

COUGHLIN JUSTIFIES ATTACK ON ROOSEVELT!

# Radio Stars

MARCH

10

CENTS

*Earl Christy*

*Grace Moore*

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE



*Pursued... Adored... Irresistible*

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.

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# A Moment of Magic

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]



**"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" makes her evade all close-ups—dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm**

**TWO PEOPLE** meet. Perhaps there's a quick flare of mutual admiration... Then—she smiles.

A flash of white teeth set in firm gums—that's a lovely sight to see.

But a glimpse of dingy teeth and tender gums—and that magic moment is smashed into bits.

**"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" IS SERIOUS**

Your dentist *wants* to save you from the embarrassment, the inconvenience, as well as the consequences, of unhealthy gums. And that is why he warns you not to trifle with "pink tooth brush."

Unhealthy, ailing gums are common because coarse, fibrous foods have disappeared 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, tender 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 always do. But make gum massage with Ipana an equally regular practice. Put

a little extra Ipana on 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 encourages this double duty. So make it an unailing 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.





**"My complexion cleared up like Magic!"**



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



# RADIO STARS

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*Again they thrill you  
with Glorious Melody!*

**"YOU BELONG TO ME! I BELONG TO YOU!"**

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!



Thrill to Jeanette MacDonald as she sings "The Waltz Song" from Romeo and Juliet, and with Nelson Eddy, the immortal duet "Indian Love Call"

*Jeanette*  
**M<sup>AC</sup>DONALD**  
**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.



Gloria Grafton who warbles those tender love duets with Donald Novis in "Jumbo."

## 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 to 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)



I WON'T STAY IN THIS HOUSE ANOTHER MINUTE! THE BIG BRUTE—COMPLAINING THAT HIS SHIRTS ARE FULL OF **TATTLE-TALE GRAY**.. AFTER I'VE SIMPLY SLAVED OVER THEM.



WHAT A LOT I'VE LEARNED IN TWO SHORT WEEKS! LOOK AT HIM TODAY. . . ALL KISSES AND SMILES BECAUSE HIS SHIRTS ARE SO NICE AND WHITE. MOTHER WAS RIGHT. THERE'S NOTHING LIKE **FELS-NAPTHA SOAP** FOR GETTING RID OF **TATTLE-TALE GRAY**... THAT SHOWS CLOTHES AREN'T REALLY CLEAN.

**F**ELS-NAPTHA SOAP holds *two* marvelous dirt-looseners—*richer, golden soap with lots of naphtha* 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. © 1935, FELLS & CO.

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"  
with **FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!**



**THE RADIO**  
*Hostess*  
**NANCY WOOD**  
**PRESENTS**  
**KATE SMITH**



Gay, life-like puppets of Kate Smith and George Rector illustrate their mutual interest in the culinary art.

"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-



Courtesy Campfire Marshmallows

Southern Mashed Potatoes with marshmallow topping—one of Kate Smith's favorite dishes.

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

**Kate Smith, "Songbird of the South," who also is an expert**

*Unprintable*  
*...but TRUE!*

{ They're unprintable! The things that happen to your system when you take a harsh, quick-acting cathartic. Good taste forbids a detailed description }



Our guest hostess likes to work in her cheery kitchen.

black bottoms for better heating and with measuring lines inside each saucepan which add to their practicability. The woodwork in the kitchen is cream, the linoleum and curtains green, while those two colors are combined in the gay edgings of the well-stocked kitchen shelves.

Once we had reached the culinary department it did not take me long to discover that here indeed is one Radio Hostess who knows her groceries. That's not meant to be facetious, either, for though Miss Smith happens to broadcast these days for the A & P stores, her cooking experience dates back far beyond any connection with her present sponsors.

"Even as a child," she told me, "I always was allowed to fuss around in the kitchen. And I loved it!"

She still loves it, does Kate. So much so that, to this day, her idea of joy is to get out into the kitchen and fix up a scrumptious meal for her friends, or for her mother, who comes on frequently to visit her.

"Mother is a wonderful all-round cook," Kate declared with proud conviction, "but she says my pies (Continued on page 56)

**on Southern foods**

**YOU OUGHT TO KNOW**, for your health's sake, what happens when you introduce a harsh, drastic laxative into your system. One that works too quickly. One that upsets you, one that creates a violent disturbance... that rushes unassimilated food through your system... that rips and tears its way, leaving you weak, dragged down—internally abused.

But... we cannot tell you the graphic details here because they are too graphic. This is a family magazine... not a medical textbook.

This much we can say: whenever you need a laxative, be sure the one you take is *correctly timed*. Be sure it is mild and gentle. Ex-Lax meets these important specifications.

**Avoid quick-acting cathartics!**

Beware of laxatives that work too quickly! Ex-Lax takes from 6 to 8 hours to accomplish its purpose. It relieves constipation without violence, yet it is completely effective. Elimination is thorough. And so close to normal you hardly know you've taken a laxative.

Because of its gentle action, Ex-Lax doesn't leave you weak, as harsh cathartics do. It doesn't cause stomach pains. It doesn't nauseate you. And you don't need to fear any embarrassment afterwards. It is

best to take Ex-Lax at night, when you go to bed. In the morning you will enjoy complete and thorough relief. Ex-Lax works overnight without over-action.

**Good for the whole family!**

Another thing people like about Ex-Lax is the fact that it is equally good for children and adults. Thus, you need only *one* laxative in your medicine chest. Millions of families follow this practice.

Ex-Lax has been recognized as a standard, reliable laxative for 29 years. More people use it than any other brand of laxative in the world.

**A joy to take!**

And here is still another pleasant thing about Ex-Lax... it tastes just like delicious chocolate. Isn't it foolish to offend your taste with some bitter, nasty-tasting laxative? Don't ever do it again... it's so needless.

Stop at your druggist's and get a box of Ex-Lax today, if it isn't already in your medicine chest. A box costs only 10c. There is a big, convenient family size at 25c, too.

**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 chocolated laxative. At all drug stores.

PLEASE 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., 730 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal) MM26



Time in on "Strange as it Seems", new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.



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## THE CRITICS VOTE AND HERE ARE THE RESULTS

★★★★

**FLEISCHMANN VARIETY HOUR WITH RUDY VALLEE AND GUESTS (NBC).**  
*Current winner of Distinguished Service to Radio Award.*

**TOWN HALL TONIGHT (NBC).**  
*The wit of Fred Allen, than which there is none wittier. Winner of last month's award for Distinguished Service to Radio.*

**THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY OF NEW YORK (CBS).**  
*Two full hours of the classics with the air's most popular symphony orchestra.*

**FORD SUNDAY EVENING SYMPHONY—VICTOR KOLAR, CONDUCTOR (CBS).**  
*Always with an outstanding soloist.*

**GENERAL MOTORS CONCERTS (NBC).**  
*Erno Rapee conducting a dignified orchestral presentation with famed guest stars.*

**FORD PROGRAM WITH FRED WARING'S PENNSYLVANIANS (CBS) (NBC).**  
*Fred and his musicians are so versatile 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" it if they're able.*

**CHESTERFIELD PROGRAM (CBS).**  
*The voices of Lily Pons and Nino Martini, with Andre Kostelanetz and his orchestra. "They satisfy," and how!*

**RCA MAGIC KEY (NBC).**  
*Variety on a high scale, picking up surprises from all parts of the world. Frank Black conducting the symphony.*

**LAWRENCE TIBBETT, BARITONE, WITH DON VOORHEES AND HIS ORCHESTRA (CBS).**  
*Lawrence heartily believes songs should be sung 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 undoubtedly the homey, 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. There has been an amazing general improvement in radio programs. Today there is scarcely a program on the air which is without merit.

**PALMOLIVE BEAUTY BOX THEATRE (CBS).**  
*Favorite operettas with favorite voices of the air.*

**AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC WITH FRANK MUNN, LUCY MONROE AND GUS HAENSCHEN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).**  
*Featuring popular compositions by American composers, and your soul is in for a stirring.*

**LUCKY STRIKE HIT PARADE (NBC) (CBS).**  
*The fifteen 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 (CBS).**  
*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 out-distances all but a few of the opposite.*

**RICHARD HIMBER'S STUDEBAKER CHAMPIONS (CBS).**  
*His style is being imitated, but unsuccessfully.*

**HOLLYWOOD HOTEL WITH DICK POWELL, GUEST SCREEN STARS AND RAY PAIGE'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).**  
*Louella Parsons and her "biggies" of the screen are the main attraction.*

**BING CROSBY (NBC).**  
*Assisted by the comical Bob Burns and Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra.*

**ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE (NBC).**  
*Exciting dog 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, conscientiously offered.*

**PHIL COOK (NBC).**  
*The man of many voices.*

**SWIFT STUDIO PARTY (NBC).**  
*Music and informality with Sigmund Romberg and Deems Taylor, the genial composers.*

**EASY ACES (NBC).**  
*Just because you're not interested in cards is no reason for missing this choice! Mister and Missus' comedy.*

**"VOX POP—THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE" (NBC).**  
*In which Mr. John Q. Public gets a chance to answer, unprepared, some darned interesting 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



**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



Grace Moore's naturally lovely blonde beauty does not disdain powder.



Beauty Contest winner, Dorothy Page, avails herself of lipstick's lure.



Dainty young Patti Pickens finds her youthful glow enhanced by rouge.

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 courtesans, 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 much 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. (N. B.—Have you green-eyed or gray-eyed girls tried the devastating effect of the new

## KEEP YOUNG AND Beautiful

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 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.



Permanents and painted nails contribute glamour, Helen Jepson believes.

by Mary Biddle

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)

RADIO STARS

"Let Camay open your eyes to



Your Own Loveliness"



MC From the very first time I tried it, I knew it was the beauty aid I needed. Camay can really open your eyes to your own loveliness.

Sincerely,

Boise, Idaho  
September 3, 1935

Mollie Courtney  
(Mrs. Gladys Courtney)

THE "picture" of what every little girl hopes to look like when she grows up—describes Mrs. Courtney perfectly. Blue eyes, golden hair and a complexion as smooth and as fresh as a flower—a complexion Mrs. Courtney generously credits "to Camay!"

There's never any doubt about "Camay's beauty aid." You can feel those energetic little bubbles clean

your skin in a way you know must be good for it. You can see the effect of its luxurious, creamy lather. You can fairly watch your skin grow smoother, clearer, and more attractive. Begin with Camay—today! Buy at least a half-dozen cakes from your dealer. The price is very low.

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.



CAMAY

The Soap of Beautiful Women





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.

If Roosevelt should be re-elected, says Father Coughlin, America will have taken another step toward the end of representative government.

## 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)

By Paul Weber



# WARNER BROTHERS WERE WRONG ABOUT

by Irene  
Rich

"Powder House" is the name of the horse. Irene Rich is the rider.



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



Curls and earrings and bewitching eyes, flattering fur and velvet and soft silk.



William Haussler

A stroll on a snowy day always has meant wintry joy and exhilaration.

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. Staunch, 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 I 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)





**I'M SURE  
JIM LIKES ME—**  
yet he never takes  
me out anymore

**BOYS CAN'T BE PROUD OF A GIRL WITH PIMPLY SKIN—**



I'D SO MUCH RATHER TAKE NAN—  
BUT THOSE PIMPLES!! IT'S GOT  
TO BE A SWELL-  
LOOKING DAME FOR  
**THIS PARTY!**



THERE'S JIM WITH A STUNNING LOOKING  
GIRL. GORGEOUS SKIN! I THOUGHT  
NAN WAS HIS ONE  
AND ONLY

OH, NAN'S A SIGHT  
THESE DAYS!  
PIMPLES ALL OVER  
HER FACE



**NEXT DAY**  
OH, MOTHER, HOW CAN I  
GET MY SKIN CLEAR AND  
SMOOTH AGAIN? THE GIRLS  
SAY THAT LAST NIGHT, JIM—

WE'LL GO  
STRAIGHT  
TO THE  
DOCTOR  
AND FIND  
OUT



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



**LATER**  
—THEN I'LL  
CALL FOR  
YOU TONIGHT.  
IT'S GOING  
TO BE A  
**SWELL**  
PARTY

SOUNDS LIKE  
**FUN!** WELL,  
I'LL BE  
SEEING YOU

JUST LIKE OLD  
TIMES—NOW  
MY SKIN IS  
CLEAR AGAIN



*—clears the skin*  
by clearing skin irritants  
out of the blood

**Don't let Adolescent Pimples  
keep YOUR boy friend away**

**P**IMPLES 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 over-sensitive. 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 . . .

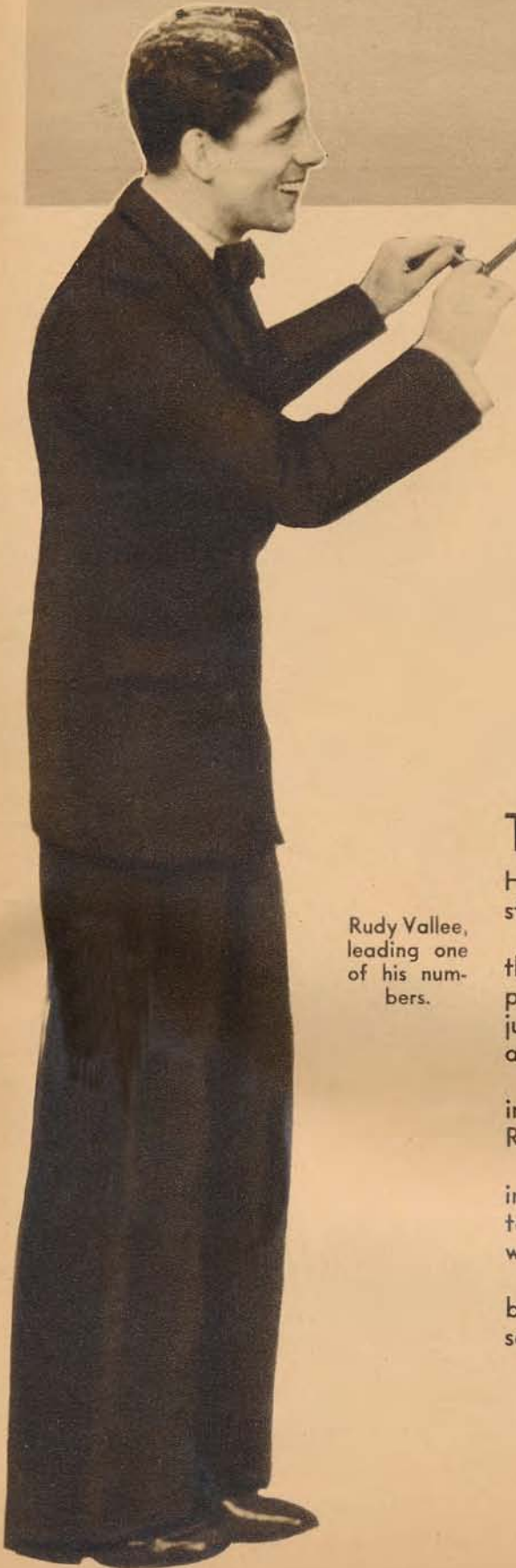
Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals—plain, or in a little water—until your skin clears. Start today!



# FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE

TO

*Radio*



Rudy Vallee,  
leading one  
of his num-  
bers.



**T**HE 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.

*Lester C. Grady*  
—Editor.



# IN THE RADIO Spotlight

What's new along Radio Row?  
Our pictures tell the story.  
Here are four fascinating  
pages of radio favorites



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 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?



Deane Janis, charming soloist with the Camel Caravan, enjoys a bit of gay persiflage with handsome orchestra leader, Glen Gray.



Rudy Vallee, James Melton and S. (Roxy) Rothafel at the dinner given at Jack Dempsey's restaurant in honor of Mr. Melton



The candid camera catches Ted Husing and George Burns as they do their stuff during the weekly Burns and Allen broadcast.



Of course you recognize this doughty Nimrod—none other than the handsome and popular Conrad Thibault enjoying a shoot.



# IN THE RADIO SPOTLIGHT



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.







Shoeless, on the control-room steps, Joan scans her script.



Joan welcomes you with a keen glance from candid eyes.

*Joan Crawford*

## LIKES RADIO, BUT-

"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-



Hurrell



And here is Joan before the dread radio jitters got her.

A weekly radio program would seriously interfere with a screen career, Joan believes

*By Leo Townsend*

Allure and loveliness personified, in a form-fitting and eloquent costume of shimmering satin crêpe

gram in a radio version of *Sadie McKee*, one of her screen rôles. Then, a few months ago, on the Lux hour, she did *Within the Law*, playing the rôle 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



HE 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



Paul Whiteman leading his famed Music Hall orchestra.



"The King of Jazz," — he also is its foster father

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 thereafter proceeded to include at least one American jazz number in practically every distinguished mixed program.

Paul does not bat an eyelash as Mr. Joseph Bentelelli, 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



By Nancy Barrows

# "CIVILIZATION MUST CHANGE OR PERISH!"

"Once more," says Hendrik Willem van Loon,  
"the barbarian tide is sweeping across the world."

"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 Havrila 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.



What is Ben Bernie like? Who is the person behind "The Old Maestro?"

*By Jack Hanley*

# THE OLD MAESTRO MYSTERY

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

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, rehearsing 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)



# NECESSITY SPELLS SUCCESS

By Miriam Rogers

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 idly 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—she 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)

No doubt you've heard of the visit of Myrt and Marge to Hawaii. Here they are sampling the Hawaiian poi.

Myrt (Mrs. George Damerel) and Marge (Mrs. Gene Kretzinger) are mother and daughter really as on the air.

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.

Pan-Pacific Press Bureau Photo

Maurice Seymour

Jan Fujita







# PATTI PICKENS AND

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."



# RUBINOFF





**GEORGES**



**METAXA, FLORENCE BAKER**

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 rôles, all being on the better programs.



# TROUBADOUR-1936 MODEL

"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

**L**AST summer when Walter O'Keefe was rusticated 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.

"Hhm," 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 lineal descendant.

"The Radio Troubadour of 1936 is a business man, indistinguishable from any other business man. He keeps



Here are two views of our 1936 troubadour, Walter O'Keefe. And the lady above, of course, is Deane Janis, singer with the Camel Caravan.

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 out 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 debut 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-outer 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.



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.



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 always had, a knack which seems to consist of an unbeatable combination of courage and resourcefulness, for turning bad breaks into good ones.

From the time he left his home in Hartford, Connecticut 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 during 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, because he soon was in such demand for off-campus activities 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 business. 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 substituting 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

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 58)



"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.



IT'S

"I'm just amidst 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 comeliness 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.")



**EASIER TO GET IN PICTURES**

Life would have been very different for Ozzie Nelson and his wife, Harriet Hilliard, had they been in movies instead of radio

By Gladys Hall



# LET'S HAVE *Love*

# - AND LAUGHTER



*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.



**HAVE YOU MET**

*Mrs. George Burns?*

Some glimpses, not goofy, of the  
Gracie Allen you have not met

*By Ruth Geri*

**Y**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, if 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 comedienne 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 *paté 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)



Is this Gracie  
the siren—or  
"Miltie-Wiltie's"  
lovely nemesis?





# 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) Durrille Alexander, of the Whiteman broadcasts, and (left) Niela Goodelle, talent plus.

## 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 ether 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

By *Mary  
Watkins Reeves*

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'M NOT KIDDING MYSELF"

Movies present a

"I'll be honest with you," Jane Froman 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.

## "I'M NOT KIDDING MYSELF"

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 fashionable East Side of New York, threw a few things into a suitcase, got in their car and headed West. 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 idiosyncracies. 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 hair-dresser 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)

By Camilla Jordan

Here is lovely Jane Froman in various poses. Up above you see her with James Melton in a scene from their current motion picture, "Stars Over Broadway."



# MANHATTAN'S MINUTE-MEN

By Tom Meany

## 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 Surêté of Paris. Commis-

sioner 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 finger printing," 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



Here is Commissioner Valentine, swift nemesis of criminals and very capable and active guardian of public safety.



## 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 uncongested 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 radio 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)



After the escaping murderers sped the police radio car.



# Nothing but the Truth?

Wherein our radio favorites bravely attempt to answer fans' questions



Virginia Verrill's program is "Vocals by Verrill." Conrad Thibault is again on the "Showboat."

## 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; dad sang 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."

*Benay 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 Carlile:* "The whole family sings, dances, drinks, and has a good time in general."

*Ralph Ginsburgh:* "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 Hilliard:* "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)



Helen Marshall sings on Sigmund Romberg's program. Odette Myrtil, of "Evening in Paris."





DISCRIMINATING WOMEN ARE TALKING . . . ABOUT CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS!



Miss Mary de Mumm

"Camel's flavor is so mild that you enjoy the last one as much as the first. In the enjoyment of smoking and in its effect, Camels certainly make a great difference."



Miss Vivian Dixon

"I always smoke Camels—they're so much milder and smoother. And I never get tired of their flavor. Camels never give me that 'I've been smoking too much' feeling."



Miss Mimi Richardson

"Smoking a Camel is the quickest way I know to relieve fatigue. Camels always refresh me. And I love their taste. They seem to be milder than other cigarettes."



Mrs. Langdon Post

"Enthusiasm is very contagious. Look at the way the smart younger set are all smoking Camels. I think I know why. Camels never affect your nerves."

# 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.

We are, naturally, most anxious to have you try Camels—to smoke a sufficient number to be able really to judge them. 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



© 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

C O S T L I E R T O B A C C O S !

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

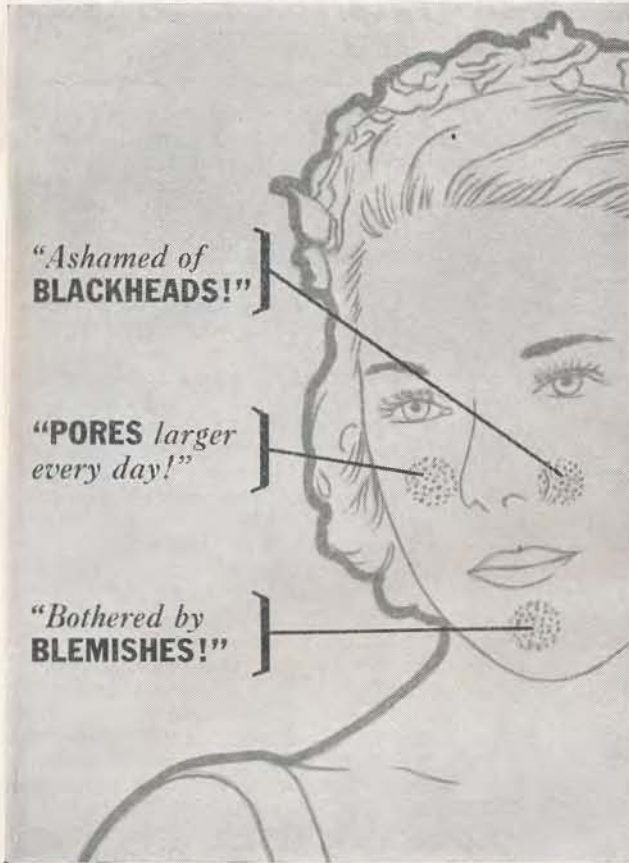




Helen Kimm, new actress in the Civil War Drama, "Roses and Drums," is the daughter of a Virginian mother. Her father, however, comes from faraway Korea. After acting in Broadway stage productions, Helen turned down Hollywood screen offers in favor of radio drama.

*Helen Kimm*





Miss Phyllis Konta, whose fresh, glowing beauty startled society at her debut, says: "I use Pond's Cold Cream—how could I have blackheads or blemishes!"

# 3 Common Skin Faults

## with the same Starting Place — Your Under Skin



### Miss Eleanor Roosevelt

daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Latrobe 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."

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 over-worked. 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 pat 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.



#### 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!

#### SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. C-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 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company



# Manhattan's Minute Men

(Continued from page 49)

How Old  
is your  
Mouth?



Five Years  
Younger

- Use a lipstick that's warranted to make your Mouth look Young and Appealing

**I**F YOUR LIPS are ever dry and rough looking . . . marked with little crinkly aging lines like the lines on a peeled orange . . . try the new Cutex Lipstick. See if it doesn't take off 5 years!

Cutex Lipstick is warranted to contain a special oil to nourish your lips and keep them young looking. Cutex Lipstick stays on for hours without drying your lips. It's delightfully smooth, yet never, never greasy.

No streaking, no ugly color rim. There's no excuse today for dry, rough lips. Try Cutex Lipstick today and be young! At your favorite store. 50¢ in 4 smart colors—Natural, Coral, Cardinal and Ruby to harmonize with Cutex Liquid Polish.

Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

**CUTEX**  
*Lipstick*

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 roommate 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 address, 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 recite 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 587 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 sensationally. 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 122.4 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 specified 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 crooners 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



Wendell Hall, NBC's "Red-Headed Music Maker," goes sledding.





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

HERE'S MY TRUE CONFESSION ABOUT "B.O."

*I am a nurse. But I almost had to give up... Uncle*

SOMEHOW I COULDN'T PLEASE MY PATIENTS. TIME AFTER TIME I WOULD BE DISMISSED FROM A CASE AFTER A FEW DAYS

THEN I TOOK CARE OF A DOCTOR'S WIFE WITH A BROKEN HIP. SHE ALWAYS INSISTED ON LIFEBOUY FOR HER BATH. WHEN I LEFT SHE GAVE ME A MYSTERIOUS PACKAGE

I OPENED IT AND FOUND— A CAKE OF LIFEBOUY! MY FACE FLAMED. IN A FLASH I REALIZED MY TROUBLE—"B.O."

OF COURSE I BEGAN USING LIFEBOUY AT ONCE. NEVER AGAIN HAVE I BEEN DISMISSED FROM A CASE. NOW I HAVE A FINE POSITION IN A DOCTOR'S OFFICE— THANKS TO LIFEBOUY!

MISS X, I NEVER CEASE TO MARVEL AT THE FRESH CLEARNESS OF YOUR COMPLEXION!

I CAN THANK LIFEBOUY FOR THAT!

PROTECT your complexion with gentle, deep-cleansing Lifebuoy! See your skin grow smoother, younger! "Patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women prove Lifebuoy is 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

**A timely warning!**  
This letter in picture form, from a real nurse, is a *real* warning to everybody. Use Lifebuoy! It purifies pores, stops "B.O." (body odor).  
*Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau*



# Radio Stars' Hostess

(Continued from page 9)



Don't be annoyed by rust stains, spots and incrustations in a toilet bowl. They're easy to remove. Without unpleasant scrubbing. Let Sani-Flush do the work for you.

Sani-Flush is a scientific formula, created to remove ugly marks from toilet bowls. Buy a can. Try putting a little in the bowl. (Follow directions on the can.) Flush the toilet. See how the porcelain sparkles! Odors are killed, not covered up. Sani-Flush is odorless.

You can purify the hidden trap under the toilet bowl with Sani-Flush. No other cleaning method can do this. 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.



Your Iron Fairly Glides!

# ELASTIC STARCH



This modern way to hot starch offers you advantages worth knowing. Simply add boiling water to dissolved Quick Elastic—no mixing, no cooking, no bother as with lump starch. Ends sticking and scorching. Restores elasticity and that soft charm of newness.

**Special TRIAL OFFER**

**THANK YOU**

THE HUBINGER CO., No. 980, Keokuk, Ia.  
Send me your trial offer check good for 5c on the purchase of a large 10c package of Quick Elastic Starch, and your free folder, "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

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," she continued; "they're real old-fashioned, you see. I can make up a batch of four dozen and in two days they're all gone!"

Kate didn't tell me how many of these she 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 anaemic 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 appears 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
- Home-Made 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 tasting 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 broad-

casts 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 the 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 always have an extra supply on hand. I also have a copy for you of the directions for making Mashed Sweet Potatoes, Southern style. It's a family favorite.

