

GERTRUDE NIESEN'S EXPERIENCES IN HOLLYWOOD!

# Radio Stars

A P R I L

10

C E N T S

THE LARGEST  
CIRCULATION OF ANY  
RADIO MAGAZINE



FRED  
ALLEN

EXCLUSIVE STORIES ABOUT JACK OAKIE  
MARTHA RAYE • JOE COOK • BEATRICE LILLIE

YOUR LIPS ALLURE WITH IRRESISTIBLE LIPLURE



DO YOU have a dream picture of yourself — lovely, radiant, alluring? You adored and he adoring? Let your dream picture come alive with a perfume as ardent and as irresistible as the real you!

Irresistible Perfume is a perfume made by artists in allure. It does thrilling things to you, and for you. It is the choice of glamorous women everywhere — women who are wise in the ways of perfume and who find romance in life.

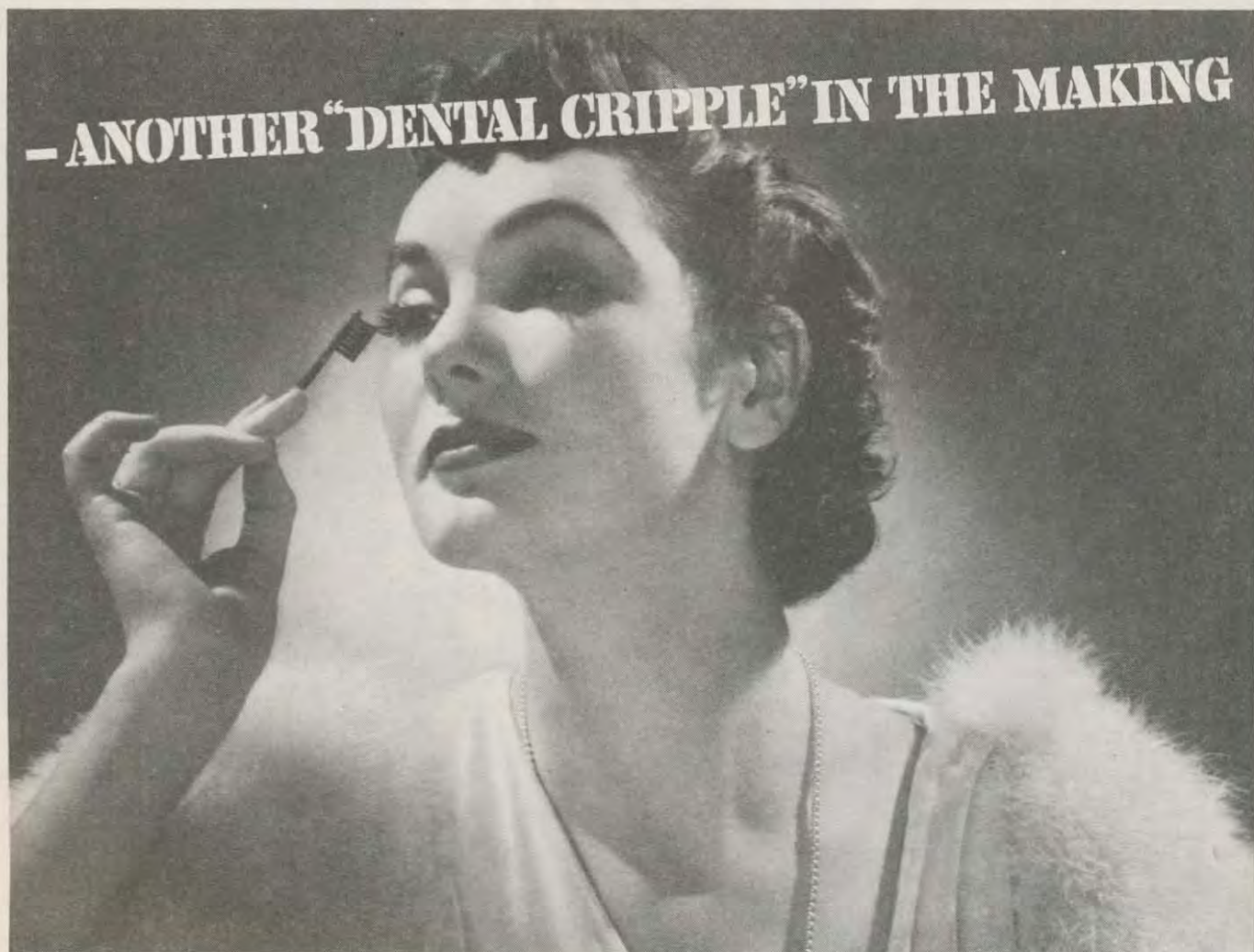
Tonight, try Irresistible Perfume, and Irresistible Lip Lure in the exciting new shades. You'll be sparkling, electric, ready to conquer the world and the man! To be completely ravishing use all of the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Certified pure laboratory tested and approved.

10c at leading 5 and 10c stores



BE IRRESISTIBLE TONIGHT WITH IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME

## Lovely lashes demand her attention but not a second for her tender gums



**How often such neglect leads to real dental tragedies . . . give your gums the benefit of Ipana and Massage.**

LET her labor over her lashes until she is late for the show...let her spend time and money on her favorite brands of cosmetics and cold cream. But will someone please tell her about her *dull, dingy* smile—a smile that distorts a face even as beautiful as hers?

Yet she *could* have—*can* have—teeth that sparkle with brilliant whiteness...

a smile both good-looking and lovely to look at. But not until she knows the meaning of that tinge of "pink" on her tooth brush—knows it and *does something about it!*

### Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

"Pink tooth brush" is a distress signal. When you see it—*see your dentist*. Usually, however, it only means gums that have grown tender because of our modern soft foods—gums that need more work—and, as your dentist will so often advise, gums that need the stimulating help of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

For Ipana with massage is designed to help benefit your gums as well as clean your teeth. Rub a little extra Ipana on your gums every time you brush your teeth. Those lazy gums quicken as new circulation wakens in the tissues. The gum walls themselves gain new health, new firmness.

Play safe. Even before you see that tinge of "pink," schedule yourself for this modern dental health routine as one sensible and effective way to help the health of your teeth and gums. Your smile will be brighter, more attractive and appealing—*and safer!*

### Remember

a good tooth paste,  
like a good dentist,  
is never a luxury.



# IPANA

Tooth Paste

**Dull-Listless**  
—SKIN BROKE OUT!



● Constipation got me down so badly that I was mean to the very people I liked best. I just couldn't help it. Certain laxatives were so repulsive that I hated to take them. I hadn't yet learned how to avoid out-of-date "dosing." Then I found out something I'll always remember.

*Here's the lesson she learned*



**THE 3**  
**MINUTE WAY!**  
Three minutes  
of chewing  
make the  
difference

● In desperation I consulted my druggist. He advised FEEN-A-MINT. "It's different!" he said. I tried it—found it tasted just like delicious chewing gum. Thanks to FEEN-A-MINT, life became so different. All of me felt better at once. Exit sickish feeling, headache, "blues." I sang with joy to see the color in my cheeks. My mirror whispered—"You're yourself again!"

*And she's so happy now*



● Now life is so different for this girl, just as it is for over 16 million other FEEN-A-MINT users. FEEN-A-MINT is thorough, satisfying. The chewing is what helps make it so wonderfully dependable. Acts gently in the lower bowel, not in the stomach. No griping, no nausea. Not habit-forming. Economical. Delicious flavor and dependability make it the favorite at all ages. Sample free. Write Dept. Q-9, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.



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only  
15c & 25c

Slightly higher in Canada

# Radio Stars

NBC

ANNOUNCER  
FORD BOND

ETHEL M. POMEROY, Associate Editor      ABRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor  
LESTER C. GRADY, Editor

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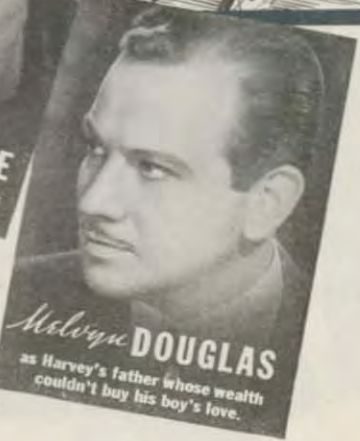
# ONE OF THE GREAT PICTURES OF ALL TIME!



# Captains Courageous

 **THE MOST EXCITING PICTURE SINCE "MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY"**

Again—as in the stirring "Mutiny"—you live the roaring drama of men against the sea. You share the struggles, the heartaches, the laughter of courageous souls who leave the women they love to dare the wrath of the angry waves... men in conflict with their destiny enacting the most thrilling story the screen could offer. A brilliant triumph that takes rank with the greatest pictures M-G-M has given you!



A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer  
Picture Directed by  
**VICTOR FLEMING**



# Radio Ramblings

Wherein our busy reporter gleans much blithe gossip concerning radio stars.

Only a few spectators will recognize an energetic little Irishman around Joe Cook rehearsals. Just a few years ago this same little Irishman had national eminence of his own. His name is forgotten now, because he disappeared from sight just on the verge of crashing through into big time. It still is an interesting name in view of what has happened since in radio.

The man is Benny Ryan, once male half of the vaudeville team of Ryan and Lee. This team, a big vaudeville headliner a couple of decades ago, set the pattern followed by George Burns and Gracie Allen.

Through one misfortune and another, the Ryan and Lee team broke up and it was George Burns and Gracie Allen who fell heir to their popularity.



The young man with the monocle is that unique Charlie McCarthy, who with his stooge, Edgar Bergen (Right) entertains us on the *Vallee Hour*.

Wide World



(Left) Rollicking Martha Raye, of the *Al Jolson Show*, with her fiancé, Jerry Hopper, who is assistant musical director at the Paramount Studio.

Charles Walters and Mitzi Mayfair display our popular magazine in one of the gay scenes from *The Show Is On*, starring Beatrice Lillie.



Benny supplies gags for Joe Cook now. You don't hear him complaining much about the great fortune he missed so narrowly. Speaking on another subject one night, he remarked: "If people aren't imitated it's a sign they're not much good."

Rubinoff's most cherished, certainly his most valuable, possession is his Stradivarius violin. He seldom refers to the day on a Hollywood movie lot when he came so close to smashing it into smithereens.

Knowing Rubinoff's temper, the boys had conspired to make him mad. The joke was getting him out to the studio an hour before anyone else arrived.

"I like to be gentleman," Rubinoff relates the story in his Russian way, "so I just tell everybody it does not seem necessary for me to come so early. Tomorrow I come later."

One of the jokers replied, in the tone he might use to a longshoreman: "No arguments, fiddler!" (Continued on page 73)

**LISTEN, MR. *Scrub-Hard,***

Why waste that high-powered brushing? Your teeth won't really sparkle unless you use the right tooth paste, too!



*Change to*  
**PEPSODENT  
 TOOTH PASTE**  
*containing*  
**IRIUM**

**Gently removes film . . . wins flashing new luster . . . makes daily brushing extra effective!**

Are you one of the Disappointed Scrub-Hards who brush faithfully day after day—yet still have dingy, film-stained teeth? . . . Then here's *news* for you. Now proper brushing gets *results*—in teeth that sparkle with natural brilliance!

*New Pepsodent ingredient ends disappointment*

IRIUM—the remarkable new ingredient contained only in Pepsodent—steps up cleansing efficiency and provides smooth *washing* action instead of hard abrasion. IRIUM makes Pepsodent a wonderful tooth paste. One that responds *instantly* to your brush—penetrates between teeth—speedily loosens dingy film and floats it away like magic.

It's an amazing advance in tooth hygiene! You clean your teeth quicker, easier. Your brushing is *useful*. Your teeth quickly win that glowing luster that everyone *notices*.

If you would have beautiful teeth, remember that proper brushing is only *half* the formula. The other half is Pepsodent Tooth Paste containing IRIUM. Try it. The days of Scrub-Hard Disappointment will be over!

Pepsodent alone among  
 Tooth Pastes contains **IRIUM**  
**BECAUSE OF IRIUM . . .**  
 Pepsodent requires **NO SOAP . . .**  
**NO CHALK . . . NO GRIT . NO PUMICE**  
*—Safe!*

**BECAUSE OF IRIUM . . .**  
 Pepsodent gently floats film away  
 —instead of scraping it off.  
*—Thorough!*

**BECAUSE OF IRIUM . . .**  
 Pepsodent, with massage, stimulates  
 gums and promotes free-flowing saliva.  
*—Refreshing!*

*Change to* **PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE**  
**IT ALONE CONTAINS IRIUM**



All Pepsodent now on sale contains IRIUM.

# Beauty Advice

by  
Mary Biddle



We can't all sing like Deanna, nor have fourteen-year-old charm, but we can be beautiful!

DEANNA DURBIN is an *Alice in Wonderland* child, as well as a "wonder child." I was sure of it when I saw (and heard) her at an Eddie Cantor broadcast some months ago in New York. That was before her meteoric rise in Hollywood. She is the kind of a girl who comes out of story-books. She makes you catch your breath, she is so exquisite, and so *naturally exquisite*. And there is a quaint simplicity about her, an unstudied charm that is as rare—well, as rare as are the Deanna Durbins in this un-story-book-like world. Walter Winchell awarded his famous orchids to Deanna Durbin. And it is of Deanna that Eddie Cantor says: "She possesses more charm, more poise and more personality than a half dozen of the biggest feminine stars in Hollywood today." So it is to Deanna that we proffer orchids this month in our own small way, and suggest the greater tribute of emulation.

Once upon a time I remember talking to a famous stage director, who said of some particularly beautiful girl in the cast; "Oh, yes, she is beautiful, but I'd also say that she is asparagus." "Wha-a-t!" I said in shocked surprise. "Yes, you know," he replied, "the kind of a girl who



Doris Nolan, feminine lead in *Top of the Town*, gives dainty Deanna Durbin some of the fundamental pointers of make-up.

Fourteen-year-old Deanna Durbin, a star on Eddie Cantor's radio program and in the Universal movie, *Three Smart Girls*.



should be sold in bunches; she's grand in the chorus, but that's about all. It isn't just beauty, it is what's underneath that counts."

Later the director went on to tell me of experiences he had had with aspiring youngsters—of one girl who had won a beauty contest, but whose slovenliness showed up in her dress, her bearing and her speech, and who ended up in a department store instead of on Broadway or in Hollywood; of another girl whose beauty was really extraordinary, but who had a hard, cold quality that ruined her potentialities as an actress or a popular performer. One unpleasant story he cited was that of a girl who, with the benefit of a little publicity and admiration, began adopting



grand manners and snubbing her old friends. She became so spoiled and selfish and conceited that she lost all the warm charm for which she was originally singled out, and her career fell by the wayside.

Personality is still more important than beauty, and as a beauty editor, I am glad it is. Personal grooming is something for which not even beauty can substitute. So many of you break your hearts over some little beauty defect, and let your inferiority complex run away with you to the extent of spoiling your personality. So many of you have potentialities that you never develop, because you haven't the gumption. You spend all your time wishing, instead of doing. Every woman can be attractive, can be distinguished, if she will use her intelligence to groom her face and her body and her personality.

Make-up has a lot to do with good grooming. Sloppy make-up is an unforgivable sin. Make-up has a lot to do with personality, too. A new shade of rouge or lipstick, a touch of wickedly alluring eye-shadow, and you may be a new person in the mirror—or most important of all, to yourself.

Some of you may think that make-up for Deanna Durbin would be like "gilding the lily." Of course Deanna, at fourteen years of age, doesn't use much make-up, except for her professional stage and screen appearances. For the latter, her eyes and lips are emphasized; the eye make-up skilfully applied to give greater depth and brilliance to the eyes for photographic purposes; the lips smartly outlined with lip rouge and a long-handled camel's hair brush, which no make-up director would be without. "Gilding the lily" is an expression that implies the exaggeration of the perfections with which one is already blessed. But modern make-up shows the happiest results when it works with the great average body of women, neither extremely beautiful nor extremely plain. It can change a drab face into a bright challenge. And remember this, every girl and every woman has something to build on.

Make-up magic begins with a clear smooth skin. That is where so many girls and women get on the wrong track. They think of make-up as a means of concealing a faulty complexion and unsightly blackheads. But, as a matter of fact, all the make-up artistry in the world cannot hide a poor foundation, and you shouldn't attempt to make it do so. I sincerely believe that that is the reason cosmetics are blamed for a lot of things in which they are not the slightest bit at fault. (Continued on page 72)



**WHOO-OO!** Feel that mad March wind whip your face and hands! Fight the chapping that comes from biting winds, soap, and ammonia water, with Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. It soaks the tender chapping with comfort. Its Vitamin D is absorbed by dry, water-puffed skin...gives it some of the benefits of sunshine. Every drop of Hinds works better—softening, smoothing skin!

SEE HOW THIS LOTION  
WITH VITAMIN D  
**SOOTHES**  
CHAPPED SKIN

"THEY LOOK GRAND since I've been using Hinds!" Smooth your hands with the lotion that contains the "sunshine" vitamin. This Vitamin D is actually absorbed—gives dry skin some of the benefits of sunshine. Use Hinds for soft and charming hands!



**FREE!** The first one-piece dispenser, with every 50c size



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**Hinds, with "Sunshine" Vitamin, makes skin feel softer than ever!**

The famous Hinds Honey and Almond Cream now contains Vitamin D. This vitamin is absorbed by the skin. Seems to smooth it! Now, more than ever, Hinds soothes and softens the dryness, stinging "skin cracks," chapping, and tenderness caused by wind, cold, heat, hard water, and housework. Every drop—with its Vitamin D—does skin more good! \$1, 50c, 25c, 10c.

**DAILY RADIO TREAT:** Ted Malone ... inviting you to help yourself to Happiness and to Beauty. Mon. to Fri., 12:15 pm E. S. T., over WABC-CBS.

**HINDS**

HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

**QUICKER-ACTING...  
NOT WATERY!**

# Board of Review

<b>Lester C. Grady</b> Radio Stars Magazine, Chairman N. Y. World-Telegram, New York, N. Y.	<b>Andrew W. Smith</b> News & Age-Herald, Birmingham, Ala. Knoxville News-Sentinel, Knoxville, Tenn.	<b>Richard G. Moffet</b> Florida Times-Union, Jacksonville, Fla. C. L. Kern Indianapolis Star, Indianapolis, Ind.	<b>H. Dean Fitzer</b> Kansas City Star, Kansas City, Mo. Buffalo Evening News, Buffalo, N. Y.
<b>Alton Cook</b> N. Y. World-Telegram, New York, N. Y.	<b>Richard Peters</b> Knoxville News-Sentinel, Knoxville, Tenn.	<b>Larry Wolfers</b> Chicago Tribune, Chicago, Ill.	<b>Joe Haefner</b> Buffalo Evening News, Buffalo, N. Y.
<b>S. A. Coleman</b> Wichita Beacon, Wichita, Kan.	<b>Si Steinhauer</b> Pittsburgh Press, Pittsburgh, Pa.	<b>James E. Chinn</b> Evening and Sunday Star, Washington, D. C.	<b>Andrew W. Foppe</b> Cincinnati Enquirer, Cincinnati, Ohio
<b>Norman Siegel</b> Cleveland Press, Cleveland, Ohio	<b>Leo Miller</b> Bridgeport Herald, Bridgeport, Conn.		<b>Chuck Gay</b> Dayton Daily News, Dayton, Ohio

1. MARCH OF TIME.....	87.5
<i>CBS Thur. 10:30 P.M. EST</i>	
2. FORD SUNDAY EVENING HOUR.....	83.9
<i>CBS Sun. 9:00 P.M. EST</i>	
3. PHILHARMONIC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.....	83.2
<i>CBS Sun. 3:00 P.M. EST</i>	
4. JELL-O PROGRAM—JACK BENNY HARRIS ORCHESTRA.....	83.0
<i>NBC Sun. 7:00 P.M. EST, 8:30 P.M. PST</i>	
5. ROYAL GELATIN PROGRAM—RUDY VALLEE.....	78.9
<i>NBC Thur. 8:00 P.M. EST</i>	
6. TOWN HALL TONIGHT—FRED ALLEN, VAN STEEDEN ORCHESTRA.....	78.8
<i>NBC Wed. 9:00 P.M. EST</i>	
7. GENERAL MOTORS CONCERT — ERNO RAPEE.....	77.4
<i>NBC Sun. 10:00 P.M. EST</i>	
8. CHESTERFIELD PRESENTS NINO MARTINI, KOSTELANETZ ORCHESTRA.....	76.8
<i>CBS Wed. 9:00 P.M. EST</i>	
9. LUX RADIO THEATRE.....	75.3
<i>CBS Mon. 9:00 P.M. EST</i>	
10. MAGIC KEY OF RCA.....	74.8
<i>NBC Sun. 2:00 P.M. EST</i>	
11. MEREDITH WILLSON'S ORCHESTRA.....	74.5
<i>NBC Wed. 10:30 P.M. EST, Sat. 8:30 P.M. EST</i>	
12. GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ORCHESTRA.....	73.5
<i>CBS Sun. 5:30 P.M. EST</i>	
13. ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT.....	73.4
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14. RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.....	73.3
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15. KRAFT MUSIC HALL—BING CROSBY, BOB BURNS, DORSEY ORCHESTRA.....	73.2
<i>NBC Thur. 10:00 P.M. EST</i>	
16. VOICE OF FIRESTONE.....	72.8
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17. THE SINGING LADY.....	72.6
<i>NBC M-T-W-T-F 5:30 P.M. EST</i>	
18. HAL KEMP'S DANCE BAND—KAY THOMPSON.....	72.2
<i>CBS Fri. 8:30 P.M. EST, 8:30 P.M. PST</i>	
19. BURNS AND ALLEN—TONY MARTIN, KING ORCHESTRA.....	71.8
<i>CBS Wed. 8:30 P.M. EST, 8:30 P.M. PST</i>	
20. HELEN HAYES IN "BAMBI".....	71.5
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<i>CBS Wed. 9:30 P.M. EST</i>	
22. VICK'S OPEN HOUSE—NELSON EDDY NADINE CONNER.....	70.8
<i>CBS Sun. 8:00 P.M. EST</i>	
23. PHIL BAKER — BRADLEY ORCHESTRA.....	70.5
<i>CBS Sun. 7:30 P.M. EST</i>	
24. HOLLYWOOD HOTEL—FRED MCMURRAY, FRANCES LANGFORD, PAIGE ORCHESTRA.....	70.3
<i>CBS Fri. 9:00 P.M. EST</i>	
25. CITIES SERVICE CONCERT — LUCILLE MANNERS, BOURDON ORCHESTRA.....	70.2
<i>NBC Fri. 8:00 P.M. EST</i>	
26. ONE MAN'S FAMILY.....	69.9
<i>NBC Wed. 8:00 P.M. EST, Sun. 9:30 P.M. PST</i>	
27. STUDEBAKER CHAMPIONS—RICHARD HIMBER.....	69.8
<i>NBC Mon. 9:30 P.M. EST</i>	
28. MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT—LANNY ROSS, GOODMAN ORCHESTRA.....	69.7
<i>NBC Thur. 9:00 P.M. EST, 8:30 P.M. PST</i>	
29. JACK OAKIE'S COLLEGE—GOODMAN BAND.....	69.7
<i>CBS Tues. 9:30 P.M. EST</i>	



**EXPLAINING THE RATINGS**

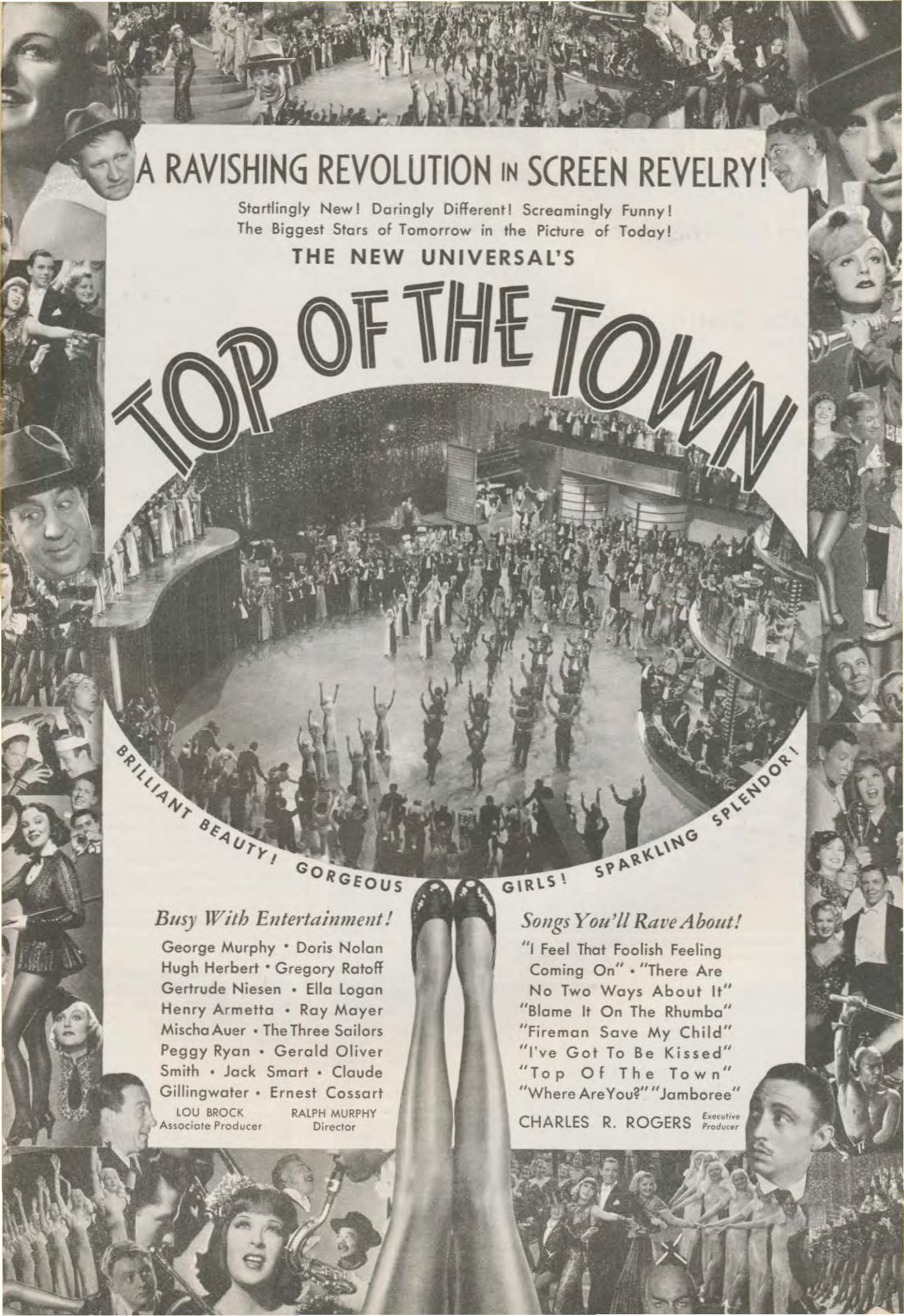
The Board of Review bases its percentages on the assumption that all radio programs are divided into four basic parts: material, artists, presentation and announcements, each consisting of 25% and making the perfect program of 100%. These ratings are a consensus of opinions of our Board of Review and do not necessarily agree with the editorial opinion of RADIO STARS Magazine. Programs outstanding as to artists and material, often suffer because of poor presentation or exaggerated commercial announcements. There have been many changes in programs for the spring months. The Board reviewed as many of the current major programs as it possibly could before this issue went to press.

30. AL JOLSON SHOW—MARTHA RAYE, SID SILVERS, YOUNG ORCHESTRA.....	69.6
<i>CBS Tues. 8:30 P.M. EST, 8:30 P.M. PST</i>	
31. H. V. KALTENBORN.....	69.5
<i>CBS Sun. 10:45 P.M. EST</i>	
32. BOAKE CARTER.....	69.2
<i>CBS M-T-W-T-F 7:45 P.M. EST</i>	
33. SWEETEST LOVE SONGS EVER SUNG —FRANK MUNN, LYMAN ORCHESTRA.....	69.0
<i>NBC Mon. 8:30 P.M. EST</i>	
34. YOUR HIT PARADE.....	68.8
<i>NBC Wed. 10:00 P.M. EST, CBS Sat. 10:00 P.M. EST</i>	
35. AMOS 'N' ANDY.....	68.5
<i>NBC M-T-W-T-F 7:00 P.M. EST, 8:00 P.M. PST</i>	

36. SHELL CHATEAU—JOE COOK, WATSON ORCHESTRA.....	68.3
<i>NBC Sat. 9:30 P.M. EST</i>	
37. BROADWAY MERRY-GO-ROUND—BEATRICE LILLIE, ARDEN ORCHESTRA.....	68.2
<i>NBC Wed. 8:00 P.M. EST</i>	
38. FAMOUS JURY TRIALS.....	68.0
<i>MBS Mon. 10:00 P.M. EST</i>	
39. BEN BERNIE AND ALL THE LADS.....	67.9
<i>NBC Tues. 9:00 P.M. EST</i>	
40. EASY ACES.....	67.8
<i>NBC T-W-T 7:00 P.M. EST</i>	
41. MODERN ROMANCES.....	67.7
<i>NBC Wed. 2:00 P.M. EST</i>	
42. ETHEL BARRYMORE.....	67.6
<i>NBC Wed. 8:30 P.M. EST</i>	
43. WARDEN LAWES.....	67.5
<i>NBC Mon. 9:00 P.M. EST</i>	
44. JOHNNY, WITH LEO REISMAN'S ORCHESTRA.....	67.4
<i>NBC Tues. 8:00 P.M. EST, 8:30 P.M. PST</i>	
45. METROPOLITAN OPERA AUDITIONS OF THE AIR.....	66.7
<i>NBC Sun. 3:00 P.M. EST</i>	
46. AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC—FRANK MUNN, LUCY MONROE.....	66.7
<i>NBC Sun. 9:30 P.M. EST</i>	
47. CLEM MCCARTHY—SPORT SHOTS.....	66.6
<i>NBC Tues., Sat. 11:05 P.M. EST</i>	
48. WAYNE KING'S ORCHESTRA.....	66.5
<i>CBS Mon. 10:00 P.M. EST, NBC T-W-8:30 P.M. EST</i>	
49. WALTZ TIME—FRANK MUNN, BERNICE CLAIRE, LYMAN ORCHESTRA.....	66.3
<i>NBC Fri. 9:00 P.M. EST</i>	
50. EDWIN C. HILL.....	66.2
<i>NBC Sun. 9:45 P.M. EST</i>	
51. GABRIEL HEATTER.....	66.0
<i>MBS M-T-W-T 7:45 P.M. EST, WOR 9:00 P.M. EST, WOR Sun. 9:45 P.M. EST</i>	
52. PACKARD HOUR—FRED ASTAIRE, GREEN ORCHESTRA.....	65.9
<i>NBC Tues. 9:30 P.M. EST</i>	
53. ALEMITE HALF HOUR — HEIDT'S BRIGADIERS.....	65.8
<i>CBS Mon. 8:00 P.M. EST, 9:00 P.M. PST</i>	
54. FIRST NIGHTER—DON AMECHE.....	65.7
<i>NBC Fri. 10:00 P.M. EST</i>	
55. RY-KRIST PRESENTS MARION TALLEY, KOESTNER ORCHESTRA.....	65.6
<i>NBC Sun. 5:00 P.M. EST</i>	
56. EDDIE CANTOR—RENARD ORCHESTRA.....	65.5
<i>CBS Sun. 8:30 P.M. EST, 8:00 P.M. PST</i>	
57. GANG BUSTERS—PHILLIPS LORD.....	65.3
<i>CBS Wed. 10:00 P.M. EST</i>	
58. CONTENTED PROGRAM—BLACK ORCHESTRA.....	65.2
<i>NBC Mon. 10:00 P.M. EST</i>	
59. STAINLESS SHOW—FORD BOND.....	65.1
<i>NBC Fri. 7:15 P.M. EST</i>	
60. ED WYNN, GRAHAM McNAMEE, VOORHEES ORCHESTRA.....	65.0
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61. STOOPNAGLE AND BUDD—VOORHEES ORCHESTRA.....	65.0
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62. A & P BAND WAGON—KATE SMITH, MILLER ORCHESTRA.....	64.9
<i>CBS Thur. 8:00 P.M. EST</i>	
63. TWIN STARS — VICTOR MOORE, HELEN BRODERICK, ROGERS ORCHESTRA.....	64.5
<i>NBC Fri. 9:30 P.M. EST</i>	
64. RUBINOFF, JAN PEECE, VIRGINIA REA.....	64.8
<i>CBS Sun. 6:30 P.M. EST</i>	
65. HEINZ MAGAZINE OF THE AIR.....	64.7
<i>CBS M-W-F 11:00 A.M. EST, 12:00 Noon PST</i>	
67. TEA TIME AT MORRELL'S—DON McNEILL, GALE PAGE.....	64.6
<i>NBC Fri. 4:00 P.M. EST</i>	

(Continued on page 110)

THE BEST PROGRAMS AND WHEN TO HEAR THEM



A RAVISHING REVOLUTION IN SCREEN REVELRY!

Startlingly New! Daringly Different! Screamingly Funny!  
The Biggest Stars of Tomorrow in the Picture of Today!

THE NEW UNIVERSAL'S

# TOP OF THE TOWN

BRILLIANT BEAUTY! GORGEOUS GIRLS! SPARKLING SPLENDOR!

## *Busy With Entertainment!*

George Murphy • Doris Nolan  
Hugh Herbert • Gregory Ratoff  
Gertrude Niesen • Ella Logan  
Henry Armetta • Ray Mayer  
Mischa Auer • The Three Sailors  
Peggy Ryan • Gerald Oliver  
Smith • Jack Smart • Claude  
Gillingwater • Ernest Cossart

LOU BROCK  
Associate Producer

RALPH MURPHY  
Director

## *Songs You'll Rave About!*

"I Feel That Foolish Feeling  
Coming On" • "There Are  
No Two Ways About It"  
"Blame It On The Rhumba"  
"Fireman Save My Child"  
"I've Got To Be Kissed"  
"Top Of The Town"  
"Where Are You?" "Jamboree"

CHARLES R. ROGERS Executive  
Producer

Yum-yum! Puddings

and Pies this month!

Kate Smith makes

your mouth water,

talking about them!

Kate Smith, of *Band Wagon* fame, and our *Radio Stars* hostess, takes from the oven one of her luscious big coconut custard pies.



# Kate Smith's Own Cooking

*Hello Everybody!* It's Kate Smith again, bringing you, this time, an "all request" program featuring those two popular stars of the desert field, Puddings and Pies.

You see, friends, I just discovered a short time back that somehow these two varieties of sweets have been pretty much overlooked in the previous broadcasts of this

Cooking School of mine! But the regular readers of this department (and what a large number there are of you and how kind you all have been in your comments!) have called my attention to this.

"How about pies?" several have inquired. While one unseen friend wrote, air-mail from California, to tell me: "So far you've only men-

tioned Pumpkin Pie, Miss Smith, and my family much prefers other varieties—especially Apple and Coconut Custard. But I can't say that the recipes I have been using are one hundred per cent. successful. Perhaps you have some helpful suggestions?"

