horrors of war, the make-believe of the stage seemed much more exciting to the boy than the cold facts and figures of his father’s brokerage firm. So he changed his name from Stainer to Howard, and offered himself to the footlights.

Without any experience and, according to most producers at that time, without any talent, his early years in the theatre were bitterly difficult. There was a baby son at home now, Ronald, and many things were needed in the little household. But his wife, Ruth, wouldn’t allow him to give up his stage ambitions and turn to other work.

He finally got his first real “break” in “Peg O’ My Heart,” on the London stage. And his rise to success from then on is theatrical history. Some say he is the only person who ever stole a show from the late Jeanne Eagles, and that Howard outshone the famous actress when he played opposite her in “Her Cardboard Lover.”

In Hollywood he amazed the movie colony by turning down a good role opposite Greta Garbo. His reason for refusing to play with her was that the role was designed, not for him, but for Garbo.

“Besides,” he added, “though Miss Garbo is the most fascinating of actresses, a trail of ruin has been left behind in the ranks of her supporting casts.”

The very fact that he has been married to the same woman for twenty years would make him a strangely unconventional figure in Hollywood. But no screen star in moviedom ever had a more romantic or exciting wedding, nor a happier, more ideal marriage.

He met Ruth Martin during the war. Three weeks after their meeting, he got one day’s leave, rushed her down to a little church and married her. He remembered to get a ring and a parson, but he forgot about witnesses. He asked two scrubwomen who were cleaning the church to serve as witnesses. A few hours after the ceremony he left for France and the front.

When Howard isn’t busy with stage, screen or radio work in America, he, his wife and their two children return to their country place, Stowe Maries, in Surrey, England. The lovely old house was built more than four hundred years ago, and the land lies in the lee of a spur of the North Downs. Charles Laughton is their only close neighbor. And among the theater’s famous who come frequently to visit at Stowe Maries are Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. Lunt and Howard reminisce on the lean years, long ago, before either of them was famous, when they first met in New York. And Lunt loves to tease Howard about the time they started to art school together and Leslie was so embarrassed at the sight of a nude model, he couldn’t draw.
Frank Black, General Music Director of the National Broadcasting Company, is featured each Sunday afternoon as conductor of the NBC Symphony Orchestra on the "Magic Key" hour. Frank started piano lessons at the age of six and made his debut in recital when only ten.

At home, Howard is the artist, his wife the manager. Only once did Mrs. Howard leave the practical details of a situation to her husband. She regretted it.

It was two years ago when they were sailing on the Berengaria for England. Howard agreed to go to the bank, draw out the money needed for the voyage, and meet her on the boat. He boarded the ship at the last moment. Mrs. Howard sighed her relief, and said: "Where is the money, Leslie?"

"Good Lord!" he gasped, "I forgot it! I went to the bank, spent half an hour chatting, and had a pleasant time. But I never did ask for the money!" They had to borrow from the purser to make the trip.

Next to his work and his family, his greatest interest in life is horses. Especially polo ponies. "The whole family is horse-mad," he says, "breeding them, training, riding—the house is always full of talk about horses. When we returned to England this last time, we took five polo ponies back with us."

His interest in radio became active after he broadcast "Berkeley Square," last winter on the Lux Radio Theater hour. "There was more zest attached to the broadcasting of 'Berkeley Square' than there was in filming it," he said. "I suppose that was because of the continuity of the script."

Like many stage stars, he never has become used to the lack of continuity in movie making, the filming of a last scene first.

The new technique which he has introduced in radio drama—that of the soliloquy—in his weekly series for Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, is considered a most important contribution to dramatic art on the air. It eliminates the need of a narrator for setting the scene, time and conditions of episodes. Thus no outside medium breaks in on the action or atmosphere of the play. It is to radio drama what the sets are to a stage play, what the camera's "eye" is to the movies.

While continuing with his radio serial, "The Amateur Gentleman," Mr. Howard is producing a new stage adaptation of Shakespeare's "Hamlet" on Broadway this winter. He will play the title role.

It is necessary," he says, "for an actor to leave the movies and come back continually to the stage. Pictures are good training because there is no need for exaggeration before the camera, and consequently they make for a subtlety and restraint. But in making movies, you have to depend on memories—memories of how an audience reacts. Consequently, you must return to the stage to refresh those memories."

In spite of his own tremendous success in the theater, he discourages young people who want a stage career. Asked once to talk on "Advice to Those About to Go on the Stage," he wrote and read a three-page "speech." Page one said simply: "Don't!" Page two was: "Life is more important than Art." Page three: "Art is more important than Broadway."

He probably didn't mean the "Don't." But he was deadly serious about those last two statements. And in them lies the essence of his philosophy toward his work, and much of the magic of his success.

**The End**
Radio Ramblings

(Continued from page 9)

“WATSON—HUISING—RENA DI”
George Burns: “I guess you think your face is your fortune?”
Gracie Allen: “Yeah—and it runs into a nice little figure, too. Don’t you think so?”

ARE YOU SUPERSTITIOUS?
Helen Hayes has a black cat for luck. It is black velvet, and occupies a place of honor on her make-up table. During radio performances she wears a platinum bracelet with a black enamel cat on it, and the legend, in French: “I bring luck wherever I enter.”

Before the music begins, opening the Chesterfield program, a mysterious little ceremony takes place. Leaning toward David Ross, Andre Kostelanetz says, in Russian: “The White Rabbit.” “The White Rabbit,” responds Ross solemnly, also in Russian. It was a prayer they used for their first program together, and they refuse to abandon it.

For twenty years Oscar Shaw never was without a red carnation in his button-hole. Now he wears a composition rubber posy.

Countess Olga Alban disclaims all superstitions, because—she was born on the 13th, sailed from Spain to America on Friday, the 13th, made her theatrical debut on the Iles of March, and sang her first radio program on April Fool’s Day!

WHO THEY ARE
If you want to identify those players who are delighting you each Tuesday evening in “The New Penny,” here they are:
Penclope Edwards .......... Helen Hayes
John Edwards ................ Ned Wever
Steve Van Brun ......... Joseph Bell
Mrs. Van Alstair Creador

Agnes Moorhead
Miss MacDumfrie ............. Marian Barney
Mattie .......................... Laura Bowman
Mrs. Foster ............. Dolly Delight
An Elsner
Dr. Douglas .............. Lucile Wall
Walter Tetzley
Robert Foster ............ Michael O’Day
Tillie .................. Marjorie Anderson

INTERLUDE
The radio stars have shone their last for the night. The microphones, that carried celebrated voices to millions of listeners, are silent. The studio chairs are empty. On the floor where the feet of the famous have trod has fallen a film of dust.

Comes then that silent, unexpected

---

Free for Asthma During Winter

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is cold and damp; if raw, Wintry winds make you choke as if each breath was the very last, if restless sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don’t fail to send an ace to the Frontier Asthma Co., for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address Frontier Asthma Co., 112-A Frontier Bldg., 462 Niagara Street, Buffalo, New York

THE PURE KNITTED GIRL

It’s a big handful of polka cleaner
Chore Girl gets quickest results in removing burn-in grease and grime from all Delicacies. No more rough, red hands. No rust or splinters to endanger. Buy one today at the store where you secur’d this magazine.

MAKE $25-$35 A WEEK

You can earn at home in spare time. Course endorsed by physicists. Thousands of graduates. 24 classes. 27 months. No grades required. Write for FREE kit.

American Institute of Graphic Art
Dept. 337, 26 N. Ashland Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Name........ City...... State.... Age...

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Eddie Duchin, Kay Gordon and Benny Goodman, featured in the film "Coronado."
army, the cleaning women. Kneeling where, so short a time ago, stood Lily Pons, or Lawrence Tibbett, or Gracie Allen, they mop and scrub, mop and scrub... as if to erase from the scene the last vestiges of those vanished great ones.

What do they think of the glamour, the magic, the charm that so recently has filled these deserted studio rooms with glory?

Dropping back, to sit on her heels, pushing aside a strand of drab hair, one answers:

“Yes, I like to listen on the radio. I turn it on every day. I like to hear the pretty voice of Lily Pons, and the others, like Mr. Tibbett. But I can’t listen late at night—I have to come down here to go to work... Yes, I like all the big singers, and Eddie Cantor, and Gracie Allen, too. They make me laugh... No, I’ve been working here five years, but I’ve never seen a radio star.... But my little boy is taking accordion lessons. Some day he’ll be a radio star. He says he will...”

She picks up her mop again... Mop and scrub... hummin’ under her breath a little ditty

CURIOUSITY

Into Fred Waring’s office come weekly hosts of letters offering things for sale—insurance policies, suits, books, automobiles, stocks and bonds, motor boats, trailers to transport the Pennsylvanians, tickets to amateur entertainments, chances on a floor lamp, a quilt and a sedan, a half interest in an invention, a share in a treasure hunt expedition, and an automatic letter-opener. P. S. He bought the automatic letter-opener.

OVERHEARD

Harriet Hilliard, singer, who recently married Ozzie Nelson, nationally known dance-band leader, was christened Peggy Lou Snyder.

For his radio broadcasts Lawrence Tibbett wears a William Tell (pall the bow and hit the apple) tie. It’s easy to rip off, during a song, if his collar groves tight.

Conrad Thibault, of NBC’s Log Cabin program, loves to wear a battered felt hat. He is always planning to take systematic exercise, but compromises on pitching quips. Likes jigsaw puzzles. Enjoys both Grand Opera and Harlem rhythms.

Abe Lyman loves to dance. He will drop the baton at the slightest excuse, to trip the light fantastic.

To keep fit, Amos ‘n’ Andy skip rope daily... Irene Rich was a realty broker in San Francisco, before going to Hollywood and movie stardom.... Al Jolson hails himself to sleep with a phonograph record of rain pattering on a tin roof... John Charles Thomas made his first public appearance as a member of a trio at Methodist camp-meetings... Mario Chamlee flies his own plane... George Barre is known as the world’s greatest flutist... Jack Benny, frustrated fiddler, won his reputation as one of the country’s foremost pigskin experts—as water boy for four years on the Waukegan, Illinois, High School team... Michael Bartlett, of opera, movies and radio; was christened Edwin Alonzo Bartlett... Singin’ Sam’s nickname is “Winkey,” from a nervous habit of winking. When he first met “Smiles” Davis, she thought he was making advances, when he winked at her. Maybe he was... They’re married now.

WANTED

—a light-weight, collapsible periscope. Celia Branz, NBC’s five-foot contralto, is tired of being unable to see where she is going in a crowd.

TURN ON THE HEATER

Gabriel Heatter discloses the prize fan letter. Addressed to the National Broadcasting Company, it reads:

“Gentlemen:

A friend of mine tells me that a Gabriel Heater advertises on your station. Please let me know about them, and what they burn, for if a Gabriel Heater can keep my house warm this winter, then I’m interested in one.”

The End

Teddy Bergman acted as judge of the Home State Food Competition at the Annual Women’s Competition of Arts and Industries. He seems to be enjoying the prize-winning Devil’s Food cake, as Olive Murphy looks on.
Nothing but the Truth?
(Continued from page 79)

Guy Lombardo—"My most disturbing experience while on the air happened several years ago in Chicago. During one of my broadcasts from a night club a shot rang out and a man only a few feet away from me crumpled up—dead. I think I must have beat double time the rest of the evening."

What Is Your Favorite Radio Program?

Ted Hammerstein—Ben Bernie
Al Pearce—Fred Allen
Conrad Thibault—Philharmonic Concerts
Rudy Vallee—March of Time
Patti Pickens—Ed Wynn
Helen Pickens—Paul Whiteman
James Melton—A P Gypsies
Jack Benny—Ed Wynn
Ennico Howard—Burns and Allen
Frances Langford—Lucky Strike Hit Parade
Frank McIntyre—Show Boat with Winninger (His Predecessor)
Red Nichols—Ferdi Waring
Don Novis—Bing Crosby
Frank Parker—A P Gypsies
Ray Perkins—Ben Bernie
Edward Reese—March of Time
Willard Robison—Deep River (his own)
Elliot Shaw—Amos ‘n’ Andy

Glady’s Swarthout—Paul Whiteman
Benny Venuto—Connie Boswell
John Baraley—Boake Carter
Teddy Bergman—Jack Benny
Jack Arthur—Lanny Ross
Rachel Curly—Frances Langford
Buck Rogers—Vic and Sadie
Burns and Allen—Jack Benny
Pick and Pot—Molasses and January

Does a Studio Audience Help or Hinder Your Broadcast?

Phil Baker—"We comedians can’t work without an audience."
Frank Black—"An audience makes me feel at home. I like having lots of people around me."
Rosario Bourdon—"I’ve always thought of the people in my studio audiences as my “test tubes”. Their reactions give me an excellent and an immediate clue to the reactions of listeners all over the country."
Vicki Carson and Elsie Hicks—"We’d rather not have an audience at our broadcasts. No scenery, no costumes, and a technique that’s swell for the mike, but maybe not so good for the stage... we just wouldn’t be giving the poor folks a break."
Edgar Guest—"Give me an audience every time. I like to work to people."

(Continued on page 88)

Here Are The Scrambled Stars Contest Winners

SELECTING the winners in the Scrambled Stars contest from the thousands of entries received proved quite a difficult task for the judges. Each entry was given careful inspection. There were contestants from all the states, with the feminine readers somewhat outnumbering the mighty males. Following is a list of the lucky prize winners and we do hope your name is included:

One hundred 5th Prizes ($5.00 each)

Berdene Stiver, Box 141, Harlan, Ind.
V. Appleton, 2565 Marion Avenue, Bronx, New York City.
Mary Taylor, 772 So. 9th East St., Logan, Utah.

First Prize

$250.00
William H. Fletcher
P. O. Box 115
Carrollton, Georgia

Second Prize

$200.00
Mrs. Ellen Green
R. F. D. No. 2, Box 448
Bremerton, Washington

Third Prize

$100.00
Mrs. Stanley Wilson
2171 Fifteenth Street
Meridian, Mississippi

Fourth Prize

$50.00
Mary Carolyn Logan
913 Aetna Street
Connellsville, Pennsylvania

Don’t let chest colds or croupy coughs go untreated. Rub Children’s Mustroere on child’s throat and chest at once. This milder form of regular Mustroere penetrates, warms, soothes and gives local circulation. Floods the bronchial tubes with its soothing, relieving vapors. Mustroere brings relief naturally because it’s a “counter-irritant” — not just a salve. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. Three kinds: Regular Strength, Children’s (mild) and Extra Strong, 40c each.

MUSTERORE Better Than A Mustard Plaster

BUNIONS Reduced Quickly

SEND NO MONEY—10 Day Trial

Try our Guaranteed, Clinically tested Musterole.* the First Brand of Mustard Plaster ever to be approved by doctors. One pop with a little water makes a amazing ointment to standard size, re- usable for many months without expense. 231 W. Madison St. Chicago. International Typewriter Exch., Dept. 101, Chicago. Illinois.

First Prize

$250.00
William H. Fletcher
P. O. Box 115
Carrollton, Georgia

Second Prize

$200.00
Mrs. Ellen Green
R. F. D. No. 2, Box 448
Bremerton, Washington

Third Prize

$100.00
Mrs. Stanley Wilson
2171 Fifteenth Street
Meridian, Mississippi

Fourth Prize

$50.00
Mary Carolyn Logan
913 Aetna Street
Connellsville, Pennsylvania

RADIO STARS

Here’s a Queer Way to Learn Music!

N’t teacher—no monotonous exercises or confusing details. Just a simple, easy, home-study method. Takes only a few minutes—averages only a few cents—a day. No “grind” or hard work. Every step is clear as crystal—simply an A-H-T-I-Ch ditty! You’ll be surprised at your own rapid progress. From the start you are playing real tunes by note.

Quickly learn to play “in-tune” or classical selections—right at home in your spare time.

Free Book and Demonstration Lesson

Don’t be a wallflower. Send for Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson. These explain our wonderful home-study method fully and show you how easy and quickly you can learn to play at little expense. Mention your favorite instrument. Write today. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.

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Winners of Our Crazy Caption Contest will be announced in the February Issue of Radio Stars on Sale January 1st

Arline Morath, 4109 Beachwood Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Mary Bergin, 811 E. Tenth Ave., Denver, Colo.
Sue Krupa, 514 N. Noble St., Chicago, Ill.
Hazel Shrader, 312 Sheridan Ave., South Greensburg, Pa.
Ann Walker, 206 E. 32nd St., Baltimore, Md.
Agnes Ingles, 488 W. Willis, Detroit, Mich.
Bluma Blum, 23 Dayton St., Elizabeth, N. J.
Mrs. F. G. Hubbard, Redwood Falls, Minn.
Charm B. Stough, R. D. No. 1, York, Pa.
Magdalene T. Chernushak, R. F. D. 2, Box 92, Stafford Springs, Conn.
Barbara C. Rohades, Canaan, Conn.
Catherine Bouchier, Lindenhurst, N. Y.

Florence McIntyre, 88 Main St., Cromwell, Conn.
Mrs. D. L. Williams, 45 Newark Ave., Battle Creek, Mich.
Mrs. Hazel Auten, Laurel Apts., Hollywood and Detroit Ave., Toledo, Ohio.
Betty Parents, 464 Maple St., Holyoke, Mass.
Elise Simon, 1650 S. Trumbull Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Helen Vair, R. D. 3, Ravenna, Ohio.
Myrtle Sampel, 3419 6th Ave., Des Moines, Iowa.
Pearl Baxter, 40 Kimball Road, Watertown, Mass.
Sarah A. McKitchen, 108 Pine St., Pawtucket, R. I.
Marian Prynne, 23 Orange St., Quincy, Mich.
Louise Thompson, 2420 Eleventh St., S. W., Canton, Ohio.
Mrs. Clara Given, Cowell, Contra Costa County, Calif.
Pan Duckworth, 5215 So. 50th St., Omaha, Nebr.

(Continued on page 88)
End Shoe Troubles

Quickly Relieve Corns, Bunions, Callouses

Imagine a relief so quick-acting that it stops the pain of these shoe and foot troubles instantly! That is what Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads—the treatment of many uses—does for you. They soothe and heal; remove the cause—shoe friction and pressure; and prevent corns, sore toes, tender spots and blisters; ease new or tight shoes.

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Margaret Speaks

Lovely young soprano soloist of the Voice of Firestone programs, will be featured in a story in our next issue. Look for this story in the February Radio Stars On sale January first.

Free Hosiery Offer

Would you like to take part in a very unique, generous program? Here is your chance to get the very best in hosiery, without the cost! For a limited time, we are giving you the chance to get the best in hosiery without paying a cent. Order your free hosiery now.

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Want a U. S. Government Job?

Start $1260 to $2100 Year

Known as one of the country's best-dressed women, Gladys Swarthout dresses always with taste and distinction. For a journey in the air she wears a light, loose coat of natural camel's hair, and a casual hat of brown velvet with accessories to match. The coat conceals the comfortable and smart sports frock, suitable for travel, one of many such in Gladys' wardrobe.

Hollywood Glorifies Our Gladys

(Continued from page 16)
Elsewhere in this issue you will read a delightful story of Wallace Beery, a revealing portrait of Wally as Master of Ceremonies for his new radio program. This picture shows Wally, who is an aviation enthusiast, with his new Bellanca monoplane. It is equipped with the latest devices known to aviation, including a directional radio compass, horizon indicator, manifold pressure, directional gyroscope, and what not! The ship will carry six passengers at a top speed of one hundred and eighty miles per hour.

years to lure her into taking a screen test. With her beauty and great talent, she was a “natural” for the screen.

“I didn’t pay much attention to the movie offers,” she said, “because I didn’t think there was any use in it. It never occurred to me that I could pass the screen test.” That—coming from a woman who was named by three distinguished artists as the artists’ ideal in American beauty!

In Hollywood they say she is one of the few actresses who isn’t the slightest bit temperamental.

“Temperament makes it hard for a person to sing,” she says. “It is much better to be calm and quiet. Getting excited just makes it all the more difficult to reach the high notes. Besides, people have to do things with temperament when they don’t do it with the voice, to show they are artists.”

She says that, at home, if she shows any tiny sign of temperament, her husband leads her to the family rowing machine and sentences her to a few minutes of hard labor.

Her husband, Frank M. Chapman, is an opera singer himself, and he, too, believes that it is foolish and harmful for an artist to be temperamental. The Chapmans will celebrate their third wedding anniversary in April. Ecstatically happy and very much in love, they can’t understand why people are sometimes surprised because two artists can live happily and peacefully together.

Having finished “Rose of the Rancho” for Paramount, Miss Swarthout starts now on “Give Us This Night,” in which she will be co-starred with the famous European singer, Jan Kiepura.

“After that,” she says, “I’ll go back to the Metropolitan, for a while at least. I guess it is really sentiment that brings me back. The Metropolitan did the most for me in the way of a career, and singing there gives something to my heart and mind that nothing else can. While I’m in New York I hope to make some guest appearances on the air, but I won’t be able to resume regular radio work. I love Hollywood, and I certainly hope to continue my motion picture career. But I guess everyone who ever has stood on the stage at the Met and felt the thrill of facing the audience and seeing the conductor lift his baton for the cue, wants to go back.”

Wonder if the Met will again dress the glamorous Gladys as a boy? Let us hope not! The End
**Scrambled Stars Contest Winners**

(Continued from page 85)

Mrs. Fred Stoltzmann, R. R. 1, Elphaet Lake, Wis.
Mrs. Harry F. Jennings, W-3804 Longfellow Ave., Spokane, Wash.
Norman G. Tyler, 898 N. Lafayette Park Place, Los Angeles, Calif.
Ethel Matthews, 121 Kemmling St., Gibsonburg, Ohio.
Alice E. Harris, Valley View Sanitarium, Paterson, N. J.
Mrs. Rose Amolsch, 4021 Meade St., Denver, Colo.
Lee Polifio, 503 N. Joliet St., Joliet, Ill.
Ann Stegura, 40 Friend St., Port Griffith, Pittston, Pa.
Eleanor F. Anderson, 12 Maurice Ave., Ossining, N. Y.
Mildred E. Reed, North Branch, Minn.
E. J. Wohlgenuth, 6009 Odell St., St. Louis, Mo.
Mrs. Henry G. Eslinger, 809 Plymouth St., Allentown, Pa.
Edith Silberstein, 54 Stanwood St., Roxbury, Mass.
Laura M. Fader, 2706 Blondeau St., Kekok, Iowa.
Mrs. Eloise DuBois, 3972 Sherman Way, Sacramento, Calif.
Albertine Murray, 415 E. 79th St., New York City, N. Y.
Mildred Potter Lubrano, 449 Well-ington Ave., Auburn, R. I.
Martha Weber, 2006-21st Ave., Astoria, N. Y.

Pauline Megerlin, 108-01 164th Place, Jamaica, N. Y.
Marie C. Johnston, 4909 W. Vliet St., Milwaukee, Wis.
Alvey F. Kozel, 1702 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York City.
Ruth Schmidt, 4718 N. Laramie Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. G. C. Huot, Noroton Ave., Noroton Heights, Conn.
Alice Lee Sumney, 274 McGregor Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Ellen Rosler, 414 E. Seventh Ave., Spokane, Wash.
Art Cavalier, 948 N. California Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mescal Baker, R. D. 1, Box 21, McKay, Pa.
Louise Hinds, 489 Hudson Ave., Brooklyn, New York City.
Ruth Kelly, 189 Sussex Ave., New-ark, N. J.
Angela Passalacqua, 29 Park St., Brooklyn, New York City.
Martha C. Widan, Box 86, Green-ock, Pa.
Mrs. J. H. Brown, 627 North St., Meadville, Pa.
Mrs. Mildred Hayes, Route 1, Box 72C, Olympia, Wash.
Faye Scott, 227 Linn St., Peoria, Ill.
G. Margaret Noceros, 2001 Pecan St., Texarkana, Ark.
D. Drayton, 220 W. 19th St., 12th Floor, New York City, N. Y.
A. Hruby, 21-70 Crescent St., Astoria, N. Y.

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**Nothing but the truth?**

(Continued from page 84)

John Charles Thomas—"I don't feel that I have the right to slight my invis-ible audience by singing to a studio audience.

Helen Hayes—"In radio, every performance is 'first night' and I am afflicted with first night jitters. You can guess how much I like having an audience at the studio.

Phil Dey—"Concert singing was al-ways my big ambition. Maybe that's why I get such a kick out of having people come trooping into my broadcasts.

Igor Garm—"I’ve managed to cure my- self of the old shyness of my medical student days. I don’t mind an audience anymore...

James Melton—"I like studio audiences because I like people.

Sigurd Ronberg—"I'm too darned impatient to wait for the morning papers to see what people think of my broadcast. I’ve got to be able to get the immediate reaction of an audience.

Lawrence Tibbett—"I get along better with the mike if I can slip off my tie on a high note and shed a few clothes on a hot day. Doesn’t that just about eliminate a studio audience?"

Fibber McGee and Molly—"It must be the old trooper in us ... nothing doing without an audience that we can see and hear",

Ray Noble—"Believe it or not, the pres-ence of a large number of people in the studio improves the acoustics and obviates the necessity of hanging drapes all over.

Bram & Allen—"Guests at our broad-casts give us a real lift and help us time our gags."

Leslie Howard—"No drama without illu-sion, and never is illusion so completely shattered as when a studio audience sees an actor performing without make-up, costume, or sets."
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The publishers of RADIO STARS guarantee that you will be satisfied with your purchase of every packaged product advertised in this magazine. If for any reason you are dissatisfied, RADIO STARS will replace the product or, if you prefer, refund your purchase price. In either case all you have to do is to send us the unused portion, accompanied by a letter outlining your complaint. This guarantee also applies if the product, in your opinion does not justify the claims made in its advertising in RADIO STARS.

Careful examination before publication and rigid censorship, plus our guarantee, enable you to buy with complete confidence the products you see advertised in this issue of RADIO STARS.

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January 1936

Although we make every effort to insure the accuracy of this index, we take no responsibility for an occasional omission or inadvertent error.
RADIO LAUGHS

EDDIE CANTOR: How do you like my pretty knees, Jimmy?

WALLINGTON: Oh, I can see you're crazy about your legs.

CANTOR: Well, I am sort of attached to them.

(EDDIE CANTOR, Pepeco Program.)

LAZY DAN: Mah overcoat's done got insomnia, Boss.

JIM: Insomnia? You must be wrong. Dan. Insomnia means you can't sleep.

LAZY DAN: Das right—mah coat ain't had a nap in five years.

JIM: Dan, is your wife happy?

LAZY DAN: Mister Jim, she sure is. Mah wife can have a good time jes' thinkin' in' what a good time she'd be havin' if she was havin' a good time!

LAZY DAN: Honey, I'm goin' out to de golf course.

DAY'S WIFE: You wastes so much time out there you is drivin' me out of my mind.

LAZY DAN: Drivin' you out of your mind? Honey—dat ain't no drive—dat's a putt!

(Lazy Dan, OLD ENGLISH Program.)

PORTLAND: What's a faux pas?

FRED ALLEN: Faux pas is a French expression—it means four fathers. Have you mastered another tongue besides your embryonic English?

PORTLAND: I heard the druggist talking in Latin to papa and I learned a few words.

ALLEN: What are they?

PORTLAND: The druggist said that if Papa didn't pay for his Ipana toothpaste he'd give him the Hobo Ejectus. That's Latin for the Bum's Rush.

(FRED ALLEN, Town Hall Tonight.)

BOB BURNS: . . . One day Paul Whitman was standing out in the yard when it started to rain, and his wife told him to come in and let it rain on the lawn. That made him mad, so he went on a diet—and today Paul ain't any bigger than a house. It's funny how we're all built different, I got an aunt down Arkansas who's so skinny she wouldn't have any shape at all if she didn't have an Adam's apple.

(BOB BURNS, on Kraft Music Hall.)

MAY: Well, my business is quarrying. I own a stone quarry.

MARTY MAY: That's taking a lot for granite!

CAROL DEE: You don't understand paa. Wann't you ever romantic?

MARTY MAY: Yeah—about a year ago. It settled in my right leg—mighty painful 'tway.

(MARTY MAY, Columbia Broadcasting System.)

O'KEEFE: You know, I often wondered why Russians wear beards. I once had a beard like yours, and when I realized it was hiding my face, I cut it off.

RUSSIAN: Yeah. I once had a face like yours. When I realized I couldn't cut it off I grew this beard!

(WALTER O'KEEFE, Camel Caravan.)

VICTOR YOUNG: I went to a party the other night and they had incense burning. Incense is one thing I can't stand, so I told the butler to get rid of that punk . . . and he threw me out!

(VICTOR YOUNG, on Shell Chateau.)
WHY THEY FALL FOR HER . . . !

Is She Beautiful?
Is She Glamorous?

Experts say, "No!" BUT . . . every man that knows her says she is one of the most fascinating girls in Hollywood.

MODERN SCREEN Magazine decided to find out the truth about this charming star, find out "Why Men Fall for Her." The resulting story in the new issue is one of the most revealing stories of a most unusual person. And best of all, Miriam tells you how you can achieve the same fascinating appeal. Don't miss this great story! Get your copy today! January Issue.

MODERN SCREEN
Now on Sale . . . 10c
Of course you'll give cigarettes for Christmas. They're such an *acceptable* gift—such an easy solution of your problem. And Camels fill the bill so perfectly. They're made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand. They are the accepted cigarette of the social, business, and athletic worlds. And their finer tobaccos give that pleasant "lift"—that sense of well-being which is the spirit of Christmas itself.

A Christmas special—4 boxes of Camels in "flat fifties"—in a gay package.

A full pound of Prince Albert
in an attractive gift package.

A full pound of Prince Albert
packed in a real glass humidor.

Camels

Prince Albert

Fine tobacco for Christmas. For more than a quarter of a century, the mellow fragrance of Prince Albert has been as much a part of Christmas as mistletoe and holly. So to the pipe smokers on your Christmas list give Prince Albert, "The National Joy Smoke." It's the welcome gift. For more men choose Prince Albert for themselves than any other pipe tobacco. Let every pipeful of Prince Albert repeat "Merry Christmas" for you.
Gladys Atherton

STENING IN AT SING SING" by Warden Lawes
Don't Marry a Band Leader, Girls!... see page 32
There are women who invite Romance as naturally as flowers invite the enjoyment of their perfume. You envy them, perhaps. For you, too, want Romance. But do you invite it? Do you lips lure? Your eyes promise? Your skin, your hair, your very fragrance... do these invite caresses?

Irresistible Beauty Aids are an irresistible invitation to Romance. The satin-smoothness of Irresistible Powder, the soft blush of Irresistible Rouge, the seductive coloring and creamy indelibility of Irresistible Lip Lure... these speak the language of allure. Final touch, IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME, romantic as the first flowers he sent you.

Try all the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Each has some special feature that gives you glorious new loveliness. Certified pure. Laboratory tested and approved.

B U Y
Irresistible
PERFUME and BEAUTY AIDS

IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME, FACE POWDER, ROUGE, LIP LURE, MASCARA, COLD CREAM, COLOGNE, BRILLIANTINE, TALC
ONLY 10¢ EACH AT ALL 5 AND 10¢ STORES
"Shocking!" burst from a society leader. And she was shocked at this picture. Emphatically. Just as you'd be shocked by such primitive conduct at your own dinner table.

But modern dentistry disagrees sharply!

"Shocking?" would respond your own dentist. "That picture's not shocking. It's a splendid, scientific lesson in the proper way to use the teeth and gums. If more people today would only chew their food as energetically as this girl, there'd be a lot fewer gum troubles in the world."

It's only too true. Today we all eat soft foods that rob our gums of health-giving work. And without regular exercise, gums become lazy... weak... tender. It's no wonder "pink tooth brush" —a cry for help from ailing gums—appears so often.

"Pink Tooth Brush" is a Warning

"Pink tooth brush" is a definite warning that your gums are in an unhealthy condition. And ignored, "pink tooth brush" may swing the door wide open to gingivitis, Vincent's disease, even pyorrhea.

Take care of your teeth and gums the way modern dental science urges—with Ipana and massage. Each time you clean your teeth massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Soon you'll see—and feel—a new, healthy firmness to your gums.

For Ipana is especially designed to help combat "pink tooth brush"... to help keep teeth bright... to give you a sparkling, brilliant smile.
"Yesterday... DULL, HEAVY, LIFELESS Today—ALIVE"

Why put up with jolting, harsh, "all-at-once" cathartics that may upset and shock your whole system! Take your laxative the 3-minute way—the modern, pleasant, easy way to clear your system of accumulated poisons. Just chew FEEN-A-MINT for three minutes before going to bed. It's those three minutes of chewing that make the difference between FEEN-A-MINT and other laxatives. You have no cramping pains—no nausea—no unpleasant after-effects. Its utterly tasteless medicinal content goes to work gradually. You wake up fresh as the dawn. In fact FEEN-A-MINT—the three-minute way—is the ideal family laxative—and it costs only 15¢ cents and 25¢ cents for a big family-size box.

"My system cleared of accumulated poisons the easy way"

RADIO STARS

LESTER C. GRADY, Editor

TWELVE UNUSUAL STORIES OF RADIO FAVORITES

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Cover by EARL CHRISTY

"A life for a life you love." So vowed this handsome idler! In that terror-haunted cell he asked himself what is the greatest sacrifice he could make for the woman he loved...

The producers of "Mutiny On The Bounty", "China Seas" and other big hits of this season are happy to bring you another million dollar thrill-drama! Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has re-created for the screen, in breath-taking realism, one of the great romantic dramas of all time, penned by Charles Dickens whose "David Copperfield" was the most treasured picture of 1935. We now confidently predict that "A Tale of Two Cities" will be the best-loved romance of 1936!

RONALD COLMAN
A TALE OF TWO CITIES


A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE • Produced by David O. Selznick • Directed by Jack Conway
NOW Santa Claus has come and gone. We have written our prettiest thank-you's for the season's gifts and settled down to enjoy them. Now the snow falls and winter evenings are long and cheery. Now we tune in our radios, sitting comfortably by the fire, while mother knits and dad smokes his pipe, listening to music and drama and merriment. Christmas comes but once a year, but radio is a constant joy.

Among the many influences charged to radio, we hadn't thought of it in the rôle of Cupid. But Ray Perkins, quizzing Deputy Clerk Philip A. Hines, who is in charge of the Marriage License Bureau of New York City, discovered that radio's romantic music and singing is increasing marriages. According to Hines, the day after Bing Crosby or Lanny Ross have sung their tender melodies, a horde of couples come knocking at his door for the license to make their lives a song. Let Lew White and Jesse Crawford play a love song upon the organ, and more lovers decide to spend their lives together. Hines credited Wayne King, Richard Himber, Guy Lombardo, Bert Block and Rubino with causing more marriages than Dan Cupid himself.

People like the old songs best—so Kate Smith reports, on tabulating the numbers requested by her air audiences. She is asked to sing "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain," in its entirety, more than any other number. Other favorites are: "Danny Boy," "Remember," "I Love You Truly," and "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes."

"Rolling Along," the melody which opens and closes the Phil Baker laugh-casts over CBS Sunday nights, is an original composition by the noted comedian. He has received several offers for publication but prefers to keep it exclusively for his radio program.

A singer of whom radio listeners never tire is Edward MacHugh, NBC's Gospel Singer. When MacHugh removed recently from Boston to New York, he felt it unnecessary to take with him his collection of two thousand old hymn books, which he has in his Newton, Massachusetts, home. He carries the words and music of three thousand hymns in his head.

Strolling along the air-hall, we overheard other
bits of news of radio favorites:

Jane Froman was born and raised in Missouri, but she is as cosmopolitan as New York. Her friends range from ragged street urchins to those whose names adorn society columns—down-and-out troupers, page boys or radio sponsors, all get the same warm smile from Jane. She adores obscure little restaurants on New York’s East Side, but is the object of delighted attention at the swanky Park Avenue clubs.

Zora Layman, singer of sophisticated songs, is one of radio’s few women farmers. She owns a modern farm near Syracuse, New York, which she uses for a week-end retreat, and a ranch near her hometown, Hutchinson, Kansas.

Robert L. (Believe-It-Or-Not) Ripley lives on a small island in Long Island Sound, off Mamaroneck, New York. His estate consists of thirty-three acres, on which stands a rambling house of twenty-two rooms. Some of the rooms are set apart as a museum, in which Ripley keeps oddities collected from all corners of the earth, and worth a fortune. It’s a fascinating place to visit and Ripley is a delightful host.

Tragedy or comedy? It’s all in the viewpoint.

Walter Wicker relates an incident which occurred during a broadcast of “Today’s Children.” At a dramatic moment in the program, the sound-effects man tripped over a light cord, pulling the plug out of the socket and leaving the cast in darkness, unable to read their scripts. Frantically striving to replace the plug, he knocked over a bucket of water with dishes in it, with a reverberating crash. An instant of paralyzed amazement followed. Then the light came on, and, hastily, Wicker and the cast ad libbed about the noise and went on with the performance.

It might have been tragedy for Betty Lou Gerson, of the “First Nighter” program, if a spider hadn’t saved her life. It happened in Miami, during the 1926 hurricane. Just before retiring, in her hotel room, Betty noticed an enormous spider on the bed. Failing to slay it, she called the management and was given another room. During the night the hurricane broke and a tremendous crashing of glass went sounding through the corridors. Investigation revealed that the wind had shattered the glass in the French doors and smashed the bed in the room which Betty had deserted—thanks to the spider!

(Continued on page 8)
RADIO RAMBLINGS

(Continued from page 7)

Curtis Arnall, radio’s Buck Rogers, who flies through space with the greatest of ease in his 25th Century broadcasts, confesses that a ten-foot tumble brought him down to earth. Hiking in New York state, he slipped on a rock and plunged down an embankment. Rescuers sped him to a doctor, who found his back injured. So he made his next visit to Neptune bandaged from waist to neck.

If you’re considering a career as actor, singer or announcer on the air, here’s pertinent advice from some who should know:

Rudy Vallee, radio headliner for eight years, says: “A fellow can’t be tops unless he’s physically able to stand the gaff and mentally clear. I guard my health. I don’t drink and I don’t smoke. I’m careful what I eat. I’m not ashamed to be known as a fellow who avoids what is called ‘a clean life.’”

Michael Bartlett, youthful tenor and screen leading man, has definite ideas on keeping your voice in condition. “Get plenty of sleep—ten hours a day isn’t too much. Take regular exercise. Above all, refrain from social engagements and other distractions while working. And,” he adds, “never get mad! It sends your voice down to your boots.”

According to Pat Kelly, NBC’s supervisor of announcers, the requirements of a radio announcer are:

“First, a hair-trigger mind. He must see, translate, and interpret instantly. He must be resourceful, able to overcome the unforeseen difficulties which often arise during a program. He must be a diplomat, able to understand and soothe temperamental artists. Showmanship and a knowledge of production, together with a knowledge of music, are among other prime requisites.”

And, on the same subject, Graham MacNamee, ace NBC announcer, contributes: “Despite my many years before the microphone, I am constantly learning new things about technique and presentation. The minute a man thinks he knows all there is to know about broadcasting, he is on his way down hill.”

Helen Hayes, stage star and star of NBC’s “The New Penny,” was asked what qualities an actress must possess. “Concentration and the gift for relaxation,” Helen replied. “Ability to work hard, and capacity for vision. Love of people and relish of life itself. In a word—understanding.”

Like all of us, radio stars have their hobbies.

Frank Parker, star of the “Atlantic Family,” is considered one of the best polo players in the East.

After a hard day’s work, there is nothing Al Pearce likes better than a five-hour game of rummy.

Kay Chase, author of “Painted

Dreams," says her wire-haired terrier, Moochie, is her chief hobby.

Bess Flynn, Irish boarding-house keeper of that program, says her dearest hobby is her three children. A minor hobby is collecting first editions, especially Ibsen.

Mario Chanlee (Tony of "Tony and Gus") has abandoned his pet hobby, aviation. Enthusiastic over flying, he built a plane himself. Got it fifty feet off the ground, when it crashed. No more flying for Mario!

Johnny Green, "Jack Benny's music-master, has a collection of 147 pipes of all shapes and designs, from every part of the world. But he always smokes an old French briar that he won in a poker game while a freshman at Harvard.

We got a chuckle out of Olga Alhany's favorite story:

An English playwright, a self-educated cockney, wrote a play for an actress famous for her wit as well as for her acting. She invited him to read the play to her. Overcome by excitement and enthusiasm, the playwright lapsed into the idiom of his early days. At the end of the reading silence greeted him.

"Did my play seem too long?" he faltered.

"Well," the actress commented, "it took you three hours—minus your h's."

There is much discussion regarding the presence at broadcasts of studio audiences. In most instances these audiences are drilled as a part of the cast for the program, the master of ceremonies instructing them beforehand when and how their applause shall be given, to build up the picture for the invisible radio audience.

For example, on Fred Allen’s "Town Hall tonight" program, Harry von Zell instructs the audience not to applaud when they first see Portland Hoffa. Not until she makes her appearance on the air, with her "Mister Al-len!" is the applause card lifted, for the audience’s response.

Similarly, on Lanny Ross’ "State Fair" programs, last summer, care was given to create for the unseen audience the picture of Lanny entering the Fair Grounds. Although he is standing on the platform, in full view of the studio audience, the picture is carefully painted by scattered applause from the few who presumably see him first, then increasing in volume as he supposedly walks toward the platform.

Leslie Howard, however, believes that studio audiences are a disadvantage to a dramatic program.

"It is difficult," he says, "for an actor, who (Continued on page 98)
KEEP YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL

And harken to what radio's men stars call real feminine charm

By MARY BIDDLE

WHEN radio kings name the qualifications for their queens (of the heart), their qualifications pretty much correspond to those of the John Smiths' and the Henry Jones', and all the other masculinity of the land that has to sit and twiddle its collective thumbs while the feminine element yearns over the romantic "heartbeats" of the air. If you would be queen of hearts to a radio king, or to your John Smith, or whatever his name may be, here's a collection of tips for you from our radio valentine box.

Since men are the reason why women seek to be beautiful, there's a connection between beauty advice and Cupid at which I felt it my duty to shoot my interviewing arrows this valentine month. As a result, I struck as handsome a group of radio raves as ever has given a girl that far-away look in her eyes. Now that's a real beauty editorial service for you, isn't it?

Some day I may do an article on

star who receives tons of mail from women fans and who is always besieged with feminine admirers. I promised not to divulge his name because he was afraid that his opinions might make him look egocentric, and he didn't mean them that way at all. He said that the women just didn't give him a chance to fall in love with them. They did the falling first before he had anything like the chance to get around to it himself. He wants to be pursuer, not the pursued. He wants a man's "old-fashioned" privilege of making the first overtures in this business of heart interest. Of course he realizes that radio glamour is partly responsible for his "embarrassment of riches" in the way of predatory feminine admirers, but when he falls in love, he wants to do it like any plain John Smith. He wants a woman to be in love with him for

Orchestra pilot Ozzie Nelson and his wife, Harriett Hilliard, as King and Queen of Winter at Lake Placid.

Eddie Duchin, NBC's ever-popular orchestra leader.

Nino Martini, famous opera, movie and radio star.
himself, not for his synthetic radio glamour. He admires a woman who has spunk and independence of spirit, who is intelligent enough to be a person rather than just a "puff-sheet" to a man's vanity.

Maybe it's my duty (although duty is as unpleasant a word as vanity) to remind you right here that too-obvious perfume, too-obvious make-up, too-obvious anything, puts you in line with the pursuing rather than the pursued.

The handsome blonde Nelson Eddy with the robust baritone voice, sensation of the air and screen, feels much the same as does our "unnamed" in regard to woman the pursuer. Eddy is a rather serious chap, indifferent to social life, but not at all priggish. He is a person of ideals; ideals about his work, ideals about women. He likes a woman to be thoroughly feminine, and he prefers the "sweet" type to the worldly sophisticate. (Hear, hear, you Janet Gaynor!) "Pursuit tactics" annoy him. He doesn't like a girl to ask him to take her some place; he wants to do the asking if any asking is done. Delicacy, reserve, and good taste are qualities that he places high among women. One of his favorite people is Jeanette MacDonald, the screen star with whom he has co-starred. Which reminds me that Jeanette is one person who certainly earned her beauty and success. She worked for both.

Since we've started with the blonde contingent of the male heartbeats, there's Ozzie Nelson, another handsome rugged blond. Let's put him on the interviewing throne, with Harriet Hilliard, his Queen of Hearts. (Harriet is now in Hollywood having signed with RKO-Radio Pictures.) The handsome Ozzie was a star quarterback on the football team when he went to Rutgers; he also was the intercollegiate welterweight boxing champion. A regular he-man, Ozzie, tall, rugged, (Continued on page 95)
**BOARD OF REVIEW**

**THE CRITICS VOTE AND HERE ARE THE RESULTS**

| ★★★★ | TOWN HALL TONIGHT (NBC), Hilarious Fred Allen—whose only rival is Jack Benny. |
| ★★★★ | HOLLYWOOD HOTEL WITH DICK POWELL, GUEST SCREEN STARS AND RAY PAIGE'S ORCHESTRA (CBS). Luella Parsons' Hollywood stars are the highlights. |
| ★★★★ | EDDIE CANTOR WITH PARKYAKAR-KAS, JIMMY WALLINGTON AND GREGS ORCHESTRA (CBS). | |
| ★★★★ | AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMOUS MUSKIN WITH FRANK MUNN, LUCY MONROE AND GUS HAENSCHEL'S | |
| ★★★★ | ORCHESTRA (CBS). Recent winner of the Distinguished Service to Radio Award. |
| ★★★★ | FLEISCHMANN VARIETY HOUR WITH RUBY VALLEE AND GUESTS (NBC). Variety with a capital V. |
| ★★★★ | ONE MAN'S FAMILY (NBC). Best of the air dramas. |
| ★★★★ | CITIES SERVICE CONCERT WITH JESSICA DRAGONETTE (NBC). Symphony, jazz, novelty and the heavenly voice of Jessica. |
| ★★★★ | MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR (NBC). Most popular program on the air. |
| ★★★★ | VOICE OF FIRESTONE WITH WILLIAM DALY'S ORCHESTRA, MARGARET SPEAKS AND MIXED CHORUS (NBC). Nationally famous Richard Crooks have been added to the east as soloists, appearing alternately. |
| ★★★★ | JELLO PROGRAM STARRING JACK BENNY AND JOHNNY GREEN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC). Guaranteed to make you laugh and eat jello. |
| ★★★★ | FORD SUNDAY EVENING SYMPHONY—VICTOR KOLAR, CONDUCTOR (CBS). Listeners are symphony-minded this season and this program explains why. |
| ★★★★ | LESLIE HOWARD DRAMATIC SKETCHES (CBS). Leslie retains all of his screen and stage charm which makes the ladies swoonish. |

**RATINGS**

At present, there are so many excellent programs on the air that the judges found it quite impossible to single out the best five. Practically every important program has been considered, but unfortunately, space does not permit a complete listing. The ratings are as follows:

- ★★★★ Excellent
- ★★★ Fair
- ★★★ Good

The ratings of the Board of Review are a consensus of opinions of radio editors throughout the country and do not necessarily agree with the editorial opinion of Radio Stars Magazine.

**WALLACE BEERY AND THE SHELL PROGRAM (NBC).** Wallace, as master of ceremonies, has made this an acknowledged leader in air entertainment.

**GENERAL MOTORS CONCERTS (NBC).** A dignified presentation of the world's best music with Erno Rappe as conductor.

**RCA MAGIC KEY (NBC).** Great stars from all over the world, with Frank Black's Symphony.

**WORLD PEACEWAYS (CBS).** Speeches, sketches and music with Deems Taylor as master of ceremonies.

**CHESTERFIELD PROGRAM (CBS).** Lily Pons and Nina Mahrts alternating. Superb.

**FORD PROGRAM WITH FRED WARING'S PENNSYLVANIANS (CBS).** Waring makes a dance orchestra a complete show in itself.

**LAWRENCE TIBBETT, BARITONE, WITH DON VOORHEES AND HIS ORCHESTRA (CBS).** Lawrence has the voice to sing any of 'em down. His selection, however, are sometimes an injustice to his voice.

**LUX RADIO THEATRE (CBS).** Stars of Broadway and Hollywood in favorite plays.

**PALMOLIVE BEAUTY BOX THEATRE (NBC).** Operettas on a grand scale, with energetic John Hurley as m. c.

**THE BAKERS' BROADCAST WITH ROBERT L. RIPLEY, OZZIE NELSON AND HIS ORCHESTRA (NBC).** Ripley's Believe-It-Or-Not are the most amazing things on the air.

**ALEXANDER WOOLLcott (CBS).** The world's best story teller.

**ATWATER KENT PROGRAM (CBS).** William Daly's orchestra and guest stars.

**THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY OF NEW YORK (CBS).** Most popular of the symphony orchestras.

**RAY NOBLE AND HIS ORCHESTRA (CBS).** Ray is the English band leader who has become a good-will ambassador.

**YOU SHALL HAVE MUSIC WITH JACK HYLTON (CBS).** Another Englishman who is dictating tunes for America.

**MARCH OF TIME (CBS).** Rewind of the air.

**★★★★** LUCKY STRIKE HIT PARADE WITH AL GOODMAN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC). Leslie Hayton's music is missed.

**HOUSE OF GLASS (NBC).** Maybe a good laugh, maybe a good cry, but always something for your tender emotions.

**LOMBARD ROADS (CBS).** Gay Lombards and his brothers and their easy-to-dance-to music.

Lester C. Groddy
Radio Stars Magazine, Chairman
Alton Cook
N. Y. World-Telegram, N. Y. C.
S. A. Coleman
Washington Post, Wash., D.C.
Norman Siegel
Cleveland Press, Cleveland, O.
Andrew W. Smith
News & Argus, Salisbury, N. C.
Lecto Rider
Houston Chronicle, Houston, Texas
Si Steinhauser
Pittsburgh Press, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Lee Miller
Bridgport Herald, Bridgport, Conn.
Cheerleader Greer
Newark Evening News, Newark, N. J.
Richard G. Maffett
Florida Times-Union, Jacksonville, Fla.
James Sullivan
Louisville Times, Louisville, Ky.
R. B. Westergaard
Register & Tribune, Des Moines, Ia.
C. L. Kern
Indianapolis Star, Indianapolis, Ind.
Larry Walters
Chicago Tribune, Chicago, Ill.
RUBINOFF AND HIS VIOLIN.
Rubinoff is getting along nicely without Eddie Cantor, thank you. His orchestra bows to none in tricky arrangements.

COLUMBIA SYMPHONIC HOUR—VICTOR BAY, CONDUCTOR (CBS). Liking some of its popularity because of the Ford and General Motors programs.

WALTZ TIME—FRANK MUNN, LUCY MONROE, ARE LYMAN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC). Frank and Lucy sound better when accompanied by Gus Haenschens's orchestra.

GRACE MOORE (NBC). Grace will make you take back all those terrible things you've muttered about radio sopranos.

HELEN HAYES (NBC). The script hasn't a general appeal, but Helen definitively has.

CAMEL CARAVAN WITH WALTER O'KEEFE, DEANE JANIS AND GLEN GRAY'S CASA LOMA ORCHESTRA (CBS). Broadway Hillbilly O'Keefe may not always be hilarious, but he's always original, and glamorous Deane Janis consistently delights.

CLARA, LU 'N' EM (CBS). Most amusing of the girl comics.

PHIL BAKER WITH BEETLE BOTTLE AND HAL KEMP'S ORCHESTRA (CBS). More of Hal Kemp's music would be appreciated.

KATE SMITH'S COFFEE TIME WITH JACK MILLER'S ORCHESTRA (CBS). Kate's coffee broadcast will absolutely keep you wide awake!

MAXWELL HOUSE SHOWBOAT (NBC). Lanny Ross keeps it afloat.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA (NBC). The offerings are not quite as ambitious as those of the other symphonies.

IRENE RICH (NBC). The famous movie star and how to keep that figure.

NATIONAL BARN DANCE (NBC). Choose your partners!

WARDEN LAWES (NBC). The famous Sing Sing warden in dramatic stories of prison life.

(Continued on page 89)
LISTENING

By WARDEN LAWES

HE most intent radio listeners of the land are the men who live behind the walls and bars of American penitentiaries. They listen with an intensity that you who live in a normal world cannot understand. You, who sit at your loudspeaker, are free to get up, go downstairs, take a drive, stroll through the streets, drop into a movie, call on friends—do anything of the commonplace things a person in the outside world can do when he or she gets bored or fidgety.

But behind the stone walls and the chrome steel bars of a prison there are only two things a man can do after dinner—go to sleep or listen to the radio. And so, this being all he can do, he brings to his listening a passionate attention, a fierce interest. He laughs at comedians, at gags and funny situations, twice as hard as you do; he laughs longer. And for hours after, he remembers and thinks about the things he has heard.

Hearing a moving scene in a radio play, he is doubly depressed. The political speaker who puts you to sleep is followed closely by the men in the cell blocks. During the recreation periods, you can hear them in the yard wrangling over the points made on the radio the night before, chaffing each other about their favorites, all with an eagerness and an enthusiasm greater than is displayed by even the most devoted fans of the outside world.

You see, radio is life to them. It is the whole outside world, all that they are missing. An opportunity to share in the activities of the lucky ones who live in a free and unguarded world. That is a great deal. Men in prison get all choked up with energy and emotion. If this is not given an outlet, there is trouble. Possibly the best outlet
of all is radio. And this is proved by the fact that the punishment most dreaded at Sing Sing is being deprived of listening privileges.

Before we installed radio, what could a prisoner do with the long evening? He might read, if he happened to be the reading kind—which doesn’t very often happen. Usually he would sit and brood, sit twiddling his thumbs and grow desperate, hopeless. And hopeless men are dangerous men. Radio, along with athletics and other entertainment, has helped prisoners enormously. Whereas in these early days before radio, half the prisoners would return—now three out of four never come back.

For this reason most of the prisoners now give their inmates radio facilities. Eighty per cent. of the prison population, or about 150,000 men, comprise this “shut-in” radio audience. They have no easy chairs to sit in as they listen, no dials to turn—all they have is a set of earphones at the head of their beds.

At Sing Sing we have a powerful three-channel radio receiver, watched over tenderly by one of the prisoners. Once a week a schedule of programs is made up and these will be the programs that all who reside there will hear, no others. The schedule is highly varied and skips about, from NBC to Columbia, and in and out among the New York and New Jersey local stations. Melancholy programs and those featuring deaths and executions are kept out of the death house or the CCs (condemned cells) as they are known. With this exception the prisoners get pretty much what they want. After all, these programs designed for the home, should not be harmful to prisoners. They let their wants be known, by messages, to the officers of their own Welfare League, who make up the schedule and submit it for approval to the Director of Entertainment, who, in turn, sends it along to me. Frequently I have been asked if I permit prisoners to listen to crime and blood-and-thunder stories. Certainly I do—because nine times out of ten prisoners see through these yarns and find them uproariously funny. I don’t think anything makes them laugh harder than the average crook thriller. They recognize, better than most listeners, how unreal and faked they are. Only once or twice have I been obliged to ban programs—and these were entertainment which furnished an incentive to crime.

Variety shows, news commentators and good orchestras are the popular programs at Sing Sing. Preferences, of course, change. Once Amos and Andy were best liked. Today the struggle for top honors is between Major Bowes and Eddie Cantor. Inasmuch as these two are on the air at the same time, we give a half hour of each. Fred Waring is another popular favorite. Bowes is enjoyed because of the variety he injects into his show. And it is this same (Continued on page 80)

Warden Lawes shows the value of radio to men in prison
LARA, LU 'N' EM are real people. They were born—and under a lucky star, it seems—when Isobel Carothers, Helen King and Louise Starkey conceived and created them for their own amusement, little suspecting how these three country matrons were to dominate their lives.

The three girls were classmates in the School of Speech at Northwestern University and as they studied or frivolously away some free hour together, they began chatting of their work or of college and sorority events in a manner and speech wholly unlike their own. It was grand fun! And as time went on they found, amazingly, that these three imaginary characters whom they called "Clara, Lu 'n' Em," had become real people, with personalities so fully established that they could no more be changed than you could change the habits and natures of any of your friends.

Even in those early days, the three country women must have reacted to mathematics as they do today! "I never thought that arithmetic reasoning had much to do with real life," Clara protests. And Em heartily agrees: "All they used to have to do ta me was ta say a boy worked four and three-quarter days and made three apples—and my mind was as paralyzed as if I had a shock of some kind."

And similarly, Lu cries: "The thought o' questions jest scares everything outa my head!"

One day the girls introduced Clara, Lu 'n' Em to a friend. And after that other friends clamored to meet "Clara, Lu 'n' Em," conceived for a lark, become real
them and delighted in their appealing absurdities, their ungrammatical chatter about familiar problems, their cheerful ignorance, their gorgeous good humor. But though only a privileged few knew Clara, Lu and Em in these early days, the three personalities were vital and enduring. Inevitably they carved out their own careers.

Louise, Isobel and Helen had planned to teach. In fact, after graduation, with a Bachelor of Letters degree apiece, each secured a teaching position in widely separated parts of the country. If they had dreams—and what girl hasn't?—it was no doubt of the day when they would marry and settle down in some pleasant community to the most desirable of careers, as wives and mothers.

Only Helen considered another career. She was a fine pianist and it occurred to her that radio might offer an opening. But Clara, Lu and Em demanded their own destinies, and Fate—it seems too big to call it mere coincidence—stepped in and brought the three girls together again, in Chicago. Helen found a stumbling block to her career in the lack of sufficient funds to join the Musicians' Union. But there were no stumbling blocks to the career of Clara, Lu and Em! Opportunity didn't merely knock on the door, it opened wide and summoned them imperiously to the microphone. So, like reluctant Siamese twins—or triplets, rather!—Helen, Isobel and Louise answered the summons. The first audition, shyly undertaken at the insistence of a friend, led immediately to a job! And so the familiar game amazingly turned into a career!

That was five years ago. And (Continued on page 62)
Here's Made-to-order Protection!  
3 TYPES OF KOTEX  
DESIGNED FOR DIFFERENT WOMEN—AND FOR DIFFERENT DAYS!

**IN THE BLUE BOX**  
Regular Kotex

For the ordinary needs of most women, Regular Kotex is ideal. Combines full protection with utmost comfort. The millions who are completely satisfied with Regular will have no reason to change.

**IN THE GREEN BOX**  
Junior Kotex

Somewhat narrower — is this Junior Kotex. Designed at the request of women of slight stature, and younger girls. Thousands will find it suitable for certain days when less protection is needed.

**IN THE BROWN BOX**  
Super Kotex

For more protection on some days it's only natural that you desire a napkin with greater absorbency. The extra layers in Super Kotex give you extra protection, yet it is no longer or wider than Regular.

All 3 types have these exclusive features:

**“CAN’T CHAFE”**  
The new Kotex gives lasting comfort and freedom. The sides are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton— all chafing, all irritation is prevented. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is left free to absorb.

**“CAN’T FAIL”**  
For security Kotex has a channelled "Equalizer" center that guides moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping. The filler is 5 times more absorbent than cotton.

**“CAN’T SHOW”**  
The sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown reveals no tell-tale lines when you wear Kotex. The ends are not only rounded but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility—no tiny wrinkles whatsoever.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX  
A SANITARY NAPKIN  
made from Cellucotton (not cotton)
Wednesday night means "Town Hall Tonight" starring Fred Allen, which, consequently, means that practically every radio listener in the land is promptly tuned in for an hour's enjoyment of good humor and sprightly music. It is a program which, thanks to Fred Allen's good taste and originality, definitely has raised the standard of comedy on the air to lofty heights.

Fred's spirit of fun is in hilarious evidence throughout the popular proceedings. His newsreel theatre, the uproarious Mighty Allen Art Players, the talented amateurs—all these amusing features are in keeping with the keen sense of humor possessed by the genial master of ceremonies, Fred Allen.

 Heckling Portland Hoffa, Peter Van Steeden and his orchestra, and Announcer Harry von Zell keep smartly in pace with Fred's tempo of merriment.

The program, presented by Ipana Toothpaste and Sal Hepatica, is teaching the nation the meaning of good cheer. In recognition of this, RADIO STARS Magazine awards its Distinguished Service Medal of the month to "Town Hall Tonight."

Lester C. Grady
--Editor.
IN THE
"Behind the Eight Ball—"

Wallace Beery of Shell Chateau greets Harriet Hilliard. And [right] Carmen Lombardo goes skating.

Leslie Howard, with Elizabeth Love, who holds the enviable role of leading lady in his radio serial, "The Amateur Gentleman."
RADIO SPOTLIGHT

and in front of it—bright stars of the air-waves

(Below) Lily Pons, brilliant coloratura soprano, at the microphone, singing on the Chesterfield program. (Right) Madame Schumann-Heink, as she rehearsed for Gertrude Berg's program.

(Left) Dorothy Lamour, "Dreamer of Songs." Hollywood wants this little NBC singer. (Right) Here is Joan Crawford with her husband, Franchot Tone, and Franchot's father, Frank J. Tone.
The girls’ trio of the “Roy Campbell Royalists”—Mildred Monson (left), Jean Yewell (center), Eleanor Bowers (right). NBC’s “Tune Detective,” Dr. Sigmund Spaeth, explains clues to Evelyn Rowell of the NBC song-releases department. Irene Rich, stage, screen and radio star, has a beautiful singing voice. One of the earliest and greatest of movie matinee idols, Francis X. Bushman, reading his radio rôle, (Michael Dorne) in “The Story of Mary Martin,” with Joan Blaine (Mary Martin). Dick Himber has a radio fan who resembles him. He is Jerry Reich. Vivienne Segal poses on a cello! Margaret Gent (Lullaby Lady). Joan Bennett, who starred in “Merely Mary Ann” for the Lux Radio Theatre.
Only seventeen, dainty Durelle Alexander has been an entertainer since the age of five. Her songs are now featured on the Paul Whiteman Music Hall broadcasts.
Two very characteristic poses of Margaret Speaks, at home and in the NBC studio.

Introducing Margaret

SOMEWHERE north of London and south of the Cheviot Hills there is—or was—a little village known as Bramford-Speke. Whether it still exists, or has been absorbed by some larger township, an eager traveler, with but a brief time for the search, could not discover.

But some day Margaret Speaks hopes, on a more leisurely journey through England, to find that spot to which her family gave its name, and from which they set forth some generations ago to found a new home in America.

You know Margaret as the lovely soprano soloist and assisting artist on the Voice of Firestone concerts. And when you tune in your radio for that program and hear its theme song:

"Strolling again Memory Lane With you . . ."

you hear words pe-
Speaks, lovely young singer of the "Voice of Firestone."

peculiarly applicable to this young singer. For Margaret Speaks is one whose roots go deep—down into the soil of this country which is her own, down into the soil of England, which her remote grandfathers settled.

She likes to remember, in these times of stress and insecurity, that in her flows the blood of pioneers and settlers—men and women to whom courage and fortitude were as necessary as food and drink, to whom honor was no empty word but a precious heritage to live for and to die for. Men and women whose vision of a brave future was enriched by memories of a splendid past. People with love and loyalty in their hearts and with music in their souls.

Music, to the Speaks family, is like their mother tongue. Margaret's father sings and plays the guitar and the 'cello. Her mother, an accomplished musician, accompanied Margaret on the piano the first time she sang in public—at the ripe old age of four.

"It was a Children's Day concert in the Methodist Church in Canal-Winchester," Margaret said. "And I had a new dress to wear, and new shoes of which I was particularly proud. And it rained! Mother persuaded me to wear my overshoes. But when I got to the church I forgot all about them. It was only after I had finished my song that I glanced down. There were my galoshes, hiding my beautiful new shoes. It was one of life's darkest moments!"

Margaret's uncle is Oley Speaks, the famous composer who gave us those lovely songs, "Sylvia," "The Road to Mandalay," "Morning," and other tender and beautiful melodies known the wide world over. On Christmas Day the Speaks family always gathers together—father and mother, uncles and aunts, Margaret's brothers, her husband and her boy. And one of their cherished treats comes when dusk begins to steal in from the corners of the room and the candles bloom more brightly on the tree, and Oley plays and sings his songs.

"Memory Lane" leads to a dear Cape Cod cottage in northern Westchester.

And for each listener the music frames bright memories that give life richer meaning.

Margaret likes to remember how her father once, saying goodbye to an elderly, frail relative, standing by the door of her car, had the door inadvertently slammed shut upon one of his fingers. How, silently, he wrapped his handkerchief about his nearly severed finger-tip, giving no sign that he was hurt, lest the knowledge cause shock to one whose strength the years had drained. And to remember how, when he was a congressman in Washington, he would not accept even a box of candy from someone for whom he had done a favor, lest it seemed to lay a price upon his honor.

"And he never has smoked nor taken a drink of liquor in his life," she says.

She likes to remember, too, her grandfather, that strong, hardy man who settled in that little Ohio hamlet, then known as Canal-Winchester. Who, when the day's work was done, loved to go down and sit by the edge of the canal from which the village took its name, and lift his eyes to the stars and play upon his violin the music that was in his heart.

Quite naturally Margaret Speaks has inherited that strength, that courage, that love of music.

Almost as soon as she began to talk, she began to sing. And so to her, singing is not merely a career to be served at all costs. It is, more precisely, something that she does as naturally as breathing. It is a part of the business of life.

"My husband regards my work as a business, just as he regards his own work," she said. "There is no clash of interests between us. We each have our own work, and when the work is done we have our home, our life together."

They live in New York, but the home to which she refers with happy pride is one which they built in northern Westchester. And there (Continued on page 60)
The Easy Aces' program originated in bridge games they played with friends

BY JACK HANLEY

IF you're looking for glamour don't call on the Easy Aces. Or if you expect an erudite discourse on the cultural influence of radio in American home life, ditto. Goodman Ace and his drawling wife, Jane, are fresh out of glamour, hokum and affectation; they're refreshingly un-colorful—delightfully normal.

I was vaguely apprehensive about interviewing the Aces. I'm always apprehensive about talking to a professional funny man. Comedians have a trick of being either impressively serious about their comedy or using you as a target for a rapid succession of gags at which you are supposed to laugh enthusiastically.

The Aces live in one of New York's smartest apartment hotels. It wouldn't have surprised me at all if a stiff-backed butler had opened the door and ushered me in. As a matter of fact, however, Goodman Ace, in his shirt sleeves, answered my ring. A small, boxlike contrivance like a baby radio on his desk was chattering away in a thick Brooklyn accent.

“It's a Teleflash,” Ace explained. “Works over the 'phone wires.' It gave, I gathered, racing results almost as soon as the horses
themselves knew them. Ace studied a racing sheet as the voice droned, then tossed the sheet aside.

“I didn’t even show,” he observed, with no great chagrin.

I ventured a brilliant bit of deduction. “You play the horses,” I said.

“It’s our favorite recreation,” Ace said. “Jane and I go to the tracks whenever we can.”

Not being a follower of the sport of kings myself, I looked anxiously for the hectic and feverish signs of the rabid gambler in Goodman’s face. Unless the ever-present cigar cocked in his mouth was indicative, there weren’t any signs on the amiable and open Ace countenance. Apparently racing was purely a pleasant recreation—no more.

“Listen to this announcer,” he grinned, turning the machine louder. “I get quite a few funny ideas from him for Jane’s mispronunciations.” The racing announcer was struggling valiantly with a polysyllabic word which finally threw him. Ace made a note on a pad. I asked about Jane’s microphone “dumbness.”

“Several persons have written about that,” he said, “One man wrote, saying he liked the program, but why was Jane so dumb? I answered that Jane wasn’t dumb enough. That’s one reason why listeners find Jane’s misuse of words so funny—it’s flattering to people to hear someone make a mistake in a word when they know the correct one. But we don’t ‘punch’ gags like that across; we don’t emphasize them and wait for laughs. The lines are almost thrown away—and if listeners get them it’s okay and—if they don’t it’s okay.”

There, I believe, is the secret of the Easy Aces’ popularity, if secret there be. The team is well named. They work easily, naturally. There’s no frenzied striving for “sock” laughs, no vaudeville comedy. Goodman Ace’s tolerant delivery and Jane’s amusing drawl are the essence of naturalness. It’s not hard to feel that you know this team, that they’re friendly, amusing people rather than a hardworking comedy team. And that’s exactly what they are. Ace’s gently caustic digs and Jane’s delightfully blank obliviousness have their counterparts in couples we all know; less brilliantly funny, perhaps, but basically the same. One of the funniest lines in their program came from life.

You remember the broadcast in which Jane was writing a letter. And at the end (Continued on page 86)
It was not for radio, there mightn't have been a 'Porgy and Bess,'”
The words were spoken in the deep full voice of George Gershwin. He continued:
“Last year some people criticized me because I went on the air for 'Feen-a-mint.' They said that if I broadcast at all, I should have a more dignified sponsor.
“I'm glad to take this opportunity to answer what seems to me an utterly stupid objection. As far as I'm concerned, there is no difference between the labels of a cathartic, a toothpaste or an automobile. A sponsor pays me to broadcast my music to millions. That's the main issue. It may sound commercial. And it is! I'm not ashamed of being commercial-minded. Why should I be ashamed? It's a means to an end. Let me tell you,” and he waved a forefinger, “it was just because I was paid by a sponsor that I could afford to take the time to do the one thing I've always wanted to do—compose an opera.”
I looked at him admiringly. I have known George Gershwin a good many years. During that time he has steadily gained in competence, in social position, in success, in maturity, but he has lost none of his original enthusiasm.
I remembered a day, nine years ago, when, with his boyish, see-what-I've-got-here manner, he handed me a book.
“Read it. I want to do an opera out of this,” he had said. The book was “Porgy.” And George Gershwin said that to me even before “Porgy” became a successful Theatre Guild drama.
At the time I wasn't impressed. I didn't really know Gershwin. The Gershwin who can frankly and accurately appraise himself, his abilities and ambitions; the Gershwin who is a combination of nerves, of emotions and sheer level-headedness, of steel and intuition, an intuition so great that when he wrote his first long piece, although he knew he could take several of its themes and transpose them into quick money-making songs, he refused to be tempted. He felt that the piece in its entirety would live. He was right. For the past twelve years, ever since George Gershwin played it with Paul Whiteman's orchestra during that gentleman's first memorable jazz concert at Carnegie Hall, no one has topped “The Rhapsody in Blue.” And for music lovers it has lost none of its magnetism.
When Gershwin confided his operatic ambition, I was but dimly aware of these facts. The previous week Vincent Youmans had also told me he intended writing an opera. The next day another composer publicly made the same vow. An opera to a composer is what the great American novel is to a newspaper man. It's the big thing they're always going to do...some day. Only they never do it.
Gershwin did.
And you can't just sit down and dash off an opera. It meant a lot to George Gershwin. It meant not being side-tracked by big commercial projects. It meant giving up his painting. It meant giving up many amusements. It meant spending a hot summer on Folly Island near Charleston. It meant going abroad,
not to sun himself on the Riviera, but to study counterpoint. It meant constant building... building. Although "An American in Paris" was a gratifying success, to Gershwin it was merely a step toward his goal—the opera. This meant more and more work, and study with Joseph Schillinger, the musicologist who made him concentrate on modern harmony.

Then, after all that, Gershwin considered himself ready to begin the actual composing, which took two years more.

With justifiable pride he showed me the finished published score—five hundred and sixty pages, the original of which he has had photostated. And he showed me the orchestration he did himself, seven hundred pages of closely written music, all in his own hand.

No wonder Gershwin is furious when people doubt that he does his own orchestrations.

"I have only one answer to that—every orchestra in America employs two men who do the orchestrations, so why shouldn't I be considered competent to do my own?"

He stared again at the many pages.

"Radio has done a lot for me," he said softly. He paused. Then, "I agree that radio can kill a popular song faster than any other medium. For the present I am restricting the 'Porgy' music. However, I shall shortly release two of the dance tunes, and the songs have already gone to a gifted few—to Everett Marshall, to Conrad Thibault, to Jane Froman and to Lawrence Tibbett.

"Yes, radio does a lot to kill the sale of a song. But, in its way, it has repaid me. Because I made money from my broadcasts I could afford not to write a Broadway show, which, of course, takes much time and effort, and thus I could work on my opera.

"Besides, I feel that radio (Continued on page 82)

"Radio enabled me to write 'Porgy and Bess,'"
says George Gershwin

BY NANETTE KUTNER
Radio's big thrill, the new Jumbo Fire-Chief program, all agree, is colossal!

Right, Jimmy Durante, star of "Jumbo." And beyond is Jumbo himself with admirers.

COLOSSAL IN A BIG WAY

BY TOM MEANY

VER a half-century ago, Phineas Taylor Barnum, the greatest showman of his time, negotiated the purchase of a huge African elephant, yclept Jumbo, from the London Zoological Gardens. Its advent in America was three-sheeted far and wide, with P. T. informing the American public: "It's the biggest thing yet."

Jumbo delivered as advertised, something which not all of Barnum's products did, until it came to an untimely end in a railway accident in Canada in 1885. Because the sawdust maestro repeatedly stressed the titanic proportions of Jumbo in his ballyhoo, the name has since slipped into the language as a synonym for anything of exceptional size—Jumbo-peanuts, Jumbo-firecrackers, and so on.

The weekly "Jumbo" broadcast which the Texaco Company brings to the air over the NBC network every Tuesday night deserves its title. As Barnum said of his elephant: "It's the biggest thing yet." How successful it will be on the air remains to be seen, but its size never will be questioned. As the movie magnates are supposed to say, "It's colossal—in a big way."

Eagerly watching the ethereal progress of "Jumbo" will be John Hay (Jock) Whitney, New York's millionaire sportsman. Whitney holds a half-interest in Billy Rose's show of the same name, which gives two performances daily at the old Hippodrome in New York. Except, of course, on Tuesday when it goes over the air for Texaco, at the price of $12,500 per broadcast.

Aside from the financial return from the radio, Whit-
ney is hoping that it will create a desire in the provinces for listeners-in to see “Jumbo” on their visits to New York. The chance to bring “Jumbo” into a hundred million homes once a week had as much to do with the acceptance of Texaco’s offer as the cash itself, not that $12,500 is anything to be sneezed at, even by guys who’ve hired an elephant, and not a white one, they fervently hope.

“Jumbo” will give twelve performances weekly, in a theatre which seats 4,500. At that rate, New York’s regular army of theatre-goers soon would be exhausted. It will be the tourist trade which will put “Jumbo” across, if it is to go across—the tourist trade lured to the Hippodrome by the weekly broadcasts. For sheer advertising, the radio tie-up is the greatest break any show ever received. It’s even better than being raided by the police.

Because of the advertising possibilities of the radio, there are many along Broadway who insist that Whitney and his associates should pay Texaco for the privilege of the national hook-up, instead of receiving money from the gasoline company. Certainly the broadcasts bring “Jumbo” before millions who otherwise never would hear of the production.

Whitney, a personable, blondish chap, who stands over six feet and is in his early thirties, has three ambitions. One is to win the Grand National, a four-mile steeplechase which is run at Aintree, England, every spring. His horse, Easter Hero, finished second a few years ago, the closest Jock ever came. His (Continued on page 83)
DON'T MARRY A

BY MARY WATKINS REEVES
Decorations by Irene Zimmerman

O YOU'D like to marry an orchestra leader, would you? You'd like to join the enviable ranks of The Women Behind the Baton—those lucky creatures whose lives are glamorous with French labels, reflected glory, celebrity guest lists, town cars and servants, opening nights and brilliant parties. Plus a handsome husband whose dancing tunes are famous the world around.

Well, before you decide too surely that you want a band pilot in the family I'm going to tell you some stories that may make you look at your prospective bank-teller or insurance salesman with a new glint in your eye. For if you should wed a radio orchestra leader the odds would be exactly three to one that your marriage couldn't last. And that, my dear, is from actual statistics of both networks.

There's a dread jinx on the Women Behind the Baton. They have every item for happiness that money and fame can get for them except that greatest item of all—the companionship of the men they married. As a group they're the loneliest women in all radiodom. And it's trite but true that love flies through the window pretty quickly when there's only one person on the inside looking out.
Band Leader, Girls

There's a jinx on the women behind the baton—but some of them know how to beat it!

Take any six p.m., any evening, Mrs. Average Housewife knows that her husband is coming home to his supper and slippers and a game of bridge or a movie. And if that prospect makes Mrs. A. H. anything but thrilled, then she should talk to some of her less fortunate sisters who married baton wielders.

At six p.m., every evening, including Sundays, Mrs. Orchestra Leader is flicking the last speck of dust from her husband's top hat, raising her lips for a quick g'bye kiss, then settling down to a lonely dinner and a long and lonelier evening. Mr. O. L. will be away until three or four in the morning at the hotel, night club or ballroom that boasts his music. He'll catch a bite of supper during intermission, he'll have a broadcast or two, and the rest of the evening he'll spend under the adoring gazes of the young lovelies who dance to his music—bowing to their applause, playing and sometimes singing their requests, and greeting them with the obligatory personal handshake which, as any bandsman will tell you, makes customers out of one-time guests.

Mrs. O. L. has that to muse on while she sits at home idly twiddling her lily-white thumbs. And sit at home—or somewhere else—she must, since musicians' wives who 'go to work' with their husbands are frowned upon by the dance-band industry. It isn't as though she's had Mr. O. L. to herself any that afternoon, either. Oh, no! Not in this radio-minded world. He slept, necessarily, till noon; then he was off on his endless round of rehearsals, recordings and all the other things maestros have to do to stay maestros. If Mrs. O. L. has seen him for an hour at lunch and a few minutes between five and six in the afternoon, she's been lucky, indeed. Many evenings he just simply wears the spare tails in his dressing-room, without getting home to change.

All of which, when you first think of it, shouldn't really be so unbearable for a rich wife. Money opens so many doors to amusement. You could manage to stay happy, you think.

Well, the odds are again three to one that you couldn't. And I have this first-hand from the women who should know. For, because you love your orchestra leader, nothing quite compensates for his absence, for the home you can't have, and consequently the children you can't very well have, because you never know when home is going to be London, Hollywood, Miami or a time table.

Surely then, those who are making successes of their marriages have found a secret for the lonely days and nights. Let's see what their secrets are, how they're holding their celebrated husbands.

Probably the longest record (Continued on page 54)
Nelson Eddy and Babs Ryan

He grows handsomer all the time! Our favorite Nelson Eddy, who is singing again this season on the winter series of Voice of Firestone concerts. And pretty Babs Ryan, who, with her “brothers,” now sings on Ray Noble’s “Refreshment Time” program, looks lovelier than ever, too.
Tune in on "Melodiana," on Sundays, to hear the lovely, lilting voice of Bernice Claire (left), former star of many New York musical productions and well known to radio listeners. And here is Rose Bampton, contralto star of the Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre. Rose has arranged her work in opera at the Metropolitan so as to make possible this present radio series.
Upper left, Louella Parsons brings Myrna Loy to the air. Upper right, Joan Bennett and Herbert Marshall with Louella. Below, Gary Cooper at the mike and beside him Sir Guy Standing. And the duo to the left, Louella and Grace Moore. Lower left, Louella with Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe. Across the center, Clark Gable broadcasts. Frances Langford and Rosalind Russell (left), Louella and Jean Harlow (right). And finally, last but never the least, Louella and lovely little lady, Merle Oberon.
THEY NEVER SAY

“NO!”

BY DOROTHY HERZOG

When Louella Parsons calls the stars come running!

BACK in the infant days of motion pictures, when Wally Beery was making two-reel comedies at the old Essanay Studio in Chicago, he little thought that one morning, some twenty years later, he would be consenting to co-star with the scenario editor of his studio when she made her radio debut in Hollywood. As a matter of fact, Wally could not have known. Neither could the scenario editor of this studio—Louella O. Parsons. For then neither Hollywood, the talkies, nor radio had been officially born.

One morning, some twenty years later, in 1933, when they were going strong, Wally was called from his breakfast with the words:

"Louella Parsons wants to talk to you."

Not only was Wally at breakfast, but propped up on the table before him was Louella's newspaper movie column and there was a story in that column, as there had been many times since those old Essanay days, about him.

He answered the telephone:

"Hello, Louella."

"Wally," the voice on the other end was a little breathless, "I've just signed a radio contract."

"You have!"

"I have to do an interview with a star over the air every week. Will you be on my first program?"

Now Wally, like most Hollywood stars, is not any too inclined to the radio unless it be to appear on his own program.

"You've just got to do this for me, Wally," Louella entreated.

Wally pondered.

"All right. I'll do it for you, Louella."

The following week, Mary Pickford agreed to do the same thing. Practically every star in pictures has appeared with Louella O. Parsons on her radio programs. Why—so many people have asked and do ask—why do the stars consent to do what Louella asks when they don't, or won't, for many others?

One answer is: Louella Parsons is the dean of motion picture writers. She has sat behind an editorial desk and has mingled in business and society with motion picture folk for years. She has seen countless stars come, countless stars go. She has known, and knows intimately, executives, producers, players, directors, scenarists. The newcomer to the screen seeks Louella Parsons. A word from Louella may make or break a beginner and even be of consequence to an established personality.

For, Louella has (Continued on page 65)
Who wants an easy game? The sport's in the odds

WENTY years ago I had started my writing career interviewing Eddie Guest and here I was about to interview him again.

"Our Eddie, I knew him when—" Queer how a snatch of a phrase, like a whiff of perfume, or a bar of music, will leap the years, bring back the past, clear as today's sky, vital as today's life.

It took me across the ocean, to the year 1890, to a father and son out walking.

On a Sunday morning in England, one takes a stroll. It is one of the things done over there. It was done five centuries ago and probably will go on being done until Doomsday. It's a good old British custom!

On that particular Sunday morning, a small lad and his very tall dad were strolling the hills of Birmingham, talking about America, that wonderful land to which they were so soon to sail. The greatest country on earth, dad said, where dreams come true! The land of peace and plenty; where men weren't separated by class lines—these folks, gentry; those folks, commoners. Where a man was a man for a' that!

"It's the man that counts," young Eddie's father told him, "not his station in life, or the clothes he wears. See this shabby-looking fellow coming toward us? Just a laborer, but the salt of the earth. A good husband and father, a good neighbor and friend. Not shabby inside, Eddie. A fine, decent chap."

Little Eddie, soaking up, sponge-like, all he could learn about this amazing world, ran a little faster to keep up with his dad's long legs. Dad didn't tell him fairy stories. He didn't talk about kings, millionaires, geniuses. He thought the plain, common people—"just folks"—were the most interesting on earth.

A stylish carriage rolled by, with its pair of high-stepping thoroughbreds, its coachman and groom, in magnificent trappings. Inside, in solitary grandeur, rode a faultlessly-tailored, stately personage, fairly oozing wealth and woe. A toff!

"Poor beggar," mused dad. "Fed up on everything. No wonder he looks glum, with nothing to do but loaf. What's life without a job? It's bad for anyone, rich or poor, to be out of work, Eddie."

He stifled a sigh. At that moment he, himself, was out of work. Business reverses had almost beggared him. He'd barely salvaged enough to make a new start in a new land. He looked down at the silent lad at his side, at the rosy face so suddenly serious. What was his little nips thinking about?

"A penny for your thoughts, Eddie!" joked dad. Eddie shook an absorbed young head. So much had soaked in! He said it over to himself. "Just folks" were
you're up against," says Eddie Guest, poet-philosopher

the grandest people! It was what you were, not what you had, that made you somebody! If your soul wasn't shabby, it didn't matter about your coat. It was work that made a man happy!

A little walk, a little talk in the fitful sunshine of an English summer. As casual as the sunbeams that made a leafy pattern at their feet. Yet enduring, true, vital enough to span an ocean, focus that little boy's point of view for all time and live on in the heart and works of America's best loved poet-philosopher.

"A penny for your thoughts, Eddie!" Little did dad guess that one day, across the sea, they would offer this funny little son of his a fortune for his thoughts!

Eddie's printed thoughts, at first, in a daily homespun rhyme in his own Free Press column; then syndicated in newspapers throughout the land; then in volumes of verse and prose—one, two, three, a dozen, and more!

Eddie's spoken thoughts, at first, before Rotary clubs, churches, societies; then, as his audiences outgrew walls, on the air, going into thousands upon thousands of lowly homes, carrying with them the warm handelasp, the cheer and friendliness of America's neighbor.

And now, Eddie's thoughts dramatized on the movie screen.

It seemed as if Eddie's dad, gone on years ago, rode in the taxi along with me as I traveled to the Free Press building. A glad, proud dad, full of reminiscences...

"My Eddie! Always a worker. Always on the job."

A pang of pity shot through me for all jobless men. I remembered the sad years when Eddie's dad had tramped Detroit's streets looking for a job. For the Guest family arrived in America just in time to meet the panic of 1892. Eddie's father, a bookkeeper, lost his job when his firm failed. Through grueling years of unemployment he battled on, along with thousands of other desperate dads. His face grew haggard, his hair white, but his fighting heart, his faith in America, never faltered. A fellow could lose all and still be a winner. America was still the grandest country on earth!

There was no work for an experienced accountant in those lean years, but there were odd jobs for schoolboy Eddie. He ran errands at the corner grocery store for precious dimes and quarters. His wide grin and cheery off-key whistle amused the customers. They missed him when he wasn't there. "Where's Eddie?" they'd ask.

The corner drugstore catered to the tired business man. One could drop in there for a quick lunch and laugh, a cigar, a paper. Eddie was soon installed behind the counter as a soda clerk. He continued to amuse the customers. Just to see that bright, brisk youngster almost falling into the glass showcase in his eagerness to reach a customer's favorite brand of (Continued on page 74)
Perhaps you listened in when Clark Gable was starred in the recent Lux Radio Theatre broadcast of "The Misleading Lady." If you wondered what he looked like before the "mike," these candid camera shots should give you a fairly good idea. His leading lady, Lillian Emerson, comparatively unknown until the occasion, is the girl you see in the first two pictures. She did remarkably well and Clark was enthusiastic about her going to Hollywood for talkies. Clark enjoys broadcasting and wants to do more of it.
WEREN'T LOOKING

Here we look in on another broadcast. Fascinating, fleet-footed, sweet-singing Eleanor Powell, before the microphone for "The Flying Red Horse Tavern" half-hour. Miss Powell, who made a dazzling hit with her tap-dancing and singing in Broadway musicals, vaudeville and night clubs, leaped into wider fame in "The Broadway Melody of 1936." With Hollywood all agog over her, she returned to New York for "At Home Abroad." Now, because she sings almost as well as she dances, she is a hit on radio.
"We've got to laugh," says Eddie Cantor. "Laughter is food and drink. It's sunshine. It's life!"

ARE COMEDIANS THROUGH!

THINGS matter to Eddie Cantor. That's why he matters, as he does, to all of us. Great things matter. Little things. Inventions. Progress. Big business. Home. Family. Friends. The tears in a fellow's eyes and why they are there. His wife's clothes. (He was responsible for his Ida losing twenty pounds, she told me. He'd watch every mouthful she ate. He said: "She spent a lot of money on clothes and she doesn't look so good in them when she's fat.") The whole living of life matters to Eddie, from bacon and eggs at breakfast to the signing of a contract at night. You matter to him. I matter to him. There is a tremendous heart in that small, dynamic body.

We sat at lunch, Eddie and I, in the Brown Derby. Eddie said, at once—he always has something to say, something vital, something he cares about: "There was a paragraph in a local newspaper the other day. Written by some radio critic chap. He came out and stated that comedians were through on the air. In a year or two, he said, there would be no comedians in radio. He gave as his reason for this startling announcement, his premature epitaph, that we never change our type of stuff, never change our personalities.

"I want to tell you that comedy never will die! Nor comedians. Not in pictures, nor on the stage, nor on the air, nor in the hearts of men. And if comedy does die, the race of men will be in their death-throes—the only time when a laugh is not possible.

"And why," urged this small Big Man, eating scrambled eggs and finnan haddie as he talked, "why should comedians change their stuff, their personalities? Take Jack Benny—Jack has spent years, some of them lean years of apprenticeship, years of hard work, of struggle and effort, and trying-again, in order to perfect his stuff, make his personality saleable. And now he has made it saleable. He has signed a big radio contract. He's a wow on the air. He's wowing them in the movies. He's finally got what he wants and where he wants. And should he now right about face and change what he is doing, what they are buying? What for?

"Take Burns and Allen, W. C. Fields, Amos & Andy—take me, ditto."
"Why, to change a comedian’s personality, his ‘line,’ because it remains the same, would be like smashing a statue on which a sculptor had worked a life-time because the statue always remains the same. If you go to look at Michelangelo’s ‘Moses,’ you go because you feel like seeing the ‘Moses’ and not because you feel like seeing Rodin’s ‘The Thinker.’ If you go to see Whistler’s ‘Portrait Of His Mother,’ you go because you want to see that portrait and not the ‘Mona Lisa.’ It’s the same in everything. If you go to see Garbo, you go because you want to see Garbo and not because you want to see Miriam Hopkins. And you go to see these works of art, these personalities, because you know what you will see, you know what to expect. They give you what you want.

"Another thing you can take from me—comedy is the hardest thing in the world to do. Most especially and particularly, comedy on the air. I ought to know. I never wanted to be anything but a funny boy. From my first days in the Ghetto of New York, I wanted to make folks laugh. They gotta laugh. Laughter is medicine. It’s tonic. It’s food and drink. It’s sunshine. It’s health. It’s life.

"It’s so easy to make people cry. And do you know why? Because, and especially during these recent years, we are all on the verge of tears. All of the time, we are on the verge of tears. For one reason or another. Maybe one of the kids is sick. Maybe it’s the wife or the mother. Maybe it’s the mortgage or the bank balance or the job or unemployment. Maybe it’s just because the eyes of the whole world are tearful right now. I don’t know. But I do know that we are all ready to cry at any given moment. And all we need is a little extra shove, a word, a gesture, a plaintive song—and we’re drowning!

"So, it’s easy for the dramatic stuff. It’s easy to make tragic stuff successful when success is measured by tears. Easy to get copious results when we play on the minor-keyed heart-strings of the world. They’re ready, tears are, to fall from the eyes of millions . . .

"And that being the case, it’s relatively harder to make people laugh. It’s exactly twice as hard. For there are two motions to make. When (Continued on page 70)
A NUT ABOUT HORSES

He is known as one of the most outstanding and highest salaried performers of radio; he is one of the screen's most popular stars; he has a lovely wife and three adorable children. Yet Bing Crosby's cup is not running over. For he never has won the Santa Anita Handicap.

By way of explanation, in case you are unfamiliar with Bing's pet hobby, horse racing, the Santa Anita Handicap is America's—and that means the world's—richest horse race. It was run for the first time last winter at the newly opened Santa Anita race track in California, a picturesque and imposing course built at the very back door, so to speak, of the Hollywood movie studios.

It's possible Bing may never realize his ambition of winning the rich race, the $100,000 in prize money that goes with it and the handsome gold trophy which the governor of California presents to the winner. However, if you will take a look at Bing's "past performances," to use a turf phrase, you will concede that he generally accomplishes what he sets out to do.

The sun was scarcely up as I leaned against the rail of the beautiful race track at Saratoga, New York, and listened to the famous singer, all thoughts of stage, screen, business and contracts fled for the moment, while he spoke of his horses, of racing, of his hopes for his own string. His eyes glowed with enthusiasm.

The night before, under flood lights by the "sales ring," where each year a million or more dollars worth of juvenile race horses change hands at auction, I had watched Bing bid for a long-legged bay beauty which my catalogue told me was by Black Servant out of imp. Bessie Alix (whatever "imp." means). By fifties, then hundreds, the price soared as other owners sought the pretty young thoroughbred. But there was a determined light in Bing's eye. Finally the auctioneer nodded toward him. Sixteen hundred dollars! Later the same evening he bought another horse for $300.

The next morning, he told me the $1,600 beauty would be named Shim Sham and the $300 one, Hangover.

"I'd be thinking of a hangover, too, if I'd spent $1,900 last night, like that," I told him. He laughed.

"I like to pick odd names for my horses," he explained. "The one I bought the other night for $1,000, I'm naming Jig Time. Maybe one of these three will win the big handicap at Santa Anita. But, of course, maybe they won't, too," he conceded as an afterthought. "That's my big ambition—to see my colors in front in that handicap."

"What are your colors?" I asked.

"Blue and gold," he replied. "I have a blue and gold necktie I wear to the track on days when my horses are racing. It brings me luck. And Dixie (he refers to Mrs. Crosby, better known as Dixie Lee) has a blue and

BY RUTH GERI

A thrilling race-track scene, one of those which, more than any other, intrigues Bing, on the breath-taking turn to the home stretch.
Horses!  Horses!  Horses!  And where they go, Bing Crosby follows!

gold scarf she wears, too, just for ‘extra luck.”

“Is she a racing enthusiast, too?” I asked, aware I might be treading on dangerous ground, since many wives of husbands who race horses are decidedly not. Dixie, apparently, is an exception.

“Is she?” her husband exclaimed. “I should say she is! Why, she gets as big a kick out of the horses as I do. You know, nearly every morning out on the coast I get up at 5.30 so I can be at the track at 6.30 to watch the horses exercise. Usually she’s right with me. And when a woman gets up at 5.30, she’s enthusiastic!”

Bing had no horses of his own at Saratoga, save, of course, the new ones he bought while there. He shipped them at once to his Rancho Santa Fe in California where his other horses are quartered. Yet on the morning I talked with him, he had left a comfortable bed in the luxurious, if somewhat old-fashioned hotel, and hied himself to the track to watch other people’s horses exercise. While the slim, shiny thoroughbreds galloped about the tree-lined course, he talked of horses and racing, of his own turf hopes.

“I’ve always been a nut on racing,” he confided. “Six or seven years ago, when I first began to get just a little bit of money, one of the things I used to do with any surplus I happened to have was bet it on a horse. More often than not I wouldn’t be able to get to the track to watch the horse run, but I liked to have a bet down, just the same.

“Away back in those days— (Continued on page 78)
DEANE JANIS brings a note of glamour, excitement and beauty into radio.

The old order is changed. One sees less and less of the broken down vaudeville who turns to radio as his last hope of existence. And more and more there come into the ascendency girls like Deane Janis, whose lovely romantic voice you hear twice weekly with Walter O'Keefe on the Camel cigarette hour.

Deane prefers to sing the romantic numbers. And there's a very thrilling reason for that. For she knows that, no matter where he is, Stanley Pascal is listening to her, wishing that he were with her.

And that brings us to one of the most strangely glamorous romances in radio.

Deane met Stanley in San Francisco. At that time she was recuperating from a strenuous eighteen-weeks' singing engagement in Chicago. And, although it had been marvelously exciting, she was wondering if show business were worth the time and energy that it demanded. Then one night at a sparkling party someone brought a handsome man to her and murmured an introduction. Deane looked into Stanley's eyes. Their hands touched briefly and Deane knew that this was the romance for which she had been waiting.

In telling me about it the other day she said: "I don't know how I knew it, but I did. Yet at that very moment something told me that we soon were to be separated. However, I am a complete fatalist. I believe absolutely that what is to be will be."

With these curiously mixed emotions she lived for the next several weeks. Stanley is a gold-mining engineer. And although his official residence is San Francisco his work takes him to many cities. She thought: "How nice it would be to stay in San Francisco and be near Stanley." But the strange feeling of impending separation which she had had at that first meeting persisted. And then her little prophecy was fulfilled. The symbol of its fulfillment was a telegram from Hal Kemp, the orchestra leader, telling Deane that the band was opening at the Pennsylvania Hotel in New York and that her old job was waiting for her.

She might have ignored that wire or she might have answered with a polite refusal. But she didn't.

"I will try to make you understand about that," she said, her beautiful eyes deep and earnest. "You see, New York meant all the things in show business that I wanted. It is the hub and the center of the profession I had chosen. I had worked hard. I had had a few good breaks of which I felt I had made the most. But I was far from accomplishing the goal I had set myself.

"Stanley was a success. I felt that I must be a success, too. That I had to prove myself before I could be—well, let's say worthy of him. Does that make sense?" She was trying very hard to convey a clear picture of the emotions which tormented her at that time. "My ambitions were high. I had to go, that was all. And I felt that if I didn't accept this opportunity I would regret it... that I would turn into one of those people who, in later life, are always saying: 'If I only had done this. If I only had done that, things might have been different.' One of those people who makes a decision and then hasn't the courage to stick by it."

And so she and Stanley said goodbye for the first time. It was to be but one of a long succession of goodbyes.

They are always meeting and always parting. Whenever it is possible Stanley flies to New York to be with Deane for a few breathless hours.

The airplane provides the wings for this romance. And although sometimes it terrifies Deane to think of Stanley flying across the continent so often (the report of every air crash leaves her weak and trembling) she calms (Continued on page 68)
HAVE you ever noticed how set most of us are in our ideas about foreign people and foreign foods and how prone we all are to slip into generalities about our brothers across the pond?

You know the sort of thing I mean—"Frenchmen," someone will announce with complete conviction, "Frenchmen are all excitable and eat only frogs' legs and snails." Or, "The English have no sense of humor and live on underdone beef."

Furthermore, I'm sure that if you were to ask anyone to describe an Italian tenor in a few words, he'd immediately draw you a word picture of a middle-aged gentleman possessed of few good looks, too much weight and an inordinate and practically exclusive fondness for garlic and ravioli!

Certainly that's the accepted notion—or at least it was until Nino Martini appeared on the operatic horizon. Now, however, all that is changed for it seems that an Italian tenor can be young, slender and romantic in appearance. While his taste in foods, you'll be glad to hear, includes a variety of dishes bearing strange sounding names, perhaps, but composed entirely of ingredients that are familiar to all of us. What's more, ravioli is conspicuous by its absence and garlic by the restraint with which it is used! So I'm sure you'll find an entire meal made up of Martini favorites intriguingly unusual and entirely to your liking.

But first let me introduce Mr. Martini to you personally—not alone as a thrilling voice featured on the Chesterfield program on Saturday evenings but also as the thoroughly likable young man that I found him to be, during the course of an interview that was full of color and surprises.

I must confess that our conversation did not start off auspiciously, however, for Mr. Martini, having just eaten, wished to relax over his coffee and cognac. And not being hungry, he most emphatically did not wish to speak about the subject on which I had come to interview him—namely, his favorite foods.

"Oh, no," he objected. "Do not ask me about food when I have just finished eating!" He tempered his refusal with a smile that was both conciliatory and disarming and continued: "Ask me about singing, about beautiful women, about radio, Hollywood, the opera. . . . Or let me tell you about Verona, in the north of Italy, where I was born and educated. But I beg of you do not ask me to become a cook for your article!"

"Besides," he went on, noticing the keen disappointment depicted on my face, "I am so stupid about such things that I could not be even one little bit helpful." (All this with a delightful accent and a merry twinkle in his eye.) "I eat when I like, where I like, what I like—and plenty of it. Mostly, however, I eat at the home of my voice teacher, because his wife and their cook know how I like to have things prepared." (Continued on page 56)
Does Merle Oberon use cosmetics? Yes, like most other modern women, she does! "But," says this charming star, "I'm not afraid of Cosmetic Skin. I remove make-up thoroughly — the Hollywood way. I use Lux Toilet Soap!"

No girl wants to risk the dullness, enlarged pores, tiny blemishes, that mean Cosmetic Skin has developed. No wise girl will neglect Merle Oberon's advice!

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather removes every trace of dust and dirt, stale rouge and powder so they won't choke your pores. Lux Toilet Soap keeps skin lovely — the way you want yours to be!

Why don't you use it — before you renew your make-up during the day, ALWAYS before you go to bed at night.

MERLE OBERON, charming star of Samuel Goldwyn Productions, never takes chances with unattractive Cosmetic Skin! Here she tells you how to guard against this danger.
Radio favorites try hard to answer your questions

Frank Parker
Popular singer and star of "The Atlantic Family," he declares that his favorite song is the charming "Sweet Mystery of Life."

What Was or is Your Remedy for "Mike" Fright?
Deems Taylor: "I try to remember that I'm talking to only three people, in other words to the average number of people sitting around the average radio set."
Kate Smith: "I've never experienced any—so have no remedy to offer. My pet superstition is to hold a large (usually chiffon) handkerchief in one hand while I broadcast—I think it's lucky!"

Dee Janis: "I don't think of the thousands of people that are listening to me. If I do, I have a tendency toward nervousness. Otherwise, I have the quieting feeling that I'm completely in a world of my own."
John Barclay: "I find that concentration on the character I am playing helps me more than anything else... this applies to both singers and actors."
Margaret Speaks: "Experience—the more years I sing the less nervous I become."

Deems Taylor
A close-up of one of the nation's foremost music critics and commentators who discusses music on the Swift program.

Gabriel Heatter: "After four years I still feel the same thump every time—I am like a man who has learned to walk with ghosts—there is no use trying to run them out."
Elsie Hitz: "I have never been able to find a remedy and I'm still trying."
Ray Perkins: "Mike fright cannot be remedied: it can only be alleviated by super-will power. The biggest stars suffer from microphobia at times."

Gabriel Heatter
Editor, author and commentator, he now reports the outstanding world events in his new Saturday and Sunday news programs.

Patti Chapin: "I imagine I am in front of my friends—singing directly to them—and forget that I am in a studio just singing to a 'mike.'"

Neila Goodelle
Plays her own accompaniments. This young dark-haired beauty of radio began as a understudy and earned her place as a star.

David Ross: "I know of no remedy for mike-fright. After ten years of radio I still tremble on occasion. I do think, however, that an extended experience with the microphone tends to break down fear."
Dee Janis: "I don't think of

Dee Janis

Al Pearce: "There is no remedy for 'mike' fright. It takes long experience to get over it. I never have entirely succeeded."
Benay Venuta: "Never had anything, or stage fright, either, for that matter. Must be that I'm a true exhibitionist!"
Isham Jones: "As I happen to be leader of an orchestra I do not have any occasion to have 'mike' fright."

Rudy Vallee
His Fleischmann Variety Hour program continues to make a bright spot for your regular Thursday night radio listening.

Babs Ryan: "I still have it."
André Kostelanetz: "I never have had any fear of the microphone."
Fritzi Scheff: "There is none except experience."
Dale Carnegie: "I have not one remedy but three. I try to become intensely interested in what I am saying: I stop thinking about myself; and finally, I subscribe to the theory that practice makes perfect."
Neila Goodelle: "A small audience in the studio is my remedy and sometimes it works."
Ted Hammerstein: "Sorry, but I guess I was born without it."

(Continued on page 92)
Don't let Adolescent Pimples make YOU feel left out!

Between the ages 13 and 25, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. Waste poisons in the blood irritate the skin. It breaks out in pimples.

But even bad cases of adolescent pimples can be corrected—by Fleischmann’s Yeast. Fleischmann’s Yeast clears the skin irritants out of the blood. And when the cause of the skin eruption is removed, the pimples disappear.

Eat Fleischmann’s Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until skin clears. Start today!

Fleischmann’s Yeast clears the skin irritants out of the blood.
How to combat CONSPICUOUS SHINY NOSE LARGE PORES, FLOURY BLOTCHES

6,000,000 women find Luxor Face Powder shine-proof!

• Conspicuous nose! Ugly large pores! Unsightly skin shine! Of course you don't want them. Then use the face powder 6,000,000 women find combats skin-moisture—Luxor, the moisture-proof powder.

Every face gives off skin moisture. Most of all, around the nose where glands are highly active and skin-moisture waits in each pore openly to mix with face powder. To cause shine, clogged pores, floury blotches.

So change at once to Luxor. It won't even mix with water in a glass, as you can easily prove for yourself. Therefore, it won't mix with similar moisture on your skin, as a trial will quickly demonstrate.

Luxor comes in many smart new shades, blended by scientists in our laboratories to flatter blondes, brunettes and in-betweens with gorgeous, natural effect. It bears the Seal of Good Housekeeping Institute because Luxor does all we claim and is wonderfully pure.

Insist on Luxor by name and get FREE! 2 drams of $3 perfume


LUXOR, LTD., 1335 W. 31st Street Chicago, Illinois

Please send me your 4-piece make-up kit including generous amount of Luxor Moisture-Proof Powder, Luxor Rouge, Luxor Special Formula Cream and Luxor Hand Cream. Here is 10c to help cover mailing. (Offer not good in Canada). Check.

POWDER: Rose Rachel O. Rachel O. Rachel


Don't Marry a Band Leader, Girls!

(Continued from page 32)

for marital happiness among radio's band leaders belongs to the Little Jack Littles. And if you knew capable Tea Hellman Little, you wouldn't wonder why.

For thirteen years, since she was barely sixteen and Jack was only twenty months her senior, they've been just about the happiest folk there are. And Tea's accomplished that by being her husband's very efficient little business manager. She's the only orchestra leader's wife in radio who acts in that capacity.

Jack, lucky fellow, has only to sing and play for this wife who worries about all the business and financial details of his career. She signs his contracts, talks turkey to sponsors and agents, supervises his publicity, his wardrobe, his health—and does on doing it.

"Which," she tells me, "leaves me about two seconds a day to think of becoming lonely or dissatisfied!"

Mrs. Little has her life routine to a science. Every six p.m., when Jack leaves his Hudson River penthouse to conduct his band, he meets his wife's secretary coming in. The secretary and Tea have dinner together, then begin their day's work, which will occupy them until about midnight. From midnight until three, Mrs. Little has her only free period, out of every twenty-four hours, to do exactly as she pleases—read, write letters, take a leisurely bath or plan how she's going to spend her regular manager's ten per cent of Jack's income, which is her very own to squander as she pleases. The Littles retire around four, sleep until noon, and then whatever business occupies Jack until dinner occupies Tea, too, since she's the business end of the partnership. Mrs. Little has cleverly seen to it all these years that she has neither the cause nor the time to pine away of loneliness.

Lily Belle Lombardo, Guy's lovely blonde Missus, has only for days on end she hardly has an undisturbed hour with her busy husband.

"But," she adds, "all my life there've been so many things I wanted time to do that now that I have that time I couldn't possibly get bored. I knew when I married Guy what the life would be like, that musicians' wives are necessarily neglected and must depend on their own resourcefulness for much of their happiness. "So," she led me to her drawing table, "I have interest in..."

Well, Lily Belle designs boats and dresses. When Guy had his yacht, Tempo, built it was she who supervised the specifications and the driving of every copper nail. Their yawl and cruiser, which they keep anchored near their Connecticut farm, are the products of Lily Belle's pencil, too—say nothing of most of her stunning gowns. When Carmen Lombardo's wife ran her fashionable dress shop it was nothing for one of Lily Belle's creations in the window to stop Madison Avenue sidewalk traffic.

In addition to all that, she runs a Riverside Drive apartment, the Connecticut country place, and keeps her bags packed to accompany Guy on any travelling he has to do. Last winter he made a six-months' tour of one-night stands. Did Lily Belle pine away in a lonely hotel room each evening, dislike sleeping on a lumpy bed seat every night? No, she was having the time of her life catching up on her reading. And because Guy likes a wife who can take that life like a trooper, they get along perfectly swell.

Margaret Whitehead is another of those resourceful women who have made good at the difficult job of these times. As Margaret Livingston of stage and pictures, she cancelled four big contracts to wed her Paul, who didn't want his wife to work—only to find herself far busier than she's ever been before.

The fact is, after nightfall, you seldom see Paul without her. He wants her around, and because show business has always been her first love, she adores dressing up and going everywhere he goes. She does a terrific amount of his necessary entertaining. "He's happy with guests at whatever spot he's playing, while her husband drops over during intermissions. She's Paul's figure-head, first advisor and ambassador of good will, and after five strenuous years of it she says she wouldn't have it any other way. Her daytimes are occupied with running their colossal modernistic apartment in the flawless way Paul wants that colossal, modernistic apartment run. Which, take it from Margaret, is no snap, despite four servants and a generous exequor.

The morning I saw her, and it was well before noon, she'd merely been up till four the night before at one of her husband's rehearsals for "Jumbo." Without even yawning she told me: "I couldn't possibly tell you my routine becau..."

If ever the know-it-alls have predicted a marital disaster they've done it about the recently wed Duchins. People have been waiting to see how happy a girl like Marjorie Oelrichs could be with young Eddie. For he is one of the hardest-working of all the orchestra leaders and she, a former New York debutie, is used to the life of a performer. And since people have wondered, can Mrs. Duchin continue her social-night-life without a husband to escort her? How can she fit, alone, into the amusements of her friends?

Well, if the first six months of marriage are the hardest, then Marjorie and Eddie are in for a lifetime of happiness. For Marjorie has been willing to go half way, to routine her social life as nearly

(Continued on page 58)
I'M GETTING TO BE LIKE THAT GIRL IN THE ADS. MEN TAKE ME OUT ONCE—AND DROP ME!

BY THE WAY—DID YOU EVER READ ONE OF THOSE LIFEBUOY ADS...CAREFULLY?

So easy to offend—without even knowing it!

EVEN on the coldest winter day, don't take a chance with "B. O." (body odor). Clothing is heavier, rooms often stuffy. "B. O." is instantly noticed. Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. It purifies and deodorizes pores.

Kind to your complexion
Lifebuoy lathers richly, cleanses deeply, tones and freshens the skin. And "patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women show Lifebuoy is more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

STOPS 'B.O.'
Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

BATHE WITH LIFEBUOY—AND BE SAFE

MAKES WASHDAY EASY AS PIE

LOOK, MOTHER BOUGHT ME A LITTLE WASHBOARD AND TUB—IT'S JUST LIKE HERS!

NOBODY USES WASHBOARDS NOWAYS

WELL, MY MOTHER USES A WASHBOARD TO SCRUB CLOTHES

MY MOTHER SAYS THAT'S WHAT RUINS THE CLOTHES

SMARTY! HOW DOES YOUR MOTHER WASH HER CLOTHES THEN

WITH RINSO! IT GIVES LOTS OF SUDS THAT SOAK OUT THE DIRT. MOTHER DOESN'T SCRUB OR BOIL AT ALL

GOLLY! THAT SOUNDS EASY. I'M GOING TO TELL MOTHER ABOUT RINSO

MY MOTHER ALSO SAYS RINSO IS LIKE A MAGIC WAND FOR DISHWASHING...

HANG UP MY DOLLY'S DRESS, TOO, MOTHER. I JUST WASHED IT IN RINSO

MY, IT LOOKS SNOWY—JUST LIKE MY CLOTHES. RINSO CERTAINLY SOAKS CLOTHES WHITER AND BRIGHTER!

NEXT WASHDAY

THE SUDS ARE THICK AND LIVELY—EVEN IN HARD WATER

These richer, safer suds are easier on clothes and hands

IT'S ENOUGH to make you sing for joy—to see the whiteness of clothes that are washed the easy RINSO way. And there's no hard scrubbing with RINSO. No boiling, either. In RINSO's thick, creamy suds, dirt soaks out. That makes clothes last 2 or 3 times longer. RINSO is safe for colors. The makers of 33 washers say, "Use RINSO." Good for dishes.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute

THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA
"And where do they live?" I interrupted, fairly jumping in my excitement as I thought I perceived daylight ahead.

"Their apartment is on Central Park West, two blocks from here," replied this gentleman from Verona, obviously surprised at my growing signs of pleasure.

"Can't I see them and ask them about your food preferences?" I hazarded, patting my cards on the table with a show of determination but with little actual hope that he'd agree to my proposition. Imagine, then, my complete delight and amazement when the reply was an immediate and gracious: "Certainly, why not? Shall we go at once? Wait, I'll PHONE them."

And that's how it came to pass, fellow Martini enthusiasts, that I went walking with Nino—Central Park on our right (I really didn't see it)—the possibility of dire failure left far behind, the prospect of complete success directly ahead. As we walked I learned from my gay companion some interesting facts about the people we were on our way to visit, Mr. Martini's teacher, Giovanni Zenatello and his wife, Maria Gay.

This couple, I was informed, were at one time famous singers in their own right. But at present they are interested only in finding and developing new talent—young voices destined to do big things in traditional operatic roles, but never but not in the less profitable field of radio and even in pictures, now that Hollywood has found out that there actually are singers who can act as well as sing. Mr. Martini, himself, as you doubtless know, has just returned from Hollywood where he starred with outstanding success in "Here's to Romance."

The Zenatello's discovered Nino in Italy. Under their tutelage he developed into the fine artist we know to-day. Under their guidance he won his laurels for opera in opera abroad, then over the air, here in America, finally climbing to that pinnacle of operatic success, the "Met." New York's Metropoli
tan Opera House, the first radio star to achieve that honor. Even now, although he no longer lives with the Zenatello's as their adopted son and pupil, Mr. Martini has seen to it that only a couple of city blocks separate him from his teacher. And if you would discover how close is the bond that still exists, how much "the son of the household" it was to him, you have but to walk into the Zenatello apartment with Nino as guide—as I did.

Yes, my welcome was assured by the presence of my companion; but I am sure that under any circumstances Madame Gay would be a cordial and charming hostess. I found her a typical Spanish Italian cooking and perfectly willing to give me directions for making those dishes that Mr. Martini prefers above all others. In turn I will be able to pass on these same recipes to you, for the coupon at the end of this article, as you know, will provide you with copies of these recipes, absolutely free.

But let us return to my conversation with Madame, which assumed an international character as we spoke in turns in French, in broken English on her part, in halting Spanish on mine, with occasional prompting from the side lines of Mr. Zenatello's rapid-fire Italian. Then, too, there were frequent sallies to the dictionary to look up the English terms for certain Spanish or Italian ingredients.

As a result of our food conference I discovered many interesting things about Italian foods in general, besides learning about many special dishes. Italian cookery, Madame informed me, is simpler but not less savory than the French—a sort of country cousin but a charming one. As in all Latin countries, the strong contrasts of sweet and sour or bitter and mild are strictly avoided.

Three things are outstandingly noticeable in Italian cooking—the use of olive oil, the frequent appearance of tomatoes in some form and the generous use of cheese. Cheese, in fact, accounts for many of the tantalizing aromas and flavors of Italian dishes. Garlic also adds a wonder-

ful flavor when used in small quantities. (The "bud" of garlic referred to in recipes is one of the small sections peeled down to the smooth white portion.)

Since olive oil, used for cooking, is a Spanish as well as an Italian custom, you can be sure that it gets a big play in the Zenatello household where a complete blending of Spanish and Italian customs exists.

Another custom as prevalent in Spain as in Italy is the use of many vegetables in a single dish, in combination with two or three kinds of meat. Along these lines let me tell you briefly here about Madame Gay's most famous concoction, which also is Nino Martini's favorite dish. You can have a copy of the directions for making this dish that Madame gave me in great de-
tail, by sending in the coupon. But meanwhile just whet your appetite by listening to this description.

The dish in question is called Rice Valenciano. Combined with the rice from which it derives its name are various vegetables, such as peas, hearts of artichoke, onions, mushrooms and tomatoes. Added to this are sausage slices, chicken and pork or veal cutlets. Quite a combination! And what a treat! Don't fail to get your copy by sending for the free recipe leaflet.

Before the Rice Valenciano would come a good soup and a lightéd it a crisp salad. On other occasions Veal, Verona style, would be the main course, followed by artichokes served cold with a simple oil and vinegar dressing made at the table, into which the leaves are dipped and the hearts immersed. Occasional Spanish grilled artichoke, with garlic and mustard sauce (which literally translated means "Before-the-meat") is this Italian—and much more easily prepared—equivalent of the French Hors D'Oeuvres. For this course you arrange on individual plates, or on one large platter, some such assortment as this: slices of pastrami, salami or other Italian sausages; ripe and green olives, hard boiled eggs, celery, pimento with character as we spoke in turns in French, in broken English on her part, in halting Spanish on mine, with occasional prompting from the side lines of Mr. Zenatello's rapid-fire Italian. Then, too, there were frequent sallies to the dictionary to look up the English terms for certain Spanish or Italian ingredients.

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anchovy strips, Italian sardines and the ever-present tomato.

Jumping from the beginning of the meal to the end, the dessert course generally consists of nothing more elaborate than cheese, fruits and coffee. (By the way if you want a new taste sensation, just try a slice of raw apple topped with a slice of Bel Paese or other cheese. It's grand!)

On rare occasions some sweet is featured. Among the most highly favored is Zabaione—or Zabayone, or Zabaglione! I can't find any two books that agree on the spelling but at least Madame Gay was pretty definite about the ingredients. Here they are:

**ZABAIONE**

Yolks of 4 eggs
4 tablespoons sugar
Grated rind of 1/2 lemon
3/4 cup Marsala (an amber-colored Italian wine)

Beat yolks of eggs until thick and lemon colored (about 5 minutes). Add sugar a little at a time, beating until sugar is dissolved after each addition. Add grated rind, then add wine slowly. Place mixture in top of double boiler over rapidly boiling water. Stir constantly while cooking, until mixtures becomes a thick, frothy cream. Serve hot over lady finger or in parfait glasses with macaroons.

This is a real “company” dessert. Nino Martini's other food favorites, however, are more in keeping with our every-day family needs. They include the famous Rice Valenciano already described; a recipe for Veal, Verona style, with its tomato sauce and seasonings has an unusual and wonderful flavor. Minestrone, a rich soup that is a meal in itself and Italian Stuffed Onions. Compared to the pallid creamed variety of onions with which we are all so sadly familiar, these Stuffed Onions are as deliciously different as is the Rice Valenciano from the generally accepted, but completely Americanized version of Spanish Rice.

If you are a Nino Martini enthusiast, an epicure, a seeker for novelty in foods, a wise housewife, or just a plain ordinary human with a good appetite, you shouldn't miss this issue of our regular monthly recipe leaflet. It costs you nothing but the stamp you use to mail in your request and think what a rich reward you'll reap!

For it would be difficult indeed to find anyone with more appetizing food preferences than Mr. Martini and impossible to discover a more competent guide and cook than Madame Maria Gay Zenatello. By sending in for the recipes, this month, you will have good cause to join me in the hearty thanks that I extend them both for their help and courtesy.

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**Read what this thrifty mother says—**

"When food prices—meat especially—started to go up, I was frankly worried," admits Mrs. A. L. Lippitt of Pelham, N. Y. "But I've learned how to feed my family well on even less than I used to spend. And my husband says we're 'living high'!

Franco-American Spaghetti is such a help. We enjoy it so, I have it several times a week. Often I serve it for lunch or supper in place of meat. It's marvelous to combine with leftovers, too, and to 'dress up' cheaper cuts of meat. I simply couldn't get along without it."

Franco-American is a real "find" in these days of rising prices. It costs so little, tastes so good! Its rich, savory cheese-

and-tomato sauce, made with eleven different ingredients, adds zest and flavor to the whole meal. Highly nourishing, too—a grand "energy food" for growing children. And they love it!

Franco-American comes all ready to heat and serve, no work at all. A can is usually no more than ten cents—less than three cents a portion. You couldn't buy all your ingredients and cook your own spaghetti for so little. Think of the work you're saved, too—the time and trouble. No need to fuss and bother with home-cooked spaghetti now.

"Franco-American has a far better sauce than mine," women say. See for yourself. Order a can from your grocer today."
Don't Marry a Band Leader, Girls!
(Continued from page 54)

Has as possible to fit her husband's. Daytimes, Junior League luncheons and teas notwithstanding, she clearly states that she must be free to be with her husband, for daytime provides her chance to be with him. At night, however, she can do what she chooses. If she entertains, she does it in the swanky Persian Room of the Plaza, where Eddie's band is stationed. If she goes to a ball, to the opera—well, society has taken Marjorie into its care and provided her with 'crowd' parties where she isn't either an extra nor has a definite date with any one man. Eddie has gone half way, too, and is lenient and understanding about those things. He doesn't want marriage to deprive her of her old friends and enjoyments.

There's an interesting group of orchestra leaders' wives who, instead of having the long-]long evenings problem to cope with, are in the situation of seeing too much of their husbands. They have to sing with the band, and outstanding among them are Ozzie Nelson's Harriet Hilliard, Xavier Cugat's Carmen Castillo, Enoch Light's Mary Danis.

I caught Harriet a few hours before she flew off alone to Hollywood for the bride of three days, and asked her bow she was going to handle that phase of her marriage.

"Well," she allowed (too blissfully, I thought, to indicate any forethought on the matter), "I've been with Ozzie's band three years now and he hasn't got tired of me yet. If that happens, I'll simply do something wise about it. Anyway, aren't I leaving for the coast at four this afternoon...?"

Carmen Castillo has an effective secret behind the twelve-year success in her marriage. The Cugats' suite, high up in the Waldorf-Astoria, has a tiny studio in it that is Carmen's own den. In it she keeps the tools for her pet hobby—making Mexican jewelry and prints. And she's good at it.

"When I go down to the supper-room to sing with the orchestra, I consider myself an employee of Xavier's. I expect him to mingle freely with the guests and pay me no more attention than he would any other singer he might have with the outfit. During the long intermissions between my numbers (an hour or more usually) I leave the orchestra stand and come upstairs, put a smock on over my gown and read, work in my den or listen to the radio. That way, I believe, I'm filling my job in the best way possible for my husband. During the day I see to it that I'm free when Xavier is free, occupied when he must be out."

Cute little Mary Danis, who baby-talks the lyrics forubby Enoch Light's orchestra, is a great believer in separate interests to keep her marriage going.

"Enoch wants me to have my afternoons to myself," she told me. "Heavens, we work together and live together and that's enough for two people to see of each other."

So Mary fills her days with more activities than you can shake a stick at. She takes tap dancing and painting lessons and takes in just about every show in New York and sees people and gets around.

"And at dinner-time, when we go to work with the orchestra, we've been separated long enough to enjoy together for the evening. We're all dressing up and we have soft lights and music and—it's practically like the dates we used to have before we were married."

"Enoch," she added, "says so.

It looks like a live marriage, marriage, is a pretty good recommendation.

If you were wed to an orchestra leader, would you be content to stay home at night and do your housekeeping in a Hoover apron while hundreds of fair young things in their best evening gowns are dancing under your husband's baton? That's what Ruth Hamp does while Johnny's playing in Chicago's Edgewater Beach Hotel. And she does it because, like many of us, she hasn't any hobby she enjoys as much as keeping her home attractive for her husband.

Daytimes she keeps absolutely free to catch a game of golf or a matinee or anything Johnny has the time and mood for. But at night, when other wives' husbands are taking them out, Ruth's at home planning menus and watching "Skip-It," the puppy, and sorting laundry and rearranging the living-room furniture. For years Johnny's been on a diet that prevents his eating in restaurants. So Ruth, who won't trust his tummy to any cooking but her own, cooks every term over her stove every evening; when the band travels she has a large electric grill carried along.

By three or four of the morning, though, you can bet Mrs. Hamp is out of that Hoover apron and into one of her love-hate negligees or dresses. I have never seen an orchestra leader's wife who wasn't groomed and given to perfection all the time, not only because she has the time and money for it, but for the same reason you'd be, too, if your husband worked amid a balloon full of lovely young girls!

Gladys Noble, Ray's brunette, British little wife, hasn't had much fun since radio brought her husband to America. Of course she's proud of his success but pride has a way of wilting now and then, when it's cooped up night after night in a Central Park apartment.

"In London it was different," she told me, "In London I was never lonely. But over here—well, Ray's afraid for me to go out by myself at night and I haven't been in America long enough to make a great many friends. During the day Ray's busy composing or attending to business and I can't be with him much then, either. So," she added brightly, "to save the situation I have to work nights, too."

And that something is a fat stack of French grammars and dictionaries which Gladys and her tutor work over four nights a week. The motive being not so much that she'd always wanted to speak fluent French as the fact that she wants Ray to feel she is occupied and happy. I ask you—would you memorize those nineteen-thousand irregular French verbs to
One of radio's loveliest looking lassies is Gypsy, the NBC interviewer of radio celebrities whose voice you hear on the Personal Closeups program. Her program, which gives listeners an intimate idea of just how popular radio artists spend their spare moments, is heard every Sunday evening.

keep your orchestra leader husband happy? A good old hen party may occasionally be your idea of fun, but if you had to resort to that every night, because there weren't any men to go out with, you'd get pretty tired of it. And for Glen Gray's wife, Marion, and the rest of the wives of the Casa Loma Orchestra, there naturally aren't any other men. So they've formed a club among themselves for such rash evening pastimes as knitting or going to a good play. Or, sometimes, wondering aloud and in unison why they ever married musicians.

Marion and Glen, though, have an attractive custom for keeping their four-year-old romance à tempo. They call it their "Three O'Clock Date," and it's a hangover from their courting days. Every three a.m., when the band is through for the night, Marion freshens her make-up, hops into the car and drives into mid-town Manhattan to pick up her husband. In accordance with how tired Glen is that evening, they decide what they'll do on their date. Perhaps it will be just a short ride out Riverside Drive, and a cigarette together and a chat; perhaps they'll stop in at Childs' for scrambled eggs and coffee; or, on stellar occasions, they'll go to some noisy late-closing night club and have a dance or two. At any rate, it's the one hour out of every twenty-four that Mrs. Glen Gray can feel that Mr. Glen Gray belongs absolutely to her.

"Except," she adds, "he's usually so exhausted he falls asleep on my shoulder before he's got the car in the garage..."

So, ho-hum and a-lack a day! Marry your glamorous orchestra leader if you still insist!

WARM HEARTS NEED KOOLS—Mounting sales tell us we hit the mark by offering a smoke that cools your throat while pleasing your palate. We've cork-tipped KOOLS to save lips and added a valuable B & W coupon in each pack good for handsome articles (offer good in U.S.A., only). Get a pack of KOOLS today. Cross our hearts, you'll love 'em! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky.
they spend each week-end, the year through.

"It started," she explained, "to be a one-room lodge. But we had a friend who was an architect, so it turned into a darling Cape Cod cottage."

It stands on a hill-top originally some-what bare of trees, so Margaret and her husband share a mutual passion for tree-planting.

"Every time we get a little extra money, we buy a tree!" And her clear blue eyes sparkled at the mental picture of their home slowly achieving the pleasant setting of oak and maple and beech and fir. "We have thirty different varieties of trees already! And we love gardening," she went on enthusiastically. "We have some grand gardens of perennials."

Every week-end they go out there, and the boy comes home from his school at Croton to join them.

Looking at her, it is hard to picture her as the mother of a boy old enough to be in school. Slim and tall, with eager, frank blue eyes, her straight blonde hair drawn back in a knot at her neck, little wings of short hair brushed over the temples, she might easily be taken for a young girl not long out of school herself.

She laughed. "I graduated from Ohio State University, with a B. A. degree, over eight years ago. I'm old enough to know what it's all about!"

Of course she sang all through school and college days. Churches and glee clubs welcomed her sweet young voice. But later, inevitably, her thoughts turned to the wider opportunities in New York.

One of her brothers, then a member of Dr. Millsap's Financial Commission in Persia, offered to finance her studies.

"So I really didn't have to struggle for my career," she explained. "Of course I wouldn't spend any money I didn't actually have to spend—I lived in a real hall bedroom. It had a piano and a couch. I could just walk between them. There were shelves on the wall for my books.

And I had a tiny bathroom, made over from a closet. My teacher then was Helen Chase. She still is my teacher.

"I sang in churches, to help out with my expenses—churches of every denomination, Methodist, Presbyterian, Dutch Reformed, Episcopal, Swedish-American. I sang for two years in the Madison Avenue Methodist church.

"Then I got a chance to sing in the chorus of a Shubert musical comedy. That lasted eight months, then went on the road. I went with it for a few weeks. Then I felt it was better for me to be in New York, so I came back."

"I answered an advertisement for a prima donna, and was accepted. It was a cooperative show in a little theatre in Greenwich Village and it didn't bring us any financial reward above expenses. Afterward, it played uptown for one week. It closed on Saturday night.

"But a man who had seen the show offered me a job in vaudeville. So on Monday I opened in vaudeville in Bridgeport, after rehearsing all day Sunday!"

"While I was singing with that show, in Hartford, New Haven and other Con- nected towns, Mr. C. F. Gannon, head of WOR, heard me and offered me a chance to sing over the radio from that station. It didn't pay anything, but I felt it would be good experience."

For two years Margaret sang over WOR, chiefly on sustaining programs. Occasionally she got a commercial en- gagement, that sometimes paid as much as thirty dollars. And meanwhile the church singing continued to help finance her. She was on the Hoffman Beverage program, singing with Nelson Eddy, with whom she was to sing again later on the Firestone program. "Nelson is a grand guy," she said. "He has done so marvellously well, and his success hasn't spoiled him at all."

Later Margaret sang for two years for the Judson Radio Corporation, over WJSY. Then she sang with Helen Sel- heim, who this season is a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company — which, Margaret feels, is a fit setting for that lovely voice.

She has sung in a number of concerts, in Ohio, in Columbus, Georgia, in North Carolina, Washington, New Jersey, New Hampshire. In New York she gave a joint recital with Walter Kramer, at the Barbizon. Also she has sung in a num- ber of private recitals and concerts with her famous uncle, Oley Speaks. One winter she presented a series of concerts on the air, to which she brought a number of American composers, who spoke briefly after she had sung their songs — William Stickles, whose song, "Do You Remember?" is one of her favorites. Clarence Olmsted, who wrote "Thy Sweet Singing," and Ernest Charles, who gave us the song, "Clouds," were among that number. With Charles, she later gave a recital, singing some of his songs that had not as yet been published.

Then, in June, 1934, William Daly, con- ductor of the Firestone Symphony Orches- tra, who had known Margaret when she was singing on the Hoffman Hour, sent for her for an audition. Daly congratu- lates himself as the discoverer of both Margaret Speaks and Nelson Eddy.

Daly engaged Margaret for the Fire- stone quartette, composed of Gladys Swarthout and her husband, Frank Chap- man, Fred Huffsmith, and Margaret Speaks. Later Margaret became a mem- ber of the Firestone chorus, and sang duets with Nelson Eddy and Crooks.

During this past summer series of the Voice of Firestone programs, Margaret was the soloist. And for the winter series she again is singing as assisting artist with Crooks and Eddy. Eddy had planned to come to New York for this series, but as that proved impossible, since his pic- ture, "Rose Marie" was not completed, it was arranged for Margaret to go out to the Coast for their duets—a long way to
go for a half hour of song.

So, reluctantly, she left her husband, who couldn’t leave his advertising business to accompany her. The first concert on the Coast was on November 25th, and Margaret was decided to spend Thanksgiving with her husband and son, although to do so she would have to fly back.

Till then she had flown but once. That was when she was in Washington with her father, who was in Congress. Lindbergh took them up.

“We were only in the air fifteen minutes,” she recalled. “I liked it—I’d seen so many pictures of flying, it seemed entirely natural. But I didn’t know whether I’d like flying across the continent.”

But to be with her family for the holidays Margaret would fly, whether she liked it or not!

The same spirit took her across the ocean during a stormy week when many cancelled their passage, to join her husband on a vacation in England. It was last winter, about a year ago as you read this. Her husband had to make a business trip to Europe, after which he planned to visit his family, who live in England. Firestone generously gave Margaret a four weeks’ leave of absence, and on a bleak day in February she sailed for Plymouth to meet her husband. It was a period of severe storms, but though the crossing was so rough that only a few hardy sailors ventured on deck, Margaret thoroughly enjoyed her first ocean voyage and was not ill at all.

It was on that trip that they hunted vainly for Bramford-Speke. But though she did not succeed in finding the early home of her family, Margaret felt the thrill that comes to all whose roots go deep, in being again in the country her ancestors knew and loved.

So with every experience she renewes her bond with the past and gains new zest for the present. However it comes, life is a grand adventure for Margaret Speaks.

And so it was this winter on her trips to and from the Coast. After her Thanksgiving holiday she went West again for the three December concerts. Then she flew to Columbus, Ohio, for the Christmas family reunion there.

The first January concert originates in New York.

“And so—home!” said Margaret.

So when you tune in your radio for the Firestone programs on Monday nights this winter, hearing its theme song:

“Strolling Again Memory Lane With you…”

you will know that once more Margaret Speaks is enjoying her happy week-ends in the little Cape Cod cottage in the Westchester hills, with the man and the boy she loves.

The End

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

Make sure you don’t have bad breath! Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes all the decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums and around the tongue—which dentists agree are the source of most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate’s. If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will gladly refund TWICE what you paid.
All For One and One For All
(Continued from page 17)

since then, every day except Saturday, they have been on the air—five years for the same sponsor. And with ever-increasing popularity.

You’ve heard them. You know how they talk—three friends gathered together for casual gossip or chat, about the movies, or new books, they have read, or of events of current interest—anything that pops into the head of any one of them, from something they ‘seen in the papers’ to the more immediate problems of raising children. (And Em may not admit that any one of her five is a problem child, but...)

Their voices are as familiar as those of any of your friends—Clara’s deliberate and low-pitched, Em’s slightly higher, brisker twang, and Lu’s thin pipe and embarrassed giggle—three simple, yet “beauties,” voices whose amusing chatter is spiced with apparent unconscious wit. You laugh over their absurdities and feel pleasantly superior, yet affectionately drawn to them.

You sympathize with their struggles over reason and logic and laugh at Em’s cheerful conclusion: “But after all, it ain’t meant for women to reason. It just ain’t normal.” And you chuckle again over Clara’s and Em’s sympathetic consideration for the patient Lu’s lesser intellect.

“Did you ever think you was losing yer mind?” Clara’s voice is grave—this is a serious matter. “I thought I was, once—and do you know what it was? It just was jest thinking too hard!”

“Thinking is awful hard on a person,” Em opines. “Lu better stick to plain, simple things.”

“I know,” Lu agrees in her meek voice. “I don’t try to think...”

I wanted to meet them—Clara, Lu and Em in person. And what, I wondered as I journeyed toward the studio for our interview, would their other selves be like? I don’t know just what I had expected. But I wasn’t quite prepared for the three quiet, pretty girls, with their low, well-modulated voices and charming, unaffected faces of distinctly and attractive young matrons from Evanston, Illinois. It was difficult to fit them into the picture of the three quaint, homely characters who have put their popular skit on the air five times a week for five years.

They look more like the three cute girls, who for a lark, conceived the three beings who have brought them nation-wide friendship and fame.

“As a matter of fact,” the dark-haired young matron, Helen King, who is Mrs. John Mitchell in private life and ‘Em’ over the air, said softly, ‘we really put on the skit for each other’s amusement, even now!’

“You know, we really did hate to explot these characters,” Isobel Carothers, who is ‘Lu’ and Mrs. Howard Berozheim, maintained. ‘At first it didn’t seem quite right.’

And Louise Starkey (Mrs. Paul Mead), who is ‘Clara,’ added: “They were our friends—it didn’t seem quite fair to broad-
Want to know why my mama's so smart?

A tip from a young man 8 months old

This cute little rascal thinks he's got a very smart mama. And he has.
She's smart—because whenever he needs a laxative she gives him one he loves to take—Fletcher's Castoria! And does it taste good!

Mothers! You'll be glad to know that Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children—even to the taste. You won't have to force it between their protesting lips. And that's important! For the revulsion and gagging a child goes through when taking a laxative he hates can shock his nervous system—and upset his tiny stomach.

Remember, Fletcher's Castoria is safe! There isn't a harmful ingredient in it. It contains no drugs, no narcotics. It is not a harsh purgative—won't cause griping pains.
Fletcher's Castoria is a child's laxative pure and simple.
It works gently, blandly—but thoroughly.

Depend upon Fletcher's Castoria for your children—from babyhood to 11 years.

Get the thrifty Family Size bottle from your druggist. The signature Chas. H. Fletcher appears on every carton.

RADIO STARS

Jesse Crawford, "poet of the organ," demonstrates to Edith Olson the fine art of dunking.

We are not career-conscious."
"No, we keep our two lives separate," Isobel agreed. "That is the nice thing about work on the radio, it doesn't interfere with your family life.
But they do not deny the importance, the importunateness of their work, either.
"After three months at home," Isobel admitted, "I realize it isn't quite as satisfying as having a job—as having both!"
Only Helen smiled a little, as if making mental reservations. And I guessed her thoughts were with the tiny new daughter whom it is so hard to leave right now.
The girls returned to the air in the middle of October, after the longest vacation in years. Helen's little girl was born in Evanston on August 26th and for her, the three months passed almost too swiftly. I can well imagine that her heart is divided right now, that she must be impatient to get home to the little newcomer each night.
The long breathing spell was less exciting for the other two. Louise stayed quietly at home, resting and making her preparations for her own 'blessed event'.
The traditional sewing, of course—and that was fun to Louise, for she belongs to a sewing club and admits there is nothing she likes better, unless it is bridge.
For Isobel the high point was a two weeks' vacation in Northern Michigan with her husband, a trip which included a leisurely, restful sail across the lake on a freighter. The rest of the time was spent happily in her new home with her husband, baby and friends.
"We really haven't any social contacts with radio people," Helen commented. "There is so little time, just not hours enough in a day! Our outside interests center in our homes and in the friends we've known since college days. So you see, our home life is really all the life we have."
But it is enough. And even more than their limited outside contacts, they enjoy each other, find their three-cornered relationship in itself very satisfying.
"I was thinking only the other day," Louise said seriously, "that I have no other friends that mean quite the same, that are so close."
And Clara, Lu and Em share even the
The 8th WOMAN
gets more out of life

Eight million women have had to always consider the time of month in making an engagement—avoiding any strenuous activities on certain days. Today, a million escape this regular martyrdom because they have accepted the aid of Midol. A tiny white tablet, is the secret of the eighth woman’s poise and comfort at this time.

Are you a martyr to regular pain? Must you favor yourself, and save yourself, certain days of every month? Midol might change all this. Might have you your confident self, leading your regular life, free from periodic pain and discomfort.

The smallest degree of relief you might receive means a great deal to your comfort. Midol is taken any time, preferably at the first sign of approaching pain. This precaution often avoids the pain altogether, but Midol is effective even when the pain has reached its height. It’s effective for hours, and it is not a narcotic.

Get these tablets in a trim little aluminum case—they are usually right out on the toilet goods counter. Or, a card addressed to Midol, 170 Varick St., N.Y., brings a trial box in plain wrapper.

home life. For the girls get together every morning, in Isobel’s home or Helen’s or Louise’s, and work on their scripts for the following day. They have no plot and do not plan their sketches far ahead, letting some incident or bit of news decide the next day’s program.

“One program often leads to another,” Helen explained. “We get together and talk it over and work it out, and write it down as we go.”

And Louise chimed in: “We have lots of fun.”

Helen laughed—it is she who laughs easily and frequently, and not the quiet Isobel, whose infectious giggle is evidently Lu’s and not her own. “We know each other’s idiosyncracies,” she said. And Louise elucidated: “We’ve known each other so long and we think pretty much alike, Of course we think differently enough to build different people and we have different types of humor. Still,” she ended with a smile, “we do laugh at the same jokes, don’t we?”

Perhaps that explains the fruitfulness of their long association. They are different, yet “like a pair of twins” differing enough to add a little spice, sufficiently alike to insure sympathy and understanding. Knowing them, you couldn’t imagine them ever quarreling. They are all for one and one for all, their loyalty showing itself even in little things. When Louise, for instance, exclaimed all artistic ability when I asked if she had kept up the art lessons she once started in company with her husband, Helen sprang quickly to her defense: “Oh, but you had! You did always well enough to begin.”

As for the business arrangements, they have no manager and have always had the same sponsor, so that end of it runs smoothly, too.

Their lives are absorbing, completely filling. There are no tag ends, no unfilled quarters, no empty hours, nor minutes, even. For there is the morning rehearsal or preparation of the next day’s script and there is an afternoon rehearsal in the studio, shortly followed by their broadcast. Then it is time to dash back to the other with Evesham and catch their families. Into this busy day must be put time for reading, for they must keep up to the minute in their comments on current events. There is no time left for special hobbies or sports or exercise. Helen finds little opportunity to keep up with her music, or for swimming or ping pong, her favorite amusements. And Louise worries over making her sewing club fit into her busy schedule.

I found them sincere, unassuming, as we chatted. The expected sophistication is utterly lacking. They use little make-up—a touch of rouge, perhaps. They dress well but simply. Helen and Louise are both dark, with large, lovely brown eyes, but Louise is the placid type, her big eyes lambent, serious and Helen is sparkling, vivacious. Louise is small and slight, with lovely auroral glints in her light brown hair, blue eyes and a small, wistful face, a shy but friendly manner. There is not in one of them the faintest hint of pose or affectation, the slightest touch of theatricality.

Perhaps it is that unpretentiousness, that simple, straightforward, that so endears them to their listeners. For in-

RADIO STARS

always herself

That enviable woman who is never at a disadvantage, never breaks engagements, never declines dances (unless she wants to!) is apt to be the eighth woman who uses Midol.
They Never Say “No!”

(Continued from page 39)

built up greater newspaper reader power than practically any other newspaper column. She has built this power and sustained it through sheer energy, tirelessness and faithfulness to her work. On these traits, she has risen from a modestly paid writer to the highest paid in the profession. She has risen from a modest apartment in Chicago and in New York to ownership of a beautiful home in Beverly Hills. And she still works as hard as when she first began.

To highlight these qualities, Louella Parsons is one of the most extraordinary saleswomen I ever have known. She gets a new slant on an old situation, drives for the new slant and sells it.

To get the inside picture of why the movie people answer Louella’s call when they seldom answer other such calls, we have to go back to the Louella O. Parsons who, as an inexperienced girl, found it necessary to support herself and those dear to her.

“Did you know what you wanted to do when you first began?” I asked.

“Well,” she smiled, “I got an idea of the job I’d like and then I sold the idea to the man who was in a position to give me the job.”

That man was the president of the Essanay Studio. Louella always selected the head man to talk to. It saved time. It brought quicker results. The job she aspired to was that of scenario editor. The way she accomplished what she wanted was simple. She just marched into the Essanay Studio, asked to see the president, refused to see any one else, and by sheer perseverance got in to see him. Once in his office, she wasted no time putting over her idea. She wasn’t frightened. Neither was she over-confident.

She got the job. With it she created the first scenario-editor job in pictures.

“It was while I was with Essanay,” Louella said, “that I met and became friends with Wally Beery, Charlie Chaplin, Ben Turpin, and so many others who are still in pictures.”

As it happened, however, this position offered no chance of advancement. The time came when Louella’s responsibilities made it obligatory for her to earn more money. She “bought up” another job, that of writing a motion picture column for a newspaper. She sold this idea to the head of the Chicago Tribune. Newspapers had not paid much attention to movies before her advent into that field. As she spread the gospel of celluloidia, her name became synonymous with pictures and picture personalities.

Her fame reached New York. It prompted the owner of the Morning Telegraph to offer her the position of motion picture editor of his newspaper.

“I was a little uneasy at the thought of leaving Chicago,” Louella confessed. “Chicago was my home and all my friends

3 Brunettes—

WHICH SHOULD USE

A BLONDE POWDER?

Over 200 girls’ skins color-analyzed!

LOOK AT THEM! All 3 true brunettes—yet no two have skins alike. They don’t dare use the same shade of powder!

Dark-haired Helen Kirk-Jones, in the center, has that very white skin which a brunette powder simply kills. It takes a blonde’s favorite shade—Pond’s Rose Cream—to give it the radiance she needs.

Mary Blagden, at the top, knows that her creamy skin clears up and sparkles best with Pond’s Brunette. While brown-haired Sally Hanford has a darker skin which lights up gloriously with Pond’s Rose Brunette.

It just goes to show—never be too quick to use “dark” powder, simply because you have dark hair. You may be the Helen Kirk-Jones type! Let your skin decide . . .

TO FIND OUT what makes certain skins luminous—others deadly dull!—Pond’s analyzed over 200 girls’ skins. They discovered that hidden skin tints make the difference.

The loveliest creamy skin owed its glow to a hint of sparkling green. While dazzling fair skins had a brilliant blue to thank!

Now Pond’s has blended these amazing tints into entirely new shades. No matter what beauty tint your skin lacks—one of the new Pond’s shades gives it to you! One warms up faded pallor. Another turns sallow skins faintly rosy . . . Florid skins tone down . . . Muddy skins clear and brighten!

Try them free with the coupon below. See how—

ROSE CREAM gives radiance to fair-skinned blondes and brunettes

NATURAL makes blonde skin transparent

BRUNETTE clears and brightens creamy skins

ROSE BRUNETTE warms up dull skins

LIGHT CREAM gives pearly tone

Texture? Not airy-light. Not heavy, either. Pond’s Powder is fine—spreads evenly and clings. It comes in glass jars—to “hold” its perfume, to show the shade clearly. Jars at reduced prices, 35¢ and 75¢. Boxes, 10¢ and 20¢, increased in size.

FREE 5 Lively New Shades
Mail coupon today

(This offer expires April 1, 1936)

POND’S, Dept.B 126, Clinton, Conn. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond’s new Powder, enough of each for a thorough 3-day test.

Name__________________________

Street__________________________

City________________ State________

Copyright, 1936, Pond’s Extract Company

65
Stop that COLD in Its Tracks!

A cold is nothing to "monkey with." It can take hold quickly and develop seriously. Take no chances inviting serious complications.

Treat a cold for what it is—an internal infection! Take an internal treatment and one that is expressly for colds and nothing else!

Grove’s Laxative Bromo Quinine is what you want for a cold! It is expressly a cold tablet. It is internal in effect. It does four important things.

Four Important Things
First of all, it opens the bowels. Second, it checks the infection in the system. Third, it relieves the headache and fever. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

All drug stores sell Grove’s Laxative Bromo Quinine. Let it be your first thought in case of a cold. Ask for it firmly and accept no substitute. The few pennies’ investment may save you a lot of grief.

"A Cold is an Internal Infection and Requires Internal Treatment"

Gertrude Lyne and Otto Clare, talented piano duo who entertain over NBC from San Francisco. Gertrude does all of the arranging for the team, having studied music at the Boston Conservatory. She plays the organ, too. Otto hails from Seattle and has played in many orchestras.

were there. To go to New York meant to cut all old ties and that seemed a frightening thing to do."

But she did it. Once in New York, her picture contacts established, her movie department on the paper functioning smoothly, Louella commenced to show her calibre. To her—the picture people are second to none. She did heroic pioneer work for them. In return, she demanded reciprocation and reciprocation took the form of "exclusive stories."

"Our Hollywood Hotel program is co-operative," Louella explained. "I don't just interview the stars. We introduce them in a preview sketch from their newest talkie. Our listeners get a very good idea what the picture is about before it ever reaches their city and having heard the star in it beforehand, they naturally are more interested in seeing it."

"Does radio clash with your newspaper work?" I asked.

"Heavens, no!" Louella was astounded at the thought. "One works in with the other. I wouldn't permit anything to interfere with my column."

And for the same reason that the players relish mention in Louella’s syndicated column, they relish being with her on the Hollywood Hotel program.

Ronald Colman vowed he never would go on the air.

"But Ronnie is awfully sweet," Louella said. "He has appeared with me twice."

"Are your programs prepared very far ahead?" I asked.

"No," Louella returned. "We want each one to be newsy as well as entertaining so we usually work only a week ahead."

I was with Louella when she came to New York for what she called a "vacation."

"I'm getting my part in our next program arranged now," she said. "I leave New York Saturday and I'll be back in Hollywood Wednesday. At which moment a bellboy arrived with a telegram. It was from Louella's radio secretary on the Coast, advising her that Kay Francis had consented to appear on the program the following Friday in a scene from her new picture. Louella sped a wire to Kay's home:"

"Kay darling. Will you have your secretary call me home and leave word if you can meet there Wednesday afternoon at 4:30 to talk the program over."

This business concluded, Louella went on to say: "We meet every Wednesday at my home to get the following Friday night's program generally rehearsed. Our producer, Bill Bacher. Dick Powell—" "Everyone in the company?"

"Yes."

"How many rehearsals do you have?"

"Two, sometimes more. Thursday night we rehearse from eight until one or so in the morning.

"And the stars don't mind such a stretch?"

Louella didn't even bother to answer that question. The fact that Ronnie Colman, among others, has acquired to such hours more than once is answer sufficient.

"Have you ever had any mishaps the night of your broadcast?" I continued.

"We nearly had, once," Louella recalled with a shiver. "That was when Clark Gable was with us. Poor dear. He was in as panic as a state as we were over it."

"We go on at six o'clock, you know, western time. It got nearer and nearer to six and everyone was there except Clark. We were pretty frantic. We telephoned his house, but they said he'd left nearly an hour ago. Well, we were frantic then.
Six o'clock came. Still no Clark. The program started. We had no notion what we would do to fill in the awful gap Clark's absence would make.

Fortunately, the day was saved. At two minutes past six, Clark rushed in. When he signed off an hour later, we learned what had happened to him. He'd been in an automobile accident on the way down. He hadn't been injured, but he'd been badly shaken up. But he finally got a taxi and broke all records getting down in time.

"Miriam Hopkins did a little record-breaking herself for us," Louella recollected with a smile, "only in her case we knew about it. The night she broadcast with us, she was still making her "Barbary Coast" picture. It was an expensive production and Miriam couldn't be spared from the set until the very last minute. We arranged to have a motorcycle police escort for her, to clear the way from the studio to the broadcasting theater.

Mae West, yet another who starred on the Hollywood Hotel program, "put on a grand show," Louella said.

Mae dressed up for the occasion in her best bib and tucker and strode about in typical West style before the 1,400 delighted spectators attending the broadcast.

"She even made a crack or two about hoping her husband was listening in," Louella smiled.

Perhaps he was, because it was just about after that his widely publicized divorce action against her was dropped and settled out of "print."

Louella's dual job of radio and column writing, however, is not all roses and orchids. If you've never heard telephones ring madly, you should hear hers. There is rarely a lull. If it isn't a call giving a story to her newspaper column, it's someone calling about the radio program. If it isn't that, it's personal. If it isn't personal, it's ten other things.

Letters pour in. Telegrams. Visitors drop around. Appointments arrive. Two secretaries work at top speed taking care of the requirements of these high pressure jobs. And Louella herself, gives the clock a run for its minutes.

Then Friday, and on this day it is generally a different story. The column, of course, is prepared, but there are seldom any appointments—seldom any visitors—seldom any going out until, amid a flurry of final orders, she departs for the broadcast. At six the program goes on the air. Sometimes there is a party over the broadcast. Sometimes just a quiet dinner at Louella's or at the home of one of the stars. Friday night ends a feverish week. Saturday begins another.

Any Saturday morning, perhaps Norma Shearer, perhaps Robert Montgomery, perhaps Bette Davis, any one of a number of stars, may be informed while having breakfast and reading Louella O. Parsons' newspaper movie column:

"Miss Parsons is calling."

That same star, answering the telephone will, the chances are, respond to Louella's query:

"Can you appear next Friday on our program?"

With:

"All right. I'll do it for you, Louella."

They never say no!

The END

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"I know Helen is thin, but she's so active we can't put an ounce on her"

---

I S YOUR active youngster putting on inches but not putting on pounds? During the fast-growing years, children need and must have certain important food essentials—without which their physical development is usually retarded.

That's why more and more mothers are turning to Cocomalt—the scientific food-drink that supplies six important food essentials that help children to gain in weight and strength— aids them in building strong bones and sound teeth. Cocomalt is rich in calcium, phosphorus and Vitamin D for building strong bones and sound teeth. It contains Iron for red blood and strength—and proteins for the building up of solid flesh and muscle. It is rich in carbohydrates which supply food energy needed for the activities of children.

Mothers write words of praise

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Mrs. J. Hogan, 17 Addison St.
Larchmont, N. Y.

Cocomalt in the registered trade-mark of the B. B. Davis Co., Hoboken, N. J.
Why Deane Sings Only of Love
(Continued from page 48)

herself with the philosophy which has car-
ried her through her life thus far, "What
is to be, will be."
That’s an ancient philosophy, yet this
romance is as modern as day after to-
morrow’s newspaper. The radio brings
Deane’s voice to Stanley. The airplane
brings Stanley to Deane. A few weeks
ago he heard her sweet voice over the air
in Chicago. A few hours later the two
of them were dancing together in New
York, dancing with the realization that all
too soon Stanley would be borne away
again.
"These partings are heartbreak-" Deane
said. "But it’s better to see him for a
little while than not to see him at all.
We’ve stopped saying ‘Goodbye.’ We
now say: ‘See you soon.’ That makes it
easier. And there is no other way. I’ve
determined to reach the very top of my
profession before I even think about mar-
rriage. I know now that this is the way
for me."
Yes, it is the way for Deane, and by
roughly sketching the pattern of her life
perhaps I can tell you why.
Just a little over three years ago Deane
Janis was an unknown, pretty girl in
Omaha, Nebraska, with nothing more tan-
gible upon which to ride to success than
the ability to play the piano, a nice but
untrained voice and tremendous ambition.
All that ambition was directed toward
show business and, curiously enough, al-
though she was an only child and her
father and mother never had been con-
ected with the theatre in any way, they
made no objections to her trying her luck
in that glamorous profession.
For a while in Omaha she modeled
frocks, as the proprietor of the shop tried
to make the customers believe that they
would look as slim and as exciting in the
gowns as Deane did.
One summer she went to visit an aunt
in Chicago and she never came back home,
for there she met someone who introduced
her to someone who took her to a Chicago
radio station and she got the chance to
do a little fifteen-minute sustaining pro-
gram—singing and playing her own ac-
companiments.
That was the first small step and al-
though that alone was pretty exciting,
Deane was not content to wait for better
breaks. Instead she went to all the music
publishing houses and asked their repre-
sentatives to listen to her program and
keep her in mind when a band needed a
singer.
It was with Hal Kemp’s orchestra that
she landed a job. One day Deane was a
little nobody. The next day she walked
past the Black Hawk night club—one of
the very swanky college rendezvous—and
saw her name picked out in electric light
bulbs on the marquee.
Deane thought that was the thrill that
comes but once in a lifetime. But she was
to have an even greater thrill a few years
later.
For eighteen months she sang with the
Kemp orchestra and she learned the mean-
ing of showmanship. She learned how to
put a number over, how with smiles and
grace to take her audience with her along
the paths of melody.
Men were mad about Deane, but she had
the feeling that some day she would meet
the right man. So she only sang of love.
At the end of the year and a half’s work
she was pitifully tired so she went to the
coast where she met Stanley.
Do you see, perhaps, why she decided to
return when Kemp’s wire came? She had
sipped at success and glamour. She had
had some remarkable "breaks." How could
she put down the cup when it was half
full?
Deane is right in believing in fate. There
must be some curious destiny which guides
the lives of girls like her. There is some
force which makes these people, so rich
in charm and mystery, develop their talents.
In spite of the fact that Stanley was in
San Francisco most of the time, New
York was all the things that Deane had
expected it to be. There was adventure
and excitement in the very air and her
triumph in Chicago paled beside the ac-
claim she received at the Pennsylvania.
Even with her natural gifts she wanted
to learn more and at last she persuaded Al
Siegel to coach her.
Her songs, with the orchestra, had been
broadcast from the Pennsylvania roof,
which was simply a foretaste of what was
in store for her.
Al Jolson asked her to appear as guest
artist on his program and from then on
tremendous things happened.
She was told that she must give an au-
dition for the Camel hour. Happily she
wired Stanley to be thinking of her—as
if he were not always—and to wish her
luck.
Eighty girls were tried out for that
program and the agonizing process of
elimination began. And each time a few
girls were dropped during the narrowing
down stage, Deane must give another au-
dition.
"I don’t know how I ever lived through
that," Deane told me. "Every few days
they would call me from the station to
say that another girl had been dropped
from the list of possibilities and that they
would like to hear me again. And again
I would go up there and sing. When at
last there were only five girls from whom
to choose, I was so nervous!
"I decided to give up hope. I took out
my fatalistic philosophy and gave it a good
airing, but it was hard not even to hope.
For that program, I knew, would mean
so much to me. It was, actually, for that—
or for something just as big—that I had
come to New York. If I could get this
program, I might have a chance of proving

When Harriet Hilliard left for Hollywood, Billie Trask jumped into her
spot on the Bakers Broadcast which features Bob Ripley and Ozzie Nelson.
She’s been doing a grand job of substituting, this Scotch lass.
to myself and to Stanley that I had been right in leaving San Francisco. If I didn’t get it, I would be a failure and the sacrifice in vain.”

Wires from Stanley encouraged her. His voice over the long distance telephone made it possible for her to live through those fateful weeks.

And then at long, long last she was called for one more audition, at the end of which they said: “And now, Miss Janis, will you come into this office and sign your contract?”

Here it was then—the big break up to which all the little breaks had been leading.

For now Deane Janis is one of the coming radio singers, one of the girls with a tremendous future. Columbia Broadcasting Company is enthusiastically behind her. They predict that in a couple of years she’ll be one of their very brightest stars.

At first she was terrified for fear part of the Camel program might not be a success. But how could it be a failure when she gave so much to her job. She rehearsed long and strenuously. No hours were too long for her. She worked as hard to please the actual audience watching the Camel show as those of us who listen to her voice at home.

She created a setting for herself, using all the arts of showmanship she knew, every time she stepped before the microphone and she picked her clothes with care so that they would be the last word in chic.

After the first few programs Deane Janis’ mail began coming in by the bagful. Stanley talked to her long and earnestly. He thought that, perhaps, now she would be satisfied, that once she had proved what she could do she would be willing to end the separations, the fleeting happy greetings, the long heart-breaking farewells.

But Deane isn’t ready for that yet. The future is colored with too many doubts. In spite of this sudden popularity she is really—she feels—just beginning. Why, it was only three years ago that she was in Omaha with nothing but hope and ambition.

Her voice is lovely. She possesses that rare quality of glamour. She is utterly beautiful. And the knowledge that she is singing not only to you and but to her sweetheart, who may be in San Francisco. Los Angeles, Chicago or in some small mining town, gives her notes a breathless vitality, a lyric romanticism.

And listening to her, also, are her mother and father, whose pride in her achievement is touching. They are, perhaps, even a little bewildered that their child has gone so far in so short a time.

She has had tentative offers from Hollywood. “But I wouldn’t go to Hollywood for anything,” she told me, “unless I went right—unless they wanted me to come enough to give me the right sort of contract. I was in Los Angeles once during my trip to the coast and I saw those girls all so eager to get a chance in pictures. I could not bear to be just another girl in Hollywood hoping for a break.

“I suppose that attitude means that I don’t care much whether I’m ever in pictures or not.

“That radio microphone thrills me. That real audience is a constant inspiration. I have the feeling that the more I give to them the greater is their response to me.

“And then there’s Stanley. I must make him proud of me. I must show him that I have a place in the sun on my own score and that I’m not just a silly girl playing at another’s business. That’s why I’ve worked so hard. That’s why I keep on working. I know how terribly lucky I’ve been. I know that few girls have had the breaks I’ve had and I must show myself that I deserve those breaks.

“And when television comes I hope I’ll be able to meet that demand, too.”

And so her rocket soars skyward. Deane is on her way up, up, up, with that lovely voice, that beautiful earnest face, that slim, little figure and the enchanting way she has of wearing her ultra smart clothes.

Yet, as much in love as she is, who can predict what the future holds for her?

October first is her lucky day—and she’s very superstitious. On October first, 1932, she opened with Hal Kemp’s band at the Black Hawk in Chicago.

On October first, 1934, she opened with the same band in New York.

On October first, 1935, she sung her first program for Camel.

Do you wonder that she believes in fate and the symbols fate produces?

October first, 1936? What does that hold for her? Marriage? A big radio program all her own? What?

I asked her if she dared look that far into the future. She shrugged her shoulders and smiled a mysterious smile. “Who knows?” she said. “What is to be will be. There’s nothing you can do about fate. I’ve had that proved to me too many times ever to doubt again.”

The End

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I want to make people laugh—to get down to cases—I've first got to make them normal. I've got to get them in the frame of mind where they can laugh. And then, and only after I've got them there, can I give them the extra push and make 'em laugh."

At precisely this moment, there in the crowded Derby, with Tom Mix limping in on crutches (he broke his ankle, Eddie thought), with Carole Lombard sitting across the way, Maxie Rosenbloom next to us, voices humming everywhere—a waiter dropped a laden tray of dishes with a nerve-splintering crash!

In an instant the faces in that room looked strained and irritably resentful. And also in that instant Eddie half rose in his seat beside me, waved his napkin and yelled: "Viva La France!" at the very top of his lungs. I was startled. Everyone was startled. And then they immediately relaxed and a wave of laughter wiped out the irritability, soothed the frayed nerves. The frightened waiter shot a grateful glance in the direction of the little comedian, who immediately subsided and said: "I don't think anyone knew it was me shouting, do you?"

Then he added: "But that neatly illustrates the point I was just trying to make to you. Did you get the faces in here when that happened? Half of them were ready to burst out crying from sheer nervousness. Then they laughed. Why, the world has never needed laughter as it needs it now. The old gag about the clown with the breaking heart, laughing, cutting up—well, the world is the clown with the breaking heart today and laughter must go on!"

"And you have to be so careful, too,

The King's Jesters were a vocal trio until they met up with lovely Marjorie Whitney and then the organization became a mixed quartette. They heard Marjorie singing with a Lincoln, Nebraska, orchestra and engaged her.
making people laugh. There are so many raw surfaces you dare not touch. I often wonder, when I go on the air Sunday nights for PebeCo Toothpaste, whether those who tune in realize, not what I do, but the millions of things I can't do. Why, I could sit here with you for three days and talk every minute of the time and not get through telling you the things I can't do.

"I would never stutter on the air, for instance. That surprises you? You think stuttering is funny business? Well, you might, but there may be somewhere in Kansas or Nebraska some poor woman who has spent her husband's last, hard-earned ten dollars taking her little boy to a specialist. Her little boy, who has a speech defect. Her little boy who stutters. When she comes home at night she tunes in on me. For relaxation. And if I should come on the air saying, stuttering: 'G-g-good e-evening, I-I-Iadies and g-g-gents'—would she think I was funny? She would not! She would burst into tears and shut me off the air. No, it wouldn't be funny to her.

"No, you see? It's so easy to bring tears. It's so difficult to give laughter. There are so many things for people to cry over. So few things they can all laugh over.

"I write all my own stuff. That's easy. Takes me about twenty minutes to do my script for the broadcast. Where do I get my stuff? Why, here, at this table with you. On the streets. Out of the newspapers. Everywhere. There's too much material, not too little. But after I write it down, the easiest part of it, I try it out before I go on the air. Every Sunday at noon I rehearse what I am going to do in the evening. Then we take it to pieces. We say that maybe this bit will offend the Irish, or that bit offend the Jews or something else offend the Methodists. This may hit the old people the wrong way. That may touch the sensitive young moderns, not on their funny bones....

"Mrs. Roosevelt told Ida, my wife, that she always hurries home to the White House Sunday nights to tune in on my
Although continually referred to as the best-dressed of the band leaders, Hal Kemp naturally prefers having whatever bouquets are to be presented tossed in tribute to his dance music. Aside from being featured each Sunday on the Phil Baker program, Hal plays regularly at the Hotel Pennsylvania, New York City, where the young collegiate crowd considers his dance music tops. And, after all, said y.c.c. knows more about dance music than any other crowd. But, strangely enough, Hal is decidedly a family man, proudly boasting two of fine youngsters and a lovely wife.

broadcast. The President’s mother, too. And I think that farmers turn in, too, and tired housewives and mechanics and kids.

Know how I test out my stuff? On myself. I am my own judge and jury. You see, I’ve never been a Broadway boy, one of the sophisticates. I’m still the fellow who was born over that Russian Tea Room in the heart of New York’s East Side Ghetto. That grubby Hester Street brat who used to do imitations and sing and dance and make jokes for pushcart vendors and old mothers and kids who lived in rooms with broken windows stuffed with rags. I’m still the lad who was a singing waiter in a Coney Island beer joint. And I also remember the ladies in saloons and the men in tails who sat in the front rows at Ziegfeld’s Folies. And so I figure that what will make me cry will make my fellow men cry and what will make me laugh will get a laugh out of all the rest of us.

When I talked about my dear old friend, Will Rogers, on the air a while back—when I said something about the fact that God had called him up to Heaven because things were kind of sad up there and Bill was needed—as I talked I sort of choked up. I was figuring how true it was, that I was glad they’d needed him there, but how much better it would be for us if he could have stayed down here. And I figured that because I felt as I did while I was talking, others would feel the same way.

“...And Bill’s a reminder—a lesson—that it’s never the wise-cracking, glamorous guy that the world loves best while he’s here and mourns the deepest when he’s gone. No, it’s the plain guy with his heart all tangled up with all the heartstrings of the world...”

“Radio,” said Eddie, his dark brown, eager eyes deadly earnest, “radio is the greatest form of entertainment in the world today. It’s the greatest medium the world has ever known. Yes, greater than movies. Greater than the theatre. Greater than Hollywood and New York and points East and West put together and multiplied by ten.

“It’s the greatest because, like I’ve said, it reaches everybody, everywhere. It’s available in every home. It’s available to every shut-in, to every youngster and oldster in the world. The letters I get from shut-ins, from the sick, in hospitals, in wheel-chairs, in prisons—are all letters about my broadcasts. The letters I get from small town folks and folks from the outlands are about my broadcasts.

“It’s this way—when a family wants entertainment, they may have to figure whether they can afford to spend twenty-five...
cents or forty cents or whatever it is on a movie. They may figure that they can't afford to go, kids and all. Or they may have to figure whether they can leave the baby. Or maybe it's raining and there aren't enough raincoats and galoshes to go around. But they can stay home, all of them, everywhere, and listen to the radio. All they have to have is a dollar down and a dollar a month for a given length of time—and the world is theirs. Helen Hayes, the President, Alexander Woollcott, Grace Moore, Tibbett, The March Of Time... even me!

"Of course, on the other side of the medal, that's one of the very things that makes radio work more difficult than movies. I mean, you have to be so careful—about those things you can't do. When a family goes to the movies they know what show they're picking. They have a pretty good idea what kind of entertainment they're getting. They don't have to take the kiddies to see sophisticated stuff. But when they press a button they don't know what they're getting. They can't shop around for it.

"I'll tell you this—it's only just beginning, the radio. Only—just—beginning—

"It's the biggest thing in the world today. It has the most spectacular, the most incredible future.

"Do you want me to make a prophecy? And I know what I'm talking about. I've seen it. Within five years all you are going to have to do is to say to your husband: Katharine Cornell's new show is opening in New York tonight—I'd like to see it.' And then all you have to do is press the button on your radio set, pick up your phone and dial New York 333, or something, and there'll you have it. Or, the next night, you may say: Helen Hayes opens in Baltimore tonight—let's go.' And you dial your operator and say Baltimore 4444, or something of the sort and you'll be at the opening. At the end of the month your telephone bill will be, say, eighteen or twenty dollars, and you will have seen every show to be seen.

"Yes, I mean television. It's on the way. It's coming. It's here. And the telephone companies will pay the producers, the Shuberts, the Theatre Guild, all of them, such thousands and thousands of dollars each month that the same producers won't need to economize and have one star in one show—they will be able to have us all. They'll be able to stage such entertainment as the world never has dreamed of."

I said: "But won't that be rather too bad? The world is going so awfully push-button. I mean, what will happen to the movie theatre, the legitimate theatres, when all we have to do is sit in our living-rooms and push buttons and dial phones?"

"That brings us right back to laughter," said Eddie promptly—Eddie, who has the answers to everything! "We are a gregarious race. Nothing, no mechanical invention in the world, will ever alter the fact that people must get together in groups, to laugh, to talk, to cry—but mostly to laugh.

"When I am on the air, for instance, and you and your husband are listening in, you may chuckle quietly and say: 'The old boy's pretty good tonight.' But you chuckle quietly. You do not sit in your living-room and shout with laughter. But when you go to the theatre—when you come, as I hope you will, to see me in my new Goldwyn opera 'Shoot The Chutes'—you will be far more likely to burst out into loud laughter, because the crowd is laughing with you. It's a release—and such a release is a vital, a basic necessity.

"People have got to laugh," said Eddie, "they've got to laugh or they die. That's my answer to that radio critic chap... now I'm going home and take a sun-bath!"
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"Never Let Life Beat You!"

(Continued from page 41)

And the little office boy began his climbing, a rung at a time, from cub reporter to columnist.

He called his first newspaper column "Blue Monday"—he who never had known that Monday feeling! And now thousands of customers found him not only amusing, but inspiring, comforting. They loved his poems, written for the American type of that decent chap his dad had exalted—that average fellow, a bit shabby of coat, perhaps, but never of soul, a good husband and father, a kind neighbor, a true friend, the salt of the earth!

He wove his verses around that likeable working chap and the things dear to him. Home, wife, children, friends, neighbors. He wrote poems about his simple joys—the family car, his golf or baseball, a day's fishing, his garden, his dog, radio, movies, his job. Eddie continued to count hard work a joy!

Then came his books. First, the famous "Home Rhymes," printed in the family attic by Brother Harry, a printer who could afford only one case of type. Eight hundred copies, laboriously set by hand! Two bothered, bemused young men surveyed the books and wondered who'd buy 'em? In an incredibly short time, a first edition of a new Guest book.
called for exactly fifty thousand copies! A star in the writing world, the radio world, and now about to become a star in the movie world!

"Free Press Building," said my taxi man. As I paid him, he added: "Thank you, miss. Remember me to Eddie. He's a swell guy!"

Eddie's office was full, as usual. His secretary gave me a chair and a newspaper so that I could read all about the latest farewell banquet they had given him. But it was impossible to concentrate with snatches of Eddie's talk coming through the open door. Buoyant, breezy, boyish! Hollywood in a few weeks! Gee, he didn't know what to make of it! What were his pictures to be about? The American home and family at its best. Sure, he was taking his wife and Janet to Hollywood, but not Bud. The boy was a working man now, a reporter on the Free Press, following in his dad's footsteps. "I've been forty years with the old sheet—"

I looked up at the people waiting to see Eddie. "Just folks." A trembling little old lady in widow's weeds. Eddie had written some verses for her, she told me, when her husband died fifteen years ago. Now she had to unveil a portrait of him, make a speech, and she wanted those verses.

A swarthy, impatient youth, terribly in earnest. He glowered at me and scribbled short-hand on the blotter. I had a feeling he was a cub reporter, on his first assignment.

A tall, gaunt man with a gray, twitching face and haggard eyes. A type I couldn't catalogue.

A swarthy-looking salesman, nursing a fat brief-case. A prosperous-looking man, dignified, correct, looking impatiently at his thin, monogrammed watch. A millionaire, perhaps, not used to being kept waiting.

"Well, goodbye, Eddie, if I don't see you again—and God bless you!"

Eddie's visitor came half-way out—a round, rosy-faced man in a round clerical collar—then he remembered a joke and went back to tell it.

As Eddie's delighted laugh frolicked through the door, even the cub reporter stopped glowering. "Good luck!" said the
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Maxine Gray, also known as the Louisiana Lark, is heard each Sunday evening on the Phil Baker broadcast with Hal Kemp's orchestra. Maxine may often be found busily knitting at rehearsals. It's her pet hobby.

"It's a glorious thing, life!" he said, as if he'd just found it out. "Just everyday living, from day to day. That's what I try to show in my poems, in my radio work. It's what I hope to show in my pictures. The glory of life, the beauty of death . . . Yes, death! I'd like to see a death scene on the screen, done as I see death. Death isn't terrible. It's an adventure, like life. Yet the best literature, the best drama has always made death a calamity . . ."

"Now, take life," he went on. "Folks go around trying to win this championship or that. They want to excel in golf, swimming, tennis. That's all right, too. I'd like to be a golf champion, myself. But what they don't see is that it's just as difficult, just as thrilling, to live life so you're a winner at it. To take the tumbles; to get sunk, but not drown, to have to live blind as, at times, an aviator must fly blind—and not crack up. To never let life beat you."

He got up to pace his office, came back to sit a-slant in his chair.

"Who wants an easy game—a walkover? The sport's in the odds you're up against. It's so with life. The zest of it is in the struggle. You can't make a go of living unless you learn the rules and play 'em . . . But folks are funny. 'My life's a mess,' a fellow told me the other day. As if it just happened. As if he couldn't do anything about it. It was his own lookout that his life was a mess. It needed be. It was his
That she suddenly called world was said, he man called. have mean boy hurried
"If That It to leave. the
an better way, helping was it, into waiting-room ing?"
never your to
talking. "You
"How's this way. If you're a wash-out as an office boy, nobody's coming along to say: 'He's no good here—maybe he'll do better at a desk.' Instead, the boss will say: 'If he's no good at this job, he won't earn his salt at another.' You don't get promotions on a newspaper, or anywhere else, unless you rate 'em."

There was a pause, a quick clearing of his throat, that shy little cough—Eddie unconsciously keeps his soul on top, sliding away from something that might smack of mortality! "And, son, get this . . . I've got a boy of my own about your age . . . In any decent job, it's character that counts. Don't think I'm preaching—that's a business fact!"

As the callow cub tore out, the gaunt man with the wistful eyes crept in. "Eddie gives me back my faith in life—in myself," he had confided to me, over the photographs I was selecting.

Eddie had given the cub a job and this poor wretch, new heart. What would he give the rest, I wondered, as I watched from my quiet corner.

The telephone kept ringing. City calls, long distance. Messengers brought in stacks and stacks of letters—which Eddie refused to call fan-mail. "They're my friends, all of 'em!" Telegrams came. More calls.

"Sure!" he said in answer to one. "We'll all have a get-together before I leave. The whole jolly bunch at my home. Nell will fix it."

Eddie has had the same wife for twenty-five years. He still says her name with a funny little tender inflection. He grinned at me in passing. "How's it coming?" he said. I drew him aside to ask about the man with the tragic eyes.

"That's it," he sighed. "He told me he had told you his story. A periodical drunk. The finest fellow, but for that, I'm helping him keep on the wagon. They've all got their troubles, even the bank president. See him?"

The millionaire! I lifted incredulous eyebrows.

"What could you give him, Eddie?"

Eddie chuckled.

"His grin," he said. "He's got grit and gumption, but he'd let the depression get his grin."

Yes, they'd all got something, even the salesman. Not an order. Something more intangible, immeasurably more valuable. Some formula for success! It was in his face as he left the office, in the set of his shabby shoulders, in his chirpy whistle as he strode out.

And as Eddie bustled about his cleared office, he was whistling, too. That tuneless, off-key whistle of his. He deplores being tone-deaf—this man who has the music of the universe in him, who keeps step to the life-throb of humanity itself!

His secretary hurried him away. That inevitable broadcast! She thrust things at him for him to grab. He fairly flew down the corridor to the elevators.

"Goodbye, Mister Guest!" I called after those flying feet. He jerked to a sudden standstill, stared back. "W-H-A-Z-Z-E-E?" he called. He'd miss his train, sure!

"Goodbye, Eddie!" I called. "Good luck!" And in my heart I said: "And God bless you!"

He grinned, waved and disappeared. "Going down!" shouted the elevator boy. Yes, going down to a world that sorely needed Eddie's grit, gumption and grin! THE END

Clings till you wash it off...spreads farther

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A lovely, fragrant face powder that clings for hours—till you wash it off! That spreads farther and does not clog the pores. That gives your skin a finish as smooth as velvet! This is the facial powder that Woodbury skin scientists make for you.

Smooth a pinch of it on your arm. Do the same with the powder you're accustomed to use. Notice what a large area of your skin Woodbury's covers! That is because it stays on the surface. Does not crowd down into the pores and clog them.

Lovely shades, too—six of them. One will harmonize with your complexion. $1.00, 50c, 25c, 10c.

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THE NEW Savoy Room
Dancing and Entertainment
MEDRANO and DONNA
World's Greatest Exponents of Spanish Dancing
DICK GASPARRE
and his Orchestra

THE Cafe Lounge
AND SNACK BAR
The Inimitable
DWIGHT FISKE
in his Stories at the Piano
BASIL FOMEEN
and his Internationals

SAVOY = PLAZA

Walter Winchell, snooper supreme, as he appears at his regular Sunday night’s task of giving the nation the news before it happens. He edits the Jergens Journal of the Air. His broadcast has become almost as popular as his newspaper column. Walter’s life is a hectic one, what with always being expected to be the very first to learn of anything important before it actually happens. And, as an inescapable result, he’s prematurely grey.
The conductor of the Ford Symphony Orchestra which you hear each Sunday evening over CBS is Victor Kolar, who came to this country from Budapest several years ago with another struggling young artist, Rudolph Friml. Naturally, Conductor Kolar now is partial to the works of Composer Friml.

colorful career on the turf. He used to ride for Samuel D. Riddle, owner of the great Man O'War. But finally that bug-aboo of all jockeys, Old Man Avoider, caught up with him, and he had to abandon his profession. Training is about the only field open to a jockey who becomes overweight. Training jobs, particularly good ones, are few and far between. For a long, long time Albert eked out a precarious existence around the track, for the track was all that he knew. He had been thrifty while he was making the big money, but so were lots of depression victims. His savings were wiped out.

However Albert had a lot of friends in the racing game and whenever a job bobbed up, someone tipped him off to it. Finally came his chance with Crosby. Veteran horsemen who came east after the Saratoga season closed last spring pronounced Johnson one of the most promising of the young trainers. If anyone can make Bing's horses win, they predict, he is the man.

Indeed, it was Johnson who, studying a Saratoga sales catalogue, advised his boss to buy the $300 filly, Hangover. Experts at the sale told told the singing star had made one of the best buys of the night when he snared the well-bred youngster at such a comparatively low price.

"Ooohh! Look at him! Just look at him!"

Bing's sharp nudge brought me back to my surroundings. On the track mincing a horse, a big, chestnut beauty, proud head held high, bandaged pipe-stem legs seeming to skim the surface of the brown racing strip without actually touching it. I could share the Crosby enthusiasm for this one, for every move he made was poetry in itself.

"Would I like to own that fellow!" my excited companion thrilled admiringly. "That's Discovery."

Discover, the great champion!

"Young Alfred Vanderbilt hasn't anything on me, though," Bing soliloquized as we walked past the vast, empty grandstand. "He's only got one champ. I have three and believe me those kids are world-beaters."

The End

Peggy has not a lot of dollars. But she has a lot of sense. So, every so often she goes over her entire wardrobe and restores smart new color to everything that needs it.

And Peggy does not forget to use Tintex for her faded home decorations, too. Her curtains and drapes, lamp shades, slip covers, etc., are fresh and gay after their Tintexing.

Peggy's friends envy the variety and vivacity of her wardrobe. They say that is why she is so popular. And when they ask her secret, she says, frankly — "Tintex."

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TINTS AND DYED

41 Brilliant long-lasting colors. At all drug, notion and toilet goods counters.

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TINTEX IS COLOR-MAGIC FOR EVERY FADED FABRIC

79
"I Couldn't Even Tell My Doctor"

An affliction I had to bear in silence, it was so embarrassing!

IS THERE anything more painful than Hemorrhoids, or, more frankly, Piles? The suffering is well nigh inexpressible and the sad part of it is that, on account of the delicacy of the subject, many hesitate to seek relief. Yet there is nothing more crushing or more liable to serious outcome than a bad case of Piles.

Yet blessed relief from Piles of all forms is found today in the treatment supplied in Pazo Ointment. Three-fold in effect, Pazo does the things necessary.

3 Effects
First of all, it is soothing, which relieves soreness and inflammation. Second, it is lubricating, which makes passage easy and painless. Third, it is astringent, which tends to reduce the swollen blood vessels which are Piles.

Results!
Pazo comes in Collapsible Tube with Detachable Pile Pipe which permits application high up in rectum where it reaches and thoroughly covers affected areas. Pazo also now comes in suppository form. Pazo Suppositories are Pazo Ointment, simply in suppository form. Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo the most satisfactory as well as the most economical.

Try It!
All drug stores sell Pazo-In-Tubes and Pazo Suppositories, but a trial tube is free for the asking. Just mail the coupon or a penny postcard.

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Gentlemen: Please send me, in PLAIN WRAPPER, your liberal free trial size of Pazo Ointment

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

radio stars

Listening in at Sing Sing

(Continued from page 15)

reasoning, which sends the men into transports when they hear Walter O'Keefe, on his Camel Caravan Hour. Other variety favorites are Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone—and Rudy Vallee. There was a time when they sneered at Vallee but he has been rising steadily in favor and may yet head the list. Of the crooners, the favorite is Bing Crosby.

These listeners like music, not jazz, nor Wayne King's waltzes—but sound, well-rhythmmed popular songs. None so swift as they to detect bad playing. In the death house, music is intensely appreciated—music and variety shows. The men in the CC's change, sadly enough, so it is hard to make any definite statements about their likes and dislikes, but generally speaking these are the programs they like.

Ranking and possibly surpassing the comedians in popularity are the news flashes and the commentators. Men behind stone walls are parched for news. It is life to them. The few newspapers that get into the prison are read to tatters—fifty men to a single paper. I never could understand why the newspapers shut down on news. Radio news, if anything, brought them more readers.

Which commentator do they like best? This is a hard question but I suppose honors are divided between Lowell Thomas and Boake Carter. Were we to omit either of them, there would be a violent protest. Kaltenborn, of CBS, is extremely popular. And Walter Winchell has apparently split the place into two groups of those who are enthusiastic about him and those who are as unenamored of his brand as I am.

..All, however, are grateful for his gift to Sing Sing of an organ and of his efforts to find jobs for discharged convicts. Sport news and reports of good fights are eagerly listened to, Eddie Dooley and Stan Lomax being tops in this department.

Among the women singers, Grace Moore is most admired, with Jane Froman running her a close second. John Charles Thomas shares honors with John McCormack among the male voices. We have a group of serious men, above the average in age, who request the radio church services. Their families attend church and they like to feel that they are participating with them. Unfortunately they are not in the majority. The ordinary prisoner is young and restless. He wants light entertainment—and as they are in the majority, they get what they want.

Every one of the 2,500 men who comprise the population of Sing Sing has earphones in his cell and can listen in, unless he is a newcomer or has been transferred. If a prisoner gets into a fight with a companion and attempts to use a knife or other dangerous weapon, we deprive him of his radio rights. Newcomers spend the first two weeks in the old cell block until they are put through a series of examinations. While this is going on they have no radio.

If the prisoners had their way, letters from them would descend in earload lots on radio stars they like. We keep the number of letters down to a formula rule forbidding the inmates to send letters soliciting favors of any kind. However, we let a great many simple fan letters go out. They are only a small percentage of the half-million letters which leave Sing Sing every year.

Another feature of the radio in this penitentiary is the inter-prison broadcasting system. When, for example, I have occasion to address the prisoners at chapel, a microphone carries my voice to the men in the hospital and others unable to attend. This system also is used at football games for the men who are sick or in the death-house. One of the prisoners does the play by play report and he makes a pretty good Ted Husing.

My own broadcasts, I am sincerely proud to say, are well liked. I am proud because for this type of program, the Sing Sing audience is the most critical, not to say the most expert in the world. Prisoners in many other institutions listen in and seem to find them instructive. My hope is that the message that crime doesn't pay—that it is a saps game—will sink deep into the minds of those who need it most.

Add to the prisoners, the prison guards, the classes in sociology and the police officers—many of the latter being compelled by orders to tune in—who form a regular part of my audience, and you will agree that I have the most critical body of listeners of any broadcasting. All of which means that these broadcasts have to be accurate, that they have to ring true and be true.

The stories I tell, it is hardly necessary to explain, are all drawn directly from the lives of the men who have passed through my hands during my thirty-one years of life, sixteen of which have been spent at Sing Sing. There is a story in every man of the ninety-odd thousand who have gone through this prison alone. My problem, you see, is not in finding material but in selecting the stories from the wealth of material I have on hand.

Having decided on my story, I write it—throw it into dramatic form. That is the easiest part of the job. The hardest is the acting. But that is, after all, not very hard because in all these programs I apply myself, doing what I normally do, saying the things I say every day in real life. If I were obliged to do some other part, then the job would be hard because I am not much of an actor. I remember when these programs were first on the air, the program director sent me a note to get me to dress up. I refused. However I rotted I was—I was going to continue to be myself, I said. They argued but I finally won them over.

My first appearance at the microphone was, of course, under the threat of capital punishment with Senator Love. The debate lasted two hours and twenty minutes. Imagine anyone being allowed to debate that long on the air nowadays!
Oscar Shaw, young American baritone singer and Master of Ceremonies of "Broadway Varieties," that delightful radio offering on Friday evenings at 8:30, was born in Brooklyn and started his career selling soap. He crashed the stage as a chorus boy and since has achieved an enviable reputation here and abroad. Recently starred in London in "Honeymoon Express."

I made other appearances as a debater and speaker after that but, curiously, I never felt the slightest twinge of nervousness until this year—the fourth year of my program. When I went on I had a real case of stage fright.

What pleases me most is that these radio talks I give produce a large girth of fan mail from all sections of the country—and it pleases me because the writers are young men and women who have been helped by what I said, some actually diverted from beginning a life of crime.

How much the radio in Sing Sing helps start the men to thinking straight about life, I do not know. It is one of several factors, possibly the most important. It serves to keep the men from becoming dependent; it keeps them from the despair which makes anything possible after they get out. And anything that will keep prisoners fairly contented and in contact with a free and unburdened outside life, in which they cannot participate because of a slip they made, is invaluable. To me, a prisoner is an individual, to be studied as such, to be treated as an individual. Judgment must be used. Depriving a disobedient prisoner of his radio may be the worst thing I could do; it may be more important—precisely because of his disobedience—that he should have it, than that his neighbors, who have learned to take orders, should have it.

The hour at which lights go out and radios go off has always been 10:30 in the evening. But this hour finds some of the best radio programs in full swing, notably the March of Time, a great favorite among the inmates. The men never were able to hear the program through. It seemed to me and my associates that the desire for a little extra time was legitimate, especially in view of the fact that the program which created the desire was one of radio's most instructive broadcasts. So, we have conceded the point. Radios at Sing Sing nowadays do not go off until 10:45.

**The End**

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**DOES YOUR SKIN LOOK LIKE SILK OR CANVAS?**

It’s that Hard-to-Get-at “Second Layer” of Dirt that Makes Your Skin Coarse and Gray

*By Lady Esther*

A black slip under a white dress will make the white dress look dark—grayish!

The same holds true for dirt buried in your skin. It will make your skin look dark—give it a grayish cast. It will also clog your pores and make your skin large-pored and coarse.

It’s safe to say that 7 out of 10 women do not have as clearly white and radiant and fine a skin as they might, simply on account of that unsuspected, hidden “second layer” of dirt.

There is one sure way to remove that underneath dirt and that is to use a cream that penetrates the pores.

**A PENETrATING Face Cream**

Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream is a penetrating face cream. It does not merely lie on the surface of your skin. Almost the instant it is applied, it begins working its way into the pores.

It goes to work on the waxy dirt, breaks it up, makes it easily removable. When you cleanse your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream you get dirt out that you never suspected was there. It will probably shock you when you see how really soiled your skin was.

Two or three cleansings with Lady Esther Face Cream will actually make your skin appear whiter—shades whiter. You would think almost that you had bleached it, but that’s the effect of thoroughly cleansing the skin. When your skin has been thoroughly cleansed it blooms anew, like a wilting flower that has been suddenly watered. It becomes clear and radiant. It becomes fine and soft.

**Supplies Dry Skin with What It Needs**

As Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream cleanses your skin, it also does other things. It lubricates the skin—re-supplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and makes the skin velvety soft and smooth.

Cleansing the pores as thoroughly as it does, it allows them to function freely again—to open and close—as nature intended. This automatically permits the pores to reduce themselves to their normal, invisible size.

Also, Lady Esther Face Cream makes so smooth a base for powder that powder stays on twice as long and stays fresh. You don’t have to use a powder base that will ooz out and make a pesty mixture on your skin.

**No Other Quite Like It**

There is no face cream quite like Lady Esther Face Cream. There is no face cream that will do so much definitely for your skin. But don’t take my word for this! Prove it at my expense. Let me have your name and address and I’ll send you a 7-days’ supply. Just mail a penny postcard or the coupon below and by return mail you’ll get the 7-days’ supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder. Write today.

---

(Free with this ad) (20)

**Lady Esther, 100 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.**

Please send me by return mail your 7-day supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of my Face Powder.

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

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81
Radio Pays a Debt

(Continued from page 29)

Radio's Jane Froman reveals a few Hollywood facts in our next issue which moviedom probably won't like.

has educated the public musically to the point where they can thoroughly enjoy an opera. Radio never hurt symphony concerts and operas because they can't be played thirty times a night. Instead, radio brought the finest music to people who never before had had the chance to hear it. I believe that in music everyone possesses natural good taste. Radio helped to develop that taste. It has readied the American public for opera. And I'm grateful.

"Why, do you know," and in spite of his opinion regarding good taste, Gershwin seemed amazed, "'Porgy' is a financial success!"

We were seated in the work-room on the second floor of his duplex apartment. There are a great many rooms in the Gershwin home, a living-room with two pianos and many paintings, including a Rouseau. There is an English den and a modern dining-room and bar, and a great hall, and a studio where he can paint. There are many chairs and sofas, statues and tables. But there is something about the little workroom that is distinctly Gershwin. You feel that here he spends most of his waking hours. Here is an over-turned ash tray, a stain on the carpet, and from the wall hangs a Bellows prize-fight scene, brought from the house in which Gershwin lived ten years ago.

A piano stands near the windows. As he talked, Gershwin, not a light man, was seated upon it, and when he grew excited over "Porgy's" success, he bounced the piano cracked.

"You're not Helen Morgan," I reminded him.

"But I wrote 'The Man I Love!'"

Composer of the most discussed opera of the day, George Gershwin still is proud that he wrote a popular song. You like him for this,

"I hope some of the 'Porgy' songs will be popular; I hope they'll be sung from coast to coast. I'm glad I can write a popular song, so long as it's a good song. Songs are entirely within the operatic tradition. 'Carmen' is practically a collection of song hits, and how many know that 'The Last Rose Of Summer' came from an opera?"

He went on to tell me more about "Porgy." How he found the cast himself, most of them never having acted before.

"But they were right—so right for their parts."

And he hopes to bring "Porgy and Bess" to the air.

"In a sort of musical serial built around the main characters. I'm working out the deal now. I hope it goes over so I can stick around New York and study."

While in New York he goes daily to a psychoanalyst.

"I'm a great debunker. I am always searching for the truth. Psychology is like taking a college course. People who can't face themselves can never go on. I want to know myself so I can know others. I'm interested in one thing—life. I want to find its spark of truth, and have it come through my music."

His mood changed. Grabbing my hand he raced me into the studio.

"Look—my first painting in two years—"Dusky Hayward."

Gershwin, because he knows people, had managed to catch on canvas Heyward's gentle expression.

Then back into the workroom where he showed me the desk upon which he writes his orchestrations.

"I designed it. See, it's on wheels. I can move it anywhere. You press this—pencil sharpener jumps out. Here's the ink!"

He was all enthusiasm, just as he was years ago when he exhibited two autographed pictures, one of Charles Chaplin, the other of The Duke of Kent, inscribed:

"To George ... from George."

I stared at him. Here was no long-haired, arty looking genius. Here was a very modern young man, one who cares for the things this age offers, for fast motor cars and a game of golf; one who is glad to be sponsored not by a King or an art lover, but by the medium that is attuned to his time—radio. Gershwin's music is as modern as broadcasting itself.

That is why it can speak for America and that is why it can reach out, touching the people of today. Of this I am convinced.

The End

EDITH MEISER

Here is the young lady who is responsible for those radio dramas on Sunday and Tuesday evenings. Author of Leslie Howard's popular radio series, "The Amateur Gentleman," and of "The New Penny," which serves Helen Hayes so delightfully, Edith Meiser previously was noted for her Sherlock Holmes adaptations. She also is the author of "Death Catches Up With Mr. Kluck," a popular novel dealing with murder in a radio studio.
persistency in this event and his sportsmanship made Whitney a great favorite on the other side of the Atlantic, much as was the late Sir Thomas Lipton in this country when he was sending over his various Shamrocks in futile efforts to lift America’s cup.

Another of Whitney’s goals is to back a hit show on Broadway. He has been notorious for his failures along the stem. Two years ago he passed up chances to back two shows, both of which turned out to be tremendous successes. One was “Sailor, Beware,” the other, “She Loves Me Not.” And that same season Whitney took an awful wallop ing while serving as angel for that ill-fated spectacle, “Peter Arno’s Revue.”

The third of Whitney’s ambitions was realized on Long Island last September, when his polo team, the Greentree, named after his estate, won the National Open Polo Tournament, Jock, who wears eye-glasses while playing polo, was at the No. 1 position, with Gerry Balding, Peter Bostwick and Tommy Hitchcock rounding out the quartet. “Possibly winning the polo tourney may be a good omen,” said Whitney. “Now that I’ve achieved that one ambition, it may pave the way for the others. I’m certain that Jumbo will go across in a big way and I may be able to round out the trinity by capturing the Grand National next March.”

Undoubtedly the radio will help the show. It provides an excellent avenue of advertising and those who tune-in will be eager to see the show when they come to town. For that matter, it also should attract hundreds of New Yorkers who otherwise would not be interested.

Since Whitney is in for about a quarter of a million in “Jumbo,” his extreme interest in the show is understandable. Herbert Bayard Swope, former New York editor and present head of the State Racing Commission, has about 25 cent, and Rose put up the rest.

“We’ve estimated that the show must gross over $45,000 a week to break even,” continued Whitney. “Here again the radio comes to our rescue, since the return from the broadcasts pulls that figure down to $25,500. With the seats from forty cents to $4.40, seven capacity weeks would return the original investment.

“You can judge from these figures that we’ve got to have a long run to make money. The show is big in every way, which explains the repeated postponements of the opening. Billy wouldn’t open until he had everything set as he wanted it and in a show involving a cast of over 300, not to mention all the animals, it takes quite some ironing to remove the wrinkles.”

The show went on the air before it opened on the stage. The original date

**Colossal in a Big Way**

(Continued from page 31)

**SCIENCE NOW PROVES THERE’S NO EXCUSE FOR THOUSANDS TO BE SKINNY**

![Image: Colossal in a Big Way]

Rich red blood, absolutely necessary to carry oxygen to all parts of the body, is now guaranteed by this new scientific discovery.

A strong, healthy, normal diet which gives you all the goodness of the food that nature intended is the second aim of this amazing new body-builder.

Normal, regular elimination to remove poisonous waste matter and provide optimum health and normal body growth is the third important purpose.

**10 TO 25 LBS. GAINED QUICK—SAY THOUSANDS**

Now there’s no need for thousands to be "skinny". Even if they never could gain before. Here’s how, easy treatment for them that puts on pounds of naturally attractive flesh—in just a few weeks!

Doctors now know that the real reason many find it hard to gain weight is that they do not get enough digestion-strengthening Vitamin B and blood-building iron in their food. Now, with this new discovery which combines these two vital elements in little convenient tablets, hosts of people have put on pounds of firm flesh, normal curves—in a very short time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining normal good-looking pounds, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

7 times more powerful

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special cultured ale yeast imported from Europe, the richest known source of Vitamin B. By a new process it is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful. Then it is ironized with 3 kinds of strengthening iron. If you, too, need Vitamin B and iron to build you up, get these new Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist at once. Day after day, as you take them, your skinny limbs will begin to flesh out, making more attractive skin look natural beauty. With new health and glorious pep you’re an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of enough Vitamin B and iron, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If not delighted with the results of the very first package, money back instantly.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed with the very first package— or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 32, Atlanta, Ga.
set for the opening was Oct. 26th, with the first broadcast slated for Oct. 29th. The broadcast opened as scheduled, but the opening night was shunted ahead from Saturday to Saturday, eventually making its bow on Nov. 16th, after three postponements.

Rose was adamant about not opening the show until he was satisfied with it, despite wisecracks from Broadwayites, who had been hearing about "Jumbo" since late July. When Nov. 16th finally was announced as the opening night, Ben Hecht, who with Charles Gordon MacArthur, wrote the book, said: "What is it, a return engagement?"

"This show means a lot to me," said Rose, explaining his repeated postponements. "When it goes on, I know it will go on right. The second act finished in us hanging on the ropes for weeks, but we've finally got the ending for it we want.

"As a kid I was crazy about the circus, like most kids, but with me the fever stuck, even when I grew older. I used to hop a plane to different towns, just to get a look at the circus.

"Jumbo" is my idea of what the circus should be. It has all the frills that the big-top shows had, plus a story and music. I believe that there are other grown-ups, like myself, who would like to see a circus with continuity and that's what I'm trying to give them.

"I agreed with fear and trepidation, to put the show on the air. I knew nothing about the radio and friends of mine advised me not to get mixed up in it. They said that I would have to listen to the suggestions of officials of the sponsors and that I would be hampered on all sides by amateurs who had their own ideas on how the broadcast should be handled.

"Instead, I found no trouble at all. Neither the radio officials nor the sponsors interfered with me in any way. The broadcasts are being run exactly as I wished. And I don't mind telling you, I certainly am not sorry that I agreed to the tie-up. The chance to put 'Jumbo' in one hundred million kitchens and parlors every Tuesday night is an opportunity that producers dream of."

David Freedman, the "ghost" of Eddie Cantor, worked on the continuity. Although Hecht and MacArthur were noted for their sulphurous dialogue in other shows, such as "Front Page," the book for "Jumbo" is meticulously clean. No purging will be necessary for the radio, although the story will have to be strung out.

Hecht thought there was too much of the play's first act in the opening broadcast. "It was almost verbatim," said the playwright. "If I had my way, I would have introduced the circus idea, explained the theory of the show, and given more songs."

Freedman's task was to spread out "Jumbo" for the air. At the rate the story was told in the initial broadcast, six weeks would finish the program, and the Texaco officials, who have replaced Ed Wynn with this, fondly hope that it will run over the air for at least a year. One radio deviation is that Paul White's band is led by his sub-conductor, Adolph Deutsch, due to another radio contract of Whiteman.

Jimmy Durante, whose proboscis rivals that of the animal star of "Jumbo," Rosie—a 54-year-old elephant who spent last summer at Luna Park, Coney Island—is just as interested in the radio success of "Jumbo" as are the show's backers. Jimmy never has been an emphatic hit over the air. He never approached his movie popularity, nor enhanced his reputation as a comic.

At the end of the first broadcast, Durante found his script as though it were a baby. "Watta part, wotta part?" snorted the schnozzola man. "Can them guys Hecht and MacArthur write, or can they write? And can I read, or can I? Wotta surprise to me friends, who thought I was illiterate. Me, the great Schnozzola! And now I'm 'Brainy' Bowers, the circus press-agent. Will I go to town? Hotcha-chat! Maybe I can pronounce all the words, but I'll sure rasile 'em until they quit."
Although Durante's Broadway reputation is high, much of his buffoonery is of the intimate kind and a great deal more of it is visual. You've got to see Jimmy's grimaces, his foot-stamping and his head-wagging to see him at his funniest. Over the air, he must depend entirely on his lines. And the lines Hecht and MacArthur have given him in "Jumbo" are the best he has had yet.

This is only the fourth Broadway production for the veteran of the night clubs, although he did several vaudeville turns. He appeared in "Show Girl," which starred Ruby Keeler, and "The New Yorkers" with Dennis King and Hope Williams. Two years ago he starred with Lupe Velez in "Strike Me Pink," the first show in which he appeared without his madcap co-workers, Lou Clayton and Eddie Jackson.

In addition to Durante, Donald Novis and Gloria Graffon hold the thread of the story of "Jumbo," providing the sustained love interest and bringing to the air a singing team which should prove popular.

A male chorus of 32 voices adds to the musical end of "Jumbo." The lyrics, by Rodgers and Hart, are excellent but, for the purposes of radio continuity, the pair may be called upon to write additional numbers. Otherwise the Novis-Graffon romance may have to resort to current songs, which would destroy the illusion of the plot.

Such, then, is "Jumbo" as it comes to the air. Surely it is a peculiar quirk of fate which binds the interests of three such dissimilar figures as John Has Whitney, society man, sportsman and millionaire-polo player, Durante, who once sang ballads in his father's barber shop on New York's lower East Side, and Billy Rose, the producer who is "different."

If "Jumbo" is a success on the air, it most certainly will be a success on Broadway (or, more properly speaking, Sixth Avenue, which is where the Hippodrome is located) and thus Whitney will achieve the second of his trilogy of ambitions, that of being the angel of a hit show.

If "Jumbo" goes across the ether in a big way, Durante will have established himself as a radio favorite. Jimmy always has been a big comic to New York's night-club habitues and to movie fans and "Jumbo" gives him his best chance to prove to America's listeners-in that he is as funny as his boosters claim.

If "Jumbo" is a success, it means much to Billy Rose, more than the inflation it will give his bank account. Rose always insisted that the circus could have been shown to better advantage. Rose, like all theatrical producers since the time of Aristophanes, is sure that he's right. And, if Rose is right, then Barnum was wrong.

Barnum, right or wrong, was 100 per cent correct when he said:

"Jumbo is the biggest thing yet."

And if the radio puts the show across, then Whitney, Durante and Rose should pay tribute to Phineas Taylor Barnum, who has been dead these forty-five years, but who had the perfect formula for radio success. Old P.T. may have fooled some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but he managed to please all of the people all of the time.

THE END
Yes, Madam—
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Paul Rieber, 177 Davis St., San Francisco

It looks like mutiny! But it's just one of those informal moments backstage. Xavier Cugat, whose stirring tango-thumba band is one of those three orchestras heard every Saturday night on the "Let's Dance" program, is trying out some hot notes on his wife. But Carmen Castillio, lovely Spanish songstress, who sings on the same program with her famous husband, isn't having any!
Post. The records don't show that Ace broke any lances or slew any dragons. All he had was a fixed idea about the future Mrs. Ace and a nose too lucrative job on a paper. Jane's folks didn't think much of Ace or his job. They had an inherently dubious attitude towards underpaid newspapermen in general and toward Ace in particular, even though Ace was now drama reviewer and columnist. He held that spot for twelve years, which brings us to 1928. Then Goodman did what all good heroes of romance do—he married the girl.

That same year marked Goodman Ace's radio début. He began in radio for the same reason that you or I start fooling with a new angle: an attempt to make a few extra dollars.

His first radio program was as the "Movie Man"—answering questions about movies. It was free sustaining, which means that he got nothing for it. Then he went on the air with "Where's A Good Show," a feature which was paid for by the theatres. Nearing the end of his fifteen minutes one day, frantic wigwags from the station manager told him that the performer to follow him was late. Ace had to hold the fort.

He dashed out to the reception-room where Jane was waiting, shoved her before the mike and started off with: "Hello folks, I want you to meet my room-mate." And for three or four minutes Goodman and Jane talked of various nonsensicalities, Jane taking her cues from his pointed remarks. At the end of the performance the Easy Aces had been born—and Jane collapsed!

The station and listeners liked the impromptu act so well that they went on regularly, once a week, for a half hour—for money! The money, as a matter of fact, was ten dollars. Around this time, also, Ace used to get up at 7:00 o'clock every Sunday morning to read the funnies over the air. He was one of the first to do this; his stunt was to mark each frame with a gag of his own, so that adults as well as children might be amused.

The original Easy Aces program originated with Goodman in bridge games he and his friends.
No, this isn’t Jumbo, of radio and Hippodrome fame. Nor is it the elephant who went for a ride and walked home! This is May, baby elephant of the Fleischacker Zoo, with George McIlwain (left), NBC assistant field supervisor of the Western Division, and Chatom, the keeper in charge of the animals. The picture was made during a recent broadcast from the Fleischacker Zoo.

“Jane,” he says, “was probably the world’s worst bridge player. Our bridge sessions were tempered with wistarecks and it seemed like a good idea for a radio show so we tried it out on the air. It caught on and we were paid all of thirty dollars weekly for it. After broadcasting for six months we decided we must be pretty good and asked for fifty dollars—were refused and quit. Some of our friends got busy on the telephone for a few days and the result was we went back—for another sponsor— for eighty dollars!”

That’s Ace’s way of telling it. As a matter of fact, their “friends” must have included a pretty good slice of the listening public, or I miss my guess. An advertising agency man from Chicago heard the program about this time and liked it. Thinking it might be a fluke he said nothing, but came back about a month later and listened again. This time he asked the Aces if they would leave K. C. for thirteen weeks, at $500 per week.

“We decided,” Ace said, “that we might as well grab the chance and make the most of it until they got wise to us. But I didn’t take any chances; I got a leave of absence from my paper and kept the daily column going from Chicago.”

When their option was taken up for a second thirteen weeks, Ace cut down the column to twice weekly. And when they started the third thirteen weeks he felt secure enough to drop the column entirely.

“At first I used to take all comments and criticisms seriously,” Ace says. “Worried about them, in fact. We used to have an organist play the theme song, ‘Manhattan Serenade.’ Someone suggested that an accordion would be better—inisted on it. The organist could play the accor- dium, but he couldn’t have it for the next broadcast. In spite of that the critic called up after the broadcast and commented enthustiastically on how much better the music sounded! Since then we don’t pay much attention to other people’s comments.”

There was a knock at the door and Jane and Ace entered. Goodman said:

“Jane, this is Mr. Hanley ... meet my first wife.”

Jane sat down on the couch, smiled, tucked her legs under her and spoke to her husband about her new hat.

“So do you like it?” she asked plaintively. Goodman did. “Do you?” she demanded. I said I thought it was a truly delightful hat. “I ask everybody that,” she drawled. “But it’s so hi-iy!” I didn’t think it was too high. Jane isn’t so high herself, scaling five-feet-two. She’s smiling most of the time and she has a trick of grinning and winking at you; it’s a friendly, confiden- tial, impersonal winkle. And she talks exactly as she does over the air—though she doesn’t say the silly things the radio Jane does. At this time she was hungry and said so.

“Just a minute,” Goodman said, tuning up the Telefisl “I’m on Kenema in this race.” As the race results came over the wire Kenemaora wasn’t even running.

Then, in a very close finish, he came in, the winner at good odds.

Now, I thought, we’ll see some real excit- ement. I was disappointed. Ace grinned and lit a fresh cigar. “He won,” he announced. “I had twenty bucks on him. ‘Don’t you know?”

Easy Aces indeed!

The End

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88
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Parkyarkarkas is in a spot! But what a spot! The famed Greek radio dialectician, appearing with Eddie Cantor in Samuel Goldwyn's "Strike Me Pink," is surrounded by the Goldwyn Girls. (Front, left to right) Mary Gwynn and Vicki Vann. [Second row] Charlotte Russell and Gail Goodson. (Top) Gail Sheridan and Dorothy Belle Dugan.

FACTS ABOUT WELL KNOWN PEOPLE

(CBS), Inside facts galore. Carnegie is the teacher of many prominent conductors.

MUSICAL FOOTNOTES WITH VIVIAN DELLA CHIESA, FRANZ INHOF AND RALPH GINSBURGH'S ENSEMBLE (CBS).

JOHNNY AUGUSTINE AND HIS MUSIC (CBS).

BEET HER-ENDS (CBS).

BLANCHE SWEET BEAUTY TALK (CBS).

BOB CROSBY AND HIS ORCHESTRA (NBC).

SILKEN STRINGS WITH CHARLES PREVIN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).

FRANK CRUMIT AND JULIA SANDERSON (CBS).

MAJOR BOWES' CAPITOL FAMILY (NBC).

PENTHOUSE SERENADE—DON MARIO (NBC).

NATIONAL AMATEUR NIGHT WITH RAY PERKINS (CBS).

LADY ESTHER PROGRAM WITH WAYNE KING AND ORCHESTRA (CBS) (NBC)

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Fantastic, but grown-ups listen in as well as the kids.

BOBBY BENSON AND SUNNY JIM (CBS).
Kid favorite.

OG, SON OF FIRE (CBS).
Circusman days.

JACK ARMSTRONG, ALL AMERICAN BOY (CBS).
Schoolboy melodrama. Lots of thrills.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE (NBC).
Impromptu interviews, from public places, with the questions always more amusing than the answers.

HOSTESS COUNSEL (CBS). Tips for the housewife.

CAVALCADE OF AMERICA (CBS).
Ambitious dramatic presentations having to do with the history of our country.

THE FLYING RED HORSE TAVERN (CBS). Frekey Rich and his band, with adorable Eleanor Powell, who sings almost as well as she dances.

TOM MIX AND HIS RALSTON STRAIGHT SHOOTERS (NBC).
Especially meant for the kiddies, but the grown-ups enjoy tuning in on the excitement.

ONE NIGHT STANDS WITH PICK AND PAT (CBS).
The merry musketeers whose jokes, unfortunately, are from the minstrel era.

SISTERS OF THE SKILLET (CBS).
Real good fun, occasionally.

LAZY DAN (CBS). Sings in a lazy sort of way.

SINGIN’ SAM (CBS).
Just songs.

MARIE, LITTLE FRENCH PRINCESS (CBS).
Romance.

THE GUMPS (CBS).
They should stick to the comic pages.

SMILING ED (CBS).
Songs of good cheer (?) by Ed McConnell.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE (NBC).
Strictly juvenile.

FIVE STAR JONES (CBS).
Drama by a newspaper office.

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POPULAR COMICS
What Do You Think of the Statement: "Life Begins at Forty"?

Frank Parker: "I'll probably know more about that later."

Nina Goodelle: "I don't quite agree. I believe life is very exciting at sixteen and could be said to begin as early as that."

Andre Kostelanetz: "It is a confession of a waste of time up to the age of forty."

Jessica Dragonette: "I'm not forty yet, so I can't give any significant comment."

Richard Himber: "I'll know in twelve years."

Benay Venuta: "I believe it was coined as compensation to people who have had dull lives up to forty. I really think life begins at eighteen—for a girl, anyway."

Nick Dawson: "Mine, I think, began at eighteen. I have read, or rather attempted to read, Mr. Pitkin's book and consider it platitudinous tripe."

Margaret Speaks: "I believe it is very probably true because by that time one should have one's life well under control and should have begun to achieve in some degree one's ambitions, whether in a career or home or both—in my case, both."

Dale Carnegie: "I think it is unduly optimistic."

Deane Janis: "Well, I certainly hope it does, because I am looking forward to enjoying life at its fullest at that time."

Ray Perkins: "I think it's a daisy thought."

Kate Smith: "I certainly feel that life should be very pleasant and useful at forty."

John Charles Thomas: "It begins at forty if you have lived sensibly until that time."

Patti Chapin: "To me, it means that you don't really reach maturity until forty—at which age, the knowledge and experience that you have gleaned from life enable you to understand and enjoy to the fullest extent the richness life really has to offer."

Igor Gorin: "Twenty years too late."

David Ross: "It may be of great help to men and women who have lost confidence in themselves, because of the encroachment of middle-age. I daresay this belief fires them with new hope. Believing is very close to achieving."

Elia Hitz: "I think it's a grand idea."

John Barclay: "There's no doubt about it."

Gabriel Heather: "I think it's true. It's got to be true in my case. I am forty-three and a man of forty-three never had a better friend than Dr. Pitkin's celebrated phrase."

Deems Taylor: "I agree with it much more heartily than I did forty years ago."

Al Pearce: "I think the statement is true as one does not really begin to enjoy life until around that age."

Fritz Schég: "It does not begin... it continues."

Ted Hammerstein: "I haven't reached forty yet so I couldn't honestly say."

Babs Ryan: "There may be something in it."

Isham Jones: "Okeh, if it does!"

Lud Glushkin: "Swell!"

Are You Good at Keeping New Year's Resolutions?

Rudy Vallee: "Have given up making them."

Nina Goodelle: "No: my intentions are always good but I usually find myself slipping in a month or two."

Jessica Dragonette: "Not!"

Lud Glushkin: "Just fair."

Frank Parker: "The best!"

John Barclay: "No, I can always find such convincing reasons why it doesn't really matter whether they are kept or not."

Gabriel Heather: "Hopelessly bad. In fact I make mine almost daily and am still hoping. Especially the one about getting some sleep."

John Charles Thomas: "Yes."

Ray Perkins: "I try not to make any, and what's more important I try not to have to."

Dale Carnegie: "Yes, I am excellent—for about three days. I never make them any more."

Deane Janis: "No. I start out with the best of intentions, but I get off the beaten track in a very short while."

Benay Venuta: "I make mental resolutions, but am pretty weak at keeping them."

Babs Ryan: "No—I've tried—but didn't have much success."

Richard Himber: "No, but maybe that's because I never make any."

Andre Kostelanetz: "Perfect!"

Al Pearce: "Like 99% of the human race, I start out with the best of intentions but soon forget about them."

David Ross: "To make them is to break them. I therefore make no New Year's resolutions."

Patti Chapin: "So—so."

In the Past Fifteen Years What Has Been Your Favorite Popular Song?

Igor Gorin: "Yours Is My Heart Alone." (Franz Lehár)

Nina Goodelle: "They Didn't Believe Me."

Jessica Dragonette: "Sweet Mystery of Life." (Victor Herbert)

Lud Glushkin: "Lady of the Evening."

Frank Parker: "Sweet Mystery of Life."

John Barclay: "Of Man River."

Elia Hitz: "I'll See You Again."

Nick Dawson: "Cocktails for Two."

Gabriel Heather: "Dancing Creek to Cheek."

John Charles Thomas: "I Love Life."

Rudy Vallee: "Sylvia."

Margaret Speaks: "There have been too many to choose from."

Ray Perkins: "The one I made the most royalties on, called 'Under a Texas Moon.'"

Dale Carnegie: "Zwei Herzen in Drei Viertel Takt."

— Continued from page 52 —
Deane Janis: “Night and Day.”
Benny Venuta: “How should I know?”
Kate Smith: “I’m naturally very much attached to ‘When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain.’”
Ted Hämmerstein: “Shine On Harvest Moon.”
Babs Ryan: “Sleep.”
Richard Himer: “Make Believe,” from “Show Boat.”
Andre Kostelanetz: “Dancing in the Dark.”
David Ross: “Make Believe,” from “Show Boat.”
Patti Chapin: “They Didn’t Believe Me.”
Isham Jones: “Mighty Lak a Rose.”
Deco Taylor: “George Gershvin’s The Man I Love.”

Do You Read the Comic Strips?
Rudy Vallee: “No.”
Elzie Hitz: “Mr. and Mrs.”
Igor Gorin: “I do, and I’m proud of it.”
Niel Goodelle: “Yes, ‘Popeye’ in particular.”
Jessica Dragonette: “No, but I read Worman’s ‘Metropolitan Movies’ faithfully.”
John Barclay: “I kind of like ‘Mr. and Mrs.’”

Gabriel Hester: “Yes. After reading news bulletins all day, the comic strips seem to be the only sanity left in a muddled world.”
Nick Dorison: “Major Hoope’ in the Evening World-Telegram.”
John Charles Thomas: “Yes... diligently.”
Margaret Speaks: “I try not to miss ‘Major Hoope’ and ‘Out Our Way.’”
Ray Perkins: “Only when they’re funny.”
Deane Janis: “Occasionally, but I’m not a real lover of comic strips.”
Benny Venuta: “I always look at the pictures.”
Kate Smith: “Yes, indeed, especially ‘Smitty’ and the ‘Gumps.’ They are my special favorites among the funny-sheet folks.”
Ted Hämmerstein: “Yes, and I get a big kick out of them.”
Babs Ryan: “I don’t like to get behind in ‘Orphan Annie’ or ‘Dick Tracy.”
Deco Taylor: “Ardenly! And I don’t read Horatio Alger serials that call themselves comic strips.”
Al Pearce: “No... I don’t see anything funny about them.”
Isham Jones: “Sometimes.”
David Ross: “I don’t read the comics; but I thoroughly enjoy ‘Mickey Mouse’ for its poetic and imaginative fun.”

A studio snapshot of a popular broadcast. Manzanares and Dolores are the two vocalists. Jose Manzanares and his unique South American orchestra may be heard Sundays over the Columbia network. Here is an opportunity for radio listeners to enjoy the charm of South American music, played and sung in an inimitable fashion by this group of highly skilled and extremely delightful entertainers. Maestro Manzanares has a repertoire of over 5,000 selections.
If you suddenly got the opportunity to visit any spot in the world, what spot would you pick?

Don Ameche: "Hawaii."
Ralph Glashugh: "Tahiti."
Odelette Myeril: "Tahiti."
Parkybarvus: "70 degrees latitude, 130 degrees longitude, North Atlantic."
Leo Reisman: "India."
Grace Moore: "Madrid, where my husband was born."
Bernice Claire: "I think I should go to the Mediterranean...someday."

Harrie Hilliard: "Sweden—all of it!"
George Olsen: "The wilds of Africa."
Claude Hopkins: "Bermuda."
Eddie Cantor: "England. Greatest country in the world next to our own."
 Virginia Terrill: "California."
Lucy Monroe: "England."
Mark Warcow: "Europe."
Lanny Ross: "Some place slightly tropical, where I could indulge in my favorite sport, fishing."

Conrad Thibault: "At this time of year it would be Capri or Hawaii."
Charles Callile: "City of Agra, India... to view the Taj Mahal."
Myrtle Vail (of Myrt and Marge): "All the islands in the South Seas."

Andre Kostelanetz: "Lake Louise."
Richard Himber: "New York."
Babs Ryan: "See America First!"
Ted Hammerstein: "I'd make another tour of the U.S., then go to China."

Kate Smith: "I feel that nowhere in any foreign country will I ever find any greater scenic beauty than at Lake Placid or Lake Louise."

Benay Venuta: "Tahiti, Pitcairn Island and even Easter Island."

Deane Jones: "Honolulu...the isolation...the beaches with their waving palm trees...the laziness...my idea of heaven with a capital 'H'."

Kay Perkins: "Paris."
Margaret Speaks: "The English countryside."

John Charles Thomas: "Belgium."
Nick Dateros: "Just at the moment, the Riviera...in a different mood I might tell you something else."

Gabriel Hatter: "A spot off the Florida keys where Hemingway says the fish fight like greased lightning."

John Barlow: "Have travelled around the world and seen most of the seven wonders—but have never been to the western national parks—so that's where I'd go."

Lud Glushkin: "Vienna."
Jessica Dragonette: "Grand Canyon."
Elise Hitz: "I'd like to go to Switzerland and see the home of my grandparents."

Nicla Goodelle: "Hawaii."

Rudy Vallee: "My lodge in Maine."

Fritz Schell: "India."

Igor Gorin: "Vienna."

Frank Parker: "Venice."

Al Pearce: "I would head straight for the home of my grandparents in Cornwall, England."

David Ross: "I would go to Tahiti. Because there I could achieve a beauty and calm of living, merely through the exercise of my indolence."

Fatti Chapin: "Hawaii."

Irham Jones: "China."

THE END

Important Announcement

In the March Issue of Radio Stars

FATHER COUGHLIN JUSTIFIES HIS ATTACK ON PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

Will you agree or not with his straight-from-the-shoulder explanation?
well-built, the ideal clean-cut American type of masculinity. And what does he choose as the qualities of a feminine teammate? Well, first and foremost, she must be a "good companion," whose intelligence is an adequate teammate for her beauty. To fill the "good companion" description a girl must be a good sport, sympathetic, understanding and blessed with a sense of humor. Good sportsmanship is not to be confined to men and football teams; it's Ozzie's idea of a very necessary feminine qualification. Of course, Ozzie wants his companion to have a certain amount of chic and smartness; any man wants to be proud of the girl of his choice. But doesn't all that sound like Ozzie?

From Rutgers to Verona; from the American to the Continental viewpoint, we meet the opera, concert, and radio idol, Nino Martini. He is the very personification of the title of his first starring picture, "Here's to Romance." Dark, with flashing eyes, and a responsive smile, and what a profile!, he is an ideal representative of Latin charm and diplomacy. Yes, diplomacy. Ask him what type of girl he prefers, and he will say with a disarming shrug of the shoulder and a laugh: "But I like all types of girls... brunettes, blondes... they are all nice, yes?" Ask him what he thinks of the American girl in contrast to the women of his country, and he will say: "The women of my country are beautiful, but the American women, they are beautiful!"

He will smile enthusiastically over his statement, and you can't help but join him, but you take your pencil and bear bravely on, trying to think of a tricky question on which to corner a Latin diplomat. "Ah, yes, the women of Hollywood are beautiful, but there are more beautiful women in New York." Now there's a point. I begin to get encouraged.

And finally we find ourselves having something of a chat on the importance of individuality where women are concerned. Martini talks with his shoulders, his hands, and his smile... and his soft voice that still finds it difficult to put his thoughts into hard American. "Brunettes that make their hair light, blondes that make their hair dark, it is all wrong," said this discerning Continental. "They lose what they are. They have brown eyebrows and brown eyes and dark skin and dark hair. There isn't any harmony. They just don't... how would you say it... match up. No longer are they individuals. They're just trying to be something they aren't, and they end up by being." Here again Martini shrugged his shoulders expressively, "well, I don't know quite how you would say it, but they are very silly."

Individuality is more important, much more important, in Martini's opinion, than stereotyped beauty. His complaint is that the women in this country look too much alike, too much as though they had all been poured into the same mould, dabbed
Among those present at a testimonial dinner given in honor of orchestra leader Abe Lyman at Jack Dempsey's restaurant were (left to right) Rubinoff, Abe Lyman himself, Fred Waring, Jack Benny and Glen Gray. A good time was had!

with the same powder, rouge, and lip-stick.

From opera to crooning, from Nino Martini to Bing Crosby ... we're covering a lot of territory, aren't we? Now Crosby likes his women with a sense of humor, and he even likes them a little bossy. That is, he likes his wife, Dixie Lee Crosby, to take him in supervisory hand occasionally. He thinks he needs it. (I wouldn't try this advice too far, girls!) But an interesting slant on this beauty business is that Bing believes health is the prime requisite for feminine beauty and for being "happy though married." Health is a beauty sermon I can preach from the house tops. A beautiful figure, a clear complexion, sparkling eyes, and a radiant smile, all these are symbols of perfect health. Bing ought to have a medal for giving health a little publicity in matters of beauty and romance.

And Bing ought to have a second medal from all of you who get annoyed over these constant "How to Hold Your Husband" articles. Bing wants to know why there aren't more articles on "How to Hold Your Wife." The first is all boss, he says; it takes a lot more talent to "Hold Your Wife." Incidentally, his marriage is one of those rare things in Hollywood ... a happy marriage.

We seem to be getting up on the married men in this article, but it does seem that many of the attractive radio stars are married, doesn't it? Take Eddie Duchin, society's favorite orchestra leader, and the cause of much fluttering among the debutantes who danced at the swanky Central Park Casino. He married into the Social Register, and he pays his wife one of the finest compliments any husband can give. He told me that she has the one quality he admires most—a great friendliness.

"A woman, to be very lovely," says Eddie Duchin, "must have an understanding of people and why they are what they are. Most of all, she must have tolerance. So many other virtues go with friendliness and gaiety that one might say that if a woman has these two, she has everything."

And now after all this advice from the Kings of the Air, how about a little from the " Pawn?" Mary Biddle? "The Valentine Vanity Case" will give you my advice about all this hearts and flowers business as I see it in the light of cosmetics.

An understanding heart can't keep a nose from being shiny, and I have a perfectly swell well-dressed new make-up to tell you about that positively will last you through a Valentine dance that continues until the wee hours of the morning. You may want to be a good sport and go ice-skating and bob-sledding, but good sportsmanship doesn't give your skin the protection it needs. And there's a new kind of cream that possesses a natural lubricating softening element your skin will dote on this harsh winter weather. But I'm giving away the secrets of the "Valentine Vanity Case." A stamped addressed envelope will bring it to you. And if you have any personal problems that are making your road to romance rocky, let me see if I can help you with them.

The End

Mary Biddle
RADIO STARS
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me your bulletin on "The Valentine Vanity Case."

Name:

Address:

(Please enclose stamped addressed envelope. Personal letters receive personal replies.)
Ten 5th Prizes (Max Factor Make-Up Kit each): Mrs. F. F. Hamimbolle, 121 Broderick St, San Francisco, Calif.; Mildred A. Bradley, Box 62, Sheldonville, Mass.; Dott Beston, 604 Jersey Ave., Jersey City, N. J.; Gladys Seward, R. F. D. No. 2, Jackson, Tenn.; Mrs. Barbara Fucik, 1202—62nd St, Oakland, Calif.; Blossom Chan, c/o Universal Attractions, 822 Keith Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio; Leon-tine Bremm, 2369 N. Villery St, New Orleans, La.; Michelle Finkler, Main Ave, Cor. Highland, Passaic, N. J.; Mrs. R. H. Fletcher, 101 King St., Carrollton, Ga.; Sidney Switz, 197 Renner Ave, Newark, N. J.

Radio Ramblings

(Continued from page 9)

is trying to create an illusion for unseen audiences, to play to two different galleries. And no player can disregard the people before him. For these he must be concerned about his gestures, facial expressions and other essentials of the stage itself. Therefore it is better if he has only to concentrate on the little black gadget that brings him to his real audience. Besides, it would be a ghastly thing if the script called for me to be shot and the man with the big cards, that tell people how to react, pulled out by mistake the one marked 'Applause'!

Bio-briefs for your scrapbook:
George Burns—Gracie Allen's Georgie-Porgie—was born in New York. Made his debut as a dancer at Coney Island when he was fourteen. Played in vaudeville throughout the United States, Canada and the British Isles. While appearing in a New Jersey city, he met Gracie Allen. They teamed together and were married in 1926. Have enjoyed an uninterrupted radio run since 1932. He is five feet nine inches tall and weighs one hundred and fifty-seven pounds. Writes most of his own material.

Richard Crooks, Metropolitan Opera tenor and one of the soloists of the Firestone concerts, made his first public appearance as a singer at the age of twelve. One of the outstanding events of his early life was his appearance as boy soprano with Madame Schumann-Heink. A native of Trenton, New Jersey, he enlisted in the 626th Aero Squadron during the World War, despite the fact that he was under age, and served until the Armistice. He did not actually choose music as a career until after his return from the war. Then he sang in a New York City church and with the New York Symphony Orchestra. His debut was made in Europe, followed, in 1933, by his debut with the New York Metropolitan Opera.

Harry Von Zell, one of radio's best known announcers, was born twenty-nine years ago in Indianapolis, Indiana. He received his education at the University of California. Singing and playing the ukulele, he broke into radio over KFWB, Los Angeles. Later he abandoned singing for announcing.

Popeye the Sailorman, in real life, is Floyd Buckley, veteran NBC actor. Sixty-one years old, and young for his years, Buckley was born on a ranch, served in border patrols and met adventure in the Klondike and in the Spanish-American War.
Crawford, de Esther L. Mildred Arcadia Eleanor Mrs. H. Chas. Mrs. Elizabeth Cumber- Lena Marie Julian Montgomery, B. W., Conn.; M. Ardoene Water Johnson, Satsuma, E. Colo.; Maia L. L. Sun., Mo.; Mobile, Ala.; Gladys Malenfant, 128 Norfolk St., Auburn, R. I.; Dorothea West, 1422 M St., W., Cedar Rapids, Ia.; Laura M. Niebling, 142 High St., Rochester, N.Y.