"I cook peas with a little bit of sugar to make them sweet and a tiny pinch of soda to keep them green. Not too much soda, mind you, or they'll pop out of their skins! Of course they should be boiled gently in as little water as possible, in an uncovered saucepan.

"With this chicken dinner I always serve home-made Parker House rolls and currant jelly. If I'm too busy to make the rolls, Frieda, my housekeeper-cook, can follow my recipe perfectly." (You will be able to, too. I'll tell you later on how to get a copy of this recipe.)

"Following the main course comes a fruit salad. The one I mentioned before is a swell one and such a special favorite of mine that I'd be delighted to have you name it after me." (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
  - ¼ 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 lengthwise, 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 she 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-y 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 her 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 MILLIONAIRE'S 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 purée 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!

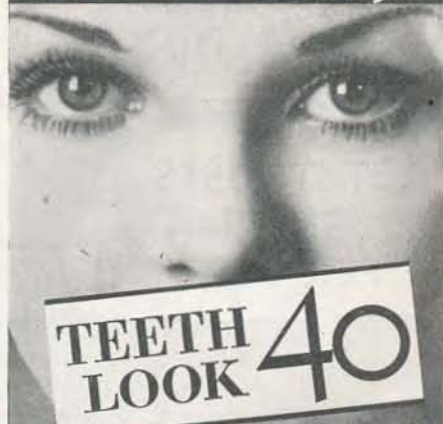
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS



# Troubadour—1936 Model

(Continued from page 39)

## AGE 19



*because she used a*  
**HALF WAY tooth paste**

Don't waste another day on half way dental care. Superficial cleansing may keep your teeth white—for a while! But when your neglected gums grow soft and tender, all the half way measures in the world won't preserve your teeth.

Now—while your teeth are still firm and sound—replace half way care with the tooth paste that does both jobs. Forhan's whitens your teeth and fights the menace of spongy gums at the same time.



Why quit half way in caring for your teeth when Forhan's gives two-fold protection at the price of most ordinary tooth pastes? Be safe. Get Forhan's today!

**Forhan's**  
DOES BOTH JOBS {CLEANS TEETH SAVES GUMS

Your Kodak Picture  
**ENLARGED**

**FREE** 8x10 Inch ENLARGEMENT of any SNAPSHOT



Your favorite snapshots of children, parents and loved 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 25c 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 receiving your snapshot immediately. Your original will be returned with your free enlargement. Pick out your snapshot and send it today.

**GEPPERT STUDIOS** Dept. 240 Des Moines, Iowa

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



Sally Singer, one of the soloists on the Ray Block Musical Toast program.



## RADIO STARS

morning, according to the popular notion. He gets his ideas by methodical painstaking research, combing through hundreds of newspaper clippings, studying the popular fads 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. But this couldn't go on forever. The comic possibilities were limited. There was the yelling, the shooting, the dirt, the illiteracy—and that was the end of it.

"Now we have a new series of family 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 rebroadcast 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."

THE END



● "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 woolly 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."

Johnson & Johnson  
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., U. S. A.



# Joan Crawford Likes Radio, But—

(Continued from page 25)



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 beautiful 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 application lasts until bed-time.

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary 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.★



**WINX**  
for Lovely Eyes

★If you are not near a 10c store, you may order direct from Ross Company, 243 West 17th Street, New York City, by sending 10c, checking whether you wish  Creamy  Cake  Black  Brown  Blue.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

M-3-36

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 whispering: '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 wonder 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 microphone and are familiar with the tricks it can play on one's voice. And she is genuinely 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 announced 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 Metropolitan Opera House, where he is accustomed 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.



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 mike, 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 concert 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 folksy 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 at 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 a weekly broadcast.

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 whatever 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

# 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?

I WONDER NOW! I'LL SEE MY DENTIST!

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!

OH, THANK YOU SO MUCH...



LATER

BABS, LET'S GO OUTSIDE. ... I WANT TO ASK YOU SOMETHING.

I'D LOVE TO... WITH YOU...!

THANK HEAVENS FOR COLGATE'S!

AND NOTHING EVER MADE MY TEETH SO CLEAN AND BRIGHT, EITHER!

## Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

**M**AKE 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.



Now-NO BAD BREATH behind her SPARKLING SMILE!



20¢ LARGE SIZE Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM





# Have You Met Mrs. George Burns?

(Continued from page 44)

Lovely hands.

**DEMAND A POLISH THAT DOESN'T STREAK OR PEEL**



**GLAZO'S AUTHENTIC COLORS WEAR 2 TO 4 DAYS LONGER**

**W**HAT are the things that every smart woman expects of her nail polish? It must be outstandingly lovely! It must apply easily and evenly, without streaking. It must wear long and gracefully, without peeling or chipping—or your nails will soon look shabby.

Glazo's glorious colors are approved by beauty and fashion authorities. Glazo has solved the streaking problem—and it's the easiest to apply, with its special, improved brush. And because Glazo is so superior in quality, it wears days longer than you've been accustomed to expect.

Just try Glazo, and discover how lovely your hands can be. Formerly much more, Glazo Manicure Preparations are now only 20 cents each.



**GLAZO**

*... The Smart Manicure*

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 dumbness. 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'd have 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 largely 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



The "Hollywood Gossip" broadcast. Don Wilson, announcer, (left) with Jimmy Fidler and Margaret Macdonald



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* 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 selves 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 any such thing. 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

"Near Blondes"

- till the right powder changed her into a True Blonde

**D**ON'T you often find yourself being called a blonde by some—"not a blonde" by others? This girl, too . . .

Her hair still has some of its baby blondeness. Her skin is very fair. Yet, with the powder she used, she looked mousy, dim—a plain in-between.

The Color Analyst told her to try a blonde's pet shade—Pond's Natural. It made her over! Her skin brightened with a delicate flush, a luminous look. She, herself, said: "Pond's Natural lights up my skin so much that even my hair and eyes have more of that true-blonde sparkle!"

#### New shades add life

What Natural does for near-blondes—one of the other Pond's shades will do for you. They all add life to the skin.

A new discovery made this possible. With an optical machine (see small picture above) Pond's color-analyzed over 200 girls' skin—all types. They saw what Nature uses to bring beauty. Actual tints hidden in the skin itself!

Take a blonde skin, for instance. A hidden tint of *bright blue* gives it that dazzling transparency. While a creamy skin gets its glowing enchantment from a hidden note of *brilliant green*!

Now Pond's has invisibly blended these beauty tints into new, different shades of powder. Thus, you can powder



Over 200 girls' skin color-analyzed to find hidden beauty tints—now blended invisibly in Pond's new powder shades!

"life" into your skin! Dull skins, pale skins, sallow and florid—each gets the very tint it needs from one of these . . .

**NATURAL** brings a fine transparency  
**ROSE CREAM** brings a brighter radiance  
**BRUNETTE** brings soft, creamy clarity  
**ROSE BRUNETTE** brings a warm glow  
**LIGHT CREAM** brings a pearly tone

Pond's Powder spreads evenly, clings. Glass jars show shades, keep the perfume. Prices reduced—35¢ and 70¢. Boxes, 10¢ and 20¢, increased in size.

**FREE** 5 Lively New Shades  
 Mail coupon today

(This offer expires May 1, 1936)

POND'S, Dept. C126, Clinton, Conn. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's new Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company



# Warner Brothers Were Wrong About Me!

(Continued from page 17)

**DON'T  
DISTURB**



**"GERMS - you  
might as well scam.  
I'm covered with  
Mennen Oil"**

"Sleeping's such a pleasure and comfort, nowadays. Not much reason left to cry—'cause my skin feels so good, and I know I'm protected 'gainst germs and infection—with this famous Mennen Antiseptic Oil. They told my wonderful mummy about it at the hospital. Seems nearly all the hospitals\* now give their babies a body-rub with this oil—all over, every day. Gee, hospitals and mothers are swell to babies—protect us from chafing, chapping . . . and most of all from those nasty, dangerous germs that cause infection. Well, I think I'll dream now. . . ."

\*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**

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, after 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.

Letting me go! 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 my 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 all 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



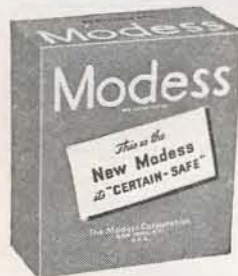
Like a shadow, fear haunts you. Every minute you wonder—"Am I safe?"

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



MAYBELLINE eye beauty aids have been the choice of fastidious women the world over for more than 18 years. From chic Paris to smart Newport, these pure and harmless cosmetics may be found on the dressing tables of the most exquisitely groomed women. The name MAYBELLINE is synonymous with highest quality and absolute purity. To insist on MAYBELLINE is to be definitely assured of eye beauty at its best. All MAYBELLINE eye beauty aids are obtainable at leading ten cent stores.



Maybelline Mascara is prepared in Black Brown Blue



All Maybelline preparations have this approval.



MASCARA . . EYE SHADOW . . EYEBROW PENCIL  
EYELASH TONIC CREAM . . EYEBROW BRUSH

# "I'm Not Kidding Myself!"

(Continued from page 47)

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 or 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.

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 soundly. Jane has not spoken to 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-es. 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 might as well 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 that 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 high coloring and sparkling blue eyes that bespeak 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.





While Joy Hodges was vocalizing with Jimmy Grier's band, as the featured soloist, scouts from the movie studios discovered her. You'll see her in "Follow the Fleet," with Ginger and Fred.

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 an anæsthetic, 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, retakes 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



**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.



**SAVE COUPONS . . . MANY HANDSOME NEW PREMIUMS**



Cigarette Box—Two shades of laminated wood. Chrome knob. 100 coupons



FREE. Write for illustrated 24-page B & W premium booklet, No. 10



Silex Coffee Maker—Pyrex and chrome. Electric. Makes 8 cups . . . 475 coupons

**RALEIGH CIGARETTES...NOW AT POPULAR PRICES...ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS**



**If you feel tired,  
nervous and out of sorts**

**—there is usually a  
definite reason for this**



**Now let's reason sensibly**

**D**on't try to get well in a day... this is asking too much of Nature. Remember, she has certain natural processes that just cannot be hurried.

But there is a certain scientific way you can assist by starting those digestive juices in the stomach to flowing more freely and at the same time supply a balanced mineral deficiency the body needs.

Therefore, if you are pale, tired and run-down... a frequent sign that your blood-cells are weak—then do try in the simple, easy way so many millions approve—by starting a course of S.S.S. Blood Tonic.

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."

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 of feeling like yourself again. 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 sizes. The \$2 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.

Do not be blinded by the efforts of a few unethical dealers who may suggest that you gamble with substitutes. You have a right to insist that S.S.S. be supplied you on request. Its long years of preference is your guarantee of satisfaction.



**Makes you  
feel like  
yourself  
again**



## 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 fol-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 sealed pads.

All of us want lustrous hair but we don't want a heavy grease to make it lustrous. We have light brilliantines available, hair rinses that give a tiny tint of colorful highlight, and sturdy firm-bristled hairbrushes, all for the sake of honest-to-goodness lustre.

All women, whether twenty or sixty years young, want to have lovely complexions. 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 the skin: one, mild facial soaps; two, cleansing creams; three, astringents; four, lubricating creams (sometimes called nourishing or tissue creams); five, protective creams. Wise women see that 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



Eddie Cantor, Sally Eilers and Parkyakarkus, in a scene from the Samuel Goldwyn picture, "Strike Me Pink."



mark are the shaky 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. Make-up 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 to 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.

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.

To spank  
or not to spank?



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.

*Chas. H. Fletcher*  
**CASTORIA**  
The Children's  
Laxative

from babyhood to 11 years



# It's Easier to Get in Pictures

(Continued from page 41)

BRIGHT

# EYE DEAS

by Jane Heath



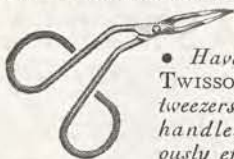
NINE women out of ten turn their backs to the light because they think it unflattering; but make this test; you'll never do it again!

First, make up your face. Then take your KURLASH and curl the lashes of *one eye*. Touch them with LASHTINT and put a little SHADETE on the upper lid. Now take your hand mirror and seek the full light of your brightest window. You'll find that one side of your face seems infinitely better looking . . . softer, lovelier in coloring, with starry eye and sweeping lashes.

You'll know then why the loveliest women use KURLASH daily. (\$1 at good stores.)



At the same window you'll have a chance to see how naturally LASHTINT darkens and beautifies your eyelashes . . . without looking "made-up" either! It comes in 4 shades, in a special sponge-fitted case to insure even applications. \$1, also. And the same holds true of SHADETE. Even in the daytime it isn't obvious—just glamorous. In 10 subtle new shades at just 75c each.



• Have you tried TWISSORS—the new tweezers with scissor handles—marvelously efficient—25c.

Write JANE HEATH for advice about eye beauty. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. Address Dept. MM-3.

# Kurlash

The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

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 our 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 Lilliputian'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—both it and 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 for me to see. "You see, I have the story of my life in charms—this tiny gold mike for my first commercial, this camera for my first picture, the wedding ring for my first (certainly) marriage . . . Mark Sandrich gave me this tiny golden chair, with the little golden figure of a man seated on it, to symbolize himself, 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 *twice*. 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 forth and 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 sumptuous 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 so very long. Ginger laughed 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. And then Ginger left 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, a bride of three days torn from her bridegroom's side, feel happy and at home in Hollywood—and 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 surely 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 fluke 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. Mark Sandrich, the director, had asked to have a certain test run for him. When he entered the darkened room another test, by error, was being run—*mine*. 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, to 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 boss and employee—and when we're working," said Harriet, "even now we're *still* boss and 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, at first, 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



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—I 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 café 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 hawling me out that morning. Just the boss and his secretary having a bite 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



When Harriet Hilliard left the "Bakers' Broadcast" to make pictures in Hollywood, pretty Billie Trask (above) was chosen to take her place.