Yes indeed I have—two knockout recipes—so Apple and Coconut Custard Pie it shall be!

Then, a day or two later, I received a letter from a dear little lady who sends me a note every month, along with each of her recipe requests. Well, this particular time, she voiced a mild complaint about the infrequency with which puddings received any mention from me.

"Don't you like puddings?" she wanted to know. Well, here's my answer, Mrs. Derwent: Indeed, I do like them! I'm going to tell you right now about a couple of them that I consider outstandingly good. Of course I'll be delighted to give you my tested recipes for them, too—one

Served in the dish in which it is baked, this pudding charms in taste, appearance and also in economy.

Courtesy Pyrex



here, the others in the attractive little leaflet that *Radio Stars Magazine* sends out to all those who ask for a copy. This month, then, I can promise you—at little trouble and at no expense to yourself—several of my favorite recipes for both puddings and pies.

Shall I start off by telling you what they are? Yes, I think that would be a fine idea, so that you will know right away just what special treats of this kind you're going to learn how to make, when you have received your recipe leaflet. Then, further on in this "broadcast," I also want to give you some pointers on pudding and pie making in general, which I sincerely hope will prove helpful to you when you're preparing the very dishes that I shall describe for you briefly here and now.

First, there are the two pies requested by my California correspondent—Apple and Coconut Custard. The Apple Pie I happen to favor is of the Deep Dish variety and I can give several good reasons off-hand why this recipe of mine is sure to appeal to most of you. Reason Number One is the flavor, which is exceptional because of several things that go into the filling besides the usual apples

# School

and sugar. Reason Number Two is the fact that this pie has a top crust only, so that there is no danger of your serving a pie with a soggy under crust. Which, by the way, is something that even quite experienced cooks have good reason to fear.

I'm also going to include on the card a (Continued on page 66)



Courtesy Pyrex

There's a trick to this! Kate tells you all about it, so you can try it yourself.



STEP UP, LADEES 'N GENTLEMEN—STEP UP AND SEE TOGO WILDO—THE ONLY WHITE BABY ELEPHANT IN CAPTIVITY.

FAKE! THAT ELEPHANT ISN'T WHITE—IT'S GRAY.



PIPE DOWN, BESS. THIS IS YOUR AUNT MAZIE'S SHEET AND IT'S AS WHITE AS SHE GETS 'EM.



GRACIOUS! I'M EMBARRASSED TO TEARS!

DON'T FEEL BAD, MAZIE. YOU WORK HARD, BUT YOUR CLOTHES DO HAVE TATTLE-TALE GRAY.

THE TROUBLE IS YOUR SOAP DOESN'T WASH CLEAN. YOU SWITCH TO FELS-NAPTHA SOAP AS I DID. IT GETS OUT ALL THE DIRT—EVEN DEEP-DOWN DIRT.

I'LL TRY IT, AND IF IT WORKS, I'LL TAKE YOU AND BESS TO A REAL CIRCUS.



YOU'RE A PEACH TO TREAT US TO THIS, MAZIE.

THANK YOURSELF FOR TIPPING ME OFF TO FELS-NAPTHA. THAT RICHER GOLDEN SOAP FULL OF NAPTHA CERTAINLY MAKES MY CLOTHES SHINE LIKE SNOW!

WH-E-E! REAL ELEPHANTS!

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

by  
Jack  
Hanley

Here's an experimental television set (top picture), about the size of a console radio. (Right) Dorothy Page, NBC singer, before the Iconoscope camera. The microphone is swung from a boom so that it will not be seen in the television picture. (Lower picture) Dr. Vladimir K. Zworykin, RCA director of electronic research, who developed the Iconoscope or television camera, has been experimenting since 1912.

AT the National Broadcasting Company's studios in Radio City there's one studio different from all the rest. Along a uniform hallway, its door numbered like all the others, this room, inside, is like the corner of a movie sound stage and a mad scientist's dream, rolled into one. Huge "inkies"—which are huge incandescents about four feet across and built like searchlights—spotlights and unrecognizable pieces of apparatus, jam the smallish studio; walls are bright with aluminum paint; a forest of metal tubes, rods, uprights, wheeled gadgets and standards obstruct passage, while a curling, twisting mass of rubber cable lurks on the ground to trip the unwary foot.

Black, white, red and grey drapes hang in the corners; extra backgrounds are stacked against the wall and behind the "set" are three or four make-up tables, where artists apply the orange-colored make-up that resembles movie panchromatic make-up a great deal, though it's

right now a bit more extreme in contrast.

Hildegard, who was a television performer abroad before she came to NBC, is applying the last touches to her make-up when she is called for a test. Tests go on interminably; a movie stand-in would be in his element, here. Under a blinding light she stands while engineers fiddle with lights, push the cameras about and chalk the outline of her toes on the ground, so that she will stand in exactly the right place later, to be in focus.

Finally the "mike" and "Ike" are set; the "mike" being the familiar radio microphone swinging from a boom overhead, out of sight. This, as in pictures, must follow the action, swinging along as the artist moves. The "Ike," just to get familiar, is a pet name for the television camera, properly known as the Iconoscope, and there are three of them.

Two are mounted on wheelbases, and remain set in

How television is being prepared for home reception

# Pictures in the Air

# What doctors tell you to look for in a laxative

place for each scene, while the third is on a "dolly"—a sort of glorified tea-wagon—which allows it to be moved along to follow the action. Oddly enough, in case this seems too simple, the two "Ikes" farthest from the scene are used to shoot close-ups of the artist and announcer, while the near "Ike" on the dolly is used for long shots. And the answer to that one is that the close-up "Ikes" have telescopic lenses.

Hildegard is relieved while testing goes on. Practically everyone takes a crack at it; from engineers, production men and visitors, to the *Television Sweetheart*, who is a honey indeed, wearing a bridal costume. The only trouble is that she's only a life-size photograph and no one knows her name or telephone number. She's swell for testing though, and never complains.

When the three cameras, or "Ikes" are set, all the video engineers in the control room have to do is press the proper button to shift from a long shot to a close-up, or from the artist to the announcer, which shows the benefits of a college education. And all the artist has to do is remember his entrances and exits and to stand in the accurately chalked spots on the floor. Performers, too, must have their lines memorized letter perfect, for there's no reading of scripts in television, naturally.

"Stand by—one minute to go," is the warning command instead of: "We're on the air." Then the artist waits, usually rigid, until a tiny red light beside the "Ike" glows—which means that he is on the air—not just his voice, but all of him.

And here's another little twist that helps keep television work interesting: with traffic lights, you stop on red and go on green. Well, forget that in television. When the green light shows, nothing happens, and you start on the red. Before the cue light system was adopted, the artist waited for a hand signal from the control room, before beginning. Then friends who had the chance to see and hear the television broadcast would say: "You were marvelous—but why did you stand there glassy-eyed for half a minute before beginning?" A check-up showed that the performer, frequently nervous to boot, stood frozen in place waiting to begin, and it took about thirty seconds before the hand signal from the control room could be relayed to him or her. And for that brief interval faithful "Ike" was broadcasting his staring image to the receiver.

The "mike" on a boom, too, confuses those accustomed to straight radio work. You can't cuddle up and whisper into the mike now. Miss Betty (Continued on page 76)



SOMETIMES a simple little question put to your doctor will reveal how thoroughly he guards your health—even in minor matters.

Just take the question of laxatives, for instance. You may be surprised to learn that doctors are deeply concerned about this subject. So much so, in fact, that before they will approve a laxative, that laxative must meet their own strict specifications.

Read the following requirements. And ask yourself, "Does my laxative qualify on every point?"

#### THE DOCTOR'S TEST OF A LAXATIVE:

- It should be dependable.
- It should be mild and gentle.
- It should be thorough.
- Its merit should be proved by the test of time.
- It should not form a habit.
- It should not over-act.
- It should not cause stomach pains.
- It should not nauseate, or upset digestion.

#### EX-LAX MEETS EVERY DEMAND

Ex-Lax passes this test with colors flying! Ex-Lax fulfills every requirement. In fact, Ex-Lax meets these demands so fairly that many doctors use it in their own homes, for their own families. And

When Nature forgets—remember

# EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Ex-Lax has helped so many millions of other people...people you know, probably ...that they have made it the most widely-used laxative in the whole world.

#### TRY EX-LAX . . . FEEL BETTER

Ex-Lax is intended to help, not interfere with Nature. That is why you'll find Ex-Lax so mild, so free from violence. It affords thorough relief from constipation, without strain, stomach pains or nausea.

The easy, comfortable action of Ex-Lax leaves you feeling better...looking better...with a greater zest for enjoying life. Children, of course, find such action especially beneficial. For the requirements laid down by the doctor are doubly important to a child.

One more advantage—Ex-Lax is a real pleasure to take. For it tastes just like delicious chocolate. Once you try it, you will be through with nasty, druggy-tasting cathartics for good. All drug stores have Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes. Or if you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, mail the coupon below.

-----TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!-----  
 (Paste this on a penny postcard) MM-47

Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170  
 Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Age.....  
 (If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., Montreal)

# GOTTA COLD?



## KLEENEX HABIT

saves your nose  
and saves money!

• Nothing more tragic than a sore nose during a cold—nothing more soothing than the Kleenex Habit! It saves noses, saves money as it reduces handkerchief washing. So put aside handkerchiefs and adopt the Kleenex Habit the instant sniffles start. Because Kleenex tends to retain germs it checks the spread of colds through the family. Use each tissue once—then destroy, germs and all.

**Keep Kleenex in Every Room.  
Save Steps—Time—Money**

To remove face creams and cosmetics ... To apply powder, rouge ... To dust and polish ... For the baby ... *And in the car—* to wipe hands, windshield and greasy spots.



*No waste! No mess!  
Pull a tissue—the  
next one pops up  
ready for use.*

# KLEENEX

A disposable tissue made of Cellucotton (not cotton)



by  
Elizabeth  
Ellis

A gay floral print with short sleeves. This may be worn with blue or black spring accessories.

Costumes from  
R. H. Macy & Co.

# Easter Finery at a Price

I'M putting on a special Easter program for you this month! And it's a well sponsored one, what's more. Our sponsor is one of New York's largest department stores which has made itself famous for the slogan. "It's smart to be thrifty." And our guest star is a young lady who knows all the ins and outs of dressing like a million for a fraction of that in real cash—pretty and popular Gretchen Davidson, whom you hear currently starred with Ann Elstner and Carlton Young on the Elaine Sterne Carrington dramatization, *Trouble House*. This is heard as a feature of the *Heins Magazine of the Air* program. Gretchen plays Sally, niece of Martha Booth.

Our sponsor's best efforts in your behalf are evident on these pages—

three of the smartest costumes to be had at prices that aren't too much of a blow to the purse. The thing that Gretchen and I gloated about, when we finally had worked out the Easter wardrobe idea, was the fact that every detail of our budgeted costumes looks so attractive that no one can say that either smartness or quality has been sacrificed for a price tag. It really is silly to buy cheap, short-wearing clothes when you can get good, exciting looking ones for only a little more, that will more than pay you back in terms of long wear.

Our figures on the clothes and accessories pictured here, are in the moderate price bracket, rather than the very low—but each can be duplicated in similar merchandise at the most limited (Continued on Page 78)

Let Gretchen Davidson's chic wardrobe be your fashion guide

Photographs by Walter Seigal



Beige is *the* color this year. Gretchen's soft tweed suit with tunnel pockets and tassel buttons is set off by black hat, shoes, purse and gloves.



Charming and simple is this aqua-blue evening gown, with silver kid piping. Shirring gives the popular peasant effect. Note the tricky hair-do.



This tiny hat of grosgrain ribbon, a black calf purse and white fabric gloves are worn with the print outfit. The zipper sleeves are novel.



**AFTER THE MOVIES . . .  
D-A-Z-Z-L-I-N-G LIGHTS**  
**"powder must not  
show up all chalky"**

A quick dab at your face as you leave the movie. Then out into the bright lights! Are you wondering how your powder looks? Dreading its showing up terribly?

In a recent inquiry, Pond's got twice the vote of the next-liked powder for not showing up in strong light.

Pond's colors are "glare-proof." They catch only the softer rays of light. Never look "powdery" even in the hardest light.

Special ingredients make Pond's cling—stay fresh looking for hours. Low prices. Decorated screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.

**FREE 5 "Glare-Proof" Shades**

POND'S Dpt. 9RS-PD, Clinton, Conn. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's "Glare-proof" Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

(This offer expires June 1, 1937)



Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company



# Kiddies' Delight

Irene Wicker, NBC's *Singing Lady*, now in her seventh year on the air, is a prime favorite with children of all ages.



Irene rehearses with her pianist, Milton Rettenberg.



Lenox R. Lohr, NBC president, congratulates Irene.

*Fashion Parade of the Month . . .* **APRIL**



If you go south, "Mimi" says, you wear Rust on fingers and toes. In town it's perfect with all the browns and greens. A big favorite with blondes.



*Rust*



"Mimi" says Old Rose is just made for those difficult wine shades. A dusky feminine rose without a bit of yellow in it. Lovely with pastels, too.



*Old Rose*



At last a deep red, so dusky and soft that even men like it. Robin Red is a find, "Mimi" claims, because everyone can wear it with everything. Smartest of all with black for town.



*Robin Red*

## Miss Mimi Richardson shows how she wears the new "Smoky" Nail Shades

**BERMUDA.** Miss Mimi Richardson, smart New Yorker, winters in a water-green bathing suit and Cutex Rust nails on fingers and toes.

**WASHINGTON, D. C.** Miss Mimi Richardson, in wine chiffon and Cutex Old Rose nails, dines and dances with a well-known noble foreigner.

**LONG ISLAND, N. Y.** Miss Mimi Richardson inspects a famous polo player's "string" in smart black tweeds with Cutex Robin Red nails.

**P**OPULAR with half a dozen smart sets, pretty "Mimi" knows all about clothes—and how to make them do the most for her.

She's tremendously impressed with the flattering new Cutex "smoky" nail shades. "Their smoky softness makes ordinary polishes look terribly crude," she says.

Cut out the figures above, if you like, and get the effect of "Mimi's" 3 favorite Cutex "smoky" shades with the different color costumes.

Then, go over your own wardrobe. You can make yourself look smarter and fresher—and twice as feminine—in clothes worn with the right "smoky" shades of Cutex.

Polish by Cutex is famous for its lustre and its long wear without peeling or cracking. And the new formula resists both fading in sunny climes and thickening in the bottle. It evaporates less

than half as much as ordinary polishes. You can use it right down to the last gay drop.

Make your fingers as glamorous as "Mimi's." You can afford to buy at least 3 beautiful shades—at only 35¢ a large bottle. 11 smart shades to choose from. At your favorite shop anywhere.

Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

**8 other smart Cutex shades**

**BURGUNDY**—New deep, purple wine shade. Wear with pastels, black, white, wine, blue.

**ROSE**—Lovely with pastels, correct with difficult colors.

**CORAL**—Charming with beige, gray, green, black, dark brown.

**RUBY**—Goes with any color—a grand accent for black.

**NATURAL**—Safe with the most vivid shades, smart for active sports.

Also Mauve, Light Rust and bright Cardinal.



**CUTEX INTRODUCTORY SET** containing your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Cutex Oily Polish Remover and the new Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover for 16¢.

Northam Warren Corporation, Dept. 7-M-4  
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.  
(In Canada, P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 16¢ to cover cost of postage and packing for the Cutex Introductory Set, including 2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, as checked. Mauve  Rust  Burgundy  Robin Red  Old Rose

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# *Ça nous aide à devenir fortes*

**[“IT HELPS US GROW STRONG”]**

**W**HILE KARO SYRUP is world-famous as a splendid food for children, it is also energizing for active men and women.

As a spread for bread, biscuits, pancakes and waffles, stirred in milk, used for candy-making and cooking, Karo is as delicious as it is nutritious.

Both Blue Label and Red Label Karo Syrups are equally rich in Dextrose . . . equally rich in food-energy.



**DR. ALLAN ROY DAFOE says:**  
 “Karo is the only syrup served to the Dionne Quintuplets. Its maltose and dextrose are ideal carbohydrates for growing children.”



YVONNE DIONNE is one of 5 “bunches” of loveliness and adoration. These healthy, fascinating little girls are modern “5 wonders of the world”

**KARO IS SOLD BY GROCERIES EVERYWHERE**



JOE COOK

## For Distinguished Service to Radio

It is difficult to name any performer capable of thinking up more amusing things for your entertainment than comical Joe Cook, master of ceremonies on the Saturday night *Shell Chateau* program. Versatile, a much misused word, snugly fits Joe, who learned his varied assortment of tricks from years of trouping in every conceivable branch of show business.

Many thought Joe's humor would suffer considerably on the air because so much of it—for instance, his crazy contraptions—must be seen for the full enjoyment. But Joe readily adapted his comedy to the limitations of radio and he's getting just as many laughs as he ever did on the stage or screen.

Until he joined the program, the *Shell Chateau* was badly in need of repair from top to bottom. Joe got out his tools, did

some conscientious carpentry and once more the *Chateau* is an imposing program.

Of course, Joe has had plenty of help from guest stars in building up the hour. But, remember, if guest stars aren't properly presented, as they are on his program, they can do a lot more harm than good. His organizing a group of popular big-name band leaders into one band for a guest appearance on his program is surely an indication of how well liked Joe is in his own profession, because band leaders don't make a practice of jeopardizing their own popularity for the sake of a gag on a comedian's program.

To Joe Cook, whose performances have regained and surpassed for the *Shell Chateau* its former prestige, RADIO STARS Magazine awards its medal for Distinguished Service to Radio.

Letter C Grady

—EDITOR

by Miriam  
Rogers

She couldn't say no!  
And so a rest cure  
suddenly became a  
thrilling new career!

Gertrude Niesen, vivid,  
provocative, exotic  
star of stage, night  
clubs, movies and of  
popular radio shows.

# Gertrude Niesen's Experiences

SHE is always news now, good for space in the gossip columns of New York and Hollywood any time, on any excuse. Not malicious gossip, but romantic rumors of any sort. Winchell is her friend, slips in a bit of news whenever he can glean some from contradictory rumors. "Gertrude Niesen has been seen frequently dining with—" "Is Gertrude serious about—" "The exotic Miss Niesen and her escort—" A tobacco heir, a young actor, a musician, all achieve fame when seen dining or dancing with the glamorous Miss Niesen! But more recently one

name appears with increasing frequency—that of Craig Reynolds, dark, young, dapper, promising movie actor. Gertrude smiles, her full, inviting lips curve softly. Beneath the long, thick, artificial lashes, her candid blue eyes shine with bright young dreams. You look at her and think: "But she is just a child, a charming child!" And you look again, see the sophisticated bangs, the oddly slanted eyes, the luscious lips—vivid, provocative—and you see why the word "exotic," over-used, misused, fits this young person like a glove. Strange, foreign, alien,



This story  
announced by  
Nelson Case



"I was angry,  
then," says  
Gertrude.  
"Of course,  
I'm terribly  
grateful now!"

Trying to fool  
the fish! But  
she caught  
plenty! As did  
her best boy  
friend, young  
Craig Reynolds.



# in Hollywood

remote—you can't define it quite, but it is there, subtly derived from her Russian and Swedish heritage, setting her apart, giving her the added charm of distinction—as the way she puts over a song adds to, heightens, the effect of her moving, throaty contralto.

Men flock around her like bees around clover and Gertrude responds glowingly to their frank admiration. But she remains unspoiled. She does nothing consciously to build up her reputation as an exotic, as a glamour girl. If she seems unusual, it is an accident of nature. If

people call her exotic, she doesn't know why or feel she must do anything about it. For Gertrude is not given to self-analysis. She is deliciously herself, completely unselfconscious, charmingly frank, naively enjoying the limelight and all the fun and excitement that go with it. And equally enjoying a day out of doors, a ride on her favorite horse, a long swim, a fishing expedition—and no sleep lost for fear she is dispelling an illusion.

Perhaps it is her father's steady hand on the helm that has kept her little ship so true (Continued on page 87)



He's Joe Cook of the  
Shell Chateau, on the  
air Saturdays, over  
the NBC-Red network



This story  
announced by  
Howard Petrie

Lovable zany of stage,  
screen and radio, Joe  
Cook acts as comedian,  
master of ceremonies  
and general handyman  
of the *Shell Chateau*  
broadcast. At his home,  
*Sleepless Hollow*, in New  
Jersey, he also appears  
a unique entertainer.



# A Cook Who Never Spoils the Broth

by Jack Hanley

IT DOESN'T much matter what kind of entertaining you want done. A trapeze act? A musician? A dancer, juggler, hand-balancer, slack-wire artist, lariat expert, whip-snapper or sharpshooter? A comedian, to make the customers laugh, or someone to do Japanese footwork or barrel-kicking or hand-to-hand balancing? No—I'm not advertising a general booking agency. Just mentioning a few of the Joe Cook accomplishments, and at that I've forgotten trick cycling, bareback riding and risley!

Cook has done—and can still do—them all. And influenced, perhaps, by such a bewildering diversity of talents in himself, he has stirred up an almost similar concoction for his new radio show, lumping together a dozen famous orchestra leaders to make one band, an American former naval hero, two newspapermen from Philadelphia with twelve children each, three of the famous *Four Horsemen*, one of the world's best known tap dancers and four kid prodigies, all in one radio hour. *Minestrone* or

*bouillabaisse* are comparatively simple soups, compared to this Cook's soup!

"It was too bad," Joe says regretfully, speaking about the show, "that we couldn't get Elmer Layden to round out the *Four Horsemen*." And then: "The idea of using Toto, the clown, was suggested by an old-time vaudeville agent. It seemed silly at first, the idea of using a circus clown, whose stock in trade was pure pantomime, on a radio show. But Toto was one of the last of the real old-time joeys. Your modern clown is one of the poorest-paid circus performers, sometimes jumping right into the work cold, without previous training. The old clowns—like Grock and Toto—were the aristocrats of the sawdust." Joe's eyes were a bit reminiscent, talking circus. "And before they became clowns they usually had risen through every branch of circus work. I had known Toto years ago. I don't know whether it's generally known or not, but he's totally blind today. When I came in the room and said 'Hello, Toto,' he (Continued on page 104)

Here's Martha Raye, featured player of several movie hits and gay entertainer on *Al Jolson's Show*, Tuesdays, over CBS.

This story  
announced by  
Dave Driscoll



Martha  
with Bob B



# HOLLYWOOD'S RAYE OF SUNSHINE

By Leo

Townsend

SHE made her stage debut at the age of three, trouped for sixteen years in vaudeville and got herself discovered for pictures when she sang a number at the Trocadero in Hollywood. That's Martha Raye's story in one sentence, but we're going to fill in the details. You haven't heard it, so don't stop us.

First of all, Martha Raye's private life is as furiously paced as her screen rôles. We chased her for a week through a series of rehearsals, radio broadcasts and just plain rushing around before the volatile Martha became stationary enough to submit to an interview. *Through Hollywood with Pad and Pencil* would have been an apt title for the story. And when we finally did catch up to her she was in bed—doing a scene for *Waikiki Wed-*

*ding*, in which she's featured with Bing Crosby and Bob Burns. In a bargain basement negligée and an ancient wrap, you'd never mistake her for Dietrich.

"How do you like the costume?" she yelled. (Martha always yells—it's easier for her.) "A little something Paramount dreamed up for me. It isn't much, but I call it home. *Yeah Man!* I've been in it all day. When I go home tonight, I'm going to dress up and go to bed."

"Look, Miss Raye," we began. "We're here on a serious mission. We want the real, real Martha Raye—"

"Oh, Boy!" said Martha. She furnishes an "Oh, Boy!" with each sentence, at no extra charge. "And by the way, let's not stand on formalities, kid. You can just call me 'Butch.'" It turns out that everybody calls Martha "Butch." She doesn't know why, except maybe it's because that's what she calls everybody else.

After talking to Martha Raye a few minutes, you suddenly discover that you like her immensely. Her shouting and her clowning aren't part of an act—they're real. She's loud,

because she's loud. A subdued Martha Raye would be as ludicrous as Garbo sirging a torch song, or Leslie Howard doing the bumps.

And she's much prettier off the screen. Lots of gals her age—twenty—would envy her figure, and her face, when she allows it to relax, is actually a very swell face, even in Hollywood. We told her about it.

"Oh, sure," said Martha. "There are even rumors around that I'd be beautiful with my mouth shut. I don't know—I've never tried it." A momentary pause, and she shouts: "Some joke, eh, kid?"

In spite of all her clowning, Martha is serious about one thing in life. She's in love. When you ask her about Jerry Hopper, she immediately drops the shouting and tells you earnestly what a grand guy he is and how they're planning their future. Jerry is assistant to Boris Morros, head of Paramount's music department, and Martha met him during the making of *The Big Broadcast of 1937*. That wasn't so long ago, but love didn't need much time in their case. For Martha is wearing Jerry's engagement ring and one of these days she'll be Mrs. Hopper.

"I'm so happy I could shout," Martha yelled. "Things happen to me, but never anything like this. It's wonderful.

Do you want to know about my life, so I'll stop raving about Jerry?"

"I was born in Butte, Montana, for no particular reason. I mean Dad and Mother had a vaudeville act—Reed and Hooper—and Butte and me happened to be on their schedule at the same time. I think I would have liked Butte, but I was only there a week and we never got acquainted.

"For the first three years of my life I just took it easy. Oh, boy, were those the days! But, after all, when a girl gets to be three, she sort of looks around for a career, so I went into the act. I remember I didn't do so well the first (Continued on page 90)

Meet the screen's brightest and gayest personality,

who now sings her songs of good cheer over the air

# In the Radio Spotlight

Friendly and familiar faces greet  
their loyal fans in varying moods

On a set at Paramount  
Pictures. The cameraman  
catches Jack Benny be-  
tween scenes with a bevy  
of smiling chorus girls.



Cecil B. DeMille, producer of the *Lux Radio Theatre*, congratulates Herbert Marshall and Madeleine Carroll, the co-stars of *Cavalcade*.

Louise Fitch plays the rôle of *Betty Lou*, secretary to *Mortimer's* boss, in the CBS Friday night radio drama, *Mortimer Gooch*.



Alyce (center) and Yvonne King salute Horace Heidt. The King sisters sing with Heidt's *Brigadiers* on CBS and MBS.



Elinor Harriot (*Amos 'n' Andy's Ruby*) with tenor Frank Parker, during a rehearsal of the first *Amos 'n' Andy* minstrel show.



At the piano, Al Jolson, master of ceremonies on CBS' new *Rinso* show, visits his friends, Joe Penner (left), Victor Young and Sid Silvers.



Give you two guesses! Yes, these lads behind the big harmonicas are those two bright stars, Eddie Cantor and Bobby Breen.



Lawrence Tibbett, he of opera, concert, movie and radio fame, runs over a score with Conductor DeAbrevanel of the Met.



Left to right, Alfred J. McCosker, George M. Cohan, Benay Venuta, Ed Fitzgerald and Gabriel Heatter, broadcast over the Mutual network.



# RADIO OAKIE!

BY  
GLADYS  
HALL



"Radio should be my racket, come to think of it," says Jack. "I was born ad libbing."



The Oakie College goes on the air. Jack and Announcer Bill Goodwin at the microphone.



Surrounded by a chorus of Oakie College students, the professor broadcasts.



"I used to be scairt of radio," Jack admits. "But now I think it's swell!"



**This story  
announced by  
Bill Randol**



YOU'D better hold on to your hat, hold on to your sides, stick fast to your chair and count ten to test your own sanity, any time Jack Oakie appears in person, on the screen, on the air!

There's just no knowing what Oakie may or may not do. He may be more blood-curdling than *Chandu the Magician*. He may be wiser than the *Rabbi Magin*. He may be funnier than *Burns and Allen*. He may imitate *Mickey Mouse*. He may be folksier than *One Man's Family*. The only thing he won't be is what you expect him

to be. As now. As when I went to have tea with him. But of this, more later.

The Oakie anecdota around and about Hollywood should be compiled into a *Screen River Anthology*.

There was the time when he was "going with" Peggy Hopkins Joyce. One day a mammoth radio-victrola, duly crated and carded, was delivered to La Joyce. It was accompanied by the bill. This was without precedent in the Joyce annals. She sent it back to Jack. He sent it back to her. She sent it back to him. This giant game of battledore and shuttlecock went on indefinitely and who was the final consignee must remain one of the major mysteries.

There was the time, during the filming of C. B. De Mille's *Crusades*, when Jack got a crusader's costume from the wardrobe department and went on the set during a bedroom scene between Loretta Young and Henry Wilcoxon. He told them that he was to replace Wilcoxon in the picture. Oakie

gave the *Crusades* momentary pause!

He used to have a 24-sheet picture of himself pasted on the outside door of his dressing-room on the Paramount lot. Every day he added a moustache, a beard, sideburns or a new nose to the Oakie features.

Three years ago, when he and his mother visited Honolulu, Jack was approached by a theatre manager and asked to make a speech when he disembarked from the boat. Unknown to his mother, he arranged for her to make the speech and take all the bows. He remained in the background during his whole stay in Honolulu. Even in the background of his mother!

Paramount officials gave a welcome-home dinner to Marlene Dietrich one gala night. She had just arrived from Europe. Jack was invited to attend. Mr. Lasky made a long speech, much in this fashion:

"Yesterday this beautiful girl was on the ocean. Today she is with us here in America." Then Jack was called on to say a few words. He said: "Mr. Lasky has told us all about this gal, what she did yesterday, what she did today." Then, turning to Marlene, he said: "What are you doing tomorrow night, cutie?"

Oh, Oakie is a one, is Oakie!

There was never a party given that Oakie wasn't the life, lights and liver of that party. There wasn't a night spot in town where Oakie wasn't nightly visible. He had, he said, to know "what was goin' on." There wasn't a new arrival in town, from a European star with a title to a new assistant bootblack at the studio, whom Jack didn't call by their first names an hour after they had arrived.

He "went with" every pretty girl in town. He (Continued on page 80)

Jack Oakie, of Oakie's College, university of

laughter, is a changed man! Just ask Venita!

# It's the Way

# She

# Says It!

Miss Lillie, as she appears in the new rôle in the current popular Broadway revue, *The Show Is On!*—in which she is co-starred with comedian Bert Lahr.



This story  
announced by  
Bert Parks

THE line sounded deliciously naughty. Everybody laughed—musicians, players in the cast, and others gathered in the NBC studio. It was a rehearsal for the Broadway *Merry-Go-Round*, starring Beatrice Lillie. Miss Lillie was going through her rôle in which, as *The Honest Working Girl*, she meets with extraordinary experiences.

"How," murmured a man with a script in his hand, "did that line get by the continuity sleuths? However did they happen to leave it in?"

"They go by the words in the script," said another, sitting near him. "Look—" he pointed to the line, "—there's nothing in that. It's the way she says it."

Watching Bea Lillie, listening to her, you wonder just how she contrives to give to a word or phrase that intriguing hint of raciness. She can say "My!" in a way to make you chortle. Yet there's no obvious theatrical trick in her speech, no suggestive slurring of a syllable. She speaks with fascinating clarity, her diction, carelessly perfect, giving each letter its full value. Nor is the comedy merely in the occasional slight pause that lends a certain emphasis to a word. It's more a tonal quality, a sort of vocal lifted eyebrow, plus

a suggestion of spontaneous surprise—it's the way she does it!

Talking with Beatrice Lillie, away from microphone or footlights, you find no better answer to the secret of that beguiling personality. It goes back, perhaps, to her earliest endeavors to find a foothold in the entertainment world—when repeated rejections trod hard upon her hopes of singing classical music on the concert stage. Then, with that rare gift of laughing at herself, that dauntless inner gaiety that defies defeat, she spoofed her way into an engagement with *Charlot's Revue*, from which she speedily established herself as an internationally famous comedienne.

Talking with her, you find her less like a theatrical personage than anyone you might meet in a thousand nights on Broadway. The internationally famous comedienne, you think, must be a couple of other people! There's no pose of satirical smartness, no scintillating vivacity, nor sophisticated ennui, as she speaks. But her quiet poise masks, you are aware, a dynamo that drives relentlessly. Is she tired, you wonder, as she leans back in a chair and looks at you with level gray eyes.

"I walked around the park this af-

ternoon," she explains, admitting a touch of fatigue. "It was so warm . . . I'd like a taste of winter weather—of skating—skiing."

She speaks seriously, but you can't help a smile. Apologetically you admit that you can't think of her as anything but a comedienne on skates or skis. Her lips curve upward. "I don't have to try for that!"

"Would you," you venture, "like to retire and just enjoy life?"

"Heavens, no! I enjoy working—I love it!" she declares.

"Do you love the radio work?"

She made a little moue. "If the script is good . . . Sometimes they're disappointing. I wish I could get away from gags. I prefer the comedy of situation. But we must have the gags . . . I enjoy the work, though—the people I work with. Yes, I do miss the audiences. You instinctively look for their reaction."

"Reading a script—it's baffling, sometimes. Once I was broadcasting with Alexander Woollcott. The lines in the script were all numbered, but, in between, they had written in a lot of interlined 'B's'—under 10, 10-B, under 11, 11-B, and so on. We started off merrily—but I left out all the B's! It caused great confusion. Someone waved a slate,

with 'ad lib' written on it! That didn't help much, either! But we came out together at the end, somehow."

She is a busy person, Bea Lillie. Beside her Wednesday evening broadcasts, she is appearing in that popular musical revue, *The Show Is On*, in which she is co-starred with Bert Lahr. In other seasons, in addition to her stage and radio work, Miss Lillie has been hostess for a night club, such as the famous Rainbow Room. But not this year.

"It's too much," she said. "And what's the use of earning a lot more money? You pay it all back in taxes! People think you must have a lot of money," she went on, "but — income taxes — English estate taxes—it's terrific!"

Asked if she spent much time at her English home—Drayton Manor, the family seat of her husband, the late Sir Rob- (Continued on page 100)

Bea sings: "How now—brown cow—why do you look so sad?"

Here's Bea as *The Honest Working Girl*, in her NBC radio show.

Her show is *The Broadway Merry-Go-Round*, heard Wednesdays.

# Batty Over Baseball!

Tom Meany



Charley Grimm, manager of the *Chicago Cubs*—a team Lyman admits being "wacky" over. Once, for spite, Abe bet against the *Cubs*—and lost his bet!

Abe Lyman, baseball bug, has popular programs on *NBC* and *CBS*



"Never mind music!" says bandleader Abe Lyman, who has been on the air ever since 1922. "Let's talk about baseball!"

Wide World Photos



Abe roots for "Gabby" Hartnett, famed catcher of the *Chicago Cubs*.



Dick Bartell, popular shortstop of the *New York Giants*.



"Ducky" Medwick, the *St. Louis Cardinals'* slugging outfielder.



This story  
announced by  
**Andre Baruch**

Frankie Frish, manager of the *St. Louis Cardinals*—out for batting practice.

ORDINARILY you wouldn't suspect that the sports desk of a newspaper would bother itself with persons in the entertainment field. Yet in recent years, publicity agents, having discovered what an excellent medium sports pages are for free advertising, the sports desks of all newspapers, from New York to Laredo, Texas, have to be on guard against stage, screen or radio stars crashing the pages via a phony interest in sports.