Fifty 8th Prizes (Decca-Bing Crosby Phonograph Record each); Lois Wineka, N. S. York Pa.; Gladys MacWillard, 117 South St., Wrentham, Mass.; June Crum, Fargo, N. D.; Rosella Rossell, 4824 Eoff St., Benwood, W. Va.; Anne Marie, 304 N. L. St., Crappo, Madera, Calif.; Mrs. Frith Owens, 1702 Colwell, Tex.; E. E. Bough- ton, 773 Beach Ave., Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada; Gertrude Thompson, Detroit Lakes, Minn.; Mrs. J. H. Phillips, 507 Lauderdale St., Selma, Ala.; George H. Caswell, Avalon, Catalina Island, Calif.; Blanche Templeton, 337 W. Mason St., Jackson, Mich.; Nancy Tew- lals, R. 4, Box 168, Tiffin, Ohio; C. Emery Stevens, 318 W. Second St., St. Newton, Ia.; Mary Elizabeth Chales, 518 East Polk Ave., Harlingen, Tex.; Janice E. Scholl, Mrs. R. D., 604 D. M., St., Dienes, Ia.; Dorothy Okitsu, P. O. Box 56, Oriba, Wash.; Mrs. A. C. Hoover, Apt. 9, Arcadia Court, Pontiac, Mich.; Buddy Duffet, 35 N. Linwood Ave., Balti- more, Md.; L. Kummer, 7 de Mott Ave., Rockville Centre, L. I.; Sally Wil- liams, 1111 Caldwell St., Greensboro, N. C.; G. H. Ritchie, 227 Linn St., Peoria, Ill.; Elizabeth T. Southall, 1520 Gwinnett St., Augusta, Ga.; Fannie Agoratus, 17 Main St., Warwick, N. Y.; Mrs. Eira Evans, 504 Short St., Troup, Pa.; Irene Miesemer, 915 West St., Minneapolis, Minn.; L. Earle, 211 Grant St., Berkeley, Calif.; Eleanor Shear, 10 Emrose Terrace, Dorchester, Mass.; Lena Beritella, 136 Fifth St., Rochester, N. Y.; Mooyne Cynnn, 715 Commercial St., San Fran- cisco, Calif.; Elizabeth Butterworth, St. John's Straight St., Paterson, N. J.; Mildred L. Way, 121 So. Barbara St., Mount Joy, Pa.; Mrs. George J. Martin, 1423 South 12th St., Waco, Tex.; Kathryn Riley, Rt. 2, Box 284, Fresno, Calif.; Mrs. James S. B. P. W., 216 Cummins St., Johnstown, Pa.; Jean B. Reppeke, 1800 Meridian Ave, S., Pasadena, Calif.; Mrs. Chas. Wetherbee, 120 Ivey St., New Haven, Conn.; Ruth Bray, 8 Collins St., Hartford, Conn.; Barbara Huber, 1211 Holly Ave., Dayton, Ohio; William W. Goebe, Box 392, Orton- ville, Minn.; Eula Carr, Box 5, Cumberland, Ohio; Wayne Davis, 1111 Ne- vada St., Urbana, Ill.; Georgia Ray, 223- 78th St., Brooklyn, New York City; Mrs. Josephine B. Clark, 501 West High St., Urbana, Ill.; Isabella T. Franks, 45t Al- tanom Blvd., Trackville, Pa.; Ruth Cono, 121 S. President Ave., Lancaster, Pa.; Mrs. O. A. Smith, Hartwick, N. Y.; Mild- dred Burwell, 1333 Second St., Renssela- ter, N. Y.; Joan Kusman, 296 Wee- qahic Ave., Newark, N. J.; Edith E. Young, East Andover, N. H.; Rose Ehe- mian, 389 Park Ave, West New York, New Jersey.

One hundred 9th Prizes (Sheet of "Big Broadcast Of 1936" Music each); Irene Marshall, Dowling Park, Fla.; Helena M. Keet, 152 Wayland Ave, Cranston, R. (Continued on page 101)
Radio Ramblings

Radio Ramblings (Continued from page 98)

PORTLAND HOFFA (Mrs. Fred Allen), one of the bright spots of "Town Hall Tonight," compares her crowing with that of the world's crowing champion, "Chatterbox Pete," singing rooster appearing as one of the Town Hall amateurs.

What is Asteatosis?
Asteatosis is the failure of the sebaceous glands to feed oil to the skin. To treat this condition, which sometimes produces serious skin disorders, physicians recommend Olive Oil. Apply the Lander Pure Olive OIl Cream!

Blondex
Shampoo-rinse Washes Hair
2 to 4 Shades Lighter

What girl with dull, brown hair wouldn't give a fortune to be the possessor of gloriously radiant, golden hair? Any girl, of course. But now, thanks to the unique Shampoo-rinse, the drabber, most faded hair can be made to gleam with gold for just a few cents. If you want golden hair, try Blondex today. One shampoo with Blondex will wash your hair 2 to 4 shades lighter, and safely, too, for Blondex is not a harsh bleach or dye.

Cliff Arquette, acting as editor and publisher of the "Welcome Valley Chronicle" while Edgar A. Guest is in Hollywood, is a Believe-It-Or-Not character. Besides being a character actor and comedian, Cliff is a song, script and comedy writer, producer of vaudeville and radio shows, artist, puppeteer, singer, sculptor, cartoonist, wood worker, tap dancer, make-up expert, master of seven musical instruments—the piano, clarinet, trumpet, violin, guitar, saxophone and trombone. (Well, maybe not master, but he can play them all!) Also, at one time or another, Cliff has worked as a golf caddy, window dresser, butcher's helper, banker in an amusement park, assistant civil engineer, and, just before he came to Chicago, he was one of Walt Disney's sound men, recording noises to be used in Mickey Mouse pictures. He's only thirty, and he has been in show business since he was twelve, taking time out for some of these other things when there was no theatrical work to be had and he needed money.

Kenny Baker, young California tenor and new singing stooge on the Jack Benny program, earned the money for his musical education by working as a day laborer on the construction of the Boulder Dam. His vocal coach is the brother of Donald Novis, popular NBC tenor. Kenny was born twenty-three years ago in Monrovia, California. He is tall, slender, and has curly reddish-brown hair. His first job was singing as boy soprano in a local church choir. He is unmarried.

Heard along the corridors:
Horace Heidt is called the best dressed man around the Chicago studios. . . .George Burns was named George Birnbaum by his parents. . . . Xavier Cugat was a first violinist in the Havana Grand Opera Company when he was ten years old. . . . Marjorie Jordan (Molly of "Fibber McGee and Molly") is a sister of Charles Hugo of Hong Kong, China, the man who introduced talking pictures into the Orient. . . . Grace Moore is the daughter of a United States Army officer, Colonel R. F. Moore of Jellico, Tennessee. . . . In the privacy of his home Fred Allen plays the saxophone and the banjo—not at the same time, however. . . . Phillips Lord is an invertebrate reader of mystery stories. . . . Aldo Ricci is now at the head of two orchestras, "The Phantom Strings," for concert music, and the "Rhythmic Brass."

(Continued on page 102)
MUSCULAR RHEUMATIC PAIN

It takes more than "just a salve" to draw it out. It takes a "counter-irritant!" And that's what good old Musterole is — soothing, warming, penetrating and helpful in drawing out local congestion and pain when rubbed on the sore, aching spots.

Muscular lumbago, soreness and stiffness generally yield promptly to this treatment, and with continued application, blessed relief usually follows.

Even better results than the old-fashioned mustard plaster. Used by millions for 25 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. All druggists. In three strengths: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 10¢ each.

MUSCULAR RHEUMATIC PAIN

I: Mary McGlone, 1236 Milwaukee Ave., Denver, Colo.; Mary Cabiro, 721 Louque Place, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. E. G. Condon, Church St., Mobile, Ala.; Mrs. J. L. Mays, East 8th St., Columbus, Ohio; Mrs. Margaret Esteline, 5105 N. Meridian St., Indianapolis, Ind.; Marjorie Gross, 1012 N. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Jean Pryfich, 65-22d St., San Pedro, Calif.; Margaret A. Kiner, 618-7th Ave. North, Jamestown, N. D.; Elizabeth G. Hitchcock, Windsor, Mass.; Katheryn Gensbauer, 3756 North 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Betty Brockway, Beach Haven, Pa.; Mrs. Helen M. Brown, 10 Elm St., Green ville, N. Y.; Madeleine Bruder, Elora, Ontario, Canada; Robert A. Blake, Silver Lake, N. Y.; Catherine Silliman, 3129 Hudson Ave., Youngstown, Ohio; Gertrude Giesler, 1 Leading St., Manton, R. I.; Mary E. Casey, 2417 E. Main St., Bronx, New York City; Catherine Askley, 409 S. Market St., Mechanicsburg, Pa.; Norma Dennis, R. R. 5, Lafayette, Ind.; Leslie D. Alexander, Dawes, W. Va.; Emily O'Donald, Boxwood Road, R. F. D. No. 1, Wilminton, Del.; Bernice Tra violi, 125 Van Buren St., Terre Haute, Ind.; Florence Kohnefield, 619 W. 17th St., New York, N. Y.; Jean Bushe, 7 Matilda St., Albany, N. Y.; Cecilia Carl, 324 So. 9th St., Geneva, N. Y.; Reba Meek, 1416 Washington St., Toledo, Ohio; Catherine Corrigan, 151 E. South St., Groton, N. Y.; Grace L. Gregory, 365 W. 20th St., New York, N. Y.; Emma Brennan, 3720 Baring St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. J. C. Melton, Box 627, Electra, Tex.; L. F. Gwyn, 1072 South Barksdale St., Memphis, Tenn.; Lyman S. Gray, Thompson Road, Webster, Mass.; Neil C. Weiss, 426 South West St., Carlinville, Ill.; Mrs. C. O. Bramen, 11 Mt. Nye, Fayette ville, Ark.; Mrs. Anna Malz, 2988 Tuck shoe Ave., St. Louis, Mo.; William C. Clanton, Black River, New York; Marie Gracey, 15347 Wildemere, Detroit, Mich.; Helen Durke, 71 Woltz Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.; Edith Tierney, 1205 So. 2nd St., Norwich, N. Y.; Grace Mc Arthur, 3807 Smith Ave., Bunnell, British Columbia, Canada; Norma Bruce, 122 Legion Parkway, Lancaster, N. Y.; Marie Young, 98 Ward Ave., Elkins, W. Va.; Kay Roberts, 1425 W. Kilboe Ave., Apt. 7, Milwaukee, Wis.; M. M. Bonham, 398 So. 9th St, San Jose, Calif.; Virginia Schmulbach, 3248 Audubon, East St. Louis, Ill.; Elizabeth Bell, 120 South Congress, Rushville, Ill.; Helen Hood, 219 H. E. Reed, Aurora, Ill.; Jackson, M. I.; Thelma M. Barrett, 71 Sunshine Rd., Up per Darby, Pa.; Mrs. Chris McDouell, 1506 Hadley St., St. Louis, Mo.; Thelma Pavey, Box 23, Fort Ogden, Fla.; E. J. Hildebrand, 718 West St., Charlotteville, Va.; Jack E. Ray, 1089 Pearl St., Den ver, Colo.; Ellen Hofmann, 315 Marvin Ave., Hackensack, N. J.; Mrs. Carrie J. Campbell, 621 Wilfred Ave., Dayton, Ohio; Gladys van Scott, 397 Yarmouth Road, Rochester, N. Y.; William Murray, 2601 State St. at St. Louis, Ill.; Pauline Mus ser, Pittman, Ohio; Ethel S. Abdon, 245 McGregor Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio; Catherine Heidel, Waterville, Box 312, N. Y.; Grace M. Custer, 2423 Clyde Pl. S. W., Canton, Ohio; J. Elizabeth Pettit, 3614 Avenue N., Columbus, Ohio; Helen Haskell, 652 Herman St., Burton ing, Wisc.; Margaret White, 123 Nagle St., Paterson, N. J.; Edna M. Irwin, 199 Peace St., Stratford, Conn.; Mrs. L. A. Burnett, 305 Columbus Ave., Pull man, Wash.; Mrs. G. E. Bryant, 1719 San Diego, Calif.; Beryl S. Farrand, R. R. 4, Box 18, Moscow, Idaho; Pauline Calkins, 8023 South A St., Tacoma, Wash.; Hilda Nash, 2213 Triumph St., Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada; Marjorie D. Cooper, 124 North Euclid Ave., Tucson, Ariz.; Willamine Hart, 2210 Republic Bldg., Seattle, Wash.; Rae Kent Shoelberg, 631 Colorado Ave., Palo Alto, Calif.; D. M. Davis, Rt. 5, Co. H., Santa Rosa, Calif.; Virginia F. Rogers, 185 Summit Ave., Upper Montclair, N. J.; Frances Clarke, Rynn, Tex.; Mrs. G. M. Graham, 410 Hill St., Niles, Mich.; Clareabelle Hemmer, 251 South St., Lock port, N. Y.; Marie H. Otto, 210 E. Boul der St., Colorado Springs, Colo.; Lor raine Alstrom, 3017 Queen Ave. S., Min neapolis, Minn.; Harold J. Holts, 24 Mal lon Rd., Dorchester, Mass.; Barbara Pandak, 4554 Liberty Rd., South Euclid, Ohio; Mrs. Florence Schmidt, 134 Fall St., Pastoria, Ohio; Anne MacFreitas, 549 So. R. R. Ave., Sta. Maria, Calif.; Nita Washington, 10 W. Francis St., Grafton, W. Va.; Florence Nappes, 11 Providence St., Taftville, Conn.; Eva Moizelle Ward, 804 City Natl. Bank Bldg., Wichita Falls, Tex.; Edith Plant, 191 S. 5th St., Albion, N. Y.; Harold R. Tanner, 41 Marshall Ave., Mohawk, N. Y.; Mrs. Geo. V. Roach, 2111 Woodbine Ave., Knoxville, Tenn.; Cora Riley, Rugus Street, Platts burg, N. Y.; Helen Meyer, 3332 Wiscon Ave, St. Louis, Mo.; Stella Mac Owen, 322 W. B., Hutchinson, Kansas.

The End

IN THE MARCH ISSUE OF

RADIO STARS

An Enlightening Interview with
POLICE COMMISSIONER LEWIS J. VALENTINE
of New York City

In which he states that radio is the greatest advancement in police work since the invention of fingerprinting.
Radio Ramblings

(Continued from page 100)

Connie Boswell, warm-voiced Southern soloist whose singing features outstanding song hits of the day on the "Refreshment Time" program with Ray Noble's orchestra. One of the famous Boswell sisters, she made her first public appearance playing the violin and piano. The sisters hail from New Orleans.

strings," for dance music ... The saddest moment on Sunday evening: When you have to decide between the Benny and the Woolleott programs ... Rachel Carlay, vivacious French singer of the "Manhattan Merry-Go-Round" made her operatic debut at seventeen in the lyric soprano role of Nedda in "Pagliacci," at the Theatre Royal Monnaie in Brussels ... John Charles Thomas decides momentous questions by tossing a coin. He did it when he chose between music and medicine as a profession.

Out of our mail bag this month came three books which seem to deserve special mention. These are: "Fan Mail," by Lowell Thomas, a collection of letters; "Air Storming," by Hendrik Van Loon, comprising forty radio talks; and "Radio Personalities," an elaborate year-book of personalities of the air, reminding one in presentation—and price—of the college year book.

Also a letter, from Frank B. Maxim, of Portland, Maine.

Mr. Maxim writes:

Dear Sir:

After listening one evening to the final commercial announcement on Fred Allen's "Town Hall Tonight" program, in which Harry Von Zell extolled the greatness of both Ipswich and Saugus, I was astonished to hear the orchestra burst forth: "I've got a feelin' you're foolin'!"

Was he?

Well, one never knows!

Jumbo on the Air

The elephant after whom the fire chief broadcast is named is not used on the pro-

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY

TUMS ARE ANTACID ... NOT LAKEXATIVE

FREE! - Beautiful full-color 1939 Calendar-Thermometer. Also a specimen of Tums and Antacid stamps for posting, and a prizewin to A. H. Lewis Co., Dept. 28-40, St. Louis, Mo.

BECOME AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT

Expediencing Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $5,000 to $15,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 12,000 Certified Public Accountants in the U.S. are needed. Write for full information. Personal training under supervision of staff of C. P. A.'s including member of the American Institute of Accountants. Write LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 123, St. Louis, Mo.

Simple Simon

MET A PIEMAN
AND ORDERED THREE OR FOUR;
HE NOW EATS TUMS
WHEN HEARTBURN COMES ... DON'T SUFFER ANY MORE!

Stop SAYING "NO" TO FAVORITE FOODS!

It isn't only pie that disagrees with some people. Many say that even milk gives them a gassy stomach. The very best foods may bring on acid indigestion, sour stomach, gas, heartburn. Millions have found that Tums bring quick relief. Munch 3 or 4 after meals or whenever smoking, hasty eating, last night's party, or some other cause brings on acid indigestion. Tums contain no harsh alkalies, which physicians have said may increase the tendency toward acid indigestion. You will like their minty taste. Only 10¢ at all drug stores.

FREE ANTACID TUMS

HAPPY TO CARRY

Beautiful full-color 1939 Calendar-Thermometer. Also a specimen of Tums and Antacid stamps for posting and a prize to A. H. Lewis Co., Dept. 28-40, St. Louis, Mo.

RADIO STARS

RADIO STARS

100

102

Rubinoff shows Alice Faye his Stradivarius, valued at $100,000.
Hayes scripts, finds a seat in the corner of
the studio and takes out her knitting.
Emily Faas, Phil Baker’s “Angelface,”
gets a final hair-coining from her mother,
who sits in the wings during the show.
Don L’orches always ties his shoe-laces
tighter.

Mark Warnick, musical director for the
Hayes programs, takes a new unsharpened
pencil from his pocket to serve as a baton.
He uses a fresh one for each perfor-
man. Bette gives a final “voice level” of
his haunting inflection at the request of the
control-room.
Peter Van Steeden unstraps his wrist-
watch and hangs it on the podium. 
Sponsors just wait.

Jack Benny Statistics
To date, Jack Benny has sprung 2,483
jokes since he has been on the air. Wax-
ing statistical on the eve of his 200th an-
iversary which was celebrated over the
NBC-WJZ network, Sunday, December 1,
the suave jester went to the files for ma-
terial for the first time in his comedy
career and emerged with some other
illuminating figures.

66 burlesque dramatizations of famous
plays and films have been staged. The
most successful was “Grand Hotel,” which
popular demand forced Jack to repeat
twice.
36 poems have been recited by Mary
making the biggest hit. Mary also is
responsible for the popularization of two
national catch-lines—O.K., Toots,” and
“What’s she got that I haven’t got?”
55 different stooges have been used by
Jack from time to time, including one
stooge-team, the Chicken Sisters. He has
worked for four sponsors.
744 musical selections have been aired on
the Benny programs exclusive of 17
attempts to play “Love In Bloom.” 194
of these have been vocals, the rest or-
chestral. Benny bandmasters have been
George Olsen, Ted Weems, Frank Black,
Don Deemer, Jimmy Grier and Johnny
Green. His singing-stooges have included
Ethel Shutta, Andrea Marsh, Jimmy Melt-
on, Franklin Parker, Michael Bartlett and
Kenny Baker. Mary Livingstone turned
soubiard on 7 occasions.
123 letters “poured” in as the result of the
first Benny broadcast. Now his mail is
said to average in the vicinity of 2,000
pieces weekly. More than 4,500 pages of
typed script have been used while he has
been on the air. His ad-libbed lines, of
which there is no record, would fill another
1,000 pages.

Benny has smoked the same brand of
cigar—an eight-inch long Havana—during
each broadcast. The oddest occurrence
during 200 broadcasts took place last spring
when Mary fainted just at the sign-off. It
was the occasion when Fred Allen and
Portland Hoifa made guest appearances.

The End

COMING!! IN THE MARCH ISSUE OF
RADIO STARS
A gay and highly entertaining story of that popular
radio team.
"MYRT AND MARGE"

Stop Baby’s Cough
The “Moist-Throat” Way

Tender little throats should be healed the "moist-
throat” way with Pertussin, which
stimulates the flow of natural fluids,
loosens phlegm and soothes the throat.
Contains no harsh or injurious drugs.
Will not upset the stomach or reduce the
appetite. It tastes enough quickly and safely.
Doctors have prescribed it for 50 years.

Over 1,000,000 doctors’ prescriptions for
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Prepared for use in Service Work, Broadcating
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You, too, can learn to play
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You learn at home, in your spare
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know it, you are playing real
music! Then watch the invita-
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fun is only a few cents a day.

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You don’t have to be tal-
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and follow the diagrams for
success. Many experienced
instructors have found the
method simple, easy, and
quick. They know it works and
are using it in their own
lessons.

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Piano, Organ, Saxophone,
Drum, Ukulele, Tenor and
Baritone Saxes, Ukulele,
Hawaiian Guitar, Accordion, Clarinet.
Or Any Other Instrument.

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Send for free demonstration plan, together with his free
booklet which gives you details and proof that will
assure you. Instruments supplied when needed—cash or
credit. No obligation. Write letter or postcard today.
U.S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
3052 Brunswick Bldg.
New York City, N. Y.
Radio Laughs

(SELECTED SNICKERS FROM POPULAR PROGRAMS)

Apropos of Gracie Allen's attempt to put the needle through the camel's eye, Gracie remarked:

GRACIE: Oh Georgie Porgie, isn't it wonderful that scientists invented the needle and saved so many lives?

GEORGE: Saved so many lives, Gracie?

CANTOR: Yes, Jimmie—she's on her last lap.

(EDDIE CANTOR AND JIMMIE WALLINGTON, Pebeco Program.)

JANE: My father's a G-Man.

GOODMAN: What do you mean?

JANE: Every time he writes it costs me a$.

(JANE AND GOODMAN ACE, Easy Aces.)

PICK: Pat, does you know what a potato chip is?

PAT: Sho. It's a potato shaving—starched.

PICK: Mah good man, you has been drinking.

PAT: No man, I ain't been drinking. I been eating frog's legs an' what you smell is the hops!

(PICK AND PAT, One Night Stands.)

EDDIE: I had dinner with a friend the other night and was he a crank! He says: "Are oysters in season? I want some oysters; I don't want 'em too cold . . . and I don't want 'em too large, too young or too old and I want 'em right away!"

And the waiter says: "Okay, mugg—do you want 'em with or without pearls?"

(EDDIE GARK, on Valley Varieties.)

ALLEN: Motor car manufacturers are getting pretty modern, but they still haven't developed a special brake for speeders.

PORTLAND: What kind of a brake?

ALLEN: In the driver's leg when he steps on the gas!

(FRED ALLEN, Town Hall Tonight.)

GOODMAN: Janie, I'm ashamed of you. You have no idea of bridge—you should never have bid four spades on that hand. You're probably the worst bidder I've ever seen.

JANE: Yes—and you're probably the best after-bidder speaker in America!

GOODMAN: Well, I've got a yen for some Chow Mein.

JANE: Oh tell me, how much Chow Mein can you get for a yen?

(JANE AND GOODMAN ACE, Easy Aces.)

MOLASSES: It wracks mah nerves to look at you.

JANUARY: What's wrong with mah looks?

MOLASSES: You looks like an E flat detour through Chittin Switch, Georgia.

(MOLASSES AND JANUARY, Maxwell House Show Boat.)

Baker: One of these days I'm going to give you a piece of my mind!

Bottle: Oh, Mr. Baker—not your last piece!

Beetle: Believe it or not, I sleep with my brother on the edge of a roof.

Baker: Where's your brother now?

Beetle: This morning he got up on the wrong side of bed!

(Phil Baker, Beetle & Bottle, Gulf Program.)

Bessie Glass: There are two worlds: To be or not to be . . . and I'm going to be.

(Gertrude Berg, House of Glass.)
D.A.N.: Mah cousin, Delilah, had her face lifted.
JIM: Had her face lifted?
D.A.N.: Yasuh. But it didn’t take. When de doctor give her de bill, her face fell.
(Lazy Dan, OLD ENGLISH WAX Program.)

CAROL DEE: Well pappy, this is the day of the great turf classic, the Frankfurter Handicap.
MARTY: That’s right. ... wiener take all.
CAROL: I asked that man: “What are the odds?” and he said: “Mr. and Mrs. Dionne.”
MARTY: Sure ... he means five to two! Now—in this play I take the part of a Cherokee Hitch-hiker named “Indian Thumb.”
CAROL: Some thumb, eh kid? MARTY: Quiet, Carol. Put that hot water bottle back in your hair and keep your wig-wam.
CAROL: This ought to be barrels of fun.
MARTY: Yeah—I heard the hoops. (MARTY MAY and Carol Dee, Columbia Broadcasting System.)

DIZZY DEFINITIONS
Radio is stuff that I would have a smaller automobile or none at all if it weren’t for.
Gasoline is stuff that if you don’t use good in your car it won’t run as well as if. Glue is what the flaps on envelopes would stick down better if you had good one.
A desk is when you’re tired working you don’t sit at.
Gas is stuff that if you turn it on and don’t light it the soft music they play you don’t hear.
(Col. Stoopnagle and Bud, FORD MOTOR Program.)

JIMMIE: All right ... let’s go, Boy Scout.
EDDIE: Why do you keep calling me Boy Scout?
JIMMIE: Well, haven’t you been scouting for a boy for twenty years?
(EDDIE CANTOR and JIMMIE WILLLINGTON, Pebeco Program.)

EDDIE GARR: I ran into a fellow I met in Scotland and he says: “Mos’, I’m glad to see ye ... I want you to come to my house for dinner—at 216 West 63rd. Ye press the button with your elbow, ye go inside and ye’ll see my name on the mailbox—an’ ye press that button with your elbow. When ye reach ma door ye press that button with your elbow and ...”
“Wait a minute,” I said. “What’s all this about pressing all these buttons with my elbow?”
“Fer the love of Mike,” he says, “you’re not comin’ empty-handed, are ye?”
(EDDIE GARR, Tallies Varieties.)

BOTTLE: I’m not feeling well today.
I ate a dozen oysters last night.
BAKER: Were they fresh? What did they look like when you opened them?
BOTTLE: Oh—do you have to open them?
(Phil Baker and Bottle, Gulf Program.)
(Continued on page 106)
Radio Laughs
(Continued from page 105)

JIM: What kind of a house did you have in the country, Dan?
DAN: We had what I calls a bungalow, Mistuh Jim.
JIM: A bungalow, eh?
DAN: Yassuh! De carpenter bungled de job an’ I still owe for it!

JIM: Dan, does your wife make your salary go a long way?
DAN: Does she make it go a long way! Boss, she make it go so far dat none of it ever comes back!
(Lazy Dan, OLD ENGLISH WAX Program.)

TOM: I’m working in a nut and bolt factory.
GEORGE: What are you doing in a nut and bolt factory?
TOM: Nutting.
GEORGE: And they pay you for that?
TOM: Why, I do nutting faster than anybody in the factory!
(TOM HOWARD AND GEORGE SHELTON, Bromo Seltzer Program.)

PICK: What did dat last chicken dinner cost you?
PAT: Ten days in jail. An’ den I had a terrible fight with my wife.
PICK: Is dat so? An’ how did it come out?
PAT: Dey took us bafe to de hospital.
Doc’h took three stitches in my wife... den he look at me an’ say: “Anybody here got a sewin’ machine?”
(Pick and Pat, ONE NIGHT STANDS.)

MARY: I played football at Vassar.
JACK: Go on—who could a girls’ football team play against?
MARY: The Notre Dames.
(JACK BENNY AND MARY LIVINGSTONE, Jello Program.)

PAT: Let’s send Little Nell to the mountains.
PICK: We can’t do that... there’s bars in them thar mountains.
PAT: Don’t worry about Little Nell... she rides a bicycle. She knows how to handle bars.
(PICK AND PAT, One Night Stands.)

BOB: Pigs—or razorback hogs—down in Van Buren, Arkansas, are certainly something. One day a pig ate sixteen sticks of dynamite. Then he crawled under the barn, a mule came up and kicked the pig, blew up the barn, killed the mule and blew out the windows in the house... and for a couple of days we certainly had a mighty sick pig!
(BOB BURNS, on Kraft Program.)

FANNIE (As Pocahontas): Smitty, not even a goodbye kiss?
SMITH: You would relish that?
FANNIE: Yeah—you know—Indian relish!
(FANNIE BRICE, on Vallee Varieties.)

Lovely Lily Pons, greatest coloratura soprano of a generation, practises long hours every day. Despite her gratifying success in Grand Opera, in the concert field, on the air and now in the movies, Lily does not relax in her studying.
How Mary Kept Her Date With Bob

Oh, Jane! I'd love to come, but my nails are a mess and I wouldn't want Bob to see them the way they are.

Don't worry, Mary, I'll fix those nails of yours before the boys arrive.

My! They are pretty badly mussed up. What ever happened to them?

Guess it's my nails. Polish just never seems to last and my nails crack so easily. They never look as nice as yours.

Don't worry, here's something I always use, but first let's take that old polish off with this remover.

My! That's a grand-looking bottle, and it works like a charm, doesn't it?

Yes! And so does the polish. How do you like this new shade? Oh! Oh! Here come the boys.

Oh, Jane! It's a perfectly marvelous shade, and so smooth. Bob can hold hands all he pleases today. What kind is it?

It's chic! And you'll always have beautiful nails if you use it. But come on, there they are.

But Jane, wait! Let me jot that name down! C-h-i-c. I'm going to get some tomorrow. My nails look lovely, don't they?

7 Chic Shades
- Coral
- Manicure Aids
- Colorless: Natural Rose: Coral: Ruby
- Deep: Suntone

Also Chic Cuticle Remover and Chic Polish Remover (0.01)

MARY'S BOB DID HOLD HANDS AND, LIKE MOST MEN, HE DID NOTICE HER NICE NAILS. BUT IN ADDITION TO THAT, HE TOLD HER... BUT THAT'S THEIR SECRET, FOR A WHILE AT LEAST. DON'T LET UGLY FINGERNAILS EVER KEEP YOU FROM HAVING A GOOD TIME. USE CHIC MANICURE AIDS AND REST ASSURED THAT YOUR NAILS WILL ALWAYS LOOK BEAUTIFUL AND WELL-KEPT.

10¢ AT ALL TEN CENT STORES
Luckies a light smoke
OF RICH, FULL-BODIED TOBACCO
ASK YOUR DOCTOR ABOUT A LIGHT SMOKE
The Victorians had a word for it, "Charm"; we have a word for it, "Irresistible." We not only have a word for it, we have a way for it.

Buy IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME if you want to be Irresistible. Be fragrant if you want to be pursued. Men adore fragrant hair, fragrant lips, and soft fragrant skin. The satin-smoothness of Irresistible Face Powder, the soft blush of Irresistible Rouge, the seductive coloring and creamy indelibility of Irresistible Lip Lure... these speak the language of enchantment.

"Irresistible" is the word to say when you buy cosmetics. "Irresistible" is the way to attain allure. Certified pure. Laboratory tested and approved.

BUY IRRESISTIBLE

PERFUME and BEAUTY AIDS
IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME, FACE POWDER, ROUGE, LIP LURE, Mascara, Cold Cream, Cologne, Brilliantine, Talc
ONLY 10¢ EACH AT ALL 5 AND 10¢ STORES
A Moment of Magic
[UNTIL SHE SMILES]

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" makes her evade all close-ups—
dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm

Unhealthy, ailing gums are common
because coarse, fibrous foods have dis-
appeared from our menus. And the soft,
modern foods that have replaced them
do not give teeth and gums enough work
to do. Naturally, they grow flabby, ten-
der and sensitive... and "pink tooth
brush" is a signal that they need help.

Start today to massage your gums with
Ipana—your dentist's ablest assistant in
the home care of your teeth and gums.
Brush your teeth regularly—as you al-
ways do. But make gum massage with
Ipana an equally regular practice. Put
a little extra Ipana on your brush or
fingertip. Rub it into your gums. Massage them well.
Back comes new circulation through the
gum tissues. New firmness develops.
There's a new and livelier feel to the gums.
A healthier, brighter look to the teeth.

Remember that modern dentistry en-
courages this double duty. So make it an
unfailing part of your daily routine. Keep
pyorrhea, Vincent's disease and gingivitis
far in the background. Keep your gums
as healthy as you keep your teeth. You'll
make your smile a swift, lovely flash of
beauty. And you'll cheer the day you
changed to Ipana plus massage.
A dull skin, blotches, and bad breath—these may be warnings of constipation—accumulated poisons in your system. When you notice such telltale signs, do as millions of others do—place your confidence in FEEN-A-MINT and the "three-minute way." The "three-minute way" means that you simply chew delicious FEEN-A-MINT for three minutes, preferably while going to bed—and in the morning you will find gentle but thorough relief. The very act of chewing makes FEEN-A-MINT better. Its tasteless, medicinal content mixes thoroughly with saliva and goes to work easily, gradually—not all at once. No unpleasant after-effects. And the children love it for its clean, refreshing taste. Get a box for the whole family, 15 cents and 25 cents—slightly higher in Canada.

* Longer, if you care to

**FEEN-A-MINT**

THE CURE FOR CHILDREN

better because you chew it
Again they thrill you with Glorious Melody!

The singing stars of "Naughty Marietta" now lift their golden voices to excite all the world with the immortal melodies of the most vibrant and stirring musical of our time—"Rose Marie"... The romantic drama of a pampered pet of the opera and a rugged "Mountie" torn between love and duty, whose hearts met where mountains touched the sky... How you'll thrill with delight as they fill the air with your love songs—"Rose Marie, I Love You", and "Indian Love Call"! It's the first big musical hit of 1936—another triumph for the M-G-M studios!

Jeanette MacDonald

Nelson Eddy

In

Rose Marie

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

with

REGINALD OWEN • ALLAN JONES

Directed by W. S. Van Dyke • Produced by Hunt Stromberg

'SONG OF THE MOUNTIES!' 300 rugged male voices led by Nelson Eddy in the most stirring song of our time!
Little Jackie Heller with Moritz, his huge St. Bernard pal . . .
Jack LaRue chats absorbingly with Eleanor “Flying Red Horse Tavern” Powell . . . And young Patti, of the Pickens Sisters, apparently loves to do crossword puzzles.

RADIO RAMBLINGS

THINK IT OVER

Do you listen to your radio?
The question may surprise you, since, if you are reading this column, the chances are that you are a radio fan.

Yet how many people tune in their radios as an accompaniment to casual family chatter or conversation among friends, or even as a background for a game of bridge, or to the perusal of the local newspaper or the latest thriller.

We take our miracles so casually. Naturally we wouldn’t jump up and exclaim ecstatically at the wonder of entertainment that is coming from that unimportant-looking little gadget. But let’s at least savor the full the splendid programs that are the fruit of years of training and experience, of hours and days of planning and rehearsal, and of untiring personal effort from the top-flight artist down to the most minor mechanician.

Even music, orchestra, song or symphony, cannot be fully appreciated unless it is listened to intelligently. How can the program makers give us what we want, unless we tell them? And how can we tell them, unless we give to the programs the same undivided attention that they give them?

Good listeners make good programs!

WINGS OF SONG

Margaret Speaks, lovely soprano soloist of the Firestone programs, is a charming person to talk with, frank and friendly and modest. She’s a devoted wife and mother and gracious home-maker as well as a musician of high order. Before she started out on her first trip to Hollywood to sing with Nelson Eddy, Margaret was wondering if she would like flying, having been up but once, on a brief flight, years ago. Since then she has
Do you ever wonder just how Lazy Dan looks when he’s broadcasting? We thought you’d like to know, so here he is—snapped during a program.

Airing the latest news and notes along radio lane

piled up an air mileage of approximately 12,000 miles a month during the winter series of Firestone concerts. One week she sings with Richard Crooks in New York. The next week with Nelson Eddy in Hollywood. Then back to New York again—making two plane trips between New York and Hollywood each month.

On the completion of “Rose-Marie,” Eddy’s next movie with Jeanette MacDonald, he began his transcontinental concert tour, and he will rejoin the flying soprano on Monday, February 10th, in New York City, to resume his Firestone programs with Margaret.

Talk about “wings of song!”

"TIME MARCHES ON..."

But all of us cherish fond mementoes, tokens of some bright moment that still warms the heart:...

Frank Munn, tenor star of the American Album of Familiar Music, still carries the first prize he ever won for singing—a gold watch. Munn’s treasured prize was his reward for being the best singer at an amateur show held at the McKinley Square (Continued on page 92)

FELS-NAPTHA SOAP holds two marvelous dirt-looseners—richer, golden soap with lots of naptha added to it! When these two cleaners tackle the wash, even deep-down dirt hustles out.

Fels-Naptha is safer, too. Grand for silk undies and stockings. And it’s easier on hands—because there’s soothing glycerine in every golden bar. Get some today at your grocer’s.

Banish “Tattle-Tale Gray” with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!
"HELLO everybody. This is Kate Smith.

How often you've heard that cheery greeting! The rich, friendly tones of the speaker's voice bring instant recognition apart from the spoken words and you find yourself responding as you would to the warm hand-clasp of an old friend.

Well, after all, this is an old friend I am presenting to you here, this Catherine Elizabeth Smith, who for years has been bringing the moon over the mountain and into your living-room and who, in this article, is going to be your Radio Hostess, giving you some of the treasured recipes handed down by her family for generations.

You've learned to love Kate Smith for the songs she sings and the lovely way she sings them, to admire her for the kind things she does for children and soldiers—the sick and distressed all over the country. But you'd love her for herself if you could meet her, away from studio and "mike," as I did, in her own New York apartment.

"I think it has a homey, comfortable look, don't you?" asked Kate when I expressed my admiration for the lovely living-room in which she greeted me. It was indeed both homey and comfortable, the type of place you'd know Kate would like.

The walls are in the palest, softest shade of apple green, the curtains of crushed rose damask. Couches and chairs, upholstered in light green silk brocade, boast of down-filled pillows into which you sink in complete and happy relaxation.

A desk, as tall as the nine-foot windows, is of Italian inspiration, the fireplace mantle is American colonial and the three loveliest of the many lamps are Chinese.

"My furnishings do not conform to any period, you will notice," Kate explained, as she saw me making mental notes of my surroundings. "They're what I like, though—just liveable. I'm out of sympathy with all-modern interiors, though I don't mind one or two modern things."

The most conspicuously modern thing in Kate Smith's living-room is her radio—a huge one, taking up almost one entire end of the room. But let's leave this room and go on out into the kitchen, to which my hostess led the way with pride and pleasure.

Here you would find that everything is modern indeed. "I have every electric cooking device imaginable," said Kate, pointing out these various possessions. "I have an electric waffle iron, toaster and mixer. Then, though the mixer has a reamer for fruit, I also have, for good measure, an electric fruit juice extractor. And I have three electric percolators—one of which makes eighteen cups of coffee! I'm so electric-minded that I even own a nut cracker and an ice cube crusher which also work by electricity!"

The colors used in Kate's kitchen are green and cream. The saucepans conform to the general color scheme, too, being of that new enamel ware that is green on the outside, with
on Southern foods
RADIO STARS

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THE CRITICS VOTE AND HERE ARE THE RESULTS

★★★★
FLEISCHMANN VARIETY HOUR WITH RUDY VALLELY AND GUESTS (NBC). Current winner of Distinguished Service Award.

TOWN HALL TONIGHT (NBC). The hit of Fred Allen, than which there is none better. Winner of last month’s award for Distinguished Service to Radio.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY OF NEW YORK (CBS). Two first honors of the classics with the air’s most popular symphony orchestra.

FORD SUNDAY EVENING SYMPHONY — VICTOR KOLAR, CONDUCTOR (CBS). Always acts an outstanding soloist.

GENERAL MOTORS CONCERTS (NBC). Frank Rapp conducting a dignified orchestral presentation with famed guest stars.

FORD PROGRAM WITH FRED WARDING’S PENNSYLVANIANS (CBS). Fred and his muses are so sagacious they really don’t need added sparkle from guest stars.

JELLO PROGRAM STARRING JACK BENNY AND JOHNNY GREEN’S ORCHESTRA (NBC). It’s Jack’s program, but he gives everyone a chance to “steal” if they’re able.

CHESTERFIELD PROGRAM (CBS). The voices of Lily Pons and Sino Martini, with Andre Kostelanetz and his orchestra. “They satisfy,” and how!

RCA MAGIC KEY (NBC). Fabulous in high style, picking up surprises from all parts of the world. Frank Black conducts the symphony.

LAWRENCE TIBETTY, BARITONE, WITH DON VOORHEES AND HIS ORCHESTRA (CBS). Lawrence beautifully believes songs should swing in our native tongue—so naturally his heart is in all that he sings.

LUX RADIO THEATRE (CBS). Effectively presenting stars of the stage and screen in well-known stage plays.

JOHN CHARLES THOMAS (NBC). It’s unabashedly the homo, sentimental, emotional quality of his voice.

★☆☆☆☆
RATINGS

At present, there are so many excellent programs on the air the judges found it quite impossible to single out the best five. Practically every important program has been considered, but unfortunately, space does not permit a complete listing. The ratings are as follows:

★★★ Excellent ★★★ Good ★★ Fair

The ratings of the Board of Review are a consensus of opinions of radio editors throughout the country and do not necessarily agree with the editorial opinions of Radio Stars Magazine.

PALMOLIVE BEAUTY BOX THEATRE (CBS). Favorite operetta with favorite voices of the air.

AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC WITH FRANK MUNN, LUCY MONROE AND GUS HAENSCHEIN’S ORCHESTRA. Featuring popular compositions by American composers, and your soul is in for a stirring time.

LUCKY STRIKE HIT PARADE (NBC). The program most popular hits of the week as you like to hear ’em played.

ONE MAN’S FAMILY (NBC). Interesting, because it might easily be you.

LOMBARDO ROAD (NBC). Guy Lombardo and his brothers; easy to listen to, easy to dance to—whatever your mood happens to be.

MARCH OF TIME (CBS). Important events of the moment, thrillingly dramatized for the air with an exceptionally convincing cast.

GEORGE BURNS AND GRACIE ALLEN (CBS). Gracie leads the comics of her sex and audiences all but a few of the opposite.

RICHARD HIBBEN’S STUDEBAKER CHAMPIONS (CBS). His style is being imitated, but unsuccess- fully.

HOLLYWOOD HOTEL WITH DICK POWELL, GUEST SCREEN STARS AND RAY PAIGE’S ORCHESTRA (CBS). Louella Parsons and her “boys” of the screen are the main attraction.

BING CROSBY (NBC). Assisted by the comic Bob Burns and Jimmy Durante’s orchestra.

ALBERT PAYSON TEREHUE (NBC). Exciting day stories.

RAY NOBLE AND HIS ORCHESTRA (CBS). It takes an Englishman to show us how our own dance music should be played.

ATWATER KENT PROGRAM (CBS). William Daly’s orchestra and guest stars, concertively offered.

PHIL COOK (NBC). The man of many voices.

SWIFT STUDIO PARTY (NBC). Music and informality with Sigismund Romberg and Diccon- tay, the genius composers.

EASY ACES (NBC). Just because you’re not interested in cards is no reason for missing this choice “Missouri and Mexico” comedy.

“VOX POP”—THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE (NBC). In which Mr. John Q. Public gets a chance to answer, unprepared, some daring in- teresting questions which invariably surpass the answers.

A AND P GYPSIES (NBC). Sprightly tunes, rendered as spiritedly as ever.

CAVALCADE OF AMERICA (CBS). History of the nation, dramatically unfolded.

(Continued on page 104)
A FREE, EASY LESSON...

BY THE TINTEX COLOR MAGICIAN

Read how you can give new fashionable color to faded apparel and home decorations

1. Go over your entire wardrobe... select your dresses, sweaters, lingerie, "undies," stockings, etc., that are faded or whose colors are dingy or out-of-date.

2. And don't forget your home decorations. Are curtains and drapes faded? Would you like to change the color-scheme of slip-covers, luncheon sets, table-scarfs, etc.? It's very simple!

3. Now... here's all you do. Choose the colors you want from the 41 brilliant Tintex Colors. Dissolve the powder in a basin of water, according to directions, then just "tint as you rinse." Faded things become their original color. Or you can give anything an entirely different color if you wish.

4. That's all there is to it. Easy, isn't it? And what perfect results... just sheer color magic. But be sure you use Tintex. Don't accept substitutes. Tintex, the world's largest selling Tints and Dyes have been proven "best by test" of millions of women.

Tintex
World's Largest Selling TINTS AND DYES
PARK & TILFORD, Distributors

AT ALL DRUG, NOTION AND TOILET GOODS COUNTERS
The March of Time in cosmetics brings the gift of glamour to every woman

TIME marches on . . . in cosmetics . . . as it does in every other field of achievement. It's an amazing thing, this cosmetic business; its development is linked with kings and queens and courtisans, with the rise and fall of civilization itself, and with woman's declaration of independence from housework. Time marches on, but this is the age of youth and of putting one's best foot (or perhaps we should say, best face) foremost; hence cosmetics are more important than they ever have been before.

Before we go into a discussion of our cosmetic weapons in this age of youth, let's draw back the curtains of time for the moment to catch a glimpse of the most famous exponent of the art of cosmetics in the history of the world—Cleopatra. If we were to dramatize the preparations of Cleopatra for her famous meeting with Antony, we would probably see her going through much the same motions as we do when we sit at our dressing-tables. Let us imagine that she has stepped from her milk bath, one of her many publicized beauty routines and now, surrounded by solicitous slave girls, is busily engaged in applying her make-up. What does she use? Well, green paint on her eyelids, for the same purpose that you and I use eyeshadow. (X. B.—Have you green-eyed or gray-eyed girls tried the devastating effect of the new green mascara along with green eyeshadow?) Ah, yes, and black pigment for her eyelashes and eyebrows. What wouldn't she have given for a nice creamy modern mascara! And, finishing touch, henna colors are applied to her finger nails and her palms. Encouraging thought: Maybe all our modern men need is education along the line of bright nail polish! Evidently Antony was intrigued by henna fingertips. Can it be that our own Antonys are less advanced?

The curtain of time drops again, and time marches on to Scene II in Rome. What a DeMille bathing scene could be picked up by television if it were possible to go back to the glory that was Ancient Rome. In the year 180 A.D., it is estimated that there were about eighteen hundred public bathing establishments in Rome, some accommodating from two to three thousand persons. It seems that the bath was quite the recreation in those days, and the nobility were escorted there by their slaves bearing perfumes and creams. Incense was burned everywhere, in the home and on the street.

Poppaea, wife of Nero, Emperor of Rome, and perhaps the next most famous of charmers to Cleopatra, used cosmetics extensively. She whitened her skin, darkened her eyes, rouged her lips and cheeks, and I believe that historians even have found proof of her bleaching her hair. Another modern practice of Poppaea's was the use of a depilatory wax for the removal of superfluous hair.

Certainly it is pleasant to think that now, in our present day age, beauty is not a luxury, it is a necessity. It is not for the favored few but for the many. We can go around to the corner drug-store and purchase beauty aids far superior to those that Cleopatra with all her wealth and resources could obtain.
While the art of cosmetics has had its glamorous exponents through the centuries, it has had its opponents, too, as your mother or grandmother can testify. But even some of its opponents have paid it indirect compliments.

Imagine, if you can, all the august, white-wigged judges of Parliament back in the year 1700, seriously expounding this amusing bit of legislation:

"That all women of whatever age, rank, profession or degree, whether virgin, maid or widow, that shall from and after such Act impose upon, seduce and betray into matrimony any of His Majesty's subjects by means of scent, paints, cosmetic washes, false hair, artificial teeth, Spanish wool, iron stays, hoops, high-heeled shoes or bolstered hips, shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanours, and that the marriage upon conviction shall stand null and void."

The March of Time will bring us leap year in 1936 and a more sensible act of legislation for this day and age would be one requiring all women to make the most of cosmetics, in the interests of better business for ministers, home furnishing concerns, and jewelers. In fact, the unforgivable sin in any modern (Continued on page 68)
The present course of American politics, Father Coughlin believes, is tending inevitably toward something resembling fascism.

COUGHLIN JUSTIFIES

"I am in favor of government by law, not government by men," says Father Coughlin

"Nobody made our form of government. It grew!"
Roosevelt's administration has gone beyond any previous administration in concentrating power in the hands of the Executive, Coughlin states.

ATTACK ON ROOSEVELT!

"BE NOT too certain that there will be an election in 1936."

The cry of "dictatorship" has been raised from every sector of the political scene since Franklin D. Roosevelt launched the New Deal. It has been shouted from the brassy throats of so many rabble-rousers that its dreadful implications have been lost. The word, as applied to American politics, has become a bromide.

Nevertheless, I moved uncomfortably in my chair when I heard the Rev. Charles E. Coughlin pronounce this ominous sentence from the loudspeaker of my radio. I became acutely conscious of the pleasantness of my world. I pondered, with a curious twinge of fear, what might happen to my comfortable home, my job, my bank account, my religion, should a real dictator ever come to Washington. I went out to the Shrine of the Little Flower and spent an hour with Father Coughlin. In his warning he was referring to the possibility of a dictatorship resulting from involvement of this nation in a war. But I wanted to hear some of his other opinions on a subject which must be strongly in his thoughts to prompt such a statement.

He told me that he believes the present course of American politics is tending inevitably toward something resembling fascism.

He said that on the basis of present indications, he expects that President Roosevelt will be re-elected and he admitted that, if the New Deal is thus approved by the electorate, America will have taken another step toward the end of representative government.

But he sees a strong glow of hope from a new source—the radio.

Free and uncensored radio broadcasting, he believes, will succeed in checking the collapse of democratic government. "The free radio," he declared, "has taken the place of the free press as the bulwark of liberty. If free speech over the air is allowed to continue for a few more years we will be able to change the present trend and return to real government by the people."

Father Coughlin explained that he did not mean to imply that he believes President Roosevelt should be defeated. He is not yet ready to say that. He merely admits that the Roosevelt administration has gone beyond any previous administration in concentrating power in the hands of the executive and that a clear vote of confidence in 1936 would be difficult to construe otherwise than as a popular mandate to carry the process farther.

"That sounds logical," I said. "But still many people are unable to understand your attitude toward the New Deal. In the popular view you are expected to be either for Roosevelt or against him. I have heard many of your (Continued on page 96)
Life can kick you upstairs if you refuse to go down.

It took years of knocking against life to find that out for myself. Eighteen years of disappointment and opportunity. Eighteen years of failure and success.

I've learned a lot in these years since I started my career and now, looking back, I see it always has been the knocks and kicks, that seemed like terrible blows when they were happening, that have helped me all my life.

Helped me spiritually and mentally, too. Every one of them has brought me new wisdom, new understanding. Made me a little harder and a little softer. Strengthened my armor against the world and given me just that much more tolerance to understand it.

Starring in the movies . . . That long tour in vaudeville . . . Radio . . . Life kicked me into every one of them.

From the beginning it has been like that. It was because of the complete collapse of my life that I had any career. For you can't see the thing you've put all your faith and ideals into, the thing that has meant most to you go, without feeling that life is going, too. And my marriage had meant that to me.

I had to do something. My first thought was Hollywood, for, like most girls, I had been stage struck in my teens but my early marriage had ended that dream. Here
But lovely Irene Rich was right about herself! And all the knocks were changed to boosts before she got through!

was my chance to do the thing I wanted to do. To try myself.
But I couldn't take the chance. There were my two small daughters and my mother to take care of. I couldn't gamble with their security.
So I went into Real Estate instead, out there in San Francisco where I had been living at the Presidio. Like all army officers' wives I'd led a nomad existence. It couldn't help but accent the love I've always had for houses. Stauch, permanent houses whose lights flicker for the same families year after year and whose gardens grow with the children.
Selling them to the people who wanted them as badly as I did myself seemed the next happiest thing to do and the most practical. And I was doing pretty well and finding that I liked being out in the world with my own way to make—when the next bump came.

Just seventy-six dollars worth of bumps! For that was the amount of the commission due me that the firm held out on me. Much to my chagrin I found myself crying when the news was broken to me. And I had thought of myself as a great big business woman!
But it meant so much to me, that seventy-six dollars. A grocer's bill that could be paid, much-needed coats for my little girls. And the money was mine. I had worked hard for it.

God bless that kick, say I, for it sent me flying down to Hollywood determined to take the chance I hadn't felt entitled to before.
I worked as an extra every day for the two weeks I had allowed myself as a test. The Rich gal thought she had struck a bonanza. I went a little gaga. Success in the movies ... it seemed as simple as snapping my fingers.

So I resigned my real estate job and brought the family down and found a little bungalow to live in that I was sure would be exchanged for a palace in no time at all.
It was six weeks before I got another job.
Another knock and more time to think. Lots of time. But awful as it was then, it was good for me. It sharpened my courage, made me assert myself and go gunning for the things I wanted. Prepared me for the ups and downs that confront every one of us, for the many days to come when I would be turned away from one studio after another, for the time when I was about to play a part in a picture and developed flu and a raging fever the first day I was to report on the set.
Again it was the knock that helped. For if I had been able to play that part, and oh, how important it seemed to me at the time, I would have been working on the picture and would have had to turn down the biggest opportunity of all—a lead opposite Dustin Farnum.
For that offer came when I was convalescing and so was free to accept it. The leads opposite Will Rogers came as a result of that picture with Dustin Farnum. So did all the other leads that were to follow and eventually stardom with Warner Brothers.
Back in the old silent days I never considered myself an actress. After all, it was all visual. Only one medium. My friends were always amused when I used to list my occupation on important papers as housewife. But I felt I didn't have the right to call myself really an actress until I had combined the two mediums of acting—sight and sound. It was the thing I wanted to do, the thing I felt I had to do.
Then sound came to Hollywood.
It was the thing I had been waiting for and yet when the dream came it was to prove a nightmare.

Sound ... Revolution ... The words were synonymous in Hollywood. (Continued on page 64)
BOYS CAN'T BE PROUD OF A GIRL WITH PIMPLY SKIN—

I'M SURE JIM LIKES ME—yet he never takes me out anymore

THOSE PIMPLES!! IT'S GOT TO BE A SWELL-LOOKING DAME FOR THIS PARTY!

OH, MOTHER, HOW CAN I GET MY SKIN CLEAR AND SMOOTH AGAIN? THE GIRLS SAY THAT LAST NIGHT, JIM—

SOUNDS LIKE FUN! WELL, I'LL BE SEEING YOU

JUST LIKE OLD TIMES—NOW MY SKIN IS CLEAR AGAIN

WHY OF COURSE YOU CAN DO SOMETHING ABOUT THOSE PIMPLES. JUST EAT 3 CAKES OF FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST EVERY DAY—BEFORE MEALS—UNTIL YOUR SKIN IS CLEARED UP

—clears the skin by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Don't let Adolescent Pimples keep YOUR boy friend away

PIMPLES are all too common in the years that follow the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to the age of 25, or even longer. Important glands develop and final growth takes place during this time. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin, causing pimples.

Clear up these adolescent pimples—with Fleischmann's Yeast. This fresh yeast clears the skin irritants out of your blood. Pimples go. Your skin is fresh and smooth again...

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals—plain, or in a little water—until your skin clears. Start today!
THE name of Rudy Vallee has become synonymous with radio. And inevitably so. Year after year, his Fleischmann Variety Hour has merited topmost ranking, bowing to none as outstandingly popular radio entertainment.

Rudy Vallee has established himself as a master showman of the air. Not content to coast along merely on his distinctive personality, he has worked enthusiastically to be always several jumps ahead of the other fellow in giving listeners the latest and best in radio enjoyment.

Although his variety programs include artists of world prominence, yet, because of his own showmanly tact and artistry, Rudy Vallee never is overshadowed.

Comedy, tragedy, melodrama, opera and jazz all play a part in his programs. He has presented all so capably and entertainingly that listeners who prefer jazz enjoy opera and those who favor drama have learned to appreciate comedy.

To Rudy Vallee, and to Standard Brands which make possible his Thursday night broadcasts, Radio Stars Magazine presents its award for Distinguished Service To Radio.

—Editor.
You've heard of the Beaux Arts Ball, of course. Gaze on Miss Tilda Getz, of Kansas City, Missouri, chosen as Broadway’s most perfect showgirl, and Jimmy Durante, star of radio, stage and screen, in their costumes for the ball. Babs Ryan (over beyond) you know, of course. She is discussing a new song with Ray Noble, on whose program "Babs and Her Brothers" now are appearing. She writes most of the novel arrangements for this clever trio. And there's Eleanor Powell, delightful little singer and dancer, doing brainwork as well as footwork, for that fine, sparkling program, "The Flying Red Horse Tavern.”
The candid camera catches Ted Husing and George Burns as they do their stuff during the weekly Burns and Allen broadcast.

The lady all up in the air is Rita Rio, and the scene is a dance number in "Strike Me Pink," Eddie Cantor's new picture. Considerably more strenuous than broadcasting, eh, Eddie?

Of course you recognize this doughty Nimrod—none other than the handsome and popular Conrad Thibault enjoying a shoot.
And here's glamour, fans! Nelson Eddy, Firestone's baritone soloist (in the top picture), with Jeanette MacDonald, scene from "Rose-Marie." Another rose (in the bottom picture on this page), Gladys Swarthout, of "Rose of the Rancho," plays badminton on the court of her Beverly Hills home.

Atop the opposite page, two who are familiar to radio listeners with their ever-popular "Vox Pop" programs, Parks Johnson (left) and Jerry Belcher. Next, Arnold Johnson, the smiling gentleman in the bathrobe, with Ray Perkins and three girls of the "Singing in the Bathtub" amateur contest. Cooking up a radio program is a cinch compared to cooking a dinner, say Lum (Chester Lauck—left) and Abner (Norris Goff) (bottom of this column).

The top picture (outside column) radio fans will recognize as Phil Baker, with an armful of joy—little Stuart Henry Baker and Margot (Miss Muffet). And the last and bottom picture of the outside column on the opposite page is popular Durelle Alexander, featured on Paul Whiteman's program.
"Do you think radio work interferes with a screen career?"

Now, that's a swell question to ask a girl who is right in the middle of a dance rehearsal, but when Joan Crawford is working, that's practically the only way you can catch her. Between steps—or on the upbeat, as it were.

By now Joan has her breath and she sits down to consider the question at hand.

"Yes," is her answer. "I think a weekly radio program, for a dramatic actress, definitely interferes with a screen career. In fact, in my case, I believe it would probably cut it off entirely. I'm sure a radio broadcast every week would leave me hardly enough time to see movies, not to mention working in them."

Joan explains her statement: "You see, I've always hoped to do a play on Broadway and, for that reason, I'd be frightened to death of a radio appearance without a thorough rehearsal. By thorough I mean several days, and you can see how much time that would leave me for screen work.

"Besides, I honestly don't believe that enough good dramatic material can be provided for a week-after-week program. For example, I once was offered a 13-week contract on the air and I accepted it with the provision that thirteen good dramatic sketches, or radio versions of stage hits, be furnished before I signed the contract.

Well, we dug and we dug, but after the fourth tentative program we had nothing that sounded presentable, so I felt that, for my own good, I should reject the offer."

Don't gather from this that Joan is not interested in radio. The Crawford gal is smart and along with all her glamour she has brains, a commodity often useful to ladies both before and after the glamour wears off. Joan believes that radio is excellent training for the stage and a grand medium for the improvement of the voice for both stage and screen work. It can safely be predicted that you'll be hearing the Crawford voice on your favorite network several times during the coming year, for her new contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stipulates that she will be allowed to appear on at least three or four radio programs during 1936.

"If I had my own way about it," she continues, "I should like to do seven or eight broadcasts a year. I'm sure that, in the course of a year, I could find that many dramatic vehicles which I liked well enough to do some strenuous work on."

Up to now Joan has done only two radio broadcasts. Several years ago she appeared on the Hall of Fame pro
A weekly radio program would seriously interfere with a screen career, Joan believes

By Leo Townsend

gram in a radio version of Sadie McKee, one of her screen roles. Then, a few months ago, on the Lux hour, she did Within the Law, playing the role she portrayed on the screen in Paid. She enjoyed the last broadcast immensely, despite what she said was a terrific case of "the jumps."

"Things all happened at the end of a rather hectic week," said Joan. "You see, I was married on Friday, spent three days rehearsing and did the broadcast Monday evening. By that time I had mike fright all over the place and, to make things worse, just a moment or two before I was to go on, a horrible thought struck me. I kept thinking that in all America there was no one home—that all across the continent there wasn't a single radio turned on and that I was about to go into my dramatics for the sole edification of great bundles of nothing but space!"

You will admit, no doubt, that such a thought, teamed with a fine case of high-class jitters, is quite a handicap for any actress about to project her voice into millions—well, thousands—of homes throughout the land. But that wasn't all, says Joan. From that point on the situation grew more grave. Let her tell it:

"Franchot informed me later (Continued on page 60)
Paul Whiteman has made radio history. He is not merely

The studio rehearsal goes on and on. It is now nearly 5 P. M. The whole company of Paul Whiteman’s Greater Music Hall has been at it, more or less steadily, since mid-morning, and in another half-hour probably will be ready for the dress, or dress rehearsal.

Paul Whiteman sits out in the body of the little theatre by himself, one leg thrown over the arm of the seat. Half the time he does not even glance up at the stage; only thoughtfully strokes a moustache that is really nothing to stroke, for it is pruned down to the proportions of an eyebrow. Every few minutes someone comes over to consult him.

Piece after piece, part after part, is done over and over again, the assistant-conductor carrying on. It all seems very confusing, without head or tail. Players and artists are scattered all over the place; continually chatting, chaffing, studying scripts aloud and humming airs. The stage is a litter of instruments, music-stands, microphones and gadgets. Nearly all the musicians have their coats off and are chewing gum in jazz tempo. Ramona, who figured prominently as a hotcha singer and pianist with Whiteman and his band in the talkie, “Thanks a Million,” can’t seem to make herself behave and tap-dances and waves her hands whenever the music is lively, or waltzes with the prompter whenever it is sad. That is the key and the key-note of the whole rehearsal. Care-free, happy, mimicking; in the authentic jazz spirit of a melodious gathering of the negroes in the cane-brake; nevertheless, with seriousness that approaches solemnity and the resultant melody of a shuffling black “natural.”

Paul will explain it: “Jazz? Why, it’s only an idiom. A melodic mood. A folk music. But you won’t get it; you won’t understand it unless you feel it! The conductor and his musicians
have got to be jazz before they can play it so it will get you.

Paul is a symphony in brown today: A double-breasted brown-striped suit, brown-collared shirt, tan shoes; then the symphony goes jazz with burnt-orange socks and a crimson necktie.

Two awe-struck visitors are admitted and sit timidly in a far-corner. They look about in vain for that majestic Paul Whiteman they had seen the night before come a-riding, astride a white horse, into the arena of the New York Hippodrome, in “Jumbo,” wearing a long cloak and a Hussar’s gaudy uniform, balancing a silver baton, his famous band in dazzling uniforms marching bravely behind him. Or perhaps they are looking for the world-renowned conductor—bracketed with Toscanini—who with serious mien mounted the podiums of the most celebrated and sacred music chambers, halls and centers around the world, courageously and convincingly carrying the message of true American melody into the strongholds of the older classical forms of music. The Whiteman whom Europe crowned The Jazz King and there-after proceeded to include at least one American jazz number in practically every distinguished mixed program.

Paul does not bat an eyelash as Mr. Joseph Bentenelli, the renowned operatic tenor, breaks down in the midst of his aria from “Rigoletto.” He studies very hard over a piece of music marked, “Paul’s Copy,” with a moon-face drawing of identification. But when Miss Alpert, the whirlwind jazz pianist, finishes a fiery Gershwin piece, he raises his hands and applauds: “You did that damn fine, little girl!”

(Continued on page 84)

Here are some, we think, mighty interesting views of our modern music master, Paul Whiteman. That’s his father, Wilberforce J. Whiteman, with him in the first picture. Paul is showing him his design for the Elfrida Whiteman Scholarship medal, yearly presented in memory of his mother. And the next two pictures show Paul with Lou Holtz and Helen Jepson, both having appeared on his Music Hall program. And next is Mrs. Whiteman (Margaret Livingstone), helping Paul arrange a program.

by Henry Albert Phillips
"CIVILIZATION must change, or die!" In these words Hendrik Willem van Loon, who goes on the air each Thursday and Sunday evening in Studio 8E of Radio City, expresses the spirit of his series of programs.

It is the purpose of these broadcasts to present in a brief and very human fashion certain important pages of history, so that we who listen and understand may recognize the parallels between those bygone periods and our own and thus interpret the present and future in terms of the past. You who already are listeners to his programs, know how amusingly informative are these talks, and what a fascinating game this drawing of parallels becomes.

Before the hand of the clock should reach the appointed minute for his broadcast to begin we discussed some pertinent questions.

"Is radio perceptibly changing the course of history?" I asked him.

Sketching one of his inimitable pictures on the fly-leaf of his latest book, he ruminated:

"History has a way of changing itself, because history after all, is merely the record of certain natural events and nature has her own way of changing things, regardless of radio or the movies or the flying machine. . . . "It's up to us to find out how nature is changing the human race. So far, most of the great discoveries placed in the hands of the human race have done exceedingly little to make the human race any happier. Nature takes care of the Big Outlines, but the human race can fuss around with the details, and it has done so . . . turning into engines of death explosives meant to remove stumps and bore tunnels . . . using aeroplanes for the same purpose . . . using radio for the dissemination of the vilest sort of nationalist propaganda . . . using for purposes of destruction—mutual destruction, of course—everything that was given to us to make life happier and less burdensome. . . . "What Nature is trying to accomplish just now, I couldn't possibly tell you. . . . Nature is exceedingly aristocratic—but why Nature just now has pushed the
Two glimpses of Hendrik Willem van Loon. The "Time Cards," drawn by himself, mark how his period nears its close. When announcer Alois Havila holds up the tortoise card, it means: "Five minutes to go." The elephant signals two minutes are left. And the man hanging from the gallows indicates the last minute.

Mucker and the Moron so completely to the fore . . . that puzzles me, but I can find no answer."

"Do you think these broadcasts of yours are awakening public consciousness?" I suggested. "Do we learn any lessons from history?"

Mr. Van Loon shook his head. His eyes were thoughtful. "Do I think my own work has done any good? . . . Well, in the first place, I am sincerely grateful to NBC, or rather, to John Royal, who took this risk to let me have a chance to preach my own Gospel of Tolerance, based upon a feeling that all of us know so little that there is little use in killing each other off about things we never can find out anyway . . . and I am grateful that I never have had any sort of censorship . . . and I'm sincerely grateful to the people who write me, not the ordinary fan letters, but who continue on paper the discussion which we had begun on the air. It (Continued on page 76)
The old maestro caught kissing! Ben Bernie salutes Robin, bride of Billy Wilson, singer (left).

Ben Bernie and Bing Crosby get together for a chat out at the Paramount studios in Hollywood.

THE OLD MAESTRO

TEACHERS and correspondence schools tell us that every story must have motivation. Accordingly we go back quite a few years to the day when a youth, bearing the cumbersome name of Ancelowitz and an even more cumbersome suitcase, staggered bravely forth to make his way in the world.

The suitcase was sheet iron, the proud product of the elder Ancelowitz, who was a blacksmith. And the motivation was a burning desire to be an actor.

The result, today, is the Old Maestro, who stands before an orchestra and behind a microphone; who addresses his listeners as “youse guys and youse gals;” who speaks of his band as “all the lads,” who says “yowsuh” and “s’elp me”—in short, the result is Ben Bernie, himself.

The gradual evolution from obscure, struggling young vaudevillian to radio star is not unprecedented. Where then, say you, is the mystery? Any number of today’s shining lights have climbed, some with dizzying rapidity, from obscurity to fame and fortune. But there is this difference: almost every case of stardom had well-defined symptoms, a definite talent of some sort, a distinctive individuality.

Rudy Vallee, all during the time when he was blowing a saxophone as a comparatively unknown musician, had his style of singing. When it finally reached the public a great crooner was born. Whether or not you like Vallee's
What is Ben Bernie like? Who is the person behind "The Old Maestro?"

By Jack Hanley

style, it's his way of singing. Joe Penner had been doing the same type of eccentric comedy for years, with little or no results, until radio catapulted him to fame.

Ben Bernie is known as an orchestra leader—the Old Maestro. But he doesn't literally lead the orchestra. All the technical details of arrangements, rehearsals and so on, are managed by a competent staff, with Mickey Garlock, the first violinist doing most of the actual conducting.

A comedian? Even Ben's most ardent admirers would hardly class him as a radio comic, judged solely by comedy standards. That leaves only one remaining possibility: the Maestro, then, must be a Personality.

To plumb the Maestro Mystery, (Continued on page 80)
Myrt and Marge, radio's famous mother and daughter team, find the long hard road to success is a lot of fun! Here's their story.

"THERE isn't anything Mother couldn't do, if she wanted to."

It is Donna Damerel, whom you know as Marge of "Myrt and Marge," speaking. And Mother is Myrt herself, in private life Myrtle Vail (Damerel). For off the radio as on, they are mother and daughter.

Talking with Myrt and seeing the evidences of her many and varied talents, you agree with Donna. Myrt is small and blonde, her hair curled softly around her face, but the glance of her blue-green eyes is clear and direct, her lips and chin firm. She is a pleasant admixture of charm and efficiency, of good looks and abounding energy. Alert, dynamic, gay, with strong, determined will and unfaltering spirit, you feel that she is completely mistress of her fate and that her own qualities—her natural gifts, her determination, her willingness to work and work hard—are responsible for her success in life, and she has been successful! If she had not been like that, her story would have been different. But she was like that...

Something of those same characteristics already must have been evident in the fifteen-year-old girl who ran away from home, from a quiet, dignified family with no theatrical ties or traditions, to go on the stage. She had no training, no inherited talent for acting, but she had beauty and charm and wit.

It was in those exciting early days that she met George Damerel, who created the rôle of Prince Danilo in the Chicago company of "The Merry Widow" and was the matinee idol of his day. At sixteen, she married Damerel, some years her senior, and continued with the career that was shaping itself so pleasantly and successfully. For years they knew a deeply satisfying popularity and success. Sometimes their careers took them down...
separate roads, but often they played together in vaudeville, putting on an elaborate act, featuring the operettas which were so popular in those days. Many of these Myrt wrote herself.

At the height of their success Myrt and her husband retired and invested their considerable fortune in real estate. As to so many others, it seemed a safe and lucrative investment and promised a life of ease, of pleasure, at home and abroad. But the bubble burst for them, as for so many. 1930 found them living in a small Chicago suburb, beset by worries, deprived of their hard-earned money and all their dreams.

But you couldn't expect Myrtle to admit failure or adjust herself to poverty! A recalcitrant oil stove was the final spur to her dormant ambition—its refusal to behave properly and do what it was supposed to do was just too much to bear.

"I am going to do something about this!" she exclaimed —and she didn't mean the oil stove.

What she did is one of the amazing stories of radio. Chance played its part. Having a touch of indigestion in the night, she reached out for a stick of chewing gum on her bedside table.

And as she twiddled silly with the wrapper, the great idea was born! Here was Wrigley, great advertiser that he was, ignoring radio and its possibilities. He had no program on the air! Her eyes gleamed purposefully.

"I decided I was heaven-elected to remedy that!" she laughed reminiscently—the same warm, vibrant laugh that comes so pleasantly over the air.

She may laugh at herself now and marvel a little at her own self-confidence, but she was right! And, fortunately, no one succeeded in discouraging her. Her family and friends laughed at her—it was absurd, impossible. She did not know Mr. Wrigley—he knew nothing about radio. Besides—oh, there were dozens of obvious remarks made that might easily have disheartened her. But her eyes shone and her thoughts were busy. In vaudeville days, she often had written the acts in which she played. She could write catchy little songs, sparkling dialogue, . . . She hummed softly to herself and began to make her notes. She would have two main characters, a mother and a daughter. She would call them Myrt Spear and Marge Minter . . . Donna, who had been appearing in a Chicago night club, could play the latter part . . .

So it took shape in her mind and on paper. And a few months later she was talking to Mr. William Wrigley, Jr., himself, explaining her ideas, offering her script. She had pawned the last of her fine rings to buy a new outfit for this crucial interview with the famous magnate. Every woman knows the importance of clothes. Perhaps it was just that added assurance that came from the knowledge that she was well and becomingly dressed that enabled her, a novice in a new field, to sell her brain child.

A brief three weeks later, for the first time in her life, Myrt faced a microphone—on a nationwide hook-up!

But success in the new field was not to be achieved so easily. Myrt and Donna found that their stage experience was valueless in this new and different career, the odds against them terrific. Although they went over wonderfully at first, everyone said: "It is just a flash in the pan. They'll never last." But that was five years ago, and "Myrt" and "Marge" have been on the air continuously ever since! They had begun at the top—they had to stay there!

"But oh, was it hard work!" Donna said softly.

But Donna was her mother's daughter and had been to the same school—a hard, demanding school in which there is no room for failures. For in the Damerel family, history repeats itself. At sixteen, Donna, yearning for a stage career, begged her parents to take her with them. She had been living with her grandmother and younger brother in Chicago, attending school. But her dancing feet were eager, impatient to 'tread the boards'. She was clever at the Charleston, then at its height, and her parents finally yielded to her pleas.

She must have been adorable in that first part, a slim, wide-eyed child with a shy, sweet smile. Dressed in a quaint old-fashioned costume, she danced modestly to the strains of "You Were a Dandy and I Was a Belle"—but the costume and demureness were shed as the music changed to "Sweet Georgia Brown" and the slim legs and nimble feet executed the complicated steps of the Charleston. Her youth and beauty and a certain shyness she has never lost were a refreshing adjunct to her agility. She was an immediate hit and tasted (Continued on page 88)

The lovely snow-capped peaks of Mt. Rainier tower above Myrt and Marge, posed by the mirroring lake.

An informal shot of our two stars in their Chicago apartment, running over their song-hits together.

Jun Jujita
Here is the youngest of radio's singing Pickens sisters, attractive little Patti Pickens. The melodies and harmonies of the sisters are heard on the "Evening in Paris" program. Patti is most proficient in the singing of popular "hot numbers." And over across we have Rubinoff, whose orchestra, specializing in unusual musical arrangements, is heard each Saturday evening on the Chevrolet program. His violin solos are a feature of these broadcasts. Rubinoff appears in "Thanks a Million,"
Shall we say the gentleman on the left is a former Roumanian government official? True, he was—but the important news is that handsome, debonair Georges Metaxa is singing master-of-ceremonies on the Sunday night Manhattan Merry-Go-Round program. And the lovely little lady above, Florence Baker, has been a star NBC actress since her eighth birthday. After nine years on the air, she’s more ambitious than ever. She has played many dramatic roles, all being on the better programs.
"Dishing out the baloney," is not Walter O'Keefe's idea of his radio job. Here's what it actually does mean to him

By Edward R. Sammis

LAST summer when Walter O'Keefe was rusticating in a white colonial mansion among the hills of western Connecticut, he happened to run into a native of the region down at the cross-roads filling station.

The native looked at him sharply.

"You Walter O'Keefe?" he queried.

Walter admitted that he was.

"Understand you've rented the Watson place?" the native pursued.

Walter admitted that he had.

"Hmm," said the native, "I've been through that place. Hauled gravel for the swimming pool. So you're living there. Say—not a bad swap for dishing out the baloney on the air a couple of times a week!"

Walter was telling me about it several months later. He actually had a half hour free for the first time in weeks. But he was allowing himself the luxury of going to a football game the next day, so he was planning to work all the following Sunday to make up for it.

"That remark typifies the popular conception of a radio comedian's life better than anything I've ever heard," he grinned. "'Dishing out the baloney a couple of times a week!' The listeners think that's all there is to it. If they only knew the half of it!

"One night, as I was coming out of the Columbia Playhouse, dog-tired after finishing my later broadcast to the west coast, I heard one of the curb-loungers say:

"'There goes O'Keefe—off for a round of night clubs, I bet!'

"That's all part of their picture. They like to think of the radio comedian as a crack-brained, harum-scarum sort of a guy, dashing up and down the Gay White Way with a blonde on each arm, pausing just long enough in his mad career to get off a few hot ones into the microphone—and then on his way again. And they see him winding up his days behind the eight ball in an indigent actors' home, a good fellow while he had it.

"They forget that the career of the entertainer has changed. 'The wandering minstrel old, a thing of rags and tatters,' who kept his repertoire of songs under his hat and his quips on the tip of his tongue, would scarcely recognize his lean descendant.

"The Radio Troubadour of 1936 is a business man, indistinguishable from any other business man. He keeps office hours, delegates as much work as he can to his assistants, spends a good deal of his time behind a flat-topped desk, sits in on conferences, and plays golf when he gets the chance.

"When evening comes you'll be much more likely to find him at home by the fireside with his family than making the rounds of the night clubs. And no one who hasn't snatched hot dogs from station lunch wagons between trains or pulled into a strange town at two a.m. can fully appreciate just what a luxury that is.

"I've done all the rest of it. I've worked in places run by gangsters. I've sung in night clubs where you had to
shout down the customers. I've played a different tank
town every night for weeks on end. I've gone to bed at
dawn and got up at night. Now I'm in radio, I don't
have to do it any more. And I hope I'll never have to
do it again. I'm crazy about my wife. I'm the father of
that marvelous, that unique child, Michael O'Keefe, and
I get a great kick out of my work. I guess that's enough
for any man."

O'Keefe, the master of ceremonies on one of the most
popular shows on the nation-wide Columbia network, has
come a long way from the day of his professional début
in a borrowed dress suit several sizes too big for him, as
second-row-third-from-the-left in the Notre Dame Glee
Club.

Out of the story that he told me I tried to find some
reasons for his rather astonishing progress. There seemed
to be two.

One was a piece of advice given him by a friend on the
occasion of Walter's first promotion from office boy and
sweeper-out of the South Bend News-Times to the
advertising department of the Fort Wayne News-
Sentinel.

"Walter," said his friend, "whatever you decide to do
—if you want to make money, multiply yourself."

Walter never forgot that. Every chance he got, he
multiplied himself by multiplying his audience, going from
neighborhood entertainments to vaudeville to picture
houses to movies themselves and finally to radio, where, of
course, his audience on any given Tuesday or Thursday

Mr. and Mrs. Walter O'Keefe enjoy the scenery in the
lovely garden of their Western Connecticut home.

night is multiplied many thousand times. And he has
found that his friend's advice worked. Every time his
audience went up, his pay check went up. Thus he finds
himself today in radio and big business.

The other clue to his success is the knack he has al-
ways had, a knack which seems to consist of an unbeat-
able combination of courage and resourcefulness, for
turning bad breaks into good ones.

From the time he left his home in Hartford, Connec-
ticut and went out to Notre Dame, a homesick kid
without friends, with very little money, he has had that knack.

Characteristically he didn't let his loneliness get him
down. He started out whistling up the street, ringing
doorbells and asking if anyone wanted a boy to help with
the furnace as part of his board. At one of the houses
Mrs. Knute Rockne came to the door. The Rocknes
took him in and were like foster parents to him all dur-
ing his stay in college.

Word soon got around that Walter had a voice. But
that didn't turn out to be such a good break, either, be-
cause he soon was in such demand for off-campus activ-
ities that he had no time for his studies. One of the
college priests finally came to his rescue by ruling that
Walter would have to be paid for his extra-curricular
entertaining.

After college, Walter had a try at the advertising busi-
ness. But he couldn't seem to stay away from the songs-
and-patter racket. So before long he found himself on the
vaudeville stage.

"It was the kind of an act for which the agents used
to wire: 'Can pencil in for three days at Kalamazoo sub-
hiring for animal act,'" O'Keefe recalled.

Finally he got his chance for a week's billing at a
vaudeville house on a big-time circuit. He had dreamed
of that chance for months. When he stepped out on the
stage, he was so excited he got the lines of his song all
twisted up, so that the audience didn't know what to
think. But O'Keefe knew what to think. He thought he
was through.

But instead of walking off, he stopped and began to

It looks like a large
doughnut to dunk in that
cup of coffee! But maybe
Walter is equal to it!

And here is the pride and
joy of the O'Keefe's—Baby
Michael and Daddy Walter
in front of their home.

gag about it. In a few minutes he had them with him
and he turned his act into a sensation. That was the
beginning of his informal ad-libbing style which was later
to make him famous as a master of ceremonies.

-He really was just catching hold in vaudeville when he
was stricken with infantile paralysis. This was the worst
break of all! But as soon as the first horror of it had
passed and he knew he wasn't going to be crippled, he
settled down to turn it to advantage. First he wrote a
play. Then he started writing song lyrics. The play
never was produced. But he (Continued on page 38)
"I CAN'T get over it!" exclaimed Harriet. "I simply cannot get over it . . . the movies . . . the radio . . . the difference . . .

"I can't get over the difference there would have been in my life, in our lives. Ozzie's and mine, if we had been in Hollywood making pictures instead of on the air making music.

"I can't say that I find any great difference in the personalities of the screen and radio people. I really don't know enough picture people as yet. But, all show people are the same, intrinsically, I think. They all have warm hearts and generous impulses and friendliness. They're all just swell. I ought to know, too. Being as I was carried on the stage for my first appearance at the ripe old age of six weeks, spoke my first lines at the age of three and retired from the profession along around seven in order to learn three or four Rs at St. Agnes Academy in Kansas City. I boarded there for about eleven years. The same school, by the way, which Joan Crawford attended a bit before my time. And my mother was an actress and my father a producer, so I came by the theatre naturally and all of the people in the entertainment world are so much my own people that I don't think I could draw comparisons.

"But the thing I can't get over is the difference between being on the air and being on the screen.

Down in the left corner, Mr. and Mrs. Oswald George Nelson, better known as Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard. And below, Harriet with Randolph Scott, in a scene from "Follow the Fleet," the lively new RKO-Radio musical film.

Here is fair Harriet with her very own blonde hair.
"I'm just amidships of my first picture and that's all I need to show me the difference. Why, in Hollywood, in the movies, you have every advantage, every glamour, every resource toward attractiveness known to the ingenuity of man. You have make-up, gorgeous clothes, magnificent settings, expert lighting. You can use your face and your body and do things with your hair and your eyes and your hands and your feet, you've got all of yourself to work with, and you have camera experts and sound experts and battalions of experts hovering over you, their lives dedicated to the service of beautifying you if you're not a born beauty, enhancing your beauty if you are. If ever there was a place where a sow's ear can be transformed into a silk purse, Hollywood is that place! Why, a girl would have to be absolutely an Ug not to look attractive in pictures!

"It's easier, I'll say that, to make the grade in pictures than it is to do so on the air.

"For on the air we are shorn, we are absolutely stripped and denuded of everything but a voice. Just a little, lone, solitary thread of a voice is all we have to 'sell'. And you can't put greasepaint on a voice, nor light it, nor doll it up, nor anything. And into that voice, that all-by-itself voice, must be packed and crammed all of the glamour, the appeal and sex appeal and beauty and grace and some-thing and what-have-you that, in pictures, we are plastered with. If we haven't got some one qualification or another for the screen, they can give it to us. They didn't, for instance, want me to be a blonde, so they changed me into a brunette. Child's play. But you can't give anything to a voice—no one can help you on the air. You can't give a voice lighting, nor sets, nor glamour. We on the air have not even our bodies to help us out—no faces, no hands, nor feet, nor hair, nor eyes. We have only a voice and that voice has to do the whole job, or else..."

"Don't misunderstand me, please. I don't mean to imply for one moment that you don't have to have ability, and a lot of it, to get on in (Continued on page 70)"

She looks like a fine bet for the movies, doesn't she? And Harriet now is cutting the corners to stardom. Do you prefer her blonde or brunette? (Her hair was dyed for "Follow the Fleet.")
LET'S HAVE Love

Dorothy Lamour

When you listen to Dorothy Lamour it's well for you to realize what a beautiful young lady she really is in person. Her voice does not belie her appearance.
Al Pearce and His Gang

A program hilariously bent on the complete annihilation of Old Man Gloom is Al Pearce and His Gang, presented by Pepsodent. In the upper left hand corner is jovial Al, himself; to the right is Andy Andrews, singing comic; left center is Arlene Harris, the chatterbox; right center is Harry Foster, tenor; and lower left is blonde-headed Mable Todd.
OU'VE heard that time-worn expression "dumb like a fox," a thousand and one times, perhaps—but if there is a person whom it fits like the Prince of Wales' best Sunday uniform, that person is that dumbest of all Dumb Doras, radio's Gracie Allen.

Did you read what she said when she got back from that trip to Europe with her husband, George Burns? "Why, Europe's the funniest place! Everybody over there is a foreigner!"

There's no telling how many millions of men, women and children have listened to Gracie and George during the four years they've been on the air—but you can bet your last dime that if the New Deal ever gets around to having them surveyed, ninety-nine point three per cent of them will agree that Gracie's so dumb she thinks the AAA is the baseball league where Dizzy Dean got his start.

But, it several millions of radio listeners didn't laugh at Gracie's dumbness, she wouldn't be living in that charming penthouse on Park Avenue. Nobody knows that better than Gracie—that's why she keeps on being dumb. Of course, when those few millions who laugh at her stop to think about it, they know, too, that Gracie isn't really dumb. They know that's just part of the act; it's in the script. But what they don't know and wouldn't ever guess is not how dumb Gracie isn't, but how smart she is. No one would guess that who hadn't seen her in the one place where she can stop being radio's highest priced comedian and assume the rôle of Mrs. George Burns, housewife, mother and business partner. That one place is in her home.

That sounds suspiciously like a gag, because every time a feminine star of the stage or the screen or the air achieves sufficient importance to engage a press agent, the said press agent immediately makes it his first duty to inform the world at large that his client is a true home woman and that she never is happier than when in the kitchen broiling a nice tasty dish of pâté de foi gras.

But Gracie isn't one of these phoney "home women." She never goes into the kitchen except during her regular tours of inspection. She's smart enough to know that she can hire a good cook and keep George Burns happy and his digestion hitting on all twelve. But her home runs like clock-work. Her servants are well trained. The children's nurses are efficient. There is never a domestic hitch to mar the even tenor of the Burns ménage. Any simpering idiot whose knowledge of domestic science stops at knowing how to open a can can pose for a publicity picture, clad in a gingham apron and standing before the kitchen range—but it's an art to (Continued on page 62)
HOW did they get ON THE AIR?

Some of radio's fledgling stars tell us how they won their jobs

Deane Janis (circle) sings with the Camel Caravan. At the far left is Lucy Monroe, now on several programs. (Center) Darcelle Alexander, of the Whitman broadcasts, and (left) Niela Goodelle, talent plus.

**By Mary Watkins Reeves**

HOW did they get their jobs?

Twelve months ago many of this season's radio stars were unknown. Today they've become the current year's microphone generation. You hear their voices on sponsored programs, or, if you frequent the networks, you see dozens of new faces at broadcasts and rehearsals.

No one seems to be able to tell outsiders how this mysterious feat of landing a fat commercial air contract is accomplished. Yet here are some thirty-odd recent outsiders who, as happens each season, have accomplished that very thing. And you, if you've radio ambitions of your own, have a perfect right to ask how they did it and why you can't do it, too.

You may try to find out how the new stars landed their jobs but unless you're on the inside you seldom get full details. Maybe you'll read stories about them. The stories will give complete biographical details until suddenly a nice vague paragraph begins: "It was natural that radio should be Miss So-and-so's next step, and an audition won her a commercial contract," or "Mr. Doe soon found himself recruited into the ranks of radio," or "Radio took note of Miss Blank and invited her to try out for the Such-and-such program," and so on. And you still don't know how they actually went about getting that audition, or getting recruited, or taken note of. The landing of other jobs seems to be the one phase of the industry that is never bared by publicity.

So the best way to obtain full information seemed to be to ask the new stars. That's what I've done. And you, who naturally believe that "pull," success in an amateur contest, or established prominence in some other field of entertainment are about the only paths into radio, have a surprise coming to you. This season's crop of fresh talent is witness to the fact that there still are more ways of breaking into radio that you can shake a stick at.

I'm going to tell you, shorn of life histories and vague statements, the honest truth that an outstanding group of the air's newcomers told me when I asked them individually:

"How did you get on the air?"

Take the case of Niela Goodelle. A few months ago, at the date of this writing, Niela was desperately out of work. She'd been on the road with the Follies too long for Broadway to remember what slight fame she had along its star-studded thoroughfare. She'd auditioned for both networks and been rejected. Her future was so generally black she was about to desert show business for the more secure career of marriage to a Middle West lawyer.

Then she became the sole bright star of the Cutex program on Sunday nights.

What happened? As Niela told it to me, George Piantidosi of the Harms Music Company gave her a personal note to Al Jolson. Niela had plugged many a Harms tune for Mr. Piantidosi and in return for her remembered kindness he (Continued on page 72)
"I'll be honest with you," Jane Friedman slithered her slim, long body into a chair in her suite of a Manhattan Hotel. "I should say that I love the movies, and the coast and the rest—but I don't."

This remark seemed a little surprising from one who has just returned from starring in a Hollywood production.

"Don't you want to be a movie star?" I asked.

Jane grinned and shot a glance across the room to Donald Ross, her attractive actor husband.

"Yes, I'd like to be a movie star—and Don says I should." Jane went on, "but you see, I've done such a little bit in just one picture, and I know so little about the camera, except that it is the most terrifying of all modern inventions. Radio will always be my great love. I've never been afraid of the mike and of course now I have five years or so of radio experience behind me. In pictures I am as yet untried."

In a sense this is true
problem to radio's popular singer, Jane Froman

While she has made many stage appearances, Jane is untried on the screen. In spite of her beautiful voice, figure and face, she has a big problem. She must overcome her tendency to stutter. The old jinx almost licked her public life before. Will it do it again? As yet the question is unanswered. Because of it, until recently, pictures never have been considered for or by her. Her beginning as an actress of the screen was quite an unexpected chance and it happened this way:

Last spring Jane and Don decided on the first real vacation they had had since their marriage some six years ago. Say what you like about Jane Froman, you never can deny that she and Don are the most devoted young couple in this world of celebrities. They hate to be separated and seldom are, even for a few minutes.

Well, last spring, they closed up their apartment in the fashionable East Side of New York, threw a few things into a suitcase, got in their car and headed West. Gaily Jane left radio contracts unsigned and took the wheel of the car, which she adores to drive as fast as possible. They were on the road again, together, but this time free from theatre engagements and business—just a pair of tourists taking in all the scenery.

Stopping at the Grand Canyon and all points of interest, the couple finally landed in Hollywood to "look 'em over." Warner Brothers saw them first and snatched them both. Jane found that she was signed on a long-term contract and went to work in "Stars Over Broadway," while Don was cast in "Broadway Hostess."

They took a house, an old rambling house in Beverly Hills. And, said Jane: "It had lots of rooms—well, Eddie Cantor and his family used to live in it—so you know it was big.

"I loved the people, all of them were simply swell to us. They are real people. You hear so many stories about Hollywood stars and their idiosyncrasies. A small incident occurs in the studio and by the time the tale hits New York, it is so exaggerated you don't know what to think. But while I was out there I learned that all are kind and ever so much fun."

Jane was one of the few prospective stars who didn't have to go on a diet to reduce. In fact she went on a potato diet to fatten up. The first week she was on the set she lost five pounds and had to put it back on to fill out her face and figure. The general nervousness, but most important of all, she believes, it was the five-thirty, a.m. rising that took off weight. Longingly she remembered the happy, peaceful morning slumbers of the radio world. "The hairdresser came to wash my hair every morning at six, and as she dunked my head, I used to wonder what on earth made me sign a picture contract. After that the make-up man got to work.

"I don't see how any of the moving picture stars could have one bit of vanity left, after a make-up man was finished with them!" (Continued on page 66)
Lewis J. Valentine, Police Commissioner of New York City,

TO THE average family grouped comfortably about a loudspeaker, radio is important principally because it brings into the living-room the dulcet tones of a romantic tenor, the rhythm of a famous band or the gags (not always funny) of a high-salaried comic. Perhaps, in some households, its importance is rated by the fact that it enables one to get the thrills of a football game which is being played thousands of miles away, because it brings the baseball scores, or because it carries the progress, poll by poll, speech by speech, of a national convention.

As a provider of entertainment and dispenser of news, there is no question that the radio ranks high in American life. There is, however, another side to radio, a side which fiction writers and movie scenarists are just discovering—the value of radio in America's unending warfare against criminals.

On this subject no one is better qualified to speak than Lewis J. Valentine, New York City's police commissioner and the head of the greatest crime-fighting force in the world, despite what the mystery-writers say of London's Scotland Yard or the scientific Sureté of Paris. Commissioner Valentine, whose task is the policing of over seven millions of people, is head of the largest radio patrol in the world and he finds it a great aid to his department.

"I consider radio the greatest advancement in police work since the invention of fingerprinting," declared Commissioner Valentine. "The cataloguing of fingerprints was a great aid to police in determining who had committed a crime, but radio often aids in apprehending the criminal in the very act, more frequently preventing the crime before it is committed.

"Consider the figures of our radio patrol and you'll have no trouble in appreciating the assistance it has been to the police department. We started the system on February 23rd, 1932, and in ten months of that year made 1,029 arrests, which number was increased to 3,330 the following year and 4,641 last year. In September of 1935, the radio patrol already had accounted for 4,517 arrests, indicating that the same proportional progress is being made. The crews of these radio cars annually recover $1,100,000.00 worth of property.

"The New York Police Department has 497 cars

After the escaping murderers sped the police radio car.
tells of the remarkable work done by police radio cars

equipped with receiving sets, as well as ten boats and two motorcycles. There are 233 cars on duty every hour of the day and night, with two uniformed policemen in each, as well as ten squad cars, each carrying four detectives. And the squad cars, of course, are not readily recognizable as department cars.

"There are 312 square miles of territory to police in New York, but the cars are so distributed that one can get to the scene of a crime two minutes after the alarm is turned in." The Department receives about 100 calls a day, as well as answering about the same number of fire-alarms. Incidentally, the speed with which radio cars answer fire alarms has resulted in a noticeable decrease in false alarms, always a source of serious annoyance to the fire department."

Commissioner Valentine, on a visit to Boston last spring, experimented with two-way radio, in which the police cars also transmit messages. He was quick to see the possibilities of such a system but he believes that, for the present, it would be impractical to install it in the cars of the New York department.

"First of all, it would be a tremendous expense to install transmitting sets in our police cars," explained the Commissioner. "Then, again, in New York there is always a telephone handy. There are 1,500,000 public and private phones in New York, as well as 1,500 police signal booths, located at strategic points. That gives the patrol cars and citizens abundant opportunity to communicate with Headquarters."

All police calls are taken at Headquarters, 240 Center Street, Manhattan, where there are twelve operators on duty at all times, working in the regular eight-hour shifts of the police department, 4 P.M. to midnight, midnight to 8 A.M. and 8 A.M. to 4 P.M. There also is another series of switchboards there, to handle the routine calls of the department, leaving the others unengaged for alarms.

The radio department is under the supervision of Deputy Chief Inspector Gerald Morris, Superintendent of Telegraph. It was Inspector Morris who revealed that September was the busiest month of the year for alarms, due possibly to people returning from summer vacations and discovering that their homes had been broken into and that the evening was the busiest time for calls, with family arguments drawing calls from neighbors, burglaries being discovered and robberies being attempted.

As soon as an alarm is received at Headquarters it is conveyed to an announcer, who sits at a huge U-shaped table, with maps of the five boroughs before him. Spread out over the maps are black metal discs, representing the location of the radio cars, with white numerals indicating the car. He writes out the alarm, perceiving at a flash what cars are nearest the scene, and hands it to another announcer who broadcasts it.

As soon as cars are sent on a call, the discs are turned upside down, with the numbers showing red on the reverse side. If another alarm comes from that neighborhood, those cars are not called on again, but others which are nearest the scene are sent. A car which answers a call is not given another assignment until it has reported by telephone.

A metal ring encircles any disc which represents a car that reports mechanical difficulties and a repair car is dispatched immediately. A time signal is transmitted every half-hour as a check on the receiving sets. All cars receive the alarms, but only those assigned, and any cars of the Detective Division which happen to be within a radius of five blocks, proceed to the scene.

Police Headquarters is the center of a teletype system which embraces eight States, New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Delaware, Massachusetts and Rhode Island. All police alarms from these States are automatically received and filed. Those in which the New York City police can assist are acted upon immediately.

Asked to give a few examples of the efficacy of radio patrol, Commissioner Valentine smiled. "There are so many each month—each day, in fact—that it is impossible to single out the most important examples," he answered. "However, I recall a few."

"A hardware merchant in the Wallabout Market section of Brooklyn phoned in and said that some men, who had purchased a quantity of cutlery from him, had given a counterfeit five-dollar bill in payment. He gave the license number of their car and a description of the men."

"The alarm was broadcast immediately. A cruiser car with detectives was sent to the home address obtained from the license tag. It takes just one minute for the department to obtain the name and address of the owner of any New York State license tag. A regular radio patrol car picked up the suspects in another section of Brooklyn. They, of course, denied their guilt, but a search of the car revealed the cutlery they had purchased with the counterfeit money. It resulted in the arrest of a long-sought gangster, often suspected (Continued on page 54)
Nothing but the Truth?

Wherein our radio favorites bravely

try to answer fans' questions

Is There Any Talent Elsewhere in Your Family?

Helen Jepson: "My daughter seems to be a bundle of rhythm."

Pat Padgett: "If there was any talent anywhere in my family I wouldn't be answering this."

Pick Malone: "My wife wants to know what you mean by elsewhere."

Jessica Dragonette: "All the members of my family are musical and literary."

John Barclay: "My mother is a very talented writer, artist and a powerful public speaker. I am the only professional in the family."

Gabriel Heatter: "Lots of it. But they are all in the business world where each day isn't a nightmare of care and worry."

Nick Dawson: "My father had a fine baritone voice and considerable dramatic ability. My sister has a lovely soprano and her children are quite musically inclined."

Margaret Speaks: "My uncle, Oley Speaks, the composer, not to mention my mother and father who were both musical. My mother taught and played piano; did sing and also played several instruments. One brother is quite musical—plays the piano well."

Ray Perkins: "Sister Grace Perkins (Mrs. Fulton Oursler) is a novelist, scenarist, and short story writer of some prominence. Sister Bobby Perkins was in musical comedy until her marriage a few years ago. My daughter, Wendy Gay Perkins, is a ballet dancer at the age of three. The rest of the family are great listeners."

Benny Venuta: "My younger sister is a popular singer in Hollywood, also does designing. My paternal grandmother was an artist."

Patti Chapin: "My entire family is rather musical. My mother used to sing beautifully. One of my sisters is a graduate of Curtis Institute, another sang at Carnegie Hall. One of my brothers conducted for Meyer Davis for about ten years—in fact each of my brothers and sisters either sings or plays some instrument."

Rudy Vallee: "My sister is musical, and my brother is talented in the writing and sketching fields."

David Ross: "My father is a poet and philosopher. My mother, when a girl, was a gifted musician. My two sisters are students of sociology."

Al Pearce: "Yes—my brother Cal is an excellent singer and has sung duets with me since 1915, both on the stage and over the air."

Niela Goodelle: "Yes. My mother was a singer and my grandmother a pianist."

Mark Warnow: "I expect my son to become a great violinist some day. My opinion, however, is reserved on this point since he still is very young."

Lanny Ross: "My mother is an accomplished pianist."

Charles Carliste: "The whole family sings, dances, drinks, and has a good time in general."

Ralph Ginzburgh: "My sister is a very talented pianist."

Don Ameche: "My younger brother, age twenty, is now playing the part of Jack Armstrong, 'All American Boy."

Bernice Claire: "My brother plays a mean harmonica."

Harriet Field: "Mother-actress; Dad—a director; and Ozzie, of course."

George Olsen: "And how! Ethel Shutta."

Eddie Cantor: "My daughter, Marjorie, aged twenty, writes; Edna, sixteen, plays piano and has several compositions to her credit. The other three eat. (Continued on page 100)
You either like Camels tremendously or they cost you nothing

We have a vast confidence in Camels. First, we know the tobaccos of which they are made—and what a difference those costlier tobaccos make in mildness and flavor. Then, too, we know the genuine enthusiasm so many women have for Camels.

And of course, it’s only fair that such an experiment be made at our risk. If you don’t like Camels, they cost you nothing. If you do like them—and we’re sure you will—their flavor, their mildness, the new pleasure you’ll get from smoking them, will make this experiment worth your while.

We invite you to read and accept our money-back offer.

Money-Back Invitation to try Camels

Smoke 10 fragrant Camels. If you don’t find them the mildest, best-flavored cigarettes you ever smoked, return the package with the rest of the cigarettes in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund your full purchase price, plus postage.

(Signed)
R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.
Helen Kimm, new actress in the Civil War Drama, "Roses and Drums," is the daughter of a Virginian mother. Her father, however, comes from faraway Korea. After acting in Broadway stage productions, Helen turned down Hollywood screen offers in favor of radio drama.
3 Common Skin Faults

with the same Starting Place—Your Under Skin

ASK any girl what skin fault bothers her most—A surprise, if it isn’t one of these! Blackheads and blemishes are forever coming, once they get a start. Every new one, a new embarrassment. And who does not fret over coarse pores?
The three commonest skin faults—and the ones that show up most. Any one of them can spoil the prettiest face!
All three have the same secret beginnings—in the under layers of your skin! Learn to strike at them there, where they start—and you have the key to getting rid of them.
Underneath, tiny oil glands are overworked. They give off a thick clogging oil. Pores stretch. Dirt settles in them. Blackheads!... Later, blemishes.
But it’s simple to fight off all three. You can rouse that faulty underskin, keep little glands, nerves and cells functioning healthily—with the regular use of Pond’s Cold Cream. For, Pond’s specially processed oils sink deep—loosen that clogging matter. As you put it in smartly, you reach your underskin—stimulate it deep down!
Every Night, bring out the dirt, make-up, and skin secretions with Pond’s Cold Cream. Wipe it all off. Now apply more cream. Pat it in hard—to get at that neglected underskin!
Every Morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment. Your skin comes softer every time. Powder goes on beautifully.
Keep up these Pond’s patting treatments. As blackheads soften, take a clean tissue—press them right out. Now blemishes stop coming. Your skin becomes finer textured. Your whole face takes on new winning charm!
Pond’s Cold Cream is pure. Germs cannot live in it.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE
and 3 other Pond’s Beauty Aids
PONDS, Dept. C-128, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tube of Pond’s Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 3 other Pond’s Creams and 3 different shades of Pond’s Face Powder. I enclose $0.40 to cover postage and packing.

Name ____________________________
Street ____________________________
City ____________________________ State ____________________________

Pond’s Extract Company

Miss Phyllis Kento, whose fresh, glowing beauty startled society at her debut, says: “I use Pond’s Cold Cream—how could I have blackheads or blemishes?”

Miss Eleanor Roosevelt
daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lathrop
Roosevelt of Washington, D. C. Her skin is fine textured, delicate. “Pond’s Cold Cream,” she says, “freshens and tones my skin. For years it has kept my pores fine as can be.”

How they begin
Below that dark top layer, oil glands, nerves, cells must be active to keep your outer skin fine, smooth, clear. When they fail, skin faults start!
but rarely convicted. He is now in prison.

"Another of the cases to the credit of the radio patrol is the prevention of a suicide. A woman called excitedly one morning to say that she had discovered a note from her roommate in which the latter said she was going to commit suicide by jumping from a mid-town building at noon. She gave a description of her room- mate and at 11.58 police from a radio car found the woman on the observation tower of the building and thwarted her effort. Without radio, it would have been impossible for the police to act as quickly as they did in this case. And had they been two minutes later, there would have been a suicide.

"Just as in that instance, the radio isn’t always used for the apprehension of criminals. I recall a case in Brooklyn, involving a bed-ridden cripple, an old lady. Late one night, all alone in her apartment, she fell from her bed and was unable to rise. She called the police, by tugging the phone from a stand near the bed, and explained her predicament. A radio car was dispatched to the scene and the police entered by way of the fire-escape and lifted the woman back to her bed.

"The celerity with which radio enables the police to act is shown by an attempted hold-up in Brooklyn. A man called in from the Parkville section to say that he had been held up and that his assailant had fled in a Manhattan-bound subway train. On receipt of the alarm, a policeman of a radio car miles from the scene of the crime, descended to the subway tracks and flagged a train as it was approaching a station. From the broadcast description, he was able to pick his man out, bring him back to the scene for identification and make the arrest. That certainly would have been impossible without the use of radio.

"Over our teletype machine we received an alarm from the New York State Police one night, telling of a murder in Peekskill, New York, about forty miles up-State. It reported the license number of the stolen car in which the murderers had fled. Within a few hours the car was stopped on the Bowery, the suspected murderers arrested and returned to Peekskill where they stood trial and were convicted.

"Not the least important part radio plays in police work is the mobility it gives us. At 4 A.M., a time of the morning when many loads of valuable merchandise are unloaded, we received the report that an empty Mack truck had been stolen in lower Manhattan. The alarm was broadcast, with a description of the truck, and a radio car picked it up shortly afterward in Brooklyn.

"Instead of stopping the truck at once, the police trailed it to a garage. There they arrested three men and recovered a load of eggs, which had been stolen, but the theft of which had not yet been reported to us. The arrested men talked and, on their information, another radio car was sent to a Manhattan address where two men, who were awaiting the arrival of the stolen truck, also were taken into custody."

Thus did Commissioner Valentine receive the various uses of the radio patrol, a force which effectively and protectively manages to blanket the largest city in the world. Incidentally, the police department also is licensed to broadcast to ships at sea and has for this purpose a transmitting station with a range of 200 miles. In the event of a maritime disaster within the vicinity of New York, this station would be invaluable, since it would enable the concentration of ambulances at whatever point survivors were landed.

With a waterfront of 887 miles, such a station is a necessity for New York’s police. It is separate from the regular radio broadcasts, although located in the same room and it sends and receives its messages in the International Code.

While you may have thrilled in the movies to the "Calling All Cars! Calling All Cars!" signal, so popular with the cinema crime authors, New York City broadcasts its alarms less sentimentally. Its signals are opened by calling the number of the cars assigned to the alarm.

The New York Police transmitters operate on a frequency of 2,450 kilocycles, or 124.4 meters. They do not broadcast in code, but, for expediency’s sake, list the reason for the alarm by one of three numbers, 30, 31 or 32. The first is to investigate suspicious persons or circumstances, the second to arrest a suspected individual, while “32” means that a crime has been committed.

To the question, how valuable is radio in police work, you have only to consider the grand total of the radio patrol of the New York Police Department for 43 months,—13,517 arrests and the recovery of nearly a half-billion dollars in stolen property. So the next time you twirl the dial, remember that radio not only brings crooks into your home, but serves to keep criminals out. And while you can tune out any program which doesn’t appeal, there is no such avenue of escape for the criminal. Radio, the watchdog of science, is throwing a ring of blue-coats around him every hour of the twenty-four.

The End
WHY SHOULDN'T I TAKE IT EASY ON WASHDAY WHEN THERE'S A MODERN SOAP THAT SOAKS CLOTHES WHITER AND BRIGHTER WITHOUT SCRUBBING OR BOILING? NOT ONLY THAT, BUT—

Rinso actually makes my clothes last 2 or 3 times longer. That's because Rinso's active suds safely lure out dirt and get clothes whiter and brighter without harsh washboard scrubbing. Even stubborn dirt on cuffs and edges yields to a little gentle rubbing between the fingers.

Rinso gives thick, sturdy, lasting suds—even in hardest water. No chips, bar soaps or powders ever needed. Wonderful suds for dishwashing and all cleaning. They get rid of grease like magic. Dishes don't have a greasy film left on them. And Rinso is kind to your hands—it doesn't make them red, rough looking. Try Rinso—and see!

Grand for washers, too'

Rinso is recommended by the makers of 33 famous washers for safety and for whiter, brighter washes. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Buy the BIG economical household package.

THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA
and cakes are better than hers! I'm a pretty good baker, I guess, for I can make bread and rolls and coffee cakes, as well as the more showy sweets. And my doughnuts are great!"

Her chuckle as she said this was a delight to hear.

"I use a yeast-raised dough for my doughnuts. Of course, they're real old-fashioned, you see. I can make up a batch of four dozen in and in two days they're all gone!"

Kate didn't tell me how many of these herself consumes, but as she refuses to diet I imagine she cooperates in the inroads on this generous supply.

For Kate likes to eat and insists upon having food with her meals. No bird rations or calorie charts for her! No anemic piece of lettuce tastefully dressed in mineral oil, masquerading as a lunch! No dinner consisting of a lean lamb chop and a slice of pineapple! No meal, actually, that would even remotely conform to the Hollywood Diet, ever approved in Kate's home. That's why a bid to dine at her house is not "just another dinner invitation," but a golden opportunity to learn what an honest-to-goodness home-cooked meal should be.

This is a menu for a dinner typical of one that would be served at Kate Smith's. I wrote it down, word for word, as she gave it to me.

**Menu for Kate Smith's Favorite Dinner**

**Chilled Tomato Juice**

**Virginia Fried Chicken**

**Southern Marshmallow Sweet Potatoes**

**Green Peas**

**Currant Jelly**

**Homemade Parker House Rolls**

**Kate Smith's Fruit Salad**

**Grandmother's Chocolate Layer Cake**

**Coffee**

Here, in her very own words, too, is Kate's description of the various dishes that appear on her menu, given without hesitation when I begged her to let me have them.

"Of course you can have my recipes," Kate assured me. "I always cook by a recipe, too, although I have a habit of twisting as I go along. Some of my recipes I've typed out myself for future reference, although I have a fine memory and can remember a lot of them by heart. Others I have scrawled on bits of paper from time to time. I'm always going to get them copied in a more legible form but I never seem to get around to it."

(And no wonder, when you think that Kate broadcasts three times a week, with the necessary rehearsals of course, and that besides this she does extensive charity work. But this girl—Kate is only twenty-seven, you know—seems to thrive on work! At one time she appeared at the Palace in New York for eleven consecutive weeks, breaking all records for that theatre, carried out her broadcasting schedule and threw in some hospital work for good measure. And in over 1200 broadcast since Kate has been on the air, she has missed only one scheduled program because of illness. Who said that you must diet to keep well?"

"Let's start with the first course," directed Kate as I got out pencil and paper and copied down what she said. "Generally I like to begin a meal with a fruit cup, but since we have included a fruit salad it would be better to have tomato juice as a starter."

Kate's gal who knows a balanced meal when she sees one!

"I make my own tomato juice," she went on. "I strain a can of tomatoes, add a little salt and sugar—I go by taste entirely for the amount, as tomatoes vary—then I put in a few drops of Worcestershire sauce. I also add water because I like very thin tomato juice. It must be served thoroughly chilled.

"Next on my menu we have chicken, cooked as I was taught to cook it in Virginia. I'll give you the recipe for that, all typed out—so many fans asked for this recipe that I saved a copy of it when I first thought of making a book. (Which I did, as you will see from the menu.)" These are my directions for making it:

**Kate Smith's Fruit Salad**

1 package lime-flavored gelatin
2 cups water
1 cup small green seedless grapes
½ cup chopped, pitted dates
½ apple, diced
1 small banana, diced
¼ cup coarsely broken nut meats

"Dissolve lime gelatin in water, according to the directions given on the package in which it comes. Chill until it begins to set. Add the grapes which have been cut in halves, the dates, apple, banana and nut meats. Fold these into the gelatin mixture carefully. (Don't beat them in, says Kate, or the mixture will get frothy.) Turn mixture into individual molds, which have been rinsed in ice water. When firm, unmold each on a single leaf of crisp lettuce. Garnish with a dab of whipped cream topped with a red Maraschino cherry, to add color.
"The chocolate layer cake that I always serve," Kate went on, when she was sure that I had everything written down correctly, "is one made according to a recipe of my grandmother's. She's my mother's mother and both she and my grandfather are simply wonderful for their age. We are an exceptionally long-lived family—my great-grandmother having lived to be ninety-six! There were fourteen in her family, for whom she did all the cooking (together with the house work and some of the farm work during the harvest). Her meals must have agreed with her children, for five of them—my grandmother's sisters—are still living, and they range in age from sixty-two all the way up to eighty-nine!

"My grandmother is a fine cook—everything Mother and I know about cooking we taught us. Her chocolate cake is the best of all the marvelous things she bakes," said Kate with conviction. "The layers have a rich yellow color given them by the three yolks called for; while the icing, which is made from the reserved whites, is a dark chocolate brown and sticky. It never really gets hard, you see, and it never, never cracks. It doesn't have to be cooked, either, which is another thing that recommends it!"

Well, that's a point that should recommend it to all of us, isn't it? I'm glad to report that I also can praise Kate's other recipes as enthusiastically as I do this one. You will find those that I have not given you already, in this month's recipe leaflet: the Virginia Fried Chicken, the Marshmallow Sweet Potatoes and the Parker House Rolls—as well as "Grandmother's Chocolate Layer Cake" with the "sticky" frosting!

If Kate sends you doughnut recipe in time (she couldn't find it when I was there but promised to send it along later), I'll be able to include that, too.

Want to have them all, free? Well, just send in the coupon at the end of this article. Then you, too, will be able to make all these treats. Just think that, as you serve these dishes proudly to your family or your friends in your home, Kate Smith may be serving the identical dishes in her own New York apartment!

So if you want to be as buoyant as this fine singer and charming young woman, acquire some of her reasons for being jolly by sending for her very own recipes, this very day!

P.S. Please don't bother Kate with your recipe requests. We've had hundreds of copies printed up in leaflet form and she would just turn your requests over to us to fill, anyway. But fill them we will—and gladly.

THE RADIO HOSTESS DEPARTMENT,
RADIO STARS MAGAZINE,
149 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.
Please send me Kate Smith's very own recipes for her favorite foods—at absolutely no cost to me.

NAME

STREET

CITY STATE

WHAT A SURPRISE WHEN YOU TASTE IT!

"A millionaires' dish" is exactly right. If you had a high-priced chef in your kitchen, he couldn't prepare spaghetti that would taste any more delicious than Franco-American!

Eleven different ingredients are used to make the sauce. Zestful tomato puree is smoothly blended with golden-mellow Cheddar cheese, then skillfully seasoned to savory, mouth-melting goodness. "Perfect!" you'll exclaim when you taste it. "The best spaghetti I ever ate."

Costs less than home-cooked

Imagine, you actually pay less than 3¢ a portion for this delectable dish. A can holding three to four portions is usually no more than ten cents. That wouldn't cover the price of all your ingredients plus the cost of cooking them at home, to say nothing of the time and trouble you're saved.

No cooking or fussing needed; simply heat and bring to the table. "And it actually tastes better than home-cooked," women declare. No wonder so many are changing to Franco-American.

Delicious "economy" meals

Are you worried over rising food costs? Is it hard to plan economical menus your family will enjoy? Call on Franco-American to help you! Its tempting, piquant sauce adds savory zest to a simple meal, gives cheaper cuts of meat a truly "expensive" flavor, transforms left-overs into a dish fit for a king. And here's another saving. Franco-American contains so much real food value it can easily take the place of meat at lunch or supper. Order several cans from your grocer today. Your family will love it—and so will your budget!

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS
sold the title to the movies, got the songs published and on the strength of them got hired out to Hollywood as a song writer. Then the first song boom passed and O'Keefe found himself back in New York with a dollar in his pocket. He spent the dollar on a kidding wire to Tex Guinan and as a result she sent for him to come and do his kidding for dough on her floor show.

For several years O'Keefe worked in the gayest spots of the prohibition era, for Tex Guinan, for Barney Gallant, and others. All the time he kept wishing someone would offer him a nice nine-to-five job that paid well. But every offer always turned out to be from another night club. This was especially true after he had married Roberta Robinson, the stage star. Walter wanted to settle down. But working such cockeyed hours as he did, there seemed to be no hope.

Finally he got his chance at radio. But that didn't turn out to be such a good break as it seemed, either. On his first show he followed Winchell and his job was to be as much like Winchell as possible. That cramped him because his style was so different. But he managed to turn it to advantage by injecting enough of his personality into it so that he was signed by Nestlé the following season. Then came his present spot on the Camel Caravan.

That suits him right down to the ground. It has made it possible for him to lead that normal life he always has dreamed about. There is more to this life than meets the eye, in fact enough to confound his Connecticut neighbor who thinks all he has to do is dish out the baloney twice a week.

First, there is the matter of scripts. He doesn't sit up waiting for inspiration to strike him in the small hours of the

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**Forhan's**

**DOES BOTH JOBS**

*CLEANS TEETH SAVES GUMS*

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**Your Kodak Picture ENLARGED FREE**

**2x10 inch ENLARGEMENT of any SNAPSHOt**

Your favorite snapshots of children, parents and novel ones are more enjoyable when enlarged to 8x10 inch size—suitable for framing. These beautiful, permanent enlargements bring out the details and features you love just as you remember them when the snapshots were taken.

Just to get acquainted, we will enlarge any kodak picture, print or negative to 8x10 inches—FREE—if you enclose 50c to help cover our cost of packing, postage and clerical work. The enlargement itself is free. It will also be beautifully hand tinted in natural colors if you want it. We will acknowledge receipt of your snapshot immediately. Your original will be returned with your free enlargement. Pick out your snapshot and send it today.

**GEPPERT STUDIOS**

Dept. 140

Des Moines, Iowa

---

Sally Singer, one of the soloists on the Ray Block Musical Toast program.
morning, according to the popular notion. He gets his ideas by methodical pains-taking research, combing through hundreds of newspaper clippings, studying the popular ads and fancies to see which ones can be turned into a laugh.

"The job of being a comedian is more like being editor of a magazine or a newspaper than anything else," he said. "The most important part of it is digging up ideas which can be applied on the radio. The matter of making them funny is mere routine. Sometimes an idea can be stretched into a series.

"One of our most successful series was the hillbilly sketches, "The O'Heels," which seems to be catching on in fine shape and which gives us a much broader scope.

"We whip the scripts into shape on days when we aren't rehearsing, and we work on them from nine to five.

"There are as many angles to this job as there are to any other business enterprise. Busiest of all, of course, are the days we broadcast, with rehearsals, in which we weld the final show together, lasting from noon until air-time.

"As air-time approaches, the tension grows. The business of warming up the studio audience always is an exacting one. Then there is the show itself and, after the show, the rehearsal of the next script which we now test out before an audience. And after that comes the re-broadcast to the coast from 11:30 to midnight.

"But I'm down at the office again the next morning at nine. For there are many details to be attended to. There is the matter of digging up old songs and giving them a new twist. The old classics seldom have the right appeal just as they stand. But they usually give me the germ of an idea for a new one in the old tear-jerking vein. For example, one of the current successes: "Father Put the Cow Away and Keep It Out of Sight, 'Cause I Am Heavy-Hearted and Cannot Milk Tonight . . ." I found an old song in the library with the same idea, and then wrote the new lyrics for it.

"And believe me, it takes some digging to find them. So you see, in addition to being in the idea business, we also are in the song business.

"Then there are the million and one things you can't catalogue, the fan mail, the pictures, the interviews and the contracts."

"And the whole thing has to move on a schedule which is just as rigid as the production and shipping schedule of any big business firm. Your scripts have to go to the typist at a certain hour and from the typist to the waiting staff of mimeographers and from the mimeographers to the client.

"And that's what my friend from Connecticut calls 'dishing out the baloney a couple of times a week.' Well, it's okay by me. I'll continue to dish it out as long as the public will take it—provided I can sit at home three or four evenings a week—parking my dogs on the andirons."

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RADIO STARS

- "Oo-hoo, Mother! Come right away—Sister's getting all fixed for a big cry. And you know how catching it is! If she cries, I'm going to, too—'cause she's my own twin and I feel so sorry!"

- "See here—this wolly sweater's making her a little bit prickly. How well I know the feeling! Wouldn't a few shakes of our slick, smooth Johnson's Baby Powder be just the thing?"

- "Some for me, too? Oh, how nice! I just love to feel that soft, slippery powder going all tickly down my neck. Let's not have it just at bath-time—let's have it often! Then we'd never cry!"

- "I'm Johnson's Baby Powder . . . the best caretaker for babies' tender skins! My silky smoothness wards off chafes and rashes—for I'm made of finest Italian talc. No gritty particles and no orris-root . . . Try Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream and Baby Oil, too."

The End
Now! two forms of Winx Mascara which gives you
LONG, LOVELY LASHES
so fascinating to men!

by LOUISE ROSS

FROM Paris comes the secret of this super-
mascara called Winx. Instantly, it gives
your lashes a natural accent. It makes skimpy,
pale lashes look luxurious, sparkling, alive!

You’ll never realize the power of beauti-
ful eyes until you try either Cake or Creamy
Winx—my perfected formula of mascara that
keeps lashes soft, alluring. Your eyes—
framed with lashes darkened by Winx—will
have new mystery, new charm.

So safe—smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-
proof—Winx is refined to the last degree.
Yet so quick to apply—a morning applica-
tion lasts until bed-time.

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordi-
nary mascara. New friends are adopting
Winx every day. Without delay, you, too,
should learn the easy art of having lustrous
lashes. Just go to any toilet counter and buy
Winx. Darken your lashes—note the instant
improvement.

Winx is presented in two convenient forms
—the ever-popular Cake (in a box) and the
new Creamy (in a tube). Each includes my
perfected formula. They differ only in form.
Each form has its enthusiasts—hence I offer
both. They are for sale at all 10c counters.*

RADIO STARS

Joan Crawford Likes Radio, But—
(Continued from page 25)

that he looked at me just as the announcer
said ‘Quiet, please,’ and to his amazement
he saw the most terrified young lady it
had ever been his lot to encounter. My
teeth chattered, and I remember whisper-
ing: ‘I can’t go on.’

The Tone presence must have helped, for
somewhere in those few seconds Joan
found her voice and went on to what
everyone said was a swell performance.

The fact that people congratulated her
still amuses Joan, for, as she says: “The
character I played was supposed to be
nervous and jittery throughout the first
act, and my first act jitters came without
any beckoning to the Muses. Some may
call it acting, but I call it being just plain
scared.”

A sincere assurance that her work had
been excellent in every respect brought a
slight snicker from Joan.

“I was just thinking,” she said. “I won-
der how my jitters would have registered
if I had been doing a nice, light comedy?”
Joan thinks screen actresses are prob-
ably better fitted for radio than stage stars,
since they are accustomed to the micro-
phone and are familiar with the tricks it
can play on one’s voice. And she is genu-
iney sorry about Helen Hayes’ decision
to give up the screen and devote her time
to radio and the stage.

“I know Helen was sincere when she an-
nounced her retirement from the screen,”
she said. “Helen, naturally, loves the stage
and her work on Broadway allows her time
to prepare for her radio broadcasts. Her
decision, however, is Hollywood’s loss, for
she is one of the most charming women I
ever have known.”

Joan also is firm in her conviction that
radio and the movies are doing things to
the voices of some of our better opera
stars. A singer comes from the Metropo-

tolitan Opera House, where he is accus-
tomed to using all the volume his voice
can command, gets introduced to the radio
microphone and finds himself modulating
many of his fine, full tones. For example,
Joan recalls one opera star who, after a

Here is an "Amos 'n' Andy" episode in the process of creation. Freeman
F. Gosden (Amos) standing, and Charles J. Correll (Andy) seated, pause to
read over a few lines of their script. The famous entertainers write their
scripts the same day they are broadcast. They work together in creating
the lines. Andy does the typing.
HEART-BROKEN

... until she took her dentist's advice

I was a fool to call him! He's so cold and distant these days.

No use stringing her along, she's a swell girl... but her breath!

Then she overheard two strangers...

So bad breath comes from the teeth, doc?

right! We dentists know that improperly cleaned teeth are by far the commonest cause!

It's true! And I advise Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes the cause of most bad breath... makes teeth whiter, too!

Later

Babs, let's go outside. I want to ask you something.

I'd love to... with you...!

Thank heavens for Colgate!

And nothing ever made my teeth so clean and bright, either!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

Make sure you don't have bad breath! Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes all the decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums and around the tongue—which dentists agree are the source of most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your teeth... your gums... your tongue... with Colgate's. If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will gladly refund TWICE what you paid.

Colgate
Ribbon Dental Cream

20¢

Large Size
Giant Size, over twice as much.
35¢

The End

number of weekly radio broadcasts, appeared in concert with the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra. His high notes were clear and distinct but some of the lower register could not be heard past the first few rows.

"If I were an opera singer," said Joan, "I'd make a thorough study of the peculiarities of the microphone before I ventured into radio or pictures. After all, the voice is more important than its mechanical reproduction, and a singer, rather than modulate a tone that's meant to be full, should insist that the microphone be moved far enough from him so that he may sing in his natural voice."

She admires Lawrence Tibbett for doing just that when he first came to Hollywood. The first day of recording, his powerful voice broke the mechanics of six microphones. When the studio insisted that he sing in a softer voice, he refused and demanded the microphones be moved farther from him. He won the argument. If an opera star yields to the dictates of the microphone, thinks Joan, he'll wake up one morning and find himself a crooner.

Joan enjoys radio and, although she's not a chronic tuner-in, she listens often. Her favorite program, next to last year's Metropolitan Opera broadcasts, is the Sunday afternoon concerts of the New York Philharmonic Society. She likes good dance music when she's in the mood for it, and is simply mad about a good blood-curdling murder mystery.

"The Witches' Hour" on Friday nights is one of my favorites. I practically freeze with terror, but I love it. Which reminds me, I must tip off Dorothy Parker and Phyllis (Mrs. Fred) Astaire. The three of us are probably the worst horror addicts in Hollywood."

The program she remembers most vividly, however, is a mild and trolly affair—one of those family programs. Joan listened to this one every morning at ten, while she reclined in her patio enjoying her daily sun bath. Everything was lovely until one morning she became so interested she forgot to turn over her customary fifteen-minute interval, and the result was that quantities of thoroughly-baked Crawford served for several days as a reminder of her favorite morning program.

So there you have Joan's attitude toward radio. She likes it but you will probably agree with her that, for a hard-working dramatic actress, an active career on the screen would never be happily married to an active career on the air. One or the other would suffer. On the other hand, if she ever deserts the screen for the stage, even temporarily, it wouldn't be surprising to find her working off her excess energy on weekly broadcasts.

And if you think the Crawford mike fright isn't genuine, or that it's simply an act, it may interest you to know that she has in her possession a complete recording of her Within the Law broadcast—and she has never played it!

"A few weeks ago I rounded up my courage and put it on the phonograph," explains Joan, "but as soon as my name was announced, the radio jitters—or what it is—got me and I yanked the record from the machine. Right now it reposes on a back shelf at home, where I guess it's going to spend the rest of its days."

THE END
**Have You Met Mrs. George Burns?**

(Continued from page 44)

run smoothly and efficiently an establishment like that of Gracie and George.

Fifteen minutes in the luxurious living-room of that Park avenue penthouse would dispel any idea that Gracie has, except professionally, the least trace of dullness. Next best, perhaps, might be a few glimpses of the real Gracie—Gracie off the air, off the stage, off the screen.

There is, for instance, Gracie, the wife: "George comes and goes as he pleases," explains Gracie. "Of course I don't interfere with him, or ask him where he's going, or where he's been. Do you suppose we've had stayed married this long, or be as happy together as we are, if I did things like that? That's particularly true in Hollywood. After a day in the studio, I have to be in bed at ten o'clock, or I'm a wreck the next day. George doesn't need as much sleep as I do. Is there any reason why I should make him turn the lights out at ten o'clock? Is there any sense in my objecting, just because I'm tired, if he wants to go down to the Brown Derby and have a cup of coffee and a sandwich with the boys?"

Then there is Gracie the business partner.

"George has a big office and a large staff, you know," explains Gracie. "Of course, that's necessary, with all our radio and movie work. But that's one place I never go. The office is George's end of the business. As a matter of fact, I don't even telephone him there unless it's very, very important. No man likes to be disturbed at the office by his wife. As far as our work is concerned, I never even see the script until rehearsal. Often I don't think so much of some of the jokes, but I notice that usually the ones I like least go over best, so I've found it's better to leave all that to George. He knows best."

Take a look at Gracie the artist.

"I don't know why people have the idea the British lack a sense of humor," declared Gracie, speaking of her trip abroad. "British audiences appreciate a joke just as much as American audiences. Why, sometimes they simply go wild—stamp their feet, shout, applaud. No doubt the misconception concerning their sense of humor is due large I to the difference in the colloquial idiom. I remember when George and I played in London the first time, seven years ago, we were horrified because all of our gags fell flat. There happened to be another American troupe on the bill and I asked them about it. When they explained, I saw what was wrong at once. One of our gags, for example, revolved about the word 'hug.' Now it seems that the British do not use the word 'hug.' Naturally, they didn't get the gag. That night, we changed it to 'cuddle,' and it stopped the show. We had another joke about playing 'post office' that brought as much response as though we'd been reading an excerpt from the Congressional Record—only it wasn't that funny. Well, I discovered that in England they call that game 'postman's knock,' and when we made the change, the gag went over better than it ever had on this side of the ocean."

Gracie met George Burns, years ago, when he was playing in a place called Union Hill, in New Jersey. She'd gone backstage with a girl friend who was on the bill. George had an act and Gracie had an act. When they decided to team up, they talked things over and Gracie permitted George to use his act for the team instead of hers. Hers required scenery, which cost $300, and his didn't.

The way the act was written, George was the star and Gracie was the stooge, although the word "stooge" hadn't been coined then. George had all the funny lines, and Gracie had none. But when they tried out the act, Gracie got all the laughs because she was so dumb. Now if Gracie had been as dumb as she seemed, then and

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**The "Hollywood Gossip" broadcast. Don Wilson, announcer, (left) with Jimmy Fidler and Margaret Macdonald**

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**GLAZO**

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there the promising partnership would have dissolved because, having garnered all the laughs, Gracie would have gone "prima donna," as they say in show business. But Gracie and George knew that no matter which one got the laughs, if there were no laughs, there would be money at the box-office, so George re-wrote the act, and from then on, Gracie was the "funny man."

There is also, beside these many other signs of Gracie Allen's, that of Gracie, the mother. Everyone—or at least every one of the millions who follow George and Gracie on the air—knows about the two children George and Gracie adopted. Sandra Jean is two, and Ronald John is a pink and white three months. George and Gracie always wanted to adopt a baby, but while they were in vaudeville, they simply couldn't. You can't bring up a child in a wardrobe trunk. Now that their time is divided between New York and Hollywood, they've realized their ambition. Gracie was talking of the children when Sandra Jean's nurse brought her in from a romp in Central Park, pink cheeked, healthy, gurgling joyously. Gracie kissed her tenderly.

"I hope," she said, "that all her life will be as happy as she has made mine."

Here was Gracie the mother.

"Will I tell her she's adopted when she's older?" Gracie repeated, in reply to a question. "I surely will. I'll tell her what adopted really means, how sweet it is. She'll understand that George and I really wanted her, that we picked her out because she was so lovely and so dear. She'll know that we wanted her more than anything else in the world and that we loved her from the very first moment we saw her."

Gracie's green-gray-brown eyes flashed when I asked her if it was true that she had said she hoped Sandra Jean would not grow up with an ambition to follow in the footsteps of her adopted parents and go on the stage.

"I read that," she said vehemently, "and I wish you'd do me a favor and set it straight. I never said anything about it. What I did say was that I'd never attempt to force either of the children into a theatrical career. I have no plans whatever for either of them beyond their education. Their lives are their own, to do with as they please. If they want to go on the stage, well and good. They will have every assistance George and I can give them. If they don't want to go on the stage, we certainly won't try to influence them. George and I owe a lot to the stage and the radio and the movies, and we love them. But parents have no right to dictate to children how they shall live their lives. I consider my duty toward Sandra Jean and Ronald is to send them out into the world healthy physically and with the best possible educations along the lines they feel they would like to follow. Then they're on their own. I don't care what they want to do as long as it makes them happy."

"Dumb? Well, you be the judge. But before you stop to consider, there is one more Gracie you should see."

There is Gracie, the woman.

"Would I quit working?" exclaims Gracie. "I'd quit in a minute, if I could—now that I have the children."

THE END
Everything changed over night. Scenario writers had to learn a new technique. They hadn't discovered yet that the sweet, flowering language that looked perfectly all right as printed subtitles sounded ridiculous on an actor's lips.

It changed, of course, when audiences laughed one star after another off the screen. But it was too late to save the careers of the victims. Badly written lines, voices distorted through a fumbling new sound device that needed perfecting, had ruined them.

There were lines like that, stupid and utterly ridiculous, on the dialogue sheet of the picture I was to do. I read them out in a rehearsal of the scene and suddenly I knew I couldn't go on with it. Come what may, I couldn't speak those silly lines.

I struggled through them again and suddenly I turned to the director.

"I can't say words like these." I was trying to be calm and knowing that I wasn't succeeding at all. "They're trite and meaningless and an insult to the intelligence of any audience who'll have to listen to them. I can't do it!"

He didn't see it my way. No one did. After all, a studio can afford to gamble on a single picture. A star can't. Refusing to speak those lines cost me almost half a million dollars. Four hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, to be exact, for that was the amount of my contract with the studio. And I cancelled that contract rather than speak those lines that would have made me a laughing stock.

An awful lot of money and don't think I didn't know it! It may sound like a quixotic gesture, as silly as that of the man I once saw light his cigar with a fifty-dollar bill. But I had to do it. Something worth immeasurably more to me than almost half a million dollars was at stake—my pride in myself, in my work, in the career I had put years into.

The next morning I read Warner Brothers' account of the matter in the paper that was brought up with my breakfast tray.

"We feel Irene Rich can't make the transition between silent and talking pictures."

I gulped down my coffee and read the words again and all the other words the Warner Publicity department had strung together as their excuse for letting me go. I'm going! And I was the one who had cancelled my contract with them!

An awful thing to see in print, even though I knew the injustice of it. Still, untruths can cut as deeply as truths. Deeper sometimes.

"Irene Rich's voice is not adequate for sound pictures."

That was the hardest thing of all to read. It shook my confidence terribly. But it was those words that led me to Radio.

Now that I am only a voice I can laugh at that sentence. But I couldn't laugh that morning. Now, after these years in Radio when I have had to rely on my voice and only my voice to reach my audiences, I can see that it was a good thing for me that that unflattering story was printed.

For even if I had wanted to sit back and indulge in an orgy of self pity I couldn't do it. I had to prove myself to myself. After all, the success that had come to me in the silent movies might have been a fluke. I had to show Hollywood that the Rich girl could be heard as well as seen.

So I contracted for a vaudeville tour through the country. It gave me something I couldn't have got in any other way. A knowledge of my own country and a feeling of kinship with every state in it. Meeting old friends I had made through my pictures, making new ones. But most of all, I felt I was really acting for the first time in my career.

Afterward I went back to Hollywood. It was fun going back. Taking my place in the new Hollywood. Having mother and the girls with me again. Being with old friends, getting acquainted with my home all over again.

Grand to be playing opposite Will Rogers once more in the three sound pictures I made with him. Making "The Champ" with Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper. And it was an incentive rather than a regret to be playing leads in sound pictures instead of starring in silent ones. To be building a career again in this new medium.

Other offers came. I was eager, too eager. For in my enthusiasm I accepted an offer to make two "Quickies."

The "Quickies" lived up to their name. The two pictures were finished in nine days and nine nights. Days and nights of constant driving, of utter exhaustion.

And when they were finished I felt that I was nearly finished, too, mentally and physically. The face that looked back at me from mirror that night was drawn and haggard and I was too exhausted even to get into bed. If this sort of thing kept on I would be through.

Life's fender was bumping me again and I decided to roll out from under, Radio! The thought came like an inspiration. The third medium of acting. I wanted to try it. First my career had been as visual, then the vaudeville tour had given me the combination of sight and sound, now I wanted to try being only a voice.

At three in the morning I took a plane for New York and the next day I presented myself at the National Broadcasting Studios.

I had been broadcasting only a few months when some friends asked me to
Kenny Baker, twenty-two-year-old tenor, has made a sure place for himself in the radio sun as the singing comic of Jack Benny’s Sunday show.

see a movie with them, one that had proved a terrific sensation. The theatre was so crowded we had to stand in back for a while waiting for seats. We couldn’t see the picture but we could hear the voices of the actors.

Somehow in themselves those voices sounded flat and dull. I wondered how this particular picture could have caused the stir it had. Afterward, seeing the actors as well as hearing them, I saw that every one was right. It was a grand picture and the dialogue was perfect. But the voices alone had meant nothing.

In Radio they must mean everything. I realized then that radio has carried sound far above the theatre or talking pictures. For it’s the only way we in radio have of reaching our audiences.

It’s been grand, these years in Radio and I’m deeply grateful for them. The biggest thrill of all came on the night when I first went on a nation-wide hook-up. I had scarcely gone off the air that night when telegrams and telephone calls came in from friends all over the country.

Somehow they did not seem so far away after all . . . those friends. It was a grand feeling to be with them all again. Different somehow from what it had been in pictures or on the stage. For then they had to go into theatres to see me. Now I was going into their homes. Sitting beside the fires in their living-rooms, talking to them as they busied themselves around their kitchens, trailing along the roads with them in their cars.

I am with them all again, the old friends and the new ones Radio has brought me and when the signal is flashed and I know I’m about to go off the air after a broadcast, I feel that I have been visiting with all of you who are listening.

And when I say “Good night,” you know that I mean you, each and every one.

The End

Like a shadow, fear haunts you. Every minute you wonder—“Am I safe?”

But why—why risk that fear? Modess—the new and utterly different sanitary napkin—now banishes “accident panic.” It’s certain-safe! It stays soft! It stays safe!

Dance and play—you’re truly safe—with certain-safe Modess!

No striking through—as often happens with ordinary reversible napkins. No soggy edges! For Modess has a specially treated material on the sides and back. Wear blue line (the moisture-proof side) away from body and protection is complete!

End “accident panic”
—ask for Certain-Safe Modess!

Try N-O-V-O—the new safe douche powder. Cleanses! Deodorizes! (Not a contraceptive.)
At your druggist or department store
Eye make-up
DONE IN GOOD TASTE

Jane laughed. "I never knew I had so much wrong with my face! I think we all, men and women, unconsciously look in the mirror and say to ourselves: 'Well, that face really isn't so bad!' but when a make-up man gets to work, the greatest beauty on earth would be astonished at her defects!"

The scrutinizing camera detects the slightest imperfection. Jane had to have one side of her jaw shaded because it is a little wider than the other side of her face. And one eyelid has a tendency to slant upwards, so that had to be pulled down with adhesive tape before make-up was applied. These slight imperfections are never noticed by an observer of the ordinary camera, but the strong lens of the moving picture camera reveals all.

Jane got a slight case of inferiority complex in spite of the fact that she is more beautiful than her photographs show.

Normal vanity isn't all Hollywood took away from her. Hollywood and the great open spaces ruined her golf. Jane, who has a passion for golf, has renounced the game for at least a year. The tremendous size of the golf courses defeated her. Jane always has been privately, very proud of her scores, but there her score usually was in three figures on the 17th hole and she was fagged and very cross about it. Fortunately, there were both a swimming pool and a tennis court on the former Cantor house grounds, and now Jane sticks to tennis. "At least all tennis courts are the same size," she says consolingly.

While in Hollywood, rumor had it that radio wasn't signing her up for regular programs, just for guest star broadcasts. It was said that she was asking too much money for each appearance to put her under a weekly contract. Jane usually does as Don says, and Don had an idea that, as long as she was working at the art of singing, she should get enough money from it to keep her in her old age. Don isn't officially her manager, but he has the final okay about what Jane does—that is, at least, in the business world, and the guess is in other things, too.

"I don't believe in a husband managing a wife's business affairs, or vice versa," Jane explained. "It is apt to spoil the sweetness of home and marriage. You see, you are bound to argue with a manager and he with you, and if the manager is your husband, arguments are apt to pop up at breakfast and so on through the day. I love Don too much for that."

The telephone rang. Fortunately Don answered and was busy talking when Jane added in a slight whisper, "Of course I take all my problems to him, he is so much smarter than I in business, but I'd never let him know I think so."

Spoken like a devoted wife, Jane!

This husband-and-wife-in-business situation has both advantages and disadvantages. Already it has got her, temporarily at least, the reputation of being high hat. In Hollywood considerable difficulties arose for Jane out in Warners studios because of Don. Jane, you see, has a rule that in any and all public appearances, she will not kiss anyone except her husband. In the picture, "Stars Over Broadway" there is a scene in which James Melton, the new moving picture success out of radio, is to kiss Jane. All through rehearsals this was not done, but when it came to the actual shot, Jimmie up and grabbed Jane, as the script demanded, and kissed her tonguetip. Don couldn't kiss Jimmie from that day to this, which made further and future working conditions extremely trying to everyone. Picture people don't forget such things, and such an episode often makes barriers on the road to success. Is it due to a manager-husband, or to Jane's youthful outlook on her road to fame?

But it must be granted that Jane has a weakness for Donald Ross-ös. The first boy who ever courted her was a Donald Ross whom she met while studying journalism at the University of Missouri. He lives in Tulsa, Oklahoma. But her own Donald Ross, she met and married while attending the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music.

An old acquaintance of Jane's once said, early in her radio career: "The only trouble with that girl is that she doesn't care what she does as long as she sings. She doesn't care about public appearances one bit and would as soon sing at home over some knitting as to be a big star."

That gives a very true slant on Jane Froman's character. She doesn't care, really, as long as she can sing. Don has managed to teach her, after years of coaching, that as long as she does love singing, she may not be paid for it. This may account for the sudden rise in price in order that the deep, blue contralto voice be heard on the air. However, perhaps Jane has changed her mind a bit, for there are a couple of big commercial contracts which may be signed by her almost any day now.

"What do you intend to do now?" I asked.

"What I would like to do, I hope," Jane replied. "You see, Don and I have led such a gypsy life—we love it, and I think it would be ever so much fun to spend six months of the year in Hollywood and six months here in New York, on the air. For, while I loved the people in Hollywood, I honestly do not like the coast. It makes me sleepy and loggy. I wanted to sleep the whole time I was out there and that's not like me, you know."

Indeed it is not! If you met Jane Froman, you would be charmed by her vivacity, her laugh, her sparkling blue eyes that be-peak her youth. She shuns black gowns which make her look grown up and dignified. Her clothes express her personality. And here's an interesting sidelight about this slight girl whose voice is heard by millions. She designs and makes her own clothes, and is a contender for the title of the best dressed woman in the NBC Radio City studios. But her domesticity ends there.
She hates cooking and loves sports and music: "I can’t live without music, which is probably why I never could live happily permanently on the coast, I always would want to be in New York during the opera and concert season. And then I do love that old microphone! I’m at home there. I know I belong there and always will be received on the air!"

Jane has the courage of her convictions. She doesn’t believe she is a moving picture star and is the first to say she may be the well-known " flop" in pictures. But she can take it.

Her first break in radio came through Paul Whiteman, in Chicago. She had a chance for an audition with him and took it. As she stepped up to the mike to do her bit for the Jazz King, she slipped and fell, turning her ankle badly, or so she thought. Anyway, she picked herself up and stood before the mike, forgetting as best she could the terrific pain in her ankle, and sang for all she was worth. The audition over, Jane tried to step away from the little black box, and cried out in pain. A doctor was called and then an ambulance. She was whisked to a hospital where, under anaesthetic, a broken ankle bone was set. But Jane got the job. Her first broadcast was made a few weeks later with her leg still in a plaster cast. Yes, Jane has courage!

In Hollywood she downed her nervousness and determinedly went on in spite of the scepticism abroad concerning her stuttering. There was much speculation as to whether or not she could make the moving picture grade because of this tendency which has haunted her from her youth. It is tragedy to Jane. She is supersensitive about it. And, being sensitive, she is nervous. The excitement of the first shots in Warners studios only pronounced the otherwise almost unnoticed stuttering. Hollywood was doubtful, rehearsals were made which were better. For years she valiantly has tried to overcome this and has succeeded wonderfully as far as radio is concerned. Why shouldn’t she accomplish the same thing on the screen? We feel she will. She has the fine courage and love of life that makes all things possible.

**The End**

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**WE’RE FOOLS ABOUT KOOLS—** Who doesn’t rave about this cigarette that’s mildly mentholated to refresh the throat, smoothly blended to please the taste, cork-tipped, and packed with a valuable B & W coupon good for handsome premiums? (Offer good in U.S.A. only.) If you’ve never tried **KOOLS**, you’re missing the parade! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.
Keep Young and Beautiful

(Continued from page 13)

woman is unattractiveness. Marriage, on conviction of any wife being found guilty of carelessness and ill-grooming, ought to stand null and void.

Let us stop and reconnoitre as to what weapons modern science has given us to fight the “ravages of time,” what safeguards it has given wives for keeping lovely. Not so many years ago all women thought that when they reached forty, they would have to say farewell to all glamour and romance. Not so today. The woman of fair and forty no longer screws up her hair in a tight little knot at the back of her head without so much as a glance in the mirror. No longer does she screw up her mouth in a tight little line, either, to express her disapproval of lipstick and all such fo- de-rol.

The woman who is fair and forty nowadays gets a becoming permanent with neat swirls or curls at the neckline, and if you sat behind her at the radio theatre, you would think that she was in her twenties. In fact, if you faced her after the broadcast, she still might deceive you into thinking that she was thirty-ish.

If an older woman has straggly hair, she is down and out from the start. She should have scalp treatments and a good permanent.

Way back in the time of the ancient Egyptians, a woman had to be a martyr to achieve curly hair, unless she happened to be born with it. The Egyptians recognized that the form of the hair could be changed by moisture and heat and so these ancient beauticians wound their hair on round wooden sticks, packed it in a thick mud, and allowed it to dry in the heat of the sun. To effect a change in color at the same time, henna often was mixed with the mud. When this mud was thoroughly dry, the caked earth was removed from the hair and heavy grease was applied to make it lustrous.

Today, of course, a permanent wave can be had with both speed and comfort. But if you are thinking of having a permanent, let me remind you of these three things: first, your hair and scalp must be in condition to take a good permanent; second, your operator should be chosen with as much care proportionately as you expect results from your permanent wave; third, your permanent waving method should offer you the safeguard of your own personal hygiene through the use of individual scaled pads.

All of us want lustrous hair but we don’t want a heavy grease to make it lustrous. We have light brillianites available, hair rinses that give a tiny tint of colorfull highlights, and sturdy frizzled hairbrushes, all for the sake of honest-to-goodness luster.

All women, whether twenty or sixty years young, want to have lovely complexities. If you see a woman of forty whose skin looks thirty-ish, you can pretty safely judge that she is conscientious about giving her skin the proper cleansing, stimulation and lubrication.

During the March of Time in recent years, cosmetics gave birth to quintuplets: for the care of their skins: one, mild facial soaps; two, cleansing creams; three, astringents; four, lubricating creams (sometimes called nourishing or tissue creams); five, protective creams. Wise women see these quintuplets nurse along the youth of their skins. The first years are the shaky ones for the infants, but the years after reaching the twenty-fifth...
mark are the shabby ones for the women who want to keep young and beautiful. A beautiful girl is an accident, so to speak. A beautiful woman is an achievement.

The chief concern of every older woman should be perfect grooming from head to foot, especially from head. Makeup can do a great deal to help encourage the illusion of youth. It's a smart trick for the older woman to use a lighter powder for her neck than the one she uses on her face. Rouge helps to conceal circles under the eyes. And it's a good idea to discard the ashes-of-roses rouges for younger, more natural colors.

Think how ghastly it would be if we had only a dead white or a bright pink shade of powder from which to choose, as used to be the case in what folks still fatuously call the "good old days." A girl as young as Patti Pickens probably would have had to depend on a bit of red calico surreptitiously dampened to rub a little color on her cheeks, in those days of the Floradora Sextette.

The rouge in our compacts today is far advanced from the coarse telltale rouge of yesteryear. Which leads me to the new color discovery in rouge that I want to tell you about. It has been tested on six hundred and eighty women of all types and ages, and is the result of several years' experimentation. And now I'm able to offer to you the opportunity to test it out for yourself; to find out which shade is really your shade; to find out which method of application is your method, depending on the type of face you have. This rouge guide that is being offered you absolutely free is not only unique in allowing you to try out four different shades of rouge, but in showing you by picture and diagram exactly how to apply the rouge.

There are twelve beautifully colored photographs of different shaped faces, and the right and the wrong way of applying rouge for each type of face is illustrated photographically and by diagram. How very strange it would sound to those who lived in the Victorian age to hear us talk about this new theory of "re-shaping" or "re-proportioning" our faces. In those days if you had a long nose or hollow cheeks or a receding chin, why you just did, and that was all there was to it. But this rouge guide explains how with the proper application of rouge it is possible to re-shape the face, and give the illusion of a shorter nose or a stronger chin, or rounder cheeks. This booklet guide really is the best thing I can offer you next to a lesson in make-up by television. Better clip this coupon and send it in.

Would you punish a child for this?

Should a child be spanked when he refuses to take a laxative he hates? Millions of mothers say: "NO!"

They believe in working with the child—not against him. So when their children need a laxative they use one all youngsters love to take—Fletcher's Castoria!

Do you know that even the taste of Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children? It's one laxative they take without struggling. And that's mighty important. For the gagging a child undergoes when forced to take a bad-tasting laxative can seriously upset his digestion.

But good taste is only one reason why you should rely on Fletcher's Castoria. Another reason is... Fletcher's Castoria is SAFE, gentle—yet thorough.

Unlike some "grown-up" laxatives, Fletcher's Castoria has no strong, purging drugs. It won't form a habit—and it will never cause griping pains.

Your druggist sells Fletcher's Castoria. Get the thrifty Family-Size Bottle tonight. The signature Chas. H. Fletcher appears on every carton.

Mary Biddle, 
RADIO STARS, 
149 Madison Ave., 
New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me the New Rouge Guide.
Name _____________________________
Address __________________________

Kindly enclose three cents in stamps. Enclose stamped addressed envelope in addition to stamps if you wish personal questions answered.
pictures. But I do mean that; given the ability to begin with, you are given all the rest. On the air you get the air—just atmosphere and nothing more."

At which exclamatory moment Ginger Rogers dropped breathlessly into a chair at the table in the RKO commissary, said she would only stay a moment, and dropped a wee gift box into Harriet's black-suited lap. The gift box revealed, when Harriet excitedly opened it, a miniature engagement ring for her charm bracelet, a ring a bit too small for a Lithuanian's little finger—a sliver of gold wire bearing a minute diamond about as big as a drop of April dew.

"Oh!" cried Harriet, leaning over the salad to hug Ginger. "Oh, how simply too darling—but it is you!"

Ginger waved a brisk, dispensing hand. "Think nothing of it," she said.

Harriet turned to me, her moonstone gray eyes a-light. "For my charm bracelet," she explained, holding the bijou up to my eye; the little golden figure of a man seated on it, "symbolizes myself, my first director—and now I have the engagement ring, from Ginger!"

The two girls chatted a moment about their picture, the Ginger Rogers-Fred Astaire picture, "Follow the Fleet," in which Harriet makes her first screen appearance—about a date they were making for dinner at Ginger's house. Harriet confided to me that, the night before, she had called her Ozzie on long distance from Hollywood to New York and that he had called her from home. They had said nothing except that they were lonely. It was wonderful, Harriet said, how much you could find to say about being lonely, when you were. She said that she was leading the life of a hermit crab here in Hollywood, doing nothing but work, going nowhere.

Ginger suggested that she think up things for Harriet to do. "Tell you what," quoth Ginger, "I'll think up all the things I'd like to do myself and can't, and you can go by them to do them for me." Harriet then confessed that when "The Band" broadcasts over the Bakers' Broadcast every week, she sits with both ears glued to the radio and listens with tears in her eyes because the Girl in the Band isn't there. She told Ginger about the envious mink coat her Ozzie had sent her for Christmas, about the watch she had sent her Ozzie. "Because," she said, "time, like love, never dies..." She added that she'd probably be back with the Band before long, and said she'd heard different—that Harriet is destined for Hollywood for some time to come, if Hollywood has anything to say about it. Harriet declared that only Ozzie had anything to say about her. Alas, then Ginger kibb to go back to rehearsing with M. Astaire.

Harriet said: "She's been perfectly marvelous to me, Ginger has; in absolutely every possible way. She's the grandest girl in the world and I don't mean maybe! The most generous. She's made me, for sure of three days torn from her bridal room's side, feel happy and at home in the Saucer Room. That's friendship. I'm crazy about her!"

And by the way, for those of you who never have seen Harriet with Ozzie Nelson's Band, who have not yet seen her in "Follow the Fleet," it may interest you to know that the voice you probably must have heard on the air emanates from a quite devastatingly pretty girl. I don't know with whom I can compare her. She wears a dark wig in "Follow the Fleet," which may change her. I don't know how she will photograph in this first picture, but with her own naturally blonde hair and pale skin and gray eyes and chic ensemble, she might come close to a very young Carole Lombard.

"Speaking of Hollywood, did you hear of the little girl that landed me in 'Follow the Fleet'?” Harriet laughed her husky contralto laugh. “Well, you know, I came out here expecting to play a bit part in 'Two in the Dark.' One fine day a mistake was made in one of the projection rooms, the projectionist had asked to have a certain test run for him. When he entered the darkened room another test, by error, was being run—mini! Mr. Sandrich started to walk out, ready to give the operator or someone a few pieces of his mind when I began to speak. . .I should lament about nothing but a voice to use, since it was my voice and nothing else but that stopped Mr. Sandrich at the door, made him turn around again, sit down and see the test through. When he got up to leave again it was to ask me to play the second lead, opposite Randolph Scott, in Ginger and Fred Astaire's 'Follow the Fleet.' Of course, such a fairy-tale fluke as this might happen on the air, too—it’s just one of the miracle-mistakes of the make-believe world.

"Well, anyway, get back to the difference between what life might have been for Ozzie and me if we’d been in Hollywood instead of on the air.

"One thing is certain, our romance would have started years sooner than it did. You see, I’ve been with Ozzie’s band for about five years. It’s the only band I ever was with. I’m the only girl the band ever had. Ozzie always said that he didn’t want a girl with his band. Then he saw a perfectly dreadful short I made ages ago, singing and dancing and—and he sent for me.

"Anyway, for months we were just host and employee—and when we’re working," said Harriet, "even our friend, the director, had asked me to come back and be employee. I take my orders from Ozzie. Whatever he says goes. Well, anyway, after the first few months, Ozzie began to ask me to go out with him now and then. I really think it was for me, because there was no one else to go with him! I mean, Ozzie likes to date only very nice girls and very nice girls don’t
When Harriet Hilliard left the "Bakers' Broadcast" to make pictures in Hollywood, pretty Billie Trask (above) was chosen to take her place.

make dates for two and three in the mornings. And as the band plays until the small hours there was no one but me for Ozzie to ask out. But—here is the sad part of it—really couldn't be said to look my best when I went out with Ozzie.

After all, at two in the morning, after rehearsing most of the day, perhaps, and working all of the night, one isn't the cream of the cream, so to speak. I was tired. I was let down. I didn't have enough pep to fix up my face, to dress up specially. We just sort of slumped into the nearest cafè for some coffee and buns. There was no thrill of a rendezvous. There was none of the filip of the unexpected. We'd been seeing and hearing each other for hours. Ozzie might have been bawling me out that morning. Just the boss and his secretary having a bit after hours...

"Then, during the summers, the band went on the road. We did all of the small towns, one night stands. Lots of train catching. Stuffy hotels. All of the trials and tribulations of the road. No dalliance on beaches, no moonlit gardens for us—none of the settings where romance is supposed to flourish.

And so it wasn't one of those sudden, glamorous dizzy romances when the stars suddenly begin to sizzle and the moon turns a somersault. No, with Ozzie and me it was a business relationship maturing into a friendship and a friendship ripening into love. We knew all about each other, Ozzie and I. We knew each other at our best and also at our worst. We knew each other when we were tired, when we were excited, when we were hot and dusty and in a hurry, when things went well and when things went wrong. We were together under all kinds of conditions and in all sorts of environments. And then, quite naturally, as one installment of a serial story follows the one preceding it, we began to talk about 'when we are married'. I don't even remember the first time it was mentioned between us. I just remember how we decided not to be married until we had saved a certain amount of money. I remember how we talked—and still talked—of the farm we want to have someday in Connecticut. And I remember the night in Texas, driving in Ozzie's car from one town to another, when Ozzie suddenly leaned forward and said to the chauffeur: "'Miss Hilliard and I are going to be married when we reach New York!"

'The car swerved so abruptly we all but landed in the ditch instead of at the altar! Our chauffeur hadn't even suspected it, he said. No one had, really. We'd kept it all very quiet. Ozzie dislikes gossip about personal affairs. And so we were married, at home, a family wedding with Ozzie's folks and mine—and three days later I left for Hollywood.

'I didn't want to come. Ozzie made me. And Ozzie is the Boss with me. What he says goes. He's always advised me about my career and I've always taken his advice without a thought of arguing. And he takes one order from me!' Harriet laughed, something very tremolo- tender in her voice. "Ozzie had his nose broken, you know, playing football. People have suggested to him that he should have it 'fixed'—well, I put my foot down on that. Ozzie with any other nose wouldn't be Ozzie at all and I wouldn't want even Hollywood to alter him! I believe he'll be in Hollywood, eventually. He should be on the screen. I sort of feel it in my bones—but if he doesn't," said Harriet, very seriously, "then I don't know how it will work out for us. I shall do as Ozzie says—I'll never get over that, either!" laughed Harriet. "I don't want to get over it!"

The End
How Did They Get on the Air?

(Continued from page 45)

arranged that she see the then master of ceremonies of the Shell Chateau program. Jolson listened to her sing and play; gave her a one-time guest spot on his show. Cutex officials happened to be tuned in, liked her work, offered her a contract.

Now that she's on the inside of the air industry, Niela tells me that she believes she could have broken into radio quicker if she'd gone to a good radio agent—but that was something she didn't know when she was job-hunting. Agents usually are informed of all openings and have sufficient contacts to arrange auditions for their clients. It's a shorter route, Miss Goodelle informs me, than waiting around to discover a friend who happens to know a celebrity.

Josephine Antoine, the new young operatic soprano who is co-starred with James Melton on the Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre broadcasts, landed in radio without turning one little finger in its direction. An NBC talent scout heard her sing in the Opera Association at Lake Chautauqua last summer. He invited her to audition at Radio City as soon as possible. She did, and two weeks later was put under contract as a sustaining artist. "One morning I received a telephone call from the J. Walter Thompson advertising agency," she explained. "They said they'd heard my sustaining programs and asked me to come down and audition for them that afternoon. I went and sang two songs. There were forty girl singers there. We didn't even know what job we were trying for."

It was stardom on the Palmolive show. Josephine landed it. And she adds, frankly, that if she had to break into radio all over again she hasn't the remotest idea how she'd go about it.

There's a chance for every radio aspirant to learn something from the experience of Morton Bove, newly featured tenor on Sigmund Romberg's Switl program. If ever a newcomer had network entrees and contacts galore Morton did. Yet he had to fight practically unaided for his present position.

Morton had the distinction of being the youngest nationally-known concert tenor on the American stage. For five years, with Boston as his headquarters, he'd been an exclusive artist for the Yankee network. Yet when that contract had run out and he came to New York seeking further radio opportunity, his many letters of introduction and recommendation to influential persons got him exactly nowhere. He was another of a great surplus of excellent tenors.

Morton had some savings which he used to keep him in Manhattan. Every morning he made the rounds of such sources of radio information as he knew about. When he discovered that Frank Parker was leaving the Cavaliers Quartette, he dug out one of his old letters of introduction, used it to get by an impassable studio receptionist, walked into the program direc-
tor's office and pleaded for an audition. He got the job.

"Through my association with the Cavaliers, I made inside radio contacts," he explained. "I began to know people, to hear of what more remunerative openings were available. When word got around that the Romberg show was looking for a tenor, I knew what to do. Mind you, I didn't wait to be asked to audition — I'd most likely still be waiting if I had. I'd learned enough to go to the advertising agency that was producing the program, identify myself and request a try-out. Fortunately I was signed."

Morton thinks it's a good idea to enter radio via an already established quartette—or trio, duo, chorus or orchestra. Jobs within a group are easier to get and after you're in you have an opportunity to learn the ropes of the industry. There's only one way, the tenor informs me, that he would not try to break in, were he doing it over again. That way is the amateur hour. He bases his belief on the fact that amateurs broadcast under the stigma of being classed as amateurs, that it isn't a fair break for a person's whole future to hinge on a single coast-to-coast chorus. Persons who hold out for a professional audition, even if they have to wait and work for it, are, he believes, being much wiser about their careers.

But that, he would remind you, is merely one man's opinion. Other new stars think differently on the matter.

Lucy Monroe, youngest singing star of "The American Album of Familiar Music," "Lavender and Old Lace," and "Hammersmith Music Hall," will admit to you quite frankly that she secured her radio job through pull, drag or any other word you now for influence. Her mother, Anna Bostock, was a famous soprano of the early nineteen-hundreds. When Lucy wanted an entree into radio she went to an old friend of her mother's, named Clarke Bostock, a well-known vaudeville booking agent, and asked him to assist her. Mr. Bostock made a telephone call to the production chief at NBC—and a few days later, just like that, Lucy had auditioned before the sustaining board and been put under contract for the Goodrich program.

It was through this position that she formed a friendship with Frank Parker. Frank, she tells me, is directly responsible for the positions she now holds. He introduced her to executives at the agencies producing those programs. They auditioned her on Parker's recommendation. She started with the ability to back up all the prophecies he had made for her and on that score she became a star.

Lucy says she can't think of a nicer, easier way to break into radio, provided a person has sufficient talent. Knowing the right people, it seems, is one of the most direct routes into the inner offices of the big moguls. And how can you get to know the right people?

"Wherever you make your start in show business," she answered, "it's inevitable that you'll gradually meet people. Cultivate the right social contacts with them. Be friendly toward the house or chorus girl in your next-door dressing-room — tomorrow he or she may be an influential star. This isn't 'using' friends, rather it's the oldest rule practised in every field of business endeavor. For people often come..."
TO CLEAR UP SKIN TROUBLES

Try This Improved Pasteurized Yeast That's Easy to Eat

IN case after case, pimples, blotches, and other common skin troubles are caused by an unbalanced system. That is why external treatments bring you so little lasting relief.

Thousands have found in Yeast Foam Tablets an easy way to correct skin blemishes caused by digestive sluggishness. Science now knows that people, very often slow, imperfect elimination of body wastes is brought on by insufficient vitamin B complex. The stomach and intestines, deprived of this essential element, no longer function properly. Your digestion slows up. Poisons, accumulating in your system, cause ugly eruptions and bad color.

Yeast Foam Tablets supply the vitamin B complex needed to correct this condition. These tablets are pure yeast—and yeast is the richest known food source of vitamins B and G. This improved yeast should strengthen and tone up your intestinal nerves and muscles. It should soon restore your eliminative system to healthy function.

With the true cause of your condition corrected, pimples and other common skin troubles disappear. And you feel better as well as look better.

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. These tablets have a pleasant, nut-like taste that you will really enjoy. And pasteurization makes them utterly safe for everyone to eat. They cannot cause fermentation and they contain nothing to put on fat.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. Refuse substitutes.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

Free! MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY You may paste this on a post card
NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO., MM-3-16 1320 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets.

Name
Address
City State

And here's another popular young singer, Loretta Lee, whom you may hear with the "Lucky Strike" program.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

You may paste this on a post card
NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO., MM-3-16 1320 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets.

Name
Address
City State
the trio. Andy and two of his prep-schoolmates used him in their routine on New York's local station WOV. One of the other two boys was orchestra leader Emil Coleman's son, and Coleman naturally fathered the trio's serious efforts and finally let them sing with his band.

The group broke up when the boys went to separate colleges, but in the meantime Andy Love had formed a fast friendship with Frank Luther. Andy couldn't go to college, so Frank introduced him to Paul Whiteman, who liked his voice enough to give him a solo spot with his band.

"Soon after I was established with Mr. Whiteman I made radio contacts of my own," explained Andy. "I wanted a trio again so I got hold of Jack Laitrop and Bob Walker, two singlers I'd met, and we rehearsed a long time and then I asked Ray Noble to listen to us.

"I believe that small stations offer one of the very best ways to get a start in radio. Auditions at small stations can be got by simply walking in and asking for them, and after you're on the air you have a chance to attract attention and to meet people. I can't think of any route into radio that offers better experience or more sure opportunity for bigger things."

Vivian Della Chiesa, sensational young songstress of the Sunday afternoon Foot-saver Shoes program, never had sung into a microphone in her life until six months ago. She read in the Tribune of an amateur contest to be sponsored by Chicago's Station WBBM, entered it and won first place over 2,500 contestants. When news of that reached CBS, the network naturally sought her signature on a contract.

And now Miss Della Chiesa possesses one of the brightest futures on the air.

"Consequently I'm a staunch believer in the amateur hours," she said to me. "I got my start that way, and I believe that, if you have something to offer, the amateur contests give you a fair chance to offer it. In fact, they're the biggest breaks ever offered yet to newcomers."

Deane Janis, red-headed singer who walked away this season with Annette Hanshaw's old star spot on Camel Caravan, got her job through a certain Broadway vocal coach named Al Siegel. Mr. Siegel, it seems, specializes in taking youngsters of special talent under his tutelage, coaching them to the proper degree of professionalism, placing them in good radio jobs and collecting, as his reward, a percentage of their future salaries. It was he who launched Ethel Merman, Thelma Leeds and others.

One night Siegel heard Deane singing with Hal Kemp's band at the Roosevelt Hotel. He invited her to study with him, changed and improved her song delivery style, secured an audition for her for the Camel spot. Deane won.

"If it weren't for Mr. Siegel," she declares, "I'm sure I'd still be trying to break into commercial radio. Consequently I endorse study under a capable, influential coach. If I were trying to break in again, that's what I'd look for—and if I couldn't find that I'd ask around among radio people until I found the name of a good agent. Those are the men who really can get big-time auditions for you."

The story behind nineteen-year-old Florence Baker's job, as leading lady in the several NBC dramatizations, is one that would be hard to duplicate on Radio Row. For years she'd been doing bits of air roles for bits of checks, and it looked as though, for all her inside contacts and efforts to progress, she was stuck in the rut of the bit-artist.

When she heard of the lead vacancy on a new commercial she didn't stop to ask help of those persons she'd asked it of before. She simply walked into the offices of the program's advertising agency, brushed by a dozen or so adament secretaries, confronted the startled radio director and blurted out:

"I'm Florence Baker. Look here—I can do a good job in that leading role! I can prove it to you. I want a try at it anyway—"

She didn't get the audition—that is, not until the director had tried out a score of other actresses with no success. Then she not only got her audition but her job as well.

"I think they gave it to me to get rid of me around the office," Florence confided. "Anyhow, that's one way of getting yourself somewhere. I've stopped depending on friends and contacts to help me. I'm looking for myself from now on. It's a shorter, more satisfactory way to get ahead."

So there you are. Agents, friends, local stations, answering ads, vocal coaches, amateur contests, "pull," your radio contacts or sheer hard work—all are proven means of breaking into an other career. Why not try some of them over on your own ambitions?

THE END

THE LOVELIEST MOMENT OF ALL

Try PLAT-NUM today. It's 10c and comes in 2 true-tone shades in the oversize bottle to which you are entitled. You'll find it on sale at any 5 and 10 cent store.

HANDS play an all-important part in the drama of romance. Intimate little gestures, subtle handclaps, pulse-stirring contact... truly, hands speak the language of love. Is it not essential, then, that they be kept always well groomed—that fingernails be kept petal-pink and shining, the lovely complement to a lovely hand? PLAT-NUM nail polish has the unusual ability to transform your nails... gives them a soft, shimmering, satin-like surface. PLAT-NUM goes on smoothly, sets evenly, is long lasting and does not chip, cr wh, fade or streak.

FREE this booklet: Send 6c in stamps and we will send to you this interesting informative, illustrated booklet on the beautifying of your arms, hands and fingers.

PLAT-NUM Nail Polish

PLAT-NUM LABORATORIES 60 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK
RADIO STARS

HAD THE KIND

"SHE

OF

LIPS

MEN

LIKE
KISS"

TO

(Continued from page 29)

—

has been a grand experience but when
you ask me whether it did any good, I
must answer
I hardly think so.
"People who already felt more or less
the way I do about things undoubtedly
got some consolation from my talks.
we are, after all, all of us, in the same
boat. But the average listener never would
have understood what I meant and would
have despised himself if he had tried to
do so. He is being told, all day long, by
radio and movies and editorials, that he
is a fine bright fellow and if he fails to
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SA,D

GARY
COOPER

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understand something, that is the fault of
the man who speaks or writes and not of
the
man or woman who listens or
reads.

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"I do not believe that any teaching can
ever hope to have any lasting effect unless
the teacher says to the pupil
'Come and
get it and work your damn head off to get
it!'
Nature doesn't believe in short cuts,
and neither do I but our whole world
is based upon short cuts
so what is the
use of debating the point ?"
"Do you believe," I ventured, ''that radio
influences its listeners more than they are
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influenced by the newspapers?"

Popular male

"I don't
"I

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reasons for

know.

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His eyes crinkled.

know whether

radio

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perhaps, the worst performers on the
air.
they can neither talk decent English
nor interest their audiences and their ideas
are fifty years behind the times, unless
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they are sentimental, when they do a
and degrade into
Shirley Temple
act
radio children perhaps the most terrible
developmenrt of the air-machine.
"By and large, in America, radio does

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the best it can. The men who run it
as I have discovered to my own delight
the announcers and the production
managers are infinitely better, more educated,
more intelligent, damn serious
the men who run it
bright fellows
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presented

gary cooper, star o( "Desire",
a Paramount Picture, picks the

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Gary Cooper. most kissable lips in lipstick test.
one, no lipOne wore the ordinary lipstick
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the third, Tangee.

"Her

look kissable," he said, choosing

lips

the Tangee girl, "because they look natural."

And

other

men

agree.

They don't

like to kiss

and that's why Tangee is so much
in vogue today. Tangee makes your lips glow
with natural color, but it avoids "that painted
look," because Tangee isn't paint. It you prefer
more color for evening, use Tangee Theatrical.
Try Tangee. In two sizes, 39c and $1.10. Or, for
lipstick either,

a quick trial,

send 10c for the special 4-Piece

Make-Up Set offered below.
When
• BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES

Miracle

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* 4 PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET
THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY MM36
Fifth Avenue, New York City
Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee
Lipstick, Rouge Comnact, Creme Rouge, Face

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Rachel

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are entirely superior to their job. On commercial programs, they have to dry-nurse
all the imbecilities of the sponsors and the
sponsors' wives (God have mercy on the
poor devils!) and the advertising agencies
with their inscrutable policies of safety

to

stick

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Girl

three lovely girls

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the usual accusation, that
It
encourage education.

choosing the

Tangee

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make

Ireene Wicker, the Singing Lady, carefully notes Bob Becker's instructions
on preparing the Wicker dog, Mike, for a dog show. Ireene's daughter,
Nancy, is interested, too. Ireene was a recent guest on Bob's program.


Lawrence Tibbett, booming baritone, sings with Maria Silveira.

first. If our ancestors had followed that policy of 'safety first,' we now would be hanging from the branches of a tree!"

He spoke quietly, drily, drolly, even, but there was in his voice the force of convictions long felt, earnestly followed.

Let me tell you, in case you are not acquainted with him, something about this really big man.

Very early in life Hendrik Willem van Loon discovered the value of doubt. He was born, January 14th, 1882, in Rotterdam, Holland. Around the corner from his home stood a statue of Erasmus, Dutch scholar of the Renaissance. Legend had it that once every hour the massive figure turned a page in the stone book held upon its knees. While other children, accepting the tale as truth, went off skating on the canals, Master van Loon remained to watch for the miracle. And when none transpired before his unwinking gaze, he realized that it was folly to confuse legend with truth. From that day on he has questioned every dictum, every axiom, intent on gleaning from the golden harvest of history and hope one shining kernel of truth.

When he was twenty-one, van Loon came to America. He graduated from Cornell University and took a postgraduate year at Harvard. Then, in 1906, he went to Russia as correspondent for the Associated Press.

"And quite recently," he commented ironically, "I was listed by the head of a women's patriotic organization as a 'Red'—because I had lived in Russia!"

Leaving Russia, van Loon spent four years in Munich, acquiring a Ph.D. And during the next three years he lectured on history and art at various American universities, where he developed his gift for rescuing history from the dreariness of dusty data and making it popular.

At this time, too, he began to write. His first book, 'The Fall of the Dutch Republic,' was published just before the world plunged into war. In 1914 the Associated Press sent him to Belgium, where he was during the German invasion. Later he acted as correspondent in England, France, Italy and Switzerland.

Lux Toilet Soap guards against Cosmetic Skin—against the coarseness, dullness, tiny blemishes caused by choked pores.

Its ACTIVE lather removes stale cosmetics thoroughly. To keep skin lovely, use this pure soap before you renew make-up— ALWAYS before you go to bed!
Do you know the 8th WOMAN?

Why be miserable, or even uncomfortable certain days of every month? Be that eighth woman who lets Midol carry her serenely through those difficult days. There used to be eight million sufferers every month. Today a million women are smart enough to use Midol and escape this regular martyrdom to pain.

You can depend on Midol. Tiny tablets, perfectly pleasant to take, Not narcotic. A merciful medicine which specialists recommend for regular pain. Nature doesn't make the woman who uses Midol give up a cherished "date" for the theatre — or even a dance. It means freedom!

This truly remarkable medicine may be taken any time, preferably at the first sign of approaching pain, to avoid the suffering altogether. But Midol is effective even when the pain has caught you unaware and has reached its height. It is effective for hours, so two tablets should carry you through your worst day.

You get these tablets in a trim little aluminum case. All druggists have them — they're usually right out on the toilet goods counter. Or, clip coupon:

An enjoyable evening, no trace of pain; the time of month forgotten — thanks to Midol.

Try it free!

For the proof that Midol does relieve periodic pain, send for a free trial box to MIDOL, Dept. B-36, 170 Varick St., New York.

Name

Street

P. O.

Here's the latest picture of Mary Small. Lots of listeners think Mary a grownup because of her mature voice, but she's still just a cute kid.
The pores on the nose are the largest on your body. For this reason, if allowed to become clogged with waxy excretions, they will become conspicuously large and noticeable.

The pores on your nose, therefore, are a good test of your skin-cleansing methods. If the pores are plugged with waste matter and gaping large, it's a sign your methods are insufficient. By keeping your pores—and this includes the pores of your nose—thoroughly clean, you can keep them normal in size, invisibly small.

A Penetrating Cream Required
To get at the dirt and waxy matter that accumulates in your pores, you must use a face cream that penetrates—one that actually works its way into the pores. Such a cream is Lady Esther Face Cream. It does not merely lie on the surface of your skin. It actually penetrates the pores, and does it in a gentle and soothing manner.

Penetrating the pores, Lady Esther Face Cream goes to work on the imbedded dirt and waste matter. It dissolves it—breaks it up—and makes it easily removable. In a fraction of the usual time, your skin is thoroughly clean.

Cleansed perfectly, your pores can again function freely—open and close as Nature intended. Automatically then, they reduce themselves to their normal small size and you no longer have anything like conspicuous pores.

Lubrication, Also
As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin, it also lubricates it. It re-supplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft and smooth.

Make a test on your face of Lady Esther Face Cream. See for yourself how thoroughly it cleans out the pores. Mark how quickly your pores come down in size when relieved of their choking burden. Note the new life and smoothness your skin takes on. One test will tell you volumes.

See For Yourself!
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The Old Maestro Mystery

(Continued from page 31)

your reporter went to see Ben Bernie in action.

A rehearsal was in progress. The orchestra was lounging on the stage of the huge Radio City studio, looking bored as only dance musicians can look. Off to one side two young couples were talking and laughing. A brisk young woman named Eleanor said: "That's the newfangled cornball. Just last night Billy Wilson, the singer with the band, married Robin Ainesley." The other couple was Dick Stabile (one of the boys) and Gracie Barrie.

And here a word about Eleanor. Eleanor Smith is the Bernies confidential secretary, major domo and ministering angel. She's small, blonde, efficient and manages to take care of seven different things at once without getting anyone's goat. Bernie "inherited" her from a Superior Court judge in Chicago, and I'll let him glad.

Billy Wilson, the blonde young groom, watched a photographer push his pert blonde bide practically into the arms of the Old Maestro, who planted a chaste kiss on her cheek while flash bulbs flared and cameras clicked.

"That's the first time the Maestro ever had his picture taken kissing anyone," Eleanor confided. "It really was a romantic story," she went on. "Robin and Biddy met out on the coast when we were making 'Stolen Harmony,' and she came all the way across the continent to marry Billy. Dick Stabile and Gracie Barrie are newlyweds, too."

The romantic foursome was at the moment, practicing the Lindy with a dash of Truckin' while the orchestra played a torrid chorus of Dinah. Fannie Brice, who was to be guest star of that show, was complaining about the typing of her script. Ben Bernie stood on the stage, watching, puffing on his cigar.

"Eleanor," he said.

"Yes, Maestro?"

"Type this over for Miss Brice—triple space."

"Yes, Maestro."

"Eleanor!" Another voice, this time.

"Have you got another copy of the script?" Eleanor could get one.

"Eleanor!" Her name floats through the air.

"Yes, Maestro?"

"Have you got that change?" Bernie and Fannie Brice were rehearsing a comedy hit. "It's colossal—stupendous—in fact, terrific," he read. "Make that: it's colossal, stupendous—in fact, it's pretty good."

Somebody laughed. It wasn't your reporter. I had liked it better with the original tag, attributed to Goldwyn: "—in fact, it's almost mediocre!"

"I've got it, Maestro." Then Miss Brice wanted her script pasted on cardboard. Eleanor attended to that, at the same time peppering her visitor with questions and telling me that the Maestro had sat up all night with his friend, Phil Baker, helping Phil routine his show when he made his radio debut. According to her, it was Bernie who suggested "Beehive," the voice from the air.

Ben and Fannie were reading gags from the script which Ben writes himself, assisted by Harold Wyler. The script didn't seem very funny.

"Have you seen my last picture?" Bernie was reading.

"I forget."

"Do you realize?" Ben went on, "that Universal wanted me... Warner Brothers wanted me... Fox-Twentieth Century wanted me... M-G-M wanted me..."

"Yeah, read La Brice, 'they all wanted you—to stay with Paramount!'" A sudden light flashed—another flash—light Fanny said: "Every time one of those goes off it blinds me."

But a light had flashed in my mind at the same time. It harked back to one of Ben Bernie's stage appearances, long ago. For an encore Bernie pulled a letter out of his pocket which he apparently read to the audience.

"I'd like you to listen to this, folks," he'd say, "Dear Mr. Bernie—We are happy to inform you that once you have been recording for the Columbia Phonograph Co. our record sales have increased five hundred per cent. Signed: The Victor Recording Company."

It wasn't new then but it got a laugh. I'll venture this last variation still gets a laugh on the air. And there—if anywhere—seems to be the reason for Bernie's popularity. He gives them what they know. There's no scintillating wit or clever new gags that one has to think about. Any gag writer will admit that the best gags are the old gags. The Old Maestro apparently subscribes to the same principle. For innumerable years he did almost exactly the same band act in vaudeville, with hardly a line changed in his ostensibly ad-lib matter. He still uses many of the same lines in various forms. A few years back one of the slangs fads on Broadway was the addition of an "A." on the end of words. Mainstemmers would say: "She gave me that-a and that-a." Everybody was doing it—for a while—then, like all passing fads, it died down. But Bernie has retained some of this in his "most of the best," along with other catch phrases that the listening public has come to identify with him as his own, through repeated usage.

Casting back through the years Ben Bernie has been broadcasting, few lines emanating from him linger in the memory; hardly enough to rate him a 20 lb. per capita high light perhaps, was his radio plea during the height of the depression: "Come back, Prosperity—all is forgotten!" It was a good line, wherever it came from, but memory fails to produce many others.

Darted across the stage in the encore was a visitor ad mingled and telling me that the Maestro had sat up all night with his friend, Phil Baker, helping Phil routine his show when the stage band craze was just beginning. Henry Santry's was the only stage band in vaudeville combing comedy with music. Ben Bernie, after the dissolution
When Joe E. Brown, Hollywood comic, appeared in "The Show Off" on a recent Lux Radio Theatre program, it was generally agreed his performance was lots better than most of the other Hollywood guests who've been on the hour.

of the Bernie and Baker team, had been doing a single act, and observing the growing craze for stage bands he decided to go out with a band of his own.

Not being an orchestra musician, instead of organizing an outfit he took over a "set" band, intact. It was conducted by one Don Juile, who hired the band out to Bernie, including himself, though it was billed as Ben Bernie's orchestra. There were various difficulties which eventually resolved into an exit for Juile, while Bernie went on with the band.

In those days there was no Lombardo, Himber or Duchin glittering in the musical firmament. About that approximate period Vincent Lopez had a little six-piece band playing for Pat Rooney's vaudeville act; Rudy Vallee was learning to toot a sax and Paul Whiteman was setting the country on its collective ears with his outstanding music—by far and away the top band of them all. Paul Specht was runner up with comparatively few other big-time musical organizations.

Bernie's act wowed 'em. He had an excellent stage band—Jack Pettis was one of the stars to emerge from it—and audiences laughed at his razzing of the various boys in the outfit.

"This is Joe," Ben would say, "Joe is our arranger. He arranges the chairs. Say, Joe, those arrangements you made last night were terrible—the girls never did show up." Or: "This is Frank, our banjoist. Frank's a great traveler. He just got back from New Mexico... I suppose you noticed the cactus on his upper lip." Frank, of course, having a moustache.

Audiences were less sophisticated in those days, maybe. Or maybe not—they're still laughing at practically the

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Don't overlook the directions on the Linit package—recommending Linit for starching. Linit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.

A beauty bath like unbelievable magic!
same gags. What sold the gags, more than their intrinsic comedy, was Bernie's way of delivering them, an infinite number of times, with a smug air of assurance, a complacent suavity that convinced the audience that they must be funny.

There was none of the mangled English that Ben now affects. Other performers have used that, as one comedy device of many. Bernie kept it up—it dates back to his first broadcasts from the Roosevelt Hotel in 1922. It's hardly the outcropping of a distinctly personal style. It's more the suavity of a medicine-spieler.

Another reason for Bernie's reputation as a funny man is in those early broadcasts when most orchestras contented themselves with stilled, dignified announcements. But Bernie wasn't, basically, a musician or orchestra leader. He was a vaudeville performer and so was probably the first radio bandleader to adopt an informal, clowning style. With no list of high-priced comedians and comedy script writers cluttering the ether, his informality, suavely scrambled grammar and sponsor kidding were something new that caught public fancy. And apparently it still holds

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Coast fans have become particularly fond of Isabel Veci, stage and screen actress, now a member of the NBC acting staff in San Francisco.
Connie Boswell, heard each Wednesday evening as soloist with Ray Noble and his Refreshment Time Orchestra, is a native of New Orleans. She made her first appearance as a cellist.

its place among more brilliant wit today.

Ben was at the mike, now, rehearsing a comedy number called "Mamma Makes Me Practice." He talked it into the mike, and there were interludes where Mickey Garlock scraped a few discordant notes on his fiddle, like a kid practising.

Then Fanny Brice took the mike to sing "Rose of Washington Square," convulsing the boys with her dialect, while Bernie sat in the control room listening and combing sponsors out of his hair.

"The Maestro never times a broadcast," Eleanor confided. "He's the only leader on the air who doesn't. He judges the time instinctively and then, if there are a few seconds over or under, he makes it up with the medley he plays at the end."

Miss Brice had finished the number, and Ben's voice came booming out of the speaker over the stage.

"Terrific, terrific, terrific, Fanny," it said. "Now Mickey—take it over, from the top, so we can get the time on it."

Apart from his radio personality, Bernie is rather abstracted and not especially articulate. He gives the impression that he's hardly aware of you; as though he's not particularly interested, with his mind on something else, even while going through the motions of conversation.

One remarkable, made by Ben Bernie, will stand with this reporter as an all-time high for devastating comedy, however. It was delivered many, many years ago. Ben had just achieved success with his first band and had dropped into the rehearsal of a second band which was to do essentially the same act on another circuit, minus Ben, of course. He examined photographs of the musicians in conventional band poses. One young lad in the foreground attracted his attention. Ben pointed to the picture and spoke to the boy in question.

"Are those your feet?" he said, pointing them out. The boy admitted it, noting that they were pointing inwards.

"What'll you take for them?" said Bernie.

I ought to remember... I was the guy!

*The End*
It puts him in fine fettle to be questioned.

"What million-dollar contract?" he asks, pushing back his thinning black hair as though it had been a mane, to cover the round bald spot. "Oh, yes, I did sign a 10,000-week contract to appear before the mike for the next three years. I suppose, if anyone wants to put it that way, it really amounts to a million and a half. But that isn't all sugar, you know. These other boys and girls hanging around the studio here and making a noise once in a while, stand me back about $7,800 a week. And there are other financial headaches as well.

"And while we're on that, I'll confess that I have been a long time for a long that too many of us—I don't mean some of the other highly-paid orchestra and band leaders—who have been satisfied to make so much out of radio and put nothing back. I rolled back the screen into a four-furred front from that hid his boyishness under a cloud for a few minutes. At this point, the studio manager enters unexpectedly and gives the trombone, the piccolo player and one of the girls a call down for smoking. I see that sign? That means 'you—all of you'!"

A twinkle comes into Paul's dark eyes.

"'Hi, Bill!' he calls, giving him the prairie high sign, his big cigar smoking between his fingers. Jovial Paul Whitman can get along with a lot of people that way.

"With all these big contracts, unbelievable programs, radio sets developed in the 19th degree and an eager audience of one hundred million or more always listening in, we may make the common mistake of thinking that the future is all in the bag. True, we have a number of seasoned and trained bands, orchestras and leaders brought up with and in the radio tradition. Thus far we do not care too much on personalities; there is still a good deal of musical noise, misleadingly called jazz rhythm and music. But it's all a new field, a new medium, a new art, with a score of new professions to be developed from it. But where can a talented young composer or musician learn these new avenues? There is a great science and a greater art back of all of it. But the over-worked leaders in the field have no time to give it the proper consideration, thought and research. There is no school or training ground, no laboratory. As a result, even jazz composition, as young as it is, is beginning to die out and there has not been a work of orchestral stature in that good mood since Gershwin's 'Rhapsody in Blue.' We must look to the schools, for, to the most part, 'just grew,' like Topsy. Many of us without altogether knowing what it was all about. An army of younger generation are eager and promising. But where are they going to learn it? The field is full of wonderful music. I am thinking of the jazz music—the study of which offers the greatest field for the young composer or would-be conductor today. Never was a field more highly specialized."

"I made up my mind there were but two things that could give the problem its sound and proper foundation. I have taken steps to found a Museum of Jazz at Williams College. A repository for the music manuscripts of composition and arrangement of folk melodies and jazz music of modern America, together with the actual musical instruments, from the zim-zim to the electric guitar—all with a direct bearing on radio as a medium. Make Williams the great center for the study of our native jazz music, as great as Harvard is a medical center, for example. The only place—so far, at least—where American musicians can study true American folk music from the ground up. And all this works in with the Elfrida White- man Scholarship, which I already have established in memory of my mother, who once suggested it to me."

Only a comparatively few persons have a notion, and only one in a million amongst that few have rare gifts of taste and guts—the intelligence, the courage, the fight and the persistence—to carry an original idea through years and years, in the face of discouragement, disbelief, ridicule. Indeed Paul Whitman's idea has made radio history.

For Whitman is not merely The King of Jazz, but he also is its foster-father as well.

We never hear anything said about radio, as though it were a Bedtime Story. "Now, boys and girls of the radio, old Grandpap Whitman made his first radio appearance just fifteen years ago, come Washington's Birthday, 1936, which at that makes us the genuine parent of the broadcast. Yessir, mine was the first band to play 'The Star Spangled Banner' over the air. I had had my little eye on this 'loud-speaker stuff' for a long time. I was playing over at the Palace Royale on the Broadway way before the subject was brought up. There were no government-controlled airwaves in those days. WJZ was still unborn. My band and I put our instruments under our arms and took the tube over to Jersey where the Westinghouse Broadcasting plant was located. There were no over-crowded programs and no fixed hours with bells to choke you off. When we arrived at the studio a minister had just gone on the air with a speech about George Washington. We waited a half hour for him to stop. He simply wouldn't shut up and we couldn't exactly kill him, for he was honestly doing the best he could. They did the next best thing and killed the mike, and while he continued to talk over a dead microphone, we took it away and played the National Anthem and a couple of other pieces. On our way back to New York, we passed a loudspeaker and heard our minister still talking, with no idea that he had been muffled for twenty minutes."

"How much did I get for that broadcast? Exactly nothing, in dollars. But it showed me how I could put over my big idea. The Jazz Idea, I mean.
American music for American people—and others, if they would stand for it.

"We'll have to go back a few years in Whitman's history to get at the bottom of it all. You see, my musical education was begun with a great handicap and I hope I never get over it! From the time I began studying the violin at the age of six, until I was fired from an orchestra years later for being 'too good' for my job, all I knew was 'good music'—classical music, I mean. I got it at home three times a day at meals, because my father was Superintendent of the Musical Department of the Denver Public Schools. Besides, my mother was a trained choir singer of no mean reputation. Both of them knew the principles of music and tried to teach them to me. So, it was in my bones to such an extent they had me playing in a symphony orchestra at the age of eleven. First I played the violin and later the viola, but always good music. You betcha! From pretty early days I noticed one thing. Good music audiences were always made up of the same smug little circles of intellectuals. The man in the street, the great majority of the people in the homes and all the rest of the 'four million' were left out of this wonderful treat. We good music players did not speak their musical language; they did not understand ours. But for all my worry, there seemed to be nothing that could be done about it.

"I saw the light in about the last dark place that anyone would expect to find it—out on the Barbary Coast in San Francisco. I always had a band, from away back in school days and now I found myself the leader of an orchestra-band in Tait's Place on the Barbary Coast. We had to play to suit our audience in that place. It meant a task of musical arrangement or interpretation. In time, I caught their idea of rhythm. And from that moment I had the Big Idea. It was the beginning—as far as I am concerned, at least—of conscious jazz.

"I didn't get the whole idea right off. In fact my education in the development of jazz music took years. History, origins, evolution. We didn't invent jazz; we only

MEN avoid her. Girls refuse to bother with her.

"A careless, untidy person who is unpleasant to be with"—that's the way they think of the girl who carries the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

Too bad. For she misses so many good times. Her real friends would like to tell her what the trouble is, but after all, they feel, the girl of today should be alert to the danger of underarm odor in herself.

She should know that the underarms need special daily care. Soap and water alone are not enough.

And the modern girl knows the quick, easy way to give this care. Mum!

Half a minute, when you're dressing, is all you need to use Mum. Or use it after dressing, any time. For Mum is harmless to clothing.

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RADIO STARS

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You'd never guess who this horrible looking creature is unless we told you. It's your old friend, Nelson Eddy, as King Amonasro, in "Aida."

the most complicated pieces the Old Masters ever wrote, if you will, but translate it into their language. The American modern music language is jazz! It is practically the only one of the great Arts to which we have contributed importantly as a people.

"All ready for the Dance" called the assistant conductor from the stage.

In a flash we have that other Paul Whiteman. He goes jazz. He sails up to the stage with a syncopated step, snapping his fingers, his shoulders keeping time. "Bouncing B-hall, boys and girls!" cries Paul, executing a few steps as he seizes his light ivory baton and faces his orchestra for the opening bars.

The announcer stands before the mike. He ends his commercial with: "I give you—Paul Whiteman!"

"Great applause from the audience as Paul Whiteman steps up—" clowns Professor Paul aside to his family audience, who grin from ear to ear.

"And," continues the announcer, "Paul Whiteman's Band!"

The same spirit of fun and horseplay runs right through the dress rehearsal. Although working since morning, weary, perspiring, they swung into it and followed through without a flaw. Carefree, but never careless; happy, but not happily-go-lucky; rocking with the intoxicating rhythm, bubbling over with it; keeping time with their feet, their heads, their shoulders; rolling their eyes. Altogether themselves an echo, a replica, of the negro and his manner and rendering of rhythm.

Perhaps it was the sum of all these lesser known phenomena that led to his being crowned King of Jazz, coupled with that life-long background of good music, that alone could teach him perfect balance and give him the unique power of getting out of each instrument every bit of music that is in it.

The End

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This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special cultured ale yeast imported from Europe, the richest known source of Vitamin B. By a new process this yeast is concentrated 7 times — made 7 times more powerful. Then it is ironized with 5 kinds of strengthening iron.

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No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of enough Vitamin B and iron, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should put you on the road to recovery in just a few weeks. If you are not delighted with the results of this very first package, your money will be instantly refunded.

Special FREE OFFER!

To start you building on your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out and send on form and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed with very first package — or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 32, Atlanta, Ga.
RADIO STARS

Necessity Spells Success

(Continued from page 33)

the first sweet draught of success.
But the dancing feet soon found a hard path beneath them. On her own, on the road, married at seventeen to a boy in the company, Donna found herself stranded, broke, miserable. But even in her darkest moments, she was too proud to write to her parents. This was part of the game. She must fight—and win—her own battles. The impetuous marriage had not weathered the gales and Donna, hardly more than a child herself, was left with a baby boy to fend for.

Donna is a tiny thing, slim and dark, with enormous velvety brown eyes set wide apart in a small oval face. Her nose is straight, her lips softly curving—perfect features for movies or television! There is nothing in her youthful beauty to reveal the grit, the strength of purpose, that carried her through her harrowing experiences. And nothing in her unaffected charm, her vivacity and gaiety, to suggest that she ever had been unhappy...

Today, successful in her career, happily married, she finds life good indeed. She is a domestic little person, thoroughly enjoying the new home she runs herself. Two years ago, she was married to Eugene Kretzinger, who also is in radio. Gene and his brother Charlie are a harmony team and occasionally perform on the "Myrt and Marge" program. Donna and Gene live in a large and luxurious apartment on the near north side of Chicago. To them everything is fun. They have an unquenchable zest for living and a keen appreciation of their good fortune and delight in their family, which centers about Charles, Donna's little son, and includes three canaries and two cocker spaniels!

Donna was knitting on a sweater for Gene as she described her pets. Myrt watched the clicking needles admiringly. "I can't knit or tat or anything—thank goodness!" she laughed merrily. "And I have only one canary—Jimmie."

"The puppies," Donna went on dreamily, "are adorable—they are Lassies Taffy and Laddie, and the birds are Pete, and Tuffy and Taffy—named after Clarence Tifftngufer.

Myrt, who named them, has a decided talent for picking names. Clarence, of course, is one of the characters in the "Myrt and Marge" skit. There have been in the five years, five hundred characters in "Myrt and Marge," all told, but several have been on the program continuously. The story concerns a mother and daughter who are actresses, and the supporting characters are drawn largely from Myrt's life and experience on the stage—but, of course, a large amount of imagination.

"Mother has more imagination than anyone in the world," Donna murmured softly. "I think she could write grand novels."

And Myrtle confessed that in her mind were the plots of more than one story—if she could ever get time to write them down!

Myrt and Marge on a visit to the telephone exchange in San Francisco's Chinatown. The Oriental lassie is explaining to the famous radio team how the telephone business is conducted in both English and Chinese. It was all so fascinating they included the visit in one of their scripts.

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To pay for postage and handling send only 20c (silver or stamps) for 3 trial bottles. Only one set to each new customer. PAUL MIEGER, 219 Ever St., San Francisco, Calif.
For Myrt’s schedule is a very heavy one. Like Donna, she has to report for rehearsal at four o’clock. Then, the first show, for the east, is broadcast at six, and they have to be back in the studio at 9:30, for brief additional rehearsal before the western broadcast at ten. For Donna, the earlier part of the day is her own, to ride horseback with Gene or shop or play with her small son. But for Myrt, there is more work to do. For she has to write about three thousand words a day! At the beginning of the season, she has a complete synopsis of the forthcoming program and usually has sketches written for two weeks in advance, and to keep up to schedule, she writes one episode a day.

She handles her subject very cleverly, alternating between comedy and drama, balancing humor and pathos with a light, sure touch and building up her mystery, heightening the suspense deftly. The characters are well-drawn, the conversation natural. You feel that they are real people and that you know them intimately. Myrt and her husband, Francis Hayfield, Marge and her husband, Jack Arnold, Clarence Tiftingsuffer, Mr. Cornfelder—the latter two provide grand comedy, but before you are done laughing at them, you are worrying over what that arch-witlessness, Mrs. Lawrence, is going to do next!

The program offers a wide variety, frequently, since the leading characters are actresses, giving a show within a show. And when this is done, the entire show that Myrt and Marge are supposed to be appearing in is acted out in detail, Myrt writing both dialogue and incidental music for the ‘play within a play.’ This winter, Myrt and Marge are scheduled to appear in a movie, “Footlights,” and for this, a complete scenario will be written and acted out as if it were an actual movie. Myrt has written new lyrics for it, including a theme song.

A tremendous fan mail gives added testimony to the popularity of these two talented girls. It is a particularly personalized fan mail—perhaps it is in part the mother-daughter relationship which has touched the hearts of so many. Myrt and Donna are deeply grateful for the many lovely, often hand-made, gifts they receive in token of this warm appreciation and respond whole-heartedly to the sincerity and affection of those members of their unseen audience who take the trouble to put their feeling in words.

“Someone asked me what I did with my odd moments,” Myrt chuckled, “and I told them they were all odd! One episode to be written every day, two broadcasts a day, personal mail and the more personal fan mail, too, to be answered, material gathered and some data looked up for future episodes—that takes up six days of the week, and Sundays I try to catch up with a little sleep and listen to the radio!”

There was a time when she could play golf and ride and enjoy baseball and football in season, but she finds it hard to get to even an occasional game nowadays. She is an ardent fan, and her interest in football is heightened by the fact that George Junior, a freshman in Southern California, shows promise of being a football hero. Incidentally, George shows

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Copy this girl and send us your drawing—perhaps you’ll win a COMPLETE FEDERAL COURSE FREE! This contest is for amateurs, so if you like to draw do not hesitate to enter.

**Prizes for Five Best Drawings**—FIVE COMPLETE ART COURSES FREE, including drawing outfits. (Value of each course, $100.00.)

**FREE!** Each contestant whose drawing shows sufficient merit will receive a guiding and advice as to whether he or she has, in our estimation, artistic talent worth developing.

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**RULES**

1. Make drawing of girl five inches high, on paper 6½ inches square. Draw only the girl, not the lettering.
2. Use only pencil or pen.
3. No drawings will be returned.
4. Write your name, address, age and occupation on back of drawing.
5. All drawings must be received in Minneapolis by Feb. 26th, 1936. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Federal Schools Faculty.

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U.S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 3936 Brunswick Blvd., New York, N.Y.
promise of following in his father's footsteps, too. He has a fine voice and definitely intends to take up a career in the theatre, but for the present, his mother and sister have prevailed upon him to stay in school, and have been aided in this by his fondness for athletics.

"Mother is a marvelous cook," Donna interposed in her soft voice. "She would always find time for that."

But Myrt disclaimed that talent, too, and shrugged off the other artistic gift which revealed itself in the redecorating of her apartment last spring. Her flair for creative work is many-sided, but she is not introspective nor in the least egotistic. She simply takes it all as a matter of course, does it because it is what she likes to do, but you feel intuitively that whatever she does will be well done and that her many interests have developed the well-integrated and successful artist she is today.

Her mother lives with her in her attractive apartment—the Damerels have been divorced and he is living now in California. The menage is capably managed by Ella, who once was Myrt's maid in the theatre and the baby Donna's nurse. For some years, Myrt had lost track of Ella, but last year she turned up again, her face shining, her eyes pleading, her voice persuasive: "Miss Myrtle, honey, can I come back?"

It was near the end of the season and the beginning of the vacation which was to include personal appearances and wide traveling—something like 27,000 miles!—so Ella had to be put off, but this fall she took up her duties with zest and authority. It is all right with Myrt. She is content to give a few orders and know they will be efficiently carried out and others anticipated. In her heavy schedule, any lessening of responsibility helps.

But though Myrt may sigh over her crowded, busy life, I feel that, hard though it is, she loves it and prefers it so. But it does leave little enough time for leisure and relaxation and as work extended far into the summer this year and last, it is no wonder that in retrospect the 'vacation', successful as it was from many standpoints, seems unsatisfactory.

For at the end of their season on the air last May, they began at once a personal appearance tour. Their seventeen weeks of vaudeville began in the east, but it was on the west coast that they won the greatest honors, breaking all records in Los Angeles with enthusiastic audiences that totalled 110,000 people in one week. It was grand fun. Donna was dancing again and loving it, and singing, her nimble feet and sweet lyric soprano voice contributing to their triumph. Three scenes from "Myrt and Marge" programs were incorporated in the act and the rest was a regular musical comedy, similar to those Myrt wrote and played in other years. Vinton Haworth, who plays Jack Arnold, Marge's husband, on the "Myrt and Marge" program, was in the cast, and Ray Hedge, who plays Clarence Tiffin-tuffer, Gene Kretzinger toured with them and while they were in California, young George Damerel had a part in the show.

It was fun, but it was hard work, too, and they were glad of an occasional break. They had, for instance, been able to visit Washington and Mt. Vernon before going west, and, out there, made side trips to Mt. Rainier and Mirror Lake. But their only real vacation was the trip to Hawaii and it was limited to a five-day boat trip over, two weeks on the island, and a seven-day boat trip back.

They are enthusiastic over those heavenly-scented days on the romantic, exotic island and Myrt found there a wealth of

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**RADIO STARS**

Lud Gluskin, whose orchestra with Gertrude Niesen as soloist is heard Wednesday evenings on the Columbia network, demonstrates his latest instrument—the jaw-bone of a jackass. It's really one of the oldest known to mankind, but it struck sharply with the fist the loose teeth, carefully dried in place, are made to rattle to the rhythm of the rhumba. The instrument is frequently used by Cuban orchestras for the native dances.
new material for the winter program.

They visited Mauna Loa, were half-frightened but completely thrilled by the threatening crater, Kilauea. They were seated, bedecked with incredibly gorgeous flowers, fed with astonishing foods at a native banquet or "hula." Wherever they went, they were adored with leis and even now their eyes shine at the remembered beauty and fragrance of ginger and gardenia.

Donna has about sixteen hundred feet of movie film and some canned poi as mementoes of the trip, Myrt a fund of material for her scripts.

But the days sped by all too quickly and they were soon on their way back home, back to work. They stopped briefly in San Francisco, visiting the Chinese telephone exchange in Chinatown, then the little gigue and up. Donna and her husband drove home in their car and Myrt, following a different route, found time to visit the Grand Canyon and the Petrified Forest.

But it was back on the mainland, in the studio, at fact, that they got their biggest thrill! Myrt had wanted to include an eruption in one of her sketches, but decided against it, sacrificing drama to fact. There had been no eruptions for five or six years. Imagine then the excitement when, on the eve of one of their Hawaiian sketches, a few weeks after their return, the famed volcano on Mauna Loa erupted! You might Myrt lost no time in making the most of Nature's unlooked-for cooperation! In a wild flurry, the sketch was rewritten and an excited cast played up to the news, feeling as if they were indeed in the presence of that fearful and awe-inspiring spectacle.

Donna and Myrt both have plenty of energy with which to meet the demands of these busy days, but they still feel a lingering regret that, in the last two years, their vacations have been so short and I was not surprised when Myrt protested: "Next summer will be different!"

Donna, dreamy-eyed, nodded her dark head in agreement. "I'd like to go to South America with Gene," she confessed.

But Myrt's indefinite plans are for a lazier idyll, a complete relaxation and rest.

"What I'd like to do," she said softly, with a faraway look in her eyes, "is get on a freighter and go to the South Sea islands—I'd visit them all!" Her eyes twinkled, but there was an overtono of longing to the lightly spoken words: "I'd like to wear slacks and go barefooted and stop the boat in the middle of the ocean, if I feel like it, and go in swimming!"

"A pleasant dream," we hope it comes true, at least in part! And that next fall, we'll be hearing about the adventures of Myrt and Marge on the South Sea islands, so that we can share them vicariously! But now—a quick look at the clock, a dash to the studio! Dreaming is all very well over the tea-cups, but it is the present that concerns Myrt and her daughter the most. For these two believe that if you take care of today, tomorrow will take care of itself. So, with keen enjoyment and verse, Myrtle and Donna merge themselves in their respective roles of "Myrt and Marge" and another program is on the air.

Hard work? Yes, but as Donna says: "Oh, boy, what fun!"

\[\text{THE END}\]

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Sad and blue with "time on her hands" and nothing to do. Now she's in his arms and sees her dreams come true.

Perhaps you, too, find life passing you by. Why not discover for yourself the allure you can achieve through the fragrance of Blue Waltz Perfume, the satiny texture of Blue Waltz face Powder, the tempting colors of Blue Waltz Lipstick? The fragrance of Blue Waltz invites caresses, thrills . . . and lingers on in his heart.

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What a thrill! I got HOUSEHOLD'S wonderful book on money management and their series of pamphlets on buying things. Then we began to get somewhere. Every lick of my mouth was a pleasure.

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91
Radio Ramblings
(Continued from page 7)

Theatre in the Bronx. The year was 1912. The song was "Mother Machree," which still is one of his most frequently requested numbers.

DRAMATIC ON THE AIR

Helen Hayes, of "The New Penny" broadcasts, finds radio a warmer and more satisfying medium than the screen.

"I find it possible to make fuller use of the imagination in radio work than I could in the movies," she says. "And I believe imagination essential to good acting. While I'm broadcasting I forget the microphone and am not conscious of anything that might whisk me back to reality. In pictures I found the opposite true. The mechanics made me frighteningly self-conscious. I remember once being in a frightfully tense scene and suddenly thinking about my nose! The cameraman had told me that if I didn't tilt my head at a certain angle, the light would strike it in the wrong way, which would be disaster! "Radio doesn't do that. Once the program is on the air, there is no breaking of the mood—because the director cannot stop you, even if you are doing the wrong thing. And obviously an actor does his best job when he can remain in the spirit of the play."

Peeping into another cubicle in this magazine, we discover that Helen Hayes' weekly drama, "The New Penny," is gaining in popularity. Helen, herself, of course, is unfailingly popular in whatever medium she comes to us. We, ourselves, could listen with delight were she only reciting the alphabet—such is the magic of her voice and art.

Mark Warnow reports that he has posed close to 10,000 bars of music for the weekly Helen Hayes broadcasts. Only original melodies are employed as background and atmosphere during the "New Penny" programs.

ALL-AMERICAN BOOKWORM

This is Captain Tim Healy, whose fascinating spy and stamp stories have won him a national following. From early dawn till midnight, save for the periods of his broadcasts, or when he makes a personal appearance at some school, he is poring over his avalanche of mail, digesting the day's news, going over all kinds of data, and studying international affairs, in preparation for his programs.

WHY IS IT?

Movie idols seem to want the whole world to know when they step to the altar. Radio stars, however, seem to feel that marriage will hurt their professional careers . . . Jessica Dragonette still denies all marriage rumors . . . So does Deane Janis . . . And how about Lily Pons? . . .

Well, some of the boys point with pride to happy and romantic marriages. Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson met early in 1927, while she was leading lady in the popular musical comedy, "Tangerine," and were married July first of that year . . . Deems Taylor once was a lifeguard, and married the only girl he ever saved from drowning . . . Eddie Cantor and his wife, Ida, were childhood sweethearts . . . Oscar Shaw's marriage, like that of Burns and Allen, was the result of a backstage romance . . . Stuart Allen, Richard Himer's vocalist, met his future wife on the Albany boat . . . H. V. Kaltenborn met his on shipboard, crossing the Atlantic.
JUMBO FIRE CHIEF

Listeners to the broadcasts, it seems, are getting more of the original story than are those who view the colossal show in the New York Hippodrome, where the performance had to be cut to normal theatre-time limits. From the remaining material come more romantic dialog for Gloria Granton and Donald Novis, comedy character stuff for Jimmy Durante and circustage problems for Arthur Sinclair and W. J. McCarthy, in the roles of the rival showmen.

Some of the unusual musical effects you hear on these Tuesday broadcasts may be your having been able to identify the instruments—come from a combination of orchestra and electric organ.

FOOD FOR NO THOUGHT

Believe-It-Or-Not Bob Ripley eats rattlesnake meat and likes it! Paul White-
man eats and likes everything except rattlesnake meat and snails. He tried
snails once. Rattlesnake meat he refuses to try. Just prejudiced against it.

Did you know that Al Pearce, of Al
Pearce and His Gang, looks enough like Andy of "Amos 'n' Andy" to be his twin? We
doesn't! Before becoming a broad-
caster Al was lifeguard, salesman, cook,
banjo player and vaudeville pianist.

James Melton is one guy who is hard
to interview. Maybe he's shy. Gossips
report that he sleeps with his pillow over
his head, to shut out street noises.

Grace Moore, lovely hostess and soloist of
"Vick's Open House," started her climb
to fame by winning third prize in a sing-
ing contest at a country fair.

Gabriel Heatter, NBC's Week-End
News Review Commentator, philosophizes:
"The difference between success and fail-
ure in radio is a sponsor."

Lucy Monroe, young soprano star of
the "American Album of Familiar Music,"
ever drinks tea or coffee, but stows away
two quarts of milk every day.

Vera Van's great grandfather was a
general in the United States Army. One
of her hobbies is collecting toy dogs and
curious vases. Also she collects all sorts of
silver coins.

Don Wilson, affable announcer on the
Jack Benny program, has one of the finest
collections of Indian arrowheads in the
country. He's been collecting them for
twenty years.

Phil Baker, of the well-known Baker,
Bottle and Beetle firm, still has the first
accordion he ever owned. He bought it
on the installment plan—a dollar down
and a dollar when—earning the money by
selling can-openers and subscriptions to a
German newspaper.

Kate Smith is the recipient of a ten-
piece silver coffee set from her sponsors.
The reason: the A. & P. coffee sales have
reached an all-time high in the seventy-
some years' experience of the firm.

To loosen corns and callouses for quick, safe removal, use
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate Medicated Disks,
included in every box. In a short time your corns or callouses
will lift right out. This is the medically safe way. One minute
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relief will be yours! Pressure on the sensitive spot ends at once
and sore toes or blisters from new or tight shoes are prevented by these
soothing, healing, cushioning pads. Made in sizes for Corns, Cal-
looses, Bunions, and Soft Corns between the toes. Cost but a trifle.
Sold everywhere.

LARGEST SELLING FOOT REMEDY IN THE WORLD

IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF RADIO STARS

EVA LE GALLIENNE
INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS ACTRESS

Expresses her thoughts in astonishingly frank fashion on
RADIO'S SHORTCOMINGS

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60-second treatments bring quick relief
No needles... the heartbreak of a pimply skin!
Skin doctors know that tiny germs imbedded in
the pores cause most of these eruptions. And
now the antiseptic treatment they rec-
semble is yours to use at home!
Beauty Magic—Nac Prescription Cream con-
tains volatized sulphur... penetrates pore deep...
Cures pimples by killing the pimple germ.
This medicated cream ends "periodic pim-
plets" in 72 hours. Reduces large pores, normal-
izes oily skin, too. Nac Cream guaranteed to
bring relief.

Stubborn Cases—Apply Nac Cream at night
and Nac Prescription Face Powder during the
day. Nac Powder replaces regular make-
up powder. Odorless, clings for hours.

Purse size of Cream and Powder at Wool-
worth, Kress and Kress Stores... 20c.
Large sizes at drug and department stores.
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(Pronounced PAR-E-O-JEN)

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Surely reasoning and common sense recommend the form, the convenience, and the dependability of PAR-I-O-GEN Tablets, features which are often so difficult to adequately describe.

They are neatly packaged in tubes almost as small as the daintiest fountain pen, each tube containing twelve tablets, and may be conveniently carried in one's purse or hand-bag, for use while traveling or at home.

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SHORT LINES

Al Goodman, conductor of "Your Hit Parade" orchestra, has one of the loveliest laughs known . . . Graham McNamara received a fighting cock as a gift from an admirer . . . Little Mary Small wears her mother's favorite ring when she broad-
No other screen magazine gives you the reading entertainment offered by SCREEN ROMANCES Magazine. In the current issue 24 latest movie hits appear as complete novelizations and in lengthy review form. Get a copy of SCREEN ROMANCES for yourself today. You'll find the following hits included . . .

SHIRLEY TEMPLE in "CAPTAIN JANUARY" . . .

MARLENE DIETRICH and GARY COOPER co-starred in "DESIRE" . . .

JOHN BOLES and BARBARA STANWYCK in "A MESSAGE TO GARCIA" . . .

GEORGE ARLISS in "MISTER HOBBO" . . .

FRED ASTAIRE and GINGER ROGERS ON THE SET . . .

These are but a few of the many stories in the current issue of SCREEN ROMANCES. Look for Gary Cooper and Marlene Dietrich on the cover of the March

SCREEN Romances

The Love Story Magazine of the Screen
Now on Sale Everywhere

Gogo DeLys, young CBS songstress, is an expert when it comes to skating and skiing, the reason being that she was born in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, of French-Canadian parents. Hoped to be a lawyer.

casts . . . Richard Himber was born in Newark, New Jersey, in 1906, and earned his first salary ($6.00 a week) as wrapper in a department store . . . Rachel Carroll, "Manhattan Merry-Go-Round" songstress, cherishes a secret desire to study medicine . . . Carmela Ponselle, of "Broadway Varieties," plans her own dresses and makes many of her own hats . . . Kirsten Flagstad, NBC soprano, is married to Henry Johansen, wealthy Norwegian lumberman, who also manages her business affairs . . . Visitors to Major Bowes' country home ask about the unusual bronze figure of an angel in the center of the balcony railing. It was the gift of an ornamental worker, who received it from his native town in Germany for assistance given his church. It is called "The Angel of Peace," and had been a decoration in the church since it was built, in 1260 . . . Priscilla Lane, of Waring's, "Pennsylvanians," was born in Indiana, Iowa, on June 12th. Her childhood ambition was to be a cowgirl on a ranch . . . Loretta Lee was born in New Orleans twenty-one years ago. She has copper-colored hair, gray-green eyes and an ivory complexion. She confesses to a passion for new clothes . . .

SNAPSHOTS

Announcer Alois Havilla, 1935 diction medal winner, is married to the former Marion Munson, a descendant of John Howard, of Mayflower renown . . . Malcolm Claire, well known to listeners as "Spareribs," was christened Malcolm Williamson. He is a native of Wilsonville, Ala., so his Southern accent is authentic . . . Jack Fulton's nickname is "Steamboat." It continues from his boyhood when schoolmates so tagged him upon learning Robert Fulton, inventor of the steamboat, was his ancestor . . . Odette Myrtil, the Evening in Paris entertainer, is the wife of Stanley Logan, Warner Brothers' musical director . . . Kenny Baker, Jack Benny's tenor-stooge, is married to the sweetheart of his high school days.

THE END

You simply can't expect to have sparkling eyes, a clear youthful complexion and plenty of pep, unless you insist on regular elimination. Never wait a second day. Take a beauty laxative.

Olive Tablets gently and safely help nature carry off the waste and poisonous matter in one's system; keep you looking and feeling fine and fit. And they're non-habit-forming.

Keep a box of these time-tried beauty laxatives handy for the times when nature skips a day. Three sizes, 15¢-30¢-60¢. All druggists.

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SHAMPOO-RINSE washes hair 2 to 4 shades lighter

BLONDES, has your hair darkened to an unattractive, brownish shade? Don't let it stay that way. Do what millions of other natural light blondes do. Bring back to dull, faded hair the fascinating, alluring lights so natural to the true blonde. Now the new shampoo-rinse, BLONDEX, washes hair 2 to 4 shades lighter—IN JUST ONE SHAMPOO. And safely, too, for Blondex is not a harsh chemical or dye. Try Blondex today. And once again have hair that gleams with radiance and beauty. Get the new shampoo-rinse today. BLONDEX. At any good drug or department store.

Gogo DeLys, young CBS songstress, is an expert when it comes to skating and skiing, the reason being that she was born in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, of French-Canadian parents. Hoped to be a lawyer.
In this picture you see a hand holding a pad of cotton. The dirt on the pad was removed from the face of a woman who thought her face was clean. It was removed by Ambrosia, the pore-deep liquid cleanser that gets out clogging dirt left by ordinary cleansing methods.

Get Ambrosia today. Test it once by using it after your regular method of cleansing. See what dirt it removes from your skin. You feel Ambrosia tingle, you know it is cleaning as nothing has done before.

You can get a trial size at your 10¢ store. Large size, 75¢ at drug or department stores.

AMBRÓSIA
THE PORE-DEEP CLEANSER

listeners complain that you seem to be for him one Sunday and against him the next.”

"That is unfortunate," the radio priest replied. "But it cannot be helped. Strictly speaking, I am neither 'for' him nor 'against' him. I am, rather, 'for' certain principles and 'against' other principles. To the extent that President Roosevelt is making effective the 16 points of the National Union for Social Justice, I am for him. To the extent that he has rejected these principles, I am against him."

"Why?" I inquired, "have you recently become so bitterly critical of the New Deal?"

"Because it has failed to drive the money-changers from the temple and because I am in favor of government by law, not government by men. Government by men is leading us inevitably in the direction of dictatorship—not necessarily a Roosevelt dictatorship but a negation, eventually, of representative government."

"Well, what kind of president do you think we should elect in order to avert this danger?" I asked.

Father Coughlin did not reply for a moment. He took a couple of turns back and forth across the rug in his study. His melancholy Great Dane shuffled into the room. Absent-mindedly Father Coughlin scratched the huge dog's head.

"I could answer that question," he said, finally, "but I won't. It's not important. "You see, the important thing is not the character of the president but the character of the congress. Economically, we are suffering from corruption and collapse of the system known as capitalism. Politically, we are suffering from degeneration of the legislative branch of our government. These two things, occurring simultaneously, are throwing the powers of government into the hands of the executive and pushing us closer to the point where the president shall be law-maker, law-interpreter and law-administrator."

"Already we have seen a spectacle unparalleled in our history. We have seen the congress delegate its law-making power to the president, who made, interpreted and executed regulations having the force of law—and was only checked by the intervention of the Supreme Court. I refer, of course, to the NRA. In the long view, the decision that killed the NRA was entirely to the nation's good, because it was a dam thrown across the current carrying us toward fascism."

"You know," he continued, "people are apt to think that our government is a recently made thing—of the present day only. Nothing could be more specious. Nobody made our form of government. It grew! Let's go back and look at the first sprouts of it and see if we can't get a better grasp of this dictatorship issue."

So we went back—clear back to the Magna Carta. This, as everyone knows, was a document signed by the King of...

Portland Hoffa, past mistress of heckling, attempts a bit of song, but master of ceremonies Fred Allen, decides the time is right for a bit of muffling. Or maybe Fred's just trying to even up the heckling score, up to this point decidedly in Portland's (Mrs. Fred) favor.
England under pressure from his barons, binding him to refrain from certain acts of oppression. It is important because it marked the first time in modern history that the sovereign power of the king to do as he pleased was limited by covenant with his subjects. It was the beginning of the process which turned the absolute monarch of old into the strictly limited executive of modern democracies. We traced the development of limitations on the power of the crown and noted how the English people gradually enforced their feeling that the power of sovereignty resided in parliament and that the king could not make laws without the consent of parliament. From this it was but a step to the American concept that sovereignty resides in neither king nor Parliament but in the people, who delegate it to the parliament, composed of their elected representatives.

"So you see," Father Coughlin pointed out, "the real main stem of our government organism is not the president but the congress. The president is secondary. Any kind of president who is honest and efficient will make a good president if congress is composed of wise and honest men.

"Now here is what has happened in this country: the electorate of representatives to congress has fallen into the hands of the professional politicians. Congressmen no longer are chosen, in the true sense, by the people. They are chosen by party caucuses, little groups of politicians, intent only upon preserving their unbroken spoils, or rewarding faithful, though incompetent, party workers. These caucuses place the candidates before the people and the public at the polls has its choice between tweedledum and tweedledee—and the best type of citizen seldom has a chance to get his name on the ballot.

"Then when these congressmen arrive in Washington, they are assailed on every side by the trained agents of special interests. The congressmen, intent only upon preserving their own political careers and their party's patronage, fall easy prey to the temptations of lobbyists. They cease to represent the people.

"Understand, I do not mean to say that all congressmen are venal. But the public reasons that way. Its logic runs like this: 'John Doe is a congressman; John Doe is a fool and a scoundrel; therefore, congressmen are fools and scoundrels.'

"The result of this has been a wave of disgust with the character of the national parliament. Everyone knows how the congressman has been lampooned and ridiculed until the distinguished title itself has come to bear a taint of contempt. When to this disgust was added the imperative necessity of action against an economic crisis, the people definitely turned away from representative government. The electorate, forgetting the centuries of effort, the rivers of blood that have been expended to..."
establish government by elected delegates, sought a superman.

"It was this unspoken popular demand for a vigorous executive to take command of a despised and distrusted legislature that Franklin D. Roosevelt headed when he pushed through the so-called emergency legislation with its unprecedented presidential powers. America wanted action and it wanted action immediately. It lost sight of the implications contained in its method of getting action.

"Such a course was only human under the stress of capitalism's failure; men would rather have freedom with poverty than slavery with wealth. But when real hunger enters and homes are cold and babies are starving, the picture changes: Men would rather eat under a dictator than starve under a parliament."

"Well," I suggested, "then maybe the swing toward dictatorship was good?"

"That's the difficult part of it," Father Coughlin replied. "In a certain, practical, temporary sense, it was. It gave the coup de grace to the corrupt old deal, and it averted revolution, which was more imminent in the winter of 1931-32 than it was generally realized. For better or for worse, a strong hand had grasped the tiller once more and there was a commander on the bridge. People who might have starved under Hoover, were fed under Roosevelt. But in the long view it was a perilous course. The trouble with the superman theory is that no such man exists. No nation of this size, with so complex a civilization as ours, can be governed by one man, however wise and tireless. Inevitably, the superman is forced to delegate his work to lesser supermen, and the result is bureaucracy, which is inimical to liberty."

I said: "Then, actually, Father, the remedy for the nation's political trouble lies in electing better legislatora. But how are you going to accomplish that?"

"Well," Father Coughlin said, "let's look backward again. The theory of democratic government presumes that the people shall have means and opportunity for free exchange of ideas and opinions. In the old Greek democracies the entire body politic met and discussed its problems in one assembly. Something like this must exist in every democracy. The first move of a dictator is to forbid the free expression of opinion and the free interchange of political information. You cannot have a democracy unless the people can get together and talk things over.

"The founders of the United States understood this very well and they wrote into the constitution strong guarantees of free speech and free press. But speech was a very limited thing in those days. The voter in Massachusetts could seldom speak with the voter in Pennsylvania. The effectiveness of free speech, as a guarantee of freedom, was virtually limited to the local units of the government. Consequently, the press became the chief forum of public opinion. Its editors carried tremendous weight with the populace and its news columns were dedicated almost exclusively to information concerning political and governmental developments.

"This condition continued until near the end of the last century. Then gradually the character of the press changed. It became big business, interested mainly in dividends and deriving its revenue from sale of advertising space. Once forums of public opinion, the newspapers became organs of information and entertainment. The influence of the editorial writer gave way to the necessities of the business office. Today the press is "free" only to a certain extent. Too often the only opinions permitted in its columns are the opinions of the newspaper owners and in many instances any information seriously damag-
George T. Delacorte, Jr., publisher of Radio Stars, presenting the magazine's award for Distinguished Service to Radio to Conductor Gus Haensch, Lucy Monroe, Frank Munn, Producer E. F. Hummert and Announcer Howard Claney, all of the American Album of Famous Music program.

ing to these opinions is either distorted, or printed inconspicuously or not at all.

"But while the power of the free press was diminishing, the power of free speech was suddenly amplifed a million-fold by the invention of radio. The advent of broadcasting made it possible for the leaders of political thought to speak to the entire nation, as intimately and personally as I am speaking to you now. The country became, as it were, a vast town-meeting, at which any group might state its case in the hearing of all who were interested enough to turn a dial and listen.

"In the radio lies our hope. The radio is truly free. My own addresses, in which I have assailed evil wherever I found it, constitute proof that radio is uncensored.

"To bring the thing down to practicality, consider the National Union for Social Justice. This is an articulate, non-partisan group, committed to the 16 principles which I have repeatedly laid down in my radio lectures. The contributions of the group pay for the use of the radio. Communicating on the air, this union will act as a lobby in the interests of the people.

"We are going to compile the record of every representative and every senator in Congress. We are going to broadcast this information to every corner of the land, giving the people information on which they can act to separate the sheep from the goats, the machine politicians and incompetents of both parties from the honest public servants of both parties. We are going to try to raise the standard of congress before it is absorbed by the White House. And, meanwhile, if any group disagrees with us, it is at liberty to take to the air and state its case with the same freedom of speech I have enjoyed.

"Assuming that both were free of de-

liberate censorship, how is the radio superior to the press as a forum of public opinion?" I asked.

"When I buy radio time I am in a different position than when I am the subject of a news account in the press. I may use the time I have purchased for any purpose I choose, within limits of decency and reason. The radio owner has no control over my thought. When one of my lectures is reported in the press the newspapers seldom, if ever, print the entire body of my speech. They print their interpretation of what I said, bolstered by selected quotations from my address. Over it all they print a label in large type, representing some headline writer's conception of what I meant. This headline usually determines the reader's reaction. The newspaper may so arrange its headline and its report of my words as to change the whole meaning of what I said, while adhering to the facts."

"What assurance have you," I asked, "that the radio will remain free? Both radio and press live by selling advertising facilities. You charge that the press is dominated by its nature as an advertising medium, What guarantee have you that radio will not be likewise ruled?"

There was an anxious look in Father Coughlin's eyes. Finally he said:

"I have no guarantee of that whatever. I have only my faith in the wisdom of the men who control radio and my knowledge that thus far I have been permitted to speak my mind without censorship."

"I can say this, however, that I sincerely believe the radio will remain free and that I sincerely believe that, if its freedom is impaired, you eventually will see a dictator in the White House."

The End
sleep and tear stockings.

Virginia Verrill: "My mother, Aimee McLean, was a radio singer... also appeared on the stage.

Lucy Monroe: "My mother was Anna Laughlin, who made her début on the stage at the age of eight. She was a star in the 'Wizard of Oz' at sixteen. This play ran two years in New York. My mother is appearing on the Hammerstein stage as an 'old timer,' though we look like sisters.

Ted Hammerstein: "My grandfather was Oscar Hammerstein; my uncle is Arthur Hammerstein, the theatrical producer; my cousins are Oscar Hammerstein the second, composer and author, and Elaine Hammerstein, former motion picture star.

Deems Taylor: "When my daughter, Joan, is eighteen you won't be asking that question.

Odette Myrtil: "My whole family were musicians.

Andre Kostelanetz: "I have an uncle who is one of the foremost bridge builders in Russia.

Marian Jordan: "Yes, my husband does a swell 'Elber McGee.'

Leo Reisman: "You are taking a lot for granted when you say elsewhere.

Parkyakarkus: "Yess—nobody can spend money like my family!"

Do You Ever Feel Like Giving Up Your Career?