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 re-

member how we talked—and still talk—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



## ROUGH "POWDER CATCHERS" *Melt Away* AT A TOUCH!

### SKIN FEELS BABY-SOFT... SMOOTH

You know those flaky little bits that rough up your skin?—especially on your nose and chin. Such powder catchers!

They are really countless little cells, forever drying up. Flaking off on the top of your skin! This is a natural process which goes on day in, day out—the skin's way of throwing off old dead cells.

"Then how can skin come smooth?"

You can *melt away* those powder catchers! A leading dermatologist says:

"Although cells on surface skin are constantly drying out, becoming horny—they can be melted off instantly with a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream). Then the young cells beneath come into view and the skin has the smoothness of a child's."

Do this yourself with Pond's Vanishing Cream. It has that keratolytic property

which melts off dried surface cells. This explains how Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths skin so quickly!

Touch it to your face. There and then you feel every roughness melt away, disappear. Look again and see how soft your skin is. Powder can't "catch" on a skin like this!

**For a smooth make-up**—Never powder right on your bare skin. First film on Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth away every powder-catching roughness. Skin becomes soft. Make-up goes on evenly and clings.

**Overnight for lasting softness**—Every night after cleansing, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream. While you sleep, it brings



Cross-section of outer skin (the epidermis) showing how dried-out cells on top skin flake loose, thus "catch" powder.



Mrs. Alexander Cochrane Forbes  
Grandniece of MRS. JAMES ROOSEVELT

says: "Pond's Vanishing Cream melts away roughnesses... keeps my skin smooth for powder."

your skin an extra softness. Your face is cool, not a bit greasy. Next morning, you'll find your skin decidedly softer!

**8-Piece Package** POND'S, Dept. C138, Clinton, Conn. Rush 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

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# SAVOY-PLAZA



Overlooking  
Central Park

**Y**OUR visit to New York will still be more enjoyable when you stop at this renowned hotel . . . At our very door are spread the broad acres of Central Park . . . Should your appetite lag, our cuisine offers temptation irresistible. You'll be handy to the subway, buses and the finest shops, close to Radio City and the theatres, only fifteen minutes from Wall Street.

Single rooms \$5, \$6, \$7.  
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THE NEW SAVOY ROOM  
and the  
CAFE LOUNGE and SNACK BAR

are two beautiful rooms that set the pace in delightful entertainment. Attractive appointments; charming atmosphere; orchestras that lend enchantment to dancing. Popular for Luncheon, The Cocktail Hour, Dinner and After Theatre Supper.

# SAVOY-PLAZA

Henry A. Rost, Managing Director  
George Suter, Resident Manager

FIFTH AVE • 58th TO 59th STS • NEW YORK

## 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 Chataqua 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 Bowe, newly featured tenor on Sigmund Romberg's Swift 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-



A new portrait of Connie Gates, lovely young NBC singer.



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.

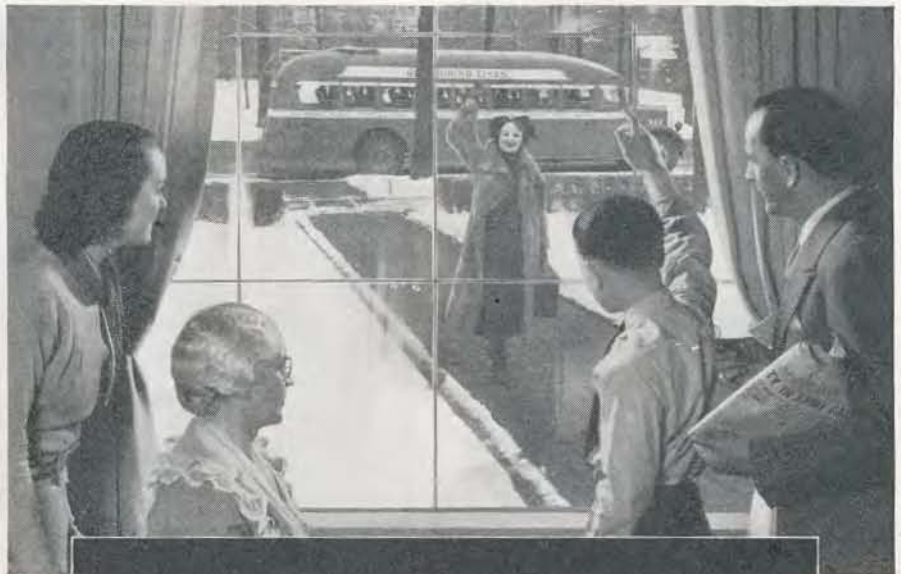
But that, he would remind you, is merely one man's opinion. Other new stars think differently on the matter.

Lucy Monroe, youngster singing star of "The American Album of Familiar Music," "Lavender And Old Lace" and "Hammerstein Music Hall," will admit to you quite frankly that she secured her radio job through pull, drag or any other word you know for influence. Her mother, Anna Laughlin, was a famous soubrette 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 had 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 air 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 hooper 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 con-



*what Greyhound means to*  
**THIS MAN'S FAMILY**

"Here comes Helen—within a minute of the time she promised in her letter! Isn't it grand she can get home so often . . ." (You see, Helen comes home from Stevens College nearly every week-end—without losing an hour of class time, or making a big dent in her allowance.)

Give Dad credit . . . he's the one who started this Greyhound habit, four years ago. It was Dad who showed his boss how to cut sales travel expense in half, by switching to Greyhound. At once, they found that they could reach dozens of new towns, and dig up a lot of profitable new business. No wonder Dad is slated for the sales manager's job.

Mother was a little blue when the family moved here from Centerville, but how she has brightened, since Greyhound has given her a quick, easy way to visit her friends back in the old home town, and to make occasional shopping trips to the big city!

Isn't it fine when old folks take a new lease on life? Grandmother will never forget that eventful trip last spring, through the glory of western mountains, to visit her daughter out on the Coast. She contends that Greyhound bus drivers are just as gallant as the young men of her girlhood.

But let Jimmy have the last word . . . "Say! I oughta know all about Greyhound buses! Our basketball team chartered one of 'em for our last out-of-town game—and we'll save enough this season to get new uniforms."

Greyhound travel is at its best in winter and early spring . . . buses thoroughly warm and comfortable, manned by drivers who have held highest national safety records for years. Why not plan your next trip this way?

**PRINCIPAL GREYHOUND INFORMATION OFFICES**

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| CLEVELAND, OHIO . . . . . E. 9th & Superior          | FORT WORTH, TEXAS . . . . . 8th & Commerce Sts.               |
| PHILADELPHIA, PA. . . . . Broad St. Station          | SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., . . . . Pine & Battery Streets         |
| CHICAGO, ILL. . . . . 12th & Wabash                  | MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. . . . . 509 6th Ave., N.                   |
| NEW YORK CITY . . . . . Nelson Tower                 | LEXINGTON, KY. . . . . 801 N. Limestone                       |
| BOSTON, MASS. . . . . 230 Baylston St.               | NEW ORLEANS, LA. . . . . 400 N. Rampart St.                   |
| WASHINGTON, D. C. . . . . 146 Union Ave.             | MEMPHIS, TENN. . . . . 146 Union Ave.                         |
| 1403 New York Ave., N. W.                            | ST. LOUIS, MO. . . . . Broadway & Delmar Blvd.                |
| DETROIT, MICH. . . . . Tuller Hotel                  | RICHMOND, VA. . . . . 412 E. Broad St.                        |
| CINCINNATI, OHIO . . . . . 630 Walnut St.            | WINDSOR, ONTARIO . . . . . 1004 Security Bldg.                |
| CHARLESTON, W. VA. . . . . 1100 Kanawha Valley Bldg. | LONDON, ENGLAND . . . . . A. B. Reynoldson, 49 Leadenhall St. |

**GREYHOUND**  
*Lines*

**MAIL THIS COUPON FOR PICTORIAL FOLDER, TRIP INFORMATION**

Fill out and mail this coupon to nearest Greyhound information office (listed above), for interesting pictorial folder, low rates and suggested routes for any trip you may have in mind. Place check mark here, if you wish information on trips to: FLORIDA, GULF COAST, NEW ORLEANS , CALIFORNIA , GREAT SOUTHWEST .

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_





## 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 a sluggish 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 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 penny post card*

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO. MM-3-36  
1750 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.

stitute one's steps up the ladder of success as much as do talent and hard work."

Several months ago Durelle Alexander, featured songstress on Paul Whiteman's broadcasts, was stranded, practically penniless, with a down-and-out orchestra in Cleveland. She read an advertisement in *Variety*, which stated that Harry Salter's Orchestra was looking for a girl singer. She bought a bus ticket for her first trip to New York, rode all night on a bumpy rear seat, found her way, the following afternoon, to Mr. Salter's office atop the Park Central Hotel. In competition with exactly eighty-two applicants she was selected for the position and since Salter's band was furnishing several sustaining programs a week to the networks, she found herself on the air.

Archie Bleyer, orchestra leader, heard her, wanted her to go on the road with his aggregation. Durelle preferred remaining in New York. Bleyer was sufficiently impressed with her ability to suggest: "You deserve a featured spot on the air. I'm going to ask Paul Whiteman to audition you."

"Mr. Whiteman was busy that day," she recalled. "He said I could come to his rehearsal and wait until he had a free moment. I waited from noon until six-thirty and finally he instructed Roy Bargy to play two choruses of two of my numbers for me, and disappeared into the control room. I sang, and before I'd finished the second tune Mr. Whiteman came out and said: 'What's your name again, little girl?'"

and I told him and he said: 'You're great! You'll do. Telephone my secretary about a contract early in the morning.'"

So now Durelle's an outstanding starlet. And because nothing but sheer ability and hard work got her her job she says she thinks answering an advertisement is as fine a method as any to crash the gates of radio.

Carol Dee, comedian Marty May's pert little stooge, landed in radio in just about the easiest way possible. Once she'd been mistress of ceremonies in a Boston theatre. Marty, then vaudevillian, had met her there, admired her work, and for a lark had written her into his act for the week as straight-woman. She did a good job.

So when CBS was signing Marty for a series and asked him: "Who stoooges for you?" he remembered the week in Boston and answered: "A girl named Carol Dee does—if I can locate her."

"So here came a telegram," Carol told me, "offering me an air spot with Mr. May. That was all and—here I am."

"If I were doing it over again, trying to break into radio, I'd be sure to make the most of every opportunity I had. Like that week years ago in Marty's act—it was a little thing but it produced great results. Maybe if I'd worked harder on other opportunities I've had, I'd have been on the air long before now."

The Tune Twisters, lately featured on the smooth broadcasts of Ray Noble's Orchestra, owe their new radio jobs to twenty-three-year-old Andy Love, pilot of



## RADIO STARS

the trio. Andy and two of his prep-schoolmates used to sing together 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 Lathrop and Bob Walker, two singers 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 luckiest 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 rôles 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 adamant secretaries, confronted the startled radio director and blurted out:

"I'm Florence Baker. Look here—I can do a good job in that leading rôle! 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 fending 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 ether 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 12 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 contacts . . . truly, hands speak the language of love. Is it not essential, then, that they be kept always well groomed—that finger nails 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, crack, peel, fade or streak.

FREE



this booklet

Send 4c in stamps and we will send to you this interesting, informative, stiff cover booklet on the beautifying of your arms, hands and fingers.

PLAT-NUM  
*Nail Polish*

PLATNUM LABORATORIES 80 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK



"SHE HAD THE KIND OF LIPS MEN LIKE TO KISS"



SAID  
**GARY COOPER**



Popular male star gives his reasons for choosing the Tangee Girl



● We presented three lovely girls to Gary Cooper. One wore the ordinary lipstick . . . one, no lipstick . . . the third, Tangee.

**GARY COOPER, star of "Desire", a Paramount Picture, picks the most kissable lips in lipstick test.**

"Her lips look kissable," he said, choosing the Tangee girl, "because they look natural."

And other men agree. They don't like to kiss lipstick either, 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*. If you prefer more color for evening, use Tangee Theatrical. Try Tangee. In two sizes, 39c and \$1.10. Or, for a quick trial, send 10c for the special 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

● **BWARE OF SUBSTITUTES** . . . when you buy. Don't let some sharp sales person switch you to an imitation . . . there's only one Tangee.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

**TANGEE**

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

now contains the magic Tangee color principle

**FACE POWDER**

★ **4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET**

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY MM36  
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin) 15¢ in Canada.

Check Shade  Flesh  Rachel  Light Rachel

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
License Print \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

"Civilization Must Change or Perish!"

(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 understand something, that is the fault of the man who speaks or writes and not of the man or woman who listens or reads. . . .

"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 influenced by the newspapers?"

"I don't know. . ." His eyes crinkled. "I don't know whether radio influences people more than newspapers do. Our newspapers, of course, are not a source

of enlightenment and are not meant to be. They are printed to be sold. In a world dominated by the Mucker and the Moron, the person who most closely approaches the ideas of the M and M will sell the largest number of papers. And that, after all, is the only thing that interests 99% of our newspaper owners. . . .

"I won't make the usual accusation, that radio does not encourage education. It gives generously to *Educators*. They are, 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 they are sentimental, when they do a Shirley Temple act and degrade into radio children—perhaps the most terrible development of the air-machine. . . .

"By and large, in America, radio does 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, bright fellows . . . the men who run it 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



Irene Wicker, the Singing Lady, carefully notes Bob Becker's instructions on preparing the Wicker dog, Mike, for a dog show. Irene's daughter, Nancy, is interested, too. Irene 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 still 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 gleaming 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.



SUE'S POPULAR NOW! SHE'S LEARNED HOW TO GUARD AGAINST COSMETIC SKIN...



**L**ux 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!

**MERLE OBERON**  
STAR OF SAMUEL GOLDWYN PRODUCTIONS



I USE COSMETICS, BUT I'M TAKING NO CHANCES WITH COSMETIC SKIN. THAT'S WHY I USE **LUX TOILET SOAP** FAITHFULLY





## 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. E-36, 170 Varick St., New York.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

P. O. \_\_\_\_\_

During one of his many trips across the ocean at this time the Dutch ship on which he was travelling was struck by a bomb.