There have been actors who faithfully attended every World Series without knowing a thing about baseball; singers who bought race horses and comics who managed prize-fighters—all for the sake of the comment it would bring them in the sports pages. The movements of an entertainer in sports, assuming he or she has a legitimate interest in that sport, is news, otherwise it is what our old friend Al Smith so graphically called *baloney*.

In the midst of all the uncertainty surrounding those who are actually sport fans and those who profess to be, it is a relief to run into a guy like Abe Lyman, the bandleader. Lyman is a sports bug of the first water and it's not a pose with him. For proof you have the fact that Abe manages to attend every big sports event and stay out of sight. To Lyman, the sport's the thing and he doesn't give a hoot whether or not he is listed with the "Among those present—"

Lyman would sooner see a good ball game than have a column devoted to him and would be just as pleased to stand in the background at a small fight club as he would be to have his picture in the paper. His mania, and that's what it amounts to, for sports never has been publicized until now, which is evidence enough of his sincerity.

Lyman's interest in sports is a natural development, having its origin as the mascot of a neighborhood baseball team. When Abe was twelve years old (which was in

1911, if you're interested), he served as the batboy, water-boy, general handy man and *No. 1* rooter for a semi-pro team, the *Royal A. C.*, which played its games on Chicago's West Side.

That Abe wasn't going to be satisfied with anything but the best was evidenced by the fact that he attached himself to this semi-pro team, composed of boys eight to ten years older than himself. And, in a short time, young Lyman took to hanging around the players' entrance to the old *Cub* park at Taylor and Laffin. He was spotted by Frank Chance, who had been immortalized by F. P. A. some years before in his famous "*Tinker to Evers to Chance*."

Chance took a liking to the youngster and escorted him into the ball park, day after day. It was the beginning of a long association with baseball for Lyman. As Abe, through the magic of his baton, was to climb in the world of music, he maintained his enthusiasm for all sports, particularly baseball. Since athletes and entertainers are constantly meeting, living as they do in a world of their own, it was easy for Lyman to widen his circle of friends in baseball.

Long after Chance's playing days had ended and his failing health took him out of baseball, he and Lyman remained chums. When Abe brought his orchestra out to California to play at the Vernon Country Club, he lost no time renewing his friendship with Chance. The pair used to sit with Barney Oldfield in a box at the ball park in Vernon, watching the local *Pacific Coast League* team perform. The *Vernon Club*, which is since out of the Coast loop, was then owned by the late Roscoe (*Fatty*) Arbuckle.

Even now, Lyman gets a kick out of that pleasant summer on the Coast. Chance and (Continued on page 97)

# Between Broadcasts



Sid Silvers, comedian of the Al Jolson show, gives a "dead" microphone a piece of his mind.

Amos (Freeman Gosden) and Andy (Charles Correll) rehearse for their popular NBC 7:30 program.



Beryl Cameron, whose beautiful contralto has charmed NBC listeners, is easy to look at, too!

Deanna Durbin (center) of the Cantor show, with Nan Grey and Barbara Read on the Universal lot.



Gay glimpses of  
gay personalities  
in broadcastland



Kathleen Wilson, *Claudia* of *One Man's Family*, Mrs. Rawson Holmes of another's!

Don McNeill of *Teatime at Morrell's* tries his jokes on two-year-old Tommy, his eldest son.



She used to be on the air, but Hollywood stole her away and made a movie star of her. So now we can see as well as hear the lovely lady, Dorothy Lamour.



# It's My Humble

Presenting the third installment of Rudy Vallee's own personal column, written exclusively by Rudy for *Radio Stars Magazine* and frankly presenting his own private thoughts and comments on various entertaining subjects



Walter Winchell is answered in a few apt words.

*Thanks, John Chapman of the New York Daily News and Walter Winchell of the New York Daily Mirror, for your kind remarks about my debut as a columnist.*

*fellow's opinion of me and my work. I have never resented Walter Winchell's poking fun at my physiognomy, nor Mark Hellinger's saying that my singing gave him a pain-in-the-neck. The other fellow's opinion was, I have always realized, his opinion, and he might be right as easily as wrong. The only time I have taken an active interest in the retraction of statements about me was when the article contained, not an opinion, but a misstatement of fact!*

So few people differentiate between these two that it is almost laughable, Mr. Hellinger's statement that my singing gave him a pain-in-the-neck was a statement of his reaction; in other words, his opinion. But the statement that I was in a certain place on a certain date when, in actuality, I was many miles away is a misstatement, a distortion of the facts, a mistake that might cost me my career, my livelihood or even my life. That and that alone is what I resent and that is the type of error, Mr. Winchell, that only too often your newspaper will fail to correct, and to which end I would have dedicated my magazine, *Squarek*.

I predict here and now that the time will come when there will be a journal devoted exclusively to checking up and correcting untruths that appear in columns and headlines. In other words, a public newspaper,

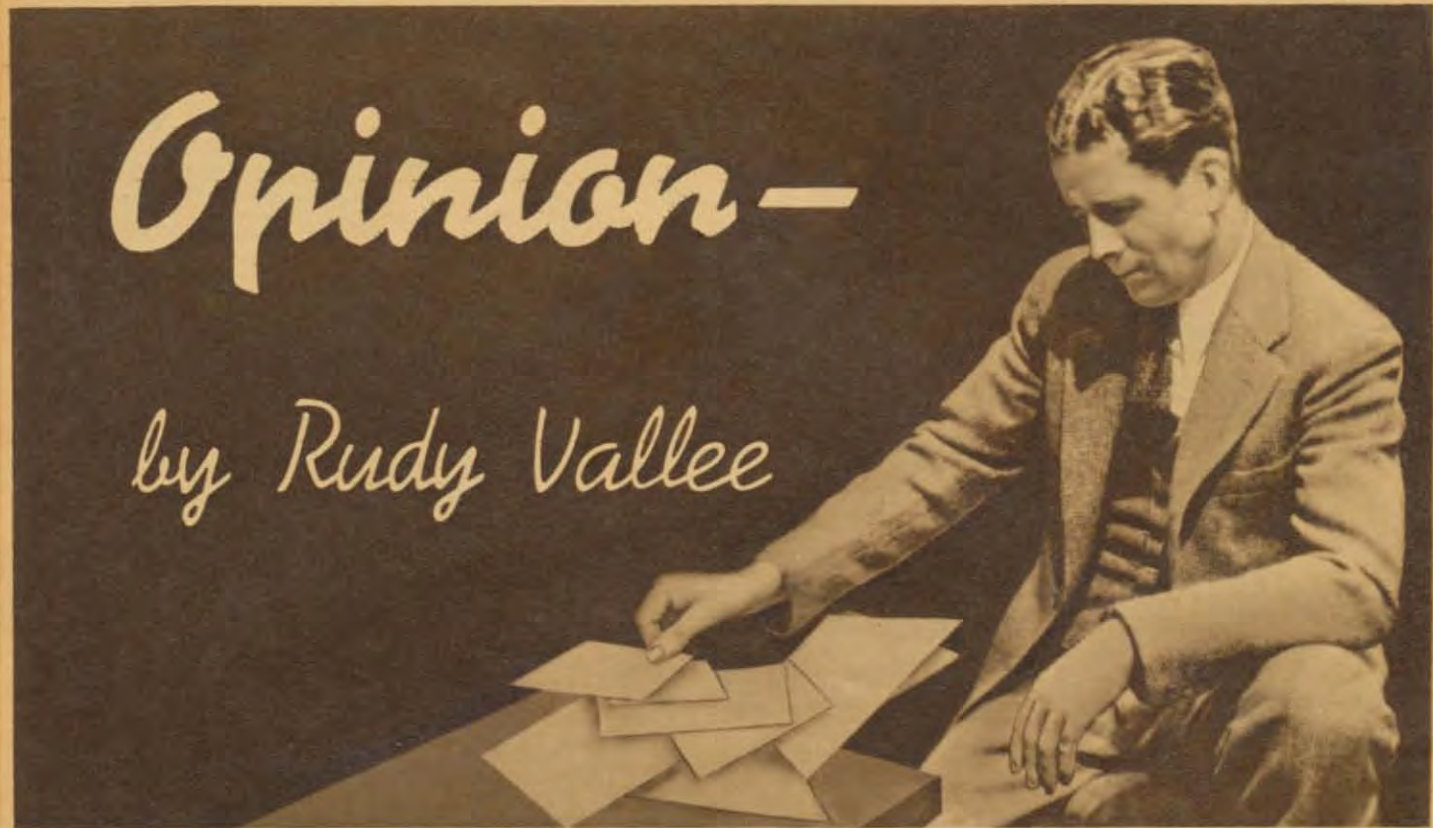
a public magazine completely at the disposal of Mr. Johnny Q. Public, which will make him for the moment as powerful as the other fellow who owns his own private newspaper and who fears his rival publishers but Mr. J. Q. Public not at all. At present most of you boys get away with murder. No one checks on you and you know it. Now I ask you, is that fair?

*I must admit that recently I read, and with salacious enjoyment, a paragraph in which a columnist (we'll call him "A") reprinted a long list of the self-acknowledged errors a brother columnist ("B") had printed. "B" had made his acknowledgments in the*



# Opinion—

by Rudy Vallee



*first place only to save his face. The errors were so flagrant that "B" had to do something. But—who can say how much damage was done before the correction appeared? Of course, the reason behind "A's" reprinting of "B's" mistakes was a desire to nettle his rival.*

Congratulations to Lt. Leonard F. Harman, who pulled two men from the wreckage when the first Boeing flying fortress crashed at Wright Field at Dayton, Ohio. Reason for the crash—*stupidity*. Someone forgot to unlock the ailerons of the plane. That was all. *Someone just forgot to unlock the ailerons!!*



Result: two men burned alive.

Looking at *Life's* pictures of the discomforts suffered by the ordinary seamen on the average liner, such as cramped quarters, no ventilation, no place to hang laundry, presence of fumes from oil pipes, and other discomforts, I gathered the impression that the owners and builders of ships are as callous about the quarters of those who are going to run the ships as the owners and builders of theatres are about the dressing-rooms of the performers. Heaven knows, you find your seat in the auditorium uncomfortable enough and the ventilation stuffy and bad. Come backstage sometime and see the cubbyholes that even the principals call dressing-rooms. I know a musical show where fifty chorus girls dressed in a room which really should be assigned to five. Hats off to Earl Carroll, who is the only theatre producer and theatre builder, at least to my knowledge, who made his dressing-rooms even more beautiful than the front of the house. He installed shower baths for the girls, refriger-

Noted bandleaders greet Joe Cook (rear center) on the occasion of his first Shell Show broadcast. At the piano, Eddy Duchin and Harry Sosnik. Standing (left to right) B. A. Rolfe, Ferde Grofe, Ozzie Nelson, Rudy Vallee. (Right) Ernie Watson of Shell Show.



Mark Hellinger. "My singing gave him a pain!"

comfort and well-being of the performer.

ators for their orchids and best of all, attractive, well-ventilated dressing-rooms. Such altruism is rare in the theatre. We may never find another who gives a thought to the

A lot of you Manhattan listeners listen to the Milkman's Matinée, a broadcast of phonograph records that goes out over the air in the wee hours of the morning, ably, affably announced by Stan Shaw. The same sort of show is broadcast by smaller stations throughout the country, often dedicated to the exploitation of products and stores, in other words commercial advertising, built on the playing of phonograph records. Most of you have come to take these as a matter of course. Have you ever noticed, in some cases, that the announcer's voice drops the word "recorded" to a low pitch, or that sometimes his voice hurries over the fact that you are listening to record program? Not a few of you have probably dialed out the program at its conclusion (Continued on page 116)

May I say, in justice to myself, that I have always respected the other

# A Chance Incident



Vee Lawnhurst (left), the most famous and most successful of feminine composers of popular songs, owes her career to a strange chance.

"It's odd," Virginia Rea (right) declares, "how things work out. Chance experiences bring us everything! But sometimes one is so disappointed!"



IF love and fame haven't come your way, don't despair. A chance incident may change your life tomorrow, next week, next month, and bring you all your heart desires. For you never can tell what adventure is waiting for you just around the corner. No matter how humdrum your existence may seem to you today, the merest little incident may be the key to opening up all the glory of the world for you tomorrow. For the smallest happenings, that seem nothing at the moment, change your whole existence sometimes; while the things that you expect to be momentous, often prove disappointing. Let me tell you how a chance incident changed the lives of four famous radio celebrities.

Virginia Rea is one of the most celebrated women on the air. You hear her now, from coast to coast each Sunday night, with Rubinoff and his orchestra. You've heard Ginny's flute-like coloratura tones on important commercial programs for ten years. Before that time Miss Rea was a well-known concert and recording artist.

"But I nearly didn't sing at all," Virginia told me. "I wouldn't have, if it hadn't been for one small occurrence. You see, my parents didn't want me to sing professionally. They just wished me to make my debut and then settle down in Louisville, my home town, like all other 'nice' Southern girls. Of course, I'd sung in church and at college, but never professionally.

"Heavens, no! We'll have no actress in our family!" my mother and father declared.

"After one of these scenes I went to my room and cried. It just happened that my uncle, Dr. William Rea, of Minneapolis, was visiting us at that time. It just happened that he came into my room and found me crying. Well, we had a long talk. The result of it was that my uncle went downstairs and persuaded my parents to let

me have at least one summer in New York to study.

"While I was in New York, my teacher had me make some records for Brunswick. They offered me a three-years' contract. Then my parents realized that I must have real talent. They gave in. Dad was in the Internal Revenue Department. He wrote to Washington and asked for a transfer to New York. He got it. And so he and mother came up here to live, and permitted me to pursue a career.

"I have had a happy one since then, both in concert and in radio. But I never would have sung at all, professionally, if my uncle hadn't chanced to be visiting us just then, and hadn't chanced to come in and find me crying that day. For my parents never had given in to me before. They never would have done so."

Virginia says that even her big romance was founded on chance.

"If I hadn't happened to be successful the day I auditioned for *Palmolive*, I never would have met my husband, Edgar Sittig," Miss Rea told me. "You see, I was the singing star of *Palmolive* for four years. And Edgar was the first cellist on the program. I probably never would have met him if I hadn't happened to decide to take that audition and happened to be lucky enough to emerge the winner," Virginia added.

And that would have been a loss, indeed. For never on Radio Row, or anywhere else, have I met a happier couple than Virginia and her husband, as they live their lives in their Pocono Mountain home, collecting beautiful jewels, rare glass and old silver, and enjoying the serenity that only two who walk together can achieve.

"It's odd," Miss Rea said to me thoughtfully, "how things work out. Chance experiences bring us everything. Yet events one expects to prove (Continued on page 94)

# Changed Their Lives

by  
Harriet  
Menken



"I'm married happily now and I have a career, besides," says blonde Benay Venuta (above). "But I wouldn't have had either but for chance!"



This story  
announced by  
Patrick Kelly

Petite Lily Pons (right) marvels at some of the strange whims of chance that have helped or disappointed.



You never know when some small event may completely alter

your life



Haven McQuarrie, originator and conductor of *Do You Want to Be An Actor?*



by Muriel Babcock

# Always

Haven McQuarrie gives movie-struck youth the benefit of expert coaching for his show. The successful aspirants win screen tests.

"Do you want to be an actor?" Haven McQuarrie asks, Sundays at 8:00 p.m. on NBC-Red network. The popular program is broadcast from Hollywood.

# Play a Lucky Hunch!

HAVEN McQUARRIE is the current sensation of the radio world. Why? Because he played his lucky hunch to win. Because he believes in hunches, or flashes of inspiration as you may prefer to call them, and follows them through.

A hunch is back of his program, *Do You Want to Be An Actor?*, which in sixteen weeks, jumped from an obscure spot on a local Los Angeles station to top ranking in the national broadcast world. A hunch started him on the program. He believes that hunches inspire the kids who try out for him and sometimes make good.

He explains it this way: "There are moments in your life when ideas come to you that you know are good. Moments when your brain seems to function more clearly and more brilliantly than at other times. Sometimes, as in my case, the idea or hunch is tied up with some important thing that has happened to you personally. When you feel and know that your hunch is good, play it. Follow it through. See it to its conclusion. For, don't forget, lots of good ideas are buried in obscurity because the persons who had them lost faith too soon."

There is a great drama in Haven McQuarrie's story of how he played his lucky hunch to win. Just last summer, last July, he was broke. Didn't know where his next job was coming from. Mortgage on the house. A boy four years old. A grand wife who believed in him. A newly-arrived baby girl. But let's let McQuarrie tell the tale, which he says goes back four years to the day when

his boy, Ronald, was born.

"I was broke, then, too," he said. "I rushed my wife to the hospital in the early hours of the morning. I was too frantic to stop to pick up a checkbook, even if I'd had any cash in the bank, which I didn't, but just the same the hospital bookkeeper wanted a down payment.

"I didn't have the slightest idea where the money would come from, but I smilingly assured him, he'd have it by 10:30 in the morning. My baby was born. My wife was all right. I went home to get a shave and a bath. The telephone rang. It was my lawyer, who called to say he had, surprisingly and suddenly, collected \$1250 we had thought lost in a bank crash! It was the finest financial news I'd had in years! And it got my wife and baby out of hock!

"On July 31st of this year, my little girl, Patricia, was born. I had money enough to get her out of the hospital, but mighty little left. A day or so after she got home, I was lying on the davenport talking to my wife. I remember exactly, I said: 'Honey, what good luck do you think this baby will bring us? Remember how Ronald brought us that money?' And boom! through my mind flashed the idea of reviving our old vaudeville show on the air. I jumped up, I was so excited. I said: 'Honey! I've got it. The good luck! The lucky hunch and will we play it!'"

Playing his lucky hunch through to a winner was not an easy job. Although Haven (Continued on page 70)



This story announced by Larry Harding

Haven McQuarrie needed the money badly, but he turned down an offer of ten thousand dollars, to play a lucky hunch. And he won!





# Dialings

(Top left) Raconteur G. Archibald Presby, NBC announcer of *Bughouse Rhythm*, with Ruth Chapel, NBC singer, and John Brunner, NBC conductor. (Top right) Lily Pons practices a ballet kick for her rôle in the opera *Le Coq d'Or*. (Left) Betty Star gives the gong to tenor Morton Bowe of the networks. (Right) Meredith Willson, of radio and music circles, on the links in San Francisco. (Lower left) Major Bowes greets movie star Gloria Swanson. (Lower right) Jack, Mary and Joan Naomi Benny.

Some artists of the air in off-the-air moments



## Oscar Shaw, of CBS' *Broadway Varieties*, and popular star of musical comedy

by Elizabeth B. Petersen



In the kitchen of his Long Island home, the Broadway star likes to take a hand at cooking.

IT WAS Atlantic City and it was raining and no one was buying soap, anyway—so Oscar Shaw bundled his sample case, filled with violent pink soap, under his arm and decided to go to a matinée.

That is how the story starts.

For the show he saw that afternoon was *The Mimic World*, and in it was a girl with chestnut hair. A small girl, with the tiniest feet he ever had seen and the biggest eyes in the world.

Oscar Shaw forgot a lot of things in that moment. He forgot that, less than an hour before, he had been pretty discouraged, for here he was, all of twenty, and what had he done with himself anyway? Selling soap of a color that outraged every artistic sense he possessed and being snubbed by housewives and chased by dogs, until he was well on the way to getting himself a super-special kind of inferiority complex.

But he remembered other things.

Remembered the color of the copper beeches on his grandmother's front lawn, when the sunlight slanted through them—for that was the color of this girl's hair. And he remembered the branch of apple blossoms, that had blown off a tree in his uncle's orchard during a thunder storm—for that was the way this girl's skin looked, fresh and lovely as if it, too, had been swept by wind and rain.

Louise Gale was the name the program gave her, but lovely as it was, he thought Louise Shaw would be an even more entrancing one.

Only to sit there and look at her was enough then. Only to listen as she sang her songs. But afterwards, when he walked home to his boarding-house, he found himself being excited about rain for the first time in his life and about the way the surf was pounding on the beach—and he wished that the girl were there. (Continued on page 84)

# So the Boy Made Good!



CBS' *Broadway Varieties* brings you Oscar Shaw on Fridays at 8:00 p.m., EST.



Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Shaw, (her stage name was Louise Gale) with their pet Pokes.



Another glimpse of the CBS radio favorite just before broadcast time.

# -And She Almost Retired!

But Ozzie Nelson persuaded Harriet Hilliard to sing again, after David Ozzie Nelson was born.

IN October of last year, Harriet Hilliard had a little baby son. In private life, Harriet is the wife of Ozzie Nelson. In public life, she was the featured singer in her husband's band and a motion picture actress.

The public waited for Harriet Hilliard to return to public life after the birth of her son. Weeks went by and there was no announcement made as to when Harriet would re-enter professional life. Weeks became months, and still no Harriet Hilliard was heard on the air.

Not until the middle of January did the voice of Harriet Hilliard come to the ears of listeners of the *Bakers Broadcast* on Sunday nights. No announcement had been made. Her voice came as a complete surprise to every listener. What was behind this extended retirement? It couldn't be that she was pampering herself, for hadn't she appeared on vaudeville stages up to within six weeks of her son's birth?

It is said that truth is stranger than fiction and no one could have imagined the dramatic struggle that was going on behind the drawn curtains of the private life of Harriet and Ozzie Nelson.

"Having a baby makes a woman lose her self confidence," was the startling remark made by Harriet. It was all the more startling because today Harriet is prettier, with her natural brown hair, than she was a year ago. Her figure is perfect.

"After David was born," she continued, "I was afraid to sing, even when alone at home. I suppose it comes from dodging behind furniture, keeping out of the sight of people for so long. But as soon as I'd look at the baby, I'd say to myself:

Harriet Hilliard, delightful young singing star of *Bakers Broadcast*, is lovelier than ever, since the birth of her baby son, David.



They're on the air Sundays, 7:30 p.m. EST, over the NBC-Blue network.



This story announced by Alan Kent

by Miriam Gibson

"Even if my career is gone, you are worth it!"

Can you imagine the thoughts that surged through the mind of the pretty girl who had worked so hard to succeed in her professional life?

"When I looked in the mirror, I imagined I looked different. Nothing that anyone said—not even Ozzie—could make me recover my self-confidence. I was completely beaten," said Harriet.

She can speak of her feelings now. She can tell people what she went through, because her fears have been beaten. After three months, following the birth of her baby boy, she at last has learned that her career can go on—that now, more than ever before, she has a lovely singing voice.

But what brought about this change? What was responsible for self-confidence returning to Harriet Hilliard? Why does she now feel confident that her next movie will be successful? It is best understood by listening to Harriet herself:

"I was ill after David was born. I felt miserable. Friends told me to start singing, if only to myself. I was feeling too badly. Even when I got on my feet, I made excuses for not using my voice. I was afraid. I kept putting off the thing I knew I would have to do—test my voice. I thought to myself: 'What if my voice breaks? What if I find that, instead of a singing voice, there is only a funny rasp?' These fears kept whirling through my mind. Only the thought of David (Continued on page 114)



A dip in the pool delights both Mr. and Mrs. Nelson.



Frank Simon, conductor of the Armco Band.

A sour note.

# Sousa's Successor

At twenty-three Frank Simon joined Sousa's band, then the foremost band in the country. He was cornet soloist and assistant conductor. Seven years later he organized the Armco band in Middletown, Ohio. Now the band is a regular radio feature. Simon gives weeks of his time, without payment, to help educate youngsters in music.

The band plays on.

Studying with Simon.

Conductor Simon in action.

John Philip Sousa and Frank Simon

Leading his band.



# Hill-Williams To You, Suh!

by Gene Harvey

Meet the popular hill-billies, Zeke, Judy and Anne Canova, and also Dorothy, the dog. The Canovas, heard on the *Rippling Rhythm Revue*, are native Floridians and also an authentic happy family. They do have a swell time entertaining, and they give radio listeners a swell time, too. Tune in your radio to NBC-Red network on Sundays at 9:15, EST, and give yourself a genuine treat!

## They're Judy, Zeke and Anne Canova, of *Rippling Rhythm Revue*

THERE are two kinds of hill-billies: the ones that go barefoot down in the Southern hill-billy country and never see an automobile, and the ones who go on the radio and come from the bosky glens of Brooklyn and the Bronx. The Canovas' material is authentic; they sound real, and I had read blurbs of their never having been out of their native state until recently; of the persuasion it took to get them out of their hill-billy clothes, and such like.

Which explains why I wouldn't have been surprised if I had been greeted with a hearty wallop on the back, while Zeke bellowed to hand me down his fowlin' piece so's we-uns could go on a possum hunt throught Radio City, with a houn' dawg bayin', or something. . .

Well, there was a dog. A friendly white fox terrier named Dotty, who, after a few amiable and sophisticated sniffs, settled down to roughing it on a rose damask sofa pillow.

The Canovas are not from Brooklyn or the Bronx, but

genuinely Southern. The nearest thing to hill-billy clothes, however, was Zeke's shirt, which was a rather gay blue-and-yellow plaid. And you can see it in the smarter haberdashers' windows.

They do talk with a distinct Southern drawl, but it's a long way from the stuff Judy uses or the stiff and halting professional dialect of Zeke when he announces that "ay tepee is whut ay man wears on his head when he is bald."

Native Floridians, the Canovas are, stemming from the early Florida settlers who came to find the Fountain of Youth and remained to grow oranges and cotton. Their grandfather came from Madrid and was a cattleman; their father was a cotton broker, and their mother English. Both parents were musicians, and Mother Canova taught Anne piano until the time Anne and Zeke went to the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music.

"I studied piano for years," Anne says, "and got to the point where I really could play, compose and make my own arrangements—and now I'm (Continued on page 68)

# Murder and Mystery

# on the Air

S. S. Van Dine, creator of that super-detective, Philo Vance, is a model for mystery writers

by Watkins Eppes Wright

WE, all of us, "go for" murder and mystery in a big way—in our reading. In our listening, too, as the success of the radio dramas of mystery and murder seems to prove.

And there is one man to whom all writers of such dramas for the air probably turn for their model. To you, who have met him in a book, play or movie, he is S. S. Van Dine, world-famous author of a long list of best-seller murder mysteries and creator of that fascinating detective, *Philo Vance*.


S. S. Van Dine does not believe that broadcasting stories of mystery and murder has a bad effect on young listeners.

"The entire human race of all ages," says he, "is decidedly imitative—probably as the result of its simian ancestry! But we all react to things in different ways. For example, a beautiful and perfectly harmless young lady, seen on the street, may inspire in one man a sense of beauty and exaltation—in another, lust and evil thoughts. But we cannot pass a law to keep all desirable women under cover! However, if it's true that the juvenile mind is more specifically imitative than the adult mind, it certainly is better to give the youth G-Men and detective stories (wherein virtue always triumphs) than it is to give him characters such as gunmen and criminals who tend to glorify crime."

In private life S. S. Van Dine is Willard Huntington Wright, distinguished author of many books of a high literary order. Books which critics praise—and you and I seldom or never read!

The metamorphosis of Willard Huntington Wright into S. S. Van Dine is one of those mysteries with which life constantly surprises us. We asked him about it, as he sat in the charmingly appointed liv-

G-Men dramas and detective stories, wherein virtue always triumphs, are good radio entertainment, according to S. S. Van Dine. And we who listen agree.

**THIS  
STORY ANNOUNCED  
BY DAVID ROBERTS**

Noted writer of detective mysteries—S.S. Van Dine, (in real life he's Willard Huntington Wright) as he watches his favorite horse go to the post at Belmont Park.



ing-room of his penthouse, high above a broad thoroughfare that overlooked Central Park. Distinguished both in manner and dress, wearing a VanDyke beard, he looked, we thought, more like a portrait painter than an author. And, it appeared, he did at one time seriously think of becoming a painter.

"I have written since I was four years old," he said, "when a poem of mine was published in my home paper. It was terrible, even for a four-year-old. I also wrote and illustrated a novel, at nine. It was worse than the poem."

He spoke briefly of his years in school, both on the West Coast and at Harvard, and of the years when he lived abroad, not yet certain whether he was going to become a painter, an orchestra conductor or a writer. He studied art and music. He memorized the scores of various symphonies and other orchestral works. But he eventually was won over by his first love—writing. He wrote, over a period of years, several books, including a history of painting, and a treatise on applied aesthetics; also a novel entitled *A Man Of Promise*, the scene of which was laid in the small city in upstate New York, where lived his paternal ancestors. It was all writing (Continued on page 92)

# He Swore He'd Be a Doctor

How tragedy changed to  
triumph for Tito Guizar

by Mildred Mastin

THE handsome young man just leaving the studio wore a puzzled frown. Someone asked: "What's the matter? You look bothered."

"I am. I am all in a muddle." He spoke with a Latin accent. "At the Metropolitan Opera House tonight they are singing *Rigoletto*. At Madison Square Garden there is a hockey game—the *Rangers* play the *Americans*. I want to see both so much. *Rigoletto*—she is beautiful! But—ah—the hockey! I can't make up my mind which to miss."

"How many times have you sung *Rigoletto*?"

The handsome young man figured quickly. "Oh, about three hundred times."

"*Whew!* That's a lot of *Rigoletto*. Why don't you go to the hockey game?"

Tito Guizar looked up with a quick smile. "I do," he said.

If the conversation sounds a little out of character for a musician, a former opera star, you must remember that while the United States knows Tito Guizar as a Latin tenor, radio's singer of Spanish songs, Latin Americans know him as a movie star. And one of their favorite box office successes he is, too.

Tito Guizar looks more like a movie star than a Latin tenor. He is tall and slim and strong. Judging by his wavy brown hair and gray-hazel eyes, you'd never guess he was born in Mexico. But he was, nearly thirty years ago, the second eldest of nine children.

The Guizars were a happy, home-loving group. Five brothers and four sisters, headed by a mother and father who ruled with firmness and kindness.

When Tito was fifteen a tragedy occurred in his family which influenced his entire life. There was a baby sister whom they all adored. She was two years old and Tito was her favorite. In his strong young arms he carried her about, taught her to speak her first words, watched her while she took her first uncertain steps.

Then, one day, she fell ill. A doctor was called immediately. Medicine was left. (Continued on page 74)



Tito Guizar, Mexican tenor, arranges a song for his radio program.



Tito adores his lovely wife, former stage star, and their baby, Nena.



Baby Nena, named for her mother, and looks like her handsome father.

**'ROUND-THE-WORLD CALENDAR  
OF A CALIFORNIA LADY**

*Mrs. Rufus Laine Spalding III*

Dinner parties in the Pasadena house  
Midnight snacks at Hollywood's "Troc"  
Bridge and Polo at Midwick  
Sailing and aquaplaning at Montecito

Santa Barbara for tennis and horseback  
New York for important "opening nights"  
Winter jaunts to Mexico, the West Indies, or Europe  
Annual visit to her husband's estate in Kauai, Hawaii



**T**HE beautiful Mrs. Spalding, shown on her husband's sloop "Hurulu," is a skilled yachtswoman. Her enjoyment of the sea illustrates her charming zest for life. She travels, she entertains, and smokes Camels—as many as she pleases. "Camels are so mild," she says, "they never get on my nerves. And everybody knows how they help digestion!" Smoking Camels sets up a natural, abundant flow of digestive fluids—alkaline digestive fluids—and thus encourages good digestion. At the right, Mrs. Spalding enjoys a late supper in Hollywood's Trocadero, whose host, Billy Wilkerson, says: "Camels are certainly the popular cigarette here."

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*Costlier Tobaccos!*

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

A few of the distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

- Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia • Mrs. Alexander Black, Los Angeles
- Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston • Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York
- Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd, Boston
- Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd, Philadelphia
- Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, Virginia • Mrs. Jasper Morgan, New York
- Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman III, Baltimore • Miss Anne C. Rockefeller, New York
- Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., Chicago • Mrs. Brookfield Van Rensselaer, New York

**FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE—SMOKE CAMELS**



# Sweethearts Again

SINCE JANE LEARNED THAT  
"MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN  
THREATENS EVEN A GIRL OF 20

EVERYTHING WAS SWELL BETWEEN TOM AND ME, UNTIL THAT HATEFUL BABY BROWN DAZZLED HIM WITH HER SCHOOL GIRL COMPLEXION

DARLING, WHY DON'T YOU SEE A GOOD BEAUTY SPECIALIST, AND FIND OUT WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR COMPLEXION?



JANE CONSULTS EMIL, FAMOUS CHICAGO BEAUTY SPECIALIST

EVEN THOUGH YOU'RE ONLY 20, YOUR COMPLEXION HAS THE SYMPTOMS OF WHAT I CALL "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN! IT'S TOO DRY, AND BEGINNING TO LOOK DULL AND COARSE-TEXTURED. I SUGGEST THAT YOU CHANGE TO PALMOLIVE SOAP. . . .



WHY EMIL RECOMMENDS PALMOLIVE SOAP TO OVERCOME "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

"Palmolive is made with Olive Oil, a real beauty aid. And Olive Oil makes Palmolive's lather gentler, more soothing . . . gives it a special protective quality all its own. Thus Palmolive does more than just cleanse. It protects your skin against the loss of those precious natural oils which feed and nourish it . . . that's why Palmolive keeps your complexion soft, smooth and young!"

*Emil Rohde*

ORCHIDS FROM TOM, AGAIN!

YES! ISN'T IT WONDERFUL HOW DIFFERENT HE'S BEEN SINCE PALMOLIVE HELPED ME GET RID OF THAT UGLY, DRY, "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!



## How Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, prevents dry, lifeless, old-looking skin

DOES *your* complexion show even a hint of dryness, dullness, coarse-texture? Then *watch out*, famous beauty experts warn. For these are the symptoms of a condition which adds years to even a young girl's appearance . . . ugly, heart-breaking "middle-age" skin!

Use Palmolive regularly, these same beauty experts advise. For Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, does more than just cleanse! Its gentle protective lather prevents your skin from becoming dry, lifeless, old-looking . . . keeps your

complexion soft, smooth and *young!*

*Does the soap you are using give you this same protection?* Do you know what ingredients go into it? Are you *sure* it is as pure, as gentle and safe as Palmolive?

You *know* that Palmolive is made only from real beauty aids . . . a secret and unique blend of soothing Olive and Palm Oils. That's why Palmolive, more than any other soap, promises to keep your complexion young and lovely through the years! Why not start using Palmolive Soap—today?



CHOSEN EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE DIONNE QUINS!

*What a beauty lesson there is for you in the fact that Dr. Dafoe chose Palmolive exclusively for the Dionne Quins! If this fine beauty soap, made with Olive Oil, is safest and gentlest for their tender skin, isn't it safest for your complexion, too?*



MADE WITH OLIVE OIL TO KEEP COMPLEXIONS YOUNG AND LOVELY



Have YOU registered your radio preferences? Just let your feelings be known in fifty words or less, and be sure to state your name, address and occupation. Address: QUERY EDITOR, RADIO STARS, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

**Peggy Lawson, Bloomfield, N. J.** "My favorite person is Helen Hayes. It doesn't matter if she is *Bambi* or *Penelope Edwards*, just so long as it's Helen Hayes. Reason: Her voice—she has the loveliest speaking voice on the air, and it is a pleasure as well as a privilege to listen to her. My favorite orchestra is George Olsen's, because his is the music of tomorrow, and perfect. I miss Ethel Shutta—she is my favorite singer."