Elzie Hilts: "Oh, yes—every time I see a new baby.

Parkyakarkus: "What career?"

Leo Reisman: "No. To me the life-line is the work-line and my career is my work-line.

Marian Jordan: "At times I do.

Ray Nobel: "No!"

Ed McConnell: "There have been times when I would have liked to do it, but the longer I am in radio the less such impulses come upon me.

Edgar Guest: "No—I hope to work to the last.

Oscar Shaw: "I feel that I have a good many years ahead of me to accomplish much more than I already have.

Odette Myrtil: "Not yet.

Deems Taylor: "Every Tuesday at 12:30 P. M. (end of dress rehearsal, Swift Studio Party) and every Thursday at 5:30 P. M. (ditto, Squibb-Peaceways Program).

Richard Himber: "Yes.

Ted Hammerstein: "No... I enjoy it too much.

Lucy Monroe: "Yes... there have been so many setbacks and disappointments.

Virginia Verrill: "No, no, a thousand times NO!"

Eddie Cantor: "Only after a bad performance—which isn't very often—ahem!"

Claude Hopkins: "No... I'm too much in love with my work.

George Olsen: "Every night, just as its time to go to work.

Harriet Hilliard: "Ten times a day.

Bernice Claire: "I'm sure every artist at times wishes for some other line of work, but take them out of harness for any length of time and they feel quite miserable—at least I do.

Grace Moore: "Every day.

Donna Damrel (Marge of Myrtil and Marge): "No, I feel I have so much to learn.

Don Ameche: "Just new in the field, so I've never thought of it.

Charles Carlyle: "Never.

Conrad Thibault: "Indeed not. It is always a source of pleasure, even though it makes such great demands on time and preparation.

Launy Ross: "Not as yet, because I feel that I'm only at the beginning of it.

Mark Harmon: "No... it never has bored me.

Nelia Goodelle: "Very often—after some discouragement or other.

Frank Parker: "On many occasions.

Art Linkletter: "I think radio is the most interesting of all vocations.

David Ross: "Only when I feel tired and disheartened.

Patti Chapin: "My feelings never really have amounted to that—I like my work too much.

Kate Smith: "Once in a while I have a hankering for a small farm in some isolated country spot, but I imagine that if I did get away from my work, I'd be lost without it, not to mention the many contacts with people all over the country.

Deane Janis: "Not exactly, but I have a certain goal in view and if it isn't reached within the next five years, I shall give up the ship and settle down to domesticity.

Ray Perkins: "The contrary, I live in fear that I may have to.

Margaret Speaks: "No. It is too much a part of my life.

Nick Datsun: "Very frequently.

Gabriel Heather: "Yes—after each broadcast—they seem to fall so far short of what I would like them to be. But a man must eat—and there is the hope that springs eternal.

John Borelay: "My 'commercial career'—yes—but never the art of the stage and song.

Pick Malone: "What career?" (Did Pick and Parkyakarkus get together on this?)

Pat Padgett: "Who doesn't?"

Helen Jepson: "Never... be my work ever so hard!"

What Is Your Idea of the Ideal Announcer?

Ted Husing: "The informative, non-self-conscious, breezy, intimate and wholly unsassumingly bad—a type such as Milton Cross was when I worked with him in 1925-27.


Harry von Zell: "One who can sound perfectly natural at all times, regardless of the variety of his assignments."
F O L L O W  T H E  S T A R S !

Let them guide you to happiness and success during the coming year.

Famous astrologers have combined in the new magazine, YOUR DAILY HOROSCOPE, to reveal to each of you the effect of the planets upon your birth sign for the month of March, in general and day-by-day.

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Begin a new life today! Learn what March holds for you, and what this very day holds, by getting the March issue of

Your Daily HOROSCOPE

Freddy Rich: "There ain't no such animal. I feel that certain announcers have delivery and interpretations for certain moods and should be kept in line with those mood.

Andy Samuels: "An announcer has to conform with the atmosphere of the program he happens to be handling or the wishes of the sponsor, and if he comes up to this I should think he would be pretty ideal."

Parks Johnson: "I prefer the announcer who is able to blend his own personality perfectly into the particular program he may be handling. Instead of effacing himself by doing this, he becomes the more highly regarded by his listeners."

Kate Smith: "One who speaks naturally and in a friendly tone. I suppose I prefer this type because it fits in best with my show."

Ed McConnell: "One who thoroughly knows and understands his subject matter and is able to inject a human friendliness while excluding personal mannerisms."

Benay Venuta: "Paul Douglas—who can ad-lib and be amusing at the same time and who has the personal touch. Ted Husting is next. Informality is my idea of an outstanding voice."

Glen Gray: "Naturally a clear voice, perfectly deep. Exceptional diction. Outstanding personality and the ability to use it by ad libbing in a pinch. Regular fellow."

Dale Carnegie: "Alois Havilla—or somebody else with a nice personality—not necessarily perfect diction or delivery."

Julia Sanderson: "I like to be aware of personality in an announcer as well as in an actor."

Nils T. Granlund: "Never heard of one."

Igor Gorin: "Ken Niles and Jimmy Walfington."

Bing Crosby: "Good understandable voice and quick on answers."

Ray Perkins: "Natural American diction, no pompous conceits, a versatile voice that can be serious or facetious, broad education that implies culture without stuff shirt."

Paul Pearson: "Moderate in delivery, moderate in inflection."

Jose Munozares: "For diction and quality of voice I admire Graham McNamee, who is to me the ideal announcer."

Jimmy Durante: "Anyone whose diction and pronunciation is superb."

Helen Jessop: "A really sincere-sounding person."

Conrad Thibault: "Very hard to answer—but it seems good diction and enunciation plus sincerity of delivery covers a multitude of sins."

Helen Marshall: "Someone who forgets his elocution lessons..."

Levi Hayton: "Someone who carries sincerity in his voice without having to force his voice to convince people that he is sincere."

Bernice Claire: "In the first place, one whose voice is of a pleasant quality—male of course—never yet have I really enjoyed a woman announcer. The second essential is, in my estimation, a sense of timing, and just a touch of the dramatic helps even the humble tooth-paste announcement."

Phil Ducey: "I think announcers should
Brush Away
GRAY HAIR
AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER

Now, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Prove it—by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair. Used and approved—for over twenty-four years by thousands of women. BROWNATONE is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. Imports rich, beautiful color with smoothing speed. Just brush or comb it in. Shades: 'Blonde to Medium Brown' and 'Dark Brown' 'Black' cover every need. BROWNATONE—only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee, or—

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Please send me Test Bottle of BROWNATONE and interesting booklet. Embolden a 1c stamp to cover partly, cost of packing and mailing.
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Guaranteed Relief or No Pay. Stop the following—stuffed-up nose—bad breath—sinus irritation—phlegm-filled throat. Send Post Card or letter for New Treatment Chart and Money-Back Offer. 40,000 Druggists sell Hall's Catarrh Medicine.

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MIFFLIN Antiseptic MOUTH WASH
Large SIZE 20c
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AT LEADING 5c and 10c CHAIN STORES

RADIO STARS

fit the program and product for which they announce. Take for example Al Boch; I don’t like to hear him except on symphonic and dignified programs.

Josephine Gibson: "I do not like announcers who try to be facetious. Sincerity is the main thing."

Virginia Verrill: David Ross. He is not over dramatic, his voice is divine and I have seen him in emergency cases meet the situation with a calm: There are very few mountain tunes that I like to hear on a dance band.

Benoy Venta: "I guess it’s here to stay—but it’ll never take the place of opera."

Ed McCallum: "I like the rollicksome lift and tempo and the informality...though I find it hard to stomach the lack of harmony."

Frank Crumit: "I’m very much in flavor of it."

Ezra Kupke: "It is not music."

Parks Johnson: "I do not enjoy break-fest in my tuxedo, nor dinner in my pajamas, but I do enjoy hill-billy music...in the hills!"

Andy Smelletta: "Yes!"

Fred Rich: "I despise it."

Harry von Zell: "It is well done and authentic, I like it very much. I hasten to add, however, that I distinctly dislike lots of junk that comes to us these days under the misused heading of 'hill-billy';"

Richard Humber: "I can take it or leave it alone."

Ted Husing: "Drives me nuts."

Has the Old Adage "The Show Must Go On" Ever Directly Affected You?

Nick Dawson: "Several times—one when I dislocated both shoulders, about an hour before air-time—because of a severe cold—and once when a swinging mike knocked me cold some two minutes before my broadcast."

David Ross: "The only time I was confronted with the show-must-go-on situation was when I dragged myself out of bed, with a high fever, to do a broadcast. While at times the psychology of 'carry-on' may be laughable, there are instances when it is recorded and extremely touching and human."

Bob Crosby: "I forced myself to participate in a Roger-Gallet program six days after an attack of pneumonia."

Decus Taylor: "Yes. Stokowski called up half an hour ago and invited me to the Philadelphia Orchestra concert tomorrow night, and that's a night I have to go on the air."

Ray Block: "My father died on a Saturday morning...I had to do a Krueger broadcast Saturday night."

Josephine Gibson: (Hostess Counsel): "We discovered, after we thought we were on the air for a chain broadcast, that..."
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the mike we were using was not con-
ected, I had to rush to another—a stand-
ing microphone—and continued the broad-
cast, trembling so hard that I was forced to
hold on to a piano to keep aloft. May
not sound bad, but it was awful.

Phil Enyan: "Yes. I often have been
quite ill with colds, coughs, and even fe-
vers. I have lost very dear ones and it
thought necessary to continue my pro-
gram."

Bernice Claire: "I have worked many
times when I have been too ill to hold up
my head, but somehow one always man-
gages to carry on."

Andre Kostelanetz: "No."

Louie Hayton: "Yes. When one of my
best friends, Eddie Lang, who played
guitar in my orchestra, passed on. None
of the boys felt like working, but we went
on just the same."

Helen Marshall: "Once in the presenta-
tion of a new opera the prima donna was
taken ill just a few days before the open-
ing. I was rushed into the part and was
prepared to go on—but our prima donna
recovered sufficiently to do the part."

Conrad Thibault: "No, sorry!"

Helen Jepson: "Many times... but
never under circumstances worth writing
home about."

Jiminy Durante: "It was a severe blow
to bury my only brother on a Saturday and
then try to be funny the following day on Chase and Sanborn."

Jose Manzanares: "Many a time. On
one occasion I had been forbidden by my
doctor to leave my bed. I was sick as a
dog, with the flu and a high temperature.
In order not to disappoint my audience I
sneaked out to the station (in San Fran-
cisco) and put on my program."

Robert L. Riley: "Has only affected my
sponsor."

Glen Gray: "Often; particularly when
we're on the road barn-storming. Illness
is the usual handicap, but there have been
many others which we've had to overcome
to play a dance or broadcast."

Benny Venuta: "Many times I have had
such bad colds I couldn't talk—but the
minute I got on the air I seemed to be
able to sing."

Kate Smith: "When I went on tour with
my 'Strange Revue' I became ill from
overwork. I did take a couple of days off,
but because I realized that sixty people
depended on me for their livelihood, I
got out of my sickbed in a hurry."

Parks Johnson: "In no serious way. At
one time, with the thermometer nearing
the zero mark out on the sidewalk where
our Vox Pop interviews were taking place,
the problem of finding a sufficient
number to interview bothered us for a few
minutes. However, presenting each person
interviewed with a dollar bill brought
nearby listeners on a run to the broadcast.
The show went on."

Andy Sannella: "In October, 1928, right
after my oldest brother had passed away,
I had to leave home to appear at a
broadcast of the Smith Brothers pro-
gram."

Freddie Rich: "Yes. The show went on
despite the fact that my father had just
died, and, at another time, when my moth-
er had died."

Ted Husing: "Thank heavens, no!"

THE END

OLD KING COLE
IS A MERRY OLD SOUL
NOW THAT HE EATS ROAST BEEF . . .
HE HAS HIS TUMS
IF HEARTBURN COMES . . .
THEY GIVE HIM QUICK RELIEF!

LEARN HOW TO EAT FAVORITE FOODS

Without Heartburn . . . Gas . . . Sour Stomach

MAKE the test that has switched millions to
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some other cause has brought on acid indi-
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burn. See how food "taboos" vanish. You are
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indigestion. Instead a wonderful antacid that
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Nancy E.'s story could have been yours! Left with two little
children to support...not much money to depend on...unable to leave
the home for steady work...preferred to work in the shop or office—even
if the work should turn out to be getting a job! Yet, today Mrs. Rose
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Hendrik's

and

JIMMY

in

American
citizen

with

of

night

Harold

and

SHOEOOT

ONE DROP STOPS PAIN INSTANTLY

If you want to keep your feet free from aching corns just get a bottle of FREEZONE from any druggist. Put a drop or two on the corn. Pain stops instantly, and for good! Then before you know it the corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers, easily and painlessly. Pertussin's millions use to get rid of hard and soft corns and callouses. Works like a charm! Try it.

MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR (NBC). Human interest on parade.

JUMBO (NBC). Jimmy Durante, Gloria Grafton, Donald News and a wobbly script.

CITIES SERVICE CONCERT WITH JESSICA DRAGOTTO (NBC). Rosario Bourdon's orchestra, featured. Jessica as marvelous as ever.

SHUT-INTHOUR—U.S. MARINE BAND (NBC). Marches and some

in

leslie HOWARD DRAMATIC SKETCHES (CBS).

Considerably more interesting since the serial

STOPPED

gradually begins.

NATIONAL BARN DANCE (NBC).

WARDEN LAWES (NBC). True life stories of criminals in Sing Sing with the Warden as himself.

GRACE MOORE (NBC). Culture and beauty of voice.

PHIL BAKER WITH BEETLE, BOTTLE AND HAL KEMP'S ORCHESTRA (CBS). Phil glorifies the stove idea.

YOU SHALL HAVE MUSIC WITH JACK HYLTON (NBC). Music with the Continental swing.

THE SINGING LADY (NBC). Pleasure in song and story.

ATLANTIC FAMILY (CBS). Frank Parker, Guests. Always lively.

LAVENDER AND OLD LACE WITH FRANK MUNN (CBS). The golden voice of radio with Lucy Monroe and Fritz Siegel.

WALTZ TIME—FRANK MUNN, LUCY MONROE AND ELMER MIYAM'S ORCHESTRA (NBC). Waltz time is heart time.

RUBINOFF AND HIS VIOLIN (NBC). Extraordinary arrangements which need the skill and vigor of Rubinoff.

HELEN HAYES (NBC). Too bad her script hasn't a wider appeal.

VOICE OF FIRESTONE WITH WILLIAM DALLY'S ORCHESTRA. MARGARET SPEARS AND MIXED CHORUS (NBC). Nelson Eddy and Richard Crooks, occasional guests. Miss Spears' voice being one of the most remarkable in radio.

HAMMERSTEIN'S MUSIC HALL (NBC). Variety show.

JIMMY FIDLER (NBC). Hollywood gypsy to a Winchell.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA (NBC). The selections always are well made.

AMOS N' ANDY (NBC). Perennially popular.

BEN BERNIE'S ORCHESTRA (NBC). Ben's having a guest with each broadcast now. His delivery is spectacular.


SALT LAKE CITY TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN (CBS). Soul tones.


THE FLYING RED HORSE TAVERN (CBS), Elmo Lincoln. Some approximations are broad and are much better at air entertainment than the sounds of her various tabs.

CAMEL BAKERS WITH WALTER O'KEEFE, DEANE JANIS AND GLEN GRAY'S CASA LOMA ORCHESTRA (CBS). Walter's brand of humor is gay and sophisticated and is sometimes misunderstood or missed completely in the farmlands.

MAXWELL HOUSE SHOWBOAT (NBC). Captain Lanny Ross keeps the boat from going aground.

AL PEARCE AND HIS GANG (NBC). Ganging up on gloom.

LIFE SAVERS' RENDEZVOUS (NBC). Phil Deary is the life saver.

FRANK CRUMIT AND JULIA SANDERSON (CBS). Chummy sort of songs and stories.

EVENING IN PARIS WITH THE PICKENS SISTERS (CBS). Harmony is the keynote.

MUSICAL FOOTNOTES WITH VIVIAN DELLA CHIESA, FRANK IHMOF AND RALPH GINSBURGH'S ENSEMBLE (CBS). Pric's voice comes from her heart.

LOIS LONG'S WOMAN'S PAGE (CBS). Just what the girls have been waiting for.

LOWELL THOMAS (NBC). Soberly singing Lowell giving the doings of the wide world.

ROSES AND DRUMS (NBC). Civil War days.

LUM AND ABNER (NBC). General Store topics.

LUD GLUSKIN PRESENTS (CBS). Gertrude Niesen does the vocals.

BOB CROSBY AND HIS ORCHESTRA (NBC). It runs in the family.

JOHNNY AUGUSTINE AND HIS MUSIC WITH PATTI CHAPIN (CBS). You must hear Patti's way of putting over a number.

DALE CARNEGIE IN LITTLE KNOWN FACTS ABOUT WELL KNOWN PEOPLE (CBS). Just a sort of an informal "Believe-It-Or-Not" series.

MAJOR BOWES' CAPITOL FAMILY (NBC). Bring on the amateurs!

PHILIP MORRIS PROGRAM (NBC). A little less of Johnny would be appreciated.

LADY ESTHER PROGRAM WITH WAYNE KING AND ORCHESTRA (CBS) (NBC). Is there anything more nothing?

FREDIE RICH'S PENTHOUSE PROGRAM (CBS). Gayety and guests.


LIFE IS A SONG (NBC). Countess Olga Alba with Charles Previn's music. Regally in song.

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON (NBC). The ins and outs of history.

KATE SMITH'S COFFEE TIME WITH JACK MILLER'S ORCHESTRA (CBS). Everyone's switching from tea, milk and cocoa.

CLIQUE ROT CLUB ESKIMOS (NBC). Harry Reser and his band. Sparkling dance music.

THORNTON FISHER SPORTS REVIEW (NBC). Rapid-fire Thornton and luminaries of the sports world.

ONE NIGHT STANDS WITH PICK AND PAT (CBS). It's to laugh.

HARV AND ESTHER (CBS). Yours for good cheer and a good cigar.

TOM POWERS (NBC). One man show.

SINCLAIR GREATER MINSTRELS (NBC). There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight staff.

THE BAKERS' BROADCAST WITH ROBERT L. RIPLEY, OZZIE NELSON AND HIS ORCHESTRA (NBC). Bob Ripley and his amazing facts, especially those dramatized, are especially recommended.

HOSTESS COUNSEL (CBS). Housewives, attention...
BOBBY BENSON AND SUNNY JIM (CBS).
Young and old alike go for this feature.

KALTENBORN EDITS THE NEWS (CBS).
You'll find it's a quite an amazing world you live in.

NATIONAL AMATEUR NIGHT WITH RAY PERKINS (CBS).
Kathleen Ray, supported by Arnold Johnson's band and the trusty amateurs.

PENTHOUSE SERENADE—DON MARIO (NBC).
Including Jack Fulton.

CAMPANA'S FIRST NIGHTER WITH JUNE MEREDITH AND DON AMECHE (NBC).
Original radio drama, capably performed.

EDGAR GUEST IN WELCOME VALLEY (NBC).
Social Edgar Guest's philosophy always in evidence.

JERGENS PROGRAM WITH WALTER WINCHELL (NBC).
The news before you can say Jack Robinson.

MELODIANA WITH ABE LYMAN, BERNICE CLAIRE AND OLIVER SMITH (CBS).
Tuneful arrangements.

SINGIN' SAM (CBS).
Lyrics in the easy manner.

MYSTERY CHEF (NBC).
Appetizing mouse.

BOB BECKER (NBC).
Cacoon chats.

MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND WITH RACHEL CARLAY AND ANDY SANNELLA'S
(Continued on page 107)

When Patricia Gilmore, pictured above, was seventeen, she won a beauty contest and started posing for magazine covers. All this happened while she was still in high school. She graduated at eighteen and the day after she turned nineteen was signed to sing as soloist with Enric Madriguera and his orchestra over the NBC networks from Chicago. Patricia’s a blonde, blue-eyed contralto whose hobby is water color painting.
RADIO STARS

RADIO LAUGHS

Selected Snickers from Popular Programs

BAKER: For a present I'm giving you a cigar wrapped in a $1,000 bill.
BOTTLE: I'm sorry, I couldn't take it.
BAKER: Why not?
BOTTLE: I don't smoke.

(JACK BENNY and BOTTLE, Gulf Program.)

MARY LIVINGSTONE: Have you heard about the racketer sardine?
JACK BENNY: No.
MARY: He wound up in the can.

(MARY LIVINGSTONE and MARY LIVINGSTONE, Jello Program.)

PAT: (Coughs)
PICK: Boy, I think you got double pneumonia.
PAT: I can't git double pneumonia... I'm a single man.

(JIMMY DURANTE and ARTHUR SINCLAIR, As Brainsy Brothers)

JIMMY DURANTE: (As Brainsy Brothers) I just took a correspondence course with the Strongform Athletic Institute.
ARThur SINCLAIR: (As Considine) Well, you don't look any stronger to me.
DURANTE: Have patience, chief. I just wrote them a letter: "Have finished your course—please send muscles!"

DURANTE: A cop gave me a ticket for driving twenty miles an hour.
SINCLAIR: He can't do that—the speed limit is twenty-five miles an hour.
DURANTE: I know—but not on the sidewalk!

DURANTE: Last week when I arrived in New York the railroad station was crowded with beautiful women. They all came down to the station to greet me, throwing kisses and cheering.
A. P. KAYE: (Jellico) Beautiful women came down to greet you.
DURANTE: If you don't believe it ask Clark Gable—he was on the train, too!

KAYE: He's in love with her, but she's very bashful. She's as quiet as a clam and she never kisses him.
DURANTE: I see... a sort of little neck clam!

(JIMMY DURANTE, ARTHUR SINCLAIR and A. P. KAYE in Texaco Jumbo-Fire Chief Program.)

BAKER: I want a job.
EMPLOYMENT AGENT: I've got just the job for you—traveling all over the country.
BAKER: Ah—what do I sell?
EMPLOYMENT AGENT: You don't sell anything. You'll be a truant officer... for a correspondence school!

BOTTLE: Tell me, Mr. Baker, what has Shakespeare got that I haven't got?
BAKER: A contract with Warner Brothers!

(PICK: You know, Pat, it must be terrible to be an unhappily married man.
PAT: What other kinds are there?

PAT: Hello there, Brown Sugar.
PICK: Why does you call me Brown Sugar—'cause I'm so sweet?
PAT: Naw—'cause that's your color... and 'cause you is unrefined.

(PICK AND PAT, One Night Stands.)

GRACIE: My brother went into business—he takes medicine for people. He gets ten cents a pill.
GEORGE: Well, what kind of pills?
GRACIE: Any kind of pill for ten cents. But he gets fifty cents for taking poison.

GEORGE: Fifty cents for poison!
GRACIE: Certainly... why should he be kill himself for a dime?

(Continued on page 108)
Board of Review
(Continued from page 105)

ORCHESTRA (NBC). A musical journey in New York town.
TITO GUizar (CBS). A romantic young man and a guitar.
JACK ARMSTRONG, ALL AMERICAN BOY (CBS). Serenade for the teen age.
SETH PARKER WITH PHILLIPS LORD (NBC). The folks from Maine have become real neighbors in thousands of homes.
JOSE MANZANARES (CBS). Authentic melodies of South America.
FREDERIC WILLIAM WILE (CBS). Washington situation made understandable.

**

AMERICAN PAGEANT OF YOUTH (NBC). Junior amateurs parade their talents and ambitions.

BROADWAY VARIETIES (CBS). Oscar Shaw, as the m.c., sets the stage for Victor Arden's music and the guest stars.

N.C. CAN A AND HIS GIRLS (NBC). Introducing the girls who have made Broadway famous.

VOICE OF EXPERIENCE (CBS). Sincere, friendly advice for troubled souls.

MYRT AND MARGE (CBS). The girls subtly introduce new characters occasionally.

VIC AND SADE (NBC). Vic, Sade and their young son make up this interesting American family.

GABRIEL HEATTER (NBC). A commentator who is extremely liberal in his views.

MARIE, LITTLE FRENCH PRINCESS (CBS). Romance for the lady listeners.

THE GUMPS (CBS). Not as amusing as the comic strip version.

SMILING ED (CBS). Ed McConnell featuring billiards, popular ditties and an occasional hymn.

BLANCHE SWEET BEAUTY TALK (CBS). She shares the beauty secrets that made her a Hollywood star.

JUST PLAIN BILL (CBS). Small town drama minus the trimmings.


OG, SON OF FIRE (CBS). A pretty accurate picture of life among the caverns.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNE (NBC). She fights for her battles with much more zeal in the comic strip.

TOM MIX AND HIS RALSTON STRAIGHT SHOOTERS (NBC). Western melodrama.


CAPT. TIM HEALY'S STAMP CLUB (NBC). Captain Tim knows how to sell a spy story.

LULLABY LADY (NBC). Music for contentment.

FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLIE (NBC). Tall tales told with gusto and guffaws.

BREEN AND DE ROSE (NBC). The two heroes of the air with typical love songs.

MARY MARLIN (CBS). The comic voices of Frances X. Bushman, star of the silent screen.

TEA AT THE RITZ (CBS). Society on the air with Margaret Santry.

FIVE STAR JONES (CBS). A reporter in pursuit of the news.

GUARANTEE OF SATISFACTION

The publishers of RADIO STARS guarantee that you will be satisfied with your purchase of each packaged product advertised in this magazine. If for any reason you are dissatisfied, RADIO STARS will replace the product or, if you prefer, refund your purchase price. In either case you have to do is send us the unused portion, accompanied by a letter outlining your complaint. This guarantee also applies if the product, in your opinion does not justify the claims made in its advertising in RADIO STARS.

Careful examination before publication and rigid censorship, plus our guarantee, enable you to buy with complete confidence the products you see advertised in this issue of RADIO STARS.

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Walnut Hosiery Co.
Wrigley's Gum
Wrigley Chewing Gum

Although we make every effort to ensure the accuracy of this index, we take no responsibility for an occasional omission or inadvertent error.

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PORTLAND HOFFA: I saw a robin this morning.
FRED ALLEN: It couldn't have been a robin. It must have been a sparrow with high blood pressure!
PORTLAND: It's certainly a cold winter, isn't it?
ALLEN: This is nothing. When I was born it was so cold the stork couldn't make it—a penguin brought me.
(FRED ALLEN and PORTLAND HOFFA, Town Hall Tonight.)

BILLY HOUSE: Believe it or not, Bernice here is a blue-blood...a society débutante. She came out in 1927...and looks as though she hasn't been home since.
(BILLY HOUSE on Vallee Varieties.)

GEORGE BURNS: Is anybody in your family as smart as you?
GRACIE ALLEN: Yeah...my sister.
BURNS: Sort of a half-wit?
GRACIE: Yeah...she's married...she's been married for five years and she's still in love.
GEORGE: I'm glad to hear that.
GRACIE: Yeah—but her husband has no idea who the fellow is.

BOB BURNS: My uncle has pretty table manners. The other day I took him over to the Waldorf for dinner, and he started eating using his fingers instead of a knife and fork. My aunt tried to stop him, saying it wasn't sanitary, but he said that if the food ain't clean enough to pick up your hands then it ain't fitten to eat at all!

Uncle was put in jail for stealing hands out in Van Buren, and that pleased my aunt, 'cause she figured he couldn't disgrace her any more.
But one day she went down to the Judge and begged to have uncle let out. The Judge asked her why, since her husband would only disgrace her again. And she said, "We're all out of ham again."
(BOB BURNS on Whiteman Music Hall.)

RAY KNIGHT: Toomey is the favorite soft drink of China. And the theme song of the Toomey Radio Program is heard on all the radios of the country. We were present Miss Lotus Flower singing the Toomey theme song.
LOTUS: (singing) Drink Toomey only with three eyes.
(Cuckoo Clock Program, NBC-WJZ, Saturdays, 6:00 p.m., E.S.T.)

ERNIE: This afternoon I threw discretion to the winds and bet my room rent on a horse.
KENT: So tomorrow you collect?
ERNIE: No, tomorrow I move in with the horse.
(Highlights and Harmonies, NBC-WJZ, Sundays, 10:30 p.m., E.S.T.)

WALLINGTON: Gee—a Clipper! That's the last word in airplanes.
CANTOR: No, Jimmy. The last word is "jump."

WALLINGTON: What a strange land! You know, here, the Ethiopians pray in the streets.
CANTOR: That's nothing. In America the pedestrians do the same thing!
CANTOR: Look at the Rhumba those girls are doing! I'd like to bring them back to America to dance for Congress.
WALLINGTON: Why?
CANTOR: That would be the greatest notion ever brought before the house!
RUSSIAN: Boy you should hear me play that old song, Petunia.
CANTOR: Petunia? How does it go?
RUSSIAN: Pe-tunia old grey bonnet...

PARKYAKARKUS: This is a League of Nations farm.
CANTOR: League of Nations farm? How's that?
PARK: I've got Belgian hares, French Poodles, Australian sheep and on the porch are 2,000 geese.
CANTOR: 2,000 geese on the porch?
PARK: Yeah—Portuguese.

CANTOR: Did you know that in Washington a man cured hundreds of cases of sleeping sickness with just three words?
WALLINGTON: Three words?
CANTOR: Yes! He just stood up and said: "Congress is adjourned!"

PARKYAKARKUS: We got a 75c dinner and a $1 dinner.
CANTOR: What's the difference between them?
PARK: With the $1 dinner you get medical attention.

CANTOR: What's this—only hash? Don't I get any choice?
PARK: Sure! You get choice. Take it or leave it! What dessert you want, you lucky fellow?
CANTOR: Lucky fellow! But I haven't had anything to eat yet!
PARK: You don't know how lucky you are!

(EDDIE CANTOR, PARKYAKARKUS, and WALLINGTON in Pebeco Program.)
Men can't take their eyes off you when you wear the New Bright Cutex Nails

- If you want excitement, try the new CUTE X MAUVE, CORAL, RUST or RUBY NAILS. The Cutex lustre will keep you in the limelight! And remember, the 8 lovely Cutex shades are created by the World's Manicure Authority. They're absolutely FASHION-RIGHT. • Cutex flows on smoothly, without blotching. Stays on for days and won't peel, crack or chip. In two forms—Crème or Clear. Rust is the newest shade—perfect with brown and green, and just right for sun-tanned fingers. Get the whole Cutex range of colors tomorrow, at your favorite store, 35¢!


Your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Polish Remover and sample of Lipstick for 14¢

Northam Warren Sales Company, Inc.
Dept.6-991191 Fulton St., New York
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2359, Montreal)

I enclose 14¢ for 2 shades of Cutex Polish, as checked below, sample of Lipstick and Polish Remover. Coral □ Cardinal □ Rust □ Ruby □

Name ____________________________
Address ____________________________
City __________________ State ________

Goodness, you don't have to make a scene. I'll just cover up my dazzling Cutex Nails.

If he's got St. Vitus Dance, I'd be sorry to hit him.

Well, he's darn fresh the way he's staring at you.

It doesn't bother me a bit.

That settles it! I'm going to get rid of him.

Really, Elmont, you're not very flattering.

There must be something terrible the matter with him.

Do you know that guy?

No—I never saw him before.

I'll just cover up my dazzling Cutex Nails.

Oh, let him alone—I'm enjoying it.
— and Chesterfields are usually there  

..they're mild and yet  
They Satisfy
HERE'S TO Irresistible you

HERE'S TO IRRESISTIBLE YOU... to you and to me! There is an Irresistible YOU whether you have discovered it or not. To be Irresistible is the art of being a woman. To help you to be Irresistible in the art of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME.

You'll discover your true beauty through the thrilling sensations of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. It is thrilling and exciting to sniff and admire it in a glass perfume bottle. There is further delight in the rosy glow of Invisible Face Powder and in the provocative challenge of Invisible Lip Lust. Try all the Invisible Beauty Aids. Each has some special feature that gives your glorious nest loveliness. Certificated pure, laboratory tested and approved.

BUY IRRESISTIBLE
PERFUME and BEAUTY AIDS

ONLY 10¢ EACH AT ALL 5 AND 10¢ STORES

IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME, FACE POWDER, ROUGE, LIP LUST, MASCARA, COLD CREAM, COLOGNE, BRILLIANTINE, TALC
In this picture, you see a girl chewing vigorously on a rib of beef. Viewed from the angle of good manners, it's pretty bad... And the debutante is right when she says, "It's simply savage!"

But the dentist is right, too. And it needn't surprise you to hear any dentist say: "That's a good, common-sense demonstration of the healthy way to use teeth and gums."

In modern dental circles, it is freely admitted that the lack of coarse foods and vigorous chewing is largely responsible for a host of gum disorders. Naturally, gums grow sensitive on a soft food diet. Naturally, they grow flabby, weak and tender. And, naturally, that warning "tinge of pink" eventually appears upon your tooth brush.

"Pink Tooth Brush" Tells the Truth
And the truth is—your teeth and gums need better care. You should change to Ipana plus massage. You should begin, today, the double duty you must practice for complete oral health. So start now to massage your gums with Ipana every time you brush your teeth. Rub a little extra Ipana into your gums, on brush or fingertip—and do it regularly.

For Ipana plus massage helps stimulate circulation. It helps your gums win back their firmness. It helps them recover their strength and their resistance. They feel livelier, better, healthier. And healthy gums have little to fear from the really serious gum troubles—gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease.

So be reasonable. For your smile's sake, for the sake of your good looks and your good health—begin today with Ipana plus massage.
OVERNIGHT
I LOST THAT DIZY
AND BILIOUS

AND HERE'S HOW I DID IT!
When I went to bed last night, I felt
dizzy and bilious. So I tried the FEEN-
A-MINT 3-minute way that I've been
reading about. I just chewed delicious
FEEN-A-MINT for 3 minutes, and to-
day I feel like a million dollars. What
a difference from the harsh, gripping
action of old-fashioned "all-at-once"
cathartics! It's good for the children
too. They love its fresh, minty chewing-
gum taste. And don't forget—
FEEN-A-MINT is not habit-forming.
Ask your druggist for FEEN-A-MINT
today—15c and 25c a box.
Slightly higher in
Canada.

THE 3
MINUTE
LAXATIVE

Three Minutes
of chewing make the
difference!
WILLIAM POWELL
As "The Great Ziegfeld"
MYRNA LOY
As loyal, devoted Billie Burke
LUISE RAINER
As tempestuous, irresistible Anne Held
VIRGINIA BRUCE
As "Glorified" Ziegfeld Girl
FRANK MORGAN
As Ziegfeld’s life-long rival
FANNIE BRICE
The inimitable Fannie herself
LEON ERROL
With his irks knee
GILDA GRAY
The original “Shimmy” Girl, herself
RAY BOLGER
Eclectic Dancing Sensation
NAT PENDLETON
As Sandow, the Strong Man
ANN PENNINGTON
Herself, dimpled knees and all
HARRIET HOCTOR
Ziegfeld’s Greatest Dancing Star
REGINALD OWEN
As Ziegfeld’s Manager

RADIO STARS

THE GREAT ZIEGFELD

The Life and Loves of the World’s Greatest Showman
2 YEARS IN PRODUCTION!
GREATEST MUSICAL HIT!

Now, in one flashing musical comes all that the great Ziegfeld gave the world in his crowded lifetime! American girlhood glorified ... great Ziegfeld stars ... the melodies he made immortal ... and a new "Follies" with all the lavishness of Ziegfeld! You follow his fabulous private life ... his tempestuous romance with Anna Held ... his deep and ardent love for Billie Burke ... All in M.G.M.'s biggest musical triumph!

A. A. TRIMBLE
As Will Rogers
BUDDY DOYLE
As Eddie Cahn
JOSEPH CATHORN
As Dr. Ziegfeld
W. W. DEARBORN
As Daniel Frohman
RAYMOND WALBURN
Sage, Ziegfeld’s Press Agent
JEAN CHATBURN
Mary Lou, Ziegfeld’s protégée
HERMAN BING
Ziegfeld’s Costumer
WILLIAM DEMAREST
As Gene Buck
200—GLORIFIED GIRLS—200
Costumes by ADRIAN
Screen Play by
WM. ANTHONY McGUIRE
Directed by
ROBERT Z. LEONARD
HUNT STERNBERG
Producer

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
HOW DO YOUR FAVORITES RANK IN THE RATINGS?

Lester C. Grady
Radio Stars Magazine, Chairman

Alton Cook
N. Y. World-Telegram, N. Y. C.

S. A. Coleman
Wichita Beacon, Wichita, Kan.

Norman Siegel
Cleveland Press, Cleveland, O.

Andrew W. Smith
News & Age-Herald, Birmingham, Ala.

Richard Peters
Knoxville News-Sentinel, Knoxville, Tenn.

LECTOR RIDER

Houston Chronicle, Houston, Texas

St. Steinb?hler

Pittsburgh Press, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Lee Miller

Bridgeport Herald, Bridgeport, Conn.

Charlotte Gehr

Newark Evening News, Newark, N. J.

Richard G. McGuffey

Florida Times-Union, Jacksonville, Fla.

James Sullivan

Louisville Times, Louisville, Ky.

C. L. Kerr

Indianapolis Star, Indianapolis, Ind.

1. THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY OF NEW YORK (CBS) .................. 84.0% Consistently the most popular.

2. FORD SUNDAY EVENING SYMPHONY—VICTOR KOLAR, CONDUCTOR (CBS) ........... 83.0% Listeners are symphony-minded this season.

3. FLEISCHMANN VARIETY HOUR WITH RUDY VALLEE AND GUESTS (NBC) ........... 83.4% Recent winner of our Distinguished Service award.

4. GENERAL MOTORS CONCERTS (NBC) ........... 82.2% Ultra-ultra guest stars with Enrico Rapiere conducting the symphony.

5. CHESTERFIELD PROGRAM (CBS) ........... 82.1% Lily Pons and Nino Martini on alternate evenings. Distinctive.

6. LAWRENCE TIBBETT WITH DON VOR-NEES AND HIS ORCHESTRA (CBS) ........... 81.6% Great, but as you like it.

7. VOICE OF FIRESTONE WITH WILLIAM DALY'S ORCHESTRA, MARGARET SPEARS, AND MIXED CHOIR (NBC) ........... 81.3% Nelson Eddy and Richard Crooks lending an occasional but welcomed helping hand.

8. RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA (NBC) ........... 80.6% Reaching much of its former popularity.

9. FORD PROGRAM WITH FRED WARING'S PENNSYLVANIANS (CBS) ........... 80.1% One of Fred's many specialties is convincingly rearranging operas to sound like jazz or vice versa.

10. TOWN HALL TONIGHT (NBC) ........... 79.0% Leading all comedy programs, the material being so good and Fred Allen's style so capable in dispensing it.

11. JELLO PROGRAM STARRING JACK BENNY AND JOHNNY GREEN'S ORCHE- TRA (NBC) ........... 78.3% Fred Allen's strongest competition.

12. PALMOLIVE BEAUTY BOX THEATRE (CBS) ........... 77.9% Favorite opera sets, skillfully produced and featuring prominent guest stars.

13. EDDIE CANTOR, PARKYAKARKUS, JIMMY WALLINGTON AND GRESS ORCHESTRA (CBS) ........... 77.5% Leading exponent of gay comedy.

14. MARCH OF TIME (CBS) ........... 76.2% Dramatizing in exciting fashion current world happenings.

15. LUX RADIO THEATRE (CBS) ........... 76.0% Favorites of the stage and screen in radio versions of Broadway's most popular plays. Direction invariably flawless.

16. BING CROSBY (NBC) ........... 75.3% Rob Roy situation.

17. PAUL WHITEMAN VARIETIES (NBC) ........... 75.1% Forty-five frolicsome minutes of gala entertainment.

18. CITIES SERVICE CONCERT WITH JESSICA DRAGONETTE (CBS) ........... 75.0% Radio's very goddess of song.

19. RICHARD HUMBER'S STUDEBAKER CHAMPIONS (CBS) ........... 74.6% Sometimes in a pretentious mood.

20. ONE MAN'S FAMILY (NBC) ........... 74.0% Human frailties under the microscope.

21. GEORGE BURNS AND GRacie ALLEN (CBS) ........... 74.0% Allen seems to be the quality name among comics.

22. JOHN CHARLES THOMAS (NBC) ........... 73.7% Kindly and effortlessly rendered.

23. RCA MAGIC KEY (CBS) ........... 73.6% Variety on a pretentious scale.

24. AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC WITH FRANK MUNN, LUCY MONROE, AND GUS HAENSCHEIN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC) ........... 73.1% The product does not affect the heart, but its program does.

25. HELEN HAYES (NBC) ........... 72.9% Appealing Helen in a non-tea-appalling yarn.

26. RAY NOBLE AND HIS ORCHESTRA (CBS) ........... 72.8% Connie Boswell featured. Danceable delirium.

27. NATIONAL BARN DANCE (NBC) ........... 72.5% Rural revelry.

28. LOWELL THOMAS (NBC) ........... 72.3% News of the universe, not too8parringly spaced.

29. THE BAKERS BROADCAST WITH ROBERT L. RIPLEY, HARRIET HILLIARD, OZZIE NELSON AND HIS ORCHESTRA (NBC) ........... 72.1% Harriet's back again and Ripley's bugs are as amusing as ever.

30. THE GOLDBERGS (CBS) ........... 72.0% More lifelike than the "House of Glass."

31. LESLIE HOWARD DRAMATIC SKETCHES (CBS) ........... 71.8% Leslie's improved since abandoning the serial.

32. LIFE SAVERS' RECONVÊZUE (NBC) ........... 71.2% Phil Dwyer continues as chief life-saver.

33. LUCKY STRIKE HIT PARADE (NBC) ........... 71.0% Still changing bands.

34. YOU SHALL HAVE MUSIC WITH JACK HYLTON (CBS) ........... 70.9% Another band-leader playing our tunes in the gay, continental manner.

35. AL PEARCE AND HIS GANG (NBC) ........... 70.8% A darn good time for all.

36. ALBERT PAYSON THERUNE (NBC) ........... 70.5% Thrilling dog stories.

37. BEN BERNIE'S ORCHESTRA (NBC) ........... 70.3% Walter Winchell's pal and several critic. Good fun and lively tunes.

(Continued on page 3)
PIMPLES NEVER HELPED ANY GIRL TO GET A JOB!

But Aunt Laura comes to the Rescue

MY CERTIFICATE FROM THE SECRETARIAL SCHOOL! NOW IF THESE PIMPLES WOULD ONLY GO AWAY, I'LL START JOB-HUNTING AT ONCE!

DID I COME AT A BAD TIME, AUNT LAURA? I WOULDN'T BOTHER YOU NOW, BUT I---

I KNOW, HELEN, YOUR FATHER SAID YOUR DIPLOMA CAME. I SUPPOSE YOU'RE HERE FOR A JOB?

IT MAY SOUND CATTY ~ BUT I MUST SAY MISS PHILLIPS'S NIECE HAS A DREADFUL SKIN

SO NOW YOU JUST TRY FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST, HELEN. EAT IT FAITHFULLY... 3 CAKES A DAY...AND I'M SURE YOUR SKIN WILL CLEAR UP.

OH, THANKS SO MUCH, AUNT LAURA! AND THANKS FOR THE DIVINE LUNCH

LATER

HELEN, I HEAR YOU'RE STARTING OUT VERY WELL IN YOUR JOB...I MIGHT ADD, I HEAR YOUR BOSS'S SON DATES YOU!

YOU HEARD RIGHT, AUNT LAURA, AND SOMETHING TELLS ME I OWE IT ALL TO MY BEE-UTIFUL NEW COMPLEXION! ISN'T THAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST MARVELOUS!

---clears the skin by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Don't let Adolescent Pimples give YOU a job problem

FROM the beginning of adolescence—at about 13 until 25, or even longer—young people are frequently worried by pimples.

Important glands develop and final growth takes place during this time. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples pop out!

But you can overcome these adolescent pimples. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast clears the skin irritants out of your blood. Unsightly pimples disappear.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals—plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.
HER HUSBAND
THOUGHT MONEY WAS
ONLY FOR MEN
By the Doctor of Family Finances

*HUSBAND-* Darling, I don’t want you to
bother your pretty head about bills!
*WIFE-* But I want to! I think I can save us
some money.

*HUSBAND-* But women aren’t supposed to know
anything about money matters and business.
*WIFE-* Give me a chance! I’ll show you!
Please, Jack

SO HE
DID,
AND

*HUSBAND-* Grace, I owe you a thousand apol-
logies. You’ve cut our expenses 20 per cent!
*WIFE-* Would you like to know the secret of
my success?

These Household Booklets
Taught Me How To Make
Housekeeping a Profitable
Business Enterprise.

• **“Money Management”** showed me how to keep a watchful eye on expenses.
The **“Better Buymanship”** bulletins taught me how to buy meat and clothes and stores of other things at a saving. We owe a thousand thanks to House-
hold’s Doctor of Family Finances. His ideas, as expressed in these booklets, corrected our money problem in a hurry. Why not write to him today.
He’ll send copies of these booklets free and without obligation. Tell him your money troubles, too, if you like. He’ll surely give you a helpful answer.

HOUSEHOLD
Finance Corporation
and Subsidiaries
... one of the leading family finance
organizations, with 188 offices in 131 cities
Hear Edgar A. Guest on Household’s “Welcome Valley” program each Tues., 8:15, NBC Blue Network.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY
in envelope or postage on a pennant card

Doctor of Family Finances
Room 3009-D, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send “Tips for Lazy Husband,” “Money Management,” and “Better Buymanship.” There is to be no solicitation, no follow-up.

Name
Address
City..........................State

Board of Review
(Continued from page 6)

38. GRACE MOORE (NBC) ..........70.0
Well-chosen numbers by a brilliant artist.
39. AMOS ‘N’ ANDY (NBC) ..........70.0
Human nature doesn’t change and neither
does their popularity.
40. CAMEL CARAVAN WITH WALTER
OREEFE, LINDA JANIS AND GLEN
GRAY’S CASA LOMA ORCHESTRA (CBS)
Somewhat inconsistent as to comedy, but de-
pend on the music every time.
41. A AND P GYPSIES (NBC) ..........69.1
Harry Her Nelk conductor. Has lost none of its
originality.
42. RUBINOFF AND HIS VIOLIN (NBC)
Novel arrangements. Virginia Rea, Jan
Pierce and solo by Rubinnoff.
43. SWIFT STUDIO PARTY (NBC) ....68.9
Sigmund Romberg, Helen Marshall, Deems
Taylor and Morton Renne with much in-
formativity.
44. THE FLYING RED HORSE TAVERN
(CBS) ..........................68.5
Eleanor Powell’s impersonations, more enter-
taining than her songs or the sound of her tap
dancing, are sincerely missed.
45. PHIL BAKER WITH BEETLE, BOTTLE
AND HAL KEMP’S ORCHESTRA (CBS) 68.1
Phil’s stooges are superb.
46. SHELL CHATEAU; AL JOLSON, MAST-
ER OF CEREMONIES; GUEST ARTISTS
(NBC) ..................................68.0
Al could be more genial as m. c.
47. WARDEN LAWES (NBC) ..........67.5
Usually interesting crime yarns with the
Warden as himself.
48. ROSES AND DRUMS (NBC) ..........67.1
Love and adventure when grandpa was a stripling.
49. PHILIP MORRIS PROGRAM (NBC) 66.6
Leo Reisman’s music, sophistication and
Johkyn.

Bob Crosby, brother of Bing, also is
well known to radio listeners on NBC.

50. LIFE IS A SONG, WITH CHARLES
PREVIN’S ORCHESTRA (NBC) ..........66.3
Countess Olga Almain’s beautiful and well-
trained voice.
51. MAJOR BOWES’ AMATEUR HOUR
(NBC) ..............................66.0
The critics seem to be losing interest, but are
the listeners?
52. PHIL COOK (NBC) .................65.8
Versatility.
53. MYRT AND MARGE (CBS) ..........65.7
Two-mile-a-minute melodrama.
54. MAJOR BOWES’ CAPITAL FAMILY
(NBC) ..............................65.2
How about some amazing facts about your
professionals, Major.
55. ATWATER KENT PROGRAM (CBS)
Desirable dignity.

62. JERGEN’S PROGRAM WITH WALTER
WINCHELL (NBC) .................61.7
Why can’t he be more calm in giving non-
peace-making fashions?
63. HOLLYWOOD HOTEL WITH DICK
PICKER, GUEST SCREEN STARS AND RAY
PAIGE’S ORCHESTRA (CBS) ..........61.6
Joe macone is given Dick Powell and the
picture preview.
64. “VOX POP” THE VOICE OF THE
PEOPLE” (NBC) ..................61.3
Professional questions and amateur answers.
65. BOB CROSBY AND HIS ORCHESTRA
(NBC) ................................61.2
Gradually proving that being Bing’s brother
is not his sole right for being on the air.
66. DALE CARNegie IN LITTLE KNOWN
FACTS ABOUT WELL KNOWN PEOPLE
(CBS) ................................61.1
Well told tales about interesting personalities.
67. THE O’NEILLS (NBC) ..........60.9
Family frolics.
68. THE SINGING LADY (NBC) ..........60.8
Truth and beauty in song and story.
69. CAPT. TIM HEALY (NBC) ........60.3
Adventure stories.
70. SALT LAKE CITY TABERNACLE CHOIR
AND ORGAN (CBS) ..................60.1
Churchly.
71. JUMBO (NBC) ..................60.0
Script trouble and no Jimmy Durante.
72. MYSTERY CHEF (NBC) ...........59.6
Women enjoy him for the tips and men ap-
preciate him for the satisfying results.
73. SINCLAIR GREATER MISTRES (NBC)
59.5
“Who was that lady I saw you with last
night, Mr. Horsecap?”
74. TITO GUizar (CBS) .............59.3
Romance in song.

(Continued on page 7)

Bing Crosby and Ethel Merman, all
dressed up for a Chinese number they
do in Paramount’s “Anything Goes.”

65.7
64.4
61.4
62.4
61.8
61.2
61.1
60.9
60.8
60.3
60.1
60.0
59.6
59.5
59.3
COMMISSIONER LEWIS J. VALENTINE, of the New York City Police Department, in commending Phillips Lord for his Gang Busters stated: "If, with the Gang Busters broadcast, you can make citizens of our country more conscious of this dread disease called crime, you indeed will have performed a great public service."

"Sherlock Holmes" has returned to the air over the Mutual network, being broadcast every Saturday night. The cast again is headed by Richard Gordon, who portrays the popular pipe-smoking sleuth.

John Charles Thomas recently has been broadcasting from Miami, Florida, where he's been enjoying a six-weeks' vacation. Most of his spare time has been spent aboard his boat "The Masquerader." He's long been an enthusiast of boats and the sea. His "Myne 11" is one of the swiftest speedboats afloat.

Elizabeth Farsworth, veteran research worker, does all the checking of facts in those news dramatizations on the March of Time program. She investigates all possible angles relating to a story.

A recent survey conducted among 1,200 dance instructors by the National Institute of Social Dancing showed Hal Kemp and his orchestra to be the most popular among dance bands. The runners-up were as follows: Guy Lombardo, Eddy Duchin, Glen Gray, Wayne King, Ray Noble, Emil Coleman, Horace Heidt, Ted Fio Rito, Jan Garber.

Jessica Dragonette, The Revelers, Rosario Bourdon and his concert orchestra have been renewed by the Cities Service Company for 52 weeks.

Believe It or Not, Robert L. Ripley, king of incredible facts, probably leads radio's eligible bachelors in leap year proposals.

Since the first of the year, Ripley, has received more than 160 proposals. Jerry Belcher, heard on NBC with Parks Johnson, in the Sunday "Voice of the People" interviews, is believed run-up with 62 proposals in 20 days, two of which were delivered in person.

Ripley's proposals came from as far north as Saskatchewan, Canada, and as far south as Guadalajara, Mexico.

(Continued on page 106)
The big boys below were photographed between scenes on the set of "Let Freedom Ring." Jack Benny is threatened by the Warrior Brave Dink Riesner.

"AND IT COMES OUT HERE!"

Now that it definitely has dug its own grave, we offer this requiem:

After endless going "round and around" with that recent masterpiece of musical mischief, we welcome music of a different sort.

One of the curious quirks of radio is that almost at once it can popularize a song and, through ceaseless repetition, make it intolerable. Like a child whose cleverness has won it commendation, repeating its act until what first earned praise inevitably is rewarded with a spanking!

Singers, band leaders, musicians in every field, there is so much good music . . . . Time isn't long enough to give us all that we might love to hear. Please register our plea for some of the best and all too seldom heard music.

PROGRAM MAKERS

The Firestone programs, we are told, are the result of a close examination of thousands of letters from listeners and
If you had X-Ray Eyes

Top left, Harry Von Zell, Portland Hoffa and Fred Allen, with this magazine's award for Distinguished Service to Radio. Next, Leslie Howard and Bette Davis in a scene from "The Petrified Forest." Lower left, Having finished her first screen role, Harriet Hilliard rejoins husband Ozzie Nelson. Next, Oscar Shaw and Elizabeth Lennox of "Broadway Varieties." Above, Fred Astaire with Randolph Scott, in the film "Follow the Fleet."

daily consultations between the singers and orchestra leader William Daly and other program advisers. The uniformly high quality of music on these programs suggests good listeners. As we have remarked before: "Good listeners make good programs."

Leopold Stokowski, long the noted conductor of the world famous Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, says: "My purpose and ambition is to play the greatest music to the most people. There is now in America a vast music-loving and music-understanding public which did not exist even five years ago. Almost the whole new generation, those from thirteen to twenty-five in particular, (Continued on page 102)

you'd never again take a harsh, quick-acting cathartic!

Be sure the laxative YOU take is correctly timed

You don't need to be a professor of physiology to figure this out. When you take a harsh, quick-acting cathartic that races through your alimentary tract in a couple of hours, you're shocking and jolting your system. No wonder its violent action leaves you weak and exhausted.

Unassimilated food is rushed through your intestines. Valuable fluids are drained away. The delicate membranes become irritated. And you have stomach pains. Drastic purgatives should be employed only upon the advice of a doctor.

What a correctly timed laxative means:

When we say that Ex-Lax is a correctly timed laxative, this is what we mean: Ex-Lax takes from 6 to 8 hours to act. You take one or two of the tablets when you go to bed. You sleep through the night... undisturbed! In the morning, Ex-Lax takes effect. And the effects are thorough and complete, yet so gentle and mild you hardly know you've taken a laxative.

No stomach pains. No "upset" feeling. No embarrassment during the day. And Ex-Lax is so easy to take—it tastes just like delicious chocolate.

Good for all ages

Ex-Lax is equally good for grown-ups and children... for every member of the family. It is used by more people than any other laxative in the whole world. The next time you need a laxative ask your druggist for a box of Ex-Lax. And refuse to accept a substitute. Ex-Lax costs only ten cents—unless you want the big family size, and that's a quarter.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

----TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!----
(Paste this on a penny postcard)
Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170
MM-16
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.
Name
Address
City
Age
(Canadian address use Ex-Lax, Ltd., 735 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal)
RADIO STARS

Radioites Diet

Would you lose or gain weight? Here are diets radio stars have been using

By RUTH GERI

ACTIVE MENU

BREAKFAST
Whole Wheat Griddle Cakes
Boiled Crisp Fat Free Bacon
Coffee with Cream and Sugar

LUNCHEON
Vegetable Soup
Lettuce and Tomato Salad
Mayonnaise Dressing
Vegetable Plats without Potatoes
Dessert: Fresh Fruit

DINNER
Cream of Asparagus Soup
Celery Carls
Ripe Olives
Avocado and Orange Salad
French Dressing
Roast Crown of Lamb
Baked Carrots
Minted Peas
Dessert: Cherry Custard

(Rudy Vallee and all other people who work very hard and need a lot of energy.)

SLIMMING MENU

BREAKFAST
All the Grapefruit Juice Desired
Buttermilk

LUNCHEON
Asparagus and Lettuce Salad
French Dressing
Baked Whole Tomatoes Stuffed with Chopped Vegetables
Dessert: Baked Apple

DINNER
Tomato Vegetable Broth
Cucumber Rings
Carrot Sticks
Orange, Apple and Celery Salad
Lemon Juice Dressing
Baked Lean Steak
Buttered Cauliflower (Steamed Green Beans)
Dessert: Sliced Unsweetened Pineapple

(Rex typically used by Paul Whiteman, Jimmy Melton, etc.)

RADIO STARS know just as well as their less fortunate fellows in more prosaic fields of endeavor the truth of the old saying that "early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise." They know it, but there isn't a great deal they can do about it.

In the first place, radio stars, as a rule, can't go to bed early, and that's that. In the second place, the majority of them become fairly wealthy, as wealth goes, without going to bed early. And you can't hang around Broadway without getting wise, so their main concern, therefore, is that of becoming healthy. Their answer? One big little word: Diet.

Paul Whiteman, Jimmy Melton, Benay Venuta, Lawrence Tibbett, Jane Williams, and a score of others use diet to lose weight and retain slenderness after once having recovered it. Lily Pons does for a diametrically opposite reason—to gain weight she

lost through overwork attendant upon her operatic, radio, and movie work. Rudy Vallee diets to ward off the ravages of nervous indisposition brought about largely by the responsibility of organizing his programs. Tito Guizar diets to overcome a larynx ailment which for a time threatened to necessitate an operation with the possible curtailment of his singing career. Phil Baker, Ted Webb, Phil Duy, Connie Gates, Benicellra, and a long, long list of others too nume-
hours of Dr. William Howard Hay that you chance to drop into his offices in lower Fifth Avenue you will find one of the stars mentioned above or some other radio luminary awaiting a consultation, for it is to Dr. Hay they flock to learn what they must and what they must not eat in order to retain their voices, their efficiency, their figures, or just plain ordinary health, as the case may be.

George Gershwin first spread the gospel of diet along radio rows more than two years ago, since when it has spread like mayonnaise on a club sandwich. Few devotees of Gershwin's music are aware that a little more than two years ago he was only a couple of jumps ahead of an obituary notice. Suffering from a stomach ailment that had been variously diagnosed, George finally listened to the majority vote of a lot of high priced (Continued on page 60)
OUTSIDE, through the murk of a wet New York afternoon, lights on the marquee of the Broadhurst Theatre proclaimed that here one could see Helen Hayes in “Victoria Regina.”

Inside, the auditorium was dark and deserted for there was to be no matinee that day. The stage, however, was populated with shadowy figures in the court attire of the past century, while a very modern photographer, in his shirt sleeves, rushed about focusing his lights and his camera. Then into the golden glow of the spotlight there stepped the tiny, graceful figure of a young girl in a dress of rich brocade and lace, a jewelled locket above the low neck of her gown, the ribbon of some ancient order extending from the shoulder to the waist. For one startled moment I almost expected to hear someone pronounce those traditional words, “Gentlemen, the Queen,” while courtiers and ladies bowed and curtssied.

For here indeed was Victoria come to life again—not as “the widow of Windsor,” of whom Kipling once wrote, but as the girl-ruler when first she won the hearts of her subjects.

Then, as she spoke to the busy photographer, her voice, with its strange enchantment, reminded me that this was not Victoria but Helen Hayes, charming star of screen, stage and radio, whom I had come to interview. This then was the accomplished actress who not only recreates England’s Queen on the stage but who also enact on the air, with equal skill, Penelope Edwards—a rôle written especially for her—in “The New Penny,” which comes to you every Tuesday evening over the NBC network.

Most of you, doubtless, share with me rich memories of Helen Hayes in other rôles on stage and screen... Madelon Claudet, which won her the award from the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences... the brave and lovely heroine in Farewell to Arms, the sweet young wife in Another Language, to mention but a few of her movie parts.

Miss Hayes’ list of stage successes is even more impressive. But though her present rôle and the one immediately prior to it (that of Mary of Scotland) show her as a queen, I still love to remember her best as the make-believe child of Dear Brutus—a part recently made famous over the air by Leslie Howard’s talented daughter, Leslie Ruth. For not all the parts Helen Hayes has played since then can dim in my memory the sob in her expressive voice (and the lump in my throat) as she stood in the center of the stage, a tiny, solitary figure and called after the retreating figure of her artist-father: “Oh Daddy, come back, come back. I don’t want to be a make-believe—been!”

Well, certainly, the good fairies who have watched over Miss Hayes’ career have richly granted that wish.

Charming hostess, versatile star, Helen Hayes discusses
Despite bright laurels won in stage, screen and radio, success has not changed her.

expressed so early in her career. Above all other actresses I know of, and through her own talents and hard work, she has removed all possibility of becoming a might-have been—not in one, but in every field of dramatic entertainment, the screen, the stage and now the radio.

But do you think all this success has changed her? Not a bit! Her fellow players call her Helen, her secretary and constant companion adores her. And, as you probably have gathered from the preceding effusion, your Radio Hostess was completely captivated. So much so that I almost forgot the subject on which I had come to interview her, namely her favorite foods.

I was certain, however, that the wife of Charles MacArthur, the proud and devoted mother of Mary MacArthur (aged 6), the chatelaine of a lovely country home in Nyack and an apartment in New York City (not to mention the Hollywood houses over which she has presided at certain times) must know a great deal about the fine art of entertaining. Nor was I disappointed, for, between Miss Hayes and her secretary, Adele Carpes, I was given countless suggestions for interesting dishes—all favorites in the Hayes-MacArthur household.

These food preferences were as varied as Miss Hayes' other interests. "Obviously," I thought, as I wrote (Continued on page 60)

her favorite foods

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"

with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!
"IF you want to reach the top, you've got to keep trying, over and over again." That is the song that echoes over and over again through the vastness of the Hippodrome, New York's most famous theatre, where Billy Rose's gigantic super-circus holds forth, broadcast to you as the Jumbo Fire-Chief Show on Tuesday nights. "If you want to reach the top, you've got to keep trying, over and over again. Perhaps you'll fail, but then, a year from now you'll do it with ease, over and over again." In this song is the code of the circus, and surely there is no more gallant representative of it than the tiny bareback rider with the saucy gray curls and the pink tulle costume, who rides gracefully into the ring at this announcement: "And now, ladies and gentlemen, Billy Rose presents an artist who fifty years ago was a star in the Barnum and Bailey Circus, and who now at the age of seventy-five, is still a star... Josephine DeMotte Robinson!"

There is from the audience a little shiver of responsive admiration which grows and grows and bursts into tumultuous applause, over and over again, as Josephine DeMotte Robinson rides into the ring. Just a slip of a girl, she seems, this over-seventy-year-old lady, as she pirouettes on her snow white horse, does her twinkling ballet steps with thistledown grace, and finishes with a daring headstand against the neck of her horse, a stunt which won her fame fifty years ago. It's a curious sensation, the feeling of responsiveness which electrifies the atmosphere and pays emotional tribute to the courage and gallantry of this woman who is over seventy years young.

I knew that you would want to know more about this amazing woman, that you would want to know what message she could give you for keeping a youthful figure, a youthful face, and a youthful spirit; for cheating the years of their discouragement and their middle-aged slump. So I went backstage several nights after I had seen the "Jumbo" performance from "out front" to talk to this little person, who was to me the most sensational of all the sensations in "Jumbo." I found her doing headstands and limbering up exercises in the hall near her dressing-room. She is just about as big as a minute, and she has eyes as big as saucers. She would remind you of some dainty Dresden figurrine, suddenly come alive.

All the feminine "old-timers" who appear in the "Memories of Madison Square Garden" act, have their dressing-rooms on the same floor. I liked the atmosphere of gay camaraderie, of friendly concern for the other, that is evidenced among them. Voices call back and forth, gay, bantering, teasing. They are amazing, truly, all of these old-timers. . . . Tiny Kline, whose life has been one series of hair-breadth exploits after another and who is slim and trim enough for any of us to envy; Helen LaNole, who with her husband does a tricky ladder revolving stunt; and others. Keeping the body fit is, of course, almost like a second religion to circus people. It has to be. Their profession and their very lives depend on the fitness of their bodies.

We sat and chatted in her dressing-room, Josie DeMotte and I, while she added the final touches to her make-up, and donned her slim pink tights. (Everyone, incidentally, from star to stagehand, calls Mrs. Robinson
“Josie.” She told me something of her life, along with the exercises we discussed and while that may not ordinarily be part and parcel of beauty advice, I think it warrants mentioning in this particular case because of its inspirational value. If anybody tells you that something can’t be done, just you set your teeth, think of Josie DeMotte, and go to it!

She started riding at the age of five in the Hilliard and DeMotte circus, of which her father was one of the owners. From the time she was thirteen until she married C. M. Robinson, youngest son of the founder of the Robinson circus, she was a star in her own right. One night in Mexico City, the president, Porfirio Diaz, conferred on her a silver laurel leaf, the highest honor that Mexico could give her. Then for a while her life reads more like the proverbial endings to similar stories. She married and retired and, with servants and a beautiful house, lived a life in which she was never quite happy, because it was such “soft living,” as she will tell you now laughingly, albeit a bit scornfully. “Soft living!” Suddenly she and her husband went on an expedition to Alaska and were stranded there for three years, above the Arctic Circle, first ice-bound, then penniless.

In 1906 Josie DeMotte Robinson returned to (Continued on page 18)

What’s her secret?

Fresh air, diet, exercise and a hobby are four essentials in the art of retaining youth.

“Camay can bring Every Girl’s Loveliness to Light”

Baltimore, Md.

Camay made my skin lovelier than I thought it ever could be. With Camay, every girl can bring her own loveliness to light.

Sincerely,

Josie DeBuske

October 2, 1935
(Mrs. Charles DeBuske)

There’s a girl in the heart of Maryland—the former Leslie Condon. Athletic as a boy by day, she’s unusually lovely across the dinner table. And how does she manage it—how does she keep her skin so smooth, so young, so alluring? Mrs. DeBuske’s own answer—is Camay!

And once you try Camay, your answer will be the same. For Camay’s rich lather cleanses so thoroughly—but always very, very gently. It leaves your skin feeling fresh and smooth—leaves it with a flower fragrance—leaves it with a youthfulness that wins admiring eyes. Convince yourself that Camay is an efficient—a true beauty aid. Do it today—do it now. The price of a half-dozen cakes is surprisingly low.

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.

Camay
The Soap of Beautiful Women
These adorable dresses are the heart's-desire of every little girl who sees them. What a thrill for your own small darling to be decked out in one of these lovable Cinderella frocks!... And don't you worry! Although the materials are fine, the colors dainty, the trimming tricks bright—they'll stay that way, if you give them gentle Ivory Flakes care. These Cinderella Frocks may be washed by hand or washing machine—in lukewarm suds of pure Ivory Flakes. That's the finest way to wash dainty little girls' clothes (as often as you please)—and the safest!

* Makers of the famous Cinderella Frocks for children recommend that they be washed in Ivory Flakes. Exact washing directions are tagged on each dress.
ESPIE THE expected adverse criticism of Eddie Cantor's essay contest, "How Can America Stay Out of War?", it is generally agreed that the idea was particularly constructive and came at a most opportune time. The judges are now at the tedious task of determining the winner of the $5,000 scholarship. The contest, as you recall, was open to all and free of obligations, and should the lucky individual who wins be unable to accept the scholarship, for any reason, he or she has the right to designate another for the award.

Even though the prize-winning essay may not be an absolute formula for keeping America out of war, nevertheless, the contest itself spread anti-war propaganda throughout the nation and somehow, we suspect, that Eddie Cantor's basic purpose was to make all of us anti-war minded. In this he succeeded quite definitely.

To Eddie Cantor, beloved for his good humor and sense, RADIO STARS Magazine, because of his purposeful contest, awards him its medal for Distinguished Service to Radio.

—Editor.
IN THE RADIO SPOTLIGHT

After her film début Jane Froman vacationed at Miami.

Helen Marshall, lovely soprano singer with Sigmund Romberg.

Little Sybil Jason, Al Jolson and Busby Berkeley, dance master.

Harriet Hilliard and Randolph Scott in "Follow the Fleet."

Rose Marie warns Jimmy Durante to play softly.

Lanny Ross with his new singer, Winifred C.
(Above) Gladys Swarthout at a Paramount studio with some guests. Behind Gladys is her husband, Frank Chapman, with his small daughter, Patricia. (Left) Helen Jepson.

Mr. and Mrs. John Charles Thomas and Harold Bauer at Mrs. Jascha Heifetz's.
IN THE RADIO

Yes, suh, it's Honey Chile herself, as the camera caught her unaware, at the CBS radio playhouse, and she needn't fear television. She is the dainty miss whose soft southern voice is a delightful highlight of the Atlantic Family programs, featuring the songs of Frank Parker, on Saturdays.

Here are three important figures in the world of music, at the opening of the Metropolitan Opera season. (Left to right) Stage Director Desire Defrere, Director Edward Johnson and Deems Taylor, noted musician and composer.

The gentleman over at the left, of course, is the radio's marvelous "Mystery Chef." Above, Olga Albani, who is studying art, with her teacher, Laura Van Pappelendam.
Charming Elizabeth Day plays the part of Sally Jones, wife of reporter Tom, in the "Five Star Jones" dramatic series broadcast Mondays through Fridays. When not pursuing news in the air sketches, Elizabeth lounges around the house in satin pyjamas.

Old radio favorites these (below). Reading from left to right they are: singers Ralph Kirberry and Vaughn De Leath and band leader Irwin Rose, lunching together at the Savoy Plaza after a morning broadcast.

Above are Jack and Loretta Clemens, also getting a spot of lunch at the Savoy Plaza. And (right) Eugene Ormandy, a new maestro of the Philadelphia orchestra.
"I've been approached frequently to take a radio hour," said George M. Cohan, "but my answer always is 'No!'"

An ex-president and "The Phantom President" discuss a song which Cohan composed for the Washington Centennial.

AM I WRONG ABOUT

IF YOU had a pain and wished to know what caused it, you wouldn't ask your garage man, and if you wanted to buy liquor, you wouldn't go to the butcher's. That's simple enough, but in the past few years, people who believe that radio definitely lacks something, have been inviting diagnoses from men in various professions, doctors, lawyers, rich men and prison wardens.

Since radio is a form of entertainment, it occurred to us that possibly a more accurate judgment might be obtained from one who knew something about the theatre. And, in looking for one who knows the theatre and showmanship, you can do no better than George M. Cohan. Cohan was born into the theatre, has lived there and fondly hopes to die there.

Cohan has written as many plays and songs as the average man does letters. Actor, producer, playwright, director, George has been through every phase. He has scored more knockouts over the footlights than Jack Dempsey and Joe Louis have under the ringlights.

It required no urging to get Cohan to discuss the calibre of entertainment coming over the air these days and nights. Back stage at the New Amsterdam Theatre when his latest opus, Dear Old Darling, was in rehearsal, George took time out to sum up the radio situation, putting his finger on the weak-spots as deftly as a master surgeon wielding a scalpel.

"The trouble with radio is not difficult to determine," declared Cohan. "There is so much of it that much of it must be bad, or at least poor entertainment. You can't ladle out entertainment as though it were soup, twenty hours or so a day, seven days a week. There isn't that much talent in the world. The result is that only a few programs click and the rest aren't even worth tuning in on."

"Another fault, which is the natural result of radio's efforts for continuous entertainment, is that not only is the great majority of programs below par but so many of them are alike. Outside of the commercial bluffs for whatever product a program happens to be plugging, one is much like another. Just a there isn't enough talent to make every program a hit, neither is there enough originality to make each program different."

Dean of the entertainment world, George M. Cohan discusses radio

By TOM MEANY
And here is Cohan as he arrived in Hollywood to star in that amusing Paramount film, "The Phantom President."

RADIO

"I don't mean these criticisms to be construed as an attack upon radio," explained Cohan, "for these are faults due to the conditions that force most stations to keep going from eight in the morning until two or three the following morning.

"Entertainment over the radio differs vastly from that offered by either the theatre or movies. A radio program reaches its entire field the instant it goes over the air and is dead stuff the next night. A show or a movie catches its audience in groups of three or four hundred at a time, or possibly three or four thousand in the case of the bigger movie houses.

"Admitting that this is a condition which hardly can be remedied, there is no doubt that the sameness of radio programs has an annoying effect on the listeners.

"Take the bands, for instance. Personally, I'm fed up on bands. Every time you turn the dial, you hit a band. I'll admit that some of them are excellent, but what of it? A succession of band numbers may provide group entertainment at a large party, but one band after another, with a repetition of the same numbers, isn't calculated to keep an individual amused very long.

"Another thing—the amateur hours. I enjoyed them when they started but now they're vastly overdone. I knew there was unemployment in the country, but I never realized how many people were out of work until the amateur craze hit the loud speakers. An evident surpirousness is to be noted in them now and their entertainment value has been cut sharply by the fact that by now everybody has heard so many of them that they know just what to expect." (Continued on page 89)
"WHEN I SAY, Welcome to Pickfair!"

Our Mary told me—and now the radio fans as well as the movie fans can say "Our Mary"—"it's welcome to Pickfair in a very real sense. Not just a welcome from one microphone set up in one corner of the house. For when I say over the air that I am broadcasting from the Book Room or the 49 Room or from the living-room I am in the room I mention. There is not just one mike in Pickfair—there are several scattered about informally in various places.

"It seemed more intimate this way, somehow," said Mary, "less like being stiffly formal and keeping guests restricted to the living-room. I feel that people love Pickfair and I want them to feel at home in it, not just segregated in one room, but free to roam with me wherever I may go.

"Of course," said Mary, with her little diffident laugh—Mary who now is Producer, Author, Our Mary-of-the Movies and radio star—"of course I am very young in radio. And when you ask me to criticize, I feel somewhat as a child might feel if called upon to comment on the Einstein Theory.

"Let me say this first—not as a 'babe' but as a screen actress and a deep and loyal lover of my profession—I believe that radio, and especially television, will be the greatest fatalities the motion picture profession has yet sustained. If radio and then television develop as pictures have developed over and above what they were in the dear old Nickelodeon days—well," said Mary, "as a producer, I shudder..."

And she did shudder. And she looked small and grave and very young and very wise all at one time, as Mary has a way of doing. We were sitting, our feet under us, on a small divan in the Book Room of Pickfair. And Mary, in her slender black frock with diamond and emerald clips at her throat and her golden bobbed hair in slight disarray owing to the strenuous life she leads these days, talked from her eager, humanity-loving heart, as she always talks...

"For radio must develop, of course," she said. "We must remember how young it is. too, before we judge some things about it too harshly. We must remember the funny, crude mistakes of pictures in their infancy—they pass. And for the extreme youth of it, considerable dignity already has been attained, I think. Some of the programs are mature and worth-while and delightful General Motors hour is very dignified. Firestone, also, is on the same high level. Some of the lectures are completely worth while. The symphonic music is delightful...

"But—my main criticism of radio is—the Commercials. They are the motes in the eyes of radio. They are too long, for one thing. Oh, mercy."

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WELCOME TO PICKFAIR!
moaned Mary humorously, "how long they are! They over-emphasize their points. They over-state their premises. They have, too often, not-very-good-actors and actresses delivering long, fulsome diatribes on, say, the virtues of Washwell Soap! Some woman with a much-too-gushing, too-effusive voice will go on and on, promising the Tired Housewife surcease from all care if she will only wash well with Washwell! The socialite on Park Avenue is promised equal if somewhat different miracles if she will forsake all other brands for Washwell. By the time the too-in-earnest lady is feverishly finished most of us feel that the very sight of a cake of soap, Washwell or any other, would be the one thing we could not hear!

"And the really serious part of these commercials is that they force people to tune out on programs they would otherwise listen to. For they precede good programs. They break into the middle of good programs. They are like flies buzzing about a delicious, edible apple—until the apple loses its savour and no one eats it.

"It is also rather gruesome, when you are feeling depressed or have, perhaps, recently sustained the loss of someone near and dear to you, to hear a creamy voice unctuously proclaiming the beauty and convenience and desirability of this or that local cemetery! Telling you, far too earnestly and even gaily, that you must, you really must, you know, get busy about (Continued on page 85)
"YOU CAME here to ask me questions," Nelson Eddy said to me, his lips smiling but his eyes steel-blue and very grave as they are when he is entirely in earnest. (Which he very often is.) "But I want to ask you a question this time. And then I want to ask you to put the question for me in the pages of Radio Stars. I want to put my question to the 126,000,000 people of these United States. Especially, of course, to the people who are radio fans—who are my radio fans.

"It's a burning question. It matters enormously to me. I ask it from my heart. Upon its answer depends my whole future on the air, what I do and how I do it.

"It's this: Can I do better stuff on the air? Do the fans want me to sing better quality music? Or not? That is my question and it is of terrific import to me. And only my fans can answer it.

"I know . . . I know the world wants love. I know that the fans want love on the air. Of course they do. They want love on the air as they want love in pictures, in the theatre, in novels and poems. And I want to give them love on the air—but not cheap love, not a low-class type of love.

"The love I give them in most of the songs usually requested is not love at all, it's—necking!" Nelson gave a short laugh. "It's necking in song," he said, "It's necking in song." He said, "It's the 'down-the-old-mill-stream-with-you-in-my-arms-Baby' sort of thing.

"I say, let's have love—but let's have rich deep love—great love. Let's have the supreme happiness of union. Let's have the splendor and the sacrifice and the transfiguring glory.

"Let's have the magnificence of The Pil-"
grims' Song or the Don Juan Serenade of Tschaikowsky. Let's have the thundering passion of Strauss, the truly exquisite romantic sentiment of modern English composers.

"Let's have the music that will open the door to millions of people... the kind of music that will not make people think only of the song or even of the singer... not music that is confined to the merely personal... (Continued on page 80)
I LIKE RADIO
Best

By MILDRED
MASTIN

It is difficult
for those who
know her to im-
agine Eleanor
Powell divorced
from footlights
and dancing. But
she may devote
herself wholly to
the air-waves.
ELEANOR POWELL always vowed that she never would tap before the microphone. Even when she won the championship award of the Dancing Masters of America and was given the title, "The World's Greatest Feminine Tap Dancer," she refused to broadcast a brief, staccato routine to listeners over the air.

Yet now Eleanor, favorite of the stage and newest darling of the screen, is likely to desert Broadway and Hollywood if they don't watch out, and devote her talents entirely to the air-waves.

Ever since Eleanor was a youngster, practicing acrobatic stunts on a wide sandy beach during the day and dancing in an Atlantic City nightclub evenings, her amazing career has taken unexpected, unthought-of twists and turns.

It was unthought-of in the first place that Eleanor ever should become a dancer. That wasn't what her mother had in mind at all when she took her daughter, at the age of six, to her first dancing class. At that time, Eleanor was the most bashful child in Springfield, Massachusetts. She was shy with the other children at kindergarten and tortured when her teacher spoke to her. She hid from visitors at home and even when her mother dressed her in her prettiest frock and tied a new ribbon around her chestnut curls, the little girl couldn't face "company." Finally someone suggested that dancing lessons in a class with other children might make the child forget her shyness, give her poise. So Eleanor was dragged to dancing school.

Once the music began and the other children started their simple little routines, Eleanor dropped right into the rhythm. Her mother and the teacher were amazed at her grace, the ease with which she picked up the steps. In a little while the other children paused to watch and admire. And from that day on Eleanor Powell was dance-mad!

There were times when Mrs. Powell wondered if, maybe, she hadn't made a mistake. Perhaps it would be better to have a shy child in the house than this strange little creature who scarcely sat still long enough to eat. Her recesses at school were spent practicing splits and noon hours devoted to trying a new toe routine in stockinged feet. When guests at the Powell home were startled by a loud thump, there was the explanation: "It's Eleanor; perfecting a leap!"

Mrs. Powell says: "When she was naughty, the greatest punishment I could inflict was to tell her she could do no more dancing that day. At school her grades were always high, for she knew if she brought home a report card with a low mark, the penalty would be to miss her Saturday dancing class. She danced constantly and she took it seriously, even when she was a tiny child. She would go over and over and over a difficult routine, as intent and earnest as a dance-horse preparing for the opening of a ballet."

Then one summer Mrs. Powell, fearing that the child's health might be impaired by her rigorous, self-imposed practice, decided to take her to Atlantic City. She thought that there, with the ocean at her front door, Eleanor would enjoy surf-bathing, playing on the beach, exploring the wonders of the boardwalk and perhaps the dancing would become less important. But Eleanor found the smooth beach ideal for acrobatic routines and the practice went on as strenuously as ever.

One day while the child was (Continued on page 62)
ALL a dog needs, or has the right to expect, is a square deal... To be treated with normal care and kindness and comradeship. Not to be fondled and spoiled; above all, not to be neglected or treated brutally or to serve as a vent for his owner’s bad temper. If a man can’t control his own filthy temper and his fits of babyish impatience, how can he expect to control a dog? Or any fellow human, for that matter? We learn from our dogs when we learn to practise self-control and justice on them. And it builds human character to do so. Inversely, the child who terrorizes or teases his dog is laying up within himself the seeds of bullying and of cruelty which will be a curse to other humans in later years. That point has never been stressed strongly enough to parents.

That is Albert Payson Terhune speaking—a man who needs no introduction either to readers or to radio listeners—the man whose absorbing dog stories in books and magazines and whose equally sentient dog dramas broadcast weekly over NBC have made his name a household word and endeared him to countless thousands.

Reading him and listening to his radio programs is a source of unqualified pleasure. Talking with him is a richly gratifying experience. He speaks easily and rapidly, as if time inevitably would be too short for all that he might say, and with a warmth of human understanding and quick sympathy. And he is uncompromisingly forthright in expressing his convictions.

“There are easier ways of exhibiting your inferiority to a dog than by kicking it,” he comments tersely.

Your first impression, on meeting Albert Payson Terhune, is of his physical stature, his height—something over six feet two—and his well-proportioned breadth, his erect, easy posture, eloquent of health and vigor and belying his numbered years. And your next impression, as you talk with him, is of a corresponding mental and spiritual stature—a fine reach of intellect, a breadth of experience and understanding. Here is a man who towers above the average, any way you assess him.

Listening to him, I was reminded of some words written two thousand years and more ago by a Hindu poet, who said: “The world was not made for man alone, and man attains his true stature only as he realizes the dignity and worth of life that is not human.” These words seemed aptly to account for Albert Payson Terhune, who obviously appreciates the dignity and worth of animal life.

Mr. Terhune began raising collies at his home, “Sunnybank,” in New Jersey, prompted by the urge to have sons of his two dogs, Lad and Bruce, to take their places when these loved friends should be gone. Then, inevitably, he began selling some of the puppies—though not so many as might be supposed, for some of the so-called “Sunnybank collies” have never seen Sunnybank. But that is not Mr. Terhune’s fault.

“My dogs would have to litter nearly every month,” he said, “to produce all the puppies that are sold as Sunnybank collies... A man came up to me once,” he went on, “and told me: ‘I’ve got one of your dogs—a son of Bruce—and he’s a mutt!’ ‘A mutt?’ I said. ‘How old is your dog?’ ‘Five and a half months,’ he said. ‘That’s not a mutt—it’s a miracle,’ I told him. ‘Bruce has been dead six years!’”

Sunnybank, itself, is to “the Master and the Mistress”
something that few of us are fortunate to achieve—it is, for them, the Ultima Thule attained, the Land of Promise possessed. Wherever they have lived and traveled, here and abroad, it remains the ideal home of their hearts. There they spend at least nine months of each year with their dogs, their garden with its flowers “from everywhere,” the birds that yearly return to this lovely refuge as if sharing the passionate ardor of its Master and Mistress, and the “Little People”—little creatures of the wild that have become their friends. Its forty acres of hill and woodland were purchased some seventy-odd years ago by Mr. Terhune’s father, the Reverend Doctor Edward Payson Terhune, prompted by the desire to save from destruction at the hands of wood-choppers its magnificent two-hundred-year-old oaks. And the rambling house which Dr. Terhune built before Albert was born still stands in its leafy setting of tree and shrub and vine, looking out toward a mirror of lake.

It is a place of peace and beauty. Small wonder that so much delight for the rest (Continued on page 96)
A beauty contest winner at seventeen, High School graduate at eighteen and radio singer at nineteen—that's Pat Gilmore, who sings with Enric Madriquera. Over across, Olga Albani, lovely soloist of the "Life is a Song" program. She was born in Barcelona, Spain, August 13th, 1905. Her favorite color is blue.
BING CROSBY,
FRANCES LANGFORD
Bing to you, but Harry Lillis Crosby, Jr., to the home folks, was born May 2nd, 1904, in Tacoma, Washington. He first performed on radio as half of the vocal team of Crosby and Rinker, in 1927, and first achieved radio stardom in 1932. Lovely Frances Langford's sweet singing voice and winsome personality are carrying her to the top in pictures as in radio. She is in Paramount's show, "Collegiate." Frances is heard on the "Hollywood Hotel."
LUCY MONROE made her stage début at the age of two, when her mother caught her up in her arms at the end of a performance and carried her before the curtain as she took her bow.

A few months later, during that same vaudeville tour of her mother's, Lucy cut her head against the sharp corner of a dressing-table.

She doesn't remember that first bow at all. Doesn't remember the surge of applause that swept through the theatre or the brilliance of the footlights or the other performers cooing at her behind the wings. But she does remember hurting her head that day in the hotel.

Most children would have remembered the glamour and forgotten the hurt. But even at the age of two Lucy was different from other children. For her world was built on make-believe and glamour so that they were the realities and the commonplace was the unusual.

A childhood is bound to be different from other childhoods when a girl's mother is a famous actress and her world is peopled by glamorous personalities instead of just anybody's comfortable Aunt Susie or Uncle Bob. When the conversation in the home centres about Sound-and-so's terrific success at the opening of the season's biggest hit or the 'round-the-world tour of some close friend, instead of the mundane things it falls to the rest of us to hear. Everyday things like the cost of butter and eggs, or Mary's engagement or somebody's new hat.

Even the exotic becomes commonplace when it is everyday's rule. To Lucy the stage always has been as real as the stove in the kitchen or the piano in the living-room and not a whit more exciting. That is why she is so far along in her career while other girls of her age still are in the chorus on the stage or the chorus of radio programs, or doing bits in front of the camera. That's the reason she's going places so rapidly.

She isn't stage-struck. Her feet are firmly on the ground. Because she knows what it's all about. That's why she hasn't accepted any of the offers Hollywood has made her.

"I want to be sure of my place in Radio first," she said simply. "Really sure. When I feel I have reached the mark I've set for myself, then I should like to try Hollywood. But not before I'm sure that I'm ready for it. I think it's a mistake to go on to something else while one thing is still unfinished."

It isn't strange that Hollywood should try to steal Lucy from the networks. Hers is the perfect screen face with its far apart blue eyes and wide vivid smile and the softly moulded high cheek bones that have been the
Five Glimpses of Lucy Monroe, young soprano with the "American Album of Familiar Music."

rising on Broadway

delight of camera men since the days of Mary Pickford's glory.

But it is strange that a girl as young as Lucy Monroe, a girl so pretty, should turn down the glamour that is Hollywood. Only a girl brought up as she has been would be far-seeing enough to do it.

For she never had to learn what most stage-struck girls have to find out for themselves. That radio and the theatre and the movies aren't just glamorous roads along which a girl travels to diamonds and orchids and champagne suppers. That they don't just mean Patou models and mink coats and Park Avenue apartments and country estates. That for the most part acting in any of them is a hard way to make a living and that work and work and still more work is the day's routine for success in any one of them.

"Mother worries about my taking my career so seriously," Lucy said, as the door closed behind Mrs. Monroe, a tiny, sparkling woman who was Anna Laughlin and the toast of New York when "Babes in Toyland" and "The Wizard of Oz" were Times Square sell outs.

"You see, she went on the stage when she was only eight years old and she knows how a career can shut out other things. Of course she's glad that I'm doing the thing she did before me and she has been such a grand help in an inconspicuous way, always keeping (Continued on page 61)
IS Andy going to get married?

No one knows, not even Andy himself. But at that, it is a pretty safe bet that he is, because of the fact that Amos has recently taken unto himself a wife and Andy is already finding that situation pretty hard to bear. Besides, Charlie Correll, who is Andy, knows just how it feels to have his partner, his pal, his buddy, desert him to join the ranks of the benedicts—if it is possible for one Siamese twin to desert the other! And nine years ago he found but one satisfactory answer to the problem. And that was, of course, to get married, too. He admits he endured his lonely state a mere seven months!

Siamese twins, I called them. Andy says: “We’re just like pork and beans.” It is an actual fact that one can’t go anywhere without the other, except on brief expeditions around the city. And for fifteen years, it has been like that. Only once since Amos ’n’ Andy hit the airwaves have they been separated. On January 14th, Freeman F. Gosden (Amos) broadcast an entire program alone. Lordly Andy, Henry Van Porter, the Landlord, Jenkins and all the other characters portrayed by Charles J. Correll were absent because Correll was away, surprising his father, Joseph B. Correll, at a party in Peoria, Illinois, celebrating the seventieth birthday of the elder Correll. In the absence of his partner, Gosden introduced Amos, the Kingfish and Brother Crawford—three characters which Gosden regularly plays—for a discussion of the ups and downs of married life.

Apart from that single occasion they’ve worked and slept and eaten and played together for fifteen years without a break. In all that time of intimate sharing of each other’s life, each other’s very thoughts; they’ve never lived further than three miles apart, and that only recently when Freeman Gosden’s (Amos’) growing family seemed to require larger quarters.

Here are the famous twins, Amos ’n’ Andy, “incorporated,”
Today they live in beautiful apartments on Lake Shore Drive in Chicago—fifteen years ago they shared a small room. Today they share a large, luxurious office in one of Chicago's skyscraper buildings and are served by an efficient secretary. But they haven't forgotten that not so many years ago they traveled all over the country putting on amateur shows for Junior League, Kiwanis, and other organizations, for a small fraction of the salary that is theirs today.

Fifteen years bring many changes in anyone's life and today we are used to the magic lamp of radio, that has brought world-wide reputation and a corresponding financial success to so many young aspirants for fame and fortune. But of all the success stories to be told in this new field of entertainment, Amos' and Andy's story is outstanding. They are radio's favorite sons. It isn't only that they have been on the air so long—"Amos 'n' Andy" was the first fifteen-minute program to be broadcast and the first continued story, with an episode broadcast nightly. But theirs is a wide-spread appeal that defies analysis. Young and old, rich and poor, black and white, they all tune in night after night on Amos and Andy. Long ago the two boys, gallantly struggling to train within a week or so the awkward, small-voiced society boys and girls selected from the local talent for a musical show and trying to whip that show into at least semi-professional shape, had theatrical dreams of a sort themselves but not in their most optimistic moments did they dream of anything like the fame that is theirs today.

Outwardly it has changed the pattern of their lives entirely, but inwardly it has left them much the same. They are just two friendly, unassuming men who, giving the major part of their days to radio, nevertheless find time to lead the normal, pleasant lives of the average man. They are happily married, to non-professionals, and Amos—or rather, Free—(Continued on page 34)

who claim this is the best story of them ever written!
Thursday night is radio night at Gotham's Rainbow Grill
Glamorous Gladys, gifted Gladys—and a host of other friendly and grateful adjectives for Gladys Swarthout in this delightful new Paramount picture, "Give Us This Night." Jan Kiepura, famous European Grand Opera star, is her leading man. The scenes pictured above are, as you may imagine, taken from a "Romeo and Juliet" sequence, which more or less characterizes the story of a fisher lad who, by a freak of fortune, becomes an opera star and finds that the singer whom he adores is pledged to the opera's manager.
Eva LeGallienne discusses certain problems of radio

RADIO IS the most sensitive medium in the world for dramatic purposes, but it too often is used badly," Eva LeGallienne told me as we sat down in the book-lined library of her New York town apartment. "The very limitations of radio make it an important and demanding new problem and account for its sensitivity," she continued.

Miss LeGallienne believes radio to be a great machinery for projecting all the things we see and hear and feel in the theatre, but the use of sound only removes the 'dimensions' of the theatre and makes the difficulty of the artist much greater. Of course, this difficulty to her is only an added incentive.

Where the stage is difficult because it is the most complex of the arts, paradoxically radio is more difficult because it is perhaps the simplest in its demands. That is the thing which must be kept in mind in any approach to radio as a means of transmitting dramatic productions, according to Miss LeGallienne.

"Radio can use a lot of practical and intelligent ideas," she said, "but someone with discrimination and judgment must direct the development of good ideas, too. I remember that before I began rehearsals on one of the several dramatic broadcasts I have done, the program director questioned my judgment of the value of the material in the script. I told him that there was great power and 'punch' in the manuscript. He doubted it, but we went ahead and he told me afterward that he was amazed at the beauty of the program. He said that unless he had been certain, he would have sworn the program was not done from the manuscript he had first read. Of course, this merely proves that people who know the theatre, and know it thoroughly, should be used in the dramatic programs of the air. The finest directors, actors and authors must be used if radio is to continue as a dramatic medium. I have heard a few good programs of this kind, chiefly in the Lux series, but I also have heard so many dreadful attempts that for a long while I was discouraged with the possibilities of radio. The bad programs far outnumber the good ones."

Miss LeGallienne knows whereof she speaks. Her ideas on production have culminated in some of the highest acclaimed presentations in the theatre. "Peter Pan," "Hedda Gabler," "Romeo and Juliet," "L'Aiglon," "Alice in Wonderland," "Liliom," "Camille," "The Cradle
The actress as Juliet, in her own stage production of "Romeo and Juliet."

Miss LeGallienne with one of her Cairn terriers. Raising Cairns is her hobby and she has a kennel of them.

plays

Song," "Alison's House," to name a few, are among the great successes she has produced, directed, and in which she has acted in leading rôles. She's thirty-six, and has managed to cram into twenty years of activity in the theatre a list of accomplish-ments that rival those of the great figures of the stage of all time.

Asked about her willingness to consider radio as a means of expression for her ideas, she said:

"As a matter of fact, I have some very detailed plans worked out now for the presentation of radio programs in the dramatic field. I really would like to use radio for the (Continued on page 100)
THE STRAIN WAS TERRIFIC

BY JIMMY DURANTE

Jimmy tells you himself

why he is now off the air

HELLO FOLKS, dis is Claudius B. Bowers speakin'—"B" for Brainy. Ah-h-h-h-h . . . dere it goes! Still in character. Believe me, folks, de strain wuz terrific! It wuz colossal! It wuz stupenjuous! An' I couldn't take it.

When we finally got de stage show, Jumbo, opened and runnin' smooth, I tought my troubles wuz over. But dey wuz just beginnin'. It got so every time I seen a circus poster, or smelled a elephant, I held out my hand for a script an' got ready for a rehearsal. It wuz a vicious circle, dat's what it wuz. When I seen a circus I tought of a microphone; an' when I seen a microphone I tought of a circus. A vicious circle—an' I wuz goin' around in it. It wuz bewilderin' . . . it wuz exasperatin' . . . an' it wuz positively remunerative!

I got dat word from a lady dat interviewed me once. "Mr. Durante," she says—and wit' dat I perks up my ears. It's been weeks since anyone called me Mister.

"Mr. Durante," she says, "what is your dominant reason for engaging in this occupation?"

I looks at her shrewdly. I gives her de penetratin' eye.

"It's a lie!" I says. "It's a conspiracy, dat's what it is. You been talkin' to my enemies."

I intimidated her. So she modifies d' statement. "I mean," she says, "are you in this work because it is remunerative?"

"Naw, lady," I tells her wit' perfect candor. "I gives my al for my art . . . because dere's money in it. Sacrifice' my genius on d' altar of commercialism, dat's what I'm doin'."

She was chagrined. She turns her head away to hide her embarrassment. I turns my nose away, to hide my head. Dey finds us dat way two hours later, covered wit' confusion. To make her feel better, I sends her a autographed picture. She sends me a dictionary. De score is tied, wit' Durante leadin' by a nose!

An' speakin' of noses . . . let me tell you about mine. When I was a little kid, down on the East Side of New York, I didn't take the schnozzle serious. Dere was plenty of nasal competition in dem days. All kinds'a noses: long noses, short noses, eaglebeaks and pollybeaks, hook noses and Roman noses. An' mine was de noblest Roman of dem all. It was roamin' all over my face! Noses was a staple commodity—every kid had one. Universal, dat's what dey wuz. An' mine was Paramount. I used to be self-conscious (Continued on page 91)
IT TAKES TIME AND TALENT

Irving Berlin offers advice for eager young composers

BY HELEN HARRISON

If there is anyone who could be regarded as knowing all there is to know about writing song hits, it would be Irving Berlin, who recently has been named in a nation-wide radio poll as the composer most popular with American audiences, runners-up being Victor Herbert, George Gershwin, Beethoven and Franz Schubert, in the order named.

Berlin, who brilliantly composed the first complete musical score of his career for *Top Hat*, which co-stars Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, is, in a manner of speaking, “going into his dance” on *Follow the Fleet*, with these same stars.

Yet radio, the veteran composer insists, offers an unparalleled opportunity for tunesmiths to get their songs before the greatest number of people in the shortest space of time. It may be said that when a number is popular it rolls up a vast tidal air wave which literally sweeps the country!

But how does one write a song hit? Does the music come first, or the lyrics? Is it inspiration, pure chance or just plain hard work? Could you do it, or could I?

These are some of the questions being hurled in the direction of Berlin, Gordon and Ravel, Kern and other Royal Highnesses of Hits who are turning out tunes we whistle and hum or to which we tango.

“Writing music and lyrics,” he says, very seriously, “is a peculiar ‘business’ without formula—it is really a mixture of inspirational bolts from the blue and long and wearysome sessions of sweatful grinding. If a composer isn’t satisfied to plug and plug and plug some more, he might better give it up at the first bar—if music I mean!”

It took Berlin exactly six weeks of intensive grinding and two months of polishing for him to complete *No Strings, Isn’t This a Lovely Day, Top Hat, Cheek to Cheek* and Piccolino. But, as he says, “they don’t all come alike.” For instance, he wrote the *Cheek to Cheek* song in a single night, starting one evening and finishing music and lyrics shortly after daylight! He didn’t even touch the number again, since it was received with gratifying enthusiasm. On the other hand, he spent three weeks

(Continued on page 91)
HAVE YOU ever dreamed of success and money and what you would do when you had them? Travel, maybe. Or indulge in lovely clothes or some expensive hobby? But most of all you’ve probably imagined being able to make any choice you wished. “Now that I’m a success, I can do whatever I want!”

Like all of us, James Melton had those dreams. Now he is achieving them. For eight years he has sung over the air and long has been one of radio’s favorite tenors. Perhaps you saw the recent picture he made for Warner Brothers? It won him a long-term contract. He has just signed a new radio contract as well. Jimmy, that handsome young devil of the air, is at the place in life where he can look around and decide what he wants to do with his success.

I asked him the other day what his choice would be, I know he likes boats and owns a beautiful one. I pictured him spending long hours lazing around on the deck, with his wife and a few friends, enjoying the security hard work had won for him. Gay, good-looking and friendly, I thought of him flitting about from one gay place to another, laughing, talking, being admired. I saw him saying to himself, as many other successful people have said: “I’ve got the world by the tail. Watch what I do with it!”

So I was hardly prepared for the jolt. “What am I going to do?” Jimmy said. “I’m going to learn to sing.”

It was like hearing Paul Whiteman announce that he was going to learn to lead a band, or Fred Astaire declare that he would take a few tap lessons. I must have looked my amazement.

“Look,” Jimmy went on, “all my life I’ve wanted to sing. Sometimes I sing well and sometimes I don’t. I know it. But now, for (Continued on page 98)
THE AIR

"I'm going to learn to sing," says Melton
Odette Myrtil reveals some pertinent facts!

By HELEN HOVER

You American women," said Odette Myrtil with an impatient nod of her sleek, well-coiffed head, "you do not know it, but your bridge games—they are your worst enemy."

She was seated in her Hotel Plaza suite, high up in New York's smart Fifties. Two telephones were jangling constantly and, in spite of a maid and secretary to take the messages, la Myrtil always bounced up and answered the phone herself. Her voice is throaty and hearty, with but a slight French burr and she was receiving and accepting invitations right and left. Luncheon at the River Club? Yes, yes. Cocktails at Clara Belle's this afternoon? I'll be there! Meet you before these women. talk to make an impression on these women. Women—women—women. A man does not like the same personality that a woman does. Nor the same type of clothes, either. So when you try to please your many women friends, very often you displease your men friends. That is why French women have very few women friends. They dress, talk, act—to please men. It is an art."

Crossing her long, tapering legs, she went on: "America is a feminine country. In France, a woman is under the thumb of her parents and, after she is married, her husband dominates her. She is not allowed to think as freely, or to act as independently as the American girl. There are not as many divorces in France as here because the woman resigns herself to her mate, come what may. In a way that is a great pity. There is no unhappier sight than that of a woman who, for financial reasons, must continue to live with a man she does not love. American women are lucky because they generally can get along on their own. They know how to stand on their own two feet. They do not have to hang on to a man merely because he is a meal ticket."

That you will admit, is mighty plain language, and with a bitter edge of truth to it. But she isn't talking through her new Milgrim chapeau. Odette herself has been married twice. She has a handsome, sixteen-year-old son, Bob Adams, by her first husband. But it is with her present husband that she has found her greatest happiness. He is Stanley Logan, a director with Warner Brothers. His job made it necessary for Odette to pack up her doodads and live in Hollywood for a while.

"There," she says, "I thought I would go in the movies. So I get myself a manager and soon I am before the attention of all the big executives in Hollywood. They look at me and beam. Oh yes, yes, they say. I am a—what you call it?—oh, 'a natural' for pictures. 'We will make of you another Fifi Dorsay,' they tell me. But I don't want to be another Fifi Dorsay—" an emphatic stamp of her well-shod feet. "I (Continued on page 58)"
Unless Camels thoroughly please you—
they cost you nothing!

Camels are mild in the best sense of the word—mild in flavor and, even more important, so mild you can smoke all you want.

To emphasize our confidence that you will recognize the superiority of Camel’s costlier tobaccos...we want you to try them at our risk.

See if you don’t agree with Mrs. Allston Boyer, Miss Dorothy Paine, Mrs. William Wetmore, and the other discerning women throughout the country who have learned that in cigarettes the cost of the tobaccos and the skill with which they are blended are all-important.

MRS. ALLSTON BOYER (Above): “I notice that if I’m tired a Camel freshens me up. Lots of people have told me the same thing. I can smoke all I want, too, and they never upset my nerves.”

MISS DOROTHY PAINE (Above right): “Of course I smoke Camels. They have such a grand, smooth flavor. And they never make my nerves jumpy. When I’m all tired out, a Camel sets me right again.”

MRS. WILLIAM T. WETMORE (Right): “Everywhere you go they’re smoking Camels. Their smoother, richer flavor seems to fit in with the gayer life we are leading again. They are made from more expensive tobaccos.”

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Smoke 10 fragrant Camels. If you don’t find them the mildest, best-flavored cigarettes you ever smoked, return the package with the rest of the cigarettes in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund your full purchase price, plus postage.

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R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
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Irene Rich

Lovelier than the lilies, that speak of Easter and Spring and the joy of new beginnings. Irene herself reflects the beauty Time cannot touch. Stage, screen and radio offer their varied mediums for her varied gifts.
WIN BACK
Smooth
Line-Free Skin
QUICKLY

LINES,
DRY SKIN
say: "Getting
on in years"

COARSE Pores
say: "Slim chances
for good times!"

Miss Isabel Parker has that exquisite but delicate type of skin which often gets lined early: "Pond's Cold Cream actually ends dryness—smooths away little lines."

—rouse that faulty Under Skin

A PRETTY skin always wins friendly glances! It's not surprising that a coarse or dull skin is the reason many a nice girl is hardly noticed. Blackheads, blemishes draw positive criticism. Men seem to think that a good skin comes naturally!

But actually that good skin is something most of us have to work for—and can win!

When lines come—blackheads, blemishes—it's a sign that under the skin you see, something has gone wrong.

How to reach the under tissues
Look at the diagram of the skin below. See the nerves, shires, glands in the under layers. In your teens, these busily carry nourishment to your skin. When they slow, skin faults begin.

You've got to fight these skin faults off

Eleanor Gould
now Mrs. Ludlow W. Stevens, daughter of the late Jay Gould: "Even the first treatment with Pond's Cold Cream made my skin seem finer textured."

Now your pores are free! Your skin is ready for a fresh application of this youth-giving cream. Pat it in smartly. Feel the blood tingling. Your skin alive! Glowing. You have wakened that sleepy underskin!

Do this regularly—note the improvement. Color livened. Skin smoother. In time, pores refined. Lines softened.

This famous Pond's treatment does more than cleanse. It brings to skin that fresh vital look that we all call beauty...

Every night, pat in Pond's Cold Cream to bring out dirt, make-up, skin secretions... Wipe it off! Pat in more cream briskly... to rouse that faulty underskin, to win back smooth, line-free skin!

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment—Your skin becomes softer every time. Powder goes on beautifully.

Pond's Cold Cream is pure. Germs cannot live in it.

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POND'S, Dept. D-128 Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 3 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose $1 to cover postage and packing.

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man, Goeden—has two growing children, a boy of seven and a girl of five, to whom he is as devoted as any fond parent.

There is only one difference, one divergence from the norm! And that is the enforced duality of their lives. If Amos wants to go to New York, Andy must go, too. If Andy wants to go to Washington, Amos must pack his bags and go along. Once they got as far as making separate arrangements—Andy was to go to New York on some pleasure trip of his own and Amos was to stay at home, so that he could attend a football game he was interested in. But they began to think: Suppose the weather changed, suppose something happened to delay Andy in New York. Suppose they were unable to bridge the distance and get together for their broadcast Monday evening? The time was too short, the distance too great—they could not take a chance on disapproving the eager thousands who would tune in on their favorite program at seven or eleven (eastern time) Monday night. (To satisfy the demands of their listeners in west and east, Amos and Andy broad-cast at seven o’clock for the eastern circuit and again at eleven, Eastern Standard Time, for the western audience.)

So that plan was given up and an adjustment made. Many adjustments have had to be made in the course of fifteen years of twinship! Two men could not possibly live together so intimately without some arguments and many inevitable compromises. But they have learned each other’s foibles, learned to avoid fuming the little sparks that so easily might cause a conflagration.

“We know each other pretty well by this time,” Charlie Correll, who is Andy, chuckled. “We each know what the other wants and we don’t antagonize each other.”

But this living closer than most brothers ever do has its compensations. In the beginning, when they first met as representatives of the same producing company, they felt an immediate attraction for each other, a definite bond of liking and interest that the years have but strengthened and cemented. That bond became the foundation of their very lives. On it was built their career, their success. But it has brought them more than can be summed up in those two words. It has brought them a deeply satisfying companionship, an understanding friendship such as all men dream of and few are fortunate enough to realize.

What fun, for instance, in the midst of a busy hour working on the preparation of their script, to say: “Let’s go to Washington tonight, for some hunting or fishing.” And to know that the other will agree enthusiastically: “Let’s!”

Fun, too, the actual preparation of their scripts. They come into their office, two well-dressed, successful-looking men, confer with their secretary, read their personal mail and their fan mail. Then, spurred on by a sense of fleeting time, they strip off their coats and get to work in real earnest—Charlie Correll at the typewriter, Freeman Goeden on his feet, on his toes! They go over the broadcast of the preceding night, mull over the current events, decide what they want to talk about tonight. And as they talk, the two men their friends know as Goeden and Correll merge into the two more widely known characters of their own invention—Amos and Andy. Amos dictates, with Andy’s helpful suggestions, and Andy’s nimble fingers take it down. Thus it takes shape on paper and in their minds and without further rehearsal, the two are ready to go on the air at the appointed times. And thousands of eager, responsive listeners chuckle over the complicated situations Amos and Andy get themselves into, enjoying the dialect and the characterizations so typical of the race they portray.

They used to write their scripts in advance, particularly when they were planning one of their frequent hunting trips. But they found it didn’t work: the scripts lost in freshness, in interest. This other method of writing, but also broaden- ing, they go on the air gives them a chance to keep up to the minute in their choice of subjects, to incorporate such newsworthy items as the Louis-Baer fight last fall or the general trend in current events. Also it keeps them on their toes, for there is no relaxing, no taking their job for granted. No getting slipshod or careless or indifferent, or reading lackadaisically something written and lost interest in weeks before.

They’ve got to be keenly alert on the job, day in and day out—even those before-mentioned days when they seek a little relaxation and rest in their favorite sport of hunting. They choose Washing- ton for these outings usually, because they have many friends there and because they can broadcast from there on open wires. But they’ve got to prepare their script and do their day’s job no matter how the fish run or the birds fly! They have had only one real vacation in the last ten years— it is just a little over ten years (ten in January) since they started doing dialogue together on the air.

The road that led them to the present pinnacle on which they stand so firmly was not too easy or too plainly marked. They had no theatrical background, no training on the stage. Freeman F. Goeden (Amos) was born in Richmond, Virginia. He has a real southern background, with a Kentucky mother and a father who served in the Confederate army, which accounts for the authenticity of his dialect and characterizations. He began his business career as a salesman, first for a tobacco company, later for an automobile concern and was in the navy during the war.

Charles J. Correll (Andy) was born in Pocahontas, Illinois, but he, too, had southern connections, for his grandmother was a cousin of Jefferson Davis. He went into the construction business with his father.
Have gnawing fears and worries withered the bloom of her romance? Or did she discover "Lysol" in time?

LIKE every woman, you started out with certainty that your marriage would be different. No misunderstandings. All harmony.

Some marriages do succeed in preserving those ideals. You might be surprised to know how often they owe much of their success to "Lysol".

Doctors know that back of most marriage failures is the old, old story of a woman's fear—bred of misinformation and half-truths about marriage hygiene. Fortunately, more and more women today are learning the facts...that much of their fear is needless. "Lysol" has earned the confidence of millions of women who have used it.

Two special qualities of "Lysol" make it exceptionally valuable in antiseptic marriage hygiene. First, it has the property of spreading, of reaching germs in folds of tissue where ordinary methods do not reach. And second, "Lysol" remains effective in the presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, pus, etc.)—when some other antiseptics lose their germ-killing power partly or even totally. Yet the dependability and gentleness of "Lysol"—in the solutions recommended—are such that leading doctors commonly use it in the delicate operation of childbirth.

You will find that the use of "Lysol" brings you a reassuring sense of antiseptic cleanliness. But more important—it relieves your mind of that constantly recurring worry, fear and suspense, which no husband ever really understands.

A booklet of valuable information on this important subject, is yours for the asking...just mail the coupon below.

**The 6 Special Features of "Lysol"**

1. **Safety**..."Lysol" is gentle and reliable. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
2. **Effectiveness**..."Lysol" is a true germicide, which means that it kills germs under practical conditions...even in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, pus, etc.). Some other antiseptics don't work when they meet with these conditions.

3. **Penetration**..."Lysol" solutions, because of their low surface tension, spread into hidden folds of the skin, and thus virtually search out germs.

4. **Economy**..."Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.

5. **Odor**...The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears immediately after use.

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

**NEW! LYSOL HYGIENIC SOAP**...for hands, complexion, bath. A fine, firm, white soap, with the added deodorant property of "Lysol". Protects longer against body odors, without leaving strong after-odor. Washes away germs and perspiration odors. Get a cake at your favorite drug counter.

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NOTHING BUT
THE TRUTH?

Stars of the air frankly
answer their fans’ questions

Do You Resent Having People
Ask You to Perform at a Party
and, if So, Why?

**Harriet Hilliard:** “Yes... one
always appears at a disadvantage,
and people never take that into
consideration, so it boils down to
doing yourself a great deal of harm.”

**Al Pearce:** “I’m not fond of per-
forming at parties, but if they get
me started it’s just too bad for all
concerned.”

**Ted Hammerstein:** “Yes!”

**John Barclay:** “That depends...
being turned on like a faucet is some-
times annoying.”

**Donald Novis:** “Not under ordi-
nary circumstances. But I find that
when I’m working, performing at
parties is quite a strain on my voice,
coming as it does on top of three or
four daily shows.”

**Myrtle Voile:** “I most certainly
do... and ‘celebrity nites’ give me
a pain in the neck... it isn’t nice
to have to ‘sing for your supper’.”

**Lucy Monroe:** “If the people are
my friends and I’m not tired from
work, I’m delighted—if they just
want to see the elephant jump the
fence, I’ll be darned if I will!! Just
a mean type!”

**Fritz Scheff:** “I do not resent it,
if it is done at the right time and in
the right way by my friends.”

**Jerry Belcher:** “Not in the least...
I never get a chance over the air.
In our show I am not the performer.
The person being questioned does all
the performing.”

**Aune Jamison:** “I love to be
asked and enjoy doing it.”

**Betty Lou Gerson:** “Yes, I do.
One’s friends are so much more
critical and seem to regard one as
something similar to a court jester.”

**Margaret Speaks:** “No.”

**Odette Myrtil:** “I don’t mind if
I have someone who can accompany
me well.”

Claude Hopkins: “In a way, since I seldom get the opportunity to attend a party, and, when I do, I like to enjoy myself and get away from music for a while.”

Peter van Steeden: “I have not played an instrument for several years, and, therefore, have a very good excuse not to perform.”

Eddie Cantor: “The only parties I ever attend are those given by intimate friends. They know better than to ask me to ‘perform’.”

Ozzie Nelson: “I do... unless there happens to be a capable accompanist. I hate to impose a bum performance on my friends.”

Donna Damrel: “That depends on what kind of party it is.”

Major Edward Boyle: “I am not a performer in the ordinary sense of the word.”

Frances Langford: “Yes... because singing for small groups makes me nervous as a cat.”

Elsie Hitz: “I don’t resent it, but I haven’t any parlor tricks other than singing a little, and I always get nervous doing that.”

Patti Pickens: “If I go to a party prepared to sing, I don’t object to being called upon. But if I go to have a good time it is terribly annoying to have someone insist on my ‘warbling.’”

June Meredith: “Very much so. Were I a singer or a musician I shouldn’t be averse to favoring my friends with a selection. Being a dramatic (Continued on page 71)
RADIO STARS

French Girls Are Wiser
(continued from page 50)

want to be myself and nobody else. So we argue and argue and argue and then—" shrug signifying resignation—"then we call it quits."

Tossing up a four-figured weekly salary just because she "wouldn't be like some- one else" may not quite make sense to some people. But this doesn't surprise those of us who know the story behind Odette Myrit. In the past five years or so, her whole career has been packed with a silent rebellion. She has fought against being labelled a violinist. And when you consider that from the age of ten she has steadily been building a name for herself as a violin virtuoso, it seems astonishing.

Both her parents were opera singers and wanted Odette to have a concert career. From the time she was able to walk, they tucked a violin under her chin, a bow in her hand and she proceeded to fiddle away under the supervision of some of the finest teachers in Europe. If young Odette hadn't been of an exploring turn of mind, she might not have suddenly become the "child Prodigy." As it was, though, one morning she happened to run into the empty theatre where her parents performed, stepped on the stage, and proceeded to practise on her violin there, instead of in the privacy of their hotel room. The manager chanced to be sitting in the darkened theatre at the moment. As he saw the child drawing the bow across her violin, he sat upright. There, his shrewd showman sense told him, was a good bet for the stage. The child had remarkable stage presence, he observed and her intense face, as she caressed her violin, would be further heightened under the dramatic glare of the spotlights. So that night little Odette Myrit, ten years old going on eleven, stepped on the stage as the "child wonder of the violin."

She was a tremendous hit instantly. And from then on Odette Myrit and the violin became stage-partners. They toured through France, Spain, Germany, Italy, England. They appeared at private musicales. At large public concerts, At sumptuous garden parties. Everywhere, it was "Odette Myrit, the violin virtuoso."

But concert work was very exacting and young Miss Myrit was very restless, so she went into a revue which was much less exacting and much more exciting. And as the "child wonder" grew and blossomed into a tall, vivacious woman, she was more and more in demand by revue producers. She crossed the Atlantic several times, playing in America's "Ziegfield Follies" one year, in England's "Charlot's Revue" the next. Until the Shubert producers of Broadway caught up with her and tied her down to a contract which kept her on the New York stages. Then started Odette's rebellion.

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Half way care of the teeth is finding thousands of people. They clean their teeth regularly. Yet they leave the door wide open to the greatest cause of dental trouble—soft, spongy, bleeding gums. Why run this risk? Forhan's costs no more than most other tooth pastes and gives you double protection—whitens teeth and safeguards gums at the same time.

SAVES GUMS

Forhan's is different from all other tooth pastes. No other tooth paste brings you the famous Forhan formula—long used by dentists everywhere to combat gum troubles. You can feel its healthful effects as soon as you begin to use Forhan's.Shortly you see its benefits, too—whiter teeth, firmer gums. Ask for Forhan's today.

---

**What SHE TOLD WORN-OUT HUSBAND**

She could have reproached him for his fits of temper—his "all in" complaints. But wisely she saw in his frequent colds, his "fagged out," "overedge" condition the very trouble she herself had whipped. Constipation! The very morning after taking NR (Nature's Remedy), as she advised, he felt like himself again—keenly alert, peppery, cheerful. NR—the safe, dependable, all-vegetable laxative and corrective—works gently, thoroughly, naturally. It stimulates the eliminative tract to complete, regular functioning. Non-habit-forming.

Try a box tonight. 25¢ at druggists.

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FREE: Beautiful Calendar-Thermometer. Also PenKNIFE. Also Daily Calendar. Or booklets. "For the Health of It." Send 5¢ for "500000 FREE." 1-2 W. 42nd Street, New York.
"I do not want to play the violin any longer," she told the amazed Shuberts. "I am an actress, a singer, a comedienne. Please—please do not have me carting out my violin every time I walk on the stage. I want to forget about it. Let the people see me in some other rôle."

But her producers, remembering her reputation on the concert and revue stages of Europe, were aghast at her request and proceeded to tuck the innocent little violin under her protesting arm.

"Always—always the violin," she says, running her hands through her chic black bob. "No matter what show I am in, or what character I portray, there it was. They would inject my violin in the script on the silliest pretexts. Sometimes it would be hiding under a sofa, or in the fireplace, or on the chandelier, and then I would walk out on the stage and find it. I would have to squeal in surprise, 'Oh—a violin!' and play it for a while.

"Sometimes it was so far-fetched, it was positively funny. Like the time when I am chosen to play the lead in 'White Lilacs.' I am to play the rôle of George Sand, the novelist, and Miss Sand she hated—absolutely hated—music. At last I am happy. But Mr. Shubert say to me during rehearsal: 'You will have to play several numbers in the show.' Then I see red. 'But Mr. Shubert, I say, 'I am to be George Sand, and she would never even touch a musical instrument. You will ruin your character.' We fight like mad over that, but in the end he wins. I have to yank my violin out of my trunk and play it once more.

That is one of the reasons why she is particularly keen on her new radio show. To date—and she keeps her fingers crossed—she has not yet been required by her sponsors to play her much-abused instrument. And she hopes they won't ask her to, either. For she feels that radio has really put her on her own as singer and mistress-of-ceremonies.

The Myrtil femme, with her lithe, tall body seems to have been blessed with what she calls "the American figure." But her personality is all French. No mistaking it. With her quick, staccato voice and infectious laugh, she is a vivid example of the observation that French women, no matter how plain their faces may be, suddenly become beautiful when they talk. Her eyes snap, her strong, slim fingers gesticulate, her generous mouth parts in frequent wide smiles, her head rolls in animation.

"American girls are so glamorous and lovely!" Odette returned to the subject of dress, which to her, as to any French woman, is an important matter. "They stand taller and taller than the French. French girls," her lips pouted reprovingly, "they ate too much. And they do not exercise enough because France is an inland, over-crowded country and has not enough room or facilities for many sports. Consequently the French women are shorter, stockier. You talk about Paris styles. Yes, Paris styles are chic and set the fashion trend for the world, but do you know—they are made for the American figures, not for the French! They have the long, graceful lines for the long, athletic American forms. A tiny, curvy French woman in those same clothes would look ridiculous."

The End
specialists and concluded that he probably had ulcers of the stomach. He found that his only relief was in a carefully supervised diet, so he consulted Dr. Hay and, by adhering rigidly to the prescribed menus, George quickly became entirely well.

At about that time Paul Whiteeman, Gershwin's close friend, had succeeded in reducing his waist circumference from oh, well, don't let's be personal—to—er—well, to more reasonable proportions. He had brought his weight down all right, but was experiencing an even more bitter struggle to keep it down. Indeed, for a time Paul's health was threatened and all who are familiar with the tragic careers of the late Lilyan Tashman and Barbara LaMarr realize what danger attends too strenuous weight reduction. Gershwin, however, sent Whiteman to Dr. Hay.

The semi-starvation diet upon which Whiteman had placed himself to keep his figure slim had him headed in the general direction of the place where very good orchestra leaders go when they die. He was suffering from chronic headaches and nervousness and his resistance was at such a low ebb he was constantly catching colds. Dr. Hay, however, showed him that he could eat plenty and still remain slim—that is, slim for Paul—and although he has been on the diet now for more than a year, he has regained none of the weight he lost, and he eats all he desires.

Just by way of sharp contrast is the case of Lily Pons. The singer consumed quantities of cream, butter and rich foods of every description in order to gain weight, but the net result was to cultivate a few facial blemishes. Miss Pons had fallen off alarmingly as a result of overwork and despite every effort she was unable to regain the weight she had lost. Whiteman, meeting her one day, jokingly remarked that maybe she could get some of his weight from Dr. Hay, but Lily took him seriously enough to consult the dietician. For her the doctor naturally prescribed a different regimen from that which he had ordered for Whiteman, but today Miss Pons' weight is, to the pound, where she wishes it to be.

Whiteman couldn't persuade Jimmy Melton to consult Dr. Hay when Melton was trying to lose weight in order to be a more romantic screen figure. Jimmy persisted that skipping the rope, boxing, and other forms of violent exercise would bring about the desired result, but all they did was to give him a better appetite and, consequently, a more rotund appearance. Wise Marta McClure, in private life Mrs. Jimmy Melton, listened to White- man, however, and paid a secret visit to Dr. Hay. She told him Jimmy's trouble, and went triumphantly home clutching a purse in which was a secretly acquired diet list. P.S.: Jimmy got the job, and is going to make a second picture.

With Gershwin and Whiteman preaching diet from Times Square to Columbus Circle—not to mention all over the rest of the United States—it was not long before their fellow radio stars were flocking to Dr. Hay seeking aid for every ail-ment from overweight to low sponsor pressure.

Tito Guizar, romantic Spanish tenor, was on the verge of cancelling his program because of a throat ailment and had been ordered by several doctors to submit to a tonsillectomy. Mrs. Guizar, one of radio's most devoted wives and mothers, sought the aid of Dr. Hay, tearing a leaf from Mrs. Melton's book. She had heard that in most cases a throat operation of that seriousness would four or five notes from either the upper or lower register of a singer's voice and wisely she divined that such an operation, should it become necessary, might seriously imperil Tito's career. Dr. Hay, however, prescribed a diet that thus far has corrected the difficulty—and Tito never knew it until it was all over!

Not even Rudy Vallee's closest intimates were aware of the terrible toll of his vitality the long-drawn-out litigation over his marital difficulties took. Rudy never complains of overwork or tiredness, but his nerves were stretched to the break-ing point, and he was unable to digest any food at all when he sought dietary aid. It was a haggard and worn Rudy who, scarcely able to concentrate sufficiently to listen to Dr. Hay, carried away with him a prescribed diet which, in two weeks, returned him to his old self.

All those are cases of corrective diet, but it is as a preventive measure that most of radio's stars seek Dr. Hay's aid. Webb, Duay, Connie Gates, and a host of singers, aware of the dictum of the late Herbert Witherspoon, president of the Metropoli-tan Opera Company and a noted vocal teacher, that "correct eating is as important to the singer as vocal lessons," realize the importance to their work of correct eating.

Dr. Hay, with regard to the layman's awe of such expressions as "alkali," "acid condition," "carbohydrate," and what not, sums up briefly and succinctly the one big "don't" for radio boarders:

"Don't," he warns, "mix your proteins and starches if you want to keep in perfect broadcasting form."

That's about all there is to it. Here, for instance, is the simple regimen that Dr. Hay ordered for the last week in each case, except those of Rudy Vallee and Lily Pons.

First three days: nothing but citrus fruits juices—from lemons, oranges, grapefruit, or tomato juice.

Remainder of week:

**BREAKFAST**
- Fruit juice or fresh fruit
- Milk

**LUNCH**
- Vegetable soup or cooked vegetable
- Fresh vegetable salad, oil and lemon dressing or sour cream
- Buttermilk

**DINNER**
- Grape Juice
- Carrot Sticks
- Cucumber Rings
When they were making "Give Us This Night," at the Paramount studios, afternoon tea was a feature of the daily routine. Gladys Swarthout, who plays the leading role in this musical, opposite Jan Kiepura, enjoys her tea before resuming work.

Lettuce and tomato salad, sour cream dressing
Steamed Asparagus, Hollandaise
Fresh Fruit

The diet for the second week is less exacting, although still restricted. During the second and third weeks, the same breakfast and luncheon menus are adhered to. For the second week:

**DINNER**
Apple juice
Ripe olives
Vegetable Soup
Shredded fresh vegetable salad, French dressing
Creamed cauliflower
Diced steamed carrots
Sliced oranges

The dinner for the third week is even more elaborate, and after that, regular meals may be resumed with the sole injunction against mixing proteins and starches. Even sweets may be taken although only with starches. Three starch dinners and four protein dinners per week are eaten. For the third week:

**DINNER**
Half grapefruit
Scallions
Carrot Sticks
Cream Mushroom soup
Crisp fat bacon
Cole Slaw
Beet greens
Small peas
Summer squash
Baked Apples with raisins
Milk or buttermilk

That's all, as Ethel Barrymore would say. There isn't any more. Oh, yes, there is one thing more. There is the criticism of Dr. Hay voiced by one star of the air, lovely Vivienne Segal.

"That diet is fine," conceded Vivienne, "except for one thing—one thing I don't like at all. Dr. Hay says strawberries are bad for the voice. And I love strawberries."

**The End**

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**Paul wins the ring and the Girl**

**Next Day — Ed gives Paul a tip**

**What's the idea of ditching your boy friend?**
**Paul's no friend of mine! My friends don't have bad breath!**

**My dentist says that's straight — Colgate's special penetrating foam removes the cause of most bad breath.**

**AT THE NEXT OUTING**
**YOU TWO GO ON! PAUL'S GOING TO CATCH A BRASS RING FOR ME. AND I HOPE A GOLD RING, TOO!**
**THANKS TO COLGATE'S**

**Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!**

**Make sure you don't have bad breath!**
Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes all the decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums and around the tongue—which dentists agree are the source of most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your teeth... your gums... your tongue... with Colgate's. If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will gladly refund TWICE what you paid.

**Boy! My mouth never felt so fresh...and my teeth never looked so bright!**

**Colgate**

**Ribbon Dental Cream**

20¢
Giant Size, over twice as much,
35¢

**Now—NO BAD BREATH behind his SPARKLING SMILE!**

**RADIO STARS**

**MAKE SURE YOU DON'T HAVE BAD BREATH!**

Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes all the decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums and around the tongue—which dentists agree are the source of most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your teeth... your gums... your tongue... with Colgate's. If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will gladly refund TWICE what you paid.

**BOY! MY MOUTH NEVER FELT SO FRESH... AND MY TEETH NEVER LOOKED SO BRIGHT!**

**Colgate**

**Ribbon Dental Cream**

20¢
Giant Size, over twice as much,
35¢

**NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!**
**RADIO STARS**

*I Like Radio Best*

(Continued from page 31)

You've waited years for a dainty GREASELESS way to FEMININE ANTISEPSIS

NOW IT IS HERE! Zonitors, snowy-white, antiseptic, greaseless, are not only easier to use than ordinary preparations but are completely removable with water. For that reason alone, thousands of women now prefer them to messy, greasy preparations. Soothing—harmless to tissue, entirely ready for use, requiring no mixing or clumsy apparatus. Odorless—and ideal for denaturing. You’ll find them superior for this purpose, too!

- More and more women are ending the nuisance of antiseptic powders, thanks to the exclusive new greaseless Zonitors for modern feminine hygiene.

There is positively nothing else like Zonitors for daintiness, easy application and easy removal, yet they maintain the long, effective antiseptic contact physicians recommend.

Zonitors make use of the world famous Zonite antiseptic principle, favored in medical circles because of its antiseptic power and freedom from “burn” danger to delicate tissues.

Complete instructions in package. All drugists. Mail coupon for informative free booklet.

**Zonitors for FEMININE HYGIENE**  
Snowy White: Greaseless


Address..........................

Keep Skin Young with Mercolized Wax

- Mercolized Wax gently melts off faded, discolored outer skin. Reveals the velvety-smooth, soft, beautiful underskin. Blemishes disappear.


At drug and department store everywhere.

Milton Watson, popular young tenor from California, is the vocal light with Jacques Renard’s orchestra at the Burns and Allen program, and Gracie’s reluctant “Miltie-Wiltie!” He has starred in stage productions throughout the country and has been featured in Broadway successes. In college days he was a champion athlete. Milton is 6’1” tall, and weighs 170.
a party, he was there, and he asked to be introduced to me.

"In his charming accent he said:

"'Mees Powell. Eef I could do only one leetle step like you, with the feet, I would be the happiest man in the world!' Well, believe me, that was my big moment!"

It was after she returned from Hollywood that she listened to radio offers. The Soony program attracted her because, while she loves dancing, she doesn't want to be identified only as a dancer and the radio program gave her a chance to play down the dancing and play up the acting.

She objects to broadcasting a tap routine because she feels that is something that should be watched as well as heard and she considered tops among bores the tap dancers who broadcast their foot-work. She only gives one brief little routine on her program now and that's at the end, a kind of Powell sign-off.

"I like the radio work better than anything I've ever done," she says, "because there are so many different phases to it. You know, it sets you up to feel you're being versatile. On the stage and screen I'm given a dialogue script to memorize, I'm told what to wear, when to come on, just what to do. Of course I do make up all my own dance routines, but aside from that I don't have much to say about the production. On the air, it's different. We all work things out together. They expect me to help think up ideas for the programs and I write all my own dialogue. You know, there's just as much thrill in thinking up a keen idea for a broadcast or writing a bit of smart dialogue as there is in giving an especially good performance on the stage."

But it is almost impossible for those who know her to imagine Eleanor divorced from footlights and dancing.

Even on matinee days, between the afternoon and evening performance, when she should be resting, Eleanor sneak down to the stage after the theatre is emptied and darkened, and practices new steps. Shortly after "At Home Abroad" opened, one little usherette came back to the theater after a matinee and saw Miss Powell going through her routine. The news spread. Next matinee day all the usherettes came in early and within a few weeks all the young people working in the theater stayed around between performances while Eleanor entertained them. "Some of them can sing or dance," she says, "and we put on little impromptu shows."

Her energy is tremendous. Her ambition and ideals are high as the highest mountain. Winning the title of the World's Greatest Feminine Tap Dancer didn't satisfy her. In fact, she is trying to live the title down. Many times after she has rehearsed a difficult routine for hours and finally perfected it, she says to her pianist: "Now play some good music, and she will dance the lovely rhythms of a ballet for her own enjoyment.

It's difficult to predict her future career, to tell along which path she will find her greatest triumphs. But this is certain: there's nobody in the entertainment world better equipped to triumph than this twenty-two-year-old girl with six years of Broadway success behind her and laurels stacked high beside her name in radio and motion pictures.

**End "accident panic"—ask for Certain-Safe Modess!**

The Improved Sanitary Pad

*try N-O-V-O—the safe, easy-to-use, douche powder in its new Blue and Silver Box. Cleanses! Deodorizes! (not a contraceptive.) At your drug or department store*
Ten any one a spotlight fear. play took "I new new this out career. she favorite anything always hit. the eye sitely man's ural creations feet exquisite what done beauty new EYELASH EYE BLACK,' in The BLUE. in the appearance of make-up. When are they used beauty that eye cosmetics. When she sings, she has nothing to do is much more apt to romanticize any suitor who comes along and make the mistake of marrying without really being in love. One of the grandest things about doing the work I enjoy above anything else is the absence of the boredom that dulls a more leisurely life. After all, my work always is exciting and new and unfinished. Every song is a new experience. Every broadcast is a new adventure.

"When I'm happy my singing swings along with my mood and when I'm unhappy it comes as a solace. And both joy and sorrow have their own way of enriching life. I'm always able to force or to work up an enthusiasm for anything is the one thing I fear. For monotony would certainly stop the song in your heart and the song on your lips. If the day should ever come when life bores me, my work will suffer for it."

Lucy Monroe can't help reaching her own particular star when she sees herself and her career so clearly. Sees more than that really, for she's looked beyond the success that is hers today and seen the one thing that can stop her. Boredom.

Grand Opera is the goal she's set for herself and if she keeps on wanting that more than she does anything else in the world, she will get it. For Lucy Monroe is the kind of girl who would be a success in anything she tried. When her father died and suddenly there was a need to make a living she turned to the stage as naturally has the mother girl would turn to stenography or nursing or teaching.

After all it is her life. It has always been her life.

For as some babies are born with gold spoons in their mouths, Lucy was born with the taste of the theatre in hers. Blanche Ring, who became her godmother, was with Mrs. Monroe the whole night before Lucy was born. And certainly in that anxious, waiting time those two close friends must have talked of the things they were going to do on Broadway and the excitement in the wings at curtain time and the curious, electric tension that creeps over audience and cast alike when a play is destined to become a hit.

Her childhood was peopled by the great of Broadway. Twenty minutes after she was born Lucy was introduced to Jerome Kern whose songs she was to sing twenty years later on Broadway. Stage stars who were celebrities to most people were just her mother's and father's friends to Lucy. It made the theatre real to her. To others Blanche Ring and Marguerite Clark were far-away, make-believe people. But when Lucy was taken to see a new play everybody was talking about, the Primm Diamond, a new play, as real to her on the stage as when she went into their kitchen to make her favorite spaghetti. And Marguerite Clark wasn't a shadowy movie star but one of her mother's best friends. When she saw W. C. Fields doing his comic juggling acts in the Follies she wasn't awed at all. After all, he often juggled tennis balls for her sole delight when she sat on the court watching him play tennis with her father.

Strange that it was Lucy's father, who wasn't of the stage at all, who taught her her first song. She doesn't remember the name of it now but she does remember how she sang it on street corners until her mother found her and brought her home.

"Just the exhibitionist in me," Lucy laughed as she told about it. "I wasn't allowed to perform at home when we had company so I took it out on innocent strangers. Mother never brought me into the spotlight when her friends were around. And I'm eternally grateful for it now. But when I sang with him together and even then Mother was critical and not at all the adoring parent who thought everything her wonder-child did was perfect.

"That's what helps me now. Knowing Mother has the professional's attitude towards me and not just the fond mother's. For when she does praise me I know it's sincere."

It's a grand thing, that companionship
of Lucy and her mother. Lucy's father died when she was in her early teens and she went from one end of Broadway to another looking for a job in the chorus. It would have been hard to come home to a different type of mother with the day's sad story of disappointment and rebuffs.

But Mrs. Monroe understood. She had been through it all herself. There was no railing against stage managers who didn't recognize talent when they saw it, no bridling against producers who didn't grab the most beautiful girl in the world when they had the chance. Instead there was the calm assurance that some day Lucy would make the grade. No, soft soap or empty compliments—But something real. Something that gave confidence to a youngster when she needed it.

Lucy finally got her chance, just as her mother knew she would. It was as one of the chorus of freaks in Ziegfeld's "Comic Supplement." Then, after seven weeks of rehearsal, the great man fired her.

There again it was Mrs. Monroe who helped Lucy. Though unconsciously this time. For if she had been different, the type of mother whose every thought was concerned with spreading rose petals in her daughter's path, Lucy probably would have yielded to that first impulse to run home and cry it out in her mother's arms.

Instead she listened to the dance director who patted her on the shoulder and said: "Baby, you don't want to be a freak anyway. Run across the street where they're casting for "Louis Fourteenth" and get yourself a job."

So Lucy ran and got the job.

That's what makes her a veteran today, in her early twenties, with eight years of musical comedy and opera behind her. For it wasn't only her voice, glorious as it is, that carried her along the way. Grit and courage take their own place in her personality and her career.

And along with them stand her mother and those early formative years. That childhood association with people who were doing things... great things... and whom Lucy Monroe was fortunate to know, not as exotic personalities but as human beings.

THE END
YOU HEARD ME!
I DON'T WANT ORDINARY BABY POWDER

Give me the ANTISEPTIC kind
--that scares germs away!

"Honestly now—do you think I'm askin' too much when all I want is protection against germs and infection? I know Mummy doesn't mean to neglect me... but I do wish she'd get the kind of powder that's Antiseptic. And I mean Mennen Powder. Gee, but it's great! When your Mummy sprinkles it on you—nasty germs just naturally scam. Seems it keeps what they call an antiseptic condition all over your skin. Then, too, I know it keeps a little extra air in the room. No more chaffing and rawness. Gosh... it's wonderful! So please excuse me for gettin' mad... but from now on I'm going to see that I get Mennen Powder."

America's first baby powder is now Antiseptic. But it doesn't cost a penny more. How foolish to use any other!

W. J. Mennen

MENNEN Antiseptic POWDER

The Radio Hostess

(Continued from page 15)
down the names of these delicacies, “in Miss Hayes’ busy life boredom never is allowed to enter, not even to sneak into her dining-room where it often gains its first firm foothold in so many households.”

In quick succession I heard about Finland Rocks—a cooky their Finnish cook makes divinely and cuts in fancy animal forms for little Mary, but which, in simpler shapes, also find favor at the tea table. I heard about another favorite of Mary MacArthur’s, too—a Fluffy Apple Tapioca with Foamy Lemon Sauce. Then there were other dishes, too sophisticated for childish consumption—Chinese Pork and Pineapple, Hungarian Potted Squabs and Italian Spaghetti with Meat Sauce, with an accompanying bowl of Italian salad—a veritable International Brotherhood of foods.

“We’re having a real Italian dinner at our Nyack house, this Sunday,” Helen Hayes told me, while, with the help of her colored maid she changed into another costume for more pictures. “Bea Lillie will be there, Ivor Novello, Mary Boland and several others. Our Italian gardener’s aunt is coming over to fix the spaghetti! It’s their favorite. We’re certainly going to have a good meal.”

HELEN HAYES

This department’s charming guest conductor for this month poses in one of the magnificent costumes which she wears in the season’s theatrical success, “Victoria Regina.” Despite her many activities, such as starring on the Broadway stage and in a radio serial and managing a home and being a devoted wife and mother, Helen is also interested in the preparation of charming meals.

My secretary, who has several cooking specialties of her own, will preside over the salad bowl. Do ask Miss Carpes to tell you about the salad and ask her to try to get the recipe for the spaghetti sauce for you, too. I’ve eaten both before, so I know the recipes are worth having. “This Italian dinner will be served in our rather odd dining-room,” she continued.

“Why odd?” I asked.

“Well, perhaps I should say different, rather than odd,” replied Miss Hayes. “Let’s say, I get the feeling that I’m having this group of pictures taken.”

That was how I came to hear about the MacArthur dining-room in complete—and somewhat amazing—detail. It has, was told, a huge white table in the center, with a column base. Here twelve can be seated without crowding, yet the shape of the table and the intimacy of the room is such that two would never feel lost when dining a deuce. The chairs also are white and at the many large windows there are white shutters instead of curtains or drapes—not Venetian blinds, mind you, but shutters, which Miss Hayes feels are more in keeping with the old fashioned, late Colonial—early Victorian, atmosphere of their house.

But it is the walls of this room that get immediate and sometimes startled, attention. For these are covered with “Buy British” posters that Charlie MacArthur and Helen picked up and sent home from Bermuda. Of course the words, “Buy British” have been removed and only the remaining lovely, colorful reproductions of fruits, flowers and vegetables were used. My first reaction to this description was to think that here was another example of Charlie MacArthur’s famous sense of humor, but I was assured by Miss Hayes, her secretary and even her leading man who overheard part of our conversation, that the effect—after the first surprise has worn off—is enchanting.

“We’re very informal in our entertainin’.” Miss Hayes declared, smiling, after more pictures had been taken and while another change of costume was prog-
Hungarian-style Squab just mentioned.

I'm not going to pretend for one minute that Helen Hayes rushes home from a day of rehearsals at the radio studio, matinees and evening performance at the theater and incidental press interviews and publicity photographs and merrily concocts these dishes herself for a hungry family.

But I can truthfully say that these are the dishes she likes, prepared in the way she likes them and served with pride to the visiting Bea Lillie, Mary Bolands, Ivor Novello and other celebrities—not to mention the MacArthur's themselves.

"My only sallies into the kitchen, actually, are after the performance at night. Then I like to raid the ice-box for cold meats, eggs or cheese, with which I enjoy a cup of Sanka. Sounds like an advertisement, doesn't it—since they are my sponsors on the air? But really I have found that drinking caffeine-free coffee late at night makes a vast difference in the way one sleeps.

"Naturally restful sleep is most important to me—but please don't make it sound as though I were a fussy sort of person."

No, Helen Hayes is not fussy—but she is a connoisseur of the better things in life... interesting, sympathetic roles on the radio, stage and screen, amusing friends, lovely home, devoted family and good food.

Send for her favorite recipes and see if you don't agree on that score.

**CHINESE PORK AND PINEAPPLE**

1 pound fresh pork, cut from loin
1/2 cup chopped celery
1/2 cup pineapple tid-bits (canned pineapple cut in segments, but not crushed pineapple)
1/2 cup pineapple juice
1 tablespoon bottled Chinese sauce (Soy Sauce)

Additional water, as required

Boiled rice

Have butcher cut pork into very small cubes (approximately 1/2 inch). Place pork in deep skillet and fry in its own fat until it has lost its pink color (but do not brown). Add diced celery, pineapple and pineapple juice. Cover and cook gently for 15 minutes, stirring frequently and adding a little water, if and when needed, to prevent burning. After 45 minutes add Chinese Soy Sauce, cover again and simmer 15 minutes longer or until pork is tender. Serve with hot boiled rice. Pass additional Soy Sauce at the table. (Soy Sauce is very salty, so no salt is called for in the recipe. The rice, of course, should have been cooked in boiling salted water until tender, then drained, rinsed, and steamed in a colander over hot water, for a few minutes to achieve perfect results.)
ANY NOSE IS CONSPICUOUS
without moisture-proof powder

Combat shine, floury streaks, clogged pores with Luxor, the truly moisture-proof and shine-proof face powder 6,000,000 women use!

So many women are cheated of poise and charm by shiny nose, floury streaks, clogged pores! Yet a simple change to Luxor, the moisture-proof face powder, often clears up these conditions like magic!

The secret is simple. Tiny pores on your face give off moisture. If face powder absorbs this natural skin-moisture, a paste results. Nose and face look shiny, floury streaks form, and often pores themselves clog up.

So discard, today, whatever face powder you may be using. And try Luxor on our money-back guarantee.

Make this test. Put a little Luxor powder in a glass of water. Note how it stays soft and fine—won't mix into paste. Thus you know Luxor won't mix with skin moisture and cause shine and blemishes. To induce you to try this marvelous face powder in a range of smart modern shades, we offer this gift at any cosmetic counter:

A Free 2 dram Flacon of Perfume
La Richesse by name, and selling regularly for $3 an ounce. Both powder and perfume are wrapped together, and sell for the price of the powder alone. 5c Small sizes of Luxor powder at all 10c stores. Try it today.

55c moisture-proof FACE-Powder

Luxor, LTD., 1355 W. 31st street
Chicago, Illinois Dept. 2-8
Please send me your 4-piece make-up kit including generous amount of Luxor Moisture Proof Powder, Luxor Rouge, Luxor Special Formula Cream and Luxor Hand Cream. Here and in 10c to help cover mailing. (Offer not good in Canada). Check

Powders: Rose Rachel © Rachel © Flesh ©

ROUGE: Radiant © Medium © Pastel © Roseblush ©

Sunglow © Vivid ©

NAME ________________________

ADDRESS ________________________

CITY ________________________

RADIO STARS

Eternally Yours

(Continued from page 54)

Amos (Freeman F. Godsen, left) and Andy (Charles J. Correll) are members of the Magicians’ Union of America and they try card tricks on each other.

...and during the war was connected with the arsenal in Rock Island. It was his subsequent connection with the producing company which specialized in putting on home talent shows throughout the country that led him to Durham, North Carolina—and Amos!

But, of course, Amos was not born nor even dreamed of in those days! Instead, a quiet, good-looking boy introduced himself as Freeman F. Godsen and the two, drawn to each other and enjoying their work, staged amateur shows all over the United States. But Charlie Correll had musical fingers and they often amused themselves singing and playing popular songs—still do, in fact!

Their first appearance on the air was in New Orlean, when they sang over one of the first experimental stations, just for fun. Later they appeared in Joliet, Illinois, and, still later, in Chicago, during a Red Cross drive. Gradually the idea of a radio career took hold of them but they were undecided as to what line they should develop. The obvious, of course, was a singing team and they did finally audition at a Chicago station and remain for many months as a harmony duo.

"But all this early work," Amos reminded me, "was for our own amusement—it was a long time before we got paid for it."

When, in 1925, they were offered a job as a script team, it seemed a long shot to them both. They still were feeling their way around, unsure which direction to take, knowing only that radio offered a rich and varied field. For nearly a year they had been connected with WGN as a singing team (with pay!) but:

"We couldn't sing," Andy confessed with a hearty laugh, "and we knew it!"

After a while, we found out what was the matter with ourselves and quit!"

"Our first creative work," Amos explained, "professionally, that is, was writing a show for Paul Ash, a well-known Chicago actor and producer. He put on a new show every week and we heard he was susceptible to new ideas. So we offered him one and he bought it."

This was a milestone on two counts, for it was also at this time that, at Paul Ash's suggestion, they made their first appearance on the stage—and were both, Andy assured me, frightened to death! But in spite of their stage-fright, they were a success, and this success played its part in shaping their future career.

Dialogue interested them increasingly and when finally they were urged to prepare a skit for radio presentation, one that should be in the nature of a comic strip, they conceived the negro characters, Sam and Henry. They made an immediate hit and their popularity grew by leaps and bounds. They knew they had at last found their forte and entered with zest and inspiration upon their new career. Keen wit, imagination, skill at dialogue, inimitable characterization—these factors explain only in part the appeal of Sam and Henry, who after two years of broadcasting were to blossom forth as Amos and Andy.

Constant, unflagging effort, a consistently excellent output, the result of an underlying sincerity and determination always to give their best, have spelled for them success. People and agreement, accept these as facts and still wonder how to define, how to explain the human appeal, the universal appeal, of the humorous couple and their many friends. They stir our responsiveness, they rouse our sympathies. Poor, long-suffering Amos—what mix-up
The End
75. **EVENING IN PARIS WITH THE PICKENS SISTERS (NBC)**
   Odette Myrll is mistress of ceremonies, and a woman who can do the job equally well.

76. **MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND WITH RACHEL CARLAY AND ANDY SANNINO (NBC)**
   It's called Manhattan, but the spirit of it all is quite Parisienne.

77. **BOAKE CARTER (CBS)**
   The commentator with the English accent and American mannerisms.

78. **THORNTON FISHER SPORTS REVIEW (NBC)**
   News and guests from the sports world. Thornton tries to talk too fast.

79. **GRAND HOTEL WITH ANNE SEYMOUR AND DON AMECHE (NBC)**
   Not too much emphasis on the grand.

80. **EDWIN C. HILL (NBC)**
   Doesn't he sound like President Roosevelt?

81. **ATLANTIC FAMILY (CBS)**
   Frank Parker was more entertaining when appearing with Jack Benny.

82. **LUM AND ABNER (NBC)**
   High jinks.

83. **HAMMERSTEIN'S MUSIC HALL (NBC)**
   Guest stars galore.

84. **LADY ESTHER PROGRAM WITH WAYNE KING AND ORCHESTRA (CBS)**
   Just the thing for jangled nerves.

85. **PENTHOUSE SERENADE (NBC)**
   Jack Fulton included.

86. **MELODIAN WITH ABE LYMAN (CBS)**
   Bernice Claire and Oliver Smith
   Melody returns, but a confusing trick arrangement creeps in every so often.

87. **CAVALCADE OF AMERICA (CBS)**
   For those who like history and drama.

88. **HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON (NBC)**
   Chats about historical facts you may have overlooked or misunderstood.

89. **EDWARD MACMILLAN (NBC)**
   The Gospel Singer.

90. **NATIONAL AMATEUR NIGHT WITH RAY PERKINS (CBS)**
   Flaubert the overlord for Major Bowes and Fred Allen.

91. **MUSICAL FOOTNOTES WITH VIVIAN DELLA CHIESA (NBC)**
   Franz Imhof and Ralph Ginsburg's ensemble.
   Vivian's voice is exceptionally fine.

92. **FREDERICK RICH'S PENTHOUSE PROGRAM (CBS)**

93. **CAMPAIGN'S FIRST NIGHTER WITH JUNE MEREDITH AND DON AMECHE (NBC)**
   Original radio plays, the majority commendable.

94. **MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH (CBS)**
   Just as you'd imagine.

95. **METROPOLITAN OPERA AUDITIONS (NBC)**
   Dearly beloved while with Edward Johnson superb as master of ceremonies.

96. **HOSTESS COUNSEL (CBS)**
   Domestic "do's" and "don'ts".

97. **PAGEANT OF YOUTH (NBC)**
   Exceptional amateur talent.

98. **FREDRICK WILLY WILE (CBS)**
   Washington on parade.

99. **BROADWAY VARIETIES (CBS)**
   Oscar Shaw as m.c. Victor Arden's music.

100. **VIC AND SADIE (NBC)**
    "What chaf' your "don'ts" and "do's".

101. **DOROTHY LAMOUR (NBC)**
    She puts her glazier into her songs.

102. **IRENE RICH (NBC)**
    The screen star in dramatic sketches.

103. **HARRY AND ESTHER (CBS)**
    Featuring Teddy Berman.

The two earnest young gentlemen above are Johnny Green and Kenny Baker—rehearsing one of their new numbers for the ever-popular Jack Benny show.
Nothing But the Truth?
(Continued from page 57)

actress, there is nothing I could do but recite. However, that venerable recreation seems just a trifle passe.'
Don Marie: "I don't mind being asked to perform at a party if the people are sober, attentive and are sincere in asking me to perform. I hate to be coaxed. When I say 'No!' there isn't 'Yes! YES!' in my voice. If others get up to perform and it is that kind of party, I never choose to be exclusive."
Nita T. Granlund: "No one asks me to perform because I can't do anything."
Kieta Goodelle: "That depends; if they are music lovers, I could entertain them for hours and not tire. But nothing annoys me so much as singing to an audience that is blasé or just polite."
Ted Husing: "Yes—I have no talent for comedy, entertainment or such. But then—I rarely go to parties—so why worry?"
Harry Zell: "I wouldn't say I resent it; but I do dislike it. I don't feel that I can provide any entertainment interesting enough to make it worth while."
Fredric Rich: "Definitely. When I'm invited to a party, I go there to relax and not to perform."
Andy Sannella: "No. I really like my work so much that when I am asked to entertain at any social functions, I am pleased to be given the opportunity to do the thing I love best."

Parks Johnson: "No-o-o . . . but I enjoy more participating in the fun generated by others. Jerry and I have enjoyed immensely staging our Vox Pop programs for luncheon and other clubs."
Frank Cramit: "Certainly I do. Why give away something I can sell?"
Kate Smith: "I do not go to parties. My evenings are spent quietly and usually at home."
Barnes Claire: "No—I'd probably feel hurt if they didn't—but I'd like to reserve the privilege of saying 'no' if I don't feel well."
Phil Ducey: "I only resent it if they have not made provisions for an adequate accompanist."
Virginia Verrill: "I like very much to be asked and always feel that if everyone does not give me his undivided attention that it is my fault, generally in the type of song I am singing."
Paul Pearson: "Not if the crowd is musical."
Jose Manzanares: "I do love to play and sing for people who appreciate the Latin-American folklore. It is a happy feeling when you sing for an understanding audience."
Jimmy Durante: "I love impromptu parties . . . not affairs where they're all waiting to be entertained."
Helen Jepson: "If I have already performed at a concert, yes. Anyway, I'd rather sit back and let someone else work."

Conrad Thibault: "Depending on circumstances and on the friendliness of the occasion. I am always glad to oblige if my inner self feels the request sincere."
Helene Marshall: "I most certainly do resent being urged to perform. Why? Because it is difficult to do one's best under party conditions, and it often creates a bad impression and a false one."

Leonie Hayton: "No. As a matter of fact, I enjoy these opportunities and utilize them in keeping limber."
David Rees: "No, but there are only twenty-four hours in the day, and I cannot split myself up into a dozen individuals. Time permitting, I enjoy performing at parties."

Abe Lyman: "I do, because I can't do anything."
Bob Crosby: "Unless they are my friends."
Ray Perkins: "It all depends on the type of party. If favorable for a performer . . . I don't resent it."

Nick Dawson: "Wouldn't say that I resent it, but unqualifiedly refuse on every occasion—reason being that I am absolutely lousy except under the tension of a professional performance."

Parksyakrouss: "Yes . . . because I don't believe in the letter carrier taking a
walk on his day off.”

Bing Crosby: “Yes, unless I happen to be in the mood at an informal party.”

Julia Sanderson: “I do not like to perform at parties, because, despite my years of experience, I am shy when meeting people at close range.”

Robert Ripley: “No—it’s their own fault.”

Dale Carnegie: “I am not a comedian—I am a commentator.”

Glen Gray: “Being asked to perform is flattery—no one resents that. But I always refuse. In the first place there’s seldom an instrument handy and secondly a solo wouldn’t sound right.”

Benay Venuta: “Yes, because I’m a very bad parlor entertainer and never know anything amusing to do.”

Ed McConnell: “Most emphatically, because in my professional broadcasts I strive for intimacy and friendliness only, never for any praise that might accrue. Moreover, I don’t go to a party to work, and since I do not enjoy appearing in public, performing at parties is a most distasteful job.”

Roy Block: “A pet hate of mine—seems show-offy.”

Deane Janis: “When I’m not working I like to be entertained myself.”

Dennis Taylor: “Since I neither play nor sing, and very few parties need a master of ceremonies, I am seldom asked twice.”

When Broadcasting Do You Like to Treat the Microphone as a Personality or Do You Regard It Purely as a Mechanical Device?

Harriet Hillard: “That mike is my best friend—and when I sing to it I have that in mind.”

Dennis Taylor: “Purely as a mechanical device, as a means—just like the telephone—of communicating with someone else.”

Roy Block: “As having a personal nature.”

Ed McConnell: “It is purely a medium through which I reach those to whom I am speaking or singing. Once my position is taken before the microphone I am not cognizant of its presence.”

Benay Venuta: “I never even think of the mike—usually sing to or for one person.”

Dale Carnegie: “The microphone is an audience to me.”

Julia Sanderson: “As a personality.”

Bing Crosby: “I sing for those listening and wish the microphone were out of the way.”

Porkyaryarkus: “I am entirely oblivious of the microphone’s presence—my main thought being the best reading of the script.”

Nick Daven: “I am not even conscious that it exists, except when it fades and off-stage work is required.”

David Ross: “I have looked upon the microphone as a cold mechanical device. I have also taken it in my arm most tenderly and spoken to it with adoration affection. I have also on many occasions cursed it for a demon.”

Deane Janis: “The microphone is another person to me and I know it can be very cruel, so I try very hard to be nice to it. It treats you accordingly.”

Lennie Hayton: “The microphone I consider definitely a personality. Al-

"Eddie Pink" (Cantor) of "Strike Me Pink" rides his fearsome wooden charger in the "Dreamland" merry-go-round. Vivian Reid and Victoria Vinton watch...
Comparatively unknown a year ago, Jerry Cooper now is considered one of the radio "finds" in 1932. He is heard on the "Tea at the Ritz" and the "Musical Toast" broadcasts.

though it is not immediately responsive, in its action, through fan mail, it becomes a personality.

Helen Marshall: "I consider it much better to think of the mike as a means carrying my thought and ideas. If you think that the mike is your objective you often give a listless performance."

Conrad Thibault: "I forget the microphone entirely and think of persons or a person in the great outside world."

Helen Jepson: "I think of it as an ear of a human being."

Fritzi Schei: "I do not pay any attention to it one way or another—but, if I did, it would be a friendly thing to me."

Myrtle Fall: "I not only like to but do treat the microphone as a personality—the uncanny thing through which you reach millions of listeners."

John Barclay: "You forget it and play in a scene which exists in your imagination."

Ted Hammerstein: "To my mind you can obtain much better results by treating the microphone as a personality."

Andrè Sennetta: "While I believe that a microphone should be handled largely as a personality in order to create the desirable tie between the artist and the radio audience, I do feel that it should be treated as a mechanical device also, as it can do an artist plenty of harm if he does not bear this aspect in mind."

Harry von Zell: "I have never thought about it from either angle—I suppose I ignore it."

Niela Goodelle: "When broadcasting, I try to visualize my audience through the mike and not think of it as a mere inanimate thing."

Nils T. Granlund: "I don't pay any attention to it."

Don Mario: "I have a world of respect for that "black thing" in front of me during a broadcast. I often wonder why they..."

---

**FASCINATING EYES**

**lead the way to LOVE and ROMANCE**

THEIR EYES MET...he saw...she conquered. It's the romantic story of another girl who learned the importance of attractive, fascinating eyes.

You, too, can have that fascinating loveliness that leads the way to romance. Bring out the natural beauty and charm of your eyes with a touch of Winx Mascara. It works wonders. Your lashes immediately appear longer, softer, and more lustrous...your eyes sparkle...your whole appearance radiates life and beauty.

Once you try Winx you readily understand why so many smart, well-groomed women use Winx regularly for both daytime and evening make-up. You will like the way its emollient oils keep your lashes luxuriantly soft at all times.

Winx Mascara is offered in three colors—black, brown and blue—and in three convenient forms—the new Creamy Winx (which is gaining in popularity every day), and the old favorites, Cake Winx and Liquid Winx. All are harmless, smudge-proof, water-proof, non-smarting, and easy to apply.

Your local drug and department stores carry Winx Mascara in the economical large size. You can also obtain the complete line of Winx Eye Beautifiers in Introductory Sizes at all 10c stores.

Winx
Eye Beautifiers
LAXATIVES?  I NEVER NEED THEM ANY MORE!

Don't Be a Slave to CATHARTICS
Try This Improved Pasteurized Yeast
That's Easy to Eat

If you take laxatives to keep "regular," you know from experience that drugs and cathartics give only temporary relief from constipation. Such remedies merely cause a drastic purging action. They do not correct the cause of your condition.

Doctors now know that in many cases the real cause of constipation is a shortage of the vitamin B complex. This precious factor is sadly deficient in the typical everyday diet. In many foods it is entirely lacking. When this factor is added to the diet in sufficient amounts, constipation goes. Elimination again becomes regular and complete.

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

With the true cause of your constipation corrected, you will be rid of the evil cathartic habit. Your energy will revive. Headaches will go. Your skin will be clearer and fresher.

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. These tablets cannot ferment in the body. Pasteurization makes this yeast utterly safe for everyone to eat. It has a pleasant, nut-like taste that you will really enjoy. And it contains nothing to put on fat.

All druggists sell Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. Refuse substitutes.

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Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets.

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RADIO STARS

An alluring portrait of lovely Helen Kimm, who turned down tempting offers from Hollywood to play in the Civil War radio drama, "Roses and Drums," of enduring popularity. Helen also has acted in many stage plays on Broadway.
vice. In our Vox Pop interviews there is always an interesting personality alongside me, with whom I'm chatting, and on whom I'm concentrated 99 per cent. I haven't time to be conscious of the mike on a Vox Pop program...I'm too much absorbed with the conversation we're having.

Dick Powell: "I play to the visible audience before me. The mike just happens to be between us."

Betty Lou Gerson: "I always play to whomever is in a scene with me. Except for certain technical considerations, the microphone does not exist for me."

Anne Jamison: "I am happy to say that since I discovered that my mike is a personality, my interpretation has improved 100 per cent."

Jerry Belcher: "It is distinctly a personality...to me it represents a decent, God-fearing family that I want to have regard me as a friendly fellow who contributes to its pleasure and happiness."

Eddie Cantor: "I don't even realize the darn thing is there."

Odette Myrtil: "The microphone is my audience."

Are You Interested in the Short Wave Broadcasts?

Dick Powell: "Very much. I have a special receiving set built into my bed so I can listen to the short wave broadcasts far into the night."

Frank Crumit: "Yes...I like to hear what radio folk are doing on the other side of the 'pond.'"

Parks Johnson: "Yes, and for many reasons. First, of course, for the novelty. Later, because of the variety of entertainment."

Kate Smith: "Any phase of radio interests me, for I think it has every other medium beat a hundred and one ways."

James Melton: "No."

Bernice Claire: "Very—it is so marvelous to listen to a foreign program—and realize how far reaching radio is."

Josephine Gibson: "Yes—they seem even more miraculous than ordinary broadcasting."

Virginia Verrill: "Yes...since my 'Vocals by Verrill has been put on short wave, I have made some grand fans in faraway lands."

Paul Pearson: "In its advancement."

Jose Manzanares: "I believe that South America, Central America, Mexico, Cuba, and Spain have very much to offer to the modern world of music, and the same applies to the music of the United States. The path of good will is short wave broadcasting."

Jimmy Durante: "One of my hobbies."

Helen Jepson: "It was over a short wave that I was first heard and got my start."

Conrad Thibault: "More or less—that is, I must get a short wave receiver."

Deane Janis: "I'm sure I would be a regular fan if I had the time."

David Ross: "I delight in reaching out for foreign stations. It makes the earth impressively real and fantastic at the same time."

Nick Dawson: "I'll find out when I get a set."

Porky akkus: "Yes...because through its development radio performers..."
CANT COME:
IT'S THE WRONG TIME OF THE MONTH

NONSENSE!
TAKE SOME MIDOL AND YOU'LL BE YOURSELF

Don't Suffer From "REGULAR" Pain

It's an old-fashioned girl who still suffers each month when there is really no need to! It's just too bad for the girl who doesn't know she can keep her dates and keep comfortable. For painful periods, you need simply do this:

Watch the calendar. At the first sign of approaching pain, take a Midol tablet and drink a glass of water, and you may escape the expected pain entirely. If not, a second tablet should check it within a few minutes. Midol often helps women who have always had a very hard time. And the relief is lasting; two tablets see you through your worst day. Yet they contain no narcotic and form no habit. They do not interfere in any way with the normal and necessary menstrual process. But don't be fooled by ordinary pain tablets offered as a specific for menstrual pain! Midol is a special medicine offered for this special purpose.

Must you favor yourself, and save yourself, certain days of every month? Midol might give you back those days you have had to be so careful. You can get these tablets in a trim little aluminum case at any drug store.

That well-intentioned old maid, Miss Hazy, in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," is played by young and lovely Alice Frost, who, in the evening, appears as the lively comedienne in Walter O'Keefe's Camel Caravan program. Alice, daughter of a Minneapolis minister, has played in stock and on the Broadway stage. Her husband, Robert C. Foulk, is an actor and scenic designer.
Millions of girls find Tintex supreme in restoring faded color or giving new color to everything in wardrobe or home decorations. Its utter simplicity—its perfect results—its range of 41 brilliant, long-lasting colors—make Tintex the world’s favorite Tints and Dyes. Always insist on Tintex—at all drug stores, motion and toilet goods counters.

PARK & TILFORD, Distributors
When you're in a hurry in the morning, you won't even have to take time out from dressing if you'll practice your balancing exercises by putting on your stockings and shoes while you're standing up. If you don't do this correctly, you'll tear your hose while you're trying to put them on, so learn to bring your knee up toward your chest, and don't be afraid to bend over in one whole piece, instead of in disjointed sections, to meet it.

When you walk, don't do it as though you carried a ton of brick in each shoe. Walk lightly. Forget all this walking-on-the-toes business, too. The correct way to walk is to put the heel down lightly and then sort of push forward on the ball of the foot. Heel—push. Heel—push. Walk lightly and hold yourself proudly, and you'll have a queenly carriage.

To summarize this business of keeping young and graceful, I asked Mrs. Robinson to give me a list of the most important things that I could tell you. She named four essentials in the art of keeping youthful. First, fresh air. She can't stress too much the value of deep breathing. Her recipe for pep consists of taking a good long walk, breathing deeply in rhythm with your steps. Keep your head high, as though it were stretching to the top of the circus tent; keep your chest up, as though you had a couple of poles balancing on it, and breathe deeply, rhythmically, as though you were expanding your chest like a drum major.

Second on Mrs. Robinson's list comes diet. Everybody, or almost everybody, eats too much says "Josie." We eat so much that we get too lazy to move around, and so we get fat and sloppy before our
time. Get up from the table while you're still a little hungry ... don't be a pig!

Third on the list is exercise, of course. With her eyes sparkling, and her arm muscles tensed, giving emphatic nods to emphasize the things she wanted emphasized, Mrs. Robinson outlined her "code" of exercise. "You wouldn't think of letting your automobile stand around, month in and month out, or year in and year out, and still expect it to run smoothly, would you?" she queried. "Then why should you expect it of your body?" She pointed out the fact that the body is machinery which needs attention just as does any other machinery, an engine, a car, a watch. And she also pointed out that it is even more wonderful than machinery, because it has the ability to reconstruct itself.

Here is the famous circus lady's own favorite exercise. It's a twisting exercise, and it twists your stomach, your waist, and your hips if you do it properly, in addition to giving your arm and bust muscles an uplift stretch. Take a medium-sized towel and twist it taut between your hands. Stand in an erect position, your chest high, your stomach pulled in, the small of your back straight. Now raise your arms straight above your head, about the distance of the towel between them; trip the towel tightly and bend at the waist as far over to the right as you can. Now to the left. Keep those arms straight! If you allow your elbows to bend, you'll let in too much "slack" at your waistline. Keep your stomach pulled in and your back straight. With practice you may be able to bend sideways far enough to touch your hands to a chair seat. That's giving those indent stomach muscles a twist, all right!

Fourth on Mrs. Robinson's list of requirements for keeping youthful is a hobby. It doesn't matter what your hobby may be, just so it is something that will call into exercise your enthusiasms and your interests. How about making "Exercises" your hobby for a while? Certainly there could be no more valuable profit-bearing hobby than that. I have three whole pages of exercises for you ... twisting exercises, deep breathing exercises, exercises for the stomach, hips, bust, arms ... exercises for a perfect '36 hobby. Some of Josie DeMotte Robinson's favorite exercises are included in the list. Why not get ready for a JUMBO trial at exercising NOW? And if, at any time you find yourself getting discouraged in working out your exercises, remember the chorus, "You've got to keep trying, over and over again."

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#### CAN'T FAIL

Kotex has a special "Equalizer" center whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pod. Gives "body" but not bulk — prevents twisting and roping.

#### CAN'T SHOW

The ends of Kotex are not only rounded, but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility — no tiny wrinkles whatsoever. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no telltale lines.

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### Three Distinct Types of Kotex

- **Regular** — in the blue box
- **Junior** — in the green box
- **Super** — in the brown box

Choose the one for your intimate comfort.

For the ordinary needs of most women. The choice of millions.

Somewhat narrower — for some women when less protection is needed.

Extra layers give extra protection, yet no longer or wider than Regular.

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**Wondersoft Kotex**

A sanitary napkin made from Cellucotton (not cotton)
What Kind of Love do You Want?

(Continued from page 29)

let's have music that will cause people to leave their little selves and their little limited lives for the space of an hour or less... and be swept out into the sea of all the humanities... away from all petty tyrannies and petty hopes and fears and triumphs and despair—a sort of deathless divaspan of song which might make the listeners realize that there is illimitability to the world they live in... and an aching, ardent hope of other worlds to come.... Let's have music that will stir tremendous potentialities... open great concourses of thought, release great currents of emotion...

"I want to sing better music than I have been singing. I want to raise the level of the programs I am on. I want to sing a notch above the level of my listeners, let us say, rather than a notch below them. I have always believed that the audience intelligence has been underestimated. We are too prone to say: 'Oh, the Public won't like this or 'get' that--its too highbrow, too classical or something.' But look at David Copperfield and Tale Of Two Cities on the screen--classics, certainly, beautifully and faithfully done and Big Box Office at one and the same time. And throughout the ages whom have the peoples of the world chosen for immortality? Not the sensation-for-a-day artists—no, the Dickens', the Shakespeares, the Platos, the Thackerays, the Rubens', the Botticelli's, the Lizis and the Beethovens and the Wagners and so on...

"And so I want to know—can I? May I? Will the people who listen in allow it? Or will they not? Do the right people write the radio fan letters? Or do you, some of you who care the most about music but feel, perhaps, rather 'silly' about writing fan letters, keep silent? Please, all of you, tell me..."

We were having tea together in Nelson's living-room, in Beverly Hills. The tall, silver-blond young baritone had been practising a negro spiritual when I came in. He was perfecting the dialect. Nelson is always perfecting something or other.
Bess Johnson plays Frances Moran, Mother Moran's 22-year-old daughter, in "Today's Children." Acting before the microphone on this program is but one phase of Bess Johnson's busy life. She's married to Dr. Paul Perry, is a radio executive in the office of a Chicago advertising agency and mother of a lively seven-year-old daughter.

He is forever and ceaselessly experimenting, studying, exploring. He has the deepest quality of earnestness of any man, any star I ever have known. He has little or no feeling of pompous self-importance. He takes his work—not himself—with tremendous seriousness. Stardom does not mean satiety to him. World-wide success does not mean to him that he has arrived but only that he must go on... The little New England lad who was born in Providence, Rhode Island, who learned church music at his mother's knee, who sang in churches his boyhood through, who learned the stable, deep-rooted New England virtues and persistences at a tender age was, literally, father to the man. So, too, the young man who, later on, in Philadelphia, took almost every correspondence course devised by the ingenuity of correspondence course creators, who went to night school, who had jobs on newspapers, in advertising agencies, who sang in four-day movie houses and churches and clubs and hospitals—this young man, too, most certainly was father to the man.

He never is content with less than the best. He is an exacting task-master of himself. In the urgency with which he put his question to me—and through me to you—in the extreme gravity of his voice, I could gauge how very much he hopes that the public, too, will not be content with anything but the best.

"I mean," he was saying, running his strong hands through that kingly crown of his silver-gold hair, "I mean—don't misunderstand me—I don't want to sing arias and German lieder exclusively. I still want to sing the music of the heart from the heart. The simple, homely songs which are great because they play on the heartstrings of the whole world and make all men and women kin. But the world is heir to gorgeous, wonderful music, to immortal music. And I want to sing that, too."

"I'd like to sing the music of Tchaikowsky and Rachmaninoff, the music of Grieg, Strauss and Wolfie; the music of John Alden Carpenter, Deems Taylor, Sir Edward German, Frank Bridge and A.

Modern life demands much of women—in business, in the home, the club—and in social duties that are a part of her daily life. To meet every occasion, with a consciousness of looking her best, the smart woman tirelessly strives to cultivate every feminine charm. Today, one of the outstanding essentials of charm is a soft, smooth skin.

For many years, fastidious women have relied on the Linit Beauty Bath to give their skin the feel of rare velvet.

To those who have not tried the Linit Beauty Bath, why not do this today: Dissolve some Linit in the tub while the water is running. Bathe as usual and, after drying, feel your skin. It will be delightfully soft and smooth. And the Linit bath does away with the damp or semi-dry feeling of the skin that usually follows an ordinary bath.

Make it a habit to use Linit in your tub water and join the thousands of America's loveliest women who daily enjoy its refreshing luxury.

The Bathway to a Soft, Smooth Skin

for Fine Laundering

Don't overlook the directions on the Linit package—recommending Linit for starching. Linit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.
RADIO STARS

Walter Kramer, . . .

"Can I do it?" Nelson asked, the passion in his beautiful, deep speaking voice quieting abruptly. "Can I do it? Do they want me to do it? This is the question I have been literally burning to ask for months and haven't known how or by what means to ask it. And I want the answer. I want to know, from the people of the radio audiences, what the people want.

You see, I get only a small percentage of my radio fan mail myself. I know what I get because I read all of my fan mail with my own eyes. And the radio fan mail is not like the movie fan mail. The radio fans write, as a rule, to the stations, in care of the sponsors. The letters are opened and answered from there, photographs mailed when requested. If any of the letters are particularly personal they are forwarded to me wherever I may be. And of course, since the release of Naughty Marietta, quite a few radio fans write me care of MGM studio, knowing that I can be reached there. Some six or seven thousand letters a week come in, from all parts of the world.

"I said that there is a marked and very interesting difference between the radio fan mail and the movie fan mail. And there is. The movie fan mail is by far the more personal, the more ardent. Movie fans write more often, I should say, and always more emotionally. They always want autographed pictures. They frequently declare undying love. They are quite violent in their fierce determination to have me play always opposite Jeanette MacDonald. They protest that it would be unnatural, impossible, to see me with anyone else. The radio fans, on the other hand, occasionally ask for photographs, not always. The radio fan letters are usually from more elderly people. And the letters always stress the musical aspects. They all ask me to sing certain songs. They often ask me to announce that I am singing a particular song for a particular person, naming the name. That is, regrettably, impossible for me to do. The sponsors are, after all, building up bulk audiences. It is impossible to cater to any one individual during a broadcast.

"It is natural that radio fan mail should be less personal than movie fan mail. The radio is presumably less personal than the screen. The screen gives its fans the face, the figure, the personality and the voice. The radio gives only the voice and into that voice must go all of the personality of the singer. It is, to me, the easiest work of all, radio work. I love it. I love rehearsals, which most artists detest. I have a lot of fun at 'em. I have no 'mike' self-consciousness. And I have no feeling of being impersonal. Quite the contrary. I am singing, when I broadcast, singing definitely and very personally, to the thousands of men and women who seem to me, as real and warm and human and responsive, as audiences I can see. On the screen I am, after all, only a shadow and a recorded voice. When film audiences are watching me on the screen I may be a million miles away, actually and in thought. On the air I am, after

You can have a Martini without an olive—but the olive adds something extra to your enjoyment.

There are many lotions for your hands—but Frostilla has something extra—fragrance! Its lovely scent is an extra touch of luxury and niceness—an irresistible addition to its unequalled soothing, smoothing qualities. Choose and use Frostilla; it has everything you seek in a hand lotion—plus fragrance!

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Lotion

IF YOU HAVE
GRAY HAIR
and DON'T LIKE a
MESSY MIXTURE...
then write today for my
FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

As a Hair Color Specialist, with forty years' European American experience, I am proud of my Color Imposter for Grayness. Use it like a hair tonic. Wonderfully GOOD for the scalp and dandruff; it can't leave stains. As you use it, the gray hair becomes a darker, more youthful color. I want to convince you by sending you my free trial bottle and book telling All About Gray Hair.

ARTHUR RHODES, Hair Color Expert, Dept. 3, LOWELL, MASS.

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MAKE $25-$35 A WEEK

You can learn at home to nurse time. Course approved by reputable, thousands of graduates. Ext. 35 years. One graduate and half of all nurses in 16-bed hospital. Another saved $500 while learning, Equipment included. Men and women 18 to 60. High School not required. Easy payment plans. Write us now.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 256, 10 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.
Wheat and free booklet and 12 sample lesson pages.

A younger in years, and new to radio, is Bonnie Blue. Discovered by Mark Warnow, she now is heard with his Blue Velvet Orchestra. Blues and the lighter kinds of popular ditties are Bonnie's highly successful specialties.
Dick Leibert is the organist of the Radio City Music Hall broadcasts.

all, right there. I am singing to my audiences, there and now...

"Which leads me to this," said Nelson, "that because the radio fan letters are predicated, naturally, on the love of music, I wonder whether my question—can I sing better music?—will not be answered in the affirmative?

"They love music, the radio fans, or they wouldn't be listening in to me. And loving music as they do, might it not be that they would love better music if I should give it to them?"

"Memories..." I interpolated...

"don't you think, Nelson, that they love the songs they ask for because of memories, because of tender associations connected with these so-familiar songs?"

mean, Jane Doe's sweethearts sang Sally In Our Alley the night he proposed... old Mrs. So-and-So sang Danny Boy to her son in the days when he was still at home with her... that sort of thing?

"That is part of it, of course," said Nelson, "but we could make new memories, new associations, couldn't we? If I have radio fans—and of course I have or I wouldn't be on the air at all—some of them must occasionally say: 'If first heard Nelson Eddy sing that song... and they, in line with what you were saying, cherish that song because they heard me sing it first...

(I thought. With your phenomenal popularity any song you might sing would be cherished... I didn't put my thought into words. Nelson can do without that sort of fulsome.)"

"Well, then," Nelson went on, "why can't I sing Brahms' Love Song instead of That's Why Darkies Were Born? Why can't I sing It Is Enough, from Elijah, instead of The Night Was Made For Love? And have these songs mean just as much, strike just as poignant a chord as would the mordant plea of Let Me Take You Home, Josephine, when by all odds Josephine should have gone home long ago—and stay there.

"And I believe firmly," Nelson said, rising to his feet and down the spacious length and breadth of his living-room, "I believe firmly that the people of the world are prepared, are eager, whether they know it or not, for a deeper, a more profound experience of music. I don't mean that they won't still want to burst their sides laughing at a Cantor, a Wynn and the other funny fellows. I don't mean that they won't want to hear Bing, the inimitable Bing, without end. I don't even mean that they won't want to hear the Sylvas and the Danny Boys now and again. They will.

---

**SUNNY HAIR**

is Admired by All My Friends"

say delighted young women who have become more popular with sunny hair. For sunny—soft lustrous—hair gives you the fresh, glowing attractiveness friends admire. Gain for yourself the charming brightness of sunny lustrous hair. Blonde or Brunette, brighten your hair—your whole appearance—with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

"Secret of Loveliness for Blondes and Brunettes"  

**BLONDES**—successfully to restore natural golden beauty to dull, faded or streaked hair, rinse with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Marchand's lightens and brightens blonde hair, protects its sunny golden hues. **BRUNETTES**—Glowing highlights make your dark hair fascinating after a rinse with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Or, with Marchand's, you can lighten your hair gradually, in unobserved stages, to any golden shade of blondeness. **BLONDES AND BRUNETTES** also use Marchand's to make unnoticeable "superfluous" hair on face, arms or legs.

For greater cleanliness—greater personal attractiveness—start today this simple home beauty treatment. Get a bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash at any drug store or use coupon below.

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**FREE VISIT TO NEW YORK FOR ATTRACTIVE BLONDE**

To secure typical American girls from all parts of this country for their regular "BLONDE OF THE MONTH" advertisement, the makers of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash offer each month entirely without expense, obligation or any complications of any kind, to bring one girl selected for her charm and beauty to New York for special photographing. Not a contest. Full particulars from your druggist; in your package of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash, or, by mail from Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Address Marchand's, room 44, 521 West 23rd Street, New York.

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**MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH**

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY, OR USE THIS COUPON  

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH, 521 West 23rd St., NEW YORK CITY

Please let me try for myself the SUNNY, GOLDEN EFFECT of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 50 cents (use stamps, coin or money order as convenient) for a full-sized bottle.

Name

Address

City State

83
TATTOO 
YOUR LIPS
with a glamorous South Sea red that's transparent, pasteless, highly indelible

Now... for lips... TATTOO instead of lipstick! Vibrant, exciting South Sea color... luscious and appealing instead of "just red!" Transparent and pasteless instead of opaque and pasty. Softening to lips instead of drying. TATTOO Pout On... let it set... wipe it off. Only the color sticks. Tattoo your lips! Never be satisfied with less than the perfection of TATTOO. Test all five of TATTOO's thrilling shades on your own skin at the Tattoo Color Selector displayed in your favorite store. TATTOO, $1 everywhere.

BLONDENESS

Brownish BLONDE to Light BLONDE
IN ONE SHAMPOO

Lighten hair
2 to 4 shades
with Shampoo-rinse

NO BLONDE is at her best if her hair has faded, become dull, brownish. Only the gleaming, golden blondes are truly fascinating. And their secret for radiant, alluring hair beauty is BLONDEX. It is a unique combination shampoo and rinse all in one. Use BLONDEX today, see how expertly it washes the dullest, drabdest hair 2 to 4 shades lighter. After even the first BLONDEX shampoo-rinse, your hair will glisten with bright, golden lights. Get BLONDEX today. At all good drug and department stores.

BLONDEX
THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO-RINSE

She's on the air on a dare! Young, attractive and blonde Templeton Fox was "dared" to enter a contest in Los Angeles and she proved a winner!

"But—I do mean that they are prepared for something more profound. We all read the 'funny papers' on Sundays. But we also read and are fed by such books as Paths of Glory, We Who Are About To Die, The Forty Days Of Musa Dagh and so on...

"The last four or five years have prepared us all. The soil of human appreciation has been enriched for deeper and more permanent plantings. Many of us have known deprivations, tragedies of all kinds. Financial. Personal. Emotional. Moral. We have gone beyond the superficial, the spectious and the facile, and our wants and needs and desires cannot be fully satisfied when a baritone wails out The Neapolitan Love Song.

"I believe that we are ready, once again, for religion. Perhaps I should say for religious music. I know it. For when, a few weeks ago, I sang The Lord's Prayer over the air on one of my broadcasts, my fan mail quadrupled, by actual statistical count, over and above what it had been the preceding week. And every single letter mentioned The Lord's Prayer... and they sounded, en masse, like the common plaint of people who heretofore had wanted bread and been given stones...

"That meant something to me, that increased fan mail, because of one song. It held a message for me.

"You know, I suppose, that I have almost nothing to do with the choice of the songs I sing on my broadcasts. The songs are selected for me by my sponsors. And the songs my sponsors select for me are, in turn, determined by the fan mail received at the stations. The fan mail which names its favorite songs. So that actually you, my fans, arrange my programs for me.

"And only about fifty songs are ever requested by those who write in to the sponsors! Such songs as, for instance, Sylvia, Secret Mystery Of Life, The Heart Rested Down, When I Grow Too Old To Dream, Danny Boy, The Road To Mandalay, The Glory Road, The Last Round-Up—and so forth. And forth, Some fifty songs in all, songs of much the same general calibre or musical importance.

"Not that I despise these songs—don't mistake me. I don't. Far from it. There are times when I wouldn't listen to the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra for any bribe that might be offered me. Times when I want to listen to Bing Crosby and no one and nothing else. And get the biggest kick in the world out of listening to him.

"And so I do not mean to say that the Roots and Saddles have not their place in the musical scheme of things. They have—but not all of the time, in Heaven's name!

"And so I am asking you—the thousands of you everywhere—what you want of me, what you really, in your hearts, want me to sing... Please answer me.
Welcome to Pickfair
(Continued from page 27)

RADIO STARS

your last resting place. Gwynne, my young niece, called my attention to one such commercial treasure . . . the actor who was extolling the advisability of investing in a little plot or a handy mausoleum while the Depression was 'on' . . .

because, he said practically, you could 'buy low' at this time. Somewhere, after a few minutes of this, one doesn't feel exactly like going on with the program, no matter how good it may be.

"I sat the other night," said Mary, "at dinner here at Pickfair. There was a program I wanted to hear. I tuned in while at the dinner-table. And I found myself listening to a most persuasive if somewhat oily gentleman who was telling me something revolting about what to do for the intestines in time of stress! Do I need to say that I dialled that off as rapidly as possible and did not tune in to the program I'd wanted to hear.

"Such things as these," said Mary, "are the stigma on the fair name of radio today. They are, undoubtedly, the crude excrescences of youth which time and maturity and some new system of channelling will eliminate . . . but you asked me, Faith, and I'm trying to tell you . . .

"I think that another criticism is that the programs are not prepared far enough in advance. And I do not believe that the talent employed has anything to do with

some of the defects that ensue. For I found when I was broadcasting for Royal Gelatin last year—twenty-six weeks of it—that most of the actors and actresses we used were splendid talent. They were young and gay and responsive. Some of them were forgotten picture people. Some of them were brand new radio talent, the rising stars of the ether. And almost all of them were stimulating and interesting. So much so that I have my eye on some of them right now for picture purposes . . .

"Then there is the immense disadvantage of having two or more worthwhile programs—programs we all want to hear—on the air at exactly the same time. I often find myself wanting to hear some romantic music and, perhaps, a lecture at some special hour. I have to make a choice. I cannot hear both. I must take one or the other. Which is too bad. Imagine what a catastrophe it would be for movie fans if two pictures such as, say, Mutiny On The Bounty and The Magnificent Obsession were shown for one evening only—the same evening. This is what happens to radio fans all of the time.

"It will have to be worked out in some way. It is one of the most pressing problems of radio today—certainly it is a pressing problem to the fans. I don't quite know, as yet, how this state of af-
fairs can be adjusted. Perhaps the radio fans will have to pay a small toll for certain programs . . . perhaps there will be installations of small meters, like gas meters, into which a coin will go and certain programs be retained for an hour. Perhaps programs will be made up and mailed in advance to the radio fans. I don't quite know how it can be worked out but some way will have to be found."

"I believe in radio censorship," said Mary. "I believe that it is absolutely necessary. Anything that can come into the home and be turned on at will by children must have supervision. Mothers can control the theatre-going of their children. They can control the reading matter of their children. They can keep the sensational type of newspaper and magazine out of the home by not subscribing to them, if they care enough. Or if they do take them, they are tangible objects and can be hidden away. But not even the most zealous mother can pursue a child from one end of the day to the next to make sure that he is not twisting a dial."

"And most emphatically one of my major criticisms of the radio is that so often children should not twist dials. Too often they are apt to get a melodramatic voice telling of revolting murders with gruesome details. And when a child listens to such things as these," said Mary,


-----------

**Spreads farther—**

Cling's loyally for hours!

**DOES NOT CLOG THE PORES!**

This smart new face powder, prepared by skin scientists, covers shine and imperfections perfectly. Spreads farther.* Does not clog the pores!

Smooth a pinch of Woodbury's on your arm. Do the same with the powder you now use. Woodbury's spreads so far and evenly, because it stays on the skin's surface. Does not disappear into the pores—hence will not clog them.

Six flattering skin-bloom shades. $1.00, 50c, 25c, 10c.

* Determined by Gar-Baker Laboratories, Inc., New York

**Free!**

SIX SKIN-BLOOM SHADES

(Enough for a Week's Trial)


(Paste on postcard or mail in envelope NOW)

Name________________________

Street________________________

City__________________________

State_________________________

© 1936, John H. Woodbury, Inc.
with that look in her beautiful eyes which
explores the wrongs, little and large, done
to all mankind, "when a child listens to
such things as these, how do we know what
harm has been done to that child? Perhaps
something more horrible than the 'grue-
some murder' ... another kind of crime . . ."

"Only a few days ago I chanced to
use in some program and caught a
ringing voice proclaiming with gusto 'at
the age of ten he killed a man ...'.
Mary's eyes were grave. "'At the age of
ten he killed a man,'" she repeated. "I
feel guilty that I didn't check up and dis-
cover from what station that broadcast
came. I should have written a letter of
protest. For it has been said that 'man-
much as ye do it to a little child' . . .
and what does that sort of thing do, do
you suppose, to a little child? I don't like
to think about it. But I must. We all
must. And that is why censorship is com-
pulsory.

"The radio," said Mary, gently now,
that light in her eyes which is always
there when she can speak truthfully of
the good in things, the good in men and women,
'the radio has done, is doing so many
great and good things. And I think that
one of the very best things it has done
is to interest the people of today in what
goes on in Washington. An interest de-
plorably lacking a very few years ago. Of
course there is a deep, underlying reason
for this interest, too. The shoe has been
pinching—and people want to find out
why. But they couldn't find out, not so
readily, not so easily as they can find out
through the medium of the radio.

"I believe that another of radio's richest
gifts to us is that it has made us sound-
conscious. It should help us with our
voices, our speaking voices, which are in-
clined to be, here in America, raucous at
worst, careless at best. Most of the an-
nouncers have beautiful diction and beau-
tiful speaking voices. And Radio should—
and will, I know—be more and more care-
ful to see that only cultivated and beauti-
ful speaking voices are allowed on the
air.

"That radio has made us music-con-
scious goes without saying. In little homes
which, at best, boasted a rather tinny vic-
trola and a few records, well used or
abused, perhaps, by the children . . .
in these little, music-unconscious homes
comes, now, the music of Tchaikowsky
and Brahms and Lizzt . . . the beautiful
vocal music of Lawrence Tibbett and Ne-
Long famed on stage and screen, Os-good Perkins contributed his well-known drollery to the "Flying Red Horse Tavern" for too brief a time.

Van Sanford had a beautiful wife and a very attractive secretary. His wife trusted him completely until the insinuations of other people began to arouse a faint feeling of jealousy in her heart, and they had their first quarrel.

How did Van settle the old problem of "Wife vs. Secretary?"

Read the complete story of this M-G-M hit, starring Clark Gable, Jean Harlow and Myrna Loy in the April SCREEN ROMANCES.

Other stories and features include Freddie Bartholomew and Dolores Costello in "Little Lord Fauntleroy"... Sylvia Sidney and Fred MacMurray in "Trail of the Lonesome Pine"... Carole Lombard and Preston Foster in "Love Before Breakfast"... Bette Davis and Warren William in "Men on Her Mind"... The Quintuplets in "The Country Doctor"... Franchot Tone and Madge Evans in "Exclusive Story"... Fashions... Gossip... Reviews... Beauty Advice... Portraits... All in the APRIL

The Love Story Magazine of the Screen
Now on Sale Everywhere
I shall have to grope for and find . . .

"I believe that what the people of America need today is to be made to feel important again. To be made to feel that they matter, each and everyone of them, in God's perfect scheme of things. In a recent article in Radio Stars, on Eddie Cantor—he is quoted as saying that the world today is on the verge of tears. I believe that we are beyond tears. Tears may be facile things, after all. We often laugh until we cry. And now and again, at funerals and in moments of grief and stress, we cry until we laugh. The two emotions intermingle. But when the source of tears is dry and the well of laughter silenced—then a tragic, an intolerable condition exists. And it only can exist when men and women have lost faith in themselves, in their own importance, when they feel that they do not matter anymore, that there is not only nothing left to laugh over but nothing worth crying about, either.

"We have all been through so much. We have, so many of us, reached the 'what does it matter?' stage . . . the even graver 'what do I matter?'" I hope," Mary went on, an ache in her voice, tender of unseen woes never unfelt by her, "I would like to be able to make people believe that they do matter . . .

everyone, everywhere. I would like to make them remember that not even 'a sparrow's fall' is disregarded. I would like to find the means to convince them that there are no 'forgotten men' nor forgotten women. Not in the sight of God.

"I'd like to believe that maybe just knowing me, as people do . . . knowing the way, the little obscure way in which I began, so humbly, might mean some sort of encouragement. I never had a letter of introduction in my life. No influential personages, other than my mother, started men on my career or furthered it, once I had begun. I've never asked a favor of anyone.

"I just felt then," said Mary, "and I feel now that we are all necessary to the scheme of things, even though we may be inexperienced, poor and unknown individuals, who don't seem, dear knows, to be important to anyone save our own little families. I know that if anyone of us drops out of God's divine kingdom the kingdom is the poorer. He is always accurate, isn't He? The majestic, mysterious Scheme works with consummate precision and perfection. The Scheme, that is, with which Man has nothing to do, with what he cannot meddle . . . the tides, the Zodiac, the mathematical march of the stars. And as He is accurate, so He does give His life to any person unless that person is important in His Scheme. I wrote within this Law. And so we you . . . and so were each and everyone of us, no matter where we are, no matter what we do or do not do, no matter whether rich or poor, young or old, famous obscure . . .

"But we have, so pitifully many of us lost the feeling of our own worth, of our own especial and intrinsic importance. A value. If somehow I could find the way to give them back to themselves those who believe themselves lost. If I could find some way to tell them to be afraid to be themselves I feel that so much trouble and heartache a frustration is caused by people trying to copy other people, to be other than what they are. Dear Will Rogers should have taught us all a lesson—the beautiful, the shining value of being always ourselves. For Will always was himself wherever he was—at the Court of St. James or in the humblest cottage he remained the American cowboy, folksy and kindly and witty a humble—and magnificently himself."

"If we could realize our own importance," Mary said, raising her golden head as if with a challenge, "why, then, should be able to laugh and cry again of deep, fresh well-springs of stirring triumphant emotions.

"And so," said Mary, her dark eyes fastened on some splendid horizon of life as if I grew older on the radio, that what I hope to give—encouragement. The proud heritage of themselves to the women who believe they are lost.

"I hope I can," said Mary simply, as eyes came back to me from—where?
"This particular fault is one which radio could correct by the simple means of showing some ingenuity and taking pains with the programs," asserted Cohan. "It's due to a copy-cat tendency which the radio has inherited from the motion pictures. The same thing happened when Rudy Vallee first soared to popularity on the appeal of his crooning. Before you knew it, the air was virtually alive with crooners.

"Radio performers insist on following suit. As soon as one hits upon a type of program which clicks, it becomes a rash on every network. The movies do the same thing. There was a cycle of gangster pictures, a cycle of G-men films and I think Mutiny On The Bounty will start a string of pictures featuring wooden ships and iron men, buccaneers and buried treasure."

This similarity between pictures and radio goes deeper than the copy-cat traits which are common to both, according to Cohan. George sees in the Western dramas and prairie tales of the air a revival of the old-time cowboy-and-Indian pictures of the nickelodeon days. At the same time, Cohan predicted, radio programs of the future will show just as much improvement over today's programs as current movies do over those of the "Bicker" period.

Cohan resumed his discussion with a word of praise for Vallee's programs. "I think that Vallee is definitely above the average as far as radio entertainment is concerned," he declared. "Vallee arranges his programs cleverly and uses good judgment in his selection of guest stars. Rudy's type of singing doesn't particularly appeal to me but I believe he deserves to be complimented for his radio showmanship and the smoothness with which he handles his program.

"Another whose radio work I admire is Leslie Howard. Howard is intelligent and you can count on him for an invariably good performance."

Asked to name his favorite radio program, Cohan replied: "That's easy—Lowell Thomas. I tune in on him every night. Thomas, to me, typifies the department in which radio has made its major strides, the dissemination of news.

"While I may be critical of the entertainment value of radio, I have nothing but praise for it as a news source," Cohan continued. "When I listen to the radio it is mostly to sit back of an evening and get the news of the world or the broadcasts of sports events. Rarely do I tune in the radio and expect to be entertained."

Cohan, whose stage career has been remarkably free from situations or dialogue which even hinted at ribaldry or bawdiness, sounded a warning to radio comics who show a tendency to play for laughs through smutiness. He believes that radio invites a censorship if it permits its comics to indulge in double-entendre jokes.

Cohan's most recent appearance before a microphone was in November, during the memorial program to the late Will Rogers. He considered that program a fine tribute to Rogers, who was one of Cohan's closest personal friends, because not one of the many speakers on that program became cheaply sentimental or maudlin.

During the spring of 1933, Cohan was on the air for eighteen weeks on the Gulf Oil Company's Sunday night program. He took five weeks first to determine whether or not he liked the idea and then signed a regular thirteen-weeks' contract. A great many people credited Cohan with originating the term "New Deal" to identify the policies of President Roosevelt's administration, a distinction which George declines with thanks. "The term 'New Deal' had appeared frequently in the newspapers before I went on the air and I believe it originated from a statement in one of the President's broadcasts," explained Cohan.

"I did, however, write two songs about the New Deal, which may have created that impression in the minds of some listeners," he continued. "One was called The New Deal Is a Square Deal, and the other, which was in honor of the Presi-
MY FACE IS REALLY CLEAN

An examination of the cotton after an Ambrosia pore-deep cleansing tells you that your face is really clean.

You feel Ambrosia tingle; you know it is cleansing deeply, thoroughly. Only a clean skin can be beautiful. That's why so many women who have become consistent users of Ambrosia report their skins are clearer, whiter, fresher-looking than they've been in years.

Try Ambrosia today. Test it at once against your regular method of cleansing. You'll be amazed at the result.

Trial size at your 10¢ store. Large size, 75¢, at drug or department stores. Prices slightly higher in Canada.

AMBRÖSIA
THE PORE-DEEP CLEANSER

GRAY HAIR GONE

( TEST BOTTLE FREE )

Your hair takes on new color and luster when you comb this famous clear, colorless liquid through it. Gray streaks vanish. Desired color comes: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Leaves hair soft, lustrous—easily curled or waved. Countless women use it. Men too, for gray streaks in hair or mustache. Get full-sized bottle from druggist on money-back guarantee. Or test it Free.

Test it FREE. We send free complete Test Package. Try it on single lock snipped from hair. See results first. Just mail coupon. Give color of hair.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
2311 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Now

The Flying Cadets greet their radio hero—he’s Jimmie Allen, 18-year-old radio serial star and hero to millions of kids, members of the Jimmy Allen Flying Cadets. More than 5,000 youngsters greeted Jimmie on his arrival in Hollywood for his motion picture début in Paramount’s ”The Blue Sky Parade.”

dent, was called Follow The Leader.”

Cohan’s programs were a distinct radio novelty. For one thing, he wrote several new songs for his broadcasts, as well as reviving into a medley several old favorites he had written years before. In one program, Cohan did the entire broadcast, including the commercial, all in verse and without any announcer but himself.

There are several definite ideas which Cohan has for the improvement of radio programs. One, which should strike a responsive chord with millions of listeners, is to present the commercial announcements more subtly, instead of jarring them into the ears of the audience as is the custom on most programs now.

During his time on the air, Cohan found the actual radio men, the studio people, competent, capable, intelligent and obliging. He cannot, unfortunately, find any such praise for those self-appointed program arrangers, with pencils behind their ears, who are there in the interests of the sponsors. With neither stage nor radio experience behind them, these representatives of the sponsors, the bugaboos of nearly every radio artist, are continually making suggestions for alterations in the program. The result is that the original program has been so altered as to be practically unrecognizable by the time it is presented.

Because of this situation, Cohan is wary of returning to the radio. He has turned down over a dozen offers to do a commercial this winter, lest he find himself involved with a program which would turn out entirely contradictory to his own ideas.

“I’ve been approached frequently to take a radio hour,” said Cohan, “and each time my answer has been ‘No!’ I’ve refused because every offer which came to me has had the presentation idea all cut and dried.”

“Some people come to me and say: ‘Now, Mr. Cohan, here’s what we want you to do—’ In other words, the program is all laid out for me, with no opportunity for me to suggest what I’d like to do myself. And I’m not satisfied to be a puppet.

“At my age, I can’t afford to go on the air and fail. Unless, of course, I fail through my own fault and while trying to carry out a program of my own choosing and originating. I’ve regarded most of the offers which came to me as I would tips on the races. You know you can go to the track, make a bet on your own, lose, and not feel too badly about it. On the other hand, if you take a tip from some one else and lose, you’re doubly sore, not color, but because you lost but because you didn’t have confidence in your own judgment.”

Cohan was non-committal about the possibility of his being hired back to the ether. “When, as, and if, I return to the air, you can bet that it will be on a program of my own devising, with a guarantee of no outside interference. Whatever reputation I made, I made myself, and if it’s going to be torn down, I’ll be the one to do the tearing,” he declared.

With several big names in the show and movie business scrambling for sponsors, the aloofness of Cohan strikes a strange note, but yet an understandable one. Over forty years in the theatre have made Cohan independently wealthy. Whatever additional income he might obtain from radio would not recompense him for any loss of prestige, however slight.

Asked if he had any suggestions to improve current programs, Cohan laugh: “Not from me!” he said. “Remember it much easier to diagnose than to prescribe.”

The End
It Takes Time and Talent

(Continued from page 47)

It is just such differences in the business of turning out songs that make it a little difficult to offer "rules" for composing.

Now he is wondering and worrying, is in his way, whether the score he has just completed for *Follow the Fleet* can or can't top the phenomenal success of its predecessor, which numbers include *Let's Face the Music and Dance, There's a Smile on My Face, But Where Are You?, Let Yourself Go, Moonlight Motorists, We Save the Sea* and *I'd Rather Read a Book*, all of which fit the tempo and mood of particular situations and advance the plot.

"Each song," he says, "tells a part of the story which would have to be related in dialogue and other action, were it eliminated."

Here, however, is how he does it: "I find the inspirations I get when writing aren't 'pure chance,' and all of us, I dare say, who earn a living turning out tunes, follow the same procedure in our work. At any rate my method is to get myself completely into the atmosphere of the particular number under composition—the result being that the knowledge of my own personal feeling in regard to pop out unexpectedly in the form of inspiration!"

Yet even the "popping," Berlin says, is not to be depended upon. He prefers, of course, to sit down and wait for inspiration to come, as, he will ask: "What writer doesn't?" Yet he will be the first to admit that he does most of his work—and has created many of his song hits—under pressure. The best way of wooing the lyric muse, he thinks, is to work against a deadline. It isn't always fun, but, he insists, it is effective!

"There is of course," he explained, "no law as to the sequence of turning out words and tunes. There can't be as long as composers are subject to what I call 'inspirational hunches'—and those hunches, believe me, are a good half of composing. You don't, naturally, sit down to compose as you would to making a cigar, by going through an unvarying routine. Music writing is never cut and dried. There are times when I get a title and build all the words and music around that one word or phrase. At my next session of composition I'll probably start with a musical theme that has grown out of an inspiration, plus hours of fiddling at the piano. I work out variations, whip them into form and then write lyrics to fit. The young composer need not, in my opinion, limit himself to either procedure, but should take music or words as they come, be very grateful, and try to make the very best of them!"

"Music serves as an inspiration for a film dancer, such as Fred Astaire and it is rare for a song to be written to fit a dance. I may sometimes change the tempo of a number in spots to suit particular steps, but in general the routines are evolved after I have completed a score."

In New York Berlin used to do his work only at night. Now he labors both night and day, going as long as twelve hours without even stopping to eat—and this in face of the fact that he went to Hollywood for a vacation, because he had worked too hard in the East!

The picture of Irving Berlin seeking inspiration is very different from the picture of him in repose. Between sessions of composition he enjoys hanging around and yarning with whomsoever he's working. Then, when he starts composing, he shuts himself up and is transformed from mere human into a natural force—something like a whirlwind.

When he tried this at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel it didn't take very long before complaints were registered by occupants of neighboring rooms because of the incessant thunderings that came from his den. He stomps up and down, covering countless miles—and because of this habit he had to move from the eighth floor to a penthouse.

Is he temperamental? That depends on what you call temperament.

Happily Ever After

What shall we say of a woman's hand From engagement cirlet to wedding band, Gracefully moving through the play Of work and love, in a woman's way.

SOFT, cool, graceful hands with slim, tapering, shell-like finger nails are very hard to resist. So don't risk losing this charm. It's a clever girl who keeps her hands an ardent invitation to romance. To assure well-groomed hands, use PLAT-NUM—the better blend of polish. It applies more smoothly, sets more evenly, its lustre lasts longer and it will not chip, crack, peel, fade or streak. Try PLAT-NUM now—today. It's on sale at all 5 and 10 cent stores in 12 different true-tone shades.

PLAT-NUM LABORATORIES, 80 FIFTH AVE., N.Y.
He's reasonable and regular—you know that the minute you meet him, the minute he grasps your hand firmly and looks kindly into your eyes—and, as everyone you ask agrees, he's "swell to work with," but alone, there are certain little details of clothing, surroundings and habit which make him happier while working.

When composing he even clamps a strong, malodorous pipe between his teeth. He does most of his lyric writing out in the sun, garbed in pajamas and bedroom slippers and his fingers never feel quite the same as when he's thumping on the ivories of that very piano on which he created, 'long about a quarter of a century ago, his famous, and favorite, Alexander's Rag Time Band."

The piano, twenty-five years ago, cost him $125.00, and probably as much, recently, to be shipped to California. It has been with him everywhere, in Florida, Italy, and on the cruise when he wrote the musical success, As Thousands Cheer. Because he can play only in one key, it has a shifting keyboard by virtue of which the music he composes is automatically transposed!

This piano was bought when Berlin, who had been born in Tumen, Russia, was known to New York's East Side as Israel Baline. His actual schooling consisted of two years in our public school and at six he sang in a choir. His father died when he was twelve and the boy earned his living as best he could. He sold papers on Saturday night, sang in a barroom and received fifty cents for accompanying the once-popular song slide. At fourteen he had become a singing waiter in a cabaret called "Nigger Mike's" in Chinatown and in 1907 he wrote a number called Marie from Sunny Italy which he says was "no great success."

He kept right on writing and with M. Wife's Gone to the Country he achieved his first hit. Others followed and the the War came.

As a sergeant of infantry at Camp Up ton, Berlin wrote the Soldier's Revue which became very popular and this phase of his life was inspiration for Ol How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning, a real triumph.

On being demobilized Berlin started his own music publishing house, of which still is president. Continuing to compose songs, he also wrote many successful scores for musical shows.

But all through his life episodes in his personal experiences—emotional climaxes—offered the greatest inspiration for his enduring successes, such as When I Lo You, written after the untimely death of his wife, the former Dorothy Goet which brought to an abrupt end a few short but happy months of honeymoon. Then, a dozen years ago Remember an Always formed tender and permanent.
Amazing Gains in Weight With New “7-Power” Ale Yeast Discovery

EVEN if you never could gain an ounce, remember thousands have put on solid, naturally attractive flesh this new, easy way—in just a few weeks!

Not only has this new discovery brought normal, good-looking pounds to hosts of skinny men and women, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Scientists recently discovered that thousands of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Now the richest known source of this marvelous body-building, digestion-strengthening Vitamin B is ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of blood-building iron in pleasant little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to build you up, get these new “7-Power” Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Day after day, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. Constipation and indigestion from the same cause vanish, skin clears to normal beauty—you’re an entirely new person.

Try it—guaranteed

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be, try these new Ironized Yeast tablets just a short time, and note the marvelous change. See if they don’t build you up in just a few weeks, as they have thousands of others. If you’re not delighted with the benefits of the very first package, your money will be instantly and gladly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, “New Facts About Your Body.” Remember, results guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 34, Atlanta, Ga.
about de schnozzola. I felt like de guy in de ads dat has corns, callouses, athlete's foot, halsitis, toxema an' Ethiopia. I was unable to walk or so. But wuzn't on purpose. I t'ought dey'd be 'em perfect French. So I decided to be de life of de party, an' play a musical instrument.

Dey laughed when I sat down at de piano! I played—an' dey laughed louder. I sang—an' dey was hysterical. I thought it wuz my music, but it wuz de schnozzola.

I wuz hurt. Practically dismayed. I became a shrinking flower—a cauliflower. A guy comes up to me an' he says: "Jimmy, what's de trouble?"

"Dey laugh at me," I confess. "I'm a martyr to art."

"Ah—" he says. "A Cyrano!"

"It's a lie," I answers hotly, my Scandanavian blood boiling. "An' besides, you can't prove it."

So he takes me to see dis play—Cyrano. It's about a guy wit' a schnozzola. It sets me to thinking. I decides since I can't hide my nose I'll hide behind it. I'll capitalize it, dat's what I'll do. In fact, I'll incorporate it.

At that point I thought I'd never work on de radio. It was a mechanical problem; everyone was baffled. Dey couldn't get me close enough to de microphone. Finally dey decided dat since dey couldn't do anything wit' de schnozzola dey'd have to make the thing work by anything. So now my schnozzola is responsible for another great advance in science. Durante—patron of de sciences, dat's me.

I liked don't de Jumbo show on de air. At last I got a character dat wuz worthy of my mentality. We was discussin' de show, an' I says: "Gimme a part dat does me justice. Up to now it's been Durante, de Schnozzola. Let my public see Durante, de man!"

An' so out comes de character of Brainy Bowers. A natural! An' last my respect wuz appreciated. Dey couldn't see de schnozzola on de air. It'd be de artisty—de infections dat got across—especially de infections.

But Fate willed it otherwise! At one of de rehearsals I sees a showman—Friedman—who did de radio script from de Hect—MC-Artur book—interrupts me.

"Wait a minute, Jimmy," he says. "On that line give them the head."

"My head? I asks.

"Sure—give them the head."

"I can't," I protests. "I need it to read de script. My eyes are in it."

"You know what I mean," he insists.

"You head business. An' he shows me he means de Durante ha-cha-cha, wit' de head slid off."

"How's de radio audience gonna see dat?" I says, wit' irrefutable logic.

"You'll have an audience of 4,500 people in de theatre, watching de broadcast, he explains. "An' it'll remind de audience of an injection reaction. It's de 'take' dat counts."

When he starts talkin' about "takes" I think I'm back in Hollywood. I looks around for a camera—for a bathin' beauty—for a director in leather leggins. I'll even settle for a "yerb" man. I'm in no mood to ticker. I's bewildered—until I realizes dat it's de way we 'take' each other's gags lines dat he's talkin' about. It meant dat I had to go through de same business on de radio dat I did on de stage. I shivered at an' the thought of a "horns of a dilemma". I wuzn't dat wuzn't frastic! People wuz still laughin' at de schnozzola. De infections wuz ignored. I wuz a creature of frustration—dat's what it wuz—frustration. An' rehearsals.

It got so bad dat one mornin' I wuz runnin' to de station for my train. I wuz late, an' I sees de train is just gonna pull out. I runs wit' every ounce of energy—I'm practically flyin'—an' I gets to de platform just as de train is pullin' out. Den I lets it go without me. I thought it wuz only a rehearsal!

I didn't mind playin' Brainy Bowers on de air. I didn't even mind dat de authors left me wit'out a love life. Donald Novis had Gloria Grafton, in de script; I got de enemy—Wigder. What a circus. An' I—I had Jumbo de elephant!

Jumbo wuz de only member of de cast wit' a schnozzola like mine. De first time she saw me she blushed! I t'ought it wuz envy. But it wuz love. Like Da'son or Pardner, and Gal—Galah—uh—like ham and eggs, dat's me an' Jumbo. She wuz hurt when we went on de air because dere wuz no part for her in de radio show. She wanted a audition. She felt she wuz slated for oblivion.

I spoke to de sponsors about it. Every time I saw dat hurt look in Jumbo's eye I felt guilty. I spoke to Billy Rose about it. In a couple of weeks I wuz speaking to myself about it. An' den came de拆in' industries. I couldn't get any answer from myself. It wuz dishearten'it.

I went back to Jumbo an' I told her de sponsors couldn't see her. An' when a guy can't see anytin' as big as Jumbo dere's no use talkin'. Shamed, I swan to my room. When dey come in an' I come out de horns of a dilemma. I wuzn't dat only cases dat sounds legiti-

(Continued from page 46)
an' send someone out to cash another check.

I'd do a matinee. I'd grab a sandwich and come back for radio script rehearsal, between shows. By dat time I hadda dress for de night show. After de show I hadda go play a benefit somewhere. Dat wuz all right. Some day dey may be 'roundin' a benefit for Durante. So I says "yes". Another guy wants me to show up at a benefit in Brooklyn. I'm supposed to be in Passaic at de same time. I tells him: "Just show up for five minutes, Jimmy. We're dependin' on you."

I advertised for a guy who could figure out how to be in two places at de same time. An' I play 'ree benefits in de same evening. Billy Rose said I wuz usin' too much energy on benefits an' I hadda cut it out or Jumbo would suffer. I takes it to heart. An' so, de next night, I only plays 'ree benefits.

I come into my dressin'-room at de Hippodrome and I find a handful of letters. A guy wants me to get him on de air. Another guy wants de price of a winter coat. Another one would like to see me on somethin' important. I'm flattered that people write to me. I'm elated. But I can't see dem all. Again I'm torn wit' unimportant. Once a guy wrote an' asked for a chance to see me. An' when he got in he stuck around all afternoon tryin' to prove to me dat he could imitate me better dan I could.

I eludes him by a master stroke of diplomacy. I takes him to Jumbo. I tells him to lie down—so Jumbo can lie on top of him. Like I do, in de show. An' I winks at Jumbo. Jumbo winks back. When we gets 'round winking de guy is out on Six' Avenue, headin' south.

I goes back to my dressin'-room in time to get a request for nineteen tickets for de show, from de members of a athletic club I once belonged to, back in 1920. Dat makes my ticket bill for de week only a hundred an' sixty bucks. A new low!

I figures out my income tax. I adds in touches an' tickets an' photographs. I calls in an accountant. He figures out dat if I don't work too steady I can break even. A financial genius!

I sits down to think. Nine shows a week at de Hippodrome, six days a week. An' on my day off I rehearse all day an' broadcast far into de night. I'm gettin' circles under my eyes, I'm losin' weight. An' de crownin' calamity—de schnozzola wuz actually shrinkin'. I hadda do somethin'. I had dat tired feelin'. De only thing I didn't have was wuz insomnia—because I didn't have no time to sleep.

I decides dere's only two avenues of escape. One of dem wuz to be born twins. But it wuz too late for dat. De other wuz to go off de air.

I still gotta do nine shows a week; a couple of dozen benefits an' meet d' on- slaughters of my public. But I won't hafta eat wit' a script in my hand. An' I won't hafta have 'ree rehearsals before I can brush de part de me out.

I hated to do it, folks. But de strain wuz terrific.

THE END

In Our Next Issue
THE MOST UNUSUAL STORY EVER PRINTED ABOUT A MOST UNUSUAL RADIO PERSONALITY!

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WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—WITHOUT CALOMEL
And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Karin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays. Gas builds up in your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sick and the world looks punk.

A mere movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else... 35c at all drug stores.

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RADIO STARS
The Master of Sunnybank
(Continued from page 33)
of us, less fortunate, has originated there! Albert Terhune's mother was herself a writer, known to fame as "Marion Harland." And Mrs. Albert Payson Terhune, "the Mistress," is a writer and a gifted musician who is heard on the radio every week.

"Sunnybank's" happy debt to her is almost as great as mine," Terhune says in the dedication of "The Book of Sunnybank," which he describes as a "rambling, inconsequential book about our loved home." (A book which I would describe as one of rare charm and beauty, whose lovely word-pictures are complemented by beautiful full-page illustrations of Sunnybank, its Master and Mistress, its four-footed denizens and graceful gardens.)

And I recommend it particularly for two enchanting dog stories—the epics of the Irish terrier, "Chips," and the touchingly tender story of "Fair Ellen," the blind collie.)

Strangely, moreover, bitterly, indeed Terhune has found that a man's home is not his castle—if it is a charming country estate and if to his name some measure of fame has accrued. The hordes of people who have driven out to Sunnybank as to some public place have so offended against every canon of taste and courtesy that the natural impulse toward hospitality has had on most days to give place to prohibiting gates and chains—chains which, Mrs. Terhune remarks sadly, serve to keep people who really know them would like to see—people who respect the property and privacy of others—and yet fail to bar those whom any prohibition but incites to further depredations.

The extent of some of these depredations is best unbelieveable, such as driving swiftly down winding roads plainly marked with a plea for cautious driving—with the result that several of their prized dogs have been killed. Stripping branches from flowering dogwood trees; plucking ancient oaks; Robbing rose-bushes that are the Mistress' special pride... And more... And worse.

What a commentary on Mr. and Mrs. Average Public!—that because a writer has delighted them with his charming stories, they will proceed to persecute him! Another revelation of that same quality which more recently has driven into exile others who deserve our respect and adoration—the denial of a man's right to the privacy of his own home!

The dogs at Sunnybank are, in general, friendly and courteous to the Master's friends. Only one invited guest was received by them with undisguised resentment—Mr. Amy Carter, the nationally known humorist, who, on Mr. Terhune's radio programs, supplies the barks and canine whimperies in the weekly dog dramas.

Walking through the grounds with his guest, Mr. Terhune suggested that he go for the broadcasts. Obviously Mr. Barker did so. At once the dogs set up an indignant clamor, closing in menacingly. When they had been shut within their enclosure the experiment was repeated. Again the uproar was raised, the dogs leaping furiously at the wire fence.

When they returned to the house Mr. Terhune suggested that perhaps if the dogs didn't see Mr. Barker, only he heard him, as they had heard him on the radio, it might not so affect them. But when the harking issued from the house, once more the dogs resentfully responded.

"The radio," Mr. Terhune commented, "must somehow change the human voice, so that hearing it thus, the dogs accept it."

And yet when his own voice first came over the radio into his living-room where Mrs. Terhune sat, the house dogs lying at her feet, they leaped up, startled at the sound of the Master's voice coming from that box. Hackles raised, they advanced upon it, determined to tear it apart and release the Master, when the Mistress intervened and shut them from the room.

I asked Mr. Terhune if he believed those dog stories and broadcasts served beyond entertaining, to promote more intelligent understanding and care of dogs.

His reply was prompt and forceful.

"I have reiterated proof that these yarns of mine have led to a better and finer treatment of dogs everywhere. They're being educated—the people who read and listen—in wholesale degree. They don't know I'm educating them. The fictional sugar-coating makes them think they're being fed candy—but they're being educated, notably the younger generation through whom all future hope of education must come. More than half my readers are under eighteen. I am starting them out into native life with a feeling that dogs have rights and with a greater desire to protect and enforce those rights. All this while they think they're merely entertained. If I wrote preachers, undraped by fiction, I'd be read by almost nobody. But the avalanche of fan letters tell me the gravity of the work I'm doing. I'm doing it slowly, bunglingly—but I'm doing it!"

"We in America and Great Britain have learned much... The Latin countries are populated largely by folk too anxious about their souls to have enough thought to spare for the welfare of lower animals. In the States and in Great Britain we have learned to have shelters for sick and lost animals, drinking troughs for them, animal hospitals for them. Laws against ill-treating them, laws that prevent the freezing or starving or overcrowding of market livestock on railroad trains, a steady strengthening public opinion for better treatment of beasts and birds. Yet a very few years ago we had turkeys, bull-baiting, the starving and overcrowding and overworking and beating of horses, ozen and so on. We have those things no longer, we Americans and British. So progress has been made and marked, and the work I'm doing..."
Albert Payson Terhune replenishes the fire in his comfortable living-room at Sunnybank, before sitting down to work on one of the scripts for his weekly dog dramas, heard every Saturday afternoon over the NBC network.

S. P. C. A. and laid the lines for its kindred endeavors for the welfare of dumb brutes. Especially dogs.

"Naturally the vaudeville-or-circus Animal Act is an offense to God and to Man. I have heard the claim that some dog-trainers for such acts do their training through kindness alone. Frankly, I don't believe it—though I may be wrong. But I am not wrong in saying that the majority of such acts have reached their perfection through ghastly tortures of helpless brutes. I did not wait for Jack London to set the example, before walking out on all such acts, in circus or in theatre.

"I try," he repeated, "to get into these dog dramas of mine on the air something that will have educational results. Can't do it always, of course—depends on the story—but when I can I get in some hints on training, care or companionship, . . . "Dogs," he said again, in his swift, crisp speech, "want understanding—just as we all do. Understanding and respect. Not sentimental pats and kisses. Kisses! I'd just as soon kiss a goat!"

So speaks the Master of Sunnybank.

He is working on a new book now, a compilation of dog stories and of dog essays or biographies, scheduled for Spring publication. "I follow the Dumas and Anthony Trollope example of starting in on a new job just as soon as the old job is finished. You see I am an artisan—a craftsman, if you prefer—not a litterateur," he says.

So with his writing and his fifteen-minute once-a-week radio program, Albert Payson Terhune demonstrates the fact that the busiest people have the most time for the things they really want to do, though he confesses that age—he was born December twenty-first, 1872—is forging its certain fetters.

Looking at him, listening to his lively talk, it is difficult to credit that last. One easily could subtract two decades from that date.

But, though the blue horizon may be less distant than once it was, so long as it may be seen from the porches of Sunnybank, with the Mistress and their dogs beside him, Albert Payson Terhune will be well content.

And we hope that there will be many, many more stories for us from Sunnybank—and many, many more happy seasons there for its Master and Mistress.

**With head held high!**

The Nestle-Levuk Company, N. Y.

**GRAY Hair**

If you are identified with your hair, transform it into a unique French method KNOGRAY. A shade from one hue to another without a restorer. Color roots perfectly. Can't fade. Permits Perm. Waves. Entirely different from anything you have known. Free Book. Madame Turner, Dept. 88, 254 W. 31st St., N. Y. C.

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That Handsome Devil of the Air
(Continued from page 40)

the first time in my life, I can devote all the time and money I want to make myself a singer. You don't know what a feeling that is!"

His dark eyes glowed with enthusiasm.

"I should think you'd want to take things easy for a while—enjoy yourself."

"I don't sing half as well as I want to. Besides, I will be enjoying myself. Working at what you like is more fun than anything."

"Does that mean you'll devote your time to study and give up radio work?" I asked.

"Absolutely not!" he said emphatically.

"Radio can teach you more about singing than any other medium. You see, in the movies if you don't sing well the first time, they can shoot the scene over until you do. In musical comedy, you're singing the same role night after night. But in radio it's got to be right the first time or else! And besides, radio is full of such swell people. Al Goodman is one of the finest men I've ever known and little Francis White—say, she's a peach!"

Of course, radio was Jimmy's first step along the road to success. After he'd worked his way through college by singing in a jazz band, he decided it was time he showed New York theatrical producers what he could do. Theatrical producers, however, thought otherwise. They weren't interested in listening to the enthusiastic young man from Florida, and things looked pretty black for a while. There is a story that Jimmy got his break by staging a determined and impromptu audition outside the late Roxie's door and that the impresario was so impressed by the voice coming through his keyhole, he signed it up sight unseen. Jimmy says that isn't quite true. He only threatened to give an audition outside the door. And Roxie's secretary, seeing the determination in the Melton face, hurriedly arranged an audition in the usual way.

In any event, it is certainly true that after the audition, Roxie immediately signed Jimmy as a member of his famous radio Gang. Jimmy was so successful there, he soon went with the Revelers Quartet as first tenor.

"The Revelers really gave me my start in radio," Jimmy confessed. "By singing with them, I had a wonderful entree, and pretty soon was given solo parts on other programs."

"But if you continue regularly on the air, what about time for your Hollywood work?"

"Oh, I'll find time. I'll make time! I'm crazy about movies. I liked everybody I met out there. You get to know people better, making movies. You're with them hours on end, working hard. Take people like Jean Muir and Pat O'Brien and some others—they just don't come any better."

"So you're going to do radio and movies and studying, besides?"

"Oh, certainly. I've got to keep on learning operatic roles, because that's really

Martha Mears, lovely young soprano, whose voice frequently is heard on the NBC network. She is the wife of Sidney Brokaw of Ozzie Nelson's band.
I think anyone would agree. Jimmy started studying with the maestro after he had become successful over the radio. I thought of how he might have reacted to the temperamentally Italian's violent criticism. He might have sought another, more flattering instructor—and learned about half as much.

As the rest of the lesson continued and one lovely song after another filled the studio, I thought of other things I'd heard about James Melton. The house he built and gave to his sisters down in Florida. The money he unobtrusively but continuously sent home to his parents. I remembered the man from my home town, who happened to be a friend of his. This man was in show business in New York. He lost his job. He became desperately ill. Jimmy heard about it and for a month that man lay in the Melton apartment, receiving the best medical care in the city.

Jimmy showed me something I'd never realized before.

He showed me that the fulfillment of your dreams is not the end but the beginning. It's after your success comes that you make your choice about what you want to be—not before. It was up to him to choose between using his success to make himself a glamorous playboy or using it to become a fine human being. Success hasn't rusted his ambition nor dulled his energy. It hasn't made him lose his love of simple things, nor his ability to see his own shortcomings. It has made him neither niggardly nor ostentatiously generous.

I learned the basic part of Jimmy's philosophy. I'm not sure he knows it's there. But he lives up to it every day. It's something we all ought to realize. It's this: Dreams aren't everything—it's what you do with them that counts!
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Be as fussy about Talcum Powder as you are of any cosmetic. You're sure to get the best if you insist on LANDER'S Best TALC—nothing else! Take your pick of our 9 Exclusive Double-Blends:

- Lilacs & Roses
- Lavender & Pine
- Sweet Tea & Gardenia
- Orchids & Orange
- Blossom Carnation & Lily
- the Valley

LANDER
FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

ITCH STOPPED IN ONE MINUTE

Are you tormented with the itching torture of eczema, rashes, athlete's foot, eruptions, or other skin afflictions? For quick and happy relief, use cooling, anti-septic liquid D. D. D. Pracarcinocin. 40 years of world-wide success. Its gentle oils soothe the irri-
tated skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—drugs fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at any drug store, proves it—or money back.

D. D. D. Prescription
A CORN MUST COME OUT—ROOT AND ALL

It's Like a Tack in Your Toe!

If you take a tack out of your toe you wouldn't saw the head off and leave the rest of the tack in. You'd draw it out entirely, point and all.

Your corn is like a tack in your toe! If you just pare the head off, you leave the rest of the corn to grow again—larger, uglier, more painful. Draw it all out—swiftly, safely, gently!—with Blue-Jay! For Blue-Jay removes root and all. And there's no danger of infection.

Pain Stops Instantly—Corn Lifts Out

The instant you apply double-action Blue-Jay the pain stops—like magic. Then quickly the corn loosen, lifts out, is gone! Why suffer needlessly? Costs only 4c to end worst corn. Made with Woof-Proof adhesive that cannot stick to stockings. Get a box of Blue-Jay today! 12c at all druggists.

BLUE-JAY
Bauer & Block Scientific
CORN PLASTER

Let's Have Better Radio Plays

(Continued from page 45)

expression and fulfillment of these ideas I have conceived and boiled down to practi-
calities."

When asked which she would prefer to do, programs commercially sponsored, or sustaining, her instant response was:

"Certainly I believe that commercially sponsored programs are the best way in which to bring the listeners more worthwhile dramatic programs. Fine things are expensive but they are more largely appreciated. Remember that I said radio must have fine directors, authors and actors, and the best artists cost more money than the sustaining budgets will stand. I'm sure."

"And I believe," she continued, "that the sponsor gets greater response in sales if the programs are as fine as possible. I believe the success of the Lux program bears out my statement."

These opinions demonstrate the soundness of the judgment which directs the activities of this young woman.

"I've found in listening to others and in my own broadcasting, one thing about radio which has impressed me greatly. One can't lie, or be insincere over the air in acting. The very sensitivity of the me-
dium intensifies and magnifies the quality of sincerity. Insincerity is even more readily detected. An emotion honestly portrayed is instantly apparent in the voice on the radio. That is an amazing and admirable demand which radio makes on dramatic artists. It is this peculiarity which intrigues me," Miss Le Gallienne went on.

She explained that the same fear or feel-
ing for the absolutely right phrasing and timing which comes to the actor after years of study and practice in the theatre is of immense value in radio work.

"The delicate juggling of words and

Twinkler, Winkler, little star! Betty Winkler, 21-year-old actress, holds the ingenuous spotlight on a number of dramatic programs originating in NBC's Chicago studios. Betty probably is best known for her playing of the telephone operator on the Grand Hotel program, heard Sundays over NBC network.
torques, shading and accenting, to convey meaning and to maintain stimulated interest are the tools we borrow from the stage and bring to radio to hold the audience attention," said the actress, smiling at the suggestion that this sounds like a magician exposing his illusions. "You see, when a voice is flat and monotonous, especially on a speaking program, the listener's attention is infinitely limited and the whole effort goes for naught. The voice must be constantly arresting and freshly intriguing to hold the unseen listener's interest.