"It's a fearsome experience," he confessed, "to see the rockets go up! When you hear the *SOS*, it's somehow reassuring. But when that has stopped, and only the rockets remain to call for help, it's terrifying."

However, he survived the hazards of war and returned to America to write more books. In 1920 he had three to his credit, "The Fall of the Dutch Empire," "The Rise of the Dutch Kingdom," and "The Golden Book of the Dutch Navigators."

"But nobody read them!" Again his eyes crinkled in a smile. "The royalties wouldn't even buy beans!"

But he got the beans on credit and began a new book, "Ancient Man," which became a best seller. In 1922 "The Story

of Mankind" won him the Newberry medal, and, although its publishers had believed it wouldn't sell, it went into thirty editions and was translated into more than a dozen languages.

Other books followed. "The Story of the Bible," "The Life and Times of Peter Stuyvesant," and "Van Loon's Geography" among them. He was for a time an associate editor of the Baltimore Sun. He was head of the history department at Antioch College in Ohio. And he has been a resident of Connecticut, France, New York and Holland.

He lives, at present, in a colonial mansion overlooking Long Island Sound—comfortable, pleasant house set amid rolling green lawns. He has two studios, one used for painting and the other for writing. He recently published a new book, "Air Storming," which comprises forty-



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.



# NOSE PORES

Largest Pores on Your Body—  
A Test of Your Cleansing Methods!

By *Lady Esther*

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 supplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft and smooth.

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Conductor Ray Block of CBS, popular Saturday night favorite.

two of his radio talks—talks to the preparation of which he gives as much thought and effort as to a chapter of a book.

Looking at this man, big in stature, big in heart and mind, a man with friendly, discerning eyes, with a face "charged with the memories of a keen and various existence," a man with the sense of humor that is the companion of understanding and integrity, one realizes that his is, indeed, a voice to which we may profitably and pleasurably listen. Just the twist of a little gadget, and all this rich experience and understanding are ours.

"We need it!" I murmured.

He smiled somewhat wryly. "The radio," he asserted, "cannot rise above the public it serves. That is my old quarrel with the brethren from the left . . . what use giving people other and perhaps better laws, unless you first of all make over the *people themselves* . . . . Otherwise you merely pour the same old sour wine into new bottles . . . but the wine tastes just the same—just as sour.

"The machine age, introducing the gadget age, has made it possible for the incompetent not only to get by but to assert themselves as never before. Until Nature sees fit to remove them from the stage, and there seems little likelihood of that just now, radio will about remain where it is . . . intelligent people trying to do the best they can for a public which does not deserve anything better than what it is getting.

"I realize that that leaves about 3% of our populace without representation, but that can't be helped. The ancient Romans were in the same fix when the barbarian tide swept across Europe. The barbarian tide once more is sweeping across the world and the minority will have to make the best of it . . . fight a few rearguard actions (as I have been doing) and wait for the change . . . .

"That change will have to come, for the present rulers of the world are so incompetent that civilization will either have to change its ways or perish.

"In either case, the result will be entirely satisfactory to yours truly."

And now the hand of the clock is on the appointed hour. Van Loon is on the air . . . we don't want to miss a word!

THE END





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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 newlyweds' corner. 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 Bernie 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 bet he's glad.

Billy Wilson, the blonde young groom, watched a photographer push his pert blonde bride 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 Billy 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—stupidous—in fact, terrific," he read. "Make that: 'it's colossal, stupidous—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 arranging to have a visitor admitted 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 "Beetle," the voice from the air.

Ben and Fannie Brice 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 hope so," Fanny said.

"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 flashlight 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, 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 since 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* chatter. And he still uses many of the same lines in various forms. A few years back one of the slang fads on Broadway was the addition of an "A" on the end of words. Main-Stemmers would say: "She gave me this-a and-a 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 "mosta of the besta," 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 clever *ad lib* personality. The high light perhaps, was his radio plea during the height of the depression: "Come back, Prosperity—all is forgiven!" It was a good line, wherever it came from, but memory fails to produce many others.

Ben started as an orchestra leader when the stage band craze was just beginning. Henry Santrey's was the only stage band in vaudeville combining 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 Juelle, 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 Juelle, while Bernie went on with the band.

In those days there was no Lombardo, Humber 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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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 stilted, 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



Coast fans have become particularly fond of Isabel Vecki, 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 Micky 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 remark, 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*

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International stage and screen star—Miss Heather Thatcher.



# Modern Music Master

(Continued from page 27)

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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-a-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 thought for a long time that too many of us—I don't mention 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." He rolled back his forehead into a four-furrowed frown that hid his boyishness under a cloud for a few minutes.

At this point, the studio manager enters unexpectedly and gives the trombonist, the piccolo player and one of the girls a call down for smoking. "Can't you 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 Whiteman can get away with anything like that.

"With all these big contracts, unbelievable programs, radio sets developed to the *nth* 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 depend too much on personalities; there still is a good deal of musical noise, mistakenly 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 in no school, no 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 men who are at the top in radio, for 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. When I say radio 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 earliest 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 Whiteman Scholarship, which I already have established in memory of my mother, who once suggested it to me."

Only a comparatively few persons have a real idea, and only one in a million amongst that few have the rare gift and guts—the intelligence, the courage, the fight and the persistency—to carry an original idea through years and years, in the face of discouragement, disbelief, ridicule and massed public opinion. Paul Whiteman's idea has made radio history. For Whiteman is not merely The King of Jazz, but he also is its foster-father as well.

Whenever he tells about it, Paul makes light of it, by going into an impersonation, as though it were a Bedtime Story. "Now, boys and girls of the radio, old Grandpap Whiteman made his first radio appearance just fifteen years ago, come Washington's Birthday, 1936, which at least makes me the musical granddaddy 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, long time. I was playing over at the Palais Royale on Broadway, when the subject was brought up. There were no government-controlled airways 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. True





Jack Hylton, English dance favorite, is now well established with American dance lovers, thanks to his radio programs. Has been honored by King George.

# Do you know anybody who deserves

# this tag?



American music for American people—and others, if they would stand for it.

"We'll have to go back a few years in Whiteman 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 intelligentsia. 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 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

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**WOMEN**  
 Mail Coupon Today SURE.

discovered it. Nor did it come to us from Africa in a real sense, although it was all in the rhythm of the tom-tom, the zim-zim and the native drum. Jazz originated not in pure African music but in the interpretations, first of familiar airs, made by the transplanted negro into his own idiom. As time passed, a curious evolution led to an adaptation of mood that caught the very soul of the musical expression of the American people.

"What is American jazz? Well, take, for example, a phonograph record that Kreisler once made of his interpretation of Rimsky-Korsakoff. It was a gorgeous piece, in the highest classical tradition and mood, and many thousands of the

intelligentsia bought it and reveled in it. Years later, I took the same musical composition, "The Song of India," and arranged and conducted it in the jazz mood and rhythm and it sold to the tune of four million! I didn't do anything more than translate it. Or put it this way: If we want to be sure that every American listener from the Kentucky mountains to the Maine woods, from the Arizona desert to the orchards of Oregon—for the radio covers all that and more—if we want every listener to understand every last word, every musical note—if we are going to have a heart to heart communion—then we've got to talk in the vernacular. Use the American idiom. You can give them



Nancy Flake, featured soloist of Frank Dailey's orchestra, has just turned eighteen. Started out to be a dramatic actress, but Frank intervened.





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 *Dress!*" 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.

"*B-houncing 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 happy-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



Poised by professional models

### How Thousands Quickly Gain 5 to 15 lbs. This New Way

THERE'S no excuse today for thousands of men and women to be "skinny" and friendless, even though in the past they could never gain an ounce. For here's a new easy treatment for them that puts on solid, naturally attractive pounds—in just a few weeks!

Doctors now know that the real reason why many find it hard to gain weight is 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—the women normal curves—in a very short time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining normal good-looking pounds, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from miserable indigestion and constipation, glorious 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, need Vitamin B and iron to build you up, get these new Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist at once. Then, day after day, as you take them, watch skinny limbs and flat chest round out to normal attractiveness, skin clear to natural beauty—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 you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money will be 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 seal on 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 very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 33, Atlanta, Ga.



NO LONGER ASHAMED OF MY FIGURE



ALWAYS PLENTY OF BOY FRIENDS




# Necessity Spells Success

(Continued from page 33)

**FOR PROMPT RELIEF  
PLEASEANT NOTHING  
THERE'S NOTHING  
QUITE LIKE**

# Alka-Seltzer

**The sparkling, Alkaline drink, combined  
with an Analgesic (Sodium Acetyl Salicylate)  
for Sour Stomach, Colds, Headaches, and other  
common aches and pains, caused  
by excess acidity—(relievent alkalinity)**



**30c—60c SIZES  
ALL DRUG STORES**

**TUNE IN—**  
The National  
Bar, Dance  
On The Radio  
Every Saturday  
Night, N. B. C.  
Network.

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—Jimsie."

"The puppies," Donna went on dreamily, "are adorable—they are Lasses Taffy and Laddie, and the birds are Pete, and Tiffy and Tuffy—named after Clarence Tiffingtuffer."

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—plus, 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!

## TYPEWRITER

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SEND NO MONEY—10 Day Trial ONLY \$17.95  
Send for special new literature and money-saving, easy pay plan with 10 day trial offer. Also amazing bargains in standard size, rebuilt office models on FREE trial offer. **LIBERAL ALLOWANCE**—on your old typewriter during this sale.

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SUBTLE, fascinating, alluring. Sell regularly for \$12.00 an ounce. Made from the essence of flowers:—

Three odors: Send only  
(1) Gardenia  
(2) Esprit de France  
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**20¢**  
A single drop lasts a week!

To pay for postage and handling send only 20c (silver or stamps) for 3 trial bottles. Only one set to each new customer. **PAUL RIEGER**, 210 First St., San Francisco, Calif.




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.



For Myrtle'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 prepared 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 Tiffingtuffer, Mr. Cornfelder—the latter two provide grand comedy, but before you are done laughing at them, you are worrying over what that arch villainess, 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



draw  
me!

## COMPETE FOR AN ART SCHOLARSHIP

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, \$190.00.)**

**FREE!** Each contestant whose drawing shows sufficient merit will receive a grading and advice as to whether he or she has, in our estimation, artistic talent worth developing.

Nowadays design and color play an important part in the sale of almost everything. Therefore the artist, who designs merchandise or illustrates advertising has become a real factor in modern industry. Machines can never displace him. Many Federal students, both men and girls who are now commercial designers or illustrators capable of earning from \$1000 to \$5000 yearly have been trained by the Federal Course. Here's a splendid opportunity to test your talent. Read the rules and send your drawing to the address below.

### RULES

This contest open only to amateurs, 16 years old or more. Professional commercial artists and Federal students are not eligible.

1. Make drawing of girl 5 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.

## FEDERAL SCHOOLS, INC.

3996 Federal Schools Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

## 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 gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a 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

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 IN ALL 10c



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Why not let us include some of these other Dennison Books? Check those you want and enclose 10c for each.  
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**Dennison Crepe**

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 ménage 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 Tiffing-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



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. When 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 fêted, bedecked with incredibly gorgeous flowers, fed with astonishing foods at a native banquet or 'luau'. Wherever they went, they were adorned 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 group broke 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, in 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 may believe Myrt lost no time in making the most of Nature's unexpected coöperation! 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 overtone 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 verve, Myrtle and Donna merge themselves in their respective rôles of "Myrt and Marge" and another program is on the air.

Hard work? Yes, but as Donna says: "Oh, boy, what fun!"

THE END

**SAD AND BLUE**  
*Now dreams come true!*

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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Used by millions for 25 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. All druggists. In 3 strengths: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40¢ each.



# 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.

## DRAMA 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 frightfully 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 com-

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 Humber's vocalist, met his future wife on the Albany boat... H. V. Kaltenborn met his on shipboard, crossing the Atlantic.



Deems Taylor listens intently as George Gershwin plays one of his original compositions. Deems is also quite the composer himself, if you recall.



## RADIO STARS

### 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 Grafton and Donald Novis, comedy character stuff for Jimmy Durante and circus life problems for Arthur Sinclair and W. J. McCarthy, in the rôles of the rival showmen.

Some of the unusual musical effects you hear on these Tuesday broadcasts—maybe you haven't 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? Well, he does! Before becoming a broadcaster Al was lifeguard, salesman, cook, banjo player and vaudevillian.

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 singing contest at a country fair.

Gabriel Heatter, NBC's Week-End News Review Commentator, philosophizes: "The difference between success and failure in radio is a sponsor."

Lucy Monroe, young soprano star of the "American Album of Familiar Music," never 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.

# CORNS Or CALLOUSES *Lift Right Out!*



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*, sure way. One minute after you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads on corns, callouses or bunions 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, Callouses, Bunions, and Soft Corns between the toes. Cost but a trifle. Sold everywhere.

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Name..... Address.....

IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF RADIO STARS

# EVA LE GALLIENNE

INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS ACTRESS

Expresses her thoughts in astonishingly frank fashion on

## RADIO'S SHORTCOMINGS

Humiliated . . . Unpopular . . . because of

# PIMPLES

**60-second treatments bring quick relief** So needless . . . 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 recommend is yours to use at home!

**Beauty Magic**—Nac Prescription Cream contains volatized sulphur . . . penetrates pore deep . . . clears up pimples by killing the pimple germ.

This medicated cream ends "periodic pimples" 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 Woolworth, Kresge and Kress Stores . . . 20c. Large sizes at drug and department stores.



## NAC...the Volatized-Sulphur Cream

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NOT ONLY THAT,  
THEY GIVE ADDED  
PROTECTION, AND  
ARE SO CONVENIENT  
AND DEPENDABLE."**

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(Pronounced PAR-I-O-JEN)  
**• TABLETS •**

**S**OUND reasoning and commonsense recommend the form, the convenience, and the dependability of PAR-I-O-GEN Tablets, features which are often so difficult adequately to describe.