**F. W. Allen, Erie, Pa.** "My family differs as to program favorites. My son likes jazz, orchestras and crooners; little sister likes kiddie stories; my wife likes dramatic playlets. I like the good symphonies, organ and chamber music and some of the better soloists. Crooners and blues singers get a dial twist from me every time I am near the radio. But there is one thing we all hate and that is the roar of applause from local broadcasting studio listeners."

**Nina F. Comer, Savannah, Ga.** "During six years I have listened to approximately 260 hours of Rudy Vallee's entertainment, and never have I been let down. Every hour has been a pleasure and a joy. I have come to regard Mr. Vallee as not only a fine star and entertainer, but as a fine person, for his sincerity is *always* evident."

**Dorothy Dilley, Allentown, Pa.** "Ever since he has been on the networks, my favorite radio personality has been Phil Harris. Although he leads one of the finest bands in the country, it is Phil's talent that predominates. His latest triumph, the *Jell-O Program*, is excellent proof."

**Frieda Dittrich, Lyndhurst, N. J.** "Although I listen to the radio continually, I would list only the *Packard Program* as my favorite. And that because of the splendid singing of Conrad Thibault. Any program listing his magnificent voice as an attraction is tops with me."

**Grace Herbert, Hamilton, Ont., Canada.** "*Cities Service Program* has long been my favorite because it has given us the matchless voice of Jessica Dragonette. In the past five years her beautiful songs have brought me real joy and happiness. And in the future, my favorite will be whatever program is fortunate enough to have Jessica as its star."

# WHAT THEY LISTEN TO-AND WHY

**Rose Kathman, Covington, Ky. (High School Student.)** "Getting straight to the point, *Vick's Open House* ranks highest in my estimation, because of the splendid, glorious voice of Nelson Eddy. I admire him because he is always at his best and shows good taste in selecting his program material. Next to him, Jack Benny is best. I like his 'clean-shaven' humor, and he can be depended upon for some new humorous thrill."

**Catherine E. Allen, Geneva, N. Y.** "The following will always be my standard list of favorites: Announcers—Milton J. Cross, Alwyn Bach, Wallace Butterworth. Comedians—Walter O'Keefe, Frank Fay. Comedienne—Beatrice Lillie. Orchestras—Eddie Duchin, Walter Blaufuss. Masters of Ceremony—Don McNeill, Gus Van. Singers—Arlene Jackson, Rosemarie Brancato. News Commentators—Lowell Thomas, Allen Sisson."

**Barbara Hornbach, Molalla, Ore. (Farmerette.)** "*Log Cabin Dude Ranch* is on our 'must tune in' list. The voice of Louise Massey and the music of *The Westerners* is just like a refreshing breeze from the prairie. For good music we listen to: *Major Bowes' Capitol Theatre Family*, *Vick's Open House*, *Voice of Firestone*, *Good Morning Tonight*. For music and wit: Jack Benny, Fred Allen and Ed Wynn. For drama: *Lux*

*Radio Theatre*, Helen Hayes and *Death Valley Days*. These are the highlights that make radio listening a real pleasure."

**Bob Wilson, Lockport, N. Y.** "My favorite is *Your Lucky Strike Hit Parade*. I like swing music, and this program provides plenty of it. My second choice is *One Man's Family*. Third, is Jack Benny and Phil Baker—both equally funny. Fourth, Walter O'Keefe and Ken Murray. Fifth and last, Gracie Allen and George Burns."

**Mrs. Maggie Brown, Waco, Tex.** "Bing Crosby's *Kraft Music Hall* programs are seemingly the shortest on radio—because they are the best. I always listen to Jack Benny, Fred Allen and Eddie Cantor for clean, peppy comedy."

**Deanne Colt, New York, N. Y. (Model.)** "Because Rudy Vallee is a perfect showman and a delightful person, his program is my first choice. I'd elect Hal Kemp for the best orchestra. I prefer Tommy Dorsey's Jack Leonard as a singer—his voice is so sweet and mellow."

**Rosemarie Hart, Erie, Pa.** "The programs of *Cities Service* are indeed incomparable. Not only do I hear the choicest of music played and sung in delightful arrangements and harmony, but the most superb artists. It is one program on which I can always depend for a full hour of extreme musical enjoyment."

**Edward Perzanowski, New Britain, Conn.** "My favorite musical program is *The American Album of Familiar Music*, for the superb voice of Lucy Monroe and the fine music. And I always listen to Phillips Lord's *Gangbusters* program for excitement. And for a good laugh I tune in Eddie Cantor, because he is my favorite comedian."

**Agnes Kramer, Harvey, Ill.** "My favorite artists are Louise Massey and *The Westerners*. It's impossible not to like them, once you've heard them. They're not only talented in playing and singing, but they're all splendid actors. Never a dull moment while they are on the air."

**Frances C. Allen, Darby, Pa.** "As far as I'm concerned, I would only need a radio on Thursday nights from 8 to 9, for Rudy Vallee's *Variety Hour*. Rudy is the ace showman of the air and any song or any artist he introduces is as good as made. Rudy and his Connecticut Yankees have my vote any time and all the time."

**Jean Edwards, Denver, Colo. (Music Student.)** "I'll get my pet  
(Continued on Page 58)

# BE OUR GUEST IN HOLLYWOOD

*By Jack Smalley*

Meet the  
**Californian!**



## Our new economy train to Los Angeles

The *Californian* (Chicago-Los Angeles on the scenic Golden State Route) has been a sensational success from the start. The reasons:

### Economy meals in the diner

BREAKFAST - - 25c

LUNCHEON - - 30c

DINNER - - - 35c

FREE PILLOW SERVICE

STEWARDESS

LUXURIOUS CHAIR CARS

IMPROVED  
TOURIST SLEEPING CARS

COMPLETELY  
AIR-CONDITIONED

SPECIAL CHAIR CAR FOR  
WOMEN AND CHILDREN

FARES AS LOW AS

**\$34<sup>50</sup>**

TO CALIFORNIA

(from Chicago) in chair cars; \$57.35 round trip. Slightly higher in tourist sleeping cars.

FOR FOLDER describing the *Californian*, write O. P. Bartlett, Dept. MM-4, 310 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

**Southern Pacific**  
Four Scenic Routes to California



In their delightful home at Toluca Lake you will meet the Arlens—one of filmdom's most popular, most happily married couples. Here are Dick and Jobyna planning one of their famous informal "buffets" for their friends.

"LADIES and gentlemen: the makers of RADIO STARS bring you the most unusual vacation ever offered—a trip to Hollywood, home of screen and radio stars."

That's our announcer broadcasting, and we hope you're listening. Because this is big news:

We're getting up three big house parties on wheels, to leave Chicago for the Coast and return, on an all-expense vacation trip of two full weeks of rollicking fun and excitement. By making it a house party, we are able to offer a vacation money couldn't buy, yet the cost is under \$200!

Your favorites of the screen and radio will entertain you; Universal Pictures will show you how movies are made; there's to be a dinner-dance with dozens of stars on hand at the Coconut Grove—and we've lined up a thrill a minute!

And to make everything convenient, you can choose one of three tours, each offering the same schedule of Hollywood events. The first leaves Chicago July 11th, the second August 1st, and the third on August 15th, bringing you to the Coast and back within the two weeks.

Of course we can't give you all the details here, but they are contained in a big

illustrated booklet which is yours for the asking. We can tell you, however, some of the highlights.

For instance, each tour will have a host or hostess, who will entertain at a special party, with many stars invited to attend.

Your favorite, Richard Arlen, and his wife, Jobyna Ralston, are throwing open their lovely Toluca Lake home for a "Melting Pot Party," at which stars of all nationalities will be represented.

Dick is one of the most popular young men in the colony, and an ideal host, Dick Powell lives just a few blocks from him, across the lake, and Bing Crosby is a neighbor. It's all one happy community at Toluca, and you'll be royally entertained by the Arlens and their friends.

Ever since *Wings*, Dick has been climbing steadily, until his fan-following is enormous. Recently he finished *Secret Valley* and *Boots and Saddles* for 20th Century-Fox release. At his home he has a miniature auto race track for his son, Ricky, a barbecue, a swimming-pool and tennis courts. It's a veritable playground, so bring your swim suits and your cameras and have the time of your life!

(Continued on page 91)

# Plain Jane



**Don't let  
Blackheads..Large  
Pores..Blemishes  
spoil your looks!**

# Pretty Girl



**Miss Virginia Harris** says: "I've learned to fight hateful blackheads and blemishes with Pond's Cold Cream. It keeps pores fine, too!"

## Fight them with rousing UNDER SKIN treatment

**M**EN get the difference at a glance! Blackheads, blemishes, even coarse pores make the prettiest girl into a "plain Jane."

Well, you don't *have* to be plain!

Those little faults that dot your skin are easy to reach. They start just *underneath!*

Begin today to use the rousing Pond's deep-skin treatment. It tones up faulty oil glands—chief cause of blackheads and blemishes. Liven circulation. Invigorates the under tissues, so your *outer* skin will be clear . . . fine textured . . . flawless! The fresh unspoiled skin that makes people say "Pretty girl."

**Do this twice daily . . .** Here's the simple Pond's treatment hundreds of



women follow. It's easy to do.

*Everynight*, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. As it brings out the dirt, stale make-up and skin secretions, wipe it all off. Now pat in more cream—*briskly*. Rouse that faulty underskin! Set it to work again—for that clear, smooth, unblemished skin you want.

*Every morning*, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin comes softer every time. Feels better, looks better, and powder goes on beautifully.

## Mrs. Arthur Richardson

granddaughter of the late C. OLIVER ISELIN: "I depend entirely upon Pond's Cold Cream to keep my skin clean, smooth, and free from skin faults. I use it night and day. It's indispensable."

Do this regularly. As blackheads soften, take a clean tissue and press them out. Now blemishes will stop coming. And the places where pores showed largest will be finer textured.

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

POND'S, Dept. 9RS-CD, Clinton, Conn.  
Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 3 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company

# WHAT THEY LISTEN TO—AND WHY

(Continued from page 55)



AM I  
SEEING  
THINGS?

Those must be germs!  
Get my MENNEN  
Antiseptic Powder  
*Quick!*

"Believe me, folks, there's just one thing that really scares me. It's GERMS. And, boy, am I glad my Mummy knows what to do about it! She uses the kind of baby powder on me that scares germs away. No ordinary powder for her or for me. No siree! I get Mennen Antiseptic Powder. It keeps me from chafing—makes me comfy. But gosh, the thing that really counts is that it keeps me SAPER. Here's hopin' every mother who sees this will buy it for her baby."

*More doctors recommend Mennen Antiseptic Powder than all other baby powders combined—that's what a recent survey by a leading medical journal showed.*

**MENNEN  
BORATED  
POWDER  
-ANTISEPTIC-**

**THE BABY  
POWDER  
THAT HELPS  
PREVENT  
INFECTION**



Lysbeth Hughes, CBS singing harpist.

peeve of radio off my chest first—Nelson Eddy. To pleasanter topics, my favorite is always Lawrence Tibbett. He not only has the most gorgeous voice ever, but such a wonderful personality that it comes over the radio vividly." →

**Marsha Lane, Mt. Lebanon, Pa.** "My one favorite program is that of Sammy Kaye, the genial maestro who has the networks and short waves humming his inimitable swing and sway tunes. Monday and Fridays at 1:00 a.m., my dial is always wide open for his perfect music." →

**Jane Smith, St. Paul, Minn.** "There is one program I absolutely would not miss, and when it's on the air I am never disappointed. It's *Vick's Open House* with Nelson Eddy as our host, the greatest teller of tales in song. He is grand! Other enjoyable programs are *Breakfast Club*, Major Bowes' two programs, Joe Penner, Jack Benny, Eddie Cantor, *Lux Radio Theatre*, etc." →

**J. E., Atlanta, Ga.** "Thursday is by far the best night on radio, because it brings Rudy Vallee to us in his inimitable, fascinating style of singing. He is also the perfect master of ceremonies, and his showmanship is unsurpassed. And the music of the *Connecticut Yankees* is distinctive. Then, too, Thursday brings us Bing Crosby." →

**Maude Waterhouse, Des Moines, Iowa.** "For many years Jessica Dragonette has been my favorite singer. She is the most delightfully charming person I have ever met. She is so gracious, graceful and altogether lovely. She certainly possesses originality, personality and unusual talent. May success crown her efforts in her new series." →

Mrs. D. B. Gately, Gary, Ind.

"First and foremost among my favorites come Louise Massey and the Westerners—they are the grandest gang in radio and no one can sing those western songs like they can. Since I enjoy drama, here are my preferences: *One Man's Family*, *Bachelor's Children*, *David Harum* and *Welcome Valley*." →

**Wayne Catching, Slaton, Tex.** "Here are the programs I like best: Jack Benny's *Jell-O* program because it's full of humor and the advertising is brought in entertainingly; Eddie Cantor's *Texaco* program because it has both swing and classical music played on it; and *General Motors'* programs because they only feature the best music." →

**Phyllis Edwards, San Francisco, Calif.** "My two favorite programs are *Hollywood Hotel* and the *Packard Hour*. Reasons: Anne Jamison and Francia White. I think they're the two best sopranos on any airplane." →

**Proctor Murray, Spokane, Wash. (Paper Company Employee.)** "I love to hear orchestras such as those of Wayne King, Shep Fields, Ozzie Nelson, Eddie Duchin and Ben Bernie. For fun, Eddie Cantor, *Jack Oakie's College*, Ed Wynn, Burns and Allen and Fred Allen. The only objection I have to radio is that I don't get to hear but one program at a time, when I'm afraid that the other program on at the same time is just a little better." →

**Louise Haverty, Memphis, Tenn.** "*Poetic Strings*, *American Album of Familiar Music*, *Al Pearce and His Gang* and *Words and Music* are my favorite programs. Richard Crooks, Frank Munn, Lily Pons and Margaret Speaks are the singers I like the most." →

**Joseph Gomez, Hood River, Ore.** "I like Jimmie Fidler, Eddie Cantor, *Amos 'n' Andy*, *Betty and Bob*, and *Dot and Will*. For music I enjoy the orchestras of Tom Gerun, Anson Weeks, Ted Fiorito, Dick Jergens, Frank Masters, Phil Harris, and many others. My favorite singers are Deanna Durbin, Dorothy Dreslein and Tom Thomas." →

**Thelma Furgerson, Guthrie, Okla.** "I listen to all comedy programs, but Joe Penner and Martha Raye are super-swell. I never miss a *Lum and Abner* program. For orchestra music I prefer Guy Lombardo. The above programs are always cheerful and full of life. They certainly make my life more pleasant and worth while. May such programs always be on the air!"

# Yours are the Children of Darkness

SPECIAL SUNSHINE TREATMENT... SPECIAL FOODS...  
 EVEN A SPECIAL LAXATIVE...  
 NO WONDER CHILDREN THRIVE BETTER TODAY!



*Chas. H. Fletcher* **CASTORIA**

The laxative made especially for babies and growing children

WHY DO fewer babies die today...than 20 years ago?

*Why does your baby have twice as good a chance to live as you had when a child?*

Because today children get *special*—not haphazard—care. Twenty years ago the idea of sun-bathing in winter sounded preposterous. Today your child can have a sun-bath every day in the year—rain or shine. Today your child gets *special* medical and dental care—*special* dietetic supervision.



*Isn't it logical that a child should have a special laxative too? Doctors say, "Yes, they should."* For a child's system is still growing...still too tender for the harsh action of an "adult" laxative.

That's why so many doctors recommend Fletcher's Castoria. For, you know, it's made especially *and only* for children.

It contains no harsh, "adult" drugs, no narcotics—nothing that could possibly harm the delicate system of a child. Nothing that could cause cramping pains.

Fletcher's Castoria works chiefly on the lower bowel. It clears away all waste by gently stimulating the natural muscular movement—in much the same manner as in normal evacuation. It is safe. It is sure. It is thorough. A famous baby specialist said he couldn't write a better prescription than Fletcher's Castoria.



*And very important...Fletcher's Castoria has a pleasant taste.* Children take it without forcing. And, as you know, forcing a child to take any bad-tasting medicine can upset his entire nervous system.

More than 5,000,000 mothers keep a bottle handy always. Why not play safe and have a bottle in *your* house? Every drug store in America sells it. Ask for the thrifty Family Size Bottle...and save money. The signature Chas. H. Fletcher appears on every carton.

HOLLYWOOD

SHAKEDOWN

**"PAY UP OR DIE!"**

That is the threat received by many of Hollywood's biggest stars. The extortion racket has hit the film capital with a vengeance. Your favorites of the screen are menaced with promises of mutilation, abduction, torture, and even murder unless they pay . . . and pay plenty!

Dozens of stars have been threatened, including Ginger Rogers, Mae West, Shirley Temple, Jane Withers, Eddie Cantor, Spencer Tracy, and Wallace Beery . . . a few have made payments . . . others have had the courage to defy the vultures of crime, and have struck back at the racketeers, securing arrests and convictions. Completely prepared at all times, Clark Gable carries a specially made automatic which will fit even under a tuxedo without showing a bulge.

Is the extortion menace real? Will the threat of death ever be carried out? How does Hollywood protect itself? All these questions are answered in a complete breath-taking exposé of the "Hollywood Shakedown" in the current issue of **FRONT PAGE DETECTIVE**.

Other features in America's biggest fact-detective magazine include: "Exposing the Vicious Racket in 'Mail Order Sex,'" "I Sent My Husband to the Electric Chair," and "100 Clues—Solving New York's Bath-tub Slaying."

ON SALE EVERYWHERE

FRONT PAGE  
DETECTIVE**WEST COAST CHATTER**

Just to keep you posted on the doings of radio's celebrities at work in Hollywood



Deanna Durbin, radio's talented child star and the season's hit in *Three Smart Girls*, arrived in New York recently on a brief holiday from Hollywood.

THEY have a tough time shushing the audience when Jack Oakie walks up to the mike on the *College Hour*. For Jack's always attired in some originally designed outfit that could only have come to him in a moment of delirium. Last week it was a black and white checkered gown, and a similarly checkered mortar-board, with a sweeping red silk tassel, adorned his brow.

"*Hope I won't get through college in thirteen weeks,*" Jack was heard to mutter before going on the program.

Deanna Durbin travels to England this spring for a command performance before the King and Queen. And a year ago, this thirteen-year-old girl was ringing up the cash-register in the Los Angeles Junior High cafeteria. From cashier to the Court of St. James is really being a quick-change artist.

Before Gladys Swarthout and Frank Chapman left for the East they entertained with an informal buffet party at the new home they are building in Beverly Hills. Dining tables and chairs were improvised from the carpenters' tables and benches and the only lighting was from the fireplace and plumbers' candles. It wasn't, however, exactly a house-warming since

it turned out to be one of California's "unusual" nights—resembling the prairies of North Dakota in a blizzard—and the furnace had not yet been connected! But the evening was a great success. Everyone caught the spirit of the thing—even those catching pneumonia at the same time!

Conrad Thibault knows he's in Hollywood now. The baritone soloist on Fred Astaire's program sang until he was ready to drop in his tracks the other day, during a recent screen test in a film studio. Then he waited with bated breath to hear the outcome. Finally the studio phoned:

"Perfect! Really colossal!" came an enthused voice over the wire, "Your test, Mr. Thibault, is stupendous. However—you'll have to take another one."

"Wh-what's that?" stuttered the amazed baritone. "What for?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Mr. Thibault," came the unperturbed answer, "It seems we forgot to record your voice."

Joe Penner decided that, though several of his friends play golf during the three o'clock show, they still should not be denied enjoying the program. So he  
(Continued on Page 106)

# "YOU'RE STILL A BRIDE TO ME, DEAR"



## Neglect of Feminine Daintiness had never tarnished their Romance

OTHER WIVES envied her life-long honeymoon . . . told their husbands, often, how nice *he* was to *her*.

It is not easy to analyze the qualities that make romance endure through the years. Individuals are so different. But, in *one* respect at least, all husbands are alike. Lack of perfect personal cleanliness in a woman is a fault they can never understand. And few things are so apt to dampen a man's affection.

Strangely enough, in many cases, a woman is not, herself, aware of neglect of proper feminine hygiene. She would be shocked to learn that she is guilty of not being thoroughly dainty. Yet, if the truth were known,

many a case of "incompatibility" can be traced to this very fault.

If you have been seeking a means of feminine hygiene that is wholesome and cleanly, to promote intimate daintiness, ask your doctor about "Lysol" disinfectant. For more than 50 years this scientific preparation has been used for feminine hygiene by thousands of women.

"Lysol" disinfectant is known as an effective germicide. Among the many good reasons for this are these six essential qualities which "Lysol" provides—

### The 6 Special Features of "Lysol"

1. NON-CAUSTIC... "Lysol" in the proper dilution, is gentle in action. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
2. EFFECTIVENESS... "Lysol" is active under practical conditions... in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).
3. PENETRATION... "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out* germs.
4. ECONOMY... "Lysol," because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.
5. ODOR... The cleanly odor of "Lysol" vanishes promptly after use.
6. STABILITY... "Lysol" keeps its *full* strength no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

**New! Lysol Hygienic Soap** for bath, hands, and complexion. Cleansing and deodorant.

### FACTS ALL WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

LEHN & FINK Products Corp.,  
Bloomfield, N. J., U.S.A. Dept. 4-R.S.  
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant.

Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS," with facts about feminine hygiene and other uses of "Lysol."

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

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

Copyright 1937 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.



*Lysol*  
Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE





*"I am 'tops' again  
—because I feel and look  
like my old self once more"*

**"How did I do it?  
"I just reasoned sensibly."**

**Y**OU just can't be happy and enjoy life when in a run-down condition. Poor health and poor looks won't let you.

Fortunately, straight thinking tells us that vitality and pep are produced by energy created from within...so is the skin beautified and made clear from within.

How natural it is then to turn to the force which makes all this possible...those precious red-blood-cells.

Quite often these cells are reduced in number or in strength. Even a common cold kills these cells in great numbers. Worry, overwork and undue strain take their toll. Sickness literally burns them up. Improper diet retards the development of new cells.

Science has solved this problem in S.S.S. Tonic because it helps you regain your blood strength within a short space of time. Its action is cumulative and lasting.

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

You, too, will want to take S.S.S. Tonic because of deficient stomach digestive juices and red-blood-cells to restore lost weight...to regain energy...to strengthen nerves...and add glow to your skin.

Be 'tops' again with more vitality... more pep...a clear skin by taking the S.S.S. Tonic treatment. Shortly you will be delighted with the way you will feel... your friends will compliment you on the way you will look.

S.S.S. Tonic is especially designed to build sturdy health...its remarkable value is time tried and scientifically proven...that's why it makes you feel like yourself again.

At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good."

© S.S.S. Co.



# NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH?

Microstars "let down their hair" in print, answering your queries



Tom Howard and George Shelton, popular radio comedians, seize the chance during a rehearsal to get mixed up with some hot music.

## How did you get your first chance on the networks?

**Al Goodman:** "While directing one of Flo Ziegfeld's shows, the latter took me on the air with him on his Chrysler program."

**Bernice Claire:** "Came from Hollywood and did a guest performance with Rudy Vallee. This was followed by many other guest type shows—the last being with Isham Jones. My present sponsors were listening in—and I have been on my present hours for nearly two years."

**Irvin S. Cobb:** "Somebody offered me money to do so—and I took it."

**Vee Lawnhurst:** "Radio was young—and so was I!"

**Lanny Ross:** "By singing on a Christmas morning program when no other artist wanted to get up that early."

**Margaret Speaks:** "I had been heard while singing, gratis, one Sunday evening on a WOR sustaining program, by a man interested in a commercial program."

**Cab Calloway:** "My first network break came when I played at the Cotton Club in New York, practically unknown at the time. I sang about a little girl named Minnie, the Mocher, over the air, and in a short time the entire country had taken her to its bosom and my hi-de-hi along with it."

**Lucille Manners:** "Like many others, I had sung over WOR, which was a local (Continued on Page 64)"

# Tangee for Youthful Lips

TANGEE'S COLOR CHANGE PRINCIPLE ASSURES YOUR ONE MOST BECOMING SHADE

● Today...*prove* how Tangee's magic Color Change Principle brings out the natural beauty of your lips. Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips to the shade of blush-rose that most becomes you. The whole day long, at work or play, everyone will be charmed by your Tangee beauty. Paris says, "Painted lips are out!" With today's fashions you need Tangee more than ever. Tangee *isn't* paint and cannot give you a "painted look". On cheeks use Tangee Rouge, which also contains the magic Color Change Principle, for clear, youthful glow.



TANGEE LIPSTICK'S SPECIAL CREAM BASE KEEPS YOUR LIPS SOFT AND LOVELY ALL NIGHT



● At bedtime, apply Tangee. It soothes and smooths your lips while you sleep. Unlike ordinary cosmetics, Tangee Lipstick need not be removed at night. Its special cream base keeps lips soft, more youthful looking. And Tangee doesn't come off on bed linens. Awake with beautiful lips. No more faded "morning look" when you use Tangee.

Try Tangee tonight! It is one lipstick you can safely use through the night, as well as during the day. Popular sizes: 39¢, \$1.10. Or tear out and send coupon below for Tangee's 24-Hour Miracle Make-Up Set.



Painted GLARING Lips



Tangee GLOWING Lips

**BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES!** There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.

World's Most Famous Lipstick  
**TANGEE**  
 ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK



"24-HOUR MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET"

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY MM47  
 417 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Rush "24-Hour 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 of Powder Desired  Flesh  Rachel  Light Rachel

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

(Please Print)

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

"From now on —  
my one-and-only"



Dear Gladys:

I wish you could see the lovely roses that just came. Jim sent them—with a little note saying that for some unfathomable reason they reminded him of me last night!

So I am writing to let you in on the secret. My skin has the fragrance of fresh roses these days—and it feels soft as rose petals, too—because I am using the new rose-scented Armand Blended Cream.

Do try this new cream, Glad, it's wonderful. It cleanses and freshens your skin and it's delightful as a powder base, massage cream and night cream. From now on it's my one-and-only cream—because it makes my "one-and-only" tell me he loves me.

Rapturously,

Sue.

Wouldn't you, too, like to try Armand Blended Cream? You can—at no cost. Just ask for a free sample at the toilet goods counter in the store where you bought this magazine. If their supply is gone, mail a postal to Armand, Des Moines, Iowa, giving your dealer's name, and a sample will be sent you. Or buy a jar of Armand Blended Cream and if one day's trial doesn't give your skin a new look and feel, your money will be cheerfully refunded. Trial sizes at 10c and 20c—larger, more economical jars at 50c and \$1.00.

**Armand  
Blended Cream**

## NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH?

(Continued from Page 62)

station of Newark, N. J., before I appeared at NBC for an audition. In other words, I had prepared myself first."

♦  
**Fred Allen:** "A sponsor went temporarily insane."

♦  
**Betty Winkler:** "I came from Station WTAM in Cleveland to try my luck at Chicago's NBC studios. First I was cast for a part in Betty and Bob. Later I became the telephone operator on Grand Hotel."

♦  
**Ted Hammerstein:** "By thinking of the idea at the same time the idea was thought of by the head of one of our best agencies."

♦  
**Benay Venuta:** "When Ralph Wonders heard me sing at a banquet in Chicago and I had a fever and a cold. He gave me my contract a few weeks later for CBS."

♦  
**Patrick J. Barrett (Uncle Ezra):** "I was too busy writing my show to know how it happened. The first thing I knew I was on the networks . . . thanks to my sponsors."

♦  
**Irene Beasley:** "Through a series of coincidences, occurring at the end of three years' apprenticeship on local stations and recordings."

♦  
**Kenny Baker:** "By the grace of God— and Jack Benny."

♦  
**Allie Lowe Miles:** "Nine years ago the head of a radio department read one of my food articles in Pictorial Review, and when they phoned, asking me to write for radio, I thought it was another magazine. But I did the writing, and when they found out I'd been on the stage and in the movies, they gave me an audition—and I went on the air, too."

♦  
**Benny Fields:** "As a result of stage and night club successes."

♦  
**Grace Albert:** "By coming to New York with nothing in view, going hungry for a long time, making many contacts, waiting for the right one and finally auditioning for NBC. It was a great surprise to us when we were offered a five-a-week spot on NBC—after starving only seven months."

♦  
**Lud Gluskin:** "I was brought to the U.S.A. from the Continent by NBC."

♦  
**Jimmie Fidler:** "I sold myself. Years ago I was doing an interviewing stint on a program called *Hollywood on the Air*. I worked for months to persuade the producers to let me add a minute or so of movie gossip, and finally won them over. I always tried to tell advertising men that some day a Hollywood gossip show would go big—and finally met the right guy!"

♦  
**Eddy Duchin:** "While I was at the Central Park Casino in 1931, over CBS network."



Rex Chandler, whose 43-piece orchestra is a Friday night feature on NBC-Blue network at 9:00 p.m., EST.

♦  
**Allen Prescott:** "Having been heard on a local station, then auditioning. It has always been my firm belief that it was an accident."

♦  
**Welcome Lewis:** "Through a person hearing a test record I made for a small recording company. This led to a live audition and an NBC contract exclusively for three years. My first appearance was a coast-to-coast commercial, and from then I became a commercial artist for NBC."

♦  
**Edgar A. Guest:** "It came to me unsolicited via the Graham Paige Motor Company program."

♦  
**Marian Jordan:** "NBC bought WMAQ while we were under contract, so we automatically started to work for NBC."

♦  
**Homer Rodeheaver:** "Broadcasting a program of folk songs and hymns, the first program of that character after KDKA began operation."

♦  
**Will Hudson:** "My first chance took the form of a guest appearance and was a result of the sudden and unexpected popularity awarded my song, *Tormented*."

♦  
**Ethel Blume:** "When I was seven I first broadcast with the Lady Next Door children. But I really date my important radio work from The Rise of the Goldbergs, which opportunity I got via the shorts I made with Eddie Cantor."

♦  
**Jean Paul King:** "By being available and having a background, which was what an announcer should have—well rounded. (I'm against specialized education.)"

♦  
**Ross Graham:** "Was brought to New York by the late 'Roxy' and through his recommendation and competitive auditions, I finally landed on the networks."

♦  
**Bide Dudley:** "I broke in on a local sta-  
(Continued on Page 112)

# You Can't Count On Meals Alone For Vitamins You Need



A shortage of Vitamin B results in fallen stomach, flabby intestines, and many nervous disorders.

**B**



A daily supply of Vitamin B—the NERVE VITAMIN—is important to keep stomach, bowels and intestines strong and active—and assure steady nerves. Eat Fleischmann's Yeast regularly to make sure you get enough Vitamin B. It is one of the foods richest in this essential vitamin.



THE SUPERB PHYSICAL strength and vigorous health of Herman Brax—Champion Shot-putter—prove he gets an abundant supply of the 4 important health-building vitamins, A, B, D and G.

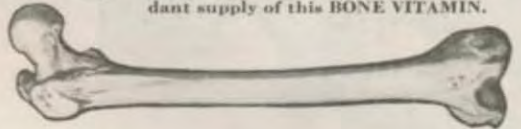


Not Enough Vitamin D

The crooked bone above shows what can happen when there is an under-supply of Vitamin D—THE BONE VITAMIN. Note the deformity—the enlarged joint, and the porous texture.

## Plenty of Vitamin D

An ample supply of Vitamin D should be had by mothers during pregnancy and while nursing to assure her child strong, straight bones and good teeth. Mothers should eat Fleischmann's fresh Yeast as it contains an abundant supply of this BONE VITAMIN.



Yet a Shortage of Even ONE Vitamin in Your Diet Can Lead to Impaired Health. By Eating a CONCENTRATED Supply of These 4 Vitamins EVERY DAY You Don't Need to Worry About Getting Enough of Them at Mealtimes

EACH separate vitamin has its own special part to play in helping to keep you healthy. No one vitamin can take the place of any other.

Yet—our ordinary meals, dietitians say, often fall short in one or more of these necessary food elements.

That's why today more and more people are increasing their supply of four of these food essentials by eating FLEISCHMANN'S fresh YEAST.

This one food added to the diet assures an extra supply of 4 essential vitamins, A, B, D and G. No other single food gives you such an abundant supply of all 4 of these vitamins at once.

Just eat 3 cakes daily—a cake about ½ hour before meals—plain, or in a little water. You need the added daily vitamins this tonic food provides. Start eating it regularly—today!

Too Little Vitamin G Means Poor Growth

Diet Ample in Vitamin G

**G**



When children are weak, thin and poorly developed, it is often a sign their meals do not provide enough of Vitamin G—the GROWTH VITAMIN. A plentiful supply of this essential vitamin is especially important to assure proper development of the body tissues. Fleischmann's Yeast is very rich in Vitamin G. Children from 5 to 12 years can be given 1 to 2 cakes daily.

**A**



INSUFFICIENT VITAMIN A lowers resistance to infections of the nose and throat—contributes to frequent colds. Eat Fleischmann's Yeast and keep up your supply of this valuable vitamin.



## The Richest Food Source of these combined Vitamins A, B, D and G

# 6 WEEKS AGO HE SAID: "SHE'S TOO SKINNY!"



Posed by professional models

## NEW DISCOVERY GIVES THOUSANDS 10 TO 25 POUNDS - in a few weeks!

If you seem "born to be skinny"—if you've tried everything to gain weight but with no success—here's a new scientific discovery that has given thousands of happy girls and women just the pounds and rounded curves they wanted—and so quickly they were amazed!

Not only has this new easy treatment brought solid, naturally attractive flesh, but also normal lovely color, new pep and the many new friends these bring.

### Body-building discovery

Scientists recently discovered that thousands of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite, and you don't get the most body-building good out of the food you eat.

Now one of the richest known sources of Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, made 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in pleasant tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to aid in building you up, get these new Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Note how quickly they increase your appetite and help you get more benefit from the body-building foods that are so essential. Then day after day watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. See better color and natural beauty come to your cheeks. Soon you feel like an entirely different person, with new charm and new personality.

### Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of sufficient Vitamin B and iron, these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets should aid in building you up in just a few weeks, as they have helped thousands. If not delighted with the benefits of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

### Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 34, Atlanta, Ga.

# KATE SMITH'S OWN COOKING SCHOOL

(Continued from page 13)

description of the most amusing and helpful idea I've heard of in a long time, which is guaranteed to keep fruit juice in a Fruit Pie, where it belongs, instead of having the juice bubble out all over the bottom of the oven—a mean little trick for which Fruit Pies, especially Deep Fruit Pies, are famous! Oh, yes, I've had that happen to me more than once, haven't you? But no more, now that I've learned this simple little secret. But I'm not going to give you here my suggestion for the better control of Fruit Pie Fillings, because then you may just forget it. Whereas, if it's written down for you on one of those recipe cards, then you'll have it for keeps!"

I don't think there's anything marvelous about my Coconut Custard Pie recipe, except that it always seems to work out fine and that everyone who has ever tasted it seems to like it! Where all pies are concerned, of course, part of the success can be credited to correct baking temperatures and this is especially true of Custard Pies. So you'll be pleased to know that both time and temperature requirements are given on the recipe card, as well as a careful listing of the ingredients. Right here I want to tell you about a Custard Pie trick that Nancy Wood, RADIO STARS' *Hostess*, recently described to me. And this is a trick, no foolin'! In fact, to accomplish it successfully, I think you'd have to be a sleight-of-hand artist, equal to the best of those who used to play on the bill with me in my vaudeville days! But Miss Wood assures me that it can be done with comparative ease, so I'll pass on the information here.