"All in all, it's a promising medium." Miss Le Gallienne concluded. "And I do believe I'd like to use it on a protracted scale for the fulfillment of certain ideas."

These ideas embody her convictions about repertory. The radio use of the repertory idea, as conceived by Miss Le Gallienne, probably would be even more interesting than it has been in the theatre because of the millions who can be reached over the air as compared with thousands in the theatre.

"The most promising thought about radio work, to me, is the fact that I always have an audience and people can enjoy Miss Le Gallienne. The advertising agencies are always looking for an appeal to 'the buying age brackets,' which I understand are from eighteen to thirty-five. That means that the younger people, who comprise eighty per cent. of my audience and who would probably be most interested in the air programs, are the very audiences that are most valuable to sponsors."

Asked how many times she had been on the air, Miss Le Gallienne said: "Oh, innumerable times, but perhaps only half a dozen appearances before the microphone with dramatic presentations. Mostly speeches, of course, and a lot of interviews. A short time ago I did a scene from 'The Swan,' on Al Jolson's program. I was sandwiched between an interview with a famous composer and a scene of impersonations by Sheila Barrett. It was great fun and an interesting as well as illuminating test for me. It wasn't a condition under which a good, complete, sustained dramatic program could be given, but it was a valuable experience."

Miss Le Gallienne has never experienced "nude fright." This actress who has been appearing in one of the most difficult of all the Henrik Ibsen roles, that of Rebbecca West in "Rosmersholm," for several weeks in New York, says that she has never had the time to get frightened or nervous before the microphone. It is only the lack of control of one's imagination which permits "nude fright," she feels. When asked if she had any immediate plans for a series such as she has in mind, she said it had been definitely considered at the moment. Several offers for her appearance on programs have been considered but haven't offered the type of programs which she desires.

Miss Le Gallienne feels that the value of the new medium in the educational force is immeasurable and that it is awesome to consider what a force it may easily become.

Eva Le Gallienne was born in England, on January 11th, 1899, of an English father, Richard Le Gallienne, the poet, and a Danish mother, Julie Norregaard Le Gallienne.

The Le Gallienne education had Paris as its locale, with the College Sévéigné the final stop in her academic work. Her theatrical career began, one might say, when she was taken to see the great Sarah Bernhardt in "The Sleeping Beauty," for it was from that moment on that the theatre became, in her own words, "Our ultimate goal from which I never wavered for an instant; the Theatre—the power of the Theatre to spread beauty out into life.

"All this determination in a little girl of seven years gives some insight into the character of the Le Gallienne the theatre-lover we see today.

At fifteen, Eva Le Gallienne left Paris and went to England where she attended Sir Beetham Tree's Academy. In 1914 she made her first professional appearance on the stage in Maeterlinck's 'Morna Vanna.' A few months later she experienced her first success on the stage, in the rôle of Elizabeth, a cockney slavey in "The Laughter of Fools."

With the end of this play's run, Miss Le Gallienne came to America, where her first appearance was as a colored maid in a play entitled 'Mrs. Bolt's Daughters.' Following her appearance in several more or less unimportant productions, she scored an outstanding success in "Not So Long Ago," and followed this with her sensational hit rôle of Julie in "Liliom," and as the Princess Alexandria in "The Swan."

At the end of a long engagement in "The Swan, both in New York and on the road, Miss Le Gallienne decided to become her own manager and producer and 1926 marked the establishment of The Civic Repertory Theatre, where she produced over thirty plays that included the works of Shakespeare, Ibsen, Tchelov, Barrie, Dumas, Molnar, Glaspell, Heijerman, The Quinteros, Molière and Sienna.

Productions of the Civic Repertory Theatre were played at popular prices and attracted audiences which taxed its capacity, up to 1933 when financial conditions forced Miss Le Gallienne temporarily to forego the occupancy of this theatre. The free school of the theatre which Miss Le Gallienne also had established in connection with the Civic Repertory Theatre venture was also discontinued at the same time. It was to this school that students of the stage were admitted by competition entirely. The number of students was limited and the school was absolutely tuition free.

Miss Le Gallienne has written her own biography under the title, "At 33." It is a best seller in the non-fiction class, I'm told.

She also has done her own translation of "Rosmersholm" direct from Ibsen's own Dano-Norwegian language.

She has significant honors than any other member of the theatrical profession. She has honorary degrees from Tufts, Russell Sage and Smith Colleges; she received the 1926 Pictorial Review Prize of five thousand dollars, awarded annually for the outstanding accomplishment by an American woman; she was the first woman to receive the gold medal of the Society of Arts and Sciences for "vitaliy affecting our national culture."

The End
Radio Ramblings
(Continued from page 11)

understand and respond sensitively to good music.”
That makes us feel better! Hopefully we give the dial another twist.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT—
When Nelson Eddy, Helen Jepson and Ann Jamison were struggling to get a break on the air, they were auditioned—and rejected—by the “Show Boat” directors.

Frank Munn is conceded by other singers to have the truest ear in radio.

There are no women gag writers for radio comedians.

George Frame Brown’s collie, “Mr. Pooch”—claimed to be “the smartest dog that ever lived,” wakes the family if they don’t get up in time. He visits each bedroom, paws at the bed covers. If there’s no response, he licks the exposed faces. If that doesn’t work, he gets on the bed, lies down beside the slumberer and gives a hearty push with his paws.

E. R. Johnstone, author of CBS’ “Buck Rogers in the 25th Century,” offers advice to aspiring writers who want to know how to get a script produced on the air. “First you write the script. Then you find an agency that has a sponsor looking for the type of script you have written and who is willing to pay the price you ask.” That’s all there is to it!

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP!
Leap Year is spinning along, girls! Just to be helpful—here are some of the eligible bachelors of the airwaves:


Here the camera takes us to Captain Tim Healy’s workshop, where he is shown taking the first step in the creation of one of those absorbing stories behind the stamps. Captain Tim has found an interesting stamp around which to build a story and is giving it careful scrutiny, for even the minutest detail in its make-up might tell an interesting story.
FIRST STEPS TOWARD FAME
Frank Munn, tenor star of the American Album of Familiar Music, once earned three dollars a week as shuttle-boy in an embroidery factory. The rhythmic hum of the machines led him to hum with them—and thus he discovered the "golden voice."

Gabriel Heatter, whose week-end news reviews are a popular NBC-WJZ feature, became a reporter at the age of thirteen for a Brooklyn, N. Y., daily. Two years later, because of a news 'scoop,' he won an important job on a New York daily.

Parks Johnson, who with Jerry Belcher, conducts NBC's "Voice of the People" broadcasts, earned his first money in a furniture factory.

Maestro Frank Tours, of John Charles Thomas' program, earned his first money while attending the Royal College of Music in London, as a church organist. Now he is one of Broadway's outstanding conductors.

Edward MacHugh, the "Gospel Singer," whose fan mail runs to over two thousand letters a month, owes the discovery of his voice to the Governor General of Canada. MacHugh was born in Dundee, Scotland, but his widowed mother brought her family of seven children to Canada, where Edward did odd jobs to help support them. He was taking tickets at a reception at the Royal Hunts Club when it was discovered that there was no one to sing "God Save the King," when the Governor General and guests of honor arrived. Edward volunteered to sing. Result: he was invited to sing the next day at the home of Sir Mortimer Davis, which, again, resulted in his being sent to London to have his voice trained.

INTERESTING FACTS
Frank Parker, tenor star of that CBS gasoline show, did a 220-yard dash in top form and talked through a Broadway throng the other night, when, almost at air time, his car stalled for lack of gas.

Helen Pickens spends all her spare time knitting. Even during intermissions on the air her fingers are busy with the longest needles ever seen around the studio.

During his three years on the air, Captain Tim Healy has enrolled over 2,500,000 in his radio stamp club. Captain Tim, who has thrilled millions of radio listeners with his stories behind stamps, has decided to publish these stories in book form. However, you still can hear them on the air, as he has just signed a new 92-weeks' contract with the soap people.

Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit now are in their sixth year of broadcasting for the same sponsor, and over the CBS network.

Leslie Howard's radio audience mail includes a large percentage of letters from his English fans, who are short-wave listeners.

Before becoming one of America's radio favorites, Kate Smith once served as a nurse.
On May 23rd, Richard Crooks, operator and radio tenor, will sail for Australia to keep fifty engagements—the first being scheduled for June 16th.

SHORT SHORTS

Rose Bampton, opera contralto, is the American born daughter of Samuel W. Bampton, an Englishman by birth, who now is a Buffalo business man. Her mother is an American of Mayflower ancestry.

Eddie Cantor was born January 31st, 1893, over a Russian Tea Room in the heart of New York's East Side. Orphaned at two, he was raised by his grandmother. He prefers radio to any other field of entertainment.

Her charm and generosity make Irene Rich one of the best liked of the dramatic players in the studio. Her sympathies are always responsive to any worthy cause or person.

Apart from her radio work, Gogo Delys, CBS songstress, loves skiing, is an expert swimmer, plays sterling golf and tennis. She was born in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

Jack Benny and his wife, Mary Livingston, are rated as one of the happiest married couples among professionals.

Her mother and friends call her "Ding." She lives in an ivy-covered English stucco house in Westchester. She is an expert swimmer and horsewoman. Incidentally, she sings and dances—she is Eleanor Powell, star of "The Flying Red Horse Tavern."

Gloria Grafton, singing ingenue of the Jumbo-Firechief show, is the daughter of a Seattle broker. A sister, Billie, is soloist with a dance band. Another sister, Portia, now married and retired, formerly was an Albertina Rasch dancer.

The man responsible for the success of a radio star is the control-room engineer. declares Hendrik William van Loon. "He brushes and combs and shampoos our voices," says Van Loon, "and undulates and perfumes them, until they are fit to go forth into the universe without disturbing the fine balance of the planetary system. He is the man upon whom we all depend for our ultimate success."

THE PERIPATETIC PENNSYLVANIANS

On Friday, January 17th, Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians began an extended vaudeville tour which carried them approximately 5,000 miles to play before more than 700,000 people. Returning to Radio City February 28th.

The tour was made in two special Pullmans with a private baggage car. Twelve filing cases of music were taken along. The organization was accompanied by NBC engineers to supervise the broadcasting of their programs.

In addition to playing five performances daily at theatres along the route, they rehearsed their musical numbers, gave their 9:30 p.m. broadcast, with the repeat broadcast at midnight for the West Coast. The rest of the time they did as they pleased!

The Waring stars include Tom Waring, Fred's brother and baritone soloist; the singing Lane sisters, Rosemary and Priscilla; the Waring Girls, singing-voiced Poley McClintock, scat singer Johnny Davis; Stella and the Fellas; Curley Cockerill, saxophonist and English dialectician; Stuart Churchill, featured singer, with Tubby Hanlon, Gene Conklin and Ferne, the Waring violinists.

WINIFRED CECIL

Meet "Show Boat"'s new leading lady. This young American soprano was born August 31st, 1909, in Staten Island, New York. She received her early education from private tutors and later was a student at the Philadelphia Academy and Trinity College in Washington. Her first public performance was in a boarding-school play, in which, since one of the players suddenly became ill, she found herself two roles. With the result that her classmates predicted a professional career for her.

After graduating from the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia, Winifred studied with Mrs. Eddy and Madame Marcella Sembrich. Later, in 1934, she went to London, where she attracted attention with a command performance before Princess Alice of Athlone.

Continuing her studies abroad, she sang in concert in England, France, Germany and Spain. Returning to this country, she was singing in the Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre chorus when she auditioned for and won the coveted role of leading lady for "Show Boat."

Winifred has won several cups for her ability in tennis. Also she is an accomplished bridge player. Next to becoming a great singer, her ambition is to make an extensive tour of the Orient and to visit the Grand Canyon. She spends most of her vacations in the mountains of New York state.

BREVITIES

His bandmen call Paul Whiteman "Pappy," a term of affection which pleases Paul. Helen Jepson is regarded as one of the last temperamental of stars . . . Maestro Mark Warnow is an enthusiast about hypnotism . . . Leslie Howard is the author of many stories, essays and plays. . . . Eleanor Powell has a pedigreed cocker spaniel called "Raggle" . . . Myrtle ("Myrt and Marge") Vail was born January 7th, in Joliet, Illinois . . . James Melton is rated as one of the best amateur cooks in the country. . . . Lennie Hayton has conducted more bands than he has lived years. He was born February 15th, 1908 . . . Kate Smith, aged eleven, sang for President Wilson at the White House, and Speaker Longworth predicted a brilliant future for her. . . . The first broadcast of The American Album of Familiar Music was October 11th, 1931 . . . Nelson Eddy thinks movies are an excellent school for opera people . . . Lucy Monroe has declared to answer the clarion call of the cinema . . . Jimmy Durante, as "Bramy Bowers" of Jumbo, so impressed a New England fan with his press agent characterization that he was offered the job of ballyhooing a winter carnival in New
FIVE COMPLETE NOVELS IN ONE MAGAZINE!

Adventure goes to China in Spy Killer, a thrilling and colorful novel by L. Ron Hubbard. Kurt Boyd, forced to bargain for his life, accepts a mission for Lin Wondi whose Death Squad strikes terror into the heart of all China...

Mystery in William Bruner's thriller, The Murder Frame, gives you the story of Officer Terry North patrolling the California highway and risking his life to solve a strange mystery.

Sport heads into the prize ring with Edmund DuPerrier's story of Bill Bailey, who after defeat at the hands of a tricky opponent, goes back to the sticks and waits for his chance to Fight 'Em Again!

Western—Al Martin is back with Guns Across the Trail, a Western romance with the speed, force and stirring beat of drama that make his range stories top-notch.

Romance in the Caribbean with Reg Dinmore's In Golden Lagoons, an exciting story of the quest of treasure and a race against time and enemies powerful and relentless.

FIVE NOVELS NOW ON SALE

RADIO STARS

Hampshire...Phil Baker once was invited to play his accordion with the Boston Symphony Orchestra...Ted Powell, banjoist in the Abe Lyman's "Melodiana" and composer of "Boots and Saddles," never has been astride a horse nor in Texas...Helen Pickens has a dog and cat that eat out of the same bowl...

EDITORIAL

Our policy in Radio Stars Magazine is to present to you each month unusual and authoritative stories of people who are known to you all through their connection with radio, opera, later theatre, movies or books—people unique in their special spheres, whose names are famous and whose views on radio are important.

The response to this policy of ours has been generous and heart-warming. Even these stars of the world of entertainment, themselves, have been delighted with our stories of them.

Here are some of their comments on stories in this issue:

Amos 'n Andy ("Eternally Yours," Page 40) said happily: "It's a damned good story. If it weren't, we wouldn't let you get out of this office with it. We think it's the best that's ever been written about us.

Mary Pickford ("Welcome to Pickfair," Page 26) expressed herself as being "very enthusiastic" about the story, which gives her sincere opinion regarding radio, her views on censorship, her hopes for her own future and special usefulness in radio.

Eva Le Gallienne ("Let's Have Better Radio Plays," Page 44) declared that she was more than pleased with Mr. Spooner's presentation of her ideas concerning radio.

Albert Payson Terhune ("The Master of Sunnybank," Page 32) wrote us: "My thanks and compliments on one of the very best interviews of the several hundred which have been written about my inconsequential self....I haven't a single criticism nor suggestion for the changing of a single word."

We haven't space to quote more this month—but with the, it scarcely is necessary to add our assurance that when you read a story in Radio Stars you may feel confident of its accuracy and know that it satisfies not only our own high standards but those of its subject—and, we hope, your own conception of what a good story should be.

TRAIL BLAZERS

Who are the trail-blazers of radio? Hal Kemp, bandman, busy in his files, submits the following list:

First crooner: Whispering Jack Smith.
First comedian's stooge: Rubino.
First to play jazz on Sunday: Ernie Golden.
First to use theme song: Happiness Boys.
First comedian to kid sponsor: Jack Benny.
First amateur hour: N. T. G.'s studio parties on WHN.
First movie star to make good in radio: Al Jolson.
First radio star to make good in movies: Jack Benny.
First razzing of America: George Bernard Shaw.
First razzing of Britain: George Bernard Shaw.

RADIO STARS

PARD-0-GEN (Pronounced PAR-TO-JEN) TABLETS

SOUND reasoning and commonsense recommend the excellence and the dependability of PARD-0-GEN Tablets, features which are often so difficult adequately to describe.

They are neatly packaged in tubes almost as small as the daintiest fountain pen, each tube containing twelve tablets, and may be conveniently carried in one's purse or hand-bag, for use while traveling or at home.

A tablet dissolves in a few moments and the solution thus formed has been found by thousands to be entirely adequate and dependable without the use of water or other accessories.

PARD-0-GEN Tablets are non-caustic, stainless, greaseless. They provide an effective deodorant although practically odorless. It is a long-accepted fact that they offer the practical, commonsense answer to the problem of

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Here's How I STOP ITCHING In Seconds!

Don't despair if mad- dening itch of eczema, hives, and other skin ailments makes your life a torture. A new discovery has been made in which the solution is a blessing from heaven. It's known as Hydrosal; vitally new, sensitive in principle. Amazing relief for itching, scratching, eczema. Get it today.

Hydrosal; 30 cent or 60 cent sizes.
Your baby will be happier and more comfortable with Z.B.T. Baby Powder. Z.B.T. has the unique advantage of olive oil, which makes it cling longer, and resist moisture better. Gentle to tender, touchy skins, its superior smoothness (what the doctors call "slip") prevents chafing in the creases. Free from zinc in any form, Z.B.T. is approved by Good Housekeeping and your baby. Large 25¢ and 50¢ sizes.

A real "Welcome to Pickfair"—Mary Pickford greets Grace Moore and her husband, Valentin Parera, at a party which she gave in honor of Lady Mendel.

Helen Hayes, star of the "New Penny," cites as the height of understatement an excerpt from a letter she received recently: "We listen to your broadcasts every week. Please make another movie soon, if it is not too much trouble."

When Lawrence Tibbett rehearses, he concentrates on the music and improvises the lyrics. Recently, in perfect voice for a difficult aria, he bellowed: "Good morning, man, have you seen what the stock market's doing?" The cymbal player took the cue for a tremendous crash!

Dorothy Lamour, NBC's "Dreamer of Songs," started her public career by winning a beauty contest in her native New Orleans. The odd thing about it was Dorothy didn't want to be a contestant. Friends entered her name and photographs and she was selected Queen of the May.

Lowell Thomas, NBC news commentator, estimates that he has received from 200,000 to more than 260,000 letters each day for the past five years.

Phil Baker says radio comedians winter at the Florida beaches in order to watch their drawing power bring in the tides.
Guarantee of Satisfaction

The publishers of RADIO STARS guarantee that you will be satisfied with your purchase of every packaged product advertised in this magazine. If for any reason you are dissatisfied, RADIO STARS will replace the product, or, if you prefer, refund your purchase price. In either case all you have to do is to send us the unused portion, accompanied by a letter outlining your complaint. This guarantee also applies if the product, in your opinion does not justify the claims made in its advertising in RADIO STARS.

Careful examination before publication and rigid censorship, plus our guarantee, enable you to buy with complete confidence the products you see advertised in this issue of RADIO STARS.

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Although we make every effort to insure the accuracy of this index, we take no responsibility for occasional omission or inadvertent error.
FRED: Stage actors certainly have a hard time these days.

PORTLAND: Hey, say, I saw one who was so seedy he wouldn't be safe in a canary's cage.

(FRED ALLEN and PORTLAND HOFFA, Town Hall Tonight.)

MORAN: Say, how did you get that scar under your eye?

VAN: I got that for kissing the bride after the ceremony.

MORAN: Why that's the proper procedure... always kiss the bride after the ceremony.

VAN: Yeah... but this was two years after the ceremony.

(MORAN and VAN, Shell Chateau.)

M.C.: Why in the world should your mother be mad because your father bought her a washing machine for Christmas?

MAMIE: Because every time she gets in it the paddles spank her.

M.C.: Doesn't your mother know what the machine is there for?

MAMIE: Yeah... for about a month, till the installment man comes and takes it away!

(MAMIE and Master of Ceremonies, Design for Listening.)

EDDIE: I'm angry with Ida.

JIMMIE: What happened?

EDDIE: Clark Gable had dinner with us, and he kissed Ida's cheek.

JIMMIE: Yes, but that happened six weeks ago.

EDDIE: I know... but she hasn't washed her face since!

JIMMIE: Gee, Eddie, your mind is working like a dynamo.

EDDIE: You know why? My father was an electrician.

JIMMIE: Yes... and I'll bet you were his first shock.

(EDDIE CANTOR and JIMMIE WALLINGTON, Pebeco Program.)

PICK: Sonny boy, does you know anything at all about the bull?

PAT: I ought to... after listenin' to you all these years.

PICK: Now don't get excited... use your head.

PAT: I always use my head.

PICK: What for?

PAT: To put my hat on.

(PICK AND PAT, One Night Stands.)

GRACIE: I even remember the day I was born... and I'll never forget the surprised look on the doctor's face when I looked up and said: "Doctor... what am I?--a boy or a girl?"

GEORGE: On the day you were born... you looked up at the doctor and said: "I'm a boy a litty!"

GRACIE: Yeah.

GEORGE: And what did the doctor say?

GRACIE: The doctor looked down, and he said: "Little baby... what else could you be?"

(GEORGE BURNS and GRACIE ALLEN, Campbell Program.)

ST. BERNARD PSHAW: I wish to say to this audience of morons that I have made only one mistake on this lecture trip. You see, I am making a trip around the world, but since I am St. Bernard Pshaw, I should have made the world take a trip around me.

(CUCKOO PROGRAM.)

RAY KNIGHT: The phrase, "Microphone Technique" comes from the Latin, "Microphonicius Tecnocracy," MIC--pronounced "Mike"--indicating a preponderance of Pat and Mike jokes on the air; RO is for Shad Row where the inventor of the microphone lived. PHONI--meaning you know what; CUS from what the listening audience does to a radio program, and TECHNOCRACY--whatever became of Technocracy, anyway?

(RAY KNIGHT, in Cuckoo Program.)

GEORGE: Gracie, I think you're nuts... I think your brother's nuts and that Milton Watson's a double crosser.

GRACIE: That's right but maybe you don't know that he's an Oxford man.

GEORGE: Who? Milton Watson?

GRACIE: No... my brother.

GEORGE: Your brother is an Oxford man?

GRACIE: Yeah... a boochback.

(GEORGE BURNS and GRACIE ALLEN, Campbell Tomato Juice Program.)

BOB BURNS: Someone said you could buy a wife for fifty cents in foreign countries. My uncle said: "Well, if she's a good wife she's worth it." But he didn't feel like puttin' out the money just then because he hadn't been working for some time. We didn't know just how long he had been out of work, because we couldn't find his birth certificate.

(BOB BURNS, on Kraft Music Hall.)

BOTTLE: In your accordin', does the music go 'round and 'round?

BAKER: Yes.

BOTTLE: Then why must it come out here?

(PHIL BAKER and BOTTLE, Gulf Program.)

MARY: Oh, Jack, I got the cutest little puppy dog from a movie actor friend of mine.

JACK: Oh, a little dog, eh? Is he a Fox Terrier?

MARY: No, he works for Paramount.

JACK: What gave you the idea that your father was deaf?

MARY: He thinks the boiler factory next door is his varisty catch.

(JACK BENNY and MARY LIPSTONE, Jello Program.)

ELSIE: I gotta run along now, I gotta get a bag of soup.

M.C.: A BAG of soup?

ELSIE: Yeah... but don't tell anybody. I don't want it to leak out.

(DESIGN FOR LISTENING program.)

GIRL: You ought to take singing lessons from me. Everyone says I have the largest repertoire in town.

EDDIE: You should go on a diet.

WALLINGTON: Eddie, how did you like the show where the girl danced in a coat of gold paint?

EDDIE: Ask my uncle. He saw her dance twelve times and he's gonna see her again tonight.

WALLINGTON: Why?

EDDIE: He figures sooner or later she'll go off the gold standard.

(EDDIE CANTOR and JIMMIE WALLINGTON, Pebeco Program.)
HANDSOME,
LUSTROUS

FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY—ACT NOW!

$1.25 Serving Tray
IN HEAVY CHROMIUM PLATE—VERIFIED VALUE

TRY EAGLE BRAND FOR MAGIC SHORT-CUT COOKING:
Magic! Just 2 ingredients!

COCONUT MACAROONS
1/2 cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
2 cups shredded coconut
Mix Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and shredded coconut together. Drop by
spoonfuls on buttered baking sheet about 1 inch apart. Bake in moderate oven
(350° F.) 10 minutes or until a

Chocolate Frosting
2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1/2 cups (1 can) Eagle Brand
Sweetened Condensed Milk
1 tablespoon water
Melt chocolate in top of
double boiler. Add Eagle
Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, stir over boil-
ing water 5 minutes until it
thickens. Add water, Cool. Spread on cold cake (bought
or home-made). Makes enough frosting to cover tops
and sides of 2 (9-inch) layers, or top and sides of loaf
cake generously, or about 24 cup cakes.

“A $1.25 VALUE”
“I shopped several leading de-
partment stores in New York and
Philadelphia and found similar
trays selling for $1.25 to $1.50—
in no case less than $1.25.”
FRANCES ROGERS,
Research Investigator
145 95th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
January 3, 1936

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
To everyone who takes advan-
tage of this opportunity to secure
the $1.25 chromium-plated serv-
ing tray we make this guarantee:
If, within two weeks after buying
this tray, you are not entirely satis-
fied, you may return the tray in
good condition to us, and we will
refund you the full 25c you paid
for it.  THE BORDEN COMPANY

ACT AT ONCE!

THE BORDEN COMPANY, Dept. MM-46
2901 E. Hennepin Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
Enclosed are two (2) Eagle Brand labels and 25c,
in coin, for which please send me the chromium-
plated tray of verified $1.25 value with money-back
guarantee as specified in your advertisement. Also
please send your free Magic cook book.
If you live in Canada, send two Eagle Brand labels
and 50c to The Borden Co., Ltd., Yardley House,
Toronto, Ont.

Name__________________________
Street__________________________
City___________________________
State__________________________
Order must be postmarked before midnight, April 30, 1936
Luckies are less acid!
Recent chemical tests show* that other popular brands have an excess of acidity over Lucky Strike of from 53% to 100%

Luckies a light smoke
OF RICH, FULL-BODIED TOBACCO — "IT'S TOASTED"

* RESULTS VERIFIED BY INDEPENDENT CHEMICAL LABORATORIES AND RESEARCH GROUPS
XCLUSIVE!! BOAKE CARTER REVEALS IMPORTANT UNPUBLISHED FACTS ABOUT HAUPTMANN!

Radio Stars

May O

Rudy Vallee

Earl Christ
SPARKLING EYES...

...It's New
WINX CREAMY MASCARA
COMPLETE WITH BRUSH
REQUIRES NO WATER

Try this new Winx Creamy Mascara today. Always ready for use—requires no water—simply spread a small amount on a dry brush and apply to lashes... You'll like it.

...an invitation to ROMANCE

SPARKLING, LAUGHING EYES... eyes that say more than words can ever express... are the eyes that fascinate men, that invite romance.

Now, every girl can have eyes that sparkle... eyes that radiate life and beauty. Just a touch of the new Winx Creamy Mascara to the lashes and instantly they appear darker, longer, and more lustrous. It works wonders—brings out the natural beauty and charm of your eyes—enlivens your whole appearance.

Try this new Winx Creamy Mascara today. It comes in a dainty, convenient tube, complete with brush for applying. Always ready for use anytime, anywhere—no water—no bother—no fuss. You'll like, too, the way its emollient oils keep your lashes luxuriantly soft and natural-looking at all times. In four colors—black, brown, blue, and green—and of course each is harmless, non-smarting, smudge-proof and water-proof.

Your local drug and department stores carry Winx in the economical large size. You can also obtain the new Winx Creamy Mascara, as well as the complete line of Winx Eye Beautifiers, in Introductory Sizes at all 10¢ stores.
Don’t let Adolescent Pimples keep YOU from looking your best

JUST when good looks make such a difference in good times—from about 13 to 25 years of age, or even longer—many young people become afflicted with ugly pimples.

During this time, after the beginning of adolescence, important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin, especially, becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin and pimples appear.

Fleischmann’s fresh Yeast helps to give you back a good complexion by clearing these skin irritants out of the blood. Then—pimples go!

Eat it regularly—3 cakes a day, before meals, plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear. Start today!
26 STORIES, FEATURES AND DEPARTMENTS

STORIES

BOAKE CARTER REVEALS HAUPTMANN FACTS
ENTER HELEN JEPSON (The modern prima donna)
NO ONE WOULD BELIEVE IT (Bob Ripley's secret)
HONEYMOON BY HARLOW (It was Johnny Hopp's)
A TOAST TO THE LADIES (From John Boies)
A HOME RUN FOR RADIO (Ford Frick on baseball broadcasts)
BAZOOKA BOY MAKES GOOD (Bob Burns)
FIGHTING IT OUT ON THE AIR (The Husbands and Wives broadcast)
NO WONDER HE'S TOPS! (Fred Waring)
CAN A MARRIAGE STAND TWO CAREERS? (Debated by Portland Hoffa and Mrs. Phil Baker)
BACK TOGETHER AGAIN (Ethel Shutta and George Olsen)
PLEASE STAY OUT OF MY LIFE! (Says Carmela Ponselle)

SPECIAL FEATURES and DEPARTMENTS

Radio Ramblings
Keep Young and Beautiful (Walking in the Rain)
Board of Review
The Radio Hostess
Nothing But The Truth?
For Distinguished Service to Radio

Cover by EARL CHRISTY
THE MOTION PICTURE THAT IS EAGERLY AWAITED THE WORLD OVER

Norma Shearer
Leslie Howard

in

Romeo and Juliet

with

JOHN BARRYMORE

EDNA MAY OLIVER • VIOLET KEMBLE-COOPER
BASIL RATHBONE • CONWAY TEARLE
REGINALD DENNY • RALPH FORBES
C. AUBREY SMITH • HENRY KOLKER • ANDY DEVINE

To the famed producer Irving Thalberg go the honors for bringing to the screen, with tenderness and reverence, William Shakespeare’s imperishable love story. The director is George Cukor. A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE.
OPERA ASPIRANTS

Of course you have been hearing the Sunday afternoon Metropolitan Opera Auditions of the Air, broadcast over the NBC network. They were well worth tuning in on. Conducted by Edward Johnson, the new and creative head of the Metropolitan Opera House, they won deserved acclaim from the musical world and radio listeners, and will bring to the opera's roster a new star.

From every state in the Union and from England, Canada, Bermuda and Italy, came eager and ambitious young singers, hoping to win a place on these auditions. Hundreds applied, but only a few, of course, could win the coveted hearing. And of those heard, four or five achieve the award of a Metropolitan contract.

As they sang, Mr. Johnson listened to each note and watched each gesture—for aside from the singer's voice, the question of appearance and operatic presentation was important.

Another watcher, unseen by the auditioners, was Mary Garden, opera's most famous diva. As head talent scout for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, she was looking for picture possibilities among those talented opera aspirants.

One of the first to sing on these auditions of the air, Willie Morris, soprano, already has received an interesting contract on the strength of her performance on this program. Miss Morris has been signed as a permanent feature singer on the Fireside Recitals program.

MORE ANENT PROGRAM MAKERS

"If you don't get what you want, just ask for it and I'll do my best to please you." That is Paul White man's invitation to the listeners of his Sunday night Musical Varieties broadcasts.

Proving again, as we have pointed out before, that it is we, ourselves, who are the program makers. So if we are dissatisfied with any of the radio programs we tune in, it's up to us make them better.

Charles Previn, conductor of the Life Is a Song orchestra, does not agree with people who say that programs ought to be improved but that the radio audience will not accept better things.

Musical taste in America (Continued on page 71)
Below, lovely Grace Moore, with handsome Franchot Tone, in the new Columbia Pictures' Musical, entitled: The King Steps Out. Center picture (left to right) Red Robinson, Ken Darby, Bud Lynn and (with the moustache) John Dodson — The King’s Men. And at the bottom of the page, (left to right) announcer Ted Husing, Walter O’Keefe, Deane Janis, of the Camel program.

THIS IS THE WOMAN WHO SAID:

“What's the difference, all laxatives are alike!”

The lady above made a mistake. A grave mistake . . . yet lots of people make it. She said, “What's the difference—all laxatives are alike.” And that's where she was wrong!

One day she was constipated, and took a laxative. Picked it at random. It happened to be a harsh, quick-acting cathartic that raced through her system in a couple of hours. It upset her. Nauseated her. Sent pains shooting through her stomach. Left her weak—weary, . . . Such drastic remedies should never be taken, except on the advice of a physician.

DON'T SHOCK YOUR SYSTEM

When you need a corrective . . . and who doesn't every now and then? . . . don't make the mistake of assuming that all laxatives are alike. They're not!

You'll feel a whole lot better when you take a correctly timed laxative. One that won't rush through your system too quickly. And yet, one that is completely thorough.

Ex-Lax is just such a laxative. It takes sufficient time—6 to 8 hours—to work. Hence, your system is not thrown "out of rhythm." You aren't upset, disturbed, nauseated. You don't suffer from stomach pains. Ex-Lax action is so mild, so easy, you scarcely realize you've taken a laxative—except for the complete relief you enjoy.

Another thing . . . Ex-Lax will never embarrass you with ill-timed after-effects.

A PLEASURE TO TAKE

With Ex-Lax you say farewell to bitter, nasty-tasting purgatives and cathartics. Because Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. It's a real pleasure to take, not a punishment. Get a box today—only 10c at any drug store. You'll also find a still more economical family size for 25c.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!

(Paste this on a penny postcard)

Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.
Name.
Address.
City.
Age.

(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., 728 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal)

Tune in on “Strange as it Seems,” Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.
If Perspiration were a TIGER

— you’d jump to protect yourself from its ravages! Yet the insidious corroding acid of perspiration can destroy the under-arm fabric of your dresses as surely, as completely, as the scarifying claws of a tiger’s paw!

Answers to thousands of questionnaires revealed the astounding fact that during the past year perspiration spoiled garments for 1 woman in 3! What appallng wasteful extravagance, when a pair of Kleinert’s Dress Shields would have saved any one of them at trifling cost.

And this surest form of perspiration protection is now the easiest also! Kleinert’s Bra-form is a dainty uplift bra equipped with shields—always ready, without any sewing, to wear with any dress at any moment. A supply of two or three solves the perspiration problem for the busiest woman and they’re as easily swished through the nightly soapsuds as your stockings and lingerie!

Just ask for “Kleinert’s” at your favorite notion counter—shields, 25¢ and up; Bra-forms, $1.00 and up.

Kleinert’s
DRESS SHIELDS

APRIL SHOWERS may bring May Flowers, but if they bring us Irene Rich walking in the rain, bubbling over with enthusiasm and laughter, they have done their good deed for the month so far as we are concerned. When Irene Rich walks in the rain, “it isn’t raining rain” to her—it’s raining health and peace and beauty, and a goodly share of imaginary violets as well. The idea for this story on “Walking in the Rain” came as the direct result of a very rainy day in New York, and an interview with Miss Rich.

The weather was as drearily wet as only weather in the gray caverns of New York can be, and I arrived at the Waldorf-Astoria feeling as forlorn as a wet cat. In spite of Irving Berlin’s song, it wasn’t a lovely day to get caught in the rain. Miss Rich’s cheery reception, and the warm charm of her apartment soon shut the wet grayness of New York outside. My hostess had but a few minutes before come in from a walk in the rain and she was glowing with exuberance. She had taken off her rain togs and slipped into wine red lounging pyjamas, a color that made her sparkle like the vintage itself.

We had a cozy chat to a cinnamon toast and hot tea accompaniment, the perfect appetizers to conversation on a rainy day. “It may sound a little strange,” said Miss Rich, nibbling at her toast thoughtfully, “but I’d
rather walk in the rain than in the sunshine. Sunshine has a sort of lazy quality to it; rain is more of a challenge.” She went on to explain that to her rain is symbolic of fertility and fruitfulness... it brings refreshment while the sun brings drought. “But I will admit,” she added with her infectious laugh, “it’s important to keep your sunny side up when it rains.”

Miss Rich loves to put on her oldest raincoat and hat and galoshes, and then go striding through the rain, until the blocks patter into miles. Shop windows appear all the more entrancing to her when seen through the mist of rain. And just to walk on and on, breathing deeply of all the damp, earthy smell of spring is joy enough in itself. A brisk walk in the rain whips up the circulation into a rosy glow. It is important, however, to meet the rain on friendly terms. Don’t hunch up your shoulders against it, as though you expected it to smite you down when you turned the next corner. “It’s a challenge,” says the courageous Irene. “Meet it with your head up and your arms open.”

It is Miss Rich’s experience that walking does more to iron out her mental kinks than any other exercise or recreation. It gives her mental and physical refreshment. She makes it a point, moreover, to practice deep breathing exercises as she walks, inhaling and exhaling in rhythm with her steps. She doesn’t feel that she is just breathing in air. She is breathing in health and grand spirits as well.

Deep breathing gives impetus to circulation, as does walking. It warms the body with a deep glow as one’s capacity for it is increased. And even more important, it relieves nerve tension and encourages relaxation. It can and does cure “a case of nerves.” People whose professions depend on (Continued on page 64)
HOW DO YOUR FAVORITES RANK IN THE RATINGS?

1. THE PHILHARMONIC SYMPHONY SOCIETY OF NEW YORK (CBS).....87.5%
   Continues as first choice of the critics.

2. GENERAL MOTORS CONCERTS (NBC).....87.4%
   Which proves radio critics are definitely symphony-minded.

3. JACK BENNY, MARY LIVINGSTONE, KENNY BAKER AND JOHNNY GREEN'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).....86.9%
   It certainly makes a amusing program to be without a symphony orchestra and yet rate this high with the critics.

4. FORD SUNDAY EVENING HOUR (CBS).....86.9%
   It seems you simply must have a symphony program to succeed.

5. FRED WARING'S PENNSYLVANIANS (CBS).....85.3%
   Versatility plus.

6. CHESTERFIELD PROGRAM WITH NINO MARTINI AND LILY PONS ON ALTERNATE NIGHTS (CBS).....83.4%
   Metropolitan favorites singing your favorites.

7. LAWRENCE TIBBETT (CBS).....82.6%
   Champion of American composers.

8. THE MAGIC KEY OF RCA (NBC).....80.3%
   Current winner of our Distinguished Service Award.

9. TOWN HALL TONIGHT (NBC).....80.0%
   Marvelous material, marvellously presented by Fred Allen and troupe.

10. LOMBARDO ROAD (CBS).....78.8%
    Gray Lombardo and the sweetest dance music on the air.

11. EDWIN C. HILL—HUMAN SIDE OF THE NEWS (NBC).....78.7%
    Human interest in the news items.

12. LESLIE HOWARD (CBS).....78.5%
    Matteen idol of the air.

13. BURNS AND ALLEN (CBS).....78.2%
    Gracie Allen, radio's chief conscience.

14. MAJOR BOWES' ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR (NBC).....77.7%
    The commercials and tributes are getting too heavy.

Richard Peters
Knoxville News-Sentinel, Knoxville, Tenn.
Leota Rider
Houston Chronicle, Houston, Texas
Si Steinhauser
Pittsburgh Press, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Lee Miller
Bridgeton Herald, Bridgeton, Conn.
Charlotte Geer
Newark Evening News, Newark, N. J.

Richard G. Moffett
Florida Times-Union, Jacksonville, Fla.
James Sullivan
Louisville Times, Louisville, Ky.
C. L. Kern
Indianapolis Star, Indianapolis, Ind.
Larry Wolters
Chicago Tribune, Chicago, Ill.
James E. Chinn
Evening and Sunday Star, Washington, D. C.

H. Dean Fitter
Kansas City Star, Kansas City, Mo.
Vivian M. Gardner
Wisconsin News, Milwaukee, Wis.
Joe Hoeffler
Buffalo Evening News, Buffalo, N. Y.
Andrew W. Pope
Cincinnati Enquirer, Cincinnati, O.
Oscar H. Fernbach
San Francisco Examiner, San Francisco, Cal.

OUR NEW SYSTEM

The Board of Review bases its percentages on the assumption that all radio programs are divided into four basic parts: material, artists, presentation and announcements, each consisting of 25%, and making the perfect program of 100%. These ratings are a consensus of opinions of our Board of Review and do not necessarily agree with the editorial opinion of Radio Stars magazine. Programs outstanding to artists and material, often suffer because of poor presentation or announcements.

15. BOAKE CARTER (CBS).............76.8%
   Continuing comments on current history.

16. VOICE OF FIRESTONE (NBC).....76.6%
    Margaret Speakes, with Nelson Eddy and Richard Crooks at alternate guest stars.

17. FLEISCHMANN VARIETY HOUR STARRING RUDY VALLELY (NBC).....76.5%
    Frank Fay and always an entertaining group of guest stars.

18. GRACE MOORE (NBC).....76.4%
    Informal artistry.

19. PAUL WHITEMAN'S MUSICAL VARIETIES (NBC).....76.1%
    Great Paul and no dull seconds, thanks to his own group and special attractions.

20. RICHARD HUMBER AND THE STEVE-BAKER CHAMPIONS (CBS).....76.1%
    Glorifying the popular dance tune.

21. ZIEGFELD FOLLIES OF THE AIR (CBS).....75.8%
    The inimitable Fannie Brice.

22. HOLLYWOOD HOTEL (CBS).....75.6%
    Featuring seven stars in previews of forthcoming flickers.

23. PHIL BAKER—HAL KEMP'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).....75.7%
    Cash, crooners and twine.

24. RAY NOBLE AND HIS ORCHESTRA (CBS).....75.4%
    Comte Borreliz, vocalist.

25. CITIES SERVICE CONCERT ORCHESTRA

TRA: JESSICA DRAGONETTE (NBC).....74.1%
   Year in and year out, consistently good with Jessica always outstanding.

26. RUBINOFF AND HIS VIOLIN (NBC).....73.8%
   Virginia Rea, Jan Peerce assisting.

27. BEN BERNIE AND ALL THE LADS (NBC).....73.7%
    Capt, no matter how old, always sounds funny when Ben springs them.

28. AMERICAN PAGEANT OF YOUTH (NBC).....73.5%
    Juvenile amateur hour.

29. ONE MAN'S FAMILY (NBC).....73.4%
    Radio's favorite continued story.

30. AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMOUS MUSIC (NBC).....73.2%
    Frank Monk, Lucy Monroe singing familiar airs unusually well.

31. THE GOLDBERGS (CBS).....72.3%
    Heart throbs mostly, but genuinely done.

32. ALEMITE HALF HOUR WITH HEIDT'S BRIGADIERS (CBS).....72.3%
    Stimulating.

33. LOWELL THOMAS (NBC).....72.0%
    Highlighting the news.

34. FREDERICK WILSON WILIE: "THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN WASHINGTON TONIGHT" (CBS).....71.9%
    The forthcoming election has brought about a noticeable listener-increase in Ms. Wolfe's remarks.

35. SALT LAKE CITY TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN (CBS).....71.4%
    Solace for the soul.

36. AMOS AND ANDY (NBC).....71.3%
    Shake hands with the "eternally" boys.

37. ON THE AIR WITH LUD GLUSKIN (CBS).....71.2%
    Glisse arrangements brim out every possible bit of melody in a number.

38. THE METROPOLITAN OPERA AUDIENCES OF THE AIR (NBC).....70.9%
    One of the few programs ever broadcast with a definite purpose.

(Continued on page 12)
But Peggy was unhappy. Listen to her confide to a friend. "Oh, Helen, why is it I seem to attract every boy but your brother Harry? He just doesn't pay any attention to me."

Well, Helen," said Peggy, "Tintex is the secret of my ‘fro’ wardrobe. I see Harry thinks every new dress is a dress made up with Tintex. ...you just tint it, rinse and get most gorgeous colors!”

A FEW CENTS for Tintex will save you dollars on your Spring wardrobe. And so easy to use—so perfect in results. No wonder Tintex Tints and Dyes are the largest selling in the world! 41 colors from which to choose—at all drug stores, notion and toilet goods counters.

PARK & TILFORD, Distributors
THE WORST SKIN IN TOWN!

Now It's Smooth, Lovely

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in a solicited letter. Signed, sworn to before me.

[Image of a notary public]

"I had the worst skin in town. Everything I tried failed to help."

"I simply didn't know what to do... then my husband brought home some Yeast Foam Tablets."

"Now my skin's so smooth and clear—I'm not afraid to dress up and go out anywhere!"

TRUTH—not advertising claims—is what you want if you're one of the thousands embarrassed by ugly skin blemishes, eruptions and pimples. So take heart from the true experience shown above. For it is typical of countless grateful letters from women who have used these pleasant-tasting Yeast Foam Tablets to conquer stubborn skin trouble and regain alluring beauty.

If poisons in your system have robbed you of beauty, too—marred your skin with ugly blemishes—try Yeast Foam Tablets at once. The vital corrective elements they supply rid the body of these poisons easily, quickly, naturally—remove the real cause of lost beauty. And give you again the clear, alluring skin that men admire.

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today—and refuse substitutes. Send for Free Sample.

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.,
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets.

Name
Address
City State

RADIO STARS

Board of Review

(Continued from page 10)

In his modern apartment on Riverside Drive in New York, Rubino off, maestro of the Chevrolet program heard each Saturday at 9 p.m. EST, over NBC, tunes his violin. The famous violinist spends most of his spare time in studying the scores of musical masterpieces for use in his weekly programs.

39. CAMEL CARAVAN (CBS)........... 70.8
Walter O'Ree, Deone Janis, Casa Loma orchestra. Walter can be so funny, at times.

40. HELEN HAYES (NBC)........... 70.7
Radio hasn't had a pleasant voice.

41. JOHN CHARLES THOMAS (NBC).... 70.5
Yes, he's a favorite.

42. BING CROSBY WITH JIMMY DORSEY'S ORCHESTRA (NBC)........... 70.5
Bob Burns, bazooka boy, also on hand.

43. A & P GYPSIES (NBC)........... 70.1
Harry Herlick's brilliant conducting is the secret of this program's success.

44. THE BAKERS BROADCAST (NBC).... 70.0
Bob Hope with his amazing "believe-it-or-not!" Harriet Hilliard, Ozzie Nelson and his boys. Should be full hour program.

45. YOUR HIT PARADE WITH CARL HOFF'S ORCHESTRA (CBS)........... 69.9
The fifteen most popular tunes of the week, conscientiously collected.

46. WAYNE KING'S ORCHESTRA (CBS)........... 69.9
Smarter than silk.

47. JOSE MANZANARES AND HIS SOUTH AMERICANS (CBS)........... 69.6
The real McCoy.

48. BETWEEN THE BOOKENDS (CBS).... 69.3
Ted Malone attempting to instill his own appreciation of books into his listeners.

49. SHELL CHATEAU (NBC)........... 68.6
If Jolson as head man. Victor Young's music. Could start from all walks of life.

50. EDDIE CANTOR (CBS)........... 68.4
Winner of last month's Distinguished Service award.

51. FIRST NIGHTER WITH BETTY LOU GERSON AND FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN (NBC)........... 68.1
Original radio plays, expertly presented and acted.

52. SWIFT STUDIO PARTY (NBC).... 68.0
Deems Taylor, Simon Rowntree and some times more informality than you can stand.

53. LUM 'N' ABNER (NBC)........... 67.5
Even city slickers are beginning to enjoy the Pine Ridge home and philosophy.

54. VOX POP (NBC)........... 67.3
Causal, fascinating—human nature on parade.

55. MAJOR BOWES' CAPITAL FAMILY (NBC)........... 67.2
Many prefer this to the Major's amateurs and then there are those who can't tell the difference.
Does Marriage end ROMANCE?

Before you dress! — use the secret of all-over fragrance — MAVIS!

Keep lovely with Mavis. At least twice a day ... before you dress ... after every bath ... smooth your skin all over with Mavis Talcum. Mavis is so pure and soothing. It guards the youth of your skin ... protects it from drying ... keeps it velvety and soft. And the use of Mavis is so Parisian! Its subtle fragrance clothes you in glamour. And protects your feminine daintiness ... gives you a fresh adorable charm that lasts the day or evening through.

Mavis Talcum in 25¢, 50¢ and 81 sizes at drug and department stores — convenient 10¢ size at 5-and-10¢ stores. We invite you to try Mavis — use coupon below.

V. VIVAUDOU, INC.,
505 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
I receive 10¢. Please send by return mail the convenient size of Mavis Talcum — so I can try its fragrant loveliness.

Name ____________
Address ____________
City ____________
State ____________

Mavis
Genuine Mavis Talcum
IN THE RED CONTAINER

(Continued on page 95)
SINCE the earliest days of history we have records which prove that people always have celebrated successes, victories and particularly happy occasions with feasts at which extra-special foods were served. You know the sort of thing I mean ... the fatted calf of the Bible, the nightingales’ tongues of the Roman banquets and the New England delicacies of the Pilgrim Fathers’ Thanksgiving feasts.

So when Jack Benny, for the third year in succession, won the Radio Editors’ poll as the best comedian of the air waves (with almost three times as many votes as his nearest competitor, incidentally!) I decided that such an outstanding victory surely should call for something pretty fancy in the line of foods. Therefore I set out to satisfy my food-conscious curiosity concerning Benny.

And did I hear about foreign sauces, exotic viands or rare and expensive delicacies? Certainly not! Instead I discovered (as I had suspected I would) that success is an old, familiar story with Jack Benny and that his celebrations simply consist of eating the same foods that he always has liked, in the company of friends of long standing in the theatrical profession. The dishes may change with the season and locale, but all are characterized by a thoroughly American simplicity—the sort of things, in short, that men all over the country like to eat.

In the West, the successful com-
A culinary trip with the Bennys from Hollywood to Broadway, via Waukegan, Ill.

"I made a bet with Mom..."

"Say, Mom, I bet I'd help you wash if you'd treat me to an ice cream cone."

"Bobbie, I'd give a couple of cones if somebody'd only tell me what makes these clothes so gray, even though I rub and scrub like fury."

"I wish you'd ask your sister, Bill, and see if she knows what's wrong with my mother's washes."

"I bet I don't have to ask. I hear women discussing things in the grocery store where I work and I know plenty about washing."

"Your mother's clothes have probably got tattle-tale gray—'cause her soap doesn't wash clean. Why doesn't she get wise and change to Fels-Naptha Soap? Everybody raves about the snappy way it gets out ALL the dirt!"

SO I TOLD MOM ABOUT FELS-NAPTHA SOAP AND GOT MY CONES

AND I GOT RID OF TATTLE-TALE GRAY! FELS-NAPTHA'S GRAND GOLDEN SOAP AND LOTS OF NAPTHA WASH CLOTHES SO CLEAN THEY SIMPLY SHINE! I LIKE FELS-NAPTHA BECAUSE IT'S GENTLER, TOO. WONDERFUL FOR SILK THINGS! EASIER ON MY HANDS!

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!
Once more the artists of the air reply to questions

Loretta Lee, WABC singer, a native of New Orleans, has dark red hair and blue-green eyes.

Does Your Art Suffer Periodic Letdowns, Dependent on Your Mood or Health?

Jane Froman: "I cannot say that it does, since, once in the midst of my work, I almost always can conquer any emotions which might conflict with my ability to perform."

Milton T. Cross: "I feel that one’s work is materially affected by health and mood."

Betty Lou Gerson: "I do believe my performances on the air are subject to the mental condition I am in. With the voice as a medium of expression the difficulty of cloaking one’s real emotions assumes serious proportions."

Margaret Speaks: "It used to do so... but not any more."

Anne Jamison: "I think every singer has short lapses of ill health which of course hinder his or her performance from being quite up to scratch."

Jerry Belcher: "We all have our 'ups' and 'downs', but I usually go to a show keyed to do my very best. We must be alert and be prepared to take advantage of every situation that arises. I seldom suffer from any 'let-down'."

Fritzi Scheff: "Never!"

Ted Malone: "My programs in every case depend upon my changing moods for the day. My readings are accordingly selected at the last minute."

Countess Olga Alban: "Yes, dependent on both mood and health... but they never last long."

Dorothy Lamour: "Naturally it does, I being of the rather moody type."

Lucy Monroe: "Certainly—singing is just like looking-glass—your voice reveals your true condition."

Myrtle Vail: "No one can do her best if she is unhappy or sick—although I think all of us in the business put forth every effort."

Donald Novis: "Yes—one’s voice depends on one’s disposition as well as one’s health."

John Barclay: "Naturally there are times when health or mood makes you feel that you can’t possibly give out a thing. But when you get ‘out there’ you’ve too much to concentrate on to remember how you feel. Performance should be a flow from the subconscious habits made in rehearsal—therefore moods of the moment don’t affect it."

Ted Hammerstein: "No. One cannot afford to have let-downs."

Andy Sannella: "No. I do not allow my mood or health to interfere with my radio work. There have been, however, times when, due to

Here’s Ted Husing, radio’s famous sports announcer.

Helen Marshall, talented and beautiful NBC soprano.
great mental stress or temporary illness, I've had misgivings in the anticipation of what was ahead of me; but somehow or other, in the actual atmosphere of the studio, my instinct always has pulled me through, the work at hand taking on the greatest importance."

Freddie Rich: "Yes, and why not? We are all human."

Harry von Zell: "I have felt at times that it has... but I don't think that I, myself, am in a position to judge, since when I feel low I naturally assume that my work is not up to par... whereas my audience might notice no change."

Ted Husing: "But why not?"

Niela Goodelle: "Nothing ever seems to affect my singing; in fact, I have heard that my voice is much better when I am tired."

Don Mario: "Yes. I believe this to be true of almost every performer. When you have a bad cold in the head, or ate the wrong thing the night before, you are bound to be affected by it. However, you don't have to be a scientist to apply some of the old 'mind over matter' on such occasions and carry on."

June Meredith: "I will admit I have (Continued on page 81)"
I BROUGHT HER HUSBAND BACK (A TRUE "B.O." EXPERIENCE)

A YOUNG MARRIED COUPLE MOVED INTO THE SECOND FLOOR OF OUR HOUSE. ALTHOUGH THE YOUNG WOMAN IS LIVELY AND ATTRACTIVE, SHE HAD FEW FRIENDS. ALSO HER HUSBAND WAS HOME AS LITTLE AS POSSIBLE.

ONE DAY SHE ASKED MY ADVICE. I TOLD HER I'D NOTICED HER FAULT, "B.O.," LONG BEFORE, BUT FELT I WAS TOO MUCH A STRANGER TO MENTION IT.

SINCE THEN SHE HAS BEEN USING LIFEBUOY AND IT HAS CHANGED HER WHOLE LIFE.

NOW HER HUSBAND TAKES HER OUT EVERY TIME HE GOES AND THEY HAVE HEAPS MORE COMPANY. SHE OFTEN THANKS ME FOR BRINGING HER HUSBAND BACK.

WANT GREASELESS DISHWASHING?

You can wipe that plate for an hour—and the grease will still cling to it.

I know...I can never seem to get rid of the greasy film on dishes after I wash them.

And just feel how greasy the dishwater is! Ugh! How I hate dishwashing! And how it ruins my hands.

Use Rinso. Its rich suds absorb the grease...make it vanish. Dishes come clean without a trace of grease. And Rinso is marvelous for the week's wash, too. It's all I use because... Rinso alone, without the aid of bar soaps, chips or powders, gives a tubful of rich suds that soak clothes whiter without scrubbing or boiling. Even grisy edges come clean with a little gentle rubbing between the fingers. And the dirt doesn't "settle back" because Rinso suds have "lifting power." The dirt is held in suspension. Of course this safe "soak-and-rinse" method is not only easy on me—it's easy on the clothes; that means Rinso saves me lots of money. Rinso is all I ever use for the dishes, woodwork, basins and floors. It saves time and work all through the house. Rinso is recommended by the makers of 33 famous washers for safety and for whiter, brighter clothes. It is tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

WARNINGS BY THE THOUSANDS

From all parts of the country, from all sorts of people, letters pour in. Like the one illustrated, every one is a true experience—a warning to beware of "B.O." (body odor)! Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy! Its abundant lather purifies, stops "B.O." For lovelier skin... Lifebuoy cleanses deeply, gently. "Patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women show it is more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps." Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA

WANT GREASELESS DISHWASHING?

YOU CAN WIPE THAT PLATE FOR AN HOUR — AND THE GREASE WILL STILL CLING TO IT.

I KNOW... I CAN NEVER SEEM TO GET RID OF THE GREASY FILM ON DISHES AFTER I WASH THEM.

AND JUST FEEL HOW GREASY THE DISHWATER IS. UGH! HOW I HATE DISHWASHING! AND HOW IT RUINS MY HANDS.

USE RINSO. ITS RICH SUDS ABSORB THE GREASE... MAKE IT VANISH. DISHES COME CLEAN WITHOUT A TRACE OF GREASE. AND RINSO IS MARVELOUS FOR THE WEEK'S WASH, TOO. IT'S ALL I USE BECAUSE... Rinso alone, without the aid of bar soaps, chips or powders, gives a tubful of rich suds that soak clothes whiter without scrubbing or boiling. Even grisy edges come clean with a little gentle rubbing between the fingers. And the dirt doesn't 'settle back' because Rinso suds have "lifting power." The dirt is held in suspension. Of course this safe "soak-and-rinse" method is not only easy on me — it's easy on the clothes; that means Rinso saves me lots of money. Rinso is all I ever use for the dishes, woodwork, basins and floors. It saves time and work all through the house. Rinso is recommended by the makers of 33 famous washers for safety and for whiter, brighter clothes. It is tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA
FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO RADIO

Achieving a popular program, admittedly new and different, has been, for most sponsors, discouragingly difficult. Yet, with its varied resources, the Radio Corporation of America in its Magic Key hour has given listeners a presentation quite unlike all else on the air.

Endowed with unlimited facilities and artists, it has been privileged to present programs no other sponsor dare attempt.

To present smoothly a program which skips, not only from city to city, but from the Atlantic coast to the Pacific and from America to all parts of the world, is praiseworthy performance.

Against the musical background of Frank Black and his NBC symphony orchestra, the Magic Key has brought us celebrated artists from all over the world, broadcasting, invariably, from their native city.

And so to the Magic Key program, because of its originality, its remarkable accomplishments, its world famous artists and their superb entertainment, Radio Stars magazine presents its award for Distinguished Service to Radio.

Lester C. Grady
Editor.
Lovely contralto soloist of the Climalene Carnival, Gale also has her own program and is active in Chicago's Junior League. She first sang with Ted Weems in the Empire Room of the Palmer House in Chicago.
If ever you are tempted by a permanent that is “easier,” “quicker,” “cheaper,” remember that the Eugene method is relied upon by better Beauty Shops all over the world . . . that it has been turning out millions of beautiful permanents for many years. When Eugene perfected the little Sachets that gently steam your hair, they were patented for your protection. They are plainly trade-marked for all to see. They contain a waving solution that cannot be copied. Whether you want an all-over wave, or little croquignole curls, or both, Eugene Sachets perform their work with certainty and sure satisfaction. Be sure they are used for your Eugene Wave. We will send you one free, so you may recognize them.

'THERE IS NO WAVE LIKE A EUGENE WAVE'
GOVERNOR HAROLD HOFFMAN'S dramatic reprieve of Bruno Richard Hauptmann on January 16, 1936, just as the German carpenter was about to walk the last mile to pay the penalty as the convicted slayer of the Lindbergh baby—officially reopened the case which unofficially never was closed. When, on February 13th, 1935, a New Jersey jury sentenced Hauptmann to death, the crime of the century, so far as the books of the State went, was closed. But so far as the mind of the public was concerned, it never was closed, and probably never will be, regardless of the ultimate fate of Hauptmann.

Everyone not officially connected with the case has a definite opinion on the guilt or innocence of Hauptmann, as well as theories on how the crime was committed and on how the trial and investigation should have been handled. The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker, and the man on home relief all have their theories, few of which agree.

Of the "outsiders" probably no man in America is as well informed on the case as is Boake Carter, ace news commentator. Carter was working on the case a few hours after the alarm. He conscientiously kept at it through all its phases, covering the search for the missing infant, the shocking discovery of the body, the arrest and trial of Hauptmann and the reprieve of the condemned man.
BOAKE CARTER REVEALS
HAUPTMANN FACTS...

Not all the evidence against the prisoner was introduced at the trial. Here are additional, pointed facts

BY JERRY MAXWELL

Bruno Richard Hauptmann (on the left) chats with his wife (sitting at the right) in the courtroom where he was on trial for his life for the crime of kidnapping and murdering little Charles A. Lindbergh, Junior.

All of the officials connected with the case and every principal in it have discussed it at length with Carter.

Carter has a definite theory as to when the alleged bungling in the case started.

"Right at the outset," he declared. "Frank Hague, the Democratic boss of New Jersey, wished the investigation to be conducted by the Jersey City police. Governor Moore, a Democrat, tried to follow Hague's wishes. Thus, there were three police bodies working on the case—the Jersey City police, the New Jersey State Police and the Government agents.

"There was much bickering between the different forces and a great deal of inter-departmental jealousy. Colonel Lindbergh indicated that he preferred to work with the State Police.

"Now, then, get this picture in mind—here's the interest of the entire nation, of the whole world, in fact, centered on Hopewell and Trenton. Letters came in by the basketful. That's literal, too, not a figure of speech. Necromancers, star gazers, crystal gazers, clairvoyants, men and women, young and old—everybody wrote in with theories and solutions. Detectives, amateur and otherwise, sought to help.

"This resulted in a flood of material so great that Colonel Schwartzkopf, head of the New Jersey State Police, was forced to set up a clearing. (Continued on page 66)
N

OT so very long ago, although those days seem quaint and far away, we grew familiar with a certain type of opera prima donna. On the stage and screen, in books and countless stories the woman who had become a famous star of Grand Opera paraded regally before us. She was temperamental. She was tempestuous. She was torrid and torrential. Managers quailed before her moods, lovers catered to her whims, servants trembled before her wrath. Wherever she came, she made an impressive entrance with her familiar retinue—"Enter Madame," with her maid, her companion, her humble relatives, her adoring admirers, and, last of all, her husband, carrying the prima donna's poodle!

Well, it's quite a different story today. Grand Opera Carmens, who once were "bigger than the bull," now are slim and young and lovely. Prima donnas who once catered to sensation with their bewildering moods now are noted only because of the beauty of their song. Today the lovely singer whose voice charms you in opera or concert or on the air is a modest, unaffected young woman, living a natural, happy existence with her family, just as are any of you who listen to her song.

For example—here's Helen Jepson. Helen is the young singer who, when Grace Moore suddenly was taken ill, took her place with the Metropolitan Quartette—all artists of the Metropolitan Opera Company—then touring the west. She is the girl who sings sometimes with Paul Whiteman's Varieties program and also has sung with the Palmlive Beauty Box Theatre. She is the girl who, still in her twenties, made a notable debut last winter at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, in the newest American opera, "In the Pasha's Garden," singing opposite Lawrence Tibbett. According to Gatti-Casazza, then the director of the Metropolitan, who engaged her after her first audition, Helen was the first important feminine star to gain the coveted berth with the Metropolitan through the medium of radio.

No fairy wand, however, brought her to that brilliant eminence. Helen's story is a record of hard work, from early girlhood. When she was thirteen she was singing in a church choir in her home town, Akron, Ohio, and in the High School Glee Club. For two years she worked for fifteen dollars a week as a clerk in a music store, listening to operatic records as she played them over and over, dreaming of the time when she, too, would be an opera star. And for the fulfillment of that dream she saved her money and went, in the summer, to the James-town, New York, Chautauqua, where she studied with Horatio Connell of the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia. It was Connell who suggested that she try for an audition at the Institute, where he taught.

It is characteristic of Helen Jepson that she never misses an opportunity. When her cue comes, she is ready for it. And in that suggestion she heard her cue. Since her family's means were limited, she determined to provide the necessary funds for herself. Organizing a girls' quartette and procuring an ancient car, she toured the country with them, covering over six thousand miles and singing in concerts and chautauquas. And in the fall, with her share of the proceeds of that tour, Helen went to Philadelphia. Her audition won her a scholarship not only for one year but for five. And she worked and studied earnestly, seeing the bright dream coming ever closer to fulfillment.

She lived with another girl student in a tiny room on the outskirts of the city.

"We were so poor," she said, "No one could be poorer. But it was fun!"

That is another characteristic of Helen's—to find fun, whatever the circumstances—to make happiness for herself and for others. One could write a book, she says, about those days. But the bright reward came at the end, when, after graduating from the Curtis Institute with
honors she was engaged by the Philadelphia Civic Opera Company, and later sang prima donna roles for two years with the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company. She made her début with the latter company as Nedda in "Pagliacci," singing opposite John Charles Thomas.

But hard work and fun and bright rewards were not all of life for Helen Jepson. There was romance, too. Helen had met him that first summer when she was studying at Chautauqua. His name was George Possell and he was—and still is—a flutist with the New York Symphony Orchestra. All through those years of study they drew closer and closer together, and after her graduation they were married. They had a heavenly honeymoon in Europe and then came back to dream of greater glories for Helen.

But first, like all who are young and in love, they wanted a baby—before Helen's career should demand too much of her. And when little Sallie Patricia came to the Possell home it seemed as if life were just spilling its richness into their hearts and hands.

And then the depression suddenly checked that lavish flow. There was no more money to sustain the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company and Helen's work was gone. Back in New York there were no engagements to be had. Helen kept house and studied and sang to her baby and tried not to hope when hope walked hand in hand with despair.

And then a friend of her (Continued on page 96)
NO ONE WOULD

The secret that is behind the odd career of Robert L. Ripley

BY RUTH BIERY

Robert L. (Believe-It-or-Not) Ripley

POPULAR, wealthy, fabulously famous, extremely attractive to women—and still not married!

Behind that picture of Bob Believe-It-Or-Not Ripley lies a story. The story of Bob and a woman. It is an untold one. And it is the secret spring to the soul of one of the most interesting men of our generation.

Believe-It-Or-Not-Ripley has dug out more strange truths about this old world in which we live than has any other human being. He has given them to us in cartoons, books, newspaper columns, museums, motion pictures and on the stage, and now is giving the radio world one of its greatest thrills through the National Broadcasting Company. And yet he has given us no truth stranger than the one which lies buried in his heart to control his own being.

Recently I spent a week-end at his magnificent estate at Mamaroneck, New York. Naturally this house, with all its luxury and its collection of the most unusual things from every country, impressed me. Yet it was the man who owned them who stirred my real curiosity. There were other women there that week-end. Most of them were in love with Ripley. Women have a way of falling in love with Ripley. And yet, to date, he has loved just one
woman—and that woman was his wife.

Yes, believe it or not, Bob Ripley has been married and to quote Bob: “She is the best friend I have in the world.”

When I asked him to tell me his secret—for I knew there must be a secret behind the ceaseless energy and simple aloofness of this man—he looked like a small boy and said slowly: “No one would believe it.”

I did not laugh. There was something very touching about hearing the man who makes us believe such unbelievable truths saying that we would not believe his own story. Nevertheless he told it to me.

“I never have talked about my personal affairs,” he said. “Any story which you may have read about them didn’t come from me. Here is the real story, and you will be the first writer to hear it.”

They were so young. She was seventeen. Bob was not wealthy and famous. They married.

Although they lived together as man and wife for a long time, yet they did not live in the same house or apartment. Bob says he was too temperamental. He doesn’t use that word but it is the one which expresses to us his dynamic, restless, always pulsing-forward energy. It is the word the world has learned to accept as an explanation of genius. Real genius.

The girl had expected a husband in the conventional sense. A man who would come home on time. A husband who would be dependable as are the rank and file of husbands. She didn’t find him. No woman will ever find that kind of a husband in Bob Ripley. He is the most dependable person I know, speaking conventionally. I am going to pause to prove that statement. He was to go to a dance as one of a party I was entertaining. He had promised not to forget for this once. Then—he forgot. Someone came to town. He wanted to show this friend a good time. It was Saturday but he didn’t remember it was Saturday. Fortunately we had provided extra escorts because we know and understand and like Bob Ripley, even on the Saturdays he has forgotten.

And yet, he is dependable in the unconventional sense. One afternoon a girl had an appointment with him for four o’clock. Cocktails. He turned up at 8:30 to take her to dinner. He didn’t remember to call her. She had to call him. Why? Had been sued for breach of promise. It was the third or fourth of such suits. He never pays out of court. He hires a lawyer to fight and the suits dwindle into inaction. On this afternoon, he had been straightening out the bills of this particular suit with his lawyer. And I suppose what happened while he was doing this could happen only to Believe-It-Or-Not Ripley. A cable arrived at his rooms at the New York Athletic club just as he was signing the check to the attorney. It was from the same fair lady. She had lost her purse in Europe. She was penniless. She didn’t know what she would do if Believe-It-Or-Not didn’t help her. And Believe-It-Or-Not forgot all about cocktails at four and another fair lady, while persuading his lawyer to cable that girl money. The lawyer said it was a “frame.” If Ripley sent the money, she would renew her suit. Bob said it was honest. It took Bob until eight o’clock to win the battle. The lawyer’s cable was generous. And Bob told his dinner companion: “I just know she really needed it. I believe it!”

I know he meant that. I hope the girl never lets him know if she didn’t.

But what young wife, not yet out of her adolescence, could have been wise enough to know that a husband who didn’t keep a conventional promise might be the most dependable of men in other ways? Youth always is conventional. It (Continued on page 54)
IN THE RADIO Spotlight

New views of old friends whose broadcasts reward the listener

Above, Olga Albani, of “Life is a Song.” Below, Helen Jepson, James Melton, with Al Goodman at his program’s first birthday.

A frequent radio speaker in the current presidential campaign, U. S. Senator William E. Borah.

Armida, tiny Mexican movie star, contributes gay songs to the “Paris Night Life” program.
Above, Lucille Manners of "The Melody Lingers On." Below, Virginia Clark of "Romance of Helen Trent," and her son. CHARLES GAYLORD, maestro of the Penthouse Serenade, heard Sundays over the NBC network, serenades tenor Jack Fulton and the torch singer Dale Sherman.

Above, Joe and Mrs. Penner at home. Below, Kenny Baker, Mary Livingstone, Dale Miller, Don Wilson, Jack Benny and Johnnie Green. AN OLD-TIME VAUDEVILLE HEADLINER, AND MORE RECENTLY SCREEN WRITER AND ACTOR, FRANK FAY MADE HIS BOW ON THE AIR WITH RUDY VALLEE'S FLEISCHMANN VARIETY HOUR.
F JEAN HARLOW hadn't gone on a 23-day honeymoon with Johnny Hamp, you wouldn't be dialing those smooth Hamp dansipations these nights.

That's really just the darndest statement—but then, this is the darndest story! It's a true love story, the swellest just-uncovered romance on Radio Row. It's a story about a boy, a girl, Jean Harlow and a band that could play only in the key of C. It's the strange tale behind the Johnny Hamp's Orchestra you hear today, whose foundation happens to be built on the love and far-sightedness of the screen's famous siren.

All big orchestras aren't born behind microphones or planned over the midnight oil of some ambitious young musician. Johnny Hamp's band was born—of all places—in a girls' dormitory, one June night when three pretty boarding-school students got together in a pyjama-clad session to plan their summer vacations together.

The girls were Jean Harlow, Ruth Miller and Peg Mahoney. The school was Chicago's fashionable Ferry Hall. Peg's parents had just wired an invitation to Jean and Ruth to spend two months as their daughter's guests at their summer home in Atlantic City. And because the three girls were inseparable roommates and school would be gloriously over the very next week, they huddled together long after the dorm lights had been extinguished and made excited plans for all the adventures they were going to have at the beach.

Jean gazed out at a slice of orange moon and said she intended to cop off a big bronzed life-guard. So did Ruth. But Peg pressed a jewelled frat pin close against her heart and sat silent, letting them rave on. Peg was secretly engaged to a drummer in an orchestra called the Kentucky Serenaders. His name was Johnny Hamp. He was divine, as Peg often reiterated to the other two. And wonderful, most wonderful of all, the Kentucky Serenaders were booked for the summer at Atlantic City's Hotel Ambassador!

A few weeks later the girls were having the time of their lives at the resort—although their romantic schemes hadn't turned out so well. Jean had her life-guard—but Ruth had Peg's Johnny! Ruth didn't know what to do about that. You don't go to visit your roommate and promptly walk off with her husband-to-be, no matter if you do feel as if you'd absolutely die if you couldn't have him for your own.

Johnny Hamp hadn't intended to fall in love with his fiancée's best friend. But there was something about her slim, tanned little figure, her wind-blown brown bob and misty-fringed, gay gray eyes that did things to his heart and hands when he held his drumsticks on the bandstand in the Rainbow Grill. Every night the three girls came there to dance, but to Johnny, looking out across the crowded floor, there was only one girl—petite, vivacious Ruth. Ruth, floating by, within the tuxedo arms of other men. Ruth, dark against ivory tulle, pearl-pale and fluffy. Ruth, in paprika satin looking up at him now and then to flutter her hand in greeting and curve her red lips in a bright smile.

Johnny didn't mean to fall but he did. Desperately. And he didn't know what to do about it, either. You don't just ask for a frat pin back because your fiancé's roommate suddenly is the most adorable thing you ever met.

Jean Harlow was the one to whom he went with his problem. Jean was a man's girl. She'd be good-fellow enough to understand. . .

"What'll I do?" he asked her. "I can't hurt Peg. But this time . . . Ruth . . . This is the real thing this time . . ." Jean advised him wisely and simply: (Continued on page 78
A new portrait of Jean Harlow, whose famous platinum locks now are a light brown shade. Below, orchestra leader Johnny Hamp, whose honeymoon Jean saved from disaster.

By Mary Watkins Reeves
Gladys Swarthout, Lily Pons, Kate Smith, and Jessica Dragoonette are among the singers who are admired by John Boles.

BY

MILDRED MASTIN

THERE never was a man more willing to give the ladies their dues than is John Boles. Singing hero whose own voice has quickened thousands of feminine hearts, Mr. Boles is one gentleman who doesn't prefer blondes or sopranos or contraltos or brunettes—but toasts them all. So, sing high, sing low, my lady! But—

"But," says Mr. Boles, "while I don't care whether a woman's voice can reach high C or only the low notes and while I can appreciate a voice of lullaby softness as well as one of operatic power, still, I don't enjoy a woman's singing unless I feel there is a 'story' behind the song.

"Recall the singing of Gladys Swarthout and you know what I mean by a 'story' behind the song," Mr. Boles explains. "She has a beautiful singing voice, but it has something more than just vocal perfection. She can sing a single note and behind it you feel a human emotion—a human story of joy or sorrow, suffering or happiness. No matter how simple a song she sings, it is enriched by this quality, invested with meaning and a kind of power. I believe, to be truly great, a singer must have this in her song."

From the standpoint of tone, Mr. Boles thinks the most important quality in a voice is richness.

"Many people have the idea that a rich voice must be low-pitched and throaty. That is a mistake. One of the richest voices that ever came over the air is that of the soprano, Lily Pons. Notice, the next time you hear her broadcast, that no matter how softly or lightly she sings, no matter how high a note she takes, her voice is mellow.
TOAST TO THE LADIES

John Boles loves radio work. He would, he says, enjoy broadcasting every night.

full, rich. It never thins.”

Proving that his tastes are varied, John Boles next toasts Gracie Allen. As a matter of fact, Gracie is a favorite with the entire Boles family.

“Gracie Allen’s speaking voice has an irritating quality that makes it winning,” he says. “Its high, eager, childish quality amuses you. She can recite the alphabet and make it sound very funny. Perhaps, as you have listened and laughed, you never were conscious of the fact that her voice captured and held your attention partly because it was slightly irritating. But that is true.

“However, when Miss Allen sings, there is no trace of the laugh-provoking shrillness or flatness. Her singing voice is soft and musical. Any subtle irritation that may have intrigued you before is gone, as she sings. And she charms you with a singing voice that is altogether pleasant. There is a delicate balance to be maintained there. And Miss Allen’s long popularity over the air waves is proof that she has wisely maintained that balance.”

Mr. Boles admits that among the air queens he most admires is Jessica Dragonette.

“I think it takes more ‘stuff’ to become a success on the air than on the stage or screen,” he explains. “The radio artist stands before an impersonal gadget known as a microphone. Binding her to her audience is only a little thread of sound. She has none of the advantages of make-up, scenery, trick shots, clever costuming, that the girl on the stage or screen may use. She has no props, no camouflage. She must hold her audience, fire its im-

agination, with sheer talent and the force of her personality.

“When Miss Dragonette made her radio début, the listeners-in did not know her. They never had seen her on the screen, nor heard of her name in connection with the stage or opera. They did not even know what she looked like. She captured their attention and admiration solely with her voice and the personality behind that voice.

“Kate Smith is another radio favorite who has reached the top of the ladder by sheer force of talent and personal magnetism. Able to invest the simplest songs with warmth and humaneness, she has sung her way straight into the hearts of millions. You have to have more than a good voice to do that. For broadcasting a song is, after all, a mechanical process. If a song reaches you, come out of your loud-speaker enriched with personality, warm with meaning—you know there must be a soul behind that song, a human story behind that singer. “Don’t ever believe that radio work is ‘easy,’ that all you need is a voice. Radio is the most trying of all mediums.”

At the same time, Mr. Boles thinks it is the best medium for the ambitious actress or songstress. He points out that the woman who finds success in Hollywood is inevitably in the limelight all the time. Her family is publicized, her every move written about and commented upon. Under these circumstances, it is very difficult for the screen actress to live a normally free and happy life.

The woman who chooses the stage, while publicized less than the movie queen, is constantly limited by the problem of finding suitable (Continued on page 70)
A new studio photograph of Countess Olga Albani, lovely Spanish mezzo-soprano of the weekly program, Life is a Song.
Concerning a lovely lady who thinks herself lucky not to be free! Whose songs reflect her joy—Countess Albani.

WHAT does a pretty lady think about, as she sits meditating before the fire? Rain may fall or chill winds blow outside, but she is cozy and warm in the book-lined room. She is aware of the lovely old books, with their beautiful bindings and satisfying contents, aware of the fine oil paintings on the wall and the gorgeous Chinese chest, of which she is particularly fond—things that belong to her husband and to her and that together make this home. But her dark, lambent eyes rest on the leaping flames and highlights of red and gold are reflected in the dreamy orbs.

"I could sit here by the hour, meditating, lost in reverie—" she murmured. "It is so lovely—and I am so happy—never before have I been as happy as I am now!"

There is depth and sincerity in her low voice, the same depth and sincerity that give character, emotional power, to the sweet mezzo-soprano voice you hear with Charles Previn's orchestra on Sunday nights, on the Real Silk Hosiery Company's program, Life is a Song. She has sung sweetly for years, in concert, on the stage, over the radio, this charming and lovely girl whom you know as the Countess Albani, but never with the power, the fullness that have so enriched her voice this year.

But it is not idle dreaming of some romantic castle in Spain, no unfilled longings or vague visioning of past grandeur or future greatness that inspire her now, that give her that added sweetness and appeal which so many have noticed and commented upon. Rather, it is the rich satisfaction of dreams come true.

She always has sung easily, naturally, without effort. From earliest childhood, music was familiar and dear to her. For music always was a part of her family life, had in fact been in the family quite far back, though always unprofessionally. Her father, mother and sister all play beautifully, an aunt has a fine mezzo-soprano voice and a cousin in Spain possesses a voice of rare quality—if she had been poor, critics have said, she might have been famous. But, as a lady in the rigid and formal society of old Spain, she had no outlet for her song, except in church.

But the little Olga, herself born in Barcelona, of Spanish parents and deeply imbued with Spanish ideals and customs, was to know a wider, fuller life— to be carried, on the wings of song, to far places and new ways.

She was five when her parents brought her to America, to New York. There she attended a convent and later the Horace Mann High School, but the family friends were largely Spanish and the traditions of old Spain were deeply cherished, part and parcel of their lives. They still are cherished in Olga’s heart, but rather as a memory, a precious heritage, for, as she herself puts it, with an expressive movement of her sensitive hands: "I am an American girl, I think that way!"

"A New Yorker?" I suggested.

She threw back her head, her bright eyes gleaming. "Of course I am—a real New Yorker! After all, I opened my eyes there!"

And now that she has exchanged the glamorous aristocratic title of Countess Albani for the more democratic one of Mrs. H. Wallace Caldwell and adjusted herself to the typically pioneer-American family of her husband, she feels that she has proved herself to be more American than Latin, in spite of the flashing dark eyes, the jet black hair and smooth olive (Continued on page 75)
A HOME RUN FOR

Baseball magnates now are realizing the importance

BASEBALL, like so many other forms of entertainment, is about to submit to a total conquest by radio. The daily broadcast of major league ball games, still bitterly opposed by the die-hards, soon will be a regular thing in all official major league cities. Regardless of a metropolitan agreement, which prohibits broadcasting from the Polo Grounds or Yankee stadium in New York, or from Ebbetts Field in Brooklyn, and regardless of the stand taken by the owners in Washington and Pittsburgh, the handwriting is on the wall. And it is in black ink, a color which rests easily on the eyes of the baseball magnates.

Radio will win over baseball without the aid of the depression as an ally. The club owners have weathered the worst of the depression and attendances in both leagues were on the up-swing in 1935, with prospects of a bigger season this summer. It is not a cash shortage, but common sense which eventually will bring the microphones into the ball parks of all the majors.

Due to the stubbornness with which radio is opposed in four of the ten major league cities, it is next to impossible to get definite statements from league heads on the situation. Ford Frick, president of the National League, summed up the situation for me in his office at Radio City the other day: "Our position on radio is similar to our stand on night baseball," declared Frick. "We are bound by a sort of gentlemen's agreement to take no definite stand on the matter. It is entirely within the province of the club owners to decide whether they wish broadcasting from their own parks and I have no authority to speak for them. If an owner decides to broadcast his home games, that's his business. And if he decides that he does not wish his home games on the air, that also is his business and his alone. There is nothing for me to say."

Since Frick, in a manner of speaking, catapulted into the presidency of the oldest major league, on the strength of the radio, it is but natural that he should have definite feelings on the subject of baseball broadcasts, whether or not he is allowed to air them officially. The rise of Frick to the office which John A. Heydler held for eighteen years was one of the most rapid in the history of the game.

Ford Frick came to New York as a baseball writer in 1922, to work on the New York American. He transferred to the New York Evening Journal in September, 1923, and remained there as a baseball writer until the summer of 1930, when he was given the job of sports commentator on WOR, continuing to write a sports column on the Journal.

Frick was made head of the National League Service Bureau on March 1st, 1934, and was elected to the league's presidency on December 10th, 1934, after being

BY TOM MEANY
Radio!
of broadcasting the games

connected with the league less than ten months. His programs at that time had been commercially sponsored by the Dodge Company and by Chesterfield cigarettes, among others, so that he continued to broadcast throughout that year.

Frick's final contract was as master of ceremonies on the Chesterfield hour and that did not expire until December 31st, 1934, so that for three weeks he was both National League president and radio announcer. Indeed, when the New York Chapter of the Baseball Writers' Association of America gave Frick a dinner at Leone's on his elevation to the presidency, he had to excuse himself during the ceremonies to handle the Chesterfield program.

Sounding out Frick on radio as an attendance inflator, I asked him what its effect was on other sports and learned that he has given it considerable study.

"The chief benefits of radio to a sport seem to be accumulative," said Frick. "For instance, I question just how much radio means to boxing. Boxing is a one-shot sport. The enjoyment a listener receives from hearing a broadcast of a big fight does not necessarily mean that he will become so interested as to go to the next fight.

"On the other hand, I think that the growth of interest in football may be traced almost directly to the radio. Until football games were broadcast, they held little interest for the man in the street. College graduates or those who had followed football (Continued on page 58)
GUESS you can say that everything I am, everything I hope to be, can be blamed on the bazooka,” said the First Citizen of Van Buren, Arkansas, reaching for the luncheon check and beating us by a good six inches. *(We weren't, honestly, even trying.)* “For if I hadn’t mastered it,” he explained, “I’d probably still be playing trombone in Professor Frank McClain’s Van Buren Queen City Silver Tone Cornet Band.”

Van Buren, Arkansas, is one of those places you wouldn’t look for without bloodhounds, but its First Citizen, Bob Burns, can be found any Thursday night you happen to adjust your dials to Bing Crosby’s Kraft Cheese Hour. To the 5,122 inhabitants of Van Buren, Bob is the funniest guy in the world and they can’t be far from wrong, for the annual radio editors’ poll has just selected him as the most important new radio star of 1935.

To Bob Burns, Van Buren is the only city in Arkansas. There is some talk of a rising community called Little Rock, but good Van Burenites discount it. “Just a rumor,” says Bob Burns. “If there was any truth in it, my uncle Enoch would have got wind of it by now. He hears everything.”

Bob’s career actually began when he was six. His real name is Burn, and his family in a gay moment had tagged him Robin—so Robin Burn took to playing the mandolin, probably to forget. “Show me a good mandolin player,” he says, “and I’ll show you a man who has forgotten.” Bob’s musical education was rapid and almost before anyone knew it, he was playing the trombone in maestro McClain’s sterling aggregation.

“From the mandolin to the trombone is considered

BY LEO TOWNSEND

Bob Burns, of Van Buren, Arkansas, tooted his way to high fame upon a piece of gas-pipe
progress in some circles," says Bob. "In others it isn't even mentioned."

"But what about the bazooka?"

"Well, it all happened one night during band practise. Nowadays they call it rehearsal, but we just practised. Professor McClain had just whipped the cornet section into what could pass for a frenzy when I picked up a section of gas pipe and blew into it. A sound came out. 'Bob,' said the artist on the French horn, 'you've got something there.'"

What he had was the birth of the bazooka, on whose mellow notes Bob Burns has traveled from vaudeville in a honky tonk joint in New Orleans to fame as America's new comic sensation on one of the nation's biggest radio programs.

The bazooka, in its present form, is a triumph of the tinsmith's art. It consists of two lengths of gas pipe, one within the other, a former whisky funnel and a wire which manipulates the inside pipe. Not exactly a musical instrument, it's more a business of mind over matter. You blow through here, sort of, and with luck, the music goes round and around.

Bob Burns was probably the laziest kid in Van Buren. He hated school and after two years at the state university he decided he'd had his quota of classrooms, so he packed up his bazooka and his brother, Farrar, and headed for New Orleans.

"In Van Buren," he explains, "if a lazy man makes good, he's a dreamer. If he doesn't, he's still lazy."

Thus, the début of the Burns brothers, billed as Jimmy Come and Jimmy Leave, at the Canal Airdrome in New Orleans, was one of the decidedly minor events of 1911. They worked seven nights a week, and received a dollar a night apiece for their efforts. A dollar a night wasn't good even in those days.

Then Bob struck out on his own, working up a rube character for vaudeville which he considered just about the funniest thing on the stage. He opened his act in Philadelphia, the home of the Frozen Face, and the only reaction he got from his sallies was from a drunk in the audience trying to make his getaway. "Don't go, brother," pleaded our hero. "You're the only friend I've got here."

A cop and the house manager tossed out the drunk and Bob Burns, in the order named. (Continued on page 60)
Above is Sedley Brown, who handles the masculine quota of the Husbands and Wives broadcasts. Mr. Brown has been a successful musician, composer, producer and actor and has a gift of sympathetic understanding. Right, a studio scene during a broadcast. The men sit on one side of the studio and the women on the other.

BY EVELYN EDWARDS

FIGHTING IT OUT

IF YOU’VE got a grudge against marriage, madam—if your husband spends money on other women, if the guy who used to be your Thrill sits around on Sundays with a beard like Rasputin and a crotchety disposition, if the old boy thinks he’s the deb’s delight and tries to act the part every time he sees a blonde, if your soulmate has turned out to be a tightwad, a viper, a rat, a slipper-snoozer, a jealous dodo or just a plain inconsiderate meanie—if you’ve got a grudge against marriage, that’s perfectly swell!

If you’ve found a few flaws in the blessed matrimonial state yourself, sir—if your Sweet has a weakness for tall-dark-and-handsomes, if she wears her bathrobe and big-curls till mid-afternoon and puts unwashed milk bottles on the back porch, if she goes for purple sheets and expensive charge accounts and eating crackers in bed, if the little flower you married has blossomed into the common garden variety of a shrew and the ache in your heart that used to be romance has turned into a chronic pain in the neck—that’s lovely! Go ahead and let it get you!

Because there’s a new way to get your grudges off your chest these days. It’s different. It’s ten times as powerful. It’s been known to make Romeros of Rasputins and sirens of shrews. it keeps loud language out of the living-room and saves the rolling pin for biscuits.

It’s the Husbands and Wives program on the Mutual network, every Wednesday night at ten. You can tell your troubles to the world without getting a single sassy come-back. And in case you’re nake-shy—well, you won’t be—not for long. There’ll be plenty of other young and old marrieeds right there with you, orating on their experiences and discussing their problems.

It’s a wonderful idea, really. The women sit at one end of the studio and the men at the other. The place always

The Husbands and Wives program offers you a place to
Mrs. Allie Lowe Miles, above, originated this increasingly popular radio program, heard every Wednesday evening on the Mutual network. In her various careers as writer, actress, personal executive and wife and mother, Mrs. Miles has dealt with many of the problems of wives. Left, a broadcast of Husbands and Wives.

The program was originated by Allie Lowe Miles, an attractive, sympathetic woman who for years, in her various careers as writer, actress, personnel executive, mother and wife, has dealt with the problems of wives. Her business partner, Sedley Brown, handles the masculine quota of the broadcast. Mr. Brown has been a successful musician, composer, producer and actor; his experience in the latter career comes in particularly well because actors must cultivate the ability to put themselves in other people's shoes and often they're able to cause a laugh where tears might have been shed.

The other night before the program began I sat in the studio talking to these two interesting persons.

"How did you happen to think of a program like this?" I asked Mrs. Miles.

"Well, it was an outcome of my other programs, the Allie Lowe Miles Club and the (Continued on page 91)
Believe-it-or-not, Bob Ripley is mighty fond of that pensive collie pup. He enjoys raising them. Al Jolson, of stage and screen, greets the family of his Great Dane, "Madame Butterfly."

Gracie Allen and George Burns look soulful, but the pup seems posed in patient tolerance. "Now, really," says the prize winning Peke, "what manner of a man is this Rubinoff?"
"Freckles," is the name of Ben Bernie's Great Dane pal. He's not yet full grown, says Ben. Bob Becker introduces to Countess Olga Albani his English Clumber spaniel, Carnforth Tobias.

What do the barkers broadcast? Loyalty and devotion! And all they ask of us is comradeship and kindness.

Hal Kemp, at home, persuades the kitten to eat with Woof—but Mr. Woof courteously retreats. Pal, the talking dog, does his stuff before the mike with Portland Hoffa and Fred Allen.
The Pennsylvanians rehearse, playing a piece over and over. "What's the meaning of this amateur performance?" Fred asks. "That was awfull" Then he smiles.

"I have my own ideas about expression," says Fred Waring. "Our method of rendering a piece of music is wholly interpretative. It's the way I feel."
A day with Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians leaves our interviewer dizzy—but Fred takes it all in his stride.

FROM the top of his head to the tip of his toe, Fred Waring is certainly no more than five feet-seven. Napoleon was five feet-five. And yet, Fred Waring is so big actually, that he had to organize himself! His organization spreads over an entire floor in one of the great broadcasting centers of New York. The Pennsylvanians receive the tidy little sum of $15,000 every Saturday night in their pay envelopes. This goes for 52 weeks a year. In addition to that there are the remarkably remunerative concert tours. And occasionally someone within hearing hires Fred and his orchestra for a ball or what not and pays $2,500 for the evening, f. o. b. New York. But away back behind the cash register of Fred Waring there is another side that should be taken into consideration. Stand by! Take it away, Broadway and Fifty-third Street!

We enter an elegant waiting-room on the seventh floor. This is Fred Waring, Inc. A telephone operator challenges and then announces us. We glance timidly into a richly furnished office beyond, where a sedate gentleman is sitting. Then a door is opened and we are admitted back-stage where the real Fred Waring and company carry on.

We sit down for a moment beside Ronnie Ames, Fred's press agent and general publicity director. Ronnie's desk is piled high with letters, photographs and plans. One telephone after another rings, and the answer is always the same tenor: "Can't do a thing until I see Fred about it.

I'll speak to the Big Boy myself and see what can be done. . . . Fred Waring's the only one who can O. K. that. . . ."

Messenger boys and delivery boys come and go; stenographers with letters to be signed; a newspaper reporter for some "dope" on Fred; the production manager with a sketch for the new set. Musicians, members of the artist ensemble—Snoopy, the blonde comedy queen; Poley, the frog-voiced man; the property man. In passing, they all pause for a moment or two; for a word, a light, a joke, all impressing themselves upon us as being people of importance around the place.

"By the way," we ask, "will Fred Waring be coming in soon?"

Ronnie has to laugh at this one. " Didn't you see him? He's been in and out several times!"

Oh, that modest little fellow who—well, that was Fred Waring all over! He doesn't try to efface himself, or get out of people's way, or act high-hat. When he is needed he shows up in a big way and does something important. He is not only the man behind the works, he is the works.

Rehearsal has been going on all the while, somewhere deep in these mammoth caves of the "organization." We accompany Fred. There are rooms on all sides flanked by cabinets and files, sliding doors, the library over-lorded by a librarian who keeps the 10,000 orchestrations (Continued on page 88)
WO careers in a home? By all means! I don't think our marriage would have been so happy if I didn't work with Fred on his program." These were the emphatic words of Portland Hoffa. Portland, as you all know, is Fred Allen's "little woman" in private life, as well as his right-hand woman on his Town Hall Tonight programs.

The question as to whether a marriage has a chance of surviving with both partners enjoying a career has puzzled thousands of women all over the country. I talked it over with two famous radio wives—Portland Hoffa, because she has kept up her career though married—and Mrs. Phil Baker, (Continued on page 74)
IKE the flowers need the sunshine," moaned the saxophones, while the strings crescendoed a paean of heart-throbbing melody, "—that's how I need you!"

The boyish bandleader turned his blond head away from the orchestra to flash a swift, confiding smile at one of the tables grouped near the bandstand of the smart rendezvous.

"... like a baby needs its mother..." the music went on.

The slim, golden-haired girl at the table sent back an answering smile, her blue eyes swam with adoration, and her lips silently framed the refrain: "... that's how I need you!"

It's just one more old song, gathering dust on the shelves of music libraries, forgotten to the denizens of the dancing places who used to thrill to its sentiment—but to George Olsen and Ethel Shutta, it never was and never will be just a popular ditty that long since has enjoyed its brief place in the repertoire of popular orchestras. It's even more than the intimately personal theme song of two people in love, more than just the song with which a bandleader sentimentally wooed his young bride. To them, the song has become an eternal verity, a leitmotif inextricably woven into the pattern of their lives and their careers.

For two people who can't—and won't—get along without each other, the circumstances of the first meeting of George and Ethel furnish an ironic paradox.

Shortly after organizing his band, George had been summoned from the coast by a telegram from Ziegfeld, who wanted him in Kid Boots with Eddie Cantor. Subsequently George was featured in other Ziegfeld shows, notably in Sunny. It was during a rehearsal of Kid Boots that the blonde featured singer suddenly stopped abruptly. To the stage manager she complained bitterly:

"He's playing my music too (Continued on page 62)
IT’S strange about the Ponselle sisters, Carmela and Rosa. You notice it first when you walk into their swank Riverside Drive penthouse. Half of it is furnished in brilliant streamlined moderne, all chromium and orange and black and rich soft carpetings. The setting for a movie star. That’s Carmela’s. The rest, jealously shut off to itself by a grilled iron door, is like a wing from an old Venetian palace. High-ceilinged walls muralled in dusky colors, bare parquet floors, rooms crusty to overflowing with rare antiques and the mellow tapestries and trappings of the Italian Renaissance. That’s Rosa’s half—but you don’t go in there. You’re calling on Carmela. Accordingly you’re shown through the door on the right and a maid quickly closes it behind you.

You’re a higher-up in the world of music, society, the theatre. You’re planning a dinner party or reception. If you know the Ponselles well enough to include them on your guest list—you don’t. Not both of them. One if you can manage it tactfully, or neither. Both wouldn’t come together to the same party. They couldn’t.

You interview Rosa, for instance. Perhaps you mention: “Do you and Carmela—?” but then you remember and quickly break the question off unfinished. There is a standard answer, nicely put and to the point: “My dear, I can speak only for” (Continued on page 85)
The fast pace of Modern Living puts an extra strain on Digestion

Natural Digestive Action Notably Increased by Smoking Camels

People in every walk of life get "keyed up." The effects on digestion are known to all! In this connection, it is an interesting fact that smoking a Camel during or between meals tends to stimulate and promote digestion. Enjoy Camel's mildness...the feeling of well-being fostered by Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos. Camels set you right. Smoke Camels for digestion's sake!

Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr.
of Wilmington, Delaware
is justly proud of her charming house with its beautiful gardens—one of the historic landmarks of Delaware. Both Mr. and Mrs. du Pont are enthusiastic about yachting. And they are famous for their hospitality. Mrs. du Pont says: "I always enjoy Camels—all through the day—and during meals especially. They never seem heavy, and I like their flavor tremendously. They make the whole meal so much pleasanter. I'm a naturally nervous person. That's another reason why I prefer Camels. They never get on my nerves, no matter how many I smoke."

Among the many distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia
Miss Mary Byrd, Richmond
Mrs. Powell Cahoe, Boston
Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge, II, Boston
Mrs. Byrd Warwick Davenport, Richmond
Mrs. Brookfield Van Rensselaer, New York

Mrs. Henry Field, Chicago
Mrs. Chaswell Dahney Langhorne, Virginia
Mrs. James Russell Lowell, New York
Mrs. Jasper Morgan, New York
Mrs. Potter d'Ossay Palmer, Chicago
Mrs. Langdon Post, New York

Costlier Tobaccos!
Camels are made from finer, more expensive tobaccos...Turkish and Domestic...than any other popular brand.

For Digestion's sake smoke Camels
Ever since Fred Waring introduced the charming Lane sisters to the air-waves with his Pennsylvanians, their popularity has grown apace. Here is Rosemary, whose lovely singing voice is a feature of the Tuesday and Friday evening broadcasts.
LINES SAY "over30!"

Skin faults start below surface—Cells, glands, blood vessels under your skin. When they fail, under tissues grow thin—the outer skin folds into lines! Skin faults start.

Miss Esther Brooks, much admired in New York this past winter, says: "Pond's Cold Cream takes every speck of dirt out of my pores, keeps my skin clear of blackheads."

A Sign that UNDER TISSUES are Shrinking!

THOSE mean little lines that creep in around your eyes, your mouth . . . You are only 25. But people see them—"She's every bit of thirty!"

Or, you are over thirty . . . but not a sign of a line. And everybody takes you for years younger than you are—"Not a day over 20!"

Do you know what those same little lines say to a dermatologist? He sees right through them to the under layers of your skin, and says: "It's the under tissues at fault!"

Keep away Blackheads, Blemishes—with Under Skin treatment

Skin faults are not always a matter of years. Look at the skin diagram above. Those hundreds of tiny cells, glands, fibres under your skin are what really make it clear and satiny—or full of faults! Once they fail, skin faults begin. But keep them active—you can, with Pond's rousing "deep-skin" treatment—and your skin blooms fresh, line-free, as in your teens.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which reach deep into the pores. It floats out all the dirt, make-up, skin secretions that are starting to clog. Already, your skin looks fresher!

More . . . You pat this perfectly balanced cream briskly into your skin . . . Start the circulation pulsing, oil glands working freely.

Do this regularly—day after day. Before long, cloggings cease. Pores grow finer. Blackheads, blemishes go . . . And those myriads of little fibres strengthen! Your skin grows firm underneath—smooth, line-free outside, where it shows.

Here's the simple Pond's way to win the clear, glowing skin that never tells of birthdays. Follow this treatment day and night.

Two things to remember

Every night, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. Watch it bring out all the dirt, make-up, secretions. Wipe it all off! . . . Now pat in more cream briskly. Rouse that failing underskin. Set it to work again—for that smooth, line-free skin you want.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin becomes softer, finer every time. Powder goes on beautifully.

Start in at once. The coupon below brings you a special 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE
and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. E-315 Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 2 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose $1.75 to cover postage and packing.

Name

Street

City

State

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company
MAYBELLINE EYE BEAUTY AIDS
The Choice of Fastidious Women

Of course you want the finest eye cosmetics that money can buy. It is generally accepted that Maybelline mascara has advantages not found in others. This pure and harmless eyelash darkener is preferred by discriminating women the world over, not only because it is positively non-smarting and tear-proof, but because it gives the most natural appearance of long, dark, lustrous lashes, instantly...eye make-up done in good taste. Maybelline Mascara's pure silk base does for your lashes what no ordinary mascara can do...it keeps them soft and silky! Always neat, compact, and easy to use, it comes in a beautiful red and gold metal vanity case, for just 75c, at all leading drug and department stores. Refills for this case are only 5c. Try it today...you'll be delighted!

Maybelline mascara...Eye Shadow Eyebrow Pencil...Eyelash Tonic Cream and Special Eyebrow Brush

RADIO STARS

No One Would Believe It

(Continued from page 27)

takes wisdom to understand that the finest men and women may be those who do not live according to the ritualistic "thou musts" and "thou must nots." The wife wanted a divorce because she thought she could not find normal happiness by living with a normal person. Bob gave it to her. She passed from his life. He heard she was married. He did not forget but plunged all of that driving, unconventional force into creating oddities for other people while silently nursing his own sadness. He had made up his mind that he could never make a wife happy. He still believes it.

And here comes the part of the story he thinks no one will believe.

Bob has traveled in 181 countries. He says he is going to see all of them before he dies. I believe he will. He was on a visit to the Maya lands of Mexico. One of his friends arranged for him to travel with a sea captain who has been plying those waters for thirty years; who has taken part in many revolutions; who knows thoroughly that land even to its Believe-It-Or-Not. The captain urged Bob to stay in the Maya country with friends of his—a Spaniard and his American wife. An American wife could make an American visitor more comfortable. The captain talked much of this wife. When Bob took off in his plane from the ship's destination, he asked his pilot about this family. The pilot knew husband and wife very well. He talked freely. And before they had landed, Bob knew. A sixth sense had told him. He went to a native hut-hotel and sent the Spaniard's wife a note. He signed it "Roy." There was only one woman who would recognize that "Roy" since her mother was dead. His real name is Robert LeRoy Ripley. His mother called him "Roy." And his wife. He could not accept even prearranged hospitality if his sixth sense was right.

A note came here immediately. He was right. Would he call at the home of a certain friend? The wife of a Spanish gentleman could not meet another gentleman by appointment but if they chanced to call at the same house at the same time...

Bob does not describe that meeting. The girl, who had been his wife when she was seventeen, faced him, surrounded by the conventionality she had been seeking. High-born Spaniards have more of it than most people. He faced her—a man who had become more and more unconventional; more and more famous and more and more certain that no woman ever could live with him. These two must have looked an entire novel into the eyes of each other. For they had loved once and loved madly.

Nor does Bob tell the rest of that story, concerning the other side of him which is so dependable. Her husband had been dying of a dread disease. If there had been also poverty, I would bank my tiny account against Bob Ripley's entire fortune that the husband died in plenty, was buried with the ceremony which well-born Spaniards should be buried and that the wife lives in comfort today.

And could anyone live happily today as the wife of Bob Ripley? Ah, believe it or not, I do not know. It would have to be a very unusual woman. It would have to be one who loved him so much that he and he alone counted. If he should disappear for three or four days and not even telephone her, her love would have to be so great that she would forgive him at once and never ask him a question. And she could not pretend to forgive. For he would see through a pretense as quickly as he sees through the strange freakish pretenses and truths of the world about him. Yet she would have to be intelligent and bright enough to have an outlet of her own so that she would have something to occupy her mind and her heart while he was wandering down those strange, unexplored paths known only to himself and which would never be known to her.

Of course, he is not happy. Genius seldom makes a man or a woman happy. He wonders what keeps him going. "I still wish I were in Paris on the Left Bank; in a garret, watching a woman's thin arm reach out for the milk bottle or whatever it would be that would keep us from starving," he told me. "Success is so much responsibility. And what—just what—does it get you?"

The little boy who was born in Santa Rosa, California, and lived in a house with only a kitchen because there was not enough money to build a front to it...The little boy who dreamed of making five hundred dollars to pay off the mortgage and finally made it before it was paid. The little boy who dreamed of becoming a real artist in a garden in Paris, with a wife who would get thin because she loved him enough to dream and starve and work with him.

That little boy still lives—in a palatial home. And you can believe it or not but this is the untold true story of a strange man whose business is dealing with strange people.

Mathew Crowley, original Buck Rogers, resumed the popular role after a acting career on the Broadway stage.
The most tragic triangle of all—

HUSBAND...WIFE and FEAR

Back of most marriage failures, say family doctors, is woman's fear, born of ignorance and half-truths. "Lysol" would help to prevent many such needless tragedies.

Ignorance of proper marriage hygiene, and the "incompatibility" it brings, is estimated to be the cause of more than half the divorces in America today.

The nervous fears of a wife...her natural reluctance to be frank about such a delicate subject...a husband's puzzled resentment. These are the rocks on which thousands of marriages crash.

How stupid—how sad—that this tragedy should go so recklessly on—when there is one simple method which has earned the confidence of millions of women who use it regularly...the "Lysol" method.

There are two important properties of "Lysol" which make it valuable in antiseptic marriage hygiene. (1) It has an exceptional spreading quality; it reaches germs where many ordinary methods can't reach. And, (2) it remains effective in the presence of organic matter (mucus, serum, etc.) when many products don't work. Yet in the proper solution, "Lysol" is dependable and harmless to sensitive tissue. So dependable and harmless, it is used in the delicate operation of childbirth.

The use of "Lysol" gives a reassuring sense of antiseptic cleanliness. But, far more important, it gives you peace of mind, free from that tension of suspense that leads to so many needless heartaches.

The 6 Special Features of "Lysol"

1. Safety..."Lysol" is gentle and reliable. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2. Effectiveness..."Lysol" is a true germicide, which means that it kills germs under practical conditions—even in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.). Some other preparations don't work when they meet with these conditions.

3. Penetration..."Lysol" solutions, because of their low surface tension, spread into hidden folds of the skin, and thus virtually search out germs.

4. Economy..."Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.

5. Odor...The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears immediately after use.

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

New! Lysol Hygienic Soap...for bath, hands, and complexion. Cleansing and deodorant.

FACTS MARRIED WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. RS3

Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant

Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS" with facts about Feminine Hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

Name__________________________

Street__________________________

City__________________________  State__________________________

© 1936, Lehn & Fink, Inc.
Do CANDLES dinner tables appear in your When-to-be-Beautiful Chart these early spring months? Then make this simple, amusing experiment: First, make up your face. Then, with KURLASH, curl the lashes of one eye. Add LASHINT to these lash tips and touch the eyelid with SHADETTE. Now light a candle and look in a mirror. Notice how the side of your face with the eye un-beautified 'fades away' . . . but how the other seems more delicately tinted, glowing and alive. It's the best way we know to discover how eye make-up and curled and glorified lashes can make your whole face lovelier. KURLASH does it without heat, cosmetics or practice. ($1 at good stores.)

Naturally, the candlelight test will show up straggly, bushy, or poorly marked brows. And that will be your cue to send for TWEEZETTE, the automatic tweezer that whisks away offending hairs, roots and all, painlessly! Probably you'll want a LASH-PAC also, with a unique stick of mascara, like a lipstick, to darken lashes and mark brows. It has a clever little brush for grooming too! Each, $1—at good stores.

**Eye Ideas**

by Jane Heath

---

**Have you tried Twissors—the new tweezers with scallop handles—marvellously efficient—25c.**

Write Jane Heath for advice about eye beauty. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. Address Dept. MM-5.

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**Kurlash**


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**Radio Stars**

(Continued from page 15)

**The Radio Hostess**

so well—at Lindy's or Dave's Blue Room or at Jack Dempsey's famous restaurant over by Madison Square Garden, for the two Jacks are old friends.

But I seem to be getting a little ahead of my story so let's start at the beginning—way back at the piano when I decided to find out about the food preferences of Jack Benny and his almost equally famous stooge and wife, Mary Livingstone—for that's where the fun began! And if you think getting a Benny interview isn't as much fun as listening to a Benny program, you're tuned in on the wrong station!

First I informed Jack's sponsors that in order to do justice to my subject I really felt that I should go to one of his broadcasts. To my complete surprise my little scheme worked! And with some ten thousand people clamoring for tickets I found myself the proud possessor of a pair of passes to the famous Jello Sunday evening broadcast—watching Jack with his long-time companion and Mary—seeing as well as hearing the amazingly youthful Kenny Baker (visiting New York for the first time, through his connection with this program)—gazing with rapt attention at Johnny Green's fingers flying over the piano keys and laughing with jovial Don Wilson.

The next requirement was to corner the Bennys in a free moment and in their own home. During their present short stay in New York, before returning to Hollywood, this famous couple are living in the Burns and Allen apartment atop one of New York's swankiest hotels. Here I caught Jack and Mary on the wing—half way between an afternoon rehearsal and an evening theater party trying to crowd into a couple of spare hours a hurried dinner and the usual before-bed-time visit with their adopted daughter.

"Gosh!" said Jack, while drinking the tomato juice first course of their dinner, as the photographer prepared his camera. "No one has any idea how busy we are! You shoot questions at us and we'll supply the answers while we eat!"

"Fine!" I said, pencil poised. "What do you like to eat?"

"Anything!" was the quick rejoinder. "Mary and I are the original Jack Spratts in reverse. I eat too much of everything and Mary eats too little of anything."

It was not, however, difficult to pin Jack down to special preferences—call them typically American and extremely simple as I said before. Meat dishes and pies came in for Mr. Benny's highest praises while Mary favors salads, especially one she told me she first had tasted on her latest trip to Hollywood.

"It's called Limon Salad," said Mary. "Did you say Lime or Lemon?" I inquired, pencil poised in uncertainty.

"Neither—but both," replied Mary. "I'll spell it for you, Miss—Cute?"

And the accompanying giggle was given in her best radio manner.

"Somebody else invented it, but I named it," she continued. That's one up on Don Wilson—he's never mentioned it on the air. But give the boy time, he will!"

Well, perhaps he will, in time. But I'm beating him to it, for I obtained the "exclusive rights" to Mary's recipe and if Don Wilson or my hosts ever feel they'll have to send for one of the Radio Hostess' recipe leaflets!

Of course, you'll want to do that, too, for you'll find a coupon at the end of this article which is easy to fill in, a cheek to mail and a guarantee that you'll receive Mary's famous Limon Salad recipe together with some other Benny favorites about which I am going to tell you.

One is a fruit pie that you'll love serving at even some Sunday night this Spring. (Sounds like the title for a song, doesn't it?) The filling for this particular pie was new to me. It seems that the idea originally came from Waukegan, Illinois—like Jack Benny! It's name, Strawberry Rhubarb Pie will give you the ingredients but only a hint of its deliciousness. You'll find that the directions in the leaflet, for making this pie, are simple.

For the next recipe we have to travel farther West—to Hollywood, in fact, where another dish graces the Benny's buffet as a party dessert.

"It's an ice-box-cake sort of thing," said Mary. "a combination of oranges, lemon juice, lady fingers and whipped cream. If you suppose you'd like me to give you a name for it as well as the recipe? Well, let's call it California Company Cake," she suggested.

"Why not 'California Here I Come—company Cake'" purred Jack.

With that I beat a hasty retreat and went on to my next destination, Jack Dempsey's Restaurant, where they had promised to give me a couple of recipes for the dishes that Jack Benny always orders when he goes there. I consider the two I secured there quite a feather in my cap, for besides being great favorites of Jack Benny's and of many other radio stars, these dishes are the original creations of Jack Dempsey's famous chef, Gus Halbert, and cannot be found in any cook book. Despite Mr. Halbert's Viennese origin they are typically American—as they would have to be to appeal to Benny. The first, which I am giving you at the end of this article is for Jack's Delight. You'll find it listed under that very name on the menu over at Dempsey's Restaurant—where celebrities in fields of sport, letters and politics, as well as those of radio and the stage, rub elbows with the out-of-towners. And where the out-of-towners write the names in the three foot-high book from which they are copied and sent direct to their home town papers I do not have to write about.

The second recipe—which you'll be able to get all neatly printed by sending for the Benny leaflet—is for Lamb Stew. It's called Bachelor's Special in front of face, but besides the married man, besides Jack Benny, who will cheer over its goodness and flavor. While the women-folk will be amused and delighted with these
lines included in Mr. Halbert's recipe directions:

"After you have tied the ingredients securely in vegetable parchment," he writes, "set the alarm clock 45 minutes ahead. Sit down with your favorite cigarette and your newspaper. Forget about the Lamb Stew until the clock rings. Then lift the package out carefully and place it in a heated bowl. Unite the string and in your airtight package you will find everything nature has to offer in the line of a healthful meal with delicious, appetite-arousing flavor."

What more could you ask—except the chance to prove the truth of Mr. Halbert's statement by trying out his recipe yourself? Included with the three other Benny favorites (Waukegan Strawberry-Rhubarb Pie, Lemon Salad and California Here I Come—funny Cake), this well-liked specialty from such a famous New York restaurant supplies extra distinction to this month's recipe leaflet. So send for your free copy of the recipes, now.

There is still another reason why I urge you not to delay. It happens that Jack's sponsors, the Jello Company, have sent us just 1,000 copies of their new booklet for distribution to our readers and naturally these booklets, together with our own recipe leaflet, will go to the first thousand who reply. Attractively printed in color and containing many new recipes for desserts and salads, they are well worth having. And when you think that you do not even have to enclose a stamp or envelope—just your coupon from the Radio Hostess Department—it is indeed a generous offer. Included in the book, also, are some simple rules for molding and unmolding, for adding fruits and vegetables so that they do not slip (there to remain, alas!) to the bottom of the mold, and for making professional looking whips and creams. So Don't Wait! Meanwhile be sure to try out the following dish, too. Only by a special trip to Dempsey's could you taste its counterpart.

"JACK'S DELIGHT"
(per person)
2 thin slices cooked Virginia Ham
1 egg
1/2 cup heavy, sweet cream
2 (1/2-inch thick) slices of Idaho potatoes, fried

Place slices of cooked Virginia Ham in buttered earthen dish (the kind that can be placed over direct heat). Heat for a few minutes. Pour cream over ham and heat slowly until cream reaches the boiling point. Poach the eggs slowly in this mixture. Add slices of potatoes which have been placed, raw, in deep, hot fat and fried until done. Serve immediately in same dish.

"JOHN'S fussy about food and seasonings. It's not often he gets enthusiastic. But I don't think I ever serve Franco-American Spaghetti that he doesn't say, 'This is positively the finest spaghetti I ever tasted.'"

"Helps me save"
"Franco-American not only costs very little itself, but helps me save on other dishes, too. It makes inexpensive cuts of meat so tasty and tempting. It combines wonderfully with left-overs.
And I often have it for lunch or supper in place of meat. It's the biggest help I know in planning 'economy' meals we really enjoy eating!"

Far and wide Franco-American is becoming known as 'the spaghetti with the extra good sauce.' The cheese and tomato are combined in exactly the right proportions. The seasoning is so skilfully done. There's plenty of zest, but no strong over-seasoning; instead, you find a subtle blend of flavors, a delicate piquancy that delights you anew every time you taste it.

Yet a can all ready to heat and serve is usually no more than ten cents, actually less than 3c a portion. You couldn't prepare spaghetti at home for so little. Think of all the different ingredients you need for the sauce (Franco-American chefs use eleven!), the cost of cooking them, the time and trouble it takes. It's decidedly more economical to buy Franco-American. Order several cans today.

"LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT MY DISCOVERY.
IT COSTS LESS THAN 3C A PORTION"

"MILLIONAIRE'S DISH"

"JOHN'S fussy about food and seasonings. It's not often he gets enthusiastic. But I don't think I ever serve Franco-American Spaghetti that he doesn't say, 'This is positively the finest spaghetti I ever tasted.'"

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TO STOP CONSPICUOUS NOSE SHINE

POWDER MUST BE PROOF AGAINST SKIN-MOISTURE

You get back 2½ times your money's worth if Luxor moisture-proof powder is not shine-proof on your skin.

Shiny nose is the reason most women use powder, which explains why 6,000,000 women prefer Luxor already. It has the magical effect of combating skin shine in the critical place where any powder shows its first sign of failure—around the nose.

Now only a trial will convince you of this. We know, because among 5,000 women recently, more than half using a sample of Luxor liked it better than their present powder.

2½ times your money's worth back!

Get the regular 55c package of Luxor at any cosmetic counter. Choose any one of the flattering shades best suited to your type. Wrapped with the Luxor package is our gift to you, a 2-dram bottle of La Richesse Perfume selling regularly for $3 & an ounce in the stores.

Then give Luxor the severe test we have mentioned. If it does not satisfy you better than any powder you have ever used, keep the flask of La Richesse Perfume worth 75c and mail us the partially used box of Luxor face powder. We will send you our check for the 55c you paid, plus the postage.

Thus with the 75c gift of perfume, plus our check for 55c you get 2½ times what you paid for Luxor if you are not satisfied. Act now!
success of the Tigers in the last two seasons has resulted in fans from various Michigan and Canadian cities making regular pilgrimages to Navin Field to see their heroes perform. Detroit's home games are broadcast daily by Ty Tyson and Harry Heilmann, the latter one of the greatest outfielders in Detroit's baseball history, co-star of glamorous Ty Cobb.

Heilmann is one of the few ball players who was able to make a name for himself as a broadcaster after his retirement. Jack Graney, in Cleveland, is another. Tris Speaker had some success for a while in Chicago but soon dropped sports announcing.

Curiously enough, Frick himself did little actual broadcasting of baseball games. He broadcast a Cardinal-Dodger series from Ebbets Field in September, 1930, when both teams were neck-and-neck coming down the stretch in the pennant drive, and also handled the World Series that fall, which was between the Athletics and Cardinals.

Frick made a series of synthetic broadcasts in September, 1933, when the Giants battled their way to a pennant under Bill Terry. It happened that all of the Giants games during that month were played on the road, otherwise he might have made the actual broadcasts from the Polo Grounds.

As it was, Frick worked from the Journal office. His close knowledge of the teams and the players, coupled with the graphic and minute play-by-play description wired in from Boston, Pittsburgh and way stations by Garry Schumacher, the Journal correspondent, enabled Frick to give so excellent a broadcast that it was only the station announcements which allowed the listener to discover that he was not on the scene.

Radio has proved to a majority of big league club owners that it has not affected attendance, but serves, instead, as a stimulus. No city which permitted daily baseball broadcasts has reversed itself. And, besides, commercial sponsors stand ready to pay cold, hard cash for the privilege. Is it any wonder, therefore, that the day is not far off when the last of the baseball die-hards will have been won to the field of radio?

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

Millions realize how true this is, and use Colgate Dental Cream for real protection. Its special penetrating foam removes decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums, and around the tongue—which dentists agree cause most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your teeth, your gums, your tongue, with Colgate's. If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will refund TWICE what you paid.
If
YOU and YOUR BABY
could look out through
our windows

You would see some of the fields
where the vegetables for Gerber's Strained
Foods are grown—fertile gardens under our
own control to produce the finest possible
specimens for feeding your baby. Raising
"Home Grown" vegetables is not enough.
Harvested exactly when they offer the high-
est food value, they are rushed to our kitch-
ens to prevent the loss of vitamins that
occurs when vegetables are exposed to the
delays of transportation and storage. And
every one of our farms is less than an hour's
trucking distance away!

Add to this care in growing, a process
that protects the essential vitamins and minerals,
and you have the reasons why Gerber's wins
the praise of experts on baby feeding. Ask
your doctor about Gerber's.

Gerber's Are Shaker-Cooked
For the same reason that you stir food as
you heat it, every can is shaken during the
cooking process to insure thorough, even
temperature throughout the can, thus per-
mitting a shorter cooking time and giving
Gerber's a fresher appear-
ance and flavor.

Gerber's
Shaker-Cooked Strained Foods
STRAINED TOMATOES, GREEN BEANS, BEETS,
CARROTS, PEAS, SPINACH, VEGETABLE SOUP,
ALSO, STRAINED PRUNES AND CEREAL.

Your Baby Will Enjoy
the New Gerber Doll
Send $e and Three Gerber
labels for this little sereen-
staffed Doll. Specify whether
boy or girl doll is desired.
GERBER PRODUCTS COMPANY
105 FREMONT, MICHIGAN
(In Canada: Grown and Processed by Fine Foods of
Canada, Ltd., Terminus, Ont.)

NAME
ADDRESS

AGE OF BABY
CITY STATE

"Mealtime Psychology", a booklet an infant
feeding sent free on request. "Baby Book", on
general infant care, 10c additional.

RADIO STARS

Bazooka Boy Makes Good
(Continued from page 41)

From frustration in Philadelphia to suc-
cess in Atlantic City was but a stone's
throw for Bob. It was in Atlantic City
that he packed the rube character act in
moth balls and opened a couple of con-
cessions on the pier. It was here also
that he met the comely concessionaire who
now is Mrs. Burns. They cleaned up
$8,500 their first summer in the carnival
business, and invested it in a dance hall.
Their net loss on this enterprise was
$8,500.

With no money and his wife expecting
an heir to the Burns misfortunes, Bob
joined the Lew DuFour Exposition Shows
in South Carolina, where he became
known as the only honest concessionaire
in carnival business. During the off sea-
son he wintered in Greenville and kept
his new son in Grade A by making hu-
morous speeches at Rotary Club luncheons
and other such gatherings. But the siren
call of the stage sounded once more, and
Bob returned to vaudeville, this time with
a partner, doing a blackface act known as
Burns and West.

"But why blackface?" we asked him.
"I guess mainly so they wouldn't rec-
ognize me in Philadelphia," said Bob.

For eight years Bob spent his winters
under charcoal and his summers under
canvas. Vaudeville all winter and car-
nival all summer gives a guy an insight
into human nature which few persons
have the opportunity to absorb and what
Bob learned in those years accounts for
his type of humor being so popular with
all classes of audiences today.

In 1930, during the height of the Amos
'n' Andy rage, the movies were grabbing
off all the available blackface comedians
in the country, so Bob found himself in
Hollywood with a year's contract at Fox
studios. When he reported for work the
first day, an executive told him to go
home and practice negro dialect. For
three months Bob you-alled around
the house until at last the great day came. The
studio had a part for him. He rushed over
and discovered himself cast as a captain
in the Northwest Mounted Police. Bob's
still trying to figure that one out and,
even now, when you ask him about the
movies, he thinks of the gallant mountie
with the plantation drawl.

For the next two years Bob made a liv-
ing playing banquets and small night
clubs around Hollywood. It got so that
every time he saw more than two people
at a table he began making a speech.
Radio station KFI heard about him, and
he was given a sustaining program called
"The Fun Factory." After a year the sta-
tion decided to wreck his amateur stand-
ning by paying him $7.50 per broadcast.
After his first paid program, the studio
discovered it had exceeded its budget, so
Bob was dropped. "I thought all the time
that $7.50 was a little high," he said, "but
I didn't want to say anything."

At that point another program hired
him, and for two and a half years Bob
was Goodwill Ambassador for the Gilm-
more Oil Company. Then came a year
on KFI's Sunday night Hi Jinks program
—and then came restlessness, for Bob had
his heart set on the Rudy Valee Hour.

Armed only with a letter to Gordon
Thompson, the program's production
manager, Bob stormed New York, told
Thompson he was from Arkansas and
wasted an audition.

June Walker, clever comedienne of Sigmund Romberg's Swift Studio Party
and former star of many Broadway productions, chats with Deems Taylor
master-of-ceremonies of this merry musical program heard each Thursday.
“From Arkansas? Then where are your boots?” demanded Thompson, whose daily existence is haunted by hill billy howlers seeking radio fame.

“People from Arkansas don’t need boots to prove it,” answered Bob. “Only the Ozark mountaineers from Brooklyn use ‘em.”

Bob got his audition and startled the program directors by telling them his folks back in Van Buren would probably be disappointed when they heard him on the Vallee program.

“You see,” he said, “I told everybody in Van Buren I was coming east to get on Major Bowes’ Amateur Hour. Then I found out you’ve got to be known to get on that program, so I guess I’ll just have to take what I can get.”

That cinched matters for Bob, and he was signed for one appearance on the Vallee program. The morning after the broadcast he rushed into Mr. Thompson’s office and slapped a pile of papers on his desk.

“What’s that?” asked Thompson.

“My script for next week,” replied Bob. He got the job. Four appearances on the Vallee Hour and eight with Paul Whiteman brought such a deluge of fan mail that Whiteman’s sponsors signed him to a 26-week contract for their Bing Crosby program. And today he’s one of the most popular performers on the air waves and the only major comic discovery of the past two years.

On his way back to Hollywood to start the Crosby series Bob stopped off in Van Buren to receive the most terrific welcome ever accorded a native son of that community. December 9th was designated by the mayor as “Bob Burns Day,” and when The Cannonball rolled in for a special stop at Van Buren that morning, four bands and the entire town were at the station. School was out, banks were closed, lamp posts were festooned with pine and cedar (so the decorations could be held over for Christmas) and the Press-Argus printed a special edition which announced, among other things, that “Bob Burns believes in long woolen underwear in the winter. He’d sooner be warm than stylish.”

Right now Bob Burns is sitting pretty. His salary, as the saying goes, runs into four figures, but he still lives in the same $27.50-a-month apartment he had before he became successful. His humor is spontaneous, and he works up all his own material. His wife is his try-out audience. “She has Indian blood in her,” Bob explains. “She’s part Choctaw, which is about as low as an Indian can get. When I read her one of my jokes and she says nothing I throw it out. But if she says ‘Ugh! I know it’s a smash.”

And that’s Bob Burns, one of the most unassuming and likable persons it’s been our pleasure to know. He’s big, good-natured, comical, and, if you’ll excuse the word, homespun. It’s hard not to sound press-agentry about a guy whose prize possession is a large signet ring on which is engraved $7.50.”

“That $7.50 was my first radio salary,” says Bob, “and the ring is just a reminder—in case my hat starts getting tight.”

But success will never touch Bob’s head. It’s our suspicion that the Burns fedora, same size as it is now, will always rest comfortably on the Burns brow.

• “Listen—you’re my twin and best pal—but it’ll be a cold day when I go traveling with you again! Crab-whine—boo-hoo… all the way home! I know what you need though—watch me unpack our suitcase and get it!”

• “Now stop your whimpering! I know you’re chafed and hot and cranky—I don’t feel any too comfortable myself. I am hurrying, aren’t I? I’ll find it if I have to dig clear through to China!”

• “There you are! Now will you take back what you said about me? Sprinkle yourself with that soft downy Johnson’s Baby Powder and smile for a change. And then give some to Sister?”

• “I’m Johnson’s Baby Powder—I’ll defend your baby’s skin from chafes and rashes… I’ll keep it soft and satin-smooth—I’m that way myself! No gritty particles in me as in some powders—and no orris-root. I’m made of the purest, finest Italian talc. (Your baby will like Johnson’s Baby Soap, Baby Cream, and Baby Oil, too!)"
Back Together Again

(Continued from page 49)

loudly!" She pointed to the flustered Olsen. "I can't get along with him!"

That night Olsen was waiting outside when Ethel left the theater.

"Now suppose we talk over this music," he suggested.

They've been talking it over since—but Ethel never has repeated that original complaint—that she can't get along with George!

To say that George Olsen needs Ethel Shutta, and that Ethel Shutta needs George Olsen is to voice but a half-truth. Ethel was a star before she ever set eyes on the handsome bandleader; Olsen had attracted such wide attention before they met that the late Florenz Ziegfeld engaged him for Kid Boots by wire without ever having heard his music.

So not by the wildest stretch of the imagination can it be said that George has depended in the slightest degree upon Ethel for his success, nor vice versa. Nevertheless, without each other, the urge to achieve is gone. George without Ethel finds success more or less monotonous; Ethel without George can't see any use in bothering to work. All the fun's gone out of it.

Let memory carry you back to Ethel's earlier commercial program, in which she was featured with Walter O'Keefe, and on which she sang her inimitable songs in her inimitable style. She was as they say on Broadway, tops. But listen, to her now, singing with her husband's band, on their own program from Chicago, and you'll realize that here is a different girl.

The same goes for George. If you will remember, while Ethel was on the O'Keefe program, George went off on tour, playing theaters and night clubs.

"For the love of Pete, get a vocalist George," managers implored him. But he did not heed their advice. He had a vocalist—Mrs. George Olsen, better known as Ethel Shutta, and at the moment she was engaged on a radio program. So, until that contract expired, George vowed he'd get along without a vocalist—and he did much to his own financial loss.

When Ethel had completed her radio contract, with the Broadway hill-billy, she was deluged with offers to sing on other programs. Because of her microphone charm and her unique style, she was greatly in demand. But one and all, she turned the offers down, for all the sponsors who sought her were tied to some other or others.

Ethel would sing with George Olsen's band—or she wouldn't sing at all. That was her answer to one sponsor after another. In the end she wound up by singing with George but not on the radio, commercially.

She and George went to Chicago's College Inn, where, so great was their popularity, they remained from October, 1935, to April, 1935. Then, following a summer vacation, they returned to the night spot last October, and have been then.
Force... or understanding?

Which is best for your child?

Yes...you can make your child take a nasty-tasting laxative by sheer physical force.

But is it wise? Is it good for him? Doctors say forcing a child to take a bad-tasting laxative can upset his entire nervous system.

The easy way is to give him a laxative with a pleasant taste—a laxative he'll take willingly—Fletcher's Castoria.

FLETCHER'S CASTORIA is made especially for babies and little children. There isn't a harsh or harmful thing in it. FLETCHER'S CASTORIA is safe—and gentle, too. Its one and only purpose is to thoroughly clear the wastes from your baby's system.

Use only FLETCHER'S CASTORIA. For your baby—for your other children...all the way up to 11 years of age. We suggest that you get the Family-Size bottle. Not only because it lasts longer...but because you get more for your money. More than 5,000,000 mothers depend upon FLETCHER'S CASTORIA. Get a bottle today at your drug store.

RADIO STARS

since. From all appearances, it looks as though Chicago night life might continue to leave out the "welcome" mat for the charming couple indefinitely.

But to return to their radio activities. All the while they'd been in Chicago, George, too, had been having sponsor trouble. Not sponsor trouble in the generally accepted sense of the term—for that means usually that sponsors are remaining tantalizingly aloof. George's trouble was in having to say 'no' to would-be sponsors. It happened that the radio offers that came his way involved only the engagement of George and his band. In each case the prospective patron had ideas concerning the program set-up that precluded the singing of Ethel. So if they didn't want Ethel—they didn't get George.

"If we never get another program, so what?" they reassured each other.

From 1932 to 1936 is a long time in radio. The industry itself isn't a great deal older than that. How many programs, for instance, that were on in 1932, can you remember now?

A sponsor, however, never forgets a program that sells his product, or that of anyone else. That is why, search as they would, talent scouts never could quite imitate that Olsen-Shutta combination last heard on the network back in '32. There was but one answer. Bring George and the missus back to the airwaves. That's why, today, they're back together again and getting more fun out of their work than they have had in four long years.

"I'd rather be Mrs. George Olsen than anything else on earth," Ethel explains.

"Of course, I'd hate to give up work; indeed, I wouldn't as long as George and I can work together. But on the other hand, working without George is just work, and work with him is fun. There's a lot of difference.

"You see, I'm not likely ever to lack for something to occupy my mind. I have to run the house, you know. Then there are the boys—George, Junior, is six now, and Charles is eight. They go to school, of course, but ask any mother of two boys, six and eight, if she feels she is likely ever to have too much time on her hands! Oh, yes, there is one more job I forgot to mention. Not many wives have this one! I have to buy all George's (I mean George, Senior's) clothes. Why? Well, if I didn't, I hate to think what he'd let himself look like.

So what with her manifold duties as wife and mother, plus rehearsals, broadcasts, café work, frequent arduous and important conferences with George and their managers, and the other multiple jobs attendant upon being the wife of a successful bandleader and at the same time his vocalist, you have the picture of a very busy young woman.

George, to interviewers, is slightly less coherent. In the first place, when you try to interview him on the subject of George Olsen, the first thing you find is that instead you are interviewing him on the subject of Ethel Shutta. The reason is simple. George prefers to talk about Ethel Shutta rather than about George Olsen.

"She's—oh, she's—why she's just—well, you know how swell she is."

Of course, if you press him, you might get him to elaborate—just a little.

"Oh, boy!" he will tell you. "Is this 'wonderful—to be back together again!"
their voices know that tension can utterly destroy tonal quality. That's why deep breathing exercises are so important to every singer and actress. You know yourself how when it's very important to you that you say just the right thing on some special occasion, your throat gets constricted and your voice plays tricks on you that it wouldn't do otherwise. Voices that are shrill or sort of "swallowed up in the throat" are that way because they are tense voices.

The lovely voiced Irene has the art of relaxation down to perfection. She can take a blanket and a pillow, and flop down in the middle of the living-room floor—with the telephone practically tucked under her ear so that she won't have to get up to answer it—and with the pillow under her stomach, face downward on the floor, she can drift off to sleep 'for ten or fifteen minutes, or for however much time she can allow herself. She puts her trusty alarm clock near her, set at the exact minute she wants to awaken. She knows exactly how to let herself go limp as a rag, her mind cleared of all irrelevant details. In fact, it is her ability to relax—to recoup her forces of energy in a short space of time—that she credits with being one of the chief sources of her vitality. She couldn't possibly accomplish as much as she does if she didn't have the ability to "let herself go" completely during the few spare moments she can cull from the day. "Ragged nerves can cause the whole world to be pulled away, and your face with it," says Miss Rich. "Tension and nerve strain—that feeling of being all tied up in knots—can be the ugliest enemy of charm."

Another of Miss Rich's favorite means of relaxation is a warm bath. She is as fond of bathroom showers as she is of April showers, although for downright steeped-into-one's-bones relaxation she votes for the bathtub, rather than the shower. She believes that a fragrant, luxurious bath oil is important for the good of the soul as well as the skin. She likes showers of fragrant talcum powder, too, after the bath.

At this point in our toast-and-tea discussion, Miss Rich brought out her bath oil to show me and she put a small drop of it on my purse. She told me the amusing story of how it put one of the hotel elevator boys "on the scent" of her lost dog. Of course it wasn't a real dog, but just a woolly toy dog, about three inches in size. She carried it in her purse as a mascot and one day she discovered that she had lost it, as one is apt to do with mascots. She didn't think much more about it until a day or so later, when the elevator boy said that he thought one of the boys had found her dog. Puzzled for a moment, she laughingly responded that she hadn't any dog to lose. Then he explained that he only meant a toy dog and the reason he felt pretty sure that it was hers was—because it had her "kind of perfume." Thus the bath oil she uses has become so individually her own expression of personality that people recognize it on her belongings when they are lost.

"Most hospitals give it to their babies. I want it too!"

"Other kids seem to get the breaks. When I see 'em—nice and comfy—covered with that wonderful Mennen Antiseptic Oil—I could just holler. Why—you'd think I never got sore and wet in my folds and creases! And the germs! Am I supposed to stand off all the germs in the world all by myself? Why should I—when I might be getting the help of this Mennen Oil that's antiseptic? It does the germ-fightin' automatically and it's swell for the skin. Most all the hospitals use it—so won't somebody please tell Mummy I want this antiseptic protection and comfort, too? I sure am the feller that needs a friend!"

*Nearly all the hospitals that are important in maternity work use Mennen Antiseptic Oil on their babies, daily. Your baby deserves it, too.

W. G. Mennen

Mennen Antiseptic Oil

NBC Maestro Frank Tours wields a mean shaker in the bar in his own home
Miss Rich is something of a devotee of creams and oils. She believes that the skin needs all the replenishment of oils that it can get in view of the combination of steam heat and the modern pace of everyday living that work together to dry it out. Going back to our original topic of walking in the rain, Miss Rich ventured the thought that rain is a tonic to the complexion, too. It is something of an accepted theory that the characteristically lovely complexion of the Englishwoman may be accredited in part to the moist English climate. The famous London fog has other uses than as a coverage for mystery stories. It is a blessing in disguise for England’s lovely ladies. Instead of the soft air of woods and meadows here, we shut ourselves up in a heated box all through the winter—a box from which the moisture has been exhausted. Moist air absorbs very slowly the water given off by the skin. Dry air draws it off in a hurry. Always after her walk in the rain, Miss Rich gives her thirsty skin a further tonic in the way of soft cleansing cream. And she has a truly glowing complexion.

The famous-figured Irene keeps a weather eye out on her diet. Walking isn’t her only means of keeping a slim figure. She believes that most women eat more than they need, but she also believes that starvation diets are ridiculous. There is a happy medium. After fasting, generally comes the deluge of feasting. Digestive storms are the result. Why not hold to a safe, sane, and sensible schedule?

Miss Rich credits part of her success to “telling her right age and keeping her hips just so.” And she has been good enough to make out for me—and more important, for you—a sample “Irene Rich” diet. It lists the foods that she chooses most, and the foods that she avoids. It includes her own breakfast, luncheon, and dinner menus and adds some amusing comments on foods and beverages in general and I’m going to have it multigraphed so that each of you can have a copy of it. I know that you will all want a copy of the diet that keeps so famous a slim,velte figure as Irene Rich’s in condition. You can make a notation to that effect on the coupon (for your convenience) at the end of this column.

Maybe because I’m writing about Irene Rich, or maybe because April puts me in a mood for “showers of blessings,” I’m going to make you a special Easter gift this year. It’s a generous-sized can of talcum powder, a powder so smooth that it reminds you of a flower petal, and a fragrance so lovely that it reminds you of flower gardens after a warm spring rain. The coupon will entitle you to it, with my best wishes for a happy Easter.

Mary Biddle
RADIO STARS
149 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me your gift of talcum powder.

Name

Address

I would like to have Irene Rich’s diet, too, for which I enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

End “accident panic”—ask for Certain-Safe Modess!
The Improved Sanitary Pad

Try N-O-V-O—the safe, easy-to-use, douche powder in its new Blue and Silver Box. Cleanses! Deodorizes! (Not a contraceptive.) At your drug or department store
Boake Carter Reveals Hauptmann Facts

(Continued from page 23)

Read why this well known movie star picked the girl with the Tangee Lips

We presented Mr. William to three lovely girls... One wore the ordinary lipstick... one, no lipstick... and the third used Tangee. Almost at once he chose the Tangee girl. "I like lips that are not painted—lips that have natural beauty!"

Tangee can't give you that "painted look"—because Tangee isn't paint! Instead by its magic color change principle, Tangee changes from orange in the stick to the one shade of blush rose to suit your complexion. Try Tangee. It comes in two sizes, 93c and $1.10. Or for a quick trial send 10c for the Special 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

Beware of Substitutes... when you buy. Don't let some sharp sales person trick you to an illusion... There is only one Tangee. But when you ask for Tangee... be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. Three shades should suit for those who insist on solid color and professional use.

Star of "The Great Lie" and "H咶o's"

TANGEE
New Face Powder
Enlarges That Painted Look

World's Most Famous Limited Edition

no other contains the magic TANGEE color principle

★ 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set

The George W. Luft Company
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Cream Rouge, Face Powder, I enclose 10c for package or one, 56c in Canada. Check Shade $ Flesh $ Rachel $ Light Rachel

Address Phone

City State

house at Trenton. Form letters were sent to all working on the case with the request that all clues and information be sent to State Police headquarters. Ellis Parker received one of these letters, asking him to turn over to Schwarzopf any evidence he might have in his possession. He was not interested in a form letter, instead of being handled with powder puffs and kid gloves. That may partly explain his determination to unearth evidence which State police are supposed to have overlooked.

"The information which Governor Hoff-

man became interested in is all old stuff, the answers to his questions already being in the files. Most of it was based on pure rumor—the same kind of stuff which poured in from everywhere at the begin-

ning of the case.

"The police surprised me by doing as well as they did with the footprints and, as a matter of fact, with the whole case. The ground surrounding the house was a sea of mud-tracks, due to the invasion by photographers and reporters as soon as the alarm was given.

"Everybody was under suspicion. One of Colonel Lindbergh's closest friends was given an examination which amounted to a second-degree, almost. Dr. Condon's story was checked, double-checked and triple-checked. The background of Ollie Whatley, the Butler, was checked and it stood up. Certainly no gang was in on the job.

"One thing, which never leaked out, was discovered after Violet Sharp had committed suicide. It was found that she had been a 'party girl' and frequently at-

tended parties in the Bronx, which were held by Tangee. After Tangee, as you know, is a German and lived in the Bronx. His wife was in Europe at the time. But no matter how diligently the police investigated, they could unearth nothing to link Violet Sharp with Haupt-

mann.

"After Violet Sharp was found a suicide, an examination of her room disclosed ashes in the hearth which indicated that she had spent an hour burning papers before taking the fatal dose of poison. The girl, of course, may have been driven to suicide by the fact that she feared nothing more serious than the loss of her job. The papers she burned could easily have been letters which were personal, rather than evidence of anything criminal. But as a rule human nature doesn't act that way on such slight provocation.

"From the beginning, it was obvious that the suspect in this case was a German. The shaping of the letters and the phrases in the ransom notes were distinctly Teut-

onic. Long before Hauptmann was ar-
ested, the police were hunting for a German.

"That Hauptmann wrote the ransom notes, I don't doubt. The evidence of the hand-writing experts on that point was overwhelming.

"It is utterly impossible that the case against Hauptmann could have been framed. To do so would have involved Lindbergh, his wife, Schwarzopf, Con-
don, Breckenridge, Kohler, the wood ex-
pert, who had been a Government man for years, and probably hundreds of others. The police would all have had to be im-
plicated in it and if it had been framed, so many people would know about it that the police would have been a leak some-
where by now.

"I agree with some who insist that the State failed to place Hauptmann definitely at the scene of the crime. It rests on the word of Amandus Hockmuth, as against that of Hauptmann. Hockmuth, eighty-seven years old, is reputed to have failing eyesight—but I visited him at his home, and he showed me where he stood when he saw the car which he says contained Hauptmann. I held up a newspaper and he was able to read the masthead at twenty feet, a vision certainly strong and clear enough to see the face of a man in a car which passed as close to him as he says the car containing Hauptmann did."

"Another story Carter was that the actual arrest of Hauptmann almost was bungled. After Hauptmann had been traced to his Bronx home, detectives set up a vigil in a vacant house across the street.

"Lieutenant Finn, of the New York City Police Department, almost spoiled the plans by his insistence on making a premature arrest," said Carter. "There were New York City Police, New Jersey State Police and G-men in the raiding party. Finn was all for crossing the street to arrest Haupt-

mann then and there.

"Lieutenant Keaton, of the Jersey State force, advised against it. There was a heated argument before Finn was convinced it was better to play the waiting game a bit longer. Aheld up a newspaper and he was able to read the masthead at twenty feet, a vision certainly strong and clear enough to see the face of a man in a car which passed as close to him as he says the car containing Hauptmann did.

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held up a newspaper and he was able to read the masthead at twenty feet, a vision certainly strong and clear enough to see the face of a man in a car which passed as close to him as he says the car containing Hauptmann did.
Every woman should make this
"Armhole Odor" Test

If you deodorize only—because it is easy and quick—you will always have an unpleasant, stale "armhole odor"—test yourself tonight by smelling your dress at the armhole.

THE more fastidious you are, the more surprised and shocked you may be when you realize that you cannot prevent "armhole odor" unless your underarm is kept dry as well as sweet.

Tonight, as soon as you take off your dress, smell the fabric under the arm. No matter how careful you are about deodorizing your underarm, you may find that your dress carries the embarrassing odor of stale perspiration.

This is bound to happen if you merely deodorize. Creams and sticks are not made to stop perspiration. They do not keep the underarm dry, so perspiration collects and dries on the fabric of your dress.

And the very next time you wear that dress, the warmth of your body brings out an unpleasant, stale odor.

Only one way to be SURE

Women who care deeply about good grooming know that there is no short cut to true underarm daintiness. They insist on the complete protection of Liquid Oдорono.

With Oodorono, not even the slightest drop of moisture can collect on your dress to spoil the pleasant impression that you would otherwise make.

Oodorono's action is entirely safe...ask your doctor. It works by gently closing the pores in that little hollow of the underarm. Perspiration is merely diverted to less confined parts of the body where it may evaporate freely and inoffensively.

No more ruined frocks

It takes a little longer to use Oodorono, but it is well worth your while. In the end you save, not only embarrassment but your lovely clothes as well! You do away forever with those horrible underarm stains that even the cleaner cannot remove, that can ruin expensive frocks and coat linings in just one day's wearing. And there is no grease to stick to your clothes and make them messy.

Oodorono comes in two strengths. Regular Oodorono (Ruby colored) need be used only twice a week. Instant Oodorono (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin or emergency use—to be used daily or every other day. On sale at all toilet-goods counters.

If you want to feel the utter security and poise that Oodorono brings, send for the two sample vials and leaflet on complete underarm dryness offered below.

RUTH MILLER, The Oodorono Co., Inc. Dept. 5-E-6, 191 Hudson St., New York City. (In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)
I enclose $0.50 for sample vials of Instant and Regular Oodorono and leaflet on underarm dryness.

Name:
Address:

STARS
This story will interest
many Men and Women

NOT long ago I was like some friends I have...low in spirits...run-down...out of sorts...tired and looked terrible. I knew I had no serious organic trouble so I reasoned sensibly...as my experience has since proven...that work, worry, colds and whatnot had just worn me down.

I had been listening to the S.S.S. Radio Program and began to wonder if my trouble was not lowered strength in my blood...I started a course of S.S.S. Tonic Treatment...at the end of ten days I noticed a change...I followed directions faithfully...a tablespoonful before each meal.

The color began to come back to my skin...I felt better...I did not tire easily and soon I felt that those red-blooded-cells were back to so-called fighting strength.

The confidence mother has always had in S.S.S., which is still her stand-by when she feels run-down...convinced me I ought to try this Treatment...it is great to feel strong again and like my old self.

Much more could be said...a trial will thoroughly convince you that this way, in the absence of any organic trouble, will start you on the road to feeling like yourself again. You should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food...sound sleep...steady nerves...a good complexion...and renewed strength.

There is no guess work in the S.S.S. Tonic Treatment...decades of popular acceptance and enthusiastic words of praise by users themselves speak even louder than the scientific appraisal of the progressively improved S.S.S. product which has caused millions to say to their friends—

SSS TONIC
Makes you feel like yourself again
© S.S.S. Co.

under penalty of losing their jobs, the troopers became targets for the newspapermen. The reporters kept seeking information on various angles, but the troopers remained mum later in the trial to disguise any facts that they already had accepted, they would discard the previous evidence. In other words, they worked with open minds and, I, for one, am convinced that their honesty and integrity beyond question.

"I think that Dave Wilentz went a bit hay-wire in his summation, but I believe the reason was that the State had so much evidence that it did not need to use all of it. One of the most suspicious of all these statements was that in the latter part of the trial, it was to re-plaster an attic entrance in the center of his bedroom and then cut another entrance to the attic in the ceiling of his closet.

"Hauptmann is definitely of the ego-maniacal type. This complex may have prompted him to kidnap the Lindbergh baby so as to prove that he was a greater man than America's best known public hero.

"Remember, the man made three efforts to get into this country before he finally succeeded, an indication of fierce determination. He went through the World War, certainly an embittering experience, and then returned to the misery of post-war Germany, forced to resort to stealing to survive.

"He is a hard man and a cold one. For example: During one of the recesses at his trial, he preceded the sheriff through a passage where the photographers daily spied pictures of them, accosted the sheriff's guard. On this particular day, the sheriff lugged a little behind and Bruno turned to him and called: 'Hurry, sheriff, or you won't get your picture taken to-day!' That's pretty cool stuff for a man who is on trial for his life.

"Hoffman says that a 'staggering' sum was spent by the State Police in conducting the investigation. The Governor tries to spread a false impression. From March, 1932, until September, 1934—from the day the baby was kidnapped until Hauptmann was arrested—the expenditures were less than $38,000 more than its normal budget would have been for that period. In other words, the State Police spent only an additional $1,250 per month in its investigations. It's 'staggering' in its modesty!

"Major Schoeffel, who was sent to Europe to check on stories, traveled from America to London, to Berlin, to Vienna, to Berlin, to London. His expenses were only $900. I mention that to show that the State Police were not throwing money about recklessly.

"Here's something else to bear in mind. Wilentz is a Democrat and Hoffman is a Republican. The Daily and Hoffman grew up together. Both are of German descent and both can be stubborn.

"When Hoffman was Motor Vehicle Commissioner of New Jersey, he attempted to set up a separate police force to handle traffic and crime in the city, etc. Gen. Schwarzkopf maintained that this would take away from the State Police duties which rightfully belonged to them and there would be no sense to it. The bill never got to the floor of the State Senate.

"Then Parker wanted to establish a New Jersey Scotland Yard to conduct all criminal investigations. Again Schwarzkopf...
Another so, the WABC.

"Schwarzkopf always has been reappointed head of the State Police by every governor, regardless of political affiliations. He's up for reappointment again in June and it is doubtful that he will be removed. Any other name which is submitted can be vetoed by the Senate and efforts are being made to pass legislation to continue him in office upon the Senate's say-so."

Another amazing revelation by Carter was that Colonel Lindbergh received over 100,000 letters the first month of the kidnapping. Boake says the letters, which poured in at the rate of 10,000 a day, are a great example of a cross section of America's mind at work.

"From bankers to hoboes, everybody wrote with advice on the case," said Carter. "These letters would make an amazing book if they ever were published. They contained tens of thousands of lines, including those of people who interpreted their own dreams to reveal the siring place of the baby."

"I have thought for a long time, like Governor Hoffman, that there might have been two more people involved in the crime—a man and a woman. Perhaps he man might be the dead Ollie Whatley. If so, the chances are it never will be definitely known. Perhaps the woman could have been Mrs. Hauptmann—this, of course, is pure conjecture—against whom Hauptmann could not give testimony, since a husband is restrained by law from testifying against his own wife, and vice versa."

The End

Ann knows it pays to guard against Cosmetic Skin

STALE rouge and powder not thoroughly removed cause Cosmetic Skin—dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores.

Use cosmetics all you wish! But never go to bed without using Lux Toilet Soap. Its ACTIVE lather removes every trace of pore-choking dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. During the day, too, before you renew your make-up, use this gentle soap to keep skin soft and smooth.

BETTE DAVIS
WARNER BROTHERS STAR

OF COURSE I USE COSMETICS! BUT THANKS TO LUX TOILET SOAP I HAVEN'T ANY FEAR OF GETTING COSMETIC SKIN
rôles, good plays. Even the finest actress today often faces two or three seasons in a row without a successful part or a long run. And few actresses are cast in more than one play a year—even though that one show may run only a few weeks.

The radio star, however, is confronted with neither of these disadvantages. She doesn't find herself in the blinding white-light of publicity that the movie star must constantly face. And with as many as two hundred radio programs listed for a single afternoon and evening, there is a small danger of the star of the air being unable to find rôles or suitable vehicles.

"It wasn't always so easy for the ladies in radio, though," says Mr. Boles. "At first, the men played a mean trick on them. Men made microphone, a mechanism that broadcast male voices well but didn't transmit feminine voices successfully.

"I think right now that ladies deserve more credit than men for the present high development of radio mechanisms. For when the sopranos squeaked, the ladies squawked. And the engineers got busy!"

"Because of imperfections in the mechanism, until quite recently a woman had to have a certain type of voice in order to enjoy radio success. The low, croony voice was popular then because the mike was kindest to it. But today there are no such limitations. And the exquisite voices of sopranos like Grace Moore and Margaret Speaks travel over the air-waves as truly as the contraltos."

Every member of the Boles family is an ardent radio fan. In their California home, there is a radio in every room.

"Even have one in the kitchen pantry for the cook," says John. "That way, everyone connected with the household can listen to his or her favorite program. My own favorite way, however, is to get in the car, turn on the radio and drive slowly through the country while I listen."

"It is interesting that this man, who today lives almost constantly with music and drama, started out to be a surgeon. Unlike most radio artists, however, John Boles did make the college glee club. But nobody except his girl, Marcelite, thought his voice particularly good. Marcelite thought everything about John was wonderful! (She still does.)"

In 1917, just before John was to graduate from the University of Texas, the United States declared war. And John enlisted. Overseas as a doughboy, it was discovered that he had a talent for languages and could speak French, Italian, German and Spanish fluently. He was transferred at once to the intelligence department and spent twenty-two precious, exciting months with the A. E. F. as a spy.

In a Y. M. C. A. hut in Havre, Boles discovered that people liked to hear him sing. The hut was filled with a tired, dirty crowd just back from the front. The boys yelled for a song. Shyly and with misgivings, John rose to his feet and obliged.

When the song was ended, a soldier came up to him and said: "You have a fine voice, a great talent. If this war ever ends, go back and make use of it." John found out later that the soldier who spoke to him had been a famous singing teacher in London.

When the war finally ended, John got back to Texas and Marcelite as fast as he could. He asked Marcelite to marry him and told her that he wasn't going to be a surgeon after all, he was going to be a singer. Marcelite said she thought it would be wonderful to marry a singer.

Broadway was hard to crack. But when John finally landed a rôle in the musical comedy, Little Jessie James, he was an over-night sensation. Radio, as a medium of entertainment, was unknown then. So, when the show closed, John turned to movies. He got into silent pictures on the strength of his looks. But he never was really happy in silents. Even today, while gathering laurels in dramatic films such as A Message to Garcia, he admits he'd rather combine singing with his acting. He was delighted recently when he had three songs to sing in the Lux Radio Theater's version of the drama, Green Grow the Lilacs. He has a gorgeous voice and he wants to use it.

He loves radio work. And when in New York recently, on a vacation, he found it difficult to refuse the radio offers of "guest artist performances" that were made him. He would have enjoyed broadcasting every night!

But he had Marcelite here with him, to remind him that this was a vacation—their first in several years,—and let's go dancing!

Don't forget, that when John Boles toasts the ladies, his first and prettiest speech goes to Marcelite, and Marcelite Jr., and little Janet.

For this favorite among the ladies may tune in a singer and listen, enraptured to her song. But, privately, he lives pretty much within the charmed circle of the three important ladies who make up his very happy family.

Lucille Wall, NBC dramatic actress, The Boss's Secretary in Nine to Five.
Radio Ramblings

(Continued from page 7)

today is excellent," Previn says. "Few dance bands can compete successfully with a symphony orchestra. And radio can claim credit for popularizing good music. My own Sunday night program has given all types of music a chance and I know that classical selections win as large audiences as do our most popular tunes."

A RADIO ROLE MADE REAL

An evidence of radio's practical benefit to humanity may be seen in Helen Hayes' current activities. Helen transferred into actual practice her fictitious activities as guardian of foundling babies, in her recent role of Penelope Edwards in 'The New Penny.' She has become a member of the Child Placing and Adoption Committee of the New York State Charities Aid Association.

Through her radio work this popular young actress has become intensely interested in the welfare of orphaned youth, and has volunteered to participate in the campaign to raise $50,000 to help care for the orphaned children while homes are being sought for them.

NEW STAR

Frank Fay, who made his bow on the Rudy Vallee Fleischmann Variety Hour, clicked so solidly with the listening public that he was signed for thirteen weeks with that program and, in addition, for his own series, to start in July, for Standard Brands, Inc.

Frank, long a headliner in vaudeville and, more recently, in motion pictures, was chosen by the radio editors' poll as the leading new star of 1936.

Oddly enough, the "outstanding New Star" award in the annual poll of radio editors every year has gone to a performer who first appeared at the microphone in the Vallee Variety Hour. Joe Penner was the winner in 1933, when voting in this category was initiated, Helen Jepson in 1934 and Bob Burns in 1935. These artists made their radio debuts with Vallee.

SHE REMEMBERED THE TUNE

Marie De Ville, that charming young lady whose portrait appears on another page in this issue, got her start in an unusual way. Marie was employed in the Music Rights Division of WGAM in Cleveland, which is affiliated with WJZ. One day in Radio City an argument arose over a certain song. To settle it an official of WJZ phoned WGAM. Marie answered. She couldn't remember the name of the song but she remembered the tune and sang it over the wire. Impressed with the quality of her voice, the listening official promptly invited Marie to come to Radio City to sing on the air. So now you may hear her lovely contralto on Thursdays and Saturdays over the NBC network.

PINCH HITTING FOR JESSICA

Lucille Mannens, mezzo-soprano soloist with Leo Spitalny On The Melody Lingers On, has taken Jessica Dragone's place with the Cities Service Orchestra for six weeks, beginning March 6th, while Jessica is on vacation. She also has several solo spots on both networks.

TAIL-WAGGERS

Two new additions to the recently organized "doggy" club, known as the Tail-Wagger Foundation of America, are Dick Powell's wolf dog, Ranger, and Frances Langford's Skeets. Thousands of dogs less famous than Ranger and Skeets are being enrolled as Tail-Waggers. The purpose of the organization is to prosecute dog-poisoners, and other enemies of man's best friend.

TAKING THE AIR

Lucy Monroe, lovely soprano star of NBC's American Album of Familiar Music, continues to refuse all offers of film roles in Hollywood productions. Also she has refused a straight dramatic role and another in a musical production.

Pep up your digestion with BEEMAN'S... You will enjoy its fresh delicious flavor

Enjoy Beeman's gum
RADIO STARS

"Yes"

THE MONTH OF MARCH CAN'T
DICTATE TO MODERN GIRLS:

The modern girl doesn't decline an invitation just because of the time of month! She knows how to keep going, and keep comfortable — with Midol. For relief from painful periods, this is all you have to do:

Watch the calendar. At the very first sign of approaching pain, take a Midol tablet and drink a glass of water, and you may escape the expected pain altogether. If not, a second tablet should check it within a few minutes.

Midol's relief is lasting; two tablets should see you through your worst day. Yet Midol contains no narcotic and it forms no habit. But don't be misled by ordinary pain tablets sold as a specific for menstrual pain! Midol is a special medicine, offered for this particular purpose.

You will find Midol in any drug store, it is usually right out on the counter.

So, look for those trim, aluminum boxes that make these useful tablets easy to carry in the thinnest purse or pocket.

BOYS’ HERO

To a certain extent he changes with the seasons—as baseball, football, winter sports and other notable events capture the imagination of youth. But Captain Tim Healy, founder and leader of NBC's Stamp Club, remains a constant idol to the boys who make up the bulk of his audience.

Hundreds of requests for personal appearances pour in upon Captain Tim, and whenever he accepts one there is an unusual quality of mutual friendship and mutual interest when the boys and their hero meet and talk together.

On one such occasion, while appearing at Marshall Field's in Chicago, a boy brought Captain Tim his stamp book. The book, Captain Tim discovered, was an old family album, in which the family births, deaths, marriages and other important family data were recorded. The blank pages were filled with stamps. As he turned the pages, Captain Tim saw that they were filled with rare and valuable old stamps. The boy’s father and mother confessed their complete ignorance of the value of the stamp collection, which they regarded only as a pastime for their son—and they were amazed when Captain Tim told them that the stamps in the book were worth several thousands of dollars.

BITS ABOUT BROADCASTS

Have you heard the "poofas" in Don Bestor’s orchestra? It's an instrument shaped out of bone, with holes on the side, and is played by hitting the fingers over these perforations. It sounds like a cross between a harmonica and a kazoo.

Those dizzy recipes which Tizzie Lish dispenses on the Al Pearse and His Gang program are written only four hours before broadcast time. Tizzie writes them in long-hand and reads them on the air from the original copy.

Jerry Belcher believes that there could be such a thing as too much popularity. Jerry, who interrogates with Parks Johnson on the Vox Pop program, says: "Suppose everyone stayed at home to listen to our program. Where should we find the Man-in-the-street to answer our questions?"

The "four Erxes and Mitzis" are four-footed members of the Norsemen quartet. "Stuffy," "Skippy" and "Spook" are wire-haired terriers. "Spot" has one of those scrambled pedigrees. "Mitzi" is a collie.

BITS ABOUT BROADCASTERS

Although she prefers French cooking to her native Spanish, Countess Olga Al- barni, star of Life Is a Song, is famed among her friends for her preparation of a Spanish style chicken and frequently gives post-broadcast parties, at which she prepares great pots of it.

Rachel Carley, French singing star of Manhattan Merry-Go-Round, is considered one of the best-dressed women in radio. She says her wardrobe consists of twelve evening dresses, six sports dresses and six demi-dresses. (Sorry, we are unenlightened as to what a demi-dress is!)

A filling station attendant, filling the gas tank of Maestro Freddie Rich's car one day, noticed the violin in his coupé.

One reason is that Lucy has been acting on the professional stage ever since she got out of High School. Another reason is that she thinks radio work is "more regular." And, most important of all, she likes radio best.

GOOD SPORT

Ray Jones, who plays the part of the hard-boiled electrician in Mally of the Movies, recently took a trip to Kentucky to shoot quail. Instead of shooting them, however, he helped the local farmers to feed the birds, who were starving because of unusually severe weather and heavy snowfalls.

SPEAKING OF SPORTS

Matthew Crowley, CBS's "Buck Rogers," is a crack tennis player.

Irving Kaufman, "Lazy Dan," is a veteran fisherman and has caught some enormous brook trout.

Phil Baker and Walter O'Keefe both lay claims to championships in quoits and javelin throwing.

Jerry Cooper, nearest of the romantic singing stars, once held down first-base on a semi-pro baseball team in New Orleans. Also he never misses a big fight at Madison Square Garden.

Frank Crumit... Well, when you think of Frank, you think of a golf course, according to his wife, Julia Sanderson. He shoots a score in the low seventies.

Nino Martini, handsome CBS singing star, was the ace man of a Rugby team in Verona, Italy. He also is an expert gymnast, bicyclist and horseman.

Leslie Howard, romantic matinee idol, is a polo enthusiast. He keeps a string of polo ponies and gives a very fair account of himself on Hollywood playing fields.

Frank Parker also is a polo fan and plays with a prominent team on Long Island.

Ted Husing has played football, basketball, tennis, baseball and soccer. The Husing bones having aged a bit, he now confines his interest in sports to reporting them at the mike. Occasionally he takes a fling at tennis.

"THIS IS LOWELL THOMAS—"

"The policy of my program always has been to cover every slant, every aspect, every angle, every angle, every angle..."

"I was not long on the air when I became aware that my fan mail was from many kinds of people—it is so diverse in tone and feeling and concerns so many topics so far apart."

AND THIS IS FRANK MUNN

Who cherishes these aphorisms, clipped from an old calendar:

"Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall." (Goldsmith.)

"The ripest peach hangs highest on the tree." (James Whitcomb Riley.)

"An acre of performance is worth the whole world of promise." (Howell.)

"Fortune does not change men, it only unmasks them." (Mme. Riccoboni.)
"I used to play one myself," said he, "but now I work for my living."

Celia Branz, contralto, came to America as a Russian emigrant and earned money working as a factory hand to pay her tuition fees at the New England Conservatory of Music.

Walter O'Keefe, Columbia comic and pride of Hartford, Connecticut, noticed the name "O'Keefe" on the license card of a Manhattan taxicab driver.

"Got any folks in Connecticut, driver?" asked Walter.

"Yeah, and even that's too near!" came the reply.

Walter leaned back to read his paper.

Betty Lou Gerson won her Thespian spurs at an amateur night performance in Birmingham, Alabama, long before Major Bowes began giving amateurs their chance.

Another who got her start in an amateur contest is Durelle Alexander. It was in Dallas, Texas, when Durelle, then five years old, won first prize. Three years later she made her professional debut with the Hollywood Junior Follies in Los Angeles. Now, at seventeen, she is a stage veteran of nine years' experience, and is personality singer with Paul Whiteman's Musical Varieties.

E. C. Segar, creator of Popeye, the Sailor, was a paperhanger before he became an artist. He originated the comic strip in 1926, after taking a correspondence course in cartooning. A native of Chester, Illinois, he now lives in Santa Monica, California—while Popeye lives in the newspapers, in the movies and on the air, earning handsome dividends.

SOUND AND SENSE

Because Kenny Baker sounds that way in his dialogue with Jack Benny, he is billed as "the timid tenor." Physically he belies that, being a robust six-footer.

Lawrence Tibbett believes that the future of American music lies in the hands of instructors in high schools and colleges. The famous baritone is backing a movement to send leading singers to give instruction at such institutions, free of charge.

SHOES

Nobody is going to step into Ed Wynn's shoes—no, indeed!

Old Gallivance, the Traveler, (Ed Wynn), has been wearing this pet pair for twenty-nine years and he means to keep on wearing them. Ed bought them for five dollars in 1907. Since then, he says, he's spent about two thousand dollars to keep them in repair. They're size 16 and comfortable, and they're lucky, Ed thinks.

—AND ALL THE KING'S MEN

Most radio stars are satisfied with one program on the air—or maybe two. But here's a group of singers featured on four separate programs. They are known as The King's Men, The King's Merry Men, The King's Guard and so on.

As The King's Guard, they shine on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays on the Aspirub program. On Thursdays they have a bright feature of the Ed Wynn program. On Fridays you may hear them with the Socony show. And on Sundays, as The King's Men, they are in Paul Whiteman's Musical Varieties.

Their names are John Dodson (his last name is Blunt, but he doesn't use it), Rad Robinson, Ken Darby and Bud Lynn.

THIS WINDOW SHADE

Yours for 15¢!

IS IT "LINEN"?

Now Replace All Your Shabby Window Shades . . . BUY 10 FOR THE PRICE OF ONE

Here's startling proof that you need no longer pay high prices to get beauty and dignified appearance in window shades. A remarkable new process called "Lintoné" now gives to CLOPAY fibre shades the actual appearance of genuine linen! In actual test 3 out of 4 seeing a new CLOPAY LINTONE beside a $1.50 shade only four feet away thought the LINTONE was the cloth shade!

If no one can see any difference in the looks, why pay the big difference in price? Millions of women have found that CLOPAY 15c shades wear as well as cloth shades. Now they look as well, too. A 15c LINTONE will never crack, ravel or pinhole. It will soil no quicker than the costliest shade and when it does you can afford to change at once—always have spic and span shades at a cost you will hardly notice. See the CLOPAY LINTONES, 15c (rollers 10c additional) now in all "5 and 10" and most neighborhood stores. Write for FREE SAMPLES of material. The CLOPAY CORP., 1555 York St., Cincinnati, O.
because she gave hers up the day she took the Lohengrin leap. Both of these girls are wives of ace comedians. Both are young, with a modern young woman's viewpoint on life. Both met their husbands while working behind the footlights. Both are still pretty and talented. But the big difference between them is that one says "yes," the other "no" to the question: "Can a marriage stand two careers?" So let's hear both sides.

"Yes!" Says Portland Hoffa

Portland, dressed in a chic tailleur, sat on her modern white couch in her smart apartment high up in one of New York's smart skyscraper hotels.

"Because I work with Fred, I understand his moods, the pressures his work inflicts upon him, the thousand and one little duties it imposes upon him," Portland said.

"Careers sometimes prove to be stern taskmasters. For instance, Fred will leave in the morning and promise to be home at noon for dinner. Very often he won't come home until hours after he'd been expected, without even phoning me. " A stay-at-home wife might fuss and fume, might grow jealous, might misunderstand or grow resentful of this career that takes up so much of his life. Doubts may form. She will start to nag him, a quarrel will follow and in the end there is a wide rift between them.

"But because I know so well what his work requires of him, I understand completely. Perhaps he got immersed in some program idea—perhaps there was an overflow of amateurs to interview—perhaps well, I know all of the perhapses that might have detained him. You see, with me there are no doubts or fears, or jealousies.

"There have been many pleasures we have had to forego because of the program. For instance, the summer before last, we were on the air every single week. That meant we had to be in the city every day. No vacations, no week-ends in the country. I tried to remember this: Don't let the interest in your own career overshadow your interest in your husband or his job. That is the only pitfall that endangers a marriage of this kind. My career hasn't prevented me from finding time to prepare a home-cooked dinner many evenings.

"Look at the marriages of some of radio's most numerous couples. Jack and Mary Livingstone Benny. Jane and Goodman Ace of the Easy Aces. Gracie Allen and George Burns. You'd have to look far and wide before you could find more devoted partners. Jane and Gracie all understand their husbands through working hand in hand with them.

"After a hard day's rehearsing, Fred is tired—but then, so am I. We both are perfectly content to spend a quiet evening at home. The day after the program, there's a load lifted off our minds. We both feel like going out to celebrate. You see, neither one of us has to give in to the other. But you know what happens in so many other homes. The husband has been working all day and wants to come home to any easy chair and slippers. But wife has been closed up at home all day and in the evening she wants to go out. The result is a round of arguments, ending with one giving in to the other.

"Fred and I play and work together. We've been doing it throughout the eight years of our married life, and I wouldn't change it for the world. Neither would he. Two careers seem to go well with our marriage—perhaps it's the only way to continue a marriage.

"No!" Says Mrs. Phil Baker

(Continued from page 48)

Fred, I was Peggy Cartwright, a dancer and actress with—I was told—a promising future. I had just come over from London where I had appeared in several important productions in New York. I had hoped to realize my stage ambitions. After we were married, I came to the crossroads of my life. On one side was my career, with perhaps fame, glory and personal success. The other road led to a home with children, leading the life of millions of other wives and mothers who live in the glory of their husbands and children. Which road should I take?

"It didn't take me long to decide and I never have regretted my choice.

"We were sitting in the living-room of the Bakers' beautiful country home in Mamaroneck, in the heart of Westchester County, New York. The house is circled on all sides by tall trees. Mrs. Baker is a beauty of a beauty, a Dresden-doll variety. Tiny, fragile and flower-like. It isn't difficult to believe that she might have achieved great fame and success on the stage. She looked out of the window to watch "Miss Muffet" on her giraffe legs, sprawling on the lawn with Stuart Henry, two.

"You see," she said, with a wave to her children, "one can't be a careerist and a conscientious mother besides. If I had pursued my ambitions, I never would have been able to live out here. Too far away from New York. I'd have to make my home in the heart of the city so that I would be within easy reach of the theatrical district, and my children's activities would be limited to strolls in Central Park. But here they can romp and play unrepressed, like the poor little children they are.

"And Phil loves his home, too. Phil, you know, has been a part of Broadway so long that he had forgotten what it was to sit down to a cozy family dinner, completely relaxed and at peace with the world. Beautiful restaurants, hotels and a hasty bite snatched here and there. He's been on the go all the time. No real home, but a hotel room. And hotel rooms, let me tell you, can be very cheerless and lonely. But if I didn't devote all of my time to make this house a home, Phil wouldn't have the enthusiasm that he has to be here with the children and me. I received one of the most flattering compliments the other day when Phil's sister told me that she never had seen him look so happy as he has these past few years since we've been married. I can only credit it to the fact that now he has restful, normal surroundings which few theatrical folk have.

"Don't you see, if I were pursuing my own career, how impossible all that would be? Instead of harmony, there would be friction. Instead of calm, there would be jitters. There might be a clash of ambitions. Jack and Gracie are both working. I would be pursuing my own career, wrapped up in my own dreams, having very little time or sympathy to spare for Phil's work. My career might lead me in one direction, Phil's in another.

"I always have been with Phil. When he was broadcasting in Chicago, there was I. When he suddenly had to come to New York, I packed up and came with him. If I were tied down to a career, it might say: 'Don't go here! You can't go there!' I'm with Phil, the babies and I want to feel free to go with them anywhere—at a moment's notice.

"Why do you read of so many divorces resulting from the union of two independent careerists? Hollywood is called, Temperament, for one thing. There is no temperament problem in our home. I am busy with my work; Phil with his. But my work is concerned with making Phil happier, for I am busy creating a peaceful atmosphere in the home so that he can smooth out the tangles of the day.

"You know of dozens of marriages between a famous man and woman, both of whom have clung to their careers. What percentage of these couples has children? Very few, you'd admit. Making Phil happy, keeping the children healthy, making our house a home in every sense of the word, is my career. And if I've succeeded, it means more to me than seeing in my name in lights. For as far as a career and marriage go, I repeat the famous quotation: 'Never the twain shall meet.'

"So there we have the words of Peggy Cartwright Baker, whose marriage to Phil is like that of Portland and Fred, is held to be one of the happiest in the radio world. You've heard both sides, now what will you say?
complexion of her race—and the romantic title that refuses to be discarded!

For "Countess Albani" has become a nickname, almost a first name. It was under that name that she won fame, established herself. Her sponsor seems more than justified in asking her to keep it professionally. Privately, her American name is infinitely sweeter, dearer to her.

But life has not always been easy for the little Spanish girl. She came through disappointment and sorrow to her present place in the sun—perhaps that is why she appreciated it, with a deep and abiding gratitude and joy.

In the beginning, she had no idea at all of singing as a career. As a little girl, she dreamed of going on the stage, but always as a dramatic actress. However, she sang as naturally as a bird, in a high, clear soprano, a light falsetto voice, and briefly studied singing, under Gabriel Sibella, who was a famous teacher of famous students—Bori and Alda were numbered among his pupils. Under his tuition, Olga sang the Bell Song from Lakmé.

The high point of her girlhood was her meeting with Sophie Breslau, concert and opera singer, who was to be her first mentor, her greatest critic, her dearest friend. The death of Madame Breslau this past winter was a great shock, an irreparable loss. But her teachings, her counsel, her ideals, have become a part of Olga's life, a part of her very self.

"It was she who taught me that if you have a lovely voice but nothing to give, no mind, no depth, the voice won't mean very much, or for very long," Olga explained, and added, with controlled emotion: "She herself gave so much, so much!"

It was her first deep, personal loss and adjustment was not easy. Scheduled for a trip to Florida, she flew instead to New York, to the funeral of her dearest friend. Heartbreak and inexpressible sorrow were hers that night as, just before leaving, she sang, with tears in her voice, Schubert's Ave Maria.

A month of intensive study with Madame Breslau had started her on her career, a month spent in her teacher's home, working ardentingly, tirelessly, under her understanding direction. The result was Olga's first theatrical engagement, in the leading rôle of Sigmund Romberg's opera, New Moon.

And after New Moon, it was Sophie Breslau again who introduced her protégé to George Engles of N.B.C., through whom Olga embarked upon her present career.

New York was still home, still the centre of all her interests and ambitions, but although her voice was winning renown and her small aristocratic feet seemed se-

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**The Throat Tested Cigarette**

Scientific research has, at last, enabled Philip Morris to replace personal opinion with this scientific fact:

**Philip Morris Cigarettes have been PROVED by actual tests on the human throat measurably and definitely milder than ordinary cigarettes.**

A fact ethically presented to and accepted by the medical profession.

**NO OTHER CIGARETTE CAN MAKE THIS STATEMENT!**

**"Call for PHILIP MORRIS"**
curely set upon the ladder of fame, her heart was heavy. She had been married very young to the Italian Count Albanii and had a young son, Guardo, whom she passionately adored—it was after Guardo's birth that the range of her voice changed, the lower notes gaining strength and sweetness. But the marriage was a failure and, bewildered and unhappy, she sought solace, forgetfulness in work.

So, when finally the opportunity came to go to Chicago, she welcomed it gladly, even though it meant leaving home and friends. She was singing on the Cities Service program when she was first asked to make a guest appearance on the Real Silk program. After two such appearances, she was invited to sing regularly on this program for a period of thirteen weeks. These weeks stretched into thirty-nine.

She had dreaded the break but recognized the wonderful opportunity and her own need of a change.

"And I found such nice people here, I feel so at home!" she exclaimed enthusiastically. "Of course I felt lonely at first but in a little while, I was having the time of my life—I felt as if I were eighteen again!"

In Chicago, thus, she found a new satisfaction in her work, and soon was to find also a newer, deeper satisfaction in her private life.

"I am such a lucky girl," she declared fervidly. "I have such a happy home life, such fun, such a darling husband—handsome, brilliant, young...

Her voice trailed off, but her eyes glowed radiantly.

He comes of an old Chicago family, her husband. His name is H. Wallace Caldwell, he is tall and fair, with light blue eyes—as Nordic as she is Latin! His father is a bank director, his mother a former St. Louis society girl. He himself is an engineer, a graduate of Cornell, and during the war, an aviator and the inventor of a bombarding device. And now, the amazement of conservative parents and the delight of his sympathetic bride, he is intensely interested in politics. During the winter he worked hard and long for the Republican nomination as Governor of Illinois—the April primaries and in June the Illinois primary.

"Whether he wins the nomination or not, it has been grand experience and a lot of fun!"

She is enormously interested in her husband's political career, finds this new game completely fascinating.

"Of course, it is hard work and, right now, I see so little of Wally. We can't entertain or go places together, he is so busy, so tied down. I wait for him—night after night, for five years, in the cold north, to three-thirty when he comes home. Then we sit the rest of the night talking." She laughed. "It's such fun—but we'll both need a good rest when it is over!"

All her other ambitions depend on the outcome of the April primaries and the subsequent elections. Nothing, of course, would be allowed to interfere with her singing. "Wally" is as interested in her career as she is in his and as proud of her and as anxious for her to continue her own work as an unfailing, young husband could be. But her vague plans for a trip to Hollywood and the making of a musical picture are to be held in abeyance until she knows whether or not her husband is to run for governor of Illinois again.

"The Lady is Black," a musical short which she made last year was very successful and it is to be hoped that she eventually will find time for a full length picture, whether she is to preside over the Governor's mansion or not!

But absorbed as she is in her husband's career, present and future, Olga is not neglecting her own. As a matter of fact, she is studying harder right now than she has for several years. The sweet voice which won her the world now, with patiently, without effort or forcing, is now being intensively trained for an opera role. It is natural, inevitable, that she should think of singing the title rôle of Carmen, her favorite opera—and what a vivid, glorious, alluring Carmen she would be! With her dark Spanish beauty, her expressive eyes, mobile features and quick, graceful body, she is well equipped to revel with emotional intensity her dramatic conception of the part, as well as to interpret it with her warm, lovely voice.

And like everything else in which she interests herself, she is finding this work fun, in spite of the demands already made upon her time.

For part in the Real Silk program requires a rehearsal on Friday and a second brief rehearsal on Sunday, followed by the two regular broadcasts, one at nine P.M., eastern standard time, and the other at midnight, eastern time, to cover eastern and western outlets. In addition, she comes into Chicago from her Oak Park home three or four times a week for her music lessons and frequently practices at home in the evening, with her accompanist. She finds her study of the opera absorbing and is looking forward eagerly to studying the dramatic side of her rôle with Mary Garden, before her appearance on the opera stage next season.

Meanwhile plans also are shaping for a concert tour through the West. This is not a new departure, for a few years ago she gave a series of concerts, traveling at that time in the north and south, the middle west and east. And enjoying it thoroughly.

Asked if she thought the classical trend now noticeable on radio programs would last, she answered: "I say 'yes,' because I hope so, devoutly! There is so much beauty in the fine old things—they have survived because they are worth while, they have proved themselves. I love them. I love all old things—sometimes, for instance, it seems to me I absorb something just from being in the room with these fine old books in our library . . ."

She speaks several languages fluently, loves to read in French and German, and loves to include in her concert programs the familiar German songs and the Russian, which she sings in French. But she loves, too, the simpler songs, old and modern lyrics, the best of the modern popular songs, many of which she has translated into Spanish.

"Lullabies, perhaps, suit my voice best," she commented in that soft speaking voice that is very like her singing voice—so like that recently a telegraph operator, who had listened to the Sunday night program, recognized her over the phone, from her speaking voice alone, before she gave his
"Of course you don't mind an audience," I suggested, "with your stage experience—"  
She shook her head. "I don't pay the slightest attention to the audience. I love to work. I could rehearse all day and be happy. No one means a thing to me at the time of singing!"

"And you never had 'mike fright'?" I queried.

"Fright—personal fright—yes. But not of the 'mike'. To me, it is warm and friendly. I don't think when I stand in front of it. I just feel—I want to pour out everything that is lovely and beautiful to it. I am singing my song—that is all that matters. I sing with the same fervor, the same intensity at rehearsal as I do when an audience is present. It is the act of singing that counts—the love of it!"

But before concert or movie plans nature, Olga and 'Wally' plan a restful vacation in Honolulu. They will leave when the program ends, this spring—and after the primaries—and will, before they return, visit the coffee plantation of Olga's father in Puerto Rico. There, too, they will see for the first time the new home built of Olga's dreams, from the proceeds of her success in her own career. For she has acquired five acres of her own and has built a lovely Spanish house—a delightful retreat for these two ambitions, hard-working people!

"It has a patio, of course," she described it eagerly, "and I have mango trees and alligator pears—and I am going to have a grapefruit orchard, too."

She was enthusiastic, but that is only for vacations. A deeper enthusiasm is reserved for the beautiful, spacious Caldwell home in Oak Park, an attractive Chicago suburb, where she now lives. She is more than contented there. And busy, too.

"It doesn't run itself," she murmured smiling. "But it is such a lovely place—it has been in the Caldwell family for thirty-five years—and there is a great yard for the children—"

For there are two children now, The Latin Guardo has a lovely little Nordic playmate, a blonde, blue-eyed stepsister. She is older than he, but they get along beautifully together. And they have two dogs, a Scottie and a miniature Schmazer, which their mother enjoys as much as they do.

"I have such a rounded out life," Olga said softly, "everything that makes work worth while. I feel there is substance to my life..."

Her lips curved softly in a smile. "I, who was free as air, free to come and go as I pleased, am now questioned: 'Where are you going? When are you coming back? Where can I get in touch with you while you are gone?'" A deep note of satisfaction was in her low laugh and she added quickly, "But I love it! And it doesn't mean that I have relegated singing to the background, but that I have an added incentive to do things. My children, my husband—they are so proud of what I do! It means so much! I can put something back of my song that perhaps I never had before—now shall I express it—a certain rich contentment, sincerity, depth, truth. I live these things every day and everything
Honeymoon by Harlow

(Continued from page 30)

"Listen, Johnny, if you love Ruth enough, nothing else matters. Now go to it!"

Johnny went to it. He went to it so thoroughly that the girls' vacation came to an abrupt end. For Peg was openly heartbroken and Ruth felt terribly about the whole affair and Jean couldn't have much fun with two weepy playmates. So they agreed to separate. Jean took Peg home to visit her in New York and Ruth returned to her family in Philadelphia.

By all the laws of compensation things should have gone smoothly for Johnny and Ruth after that. Philadelphia was only an hour from Atlantic City and the two could be together almost every day. Afternoons Ruth would drive over for a swim and a snack of supper before Johnny went to work with the orchestra. Weekends Johnny came to stay at Ruth's parents' palatial home.

But things didn't go smoothly—because Ruth's mother put her foot down on the budding romance. Mrs. Miller didn't approve of musicians. With all the eyebrows-raising indignation with which well-bred Manhattan "theatrical people" instructed her daughter that she didn't want that Johnny Hamp calling around any more. She wasn't being a bit mean about it—she's a darling person, really. She was simply anxious because her boarding-school enfant wanted to wrap her whole future around a snare drum and a couple of cymbals.

Ruth was despondent, as only seventeen can be despondent when a glorious, thrilling romance is pressed down by the stern plumb of parental disapproval. The fact that her Johnny was a college man didn't seem to impress mama at all. He'd gone to Tome, and Franklin-and-Marshall, and played football and got swell grades and distinguished himself in campus musical activities. He wasn't going to be a drummer all his life, either. Some day he was going to have an orchestra of his own. He'd be famous some day, too, Ruth argued earnestly. But mama remained unperturbed.

Things came to a head on the night before the Kentucky Sirenomeda were winding up their engagement at Atlantic City. Johnny had invited Ruth down for that last evening. He had everything planned. They'd walk to a romantic spot far up on the beach, sit together on the sand under a tumbled-down jetty. The night sky would be powdered with yellow stars and the moon would be low and full. He would ask Ruth to marry him. A girl couldn't say "no" at a time like that.

At nine o'clock Ruth was three hours late. At ten o'clock Johnny frantically rang at her door in Philadelphia. The butler informed him crisply that Miss Miller was no longer at home to Mr. Hamp.

Mama had written finals to a drummer's love story.

It might really have been the end if Jean Harlow hadn't happened to run into Johnny two months later in Chicago. He poured out his unhappiness to her and again she understood. The reason, they figured, why Johnny had received no answers to his letters to Ruth was that her mail was being intercepted at home.

"So what'll I do, Jean?" Johnny asked her again.

"C'mon," she answered and walked him up the street and into the lobby of the Palmer House. Jean sat down and addressed a batch of empty hotel envelopes to her love.

Three days later Johnny had proposed and been accepted by special delivery.

It was eight months before they saw each other again, the two young lovers. They planned the Great Day for the fifth of July. Johnny moved to a cheap boarding-house and ate in hash joints and saved up four hundred dollars. Ruth wore her fur coat another season and made over her dinner dresses and secretly pocketed two hundred and fifty out of her clothes allowance.

And one summer morning Mrs. Miller found a note at the breakfast table instead of her only daughter. The note had been hastily scrawled and read:

I have gone to Chicago to marry Johnny Hamp, mother. Please don't worry.

R.

Worry! That was Foolish Request No. 992. In less than an hour mama had boarded a west-bound express and wired the Chicago police. That was how they could work when she got real worried!

Johnny and Ruth, at last together with all their excitement and carefully la-
plans, had completely overlooked something very important. It takes three days to get a marriage license in the Windy City and they couldn't exactly afford any waiting around right then. So they hopped a train for Minneapolis, where a permit may be obtained in twenty-four hours. They made their application and jubilantly returned to their hotel for dinner, only to find a telegram from Johnny's closest pal in the band stating that mamma had hit Chicago in a great big way and was practically due to descend on them in Minneapolis at any minute!

And then Ruth lost her nerve.

Disappointed and excited and scared to death she sat right there in the dining-room of the hotel and bawled, as droopy and jittery a little bride as ever changed her mind at the very last minute. Johnny was frantic. He had to do something heroic and do it quickly, or he'd lose the girl of his dreams forever.

He thought again of Jean Harlow, because she'd helped him in two other crises. Jean lately had been married to Chuck McGrew, a wealthy young playboy, and was living in Los Angeles. That gave him an idea.

"Ruth, honey, please don't cry that way," he begged, handing his best breast-pocket handkerchief across to the little ball of brown hair and tears on the other side of the table. "If you've decided you don't want to marry me, O. K. But I've already got five weeks' vacation for our honeymoon and we're going to be together those five weeks, you and I, whether you're Mrs. Hamp or not! We're going to go visit Jean and Chuck in California if you will—will you, Ruth?"

Ruth would. And a couple of hours later Johnny had an answering telegram from Jean. It read:

Welcome is on the doormat stop Besides I love weddings stop I speak to be matron of honor or I won’t play stop Hurry you two crazies stop Love. 

Jean.

The plane couldn't get there fast enough for Johnny. As soon as it landed he left Ruth with Chuck, hurried Jean around behind the nearest hamburger and told her the whole story.

When the chauffeur stopped at a pretty white bungalow outside Pasadena a little later, Ruth thought she was stepping into Jean's house. Instead she stepped right into the presence of a nice beaming Justice of Peace who was good at tying knots quickly. In a few minutes it was all over but the honeymoon.

The Hamp's wedding trip was to be a foursome instead of a rendezvous à deux. Jean and her husband were sailing that night for New York via the Canal; they insisted that the Hamp's join them. Johnny and Ruth, fully expecting an onslaught of nerves any minute, relished the idea of allowing her a 23-day cooling-off period while their steamer made its way to Manhattan.

So the Hamps and the McGrews sailed together, and Johnny and Ruth and Chuck and Jean never had more fun in their lives.

It was Jean's foresight and affection for the two on that trip that formed the real foundation for Johnny Hamp's Orchestra.

---

RADIO STARS

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LINIT IS SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

The Bathway to a Soft, Smooth Skin

79
Johnny was still nursing an ambition for a band of his own. It would take time and mighty hard work and it might mean privation and a tough life for a while for himself and his wife, but he was anxious to try it. Ruth, still a frightened runaway bride, persuaded him as only a new bride can persuade a husband, not to remain a musician. The closer she got to New York and possible disinheritation from her family, the harder she begged him to change his plans. He finally promised he'd take a job he'd been offered with a financial firm.

Jean made him take that promise back when she saw what his ambition meant to him. And many times she'd corner her ex-roommate and give her the same pep talk: "Don't be a sissy, Ruthie—you mother'll come around sooner or later. Johnny's going to have his band and it's going to be a success!"

After enough of that Jean landed her honeymooners in Manhattan, Johnny brimming with enthusiastic plans and Ruth with a super-starched upper lip.

Love's been lucky for the Hamps. They're the happiest folks you ever saw. They finally got their band together and even if it did have to play in the key of C for a whole year because it couldn't afford a music arranger, it played mighty well in the key of C. So well, in fact, that for five years straight now the orchestra has been booked into top spots only. Los Angeles' Cocoanut Grove, the Congress, the Drake, the Edgewater Beach and the Hangar Club in Chicago, London's famed Kit-Kat, Miami's Biltmore, and the very ultra-ultra Westchester Country Club at Rye, New York. To say nothing of more network wires than you can shake a stick at and all the important college proms throughout the United States.

You'd like this Hamp. He has green eyes and a long classic jaw and broad brown arms. There's something about him that reminds you of a big grown-up Boy Scout, which definitely sets him apart from musicians as such. He's handsome and home-townish and just enough the Pennsylvania Dutchman he is to insist he's a better business man than he is a musician, and that he owes the two greatest things in his life—Ruth and the band—to Jean Harvey's initiative as much as to his own.

Every Christmas the Hamps spend the holidays with Jean in Hollywood, or she comes to visit them. They give each other silly five-and-ten presents with funny notes tied to them, they eat spaghetti and go roller-coasting together; they sit for hours and talk over old times. One of Ruth's most prized possessions is a Russian Crown Jewel bracelet, given her by the late Paul Bern. Jean has its twin.

In winding up, it's impossible to omit the fact that Jean was right when she predicted that mama would come around sooner or later. It was later. Mama got as far in pursuit as Los Angeles and then took to her sniffing salts at Palm Springs for a month. But when she finally did come around she did it right. Johnny became and has remained the apple of her forlorned eye ever since.

For which—many thanks to mama. Nothing ever guarantees the success of any romance like a little family thunder.
Nothing But The Truth

(Continued from page 17)

suffered let down several times. I have used every artifice I ever learned to work over situations of this kind but many times they get the better of me. Whenever I have to act in a script that is poor, the most awful feeling of self-consciousness comes over me. Sometimes I feel so humiliated that I could just fly away from the studio!'

Eltie Hitz: "Yes."

Frances Langford: "I always have to be in the mood to do my best."

Dana Dauref: "I try always to give a good performance—it has been hard several times—but I never let moods affect me."

Major Bowes: "No."

Christine Nelson: "I refuse to be drawn into calling my endeavors 'art'... but mood and health certainly make things more difficult at times."

Eddie Cantor: "Naturally my work suffers if I am in poor health and so I try to avoid working at such times. But we Cantors don't have moods where performances are concerned."

Odette Myrlt: "I have been too long on the stage to let anything like that bother me."

Harriet Hilliard: "Health, yes—moods, no. Singing is largely physical. I believe. (Watch me start a war with that statement!)"

Deena Taylor: "(A) I would hardly call what I do an art. (B) Every week, the sponsor says, Ed McConnell: "No, because my physical condition has nothing whatever to do with my attitude toward my public."

Benay Venuta: "You can't be inspired every time you sing—naturally your work suffers when you're in a low mood or physically ill."

Glen Gray: "Of course; no one can perform as well when he doesn't feel quite right."


Julia Sanderson: "People tell me that, regardless of my feelings, my performances never let down."

Bing Crosby: "Naturally."

Perry Como: "My 'art' only suffers by the quality of my material, if bad. The work is not hard if the jokes are funny."

Ray Perkins: "Rarely; I'm healthy as a pup and save my moods for between broadcasts."

Bob Crosby: "Very much so... as any entertainer must be inspired for a good performance."

David Ross: "A performance can easily be marred by poor health or broken spirits. I have felt the effects of both."

Deane Janis: "Health, yes. Moods? When the show is on, it's up with me."

Lemme Hayton: "No. I believe I'm still enthusiastic enough about my work to overcome any such feelings."

Helen Marshall: "I believe any person in any creative field is subject to moods... and health plays a very important

WHICH IS YOUR LUCKY NUMBER?

You May Think It is No.1 When It Really is No. 3; Or No. 2 Rather than No. 4

The Wrong Shade of Face Powder Will Make You Look Years Older Than You Really Are!

BY Lady Esther

Are you using the right shade of face powder for you? That sounds like a rather needless question, doesn't it? For there is nothing a woman selects more confidently than her color of face powder. Yet, it is an actual fact, as artists and make-up experts will tell you, that many women use altogether the wrong shade of face powder. The shade they so fondly believe makes them look their youngest and most attractive does just the opposite and makes them look years older than they really are! Brunettes think that because they are brunettes they should use a dark shade. Blondes think they should use a light shade. Titians think they should use something else.

Choose by Trying

The fact is, you shouldn't choose a face powder shade according to your "type" or coloring, but according to which one is the most becoming for you. After all, a brunette may have a very fair skin while a blonde may have a dark or olive skin or any shade between. The only way to tell, therefore, is to try all five shades which, experts agree, accommodate all colorings.

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Stays on for 4 Hours

When you make the shade test of Lady Esther Face Powder, I want you to notice, too, how smooth this face powder is—how evenly it goes on and long it holds. By actual test, you will find this face powder adheres for four hours or more.

Write today for all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder which I offer free. With the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder I will also send you a 7-day tube of Lady Esther Face Cream. The coupon brings both the powder and cream.

The coupon brings both the powder and cream.

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Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a 7-day supply of your Lady Esther Four-purpose Face Cream.

Name.
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(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)
 rôle, especially in the performance of a singer."

Helen Jepson: "If one is not rested, nothing can be done well. Rest is the secret of good work."

Jimmy Durante: "I try not to let either affect me, but you can't fight 'nature!'"

Paul Pearson: "The people around me would notice it—not I."

Igor Gorin: "I always like to sing."

Virginia Verrill: "I don't think so. At least, the moment I get in front of a microphone, I feel grand and most people do not know, over the air, when I have a cold. Fortunately, by having my numbers transposed two tones lower, I can sing above a cold."

Josephine Gibson: "Yes—I believe a person absolutely must be rested and happy to broadcast successfully. The voice immediately shows fatigue."

Phli Duce: "I'm sure it does, consciously or unconsciously."

Bernice Claire: "Not very often—but of course it is kind of hard to do one's best singing when one has a 'gold id da dose.'"

Kate Smith: "My spirits usually are gay and, as a result, my songs carry that feeling over the mike. Of course, I have requests from ailing and unfortunate people whose troubles do affect me."

Parks Johnson: "As to moods ... yes. However, on our particular program the effects around the mikes offer a never-failing tonic. That twenty to thirty minutes of chatting with a good-natured crowd before each Vox Pop broadcast not only is extremely interesting but it is most helpful. As to health ... fortunately I've heard no worries along that line."

Francis X. Bushman: "I don't allow it. As far as the above is concerned, strange as it may seem, one more often gives one's very best performances when not feeling so well."

Dick Powell: "No."

Do You Find That You Perform as Well in the Informal Surroundings of the Rehearsal as in the More Intense Atmosphere of the Actual Broadcast?

Dick Powell: "Yes ... Although I do feel more at home with an audience."

Lud Gluskin: "It makes no difference to me."

Francis X. Bushman: "I always turn on the real works in the actual broadcast. Some of that is a marked so much in rehearsals that the actor is left flat and spiritless when he finally gets to the real thing."

Parks Johnson: "In our Vox Pop program there is no rehearsal. It's all informal and without tension anywhere. We're fortunate that our particular radio program is just about as nearly natural, informal and 'human' as a program could be. It is 'of, by and for' the people, and rehearsals would take away 90% of the snap."

Kate Smith: "Ted and I try to keep our broadcasts as informal as possible. There really is very little difference between rehearsal and the actual broadcast, other than the timing."

James Melton: "Better."

Bernice Claire: "An actual performance is always better, in my estimation, for there is an electric something about a performance that makes you give with more inspiration."

Phil Duce: "Lack of ease during an actual broadcast is more than counter-balanced by increased concentration and effort."

Virginia Verrill: "No, and not only that, but I feel that I always perform better in an actual broadcast."

Jimmy Durante: "No, I don't get seriously till the broadcast starts."

Conrad Thibault: "Just about the same . . . although I must say I wish for more informality at broadcasts."

Helen Marshall: "No. At the broadcast you are under fire and must do your best."

Lennie Hayton: "No, I always try to conserve not only my own energy, but that of my orchestra for the actual broadcast."

Deane Janis: "I go through rehearsals just as carefully as through a show."

David Ross: "While I prefer the informal surroundings of the rehearsal, I believe the tense atmosphere of the actual broadcast brings just the proper nervous excitation to call forth a more spirited performance."

Bob Crosby: "I am more relaxed at a rehearsal, but find that being nervous is conducive to giving an inspired performance."

Kate Smith: "No, indeed. I never can perform well at rehearsals."

Nick Dawson: "Always much better in the actual broadcast—in fact I always make it a rule to save something during rehearsals."

Porky Barnace: "No . . . an audience does key one up to a very high pitch that doesn't prevail at a rehearsal."

Bing Crosby: "I work a little harder in the broadcast."

Julia Sanderson: "A rehearsal is an attempt to perfect a performance—and so the two are treated alike by me."

Benay Venuta: "Better in the intense atmosphere—much, much better."

Ed McConnell: "No. It is impossible to forget your surrounding in a rehearsal, a thing I invariably do once my broadcast begins."

Deems Taylor: "I do not. I'm bad at rehearsals, and I'm not so hot in the presence of a studio audience, either. I like to talk to people on the air, but I loathe being overheard."

Harriet Hilliard: "I'm what is known as a bad rehearser."

Peter Van Sweden: "I think I perform better during the actual broadcast. I feel that I must show more on the air."

Eddie Cantor: "I think I do; at least I make every effort to give as good a show at rehearsal as at the actual broadcast, for I believe enthusiasm can have a stimulating effect on the surrounding players. In this manner we manage to give a good rehearsal performance, and have enough left to give an even better actual broadcast."

Ozzie Nelson: "We always clown through the rehearsals."

Major kowen: "As well as the rehearser."

Donna Damerel: "We rehearse for timing more than for anything else . . . never with much feeling."

Frances Langford: "I perform much better on the actual broadcast."
Patti Pickens: "In rehearsal we go over and over our songs until they become mechanical, while on the broadcast, after a rest, we feel fresh and the songs sound better."

June Meredith: "Try as I will I just can't feel at rehearsals that certain something that comes over me when the mike is 'open.' I do know that when I give a rehearsal that satisfies the director, my performance on the air never satisfies me. It seems as though the show already has been given . . . an old superstitious from the theatre, I guess."

Don Marino: "Rehearsals usually are like a 'once over' in a barber's chair. The broadcast itself is the real shave. The realization that 'you are on' makes you more careful and observant of the little things that are forgiven at rehearsals."

Ted Huang: "I hit such consistency anywhere; it's amazing. Or isn't it?"

Harry von Zell: "I think it is better not to put everything into a rehearsal. It is best to reach up on the air show."

Freddie Rich: "Immaterial."

Al Pearce: "My gang doesn't go in much for rehearsals—we don't know what a dress rehearsal is."

John Barclay: "Always better in the broadcast. In rehearsal your mind is figuring out a dozen things to improve the work—your thoughts are scattered."

Myrtle Vail: "I seldom act during rehearsals."

Lucy Monroe: "I am usually better on the air—that extra something you have to give you know."

Dorothy Lamour: "No, because I save all my feeling for the actual broadcast."

Olga Alboni: "It really doesn't make much difference: I love to rehearse and when actually broadcasting, am perfectly oblivious of everything but my work."

Ted Malone: "Between the Bookends never has undergone the agonies of a rehearsal. It would destroy its atmosphere of spontaneity."

Fritz Scheff: "I prefer the actual broadcast—I thrill at the silence before going on the air."

Jerry Belcher: "We have no rehearsals. I seriously doubt my ability to do a show that requires intense rehearsal periods. The atmosphere of the show itself simply lifts me out of myself, and I can do my best under the pressure of the moment."

Anne Jamison: "In the main, I would say that I feel much the same whether singing informally or before a vast audience . . . just as long as I sing."

Betty Lou Gerson: "Instinctively one picks up and gives a live performance when on the air. There is a tense nervousness which goes to energize one's work while actually broadcasting."

Is the Fear of Making Some Sort of Error During Your Broadcast Constantly With You or Do You Always Manage to Exude Confidence?

Glen Gray: "No. The only time we feel that way is on the first program of the season. We're all relaxed now, though. After six years together, we should feel at home on a bandstand."

Dale Carnegie: "Making an error occasionally makes the broadcast more human in my estimation. Doesn't bother me."

Julia Sanderson: "I am always fright-

ened to death for fear of making mis-
takes."

Bing Crosby: "Never think of it . . . just do the best I can and hope."

Peggy Lee: "I have never been troubled with the fear of making an error—since I know my part thoroughly before going on the air."

Nick Dawson: "I don't know what I exude and I sometimes make mistakes, but never worry about them before or after. I guess, perhaps, I'm too stupid to be nervous."

Ray Perkins: "Never worry about errors. When I make them I manage to cover up."

Bob Crosby: "The fear is there, though not dominant and is sometimes lost in the excitement."

Abe Lyman: "I have no fear of errors because half the people won't notice one."

David Ross: "If I exude confidence on the air, it is because I have struggled desperately these many years to conquer my fears. I still get flustered and nervous on occasion."

Dave Janis: "I try to be natural and not think of making mistakes; therefore I'm generally calm and collected; but there are times when I'm terribly high-strung and nervous."

Louise Hayton: "Errors come and go. I do not forget them and I try to avoid them. But it doesn't affect my confidence in my work."

Ed McConnell: "I never have feared making an error, though I have made many. However, it never would be possible for me to make an error calling out profanity, morals, and so on, due to the fact that I visualize the type of people to whom I sing."

---

**Melt**

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A prominent dermatologist says: "When a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream) is applied, old dried-out cells on surface skin melt away. This brings into view the new supple cells beneath. The skin is immediately smoother—texture finer, coloring improved."

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**Overnight for lasting softness—** After your regular cleansing, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream. It leaves your skin soft, not a bit greasy. Won't smear the pillowcase. Yet it softens your skin all night long!

---

Miss Geraldine Spreckels of California: "My skin is constantly exposed to wind and sun. But Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths it in a second!"

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**HERE'S HOW DOCTOR CLEARED HER FACE**

Helen Marshall: "There is always a little 'stage fright' before I begin, but the minute I start it vanishes."

Conrad Thibault: "Never let fear come in—although sometimes last minute changes in the program allow the rascal to sneak up on me."

Helen Jepson: "The fear is always with me. It is strange that radio always is nerve wracking for me—a whole opera is easier than one broadcast."

Jimmy Durant: "I always hope for the best and try not to worry about errors."

Jose Manzanares: "When appearing in public I feel always confident. But there is fear of making an error when broadcasting."

Paul Pearson: "An inward feeling sometimes—but never outward—as it tends to make the rest of the performers uneasy."

Igor Gorin: "I always have confidence."

Andre Kostelanetz: "No fears."

Virginia梨: "I memorize my numbers, use no music, and hence have no reason to fear."

Josephine Gibson: "I always am fearful of error—that is why broadcasting is difficult... a slight error seems so terrible to me."

Bernice Claire: "I try to be very careful, of course—but I don't fear making an error, as I am generally too busy watching notes, words—and Abe Lyman—to think of fear!"

James Melton: "I have confidence in myself."

Kate Smith: "No. If an error is made, you just have to make the best of it. However, I try to know my songs before I sing them."

Parks Johnson: "Never fear, because I'm doing what I love to do and enjoying it thoroughly. The nature of our Vox Pop program is such that a listener never is certain whether an error, when made, is not deliberate... it's grand to have that protection."

Francis X. Bushman: "If the script is badly written, words in juxtaposition difficult to articulate, then, yes, I have the fear of stumbling. I never think of it when playing a picture, but frequently on my daily Movie Personalities program I have felt the fear. However, rarely does anything happen to justify it."

Dick Powell: "No fear at all."

Frank Crumit: "I never fear ever is so sure of himself that the fear of making an error isn't always present."

Jane Froman: "I do not think I exude confidence; however, I am at no time in fear of making any sort of error."

Milton Berle: "I only 'exude confidence,' but there always is a lurking fear of the 'tongue twister.'"

Betty Lou Gerson: "In the first few months of broadcasting I was conscious of a fear of flatting a line. I never am now—though when I occasionally make an error, it has a tendency to make me a little nervous."

Margaret Speaks: "I try to 'exude confidence'—I hope I succeed."

Anne Jamison: "To face a mike with fear would indeed be fatal for me. So I forget it."

Jerry Belcher: "We are very careful to avoid error... an error would be a very easy matter on the Vox Pop program... this is a matter of experience and that Parks and I have worked out together. Personally, I have no fear of anything that may arise in the course of our show."

Fritzi Scheff: "I do not fear while I broadcast, but I shiver a little in anticipation, just before going on."

Arthur Godfrey: "At least I know that I am not up to par, have any fear during a broadcast. And during recent years I have learned to feel confident, even when not in extra prime condition—having learned that there are many things better in a broadcasting voice that make for a good broadcast."

Lucy Monroe: "Am always nervous, but don't think I show it—at least they say not!"

Myrle Jaul: "I always try to laugh off a blunder, but never to recite one."

John Barczy: "The fear of making an error is a form of self-consciousness, a lack of concentration on the part or song you are trying to perform. How can you think how you are feeling yourself, if you are trying to be someone else. There's no time."

Ted Hannonstein: "After years of practice and attempt I have, I think, finally got to the point where I can broadcast without any particular fear or loss of confidence."

Al Pearce: "Both."

Andy Sanella: "Well, I sort of get set, as a runner at a track meet does just before the gun goes off... but after that I'm perfectly at ease."

Freddie Rich: "This is an embarrassing question."

Harry von Zell: "I never am perfectly at ease before the mike. I don't think it's a fear of a mistake, but rather a natural tension resulting from the realization of responsibility."

Richard Humber: "It's always with me—but I never let it show!"

Ted Husing: "The latter."

Mae Gooch: "Of course, I always warn you that I exude confidence, but I really do have a horror of making mistakes."

Don Mario: "If I am sure of what I'm doing I have no fear. It is only when I haven't been properly rehearsed that I'm really conscious of any and a bit of fear creeps into my work."

Patti Pickens: "We usually know our songs so well that I never worry about making an error. Whether I 'exude confidence' or not, I certainly feel it."

Francois Langford: "I have strict confidence in myself until the broadcast is over and then I get nervous about what I might have done wrong."

Ozzie Nelson: "Fear bothered me the first couple of years but now broadcasting's a bit of fun and I never think of mistakes unless I am not properly prepared."

Eddie Cantor: "I decided that if I couldn't read large type correctly from a sheaf of paper I had to go back to being a singing waiter at Coney Island. So far (knock wood), I haven't had to consult a Coney Island time-table."

Odette Myrill: "Ask those who listen in."

Harriet Hilliard: "Fear? Yes—and if you had cases of 'twisted tongue' as I do—you wouldn't be so confident yourself! I can say the most awful things—by mistake, of course."

Deems Taylor: "I wouldn't say that I 'exude it, because I keep it.'"
Please Stay Out of my Life
(Continued from page 50)

myself. If you would like to see my sister at some other time . . .

Or perhaps you're a casual friend or visiting celebrity. You're asked to dinner in the sumptuous peach-and-prune-colored dining-room that is Carnelio's own. Rosa doesn't sit at table. Naturally you inquire about her. "Rosa had a previous engagement for this evening," you're told, "She was terribly sorry not to be able to join us." And that's that.

It goes on. The closer you scan the lives of these sister stars the more unrelated you find they live. Separate servants, separate telephones, separate dressmakers and managers and publicity representatives and even hairdressers. Never are the two seen in each other's company; they move in entirely different circles of friends. Their tastes are as opposites, their habits, their ambitions. It does seem strange.

So, inevitably, the myth has sprung up—particularly among those who are acquainted with the early years of the sisters Ponselle, the years of struggle and hunger when the two fought side by side for each other because there was no one else to help them but themselves—the myth has sprung up since the Ponselles have become international figures, they're deadly jealous of each other, bitterly eaten with envy by every ounce of added fame or progress that comes to the other. That explains their odd behavior.

It's a perfectly logical conclusion for people to make but at the same time it's so perfectly a wrong conclusion that it's almost funny—from the inside. Because the Ponselle sisters, in their really private lives, happen to be utterly, completely, in-separably devoted to each other!

For that very reason they have agreed between themselves to stay out entirely of each other's professional and semi-professional existences. Each is forced to do so to insure the survival of the other.

Carnelio put the spotlight on the whole situation for me. The way they work it is as clever a piece of feminine strategy as any two sisters could cook up between them. But then she and Rosa have had to be strategic so many times in their lives, just to secure their next meal or a warm

STARS

AMAZING gains in weight are reported all over the country with this sensational new 3-way discovery. Even if you never could gain an ounce before, remember thousands of new and solid, naturally attractive flesh this new, easy way—in just a few weeks!

And not only has this new triple-acting treatment brought normal, good-looking pounds, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, glorious new pep.

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Scientists recently discovered that thousands of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough digestion-strengthening Vitamin B and blood-enriching iron in their daily food. Now the richest known source of body-building Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of blood-building iron in pleasant little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to build you up, get these new triple-acting Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Then, day after day as you take them, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. Constipation and indigestion from the same cause vanish, skin clears to normal beauty, new health comes—you're a new person.

Try it—guaranteed

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of sufficient Vitamin B and iron, these new 3-way Ironized Yeast tablets should build you up in just a few weeks, as they have thousands of others. If not delighted with the benefits of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only don't be deceived by the many cheaply prepared "Yeast and Iron" tablets sold in imitation of Ironized Yeast. These cheap counterfeiters usually contain only the lowest grade of ordinary yeast and iron, and cannot possibly give the same results. Be sure you get the genuine Ironized Yeast. Look for "IY" stamped on each tablet.

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To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 35, Atlanta, Ga.

THOUSANDS GAIN 10 TO 25 LBS. QUICK—WITH NEW 3-WAY TREATMENT

DOCTORS NOW KNOW THOUSANDS NEEDN'T BE SKINNY

Stella, of Stella and the Fellas, heard with Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians.
winter coat, that cleverness comes as natural to them as their clear high C's.

To get the story we'll have to go back. It's Carmela's story, this. She's the singing star of the Friday night Broadway Variety program. Under, dark, fish-ion-plate prima donna from the tip of her saucy little bonnet to the toes of her bizarre French shoes.

Twenty-five years ago, on a warm spring midnight, she silently slipped into her best white coat, and severe skirt, and braided her thick black hair up under a stiff-brimmed straw, tiptoed down the back stairs to leave an envelope under the kitchen lamp, then walked four miles through the woods to the railroad station. She was doing what country girls with dreams have done ever since a street called Broadway became the hub of show business. She was running away to New York to go on the stage.

Papa and Mama Ponzillo, much as they loved music, had strongly objected to all her talk of a career. The respectable hard-farming Italians around Meriden, Connecticut, looked with some scorn on professional girl singers. Carmela hadn't wanted to grieve her folks by slipping away while they slept. They simply would not believe it, even if they were desperately poor.

Papa, Mama, little Rosa and Tony—but she couldn't make them understand how desperately she simply had to go. A taste of amateur theatricals in Meriden, singing in St. Mary's choirs and building up her voice at church entertainments, had given her a yearning her sixteen-year-old heart could hardly contain. And even Papa himself always said you didn't live this life but once. If you quit something, you found a way to get it.

So Carmela sat up all night in the cinder daisy-coach and wept. She didn't know a soul in New York but she was going there anyway.

First off she landed a job on Broadway, caged in the dresser's booth of the old Lorber Restaurant just across the street from the Metropolitan Opera House, making change and selling tobacco for the nifty salary of fourteen dollars a week. With her voice firm, she expected it to be a breeze, but it was something. It was something she found a way to get to.

Then she landed a job in the cinder daisy-boat of the shoestring, caged in the cashier's booth of the old Lorber Restaurant, just across the street from the Metropolitan Opera House, making change and selling tobacco for the nifty salary of fourteen dollars a week. With her voice firm, she expected it to be a breeze, but it was something. It was something she found a way to get to.

She bought a gallery seat to hear the great Caruso sing. Unable to sleep afterwards from the thrill of it, she sat up for hours writing her first long letter to the folks back home, "Believe me—some day I'll sing at the Metropolitan too." Then, "P. S. Papa, it wouldn't be so lonely for me if you'd let Rosa come.

Rosa didn't come for a year. The stage bug had her, and somehow it was precociously enough to give her the impetus of a runaway from home. But in the meantime Carmela was forging ahead with the restaurant work on weekdays and a choir job for Sundays. After a while she wangled a position for Carnegie Hall, and, going to church and Rosa joined her in New York. In mortar boards and vestments the Ponzillos embarked together on their musical careers.

"Sometimes I look back now," Carmela told me, "and I can hardly believe some of the things I lived through. Hunger. Hunger's a terrible thing. Weeks and weeks without work. And failure, and being snubbed, and loneliness. And some of the jobs we had!"

Two-bit vaudeville first. A tour in two-bit vaudeville, no less. One-night stands. Dirty dressing-rooms. Second-hand costumes. "Actors" boarding houses. Can you imagine the Carmela Ponzelle of today doing that? Not now. They emerged, dancing out behind the footlights of every jerkwater train-stop between Manhattan and the Mississippi, performing often to the tobacco-juiced jeers of yokels who didn't like their music "highbrow." She didn't care about it. She sang. Rosa played. That was their "act."

The Yale boys decided they were good. The Yale boys used to crowd Malone's café in New Haven night after night and applaud the cabaret that featured the Ponzelles. At the close of a long tour they were signed for another tour but this time it was big-time. They returned to New York via the famous stage of the Palace Theatre. And the stage of the Palace in those days meant one thing to every singer—devilion in the United States. When you got there you got to the top!

The top? Not for Carmela. Vaudeville never had anything more to her than a means to an end—vaudeville was a means to the top. She studied voice under the best teachers she could afford, she studied French and German, she studied piano. And finally she left the five-a-days to triumphantly tour this country and abroad in concert. From that day—from her initiation into the cashier's cage at Lorber's she debuted sensationally in "Aida" at the Metropolitan Opera House. Carmela Ponzelle had got to the top.

Since then look you. You haven't seen her on the most celebrated stages in the world, has lured her once weekly to a microphone that sends her full glorious voice to every corner of a continent. This would be a different story if that were true—but the same thing happened to Rosa, too! The fulfillment of their ambitions, as you know, has been almost identical.

And instead of being a happy ending for them both—well it's really sort of terrifying.

There they are—Carmela and Rosa Ponzelle. Both are international figures in the same fields, opera, concert, radio. They have the same background, they have the same last name, their voices are by no means dissimilar, they even look alike.

"It's almost," as Carmela told me, "it's almost as bad as being twins!"

"Because it just won't work."

It won't work in a world that wants its celebrities to be one-of-a-kind models. No duplicates, they say. Carmela's more than happy to be Carmela. She looks too much like Joan Crawford, the singer who sings exactly like Kate Smith, the orchestra that copies Guy Lombardo's—they're licked before they start. They're frightened to death of the competition and it keeps them from making the grade. They're imitators. They're second editions. They "aren't as good as." The public demands fresh individuality of its heroes and heroines.

The Ponzelle sisters realized that years ago. They realized what they were going to be up against just by the very fact that they were sisters. For both of them to survive in identical careers it would be absolutely essential that they be distinct sep...
RADIO STARS

arate personalities no matter what the cost. Else one would inevitably succeed at the expense of the other—and they were de-
determined not to let that happen. They'd be through too much together, they knew what perfect happiness each had found in
singing, they loved each other too much.

It hadn't mattered in the old days when they were unknowns. But as soon as they landed in the spotlight of fame... It
began. From the big scale of the public to the small scale of their friends people started to compare, to liken, to make choices between them. It couldn't go on. It meant the sure tragedy of one, perhaps both of them.

So they made a pact and determined to stick to it: each, to the best of her ability, would stay out of the other's professional life.

But that's just half of the secret behind the Ponselles' strange way of living.

Carmela Ponselle is definitely Carmela Ponselle, and so far as she is outwardly concerned Rosa is simply another prima
donna who happens to share her penthouse. Carmela entertains independent of any obligation to her sister, works, lives
and plays entirely as a separate unit. She won't allow a friend to entertain for her and her sister at the same time, she won't accept an invitation that includes both of them. Down to the smallest detail she does everything to keep herself herself and to keep from infringing on any of Rosa's territory. Rosa upholds her end of the bargain as strenuously, too.

"Well then—why do they even live togethersome people ask.

That's the other half of the secret. Car-
mela and Rosa Ponselle are so completely devoted they'll never live any other way as long as they can successfully manage it. They're best friends, worst critics and inseparable idols. They don't enjoy a bit of having to go to the extremes they do but it just seems to be necessary.

All of their real companionship—and they have lots of fun together—they have to have on the sly. At home alone or among their family and very intimate mut-
ual friends. When there are no house guests they always breakfast together on their terrace overlooking the Hudson, a
lovely huge terrace brimming with begonias and nasturtiums of Carmela's culture, gay with the pulsing of a fountain at each end. Every morning when the weather's wintry they take their walk together up the Drive—huddled in a mink coat nobody can tell whether you're a Ponselle or the lady next door. Sometimes brother Tony
comes to visit and the three of them steam up a pot of ravioli, sit around the kitchen table together and talk till dawn. When one broadcasts the other is invariably tuned in; when one sings at the Metropolitan the other is invariably in the audience. Then before bed there's plenty of frank sisterly criticism exchanged.

There's another very mutual interest that they have at home too, and it deserves mention because it gives a valuable side-
light on the characters of the two. That interest is a dear little old lady named Miss Annie Ryan, who has lived with them for fifteen years. It was she, the Meriden
organist, who took the little Ponzillo girls under her wing when they were too poor to pay for singing lessons, taught them their do-re-mis gratis, encouraged them in seeking careers and loaned them the use of her piano. They have never forgotten.

They keep her with them in luxury; each has established an annuity for her so that she can never want for anything.

Carmela is as delightfully down-to-earth a prima donna as could ever be listed among the singing great. She can take
an old felt crown and a remnant of Persian lamb and turn out in one morning a hat you'd vow had graced a Paris opening.

She designs every single one of her evening gowns, cuts them, has a dressmaker sew them up while she stands by and gives directions ("I can make designs in my head but to save my soul I can't get them down on paper") and consequently she's considered one of the most uniquely best-dressed women in radio.

Her interests outside her work are so multitudinous they amaze you. Three times a week she lectures to working girls in New York settlement houses on health, beauty and etiquette. ("I owe a debt to the middle class. It is they who have given me everything I have.") Summers she farms, builds and does every scrap of housework at her shack near picturesque Old Orchard Beach in Maine. She's an insatiable movie and playgoer and is an intimate friendly critic to many of the outstanding names in the theatre. She answers all her own fan mail, plans her own menus, is finishing up an autobiog-
raphy of her life and exercises two hours a day to boot.

In this most driving and competitive world that's no small extra-curricular pro-
gram for a prima donna.

ONLY YOU AND RIT KNOW IT'S AN OLD DRESS!

SPARKLING with new color (thanks to Rit)—last
year's dress becomes truly a new dress in everything except cost! And it's so easy and carefree now with Rit, that women who remember old-fashioned dyeing can't believe their eyes.

First, Rit has eliminated the harsh boiling that's so hard on both your clothes and you. Second, Rit contains a penetrating ingredient (patented) that makes the color soak in quickly, deeply, evenly—without fear of spots and streaks.

Rit brings the charm of color (and a saving) to many, many things in your wardrobe and your home—curtains and draperies
—luncheon and bridge linens—fabric gloves to match your dress
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—blouses—bedspreads—and many others that will suggest themselves when you see how easy this new dyeing really is.

• Dishes Instantly! Rit is a powder wafer—easier to meas-
ure, won't sift out of the package like loose powder dyes.
How Old Does Your Mouth Look to Men

No Wonder He’s Tops!

(Continued from page 47)

in apple-pie order. We see Rosemary and Priscilla Lane practising a song in a private studio, rout out soloists rehearsing alone in padded cells, take a peep into a large studio where Stella and The Fellas try out a bit of harmony, and presently we wind up in Studio No. 2, near the entrance, where the wardrobe for the band uniforms and instrument closets. We find the Pennsylvanians going over and over a piece under the direction of the assistant-conductor.

“Nothing really counts until Fred takes them on,” warned Ronnie.

Fred simply stands there a few minutes as though he were the stranger, just looking around. At length he takes his place before the conductor’s stand. “Terrible!” he remarks, sorting over and turning to a piece of music. Then he tells the boys in no uncertain terms that they have it coming to them. Have they gone sour? Do they think they are so good they can’t be any better than that! What’s the idea of this amateur noise anyway?

Then Fred Waring goes over with the job in a way that can only be compared with painting a picture. Before, it had been just a pleasant landscape, so to speak.

Fred creates his own interpretation. Like all his compositions, it is a vocal in size. With the voices over to the right he makes a soft blur of color and with the clarinets draws a wavy haze of lines round it; with the saxophones he shades in a foreground for the whole ensemble to rise and softly brush in their varying vocals of a to-be-remembered sunset effect fading out with something sweet and sad followed by a lilting comic streak from the trombone muted, giving a final chromatonic touch with the voices of the girl trio in chrome shades of treble. A slight pause and with hands upraised he brings the whole orchestra to their feet, dotting in sky notes by pointing his fingers at solo singing members, like twinkling stars, bringing them falling downward in a pyrotechnical show off of a finale. The sound of his outspread hands, each finger quivering as though in ecstasy.

The picture was finished. Fred framed it with a golden smile that was reflected like a ray of sunlight over the faces of his musical family, when he closed the sleeve of a boss-conductor’s hand had hung before.

Then all were mopping their brows and buzzing happily.

Nearly an hour later we were seated in Fred’s private office, very ornate with mod-
nic furnishing. Fred’s music is wholly interpretative. Perhaps one might compare the way in which I try to blend our voices, with pastel shades as opposed to primary colors. Pastels have soft tones that lend themselves more readily to blending groups, while primary colors are harsher and have sharp edges that cut each other. A picture in primary colors is purely interpretative, as I said—the way I feel.

“Accomplished singers? I wouldn’t take one on a bet. I’d much rather they didn’t know too much about singing, otherwise this blend I talk about would be impossible, because they have their own ideas of the composition before they start and want to do it alone. We have our own tech-
nique.

I work harder on the vocal than on the instrumental. Or, perhaps I should say, I consider every voice as an instrument as well. I can rely on instruments always producing the same note; voices are more treacherous. Being a glee club as well as an orchestra, throws a certain responsi-
bility on my shoulders. Our work always got to be good for many laughs” (Visitors behind the Waring scenes soon become conscious of a phrase: “Has it got a laugh in it?”)

Bob, who works that most of our boys are young. We try to get them young—before their ideas are too grown-up. We can watch them grow in personality, trait and character and we encourage them. In that way we have built up a family group of believable quality. We play the boys when they need it. They expect it, and they know I don’t mean a word of it.

“One was of the first bands to broadcast, away back in 1921. I learned that audiences on the air—I mean the millions, not the thousands—prefer music they don’t have to study. Music easy to listen to—like Wayne King’s for instance. When it comes to vocal numbers they like ensembles and silly numbers.

“Me? Well, that system we have been broadcasting before big audiences in person. There used to be criticism about that. As though the performers played only to and for the visible audience and neglected the air. Personally, I think visible audiences have done a great deal for radio. They are stimulating and inspira-
tional and make shows seem more like the real thing.

“We work hard, but we always have fun while giving a show, and we try to let our au-
thorities in on our fun. For this purpose, a laugh is a very valuable thing. Snickers don’t mean enough, we are out for hearty belly laughs. There is all the difference between being mildly amusing and down-right funny. If we laugh and most of our fun is prompted and we just can’t help laughing ourselves sometimes. We pass it on the air by means of comedy sound effects and imitation that don’t have to be seen to be appreciated.

“Me? Well, that story’s soon told. ’Mel’s 34. Married. One girl child, 14 months old. I don’t really dance or sing. Never even got through college. I couldn’t see,
to get anywhere in those days. Then I got wise to myself, that I could only accomplish things when somebody dared me to do it or told me I couldn't do it. When they had two strikes on me! They put me out of the college glee club. They said I wouldn't make good in radio.

"Well, anyway, that sort of first-failure has run all through my experience. It has given me a lot of bitterness, but there has been compensation.

"We started out as the Waring-McClin- tock Snap Orchestra. Some of those original boys are still with us, after fifteen years. They were all Pennsylvanians once, but now half the States in the Union are represented and five foreign countries."

Another pow-wow on Fred's Luncheon followed, about which we had been hearing all morning. We were invited to attend. There was an air, of promise, of great importance, surrounding Fred's Luncheon. We expected great things, as, with Ronnie Ames, Fred Waring we set out in the direction of the Hotel Astor, fancying lunch- eon would be in one of the lovely private dining-rooms of that caravansary.

As we sauntered along, we kept thinking that Fred Waring did not belong to the usual Broadway sector of flashily- dressed smart alecks of taradeevel, on the air, or on the hoof, who strutted up and down the Rialto and Tin Pan Alley with exaggerated ideas of their earning powers and own importance. Fred was still a modest Pennsylvanian who didn't seem to give a darn about all that blah, walking along unostentatiously with his unstylish blue ulster covered with white hairs, as though he had been playing with the hound dog before leaving home. His pearl gray hat with black band at a safe and sane angle, a last year's style muffler, a solid pattern blue suit that was noiseless, common sense shoes such as the Justices of the Supreme Court probably wear, soft white self-collared oxford shirt and a dark tie with noiseless stripes in it.

And then suddenly, we ducked into Horn & Hardart's Automat Restaurant!

What was the big idea? Well, it seems, that it was Fred's brilliant idea, conceived about a year ago. Music publishers from Tin Pan Alley just around the corner used to bother him to death peddling their wares every day of the week. Why not form a Club and have them all meet him there, say, every Wednesday? It had the coveted laugh in it. From the first, it was

Joan is pretty. She is smart. And she is asked everywhere.

Barbara looks at Joan with secret envy. For Barbara, too, is pretty. And she is smart. But evening after evening, she is left at home alone.

Why? What makes one girl "click" socially and another fail, when both are equally good-looking?