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The Price of the Regular Size Tube of 12 Tablets Is \$1.00

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For quick relief from the itching of eczema, blotches, pimples, athlete's foot, rashes and other skin eruptions, apply Dr. Dennis' cooling, antiseptic, liquid D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION. Its gentle oils soothe the irritated skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back.

**D.D.D. Prescription**

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Magic Acoust-A-Phone, Only \$1.  
A famous Hollywood Radio Announcer, who has taught many successful Picture and Radio Artists and Announcers to perfect their voices, offers to send you his magic Acoust-A-Phone—one of the most sensational discoveries in SOUND DYNAMICS since talking pictures! Enables you to audition yourself privately at home and hear your own voice as it sounds in radio, stage, pictures, public speaking, social life, or business. Perfects those mellow, round tones, like the voices of your favorite stars. Helps correct your faults. Astound your friends. Leading Hollywood Sound Engineers recommend the magic Acoust-A-Phone to men and women for voice perfection opportunities, and bigger money. "Five minutes with the magic Acoust-A-Phone turned failure into success for me," writes Radio Star. No wires, recordings, or attachments. Lasts lifetime. Just talk or sing and LISTEN! Send name, address and \$1.00 bill (or sent C.O.D. plus postage) for the regular \$3.00 magic Acoust-A-Phone (saves you \$2.00!) Written professional coaching and easy instructions, included FREE. MONEY-BACK guarantee. Limited number at special price, so act at once. **ACOUST-A-PHONE CO.**  
Dept. 22 1616 North Vermont Hollywood, California



Easy to look at, easy to listen to—that's Grace Cooper, lovely little blue-eyed actress on the NBC dramatic staff. Grace has been heard on the "Matrimonial Marathon" program, as well as several other offerings.

**BROTHERS**

Quite a number of brother combinations seem to be doing very nicely on the air.

A shining example of fraternal and musical harmony is the four Lombardo frères—Guy, Carmen, Leibert and Victor, who comprise numerically one-third of the "Royal Canadians" personnel. Recently another bandleader offered Guy two trumpet players, a saxophonist and \$200.00 weekly for Trumpeter Leibert Lombardo. The offer wasn't even considered.

Other brothers whose family labels are familiar to radio listeners are: Bob Crosby who is following along in brother Bing's Size 8 footsteps; Tom Waring, a featured soloist with Fred's versatile company; Herman Bernie, who manages Ben Bernie; Willie Burns, who helps George make Gracie goofy; and Jack Rich, star drummer for Freddie Rich.

There is a slew of Fernandos in the orchestra business. Al and Cal Pearce report for the same program. Mark Warnow's ace pianist is Harry Warnow, who composes tunes under the tag of Raymond Scott. Dick Messner has four brothers manning the instruments in his band. And Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey are pursuing their separate ways at the head of their own musical groups.

**THE MIGHTY ALLEN PARADOX**

Fred Allen appears to be radio's strangest paradox. As a public figure, he is a suave sophis-

ticate. Privately he is shy, plain as home-spun. A radio star of his magnitude might be expected to drive around in a big car, rent a duplex suite overlooking the East River. Mr. Allen doesn't even own a car or keep a servant, and he lives in a small furnished apartment in the West Fifties.

Wednesdays at nine p. m. he plays hail-fellow-well-met. Yet no threshold in town is crossed by visitors less often than his. His writing routine in preparation for his "Town Hall Tonight" broadcasts keeps him a virtual hermit, with no time for entertaining.

His weekly job of purveying laughter makes him appear the happiest of mortals, yet by nature he always is looking on the dark side, worrying over his scripts, never thinking he has done his best work.

On the air, he mocks the world and lampoons humanity with a biting touch. Off the air, he plays Big Hearted Herbert, concerned about a page-boy's sick mother, giving money unstintingly to needy friends. On the air, he and Portland rail at each other like confirmed domestic battlers. Off the air, they are radio's most devoted couple.

**SHORT LINES**

Al Goodman, conductor of "Your Hit Parade" orchestra, has one of the loudest laughs known . . . Graham McNamee received a fighting cock as a gift from an admirer . . . Little Mary Small wears her mother's favorite ring when she broad-





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.



*Never wait a second day take a Beauty Laxative*

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.

DR. EDWARDS'  
**OLIVE TABLETS**  
THE *Beauty* LAXATIVE

**BUNIONS Reduced Quickly**  
Pain Stops At Once! Write for Free Sample of Fairyfoot Treatment. No obligation. Dept. 2713 Fairyfoot Company 1223 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

**BLONDES with DARKENED HAIR**

**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.

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 HOBO" . . .

**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

casts . . . Richard Humber was born in Newark, New Jersey, in 1906, and earned his first salary (\$6.00 a week) as wrapper in a department store . . . Rachel Carlay, "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 1280 . . . Priscilla Lane, of Waring's "Pennsylvanians," was born in Indianola, 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 Havrilla, 1935 diction medal winner, is married to the former Marion Munson, a descendant of John Howland, 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



# Father Coughlin Justifies Attack on Roosevelt

(Continued from page 15)



THIS DIRT  
CAME OFF  
A "CLEAN"  
FACE

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 cleansing as nothing has done before.

You can get a trial size at your 10¢ store. Large size, 75¢ at drug or department stores.

**AMBRŌSIA**  
THE PORE-DEEP CLEANSER

**AMAZING! SILK HOSE**  
GUARANTEED TO OR NEW HOSE  
*Wear Without Holes* FREE

Beautiful silk hose with Free Replacement Guarantee if they do not wear up to 8 months without holes. This amazing guarantee is real. Ringless, sheer chiffons, service weights, etc. 96 styles, colors for men, women, children. Sold through agents only, not in stores. Offers big money for agents.

Your own Hose  
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AGENTS:  
UP TO \$24 IN A  
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Men or women  
write for special full or  
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SEND FOR FREE CATALOG  
PINS handily never plated, enameled 1 or 2 col-  
ors, any 3 or 4 letters and year. Dnc. Price \$3.50.  
Sterling or Gold Plate 50¢; Dnc. \$5. RINGS, Ster-  
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for 40 years. Over 300 designs. Write today!  
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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: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.



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 electing 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 unholy 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

# Skinny, Weak Rundown Nervous..!



## How NATURAL IODINE Builds Worn-Out, Pale, Sickly Folks Into Strong, Red-Blooded Men and Women!

Kelpamalt, New Mineral Concentrate from the Sea, Rich in NATURAL PLANT IODINE, Feeds Starved Glands—Must Build Rich, Red Blood, Put on Lbs. of Solid, "Stay-There" Flesh, Give Steady Nerves and Day-Long Energy in First Week or Trial is Free!

Here's new hope and encouragement for thousands of even naturally skinny, weak, worn out, haggard-looking men and women whose energy and strength have been sapped by overwork and worry, who are nervous, irritable, always half sick and ailing. Science says the principal cause of these rundown conditions is "GLANDS STARVING FOR IODINE." When these glands don't work properly, all the food in the world can't help you. It just isn't turned into flesh. The result is, you stay skinny, pale, tired-out and rundown.

The most important gland—the one which actually controls body weight and strength—needs 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 food into firm flesh, new strength and energy.

To get NATURAL IODINE in convenient, concentrated and assimilable form, take Kelpamalt—now recognized as the world's richest source of this precious substance. It contains 1,300 times more iodine than oysters, once considered the best source. 6 tablets alone contain more NATURAL IODINE than 480 lbs. of spinach or 1,387 lb. of lettuce.

Try Kelpamalt for a single week and notice the difference. See flattering extra pounds of "stay-there" flesh appear in place of scrawny hollows. Notice how much better you feel, and if you don't gain at least 5 lbs. in one week, the trial is free. 100 jumbo size Kelpamalt tablets—4 to 5 times the size of ordinary tablets—costs but a few cents a day to use. Get Kelpamalt today. Sold at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send \$1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

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Write today for fascinating instructive 20-page book on How to Add weight Quickly. Mineral contents of Food and their effects on the human body. New facts about NATURAL IODINE. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 082, 27-33 West 20th St., New York City.

## Kelpamalt Tablets

Manufacturer's Note:—Inferior products—sold as kelp and milk preparations—in imitation of the genuine Seodol Kelpamalt are often offered as substitutes. Don't be fooled. Demand genuine Seodol Kelpamalt Tablets. They are easily assimilated, do not upset stomach nor irritate face. Results guaranteed or money back.



One of radio's loveliest personalities is dark-eyed Carlotta King who starred on the stage and screen and also has been featured in opera. She is, perhaps, best known for her appearances in musical comedy. Her soprano voice is considered one of the finest on the air. Carlotta broadcasts from the Pacific coast, it being handiest for her and her movie work. Her programs are heard on the NBC-KPO network.



*A Discovery About*  
**DRY SKIN**

*Asteatosis*

**ROBS VICTIMS OF SKIN BEAUTY!**

Asteatosis makes your complexion rough, dry and unattractive.

Overcome **DRY SKIN** by using Lander's new **OLIVE OIL CREAM** for cleansing and nourishing Dry Skin.

**WHAT IS ASTEATOSIS?**

Asteatosis is the medical name for the failure of the sebaceous glands to feed oil to the skin. Physicians recommend **OLIVE OIL** to treat Asteatosis. Lander's pure **OLIVE OIL CREAM** will nourish and lubricate dry skin. Try it today!



FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK



**Sold as a love slave!  
Trapped in a harem!**

He towered above her in the opaque blackness of the desert evening. A faint dry breeze brought to her from his flowing robes the scent of sandalwood and tobacco and the clean smell of well-kept Morocco leather.

"Really," she murmured, "I've been in Egypt several months, but no one has taken the trouble to insult me."

"Insult you?" repeated Ahmed Mahun quietly. His tone was spiced with scorn. "How is it possible to insult a girl of twenty who would marry a reprobate like Falconer? You don't know, of course, what he is, what he does for his living. Do you know that the man is a trader in women?" he wound up, brusquely.

If Carlotta had heeded the stranger's warning, she might never have been sold into slavery, kept prisoner in a harem!

Read this thrilling complete novel of desert love in the March

*Sweetheart*  
*Stories*

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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 heeded 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 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 legislators. 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 editorials 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-



Betty Lou Gerson of the "First Nighter" program having a snack of lunch with Announcer Don McNeill and Templeton Fox of "Your Health" series.





George T. Delacorte, Jr., publisher of Radio Stars, presenting the magazine's award for Distinguished Service to Radio to Conductor Gus Haenschen, Lucy Monroe, Frank Munn, Producer E. F. Hummert and Announcer Howard Claney, all of the American Album of Familiar 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 amplified 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



Youthful looking  
**HAIR**



To be always well groomed, with youthful, lustrous hair, use Nestle Colorinse. This harmless vegetable coloring compound magically rinses youth into your hair . . . a gleaming, glinting, glamour that gives to any hair the perfect highlights of its own natural color. Colorinse is easily removed — a shampoo washes it away.

10c  
for a package containing 2 rinses at all 5 and 10 cent stores. To select your particular color, use the Nestle Shade Selector

Other Nestle Hair Aids  
Henna Shampoo • Golden Shampoo • Superst Waving Lotion, Regular and Formula No. 2 (Faster Drying) • Liquid Shampoo • Oil Treatment and Shampoo.

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The NESTLE-LEMUR COMPANY, N.Y.

**KILL THE HAIR ROOT**



The Mahler method positively prevents hair from growing again. Safe, easy, permanent. Use it privately, at home. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success. Backed by 35 years of successful use all over the world. Send 6c in stamps TODAY for illustrated Booklet. We teach Beauty Culture.

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**IF YOU HAD A TACK IN YOUR TOE**



You'd take it out . . .

being careful to avoid

infection • A corn is hard, dead tissue with tack-like point. Shoe pressure forces the hard point into nerves, sending pain throughout your system. When soft felt Blue-Jay pad is centered over the corn, shoe pressure is lifted and pain ceases instantly. The mild Blue-Jay medication undermines the corn and in 3 days you lift it out completely.

**BLUE-JAY** BAUER & BLACK  
SCIENTIFIC  
**CORN PLASTER**



# LOSE FAT

By Safe  
**FOOD  
METHOD**  
No More  
Drugs!



\*She  
lost  
**48  
lbs.**

Just like  
**Eating Candy!**

● At last! You can reduce SAFELY by the new **FOOD METHOD**...no dangerous drugs. Losing fat with **SLENDRETS** is like eating candy! But unlike candy, delicious **SLENDRETS** take fat off, quickly! You lose weight by a safe new **FOOD PRINCIPLE** which converts accumulated fat into energy. You feel better, look years younger! **SLENDRETS** contain no drugs...no dangerous dinitrophenol, no thyroid. Not laxative.

**Read How Others Lost Fat:** \*"I reduced 48 lbs., look 10 years younger," writes Mrs. Sims, Iowa. "36 lbs. of fat gone. Never felt better," writes Miss Angell, N. Y. "Lost 5 lbs. this week, leaves no flabby skin," writes Miss Nolan, Calif.

**REDUCE QUICKLY...or NO COST!**

● If you are not entirely satisfied with the wonderful results from the very first package, you get your money back in full. You can't lose one cent.

**ACT ON THIS OFFER TODAY!**

Don't give **FAT** another day's start...but be sure you reduce the safe **SLENDRETS** Food Method Way. Don't use drugs! Send \$1 for generous-supply package containing 84 **SLENDRETS**. Or, \$5 for 6 packages. (Currency, Money Order, Stamps, or C.O.D.) Sent to you in plain wrapper.

Scientific Medicinal Products Co. Dept. M336  
Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Calif.

Please send me on your money-back offer

The \$1 package containing 84 **SLENDRETS**

6 packages of **SLENDRETS** for \$5

(Enclose payment. Or if C.O.D., send 10c fee)

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

## WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE— WITHOUT CALOMEL

And You'll Jump out of Bed in  
the Morning Rarin' to Go

**T**HE 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. © 1935, C. M. Co.

# Nothing But the Truth?

(Continued from page 50)

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 debut 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 hour 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 'Fibber 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?