It seems that you bake the custard filling for the pie in a greased pie plate, which should be exactly the same size as the pie plate in which you have baked the pastry shell for the pie. But each is baked separately, mind you—the custard slowly, as all good custards should be, the pastry shell more quickly and in a manner that I shall speak about a little later on.

Then, just before serving time, you loosen the cooked custard pie filling from the utensil in which it's cooked and, with a gentle shake or two, you slip the filling into the previously baked shell. You notice that I say "you slip it," for though I was assured that this is a system always followed by a famous restaurant in New York, I personally prefer to stick to the method my dear grandmother taught me. It's been good enough for the Hanbys and the Smiths for years, so why change now? But if you like to experiment, here's your chance! Just use this scheme and my Custard Pie Recipe and be sure to let me know how you make out! I may have to come to it yet, myself!

Pies, generally speaking, come under four headings, at least that's the way I've always grouped them in my mind. There are the open-faced pies with a lower crust only, deep-dish pies with only an upper crust, two-crust pies as numerous as the moons I've brought over the mountains, and the refrigerator style of pies with their special, unbaked shells which are so easy to make that it's no wonder they're growing more popular daily. Come to think of it, I'll try

to find one of those very recipes in my files to give you next month when, unless my present plans miscarry, I expect to tell you about all of the easiest dishes I've ever heard of or tried out!

You noticed, of course, at the beginning of this article, the picture which shows you how to make a good-looking pie shell—one that doesn't hump up in spots or slide away from the edge of the pan! Well, at the end of this article I'm going to tell you how to go about doing it, and I'm also going to give you my favorite pastry recipe, which is sufficient for two pie shells, or one two-crust pie. Then you can try out this scheme as well as the Custard Pie trick.

The secret of good pastry, I once was told by a famous chef, lies "in handling—or rather in *not* handling—the pastry." To which I would add my two-cents' worth by saying that I consider that the way you add the water is of equal importance. What's more, I'm willing to bet that that is where most people make their big mistake. So follow, very, very carefully, the directions given here.

I do hope all these pie suggestions will prove helpful. And now to Puddings.

Puddings also can be grouped under a number of general headings. There are *baked* puddings, which are served hot or cold; there are *boiled* puddings, which, generally speaking, are then chilled thoroughly before serving; there are *steamed* puddings (of which I am giving you an example before signing off), which most frequently are served hot; and of course there are what I'll call "refrigerated puddings," which may require some heat in their preparation—such as boiled water or a hot custard base—or they may require, after mixing, only chilling or actual freezing. This last type of dessert is a subject in itself, so I shall save that for some future article. But I'm going to give you what I consider to be one prize example of each of the other types of puddings.

One is Butterscotch Tapioca with Butterscotch Sauce. The sauce—a special recipe of mine—is one I use on all sorts of desserts besides this particular pudding. Grand on sponge cake, for instance, and just about perfect on ice cream. Recipes for both the Tapioca and the Butterscotch Sauce are in my leaflet for this month.

There also you will find a recipe for the tempting Pudding you see pictured at the beginning of this article, which has been baked in an oven glass casserole so that it can be brought to the table in the same dish, without disturbing its attractive appearance. This baked pudding has another feature to recommend it besides appearance and taste, and that's economy. For here you have a suggestion that is really swell for using left-over cereal. The recipe also calls for apples and stewed apricots.

Well, friends, that leaves me just about room enough here to give you those two recipes. If you'd like to have my other favorite "Pudding and Pie" recipes, just send in for the leaflet. Thanks for writing . . . And thanks for listening to my *Band Wagon* broadcast and for sending in your votes for my (Continued on page 69)

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Forhan's Tooth Paste was developed by an eminent dental surgeon to do both vital jobs—clean teeth and safeguard gums.

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**HILL-WILLIAMS TO YOU, SUH!**

(Continued from Page 49)

playing oom-pah accompaniments!" But she grins about it and doesn't seem to mind. Zeke, too, had an excellent musical education and uses a fine baritone voice on such numbers as *Prologue from Pagliacci*—but not on the air.

Their hill-billy dialect and material is authentic. All during their growing years they spent summers with friends and relatives around Hendersonville and Asheville, North Carolina, and in Douglas, Georgia, where they learned hill-billy songs and language.

"The hill-billies and crackers would come down and sell flowers in the hotels," Anne remarks, "and they'd give square dances. We used to go to them. If one of the boys asks you to dance and you refuse, they're mortally insulted."

"Then there was one time," Judy cuts in, "when we took one girl for a ride in our car. She sat huddled in a corner. . ."

"Seemed scared to death," Zeke interrupted. "They're always cutting in on one another, with goodnatured interruptions."

"You tell it, Anne," Judy says, and Anne goes on:

"So I said to her: 'What's the matter, you're not bashful, are you?' And she sort of squirmed, and said: 'We-e-ll, they tell me ah ay-em!'" You can't, of course reproduce Anne's whiney, mimicking drawl.

"And then," Judy grins, "we asked her did she have any brothers and sisters, and she said: 'Ah hev sistuhs . . . three whole an' one half!'"

The Canovas' first radio effort was over *WJAX* in Jacksonville, when Anne and Judy did an act called *The Happy Girls*. They claim the listeners went to the Radio Commission and begged to have them taken off, they were so terrible!

"We had the laugh on them," Judy chuckles, "when we went on *NBC*, a few years later."

While Anne and Zeke were in Cincinnati, they got some time on a Cincinnati station. Judy, who was still in school, wrote plaintive letters, saying: "Can't I quit school and come with you?" But they told her to wait, that they were coming back to the South to rehearse and collect more hilly-billy songs. When they started out again as the *Georgia Crackers*, Judy was included, as well as Big Brother Pete, who now acts as manager for them and no longer performs. They did everything possible to build up the hill-billy background, even to wearing the queer clothes offstage.

They got a job at the *Greenwich Village Barn*, in New York, and "doubled" at the *Village Nut Club*, for fifty dollars weekly, each. That was in January, 1931. In May of that year they worked in Oklahoma, with Bob Albright's vaudeville act for awhile, then went with an *RKO* unit to the coast. They played considerable vaudeville time, were taken on as a sustaining program for *NBC* and appeared as guest stars on the *Vallee Varieties*. In '34 and '35, they spent six months in Hollywood, working in pictures, among them *Caliente*, *Broadway Gondolier* and comedy shorts. Then Judy went into the

*Ziegfeld Follies* and Zeke and Anne played in a Florida supper club.

Paul Whiteman saw Judy in the *Follies* and mentioned to Bert McMurtie of *CBS* that she might be a good bet. McMurtie, who knew the Canovas from their *Village Barn* days, mentioned that they worked as a threesome and they were signed as guest stars; then as a regular attraction to the Whiteman show.

They like stage work and radio, but don't care so much for night clubs, after the hectic days of doubling two clubs. They all live together—Judy, Anne, Zeke, Pete and their mother. Mother, incidentally, was the first to suggest that they do hill-billy stuff, and now she hates it. She once won a prize in Florida as the best "ragtime" pianist, and to prove it she played the old *Maple Leaf Rag*.

"I played on the program once," she says. "The number was *Take You Home, Kathleen*, and I got so many letters, they (the children) wouldn't let me on the program again."

"We made some color movies of Mother," Judy says, aside, "and when she saw herself she said: 'Why, I didn't know I could act! I guess I'd better go out to Hollywood and go in pictures!'"

"Tell about Sally Rand, Zeke," Judy prompted.

"Well," Zeke grinned, "we were working on the bill with her in Chicago and there was some talk about pinnin' a medal on her. . ."

"And Zeke says:" Judy cut in, "'where on earth can they pin a medal on Sally Rand.'"

Some recordings of their programs had just arrived and Judy got the machine going. It blared just as Anne spoke her line on the record.

"Listen to lil' ol' Annie—you sho' do blare out!" Judy chuckled.

"Play the one where the bandits kidnaped Annie," Zeke said. But they couldn't find the record.

"Did you hear that program?" Anne asked. "I was supposed to be kidnaped by bandits. . ."

"They were gonna shoot Annie," Judy announced, "She was brushin' her teeth an' they thought she had hydrophobia."

Zeke's voice on the record was announcing solemnly: "Ay guardian is ay music box that you play by squeezin' it," while Judy showed me a charm bracelet she wears. "Anne gave me this little guitar," she said, "and Zeke gave me this little purse. Mr. Whiteman gave me this little gold caricature of himself. . ." There was also a tiny baby carriage and a miniature pair of ice-tongs with a tiny piece of ice in them, on the bracelet. Oh—and I forgot, a little gold, jointed fish.

The record was playing on. "Annie—what party do you belong to?" it played. "None," answered Anne's voice. "I ain't married yet."

"It was funny about that," Anne smiled. "The very next day after that broadcast. I did get married, on November 2nd—to Don Bellamy. He's just graduated from West Point. (Continued on page 109)

(Continued from page 66)  
 special Kate Smith awards and the *Command Appearance*. Remember, I'll be greeting you again over the air waves next Thursday night, at eight—and in this magazine again next month!

**STEAMED COFFEE PUDDING**

- ½ cup nut meats, chopped
- ½ cup seedless raisins, chopped
- ¼ cup citron, chopped fine
- 1 egg
- 2 cups dry cake crumbs
- ¾ cup sweetened condensed milk
- ¾ cup strong black coffee

Grease a mold thoroughly, top and all. (Instead of a mold, the top of a double boiler may be used!) Sprinkle with combined nut meats, raisins and citron. Blend together well-beaten egg and cake crumbs. Place a layer of cake mixture in bottom of mold. Sprinkle with nut meats, raisins and citron. Continue alternating in this way until all are used. Blend together the sweetened condensed milk and coffee; pour over other ingredients in mold. Cook for 1 hour over boiling water. Serve warm with hard sauce or sweetened whipped cream. Serves 6.

**PASTRY**

- 1½ cups sifted flour
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¼ cup butter
- ¼ cup lard or vegetable shortening
- Cold water (about 4 tablespoons)

Sift flour, measure. Add salt and sift again. Cut in the shortening until a coarse, mealy mixture is formed—using two knives or a pastry mixer, not your fingers. Add just enough cold water (preferably ice water) to make a dough that will hold together, 4 or 5 tablespoons is enough. Add the water a little at a time, mixing it in lightly with a fork. Wrap pastry in wax paper and chill in refrigerator for 1 hour before rolling. Divide chilled pastry into two portions and roll each on slightly floured board to ¼-inch thickness. Makes one 2-crust pie or two pie shells.

**PASTRY SHELLS**

(See illustration on Page 13)

Here's a trick that will enable you to make a "form fitting" pie shell—one that comes out of the oven perfectly flat on the bottom, without a bubble or bump to spoil the symmetry of the pie filling. Here's what you do. Take two oven glass pie plates. Line one with pastry, pressing dough lightly to fit it. Trim and flute the edge. Set the other pie plate into the pastry-lined pie plate and bake in hot oven (425° F.) to a golden brown (15-20 minutes). The weight of the top pie plate keeps the crust in place and enables you to turn out a real "streamlined" pie shell.

Kate Smith,  
 Radio Stars Magazine,  
 149 Madison Avenue,  
 New York, N. Y.

Please send me your recipes for  
 Puddings and Pies.

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*My husband hated "economy dishes"—  
 until I found out about Franco-American Spaghetti*



**Discovered! A tasty  
 nourishing dish  
 for less than 3¢ a portion**

ORDINARY "economy dishes" often make dull eating. But not Franco-American Spaghetti. It has flavor, food value—*everything!* Yet a can holding three to four portions is usually no more than 10¢—less than 3¢ a portion.

Serve Franco-American today. See how different it is from ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. Taste its savory cheese-and-tomato sauce containing eleven different ingredients. Delicious to heat and eat just as it comes from the can. Or

try the tempting casserole dish below.

**Tuna and Spaghetti Casserole  
 (Serves 3—costs just 30c)**

- 1 can Franco-American Spaghetti
- 1½ teaspoons minced onion
- 1 small can tuna fish
- 2 strips bacon

Place a layer of Franco-American in a greased casserole. Add some of the flaked tuna fish and onion. Alternate layers of spaghetti, fish and onion until all is used. Arrange bacon strips, cut in half, over top. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) until casserole is well heated and bacon crisp.



**Franco-American SPAGHETTI**

THE KIND WITH THE *Extra* GOOD SAUCE

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS



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1. Happy and fortunate is the married woman who finds the right answer to this grave problem... Happy when she lives *without fear*... Prevents that agonizing worry which upsets so many marriages... *Fortunate in being free from dangerous germs!*

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# ALWAYS PLAY A LUCKY HUNCH

(Continued from Page 43)

started out bright and early the next day to interview a friend who ran a local radio station, he didn't succeed in selling his brainstorm that day. Nor the next. Nor the next. But he had so much faith that no number of firm no's, nor any amount of raucous laughter from wise-acres, daunted him.

Finally he sold it. On September 1st, 1936, *Do You Want to Be An Actor?* first went out over the ether waves of *KFWB*, Warner Brothers' Hollywood station. Haven received less than peanuts as salary—or exactly nothing. Who cared? People liked the show. It was a mild hit.

Interestingly, McQuarrie's original program, which he broadcast that first night, is not the one, even though it has the same title, that you hear now over the national Chase and Sanborn hour. It has developed from the friendly interest of his audience. As he explains:

"I'm an old vaudevillian, a comic. My act was comedy which poked fun. In vaudeville, you have to let the audience in on the laugh, and one of the tricks of doing this is to pick some individual and kid him publicly. That was the idea of the radio program. It was the: 'Oh, ye-ah, so you want to be an actor, do you? Let's see how lousy you are and let's let people laugh at you!'

"I started out making fun of my acting candidates. People laughed, but—after that first broadcast, I received 160 letters in the mail from persons who actually thought I had figured out some way to help them become actors. They were sincere. I thought it over and decided that the ways of vaudeville were not radio ways. Radio was friendly, warm, sincere—not smart-aleck and wise-cracking. Call it a hunch again, if you want to, or just straight thinking, but I suddenly changed my whole program style. I decided that I would help people. If they really wanted a chance to be actors and thought they could get some help out of appearing on my programs, I'd give it to them.

"And that's the way that *Do You Want To Be An Actor?* developed to the form which we use today. Any kid between seventeen and twenty can write to me and ask for an application blank. Applicants, in due time, are notified where to appear for a preliminary interview with the Candidate Committee, who pick the kids who seem most promising and schedule them for appearance on the programs. I don't interview them until I see them on the stage, the night of the broadcast. I don't know who they are. I don't want to know. Which brings up a funny story:

"Once, shortly after I started, I found a letter in the mail bag one day, asking for an application blank, ending up with a paragraph which ran like this:

*"I hope you are sincere in what you are trying to do. If not I hope you get popped right in the jaw and I am the guy who will do it."*

"The application blank was sent as a

matter of routine, and I forgot all about the letter until a few weeks later, when the audience picked from the lineup a big, husky six-footer with a grim, determined jaw. His name sounded familiar, I thought. Then I asked:

"Are you the fellow who wrote he would pop me in the jaw, if I were not on the level?"

"Yes, I am," he said, with a muscle of his jaw relaxing.

"Well, I said, 'how do you feel about it now? You're here, aren't you?'

"He grinned. 'I know you're okay and I hope I'm okay,' he answered.

"Well, it happened that he was. Bobby Webb, casting director for United Artists, happened to be in the audience that evening, liked the looks of this fellow and gave him a small job the next day. The job was to last for eight weeks, and, for all I know, the kid may be working yet. No, he didn't show great dramatic promise, but he wasn't bad and he got his chance, didn't he?

"That's all we can do on this show—give these girls and boys an opportunity to see if they have any stuff, and if they can project it so that it sells.

"Now we have a marvelous tie-up with Warner Brothers Studio, and two kids are picked for screen tests from every broadcast. So far, but it's early yet, none of the chosen have been signed to contracts, but—give us a little time."

McQuarrie is definite in demanding that the girls and boys who appear on his program are between the ages of seventeen and twenty. Why?

"Well, I feel that kids younger than seventeen have not definitely formulated their ambitions. They aren't sure what they want to do. Wanting to act may be just a phase they are going through. But at seventeen, they are old enough to know what they want to try to do, and they should be helped in trying to do it. If, by twenty, they have done nothing about their ambition, it's too late, so far as I am concerned.

"For, older than twenty, I feel they are trying not to fulfill a definite ambition, but reaching for some emotional satisfaction which they feel this program can supply. They're not, even if they don't know it, on the level. For kids between seventeen and twenty, who are really trying to find their place in life, I try either to kill the bug, or develop the germ for them. Say, I know about acting-mad kids. I was one once, myself. I go through everything those kids go through up here on the stage. I feel it all."

What type of man is Haven McQuarrie? A tall, serious, actorish looking fellow with long hair and fancy cravats? No, he's big and genial, on the business-man order, stands nearly six feet, weighs about one hundred and seventy-five pounds, has Scotch-Irish eyes which twinkle, a rapidly thinning head of hair, and a casual, pleasant manner, minus histrionics. When he talks, you feel he means what he is saying. He has a way of conveying sincerity in

## RADIO STARS

a plain, straight-forward way.

A sentimentalist? Oh, sure! Get him on the subject of his wife and his children, or watch him closely as he works with the kids on his program. Talk to him about his lucky hunches, his faith in life.

Speaking of hunches. After he had appeared for nine weeks on the local Los Angeles station, still getting less than peanuts, or exactly nothing, for his efforts, he had a sudden offer from Jack Warner, Vice-President in charge of production, at the Warner Brothers Motion Picture Studio. Warner, just home from Europe, had idly tuned in on his radio the night before, heard McQuarrie and, being an astute showman, knew that here was something big. He sent for McQuarrie, waved a \$10,000 check in front of his nose, and an offer to buy the rights to the show outright.

"Gosh, how I needed that money!" Haven says now. "It represented a fortune to me. But, wasn't this show my lucky hunch? Hadn't I promised myself I would follow it all the way through? I was gambling for a big strike. This was no time to give in for a paltry \$10,000, even if I did need a new pair of shoes! So, I said: 'No, not interested, and besides I want to be a motion picture director.'"

Jack Warner not only was impressed with McQuarrie's nonchalance, but, more than that, he badly wanted part of that program. They finally signed a contract in which McQuarrie got a bonus, got a contract as motion picture director, and sold only a small slice of the show.

And that's why, because he kept playing his hand, Haven now gets \$5,000

weekly from Chase and Sanborn, of which, it is estimated, he can keep about \$3,500 weekly for himself. Next year, if he continues to be popular, he gets \$6,000, and the year following, \$7,000. Not bad!

Lucky guy? "Nope," he will tell you, "just a fellow who believes in hunches and—plays them!"

He tells a little story to show how luck continues to follow you, once it starts to come your way. "The day after I signed with Warners, I said to my wife; Honey, now that we've got a little cash, why don't you get yourself a really nice dress? Something that costs dough."

"Of course, my wife is wonderful; she never peeped about being poor or wanting dresses or this or that, and I suppose I got to thinking she didn't care about them, so I was awfully surprised to hear her speak up and say: 'I know just the dress. I've been looking at it in the window, every day, ever since the Warner deal came up!'"

"She went down the next morning and that very day the dress had been reduced fifty dollars! We could have afforded the extra fifty, but—everything was now breaking for us, and we didn't have to pay it."

But because McQuarrie told his wife to blow herself on a dress, don't figure they've gone big-rich in Hollywood yet. They still live, and he swears they will continue to live, in their house (mortgage now paid) on the top of a high Hollywood hill. No Beverly Hills mansions for them. No colored chauffeurs. No swank.

"Why," asks McQuarrie, "should we fall for that baloney, when we've seen so

much of it in Hollywood? You can drink only two cups of coffee at a meal. You can eat only three meals a day. Why go to a lot of fuss about them? I get more out of life by doing than by getting. That's why this program is such a kick. I'm helping kids do something with themselves."

McQuarrie started on the stage long before the age limit he prescribes for candidates in his show. At four, he made his stage debut. At fourteen, he was playing in stock in San Francisco. At eighteen he was producing and writing his own vaudeville sketches. For a while he gave up show business and sold automobiles, and he says he made more money than he'd ever made in the theatre. But he couldn't stay out of it. One night, at the auto show in San Francisco (which he had staged), he was standing at the entrance enjoying himself mightily and thinking about the safe, secure life he was leading, when he encountered an old friend, an actor. Ten minutes later he had agreed to take the friend's place in a current show.

"Why? A lucky hunch again? Well, only if you figure that, deep down in my heart, I belong and am happier in the theatre than in the business world."

Later McQuarrie organized his own stock company, married his leading lady, tramped with her in their own act on the vaudeville circuits, finally abandoned that and set up an agency business in Hollywood with indifferent financial success.

Then—his best lucky hunch to date and the *Do You Want to Be An Actor?* show was born.

# DOWN TO HIS LAST FRIEND



MY MASTER'S SO DOWN-HEARTED, AND NOBODY COMES HERE ANYMORE. GUESS I'LL CHEW UP THIS MAGAZINE.

HERE, YOU RASCAL! STOP THAT!



HM! WHAT'S THIS? "MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH. SEE YOUR DENTIST"... SAY! I WONDER...



YES, MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.



TWO WEEKS LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S

I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED THIS HOUSE IS JUST OVERRUN WITH PEOPLE THESE DAYS!



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

Now NO BAD BREATH behind his SPARKLING SMILE!

## MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!

Tests prove that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! And the same tests prove that most bad breath comes from *improperly cleaned teeth*. Colgate Dental Cream, because of its special *penetrating foam*, removes the *cause*—the decay-

ing food deposits in hidden crevices between teeth which are the source of most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens enamel—makes teeth sparkle!



COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

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

# BEAUTY ADVICE

(Continued from page 9)

Some people even proclaim loudly that the skin would be healthier without any make-up, which is ridiculous. Make-up is very important for the protection it gives your skin, even aside from the fact that it is important to your morale and your appearance. But when you allow make-up to mix with the oily secretions of your skin and the oily grime that settles on your skin from this modern-day automobile world, then it is *improper cleansing* that is at fault, not make-up.

As the first requisite for a smooth, orchid-petal-like skin, thorough cleansing stands at the top of the list. Coming on down the list, we find that lubrication (for softening and nourishing), stimulation, wholesome diet and healthful living habits comprise the remainder of the quintuplet rules for the care of the skin. Through the windy months of March and April, you may find your skin discouragingly dingy, especially if you live in a locality where grime is plentiful and soft water is at a premium. The winds roughen your skin and make it all the more susceptible to picking up grime in its crevices. That is why I want particularly to tell you about a beauty treatment to go right along with your soap and water scrubbing, which is in itself something of a beauty treatment, as you know. There is a certain oatmeal facial which comes in the form of a soft, fragrant powder. All you have to do is to pour about a tablespoonful of this oatmeal magic into the bottom of your wash basin. Turn on the warm water with a bang, and swish the powder around until it is dissolved, and the water is fragrant and milky. Just go right ahead with your soap and water scrubbing, and finish with a clear water rinse.

Once you have felt the softening qualities of this velvety oatmeal powder, you will want to go further and try it as a regular facial, especially if you are preparing for a date with a gallant cavalier who sends you orchids (or even gardenias). Just pour a small amount of the powder in the palm of your hand, and mix it with a little warm water until it is of a lovely creamy consistency. Apply the resulting creamy lotion to your face and neck, concentrating particularly on the crevices of the nose and chin. Let it remain on for a few moments while you putter around putting out your make-up items ready for convenient use. Or better yet, lie down for a few minutes and relax, while visions of orchids and handsome dancing partners dance in your head. The facial is quick-drying, and is simply removed with plain luke-warm water. Finish with a grand dunking of cold water. And then admire the rosy, refreshed face you see in the mirror.

If you're worried over the all too common woes of enlarged pores and blackheads, I suggest using the facial preparation as a professional-like pack. Steam your skin first with warm, moist towels in the beauty salon manner, so that it will be thoroughly relaxed. Add a little less water to the powder than you do for the regular facial treatment, so that you have a thicker paste to spread over your face



Lovely Priscilla Lane, of Fred Waring's *Pennsylvanians*.

and throat. Allow it to remain on for fifteen or twenty minutes, and really relax this time. It is important not to have your face screwed up in frowns of concentration or worry while the pack is getting in its penetrating work. Finish the pack treatment as you do the facial, with a warm and then a cold water rinse. The pack should be used consistently once a week; the facial treatment daily.

There is a story current about a famous celebrity, just over from the Continent, who ate part of the orchid on her plate, placed there for decoration, because she believed it to be some sort of a queer American salad. I don't know whether there are vitamins in orchids or not, but I do know that there are vitamins in this oatmeal facial that I have been telling you about, as well as a softening ingredient which is vegetable milk. But I am giving you a chance to test out this product with a free gift sample offer. You can see for yourself whether it is deserving of the "orchid rating."

Now that your skin is cleansed, softened and freshened, you are ready for your make-up magic. If your skin is oily, you will need to use an astringent or a slightly astringent lotion as a powder base. If your skin is dry, a foundation cream is your best protection and will help your powder to cling and cling. If you have a cold and are feeling pale and forlorn, a tinted foundation cream in a nice healthy pink shade will make you look unbelievably blooming. If you have had a long hectic day—the kind that makes you feel at least ten years older (and maybe look it)—and you have a very special evening date ahead of you, a tinted foundation cream is a real glamour-saver for you. It helps your skin to look rosy and youthful.

Maybe a new shade of powder will help in your youth campaign, too. A famous

designer has just been appointed color consultant to a cosmetic house to advise on styling the various powder shades . . . a smart recognition of the importance of choosing the *right* shade of powder. A too-white powder can make a face look grotesque; a too-dark powder can make it older and harder looking. I have a make-up bulletin which should help you in deciding what color classification your skin comes under—and what to do about it!

If you are under thirty you can rouge for vividness, but if you're over thirty, that's the wrong technique. Over thirty, softness should be the aim of your rouge selection and application, for vividness hardens the lines of the face and draws attention to tell-tale eye wrinkles. Lipstick and rouge should always be of the same shade, though your lipstick can, of course, be a little deeper and brighter than your rouge. I am in favor of plenty of experimentation to find just *your* shade of eyeshadow. There are so many exciting shades to choose from—grays, greens, blues, purples, browns, and even gold and silver (for evening). But remember, first and foremost, the texture of your skin must be clear and young if make-up is to do its magic best by you.

Mary Biddle,  
RADIO STARS,  
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me your free gift offer of the vegetable milk oatmeal facial.

Name .....

Address .....

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

P.S. Please enclose stamped addressed envelope if you wish an answer to personal problems.

# RADIO RAMBLINGS

(Continued from page 6)



Five-year-old Ann Shelley, *Claudia's* daughter Joan of *One Man's Family*.

Come when we tell you."

The *Stradivarius* was in Rubinoff's hands. Instantly it swung back and was on the way to crash over the director's head. Fortunately someone grabbed Rubinoff's arm and the violin was saved.

New York newspapers may have conveyed an idea lately that radio people suddenly have gone crazy about chess. There have been items about this one and that one holding chess sessions in his home.

This is how it happened: Ken Murray's press agent noticed several of the papers ran chess columns, thought he might get Ken a little out-of-the-ordinary publicity. In due time a chess column carried the story that Ken headed a group of radio stars meeting regularly to play chess. That gave Himber's press agent the idea and a rival chess circle was announced. None of the crowd, of course, knows what a chess piece looks like and neither do those press agents!

Another press agent coup in recent weeks was the "romance" between Bernice Claire and Dick Merrill, the trans-atlantic fier. The two hardly know each other, but the tabloids ran pictures of Bernice anxiously sitting at a radio awaiting news of her sweetheart!

Helen Jepson always was a dignified, reserved girl. Her astounding rise from radio choral singer to Metropolitan Opera in a single year has made her much more affable and approachable.

When Paul Whiteman first decided this girl had a great voice, and took her out of an NBC chorus, she used to come quietly into the rehearsal studio, run through her song and sit down in a corner when she wasn't needed. Her sudden selection for Metropolitan Opera honors might have been expected to change such a girl a great deal. These changes usually are for the worse. It did change Miss Jepson. Instead of conducting herself

(Continued on page 102)

Romance never came her way



... UNTIL SHE LEARNED THIS LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING ... FRAGRANT BATHS WITH CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP!

### WHY RISK OFFENDING?

Don't forget that nothing gets you "in wrong" with a man so surely as just the slightest taint of perspiration odor! So don't start "going places" until you've bathed with Cashmere Bouquet! This lovely perfumed soap keeps you so safe from fear of offending—ever!



### BE FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!

That's the way you feel after your bath with Cashmere Bouquet Soap! For its rich, luxurious lather is so deep-cleansing! It removes so completely every trace of body odor. You step from your bath so sweet and clean ... so fragrantly dainty!



### HOW GLAMOROUS YOU ARE!

And how much more alluring—when you guard your daintiness this lovelier way! For Cashmere Bouquet's subtle perfume lingers for hours ... gives your skin a delicate, flower-like fragrance men adore! And this wonderful soap costs only 10¢ a cake!



### MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!

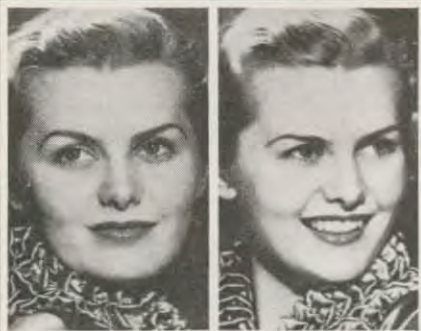
Use this pure, creamy-white soap for both your face and bath. Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it gets down into each pore—removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics. Your skin grows clearer, softer ... more radiant and alluring!



NOW ONLY 10¢ at all drug, department, and ten-cent stores

THE ARISTOCRAT OF ALL FINE SOAPS

# SKIN LOOK YOUNG? USE NEW TANGEE POWDER SEE SOFT UNDERGLOW APPEAR



Ordinary powders often coat skin with a "powdery look", coarsen pores, accentuate lines.

See how Tangee Powder smooths your skin, dulls without coating, gives a youthful glow.

Tangee Face Powder contains same famous color change principle as Tangee Lipstick... Watch its magic bring youthful beauty to your skin... Powder with new Tangee and see a soft underglow appear... works like Tangee Lipstick to match your own natural skin tones. Watch shine go. Then comes clear, youthful color. Blended scientifically, Tangee clings for hours, yet never cakes or blotches. Because you use less, it is economical. Try Tangee. In two sizes, 55¢ and \$1.10. Or, tear out the coupon below for new "Two-Shade Sampler" —dedicated to a lovelier, youthful skin.

**New 2-Shade Sampler — 2 Weeks' Supply of Powder**  
 THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY  
 417 Fifth Avenue, New York City 547  
 Please rush new 2-Shade Tangee Face Powder Sampler. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin) (15¢ in Canada)... Send sampler checked:  
 Sampler #1  Sampler #2  Sampler #3   
 Contains Rachel and Light Rachel  
 Contains Rachel and Light Rachel  
 Contains Rachel and Light Rachel  
 Name \_\_\_\_\_ (Please Print)  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

*New deodorant cream safely stops perspiration*



1. Cannot irritate skin. cannot rot dresses.
2. No waiting to dry.
3. Can be used right after shaving.
4. Stops perspiration 1 to 3 days. Prevents under-arm odor. A white, greaseless, vanishing cream.

**ARRID** 39¢ a jar

## HE SWORE HE'D BE A DOCTOR

(Continued from Page 52)



Joy Hodges, captivating CBS singer, with Joe Penner's Sunday program.

But the child grew worse. The doctor came again. The child was fighting now for breath and the doctor whispered the dreaded word: "Diphtheria."

All night they worked with the child—the doctor, Tito and his mother. In the early morning hours the doctor decided that an emergency operation must be performed to open the congested little throat. Tito told his mother to go into her bedroom and wait. Then gently he took his little sister in his arms and held her while the doctor performed the operation.

The baby died in Tito's arms. He put his little sister down and walked out of the room. When he saw his mother's drawn, anxious face, waiting for word of her child's life, Tito could bear the strain no longer. He fainted. For three hours he was unconscious.

After he recovered, he felt bitter toward a world that had no help for a baby who couldn't breathe. All the youthful happiness and boyish eagerness for life was drained from him. He decided then that he would give his life to medical research, that in a laboratory he would search out the causes of dreaded diseases and their cures.

It was no temporary decision, based on a moment's bitterness. The lad began at once preparing himself for the University and the study of medicine.

At the Mexican National University in Mexico City his preparation for medicine began. He spent days with his books, long evenings poring over experiments in the laboratory. He was too sensitive, too emotional, really, for this kind of work. Every case study with a tragic ending threw him into a chaos of dark despair. His friends began to worry about him. Where was the Tito of the laughing eyes and singing voice?

One night a crowd of his classmates were going across the campus, guitars under their arms, to serenade the girls in the

women's dormitory. The light was burning in the laboratory where Tito worked. They ran up—a merry, laughing crowd—and dragged Tito down with them.

It was spring and moonlight and the music was sweet. The girls crowded to the dark windows of the dormitory and listened. Finally Tito, caught up in the spirit of the night, snatched up the guitar that one of the boys offered him, and began to sing. The listeners were enchanted. When he finished one song, the girls called for more. Tito sang on and on.

After that he went often with the boys to the serenades. Everyone on the campus knew him now because of his voice, and every time Tito opened his mouth he was surrounded by admiring listeners.

In the meantime the laboratory work, the studies of human pain and suffering, had become unbearably depressing to Tito. He realized that he was not cut out to be a doctor nor to work in medical research. His classmates were urging him to give up medicine and study music.

The next year Tito left the University and sailed for Italy to study voice in Milan. He stayed in Italy for three years—three of the happiest, busiest years of his life. He studied hard because he wanted, above all, to make his family proud of him.

And when he returned to Mexico City, to his home, they were proud. He was signed immediately by the Mexico City Opera Company and sang the leading rôles in most of their presentations.

It was while he was there, singing, that he went to the theatre one night to see a famous soubrette. Her name was Nena Noriaga. Tito, watching her dance and sing, thought she was the prettiest, cutest and most talented person he ever had seen. Then and there he fell in love. He was very young. He was earning little money. He was only an opera singer. (Tito says: "Opera singers are not so important in

## RADIO STARS

Mexico City as they are in New York.") And Nena Noriaga was famous and beautiful and had the world at her feet. He must forget her.

Three years later, Tito came to New York. One of the first things he saw, as he walked up Broadway, was a huge sign on the marquee of the Palace Theatre, announcing in dancing lights that the main attraction was Nena Noriaga.

While Tito was still wondering how he might meet her, he was invited to a party at the home of some Mexican friends. And there she was, just as he remembered her—as natural and charming as a happy child, and the most beautiful woman in the world.

Tito then had a job singing in a speak-easy. He mentioned this to Nena. A few nights later she came to the speak-easy with friends to hear him. Even in the crowded, smoke-filled room, she said, his voice was clear and strong and beautiful. And he sang as simply, as naturally, as if he were down on his father's rancho. She was interested in his voice because she was organizing a Mexican singing act. She gave him her card and asked him to call.