The truth is, Barbara could be just as popular as Joan if it were not that she is careless—careless about something no girl can afford to overlook.

You can't blame people for avoiding the girl or woman who is careless about underarm perspiration odor. It's too unpleasant to tolerate in anyone, no matter how pretty she may be.

There's really no excuse for it these days when Mum makes it so easy to keep the underarms fresh, free from every trace of odor.

Just half a minute is all you need to use Mum. Then you're safe for the whole day!

Use it any time—after dressing, as well as before. It's harmless to clothing. It's soothing to the skin, too—so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

Depend upon Mum to prevent all unpleasant perspiration odor, without preventing perspiration itself. Use it daily, and no one will ever have this reason to avoid you! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Kate Smith greets James Farrell, baritone, after the broadcast of his program, heard over WABC, on his first anniversary on the air.

What makes a girl "Click"?

Mum

takes the odor out of perspiration
Now lift off corns
AND STOP PAIN INSTANTLY
Just put a few drops of Freezone on that aching corn tonight and you'll make the wonderful discovery many thousands have made. Pain stops like a flash. And soon the corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers. You'll agree that it's the quickest, easiest way to stop pain and get rid of hard and soft corns, even corns between the toes. Any druggist will sell you a bottle of wonderful Freezone for a few cents. Try it.

FREEZONE
GET RID OF UGLY HAIR

GRAY HAIR
takes on new color
(FREE Test Shows Way)
No matter whether your hair is all gray or only streaked with gray, you can transform it with new radiance. And it is so easy. Merely comb Mary T. Goldman's clear, water-white liquid through your hair. Gray strands take on new color: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Will not wash or rub off on clothing... Hair stays soft, lustrous — takes wave or curl. This way SAFE. Sold on money-back guarantee at drug and department stores everywhere.

Test it FREE. - We send Test Package. Apply to single lock snipped from hair. See results first. No risk. No expense. Just mail coupon.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
2342 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

RADIO STARS

a laughing success. The last man to arrive, was handed the checks of all the members to pay. That turned it into a marathon, Fred said, everybody trying to get there before the bell.

We arrived early and watched the forty-odd members come rushing in. Fred himself collected the checks and presented them to the winner. And there was such a big laugh! The manager reserved all the tables in the front of the restaurant. It turned out to be a regular 'Believe-it-or-not Ripley Feature.' Nearly fifty of Tin Pan Alley's most famous song publishers and writers, radio artists, hoofers, singers and guest artists. A great audience was attracted, looking on as they dallyed over their hot dishes, home-made apple pie and coffee. The impromptu show was as rare as the Flea Circus down in 42nd Street, and as amusing as Jumbo that was jamming the Hippodrome. Everybody laughed and chaffed and whooped it up. For example — Tin Pan Alley — and a very pretty young girl entered, escorted by a typical White Way denizen.

"Hello, Sugar!" they called out on every side.

She came up to Fred who greeted her with acclaim. So that there could be no mistake, she wore a brooch of gold wire twisted into the word, Sugar.

"Sugar?" we asked incredulously.

"Sure," laughed Ronnie. "That's Sugar Kane — one of the most popular little sing- ers in radio."

The song marketing began. One publisher brought over a freshly-written manuscript entitled, 'There's Many a Turn in the River of Love.'

"Are you going to give me the same break you gave Rudy, and make a phonograph record of it?" asked Fred.

The publisher grinned and produced the record from beneath his coat. Others came over and whispered the sweet words of mellifluous composition which enthralled the audience, beating time with an Auto- mat fork. Fred just sat and listened, smiling and clapping as he sipped his coffee and ate his mixed fruit dessert. This went on for an hour. Then they locked around him like crows in a cornfield, all the way down Broadway, back to his offices, where he plunged into the all-day rehearsal.

That night, we accompanied Fred to his Ford broadcast. The Columbia Broadcasting Company allows 1,200 tickets, carefully selected out of 12,000 applicants. The house was the Hudson Theatre, where most of Broadway's greatest successes had been attended by some of New York's most brilliant audiences. Times have changed — with the radio as one of the greatest factors. 9.20 — Backstage behind the curtain, the Pennsylvanians percolate in, one by one, and take their places in the semi-circular platforms on the stage. There is no confusion; nothing checks one-step, one-amus- ing breakdowns over his music that has just been distributed. Some begin to tune up.

9.23 — Deep concern seems to grow on them. They pull down their natty uniform mess jackets and brush imaginary specks off their gray trousers and arrange their striped ties.

9.26 — Fred Waring casually appears in the wings. There is a sigh of relief. He walks around without appearing to notice anything. He alone seems unconcerned.

9.27 — The stage manager gives us an ominous signal and we hurry out the stage door and take our seats in the auditorium. Every seat in the house, up to the top gallery, is filled. The huge audience has sunk into silence, its eyes on one of the many clocks in prominent places, with their hands, clear across the faces, ticking off the seconds. The visible crew in the control room — that was formerly the stage box — are moving nervously and soundlessly about behind glass in a garish light, like finicky fish in a huge fish bowl.

9.28 — The curtain rises. The Penn- sylvanians are all set. Without ado, a smallish, youngish, good-looking fellow casually walks on, pauses half way as though he had changed his mind, and says nonchalantly, "Hee, hee, hee," and everybody laught as everybody was taken by surprise. He is wearing the same staid clothes of the Automat. The only change is, he is chewing gum. That also gets a laugh that becomes a howl of merriment when he sticks the way of gum under the music stand at the last moment. "Regular guy!.. Ain't he funny!... I like him!" whispers the audience, chuckling.

9.29 — "Any of you folks who want to come in, bring a chair. In a few minutes, Fred begins. "It isn't allowed where are on the air — and the doors are locked. Now, come on! Everybody! Let's give one good cough!" And everybody coughs and roars with laughter.

9.29½ — "Too late!" remarks Fred, his eye on the clock.

9.29½ — The boss of the control room raises his hand and four fingers. Fred glances at the clock and then at him. The studio announcer has taken his place. The control room man raises his sign in red says, We are on the air. Fred wheels around, raises his open hands like a salvation singer and slowly lowers them. Music softly exudes as though from the ends of his fingers. The announcer begins his introduction.

But we listeners-in know the rest.

And this was all repeated to another S. R. O. audience at 12, for the West Coast Broadcast.

Oh, that was an easy day," boasts Ronnie. "I'll give you a sample of a busy day—tomorrow. Well, we set out on the road, leaving Pennsylvania by special car at 10 A.M., with engineers, technicians, Waring and staff and two secretaries. Arrive at Philadelphia at noon. 12:30 to 1:30, luncheon. 2 sharp, begin rehearsal and keep it up intensely, with engineers getting sound balance until 5. 5, we hurry to hotel to wash and brush up. 6:30, return to the Arcadia Restaurant where 4000 Ford Dealers and agents are throwing a special party for Fred. 7:30, announce second dinner at the Bellevue-Stratford, where the famous Poor Richard Advertising Club is holding its annual dinner and will present honor medals for outstanding publicity services during the past year. The dinner given by Mr. Alfred S. Frey, President of General Motors, and Fred Waring. 8:30 Fred is due back at the Arcadia, where until 9.20½ he will warm up the orchestra. 9:30 sharp he will go on the air. 10:30, he will be back home. Meanwhile, the orchestra will interpolate during the Annual Dinner. This will be over by 12, perhaps. 1:30 to 3 A.M. we will get together for the usual orchestra pow-wow over the day's work!"

Fred Waring calls it a day!
Sad and blue with "time on her hands" and nothing to do. Now she's in his arms and sees her dreams come true. Perhaps you, too, find life passing you by. Why not discover for yourself the allure you can achieve through the fragrance of Blue Waltz Perfume, the satiny texture of Blue Waltz Face Powder, the tempting colors of Blue Waltz Lipstick? The fragrance of Blue Waltz invites caresses, thrills... and lingers on in his heart.

Remember to ask for Blue Waltz Perfume and Cosmetics if you want to be remembered. Certified pure, laboratory tested. 10¢ each at 5 and 10¢ stores.

HOW A WIFE UNTIED THE KNOTS IN HER HUSBAND'S PURSE STRINGS

By the Doctors of Family Finances

The Doctor of Family Finances showed her how! It's a booklet called "Money Management"—a practical analysis of family expenses, plus a sure-fire method of keeping them within income. No bothersome bookkeeping. Not a budget, but a PLAN! And with the PLAN comes a booklet from the "Better Buysmanship" series which authorities praise as a true guide to the housewife in saving money on most of the things she buys. "Money Management" and a sample "Better Buysmanship" are yours—FREE. No obligation. No solicitation. Send for them today and begin to enjoy freedom from money worries.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

DOCTOR OF FAMILY FINANCES
Rm. 3019-E, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, III.
Please send "Tips for Lazy Husbands," "Money Management," and "Better Buysmanship." There is to be no solicitation, no follow-up.

Name
Address
City..................................State..................................

RADIO STARS

Fighting it Out on the Air
(Continued from page 47)

Household Hints program. You see, women used to come to me, or write in, asking about a new recipe for a cake, for instance. Perhaps they tried to bake the cake while hubby was out gambling one night. So they would ask what they should do about the cake and what they should do about hubby. It began that way.

Mr. Brown, on his music programs, often would give a few minutes talk on the air on various subjects between numbers. Men, as well as their wives, discuss things, and Mr. Brown soon found himself as swamped with miscellaneous letters as I was with feminine ones. So we decided to put "Husbands and Wives" on the air and let people be their own judges.

"What do you mean by letting people be their own judges?" I wanted to know.

"Just that," Mr. Brown explained. "You see, we never give advice. We never express an opinion or take sides in any of the problems that come before us. We simply put the questions on the air and after they've been presented to the radio listeners we often hold a meeting in the studio to permit the attending audience to make suggestions. We believe that the best way to help people is to let them help themselves—"

At that moment we were interrupted by a very breathless, frightened young lady. She spoke excitedly:

"Mrs. Miles, I can't go on the air under my real name! Oh, I don't dare! My husband found out I was to be on your program tonight and he said that if I said anything at all detrimental to him—well, his door would be locked to me forever! And, Mrs. Miles, that's not all, that was just his mildest threat!"

Mrs. Miles voice was soothing. "Never mind, my dear. Perhaps it would be better for you to forget the whole thing. We'll get somebody else to speak in your place. You mustn't worry about it."

"Oh, no, I don't want to do that!" the frantic wife continued. "I just want to assume another name for the program. You see, I want to tell other wives about my experience. And besides I— I guess I want to get it off my chest, too. I've always done everything exactly the way my husband wanted it done, ever since we were married—but I haven't noticed that it's got me anything. Not anything! He still spends money on other women and neglects his children and home—and me."

"I understand," Mrs. Miles said quite simply. Somehow you knew that she did understand. Allie Love Miles has genuine graciousness in her makeup. Perhaps it's part of her Alabama background, her unmistakable Southern womanliness and gentility. In a few moments she deftly had calmed down the excited young wife. Then I had a chance to ask her if her pet program idea ever had caused a separation or divorce.

"No," she laughed kindly, "but we have had some narrow escapes. A husband and wife may get mad for the moment, but
RADIO STARS

Love told to the fingertips

10c

Lovely hands and dainty, well groomed finger nails are difficult to resist — and it’s so easy to keep them just that way. Use Wigder Manicure Aids. Wigder Nail Files are specially Triple Cut with even, fast-cutting teeth for smooth and fast filing so as not to jar the nails. The Improved Cleaner Point, a Wigder feature, conforms to the finger nails and enables you to clean easily and quickly. Wigder Cuticle Shaper and Cleaner and Cuticle Scissors have equally good features. On sale at all drug and 5 and 10 cent stores.

Wigder quality costs no more

NEW JERSEY
NAIL FILES + TWEETERS + NAIL CLIPS + SCISSORS

BLONDE HAIR
that turned BROWN

can be
lightened 2 to 4 shades
with Shampoo-Rinse

BROWNISH Blondes, want hair that’s golden, radiant, alluring? Of course that’s your wish. Then do what thousands of accomplished, glamorous blondes do to keep their hair soft, silky golden. Use Blondex. This unique combination shampoo and rinse all in one, washes the most faded, brownish blond hair 2 to 4 shades lighter in just one shampoo! And Blondex works its wonders Safely, too. For it’s an absolutely harmless rinse — not a harsh chemical or dye. Use Blondex today. Requite that golden loveliness of childhood. Get Blondex today at any drug or department store.

BLONDEX
THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO-RINSE

invariably they wind up thinking it was fun, even if the joke may have been on them.”

“On the other hand,” Mr. Brown added, “the broadcasts have helped a great many people. If you can just talk about your troubles to somebody, it often clears up the situation. We’ve had thousands of letters of that nature.”

The studio clock soon rolled around to time and the distressed wife, who by then had thought up an alias for the program, was the first to speak.

“When my husband and I were married . . .” her thin voice was being carried to innumerable homes over Mutual and perhaps into her own apartment where her husband, so short a time before, had threatened her. “He was in show business. He still is. I knew his attitude and aptitude for show girls but at first I didn’t think anything about it. Maybe it was because I didn’t want to and maybe I was just young and in love. Anyway, as time went by, I was forced to realize that the only thing he shared with me was his bed. Our children arrived in the world unwanted by him, and I was—I still am—trapped.

“So many times I’ve thought of leaving, but what can I do with three small babies to support? I’ve finally resolved to stick it out until the children are old enough to take care of themselves. Then I’m going to start a life of my own, a new life. I don’t know what I’ll be able to do and I’ll roll mean streets at a late age, but I can’t help but feel that, as long as I give my children care and love now, I’ll be able to find something for my own happiness later on. That’s all—her voice faltered, ‘that’s all any woman can do in my situation, I guess.’

She was followed by a gentleman who claimed that he had deduced a fine philosophy from his wife’s artistic affinity for colored bed linen. He objected strenuously to being forgotten by the pastel sheets and he wrote in to Husband and Wives to forewarn the rest of his sex. Mr. Brown invited him to go on the air and give his ideas on the proper tactics to be used toward color-conscious wives.

“Let’s remember the bedroom that night,” he began, “and spying the colored sheets—the first ones, I mean. They were a deep purple but she called them orchid. When I looked at them I said: ‘For the love of Mike, honey, do you expect a man to sleep between those things?’ She was sort of hurt; she insisted they were the very latest mode—she’s nuts about styles anyway.

“That was just the beginning. The idea of colored linen has practically got to be a fad around these parts now.”

Mr. Brown hopefully interrupted him. “But don’t you think they’re very good looking?”

“Well, I guess so,” the gentleman finally admitted,” but all I want in a bath towel is just something brown. Why do you imagine what her newest craze is?—finger-tip towels! Have you ever seen those things? They’re about as big as a handkerchief—not even a man’s handkerchief—a woman’s handkerchief! They used to call them guest towels. And they caused the first fight we ever had.

“That night I went into the bathroom to wash my hands and found one of those little gadgets on the rack. I took it out

WHO ELSE WANTS TO FORGET SOUR STOMACH?
The way to eat favorite foods and avoid heartburn, sour stomach, gas and other symptoms of acid indigestion is no secret now. Millions carry Tums, Nothing to mix up. No drenching your stomach with harsh alkalies, which doctors say may increase the tendency toward acid digestion. Just enough of the antacid in Tums is released to neutralize the stomach. The rest passes on inert. Cannot over-alkalize the stomach or blood. You never know when, so carry a roll always. 10c at all drugists’.

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY

TUMS ARE ANTACID . . .

FREE
Beautiful Calendar—1941 Calendar, Thermometer. Address us promptly for your Calendar, Thermometer, and a postcard for a copy of “Character—What Price?” by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. Free. Write to Tums Co., 205 S. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

HELP Wanted
MALE—FEMALE
350—$500 A MONTH
for INSTITUTIONS, HOSPITALS, etc. Be Experienced Housekeeper. All kinds of Good Jobs Practically Everywhere. Write full name, age, experience. Schell Bureau, Dept. 666, 143 W. 45th St., N. Y. C.

ECZEMA
Torments
quickly pacified by
efficient help of

PoslAM
A CONCENTRATED OINTMENT

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—
WITHOUT CALOMEL

And You’ll Jump out of Bed in
the Morning Rarin’ to Go

TUMS
HARMLESS, HARMLESS, HARMLESS!

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn’t digest. It just decays. Gas builds up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

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

© 1936, C. W. Co.

JACK — THAT FAT PORK WILL FINISH YOU!
TUMS HAVE CHANGED EVERYTHING!

JACK SPARR
NOW EATS FAT AND ANYTHING ELSE IN SIGHT;
NO STOMACH SOUR CAN KNOCK HIM FLAT . . .
FOR TUMS HAVE SOLVED HIS PLEIT!
radio stars

weak, rundown nervous, skinny folks!

without cost—make this amazing iodine test!

within 1 week sea plant iodine in kelpamalt must give you tireless energy, strong nerves, pounds of "stay-there" flesh or the trial is free... it costs you nothing!

kelpamalt, the new mineral concentrate from the sea. gets right down and corrects the real underlying cause of weakness, thinness, nervous rundown conditions. iodine-starved plants when grown in kelpamalt soil have a better body, finer quality, brighter leaves. if the world can't help you, it just hasn't turned into flesh. the result is, you stay weak and nervous, tired and out of shape.

the most important gland—the one which actually controls the body weight—demands a definite ration of iodine all the time—natural assimilable iodine—not to be confused with chemical iodides which often prove toxic. only when the system gets an adequate supply of iodine can you regulate metabolism—the body's process of converting digested foods into body meat, new strength and energy.

to get this vital mineral in concentrated form, doctors have recommended as the world's richest source of this precious substance. it is a power house of 1600 times more than regular foods can supply. after considering the best sources, 6 tablets contain more natural iodine than 450 lbs. of spinach or 1337 lbs. of lettuce.

iodine tablets with kelpamalt. first thing you need and see how long you can stay that way. for a few you must work without there. then take kelpamalt with meals and drinks, and you won't need anything else. every day you can walk. notice how much better you feel, deep and pep. watch yourself wonders come in place of weakness. you can find the iodine tablets in your druggist's now helpless, noticeably stronger, all day.

seedol kelpamalt tablets

instant foot relief!

hides

large

joints

keeps

shoes

shapely

before fischo protector

after

thousands saw relief from painful bunions and swollen joints to the fischo binder. sold after 25 years by shoe dealers, druggists and dept. stores. ask your dealer, or write us direct for a free trial offer. sole owners, manufacturers and patents.

free booklet—"fischo protector" company

p. o. box 693, dept. 1004, milwaukee, wis.
stepped to the microphone, an attractive
man in his early thirties. Tall, smiling,
he was the kind of man every woman
would like to have for her own.

"I always was devoted to my wife," he
began, "until she started eating crackers
in bed. I'll bet there isn't a husband
alive who likes to sleep on cracker crumbs!
But I broke her of that habit all right."

"You cured your wife of this bad
habit?" Mr. Brown asked.

"Yes, sir, I did. One night I hooked
up the vacuum cleaner and put it in bed
between us. When she started munching
 crackers I said I was darn good and tired
of trying to brush those crumbs out of the
bed and I turned on the cleaner. It
worked fine until — well, her nightgown
got caught in it and it tore completely
off her."

Mr. Brown: "Well—were you embar-
rassed?"

The husband smiled.

"Gosh, no! She was the embarrassed
one. That suited me just swell!"

THE END
Board of Review 

(Continued from page 13)

84. THE O'NEILLS (NBC) ..............60.0
The Gaelic Goldens.
85. EDWARD MAC HUGH (NBC) .......59.9
Soup and the Gospel.
86. GOGO DE LYS (CBS) ............59.8
Songs you love to hear and how you like to hear 'em.
87. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT JR.—PER- 
SULTS IN THE NEWS (NBC) ........55.3
The Park Avenue viewpoint on the news.
88. HARRY RESER AND HIS CLICQUOT 
CLUB ENSEMBLE (NBC) ............55.3
Bringing back the popularity of the banjo.
89. BOB BECKER'S CHATS ABOUT DOGS 
(NBC) ..............................58.9
Experience on how not to treat canines.
90. LIFE SAVER RENDEZVOUS (NBC) ....58.8
Splendid melodies and close harmony in a night club setting.
91. FREDDIE RICH'S PENTHOUSE PARTY 
(CBS) ...............................58.4
Swingy music, good vocalizing and guest stars from everyplace.
92. HOSTESS COUNSEL (CBS) ........58.4
How to dine and wine your guests.
93. THE SINGING LADY (NBC) ........57.8
Song and story in lullaby fashions.
94. BROADWAY VARIETIES (CBS) ....57.5
George S. Kaufman, Carole Lombard.
95. JIMMY FIDLER AND HIS HOLLYWOOD 
GOSSIP (NBC) .....................57.4
Turning Hollywood inside out.
96. PRINCESS PAT PLAYERS (NBC) ...56.8
If you like your dramas prizelled.
97. MUSICAL FOOTNOTES (CBS) ....56.8
Vivien della Chiesa is featured.
98. DEATH VALLEY DAYS (NBC) .......55.7
Lovely yarns of the west of yesterday and today.
99. TODAY'S CHILDREN (NBC) .......55.6
Dramatic problems of our generation.
100. MYRT AND MARGE (CBS) ........55.4
Fan, music and melodramas.
101. TEA AT THE RITZ (CBS) .........54.8
Society on the air.
102. EVENING IN PARIS (NBC) ......54.6
Morton Downey has been added to the cast.
103. VANISHED VOICES (CBS) .........54.6
Stirring scenes from the past recreated for your enjoyment.
104. HARV AND ESTHER (CBS) ........54.4
Pleasantly gay.
105. SMILING ED (CBS) .............53.8
From popular melodies to hymns, it's perfect Sunday fare.
106. BUCK ROGERS IN THE 25TH CEN- 
TURY (CBS) ..........................53.4
Groon-ups are equally enthusiastic about it.
107. CAPTAIN TIM'S ADVENTURE STORIES 
(NBC) ...............................53.1
Spys and adventure yarns suggested by foot- 
age stamps.
108. MUSICAL TOAST WITH JERRY 
COOPER, SALLY SINGER AND RAY 
BLOCK'S ORCHESTRA (CBS) ........53.0
Being cut to fifteen minutes hasn't helped.
109. FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY (NBC) .......52.5
Grand comedy.
110. MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE 
POT (CBS) ...........................51.5
You've met her before in books, and on the air she's hardly changed at all.
111. EDGAR GUEST IN WELCOME VALLEY 
(NBC) ................................50.7
America's most popular poet.
112. BETTY AND BOB (NBC) ........50.6
Driving.
113. PICK AND PAT (CBS) ...........49.8
It seems there were two colored fellows and—

(Continued on page 99)
Feet are easily infected. So don't use any treatment unless you know it is medically safe. Above all don't cut your corns or callouses or use caustic liquids or harsh plasters. Be safe and sure—remove them with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads and the separate Medicated Disks, included in every box. Pain stops at once and in a short time the hard, dead skin softens and loosens and lifts right out! If your pain is not from corns or callouses, but only soreness or irritation from shoe friction or pressure, Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads alone will give you instant relief. They cushion, protect, soothe and heal tender spots and prevent sore toes and blisters.

Sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Soft Corns between toe. Sold everywhere. Cost but a trifle.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

...STOPPED IN ONE MINUTE...

Aches, tormented with itching terrors of eczema, rashes, athlete's foot, eruptions, or other skin afflic-
tions? For quick and happy relief, use cooling, antiseptic ZINO-PADS. Its gentle oils soothe the irritated skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 3¢ trial bottle, at drug store, prove it—or money back.

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief Of Pain

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys. The kidneys are one of Nature's chief ways of taking the acids and waste out of the blood. If they don't pass 2 pints a day and so get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may need flushing.

If you have trouble with frequent bladder passages with scanty amount which often smart and burn, the 15 miles of kidney tubes may need flushing out. This danger signal may be the begin-
ing of nagging backache, leg pains, loss of pop and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffi-
ness under the eyes and distaste.

Don't wait for serious trouble. Ask your drug-
gist for Doan's Pills—used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. Get Doan's Pills.

Enter Helen Jepson

(Continued from page 25)

Helen Jepson, with her husband, George Possell.

husband's, prompted by George Possell, invited Helen to sing with the Little Symphony, of which he was the manager. And again she was ready for the opportunity, which was all that she needed. Immediately after that she was invited to be guest artist on Rudy Vallee's program —and after that, radio programs, that before had had no place for her, eagerly sought the magic of her voice. Paul Whiteman gave her a contract —and from that it was only a swift, incredible step to the Metropolitan.

But we were talking about prima donnas. Let's see what Helen Jepson is like in her home.

I went up to see her one afternoon. The apartment building where she lives is a vast castle-like pile of gray stone, covering an entire city block and enclosing a lovely garden courtyard. But within the Possell apartment is no mood of grandeur, rather the friendly simplicity of a family home. Its spacious rooms are furnished with the charm and dignity of rare taste, its chairs and tables and sofas for use and not display. And upon the velour upholstery Dickie, the white Persian cat, sharpens his claws without rebuke.

Helen wasn't there when I arrived, so Mr. Possell, who was at home nursing a gripe germ, chatted with me.

"She is so popular, it's hard for her to get away from people," he said. "If we accepted all the invitations that come, there would be no time for anything else. We try not to accept too many—but of course there are some we can't refuse—a reception, or a tea, or a cocktail party. . . . Helen doesn't drink—but she gets tired, just talking, if I don't water out..."

"Can you get away from that for real relaxation, for sports and outdoor life? I asked.

"Oh, yes," he spoke eagerly. "We love all that sort of thing. In the winter we love skating and coasting. We love to skate, but I am afraid of it for her—there's always a danger . . . In the spring we go fishing. Helen is an expert at it. Get her to tell you about some of the huge fish she has landed. . . . And we love to ride, and swim, and go picknickin' . . . And walking. Helen walks every day, after her two hours of studying as practise with her accompanist. And we often walk in the afternoon."

He broke off as the outer door opened and a lovely voice called a soft: "Hello.

"Hello, Beauty!" And he sped to the door to greet her.

And then—enter Helen Jepson, the newest prima donna. Here was no stuffy stage entrance, just an unassuming woman, frankly glad to be home after busy afternoon, with a friendly welcome even for an interviewer. But even so, unusually striking young woman. Love in a smart brown suit that echoed a glowing brown of her eyes. Helen Jepson's taste in dress is exquisite. She toff her small smart hat and her blonde hair made a lovely halo about her face.

Three-year-old Sallie Possell flew to greet her mother, babbling of her picture to the barber's, displaying a balloon which had given her.

"She looks like her mother," I said.
$50,000 IN CASH PRIZES

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3 MINUTES TIME MAY BRING YOU $20,000.00 IT’S EASY—NOTHING TO WRITE!

Think what you could do with so much cash! Buy a home . . . travel wherever you wish . . . have an assured income for the rest of your life . . . start in business for yourself . . . enjoy life with all the fine clothes and good times you want! Here is your big opportunity. Someone will win $20,000.00 in this Selection Sweepstakes . . . someone will win $10,000.00 . . . someone will get $5,000.00 . . . and there’ll be over 280 other big cash prizes. All this money is going to somebody—and it might as well be you!

WHO'S BEHIND THIS?

This great Selection Sweepstakes is sponsored by the National Conference on Legalizing Lotteries of which the nationally-known society Legalize and Humanize, Mrs. Oliver Harriman, is President—a National Organization for a National Cause. It is being conducted in order to secure additional members to aid in legitimizing lotteries; to familiarize the American public with the story of the non-profit-making organization—an honest contest and "sweepstakes" honestly conducted. This is a contest of judgment and skill, not of chance. You don't have to write any letter or essay. You certainly can form an opinion as to how the money raised by legal lotteries should be used. Your judgment is just as good as anyone else's—you have just as great a chance to win as anyone. But you won't if you don't enter.

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DON'T DELAY!

Fill out the entry blank and coupon and mail them now with your dollar membership fee. Don't put it off until tomorrow—you may forget. Think what you could do with $20,000—or more than most people save in a lifetime. Someone will get it for just a few strokes of a pen. Remember that there are over 285 cash prizes—over 285 chances for you to win.

Do it now—at once. You and only those who send in the coupon and are members of the Conference are eligible to enter this contest.

LOOK! 285 BIG CASH PRIZES

1ST PRIZE - $20,000
2ND PRIZE - $10,000
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CONTEST CLOSES MAY 30TH, 1936 PRIZES AWARDED BEFORE JUNE 15TH

THIS COUPON MAY BE WORTH $20,000 TO YOU!
Jolly Baby!

BECAUSE OF HIS OLIVE OIL BABY POWDER!

Mother, after the morning bath...after every diaper change...your baby will revel in the unique comfort that Z.B.T. Baby Powder gives him. His tender skin will be grateful to the olive oil content, which makes Z.B.T. cling longer, and resist moisture better. Its superior "Slip" prevents chaffing in the creases. Free from zinc in any form, Z.B.T. is approved by Good Housekeeping and your baby. Largy 96c and 90c sizes.

Z.B.T.

SAFE because it is easier to clean

HYGEIA NURSING BOTTLE

KILL THE HAIR ROOT

The Mohler method positively prevents hair from growing again. Safe, easy, permanent. Use it privately, at home. The delightful relief it brings happiness, freedom of mind and greater success. Backed by 50 years of successful use all over the world. Send for our free booklet, "How to Destroy Superfluous Hair Permanently".

Sallie Possell sings with her famous mother, Helen Jepson.

RADIO STARS

"We think she looks like both of us," Mr. Possell said with paternal pride.

"Do you sing, too, Sallie?" I asked her. The baby gurgled and tossed her balloon. "Yes," she said then.

"Tell us what you sing with Mamma," Mr. Possell prompted.

Sallie laughed, "I sing Thais, and La Boheme," she said. And, running after her balloon, she sang—not for exhibition but just as a bird might carol for sheer joy.

"Sallie," said Helen Jepson, "do you want to take my new scarf out to Grandma? And here's my new hat!" And she put it on the child's head.

And proudly Sallie skipped out of the room, followed by her father.

Madame, of old, I thought, would have summoned a servant to remove the child—if, indeed, she would have permitted a child to be seen! But here was a mother who frankly adored her baby and knew how to handle her.

"She's taking dancing lessons," Helen said. "And next year she will begin piano lessons. She loves music."

Mr. Possell's mother and his two sisters live with them, Helen explained. "One of the sisters takes care of Sallie, and the other helps me with my mail, really does the work of a secretary for me. It's a tremendous help."

There is the background of the prima donna of today—not temperament, not tyrannies, but a happy family life built on mutual understanding and affection, mutual help.

We spoke presently of clothes. "Dress is important," said Helen Jepson. "One must try to look well. To me the quality of clothes is of greater value than their quantity. Color and line must be inspired by the best taste one can muster. . . . I have my own ideas about my clothes, but I like to go to a professional designer and talk them over with an open mind. One gets the best results that way. Jewelry," she mused, "should be worn sparingly."

And I noticed her slim graceful hands, with only the small circle of her wedding ring upon one finger. And I reflected that her taste in these matters was characteristic of her taste in all aspects of her life.

It is a busy life.

Beside her opera engagements and her radio broadcasts she is singing in concert in various parts of the country. This spring Toronto will hear her, and Flint, Michigan, Maryville, Tennessee, Chicago and Canada. And in the near future there is a movie engagement looming up. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Mr. Possell said, has offered her a contract. A year ago she went out to Hollywood, but the company with which she then was under contract was unable to get the story they wanted for her, so she came back to New York. But before many more months we shall be seeing and hearing Helen Jepson in a picture.

But however busy the days may be, however filled with triumphs and the hearty joys of operatic success, none shall lack the time for companionship with her husband and her little girl.

As I left, Helen called Sallie to say goodbye.

"I didn't know you were coming to see Mamma," Sallie said, holding out her little hand.

The big white Persian rubbed against her legs. "How do you like Dickie?" said Sallie.

"He's a very fine cat," I said. "Do you think he'll like your new balloon?"

Sallie giggled and raced Dickie on a couch.

Helen Jepson stood looking down at them, and in her dark eyes pride and glory mingled. "She's a darling!" I said softly.

And the light in the brown eyes blazed in sudden splendor.

Today's prima donna, I thought, as I said goodbye, has a sound sense of values as well as a golden voice. She doesn't mistake the ephemeral for the real.
I used to take jolting “all-at-once” cathartics—because I thought I had to. But now I’ve found the three-minute way. And what a difference it makes. At the first sign of trouble, I chew FEEN-A-MINT, the chewing-gum laxative, for three minutes; and the next morning I feel like a new person. And, best of all, with FEEN-A-MINT there are no gripping pains—no nausea—no unpleasant after-effects. It’s easy, pleasant, and thoroughly satisfactory. Children love its delicious chewing-gum flavor. 15c and 5c¢ a box.

Mrs. Gertrude Berg, famous creator of the radio serial, The Goldberg’s revives her popular dramatization of Jewish family life over the Columbia network. Mrs. Berg not only writes and produces The Goldberg’s but also plays one of the principal roles, that of Molly Goldberg.

114. SINGING SAM (CBS) .......... 49.7
Popular song specialist.

115. LAZY DAN, THE MINSTREL MAN (CBS) .......... 49.7
If you like a man who takes his time—

116. FIVE STAR JONES (CBS) .......... 48.7
Newspaper whirl.

117. MARY MARLIN (CBS) .......... 48.4
Romance.

118. JUST PLAIN BILL (CBS) .......... 47.8
Typical small town character.

119. VIC AND SADE (NBC) .......... 47.6
—and their son, Rush, make a very amusing trio.

120. VOICE OF EXPERIENCE (CBS) .......... 46.6
Friendly advice for both young and old.

121. UNCLE EZRA’S RADIO STATION (NBC) .......... 46.4
Will remind you old time listeners of the crystal set era.

122. JACK ARMSTRONG, ALL AMERICAN BOY (CBS) .......... 46.4
It may be a hard struggle, but American youth always acts out.

123. ADVENTURES OF TERRY AND TED (CBS) .......... 45.9
Could be more adventures, it seems.

124. BOBBY BENSON AND SUNNY JIM (CBS) .......... 44.8
Ranch yarns with a juvenile flavor.

125. POPEYE THE SAILOR (NBC) .......... 44.0
Somehow it misses the zip of the comic strip version.

126. TOM MIX AND HIS RALSTON STRAIGHT SHOOTERS (NBC) .......... 42.0
Cowboys and Indians.

127. MA PERKINS (NBC) .......... 41.9
Radio’s motherly character and her neighborhood problems.

128. ORPHAN ANNIE (NBC) .......... 41.4
The world famous wofl still pines the hildies.
JOLSON: Victor, there's one thing I got to tell you... you're the one guy in all the world Greta Garbo could be with... and still be alone.

VICTOR: Why—ain't I that terrible? JOLSON: Victor, if I didn't know you and somebody described you to me... I wouldn't believe it.

(ALL JOLSON and VICTOR YOUNG, on Shell Chateau.)

BAKER: I think I'll drop Lincoln a line.
BOTTLE: Don't be silly... how could you?

BAKER: I've got his Gettysburg address.
(Phil Baker and Bottle, Gulf Program.)

GRACIE: My sister's husband used to have a habit of walking around the house in a sheet... and he used to frighten her... on account of she's afraid of ghosts.

GEORGE: Walking around the house in a sheet?

GRACIE: Yeah... he used to have the sheet all wrapped around him.

GEORGE: Is he a spiritualist?

GRACIE: No... just modest.

(Burns and Allen, Campbell Program.)

BENNY: What's the thermometer today?

WILSON: Forty Jell-o zero.

BENNY: What's A T & T?

WILSON: One seventy-one.

BENNY: Buy me twenty shares of thermometer and keep the window shut... so it'll go up.

(Jack Benny, Jello Program.)

BAKER: I ought to be a great fighter, now that my nose is broken.

BOTTLE: Why?

BAKER: Now I can stop Schnellig.

(Phil Baker, Bottle, Gulf Program.)

GEORGE: Gracie... you remind me of that book, Anthony Adverse.

GRACIE: On account of I'm subtle and interesting?

GEORGE: On account of you're thick, too.

GRACIE: You know, one dark night a murder was committed and in one hour my sweethearts went out and got his man.

GEORGE: He got the murderer?

GRACIE: No... he got the man who was killed.

(Burns and Allen, Campbell Program.)

EDDIE: All right, I'll come... but is the party?

PARKYAKARKUS: The Waldorf Astoria.

EDDIE: The Waldorf? Say... that's a swell place.

PARK: Sure... we all meet there. Then we got only eight blocks to walk to the party.

(Edward Cantor and Parkyakarkus, Pebeo Program.)

BOTTLE: Oh... it's beginning to rain.

BAKER: Sh-h-h... it never rains in Miami.

BOTTLE: Oh... then isn't there a little dew on your suit?

BEETLE: Yeah... about twenty dollars!

BAKER: I thought I met you in Miami... didn't you go around with Cuban heels?

GIRL: Yeah... but I don't remember you!

(Phil Baker, Beetle and Bottle, Gulf Program.)

JACK: Miss Barefacts, are you married?

BEULAH: No.

JACK: Then how do you know so much about all these things?

BEULAH: I was a telephone operator at the Elks.

(Jack Benny, Jello Program.)

GRACIE: My daddy... he was so drunk once he fell through the ice.

GEORGE: Was he drowned?

GRACIE: No... but he was badly diluted.

(Burns and Allen, Campbell Program.)

BEETLE: I hear you won a lot of money.

BAKER: Yes... at the dog track. I won three races.

BEETLE: Boy—I'll bet you were tired after all that running.

BOTTLE: Yes... when I went fishing, I used an onion for bait.

BAKER: An onion! What were you trying to catch?

BOTTLE: Pickled herring.

(Phil Baker, Beetle and Bottle, Gulf Program.)

PORTLAND: Papa says his face is his fortune.

ALLEN: Is that why he's on relief?

(Fred Allen, Portland Hotel, Fa, Town Hall Tonight.)
ELMONT, I DON'T SEE HOW WE CAN GO TO THE RUMSON'S BRIDGE TONIGHT... I HAVEN'T A THING TO WEAR!

I WAS ALL SET TO GO... WHAT'S THAT YOU HAVE ON?

YOU OUGHT TO KNOW WHY I CAN'T WEAR THIS... WHY?

BECAUSE I WORE IT THE LAST TIME AND OF COURSE I CAN'T WEAR THE SAME DRESS TWICE IN SUCCESSION TO THE SAME PLACE.

ALL RIGHT, CUTIE... LET'S STAY HOME!

THAT'S JUST THE TROUBLE WITH YOU, ELMONT. YOU HAVE NO PRIDE!

TEN MINUTES LATER...

HOW DO YOU LIKE ME?

I LIKE YOU VERY MUCH.

WELL, DON'T STAND THERE! GET YOUR HAT AND COAT ON! I'VE CHANGED MY NAILS TO BRIGHT CUTEX CORAL AND THOSE KITTY CATS WILL NEVER REALIZE IT'S THE SAME DRESS!

It's a fact—the New Bright Cutex Nails make your oldest dress look new!

LOOK at the best dressed girls in the theatres, restaurants, at bridge parties, and see if they aren't wearing the new bright nails!

See if Cutex Ruby Nails don't pep up your oldest black "rag" and make it look new and important. Try Cutex Coral or Rust with green and Cutex Cardinal with navy blue this spring. You'll look twice as smart!

And Cutex never blotches, you know. It flows on smoothly and evenly—and stays on your nails without cracking, peeling or chipping.

8 smart shades to choose from. Creme or Clear—35¢ a bottle at your favorite store—stock up today!


Your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Polish Remover and sample of Lipstick for 14¢

Northam Warren Sales Company, Inc.
Dept. C-3-4 191 Hudson St., New York
(14 Canada, address P. O. Box 3220, Montreal.)

I enclose 14¢ for 2 shades of Cutex Polish, as checked, and Polish Remover. Coral □ Cardinal □ Rust □ Ruby □
(Also sample of Cutex Lipstick will be included)

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BING CROSBY

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY, INC.
GENERAL LIBRARY
30 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Radio Stars

WEDDING BELLS FOR KATE SMITH?

LARGEST CIRCULATION ANY RADIO MAGAZINE
New IRRESISTIBLE SWIVEL LIPSTICK!

Now—a stunning new SWIVEL case, in one quick turn of the base, will bring to your lips the luscious ripe color of IRRESISTIBLE LIP LURE. Now—an Irresistible case to match an Irresistible lipstick!

Irresistible Lip Lure gives your lips alluring appeal because of its glorious coloring, its velvet-like texture, and its indelibility. Fragrant is the kiss of Irresistible Lip Lure because it has the bouquet of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. Irresistible Powder, soft as a flower petal, completes the symphony of allure.

Try all the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Certified Pure. Laboratory tested and approved.

Irresistible LIP LURE
You know any matron would say: "That picture is disgraceful. I see no excuse for such outrageous manners." And she's right. There is no excuse—socially.

But your dentist will retort: "Excuse? The picture needs no excuse! I hope everyone sees it. More vigorous, energetic chewing like that, and a lot of gum troubles would vanish completely."

Dental science points out this fact—our gums need work, activity, exercise...and our modern soft-food diet does not give it to them. It's our creamy, well-cooked foods that are primarily to blame for sensitive, ailing gums—for the more frequent appearance of that dental warning—"pink tooth brush."

"Pink Tooth Brush" is a warning. "Pink tooth brush" is simply a distress signal! When you see it—see your dentist. The chances are relatively small that you are in for a serious gum disorder—but your dentist should make the decision. Usually, however, it only means gums that have grown tender and flabby under our modern soft food diet—gums that need more exercise, more stimulation—and as your dentist will so often advise—gums that need the help of Ipana and massage.

Ipana is especially designed to benefit your gums as well as clean your teeth. Rub a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. You'll feel those lazy gums quicken. You'll feel new circulation waken the tissues and soon you'll feel a new healthy firmness in the gum walls themselves...So improve your good looks. Heighten the charm of your smile. Make a definite start toward complete oral health...Change to Ipana and massage today.
HERE’S HOW I DID IT

"A friend told me how to clear up that logy, bilious, ‘all-run-down’ condition caused by constipation. Before I went to bed last night, I chewed delicious FEENA-MINT for 3 minutes. * It’s this chewing, they tell me, that makes FEENA-MINT so much more effective. Well, it worked wonders for me. Today I’m fresh and rested—feel like a new person. This easy 3-minute way is so much nicer than taking harsh, gripping, ‘gulped’ cathartics."

FEENA-MINT is fine for children too. No urging necessary to make them take FEENA-MINT, because they love its cool, fresh, minty chewing-gum flavor. And it’s not habit-forming. Go to your druggist today and get a generous family-sized supply of delicious FEENA-MINT. Only 10¢ or 25¢. Slightly higher in Canada.

* Longer if you wish.
They were BORN to play these roles

You never saw two stars more perfectly suited to portray the "male-and-female" of this great drama of San Francisco's bravest days! Clark Gable, owner of a gambling hell and Jeanette MacDonald as the innocent girl, stranded in a wicked city! Their first time together on the screen... and it's an electrifying thrill!

HERE'S A LOVE SONG FOR YOU!

It's called "WOULD YOU"!
The composers of "Alone" (Brown and Freed) have written a new one called "WOULD YOU". Try it on YOUR sweetheart for exciting results... but first hear Jeanette MacDonald sing it. The screen's beautiful songbird also sings a thrilling number... "SAN FRANCISCO" in addition to "THE JEWEL SONG" and "MANON".

Clark
GABLE
Jeanette
MAC DONALD

IN
San Francisco

WITH
Spencer TRACY

Jack Holt · Ted Healy · Jesse Ralph

Directed by W. S. Van Dyke

A METRO - GOLDWYN - MAYER Picture

See the "Paradise" hottest spot of Frisco's most daring days... with Clark managing!

See New Year's Eve revels in San Francisco... with champagne flowing in fountains!

See "The Chickens' Ball"... with a pot of gold for the most popular entertainer!

See a gala first night at the Tivoli Opera House... Jeanette MacDonald the glamorous star!

See San Francisco in flames... a roaring cauldron of death and destruction!
"Now let's get this straight, Georgie-Porgie," says Gracie Allen to George Burns as they read over their scripts for their merry Wednesday evening show.

HAVE YOU GOT WHAT IT TAKES?
DO you want to write a radio script? Or to be one of radio's singing stars? Or do you fancy yourself as a comedian on the air?

If you cherish a secret ambition for a career along any of these lines, here are some of the essential requirements for success in these special fields of radio entertainment:

COURTENAY SAVAGE, head of the CBS dramas and continuity department, offers these tips on script writing:

"The first requirements," Savage says, "are vividness and clarity of action, through dialogue rather than narration. Next, each character must be addressed by name as soon as he or she comes into the scene. There must always be at least two persons before the microphone. On the other hand, too many characters in a script lead to confusion, due to the difficulty of keeping unseen actors in mind."

As to the proper length of a script, Mr. Savage says: "A fifteen-minute script should average thirteen or fourteen double-spaced typewritten pages, providing the dialogue is not too short. Dialogue should be crisp, but not monosyllabic. A half-hour program requires from twenty-three to thirty pages."

(Continued on page 95)
Imagine! You can keep your whole wardrobe colorful ... fresh ... appealingly dainty all season long for less than a quarter! Yes, that's all it costs you when you buy "Ivory-washables."

And this year it's so easy to find sports clothes, afternoon dresses—even evening clothes—that will come out of Ivory Flakes suds looking like new. Because many fine stores and dress manufacturers have arranged to have fabrics tested by 6 Ivory washings. So keep your "Ivory-washables" lovely with chiffon-thin flakes of the soap that's pure enough for a baby's skin. Your clothes will stay bright ... crisp. And you'll always be ready to go places and have fun!
"How I ended constipation"

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribe and swear to before me.

IRMUW MERRICK NOTARY PUBLIC

I was miserable with constipation. My husband suggested yeast, but I hated the taste.

"Then I discovered Yeast Foam Tablets. I liked them, and they have certainly helped me.

"Now my weight's normal and I'm like a new person. I wouldn't be without your tablets."

WHY LET constipation keep you run-down, listless, nervous and tired when permanent relief may be yours so easily? Take comfort from the above true story of another sufferer. For this is not just advertising promises, but the actual experience of one of the thousands who write to tell how Yeast Foam Tablets have ended their suffering and restored them to vigorous health.

There's no more need to make yourself the victim of habit-forming catartics. Yeast Foam Tablets help restore normal digestive and eliminative functions without irritation. Rich in needed tonic elements, this pleasant, pasteurized yeast has banished constipation, headaches and other symptoms for thousands bringing back the normal healthy glow of the skin—the natural pep—and the surging energy of buoyant health!

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today.

Do not accept a substitute. Send for Free Sample.

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets. MM-6-36

1. THE PHILHARMONIC SYMPHONY SOCIETY OF NEW YORK (CBS) ... 91.0% Month after month, always first choice with radio sets.
2. FORD SUNDAY EVENING HOUR (CBS) ... 88.6
Symphonic music rules the air waves.
3. GENERAL MOTORS CONCERTS (NBC) ... 85.0 Interesting that the first three most popular programs should be symphonic.
4. JACK BENNY, MARY LIVINGSTONE, KENNY BAKER AND JOHNNY GREEN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC) ... 84.3 Still driving all the competition.
5. TOWN HALL TONIGHT (NBC) ... 83.6 Fred Allen has taught Jack Benny the mean.
6. LUX RADIO THEATRE (CBS) ... 83.3 Successful Broadway plays occasionally condensed to an hour's entertainment.
7. FLEISCHMANN HOUR (NBC) ... 82.1 Ruby Valley is still tops in the variety field.
8. CITIES SERVICE CONCERT ORCHESTRA (NRC) ... 82.2 Jess DRagnolette continues to lead the way for symphonies.
9. THE ZIEGFELD FOLLIES (CBS) ... 82.2 Fannie Brice, Benny Fields, Patie Chapin and Al Goodman's music are the highlights.
10. A & P GYPSIES (NBC) ... 81.5 Harry Hulick, conductor, knows exactly what listeners enjoy in music.
11. ONE MAN'S FAMILY (NBC) ... 81.5 If ever a program was designed for a specific audience.
12. ED WYNN (CBS) ... 81.4 They always sound like new when Ed tells you Sante Huston's music.
13. Bing Crosby with Jimmy Dorsey's Orchestra (NBC) ... 81.5 They're all a member of it. Radio drama at its best.
14. ED WYNN (CBS) ... 81.4 They always sound like new when Ed tells you Sante Huston's music.
15. THE MAGIC KEY OF R.C.A. (NBC) ... 80.6 Recent source of the Distinctive Service to Radio award.
16. CHESTERFIELD PROGRAM (CBS) ... 80.1 Vivio Martin, Ross Pincus and the music of Roger Sessions counted by fans in the other categories.
17. FRED WARING'S PENNSYLVANIAN ORCHESTRA (CBS) ... 79.8 Fred Waring's Pennsylvania Orchestra has been his basic pitch.
18. SWIFT STUDIO PARTY (NBC) ... 77.3 Loyd Harron is the best head man on this show and doing nicely.
19. JOHN CHARLES THOMAS (NBC) ... 76.7 John Charles Thomas' program is the choice of some重要因素 for the majority.
20. VOICE OF FIRESTONE (NBC) ... 75.5 Margaret Whiting, Woody Herman, and Walsh's music impresses.
21. LOMBARDO ROAD (CBS) ... 74.7 Lombardo's distinctive sound.
22. ON THE AIR WITH LUD GLUSKIN (CBS) ... 73.8 Lud Gluskin's records.
23. SALT LAKE CITY TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA (CBS) ... 73.6 Salt Lake City.
24. HOUR OF CHARM (CBS) ... 73.4 Phil Spitalny conducting an all-girl ensemble. Remarkable really done.
25. HOLLYWOOD HOTEL (CBS) ... 73.3 The seven stars in picture previously with NBC Forward and Jack Pennel on charge.
26. PHIL BAKER—HALL KEMP'S ORCHESTRA (CBS) ... 73.1 Like the old times.
27. AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMOUS MUSIC (NRC) ... 72.4 Your favorite beautifully rendered by Frank Chinn.
28. RICHARD HUMBER AND HIS STUDY BAND (CBS) ... 72.5 The Stry Marks will report your.
29. BOAKE CARTER (CBS) ... 72.5 Favorite commentator of the critics.
30. CALCAVADER OF AMERICA (CBS) ... 71.6 Important American historical events, dramatically enacted.
31. THE SINGING LADY (NBC) ... 71.3 Personality for the kids, but grows on you until you enjoy her.
32. JACK HYLTON IN "YOU SHALL HAVE MUSIC" (CBS) ... 71.1 An English Imperator, Dick Powell, and thoroughly American.
33. LOWELL THOMAS (NBC) ... 71.0 The news.
34. EDWIN C. HILL (NBC) ... 70.8 Recital of the hour for the hour.
35. PAUL WHITEMAN'S MUSICAL VARIETIES (NBC) ... 70.0 Superb entertainment, with Paul performing perfectly as a casual master of ceremonies.
36. PARTIES AT PICKFARR (CBS) ... 70.0 Off to a poor start, but Mary Pickford improves and saves it.
37. BURNS AND ALLEN (CBS) ... 70.5 Grace is still the funniest comedians on the air. Free advertising material available.
38. AMOS AND ANDY (NBC) ... 70.4 Practical comedy.
39. FIRST NIGHTER WITH BETTY LOU Gerson and Dom Anache (NBC) ... 70.3 Amazing original radio plays, splendidly done.
40. JOSE MANZANARES AND HIS SOUTH AMERICANS (CBS) ... 70.2
41. SHELL CHATEAU (NBC) ... 70.0 And always aptly and from all fields of activity.

C. L. Kern Indianapolis Star, Indianapolis, Ind.
Larry Wolfer Chicago Record-Herald, Ill.
James E. Chinn Evening Post, Washington, D. C.
Ben Mendoza Kansas City Star, Kansas City, Mo.
Joe Hoeffer Buffalo Evening News, Buffalo, N. Y.

Si Steinbohner Pittsburgh Press, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Dale Rider Houston Chronicle, Houston, Texas
Paul Kennedy Cincinnati Post, Cincinnati, O.
Chuck Gay Dayton Daily News, Dayton, O.
Vivien M. Gardner Wisconsin News, Milwaukee, Wis.

Radio Stars
His Waning Love
KINDLED AGAIN!

There's betty crying. I'd like to kick that flannel of hers for rushing Peg all evening... It isn't all his fault. You run along. I want to talk to betty.

Betty, dear. I want to tell you a personal secret. Peg and I learned in Paris last summer...

Betty, you're adorable. Always so fresh and sweet. I love you more each day!

It was nice of Helen to tell me. This Mavis has such a lovely fragrance. It's so feminine! And what a pleasant way to keep dainty.

Start the day—and the evening—with MAVIS... it gives you that alluring all-over fragrance.

Mavis is more than a talcum... its tantalizing fragrance is so feminine—so Parisian! Always before you dress, clothe yourself in Mavis' gay allure. Don't consider your bath complete until you have dusted yourself all over with Mavis Talcum. Mavis is pure, soft as velvet, silken-fine. It protects your skin from drying, soothes it, keeps it young. And its clinging fragrance gives you a mysterious scented charm that men adore!

Mavis Talcum in 2 3/4, 30c and 81 sizes at drug and department stores—convenient 10c size at 3 and 10c stores. We invite you to try Mavis—use coupon below.

MAVIS
Genuine Mavis Talcum
IN THE RED CONTAINER

V. Vivaoudo, Inc., 680 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
I enclose 10c. Please send by return mail the convenient size of Mavis Talcum—so I can try its fragrant loveliness.

Name.
Address.
City.
State.

MAVIS
Genuine Mavis Talcum
IN THE RED CONTAINER

(Continued on page 10)
WHEN Jessica Dragonette had her hair cut, that was almost front page news. Jessica, with her honey-colored waist-length tresses, seemed like some Mid-Victorian angel. Then she proposed having her hair cut. Her family protested. Her business advisers protested. Her fans protested. But Jessica did it. With the result—a more modern, more smartly coiffed, younger-looking Jessica.

Some predicted dire things for Jessica's career, once her crowning glory was clipped into a Twentieth century bob. They said: "She has spoiled our picture of her. Now she is 'just another girl.'" But Jessica hasn't spoiled our picture of her. Events have since shown that she is just as strong as ever in the affections of the millions who admire her. And Jessica never will be "just another girl."

Most of us have long since learned how much easier short hair is to brush, to keep well groomed and waved. How much more younifying it is. And how much cooler! The day I read of Jessica Dragonette's spirited trip to the hairdressers, I decided that Jessica was a girl after any beauty editor's heart. She has spunk. She has courage. She has common sense. And in addition, needless to say, beauty and intelligence.

Since that day I have wanted to get Jessica to pose for us with her hairbrush in hand, her smart coiffure the highlight of attention. But I had the good fortune to have her graciously pose not only for that particular illustration, but for the whole complete trio of brushes for beauty.

Jessica says that one important secret of the health and gloss of her hair is her regular use of the hairbrush. She brushes her hair regularly with a vibrating motion which stimulates the scalp but doesn't disturb the wave. With a certain clever type of hairbrush, it is possible to vibrate the brush in a movement which conforms with the undulations in the hair and does not spoil the wave. Of course, Jessica's hair is naturally wavy, so she doesn't have to worry, as most of us do, about disturbing a "fresh set."

This particular type of hairbrush that I mentioned has uneven cut bristles so cleverly tufted that the irregular bristle trim does not stretch the wave but gives the hair a greater tendency to curl naturally by increasing its buoyancy and elasticity. Hairdressers recommend it especially for permanently waved hair.

The regular and correct use of a good hair-brush brings out the full radiance and charm of the hair. It increases hair beauty by a healthy stimulation of the scalp circulation, by aiding the even distribution of the natural oils that feed the hair and by loosening and removing dead cuticle and scaly deposits from the hair and scalp.

Jessica's skin is delicate and translucent, part of her flower-like charm.

Br�µs for Beauty! Jessica Dragonette

KEE µ YO U N G AND
beautiful

By Mary Biddle

A hair-brush with irregular bristles stimulates the scalp but doesn't disturb the wave.

A small nail brush does an excellent job of cleansing and whitening hands and nails.

Nothing applied to the surface of the skin, believes the exquisite Jessica, can be of any benefit unless there is a basic, scrupulous cleanliness. She finds a soft complexion brush a valuable aid in cleansing.

Many of you write me to ask whether you should use a complexion brush, and if so, how it should be used. A complexion brush is of great help because it combines in its use the three factors necessary for skin health (1) it cleanses, (2) it massages, and (3) it stimulates. The friction of the bristles helps to stimulate the skin so that it can throw off accumulations. The bristles can get into the crevices of the nose and the depression of the chin where blackheads lodge in the greatest number, much better than can a wash cloth or the fingertips. The correct way to use a complexion brush is this: First saturate the brush with a generous lather of facial soap. Using a rotary manipulation, similar to the movements of a clock, upward, outward, and around, work the brush over the face without pulling or stretching the skin. After a thorough scrubbing, rinse the face—first in warm water to remove the lather and particles brought to the surface, then with cold water and your favorite skin tonic to contract the pores. Now that the weather is getting warmer, it's a smart idea to keep your skin tonic in the refrigerator, where it always will be cold and ready for use and doubly refreshing.

The particular complexion brush that Jessica is using is egg-shaped, and fits perfectly into the hand. Its bristles stimulate the circulation but they are soft enough not to irritate the skin.
The bristles of the complexion brush stimulate but do not hurt the skin.

Jessica's hands are like her. There is almost a spiritual quality about their tapered delicacy and yet they are strong and characterful. They are exquisite, lily-like, and the fingertips have a polish of natural pink.

A small nail brush, such as Jessica is shown using, can do an excellent job of cleansing and whitening the hands and nails. The bristles get in and under the nail bed and edge. Especially in this season of enthusiastic gardening.

... When you're planting your new zinnias, you will most certainly need some sessions with the hand brush.

When you talk beauty in terms of circulation, you're talking truth! Hair and complexions all stand in need of a spring housecleaning and that means a lot of brushing and polishing.

Along with your brushing and scalp massage, give yourself a series of hot oil treatments if you're planning to get a new spring permanent. I'm all agog about a brand new type of permanent-waving machine. It is nothing short of miraculous and one of the amazing things about it is the fact that it has no overhead wires. The machine itself looks for all the world like a de luxe radio cabinet, and, with the aid of green lights and red lights and a musical bell, it gives a permanent in one minute and a half. It reverses the usual method of getting the customer fastened into the heater-clamps before turning on the heat, for with this method the heater-clamps are applied at their maximum heat, cooling off while on the head.

(Continued on page 94)

For a smooth, soft skin—

Give me Camay

GLOUCESTER, MASS.

Like most women, I've tried many beauty aids. But for a smooth, soft skin—give me Camay.

Sincerely,

(Signed) Viano Tobey
(Mrs. George E. Tobey)

December 7, 1934

New England can well be proud of Viano Tobey—she has that wonderful pale gold hair... smiling hazel eyes—and her skin... well, she's proud of it herself and gives Camay most of the credit.

Mrs. Tobey keeps her skin soft, smooth and attractive with Camay. Camay can do this for you, too, you know. It cleanses thoroughly, but ever so gently... that's because it is made milder, far milder!

Just try Camay. Then see for yourself whether your skin isn't softer, smoother—lovelier to look at! And Camay's price is so very low you should get at least half a dozen cakes today.

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.

CAMAY

The Soap of Beautiful Women
IT HAS often been said that the best cooks in the world are men and that the best judges of cooking also are members of the male sex. All this is open to argument, of course. But there is no question in my mind that the surest way to learn about some interesting dishes and the best way to get a good slant on masculine food tastes is to ask a bachelor what he likes to eat. For a bachelor, after all, eats what he pleases, when he pleases and where he pleases—which makes it fairly certain that he can give us gals some pretty useful pointers on the sort of foods that are sure to make a hit with men in general and our own "preferred" male in particular. Especially when the bachelor in question is as charming as Frank Parker, whom I interviewed recently.

For the good spirits of this handsome tenor star of radio and screen are infectious and his affable attitude is of the sort to win an interviewer's appreciation. Within a minute after meeting Mr. Parker I was completely at ease and Frank had promised to talk without reservations on "What a bachelor likes to eat—and why!" Furthermore he had agreed to pose at his own apartment in the very act of eating his favorite salad combination.

This happened backstage at Columbia's Little Theatre of the Air, where a rehearsal for the regular Saturday evening broadcast of the Atlantic Family was in progress. These rehearsals are even more amusing than is listening to this gay half hour of entertainment over the air. For Frank displays a sense of humor and a feeling for fun not usually associated with tenors. While the other star of the program, Bob Hope, puts in merry asides which add to the gaiety of the occasion although not included in the script.

When Frank stepped up to the microphone, however, everyone in the darkened auditorium and on the stage paid him the compliment of their complete and admiring attention. He sang for this small but appreciative audience the same songs that would be heard the next evening by a vast army of admirers.

The rehearsal over, on we went to Frank's apartment: secretary, publicity manager, photographer and yours truly! And our genial host, of course, not one whit perturbed.
Introducing some tempting dishes and tips on masculine tastes

by the unexpectedly augmented gathering. There again you have the bachelor slant on things. Here there was no need to worry about the home reception, for such informal gatherings are expected and welcomed. And certainly by now no party of five or even fifty could surprise Lucetta, the colored maid who, soon after our arrival, was busily at work concocting Frank’s favorite light luncheon dish in the Parker kitchen.

This “snack” lunch consists of a salad and hamburger combination, attractively served on a single plate, with coffee as the only accompaniment. It is not followed by a dessert, either, for Frank does not care for sweets. But if the usual masculine sweet-tooth is missing, the familiar masculine liking for shell fish, cheese and meat dishes is pronounced.

I asked Frank what he likes to eat and you’ll hear about steaks, lobster, Welsh Rarebit and the like.

“Aw, Honey, I’ve never met your father—how’d I know? Besides, it’s not his fault if his shirts look gray—who washes them so badly?”

“My mother does—and goodbye!”

“Hey, above, who hit you, Son?”

“My girl did! I made a crack about her father’s dingy shirts—then I said her mother didn’t wash ’em right—and now I’ve got the gate!”

FEW WEEKS LATER—

“Pshaw, we’ll patch that up. My own washes used to have tattle-tale gray— and it wasn’t my fault. The trouble was left-over dirt. Tell your girl her mother ought to change to Fels-Naptha as I did. That golden soap is so full of naptha that every bit of dirt goes.”

“Say, Looks like we’re going to have a wedding soon.”

“Sh-h-h! He may be calling you ‘Dad’—but he’ll never call you ‘gray mouse’ again. Since he tipped us off to Fels-Naptha Soap, my washes would make a snow-man jealous!”

Banish “Tattle-Tale Gray” with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!
They had told me that Kate Smith has no glamour. They had said I would find her amusing but much less fascinating than the Joan Crawfords, Marlene Dietrichs, Kay Francisess I have spent half-a-life interviewing. I would like Kate Smith, they said, but I would find nothing I could write about her.

As usual, "they"—the gossips who can tell you all about famous people—were wrong. Frighfully wrong. Kate Smith has that kind of glamour which is the greatest of all! The glamour which does not lie on the surface glaring like snow in a bright sun, but the glamour of real womanhood which lies hidden deeply with heart and the soul, more glorious because it never has been flaunted or paraded.

God does curious things when he shapes his human beings. He gives a Marlene Dietrich the most bautiful ankles in the world, and gives Joan Crawford that dynamic something which makes all tingle to the electrical current radiating from her. He gives Kate Smith a big body—one which has weighed from 225 to 240 pounds since she was a youngster. And yet, despite ankles and dynamos and large bodies, down underneath He created them all—women. Just women.

Kate Smith is woman. Just woman. She faced life at twenty, when she was slipping out of adolescence, as does every other young woman! "Here I am! I am Kate Smith with the heart and the soul and the body which God gave me. What am I going to do about it?"

Love! Ah, love, after all, is the most important thing in the world to a woman. We try to deny it. We do deny it. It is the one lie we all tell—we women who try to substitute professions for it. We say we prefer fame. We pretend we are willing to sacrifice for money, position, influence, the one real thrill of being women. We know we lie but we hope the world does not know it.

I do not know the suffering Kate Smith had as a youngster, but I can easily imagine it. Although I was not as large as Kate, still I was over-big when I was an adolescent. My playmates called me Fatty Greenfield. The "Fatty" was for my size; the "Greenfield" for my lack of sophistication. Fat little girls, at whom the boys laugh rather than kiss behind syringa bushes, never become sophisticated. They have no opportunity to learn sophistication.

And as the boys, and sometimes the girls, teased me because my body was not cute and shapely, so they must have teased Kate Smith. My face was not "un-pretty"; Kate's was and is very pretty. But our faces were overshadowed by our bodies. The other children could not see either our faces or our souls because of the bulwark Nature had placed before them.

I doubt if grown-ups ever suffer as much as children do. A child who is singled out as "different" from other children is the real Pagliacci of any community. She pretends she doesn't care but down underneath she becomes an inferno—a scething, boiling cauldron burning up all other emotions into one: determination. Not resentment but determination. She doesn't blame the other children. They can't help it. She doesn't blame God. His work is done. But she makes up her mind to "show 'em." She decides to become somebody, somebody really great, somebody so important that these others will see utterly unimportant.

Kate Smith today is twenty-six. She has accomplished her determination in a very few years. Few women could have done it, but few women have the determination of this woman. Few women have her energy, her honesty.
LOVE?

Woman in America

her singularity of purpose. And yet her road has not been easy. It has been Hades—again and again.

What did she have to use as equipment for her battle to “show ‘em”? Only what God had given her. A body too big—but a body which looked funny. (And when any of us have anything which “looks funny,” we have a certain something to sell. The finest kind of entertainment is what looks or sounds “funny”.) And in addition—that voice. A voice which is as natural, as spontaneous as the gurgles of a baby.

Honeymoon Lane and Flying High were stage shows which made Kate Smith instantaneously successful. She made people laugh. She made them listen. And she made herself the most miserable young woman in America.

She’s perfectly frank about it. Kate Smith is so honest she could do anything but frank, even about her own suffering. “I took the laughs and I was the stooge. Bert Ahr didn’t like it. He didn’t do anything off-stage. He waited until we were on the stage. Then he put lines which weren’t written in the script. He made extra fun of me. I hated every moment of it. Earl Warren wouldn’t do anything about it because it made people laugh. I add up my mind to leave the stage when my contract was up and become a nurse. I never missed a row, even though I ended each one linking I never could go through other.”

And that wasn’t all. A young woman, yearning with all the normal emotions of any young woman, the page among the other girls of the same age. Lovely young girls with lovely young bodies who praded in a dazzling chorus. The_FAIL coached her—but they smiled at the chorus. They went back stage and hung around the door waiting for the beautiful girls to emerge and smile at them or accept their other invitations. But they didn’t smile at Kate or ask her to dinner.

She happened to pass out and ... (Continued on page 64)
We won’t keep you in suspense. Ed Wynn—Gulliver to you—came back to radio after an eight-months absence because you and Betsy and Bill Jones could not get along without him. This is literally true.

His is one of the few cases in entertainment history where you, the audience, got up and demanded that a star come back. And having insisted politely, crisped, written letters and telephoned—you had your way. He came back. Ed Wynn should go down in the annals of radio as the man who really, truly and on the level was “brought back by popular request.” In most other cases I know, “Popular Request” is a phrase invented by the management—a device for persuading the public to remain interested.

The story has never been told before—here it is for the first time.

Radio, as you know, is the youngest of the arts. Yet its history already is scarred with the tragedies of the large number of men and women who have failed. Don’t we all remember stars ballyhooed to microphone glory and then heard from no more? I can think of a dozen. How many stage and movie stars can we tick off, stars of established reputation who came blithely to the mike, confidence in every accent, and then—zingo!

Yes, what happened to Maurice Chevalier? Radio yanked him right off the top of the world, finished him for the theater, the movies and the mike. If you doubt these episodes are tragic, you have only to sit with a star, day in, day out, watching the fan mail dwindle down to one letter a day, and then to the postman’s, “Nothing for you today, Mr. . . .”

Well, that was the tragedy which folks, who thought

**Ed Wynn Was Forced To**

they knew, figured had come to Ed Wynn when he took off his Fire Chief’s helmet and left the Texaco program, The boys in the corridor and the boys at the bars—the journalistic noblemen who think keyholes are monocles—they said: “There goes Ed Wynn. He was great in his time. But he’s giggled into a network for the last time.”

Here are the facts which say they were wrong: Ed Wynn left Texaco for several reasons. First, Ed Wynn had been doing the Fire Chief program for over three years. I was shownman enough to feel that the time had come to give the public something else.

Secondly, he was tired. Unlike other topflight comedians, Ed used no gagman—no script writer; he did it himself, with last joke and “so-o-o-o-o oh.” He had been doing it for a long time.

Finally, he was staggering under a load of domes and legal troubles that would have broken the back of weaker man. Listen, you who retire to a sanitarium when you get bawled out by the boss, Gulliver was bawled by something more than 115 people—all claims money as a result of his attempt to start a new broadcasting chain. His wife and mother were ill. He himself was down physically; every time a door slammed his nerves did a tap dance.

So Ed Wynn left the NBC studios, stood a moment on the sidewalk taking long deep breaths. He was free, for the first time in twenty years! And he loved it.

“Tragic” sensation.

“I was miserable and run down and I decided that never would go back to radio again,” he told me.
Gulliver does his stuff before the mike in the old, familiar fashion.

RETURN!

I wanted was to go away somewhere, where I didn’t have to answer the telephone, where there were no gags to think of, no autograph collectors... and so I went home to where my boat was anchored. It’s a big boat and we had been using it to live on—like a houseboat. I got on the boat and soon I heard the sweet sound an anchor makes coming up out of the mud. We were on our way—to the first real rest of my career.”

In a little more than three years Ed Wynn has earned from radio something over a million dollars—yet he hated it. He was tired of the entire business of entertainment. Here he was sprawled on the deck—no longer a celebrity, simply Ed Wynn, private citizen—sailing up the coast of Maine to meet a few old friends, do a little fishing, and see his son perform in a little summer resort stock company.

Sitting in his dressing-room the other day after rehearsal, taking the make-up off his face with smears of cold cream, he sighed:

“Oh, I had a wonderful time—a wonderful time! Five months of it. Sailing here, sailing there, talking over old times with a friend—no noise, no (Continued on page 72)

Now Pond’s softens the harsh glare of the sun on your skin... flatters you—with new “Sunlight” powder shades. “Sunlight” shades are scientifically blended to catch only the softest rays of the sun... give you in glaring summer, the becoming color of soft spring sunshine itself! Flattering with lightest tan, deep tan, or no tan at all! Completely away from the old dark “sun-tan” powders.

MONEY-BACK TRIAL—Try Pond’s Sunlight shade (Light or Dark). If you do not find it more flattering than ordinary sun-tan shades, send us back the box and we will refund purchase price plus postage. Pond’s, Clinton, Conn.

-BUT THAT WASN'T THE REAL REASON SHE COULDN'T GET A JOB

THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR TELLING ME ABOUT THESE JOBS, MRS. WHITE- I'LL START RIGHT IN TRYING TO LAND ONE, TOMORROW-

MY DEAR, I'M GOING TO BE VERY PERSONAL. I THINK THE TROUBLE MAY BE YOUR SKIN. HAVE YOU EVER TRIED EATING FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST TO CLEAR UP THOSE PIMPLES?

SAY, MISS BAKER, I'VE GOT STILL ANOTHER TRADE- LAST FOR YOU-

JIMMY, ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE NOT MAKING UP ALL THE NICE THINGS YOU TELL ME?

THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR TELLING ME ABOUT THESE JOBS, MRS. WHITE- I'LL START RIGHT IN TRYING TO LAND ONE, TOMORROW-

MOTHER... I'VE GOT A JOB! IT'S WHERE ALICE WORKS... AND SHE SAYS ONE REASON THEY TOOK ME WAS BECAUSE THEY LIKED MY LOOKS! I MUST TELL MRS. WHITE!!

AND BE SURE TO THANK HER AGAIN FOR TELLING YOU ABOUT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST!

I COULDN'T TAKE ON A GIRL WITH PIMPLES LIKE THAT!

NEXT DAY

I'M SORRY, MISS BAKER, BUT I THINK MRS. WHITE MISUNDERSTOOD ME. WE REALLY NEED SOMEONE WITH MORE EXPERIENCE

LATER

MOTHER... I’VE GOT A JOB! IT’S WHERE ALICE WORKS... AND SHE SAYS ONE REASON THEY TOOK ME WAS BECAUSE THEY LIKED MY LOOKS! I MUST TELL MRS. WHITE!!

AND BE SURE TO THANK HER AGAIN FOR TELLING YOU ABOUT FLEISCHMANN’S YEAST!

Don't let Adolescent Pimples be a handicap to YOU

AFTER the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer—many young people are troubled by pimples.

During these years, important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin and pimples break out.

Fleischmann’s fresh Yeast is often prescribed to help get rid of adolescent pimples. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then—pimples go!

Eat 3 cakes daily—one about ½ hour before each meal. Eat it regularly—plain, or in a little water—until your skin clears. Start today!

-cleans the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated
The Ziegfeld Follies, starring Fannie Brice, Benny Fields, Patti Chapin, Al Goodman and his orchestra, is, like the famous stage show series, gay, tuneful and skillfully presented. The late Florenz Ziegfeld firmly believed in an elaborate presentation for his artists, convinced that if they didn't get attention, the presentation would. When both clicked, it meant a smash hit! Which explains the success of the air version—the artists and presentation are both attention-getters.

It is an extraordinarily good musical show. Broadway at its merriest. You well appreciate the fame of Fannie Brice, who, despite it, works as conscientiously as ever. The veteran Benny Fields and lovely Patti Chapin do likewise. All perform with that air of certainty which comes only of knowing they're in a hit.

To The Ziegfeld Follies, a delightfully conceived hour of cheerful entertainment with exceptional talent, marvelous material, expert presentation and believable commercial announcements, RADIO STARS Magazine presents its award for Distinguished Service to Radio.

Fanny Brice as Baby Snooks

—Editor.
"All sheerest horror is in sound," says Boris Karloff, who thinks radio the best medium for horror thrills.
seemed, I thought, an unlikely haven for ghosts. A ping-pong table occupied the low-ceiled gallery running the length of the living-room. Sunny canaries chirped and trilled in their cages. The stiff-patterned lace of olive trees brushed the roof. A radio hummed in a distant room.

Rather precipitately I said to Mr. Karloff: "Is the house haunted? Do you believe in ghosts?"

"If you should ask me, really," Boris Karloff was saying, his pipe clamped comfortably between his teeth, "I would say that the most authentic ghosts, possibly the only ghosts of today, are the ghosts released by science to roam the earth and the ether. The voices which come, bodiless, over stations KFI and KHJ and others. If one can believe in the radio . . . if one realizes that one is listening to the chimes of Westminster, to the voice of Mahatma Gandhi in India, to the voice of Mussolini in Italy . . . then one easily should be able to believe that even the next world can communicate with us if we have the properly sensitized receiving apparatus, if our 'channels' are clear and open . . .

"One of the future developments of radio," said Boris Karloff gravely, "may be to establish long-wave contact ethereal—the world beyond."

Mr. Karloff has been on the Shell Hour. He has been on the Fleischmann Hour with Rudy Vallee. But has turned down more radio offers than he has accepted because, to him, radio is the most far-reaching, the most penetrating, the most vitally important medium in the world. And he will do nothing unless he feels that what he does is right for him. He will not appear gratis, on any of the social hours. He is the one star in Hollywood who dared to turn down a well-known columnist when she invited him to appear on her guest-hour program. He said: "I had a very good reason for refusing. I do not believe that an artist who works for his living should be expected to perform gratis for the sake of doing so. If it is for charity, that is different. Otherwise—no."

On the Shell and Fleischmann hours Mr. Karloff has done scenes from Death Takes A Holiday and Jekyll and Hyde and other famous plays. He first did Death Takes A Holiday on the Shell Hour and when Rudy Vallee heard it he was so impressed with the Karloff voice and rendition that he asked him to do the same scenes on his hour.

And here is the strangest (Continued on page 60)
THE FIRST time Fannie Brice appeared on the air was twelve years ago . . . with me. It was a radio interview. The station WEAF, then situated on Cortlandt Street.

Of course, in those days, Miss Brice and her fellow actors didn't take this microphone business seriously. Why should they? It was only a means of getting a little extra publicity and was something of an adventure, but as a way of making money? Don't be silly, child! You only earn money in the theatre and in the movies, if you're very beautiful.

Fannie was a good sport. Genuinely interested in anything new. So she promised to broadcast an interview with me. I wrote it out beforehand, then an unheard of procedure. All she had to do was to read the typewritten pages.

We were due at the station at quarter to eight. I remember being very nervous during dinner. I thought we'd never make it. Fannie wouldn't hurry. She loves to eat. And, after all, what was radio anyway? And suppose she did get there late, what difference would a few minutes make? So Fanny reasoned. We left her house, a private residence between Riverside and West End Avenue, at about seven-thirty. Somehow we did get to WEAF on time.

As soon as we faced the microphone Fannie, usually the personification of poise, started to tremble. Her hands shook as they held the manuscript.

Later, on the way to the theater, where she was appearing in an edition of Mr. Ziegfeld's Follies, Fanny explained: "It was such a weird feeling. Besides, I hate to read lines. I like to know my material."

We went on to talk of other things. She happened to mention that she had purchased the house in which she was then living from a family named Colgate.

Neither of us dreamed that, years later, the same Colgate family would pay her to star before one of those weird microphones in Palmolive's Ziegfeld Follies of the Air.

They are her sponsors for a long while to come. She has signed a year's contract (it has its options), but at the end of the year, if they still want her and she wants them, Fannie Brice receives a weekly raise of twenty-five hundred dollars.

And as Frank Fay said of it: "That's some raise!"
the Follies

of the Ziegfeld Follies, says some

By Nanette Kutner

"I don't know," said Fannie. "I would have preferred in driblets. This way they get all the breaks. And I'd like to go away in the summer. Can't we change it, ill?"

"I'm afraid not. It's too late," said Mr. Rose. Billy Rose, Fannie Brice's producer-husband, made the deal. Here enters the astuteness of Fannie. She certainly is smart enough to handle her own business affairs. He is one of the cleverest women I know, so clever that he fully realizes the value of femininity and plays up to the intellect of a man. Mr. Rose is her manager. She says what he says.

"And I don't have to bother with the advertising men, don't know one of these agencies from another," said Miss Brice. This was three nights before her first broadcast in The Ziegfeld Follies of the Air. We were seated in her dressing-room, backstage of the Shuberts' Ziegfeld Follies. Frank Fay, fresh from his Vallee triumphs, Ann Pennington, who is Fannie Brice's girl chum. Billy Rose, Adele, Fannie's maid, a trained nurse and myself.

Due to illness Fannie already had missed the first of the air series. She still was in great pain from neuritis and she still kept her trained nurse, who told me what a battle Fannie was fighting.

"Because she doesn't want to put the cast out of work," said the nurse.

It is revealing to note that Fannie Brice is so important to the stage Follies, that the two nights she was out of the show they were obliged to close it. That meant an entire cast minus work and salaries. It is impossible to find a satisfactory substitute for Brice. Perhaps this is the reason why she is the sole member of Mr. Ziegfeld's original revue who appears in all three of the new versions—stage, radio and screen. In the picture, The Great Ziegfeld, actors play the parts of many Ziegfeld stars. Men like Cantor and Will Rogers are impersonated. But Fannie Brice was signed to play herself. There was no adequate substitute.

She is a wealthy woman. During this past severe winter, while her throat and chest ached from laryngitis, her bones from neuritis, she easily could have afforded to desert the Follies, and sun herself upon the beaches of Florida. Al Jolson has done (Continued on page 76)
Musician, lover, philosopher and friend—idealistic and practical—how many different people is Rudy Vallee?

By Winifred Warren

Reinald Werrenrath, noted musician, says of Rudy Vallee: "It's too bad that he has the reputation of a crooner. He really is a great musician."
FOUR people were seated around a dinner table. One said: "There really are sixteen people in this room?"

She was referring to the theory of an Italian philosopher that each of the four people was what he really was but that each also was what the other three thought he was! In the mind—there were sixteen persons present.

The thought flashed immediately through my mind, "How many people is Rudy Vallee, really?"

Each time I see Rudy, I decide he is a completely different person. I know many others feel the same way. What is he, in reality?

The first time I saw Rudy Vallee was when he was making his first picture in Hollywood. I was sent to interview him. I tried for thirty minutes to get him to say something intelligent or at least interesting. It was like trying to pull screws from a packing box with your finger nails. I left with the mental picture of Rudy Vallee as the most conceited human being I ever had met.

Of course he is conceited! One side of him. He could not have achieved the success which so abundantly is his, if he weren't. He must have belief in himself. How can anyone sell himself, if he doesn't? My mind flashed to the young boy just out of Yale who went to New York, saxophone under his arm, to make himself wealthy and amous. What did he carry with him? A press book, full of clippings about Rudy Vallee in his home town, at Yale, England—Rudy Vallee, the A-I saxophonist. Rudy Vallee believed in Rudy Vallee from the beginning. He still does.

A friend was talking with Reinald Werrenrath. Vallee's name was mentioned. Werrenrath said: "It is too bad at man has the reputation of a crooner. He really is a great musician. He knows as much, if not more, about music than many symphony orchestra leaders."

This was a real tribute, coming from a musician of Werrenrath's importance. I hurried over to the Broad- way theatre to talk to Rudy Vallee about music. Was Werrenrath's picture of this man a true one?

"My knowledge of music is not academic," Rudy Vallee frankly told me. "Damrosch has forgotten more than I know but frankly I feel I am superior to Damrosch in certain respects. My music is of the soul. I have a great instinctive knowledge of music within myself. Of the seven great gifts of music, I have five. I lack these two: the power to compose and the ability to distinguish between all musical instruments. I have that to some degree, since I can distinguish twenty-eight, the number I use in my orchestra."

Does that statement sound conceited? Yet that is no more conceited than the statement which comes from anyone of us who say we know what we know without hypocrisy or pretending.

So Werrenrath's picture of Vallee was correct. He is a great musician, for which he is given too little credit.

I talked with a woman who had loved Rudy. Had loved him with madness, with tenderness, with jealousy—even with hatred. A woman who had loved Rudy Vallee as woman has loved man from the very beginning. And although she now is married to another man whom she loves in another way, she sees Rudy as a young god who stepped down from Olympus to translate a brief period of her life from monotony to heaven. To her, he is and always will be a fascinating, devilish, intriguing human being. A man to make you laugh, to make you cry, but always a man never to be forgotten.

I was chatting with a reporter, a young girl reporter. She had been sent to interview Rudy. He was not in his living-room and she had several moments to wait for him. She noticed a bookcase and squatted on the floor before it. She pulled out one volume after another. They all were upon philosophy and psychology. She was reading one when he entered. "But I didn't know you were interested in philosophy," Rudy Vallee said.

He sat upon the floor beside her. For two hours they discussed philosophy. Was Nietzsche correct or does Freud know the root of man's being?

When she talked to me of Rudy Vallee, she saw him as a man of brilliance, of learning. (Continued on page 66)
Who are the most thrilling men on the air? Do you agree with Jeanette MacDonald's choice? It may surprise you!

By Faith Service

"—and love" said Jeanette, "should be soothing as well as thrilling."

We were spending the evening together, Jeanette and I. And we had been comparing notes on the men of the air who give us the most thrills.

Jeanette had been saying that Bing gives to his radio fans the love which is both soothing and thrilling.

We were curled up on pale green love seats in the Early American living-room in Jeanette's charming Monterey-Colonial house in Brentwood. The house, leased by Jeanette and her mother, was built and owned by Neil Hamilton. There were red roses vased against the panelled walls. The rug was scarlet. The divans faded green. Eucalyptus logs sized fragrantly on the hearth. There were silver cigarette boxes and crystal jars of candy to meet the grooping hand. Jeanette wore brown slacks and jumper; her tawny hair slacked mercilessly back from her Greek-coin face. She was about ready for the shower and the cool cream and early-to-bed — against an early call in the morning. An early call to the set of San Francisco which she was making with Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy. And she managed to look beautiful without benefit of make-up.

I fired such questions as these: "Which ones among the men on the air—do you think flutter feminine hearts the most? Which ones sing the love songs the most touchingly? How much has the sound of the voice to do with love, d'you think? Have you ever been disappointed when you have met the possessor of a thrilling male voice face to face?"

Jeanette took the questions in the order named.

"I may omit some of the better air heart-flutterers because I am not exactly familiar with all of them.

So, with apologies for any omissions, I would say that Nelson Eddy, John Charles Thomas, James Melton, Frank Parker, Lawrence Tibbett, Bing Crosby and Rudy Vallee are among the supreme flutterers. I imagine that Nelson is about the most thrilling of the male stars on radio right now.

He was popular before he ever made pictures. Now his pictures feed his radio appeal. The fans of the air know what he looks like as they listen to him.

And he is an answer, one of the best, to your question about whether I've ever been disappointed in the men of the air when I've met them personally—Nelson is grand to gaze upon. He's even better looking off the screen than on, I should say. That height and breadth, the silver-gold hair and blue eyes make a stunning ensemble.

I can assure girls that they never would be disappointed at meeting Nelson in the flesh.

"I've never been disappointed in any of them for that matter. Lawrence Tibbett is lusty and vital, with a robust, vigorous quality which is better than conventional good looks. Which is good looks. James Melton is dark and young and charming. Bing is . . . but that takes us back to where we were when I said that love should be thrilling and soothing. Too. And that's just what love is, I think, when Bing sings. . . . When Nelson broadcasts, or John Charles Thomas or Lawrence, the radio fans feel, I think, that they are listening to a professional performance; they feel that the stars are singing to the audience in the broadcasting station, to audiences all over the country. They are tuning in, they know, on a professional performance, stirring and splendid and magnificent done. They are one of many of multitudes privileged to hear the golden gods chanting on Olympus.

"But when Bing sings . . . you feel that he is singing not to an audience, but to you . . . and to me . . . each girl who listens feels that the song is for her and for her alone. It is intimate. Rudy Vallee has the same quality . . ."]

"I recall going to a dinner at the Cocoanut Grove one night, some years ago. Bing had just begun to sing there. No one had heard of him then. Came a moment in the evening when our hostess, a mature woman, shushed the talk and the laughter with a peremptory gesture. She said: 'Listen—listen with your ears and with your heart Bing Crosby is going to sing—he's wonderful—he's marvelous—he has given me back my youth again . . . honeysuckle and moonlight and a canoe on the river . . . the front porch and the hammock and young love . . . listen . . . .' And her eyes shone, her lips were parted ten years had dropped from her . . .

"I didn't understand it then. I do, now. Nelson is magnificent—but unattainable. Bing is folksy and attainable. Nelson is the hero whose chariot thunder around the moon. Bing is the boy next door who is more attractive to you for his Fliv.

"Girls in small towns, girls anywhere, might think that they never could aspire to Nelson. It would be too much to expect. But Bing—Bing could belong. They (Continued on page 90)
MEN!

Janet MacMaid, lovely singing star of the screen.
SPOTLIGHT...

Betty Lou Gordon, leading lady of The First Nighthier.

Piano partners Pearl Gran and Margaret Smith.

Breakfast on the Forever Young program. Jack Roseleigh, Betty Wragge, Marian Barney, Curtis Arnall.

Rudy Vallee, with the medal awarded to him by Radio Stars.

Kay Weber with Jimmy Dorsey's Orchestra.
WHEN the listening public, made up of a vast number of differing individuals, gets together and agrees on one performer as the top in his field, that, dear radio friends, is something. And when radio critics across the country pool their likes and dislikes and rate a performer first place, that, again, is something.

But when critics and lay public together, with remarkable unanimity, place a well-sponsored laurel wreath on the same program—that program has an odd way of turning out to be Jack Benny's.

You probably are aware by now that this is the third consecutive year Jack Benny has won first place in the National Radio Editors' Poll, as a comedian. And it's the second consecutive year the Jello program has won first place, as a whole.

In the Crosley Poll—which is a canvass of listeners—the Benny program took first place among half-hour shows, first place among comedy shows and second place in the whole radio field. After five years in radio that's not only reaching the top, but, what is more important, staying there.

Looking closely at the Benny brow, there are no evident signs or scratches visible from the laurels that have been heaped thereon. His hats, too, I believe, still fit. "Naturally," Jack Benny says, "it's gratifying to come out first on the poll. It's nice to feel that the critics agree on you and your show as the leader. But what we're most interested in is not so much winning the poll as in staying among the top few. And that's pretty tough."

Saying so, Jack didn't look particularly dismayed at the prospect. "With several comedy shows running close together, just one slip, one performance a little under par, puts you second. And that's bound to happen occasionally. And then, if at the same time your show slips a little, another program improves, you're third. So we don't worry about trying to keep in first place; we try to keep the general level high enough to see that we're included in the leading three or four."

Jack shook his head. "I feel terrible," he said with the same calm, affability you hear on the radio. He says practically everything that way. My guess is that if the building were on fire Jack Benny would greet the first department with the same bland amiability, saying: "Jello folks—come right in and bring your hose," and make his quiet exit, first, of course, seeing that Mary—Mrs. Benny—and their beloved baby Joan, were safe.

"You have a cold?" I suggested shrewdly.

He nodded. "I was wondering whether I ought to go out tonight or not. We've got tickets for the theatre and Mary was sort of figuring on going."

"If she knew you didn't feel well," I said, as much like the Voice of Experience as possible, 'she probably wouldn't want to go."

"That's just it. She won't let me go if she knows. And then suppose I want to go after all?" He grinned disarmingly with unaffected naiveté. As a matter of fact Jack Benny is the only celebrity I can think of who could truly be called boyish without its sounding sickening.

"We get to see so few shows," he explained, "but out on the Coast so much, we like to take in as many as possible when we're in New York."

"By the way," I asked, "how do you like the Coast?"

"Fine," Benny nodded. "We're very happy out there, like it fine."

"Of course," I suggested, "you had the usual trouble in Hollywood. . . ."

"Trouble?" Jack looked blank.

"The exasperations everyone meets making pictures. . . . you know . . . Once in a Lifetime. . . ." Jack bei fresh from Hollywood, thought your reporter, here was a chance to get an earful of new horrible movie adventures. "No, we didn't have any trouble out there."

"You mean you like Hollywood?"

Below, left, the Jack Bennys entertain two friends at dinner at the Hotel Miramar in Hollywood. (Left to right) Bert Wheeler, Jean Chadbune, Mary Livingstone (Mrs. Benny) and Jack. And over at the right, Jack pounds out copy for his Sunday night broadcast. Upper right, Jack and Mary at breakfast in their apartment.
doesn't know trouble

“Sure. Making pictures is all right.”
And there’s one of the outstanding features of the Benny makeup. Practically everything is all right with Jack. Without being a rubber-stamp or a yes-man, Jack Benny hasn’t a mad on with anything in the world.

“You know, there’s so much money tied up in the picture business,” he said, “and so many variables involved, they can’t do things very differently. They work under terrific pressure, paying enormous salaries and overhead. Personally, I think they do a pretty good job, all considered.”

Another dream shattered! Another illusion gone! I tried a flank attack.

“You were about the first radio comedian really to ‘kid’ your sponsor,” I said. “I suppose you had plenty of sponsor trouble.”

Show me a radio artist who hasn’t! Benny did show me.

“Well—just a little, at first,” he admitted. “But as soon as they saw it wasn’t a bad idea they were swell about it. On the whole, I’d say we’ve never had any sponsor trouble.”

What can you do with a guy like that? There was no use talking about comedy material difficulties.

Harry Conn has been writing the Benny shows for five years, in collaboration with Jack, and Jack not only admits it, but paid him tribute over the air the night he was awarded first place in the radio poll.

Continued on page 62)
Why did Bernice Claire return to radio work when she had had such notable success in the movies in Hollywood?

IF she were a man, you might refer to her as a "square shooter" or a "grand guy"—or by any of those pleasant phrases we apply to people who keep faith with themselves and with the world. In these troublous times it's good to meet people who cherish high standards and live up to them.

It was good to meet Bernice Claire. She, too, plays the game squarely—and takes no credit for it.

She was sitting at the piano when I called, singing softly in the gathering dusk of late afternoon—a slim, small person with soft blonde curls and blue and shining eyes. Her voice rose sweetly, effortlessly, in a strain of pure music.

She rose and flew to greet me as I entered. "I was just trying out my voice," she said. "I haven't felt up to singing for a couple of days."

It sounded enchanting, I told her. Why, I wondered aloud, can't we hear such music on the popular radio programs, instead of the time-worn sentimental songs. "Do you have a chance," I asked, "to select any of the songs you love for your programs?"

Bernice Claire laughed. "Oh, I should say not!" Her blue eyes twinkled. "Sometimes I think they don't even know what I can sing..."

"But couldn't you—if you felt strongly about it—choose what you'd like to sing, once in a while?"

"Oh, yes..." She curled up in a chair, her feet tucked under her. "I could... They're lovely to me—the people I work for. I'm sure, if I asked, they'd be willing... But, after all—she was serious now—"they're paying for what they want. Why shouldn't they have it? Why should I demand what I want?"

I liked that honest answer! And I liked this honest, forthright little person, who sees things clearly, objectively, not shadowed by any sense of her own importance. She even had a kind word for sponsors, those much-maligned individuals to whom, as she reminded me, we owe so much delightful radio entertainment.

"Would you like some tea and toast?" asked Bernie. "I really haven't eaten a thing for two days—I've been fighting off a cold and a touch of fever..."

And as she bustled herself in the kitchenette of her home-like apartment I concluded that it also was characteristic of her to be a ready and gracious hostess, who might have postponed our engagement to code herself.

"My doctor said I ought to go to Florida or Bermuda for a week or two," she called gaily, setting the kettle to boil and cutting thin slices of bread for toast.

"Are you planning to go?" I asked, as she came back to spread a cloth on the tea table.

"Oh—" Again the twinkle in her eyes—"I suppose 'the public' wouldn't miss me! But you know how it is you hate to leave your job. I don't think they'd mind..." she went on, referring to the producers of her program. "They were so sweet when I wanted to go to London to make Two Hearts in Harmony last summer. I thought it was wonderful for me to have that opportunity. But I don't want to go away now."

"Did you enjoy the London venture?" I asked her.

"Oh, yes!" she said enthusiastically. "I went over...}
the Normandie. It was my first ocean voyage. No, I wasn’t seasick—but the vibration! When I landed, even my teeth were shaking! I came home on a small French boat—it was lovely. I love the French way of seeming so anxious to do everything to please you. It makes you feel so pleasantly important!

"I loved London," she mused. "Of course, I like New York better than any other city. But New York is the New World and London is the Old World—and so interesting. But the climate! Rain—and cold. . . . We had tea every afternoon on the set. That’s where I earned to love having tea every day."

She likes Hollywood better, so far as movie work is concerned, Bernice said. We spoke of the pictures she had made so successfully there. No, No, Nanette is reputed to have made over a million dollars.

Her start in movies came, she told me, without any seeking on her part. She was playing the prima donna in a western company of The Desert Song, when Alexander Gray, radio and movie baritone, wanted to take a movie test and asked her to do a scene from The Desert Song with him. It proved a highly successful test, winning Gray a starring role in Nana and the role of No, No, Nanette for Bernice.

After that she made four other pictures in Hollywood

The Song of the Flame, Kiss Me Again, Spring Is Here and Top Speed.

With all that gratifying achievement, why, I wondered, didn’t she continue in pictures?

"It was like this," Bernice explained. "You see, I came in on the last cycle of the old musicals. Their day was done, for the time being. . . . I might have gone on into straight dramatic roles in the movies—I’d have liked that. . . ." She sipped her tea and gazed thoughtfully into space, as if seeing Bernice Claire in a role that might have been.

I looked at the charming small figure in dark blue pyjamas and rose-colored blouse, tucked into the big chair opposite me, and, listening to her delightful speaking voice with its smooth flow and clear, precise enunciation, it was easy to believe that she might have gone far in a movie career, if she had not left Hollywood.

"Why did you come away just then?" I asked.

"Why, I had a contract with Schwab and Mandel," Bernice said. "They had been very nice to me. They gave me my start, you know, in The Desert Song. Then they released me for those five pictures. That is," she corrected herself, "they didn’t precisely release me—I was sort of out on a leash! They let me go out to make the pictures, but at that time they wanted me to come back to New York to star in the Broadway revival of The Chocolate Soldier. So, of course, I came. . . ."

Which disposes of a theory some have whispered—that Bernice Claire couldn’t go on in movies because she “didn’t have what it takes”—that she lacked that essential something—call it glamour, or what you will—that Hollywood demands.

Knowing Bernice, you would understand that any contract, verbal or written, would be kept by her to the fullest extent of the letter and spirit. You would

(Continued on page 68)
SMALL TOWN STUFF IN A BIG WAY...!

By Miriam Rogers

Lum 'n' Abner enjoy a game of checkers in the Jot-'Em-Down store.

"TOO MUCH comfort is a disease that takes a good porous plaster full of trout to cure."

That's an "old Ed'ards saying," such as Lum is fond of using to point his remarks at such as he frequently is forced to expound at long and difficult length when Abner's familiar "hunk" proclaims lack of understanding.

To city folks Lum and Abner have the appeal of variety of something new and different. To country folks, they have the charm of the known and the familiar, the man down the street, the man behind the counter of the general store. The recognizable dialect does not offend them on the contrary, it draws them closer. The homely wisdom of the simple adventures, many problems ring true and seem part of their own life.
Lum and Abner, of the Jot-'Em-Down store, put Pine Ridge on the map in their endearing radio program.

Lauck explained. "Dick Huddleston is a real person, a grocer in Waters, Arkansas—and a grand person he is, too. But actually, to me and Goff, Lum and Abner are even more real. Since we first created them, they've developed, logically, consistently, until they seem as real as we are ourselves."

And, to my mind, that explains in a nutshell the appeal Lum and Abner have for their hearers everywhere. They are real people, and their problems are real problems, their town so real that Waters, Arkansas, the prototype of Pine Ridge in real life, is about to have its name changed legally—to Pine Ridge! And in Mena, Arkansas, stickers for automobiles have been issued saying: Lum and Abner's Home Town.

It is not hard to understand how this has come about. One of the simple tenets on which the boys have based their career is: "Write about what you know, out of your own experience." And there is nothing they know so well, so understandingly, as life in a small town with the endearing personalities that make up a small town.

They both were born in Arkansas, Abner thirty years ago and Lum four years before that. When they still were small boys, the Laucks moved to Mena, Arkansas, where the Goffs already lived, and in a little while 'Tuffy' Goff, small but full of vim and vigor, and the taller, older Chet Lauck were fast friends. As they grew older, inevitably their paths separated, but just as inevitably drew together again.

Chet Lauck studied at the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts, then at the University of Arkansas. Norris Goff studied there, too, a few years later, but left to conclude his studies at the University of Oklahoma. While Goff still was a student, Lauck was in Texas, head of a commercial art agency and editor of a local magazine.

But they soon were together again, back home in Mena, where Lauck became head of a local automobile finance company and Goff assisted his father in the wholesale grocery business. What knowledge young Goff may have lacked concerning his fellow men in the neighboring towns was gained on his leisurely business trips through that region.

"Swollen rivers or bad weather, or something of the sort, was always delaying me, forcing me upon some farmer and his household, but always they welcomed me with open arms, shared their meals, (Continued on page 85)
Newest photographs of popular stars of radio in this month's review

Above, Armida, bewitching Mexican singer, who is a gay feature of *Paris Night Life* program. Below, Maxine Gray, whose warm voice is a high light of the Phil Baker broadcast.

Jack Benny in a new scrape! But Jack is always hopeful.
Above, radio singer Harriet Hilliard, and her husband, bandleader Ozzie Nelson. Below, Robert L. (Believe-It-Or-Not) Ripley at one of his Sunday evening broadcasts.

Above, Kate Smith, with George Olsen, whose Celebrity Night guest she was. Below, Pat Barrett (Uncle Ezra), Lee Hassell, Sally Foster, Evelyn Wood, Verne Hassell.
HERE'S
A VERY
CURIous
MAN

By Elizabeth
Benneche Petersen

A dynamo of curiosity and

HITCH your dreams to a dynamo and you're going places.
Make that dynamo yourself and you're going to success.
That's what Phillips Lord has done. Hitched your dreams to that dynamo that is himself. That dynamo comprised of restlessness and energy and curiosity.
Take his curiosity, his outstanding characteristic. His energy has made him harness it into just so much man horse-power.
A lazy person, or a person who liked to stay put, wouldn't take that curiosity out in prying and gossip. But even if he weren't the insatiable, understanding person he is, Phil Lord's restlessness would allow him to be in one place enough to go with anyone, not be bored.
His curiosity is insatiable. He wants to do everything there is to do and see everything there is to see. Everything interests him. People, things, places most of all.
energy, Phillips Lord seeks the reason for everything

The new elevator man, for instance, who carried him up to his offices that morning. Most people wouldn't have noticed him particularly, wouldn't have seen his fists clinch instinctively when a smug, well-dressed man beat him indignantly because he failed to stop the elevator at the exact line with the floor.

Phil Lord noticed.

"That elevator man's nerves were at the breaking point. You could almost see Lord's brain working behind his keen blue eyes as he spoke. "He was all ready to shoot out at that man but he didn't. Now you could see he wasn't the sort who would pull his punches. He had red hair and snapping blue eyes and a pugnacious chin. The sort of fellow who'd lose his job before he'd let anyone step on him. And yet he swallowed that ridiculous outburst.

"I've been thinking about him, wondering just what it is that made him take it. Maybe he has a sick wife, maybe he knows she's going to die in a few weeks and there are so many things he wants to do for her. So tiny things he wants to buy for her. Things he couldn't or couldn't buy if he lost his job.

"Maybe he's not married at all. Maybe it was a girl and his mother or a child or even a dog that made him flinch. I sure would like to know what it was that made that fellow go against his instincts that way."

Phil Lord never will know, for his curiosity isn't the giving sort that would make him ask questions. But you try to be sure he already has discovered five or six reasons it is in his own mind and that every one of those reasons make a story. A story you'll be hearing over your radio some night on one of his programs.

It's that same curiosity that sent him off on his twenty-one-months' cruise of Southern seas. He wanted to see places. Not the usual tourist stops. Not London or Paris or Madrid or Rome. But the far-flung corners of the world. Timor, Samoa, Timbuctoo. Places like that.

He didn't go on a de luxe liner that served civilized meals and offered recreation in the form of swimming pools and deck tennis and contract in the smoking salon after dinner.

He went on the Seth Parker, the old-fashioned sailing ship he bought and, as one of the crew, he wore dungarees. And his recreation came in manning masts and reefing sails and fighting hurricanes and typhoons. He ate the crude, substantial fare known to sailorsmen and sometimes when storms delayed the ship from putting into port, he went hungry.

Twenty-one months of sea and far places. . . . A month later he resumed his Seth Parker broadcast, that miracle of radio that has kept its popularity for seven years.

An exciting time to come back. When he left, gangsters were having things their own way and there wasn't much anybody seemed able to do about it. But things had changed. The G-Men had come into prominence.

"The tables were turned all right. The eager boy who lurks in all adventurous souls was uppermost in Phil Lord as he spoke. "For the first time the public was seeing gangsters as they really are—drab cowards! The color and dash now had been usurped by the daring government men. The G-Men were giving all the thrills now."

Phil Lord threw himself into the excitement of it all as all his life he has thrown himself into the heart of things. He wanted to know (Continued on page 74)
Parks Johnson and Jerry Belcher bring passersby to the microphone in their gay, impromptu Vox Pop program

I was sent to interview the two most interviewing interviewers in the United States. I was scared. For Jerry Belcher and Parks Johnson had Vox Popped thousands and thousands of people, in theater entrances, on street corners, in hotel lobbies—butchers, bakers, labor strike-breakers, poets, co-eds, chorus tow-heads, housekeepers, preachers, sowers and reapers. In other words, they had quizzed people in all walks of life.

I approached them with a question on my lips. "Is your program really on the level?" I asked.

They answered me with a rat-a-tat-tat barrage of queries: "Where is Singapore? How many legs has a Caucasian? Would you rather be right than be president? In which direction does a pig's tail curl? What is musique? What kind of a man is a lady's man? How far is—"

Their voices went on and on, in rising inflections. Suddenly it occurred to me that the way to get a statement from these quiz-experts was to ask them an answer!

So I said, "Your program isn't on the level. I'll bet you employ stooges!"

There was a moment's silence. Then Parks Johnson, the more serious of the Vox Pop team, began, punctuating with exclamation marks:

"We're constantly being accused of stooging our program," he said, "but it isn't true. We go to our broadcasts without knowing who will be on the program. Up till the time we go on the air we don't even know exactly what questions we are going to ask. The chief value of our program is its spontaneity. We're beginning our fifth year on the air in October, and we believe we've lasted only because the program is spontaneous. We could never capture that spontaneity if we used planned interviews or planted stooges in the crowd."

That sounded convincing, but Jerry Belcher, the other member of the Voice of the People team, suggested, "Why don't you come with us to the broadcast tonight? When you watch us work, you'll certainly be convinced that the program is entirely impromptu."

They were broadcasting that night from the lobby of a Broadway movie theater. They always choose, just before the broadcast, a busy spot somewhere in mid-Manhattan. Usually it's a street corner...
Parks Johnson takes turns with Jerry Belcher for their radio interviews.

By Mildred Mastin

in nice weather, a theater or hotel lobby if the weather is bad.

The program was scheduled to go on at nine o'clock. We got there at eight-thirty. As soon as the microphone was set up, a crowd began to gather. Jerry Belcher and Parks Johnson stood around for a while watching the people. At about quarter of nine they began to wander through the crowd, striking up commonplace conversations with various people—a tall, good-looking boy with intelligent eyes, a plump little woman with a good-natured smile, a bright-eyed youngster who stood as tall as she could on her high heels and watched proceedings eagerly, and about eight or ten other people. With experienced eyes, Belcher and Johnson had spotted those people as personalities who would provide a minute's entertainment on the air—people who would get a laugh or make an interesting comment, a smart statement.

In the few seconds of conversation with them, Belcher and Johnson skillfully found out things about these people that gave them instant ideas for questions. For example, the good-looking lad was soon to be married—ask him about women, blondes, babies.

His answers would be amusing. The bright little girl teetering on her high heels had just come to New York from Macon, Ga. Ask her anything, and the radio audience would find delight in her heavy Southern accent, her eager naiveté at the Big City she was seeing for the first time. The Vox-Poppers' talent for spotting these "naturals" is very important.

Having lined up these people and asked their permission to call them to the microphone if needed, the program proceeded much like any other broadcast—except that the control box was set up against a cigar counter—and the crowd of spectators grew by the minute.

The two men take turns interviewing. While Johnson is asking a young man whether or not he prefers short skirts, Belcher is moving quietly into the crowd to beckon in the next interviewee.

You know those being questioned are not stooges when you see them before the microphone! Without exception, they all were scared. The Vox Poppers say that no matter how eager a person is to go on, or (Continued on page 82)
FRANK FAY

One of the newer recruits to the radio roster, Frank Fay, of course, is an old-timer in the entertainment world. His comedy is brilliant. Heard with Rudy Vallee on the Fleischmann Variety Hour, Frank now presents his own program from Hollywood.

MARGE

Donna Damereel, whom you know as Marge, is the younger half of the team of "Myrt and Marge," whose trials and triumphs are broadcast five nights each week over the Columbia network. In private life Donna is Mrs. Eugene Kretzinger.
IT HAS taken Abe Lyman eleven years to get around to telling this Romance Story to end all Abe Lyman Romance Stories.

Ever since Abe began his career, at the age of 25, as a drummer in an obscure Chicago café orchestra, there have been stories written linking his name with just about every stage and movie star of prominence—with the possible exception of Shirley Temple. Good-natured Abe stood for them all. In the first place, he doesn’t like to contradict anyone who, well-meaning if inaccurate, writes a nice story about him; and in the second place he frankly admits that, to an entertainer, publicity is publicity. In other words, subscribing to that very prevalent theory among the folk of show business: “It’s okay, as long as you spell my name right.”

But now Abe is tired of it. Tired of reading that he is this way about so-and-so; that way about someone else, or carrying the torch for some lady who, though undoubtedly charming, he never has seen more than once or twice in his life. Ruth Roland, Barbara LaMarr, Thelma Todd, Hannah Williams, Estelle Taylor, Princess White Deer, the Indian beauty, Mary McCormic of the opera, Fifi Dorsay, Harriet Hilliard, Peggy Hopkins Joyce are last but not least, tap-dancing Eleanor Powell, among the glamorous ladies with whom various chroniclers from time to time have linked radio’s confirmed and eligible bachelor.

So here, for the first time, is the official “low-down” from Abe himself.

Of all the women to whom Abe has been romantically attached, there were but two who evoked more than passing interest. Every other romance ascribed to the good-looking bandleader has been, to put it bluntly, just so much applesauce.

In his thirty-six years, Abe has been betrothed and in love with, only Eleanor Powell and the Thelma Todd. And for both Miss Powell and the Miss Todd, Abe continues to have the highest regard.

Radio’s eligible and confirmed bachelor has been linked
WON'T WED
By Ruth Geri

The romances came to naught because—well, let Abe tell that.

"I don't think I'll ever marry. I'm not the marrying kind. I can't fall in love," he confided to me.

It sounds almost like a page from Ripley. Abe Lyman, radio's most confirmed faller-in-lover, can't fall in love, the Believe-it-or-not man would put it. But it's true, Abe, himself, says so.

"If I could ever lose my head, and tumble head over heels, then I suppose I'd get married—and maybe I'd be better off," Abe explained. "But I can't. Every time I do fall in love with a girl, no matter how charming she is, nor how much I like to be with her, my better judgment always warns me to stop.

"I know I shouldn't marry a woman in the profession, because, while some such marriages take, many more go on the rocks. There is enough natural jealousy in the state of marriage without adding jealousy natural and inevitable to two professional people.

"I know I shouldn't marry a girl outside of the profession, because in that case the chances are I'd simply make her unhappy. A nice girl would be fast asleep when I was just finishing work. I never could take her out anywhere and if she came to the café where I happened to be playing every night, she'd interfere with my work. Couldn't help it."

Abe Lyman loved Thelma Todd. He would have married her had she remained the Thelma Todd with whom he fell in love. But her work came between them, although not as movie work usually does come between a star and the man who loves her. Thelma hated Hollywood. Hated it with all her heart. And her hatred made her a disillusioned woman.

So, inevitably, Abe and Thelma drifted apart.

Abe fell in love with talented Eleanor Powell before she achieved stardom, while she still was an earnest struggling girl, trying to find an opportunity to make good. Her chance came in the midst of their romance. Hollywood called her. Later (Continued on page 84)

by rumor with many glamorous girls. Why doesn't he marry?
Upper left, radio newlyweds, Jerry Belcher of Vox Pop fame and his bride, the former Ruth Love. Both are natives of Texas but had to come to New York to meet! And above, Col. Stoopnagle (F. Chase Taylor) recently married Kay Bell, Paul Whiteman's secretary. (L. to R.) Budd Hulick, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor and Catherine O'Connor.

Upper Right, Gogo De Lys, popular CBS songstress, rehearses for a broadcast. Gogo made her professional début with Jimmie Grier's band at the Cocoanut Grove.

Above, a scene from one of the broadcasts of the ever popular Goldbergs. Left to right, James R. Walter Gertrude Berg, the author and star, and Roslyn Silbe.

**BETWEEN BROADCASTS**

Popular Personalities of the radio roster away from the microphone
Upper left, three of radio's notables, Jane Pickens, Sigmund Romberg, Vivienne Segal. Upper right, the Lombardo brothers work on a musical arrangement. (Left to right) Guy, Carmen, Leibert and Victor Lombardo. Above, Hal Kemp ever evening at home with Mrs. Kemp and their children and the family puppy.

Ethel Blume, sixteen-year-old NBC star.
Romance and Ramona—a girl who had no girlhood and a man who understood

By Dorothy Brooks

RAMONA! The name promises romance, suggests a mysterious, deep-eyed siren. See Ramona in the broadcasting studio and the impression is heightened. Nimble fingers caress piano keys, her voice lends subtle significance to the simplest lyrics, the lights reflect the sheen of dark hair and make dancing daggers of light on her Spanish combs. You have the perfect illusion of sophisticated, exotic worldliness.

Yet the real Ramona contradicts that impression. Her hair is not slinky black, it is brown—just plain, ordinary brown—and curls about her face. Her eyes are not Latin black. They are cornflower blue. Her friendly smile belies the illusion of mystery you might have carried away from the studio. At home, in her charmingly simple apartment, she will smile at the bewilderment of the visitor who has come to see Ramona, the star, and meets instead Raymona Davies the girl.

"Yes, I know I don't look as you expected me to look," she admits. "That's the curse of my name, but I can't help it! My parents called me Raymona—the Ray for my dad, whose name was Raymond, and Mona for my mother. But after I went on the air, I used to get letters addressed to Ray Mona, so just to keep the writers straight I had to drop the misleading 'y' and my hair? Oh, I used to have a frightful time keeping it plastered down! But I've stopped that. Do you like it this way?"

The tall girl curled up on the blue studio couch, woolly robe and silk pyjamas blending their tones with it. She was a girl about whom one could enjoy that greatest of all feminine luxuries—a good old-fashioned gab-fest.

She held aloft a tiny blue porcelain bunny.

"Don't you just love him—that round little face? I love things all round, no angles. Now he—"

She never finished her admiration of the bunny, for the little door from the kitchen..."
ette opened and a man walked in, bearing steaming cups of coffee. As though the astonishing phenomenon of a man in that thoroughly feminine environment was not enough, Ramona introduced him and—she was her ex-husband! All the politeness in the world could not still the stifled gasp of surprise.

Ramona smiled, then spoke seriously: "I can't see a single, solitary reason why Davy and I shouldn't remain friends just because we happen to have been married and divorced," she said. "We've always been friends and we're friends still. What's odd about that?"

"And beside, it isn't just friendship, because I couldn't do without Davy. He's my business manager, you know. Heaven knows, I need one! Why, I need a pencil and paper to add two and two!" She smiled fondly at Davy.

To any interviewer, a situation like that prompts questions: Why the divorce? Does this friendly association mean reconciliation?

Ramona, anticipating the questions, explained. She told me her story—the story of a girl who missed her girlhood and is busy now catching up with it.

Here it is, as she told it.

Ramona was fated from birth to a roving existence. Her mother and father were divorced when she was two and her stepfather's business kept the family moving from city to city.

"I was born in Cincinnati," she said, "but I always regard Ashland, Kentucky, and Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Columbus and Kansas City as my home towns, too.

"Our house always was a mad-house—but loads of fun! Mother was very strict and always wanted me to be where she could keep an eye on me, but she was clever about it, too. She made home so pleasant, my friends always chose to be there rather than anywhere else. We were welcome to rip up the rugs, move the furniture, bang on the piano, sing until we were hoarse and have a grand time."

When Ramona was sixteen Don Bestor heard her play on a local Kansas City radio station and immediately asked her to join his band, Ramona explained to me.

"I was crazy about the idea, but I told him it would be impossible. Mother never would let me go."

However, braving Mother was a mere nothing to Bestor when a future star was at stake, so the band leader headed a deputation of two—the other one being his right-hand assistant, bass tuba player, and arranger—to cajole Ramona's mother into seeing the light. Incidentally, the other member of the deputation was a young man named David Davies.

The earnestness of Bestor and the persuasiveness of David Davies were too much even for her mother and Ramona soon was off on a glorious, glamorous adventure. But theatrical life from in front of the footlights is one thing. It's vastly different on the other side! The last show was over at ten o'clock and then there stretched a lonely, dreary night in a hotel room which, for a girl used to ripping up the rugs, moving the furniture and having a merry time, can be very lonely and dreary indeed.

The boys on the band went out on parties and had a good time. Ramona used to hear them talking about them the next day. But she was just a kid. They couldn't have taken her along even if they'd wanted to—and they didn't want to, even if they could.

There was, however, one young man who didn't drink and who didn't go to parties. He liked to read books and take walks. Ramona had nothing to do but read books and take walks—so, naturally, the two had a lot in common.

The young man's name was David Davies.

They were playing in Baltimore one night and, after the show, they walked along the waterfront, exploring the wharves, watching the boats roll idly at anchor. Ramona forgot her nostalgia for home. David Davies was so understanding, so friendly, . . . There is no use going into great detail. There could be but one result. They were married.

When Bestor's crew played Pittsburgh, which you will recall is one of Ramona's home towns, the pianist was initiated into the mysteries of (Continued on page 78)
The achingly beautiful story of Verona's young lovers is retold in a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film, with Leslie Howard as Romeo, Norma Shearer as Juliet and, as the spirited Mercutio, Barrymore. Upper left, Mercutio gives Romeo subtle advice on revenge for the tragic slaying of Mercutio. Above, Romeo climbs Juliet's balcony in their meeting of the lovers.
Miss Rose Winslow, of New York, Tuxedo Park, and Newport, dining at the Savoy-Plaza, New York. Miss Winslow is a descendant of Governor Winslow of the Mayflower Pilgrims. She made her début in Newport in 1932. Miss Winslow says: "Camels couldn't be milder. They never have any unpleasant effect on my nerves or my throat. I smoke them constantly—all through the day, and find them particularly welcome at mealtimes."

Traffic—irregular meals—the responsibilities of running a home—no wonder digestion feels the strain of our speeded-up existence. That's why people everywhere welcome the fact that Camel cigarettes aid digestion—normally and naturally. Scientists explain that smoking Camel cigarettes increases the flow of digestive fluids, fostering a sense of well-being and encouraging good digestion. Enjoy Camel's mildness—with meals—between meals—whenever and as often as you choose. Their finer, costlier tobaccos never get on your nerves—never tire your taste—and definitely aid digestion.

A delightful way to aid digestion

Fastidious women turn instinctively to Camel's costlier tobaccos. Among them are:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia
Miss Mary Byrd, Richmond
Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston
Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge, II, Boston
Mrs. Byrd Warwick Davenport, Richmond
Mrs. Brookfield Van Rensselaer, New York
Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr., Wilmington
Mrs. Henry Field, Chicago
Mrs. Churchill Dabney Langhorne, Virginia
Mrs. James Russell Lowell, New York
Mrs. Jasper Morgan, New York
Mrs. Langdon Post, New York

For Digestion's sake—smoke Camels

COSTLIER TOBACCOS
CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS... TURKISH AND DOMESTIC... THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND.
The Major in a happy mood! And why shouldn't he be happy? He recently celebrated the first anniversary of the Major Bowes Amateur Hour on NBC. In the past year he and his program have attained the dignity of a national institution. Despite all you may hear from a disappointed amateur or disgruntled critic, the fact remains that Major Bowes has helped many aspiring amateurs, has reopened many a closed theatre with his traveling units and, best of all, he has provided topnotch radio entertainment, which is the real test of successful showmanship.
SECRET BEGINNINGS OF

Age Signs Laid Bare

SKIN AUTHORITIES LAY BLAME FOR LINES, WRINKLES, DRY SKIN ON A "LAZY UNDERSKIN"

LINES.
BLACKHEADS.
STRETCHED PORES
BLEMISHES

Where Skin Age begins...
Right under your skin are blood vessels, oil glands, nerves, cells and fibres. When these fail—age signs come.

Lady Daphne Straight, granddaughter of the late Anthony J. Drexel and of the late William Whitney, says: "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin clear, positively glowing. It even wipes away little fatigue lines."

I HATE TO GROW OLD!" The same cry from every woman's heart... If you're 20, you fear the 30's. 30? You read the 40's. Yet the years themselves are not bewailed. It's the unlovely lines, the gradual coarsening of the skin that take some women feel... "They hardly did any youth at all!"

But these tragic age signs can be ended off—Their hidden starting place known! Skin authorities say it lies five layers below the skin you see. Down in what's called your underskin.

The diagram above shows you what the underskin looks like. There you see the oil glands that should keep skin supple... the blood vessels that should irrigate the skin, clear it... the under tissues that should keep skin firm.

Deep-skin treatment needed
When why does skin age?... Because the tiny glands, tissues, blood vessels are their vigor! They slow up... give skin faults their chance to start. But you can rouse your underskin, keep it active—by faithful use of Pond's deep-skin treatment!

Smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. Made with fine, specially processed oils, it goes into each tiny pore quickly, deeply. Next minute, it's out again—laden with long- lodged dirt and make-up.

Wipe it all off and pat in more Pond's Cold Cream briskly... That's all there is to the treatment! Yet followed faithfully, see what happens. As the glands act normally—their oils no longer clog. Blackheads, blemishes can't come!... As tissues fill out, little lines gradually fade. As your whole underskin wakes up—your outer skin takes on that soft feel, that smooth look which make your feel young at any age! Begin now to give your skin Pond's care. Remember, this is the treatment that brings true skin beauty...

Fight Skin Age this way
Every night, for thorough cleansing, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream to loosen, float out dirt, make-up, skin secretions. Wipe it all off... Now rouse your underskin! Pat in more Pond's Cold Cream briskly. Watch how each treatment makes your skin really fresher and younger looking.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this Pond's deep-skin treatment. You'll notice that even powder looks better—it goes on more evenly because your skin is so fine, so soft!

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE
and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

Pond's, Dept F128 Clinton, N.Y., Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous sample of 3 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose $0.10 to cover postage and packing.

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Street ____________________________
City ____________________________
State ____________________________

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NOTHING BUT
THE TRUTH?

STARS OF THE AIR FRANKLY
ANSWER THEIR FANS' QUESTIONS

Do you find it difficult after playing a part intensely and sincerely to resume your own personality?

Thornton Fisher: “Bluntly, I do not think any radio performer ever loses his or her personality in front of a microphone. The actors in my cast are still Bill, Johnny and Joe. I believe that there has been an overemphasis on one’s losing oneself in a rôle on the stage or in radio. The actor and the audience always feel subconsciously that Hampden, Barrymore, or the obscure members of the cast are still the same people. I have discussed this with many American and British actors and they have agreed with me. Losing oneself is the bunk.”

Betty Lou Gerson: “Yes... I think one carries over a little of the glamour of the assumed rôle. It is hard to differentiate immediately afterwards between yourself and your make-believe.”

Harry von Zell: “I found it difficult when I was a member of the March of Time cast to change my pace from the driving, staccato delivery that program required to the more natural, conversational style necessary on other programs.”

Loretta Lee: “Yes... very often. Also when I have a sad song on my program and am feeling gay: it is quite difficult to submerge my gaiety to a point where I can effectively deliver the number.”

Parks Johnson: “In our Vox Pop program, neither Jerry nor I play a part. We are at all times just ourselves. It happens to be that kind of program—we’d not last six weeks were we to assume a part.”

Olga Alboni: “There always is a lingering sense of the rôle just played and I have a feeling for a while that I am not quite myself.”

David Ross: “After stepping out of an engrossing rôle, naturally it takes time to cool off. This cooling-off process varies with the individual.

By the time you have left the studio and have chatted with friends, have ceased boiling and begin to stretch your normal self again.”

Helen Marshall: “No, as soon as you depart from the scene of the crime you return to normal, such as it is.”

Ray Perkins: “That is a question more for a dramatic actor. The part I play on the air is that of Ray Perkins (in his better aspects). After a program I find it easy to subside into the ordinary, everyday, garden variety of Perkins.”

Bernice Claire: “No... to act in one’s moods must easily be changed.”

Curtis Arnall: “If you are a radio actor who is called upon for a great deal of work you find that after a while you are forced to draw upon your ‘character source of supply’ to an extent that you become more or less mechanical. When you reach your stage, you naturally discard the character immediately after you line and drop back into your natural personality.”

Nino Martini: “No. Years of preparation and training for opera concert have made it possible for me to feel very deeply what I may be portraying and still almost immediately divest myself of the mood as one slips off a coat.”

Virginia Verrill: “Absolutely because I live the part I play.”

Art Van Harvey: “Sometimes do not affect me at all, but in some cases it requires several minutes for me to resume my own personality during which time I want to smoke completely and smoke a cigaret.”

Lucy Monroe: “Yes, but of the theater or opera.”

Bing Crosby: “I generally actually.”

Fritz Scheff: “The minute I leave the stage or the mike, I become myself.”

John Barclay: “Excuse me—am I?”

Benny Venuto: “Not being an actress I...”
A LITTLE square of paper can hold so much! Memories...hopes...the look, the very personality of someone you love. Make snapshots now—they'll mean everything to you later. And don't take chances—load your camera with Kodak Verichrome Film. This double-coated film gets the picture where ordinary films fail. Your snapshots come out clearer, truer, more lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome—use it always...Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow—you must take Today.
of wax like this in
Face Cream!

For a penetrating, deep-working skin cream, change to Luxor Special Formula, the wax-free cream. Coupon brings 3-facial package FREE!

If you suffer from dry or scaly skin, coarse, ugly pores, blackheads or whiteheads, or other common skin faults, chances are your present way of skin cleansing only hits the high spots.

Change to Luxor Special Formula Cream, the wax-free cream. It penetrates deeply, gets right into embedded dirt, because it contains no wax to keep it from working in-or clogging pores.

You can see this for yourself because of Special Formula's amazing visible action. Photos at the right show why you know a marvelous penetrating skin-cleansing has taken place, because you see it happen.

All cosmetic counters supply Luxor at $1.10 and 52c. Use it, and if you don't agree that your skin is more wonderfully clean, clear and transparent than ever before, your money will be returned.

Sales-people often don't have all the facts, and how cosmetics are made. So insist on Luxor Special Formula. Guaranteed wax-free.

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SPECIAL FORMULA CREAM

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(postcard on postcard, or mail)
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1333 W. 31st Street, Chicago, Ill.
Please send free and postpaid without any obligation your 3-facial package of Luxor Special Formula Cream, the wax-free face cream. Usually purchased cosmetics at.

Name (name of store)
Address
City State

Marie-Jeanne Gabrielle Germaine Belzemiere Belanger, is known to the radio audiences as Gogo DeLys. Gogo's songs are heard over CBS.

cannot answer this—but on the stage I find no difficulty in resuming my own personality after playing a part.

Bob Burns: "I don't attempt anything that isn't my line, because that would make me an actor.

Helen King (Em, of Clare, Lu'n Em): "I frequently find it difficult to come down to earth after an intense skit. Eating and sleeping are usually out of the question for a while."

Don Ameche: "I believe that the very definition and nature of acting carries with it the capability of dropping or assuming instantly a 'part.'"

Teddy Bergman: "Fortunately for me (twenty-two dialects) . . . not!"

Nick Draven: "... depending on the situation and material."

Igor Gorin: "I always live the part I am doing at the time, but once the performance is over, I immediately return to myself."

Conrad Thibault: "No. In a particular case, the part I am playing is more or less in the nature of voice interpretation. Even were I to work more along more histronic lines, still do not think that it would be difficult to be myself when the part ended."

Does reading from script interfere with the smoothness of your performance?

Capt. Tim Healy: "I don't fill reading from script because I believe that when you know what you're talking about you can give a much better performance, more natural than you can by reading the script."

Virginia Terrill: "I always feel that I give a better performance. I have had time to memorize the script."

Ray Perkins: "No. I always have..."
Men rush the girls who wear the New Bright Cutex Nails

You won't be a wallflower if you wear the new bright Cutex Nails. Try them and see if the grandest men don't notice you and flock around.

Cutex Ruby will make your oldest black frock look as if it were going places. Cutex Rust will make your grays and beiges twice as exciting. Cutex Rose will feminize all your sports things.

And remember—every Cutex shade goes on smoothly, never cracks and keeps its lovely sparkle for days. Only 25¢ a bottle at your favorite store in 8 authentic shades. Let Cutex give you modern glamour today!


Your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Polish Remover and sample of Lipstick for 14¢

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I enclose 14¢ for 2 shades of Polish, as checked, and Polish Remover. Rose □ Cardinal □ Rust □ Ruby □

(Also sample of Cutex Lipstick will be included)

Name
Address
City
State
endavored to read a script with naturalness, the easy mood and even the hesitancy that goes with an impromptu conversational manner."

Olga Alboni: "Not a bit; in fact it is a great help, for with the script I can play with color and inflection in my voice and truly enjoy my own performance, knowing that I am completely secure."

Ed McConnell: "I am sure the reading from script would interfere with the smoothness of my delivery, should I be held to the letter of the copy. I use my script as a reminder of the things I wish to say and do and as a governor on the time necessary to do them. Often I find myself discussing at the beginning of a program something which is contained in the final part of my script."

Helen King (Em, of Clara, Lu 'n' Em): "I would rather ad lib than read, if that were possible. We lose quite a bit by getting everything down on paper. However, we gain organization of matter and smoothness."

Nino Martini: "I feel that it does not, inasmuch as I make it a point, thoroughly to familiarize myself with any script before using it . . . so that when the time comes it serves more as a precaution than as a necessity."

Bernice Claire: "To me it is hard to read from script—because seeing the printed page usually makes me conscious of what I am saying rather than enabling me to think the thought I am trying to express."

George Olsen who, with Ethel Shut (Mrs. Olsen) stars in Celebrity Night.

Curtis Arnall: "Reading from script should not interfere with smoothness of performance if actor has discovered the rhythm of the script."

Helen Marshall: "I feel I get spontaneity when I don't use it."

Harry von Zell: "Not unless it is poorly written or unnatural and stilted in its form."

Thornton Fisher: "On the contrary, it improves it. It gives courage to face his script. There is nothing left to chance. I believe that most radio artists agree with me."

Gogo de Lys: "I develop evidence by holding the music in my hands."

Bing Crosby: "Don't read every word to matter."

Elsie Hitz: "It did when I began radio, but I never think of it now."

Art van Harvey: "Not that notice. I do find, however, that although I am reading I am getting by through the facial expressions and gestures of the character. This perhaps look a bit foolish, but I believe it is essential in order to carry the character well."

Betty Fennia: "It makes me uncomfortable to have to stick exactly to the script."

Parks Johnson: "It is difficult for me to work from a script. My 'script' for a Vox Pop show consists of headlines and my work is fifty to sixty per cent spontaneous."

America's leading romantic tenor, Frank Parker, during one of his Atlantic Family broadcasts, Saturdays.

(Continued from page 56)
Virginia Verrill sings on her own program, every Thursday, from 6:00—6:15 p.m. EST over CBS.

"What! Go to bed? ... Well, that's a dirty trick! We let you get us dressed up, and we did stunts for your old company ... and now your dinner's ready, you pack us off to bed!"

"We won't lie down and go to sleep! Not one eye will we close all night long ... you'll see how much noise twins can make! Our feelings are hurt—and we're prickly and cross!"

"Ah-h...! She's getting the Johnson's Baby Powder! (Good teamwork, eh?) When we get rubbed with that silky-slick powder, we'll purr like kittens. Mother—we forgive you!"

"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder—the comfort and joy of millions of babies, because I soothe away prickly heat and all the little chafes and irritations that make them cross. The talc I'm made of is the finest, rarest Italian kind—no gritty particles and no orris-root. And I have three helpers in taking care of babies' skins—Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream and Baby Oil. Try them, too!"
YOU CAN'T FOOL ME... THAT POWDER ISN'T ANTISEPTIC!

I want MENNEN POWDER 'cause it protects me 'gainst Infection

"See here Mummy! Aren't my outsides as important as my insides! You give me pasteurized milk—stead of plain milk, 'cause you want to keep my insides safe from nasty germs. Well, I want my outsides protected, too! That's why I want the baby powder that's Antiseptic. I mean Mennen. A little'ler's entitled to more than just a dusting powder for his skin, nowadays. This Mennen Powder makes the skin a mighty UN-healthy place for germs to try to do their breeding. Besides... I like the way it prevents chafing and rawness. So be a sweetheart, mummy—give me the greater SAFETY of Mennen Antiseptic Powder—please..."

America's first baby powder is now Antiseptic. But it doesn't cost a penny more. How foolish to use any other!

W.J. Mennen

Mennen Antiseptic Powder

RADIO STARS

Horror on the Air

(Continued from page 21)

of strange things: Boris Karloff, who has scared half of the human race into hair-raising hysteria, is himself terrified of the microphone.

He said: "I ran away from home, in England, when I was very young. I've worked on farms in Canada. I've trooped all over the world. I've been hungry and friendless and forlorn. I've played in horror plays, although I like to get away from the word 'horror' as much as I can. I've about run the gamut of human experience. I suppose the very names of the plays I've done, on the screen and over the air—The Walking Dead and The Invisible Ray being the last screen plays—are calculated to strike terror to the human heart. But only one thing in my life has ever struck terror to my heart and that one thing is the microphone in a broadcasting station!"

"I'm plain scared of radio's monster! Fine thing for Frankenstein to admit, isn't it? But it's the truth. When I have to spend ten minutes on the air they are the longest, the most fraught-with-terror ten minutes I've ever known. Talk about 'invisible rays'—why," laughed Mr. Karloff grimly, "when I am on the air and when I begin to send my voice out into invisible space I can hear The Raven croaking 'Nevermore!' And I know what that croaking means—that nevermore can I recall it... nevermore."

"I know, then, what ghosts are... the bodiless, voiceless, invisible but terribly potent ghosts of all the radio listeners...."

"There is something so final about radio. There can be no retakes. An error made is an error made and cannot be recalled."

"I always insist on having soft music played while I am broadcasting. Submerged music which does not distract from the voice but which seems to provide a curtain between me and my radio audience. A soft blanket or blur of protectiveness behind which I can hide..."

Frankenstein hiding behind soft music I said: "Do you believe that horror can be done on the air? I mean, as effectively, as chillingly done as the thrills and spine-shudders you give us on the screen?"

"More effectively," said Mr. Karloff emphatically. "Why not? For isn't horror really more horrid as an audible sensation than as a visible sensation, really? I mean, if you only hear a thing—a cry in the night, a moan, a scream, a wail—isn't it more horrid than if you can see what is making the moan or the wail or the scream?"

"Even in the matter of this 'haunted' house, too. It really is supposed to haunt it is sound. Or sounds. Miss Hepburn never declared, so far as I know, that she saw anything. All of the horror came through the medium of her ears. She heard strange sounds. She heard doors creaking and windows rattling. She heard the dogs whine and howl when they entered that certain room."

"All sheerest horror is in sound. The wail of the banshee... the sepherial 'voice from the tomb'... the moan in the night when the ancestral ghost haunts the corridor of an ancient castle... the spirit voices of Uncle Henry and Aunt Melibale, conjured by a spirit medium... all sound."

"And so the radio, the invisible ether, is undoubtedly the best medium for giving real horror thrills. For when we can see a thing, no matter how misshapen and hideous the thing may be, we know the worst of it. We know beyond any grisly doubt, what it is we have to deal with."

"But the Unseen, the ghtly scream out of Nowhere, the cry in the dark... if we do not know, through our eyes what bodies these sounds wear, we are helpless and being helpless, a thousand times more terrified."

"Horror need not be housed in a distorted body. Even when I played in Frankenstein, the most grotesque and horrid of any make-up I ever have used, the man reaction I got from my fans was—sympathy. Not horror, not fright, but sympathy for me. And most of my Frankenstein fans are children and their letter told me how sorry they felt for 'the poor old thing.'"

"No, horror, real horror is in the situation. There must be the situation, implicit with dread potentialities before the can be horror. Certainly many a mil mannered, very normal-looking man can be a murderer. Distorted bodies, ugly faces do not necessarily harbour evil spirit. Some of the most expert purveyors of horror on the screen—well, take Peter Lor for example. Peter plays his roles without benefit of grotesque make-up. He is in real life, a rosy-cheeked, wholesomelooking chap. But place him in a situation sinister enough and he will freeze the blood out of your veins."

"Take the police calls which come over the air: 'Calling car 9999... Call Car 4878...'. There is nothing horrid about the men who are broadcasting the mystery. They are people who are getting a dollar a week."

America's first baby powder is now Antiseptic. But it doesn't cost a penny more. How foolish to use any other!

W.J. Mennen

Mennen Antiseptic Powder

"But I've been offered many a radio and have read it and turned it down, saying: 'This will be no good on the air requirements are too visual. The situation must be seen.' In Death Takes A Hold..."
England, and make good up finer route."

The was your world his disembodied entire was perspiration Bing pipe. had that's the idiom rom >ng hows, says, lieuir uig. Iritish. 'he ff; moved jpernatural."

Because man had "Horror" In played Hyde and I had to change the whole timbre and tone-quality of my voice then I was the kindly Jekyll.

"Horror on the air can be more chilling than horror placed in any other medium because the air is the natural element of horror. Two things are necessary—horror must be implicit in the situation and the actor must have such perfect control of his voice that he can run the gamut of good and evil, of the natural and the supernatural."

I rose to go. The luggage was being moved from the living-room. Mr. Karloff was en route to England to make the Man Who Lived Again for Gaumont-British. From the distance I could hear the gutteral voice of Violet. The canaries sang. The dogs nuzzled the kind hand of their master.

Mr. Karloff said: "I hope, one of these days, to be able to give you the shoulder of your life, over the air ... and, who knows, the day may come when actors long dead and gone will be talking to you from a world reached, entered ... by radio ..."

Avoid Offending

Many girls lose out on friendship, romance—because of one unforgivable fault ... perspiration odor in underthings.

Play safe—Lux underthings after each wearing. Lux takes away perspiration odor, yet keeps colors lovely. Lux has no harmful alkali as ordinary soaps often have—saves fabrics from injurious cake-soap rubbing Safe in water, safe in Lux.
Nothing Ever Happens
(Continued from page 31)

He pays his writer perhaps a bigger salary than any other comedian on the air and is a firm believer in the fact that the success of a comedy show depends upon a close collaboration between writer and comedian.

"I don't care if George Kaufman, Morrie Ryskind and a dozen others write a show," Jack says, "it still won't be right unless the writer and comedian build it together. We're lucky in that our comedy is more a matter of personalities than just gags. I've found that the listeners like built-up characters and that one funny line, in character, is worth a dozen planted gags."

Jack Benny can call it luck. The record shows, however, that he has been one of the few headline acts to encourage the build-up of other characters on his show. Frank Parker, Don Bestor, Don Wilson and many others have had their chances at being comedians as well as doing their own specialties. And I don't think it's "luck" that makes personality the main ingredient of Benny's program. Jack's personality is definitely his own; he sounds friendly, unassuming, bland and affable. As a matter of fact, he is the same way off-mike. It's not something he adopts for the air. Jack Benny was doing just the same type of comedy, in the same style, when he was playing vaudeville with his fiddle under his arm and when he was a featured comedian in Broadway revues.

But drama? Where was the drama—the fierce struggle for a place in the radio firmament? The battle for recognition?

"Tell me about the time you first started in radio," I suggested. "You were out of the Vanities—with no job—determined to make a place for yourself on the air..."

Jack grinned apologetically as he rejected my prompting.

"Well," he said, "it wasn't just that way. I left the show with twenty weeks still to go."

"But wasn't it a zero hour for you? Didn't you stake everything on the hope of landing a radio spot?"

"Uh... well... you see I was getting $1,500.00 a week with Vanities," he amended regretfully. "I had appeared on Ed Sullivan's show one night as a guest performer. And I figured there was no reason why I shouldn't do all right on the air. We went down to Florida for a couple of weeks and thought it over. When we came back we signed up with Canada Dry."

No drama again. That doesn't mean of course, that Jack Benny just walked into things, always. The real reason that his rise to fame was no overnight sensation. It was built upon years of work in the theatre. As Jack puts it: "After you've been playing around for twenty odd years, you've got a certain feeling of security."

And a well-earned sense of security too. It's true that Benny wasn't facing starvation when he left a $1,500-job to try for the radio. It's also true that with
out the gradual and steady upward climb of those twenty-four years he probably would have gone the way of most overnight successes—a skyrocket rise and fall. I gave up in despair. "Hasn't anything exciting ever happened to you?"

He shook his head, mildly sorrowful. "I've had less excitement than anybody in show business," he confessed. "It's been a steady pull. When we went on the air ..." (He almost always says "we", even if Mary Livingstone wasn't then with him in the show). "When we went on the air, at first nobody paid very much attention to us. We went right along, sneaking up gradually. But nothing much happens."

"There must be some things that get your goat."

"Well—we had a touch of annoyance with listeners who resent perfectly harmless gags. There was the time a girl sang: 'Canada be the spring ...' you know, to the tune of 'Love in Bloom.' Well, several Canadians wrote in, objecting to it. Lord knows why! So, not long ago, we were going to do a travesty bit on the Northwest Mounted Police. We were afraid that would bring some more 'resenting' letters. So we worked it out to let Mary apparently be writing the script, right while we were doing it."

"You've probably heard it ... the type-writer would tap, and then they would play a five-minute scene Mary had 'written' in half an hour."

"To make doubly sure, we set the scene in Alaska, instead of Canada, and put in a line to cover it. I said to Mary: 'There aren't any Mounties in Alaska! And Mary said: I know—but it's colder there.'"

"Did it spoil the scene?" I asked hopefully. Jack grinned. "No . . . it was done to prevent any squawks, but it turned out funnier that way than it would have been otherwise."

"Then there's nothing," I sighed, "that you have to complain about?"

"Well," he said, grinning again, "back in the old days, in the theatre, when you made two thousand a week it was yours." But he didn't look very upset about it. And there you have Jack Benny—the man to whom nothing ever happens, except a steady climb to success, a busy life, a happy home and an adopted daughter he's quite screwy about. Their best friends are Burns and Allen. When the Bennys are in New York they live at the Burns and Allen apartment, and use the Burns and Allen car. And George and Gracie use the Benny car, out in Los Angeles. I didn't go into what happens when both couples are at the same place.

Mary and Gracie get together and swap stories about their lives and make gifts to the youngsters; gifts that are much alike, as each of them have the same toys."

Jack likes New York, he likes Los Angeles; he likes stage and screen and radio work. He likes playing to a studio audience and figures it helps a comedy show, but he'd give it up if the other comedians did. He likes being head man in comedy, but he'd be satisfied if he were second or third. He's easy-going, pleasant and affable as he sounds. It isn't very thrilling, but what can you do about it? Well, you can listen to his show and laugh at his comedy and like him.

It isn't difficult.

RADIO STARS

THEN SHE FREEZES UP—
AND MOVES ACROSS THE AISLE!

HERE I WAS THINKING
I'D FOUND THE ONE AND
ONLY...WHAT DO YOU MAKE
OF THE SUDDEN COLD
SHOULDER?

WELL, LET'S GET
ON AGAIN—SAY, IF
YOU REALLY WANT
TO KNOW, FRED...

SO THAT EVENING...

WHAT CAUSES MOST BAD BREATH?
IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH!
I RECOMMEND THE DAILY USE OF COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM GETS TEETH REALLY CLEAN!

MANY THANKS, DOC...
. . . I'LL GET A TUBE RIGHT
AWAY!

1,000 MILES LATER

YOU HAVE MY
ADDRESS...I'LL EXPECT
YOU ABOUT EIGHT
TONIGHT!

YOU BET,
WITH BELLS ON!

THAT DENTIST IN
CHICAGO CERTAINLY KNEW HIS
STUFF WHEN HE
RECOMMENDED COLGATES!

NO OTHER
TOOTHPASTE
EVER MADE MY
TEETH SO BRIGHT
AND CLEAN!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

REMEMBER this important fact—and take the sure way to avoid bad breath! Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums, and around the tongue—which dentists agree cause most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate's. If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will refund TWICE what you paid.

Note—NO BAD BREATH behind his SPARKLING SMILE!

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

20¢ 
LARGE SIZE 
Giant size, over twice as much.

35¢
Can Kate Smith Find Love?

(Continued from page 15)

One of Kate Smith's earliest ambitions was to be a trained nurse. But fifty million radio fans are happy that she chose a different career.

She told the producer, when it was over: "Some day, when this play is ended on Broadway and you want me to go on the road, I will say no! You have done nothing for me. You would not let me go to my father. Why should I do anything for you?"

"And I did. I laughed at him when he tried to persuade me." Only then, did she turn back to her orchestra leader, her microphone and thoughts of the twenty million people who listen to her singing.

And yet she did not say it revengefully. She said it emotionally, regretfully, a little yearningly—because she, Kate Smith, cannot talk without showing some emotion.

I really believe she would have left the world of Fame when Flying High went on to the road if it had not been for one of those weird accidents which so often happen. She would have turned to nursing, to devote all of her thwarted emotions to the sick. She would have become one of the nurses of whom you never hear but who save human lives, not so much through technique as through the love, the great love, they bring to that borderland between life and death. When medicine fails—ah, how many nurses have encouraged a sick one to live on because of that something for which science has no explanation, which they bring into a room.

But fate intervened. Ted Collins saw Kate in the show and decided that she should become Queen of The Air. He talked with her. You know that story. He is the manager who has made Kate Smith known throughout our nation.

On May first, her twenty-seventh birthday, she celebrates her fifth anniversary.
on the air. At that time she will have more than two million dollars in cash. At times, she has made as much as $12,000 weekly. She could be making that much at this moment, if she would accept all the offers made her.

But she loves the air. "I am absolutely happy behind this microphone." She looked at it tenderly. "I love it," she added simply.

And yet as she stood there, speaking of her love for that cold little black beetle, I knew she, too, was fibbing. No woman can live for a career only. I know. She knows. Only she hoped I didn't know! "And love and marriage?" I asked.

Oh, of course ... I suppose every woman—" her voice trailed into silence for a moment. "To have a home, a husband, babies ... Perhaps, some day. But not now. I do not go out with men, except in large crowds. I never go into night clubs. I'd rather go into my kitchen and bake a cake! I love to cook." Her eyes brightened. "My microphone, my cooking, my sports ... They are holding the train for Lake Placid for me tonight, so that I can catch it after my broadcast. Sports! Bob-sledding, skiing, skating, tennis, swimming, hand ball—"

She listed practically every sport in the dictionary. She did not tell me, what I already knew that she is master of each one of them. She has a bob-sled team at Lake Placid. She skis down the most dangerous slides. When she was learning to skate, she would not give up although she took so many tumbles, she was black and blue from head to foot. Her friends were frightened for fear she would break her neck. But her neck was not important to Kate. Being the best skater on the pond was! She can hold her own today on any pond.

I want to ask you what you like most about Kate Smith's voice? Is it her fine range? Her naturalness? Her clarity? Or is it that emotional ring which does something you can't quite explain, even to yourself? I believe that it is the emotion which comes unconsciously from her soul. The romance which lies hidden so deeply within her—coming out through song; the energy of womanhood, coming out through song, skating, skiing and bob-sledding! How many men would like to marry the Kate Smith of this moment!

Fame! Decency! Health! Two million dollars! She probably receives more proposals than any other woman in America.

But can she forget? Can she forget the little boys who teased her when she was a youngster? Can she forget the men who waited for the slim chorus beauties and passed her by, even though she was the hit of a show on Broadway? Can she forget that to marry Fame is often the ambition of men? And can a woman as fine as Kate Smith want marriage for anything but Kate Smith, the woman?

Can Kate Smith find love? I hope so! For she is a woman. And although she can smile today and let the rest of the world pass by, although she can do anything in the world she pleases—even to living in a single, inexpensive apartment as she does please—yet she never will be what really was intended unless she can find love, the real tribute, to a real woman with real glamour.

**RADIO STARS**

**ARTISTS AND MODELS**

say...

**CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES**

"SIMPLY SWELL" says gray-eyed RUTH COLEMAN

"GORGEOUS!" says hazel-eyed JANICE JARRATT

"JUST RIGHT!" says brown-eyed MIRIAM TILDEN

"PRICELESS!" says blue-eyed LINNA CHURCH

one of the many famous illustrators and artists who approve the new MARVELOUS EYE-MATCHED MAKEUP.

**BEAUTIFUL** models, brilliant artists, stage, screen, and society stars agree: wear Marvelous the Eye-Matched Makeup!

For here at last is makeup that matches ... harmonizing face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and mascara, in true color symphony. And here's make-up that's right for you ... for it's all scientifically keyed to your personality color, that color that never changes, the color of your eyes.

Drug and department stores are now featuring this new makeup ... Marvelous Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick, Eye Shadow, or Mascara ... guaranteed by Richard Hudnut ... full size packages, each 55¢ (Canada, 65¢).

WearyMarvelous the Eye-Matched Makeup ... and be the girl an artist longs to paint ... tonight!

**MARVELOUS The Eye-Matched MAKEUP**

by RICHARD HUDNUT

**55¢ each**

Harmonizing face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow, or mascara, only 55 cents each. Ask for the Hudson type, if your eyes are blue; Fiery type, if your eyes are green; Continental type, if your eyes are hazel; Fairman type, if your eyes are brown.
No more 'tired,'
'let-down feeling' for me.

"I reasoned that my red blood corpuscle strength was low and I simply took a course of S.S.S. Tonic and built it back."

IT is all so simple and reasonable. If your physical let-down is caused by lowered red blood corpuscles—which is all too frequent—then S.S.S. Tonic is waiting to help you...and will, unless you have a serious organic trouble that demands a physician or surgeon.

Remember, S.S.S. is not just a so-called "tonic". It is a tonic specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions, and also has the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying red corpuscles in the blood.

This two-fold purpose is important. Digestion is improved...food is better utilized...and thus you are enabled to better "carry on" without exhaustion—as you should.

You may have the will-power to be "up and doing" but unless your blood is in top notch form you are not fully yourself and you may remark, "I wonder why I tire so easily."

Let S.S.S. help build back your blood tone...if your case is not exceptional, you should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food...sound sleep...steady nerves...a good complexion...and renewed strength.

S.S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The 82 economy size is twice as large as the $1.25 regular size and is sufficient for two weeks treatment. Begin on the uproad today.

© S.S.S. Co.

You Just Can't Figure Him Out
(Continued from page 25)

She reminded me that he had graduated from Yale and had studied with and become the friend of Yale's greatest professors. I laughed at her but I went over to the Broadhurst Theatre to talk to Rudy about philosophy. He smiled slightly at my questions and said shyly: "But I have a degree as Bachelor of Philosophy. Psychology is all right. I think Pickin has it sized up the best. But none of it matters much unless you know how to apply it so you can enjoy just living."

And I knew the other reporter was right in the picture she had.

Conceit; musician; lover; philosopher!

William S. Hart, famous cowboy star of the silent films, thinks the world and all of Rudy Vallee. They are the kind of friends who make the word "friendship" mean something vital in any language. I am certain that one of the links between them must be their fondness for dogs. Rudy has a dog who is a friend. A National Broadcasting photographer took a picture of the two, standing together. The photographer asked Rudy to autograph the picture and then said, meaning it as a joke, "Can't we have the dog's autograph also?" But to Rudy, you don't joke about a dog. He went home and got the animal, brought him back to N.B.C., put a pen between his nails and helped the dog to sign his name beneath his master's. And the photographer saw Rudy as a man who has a real respect and a real love for a dumb fellow being.

I have spent hours talking with the employees who work in his large suite of offices in New York City. I would like to give you the picture as one of them, who has worked with him ever since he went on the Fleischmann Hour in 1928, sees it: "He is first of all, New England. He doesn't like to have anybody pry into his personal life; considers it almost an insult. It has been very hard for him to adjust himself to any kind of publicity. It is a battle he never has conquered and never will. I do not think Mr. Vallee himself understands why. It is because he is so wholly New England. Do you know the New England household? Do you know the character of men like Rudy's father and grandfather, who were guardians of the household and as such would not allow anyone to peep within it? Rudy inherits this guardianship. It is not a pose.
A Breakfast fit for a Queen of the Screen

BETTE DAVIS
Winner of the
1935 Motion Picture Academy Award

Puffed Rice
with Raspberries

Eggs Scrambled
with Cream

Toast

Coffee

RADIO STARS

FIT for king or queen is this favorite breakfast of Bette Davis! Mixing lemon juice with prune juice is a delicious new idea from Hollywood. But the all-star combination that makes this menu such a royal taste-treat is crispy, crunchy Quaker Puffed Rice topped off with raspberries. And what a difference just a bit of cream makes in the scrambled eggs!

Your grocer is displaying this easy-to-prepare Bette Davis breakfast now. Order the ingredients you need and enjoy it tomorrow!

NOTE THE TOASTY PERFECTION OF QUAKER PUFFED RICE THAT COMES FROM QUAKER'S DOUBLE-CRISPING METHOD! ... AND NOTE HOW THE RED AND BLUE PACKAGE IS TRIPLE-SEALED TO GUARD FRESHNESS!

DIGESTS FASTER!
QUAKER PUFFED RICE HAS THE SPEEDY DIGESTIBILITY SO IMPORTANT TO BUSY PEOPLE IN THESE HIGH-TENSION TIMES. "SHOT FROM GUNS", EACH GRAIN EXPANDS 8 TIMES NATURAL SIZE AND FOOD CELLS BURST OPEN TO ABSORB DIGESTIVE JUICES QUICKLY. COMPARE THESE TWO FINE BREAKFASTS:

BREAKFAST I.

EACH

QUAKER PUFFED RICE TOFFEE

BAKON AND EGG

TOAST COFFEE

BREAKFAST II.

YOUR QUAKER PUFFED RICE WAS DIGESTED IN THE STOMACH 45 MINUTES FASTER THAN BREAKFAST NO. II, ACCORDING TO TESTS MADE BY DR. PAUL C. DICK, CHICAGO.
understand, too, that she never would permit herself to feel that in making that decision she had sacrificed a possible movie career. She did what seemed right to her, and cherished no regrets.

"After the run of The Chocolate Soldier was finished," Bernice said, "I made a concert tour through Canada. Then I came back to New York and made a personal appearance tour and guest appearances on several radio programs. Then I started my first radio series, co-starring with Frank Munn in Lavender and Old Lace, on Tuesdays, and Melodi-ana, Sundays.

"I really love radio work," she went on. "It isn't hard—and the associations are so pleasant... both of the boys I sing with—Frank Munn, in Waltz Time, on Fridays and Oliver Smith, in Melodi-ana, on Sundays—are just grand. Frank Munn is one of the kindest people I know. He has helped me in my work, many a time... and then, radio gives you time to study and practise and to enjoy your home..." She glanced contentedly about the room with its big concert grand piano, on which was draped a Paisley shawl, its books and pictures and cushiony chairs and deep-piled soft blue rugs, the stack of music, waiting to be catalogued and filed in the new music cabinet she had just bought. ("I just haven't felt like tackling that job yet!" she laughed.)

"Of course, I'm all alone," she said, "but I don't mind it... Mother couldn't come East. She is in Oakland, California—where I was born. My brother's wife died, and Mother is taking care of his two children. She isn't a 'stage mother,' anyway—just a 'home-body' sort of person. She wouldn't like New York, for long..."

"No, I'm not married. There's no story there?" She shook her blonde head. "And I never have any goofy love affairs... I don't do anything exciting... But I like having my own home. I like New York."

"Even in the winter, when it's so cold? And even in the summer, when it's hot?" I asked. "Most people who 'really love New York,' spend half of the year south, and the other half somewhere else."

"Well—in the winter I can't walk as much as I like to—it's so icy and slippery... I love to walk. I had a little wirehaired fox terrier. We had grand long walks, in the park and all around. But I had to give him away... It's not fair to keep a dog in an apartment. I couldn't take him everywhere—and often I'd be away all day and he'd be shut up alone with nothing to do but sleep, or chew up the rugs!" She laughed. "Then I'd come home tired and ready to curl up and do nothing—and he'd be all set to go out and have a time! But he has a grand time now. I gave him to some friends who live out in the country and he can romp all day. I miss him, but it's better for him. A dog has to have a good time, just like any of us..."

"In the summer," she went on, "I go to the beach. Some friends of mine have a summer home at a Jersey resort—one of those little cottages right on the beach. I go down there every week. Not weekends, though—when there's a crowd. I go down on Monday or Tuesday and stay.
Every girl owes it to herself to make this "Armhole Odor" Test

If moisture once collects on the armhole of your dress, the warmth of your body will bring out stale "armhole odor" each time you wear your dress.

It is a terrible thing for any nice girl to learn that she is not free from perspiration odor. Yet 9 out of 10 girls who deodorize only will discover this embarrassing fact by making a simple test.

You owe it to yourself to make the test tonight. When you take off your dress, remember to smell the fabric under the arm. If moisture has collected on the armhole, even once, you will be able to detect a stale "armhole odor."

You cannot protect yourself completely by the use of creams or sticks, which deodorize only. They cannot keep the little hollow under your arm dry.

You may be completely dainty, but people near you are conscious of the stale "armhole odor" of your dress! They think it is you!

There is one SURE protection

Once a woman realizes what the problem is, she will insist on underarm dryness. That is why millions of fastidious women regularly use Liquid Odoron. With the gentle closing of the tiny pores in the small area under the arm, no moisture can ever collect on the armhole of your dress, to embarrass you later by creating an impression of uncleanness.

Any doctor will tell you that Odoron is entirely safe. With Odoron, the excess perspiration is simply diverted to less "closed-in" parts of the body, where it is unnoticed and evaporates freely.

Saves your lovely gowns

There's no grease to get on your clothes. And with all moisture banished, there's no risk of spoiling an expensive costume in one wearing. Just by spending those few extra moments required to use Odoron, you'll be repaid not only in assurance of complete daintiness, but in money and clothes saved, too!

Odoron comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. Regular Odoron (Ruby colored) need be used only twice a week. For especially sensitive skin or hurried use, use Instant Odoron (Colorless) daily or every other day. At all toilet-goods counters.

If you want to be completely at ease and assured, send today for samples of the two Odorones and leaflet on complete underarm dryness offered below.

RUTH MILLER, The Odoron Co., Inc. Dept. 606, 101 Hudson St., New York City (In Canada, address P. O. Box 3320, Montreal)

I enclose $6 for sample vials of both Instant Odoron and Regular Odoron and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.

Name:

Address:

City State
SALESMAN of the symphony to America's millions, the man who has taken the boredom out of Bach and supplanted Chopsticks with Tchaikowsky, Radio's Number 1 Maestro, Leopold Stokowski, has gone Hollywood.

At least, he's become a pal of Bing Crosby, he thinks Charlie Chaplin one of the world's great musicians, and Hollywood's superspecial stars cooed over him recently at a tea given for him by Joan Crawford and her husband, Franchot Tone. All of which adds to the already startling variety of interests which the great conductor has had in the past. It might be well for someone to tip off the Golden City of Girls and Gelatine to watch out—for what Stokowski has touched in the past has had some pretty interesting changes happen to it.

That probably is the key to Stokowski's personality—to the success which has brought him from the organist's bench in a tiny London church to the conductor's stand of one of the world's great orchestras. Some years ago Stokowski refused to broadcast on the radio, claiming that it distorted music. Thinking it over later, he saw that it was foolish not to seize this opportunity of bringing good music to millions; perhaps something could be done about the distortion. So he went on the radio, admitting he knew nothing about it. But he didn't stay ignorant—he set out to know everything he could about broadcasting. He made recordings of his broadcasts as picked up by radios; he went into control-rooms, he talked to engineers; he experimented with the positions of his orchestra until the musicians were dizzy; he went with his problems to distinguished physicists and scientists. Thus every year, since Stokowski's advent on the radio, has seen a continuous improvement of his broadcasts, so that the full quality of the great music of symphony orchestras might go into the homes of listeners.

Right now, Stokowski is in the midst of what he considers the biggest idea of his career—a tour, with the Philadelphia Orchestra, of the United States and Canada. When Stokowski suggested the idea some nine or ten months ago, a lot of experts did a lot of joking about it, pointing out that it was obviously impossible, for one reason because it would cost too much. These same experts today are not doing so much joking, because Stokowski put the idea into action and today the great conductor is rolling along in the ten car air-conditioned Philadelphia Special, which is taking the orchestra on its transcontinental trek. The train looks like a rolling hotel and a five and ten-cent store rolled into one and marks a new high in special gadgets.

Besides a shower bath car, th
train has a circulating library for the musicians, specially selected porters, and closets to keep the tail coats of the musicians unwrinkled. The baggage cars alone are a triumph of some kind. A quarter of a million dollars worth of precious instruments, which could not be duplicated anywhere in the world, are being carried through all kinds of weather and some very careful precautions have to be taken to insure their safety. All kinds of queer shaped cradles, trunks, rests and containers have been devised to assist Marshall, the Philadelphia's veteran baggageman, in keeping the instruments safe.

This tour marks the realization of one of Stokowski's great ambitions—an ambition which began many years ago, when he had his first American conducting job with the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra. Stokowski had been appointed when he was only twenty-three and, after a season in Cincinnati, began a tour of Ohio towns, which was greeted with such enthusiasm that he made up his mind that some day he would tour the entire country. It was this first tour which won him the job with the Philadelphia Orchestra and marked the beginning of his bid for world fame.

"The tour is my life long ambition come true at last," said Stokowski in the quick staccato accents, which distinguish him both on and off the concert stage. "I always have wanted to bring music to people all over the country, in fact all over the world."

Stokowski is very serious about this business of bringing music to everyone. It is this which has prompted his radio appearances, despite their technical flaws, it is this which has led him to devote himself so intensely to sound science, it is this feeling which has caused him to spend so much time in making records, which he feels offer a broad new field for the development of music.

Strangely enough, this tour which means so much to Leopold Stokowski has backfired in one way. As he told Bing Crosby in a radio interview a few weeks ago, the tour has split the Philadelphia wide open in a feud, and what is not surprising, the subject is women. Some of the orchestra wanted to take along their wives, some emphatically wanted them left at home. Some of the single men suggested that it would be a swell idea if they could bring their girl friends, but another contingent of bachelors didn't want any women along. Then one of the three women who are members of the orchestra

(Continued on page 105)
IF Perspiration were a TIGER

—you'd jump to protect yourself from its ravages! Yet the insidious corroding acid of perspiration can destroy the under-arm fabric of your dresses as surely, as completely, as the scarring claws of a tiger's paw!

Answers to thousands of questionnaire revealed the astounding fact that during the past year perspiration spoiled garments for 1 woman in 3! What appalling wasteful extravagance, when a pair of Kleinert's Dress Shields would have saved any one of them at trifling cost.

And this surest form of perspiration protection is now the easiest also! Kleinert's Bra-form is a dainty uplift bra equipped with shields—always ready, without any sewing, to wear with any dress at any moment. A supply of two or three solves the perspiration problem for the busiest woman and they're as easily washed through the nightly soapsuds as your stockings and lingerie!

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RADIO STARS

Ed Wynn Was Forced to Return

(Continued from page 17)

business. Five months of it. Part of the time my mother was along, and that made my vacation complete. He was to remain available for a program, the ice people would have to pay him for an option on his services.

"I never expected that they would take me seriously," said the comedian. "No one ever had paid for such an option before. I said it, thinking that would scare them away."

These people, however, were not easily scared. The reply came back to Ed:

"How much?"

Ed replied: "$5,000.00."

There was a check in the next mail. He showed me a photostatic copy of the check—the first ever paid for an option on a radio star's services. However, neither the ice companies nor the National Broadcasting Company were able to work out a program and so nothing came of the option.

"Towards the end of August," Ed Wynn continued, "I began to be bored with all this inactivity. My life has been a busy one. I have written and composed the music for many of my own plays. Producing them too. For twenty-five years I have been constantly in action. And so, I was bored.

"You know my troubles. Recently they have been acute. But they have been with me for a score of years, and a set-up. I do not know how I have been able to go on... So, I decided to do something—something new, something that would relieve my boredom and help me to get rid of the anguish that was bottled up inside of me. I decided to produce a play.

"I had a choice of two: one, a farce—the other, a drama, written by a Hungarian, full of pathos. I chose the drama. It was a failure. I dropped $15,000.00 on it. But that did not bother me because in producing it, I had got rid of something, expressed an emotion that I had not been able to express in any other way. This play, with all its tears and heartbreak, was my own small tragedy—and I felt no end relieved."

The production of the play was important—because it cleared the atmosphere for Ed Wynn, tranquilized him, made him look at life with quiet eyes once more. He began to read the letters more seriously, more sympathetically.

This is a story difficult to believe perhaps, but the letters, still flooding in on him with every mail delivery, swung him from his decision to stay away from radio. Nothing else did it. He remembers the letters in the handwriting of children, in the illegible scrawls out of the Cumberland Mountains, neatly typewritten on the stationery of important executives—thousands of them.

Restored by his long rest, emptied of his emotion by the production of a drama, Ed Wynn again was the born clown. The old hankering for the limelight, the crowds, the shouts of uncontrollable laughter at his fun, came back.

That was his mood when an old friend,
Walter Chrysler, sent his agents to see him. The Plymouth car wanted Ed Wynn. Its advertising agency and its officials came to Ed and said:

“We want a radio program this winter. And you’re it.”

“You know,” Ed said, “Texaco paid me a lot of money.”

“How much do you want,” they said.

“I am not one to want a raise in pay. I’ll take the same thing from you.”

“It’s a deal,” they said.

The type of program, the details—none of these things were discussed. It was only after the contracts were signed that the hunt for a radio program began. The name, Gulliver, came to him one evening. And to him, it means not the old Gulliver who traveled among the giants—but a man who traveled so much that people call him “Gulliver.”

Eleven days later, Ed Wynn was at the microphone. Twenty-nine thousand letters saluted him, in the next three days, welcomed him back. Once again the old clown had rolled his audience into the aisles.

So, there you have it—the story of how Ed Wynn departed from radio with a resolve never to come back again; how he rested five months on the sea, produced a play—and how, feeling his sane, normal self again, he read the letters written to him by thousands who loved him, how reading them he became convinced that it was a mistake to desert them and how, at last, he decided that perhaps it was a mistake to leave radio—and so he came back.

For all of which, you probably are extremely grateful—but you can’t be any more grateful than I am.

We need Ed Wynn!

I’VE DISCOVERED AMERICA!

“I’m an explorer! I’ve found out more about this great country of ours in three weeks than I could have in a lifetime poring over geography books. And what a comfortable way to explore...in a big Greyhound motor bus, among congenial fellow travelers, with one of America’s finest drivers at the wheel. The cost of my trip, going one way, returning another, was less than gas and oil for a small private auto! Here are a few of my delightful memories:

“Everyone aboard the big bus smiled when that starry-eyed young couple got off at Niagara Falls. As if we didn’t know all the time where they were headed—and why!

“What a thrill... when a tiny fawn burst from the woods, scampered across our road, and went splashing through a Minnesota stream.

“In the shade of a giant redwood tree, it took fifteen of us, stretching our arms wide, to encircle one of those tremendous trees.

As our bus was ferried across San Francisco’s Golden Gate, we could look up and see men, like microscopic spiders, spinning the cables of the world’s mightiest bridge.

“I will never forget that wrinkled old Indian woman who sold me the clever little hand-woven basket, beside rainbow-colored Apache Trail.

“Our Greyhound bus actually passed right over the top of Virginia’s marvelous Natural Bridge—an experience I will always remember!”

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MM-6

73
Here's a Very Curious Man
(Continued from page 39)

For every thrill must be authenticated before we use it. It's fun, though, finding these people. Both the Explorers and Adventure clubs have given us some of them. We've found others through book and newspaper adverstements and by suggestion still others, so it doesn't look as if we would ever run out of material.

On the surface it would seem strange that the man who has endeared himself to millions as wise old Seth Parker with his homely philosophy and Sunday Nighth hymn singing could turn around and be equally convincing in the rip-snorting Gang Busters and Thrill programs.

But if you look below the surface you'll find it isn't so strange at all. For the Seth Parker of today has had the pace-maker been thrilld for the others. Analyze an you'll find in every broadcast some human equation. You'll find mild thrills and excitement as well as tolerance and moderation. Above all, that humanness that endures. Seth Parker, a young man in his early thirties, to enact salty, old Seth Parker so well that even now many of his listeners think of him as a religious old farm living in Jone-spaine, Maine. It is that same humanness that has made his other programs so convincing.

His mail shows that over sixty per cent of his fans listen to all of his programs, a fact that points to a basic similarity between them. That similarity is Phil Lord's thirst for living, his understanding and unbounded rest for finding out things.

One of Phillip Lord's best friends, who was a boy with him in Meriden, Connecticut town where his father was a minister, says that Lord was the tradition of a clergyman's son, always getting his steps through his homelike energy. "Phil was the adventuresome one of us gang," he laughed. "But even if his adventures took a practical turn, never played the games of Cowboys and Indians, or soldiers the way the rest of did. There always was a business an in his adventures.

"For instance, saving his money to a few cheries and starting a chick farm was a far more engrossing game than any of the stereotyped one we used to play. When he went to grandfather's farm in Maine, on long vacations, he used to write to me his letters were full of schemes for making money.

"I've always felt it wasn't so much he wanted to make money as it was prove that his schemes were sound workable. The impossible never existed. That inquiring mind of never seemed to drain itself of ideas, it never leaned toward the bizarre or impractical. No day-dreams revolved around a fabulous fortune. He spent his days thinking, instead wishing as the rest of did.

"He rebelled against routine. On urdays his chore was to clean his fat huge Reo car, a job that took four or hours. Phil would work on it and so or so and all the time his thoughts
Mary Morgan, director of the Institute of Personality and Charm, with her twin secretaries, Virginia and Pauline Warren, of Batavia, Illinois.

churning to find a way to make the rest of us finish the job. And he always did find one.

"One day he had to change a tire that was beginning to wear. He invited the gang for a ride and of course we went. About five miles out of town the car stopped and after jiggling the gadgets on the dashboard for a few minutes, Phil announced that something was wrong with the engine and suggested that we might as well change that tire while we waited. All the time we were working on that job under a broiling sun, Phil kept tinkering with the machinery and when we hopped into the car again it went off like a streak. There was a gleam in his eyes but to this day Phil hasn't admitted that he tricked us."

Phil Lord still has that knack of making other people work for him. More than that he makes them do things his way. Seeing him rehearsing his cast is to know why he has been called the one-man show of radio. Every one of his actors plays his part as Phil Lord would play it.

"No!" He had been lolling in his chair as the cast were reading their lines, seemingly miles away from the conference room where they were rehearsing. But now an infection in an actor's voice had jolted him erect and his eyes were blazing. "You've got that wrong! That man you're playing is a desperado. Listen to the thing he pulled off in Texas and you'll know he couldn't speak that way!"

And after Phil Lord had told the story about the criminal in the script, the story he had taken the trouble to find out for himself, the man who was portraying him on radio had a real picture of him. So real, that when he read the line again it rang true. For it was the way the man himself would have said it.

Afterwards Phil Lord explained that it is because he has a good ear and a retentive memory that he is able to mimic voices so accurately and teach other people the same trick.

"It's timing, too," he went on. "A script has rhythm just the way a symphony orchestra has. And just as a violin coming in a split-second too soon or a piccolo half a note too high can spoil a concert, so a wrong inflection can ruin the whole effect of a scene."

Timing, of course. It's the thing that has made a failure of many a play and motion picture and radio program and made a success of just as many others. But Phil Lord has more than perfect timing. It's that way he has of delving into things and finding out what it is that makes people tick. It's the details about their lives, the little things about their character, the things they've done and the things they've left undone, all that store of knowledge he has gleaned about them, that make him able to portray them. It isn't so much the words a person speaks, as the thought that lies behind those words, that makes Phil Lord convincing in any characterization.

Curiosity again, or maybe we'll call it by its other name, imagination. Curiosity, restlessness, energy. They've all served Phil Lord instead of compelling him to serve them.

Faults or virtues depend on what you make of them. Restlessness has made heroes of many boys. Energy has landed others behind bars. Curiosity can make of anyone a pest to be shunned by his fellows. And yet it is these qualities that have made Phil Lord one of the outstanding successes of radio as well as a success as a human being.

You see, he makes virtues of them.

"Fresh air and exercise rate the top of my list for keeping fit. But I'm not swinging along blindly. My daily diet is mighty important, too. For breakfast, every one I know is changing to Shredded Wheat. And I'm right with them."

PACKED WITH VITAL NOURISHMENT

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**Fannie of the Follies**

(Continued from page 23)

this often. Not Miss Brice. Instead she appeared at every performance, sometimes with a temperature as high as one-hundred-and-three, at all times in excruciating pain.

I like her for not putting on an act about it; I like her for saying what she said to me:

"I gave a better performance when I was very sick than when I was well. I felt so rotten that I tried extra hard." She made one of the inimitable Brice faces. "Maybe I should be sick all the time!"

She handed Billy Rose her radio script to read.

"I want Bill to go over it," she said. "I'll bet you'll be great." remarked Frank Fay.

"I don't know," worried Fannie. And she repeated what she had said, years before. "I hate to read lines. I like to know my material. Reading makes me ill-at-ease; it rattles me. Besides, I think the voice on the air paints a character for the listener. Therefore a performer should portray only one character and make that one register. In the stage show here, I do Baby Snooks, an Englishwoman, a girl from Texas, and a lady from the Bronx. My problem is which one shall I give the radio audience, and will they think that voice is actually mine?"

"So Fannie's compromising," laughed Billy Rose. "She's playing herself on the air - Fannie Brice - who plays all the other characters."

"I'm going to do a lot of Baby Snooks sketches," she said. "Audiences love her. And I think that, as a child, there was a great deal of the Snooks in me."

With that Fannie launched into one of her funny stories. It dealt with herself when she was a little girl living in Brooklyn, who took her kid brother, Lew, to Coney Island. They had a dime apiece, enough for carfare there and back. This did not satisfy Fannie, who cherished visions of the scenic railway. So before boarding the trolley she confiscates Lew's dime, hiding it along with hers in the depths of a pocket. Next she gathered a few pebbles, tied her handkerchief neatly around them, and clasping her small brother's hand, boarded the trolley. Once seated, she exhibited the handkerchief, loudly informing anyone within earshot that her money was wrapped up in it. Then she started a brisk game of bean bag with brother Lew, using the handkerchief as the bag. When the conductor approached to collect their fares, Fannie, with an aim and timing worthy of Dizzy Dean, batted the bag out of the window, thereupon setting up such a wail and crying such big salty tears that had Mr. Belasco (who, later, to the tune of the star's, did recognize her dramatic ability) been on the spot, even he would have been fooled. As it was, the passengers fell for it and not only paid her fare and her brother's, but showered plenty of spending money for Coney Island.

I laughed at Fannie's story, just as everyone laughs at Fannie's stories. Then I said goodbye.

I did not see her again until the broadcast. She came, escorted by her trained nurse. Gone was the trembling Fannie who faced radio years ago; here was someone who had found a wondrous new medium.

She romped through the program to the
RADIO STARS

delight of the CBS theater audience. There was the time Tiny Ruffner, accompanied by the music, described an imaginative bevy of girls who were supposed to be parading down a flight of steps, Ziegfeld fashion.

“And now comes the girl from Spain,” said Mr. Ruffner, when, to his surprise, up jumped Miss Brice and did an impromptu Spanish dance, the while she put her fingers to that funny mouth of hers, warming the audience not to laugh and spoil the number.

There was also the time she thought she was through, waved goodbye and ran off the stage, only to be yanked back. Miss Brice had made a slight mistake. The program was only half over!

I liked all her numbers with the exception of one, that of a woman making a speech at a club. Here appeared the self-conscious Fannie reading from a paper.

The following afternoon I told her this. Fannie is the sort of person who wants and expects her friends to tell her the truth. She can take it.

“You know what happened to that bit,” she explained, “it’s really very funny . . . a hysterical woman at a club meeting, and the more hysterical she grows the higher pitched is my voice. But when I got up there to do it, da ole debil, laryngitis, took its hold, I couldn’t raise my voice. It was a ghastly feeling. I had to play the whole thing in four notes. This made me self-conscious and I didn’t raise my eyes from the paper. That’s always bad. No matter how funny a line is, it won’t get a laugh unless I make a face.”

“I was thrilled by the program,” she said, “It was so professional. It went with such snap and precision. It was like a three-ring circus. I felt something I never before had experienced in radio; I felt excited, as if I do on the stage.”

I asked her what she thought of the story running through the review. No Ziegfeld Folies ever had a story.

“It’s right in radio,” she told me. “The thread of a plot is not put there for entertainment. It’s for curiosity—for suspense. It’s to make people listen in the next week to see if the star really gets the note from the usher. In the theater a freak attraction will outdraw any vaudeville act, no matter how good that act may be. This holds good in radio.

“I’m the type who prefers sophisticated comedy, but I’ve been studying radio. I’ve watched it carefully. With the exceptions of Fred Allen and Jack Benny, sophistication seldom goes on the air. They want the simple story. Look at most successful programs . . . look at Showboat. That’s what I want . . . a Showboat of The Folies.”

She was interrupted by the telephone. It was her good friend, Miss Beatrice Lillie. At first their conversation was like any conversation between any two women.

Said Miss Brice: “What dress did she wear? . . . The pink with the white lace? Sure, I know she got it there. They make all her clothes . . . Forty-six, I tell you, if she’s a day.”

Then, “You did hear it? . . . What did you think? . . . I’m glad you said that . . . I know you wouldn’t say it if you didn’t mean it.”

Next Beatrice Lillie must have commented upon the make-up of the program.

“Listen, honey,” replied Fannie, “I wouldn’t take a half hour with all that responsibility, not for a million. I want a show in a lock of me. Actually I do more than a half hour in this, but it’s all divided up and it’s staged so that the whole show isn’t on my shoulders. And that story. That’s what they want, honey. No, not in New York, but all over America . . . and that’s what counts!”

Later, after hanging up the receiver, she turned to me. She spoke softly. “It is what counts.”

“What?” I asked.

“America . . . We theatre people live in such a narrow world that we’re liable to forget. Ziegfeld knew this. He knew a lot, that man! He once gave me a piece of advice that I’ll never forget. He said: Never be too big for your job! And he was so right. Get too big for a job and it’s goodbye career! I’ve seen it time and again.

“Do you know,” she added, “for years now I’ve applied that advice to whatever I do. Take radio . . . No going into it as the star dabbling in a sideline—not for me! And why should I think I’m so big I can hold a half hour, week after week, all by myself? Instead I used the Ziegfeld principle—a show—a solid show. I’m just a part of it, for it’s the whole set-up, the background, the music, the stooges, the material, my co-stars, everything together that spells entertainment.”

If it hadn’t been for that neuritis I would have patted Fannie Brice on the back. Wise Miss Brice. Not only listening to a showman like Billy Rose and the late Ziegfeld, but graciously taking their advice, using it all to its full advantage.

WHITE RIT took last year’s color OUT
• a new color with INSTANT RIT and . . .

LOOK! It’s a NEW DRESS!

You’ll hardly believe your eyes as White Rit dissolves the old dye out of every fibre—leaves it virgin clear—permits you to transform a dark dress to a radiant pastel shade—easily and safely.

White Rit is harmless as boiling water—acts only on the dye, not on the fabric—won’t injure the sheerest chiffons!

Also use White Rit in the laundry to make white goods really white, to remove ink spots, rust marks, mildew stains, fruit and grass stains! Works like magic.
Radio Stars

She Can't Do Without Her Ex-Hubby

(Continued from page 49)

radio via Station KDKA. Somehow, she never knew exactly how, she found herself teamed with the vice-president of a Pittsburgh bank, whom she had met through mutual friends, playing over the station on a program called Twenty Fingers of Sweetness. For the banker it was diversion, but for Ramona it was deadly earnest. She foresaw the vast possibilities of radio for her peculiar style.

So she and David Davies parted from the Bestor organization and for the next few years all their energies, all their thoughts, were centered in building Ramona into a star of the airwaves. Ambition transcended their personal emotions.

The story of Ramona's subsequent successes is familiar. She became a star, but she did not rest on her laurels. She did, however, take a breathing spell.

Tied up to an exclusive contract with Paul Whiteman, her career was at a temporary standstill. A standstill in a pleasant place, to be sure, but nevertheless a standstill. So Ramona had time to look about and consider what else life had to offer beside the success she had achieved as a pianist-singer. She looked back over the eight years since she had joined Don Bestor's band and discovered that she had skipped a whole chapter of life—a glamorous chapter, too.

Ramona had had no girlhood. Her another man. Insidious, horrid little whispers, whispers that shamed such a splendid feeling of camaraderie as existed between Ramona and David Davies. That feeling had increased with the years, although the first fire of their romance had dimmed and given way to mature understanding.

There was only one way to still the waggling tongues. Their friendship stood like a rock and divorce would not shake it.

Dolly Dawn, CBS star, sings with the George Hall Orchestra at Hotel Taft.

Yet Ramona hesitated. It seemed unfair. Probably it never would have materialized had not the understanding Davies seen the sacrifice Ramona was making. He didn't want her to give up her youth. She could have it now. He wouldn't stand in the way. In short, he was one of those rare mortals—an understanding man.

So, quietly, with all friendliness, they were divorced.

Will they re-marry?

The future holds that secret. At the moment, Ramona's breathing spell is ended. She has had her fling. It is over. She must go back to work. She is about to embark on new adventures; she has new worlds to conquer. She no longer is tied up by contracts, and soon she will have one or even two radio programs of her own. She will take one more step up the ladder of fame. There will be a new a more serious Ramona.

There, for the first time, is told the secret of this charming girl's success and romance. You know how she feels about David Davies, and how he feels about her. The future—well, who can speak of that? Not even Ramona or David Davies.

Whatever happens will not happen in the immediate future, because Ramona just now is a very busy young woman. Her mind is thoroughly occupied. Here is just one more secret. She is studying drama. She has set a goal for her self. She wants to become an actress. Why? Well—because Ramona is like that.
If you would appreciate having a skin soft and smooth as a rose-petal...immediately...and enjoy a beauty bath sensation...try the Linit Beauty Bath.

...AS A BREEZE IN SPRING

Dissolve some Linit in your bath while the tub water is running, bathe as usual, step out and when you dry yourself pat your body with a towel...do not rub...then feel your skin...soft and satiny smooth as the rarest velvet. And the most astonishing thing about the Linit Beauty Bath is that the cost is trifling. Don’t deny yourself such gratifying after-bath comfort when the expense is so insignificant. Try the Linit Beauty Bath and join the thousands and thousands of lovely women who daily enjoy its soothing luxury. Linit is sold by your grocer.

for fine Laundering

Don’t overlook the directions on the Linit package...recommending Linit for starching. Linit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.
TUMS heartburn.

At Rapid Relief®...are the tablet or capsule forms of Tums. Both are ideal for occasional relief of heartburn and acid indigestion. Each contains calcium carbonate, the active ingredient in Tums.*

*a typical heartburn symptom.

RADIO STARS

The Radio Hostess

(Continued from page 79)

instructions for making the other two dishes I mentioned, which are big favorites of Mr. Parker's, too. The first is the Parker Plate Luncheon, which provides you with a new and colorful vegetable salad, designed to intrigue even the most confirmed hater of salad greens. On the same card are directions for cooking hamburgers the way that Frank—and most men—like them cooked.

The second recipe card tells you how to make Vegetable Cups, with directions for fixing the vegetables themselves as well as for the flavor-some filling that goes into them.

And now we come to a short description of perhaps the grandest of all the Frank Parker food preferences. This dish is called Lobster à la Fra Diavolo. It is a regular Friday specialty of an Italian restaurant in New York. It was served in great part by singers from the Metropolitan Opera, who share with Frank a liking for Italian cooking at its best. Mr. Parker, you know, is of Italian descent and I've heard him say that he inherits a decided taste for the foods of our ancestors. Whether that is true or not I've never proved to my own complete satisfaction, but I'm sure that in this case, at least, I recognized more than a casual interest in this particular food.

Why, in describing this dish Frank used words of praise that poured out like the lyrics of a well-known song and made me so hungry that I set out forthwith in search of the recipe.

Since, before leaving, I had the foresight to secure the address of the restaurant from Frank, it was not at all difficult to sample this food masterpiece myself. The next step, of course, was to get the recipe—which also did not present insurmountable obstacles. So you'll find Lobster à la Fra Diavolo included in this month's leaflet. It will serve as a reminder that some of Frank's charm can be traced to his Italian ancestry, just as some of the lyric qualities of his voice stem from that same race famous for its singers, its music and now its Lobster à la Fra Diavolo!

So be sure to send for your copy of the leaflet which contains the recipes for all four of Frank Parker's favorite dishes. Through learning how the foods are prepared for one of Radio's most eligible bachelors, you'll learn how to cook things that are sure to appeal to other men as well. Incidentally, I'll wager you will like these dishes, too!

VINAIGRETTE SAUCE

(for asparagus, cold meats and fish)

1 teaspoon salt

a few grains pepper

3/4 teaspoon paprika

1 tablespoon tarragon vinegar

2 tablespoons cider vinegar

1/2 cup olive oil

1 tablespoon chopped cucumber pickle

1 teaspoon chopped parsley

Teaspoon mixed chives

Combine salt, pepper and paprika. Add other ingredients in order given. Mix together thoroughly.

HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

(for vegetables, fish and eggs)

1/3 cup butter

1 tablespoon lemon juice

yolks of 2 eggs

2 tablespoons boiling water

1/4 teaspoon salt

a few grains pepper

Place butter in a bowl. Cover with cold water and mash with a wooden spoon. Drain thoroughly and divide into three pieces. Place one piece of butter in top of double boiler together with egg yolks and lemon juice. Cook over boiling water, stirring constantly with a wire whisk or rotary egg beater, until butter melts. Then add second piece of butter and as sauce thickens add third piece. Add boiling water slowly, cook a minute or two longer, stirring constantly, until sauce is smooth and thickened. Remove from heat, add seasoning.

CHEESE SAUCE

(for vegetables and eggs)

3 tablespoons butter

2 tablespoons flour

1/4 cups scalded milk

1/4 teaspoon salt

1/4 teaspoon pepper

1/4 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

1 cup grated American cheese

Melt butter in top of double boiler. Add flour, stir until blended, then cook over boiling water for 5 minutes. Add scalded milk slowly. Cook, stirring constantly, until smooth and thickened. Add seasonings and cheese. Cook over boiling water until cheese is melted and sauce is smooth.

THE RADIO HOSTESS DEPARTMENT,
RADIO STARS MAGAZINE,
149 Madison Ave., N.Y. C.

Please send me—ABSOLUTELY FREE—a leaflet containing tested recipes for Frank Parker's Favorite Foods.

Name. ____________________________________________

Street. ____________________________________________

City. State. ________________________________________

80
"Oh Betty—what am I to do! It's my turn to have the boys and girls up to my house for a party. And our living room curtains and everything are so faded."

"Why, Joan, that's easy. Tintex is your answer. It makes faded curtains, drapes, table scarves, lampshades and slip covers just like new!"

That night—"Why Mother—tinting with Tintex is just fun. You'll never know our living room when we get through. Now I know my party will be a success!"

Next day—"Miss Clark—I mean, Joan. I had such a pleasant evening at your lovely home. May I call again some evening real soon?"

WHY have a colorless home—when it is so easy to give everything gay new color with Tintex. In your wardrobe, too, Tintex restores faded colors, or brings different colors, if you wish. 41 fashionable colors at drug stores, notion and toilet goods counters.

PARK & TILFORD, Distributors
Instead of using lipstick
TATTOO YOUR LIPS

how great his poise beforehand, he always gets mike-fright.

But Belcher and Johnson are reassuring with the people at the microphone. They put a hand on their shoulders to steady them, they cover up any hesitation with a small comment and put them at ease with friendly smiles.

When the program ended, Belcher and Johnson listened eagerly for any comment from the dispersing crowd. They were upset because someone thought it was a little unfair to stump a sweet young thing by asking her for a definition of electricity. They try always to avoid confusing or fussing an interviewee.

Of course, when they asked the about-to-be-married young man if he knew the proper way to fold a baby’s diaper, he was a bit fuss. But so were Messers Belcher and Johnson when, in the several days following, they got hundreds of replies from young mothers, many with properly folded diapers encased, because the young man had given the wrong answer.

The Vox Poppers hadn’t corrected the young man because it’s part of their successful policy never to correct a person over the air. They believe the listeners in would resent their showing up a volunteer in pitting the helpless amateur, the radio audience might feel antagonistic toward the man who had tripped him.

Or their entire policy, in fact, is to keep the program happy. They avoid personal questions and all queries dealing with religion or politics. For these might arouse antagonism. They avoid anything depressing. Many listeners have written them, asking them to pose the old question: "If your mother and your wife were drowning and you could save only one, which would you choose?" Hundreds of questions similarly depressing or morbid are sent them, but they never use them.

On the other hand, for they do ask serious questions. "What can the average man do to make streets safer for pedestrian traffic?" "Do you think that jazz has a rightful place among the fine music of the world?"

They aim on their programs to keep a careful balance between the frivolous and the serious: the laugh-getting and the thought-provoking. It’s Johnson who usually picks the folks who are natural for the serious questions, and Belcher who spots those who are quick at amusing answers.

Once in a while the interviewed person cracks back with a surprise. There was the young man whom they asked: "Could you talk for thirty seconds on the subject of baby carriages?" They expected him to hesitate or say "no." But the boy, much to their surprise, launched into a discussion with hesitation, and gave them thirty-seconds of hilarious free-wheeling on the subject of perambulators. They wish they had one like him at every broadcast!

Only a few times have they misjudged their volunteer and brought to the microphone a person who wise-cracked back at them in an unpleasant way. When this happens, the other member of the team quietly brings up the next person to be interviewed, and the discordant fellow is pleasantly but quickly terminated. However, neither Mr. Johnson nor Mr. Belcher object to their interviewee kidding them if it’s done in a spirit of fun and is amusing.

Women listeners write requesting them to interview less women and more men. Mr. Belcher explains the woman’s attitude as one of defense.

"The ladies are willing to go on the program," he says, "but in front of the microphone they suddenly are afraid of being embarrassed or teased. So they are apt to answer questions defensively, or get a little vindictive when they don’t know the answer. Men are more willing to tackle. When we do interview a woman who has a man’s attitude, why isn’t defensive, she always gives us a better interview than the men."

Only twice in all their years of interviewing have they encountered people well-informed enough to answer correctly every question asked. One was an old-man from Texas, the other a girl student in New York. All the other thousands of people interviewed could easily be tripped on such simple queries as: "What year did the United States join the League of Nations?" or "Little did Sampson know..."

One of their most successful interviews, however, was with a delightful old lady from Brooklyn who didn’t answer a question. She got mike-fright and was too self-conscious to let herself be tripped.

So charmingly infectious was her laugh all the spectators soon joined in. Those listening caught it, too, and the little old lady, still chortling, bowed from the microphone, having created a coast-to-coast network of laughter for more than a minute. The boys got a lot of fun fans on the strength of the laughing interview asking for more!

Occasionally the boys are stumped for a moment by a startling answer to a simple question. Imagine Mr. Belcher’s surprise, for example, when he asked a man one night: "Are you married?" And the volunteer answered: "Am I married? Say, I’ve been married fourteen times to fourteen different women!"

And proudly took fourteen wedding certificates from his pocket to prove it. And another night when Mr. Johnson asked a man who his occupation was and he answered: "sell rabbits’ feet." He did, too! "You can see," Mr. Johnson explains, "that we can’t plan our programs ahead of time, for we never know what type of people are going to be presented. Naturally when a man tells Jerry he’s been married fourteen times, the radio audience wants Jerry to ask him questions about married life and women. And when fellow tells me he’s a rabbits’ feet sales man, listeners expect some wise and interesting conversation on the subject of..."
luck and superstitions. It we tried to plan our program at all, we'd kill it."

"Of course," Mr. Belcher added, "many of the questions asked we have in mind, using them when nothing definite is suggested by the person being interviewed. Afraid of running out of questions? Never!" he laughed. "We have questions pouring in constantly from listeners, though, as a matter of fact, we can't use them all."

The Texas broadcasting days started in the fall of 1932, in Houston. After two years of highly successful Vox-Pop ping in their own state, NBC invited them to New York and a spot on a coast-to-coast hook-up. They haven't had a week of idleness since.

They were scared of New York at first, fearful that the crowds on New York City street corners might be more difficult to work with than those in Texas. "But they aren't," says Johnson. "We find people in New York just as friendly and cooperative as they were at home. And they give us the same sort of answers."

The program itself is probably one of the most nerve-wracking on the air to conduct. For they never know from minute to minute what is going to happen. They have to be constantly alert.

"But we love it," the pair agrees, "and in one way we have it all over most other fellows in radio. We don't have to go to rehearsals!"

John Boles, famous movie singing star, with Sigmund Romberg, famous composer. Boles has sung many of Romberg's lovely songs. In fact, there are few singers who haven't sung the Romberg melodies on radio, screen and stage. His opera, May Wine, is one of the highlights of the current Broadway theatrical season. Romberg now is in California, composing music for screen operettas. On his free nights he conducts his orchestra for the Swift program, with Lionel Barrymore and guest artists, on WEAF network.

The Answer is That 7 Out of 10 Brunettes Use the Wrong Shade of Face Powder!

BY LADY ETHER

If there's one thing women fool themselves about, it's face powder shades.

Many women select face powder tints on the wrong basis altogether. They try to get a face powder that simply matches their type instead of one that enhances or flatters it. Any screen will tell you that certain stage lights can make you look older or younger. The same holds true for face powder shades. One shade can make you look ten to twenty years older while another can make you look years younger.

It's a common saying that brunettes look older than blondes. There is no truth in it. The reason for the statement is that many brunettes make a mistake in the shade of the face powder they use. They simply choose a brunette face powder shade or one that merely matches their type instead of one that goes with the tone of their skin. A girl may be a brunette and still have an olive or white skin.

One of Five Shades is the Right Shade!

Colorists will tell you that the idea of numberless shades of face powder is all wrong. They will tell you that only five shades are necessary and that one of these shades will flatter your tone of skin.

I have proved this principle. I know that five shades will suffice. Therefore, I make Lady Esther Face Powder in only five shades. One of these five shades, I know, will prove just the right shade for you. It will prove your most becoming and flattering. I want you to find out if you are using the right shade of face powder for your skin. I want you to find out if the shade you are using is making you look older or younger.

One Way to Tell!

There is only one way to find out and this is to try all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder and that is what I want you to do at my expense.

One of these shades, you will find, will instantly prove the right shade for you. One will immediately make you look years younger. You won't have to be told that. Your mirror will cry it aloud to you.

Write today for all the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder that I offer free of charge and obligation. Make the shade test before your mirror. Notice how instantly the right shade tells itself. Mark, too, how soft and smooth my face powder is; also, how long it clings.

Mail Coupon

One test will reveal that Lady Esther Face Powder is a unique face powder, unparalleled by anything in face powders you have ever known.

Mail the coupon or a letter today for the free supply of all five shades of my Powder. I will also send you a 7-days' supply of my Four-Purpose Face Cream.
she returned to New York to star in a Broadway musical.

But now Eleanor was famous. She no longer was a struggling kid. She was a star, a real professional—and Abe, you will recall, has said he does not feel that any marriage with a professional could be successful. He couldn't selfishly ask Eleanor to give up her career. Perhaps, it wouldn't have done any good. But definitely, after Eleanor became famous, things weren't the same. Eleanor gave Abe back his gorgeous ring, but they are still the greatest of friends.

"Of course," Abe said with resignation, "I guess as long as my career lasts, I'll always be reading in the papers I'm in love with this girl or that girl. The truth of the matter will be that I've taken her once to a night club—but that seems to be enough to start the gossips talking.

"Now wait and watch—you'll see in the paper one of these days that Abe Lyman is in the throes of another romance!" Abe pondered morosely.

"Women!" he exclaimed at length. "Say, when I do have any time left over from my work, I'd rather use it to see a baseball game or a prize fight, or to play golf with the boys."

Abe Lyman, Lothario of Broadway, speaking!

"Well, you'll retire someday. Won't you think of marriage then?" I asked.

"Retire! Ha, ha! That's a hot one!" Abe laughed. "When I retire, I'll be so old nobody would want me. When I retire—voluntarily, that is—it'll be because the baton keeps getting tangled up in my whiskers."
Small Town Stuff in a Big Way

(Continued from page 35)

gave me the best they had, whether they
could afford it or not—and never would
accept a dime. They'd be insulted if I
offered them anything—I had to get around
it by leaving something when they weren't
looking."

In this way, he came to know intimately
their way of life, their dialect, their philoso-
phy, the strength and fineness of their
simple code. And these contacts and this
sympathetic understanding were shared by
Chester Lauck.

In these days, of course, they had no
thought beyond their own businesses, but
in their spare time they did enjoy amateur
theatricals and soon found themselves a
popular team at local entertainments.

They had reason to be pleased with their
success in a show which they put on to
raise money for people left destitute and
homeless by a flood, in 1931, but still they
did not think of themselves as actors. How-
ever their fame spread and when the Hot
Springs radio station decided to feature a
Mena Day program, the Mena Lions' Club—president, Chester Lauck—accepted
the invitation.

On the way to that broadcast, which was
to prove such a turning point in their lives,
young Lauck and Goff decided that they'd try something a little different. They
had been putting on blackface acts, but
they knew a sudden desire to do something
different, something original, something
entirely their own. Five minutes before the
broadcast, the idea still was ncholus but
persistent and when the announcer
asked them what they intended to call
themselves, they decided on the spur of the
moment on Lunn and Auber.

Unalarmed by the mike, or by their lack
of preparation, the boys went on the air
and chattered inspiredly in the manner of
the farmers who loved to gather and philos-
ophize about the stove of the nearest gen-
eral store. Thus Lunn and Auber—and
Pine Ridge—were born!

That first broadcast led to an invitation
to do a series of nine—and the young gro-
cery salesman and the automobile finance
man had found a new thrill in life!

The fan response to that first program, which led the Hot Springs station to ex-
tend the invitation, was but a small in-
dication of what Lunn and Auber were to
ean to a constantly increasing public.

Their career hasn't been all smooth sail-
ing—they have had different sponsors and
have been limited to small stations and
few outlets, but the boys never have waver-
ed in their determination or in their
sincerity, either in days of adversity or in
these pleasanter days of well-earned
fame and success.

"It isn't just comedy we want to put
over," Chester Lauck explained. "I think,
if we have done anything to be proud of,
it is just that we have created a better un-
derstanding of small-town people. City
people use the term 'hick' in a derogatory-
way—and the radio public thought that
all performers who came out of the hills
were hillbillies and yokelers. Well,
we tried to give them a different picture—
to show them that country people get more
out of life, that they aren't to be pitied—
that they are the salt of the earth!"

"Well," said Norris Goff, and it was a
long-drawn, appreciative "well, "that was
a long speech, for you!" He laughed, but
turned to me, all seriousness again. "It
is true, just the same—they spend more
time building a life than a fortune. They
have high ideals—they care about their
honor, their reputation in the community.
We forget that sort of thing, living in a
city where nobody knows us and nobody
cares.

"They're the backbone of the country,"
Lauck chimed in. "Their vocabulary may
be limited, but they are keen-minded, they
have their wits about them."

"And they can say more with one word
—get more shades of meaning, more vari-
ations in the one word well, for instance,
than you could imagine. They can say a
whole sentence with it! And they feel
deeply, borrow everyone's sorrow—"

Soft Young Skin FOR YOU

When you Melt away dead skin cells

YOU really have the softest skin imagi-
nable. If you'd only bring it out! Its
ture softness is hidden by dull, dead cells—
which you yourself can melt away.

Day after day, your skin is drying out.
Little cells are forever shrinking into dry,
flaky bits—mean "powder catchers"! But
you can smooth your skin instantly—with a
keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream)!

A distinguished dermatologist says:
"When a keratolytic cream (Vanishing
Cream) touches the skin, an instant soften-
ing takes place. Dried-out surface cells melt
away. Young underlying cells come into
view. The skin quickly acquires smooth-
ness and fine texture."

Try Pond's Vanishing Cream with the
coupon below. See how it puts an end to
roughness, an end to powder trouble.
Starts you toward a young, fine-textured
skin! Apply it twice a day . . .

For a smooth make-up—Always before
you put on make-up, film your skin with
Pond's Vanishing Cream. More than a pow-
der base, it melts away flaky bits . . . leaves
your skin smooth. Make-up goes on evenly
with a 'beauty-salon' finish."

Overnight for lasting softness—Every
night after your regular cleansing, spread
Pond's Vanishing Cream on your face,
hands, elbows. It isn't greasy, won't show.
NEW CREAM MASCARA

Needs no water to apply... really waterproof!

TATTOO YOUR EYELASHES

Tattoo them with this smooth, new cream mascara and they will instantly look twice their real length... with a lovely, coating curl. Smooth Tattoo instead of old-fashioned mascara. Tattoo the South Sea enchantress' own way of achieving truly glamorous eyes. More waterproof than liquid dyes; won't run or smear. Far easier to apply than cake mascaras. Won't smudge. Harmless. Actually makes lashes soft instead of brittle. Complete with brush in smart, rubber-lined satin vanity... 30c... at your favorite store.

TATTOO

Switch to Zip CREAM DEODORANT

For overcoming BODY ODORS

MORE FOR YOUR MONEY

THE BEST TO BE HAD

Gives complete insurance against offending others. Easy to use, instantly lasting. Harmless to your clothing. Ideal on your baby's hands or physician's prescription. Ask dealer of write.

Madame Berthé, 502 Fifth Avenue, New York

GRAY Hair

It's a method associated with your hair figure. It unlike French method RINGRAY. Any shade from smoke-tint. TRY Pheloactine—the "different" hair remover. It's entirely different from anything you have known. Free booklet. Madame Tarnel, Dept. 8B, 713 W. 31st St., N.Y.C.

Keep Skin Young with Mercerized Wax


RADIO STARS

Four of radio's smoothest voices—those of Morton Downey and the Pickens sisters—who sing for the Evening in Paris night club of the air over NBC. But there's no cover charge to hear these singers, Mondays at 8:30 p.m.

"They are pessimists to the last ditch," Lauck agreed, "but their sympathy is real, sincere." "Well, their lives are serious, they have plenty to worry about—weather and crops and never much money," Goff summarized. "That's why our sketches have to have a serious side, to be true to life." "And the seriousness accentuates the comedy," his partner contributed. "Makes the comedy stand out, gives body to the sketch, makes the characters more real! And we feel as if they really did exist." "That's why we don't use gags," Goff said. "Fans send them in—good ones, too—but our people don't talk that way." No, such people as Lum and Abner, Dick Huddleston, Squire Skimp, Cedric Weekhut, and all the rest of them, would have nothing but contempt for such artificial wit. Theirs is a deeper, more significant wit—and wisdom. And for real humor, give me one of Lum Edards' sayings—and Abner's perplexed and querulous "Huh?" and his disgusted: "If you'd just say what you mean and not allus talk so literary, Lum!" Or, again, Abner's low-voiced comments while Lum is talking over the party wire! Chester Lauck plays Lum, Grandaddy Sears (he describes the latter as "mostly a despicable little wart, but you overlook it because of his years") and the inimitable Cedric Weekhunt, the town's dull boy.

"You find one like him in every town," Goff said. "Half-witted, but just slow—good at collecting bees or saving wood or telling you where and how to find the best trout or get the most birds, but not so good at books."

Norris Goff plays Abner Peabody, Squire Skimp and the real hero of these little sketches, Dick Huddleston. Dick is a grand character, steady, honest, generous and understanding. He gives balance, gives weight to the program. The real Dick, in Waters, Arkansas, is a great power for good in his community—and incidentally he gets a great deal of pleasure out of his career as a radio star by proxy and even has a heavy fan mail! A few years ago, young Norris Goff was selling him groceries for his general store and now he is proud to be the inspirator, almost the mainspring of this delightful program.

And that, I think, brings us to one thing the boys deserve greatest credit for—they have put all these people, the one real, the others imaginary but more or less based on people they have known, before the public without offending anyone. Their created characters are so true to life, not satirized or made fun of, but straight-
forward, honest-to-goodness people. The very same sort of people who willingly drive many miles from their own outlying farms, to witness a performance by Lum and Abner at the nearest theatre. (Each week-end, they make personal appearances in vaudeville in towns in West Virginia, Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana.)

Recently, as they were leaving a small-town theatre after their show, they over-heard a farmer say: “Well, I drove in forty miles to see ‘em—and I’m glad I done it.”

To them, that is the highest praise. And they have had fans drive a hundred and even a hundred and fifty miles to see them!

Of course you picture Lum and Abner as two old codgers, warming themselves, with their friends, beside the pot-bellied stove of the Jot ‘Em Down store. It is something of a shock to find instead two good-looking young men in a shiny office with modernistic furniture—white-leather-covered, low-slung chairs with pipes for legs—instead of cracker barrels to sit on! And white walls and a blue carpet, instead of sawdust on the floor and dusty shelves piled high with package goods. . . .

And can that tall chap with curly black hair and snappy blue eyes be the deep-voiced, slow-spoken Lum? And is this likeable lad, short and blond, hardly more than a boy, the querulous old fellow with the high-pitched voice and the silly laugh—Abner Peabody himself?

But they have more in common with their characters than appears on the surface. . . .

Their characterizations are cleverly drawn, cleverly portrayed—they have given as many as eighteen characterizations in one fifteen-minute broadcast, and fifty over a period of time, and it is amazing how clearly differentiated, how distinct each character is.

They don’t write their script until the day it is to be broadcast, don’t plot their story in advance, but they have found that writing it out does enable them to give a smoother broadcast.

“Lum is the stenographer,” Abner laughed, “but we work it out together. We

Debonair and smiling, Walter Woof King, the singing host of the "Flying Red Horse Tavern," broadcasts every Friday. He also stars in Sigmund Romberg’s operetta, "May Wine."

The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is free to absorb.

Kotex has a special “Equalizer” center whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives “body” but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 TIMES more absorbent than cotton.

The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no telltale lines or wrinkles.

THREE TYPES OF KOTEX
1. REGULAR — IN THE BLUE BOX — For the ordinary needs of most women.
2. JUNIOR — IN THE GREEN BOX — Somewhat narrower — when less protection is needed.
3. SUPER — IN THE BROWN BOX — Extra layers give extra protection, yet no longer or wider than Regular.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX
A SANITARY NAPKIN
made from Cellucotton (not cotton)
RADIO STARS

just get together and begin to talk as those two old fellows would—we even think like them, it seems."

"One thing just leads to another," Lum continued. "And it seems more spontaneous to have the thing unravel itself, than to have it all plotted out."

The boys keep in close touch with the folks back home and make trips whenever possible for 'local color' and to refresh their dialect. And you can see that they have kept their love for simple things, that Pine Ridge means more to them than Chicago!

"I'd leave right now," Abner confessed, "for some home-cooked chicken and fresh vegetables—but do you know what they'd give me if they knew I was coming? Chicken is everyday grub to them—they'd hike down to the store and lay in a supply of canned goods and give me my dinner all out of cans! That's a real dinner, a party dinner to them!"

But these are busy days, with a heavy, unvarying schedule, so the trips to Mena or Waters have to be made singly, leaving the other to carry on the program alone. Consequently, they don't get there very often, but it all remains vivid in their minds and in their sketches.

Coming to the office at 2 p.m. or thereabouts, they attend to fan mail and to the writing of their evening's script. Then they broadcast at 7:30 p.m., Eastern Standard Time, and again at 9:15 p.m. for the Pacific Coast. This just leaves time in between for their family and social life. Both boys are married, to Arkansas girls, and the Laucks have two little girls, the Goffs a little boy.

They like best to work without an audience, believing that any actor unconsciously plays to the studio audience if one is present.

"I prefer to have the audience 'listen in through a knothole!'" Lauck said.

"We assume the different characters as we play," Goff commented. "For instance, when Chet is Lum, he rears back and makes himself, as well as his voice big, and when he plays Grandpappy Spears, he munches himself up and twists his face—we don't have to worry about how we'd look to an audience and it helps in our characterization."

"We do our own sound effects, too," Lauck added, "as far as possible."

"What about such an audience as you had in Radio City?" I queried, reminding them of their trip to New York this win-

Harriet Hilliard, glamour girl of radio and a recent success in motion pictures, is reported to be headed straight for screen stardom. She is heard Sunday evenings at 7:30 p.m. on the Bakers Broadcast, with Ozzie Nelson, orchestra leader and Harriet's husband, and Robert L. (Believe-it-Or-Not) Ripley.
Gertrude Berg is at home in the kitchen. Also she is wife, mother, pianist, singer, writer and actress.

ter and their appearance on the Magic Key program.

“We didn’t pay any attention to them — just turned our backs to them and went on with our show.”

They have little spare time, but both are golf enthusiasts and get in as much of this fascinating sport as they can in the summer. And enjoy tennis and swimming.

“And I am a boat enthusiast,” Norris Goff contributed, “that is, I have a boat — if that makes you an enthusiast!”

While they were in New York, they went aboard the Monarch, Bermuda liner, and were as strongly tempted to run away as they have ever been in their lives.

“They almost had to smoke me off,” Goff confessed. “I just wanted someone to say one cross word!”

But the cross word was unspoken, and they returned perforce to Chicago, where they have continued to be very much on the job.

Since the early days when they were on the air under the sponsorship of the Quaker Oats Company and later when they put on a local show for Ford dealers and subsequently for the Ford Motor Company, the boys have been gratified by a constantly increasing audience. But it remained for Mr. Horlick, of the Horlick Malted Milk Corporation, to prove himself a real fan and to bring the boys to a wider public.

Under the Ford sponsorship, Lum and Abner had been featured in the opening program at Radio City, but at that time, and for some months under the Horlick sponsorship, their broadcasts were limited to western outlets. Mr. Horlick, however, was instrumental in forming the Mutual Broadcasting System, so that this program might have better distribution.

And the grand consequence of that is that, wherever you are, you have but to turn your dial at the proper hour, and the soft strains of Eleanor and the brisk and kindly voice of Carlton Brickert will transport you swiftly to Pine Ridge, and to the Jot ‘Em Down Store, where those grand old fellows, Lum and Abner, and their amusing, heart-warming friends, will give you a cheery welcome!
Radio's Most Thrilling Men

(Continued from page 26)

look at Bing and they think of their George. Perhaps they’ve been wishing that George’s hair might be dark and sleek like, say George Raft’s. But Bing’s hair is not sleek and dark. Bing’s hair is just American-colored hair like—well, like George’s. They’ve been thinking, critically, that George’s eyes were too pale, too blue. Well, but Bing’s eyes are pale and blue, too. By the time they get through, George has had quite a build-up. They feel a good deal more satisfied with George. George might be very much like Bing—if George could only sing. But, after all, they can always listen to Bing singing, so it’s all right.

“Yes, there is definitely something in the sound of the voice which has more to do with love than we know of. It is the sound, that throaty, peculiar little something in Bing’s voice which has netted and snared the feminine hearts of the world. It is something masterful and tender and grave and stern in Nelson’s voice which has accomplished the same, in his way. Girls fell in love with Nelson—girls fell in love with Bing before they ever saw them. The voice told them all they needed to know, gave them all they needed to have...

“Of course I’m really more interested in women on the air than I am in men. Especially in women singers. Lily Pons and Grace Moore and Gladys Swarthout and Margaret Speaks ... women who are doing my sort of thing. I always listen...
to them. I like to know what they are singing, and how.

"On the other hand, women's speaking voices on the air are, almost all of them, strangely unattractive. Women announcers, for instance," groaned Jeanette. "They always sound as though they were giving lessons in diction—rather prissy lessons. Or they sound as though they had just come from having their voices placed. They sound irritating and unnatural and artificial. I suppose it's because women always have been more affected, as a sex, than men. Most of us have little affectations of one sort or another, gestures or facial expressions or tricks of speech or something. And when women go on the air, it is all there—the affectation—packed into the voice. The male announcers sound natural and convincing and earnest. They have something to say and they say it and that is that.

"Men, as a rule, are more popular on the air than women are. I think. There never has been a feminine Bing Crosby nor a feminine rival to Rudy Vallee. I doubt that there ever will be. Perhaps it is because young men are not the fan material young women are. I can't imagine a group of high school or college lads clustered about a radio, hanging with bated breath and beating heart on every tune and tone of a radio crooners. An isolated boy here and there might have a crush on some radio star but he would take his crush up to his room with him and keep it there, in secrecy. He'd never infect a group with it... it wouldn't be contagious.

"As to that, Bing and Rudy never have had any very serious rivals among their own sex. I think that is because all the other crooners imitate them. They are not original. Every band in the country has its crooner but every crooner is an imitator of Bing and Rudy... Some day some young man will arise with something original in his voice and then we will have another crooning star."

"Honestly, you know," said Jeanette, stretching her slim length on the pale green couch, "honestly, I didn't expect to go on and on like this. It's really presumptuous of me to be talking about radio at all. I know so very little about it. I've had such very little experience on the air. One broadcast when I was back East. A guest hour, very seldom. And I want to be on the air. I haven't, you see, been able to broadcast because the terms of my contract forbid it. An occasional guest hour is permissible, but no series. I can't really broadcast. I've argued about it with the Front Office. At first, it didn't matter so much to me. I was intent on my picture career. I'm still intent on it. But now, I want to be on the air, too. I want terribly to be able to take advantage of some of the very flattering offers which come to me—well, almost daily. And not just because of the money offered.

"I want to be on the air because I like to believe that a whole new world of fans is waiting for me. Fans who never have seen me on the screen as well as fans who have. Anyone wants to make new friends. And there is, I think, something infinitely more intimate between a radio star and his fans than there is between a movie star and his. A radio performer is right with the fans. I would feel, on the air, as though I were right in the kitchens and parlours and bedrooms of my fans. I would become on the air, a part of the daily life of the home. I would be a member of the family, coming home at eventide.

"I wouldn't think, for instance, of missing Ed Wynn when he broadcast. I love him. I wouldn't shut him off any more than I would shut the front door in the face of an old familiar friend. My mother..."

---

The candid camera caught the rarely photographed Toscanini in action at Carnegie Hall during a broadcast of the New York Philharmonic Society.

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In the month of

ROSES and ROMANCE

This Lovely Clinging
Face Powder Will Help You
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If you want your skin to have the petal-smoothness that will tempt his touch... try the flattering face powder that Woodbury skin scientists prepare! See how alluring it will make you look!

For Woodbury's has three very special virtues. It clings until you wash it off. Its uniformly fine texture and even tone, due to a new, improved process of blending, make this lovely powder invisible against your skin. And Woodbury's does not clog the pores... because it lies smoothly on the outer surface of the skin. Never sinks down into the pores to stretch or coarsen them.

The six shades harmonize with the true skin tones. One suits your coloring so exactly that it will make you look perfectly natural, yet lovelier than ever before! $1.00, 50c, 25c, 10c.

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Avoid imitations. Look for the head and signature, John H. Woodbury, Inc., on all Woodbury products.
tunes in, regularly, on Myrt and Marge. We always listen to Burns and Allen. They’re not just entertainers . . . they’re more like old friends who drop in at certain times, are expected, are welcome and are painfully missed if they are ‘detained.’

“You don’t have to be visited in a theatre, when you broadcast you are there in the family group. I want to be in the family groups, too. And this,’ said Jeanette tersely, “this indicates how I feel about radio—when my contract is finished, I shall not re-sign unless I am permitted to do radio.”

Jeanette’s mother came in to bring us hot chocolate and to take the MacDonald doggie for his nocturnal stroll. Jeanette said, as we straightened our spines and sipped calories, “I have one other—well, ‘sentiment’ for want of a better word—about radio. It’s this: our futures are on the air. Those of us who might have had no futures have them now. The air is our soundest insurance. It is our old-age pension.

“When I say that radio is our soundest insurance I mean this . . . Youth is relatively easy to sell. Youth is decked out with bright flowers and the talents of youth shine in the April sun. But bright flowers fade and beauty tarnishes with the years. And there comes the day—there has come that dread day in the lives of many an actor and actress and singer, too—when footlights and cameras say: Nevermore!” And there has been a disconsolate creeping away, defeated. But now that dread day need never dawn. There now is another field—the air. And on the air it doesn’t matter that youth is gone. It doesn’t matter whether we are too fat or too thin, eighteen or eighty, so long as the voice is there.

“I’ve often thought—doubtless everyone has—of what it might be if I should have some kind of an accident—in a car, perhaps. Suppose I should sustain some injury to my face, lose an arm or a leg. I would be done for on the screen. Disabled and put away. It wouldn’t matter on the air.

“It wouldn’t matter. And there is another blessing of radio work, I should think . . . it makes less of a demand on the entertainers than any other form of entertaining. There is an hour, perhaps a two-hour rehearsal before a broadcast. I believe. I
realize that it is important to build each broadcast so that it crescendos, so to speak, never lags or falters or drops in the middle. I really think that being a guest artist on a guest artist program is about the hardest radio feat of all. For you have then two or three songs to sing, at most. And in that brief space of time you must stand or fall. But on a regular series . . . why, the radio fans who write in and request songs really arrange your programs for you—and there you are!

"And when I say that the radio is our 'old age pension,' continued Jeanette, looking absurdly adolescent as she sat tailormade and stirred chocolate, "I mean that although faces may fade and bodies lose their slenderness, the voice should mellow with age. The voice, like wine and fine individuals, should grow rarer and finer with the passing of years, with the garnering of experience, the savouring of life. It was Nellie Melba, I think, who after several failures, returned to London and at the age of sixty, scored the supreme triumph of her career. But she must have been faintly conscious of the garment of those sixty years. How much freer and like herself she might have felt if the sixty years need not have shown . . . if the beautiful ripened voice had come over the air, ageless, eternal . . ."

"I think there will be mutual benefits—between artists and the medium of radio. To the radio the artists will bring their perfections, their well-shaped, exquisitely skilled tools, their consummate artistry. And to the artists the radio will give—life as everlasting as life ever is."

"It's a tremendous thing when you really pause to consider it . . . radio . . ." said Jeanette gravely. "When you realize that it can come into the home . . . to the sickbed . . . to the old . . . to the poor . . . when it can open the eyes of the blind . . . when it can place history and adventure and song in the lap of little crippled children . . . when it can bring such love as Nelson Eddy gives in song . . . as Bing and Rudy give in crooning . . . and when it can reward its artists with faithfulness unto death . . ."

The MacDonald doggie came in, with neighboring gossip. And I went out.

Hal Totten (left) and Clem McCarthy, veteran sports announcers.

Captured! the eternal odor of love

GARDENIA

NO perfume thrill you've ever had will equal your first acquaintance with FAOEN's new Gardenia. Here's a new perfume of rare emotional appeal . . . created to key the senses to the true joy of living—and loving. To transform occasions into events and to transform you in the imagination of others as that enviable being—the unforgettable woman! Try this unforgettable fragrance today.

A luscious Garden blend for the woman who loves the touch of velvet, the whiteness of snow, the glamour of spring and the aura of luxury. A perfume ever reminiscent of Spring . . . and eternal romance. The new vanity size on sale at all 5 and 10 cent stores. Trial size 10c

PARK & TILFORD

Gardenia

FAOEN

93
The genuine Drip-O-lator makes coffee with the exacting precision that a baker produces fine pastry. That's why every cup is exactly right every time. You will enjoy not only uniformly good coffee but the smart beauty of the modern new model shown above. Be sure to look for the name Drip-O-lator stamped in the base.

The genuine Drip-O-lator is sold by all leading chain, department & retail stores.

Easily - quickly - surely

LEARN TO IRON
beautifully, speedily, happily!

Don't Let Your Iron Get You Down

Here's starch, in powder form, plus gliding ingredients combined to make hot starching easy. And to make irons fairly glide. A wonderful invention we wish you would try. Write us, The Hubinger Co., number 277, Keokuk, Ia., for our little proof packet—ask for "That Wonderful Way To Hot Starch". We believe it will reveal for you an easy way to avoid needless exhaustion in ironing. Send for it today.

While the hair is being wound, the heater-clamps are heated by pushing a button on the machine. A red light shows. When the clamps have reached the proper temperature, on comes a green light. The engineers call this electro-thermo control. The heater-clamps are put on the head, and the operator sets the indicator on the dial to a minute and a half. A bell will ring as soon as the minute and a half are up and the heater-clamps are removed to reveal a permanent wave of perfect uniformity. I saw (and felt) four heads of hair that were waved by this machine at an introductory demonstration—blonde, red-head, brunette, and white hair—and the result was a glorious sheen and a soft texture, as well as a perfect wave.

If you have taken care of your hair with a brushing campaign and a perfect permanent and you want to do your complexion housecleaning next, you will want to order a supply of the amazing soap which contains the benefits of "filtered sunshine." We all know that sunshine brings sparkle, vibrancy, and radiance into our beings. It can accomplish miracles in health and beauty. This soap will shed a new light on your spring complexion treatments. It is not a new soap, except for the addition of the sunshine element; rather it is an old favorite of long standing, but an ingredient in its formula has now been irradiated with sunshine. Scientific tests have proven that this irradiated ingredient is absorbed by the skin, so that now you can give your skin some of the benefits of sunshine every time you wash.

In connection with your spring brushing and polishing campaign, I have several special bulletins which I am sure you will find helpful, and which are yours for the clipping of the coupon, and a self-addressed stamped envelope. If you wish the names of products described in these columns, won't you drop me a line? Personal questions are always personally answered.
Radio Ramblings (Continued from page 6)

"Writers should submit two or three sample scripts in sequence, with a brief outline of programs to follow. And don't imitate shows already on the air."

"Last, but not least," Savage advises, "don't write your story to please a possible sponsor. Write it to please yourself and give it all you've got in plot, characterization and technique. Your chances of getting it accepted will be greater."

Mr. Savage and his two assistants read, on an average, fifty scripts a week, the majority of them being unsolicited—every offering being considered in hope of discovering a suitable idea.

ED WYNN, long one of radio's most popular comedians, now on the air as Gulliver, the Traveler, lists the following as important elements for a successful comedian: Good taste, personality, talent and material.

"Good taste," Wynn explains, "is the most important item in successful comedy. The public must never be offended. Personality," he continues, "precedes both talent and material. A vivid personality often wins favor, with only a modicum of talent." Material, to Wynn, is least important. Naturally one should seek for new and original material, but often old jokes are funniest, when 'dressed up.'

ANDRE KOSTELANETZ, conductor of the Chesterfield series of concerts, has made a close study of the microphone's vocal requirements. In his opinion the outstanding radio singer must possess: A vivid vocal personality, a wide range of tone color in the voice, an individual style of singing and a highly developed breath control. "The voice must be devoid of tremolo," says Kostelanetz.

Mr. Kostelanetz stresses the importance of individuality. "A second Kate Smith or Bing Crosby or Nino Martini, with the same style or tone color of any of these artists, probably would find it a handicap rather than an asset. Imitators, even able ones, of prominent artists on the air today find quick obscurity."

IF YOU WOULD BE AN ANNOUNCER—

In Radio City there is a school established by NBC to train radio announcers. Don Russell directs the school, which is under the supervision of Pat Kelly, chief of NBC's staff of announcers. Among its students are former page boys and guides at Radio City, two of whom already have graduated into announcial positions.

"THE SOUL OF JAZZ:"

That's "swing" music, according to Bob Crosby.

"We've been hearing a lot about swing music lately, so we went in search of a definition. Marshall Stearns says: "Swing is the yeast in the musical brew." And Louis Armstrong declares: "Swing is music as it should be played." "Swing," says Bud Freeman, "is a musician's music."

Just how it all adds up, we're not sure! "We don't know much about music, but

She has what it takes except one thing

She's pretty . . .

She's lively . . .

She's a snappy dresser . . .

She has plenty of what it takes . . .

And yet the men "side-step" her. The other girls ignore her. For the best reason in the world!

A girl can have everything else it takes to be a favorite, but if perspiration odor makes her unpleasant to be with, she cannot hope for popularity.

It's unpardonable, these days, for any girl to carry the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her person and her clothing. For it's so easy to prevent! It takes just half a minute to make your underarms fresh, free from odor all day long. With Mum.

That's the nice thing about Mum. It's so quick and easy to use, and you can use it any time—before dressing or afterwards. For it's harmless to clothing.

And it's soothing to the skin. You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once.

Another thing about Mum—it doesn't prevent natural perspiration. It prevents only the disagreeable part of perspiration—the odor.

Don't risk letting this fault shut you out of popularity. Get the daily Mum habit, then you'll always be safe! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

MUM takes the odor out of perspiration

ON SANITARY NAPKINS. This is another way Mum can keep you from offending. Rely on its help for this and you'll never need to worry.
Gladys Swarthout, star of opera, screen and radio, and her husband, Frank Chapman, concert singer, enjoyed a recent vacation together in Nassau, B.W.I. Miss Swarthout’s latest movie, with Jan Kiepura, is Give Us This Night.

we know what we like!” is our test. So, if you like “swing”—it’s the real thing.
If you don’t—

MOVIE STARS AT THE MIKE

Janet Gaynor, teeth chattering, red hair flaming, almost needing to be held up—then digging in and delivering... Claudette Colbert, nervous and taut like a race-horse before the starting-bell... Miriam Hopkins, striding up and down, chain-smoking cigarettes, during rehearsal—calm before the mike... Mac West, finding it all very funny—playing a torrid love scene with someone on a different mike, ten feet away... Ronald Coleman, looking bored to hide his nervousness... Ruby Keeler, trying to conceal her jitters, as Husband Al Jolson smiles and nods encouragement from the control booth... Victor McLaglen losing his place in the script and ad libbing to cover up... Jean Harlow, quiet and thoughtful. At intervals she powders her nose or lights a cigarette, but she lets nothing upset her... Spencer Tracy chewing gum throughout the broadcast... Freddie Bartholomew, self-possessed, as always.

IN A WORD
Picking ten men as the most charming in radio, Lucy Monroe characterizes them in a word:

Don Ameche (actor) ... suave
John Barclay (singer) ... sophisticated
Phil Duce (singer) ... enthusiastic
Gustave Haenschen (conductor) ... goodnatured

Leslie Howard (actor) ... appealing
Frank Munn (singer) ... sincere
Wilfred Pelletier (conductor) ... wise
Deems Taylor (commentator) ... amusing
Alexander Woollcott (commentator) ... urbane

The sum of these qualities, Lucy thinks, would make the ideal man.
Who is he?

MIKE SKETCH

In private life he is Pat Barrett. On the air he is Uncle Ezra, heard over NBC’s National Barn Dance, Saturday nights. Pat is the creator of the series centered around the fictitious radio station E-Z-R-A at Rosedale. The program has been on the air for over three years. Pat was born in Holden, Missouri. His parents were actors. He has been married twenty-three years to the Cecilia in his show. He has two prize-winning dogs, Whiskey, a springer spaniel and Danny, an Irish setter. His favorite sports are hunting and fishing. In his spare time he makes trout-flies and now has over 3,000 of them. Also he teaches neighborhood children to make their own flies.
Dowling noted “Sylvia,” an actor, glad had times iri. This similar times fascinating. The Musical Toast series, has decided to use her own name—Sally Schermhorn—for radio. The Schermhorns are one of the oldest Dutch families in America.