*Elsie Hitz:* "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 it's 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 Damerel (Marge of Myrt 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 Carlile:* "Never."

*Conrad Thibault:* "Indeed not. It is always a source of pleasure, even though it makes such great demands on time and preparation."

*Lanny Ross:* "Not as yet, because I feel that I'm only at the beginning of it."

*Mark Warnow:* "No... it never has bored me."

*Niela Goodelle:* "Very often—after some discouragement or other."

*Frank Parker:* "On many occasions."

*Al Pearce:* "No—since I think radio 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:* "On the contrary. I live in fear that I may have to."

*Margaret Speaks:* "No. It is too much a part of my life."

*Nick Dawson:* "Very frequently."

*Gabriel Heatter:* "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 then there is the hope that springs eternal."

*John Barclay:* "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 unassuming lad—a type such as Milton Cross was when I worked with him in 1925-27."

*Richard Himber:* "A combination of David Ross, Carlisle Stevens, and Ted Pearson."

*Harry von Zell:* "One who can sound perfectly natural at all times, regardless of the variety of his assignments."



**FIND  
YOUR  
DESTINY!**

**FOLLOW  
THE STARS!**

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.

Other revelations in this new magazine will show you how to use astrology in your daily life, as a guide and staff of self-reliance.

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**

Now on Sale Everywhere... 10c

*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 moods."

*Andy Sannella:* "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."

*Erno Rapee:* "Short as possible."

*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 Husing is next. Informality is my idea of an outstanding voice."

*Glen Gray:* "Naturally a clear voice, preferably deep. Exceptional diction. Outstanding personality and the ability to use it by ad libbing in a pinch. Regular fellow."

*Dale Carnegie:* "Alois Havrilla—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 artist."

*Nils T. Granlund:* "Never heard of one."

*Igor Gorin:* "Ken Niles and Jimmy Wallington."

*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 stuffed shirt."

*Paul Pearson:* "Moderate in delivery, moderate in inflection."

*Jose Manzanares:* "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 Jepson:* "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. . . ."

*Lennie 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

**GRIFFIN-A·B·C**



for a real shine



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**Learn Radio IN 12 WEEKS**  
BY SHOP WORK—NOT BY BOOKS  
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Prepare for jobs in Service Work, Broadcasting, Talking Pictures, Television, Wireless, etc., by 12 weeks practical shop training in Cozyne Shops. Free Employment Service. Many earn while learning. Write for **BIG FREE RADIO and TELEVISION BOOK**, and my "Pay-Tuition-After-Graduation" Plan.  
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ALWAYS CROSS PRAISES CHANGE



**NEW BEAUTY THRILLS HUSBAND**

Her husband marvels at her clear complexion, sparkling eyes, new vitality. She is really a different person since she eliminated intestinal sluggishness. What a difference a balanced combination of natural laxatives makes. Learn for yourself! Give Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) a trial. Note how naturally they work, leaving you feeling 100% better, freshened, alive. Contain no phenol or mineral derivatives. 25c, all druggists.

**NR TO-NIGHT**  
TOMORROW ALRIGHT

**FREE:** Beautiful five-color 1936 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of NR and Turms. Send stamp for packing and postage to A. H. Lewis Co., Desk 88C-6, St. Louis, Mo.



# 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 BROWNTONE 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, BROWNTONE 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. Imparts 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.

BROWNTONE—only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee, or—

SEND FOR TEST BOTTLE

The Kenton Pharmaceutical Co.  
304 Brownstone Bldg., Covington, Kentucky

Please send me Test Bottle of BROWNTONE and interesting booklet. Enclosed is a 3c stamp to cover partly, cost of packing and mailing.

State shade wanted \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

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Print Your Name and Address

## CATARRH AND SINUS CHART—FREE

Guaranteed Relief or No Pay. Stop hawking—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. 63rd year in business. Write today!

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# MIFFLIN

## Antiseptic MOUTH WASH

Large SIZE 20¢

4 oz. SIZE 10¢

AT LEADING 5c and 10c CHAIN STORES

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: "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 head."

Niela Goodelle: "One who speaks clearly, without affectation and exudes loads of personality. If you want names, I consider George Hicks excellent."

Ray Block: "Ken Roberts."

Deems Taylor: "Let someone else say it."

Abe Lyman: "A soft talker."

Bob Crosby: "Norman Brokenshire, who gives even a very common announcement an uncommon note of sincerity."

David Ross: "Ideals vary with the individual. My ideal announcer is one whose voice is mature, resonant and musical; whose utterance is convincing and whose manner is authoritative yet friendly."

Nick Dawson: "One who combines the following: the lilt in the voices of Hayrilla and McNamee, the color of David Ross, the virility of Don Wilson, the surety of Milton Cross, and the conviction of Harry von Zell and Wallington."

### What Is Your Attitude Toward Hill-Billy Music?

Nick Dawson: "A very little goes an awfully long way as far as I'm concerned."

David Ross: "I like hill-billy music for its disarming naiveté and healthy crudeness."

Bob Crosby: "Not among my favorite types of music."

Abe Lyman: "Like it."

Deems Taylor: "Let's keep this clean."

Ray Block: "All right in small doses."

Niela Goodelle: "Am not over fond of it."

Virginia Verrill: "It probably has its place, but personally I hate corny music of any kind."

Josephine Gibson: "My secret passion."

Phil Dues: "If the music is genuine, I usually am very much entertained by it. I have no use for the Broadway hill-billies."

Bernice Claire: "I recommend it in carefully weighed out pinches to vary one's musical diet."

James Melton: "Tolerant."

Andre Kostelanetz: "All right in its place."

Lennie Hayton: "Good hill-billy music, used at the right moment, is very soothing. Its simplicity of chordal sequences makes it very enjoyable in the midst of a modern program."

Helen Marshall: "If you like it, well and good . . . but don't inflict it on your friends."

Conrad Thibault: "I wish I knew what it was."

Helen Jepson: "Have to be in the right mood to enjoy it."

Jimmy Durante: "Love it . . . also Hawaiian."

Jose Manzaneres: "I admire all kinds of music when it is well played. There is also a good deal of horse-sense philosophy in the lyrics of the hill-billy music."

Ray Perkins: "It's like corn liquor . . .

fine if you take it in limited quantities."

Igor Gorin: "I prefer operatic music."

Parkyakarkus: "Some day it will replace the horse and buggy."

Nils T. Granlund: "It's terrible!"

Robert L. Ripley: "My idea of grand opera."

Dale Carnegie: "Need you ask?"

Glen Gray: "Hill-billy music is swell if a genuine outfit is presenting it . . . and a good one at that. There are very few mountain tunes that I like to hear on a dance band."

Benay Venuta: "I guess it's here to stay—but it'll never take the place of opera!"

Ed McConnell: "I like the rollicksome lilt 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."

Erno Rapee: "It is not music."

Parks Johnson: "I do not enjoy breakfast in my tuxedo, nor dinner in my pyjamas, but I do enjoy hill-billy music . . . in the hills!"

Andy Sannella: "Yes!"

Freddie Rich: "I despise it."

Harry von Zell: "If 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 Himber: "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—once when I dislocated both shoulders, about an hour before air time—once 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 laudable, there are instances when it becomes most asinine and inhuman."

Bob Crosby: "I forced myself to participate in a Roger-Gallett program six days after an attack of pneumonia."

Deems 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."

Niela Goodelle: "I had to broadcast a few hours after the death of my grandmother. It was very hard to do because we were very close."

Virginia Verrill: "Several times. Two years ago in the Los Angeles CBS studios my broadcast was punctuated by an earthquake. In 1934 I did half of a thirty-minute program in the dark, with water pouring into the Bohemian Gardens where I was broadcasting. A large reservoir had just burst above the café."

Josephine Gibson (Hostess Counsel): "We discovered, after we thought we were on the air for a chain broadcast, that



# ARE YOU UP-TO-THE-MINUTE??

Do you know the latest antics of your favorite comic characters?

We've made it easy for you to keep up with them . . . for we've gathered together all the favorite funny-paper people and put them into one magazine. POPULAR COMICS contains the greatest collection of funnies ever gotten together in one book . . . and they are all in color! Here are just a few of the popular characters who romp through this great comic magazine . . .

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SO—start now with the March issue to keep pace with your favorite comic characters in

## Popular COMICS

America's Favorite Funnies  
Now on Sale Everywhere 10c



the mike we were using was not connected. I had to rush to another—a standing microphone—and continued the broadcast, 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 Ducey:* "Yes. I often have been quite ill with colds, coughs, and even fevers. I have lost very dear ones and thought it necessary to continue my programs."

*Bernice Claire:* "I have worked many times when I have been too ill to hold up my head, but somehow one always manages to carry on."

*Andre Kostelanetz:* "No."

*Lennie 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 presentation of a new opera the prima donna was taken ill just a few days before the opening. 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."

*Jimmy 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 Manzanera:* "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 Francisco) and put on my program."

*Robert L. Ripley:* "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."

*Benay 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 'Swanee 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 program."

*Freddie Rich:* "Yes. The show went on despite the fact that my father had just died, and, at another time, when my mother 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 Tums. Munch 3 or 4 of them after eating a meal of your favorite foods or when too much smoking, hasty eating, last night's party or some other cause has brought on acid indigestion, sour stomach, gas, belching or heartburn. See how food "taboos" vanish. You are not taking any harsh alkalis which physicians say may increase the tendency toward acid indigestion. Instead a wonderful antacid that dissolves only enough to correct stomach acid.



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## IF YOU HAD BEEN NANCY-

Nancy E—'s story could have been yours! Left with two little children to support . . . not much money to depend upon . . . unable to leave the children to work in shop or office—even if she could have been sure of getting a job! Yet, today Mrs. E— is making \$30 a week as a C. S. N. graduate and plans to establish a rest home for convalescents! Those magic letters "C. S. N." are responsible for her success. They stand for



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This school for 35 years has been training men and women, at home and in their spare time, for the dignified, well-paid profession of nursing. Course, endorsed by physicians, prepares for all types of nursing. Equipment included. Lessons clear and concise. Easy Tuition Payments. Be one of thousands of men and women earning \$25 to \$35 a week as trained practical nurses. High school education not required. Best of all, you can earn while learning! Mrs. A. B. R. earned three times the cost of the course while studying. Doctors say C. S. N. graduates make their best practical nurses. Send coupon today and learn how you can become self-supporting as a nurse.

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Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_



## COUGH STOPPED quicker by "Moist-Throat" Method

DID you know that when you catch cold the thousands of tiny moisture glands in your throat and wind-pipe dry or clog? Thick phlegm irritates your throat, making you cough.

It is necessary to stimulate those glands to pour out their natural moisture. Pertussin does this. It "unclogs" the glands—loosens phlegm—soothes your cough away.

Over 1,000,000 doctors' prescriptions for Pertussin were filled in one year, according to Prescription Ingredient Survey issued by American Pharmaceutical Assn.



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### Skin Help

When surface pimples spoil looks or eczema torments you

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no cutting . . . no pads



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If you want to keep your feet free from aching corns just get a bottle of FREEZONE from any drugist. 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. It's the safe way that millions use to get rid of hard and soft corns and calluses. Works like a charm! Try it.

## FREEZONE

# Board of Review

(Continued from page 10)

- MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR (NBC).**  
*Human interest on parade.*
- JUMBO (NBC).**  
*Jimmy Durante, Gloria Grafton, Donald Novis and a wobbly script.*
- CITIES SERVICE CONCERT WITH JESSICA DRAGONETTE (NBC).**  
*Rosario Bourdon's orchestra, featured. Jessica as marvelous as ever.*
- SHUT-IN-HOUR—U. S. MARINE BAND (NBC).**  
*Marches and then some.*
- LESLIE HOWARD DRAMATIC SKETCHES (CBS).**  
*Considerably more interesting since the serial perished.*
- NATIONAL BARN DANCE (NBC).**  
*Hayseed merriment.*
- 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 stooge idea.*
- YOU SHALL HAVE MUSIC WITH JACK HYLTON (CBS).**  
*Music with the Continental swing.*
- THE SINGING LADY (NBC).**  
*Pleasantries 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 Fritzi Scheff.*
- WALTZ TIME—FRANK MUNN, LUCY MONROE, ABE LYMAN'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 DALY'S ORCHESTRA, MARGARET SPEAKS AND MIXED CHORUS (NBC).**  
*Nelson Eddy and Richard Crooks, occasional guests. Margaret's voice being one of the most remarkable in radio.*
- HAMMERSTEIN'S MUSIC HALL (NBC).**  
*Variety plus.*
- JIMMY FIDLER (NBC).**  
*Hollywood gossip à la 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 unequalled.*
- EDDIE CANTOR, COMEDIAN, WITH PARK-YAKARKUS, JIMMY WALLINGTON AND GRESS ORCHESTRA (CBS).**  
*Energetic Eddie. Gags galore. You'll recognize a few.*
- ★★★
- SALT LAKE CITY TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN (CBS).**  
*Soul tonic.*
- BETWEEN THE BOOK-ENDS (CBS).**  
*Ted Malone making book-worms of us all.*
- THE FLYING RED HORSE TAVERN (CBS).**  
*Eleanor Powell's impersonations are grand and are much better as air entertainment than the sounds of her various taps.*
- CAMEL CARAVAN 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).**  
*Cap'n Lanny Ross keeps the boat from going aground.*
- AL PEARCE AND HIS GANG (NBC).**  
*Ganging up on gloom.*
- LIFE SAVERS' RENDEZVOUS (NBC).**  
*Phil Ducey is the life saver.*
- FRANK CRUMIT AND JULIA SANDERSON (CBS).**  
*Chummy sort of songs and stories.*
- EVENING IN PARIS WITH THE PICKENS SISTERS (NBC).**  
*Harmony is the keynote.*
- MUSICAL FOOTNOTES WITH VIVIAN DELLA CHIESA, FRANZ IMHOF AND RALPH GINSBURGH'S ENSEMBLE (CBS).**  
*Vivian's voice comes from her heart.*
- LOIS LONG'S WOMAN'S PAGE (CBS).**  
*Just what the girls have been waiting for.*
- LOWELL THOMAS (NBC).**  
*Sober-sounding 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).**  
*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 soothing?*
- FREDDIE RICH'S PENTHOUSE PROGRAM (CBS).**  
*Gayety and guests.*
- BOAKE CARTER (CBS).**  
*American views with an English accent.*
- LIFE IS A SONG (NBC).**  
*Countess Olga Albani with Charles Previn's music. Royalty 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.*
- CLIQUOT CLUB ESKIMOS (NBC).**  
*Harry Reser and his banjo. 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 is to laugh.*
- HARY AND ESTHER (CBS).**  
*Yours for good cheer and a good cigar.*
- TOM POWERS (NBC).**  
*One man dramas.*
- SINCLAIR GREATER MINSTRELS (NBC).**  
*There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight stuff.*
- 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!*