He spent the next afternoon with her, discussing singing, the show business. Then, just as he was ready to leave, impulsively he bent over and kissed her. A second later he was horrified at what he had done. Mexican girls are brought up carefully chaperoned. They are permitted no liberties. But Nena was smiling at him, a bit bewildered but entirely happy. A few months later they were married.

On the day they were married Nena gave up her career, completely and entirely. She is the typical Mexican wife, with old-

world standards and ideals. The first year of their marriage, Tito would not permit her to go out alone—not even to do her marketing. For a girl who had known the applause and adulation of adoring audiences, it seems that such seclusion would have been a great sacrifice. But it wasn't for Nena. She always had been taught—as any daughter of genteel Mexican parents is taught—that when she married she must give up everything else for her husband and her home. Nena had been prepared to make this sacrifice and she did it happily. Even when they were in Hollywood, where Tito was making some of his Spanish pictures, and Nena was offered a handsome film contract by an American producer, she was not tempted.

She is a very busy lady at home. Tito is happy-go-lucky and apt to be careless about details of business. Nena attends to all business and financial matters. It was she who insisted that he learn English and made him work at it. She answers his fan mail, makes his appointments, criticises his work and urges him on always to more and more study. She is his inspiration and his slave driver, his wife and his secretary. She never has any regrets for her own career that was halted at its height.

In addition to Tito to take care of, she has the baby. The baby will be three years old on May eighteenth. She is named for her mother, looks like her father. If anybody were presenting a medal to the world's proudest father, Tito would get it.

One of the greatest thrills he ever had was coming home after a short absence and hearing Baby Nena sing his theme song. When she was only two and a half years

old she was singing little melodies in pitch. Tito believes she will have a fine voice when she is older. He says he will be pleased to have her become a singer.

One of the most ingratiating things about Guizar is his love of family, his deep affection for those who belong to him. Ask him about them, and he raises his eyes to heaven, then answers fervently: "They are well, thank God." There is nothing irreverent in his remark. There could be nothing irreverent about Tito. The tiny candle-lit altar in his home, the carved crucifix over his baby's crib, are but two of many reminders of the Guizar's piety. His reply to the question is a prayer of thanks from his heart.

One of the things that pleases him most about his motion picture work is that his mother is so very proud of his success. Besides the time he spends making Mexican and Spanish films, he is busy making recordings of Latin songs. All this in addition to his radio work! He's one of the busiest young singers in New York.

Gradually now, in his singing, he is working away more and more from the Spanish and Mexican songs. At first these comprised his entire program. Now he aims to arrange his programs so that one quarter of the time will be devoted to popular songs and ballads, one quarter to operatic or classical music, and the remaining half to his native music. Whether this will increase or decrease his radio popularity, no one can tell. If it increases, Tito will be happy, for he loves radio. But if it decreases, he has a motion picture contract and fame enough to keep him riding high as a movie star for many years to come.

## BETTE DAVIS

tells you how  
to protect  
Daintiness—



"Girls, remember this: No man can resist the charm of perfect daintiness. The least fault against it ruins illusions—spoils romance."

**P**ERFECT daintiness is a charm within the reach of any girl. A regular Lux Toilet Soap beauty bath will leave you sweet from top to toe—pores freed of stale perspiration by ACTIVE lather. Your skin will have a delicate fragrance that makes people want to be near you. Try this simple way to make sure of daintiness. 9 out of 10 screen stars use this fragrant white soap.

"The easiest way I know to protect daintiness is to bathe with Lux Toilet Soap. The ACTIVE lather leaves skin really sweet."



"Try a Lux Toilet Soap beauty bath next time you're tired and have a date to keep. You'll find it pep's you up in no time!"



WARNER BROTHERS STAR

# PICTURES IN THE AIR

(Continued from page 15)



*Do Your Eyes Speak Louder than Words?*



**BALD**—Scanty, hard-to-see lashes. Eyes look bald, expressionless. Proper make-up missing.



**BOLD**—Theatrical effect of ordinary mascaras. Overloaded, gummy, blobby. Eyes shout bad taste.



**BEAUTIFUL**—Natural appearance of luxuriant, dark, curling lashes. Maybelline eye make-up in good taste.

**L**OVELY glamour of luxuriant, dark, silky lashes—swift beauty of brow line—soft shaded color of lids! These can all be yours—instantly, easily—with a few simple touches of Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Then your eyes speak the language of beauty—more truly, more clearly than words themselves!

But beware of bold, theatrical mascaras that shout “too much make-up,” that overload lashes, and make them sticky, lumpy, dry, or brittle. Many women have entirely denied themselves the use of mascara rather than fall into the “too much make-up” error. But colorless, neglected, scanty lashes deny the all-important eyes their glorious powers.

Maybelline has changed all this. And now more than 10,000,000 modern, style-conscious women solve this problem perfectly by using Maybelline's new Cream-form or popular Solid-form Mascara—for the charming, *natural* appearance of beautiful eyes. Non-smarting, tearproof, absolutely harmless. Reasonably priced at leading toilet goods counters.

The other Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids are just as delightful to use. Form your brows into graceful, expressive curves—with the smooth marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Shadow your lids with glamour, and accent the sparkle of your eyes with a soft, colorful tint of Maybelline's creamy Eye Shadow. Generous introductory sizes of *all* Maybelline eye beauty aids at 10c stores everywhere. For your own delightful satisfaction, insist on genuine—Maybelline products

Goodwin of *NBC* has done quite a bit of television announcing (and whoever thought of that had a swell idea) and she tells of going through a routine announcement with the “like” on her, only to have blustering phone calls come down: “You're whispering! Speak louder!” She wasn't whispering—but she did speak louder.

It's to solve just such innumerable problems of production, great and small, that *RCA* has turned the results of their television research over to *NBC* for practical experiment. They brought the television equipment to a high degree of practicability in the laboratory, but degree of practicability of a commercial nature with it, and scientists are notoriously uninterested in such things. “Take it,” they figuratively said to *NBC*, “and work with it for awhile. Meanwhile, we'll continue research, so that as fast as you get used to one angle from a practical point of view, we'll make it obsolete.” That's exaggerated, of course, but it's one of the problems of television.

You see, in the early days of radio, tiny crystal sets were used. And even though vast changes have been brought about in broadcasting and receiving equipment since those days, you could still use one of the first radio sets to pick up a present day broadcast, though heaven knows why you should. But with television, the sending and receiving apparatus must be perfectly synchronous; the slightest change in the transmitter makes the receiver useless until it, too, has been altered to match. And to issue receiving sets now, even though they might work excellently, would result in “freezing” television in its present state and preventing further change or improvements without rendering the sets obsolete.

Another factor is that while laboratory research has been extensive and expensive, nothing much has been done of a practical nature in the sense of making television a commercially practical broadcast feature, capable of rendering a public service. You can't imagine Dr. Zworykin, of *RCA*, who created the Iconoscope, bothering about whether a team of colored tap dancers would make a better program feature for television than a crooner with brown mascara on his eyes. Not, that is, unless you have a very vivid imagination.

Incidentally, a word about the Iconoscope, which is actually the gourd-shaped glass tube that is the heart of the television camera, though the name is generally used for the whole machine. Here is modern magic at its peak, this simple tube with a metal screen inside on which the television camera lens focuses the image. The plate of the Iconoscope is covered with thousands of tiny raised dots like a halftone cut and, all by itself, the tube takes the moving picture of the television artist it is aimed at, breaks it up into millions of infinitesimal dots of light that vary in intensity, hurls it through the ether to the receiving tube—known as the Kinescope—which reverses the process, assembling the picture again on the screen in tones of pale green or amber. A technical explanation would be long,



Maybelline's world-famous, economical Solid Form Mascara, in red and gold metal vanity, 75c. Refill 35c.



Maybelline Cream Mascara in Black, Brown or Blue, with handy zipper bag. Easily applied without water, 75c.



Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil, Black, Brown or Blue.



Maybelline Creamy Eye Shadow, Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green or Violet.

# Maybelline



THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS



Victor Arden, one of the country's most popular conductors, is heard on the *Melody Matinée*, Sundays, 1:30-2:00 p.m. EST, on the NBC-Red network.

highly involved and probably drive the writer and reader nuts, but basically the analogy is somewhat like placing a coin under a sheet of paper and bringing out the picture by making a series of lines across the paper with a pencil. You know how that is done—well, the Iconoscope does somewhat the same thing with the television picture, instead of the coin, with a bombarding stream of electrons sweeping across the picture instead of the pencil. And it does it by making 343 sweeping lines across the plate at an absolutely unbelievable rate of speed.

The whole business started back in 1873, when one Dr. May discovered that selenium metal changed its electrical resistance as light of varying intensity fell upon it. In other words, it would pass through more electricity under an arc light than it would with a candle flame on it. Dr. May figured out and built a crude television set using this principle, but for various reasons it didn't work. But that discovery was the basic principle upon which television has been built, with thousands of workers and millions of dollars going into research since. In 1906 two Frenchmen named Regnoux and Fournier built a checkerboard-looking apparatus with 64 squares, each of which was a shutter which responded to light impulses and crudely reproduced them, but it was only a laboratory toy. A Russian, Nipkow, developed, in 1884, the scanning disc, which was the basis for television until Dr. Zworykin's Iconoscope was developed. But the disc "scanned" with only about 60 lines across the picture, which was vastly inferior to the present 343, and there were other crudities that made the apparatus impracticable.

So if you think you've been waiting a long time for television, since around 1930 when talk of its being "here" began to be circulated, just remember that research has been going on for about sixty-odd years to bring it to its present near-perfect stage.

There is another obstacle that must be surmounted before you can have Kinescopes in your home, even though *NBC* does work out—as they will—details of production and programs. The wave that carries the television signal is ultra-short-wave and it

travels through the air in a manner that is not entirely understood as yet, unlike radio waves which spread in all directions and are limited only by the power of the transmitter. The television wave travels, apparently, in straight lines, which means that they carry only to the horizon, or about twenty-five miles. *NBC's* transmitter on the Empire State tower has been received by engineers as far away as 45 miles, due, probably, to the great height of the sending antenna. But to achieve nationwide coverage, this would necessitate relay stations to "boost" the signal along, every twenty-five miles, which would be quite an undertaking. Why, then, you say, don't they send the signal along phone wires, as in radio networks? And the answer to that is that the signals won't go along phone wires but must use a special cable, called coaxial cable, which is as thick as your thumb and more expensive! *NBC* is sending both by coaxial cable and air now, in its experimental broadcasts between Radio City and the Empire State Building, and both results are equally good.

They haven't entirely settled on make-ups yet; they do know that red televises as white, so ordinary lipstick would make you look pale-lipped and not very pretty. One girl who appeared on a test program wore a black dress with a wide, bright red sash around her waist. And in the received picture she looked sawed in half, with each half in motion!

They televise motion pictures, too, alternating "flesh" scenes with movies to allow time for shifting the "Ikes" into new positions. They have successfully broadcast dramatic scenes with six people in them at once, but they don't quite know yet the limits of focal definition; they can't say whether blondes register better than brunettes; whether they'll use the air short-wave link or coaxial cable or both; whether the number of scanning lines will be 343, the proposed 441 or some other number; whether films or live talent will make up the bulk of televised programs; whether you'll have commercial programs next year or in five years. . . .

In short, that's what *NBC* is working on now. And they'll find out!



**"THIS FLAVOR IS TOPS"**



"You're right, daughter— I've been partial to Beeman's for years! It's so delicious and fresh-tasting—that clever air-tight package keeps it fresh as the day it was made. And I like that bit of tang! Beeman's actually perks me up—it's a real help to digestion, too, you know—makes a person feel mighty good!"

**Beeman's**  
AIDS DIGESTION...



## EASTER FINERY AT A PRICE

(Continued from page 16)


**WHERE THERE'S WINX**  
**THERE'S Romance**

Eyes that men adore! Eyes that say "come hither, I'm a girl you'd love to know better" . . . these are eyes that have been made lovely by WINX eye beautifiers.

It is so easy to use WINX Mascara, and it makes your lashes long, dark and luxuriant in a charming natural way. WINX comes in solid, creamy or liquid form—it is harmless, non-smarting and tearproof.

Try the other WINX wonder-workers too! WINX Eyebrow Pencil instantly beautifies thin or uneven eyebrows; makes them graceful and expressive. A touch of WINX Eye Shadow, gently applied to the eyelids, intensifies the color of your eyes, giving them a new and glamorous sparkle.

Start today to make your eyes more fascinating! You will find WINX eye beautifiers in drug, department and 5 and 10 cent stores.

**WINX**  
 Eye Beautifiers


**GRAY**  
**HAIR**

takes on new color

(FREE Test Shows Way)

No matter whether your hair is all gray or only streaked with gray, you can transform it with new radiance. And it is so easy. Merely comb Mary T. Goldman's clear, water-white liquid through your hair. Gray strands take on new color: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Will not wash or rub off on clothing . . . Hair stays soft, lustrous—takes wave or curl. This way SAFE. Sold on money-back guarantee at drug and department stores everywhere.

Test it FREE. We send Test Package. Apply to single lock snipped from hair. See results first. No risk. No expense. Just mail coupon.



**MARY T. GOLDMAN**  
 2342 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name.....  
 Street.....  
 City....., State.....  
 Color of your hair?.....

budget level.

Gretchen is a grand person to help me out on this stunt because she has both a practical shopping viewpoint and a knack of giving even the simplest outfit an individual twist.

Slender, blonde and blue-eyed, Gretchen Davidson is one of those lucky souls who wears a perfect fourteen size.

"I really am in luck when it comes to shopping," she said. "I often can pick up sample dresses in sales for a mere trifle. For instance, this blue dress I'm wearing is one I paid thirteen dollars for."

The dress was a bright blue sheer woolen made on tailored lines with twin zippers—one down the front and one down the back. It fitted her like a glove.

Speaking of twins—Gretchen is one. She was telling me that she and her sister, who is now married, used to swap clothes constantly. I asked her if that ever led to arguments at times.

"Oh, no," she replied. "We always worked it out beautifully, because I liked to have my sister wear whatever she wanted. You see, I'm ten minutes older than she, and so I guess I've always felt a little maternal toward her! I even sent her in my place to get the first radio job offered to me."

Gretchen has decided likes and dislikes in the clothes line. She can't stand ruffles. She thinks that simple clothes can double for both daytime and evening. And she picks a printed silk dress for the best all-round type of costume.

"Simple clothes with unusual details are fun to wear and can be bought on even the most limited budget," she declares.

I asked her if she thought her type of career called for different types of costumes than those of the average business girl. She said not. For when she has a daytime program, she appears in the same plain, practical clothes that any of you would wear in an office—usually a tailored suit or dress, sometimes a sweater and skirt of the not too sporty type. For evening programs, she wears dinner dresses more often than actual evening gowns.

She thinks that it's an exploded idea that blondes can't wear certain colors. She adores beige, likes grass-green and wears loads of blue and black. Otherwise, she wears colors that appeal to her because of the season or some specific occasion for which she selects them.

Gretchen is five feet four inches tall and weighs one hundred and four pounds. So, all of you who are in that general range, can get lots of tips from her.

In selecting typical Easter costumes that you will be wearing, wherever you live, we decided upon a suit, a printed silk dress and a lovely new spring evening gown thrown in for after-Lent gaieties.

Gretchen chose the softer tailored suit because she feels she is a little thin around the neck, and its high, girlish collar would be more becoming. Beige tweed for the fabric, with the jacket closed down the front with tassel-like beige buttons. The

unusual tunnel pockets are the brain-child of the French designer, Schiaparelli, from whose original and very expensive model this was faithfully copied.

As you know, beige is having a big revival for spring, after many years of not counting much in fashion affairs. Also, as mentioned before, it is one of Gretchen's favorite shades. Her skirt has a slight flare and its most unique details are the creases in front, in the manner of a gent's trouser press.

Black accessories for contrast with the beige—there's nothing much smarter at the moment. Also beige accessories when you wear a black costume. Gretchen chose patent leather for both her bag and pumps. A black felt beret with quill for her hat, and a black crêpe Ascot scarf to tuck into the jacket neckline. Also, hand-sewn black fabric gloves that honestly look like suede they're so soft and well made.

From tip to toe, this outfit cost about fifty dollars. I have every piece itemized in my *Radio Stars' Shopping Bulletin* for this month. Other costumes like this, with a less expensive suit, can be had from twenty dollars. Gretchen chose a slightly higher priced suit because she wanted a good one she could wear for several seasons.

A short-sleeved flowered print was the second Easter costume choice. This silk crêpe has a black background upon which are printed bouquets and tiny flowers in blue, yellow and white. The sleeves are especially tricky, for slide fasteners run up through the shirring detail to the shoulders, so that the dress can be worn almost sleeveless. Simplicity is the keynote of its lines. The sash belt comes from the high bodice in front, around the back, to tie again in front. The skirt is slightly flared. Gretchen has two sets of accessories for this—one set for dress-up use at home or for an evening date and one set for daytime, street or business wear. For dress-up occasions, she wears blue patent leather sandals which match the bright blue flower in the print. And a very Davidson touch to go with the sandals is a little blue comb which she tucks into the front part of her hair. Gretchen told me that she buys these at the ten cent stores and has several to match up with different costumes. It's one of those inexpensive fads which all of you can afford. The only jewelry she wears with this dress are a string of pearls and a charm bracelet.

Incidentally, she loves odd pieces of jewelry. I remarked about an unusual ring she was wearing and she told me it was made of seven silver rings in graduated sizes. Her twin has an identical set of rings, given to her by Gretchen.

For street wear, she chooses pumps, a black calf bag, white fabric gloves and an off-the-face belting ribbon hat with tiny veil to complement the print dress.

Dress and all its accessories came to about twenty-five dollars, according to our budgeting. Be sure to see the bulletin for the itemized prices.

Gretchen, like most radio stars, has to have a good supply of dinner and evening gowns. So she has to have a good variety as well. While we were budget shopping, she begged to have one new spring formal put on the list, for she felt sure you would be needing one for spring and summer.

Even for evening, she followed rather plain, unelaborate lines. However, as you can see, the dress has great distinction. That deep waist yoke of smocking is stunning and right in line with the general trend for peasant effects in both daytime and evening clothes. It is made of a new crêpe in aqua blue, with silver kid piping around the neck and belt. The smocking detail is repeated on the shoulders, too. Plenty of skirt fullness makes it a dream to dance in.

A trick point about the skirt is that the hem piping looks just like the silver kid on the neckline and belt—actually, it's a silver braid because it is easier to remove for skirt alterations than the kid.

Because hair decoration is still so popular, Gretchen chose a bandeau of silver kid flowers. Her bracelets and clip are rhinestone, her sandals of silver and her evening bag of white and silver brocade. All in all, a charming evening ensemble that would be becoming to all of you.

One thing about Gretchen that I think adds to her smartness is her great enthusiasm about everything she wears. She doesn't just put on a dress and let it do all the work of making her charming. She adds her own particular brand of glamour to it, which is mainly a freshness of make-up, a trinness of carriage and a great glow of her own gay spirit. It's something to remember when you dress for even the most commonplace event; try to put interest and personal gaiety into what you wear. You'll be amazed what a change it will make in you, as a person.

Don't forget, now, to fill out the coupon below, so that I can send you the itemized prices for each costume and accessory Gretchen is wearing.

Also, on this same coupon you will see that I am offering a new service to you—a Fashion Consultation Chart. This is planned to iron out your fashion problems and enable me really to be of specific and individual help to you when you write in to me with your questions. When you receive the chart, just fill it out and mail it back to me with whatever questions you wish answered about your clothes and your looks. I, in turn, will see that you get real help.

Both the chart and the budget prices of these Easter costumes can be had for a single stamp this month—bargain prices, you see!

Elizabeth Ellis,  
Radio Stars Magazine,  
149 Madison Avenue,  
New York, N. Y.

Enclosed please find a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Kindly send me, free of charge, your APRIL SHOPPING BULLETIN and FASHION CONSULTATION CHART.

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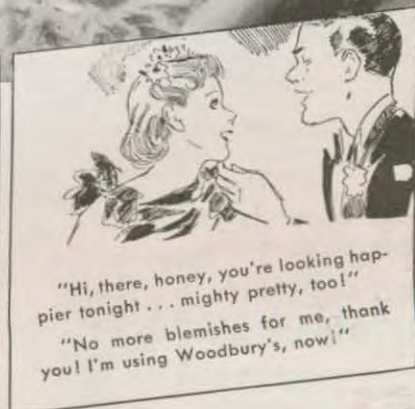
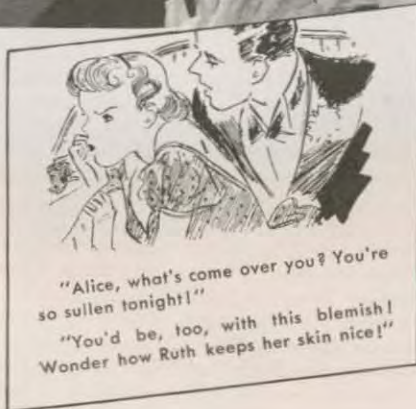
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# RAH! RAH! OAKIE!

(Continued from page 31)



Phillips Lord and a CBS engineer make ready for one of those enormously popular Wednesday night "Gang Busters" programs, on the air at 10:00 p.m. EST.

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always felt he had to make a 'new girl' feel at home. He dated Mary Brian, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Hazel Forbes, Ida Lupino—his date-book looked like a telephone directory! Yet his mother remained, always, his Best Girl. There were those who said, and Jack did not gainsay them, that "the boy's" best friend would always be his mother, that Jack would be, indeed, the Last of the Oakies.

He usually looked like the dickens. Old sweaters. Tousled hair. Stubby chin. He'd sit in his dressing-room, feet on desk, door open, and pass the time of day or night with all and sundry who passed by, from the men in the Front Office to the new extras engaged that day. (I use the past tense here intentionally since, yet again, Jack has done the unexpected.)

He always protested that he wouldn't get married, didn't want to get married. He used to say: "I had about ten reasons why I wouldn't get married. The first one was that the minute a Miss becomes a Missus she always has to go to the dentist. I don't know why it is, but I've noticed it for years. And what, I've always said, does it profit a man to pay out his good money to a Painless Parker? If they don't have to go to the dentist, then they have to go to the dressmaker—and why be choosy? They both begin with a 'd' don't they? And they both cost dough!"

He used to say, too, that he couldn't "see" the air. Now and then, as a guest

artist, mebbe. But not for steady. There was the time a well-known brand of razors wanted to sponsor him. The chase, said Oakie, was something *dretful*. A fellow can stand so much of it and then his wind begins to go, he slows down, he's caught. First the girls after me, then razors! (Now Camels have got him!) He was a mite scairt of the air, too, the Oakie. He said that Eddie Cantor had told him that there are more things you can't do on the air than things you can do and that Mrs. Oakie's little boy was a natural for doing the things that hadn't ought to be done!

He also said that, if he went on the air, he was afraid someone would imitate his voice. "Any voice," he said, "can be dubbed in for the Oakie voice, how would I know? There are trained voice imitators by the gross—very gross! There is one chap who can dub in for a parrot, a siren, a lead pencil scratching on a slate, the grunt of a pig, the coo of a débutante, the guttural of a Garbo, the titter of a Gracie Allen, the squawk of a new-born babe, the hiss of the audience when Oakie is off the screen. . . .

"But you can't," Jack elaborated then, "you can't very well substitute the Gable face for the Oakie face and get away with it. My Public wouldn't stand for it! I'm a mite leery about sacrificing the Oakie face to the ether. The Public has had Depression enough.

"Then, too, you can always buck-pass on

the screen. If a picture, like *Texas Rangers*, say, ain't so good, I can always say: 'Twarnt Oakie's fault—pass the catsup to Fred MacMurray!' But if Oakie flivvers on the air, it's Oakie's fault and not even *Camels* would take the hump for it. On the screen, too, the director directs you through every scene, the scenes you shoot as well as the ones you rehearse. The script-writer writes every writ in the script. The script is none of the actor's responsibility in the movie. But on the air—oh, boy, you ought to see Benny and Burns and Allen in the sloughs of scripting! The cameraman picks out your purtiest angles. The sound men titivate your voice. The make-up men do facial *scourger* to your face. The lighting experts give you that luminous dial. And they're all standing by until the last take is taken. And even then it's not too late. If anything looks blotto, there's always retakes and, after the retakes, there's always the cutting-room floor."

Yes, a mad-cap, a cut-up, a prankster, a mixer, a practical joker, a laughing Lothario with his heart in his inside pocket—that was Oakie.

The other day I went to have tea with Mr. Oakie, at his home on Pacific Palisades. A low, white rambling house with a picket fence and eucalyptus trees and gardens, smoke coming out of the roomy chimneys, the blue Pacific spread like light blue metal behind it. It's John Halliday's house, by the way, which Jack and his "Little Missus" are renting and rather hope to buy.

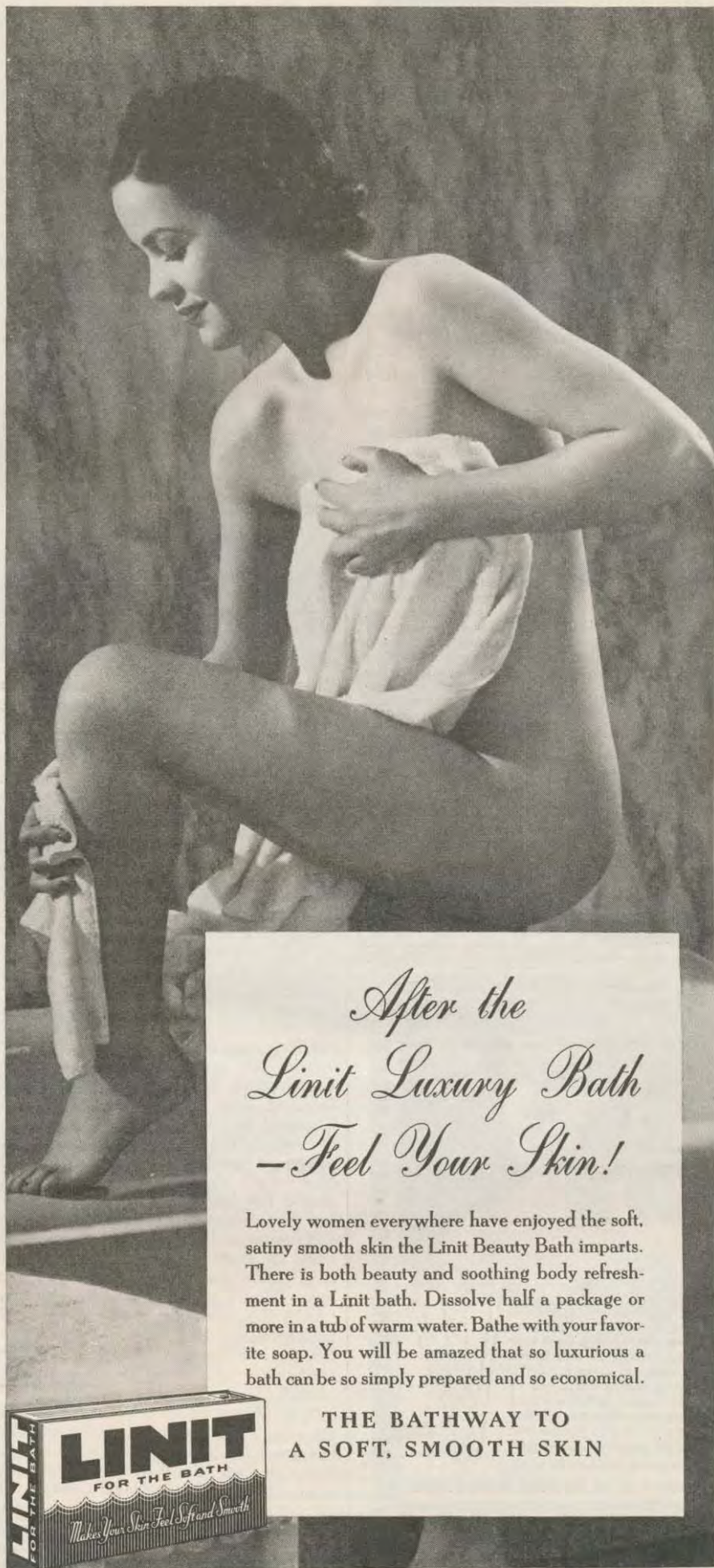
Inside, fires were burning, a silver tea service was in evidence, a couple of puppies rollicked around and there was Jack—Jack of the old sweaters and tousled hair and wisecracks, slick and smart in a severely tailored "play suit" of tan linen, buttoned up under the chin. Jack, more dignified in the play suit than ever I had seen him in his rare formal attire.

This was an Oakie I never had seen before. A new man. A married man. A lover. A radio star. And you may believe me or not, actually handsome.

He said, greeting me: "The Little Missus is out in the garden. I dunno, she loves to mess around with flowers and things, plantin' and all. We never go anywhere nowadays. Don't want to. Like to fuss around at home. You remember the days when I wouldn't miss dropping in at The Brown Derby every night, no matter what time of night, to see what was goin' on? Now I go in there once every month or so, and where I used to know everyone and his business, I don't know anyone now. That was the old night life. This, right here, is the *right* life.

"The radio? Sure, it's swell. Easy, too. Yeah, I know I used to be scairt of it, but not now. We've got a swell formula, you know. It's really the old *Charm School* formula. And there's something happenin' every minute. I'm the only program with my name on the air, too. That's something! It's like the old show business, the radio. You do your act and then you're done and can go home. Easy! I get the script every Monday night, look it over, make a few changes now and then, go on Tuesday night for a half hour and that's all there is to it.

"Matter of fact, the radio should be my racket, come to think of it. My natural



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Helen Jane Behlke's contralto voice earned her an NBC contract at 21.

element should be the air. I was born ad libbing! I ad libbed my way right through high school to Wall Street and from Wall Street to Hollywood. It was the air, you might say, too, that landed Oakie in Hollywood. Fact. I got the inspiration to come here from Lindbergh's flight. I figured: If Lindy took a chance and made it, *so will I!* And I flew into town on the wings, on the wings of a dove! I'd never given Hollywood a thought until Lindbergh took off. I'd been down on Wall Street, untangling the big boys from the ticker tape and handin' them a few laughs. Then my reputation kinder spread among the heathen and, first thing I knew, I was wowin' 'em on the stage. I met Joan Crawford in New York, when 'we' made *Innocent Eyes*, remember? She was the Queen of Babylon and I was only a slave or something like that. We used to be pals, Joan and I. She was the first one to give me the idea that there's more to life than a few laughs. She kinda dropped a few hints about determination and having a Purpose and all that. And so Lindy made the front pages and Oakie made the films. Now they've given me the air, part time. How'd you like the Lily Pons picture? Say, there's a great girl! That's her picture over the fireplace there. Looks like the Missus. People think it is. They photograph like dead ringers for each other.

"The Missus wants to be on the air with me, too. Must like me. Matter of fact, she has got a Mary Livingstone voice and delivery, at that. She'd like to play the part of my secretary in the *Oakie College*. But I've got a secretary and I figure that, whereas the Missus doesn't need the dough, the other girl probably does. Besides, one radio stomach in the family is enough."

Venita Oakie, scarf about her head, gardening tools still in her hands, came into the room. The tea things appeared simultaneously. Jack said: "Mama, can Papa have some tea, too?" We both asked the Little Missus to join us. She did.

Tall and very slim and dark, with moon-white skin, is Venita. Her blue eyes never seem to leave Jack's face. Was it through her eyes, I wondered, that I was seeing this new Jack Oakie, quieter, happier, somehow handsomer than I ever had thought it possible for him to be?

And as we sat there over the tea things, Venita told me of Jack as a lover, as a husband. She didn't, she confessed, like him at all the first time she met him. They met at a party. Jack was squiring a toothpaste heiress. The next day he called Venita, asked for a date. She said: "No." And she meant *No*. She didn't, she told me, want to go out with him. She had heard about him. She had heard about the one-girl-after-another. She had heard about the new girls who came to town, to whom Jack Oakie was hospitable. She wouldn't be one of them.

But Jack Oakie had met the One Girl. And he knew it.

The next day he arranged with a friend to invite Venita to a small gathering at his apartment. Jack just happened to drop in. He asked her, again, to have dinner with him. She said: "No." She still meant *No*. Jack persisted. Venita said that she must introduce him, first, to her mother. She thought he wouldn't go to meet her mother. She thought he'd kid about it, shy off. But he didn't. Jack wanted to meet her mother. And her mother "fell in love" with him. Venita went to dinner with him. And they began to go out two or three times a week, then every luncheon, every evening.

Venita didn't think, at first, of falling in love with him. She didn't want to fall in love with anyone. She was out here for the sake of her picture career. She was afraid of Jack, too. She had heard so much about him, this laughing Lothario with his heart hidden away. She knew that he was an only son, how close he and his mother had been. She was afraid of what might happen if she displaced Jack's mother as Jack's Best Girl.

And then she fell in love. She doesn't remember how or when or where. She just remembers that she awoke one morning with the frantic fear: "Oh, suppose he doesn't telephone today!" And then she knew!

"I knew from the beginning that I couldn't get along without her," said Jack. "It's not 'the perfect marriage,'" Venita told me, gravely. "I hate anyone who makes so silly a boast, don't you? We quarrel and have arguments now and then. But they don't mean anything. They don't really touch us. Because basically, we're entirely alike. With just one major difference. Jack really is far more serious a person than I am. I know that sounds funny, but I tell you, he is one of the most serious, most sound thinking men I ever have met.

"Other ways we are just alike. We like the same people, for the same reasons. We like to do the same things, react to things in the same way.

"Neither of us cares for parties."

Jack, while this was going on, sat, with

## RADIO STARS

a quizzical expression about his mouth but his eyes, unsmiling, staring into the fire as if, there, he found the reflected truth of what the Little Missus was saying.

"We don't even like to eat in the dining-room here at home," Venita said. "We always have dinner on a card table in front of the fire in our bedroom. That's the only reason we are not sure about wanting to buy this house. We want something even cosier and less formal, cosy and informal as this is. After dinner we go to the movies sometimes, just to a little neighborhood theatre, The Dome down in Santa Monica. Or we play backgammon together, or something. Once a week, or less often, we have one or two couples in for dinner and then play all kinds of games.

"If Jack wants to go out, he knows that he can go and that there will be no hard feelings. If he wants to have dinner with some of the boys, stay at the studio, anything he wants is all right with me. Sometimes I'll decide to go to a movie—just Alice Faye and some other girl and I—and I know that it's all right with Jack. We always know, each of us, where the other one is and with whom. We understand one another, Jack and I, that's the lovely part of it."

I said: "Does he wisecrack and play practical jokes around the house, as it were, as the fans would expect him to do?"

"Yes and no," smiled the young Venita. "Sometimes he does and sometimes he is very quiet and grave. I'll tell you what he does, though . . . I'll tell you what he does in the mornings—he talks *baby-talk!* You do, too, Jack Oakie, darling! And

you know what my name for you is, too! Shall I tell it?"

"Now that she's here she may as well take the whole treatment," grinned Jack.

"I call him '*Purdy Vardon,*' said Venita Vardon Oakie, "and that means '*pretty Vardon!*'"

"She gave me an electric train for Christmas, too," remarked Jack. "It's out there in the sun-room. You might as well tell the Public that, when you came down here, you found Oakie playing with his electric train. They'll say they always knew it! Fact is, if you stay long enough, you *will* see me playing with it, because I do."