ALL IN THE DAY’S WORK
Perhaps you imagine that it would be fun to be an orchestra leader. Harry Sonnik thinks so, too. But take a look at his day... This young maestro, who also is noted as a pianist, arranger and composer, starts the day at nine a.m. and quits work at one a.m. the following day! Each week he prepares fifty songs for his nine broadcasts, has several hours daily of rehearsal, new arrangements to write, conferences with music publishers, managers and so on, and his nightly program at the Stevens Hotel in Chicago. Besides all that he reads daily a far from incon siderable amount of fan mail and once a month he writes a new composition for his publishers. Between whiles he finds time for recreation. Sound exhausting—but Harry declares that he enjoys it.

THIS ‘N’ THAT
Here’s a man who has gone to the dogs and is glad of it! In the days of silent pictures he was leading man for movie star Marguerite Clark. Then he abandoned the screen to make a very good living by his animal imitations. Now you hear Bradley Barker contribute the canine voices to Albert Payson Terhune’s dog dramas, as well as performing a similar act on other programs. It may be a dog’s life—but it’s all right with Bradley Barker.

Announcer Alois Havilla, who was born in what is now Czechoslovakia, is married to the former Marion Munson, a descendant of John Howland of Mayflower fame.

SHORT SHORT STORY
Bill wanted to be an actor. To be an actor, you had to have experience. If you had money, you could study at the Good-

HOW “SKINNY” ALICE CHANGED HER LUCK

WHY ALICE GOES JACK WITH THAT SMITH GIRL
I KNOW...BUT I CAN’T COMPETE WITH HER FIGURE

LOOK AT ME, I HAVEN’T GOT A CHANCE WITH JACK, I’M SO SKINNY

I’LL TELL YOU HOW I GAINED 10 LBS. IN 3 WEEKS

ONE MONTH LATER
WHY AREN’T YOU SEEING THAT SMITH GIRL NOW, JACK?
WHO WANTS TO LOOK AT ANYONE BUT YOU, GORGEOUS?

THOUSANDS GAIN 5 TO 15 LBS.
WITH NEW “7-POWER’ YEAST
T’S really a shame for so many to be skinny and without friends when this new, easy treatment has given thousands solid, normally attractive flesh—in just a few weeks! Doctors now know that the real reason why great numbers of people find it hard to gain weight, is that they do not get enough digestion-strengthening Vitamin B and blood-building iron in their daily food. Now with this new discovery, which combines these two vital elements in little concentrated tablets, hosts of men and women have put on pounds of firm flesh—in a very short time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining normal good-looking pounds, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new health and glorious new pep.

7 times more powerful
This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from partially digested ale yeast imported from Europe, the richest known source of Vitamin B. By a new process the yeast is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful. Then it is ironized with 3 kinds of energizing iron which strengthen the blood.

If you want, too, to be one of the many who simply need Vitamin B and iron to build them up, get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist at once. Day after day, as you take them, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to normal attractiveness. Skin clears to natural beauty, digestive troubles from the same source vanish—you’re a new person.

Money-back guarantee
No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of enough Vitamin B and iron, these marvelous new Ironized Yeast tablets should build you up in a few short weeks as they have thousands. If not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!
To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a coupon of this page. We will send you a free booklet, “How to Get ‘7-Power’ Yeast into Your Body.” Remember, results with the very first package of money refunded. Ask druggist. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 35, Atlanta, Ga.
THE RHYTHM BOYS

For two years they were a unit in Paul Whiteman's band. Bing Crosby was one of the first Rhythm Boys. When he struck out for himself, the unit continued, composed of George MacDonald, Al Dory, Ray Kulz and Jimmie Nole. Then Nole left and was replaced by "Ike" Swidler.

The boys want this understood, because Crosby's fame has led some people to believe that these boys are trying to cash in on it by using the name of his original unit. Whereas, with replacements, it still actually is the original Rhythm Boys.

They're on the air twice weekly, Tuesdays and Thursdays, over WABC.

CARVETH WELLS COMMENTS

Carveth Wells, star of the Conoco Travel Bureau program, thinks everything is grand about America except its women's voices. "American women have spoiled their voices," he says, "by shrieking at cocktail parties."

Also Wells, a highly-paid star of radio for many years, now "Exploring America" on a 20-state hook-up under sponsorship of the Continental Oil Com-
In the Foreign Legion, you never ask a man about his past. Yet everyone knew Sergeant Victor to be a true English gentleman. His courage, courtesy, and charm won for him the love and respect of everyone, and of three people especially...three who become important factors in his life...Cigarette, the pretty cafe girl, who risked her life to save his...brusque, blunt Major Doyle, who loved Victor as a brother, but who was driven by jealousy to order him on a mission that meant certain death...beautiful Lady Venetia Cunningham, whom Victor knew was the one and only girl he could ever love.

What was this man's secret...a secret that made him willing to go to certain death for Major Doyle, renouncing love and life?

Don't miss "Under Two Flags," a thrilling romance of the Foreign Legion. You will find the complete story of this new Twentieth Century-Fox picture, with Ronald Colman, Claudette Colbert, Rosalind Russell, and Victor McLaglen, in the June issue.

I prefer to prepare myself mentally for the job, then experience the joy of meeting any and all situations as they arise."

Betty Lou Gerson: “No—perhaps it did at first, but after so many performances it becomes automatic and I find the attitude I bring to radio and script-reading is entirely different from that of the theatre and the memorized lines.”

Don Ameche: “Radio acting of its very nature will not be as effective in character portrayal as theatre acting; but I don’t think that memorized lines would be any more conducive to smoothness than lines read from script.”

Ozzie Nelson: “No, I find it gives me much more assurance.”

Igor Gorin: “I prefer to memorize everything I do before the mike.”

John Barclay: “No, it becomes a habit.”

Jose Manzanares: “Yes...my foreign accent interferes sometimes.”

Teddy Bergman: “No—it only hampers playing up to the studio audience, which is just as well.”

Deems Taylor: “On the contrary...it eliminates the necessity for fumbling for words.”

Bob Burns: “No...but then I don’t stick to script.”

David Ross: “A smooth reading can be achieved when you are thoroughly familiar with your script.”

Frank Parker: “It did at one time—but not now.”

Nick Dooren: “Only in scenes where violent action or emotion must be depicted, i.e. where gestures and body postures are necessary to produce the ‘feeling’ of the rôle.”

Do you think that the recent classical trend in both radio drama and radio music is here to stay?

Ray Perkins: “Popular interest and appreciation in the more intelligent levels of music and the drama seems constantly to be growing. Once a taste is acquired for things that are mentally stimulating, it is rarely lost. Hence the answer is ‘yes.’”

Elzie Hitz: “The quality of all broadcasts seems to be improving. I can see any reason why the classical trend should not continue.”

Teddy Bergman: “It always will be a definite part of radio entertainment.”

Betty Lou Gerson: “I think there is room for both classical and modern drama. I have done little of the former but am much interested in it. As far as music is concerned, classical is the form I prefer. I do hope it will stay. People are becoming familiar with it and that should prove the conclusive factor.”

Captain Tim Healy: “With all the musical trash that is on the air, there should be something of a classical nature to balance the situation. Otherwise, how are the youngsters of today to know that there is such a thing as good music?”

Helen Marshall: “From my own personal experience I must say ‘no’...but I would like to add that I hope it is here to stay.”

Harry von Zell: “Because of radio’s vast audience of great masses of people, I believe it futile to predict the permanent success of any particular type of entertainment. I do believe that a general trend toward a higher standard of entertainment is definite and is the result of public demand.”

Bernice Claire: “To know good music is to love good music. And radio, steadily and surely, is familiarizing the layman with the best.”

Rosario Bourdon: “It is only a matter of introducing to the American public the best in music and drama. Their support once gained, I feel sure it will stay. For basically Americans have demonstrated a desire for anything cultural and inspiring.”

Frank Parker: “Definitely yes.”

Olga Albin: “I don’t. Perhaps I am prejudiced in my desire that it should be so, but I think the general public is educated to the finer things and a great artist today is looked upon by almost everyone with respect and admiration.”

Andre Kostelanetz: “Here to stay and progress.”

Benay Venuta: “I haven’t noticed any increasing classical trend.”

John Barclay: “It is necessary if the whole public is to be entertained.”

Loretta Lee: “The word ‘classical’ implies something of rare beauty and longevity. I believe that the finer things in entertainment always will have a place in radio entertainment.”

David Ross: “I can make no prophesies as to future trends, but it is safe to say that radio always will use the so-called classical drama, though not quite as consistently as classical music.”

Lucy Monroe: “I’m sure of it.”

Jose Manzanares: “Beautiful art cannot be forgotten.”

Bob Burns: “There always will be a demand for the classical element.”

Virginia Verrill: “No. It’s over most listeners’ heads.”

Lennie Hayton: “It is necessary and will stay.”

Helen King (Em, of Clara, Lu, & Em): “It would seem that the classical, being perennially good in all fields of art, always would find an audience in radio.”

Bing Crosby: “Yes...and increase.”

Parks Johnson: “I hope and believe the classical trend in radio drama and music is here to stay. We are being ‘re-educated’ to them most skillfully, both by artists and by those men behind the guns who keep a finger on the pulse of the public.”

Jerry Belcher: “No, because the classical can be pushed only a certain distance beyond educational purposes. After this it will curb itself.”

Nino Martini: “I feel that the best in all fields of entertainment will be increasingly demanded over the radio.”

Nick Dacos: “It has been my ex-
perience that all types of material are popular in a more or less orderly and recurring cycle."

Ozzie Nelson: "No, I think people like to understand the lyrics of the songs they are hearing. The members of the American public are sincere and unaffected." Ted Husing: "Yes, and I hope that the solons move in a crew of experts in both fields."

Conrad Thibault: "There is plenty of room for more serious types of programs and the public, I feel, will welcome the opportunity of hearing entertainment along more classical lines."

Igor Gorin: "There is every indication that the public is growing ever more appreciative of classical music. My fan mail gives proof of this daily."

Don Ameche: "In the case of music there can be no doubt; likewise in the case of drama, the classical trend should have more than a fighting chance."

Curtis Arnall: "I think radio eventually will become a medium for classics in spite of the fact that a few producers are trying to make it a tabloid."

Ray Block: "Radio in this country has educated the masses to good music and has naturally increased the demand for it."

Art van Harvey: "Yes, I do. Radio still is more or less of a tottering infant but steadily learning to walk better each week."

Ed McConnell: "Since classical music and drama always have been the backbone of world entertainment, I see no reason why they should not prove as effective and permanent in radio as in their other fields."

Abe Lyman: "I think nothing ever will take the place of popular music."

Deems Taylor: "Certainly it is here to stay. Public taste isn't like a window shade. When it goes up, it stays up."

Do you think that radio should be allowed to become a political organ?

Olga Albani: "Since political personalities and factions can express themselves in newspapers, I do not see why they should not be allowed to reach their public through radio as well."

Deems Taylor: "If you mean a vehicle for the communication of any and all political views, yes. If you mean the mouthpiece of any one political party, never, God willing."

Bernice Claire: "Radio should be a medium of exchange of political ideas and debate... but never a propaganda-spreading medium for the benefit of politicians seeking office."

Art van Harvey: "The average public is liable to be swayed by a good radio voice rather than by sound logic on the part of an opponent who happens not to be so fortunate as to possess a good radio voice."

Fritzie Scheff: "All messages of importance to the general public should be aired over the radio."

Captain Tim Healy: "If radio carries the political messages of those aspiring to govern the people, it is fulfilling one of its important duties. Messages of this sort provide invaluable assistance in coming to a decision on political issues affecting our future."

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How? With Blue-Jay—the scientific corn plaster that draws out root and all. No danger of infection, as there is when you cut or pare a corn. No growing back of the same corn over and over again. When you Blue-Jay a corn you draw it out completely—end it forever!

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Loretta Lee: "The radio is primarily a cultural and recreational industry, and while the news of current political trends is desirable, radio must always remain unbiased and impartial.

Bob Burns: "Yes—it enables the politicians to reach the people and if the politician is a crook or a wind-bag, it can be detected more easily over the radio than in the newspapers or other written communications."

Helen King: "Decidedly not!"

David Ross: "If by that question you mean government-controlled radio, I say 'no.' From what I hear of the government-controlled radio in some of the European countries, I think that it is healthier for radio to function as a private enterprise."

Harry von Zell: "Yes—but only for the purpose of bringing both sides of all major political questions to the general public, so as to induce careful analysis of such questions by people at large."

Elise Hitz: "Under no circumstances!"

John Barclay: "I think the broadcasting of campaign speeches constitutes a public service."

Virginia Verrill: "Absolutely not. So many people listen to their radios for entertainment and are not in the least interested in politics."

Rosario Bourdon: "Yes; and I believe that the executives of the radio networks have managed the situation admirably up to now, in that they have without partisan-ship allowed vital problems to be placed before the people."

Don Aunech: "No; I think that it should be used for instruction and amusement only. The instruction would include, of course, enlightenment on national affairs."

Lucy Monroe: "Yes, providing it is an impartial one."

Nino Martini: "Decidedly not. I am convinced nothing could be more destructive to the success of radio than for it to become a political mouthpiece."

Ivy Gorin: "I do not think that this question is acute as yet."

Teddy Bergman: "I believe broadcasting facilities should be at the disposal of anyone who has anything to say for the enlightenment of the people."

Helen Marshall: "Certainly not. Radio's goal should be education and entertainment."

Nick Dawson: "I think that the answer to this question should and will be determined by the attitude of the listening audience. It is material comparable to editorial matter in publications."

Benny Venna: "No! Because radio's functions are primarily reporting and entertainment, and not propaganda."

Ray Block: "Topics of public interest should be discussed on the air, but to insure non-partisanship pros and cons of any question should be dealt with on the same program."

Jose Jimenez: "If the cause is sincere and honest...yes."

Thornton Fisher: "The very nature of radio precludes any possibility of such a catastrophic eventuality. It is decidedly an informative rather than a partisan instrument or medium."

Curtis Arnall: "I think radio should have the same freedom as the press, politically or otherwise."

Jerry Belcher: "Absolutely no. In cases where it has been a political organ, it has ceased to be a force for peace and has become instead a force for war."

Parks Johnson: "Radio should be used to inform, educate, amuse. It should be open to politics—yes—but impartially."

Ozzie Nelson: "Radio, as the best medium for reaching the greatest number of people, should be available for political speeches."

Bob Crosby: "I believe in its use by the president to inform the people of what is being accomplished by the government."

Bing Crosby: "As much right as newspapers...but it may lose entertainment value."

Richard Humber: "To a certain extent...by all means."

Ed McConnell: "Radio should never be permitted to express only the views of those who happen to own the various channels. It should be open to all sides."

Conrad Thibault: "If radio is used for the purpose of debate on a political question and the matter is of direct concern to the public."

Louise Hayton: "I do not think that radio should be allowed to become a political organ, but it should give equal facility for all parties concerned and not play favorites. To provide the opportunity of hearing the various political arguments directly through radio is a vital public service."

Donald Novis: "Not a political organ but a public utility as it is today.

Has there been any predicament in your broadcasting career when your presence of mind saved the day?

Parks Johnson: "There was the case of the gentleman and his wife, both between three and four sheets to the wind, who insisted on either broadcasting or else busting up the show. No help being in sight, I interviewed the lady...for they really meant business and the crowd thought it would be fun. This was perhaps my most difficult Vox Pop interview, but it carried through without unfortunate results. Took me several hours to get over the ensuing jitters!"

Bernice Claire: "I am glad to say that nothing so far has depended on my presence of mind."

Ozzie Nelson: "During our Bakers' Broadcast last year I was singing a new song and when I stood up to the mike to sing I found that I had a copy of the wrong song. I delivered sixteen full measures of Gertrude Stein-ish lyrics, made up on the spur of the moment, until my first violinist grasped the situation and shoved the correct song into my hands."

Olya Albani: "There have been several minor accidents, such as getting a wrong cue or turning two pages instead of one, but I have always managed to save my performance."

Nick Dawson: "On one occasion—when the sound effects man mislaid his device for simulating the sound of horses' hooves, I stepped close to the microphone..."
and made the sound by clicking my tongue against my teeth."

Gogo de Lys: "There have been a few predicaments, but it usually has been someone else's presence of mind that saved the day."

Nino Martini: "In all truth I cannot recall any such incident. Radio is so well prepared and perfectly timed in advance that things always come through just about as expected."

Captain Tim Healy: "As the feature on a program like mine, it is my duty to watch all phases of the broadcast as far as they affect me. Owing to a long commercial it may be obvious that we are going overtime; then, knowing my story thoroughly, I am able to ease the situation by throwing away a sheet or two from my script."

Helen King (Em, of Clara, Lu, & Em): "Not anything unusual. We have had to ad lib a number of times due to accidents of one kind or another. In November this year Clara accidentally knocked the studio lamp over as I came up to a speech, so I had to ad lib freely until we could get things in hand."

Bing Crosby: "Not presence of mind... luck!"

Lucy Monroe: "Once dropped my music while singing and on another occasion I was unable to find my music as the time for my solo came. In both cases I knew the words—fortunately!"

Bob Burns: "I never have done anything that important.

Loretta Lee: "Yes, in one of my early broadcasts, I was quite nervous and dropped the song sheet I was following. Luckily it was a 'hot' song, and I was able to fill in with 'ho de ho's' and rhythm breaks."

Deems Taylor: "The second act of 'La Bohème' began one time while I was busily discussing the plot of the first act. I said, I believe: 'Oops! Here's the second act—if you call that saving the day!'"

Ed McConnell: "There have been many times when, which I fortunately was able to cover up by so-called presence of mind, have gone wrong in the studio. Every so often in my sleep I dream of such predicaments, and I can assure you that it is a nightmare."

Art von Harvey: "Yes. On the air one evening, Howard Thurston, the magician, lost his place and started to yell 'Stand by, stand by!' (while on the air, incidentally). I was supposed to be carrying a heavy cash register, and I had to stand and ad lib for almost a minute until one of the other actors found his place and raised the sheets in proper order."

Elsie Hilton: "I was doing a remote-control broadcast from my home during the Magic Voice. The orchestra missed a cue and did not come in. I had to ad lib until the cast in the studio wondered what I was talking about. Finally the director realized he hadn't given the orchestra leader his cue; he did so, and we went on."

Virginia Perrill: "On one occasion, an announcer on my program made the mistake of announcing that I was appearing in person at the competitive theatre rather than the one at which I was actually appearing. I took his script and wrote the correct name on it while singing my first song. He gave the corrected announcement at the close of my first number."
Salesman of the Symphony
(Continued from page 71)

thereupon demanded that she be allowed to take her baby. Stokowski refused, but compromised and allowed one of the other women to bring along her dog as the tour’s official mascot.

Setting in the little modern studio, which he has designed and built himself, Stokowski relaxes and talks about his work and music and his future. The pale green room, lit by chromium lamps and a warm fireplace and dominated by a black Oriental ikon, is an excellent background for his vivid personality. Clad in lounge clothes—blue wool sweater, black satin trousers, and comfortable leather slippers, Stokowski talked easily.

“I have made thousands of friends over the radio and just as many more through our records—I think the tour will give me a splendid chance to meet these people before I enter upon my laboratory years—more than that I think it will give me a chance to know what they think, what they feel about music.”

He paused to sip a cup of tea, adding brown sugar from an aluminum canister on the table. The brown sugar takes a prominent place in a diet, which is largely made up of raw vegetables.

“You know, the best part of the tour, according to the men of the orchestra, is Hollywood. Everyone of them wants to play for Walt Disney and see how he likes our kind of symphony. We all like his Silly Symphonies. And, of course, they all want to see Charlie Chaplin and Mae West. Seriously though, I myself am looking forward to Hollywood and the motion pictures. I believe that an entirely new kind of music, based on the sounds of nature and machinery and everyday life, is going to be developed for motion pictures.”

“Why has the music loving public increased so vastly in the last five or ten years?” I asked him.

“Because symphonic music threw away its high hat. In former years, this music was considered the exclusive property of the highbrow—people were afraid of it. Between a concert of classical music and a vaudeville show, people naturally chose the vaudeville show. Music isn’t highbrow—it is just a series of black marks on paper, until it is re-created in the consciousness of living people. When we ceased to think of evening clothes, and began thinking of the real people sitting out there in the audience, our music began to have a wide appeal.”

“How should one listen to music?”

Stokowski leaned back silent for a moment, while his lean long fingers drummed on the table before him. “Everybody listens to music in his own way, and whatever way that happens to be is the right way for that particular person. Each one of us has a different reaction to music and each should follow his or her own way of listening.”

(Continued on page 106)
There are a few simple rules to follow for true appreciation of good music:

"Relax!" said the maestro crisply. "Reach a completely receptive mood. If you try too hard to enjoy music, it hinders true appreciation. Let the music speak for itself. Let it flow deeply into your soul. Let your emotions have free rein."

"There is a message in good music for everybody. It will be a different message for each of us, but it will be there. For music appeals to every type of human emotion—love, faith, sorrow, heroism, self-sacrifice, ecstasy, despair. Music when brilliantly played and receptively listened to is a purgation of all the emotions, leaving one refreshed, inspired, new born."

Music has its greatest future, and its greatest work among the masses of America, believes Stokowski. From farm and factory, field and city, he thinks, will come the great audiences for serious music.

The reason for all this is that Stokowski himself is a sincere believer in the value of work. Whenever he can slip away from Philadelphia, he goes to his farm in Connecticut to work—and that means work. For his place is no literary farm—it is right in the heart of the tobacco fields, cultivated by hardy Polish farmers, and Stokowski works the same way they do. The farm has no conventional garden, no fancy sun porches and no striped awnings. It is a simple place where the fields come right up to the door. Back of the house is a mountain, which Stokowski climbs when he wants peace and rest.

A few miles from the house on a river floats an ark—a gay, madly decorated Noah's Ark, where Stokowski, his two children and the children from all the neighborhood have parties.

Whenever a longer rest period awaits Stokowski, he flies to California to his ranch set deep in the Sierras. Here most of his work preparing the coming season's broadcasts, his concert programs, is done. Here, too, he works most intensely at his newest and most absorbing passion—the study of science, from which he thinks will come advances which will revolutionize the progress of music. He predicts that through the modern sciences of radio, of wired radio, and of disc and film recording, beauties in music which have never before been heard will be created.

It is difficult when talking to Stokowski not to be carried away with his ambitions and his dreams. He believes so intensely in them, and communicates his intensity, "People want the best in music and they always will. If they did not, I would step down from the podium forever and never conduct again as long as I lived."

And he means what he says. But he knows, as we all know, that he never will be permitted to relinquish entirely his great conducting career, even though he will hand over the reins next season to Eugene Ormandy, conductor of the Minneapolis Orchestra.
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Zonitors

Although we make every effort to insure the accuracy of this index, we take no responsibility for an occasional omission or inadvertent error.
MARY: Gee... look at that big lion!
JACK: Yes... that's the one that brought Frank Buck back alive.

(JACK BENNY and MARY LIVINGSTONE, Jello Program.)

BOTTLE: I say, Mr. Parker... why is that doctor standing on his head?
BAKER: He's treating a man with an upside-down stomach.

(PHIL BAKER and BOTTLE, Gulf Program.)

JACQUES: I don't know why I put on weight in America... I come from Wales, you know.
MAN: From Wales... really?
GRACIE: Sure, you can see yourself he couldn't come from sardines!
GEORGE: Listen—Jacques Renard may be fat but at least he has a brain.
GRACIE: Oh George... don't be envious!

(BURNS and ALLEN, Campbell Program.)

GEORGE: Stop it, Tom... you're making a fool out of yourself.
TOM: Well, I'm a self-made man and everybody makes a mistake once in a while.

(TOM HOWARD and GEORGE SHELTON, Vallee Program.)

BOB BURNS: We have a thing called a kitchenette in our apartment... a kitchenette ain't nothing in the world but a narrow aisle that runs between a gas stove and a can of tomatoes.

(BOB BURNS, on Kraft Program.)

AL: What's the matter, Vic?
VIC: My mouth feels like a parade ground.

(AL JOLSON and VICTOR YOUNG on Shell Chateau Program.)

BOTTLE: I think my wife is part Indian.
BAKER: Why?
BOTTLE: Every time she walks in her sleep she takes the blanket with her.

(PHIL BAKER and BOTTLE, Gulf Program.)

ERNIE: A Chinaman goes into a dentist's office... what time is it?
VAL: All right... what time is it?
ERNIE: Tooth-hurty!

(VAL AND ERNIE STANTON, Kraft Program.)

WALTER: Deane Janis sings "I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket" while I accompany her by singing "I'm Laying All My Eggs in One Theatre!"

(WALTER O'KEEFE, Camel Program.)

GRACIE: Hiawatha belongs to the Hock Shop Tribe of Indians.
GEORGE: Hock Shop Tribe?
GRACIE: Sure... Pawnees. Now—you and Mittie play Laughing Water's two sons.

GEORGE: I didn't know Laughing Water had two sons.
GRACIE: Sure—hot and cold.

(BURNS and ALLEN, Campbell Program.)

ED: I went to a movie theatre... it used to be an ice skating rink, but they made a theatre out of it. And now it seats just as many people... A man came in... he was so bald he could get a haircut with his hat on!
KID: Say—I'd like to see the crazy cat you've got.
ED: Crazy cat? I have no crazy cat! What makes you think that?
KID: Well, everyone says you've got a silly pass!

(ED WYNN, Plymouth Program.)

CANTOR: Jimmy, I had a dozen sitings today.
JIMMY: At the photographer's?
CANTOR: No... I was roller skating.

(EDDIE CANTOR and JIMMY WALLINGTON, Pebeco Program.)

GEORGE: What name does your daddy use when he gets arrested?
GRACIE: Oh, he always uses the same name... Bloom.
GEORGE: He uses the name of Bloom?
GRACIE: Sure, Bloom... the full name is Nom-de-Bloom.

(BURNS and ALLEN, Campbell Program.)

WALTER: I wonder why the baby's crying?... He's got everything to live for... he even looks like me.
DEANE: Sure... that's why he's crying.

(WALTER O'KEEFE, Camel Caravan.)

ED: I saw some trees in the woods... they were Old Maid Pines.
JOHN: Old Maid Pines! Why?
ED: Hee... hee... nobody ever axed them! And the woods were full of weeds.
JOHN: Full of weeds!
ED: Yes... but the ones called Widow's Weeds were the easiest to kill!
JOHN: Widow's Weeds! Why are they easier to kill?
ED: You just say... "Wilt Thou?" and they wilt.

(ED WYNN and JOHN S. YOUNG, Plymouth Program.)

CANTOR: Jimmy, I'm publishing a newspaper.
JIMMY: Maybe I can help you... I've had experience in journalism.
EDDIE: All right; I'll make you my problem editor. There's no salary.
JIMMY: No salary! How can I live?
EDDIE: That's your first problem.

(EDDIE CANTOR and JIMMY WALLINGTON, Pebeco Program.)

PORTLAND: It must have been an awfully mean stork that brought you.
FRED: It wasn't a stork that brought me. My folks filled in the last line of a limerick and I was mailed to the house.

FRED ALLEN and PORTLAND HOFFA, Town Hall Tonight.)
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She evades close-ups... Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm... She ignored the warning of "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" benefit your gums as well as your teeth. Every time you clean your teeth, rub a little extra Ipana briskly into your gums, with brush or fingertip. You'll feel them grow livelier, firmer, more resistant. New circulation brings them new life. They feel better. They look better.

Change today to this simple, easy routine. Give your gums the advantages of this better care. Keep "pink tooth brush" a stranger. Keep the really serious gum diseases far in the background. Build better oral health, find new beauty in your smile, make yourself a more attractive person—with Ipana and massage.

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This new Glazo wears extra days... its brilliant surface unmarred by chipping, peeling or cracking. So easily does it float on, without streaking, that there's never a nail in need of re-doing.

For even a day, don't deny your fingertips the luxury of this new perfected Glazo. Still only 20 cents each—at toilet goods counters all over the world.

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Cover by EARL CHIRSTY

The M-G-M Lion is the Symbol that signifies Joy on the Screen. Miss Entertainment picks Leo to ride to victory!

**THE WINNER!**

METRO - GOLDWYN - MAYER

We're taking space in this magazine to tell you to keep your eye on Leo, the M-G-M Lion!

He's had the best year of his career what with grand entertainments like "Mutiny on the Bounty", "China Seas", "Broadway Melody of '36", "A Night at the Opera", "Rose Marie" and all the other great M-G-M hits! And of course there's "The Great Ziegfeld", now playing in selected cities as a road-show attraction and not to be shown otherwise this season.

But (pardon his Southern accent) Leo says: "You ain't seen nuthin' yet!"... On this page is just part of the happy M-G-M family of stars. Look them over. You'll find most of the screen's famed personalities and great talents on Leo's list. They will appear in the big Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer productions that are now in the making and planned for months to come.

Ask the Manager of the theatre that plays M-G-M pictures about the marvelous entertainments he is arranging to show. And when Leo roars, settle back in your seat for real enjoyment!

**SORRY! WE DIDN'T HAVE SPACE FOR THEIR PHOTOS! MORE M-G-M STARS**

Franchot Tone, Robert Young, Rosalind Russell, Frank Morgan, Edna May Oliver, Reginald Owen, Virginia Bruce, Nat Pendleton, Lewis Stone, Johnny Weissmuller, Jean Hersholt, Ted Healy, Allan Jones, Buddy Ebsen, Joseph Calleia, Maureen O'Sullivan, Una Merkel, Chester Morris, Stuart Erwin, Bruce Cabot, Elizabeth Allan, Brian Aherne, Charles Butterworth, Madge Evans, Frances Langford, Eric Linden, June Knight, Ann Loring, Robert Benchley, Jean Parker, May Robson, Mickey Rooney, James Stewart, Ernestine Schumann-Heink, Harvey Stephens, etc.
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    The air's most versatile organization.
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    Nino Martini, Lily Pons and Andre Kostelanetz' orchestra. They much too satisfy.
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    Current winner of our Distinguished Service Award.
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15. BING CROSBY WITH BOB BURNS AND JIMMY DORSEY'S ORCHESTRA (NBC) ...764
    Good-natured, informal Bing. Top-notch guest stars, with Bing always making them feel very much at home. There's no better humor than Bob's on the air.
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    Provided with the Whiteyman type of entertainment, Radio's joy will remain supreme.
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    He doesn't mind stepping on toes when they deserve it.
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    Truly a memorable personality. Isn't it a shame he can't give some of his broadcasting charm to his pal, Walter Winchell?
20. LOWELL THOMAS (NBC) ...745
    The world's news, pointedly told, but no toe-stepping here.
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    The hard, cold facts considerably warmed up.
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    With which the unbelievable is accomplished.
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   These Britishers are an entertaining lot.

24. HOUR OF CHARM (CBS) ...733
    Phil Sipitny and his remarkable all-girl orchestra. Charm personified.

25. MUSIC BY RICHARD HINBER (NBC) ...730
    Distinctive. Equally enjoyable, dancing or sitting out.

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    Last month's winner of our Distinguished Service Award.

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    Beetle and Bottle, as well, 'variable material.

28. EASY ACES (NBC) ...725
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29. AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC (NBC) ...723
    Frank Allen, Lucy Minister and the Haen- schen's orchestra. You've heard all the tunes before, but never quite as delightfully.

30. THE BAKERS' BROADCAST (NBC) ...716
    Bob Ripley, Hariett Hilliard and Ozzie Nelson's music. Once you listen you'll never miss tuning in again.

31. AMOS 'N ANDY (NBC) ...714

32. SALT LAKE CITY TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN (CBS) ...714
    Soul soothing. Every Sunday.

33. EDDIE CANTOR (CBS) ...710
    Bobby Green, Pankychabak, Jimmy Walling- ton and a generous supply of gags.

34. BURNS AND ALLEN (CBS) ...708
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    Gags galore. Leonie Hayton's tunes.

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    The movie pretenses are the big attraction.

38. WAYNE KING'S ORCHESTRA (CBS) ...697
    Death for jittery nerves.

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I NEVER WANT TO SEE ANOTHER SOUL AS LONG AS I LIVE

HER PIMPLY SKIN MADE ANN FEEL LIKE A TOTAL LOSS

AND YOU REALLY THINK I CAN GET RID OF THESE PIMPLES?

INDEED I DO. EAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST FAITHFULLY JUST AS I TOLD YOU, AND YOUR SKIN SHOULD CLEAR UP NICELY.

YOU SAID IT. SHE'S A WINNER ALL RIGHT.

Don't let Adolescent Pimples spoil YOUR vacation plans

A BROKEN-OUT skin is no help to any girl or boy who longs to be popular and have good times. But unfortunately, many young people are victims of this trouble.

After the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer—important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the entire body. The skin gets oversensitive. Harmful waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

Thousands have found Fleischmann's Yeast a great help in getting rid of adolescent pimples. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, the pimples go!

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly—one cake about ½ hour before meals—plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.

clears the skin by clearing skin irritants out of the blood
WATCHING the breakers go by! That is where you will find those two Merry Maids of the ether waves—Rosemary and Priscilla Lane, of Fred Waring's Pennsylvaniaians—because they are enthusiastic mermaids of the ocean waves as well. They have the business of sun bathing down to a science and they are perfect models for our lesson on how to win the summer skin game.

Now Rosemary is a "sister under the skin" to all of you fair-skinned girls whose skins are very sensitive and apt to burn at the drop of a hat—literally speaking, if we mean the drop of a large sun-protecting beach hat.

"Lucky Priscilla!" yearns the fair Rosemary. "Just look at her! She can get the most beautiful tan, without so much as one freckle and without a siege of looking like a boiled lobster or a piece of raw beefsteak!"

"Lucky Rosemary!" returns the honey-colored Priscilla. "She always looks a knockout in an evening gown and I look like a cross between an Indian and Haile Sellassie!"

They both were exaggerating a little, I'm afraid, in their usual complimentary fashion toward each other. The contrast of Rosemary's remarkably fair skin with her dark hair and deep blue eyes is one of her most spectacular charms and she is clever enough to enhance it with the right make-up. If brunettes who are lucky enough to have fair skin would only realize the effectiveness of such contrast (it has long been realized and admired by women of the South), there would be fewer yearnings for brunette Indian effects.

With Priscilla, on the other hand, we have the type of coloring that finds sun-tanning definitely becoming. For if ever a girl tanned to a lovely honey color, it is Priscilla. Some brunettes have that faculty to a degree. They are the golden skinned blondes in which classification Priscilla belongs. The fair, pink-skinned blondes generally go into the burning classification with Rosemary and even successful sun-tanning isn't becoming to them. It has too coarsening an effect. Moreover, Priscilla's larkspur blue eyes do not look faded in contrast to her tan skin, as lighter blue or gray eyes are apt to do. (P. S.—Priscilla makes effective use of blue eyeshadow and blue mascara to enhance the blue of those eyes, too.)

One would think that I am holding a brief against sun-tanning. But I'm only holding a brief against sun-tanning that is definitely unbecoming, or that is achieved through the burnt sacrificial offering of the skin. As a beauty editor, I know the splendid tonic effects of the sun, but I also know the cruel coarsening effects of that same sun. If you expose your skin, day after day, to the strong sunshine, without protection, it eventually will assume the appearance of old leather, instead of having a gardenia-like softness that is so desirable.

If you're Rosemary's "sister under the skin," you'll need to apply this protective recipe for your sessions under the sun: generous doses of sun-proof lotion or cream, protective long-sleeved beach pajamas or a beach robe, a large-sized beach hat and dark glasses. A generous application of a special sunlight glare-proof shade of powder is also a protection and should be used when going in for a dressy sitting under the sun. I can recommend several sun-proof preparations that will actually withstand sun, wind, and salt water. They will not rub off and they're a real boon to all fair-skinned mermaids. In fact, they're the nearest things to freckle preventatives that I've ever been able to find.

Now if you're a "born freckler," as Rosemary says she is, you must expect that, if you expose your unprotected skin to the glaring rays of the sun, freckles are going to make their appearance! From the letters you write me, I am led to believe that a great many of you think freckles are things that can be "cured," just like the measles, if you can find the right remedy. Well, your right remedy is not a cure. It's a preventative. You have freckles because your skin happens to be pigmented that way. Just as soon as the sun strikes your un-
Rosemary and Priscilla Lane, of the Pennsylvanians, present two different types of coloring and beauty. Both girls enjoy sun and summer sports, but prepare for them in a different fashion.

The full glare of the summer sun throws a hard light on your skin.

GONE are the old dark “sun-tan” powders! Pond’s has brought out “Sunlight” shades—totally new in color—new in effect on your skin when you are out in the hard, blazing light of summer! “Sunlight” shades catch only the softest rays of the sun . . . Give you the flattering light of early spring sunshine itself! Soften your face. Lovely with lightest tan, deep tan, or no tan at all!

MONEY-BACK TRIAL—Try Pond’s Sunlight shade (Light or Dark). If you do not find it more flattering than ordinary sun-tan shades, send us back the box and we will refund purchase price plus postage. Pond’s, Clinton, Conn.


Copyright, 1936, Pond’s Extract Company
IT TOOK Hollywood to show us what glamour lurks behind the microphone, what chic stands at the broadcasting end of our radios! For it wasn’t until some of our best radio songbirds took flight to California and screen fame, that we really had a good look at them.

Once there, however, all we needed was one glance at such smart stars as Grace Moore, Gladys Swarthout, Frances Langford and the more recently screened Harriet Hilliard, to realize that radio can speak up for itself fashionably. And there are dozens of other radio stars, not yet arrived on the screen, who are convincing arguments for the speeding up of television!

Most radio celebrities, like stage stars, turn night into day because their work demands that they perform evenings. Thus, the daytime side of their wardrobes is stressed less. It’s no wonder then that those who have gone to California to work, revel in the opportunity to wear the casual, comfortable sports clothes that dominate the Hollywood scene.

Jane Froman mentioned this to me one day, when we were having lunch. She said that, before going to California, the only clothes she really bothered about were her evening dresses. She had to have so many of them that she let her daytime wardrobe consist of just enough good looking outfits to look neatly dressed. Sports clothes were practically nil with her because she had so little time to play outdoors. However, when she reached (Continued on page 65)
Millie hasn't a lot of money. But she has a lot of sense. And so nothing is ever faded in her wardrobe. Everything is gay and fresh—in the newest Paris colors. Of course she uses Tintex!

Naturally, wherever Millie goes, her colorful sportswear and evening dresses are the envy of the other girls. And men's eyes follow her, too—romantically!

The result—Millie always has a wonderful summer. She meets so many interesting people. Why not keep your wardrobe up-to-the-minute in color with easy Tintex?

**SMART RIDING TOGS**

Frances Langford wears a becoming habit of tan jodhpurs, a well-cut matching vest and a jacket of tan and white checked tweed. The neckline is filled in with a flattering scarf of soft white silk.

**KEEP FASHIONABLE WITH**

**Tintex Tints and Dyes**

41 brilliant long-lasting colors. At all drug, notion and toilet goods counters. PARK & TILFORD, Distributors
Her Tennis Stroke is Correctly Timed

-too bad her laxative wasn't!

Her swing is a marvel of precision and timing. . . . What a pity she didn't know that correct timing is vital in a laxative, too!

You see, when you take a laxative into your system, you can't afford to take chances. Look out for harsh, over-acting cathartics that might upset you, nauseate you, cause stomach pains, leave you weak and dragged down. Such laxatives abuse you internally. Their after-effects are unpleasant, sometimes dangerous.

DEMAND CORRECT TIMING

Just what is meant by correct timing in a laxative? Simply this: a correctly timed laxative takes from 6 to 8 hours to be effective. Its action is gentle and g-r-a-d-u-a-l, yet completely thorough.

Ex-Lax is just such a laxative. It won't throw your system out of rhythm. No stomach pains, no nausea. No unpleasant after-effects of any sort. Ex-Lax works so naturally that, except for the relief you enjoy, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

PLEASANT TO TAKE

Ex-Lax is not only kind to your system—it's kind to your taste, too. Its flavor is just like smooth, delicious chocolate. All druggists sell Ex-Lax in economical 10c and 25c sizes. Get a box today!

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

RADIO STARS

In Strange As It Seems

John Hix reveals many unbelievable facts

By Wilfred Healy

IT'S A STRANGE WORLD

RADIO may appeal to some of you, but it gives Martin Bodker of Enumclaw, Washington, a distinct pain. Strange as it seems, Martin's body offers terrific resistance to radio waves, so much so that it actually pained him to be near a radio. Instead of calling a doctor, Martin summoned an engineer. That gentleman grounded Martin by rigging up a walking stick wrapped in copper wire, which he placed in a can of water. Now Martin, one hand firmly on the cane, can listen to any station on the air and experience no pain at all.

Martin Bodker's case is only one of many strange and interesting items plucked from the files of John Hix, whose Strange As It Seems program now is a regular feature of the air waves from coast to coast. Those files right now contain some 30,000 items. Using them on two programs weekly, John Hix has sufficient material to last him 163 years. He doesn't think he'll be using them all.

Items come from all over the world, although Hix himself doesn't believe in traveling around the world after them. He finds it more practical to remain at his office on Hollywood Boulevard, where he can work directly with his staff on the enormous task of checking and re-checking each item for proof of its truth. Nothing is ever used on the Strange As It Seems program unless John Hix's files hold written proof that it is genuine.

"Take that Bodker item, for instance," Hix explains. "Here in our files we have a letter from Bodke and a letter from the engineer who 'cured' him. The engineer's letter incidentally, adds that a number of people supposedly suffering from neuralgia really have a case of radio waves."

So get out your copper-wound walking-stick and a can of water unless you think it's simpler to tune off the radio.

"Besides my collection of strange items," Hix admits rather wistfully, "I have thousands which I know are true but which I can't use simply because I'm unable to obtain definite proof."

Probably the most interesting item of all is one marked Too Strange. In it are weird facts, all of which are true, which are so fantastic that
one would believe them. Unfortunately, the file must gather dust.

One look at the Hix fan-mail would convince you of the necessity of obtaining proof for every item broadcast. The weekly mail brings in hundreds of letters from skeptics all over the country, most of them politely doubting Mr. Hix's veracity. Each of these letters is answered and personally signed by John Hix. He doesn't like to have people doubt his word, and it (Continued on page 70)
IF YOU have ever wondered, as I have, what it would be like to be "top man" in the show—and not only to get there but to stay there over a long period of time—the very best person I can think of to give you an answer to that question would be Eddie Cantor. For Eddie has been starred in so many productions and in so many fields of entertainment that stardom is an old, old story with him. But if you think that, after the first thrill of accomplishment has worn off, boredom is quite likely to travel hand in hand with stardom, then Eddie is the very person to prove how wrong you are in your surmise. True, there may be some who find this business of being on top of the heap, day after day and year after year, a bit tiresome and exacting after a while. Perhaps they even suffer from a sneaking suspicion that it all doesn't seem to live up to the high hopes they cherished during the long, hard climb. But not Eddie! No indeed. For even now, after more than fifteen years of being a star on the stage, in the movies and over the air, this irrepressible comedian has retained the same verve and enthusiasm that must have characterized him in his earliest Ziegfeld days.

He still works up the greatest feeling of enthusiasm over his plans for his next Pebeco broadcast; he will describe with glee the discovery of a new tune or a "hot" jazz player and he shows at all times unmistakable signs of being in a most advanced state of chronic parent pride as he recounts stories about his daughters (most of
which are of a kidding nature with himself as the butt of the joke! Why he even talks about a supposedly prosaic subject, like eating, with the appreciation of a gourmet and the air of a connoisseur.

You can imagine with what joy your Radio Hostess discovered that Eddie was willing to discuss at some length the food preferences of the Cantors and that he also had some amusing and helpful ideas to divulge on the fine art of dining.

“Helpful ideas on dining from a comedian,” did you ask? Well anyone, certainly, who has listened to Eddie’s Sunday evening broadcasts (as who has not?) knows that he has a clear and constructive slant on any subject to which he gives his attention. And don’t forget that it’s often easier to get over a good idea with a laugh—as Eddie does—than with a frown. Then, too, behind the humorous approach we sense, one and all, the sincerity of his attitude—whether the discussion concerns the plans for some charity, the furthering of World Peace or simply, as in this case, the favorite foods of his family. Whatever the subject may be, there is no denying that this Cantor fellow is dynamic, on his toes and going places. In fact, judging from this interviewer’s reactions, trying to keep up with Eddie is enough to give one the sensations of a Mexican jumping bean in full flight!

Not that he’s hard to interview, mind you, for Eddie is most friendly, entirely cooperative and swell copy. But getting him cornered for questioning is a sort of catch-as-catch-can business. For even away from the broadcasting studios and in his own lovely apartment overlooking the lakes and drives of New York’s Central Park, I found that Eddie lives in an atmosphere as full of people and as exciting as a second-act finale. And in no time flat I became part of the surrounding cast as with pencil poised, I followed Eddie from room to room, listening to him, laughing with him and questioning him between laughs.

The Cantor home supplied a lovely stage setting for this perambulating conversation. It is one of the most spacious apartments I have ever seen. The living-room, overlooking the park, is rather formal, as is the dining-room with its panelled (Continued on page 52)
Above, one of the Parties at PickFair—Mary Pickford and Al Lyon. Below, Bob and Renny, billed as Two Public Enemies, on WABC.

The singing damsels, upper center, are the Campbell Sisters, heard with Horace Heidt and his Brigadiers. And the emotional gentleman at their right is none other than the old Broadway hill-billy, Walter O'Keefe, of the Camel Caravan. Above, Joan Crawford runs over her script with Bing Crosby while husband Franchot Tone smiles.

Ramblings. . . A neat descriptive word for the random impressions that occupy this department this month. . . Looking ahead. . . Looking backward. . . Straying in circles, picking up this and that, as a child gathers gay-colored shells upon the sand, for the moment's pleasure. . .

And among the many treasures cast upon the shores of time, radio undoubtedly contributes the most colorful, the most intriguing. . . Often, indeed, radio is a blessing—and sometimes most blessed when it is silent! This rambler is not one to turn on the radio at dawn and let it shout its wares unchecked till bedtime. We loathe music before breakfast. We detest early-morning exercises. We will not eat the matutinal egg to the Lord's Prayer. . . The duties to which we are a slave will not let us hear many of the daytime programs. Hence, we find our treasures among the evening hours.

But to others, more or less fortunate, all these are cherished experiences. We know people who would not dream of missing Cheer. And others who observe the daily exercises with almost religious favor. We have friends to whom On Man's Family, which we thus far have been unable to hear, is an important part of their radio fare. We have evidence that countless thousands listen raptly to the broadcast.

This month's news notes and brief bit
of the Gospel Singer, Edward McHugh. ... We can understand that, to people in lonely places, the incessant sound of the radio voice is, indeed, a blessing—bringing a sense of contact with all that is going on in the world—a sense of friendship and companionship. ...

Which proves that radio, as it should be, is all things to all men— and women—and children. ...

You hurry home at evening to listen to Amos 'n Andy. ... You relax, after dinner, to welcome Lanny Ross and the Show Boat to your fireside. ... You take in Town Hall Tonight, with Fred Allen and Portland Hoffa. ... Burns and Allen, Jack Benny and Ed Wynn help you to forget your burdens, with the healing gift of laughter. ... Commentators bring you the day's grist of news. ...

Among the latter, this rambler especially (Continued on page 18)
Radio Ramblings

(Continued from page 17)

Here's Tom Howard, droll wise boob, with his eccentric partner, George Shelton, who is goofily wiser still!

cherishes Boobe Carter—not only for his sound and informative talks on subjects that are, or should be, important to us, but because, while scrupulously honest and aware of his facts, he does not sit neatly on the fence, balancing the pros and cons, but gives strong and impassioned expression to just praise or just indignation, as the subject demands.

Now, while the radio knows no desparate censorship, the quality of indignation is at times a healthful thing to broadcast. We, as a people, have grown too prone to think, not that "whatever is, is right"—but that whatever is, we must "take it," and say nothing—forgetting our more fiery forebears, who, rather than suffer unjustly, dumped British tea into Boston harbor!

We remember another indignant man on the air—Hendrik Willem Van Loon, who, some time ago, when the immortal Jaffie inserted in a theatrical weekly an advertisement asking for vaudeville engagements, exclaimed in one of his broadcasts: "Learer than this we cannot get!"

Which might also be remembered in respect to some broadcasts of murder trials and executions... Low or high, it is the people's choice!

Among the programs that consistently aim at and consistently achieve a high order of radio entertainment, the delight of this inconsequential rambler's heart is the Monday evening Voice of Firestone concert, over NBC-WEAF. With Margaret Speaks and Nelson Eddy or Richard Crooks, with the Firestone choral symphony and William Daly's string orchestra, its half hour of rare and lovely music is all too short. It's not above the lay listener, but also rewards the most critical hearer with its smooth and melodious sequence of song and orchestra.

Last spring's Metropolitan Auditions of the Air were another delight and we look forward to next season's renewal of this unusual radio program.

Listening to the March of Time programs on the air, we have almost the sensation of seeing as well as hearing. For example—a picture of the Ethiopian conflict is being presented. John McIntyre, the announcer, is at the microphone. "Addis Ababa, Ethiopia," he says. And over the air comes the sound of the beating of tom-toms, gradually increasing in volume. The next voice we hear is that of Westbrook Van Vorhees, narrator and "Voice of Time." He describes the massing of the troops, their fervor for their king, while the microphone picks up war cries from a group of unseen actors. The tramp of feet is heard. The narrator speaks of the horsemen, and we hear the sound of

Frank Readick, who has been with the program for five years. He was in its first show. Orson Welles is considered one of the cleverest artists on the staff. To him are assigned the most difficult of dramatic characterizations. To Ted Jewett fall the ghastly or macabre roles—a sort of Frankenstein of the air—and many of the foreign characterizations.

For the mechanical part of this program, five microphones are in use, all at the same time. One is for the principals in the cast, one for the mingled voices of mobs or crowd effects, a third picks up sound effects. Number four is used by Howard Barlow's orchestra and the fifth is for auditorium sounds, when called for in the script. Lines from each microphone lead to the control room, where the engineer mixes them in their proper relation in one sound circuit.

Dramatic Director Arthur Pryor molds and polishes his cast and tightens up the script till the rehearsal meets without a flare. It is easy to see why the March of Time sets the pace for radio drama.

Being a dog lover, your rambler was interested, and mildly amused, to learn that Gertrude Niesen, CBS songstress and a Broadway stage favorite, maintains a two-family penthouse—or is it a penthouse?—for her pets, two cats and two dogs. It is located on the terrace adjoining Miss Niesen's 19th-floor apartment in New York and is heated and weather-proofed and supplied, we are told, with "every convenience." We understand the tenants are model neighbors. Don't let your canines or tabbies be jealous, however. Any dog or cat that has the whole house and a backyard as his domain is not to be pitied!

The "mad Russian" himself—and he complicates life for Eddie Cantor on Sunday evening's Pebeco program!

thundering hooves. Shots... Screams... And the tom-toms rise to a frenzied crescendo... Edwin Jerome is the voice of Haile Selassie and as he speaks against the background thus created, we have in our minds a picture so vivid, a sort of mental television as been achieved.

One reason why this program comes over the air so smoothly is that directors, actors, sound effects experts and engineers have worked together so long that each knows the others' characteristics and is ready to meet any situation, however unexpected.

On another page of this issue we have some camera shots of the March of Time players in action. Edwin Jerome, in addition to being Haile Selassie on the air, also is the voice of Stalin in these programs, and the voice of Senator Borah. This summer he plans to interview these people, to perfect his simulation of their voices. Ted Di Corsica plays Mussolini. Another veteran March of Time actor is

A broadcast from Studio 7, with Lorretta Clemens and Dick Harding—Dick is Santos Ortega in these programs.

18
COMEDY, it seems, is the most difficult form of entertainment to broadcast successfully. Comics, if they are to survive, must be surefire. There is no audience for funsters unable to provoke genuine guffaws.

In Walter O'Keefe, the Camel Caravan presents a refreshingly glib comedian possessed with unerring judgment of what makes people laugh and how best to present it. As a high priest of hilarity, Walter has gathered for himself a tremendous listening audience. He's forever concocting new stunts and always represents good cheer and exercise for the laugh muscles.

Along with Walter is lovely Deane Janis and her intriguing voice; Ted Husing and his interesting sports topics; and, of course, the tingling tunes of Glen Gray and his Casa Loma orchestra. The entire program bespeaks cheerfulness. It's smartly done. The freshness of the material is a credit to the versatile O'Keefe who is responsible for all skits.

The Camel Caravan, whether you're a big-towner or small-towner, is admittedly an easy-to-listen-to program.

Because of these qualities, RADIO STARS magazine awards its medal for Distinguished Service to Radio to the Camel Caravan.

F. Grady
-EDITOR.
"I DON'T know much about radio," Fannie Hurst admitted with characteristic frankness, "but I do know," and her soft voice rang with conviction, "that it's the most important new dimension in the history of politics. "In the past few years American women have taken an increasing interest in politics, but, with the advent of radio that interest mounts toward a tremendous force. Many women have no extra money to enjoy theatres and concerts, so they stay at home and tune in their radios. Or, doing their own housework, they turn on their radios to relieve the monotony.

"It is to these women, women with brooms and mops and irons and rolling pins, women with knitting needles and babies' diapers, that radio is a boon. Mind you, not in just furnishing entertainment, but a boon in making a woman feel important, in causing her to realize that she, too, has a voice in running this country of ours. No longer need a woman blindly follow her husband's or her father's or her brother's political opinions. She can form her own opinions—and she does! Because she can now
Radio is the most important new dimension in the history of politics, says Fannie Hurst

By Nanette Kutner

hear plenty of political talks. She may not have time to read the papers, but she can't avoid the air."

Fannie Hurst paused for breath. Then thoughtfully she said: "It is to those women at home, that I want to say one thing: I want to tell them to remember that radio can be destructive as well as constructive, that very often a candidate has a brilliant record, marvelous principles and a bad microphone voice.

"Mrs. Roosevelt is one of the most charming women in the world, but her radio voice does not equal her personality; it fails to reveal one-eighth of her magnetism.

"President Roosevelt's voice is the finest exponent of radio today. I think he has done more to dignify broadcasting than anyone else. His speeches, with that intimate touch, have set an unheard of precedent, and given all candidates good cause to worry about their voices.

"It's a funny thing, this radio, it plays tricks! Women's voices on the air sound as if they were selling gelatine at an exhibition. To my mind the only good feminine radio voice is that of Martha Dean. But I honestly think that the queer tricks radio plays with voices are caused by the microphone itself. It is nothing we broadcasters can control.

"I once had a chance to make an electrical transcription. I thought that there was a job suited for me. I studied my own voice. And I was very conscious of its unpleasant faults and the faults in the voices of others. So I practiced. I placed my voice carefully, and really gave what I considered an ideal performance. Yet, when I played back the record, my voice had all the qualities I despised and which I had thought were eliminated!

"So radio really is dangerous! If you don't sound right, you can make people dislike you—just by your voice."

She leaned down to stroke a black dog that had come bounding into the double-storied living-room, and was now seated at her feet. Then she raised her dark eyes, eyes that seem to penetrate everything.

"Radio needs an authoritative woman's voice," she said.

"I would like to be that voice!"

"In my own mind I know that I'm going to talk over the air. It's the place for me. If I have something I want to say, and that I feel is worth saying, then I want to say it in front of a microphone because radio is the ideal soap-box. Why, for the first time, novels have serious competition. At the very most a novel of mine reaches three hundred to five hundred thousand people. That audience is a mere handful, compared to the size of radio's millions of listeners!

"At present I think radio is suffering from an embarrassment of riches. There should be programs for people who think and who want to think. But radio is in a rut. Of course I have to admit that we, the public, get just exactly what we seek—because we take it!

"Radio has reached the heights in music, producing the finest concerts, symphonies, operas, but verbal programs do not come up to the standard of the musical ones.

"The public is hungry now. Young people have changed. They are aware of conditions. They are thinking. When the radio executives and advertising agents were young, people wanted only entertainment. Today boys and girls in their teens want information! Young people today cannot escape thinking. Radio should bring them thinking people, statesmen. (Continued on page 80)
WILL RADIO CHANGE Mae West?

Is her humor, with its innuendo, too hot for the air?

Mae West!
For four years, that name has been the biggest news name in Hollywood. A single item about this amazing woman, who swept into Hollywood in a small part in Night After Night, was certain news all over the world. No woman so wholly captivated the motion picture industry—as did Mae.

And yet, today, you hear her name mentioned less and less. Even the Mae West stories—those little sayings with their naughty twists—have disappeared into Hollywood’s shadows. Her contract has not been renewed with Paramount and no other company has rushed to sign her on the dotted line, at least at her salary.

I recently asked a Hollywood executive why Mae West had not signed again immediately. He shrugged. “She wanted too much money. There’s a limit to pay, even in Hollywood and when you reach it, you might as well stop holding for more. She got the most and then she wanted more.”

“Mae wouldn’t compromise, so she’s out. Of course, if she comes down... You can tell Hollywood just so long and then Hollywood starts telling you. And when Hollywood makes up its mind... say, there isn’t a single person out here bigger than the industry itself. Mae made a hit. She cashed in. But she reached the top. Artists never know when they’ve gone the limit. This business ran before Mae West came into it. It’ll run after she’s out. Unless she’s sensible, she’ll find she’s definitely through in pictures.”

Perhaps he’s wrong, but as this is written Mae is not working in a picture and hasn’t for several months—which always is a bad omen for any Hollywood actor. If Mae West has reached the top in motion pictures—what next?

Retirement? Personal appearances?
Pictures in England? Radio?
No one who knows Mae personally can think of her retiring. She once told me her life-story. She explained in detail how she had made herself into an institution, an institution dedicated to success.

She once loved a man. Loved him madly.
“I learned will power, then,” she said, “I learned determination. It took a lot of both—to say goodbye to him. But success takes the same thing. I tell you, I had to talk to myself over and over and over... I learned to sell myself to myself, if you get me. I can do it, today. When I see a man I might like and know he might interfere with my career, I can sell myself out of the idea of liking him. From the time of that one man, I have thought only of Mae West. I have thought only of myself—as I am to the public. Men have been important only as they could help me to help that Mae West, the one who belongs to the public.”

No, I cannot think of Mae’s retiring, despite the fact that she has much money. Did you know that she has carried her checks personally to the bank every Wednesday morning since she’s been in Hollywood? She’s saved more than any star I know. She lives today in the same apartment house into which she moved upon her arrival. She thought of buying a house but told me: “Decided against it. Can save more this way.” And anybody can call her through the house telephone. She might miss a business call, if they couldn’t.

Personal appearances? Naturally, she could make a vast fortune in a very short time. A stop-gap, perhaps. But there is nothing per-

(Continued on page 74)
By Nancy Barrows

At the helm of the Show Boat, Lanny Ross, tenor star, and Winifred Cecil, brilliant young soprano of the Maxwell House Coffee program.

The Show Boat’s popular star has some thrilling new plans for his future as a singer.
ADVENTURE is his birthright. . . Not in the sense of Edna Millay’s line: “There isn’t a train I wouldn’t take, no matter where it’s going,” nor that he longs to sail uncharted seas or pursue the unusual down the usual paths. Rather it is, in essence, “Nothing ventured, nothing gained.”

Already Lanny Ross has a great deal. He is happily married, his wife, Olive White, being his personal representative and business manager. He has fame and wealth, from his own efforts, friends, a home in the city, a farm in the country, a gratifying career in radio—possessions that bring privileges, privileges that imply responsibility, to himself and to others. Lanny is especially conscious of responsibility to the tradition of courage and initiative in his family.

“My people, in a sense, were pioneers,” he said. “My grandfather, my father’s father, was a bank clerk in the Bank of England. He felt that the future there didn’t offer him enough opportunity. So he decided to strike out into fresh fields. He determined to come to America. He got a chance to bring over a ship-load of Portuguese immigrants and he had the courage to undertake the responsibility. When he had completed that charge, he settled in a small town in the state of Washington and became a banker there. It was a pioneering adventure in an undeveloped country. And he made good. I hope,” said Lanny, “that I have enough of that spirit in me to make good in new fields. . . . I don’t want to let it die out in me.”

Lanny Ross wants a great deal of life. “It goes so quickly,” he says. “In just a little while you realize that you are growing old. . . . And all the things you were going to do will be forever undone. . . . Unless you know what you want and are willing to strike out, even if it involves sacrifices. . . .”

“Right now,” Lanny spoke thoughtfully, “I have a farm. . . . There are thirty-five cows on it. We sell the milk. I have a farmer who runs it for me. We go out there week-ends, when we can.

“That farm,” Lanny went on, “needs such a lot done on it. . . . The buildings must practically be rebuilt from the foundations. The ground needs to be reconditioned. It’s a tremendous responsibility and involves a lot of money. Of course I can’t do it all at once. . . .”

“It opens a whole new world to me,” Lanny smiled. “And I don’t really need that particular new world—I have so many others in mind. . . . I want to sing in concert. I want to sing in opera. I want to make motion pictures. I want to write. . . . And I’ve got to figure out how to do all these things!”

It does sound like a large order, but as Lanny talks you feel that the sensitive mettle of the artist is strengthened by the mettle of the pioneer and responsive to the demand, however it comes. He is not a visionary, dreaming dreams beyond the possibility of accomplishment. Rather he is a man with a vision, looking far ahead, but aware of all that is involved to make the dream and its fulfillment one.

Music and acting also are a part of Lanny’s birthright. And Lanny’s progress toward his goal in music exemplifies the mettle of the man.

His father, Douglas Ross, is an actor, noted throughout England for his Shakespearean rôles. He wanted the boy, naturally, to follow in his footsteps in a theatrical career. Lanny’s mother, an accomplished musician, once was Pavilova’s accompanist. His younger brother, Winston, is on the stage, at present appearing in the Theatre Guild production, Idiot’s Delight.

“We kid him about playing the title rôle,” chuckled Lanny. And added: “I wonder that Winchell hasn’t picked that up—to ask whether Alfred Lunt or Lynn Fontanne is playing the title rôle in the Sherwood play.

“I started out in the theatre, of course,” Lanny continued. “I made my stage début when I was six years old, at the old Century Theatre, in a children’s play called Racketty-Packetty House. I earned fifty dollars a week, for six weeks. I did other stage work, after that, but I didn’t want to continue in the theatre—it’s so unfair,” he mused. “So much depends on the part you get, on the reception of the play. . . .

“Of course I knew that I had a voice,” he spoke seriously, “but I didn’t give up all other considerations for it until I was sure that it was more than just a nice voice. . . . My grandfather,” he went on, “advised me to study for a business or a profession. ‘You can be happy,’ he told me, ‘in any line of work, if you are doing it well and making a living.’

“So, when I graduated from Yale, I studied law at Columbia. And, in order to help pay my expenses, I did some singing on the radio. My first broadcast was on January first, 1929, for Ray Berto. I sang three songs. Then for a year and a half I was on a sustaining program, Troubadour of the Moon. I earned ten dollars a performance. Once I got a raise to fifteen.

“In 1931 I was on a radio program for Hellman’s. Then I went on to the Maxwell House Coffee program. That was before there was any (Continued on page 86)
Armida, charming songstress of the Paris Night Life program on CBS, is a former stage and screen star, and once was John Barrymore's leading lassie.
Radio's stars away from the busy microphone

Kate Smith and her manager, Ted Collins, enjoy a game of "Damogolf" together before their rehearsal.

Willie Howard, comedian and star of the "Ellies de Force of the air.

In the pool at Palm Springs, Andy (Charles Correll), left, splashes Amos (Freeman Gosden).

Rubinoff gives Jack Benny a violin lesson, backstage in a New York theatre — it's Love in Bloom!

George T. Delacorte, publisher of Radio Stars, with Eddie Cantor, a recent winner of our award for distinguished service to radio.
Meet Mr. D. and the Brat

By Miriam Rogers

THEY are new to radio, this famous comedy team, and their inimitable humor is new and different, too, from the regular radio fare. But these particular stars have shone brightly in the theatre for years.

"It was a long apprenticeship, though," Eddie mused and added with an expressive twinkle in his eye: "We didn't have radio then!"

Thus he lightly sums up those years of struggle and heartache. He looks backward now with a smile for the youngster who so determinedly set his feet upon the path to fame and who so gamely refused to be discouraged by the many adversities, the long, hard grind up the rocky road to Broadway!

For although we know him and his tiny wife, Ray Dooley, as "tops" in the theatre, we realize that it was not always so, that, like everyone else, there had to be a beginning and that with them that beginning was not easy.

We are used to the typical success story of radio, the overnight fame and rapid rise, and I wondered, as Eddie reminisced a bit, how many lads, in these days of home-talent shows and contests—and Major Bowes!—would have the courage to stick to that hard trail as Eddie did, not so many years ago.

Recently inaugurating the Eddie Dowling Revue, on Tuesday evenings at 10 o'clock, E.S.T., under the sponsorship of the Elgin National Watch Company, Eddie says modestly that he hopes their new audience will like them. And he admits a fleeting pity for the boy who struggled up the weary route of vaudeville and stock and one-night stands, when, if there had been radio, the way might have been so much easier. But he smiles when he says it and adds sincerely:

"Youth is the time of optimism, of looking forward—we can take hardships in our stride when we are young . . ."

And Eddie ought to know, for he learned almost in his cradle what poverty, heartache and tragedy mean. One of seventeen children—most of us can't even imagine what that would be like—his father a cotton weaver in a small New England mill, earning $15.00 a week, his mother's back bowed beneath the burdens of her large family and the unending struggle to feed so many hungry mouths—you can't tell Eddie anything about the seamy side of life!

Meet Mr. and Mrs. Dowling (she is Ray Dooley, of course), of the Elgin Revue, former vaudeville and musical stage headliners, Irish as the shamrock.
Radio welcomes two famous stage comics, Eddie Dowling and the impish Ray Dooley

But there was more to it than that. There was 14th and there was courage and there was hope. The mother, running a boarding house for mill workers, cooking for them, washing for them—at $3.00-$3.50 per week apiece—in addition to working for her own brood, nevertheless instilled in Eddie and her other children the finest of ideals.

Eddie owns a hundred acres now near Providence, Rhode Island, where he was born, and there brothers and sisters and nephews and nieces and cousins live in comfort. Perhaps the greatest joy life has brought to Eddie Dowling is the satisfaction of helping his beloved mother play her favorite role of Lady Bountiful—and how beautifully, how unselfishly she played it no one ever will know in full. But when she died a year and a half ago, people came long weary miles to pay tribute to the beloved woman who had helped them through their times of hardship and despair.

"Within an hour of her death," Eddie said proudly, "she was thinking of a boy, a clerk in a store, whom she had been helping win a weekly prize for sales. She called me in, asked me to get the money from her purse and pay the bill she owed him, so that he would not miss out on the prize that week, because she had a family and needed that money. In an hour she was dead. . . . She always was thinking of someone else, doing something for somebody. . . ."

That is only one of the many stories at the tip of his tongue, for she was the kind who, when she saw someone in trouble, did not say: "I'm so sorry for him!" Instead, she went out and bought groceries, or helped the man of the family to get a job.

But Eddie does not remind you that it was he who made it possible for her to do these fine things. It is the true son of this unselfish mother who says:

"I was lucky in having a talent, something that people liked, that caught on. That didn't mean I was any better, any more capable, any more deserving than my brothers—"

The corollary to that was that Eddie shared his good fortune, as soon as he had any to share!

When he was a little boy, not yet out of short pants, Eddie Dowling began his career, not as an actor, but as a "deck monkey," a "buttons" on a great Cunard ship. His uncle was a steward on the Cunard line and it was a proud Eddie who prepared to follow in his footsteps—bedecked in the glamorous uniform, bursting with pride in his first long pants! Even the town's little rich girl had more than a passing glance for Eddie in that handsome outfit!

The stark tragedy and poverty of his early childhood had made a precocious, serious boy. When the great Aquitania or Mauretania were (Continued on page 94)
Tonsils, says Frances Langford, and not a broken heart, made her a blues singer!

SINCE she's a daughter of the old South, we half expected Frances Langford to greet us, like the gal in Dwight Fiske's slightly ribald ballad, "with magnolias in one hand and waffle irons in the other." Instead, we meet a diminutive, good-looking young lady with just a shade of accent which might indicate she was born below where Mr. Mason and Mr. Dixon drew the line. Her colonial mansion of the moment was a highly unstable portable dressing-room, which had earthquakes every time someone brushed against it.

"The truth is," Miss Langford said, "I'm not a daughter of the old South. At least, not the old, old South. Lakeland, Florida, is my home, suh, and you've probably never heard of it."

She was right, we hadn't; but we admitted to ourselves that she was queen of the Hollywood Hotel program and here, right this minute, in the middle of Palm Springs, her first starring picture. Looking the little lady over, we noticed first that her hair was done up in a new coif-fure. Sort of rolled back off the ears, with a fine collection of curled bangs in front, and all very nice. Her new make-up, too, makes her look more like Langford than she used to. In her first couple of scenes she looked Oriental and she didn't like it. Neither did her Spanish father nor her Irish mother.

The Langford costume of the moment was a heavy woolen scarlet and white ski suit and fur boots—just a dandy little outfit for the desert, about which Palm Springs is concerned. Frances didn't know why. She was told to wear it and she was going to wear it in the next scene, be it on sand, snow or even Post Toasties.

But leave us—as they say on the other side of the tracks—get back to our subject. In case you don't know, it's Langford's singing.
"How come," we asked, "a pint-sized Garbo like you is gifted with such a low, compelling voice, when everyone knows you were meant for a soprano? Tell our readers a broken heart is responsible for those overtones of tragedy in your singing. Tell them you lost someone very dear to you, and woke up next morning a baritone."

"I'd like to tell them that," said Frances, "because what really happened isn't nearly so romantic. I haven't a broken heart and all I ever lost were my tonsils. You can blame them for everything."

"You mean you really were once a soprano?"

"When I was sixteen I was the sopranoest girl in the Baptist Church choir in Lakeland. I had operatic ambitions then, too. I would eventually land at the Met. I told myself, riding on a streamlined high C."

"And then came the tonsils."

"And then went the tonsils. And with them went my poor little soprano, for when I finally could speak, after he operation, I discovered I was a contralto with no voice at all. I cried for days until my mother took me in hand. She once was a concert pianist and she practiced with me for weeks until I could sing again. You can imagine my surprise when I turned out to be a torch singer."

"Hurray," said we, "for the good old tonsilectomy!

Also hurray for Mrs. Langford!"

Torch singing got Frances her first sponsored radio program. She sang her heart out for a certain brand of Tampa cigar and men all over Florida responded by smoking more cigars and, occasionally, hitting them in two, when Langford hit one of her special low notes.

Then Rudy Vallee invaded Florida. A latter day Ponce de Leon, he sought there, not the fountain of youth (he'd already found that), but merely a few weeks' relaxation. Through the good offices of Frances' cigar sponsor our heroine was introduced to Rudy, who promptly gave her an audition. She appeared as guest star with him in New Orleans, her first national broadcast.

After that, high school seemed terribly dull, but Frances stuck it out, graduated and rushed to New York in answer to a hurry call to chant once more for Rudy and dear old Fleischmann's Yeast. A year as staff artist on WOR followed and then she went to work for Al Smith. That was in 1931, when Al was seeking the Democratic presidential nomination and sponsored a series of broadcasts to let the nation know his intentions. Frances furnished the vocal interludes until Al saw the handwriting on the political wall and discontinued the broadcasts. Mr. Smith, says Frances, is "noisy but nice."

Vaudeville came next, and eight weeks at the Chez Paris in Chicago, where she met a singer named Tony Martin. The friendship has lasted, for today Tony is one of the two men who comprise Frances' list of escorts.

Then back to New York, where she met and became a close friend of George Jean Nathan, the drama critic. For Frances it meant charming company and a chance to know all of Broadway's chronic first-nighters. For Nathan, who always leaves a bad (Continued on page 69)
IT was during the first rehearsal of a Town Hall Tonight program. The cast was standing around, scripts in hand, waiting to run over the dialogue for the second time. Fred Allen was holding his megaphone—he talks into the large end to get the loudspeaker effect for Town Hall News. Waiting for the “go ahead,” Allen’s dry chuckle sounded.

“It looks pretty bad,” he drawled. “I’ve got twelve more shows to do before we knock off for the summer, and there’s only eleven more pages in my jokebook. It begins to look as though that last show is going to be pretty thin!”

It was an entirely impromptu remark, but the cast found it so funny that Allen retained it and used it as an ad lib remark during the amateur part of the show.

It wasn’t the first funny remark Allen contributed to that rehearsal. In fact, there are dozens of laughs during a Town Hall rehearsal that aren’t in the script, most of them emanating from the dryly humorous Allen himself.

It must be wonderful, you think, to be naturally funny; to be able to write a script that makes a professional comedy cast break down and laugh at their own lines; to get off impromptu gags; to be an apparently inexhaustible source of humor. Well, if you think so, don’t mention it to Fred Allen.

“Doing the show,” says Fred, “is the easiest part of it. But that sixty minutes of comedy over the air takes a week’s hard work to prepare. Maybe, if I could sit back and wait for a half a dozen comedy writers to line the script up and just step in in time to rehearse and broadcast it, it would be easy. But,” he added bitterly, “I can’t.”

Allen was speaking at home now, during one hour of the one day in the week when there is any chance of finding him in his modest suite at a midtown apartment-hotel. He’s only in at that time because he’s reserved the hour to run over the script before rehearsal.

“Sure, I like radio. If you could adjust yourself so you didn’t have to kill yourself—if you could relax a little when you get on top, it’d be marvelous. But you can’t, if you want to keep up to a standard. We’ve been going over four years—outlasted many of them—but it means always looking for something new. . . .”

He broke off to take a chew of tobacco. Yes—he chewed tobacco, on occasion! It’s a pretty good index to the Allen makeup. You can’t imagine a man with a chew in his cheek putting on airs, or going high hat! And Fred Allen, as a leading radio comedian, is no more pretentious than he was as a vaudeville performer. He carries simplicity to extremes, without making an affectation of it. He lives simply, with no chauffeur—no car, even—no maids, butlers or secretaries. He writes his scripts out in longhand and types them himself; mainly, he says, because he never could find a secretary who could think of new gags or lines to put in during the rewrite process. He has been variously mentioned as looking like Gene Tunney and James J. Walker and perhaps he does. Certainly, he doesn’t look Broadway and he doesn’t act Broadway. A natural guy, this Allen.

“Of course,” he went on in his favorite tone of complaint, “there’s nothing really new in radio. But we try to be as original as possible; not to repeat too often, not even to use the same people so much that the show gets standardized. Portland is the (Continued on page 57)
If you think it's easy to be a professional funny man, don't mention it to Fred Allen!

By Jack Hanley
This month the spotlight falls on many familiar faces, at the microphone and away from the studio.

1. Lionel Barrymore is rehearsing for his rôle as catalyst—a new name for commentator—on Sigmund Romberg’s Swift program, while Romberg looks on. Barrymore grew the beard for a movie he is making.

2. The recent broadcast of These Three brought together Dick Powell, Merle Oberon, Louella Parsons, Joel McCrea, Marcia Mae Jones, Bonita Granville.

3. Among the film celebrities who were entertained by Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, Jr., at a dinner dance at Hollywood’s Club Seville, were Bing Crosby, film and radio singer, and his wife, who is Dixie Lee.

4. Frank Parker and Bob Hope of The Atlantic Family exchange a gay bit of persiflage as they rehearse.

5. The Stewart Sisters, Julie, Judy and Jean, regularly featured by Rudy Vallee on his Fleischmann Variety Hour.

6. Some fancy fencing here! Harry Mortimer, of the NBC office staff, with NBC actress Natalie Parks.

7. And here’s that well-known Hollywood gossip, Jimmie Fidler, confiding a choice bit to the mike.

8. Gracie Allen in the studio, making up for Miltiel.

9. Announcer Don McNeil with the screen’s Jane Withers.

A BOY AT LAST . . !

Meet Bobby Breen, Eddie Cantor's delightful "adopted son"

MY HUSBAND has a special reason, this year, for being glad that Summer's on the way. Summer means baseball. And baseball, to Eddie, means that for the first time he's going to have an eager, enthusiastic small-boy companion at the games, instead of an inattentive and secretly bored daughter.

He can sit in the bleachers at Yankee Stadium and the Polo Grounds with this companion, sharing the masculine excitement over home-runs and other events that seem so important to men and boys. He'll have a grumpy little hand thrust into his, and a breathless little voice shouting in his ear: "Gee, Uncle Eddie, look at that fellow slide home!"

You see, after having been the only male in a household of women for many years, Eddie's now enjoying the thrill of having a boy around. And is he enjoying it! There's a perpetual smile tugging at his lips and a sparkle in his big brown eyes. Of course, he's very fond of our five daughters, but there always has been a grain of truth in his radio jokes about his wish for a "little son."

The boy in our home—in case you haven't heard—is a wiry, curly-haired bundle of mischief and talent, named Bobby Breen. He has taken Eddie by storm. He's just eight years old and even at this tender age has quite a long life-story. For the past several weeks, he has been appearing on Eddie's broadcasts. He sings divinely—his voice brought tears to my husband's eyes the first time he heard it—and he plays the radio role of "adopted son."

Bobby lives a short distance away from us, with his pretty sister, Sally, but I think he spends more time at our place than he does at home. He's with us every day in the week, dashing in and out energetically, rehearsing with Eddie and helping to select songs for the programs.

My husband says: "Bobby's a natural-born actor. He needs practically no direction at all. He memorizes his songs in only a few minutes and his voice—why, it's extraordinary!"

And Bobby?

"It's wonderful, working with Uncle Eddie," he tells anyone who cares to listen. "He's so encouraging to me. We're great pals!"

They're full of plans for the future. To make a motion picture together is their mutual dream. And the baseball games, of course. Football in the fall. Why, they've even thought so far ahead that they're hoping to be in California for the Rose Bowl game on New Year's Day, 1937!

(Continued on page 90)
PRESCRIPTION FOR SUCCESS

It takes more than talent to account for this man!

EDDY DUCHIN was born in a small frame house in Cambridge, Massachusetts. And for a number of years life centered around the quiet suburban streets and high school boys and girls and dances at the Town Hall and porch parties on long summer evenings and his father's drugstore and the upright piano and hours of practising Over the Waves and The Burning of Rome.

Now he lives in New York, in a suite at the Hotel Plaza, with a wife out of the Social Register and a concert grand, and silk hats and tails and a gardenia in his button hole. He has climbed to a high perch on the dizzying pinnacles of fame.

And he's only twenty-seven years old.

His talent has made him the favorite popular pianist of true music lovers—the sort who go to concerts at Carnegie Hall and to the Wagner operas and symphonies and who really understand Toscanini. It also has made the rest of us, who don't know a toccata from a fugue, consider him the object of our mutual affections.

But it takes more than talent to account for Eddy Duchin. Much more. It takes a head on your shoulders and the ability to keep that same head down to the size hat you wore when you started. It takes smartness and common sense and a knowledge of values. Your own values. The debit side of yourself as well as the bright credit side.

Even back in the days when Eddy was working his way through the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy, by waiting on tables during summer vacation at a camp in New Hampshire, he was using his head. Most boys of that age, with musical ability, like to get together and start an orchestra. Eddy Duchin started a three-piece orchestra of his own. He differed, even then, from the thousands of boys throughout these United States who belong to amateur bands, in that from the beginning he set out to make himself a professional.

"We had a piano, a fiddle and a saxophone," he said, "and we really weren't half bad for beginners. The guests at the camp used to tell us we were as good as any of the smart supper club orchestras they heard over the air." He laughed and stretched his long legs comfortably. "I liked hearing it, of course, but I knew that their praise came from friendliness rather than judgment."

"Of all the hurdles the amateur has to overcome, the greatest is the praise of fond friends and families. These mean to be sincere, they think they are, but for the life of them they can't help letting affection and wanting to approve creep into it.

"Now criticism from a disinterested person is constructive. It's something you can get your teeth into.

"We found that out the next year, when we expanded our band to five pieces and began playing for the sorority and fraternity dances. College boys and girls are as hard-boiled as they come. They're not going to fling (Continued on page 61)

By
Elizabeth
Bennche
Petersen

Eddy Duchin is "tops" among band-leaders.
WHEN the Pickens sisters break up—and the combination will break up before very long—there will be no careers sacrificed and no hearts broken.

For each of these girls has her own plans and ambitions for the future. Each has her own talent, entirely separate from the others, a hope, a dream, a goal, which makes her happily independent.

They smile—Patti, Jane, Helen, and Grace, who acts as their manager—when someone makes the oft-repeated prophecy that some dark day tragedy will overtake them: a personal ambition, marriage, the desire for a child, will lure one sister from the group and leave the others career-less, with blank futures and broken dreams.

The people who make these prophecies don't know the Pickens sisters. They don't realize that these girls always have sung together, just for fun. That it never occurred to them to sing for money, to make a career of it, until a quirk of circumstance surprised them by landing a radio contract on their piano. And that now, in their fifth year of phenomenal success, still riding high on the air waves, they consider their singing in trio just a pleasant, unexpected interlude. Oh, they've worked hard at it. But not one of the sisters considers it her real career.

"We've always known," they say, "that sometime the
Patti, Jane and Helen Pickens have definite plans for their separate futures, when or if they do "break up"

By Mildred Mastin

UP OF THE PICKENS SISTERS

The trio would dissolve—pleasantly and naturally. We have never fought against that day and we have never hurried it. But we all know what we will do when the break-up comes."

Strangely enough, there is only one of the singing sisters who plans to continue with a musical career—Jane. Of the four girls, she has the finest voice. It was Jane who first left the family home in Georgia to come to New York to study music. It is Jane who makes the complicated harmonic arrangements which the trio uses and which are in no small way responsible for the girls' success.

Many also consider Jane the most beautiful of the sisters. Tall, blonde, almost statuesquely built and radiant with vitality, she is certainly the most striking.

Jane already has received an invitation from the Metropolitan Opera Company for an audition—a dream many fine singers never realize. She hasn't accepted that invitation. She postponed it. With characteristic enthusiasm and intelligence she began at once to increase her hours of study, poring over the scores of opera, learning more and more about the intricacies of harmony. When the singing trio "dissolves pleasantly and naturally" Jane will be thoroughly prepared for that audition.

"Jane will make it, too," the other sisters prophesy loyally. "You just watch. She'll be a star at the Met." And they're probably right. For, in addition to her beauty and her voice, Jane has a kind of vital energy, a determination and singleness of purpose, that permit her to sweep aside all obstacles and ride, triumphantly, to success.

 Entirely different from Jane's ambitions are the hopes and dreams of Helen. She is the only one of the trio who is married. Her husband is Salvatore Curioni, a young engineer, an artist by avocation. They met in Hollywood and decided almost immediately to be married. Theirs was a swift, ecstatic courtship. But you can believe, with Helen, that the marriage will be enduring.

For Helen is the quiet one, of dark, subtle beauty. With her the roots grow deep and take hold firmly. You feel that she has weighed carefully the values in life and eliminated glory and fame for peace and love. She has a fine mind. But her thoughts spring from her heart.

It is Helen of the warm and generous spirit who, without thinking of the possibility of publicity or inconvenience to herself, gives her name to the taxicab driver when he gets in bad with a cop. It is Helen who reaches for a silver coin for a beggar, (Continued on page 92)
Ray Noble, distinguished CBS band leader, with Al Bowlly, vocalist with the band, and Connie Boswell, singer on the Refreshment Time program. Noble also is famous as the composer of many popular song hits.

RAY NOBLE composed Good Night, Sweetheart, one of the tenderest, sweetly-sad popular ballads that has come echoing down the lanes of melody for many years. This song has such an appealingly personal note, as though it had been written especially for each one of us in a certain rare mood, that we somehow imagine that we would recognize Ray Noble if we entered a room where he was —since he seems to know us so well.

But there we would be mistaken, for Ray is a bundle of surprises. In the first place, he seems so ridiculously young. His speech is just British enough to be delightful to the ear. Chopping off his words, rising inflexion always ending with a question, a twinkle of humor in and behind it. And yet you would never take him for an Englishman. You would pick out that tall, slender chap, nonchalantly conducting the music, his reddish-blond hair a
trifle awry, as a young Swede. You would find him a curious combination in looks, between Leslie Howard and the Crown Prince of Germany in his prime.

His humorously-inclined upper lip is ornamented with a wisp of tawny moustache. He enters the studio casually, his well-set shoulders thrown back, perhaps his left hand in his trousers’ pocket, a twinkle in his eyes that crackles into a smile of recognition now and then, and everybody has difficulty—whether they know him intimately or not—in not calling out: “Hello, Ray!” Although he says comparatively few words to his million-odd audience on the air, he somehow manages to get this gay friendliness over. He has won his wide popularity not only through the extraordinary musical effects he draws from his orchestra—band with astonishing ease, but also through his agreeable way of being important—instead of just seeming to be so. He intrigues his seen and his unseen audiences without clowning, wise-cracking or eccentric antics. In other words, Ray Noble is just a regular fellow.

Let’s see how Ray Noble works, in one of the most trying experiences for any orchestra leader. The occasion is a program in which three of America’s most prominent dance orchestras were to play alternately during the same hour, broadcasting from the same studio—Richard Himber, Guy Lombardo and our Ray Noble. To further intrigue a nation-wide air audience, a symphony orchestra under the direction of Dr. Black was to interpolate renderings from the big stage of the RCA studio. More excitement was furnished by switching to the set at Hollywood, where a big musical picture was in process of making.

We sat in the glass cage of the control-room, from where we could see the three orchestras arranged along one side of the hall, the symphony orchestra on the stage and the audience that packed the auditorium, including the balconies. A brief “warming up” rehearsal preceded the big show before the audience was admitted. The most interested listeners and spectators were the band leaders themselves, sizing up their competitors and watching their technique during the periods of playing. The large and informal Mr. Himber, the smaller, nattily dressed and sleek Mr. Lombardo, with his (Continued on page 59)
June is the month for wedding bells and here are two honeymooners, Grace and Eddie Albert. This popular radio program is written and produced by this young and versatile pair. Whether it's a sleep-walking scene at night or a pillow-fight in the morning, the honeymoon season's a honey!

Photographs by Haussler
A study in expression. The March of Time cast
It clutches at your heart strings, this story of Benny Fields,

SOMETIMES Benny and I sit here in our suite at the Warwick, with bowls of flowers everywhere we look, with telephones ringing and messages coming as regularly as the ticking of the clock and everyone wanting us to go places and do things. And sometimes I feel like crying over it all and then Benny'll get up and do a crazy little step.

"Mamma," he'll say, "how'll you have your peanuts to-night? With caviar or champagne sauce or with truffle stuffing?"

And then we laugh. Laugh as if we'd never stop laughing again.

Only it's different from that time when we had to eat peanuts. Those days and days when we ate peanuts and tried to make believe it was fun. We laughed then, too. But we laughed because we were afraid that, if we didn't laugh, we'd cry.

It should be an old story. The flowers, I mean, and the messages and the telephone calls and being able to order anything we want for dinner. For years it had been like that for both of us.

But there was that other time. The time the bottom fell out of our world. The time we ran away from our friends and hid ourselves like a couple of hunted things because we were so bewildered and hurt we couldn't even face sympathy.

In the beginning we felt it couldn't really be happening to us, that to-morrow or the next day or maybe in just ten minutes the telephone would be ringing and there would be an engagement for us.

Benny Fields and Blossom Seeley couldn't be through! Any day now we'd be back on Broadway, in a new musical maybe, or at the Palace singing Melancholy Baby and Benny would be twirling his cane again.

All this would be only a bad dream... an awfully bad dream... to-morrow.

Only there were going to be an awful lot of to-morrows before the real one came. Before we knew it, we weren't talking about to-morrow any more, but about next week and next month and next year. And it took us just as long to realize that Broadway wasn't the same old street, with half of its theatres dark and amusement park concessions springing up along it and the Palace, God bless it, turned into a motion-picture house!

Musical comedies and revues were staggering along for a few weeks and closing and vaudeville was dead. For, you see, along with the depression, had come another blow for show people—radio was taking the place of Broadway.

We were in Europe when the crash came. We'd had a few months of grand fun, doing things we'd been promising ourselves for years. Then came a morning in October, one of those grand autumn mornings you find in Paris, with the air so brisk and clear you feel like drinking it and the sun warm on your face and the chestnut trees turning to gold along the boulevards and the chestnuts crunching under your feet as you walked.

Some friends had flown over from London the night before and we'd made a night of it, celebrating. We'd gone to the Folies Bergère... and the Moulin Rouge... and Ciro's... and afterwards we saw dawn come up, the way you see it come up in Paris after a night of fun. At Les Halles, with bowls of onion soup in front of us, and watching the farmers driving up in their carts and hearing their sabots clattering as they ambled over to the counter for breakfast.

A morning you didn't want to be whisked through in a taxi. So Benny and I started to walk to the hotel. At the kiosk, where we always bought our papers, we saw the headlines in the Paris Herald—screaming at us that the stock market had crashed in New York!

I tried to say something and I couldn't—and when I looked at Benny he was still smiling. Only his smile was different. As if he'd somehow managed to pin the corners of his mouth up. And then, in just a minute, it was his funny old smile again.
Well, Baby," he caught my arm and sort of swung me around as if we'd had good news, "here's where Seeley and Fields start from scratch again. Watch us grow, ladies and gentlemen. Watch us grow!"

That's the thing about that man of mine that makes him—well, that makes him just that. Here were the savings we had been thinking meant security and a care-free future swept away. And he could make a joke of it!

There are so many swell things about Benny. His generosity, his loyalty, his good sportsmanship. They're the things that make his friends love him. But it's the other things in him, the silly, foolish, tender things, that would make me pick up and follow him to the ends of the world. I knew it was going to be like that, the first time I ever laid eyes on him. It was in Chicago, fifteen years ago, and I was looking for a partner. Somebody told me about Benny, who was entertaining in a night club out there, and so I stopped in one night to look over his act.

There were two other fellows working with him. Jack Salisbury, who's retired to his own farm now, and Benny Davis, whom you all know now as a song writer. But Benny Fields was the one who stopped me.

He wasn't so smooth then as he is to-day. But the talent and ability were all there.

(Cont'd on page 76)
A PRIMA DONNA

Unmasks

Revealing Marion Talley, a girl who never had any fun!

By Gladys Hall

SHE has moonstones for eyes. Gray jewels, with a tranced and mystical expression, set in a small and childlike face. I never have seen such eyes before. They seldom look at you. They gaze into distances and reveal nothing. She has auburn hair. Thin silk skin. A slight, beautiful figure. Number-three hands and feet. She was born in Missouri. She has lost twenty-five pounds in the past two years. By the simple expedient of not eating. Which is the only way, says young Miss Talley, by which one can lose weight permanently. Nor does abstinence from food injure the voice, as the rotund opera stars of a bygone, pre-Grace Moore, Lily Pons and Marion Talley day used to claim. They used that apologia, say Marion, for their excess waistlines and tummies. And Marion ought to know. She hasn't eaten. That is the secret of her amazing slenderness. And her voice is richer, more mature, more full-bodied than it was when, at nineteen, she made her début at the Met.

As you must know, if you listen in every Friday night to the Ry-Krisp program coming over NBC from Hollywood. As you also will know when you both see and hear Marion in her forthcoming Republic Picture, My Old Kentucky Home. She is living with her mother and sister, her inseparable companions since, a child of eleven, she first began to sing in public, at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel here in Beverly Hills.

The childlike face is deceptive. (Marion is entering the second year of her second marriage.) There is a very firm and determined young woman back of the smooth silken face. For the flame which is Marion, the artist, is housed in a body descended from sturdy Missouri and Kansas forebears. And the artistic temperament is nicely balanced and controlled by the breed and blood of salt-of-the-earth farmers, ranchers and homesteaders.

Thus, when Marion made her first big money in opera, in concert, on the air, she sank a goodly portion of it in good Kansan soil. She bought a wheat ranch near to her mother’s birthplace. A wheat ranch which is bringing her in solid returns. Good earth to which, she says, if her voice should ever fail, if the stock market should finally collapse, banks fail and bonds deflate, or whatever it is they do, she could return. She could grow her own food, have her own roostree over her head. She never has lived on the ranch to date, but it is there, waiting for her, if she ever should need it. (Continued on page 71)
I'LL STICK TO ANNOUNCING

If there is anything more thrilling, more genuinely absorbing and shot through and through with heart-warming human interest than the announcing business, I'd like to know what it is! The behind-the-scenes glimpses of the panorama of American life as you get it over the radio, the close-ups we get of Names-That-Make-News, make our game the only game in the world for us. In my ten years before the microphone there are many experiences which still stand out vividly in my mind.

I remember a talk I had with Max Baer before his fight with Braddock. We were at his training-camp. I knew him well because I had announced his fights before.

"Ford," Maxie said, "my hands are bad. They won't stand a blow."

I looked at his hands. They were so swollen he had to wear rubber sponges over the tape.

"How can you fight? You're crazy to go into it!"

"Oh, they'll go down," he said, hopefully. "The doc looked at them yesterday and said they would be all right. I'll just keep sinking them into Braddock's belly until I'm ready to swing a hard one."

The night of the fight, I was sitting at the ringside. Graham and I were announcing for NBC. During the fourth round, Maxie led with his right to Braddock's head. Nothing happened. He looked down at me and I could read his thoughts plainly. In the fifth round, he led a hard one with his left and still nothing happened. He looked down at me again. This time there was such awful despair in his glance that I knew everything was over. And it was over.

One of my most interesting memories gives a bit of a sidelight on our President. The incident occurred when Roosevelt was Governor of New York, long before his name was associated with the Presidency. I was sitting in his study, waiting to put him on the air. A telephone call came for him and he had it switched to his study. I couldn't help overhearing his conversation and from his words it became clear to me that even then he had his Presidential campaign well under way.

While we were sitting there, Mrs. Roosevelt came in. "Franklin," she said, "we're going to play hearts tonight."

"But I don't want to play hearts," the Governor replied.

"I want to read tonight."

"Now, Franklin, we're going to play hearts."

"But I have some reading to catch up on. I have a new book I want to investigate tonight."

Mrs. Roosevelt sat down for a few moments, without saying anything. Then, rising to leave the room, she left an irrefutable statement. "We'll play hearts tonight, Franklin."

The Governor grumbled to himself, then turned to me with his famous smile and said: "Oh, all right. . . . What's the announcement?"

A man can be governor, president, or a king, I thought, but, if he's married, he takes his orders like the rest of us!

As I look in retrospect through the years, there is a poignant moment, a remembrance of a tragic voice over a telephone, that always will haunt me. It was the voice of Colonel Lindbergh. I was in charge of the announcers' desk for NBC the night that the (Continued on page 79)

Why Ford Bond will not trade his job for any other one

By Ford Bond

Ford Bond chats with Patti Pickens, orchestra leader Ruby Newman and Jane Pickens, at the Rainbow Grill.
"AND I learned about women from her."

When Kipling penned his immortal ballad his mind was far from the grim steppes of Russia and a little boy in an obscure village there. As for the little boy, watching his mother wearily perform a hundred and one odds and ends of drudgery, he never had heard of Kipling. Certainly he had no idea then that he was learning about women—learning lessons that later in life would bring him fortune.

Yet little Phil Spitalny was learning a lesson he was never to forget; ideas were fixing in his impressionable young mind that were to grow with him to manhood, to mature, and finally to take form in achievement. The ideas were to occupy an unique niche in the world of entertainment and radio—eventually to crystallize as Phil Spitalny's all-girl orchestra.

To radio listeners in general, especially to those whose knowledge of musicianship is casual, this first all-feminine aggregation of musicians is primarily a novelty, a daring experiment which luckily has turned out successfully. But to Phil himself his orchestra is a living memorial, a faint gesture of atonement for the injustices he felt the world wreaked upon one other talented woman—his mother.

Phil Spitalny's mother dominated his whole early life and subsequent career, even though hers was a common story as hers was a common fate. There was not even anything unusual in her inordinate love for music, for in the Ukraine where she was born everyone loves music. True, in her it flowered into little short of genius, but in that country and in those days the light of many a genius lay hidden, under drudgery, often than not. So Phil's mother played the piano. Had she been a man, there might have been...
A MAN!

By Ruth Geri

another Paderewski, another Rachmaninoff—but that is another story.

Men were musicians. Women worked, and raised babies. So Phil's father followed music as a profession, while his wife, in rapid succession, brought nine children into the world. Three are alive and occupy prominent places in the world of music today.

"And I tell you, all of us combined—father, grandpa, my brothers, Leopold and Morris, and myself—all of us together never had as much musicianship as mother had in her little finger."

"But we went out in the world. We are the 'musicians.' She slaved away her life over a stove, washing clothes, taking care of the children—yes, and even working in the fields."

Memory clouded his melancholy brown eyes.

"I can't ever forget how red her hands got," he continued.

"Work had stiffened her fingers. She used to sit at the piano when I was practicing and try patiently to explain the meaning of a phrase. I can almost hear her saying: 'Ach, my golden one, but you are so stupid!' Your fingers, they (Continued on page 88)
"I BLAME ze women for divorce!"

This sweeping statement is made by the scintillating Fifi D'Orsay, star of Folies de Paree program.

Whether or not women agree, we must admit, after hearing Fifi's beliefs, there is much to be learned about "holding your man."

"It is easy enough to get a man you love, but to keep him happy—ah, that is different!" Her bright eyes sparkle and wink, as if they knew that secret.

On September 6th, 1933, in Hollywood, Fifi D'Orsay became the wife of Dr. Maurice E. Hill of Chicago. True, two and a half years is not a lengthy marriage but that time is long enough to learn much about a husband. And she has the viewpoint so instinctive to the French woman—that of making love the all-important thing in her life and keeping her husband happy.

We were having tea—Fifi, her sister Alyce, who is as blonde as Fifi is brunette, and myself. Fifi had had no breakfast or lunch and for tea she had scrambled eggs with coffee—no fancy dishes, "for I must keep my figure." This from Fifi, whose figure is the dream of all couturières! "When you marry it is more important than ever to take care of your appearance. I nevaire go to bed without taking off all my make-up. I use lots of creams and—how you say—lotions. My Maurice wants me to look nice. And you must not get fat. Of course, when women get older, they get a little big," and her ever-moving hands illustrated her meaning. "But you must not get fat!"

"And nevaire be jealous." She shook her head. Her eyes flashed. Her hands waved. Fifi believes this to be

the root of all evil.

"If a man love you, he does not want any other woman. When your husband come home, you must not ask him where he has been. If he is tired, mother him and wait until he tells you what he has been doing. Nevaire think he has been with someone else.

"When Maurice and I go to a night-club—he is very good looking—(and she showed me a snapshot to prove to me she was right)—I see women turn and look at him. I like that. It makes me feel—how you say—proud. And I lean over to him and say: 'Darling, I theneek someone wants to take home my papa!' But it is keeding. He knows I am not jealous. It makes him feel good. It makes him know that I am glad to have a husband other women notice. I am not jealous. I know what I have. And he knows what I have.

"I am not beautiful like Loretta Young, but I have something he fall in love with—something he love me for every day," and she winked and laughed. "You know what I mean, eh?"

"Some women, they say, 'Do not look at that blonde. If you look at her again, I'll knock your block off!' That is no way to talk to a man. Maybe he was not looking at anyone, but then he think he get blamed for it anyway, so maybe he have a little fun.

"When your husband go away, or you go away from your husband, do not say: 'Be true to me, darling. Do not go out with other woman.' Non, non! Say: 'I know you love me, darling, and I shall miss you.'"

Fifi believes that a woman (Continued on page 67)
OFTEN you don’t realize how precious a snapshot is going to be. It can bring back the very feel of some day in the past—the thrill, the joy of some wonderful moment. Get your snapshots as you go along—and have them for keeps. And don’t take chances—load your camera with Kodak Verichrome Film. This double-coated film gets the picture where ordinary films fail. Your snapshots come out clearer, truer, more lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome—use it always... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

The snapshots you’ll want Tomorrow—you must take Today
**The Radio Hostess**

(Continued from page 15)

declared Eddie with emphasis, "Breakfast and lunch are pretty haphazard as to the hour, but they’re fixed by people who will eat together, because we all have different plans, appointments and schedules. However the servants are used to that and are prepared to serve breakfast or lunch at any one time. They’ll accommodate. But with dinner, it’s different. That’s an event—a special occasion which every member of the family anticipates with the greatest pleasure.

"Oh boy! We’re going to eat in a minute, is our attitude. Actually we are more concerned with the spirit of fun and with the prospects of the laffs we’ll have at the table than with the food.

"You know," Eddie went on, quite seriously, "if you’re unhappy at meal time, not even the finest wines or the greatest delicacies of a master chef will do you the least bit of good. You’d be far better off with a slice of rye bread and an onion if they were well seasoned with laughter!

"Yes, there’s one thing we never serve on our menus—and that’s a grouch." Eddie continued, while Mrs. Cantor nodded in agreement.

"Most people, I find," declared Eddie sagely, "eat only because they have to, not because the finest wines or the greatest delicacies of a master chef will do you the least bit of good. You’d be far better off with a slice of rye bread and an onion if they were well seasoned with laughter!

In our family, however, we seem to get together for dinner with as keen an appetite for the laffs we know we will have as for the foods that will be served. We never sit down at the table with less than seven present and generally there are twelve or more! We all joke a lot, talk a lot and eat plenty! Not fancy foods, mind you, but elaborate dishes have no place on our menus.

"In the first place, I have to be very careful of my diet when I am broadcasting. People who work at great tension have to reduce their risks. I can’t take any risks, I have to be in perfect physical condition.

I’ve noticed that by not feeling fit; or worse still by being downright sick. Indigestion wouldn’t be just an unfortunate happening with me—it would be downright tragic! I have a sponsor to whom I feel I owe the duty of being at my best for his broadcast—which is my broadcast because he has bought the time on the air so that an audience can hear me. The members of that audience (and I believe that I’m not boasting if saying that it’s a very large one) tune in to hear a good show and it’s up to me to disappoint them. So Mrs. Cantor instructs the cook to serve plain foods which will produce the desired effect.

Brown, appetizing roasts, plenty of fresh vegetables, meat salads of which I am very fond, and desserts that are not too rich. At this time of year we eat sweets that feature fresh fruits, especially strawberries. As a matter of fact we have strawberries all the year around. If we can’t get them when we happen to be there, then we order them sent on to us by air express. (Continued on page 54)
Five... "Going on Three"

The DIONNE QUINTUPLIES, now safely through their second year

SINCE the day of their birth, "Lysol" has been the only disinfectant used to help protect these famous babies from the dangers of Infection.

The very first registered nurse who reached the Dionne home, that exciting birthday morning in May 1934, had "Lysol" with her in her kit and went to work with it at once.

"Lysol" has been used in thousands and thousands of childbirth operations. For the danger of Infection is high in childbirth; and doctors and nurses know they need a safe, dependable germicide like "Lysol" to help protect both mother and child.

But here is a record for "Lysol" of extraordinary importance. Following the most dramatic childbirth in medical history... in the care of the most watched-over babies in the world... "Lysol" has played, and still plays, a vitally important part.

Their clothes, bedding, diapers, cribs, even their toys, the furniture and woodwork of that snug, modern, little Dafoe Hospital... all have been kept clean with "Lysol," the effective, economical germicide.

Are you giving your baby this scientific care? Are you using "Lysol" to clean the nursery, bathroom, the kitchen, laundry, cellar... to disinfect clothes, bedding, telephone mouth-pieces, door knobs, banisters, etc.? The scientific care given to the Dionnes is an example every mother should follow. Full directions for correct uses of "Lysol" come with each bottle.

During last winter's flood disasters, thousands of gallons of "Lysol" were rushed to devastated areas, to fight Infection and epidemics. Doctors, hospitals, and Public Health officers know they can depend on "Lysol".

FREE! "Protecting the Dionnes"—the story, with pictures, of their scientific care

On the occasion of their birthday, these famous babies have a gift for you! A free book telling their life-story, and how "Lysol" has helped protect them... full of fascinating facts and photos. Send name and address on a complete "Lysol" carton (any size) to — Lehn & Fink Products Co., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. R.B.7. sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant.
"Desserts, with our family, supply an element of surprise to a meal that gives it added zest. "What do you suppose it's going to be?" little Janet will ask as the table is being cleared. 'Strawberry-Nut Shortcake,' someone will hazard a guess. 'Nope, I saw the grocery boy bringing in blueberries,' another will declare. 'The ice-box was full of cream,' a young food-spy will announce. Then when the dessert is brought in, it is greeted with varying degrees of enthusiasm—according to the number whose first favorite that particular dessert happens to be. Watching their faces around our long table is a picture I never tire of.

"Our cook is Hungarian and we have had her for such a number of years that she knows what we like and how we like it prepared. That's one reason why we all eat home out of preference. As a matter of fact I could count on my fingers the number of times we've eaten out since we came back from the coast. We also entertain extensively but our cook came to us from a small hotel so that when there are a mere twelve or fourteen for dinner it's still a 'pipe' to her—when there are only seven at the table, it's a lark! Remember that never a day passes without at least thirty-six meals being served in our house, since there are seven in family and five in help to be fed three times a day! Even so, I can't remember when we have had to change help. That is because Mrs. Cantor warns the servants before taking them into our employ that we not only have a large family but lots of company. Then, too, we take a personal interest in the problems of those who work for us and Ida has a real motherly attitude towards them." And Eddie fairly beamed on her as he said it.

"Another thing that Mrs. Cantor instructs the cook to do is to keep the refrigerator well supplied with such things as cheese, peanut butter, eggs, sturgeon and various sandwich makings, because we all of us like to raid the ice-box, particularly late at night when we come back to the house from a broadcast, rehearsal or theater party with a flock of guests in tow. Yes, we get a lot of fun out of eating—anyone can, providing they come to the table with a smile and a resolve not to permit the day's disappointments and the morrow's problems to creep into the conversation at dinner time."

Having delivered himself of those ideas, between bites of a very simple breakfast, Eddie retired from the picture in order to give me a chance to get the family recipes from Mrs. Cantor and the Cantor cook. However, I confined myself to securing a promise from Ida that she would send me recipes for several of their favorite dishes. In a few days they arrived by messenger and I found to my joy that they included directions for making several seasonal berry desserts—the sort of sweets sure to cause you to add your cheers to the Cantors' praises. I'm confident that this will be the case because I've tested them all out myself and I'm 100% sold on their deliciousness. They include the Strawberry-Nut Shortcake, mentioned as being Janet's favorite treat, and which I have had pictured for you in the full flush of its beauty! You'll be surprised and delighted to discover how beautifully chopped nuts blend with the flavor of the berries and what's more you'll vote the cake recipe quite the simplest ever. Make it—as does the Cantor cook—in a round ring-mold pan (the kind you can buy in any chain store) turn it on to a platter and fill the center with berries. And pass sweetened whipped cream separately.

Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Cantor enjoy a snack together in their spacious dining-room with its formal paneled walls and crystal chandelier.
Everybody loves to eat, at Eddie's house—and Eddie isn't above trying his hand at cooking on occasions!

Raspberry Bavarian Cream is another smooth sweet recommended by the Cantors. Chilled in individual molds and served with a topping of whipped cream and whole berries, it is a real treat.

Blueberries are one of the finest fruits of the hot season, and served in a kitchen they take on new charms—at least, I've found that that was the case after trying the Cantor kitchen. Try this recipe with a spoonful of vanilla ice-cream on top of it for a new à la mode dish that merits an A1 rating.

And last but by no means least, we come to a recipe for Fruit Tarts which gives you specific directions for making the type of Glace Syrup which chefs in the finest restaurants and hotels turn out but which you will seldom if ever discover on the dinner tables of private homes. I have learned it from Eddie's cook. I, in turn, wish to pass it on to you. So just send in your coupon for a copy of the favorite recipes of Eddie Cantor and you will learn not only how to make a Glace Syrup such as any chef might envy but you'll also discover how to make the Cantor Blueberry Kitchen, Raspberry Bavarian Cream and that delectable looking Strawberry-Nut Shortcake.

Let Franco-American help you serve better meals for less money

Happy husbands call it a “millionaire’s dish,” they find the flavor so zestful and savory, so superbly satisfying. And thrifty wives rejoice to find something “he” likes that’s so easy on their budget, too.

And easy on them, as well. Franco-American requires no cooking or fussing, simply heat. It’s no work at all for you. But we’ve done a lot of work to get it ready for you! To make the sauce we use eleven different ingredients.

We blend the luscious goodness of fine, flavorful tomatoes with golden-mellow Cheddar cheese. We add rare spices and seasonings to give piquancy.

You couldn’t duplicate spaghetti and sauce like this at home for Franco-American’s modest price of less than 3¢ a portion, when you consider the cost of buying your ingredients plus the cost of cooking them. And many good home cooks frankly say they couldn’t equal the flavor at any price!

Get Franco-American today... You’ll soon see why thrifty women are serving it twice a week or oftener, with meat or without. And you’ll find it a grand work-saver these summer days. Order from your grocer now!

M A D E  B Y  T H E  M A K E R S  O F  C A M P B E L L ’ S  S O U P S
**NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH?**

Told by topnotchers of the air in reply to oft-repeated questions from their fans

**“Keep an eye on the sun”**

**says Jane Heath**

- Watch Old Sol especially during the summer days, because he does things to your eyes—makes them look pale and squinty when you’re in glaring light, playing on the beach or winning a golf match. That’s why, if you’re smart, you’ll outwit him with Kurlash eye make-up and bring out the natural loveliness of your eyes.

- First, slip your eyelashes into Kurlash. It’s a clever little instrument that curls your eyelashes in 30 seconds and requires no heat, cosmetics or practice. Kurlash is really a beauty necessity, for by curling your lashes your eyes look larger and reveal their full beauty. In the sunlight your curled lashes throw flattering, subtle shadows that make your eyes glamorous! Don’t be without Kurlash! Buy one today at your nearest department or drug store, for only $1.

- *Lashtint*, the perfumed liquid mascara, is ideal for swimming days because it doesn’t crack, stiffen, weep or rub off. Apply it while the lashes are being curled, by touching the little glass rod to them as they are held in the rubber bows of your Kurlash. In black, brown, green and blue... $1

- *Shadette*, the non-theatrical eye shadow, comes in 12 daytime and evening colors, including gold and silver shades that are grand finishing touches, to be applied alone or over your preferred color. Try Shadette’s some romantic, moonlight night... 75c

- *Try Tweezers*—the new tweezers with scissor-handled, curved to permit full vision. They’re marvelously efficient, and only 25c.

Do you feel that radio acting and singing have created a technique which differs significantly from stage and concert technique?

_Bing Crosby_: “Radio precludes the use of an audience’s best sense—vision. It must present a performer through hearing alone. Hence a different technique.”

_Irene Wicker_: “The artist of the stage and concert must use a technique somewhat on the lines of a painter of murals, and the artist of radio will acquire the technique of a painter of miniatures. The stage actor must employ broad gestures, and project his voice to keep in harmony with brilliant lighting effects, costumes, free and easy movements, and the vastness of an auditorium filled with people reaching to faraway galleries. The concert singer must project his voice so that it will be heard in the top gallery. But the radio actor cannot move his body—he has no costume—no lights—no scenery—and more often than not, no visible audience, Therefore his broad gestures, his stage setting, even his appearance must somehow be put into his voice. He must mentally visualize everything as vividly as imagination and emotion will allow, and he need not speak in tones louder than those he would use in speaking to a friend—or an enemy—in a small room. In other words, everything must be poured into that voice. His painting is miniature, for if he employs natural gestures, facial and body characteristics so helpful in the delineation of a role, he must confine them to the area of inches—not a vast stage.

“Thank you for inviting me to join your interesting discussion. It’s been stimulating to answer the questions because—well—it’s meant crystallizing my opinions on the subject next dearest to me—first my family, then radio.”

One of radio’s youngest band-leaders, Lennie Hayton now conducts for two programs, Ed Wynn’s Gulliver, the Traveler and The Flying Red Horse Tavern, starring Beatrice Lillie.

Two yards of timidity, known as Kenny Baker, tenor of Jack Benny’s Jello broadcast. Kenny really isn’t timid now. He just acts that way!

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It's No Laughing Matter
(Continued from page 32)

only member of the cast who appears in every broadcast.

There's a story in Portland, too—in the way she looks after Fred in their off-mike relationship of husband and wife—ever since they were married back in 1927. To change the subject I said:

"Maybe you'd like to tell me about your love-life?"

Allen wouldn't even bite. "I haven't any," he said. "I have to prepare, every week, fifty pages of script, supposed to be funny. I read five newspapers a day, to pick up items for the Town Hall News, that can be turned into funny items without offending anybody—and if you think that's a cinch, you're crazy! We mentioned insurance one night and a couple of days later I got this letter . . ."

He handed over a letter from an insurance man, who took Allen to task for making him lose two prospects who were silly enough to take a purely funny remark over the air as a reason for not signing a policy.

"One week I picked up an item that we worked into a sketch, showing how mosquitoes have been killed through the ages. I hope the mosquitoes didn't object!"

It's an old story, of course, this matter of taboo on the air.

"I read all my fan mail," he went on, "and answer many letters myself, because it's sometimes an indication of the way people react to our show. But the fan mail alone takes two full days a week."

"Why?" I offered brightly, "don't you get some help in writing the show?"

"I've tried it, several times. I have someone now, in fact, who turns out, from time to time, a sketch or an idea that I can use. But I've got to do the actual script job myself."

My guess is that with all Fred Allen's willingness to be helped, it always will be his show. It's the only way he can work; his very trick of sounding off, morosely, about how tough it is, is an admission of how personal he makes his work. He not only won't—he can't—sit back and let secretaries answer fan mail, or other writers build his show. He's been a writer of comedy material as long as he's been a comedian and even now hardly a day goes by without one of his innumerable friends calling up, asking for a gag line for a certain situation, a "tag" for a sketch, a little help on a new act. And with all his grousing about it, Fred invariably obliges.

It's the hard way that Fred Allen takes; a painstaking effort to put on entertainment, that wholly occupies his time and leaves no open spaces for personal appearances or pictures.

"You can't do it all at once," he says. "I gotta do one thing at a time. I've done pieces for the New Yorker and College Humor not so long ago. And I used to do a lot of guest columns for Winchell and other columnists, but I'm not doing

"Come on—stop chewing petals and get busy! Imagine finding flowers on the living-room floor—we'll pick the loveliest bouquet for Mother! We'll tear off all these old leaves and break the stems good and short..."

"Aye—brace up! Picking flowers isn't such hard work. Show some of the old ginger! I know it's 95 in the shade today and we're both sticky as yesterday's bib... but just keep going and you won't notice the heat!"

"Say—wait a minute! Your shoulder's prickly and red! Nope—kissing doesn't make it well... We'd better ask Mother to give us a sprinkle of Johnson's Baby Powder. That soft, downy powder'll make a new baby of you?"

"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder... your baby's friend every day, but most of all when the weather's hot and sticky! Prickly heat and chafes and rashes stay away when I'm on guard. I'm soft as satin, for I'm made of the very finest Italian talc. And no orris-root. I hope you use Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, too—and Johnson's Oil for tiny babies!"
any outside writing any more. I've sold to shows a few sketches we did on the air, but most of the time you write it—do it—and it's gone. Radio is like tattooing the wing of a butterfly.

Maybe by this time you've gathered that Fred Allen is not complaining about his job at all! It's about himself—for being so wholly wrapped up in his job. And it's been that way ever since he first started in radio. You know, of course, that he started his career by studying a book on juggling while he was working in the Boston Public Library. That he entered innumerable amateur contests, invariably losing, and finally went into vaudeville as Fred James, changed his name to Fred Allen so the booking office wouldn't hold him down to his old salary and eventually became comedy star of many musicals, among them the hits, *The Little Show*, and *Three's a Crowd*.

When radio was still rather new he auditioned a few times...but let him tell it:

"Stoop and Budd were among the few radio comedians then," he says. "*The Funnybones, The Happiness Boys*—were all going strong. There was a fellow in one of the agencies I used to get a call from every time he had a prospective sponsor for a comedy show. The first audition I gave went fine. They put me in a studio room, alone in front of the mike and I talked a blue streak to the theory, that he mike for ten minutes. When it was over the control man came out, said it was swell, shook hands with me and I went home to wait...and nothing happened.

"After awhile I got another call. 'I've got a pen manufacturer,' the fellow said, 'We want you to come over and audition again.' So I went over to the studio, talked to the microphone again for ten minutes, shook hands with the control man and went home and waited again. Still nothing happened. After this same routine was repeated a few times I wrote up a ten-minute monologue to be ready for more calls. Fred spoke with his characteristic small-town drawl, and chuckled little.

"After awhile I got used to it...When *Three's a Crowd* closed, there weren't any shows that looked good. My agency man had another account then, looking for a radio show. So we made a recording of the program—the sponsor was too busy even to come and hear it. When they played the record for the sponsor, in his office, the phonograph broke down in the middle and he never heard the balance of the program. He didn't think much of it, anyway, but he said he thought the man with the flat voice was funny!" Fred Allen chuckled heartily at that. "The guy had never heard of me at all—in case I thought I was famous!"

"They want to know if I could write the show, regularly. So every week, for four weeks, I wrote a new script and brought it into the office—before the show was ever on the air."

"Just to prove," I asked, "that you could write it?"

"Sure. I'd bring in the script. They'd sit around and read the script and look at each other solemnly. Then they'd all look at me. I'd go home and write another script.

"After a month they hired a fellow to collaborate with me and before we knew it we were on the air. The idea was that my collaborator knew radio and would help on the radio angle. He'd meet me, to work on the script. It would go something like this:

"'He'd light a cigar and puff furiously until the air in the room was unbreathable. We'd have a sheet of paper, and he'd say: 'We'll open up with some musical number...and he'd draw a straight line across my paper. 'Then an announcement...another straight line, and a vocal selection...another straight line. 'Then you come on for about five minutes of good, fast comedy...in about here.

A lot of straight lines across the paper. Then we'd select one in the commercial announcement—or maybe another band number first...More lines. It would go on that way for maybe an hour or so. Then he'd jump up, put me on the back and say: 'Well, we've got that all straightened out,' and leave me with a room full of smoke and a paper full of pencil lines, and nothing to do but write the script!"

"One week he made circles...and I got sore!"

For six months Allen used the radio as a proving ground. "I figured that radio didn't want outworn vaudeville stuff...it wouldn't hold out. So we tried to develop material aimed primarily at the audience—stuff to fit the medium. I'm still in that field, as I believe it was all right. But it's tough, just the same. Every Wednesday night is like a new first-night opening in the theatre."

Fred admits to being always a bit nervous, between delivering his comedy in his easy, comic style, keeping an eye on the clock and worrying about the second half of the show—where there is no script to work from. He doesn't have any personal hand in auditioning the amateurs and the remarks he makes while introducing them are really impromptu. His program is one of the few that functions as a self-contained unit, being brought into the studio intact; Allen is completely in charge, though naturally suggestions from his agency are listened to but does avoid the too common "sponsor trouble."

He finds that everybody works easier on the second—the "repeat"—broadcast, three hours later. And the same amateurs do not always win the second time, because there is a different studio audience. Everybody in the show seems to get along fine with him and have a lot of fun doing it. In the first rehearsal the script is half again as long as the finished product, before final cuts and changes are made—which Allen does after rehearsal.

He has bland blue eyes, the same manner of talking you hear over the microphone. His nationality—but probably you know he was born John F. Sullivan. He shaves his index finger along his nose as he works, in a habitual, subconsciously gesture, and he laughs at others' gaps. The first time Jack Smart—the man of a thousand voices—appeared on Fred's show, Allen broke up with laughter over Smart's Scotch dialect.

As I was about to leave something flicked in the air near him. He made a quick sweep of the hand and looked at the insect he had captured. "It's a moth," he drawled. "No—it's a miller, I guess. If it's a Joe Miller I'll use it in my next broadcast!"
shining black hair parted in the middle and faultlessly groomed and our Mr. Noble, nonchalant, dashing and smiling.

Our attention was focussed on Ray Noble, who both opened and closed the dance-orchestral program with his interpretation of Irving Berlin's fascinating new music, that never before had been heard on the air.

Noble came into the glass enclosure to listen to his boys and get the balance; giving his instructions through the microphone connected with the studio beyond the glass walls. He gave the signal and they went over a few bars: "Too much brass down front!" he called out, before they had gone through ten seconds. "Try again, boys, will you, please?" Then, to several of the incoming audience: "Kindly refrain from moving those chairs about — there's a good people!" he said, smiling. Presently Ray emerges from the glass house and pats his singing trio on the shoulders. "Rather nice, that," he compliments them.

There is a five-minute breathing spell before we shall be on the air, so we join the leaders and the technical staff in a last-minute smoke in the little vestibule. The red warning signal flashes and we hurry inside our special loge.

We are on the air! The chief technician stands by, watching, listening anxiously. The time-checker stands up and gives the signal for each section of the broadcast, setting it down on paper. Milton Cross, the announcer, begins the "commercial" talk of introduction, the chief operator seated before banks of dials like a pipe organ manual, his eye always on the needle indicating the volume and balance of sound. A huge loud-speaker is at our side, otherwise we might as well be in Omaha, for no sound can otherwise get into or out of the little room. Tannhäuser is played by the symphony orchestra, Frank Black conducting. The Yale Glee Club sings, and files out. Our Ray Noble is announced. Applause. He rises and walks out front.

He gives the audience a side glance with a twinkle in his eye. There is whispering in the audience. They can't believe it. "This young boy — Ray Noble?" But he has clicked already; they like him. He does his bit. He conducts almost solely with his fingers and his face. He scarcely extends his arms at all. He crooks his little finger and the music takes an unexpected turn. He raises a finger as though in warning and the brasses fade out. He leans forward making a "moo" of the mouth and the clarinet lifts its plaintive voice above the other instruments. A shift of his hands and the flute shrills out in an amazing effect. The trio steps forward and he raises his fingers like a broker...
bidding on the stock market and the whole composition blends.

The broadcast over, we go downstairs to the drugstore lunch of Radio City and sit down at a marble-topped table with Ray chafing everybody. For the moment, we go British and join Ray with a "spot" of tea.

"How did you get this way?" we ask, after we have finally succeeded in shooting away all the people who want to sit and talk to Ray.

"Curious thing, in London, y'know, a program involves doing light music selections, novelties, light opera. There is a house staff that goes under all sorts of names. But persons like to have a handle to their name, don't they? So, I said, "Look here, why not put my name to it?"

The Victor people had already decided that the concerts were worthy of records. From then on, I began to receive fan mail. Well, at any rate, there began to be inquiries from this side of the water. I've been here eighteen months; one year consecutively on the air. I've brought over three of my original band. I spent three weeks in collecting a new outfit. My first band I threw out—y'know? We finally got a complete show together—which is the same you hear on the Coca Cola Hour and at the Rainbow Room, Radio City."

When we ask him if he would now like to spend all his time in America, he hesitates politely, and then says: "Well, you see, it's this way—'d like to spend half my time over here—six months over here and six months over there. I'm strictly a family man—wife, relatives, and all that sort of thing, y'know. The English are a conservative people, y'know. Tend to lie over there, on the air, to get used to being rather than to entertain, as we are doing over here. That's one of the reasons I'm over here; I love to entertain an audience. I never had my hand do anything heavier than Jot and line on a music sheet, and that's sort of thing. Never actually made a personal appearance on the other side, except once I went to Holland with my players over a holiday. Now my band and I are going out to make personal appearances and fill engagements in the sky. Ray and I have a well-planned tour through Canada and the States. That means laying off the Rainbow Room for a few months, but we have contracted to return in the fall. My programs on the air will go running along, of course.

"How did I become—this?" he spread his hands, including with a smile the Ray Noble band family that was sitting around at tables. "Well, really—I began, you might say, at Dulwich College. Not a university, y'know. I never got any further. Leslie Howard and P. G. Wodehouse were Dulwich boys. A bit older than I am. I decided to become a journalist right off. I was pretty good at composition. My father was a doctor, but he had done something of the sort on the side—How To Keep Warm In Winter, How To Breathe In A Fog. I'd been writing articles myself, but they all came back. So with all my literary talent and heritage, trembling in every limb, I answered an advertisement in a firm that was getting out an encyclopedia. 'What can you do?' they asked. 'Oh, a bit of German, French and correct English,' I boasted. 'Tell me, can you speak Bulgarian?' the chap asked. 'We're doing rather a long piece on Bulgaria, and need someone who speaks the language.'"

P. S. He did not get the job.

"You see, I had been trained privately for serious music—strictly serious composition. Even as a child of six, I did a fair sort of a job on the piano. I wrote my first song at ten. Later I produced the shows at school and wrote the musical pieces for them. I tried for a degree in music but always broke out in musical sweat and got nowhere in my examination. Then I would cut school and go to see the Darby on a bike."

"Father and I figured there was nothing in music either, so a career in commerce was planned out for me. I learned shorthand and bookkeeping. I got a job, but the damned books never came out right, so I thought best to throw the whole thing up.

"I taught myself broadcasting, drawing on my experience in making many records for the Victor people. So much lies in the arrangement and I am one of the few who spends too much time orchestrating for my own band. The result is that I have only written one set of lyrics a year, 'You Love Me.' I've had marvelous reaction from all the other men in the business, who are all putting it in their programs. If it doesn't go, it is my fault.

"It isn't quite the whole story. There is one other chapter, and that we shall skim through briefly in a visit in New York's smartest dinner and night club locale, the Rainbow Room, on the 63rd floor of the NBC Building in Radio City."

Amidst a faultlessly groomed group of a couple of hundred persons, in evening clothes, we alternately eat and gaze out of the windows down upon one of the most gorgeous spectacles ever beheld—the Metropolis nearly a thousand feet below traced like an arabesque pattern with a million dazzling and blinking lights. Central Park, the bridges across the East River, the George Washington Bridge up the Hudson, the streets of all the five Boroughs and finally, nearly, the tallest building in the world, the Empire State, and the skyline of the United States to the left. Ray Noble, the hero of the hour, is singing his own song, "Why Stars Come Out A Night," which he wrote for Paramount's Big Broadcast of 1936 and in which he and his orchestra were featured, came to my mind. By the Fireside, It's All Forgotten Now and The Very Thought Of You, all hits in the United States as well as abroad, sang and danced through our heads before we realized that it was Ray's own orchestra directed by him, on a daub above the great circular floor in evening clothes, we alternately eat and gaze out of the windows down upon one of the most gorgeous spectacles ever beheld—the Metropolis nearly a thousand feet below traced like an arabesque pattern with a million dazzling and blinking lights. Central Park, the bridges across the East River, the George Washington Bridge up the Hudson, the streets of all the five Boroughs and finally, nearly, the tallest building in the world, the Empire State, and the skyline of the United States to the left.

It was the same old Ray Noble, of the studio and of the drugstore. He had come in unostentatiously and stood before his band, directing as though it were a five-finger exercise. Occasionally he is mounted the stool of the piano and lets them all have their say. Sometimes he mingled with the guests, he walked about, he smiled, he sat down at a table. The band played on; sometimes without him. But everybody in the room was conscious of his presence. He looked and the smiles. A number of them called out "Hello, Ray!"

Yes, Ray Noble is a personality. And regular fellow.
Pretty compliments around for the fun of it. Especially when they are paying for something.

"They were used to good music at the smart clubs and hotels where they danced and they wanted good music for their own dances. They weren't paying for amateurs and if we wanted to keep on we had to become professionals."

Eddy Duchin learned a lot about rhythm and tempo in those days. And little by little, without even being conscious of it himself, his playing changed. Became smoother. More polished. Developed the flair of a professional performance.

That year, it was in nineteen twenty-nine and Eddy was in his junior year at college, he was auditioned by Leo Reisman in the old Waldorf Astoria Hotel. He went back to school—and then came opportunity! Reisman wanted him to be his pianist for his engagement at the Central Park Casino.

It was a flattering offer. The opening of the Casino and Reisman's orchestra had created a terrific stir in New York. And here was a college boy getting a chance which musicians with years of experience would have jumped at.

But Eddy Duchin didn't let it go to his head. He joined Reisman's orchestra for three months and at the end of that time he went back to college and completed his course. Young as he was he knew a rocket could come down as quickly as it could shoot up. And he was determined that a brief experience in a musical career, he thing he wanted above everything else in the world, wasn't going to leave him out on a limb.

So his degree of Graduate Pharmacist was his ace in the hole, his umbrella or the proverbial rainy day. And have you ever noticed that when you're all prepared for a rainy day with galoshes and raincoat and umbrella, it never comes?

Armed with the confidence brought by the Pharmaceutical degree, Eddie went back to Reisman and the Casino. The songster with eager eyes and a wide smile and the amazing talent that had made him tops, became the rage that year. Lovers danced to his music and his rhythm became a part of their emotion. Musicians came to hear him. The great Rachmaninoff himself nodded his approval. Middle-aged couples relived the ecstasy of their courting days and every old awoke to dream again.

That was the year the Park Avenue rowd went Eddy Duchin in a great big way. He played at their cocktail parties and gave piano lessons and his charm, added to his playing, made him one of that inner circle.

One of his first piano pupils was Marjorie Oelrichs. An amazing girl, Marjorie. Not just any débutante with a family tree behind her, but one of the two or three society girls who are personalities. One

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Prescription for Success

(Continued from page 37)

That panicky doubt—that fear of embarrassment—what woman hasn't known it?

Would you like to banish it forever?

Then try Modess—the new and different sanitary pad. It's certain-safe! Invisible!

You can always be carefree now!

You can always be confident—with certain-safe Modess.

It stays safe—no striking through—as with many ordinary reversible pads. Notice specially treated material on sides and back.

It stays soft—no chafing—the edges remain dry. Wear blue line on moisture proof side away from body for complete protection.

End "accident panic"
—ask for Certain-Safe Modess!

The Improved Sanitary Pad

Try N-O-V-O—the safe, easy-to-use, douche powder in its new Blue and Silver Box.

Cleanses! Deodorizes! (Not a contraceptive.)

At your drug or department store
of the glamorous, exciting ones, who always make copy and have almost as many fans as a movie star. It says a lot for Eddy Duchin that a girl like Marjorie Oelrichs became his friend. And from the beginning everything that happened to him had to be told to her before any one else.

Things were moving fast for Duchin. Before another year was over he had organized his own band. Shortly after that he was on the radio. His was no meteoric flash. With every year that went on he was so much farther along the road to success.

Then came the country-wide tour for Texaco, with broadcasts in the principal cities. He started something on that tour. Ambitious boys and girls, with their own dreams of careers, were auditioned and the most promising appeared on his programs. One boy and one girl were chosen from each city and out of the thirty singers who got their first chance with him, twenty-two have really made good and are professional entertainers today. Kenny Baker was one of them.

"I like to think I had something to do with their success," Duchin stooped over to pat Kiltie, the little Scotch terrier, whose first tour yelped over the disturbing of his routine subsided in a sigh of contentment. "The little hit another pie can do, I mean. A first chance is important, of course. AWFULLY important. But the rest of it is something you can only give yourself.

"The amateur has come into the limelight these days. He's given a chance such as he never had before. Awards and engagements at theatres and things like that. I'd like to talk to those boys and girls, for there's a danger to them in all this. They are appearing in theatres and on the radio as amateurs now. They are getting a glimpse of an exciting, glamorous existence that is new and strange. But they can't remain amateurs forever.

"Some of them never will make the grade between being an amateur and coming a professional. And a lot of these boys and girls will go back to their old lives and the unexciting routine of work they thought they had left behind for ever. Others will be misfits for the rest of their lives, unable ever to adjust to workaday things again.

"Some of them will find success. But only after they have earned it.

"Take these amateurs you are hearing over your radio today. One is a singer, another a piano player, another a one-man band. Ten to one, if they are smart, they are taking lessons to improve their particular talent. But that isn't enough.

"The true performer's smoothness goes beyond his singing or saxophone playing or whatever his particular forte may be. He has ease in everything he does. His voice, the way he holds his head, the set to his shoulders, his walk across the stage. Every one of these things is a part of his performance.

"When I started I never had any thought that I would ever have to talk professionally, but my voice wasn't as low pitched as I wanted it to be. I took speaking lessons, learned to breathe properly until my voice was pulled down to the key where I wanted it. I took walking lessons, too, went to a gym to build up my shoulders. And, you can laugh if you want to, I took a fling at tap dancing!"

"If an amateur is smart, he'll do these things. He'll start when he's a kid in school to lay a foundation for his future. Scholarship isn't the only thing you can learn in high school and college. You can learn poise and social graces by joining clubs and fraternities and mixing with other students. That's the sort of thing that can help you play professionally, if you make good, and even if you don't it will be a heaven-sent gift in helping to adjust to another life.

"People don't become stars over night. Success on Broadway or the radio isn't gained by winning a West. It's earned by years of hard work. By studying. By practise. By constant plugging to get the smoothness and technique the true professional has acquired, whether he be a hoofer playing in the sticks or a headliner on Broadway.

"A sporting writer I know speaks of that little extra that makes the champion boxer or baseball pitcher or tennis player. It's that little extra that makes the stage professional. And all these things go into that little extra that puts you ahead of the crowd.

"When you see real finesses, you can bet your bottom dollar there are years of work behind it. Look at Benny Fields and his specialty now. He's the stuff he has in the years of professional performance back of him, that's responsible for his comeback today."

Eddy Duchin learned a lot in that trip around the country. More important than anything else, he learned that he was in love.

It was six years since he had first met Marjorie Oelrichs and they had been friends since the beginning. Grand friends, just sort of friends. Nothing came of it as long as they were together and always have a lot to say to each other. The sort of friends who can make a room full of people suddenly come alive for the other, just by happening to walk into it. They didn't realize at first, that they were in love. They had seen other people madly in love, seen the tempestuous outbursts, the mad quarreling, the frenzied making up. Everyone said that that was a part of love. Eddy thought it was, too.

So did Marjorie. But their friendship knew no tempests.

But on that trip, separated from her for the longest time since he had met her, Eddy missed Marjorie terribly, found himself thinking of the way her eyes curled up at the corners when she laughed, the tender curve her lips formed in smiling. Found himself calling her on long distance because there was so much he had to say to her.

There always had been calmness, happiness, between them. Now there was a loneliness he had never known before.

Eddy found himself broadcasting the songs she loved—and wondering if she were listening in and if she knew he was playing to please her. And as soon as he got back to New York he rushed to her apartment to tell her of the discovery he had made.

The newspapers played up their mar-
Here's Joan Blondell caring for a million-dollar skin

My beauty care keeps skin soft and clear....guards against Cosmetic Skin

Here's a girl like YOU who's learned Joan Blondell's beauty secret

Use Cosmetics all you wish, but don't risk Cosmetic Skin

Watch for the August issue of RADIO STARS for fascinating and authentic stories of your favorite stars.
NOT long ago I was like some friends I have...low in spirits...run-down...out of sorts...tired easily and looked terrible. I knew I had no serious organic trouble so I reasoned sensibly...as my experience has since proven...that work, worry, colds and whatnot had just worn me down.

I had been listening to the S.S.S. Radio Program and began to wonder if my trouble was not lowered strength in my blood,...I started a course of S.S.S. Tonic Treatment...at the end of ten days I noticed a change...I followed directions faithfully...a tablespoonful before each meal.

The color began to come back to my skin...I felt better...I did not tire easily and soon I felt that those red-blood-cells were back to so-called fighting strength.

The confidence mother has always had in S.S.S....which is still her standby—when she feels run-down...convinced me I ought to try this Treatment...it is great to feel strong again and like my old self.

Much more could be said...a trial will thoroughly convince you that this way, in the absence of any organic trouble, will start you on the road to feeling like yourself again. You should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food...sound sleep...steady nerves...a good complexion...and renewed strength.

There is no guess work in the S.S.S. Tonic Treatment...decades of popular acceptance and enthusiastic words of praise by users themselves speak even louder than the scientific appraisal of the progressively improved S.S.S. product which has caused millions to say to their friends—

SSS TONIC
Makes you feel like yourself again
© S.S.S. Co.

Ed Wynn: "Definitely so. The suppression of tone made necessary by the mechanism of radio has, in my opinion, brought to the entertainment field a technique which is absolutely of no use to the stage whatsoever."

Lucy Monroe: "The legit actor has four weeks and usually an out-of-town try-out to build and establish his character—the radio actor a few hours at most. The fade-ins and fade-outs used to depict entrances and exits are a difficult angle of radio technique to master. As to singing...the technique of the concert and radio singer should be the same—excepting that the program mercilessly discloses faults of pitch, breathing and phrasing, often less noticeable in the concert hall!"

Edward MacHugh: "I think radio and stage technique are as different as day and night. Radio has and will make great artists. For instance, a singer does not have to worry about his audience in the balcony being unable to hear him. He does not have to work so hard. He can therefore concentrate on pure tonal quality. He is not hampered with make-up. It teaches him control. It gives him full scope to truly interpret a song without making gestures which are sometimes necessary to convey meanings from the stage. In other words, I think only of tonal quality and interpretation."

Harry Reser: "Yes—because it is almost impossible, due to available talent, agency demands, or sponsor likes and desires, to keep from 'grooving' your programs."

Kate Smith: "Not any more than an actor loses interest in a play that is enjoying a long run. The program may be the same but the songs change and I derive a great deal of enjoyment out of singing new songs."

Booke Carter: "Why should it? Perhaps that's an unfair answer because I do news—and news is always varying."

Ozzie Nelson: "I am fortunate enough to work on a very interesting program with charming and interesting people—with the result that I eagerly anticipate each Sunday evening."

Eddy Brown: "If a performer has a definite idea behind his program building, no two presentations need be alike. Therefore his interest should never flag. I find each of my programs equally important.
Broadcasting
Sun Styles (Continued from page 10)

Hollywood, she immediately fell for the fashion of wearing slacks and pajamas during the daytime, as do the cinema-ites. She said that she had the time of her life buying sports clothes and that she actually lived in them during the day.

With week-end holidays and vacation plans uppermost in our minds these days, I thought you would like to guide your own buying and packing by what some of your smart radio favorites prefer for their off-the-air holidays.

Newer than slacks or shorts are the culottes that everyone is adopting for a variety of uses. These are those slick trouser-skirts that were so popular earlier at the winter resorts and now are taking the spotlight for summer sports activities. The culotte is a happy compromise between the mannishness of slacks and the brevity of shorts—it gives you freedom without too casual an effect.

Jane Pickens, recently named with Harriet Hilliard and Jessica Dragonette as one of the three best dressed women in radio, wears a culotte costume for bicycling. This costume combines a divided skirt and a matching jacket in light wool. And Grace Moore, when she left for her annual trip to Europe, carried nearly a dozen culotte dresses in her trunk. These were made up in a variety of silks and cottons of different plain colors and prints. Grace likes hers made as a shirtwaist or tennis dress with the culotte as part of the costume, rather than a separate skirt worn with a shirt or sweater.

Incidentally, Grace took a complete wardrobe of Hollywood-designed clothes with her this year. She's a great hand for buying lavishly when in Paris and London. Last summer the house of Molyneux contributed a major part of her Paris wardrobe. And right now she probably is busy shopping, despite the full trunks from Hollywood.

Going back to culottes, stores are suggesting such a variety of uses for them that we will all have to number at least one culotte costume in our vacation bags. So much interest has been stimulated in bicycling again that the divided skirt dress is the obviously perfect garb for it. Then you, who dash about in your cars, will love the comfort of them. For golf, tennis and gardening, they're grand. And trim culotte costumes are being shown for town wear in hot weather. These have the skirt division almost concealed in the full cut and the fabrics change from the light pastels and gay prints of the sports culottes to the dark linens and silks that look best in the city.

Gladys Swarthout, voted one of the ten best dressed women in America, as you know, likes practical sports clothes. When in Hollywood, she spends her time away from the studio and microphone in quite active outdoor sports. She has a large swimming pool on her Beverly Hills estate and makes a habit of a morning dip only sweet, but absolutely dry. Not even a drop of moisture can collect on your dress.

Odomo is entirely safe... ask your doctor. It gently closes the pores in that little hollow of the underarm. Perspiration is merely diverted to less confined areas where it may evaporate freely. Women safely use millions of bottles of Odomo yearly.

Time well spent—Clothes saved
It takes a few seconds longer to use Odomo but it is well worth your while. There is no grease to get on your clothes. And expensive dresses can no longer be stained and ruined in a single wearing. You need never worry about your daintiness or your clothes again!

Odomo comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. You need use Regular Odomo (Ruby colored) only twice a week. Instant Odomo (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin or quick emergency use—to be used daily or every other day. Keep both kinds on hand—for night or morning use. At all toilet-goods counters.

To know utter security and poise, send for sample vials of both Odomos and leaflet on complete underarm dryness offered below.

THE more fastidious you are, the more shocked you may be to realize you cannot prevent armhole odor unless your underarm is dry as well as sweet.

Tonight, when you take off your dress, smell the fabric under the arm. No matter how carefully you deodorize your underarm, you may find that your dress carries the odor of stale perspiration!

This is bound to happen if you merely deodorize. Creams and sticks cannot protect completely, because they are not made to stop perspiration. They do not keep the underarm dry, so perspiration collects on the fabric of your dress.

The next time you wear that seemingly clean dress, the warmth of your body brings out an unpleasant "armhole odor" which is imperceptible to you, but embarrassingly obvious to those around you!

Only one way to be SURE
Women who care about good grooming know there is no shortcut to underarm daintiness. They insist on the complete protection of Liquid Odomo. It keeps the underarm not only sweet, but absolutely dry. Not even a drop of moisture can collect on your dress.

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ELIZABETH ELLIS, Fashion Editor
RADIO STARS MAGAZINE
149 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

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RADIO STARS

Whether or not she is working or holidaying. Her choice in swim suits is one of workman-like simplicity, the usual choice of any good swimmer. One day you may find her wearing a form fitting, but skirted suit such as I've illustrated this month, another day she will be plugging in, wearing a skin tight one-piece affair of satin woven with elastic. The first suit, shown, is a white closely woven knit with the convenient built-in "bra" that figures so prominently in the designs of all the big bathing suit houses this year. This swim suit innovation does wonders for all types of figures.

And an additional innovation is the slick striped cotton wrap she pulls on over her suit. It's inspired by the Mexican serape and is lined with cotton toweling to absorb the suit's moisture. It's as practical as it is decorative and the short length is a nice idea, leaving the legs free for more sunbathing. With this Gladys wears a slightly shorter version of the popular Chinese coolie inspiration. The wide lattice effect of the straw lets in almost as much sun as if she had no hat at all. And the same goes for her beach shoes which are nothing but heels and soles laced to her feet with string-lets of air and sun but a fancy design on the feet if you can.

Besides these trim swim suits, Gladys also has a beach ensemble in a bright tropical printed cotton. Shorts and a brassiere top have a third piece which is one of those draped skirts like the ones worn by South Sea Island natives. These ensembles should be very popular with you who like to sun rather than swim.

While on the subject of swimming and sunning, I must say too that some of the newest shorts and culottes of oiled silk are very new to pull on over your wet suit. These are transparent, of course, but they manage to give you a very "dressed" look even so. Rubber bathing suits continue their last year's popularity, the one-piece being favored. White, yellow, blue, dusty pink and a pinky beige are the leading swim suit colors. Many smart combinations are effected combining two, three and even four colors. Purple suits are seen occasionally and a few in wine and violet.

For playing badminton and tennis Gladys wears one-piece cotton or silk dresses with full skirts that reach just to the knee. She also likes the Hollywood uniform of slacks and shirt—she likes them especially in matching fabrics and colors. There's one terrifically good looking one in her summer wardrobe that's made of a rough peasant cotton. The trousers are made with wide belled bottoms and the blouse, which tucks in, is fastened with buttons tied in a bow.

Marion Talley, who just recently has made her debut on a weekly broadcast program and who is out in Hollywood preparing for a movie debut, wears an individual pajama suit for sports. Her pajamas are tailored like a man's trousers and are made of tobacco brown alpaca. Over these she wears a short trench coat of white alpaca with a brown Ascot scarf tucked into the neckline. A white hand-crocheted beret topped by a large pom-pom for her hat—and just plain white tennis sneakers on her feet.

Since Austrian peasant styles are such a fad, you'll find it fun to wear bandannas and all sorts of gay scarfs with your dresses. Tie your bandannas under your chin, just like a peasant working in the fields, or at the beach. They create a very fascinating look. And carry your beach trunk about in a big cotton or silk square, tied hobo fashion. These are such inexpensive tricks to make your togs look very up-to-the-minute.

Frances Langford, so tiny and feminine looking, prefers bohysh slacks with jackets. Boyish but never mannish, and she gets around it by having her slacks cut very full and in wearing tailored but feminine looking jackets. Her favorite slacks costume is trim of orange-flannel slacks, a pale yellow sweater and a jaunty little natural linen jacket.

There is a trick accessory set which Frances wears with her white crepe shirt-dress. A giddy visor of crocheted raffia-like material is held on by a narrow self band. This is in bright red with a matching belt and envelope bag.

Bright-colored gloves for sports and general daytime wear are so popular with all of you that your dressy every day" look is knowing a clever way to have a dozen of them to match each color scheme without spending but a fraction what you would imagine! Buy simple white fabric ones and, by means of dye wafers, change them into any color you like. You can dye them bright clear shades or you can mix several wafers of different colors to get an unusual shade. All you have to do is to dissolve the wafers and dip your gloves in the dye. And even after you have one color scheme, if you tire of it, you can dip your gloves into a de-colorizing rinse that will restore your gloves to white and leave them ready for further color experiments!

Here are two dye "recipes" for unusual shades of the season and, if you will write in to me, I will send you more Color Recipes absolutely free of charge.

For a stunning deep suntan shade, use one half wafer of dark brown with an eighth of a wafer of scarlet. And for a bright orange-red, use one wafer of orange with an eighth wafer of scarlet. You'll have a picnic experimenting with them.
must have no doubt of a husband’s love. A wife must realize that she has the qualities to hold a love she once won. “And if your husband no longer love you, it is your fault! He fall in love with you for what you have.” (Fifi always says what a woman “has,” not what a woman “is.”) “If you lose his love, it is because you lose what you have, inside. You change. You get lazy about yourself—how you look, how you act, how you feel.”

We all know, of course, that health has a great influence on our actions and feelings. This is point number four in Fifi’s advice to women—keep fit.

“I am the only woman who ever go on a trial honeymoon. Of course we were chaperoned,” the little French girl added seriously. “The first morning, Maurice knock on my door and ask me to go for a long walk before breakfast. I have been in show business many years and I like to sleep late—ten, eleven o’clock. But I know he like to go for a walk. I know it is good for me, so I get up and take a walk with him. We feel great when we get back and eat a big breakfast. The next morning, I try to learn to cook. I burn the bacon but he does not mind.” And that trial honeymoon proved to Fifi D’Orsay and her fiancé that they were suited to each other. There had been a doubt, before their trip. A doubt that they would be happy together, day after day, for she belongs to show business and Dr. Hill comes from an old Chicago family, far removed from the theater world.

As in every discussion of marriage, there arose the question of fifty-fifty or seventy-five and twenty-five. Fifi thought a moment. It was the first time her hands had been quiet. “Yes, I think a woman has to give more. But I am only speaking of who marry for love—not those who marry for position or money. And if you love a man, you do not mind doing anything if it makes him happy.

“You have to give more because you must mother a husband. A man, he is a little boy grown up and you must understand him. Every man, he have faults—some things you do not like—but everybody have faults, so you must overlook these things you do not like. And he must have sex, too. Not too much and not too little of either,” and her eyes flashed. I had the feeling that she knew how to balance these two essentials.

“When your husband comes home tired, do not mind helping him take off his shoes, giving him his slippers, helping him into a dressing-robe. Allow him to rest—relax, and read his book as he smokes his pipe. But,” and Fifi was most emphatic on this point, “do not make the mistake of always doing it, or he will expect it. And let him wait on you, too. Do not order him to do something for you, but say: ‘Please, darling, while you are there will you bring me a drink of water?’ and when he brings it to you, be sure to
The Family Pocketbook

by
The Doctor of Family Finances

We've got a neighbor who loves his wife and his kids. Never speaks sharply to them. Tries to provide well for them. But on payday, the household used to be in a state of suspended explosion. Some day I knew a spark would set it off—and my neighbor would lose a husband, less of a father. Money—or lack of it—might indeed prove to be the root of great evil.

The highly charged atmosphere on paydays was due to the fact that things were needed for which there never seemed to be enough money. Friend husband saw no flaws in his way of handling the money. Therefore, he reasoned, the wife required too much for food, clothing, and miscellaneous expenses.

They Discover a Plan

But the wife? What was her story? Upon diagnosis, I discovered her sensible and competent but without plan. Still, she needed the husband's co-operation if there was to be a plan. I sent one of our budget books. Both of them read it, and the idea of a plan took root and flourished!

Today, that home is a model of domestic felicity. There's enough money for everything—and no haunting fear of a money shortage on payday. The wife is the "treasurer," the husband the president and counsel. Expenses are a known quantity and it's easy to control them.

A Thrilling Adventure

I've often thought there was more money in a family's pay envelope than the family household was. A household booklet on home money management has proved in thousands of cases that I'm right! It's a thrilling and exciting adventure to plan your campaign for financial freedom...so easily, so surely. No dull, tedious bookkeeping! It's fun!

Doctor of Family Finances

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The "Doctor of Family Finances" booklets on home money management have helped thousands to get a fresh start. Fill in—mail this coupon today for free copy.

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Thank you, to let him know that you appreciate it.

All this may sound as though Yvonne Lussier (Fifi D'Orsay's real name) believes herself to be the shining example of what every wife should be. But this is far from the truth. She is a woman who knows how you mean—how you say—an argument. And I get very mad sometimes at my Maurice. But after I am all over being mad, I feel better. And it is so nice to make up afterwards. I think maybe I get mad just so we can re-establish the house. I answered slightly childish. Her face screwed up and she laughed as only a vivacious French girl can laugh. "I know it sounds silly but we are so young. My husband—is still an intern for two more years—and he like the make up part, too."

Women who find it difficult to follow the rules of Fifi might draw the conclusion that she is better able to do so much in marriage because she is much older than her intern husband. This is not so. The fact that Fifi started her career in 1923, as a chorus girl in the Greenwich Village Folies, misleads one to believe she is not so very young. But when the little French Brunette reached New York, she came straight from the French Convent of the Sacred Heart at the tender age of sixteen. And it was not until 1930 that she made her first picture, They Had to Get Married. The late and beloved Will Rogers. Furthermore, Fifi is particular as to who is the "boss" of her married life.

"It is so important that a husband wear the pants in the family. With a little cooperation, it can bring no hurt to the house. Her husband do almost anything she wants. But," she paused a moment to emphasize her point, "nevaire let a man know that it is what you want. It must always seem as if he had suggested it in the first place because she is much older than her intern husband."

"Women do such foolish things. I have heard so many wives find fault and correct their husbands in front of other people. That is bad. It makes the man feel so cheap. It takes the pants off him and puts them on the woman. And that is terrible! Most of the time I think this is what comes when a woman needs him, that she must depend on him for everything. He must never know that he depends on her. It is such a terrible mistake for a woman to make."

"Mrs. Hill, that is Maurice's mother, is so happily married to Mr. Hill. She is so smart. She knows how to keep young. She has such a nice figure. She go horseback riding. She do all the things to please her husband. They are so happy after being married so many years. She is a very clever woman."

When asked if her mother-in-law was the inspiration for Fifi's happiness, she became more serious than I had ever seen her. "Yes and no," was her answer. "Evaire since I have been a little girl, I have said to myself, Fifi, when you grow up and get married, you will be happy and I do not believe in divorce!" She has carried this thought with her every day of her year. During her travels to and from Hollywood, on vaudeville and personal appearance tours, when a chorus girl, and then a leading lady with Gal- lagher and Shean, Fifi has known that when she met the right man, she would be happily married. She knew she would be happy because she was willing to give everything to avert a matrimonial failure. "And I am very likely to have such a wonderful man for a husband. So many women do not appreciate their husbands."

Fifi D'Orsay was born of French parentage in Montreal, Canada, one of thirteen children. In a household of that size, each one has to do his bit toward keeping the household going. It was in this early childhood that Fifi learned to appreciate any good fortune which might fall her way. She learned patience, too. (And we all know that a good wife needs both appreciation and patience.) But long before she was married, these two characteristics that she had learned in her family life in Montreal stood by her.

When she was trying desperately to become a Hollywood star, she was given a test by Fox Films. The comment was that she was too tall for pictures. But, a year later, when they needed her for a sparkling French girl, she was called and given a very nice contract. Then, in this past year, when she wanted to stay in New York with her new husband, Fifi endeavored to get a radio contract. True, they had not asked for it, but radio, too, felt they had no permanent place for her "type." However, she was patient and, when she was about ready to give up the idea of ever becoming identifi- cally with radio, Howard sold the idea for a Folies de Paree to the radio moguls. And who could better fill the rôle of a feminine star in this new program than Fifi D'Orsay? She was called and signed to a twenty-six-week contract. Her character "women's part," has been so identified with radio, to be definitely associated with radio.

Her enthusiasm is a joy to behold. Not long ago she became an American citizen. She believes that this country offers so much, and she is grateful for all that has happened to her. "I respect everything I have, this country has given to me."

And she is now insisting that all her friends become citizens, too. Even the elevator boys in her hotel are being taken to task by her if they have not already applied for citizenship.

When Fifi D'Orsay believes, she is not happy until she convinces you, too. And she has excellent advice for all women. All women, that is, who are interested in the universal topic of love—and who isn't?

Watching Fifi D'Orsay is like watching a French doll, but a very lively one. Her large black eyes flash and sparkle, her small upturned nose dares to be called snub, her red lips generous without being large, all topped off with a head of chest- nut brown hair coiffed in a typical Parisian manner with long bangs across the forehead. Her amazing vitality sweeps you off your feet. Besides her new radio program, she is doing short subjects in the movies and expects to open in a Broadway show shortly. And Fifi D'Orsay has time to learn to cook, to go horseback riding and take long walks—all to please her husband.

Perhaps all women should heed at least some of Fifi's advice, for in her marriage, she has found contentment and happiness. What if her marriage fails, too?

"It will be all my fault," she calmly states. You can't help liking a girl like that.
The Hollywood influence turned up at a party for Cole Porter at the Waldorf. Frances sang one of Porter’s tunes and Walter Wanger (he’s producing Palm Springs) heard her. Contracts were signed and Frances headed west, accompanied by her family and her manager, Ken Dolan, who gave up all his New York enterprises to guide the Langford destinies.

Now Frances is doing, as they say down south, mousy well. She has contracts with Mr. Wanger and with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and she has Hollywood Hotel, which she thinks is swell. Quits her picture work every Friday at noon, spends afternoons rehearsing songs, and evenings turning them over to you.

What about her private life? Sort of quiet, says Frances. She lives in the Hollywood hills with her father, old Kunnel Vasco Langford (a retired contractor), her mother, her brother Jimmy and her cousin, Alma Langford, who is also her secretary.

Frances is twenty-six (birthday was April 4th) and decidedly unmarried. There have been rumors, but no husbands. She has two regular gentlewoman friends in Hollywood—her manager, Ken Dolan, and Tony Martin. There has been talk of wedding bells for her and Ken Dolan, but Frances will neither affirm nor deny them. Anyway, she thinks marriage in Hollywood is a mistake. “No one makes a go of it out here, so when I marry it’s going to be in some place closer to Lake-land.”

She generally goes out one evening a week, and it’s usually to the Trocadero with the lucky Mr. Dolan. She finds it difficult to make friends because—she hates to admit it—she’s shy. She doesn’t worry about that, though, for she has no trouble keeping her old friends.

Her special hobby is photography. She owns a 16 mm. movie camera and continually disrupts everyone on the set by shooting Langford Private Productions. The cast is anyone who happens to be in range and the action is strictly impromptu.

“What I want most right now,” she confided, “is a vacation. I’d like to go back home for awhile, to see all the kids I went to school with. Another reason is that I’m an honorary Police Captain in Lakeland. Means I can go through Stop signs and park anywhere I care to!”

She’s missed only one broadcast since she’s been on Hollywood Hotel. That time she was home in Florida, listening in with a party of friends, and the entire program was a special affair in her honor. Her present contract expires in October, but her sponsors already are waving a new one under her nose. She’ll probably sign, because she likes the gang she works with on the program.

We asked her if she ever had cast a romantic eye in the direction of Dick Powell, or vice versa. “No,” said Frances, “we’ve never even been out together. But he’s very nice to sing with.”

She then knocked on the dressing-room door which jostled the entire contents, including its mistress. “You’re due on the set, Miss Langford,” yelled a guy.

“Well,” said Frances, “off to the desert for a bit of fancy skiing. Goodbye, and please tell all your readers I’m sorry it was tonsils—instead of a broken heart.”

Songbird—Southern Style
(Continued from page 31)
SKIN TROUBLES
Vanish Like Magic!
When You Strike at the Real Cause of Blemishes

PIMPLES, blemishes, eruptions— their real cause is more than skin deep. They come from within. In countless cases where all ordinary beauty aids fail utterly, these ugly blemishes are simply evidence of poisonous accumulations which a sluggish system has failed to throw off properly.

That’s why thousands write “Yeast Foam Tablets cleared up my skin like magic after eating a small Science kit that the weakened, sluggish internal condition responsible for so many blemished skins is due to one thing—shortage of Vitamin B Complex in the diet. And Yeast Foam Tablets correct this shortage. No richer natural source of this vital corrective factor is known today than pure whole yeast—and Yeast Foam Tablets are pure whole yeast.

Win back the clear, glowing beauty that’s rightfully yours—by starting now to cleanse your system of beauty-stealing wastes. Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets—and refuse substitutes.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS
MAIL NOW FOR FREE SAMPLE
NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO. MM 7-36
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Send free trial bottle of Yeast Foam Tablets.
Name
Address
City and State

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE
OF BACKACHES
This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief Of Pain
Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.
The kidneys are one of Nature's chief ways of taking the acids and waste out of the blood. If they don't pass 3 pins a day and so get rid of more than 2 pounds of waste matter, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may need flushing. If you have trouble with frequent bladder passages with scanty amount which often smart and burn, the 15 miles of kidney tubes may need flushing out. This danger signal may be the beginning of nagging backache, let pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes and dizziness.

Don't wait until serious trouble. Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills—used successfully by millions for over 46 years. They give happy relief and will help flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. Get Doan's Pills.

It's a Strange World
(Continued from page 13)

The Golden Gate Bridge in San Francisco uses radio for communication between workers, due to the grand scale of the project. The bridge is 8 miles long, with 26 towers, and stretches over San Francisco Bay, connecting San Francisco and Oakland. It is the longest suspension bridge in the world.

The United Nations Radio, established in 1966, broadcasts in six languages—English, Russian, French, Spanish, Chinese, and Arabic. It reaches over 500 million people in 180 countries, providing news, cultural programs, and educational content.

The new radio station in Lusaka, Zambia, was inaugurated in 1964 and is the first radio station in the country. It broadcasts in English and local languages, providing news, music, and educational programs.

The world's first commercial television network, the NBC network, was established in 1941. It broadcast the first televised commercial in 1941, and the first televised live broadcast in 1943.

The first commercial broadcast on radio in the United States was on October 1, 1920, by station KDKA in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. It broadcast the Harding-Cox election returns and was a huge success.

The first commercial broadcast on television in the United States was on November 2, 1941, by station WEAF in New York City. It broadcast a musical program called "The First Broadcast on TV."
Many of you must remember the child-prodigy career of young Miss Talley. The little Kansas girl who, at nineteen, took the Met by storm. The little star who, after four fabulous seasons, with the laurels still dewy and unwilted on her brow, announced that she would retire—and did.

Why?
That is what I asked as we talked together in her hotel suite, talked and ate candied grapefruit rind (her one confectionery indulgence).
I said: "I've never quite understood. Men and women in their forties retire, frequently. But to retire at twenty-three, with the applause still storming—why?"
Marion’s moon-gray eyes held the far-away expression habitual to them. You are never quite sure whether she has heard what you are saying. She always has. She said, then: "You've heard the expression ‘Tired-of-It-All?’ It's been said in fun, in irony, in sarcasm. But I was, literally, tired of it all. That is why I retired. That was my 'secret.' That was the one and only reason. It seemed to me to be reason enough.
"I think I had emotional indigestion. "I'd been singing in public ever since I was eleven years old. I know, by the way, that I was one of the first, if not the first, to sing over the air. The radio and I were certainly ‘infants’ together. For I sang in the days when the screeching and scratching and static were such that it really didn’t make any difference what I sang, or how. No one could make it out anyhow. I made the first Vitaphone Sound records ever made—they were used to accompany the film, Don Juan, in which John Barrymore starred, you know.
"I had worked, always, like a little slavey. I had studied, and mastered, four languages by the time I was seventeen. I studied so incessantly that, when I was in New York, I always had to have my mother or sister ride with me on the subway so that they could tap my arm and tell me when I had arrived at my station—my nose was so buried in books that I would have gone on and on unknowing. "I've never had a ‘date’ in my whole life. I never went beau-ing. I've been married twice, but even then there were no dates. I never went dancing with any boy. I never went to movies with boys. I never went to a From nor to a football game nor to a house-party. Never! Not once!
"I never had a crush on a boy. I never was in love in my life until I married my first husband—after I was twenty-three. My ‘loves’ were opera, concert and radio and they’re jealous, exacting sweethearts.

"I'm not speaking regretfully. I'm not sorry for myself. On the contrary. I wouldn't give up what I have had, what I hope to have again, for all of the dates and good times of all the girls in the world. I sacrificed everything which means youth and girlhood to my career and it was worth it. I did what I did because I wanted to do it. But I would like to tell other girls who hope to have careers that sacrifice is necessary. You can't compromise with a career. You've got to give it everything.
"I studied in Kansas City from the age of eleven on. I wouldn't recommend so early a beginning for everyone. I happened to be in excellent hands and so it was all right. But the ‘hands’ must be excellent or damage is liable to result. I went to New York to study when I was fifteen. I went to Italy to study when I was seventeen. I signed my contract with the Metropolitan while I was in Italy and made my debut there when I was nineteen. I sang for four seasons. And I did radio and concert work between seasons. I always studied.
"And suddenly I knew that I was through. That I was deadly tired of it all. I loathed hotels. I loathed catching trains. I loathed paint and powder and clothes and publicity. I felt trapped and

Do men shun you?
Get a FRESH start!

Men say they don't know which is worse in a girl. Underarm odor. Offensive deodorants which cover one unpleasant odor with another.
Why be guilty of either?
Today, there's a new answer—FRESH.
A deliciously fragrant cream which gives positive protection against underarm odors.
FRESH is different—you can use it right after shaving or a depilatory, without fear of irritation, for this cream is not only soothing but antiseptic—safeguarding against infection in tiny nicks and cuts.
And FRESH can't possibly harm clothes. No harsh ingredients. No grease in it. FRESH dries instantly. Just apply FRESH and go right on dressing.
And with this cream, pores stay open, healthy, sweet. FRESH has no medicinal odor, nothing to identify it as a deodorant. FRESH just gives you freshness!
strangled and breathless in a mesh of notes and scores and librettos and orchestrations and contracts and audiences.

"Suddenly, one night in our hotel suite in New York, I said to my mother, 'I am through. I am giving it all up. I never shall sing again. I have made quite a bit of money. I shall retire and live as I please.' 

"Neither my mother nor my father nor my sister has ever urged me in any direction. They didn’t then. My mother said only: 'Think it over. Don't do anything in haste which you may regret later. Once such a step is taken, it cannot be retraced.'"

"I said: 'I know.'

"I did retire. Neither argument nor reasoning, not even being suspected, I’m sure, of insanity, could stop me.

"And for several months I felt as though shackles had been strung from my limbs. I was free. For the first time. I could eat and sleep and grow fat if I wanted to. And I did! I could dream and do nothing. Nothingness seemed Nirvana to me.

"I did make one radio broadcast in New York after my retirement." (The Packard Hour, I believe it was) “because I had contracted to do it and because they paid me a handsome sum for half an hour. And then, with that money, my mother and sister and I went abroad. And I had no intention of studying over there. I planned to see the pleasure spots of Europe, not the studios and ateliers which were all I had known before.

"We went to Germany and—I began to study again! I was sure that it was ‘just for fun,’ because I loved it. But I think I began to know, then, that I could not live with leisure alone. I had given too many hostages to hard work. And besides, I—fell in love with my teacher. He was a German. And when, at the end of the year, we returned to New York, he followed me and—we were married.

"‘Marriage,’ said Marion, after a perceptible pause, ‘marriage should be for artists. It has the advantage of making the rich richer the more the poor, the poorer. But marriage should only be for two artists who are in perfect harmony. For artists, especially for two artists, to marry there should be double the understanding, double the sympathy necessary between two individuals making a walk of life.

"‘We lived in California for a time—vacationing. And here is another thing which the years have taught me: There can be, really, no vacations for artists. For the artistic urge, instinct, or whatever you choose to call it, is as much a part of the artist as breathing, eating, sleeping or any other inborn or natural function. You can’t take vacations from eating and breathing—not for long. I couldn’t take a vacation from singing—not for long.

"‘Well, after awhile, we were divorced. I went back to New York and began to study again. With Adolph Eckstrom. He is Swedish. And we—we fell in love!’

"I laughed. I couldn’t help it. I said: ‘Up till and Teacher read no more that day? ’"

"‘Music is the language of love,’ parroted Marion, with one of her rare, hearty laughs, ‘it does sound funny. I know. I never thought about it that way until friends began to laugh and say, ‘Not again? No another Voice Teacher?"

"I hope," I said severely, ‘that you have not found it necessary to engage a teacher out here?"

"But I have!" Marion laughed again.

"Don’t tell the people to whom I was talking—in Spanish—when you first came in.

"Great Scott!" I said, with fervor. I added: ‘I shall wire Mr. Eckstrom to-night!’

"Don’t make it more difficult,” pleaded Marion, with mock earnestness. ‘It’s diffi-
cult enough as it is. Imagine—our whole first year spent three thousand miles apart! I’ve been under contract to M-G-M out here. Adolph has had to carry on at his studio. And I hope that he would come out here last summer but he didn’t feel that he could desert things back there. And I dared not try to persuade him. It’s too dangerous to try to inter-
ference with a man’s work. And so, I don’t know just how we shall work it out.

"At any rate, there I was in New York, studying again, doing some concert work. And then, through the Artists Bureau of ABC, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer offered me a contract. I came to California a year later. And after a year and a half, nothing for a story to be found. The inac-
activity was deadly. But it did one priceless thing for me, I think. It made me realize that while I have a gift to give, I must give that gift; while I am in demand I must answer that demand. I shall never ‘retrace my steps.’ As my mother so wisely said, that is impossible. There is no going back. The old trails are grown over. New trails must be blazed. And I’m taking the new trails—of radio and pictures.

"I shall never retire again. Not of my own volition. I could not even retire to be domestic, ‘good wife and home-maker.’ If and when the day comes when I am no longer wanted, then—yes. Then I could and would retire, without regret, and make a home and have children and all that goes with domesticity and marriage. But not now..., not yet...

"When my M-G-M contract expired, Republic Pictures offered me a life-time deal. And I believe we will be well on our way with My Old Kentucky Home when this story is printed. It will be my very first pic-
ture.

"Scart!" I asked.

"Not in the least. I’ve never had stage fright, I’ve never known ‘Mike-fright.’ I’ve never had the slightest quaver before an audience. The only time I don’t want, and won’t have an audience is when I am broadcasting. I must be alone at the micro-
phone. And that condition of aloneness is always ‘so stipulated in the bond.’ I dis-
like the applause which comes over the air from a broadcasting station when a singer is performing. There is something raucous and out of key about the
microphone. And that condition of aloneness is always ‘so stipulated in the bond.’"

"Now that you have come back, I said, ‘tell me, how..., what is the secret of a successful come-back?’"

Marion smiled. ‘I haven’t really estab-
lished my come-back quite yet,’ she said. ‘It takes more than one time signed. And the only secret is—work. I’ve never stopped work-
ing, you see. I’ve tried to improve and never to regress. I’ve lived and learned and experienced. And when I began to do concert work, I learned that these other things have developed naturally."

"Do you want to go back to Opera? I asked. ‘Back to the Metropolitan?’"
"The Metropolitan and all that it stood for has come to the air," said Marion. "No, it is as I have said—there is no re-tracing lost steps. I think that I shall never sing at the Met again. Things change. The Metropolitan is not what it once was. So long as we live it will be a tradition, a legend. But the glory is a past glory. It doesn't mean, even to singers, what it once meant. Time was when a debut at the Met was the crowning glory in a singer's life. It is all different now. The old glittering Horseshoe Circle is no more. Caruso is dead. Melba... Farrar... Teitgen... Scotti... all gone, one way or another. Schumann-Heink is in Hollywood. It is not, I know, that people care less for fine music, but that they no longer have the means—or the necessity—to pay for it as they once did.

The mighty music of the ages is no longer for the minority, for the Horseshoe Circles, but for all men and women, for the masses... thanks to radio. Music belongs to the people again... and radio has given music back to its own.

I love concert work. Concert is, in many ways, my favorite medium. You can do such fine things in concert and only in concert, I think. You can give Brahms and Mozart (I am studying Mozart now, thoroughly, for the first time—and I am Mozart-mad) and the German lieder and arias. You cannot give such music on the air. Not very much of it, nor too often. For the people of the Machine Age, I feel, do not want the calm beauty of Mozart. The swiftness of the whole tempo of our times, the movies, radio itself, the swiftness of transportation, the short cuts leading everywhere, have keyed us too highly for the contemplative things and arts.

"I know," smiled Marion. "that I love to listen to Jack Benny and Burns and Allen—and I wouldn't miss Walter Winchell for anything... They are, in a way, the voices of the folk-lore of today.

But when people go to concerts, buy their tickets for concerts, they buy them because they want to hear Mozart and Brahms and Chopin. And you know what they want and why they have bought their tickets. When you give the same things on the air you have the very uncomfortable feeling that you may be forcing something on people, probably against their will. They may tune in on you because there is nothing better to be had at the moment. But it is something like placing a lengthy meal of truffles and pigeon hearts in front of a child and telling him to eat it whether he wants it or not—a child who would rather grab a sandwich and be gone.

"But we shall see... I'm arranging my own programs, my own selections for Ky-Krith at first. Later, perhaps, the radio fans will help me to make my selections. "The songs I really enjoy singing most of all are the old songs... My Old Kentucky Home, Stewie River, In the Goodnight, Long, Long Ago, Old Black Joe, Annie Laurie. They are the American folksongs. They're yours and mine—we all love them and we're together, I feel, when I'm singing them...

"You see," said Marion Talley, as we rose, "the 'secrets' are very simple, really... the inability to stop working with music, the inborn love of music... and a 'coming back' down the new trails of music—the radio and the screen."

"If you are planning a motor trip, or a sojourn at the beach, be sure to take two or three packages of Linit with you for the Linit Beauty Bath instantly soothes a roughened or sunburned skin."

...AS A MOONLIT POOL

When you come in tired, dusty or sunburned—relax in a tepid bath with Linit dissolved in the water. The delightful effect is instant—almost magical. Fatigue is forgotten. The rough touch of the wind and burn of the sun is laid by the soothing effect of this refreshing bath. After the Linit bath, your skin feels soft and smooth and there is no damp, sticky feeling to your body. Why not try the Linit Beauty Bath before retiring tonight? Notice what soothing relaxation it affords your entire body. LINIT is sold by your grocer.

for fine laundering

Don't overlook the directions on the Linit package... recommending Linit for starching. Linit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.
Will Radio Change Mae West?

(Continued from page 23)

Why, Mae West was gone! Mae West stood for a woman with curves. These bean poles we have today for women—they aren’t healthy! A man doesn’t like them. They don’t make healthy mothers. The world likes me as I was. I’m going back. And I’ll take a foot of that little gal the boys like!"

She did. And she became the most come-hither woman in pictures.

Naturally her voice had the same seductive quality as her figure. When Mae says, “Come up and see me sometime,” she says it with several meanings. Most women formerly used that expression at least once daily and thought nothing of it. But today when one of us says it to a man, we feel ourselves Mushing because for the moment the meaning Mae has given to it by the very manner in which she says it.

I remember the time her publicity department wanted her to have some pictures taken in a gingham apron, working in a kitchen. Then I was telling me about it, she said: “The only time I’ve ever been in a kitchen, is to pass through it to meet some man on the back porch!” A simple statement, but not simple as Mae said it. Then I asked her to write everything from a rose-covered arbor to a boudoir. We were sitting in an office; she wore a hat with face veil, hiding her expression. So her voice gave the statement its significance.

And at what would such a statement go over on the air? Could she pass the censors? Remember that as many censors as there are in motion pictures, there are many more in radio. For each one of us is an individual censor. We can turn off our ears. Mae, if we turned off our ears, the censors write more letters than any other audience. While we must pay a nice little price to see her in a picture, it would cost nothing for us to listen to Mae. Three cents for a letter to tell her how good or how bad she is! And Mae wouldn’t enjoy having thousands of us write her about how bad she is. “I have always been tops,” I always must be. When I’m not—then I’ll retire!” she told me.

Can she be tops in radio?

I think she can. I have faith in our Mae. Terrible faith. I have studied her career since she began shaking her powder-covered body in a Brooklyn vaudeville theatre as she had seen Eva Tan- gen shaker her. I have known her personally many years. And Mae has a way of climbing over every obstacle. Remember when the newspapers of New York City refused to carry her advertisements for Sex, she returned to the theatre and created a sensation? The theatre managers and radio censors urged her to change the name. She refused. “Sex is life,” she told them. “Do you want to change the dictionary?”

“We’ll show them about advertisement!” she startled and covered the city with placards.

She told me: “I didn’t trust anyone else to attend them. I took a car and drove all over town, each Sunday, to see if they were where I had ordered them.”

...
And when they threatened to close her show, Mae said: "Let 'em. It will make business."

She was right. She took her famous ride in the police wagon to Welfare Island, stayed out her time, donated $1,000 to the library there and raised the income of her play twenty per cent.

Mae has radio in mind, all right. The other day Bertha Brainard, head of the commercial programs for the National Broadcasting Company, gave a speech before The Woman Pays Club of New York City. She told her fellow professional women that the day of human interest is here for the air. As she said it, I remembered Mae's prophecy: "Sometime I'll have to give human interest to sex on the air!"

Human interest to sex! A new Mae West! A voice that gives us wisecracks that are funny rather than suggestive. A voice that makes our blood run a little faster but says words which do not offend our finer senses. A voice which brings us her curves, her eyes, her walk—a script which is so subtle that it says nothing which a six-year-old child or a fifty-year-old man-about-town could misinterpret.

It's a tough order but all of Mae's life has been devoted to filling tough orders! And will the air pay Mae what she is demanding of Hollywood and not getting? —Of course not, not to start with. But the world forgets that Mae came to Hollywood and played a small part in Night After Night, George Raft starring vehicle, and accepted a small salary. She knew her vogue was temporarily over on Broadway. She left before it could leave her.

"What did I care about money?" she asked me. "I wanted to begin little and show 'em. It's always the best way. And when I think I've gone about my limit, I'll be making the most in the business and then I'll leave 'em. I have to be tops, but I got to get there on my own way."

Any sponsor would pay Mae West a reasonable salary to start on the air. They'll pay her more than ever they paid anyone else if she succeeds in bringing human interest into sex, as she's promised. When she's tops—well, before you tire of her, she'll leave you.

Yes, radio will change Mae West. But she'll probably change a few radio fashions, also. I'm betting on Mae—as the next great sensation in broadcasting.
Only it was neither his talent nor his ability that made me suddenly feel as if nothing in the world mattered except that man singing out there on the floor. I found myself leaning across the table and staring at him, like a kid seeing her matinee idol for the first time—and Benny recognized me and the first thing I knew he'd swung into Melancholy Baby, the song I'd sung so much I sort of looked upon it as my particular property.

He grinned then and flipped a salute at me but he wasn't grinning when we were introduced. There was something in his eyes and something in his voice that made the room suddenly spin around me. For I could see it was the same way with Benny as it was with me. We were in love.

But, even feeling that way, he shook his head when I asked him to join my act and said he couldn't leave his partners. I found myself loving him more than ever for that—and so I took the three of them, to get Benny!

I'll never forget the night we opened in New York. Monday night at the Palace always had been like Old Home week for me, with personal friends and the other friends I'd never met, out there in the audience, making me feel so warm and welcome. But this was the most wonderful evening I'd ever had there, because it was taking Benny right into its grand old heart.

It was about a year after that the four of us were having dinner one night and Benny Davis sort of cleared his throat and told Benny that he and Jack were leaving the act.

"You've weakened the act, making a place for us in it," he said. "We're just excess baggage. It's time you and Blosom were going it alone."

Benny tried to argue with them, but those friends of his were just as loyal as he was and so when we signed our contracts for that year it was as a double. There were grand years ahead of us.

Happy, prosperous years. Years that swept us along with them to Europe and to that morning in Paris . . . and then changed suddenly into years that knew fear and poverty and all the things we had thought never could happen to us.

It's funny, though, when a thing is over, no matter how horrible it's been, you find it has brought its blessings, too. Those other years brought Benny and me closer in a new way. There were the two of us, standing up against the whole world. A man and woman have to pay a big price to get that sort of closeness.

Well, we paid the price. But it brought us other things, too. Sweet things, it's hard to put in words. Such as Benny calling me "Mamma" now, instead of "Baby," the way he used to. And me liking it better than that other pet name, even. And looking deep into his heart and finding a frightened little boy there. And finding a man there, too, squaring his shoulders at the whole world for me.

After that first shock in Paris we got our second wind and I wasn't even regretting the hats and dresses and things I'd bought without a thought. We still had money enough to see us through for a few months and after the cable from our broker we knew exactly where we stood, which was exactly nowhere. But we get to work as soon as we reached New York and start saving for the future again. Only for a while it seemed as if there wasn't going to be any work—or any future!
For Benny got a bad cold coming over on the boat and when he reached New York—well, it was weeks before the doctors would give me any hope at all. Afterwards we went to Lake Placid and I could see Benny was worrying about the money it was taking to stay at the hotel, so I said: "Forget it, Benny. Let's have fun spending it. Since when have we to stop and think about spending a few dollars? Let's make this a vacation and have fun!"

I suppose I remember that so well because it was the first time I had had to pick up Benny's spirits.

It was grand seeing Benny growing strong again, getting brown and healthy from the sun, and in no time at all he was his old self again and we felt like a million dollars when we walked down Broadway.

But it wasn't Broadway. It was a street we'd never known before. A frightening street...

One day Benny came home sort of excited.

"It's radio that's licked us," he said.

"But don't worry, baby, we're going to catch it by the tail and spin it over our heads!"

Radio! Of course! That was the solution! It seemed awfully easy then. Only it wasn't. We saw people. Just a little condescendingly, at first, I must admit, because we thought that any program would jump at the chance of getting Blossom Seeley and Benny Fields. After all, weren't we Palace headliners? Hadn't we been Broadway names for years?

I can't count the times we were close to signing contracts. Looking back at it now, I see a succession of days with hope starting every one of them and defeat finishing them up. We humbled ourselves. Spread ourselves like a mat in front of the door of radio. We were the Welcome on that mat, but nobody realized it then!

We weren't getting any place and one day we packed and left for Hollywood. It looked as if happy days had come again. The Paramount Theatre there booked us for a week and I was optioned for an Ed Wynn picture. Then Darryl Zanuck saw my test and, since Lilyan Tashman was ill, gave me her place in a picture.

Things were looking up again for Blossom Seeley. But what about Benny Fields? Musicals were temporarily out in Hollywood and there was no place for him.

Maybe it was because he was so grand about all, standing aside and cheering me on. Maybe it was just because he was Benny, the man I loved, but anyway, whatever it was, I couldn't take my chance at the expense of his. The day the picture was finished we took the train back to New York.

Benny never got the idea of radio out of his head. In those days there weren't the big Broadway names on the air that there are today. But Benny was looking ahead. Was seeing Radio as it was going to be. The way Mondays used to be at the Palace with all the Personalities we loved jamming the bill.

We got awfully excited, talking about it on the train, planning, building a new set for the air. But the same old locked door was waiting for us. We hadn't found the key yet...

Months went by and our money went...
with it. We had moved from our hotel to one cheap hotel after another, to wonder where our next meal was coming from. We thought we'd be low before. Now we were beginning to find out there's always a lower low and a lower one. . . .

Finally, in desperation, I borrowed enough money to take me back to Hollywood. But when the time came I couldn't leave Benny, though it was a new chance and a new stake, I couldn't go. We'd always shared everything together and we were going to share this.

So we went to Chicago instead. To Chicago and all the new hopes and all the new disappointments. To days when we ate peanuts and the days when we ate nothing. To the dingy little night club there that offered us a job and that Benny took on alone.

"Blowing they isn't singing in a cheap bar," he told me and he was so mad he sort of choked on the words.

But Benny Fields sang there. And Benny Fields sang in other places like it, too. They were small places, cheap places, that took the one and only Benny. But Benny went on just the same, trying to find a place for both of us in this new strange world.

But there was that closeness building itself around us all the time. It got so that I could not sleep a wink. It meant to him that day just by hearing his step on the stairs at night, by the way his key turned in the lock. And somehow when the door opened and he stood there, it wasn't hard to smile at all.

There was that Christmas morning when Benny's lips twisted at the sight of his sock hanging from the hotpost with popcorn spilling out of it and he put his arms around me and sang: "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby," in a way that song has never been sung before. And I'm not excepting the Palace, either. Somehow that was the most beautiful present even Benny has ever given me.

And there was the time we thought we were all set again, when we had an offer from a small night club which was opening in Kansas City. But when we got there Benny was desperately sick with flu— and when the doctor came, he said he'd have to go to the hospital.

I couldn't send Benny to the hospital. His eyes were begging me not to let him go there all alone. I was awfully frightened then. We had friends in Chicago and I felt that if I could only get him back there, everything was going to be all right again.

The doctor finally consented to letting him go and Charlie Thorpe, who's been our accompanist for years and is with Benny today, helped me to bundle him up and get him on to the train and into the drawing-room we couldn't afford. Ever since we'd been in Chicago we had been hoping for a chance to get into the Chess Parlor, an ultra smart night club. Twice it looked as if we were going to make it, but something always happened. Benny wasn't even thinking of it anymore. When the fever the flu he started working in a little club that had just opened. It didn't pay much. Enough for a cheap room, for food, for the radio he bought for my birthday.

Then one night when Benny was dressing to go to the club, I turned on the radio. A new commentator was on and as we listened he announced that the little club had just been raided and closed. It was the old fast straw.

Something snapped in me then and I began tearing off my dress.

"Get into your dress suit, Benny. I'm putting on that grand dress I bought in Paris. The one I've never had a chance to wear. I'll wear it and you can be my Choc Power!"

Benny thought I'd suddenly gone crazy. We had one five-dollar bill left in the world and here I was wanting to go to one of the most expensive places in Chicago. But when he saw that I meant it, he said softly: "Sure, Blossom. Anything you say.

Mike Fritzell, who is loved by all show people, is part owner of the place and he came over to our table with a big smile and welcome. But as much as I adore that dear friend of ours, I wasn't going to mince words then.

"Listen, Mike," I said. "What are you going to do about Benny Fields? You need him as much as he needs you! Your show has been a great personality like him. Put him to work here!"

I knew Mike had been wanting Benny, but he didn't have full say about the talent. But he smiled and patted me on the shoulder and then he turned to Benny. "Come on, Benny," he said. "Harry Richman is coming here in ten days. Maybe you can fill in, in the mean time."

Somehow I knew then that everything was going to be all right, but we had been fooled so often to think towards hope. But the next night when Benny sang and the place went mad over him I knew he was set.

That night we both broke down. We could break down, now that everything was going to be okay again. It was the first time I'd broken down over good luck. Funny, isn't it, how simply things come after years of waiting and hoping? That engagement at the Chess Parlor led directly to Abe Lyman's Hollywood Restaurant here in New York, to Benny Field's contract on the radio and his starring place on the popular Ziegfeld Follies of the air, for which Abe is responsible. I am glad to say this, because so many people have been left out of the shows for it.

Since we've been back I've had offers to sing. Grand offers. But I'm going to wait awhile. To stand by until Benny really gets his success legs under him again. Until he gets the realization that everything is all right again. After all, those last years were a lifetime!

Sometimes I choke up when I see Benny Fields out there on the floor, better than he's ever been before. For all those things that have happened to him are a part of him now, a part of every song he sings. And behind him I see Mondays at the Palace and the Broadway we used to know. And an October morning in Paris . . . And the time he was sick in Kansas City . . . And his feet dragging, ever so little, when he had come home and tell me something else had fallen through . . .

And then I cry like a fool, because that man singing out there, twirling his cane as if it were never his before, in his life, is my nan—my Benny! Silly, isn't it? The happiest woman in the world crying!
Lindbergh ransom was paid. The telephone rang and when I answered, I recognized Lindbergh’s thin, rather high-pitched voice. "This is Colonel Lindbergh speaking," the voice said, "I've just paid the ransom for my boy and I want to know if you have the serial numbers on the bills. If you have, I want to ask you not to broadcast them."

There was infinite weariness, infinite tragedy in the tones of Colonel Lindbergh’s voice. It was the voice of a heart-broken father, for whom everything else in the world had faded away except the realization of the loss of his son. My heart felt as though it were smashed into a thousand bits, as I imagined myself and millions of other American fathers in the place of this bitterly-torn, heroic pawn of fate. As long as I live, I sha’n’t be able to forget Lindbergh’s brief sentence over the telephone.

But let us skip for a moment to the blinding white sands and gorgeous blue skies of Bermuda. I was sent down there by the National Broadcasting Company in 1932 to “cover” Dr. William Beebe’s first plunge into the sea in the bathysphere. That assignment was one of the most thrilling I have ever had. On the day of the big event, all of us connected with the experiment were in a state of feverish excitement. Here was an unknown sphere of research about to be opened to mankind. We did not, therefore, believe that Dr. Beebe knew what he was talking about when he shouted to us: "Boys, don’t pull me up. Let me down—let me down!" He had been lowered almost 1700 feet into the ocean, and was still being lowered! We thought he was just excited. But afterward he explained to us that, at that great depth, since there is no light and all colors of the spectrum are lost, he was amazed suddenly to discover that light was being recorded again on his spectro-scope. The only reason he could find for that was, instead of being lowered, he was being pulled up again to the surface. Then it dawned on him that he had penetrated to a depth in the ocean which was so thick with phosphorescent fish that the light from their bodies made the water bright enough to record light.

Of the artists I have come to know well through the years, Jessica Dragonette is one of my favorites. She is a very fine person and—here’s something most people don’t realize, she’s a very shy creature, the most timid woman I ever have known in my life. The reserved and rather formal front she puts on is to hide that timidity. I remember that we had been working together on the air for three and a half years before she called me by her first name. When she slipped one day and addressed me as “Ford,” she blushed like a school-girl. She exerts tremendous will-power to make herself remain calm during her broadcasts. Though she is a remarkable picture of composure when she faces the microphone, her hands always are icy-cold and she is tense until the last note of her song is off the air.

Rudy Vallee is another artist whom I number among my top favorites. I’m crazy about the guy. He has one of the finest minds of anyone I know. He’s truly educated and has a delightful personality. I’ll answer your question right now, before you ask it. No, I don’t think he’s conceited. His fault-finders do. He impresses me as a man who has a job to do, knows that he knows how to do it and always has a sure touch. If they want to call that conceit, let them.

I’ll never forget the first time I heard Vallee sing. I was program director at WHAS, in Louisville, Kentucky. In those days, WEAF was just being built into a network, and George McCelland, who was in charge, was trying very hard to interest the member stations in New York talent. One day he said to me: "There’s a boy singing in a New York night club who’s knocking the women dead. He’s sen-

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"A CUTTING REMARK BROUGHT ME LASTING HAPPINESS!"

**One Warm Night I Went to the Movies...**
**Alone as Usual! Waiting at the Back of the Theatre For a Seat I Noticed Two Women Edge Away From Me.**

IT'S THAT WOMAN IN BLUE," ONE WHISPERED, "SUCH INEXCusable CARELESSNESS!"

**Careless—Me! What Could She Mean? I Was So Upset I Couldn't Stay For the Picture**

**That Night I Came Across an Ad, for Lifebuoy. The Truth DAWNED ON ME**

**I'm Happily Married Now! My Husband Always Compliments Me on My Personal Daintiness! But the Compliments Really Should Go to Lifebuoy!**

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Are your friends too "considerate" to tell you?

Don't wait to be embarrassed—like the girl whose true story is illustrated! If you could read the thousands of letters we receive you'd realize "B.O." (body odor) is a cunning enemy—it betrays us when we least expect it! Be safe! Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy! Its abundant creamy lather parfis, stops "B. O." Its clean scent rinses away.

**A truly mild complexion soap**
Lifebuoy protects your complexion...gives it that clear look that spells YOUTH. It cleanses more deeply, but gently. "Patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women prove it is more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

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79
sational—why don't you try him out?"

Well, I thought it wouldn't do any harm to give him a trial, so I booked the singer immediately. During his program, I went to the telephone and called Mr. McCelland.

"Say, George," I said, "What do you mean, that man's a sensation? Why, he's just a guy singing through his nose!"

With that, I hung up the telephone and gave the order to cancel Rudy Vallee at WJAS. But, afterward, I began thinking it over. I decided I had made a mistake. I reasoned, to have caused such a panic among the women. I decided to listen to him again. Something about his soft, effortless style at the microphone, that I had overlooked before, convinced me he was a sensation... and booked him for the next night. Since then, I've been a number-one Rudy Vallee fan.

Among the top-notch artists on the air, I think Helen Jepson is one of the loveliest, and greatly deserving of credit for her fine work and rapid rise to stardom. Her husband, George Possell, is a well-known flautist and they have an ideally happy home life. About five years ago, George and I were working together on an NBC program. George was a confirmed bachelor. One evening he came in, beaming from ear to ear.

"Ford," he said, "I'm going to get married."

"Go on," I kidded him, never dreaming he was serious. Where did the woman with two million dollars?

"She hasn't got a cent. She's just a voice student, but she's the finest girl in the world, and, what a voice! She'll be famous some day—you wait and see!"

I didn't have to wait long. After Helen's marriage, she found stardom on Paul Whiteman's hour, soon followed by a contract at the Metropolitan. I was the announcer for the Whiteman hour and came to know this beautiful prima donna as one of the most delightful persons I ever had the pleasure of working with.

The fellow must have some thing, I reasoned, to have caused such a panic among the women. I decided to listen to him again. Something about his soft, effortless style at the microphone, that I had overlooked before, convinced me he was a sensation... and booked him for the next night. Since then, I've been a number-one Rudy Vallee fan.

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When the horse runs home and the ground is hard,
When you wish you were safe in your own back yard,
Then it's time to test the flavor true
That helps you forget you are black and blue...

Don't faint, don't swear and don't count ten,
Just rip off the wrapper and yield to that you...

Compose yourself

WITH

Beech-Nut

THE QUALITY GUM

RADIO STARS

Board of Review

(Continued from page 5)

39. ALEMI TE HALF HOUR WITH HEIDT'S
BRIGADIERS (CBS) ........... 68.7
Horne Heidt makes the most of a note.
40. PHILIP MORRIS PROGRAM (NBC) 68.6
Leo Reisman and sophistication. Program
becomes irritating in commercial announce-
ments, though.
41. AL PEARCE AND HIS GANG (NBC) 68.2
The gap-tooth gang.
42. THE GOLDBERGS (CBS) .......... 68.1
Life with its laughs and its tears.
43. EDDIE DOWLING'S ELGIN REVUE (NBC) ... 68.1
Eddie is swell. But—
44. FIRST NIGHTER WITH BETTY LOU
GERSON AND DON AMECE (NBC) 68.1
Original radio playlets, well written, directed
and performed.
45. BOB CROSBY (CBS) ............ 67.3
Bing's popular kid brother, whose voice and
orchestra are well worth the dial.
46. MELODIANA WITH BERNICE CLAIRE
AND ABE LYMAN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC) .... 67.1
Not forgetting Oliver Smith's fine tenor.
47. LOMBARDO ROAD (CBS) ....... 67.0
Guy Lombardo and his brothers. Excellent,
of course.
48. PRINCESS PAT PLAYERS (NBC) .... 67.0
Their popularity is gaining steadily.
49. A & P GYPSIES (NBC) ........ 66.8
Harry Barrick and his orchestra continue to
delight with sprightly arrangements.
50. SHELL CHATEAU (NBC) .......... 66.6
Smith Ballew, radio's tallest m. m., perform-
ing effectively Al Jolson's former duties.
Many enjoy him more, in fact. Victor Young's
music.
51. LANNY ROSS PRESENTS MAXWELL
HOUSE SHOWBOAT (NBC) ........ 66.4
All depends on Lanny.
52. GRAND HOTEL WITH ANNE SEYMOUR
AND VINNIE HAWORTH (NBC) ....... 66.8
A stimulating change from crooners, swing
music and such.
53. YOUR HIT PARADE (NBC) (CBS) 66.3
The bands may come and go, but the fifteen
most popular hits of the week go on forever.
54. MAJOR BOWES' CAPITOL FAMILY
(NBC) .......................... 66.0
The human interest stories are missing, but
the professional performances make up for
them.
55. CHRYSLER AIR SHOW (CBS) .... 65.8
Lawrence Gray. Mark Warner's tuneful mu-
ic.
56. FREDERIC WILLIAM WILE, "THE
POLITICAL SITUATION IN WASHINGTON
TONIGHT" (CBS) .............. 65.7
With the presidential election fast approach-
ing, Mr. Wile's listeners are increasing no
end.
57. FOLIES DE PAREE (NBC) ....... 65.3
Willie and Eugene Howard and Fifi Dorsay
are featured. Certain to become an outstand-
ing favorite, if the quality continues.
58. MAJOR BOWES' ORIGINAL AMATEUR
HOUR (NBC) .................... 65.1
Are the critics being unkind, or is the Major
losing his popularity?
59. HAMMERSTEIN'S ORIGINAL AMATEUR
HALL (NBC) ..................... 65.1
Revising the Gay Nineties.
60. LADY ESTHER SERENADE (NBC) 64.4
The charm of Wayne King's music.
61. BENAY VENUTA (CBS) ......... 64.4
Sonorous extraordinary.
62. TITO GUIZAR (CBS) ........... 63.8
Romance in song.
63. SWIFT STUDIO PARTY (NBC) ....... 63.7
Lionel Barrymore and Sigrid Undset are
the attractions.
64. THE FLYING RED HORSE TAVERN
(CBS) .......................... 63.6
Beatrice Lillie, almost as good as she is on
the stage—which is high praise!
NEW TATTOO CREAM MASCARA

Needs no water to apply—really waterproof!

Tattoo your eyelashes with this smooth, new cream mascara and your lashes will instantly look twice their real length; the South Sea enchantress' own way of achieving truly glamorous eyes. More waterproof than liquid darkeners; won't run or smear. Easier to apply than cake mascaras. Won't smudge. Harmless. Actually makes lashes soft and curling, instead of brittle and "beady." Completely in smooth, rubber-lined satin vanity... 50c... at all toilet goods counters. Black, Brown, Blue.

65. FREDDIE RICH'S PENTHOUSE PARTY (CBS) 63.4 Gigsly and great stars galore.
66. U. S. ARMY BAND (CBS) 63.4 Wether or not you love a parade.
67. MELODY MATINEE WITH VICTOR ARDEN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC) 63.2 It's the Victor Arden who makes all those music rolls for your piano.
68. MUSICAL VEREYERS WITH STUART CHURCHILL'S BAND (CBS) 62.9 Stuart's voice is dangerous for girls under twenty and women over twenty-one.
69. LAVENDER AND OLD LACE (CBS) 62.9 Larry Montz, Jerry Scholl and Frank Mauz. Much the same sort of program as "American Album."
70. HARRY RESER AND HIS Clicquot CLUB ORCHESTRA (NBC) 62.7 Harry continues to do unbelievable things with hz banjo.
71. U. S. NAVY BAND (CBS) 62.7 Anchors awright!
72. ENO CRIME CLUES (NBC) 62.5 Incuriosly interesting.
73. FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY (NBC) 62.3 One of the airs most humorous and entertaining programs.
74. LUM 'N ABNER (NBC) 62.3 These boys have become so popular with their Pine Ridge tales that their listeners will be demanding that they jointly run for president.
75. EVENING IN PARIS (NBC) 62.0 Pickens Sizzter, Morton Downvy, Mark Warnors' orchestras. Simple.
76. EDWARD MACHUGH, GOSPEL SINGER (NBC) 62.0
77. CAVALCADE OF AMERICA (CBS) 61.7 Effective dramatic presentations of American history.
78. EDGAR GUEST IN WELCOME VALLEY (NBC) 61.7 Your favorite poet.
79. GANG BUSTERS (CBS) 61.5 Philip Lord and his war on crime. Exceedingly good.
80. MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND (NBC) 61.4 Rachael Carline heads the cast.
81. THE SINGING LADY (NBC) 61.2 Songs and stories for kids and grownups as well.
82. DEATH VALLEY DAYS (NBC) 61.1 Convincingly done.
83. TEXACO PROGRAM (NBC) 60.8 Eddy Duchin's incomparable ensembles.
84. MARY MARLIN (CBS) 60.7 "Call Europe and forns of feminine followers."
85. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR., PERSONALITIES IN THE NEWS (NBC) 60.4 The Park-Symphony fan.
86. KATE SMITH (CBS) 60.2 On the air for over five years and still a favorite.
87. JOSE MANZANARES AND HIS SOUTH AMERICANS (CBS) 60.6 Featuring the best in Latin-American melodies.
88. BOB BECKER'S CHATS ABOUT DOGS (NBC) 59.6 Labradors all around.
89. VIC AND SADIE (NBC) 59.5 Family life sketches that never grow dull.
90. FRANK CRUMIT AND JULIA SANDERSON'S BAND (CBS) 59.5 Pleasing tea time melodies.
91. GOGO DE LYS (CBS) 59.3 Jazz ballads to the smooth modern manner.
92. THE ATLANTIC FAMILY ON TOUR (CBS) 59.2 Bob Hope and Frank Weimers. Indirec.
93. MUSICAL FOOTNOTES (CBS) 59.0 Vivian delia Chiles, soprano sopranos.
94. NATIONAL BARN DANCE (NBC) 59.0 Square dances and rural rhythms.
95. ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE DOG DRAMA'S (NBC) 59.0 Glorifying the American dog.
96. UNCLE EZRA'S RADIO STATION (NBC) 58.7 Rural rollicking.
97. VOCALS BY VERRILL (CBS) 58.6 Virginia Verrill. You'll enjoy her voice and selections.
98. SPOT LIGHTS ON THE PERSONALITIES (NBC) 58.5 With Parks Johnson and Jerry Belcher pop- ular the question.
99. BETWEEN THE BOOKENDS (CBS) 56.3 Ted Malone selling enthusiasm for the books of the month.
100. TODAY'S CHILDREN (NBC) 58.1 Youth has the floor.
101. JERGENS PROGRAM WITH WALTER WINCHELL (NBC) 58.0 "Keyhole" corn.
102. TED HUSHING AND THE CHARIOITEERS (CBS) 57.5 More enjoyable at a football game.
103. LEO SPITALNY'S ORCHESTRA (NBC) 57.2 Unusually fine.
104. WARDEN LAWS (NBC) 57.8 That's no law.
105. BROADWAY VARIETIES (CBS) 57.7 Carmel Possible goes Broadway.
106. JIMMY FIDLER AND HIS HOLLYWOOD GOSPIAL (NBC) 56.6 Jimmy features no stone turned.
107. VAUGHN DE LEATH (NBC) 56.6 An old favorite still going strong.
108. THE O'NEILLS (NBC) 55.7 The Doolings in Irish clothing.
109. CAPT. TIM'S ADVENTURE STORIES (NBC) 55.7 The human side of postage stamps.
110. MUSICAL TOAST WITH JERRY COOPER, SALLY SCHERMERHORN AND BOB BLOCK'S ORCHESTRA (CBS) 55.5 Jerry and Sally wearing harmony spells.
111. MARY PICKFORD—PARTIES AT PICK-FAIR (CBS) 53.3 America's sweetheart at hostess.
112. AMERICAN PAGEANT OF YOUTH (NBC) 54.5 Juvenile amateurs.
113. SWEETHEARTS OF THE AIR (NBC) 54.4 Breen and De Rose.
114. IRENE RICH (NBC) 54.2 The playlet's the thing.
115. SMILING ED (CBS) 54.0 Journeys through Scotland with Ed McCon- nell as tour-conductor.
116. SINCLAIR GREATER MINSTRELS (NBC) 54.0 "Talk Van" heading on another adventure.
117. PARIS NIGHT LIFE (CBS) 53.6 The boulevards after dark with Armanda and Pierre le Tonne.
118. LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE (NBC) 53.6 Sometimes the kiddies disagree with the critics.
119. IDA BAYLEY ALLEN (NBC) 53.6 Your favorite crooner dispensing some of her lore.
120. PICK AND PAT (CBS) 53.5 Unbeatable minstrel combination.
121. BETTY AND BOB (NBC) 52.6 Deranging domestic skins with recipes for those who like them.
122. HOME SWEET HOME (NBC) 51.7 Listen in on this typical American suburban family.
123. HOSTESS COUNSEL (CBS) 50.8 Sound advice on the gentle art of entertaining and amusing your guests.
124. NATIONAL AMATEUR NIGHT (CBS) 50.1 Amateur talent on display with Ray Perkins as M. C.
125. FIVE STAR JONES (CBS) 50.1 Exciting drama in the life of a star reporter.
126. MA PERKINS (NBC) 49.0 Motherly advice on the neighborhood problems.
127. PHIL COOK, LANDT TRIO AND WHITI (NBC) 48.5 "Mwah" trio singing and light comedy.
128. MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH (CBS) 48.5

RADIO STARS

SAVOY-PLAZA

Overlooking Central Park

FIFTH AVE. • 58TH TO 59TH STS • NEW YORK

82
Like the breath of warm spring air laden with love

GARDENIA

FAOEN Gardenia captures the true fragrance of those fragile blossoms to give you pulsating glamour and youthful delicacy...a perfume ever reminiscent of Spring...and eternal romance. Gives you an elusive sparkle that seems to characterize some lovely creature as poignant, beautiful, wistfully perfect and divinely gay. Seek out this marvelous perfume at any 5 and 10 cent store.

PARK & TILFORD

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10c For trial size
sonally, she has had to employ three secretaries to take care of the answers to all these queries.

Speaking of listening, Dorothy Thompson, famous woman journalist and wife of the noted author, Sinclair Lewis, touches a subject close to our heart when she refers to us as "lazy listeners." And not only lazy listeners, but timid thinkers!

Every other Tuesday Miss Thompson analyzes highlights of the news on NBC's Women's Radio Review. And she has, she declares, "an ulterior purpose." She wants people not only to listen, but to think—to do their own analyzing, choose their own highlights and check their choices against her own.

"As a nation," we are the world's most timid thinkers, Miss Thompson says, "we act impulsively. We're never afraid of action, no matter how unsafe. But whenever we suspect a public figure of thinking—then we get suspicious!"

Let's take Dorothy up on that listening and thinking. . . We might even find something to be indignant about! We might do something about it...

Eddie Dowling's mother was one who "did something about it!" We know you'll enjoy Eddie's story, on Page 28 in this magazine. . . Mrs. Dowling listened— to many a tale of trouble and disaster. . . And she didn't just say, "Isn't that too bad!" Or: "I'm so sorry!" She went out and did something to help—paid the rent, or called the doctor, or bought a ton of coal, or found a job for someone. . . And she made life a grand story.

The same sort of spirit has characterized Eddie Dowling's rise to the top flight of stage and radio comedians. His program, the Elgin Review, is worth listening to — though the material could be better. Maybe somebody will do something about that!

Here's a novel idea for these days— though it really is old as the hills! Jan Peerce is putting it into practice however. Jan pays his physician an annual fee to keep him healthy, instead of consulting him only when he is ill. As you doubtless know, that's an old Chinese custom.

Something of a different sort has come down through the years to Frances Adair, NBC soprano. Frances' most cherished possession is a doll, one hundred years old. Her great-great-grandmother made it for Frances' great-grandmother.

And speaking of dolls, Irene Wicker, The Singing Lady, wife of Walter Wicker and mother of two tall children, looks like a boudoir Dresden doll. But far from being a baby doll, Irene has a truly amazing fund of knowledge on many widely diversified subjects, as her charmingly entertaining program, created entirely by herself, demonstrates. Despite which, when the day of television arrives, Irene is going to find it hard to escape being cast as a Dresden doll—or, at least, a wise-eyed child!

It's going to complicate things, isn't it?—when the program for a dramatic script must choose his actors to stand the test of sight as well as sound!

Just to be helpful, we offer a few outstanding types:

A political campaign leader . . . Ben Bernie
A college professor . . . Don Bestor
College sophomore (in his first long pants) . . . Stuart Churchill
A banker . . . Emil Coleman
A Wall Street broker . . . Jan Peerce
Genial restaurant owner . . . Mark Warmow
Society playboy . . . Franklin Parker
Professional football player James Melton
A radio bandleader . . . Hal Kemp

Now all we need is the script!

We've just heard of an unusual tribute to a radio star and her program. At Oak Lawn, Rhode Island, a children's home has been built and named the Mary Martin Home, in honor of Joan Blaine, who plays the title role in the CBS story, Mary Martin. The building originally was a mansion owned by an elderly couple, who converted it as a memorial to their two grandchildren. The grounds contain many flower gardens, each of which is to be dedicated to a radio star. A hedge of lilacs borders the Joan Blaine garden—since lilacs are frequently mentioned in The Story of Mary Martin.

Just time to make note of the report that the romance of Jim and Marian Jordan (NBC's Fibbon McGee and Molly) began when Jim was ten years old and Marian eight. They were attending separate schools in the same Illinois township and Molly's school gave a party, at which Molly performed an Irish jig. Jim never forgot it. Fifteen years later they were married.

"And now"—as Bouke Carter would say, "I see that my time's up . . ." So, until another month, the Radio Rambler will gather upon these "seashells" —and go to press.
your eyes. When it comes to evening make-up, or daytime dressy make-up, you will want to counteract this tendency with eyeshadow and mascara in the shade that best brings out and intensifies your eye coloring.

I accused Rosemary and Priscilla of trying to travel around incognito by wearing dark glasses for all their pursuits under the sun.

The girls eyed me unblinkingly while I squinted at them accusingly in the bright sunlight. "There, you see!" They pointed at me gleefully. "That's why we wear glasses!"

But I was not to be discomfited. Rosemary had an extra pair of nice smoked goggles which she lent me, while I pursued the dark problems of proper eye care.

Your eyes get a lot of hard usage during your sojourns on the beach, even though you may not be conscious of the fact. They get a lot of hard usage when you're driving, too, squinting at that white ribbon of a road that winds ahead. They should certainly be bathed three or four times a day with a good eye lotion or eye wash. If they get red and swollen, pads of cotton, wrung out in a soothing eye bath, will do wonders toward bringing them back to comfortable normalcy and beauty.

There is a new kind of eye lotion that I want to tell you about, because it seems to me about the best guarantee of eye comfort and beauty that I can suggest for your vacation time needs. It is a marvelous aid toward soothing and refreshing tired and strained eyes. And it's quick as a wink. I understand that it is made from a formula recently perfected by several leading eye specialists, and I aim told that it is really quite miraculous in clearing up the red bloodshot condition that we all detest and deplore, and for which we have had no quick first-aid remedies until now. It is safe, pure, and absolutely stainless.

It does make the eyes clearer and more sparkling. Now it is all very well for some well-meaning soul to say, "Your eyes looked tired. You need more sleep." But what if you have an important social engagement that very evening, and a beauty nap is out of the question. Whisk out your eye lotion (it comes with a special eye dropper), and then lie down and relax for just ten minutes. You'll be amazed at the sparkling results.

And now if you want your eyes to have "it," and want to make the very most of your opportunities for summer glamour, you'll clip out this coupon and send it in today.

Mary Biddle
RADIO STARS
149 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Please send me your bulletin on "The Summer Beauty Broadcast."

Name

Address

(Personal questions on all beauty problems always receive personal replies.)
Lanny Looks Ahead

(Continued from page 25)

Show Boat. I just sang some songs. Then, in 1932, the Show Boat was started, and I have been with it ever since. Last summer I had, in addition, the State Fair program.

I asked him if he still had a voice double on the Show Boat program, as he had at the beginning.

"No," said Lanny. "I do it all now. One of the hardest things to overcome, he went on, "is the inertia of the sponsor to believe that you can do more than one thing. If they know that you can sing, they can't bring themselves to admit that you also can talk. I had to show them."

He showed them very effectively last summer, in a play called Petticoat Fever, in which he played the leading role with gratifying success.

I asked if he thought the Show Boat program would continue in its established form, with its mixture of romance and comedy and song which has been so popular.

"It may be changed," Lanny said slowly. "But whether it changes or not, I am going to change." He looked ahead along the path he has marked out for his future course, his serious blue eyes visioning the successive steps before him.

"I am going to do a number of different things," he went on, after a moment. "I am studying for opera—music, languages, acting. I am going to give some concerts. I am going to make a movie."

"And, this summer, I shall take a vacation from the Show Boat and go out to Hollywood, to play the leading role in a new musical produced by Henry Duffy. The operetta, written by Fritz Loewe, a Viennese, is called Set to Music. It will open at El Capitan Theatre in Hollywood and later go to San Francisco for a limited engagement. Billie Burke and Charles Butterworth will be in the cast.

"And of course," Lanny mused, "I shall be very busy with intensive study for my first concert program. I shall be back here in New York in the fall, to make my concert début at Town Hall on Sunday afternoon, November 15th. My teacher," he added, "is Cesare Stanza, who has trained many opera stars..."

It looks like a full program, indeed—radio—movies, musical comedy, concert—opera—with the inevitable hours of study and practice and rehearsal, as well as the actual performances. And, somewhere in between, time to visit the farm near Milbrook, New York, to attend to its reconditioning.

He likes the country, Lanny says. And so does Mrs. Ross.

"We like to go fishing together," he said, "but not in the stream on our farm— somehow those fish seem like friends. We wouldn't want to catch them! Yes, we like country life, but we like the city, too. The contacts, our friends, all seem an essential part of the picture."

"I suppose," Lanny pondered, "that I would get more done, get ahead faster toward what I want, if I spent more time away from the city, studying, working—but I don't want to cut myself off entirely from my friends and the contacts that living and working here develop. They're good. They all contribute something."

"I like travel," he went on. "But," and he smiled, "even in New York you can get a sense of travel in far places—in the restaurants! You can find a real corner of Italy, of France, of Russia, Sweden, the Far East, and eat the authentic food of those places. It gives you something of what travel gives you," said Lanny. "The atmosphere, the language, the food... It's really an adventure."

Lanny may speak with authority because he has traveled in far lands. He
has made five trips to Europe. England, in a sense, is home to him, since both his father and his mother were born there. Lanny, however, was born in the United States—in Seattle, Washington, on January 19th, 1906, to be exact.

"So I am an American. I can be president," said Lanny, grinning and sticking his thumb in the arm-holes of his vest.

The restaurant where we were lunching is near Radio City. At the next table to ours sat Margaret Speaks, of the Firestone program, with William Daly, maestro of the Firestone Symphony Orchestra, and some friends.

"Quite a popular place for radio people," commented Lanny. He went on to speak of the vast audience that a radio star has, as compared with that of great stars of the theatre a generation ago.

"Take Booth," said Lanny, "or Otis Skinner in his early days, William Gillette—all those great actors who made the old Empire Theatre famous and glamorous—how few people, comparatively, ever saw or heard them. While we of the radio, of far lesser attainments, play to audiences that cover the country."

"And," I suggested, "although they never see you, how much closer to them you are than were those great ones of the stage to their audiences. You come into their homes. They know you and love you, like a son or a brother or a sweetheart. They wait each week for your home-coming."

"That makes me feel very humble," said Lanny softly. "It's a very wonderful thing. . . ."

"The movies," he reflected, "bring you even more closely to people. They can see you as well as hear you. . . ."

"I'd like," said Lanny thoughtfully, "to make two movies a year. . . . We all would like to do that. And I'd like to give two concerts a year. . . . And have a good radio program. . . . And I want to write, too," he repeated. "I was an editor once, myself—" a college paper?" Again that frank, engaging grin. "Serious-minded though he is, Lanny can smile at himself."

"I like to read," said Lanny. "True stories about people—how they became what they are—what hard knocks they took, without quitting. . . . And I like romance, adventure, mystery. . . . I like to read: "There was a shot in the darkness. . . . A hand reached slowly around the door. . . . And then—Continued in our next issue!"

And he laughed.

One can see why Lanny Ross is in demand socially. A good companion. Thoughtful. Kindly. Interested in what others are doing. Keenly alive and alert and ambitious. At a glance he looks younger than his thirty years, but as he talks one perceives a maturity of understanding gained from varied experience.

Lanny Ross has a sound sense of values. Whatever he does, he will do it thoroughly and well. He is not complacent, not easily satisfied. His career, thus far, is one to be proud of—but Lanny makes no pose of success. He feels, as Captain Henry of the Show Boat used to say: "It's only the beginning, folks—onlee the bee-ginn-ing!"

So, with his birthright of music and adventure and courage, with sincerity and honor and keen zest, Lanny Ross will go on, as his pioneer forefathers went, to new worlds of artistic success and of ample and fruitful living.
32 Girls and a Man

(Continued from page 9)

By the author of "The Woman's Sex"

LONDON (Reuters) - A new theory that women are more intelligent than men has been given a boost by a study of more than 100,000 IQ tests.

The study, published in the journal Psychological Science, found that women scored an average of 10 points higher than men on tests of verbal and relational abilities.

The researchers, from the University of California, Berkeley, say the findings challenge the stereotype that men are better at spatial and mathematical tasks.

Lead author Dr. Jane Heine, a psychologist at the University of British Columbia, said: "We've seen evidence that women are more emotionally intelligent and better at social skills, but we haven't seen evidence that women are more intelligent overall."

The study, which included data from 12 studies published in the past 20 years, found that women scored higher on tests of verbal ability, but not on tests of mathematical ability.

Dr. Heine said: "We found that women scored higher on verbal tests than men, but they scored lower on tests of mathematical ability.

"This suggests that women may be better at verbal tasks, but men may be better at mathematical tasks."

The researchers say the findings could have implications for education and career choices.

Dr. Heine said: "We need more research on the topic, but these findings could help inform policies on educational and career opportunities for men and women.

"Women may be more likely to excel in fields that require verbal skills, such as humanities and social sciences."

But she added that further research is needed to understand the reasons behind the gender differences in IQ scores.

The study is published in the journal Psychological Science. The researchers hope their findings will help to challenge gender stereotypes and encourage more women to pursue careers in fields that are traditionally considered male-dominated.
"I interviewed eleven hundred girls before picking out the thirty-two for the orchestra," Phil told me. "Of course, I wanted to be sure that every girl I selected had character as well as musical ability. If I interviewed a girl and was satisfied with her playing, I'd sit and talk to her for a while. Then I'd make another appointment and talk to her again. Maybe be a third time, or a fourth. I had to be convinced that they were the sort of girls who wouldn't make trouble, who'd cooperate with the other girls, not permit jealousy to disrupt the organization, play fair, work hard—and above all, realize that the good of the organization as a whole was to their own personal gain. I guess my judgment must have been okay, for in three and a half years, I've only replaced six girls."

But what were his methods of directing thirty-two girls? How did Phil keep temperament from rearing its ugly head?

"It's perfectly simple," he explained. "I just forgot they're girls. To me, they're just thirty-two musicians—and when I say musicians, I mean musicians. Why, come right down to it, they're less trouble than guys. You never see any of my guys watching the clock at rehearsals. They are more patient and harder workers than men. And you know what makes the difference between a hack and a musician? The degree of perception. Well, that's where women have the edge on men because they're more emotionally sensitive."

Phil conducted auditions in every state in the union in selecting his band.

"And here's a funny thing," he said. "Of the thirty-two girls, nineteen came from small towns. Why, I found the girl from the small town more up-to-date than the big-city girl. I suppose she has more time to keep up with things. The small-town girl must have more time for practise, too, because the best musicians I found were in the small towns."

Now naturally, when you are interviewing a man who has thirty-two pulchritudinous young women working for him, there is one question, at any rate, that is what you might call a "natural." I had been watching for an opening. Phil laughed.

"When I first signed up the girls, I put a clause in all their contracts, forbidding them to marry within two years," he said, "but that clause is out now. The reason was simple enough. After all, this orchestra represented a $20,000.00 investment before it returned a penny. I had to bring these girls from all parts of the country, pay their expenses, besides living expenses and salaries, before I finally got work for them. Naturally, I didn't want them running out on me to get married. I chose single girls in the first place because I wanted their minds free from outside interests—or at any rate as free as they could be. Then, at the end of the two years, I omitted the clause."

"Why?" I asked. "Didn't you care then whether they got married or not?"

"No, it wasn't that," Phil assured me. "But you see, none of them want to get married now. They've had a taste of real independence—earning their own living and holding down a good, pleasant, well-paying job. You'll find when a girl's in that position, she doesn't think so much about marriage."

"And he learned about women from them."
“Listen, kid,” admonishes Eddie at luncheon, “drink your milk and eat that spinach. ‘No, don’t cut the fingers out of your good gloves for baseball.’ I’ll buy you handball gloves. Let’s see you imitate Buck Jones. Come on, now . . .”

And so it goes. The two of them fairly monopolize the conversation. Even the five talkative girls don’t get a chance to speak. For once, they’re reduced to silence. Occasionally, Eddie does notice us. He beams and remarks:

“It’s good to have another man at the table, instead of eating three meals a day with a bunch of women!”

If we weren’t so fond of Eddie and so pleased to see him happy we might be a little jealous! So far, however, the only member of our household who has been bitten by the green-eyed monster is Janet, our youngest daughter. She also is eight years old—just Bobby’s age—and until he came along, she was the pet.

The first sign of hostility on her part came when her father wrote her a long letter about Bobby, just after they met in Hollywood. He was shouting the praises of this unusual and talented youngster.

Janet replied: “You just like him because he’s a boy. I’ll bet you’d be crazy about any boy!”

I think she’s becoming resigned to the situation by now, however. She even grins and blushes when we tease her about her new “sweethart.” They wrangle amicably and they play together, when there aren’t any adults around.

As I said before, Eddie and the Breen child met in Hollywood. My husband was working on his latest picture, Strike Me Pink. By chance, he heard Bobby singing at a benefit show. Impressed by the quality of his voice and delivery, he immediately signed him for the next broadcast.

Bobby’s sandal teardrop number, Santa, Bring My Mummy Back to Me, and followed that up, the next week, with Treasure Island. Both were pouring in.

When we went to Hollywood Beach, Florida, last winter, Eddie sent for Bobby, who joined him there and became a regular entertainer on his weekly program. When we returned to New York, Bobby and his sister came along, too. The boy is now an established member of the cast of Eddie’s show.

Before he joined us, Bobby had suffered plenty of poverty, privations and heartaches. He tells his experiences with un- consciously humorous gravity, speaking just like an adult—though sometimes he lapses into the enthusiasm and the idiom of childhood.

“Yes, it’s been pretty tough, these last four or five years,” says Bobby, “but everything’s just fine, now.”

Sally “discovered” her brother’s voice when he was only three. The Breenens were then living in Toronto, Canada, where Bobby’s father was a storekeeper. Ambitious for the child’s success, the girl promoted his appearance at local amateur shows and even presented him at a night club, during the dinner hour.

“My sister has always given me voice lessons,” the tiny star remarks. “The first sound I ever made was Cryst for the Coro- lines. That went over very well. Then I sang Sonny Boy in black-face. Of all my songs, I guess I like Santa, Bring My Mummy Back to Me the best. It brought Uncle Eddie to me.”

Their parents refused to take Bobby’s career seriously, so game little Sally left home with him and went to Chicago, where for a year Bobby sang at local and nearby theatres. The girl worked in night clubs to eke out their slender income.

They decided New York was their next goal and made the entire trip by bus, Sally holding her brother on her knees to avoid paying a fare for him.

The boy was placed in the Professional Children’s School, and Sally went back to work. They lived in dreary rooming houses, hoping vainly for recognition. Then a big chance came. Bobby was asked to play in a picture, Let’s Sing Again. Once more they gambled. They spent all their money on the trip to Holly- wood, arriving with great expectations, but no contract. However, luck was with them. The movie was made, with Bobby in a starring rôle—and then they met my husband.

Life in Florida was a grand, glorious lark for both Bobby and Eddie. They played handball and baseball on the beach. Back in New York, Eddie had the thrill of escorting Bobby around the shops and buying boys’ clothes!

They thought they had seen the two of them, when the parcels started coming in—sturdy little brown oxfords, socks, blouses and a very “grown-up” blue silk dressing-gown. Bobby immediately donned the dressing-gown and began stripping nervously, with both hands, imitating his “Uncle Eddie” at home.

And then there was the argument over a beret versus a cap. Sally insisted on the beret but both Bobby and Eddie favored the cap. “A beret,” sneered Bobby, “is for sissies!”

Bobby looks very cute in his cap!

Their favorite game is playing cowboy. The boy has a collection of cowboy costumes—chaps, pistol belt, holster and gun. He delights in wearing them and Eddie, grinning from ear to ear, joins right in the make-believe by pretend- ing he’s a vigilante.

They also enjoy playing casino and rummy, for pennies or chips. Bobby likes to win but he also is absolutely furious if anyone “gives” him the game. He wants an honest victory—or none at all. Sometimes the boy arrives at our home before Eddie is out of bed in the morn- ing. Then what fun the two of them have. Like a small whirlwind, Bobby leaps on to the bed, playfully pummelling Eddie until he cries for mercy. They stage amateur boxing and wrestling matches.

Despite his precocity, Bobby’s a real
Beatrice Lillie, hilarious British comedienne, is the star of *The Flying Red Horse Tavern*. At first some thought her humor was unsuited for radio. Beatrice proved them wrong!

boy. He's been playing with the children of the neighborhood and prides himself on being a part of the "crowd," despite his professional experiences and stage background.

"I have a nickname," he announced proudly, the other day. "The gang calls me 'Spiky.' They wanted to call me 'Butch,' but I like 'Spiky' better."

He has several ambitions right now. My husband promised he could go to military academy in the near future. Bobby adores uniforms. He's not quite sure whether he wants to attend Annapolis or West Point, when he's old enough. However, he's pretty definite about one thing.

"I intend to be a great radio and screen star," he says positively. "Oh, I know it means a lot of hard work. But I don't mind. I love to work!"

Talk about baseball has been going on for quite a while. They chatter about the Yankees and New York Giants, incursions and outfields and strike-outs and three-baggers. Whenever we venture to utter a timid query, they unite in squelching us with a scornful: "This is men's talk— you wouldn't understand!"

For years and years Eddie has been trying, hopefully but vainly, to interest the girls in baseball. He started with Marjorie, the oldest, and went down the line. They'd go with him dutifully, but they just didn't share his enthusiasm. They would yawn and look around for the hot-dog man instead of watching the game. All too obviously, they were bored and glad when the ordeal was over.

And so, even if Bobby couldn't sing a note—even if he didn't happen to be a skillful actor and a tireless worker—I know Eddie would be delighted to have him around.

Summer, a hot sun, blue skies—and a small boy at his side, watching a baseball game!
or stops to console a crying youngster on the street.

She is devoted to her husband. And he adores her. The most important thing in life to Helen is her marriage, her husband's happiness. Because her sisters understand and appreciate this, her work with the trio has never interfered with her marriage. But when the group breaks up, her marriage will become a full-time career. And perhaps none of the sisters will make a greater success in her chosen work than Helen.

Very often the girls are asked which one is the most popular. Their quick and smiling answer is: "Patti." Patti is the baby of the family, the darling of the studio. When she was fourteen she substituted at a broadcast for Grace when Grace was ill. Then Patti stayed on as the third member of the trio while Grace became manager.

Patti is barely eighteen now, and in love. Deeply, devastatingly in love. To her, at the moment, the future is a lovely golden haze, with a rainbow halo. Rather indefinite, perhaps, but very beautiful.

But to those who know her, Patti's future seems fairly well indicated. For she is a natural comedienne. She was born with a gift for making people laugh. Singing with her sisters, she has to be careful, for one funny little gesture by Patti—a toss of her head, a lift of the hand—and the eyes of the audience center on her, amused and waiting for more.

Grace, who always is present when the girls sing, says that there are more comments about Patti than about either of the other sisters. Women may be envious of Helen's dark loveliness and the jealousy of Jane's brilliant beauty, but they always are disarmed and captivated by the winsome Patti.

Many think Patti is very beautiful. Others say it isn't beauty, but personality. Whatever it is, Patti is a Carmen! She is the adored, the worshipped.

When the trio breaks up, there is no doubt that Patti will have a chance at acting in Hollywood if she wants it. She photographs excellently and works easily in front of a camera. But if she chooses to ignore Hollywood—well, many a Broadway producer has watched with longing eyes Patti's ability to steal across the footlights into the hearts of an audience. And many a sponsor knows that Patti, all by herself, could enchant a million listeners.

Perhaps the hardest working of the Pickens Sisters is Grace, the eldest. She was a member of the singing trio only for the first six months of its existence, under-taking to manage its affairs after Patti proved that she was Grace's equal.

The other three say that without Grace they never could have succeeded. But she vigorously denies this.

Slender, delicately featured, with soft brown hair and thoughtful white-set eyes, Grace is quite unassuming. She is very sincere. She talks to Grace and you feel that, at last, you have met a woman who is just and reasonable and at all times calm.

When she and Helen and Jane were catapulted into their radio work four years ago, Grace had just begun a promising career as a writer. According to critics, she showed exceptional brilliance. When the singing trio breaks up and her sisters no longer need her, she will go back to her chosen work. Her ambition is to do fine writing—not the facile, popular stuff that is written swiftly and sold quickly, but something of real literary merit. She doesn't regret that the radio work has postponed the launching of her writing career. She feels that she has added the experiences of those years to her storehouse of knowledge and ideas—a storehouse to be tapped when she finally is able to retreat to the corner and start work on her literary endeavors.

Nor does Grace ever regret having given her place in the singing trio to Patti. She never loved the spotlight nor an audience's admiring attention. And she feels that she is more valuable to her sisters as their manager.

As a matter of fact, Grace is more than manager. She is critic, advisor, arranger,协调员. And that's a large order when you're handling a trio!

Here's a typical day in the life of the Pickens Sisters. The girls have rehearsed until late afternoon. They're due at the studio in four hours. Immediately after their broadcast, they are to make a personal appearance at a Broadway theater. This means that they must go to the broadcast gowned for the theater appearance and wearing stage make-up.

Helen has a six-thirty dinner engagement with her husband and a group of his friends. Patti and her pup, Spankey, were caught unawares and make a dash to the store. The girls do awful things to Patti's hair—all kinky, you know. She has to get to a hair-dresser. Jane, in the meantime, hasn't had a minute to get over to the costume department to have her white satin gown fitted. She was rehearsing for her own broadcast on the Job and hour when her sisters had their fittings. Jane must be at the dressmaker's before six or the gown won't be ready for the girls' appearance the following night.