## RADIO STARS

**BOBBY BENSON AND SUNNY JIM (CBS).**  
*Young and-old alike go for this feature.*

**KALTENBORN EDITS THE NEWS (CBS).**  
*You'll find it's quite an amusing world you live in.*

**NATIONAL AMATEUR NIGHT WITH RAY PERKINS (CBS).**  
*Rolling 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 dramas, capably performed.*

**EDGAR GUEST IN WELCOME VALLEY (NBC).**

*Serial. 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 lazy manner.*

**MYSTERY CHEF (NBC).**  
*Appetizing menus.*

**BOB BECKER (NBC).**  
*Canine 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.



## How to avoid LARGE PORES

■ **TRANSPARENT**, natural, beautifying—Mello-glo Face Powder is widely praised by leading beauty editors and by countless women who want a lovely skin. Mello-glo is vastly superior because it protects your skin from enlarged pores. Mello-glo also brings an utterly new Parisian effect—this super-powder smoothes on invisibly, is longer lasting and covers pores without clogging. Buy a box of Mello-glo today.

**FREE** . . . a generous sample of Mello-glo—also how to get a \$1 bottle of exquisite perfume absolutely free. Just mail your name and address to Mello-glo Co., Dept. 112 Statler Building, Boston.

## BACKACHES caused by MOTHERHOOD

Maternity puts a terrible strain on a woman's back muscles . . . frequently causes years of suffering. Alcock's Porous Plaster does wonders for such backaches. Draws the blood to painful spot. Pain goes quickly. Insist on Alcock's, the original. Lasts longer, comes off easy. 25¢ at druggists or write "Alcock Manufacturing Company, Ossining, New York." **ALCOCK'S**

## PIMPLES From External Causes

Relieve the sore, itchy spots and help heal the ugly defects with—  
the tested medication in

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Sample free. Resinol, Dept. 1a, Balto. Md.

### ... mornings, it's MOTHER'S

Interesting recipes copied neatly in type, letters typed and carbons kept, all the household affairs kept business-like.

### ... afternoons, it's SISTER'S

—or maybe young brother's—to type out those themes and other home work for the teacher. Typed lessons make a hit!

### ... evenings, it's DAD'S

for catching up with office or personal work, studying, keeping records all shipshape, getting ahead in the world.

## OWN A CORONA!

New Finance Plan Makes It Easy

... ONLY \$1<sup>00</sup> PER WEEK!

Everybody knows Corona—the world's first successful portable—and every family needs one. They'll last for years. Now you can buy one on extremely liberal terms—brand-new, fully equipped, carrying case included. Mail the coupon for interesting booklet—it's free.



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SECRET  
OF LOVELY  
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AT 5¢ AND 10¢ STORES  
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**EVA LE GALLIENNE'S**  
Surprising statements on how radio is too often poorly used for dramatic purposes  
**in the Next Issue of**  
**RADIO STARS**

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**ITCHING Skin**

**WHY** writhe and squirm helplessly under itching torture? Millions have found in Hydrosal a veritable blessing for relief of rashes, eczema, athlete's foot, pimples, poison ivy. Itching stops almost instantly. Smarting and burning disappears. Angry redness soon vanishes. Successfully used by doctors and hospitals. Vitrally different from common salves, lotions. Approved by Good House-keeping. Get Hydrosal from your druggist now! Liquid or Ointment, 30c, 60c.

**SKIN OUT-BREAKS**  
**RASHES ECZEMA**  
**FOOT ITCH**

**Hydrosal**

**RADIO LAUGHS**

Selected Snickers from Popular Programs



**JIMMY DURANTE:** (*As Brainy Bowers*) I just took a correspondence course with the Strongfort 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 & 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?  
**EMPL. AGENT:** You don't sell anything. You'll be 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!

**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.  
**(PHIL BAKER and BOTTLE, Gulf Program.)**

**MARY LIVINGSTONE:** Have you heard about the racketeer sardine?  
**JACK BENNY:** No.  
**MARY:** He wound up in the can.

**MARY:** What makes you think he's so stingy?  
**BENNY:** He pinches a penny so hard he puts a permanent wave in Lincoln's beard!  
**(JACK BENNY 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.



**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 calls 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 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).**  
*Melodrama 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).**  
*The 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.T.G. 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 wisely 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 ballads, popular ditties and an occasional hymn.*
- BLANCHE SWEET BEAUTY TALK (CBS).**  
*She discloses the beauty secrets that made her a Hollywood star.*
- JUST PLAIN BILL (CBS).**  
*Small town drama minus the trimmings.*
- BUCK ROGERS IN THE 25TH CENTURY (CBS).**  
*An imaginative drama of future miracles.*
- OG, SON OF FIRE (CBS).**  
*A pretty accurate picture of life among the cavemen.*
- LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE (NBC).**  
*She fights her battles with much more gusto in the comic strips.*
- TOM MIX AND HIS RALSTON STRAIGHT SHOOTERS (NBC).**  
*Western melodrama.*
- MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH (CBS).**  
*Back fence gossip.*
- CAPT. TIM HEALY'S STAMP CLUB (NBC).**  
*Captain Tim knows how to tell a spy story.*
- LULLABY LADY (NBC).**  
*Music for contentment.*
- FIBBER McGEED AND MOLLY (NBC).**  
*Tall tales told with gusto and guffaws.*
- BREEN AND DE ROSE (NBC).**  
*The Sweethearts of the air with typical love songs.*
- MARY MARLIN (CBS).**  
*The cast includes Francis 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 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...

(Continued from page 106)

**GRACIE:** My uncle jumped out of a sixteen-story window.

**GEORGE:** Why?—how come?

**GRACIE:** He was supposed to jump out of a thirty-story window, but he lost his nerve.

**GEORGE:** Was he hurt?

**GRACIE:** We don't know . . . he's still unconscious and can't tell us. And my aunt fell downstairs with two quarts of liquor.

**GEORGE:** Did she spill it?

**GRACIE:** No . . . she kept her mouth shut.



**GRACIE:** I used to have a sweetheart . . . he was a southeast mounted policeman.

**GEORGE:** You mean a northwest mounted policeman.

**GRACIE:** No . . . southeast . . . he was cross-eyed.

(**GEORGE BURNS** and **GRACIE ALLEN**, *Campbell Program*.)

**EMSEE:** Tell me one thing, Napoleon. Why is it, in all your pictures, you always had one hand inside your coat?

**NAP:** That was because of my pugnacious nature.

**EMSEE:** Yes?

**NAP:** Yes, always itching for a fight. (*Design for Listening, NBC-WJZ, Sundays, 4:30 p. m., E. S. T.*)

**STRANGER:** How far can I go into this forest?

**MINEHAHA:** Only half-way.

**STRANGER:** Why only half-way?

**MINNIE:** Because, after that you're coming out.

(*Design for Listening, NBC-WJZ, Sundays, 4:30 p. m., E. S. T.*)

**ERNIE:** Love is a lot like insurance. The later in life you get it, the more it costs.

(*Highlights and Harmonies, NBC-WJZ, Fridays 10:00 p.m., E.S.T.*)

**KENT:** When a man gives his wife a fur coat, is that love?

**ERNIE:** It all depends whether he gave it to her to keep her warm or to keep her quiet.

(*Highlights and Harmonies, NBC-WJZ, Fridays, 10:00 p. m., E. S. T.*)

**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 debutante. She came out in 1927 . . . and looks as though she hasn't been home since.

(**BILLY HOUSE** on *Valle 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 with your hands then it ain't fitten to eat at all!



Uncle was put in jail for stealing hams 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 now present Miss Lotus Flower singing the Toomey theme song.

**LOTUS:** (singing) Drink Toomey only with thine 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 motion ever brought before the house!

**RUSSIAN:** Boy, you should hear me play that old song, *Petunia!*

**CANTOR:** *Petunia!* How does it go?

**RUSSIAN:** *Petunia* 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—Portugese.

**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!

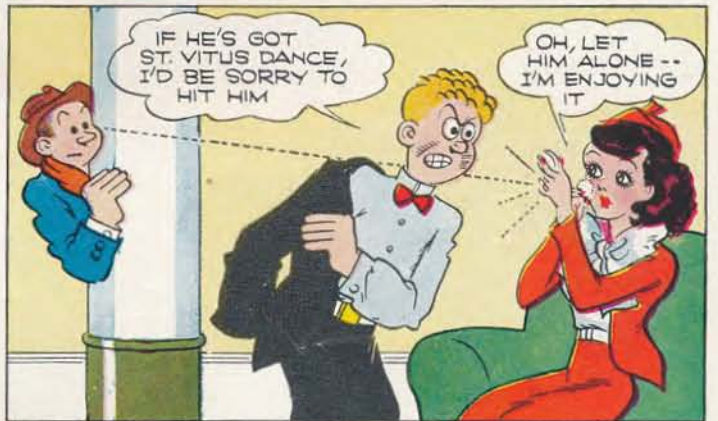
(**EDDIE CANTOR**, **PARKYAKARKUS**, and **WALLINGTON** in *Pebeco Program*.)



# CUTIE



ANYTHING TO  
AVOID A SCENE



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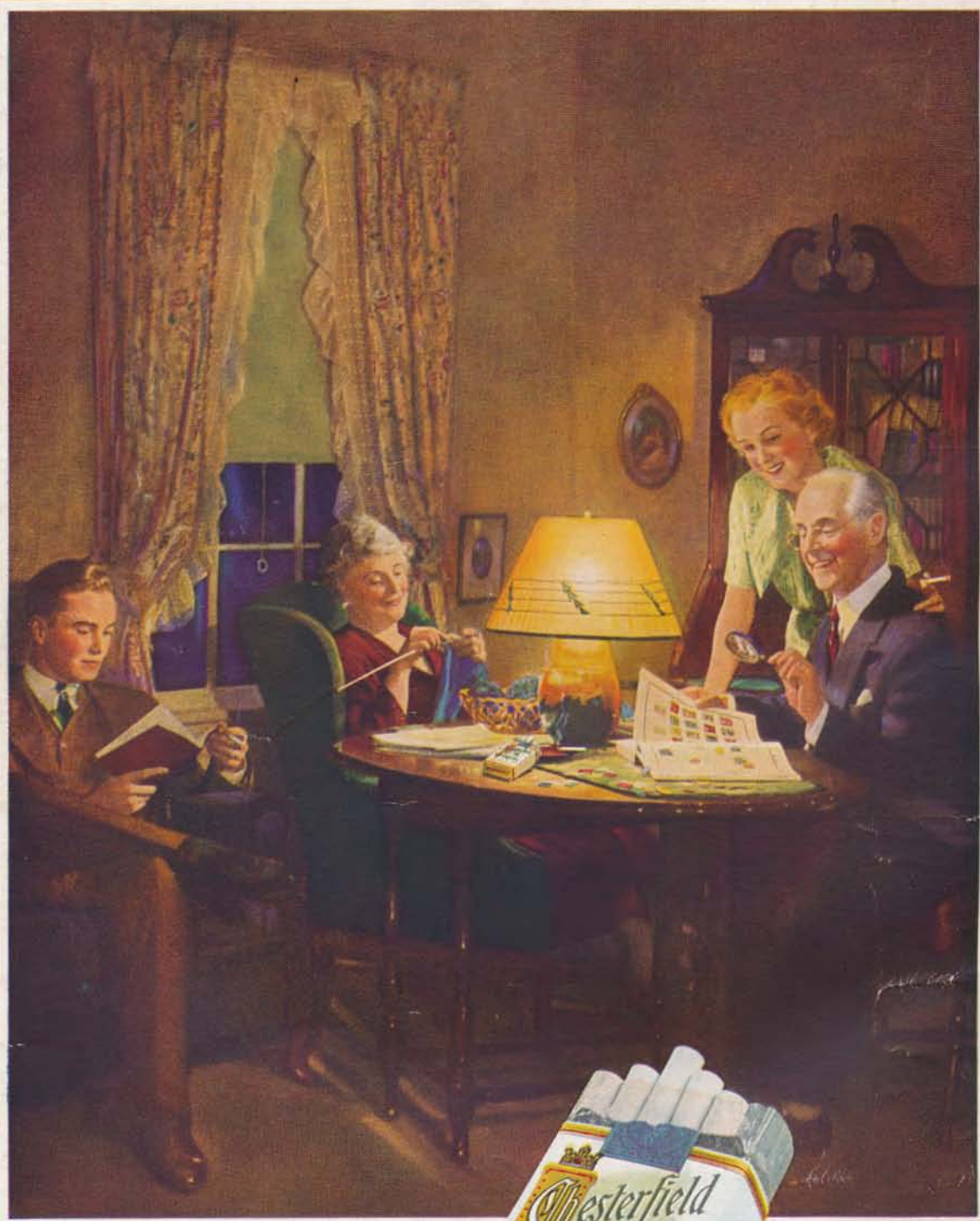


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