"I gave him mink mules, too," laughed Venita. "He calls them *mink mules*. They're not, really—they just look minky. And he gave me a gorgeous new town car and a huge diamond bracelet!"

Jack excused himself for a moment, possibly to play with his electric train.

Venita said: "He really is the sweetest man in the world and just about the most sentimental. He is always doing the most thoughtful, tender things. We still have an anniversary every week—an anniversary of the day we first met. We have an anniversary of the night we first danced. An anniversary of the first trip we ever took together.

"Here is one of the sweetest things Jack ever did, I think. On my birthday he sent me roses. Dozens and dozens of roses. In the box were about twenty different cards, each card with a florists' conventional slogan on it. You know, things like: '*Hope You Have A Happy Trip,*' '*Birthday Greetings From Your Son,*' and so on. And, on

each card, in Jack's own handwriting, were the words: '*I love you.*'"

"That's so like Jack," said Jack's wife quietly. "First a laugh, and, under the laugh, his heart!"

Jack rejoined us. "Train's runnin' on schedule," he said. "How you-all comin'?"

He stood with his back to the blazing logs. Venita stood on the hearthstone above him and in back of him. She twined the scarf about her throat around his.

"Hey, what you-all doin' there?" gurgled Jack. "Trying to hang me?"

"I've got you hanging around my neck now, all right," laughed Venita.

"Do you think," I asked Jack, "that you and Venita will be on the air together?"

"I shouldn't be surprised," said Jack, "but what you've got that to look forward to, one of these days. We were on the air together in New York, you know, and she went over big. So we'll probably be on again, the Little Woman and I. For better or for worse. In sickness and in health. Until the sponsor doth *uth* part."

"If we ever do," Venita said, "Jack says we'll call ourselves Oakie and Doakie . . ."

"That'd make 'em walk a mile to buy a Camel!" grinned Jack. "Sure, if she keeps on wanting to broadcast, it's all *oakie-doakie* with me—you bet!"

They went to the door with me, Jack and his Little Missus. They stood there, arm in arm, waving goodbye. Many a side-splitting laugh I've had from Jack Oakie but never the sense of a lump in my throat. Yet I had one then. I heard an echo of Venita's voice saying: "*First a laugh, and, under the laugh, his heart.*"

Yes, I thought, yes, that's Jack!

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AFTER

It never had bothered him very much before, that he didn't make a lot of money. There weren't many things he wanted for himself. But now he wanted great sprays of orchids and baskets of roses and little things like jewelled watches and bracelets to send to this girl. If he had them, he felt, he could send his card in to her and wait outside the stage door for her, with, maybe, a long Rolls Royce to make an effective backdrop. He didn't know much about the stage in those days and he knew even less about the people who made it their life. But in all the stories he had read, the men who could get to know actresses were always important and wealthy. So it didn't seem as if the stage door route would be successful for him.

But there was another way. He remembered how, away back in Philadelphia when he was a kid, he and his friends had hired out as supers at the theatre for thirty-five cents a performance. Fifty cents really, but fifteen of them went to the prop man, who acted as casting director.

There had been a camaraderie about people backstage. Even the kids had felt the warmth and friendliness they gave each other, and it hadn't seemed to matter much who was the star and who was the least important person in the company.

If, by some fluke, he could get into the show, he would meet her. He would be able to say good evening to her and to hear her voice replying, to see her in the casual informality of backstage life and maybe, in time, really get to know her. It was a thought to startle young Oscar Shaw.

"I remembered the advice of old Bishop Potter, back in Philadelphia then," he laughed. "I was about fifteen when he came in, during choir practice one day, and told me that a boy with so good a voice and so frisky a disposition belonged on the stage and not in the pulpit, where my fond mother hoped to see me some day.

"Even though it came more in rebuke than in admiration, I was thrilled by the advice, although I never thought I would take it seriously. Why, the stage was glamour undreamed of to the kid I was then. I didn't think of actors as human beings at all, but as a special race of exciting demigods. Me, on the stage! Impossible! I was just an ordinary human.

"But that day in Atlantic City I remembered the advice and took it. I resigned from the soap business and when *The Mimic World* went on to Philadelphia for a week's run, I followed it. My interview with the manager was anything but promising but I got a break just the same. A fellow I knew was in the show and that was all I needed to make me stick. So I took the money I had been saving for a winter suit and overcoat and, when the show went on to the Casino Theatre in New York, I got on the same train.

"There was that bitter-sweet moment when I saw Louise. Bitter, because she was talking to a young chap for whom I developed a frenzied hatred at first sight—and sweet, because I was seeing her close like this, seeing the way her nose wrinkled a little when she laughed

## SO THE BOY MADE GOOD!

(Continued from Page 45)

and the way she sat swinging one foot a little as she talked.

"Then, one afternoon, I got a hurried call from my friend. One of the chorus-boys had dropped out of the show and they needed someone immediately. I was there ten minutes later and, oh yes, I got the job!

"A few nights later a girl was running down the narrow stairs from the dressing-rooms behind me and as I reached the bottom she tripped and I caught her in my arms. It wasn't until three months later I knew it was Louise, for I couldn't see her in the dingy backstage light. But the first night we went out to dinner together she told me how she had tripped and a man had caught her and somehow, even then, months later, I got a thrill out of it."

Oscar Shaw was to learn a lot about the stage in the next few years. But he was to learn even more about Louise Gale. He laughs now when he says he learned about actresses from her, and discovered that all the stories he had read about them in those highly-colored magazines weren't true at all.

For he found Louise just like any other girl, only so much prettier than any other girl he ever had known. So much sweeter, too. Funny, the feeling that caught him in the throat, the evening he came to her dressing-room for a chat during a long intermission and saw her sewing a blouse, the frilly kind girls were wearing then. And the time he went to her apartment with some other members of the company, for the Sunday night supper she had promised them, and they had biscuits and chicken loaf and crisp salad and a chocolate cake that topped even the ones his mother had made—and he marveled the more that a girl who looked like that could be so doggone comfortable, too!

In the beginning he had worried a little about finances, for he didn't know Louise so well then, and he still thought there was a lot in those stories about lobster suppers and diamond bracelets.

But it wasn't long before he discovered that even an actress who had made a name for herself was not any more demanding than the girls he had taken to the strawberry festivals in the church back home in Philadelphia. Less so, if anything. For if there's one thing a girl on the stage learns, a girl who has to keep herself going between engagements, a girl who's found herself stranded many a time when the troupe went broke in a strange town it's the value of money and just how much and how little it can buy.

So there was this girl, who could have picked out any restaurant in town, eating chop suey in some dinky little Chinese place and loving it. The first time they had dinner together, he asked her where she would like to go and wasn't a bit afraid, either, because he had saved for it for three months.

And she said: "I know the grandest place down in the Village. You'll love it."

He had expected almost anything except the place they came to. Three steps down into the basement and a spaghetti

dinner, a good one, too, for forty cents, and a bottle of Chianti for sixty, and a tinny piano and a woman who looked a little like Tetrassini, but didn't sing like her, warbling love songs.

They loved those songs that night and it was as if she were singing them especially for them, because they were so young and so much in love, and they didn't mind it at all when her voice split a little on the high notes, for her eyes were so warm and understanding when she smiled at them.

About the tenth time Louise had suggested one of those "darling, quaint places," Oscar began to suspect that she was being more considerate of him than of her appetite, but it wasn't until they were married that she finally admitted it.

Oscar Shaw was a name in the theatre then.

Strange how that kid, who never had a singing lesson in his life, who wasn't considered one whit better than the other three of the quartet who gathered around a lamppost on sultry summer evenings in Philadelphia, to serenade the neighbors sitting on straw mats on the high front stoops, got on the stage.

His family had been a little shocked when they discovered that he had become an actor. It was hard to adjust themselves to Oscar's stage career, when all the time they had thought he was going to be a minister, just as soon as he sold enough of those awful-smelling pieces of pink soap to pay for his tuition.

The stage was as remote to them as if it were in another world. They would have felt much more close to the boy if he had become a missionary and gone to Zululand than they did when he was playing practically next door to them in New York.

But his mother swallowed whatever misgivings she might have had when he broke the news. After all, the boy's father had died when he was only seven and they had grown to understand each other pretty well in the lean years that had followed.

"All right, son," she smiled. "Only see that you're a *good* actor!"

Oscar obeyed that command to the letter and he's always been glad that, when he played in his home town the first time, it was as leading-man. It was a grand feeling, having the chorus behind him that night, as he sang all his songs to his mother, sitting so proud and straight in her front-row seat.

So that's how he became an actor, that young man who was to become the most popular juvenile on Broadway. And that's how Louise Gale, one of the most promising ingénues the stage ever has had, stopped being one.

For it didn't take long for her to realize that being somebody on the stage didn't count for much, when it meant she was having practically no time at all with her husband.

"Funny, but we never were cast together after we were married." The man who had been Louise Gale's husband for many years now, glanced at his watch with a commuter's eye and rather wistfully looked at his hat. Even now he can't get back to her and their home in Great Neck fast enough. Even now, when his radio contract insures them more time rather than befalls the average husband and wife. "It was pretty awful with one

# "Oh Mother!

## I'VE LOST MY JOB!"



**T**HE job she needs so badly. The job she worked so hard to get. And what makes it even worse, the job which she is so well qualified to fill!

The tragic part of it is that she doesn't know *why* she lost it. For employers will never tell a girl the real reason when it is a personal fault of hers.

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A Gang Busters program. Phillips Lord (right) interviews Gus Langley, a man seven times doomed to the electric chair. (Center) New York's Boys Brotherhood Republic mayor, Moe Art, looks on.

of us on Broadway and the other on tour somewhere. We practically kept the telephone company solvent during that time, but long distance calls aren't enough.

"One day I was making up for my part, when the door opened and in walked Louise! I blinked a bit for she was supposed to be in Chicago.

"From now on I'm going to be your wife," she said. And I've never heard a prettier piece of dialogue in any play I've ever seen! I'm going to stay at home and darn your socks and cook your breakfasts and make you more comfortable than any actor has a right to be!

"I knew she meant it. Louise has a habit of meaning what she says. And do you know, never for one minute has she regretted walking out of the theatre, or, if she has, she's never given me reason to think so.

"You'd think she had been born a wife, to see the way she took hold of things. But I've always been glad she was an actress first, for she understands how lonely dinners in town can be on matinee days and she's never missed one of them with me. Through rain or heat-wave or blizzard, she's always met me at the theatre and gone to dinner with me.

"It's got so that I wouldn't know which fork to use, if she were not sitting there, smiling at me across the table. I'm so dependent on her that if I walk into the house, and she's run out to do some shopping or visit someone, I feel like a lost soul until I see her car turning in our driveway.

"I know most smart young moderns frown at that sort of thing. They think separation and mystery and all that sort of thing makes for excitement and romance. But they're wrong. It's that closeness, that depending on each other, that has made our marriage so happy."

They're different from most stage people, the Shaws. There's Oscar, mowing the lawn Sunday mornings, just like the stockbroker who lives down the street. Oscar Shaw, who sang *Always* and *All Alone* with Grace Moore, in just about the best of the *Music Box Revues*, poking at melons in the corner grocery and knowing the ripe ones, too!

He's played with all the big stage names there are. He's clowned with Beatrice Lillie and Fannie Brice and he's sung

with Gertrude Lawrence and Grace Moore and he talks about them as if they were his neighbors.

"Bea has the grandest sense of humor in the world. Or maybe I shouldn't say that because Fannie's just as funny in her way.

"Gertie's about the most disconcerting girl I've ever known. You never know what mood she's going to be in. But she's grand.

"Grace is a swell fellow. She's always herself and never gets ruffled."

Oscar Shaw never has gone Broadway, in spite of the fact that he's hardly been off the street, professionally, in his many years in the theatre. As soon as one of his shows was going off the boards, there always was some manager wanting him for a new one. He was so popular that the Shaws never had a Thanksgiving, or Christmas or New Year's dinner in their own home until he did *Broadway Varieties* on the air.

He still looks like the youngster who used to sell soap before he fell in love with a girl, and he's probably the best-dressed man on Broadway.

But that isn't the real Oscar Shaw, the Oscar Shaw who commutes to Great Neck in the winter months and moves bag and baggage and Pekingese dogs and all to his farm near Gettysburg in the summer.

You wouldn't recognize him in either of his homes. For at Great Neck he likes to wear slacks and a last year's sweater and hop into the car for a drive or to play eighteen holes of golf. And at the farm you'd think he was the tenant farmer, to see him in overalls, getting in the hay and being as concerned about the weather as a professional.

They've called their place in Gettysburg *The Dream*, because they thought of it and planned for it so many years before they had the opportunity to count on summer vacations. But it turned out to be a happy dream, after all.

So that's how the story ends. The story that began that rainy day in Atlantic City, with a boy who never had thought of the stage at all becoming a star because he fell in love with a girl, and the girl who had dreamed of the stage all her life, and had planned for it and worked for it, giving it all up because she loved that boy and married him.

## GERTRUDE NIESEN'S EXPERIENCES IN HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from Page 23)

to the course—and yet it wouldn't be fair not to give Gertrude credit, too, for it was her own spunk and determination that won over her father's original disapproval of the course she had chosen.

"He was terribly against it," she explained. "No one in our family ever had been on the stage and he hated the very idea of it."

But Gertrude knew what she wanted, was stubbornly determined to show him she was right. And her vivid personality, her unusual voice and the inimitable, provocative way she had of putting over the popular torch songs were paprika to jaded New York appetites. Her first success was at the popular 300 Club, at 54th and Broadway. The night club background isn't one any doting father would choose for his daughter, but what father could help being proud of such success, especially when he could not help seeing that his gay, laughter-loving daughter was just the same, unchanged by her bizarre surroundings?

So Gertrude sang her way to fame in night clubs, in the theatre, on the air, in the movies. And her father, most adoring of her many fans, gave up his work as an efficiency engineer, to devote himself to managing his daughter's career.

Gertrude and her father always have been the best of pals. To see them together is to glimpse at once the depth of their understanding and devotion. Her hand rests lightly on his arm, she turns to him for a question, an answer, and something sweet and enduring flashes between them in a glance, a smile. As for Monte Niesen, his adoration is for all the world to read, in every proud glance, every word he speaks about her.

He is her business manager and you may well believe that he guards Gertrude's interests jealously. As to the money end of it, Gertrude dismisses it with a shrug. "He takes care of everything. I don't know whether I have two dollars or two hundred! I never carry much in my purse—just leave the bills to him."

She is not extravagant and disclaimed any fondness for shopping. "I love clothes, but I loathe buying them."

But she wears them with a flair many a more ardent shopper would envy her!

It was while she was playing in the *Ziegfeld Follies*, this past season, that she suddenly began to realize she was tired. It was all fun, glorious fun, the stage work, the night club appearances, the weekly broadcast on Columbia's *Big Show*, which she had been making for two years, but it was hard work, too. Full of zest and enthusiasm as she was, she was astonished to find that she was really tired, longing for a change and a rest.

She was dining with a party of friends, including Joe Schenck, after an evening's performance of the *Follies*, when, for the first time, she confessed how tired she was. He looked at her with understanding. It was easy to see how, in her youth-

# LITTLE "COAL MINES" IN YOUR SKIN!



## THAT'S WHAT BLACKHEADS REALLY ARE! Here's How to Deal with Them

By *Lady Esther*

Those little black specks that keep showing up in your skin—do you know what they really are?

They're nothing more than little "coal mines" in your skin!

They're imbedded dirt—dirt that has found its way deeply into your pores.

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As you continue the daily use of Lady Esther Face Cream, you make this waxy dirt softer and softer and more and more of it comes out. Finally, your pores are relieved of their long-standing burden.

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ful exuberance, her ambition, her desire to please, above all her generous giving of herself in each performance, she had overdrawn her account with Dame Nature.

And so Joe Schenck suggested that she visit sunny California: "You can have seclusion," he promised. "You can have your fill of rest." And then, knowing Gertrude, he added lightly: "Or I can introduce you to lots of gay and interesting people, give you Hollywood's best in the way of entertainment."

Gertrude thought it was rest she craved above everything. New York had all she needed in the way of entertainment and she had tired of that. She would go west, go to Hollywood, lie in the sun and sleep, sleep, sleep!

Away from the night club atmosphere, away from noise and confusion, the popping of champagne corks, the thick blue smoke. Away from excitement and laughter and most especially from having to be a *hotcha* girl, from having to sing! She laid a hand against her throat and closed the heavy lids over her wide blue eyes. Sun and sleep—that surely was the best medicine Hollywood had to offer. And oddly, the irony of seeking peace and quiet in Hollywood struck her not at all!

For a week or so, Gertrude was blissfully lazy. Her friends showed her every consideration, left her completely alone. She relaxed and slept and sunned herself. But, one night, she found herself inevitably at that popular Hollywood rendezvous, the Trocadero, with a gay party of friends. It was Mr. Schenck's idea, but Gertrude had yielded gracefully, perhaps even a little eagerly, to this interruption of her rest cure. But it was to be an interruption, an interlude only! Mr. Schenck smilingly agreed.

And so she broke out heatedly in a quick flush of anger when her host, having introduced the manager, suddenly exclaimed: "Here is your guest star for tonight!"

"I was simply furious," Gertrude laughed. "I couldn't say anything while the manager was there but, as soon as he left, I reminded Mr. Schenck that I had come to Hollywood for rest, that he had promised me absolute quiet. I accused him of taking advantage of me most unfairly! Oh, I was really angry—then! Of course I am terribly grateful now!"

For, as a result of her singing, however reluctantly, that night, Gertrude was to meet new and dazzling opportunity. For movie producers approached her from all sides and, the next thing Gertrude knew, she was dashing from studio to studio, making tests, studying contracts, looking with shining eyes to her father to take charge of these unexpected events—and eventualities—and make the right decisions. And quite forgetting the rest cure! The outcome of it all was a contract with Universal and a nice rôle in *Top of the Town*.

And now Gertrude found herself caught up in a whirl of activity that put the last months in New York to shame. All thought of sleeping and sunning and resting was thrust from her mind. She had to be up at what seemed to her like the crack of dawn, and at the studio at eight, and often she was weary enough at night to fall into bed at ten o'clock, which, for so long, had been the shank of the evening for her!

And, added irony, the first scenes shot

were supposed to be in a night club, the atmosphere thick with artificial smoke, which is actually worse on throat and lungs than the real thing!

But Gertrude had the resiliency of youth. The few days of extra rest and sleep had been enough to restore her fund of vitality and with her usual unquenchable zest for her work, for excitement, she met the new and glamorous career. She had made shorts before, but this was different. She loved the Klieg lights, thrilled to the elaborate, gigantic backdrops, the magnificent settings, the gorgeous costumes, the exotic make-up. The stir, the bustle of the studio was a new thrill. It was fun to be in the midst of it, to be a part of it—and an important part. She did not care at what hour she was called, or how many retakes were necessary. She was in a new world, a fairy world, and enjoying it to the hilt!

And wherever she turned, she made new friends, for Gertrude has a very special gift for making friends—she and her father, too. They had found a warm welcome in the studio from their new friends and had found old friends there, too, and Gertrude responded glowingly.

So it was not exactly a case of all work and no play. Hollywood parties included her, popular night clubs featured her, and her circle of friends widened—and narrowed again quite noticeably! The sprinkling of gossip in the columns increased—and Craig Reynolds' name led all the rest!

How can you describe what Gertrude does with her eyes? She knows how to use them in the most expressive, delightful way. And her shrug, faintly foreign, and the throaty chuckle. "Some of the columns say I am going to make a trip to Europe when this picture is finished—others that I am to make another picture immediately—others that I am to be married!" She laughed again infectiously. "Let's leave it like that, shall we?"

But she was serious in a moment as I urged her to define her ideas about love, marriage.

"I've never thought of wanting to marry any special type of man—tall or dark or blond, thin or fat!" Her eyes were suddenly soft, luminous. "Nor do I think it matters whether he is in the same profession or not—just so he understands the importance of my career—to me! I think it is just as well for a girl to get her career out of her system before marriage," she went on earnestly. "If she marries first and then seeks a career, the career is likely to disrupt the marriage. But if she has had some success, some fame, and then marries a man who has an understanding of what that success, that career, mean to her, then the marriage has every chance of lasting.

"He wouldn't expect her to give it up—and she would have a better sense of values. When I marry," she concluded simply, "I want it to last . . ."

In *Top of the Town* Gertrude plays the part of a "heavy" and fails to get her man. "I hope I'll never be in that position," she murmured as we discussed the rôle.

"She never will be," her father chuckled. "If she were, I expect you'd fight for her," I hazarded.

"No—I wouldn't interfere," he said thoughtfully. "I don't believe in that. Everyone has to live his own life. All

an older person can do is give advice—and leave it at that. I may make suggestions, but that's all. I never interfere with Gertrude's boy friends and when it comes to marriage, that is entirely up to her." And his eyes rested on her fondly and you saw faith in her and in her star shine brightly.

For Gertrude has not "gone Hollywood." Once committed to the pictures, she rented an attractive home in Beverly Hills, where she lives with her father and mother. The new triumph has not turned her head—it is just a new job, to be done as well as she can do it. Besides, she has an air of keeping her fingers crossed about it. The proffered rôle in the forthcoming *Riviera* is still in the rumor stage and she won't confirm or deny it—wisely she waits to see what the fans say about *Top of the Town*. It is all so new and strange, thrilling, but different. "They may not like me," she smiles shyly.

But even in the studio, give her a cue, let her go into her song, and the company, grouped idly, wearily about, is all hers, from the first warm note.

Gertrude never sings a song quite as it is written, her style of putting it over is as different as her arrangements. She agrees to the comment but lightly mocks: "I hope I keep the spirit of the song!"

Not so much keeps it as injects it, and so much more! She is best known, probably, for her interpretation of *Tony's Wife, Temptation* and, more recently, *You Get Under My Skin*. Hear her sing one of those and you will understand why jaded Hollywood went wild over her.

It is hard to define what she has. See her in repose, you see a small, stocky figure, slightly heavy features—but she speaks, she smiles, she shrugs and flashes an upward, provocative glance—and face and form are transformed, alight with personality, with fire, with allure. She does not pose but sings with every bit of her body as well as with every shade of her throaty voice.

Right now she is very much on "top of the town" and the future stretches before her, bright and alluring. Marriage, career, a trip to Europe, a new picture—the possibilities are dazzling.

"Let's wait and see," Gertrude suggests again. But admits she sees Craig Reynolds half a dozen times a week. And smiles, a withdrawn, secret little smile.

But whether the current heart interest is the permanent one, the one and only, or not, this much is certain: When the right man asks her to marry him, Gertrude won't say no!

**In our next issue—**

**The story of a man who was left at the post—and likes it! One of your favorites of radio's early days—don't miss his story in**

**May Radio Stars**

## WHEN YOU'RE STEPPING OUT AND SMARTNESS COUNTS...

*wear*

# GLAZO'S "Misty" Tints



*Fashion's loveliest shades  
in the nail polish that  
doesn't fade or thicken!*

**G**AY evenings, gala days—whenever charm and smartness matter—those are the times to make sure yours is a Glazo manicure.

For Glazo's "Misty" polish tints are the most enchanting new colors that ever added to the gayety of nations...Misty Rose and Russet, Suntan, Bisque and Cherry Red. Lovely as music, modern as to-

morrow...see these new misty, smoky shades everywhere enhancing the allure of smart young hands...of the Fingertips of Fashion!

But this practical generation loves Glazo for more than the beauty of its clear hues or subtle new "Misty" tints—they love it for its satin smoothness on the nail, for its proven "sunfast" qualities, because it resists thickening in the bottle. And, of course, for its budget-balancing 20-cent price—or the new large 25¢ size.

It's easy to be charming when you're looking your best. Choose Glazo for your Red-Letter Dates.



# GLAZO

*The Smart Manicure*

# HOLLYWOOD'S RAYE OF SUNSHINE!

(Continued from Page 27)

## Put your skin ON A MILK DIET



### POMPEIAN Milk Massage Cream

Today your skin can have the benefits of milk in a new way... with Pompeian Milk Massage Cream which is actually 70% milk.

Don't give up your favorite cosmetics. But, once each week, give your face a complete change of diet from fatty creams to oil-free Pompeian. It removes cosmetics thoroughly, frees choked pores, stimulates circulation, leaves your skin radiantly lovely. Try it!

AT ALL DRUG, DEPT. AND 10¢ STORES

The Pompeian Company, Inc. Bloomfield, N. J.



## CORNS AGE YOUR FACE!



A painful corn puts more wrinkles in your face in a week than a beauty specialist can take out in a year. Don't suffer! Just rub on Mosco—stainless, pleasant and easy to use. Mosco removes corns, relieves bunions and ingrowing toenails. No knife, plasters, cloths or soaking necessary. At druggists, Jar 30c.

Write for Free Sample  
The Moss Co., Dept. M4-7, Rochester, N. Y.  
**MOSCO** REMOVES CORNS AND CALLOUSES



## Will YOUR EYES THRILL HIM? NEW SECRET OF CLEAR EYES

WINS THOUSANDS

WHEN he looks into your eyes will he see red veins... or will whites look clear and bright? Thousands now use EYE-GENE to clear eyes in seconds after late hours or over-indulgence. Gives winning charm of clear, milky whites; eyes look larger—lustrous. A new scientific formula; stainless, safe. Money back if it fails. Ask for EYE-GENE at any drug or department store; also 5 & 10c stores.



night. There was only one person in the house I panicked—and that was me. I thought I was an awful flop. Imagine—through at three! But I carried on.

"The act took us all over the country, and sometimes even left us in some of the darndest places. I mean, there were lots of lay-offs. The public must have liked us in lay-offs, because we certainly were held over for weeks at a time. And then I got my education—three weeks of it, in the Children's Professional school in New York. Tom Brown was the sheik of the school, and he was my first sweetie. He was my sweetie, I mean, but I wasn't his, because I never had nerve enough to tell him about my great love.

"I guess my school act wasn't so good. After the three weeks I was out, and I've never been booked back since. It's all right, though. I'd never have been a sensation in that routine, anyway.

"When I was sixteen I left Mother and Dad and went on my own with Paul Ash and his band. Ash took it for a year and Raye found herself in an act with five other kids—Jackie Heller, Hal LeRoy, Sunnie O'Dea and Buddy and Vilma Ebsen. After that I went into solitude again, doing my act alone in vaudeville until I landed in Hollywood at the Century Club. Then one night I sang at the Trocadero and somebody heard me—they couldn't help it, if they were within a block of the place—and I landed at Paramount. Now I'm on the air, I have a swell apartment with Mother, and I'm engaged to Jerry. Ain't it wonderful, kid?"

We said sure, kid, it was really wonderful, and set out to find Jerry Hopper. Jerry is a personable and intelligent young man, who had several things to say about Martha. You gather, first of all, that he's genuinely in love with her and if Martha zooms to the top of her profession, you'll know Jerry's guidance had a lot to do with it.

Martha, says Jerry, despises anything phony. She's honest and she expects it of others. Jerry remembers particularly one night when they attended a party at which there were a group of English actors. An American gal, straight from Brooklyn, who always had talked out of the side of her mouth, suddenly had developed a terrific British accent. Martha stood it for an hour or so. Then she burst out with an accent thicker than the London fog. Ten minutes of that and the other gal departed, muttering strictly American phrases.

The thing that best describes Martha is the incident in Denver, where she sang at a charity benefit. The governor and the mayor were present, and after Martha had panicked the assemblage, they told her she could have anything she wanted in Denver. Martha said she'd settle for a dog.

"We'll take you to the best kennel in town," announced the governor, but Martha turned him down. She wanted to go to the dog pound. The governor and the mayor were puzzled—they didn't know



Yes, the *Town Crier* is back on the air again. Tune in Alexander Woollcott, Tuesdays and Thursdays, at 7:30 p.m., on the CBS network.

where the dog pound was. So they arranged a police escort, and with sirens shrieking, Martha was escorted to the Denver dog pound.

Looking over the city's pooches, Martha came to one cage which enclosed the sorriest looking little dog she'd ever seen. He was dirty and he was sad. He didn't even wag his tail. He had probably wagged it many times at prospective masters, with no luck, and now he had given up—convinced nobody wanted him. Martha passed him by several times, but her heart went out to this sorrowful little creature, and she asked for him. The governor of Colorado paid the fifty-cent fee and Martha had a dog.

By the time Martha had reached Hollywood, she and the dog—she had named him Plugits, because it doesn't mean anything—had become fast friends. After a visit to a veterinary for a cleaning and overhauling, Plugits turned out to be a thoroughbred wire-haired terrier. He and Martha are still surprised and happy about that.

Martha is the kind of girl you'd like. She's fun, and she's funny. You never know what goes on next with Martha, and that's why she's so entertaining. Jerry Hopper tells of an evening when the two of them were out riding. They stopped at an oil station out in San Fernando Valley while Martha phoned her mother.

"Isn't that Martha Raye?" the attendant asked Jerry.

Jerry said it was she, in person, and the attendant chuckled.

"She sure is swell," he said. "I saw her on the stage a few weeks ago, and when she finished her song, I said to my wife: 'You know, I think that girl is nuts!'"

# BE OUR GUEST IN HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from page 56)



Jack Oakie will be master of ceremonies at a big dinner dance at the Cocoanut Grove for you.

Another favorite of yours, genial Jack Oakie of the *Camel Hour*, and currently to be seen in *That Girl from Paris* with Lily Pons, will be master of ceremonies at a big dinner dance at the Cocoanut Grove. Again, dozens of stars will greet you, introduced by Jack Oakie.

Few visitors ever see movies in the making, but the new Universal Studios, out in the valley, will open the gates to our house party for a tour of the tremendous lot—biggest in the business—and to watch Universal stars making pictures.

The Hollywood Plaza Hotel, located right in the heart of Hollywood, will be headquarters for the tour. Here is located the famed Cinnabar, while across the street is the Brown Derby you read of.

And of course there are a thousand other sights to see in Los Angeles, with its magnificent art galleries, libraries, observatories and parks. Santa Catalina island is just off the coast, an enchanting objective for a day's ocean voyage.

The trip across the western half of the country will be crammed with thrills, too, for stops are scheduled at such scenic points as Rainier National Park, Yosemite, the Grand Canyon, Pike's Peak, San Francisco's Chinatown and other places.

Leo Carrillo is going to give a special Spanish Fiesta for one of the tours, and on another Glenda Farrell plans a Gold-Diggers Party at her San Fernando home.

Here is an opportunity you can't afford to miss! Write now for your booklet giving all the details, and make up your mind to see Hollywood this summer!

Joe Godfrey, Jr., 18th Floor,  
360 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
Please send me booklet containing  
full information about the three  
tours to Hollywood.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....

● From the city's sweltering heat to the tonic coolness of the Rockies—that's the refreshing change Colorado offers you this summer. And now there's an added thrill in a trip to Colorado—the thrill of gliding from Chicago to Denver, just overnight, on one of Burlington's famous, air-conditioned, 12-car Denver Zephyrs.

These diesel-powered, stainless steel wonder trains offer you every conceivable accommodation—at *no excess fare*. Their 16-hour schedule gives you *two extra days* in glorious Colorado. Denver with its renowned mountain parks—the awe-inspiring canyons of Bear Creek and Turkey Creek—enchanting Colorado Springs—majestic Pikes Peak—Boulder and the alpine beauty of Estes Park.

Burlington's special summer fares are amazingly low. You'll be surprised how little a vacation in cool Colorado will cost. Whether you travel independently or join a congenial ALL-EXPENSE ESCORTED TOUR PARTY, "go Burlington" for the greatest travel value. In addition to the Denver Zephyrs, these luxurious air-conditioned Burlington flyers—

THE ARISTOCRAT—Chicago—Denver  
OVERLAND EXPRESS—Chicago—Denver  
COLORADO LIMITED—St. Louis—Denver

To California by way of Colorado. Enjoy more than a thousand miles between Chicago and Denver aboard the Denver Zephyr with almost a full day in the beautiful capital city of Colorado without loss of time enroute. Speedy, convenient routing from Denver, through Salt Lake City, to the coast. One of the country's most scenic routes.



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Send me your free illustrated booklets, rates and information  
about Colorado Vacations.  
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City..... State.....  
 Check here for special information about  
All-expense Escorted Tours

# MURDER AND MYSTERY ON THE AIR

(Continued from page 51)



You never have to be ashamed of a soiled toilet. Don't put up with it! Sani-Flush cleans and purifies the bowl without scouring... without scrubbing. Just sprinkle a little of this odorless powder in the toilet. (Follow directions on the can.) Flush the water and all unsightliness vanishes.

Sani-Flush is made scientifically to do this household chore. It removes rust and stains. It puts an end to toilet odors. It kills germs. Even the hidden trap that no other method can reach is purified. Sani-Flush cannot injure plumbing.

It is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators (directions on can). Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores—25 and 10 cent sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

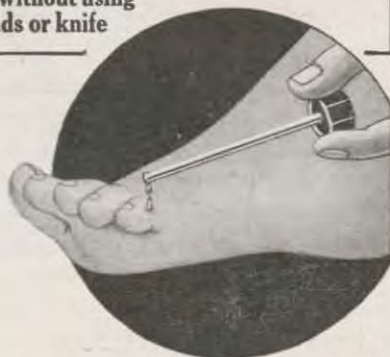


## Sani-Flush

CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

## HOW TO REMOVE CORNS

—without using pads or knife



Just drop Freezone on any tender, touchy corn. Quickly it stops aching. Then in a few days you can lift that old, bothersome corn right off with your fingers. A bottle of Freezone costs a few cents at any drug store and is sufficient to remove most hard corns, soft corns, and calluses. Try it.

# FREEZONE

of exceptional quality, but it brought in little revenue. He worked for six years at journalism, did many assignments and translations, even did some teaching, to eke out his slender royalties. And then, one morning when he arose, he found that he could not stand; he had come to the end of his tether, after driving himself to do on the average of fourteen hours work each day.

"The years of my illness," Mr. Van Dine said, "were years when I apparently sat upon the lap of the gods, though I knew it not. They were planning, those deities, very pleasant things for me, of which I had no idea. I was too utterly discouraged and despondent to care—even quite content to go on and face the Great Adventure."

At that time fifteen years of writing lay behind him, with very little to show for it in a lucrative way. A great bitterness and resentment took hold of him, and it was only because of his faithful doctor, who also was a faithful friend, that he began to get hold of himself. For over two years he was confined to bed. A heretofore hard-working, athletic, active man, flat on his back, and before him a dark, uncertain future! Savings melting away, and then—what? Days there were when he tragically longed to be at his beloved writing, but he was not permitted to lift a pencil; not allowed even to read what others had written. What barren days they were, with the exchequer getting emptier than the well-known cupboard of Old Mother Hubbard! Then, after long weary weeks, he was granted permission to read some light fiction.

"I detested light fiction," Mr. Van Dine said. "And I asked if I might, instead, be permitted to read detective yarns."