Grace is convinced that they should run over that new song once or twice more before the broadcast. In the midst of trying to piece together this jigsaw puzzle of time, the telephone rings. It's the press agent at NBC. Can he bring a photographer over for an informal picture? It won't take a minute. He's promised an important magazine the photographs at once. The answer of course is: "Yes,"—though Grace knows a photographer almost takes an hour.

"When only one person is concerned," Grace points out, "appointments can be juggled in and it isn't so difficult to make a strenuous schedule fit into a day. But with three, no matter how careful each is, there always are mix-ups and tangles to be straightened out."

"These are problems you wouldn't think of!" Grace says. "The matter of clothes, for instance. Each of the girls has a different type of figure and different coloring.
Yet we have found that, when they sing, it is much more effective if they are dressed alike. Since they are three different heights, the dress must be designed without a belt or any horizontal lines. Such lines give a hodge-podge effect that isn't pleasing when the three girls are standing side by side. Fortunately, a dress that looks beautiful on Jane is unbecoming to Helen. Or if Helen can wear it, Patti can't. We design all our own clothes now, because through years of trial and error, we've learned the 'do's' and 'don'ts.' But it takes a great deal of thought and time, and endless hours of fitting, changing, and refitting.

"Life is ten times more complicated for a trio than for a soloist!" So Grace muses thoughtfully.

When you consider how very difficult it is and how very different these four girls are, you wonder that the combination has lasted as long as it has. Their life together has been as harmonious as their singing. There never has been a serious argument nor a flash of jealousy. It's partly because of the kind of people they are. For while they are widely divergent types, they all are understanding, considerate and well-bred young women. Each is proud of the other's successes and each gives the others credit for her own success in their bright career.

Furthermore, since none of the girls considered it her work's life, since each of them had plans apart from it, they've been spared the nervous strain of intense competition, the hectic scramble to stay on top, that tears at most stars in the entertainment world.

They sing at the mike with the same ease and assurance that they have always sung when grouped around the piano at home. Some families will away long evenings playing cards or reading aloud. The Pickens girls spent their evenings singing three-part harmony. Their mother is a good musician. Their father loved music. Their grandfather was a fine violinist. Each of the girls was born with perfect pitch—a quality rare, even among musicians. Each of them could carry a tune when she was a year old. They all learned to sing before they learned to talk.

There was a fifth girl in the family, a baby who died on her first birthday. The sisters say they remember that she already had begun to take her place in the family singing, her little treble voice carrying the melody sure and true.

They always have sung for the love of singing. They happened to break into radio because, coming to New York to visit Jane, the girls gathered around a piano at a friend's house and sang some of their old favorites just for fun. To the girls and their mother it was "just like old times, when we were all home together." But to the friend, the intricate harmonies and clear soft voices were the answer to a sponsor's prayer. A자 interested Paul Whiteman and Leo Reisman in the girls, NBC was sent a phonograph recording of one of their songs—and a contract followed. Ever since then they've been offered more contracts than they could handle.

It's a fine success story. But it may be nothing compared with the success story each of these girls will write for herself in the years to come.
Meet Mr. D. and the Brat

(continued from page 29)

Early in his Broadway days he met Ray Dooley and they were married.

"I was lucky," he said devoutly, "I was lucky!" And added: "She is like my mother." And what man knows any higher praise?

"She is quiet, shy," he continued. "It's rare in the theatre—the love of home, of scrupulous things. A boy doesn't meaning anything to her, in itself. She likes her work, but then she likes to learn it, to forget about it. She keeps herself apart. For instance, in this hotel where we are living, she'll slip out the back way and go to an early mass. Nobody knows when she comes or goes or what she does. She wants it that way..."

She is a tiny thing, Ray Dooley, with dark hair and shining dark eyes. It is hard to imagine her the mother of a twenty-year-old son but she is infinitely preader of that son than she is of her reputation as the famous 'brat' of the theatre.

"I guess we were the first of the 'hecklers'," Eddie muses, "but she was particularly famous for her own line. She was a 'heckler'—she was the 'heckler' in nine successive Follies! She played with Will Rogers and W. C. Fields—say, some of those skits were immense—do you remember?"

She saved many a show with her clever impersonations of a brat of a child who was always in the way, always getting everyone into trouble. When they struck any kind of hitch, were in doubt what to do, Ziegfeld used to say: "Send for Ray Dooley!"

She comes of an old theatrical and circus family and is a real trooper. But though she has shared Eddie's triumphs and known repeated triumphs of her own, she still 'likes home best'.

"That's the nice thing about radio," Eddie commented. "It's just fine for Ray and me—gives us a chance to get back and work together again. She loves it and it is a fine medium for her talent. I like it, too, but the pace is different from what I'm used to. I like the little love stories, the homey songs—like the songs I've written myself: White House, Cottage Small, End of the Road, Time Will Tell..."

"There is a place for that kind of thing on radio," I suggested, "the old, enduring type of comedy combined with sentiment—"

He nodded. "There should be. And there ought to be some way of getting around the time limit, when one more minute would mean getting one's message across. It will slow down, we'll stumble into a way to put over our shows at a more leisurely pace. Of course I'm just feeling my way in a new field—"

"I was limited in the theatre," he continued. "There was one type of thing I did best. I remember one—my first play was a success and George Cohan was congratulating me. 'You are young,' he said, 'and you don't need my advice—but recognize your own talent, what you do best and stick to it.' Don't go literary because you think that's what the critics want!"
And he added thoughtfully: "It's strange, isn't it, how we can destroy the thing that makes us? I've written a lot of plays since then, successes, too, and I still don't know just how it is done, but I know what he meant—and how right he was—"

Utterly candid as he is, Eddie readily admits his limitations—and that is a rare and endearing trait! And as Cohan pointed out, good business, too. So, what Eddie hopes to find in the next role is the opportunity to do the sort of thing he knows in his heart he still does best. Not so much gags and snappy comebacks as the combination of humor and sentiment that he put over so effectively on the stage.

"But," Eddie adds candidly: "I don't photograph well—and we like to be together—we like home too!"

Literally, home is Bay Side, New York, on the shore and a lovely spot it is. But wherever they are to be together and have their young son, Jack, with them—that's really home. Right now it is Chicago, with their interests centering in the Elgin program and in starting Jack's new career on a local newspaper.

A few years ago, Eddie thought seriously of retiring. He had all the money anyone needs to have and he thought he might as well sit back and enjoy it. But the New Deal came along, and made a direct appeal to his imagination, to his heart.

"I'm not a politician," Eddie explained to me carefully over the coffee cups, "and I'm certainly not radical, but I knew there had to be a new order. And I felt somehow that the successful people should temper their success with a bit of generosity and consideration. I couldn't ever reconcile the east and west sides of New York Avenue, Ninth Avenue, all the rest—with Fifth Avenue and Park Avenue right next door. The direst poverty and misery and ermine a city block apart! It's all wrong, you know. And I felt it was up to those of us who were successful to take time out from our busy affairs, our selfish interests, to help—as far as we could."

It was as practical, as simple as that, to Eddie. And so, through all the years of the depression, Eddie Dowling produced plays and gave employment to from fifty to three hundred people every week—and paid them every week. He and his wife...
Comfy Baby!

BECAUSE OF HIS OLIVE OIL BABY POWDER

Mother, prickly heat and diaper rash both yield quickly to the soothing, cooling comfort of Z.B.T. Baby Powder. That’s because Z.B.T. is the only baby powder containing olive oil, which makes it longer-lasting, non-sticky, and superior in smoothness (what the doctors call “slip”). Free from zinc in any form, Z.B.T. Baby Powder is approved by Good Housekeeping and your baby. Large 25c and 50c sizes.

Z.B.T.

OLIVE OIL BABY POWDER

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WITHOUT CALOMEL

And You’ll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Rarin’ to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn’t digest. It just decays. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

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

As The Story of Mary Martin goes on the air—Robert E. Griffin, as Joe Martin, reads his lines with Joan Blaine, as Mary Martin. This program remains one of enduring popularity with numerous listeners.

drew no salaries themselves but were content to put everything they had into their shows—Big Hearted Herbert, His Double Life, Thumbs Up were among them—satisfied that in this way they were doing their bit to lick the depression!

“I always had a fear of poverty—naturally enough. So we were frugal and always lived modestly—we never felt the urge to splurge, to throw money away. And we felt that by using our money this way, we were working toward a better order of things.”

Idealistic Eddie! He was to learn that not one man nor a few can do much to change the existing order of things.

“It didn’t work out,” he said simply. “Business isn’t run that way.”

He had been willing to invest nearly half a million dollars to help make that dream come true, but when the money was gone, Utopia seemed little nearer! However, he has no personal regrets, for he has the satisfaction of knowing that he tried, that he did his best.

I mentioned a little while ago that Ray Dowling was shy, unwilling to talk about himself. You couldn’t accuse Eddie of shyness—he is a ready, interesting talker—about everything in the world but himself! But when it comes to pinning him down, to getting him to talk about Eddie Dowling, it’s another story. He loves to talk about ‘Dooley’—that ‘teency’ Dooley who incredibly combines the pert humor of that impossible child we know on stage and screen and radio with the enduring charm of a beloved wife and mother. He loves to talk about people he has known, in his travels and in the theatre. Of Kate Smith, whom he introduced in Honeymoon Lane, one of his greatest successes—it ran fifteen months on Broadway; of Benny Goodman, his orchestra leader, who is making such a success of the new swing music; of Clark and McCullough, recently tragically parted by death, who were featured in his recent Thumbs Up and who have been the Dowlings’ friends for years. And of his mother, with her warm heart and great ways...

But Eddie Dowling—why, he’s only one of the many Dowlings of Rhode Island. “Shoot a gun full of bird shot on Rhode Island,” Eddie laughed, “and you’ll hit a Dowling with every shot!” He’s had a bit of luck and he’s grateful for it—and his eyes glow as he is reminded of another story about his wife or his son’s.

And then he tells you that when the President asked him how he liked the inaugural address, he confessed that it had moved him to tears. And the late Secretary of the Treasury Woodin said: “That’s because it came from the left side, Eddie.” And you know that stories from the heart will always move Eddie Dowling. Know that, in addition to a grand sense of humor, a real feeling for comedy, he has a sentimental, idealistic side that is very near the surface.

“You forget a laugh,” he says, “but you never forget a tear.”

Perhaps it is because he has a grown-up son, perhaps it is just because he is such an understanding sort of person. Anyway, what Eddie likes best to remember about his New York productions of the last few years is his association with the young folks starting out on the road he himself has traveled.

“I handled hundreds of kids,” he said, “but I never sent one out discouraged. What’s a little white lie, in a case like that? Maybe they aren’t meant for the theatre, maybe they’ll fail—but they’ll find it out soon enough. Being curt, abrupt with them hurts them. What you leave with a youngster, that youngster never forgets. So, when you come in contact with them, when you try to give them advice—never leave them with a note of discouragement. You never know what a bit of encouragement will do to a kid...

What I’ve been trying to say is that he is a grand guy, Eddie Dowling! Tune in on the Eddie Dowling Revue—you’ll laugh at that perverse enfant terrible so cleverly impersonated by Ray Dooley, and at the charm and wit of her partner, Mr. D.L.

Finds Way To Have Young Looking Skin at 35!

SMART, modern women no longer submit to the tragedy of “old skin” just because they are 35, 35, 40! A wonderful new creme, applied at night like cold cream, acts a scientific way to free the skin of that veil of semi-visible darkening particles which ordinary creams cannot remove after a certain age. So gentle and quick—often only 5 days—it is time enough to bring out a glorious rose petal softness and fineness and white, clear look of youth. And, the way it eliminates common surface blemishes—ugly pimples, blackheads, freckles—is a revelation! Ask for this creme—Golden Peacock Bleach Creme at all drug and department stores.

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The publishers of RADIO STARS guarantee that you will be satisfied with your purchase of every packaged product advertised in this magazine. If for any reason you are dissatisfied, RADIO STARS will replace the product or, if you prefer, refund your purchase price. In either case all you have to do is to send us the unused portion, accompanied by a letter outlining your complaint. This guarantee also applies if the product, in your opinion does not justify the claims made in its advertising in RADIO STARS.

Careful examination before publication and rigid censorship, plus our guarantee, enable you to buy with complete confidence the products you see advertised in this issue of RADIO STARS.

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Although we make every effort to insure the accuracy of this index, we take no responsibility for an occasional omission or inadvertent error.
RADIO LAUGHS

SELECTED SNICKERS FROM YOUR FAVORITE FUNSTERS

DON: Say, Jack—you're trembling all over.
JACK: No, Don, just in New York, but Don, I didn't expect such a reception on my return here... the applause, the cheers, the flowers...
DON: What flowers?
JACK: Here—in my lapel.
JACK BENNY and DON WILSON, Jello Program.)

EUGENE: At last we're off for France! Willie, what time is it?
WILLIE: Half past eight bells!
EUGENE: What kind of talk is that?
WILLIE: Major Boxes!
(WILLIE and EUGENE HOWARD, Folies de Paree.)

PICK: Boy, where does you reside at?
PAT: Oh, I got a swell room over a vacant lot.
PICK: Boy, what you talkin' about? There ain't no room over a vacant lot!
PAT: There's lots of room over a vacant lot.
(PICK and PAT, One Night Stands.)

CANTOR: You know what a senator is?
PARKY: There's a Matador, a Pica-
dor and a Senator.
CANTOR: No, stupid—Matadors and Picadors fight the bull.
PARKY: I see... Senators just throw the bull!
(EDDIE CANTOR and PARKYA-KARKUS, Pepeco Program.)

BOB: My little nephew is very fond of the name "Ben," and he named his puppy that. However, as the dog grew up it became evident that he had been misnamed. After a consultation with his mother, the kid changed it to "Ben Hur."
(BOB BURNS, Kraft Music Hall.)

JACK: Mary, do you think the scenery out West is better than in the East?
MARY: Sure, Jack. I think the Panama Canal is wonderful.
JACK: The Panama Canal is down south, Mary.
MARY: I know, but it's good enough to be in Hollywood.
(JACK BENNY and MARY LIVINGSTONE, Jello Program.)

DALE: I know a lot of other monkeys, too.
SMITH: I'll have you understand I'm a man who made his mark in the world.
DALE: I know you make marks... but can you write?
(SMITH and DALE, Vallee Varieties.)

M. C.: You certainly must know what a ritual is. Look—what comes down out of the mountains and goes on forever?
RUBIN: Hill Billies.
(BENNY RUBIN, Variety Show.)

GOOSE: I've worked out a use for trained fleas.
ANNCR: You certainly have a large field to work in.
GOOSE: Why, I've hardly scratched the surface!
(Design for Listening.)

KENNY: I'm still wearing my winter underwear.
JACK: Why Kenny, this is June. For heaven's sake—how long do you wear winter underwear?
KENNY: Down to my ankles.
(JACK BENNY and KENNY BAKER, Jello Program.)

PORTLAND: I got a tip on the fifth race this afternoon, Fred.
FRED: Let's hear it—is it hot?
PORTLAND: It's a cinch. The jockey has hallowed. The horse wins trying to get away.
(FRED ALLEN and PORTLAND HOFFA, Town Hall Tonight.)

PHIL: Well, Harry, I see you've got your new suit on.
HARRY: Yes, Phil. It's herring-bone.
PHIL: It smells like it.
HARRY: Yeah! Look at your suit. The pant legs are short the cuffs are talking to the shoes.
PHIL: What are they saying?
HARRY: Why don't you come up and see me sometime?
(PHIL BAKER and HARRY VON ZELL, Gulf Program.)
CUTEX PRESENTS

A Wonderful New Liquid Polish

ORDINARY, OLD-STYLE POLISH

Evaporates in the bottle
Hard to apply ... Blotches
Tends to crack and peel

NEW CUTEX POLISH

Goes on more smoothly.
Fades and streaks in the sun

A higher Lustre
Resists fading—retains its true color for days

Here is an entirely new liquid polish. Based on a brand-new formula! It's the first real improvement in liquid polish in 10 years, and we're proud of it. It's the polish women have been waiting for!

A stronger, more durable Lacquer... The new Cutex Liquid Polish takes a little longer to dry because it's a stronger, finer lacquer. But you don't mind that because it's twice as lovely, more lustrous and wears longer than ever before! Now even nails that go in the dishpan 3 times a day come out shining and smooth and unstreaked!

It goes on even more smoothly. Not a bit of difficulty—and never a sign of the blotching that sometimes used to ruin the whole effect. You're going to love it.

Resists the Sun, too! Tests on the new polish show that at last the old summer sun has been beaten. At its brightest, it can't fade and streak the true, new Cutex shades—after a whole week!

Even more Economical... You'll be grateful for this. The new Cutex is usable right down to the very last drop in the bottle! No thickening or drying up. All you have to do is to take ordinary care in closing the bottle between applications.

Remember, you get our superior new Cutex for exactly the same price—just 35¢ a bottle. In 8 authentic shades—the newest shade is Rust—perfect for sun-tanned fingers. All shades at your favorite shop.

Try the new Cutex tomorrow. You'll be amazed and delighted at the new lasting beauty of your new Cutex nails.


Your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Polish Remover and sample of Lipstick for 14¢!

Northam Warren Sales Company, Inc.
Dept. 6-M-7, 51 Hudson Street, New York
(In Canada, P. Q. Box 2300, Montreal)

I enclose 14¢ for 2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, as checked, and Polish Remover. Rose [ ] Rust [ ] Cardinal [ ] Baby [ ] (Also sample of Cutex Lipstick will be included.)

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Address __________________________
City __________________ State _______
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We'll get off when the tide gets low.
What do we care—we're high and dry
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give smokers a lot of pleasure
Don't be sticky, wilted, and unattractive! Use Irresistible TALC to give you cool allure on hottest days. Easily, quickly, you can dust body odor away with this dainty perfumed deodorant talcum or dusting powder. Apply it generously all over your body.

When you haven't time for a bath, heat and weariness are banished by a quick rub with Irresistible COLOGNE on your entire body. It's a tingling, refreshing treat. Finish with Irresistible TALC or DUSTING POWDER for daintiness and flower-like fragrance, the fragrance of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. Your whole body will then feel invigorated, young, glorified!

Try all the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Each has some special feature that gives you glorious new loveliness. Certified pure. Laboratory tested and approved.

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Irresistible
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HOSTESS: "Your picture is disgraceful. No girl with a spark of intelligence or breeding would ever eat like that." (But your dentist disagrees—emphatically.)

DENTIST: "That picture is a perfect lesson in the proper exercise of teeth and gums. I hope millions of people see it. If more people chewed as vigorously, there would be far fewer gum disorders—fewer evidences of that dental warning 'pink tooth brush'."

Check up on your own menu, and you will see the dentist's point. The modern menu is a soft-food menu. It deprives teeth and gums of the work and exercise and stimulation they need. No wonder gums grow weak and tender—no wonder "pink tooth brush" is such a common warning.

"Pink Tooth Brush" is serious
The first sign of that tinge of "pink" calls for a visit to your dentist. You may be in for serious trouble. But he is far more likely to tell you to take better care of your gums, to give them more stimulation, more exercise. And he may tell you—he usually does—to switch to Ipana Tooth Paste and massage. Follow his advice. Rub a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth! For Ipana is especially designed to help your gums as well as clean your teeth. You'll soon notice an improvement in the health of your gums. New circulation wakens lazy tissues. Gums grow stronger. They feel firmer. They look better.

So switch to Ipana today. The first ten days of Ipana and massage will show an improvement. And thirty days will convince you that you should have changed to this modern, sensible health measure long ago.
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THEY PLAY THRILLING ROLES IN M-G-M’S DRAMATIC ROMANCE “Suzy”

JEAN HARLOW
“I’m Suzy. I loved that guy and when they shot him I fled to France. Sure, I gave my tips to Andre—but I never knew....”

CARY GRANT
“I’m Andre. Yes, I was weak. I loved that girl but somehow the night life of Paris got me—and those secret plans! That’s how it happened!”

FRANCHOT TONE
“I’m Terry. I should have known that slinky dame spelled DANGER. And then Suzy walked out on me, too...”

“Did I Remember?”
Here Jean is singing the tune that’s sweeping the country. Incidentally, watch for the Parisian cabaret scenes where Suzy struggles to earn a living.
Well, here we are again with the monthly harvest of our rambles along radio’s highways and byways. . .

Quite a number of radio’s stars are rambling, too—some vacationing, others working in new fields. To a few, summer is holiday time, to many it means movie-making, linked up with the business of broadcasting. Following the movies to the Coast twenty of the forty major national programs over CBS and NBC now originate in the film capital.

Burns and Allen, starting another picture for Paramount, send their weekly Wednesday evening broadcast from Hollywood. Jack Benny, also signed for a Paramount film, will soon air his show from there.

Bing Crosby and Bob Burns, the Sage of Van Buren, carry on their radio entertainment while working on their picture, Rhythm on the Range.

Eddie Cantor is signed to make a picture for Samuel Goldwyn and United Artists. His next season’s programs, under a new sponsor, will emanate from Hollywood. Bobby Breen, Eddie’s eight-year-old “adopted son,” is making his second film for Principal Pictures. Parleykabrus, Eddie’s Greek dialect stooge, will be featured by RKO-Radio Pictures in a film with Joe Penner. And Announcer Jimmy Wallington is signed at still another studio.

Fred Allen probably will broadcast Town Hall Tonight from Hollywood in the fall. Kate Smith will co-star with Shirley Temple in a new picture. After the summer months, Walter O’Keefe probably will resume his radio work from the Coast.

Other programs emanating from the Coast are the Hollywood Hotel, Mary Pickford’s Parties at Pickfair, The Swift Studio Party, with Sigmund Romberg and Lionel Barrymore, Shell Chateau and Marion Talley’s programs. One Man’s Family comes from San Francisco.

Ben Bernie and James Melton are said to be looking westward.

Among the vacationers, Edward MacHugh, NBC’s Gospel Singer, is visiting his . . .

(Continued on page 72)
RADIO STARS

WISH I WAS HOME AGAIN—I HATE THIS PLACE...

SALLY'S BAD SKIN NEARLY QUEERED HER WHOLE SUMMER

WHAT'S THAT NICE LITTLE SALLY SMITH DOING AROUND HERE ALONE? I THOUGHT ALL THE YOUNG THINGS HAD GONE OFF ON A PICNIC

IT'S JUST A SHAME THE WAY SHE GETS LEFT OUT OF THINGS

HOW ABOUT GOING DOWN THE LAKE WITH ME THIS MORNING, SALLY?

OH, I'D LOVE TO

ISN'T THIS A PERFECT PLACE?

WELL, I'D LIKE IT LOTS MORE IF I COULD ONLY GET IN WITH THE CROWD... BUT I GUESS A GIRL WITH PIMPLES LIKE MINE JUST HASN'T A CHANCE

NOW, SALLY, JUST YOU REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU ABOUT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. I'M SURE IT WILL CLEAR UP YOUR SKIN. TRY IT, WON'T YOU?

I CERTAINLY WILL—I'M GOING DOWN TO THE VILLAGE RIGHT NOW TO GET SOME

Don't let adolescent pimples keep YOU from making friends

GOOD TIMES can be sadly hampered by a pimply skin. Yet many young people have to fight this trouble after the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer.

During this period, important glands develop and final growth takes place. The entire system is disturbed. The skin, in particular, gets extremely sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin and unsightly pimples break out.

But these adolescent pimples can be corrected. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast clears the skin irritants out of the blood. Then, the pimples go!

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily—one cake about ½ hour before each meal. Eat it plain, or dissolved in a little water until your skin clears. Start today!
Summer slimness and beauty are available for each of us and by a painless process
downed in the matter of summer vacations. They have to take their vacations bit by bit, because the radio show must go on in the summertime, for your amusement and mine. When we vacation, our portable radios go with us, to the seaside, the mountains, or the farm; radio travels with us on the highways, in the air, on the water and by rail. So radio stars must keep the show going and depend on week-ends and spare hours to do their part-time vacationing.

Let's take a peck at the summer activities and appetites of radio's feminine stars. Gladys Swarthout finds bicycling one of her favorite pastimes, whether it be on the Central Park bicycle path in New York, or down the winding lanes in and around Hollywood and Beverly Hills. Virginia Verrill gets a lot of practical exercise mowing the lawn. The pet passion of Gogo DeLys is golf. Irene Rich is a superb horsewoman and is very fond of swimming; but in New York she gets the largest part of her exercising in walking. And walk she does, three to five miles every day. Helen Hayes spends a great deal of time working in her flower garden. Gracie Barrie is an enthusiastic gardener and is pretty much of a vegetarian in the summertime. When in New York, she likes to spend week-ends at the Bernie Milk and Health Farm, in Sunny Ridge, Harrison, New Jersey. Fresh vege-
tables are raised right on the farm for the enjoyment of the guests who are not on a strict milk reducing diet. Durelle Alexander is another radioite who likes spending week-ends at the Bernie Farm, drinking milk to her heart's content, basking in the sun, playing handball and rambling about the grounds and gardens that are part of the beautiful old farm.

Vegetable gardens and milk diets are no exclusive properties of the figure-conscious radio stars. Most all of us can have a little garden plot, unless we live in a city and in the latter case we can get a little exercise by walking briskly to our favorite large vegetable market. You, who are complaining about the frequency with which you have to weed the garden, should be delighted to remember that the stooping and bending involved is even better for your figure than setting-up exercises. Just try to keep your back straight and stretch, reach as far as you can. When you hoe your rows, as Gracie Barrie is doing, put your emphasis on that forward pull of the hoe. It is grand for the upper arm muscles that help to control the bust.

For your gardening costume, take a tip from Gracie and wear a shirt and shorts, if your neighbors and your figure will stand the shock; otherwise, wear the more concealing culottes, the modern feminine costume for bicycling, beach wear and almost every other sports activity. Never wear anything tight, any more than you would for a gymnasium class. Gardening is exercise! And wear a wide-brimmed hat to protect your face so that you won't get "brown as a berry."

Trying to make all your summer activities as (Continued on page 71)
SUMMER, as you know, brings many changes in the radio line-up. Some of the stars go off the air completely, grabbing a boat for Europe, a train for the Adirondacks or a plane for Hollywood. Others switch programs, hours and sponsors (thereby leaving a devoted following of fans madly twisting dials in a despairing search for the familiar voices of their radio favorites.)

Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson, for instance, are of the latter type—they haven’t deserted us by any means but they have switched to a new show and hour. So you’ll have to get into the summer spirit of the thing and change your tuning in order to continue hearing them broadcast in their easy, pleasant style during the hottest of summer days! It will be Sunday nights at 7:30 over WABC for the next two or three months if you want to listen to the friendly voices and cheery chuckles of one of radio’s
At home on their country estate in Massachusetts, the Crumits go in for bicycling and salads in a big way—and both for the same reason, keeping thin!

most popular and devoted couples. But since this is an article dealing primarily with summer foods rather than with summer schedules, let’s tune in immediately and see what culinary suggestions we can collect from the exuberant Frank and his “Gentle Julia.” It’s a foregone conclusion that such a cosmopolitan couple would know a great deal about the fine art of eating well, so we are bound to pick up some interesting ideas through discussing foods and entertaining with them.

About the only time you can catch this popular pair, however, is at the studio just before or after a broadcast. For the minute they are off the air they shake the dust of the city from their roving feet and make a bee-line for their Massachusetts home which is amusingly, but not prophetically named, “Dunroviri.”

“We thought we really had ‘Done Roving’ when we first went there,” Julia Sanderson Crumit assured me. “Then along came the radio and it seems that our roving days have just begun! However we try to spend at least four days of every week at our country place. The rest of the time we (Continued on page 78)
Remember one little thing

...or this may not come true!

On your vacation you want to be at the top of your stride. You want to be at the peak of your form.

But it isn't always easy. For, as you know, a vacation means a change of diet, change of water, travel ... and you'll often find that you need a laxative.

Now, just remember this one thing — don't let a harsh, over-active cathartic spoil things for you. Strong purgatives are apt to throw your whole system out of rhythm ... upsetting your digestion, causing stomach pains—even nausea.

WHY A CORRECTLY TIMED LAXATIVE IS PREFERABLE

When you choose Ex-Lax you are choosing a laxative that works g-r-e-e-n-a-t-e-b-y ... that takes 6 to 8 hours to be effective. In other words, a laxative that's correctly timed. Its action is thorough. Yet Ex-Lax is so mild and so gentle that it won't cause you even a moment's uneasiness. There'll be no shock to your system, no pain or disturbance of any kind.

DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE FLAVOR

And here's another nice thing about Ex-Lax ... it tastes just like delicious, creamy chocolate. Buy Ex-Lax at any drug store. Tuck it in your traveling bag. There's a 10c size, and a still more economical size at 25c.

When Nature forgets — remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

HOW DO YOUR FAVORITES RANK

1. FORD SUNDAY EVENING HOUR (CBS) . . . 87.4
   Symphonies are still supreme.

2. GENERAL MOTORS CONCERTS (NBC) . . . 83.6
   Classically doing the classics.

3. CHESTERTOWN PROGRAM (CBS) . . . 82.4
   Lyle Fons, Nina Martin, Andre Kostelanetz.

4. CITIES SERVICE CONCERT ORCHESTRA: JESSICA DRAGONETTE (NBC) . 81.1
   Starring Jessica Dragonette, the nation's favorite soprano.

5. JACK BENNY, MARY LIVINGSTONE, KENNY BAKER AND JOHNNY GREEN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC) . 80.5
   The air's leading comic.

6. MARCH OF TIME (CBS) .......... 79.2
   World events and personalities in exciting dramatizations.

7. TOWN HALL TONIGHT (NBC) . . . 78.9
   Fred Allen and his merrymakers.

8. LUX RADIO THEATRE (CBS) . . . 78.7
   Hollywood favorites in tabloid versions of stage successes.

9. EDWIN C. HILL—HUMAN SIDE OF THE NEWS (NBC) . . . . 78.5
   The hard-hitting stories flavored with romance and adventure.

10. FLEISCHMANN HOUR (NBC) . . . 77.4
    Andy Muller, supported by the best guest stars available.

11. THE MAGIC KEY OF RCA (NBC) . . 77.1
    Variety on the song.

12. A & P GYPSIES (NBC) .......... 77.0
    Current winner of our Distinguished Service Award.

13. EVERYBODY'S MUSIC—HOWARD BARLOW AND COLUMBIA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA (CBS) . . . . . 75.8
    The latest in symphonies.

14. RICHARD HIBMER AND ORCHESTRA (CBS) . . . . . 75.6
    Melodious dance music with the distinctive swing.

15. ANDRE KOSTELANETZ (CBS) . . . 75.0
    Combining the past and present in music.

16. FRED WARING'S PENNSYLVANIANS (CBS) . . . . . 74.7
    Good music, good fun, a good time.

17. ONE MAN'S FAMILY (NBC) . . . 74.2
    Radio's most endearing drama.

18. VOICE OF FIRESTONE (NBC) . . . 73.9
    Margaret Speaks is featured. Her voice is as beautiful as any you'll ever hear.

19. WOODBURY PRESENTS PAUL WHITEMAN'S MUSICALバラエティ (NBC) . . . 73.7
    Paul has crowded so much into his program that there's little time for himself.

20. WILDERNESS ROAD (CBS) . . . 73.4
    We'll worth the dialing.

21. AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILAR MUSIC (NBC) . . . 72.8
    Frank Stutts and Lucy Monroe. The soul enjoys.

22. MELODIANA WITH FRANK MUNN AND ABE LYMAN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC) . . . 72.8
    New rating equally high with the American Album.

23. BING CROSBY WITH JIMMY DORSEY'S ORCHESTRA (NBC) . . . . . 72.0
    Bing and much informality.

24. LOWELL THOMAS (NBC) . . . . 72.0
    Items of interest.

25. THE SINGING LADY (NBC) . . . 71.8
    Glad tidings in song.

26. BOAKE CARTER (CBS) . . . . . 71.5
    Frankie of the commodities.

27. SALT LAKE CITY TABERNACLE AND ORGAN (CBS) . . . . . 71.4
    Refreshing.

OUR NEW SYSTEM

The Board of Review bases its percentages on the assumption that all radio programs are divided into four basic parts: material, artists, presentation and announcements, each consisting of 25%, and making the perfect program of 100%.

These ratings are a consensus of opinions of our Board of Review and do not necessarily agree with the editorial opinion of "Radio Stars" Magazine. Programs outstanding as to artists and material, often suffer because of poor presentation or announcements.
IN THE RATINGS?

26. WALTZ TIME (NBC) .......... 70.2
Frank Meus again.

29. BURNS AND ALLEN (CBS) .... 70.0
Gracie continues to roll you in the aisles.

30. JACK HYLTON AND HIS ORCHESTRA (NBC) .... 69.8
Axe Templeton steals the show.

31. STOOPNAGLE AND BUDD (CBS) ... 69.6
Common sense in the guise of hilarity.

32. FRANK CRUMIT AND JULIA SANDERSON (CBS) .... 69.0
Feminally popular.

33. SHELL CHATEAU (NBC) .... 68.9
Starring Smith Fulleo, a new personalty.

34. EASY ACES (NBC) .... 68.6
Humor of the smarter type.

35. ANOS "N" ANDY (NBC) .... 68.0
America's black ace institution.

36. CONTENTED PROGRAM (NBC) .... 68.0
Starring the Lullaby Lady.

37. YOUR HIT PARADE (NBC) .... 67.6
Presenting the current best-selling dance tunes.

38. NATIONAL BARN DANCE (NBC) .... 67.2
Rustic rhythm, folks.

39. HOLLYWOOD HOTEL (CBS) .... 67.0
Movie stars on parade.

40. MARION TALLEY (NBC) .... 66.8
The former opera star returns to delight a host of admirers.

41. THE GOLDBERGS (CBS) .... 66.1
Genuine and appealing.

42. PHILLIP MORRIS PROGRAM (NBC) .... 66.0
Lea Reisman and his distinctive arrangements and, of course, Johnny and his arrangements.

43. BEN BERNIE AND ALL THE LADS (NBC) .... 65.9
Ben combines dance music and humor.

44. MAJOR BOWES' CAPITOL FAMILY (NBC) .... 65.7
Expect entertainment.

45. MARY PICKFORD PARTIES AT PICKFORD (CBS) .... 65.6
How to be the perfect hostess.

(Continued on page 74)
YOU spend long hours making yourself attractive for him to look at. Hair, skin, eyes, lips, fingernails, clothes...you want him to approve of every least detail.

But don't forget—one ugly thing can undo in a minute all the care you've taken with your looks. The unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration.

Nothing so quickly and surely disillusion a man about a lovely looking girl as this.

Don't run the risk. Give your underarms necessary daily care, just as you give your face.

There's a quick, easy way to do it. Mum!

It takes just half a minute to use Mum. And you can use it any time, before dressing or after. For Mum is harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Remember, Mum doesn't prevent the perspiration itself—just its horrid odor. Depend upon it to keep you safe from this danger to your happiness. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ON SANITARY NAPKINS Mum protects you from another ever-threatening danger of unpleasantness.

WARNING!
to the girl who's in love

Three of radio's favorites in smart summer array. (Left to right) Benay Venuta wears a washable hat with a two-piece silk frock; Grace Albert bicycles to the beach in a blue linen culotte with tomato-red bolero; Jane Pickens keeps cool in a bright print beach frock.

By Elizabeth Ellis

WITH summer in full swing, the hardest thing to achieve is complete comfort in dressing. To look cool is only half the story—you should feel cool! If you live out of town it's easy—you can reduce your costume to the comfortable minimum of shorts, sun suits, sheer dresses and such. But if you are a business woman, you have to invent ways to be cool without looking too casually informal during working hours. It is easy to get desperate and not care whether or not you turn up at the office in a sleeveless tennis dress, just so you are cool—but actually, it gives the masculine side of the business a turn to see too many low backs and bare arms about. What looks sporty and smart out in the sun, looks silly and in bad taste in a business setting.

Designers have made clothes as cleverly air-conditioned these days as architects and engineers have made buildings and trains. We've learned a lot from the tropical countries about fabrics that tailor beautifully yet are so light and porous in weave that they are cool. Tropical worsteds, specially woven cottons and some of the new weaves in synthetic yarns are per-

What radioites are wearing for mid-
fect for daytime summer wear to business. Also the sheer crêpes, nets and tailored chiffons that you've found practical other summers.

Quite apart from the dress, however, there are all sorts of costume accessories that go in for the "keeping cool" theme. Shoes are completely air-conditioned with their open, sandal-like constructions, their use of fabrics in place of leathers and even the perforating of toes and heels to let the foot breathe. And foundation garments are at a peak of clever design in the way they combine enough elasticity to confine the wayward figure with the sheerest of fabrics to give lightness. Gloves are airy, hats are crownless, lingerie is completely filmy and stockings are made in (Continued on page 80)
GATHERING THE GUEST STARS

Studio scouts search the headlines for guest stars for the microphone

By Samuel Kaufman

NOTHING in radio smacks of the carnival and side-show spirit as much as the search for guest stars in the headlines.

An alert corps of program scouts is constantly on the trail of personalities of current fame. And the methods of obtaining the guest names, chosen for newsworthiness rather than talent, have to be diversified, indeed.

It is comparatively easy to deal with entertainers—comedians, singers, musicians and the like—because the paper linotypes, reveal strange, amusing and trying experiences encountered by the program chieftains.

If you could get a glimpse behind the radio scenes and view the manner in which headline guests are handled and the many headaches they present, you'll pity the nerve-worn program producer.

Network scouts and advertising agency program executives use great strategy to obtain the outstanding personalities of current fame. Newspapers are scanned as soon as they are off the presses; wires and cables from representatives in all parts of the world contain advance word of a celebrity's trip to New York.

One of the choicest guest star catches from the headlines was Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe.

When the Dionne quintuplets made their début on the earthly scene, the program scouts pondered deeply over an angle for a radio tie-in with the lovable babes. But they realized it would be a long time before the five girls would be old enough to read...
scripts or even before they could time their coos and gurgles to the tempo of commercial announcements. So, after some desk-thumping and pencil-chewing, the guest-star hunters set out after the humble country practitioner who safely assisted Yvonne, Annette, Cecile, Emilie and Marie into the world. Many sponsors were after Dafoe, but the distinction of landing him went to the Rudy Vallee Fleischmann Hour.

The amiable amiable country doctor, true to the traditions of his craft, balked at professional advertising. Many physicians hold that the ethics of medicine taboo such commercialism. So Dr. Dafoe said: "No!" But the network scouts had heard that word before and lost no hope. After five or six proposals—each one followed by the identical word of negation—they injected new twists into the offer. Advertising lines were deleted from the Dafoe script and the yeast product was made to appear as incidental to (Continued on page 84)
"Will I Be More Popular Tonight?"

YOUR mirror tells you the truth. And here's how to make your mirror say, "YES!"

Lovely young women everywhere tell us they are more popular with soft lustrous hair. Radiant hair alone quickly gives them a new, lovely fresh bright appearance. Now you, too, can gain this popularity. Have sunny hair friends admire! Blonde or Brunette, rinse brilliant lustre into your hair with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

BLONDES—To restore natural golden beauty, to brighten evenly and give sunny lustre to dull, faded or streaked hair—rinse your hair with Marchand's.

BRUNETTES—Increase your attractiveness. Just a rinse with Marchand's gives your hair a soft, lustrous sheen. Or, using Marchand's full strength, lighten your hair gradually—secretly—to any lovely blonde shade.

BLONDES and BRUNETTES—You can make "superfluous" hair unnoticeable. And so keep your face, arms and legs alluringly soft and smooth! This summer use Marchand's to soften attractively and make unnoticeable the soft natural hair on face, arms and legs.

Marchand's keeps you dainty and attractive all over! Start today to use Marchand's yourself, at home. Get a bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash at any drugstore.

TRY A BOTTLE—FREE!
(Use coupon below)
A trial bottle of Marchand's Castile Shampoo—FREE—to those who send for Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. The finest health treatment you can give your hair. Marchand's Castile Shampoo makes your hair fresher and more charming. Send for a bottle today.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY, OR USE COUPON BELOW
CHARLES MARCHAND CO., 521 West 23rd Street, New York City
Please let me try for myself the SUNNY, GOLDEN effect of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 30 cents (use stamps, coin, or money order as convenient) for a full sized bottle. Also send me, FREE, trial sample of Marchand's Castile Shampoo.

Name
Address
City State
For over twelve record years, Harry Horlick and his A. & P. Gypsies have been radio favorites, rewarding listeners with a true appreciation of the varied charms of music.

Each Monday evening these versatile musicians bring cheer to the close of what usually is a blue, disappointing sort of day. It always is a pleasure to listen to their inimitably tuneful arrangements which give sparkle to familiar favorites and to the latest melodies, as well.

Harry Horlick, because of his masterly conducting, has established himself as one of the ablest maestros of the microphone. He gets the full value and meaning, however obscure it may be, of each musical composition.

Howard Price and the Romany Singers also contribute immeasurably to the program's success.

Radio Stars feels there is no program more deserving of its award for Distinguished Service to Radio than Harry Horlick and his A. & P. Gypsies.

--Editor.
The crowded hour of glorious life

By Nancy Barrows

HAS GRAHAM

At least Graham was at home long enough to pose for the picture up in the corner. And maybe all of his thoughts aren't with Major Bowes' Amateur Hour (right) and his Sunday evening assignment.

THAT sounds like one of those purely rhetorical questions, requiring no answer! Home life and Graham McNamee would seem to be as far apart, as divorced from each other as politics and patriotism. Why, the man is a dynamo of industry. He is radio's busiest announcer. His voice, according to an estimate made at NBC, is heard over the air more often than that of any other man. He is on the Major Bowes' Sunday night Amateur Hour. He is on the Rudy Vallee program. He is on the new Plymouth series with Ed Wynn.

Also he is the voice of the Universal News Reel. Twice a week he works on that, in the small hours of the night. Twice a week he makes recordings.

And in between times there are sports broadcasts, conventions, Kentucky Derbies, and what have you? A list of the special events that he has covered for NBC would read like a history of the last ten years. Remember Broadway's welcome to Lindbergh, to Byrd, Chamberlin, Amelia Earhart... Remember almost any occasion that in some vanished hour made radio history, and I'll wager that the voice whose spontaneous lift of enthusiasm kindled the fire in your own heart was the voice of Graham McNamee.

It's hard even to imagine him away from the microphone. But, like any normal human being, he must exist somewhere apart from it. He must have some spare time to himself, some place called "home" to go to—or from!

"What," I asked him, "do you do, if and when you're not working?"

"Well," said Graham in his quick nervous staccato, "on Tuesdays and Thursdays I try to catch up on my sleep. On Mondays and Wednesdays, when I make my news reels for Universal, I'm up till two a.m. Of course they wait till the last possible moment, to get the latest news in their weekly releases. I enjoy doing them," he averred, "but I sometimes wish they came at some other hour."
"Do you ever get a real vacation?" I asked him. One must get away from things occasionally, however pleasant and profitable they may be, in order to store up new zest and energy for the day's demands.

"Oh, I manage to have a couple of weeks every summer," he said. "I can get away from everything except the Ed Wynn program. I usually go up in the Adirondacks, and come back from there for that program. I get a plane Monday night back to the city. Rehearse and broadcast on Tuesday. Then back to the camp Wednesday noon. Of course," his Irish smile was twisted, "that's nearly half of the week gone!"

"I've dreamed for years," he went on, "of a European vacation. Six or eight weeks in Europe. . ." He said the words dreamily, the crisp staccato for the first time missing. "I've never been there. . . I'd love to see Europe! But when I do, I guess it will be from a wheel chair!"

He plays golf whenever he gets a chance. "Last week I played nine holes, twice," he told me. "It was the first time I'd tried it since I hurt my ankle. I was on crutches for fifteen weeks."

"That wasn't another consequence of the soap-box derby, was it?" I asked.

"Oh, no!" He tapped his head. "That was the head—that's permanent! This was just from slipping on a wet curb. It was good to be able to get some exercise again," he went on. "While I was laid up, I put on thirty-four pounds!"

He doesn't look overweight, however. Perhaps that is because his head is rather a long oval, giving a suggestion of slimness. And he walks quickly, as he speaks, with a nervous, springy energy that does not suggest heaviness.

"What," I pursued, "about the time when the fires of enthusiasm will die down, when you will think longingly of the big chair by the fireside, slippers and a pipe and a book? Do you plan to retire (Continued on page 68)
A FEW months ago Frank Fay went away from Hollywood.
He closed the doors of an empty house behind him, for Barbara Stanwyck and their little adopted son were gone—Barbara who had stood, as one embattled, protesting stormily her great love for Fay and greater gratitude to him . . . He hadn't done anything worth doing for some two years. And the fattest nest-egg can dwindle, taxes and tributes being what they are, in that length of time.
The movies had not been Eldorado for Frank Fay . . . Vaudeville, in which he had once reigned right royally, is all but dead . . . The Palace Theatre in New York, where once he headlined for sixteen record-breaking weeks, now is a picture palace . . . Broadway—and he was Broadway's "Favorite Son"—has moved its theatrical trunks to Hollywood . . .
And so, what of the man who was born, all but literally, in a theatrical trunk?
For Frank Fay was born, in San Francisco, of theatrical folks. As a boy, he played in the theatre with theatre people for his pals. He went to school backstage and in hotel rooms. He made his first appearance on any stage, at the age of seven, as a teddy bear in Victor Herbert's Babes In Toyland. Some of his earlier roles were with E. H. Sothern, the great Shakespearean actor, and with Henry Irving—quite a jump, from a teddy bear to the Bard of Avon! Fay "went to college"—to himself. He was his own class and his own professor. He majored in psychology and philosophy—and maybe folks are right when they say, portentously that there is "a deeper meaning" under the droll Fay surface. But Fay refuses to take himself seriously. He'll say "'Deeper meaning?' Why, sure! Have you heard about my new association?"—and he's off and away again. Fay, that's Fay! Because sometimes he isn't a comedian at all. There are those human interest tales of his—you might call them sob stories—of suffering he has seen and helped to bear, of down-and-outs and fighters who have taken the last count, and of children who could do with extra milk. . . Yes, once in awhile Fay forgets to cadge for a laugh—and then he makes you cry!
But mostly he likes to talk about his clubs and associations. Like The Anti-integrated Haters of America, The Association of Excavation Watchers, The We-Do-Your-Bawling-Out-For-You Club, the Seeds of Discord Company, Inc. He explained the Seeds of Discord Enterprise to me himself.
He said: "It's a social racket, purely. I'll be out for an evening, with friends. I'll pause in front of a husband and catch his eye and then glance over at the wife who is, doubtless, talking about her children to some world-weary man. But I'll raise my eyebrow a soupcon and I'll murmur something half heard and then I'll stroll away and—oh, but nonehappily! And the husband will be uneasy, he won't know why. And he won't know what I meant, nor even what I said. But he'll never quite forget—he'll never feel quite the same about his wife again! He'll wonder—he'll be uneasy—the Seed of Discord will be sown! It's fun! Try it some time."
This is the man who went away from Hollywood a few months ago. This is the man who was, I think, broken-hearted.
I only think so . . . Let me make that clear. I don't know it! Fay didn't say so. Fay said just the opposite. He even agreed with me that it would make a swell yarn to break down and sob that Fay had been crushed, defeated, hurt. But he couldn't tell a lie. 'Twan't so! But then, he wouldn't admit it, anyway! He wouldn't admit anything without a smile on his lips. He is of the clown-with-the-breaking-heart stuff. He is an Irishman and a fighting Irishman.
He did say this: "I'm either down or I'm up. I have my melancholy hours, plenty of 'em. I used to have them for no good reason at all. Now, when I have them—there is a reason."
And you can draw your own conclusions from that statement, as I did.
But I'd heard that there were, for a

By
Gladys Hall

22
time, few gay parties for Fay. The grape, I knew, too, was crushed and dry. The wisecrack, the ready wit, the sardonic humor were tinged with that “twist” which is the other side of the Celt.

“Fay has fayded,” he is reported to have said, with his twisty smile.

And so Fay went to New York.

He told me: “I went on personal business—real estate, mostly—and to get away from Hollywood, because there were so many things here to remind me—and there’s no remuneration in being reminded.”

He went to New York with no thought of what was in store for him. When I asked him if he had had radio in mind he said:

“I suppose I did have it at the back of my head—but I had no definite plan, nor any plan at all of any kind. But then, I never do make definite plans. I never have a formula about anything.”

Perhaps he went back to New York with a certain nostalgia for the scenes of his early triumphs—the many successful Broadway shows, the Winter Garden, the trouping, tremendous vaudeville days. Perhaps, who knows, he thought of the days when he first met young Barbara Stanwyck and by his shrewd advice, his knowledge of the game she was just beginning to play, his entree, he built up her faith in herself, her faith in mankind, and so helped her to rise, as she so often has said he did, to her eventual stardom.

Mere guesswork again. When we were talking together in his home in Brentwood Hills—the home he and Barbara had built and planned and made a home together—Fay said: “You have never heard me make any statement about Barbara, have you?” I admitted that I never had. And he added: “And you never will. If I haven’t made a statement by this time, I’m not likely to...”

And then, in New York, Rudy Vallee invited Fay to be guest artist on his program. It was a hospitable gesture on the part of Rudy. For even he could have had little or no idea of what the outcome was to be. What that outcome was, we all know now!

For, the day after Fay’s initial appearance on the Vallee hour, wires, letters, phone calls poured in from all parts of the country.

(Continued on page 54)
NO star today—with the possible exception of Greta Garbo—has sacrificed as much personally for a career as Jessica Dragonette.

She began her career in Reinhardt's The Miracle, as the voice of an unseen angel. And she's never been permitted to come down to earth since.

During her ten years of winged success on the air, the pedestal on which others placed her has been built higher and higher. The curtains of seclusion have been drawn closer and closer about her.

Her remoteness, it seems, has increased with her popularity. Until she has become a kind of golden-voiced goddess, worshiped by many but known by few.

With her studio but a block from the heart of Broadway, and her penthouse apartment looking down on the most exciting city in the world, she lives an almost cloistered, solitary existence. She is beautiful and young. Within her reach—within her very sight—are the gaiety and romance most girls yearn for: the bright beauty of New York by night, the swing of dance music, handsome companions, lights and laughter.

But these things figure little in the pattern of her life. Jessica speaks of song and poetry, art and inspiration. Ask her about her work and she murmurs: "It is my destiny." Ask her how she happened to come to New York to launch her career and she answers: "I chase rainbows. In a cloud!"

Her very entrance at her broadcasts seems to be designed to accent the ethereal, to set her apart. She usually wears white. Perhaps her gown is touched with silver. In the auditorium fifteen hundred people wait breathlessly for her entrance. No applause is permitted. A tiny, white-gowned figure, her golden head held high, she walks in to hushed silence. She is introduced formally, almost solemnly, and after the introduction there follows a second of awed quiet. There are no friendly, informal comments with the announcer, no bright exchange of greetings.

Jessica Dragonette, "Angel of Song," of the Cities Service program.

It is a beautiful program—lovely to hear, impressive to watch. But as the young singer makes her dignified entrances, her silent exits, you wonder if, sometimes, she doesn't yearn for a spontaneous burst of applause, a friendly: "That was grand, Jessica!" from the man at the mike.

Some remember her before the wall of reserve was built quite so high. When she was permitted to stoop occasionally to informalities or a sudden impulse. Once, a few years ago, interviewed over the air, an announcer kept addressing her as Miss Dragonette.

She stopped in the midst of the program and said to him: "Don't you like my first name?"

The announcer, surprised, answered, "I think it is a lovely name."

"Do call me 'Jessica' then," she said. "This is an informal program. Please let's keep it so."

Yet today, around the studio, this same girl is treated with a formality that approaches reverence.

There is something sad and ironic about that statement today. It makes one want to tear down the wall of reserve they've built up, lift her down from the pedestal on to the earth. For she must find the atmosphere of awe most oppressive at times. She must get very tired of hearing them tell and re-tell of her years in the convent with nuns to guide her and organ music for her inspiration.
Somewhere, deep down in her being, must be memories from her childhood of a fiery-blue Italian sky, beneath it meadows bright with bloom. Of streets in strange lands, warm with sunlight, radiant with color. Of singing and laughter and gay talk in rich, foreign tongues. Vivid, glowing memories, gathered during those early years of her life when she traveled from country to country with her father.

But one seldom hears of these warm, human experiences in connection with Jessica. They are far away from the convent and the ethereal, goddess-like creature who pours golden songs into the star-shaped microphone. Yet, the memories must be there, to stir her heart and quicken her Latin blood. To make her restless, perhaps at times, to tease her and tempt her and call her hack.

But there are voices to warn her, powers who speak; "Think of your public. You are no ordinary human being. You are a goddess to many people. You cannot act as others do. People worship you. They expect you to have dignity and grace, to transcend frail human qualities. You are different."

Have the voices ever warned her that there is always danger, of building pedestals too high?

One cannot help but remember that those artists who have won longest adulation from the American public have rarely been kept on pedestals. Almost without exception they have been extremely human people—people who shared with the common man a love of earthly things. There is Mary Pickford, for example, with her wealth of (Continued on page 61)
IN THE RADIO SPOTLIGHT...

Gracie Allen bemuses the cop in National's Fingerprint Week, so that he makes his own fingerprints instead of Gracie's!

Hollywood screen stars in a recent broadcast to South America (l. to r.): Garcia Pena, Buenos Aires editor; Olivia de Havilland, Francis Lederer, Leo Carrillo, Anita Louise, Cyril Jason, Jeanette MacDonald, Gene Raymond and Jackie Cooper.

The Sidewalk Reporter: Don Hastings, in one of his daily broadcasts from a Hollywood street corner. (12:15, 12:30) Don is the chap with the headphones.
Lily Pons sings in Tin-Pan Alley at the St. Louis Zoo. "Lady," the clever chimpanzee, plays her accompaniments.

Jeff Larabee (Bing Crosby) and Buck Eaton (Bob Burns) in a scene from Paramount's Rhythm on the Range.

Mrs. Joe Penner lights a sizable stagie for her comedian husband, on a recent vacation at Palm Springs, Fla.
THERE ARE

Lionel Barrymore points out many and various handicaps in radio drama

By Faith Service

"Actors need greasepaint—but I'd run from it if I could!" says Lionel Barrymore sincerely.
SO MANY OBSTACLES

I BEGAN by asking Lionel Barrymore: “How do you feel when you do drama on the air?”

“Dead,” said Lionel, in that Barrymore voice which has all of the theatre, the throbbing pulse of drama, the distillation of drama in its timbre, “dead, dire and disastrous—as always!”

I laughed. And then I saw that it was no laughing matter and restrained my mirth. It is no laughing matter, either, by the way, to get an interview with Lionel Barrymore. Constantly in pain as he is, he needs all of his energy for his work and avoids, as he would a pestilence, such commitments as interviews and photographic sittings.

But we wanted especially to have Lionel tell the readers of Radio Stars what he thinks of drama on the air. For if anyone should know about drama—in the theatre, in pictures, on the air, anywhere, everywhere—that one should be Lionel Barrymore.

For they are the heirs of drama, the Barrymores. There is drama in the very tone and timbre of the Barrymore voice. There is drama in every line of the Barrymore face. There is drama in every unconscious gesture of the Barrymore hand. Everything they do, everything they say, every anecdote told about them is of the stuff of which drama is made.

John Barrymore once held audiences spellbound and silent for five mortal minutes, lying with his back to the audience, moving only his mobile hand. That was in The Jest.

Ethel’s drama-drenched voice intoning: “That’s all there is . . . There isn’t any more . . .” has become folklore.

Broadcasting that drama of nostalgic charm, Ah Wilderness! Cecilia Parker, Helen Flint, Barrymore and Spring Byington.

The Barrymore voice cannot be disguised. “And that,” said Lionel “is the main difficulty. The radio problem. For the voice of the radio artist should be, like Joseph’s coat, of many colors. You should not know,” smiled Lionel, with that somehow patient smile of his, “whether it is your Aunt Susie or Lionel Barrymore speaking to you on the air. But you always know, don’t you.”

“I admire,” said Lionel, bending over in his chair, his inevitable cigarette limp between his fingers, “I admire and I always listen to Amos and Andy on the air. I admire their versatility. I admire their ability to throw their voices into other characters. That is as it should be, that ability is what should constitute the true virtuosos of the air. Ventriloquism . . . that’s what radio artists should possess!”

“But the character of the Barrymore voice seems to be an inherited thing, an inherited characteristic not to be got away from. It cannot be changed into another voice, not successfully. It isn’t a question of dialect, it isn’t a question of talking with a brogue nor with a Jewish accent—it is in the timbre of the voice itself. I am told that one has only to happen on a Sigmund Romberg hour and, without knowing, perhaps, what program had been tuned in, one knows, immediately following the turn of the dial, the sound of the Barrymore voice.”

“On the air,” said Lionel, with a short laugh, “on the air the Barrymore voice is a curse!”

We were sitting, Lionel and I, on the set of his current picture, The Witch of Timbuctu in the MGM studio. Lionel had been in his dressing-room when I arrived, phoning to his wife. (Continued on page 58)
SHIRLEY'S HEALTH COMES FIRST!

What radio means to Shirley Temple—and why she

RADIO, take a bow!

For I learned something the other day which I never knew before—that you, Radio, were the beginning, were initially responsible for the beginning of the picture-book progress of that small, enchanting pilgrim, Shirley Temple!

Yes, if it had not been for you, Radio, Shirley's mother and dad might not have realized quite so soon how deliciously their baby Shirley could dance, how much delight it gave her to dance. For, her mother told me, when Shirley was very, very young she used to clap her hands with joy when her mother dialed a dance orchestra for her. And she would take little steps and then more steps, timing herself to the faultless timing of the best dance music on the air. Radio was Shirley's first dancing teacher. Radio really sent small Shirley to dancing school, where she was discovered by a picture scout—and that was the beginning of this incredible Once Upon A Time!

Oh, it all would have happened anyway, of course. A bit later, perhaps. It never would have been possible to keep the true and shining light which is Shirley's under any barrel or poke bonnet. But it was Shirley's dancing to radio music which first made her mother aware that here was a little girl who was not destined only for the making of mud pies. Her mother felt then as she often feels now when she watches Shirley acting on the sets.

"I can't believe, when I watch her sometimes," Mrs. Temple told me, "that she really belongs to me..."

I talked with Shirley and her mother the other day on the studio lot. Shirley and Bill Robinson were rehearsing in the Rehearsal Hall. Bill was teaching Shirley some new steps for her new picture, Dimples. And it was joyously obvious that the master of tap and the most famous child in the world were friends and playmates.

Bill Robinson said to me later: "They brought me out here to dance with Shirley and to teach her dance steps. Maybe I shouldn't say this, but that child taught me a few things about dancing... She surely is the sweetest little peach-blow lady in the whole world!"

Shirley had finished her dance steps and had run...
Still shies away from radio's glittering offers

off. She came back then and handed Bill Robinson a slip of paper.

"What's this?" asked Bill, his dark face one wide, white smile.

"That," said Shirley, with judicial dignity, "that's a ticket—for speeding!"

"Well," said Bill, sighing resignedly and executing an exasperated tap or two, "well, then, I won't be able to be here tomorrow to dance with you."

"Oh, yes, you will," laughed Shirley, "I'll ransom you in time!"

Bill's rich, delighted chuckles followed us as we walked, Shirley, her mother and I, toward Shirley's bungalow dressing-room.

"Shirley," I said, "will you do something for me? I want you to give me a message to the radio fans all over the country. The radio fans who are your picture fans, too. They've never heard you on the air, I know, but they'd like to know whether you listen to the radio, too, and what you like best to listen to and why. Do you like to listen to the radio?"

"Oh, yes!" beamed Shirley, with an enthusiastic skip and jump. "Tell them I love to! We have one in every room in our house, a radio, I mean. And we're going to have one in every room in our new house, too. We have one in Mother's and Daddy's room and one in my brother Jack's room and one in my brother George's room and one in my room and one in the living-room and one in the car. And I'm always saying to Mom: 'Get a play—get a story—get a play—get a story!' I love to listen to the plays, don't I, Mom?"

"Indeed she does," smiled tall, dark, gentle Mrs. Temple, "Shirley is a very real radio fan, I should say. And plays are about her favorite programs. Quite adult plays, too. She listens to them with great interest and asks for them all the time."

"We have radios everywhere," Shirley went on. "Mother likes them to play softly and not all of them at once. Daddy likes them to play loud, especially when we have company. I think I like them sort of medium, you know."

"Sounds like The Three Bears!" I laughed.

Shirley laughed back. She said, then: "My favorite people on the radio are Vic and Sade, Betty and Bob and The O'Neills and Uncle Whaa Bill. He comes from out here, you know. I listen to him when we are going home in the car (Continued on page 75)"
Stick to Your Script

By Ruth Geri

Willie and Eugene Howard, comedy team of the stage and the new NBC Folies de Paree, rehearsing some bits before the studio microphone.
No ad libbing on the air for Willie and Eugene Howard—these veterans of comedy find radio a strange world!

THE FIRST bizarre motor cars chugged and puffed to the grave alarm of horses drawing hansom cabs up Broadway. Queer jumping shadows on crude bedsheet screens were forerunners of gigantic movie palaces. Marie Dressler was a star; Eva Tanguay thrilled thousands with the abandon of I Don't Care. Anna Held was a reigning belle; Fritzi Scheff a sensation of the stage. Two little East Side boys clowned their way to fame in that glamorous era, an era that saw the beginning of the end of a glamorous race of show people—Willie and Eugene Howard.

Your grandfather and grandmother laughed at their antics thirty years ago. Your father and mother recall fondly their quick-fire quips. To you they are two new radio comics; a couple of fellows trying earnestly—and making good.

The names of Willie and Eugene Howard were household words before radio—at any rate, radio as we know it—had even taken the ephemeral form of a dream. The pair were veterans, polished, finished performers who knew every knot in the ropes of show business long before the first feeble squeak went out over the air waves. Yet today they are learning all over again; studying, working, trying out new devices to evoke laughter. They are as new and nervous as any amateur that ever stepped up to a formidable microphone on a Sunday night.

"Did I say learning?" Willie asked me ruefully, as he hunched his sharp shoulders with the famous tilt that has loosed ten thousand laughs. "Learning! That's not the half of it. It's a lot worse than that. Learning's easy. But it's the unlearning that's tough. Think of it! Unlearning all you've learned in thirty years!" He shook his head mournfully. Then as an afterthought he added: "Say, how'd you like to unlearn your a-b-c's?"

You get the impression that Willie is still a little dazed at the manner in which progress pulled the floor from beneath him.

"Suppose," he put it, "that you'd had a habit for thirty years. Any habit. Say you hummed, for instance. Well, all of a sudden, you'd have to stop humming or else—well, your life depended on curing yourself. You'd cure yourself, all right. Sure! But it would be tough, wouldn't it?"

Eugene had stood by in meditative silence. He usually lets Willie do most of the talking, but now, unable to repress himself, he chimed in:

"And don't kid yourself about that, either," he cautioned. "That's no joke about life depending on it. No comedian today can exist without radio or the movies. There isn't enough stage work to keep Willie occupied, and let me tell you," he glanced fondly at his brother, "if Willie didn't work twelve months out of twelve, he'd curl up and become an old man overnight. He'd die!"

"But lots of people who've worked for thirty years would welcome the chance to retire," I ventured, for show business knows that Willie and Eugene are what is termed "well heeled."

"Retire!" Willie exclaimed aghast.

"Retire!" Eugene echoed awesomely.

"Suppose I retired—what would I do?" Willie exploded rhetorically. "I have a lovely home out in Great Neck, Long Island. So I'd sit down in a nice comfortable chair and tell myself I was having a wonderful rest. After a while I'd get tired so I'd move into another room. In two weeks I'd have gone all through the house, until I couldn't stand the sight of it any more. So I'd decide maybe I needed a change. A little trip—to Bermuda, maybe. So I'd go to Bermuda and I'd come back. I'd sit in the house for another couple of weeks and then I'd need another trip—maybe around the world this time. But you can get around the world too fast nowadays. It was a real trip in Magellan's time. That would have been a life's work. But I'd get back—and still I'd have to find something to do. And finding something to do when you haven't anything to do—oh, boy, that's work! That's worse than unlearning things.

"I'm only forty-seven, you know, and the Howards live a long time. Even if I didn't, as Gene says, curl up and die, I'd wind up being a comedian—but in a cage and without getting paid for it! I'd go nuts, and they'd have to come and take me away! Why, every time I take a vacation, I can't eat or sleep and I lose weight."

Eugene nodded approvingly. "You can see how much we have at stake in radio," he pointed out. "For thirty years we've been working, building up a reputation. All that thirty years' work could be wiped out by one floppola. Young people listen to us and if we don't measure up to the other comedians on the air, they twist the dial—and there we go! Just a couple of has-beens, they'll say. 'Maybe they were hot stuff once. Mother and dad say they were—but they're just a pair of old guys for my money.'"

"And (Continued on page 30)"
New and informal glimpses of stars of the airways

Below, Phillips Lord and Mr. Rosenthal examine the $129,000-worth of jewelry used during the Gang Busters broadcast of the Rosenthal robbery.

Above, Jeanette MacDonald, with Mary Pickford. Below, Texas’ Governor Allred (Center), visiting New York, is interviewed on Vox Pop program.

Below, Durelle Alexander, “baby” star of Paul Whiteman’s program, persuades a friendly chow to pose with her for the studio camera-man.

Below, Bazooka-blower Bob Burns and singer Martha Raye go west in a big way in the Paramount picture, Rhythm on the Range.
Elvira Hatfield (Alice Frost) asks her Pappy (Walter O'Keefe): "What's fresh air?" Pappy says: "It's that stuff that smells so strange when you come out of a night club!"

Above, lucky Graham McNamee is welcomed by the Eight Lovely Girls on Ed Wynn's program. And below, singer Al Bowlly (left) runs over a score with Maestro Ray Noble.

Frank Munn has a friendly smile for the microphone—and why shouldn't he? He's on three continuously popular NBC programs.
Lady Peel, known and adored here and abroad as Bea Lillie

By Miriam Rogers

HER LADYSHIP

SHE walked sedately into one of Chicago's great department stores. Small, smartly dressed, her sleek head carried high—dignity, aristocracy personified. Her mind on her own immediate affairs, she approached the counter, addressed the sales girl. And that young lady promptly burst into almost hysterical laughter.

"Oh, Miss Lillie," she gasped, "you're so funny!"

Of course that is the response for which Bea Lillie works and the more spontaneous, the more irrepressible, the better. But it is slightly disconcerting to have one's reputation as a comedienne precede one wherever one goes, to be regarded always as a clown!

I suspected her of having been annoyed, but she shrugged it off with a smile, murmuring: "I adore these shops—I can't keep out of them."

"And you don't mind always having to be funny? Does anyone ever take you seriously?"

Her gray eyes glinted with the humor that is never absent from them. "Well—signing a contract is a serious business. I used to tell Charlot I knew nothing about business, but he said I dragged in everything—"

Charlot's name slips frequently from her lips in the telling of her story, for it was in his Revue that she had her first opportunity and under his direction that she achieved success and world-wide fame.

"How did it begin?" We were in her dressing-room, between scenes of At Home Abroad and she was curled up in an easy chair, relaxing for a moment. "Well, I
really started in England, though I was born in Canada. My father was Irish, my mother English. She was a concert singer and my sister Muriel is a talented pianist. They went abroad so that Muriel could study and I followed them! They had intended to go to Germany, but the war prevented that and we stayed in England.

"I kept giving auditions all over the place, singing, oh, very seriously, you know, I Hear You Calling Me—that sort of thing—very soulfully! But after a while, I'd had so many auditions and been turned down so often, I didn't care what I did. When it came time for another audition, I put up my hair, put on a long dress and burlesqued the whole thing. You could have knocked me over with a feather when they gave me a three-year contract!"

She was signed for Chariot's Revue, but the great Charlot himself was not present at that audition and she had to do her act over for him.

"It was not a bit funny the second time," she said. But she was in the show and her feet, awkwardly but more securely than she guessed, were on the first rung of the ladder.

To her way of thinking, spontaneity is the secret of being funny. She likes to feel the audience's reaction to her sallies, to see their response to some subtle quirk or gesture or inflection that is a sudden inspiration. For this reason, her radio work presents a problem. So much is missed that is part and parcel of (Continued on page 66)
IT WAS a balmy spring day. Just the sort of day, I thought, to see Stoopnagle and Budd, if you know what I mean. I paused outside the door; an electric tension seemed to whine and crackle through the atmosphere as I entered. But it was the chambermaid’s vacuum cleaner. Politics were in the air, club sandwiches were on the table and a low, muffled murmur that sounded like: “Fellow Poirotboinders,” came from the near distance.

“That’s the Colonel,” Budd explained. “He’s making a speech under a soap box. You know about our campaign—to keep Stoopnagle out of the White House.”

The Colonel appeared at that moment, slightly flushed. “You may say for me,” he stated, “that in case there are those who think our slogan: ‘Keep Stoopnagle Out Of The White House’ is not emphatic enough, we may amend it to ‘Keep Stoopnagle The Very Dickens Out Of The White House!’”

“The Colonel is definitely tossing his hat out of the ring,” Budd explained. “Is that right, Colonel?”

“I might even go so far,” said the Colonel, “as to toss my ring into the hat.”

“The Colonel,” Budd went on, “will have the Capitol moved from Washington to Loggerheads, because that’s where the Senate and Congress usually are. The Colonel, as a matter of fact, has an uncle who is incongruous.”

I shuddered and retired behind a club sandwich. The Colonel seized the other half and attacked it viciously.

“Mr. Hanley,” said Budd, “is here for an interview, Colonel.”

Stoopnagle blinked over the top of his sandwich and said: “How are you?”

“Don’t let the Colonel’s dazzling wit upset you,” Budd beamed, reassuringly. “Have you a statement to make, Colonel?”

“There’ll be some more club sandwiches up in a minute,” said the Colonel.

“Thank you, Colonel. That’s very interesting. The Colonel also advocates changing the Supreme Court to the Stoopnagle court. Funny papers will be wired for sound so they can read themselves.”

“In my administration . . .” the Colonel began.

“Yes?” I leaned forward, eagerly.

“Have another club sandwich,” said the Colonel. “Do,” said Budd heartily, helping himself to the last one. I was saved by the bell as the waiter arrived with reinforcements and coffee.

“They say,” I muttered through a sandwich, “that you are now appearing on a sponsored program—”

“Yes. We’re appearing in Fred Allen’s place on the Town Hall Tonight show each week,” Budd admitted. “Speaking of sponsors,” said the Colonel, “we have probably had more dissatisfied sponsors than anyone on the air. We feel particularly happy in having dissatisfied sponsors.”

“We’d rather have them start by disliking us,” Budd explained, “and gradually get to like us, than the other way around. Anyone can have a satisfied sponsor.”

“We’re looking for a sponsor,” Colonel Stoopnagle interrupted, “who will go on the air to advertise Stoopnagle and Budd, so we can be dissatisfied with him.”

“That’ll be a good time for our limerick contest,” Budd offered. “Tell him about it, Colonel.”

“Well, you see,” said the Colonel, “the listeners will send in last lines in a contest for Stoopnagle and Budd to write the first four.”

“Will Mr. Bopp be on the limericks, too?” I asked.

“Oh, yes, he’s always around,” said Budd. “Isn’t he, Colonel?”

Mr. Bopp, as you know, is the (Continued on page 62).

Stoopnagle and Budd discuss everything from soup to nuts—particularly nuts!

By Jack Hanley
THEY DON'T COME ANY NUTTIER!
RADIO'S BACHELOR NUMBER ONE wants to settle down. Suddenly, he wants to stop playing, to stop being the answer to a maiden's prayer.

Frank Parker has decided he has reached the time in life when he wants a wife, a home in the country, with perhaps one or two little Parkers for company.

"I've coasted for years," he says with a laugh, his dark eyes sparkling. "But now—I guess I have reached the time of life when I should begin to make plans—plans for the future. Funny, I've never done that before. I've just coasted along, living from day to day without a thought of tomorrow. I used to think that all I wanted was financial independence—nothing more. Now I know differently. I know that life is incomplete without a lot of other things."

How serious he has become! Frank Parker, who in the past has never said anything without a laugh, as though it were a huge joke—this business of living. We have always known that he must have serious thoughts but never before has he told people about them. Never before has Frank Parker let anyone into his secret chambers of thought. He has always been the playboy of radio. He has always seemed to go on the promise that people only wanted to think of him as one who is "as funny as a card." He has never allowed anyone to suppose he was worrying, that he had worked hard to reach the top—he never admits that he has reached the top. Perhaps his is an inferiority complex. His childhood of rough and tumble play and companionship on the West Side of New York City has taught him that smiles, laughs, are the only things to show outsiders. Be a Pagliacci. A softie had no place in the hard school of his youth. Sentiment was something to forget or at least to hide.

What has happened to this playboy of radio? Why
Frank Parker says goodbye to the carefree days. He has new plans!

has he suddenly turned about face? Why is he, for the first time, letting down the bars of his reserve? Without warning, Frank Parker is dropping his mask of superficiality. Is there a reason for this abrupt departure from his old self? Is there a girl in the offing?

"No," he quickly contradicts, "the right one hasn't come along, yet. Make me an offer!"

His twinkling eyes tell that he has said this often, that he is a born flirt, that he comes by his title of playboy naturally. Will he ever be able to settle down, or has the role of playboy become such a habit that he never will be satisfied to stop?

"No," he answers seriously, "I'll be able to quit so much play, so much romping around. I may want to do a little of it, but only once in awhile. You see, something has happened to me. Let me explain how I had always felt, up to this past winter—all these years I have been living from day to day. I always thought of myself as a mediocre singer—good enough to get along, that's all. How long it would last I didn't know. I wouldn't think ahead—I couldn't. I never thought about the next year—I didn't even think about the next day. Then, suddenly this winter, something happened."

He was excited. I waited for him to say he had fallen in love. His words came tumbling—but not about a sweetheart.

"It is my voice. I found it. I realized, for the first time, that my voice is something big—not just a mediocre ability to sing. I was excited, thrilled, amazed, a little scared. It happened during one of my daily vocal lessons. It was as though I saw a very small light in the distance. I knew, at that moment, that I had to shorten the distance between me and that small light. It was a conviction so strong that it took my breath away. I discovered that I had a gift, as it is expressed, that had to be developed."

Frank Parker is confused. Without warning, all his ideas have changed—about life, about work, even about love. What has the discovery of his talent to do with marriage?

"In developing my voice, the one I have just found in recent months, I must go into serious work and study. It has made me realize that the time has come for me to think about the future, to make plans, to stop drifting. My playing days must end. I want to do something worth while. I want to settle down. Marriage gives a man a reason for being. It is a responsibility that is good for him. It gives him an anchorage. Then, too, marriage is companionship. It is the right and sane way of living."

Don't crowd, girls, for Frank doesn't want just any girl. In fact he doesn't know himself who she will be, what she will be like. Frank Parker, the man who could break a million hearts, wants to marry, but for love, and love alone.

"Don't you think (Continued on page 90)"
Marie De Ville's contralto, heard over the telephone, won her an NBC contract. Swimming is among her favorite sports.

Rosemary Lane, whose vivacious singing is a highlight of Fred Waring's *Pennsylvanians*, also is an enthusiastic swimmer.

Above, Mr. and Mrs. James Melton seek summer solace on their yacht. Below, Laurette Fillbrandt of *A Tale of Today*. 

SUMMER SEAS AND SIRENS

And it's 'I hear you calling me!' for all of us!
Above, John Charles Thomas in his power boat, Tip Toe. Below, Priscilla Lane limbers up before taking a cooling swim.

Below, Patti Pickens poses in her red and white chintz suit. The coat has a hood to keep her hair from blowing.

Above, old salt Curtis Arnall, star of Forever Young. Below, Betty Lou Gerson, leading lady of the First Nighter series.
LONG LIVE THE KING...!

By Leslie Eaton

THERE is a legend afoot that Wayne King is hard to interview. An unfortunate legend, for you are likely to approach him with a chip on your shoulder and thus do him a grave injustice. For there never was a friendlier, more open-hearted person than this famous band leader who, four times a week, brings his serene and beautiful music into your homes. He is utterly free of any pose or showmanship, utterly straightforward and sincere.

He is tall, with light brown hair and a healthy tan that survives the winter, broad-shouldered, athletic, handsome. It is his eyes that give him away, that reveal the sentimental dreamer behind this unusual musician, athlete and business man—kindly eyes, brimming with good humor, but with shadowed depths in which you still can see the little boy he used to be, the little boy who was hurt so many times...

For Wayne King may be, and is, on the top of the world now, but he is there only after a long and bitter struggle against adversities that would have disheartened a less courageous boy. He loves to read books of philosophy now, but his own philosophy of life was learned not out of books but in the school of hard knocks.

To me, it is remarkable that a man not only should come out of such a battle with fame and fortune while he is still young, but that he should keep throughout such a bubbling sense of humor.

"One of my first jobs," he told me, "was in a doctor's office. I was only about seven, but I could sweep and run errands. It was a pretty good job and I kept it nearly a year, but one day I found the doctor's shotgun. Temptation was too much for me—I pulled the trigger and blew a large and ragged hole through his account books—and blew myself right out of a job!

"You know," he added seriously, "I am crazy about children—I don't mean my own children," (his eyes shone with pride at the mere mention of his proudest possessions, Penny, aged two and a half and Wayne, the new baby) "but especially the tads that have to work for a living, as I did. I talked to some paper boys in Boston—they made a publicity stunt out of it, but it wasn't that to me—it was real—and touching. I began that way, you know, peddling papers—it's not so easy as it sounds—"

Harold Wayne King (he has dropped the Harold pro-
The title of "America's Waltz King" fairly belongs to band leader Wayne King.

Wayne King (left) rehearses. Above, with Mrs. King, who was a former stage star, Dorothy Janis.

 Professionally) was born in Savannah, Illinois, in 1901 and when he was only four his mother died. In his mind, he has built up pictures of her, tender, sweetly sentimental, as real as memories. But he speaks of these things only through his music. His father, a railroad employe, found it impossible to keep his little family together, so the two older brothers were sent to live with relatives and he himself kept the baby, Harold Wayne. At seven, the youngster secured his first job and, after that, every minute he could spare from school was spent earning the pennies so sorely needed.

When Wayne was eight, his father took him to El Paso, Texas, but, soon after that, left the younger on his own. Wayne found some odd jobs to do in a garage, lived there and kept on with school, earning what he could after school hours. In these lean, lonely years he knew well what it meant to be hungry. Sometimes the only food he had was a bowl of soup and crackers that he earned by working an hour or two in a little Chinese restaurant.

But what courage the lad had! When he was a little older and could find more work to do in the daytime, he began to go to night school, eager always to get the best education he could.

"When I was sixteen," he contributed, "I managed to save $25.00. I invested it in a wrecked Ford, which my experience as a garage mechanic enabled me to put into pretty good shape and, feeling quite proud of myself, I drove it in to Clinton, Missouri, where my father then was."

It was not long after this that the father brought his son a present. It is the only present Wayne remembers getting, and he has no idea where his father got it or what prompted him—but what a fateful present it proved to be! For it was a clarinet!

Lovely, eagerly, the boy's lean, work-hardened fingers caressed the instrument.

"I knew nothing about music," he admits, "much less, perhaps, than the average sixteen-year-old. But I managed to pick out a tune—"

The gift was in his fingers, in his soul, but he had no time to study music. Still, he couldn't resist fooling with the thing whenever he had a little spare time.

"I owe my first step up to a (Continued on page 86)
Eternally restless Rachel Carlay of "Folies Bergère"

By Dora Albert

RADIO'S "French girl," Rachel Carlay, is really Belgian.

You wouldn't think so as you listen to the master of ceremonies announce her songs on the Manhattan Merry-Go-Round program. "Rachel Carlay," he says, "will sing. There she stands before the mike, so tall, so slim, so delightfully French."

She is tall. Five feet eight. And slim. But not exactly French.

"My mother was Parisian, my father was Belgian and I was born in Brussels, Belgium," she told me, gesturing with her expressive hands, "so I am what you call all mixed up."

Then why do they call her the "little French girl?"

Well, she speaks French, of course, beautifully. The Belgians do, you know. And she did spend a good deal of her life in France, singing in the Folies Bergère. And some of the radio moguls really thought she was French at first. She has that French verve.

"I have the devil in my body," she told me. Which might mean almost anything. But I think she really means that she is one of the most restless persons that ever lived.

Our interview was hectic! Almost at once I was drowned in a sea of French. Though Rachel speaks English quite clearly, with a lovely French accent, whenever she is excited (Continued on page 88)
Quick, Watson, The Microphone!

Sherlock Holmes of Baker Street triumphs on the air

SHERLOCK HOLMES was written for radio! In 1900 when A. Conan Doyle was setting London and the entire world agog with the amazing adventures of that fictitious master-sleuth, Sherlock Holmes, an Italian named Marconi was quietly experimenting with ether waves. His eyes gleamed into the future. He saw stars of the entertainment world floating through cosmic space. Perhaps some day an actor would follow in the footsteps of handsome William Gillette and immortalize Sherlock Holmes on the air.

In 1900 autos and airplanes were being accepted as established facts and the public was slowly coming out of its stuffy Victorian shell. Conan Doyle, a former doctor, was at the crest of his success as an author of detective stories. Inventor Marconi and Arthur Doyle never met, but their brilliant minds worked in juxtaposition. Here was Doyle unconsciously turning out perfect radio material in London, while Marconi, in Italy, was readying his engineering feat.

You don't believe Sherlock Holmes was written for radio? Neither did I. Then I spent five fascinating hours, talking about this phenomenon with Edith Meiser and Richard Gordon, who wear the mantles of Conan Doyle and Sherlock Holmes for radio purposes. Now I'm sure of it!

To any of you who never have explored the printed pages to find Holmes—he of the great Burberry coat and over-sized pipe—radio offers new thrills. He now enters your own parlor every Saturday night over the Mutual system at 7:30 p. m. EST.

Sherlock is no stranger to radio fans. He has been on the air before. But last year a short-sighted sponsor dismissed Dick Gordon and hired an actor with "a better British accent." The program lost its identity and left Gordon a broken man. Only a wave of indignant letters and the insistence of Edith Meiser brought the recluse of Connecticut back to play Holmes on the air again.

"I just had to go on playing Holmes," Gordon told me one Saturday night, as he caught a breathing spell between rehearsals, "for I have submerged my own personality, my own thoughts, my very life into Sherlock. I am Sherlock Holmes!"

He said this proudly, defiantly. When a man speaks like that, not even a powerful sponsor can squish him. Fate knew better—and restored him to his rightful rôle.

Putting the immortal sleuth on the air was Edith Meiser's own idea.

"I've been in love with him ever since I first became seasick," she said. "It was when (Continued on page 64)

By Lester Gottlieb

Two views of Richard Gordon, who is Sherlock Holmes, and (left) Harry West, who plays the ineluctable Dr. Watson.
Patti Chapin, of Ziegfeld Follies of the Air.
PATTI'S BEEN THRU THE MILL

Lovely Patti Chapin can tell you just what it takes to make a radio star!

By Mary Watkins Reeves

IF I could play fairy godmother to every girl in the world who wants to be a radio star, I’d chuck into the royal garbage cans all the auditions and fat contracts and “pull” and luck I had power over and give those girls something a thousand times more valuable than all the ready-made stardoms in the world. I’d give them each one undistracted hour for a heart-to-heart talk with Patti Chapin.

I wouldn’t set their appointments for immediately before or after one of her broadcasts on the Ziegfeld Follies of the Air, either. It would be too unrevealing a chat if it took place at the moment when Patti’s life is temporarily all applause and spotlights and a dubonnet chiffon evening gown and coast-to-coast attention and flowers and a stag line waiting backstage and a brand new carrot-colored roadster parked outside Radio City’s Sixth Avenue entrance.

I’d arrange to have the would-be stars see pretty Patti Chapin the way I saw her the other day, sprawled in near exhaustion on the divan in my office, devouring at four-thirty a cheese on rye that any other working girl in New York would have had time to nibble at noon, upset, blue, talking without a scrap of ego or reserve.

Saying: “Do me a favor, will you? Tell me a radio career’s worth the trouble. Tell me I’m just a sissy if I can’t take it!”

Something had gone wrong at rehearsal that day, something that seemed trivial enough to me, an outsider, but to Patti it justly constituted a major disaster. She was pretty sick over it. “Radio,” she moaned, “like everything else, is no bed of roses! Sometimes I get so tired and frightened.”

When Patti talks, a rising star confesses more about radio than you could learn in years of knocking around New York. She’s a person who started with nothing and has landed at the top by the cleverest, sanest method of procedure of any young vocalist I know on the air. The story of Patti Chapin and how she got where she is today deserves to be a working manual for every girl or boy who wants to sing for radio.

Suppose you were a small town youngster, eighteen years old, had a voice everybody in your home town thought was swell and were yearning to market your talents behind the microphones. But you didn’t have any money, you didn’t have a single contact in radio, you didn’t even know a soul in New York. What would you do?

Oh, there are a million things that have been done before. People have given up their jobs, come to New York and attempted to break in at the networks. They’ve expected to find a job to tide them over while they looked for radio work. They’ve borrowed money or spent their savings on the sketchiest chance that they might be “lucky.” Arrived in town, they’ve resorted to outlandish schemes and ruses to get in to see some influential executive or star. They’ve come, thousands of them, with too much hope and not enough planning. And failed.

Patti Chapin didn’t do any of those things—she was too clever to stake her future on a brief gamble. She wasn’t sure she could become a singing success in Manhattan because she’d never had any radio experience, but she was sure she could make as successful a dentist’s assistant in Manhattan as she had in her home town, Atlantic City. She had the personality, the efficiency and three years’ actual training in that capacity. So she saved enough money to support her for several months in the city, took a modest room at a (Continued on page 82)
THANK YOU, GRAHAM, AND GOOD EVENING, FRIENDS

"Once more the wheel of fortune spins." And once again the genial Major Bowes presents his ambitious amateurs to the faithful followers of his popular Sunday night coffee hour. Not often does he find use for his famous gong, for such is the skill and versatility of these unknown aspirants to fame and fortune that they capably afford an hour of entertainment which pleases the most captious listener to these programs.
An experience: diner de luxe at the Pierre. Feuille Norvégienne, perhaps. Then Borsch Polonaise, followed, if your Russian mood continues, by Suprême of Halibut à la Russe. Then Braised Lettuce, String Beans au Gratin. Then a Camel, a crisp salad, a Camel again...and an ice with demi-tasse and—Camels. "Camels are by far the most popular cigarette here," says M. Bonaudi, banquet manager.

The delicate flavor of Camels is a natural complement to fine foods. For it is a matter of scientific proof and common experience that smoking Camels promotes good digestion. Enjoy Camels with meals and between meals—for their mildness and flavor—their comforting "lift"—their aid to digestion. Camels set you right! And no matter how steadily you smoke—Camels never jangle your nerves.

Miss Lucy Saunders, of New York and Newport.

She likes:

Smart sports clothes...Palm Beach...the young crowd at the Virginia hunts...badminton...the new dances, including the son...the strenuous New York season...Bailey's Beach...lunching on Filet Mignon, Bouquetière, at Pierre's...Camels...dashing off to late parties...Lobster Thermidor...and always...Camels. "Camels are delightful when dining," she says. "They make food taste better...bring a cheering 'lift.' And they're so nice and mild."

Among the many distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, Philadelphia
MISS MARY BYRD, Richmond
MRS. POWELL CABOT, Boston
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., New York
MRS. J. GARDNER COOIDGE, II, Boston
MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR., Wilmington
MRS. HENRY FIELD, Chicago
MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, Virginia
MRS. JASPER MORGAN, New York
MRS. LANGLEY POST, New York
MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSELAER, New York
MISS ROSE WINSLOW, New York

Costlier Tobaccos

...Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE—SMOKE CAMELS
Lovely Niela Goodelle, whose melodic voice you hear on Mondays and Fridays over the NBC-Blue network, is easily one of radio's outstanding beauties. She has appeared in several Broadway musicals and, in addition to her sweet singing voice, this little artist also is a pianist of concert calibre. Born in New York state, Niela grew up in Florida. Which may account for her mingled vivacity and languor.
Stretched Pores

See faults go—
with UNDER SKIN Treatment

THE three commonest skin faults usually follow one another!

Once a girl allows blackheads to dot her skin, she's sure to be bothered with blemishes, too. And, blackheads and blemishes sooner or later mean—stretched pores...hardest of all to get rid of...hardest to bear!

It's easy to understand, once you know how they start.

All three come from clogging just under the pore opening—the result of a faulty underskin.

The little diagram above explains—When the underskin slows up, and glands get out of order, pores get clogged with their own oils. Dirt settles in...a blackhead! Unless you remove that blackhead, it develops into a blemish. Meantime, all that clogging keeps stretching and stretching your pores.

Rousing underskin treatment fights them off

You can avoid them all—keep them from spoiling your looks—by the steady use of Pond's rousing underskin treatment.

Just day and night—a thorough rousing and cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream...and soon your sluggish underskin is functioning freely again. Pores keep clear. Blackheads, blemishes stop coming. Pores actually reduce!

For Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which go deep into the pores...clear them of dirt, make-up, skin secretions. Then you put in more cream—briskly...Rouse that faulty underskin. Feel your skin tingle with new vigor!

Do this daily for quick results

Every night, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. As it brings out the dirt, make-up, skin secretions—wipe off. Apply more cream. Pat in hard—to get at that neglected underskin!

Every morning, and during the day, repeat treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin comes softer every time. Powder goes on beautifully.

Keep up these Pond's parting treatments. As blackheads soften, press them right out. Now blemishes stop coming. And the places where pores showed largest will be finer textured!

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

Pond's, Dept. H, 53 Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 3 other Pond's, Creams and 3 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 50c to cover postage and packing.

Name
Street
City
State

Copyright, 1926 Pond's Extract Company

53
New GLAZO puts old-type nail polishes in the discard

You've never seen a polish so lovely, so perfect to use

Glorious news for lovely hands! A new Glazo, so amazingly enhanced in beauty, so perfected in every manicuring virtue, that you must change your whole idea of what a fine nail polish should be.

This new Glazo formula dries to a satiny surface that doesn't chip or peel, that wears for several extra days. Here is a polish that disdains streaking, that flows on with perfect ease and evenness. And so completely has evaporation been eliminated that the polish is usable to the last brushful.

For the newest, smartest note in fingertip charm, ask for Glazo Suntan, Russet and Poppy Red. They're exclusive "misty-red" colors, and the latest additions to Glazo's wide range of authentic, fashion-approved shades. Glazo manicure preparations are now only 20 cents each.

It's new
it's perfect

GLAZO

20 CENTS

(Radio Stars)

Did Radio Save Frank Fay's Life?

(Continued from page 23)

"More Fay!" was the loud demand. The day following his second broadcast the wires, letters and phone calls were quadrupled and, what was more to the point, five different sponsors called Fay and offered him, begged him to accept five different and desirable radio contracts. Royal Desserts won.

And Fay is a star again, once again, and literally overnight, Fay is headlining.

I went down to NBC's streamlined and luxurious building here in Hollywood the other day to watch Fay rehearse and to talk with him.

I hadn't seen him for some three years—the last time being when I had had tea with Barbara and with him at their Brentwood home. I didn't know him when he first came into the control-room. His florid color is almost gone now. He doesn't drink even beer. His red hair looks darker. He looks younger in one way, older in another. His eyes have that look of fame which has gazed upon specters of some sort. But then, his eyes always were sad, in startling contrast to his mobile, ironical smile. For that smile is just the same and when he stands before the microphone he is the Fay whom Broadway knew best, the masterly Master of Ceremonies. He is the Fay who is still josting at the life he knows is not really so very funny—jesting, most of all, at Fay himself. He always refers to himself as 'Fay,' you know.

It was fun to watch him rehearse, to listen to him . . . he commented, he wise-cracked, he kidded with Eddie Kay and the boys—his band. He writes his own lyrics, does Fay, and most of his own music. Which is something I didn't know before. He writes of course, all of his own copy. Or rather, he ad libs it.

He and Eddie were having themselves a time . . . Eddie, the musician, in his shirt sleeves, Fay, thefunner, elegant in a gray tweed suit and gray Fedora hat. During the sort of patterning singing of one song Fay stopped, turned to Eddie and said: "A nuance faster, just a nuance —nuance, that knocks you, doesn't it?"

And Eddie, right back at him, turned to his band and said: "Don't forget, boys, a couple of nuances for Mister Fay!" . . .

Another time Fay stopped again and referring to a certain bar of music, said: "that is the clinker that has been with us from the beginning—let us get rid of the clinker!"

It's really too bad that we haven't television for Fay—for the play of his eyes, rather naughty, the shrug of the shoulders, the tempo of the body is worth seeing.

After the rehearsal was over Fay suggested that we drove out to Brentwood together for a talk. When we got there he excused himself, changed into flannel, old shoes, a polo shirt and went out to confer with his gardeners for a bit. For Fay knows gardening. He does a good deal of his own gardening. He knows all about soil. He knows what plants thrive in the sun and what plants in the shade. He is mad about begonias. He was his own architect for the beautiful, enormous house, spread, with palatial dignity and yet with the warm informal feelings of home, in the midst of gardens and pine trees and swimming-pool and tennis courts.

He said: "No, I never studied architecture much. I read books. I learned about 'em the way I've learned everything I know—by myself, from experience. If I had a lot of money, that's what I'd do—build and decorate houses."

He is mad about this house of his. His best friend is Sir Dog, the huge St. Bernard which almost scares the tar out of you when you clang the bell in the gate.

He said: "Sir Dog is the only person I can trust . . ."

He showed me the jade green fountain under a grove of pines and said: "I took that from the Ile de France!" He showed me the beautiful Spanish madonna who stands, so gently, under tall dark trees. I said: "She must be beautiful by moonlight!"

And Fay said: "Ohhhh . . ."

And I knew, by the tone of his voice, how keenly beauty really stabs him.

And finally we were seated in Fay's own knotty-pine panelled den, with its ceiling-high bookshelves, with its large workmanlike desk, its etchings and prints . . . Two bronze plaques, one of a baby hand, the other of a baby foot are welded into the hearth, irremovable. I think that Barbara must have had them made and put there for Fay.

And when he had relaxed for some minutes, I said to him: "Now, tell me about that—the radio contract—how you feel about it—everything . . ."

Fay's blue eyes were vague and he said: "I've been thinking much too much about it . . . I have only one feeling about it, one hope, one ambition, perhaps—and that is that they will say, when my broadcasts are over: 'Why, Fay was only on the air for twelve minutes, wasn't he?' I thought he was to be on for half an hour. That's the reaction I want, that's the only reaction I want. I don't work for it, because if I worked for it I wouldn't get it. But I hope for it . . . I hope for the time to pass so quickly that the fans will think it shorter than it is. I want them not to be bored . . . I want them to be a little pleased, that's all . . ."

"I can't talk about it very intelligently. Because, you see, I have no formula. I never have had a formula about anything. I never know, when I go on the air, just what I am going to say, or sing, or how I am going to say it or sing it. I never even thought of previewing pictures until the afternoon of the day before my first broadcast. I can't tell you whether I am going to keep on doing the previews or not. Or whether I will change the way I do them or not. I don't know . . . I don't want to know . . ."

"The minute I have everything planned and set I get formal. And that's the one thing I don't want to 'get.' I'll do a little of this and a little of that, more or less as it comes to me. I'll talk about saving pieces . . ."

(Continued on page 56)
It's the snapshots you don't take that you regret. Snapshots help you to live happy times over again—keep certain days, certain feelings always fresh and clear in your memory. Make snapshots now, before the opportunity has slipped away forever. And don't take chances—load your camera with Kodak Verichrome Film. This double-coated film gets the picture where ordinary films fail. Your snapshots come out clearer, truer, more lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome—use it always... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow—you must take Today.
Did Radio Save Frank Fay's Life?

(Continued from page 54)

of string and I'll complain a little and I'll chat a little and I'll sing a little..."

"I keep some sort of a record of what I'm doing, of course. But only so that I won't repeat myself. I have a general outline of what I'm going to do. That's all."

"I think I am the only one-man program on the air—the only one-man program who ever has been on the air. I mean, I haven't even an announcer to announce for me. I announce myself. I sign off for myself and for NBC. The only voice you hear throughout the whole half hour is Fay's voice. Fay'd better be good!"

"And that solo idea is why radio is the best medium for me. I think I belong on the air. I've always been a one-man show. I've been Master of Ceremonies. I've announced other acts, as I did in vaudeville. Now I'm doing the same thing, except that on the air I'm master of Fay's ceremony, I'm announcing Fay."

"'Yeap,' said Fay, and his blue eyes lit up, "yeap. I'm right back where I was in the old Palace days...! It's great!"

"I even do my own commercials. And I'm all for 'em—commercials—sponsors. I've heard people complain that the commercials are too long, ruin the programs they sponsor, defeat their own purpose by over-insistence on the product and so on. I don't agree. Commercials never have killed any broadcast for me. I'm all for the commercial. Our purpose would certainly be defeated if there were no sponsors—how about that? And I think there's a welcome interruption very often—the commercials. Who knows—it might be more valuable for some housewife to know how to make the best gelatin dessert than it would be for her to hear me sing another song. More interesting. Nope. Fay takes his sponsors seriously."

"And besides, it's all tommy-rot to talk of boring people when you're broadcasting. You can't bore people when you're on the air. No one can be bored by radio programs unless they want to and if they want to be they're not being—or they're unconscious. All they have to do is to turn the dial and my voice is stopped, isn't it? It's the one form of entertainment, the radio, where the artist can be booted off the stage and no offens given. And it's much more efficacious—(Fay's getting good!)—than the old Spanish custom of rotten tomatoes and ancestral eggs! (Fay knaves?)"

"That's right," I said helpfully, "you really don't know, when you're broadcasting, whether you are going over big or flopping or what, do you? There you are—and until the next day..."

"What a doll, what a doll!" groaned Fay. "You wouldn't take me up on that and emphasize it? I never really gave it much thought before. But now—you going to be around quite a bit?"

"I laughed. "I like radio," Fay went on, "because it takes me into the homes. I love to go into the homes. I have the feeling, when I broadcast, that I am right at home with the folks, I can just see them sitting all cozy like in their living-rooms and dens, relaxed, at ease, nothing to disturb them or distract them—or me. They chuckle a little, I hope. Now and then there's a laugh. Radio is the only form of entertainment that's really honey-like—except perhaps for reading. But reading is more serious than Fay and his fellow artists. They don't know whether they've flopped or not until later, when posterity has had its say!"

"I've done radio before, you know. When it was in its infancy. I guess I was about the first artist to broadcast and get paid for it. In the early days of radio most artists were glad to go on the air for nothing—for the publicity—for the advertising. I never felt that way about it. I wouldn't broadcast just for the money. I wouldn't even go down town to a broadcasting station for nothing—that's work, isn't it, just getting there? No work without money—that's Fay's slogan! Except, of course, for charity drives for hospitals or something that's getting something for someone, but just to oblige someone who's getting paid—no!"

"I want to stay on the air. Yeah, more than anything. Vaudeville, my old racket, is all through. I'm glad to try it home here in California, so 'Broadway's Favorite Son' has left home. I have no objections to doing pictures, though I wouldn't want pictures to interfere with radio. I've had several offers and so far have turned them down. I'm satisfied with a three-picture contract, no more, no less. There's only one I'm considering now, though."

"But I want to stay on the air. I'm crazy about radio. I like all of the programs, can't have any favorites because they're all swell. Amos 'n Andy are wonderful, of course. Wonderful, especially, because there's never a comeback from anybody, in any sphere of life. There's never been a smutty word in any of their programs. They've never been an offensive syllable. They're clean and they're human and they're swell!"

"I want to amuse people, that's all. I don't want to teach 'em anything. I haven't anything to sell—except Fay and Royal Deserts. I have no theories to advance and no arguments to argue. I don't want to preach or to pray. I have neither plot nor plan. I write a skeleton outline of my own stuff and then I talk it. I write my own songs and then I kid them. I get my songs from everywhere—the newspapers, the girl who waited on me at lunch, the servants in my house, the trees, the flowers, the bees... I always pick out one person in the broadcast audience and talks to her, along especially like personal. That's Fay on the air—personal."

"I can't predict what I'm going to do next broadcast—nor even fifty broadcasts from now. I don't know. I don't want to know. A little of this—a little of that. I'm open to conviction, argument, suggestion, criticisms, ideas, opinions from all and sundry."

"I just want 'em to say: 'How-come Fay was only on the air for twelve minutes...! That's what Fay wants!'"
"I didn't deserve their pity"

If I'd known about "Lysol" sooner, our happiness might have been saved

When my divorce was granted by a court—my friends pitied me, and blamed my husband, as people so often do. But I know now that I was really the one at fault. I had become irritable, cold, unresponsive...actually afraid to be happy. Fear and worry had preyed on my nerves till I was a different woman from the bride my husband loved. I wish I’d learned about "Lysol" sooner.

How stupid that we should let blind, reckless ignorance like this go on wrecking countless marriages! Millions of women know that the simplest and best method of anti-septic feminine hygiene is the "Lysol" method. For nearly 50 years "Lysol" has had the worldwide endorsement of leading doctors and hospitals. Used as directed,

"Lysol" is so gentle to sensitive tissues that it is commonly used in the delicate operation of childbirth.

"Lysol" in antiseptic marriage hygiene has special effectiveness. It has a spreading quality which enables it to search out hidden spots where other antiseptics fail to reach. And "Lysol" destroys germs even in the presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.)...when many other preparations don't work.

To every wife who has been the victim of needless worry—accurate, authentic information about antiseptic marriage hygiene is now offered, in a free brochure called "Lysol vs. Germs". It tells how to use "Lysol" for this and many other germicidal needs. Just send the coupon.

The 6 Special Features of "Lysol"
1. Safety..."Lysol" is gentle and reliable. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
2. Effectiveness..."Lysol" is a true germicide, which means that it kills germs under practical conditions...even in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.). Some other preparations don't work when they meet with these conditions.
3. Penetration..."Lysol" solutions, because of their low surface tension, spread into hidden folds of the skin, and thus virtually search out germs.
4. Economy..."Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.
5. Odor...The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears immediately after use.
6. Stability..."Lysol" keeps its full strength, no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

New! Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands and complexion. Cleansing and deodorant.

FACTS MARRIED WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

Lysol & Fine Products Corp Bloomfield, N. J. 
Sole Distributions of "Lysol" disinfectant Dept. R58
Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS" with facts about Feminine Hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

Name _______________________________________
Street _______________________________________
City _________ State ________
© 1936, Lysol & Fink, Inc.
Irene Fenwick. She has been ill, and Lionel (who, despising as he does the personal note, writes to me about it, saying that he is, without much competition, the most devoted husband in Holly-wood) spends every spare, off-the-set moment talking to his wife.

The set was built to resemble some weird sort of laboratory where, one felt eerily certain, macabre experiments were in progress. There were retorts, test-tubes, all kinds of strange vials and bottles, bubbling and steaming with vari-colored waters. As Lionel and I talked Henry B. Walthall and Rafaela Ottiano were rehearsing some creepy scene, their tortured faces and quavering hands in keeping with the spectral background.

Lionel changed from a straight-backed chair to a more comfortable arm-chair on the edge of the set. He moved with the difficulty his constant pain causes him. He said: "I know nothing about radio. I am ashamed to say so. I wish that I did. I should. It is progress, radio. It means new and the new is the life of theatre—or so it seems. First the theatre, then pictures, now radio and next, they tell me, television. I suppose the steps are forward. And I should take that step and understand where it is and, I am going on."

"But I am old, laboratory. I know nothing about it. I do what I am told to do when I am broadcasting and whether I do it well or not I have no means of knowing. Which is another tormenting fact. I can know what I am doing when I work in dimness. I can see the rushes. I can see stills. I can see the finished picture. On the stage, there are many rehearsals. There are the dress rehearsal and the first night. If the critics are unkind the actor can change his smooth over the rough places, alter and amend. There is no such opportunity on the air. Once it is done, it cannot be retracted nor revised.

"I dislike it—but no more intensely, perhaps, than I dislike every other form of work. If I had a million dollars I would stop tomorrow. I would never again do anything on stage or screen or radio. As I have not a million dollars, I will die with my prop shoes on, no doubt. Or die shooting into the ether, perhaps. Die working, anyway."

I said, thinking of the long tradition of Barrymores in the theatre—Maurice Barrymore and Georgie Drew Barrymore, father and a mother of Lionel, Ethel and John—and thinking of John Drew—of all that long-illustrious family—I said: "But the smell of grease-paint—isn't it true that it enters the blood? That it is like incense, like a spar, like hunger, like love?"

"It is," said Lionel, "like playing a violin obligato on one string, in the desperate hope that your artistry may be miraculous enough to make your audience believe that all the strings are being used."

"Into the voice on the air must go, then, all of the make-up, the costumes, the props, the scenery, the gestures to which we have been accustomed. And which we have never, before radio, learned to do without. The actor on the air must be potent enough to make the radio audiences see the body bending, the eyebrow lifted, the tear in the eye, the grimace of pain."

"We don't deliver a one-tone monologue on the air. No matter how dramatic the material, a pulse that is hammered too hard, even with drama, finally becomes impervious. Even his inherent power of individuality is overridden. We have, therefore, to assimilate all of our being, all of our lights and shades into the voice.

"Then," said Lionel, shifting in his chair, his light blue eyes fixed on some
I do not like broadcasting before an audience. I feel as though I were being spied upon in private. It’s like having someone stand behind you, peering over your shoulder, while you’re writing a letter. You know how self-conscious, how uneasy and indignant that can make you feel. That’s the way I feel when I’m broadcasting before an audience.

“I believe that the personality is, at present, the least part of broadcasting. The material used is the thing. If the radio artist can write his own material, as Asom and Andy do, as Burns and Allen do, as Irvin Cobb does, that’s fine, that’s fine. For the material, the ‘copy’ is the sum and substance of whether you are a success on the air or the dismal reverse.

“It helps, of course, if the artist is known, visually, to the radio audiences. It helps the audiences, at any rate, to visualize the performer. They know, if they know your face and mannerisms, that you are liable to be making one kind of a face when you say one thing and another kind of a face when you say another. They know that you are apt to be gesturing this way or that way at given moments, under given conditions.

“Great dramatic players are good on the air—assuming, as we must, that the people are satisfied with audible entertainment. Plays use a fairly complete cast of players. And the deadly menace of the air—monotony—can be avoided. Characters, a diversity of characters, speak in a diversity of tongues. The change in scene and locale can be announced and, if the imagination of the audience is sufficient, the background can be visualized though never seen. Helen Hayes has done well on the air. And Leslie Howard. We all know what they look like and our eyes can follow our ears.

“Music, to my way of thinking,” said Lionel, who loves music and art as well as, if not better than, the theater, “music is the art form that really belongs to radio. It is the one completely audible art.”

“Mr. Barrymore . . . Mr. Barrymore is . . .” The voice of the assistant director resounded from the set.

Mr. Barrymore rose slowly from his chair, grasping the arms with thin hands. He smiled, that enigmatic Barrymore smile. He said: “I am sorry I know so little about radio—sorry I couldn’t have told you more. Like most men, I suppose, I speak in terms of my own problem, my own experience. But I do say because I know, that to give drama on the air is doubly, trebly as difficult a feat as giving it on the stage or screen could ever be. When we succeed—well, the applause, the encomiums should be doubly, trebly enthusiastic, too. A disembodied voice,” said Mr. Barrymore, as he moved away, “must be the voice of a supernman.”

I LOVE YOU SO—
but how can we afford to get married?

ANNE: “On what you earn it will be easy, Darling.”
DICK: “Why, Anne, that dress you have on cost a week’s salary, I bet!”
ANNE: “Goose, it’s one of my bargains—cost next to nothing, and it’s Luxable . . .

“I’ve learned to dress on the tiniest sum, Dick. I shop for smart things at bargain prices, but get only Luxable ones. Then their upkeep costs almost nothing, because with Lux everything stays new-looking so long. Doesn’t that prove what a thrifty wife I’ll be?”

JACK HYLTON
Royalty’s favorite band maestro and ours—in a fascinating story—in the SEPTEMBER issue of RADIO STARS

Helps millions to dress well on little money—
Stick to Your Script!
(Continued from page 33)

before you know it, everybody in show business would be saying the same thing—and phfflffflffflff!" Gene finished with an expressive gesture.

"You know," he resumed, "we flopped once in radio. That was because we thought we could do the same type stuff on the air that we'd always done on the stage. So when we were offered this chance to come back on the radio, I believe me, I was scared to death. I wanted to take it—and yet I was afraid. Suppose we didn't make good. Of course, we'd learn our lesson and we knew we'd have to do something entirely different, but after all, knowing and doing are something else again."

Willie and Eugene are happily able to get laughs, even from their own personal trials and tribulations. Witness Willie's account of their first difficulty as airwave comics.

"You could have bought me for a counterfeit nickel," he reminisced. "You see, all my life, I've memorized parts. It's second nature for me to pick up a script and memorize it. Naturally that's what I did when I was given my first Folies de Paris script. I took it home and memorized every word, letter, and punctuation mark in it. When I showed up for rehearsal, I felt pretty good. You know how a kid feels, who has studied his lessons so well he's sure he knows all the answers. Say, I was practically smirking! I knew I could put my mind on putting over the gags and situations—because I knew that script. So what happens?

"They hand me an entirely new script!"

"But I think the worst thing is not being able to use my hands. You see, I have to wear glasses to read, so here I am with my nose buried in that script, and my fingers keeping the place so I won't lose it. Why, it's torture, that's what it is!"

If you have ever seen Willie Howard talk—and I mean seen—you will understand that it is torture, cruel and inhuman, to expect him to utter sounds unaided by his hands!

"It's no cinch to learn to talk slowly, either," Gene contributed earnestly. "That's what killed us on the air before—talking too fast. We always used rapid-fire cross talk comedy on the stage, but for the radio, that's out! Radio listeners don't want to have to strain their ears to catch a gag. Radio must be relaxing."

Willie shuddered as another dread thought flitted through his mind.

"Radio terrifies me," he said. "It's so final. Know what I mean? One strike and you're out. With a show, you rehearse for weeks and weeks. The cast sort of grows together. You change here and add there. Sometimes the show is practically rewritten. Then you try it out on the road. If you're not satisfied, you go to work again and change some more until you are. Maybe you play it for a month in the sticks until all the kinks are ironed out. Then you open. And maybe it's still a flop, with all that nursing."

"Look at radio. You rehearse once or twice, and then you get up there and shoot your stuff into that microphone—and even then you don't know until later whether you've flopped or not. And in a show, if you or someone else makes a slip, you can cover it up with some quick ad libbing. But here, it's all the air. You stick to the script and pray!"

Incidentally, one of the greatest assets of Willie and Eugene in the days of their stage stardom was their gift for ad libbing—a gift as useless to them in radio as it was valuable before the footlights. Indeed, in the profession, it is an adage that Willie and Eugene are "funnier off than on." Murray Paul, Rudy Vallee's Man Friday, told me of the insignificant (but true) incident that led indirectly to the Howards' present coast-to-coast radio stardom. Paul was standing in the wings of the Scandals, when suddenly a commotion, so violent he thought a riot was in progress, drew him backstage. There on a platform one tenth of an inch thick, and on a mass of chorus girls holding their scanty clad sides in helpless mirth. From somewhere in their midst came a voice giving an excruciatingly comic characterization of Professor Ginsberg in Paris. Paul, schooled in the Vallee tradition of radio showmanship, earnestly advised Willie and Eugene to stop working along the same lines. An advertising executive was sitting out front and he heard them the very same night. A short time later, they were signed for their current series.

Turnabout is fair play. One night Willie, in an impromptu entertainment at an after-theater party, was doing an imitation of Major Bowes. Suddenly his quick showman's mind conceived the idea for a song based on Major's "All right...all right...all right." He passed the idea along to Rudy Vallee, who had it written immediately. I watched Willie and Eugene rehearsing. Everything was progressing smoothly—too smoothly. Suddenly Willie, victim of thirty years' habit, interpolated an ad libbed line. Two startled script writers stared at one another in wild astonishment. Fifi D'Orsay loosed a shriek of uncontrolled laughter. An excited production man in the control room waved his arms like a windmill. The whole show had been thrown out of time. The entire rehearsal had to begin anew! Willie was crestfallen. Gene was mellow.

"See," downcast Willie confided, "They want me to be funny. So to be funny—got to be serious. What a world!"

COMING! in the SEPTEMBER issue of RADIO STARS a beguiling new story about JOE PENNER
Jessica Dragonette's Amazing Sacrifice

(Continued from page 25)

compassion, her gracious, friendly impulses, who has held the loyalty of the nation for two decades. And the late Will Rogers, with his homey, ungrammatical philosophy, and his down-to-the-earth naturalness. There is the beloved Madame Schumann-Heink, as generous with her love and devotion as she is with her song. Make a list of the great favorites of the American people, and you will find them all folks of deep sympathies and understanding, people who have risen from the ranks but who never have grown away from them.

Certainly there has been no lull in the growth of Jessica Dragonette's popularity! She has been an undisputed favorite now for years. But what will happen if they continue to place her farther and farther out of reach of the human touch? Can the warmth and beauty of her voice, the sincerity you feel behind each song she sings, bridge the gap?

There are, undoubtedly, many of her fans who want to worship her from afar. Who want to think of her more as an angel than as a woman. The man, for example, who spent an entire year in patient, loving labor, building her an organ of exquisite tone. The man who fashioned her likeness in a stained glass window, beautiful enough for any cathedral.

The artist who made a tremendous tapestry, with Jessica, symbolizing Inspiration of Life, as the central figure. Today the organ has an honored place in her music room, and not an evening passes that Jessica doesn't sound its celestial notes. The stained glass window is a prized possession and the tapestry covers an entire wall in her home. Every little gift sent her, every line of praise from her listeners is kept and cherished. Perhaps these expressions, from people she never has seen, supply the sunlight in a life that otherwise seems singularly devoid of human warmth.

To Jessica these expressions from her fans are the compensation for her sacrifice.

Says she: "If by creating song, I can inspire others to create—that is my joy."

And yet, to most girls—to most artists—it would be a hollow joy. For there is always the need for laughter and dancing, friendliness and love. For the canary and honesty of true friendships, for the informal pleasantries from those you meet. For the loving touch of a hand, the sweet security of a man's love.

Should any woman be required to shut herself away from these? "Queen of the Air," they call her, "Angel of Song." But queens are almost always lonely and an angel on a pedestal tastes neither the holy joys of heaven nor the sweet pleasures of the earth.

Is it worth the sacrifice?
It's hard to believe that FEMININE HYGIENE can be so dainty, easy and GREASELESS.

BUT IT IS TRUE. Zonitors, snowily-white antiseptic, greaseless, are not only easier to use than ordinary preparations but are completely removable with water. For that reason alone thousands of women now prefer them to nosey, greasy suppositories. Soothing—harmless to tissue. Entirely ready for use, requiring no mixing or clumsy apparatus. Odorless—and ideal for dezodouring. You'll find them superior for this purpose, too!

More and more women are ending the nuisance of greasy suppositories, thanks to the exclusive new Zonitors for modern feminine hygiene.

There is positively nothing else like Zonitors for daintiness, easy application and easy removal, yet they maintain the long, effective antiseptic contact physicians recommend.

Zonitors make use of the world famous Zonite antiseptic principle favored in medical circles because of its antiseptic power and freedom from "burn" danger to delicate tissues.

Full instructions in package. All U.S. and Canadian druggists. Mail coupon for informative free booklet. Each in individual plastic vial.

Zonitors. For FEMININE HYGIENE Snowily-White Greaseless.

MILLIONS “HUSH” USE for BODY ODORS.

Those who are fastidious and immaculate of their person welcome HUSH for its effective qualities to overcome excessive perspiration and unpleasant body odors. HUSH keeps the underarms fresh and free from every trace of odor. Use it daily.

4 Kinds
10c size at 10c stores

CRED LIQUID POWDER STICK

ZONITORS FOR
FEMININE HYGIENE
SNOWLY-WHITE GREASELESS

They Don't Come Any Nuttier!
(Continued from page 39)

jeering character in Stoop and Budd’s show, who drives his car close to the curb, splashing mud on you; who does, in fact, all of the innumerable, exasperating things that annoy people. He is merely a voice, played by Colonel Stoopnagle. I mentioned this.

“Oh sure,” said the Colonel. “But I always think of him as a real person.”

“Speaking of Mr. Bopp,” said Budd, “tell him about the letter we got from the railroad company.”

“We had Bopp,” the Colonel explained, “as the engineer who drives his engine around railroad yards late at night, bumping into standing Pullman cars.”

“And a few days later,” sighed Budd, “we got a letter from the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, asking us if we could not have Mr. Bopp do something else. It seemed that the Pullman Company had spent millions of dollars in improvements to make the public comfortable and our Mr. Bopp was undermining all that.”

Mr. Bopp, too, was the voice that used to open Stoopnagle and Budd’s show, jeering: “Ya-a-a-h, Stoopnagle and Budd haven’t got a sponsor!”

And that was typical of Stoop and Budd. Where most radio performers would be a bit embarrassed by the fact that their show is sustaining—unsponsored—Stoop and Budd kidded themselves about it, dinned it into listeners’ ears and whooped it up into one of their funniest features.

Not that they had plenty of sponsors—and the Colonel notwithstanding—satisfied sponsors. The selling job Stoopnagle and Budd did on Tastecast is radio history. On that show—their first network program—they started working for nothing, with the assurance that they would go on salary when a certain figure, indicating increased sales, was reached. The Colonel and Budd stopped at nothing—up to and including crying into the microphone—to get listeners to write in for samples. In less than two weeks, the surefire sponsor’s amazement, they exceeded their quota. And from that time on they were a radio fixture.

The Colonel—in private life F. Chase Taylor—writes all the material for the team and is the blushing violin of the two. He leaves by back doors to avoid crowds and blushes readily. Budd usually does the honors at banquets and social affairs.

“Not,” says the Colonel, “that I dislike signing autographs. Like any performer, I dread the day when there won’t be any crowd looking for my autograph. It’s nice that they want it. But Budd does most of that sort of thing—he likes it.”

Budd, of course, being Wilbur Budd. Hulick, the nearest thing to a “straight” man in the team.

The mild madness of Stoopnagle and Budd’s comedy defies analysis. “We find,” says the Colonel, “that people really like to be kidded, as long as it isn’t malicious. We use every little thing that did happen to a known radio act for some time and, in every case, the originators not only didn’t mind, but helped us and seemed to enjoy it. Besides, most of our kidding is against ourselves. Like the night we appeared on the Fred Allen show, as amateurs. Fred said the winner would receive the Roxy theatre as a prize and we told him we didn’t want the Roxy—we’d take the fifty dollars, because we were on sustaining. The Colonel little knows that the thing we do is to keep working, sponsored or otherwise. “It seems to work out,” he says seriously, “that often when things look darkest someone comes along and wants you. Every commercial we’ve had has dropped in our laps that way. We keep going—and while we’ve never been right at the top, maybe we’re lucky at that. Not that it wouldn’t be nice to be there—but it’s something to keep working!”

They have had their share of “sponsor trouble” when the performance is sure to object to personal appearances. On the Pontiac show we told about our invention of roller skates without rollers, so people who were learning to skate wouldn’t fall down. And for that we had a letter from General Motors, asking us not to use it, because it was an automobile program and roller skates were competition to automobiles!”

Believe it or not! But the Colonel isn’t sure about it. “You can understand how the Colonel feels,” he confided, “but Buffalo — that Welland, Ontario, wanted to borrow the new Peace Bridge that had just been erected between the United States and Canada. In the broadcast we agreed to let them have the bridge in Welland. A few days later, the police chief of Welland told the men of the actual bridge, saying that there was a long line of cars piling up and would we please return the bridge to its proper place so they could cross!”

They used to work much more broadly than they do now. At first Stoopnagle and Budd’s act was entirely impromptu. But they have gradually adjusted themselves to working from scripts, although an ad lib line will sneak into the broadcast now and then. Says, “There are lots of funny things all around us—the trick is to notice them. One trick we use is to give some really important thing no notice at all—like in the yacht store sequence we used. I’ve always had a private banner at all the yacht shops on display in stores—nobody ever seems to buy one! So we worked up the sequence of the salesman in the yacht store, who hadn’t sold a boat in four years,” said the Colonel. “The big one, if you’re a Stoop and Budd fan. The manager, coming in to look around, discovers that one yacht—the Winnie May—is missing.”

“The funny part, of course, was that a
yacht could be mislaid," the Colonel says. "In the eventual working out it turned out that the good Anchor Company had had an anchor left over and they borrowed the Winnie May to use the anchor on and forgot to return it. The blowoff came when they discovered that in taking the yacht out they had forgotten to put back the rear wall of the building! It's a good thing we didn't notice that last winter,' the manager says, 'or we'd have frozen to death!' And another time we had a fellow come in to buy half a yacht and go through all the negotiations without any questions being raised as to why he wanted a half a yacht!"

Another Stoop and Budd stand by is the involved sentence. "Colonel," says Budd, "who was that lady I saw you with?"

And the Colonel answers: "That lady is the man whose penthouse we went to the other night for dinner's wife!"

But there's more than just a trick or two to their comedy. There is a knack for put, terse simile; as: "A thud is a boom that didn't have a chance." And there is a sense of the absurd that amounts to genius. The Colonel, at the moment, was working on the script for their burlesque of Jack Armstrong, the All-American Boy. He called it Jack Headstrong and it's sponsored by a manufacturer of bubble-gum, that when you blow a bubble it has printing on it saying: "Poiithbinders." Poiithbinders, of course, is spelled: P-H space T-H dash B paragraph E-R-S.

There's their trick of leaving a sentence incomplete, as in the case of one of their burlesques. Budd asks the Colonel if he has had permission to burlesque a certain show. "I have a letter from the president of the company," says the Colonel. "That's fine, Colonel. Will you read it?"

And the Colonel reads:

"Dear Stoopnagle and Budd ... signed, the President.

The Colonel's inventions, too, are famous. Such as the wig with hair standing on end, for bald men reading mystery stories. And his definitions: "A straw is something you drink sodas through two of them."

They have inaugurated such national institutions as Be Kind To The Colors In The Rainbow Week, which followed their successful Be Kind To Tortoises Week.

The Colonel is taller than he seems on stage, next to the very tall Budd. He doesn't play practical jokes and takes his radio comedy seriously.

When a master of ceremonies or speaker is wanted Budd usually obliges. They'd like to do musical comedy or picture work but feel that they need more stage experience.

"One night," says the Colonel, "as I left the theatre after a broadcast, a well-dressed, elderly gentleman stepped up to me, shook hands and told me he was a college professor. He said at his college, after working all day at science or mathematics, he, along with many other professors, enjoyed sitting around the radio listening to Stoopnagle and Budd. I was interested in why they enjoyed our show. "Because," he said, 'we have to use our brains all day. And when we listen to you fellows we don't have to think!'"

And Stoopnagle and Budd regard that as one of their nicest compliments.

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PRINCIPAL GREYHOUND INFORMATION OFFICES

Cleveland, Ohio ... E. 9th & Superior
Philosophy, Pa. ... Broad St, Sheldon
Chicago, Ill. ... 17th & Welles
San Francisco, Calif. ... Pine & Battery Sts.
Charleston, W. Va. ...

... 1600 Kanawha Valley Bldg.
Minneapolis, Minn. ... 509 6th Ave., N
New York City ... Nelson Tower
Boston, Mass. ... 222 Boylston St.
Washington, D. C. ...

... 1403 New York Ave., N. W.
Washington, D. C. ...

Detroit, Michigan ... Tuller Hotel
St. Louis, Mo. ... Broadway & Delmar Blvd.
Memphis, Tenn. ... 16 Union Avenue
New Orleans, La. ... 400 N. Rampart St.
Cincinnati, Ohio ... 630 Walnut St.
Lexington, Ky. ... 801 N. Limestone
Richmond, Va. ... 412 East Broad St.
Windsor, Ont. ... 1004 Secord Bldg.
London, England ... A. B. Reynolds, 49 Leadenhall St.

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Greyhound sets a new LOW in fares
—a new HIGH in comfort and service

FOR summer trips, Greyhound offers a dozen fine features that no other form of transportation can match. But overshadowing all else today, are the amazingly low rates in effect to every part of America—the most sweeping reductions in travel history. Big, smooth-riding coaches are kept spic-and-span, mechanically perfect, safe and dependable. Individual chairs are truly restful—reclining to any desired position. Greyhound serves almost every major city and vacation area in the United States—many in Canada. More optional routes to choose from—six months return privilege and further savings on round trips.

(Watch for announcement of beautiful new super-coaches, pictured above—soon to be in service throughout America.)

MAIL THIS FOR NEW LOW FARES, TRIP INFORMATION

Send this coupon to nearest Greyhound Information office, listed at left for rates, suggested routes, and pictorial folder on any trip you may plan.

Information on trip to ______
Name ____________________________
Address __________________________

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63
Quick, Watson, the Microphone!
(Continued from page 47)

I was thirteen and experiencing my first ocean voyage. I got violently sick. Mother didn't rush to the ship's doctor. Instead she went to the library, grabbed a Holmes book and dropped it in my lap.

"Read that, Eddie," she said firmly, "you'll forget all about being sick."

"I read the book through twice and forgot all about being sick! I didn't eat dinner, though. I was still day-dreaming about Baker Street, Moriarity and dear Doctor Watson."

Four years ago Edith suggested the idea to her radio producer-husband, Tom Mc-Knight.

"It's too old-fashioned, gal," he said dubiously, "Everyone has forgotten the old boy.

This started the couple off on one of their friendly spats. They fought back-stage when they were in vaudeville together. They battled over ideas for radio. Most of the time the dark-haired girl won.

This time it looked as if Tom would come out on top. Prospective sponsors scoffed at the idea. They wanted a streamlined sleuth, who spoke out of the side of his mouth, scared women and children.

However, the new school of dicks the Philo Vances, Nero Wolfe, and Nick Charles (The Thin Man)—were not adaptable for radio—simply because they were too tough.

Despite discouragement, Edith delved anew into Sherlock's habits. She has read every book ever written by Doyle. Then she discovered Holmes liked coffee—drank at least seven cups a day—and, believe it or not, that is how Sherlock got his first taste of the ether waves! Edith, bright Vassar graduate that she is, put this bit of information under the noses of the G. Washington Coffee people, and did some very fast talking. Twenty-four hours later they became Holmes' first sponsor. House- hold Finance Corporation is his present one.

Edith McIver extracted a script from her portfolio, removed her wide-brimmed straw hat and started to warm up to her subject:

"Sherlock is perfect air material. There are not too many clues. Holmes, you know, was the first deduction artist. He was the first to use the famous cigar-ash and fingerprint clues. Doyle, a scientist at heart, believed in mental, rather than physical action. Therefore Sherlock has excellent radio pace. It's uncanny how smoothly it works out for radio adaptation. Conan Doyle had great vision."

When Edith first adapted these stories, criticisms came in bundles. Blue-nosed listeners resented a character who once took cocaine. Holmes devotes, on the other hand, liked that his adventures include all the detective's eccentricities.

Conan Doyle originally wrote these stories for his own amusement. He gave his brainchild a few bad traits. "Quick, Watson, the needle!" became an internationally famous expression. Then Sherlock Holmes began to sell in the millions—and when colonists on the very rim of the British Empire waited impatiently for the next installations—which came via mail-boats—Doyle knew it was an unwise move to make a world-hero a dope addict. Holmes stopped taking the "stuff" after the first two books. Edith McIver left it out entirely.

Other critics objected to the pronunciation of English words. The word "clerk" is pronounced "clark" over there. Yet if "clerk" had been used on the air, the auditors explained, too many listeners would have missed the point of the episode.

Retired British Army officers berated her conception of Dr. Watson.

"My dear girl," one old gaffer commented, "you've made the old boy a bit of aissy. After all he was a soldier in Her Majesty's forces."

Dr. Watson was supposed to be a fearless ex-British Army Doctor, who saw service in the Afghan campaign. But Edith McIver uses the faithful friend to set the scene and create suspense. In the books Doyle did this easily enough with graphic word pictures, which could not be transferred to the air.

"Therefore it was necessary," continued the writer, "for me to have Watson always a bit nervous. Otherwise listeners never would know the risks Sherlock was taking."

Edith writes her scripts in bed. She spends two days a week amid pillows and blankets, pencil and paper in hand, dog-eared reference books nearby. Most of the stories run almost the exact time of a thirty-minute broadcast and are complete. Conan Doyle even left room for the commercials!

"Sherlock Holmes is like old wine, tell them that," spoke up Richard Gordon suddenly, "each time you play it you find something different.

The soft, nasal voice of Richard Gordon captured the conversation. This was Sherlock Holmes! Only checkered cap and magnifying glass were missing.

This gray-haired actor has played each episode at least four times—yet he never knows how any of them will cut! "There's nothing obvious about Holmes," continued Gordon, "you get a new meaning every time."

That night Gordon was acting in The Reigate Puzzle. One particular line Gordon had been reading wrong, right up to dress rehearsal time putting the wrong infection on one word.

Here is the slice of dialogue that Richard Gordon discovered he was saying incorrectly a half hour before the broadcast:

HOLMES: Curious that a burglar with previous experience should deliberately break into a house at a time when he could have been certain that two of the family were at home.

ALCE: He must have been a cool hand.

HOLMES: Yet, a curious fellow.

It was necessary for Holmes to say "curious" with a sly intonation. Gordon pointed out, for the detector knew all the time that Alce was the murderer.
And I stupidly thought all the while that Holmes was simply groping for a clue and did not know at the time that Alec was the wretch," confessed the actor.

Acting Holmes on the air differs from playing the man on the stage. "You must put it all in the voice." Holmes, genius and master-mind, cannot make mistakes. One night Gordon said footprints, instead of fingerprints on the door-nob. Next day, 3,000 wide-awake listeners stuffed Gordon's mailbox with joshing letters.

"Now on the stage, my hand would have pointed to the knob and the audience never would have realized my error. The gesture would have covered me. On the air gestures are useless."

Gordon stifles gestures when broadcasting by putting one hand in his pocket and using the other to hold the script. This makes all the emotion vocal.

"Radio," concluded this actor with twenty-five years' experience, "is the greatest medium for old Sherlock, for only one sense is used: the ear. The voice builds the action. The listener sets his own scene."

When people call Gordon a copycat of William Gillette, Gordon's placid face turns deep red.

"I'm not like Gillette," he says angrily. "Whereas Holmes became William Gillette, I became Sherlock Holmes."

Conan Doyle got the idea for Sherlock Holmes from a Dr. Joseph Bell of Edinburgh—a man with a knack for knowing what people would say before they uttered a word.

Though the first story, *A Study in Scarlet*, brought its author only twenty-five pounds, it met with amazing success.

A sudden death of Holmes and killed him and his enemy, Moriarity, in 1891, by tossing them both down the jagged rocks of Reichenbach Falls. No act could have caused greater wrath. It was as if they took fish and chips away from the cockneys; the changing of the guard from Buckingham Palace. One woman called Doyle a brute. The *Irregular Baker Street* cult, a club of Holmes fans, disbanded in a huff.

In 1902 Queen Victoria knighted Conan Doyle. Technically he received the honor for service in the Boer War. Actually it was for bringing Sherlock back to Baker Street again.

Edith Meiser would like to think the same thing would happen if Sherlock were dropped from the airwaves. If the series continues indefinitely, Edith will go to London and persuade Cox & Co., Ltd., to let her explore the Doyle vaults—unopened since his death. Dame Rumor has it that there is material for a hundred more episodes—each perfect for radio. Gordon will go with her.

"I want to walk on Baker Street," he says dreamily.

There are some romantic fools who believe that Sherlock Holmes and the inevitable Watson still live. I can see them—two elderly, bent gentlemen, snuggling close to the fireside, far from sinister Limehouse and foggy, fateful nights. I know they must own a wireless set.

Even this night, as Richard Gordon acts a scene over the air, Sherlock must be tuning in his other prototype, pipe in hand, Watson at his side, whispering: "Amazing; my dear Watson, amazing!"

---

**9 out of 10 girls should make this "Armhole Odor" Test**

**Tonight, when you take off your dress, smell the fabric at the armpit—that is the way you smell to others!**

The most scrupulous care cannot protect you, charming as you are, from the daily unpleasantness of perspiration odor if you deodorize only. You can test it quite easily for yourself tonight. When you take off your dress, simply smell the fabric under the arm.

If you have been deodorizing only, the chances are 9 out of 10 that you'll discover a musty, stale "armhole odor" in your dress. That odor is what other people notice when you are near them!

It is easy to explain. Unless you keep your underarm dry, as well as sweet, it is inevitable that some perspiration will collect and dry on the armpit of your dress.

This need happen only once, yet every time you put that dress on, the warmth of your body will bring out the odor of stale perspiration. Fastidiously fresh though you are, that unpleasant "armhole odor" gives the impression of unforgivable carelessness!

**Protect yourself this SURE way**

Women who seriously value their charm willingly spend the few extra moments required to use Liquid Odorono, because it is sure. With Odorono, your underarm is not only odorless, but absolutely dry. Your dresses will never collect those little drops of moisture which can undo all the other measures you take for flawless loveliness.

Doctors say Odorono is entirely safe. With Odorono, the usual underarm perspiration is merely diverted, and comes out on less confined areas of the body, where it can evaporate freely.

**Saves your expensive gowns**

Odorono ends forever those shocking perspiration stains which can fade and ruin a lovely frock or coat lining, in just one wearing. And of course, there is no grease to make your clothes messy.

You can get Odorono in two strengths—Regular and Instant. You need use Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) only twice a week. Instant Odorono (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin or quick emergency use—to be used daily or every other day. At all toilet-goods counters.

Let Odorono keep your underarm dry, your clothes as sweet and fresh as you are—and you will be truly exquisite. Send today for samples of two Odoronos and leaflet on complete underarm dryness offered below.

---

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc. Dept. 8 E 6, 191 Hudson St., New York City (In Canada, address P. O. Box 2329, Montreal). I enclose 5¢ for samples of Instant and Regular Odoronos and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.

Name.

Address.

City. State.
RADIO STARS

Her Ladyship—"Bea" Lillie
(Continued from page 37)

her art—the crisp, provocative pantomime, an upward flash of her eyes, a twist of her mouth, an unexpected stumblum, a change of her feet. All that remains to work with is her voice, but she herself does not fully realize its rich potentialities. For she has a rare gift of conveying some subtle double meaning, some racy bit of humor by her voice alone.

But in the early days of her career, she took herself very seriously. On a fateful Friday the 13th, she opened in her first show and did her bit to the frightening accompaniment of a Zeppelin raid. If by any chance she sang off key that night, it was not due to any instinct for being funny! Songs were sentimental in those days, and sad, and she sang them all with the ardor of a young girl whose emotions were deeply stirred by the patriotic fervor and excitement of a world at war.

But raids soon were a commonplace and that impulse to burlesque, to express a wayward humor, would not let her be.

"I usually was dressed as a boy in those days," she explained. "Men were scarce, you know. One night I put on a lovely thick moustache, in an effort to be funny. But Charlot was furious—he fined me five shillings."

Bea Lillie fined five shillings for trying to be funny. But if Charlot was angry, he was not last before perception as he seemed. For Bea Lillie remained with his Revue and when he brought his show to America in 1924, she was one of its brightest and shining lights and New York went mad over her, their adoration.

She has been on the stage almost continuously since her first appearance with Charlot. Briefly her romantic marriage with Sir Robert Peel intervened. But eight months after the birth of her son, she returned to the theatre.

"I thought I'd give it up," she admitted, "but I don't think you can..."

She said that again, when we were talking about the relative attractions of theatre, radio and pictures.

"I made a silent picture with Jack Pickford and later a short and a full-length talkie, but I was not at all satisfied with them. The innumerable retakes are trying beyond words! I'd get so tired and then I'd get mad! And all the spontaneity was lost before they were ready to 'shoot'... But of course I love Hollywood—I've played there a lot. Perhaps we'll go there this summer—I hope so."

And perhaps, if she goes, she may consent to make another picture—she ought to, for as a pantomime artist, she is superb—but she won't, if it would interfere with her work in the theatre.

Radio appearances likewise have to be fitted into the theatrical schedule. Not that she does not enjoy broadcasting, but the color and the life of the theatre are in her heart.

"It is my first love—I don't think anyone who has had a taste of it could give it up," she repeated.

Her introduction to radio, like that of so many other famous people, was on Rudy Vallee's program. Her first program was on the Borden hour when, for twenty-six weeks, as Beatrice Borden, she broadcast to a radio audience of a type of humor that was new and different. Then followed her weekly appearance on the Columbia program, the Flying Red Horse Tavern, with Walter Woolf King and Lennie Hayton's orchestra, under the sponsorship of the Socony Vacuum Oil Company.

The ordinary difficulties of working this in with her starring part in At Home Abroad were greatly increased when the show went on the road. Then, instead of appearing with her co-actors before a studio audience, she had to perform by herself, her part being piped in from wherever she was playing.

"It was rather fun when I could hear the program. I felt just like an ostrich! One could see me, but I could talk to Walter and hear his response. But in Chicago, I had to go on at a signal—no audience, no Walter—just a matter of re-reading the script, reading it, timing it!"

"A girl in New York prepare the scripts, working over them together. "I don't write them." She disclaimed any talent along that line. "I think of ideas for the sketch, humorous situations, we talk them over and she writes them."

"And. 'Anny's Bedtime Story"'

"Oh, that was a mistake! We never should have begun them! But they won't let us stop!"

Absurd, ridiculous, invariably amusing, are Anny's Bedtime tales, but the little girl's off a greater variety, a wider range for Bea Lillie's gifts, her inimitable antics. She never uses gags. But it doesn't matter so much what she does, it is her way of doing it that is so de-

funt, "It is sheer genius and there is no one on stage or screen or radio to challenge her title of queen of comedy.

But speaking of titles reminds us, of course, of her other title—Lady Peel. Even the most democratic American must feel respect for a title that has stood for so much in English history as has that of Sir Robert Peel. (It was the first Sir Robert who organized London's police force, long years ago, and thus originated the nickname 'bobbies,' too.) Today the title is proudly borne by a tall, handsome lad of fourteen, for Lady Peel's husband died two years ago.

I mentioned Robert and Lady Peel gave a quick dash to a trunk in the next room. "There's a book of press clippings—Sadie keeps it for me—I want to show you—" Sadie, who has been her secretary for fourteen years, lifted out the book, laid it flat on the trunk. With quick, nervous fingers, the slim, dark-haired girl—neither actress now nor titled lady—turned the pages.

"This is Robert—see how tall he is!"

It was a picture of a handsome, highstrung lad, walking proudly beside his mother. He is a student at Harrow now, ambitious to study law, but though the ocean is between them so much of the time, he manages to see him at every vacation. If she is playing here, he comes
to her. And every year or so, she returns to play in England. Someone has referred to her as a transatlantic commuter. Besides, there always are the wireless and the phone to bridge the distance.

She is equally at home in London or New York and loves them both. Most of all, she loves being busy, being fully occupied in her work. A week's holiday during Holy Week was a week too much!

"By nine o'clock, I was yawning—it was dreadful!"

In At Home Abroad, she is on the stage almost continuously, darting off to change her costume and reappearing for a new characterization almost immediately. While in New York, she added to that heavy schedule and her weekly radio program, a night club appearance. For some time she sang at the Rainbow Room there. Later at the New Montmartre.

"It's grand fun," she said zestfully of her midnight act. "I love it, and the more I have to do, the better it is!"

She even loves being on the road "Especially," she added, "when I am with congenial people—this tour has been such fun. They are grand people, all of them. And it was fun especially when the tour took them to her own home town, Toronto, Canada. There she had a royal welcome—but she has that everywhere, for she has many friends wherever she goes and is entertained eagerly. Sometimes, perhaps, because of her title or her fame, but more often because she herself such delightful company.

But she has more than wit—she has dignity and charm and graciousness and very distinctive good looks. Her sleek black hair is cut close, brushed in manly style back of her small ears. She has candid gray eyes beneath arched dark brows and a wide, sensitive mouth. She is small and slender and essentially feminine in spite of the boyish figure. But underlying all this, cropping out unexpectedly, is the mischievous sense of humor, never malicious but gay, sparkling, racy, delicately satirical and occasionally censorable, from radio's restricted point of view! She delights in a Frenchy joust at hypocritical sedateness and her audiences thoroughly enjoy the piquancy of her delicious naughtiness.

When she can, she takes a regular busman's holiday: "There is nothing I like better than to see a good show," she admitted. "I go every chance I get!"

And she also is a radio fan and, like the rest of us, has her favorites. Among them she particularly enjoys George Burns and Gracie Allen, Jack Benny and Fred Allen. "They are always funny," she commented. "It doesn't matter what Gracie says—it's the way she says it. And George is so clever, too—a grand team!"

You'll think that, with her crowded schedule, she would long for a chance to rest, but nothing seems further from her mind. In fact, if she has any extra time, she likes nothing better than a long walk, for sheer enjoyment of the fresh air and the out of doors and a glimpse of lake or river or park, as opportunity offers. I have never seen anyone with so much zest for living, such depth of enjoyment in the little every day affairs, such complete happiness in her work, her surroundings, her friends.

She hummed softly as she powdered her nose, patted her hair in place, waiting for the call-boy. "Of course I'd like to have a home, with Robert," she confided. "But he is in school so much of the time and, anyway, I have him during vacations. My mother and sister are in London—I see them when I can. There's no point in my staying there—and I need to be doing things!"

Charlotte's Rescue was produced in America in 1924 and 1926. In the intervening year, it was produced in England. Since then, Miss Lillie has appeared in She's My Baby, Oh, Please, Noel Coward's This Year of Grace, Walk a Little Faster, and others. Coward wrote several songs for her and is one of her intimate friends. In between her comedy performances, she has played straight parts, such as her role in George Bernard Shaw's Too True to be Good, and sung straight songs, but her public insists on her being comic. Her gift for apt and hilarious mimicry, for being spontaneously, richly funny and subtly satirical, is too rare to be dispensed with. Neither the theatre nor the radio can do without her own complete individual brand of humor!

Her friends are the elite of the social world and of the literary as well as theatrical coterie. But she is disarmingly democratic, easy to meet and get along with. The toast of two continents, titled lady and successful comedienne, she remains "Bea" Lillie, whose chief aim in life is to amuse you and me!

- Men won't come near a girl who offends with underarm odors. They hate, too, a deodorant which covers one unpleasant odor with another.
  Why risk either? Women are discovering a wonderful new deodorant which gives positive protection against under-arm odors—FRESH! A delightfully fragrant cream like no other you've ever known.

FRESH is antiseptic—safe after under-arm shaving or depilatory. A safeguard against infection in tiny nicks and cuts.

FRESH can't possibly harm clothes. For FRESH dries instantly. Is not greasy. Has no harsh ingredients. Just apply FRESH and go right on with your dressing. Pores stay open, healthy, sweet with FRESH. No medicinal odor. FRESH just gives you freshness.

ECONOMY SIZE, 50¢. If your toilette counter hasn't FRESH, send 10¢ with your name and address to Pharma-Craft Corp., Louisville, Ky., for Travel Package of FRESH, postpaid.
RUND AND WAVES

With Supertest to rule your waves you need not fear the wind. For Supertest is the ideal waving lotion. It dries quickly, leaves absolutely no flaky deposit and produces lasting, natural, lustrous waves. Supertest sets hair as it should be set—and keeps it that way. With Supertest, your hair is always under control—shock, burnished, well-groomed. Now in two formulas—regular and no. 2 (faster drying).

10c at all 5 and 10 cent stores in the new comb dip bottle.

Has Graham Any Home Life?

(Continued from page 21)

some day, and do all the things you can't do now?"

"Retire?" It was obvious that the word touched no secret spring in his heart. "Oh—well—if I had plenty of money, perhaps... No," he amended, "I wouldn't want to retire! I've been active so long, I wouldn't want to slow down, give up.

And it didn't need the conviction in his tone to tell you this was true. His whole career attests this verity. Graham McNamee is action, enthusiasm, energy personified. Perhaps that is one reason for his success. He is success, as he is all these other qualities. They're not a mask assumed, not an armor for the battle, not a role to be played for what it is worth. They are the man himself. Which is why his voice, coming over the air into our homes, brings us that special sense of dynamic personality.

Who can describe a sports event as exci
tingly as he does? Or so thrillingly report the drama of a political convention, a presidential inauguration? Or broadcast so precisely the quality of emotional hysteria which is our own reaction to the personality that for the moment has captured our imagination? Or so cleverly play the stooge to our favorite comedian? Who else could make the commercials on the Rudy Vallee program seem so pleasant to hear? Or contribute to the Major Bowes' program that polished tone of the veteran which so savely complements the amateurs?

Whatever the occasion, Graham identifies himself with it. He is as much an integral part of it as are the hero, the president, prize-fighter or comic.

But originally he started out to fashion quite a different career for himself. In 1922 he made his debut as a baritone soloist at Aeolian Hall. And although that same year saw the beginning of his connec
tion with NBC, where he has been ever since, he has given countless concerts throughout the country. But they are now a part of his pleasant past. I asked him if he regretted giving up singing.

His answer came with characteristic conviction: "No! A singer's career is a tragedy. First you are going up. You get a hundred dollars—five hundred—a thousand—on up to the top... Then you begin going down. Seven hundred and fifty—two hundred and fifty... Then, when you're my age, you're glad to get twenty-five—just what you got when you were nineteen!"

"I never sing any more—not even for myself," he went on. "I've given hundreds of concerts, besides singing on the air. Hundreds! Once, in forty-nine days, I gave forty-four concerts. On the fortieth and the ninety-first day I felt fine. On the fiftieth I collapsed! I was down flat with the flu!"

"Once I gave a concert in a small city near New York," he recalled with his in
teresting grin. "It was on the day of the false alarm. It was—do you know how they were—out in the street, shouting! The hall where the concert was to be given had no piano. They had ordered one to be delivered that day—but there was no one to deliver it. Finally we rounded up a couple of huskies to lead it on a truck. I helped them. Helped them move it into the hall and set it up. Then I rolled down my sleeves and sang!"

"I've been in radio fourteen years," he said reflectively.

"You've practically grown up with it," I agreed.

"Grown old with it," he amended.

"But radio," I contributed, "is 'still in its infancy.'"

"But I am not!" said Graham.

He can say that—but no one else, look
ing at him, listening to him on the air, would think of it. He was born July tenth, 1899, but age is far away from Graham McNamee as white locks and a long gray beard! His hair is crisply black and apparently as young as ever was. His eyes shine with the enthusiasm that is youth's most enviable characteristic. His color is high and those first calling cards of Time—wrinkles and lines—have not yet been set upon the smooth contour of his face. You can't really imagine him looking any older ten or twenty years from now.

And the reason for that—whatever he has to do, whatever demands it makes upon him, he takes it all in his stride and loves it. You can't wear out doing what you love to do!

I asked him which of his various as
signments he enjoyed the most.

"You ought to know the answer to that," he rebuked me with a grin.

"It's fairly obvious that you enjoy them all," I persisted.

"Well?" said Graham.

Well—the answer to the question, if he had been willing to give it, undoubtedly would be the Ed Wyman program.

It's not just a feather in Graham's cap that this program moved from CBS to NBC just to have it. It's an accolade, an order of merit fairly earned. It at
tests his enviable reputation, his unrivaled desirability. It's naturally a gratifying situation for any man and, furthermore, the genuine pleasure he has in being again a part of Ed Wyman's program makes it doubly satisfying.

"It's fine, being back," he said. "Lots of times," he went on crisply, "people work well together on the stage and dislike each other intensely, apart from their work. But I like Ed! I like him person
ally, socially—every way. And we had worked together for so long..."

"I'll confess," he shook his head, "that first Tuesday night we were back together was the hardest job I ever did in my life! The feeling of tension... The show had been a success on WBC. It had slumped on NBC, and apparently...—would it come up again? Were we putting it over?" He shook his head again. "I was never so tense!"

"Of course, it went over big, that first show. But then, we wondered, could we repeat it? Would it fall off again the next Tuesday?"

"But the next week," he smiled, re
membering, "we went over even better. More laughs. More enthusiastic response. After that we breathed a little easier. I
don't speak for NBC," he added, "but I think they're glad to have us back together again. I know we're glad.

"We do a lot of ad libbing on this program," said Graham. "It's not all cut and dried—written down in the script—as some people think. That gasploon thing, for instance, it just happened—and it's still good for a laugh! I never know," he went on, "when Ed is going to say something unexpected to me... Then I say something back—and he comes back again. Sometimes we get so far away from the script, we have to cut out a lot of it to finish on time. It's stimulating," he said. "Keeps you on your toes. Makes it livelier...

"I don't cross Ed as often as he crosses me," he continued. "But sometimes I come out with something unexpected—and he always comes right back at me.

He looked at his watch. "I'm late for rehearsal!" he said, bounding to his feet.

"But Mrs. McNamee—" I said, metaphorically clutching at his coat-tails as we flew to the door. "What happens when she wants a bit of her husband's company?"

For Graham is married—and not merely to the microphone, as we might suspect, but to a charming Southern girl whom he loved at sight and with whom he eloped one January afternoon in 1934. Ann Lee Sims, she was, and a conventionally reared, unsophisticated young girl. The sort of girl, you would think, whose romantic dreams would center about a vine-clad cottage and her man coming home at night to sit beside her under the Southern moon.

But "her man" is Graham McNamee, NBC's busiest announcer—the whole wide world's man, really! (He gets an enormous amount of fan mail.) And the vine-clad cottage is a penthouse apartment atop one of New York's tall towers. And the Southern moon sheds its sweet light far away...

"Does she get to see you sometimes?" I asked. "Or does she just listen to you on the radio?"

He laughed. "She keeps busy... She dances and dines and rides horseback. She doesn't lack for friends or interests. Besides, I usually get home within half an hour after the broadcast. She plays golf, too," he added.

From which we gather that Mrs. Graham, while she may be a microphone widow, at least is not a golf widow. She does share a part of his fantastically busy life.

That part he doesn't talk about... But something in the suddenly soft light in those Irish eyes seems to say that beyond the fever and excitement of his broadcasting commitments there is a haven of supreme satisfaction and fulfillment, known only to Graham and Ann Lee McNamee. And there, beyond doubt, is the true source of his tremendous zest for life, the source of his boundless energy, his enthusiasm, his inspired eagerness, that hold him in his high place in his profession and in our hearts.

Yes, however brief and broken into it must seem to the casual eye, Graham McNamee has a private life, a home life—as any normal human being must have. And his continuing success in his chosen career is the finest tribute to the security and sweetness of his home life.

MODERN Eye Make-up IS AS NECESSARY TO Charm AS THE SMARTEST Hat

Every woman's chance for romance depends principally on charm. The eyes can express this vital quality more than any other feature. Popular women know this rule by heart. Charm is within the reach of every woman and girl instantly, easily, surely—with the famous Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids! Don't take our word for it—prove it for yourself. Go to your favorite toilet goods counter today and purchase Maybelline Mascara in the solid form or the New cream form. See how easily you can apply it. Instantly your lashes look twice as long. Notice how smoothly and evenly it darkens your lashes—how daringly beautiful it makes them! Best of all, they will appear naturally dark and Invariant.

Scientist show there is no more waterproof mascara than Maybelline. Tearproof. Absolutely harmless. No stinging. Not lumpy or heavy on the lashes—keeps them soft and silky.

Ten million modern, fastidious women have proved Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids to be the finest that money can buy. The Solid form Maybelline Mascara is obtainable at drug and department stores, in a beautiful red and gold metal vanity—only 75c complete with specially designed brush. Refills 35c. Generous 10c introductory sizes of Maybelline Solid and Cream form Mascaras, (including brush), Eyebrow Pencil, Eye Shadow, Eyelash Tonic Cream, and special Eyebrow Brush may be had at all leading 10c stores. Try them TODAY! You will be more than delighted—you will want to tell all your friends about this breath-taking easy way to lovely charm!
NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH?

Told by topnotchers of the air in reply to oft-repeated questions from their fans

George, Gracie and Sandra Burns pose for their first family group in their new Hollywood home. Sandra, an adopted daughter, now has company in the form of Ronald John Burns who was added to the family only last summer.

Does your fan mail guide you in any way?

Igor Gorin: "Yes, it is an invaluable guide in indicating the public's taste."

Conrad Thibault: "Not particularly. I do like to know what most people think of my work and the songs that please them, but do not feel any effect of guidance from them."

Olga Alban: "Very much. When many letters agree on certain things about my voice, it is very encouraging because I realize that what I am working for is bearing fruit and I know that I am right in keeping on."

Andre Kostelanetz: "My fan mail is always interesting to me. Suggestions and criticisms from people who are genuinely musical are sometimes helpful both in building the program and presenting it."

Betty Lou Gerson: "It may guide my characterizations somewhat, but as I am not responsible for the selection of the plays in which I act, it cannot be a ruling factor in those."

Parks Johnson: "Our Vox Pop fan mail is extremely important to us. From it we determine what proportion of light or serious questions to employ, and what 'style' of interviewing is preferred by listeners. In general, it is the blue print from which a Vox Pop program is constructed. Vox Pop is not only the 'Voice of the People' down there on the street, but as truly the voices of those ears which listen."

Jerry Belcher: "Most assuredly. It furnishes an excellent index."

Bernice Claire: "I do try to answer request numbers."

Deems Taylor: "When the fans like my program, I reflect upon the extraordinarily keen judgment of the average listener. When they don't, I realize that a letter is, after all, only one person's opinion."

David Ross: "Letters are like mirrors. Through them we see the shape of our work."

Benay Venuta: "Fan mail on the whole makes you feel that someone listens in, and is a guide for the popularity of songs."

Nino Martini: "In the aggregate, I certainly feel that fan mail, like the reviews of critics, is worthy of the careful consideration of any artist. Too much attention, however, cannot be paid to any one particular letter or critique, whether eulogistic or depreciatory, because of the divergence of opinions regarding any one performance."

Bing Crosby: "I like to consider all reasonable suggestions."

Art Van Harvey: "Yes, I not only get keen enjoyment in reading my fan mail, but in a number of instances it has suggested ideas for future broadcasts. After all, fan mail to a radio artist is his applause, and I think it should be read thoroughly."

Loretta Lee: "I should say it does. It is a grand feeling to answer requests, for you know before you begin that you will be pleasing somebody and this gives you a mental impetus which cannot but enhance the quality of your performance. Constructive criticism, too, comes in the mail, and this never did any artist any harm."

Rosario Bourdon: "It certainly does. How else would we know what the public wants?"

Captain Tim Healy: "Yes, I get a great inspiration from the fan mail. The kindly suggestions and criticisms help me no end. After all, the fan mail written directly to a feature is the opinion of those listening and your job is to please and entertain them."

Curtis Arnall: "Fan mail is a form of flattery which can harm no one."

Ed McConnell: "I read all the fan mail my time will permit. I do not see how any artist could gauge the likes and dislikes of his listeners in any other way. Incidentally, my fan mail is most intimate in nature, and my listeners do not hesitate
to praise or condemn me. I have picked up many valuable suggestions in these letters of commendation.

Virginia Verrill: "Yes, especially my Fan Club mail, because I know that those letters are from people who really have my interest at heart."

Jose Manzanares: "Of course it does. There are many people who know plenty about my work in this country. The fan mail deserves great consideration."

Bob Crosby: "Yes, from my fan mail I am able to ascertain the type of music the listeners enjoy most, what kind of songs they do or do not want me to sing, and with the frequently excellent criticisms I am able to improve my band and my radio programs."

Bob Burns: "Yes, it has been very encouraging, so far—thanks Heavens."

Lennie Hayton: "My fan mail guides me in the selection of musical numbers. I like to present my arrangements of compositions that fans like to hear."

Does a poor performance give you an attack of "blues" or do you accept it philosophically?

Nino Martini: "Like most artists, I of course endeavor to give the very best performance possible on each occasion, but I am seldom entirely satisfied with any program I render. I do not, however, allow this to give me the "blues."

Fritzi Scheff: "I have not yet seen my perfect performance, nor do I think I can give a poor performance either."

Parks Johnson: "Of course a poor performance depresses me. That feeling of depression soon passes, however, and I dig in earnestly to discover why it was necessary, in order to get a perfect performance. After a poor performance, the most important thing in the world is the next performance, and giving way to a fit of blues for any length of time will impose a terrible handicap on the preparation of that next job."

Jerry Belcher: "I accept it philosophically."

Olga Albani: "I don't get over a poor performance for days, knowing that I could have done this or that to have avoided what I felt was a performance not up to my standard."

Bing Crosby: "The word is "anger."

Lorettta Lee: "I don't believe anyone can be completely indifferent after giving a bad performance, but I try my best to chalk it up to experience, and benefit by my mistakes."

Deems Taylor: "I accept it philosophically. Would God the sponsor dit?"

Betty Lou Gerson: "I'm afraid it is a little difficult to accept it philosophically, as each performance is a final one and we are not allowed to correct poor impressions by sterling performances on the same show the next evening. A first show is a last one, and we have to be judged on merit by one performance."

Ray Perkins: "My impression is that every poor performance will cause my notes at one time or another. This is particularly true in comedy where one is dependent so much on material. Any of us so-called 'funny men' must have our 'off' times. I feel chastened and mad at myself, but I immediately start looking forward to the next golden opportunity."

Captain Tim Healy: "Sometimes we have a bad day and our program is not as good as it should be. I don't get the 'blues' over it, but I certainly do feel pretty cheap after being invited into a home to tell a story and then making blunders in telling that story."

Virginia Verrill: "A poor performance gives me the 'blues' and I do not get over it until I have redeemed myself by giving a good performance."

Lennie Hayton: "A poor performance does not give me an attack of blues nor do I accept it as 'one of those things.' I try to utilize the mistakes that caused the poor performance in such a way so that I may avoid them in the future."

Ozzie Nelson: "A bad performance always me for hours—sometimes days. In fact, I still remember some lousy ones that I gave a couple of years ago."

Keep Young and Beautiful

(Continued from page 9)

comfortable and painless as possible, I can even suggest a mosquito repellent for you. This is highly practical when you're going in for shorts and sleeveless dresses. It is a greaseless, stainless, fragrant cream. Apply it generously on all the exposed parts, rub it in thoroughly and allow just a few seconds for it to be absorbed. This cream will make your vacation a happy hunting for you, rather than for the mosquitoes!

With the mosquito diet out of the way, let us give a little attention to that reducing diet yin with which most of us are bitten yearly when we catch sight of our figures in bathing suit or shorts. Milk and leafy vegetables offer a healthful combination for a reducing diet. Let-tuce, cabbages, spinach, swiss chard, beet tops—all these green leafy vegetables yield the greatest health-giving values because Nature stores her vital mineral elements in thin leaves. It might be well to remember that figures often are most healthy when they, too, come in thin packages. Thin leaves are rich in organic minerals, besides containing the other vitamins common to all green plants. One theory as to why these organic minerals are so important in nutrition is that the minerals in the body carry electric impulses to our tissues; they vitalize us and fill us with life and energy. If more women were sold on that theory, perhaps there would be less foolish and less dangerous dieting fads. I know a doctor who lists these three things as having the greatest importance for creating health and skin beauty: lettuce, carrots, milk. In any summertime reducing diet, it is well to include liberal amounts of all three. Milk and thin-leaved plants really are your safeguards, for they are known as equalizers or balancing foods which, if used liberally, make up for occasional irregularities or deficiencies in diet.

Now I have prepared a special milk diet bulletin for you which also outlines a practical week-end milk diet that probably will prove much more workable for the majority of you than the strict weekly diet. The milk diet bulletin is yours for the sending in of the coupon.

Milk not only is a great reducing and building food, but it is a great beautifier. Milk is real skin food. It seems to have a direct effect on the skin, helping to keep it soft and pliable. There are several milk creams I think you ought to know about because they actually incorporate pure milk in their formulas. One is a massage cream which contains eighty per cent, pure, fresh milk. Directions and diagrams come with the cream so that you will know exactly how to give yourself a soothing facial. There also is milky lotion you'll like, which blends beautifully into the skin and makes the perfect summer powder base. It gives rich, non-sticky protection for dry skin.

After all, it isn't how long a vacation you get, but what you do with it that counts. A week-end on the milk diet, allowing yourself as much relaxation and sunshine as possible, with a few soul pampering facials, will leave you rejuvenated in body and mind.

What if you have planned a very grand vacation at the seaside and you end up for a week-end or week at Aunt Clara's farm? You can do noble things for your figure when you climb haystacks, jump fences, and hike along country roads or in sweet-smelling woods. Fresh air for filling your lungs with oxygen; gardens that produce a harvest of complexion and figure beautifying foods; pure fresh milk and water for keeping clean both inside and out, sunshine for filling your bodies and hearts, woods and lakes that stimulate you to swimming and riding in rejuvenating exercise and outdoor sports . . . these things are free.
Radio Ramblings

(Continued from page 6)

birthplace and boyhood home in Dundee, Scotland—for the first time in twenty-four years. The trip is by way of being a honeymoon for the singer and his bride of three months. The Gospel Singer's broadcasts will be resumed on Monday, August 3rd, on his regular schedule.

During August we shall miss Kate Smith's voice from the CBS network, for the first time in six years.

Kate has chartered a 90-foot yacht, aboard which she will take an Alaskan cruise, according to her manager, Ted Collins and Mrs. Collins and the Collins family. The yacht will be manned by a skipper and crew of five. Kate says she wants to relax, but she is taking along tackle and gear for deep-sea fishing. Also she plans to cruise to the whaling grounds in the North Pacific, where she hopes to witness the capture of a whale.

George Burns is getting his summer tan on the Hollywood links, letting no turf grow under his cleek! Other golfers are Walter Woolf King of The Flying Red Horse Tavern, Glen Gray, bandleader of the Camel Caravan, Oscar Shaw of Broadway Varieties and "Slumlin' Ed" McConnell.

Tennis addicts include Andre Kostelanetz, Chesterfield orchestra director, who learned his lawn game in Leningrad when it was still St. Petersburg; Igor Gorin, who batted them back and forth on the Viennese courts before he ever heard of Hollywood Hotel; Matthew (Back Roger) Crowley and Agnes Moorhead of The Great American Tourist.

Boake Carter goes in for sailing. He learned to handle booms and top-gallants while a student at Cambridge University, England. Guy Lombardo looks for another silver trophy for his mantel-piece for his newest speed boat.

Virginia Verrill says she'll just go a-fishin'.

"VERSES"—OR WHAT HAVE YOU?

Listening to Walter Winchell's Sunday night Journals Tunisia, this rambler, after about three minutes, begins to feel dizzy! Why, we wonder, must this entertaining news gossip be shrieked at us? What a pleasant relief when Announcer Ben Grauer begins to speak! Out of sheer gratitude we rush out and buy a bottle of Jergens!

Boake Carter's commentaries are so soundly reasoned and so well put, we can't quarrel with his voice—though occasionally we wish we didn't have to strain quite so hard to get every syllable. However, maybe it's a good thing—if it were easier, we might miss some of it through sheer carelessness. And it's worth working for!

We've heard some comments on Carter's "synthetic English." But since he was born and educated in England, his Cambridge University accent can scarcely be called synthesized. Incidentally, Carter's uncle was financial advisor to Edward the Seventh and his sister is secretary to a member of the British Parliament. Boake himself long has been a student of political economy both here and abroad—so we may accept both his accent and his comments with conviction.

Gracie Allen's speaking voice, bright, smooth, streamlined, is a delight. Even if she weren't funny, she'd be easy on the ears. There's music enough in her charter. Why must she—er—sing?

Portland Hoffa's sing-song blends agreeably with Fred Allen's doleful drawl. Their Wednesday evening duet is a pleasantly balanced harmony.

The sound of Bea Lillie's voice is deliciously humorous. If someone only would give her something worth using it on!

The voice of Graham McNamee is a grateful foil for Ed Wynn's giggle.

And, to top off, that sweet, flute-like song of Margaret Speaks, of the Firestone program.

WHAT TELEVISION MIGHT DISCLOSE

Eddie Dowling's Elgin Revue, broadcast Tuesdays over NBC. . . . Ray Dooley, Number One Baby Impersonator and sparkling comedian, scorns chairs and sits on the floor—almost under the piano—while awaiting her turn at the mike. Despite more than twenty years on the stage, she's actually bashful in the studio. She reads her lines without a script.

The Johnson Wax Comics. . . . In the front row of a studio at NBC (Chicago), filled with a giggling, expectant audience, sits a couple looking like a pair of sightseers from the country. Rico Marchelli, on a high podium, commands a lively band from the band and the show begins. The country cousins edge up to the microphone—you might take them for curious intruders, were it not for the scripts in their hands. She wears a frowsy cotton print dress, fitting her like a sack. Above her naive face perch a kettle-shaped hat with a crazily waving black feather. He, with battered straw hat, ill-fitting horn-rimmed spectacles, one-button striped suit, is the conventional "rube"—down to his bright orange shoes.

They are Fibber McGee and Molly.

And, for a Pagliacci touch, rumor whispers that behind the infectious smile of comic Phil Baker dwells a mist of tears when he picks up his accordion for a solo on his hilarious Sunday night series. In his early youth he dreamed of being a great acrobat. But he gave up the violin for the "pleated piano" and mirth for the multitudes. Nevertheless, he once was invited to play his accordion with the Boston Symphony orchestra.
"CURIOSER AND CURIOSE"!

Long ago we used to read and delight in Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland and Through the Looking Glass. In the latter especially, the fantastic backward progress of events—running to stay in the same place—beginning the dinner with dessert and proceeding to soup—being introduced to items on the menu and then having them removed untasted . . .

How much at home the heroine of these adventures would feel amid today’s curious travesties on logical order and sequence. You can think of a thousand instances.

Here’s another:

Recently the Women’s National Radio Committee, radio representative of all the federated Women’s clubs throughout the country, sent to all the secretaries of these clubs ballots on which to register their preferences among radio programs. Seven thousand ballots were returned. Of the children’s programs, the majority of the votes put Irene Wicker, The Singing Lady, in first place.

In making their awards, the judges announced Wilderness Road, a program which did not rank high in the balloting, as the best of the children’s programs—making no mention of the fact that Irene Wicker’s program received the greatest number of votes as the leading juvenile program.

"Pudding—Alice . . . Alice—pudding. Remove the pudding!"

BEAUTY NOTE

The damsel who admits to having a devil of restlessness within her (up in the front of the book)—Rachel Carlay of Manhattan Merry-Go-Round—has one very definite beauty rule:

"Go to sleep with a smile on your face, and wake up with a smile, and you need never worry about wrinkles. All those mouths that droop at the corners, all those lines of discouragement on the face, come from going to sleep with a worried expression. Force yourself to smile before sleeping, and I’ll guarantee you’ll sing before breakfast."

But will she guarantee a polite audience for our singing?

SCOOP!

We beat the Radio Laughs (see last page) reporter to this one:

Phil Baker, wearied with a long rehearsal the other day, complained that his stooge, Bottle, wasn’t giving him his best.

"I’ve given my all," Bottle said sadly. "There’s nothing left in me!"

"Fine!" sighed Phil. "If you’re empty—maybe the store will give me a nickel back on you!"

SUMMER CONCERTS

For the third season the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra and operas will be presented at Lewisohn Stadium at the College of the City of New York. Beginning on June 24th, they will be broadcast over the Mutual network, on a schedule to be announced. The season closes on August 18th.

A BREATH of a gorgeous fragrance that seems to crystallize the whole sparkle of youthful romance into one enchanting moment. FAOEN Gardenia is a perfume of aristocratic daintiness yet withal tantalizing . . . haunting.

Use FAOEN Gardenia and be conscious of breath-catchimg, sophisticated brilliance. For those sparkling occasions when you want to sparkle, too! Take your first step towards this new glamour by stopping in at any 5 and 10 cent store. Trial size 10c
CHARLOTTE HENRY
Appearing in Republic Productions

LOVELY SKIN
Hollywood Face Powder, created for the personal use of leading stars of the stage and screen, contains an ingredient that imparts soft, lustrous beauty to the complexion. This marvelous face powder covers the skin with a thin, even and flawless film of beauty so unlike old-fashioned powder which gives that "made up" look.

HOLLYWOOD MASK, INC., 105 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me liberal box of Hollywood Face Powder and Free Powder Scoop. I enclose 10c to help cover packing and mailing.

Name.
Address.
City. Check your shade:
Brunette Natural Pale Tan
Blonde

LOVELY SKIN

HAIR TIPS
To beautify your hair:
(1) Use a斋beet root rinse for lighter hair; for darker hair use an egg white rinse or a tomato slice.
(2) For a stronger wave, use a mixture of lemon and water, anddo not comb your hair while wet.
(3) Don't comb your hair after a shower. Instead, use a wide-tooth brush for easier detangling.
(4) Use a dime-size amount of hair gel for extra hold. Avoid applying gel to damp hair, as it can cause buildup and make your hair feel heavy.
(5) Use a heat protectant spray before blow-drying to prevent heat damage and keep hair looking healthy.
(6) Use a flat iron or curling iron on a low heat setting, and always use a heat protectant spray to prevent damage.
(7) Use a deep conditioner once a week to keep hair healthy and strong.
(8) Use a scalp massager to promote hair growth and improve circulation to the scalp.
(9) Use a wide-tooth comb to detangle your hair without pulling or breaking it.
(10) Use a hair mask once a month to deeply moisturize and nourish your hair.
(11) Use a hair tie or scrunchie to avoid putting stress on your hair.
(12) Use a silk pillowcase to keep your hair from frizzing and breaking.
(13) Use a clean, soft cloth to towel-dry your hair, avoiding tugging and pulling.
(14) Use a hairbrush to help distribute scalp oils and prevent dandruff.
(15) Use a hair spray to help style your hair and keep it in place.
(16) Use a hair tie or scrunchie to avoid putting stress on your hair.
(17) Use a hair mask once a month to deeply moisturize and nourish your hair.
(18) Use a scalp massager to promote hair growth and improve circulation to the scalp.
(19) Use a wide-tooth comb to detangle your hair without pulling or breaking it.
(20) Use a hair spray to help style your hair and keep it in place.

STOP SCRATCHING

RELIEVE Itching of Insect Bites
Even the most stubborn itching of insect bites, athlete's foot, hives, scabies, and many other skin irritants quickly yields to cooling, antihistaminic, liquid D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION. Its gentle ointment soothes the irritated skin. Cool,再等パールA
and pleasant—free fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—no money back. Ask for D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.

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Radio Stars

Conductors engaged for the season are Jose Iturbi, Willem Van Hoogstraten and Alexander Smallens, who have conducted in previous seasons at the stadium, and one who has not conducted there before—the English maestro, Paul Kerby.

Make note of this on your summer listening programs.

BITS ABOUT BROADCASTERS
Kenny Baker, lyric tenor of Jack Benny's Sunday night NBC show, was born in Monrovia, California. He married his high school sweetheart. John Charles Thomas is his idol.

Al Bataly, Ray Noble's vocalist in CBS' Refreshment Time, is a native of Johannesburg, South Africa. He met Ray in London and has been with him for seven years.

Dick Powell, star of Hollywood Hotel, likes to cook—ham and eggs. He spends most of his leisure time playing polo or golf.

Golf also is the current hobby of Frank Munn, featured tenor of Lavender and Old Lace. Frank's pet expression is "Take it easy!"

William Doyle, conductor of the Firestone Symphony orchestra, was born in Cincinnati, of a theatrical family.

Harry (Parkaykarkus) Einstein doesn't know any Greek! He is six feet tall and has brown eyes and black hair and has brains for breakfast. He is Eddie Cantor's "Greek" stooge.

Lucy Monroe, first professional job was as understudy to Grace Moore in Music Box Revue. She has appeared in Grand Opera and now is featured soprano of Lavender and Old Lace.

V'viana della Chiesa is a sports fan. She loves watching a good golf or polo match, or a baseball or football game.

Armida's last name is Vendrell, but she never uses it professionally. She was born in La Colorado, Sonora, Mexico. After several movie triumphs, she is singing on the Paris Night Life program.

Seventeen-year-old Durrell Alexander, singer on Paul Whiteman's program, was born in Greenville, Texas. She's five feet tall and weighs nineteen pounds.

Abi Lyman has had a colorful career. As a boy, he sold papers from three in the afternoon till nine in the evening. Up at six in the morning, he got tickets to baseball games by cleaning the stands. Later he drove a taxicab during the day and played the drums in a movie house at night. His musical career started twelve years ago, as a drummer in a small Chicago cafe.

Board of Review

(Continued from page 13)
Shirley’s Health Comes First
(Continued from page 31)

nights, Mom and I. They’re friends.”

“And then there is Mr. Lionel Barrymore as Scrooge. Last Christmas when
he was being Scrooge on the radio, I hardly ate my turkey at all till it was
cold. Because Scrooge was on the radio, while we were having dinner and every-
one at the table was talking and so I got excused and went and sat right close to
the radio and listened to him.”

“Why,” I said, “just why do you like the others so well—Pic and Sade, I mean,
and Betty and Bob.”

“Oh, they’re just my friends, like I said,” said Shirley affably. “I just like
to hear what they’ve been doing.”

“You think of anything else you like about radio?” I asked.

“Well!” Shirley considered, walking
sort of edgewise between her mother and me, “well, Mother and I sing songs quite
often when we are driving in the car, or just around the house, you know. And
I guess we wouldn’t know so many songs if we didn’t hear them over the radio. We
learn most of our songs that way.”

“And then,” prompted Mrs. Temple,
“the radio sometimes helps you, Shirley,
with your work, you know.”

“Oh, yes,” said Shirley with that en-
thusiasm which seems to bubble a shining
freshet through every word that she says.
“<You see, I have to sing a song in my
new picture. It’s called De Gospel Train.
It’s a negro spiritual. Last night some-
one sang it over the radio and that helped
me to learn it very well.”

“Do you?” I asked, “like sad things on
the radio?”

“No,” said Shirley promptly. “They
make me cry. Like last Christmas, Mommie
and I heard a boy singing a sad song.
He said he didn’t want Santa to bring him
a new top or a new sled. He said he just
wanted Santa to bring his Mommie back
again. That made me cry.”

“Shirley doesn’t like to cry,” said Mrs.
Temple, smiling down on the shining curls.
“She almost never does.”

“Would you,” I pursued, “like to sing
songs on the radio yourself, Shirley?”

“Yes, I would,” said Shirley, hazel eyes
alight, “and I’d like to do plays, too. I
did say some words on the radio once.”

“Just once,” agreed Mrs. Temple. “Shir-
ley never has broadcast, you know, that
is, with the single exception of one line
she spoke when the studio dedicated the
new sound stage to Will Rogers, some
months ago. Do you remember what you
said, darling?”

“Yes,” said Shirley, promptly, “I said:
‘I love Mr. Rogers, too!’ And I do! He
used to call me his bambik!”

We had reached the cottage dressing-
room. A duchess of a cottage which looks
as though it were miles out in the heart of
the country. New flowers had been
planted in the garden in the back—pansies,
which are Shirley’s “very favorite flower.”
A rope swing swayed under an old tree.
Bunnies nibbled in their hutches. Shirley
showed me one of her latest toys—a car.
a real long white streamlined car.

“A friend of Bill Robinson’s sent it to her,” explained Mrs. Temple. “And Shirley drives it. It’s a good idea around the safe back lot of the studio.”

She asked if she might drive it for a few minutes now. And off she went, permission given, accompanied by a group of studio friends.

“Shirley gets a great deal from radio, as a matter of fact,” her mother told me. “She really did learn to dance to radio music. We have, of course, innumerable radio offers for Shirley. In another year or so radio will be inevitable, I am sure. But not quite. I cannot allow Shirley now to do anything more than she is doing.”

I knew about some of those radio offers, I knew that some of them had run into five figures. I knew that Shirley is rated, next only to Bing Crosby, as the most valuable ‘song plugg’er’ in the business.

“We do feel, now,” Mrs. Temple was saying, “that radio would be too much for the child. What with her lines to learn for four pictures a year, her school work, which she does with her teacher on the set and takes very seriously, her fittings and photographs and the time she must have for rest and play and meals—well, if she had to prepare a broadcast every week, and rehearse new lines or even brush up on some of her pictures to present them over a new medium—it would tax her far too severely. And she couldn’t read her lines, you see. She would have to memorize them. She can’t do that and be well enough for broadcasting. In another year or so she will be able to read and that will make it easier.

“I know that she would enjoy broadcasting, as she enjoys everything she does. You will know that she would enjoy it, too, when you see her in Poor Little Rich Girl. For it is, really, a radio picture. And Shirley is shown singing over the air. She seemed to take to the mike as naturally as to dancing and the camera.

“There are two reasons, actually, why Shirley is not on radio yet. One is that the air studio contract forbids her to do radio. The other is safeguarding her health.

“Most of the studios place most of their stars under contracts absolutely forbidding them to accept any radio contracts whatsoever. It’s learned a great deal about the rivalry between two great and rival mediums. For the screen producers feel, I understand, that if screen stars can be heard over the air, fans will remain away from the theaters and the directors will suffer accordingly. Maybe. But in any event, the day is not far off when pictures and radio will be wed—it seems.

“I know, then, that the studio forbids Shirley to broadcast, to make personal appearances. Forever and ever. She is to be kept, exclusively, a picture personality.

“Within recent months here are a few of the requests which have been made of Shirley-aged seven. She has been asked to act as Queen of a country Fair, to address 10,000 children in a public park, to open a Flower Show, to appear before Women’s Clubs, Breakfast Clubs, dealers’ conventions; to be photographed with new refrigerators, tractors, railway trains, crates of lettuce, groups of distinguished visitors to Southern California. She has been requested to appear at the Century of Progress Exposition (private car and personal appearance). She has been sought for a great Relief Drive. She was asked to open the State Fair at Sacramento, the Los Angeles County Fair at Pomona. She has had offers beyond counting for personal appearances in the New York, Chicago, and all other cities, large and small. And the offers from radio alone would have placed her in such high financial brackets as would have boomeranged and rendered her income less rather than more.

“Shirley is simply the most wonderful and imaginative little girl she so adores! And even then there wouldn’t have been one-tenth enough of her to go around! It is an amazing, it is rather a pathetic psychological commentary, really, the way the whole world bares its child-hungry heart, reaches out its eager hands for this small child of seven.

“I said to Shirley’s wise and quiet mother: ‘How do you do it? I’ll never understand! All of the flattery, the attention, the millions of gifts.’ As I said: ‘I remember something—a little something which did make me understand. I had taken my own little boy to Shirley’s birthday party last April. At the head of the table sat Shirley merrily engaged in throwing accurate and beautiful little boy guests. Her mother’s watchful eye saw her, too. And instantly small Shirley was led from the table and one plump hand firmly rapped. I liked Shirley all the better for those delightfully normal and good qualities of Shirley’s mother the better for that maternal discipline.

“I think,” Mrs. Temple was saying, “I think the explanation is—Shirley herself. It is honestly true that she just doesn’t spoil. I don’t believe that she could be spoiled. I never have had to spank her. I never have had to punish her in any way. Oh, once in a while a little paddywhack and a ‘run along, now, no more of that’—and that is all, ever. I can always reason with Shirley. The very fact that our home life never has changed may have something to do with it. Shirley never has had a nurse. She hasn’t now. I always have washed and curled her hair, dressed and undressed her, washed her hands and face, heard her prayers. I still do. Her Daddy always gave her her evening bath, ever since she was a tiny baby. He still does. He wouldn’t miss it for the world. And after her bath he always reads her his bedtime story. Shirley is told nothing concerning that to interfere with that. Then, when she is all tucked in and the lights ready to be put out, I come in and go over her lines for the next day with her. She repeats them, half drowsily, and then she goes to sleep.

“She was the first girl in the world, I believe, to the idea that all of her brothers adore her, of course, they always have—ever since her babyhood. They roughhouse with her and play games with her as any older brothers would do with any little sister. And now and then they appear to be getting kind of sassy, isn’t she? Shirley isn’t a star at home,” said Mrs. Temple softly. “She is just our little girl.

“She really,” said this wise and wonderful mother, “has a beautiful disposition. Much better,” laughed Mrs. Temple.
“than I have. I am inclined to be moody, Shirley is not. She never sulks. She never pouts. She hasn’t a nervous tremor in her body. She isn’t afraid of anything. She doesn’t have an extremely large appetite, but what she eats she assimilates. She takes after my younger son with her slow eating. Why, when he was just a little fellow, I remember that I would have all the beds made and most of the dishes done before he had finished half his breakfast!”

And that last remark, so unselfconsciously made, lovably characterizes Mrs. Temple to me. So many women, in a similar position, would have found it convenient to forget that they ever had made a bed or washed a dish! For millions must have poured into the Temple coffers in the past couple of years. It is one of the most incredibly fantastic stories in the world. Think of it, this simple, normal American family living a pleasant routine life in a modest house on a modest street on a modest income. Just everyday folks, with two nice, lively young- sters. And then—when they might well have believed that life had settled into its fixed pattern, then—Shirley! With the riches of the motion picture industry, the proffered riches of radio, an almost incalculable income from Shirley Temple dolls and dresses and books and toys and dear-knows-what-all in her wondrous wake.

“I do know,” Mrs. Temple was saying, “that Shirley is not in the slightest degree conscious of herself, of her looks. I believe that the whole secret of her naturalness is that she just never thinks of herself. She never looks in a mirror. She never asks what dress she is going to wear. She is aware, of course, that she attracts attention. I have explained it to her by telling her that she loves to look at a cuddly kitten or bunny because they amuse her and she loves them—and in the same loving, amused way people love to look at her. I explain the thousands of gifts she receives in the same way. I tell her that more people see her because she is in pictures, that’s all. I know that she has an instinctive desire to be as inconspicuous as possible.

“She is happy and that is the answer to everything. She has no sophisticated tastes. She would rather color with crayons and be read to than to do anything else at all. She had her very first ice-cream soda the other day and she was as excited as a child would be over the most elaborate treat.

“She feels that her work in pictures is play, make-believe. And she is happy playing make-believe, much as a little girl would be happy who had a huge, richly stocke attic to rummage in, to find dress-up clothes in and then to have enchanting people materialize to play with her. The studio is Shirley’s attic.

“I think she would feel the same about broadcasting. I know that she would love to sing songs and do scenes from her plays over the air. I shouldn’t be surprised to find that Shirley’s future on the air would be mostly that—doing scenes from her pictures. And it must come, of course, for Shirley,” said Mrs. Temple, becomim Shirley to park her car, “not now, but someday ... soon.”

“Tell them,” said Shirley, as we said goodbye, “tell them, when you write, that I send my love, ...”

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The first complete baby book of the five famous little women is now on sale at all newsstands.

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radio Stars

The Radio Hostess Presents

Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit

(Continued from page 11)

live in a New York hotel. But, 'home,' you know, 'is where the heart is' and that's Springfield for Frank and for me.'

It must be a lovely spot, indeed, from the description and the pictures they gave me. It is there that they dispense the hospitality of which they are so famous. Mr. Crumit's reputation as host and hostess being second to none. Moreover, they number among their enthusiastic guests, particularly during the summer, many people of the stage and screen as well as those in the radio fraternity. For both Frank and Julia Sanderson originally were stars in musical comedies, you know, and even though they have completely deserted the stage for the air-waves, their friends from the theatre are legion. Mr. Crumit's continued popularity among fellow thespians is further proved by the title he holds of Shepherd of the Laubs—that most famous of actors' clubs. Many's the member of this club who has enjoyed the friendly hospitality of Miss Sanderson and the delicious foods served there!

"Summer visitors this year will find that we are specializing in salads," Miss Sanderson informed me, while Frank went on rehearsing with the orchestra. "We've taken up salads and birling in a big way," she continued, "and both for the same purpose—getting thin."

"Getting thin?" I echoed in some surprise, surveying Miss Sanderson's svelte figure and the diastolic feet and ankles I have seen in many a day. For both Frank and Julia Sanderson are obviously very conscientious when it comes to their physical well-being. I have seen them at the gymnasium, in their exercise suits, and never have I seen them in any less than peak condition. But, the most revealing evidence of their dedication to fitness is the way they always look so trim and well-groomed. Their hair is always perfectly coiffed, their faces always smooth and free from blemishes.

"Well, staying thin, then, if you prefer," laughed Julia, "although with our appetites and love for sweets, either is difficult enough. Frank finds it especially hard and our cook makes it none too easier for us by tempting us with the most divine concoctions imaginable. Finally I hit on what I think is a great little scheme."

"What is that?" I inquired with justifiable curiosity.

"Extra-Special Salads," she replied with conviction. "Not just any old bowl of lettuce with a tepid, flat French dressing, but combinations and molds that would make the salad course more like a treat and less like a penance. This fulfills a double purpose; it makes us more enthusiastic about the pleasures of eating."

One thing Miss Sanderson believes, I learned, is that if you want to serve salads that men will enjoy, you must not serve sweet salads heavily disguised under a thick coat of whipped cream, or with a topping of nuts and raisins and cherries.

"Frank would scream at the sight of one!" Julia vowed. "And demand a steak smeared in butter and onions, rich biscuits, French fried potatoes and cherry pie on the spot! But if the salad is substantial, well seasoned and attractively served, if the dressing that accompanies it is flavorsome and the supply generous, then he will go along meekly counting out his calories and pedaling out his bicycle miles."

Miss Sanderson was very glad to suggest a couple of salads such as her Frank—and most men—would enjoy. Both salads, as it happens, are molded ones, "because they will have an attractive appearance when turned out on to a lovely platter with a border of lettuce leaves, sliced tomatoes, baby beets, (the canned variety) and cold cuts," said Julia.

Miss Sanderson feels that almost everyone has a long list of the more usual salad combinations of her own, but she believes that these two molded salad recipes followed by her cook are in a class by themselves. I, too, have tried out her recipes and must say as to appearance as are the Crumits. With a round "ring mold" (you can get one in aluminum, nowadays, for as little as 20c) and a few simple ingredients, you, too, can make a salad that looks as tempting and professional as the one pictured in the great picture-giving magazines. On that same page you also will find a convenient coupon that will bring you a free copy of this month's Radio Hostess leaflet, which contains such clearly explained directions for making this salad that, you, too, will be able to achieve a real Dunroy effect.

The other Crumits salad, which I did not have pictured for you, is a vegetable one. But, as Miss Sanderson suggested, this is an "extra-special" salad, too, for it has a flavor that men will eat over and over. And, when you can make a man cheer over a salad, sister, you're a cook! The recipe—also in the leaflet—will give you a chance to prove whether or not I'm right. For it is one of Miss Sanderson's most secret and a generous one of the Crumits is occasionally "sputtering" they admit, so why shouldn't we? Salads for health, yes—even salads for enjoyment. But the most devoted and consistent diet follower has a history of "snacking," a sort of holiday from vitamin and calorie consciousness! And for such rare but happy occasions I can imagine nothing more tempting than two treats mentioned by Mr. Crumit, with an even broader grin than usual on his constantly beaming countenance.

"There is practically nothing I don't like in the food line—too well, alas!" he declared, when the rehearsal being over, I questioned him personally on his food preferences. "But if I must declare myself, I'd place Popovers and Cherry Pie at the top of the list. Cherry Pie, in my opinion, has all other pies beaten by a mile as a summer dessert. And Popovers! Hot and brown and hollow! Get Julia to tell you what clever Party Popover stunt she invented."

Well, Julia did, and I claim it's a wow! You make your popovers smaller than usual, split them when they are done and insert a tasty filling. Serve immediately as a cocktail accompaniment, or with tea, or as a buffet supper treat. As an Americanized version of the popular Russian Pirojiks (pronounced pe-ron-chke).
One of the three co-holders of the coveted title, Miss Radio of 1936, Helen Marshall, lovely soprano singer, is as beautiful to look at as she is to listen to.

these "Party Popovers" are bound to make a hit with your guests. You will find the recipe in the Hostess leaflet. Serve them with one of the Sanderson Salads—Roquefort Mousse or August-vegetable—follow this course with Frank Crumit's favorite dessert, Cherry Pie (also in the leaflet) and your reputation as a hostess-who-knows-what's-what will be made for all time!

You already know that all you have to do to get copies of these recipes is to send in the coupon. But I have another treat in store for you this month—a summer special that you would be wise to take advantage of. As it happens, we still have on hand a few copies each of several of the recipes we have offered during previous months. Those of which we still have a small supply are listed on the coupon. Check off one or two of those you would like to have, together with this month's Julia Sanderson-Frank Crumit recipes. By so doing you will receive three leaflets instead of one—and all of them free, as always! This offer is open to everyone as long as our supply lasts. So if you act promptly here's your chance to get some of the leaflets you may have missed, together with directions for fixing the favorite foods of this month's guest stars.

By the way, you'll find that either of the two salad dressing recipes given below will add zest to your Julia Sanderson salads. So be sure and cut them out or copy them down so that you will have them handy when your recipe leaflet reaches you.

1-2-3 FRENCH DRESSING
(for economy of time and ingredients)
1 teaspoon salt
3 teaspoons sugar
2 teaspoons paprika
1 cup vegetable oil
1/2 cup vinegar
1—Mix dry ingredients.
2—Add oil and beat together thoroughly.
3—Add vinegar, beat slowly until well mixed.

"QUICKIE" DRESSING
1 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons sugar
2 pinches white pepper
1/2 teaspoon paprika
2 tablespoons white vinegar
1 egg yolk
4 tablespoons olive oil
Mix salt, sugar, pepper and paprika. Add vinegar. When thoroughly blended beat this mixture into well beaten egg yolk. Add olive oil, blend together thoroughly. A little sugar may be added to dry ingredients if desired.
You can't expect to have a peaches-and-cream complexion unless you maintain regular habits of elimination.

Don't let more than one day go by without coming to Nature's aid with a beauty laxative. Olive Tablets are mild and gentle and non-habit-forming. They bring about the desired result promptly.

Accumulated body waste is an enemy of health and beauty. Get rid of stored-up poisons quickly by taking a beauty laxative.

Three sizes, 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. All drugstores.

When nature is lax
TAKE A BEAUTY LAXATIVE

Another Hollywood favorite, Joan Marsh has joined the Radio Ranks.
Read her story in September R A D I O S T A R S

A C O R N
 IS LIKE A TACK IN YOUR
 TOE
DON'T PARE A CORN
Remove it Root* and All

MILLIONS who use to cut and pare their corns—giving only temporary relief—are now using a new scientific method that quickly, safely gets rid of entire corns ROOT* AND ALL. Blue-Jay, the new scientifically medicated plaster, stops the pain instantly—and in three days the whole corn lifts off root and all.

Blue-Jay is tiny, invisible, easy to use. Made with Wet-Pruf adhesive. Can't stick to stockings. Get a box today. 25¢ for package of 6.

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Three sizes, 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. All drugstores.
Jane Pickens relaxes from broadcasting in a beach dress that looks smart enough to double as a summer evening ensemble. A giddy pattern, in the Japanese style, is printed upon a deep bright blue cotton. The short-sleeved jacket has white pique revers and white buttons. Jacket removed, and beneath is a trim fitted bodice, also trimmed with white pique. The skirt is trimmed with white pique.

The same crisp freshness that rules the daytime fashion picture is true of the evening one, too. Cotton really blossoms forth in a galaxy of charming summer dance dresses. You can have organdies in every color and type—some plain over taffeta slips in contrasting colors, some embroidered in gay designs, some with soft velvet designs traced upon them (the velvet washes right along with the organdy).

I saw a lovely evening dress made of pique, printed in a tiny, gay floral pattern, that had floating scarfs of chiffon in the color of the print. An unusual fabric alliance but a delightful one. And for gay young things, I like a nautical looking dinner dress that combined a white, braid-trimmed linen top with a navy blue linen skirt, the hem also trimmed with braid.

Chiffons, sheers, nets and lace are other choices for summer galettes. Frances Langford wears a lovely dinner gown of pale blue chiffon—the skirt is very full and so are the long sleeves. The bodice shows a slip of solid lace beneath and Frances clips the broad sash rather high in front to give her a definitely emphasized waistline.

The shirtdress invades the formal field, too. Some of the prettiest of the cotton dinner dresses are feminine, long-skirted versions of this daytime style.

Before leaving this intriguing subject of mid-summer coolness, I want to tell you about a new dress innovation that simplifies things for all of us. No more tedious sewing of fabric strips to hold your lingerie straps in place. Instead, you can buy metal holders that sew into the shoulder seams of every costume! These grand little gadgets come in pairs and look somewhat like the hook of the old-fashioned hook-and-eye. They are wide enough to hold any lingerie strap and there's an opening through which you slip the strap.

Just sew these to the shoulder seams of every costume and leave them on when the dress is cleaned or washed because they are rust-proof. They come in three finishes: nickel, gold and black. You will find them at any local department store.

For this one month only, I am offering you a sample of these shoulder strap holders free! Fill in the coupon below, enclosing stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Elizabeth Ellis,
Radio Stars,
149 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.
Please send me your free sample of metal shoulder strap holders. Enclosed is a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

NAME

STREET

CITY

STATE

---

The One Cleaner
Good for All
White Shoes

GRiffin
Allwhite

10c
LARGER SIZES FOR GREATEST ECONOMY

Willie (left) and Eugene Howard of the Folies de Paris

BEEMAN'S CHEWING GUM

WORRIES FLY OUT THE WINDOW WHEN YOU CHEW BEEMAN'S... IT QUIETS YOUR NERVES... AIDS DIGESTION

SUCH FLAVOR
Patti's Been Through the Mill
(Continued from page 49)

Through actual experience.

So she took her talents to a small in-
dependent New York station, whose pro-
gression was not as such an editor,
ex-ecutive that a stranger couldn't get in to
see him. She offered to sing without pay;
in fact, if they'd only let her broadcast—
you see, she knew a few things about the
finances of things—she wouldn't cost the
station even the charge of an ac-
companion's fee, because she could play her
own accomplishments. The program di-
rector liked her voice and was willing to

take a little time out to train her in re-
turn for her services, three early morning
fifteen-minute programs a week. After
six months of broadcasting under his tu-

telage and working with the helpful guid-
ance of the control-room engineers, she
had acquired a fair amount of mike tech-
ique and a lot of poise. She felt that
now she was ready to take another step,
this time with a salary attached.

WOR was her next goal and she didn't
just walk in cold over there because she'd
learned how much better your chances are
if you go there in the right way. She
waited until she found among her small
circle of radio acquaintances a friend who
could take her to meet the proper official at
WOR. She met him and put on such a
smooth, professional audition—she was so
good and so sure of herself, as if she
had stepped up the ladder—that she just couldn't miss.
Pretty soon she was a salaried artist on
the station's staff, singing twice weekly.

WOR is a great proving ground for
stars. Many a youngster has jumped from
its studios to coast-to-coast fame on the
two major networks, many a youngster
has seen that fame quickly smash about
his head because he came into it before
he was fully prepared to deal with all it
tells. Patti saw a few of those pathetic
cases at close range while she was singing
on the station. She determined that when
she made her jump she'd have an adequate
training to carry her over. So she stuck
to her job for a year before she even at-
tended a big-time broadcast.

And finally—feeling ready for anything
that could come—she put forth her last
burst of effort.

"I did everything," she told me the other
day, "absolutely everything anybody could
do to get a break. I entered all sorts of
contests, sang at benefits and charity enter-tain-
ments, I made the rounds of the advertising
agencies that produce radio shows and sat for hours waiting to see the
producers and trying to get auditions. I
followed up every opportunity I heard of,
I answered advertisements. If they'd had
amateur programs then I'd have performed
on every one in town! In 1934, full of
hope, I entered the Hollywood Hotel con-
test for a girl to sing opposite Dick Pow-
nel, but I didn't even get a call.

Apparently, though, Patti didn't let it
discourage her. Of the winner and the
three runners-up in that nation-wide con-
test, she is the only one on the air today in
a featured capacity.

She worked a neat trick in getting im-
portant executives to hear her voice with-

out putting themselves and their staff of assistants to the trouble of setting up for a regular audition. On every New York radio official's desk there is a small panel with a dial reading Radio Blau, WABC—HCU on it, and a loudspeaker attached. Patti would call on these executives once, state her case briefly and ask them to tune her in on WOR at a certain time. They appreciated the fact that she wasn't the pest so many radio auditioners make of themselves; for their request, requiring the mere flick of a finger, was so little bother they usually complied.

And at last Patti got an offer from CBS. She went on the air on a sustaining basis—the only way she auditioned for the Jack Pearl show and got the assignment over some Big Name singers, and since then her career has been a series of spots on important commercials with a lot of guest-starring thrown in and with all sorts of bright prospects for the future, including some dubious nibbles from the studios of Hollywood.

If you ask her how she's holding on to the success she already has, she'll tell you a number of very enlightening things. To stay on the air these days a youngster has got to be able to do a lot of things besides just sing!

Being a rising star isn't exactly the luxurious life you’d think. During her two years in big-time Patti hasn't had a single vacation—not because there haven't been weeks between contracts when she was free to go away, but because she is not yet so firmly entrenched on the networks that she can afford to leave town for more than a couple of days at a time. Some important opportunities might turn up that she would miss and only very big stars are waited for until they choose to come back from Bermuda or Miami or the home town. Patti sticks close to base and keeps herself available in case she's wanted.

And perhaps her singing success is the fact that she's not just a vocalist but a practical musician as well. Insignificant as that may seem, lack of practical musical ability is the reason many a youngster star has fallen by the proverbial wayside. A singer who can only sing a few familiar songs to arrangementers in order to get good arrangements of her songs—on the networks you can't just sing the chorus the way it's written on the sheet music. You have to pay fancy prices to a good accompanist for the necessary hours of daily rehearsal. If you don't know music in its relation to your own ability, you can easily be persuaded by publishers plugging their wares to sing numbers that aren't the best vehicle for your voice, and your performance will be the inevitable result.

"I never sing a song on the air just because I like it," Patti told me. "I won't sing a song that I think has inferior or meaningless lyrics, no matter how pretty she may look in it. I try to choose songs that would be a bonus to my program."

In the meantime her fiancé drives down every Friday in time for her Follies broadcast and stays over the week-end and you don't see hide nor hair of Patti at any of the usual places on Sunday. They've been together only three years. They'll go to the Polo Grounds, and wheeling around in the mountains all day and, from her enthusiasm for it, I'm fully expecting to see her in the line-up at the next Six-Day Bike Race at Madison Square Garden! Patti got into radio and that's holding on, and if she wants to do it she could get into the Bike Race and wind up with the blue ribbon, or the yellow one, anyway, flying from her handlebars.

**YOUR OWN GARDEN could grow no better vegetables for YOU and YOUR BABY**

Only if you had your soil specially tested and selected—only if you had your seeds pedigreed to order—only if you had the care of your garden under trained agriculturists—could you possibly grow vegetables as good as the Gerber Home Grown specimens raised so painstakingly just for you and your baby!

And producing such fine ones is not enough: They are harvested just when sunripeness makes food values highest, then speeded to your spindle-span kitchens, lest precious vitamins be lost. After careful selecting and cleaning they are steam-cooked scientifically, in closed systems, under temperatures kept just so, all to protect the mineral salts (and again the vitamins) right to the moment you open the cans for your baby!

**Specially Shaker-Cooked, Too**

As you stir food you're heating, we have these foods *shaken* during the cooking process... so heating is even, while the foods cook faster. Judge for yourself, too, whether they don't look and taste fresher!

**Gerbers**

Shaker-Cooked Strained Foods

**STRAINED TOMATOES, GREEN BEANS, BEETS, CARROTS, PEAS, SPINACH, VEGETABLE SOUP.**

ALSO, STRAINED PRUNES AND CEREAL.

**Only at your grocer!**

Get your Gerbers today! The real thing at the real price! The name to trust—Gerbers!

**Gurges of Gleo**

_Will Greet This Doll!_

_You will love this Gerber Doll. Soft satin, stuffed, sanitary, safe. Only 10c and 3 Gerber labels. State blue for boy or pink for girl._

**GERBER PRODUCTS COMPANY**

_Fremont, Michigan_

_In Canada: Green and Packed by Ploy Foods of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario._

**NAME.**

**AGE OF BABY...**

**STATE.**

**ADDRESS.**

**8 inch doll.**

**City.**

**“Mealtime Psychology,” a booklet on infant feeding, sent free on request, “Baby Book.”**

_83_
Gathering the Guest Stars

(Continued from page 17)

the personality of Rudy Vallee, the hour's star.

However, the point that clinched the deal was that the program was broadcast from Toronto one week. A member of the Canadian Radio Commission intercepted and urged Dafoe to accept. The scouts heaved a sigh of relief as a contract was drawn up.

But the old bogey of commercialism again haunted Dafoe and he refused to sign the agreement. It seemed all right in spoken words, he indicated, but too commercial in writing. So, for probably the first time in the chain's career, a guest star went on a sponsored program with just a verbal contract.

One of the most fertile fields for guest stars of the headline type is sports. Jack Dempsey is a sports figure constantly in demand. But the ex-heavyweight champion shuns the microphone. Jack is known to have turned down sizable offers to appear on radio fees and turned them down on principle. Programs gratis. Network scouts who have dealt with Dempsey declare that he is mischievous. It may seem odd that an ex-ruler of the fistic world should turn timid at the microphone. Friends declare that he dislikes the constant effect broadcasting has on his voice. He has been dismayed at the criticism that his utterances, as they flow out of a loudspeaker, are comparable to those of a male dress designer.

Boxing is heavily drawn upon for invita-
tion performers. Seasonal batches of microphone material are selected from baseball, football, tennis, swimming and other sports divisions. Baseball is said to be the toughest segment of the athletic sphere to tackle. And it is all because of Schoolboy Rowe's guest spot on the Valentine Hour just before the 1934 World's Series.

That was the season Rowe was basking in the limelight as a new pitching sensation. He was getting considerable publicity for his mimic courtship with the ball just before each pitch. He eluded the ball and spoke to it prior to the toss. But it was his radio enactment of the stunt that gave the St. Louis Cardinals choice material for catcalls from the dugout during the ensuing championship games. On the air, Rowe issued a challenge to the Cards with his talking-to-the-ball remark in the "How'm I doing, Annie?" radio incident. That's the line with which the Cards later jeered him. Sports observers believe that the epidemic of verbal brickbats tossed at players from opposition dugouts during the 1935 World's Series was still a take-off on the "How'm I doing, Annie?" radio incident.

Hence, ball players grew wary of the mike and much strategy had to be employed to lure other kings of the diamond to the studios.

Not long ago the great Dizzy Dean signed for a guest spot on the Shell Chemical program. But this name on the dotted line was just the start of the network executive's worries. Getting him to the studio on time was a problem. Appointments meant nothing to Diz. The star pitcher was late at program conferences and rehearsals and there was every reason to believe that he would stroll in late for his broadcast. But he fooled everyone by being prompt.

Names in government and politics always are in demand. The outstanding personal-

ties under this classification, though difficult to obtain at times other than Thanksgiving periods—when many of them need no coaxing.

Alfred E. Smith repeatedly has spurred huge sums for appearances on commercial programs. He has been approached personally by leading sponsors but refused the offers on the grounds that he did not see his way clear to endorse any product.

Despite his sincerity in adhering to his viewpoint, the former Governor of New York consented to appear on the CBS program sponsored by E. R. Squibb & Sons. The exception was made in view of the peace campaign conducted on the series by World Peaceways—a non-profit organization dedicated to ending war. And besides Smith, the series boasted of such commercially elusive headline names as Ruth Bryan Owen, Senator Hearst, General Homer S. Cummings and Senators William E. Borah and Gerald P. Nye.

During New York's last mayoral campaign, the Fleischmann Hour thought it would be of national interest to include a three-cornered debate by the leading can-
didates. Florence H. LaGuardia, Joseph Y. McKee and Mayor John P. O'Brien. All three agreed to the idea but McKee failed to show up. LaGuardia was quite willing to apply yeast to rise to the City Hall throne. And O'Brien, the incumbent seeking reelection, was happy to go on a program that didn't cost Tammany money.

The production men had many breathless moments wondering whether this un-
usual pair of guest stars would be difficult to handle. O'Brien and LaGuardia appeared on the broadcast stage at the same time. LaGuardia and O'Brien were awaiting the sound of the bell, each went to a far corner. The candidates were allotted four minutes apiece to deliver their arguments from agency-approved scripts. The usually fiery LaGuardia complied to the letter, but Mayor O'Brien discarded his script in the fervor of delivery and ad libbed way past his scheduled time. It took a lot of quick thinking on the part of studio pro-
duction men to get the rest of the hour running smoothly due to necessary re-
timing of the remainder of the continuity. The program staff later boasted that La-
Guardia won the election because he obeyed the studio rules.

Authors of note are constantly sought as guest speakers. Ship news columns are scanned for arriving literary celebrities. It was not until 10 o'clock one recent Thursday morning that Jack Pauley, author of Goodbye, Mr. Chips, was signed for an appearance on the Valentine Hour of the same day. He hastened to the advertising agency and surprised the program's production men by supplying his own script. A rehearsal with Rudy had to be held at noon, inasmuch as Hilton's previous en-
gagments prevented his attending the regular tryout period.

NBC and CBS have representatives in Europe to flash New York headquarters immediately on the departure of distinguished visitors to those shores. CBS has Cesare Sarchininger in London while NBC has Frederick Bate in the same city and a second European agent, Max Jordan, in Switzerland. And they frequently dash about the continent in quest of celebrities for relayed programs as well as to sign them to commercial spots effective upon their respective arrivals in New York.

The Fleischmann Home, upon receiving a flash from London that H. G. Wells was making a new American visit, immediately cabled the eminent British author a flattering microphone offer. But Wells refused to go on a commercial program.

Kate Smith ranks as one of the leading batters of guest stars. Abetted by her manager, Ted Collins, and a group of press agents, she is on the constant lookout for newsworthy personalities to appear on her CBS offerings. And Kate's methods of approach have to be different because she doesn't pay her invitation performers. With the competition of fees ranging from $500 to $1,000 for single appearances on the Fleischmann, Shell and Kraft Hours, Kate must use tact in lieu of cash in attracting names from the headlines.

Her manager feels that the Kate Smith name carries so much glamour that anyone should be flattered to appear on her program, the monetary angle being secondary.

It seems that Kate has a soft spot in her heart for champions as guest performers. It doesn't matter what domain they rule over as long as they are the best in their respective realms. She has featured such names as James Braddock, heavy-weight boxing champ, Charles Jacobson, puzzle champ, Danno Mahoney, wrestling champ, and Seppie Poppinger, stowaway champ.

The only person who hesitated to go on Kate's series without compensation was Abraham Starrs, an East Side blacksmith who was suddenly catapulted into the headlines as heir of some $6,000,000. The smith, unaware of news of his legacy, refused to take leave of his anvil for the broadcast until Kate agreed to pay his expenses of $15 for his short trip uptown.

Occasionally several sponsors are after the same news personality simultaneously. Sometimes, to the loss of the guest star, he accepts the first offer to later discover that more lucrative results might have been obtained from another sponsor. It is rare that a second program would still pursue a celebrity after the latter had accepted another radio offer. Getting the name first is what counts.

Strangely, some of the biggest names in the news are not difficult to deal with. The First Lady, for example, is in occasional demand by sponsors. There is no special procedure necessary to propose a series or single appearance to Mrs. Roosevelt. The suggestion is merely passed on through her secretary and it is either accepted or turned down.

It is apparent from the manner in which headline names are drafted for guest spots that sponsors take quite literally the old maxim that all the world's a stage. All they desire is that the backdrop of that stage should cry their wares.

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**SERGEANT'S**

**SKIF-FLEA SOAP AND POWDER**

- **RID YOUR DOG OF FLEAS.** Here are two sure ways: Powerful "SKIF-FLEA" Powder kills fleas with certainty. Doesn't just stun them. They stay dead! Big sifter-topped tin gives you double quantity for your money. Costs only 25c.
- Use famous "SKIF-FLEA" Soap if you prefer. It too costs only 25c... Your dog will love its rich, foamy lather. Makes his skin supple, keeps his coat beautiful, soothes flea bites, destroys dog odor. AND IT KILLS EVERY FLEA!

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**FAN MAIL**

Mail tributes to the Lamplighter (Jacob Tarshish) have come in many languages, including German, French, Russian, Polish and Spanish since his first broadcast in 1926. This nationally known speaker's sympathetic and appealing radio talks have brought requests for help in legal, marital, financial, medical, and religious problems. Hear him Monday through Thursdays at 11:45 A.M., Sundays at 2:30 P.M. (EST) on the Mutual network.
He says:
"You're Lovely Tonight"

He thinks:
"Wish She'd 'Fix up' those GRAY STREAKS"

Long Live the King!

(Continued from page 45)

girl. I was keen about her, but she married my brother!" He laughed, with no bitterness for the youthful disappointment.

"She heard me play, so I gave her a chance with a local orchestra. I couldn't play well, of course, but I could play loud! In that day of hot jazz, that seemed to be all that was necessary!"

Somehow, he grit and hard work, the boy, who had worked when he could and studied the rest of the time, put himself through High School. But he wanted more than that and succeeded in giving himself two years at Valparaiso (Indiana) University.

"I waited on table and played in bands at night—and even managed to find time for football and basketball!" He laughed again. "You know, later on, I played professional football but that career was ended when I broke my arm."

Fortunately it was his left arm and it healed properly—Destiny's child did not know then how important that was!

But there was a restlessness that drove him on and presently he made his way to Chicago, in search of something to help him toward that goal he had dreamed of so long—success, financial security—he never meant to go hungry again!

"But still I did not know exactly what I wanted. I was just feeling my way along. I got a room at the Y. M. C. A. and went out looking for a job and an income."

At first, it was odd jobs here and there, with an orchestra job now and then. But finally I got a position with the Aeona Life Insurance Company—funny how I got it, too! I went into the Insurance Exchange Building, started on the 21st floor, and worked my way down, determined to find something, I didn't care what. The Aeona was on the sixth floor and I got a job there as clerk."

He had studied accounting in college and soon found himself cashier and later a broker. He always has been conservative, careful in his own investments, knowing too well the value of money to take foolish chances.

"Perhaps it is my Pennsylvania Dutch ancestry," he smiled. "But rather, I think, it is a too vivid memory of what it means to go hungry."

Not that he need ever think of it again, but a memory like that persists in spite of a man.

But with a good job and a future not to be despised, he was still dissatisfied. Music was coming to mean more and more to him.

"With some of the first money saved, I bought a saxophone and a book of instructions, determined to learn something about what he was trying to do."

"People are always asking me how I get that peculiar floating sound with my saxophone," his eyes twinkled. "They say necessity is the mother of invention. I lived in a Y. M. C. A. All week I had to practice night, on a saxophone! I could think of only one thing to do, and that was to wrap pillows around my precious instrument. I did that, faithfully practising the fingering without hearing a sound! That's my only explana-

tion of the 'floating' tones!"

Whatever the explanation, no one has been able to imitate Wayne King's tones and his saxophone. Perhaps he's got a nerve and a way to write music about. A person might well ridicule the suggestion of playing Liederstraum on a saxophone—but not one who has ever heard Wayne King play it! It is something to bring tears to your eyes... There is nothing, apparently, that he can't play and play in a way to bewitch you completely, on this instrument of his. And it is perhaps because he understands so well the effect of music on people that his own playing is so profoundly moving.

"I choose my music with a view to the emotional response of my audience," he explained. "If I am playing for dances, I play fast music—music that makes their feet eager to step out—and intersperse a few love songs."

"People have got so they expect a lot of waltzes from me, but three or four are enough on an evening's program—" he had in mind his title of America's Waltz King—a grand title, and a well-earned one, for no one can play Waltzes more divinely.

He has very decided ideas about his radio music also and, as the program is entirely in his hands, you can see that they are well justified. Formerly he did all his own arranging. Now, though the press of time has forced him to employ two helpers, he still supervises all the orchestrating. He has a splendid musical library to draw from, but unfortunately, under the present Ascap restrictions, forty-five percent of his library is useless."

"It is a great pity," he said feelingly. "Radio was just beginning to revive Victor Herbert and Gilbert and Sullivan, for example—and was renewing, stimulating interest in these pieces. Music that is not kept in the public eye and ear inevitably will die, and it is a great mistake to bar these beautiful things!"

As to his own unique program, he explained it simply: "I like to think of the people I am playing to as home-loving people—people who appreciate what they have, their home, their family life, and like to sit back and enjoy it. I want to play to them the sort of music that will make them feel relaxed, contented—give them a dreamy half hour in their favorite arm chair. If that isn't what they want, they will get up and go out, but the people I am playing to will be satisfied just to listen to the music for the music's sake."

That is exactly what a lot of people want is evidenced by his heavy fan mail—he has had as many as 20,000 letters after a single broadcast!

He also has very definite ideas on American music—on American anything, for that matter. He is forceful on the subject of Buy America First. His clothes are American-made—he dresses conservatively, in loose but well-made suits, omitting the vest if the suit is double-breasted. His shirts, specially made, are loose at the collar and usually white, occasionally blue or gray.

But to get back to our music, he is
thoroughly sold on American music and believes that every European musicians are beginning to realize its value.

"American songs have deep sympathetic appeal, they have true emotion, wide range—and, believe me, our American band musicians have the technique necessary to bring out the tone, the inflection, the sheer beauty of these pieces.

Certainly many Wayne King has, and if you can hear him play "I Love You Truly," without a mist in your eyes—well, this story isn't for you!

But we've wandered away from our outline of his life to date. It was nine years ago that Mr. King definitely decided on music and his career. His business sense and training have served him well in the management of his affairs, but it is music that rules his life and in it he has found not only wealth and fame but a rich contentment. He could, if it were otherwise, retire today and know his beloved family always would be well cared for, on the fruits of his present success, but he has worked too hard and too long to quit now and rightly feels that he still has much to give to his audiences and to his music—particularly American music.

In 1927, after playing in several dance bands, Wayne King had his first big opportunity. At that time he took over the eleven-piece band of The Aragon, a popular Chicago ballroom. Nine of the eleven men with him then are with him still—his present band numbers thirteen.

It is five years since he began his Lady Esther broadcasts. At that time, the Lady Esther Company was starting out on the proverbial shoestring. Today, with the aid of Wayne King's music, they are a million-dollar concern.

Today he enjoys the unique distinction of playing over the three major networks: on the Mutual network, Sunday evenings from 6:30—7:00 E.S.T.; over Columbia, on a coast-to-coast hook-up every Monday night from 10:00—10:30, E.S.T.; and on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, over the National Broadcasting Company, also on a coast-to-coast network, from 8:30—9:00 p.m., E.S.T. A half-hour of dreamy music, a serenade for you and me, with perhaps a fast number or two, a saxophone solo played in Wayne's inimitable style, or maybe a vocal solo in his pleasant baritone. Other members of the band sing occasionally, and well, but it is for Wayne we listen eagerly.

He reminds you inevitably of Bing Crosby, in looks, in manner and in voice—and, as it happens, Bing is one of his best friends. Right now he is practicing hard at his golf—and he is an excellent player—in anticipation of a game with Bing.

I've neglected my game the last year or so and if I don't look out, he'll be taking my money away from me!

And here Wayne reveals one of those idiosyncrasies which to me only make him the more lovably human. For he is dead set against gambling, believes it utterly wrong. But somehow the money won or lost on the game of gambling—it's just a part of the game!

As to Hollywood, he shaves his head.

"Paramount has offered me a contract—they want to make a picture called "The Waltz King." (Wayne's lawyer wisely copyrighted that title.) He looked at me dubiously. "But I don't know—I'll make the tests, but somehow I can't see myself as a movie star.

But I think he is wrong—I hope he is!

And of course he has a further tie with the movies, for his lovely wife is the former Dorothy Janis, who used to be a well-known movie star—she played with Kanon Novarro in "The Pagan," and in many other films. But her career was relinquished gladly. No role appealed to her so much as that of Mrs. Wayne King—and mother of Penny and little Wayne.

The Kings have a gorgeous apartment at the exclusive Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago, and they also have a 300-acre farm at Lakewood, Wisconsin, which Wayne bought for a summer home for his little family. As an instance of his business acumen, let us note in passing that the farm pays for itself!

And if it seems far for a week-end trip, remember that Wayne is, among other things, a licensed pilot and owns his own plane.

He keeps in grand condition with his handball, tennis and golf, which have replaced the basketball, football and baseball of his boyhood. All this, mind you, in addition to his four programs, the necessary rehearsals and the writing of such songs as his theme song, "The Waltz You Saved for Me," and Blue Hours, Baby Shoes, and the famous Goffie number, among others. And still finds time to dream and to write articles, such as one on American music that he is working on now.

On a recent tour—his first, as a matter of fact—he made vaudeville appearances in Claypool, Minneapolis, Boston, Washington and Baltimore. Courageously invading a new field, he defined tradition and clung to his own particular style, giving without comedy relief or dance act or any kind of showmanship the concert program so beloved of his radio fans. The tour was a tremendous success and Wayne got a great kick out of it, a particular thrill from meeting so many people, making so many new friends.

"I didn't realize what a rut I had got into. It did me a world of good. But I was scared to death at first," he admitted.

This summer, Wayne is signed for two months in New York, playing with his orchestra at the Waldorf Astoria through June and July. In August he will have a well-earned vacation, which he will certainly know how to appreciate.

Before that, he made little side trips to St. Louis and Texas and points between, to play at dances. I marvelled open-mouthed at the strength and energy of the man! He's ever young, I wonder aloud. He pulled on his pipe—one of a collection of two hundred, of which he is justifiably proud, and, incidentally, his usual substitute for a baton—and smiled.

"A quiet evening at home is my idea of bliss. We neither of us care for night-clubbing and I have little enough time to give to the children, as it is—cute little rascals," he added. "I'd like you to see them . . ."

I know they are cute and I know they are lucky. And after the tragically lonely, hungry years, it is good to think that their daddy is lucky, too—if you want to call it luck! And I hope he has many quiet, contented hours such as he gives us with his magic saxophone! Long may he play for us to walk—and dream!
The Devil's in Her Body

(Continued from page 46)

slowly they began to rebuild their shattered fortunes. Once again Rachel's father began to manufacture lace. And his wife, who was very expert at lace making, helped him.

Rachel began going to school in Brussels. And in school, as at home, she earned the reputation of being an unfailing terror.

Certainly her teacher should have hated her. But strangely enough, they didn't. There was something absolutely disarm ing about her. And already her teacher had discovered that she had a voice. It was true that she was always up to mischief, she was frequently invited to sing at the teachers' teas. And they found it rather hard to punish this girl with that beautiful voice.

At fourteen she was admitted to the Conservatory of Brussels. This was irregular, as usually they admitted no one under sixteen, but they decided to make an exception for Rachel.

Had Rachel's mother lived, it is doubtful if she would have permitted Rachel to take a musical profession. But after all, Rachel's viewpoint of her musical attractions was not altogether based on a pure musical training. And despite the efforts of her conservatory teachers to find something else for her except music, her mother had discovered that she had a voice. It was true that she was always up to mischief, she was frequently invited to sing at the teachers' teas. And they found it rather hard to punish this girl with that beautiful voice.

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A year ago she appeared in operettas and then left for Paris, where she succeeded in persuading the director of the Folies Bergère that he needed her as his prima donna.

"In America," said Rachel, "so many people think of it as burlesque. But the French people look upon it differently. When the girls appear nude, they think of it not as burlesque, but as art. However, I did not appear like that. Oh, no, no! For when you get to be a prima donna you wear whatever clothes you wish. I was fully dressed."

And while she was singing, Earl Carroll, who visited the Folies Bergère, heard her. He was enchanted. Such pep, such vivacity this singer had! He must get her to America for his Vanities.

When he came to see her, Rachel couldn't speak a word of English. But Earl Carroll could speak French. And the six weeks' contract he offered her spoke volumes. So Rachel came to the United States, prepared to be a hit in the Vanities.

But English came slowly to her. And now when she heard her singing in English, he grew doubtful. Would America really care for this girl who was a high soprano? In France, in the setting of the Folies Bergère, she had seemed delightful. Now he was not sure. He had to pay Rachel, of course, for the six weeks. But he decided not to use her for his Vanities.

It was the first real setback she had ever received in her life. Having pictured herself as a great hit in America, it was a blow to realize that she wasn't even taking the chance. But her hope and ambition were sure. Her first impulse was to take the next boat back to France, where they appreciated her.

"But I was crazy about America," she told me. "It is so modern, so alive. So I made up my mind I would stay, come what would. I would get work here, somehow or other."

And she did. She got a few engagements here and there on the strength of the fact that she had just come from the Folies Bergère. You can easily imagine the hoopla that was made of her. (Colette daily, and a singer's name was the name she used then) direct from the Folies Bergère of Paris.

Rachel soon discovered that America had little use for a girl with a high soprano voice. So long as she was a soprano, she would have a tough struggle to get anywhere. Blues singers were the rage everywhere. And you can't sing "I've got a right to sing the blues," in a soprano voice!

So what could she do? To Rachel there was but one answer. She'd have to change herself into a contralto. It isn't easy, when the cords in your throat are naturally high soprano cords, to change your voice completely. For hours at a time Rachel practised. The days slipped by, the weeks into months and still she wasn't satisfied. She realized that as a contralto she needed still more practice.

What made matters worse was that she suddenly began having trouble with her throat. A throat specialist said she couldn't afford to have that kind of trouble. In a panic she went to see a doctor.

"Miss Carlay," he told her, "in trying to change your voice from a soprano to a contralto, you are doing something which may ruin your voice forever. No wonder you are having trouble with your throat."

Rachel Carlay shrugged her shoulders.

"I have started to change my voice," she said, "take great pain with it. If I am taking a chance, that is all right, too. I will just have to go right on taking that chance."

For over a year she practised singing contralto in the privacy of her own home.

But the time came when she was well rewarded for it. An executive of an important advertising firm heard her sing at an audition. And promptly engaged her for the Rudy Vallee hour.

The note she sent out to the critics was at once naïve and touching, "Je serai tres honorée si vous pouvez me donner votre tres précieux jugement." In other words, she was asking them to listen to her and give her their precious criticisms. They turned out to be just as precious as she had hoped. The critics said she sang like a thrush. J. J. Shubert wired her:

"I enjoyed you best of all on the program."

The next step in her radio career came by accident. While she was standing in a studio talking to some friends, Bob Goldstein, Maestro Abe Lyman's agent, walked in. Someone in the studio said to him: "Bob, there's a French girl here whom you ought to listen to. She really sings beautifully."

And with that he introduced Rachel Carlay.

French or not, she did sing beautifully. As Bob Goldstein at once admitted. He took her to several sponsors and shortly afterwards she appeared on Everett Marshall's program, the Broadway Varieties. A sustaining program at NBC followed.

A year ago she was signed to appear on the Manhattan Merry-Go-Round, where she has been ever since.

When people who heard her sing in Belgium and Paris hear her now, they are utterly flabbergasted. Her voice is so totally different now that they can hardly believe that is the same person they are listening to.

Rachel makes no bones about admitting that she is proud of her success in the United States. For there are many girls who are successful in France who never get to first base here.

She lives quietly and simply in an apartment on West 77th Street in New York. She is not married, but she admits that there is one very special person in her life, a man whom she knew and loved even before she came to the United States.

"But I am not sure that I ought to marry yet nor do I think marriage and a career go together so well."

"Oh, you can't tell," I argued. "Why, you might be married and you might do even better in your work. You never know."

"That is just it. You never know," she chuckled, "and because one does not know, I will not take a chance."

The facts of life about her are that she adores spaghetti, likes white evening gowns, dunks her rolls in her coffee, sleeps without a pillow, hates boxing and loves horseback riding better than all other sports. Her favorite song is Parlez-moi d'amour. In English that means Speak to me of love!
Exit Radio's Playboy

(Continued from page 41)

it would affect your fans? You, who have been known as the romantic bachelor of radio?’ I couldn’t resist teasing him. Also, I thought of the girls of this country whose hearts beat a little faster when they hear the Parker voice, knowing he is free, white and handsome.

But this was no idle jest to Frank. He answered seriously:

“Perhaps a few would be affected, but I think it would not really change my audience. After all, marriage has not hurt the following of Bing Crosby, who has never been bigger than he is right now. I haven’t affected Boss James Mel-ton. I guess Nino Martini and I are about the only bachelors left.”

His tone was a little wistful. His eyes had that far away look—as if he were picturing a home with a wife waiting for him.

“You see,” he said coming back from his reverie, “now I want to do something important in music—the concert stage, the Metropolitan. It’s funny how I’ve changed.”

He laughed but he seemed just a bit sad at the thought of deserting his heretofore carefree life. “I always wanted to play. I never worried about the future. But now that I know I have a voice … That sounds egotistical. But a person has to be an egotist to succeed. You must believe in yourself, I never particularly thought about it before. I’ve always been lucky—but perhaps that luck is about to last.”

He insists upon calling it luck, but it has been hard work, too. As a boy he hadn’t any money—he sold newspapers to pay for music lessons. True, he has had radio contracts for ten years but he has had to work for them, and with them.

“This past year is the first time I’ve had only one program a week. It has been fun, loafing. Maybe I’m just lazy. That is why this voice thing scares me. I have to go on. I can’t stop now. And I think to myself, ‘Frank, what have you let yourself in for?’ It has changed around my whole idea of life. Even marriage … I was going to be a bachelor—not tied down by a wife. I just wanted to go along having a good time, not thinking, not caring about the future—except that I wanted financial security. And I was getting that.

“But now, I want more. I want to put my energy into something worth while. I want to do work in the movies, on the stage. I want to make a concert tour—if I can.”

He is a modest person. He wants people to like him and to be honest. For the first time he has dropped his brittle, wise-cracking exterior. Is there a girl in the background?

“No, I haven’t met the right girl yet. What will she be like? As I told you, I don’t know. I always expect the unexpected all the time!”

“What would you do then?” I asked.

He looked shocked. He seemed genuinely surprised that this remark might have been taken seriously.

“No, seriously, she’ll probably be a girl like myself, who hasn’t played, who has worked, who will enjoy the things I enjoy and be able to understand me. The girl I marry would have to appreciate the fact that I am a radio man. It is just that I have realized that I have something in my throat which is big enough for me to count on—to pursue my future. I am at a crossroads. I have three choices—one is business. I hate business. Two, I could marry a very wealthy girl and sit back, teaching and coaching in my spare time, playing the rest of the time. I haven’t the patience or understanding to remain single. Then, go into serious music, settle down and spend all my time in making something important of my natural talent. It really is quite a problem.”

You who envy Frank Parker could feel a little sorry for him. He is like a very small boy who can’t decide whether to have a piece of chocolate layer cake or ice cream. He knows that to turn to the higher life in music is for the sober-minded. And he hates to think of that. In fact, he hates turning it down.

“After all,” he explains, “it does seem silly to spend time and energy making plans for the next year, for who knows where we shall be tomorrow? All I know now is that I must go on. I must work and I want to marry. It would be nice to live in the country, but that is something that will be impossible for a long time, for I must be in the city for my lessons, for my coaching, practicing. I just won’t have time to spend in traveling back and forth to the suburbs.”

He is setting a rigid life for himself. Will he miss his carefree life?

“Well, time has time to miss it,” he says seriously. “I shall be working so hard that I won’t have time to spend in idle play. And the companionship of marriage would be ideal. It would give me stability, a down to earth, settled feeling.”

How different from the man who used to think that his was just an amusing game, here today, gone tomorrow. What a stranger he is to the man who wanted only to have financial independence, without worry, without responsibility.

Which is the real Frank Parker, I wondered aloud.

“Frankly, I don’t know which is the real me,” he said. “What am I? Who am I? I don’t know!”

He is in a perplexed state of mind, his thinking is involved. He is in the midst of a decision—popular or classical music for a career? But of one thing he is certain. He is going to settle down, he is going to forget all his former ideas of relaxation. He wants to marry.

No doubt, this is good news to many, many girls. But I think Frank Parker is going to remain single for a while. He is the type of man who is particular. And now that he is going to take life seriously, he will be careful to choose a bride who will fit into his scheme of things perfectly. Now, for the first time in his life, Frank Parkers is in a magazine story. He is dropping his boyhood and becoming a man.
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Zig Deodorant
Zonitors

Although we make every effort to insure the accuracy of this Index, we take no responsibility for an occasional omission or inadvertent error.
ALLEN: Don’t talk to me like that. My grandmother was frightened by a canoe.
PORTLAND: So what?
ALLEN: I’m easily upset.
(FRED ALLEN and PORTLAND HOFFA, Town Hall Tonight.)

PHIL: Bottle, I’ve a good mind to call up the insane asylum and a stretcher.
BOTTLE: Why? Don’t you think it’ll fit you?
(PHIL BAKER and BOTTLE, Gulf Program.)

WILSON: So you had the winner in the Derby, eh?
JACK: Yup.
WILSON: Well, that’s fine. I hate to bring this up, but if you remember, I had half of your horse.
JACK: Gee, that’s too bad, Don.
WILSON: What do you mean, too bad?
JACK: Well—you see, my half came in first.
(JACK BENNY and DON WILSON, Jello Program.)

WILLIE: Penelope’s dad is a great guy. You know, Gene, I’ll never forget the night I met him on top of a lamp post.
GENE: Or top of a lamp post?
WILLIE: Yeah. . . he said he climbed up there to get away from four purple giraffes that were following him.
GENE: Four purple giraffes! Gosh, he must have been drunk.
WILLIE: Of course he was drunk! I only saw two.
(WILLIE and EUGENE HOWARD, Folies de Paree.)

STOREKEEPER: I gotta nephew livin’ in New York.
MACK: You don’t say? What business is he in?
STOREKEEPER: I imagine he’s an electrician, ‘cause he says he’s just moved to the Battery to be near his work.
(FETE MACK’S MOOSICKERS, NBC.)

HONEY CHILE: Mr. Hope. . . I’ve got a basket in each hand here; don’t you think maybe you could carry one?
BOB: What! And get you all off-balance?
(BOB HOPE and HONEY CHILE, Atlantic Oil Program.)

GRAHAM: You look unusually prosperous tonight.
JOE: I am prosperous tonight, Graham. . . I’m like a raisin inside a cake.
GRAHAM: A raisin inside a cake? I get it—you’re in the dough!
(JOE COOK, VALLEE VARIETIES.)

VALLEE: Say, just because you’re Eddie Cantor you can’t expect them to give you jewelry on a plate.
EDDIE: Why not? Didn’t Al Jolson get a beautiful Ruby out of a night club? (RUDY VALLEE and EDDIE CANTOR, VALLEE VARIETIES.)

EMERSON: How old were you on your last birthday, Buster?
BUSTER: I don’t know. . . I haven’t had my last birthday yet.
(BUSTER KEATON, Shell Chateau.)

EDDIE (Galahad) GREEN: Oh fair Elaine of Astarot
Here I come
You’ll forget about Lancelot.
Here I come
I’m Galahad, I never sins
I’m forty, an’ that’s when life begins
Forsooth, egad, gadzooks and zounds!
And furmiddles! (EDDIE GREEN, VALLEE VARIETIES.)

PICK: Well . . . de night before you go to a feller was scared so bad he run out of de haunted house so fast dey crooked him world’s champion runner.
PAT: He run out of de house so fast dey crooked him world’s champion runner?
PICK: Yeah . . . Now—halfway up de stairs you sees a big skeleton an’ what happenin’?
PAT: Make way for de new champen! (PICK and PAT, One Night Stands.)

GENE: Willie, now that Penelope has arrived in Paris I suppose you’ll be showing her the sights. Are you planning to take her to the night spots? WILLIE: What do you mean, night spots?
GENE: You know. . . Where do people go late at night when they want to relax. . . and look their very best?
WILLIE: To a Turkish Bath! (WILLIE and EUGENE HOWARD, Folies de Paree.)

JACK: This is my fourth year on the air. . . isn’t that a wonderful record, Don? Don: Four years?
DON: Oh, I don’t know, Jack. . . Ames ‘n’ Andy have been on the air for six years.
JACK: Well, that’s only three years apiece. I’m talking about a single performer.
DON: How about Rudy Vallee? He’s been singing at night for seven years.
JACK: I know, Don. . . but how long can his nose hold out?
(JACK BENNY and DON WILSON, Jello Program.)
Now you can read this great novel in short story form!
For over two years, Warner Brothers have been making this epic love story into an extravagant movie, and now SCREEN ROMANCES gives you a complete preview in the August issue. Complete with "stills" taken during the production, you will find the fictionization of "Anthony Adverse" the most exciting reading of the year.

Extra Feature
A complete $2 BOOK LENGTH NOVEL based on the new screen hit "Rhythm on the Range," featuring Bing Crosby.

Win a Lovely Dance Frock from GINGER ROGERS!
Look for the details of this big new contest in the August issue.

DON'T MISS THE AUGUST ISSUE NOW ON SALE!
SCREEN ROMANCES
THE LOVE STORY MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN
Luckies
a light smoke
OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO
"IT'S TOASTED"
EACH PUFF LESS ACID
DE PENNER'S DUCK'S GOOSE IS COOKED!

Radio Stars

NATIONAL CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE

THE LARGEST

Jifi D'orsay

OLLYWOOD'S BAD BOY GOES ON THE AIR!

SEPTEMBER 1936
Clearly she saw it—but did she have the courage to go through with it?

You will thrill to “TO MARY—WITH LOVE,” a tender and all-but-tragic romance, based on the 20th Century-Fox picture, starring Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy. Be sure to read the complete story of this new hit in the September SCREEN ROMANCES.

Sixteen complete screen stories and features for September include: Gary Cooper and Madeleine Carroll in “The General Dies At Dawn” • Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire in “I Won’t Dance” • Marion Davies and Clark Gable in “Cain and Mabel” • Marlene Dietrich and Charles Boyer in “Garden of Allah.”

ALSO
A COMPLETE NOVEL
“LOST HORIZON”
starring
RONALD COLMAN

SCREEN ROMANCES
The Love Story Magazine of the Screen
SEPTEMBER Issue Now On Sale Everywhere
YOUR DOCTOR will tell you that it takes a special kind of care to bring up a healthy baby today.

He prescribes a special food formula. He advises special baby soap... special baby powder... yes, even special baby dishes.

In the field of laxatives, doctors say the same reasoning should follow. They say that a baby's laxative should be made especially for him too. It's logical, isn't it? For if his system is too delicate for adult food, it is also too delicate for "adult" laxatives. Yes, even in "half-doses!"

Fletcher's Castoria is one laxative you can give your children with perfect peace of mind. All its ingredients are printed on every carton. It is made especially—and only—for children. There isn't a single thing in it that could possibly harm the tiniest infant system. It contains no harsh drugs, no narcotics.

It functions chiefly in the lower bowel and gently stimulates the natural muscular movement—in much the same manner as in normal evacuation. It doesn't upset the stomach—as some "adult" laxatives would do. Nor will it cause cramping pains. It is a child's laxative, pure and simple—and we recommend it for nothing else.

And—Fletcher's Castoria has a pleasant taste. Children take it gladly. And doctors say it's important that they should. For the very act of forcing a child to take a bad-tasting laxative can be so shocking to his nervous system that it can upset his entire digestion.

Why not get a bottle tonight? Ask for the Family-Size. It saves you money. The signature Chas. H. Fletcher appears on every carton.
RADIO STARS

25 STORIES, FEATURES AND DEPARTMENTS

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Cover by EARL CHRISTY

Robert Taylor meets Joan Crawford—in the sizzling story of an outrageous flirt who couldn't make her heart behave. She defied conventions and slanderous tongues to live her romantic life to the hilt! Three men are tangled in the web of her enchantment in Samuel Hopkins Adams' story, and what a whale of a picture M-G-M has made of it!
And so another month rolls around. . . Sometimes we feel as if we were standing still while the seasons race past. It seems only a moment since we were looking forward to the first warm day. . . Well, is this hot enough for you?

Offering distraction to the heat waves, the airwaves flow sweetly this summer. Even vacationing stars, many of them, continue their broadcasts. Others, temporarily absent, leave in their accustomed places delightful substitutes.

In place of Richard Crooks and Nelson Eddy, Margaret Speaks now stars on the Firestone program and its high order of entertainment makes the Monday night spot a welcome one on our dials.

Stoopnagle and Budd make a holiday of Town Hall Tonight during the absence of Fred Allen and Portland Hoffa.

Phil Baker’s Sunday evening broadcast is taken over for the summer by Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson.

Pick and Pat have signed on the dotted line for thirteen additional weeks on Showboat, which quashes the rumor that the Thursday night hour is fading.

Lanny Ross, however, is missing from Showboat’s roster. With his wife, Olive White, he is enjoying a two-months’ European holiday.

Cornelia Otis Skinner, pinch-hitting again for Walter Winchell, gives one cause to wonder why such delightful entertainment should not have its permanent place in the radio scheme.

Our old friends, Clara, Lu ’n’ Em, radio’s original back-fence gossips, are back on the air after a five-months’ absence. During this time Clara (Mrs. Paul Mead) has become the mother of a fine baby boy. Em (Mrs. John Mitchell) has been enjoying a vacation in California and Mexico. And Lu (Mrs. Howard Berolzheimer) has been catching up on parties that busy broadcasting days made impossible. They’re on the air Fridays at 9:30 (EDST) on the NBC-Blue network.

Irene Wicker, The Singing Lady, now is broadcasting from Radio City. Her husband, Walter Wicker, now on an indefinite leave of absence from Today’s Children, is making a tour looking over the Wicker properties and Irene, with her two children, Nancy and Walter, Junior, her secretary and the Wicker dog, Mike, is settled in a suburb home on the eastern coast, which she has rented for the summer.

Lily Pons, who has been enjoying the past two months at her home in Silvermine, Connecticut, leaves it in August to fulfill a picture engagement in Hollywood with RKO-Radio Pictures.

August, also, will find Jessica Dragonette and Rosario Bourdon, with his concert (Continued on page 86)

Ken Murray is a Texas Ranger! Marilyn Stuart presents him with Governor Allred’s commission at Texas’ Centennial.

Below, Leslie Howard, soon to be seen as Romeo in MGM’s Romeo and Juliet, strolling with his daughter, Leslie Ruth.

Above, Alice Frost, Walter O’Keefe and Deane Janis of Camel Caravan, with Radio Stars’ medal awarded them for Distinguished Service to Radio.
RADIO STARS

SHE'S GOT STYLE ALL RIGHT—BUT SHE'D JUST RUIN OUR SHOW...

READ HOW KAY'S PIMPLES NEARLY KEPT HER OUT OF THE FASHION SHOW.

I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU OUGHT TO DO... EAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. HONESTLY, IT'S DEATH ON PIMPLES. I OUGHT TO KNOW... IT CLEARED UP MINE!

THAT'S FINE, KAY... YOU'VE GOT THE WALK DOWN PAT... BUT I DON'T LIKE THE DRESS ON YOU... SUPPOSE YOU TRY ONE OF THE SPORTS SUITS.

IT DID? I'LL START TONIGHT!

HE'S MAKING YOU CHANGE?

HOW COME? WHY'S SHE... SHE SAYS THE DRESS DOESN'T SUIT ME... WHAT SHE MEANS IS I'VE GOT TOO DARN MANY PIMPLES TO WEAR IT. OH, BAB, HOW CAN I GET RID OF THEM BEFORE THIS SHOW COMES OFF??!

BAB... JUST LOOK AT ME! NO MORE PIMPLES! I CAN MODEL THAT HEAVENLY EVENING DRESS AFTER ALL!

DIDN'T I TELL YOU FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST WOULD DO THE TRICK?

WHAT A PEACH! SAY, DO YOU KNOW HER? HOW CAN I MEET HER?

—clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

Don't let adolescent pimples keep YOU from being admired

UNSIGHTLY skin blemishes are a big trial to many young people during the years that follow the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer.

Important glands develop at this time, and final growth takes place. Disturbances occur throughout the entire system. The skin, especially, gets very sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin, and it breaks out in pimples.

But even severe cases of adolescent pimples can be corrected. Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, the pimples disappear.

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly each day, before meals. Eat it plain, or dissolved in a little water until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.
ONE MAN'S FAMILY or another's—they all have much the same problems to meet, particularly where children are concerned. Guiding daughter through the oftentimes aggravating stages of personal beauty, from the rag-curler entry to the beauty-surrounded graduation into a career or marriage, is fraught with problems and sometimes with minor crises. Eavesdropping on One Man's Family, or another, you would be pretty sure to hear something like this:

Very small daughter, weepingly: "But mommie, I don' wanna have my hair brushed!"

Small son complainingly: "Aw, mom, I did wash my hands once!"

Fourteen-year-old daughter, petulantly: "All the other kids use lipstick, why can't I?"

One Man's Family, as you know, is one of the most popular dramatic programs on the air. Its author, Carlton Morse, has written a radio serial which is a true picture of American family life today. The Barbour family has become a real family to the radio audience. This four-year-old program brings to the air in popular form the age-old conflict between conservative parents and their more liberal-minded children. As such, it has definite social value and purpose, because it provides a dramatic means for getting both parents and children to understand each other's problems.

How important such an understanding is! I receive letters from so many daughters who confide in me beauty problems which they can't or won't confide in their mothers. Acne, that frequent adolescent complexion trouble, is a tragedy which has caused many tears. Yet girls write me so often:

"Mother says it's just my age—there's nothing I can do
And here's Kathleen Wilson (Claudia) with her very own baby daughter, Joan.

about it. Other girls have nice skin. There must be something I can do. Won't you help me?"

Being a "Fatty" or a "Skinny" brings almost as many heartbreaks. One little girl writes:

"I come home from school every night and cry because the kids tease me and call me 'Fatty.' I can't tell mother because she wouldn't understand."

Another girl writes: "We are very poor, but still I try to keep nice and neat. I have to use laundry soap for my face, maybe that is why my skin is so bad. But mother says you have to be born pretty to be pretty, anyhow. Do you think this is so?"

Being "pretty" is tremendously important to girls who want to have friends and good times and a normal amount of admiration. Mothers sometimes don't understand how important "being pretty" is.

In the A B C's of beauty for a small daughter, I would have the A stand (Continued on page 74)
THE RADIO HOSTESS
FRED ALLEN AND PORTLAND

Food favorites of your popular
Town Hall Tonight favorites

By MARIORIE DEEN

HERE they come, here they come, folks, Fred Allen and Portland Hoffa. For “It's Town Hall, Tonight!” and once again “The Town Hall News tells all!”

Only on this occasion it will be cooking news instead of madly improbable world events that will be featured. And Fred will relinquish his position as author, director and star for this special broadcast, in favor of his amusing stooge, constant companion and devoted wife, Portland.

Can’t imagine Portland knowing anything about

culinary matters, though, can you? Well, I’ll admit she doesn’t sound like the kind of a gal who would care to give a minute’s thought to the preparation of a meal. But that just goes to show you that you should never judge radio performers by their voices or the characters they portray on the air.

Take Portland, for instance. The original “Tally Ho-o” girl of the radio is less like the type of person she represents on her husband’s programs than anyone you could hope to meet. Furthermore, it would take but five minutes of conversation with her to convince you that she really meant what she said, when she told me: “One of the main reasons for looking forward to our summer holiday is the chance it will give me to get out into a real kitchen and cook to my heart’s content! I expect to have a lot of fun doing it.”

You and I might find it a little hard to believe that anyone could possibly look forward to cooking in summer! But Portland does. Why, she fairly beamed with pleasure at the prospect, as she described some of the dishes she plans to make during their three months of well-earned rest—away from the mike and studios.

In fact, right now, as you read this, the Allens are vacationing in their seaside cottage “down in Maine.” In that restful spot Fred can relax completely and forget the winter’s grind of writing an hour’s weekly program. (He is one of the few comedians on the air, you know, who prepares all the material for his broadcasts.) And, for the next few weeks—while Stoopnagle and Bud pinched-hit for him amusingly on the Hour of Smiles program—Fred will give scarcely a thought to the hundreds who weekly crowd into NBC’s largest studio and the millions who tune in on his broadcasts. No gags to write! No cameras to face! No amateurs to introduce with merry (and sometimes caustic) quips! Just a summer vacationer, even as you and I, with a few visitors—friends and family—and Portland cheerily doing the work in the simple five-room bungalow and cooking the tempting dishes that they both enjoy.

“It’s such a simple little place, really,” Portland said, in describing their summer home to me. “There is linoleum on all the floors so it’s easy to keep clean. I have
only an oil stove to cook on but I can do wonders with it,” she went on. “It has an oven, so I can roast, too. “Bake?” she said in answer to my query. “No, I can’t bake, except hot breads. We often have corn bread and bran muffins, for we are very partial to those. But I don’t go in for desserts, cakes, pies and the like. We would rather finish off our meal with a salad, anyway. But I’m so glad to get away from a hotel kitchenette that I really cook lots of things—all summer long. Generally I try to cook in the morning, when it’s cool and before we’ve made plans for the day. Then the food is on hand when we get back from swimming, or if unexpected company drops in.”

I was very much interested in that last statement of Portland’s. For it placed her definitely in one school of thought where summer cooking is concerned. Women, you know, generally proceed along one of two lines when it comes to summer meal planning. The members of one group specialize in “just throwing a meal together at the last minute” generally to the accompaniment of much clattering of dishes and rushing hither and yon. The other group—to which Portland so obviously belongs—prefers to plan (Continued on page 52)
EXPLAINING THE RATINGS

The Board of Review bases its presentances on the assumption that all radio programs are divided into four basic parts: material, artists, presentation and announcements, each consisting of 25% and making the perfect program of 100%. These are the consensus of opinions of our Board of Review and do not necessarily agree with the editorial opinion of Radio Stars Magazine. Programs outstanding as to artists and material, often suffer because of poor presentation or exaggerated commercial announcements. There have been many changes in programs for the summer months. The Board reviewed as many of the current major programs as it possibly could before this issue went to press.

1. MARCH OF TIME (CBS) .......... 86.8
2. ANDRE KOSTELANETZ (CBS) .......... 86.2
3. TOWN HALL TONIGHT (NBC) .......... 86.1
4. LUX RADIO THEATRE (CBS) .......... 86.8
5. WAYNE KING'S ORCHESTRA (NBC) (CBS) .......... 87.1
6. CITIES SERVICE CONCERT ORCHESTRA: JESSICA DRESSLER (NBC) .......... 81.5
7. AMERICA'S FAVORITE MUSIC (NBC) .......... 87.8
8. FRED WARING'S PENNSYLVANIA BUMS (NBC) .......... 78.7
9. A&I SYMPHIES (NBC) .......... 78.4
10. VOICE OF FIRESTONE (NBC) .......... 77.5
11. BERNIE and ALL THE LADS (NBC) .......... 76.3
12. FRED WARD'S PENNSYLVANIA BUMS (NBC) .......... 78.7
13. FLEISCHMANN HOUR (NBC) .......... 79.9
14. FLEISCHMANN HOUR (NBC) .......... 79.8
15. MAJOR BOWES' CAPILOT FAMILY (NBC) .......... 82.0
16. BING CROSBY WITH JIMMY DORSEY'S ORCHESTRA (NBC) .......... 82.7
17. HOLLYWOOD HOTEL (CBS) .......... 75.6
18. BURNS AND ALLEN (CBS) .......... 73.7
19. YOUNG HIT PARADE (CBS) (NBC) .......... 74.8
20. GOLDERS (CBS) .......... 72.0
21. WOODBURY PRESENTS "MRS. WHITE-MAN'S MUSICAL VARIETIES (NBC) .......... 73.4
22. SHELL CHATEAU (NBC) .......... 73.2
23. RICHARD HINBER AND HIS MUSIC (NBC) .......... 72.8
24. YOUR HIT PARADE (CBS) (NBC) .......... 72.5
25. ED WYNN (NBC) .......... 72.3
26. THE GOLDENBERGS (CBS) .......... 72.0
27. DON WILSON WITH VOORHEES ORCHES-TRA (NBC) .......... 72.0
28. PHILLIP MORRIS PROGRAM (NBC) .......... 71.8
29. THE SITUATION (NBC) .......... 71.6
30. BING CROSBY WITH JIMMY DORSEY'S ORCHESTRA (NBC) .......... 71.4
31. EVERYBODY'S MUSIC—HOWARD BAR-LO AND His ORCHESTRA (CBS) .......... 71.6
32. MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW (NBC) .......... 71.0
33. MAJOR BOWES' ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR (NBC) .......... 70.9

Are you missing good times—suffering needless embarrassment—because of a pimply, blemished skin? Then this true story from real life is meant for you! It's an actual experience, not an advertising claim—just one of thousands of letters from grateful users of pleasant-tasting Yeast Foam Tablets.

Let Yeast Foam Tablets help you as they have helped thousands of others. This pasteurized yeast is rich in precious natural elements which stimulate sluggish digestive organs—restore natural elimination—and rid the body of the poisons which are the real cause of so many unsightly skins. You'll look better—and feel better.

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today—and refuse substitutes.

FREE MAIL COUPON
NOW for Sample

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 N. Ashland Av., Chicago, Ill.
Without obligation, please send free trial sample of Yeast Foam Tablets.

Name.
Address.
City. State.

Mailed June 6, 1939
**NEW GLARE-PROOF POWDER SHADES**

**POND’S “SUNLIGHT”**

Shades soften the hard glare of the sun on your face

Out in the pitiless glare of the sun, skin faults are magnified. Color flattens out. Now Pond’s new “glare-proof” powder shades change all that! Scientifically blended to catch only the softer rays of the sun, they softly its glare on your skin... Make it flattering! Away from the dark, deadening “sun-tan” powders—Pond’s “Sunlight” shades give a rich, glowing look to your tan. Lovely with no tan!

**MONEY-BACK TRIAL—Try Pond’s Sunlight shade (Light or Dark). If you do not find it more flattering than ordinary sun-tan shades, send us back the box and we will refund purchase price plus postage. Pond’s, Clinton, Conn.**

2 Sunlight Shades—Light, Dark. Low Prices—
Class jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.

Copyright, 1936, Pond’s Extract Company
Schooled to Smartness

Left, a culotte in hunting-green jersey, blouse of red and green plaid flannel. Jersey tie matches the culotte. Below, a one-piece blue velveteen, with nickel note-book rings fastening white pique collar and cuffs and the belt. Right, black transparent velvet with pleated white taffeta "fins"—perfect for tea-dance or evening dates.

BEING the baby of the family has its good and bad points, Patti Pickens will tell you. Or maybe she doesn't have to, because any girl who has had older sisters has the same sort of problem. You know how it is, older sisters never pay any heed to your desire to look and act the least bit sophisticated. Instead, they always give you advice about everything—make-up, clothes, beaus and lines. Of course, it's a little different in Patti's case because she shares a career with her sisters and has to be taken seriously, regardless of her youthfulness in their eyes!

Jane Pickens has been taking all the fashion laurels for the family this year, what with being voted one of the three smartest stars in radio. But little Patti can take her bows, too, because she has that dashing, youthful flair for clothes that is so eye-arresting in the 'teens and early twenties.

Patti has charm plus. Slender but softly curved, she's one of those lucky youngsters who can slip right into a small-size dress. Her voice is softly slurring, her hair is a pretty medium blonde shade and her eyes are mostly green. I asked her if she called their color "hazel" and she said: "I suppose they are, but don't you really think they are mostly green?" So mostly green, they are.

For her hair, she wanted me to say it was her own color and had never been lightened. "And it won't go brownette, either," she added vehemently. "I don't like the sound of that shade, even if it may be the loveliest color imaginable!"

There's great naturalness to this youngest Pickens. And she has a tremendous enthusiasm for things. She thought it was fun to pick a school wardrobe from Gladys Parker's early fall collection. And she got a great kick out of posing in each of them, even though the NBC photographer told me that she recently had been asked to pose again and again for all sorts of publicity stunts.

Patti and I just fell for the new Gladys Parker clothes. And I bet you have, too, just from looking at these pictures of them. Gladys Parker, you know, is the gal who, for years, has drawn giddy Flapper Fanny for the newspapers and written those sage bits of advice under each picture. She looks just like Flapper Fanny herself—has the same pert way of talking.

Several years ago, she decided that young girls needed clothes that really expressed their individuality. And having a lot of grand ideas in her head, she set to work to design a whole collection of costumes, in order to show

Patti Pickens selects a school wardrobe. Good, too, for a
Let's see what the doctor says about laxatives

A perfect outfit for fall activities. Velveteen jacket, tweed skirt, flannel blouse.

Your doctor has spent a great part of his life studying and healing human ills. As sympathetic as he is with his patients, he is strictly a scientist in his attitude towards health. He has, for instance, certain definite standards which he demands of a laxative before giving it his approval. These requirements are listed below. Please read them carefully.

**The Doctor's Test of a Good Laxative**

- It should be dependable.
- It should be mild and gentle.
- It should be thorough.
- Its merit should be proven by the test of time.
- It should not form a habit.
- It should not over-act.
- It should not cause stomach pains.
- It should not nauseate or upset digestion.

**Ex-Lax Meets This Test At Every Point**

Next time you need a laxative remember this: Ex-Lax fulfills the doctor's requirements at every point. Doctors everywhere use Ex-Lax in their own families. Mothers have given it to their children with perfect trust for over 30 years. Since Ex-Lax was first introduced, it has steadily risen in public confidence. Today more people use Ex-Lax than any other laxative in the whole world.

**Prove the Doctor's Points Yourself**

Try Ex-Lax. See how mild and gentle it is — how thorough. Find out for yourself how easy it works. No upset stomach. No pain. No nausea. Ex-Lax is intended only to help Nature—and to do it without shock or violence. And as important as all these advantages are to you, remember that they are doubly important to your children.

**A Pleasure to Take**

If you have been taking nasty, druggy-tasting laxatives, you'll be delighted to find how pleasant Ex-Lax is. For Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. Children actually enjoy taking it. And it is just as good for them as it is for adults.

At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. Or if you'd like to try Ex-Lax at our expense, mail the coupon.

---

EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!

(Paste this on a penny postcard)

Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

Name________________________________________

Address________________________________________________________________________________

City__________________________Age__________

(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., Montreal)

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By Elizabeth Ellis

fashion people what she meant. She not only made all the designs, but she sewed every costume and finally ran a one-woman fashion show of her own, modelling every dress! You can't beat that for initiative and it should prove an inspiration to all of you who hope someday to design clothes yourself.

Since that single-handed performance, Gladys Parker has branched out as an important designer of young, wearable and original clothes,

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE
And They Said

It Couldn’t Happen in America!

Mystic oaths of secrecy that curdle the blood... Savage floggings by night... Ruthless intimidation, political wire-pulling... and murder. The Black Legion!

What is the real truth about this terror cult menacing America with torture and lynch law? What part did women play in this amazing network? Is the combine smashed, or is it only waiting to strike at organized government?

Read "Secrets of the Black Legion" in the September INSIDE DETECTIVE. Chief Henry Piel, of the Detroit Police, gives the complete picture of the Black Legion—a picture that will startle those who believe that such things "can't happen here!"

Other important features for September include nine true stories of crime and punishment, illustrated by exclusive police photos.

The September Issue Is Out!

INSIDE DETECTIVE

On Sale Everywhere... 10c

RADIO STARS

RADIO GUNS FOR

Is radio, in bringing into homes a better understanding of political problems, going to elect our country's next president?

By George Kent

THIS greatest of all election years, it's up to the ladies—the girls who vote. They've had the ballot a long time and to date it hasn't mattered much. But this year they hold the key. The wiseacres all agree that the party that captures the female vote wins the White House. Which being the case, you're going to see history made between now and November. Especially radio history because this, above all, is a radio election.

You're going to hear eighty per cent of the campaign right in your loudspeaker.

You're going to hear something like ten billion words. This, according to the best available estimates. Words poured into the air by some 50,000 speakers. Many of the voices untried. Rank amateurs. Some of the voices will be those of the great—President Roosevelt. Ex-President Hoover, members of the Cabinet, senators, congressmen, judges, captains of industry, farm leaders, and local big shots.

You're going to hear them over the three networks. And over the powerful individual stations. They're going to cannonade out of phonograph records in the honky-tonk stations. No ear, however small and pink, however plugged with cotton, will be safe from electioneering. The arguments, the statistics, the assaults, the entreaties will come hammering into tin cabins and onyx chateaus, into Model T's and Rolls-Royces.

You're going to see more money spent on radio than ever has been spent before on a single enterprise. Between now and election day, the authorities figure, all parties will spend between $5,000,000 and $7,000,000. Which is more than three times as much as ever was spent before. Which is about the sum the Rudy Vallee program has cost its sponsors in the seven years it has been on the air! Heavy dough and it's going to be squandered like water. Even the Communists will spend.

In the last Presidential election, Republicans spent $421,123; Democrats, $336,508. Less than one-million dollars. This year radio time is more expensive—and vastly more of it is going to be used. The President usually speaks free of cost, but has to pay like anybody else when he makes a campaign speech. He's

Indiana's popular Governor, Paul V. McNutt, brings youth and vision into politics.

going to deliver at least twenty. At the rate of $30,000 or more, this is dough. His rival will talk more.

You’re going to hear a more entertaining brand of politics than ever you heard before. Speeches will be shorter. Oh, yes, they have learned that mere radio time is not enough. The President has taught that. Two hours of blat and blah will bore the most conscientious. More eight-minute speeches. More fifteen-minute orations. Fewer hour-long political lullabies.

And more music. There also will be satires, skits, comic monologues. A lot of out-of-work stars are going to have political jobs these next few months, reading lines calculated to crush the rival candidates. Privately, the slogan is: “Laugh them out of office.” There will be singing. Political amateur nights.

Virtually every known radio record is going to top it during the next few months. For the first time in your careers you are going to enjoy politics.

The campaign which always, in all previous history, has been waged in the evening hours, this year will be fought out over the air in the daytime. At least half of this radio angling for votes will take place in the morning and afternoon.

The reason for this? Well, in the first place, radio time is cheaper during the day. In the second and more important place, these are the hours to catch the housewife. Mornings from now on will be less clogged with recipes, style and shopping talks and more (Continued on page 90)

'**SWEETHEARTS FOREVER**
— when she learned —

I'M NOT A JEALOUS WIFE, BUT I AM HURT. YOU DANCED SIX TIMES WITH GLORIA!

BUT, HONEY, GLORIA DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING TO ME. HONEST! THOUGH THERE IS SOMETHING ABOUT HER ———

YOU CERTAINLY HAD JERRY GOING LAST NIGHT, GLORIA. TELL ME — WHAT IS THIS "SOMETHING" HE RAVES ABOUT?

MAYBE IT'S THAT ALL-OVER FRAGRANCE IDEA I LEARNED IN PARIS. MEN ADORE IT ... JUST TRY MAVIS, PEY.

MAMM! NO WONDER MAVIS MAKES A HIT WITH MEN. IT'S ADORABLY FEMININE. AND WHAT AN ALLURING WAY TO KEEP DAINTY IN THIS HOT WEATHER!

SAY, JERRY, GIVE US A CHANCE. WE ADMIRE YOUR WIFE, TOO.

RUN ALONG, SHE'S MY SWEETHEART.

**A CHARM SECRET! Always remember it...the allure of MAVIS' all-over fragrance**

Straight from Paris—comes this delightful first-aid to feminine charm. Mavis gives you a feeling of constant freshness—a tantalizing fragrance men can't resist ... Always—after you bathe, before you dress—safeguard your daintiness with delightful Mavis all over. It keeps you fresh all day—or evening ... Mavis brings you Spring-time enchantment at any season. And it actually protects your skin—prevents dryness ... Remember this before-you-dress beauty rite. You'll enjoy it! And so will those around you! Try Mavis today.

Mavis Talcum in 25c, 50c and $1 sizes at drug and department stores—convenient 10¢ size at 5-and-10¢ stores. White or flesh. We invite you to try Mavis—use coupon.

**MAVIS**

**Genuine Mavis Talcum**

**IN THE RED CONTAINER**

V. VIVAUDOE, INC.
580 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

I enclose 10c. Please send by return mail the convenient size of Mavis Talcum (white . . . Beige ... )—so I can try its fragrant loveliness.

Name ____________________________
Address ___________________________
City _____________________________
State _____________________________

[Address Label: Mavis]
Miss Harriet Brandon is pictured above just after receiving a permanent wave, from Edmond (55th St.), one of New York's fashionable hairdressers. "Since rinsing my hair with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash, I have become increasingly popular," says Miss Harriet Brandon of Indianapolis, Indiana.

First girl to win the title of MARCHAND BLONDE-OF-THE-MONTH, lovely Miss Brandon told us she early realized how important it is for a girl fully to develop one of her charms. "By keeping my hair always soft, bright and lustrous I add immeasurably to my appearance," says Miss Brandon. Whether blonde or brunette, you, too, can gain new attractiveness—a charming appearance your friends will admire, by making soft lustrous hair your secret of loveliness.

Blondes—Keep your hair the popular golden shade with Marchand's. To brighten dull, faded or streaked hair, rinse with Marchand's.

Brunettes—Rinse sparkling highlights into your hair, with Marchand's. Or, using Marchand's full strength, you can lighten your hair to any lovely blonde shade.

WANTED! ATTRACTIVE BLONDE FOR FREE VISIT TO NEW YORK
Marchand Blonde-Of-The-Month contest. Full details in your bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. At your druggist. Or use coupon.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY, OR USE COUPON BELOW
CHARLES MARCHAND CO., 521 West 23rd Street, New York City
Please let me try for myself the SUNNY, GOLDEN effect of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 50 cents (use stamps, coin, or money order as convenient) for a full sized bottle.

Name

Address

City State M.G. 936

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH
Radio has no performer who takes his job more seriously than does Ed Wynn, the genius of gagdom. He is consistently conscientious about the preparation of his programs. Little do his listeners realize the wearying hours he spends each week rounding out what he hopes is an enjoyable half hour for them.

Ever since Ed Wynn came to radio, he has succeeded nobly in making listeners laugh and laugh heartily. After he retired from the air in 1935, he was besieged with thousands and thousands of letters and personal requests to return. He was genuinely missed. He came back for Plymouth with ether antics just as laugh-provoking as he ever used.

Ed Wynn has become a symbol, not only of comedy, but of radio, as well. The mention of his name immediately suggests the best of fun and merriment. His humor is for young and old, for Park Avenue and Tenth, for the General Store and the ship at sea. It has no limitations.

Lending invaluable assistance to Ed Wynn on his Plymouth Program are Graham McNamee and his contagious chuckle; Lennie Hayton and his orchestra; the King's Men; and the Girls Octet.

To Ed Wynn and his Plymouth Program—a grand relief from the cares of day—RADIO STARS magazine presents its award for Distinguished Service to Radio.
"I'D GIVE UP MOVIES FOR RADIO!"

"I could live my own life, on the air," says Ginger Rogers. "And work and grow with radio."

I SAID to Ginger: "If you had to make a definite choice between radio and pictures—if you were told that you could be a picture star or a radio star for the rest of your natural life—which would you choose to be?"

Said Ginger, without hesitation: "A radio star."

"But why?" I asked, while in glittering procession the Rogers screen triumphs panormamed before my mind’s eye.

"For so many reasons," said Ginger, "that I'll get jumbled up trying to explain them. First of all, because it would be something new for me. And I always take a vital interest in anything new. New countries, new people, new problems, new things to do, intrigue me! I dislike roots and rules of three and routines."

I remembered some of Ginger’s enthusiasms—remembered Ginger’s mother telling me about Ginger’s childhood conquest of the piano. It seems that when Ginger was about eight, she took to thumping the piano keys lustily and with horrendous discord. Perhaps from an instinct of self-preservation, certainly because Mrs. Rogers always tried to develop any interest or talent of Ginger’s, she got a teacher for Ginger. And for three months the small, determined Ginger ate and slept at the piano. Came the day of her first recital. The child mounted the platform. She rendered McDowell’s To A Water Lily. There was thunderous applause. She began into Bach with fervor and finesse. And timbers shivered with Fort Worthard plaudits.

Ginger does everything with the same exuberant enthusiasm.

When the world-famous team of Astaire and Rogers began their first picture together there were those who wondered how the little Rogers girl would keep pace with the nimble-footed maestro of the tap, Fred Astaire. Of course she made her first public success doing the Charleston, but even so . . . Fred Astaire . . . mmmm. . . .

Well, the little Rogers girl loses five to eight pounds per picture. She practises, they practise, for hours and hours and hours. They never know whether it is Christmas Day or New Year’s Day or Easter or a birthday. The calendar is not. Calories are not. But the whole movie-going world knows now how the little Rogers girl keeps pace with Fred Astaire.

Ginger finished ordering poached eggs and grapefruit juice. She said: "Kinda funny of me to talk about what I shall do as a radio star! Kinda polite to wait till you’re asked, don’t you think? Because I’ve never been asked. I’ve never had any big radio offers. I’ve done quite a lot of broadcasting as a guest artist, you know. But I’ve never been on a real, sure-enough weekly program and no one has ever asked me to be. Once, I took Leslie Howard’s place on the Shell Chateau. I’ve been on Mary Pickford’s Parties from Pickfair broadcast. I’ve done other broadcasts on the Shell. I did a dramatic sketch on the Hind’s Hour. On the Parties From Pickfair program I sang the song I—ah, there—wrote myself. You know, the ‘I Can’t Understand Why You Don’t Understand Me’ little Rogers’ number.

"And I love it! I am a radio fan. I want to be a radio star! I’m crazy about Fred Waring’s program and Amos n’ Andy and Jack Benny and Jack Hylton.

"I can sum the whole thing up by saying that radio seems to promise me the life I want. In every way.

"In the first place—and though I’m probably not the first person to think of this angle—it’s the only theatrical career which can certainly be as long-lived as the person having the career. For ability doesn’t age. It mellows and matures with age and experience. Only the body ages, and the face. (Continued on page 66)
By Gladys Hall
Joe Penner, demon ex-duck salesman, is back in all his bucolic blandness—but he's not selling anything!

By Jack Hanley
LIKE many another axiomatic saw, They never come back is open to a certain amount of question. Fight champs, perhaps, never do. There are certain matters of stamina, age and legs concerned that seem insurmountable. But give a good radio comic a gag-man and the will to try something a little different . . . and they do come back.

To mention only one of the more recent comebacks, Ed Wynn, after a long absence from the air, has returned, successfully, as funny as he ever was. And now—after just a year away from the microphone—Joe Penner, demon ex-duck salesman, is back, in all his bucolic blandness; still lisping fatuously—but sans duck, sans Nasty Man, sans gags.

"I’ve been selling things all my life," Joe says with what might come under the classification of a wistful chuckle. "It was nothing new to me to be selling ducks in the old radio show. But now I’m through—that’s why the new show concentrates more on situation stuff instead of just gags and catch lines."

We were in Joe’s hotel—Penner, Harry Conn and your reporter. Harry Conn is writing the new show, after having helped, for something over five years, to make Jack Benny’s program one of the topnotchers of radio. Joe Penner mentioned rackets and somebody told about an old racket that had just been pulled on him.

"Say," Joe offered with disarming candor, "I used to work the rackets!"

Several pairs of ears wiggled simultaneously. I leaned forward, the reportorial instincts sharpened, with hopeful visions of a mysterious early life beyond the pale, while the rat-tat of Tommy guns sounded in the mind. Then I looked at Joe Penner’s amiable countenance and sat back. Joe looks like a young student, a clerk, a round-faced, medium-smalish, neatly dressed person, nothing like the dopey characterization he affects professionally, yet not wholly different. He might be many things—to look at him . . . but not a racketeer. Definitely not!

"Yeah, I was," he grinned. "When I was about sixteen years old, back in Detroit, I decided I had to make some money for myself. My folks were pretty strict with me and we didn’t have much money. I couldn’t even take a girl out. So I went to work peddling magazines—house to house canvassing. . . ."

"But the racket?" I suggested.

"That was the first racket," Joe grinned. "The magazine was the Home Friend, and I remember I used to wonder how they could sell it for ninety-nine cents for a three-year subscription and pay me over a third of that for commission. You know how they did it—it was a cheap little affair, printed like a small tabloid newspaper and full of patent medicine advertising. After I’d been selling it for about a year I figured I ought to do better, so I organized a crew of my own and promoted myself to crew manager. We used the old ‘Good morning, madam, will you vote for me?’ sales talk. Every subscription counted for a thousand votes and enough votes were supposed to give me a college education."

Joe shook his head. "I believed in the racket—all the time I was working it. Then, one day in Hamilton, Ohio, I woke up with a funny feeling. I called out to my roommate and there was no answer. I felt still funnier when I discovered that he had ducked out on me with all my money, checks and three or four hundred dollars worth of subscription receipts. I was out of the magazine business, and stranded.

"There was only one thing to do—I called up home, on reversed charges. When I left home my mother warned me not to send for money. But I stuck, so I (Continued on page 60)
TO RADIO listeners, as to theatre-goers, Jane Cowl needs no introduction. Her voice has come to us over the air in the Lux Radio Theatre. Last fall she gave us one of her outstanding stage successes, that tenderly lovely play, Smilin' Through, and in the early spring we heard her in Lilac Time. Of both these plays Miss Cowl not only was star but co-author. Too, we have heard her in a scene from Romeo and Juliet on Frank Fay's Friday night program.

One might fancy that radio would be peculiarly unkind to Miss Cowl, robbing us, as it must, of the privilege of seeing her in all her colorful and appealing beauty. But such is her skill as one of the major artists of the theatre and such the arresting, exquisite quality of her voice, with its emotional overtones, its ache of pathos, its lilt of joy, she admirably rounds out the picture for the listener on the air.

A radio listener herself, Jane Cowl especially enjoys the symphonies. Of the comedians, Jack Benny and Joe Penner are a delight to her. Radio drama, she feels, holds great possibilities. With more adequate preparation, such as the stage gives to its presentations, there is no reason why the full magic of illusion cannot be captured.

"There are good stage plays and bad ones," says Miss Cowl. "Some moving pictures are impressive and some are mediocre. There are fine radio programs and there is drivel! But there are playwrights capable of writing great plays for the air, and there are artists capable of presenting them. So we can have what we want. It depends on us."

"Do you like women's voices on the air?" I inquired.

"It depends on the woman. If she is someone with a trained speaking voice—yes. I enjoyed tremendously Geraldine Farrar's talks on opera at the Met, last winter. Judith Anderson was lovely on a recent Rudy Vallee
"Sleep till noon—and then get everything done before one o'clock! That's America!" pungently declares Jane Cowl.

By Nancy Barrows

program. She has a beautiful speaking voice. But many women's voices, on the air, are too thin, too high. They sound as if they hadn't breath enough. It's a strain to listen to them. They should have a basso profundo, like mine!" She laughed.

We sat at a small table in the hotel dining-room. It was dimly lighted, cool, quiet and, at that hour, practically deserted.

"I have to eat at this ungodly hour," said Jane Cowl. "And afterward I rest for a while before going to the theatre. So I thought this would be a good time for us to talk."

And I was glad of an opportunity to talk with Jane Cowl anywhere, for her mind is stored with wisdom, keen and fascinating, and she is a gracious and charming person. Listening to her low-pitched, de-lightful voice, watching the play of expression across her sensitive face, the movement of her long, slim hands, recalled countless hours in the theatre which her art has made memorable.

I spoke of her lovely Juliet of some seasons past, which was acclaimed by critics as the most exquisite Juliet of our time and which touched a high point of beauty in the theatre. "I haven't wanted to see another Juliet since," I confessed. "I don't want to dull the impression."

"That touches my heart!" Her dark eyes shone softly. "I loved Juliet. . . . I established a record for Shakespeare—did you know that?—six hundred and ninety-eight performances. I crossed the continent with it twice. I haven't wanted to see another Juliet, either," she admitted. "I didn't see Katharine Cornell's—though I am very fond of her. I told Kit that if she (Continued on page 54)"
This month the spotlight falls on friendly and familiar faces. Their voices beguile our summer listening.

At fifteen Winifred Toomey is a veteran radio actress, heard on several NBC presentations.

Arthur Ainsworth (left), Clem McCarthy and Lee Goldsmith, as radio reports the Latonia Derby.

Twelve years ago Bob Burns and Martha Raye were in vaudeville together. She was seven. Now they’re reunited in Rhythm on the Range.
SPOTLIGHT...

Walter O'Keefe of The Camel Caravan.

"Ken Murray Says—" goes to 60 papers.

Ben Bernie hands out cigars. The girl reporters wish he hadn't.

Frances Langford finds half a loaf is much better than none.

Ross Allen (left) milks a snake for Bob "Believe-It-Or-Not" Ripley.

Gertrude Bogard plays the electric guitar on The Hour of Charm.

Laurence Tibbett brings the magic of great music to eager radio listeners.

Your film favorite, Clark Gable, broadcasts a radio drama from Hollywood for Lux Radio Theater.
COMMAND performances may not mean very much to us over here, but they stand very definitely for genuine achievement abroad. Many of our own prominent actors and performers have been thrilled to heed that royal command and inspired to do their best in the royal presence. But to date an Englishman holds all records for popularity with the wearers of crowns and the most blasé American might well be proud of similar recognition.

The late King George and Queen Mary of England commanded Jack Hylton to appear before them not once, but four times—and he is the only person to have that honor. To appear before the royal family once is something to write home about, but four times—well, it had never happened before. But King George was delighted with the music of Hylton's well trained band, with his entertainers, with the entire, colorful revue—as delighted as any of his subjects, who already had crowned their favorite band leader as their King of Jazz.

Hylton long has been a favorite, too, with the present
Jack Hylton—idol of music lovers here and abroad, favorite of royalty in England and on the Continent

King and with his brother, the Duke of Kent. And he has won many distinctive honors in other countries...

You wouldn't guess it, to see him, to talk with him. He is quiet, unassuming. A short, stocky man with sandy, curly hair and friendly, twinkling eyes behind shell-rimmed glasses. He is reticent, reluctant to talk about himself or his affairs, making light of the honors that have been heaped upon him and speaking in a voice so low it is difficult to understand him. But on the podium, baton in hand, he is a very different person, alert, dynamic, the master showman who, with a well-timed gesture, can bring out the full strength of the brasses, the sweet tones of the clarinets. His orchestra is note perfect, always. They have no music before them, but instead watch every gesture, every facial expression of their leader, who conducts with the skill and precision of a symphony director, though with less formal posturings.

I saw him first at a regular Sunday evening broadcast of the Realsilk program. He had been seated inconspicuously with his performers at one side but rose to smile and bow almost self-consciously at the announcer's introduction. He took his place casually, faced the orchestra and raised his hand. Thereafter, every movement, every gesture, as his shoulders swayed and his feet kept time, brought immediate response from the carefully trained American "band that Jack built."

It might have seemed to the average European that Jack Hylton had everything. He was "tops" in his own country, he was popular everywhere on the Continent. The late King Albert of Belgium had called him a "tonic." In Berlin, crowds turned out to greet him. In Paris, they idolized him. He was the first jazz band to play in the Paris Opera House and he was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor—"for services to music and to France"—and later received the honorary title of Officer of Public Instruction. Italy's royal family responded warmly to his music. Mussolini had become an ardent fan. He had played for royalty in Sweden and Spain. In his own country, he was a member of the College of Heralds, which entitles him to a coat of arms and there is a rumor, which he himself discounts, that he may be knighted (and it is not unlikely, now that Edward, who danced so much to Hylton's music in other days, is king).

But America beckoned and he was eager to accept that invitation. New fields to conquer, a challenge to be met—Hylton knew that he never would be satisfied until he had won America's favor.

But there was one apparently insuperable obstacle. Eager as were those who had heard him abroad, or over the short wave, to have him here, he was refused permission to bring his English band to the United States.

"For ten years, we wanted to come." Hylton explained to me, "but it could not be arranged until last fall, and even then I could not bring my boys. They came over with me and we broadcast from the Normandie, but they had to return—with the exception of a few of my entertainers."

"Then this is your first glimpse of America?" I surmised.

(Continued on page 69)
But we think, "am asked a bit remember the Dog can If I saw her always Someone I've shattered.

There should be so infrequent a part of our radio fare. In the theatre, or in the movies, "the play's the thing." Take Ed Wynn, or Beatrice Lillie—I think they're excruciatingly funny! I've seen them so often on the stage, I know exactly how they look when they are speaking. When Beatrice Lillie, for example, lets her voice break in that amusing way, I can see just how she looks. But some people, who never have seen her, don't find her funny on the air.

"The voice alone," Cornelia mused, "cannot create a fully rounded picture. Our memories are visual, not audible. I saw Sarah Bernhardt, for instance, when she was quite old. But I don't remember the famous 'golden voice'—which then was somewhat tarnished—I remember her as an old, broken woman."

"Would it help in creating the illusion for radio drama," I wondered aloud, "if we put out the lights, or closed our eyes, to sit in darkness as we do in the theatre?"

"It might," Miss Skinner agreed. "It might help to preserve the illusion which the actor is trying to create. I always close my eyes when I am listening to music on the air. It helps to keep within the picture. In our homes, our attention is so easily distracted. We see a picture slightly askew on the wall, or a bit of dust on the rug. The back of a book reminds us of something we want to look up in it. Someone walks across the room. The dog scratches a flea, or chases his ball. And the mood is shattered. In the theatre, of course—her dark eyes flashed, "we wouldn't be guilty of such discourtesy!"

That, I thought, as we sipped a cooling drink and gazed for a moment through the windows at the changing panorama of the East River, blue and brilliant in the midsummer sun, is a point worth considering. Courtesy to the artist on the air... If a person, sitting in our living-room, were speaking, we would not move about, let our attention wander. But the person whose voice is coming
Cornelia Otis Skinner, famous stage star and radio's popular young monologist.

Photographs by Ben Pinchot

Miss Skinner in three popular roles, Night Club Girl, Transatlantic Call and Hotel Porch Gossip.

to us over the radio is not before our eyes, and we forget our manners—forget that someone unseen is working hard to entertain us—forget that the audience as well as the artist must contribute to the illusion.

"Some radio actors," I said, "have told me that they think of themselves, while broadcasting, as coming into the family living-room, speaking as person to person, without benefit of microphone. Do you think of your audience in that way?"

"Oh, no!" Cornelia said quickly. "I never think of the audience—never picture it—when I am broadcasting. The microphone terrifies me! It's a little easier for me this year," she went on, "but I never feel comfortable in the studio, as I do on the stage. On the stage you have the costumes, the lights, the make-up—and out in front you feel the response of the audience, feel it building up as you go on. It's a tremendous help."

"Does the studio audience help?" I asked. "Does it give the same, or a similar response?"

"No!" She smiled. "There are too many distractions. They are interested in the mechanics of the broadcast—the sound effects, the musicians, the microphones. There's no illusion for them! I don't blame them," she added sympathetically. "The mechanics of a broadcast are very interesting. I have some friends coming over from England this summer. I shall take them to see a broadcast. But I'm not having any audiences in the studio this summer!" And she laughed softly.

"What about the unseen audience?" I pursued. "Does your fan mail bring you any of the response you miss? Does it bring helpful suggestions, or criticisms?"

"It's brought me some awful scripts!" She laughed. "Of course I couldn't use them anyway—I write all my own. And criticism. . . Some (Continued on page 62)
WE WANTED to call this story *At Last—Oakie Talks!* But, after a couple of hours with Oakie, we decided on *At Last—Oakie Stops!* That's probably why neither title is being used.

When we were handed an assignment to talk about radio with the Great Oakie we knew we had a grim task before us. Oakie, the unapproachable, silent as the Sphinx, moody as Garbo, seldom talked. Or seldom stopped, we couldn't remember which.

So this is the story of how, disguised as a movie executive—all it takes is two million dollars and a Rolls-Royce—we slipped past the Paramount gates and on to the set of *The Texas Ranger,* where the greatest matinee idol since Barrymore was sharing a scene with Jean Parker and Fred MacMurray.

First we stood, with the crew, watching The Great One weave a dramatic spell such as he alone can weave. Aged prop boys, tense and motionless, wept honest tears as he ran the gamut of human emotions. Ran? It was just a walk for Oakie.

The scene over, Oakie retired to the sidelines, his distinguished pan partly concealed behind a growth of beard.

"That beard," we asked. "Is it yours or is it Paramount's?"

He gave it a tug. It was his.

"I'm wearing it for MacMurray," said Jack. "You see, with two good-looking guys in the picture, nobody would look at Fred, so Oakie grew a beard."

He refused our offer of a cigarette. "If Oakie's beard burns, MacMurray's through!"

And if Oakie doesn't start talking about radio, we're through, we thought to ourselves. So, grasping him firmly

"Right now," says Jack Oakie, "the air is full of Benny,
by the beard, we told him our mission and asked him for a statement.

He thought for a moment. It's always nice to have people think for a moment before they say anything. He was still thinking when we nudged him. He awoke with a start, and we introduced ourself and asked our question again. This time he talked.

"You can say," he announced, "that Oakie thinks radio is here to stay."

The radio industry will be pleased to know that you speak so well of it," we assured him.

"Yes, sir," continued Jack. "It's an amazing thing. First the telephone, then the airplane, then the quintuplets, and now radio. Why, I remember the airplane when everybody said it would never replace the horse. Lindbergh's Folly, they called it. Why, I even remember the horse, but I can't think of its name. Now you take—"

"But what about radio?" It seemed to us we had come to discuss that subject.

"Radio? Oh, yes. A wonderful thing. As a boy, I used to dream about radio."

"When you were a boy," we reminded him, "there was no radio."

"I know," said Jack. "But that was back in Sedalia, Missouri, and we didn't even know radio hadn't been invented. As a matter of fact—"

"What we really came here for," we cut in, "is this. Is there any truth to the ugly rumor that you are about to head an air show?"

"Why not?" said Oakie. "Right now the air is full of Benny, Cantor and Allen. A little Oakie might be a good thing for it. As a matter of fact, I've already done an audition for a musical show for Gillette Razors."

All of which means that by (Continued on page 52)
Nica Martini relaxes in a corner of his comfortable living-room.

Breakfast Club, Don McNeill, Walter Blaupu, Helen J. Bahloke.

The Williams sisters, NBC singing trio—Alise (left), Laura, Ethelyn.

Niela Goodale and Earl Oxford, in a scene from Home on the Range.

In her penthouse play-ground Virginia Verrill goes in for brisk exercise between broadcasts.
Fred Waring, maestro of *The Pennsylvanians*, conducts his popular program.

Major Bowes writes his autograph at the *Penn A.C.* dinner. Sam Harris at the left.

Stoopnagle (left) and Budd go to seal. But they’ll be back for *Town Hall Tonight*.

Announcer James Wellington bids bon voyage to English film star, Margot Grahame.
Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson, who is Mrs. Crumit, find their pattern a most successful one.

IT WAS almost as if they were meeting for the first time again. An exciting first time. Each of them playing up to the other, the way a man and woman will when they find someone who holds an instant importance for them.

Frank Crumit had been talking with that easy friendliness of his and then Julia Sanderson came into the Broadcasting Studio, laughing in her breathless way and with her came half of the musicians on the program. The most popular girl in a smart country club could have come out on the verandah just like that.

"Here comes Julia with all her beaus!" Frank said and he really should have been ashamed of the pride in his voice! Doesn't the man know bragging about his wife like that isn't being done nine years after marriage? Or doesn't he care?

"Oh, hello there, Mr. Crumpnut!" Julia came over and held out her hand and immediately there was almost a shyness between them. The sort of shyness that holds tenderness and enchantment and dearness, just as her ridiculous pet name for him had held all those things, too.

That first time they met must have been like that. It was the day rehearsals for Tangerine began and Julia Sanderson was terribly excited because Frank Crumit was going to be her leading man.

"I had bought one of his records a few weeks before," she said. "And adored it. I used to play it over and over again until the day I saw father wink at mother when I put it on. After that I felt rather inhibited about it and played it only when I was alone. So when
Life, to Frank and Julia, is still the same joyous adventure that it was nine years ago.

the manager told me he was going to play opposite me. I didn't even mention it at home because those parents of mine are just as big teases as they are incurable romantics."

It was Frank Crumit's first venture in musical comedy and you might have thought a young man from vaudeville would have been pretty thrilled over it all. But he wasn't.

From that first day he had rehearsals in an uproar. Climbing up chairs, scaling the ladder at the side of the stage, like the clown he is. Refusing to take anyone or anything seriously. Even Julia Sanderson, the star. And the whole cast laughing uproariously when they should have got down to the serious business of learning lines.

Even Julia found herself laughing with the others. Julia who had been on the stage since she was fourteen and whose parents had been there before her. Julia, to whom the theatre was the most important thing in the world. Julia, the glamorous musical comedy star, who was used to an awe from her leading men that practically amounted to reverence. Even Julia laughed.

Silly how it all started. Laughing like that. Laughing as she never had laughed in all her hard working young life before. And finding a laugh clutching at her heart even more than a tear could. Finding it catching at her throat. Finding suddenly that the only thing important to her in the whole world was Frank Crumit with his crazy antics.

Tangerine opened in Asbury Park in spite of Frank Crumit and his tomfoolery. And that night, with every one beside himself with excitement and with that quickening tension backstage that always comes with an opening, Julia Sanderson didn't even mind when her forward-young leading man came into her dressing-room for a little chat.

He sat there as casual as ever, for once the only sane member of the cast and for the first time in her life Julia didn't feel jittery at the prospect of an opening. When he finally left, she turned to her mother.

"Mamma, will you buy him for me?" she asked.

That was the first inkling her mother had that this time it was serious with Julia. But Julia had known it for weeks. Had known it since the day the song he sang to her at every rehearsal had suddenly become different. Had become real.

You all remember that song. It was called Sweet Lady... And after Tangerine opened, everyone in the country was singing it. You've heard it on the radio since, for Crumit and Sanderson have used it for their signature and will tell anyone who asks that they did it for sentimental reasons. Frank Crumit had written that song before he met Julia but from the time he did meet her it became her song and hers alone.

"Sweet lady," (it goes. Remember?)
"Sweet lady, make believe I hold your hand,
Sweet lady, make believe a wedding band..."

Only after the first few (Continued on page 83)
A glimpse into the varied and colorful experiences, the chances and the choices that make the man—Edwin C. Hill

EDWIN C. HILL, as the star reporter on the New York Sun over a period of twenty years, was affectionately known, through the printed page, to a large metropolitan audience. Most of us may remember the day when, possibly quite by accident, we dialed into the middle of a radio broadcast of Edwin C. Hill. We stood listening to the most sonorous and bell-like voice we ever had heard over the air. We were further impressed by the dramatic appeal and the forceful and colorful quality of his language. Before the conclusion of the brief talk, a third impression sank deeper than all the rest. The human keynote—human intuition, human sympathy and human interest.

We had been curious for a long time to make a full-length portrait of Edwin C. Hill. However it was common report that this man, who has known and interviewed more world celebrities than anyone else, was a total loss when he came to being interviewed himself. After listening to him on the radio, one scarcely could credit this report.

The very first time we met Edwin C. Hill, in person, we were surprised. In the flesh this man did not seem to match the voice on the radio. We had pictured an idealized man, from the golden energetic voice. An entirely unreal person, who fairly danced on the waves of ether in his enthusiasms; a vibrant being standing on tip-toe to pour forth in resonant billows those winged words of sheer beauty.

We had been whizzed up to the twenty-third story of a New York skyscraper and found in the farthest corner of a tortuous hallway, a door labeled Edwin C. Hill. A buzzer rang and we were admitted into the little “factory” where The Human Side of the News is manufactured.

A tired-looking man arose from a swivel chair behind a workmanlike desk and gave us a hand that was like ice. He was a symphony in gray; grayish eyes, gray hair and a gray suit, where those brilliant, flashing, dazzling pyrotechnics of manner and speech had led us to expect a brighter color. There was a strained, anxious look in his eyes. “Pardon me, if I seem to be very nervous today,” were the last words we would have expected him to say. The room was more of a study than it was an office. There was a bookcase filled with works of reference and books written by Mr. Hill’s friends. The walls were fairly covered with large photographs of men famous in modern history: Presidents Taft, Harding and Wilson, Chauncey M. Depew, Ivar Krueger, the Match King, and a score of others, all autographed with some personal line of dedication.

“Persons you have interviewed?” we asked.

“Friends,” replied Mr. Hill.

“Just how did you come to get into radio?” We had always been curious to know.

Without hesitation, he launched forth:

“There’s an age-old argument,” he began, turning towards us in his swivel chair, “as to which plays the greater part in determining a man’s career—whether it is heritage or environment. Of equal fascination is the (Continued on page 72)
Two views of Edwin C. Hill—familiar to you as the reporter of The Human Side of the News and as the Hearst Metrotone commentator. In the latter rôle you see him up above, as he fits his voice to the action of the news film being projected upon the screen.

By Henry

Albert Phillips
"MEN? I don't want to talk about them!"

Joan Marsh speaking. Joan Marsh who, in Hollywood, was one of the most popular belles of the town! What has happened to the vivacious blonde, who was beaufed by a different fellow every night, whose name was linked with this person and that in rumored betrothals by columnists from coast to coast?

"At first I thought that kind of thing was swell," she explains. "I've changed. Perhaps I never really liked dashing from night club to night club. But I know definitely, now, that type of life is not for the real me, the true Joan Marsh." Her serious eyes beg to be believed. Her fingers fuss with a collapsible cigarette holder. "I have decided life holds so much more than just playing. I have found happiness, in the few months I've been in New York."

Why has Joan Marsh decided to concentrate on her work? Why has she turned her back on love? How has she been able to resist accepting one of the many proposals of marriage which have been offered to her?

"Because I didn't love any one man, I guess. I liked the idea of

Joining Walter Woolf King in some of the most pleasing singing heard over the air, Joan Marsh comes to you on *The Flying Red Horse Tavern.*

By

Miriam Gibson
"Dinners and dancing aren't all of life "says Joan Marsh.
"There is so much more in this world—and I mean to find it."

"Some day I would like to go back to Hollywood," says Joan. "But only to visit. I'm through with pictures."

"And it was so satisfactory, and I was so thrilled that I had the check framed!" she remarks.

Besides acting, singing and dancing and painting, she recently had a song published, My Very Own, which she herself composed. Her talents spread in every direction. She intends to improve herself continually.

"I've just been given a gorgeous book by Thomas Craven on the lives of the modern artists. I am thrilled to death with it!" (This book is one which requires intelligent reading. Joan has indeed become serious minded to find enjoyment in such works. It is the continual effort to find herself.)

Joan's younger days were not very happy ones. "From the time I was twelve, when I was just a kid," says she who is now only twenty-two, "I was terribly unhappy. My home environment was anything but pleasant. (Joan's parents were divorced when she was fifteen.) I was in boarding-school most of the time. I hated it so that I would cry for hours at a time. I vowed I'd run away. I used to go out in the woods and write unhappy poems.

These poems must have carried something of a child's heartache, a childlike sincerity, for a publisher, upon reading them, offered to publish them in book form if Joan would write ten more to go with them. But in her busy life she had not yet found time to do this additional work.

"When I was sixteen I started (Continued on page 64)
Four favorites feature the popular summer radio programs.

Margaret Speaks (upper left) is starring on the summer series of the Monday night Firestone show. And listeners are delighted with her lovely songs. The jovial gentleman in the center is Don Wilson, Jack Benny's sport-announcing stooge, starring on the Jell-O summer show while Jack's in Hollywood. Upper right, Hal Kemp, whose popular orchestra is featured on Phil Baker's Gulf program. His ultra-smart syncopation continues to make dance history. And here is "Honey Chile," of The Atlantic Family program. In real life she is Margaret Johnson, and is known as one of radio's most beautiful girls.
One of the air's newest personalities and one of the few American-born symphony conductors, Mario Modarelli conducts the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra in its weekly broadcasts. Born in Bradford, near Pittsburgh, Modarelli is noted as a pianist, composer and conductor. Until the start of this network series, however, he was better known abroad.

MAGNETIC MODARELLI
The first thing you think, when you meet Bob Hope, is that somehow you must have got into the wrong apartment on Central Park West. A secretary opens the door and with a hurried: "This way, please," leaves you standing at one end of an enormously long all-green-and-white living-room. Far down by the windows, across the tops of low-slung white coffee tables and streamlined chairs, a tall young man in a yellow sweater rises from a window seat and comes to meet you. When he stands up two Scotties tumble from his lap; he lays aside a fat volume which turns out to be Education Before Verdun. "Hello," he says and grins. "It's still raining a little, isn't it? Are your feet damp?"

By that time you're sure this isn't the Bob Hope whose fun is a star part of the Atlantic Family broadcasts, who is being hailed as radio's comedy discovery of 1936. In the first place he just doesn't look like a comedian. He's still in his twenties and his cheeks are rosy and a couple of boyish cowlicks keep his brown hair from being the plastered cap he has tried to make it. He might be a tennis pro or a Yale undergrad or even a young doctor—but never a zany of the mikes. In the second place he just doesn't act like a comedian. He hasn't one of the earmarks of show business, none of the smart crack, personality-boy, hail-fellow-well-met stuff. He doesn't say: "Well now, let's get to work—what do you want to know about me?" He says simply: "I'd like you to meet Suds and Amos," and points to the Scotties. "Suds is Amos' mother. By the way, do you like war stories? I read The Case of Sergeant Grischa—" The secretary pokes her head in at that point. "Excuse me, Mr. Hope, Frank Parker wants you on the phone."

And you feel relieved at this evidence that at least...
comedy discovery of 1936

By Mary Watkins Reeves

He just doesn't look like a comedian, does he? Bob Hope himself!

"Don't shoot until you see the whites of their eyes!" begs Honey Chile.

you're in the right place and this is the right man. But how he got to be a comedian, how this lean youngster in the yellow sweater got to be the rave of radio in the past few months—well, it looks as if that might be a pretty interesting story.

As Bob himself told me: "I guess comedians aren't born or made, either. They sort of happen."

Now the evolution of funny men is a very curious thing. Heaven knows if anybody could dope out a way to evolve a few he certainly could make a fortune, because radio's biggest under-supplied demand is for competent laugh-getters. People are successful singers because they've sung all their lives, they're successful actors because they've acted all their lives, but show me a big-name comedian who's successful because he's gone around all his life being just naturally funny and I'll give you half the CBS network—well, two tickets to a broadcast, anyway! Every one of the gagsters on the air today was formerly something else, everything from dancers to violinists to advertising men to coal dealers. And suddenly, you never know exactly how, they discovered they were funny.

Look at Bob's case. He was born in London in 1908, and if it really takes an Englishman till next Monday to see the point in a joke, then you'll have to hand him some credit for courage in undertaking a comedy career. His mother was Avis Townes, a noted concert singer on European stages. Shortly after Bob's birth the Hopes moved to Cleveland, Ohio, and Mr. Hope settled down in the printing business.

There were seven boys in the family and no girls. The third oldest son, who was to turn out to be a comedian, spent a normal childhood doing the things all normal kids do. There is nothing on record to show that he ever panicked the neighbors with any stunts funnier than those every growing boy thinks up—except, perhaps, the time he decided to become (Continued on page 76)
"OF COURSE we aren't really Vic and Sade, and our lives are different—but they are similar. We really lead the same sort of simple, normal life. I don't think we'd disillusion anybody!"

It is Bernardine Flynn speaking. She is younger than you think of Sade as being, perhaps—young and slim, with dark brown hair and dark eyes and a small, sensitive face. She is shy and quiet, but with a delightful sense of humor underlying her gravity.

She is very happily married, though not to Vic. Her husband is a prominent doctor and to Bernardine, the nicest thing about radio is that it gives her a chance to pursue her career and still live quietly and contentedly at home.

The main charm of the "house half-way down the street" is its naturalness, its simplicity. It might be your home or mine. The people who live in it—Vic and Sade and young Rush—are so real, we feel that we actually know them. And the things that happen to them, laughable or sad, are the sort of things that can and do happen to everybody in this everyday life of ours. Humdrum, sometimes, but it is the human way that Vic and Sade and Rush react to those little everyday dramas that makes them so vital, so appealing. And always the saving sense of humor, the quiet understanding that pervades their daily life together.

And in meeting the real people behind the familiar characters, I was particularly impressed with that same delicious humor evident in their friendly bantering. You see at once how well they understand each other, how thoroughly they enjoy being together and working together. They've worked together now for four years, in this program and on others. (Vic and Sade have been on the air four years and over a national network, with Proctor & Gamble as sponsors, for a year and a half.) And because they like and respect each other so much and because they like and respect Vic and Sade and Rush so much, they bring to their parts an understanding and sincerity that make these characters living, breathing people.

"Of course we have a very clever author," Bernardine explained. "It isn't an easy sort of program to write, because each day's episode is complete, has to have its little climax. Other daily programs are regular serials, with consecutive action, but this is a series of little episodes strung together. And although there are as many as twenty-five characters, Vic and Sade and Rush are the only ones who ever speak. That is handled very cleverly too. The author—Paul Rhymer—makes the others seem real, even has them in the same room, but they don't speak!"

"Except Rush's dog, Mr. Johnson," Vic laughed, "and he only says 'whoosh!'"

"Vic is, as you know, Art Van Harvey. He is a genial, friendly, soft-spoken person, of medium height, with gray hair and warm gray eyes behind glasses. "I am not an old-time thespian," he said. "I never strode any boards—thank goodness!" All three laughed and he went on to explain: "I think that, in radio, it is an asset not to have had much stage experience. You see, everything depends on the voice, on inflection. Stage actors become used to depending on gestures. (Continued on page 80)
By Miriam Rogers

Getting Rush all slicked and shined and all ready for school is no small task for our Sade!

Vic and Sade and young Rush are so real, we feel we actually know them!
Happy Go Lucky?

Is Benny Rubin really as happy as he would have you think?

By Ruth Geri

'TM the luckiest guy in the whole world—and the happiest, too!'

It was at least the tenth time in a short half hour that Benny Rubin had reiterated the statement, almost defiantly. Restlessly he paced the floor of his modest hotel suite, gesturing intensely with hands, arms, shoulders. His jet eyes glinted with fervor.

A child could have seen that Benny Rubin was playing a performance. A magnificent show it was, too, and not for the benefit of the press but for the benefit of the real Benny Rubin, the most heartbroken clown ever to toss a quip up the canyon of Broadway.

He whirled about, drew a deep breath and plunged into a cascade of words as a man dives into an icy pool.

"See what I mean? Look at me... I'm not a good lookin' guy. I have no education except what I've picked up. I don't have what they call background. I was a bad kid. I spent three years in a reform school in Shirley, Massachusetts. And now look at me! I've got—well, I've got my health. I've got work that I love, and believe me, you'll never know what my radio program means to me—helping kids to get a break, helping them to get jobs, giving them a little encouragement when they need it most.

"Did you notice that kid who was typing when you came in? He's my secretary. He has a magnificent voice. He sang on my program. The kid was out of work, needed a job badly. I was able to give him one. Last week I placed three young people in jobs—and I'm placing others right along.

"Of course, it isn't much that I do—but it's my little bit. If I were rich like Rockefeller I'd endow institutions to help kids. But I'm not. If I was real smart and had an education maybe I could discover a cure for tuberculosis or cancer. But I'm just a plain guy. All I can do is give what little money I've got and my time and effort to make things a little pleasant for poor kids, sick kids, blind kids, bad kids—all kinds of kids.

"Now take this afternoon, for instance. I'm taking my ball team to a baseball game. We go nearly every day during the season. Wonderful bunch of boys! I picked them up in the park. They're all poor, like I was. Don't get much fun out of life. When I bought uniforms for them and gave them bats and bats and equipment they were in Seventh Heaven. Maybe a little thing like that will keep some of them from going sour on the world and ending up in a reform school like I did. I have four ball teams—one in Chicago, one in Boston, one out in California and another here in New York. The boys write to me regularly and I send them money—not much, but enough to show them that someone cares something about them. That's all kids need to keep straight—a little interest.

"I know that probably sounds like bragging—but it isn't. It's all selfish on my part. I get a terrific glow out of watching those kids get some pleasure out of life. Take a look at these letters—"

Benny pulled a sheaf of mail from his desk. The letters were brimming with gratitude and thanks from all sorts of institutions for children, acknowledging his help in raising money and bringing cheer to their unfortunate wards.

"They oughtn't to thank me, I ought to thank them," he explained fervently. "Why, last year I sat in a room in this very hotel, so discouraged, so broken, that the only way out seemed to be the window. I mean it! I was going to jump out and end it once and for all! But now, you see, these kids have given me an interest in life. I have something to work for now. I had to succeed on the radio because I had to have money to go on with the work I'd started. And believe me, I've been paid" (Continued on page 56)
WOMEN have been teased so much about talking a lot, it must be gratifying to the ladies of the nation to know that one of the most sensational hits on the air is a program on which a woman talks for forty-five minutes a day, six days a week. No star, no music, not even a script. Just Martha Deane—talking on in a chatty, neighborly kind of way. And making everybody listen.

When Martha Deane was created, two years ago last May, nobody—not even the sponsors—expected her to make a great stir. The station—WOR, at Newark, New Jersey—simply wanted a woman to conduct an afternoon program which would be of special interest to housewives. Fifty women, prominent in various careers, applied. WOR chose Mary Margaret McBride. Nobody realized then that she had a good radio voice and an attractive over-the-air personality. They chose her because they thought her experience as a newspaper reporter and successful journalist would be a good background for the work.

So they gave her the folksy name, Martha Deane, and set her down before the mike. She was to talk for half an hour. And over the air that's a long time, even for a woman! Later her period was increased to forty-five minutes.

Martha Deane admits now that Mary Margaret McBride was scared. Fifteen minutes after she went on the air, she knew that she never could do the program if she had to use a script; that she never could talk in a stagey, so-called cultured way. She had to be natural. She had to be herself. She had to forget the microphone, the radio, and talk just as if she were dropping in to see the woman next door back home in Paris, Missouri. She had to say "tomato" and "neither" and "you all" and leave the final "g" off "ing" when it seemed natural to. She couldn't talk any other way.

Of course, as it turned out, it was her very naturalness that enchanted her listeners and skyrocketed her program to success. When Martha Deane hesitates over the pronunciation of a three-syllable word, or falters over whether to say "set" or "sit," following her choice with: "Well, I hope I said it right,"—her listeners are delighted. It makes her seem as human as your best friend.

And when she says suddenly to the announcer, Vincent Connolly: "Vincent, you still look sleepy!" Then, with a little laugh, aside to the radio audience: "You know, Vincent overslept this morning. He was almost late for our morning broadcast at Bambergers." It's a spontaneous little snatch of conversation, trivial perhaps, but as genial as a handshake. And it makes the listener feel as if the program concerned no one but Martha, Vincent and herself.

Or she says: "I thought this last week-end was the nicest smelling week-end of the whole year; didn't you?" There is a slight pause, while she seems to wait for your answer. Then: "Well, I really did—" and she launches into a description of her week-end in the country.

She never is glib. Rather, at times, she is delightfully inarticulate. So she tries, (Continued on page 58)
Ted Husing, at first, wasn't interested!

GETTING RICH IN RADIO

WHEN 1942 rolls around Ted Husing will be a multi-millionaire. Three million is the mark he's set for himself and in the past two years he's already made a quarter of it. His first ten years on the air he didn't make anything but a living. That was the way he wanted it. His first ten years he was getting ready to get rich in radio.

And that's where Ted Husing was smart, smarter than any of his colleagues now in the business. He told me so—with typical Husing candor—but he needn't have bothered to state the obvious. Anybody who hears his story will have to admit the microphone's mile-a-minute man has played his cards like a wizard. A patient wizard. And now he's cashing in heavily on the results.

For most stars radio is a quick-money racket. It has to be. Fame is fleeting and the future's fickle and you either grab the gravy while it's rolling your way or not at all. Ted Husing turned down plenty of juicy chances to make a fortune during his first ten years at the mike and nobody could understand why. Well, now they know. In two seasons he's coined more dough than he could have in all those years put together. And he'll keep on coining it for a long, long time, because he's earned a solid-rock foothold in the ether industry.

"I'll tell you how it was," Ted reminisced for me the other day, "in '34, you know, I celebrated my tenth anniversary on the air. As special occasions go, it was a washout. In the first place Bubbles (she was ex-Follies girl, Helen Gifford, wed to Ted for a dozen years and lately married to orchestra leader Lennie Hayton) and I had just reached the parting of the ways. It had to end and it did and I felt it pretty keenly. Our marriage had been the most beautiful relationship I'd ever known and for a while there I was—well, like a lost soul.

"I remember sitting in this very chair until almost daybreak one morning, all by myself, thinking back over things. I didn't have much to show for ten years in this business. No money to speak of—and, suddenly, no happiness. I'd come a long way and worked like the dickens and had fun doing it. I'd made a lot of enemies and I knew it and I was sorry. I'd made some friends, a few good ones. But I hadn't a single thing that I could look at and say: 'See, Husing, it took you ten years to get this but here it is!'"

He took off his silver-rimmed glasses, blew his breath across their lenses and wiped them on a plaid handkerchief. "I didn't have," he added, "a single thing to show for it all—but one."

We were sitting in Ted's office in the Columbia Broadcasting System building. It's an unpretentious office, small and narrow with only one window looking out over the rooftops of midtown Manhattan. On the glass in the door is printed his name and under it Les Quailey's, his right hand man. You knock and walk into what could be a disarranged study room in any boys' dormitory. The walls are covered with trophies, emblems, pictures, newspaper clippings, bookcases, unidentified junk and autographed photographs. The floor is uncarpeted, the desks are pencilled and marred by everything from cigarette burns and spilled ink to (Continued on page 78)
People Notice Skin Faults

LINES
"SHE'S LOOKING OLD"

LARGE PORES
"SHE'S LOSING HER LOOKS"

BLEMISHES
"HER SKIN IS NEVER CLEAR"

These faults start in your Under Skin—and there's where you must treat them

A GLANCE at your skin—and people form opinions! A single blemish ... "Her skin's never clear." Tired lines creeping in ... "She's looking worn and old." The first coarse pores ... "She's losing her good looks!"

Things you yourself hardly notice. But they are there—giving you away, sometimes unjustly.

You can change all that! ... Surprise everybody with a glorious new impression of your skin—in a few short weeks. You must begin at once to fight those faults people notice. Fight them right where they begin—in your underskin. Look at the skin diagram below. See, just under the skin, all the tiny oil glands, blood vessels, skin cells, which rush life to your outer skin—keep it free of flaws. When they lose vigor, skin faults begin.

But you can keep them active! Rouse that underskin, by the faithful use of Pond's deep-skin treatment—and those little faults will quickly go!

Pond's Cold Cream is made with fine, specially processed oils which go deep. It lifts out all dirt and make-up—freshens your skin immediately. Now—pat in a second application, briskly. Feel the failing underskin waken. Circulation more active. Soon oil glands, cells are acting normally.

Do this regularly. In a few weeks your skin will be noticed by everyone, but for a different reason ... It's so fresh and clear and smooth ... beautiful!

More than cleansing—this way

Here's the famous Pond's method:

Every night, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. Watch it bring out all the dirt, make-up, skin secretions. Wipe it all off! ... Now pat in more cream briskly. Rouse that failing underskin. Set it to work again—for that clear, smooth, line-free skin you want.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin becomes softer, finer, every time. Powder goes on beautifully.

Start in at once. The coupon brings a special 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE
and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. 5188 Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 3 other Pond's Creams and 3 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose $0 to cover postage and packing.

Name:

Street:

City...State...

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the time you read this (provided you do, of course), Jack Oakie may be one of your favorite radio comics.

Frankly, Oakie is anxious to get on the air. He's been in pictures a goodly number of years now and he thinks he knows what audiences like. Besides, a good radio program does a lot toward bolstering up a guy's picture popularity.

It's on that last point that Jack has persistently argued with his studio. The powers that be seem to feel that a radio program can be worked out. They're the box-office. They point to Jimmy Durante and shake their heads. When they finish, Jack points to Eddie Cantor.

At the same time, Jack realizes radio is no pipe dream. He knows it means plenty of hard work, even more exciting than pictures. He knows that the Jack Benny and the Eddie Cantors are on the top because their half-hour shows represent a whole week of diligent preparation. When a guy is working all week in pictures, his radio show means a lot of extra-curricular activity.

Since Jack's "reform," however, he has more time and more ambition to help him along. It wasn't so long ago when he

tried his best to live up to his title of Hollywood's Bad Boy. Every night the gay spots were full of Oakie; he was the head waiter's delight and, to that large group of chisellers in Hollywood, he was a dream come true. Oakie always picked up the check.

Then something happened. Love came along when he met Venita Varden. He married the gal, and the next day four night clubs closed forever. No Oakie—no drinke. But let's get back to our sub-plot.

"While I think the Jack Benny type of show is swell," he said, "my own preference is for character stuff. 'What I'd like to do is dramatize a lot of the old Ring Lardner stories. There's plenty of material there. A lot of the characters are like the guys I play on the screen. I think they'd be a scream on the air."

If you know anything about Lardner's Elmer, The Great, you should have a pretty fair idea that Oakie is correct.

"At any rate, to work out," he continued. "If I'm doing a master of ceremonies act, I'd like to get a dignified guest star—somebody from pictures—and do a little kidding with them. Kay Francis, for instance. She used to play comedy with me years ago and now she's gone in for the higher things. She'd probably enjoy letting her hair down once in a while—especially at a price."

And what about the little wife?" we asked. "Practically all the comedians on the air make their wives work."

"I believe," said Oakie, "in the sanctity of the home and the 8-hour wife. I think every wife should work. In some cases, I think even the husband should try his hand at something, too."

"Besides, he added, "Venita's voice on the air is a ringer for Mary Livingstone's. Now if I can get to sound like Benny, the Oakies are set."

It looks as though the Oakies are just about set anyway, for at the moment of writing Jack has several high-powered sponsors on his trail, just in case he doesn't sign with Gillette.

"It's all very simple," said Jack, "tucking in his beard and preparing for a get-together. "They want Oakie, Oakie wants money. They get Oakie, Oakie gets money. Government gets Oakie, government gets money. You can just say I'm doing it for my country!"

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THE RADIO HOSTESS

(Continued from page 11)

ahead, work in the cool of the morning and cook sufficiently large quantities of certain foods to have a goody supply on hand for several meals. Then with the help of the trusty can-opener the meal can be "filled in" with such things from the pantry shelf as canned spaghetti, baked beans, soups and fruits, to supply a well balanced menu without much last minute fuss.

To my way of thinking this advance preparation and quantity cooking idea has much merit. So much, in fact, that unless you are just camping out this summer I'm sure you would profit by carrying out some of Portland's suggestions along those lines.

"If I roast a leg of lamb or a large ham, Portland informed me with her cute, pert little face as serious as could be, "That gives us plenty of cold meat to have with salads and to make up into sandwiches, for days and days. In the oven, with the roast, I'll sometimes bake sweet potatoes à la Jack Smart. You know Jack, don't you? He's one of the comedians on our program. He's a marvelous cook!"

Yes, I knew Jack, who is fat and jolly and looks like a person who enjoys eating. "Many's the fine meal Jack has prepared for us, "Portland went on. "He's one of the entertainers on our program. He's a marvelous cook!"

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THE RADIO HOSTESS

(Continued from page 11)

They're baked until tender and then split lengthwise. After the potatoes have been mashed they're put back into the shells and topped with marshmallows and almonds. But first they're flavored divinely. "Dressy? Oh my, yes! And scrumptious! Would you like to have the recipe?"

"Would I like to? Certainly would! And would you like a copy? Well, you may have it. For I not only copied it down as Portland gave it to me, but after testing it out myself I had it printed as one of the regular monthly Radio Hostess recipe cards. You'll love the delicate flavor of these potatoes (it's the orange juice that does it!) and you'll especially appreciate the fact that they can be prepared in the morning or any old time when your oven happens to be going anyway. Then, just before dinner, into the oven they go for a final heating and browning process that brings them to the point of perfection—at which point they are served to the flattering accompaniment of the oh! and oh! of the assembled diners. In order to get your copy of this recipe for Free Radio Hostess Hostel, you must file a form with your recipe filing cabinet—all you have to do is ask for this month's free Radio Hostess Hostel. Use the coupon at the end of this article for convenience.

But let's go on to some of the other dishes I've been asked to me in great detail by Portland and for which you also will find recipes in the same free leaflet. The roast ham she mentioned is one of these—and Portland's way of fixing it is something pretty special. For ham cooked according to her directions comes to the table hiding the excellence of its flavor under the most tempting of glazed coats—all brown and shiny and studded with cloves. No Southern Style Roast Ham can compare with it, I'm convinced, after trying out this splendid recipe!

With this ham, Portland often serves a Casserole of Cheese and Macaroni. This too can be prepared in the morning, although it is well not to add the topping of buttered crumbs until just before the final heating.

"We're very partial to all cheese dishes," Portland told me, after describing the above mentioned main course accompaniment. "Recently a friend gave me another cheese recipe that I plan to try this summer. I've never made it myself but I've tasted it at her house, of course. That's how I happened to get the recipe—it was so delicious that I asked for a copy on the spot. It's a Cheese Ring for salad. It's unmolded on to a large platter for serving and the centre is filled with fruits marinated in French dressing. I have a couple of combinations of my own that I plan to fill the centre with, but I'm not going to try to improve on that cheese ring because it can't be done! What I like especially about it is the fact that a salad of this kind takes the place of dessert for any occasion no matter how formal. Not that Fred and I are ever formal, really," she hastened to add.

"I've never gone in for making ring or border molds before," Portland admitted almost apologetically. "But I'm surely going to try my hand at it this summer. I've always liked these gelatin-base borders and I've been particularly interested in them since the trip we took to Hollywood when Fred was in a picture, last year. They go in for things like that
extensively out there, you know. It does make such a pretty-looking dish, too, with the centre of the mold filled with bright colored fruits or vegetables. But honestly I'm not quite sure how you go about it!"

Right then and there I stopped to explain to Miss Hoffa—pardon me, Mrs. Allen—how to "go about it." And I'm going to repeat this explanation here, too, because I feel that many women, besides Portland, are a little baffled by this molding and unmolding process, especially when it comes to larger molds such as the border molds mentioned in this recipe. But as I told Portland in my very best lecture-demurrer manner, "It's really very easy when you know how!"

First, chill your mold or molds. (You'll find metal molds more satisfactory than enamel or glass ones because they are lighter to handle and their contents will chill more quickly. You can buy aluminum border or ring molds for as low as twenty cents in chain stores and smaller ones for even less.)

Some people think that rinsing the molds in cold water facilitates unmolding. Frankly I've never noticed much difference. Fill molds almost to the top, place in refrigerator and chill until firm. If you are looking for speed you can use the freezing compartment of an automatic refrigerator, or place the mold directly on ice; whether in the ice box or in a bowl doesn't matter. Be careful to chill and not to freeze the mixture, however. When adding fruits, vegetables, meat or fish, allow the gelatin base to thicken somewhat first, then the food you add will not "float" but will remain evenly distributed throughout the mixture after the "folding in" process is completed. When the content of the mold is firm, loosen the top edge with a thin, pointed knife. Then dip the mold in warm—not hot—water and hold it a moment. (Not too long, mind you!) Dry the outside of the mold, place the plate or platter you intend to serve it on over it, bottom side up, with mold carefully centered. Invert plate and mold, holding them together firmly as you do so. Shake gently once, place on table and lift off the mold. Garnish large molds with lettuce after unmolding. Small, individual molds may be unmolded right onto a lettuce leaf if the lettuce is held on the plate before the plate is placed over the mold.

And presto! There you have a salad of which a chef might be proud. Especially if you make it according to the recipe given me by Portland and fill the centre of the mold with one of the two special combinations of fruits and vegetables that she also supplied. With this new-found knowledge all you need is the list of ingredients given in the leaflet.

And remember, the leaflet also gives you the Glazed Ham recipe, the Casserole of Cheese and Macaroni and Jack Smart's Baked Sweets. Then for those who prefer fish to meats in the hot weather, I have included a Special Salmon Loaf that is a great Allen favorite. "I use canned salmon, with mayonnaise to bind it together instead of eggs," Portland informed me, thereby providing further proof (if any were needed) that her knowledge of cooking has been gained through actual experience.

With the ham, I suggest that you serve, (Continued on page 65)

you, too, will find that this delicious spaghetti helps you serve better meals for less money

It's the thrifty woman's friend, all right—this tempting, savory, ready-cooked spaghetti with the rich, flavorful cheese-and-tomato sauce that good home cooks declare is so much better than theirs!

Endless ways to use it!

You'll marvel how many things you can do with Franco-American. It's the perfect accompaniment for meat or fish... It makes a wonderful main dish for lunch or supper. It gives zestful flavor to cheaper meat cuts. It's simply grand for "dressing-up" leftovers. And everybody likes it. Even those who once thought they didn't care for spaghetti at all, are delighted with Franco-American.

Yet it costs less than 3¢ a portion. You couldn't possibly buy all your ingredients—Franco-American chefs use eleven in their sauce—and prepare spaghetti at home for so little... And think how much easier Franco-American is, how much time it saves you!... No cooking or fussing; simply heat and serve... Truly, you'll never bother with home-cooked spaghetti again once you try Franco-American... Why not get a can of this delicious Spaghetti today?
IT ALL DEPENDS ON US

(Continued from page 25)

were better than I, I'd be cross because I hadn't done so well—and if she were not, I'd be cross because she hadn't done better!" She smiled whimsically. "Everyone says she was a lovely Juliet," she said.

We spoke of her play, First Lady, then in its final week of the season—and selected by Burns Mantle, dramatic critic, as one of the season's ten best plays.

"I have enjoyed playing in it," Miss Cowl said. "It's a satire on social life in Washington. And I am only moderately well informed about politics and candidates . . ."

"I feel deeply, bitterly, about many things," she went on, "but how far can one know the actual truth of them? What does anyone know of the invisible elements of any situation?"

"I'd like to know what actually is happening in Russia," said Miss Cowl. "Whether the experiment really is a success. . . . But I can't know. If I went to Russia, I should see what they wanted me to see. I know nothing about machinery. What marvels they have accomplished in that line are beyond my comprehension. I know there is genuine beauty there in the arts, the theatre. The Russian ballet again is on the way to being like working for George S. Kaufman, the author. But the pace of the play has been wearing, these hot nights. Mr. Kaufman likes it played very fast. I set the pace and if I keep it up throughout, I feel I have a hand in its well being."

I asked Miss Cowl if she were interested in politics, with reference to this play, in which she creates considerable confusion in the course of a preliminary presidential campaign.

"But First Lady really isn't about politics," said Miss Cowl. "It's a satire on social life in Washington. And I am only moderately well informed about politics and candidates . . ."

"If you think radio is awakening national consciousness," I asked her, "is it educating us, its listeners, to awareness of our own responsibility? Are women, do you think, becoming, through political broadcasts, more interested in politics?"

"It depends on the listener,—on the woman's voice on the air. . . . There is nothing," said Miss Cowl, "more powerful than the human voice—regardless of what it is saying—in its effect on human psychology. . . . Suppose one man has a charming voice, a winning radio personality, and another speaks harshly, belligerently . . . Which voice, do you think, will ring with the most authority?"

"The average woman—whoever she is,—" she went on, "the woman who has no personal connection with public affairs—chores, clothes, and not a congresswoman—what is she going to get out of a political broadcast? How is she going to know whether she is listening to statesmanship or strategy—to patriotic principle or political expediency? She can't listen to all sides and form a sound opinion. She can't listen to Borah and Roosevelt and Farley and Landon . . .

The best she can do is listen to the commentators and draw what conclusions she can from them."

"I like the commentators," said Jane Cowl. "Especially Bealle Carter. I feel that he must know what he is talking about. If he didn't, they'd skin him alive! I don't like the ones who seem to attack things just for the sake of stabling at someone. There's too much of that in the world! And we, who want the truth, are confused, misled by it."

"What do you think would have been the reaction," I asked her, "to nominating a woman for vice-president?"

"Again it all depends on the woman. I'm not a feminist per se. I wouldn't vote for a woman simply because she was a woman. But if she possessed the essential qualifications. . . . For instance, Ruth Bryan Owen, our Minister to Denmark—brilliant mind. sterling integrity, never vulgar—she would be admirable in any office for a woman. And she had a tremendous response from women voters—to have nominated someone like Mrs. Owen. . . ."

"Heaven, what have I got here?" she broke off to stab with an inquiring fork at the hot cake. "I've got a big day!" she sighed. "It's difficult to think of anything one wants to eat, when it's so hot. . . . How I shall enjoy my vacation!" she murmured.

"Do you visit your family in Boston?" I asked.

"I have no family—no father, mother, brother, sister—not even a cousin. . . ."

She looked suddenly small and lonely as she spoke. "I have no one in the world. . . ."

No one, perhaps, in the sense of relationship. But friends, and loyal ones, Jane Cowl has beyond counting. From these, stage associates and other friends of long standing, I have heard talk of Jane Cowl that warms the heart.

Still, one does want "someone to come home to." Have you a dog?" I inquired. "I killed a dog. But when my husband died, I sold my home in the country. One person," said Jane Cowl tersely, "cannot make a home. And the servants, the ordering, are a responsibility. . . . So, when I decided to come in town and live at a hotel, I gave my dog to a friend who loved him. I couldn't keep a dog in a hotel. I can't get up early in the morning to take him to walk. And I wouldn't leave him for a bellboy to walk. . . ."

"He used to travel with me," she went on, "when I was on tour. . . . At first he hated the noise of the crowds—then he got used to it and didn't mind it at all. He had a little traveling box and when the trunks and the box were brought out, he'd jump in his box and sit there, all eager and expectant, ready to go . . . The way he sat was a comfort to me. . . ."

"Speaking of dogs—and of the impossibility of knowing the truth about any one. . . ." Jane Cowl's voice quavered huskily. "It's a curious trait in human psychology—that while we are in the public eye, there always are hands reaching out—to tear him down!"

"One evening, in the theatre, some friends of mine sat in front of a man and a woman. During the intermission they heard the man say: 'I can't stand this play! Don't you like her?' And the woman said: 'No—I don't like her. If you hadn't especially wanted to see this play,
we wouldn't have come. But I couldn't like her in anything she did." "But why?" the man asked. "Because she's cruel to dogs," the woman said. "But how can you possibly know that?" he demanded. "I heard," the woman said, "that she went off to Europe one summer—and left her Pekinese shut up in her apartment—and it died!"

Miss Cowl seemed visibly to shrink. Her eyes were misty with pain. "Who could have started such a dreadful story? That woman never, never will believe I didn't do anything of the sort! Never in the world!" Her lips quivered. "Why do people invent such things? How could they make up such a story—out of what whole cloth?"

"They—who start these malicious and destructive stories," I mused, "—that vague, unidentifiable They, of They say—must be a group of disembodied demons! No human being could be so heartless and irresponsible! I suppose, if They could hear you—see you now—They would say you are acting, to hide a troubled conscience! It's abominable!"

She nodded wordlessly and lighted a cigarette.

"Shall you spend your vacation in Europe, or in England?" I asked, seeking a happier subject.

"England!" Light routed the shadows from her eyes. "I love England. My people came, originally, from Somerset. I hope, too," she added, "to go to Lake Como and to visit two or three other places on the Continent. But England always delights me so, it's hard to leave it. I usually take a house somewhere in the country—or a flat in London for a few weeks.

"Have you heard of the new voice culture in England? I'm going to look into that when I get there. . . . You call Central on the phone and ask to be put through to a certain number. When they answer, they ask you to speak a sentence or a phrase. They listen to you and then tell you just what your faults of speech—perhaps you don't sound your consonants correctly, or your inflection is wrong—or what not. It seems to me an admirable idea—and a fine national spirit—to make correct speech available to anyone, to eradicate unpleasant or provincial or coxcomb accents. . . ."

"Voices," mused Miss Cowl again, "are the most potent, the most compelling things in the world. And, coming over the radio, divorced from form and background, they are especially powerful. . . ."

"But through those voices on the air," she repeated, "may come our awakening. At any rate, they will make us think—and when we have thought, we shall act—some time between noon and one o'clock!"

We had finished our coffee now and we rose and walked toward the elevator. She seemed small, I thought, as she walked beside me—tiny, almost. But her true stature, I felt, was well above the average—tall as she seemed to be upon the stage.

The right to think, I reflected as we said good night—the right to be free "up here," as, Jane Cowl aptly says, the essential liberty. It is what distinguishes free men from slaves. And if radio preserves for us that liberty, we need not fear for others.

But again, as Miss Cowl has said, it all depends on us!
big dividends. Look at me! I'm happy.

As Benny spoke my mind strayed to school and Shakespeare. What was that quotation? Something about someone who "doth protest too much." But I listened with wonder at the unfolding of this man's story because it revealed amazing courage. Your throat would tighten, your heart would ache at his pitifully brave forlorn speech, but itself that life, after all, had been wonderful and just and kind. As he enthused about children and the joy it gave him to work for them, my eyes strayed to a handsomely framed photograph of a cherub-ringed little girl. Benny's voice died away. His eyes followed mine.

"Isn't she a honey?" he whispered tenderly. "That's my little daughter, Lila." He was silent a moment. "She's out in California— with her mother," he added.

If Benny Rubin forgot that he was supposed to be the happiest man in the world. The mask was off and there revealed was bitter, stark pain and the ache of longing. There mutely was explained the feverish enthusiasm and the philanthropy on behalf of children. Benny's drawn face told, plainer than any words could, that all the children in the world could not fill the void in his heart left by his own little daughter—a daughter whom he had given up in one magnificent gesture of self-sacrifice.

Few men could have suffered the buffetings of even one of the tidal waves of unhappiness and misfortune that have engulfed Benny Rubin each time he struggled toward what he thought might prove a little haven of peace. Benny survived three such catastrophic disasters and, like a drowning man going down three times, each time he saw a saving oar held out by a woman's hand—and each time saw it snatched from his grasp.

For the right perspective on Benny's three marriages, it is necessary first to understand him and the little boy from which the man of today was fashioned. Born in Boston, fourth child of a brood of eight boisterous boys, his eyes opened upon the seamiest side of life.

"I never learned to swim or skate or ride a bicycle or to do any of the things most kids do—because there wasn't any money," he explained. "The only amusements we ever had were fights and baseball, that's why I'm nuts about fights and baseball today, I guess. I didn't mind being poor so much until I went to school. But then I knew my clothes looked funny. They were always handed down to me from my older brothers, and by the time those three got through with them there wasn't much left. And they teased the other kids laughed at me. Maybe that's why I hated school so much. I wouldn't go?"

Had that been enlightened 1936, sociologists might have taken little Benny Rubin and inquired into the reasons for his refusal to attend school. But sociologists were rare in those days and child psychology almost unheard of. So little Benny, at the age of eleven, found himself in a reform school.

"I hated people. I hated everybody in the reform school. I hated the whole world. I wanted to give as much trouble as I could—to get away. Benny said soberly. 'Then they taught me to play the trombone. We used to have minstrel shows and I used to sing and dance and do comedy bits in them. Why, I'd never had such fun before in my life! Before I knew it I was saving the reform school and liking everyone in it. And above all else, from the very first time I played the trombone out there on that platform—I wanted to go on the stage."

Benny was sixteen before the opportunity to realize that ambition came along. The two years that intervened after his release from the institution had been spent in working at odd jobs and playing in amateur shows, wherever and whenever he could find them. When his chance came, he found more lucrative employment as a traveling salesman. He sat one night in a hotel in Westbury, Rhode Island, regaling some fellow traveling men with stories. A man who heard him proved to be the manager of a "tab" show playing the town, and he offered Benny a job as an actor. The job paid far less than Benny was getting as a salesman of rubber heels, but it opened the door to the magic world of the theater. That was enough. Benny wired his resignation.

There were the world of the theater, the world where he was to find riches and fortune, and heartbreaks and despair, Benny met his first wife. His first impression of the theater was girls, girls, girls! They surrounded him. It was his first real contact with women, for he had grown up in a family of boys and then spent three years in an institution for boys. Women baffled Benny. They made him feel shy, awkward, inferior, as he had felt years ago in school when the boys laughed at his tattered clothes.

There was one girl in particular. . . . For a year she scorned Benny's every gesture of friendship. Of course, then, it would have been that one girl he wanted above all others. In the end they eloped.

Nervously Benny ran his hand through his black hair. "I can't talk about it. I can't! It had a terrible effect on me. . . . I was only seventeen. It made me think marriage was a ghastly joke. When it broke up two months later I swore there would never be another woman in my life."

Time has a habit of slumbering aside such impetuous promises as that which Benny made to himself—that there would be no more women in his life. Ten years passed and he was rich, successful. He had achieved the stardom of the all-vaulting villains—he had trod the sacred boards of New York's Palace. Then he met her. Sweet, old-fashioned, carefully brought up, she had been sheltered by an adoring family. To Benny, sated with the familiar type, she had been like some lovely angel. The cynicism of ten years fell from him as though he had cast off a cloak. There was reverence in his adoration, too. Benny had never heard of Sir Lancelot, but if he had he would have felt that in that noble a kindred soul. Each day was a new miracle with its fresh realization that his vision of demure loveliness and purity returned his love. He knew the success he had won had not brought the happiness he had expected from it; that, he supposed, came with the quiet contentment of a home, a wife, and children.

At that time the motion picture industry was such an infant it had not yet learned to talk. The screen was at the height of its silent eminence. Benny was offered a job in Hollywood. Norma Talmadge, Mary Pickford, Mabel Normand were in their heyday. Benny, writing script and appearing with glamorous Marion Davies, felt that despite its ill-omened beginnings life had been good to him. He was making big money—and saving it. His favorite diversion was to drive up to extra men to home sites. He had picked a location for a beautiful home for his bride-to-be.

Evenings in Hollywood are long and dull for a man who likes excitement—and can't have it. New York seemed thousand miles away and the long-distance telephone was a poor substitute for a warm, flesh-and-blood girl. Everyone went out on dates at night. It was a case of "when in Rome . . ." and the little extra girl seemed pathetically lonely. She was pretty, too, although then, as now, a pretty girl in Hollywood is as common as a personal pronoun on Broadway. In short, Benny took the little extra girl out. Casual enough. No harm in it. She knew his heart was in New York. They just dined and danced and laughed and chased away their loneliness. But the girl in New York heard of it.

Her disappointment hurtled through thousands of miles of wires. Benny made no effort to deny he had taken the other girl out. He admitted it frankly. Patently he tried to explain to the girl in New York that of course he loved her—only her. A few days later a registered letter brought about the termination of the engagement. So closed the unfinished chapter of the one most nearly perfect in all Benny Rubin's checkered life.

He was bitter. He might, he reflected, have lied and stemmed the fateful fury. He sought solace in the little extra girl and found her sympathetic. They didn't love each other—didn't pretend to. But between them stretched a tenous bond of sympathy. One night Benny leaned across the expanse of red and white checkered tablecloth.

"What say we get married, kid?" he blurted. "You need somebody to take care of you."

The girl looked at him with listless eyes.

"All right, Benny," she agreed quietly.

Strange enough, the loveless union turned out better than the most optimistic prophet might have foreseen. Lila was born. Benny felt that he had not been cheated out of happiness, after all. His love for the chubby, blue-eyed, golden-haired child surpassed all else. He had a
lovely home, a child he adored. What more could he ask? You couldn't, he reflected, have everything.

Then an obscure cloud on the horizon blackened suddenly. Benny's wife, never robust, fell ill. An ambulance came one day and took her away to a sanitarium. For three years she fought against tuberculosis and when she did finally return home she was oddly changed and moody. Benny's fortune had been spent on her cure and while she had been away, he had been both father and mother to little Lila. The blow fell with the suddenness of a pole-axe.

"Benny, I want a divorce," his wife said.

Slowly Benny's stunned mind functioned again. He understood. He nodded dumbly. He knew that love had come for her.

"Okay, kid, if it'll make you happy," he answered miserably.

Lila's mother married the man with whom she had fallen in love while in the sanitarium. Benny, with one last gesture, gave her his blessing, their home with all its expensive furnishings, his automobile and every penny in his bank account. And a monthly allowance.

"Of course I couldn't stay in California—work out there knowing that... knowing... well, it would have been too hard, that's all. Eddie Cantor loaned me $1,000 at his request. I came to New York. I'd been away a long time. People forget quicker in show business than anywhere else. I hadn't any money or any prospect of making some. I don't think I cared very much, though. When I kissed my little girl goodbye, I felt my life was finished anyway. Do you know, she came to see me last month," he amended eagerly. "Say, she's some kid!"

Benny digressed for an hour to talk of nothing but little Lila.

"Of course, I'm all right now," he resumed. "I got all straightened out, and you know what did it? That night I was telling you about, when I was sitting in this hotel thinking about the window, the phone rang. It was the chairman of some women's committee. Wanted me to appear at a benefit. I started to say no. I didn't see how anyone who felt like I did could cheer anybody else. I hung up on her.

"Then I sat down in a chair and began to talk out loud to myself like a crazy person. Maybe I was a little crazy.

"Don't be a fool, Benny. Pull yourself together," I said to myself. 'Lots of guys have had tougher breaks than you have. Stop thinking about yourself all the time.'

"That was it. Stop thinking about myself. That was what I had to do. I called the woman back, and told her I was sorry I'd been so rude. And I played the benefi-
t. After that I visited the reform school I went to when I was a kid. Say, by the way, did I tell you they made me a member of the board of directors? That's a job one, what?"

"But I got straightened out, see? It was fun being of some use in the world. More fun than anything I'd ever done before. Why, before I knew it I had my radio program! I told you I was the luckiest guy in the world, didn't I? Yes, sir! The happiest, too." His voice trailed off. "The happiest man in the world!"

he whispered doggedly.

No, Benny. The bravest, maybe—but not the happiest.

**Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!**

Why let bad breath interfere with romance—with success? It's so easy to be safe when you realize that by far the most common cause of bad breath is... **improperly cleaned teeth**.

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull, dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach. And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle.

Be safe—be sure! Brush your teeth... your gums... your tongue... with Colgate Dental Cream at least twice daily and have cleaner, brighter teeth and a sweeter, purer breath. Get a tube today!
If you like to draw, test your sense of design, color, proportion, etc., with our simple Art Ability Test. An opportunity to get a frank opinion, free, as to whether your talent is worth developing.

Magazines, newspapers, publishers and advertisers spend millions yearly for illustrations. Design and color influence the sale of most things we buy. Artists have become important to industry. Machines can not displace them. If you have talent, train it. Drawing may be your surest road to success.

The Federal Schools, affiliated with a large art, engraving and printing institution, has trained many young men and women now serving industry as designers or illustrators, capable of earning from $1,000 to $5,000 yearly. Its Home Study courses in Commercial Art, Illustrating and Cartooning, contain exclusive illustrated lessons by many famous artists. Practical instruction by experienced men is the reason for its steadily increasing demand. Courses sold on easy payments.

Send today for Art Test and Free Book explaining present opportunities in art. Just fill out and mail coupon below.

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Send me, without obligation, your Art Test and Free Book.

Name ____________________________

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WORK FOR THE

GOVERNMENT

START $1260 TO $2100 YEAR

Common education sufficient.

MEN

WOMEN

Mail coupon today. Name ____________ Address ____________

SIRE

COUPON

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE

Dept. WY20, Rochester, N. Y.

(1) 32-page book with list of

Government jobs now un-          

available. (2) Tell me how to get

one of these jobs. (3) Send me a

piece of art work.
ferred her a publicity job at twenty-five.
She didn't hesitate. What if the salary was less? New York was her goal!

Two weeks after she arrived there, the religious organization collapsed and Mary Margaret found herself in a strange city without a job.

It was a catastrophe. But she wasted no time in weeping. There were other jobs to be had. She was in New York where success was for the taking.

But it is somewhat ironic that her success as a writer—the career for which she had natural talent and great ambition—should have taken years of hard work and struggle to achieve. And that success in radio came easily, almost over night.

It still is difficult for her to believe that radio fame has come to her. That she, Mary Margaret McBride, is also Martha Deane. She speaks of Martha Deane in a detached kind of way that is as surprising as it is amusing. She says: "I listened to a recording of one of her broadcasts, and I didn't think she had a particularly pleasing voice." (This was said after someone quoted Mary Pickford as saying that Martha Deane had the best radio voice of any woman on the air.) Martha Deane to her always is "she," never "I."

Yet she takes her radio audience with a seriousness that almost approaches awe. Until recently she carried the daily batch of fan mail with her from the studio each day. It was quite a bulk, but she packed it into a brown paper shopping bag and hauled it along to teas and on errands, opening and reading the letters eagerly as time permitted. Finally her "bosses" convinced her that it not only was exhausting to carry it around so, but it looked funny!

Now her secretary opens the mail and holds it for her.

It was characteristic of her to have been surprised and touched when a group of women's organizations recently awarded Martha Deane a medal for her contribution to radio. She says with almost child-like candor: "I don't know what I contributed. Somebody said naturalness. Doesn't seem like anything to get a medal for, though; do you think?"

The medal was presented at one of her regular broadcasts held, for the occasion, at the Grand Central Palace in New York. Twenty thousand women rushed the doors to have a glimpse of Martha Deane. It also is characteristic of her that the broadcast wasn't particularly successful because she says: "I couldn't keep my mind on the program. I kept worrying about all those women, some of whom had come long distances to attend. It was a terribly hot day. They were crowded in there, most of them unable to hear. I was so upset, I simply couldn't think.

She is one of those rare persons to whom success is sweet chiefly because it enables her to make others happier. Giving security to her family, sending her Mother and Father to Florida for the winter, putting a younger brother through college.

Some prophecy that some day Mary Margaret McBride will have to choose between her two successes and that her choice will be in favor of her first love, writing. But she denies this, saying that she never, now, will be satisfied to give up radio. Good news that is, too, for the thousands of homes where she is as welcome as the sunshine, every day.

_What is this woman afraid of?_ How often a haunting fear spoils good times! But now—women can say goodbye to all that! A new and different kind of sanitary pad is here! Just ask for Modess. Then forget all your old worries... for Modess is _certain-safe_!

_FEARS ARE NEEDLESS NOW!_ No shadow of fear need cross your mind, with Certain-Safe Modess! Unlike many ordinary reversible pads, Modess has a specially treated material on sides and back to prevent _striking through!_ No chafing—the edges stay dry. Modess stays safe... stays soft. Wear the _blue line_ on moisture-proof side away from the body and perfect protection is yours.

_End "accident panic"—_ ask for Certain-Safe Modess!

_The Improved Sanitary Pad_

- Try N-O V-O—the safe, easy-to-use douche tablets. Cleanses! Deodorizes! Refreshes! (Not a contraceptive.) In a dainty _blue and silver box—at your drug or department store._
asked for a hundred bucks. My father was working for five dollars a day and I had no idea where the hundred was coming from. But they sent me enough to get home on! Then I stayed at home for a while until I began to get the itch again to travel around."

Joe Penner has few reticences and no affectations about his origin. He was born in a small Hungarian town called Mogy Becks, Bieszczady, and he says, "I was born on a farm, from an old musical family. My father used to sing for a music school that was working the same gag. I figured there was a chance to make my fare home . . ." He sighed ruefully. "But nobody in town knew me and they wouldn't trust me with the fiddle for anything. I'd have to work it without the fiddle but it didn't go."

"Then there was the 'picture racket'. I carried a big case with a beautifully colored and framed enlargement in it. I'd set the case down outside the door so it wouldn't be seen at the 'racket'. I sold it for a little, and I had it on the sidewalk when the photographer came by. I'd haul out my sample pictures and sell the woman the idea that her picture would be enlarged and colored just as beautifully—and for only two dollars. It seemed unbelievable, and a bargain. Usually I'd get an order."

"Where was the racket in that?"

"Well," Joe looked sheepish. "You can believe it or not, but all I knew was that they really did make a handsome colored enlargement of the picture for two dollars. I was—so help me—a hundred per cent. sincere in selling housewives the idea. It was some time afterward that I found out just what happened when the pictures arrived."

"A follow-up man would arrive with the elaborately framed enlargement. He'd exhibit it and help the buyer rave about what a good job had been done. Then he'd flash a bill for twenty-eight dollars. The woman would say: 'I paid two dollars for the enlargement, and it would turn out that the twenty-eight was for the frame! If they sawed off he would agree that the picture could be sent back to the factory and removed from the frame and returned. But by this time he had managed to have it hanging in a prominent place. And the picture was sealed in the frame so thoroughly that you couldn't just take it out without ruin. Besides, it might take eight or ten weeks before the factory could get around to removing the picture and sending it back to her. Why not, he'd finish, just pay the difference and have this beautiful thing intact? And more often than not he'd make the sale."

"As I say, when I found that out I quit that selling job—and it was one of the last selling jobs I had—until the Duck Season ended."

You remember the show, of course. It started in the "catch-line" era. Every radio comedian had a catch-line that was plugged; there was Ed Wynne's 'So-o-o-o-o-o. Jack Pearl's 'Pass You There, Shortie', and Joe Penner's 'Wanna Buy a Duck? Joe's new show isn't using that. He's the Black
RADIO STARS

No girl can be too sure of her daintiness to make this “Armhole Odor” Test

If the slightest dampness collects on the armhole of your dress, it will cling to the fabric, and the warmth of your body will bring out an embarrassing “armhole odor” each time you wear the dress...

If you have been taking your daintiness for granted, because you deodorize regularly, you will be wise to make this simple “armhole odor” test. You may be unpleasantly surprised!

When you take off your dress tonight, smell it at the armhole. If you have ever perspired in that dress, even slightly, you will find that the fabric at the armhole bears an unmistakable and unlovely odor . . . in spite of your careful deodorizing! The way that dress smells to you—is the way you smell to others! And the warmth of your body brings out the offending “armhole odor” each time you put on the dress!

Complete protection only in underarm dryness

It is not enough to keep your underarm sweet. Only a dry underarm can keep you and your clothes safe from perspiration. When there is any moisture all at all, it is bound to dry on the armhole of your dress and rob you of that perfect exquisiteness that is your goal.

Thousands of users discover with relief and delight that Liquid Odonoro gives complete protection from “armhole odor,” because it definitely keeps the underarm not only sweet but perfectly dry.

Your doctor will tell you that Odonoro works safely and gently. It merely closes the pores of the small underarm area, so that perspiration is diverted to other less confined parts of the body where it may evaporate freely without giving offense.

Saves expensive frocks

Odonoro is safe for your pretty frocks, too—no grease to make them sticky and messy. It will save you too-frequent cleaner’s bills and the often permanent stains that follow underarm perspiration.

Odonoro comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. You need use Regular Odonoro (Ruby colored) only twice a week. Instant Odonoro (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin or quick emergency use—to be used daily or every other day. On sale at all toilet-goods counters.

Send today for sample vials of both types of Odonoro and descriptive leaflet.

In the October Issue of RADIO STARS

One of the Frankest Articles Ever Written

RADIO AND THE RACETRACK

RUTH MILLER, The Odonoro Co., Inc.
Dept. 925, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose $1 for sample vials of both Instant and Regular Odonoro and descriptive leaflet.

Name
Address
City State
When the evening’s entertainment is over—and you’ve turned off the radio—turn your footsteps toward the kitchen. There, satisfy that hungry feeling with a bowl of Kellogg’s Corn Flakes in milk or cream. They’re satisfying, full of flavor. And so easy to digest they help you sleep. Sold by grocers everywhere.

* You’ll enjoy these programs:

**HOLLYWOOD TALENT PARADE**
A weekly promenade of future stars—on the Mountain and Pacific Coast N. B. C. Red Network Thursday nights.

**KELLOGG’S SINGING LADY**
Every day except Saturday and Sunday—5:30 to 5:45 over the N. B. C. Baile Blue Network.

**Nothing takes the place of**

**Kellogg’s**
**CORN FLAKES**

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**Postscript**

have criticised my natural speech—not my character dialects—they say it’s not American! She looked puzzled, “I don’t think I speak like an Englishwoman! Do you?”

“I wonder,” she mused, “why people seem to resent cultivated speech? Why do they feel that if it is habitual for them to use a rolling ‘r’ or a flat, nasal twang, they must change? They change everything else, to make themselves more pleasing, more attractive. Even the Sears Roebuck catalogues advertise the latest beauty aids! Everyone, all over the country, wants to be smart, polished in their appearance—but not in their voices!”

“I have a friend,” she went on, “a really beautiful woman, smart, chic, up to the minute in everything but her voice. I said to her one day: ‘Do you realize that you have the most atrocious ‘r’? And she laughed and agreed with me. ‘But—’ she said, ‘I can’t change it—that would be an affectation!’

‘But why?’ I asked her. ‘When short hair became fashionable, you bobbed yours. When suntan is smart, you have the most luscious tan imaginable. Why shouldn’t your speech be equally chic?’ And she agreed that it was logical—but she couldn’t do it!

“And I,” Cornelia finished with a laugh, “I suppose I could change my speech to suit my critics—but that would be an affectation!”

I laughed with her. It seems absurd to think of Cornelia Otis Skinner’s “affecting” anything. She is utterly straightforward and sincere. Charming without pose. Spontaneous and friendly. Oddly, too, she is rather shy. Not in any gauche sense, but with a modest reticence. Daughter of a famous stage star, Otis Skinner, beloved by theatre-goers of more than a generation—and famous in her own right, Cornelia moves in no glittering aura of superiority.

Meeting her casually in the gracious setting of her New York apartment, you would think of her as any happy young wife and mother. In the room where we sat chatting were evidences of simple taste, of keen and various interests apart from the theatre.

“This is my own room,” Cornelia said. “I love it.”

Open bookshelves lined one end of the room, opposite the wide windows looking toward the street.

“It’s a trite expression,” Cornelia said, “but they’re ‘friends’—George Eliot, Bret Harte, Dickens—I re-read Dickens constantly—whenever I travel, I take one of his books along.

On one of the shelves stood a medal, mounted on a wooden plaque. It was the medal awarded by Radio Stars Magazine to Cornelia Otis Skinner last summer, “For Distinguished Service to Radio.” A medal richly earned by her distinguished work last season on the Jergens program.

“It is a beautiful medal,” Cornelia said. “I’m very proud of it.”

“That brought us back to our discussion. ‘Do you?’ I asked, ‘have to rewrite your skits largely for radio broadcasting?’

“Oh, yes,” she said. “It’s difficult, too—the cutting, the timing—making room for the descriptive lines that must substitute—inadequately—for the visual impression—the sound effects—the commercials. . . . I wouldn’t have had courage before I dare use one! I try them out on Mother and Father and on my husband. From my father and mother I get the theatre reaction. From my husband I get the layman’s reaction. That’s very valuable, too. I have tried them on the cook,” she smiled. “But I think that might be a good idea. I never feel satisfied.”

She sighed.

I recalled several of Miss Skinner’s “monodramas” which, heard during last season’s broadcasts, remain vividly in the memory—the young mother helping Junior with his homework, the Southern girl in the Louvre, Anne Boleyn on her way to the scaffold—and wished that I might hear them again.

“Do repeat sometimes,” she said. “But not till after a long time.”

“I wonder,” I said, “why it wouldn’t seem worth while to a sponsor to repeat current programs? For instance, repeat your Sunday night broadcast on Monday, Wednesday and Friday during the week. . . . So often you wait, eager to hear a certain program, and then—it just goes on the air—the telephone rings, or some one comes calling—and before you can get back to it, it’s over and gone and you never find it again. In the theatre, if you miss a play one night, you can see it the next night. Or, if you have especially enjoyed it, you can see it again and again. Mightn’t repetition help build up an interest in dramatic programs?”

Cornelia concurred. “It might—” she agreed. “I don’t know. Dramatic programs face so many difficulties. The time, for one thing, is too short. . . . You can’t, in a fifteen-minute period, or in thirty minutes—not even in an hour-long program—create for a listening audience over the radio the same effect that is created immediately in the theatre. And,” she reiterated, “to create the illusion, the voice alone is not enough. Real enjoyment of drama on the air will have to wait till there is some means of securing the actors.”

I ventured another question: “Do you enjoy radio drama?”

“I don’t—” her eyes held a whimsical smile. “This is a dreadful thing for me to say—I don’t—but I don’t listen to it! I listen to music—I never miss the symphonies—and I enjoy the news broadcasts, and some of the comics—”

Like a child slightly embarrassed by its own frankness, she veered away from the subject. Thoughtfully she patted the moth-hall which rolled out from among the cushions of the couch. “We’re just in town for the day,” she explained. “The
apartment's all packed away in moth-balls.
We're staying out in the country for the summer. We just came in to go to a dinner tonight." Her eyes strayed to an enlarged kodak picture of her boy, standing with his dog beside his grandfather and grandmother in a lovely sylvan setting. "He's bigger than that now," she said, as I commented on it.

"Tell me," I asked, "do you answer your fan mail yourself?"

"Yes, I do," she said, "A good deal of it. Some of it is very, very kind. When anyone writes me that he or she has listened to a certain sketch, or particularly enjoyed a certain character I have portrayed, I always answer those letters. Many of them, of course, are from very young people. I used to write fan letters myself, when I was fifteen! So few older people take the trouble to tell you they have enjoyed something you have done. A friend of mine," she went on, "told me, the other day, that she had not missed one of my broadcasts last summer. But she never wrote or told me at the time! It helps so much, to hear kind things," she said sincerely.

An outer door opened. A man's step sounded down the hall.

"Alden!" Miss Skinner cried. "Alden—" she said breathlessly, as he stood in the doorway, "they're coming! They're coming!" Her voice was electric with joy.

I got the cablegram this afternoon. I've been paging you all over New York! I couldn't wait to tell you! There's the cable on my desk—I cried when I got it—I was so happy!"

Her tall, lean husband picked up the cablegram and read it aloud. "This—" he said, "this makes the year perfect!"

And the light in his eyes matched that in hers.

They turned to me. Both half incoherent with delight, they tried to explain. Some very dear friends of theirs in England—they never had been over here—they had invited them to spend the summer with them—they had been afraid they wouldn't be able to accept—but they were coming!

"Radio—" murmured Cornelia Otis Skinner very softly, her eyes shining mistily, "makes this possible." And I knew she was speaking to herself.

And in that swift little scene I saw another illusion created—the picture of an ideally happy home life, of mutual friends and shared delights.

I realized, too, that even the mingling of those two ecstatic voices could create that picture so vividly as did the sudden shining light of happy faces, of eyes eloquent with wordless joy.

Illusion, I was forced to concede, owes much to the visual image. Yet, as I left, I found the lift of happy voices still echoing like sweet music in my mind.

WHAT HAS BEEN HAPPENING TO JAMES WALLINGTON?
YOU'LL FIND OUT IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE OF RADIO STARS

Sales of Kools tell a story. Unknown three years ago—now up among the leaders. The reason? Try a pack. Enjoy the agreeable coolness of the mild menthol. Taste the rich flavor of the better tobacco blend. Notice the easy-on-the-lips touch of cork tips. And in every pack comes a B & W coupon good for nationally advertised merchandise (offer good in U.S.A. only). . . Smoke up, cool down with Kools. They're better for you! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, P. O. Box 599, Louisville, Kentucky.

SAVE COUPONS . . . MANY HANDSOME NEW PREMIUMS

U.S. Royal Golf Balls—Famous for distance and durability. 3 balls . . . 200 coupons FREE. Write for illustrated 20-page B & W premium booklet No. 11 Cigarette Case—Enamel and silver nickel; choice of five colors. 100 coupons

raleigh cigarettes . . . now at popular prices . . . also carry b & w coupons
running around to night clubs—I was out morning, noon and night. I thought these things would counteract my morbidness, which was becoming so intense."

Joan Marsh, at twenty-two, talks as though she were an old lady. Perhaps it is because she has seen a bit of life in her few years on this earth. She has known heartache, the kind of heartache that only a child in an unhappy home can know, a terrible sense of insecurity. She has known success as a motion picture star. And she has been in love, a love which she knew couldn't last, so turned her back upon it.

"We were too young," she said, "When a girl and boy marry before they know what they really want out of life, that marriage can not possibly last. So I knew it was better to stop before we made that mistake."

"I do not believe in regrets, either. I think a person should profit by mistakes, not waste time and energy in regrets. That is the way I look upon the crazy life I led in Hollywood. At that time I thought that 'good times' was the road to a happy life. How wrong I was!" Her head was slightly turned, her eyes looking off into the distance. It is with her eyes that Joan seems to portray her emotions. For the first time during luncheon her hands were still, the cigarette holder lay on the table, forgotten.

"I wasn't making any progress," she continued. "True, I was making a success on the screen but I, Joan Marsh, wasn't getting anywhere. I wasn't any less sad than I had been back in boarding-school days. I, myself, wasn't growing. It had to stop. Do you see what I mean?"

"Of course I like to go dancing. I enjoy the company of a young man as any other girl does. But dinnner and dancing isn't living. As a diversion, fine. But there is so much more in this world. And I mean to find it."

Joan Marsh deserted Hollywood a little over a year ago to make a personal appearance tour. That was her first step in getting away and meeting different people. Her ambition was to do radio and stage work in New York City. During her tour, she played a theater in uptown New York—that was a year ago. She was sitting in her dressing-room one day when her maid announced Ray Pier- son, who had played with her in pictures.

"I was driving by when I saw your name on the marquee out front. I had to come back and say hello," he said.

Joan was delighted to see him. He introduced a friend, Joan Paul King, one of radio announcers.

"Why don't you do some radio work?" Pierson asked her.

She replied: "I'd love it!"

Mr. King remembered the enthusiasm of Joan Marsh and the next time she was in town—but I'm getting ahead of my story. Hollywood was reticent about releasing its singing and dancing star. Joan was called back to the film capital to make three more pictures. But not until after she had made a personal appearance record—twenty-five consecutive weeks to packed houses.

When she had finished the remaining pictures called for by her contract, she said to her mother; "I'm going to New York. I'm tired of Hollywood and pictures. I got to get away. I'm in a rut.

"Mrs. Barr (her mother has remarried since her divorce) knew her daughter's determination, will power and courage. She said: "All right, my dear. If that is the thing to make you happy, by all means do it."

But why, with a successful motion picture career, with men at her feet everywhere, was she unhappy?

"Because I was tired of playing. I was tired of going with a lot of people who were nice enough, it is true, but who meant very little or nothing to me. I have a few close friends in the movie town—people I love. About six, I should say, and they are all married."

Why has film town's playgirl turned from it? Is it the influence of radio—a strict master to its workers? Or is there some hidden reason locked in the secret chambers of Joan's heart?

"There is nothing secretive about my feelings," she hastily says. "I am just like any other healthy normal girl. I decided I knew all about the screen and the pictures. (She's in pictures off and on since the tender age of nine months.) "I am not a careerist—that person who, above all else, must be true to her art. I want to be true to myself. Of course I like to accomplish things. But I don't want fame.

"True, these two go hand in hand but Joan is not interested in the glamour of the movies, in having heads turn wherever she goes."

"That doesn't mean I don't like to please people either. But I don't want to be successful just so people will notice me. I want to be able to say to myself, 'Joan, you're making the most of yourself.' To me that is success. It is a selfish desire, perhaps, and yet pleasing others gives me great happiness."

Joan told of a recent week-end when she was the house guest of a friend whose home was in the country. Sunday afternoon friends dropped by, Joan was asked to sing. An elderly couple sat in a love seat, listening to me," she went on. "The gentleman's arm was around his wife. A sweet picture. Then I finished my song. I nearly wept with joy when I heard one say to the other: 'Wouldn't it be nice if she had someone like that in our house?' As she recalled the incident, her large blue eyes filled with tears.

It is easy to understand what that couple meant. Joan has such a young, naive way about her. She is not the sort who makes eyes. In fact, she allows her eyebrows to grow absolutely natural, much as a girl of sixteen. Her make-up is extremely conservative.

"When I came to New York in April, (Continued on page 85)"

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NO MORE MEN!

(Continued from page 41)

PROTECT YOUR HEART FROM CHRONIC ACID BURN

For those suffering from chronic tightness of the chest, nausea, heartburn, indigestion, and other symptoms of chronic acid burn, Alka-Seltzer is the treatment to relieve these annoying symptoms.

Pills: 30¢; Tablets: 6¢

Alka-Seltzer—Discarded Ages With No More Men!

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief Of Pain

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover the real cause of their trouble may be tied kidney.

The kidneys are one of Nature's chief ways of taking the acids and waste out of the blood. If they don't pass 3 pints a day and so get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may need flushing. If you have trouble with frequent bladder passages with scanty amount which often smart and burn, the 15 miles of kidney tubes may need flushing out. This danger signal may be the beginning of nagging backache, leg pains, loss of your energy, getting up nights, swelling, dullness under the eyes and dizziness.

Don't wait for serious trouble. Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills — used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. Get Doan's Pills.
as Portland does, Corn Bread Cobs. These are individual corn meal muffins made by the following recipe and baked in special iron pans which have "cups" for the latter the exact shape of an ear of corn. Gives quite a party-ish air to one of the world's easiest hot-bread recipes. Bake these in regular, small muffin pans if you don't care to be quite so fancy.

CORN BREAD
(CORN MEAL COBS)
1 cup corn meal
2/3 cup white flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
1 tablespoon sugar
1 teaspoon salt
1 egg
3/4 cup milk
1 tablespoon melted shortening

Combine corn meal, flour, baking powder, sugar and salt. Beat egg, add milk. Combine with dry ingredients. Add melted shortening and beat together thoroughly. Pour into hot, greased Corn Cob moulds or muffin pans. Bake in hot oven (400°F.) 20-25 minutes or until done.

Another great favorite of the Allens in the hot-bread line is Rich Bran Muffins, filled with raisins and equally good whether made with sweet or sour milk. An especially nice feature of these is that they stay fresh for a considerable length of time so that you can make up a large batch and serve them at several meals.

RICH BRAN MUFFINS

1/4 cup shortening
1 cup light brown sugar
1 egg, well beaten
1 cup sour milk
2 1/2 cups all-bran breakfast cereal
1 cup flour
1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon soda
2/3 cup seedless raisins

Cream together shortening and sugar. Add beaten egg, sour milk and cereal. Sift together flour, baking powder, salt and soda. Add raisins to flour mixture. Combine with liquid mixture, stirring only until flour disappears. Fill greased muffin pans two-thirds full and bake 25 minutes in a moderately hot oven (400°F.)

If sweet milk is used instead of sour milk omit the soda and increase baking powder to 1 tablespoonful.

UNDERARM perspiration odor is an annoyance men will not tolerate in a girl, either in the office or in social life. And why should they, when it is so easy to avoid—with Mum!

Half a minute is all it takes to use Mum. A quick fingertipful under each arm—and you're safe for the whole busy day.

If you forget to use Mum before you dress, use it afterwards. It's harmless to clothing, you know. And it's so soothing to the skin, you can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Mum does just what you want it to do. It prevents the disagreeable odor of perspiration, and not the perspiration itself.

Remember, a fresh daintiness of person, free from the slightest trace of ugly odor, is something without which no girl can hope to succeed. Make sure of it with Mum! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

MUM
takes the odor out of perspiration
And the face and the body are not on exhibition on the air. And so, unless I should be struck dumb at sunrise, I could keep on broadcasting until the last dance step had danced away from these dancing feet, until this ole red head becomes an ole grayhead.

"And that’s a consideration for any person—and most certainly for any actress and more than most certainly for any screen actress. "Ginger," said the famous Hollywood slogan: 'The life of a star is five years.' Well, that’s the curse of the cinema artist. That’s the sword of Damocles hanging over our heads. And the radio has no such sadistic slogan and no such sword to mow us down in our prime. It is rather dreadful, really, when you think of working as hard as we do in pictures, putting all of our eggs into one basket which may collapse in five years!

"And then I feel that radio is peculiarly wonderful, too, being me. And the world I don’t have to face without being dressed up, very often. Oh, now and again I like to put on the glad rags and step out to the Grove or the Tropicadero or somewhere. But usually I’m just seeing floating around in a pair of overalls or slacks, as guiltless of lipstick as the day I was born. But I always have a guilt complex about it. I know that I shouldn’t go about as I do. I’m probably letting my public down.

"Well, I wouldn’t be letting the radio audience down if I should broadcast with cold cream on the Rogers face and curl papers on the Rogers hair. Because I wouldn’t be selling the Rogers face and form on the air—praise be. Radio fans wouldn’t know or care how I looked and I wouldn’t have to think of it.

"I guess I can’t be called concealed, anyway. Maybe I haven’t a normal interest in myself that way. Frank might give me a break and tell me that I am not an exhibitionist. But I am, of course, in a way. All the time, too, they say that I wouldn’t be actors and actresses. But I wouldn’t miss not being seen, not one bit. On the contrary. I could just be myself."

It did seem to me, looking at Ginger as we lunched together in the RKO commissary, that the Rogers face and form—however lightly their own personal hold may hold them, are as good arguments as any I know for speeding up television. For she had come to lunch with me straight from the set of I Won’t Dance, straight from the arms, as it were, of Fred Astaire. And I could see, I thought, the dimpled little fingers of her hand, the breath-like metal cloth, an underwater color of palest, faintest blue. A sleek gown with a smart little jacket . . . And the beautiful, long-waisted figure, the red gold hair the color of melted new pennies.

"And Ginger was saying, "I could live almost anywhere I might feel like living, if I were a radio star—anywhere in the United States, that is. I could plug in from New York, Boston, Chicago, Washington—wherever I happened to be when my broadcast went on. As it is I have to stay in Hollywood, whether I like it or not. I happen to like it. It’s home. And so it’s no real hardship. But there are times when my feet sprout little wings and I’d like to be off and away. There are times when the ice has frozen in the font in the fountain. I wouldn’t have to be downed on the air," laughed Ginger, "just curved a bit!"

"I believe, too," and Ginger’s eyes were serious, "that I could build for myself the kind of a career I want—on the air. I know I couldn’t have such a career if I certainly would not be called upon to dance. Not until television, anyway. And why cross bridges until you come to them? I could gain a pound or two. I want to get away from dancing, too much of it, anyway. I started in pictures as a dramatic actress. People seem to have forgotten that. I want to do dramatic work. And on the air, I could.

"And I wish," said Ginger, earnestly, "I wish you would ask the public a question when you write this story. Ask them what they’d like me to do when, or if, I go on the air. Ask them whether they would prefer me to do the light musical comedy type of thing? Would they like me to do scenes from my pictures? Or would they prefer dramatic plays and sketches? Or what? I hope they’ll tell me. Because I could use their response as a sort of thermometer for future use. I hope not too far in the future."

"Don’t think," said Ginger, as Victor Young stopped at our table for a moment to tell me what he hoped she could rehearse for the Shell program later in the day, "don’t think that I am being gib about this. I realize that it is not as easy as it sounds.

"I think that radio work is easier than picture work. I’ll say that without knowing so very much about it. But it stands to reason that it must be. In the first place there is only one thing to work with—the voice. And it’s certainly easier to perfectly one instrument than manipulate them all. For example, you don’t have to worry about clothes. You don’t have to spend the hours and hours we spend standing in for fittings. You don’t have to give time and thought to make-up. You don’t have to be photographed, for stills and portraits. You don’t have to care how you look or worry about the sets, the camera, the lighting. We spend weeks, Fred and I, just rehearsing. We spend many more weeks in production. After that, we have to stand by for even more weeks for possible retakes. Ginger has not only to dance—and sing—but we have to speak lines, to dress and to look as well as possible."

"On the other hand, each radio broadcast, assuming that you are on once a week, takes just that one week to prepare. There is the matter of learning the script. But Ginger has not only to see the script, to learn it, and so on, but that is. Once I had learned the ropes, what kind of a telephone suits me best, the distance I should stand from the mike and so on—it would come fairly easily. I think, Just as, when I'm learning a new dance, you have to consider timing and spacing and what your best camera angles are and what they are not—and
after a time all such mechanics become second nature.

"But, easier than pictures though I feel radio would be, there is plenty to learn, I know. Matter of fact, I think I did learn more during the few broadcasts I have made than in almost anything else I've ever done. I became fully conscious, at any rate, of what it means to have to put everything you've got, everything you are into one medium—the voice. A broken heart, a soaring, exultant spirit, brooding melancholy, ecstasy almost too deep for words—all of the major chords and minor keys of which the human spirit is capable must be registered in the voice. Registered so precisely that the fans can feel they are seeing as well as hearing. It's comparatively easy to play a symphony with an orchestra of many pieces. It would be a 'tour de force,' indeed, to play that same symphony on one instrument. But that's what must be done on the air.

"In the play I did when I took Leslie Howard's place on the air, there was a love scene where I was supposed to kiss the boy I played my sweetheart. I worried about that kiss when I read the script. I didn't see how we would get it over. After all, if you can't see a kiss...? I felt sure I couldn't make a re-sounding, smacking sort of noise to indicate that we had kissed! Well, I found all I had to do was to put the back of my own hand to my mouth and make a little sighing noise, a sort of 'Hm-m-m.'

"It seems," laughed Ginger, "that you sort of act with yourself on the air. I kissed myself!

"You're on your own on the air, too. It isn't like working in pictures, where the director and the assistant director and the camera-men and the sound-men stand by you until the last foot of film is shot and everything is safely 'in the box.' You have guidance and direction every foot of the way in films. But when you are broadcasting you are alone with your soul! You are rehearsed beforehand, of course. The producer of the program times you to the split fraction of a second. If you are singing on the air, you are synchronized with the orchestra. But once you step before that mike you are without benefit of direction of any kind. You are your own man. And there is no help for you but in yourself. No one can prompt you. If you go up in your lines; you are up and you stay there. There can be no retakes as in pictures. You can't see the rushes and insist on doing certain scenes over again because of this or that.

"Which is rather good for me, I think. One is apt to get clinging-vineish and pass-the-buckish in pictures. There's nothing but the air to cling to, once you are before the microphone. There's no one to pass the buck to. You stand or fall by your own voice. You haven't any back or any backgrounds, any painted backgrounds to divert attention.

"One thing I know," said Ginger, "and that is that if I am ever really on the air, really a radio star, I shall never read my scripts. I'll memorize my lines as I do for pictures. I'm a fairly quick study and I would make it my business to be quicker for the air. There would be something sort of sing-song and cut-and-dried to me about reading lines from a piece of paper.
I know that many radio stars do get away with it beautifully. But I don’t think I could. I wouldn’t want to. The spontaneous type,” laughed Ginger, “that’s me.

“And I’d certainly take lessons in English, in diction. Most Americans speak carelessly. How carelessly most of us never know unless we begin to broadcast. Radio has certainly taught me how carelessly I speak. For instance, I always say ‘Tell him to come over.’ Most people do. I never thought about it. I never knew that I did say it that way; until I began to broadcast and was told to say ‘Tell him to come over.’ Usually I say ‘That’ll do’—and it sounds all right to the naked ear. But for the ear of the microphone you must say ‘That will do’. You can’t slur your words.

“In pictures, on the stage, there is so much to distract the attention, the actual actors themselves, the backgrounds and so on, that the way words are spoken blends into the whole. But on the air words are all there and they have to be said right.

“Oh, I’d love it” sighed Ginger, “I could live my own life—on the air. I could go to town. I could play around in overalls without a pricking of conscience. I could gain ten pounds and who cares? I could have some time to stay at home and be domestic—something I’ve never been able to do! I could have some fun with other girls as other girls do. I could shake off the Sword of Damocles. I’d never have to think; ‘the life of a star is five years.’ It doesn’t mean, all this, that I am not happy in pictures, because I am. It doesn’t mean that I don’t love my work, because I do. But it does mean that I could work and develop and grow with radio and that my success wouldn’t depend on my weight nor the color of my hair nor my birth dates on the calendar nor anything at all but just the accumulated experience and depth and understanding I could put into my voice. . . .

“Surely I’d give up pictures for radio, if I had to,” said Ginger. “I’d rather not be faced with so drastic a choice. I’d rather not be torn between the two and I probably won’t be. We were simply arguing an hypothetical question. But if I had to answer it, well, I have, haven’t I?”

The assistant director wigged the door of the commissary. Ginger gathered up purse and gloves. “He means me,” she said, “on the set.

“Give my love to the radio fans,” she called back as she left me, with that light-as-air treat which is Ginger’s. “And ask ‘em what they want me to do—some day—on the air!”

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YOURS TO COMMAND

(Continued from page 20)

“Oh, no—I was here in 1929 and again later. I’ve been here several times, but only to visit and I saw only the East—New York, mainly. I have many friends here.”

“But you didn’t stay there this time—”

“No, we came directly to Chicago, and I was glad to start from here, to feel my way a bit before going to New York.”

“And have you liked it here? Has it come up to your expectations?”

“It is amazing. I had no idea what your Middle West was like. I thought of it as an industrial country—which it is, of course—but I pictured it as very ugly. I never imagined anything like this!” He gestured toward the window of his hotel suite, overlooking Lake Michigan, radiant in the summer sun. “But then, no one over there knows how beautiful it is—that is America’s fault, isn’t it?”

But if he was wrong about geography, he was very much au courant with things musical and very much right about what people want to hear.

Arriving in New York on October 21st, October 27th found him in Chicago, playing at the Drake Hotel and broadcasting over the Columbia network for the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, who had been instrumental in bringing him over here. He built up an orchestra with Chicago talent and trained them intensively after his own distinctive fashion. In April, they went on the Real Silk program, over a coast to coast network. And made an immediate and tremendous hit.

“I did not try to pattern after your programs,” Hylton said, “but to do things my own way, to give my own show. After all, that is what I was brought over here for. And I had my own stars—Pat O’Malley has been with me for years, as vocalist and dialectician. And Alec Templeton—did you like Alec? He’s really splendid, isn’t he?”

I admitted that I thought him marvelous. Pat O’Malley has a pleasant tenor voice and tells dialect stories effectively. He has been very popular here as well as abroad, but it is young Alec Templeton who has made the greatest triumph, next to Hylton. Radio listeners and studio audiences thoroughly appreciated his unusual gifts, and in Chicago, society—with a capital S—went wild over him, delighting in his remarkable playing and his clever musical impressions of people he had met.

Alec is a slim, dark-haired boy with fine features and a quiet manner, seeming very young for his twenty-five years and entirely unsophisticated, unspoiled by his achievements. Blind since birth, he was a musical prodigy and had a composition of his own published when he was four years old. He was born in Cardiff, Wales, and studied at Worcester College and at the Royal Academy of Music. He has several degrees and has won many prizes. He plays classical music beautifully and improves charmingly—
Radio Stars

Even the most beautiful eyes need regular care. Well tended eyebrows are essential... and for this you need good tweezers. Henco Tweezers are specially designed for plucking, thinning and training. They have platform points, corrugated inside, to assure positive grip without cutting the hair, and finger rest grip on handles. Each one individually tested. Keep a pair of Henco Tweezers on your dressing table. Use them as part of your regular beauty care.

Ask for Henco Tweezers... Nail Files... Manicure Scissors... at drug and 5&10c stores.

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Lovely Skin

Hollywood Face Powder, created for the personal use of leading stars of the stage and screen, contains an ingredient that imparts soft, lustrous beauty to the complexion. This marvelous face powder covers the skin with a thin, even and flawless film of beauty so unlike old fashioned powder which gives that "made up" look.

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Hollywood Mask Face Powder at 5 and 10c

Stiles, Drug and Department Stores

.html

ingly. The touch of Jack Hylton's baton on his shoulder is the signal for a breath-taking performance, whether you are in the studio watching or listening over the air. He is one of Hylton's discoveries and does his part to give variety and interest to a program that is far above the ordinary in this respect.

Music is his world and he loves it, but his perceptions are more acute than those of most people and he has a quick insight into and understanding of those with whom he comes in contact, that, to seeing people, used to superficial judgments, seems almost magical. Some find it disconcerting to have him after a brief conversation and not righting his fingers lightly over the keyboard, translate their personality into song! One of the most amusing of his musical impressions introduced over the air is his impersonation of Boake Carter, to the tune of "Goody Goody." It is a little gem.

Alec, however, is in many ways just like any normal young man, eager for adventure, meeting a new country and a new people with enthusiasm and ready for any excitement. One of his greatest thrills recently was an airplane flight. Said, "Eric Gardner," he explained, "left him quaking with nervous excitement but thrilled, ecstatic over a new sensation.

Others featured on Hylton's program this spring were Magda Neeld, a pretty Australian with a lovely soprano voice, Irish Peggy O'Dell, and the Merry Maids, a local harmony team.

In his own country, Hylton's revue included such well known American performers as Sophie Tucker, the Mills Brothers, Duke Ellington and Louis Armstrong. (The latter he introduced to European audiences). Bea Lillie is among the famous who have appeared on the same bill, and Maurice Chevalier is one of his best friends.

The end of his first season here found him looking forward to his return to this country in September as eagerly as to the few weeks to be spent back home. "I know now what you people want," he said enthusiastically, "and so I know what sort of performers to sign up while I am in England. So those with me now will return, of course—Pat and Alec, no doubt—but of course a feature of the revue is variety, change, fresh entertainment. And it is easier to frame a program over there—for me, that is.

Knowing that he knew and played the best music, I asked him if he were satisfied with his career or if perhaps he had a secret ambition to conduct symphonies.

He smiled, shook his head. "This is exactly what I want. I like both kinds of music—there is room for both, of course—on program. I mix them. It is entertaining that is the test, isn't it? I want to give the people what they like the best! In England, we play more 'hot' music—swing music. Negro music, whatever you call it, because there are no commercial programs, no restrictions and we play what we want. But of course you can get too much of that. It has to be spotted right on the program."

"And when you play yourself—do you play jazz?"

"I don't play much nowadays—or compose, or even orchestrate. I used to do all that—I was the first, I think, to orchestrate music for a dance band, but nowadays the planning and supervision of my revue takes all my time. I have two splendid arrangers—Billy Ternent and Melle Weersma..."

"But you were asking about the kind of music? In 1922 I toured with the Russian ballet. I've made the Rachmaninoff Prelude for the gramophone. I've played Wagner, Chopin, Tchaikowski, Debussy—but of course it is jazz that is associated with my name."

It was Johns Strauss, grand-nephew of the great composer, who said to the English press: "Jazz music is a drug—but your Jack Hylton and his music belong to a different category. He has come to stay, with his clever syncopated symphonies. It is an entirely new kind and for mine, in the graceful classic tradition."

And Igor Stravinsky, the famous Russian composer, was so delighted with Hylton's style that he wrote a special composition for Europe's Jazz King on the occasion of his first appearance at the revered Paris Opera House.

"Joseph Holbrooke is one of the few English composers who has dared to incorporate jazz technique in his serious music," the composer wrote a jazz suite called 'The Three Bears' for me, but the highbrows were profoundly shocked. It is different over here—people recognized its value sooner. Noted composers have written music for Paul Whiteman, George Gershwin's genius has been recognized and Ferde Grofe wrote a jazz symphony for the opening of Radio City. Germany appreciates it, Paris even more so—I gave five concerts at the Palais des Beaux Arts. Jazz, in my opinion, is not something to make excuses for, but a highly developed art, demanding the best from its exponents.

"My boys are chosen carefully with this in mind. They must have personality, sincerity, as well as instrumental ability. And they must also be trained to work and work hard. I expect a lot from them and I expect loyalty, too—and give it in return!"

His American band has learned that and like him for it. They know where they stand and that if he drives them hard, he never will fail to reward them, and publicly, with sincere praise. He trains them to function perfectly, with or without him, so that he can wander away from the stand or an assistant director take his place and the troupe carry on with undiminished fervor. And he is intensely interested in them individually, treating them all as if they were members of his family.

These boys have not been faced with the problems of the English, but with their English cousins—they have not had to make frequent Channel crossings and airplane flights and travel through five or six countries in as many days! But they did have a taste of touring, of one night stands as a joke band and that they are not going to leave, for the grand-nephew of the grand composer Hylton was pleased to find them as ready to pack up and go as his English boys. And he was justifiably proud of the fact that the house record was broken in Milwaukee, that Detroit impatiently demanded a return engagement.

When I talked to him, they were in the confusion of packing and leaving for Detroit again and were anticipating their engagement in Washington and in Toronto with especial pleasure. And some of the
troupe were wishing they could go to England. And some of the entertainers were admitting to pangs of homesickness. ... "You are not allowing yourself much time at home—what do you plan to do there?" I queried.

"Perhaps play at the Palladium, if we have time—we broke all records there with Life Begins at Oxford Circus," he replied. "Perhaps make a second picture—I am under contract with the same company that made She Shall Have Music—"

That was Jack Hylton's first picture, made just before he sailed for America last fall. From it he took the theme song that has become familiar to you on the Realistik program, and The Bomb That Jack Built.

Jack Hylton is not a man whom one can know easily. His manner is friendly, charming, but there is a wall of reserve that excludes the stranger. We see the musician, the showman in action, we meet him behind the scenes, fire questions at him, are answered courteously and know him for a man of wide experience, of ability, of humor.

We go back a little in his personal history and the picture becomes a little fuller, more rounded. Back to a little boy in a small English village, a little boy who early learned to play the piano, but who did not like it very much. But his father, who had been a comedian and perhaps already dreamed of a stage career for his son, exerted his parental authority in traditional fashion. Beginning thus under pressure, the boy woke up one day to the realization that he liked it.

His early career was varied. From playing the tiny piano in the bar of his father's hotel and singing in a church choir, he became the Singing Mill Boy, in clogs and mill clothes—and, at the ripe age of seven, he traveled with a troupe in North Wales. At fourteen, on a holiday, he hung around a small time concert troupe, learned that their pianist was leaving, asked for the job—and got it! At sixteen, he was conducting his own band, touring the provinces. The war interrupted his career, but he passes lightly over the years he served his country.

"When the Armistice came I was on leave in London and so I stayed on—"

And there he took up his career almost where he laid it down so that, looking backward, the war years seem to have had no particular influence. In 1921, he formed the band which was to make him famous and each year has seen it grow in size and popularity. When he left for the United States, his organization boasted the largest personnel of any dance band and his fame had reached the far corners of the world.

The emperor of Annam, for instance, once Bao Dai by name, wrote to Hylton and asked him how to form a similar band, with native talent! Hylton wrote careful instructions, even suggesting pieces to be played. A unique correspondence school and undoubtedly with unique results!

As to hobbies and sports, he is an ardent golfer, likes tennis and Rugby, enjoys a good American baseball game and is the proud possessor of a racing stable at home. One horse, his especial pride and joy, has practically paid for the upkeep of the stable.

He is, in addition, a good business man and has found time to identify himself with several concerns. Nowadays, however, he does not take an active part, for lack of time.

But with all this: "I am a very domestic person," he declared, "I like quiet evenings at home. I have a home in London and one on the coast—my mother and father are both living and I have many relatives—"

"And all these teas, night clubs and what not—do you enjoy them?"

"Oh, yes, a few, now and then. I like to meet people. But not too much of it, you know—I haven't been in four night clubs since I came to America."

He was looking forward eagerly at this time to a trip home on the Hindenburg, partly to save time but even more for the thrill of it. (He never takes a train or boat when flying is possible.) I reminded him that the Zeppelin had been badly buffeted by winds on a recent trip.

He looked concerned, then laughed. "July should be better, shouldn't it?" He leaned forward, rapped sharply on the wooden arm of a chair. "Superstitious?" I inquired.

He grinned, shrugged. "No, not really. I do what I see others do, sometimes—and then again, I ride in defiance of them all!"

And rides high and safely on the wings of a well-earned success, I thought—this fellow, Jack Hylton (to change but slightly his signing-off message to his radio audience) saying au revoir and wishing you all the best!

---

**Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel III says: "Pond's Vanishing Cream removes little roughnesses at once... keeps my skin soft and white."**

**NOSE AND CHIN GET FLAKY?**

**Melt Rough Places Smooth**

**ONE DAY** your nose is flaky — powder won't "stick!" Next day, your chin... Often, after a day in the sun, your whole face scuffs up with flaky bits.

Do you know what they are—Dead skin cells!

They cling stubbornly, show up terribly—even under make-up.

But you can melt them away easily—with a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream). A distinguished dermatologist explains:

**Young Skin Appears**

"When the dried-out cells on surface skin are melted away with a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream), the underlying cells come into view. These cells are young and supply, they immediately give the skin a smooth, fresh appearance. Coloring is improved, texture finer."

"Vanishing Cream, regularly applied, keeps the skin in a constantly softened condition."

A keratolytic cream, Pond's Vanishing Cream softens your skin just that quickly! It melts flaky particles right away. Puts an end to powder trouble. Use it regularly to keep your skin silken-soft at all times.

**For a smooth make-up—** Before powdering, soften your skin with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Now your skin is smooth all over—even your nose and chin. Make-up spreads evenly, clings.

**Overnight for lasting softness—** Follow your nightly cleansing with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Face, neck, hands, elbows. It isn't greasy. You go to bed looking lovely... Next morning your skin has won extra softness!

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Pond's, Dept. 1138, Clinton, Conn. Rush 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 9 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10c for postage and packing.

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**POWDER LOOKS SWELL — NICE AND EVEN**

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**Display Your Painted Skin Samples Here**

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**71**
Don't try to hide toilet odors with smelly disinfectants. Here is a scientific preparation—made especially to clean toilets. Sani-Flush removes stains and discolorations without scrubbing and scouring. Sani-Flush purifies the unseen trap where dangers lurk. It puts an end to the cause of odors and insanitation.

Just sprinkle a little Sani-Flush in the bowl. (Follow directions on the can.) Flush the toilet. That's all there is to it. It's simple. Sure. Harmless. Sani-Flush is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators (directions on can). Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores—25 and 10 cent sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

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PULVEX Flea Powder both kills all the fleas on your dog or cat and prevents reinfection for days! Pulevesting only twice a month insures against fleas that not only torment your pet but may cause him to become infested with tape worms. Harmless to pets. It is non-irritating. Backed by 93 years' experience. Sold on money-back guarantee. At drug, department and pet stores. In the shaker top can, at 50c.

RADIO STARS

THE HUMAN SIDE OF
EDWIN C. HILL

(Continued from page 39)

problem of what part pure chance plays in human advancement; the unexpected, the unnatural, had taught him the lesson. The experience of a good many years in active newspaper work and in the most arresting occupation in the world—the observation of the human comedy—has convinced me, at least, that chance, luck—call it what you will—is a factor as strong in human life, the phenomenon that makes or breaks human beings."

We closed our eyes for a moment. The rich tones and the dramatic story value in that familiar voice of our favorite broadcaster made it seem as though we had turned the knob of a convenient radio. Or, rather, as if he had faced the microphone and turned on himself.

"I don't say that ambition, energy, integrity and education don't play a tremendous part in the things that happen on this old earth of ours. But the operations of chance are so impressive—are there so many trivial and tremendous examples of its working for good or for ill as to leave no other conclusion possible.

"A most famous example in support of the conviction is Napoleon at Waterloo. At the turning point of Waterloo, Napoleon delivered his final and tremendous thrust—the charge of his Cuirassiers. The charge broke and was destroyed when hundreds of men and horses suddenly disappeared into a sunken road that the Emperor's scouts failed to detect between his cavalry and the main force of Wellington's British army. This incident changed the map of Europe, the history of the world, and has affected us Americans down to this very day and hour. Chance! Luck! Twisting our lives into patterns of dreams.

"Character and ability count in this world, but so does luck. Who can doubt it? I, myself, have had an example of its fateful pranks. A few years ago, in 1931, I was vacationing in the Maine woods. I had been a reporter for the New York Sun for many years. Not a journalist, if you please, but a reporter. My only thought and ambition was to continue in that newspaper work. And while I was trekking the woodland trails and casting for trout, it happened that down in New York a famous publication was seeking a change of radio representatives. Many possibilities were being auditioned. I, certainly, was making a fortune in the Sun. It happened that a young man on the publicity staff of the Columbia Broadcasting System was a friend who remembered that, in his cub reporter days, I had more or less taken him under my wing, had bought him a shirt, and had taken him to the horses and helped him to polish off his stories. Impulsively he said to the Columbia publicity head: "Why don't you send for Ed Hill? He has a world of newspaper experience and he has a good voice." And the next day I received a telegram away up in the woods, calling me to an audition of a sample news broadcast for the publication I am speaking of.

"I did not win that contest, but by mere chance, an executive of a big advertising agency was present at the audition. He had not expected to be there. But he heard my sample news talk, liked it, sent for me the next day and the result was that I found myself in radio—a field of activities that I most fervently dreamed of.

"He paused. We felt as though the radio suddenly had been turned off and we half expected to hear the studio gong or chimes announcing the split-second and a voice calling: "This is Edwin C. Hill telling a story, though through the air." It was all so gloriously realistic of the familiar broadcast. It took a half minute for the illusion to fade, to realize that we still were sitting in a cozy little office half way up a street in the city, and that I was a stranger to us when he ceased to speak, tapping his fingers nervously on the desk.

"It was hard to say: 'But, really, Mr. Hill, you haven't told us a thing we want to know, or revealed to us the human side of Edwin C. Hill..." He was running true to type, exactly as an old reporter had told us: "He will do everything but crawl under a bed when he is approached for his own story, but can't be told wonderful yarns about other interesting people.

"But there was something wrong somewhere and we fancied we knew just where. The environment was wrong. As long as we stayed here, he would remain Edwin C. Hill, the man behind the microphone. We knew of a little coffee house just off Broadway that every news reporter above Forty-second Street loves. People just had to be human there...

"We hadn't been sitting there five minutes before it was easy to see that while radio had gained one of its grandest commentators, the press had lost one of its greatest reporters.

"We could see that the recollection of his newspaper days was the breath of his nostrils. We got down to realities when we left the radio commentator up there in his air castle.

"This place reminds me," he said, looking around, animated, now reliving the life exactly as he tells about it over the air: "of a small, dirty café in Tegucigalpa, Honduras. Two men sat drinking, engaged in animated conversation. One was Ed Hill, my former reporter; the other was Lee Christmas, that most amazing ragamuffin and vagabond, drunkard, adventurer. Next day he took me in my white linens into battle and we captured an army! And it was in New Orleans that I found him, back in a insane asylum, dying, calling for whiskey and raving that he would win yet another fortune—in oil—in Guatemala! You see, he gave me my chance, for I always wanted to be a soldier of fortune—even if only for a day."

"But going way back—what did you really want to be—as a boy?"

"As a boy? Well, I'm afraid they had
"I don't know, really, whether any success I have had is due more to my appeal to the human side, or the appeal of the story. I don't know." He drummed on the table, shaking his head as though he had just thought of it for the first time. "Certainly, I must have appealed to the human side of the editor of the Sun, which I first met out of the snow on the night before Christmas with a hundred dollars in my pocket—more human than useful! I've always written about people rather than places—people at the height or depth of human achievement or failure. I had known Warden Lawes of Sing Sing for years because I had been going up to the Big House. It was my 'Inside Story' as well as his, that we broadcast together.

"Always the human side and both fortune and misfortune seemed to favor me. Luck was with me when I happened to be at the side of my great hero—Theodore Roosevelt—on the night of his attempted assassination in Milwaukee. T. R. had just stepped into his open car when a crazy-eyed crank leaped from the crowd and fired a pistol into his breast. I remember that Colonel Roosevelt clutch ed his hand to his breast and that hand came away red. The next thing I remember was when the Colonel walked out on to the platform of the Auditorium and faced 15,000 people who sat in absolute silence as if afraid to draw a breath. None of us knew whether the ex-President had another hour to live! That was one of highest spots in all my adventures in human interest. Many years later, I stood beside another President Roosevelt and broadcast his inauguration from the portico of the White House. Again, I sat beside another great man in Rome and he, too, displayed his human side. Mussolini! In my opinion, there is no great, outstanding figure in the world today, except Mussolini."

"I usually have a lunch in every new story, and I follow it. While I believe in Chance, I also carefully watch my step, because I am a storehouse of fundamental human weaknesses. I throw spit salt over my left shoulder. I won't light a third cigarette from one match. I knock wood according to tradition. I believe in a psyclic sense that enables me to wake up at a given time without aid of an alarm clock. I always play lunches! Hundreds of times they have developed news stories for me, won bets at the race-track and empowered the right judgment of strangers. I have succeeded or erred always on the human side. My first assignment in New York was a theatre fire and I got my raise overnight by writing a human story of the terrified crowd filing out to the music of The Star Spangled Banner. My next important assignment was the Slocum disaster, the greatest tragedy of the era. I toured the country with President Wilson, then batting to his death again the hostile sentiment that had risen against him—and that finally killed him.

"But I haven't told you what I really like to do best—to fish! Ever since I could walk, barefoot, to the brook near Aurora, I've been going fishing. Trout! I like to follow a stream. That's my real hobby—that and my home. Who would I want to be, if I was somebody else?"
went right on without pausing: "My wife's second husband," he said.

Listening over the radio to his glorious voice, we had failed to take into account the ingredients that must have gone into the shaping of a human being capable of uttering such human sentiments. We shall always think of him as a barefoot Hoosier boy who had taken over the woods ever since he could walk and then came to be—as President Theodore Roosevelt inscribed his picture hanging in the office upstairs:

"Edwin C. Hill, of my Unofficial Cabinet, from his friend Theodore Roosevelt."

Finally, giving us glimpses of type a living reality with an eloquence equal to the richness of his experience and inspiration, on the radio.

When he shook our hand goodbye, this time it was warm with the thrilling heart of the expiring stamp because it was a human part. We had been communicating for the past half hour with the real Ed Hill, originally from Aurora, Indiana.

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**KEEP YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL**

(Continued from page 9)

for Application, an old-foogy word, it is true (sounds a little like Papa Barbour), but still a good one. Oftentimes mothers are indulgent, yes, even lazy, where the beauty-grooming of impatient young daughters is concerned. Yet it is the everyday application of these things that lays the foundation for the future. Tooth-brushing is a habit pretty thoroughly ingrained in home teaching. But hairbrushing is sort of "slid over," and sometimes shampoos are, too. In the beauty alphabet, B should stand for Brushing, and C for Cleanliness.

Of course, small daughters have a way of fussing over having tangly hair brushed and they sometimes show a none-too-fool attitude toward soap and water. But pride in self is the best wedge for overcoming these obstacles. For shampoos, one every two weeks is not in order. Young scalps must be kept clean and healthy. I know just the shampoo to recommend for tender young heads; it keeps the scalp hygienically clean, the hair soft and shining. It is soluble in hard or soft water, so you never have to worry about it. They resist due to their own silky hair. Gold medals have been awarded it; mothers swear by it and you’ll want the name of it.

And you want your daughter to have curly hair, too? Well, you can’t make straight hair into the curly top of a Joan Barbour or Joan Wilson (aren’t they adorable?), but you can encourage curliness in hair that has any tendency toward natural waviness. Finger-waving and finger-curling the hair while it is still damp after a shampoo is one way; brushing the hair and making brush curls is another; and yet another is "doing up" the hair in the coil or rubber type curlers which are even comfortable for little heads to sleep on. When little curly top has become a very grown-up young person, maybe she gets a new dressing-table for her birthday. I am often asked what cosmetics young girls of the ‘teen age should use. Well, first of all, they should concentrate on soap and water, not on creams. Cosmetics for a young girl’s dressing-table should include a good light powder, a hand lotion and a creamy lipstick, natural or colorless in shade. There is one famous lipstick which will satisfy both mother’s anxiety to have her daughter “look natural,” and her daughter’s desire to use lipstick, like the rest of the kids. I am in favor of daughter using lipstick, “if the other kids do it.” Don’t fuss too much if daughter gets a spell of imagining her- self to be a Grete Garbo, and applies her make-up accordingly. She will come out of it and an understanding attitude may help her more quickly to decide to become a winsome Janet Gaynor instead.

Adolescent acne should be treated at once; don’t let your daughter suffer—take her to a physician or skin specialist for a diagnosis. Treatments and let her know cleanliness and diet are always helpful; these are covered in my acne bulletin which I shall be only too happy to send you.

There is grand opportunity for companionship between mothers and their teen-age daughters. And one thing that mothers should understand is that their daughters want to be proud of them; mothers who are young and pretty and smart are a source of great pride. Keeping young with your children is your post important responsibility. In fact, of course, it isn’t just a responsibility toward your children, but also toward yourself and your husband. Young mothers often make the mistake of getting mother-complexes; they let themselves go. They dress up and put on “an evening face” for their husband’s return from the office at night.

It is true that some women seem born with the gift of keeping young. But it is a gift that can be cultivated, I assure you. Lovely Kathleen Wilson, who plays the part of Grace Cushing in Tenney’s Family, has a curly-headed daughter in real life as in radio life and is a shining example of young motherhood.

If you are a young mother of just-over thirty and you have been concerned with embroiderying little Mary’s dresses, or whipping up a perfect chocolate souffle, more than you have been with keeping a young face, a good skin cream always is a good start towards “facing” in the right direction. Stroke on the cream with a soft towel, and you have a face pinkly-fresh for the make-up box.

If you come in the over-thirty, young-mother classification, you will want to work out a definite program for keeping young. Women over thirty need to revise their diets; to be satisfied with balanced rations of less fattening foods. Extra pounds add years to the figure.

Some women eat sensibly and yet find

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**Dr. Scholl’s Zino-pads**

**BECOME AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT**

Accountants are needed every day in almost every line of work. Almost three million people now do accounting work in this country. Thousands of young people are now being trained as accountants. Many of these young people are from large families, and they do not have the time or opportunity to get a college education. Hence, they choose to learn the art of bookkeeping and accounting through a correspondence school.

There are many correspondence schools in the United States, and each one has its own method of teaching. Some schools require that you study at home and send in your work at regular intervals. Others require that you attend a local school and take your courses there. In either case, you will be given the opportunity to learn the principles of accounting and to practice your knowledge on real-life problems.

The most important thing about being an accountant is that you be accurate in your work. You must be able to do your job quickly and efficiently, and you must be able to explain your work to others in a clear and concise manner.

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**Remove YOUR CORNS**

Feet are easily infected. So don’t accept any treatment unless you know it is medically safe. Above all don’t cut your corns or callouses or use caustic liquids or plaster. Be safe and sure, remove them with Dr. Scholl’s Zino-pads and the separate Medicated Dusts, included in every box. Pain is instantly relieved and in a short time your corns or callouses will grow right out! These soothing, healing pads stop nagging shoe pressure; prevent sore toes and blister.

Made in sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Soft Corns between toes. Sold everywhere.

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**Here’s Margaret McCreary, the lassie from Laurens, South Carolina, whose voice you hear on the CBS Your Hit Parade and Sweepstakes program.**

Margaret started out to be a school teacher, but after five months of it, changed her mind in favor of radio.
that fat nevertheless will settle "in all the wrong spots!" If you're in this class, you will want to work out a plan of exercise. Perhaps you can join the gym, or while summer is still here, go swimming with the kids. You may not need much exercise. A long roll on the floor, with hands high above your head, from one end of the room to the other, may be enough to massage away ugly hip fat. A few minutes of practicing correct posture before the mirror every day and a conscientious effort to maintain that posture all day, may be enough to accomplish wonders for you in the way of a youthful carriage. Even some young people have old postures.

Keep young in your activities. It is unfortunate that the only play outlet of so many young women is bridge. If you really want to keep young, cultivate one active sport. There is nothing to preserve youth in playing bridge in a stuffy room—and probably smoking cigarettes or nibbling candy all the while.

Keep your chin young, with deep breathing exercises, a few simple neck exercises (mostly consisting of stretching) and massage, patting and slapping. Keep your feet young. You know that when your feet are tired and sore from ill-fitting shoes your whole body becomes tired and you simply can't feel young. Keep your feet well-shod but comfortable. If you have foot troubles, you can't afford to neglect them. Go to a podiatrist who specializes in just those troubles. And never, never wear rundown shoes around the house.

Keep young in spirit. Never lose your sense of adventure in make-up or clothes. Have your hair thinned and keep it sleek and well-groomed. Let the term "settling down" be a red flag to you all your life.

Keep your hands young. Busy mother hands so often get old before their time. Safeguard them with gloves while you are doing your housework and keep them on a lavish diet of creams and lotions. I have found a brand new hand and skin lotion which is a quick-as-a-flash beautifier. It's a lovely fragrant gold liquid, and it is worth its weight in gold for keeping hands young. Just a few drops smoothed into the skin are quickly absorbed, leaving the skin soft and supple, and best of all, non-sticky. When you're dashing madly to an appointment, after a session with the dishwasher, you still can have time to apply a dash of this lotion and it will be thoroughly absorbed into your eager skin before you're ready to put on your brand new gloves. To encourage you in your "keeping young" program, I am making you a free gift sample offer of this lotion. You'll love it...

Mary Biddle
RADIO STARS
149 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Please send me your gift sample of New Hand and Skin Lotion.

Name:

Address:

(Personal questions are always taken care of by personal replies. Please include stamped addressed envelope.)

IS IT DRY AND SCALY?

Here's a Face Cream that Lubricates as It Cleanses

By Lady Esther

Maybe you are a victim of dry skin? About 7 out of 10 women today are. Dry skin is due to several things. One is the outdoor life we lead compared to our mothers’ time. We spend more time in the open. Exposure to weather—to sun and wind—tend to take the natural oils out of the skin and make it dry and withered. Our reducing diets, too, are a cause of dry skin. To keep slender, we leave fats out of our diets. This cuts down the oil supply of the skin and tends to make it dry.

A Dry Skin is an Old Skin

A dry skin is an old skin. It looks weathered and wrinkled. It looks faded. A dry skin also fails to take make-up well. It makes powder show up plainly. It makes rouge look harsh and artificial. If your skin is at all inclined to be dry it would be well for you to look into your cleansing methods, you must avoid anything that tends to dry the skin or irritate it. You must be sure to use gentle, soothing measures.

First, a Penetrating Cream

Lady Esther Face Cream is an excellent corrective of dry skin. For, as this cream cleanses the skin, it also lubricates it.

The first thing Lady Esther Face Cream does is to cleanse your skin thoroughly. It is a penetrating face cream. It actually penetrates the pores, but gently and soothingly. Entering the pores, without rubbing, it goes to work on the imbedded waxy matter there. It loosens the hardened grime—dissolves it—and makes it easily removable. When you have cleansed your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream, you see it—you can feel it. Your skin instantly appears clearer and whiter. It feels clean—tingles with new life and freshness.

But, Lady Esther Face Cream also lubricates the skin. It resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin velvety soft and smooth. This lubrication and freshening of the skin keeps it young-looking. It wards off lines and wrinkles. It gives it smoothness—permits it to take make-up better.

In every way you will improve the condition of your skin with the use of Lady Esther Face Cream. More than eight million women can testify to that.

See With Your Own Eyes

Feel With Your Own Fingers!

Suppose you try Lady Esther Face Cream and see with your own eyes—and feel with your own fingers—what it will do for your skin.

I am perfectly willing that you make the test at my expense. Just send your name and address and by return mail you will receive a 7-days’ supply of Lady Esther Face Cream postage paid and free. Use this cream as the directions tell you. Notice the dirt it gets out of your skin you never thought was there. Mark how the pores reduce themselves when relieved of their clogging burden.

Note, too, how delicately it lubricates your skin and how freshly soft and smooth it keeps it. A trial will prove convincing.

Mail the coupon today for your 7-days’ supply of cream. With the cream I shall also send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.)

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

(25)

FREE

Lady Esther, 111 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail your seven-days’ supply of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

Name:

Address:

City

State

RADIO STARS

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.)

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

(25)
WHERE THERE’S HOPE, THERE’S LIFE!

(Continued from page 45)

looking scared an at dancing thought own hurry few small could 100% the my job clowned was month stuck while. friend, Sidewalks church

It all takes Blossom's name.

MADE IN FLORIDA 'MIDST THE FRAGRANT ORANGE GROVES'

Sold at all 10c stores. BO-KAY, Jacksonville, Fla.

Make Money Every Week Selling STAMPED GOODS


Wake up your liver bile—without calomel.

And you'll jump out of bed in the morning Rarin' to go.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays. Gas builds up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

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

© 1937, C. M. Co.

a parachute jumper, sailed out of a second story window, found on an opened umbrella and landed in the front yard with two sprained ankles. After a month in bed he gave up his daredevil ambitions and that was the last of that.

"I used to be a boy soprano," he told me, laughing. "I loved nothing better than to stand on a church, pole, and sing a solo. When I was twelve the Cleveland Tigers, a professional football team, made me their mascot; they'd carry me with them on the train when they traveled. Up and down the cars singing jazz songs for tips.

"Usually," he added, "I'd arrive home with more money in my pockets than the ball players. I seemed to have a sixth sense for spotting the best cash customers!"

He claimed he had a forty-dollar-a-month room at Western Reserve University and stayed one year. He might have remained long enough to graduate if he hadn't found so many other things that he liked better than freshman Greek and analytics—track, basketball, football and especially dramatics. He got a bigger bang out of acting and singing in campus plays and musicals than from anything else. He took tap and soft-shoe dancing for six months, learned all the teacher could teach him, organized his own dancing-school, turned sixty-two pupils and conducted it all night when he was supposed to be writing themes and doing parallel reading in the library. It isn't surprising that when June rolled around Bob and Western Reserve parted company—and that was just what he wanted because he'd hanged a job with a stock company at the Bandbox Theatre in Cleveland.

Bob stayed at the Bandbox ten months, playing the hero in everything the company produced. He made amateur love to the heroine, sang ballads to the heroines, even broke into a buck-and-wing when the script called for it. And he did it all so successfully that RKO nabbed him for one of its vaudeville units and kept him touring coast to coast for the next four years as a sort of versatile song-and-dance man, a handsome young fellow who could fit into any act in a hurry and play any part.

In 1927 he got a minor role doing one number in Sidewalks of New York, at the old Knickerbocker Theatre, but when the show closed he couldn't find anything else on Broadway. So he and a friend, George Byrne, worked up a comedy-dancing act and went back on the road together doing one and two-night stands, which is death to the soul of any vaudeville lieutenant who ever has known the thrill of playing on the Great White Way.

They used to talk while they danced—just ad-libbing, silly patter, anything they thought of on the spot sounded goofy. Sometimes they got a few laughs but the fact that he had the makings of a comedian never entered Bob's head until the night a pit musician in Peoria spoke to him after the show.

"Look, guy," he said, "you ought not to be doing a dancing double. You ought to work up a single act—straight comedy. You're funny as heck, most of the time."

That gave Bob an idea. So when Byrnes and Hope laid off for a month's vacation before starting a western tour, he hopped a train for Chicago instead of going home for the visit he'd planned. He sat down in a hotel room and wrote out every gag he could remember that had ever got a laugh, memorized them, worked them into shape for a two-month act, for twenty-five dollars a week.

"I was determined to find out whether I could be a comedian or not," he reminisced. "So I made the rounds of the dinky theatres in and near Chicago and offered to do my act, one performance, out was that they'd pay me twenty-five dollars a week. I got four bucks a show, never more than ten, but I lined up twenty-odd bookings in straight succession. I wanted to 'break in' my routine, try it out on different audiences. Every night I'd come back to my room and strike out the lines that had fallen flat and substitute something else to try again the next night. At the end of three weeks I thought my material was so sure-fire that I wired Byrnes that I was going to do a single and began peddling my stuff to first-night-time booking agents."

"Believe me, I peddled, too, and got nowhere fast! I stank around Chicago till my landlady locked up my suitcases and I didn't have two nickels to rub together. Finally I took a job, dancing again, and was offered another twenty-five-dollar act, for twenty-five dollars a week. It was an awful comedown because, with Byrnes, I'd been making three hundred. I decided then and there that the pit fiddler in Peoria had given me a bum steer."

Three years later a revue called Balloshyn of 1923 was casting in New York. A friend of Bob's, who was helping to stage it, offered him a small sing-dancy part in the third act and Bob took it just to come in off the road for a while. The night the show was scheduled to open in Newark was a pretty terrible one—the producers were having money trouble, the cast hadn't got their salaries, it was forty minutes past curtain time and half the scenery and costumes hadn't arrived. The whole works was in a stew and a huff and the audience outside was furiously tired of waiting. The company manager begged one of the principals to go out and entertain the house a while. Only Bob Hope volunteered.

"I walked on the stage," he said to me, "and prayed to high heaven I could remember the one long gag I knew from my days in Chicago. I knew I had a swell chance to make or break myself that night and it scared me so I stood stock still behind the footlights and couldn't think of one single gag! So I just started talking. I kidded the audience about having to wait. I kidded the people in the cast. I clownered around a little and gabbed and said any-
thing that popped into my head."

The audience loved it. Bob Hope got the ovation of the evening. Four times he was clapped back and when the curtain finally rose at ten-thirty he already had become the star of the show! He had been hilariously funny for an hour and a half without one single line of prepared material. Rallyboo opened on Broadway a week later with BOB HOPE in tall electricity; they've stayed there ever since. Roberta, Say When and this season's Ziegfeld Follies are only a part of his achievements.

When he was invited to make a guest appearance on The Atlantic Family program with Frank Parker last fall, Bob again was scared stiff. He'd never done any radio work excepting a spot on the Rudy Vallee show but he took the offer and made such a hit he has been kept on in a starring capacity ever since.

Thus the birth of another microphone comedian. "And it's without a doubt the toughest job I ever tackled," to quote the comedian himself. "In show business you can use the same funny stuff for months, even years. But try to be funny once a week for radio! Lady, I'm already getting gray hair!"

Bob has three writers who work for him. Early on Monday mornings they bring the prepared script to his apartment and the four of them go over it together. Sometimes it's swell and sometimes it isn't, and when it isn't they often stay up all night Monday and Tuesday trying to re-write it. They dig into the Hope collection of eighty thousand jokes for ideas, they try to rehash old material, to think up new stuff. By Wednesday morning the sponsor must have a copy of the script. By Wednesday night he OK's it or doesn't OK it. If he doesn't, Bob and his writers have got to work all day and night Thursday rewriting it again. Friday it's rehearsed and changed and shaped up. Saturday it's rehearsed some more. Saturday night it goes on the air and Monday the whole procedure starts over again!

Whenever Bob has a scrap of leisure you can always find him in one of three places—in a fishing spot on Long Island Sound, reeling off at Flushings Old Country Club, where he was golf champion last year, or across the street from his apartment riding "Black Sally" in the park. The petite, pretty brunette who invariably rides beside him is blues-singer Dolores Read who changed her name to Mrs. Robert Hope two years ago down in Florida. It seems that Bob went to Miami for a rest after Roberta and found Dolores in front of the band at the swank Embassy Club. It was love practically pronto. They were married a few weeks later and they're a couple of the happiest folks together you ever saw. Dolores is sweet and pretty and witty and looks a lot like Myrna Loy. She's become one of the most popular hostesses among the air crowd; if you're invited to one of the famous Saturday night parties she gives for her bridge-friend hubby, you've received as coveted an invitation as there is to be had in radio.

The nicest thing about the Hopes is that you seldom see Mr. without Mrs. and vice versa. Dolores sits in on all of Bob's writing and rehearsing spells and reads lines and offers suggestions and sees that he doesn't forget to eat his lunch. Occasionally she and Bob and Honey Chile play some vaudeville or a night club together, with Bob and Honey Chile handling the comedy and Dolores singing and wearing very lovely gowns and dancing a cute boy-and-girl soft-shoe routine with her lanky young husband.

"I just don't know what I'd do without her, that's all," Bob told me; which is about the nicest thing a man can say of the girl he has married.

"I'll have to say this, though—that people usually credit too much or too little the writers who prepare the material for air comics. I think it's about fifty-fifty between the authors and the fellow who gets the laughs. A sure-fire joke or "piece of business," as we call it, can be handled so poorly that it isn't funny at all and a bum gag can be handled expertly that it sounds funnier than it really is. Of course I collaborate on the writing of my material but I give my writers full credit for helping me to get along; they work like Trojans, especially when we've got only a night or two to change a whole program and consequently we're working under pressure. You have to be relaxed to write comedy, you have to be free and easy and have time enough to get yourself into a sort of goofy mood."

"And let me tell you—when your bread and butter depends precisely on how many laughs you can get from an audience, it's harder than ever, somehow, to get those laughs! My advice to all aspiring comedians is: Take up ditch-digging or selling insurance or anything but funny business—they're easier on the nerves!"

ANOTHER ROMANCE HEADED FOR THE ROCKS, UNTIL...

EVERYONE SAID JOHN AND I WEARED FOR EACH OTHER. MY WHOLE LIFE REVOLVED ABOUT HIM. I LOOKED FORWARD TO THE DAY HE'D PROPOSE.

AND THEN FOR NO APPARENT REASON HE BEGAN TO DRIFT AWAY.. I EVEN SAW HIM OUT WITH OTHER GIRLS.

FINALLY! BROKE DOWN AND TOLD MY AUNT ABOUT IT. SHE SYMPATHIZED BUT TOLD ME, KINDLY, I SHOULD BE MORE CAREFUL ABOUT "BOY... THAT I SHOULD USE LIFEBOUY.

I TOOK AUNTI'S ADVICE NEXT TIME I SAW JOHN HE WASN'T AS "STAND-OFFISH" AND NOW I'M SO HAPPY I COULD SHOUT: WE'RE TO BE MARRIED NEXT MONTH. LIFEBOUY IS MY SOAP FOREVER!

T'S DONE WONDERS FOR MY COMPLEXION, TOO.

LIFEBOUY IS MILD AND GIVES MORE REAL VALUE THAN ANY OTHER SOAP I KNOW.

YEAH! Lifebuoy is milder! A special ingredient in its luxurious lather is responsible for its super-gentle action. "Parch" tears on the skins of hundreds of women prove it's more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

And yes—again! That "special ingredient" is the same ingredient that keeps you safer from "B. O."—penetrates deep into your pores to purify, to deodorize. And it keeps you safe, cool, fresh—even in torrid weather. Start today to make Lifebuoy a habit!

Approved by God Hospital Bureaus
RADIO STARS

GETTING RICH IN RADIO

(Continued from page 50)

deliberate. A single-straight- 
hatched plaid tie, his shirt sleeves 
feet, roll below the elbow. Sallow 
deep circles under his eyes.

Ted looks about the same as usual. Gray 
tweed, a vivid plaid tie, his shirt sleeves 
and YOUR lips will en-
tire, hold, conquer. Nothing 
more exciting than the tan-
ning, blood-stirring smell of 
HOLLYWOOD MASK LIP-
STICK. Nothing so sure to 
make your lips irresistibly kissable! And no wonder! 
HOLLYWOOD MASK LIPSTICK is made by the 
same secret formula as the private brand of lipstick 
used by many famous Hollywood movie stars. Get 
yours today. Light—Medium—Dark—Raspberry.

HOLLYWOOD MASK
LIPSTICK
10c, 55c, $1

HOLLYWOOD MASK, INC., 160 W. Monroe St., Chicago, III.
Please send stick of HOLLYWOOD MASK LIP-
STICK. I enclose 10c to cover packaging & mailing.
Name .
Address .

HOLLYWOOD MASK LIPSTICK at 5 and 10c Stores, Drug and Department Stores.

Do You Yearn To Be
GLAMOROUS... SEDUCTIVE?

THEN here with your lips! 
Give them the glowing red of 
smouldering inner fires. The 
witchery of a luminous, youth-
ful pout... the intrigue of 
smouldering, voluptuous curves... and YOUR lips will en-
tire, hold, conquer! Nothing 
more exciting than the tan-
ning, blood-stirring smell of 
HOLLYWOOD MASK LIP-
STICK. Nothing so sure to 
make your lips irresistibly kissable! And no wonder! 
HOLLYWOOD MASK LIPSTICK is made by the 
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STICK. I enclose 10c to cover packaging & mailing.
Name .
Address .

HOLLYWOOD MASK LIPSTICK at 5 and 10c Stores, Drug and Department Stores.

That's why some fall off the pinnacle. 
"Oddly I didn't work, anyway. I took a leave of 
absence those years and it was hard to 
turn down some of the offers I got. But I 
figured I'd be smarter than the others. 
I figured that if I waited I could make as 
much money a dozen times over, whenever 
I got ready to branch into money-making 
ventures. I didn't think getting experience. I decided 
I'd entrench myself in radio, I'd learn ten 
years' worth of everything there is to 
learn about my type of work, I'd get 
such a foothold in this business that I 
could commercialize my background and 
sail along on it for a while. I'd take 
every opportunity that came my way and 
work my shirt off and take a chance that 
I'd last long enough to collect my reward 
in the end.

"And if I never collected it, if something 
happened to wash me up before I could 
try to make, I should just lose 
my tool luck. I was willing to gamble 
on the future.

"That's what I was doing those ten 
years. When they were over I went to 
Columbia and said: 'Gentlemen, from now 
on I'd like to be free-lance.' That's all there 
was to it. That was the day I started 
getting rich in radio."

Ted's a shrewd business manager for 
himself and he's made some amazing 
amounts of money. I consider my ser-
tices worth, at the least, a certain amount
—I'd rather not say how much on ac-
count of the income tax boys but I can 
tell you it's plenty high—and all above 
that amount I can get."

"Mr. Husing goes to the highest-bidding 
sponsor and if one doesn't pay, there's always another who 
will. He knows that and commercializes 
on it. "I never dicker or bargain," he 
says, "I state my price and get it, or else."

For his sports broadcasts he is paid a 
far retainer fee by CBS and his agree-
ment with them allows him more freedom 
in his work than any other announcer on 
the air today. "If I can't work without 
a check-rein, I won't work at all. I in-
sisted on and got three important words 
in my contract—by mutual consent—and 
they reliever me of handling any broadcast 
I have a good reason for not handling. 
For instance, I refused to have anything 
to do with the Lindbergh kidnaping be-
cause I knew from the first minute I heard of it that the whole thing was a 
mess. Although," he added, "although the Lindbergh case made Bosley Carter.

The biggest check he ever got for the 
least amount of work was something like 
eight thousand for a brief spell at the 
opening of the World's Fair in Chicago. 
He took his long radio experience, 
rich in advertising and interest, and decided to 
commercialize on it by presenting it to the 
reading public. "I didn't know 
whether I could write a book successfully 
or not, but I figured that I could talk 
and I ought to be able to get talk on 
paper. It turned out to be a cinch. I just 
sat down and reminisced out loud to a 
stenographer." Ten Years Before The 
Mike has sold into hundreds of thousands 
of copies.
By now you’ve doubtlessly got the idea that Ted is pretty cocky about his earning power. You’re right. I think he’s justly so—and you’d have to know him to understand this—it’s not bragadocio on his part—one-tenth as much as it is just plain honesty. Take any youngster with as little to make good on as Ted had—born over a Bronx saloon, slight education, a down-at-the-heel furniture salesman auditioning for an announcing job on WJZ back in 1924—and put him through the sheer labor and competition and long years and obstacles Ted’s been up against, and if he came out of it with a meek-as-Moses attitude about success you’d know it was a phoney.

Ted doesn’t bother with phoneyisms. He started on nothing and determined to make good and he did make good and he’s proud of it. This is his night to howl and he’s doing it and the people who know the kind of honest hard-working guy he is forgive him for it. Even if his attitude is sometimes a little boring, it’s still a pleasant relief from the common garden variety of stars who will orate to you for hours on how they’re giving their all just to make life a little more enjoyable for the listening public. You know that’s a big one. You know they’re in radio for the same reason Ted frankly admits he is—and the same reason you yourself do the job you do—mainly for the enjoyment and reward you get out of it.

It’s a pity that Ted’s honesty, usually mislabeled conceit, has played the prominent part it has in the stories of his rise to the highest-paid announcer on the air. On the one hand there is the colorful moving tale of a twenty-one-year-old boy, unemployed, unprepared for any definite career, with a new bride to support. On a summer day when the sun beat fiercely upon New York’s streets he walked all the way from Brooklyn to midtown Manhattan to answer an advertisement in a newspaper, that called for radio announcers. He got the job, held it a while, lost it. Again he was broke, hanging around the studios, trying his best to place himself again in an industry that had got into his blood. Finally he was appointed assistant to Major J. Andrew White, veteran CBS sports announcer, as a second-string substitute on sustaining programs. By applying himself heart and soul to his work, by making a big job of every slight opportunity that came his way, he arrived. All through the years he concentrated on work, not on fame and money. He watched the others with their yachts and penthouses and trust funds, played a long shot on getting his own reward. It came at a time when his heart was grieved.

On the other hand there is the colorful tale of the famed Husing conceit and ruthlessness—and this is the story that overshadows the real one. Somehow people don’t remember the real facts of his long tough climb. They remember instead the unusual and not so complimentary incidents of Ted’s career that have made choice news—the time he called a Harvard football player’s game “putrid” and was banned from all broadcasting from the school stadium. The time the baseball league refused to allow him to broadcast its games because of his tendency to “umpire” at the mike. The times he has come

Women ask me:

"WHAT DOES KOTEX OFFER THAT OTHERS DON’T?"

The answer is: These exclusive Kotex features that Can’t Chafe . . . Can’t Fall . . . Can’t Show!

Mary Pauline Callender
Authority on Feminine Hygiene

KOTEX CAN’T CHAFE

The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, dainty cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is free to absorb.

KOTEX CAN’T FAIL

Kotex has a special “Equalizer” center whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives “body” but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 TIMES more absorbent than cotton.

KOTEX CAN’T SHOW

The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no telltale wrinkles.

3 TYPES OF KOTEX
ALL AT SAME LOW PRICE
1. REGULAR—IN THE BLUE BOX—For the ordinary needs of most women.
2. JUNIOR—IN THE GREEN BOX—Somewhat narrower—when less protection is needed.
3. SUPER—IN THE BROWN BOX—Extra layers give extra protection, yet it is no longer or wider than Regular.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX
A SANITARY NAPKIN
made from Cellulocotton (not cotton)
RAW TEXT

Because it's Creamy PINAUD's SIX-TWELVE is the Mascara that gives eyelashes Natural-Looking Beauty

This creamy mascara does away with the artificial look given by old-fashioned cake mascaras. Colors: SIX: black, brown, blue and green. Choose one to match eyes; others to match costumes...It's French.

THE HOUSE OF PINAUD PARIS

Freckles

Banish those embarrassing freckles quickly in the privacy of your room. Your friends will wonder how you did it. Stillman's Freckle Cream removes them while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft, 50c smooth, and clear. a jar

Stillman Co., Aurora, Ill. Dept. 12

IT MIGHT BE YOUR HOME

(Continued from page 47)

on facial expression. We make gestures!" He chuckled again. "That's one reason we don't like a studio audience, because while our gestures help us in playing our parts, help us merge ourselves in these characters, they'd just look silly to an audience. We depend entirely on our voices to convince our listeners...That's what I mean by its being an asset, actually, not to have had too much theatrical experience.

"As to this program," he continued, "I love it—I live it—breathe it! In fact, most of my friends, even old friends I knew long before I went into radio, call me Vic!"

"We are all very fond of these people," Bernardine added. "We've grown into the program; feel it is a part of us. And in this sort of program, it is the naturalness, the sincerity that's important, isn't it? The audience must be aware of any conscious effort—our attack has to be natural.

"We read over the manuscript, which we don't get until the morning of the broadcast," Vic continued, "and rehearse it once, timing it, cutting it if necessary, but we don't want to over-rehearse. We try to keep it light, unforced, so as not to lose the spontaneity..."

"But if you had no stage experience," I asked, "how did you happen to get into radio?"

"As a boy, I was always anxious to go on the stage," Vic admitted. "I'd imitate different people—everybody came in contact with—an Irish policeman, an Italian vegetable man. In that way I learned various dialects—I do eight of them, you know. And I did get a chance in vaudeville, but my mother was heartbroken and I gave it up.

"I spent seventeen years in the advertising business," he went on. "But of course I was still interested in theatrical things. I gave a number of amateur shows, some for my lodge, for instance. And when, finally, the advertising business started going down hill, I began to think of radio. I had an audition and found that my voice was good and played a few parts. I was selling pure-bred livestock magazines at the time, but in the depression years when the livestock business began to go bad, there was less and less demand for the magazines. And as the business went out, I became more and more interested in radio. I've been on the air now for seven years."

Bernardine admitted, "My father would have been broken-hearted if I hadn't gone on the stage!"
Bernardine studied and took part in dramatics in school and college and did so well that when Zona Gale, the famous Wisconsin authoress, saw her in a college play, she recommended her for a part in Brock Pemberton's Seven-Year Love. After that, Bernardine spent several eventful months in New York.

"I got a lot of good experience," she commented, "but that was about all. It was the time of the stock market crash and plays were folding almost as soon as they opened. I understudied Muriel Kirkland in Strictly Dishonorable, but never got a chance to play in it. And I had a part in Joseph, with George Jessel, but the producer didn't like my mid-western accent! But I met a lot of fine people and the training was excellent. It was time well spent, but I felt there wasn't any real opportunity there for me then and I decided I might have a better chance in Chicago—not so much competition!"

An opportunity presented itself almost immediately. She auditioned at NBC and won a part and has been in radio ever since—ten years now.

"I did some ingenues at first," she explained in her quiet, self-effacing way, "and did them very badly!"

I can't help doubting that, but her candor, her lack of vanity, is certainly refreshing!

Incidentally, she was at that time responsible for the radio début of Don Ameche, whom she had known during college days, and who has since been so successful in radio and in the movies. As for Rush's introduction to radio—I looked across the table at which we four were sitting, at the nice-looking boy opposite me. Bernardine looked at him, too, and smiled tenderly.

"Not very p'r'lyAC, she murmured, "but awfully s-m-u-r-f-y!"

They all laughed at the familiar joke and Billy Idolson, who has been Rush from the beginning, explained shyly, while his fingers toyed with some paper matches: "I've been in radio since I was ten—Stuyvesant was one of my first parts."

"He used to read the comics," Bernardine interposed and Vic added: "He won out in an audition over a hundred picked kids. He happened to hear his sister mention the audition and begged and pleaded with tears in his eyes to be allowed to try—"

"It wasn't quite like that," Billy demurred. "My sister called me out of school—and I was glad of any excuse to get the day off!" He laughed. "I hated radio, but I had two auditions and—I don't want to brag, but I won them both. My first was for Lum and Abner."

Billy's sister, Mary Castle, was connected with radio and very much interested in her younger brother's career, in spite of his indifference. "I owe everything to my sister," Billy admitted, "but the first program I ever enjoyed was Vic and Sady."

"I suggested you for this program myself," Vic reminded him, "and no one else was even considered for the part."

Billy is a dark-haired, dark-eyed boy of fifteen, very earnest and completely unspoiled. He lives in a suburb of Chicago and raises cocker spaniels. "I built kennels for them myself," he vouchedsafed eagerly.

"You can imagine what they look like," Vic ribbed him genially.

Billy grinned. "I've had lots of compliments on them—they're not so bad!"

Like every other boy, Billy's favorite sport is fishing. When I met him, he was...
Fingernails, too TELL A STORY

Gracious, tapering fingernails tell a story, too. Whether you're careless or careful about the little things. For well-groomed fingernails do reflect one's charm. Be certain, then, to keep them always well manicured. It's so easy with Wigder Files. Wigder Nail Files are especially Triple Cut with even, fast-cutting teeth for smooth and fast-filing so as not to jar the nails. The Improved Cleaner Point, A Wigder feature, conforms to the fingernails and enables you to clean easily and quickly. On sale at all drug and 5 and 10 cent stores.

Wigder quality costs no more.
times he sang it, it wasn't make believe.

One day Julia Sanderson stopped laughing at Frank's foolishness. After all, when a girl has fallen in love with a man she begins thinking of his future.

"You've got to work so hard to get anywhere in the theatre," she explained to me. "And Frank wasn't taking it seriously at all. Making records was his business, he used to tell us, and the stage just a side line, just a way of having fun.

"It worried me and one day I asked the manager if he couldn't find some way of talking sense into Frank. So he got him over to the side of the stage during a rehearsal. 'Listen,' he said. 'You've got to realize you've got a long way to go to top Sanderson. A leading man has to dominate a woman star to make a play convincing. If you keep on the way you're going, the whole thing'll fall flat.'

"That turned the trick." Julia's eyes sparkled as she made a little face at her husband, the way a well loved woman will when she is telling tales out of school.

"After that Frank was going to dominate if it killed him and it was a very serious young man who showed up at the next rehearsal."

It wasn't long before they became engaged. Before they began driving up to Julia's home in Springfield, after the Saturday night performance, to spend Sunday with her parents.

On one of those week-ends Frank saw a house. The kind of house that he had to have. A house you could have fun in. Big enough to hold laughter and love and friendliness. Lovely enough even for Julia.

He bought it, of course, and then came the joy of getting things for it. Comfortable English lounging chairs and sofas, French provincial tables and cupboards. Charming pieces of old glass and pottery and rugs and lamps. The sort of furnishings that are bought lovingly and individually and that no more fit into a set pattern than the Crumits themselves.

They were going to be married in the fall in the old church at Springfield that Julia had been attending since she was a child and on the first day in July they had nothing more important on their minds than buying kitchen things.

Julia's parents, who were getting as much excitement out of the house as they were, crowded into Frank's roadster with them and they started down to the shopping centre.

They had had fun buying all those lovely, charming things. But this was different. Closer to their hearts somehow. Egg beaters and cake tins and roasting pans, copper pots and kettles and long handled wooden spoons. Cannisters and kitchen towels and dish rags and a broom. Funny how these things can be to two people in love. How much the heart of a home they really are.

Afterward they all crowded into the roadster again, with Julia's father in the rumble seat, holding the broom in his hand and a dish pan on his lap and all the other bundles packed so tightly around him he couldn't move and so they started for home again.

Only they didn't drive directly home. Frank whispered something to Julia and she whispered something to her mother and then they all turned and shouted something to her father in the rumble seat. And then they all laughed and wondered why they hadn't thought of it before.

And so instead of going home they stopped at the church and Frank picked a bouquet for Julia from the rectory garden and they were married.

That was nine years ago and the Crumits have kept right on being happier and more romantic and thrilling than old married folks like them have a right to be. How could it be different? They give so much to life that Life has nothing to do but give it right back to them again.

After all you can't fail at anything, if it's building a house or an ocean liner or a skyscraper or a marriage, if you have a good design to begin with.

And the Crumit design is perfect.

When you hear Julia's little giggle on the radio and Frank's deep laugh answering hers, it isn't part of the script at all.

---

**Spotlight on Beauty**

A Lovely Transparent Skin

Quality with

Woodbury's Germ-free Powder

Who better than Woodbury skin scientists know the kind of face powder to make your complexion a magnet for men's eyes? "The kissable color of youth" is transferred right to your skin, when you fluff on Woodbury's Facial Powder!

The secret of that fresh, clear look is Woodbury's scientific blend. This powder stays on the skin's surface. A youthful bloom so delicate that it cannot clog your pores!

It's germ-free...the only powder that gives you hygiene protection against the surface germs that cause blemishes!

Six stunning shades, created by fashion authorities. Blondes and medium types will take to "Light Rachel" or "Radiant." Of course "Brunette" for the dark type. $1.00, 50c, 25c, 10c.

---

**Woodbury's, Alone, Is Germ-Free!**

20 leading brands were tested for germ-getters. 19 harbored free germs, as in Tube "A". Woodbury's alone was germ-free, as shown by clear, unclouded Tube "B".

---

Woolfe's, Alone, Is Germ-Free! 20 leading brands were tested for germ-getters. 19 harbored free germs, as in Tube "A". Woolfe's alone was germ-free, as shown by clear, unclouded Tube "B".

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**9-PIECE COMPLEXION KIT**


Name

Address

City

State
Cozy Baby!

KEPT HAPPY BY HIS OLIVE OIL POWDER!

Mother, you will keep your baby cooler, more comfortable, and happier if you protect his tender skin with Z.B.T. Baby Powder. Z.B.T.'s unique olive oil content makes it cling longer and resist moisture better. Its superior smoothness (what the doctors call "slip") prevents chaffing in the creases. Free from zinc in any form, Z.B.T. is approved by Good Housekeeping and your baby. Large 35c and 50c sizes.

RADIO STARS

It's the Crumit having fun. It's Julia not daring to look at Frank when some silly little thing happens during a broadcast and Frank not daring to look at her for fear they'll get to laughing so hard they won't be able to go on with the program. Laughter. That's one of the things the Crumit marriage is built on.

"Julia is my favorite wife because she's such a swell playmate," Frank will tell anyone and everyone. "And because she has such a sly sense of humor, because she likes the same things I do."

Compatibility, too. There's a strong foundation for marriage. Especially when it's reinforced with understanding.

"Frank has such a gift for friendliness," Julia said softly. "He loves people and people love him. A regular man's man, if ever there was one. Sometimes I have to stop short when I find myself beginning to resent golf and the other things he likes doing with other men."

"So I do the things I like to do when he's out on the golf course and there's always so much to talk about when we're together again. It's exciting to hear Frank's car coming in the driveway and he's really a paragon because he always comes at the moment when he said he would!" said Julia, smiling.

Consideration is necessary, too. Don't forget to put it in your own marriage plans if you want it to be as successful as the Crumit-Sanderson merger. Even if you have to lose a bit of more alluring things, such as selflessness and a love of having your own way, to make room for it.

They have their quarrels, of course. Would they be as grand as they are if they didn't?

There was the time Frank scheduled a song for Julia to sing on their next broadcast and it just happened that she loafed that song for no good reason at all.

"I won't sing that song," she protested. "I hate it!"

Frank insisted it was perfect for both her voice and personality and Julia was just as insistent that it wasn't. But in the end she sang the song, even though she was still protesting, for the Crumits have had to understand that on the stage, which Julia knows so well, she's boss—while in radio and vaudeville, which is Frank's domain, his top's.

Afterward, when she heard the recording taken of the broadcasting, she realized it was the best song that she ever had sung over the air. And she didn't hesitate to say so.

For she's generous, that Sanderson girl, with words as well as other things.

"It isn't hard for me to say I'm sorry, when I know I've been guilty so much like a little girl sitting there, her deep blue eyes intent, her honey-colored hair curling under the brim of her tricorn hat, the flare of the plaid silk how knotted at her throat accenting the soft line of her cheek," Julia thought to herself. "I was born that way, for I feel so sorry for people who never can admit that they have been in the wrong. They make things so difficult for themselves."

"Frank feels as I do about it. We've never come out of anything. Laying down rules for anything seems so futile, don't you think? You have to feel them or they don't work out. But even though we've never talked it out, we've never gone to bed at night with a misunderstanding ranking between us. I couldn't stand waking up in the morning knowing that I held any resentment for Frank or that he held any for me. Knowing we had something to clear before we could even speak to each other."

"And it's really so easy to avoid quarrelling altogether. To laugh at something that could be made into an issue if you took it seriously. Like that time, remember, Frank, when I was so furious with you?"

Frank Crumit laughed.

"It was a grand Sunday afternoon," he explained, "and I was planting some extra special delphiniums I had wheedled out of a potter and having a swell time doing it, when suddenly Julia came dash ing out like a young tornado and hustled me back into the house and ordered me out of my garden clothes because we were due at a cocktail party at five.

"I grabbed a little bit but got under the shower and put on some nice clean pants and drove around to our host's house. It was almost six o'clock by that time but there wasn't a single car out front.

"We're just the acrobats as usual, opening the show," says Julia, who has a passion for being punctual—another one of the things I like about this gal," and Frank's eyes glazed as he patted her hand. A gesture he evidently thought very husbandy and very, very casual but that managed to look much more like the beginning of a flirtation. "But somehow that forlorn driveway didn't look at all like a party to me."

"Are you sure it was Elsa Adams who asked us? I demanded, getting a bit suspicious, for Julia has been known to slip up on things like that before.

"As if I wouldn't know who asked us? Julia flared. 'She called up last Monday and I remember the conversation as well as anything. She said . . ."

All right. All right I said and hopped out of the car and rang the bell and the maid answered with that particular sort of blankness maids have when the folks are out."

"Well, it turned out that it was Elsa who asked us, not at all right, but the date was a week later—which embarrassed Julia no end!"

When the Crumits came home they found the hastily put aside delphiniums wilted beyond any hope of revival. Now Frank might very well have made a rousing issue out of it all instead of that tender teasing story that shows his love for his wife so much more even than his intense admiration and respect for her do.

But what are delphiniums worth anyway, even if he has just married so many, certainly not even one misunderstanding with Julia."

They've had a lot of fun, the Crumits, these nine years they've been married. A lot of laughs. A lot of love and thrills. A lot of tension in just being together, so that their weekly drive down to New York for their broadcasts is still as much of an adventure as it was in those days when they first met and love was new and they used to take that same drive to visit Julia's home.

It wouldn't be exciting to a great many men and women who have been married to each other nine years. Starting at the same minute of the same day, week after
week, month after month, year after year. Going through the same towns on a schedule as rigid as that of an engineer of a crack train. Seeing a woman in one town coming to her kitchen door, morning after morning, and taking the milk in. Seeing the same cat in another town mewing at the same window. Seeing children start off for school and then some hours later seeing another troupe of children coming home from school. But it's still exciting to the Crumits.

It's all a part of the pattern of little things that have drawn these two closer and closer in all these years. Unimportant things really, you might say, like the kitchen things they bought that day in July.

All a part of the design they have worked out for themselves since that day, nine years ago, when they stood in an old church together and Julia held the bright country flowers Frank had picked for her. Made out of little things, unimportant things and out of a laughter and love into the most important thing of all. The design for a happy marriage.

NO MORE MEN!

(Continued from page 64)

my mind was set on singing on the radio. I wanted desperately to succeed in that field. All the money I have earned in the past has been invested and I came to Manhattan with a small amount of cash. For three weeks I made no progress.

She went to witness broadcast after broadcast, to become better acquainted with radio. She had been a guest star several times before, she had had a program of her own on the coast. But Joan Marsh is one of those youngsters who knows that there is always something to learn. Nino Martini invited her to attend a broadcast of the Kostelanetz show.

"As I sat in the audience of that Columbia Playhouse, I kept saying to myself: 'If only I could be on that stage, singing into that mike!'" She clasped her hands "And four weeks later to the day I was doing just that!"

The opportunity came in the person of Jean Paul King, that friend of a friend whom she had met the year before. He sent her to an excellent agency who, the day after, was interviewing her. And her audition for the Socony people who were in search of a successor to Beatrice Lillie on their "Flying Red Horse Tavern" program.

Out of more than twenty applicants who were auditioned, Joan Marsh was chosen to be the star of this program.

"Yes, some day I would like to go back to Hollywood. But only to visit. I am through with pictures. I have never been so happy as I am in radio. And that is what I am concentrating on, right now. The future? When I meet the man I love, I shall forget all about my work!" (She won't use the word career.) "I believe that a woman can not combine marriage with anything else. It is a full time job. Until then, I'll go right on trying to be successful, finding pleasure in the worthwhile things of life."

THE ESSENCE OF Charm AND Loveliness....

SATINY, SMOOTH SKIN—
with the LINIT BEAUTY BATH

When you are tired out after a hard day and want to look fresh and bright-eyed for the evening—try a soothing, refreshing beauty bath with Linit. Dissolve half a package or more of Linit in a tub of warm water. Wash with your favorite soap, as usual. After stepping out of the tub, pat yourself with a towel—then feel your skin. It will be as soft and smooth as velvet. You'll feel like a brand new person—nervous strain gone and body attuned to a lighter mood—fit and ready for the evening's pleasure.

for fine Laundering

Don't overlook the directions on the Linit package... recommending Linit for washing. Linit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.
RADIO RAMBLINGS

(Continued from page 6)

orchestra and The Revelers, presenting their program from the Great Lakes Exposition in Cleveland.

Fibber McGee and Molly are stay-at-home vacationers, busily overseeing the construction of their new Chicago home.

British maestro Jack Halton is visiting his native isle, while his Irish ballad singer, Pat O'Malley, enjoys a bit of grouse-shooting in the north of Ireland and Alec Templeton, blind piano wizard, visits his grandfather in Vancouver, B.C.

In September Major Boxes puts his familiar Amateur Hour on the air under the sponsorship of the Chrysler Corporation. He will be the radio representative of the corporation's products as a group.

With his present sponsor, the Major states, his relations always have been of the happiest, with nothing to mar their complete harmony. Nor has there been any discussion regarding compensation. The new association is the natural outcome of the intimate friendship between the Major and Walter P. Chrysler and the Major looks forward with pleasure to representing him on the air.

LOT OF LISTENERS

Listeners continue to dial in ever growing numbers.

What is the average audience of a radio broadcast, we wonder? There are, we understand, 22,000,000 home radios and nearly 5,000,000 portable radio sets—and each one of these twenty-fifth million sets serving at least two or three listeners, one would assume.

Too, in the fertile fields the farmer listens to his radio as he plows and reaps. On his rubber-tired streamlined tractor, operating noiselessly with high compression, he turns the soil to the accompaniment of song, baseball scores, campaign speeches, crop reports and other favorite themes of the air.

All this gives one some idea of the far-reaching power of the radio voice. And also of its inestimable value to us as a free voice—of the people, by the people and for the people—not subservient to any political scheme of things nor dictated by expediency.

POLITICS AND PROMISES

Speaking of things political, Boake Carter suggests to his listeners to place wagers for political speeches as printed in the news pages. With a blue pencil, he advises, strike out all adjectives. With a red pencil, strike out all claims not proved—all that the candidate proposes or promises or hopes to do. Measure what he left against past performances and other records of history. Balance one candidate's claims against the other's—and try if you can to form a sound opinion in which to base your vote in the coming election.

We have, however, this fall to make a choice that definitely conditions our country's future—our own future—the future, perhaps, of our children's children. A choice between two men about whom much more is necessary than again indefinite. As Americans we can have but one hope for our country—and we must follow that leader whose hope most nearly seems to coincide with our own.

"Now is the time for all good men—and good women—to come to the aid of their party!" We have to work, as Boake Carter said. With a blue and red pencil when we read. With a mental blue and red pencil when we listen.

As Jane Covel, up in the front of the book says: "It all depends on us!"

ILLUSION ON THE AIR

Woke in looked at a Shoeboat rehearsal on a recent Thursday afternoon. And felt a curious sense of unreality about it all. That hour-long program which comes to us so smoothly in its precise pattern over the air here seemed to be a casual collection of curiously unrelated acts. It might have been a Billy Sunday. Groups of people sat about informally, some on the stage, some in audience chairs, awaiting their cue to come to the microphone.

Lanny Ross stood before a microphone, speaking softly. Only occasionally could we catch what he said. Tiny Ruffner sat on a raised step on the platform, composure a script on his knees, jumping up presently to deliver the commercial. In a corner of the audience room Winifred Cecil chatted with a friend. Later she went up to the stage to sing a duet with Lanny. As she sang, she gestured slightly, as if drawing out a note with her finger-tips, holding it thus till the measure was finished.

Pick and Pat, two slim, white young men in summer flannels and sports shoes, went through a mirthful routine. The chorus, sitting at one side of the stage, laughed and applauded. Louise Massey and the Westerners, soon to be starred in a weekly half-hour program of their own, took their places, clustered about a microphone. Their soft harmonies drifted faintly through the studio.

The sound effects man contributed varying sounds which here seemed strangely extraneous and productive of little illusion. There was a group of listeners in the control-room. Another group in the sponsors' booth. Before a microphone in the center of the stage a man in his shirt-sleeves seemed to be coordinating the show. And extracting a degree of unscheduled amusement from it.

Watching the progress of the program, we pondered the question of illusion on the air. For the audience that a few hours later would fill that huge studio, we fancied, there couldn't be much illusion or glamour. Wouldn't it be better, we mused, in the interets of illusion, to eliminate the studio audience? Any conscious
attempt to play to that audience, to build its interest, seek its response; would, it seemed, defeat the illusion for the listening radio audience. We've listened to programs over the air, where some studio audience's reaction was unintelligible to us, leaving us bewildered and resentful. The most successful way to achieve illusion on the air, we concluded, would be to keep it in the studio, by keeping audiences out.

We chatted for a moment, afterward, with Lanny, about his eagerly anticipated vacation. It's a pleasure to talk with Lanny Ross. There's no self-conscious pose of the successful artist in his make-up. Simple, straightforward, sincere and friendly, he is a grateful contrast to some other radio veterans who, to preserve that precious semblance of everyday life, have adopted the guise of a processional, amidst an awe'd and ecstatic group of admirers. Lanny wears one of radio's brightest crowns as casually as he does his somewhat battered felt.

When Nelson Sings

A while ago this magazine printed a story about Nelson Eddy, called "What Kind of Love Do You Want?"—in which Nelson disclosed how his programs, in concert and over the air, are conditioned by popular requests for certain songs. Seldom can he sing the kind of music he, himself, would choose.

In a certain Western city lives a delightful lady, ninety years young. A traveled and charming woman, distinctly a personality. When Nelson Eddy sang in her city, she attended his concert. Afterwards he was presented to her.

"I was somewhat disappointed in the concert," said the little old lady frankly. "I had expected to hear more real music from you—great music."

"Madam," said Nelson, bowing over her tiny hand, "you are a girl after my own heart!"

Memorable Moment

It happened on a recent Friday evening. Frank Fay was saying... He was introducing to his radio audience a famous stage actress—Jane Cowl. We sat up, expectant of some bit of wit and give-and-take. And then it appeared that Miss Cowl was about to present a scene from her momentous triumph Romeo and Juliet. Further, it appeared that Frank Fay was going to play Romeo to her Juliet. Funster Frank as Romeo? It sounded unbelievable! We trembled!

But without more ado they were beginning that achingly beautiful love duet—the Balcony scene. And we listened with deepening delight as Jane Cowl's exquisite voice made music of Juliet's familiar lines, while the voice of Romeo blended with hers in poignant passion.

Never, we thought, has beauty been more richly wrought in radio. Lacking other material, program makers well may fall back on Romeo and Juliet—provided they can get Jane Cowl... And we could listen again without complaint to Frank Fay's Romeo.

When the scene was done, we switched off the radio. Somehow we weren't quite in the mood for the Elf of the Ether—or any other program—at that moment.

See you next month!
Guarantee of Satisfaction

The publishers of RADIO STARS guarantee that you will be satisfied with your purchase of every packaged product advertised in this magazine. If for any reason you are dissatisfied, RADIO STARS will replace the product or, if you prefer, refund your purchase price. In either case all you have to do is to send us the unused portion, accompanied by a letter outlining your complaint. This guarantee also applies if the product, in your opinion does not justify the claims made in its advertising in RADIO STARS.

Careful examination before publication and rigid censorship, plus our guarantee, enable you to buy with complete confidence the products you see advertised in this issue of RADIO STARS.

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Although we make every effort to insure the accuracy of this index, we take no responsibility for an occasional omission or inadvertent error.

SCHOOLED TO SMARTNESS

(Continued from page 15)
clothes since so many girls are going back to school in another month. And, clothes that are suited for school activities usually are right for all the other girls who are pursuing careers or just batting about at home. That's why every dress we chose has such possibilities for varied uses. Patti likes her clothes to have detail and that is why she was so crazy about the Parker things. Take the one-piece blue velvet, for instance. It is aptly called Teacher's Pet, for large nickel note-book rings are used cleverly to fasten the white plique collar and cuffs. Even the matching velvet belt has three of the rings looped together for the buckle. Trickiest of its details is the partitioned pocket to hold bright red pencils! And those pencils aren't just props either; they are all set to be sharpened.

Perfect for campus wear, football games or just general fall activities, is the three-piece suit of velvet jacket, tweed skirt and flannel blouse. Patti wanted to have one shot of this without the jacket because she was so mad about the blouse, but space didn't permit. The blouse is white with brown stitching and brown slide fastener, finished with a yarn pom-pom. The full, flared brown and white checked tweed skirt buttons on to this but doesn't make the blouse seem too "little girl," as you might imagine. The jacket is collarless because the blouse collar is worn over it.

That amusing, terraced brown felt hat is Patti's. She likes little hats best because don't think brings aren't becoming to her. "My face is too small," she explained.

The culottes, or divided skirts, you have been wearing all summer, are going—on to the campus, according to Gladys Parker. She thinks the culotte is such a comfortable, smart and practical style that it will be the popular daytime costume at most schools. Because she has such faith in it, she has designed one that is knockout. Patti went into raptures over it and our photographic aides were so sold on it that they wanted to know, to a man, where they could send their wives to buy them.

The culotte is a hunting-green jersey and the gray blouse is red and green plaid flannel. A green jersey tie, to match the culotte, drapes the blouse and practically hides the slide opening. These are a slick idea for games because they are warmer than skirts and conceal their trouser-like character in a most ladylike manner.

The fourth item on our list is Fing and you don't need any explanation to show you how it got the name. Just look at all the pleated white taffeta from shoulder to wrist! This is one of those dresses that has so many uses you couldn't begin to enumerate them all. Perfect for sorority teas, tea dancing, evening dates, church—just name the occasion. In black transparent velvet with only a rhinestone button and buckle besides the white pleating for trim.
Patti's choice of a peaked off-the-face bonnet with veil was especially appropriate, I thought. And she wore patent pumps with flat bows for her shoes to accompany this costume.

"I love hats," she told me. "And when I get one I like very much, I wear it until there's nothing left of it. I do that with shoes, too."

She would love to wear sophisticated clothes but has the good sense to realize that they would look silly for one so young. She hardly ever wears red but otherwise has a very impartial eye for color. She "guesses" that she likes sports clothes best but she likes clothes in any form just as long as they are gay and very new. However, she has inherent good taste and can pick the right clothes for herself with few unfortunate boys.

When I left, Patti was decked herself out for a picture—she and the studio were about to perpetrate some of those one-man charades called "Handiest!" You probably are going cuckoo trying to think up new ones in your set. You know how they go—you make all sorts of motions with your hands and the poor victim is supposed to guess what it means. Miss P was about to strike up a pose as an absent-minded Indian looking for his horse! I exited quietly but their laughter followed me down the corridor—she gets such a kick out of life!

If you are going away to school and are a little uncertain what the campus fashions will be, pack only a few good basic costumes like these shown this month. Then when you get to school, you can add the extra clothes you need to feel "in" with the fads of your particular campus. Every school has its pet fashion fads and it is foolish to try to stock up on a big wardrobe until you know just what the others are wearing. Not that you want to look like everyone else, but you do want to adhere to custom enough so that you don't feel left out. For instance, white sports shoes with brown saddles, worn with socks, are a must for Eastern girls' colleges—you'd feel awfully out of things not to have the same, but how would you know until you got to school? And in the far west, especially in co-ed schools, everyone dresses up more on campus. You'd need more afternoon dresses and semi-formal clothes.

A good tweed or camel's hair topcoat is an important item—and at least one dress coat of some kind, whether it is cloth with fur trimming or a fur coat. As for evening gowns, you'll need at least one real formal and several of the semi-formal, cocktail type. An evening wrap is nice to have but you can get along without one if you have a presentable fur coat.

Don't be afraid to invest in sweaters and skirts, they are the best campus uniform imaginable. And a couple of jackets in tweeds, leather or woolsen are swell to have. Those little small-brimmed, round-crowned felt hats in various colors are inexpensive but high in chic and popularity.

And while on the subject of sweaters, I came across a gadget the other day that you will want to cart away to school with you. This a fibre board form, which is cut to sizes of knitted blouses and sweaters—it is folded in such a manner that it can be inserted easily in the washed (Continued on page 90).
with straight from the shoulder electioneering.

Radio campaign managers on the Republican side get credit for the decision to use the daylight hours. They figured that in the morning the girls of the land have housework on their mind, are balancing their budgets, making up their shopping lists—and so, are in a mood to hear promises of lower taxes and smaller prices for food and clothing.

The Republicans started the idea. But the Democrats also will be doing it. So it will be tit for tat and argument for argument as the vacuum cleaner purrs and the icebox quivers.

All parties are radio conscious. They're not going to make the mistake of butting in on a program you like. When Amos 'n Andy come in, they will let that program strictly alone. They know the easiest way to alienate the listeners is to elbow a favorite off the air. They will only displace the sustaining programs, if you with only a scattered following. They will steal time from commercial announcements perhaps—but that is about as far as they will go where nationally known features are concerned. Huey Long is responsible for this sensible procedure. Remember how he made it a practice to speak late at night, usually at about 11:30 p.m. And remember his remarks, when he voluntarily interrupted himself to let an established program through? It ran something like this:

"My friends, I haven't quite finished but here is the broadcast of 'so-and-so.' It is a splendid program and let's all listen to it together. If you are still there at the conclusion, I'll tell you what it was I was going to say."

That was the spirit that, until he was assassinated, made Huey Long the greatest menace President Roosevelt had. It was the true spirit of radio—of cooperation with the listeners.

The President himself has taught the campaign managers a great deal. He has demonstrated beyond cavil the power of the human voice in influencing the behavior of millions of human beings. The value of the simple, informal utterance. The use of laughter in a radio talk.

The Republicans concede Mr. Roosevelt's skill at the microphone to be their greatest obstacle to victory. They have no one who can compete with him. Most of us believe that this is a gift the President was born with. Few realize how hard he works at his radio every day. Do you know, for example, that he employed Ralph Steinberg, as a radio advisor? Every time the President speaks over the radio, Steinberg takes it down on a wax record and the two of them play it back and study it, criticize it and practice a correction of the faults they discover.

Some of us may have noted an improvement in Mr. Hoover's technique at the mike. That again is due to careful rehearsals, study of records, honest criticism by expert listeners.

So successful has this method been with Hoover, Roosevelt and others that the radio campaign managers are planning to put all their orators through the same process, calculating thereby to double their effectiveness. I repeat, this is going to be a humming-dingaling lapalooza of an election!

The reason the radio barrage is going to be aimed at the ladies to such an extent is elementary. Right now, it looks as if Roosevelt will win. The Republicans believe, however, that by shifting a few hundred thousand votes to their side of the column they can beat him. It is these votes they are after—and they are convinced that they are held by the women. The Democrats agree with them because they, too, are making a play for the same votes.

But if either of them think they can kid, deceive or otherwise mislead the fair voters of this country, they are making a large and unfortunate blunder. The girls may not read the newspapers. But they know instinctively—intuitively—the difference between the fake and the real. Nature has endowed them with the faculty of seeing through falsehood and of finding their way to the truth no matter how high the boloney is piled.

So when election day arrives and the ballots flutter and the voting machines click, the girls will be making their crosses in the place best for the needs of their country.

In all of this, they will be helped rather than hindered by radio. For these thousands of speakers and their billions of words will be giving them facts to digest, will be opening new vistas and views of what actually is going on. Politics, once dark and unsavory, lit only by torchlight parades, has been made clear and aboveboard by radio. With millions listening to every step of the campaign's progress, there can be no deceit. Not much, at any rate! In other words, Radio has put windows into the house of government. Through the loud speaker, the nation can look on and pass sure and sensible judgment.

The first Roosevelt—Theodore—campaigned in the days before radio. He was said to be the most strenuous campaigner this country has ever seen. In one campaign, he traveled 30,000 miles and delivered 800 speeches. On wagons, soap boxes, train-ends, halls, school-houses, wherever he could get an audience. With all of it, how many do you think he reached? How many people? The most liberal estimate is 500,000. The present Roosevelt, without stirring from the White House, can reach ten times that number.

So, you and you, especially who you are feminine, and twenty-one or more—listen. Listen with half an ear or with all your soul. Be guided by your instincts. And when the time comes, vote true—vote not so much for a candidate as for your country. It's bound to be all right. Remember—it's up to you!

SCHOOLED TO SMARTNESS

(Continued from page 89)

silk sheen shield recently. It is so thin that you would hardly know you had shields attached to your costumes. It is made of a new rubber product that gives you the ultimate in transparent texture with an amazing durability. Washing and ironing, even boiling, doesn't impair either the shape or quality of this shield. And it is shaped to give protection to your dresses without bulkiness.

If you would like to know where to buy any of the Parker dresses or these new costume aids I have mentioned, just fill in the attached coupon. Beginning this month and for every month hereafter, I will have a new service for all of you, Radio Stars' Monthly Shopping List. On this list will be new products, their prices and where you will be able to buy them. I know it will prove a great help to you and you will want to get into the habit of sending in for it regularly.

Elizabeth Ellis. 
Radio Stars. 
149 Madison Avenue, 
New York, N. Y.

Please send me, free of charge, your new Radio Stars' Monthly Shopping List. Enclosed is a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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BRIDESMAIDS AT 2 SMART LONG ISLAND WEDDINGS

Chose these new "Smoky" nail shades

IF there's one place where a color scheme is thought out as carefully as a symphony—it's at a wedding. So it's extra significant that bridesmaids at two recent Long Island weddings chose the new Cutex Robin Red and Rust!

Cutex Robin Red is a new smoky red that really does go with everything. Even girls who are afraid of deep reds will like it. It's just enough accent for pale colors, not too gay with white, and goes wonderfully with deep, rich browns and greens.

Cutex Rust is a grand new color. A subtle, smoky Sun-Tan shade, it's fascinating with brown, green, gray, yellow—and never looks garish on sun-tanned hands!

If you're conservative, you can still be beautiful. Cutex Rose is divine with all pastels, and gets along beautifully with all the bright, "difficult" colors so popular in the summer.

These three shades will give every dress you own that up-to-the-minute look!

And don't forget, the new Cutex formula is a stronger, finer lacquer that resists fading in the sun and holds its true color for days. It's more economical, too, because it doesn't thicken...it's usable right down to the last drop in the bottle!


Your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Polish Remover and sample of Lipstick for 1¢

Northam Warren Sales Company, Inc., Dept. 0249, 191 Hudson St., New York. (In Canada, P. O. Box 6219, Montreal.)

I enclose 1¢ for 2 shades of Cutex Polish, as checked, and Polish Remover, Robin Red □ Rust □ Rose □ Ruby □ (Ase sample of Cutex Lipstick will be included)

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Victor Hugo’s is Paris in Los Angeles! Here Hugo himself, managing owner, personally welcomes the world of society and of Hollywood to the delights of good eating and good digestion. When diners pause to smoke their Camels, Hugo himself gives the nod of approval. "Our guests know fine tobaccos as well as fine foods and proper service," he says. "They have made Camels the outstanding favorite here." Camels help to give one that delightful sense of having dined well. Try Camels. Enjoy their delicate fragrance and mellow taste. Camels open up a new world of pleasure, where mildness and rare flavor reign supreme. They set you right—and never get on your nerves!

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MRS. CHISWELL DARNEY LANGHORNE, Virginia
MRS. JASPER MORGAN, New York
MRS. LANGDON Post, New York
MRS. LUCY SAUNDERS, New York
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