That request proved to be the turning point in his life. It was then that the thing happened which later was to be responsible for the writing of the *Philo Vance* novels. The doctor granted the request, and Mr. Van Dine began to devour every detective story he could get hold of. He felt that, in reading them, he could stop thinking about his own problems. He sent out and had the shelves of libraries raked clean; he sent abroad for detective books and stories. He read them carefully, analyzed them, and set to work to discover the reason for the almost universal appeal of such stories and books. He turned a recreation into a course of detective writing, so to speak. And when, some months later, he was able to be up and about, he found himself in possession of a library of nearly two thousand volumes, covering the entire field of American and European detective literature. He found himself, also, with three outlined detective stories of his own, and an idea for a protagonist. From then on, he traveled the road to Coming-Back-Again. And made it "on high," as it were. His outlines for novels were eagerly greeted by a publisher, and Mr. Van Dine went to work. The rest, of course, is more or less history—from the first, *The Benson Murder Case*, down to the most recent, *The Kidnap Murder Case*.

"In the beginning, no one knew who Van Dine was," he said. "But there was much surmising. I was accused of being everyone from Ma Ferguson to H. L. Mencken; from Pola Negri to Israel Zangwill. I was forced to lead a sort of double life, after the *Philo Vance* books began to be talked about. At times I found myself being asked my opinion about them and bookstore owners endeavored to sell me my own stories, frequently recommending them to me so highly that I blushed! Sometimes I felt so guilty, I actually bought copies of them at the full market price!"

The success of the *Philo Vance* novels surpassed his wildest dreams, and the fame of "S. S. Van Dine" spread as he never had dared to hope that it might. *The Benson Murder Case* was a hit, so was the *Canary Murder Case*, which followed it; and so on, down the list. One best-seller after another! The books were hailed in America and Europe, made into movies, translated into half a dozen languages. It all was very startling and not a little awe-inspiring. Mr. Van Dine had, with the aid of a nervous breakdown and *Mr. Philo Vance*, done something he had not been able to do as Willard Huntington Wright—that is, make money through writing.

"Do you know," he said, "with it all I had a curious feeling of humility and gratitude. I experienced a sense of human contact with mankind which never had been mine during the writing of my other books."

What, we wondered, did he do when he wasn't writing these highly entertaining murder tales?

"I am probably one of the very few people who haven't a hobby," said Mr. Van Dine. "Oh, I build my own radio sets, trying constantly to get in touch with all sorts of foreign stations, and I have even practiced fancy snoring! I've raised and bred chickens, also, and I have a kennel of prize-winning Scotties. I'm fond of horse races. I've made a study of Egyptology, and I'm interested in collecting Chinese ceramics. I'm also passionately fond of gambling, and it has been said that I'm a good cook. Some people also consider me an expert brandy-taster."

Leaning back in the deep chair in which he sat, Mr. Van Dine admitted that he rarely missed an important prize-fight, wrestling-bout or bull-fight; that he also liked flea-circuses, ice-hockey, baseball, and football games. He has collected many volumes and records of criminology, and has bred and raised tropical fish. "But," he added, with a smile, "during the past ten years or so, one of my most absorbing interests has been the writing of detective novels!"

We mentioned the fact that we had heard he was a Virginian.

"I was born in Charlottesville," he said, "but the place of my birth is wholly a geographical accident. Although I was born within the classic shades of the University of Virginia, I am not a Southerner, and came north at a very early age to the home of my ancestors, which was New York State."

As he talked, we found it a little easier

to understand his amazing recovery from an illness that would have permanently floored many a man or woman. That sense of humor had much to do with it. A man who could laugh at a nervous breakdown, convert an illness into a gold-mine, was a person worth knowing, one tremendously to admire. We could visualize him as ill and broken, a man who, so he said, once weighed one hundred and sixty, and was reduced to one hundred and five—flat broke, on his back, seemingly down and out. And now he sat, surrounded by beauty, luxury, happy with his lovely wife in his home high above the rush and roar of the huge city, a man of culture and refinement; and one who had made of detective story writing a thing of art and real literature.

We asked him what he thought of radio murder and mystery dramas.

"A radio presentation and a book are entirely different mediums," he replied, "and the radio technique would be just as ineffective in interest and suspense, if used in a book, as would be the book technique for radio. To make a mystery book or printed story effective on the radio, the story must be conceived from the standpoint of sound and not the visually descriptive word. The script-writer," he continued, "must master all the technical details and needs of the radio medium; and think and conceive in terms of that medium alone—just as a musician, or a painter, or a motion picture artist, should first master the elements of each of these mediums before he attempts to express anything in any of them."

"Do you think," we asked, "that drama of any sort can be successfully presented in the brief period usually allotted to it on the air?"

"That all depends on the time allotted and the nature of the material," Mr. Van Dine said. "A fifteen-minute program is, I think, too short for any adequate or gripping drama over the air. It can be done in half an hour, if the sponsor isn't too greedy for commercial time; but here again the story must be conceived within the time limitations. Cutting down a long drama, or a novelette, or a novel, in order to fit a half-hour period, is neither practical nor satisfactory, as has been proved over and over again when it has been attempted. No more than what ordinarily would be a brief one-act play, or a short story, should be attempted in this time limitation. And, even in this event, it should not be merely transcribed in literary or dramatic dialogue, but reconceived in the medium of the radio. Three-quarters of an hour—or, better still—a full hour, would be more practical for the presentation of the original force and glamour of a radio drama—provided, of course, the material is fundamentally sound and competently conceived."

The question came up as to the relative importance of varying aspects of the radio.

"Why try to limit the value of radio to any one type of program or to one definite aim?" said Mr. Van Dine. "Entertainment and sports," he went on, "in a broad sense, are quite as necessary to the balance and the whole of life as is the dissemination of news, international thought

and education. Radio should maintain its universal appeal and touch on all phases of life, just the same as do literature, the drama, painting and drawing, and music. We should have frothy and entertaining amusements, as well as the more serious side of life."

As we arose to go, we inquired as to the origin of the pen-name Mr. Wright had chosen.

"The *Van Dine* part of it," he said, "really is an old family name. But as for the steamship initials, I haven't the foggiest idea what they stand for!"

It was growing late. The shadows on the terrace outside were lengthening, and as we went out to the elevator, we could see across the Park to the skyline of Fifth Avenue, a silhouette against the horizon. As we descended to the street below, we thought of the word *luck!* No, it wasn't luck that had made a famous man of S. S. Van Dine; it was pluck and hard work. Perhaps the fates had something to do with bringing about the *Philo Vance*-creating illness, but it was the determination and the will-to-do of Willard Huntington Wright that had brought into being those splendid novels which have been best-sellers the world over.

Stepping out into the falling twilight, we remembered that the penthouse we had just quitted was similar to the one in which *Philo Vance* had solved the famous *Garden Murder Case*, and we had the fantastic feeling that that erudite and clever gentleman would soon start poking around for clues in the room wherein we had been sitting so short a time before!

**A**FTER A DAY in the open—how does your skin feel when you start to freshen up for the evening?

All dry and "tight"—Your powder "catches"... looks splotchy... uneven.

There's a quick answer to that. A special cream melts all that harsh surface roughness

into supple smoothness. Does it in just one application.

**How melting softens . . .** A distinguished dermatologist explains:—"Exposure hastens the natural drying out of cells on the surface of the skin, causing the familiar dry and 'tight' feeling. A keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream) melts off these dead cells—reveals the soft, young cells beneath. Then skin feels soft and smooth instantly."

That is why POND'S Vanishing Cream is so popular now with all active outdoor girls.

**For powder base**—A film of POND'S Vanishing Cream smooths flakiness away. Make-up goes on perfectly. Stays.

**For overnight**—Apply POND'S Vanishing Cream after cleansing. Not greasy. It won't

smear. In the morning your skin is soft, fresh.

**For protection**—Before long hours out of doors, put on POND'S Vanishing Cream. Your skin won't rough up!



**Mrs. F. Grover Cleveland**

"After a long ride has made my skin feel dry and tight, POND'S Vanishing Cream makes it soft and smooth again."

**8-Piece Package** POND'S, Dept. 9RS-VDC, 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.

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# A CHANCE INCIDENT CHANGED THEIR LIVES

(Continued from page 40)



Clouds of Glory



Colorinse truly glorifies woman's crowning glory! This harmless vegetable coloring compound magically rinses youth into your hair and leaves it lovely, clean, lustrous. Gives to any hair the gleaming, glamorous highlights of its own natural color. And Colorinse is easily removed—a shampoo is all that's necessary.

10c for a package containing 2 rinses at all 5 and 10 cent stores. Select your proper color from The Nestle Shade Selector prominently displayed on counters. Larger package contains 5 rinses for 25c, at drug and department stores.

**COLORINSE**  
A Nestle PRODUCT



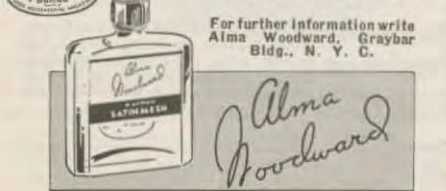
Given **Send No Money!**

**LADIES' & GIRLS' LATEST SHAPE HIGH GRADE 7 Jewel Movement WRIST WATCH** with metal bracelet and beautifully designed chrome plated case. Or big cash commission. **YOURS FOR SIMPLY GIVING AWAY FREE** big colored pictures with well known **WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE** used for burns, chaps, sores, etc., easily sold to friends at 25c a box (with picture FREE) and remitting per catalog. **SPECIAL—Choice of 40 gifts for returning only \$3.** Our 42nd year. Be First. Write today for White Cloverine Salve. **Wilson Chem. Co., Inc., Dept. 10-H, Tyrone, Pa.**

Do men rave about your skin?  
**THEY WILL—QUICKLY!**

**JUST** use Satinmesh—the new *speed beauty lotion*—night and morning. It is the *quickest* way to a luscious skin. It cleans out the pores, prevents dry skin and blackheads and velvetizes the complexion. If you want a magnetic skin—*young and flawless*—start using Satinmesh today!

10c **LARGER SIZES AT DRUG & DEPARTMENT STORES**



For further information write Alma Woodward, Graybar Bldg., N. Y. C.

*Alma Woodward*

4-ACTION  
**SATINMESH**

momentous, sometimes result disappointingly. When I was a little girl, I wanted to be a ballet dancer. My teacher was to give a recital of his pupils. For weeks I prepared for it, dreamed of the great moment when everyone would say I was a wonderful dancer, the best of them all! I believed that some great person would come to me and declare: *'This little girl will be a great ballet dancer!'* You know the dreams in which children indulge. Well, the great day came. I had pictured myself wearing a pink tulle costume I'd seen at my teacher's place. Instead, I was given an ugly little paper dress. That spoiled everything for me. My great moment, to which I'd been looking forward so ardently, fell flat and was a total loss!" Virginia concluded, laughing.

A chance incident changed the life of Vee Lawnhurst, whom you may hear each week on a coast-to-coast network, singing and playing her own songs. Vee, who was born in Asbury Park, New Jersey, is probably the most successful feminine composer of popular songs in America. Among her big song hits, as you probably know, are *And Then Some*, *Accent on Youth*, *Cross Patch* and *No Other One*. She's hoping that her new song, *Please Keep Me in Your Dreams*, will top them all. But she thinks that she wouldn't be a successful composer today, if it hadn't been for a chance incident.

"Let me tell you what I mean by that," Vee explained to me. "My life was all mapped out, you see, in an entirely different direction. I had planned to marry a certain man, and be a good little wife, and probably have a dozen youngsters and rock cradles and hang curtains, and adore him and just be happy. My horizon was limited to that one man. I did love him. But, one day, the telephone rang. Someone spoke to me. I won't tell you who it was or what was said. That's beside the point. Suffice it to say that this 'phone call ended a great love affair. If I hadn't happened to receive it, I would be leading an entirely different life today. As it is, I gave up my husband-to-be. In my unhappiness, I had to turn to something to make me forget. I always had loved music and had a talent for it. And I determined I'd try my hand at composing. I threw myself into the task with fervor. Well, eventually, I was lucky enough to make a success of it. I still can't believe it all today. This week, when a magazine asked me to do a success story, I had to pinch myself to be sure it was I. And, besides fame, I found, in time, a new love—a better love—one that I enjoy today. So you see, the incident of the 'phone call brought me a new career, a new life, and eventually a new romance," Vee said thoughtfully.

"It's funny how chance may change your whole existence, while events of which you expect great things sometimes prove a snare and a delusion," brilliant, lovely Vee Lawnhurst mused. "Here's an example, out of my own experience:

During the time when I was first struggling to write melodies, I met one of the most famous lyricists in the business. When he agreed to write songs with me—he to write the words and I the music—I thought I was 'made' professionally. I believed that this was the big opportunity that would bring me fame and fortune. But, after we'd written a few songs together, this man, from whose association I expected such big things, was called to Hollywood. The offer was too good to refuse. Of course he went, and our musical partnership was at an end. You can't write songs with a man who's three thousand miles away on another job. So the thing of which I expected most in my career, came to nothing!

"There's another thing of which I expected results I never got," Vee added demurely. "I dyed my hair red, thinking it would cause a sensation! I expected everyone to tell me how beautiful I looked. Instead, they all liked my curly locks better the old way," said the brown-haired composer, "and I had the worst time getting them back to their original color!" Vee laughed amusedly.

A chance incident changed the life of Lily Pons, one of the most renowned opera singers in the world, whose fame matches her charm and popularity. There's hardly a corner of the globe in which the voice of Lily Pons has not been heard.

"Yet there was a time when I was very unhappy," Miss Pons said to me, with her charming French accent. "It was because of my size, my littleness, the fact that fate had painted me in miniature. When I wanted to play with the boys and girls in school, they would push me away and say: 'Go away, you are too small to play with us.' Then when we make an amateur theatre in Cannes—that is where I was born, you know—and I want to play the beautiful heroine, they say: 'Oh no, you are not tall enough. If you be good, we let you be the page boy!' Oh, that make me very sad! Sometime, at night, when I go to bed, I cry and say: 'Oh, please, God, make me big and tall!'"

Constantly reminded of her inferior stature and constantly troubled lest she be inferior to other people in other respects as well, Miss Pons despaired of fulfilling the tradition that singers must be imposing-looking and of ample physical proportions. Vainly she tried to disguise her tininess—decked herself out in trailing gowns and towering hats, and went to work mastering the difficult art of walking on high spike heels. She bound her lovely brown locks up in a tremendous low bun, to make her look *so-fis-tee-kate*, as she pronounces it. But the trailing gowns and high head-dress proved unsatisfactory. "Anyone with two eyes in his head could see through the *dees-guises*," the Gallic songbird sighed. "Hélas! I was so miserable!" Her small oval face contorted, as she recalled it.

"And then," Miss Pons declared, "something happen, an incident that change my



Shirley Lloyd, tiny songstress from Pueblo, Colorado, carols with Ozzie Nelson's band at the Lexington Hotel and broadcasts with the band, also, over CBS network.

whole life! It was when I make the opera début in Mulhaus—that is a little town, so big (she indicated with her thumb and index finger), in France. Of course, it change my life, because it make me to be an opera singer forever after, but also it change my life another way. I am to sing *Lakmé*. I am waiting for my cue in the wings. I am shaking from the head to the toes. The manager of the opera house see me and want to cheer me up. He come to me and he say: 'Mademoiselle, it is wonderful that at last we have found a *Lakmé* who looks right for the part. Oh, those big, fat prima donnas!' And he threw up his hands. As those hands go up, all the hopes of my life go up, too. I look at him for two whole minutes and do not say anything. I am thinking. I think: 'Here is someone who thinks I am good because I am small—it is good to be small!'

"After that chance incident, life was different. I began to realize that one could be tiny and succeed, that, in fact, one might be tiny and succeed *because* of it," Lily said. "I throw the nasty high heels away and I go to the barber and tell him: 'Cut my hair gay and short,' I turn up the hems on my dresses and cut off the tops of my hats. That is, I buy gay new *little* dresses and gay new *little* hats." And thus began the gay new *little* life of Lily Pons, destined to become world-renowned as the "Little Lily Pons," "the tiny songstress," the "petite prima donna," the "half-pint coloratura."

She now is very proud, you can tell from the way she says it, that her feet are the smallest in the Metropolitan Opera Company and that she must have all her shoes made to order because "the stores, they do not have them so petite." She does not try to look tall any more, and she does not hesitate, particularly in the seclusion of her Silvermine home, to play the part of the little girl.

"And so, you see, that night in Mulhaus changed my life," Lily said prettily. "That little incident of the manager's speech make all the difference. For it make me happy instead of unhappy. And so it helped me to sing better. For one cannot sing one's best unless one is veery, veery happy," lovely Lily explained, with her adorable smile.



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Racetrack enthusiasts, Al Jolson and his wife, Ruby Keeler, snapped at the Santa Anita racetrack, are popular favorites with film and network fans.

"But, sometimes, things of which I expect much do not turn out," Miss Pons marveled. "When I go to Hollywood, for instance, I think: 'There will be big parties, social affairs, swimming pools, much gaiety for me. What you call glamour.' When I get there, I find all the time I must *work, work, work*. I never work so hard in my life! There is no time for parties, for late hours. That life of which I hear so much, which I wish to see, is not there. And so it turns out different than I think. I do not get gaily. I love Hollywood in a different way than I expect," Lily explained.

A chance incident changed the life of Benay Venuta, the singer you hear in her own program of songs, each Saturday night, on the Mutual network from coast to coast.

"I'm married happily now, and I have a career besides," Benay told me. "But I wouldn't have had either, if it hadn't been for a chance occurrence. For if my husband, Dr. Kenneth Kelly, hadn't come to a certain fraternity dance, it all never would have happened. He didn't expect to go there. He didn't even bring his dress clothes to San Francisco with him. But he allowed himself to be persuaded at the last moment. If he hadn't happened to go to that dance, he wouldn't have been out late enough to bother to go to a night club afterwards. And if he hadn't gone to the night club, we never would have met. For I was singing there. He heard me sing *Say It Isn't So*—and he fell in love with me that instant, or so he tells me," blonde Benay said blithely. "I fell for him just as hard, and just as quickly. But we had to wait two years to get

married. You see, he had to accomplish two things to do it—get a medical degree and a divorce," Benay explained.

"Some time after we met, Kenneth had to go back to medical school," Benay related. "So I went to Chicago, too, just to be near him. I hadn't been doing so well with my singing up till then. But in Chicago, I met Jules Alberti. He was very enthusiastic about my voice. He became my manager, and brought me to New York, where, I am happy to say, I have made my success," said the girl who followed Ethel Merman in *Anything Goes*, and who has become a radio celebrity. "So you see why I say that if 'my man' hadn't happened to go to that fraternity dance, I might never have had either love or career.

"On the other hand," she countered, "events of which you expect a great deal often result disappointingly. For instance, while I was in Chicago, it looked for a while as though I would work for the Music Corporation of America. I expected this to make me a big star. I was all excited about it. But, in the end, it just didn't happen. I guess they decided I weighed too much," she added laughingly. "You know, I have lost fifty pounds since then."

And so it goes. You turn a corner, you go to a party, you speak to someone, you walk out in the street to go to work, you step into a store—*any little thing you do may become the turning-point of your whole life*. Who knows what it is and when it will come? You've read how a chance incident changed the lives of these four famous girls. Perhaps your chance will come tomorrow!

## BATTY OVER BASEBALL

(Continued from page 35)

Arbuckle are gone, but Abe lives over again the afternoons they spent at the ball games.

"Why, we used to get out to the park two hours before the ball game, just so we could chew the rag," declared Lyman. "And any time you get a handleader out of the hay two hours ahead of time, you've got something!"

"Chance didn't live in the past, but he liked to talk about the old days when I used to hang outside the *Cub* park and wait for him to get me in 'on the cuff.' I guess that the heroes you remember when you were a kid always seem tops. There probably have been better ball clubs than that old *Cub* bunch, Three-fingered Brown, Schulte, Kling, Evers, Tinker, Chance and the rest, but I never can forget how great they seemed to be when I was a youngster.

"That summer on the Coast was the beginning of my going for sports in a big way. Through Arbuckle I met a lot of ball players in the *Coast League*, who later were to come up to the majors, and I got right back in the spot I'd been when I was twelve years old.

"It got so, during the summers of '26 and '27, that I didn't miss an afternoon at the ball park in Chicago. It was then I found out that I was a *National League* fan. I used to think that I was just a baseball bug, but through the years I've found myself leaning toward the *National*—can't get over the fact that, when I was a twelve-year-old, a star like Frank Chance took me into the *Cub* park.

"And, if ever I felt that I was slipping in my sympathies, along comes a guy like Dizzy Dean and sells me all over again. He's the *National League's* best advertisement—color, courage, rhythm when he works, stamina—everything."

When Lyman and his band were playing in the show, *Good News*, in Chicago in 1928, and later at the College Inn in the Hotel Sherman there, Abe became a *Cub* rooster all over again, meeting a new *Cub* team, another generation of players and becoming as enthusiastic for them as he had been for the heroes of his childhood.

"Nobody'll ever believe me when I say I was so 'wacky' over that *Cub* team of Charley Grimm, Gabby Hartnett, Hack Wilson, etc., that I used to buy them theatre tickets out of my own pocket," grinned Lyman. "And it was a \$4.40 show, too. The players used to leave passes for myself and the boys for the ball games and I used to invite them to our show. And when they accepted, I always dug down. I wanted 'em to think I was a big shot, I guess.

"I remember once getting mad at Hartnett, who is a good fellow and I don't know how we came to fall out. At any rate, I bet against the *Cubs* for spite—and they went out and won thirteen straight at Wrigley Field, with me going for \$500 on each game! I finally saw Gabby, made up with him and then bet on the *Cubs*. And they lost—to the *Phillies*, a 4 to 1 shot!"

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Between broadcast hours Irene Rich, charming dramatic star of screen and radio, lunches at a Radio City restaurant with *Show Boat* tenor Lanny Ross.

Although Lyman averages three afternoons at the ball game a week in New York, with a slight preference for the Polo Grounds, which, since the days of John McGraw, have been a magnet for theatrical folk, he says he doesn't enjoy the games as much as he did in Chicago. "You can get closer to the players out there and the closer I get to the players, the better I like the ball game. I like to feel that I personally know the teams which are playing," he explained.

Since leaving Chicago, however, Lyman hasn't lost track of his baseball friends. Dick Bartell, Joe Medwick, Frank Frisch are some of his pals on teams other than the *Cubs*. Harry Danning, second string catcher of the *Giants*, is another with whom Lyman likes to sit down for a baseball fanning bee.

Incidentally, Lyman is very indignant about the unceremonious firing of Casey Stengel, deposed manager of the *Brooklyn Dodgers*.

"I never met Stengel, but I always liked to see him on the coaching lines," said Abe. "He wasn't afraid to fight a point with the umpires, a good manager with plenty of color. Baseball needs more guys like Stengel."

From the story up to this point, don't leap to the conclusion that Lyman is merely a baseball fan. Baseball is Abe's first love, but it is more accurate to describe him as a sports fan. He likes football as much as baseball and sat through a down-pour at a recent Army-Navy game, without even noticing it was raining. "And me in a brand new suit, too!" Abe ruefully remembers. Slip Madigan, the colorful coach of the equally colorful *Galloping Gaels* of *St. Mary's* is one of Lyman's friends in football circles.

Lyman's closest friend in sports, however, is Jack Dempsey, the somewhat hefty caterer of today who was the *Manassa Mauler* of not so long ago. Abe met Dempsey in California in 1920, the year after Jack had battered the giant Willard to a pulp, to become world champion. The friendship between Dempsey and Lyman never lessened, and Jack insisted on Abe's band doing the honors

when he opened his now famous restaurant in February, 1935. Lyman at that time was playing a stage engagement at the Capitol in New York.

Dempsey rates *No. 1* in Lyman's all-time list of sports figures. Not even Shufflin' Joe Louis is in it with Dempsey, in Abe's opinion, which he stubbornly insists is not tinged by his friendship for Jack.

Lyman is a betting man when it comes to sports, although he doesn't consider it gambling.

"I like to have a bet down on every sporting event I see, even if it's only twenty cents," says Abe. "It isn't just to keep up a rooting interest, but I like to back my judgment. Like all sports bugs, I'm conceited enough to have absolute confidence in my judgment. J'ever see a real bug who didn't?"

Through the years, Lyman won more and lost more on Dempsey than he did on any other sporting figure. He twice was taken for a ride on Jack's bouts with Gene Tunney, but won a good chunk when Dempsey kayoed Jack Sharkey in between. Abe won't bet against a team or a fighter with whom he is friendly, but will stay away from the event altogether if he thinks his side hasn't a chance.

In the matter of betting, Lyman prefers to place his wagers with a recognized betting commissioner rather than with friends.

"To bet with a regular commissioner, like Sam Boston, say, you usually get a point or two the worst of it, but you're sure of being paid off," explained Abe. "And, furthermore, you're not making any enemies. For instance I had \$300 bet on N. Y. U. to beat Fordham. I got 4 to 1 from Boston, but I could have had 6 to 1 from a friend. Yet he called off the bet two days before the game. The same way on Election Day. I was supposed to have a 'piece' of that bet against the *Literary Digest*, and the Monday before Election, I was told that the bet was off."

That Lyman is a wagerer, rather than a gambler, is indicated by the fact that he eschews horse racing as a betting medium. A few years ago, at the Lincoln

Fields track in Chicago, Abe made his first, last and only bet on a horse. "I went out to the track with a friend, intending to bet two dollars a race," is the way Lyman tells the story. "When my pal told me he was going to risk fifty on a horse called *Sure Gold*, I figured if it was good enough for him, it was good enough for me, so I put up fifty also.

"To make a long story short, and not to break my heart all over again, *Sure Gold* threw his rider at the start and finished last without a jockey. If he had had any weight on him, he probably wouldn't have finished the same day! That cured me of horses—and probably did me a big favor."

Lyman says the biggest thrill he ever got out of a football game was seeing Notre Dame, with eighteen seconds to play, pull a game out of the fire against Southern California in 1927, when Art Parisien, a left-handed passer, completed a southpaw toss with everybody covering him to the right. And Abe lost \$1,000 on the game, too, which proves his sense of the artistic is strong enough to overcome any material regrets he may have had at parting with his cash.

To go from Lyman, the sports fan, to Lyman, the musician, is not an easy feat, for Abe would much rather talk of his hobby than of his profession. He has been one of the radio pioneers, having been on the air since 1922, but at present is with his first sponsored program.

Abe is the arranger and supervisor of six popular programs. Incidentally, he is not at liberty to name them, inasmuch as they are rivals of his own commercial program.

Lyman has a library of music which he values between seventy and eighty thousand dollars. He can go back fifty years and give a full orchestration for any song. He also has all published French songs for the last thirty-five years. He employs eleven people in his library as arrangers, copyists and extractors.

As might be expected of one who goes into the music field so thoroughly, Lyman has some definite ideas on the proper procedure of a band. His own unit has been in organization for over twenty years and some of its members have been taking their cues from Abe's baton for the last seventeen years.

Lyman thinks a band never should stay in one spot over thirteen weeks, lest it go stale, and he likes to keep moving around. He also thinks that a band hurts itself by playing exclusively in studios, that it loses its zest and verve, playing to four walls.

And how did Lyman arrive at his knowledge of music and his theories on radio routine?

"Well, it was like this," grins Abe. "As a youngster out in Chicago, I took lessons on the piano and cornet. And I wound up playing the drum, because it made the most noise! Every kid wants to play a drum—and so does every drunk! Any time you see a drunk fool around with a band, he makes a bee-line for the traps.

"But, never mind about music, what do you think of Braddock's chances against Louis or Schmeling? Do you think the *Yankees* will repeat?"

And so on, far, far into the night. For that's the kind of sports bug Lyman is!

# A Page from Fashion's Notebook

SPRING 1937

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# IT'S THE WAY SHE SAYS IT!

(Continued from page 33)

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ert Peel, in Staffordshire, she smiled. "We hardly ever stay there—it's too big, and too expensive. Twelve thousand acres—and the house so large, you can't live in it unless you shut off some of the wings. And then you have to put the furniture from them in storage. Of course, I'm over here usually half the year. When I go home, we take a small place somewhere. Or we go to the Riviera, or somewhere else on the Continent. I don't care so much for that, myself," she added. "I'm tired of it... but it's nice for my boy—he enjoys it. He likes to travel and meet people."

The boy, "Bobby," who, on the death of his father in 1934, became Sir Robert Peel, and who is the sixth of that name, is now sixteen years old. He is over six feet tall and, except that he is about a foot taller, resembles his mother quite strikingly. He has the same finely molded head, the cameo-like profile, the same shining eyes and sensitive lips that curve in a quick smile. Still a schoolboy, he spends all of his vacations with his mother, either here or abroad, or in the home of Miss Lillie's mother and sister in England.

With his grandmother he came into the NBC studio on that afternoon when the rehearsal was in progress. Miss Lillie was sitting on the stage, but not, at that moment, a part of the rehearsal. Her face lighted when she saw him. She waved her hand.

The lad moved swiftly across the room, with the same fluid grace that is his mother's. In a moment he was at the edge of the stage, his arms upstretched to clasp her, as he kissed her.

Some boys of sixteen, you reflected, would have felt self-conscious or awkward at such a gesture. On the stage were some twenty or thirty people. Scattered about the studio another dozen or so. But he saw only his mother. And as he moved back to sit down beside his grandmother, Bea Lillie flashed an adoring glance after him.

Looking from one to another of the family trio, you ponder on the unexpected pattern life occasionally weaves.

Long years ago the eldest of the three, now white-haired, but slim and lovely, resembling, too, her famous daughter, was a young concert pianist in Toronto, Canada. Teaching her two daughters, Muriel and Beatrice, she dreamed fond dreams of a musical career for them. In 1914 they journeyed to Germany, but their prospective concert tour was interrupted by the World War and they returned to England, where the unsuspected comedy talent of the younger daughter retrieved the family's failing fortunes and built for them a brighter future than they had dared to dream.

To Bea Lillie herself, life brought an even fairer guerdon than fame and fortune. That spontaneous, irresistible gaiety which made her an immediate favorite with the public, brought to her feet a young nobleman, grandson of a prime minister, and one of the richest peers of

the realm, and its most eligible, most sought after young bachelor.

Bea Lillie and Sir Robert Peel were married in 1920. For a time she left the stage. They toured abroad and returned to settle down in the Staffordshire home. Then came the boy, and the cup of joy was full and running over. But the smoothly running estate, with its staff of servants, its corps of nurses and governesses, left too little scope for the dynamo of energy that drives this slim, small person. Besides, contracts, that once she had sought in vain, now avidly pursued her. In the end she capitulated and returned to the theatre—still preserving, however, precious hours and weeks and months to spend with her husband and son.

And now the modest, charming lad is head of the family, and it's easy to see what place he holds in his mother's heart.

That same gaiety which won for the young actress her titled husband, won her also the friendship of the then Prince of Wales, who was to become King Edward the Eighth—and the exiled Duke of Windsor.

The first time he saw her on the stage, the Prince left the Royal box to go backstage and seek an introduction to her. He invited her to join a supper party he was giving that night, and her unaffected charm made her forthwith a most popular member of his circle of friends.

Those friends, Miss Lillie thinks, have been misrepresented, in the clamor following the abdication. And, if Bea Lillie is a sample of them, it's hard to conceive of them as ribald, sensation-mad sophisticates. They were hungry for gaiety, perhaps. And why not? Who isn't? In these years of depression, life has too little of laughter. It has been said that it was Mrs. Simpson's gaiety that won Edward's heart—and cost him his crown. But that gaiety is not her only charm has been proved by her dignity and tact under the most cruel limelight.

Edward, too, Miss Lillie thinks, has been misunderstood.

"He did such a magnificent job, when he was King," she declares. "There's something behind it all. It was too fortuitous. They were too quick to seize the opportunity... Of course, that's only my opinion—but I can't help feeling—there's something behind it all. It will come out, some day."

Life, we agreed, might be much less complicated if only "they"—which sometimes seems to be a collection of disembodied demons—would leave it alone!

"They want me to make a movie—" She smiled. "I'd like to—if we can get a good one. I made one once, but—" And her lips curve upward again, "it was very bad! But we're hoping to get something good. And, if we do, I'll go out to Hollywood in the spring."

"I like California," she mused. "The climate is so lovely. I'd like to live there a part of each year. Bobby likes it, too..."



Henry Youngman, newly discovered comedian, who made a hit on Kate Smith's popular *Band Wagon* program.

"Is he interested in the theatre?" we asked, remembering seeing him sitting on the stairs behind the boxes at the Winter Garden one night, between the acts of *The Show Is On*.

"He never has been," said Miss Lillie. "But now he is beginning to take an interest in it. That doesn't necessarily mean anything. He is still in school. He doesn't yet know what he wants to do."

She looks absurdly young to be the mother of a sixteen-year-old boy—young for the thirty-odd years that are hers. Though on the stage, she can contrive, for comic effect, to appear angular and awkward, she has in reality an exquisite grace of movement. Her frank eyes are clear and unshadowed, her complexion one a woman of any age might envy. Her dress achieves distinction and smartness with a fascinating simplicity. On the afternoon of the rehearsal she wore a one-piece black frock, topped by a light blue jacket with turn-back cuffs of the black. Her smart little black hat, with plain round crown and peaked brim, much resembled a miner's cap, except that it had no light stuck in it! The mink coat, which had wrapped her against the winds outside, was dropped on a studio chair.

Her friends are many, and you will find among them the elite of theatrical, social and literary circles. Her interests are many—walking, riding, winter sports, summer sports, books, home and family affairs.

"Gardening? I love it!" she colors with enthusiasm. "At home we have gorgeous gardens. And pets—everything from dogs to goldfish! Shooting—I enjoy it, if the mark is a clay pigeon and not a real one." She smiles. "You've probably heard of my prowess in the Sixth Avenue shooting galleries!"

You come away from her feeling curiously light-hearted and stimulated. You can't recall any especial reason for it. It's just her special gift. She really is gaiety's godchild, laughter's bright boon to a weary world. Life isn't essentially amusing—but she makes it seem so. Words aren't funny—until Beatrice Lillie says them!

"It's the way she says it—" The way she interprets life for herself, that makes her radio's bright star and the stage's most alluring comedienne—that makes her an adoring and adored mother and daughter, and a loyal and cherished friend.

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## RADIO RAMBLINGS

(Continued from page 73)

with aloof shyness she has acquired a new self-confidence and charm.

Another young man who has managed to keep his feet on the ground is Joe Penner. He was merely a run-of-the-mill vaudeville actor when sudden radio success overwhelmed him. There were stories that he had suddenly acquired a swelled head when he quit radio a few years ago. People who knew Joe didn't believe them. He left because there was disagreement about salary and style of the program.

As an example of how little Joe's head has swelled, when he returned to radio this fall he remarked: "I don't suppose I'll ever hit the top I used to have. You have to be lucky to get up there and it's pretty hard to stay. I'm just hoping we'll get along all right."

Radio's eminent children seldom escape being spoiled by their fame. When Bobby Breen first joined the Cantor show it seemed he would be the exception. A childhood of poverty and privation had had a sobering effect on the little fellow and he possessed a wisdom beyond his years. Gravely he and Eddie would talk about the League of Nations or about whether the teacher really was correct on a certain statement in school that day.

A year later Bobby's boyish spirit was displaced by overbearing arrogance and swagger. The manner frequently creeps out in the program, too.

Probably the boy shouldn't actually be blamed. A child has a hard time keeping a level head under such circumstances. For the rest of us in radio, however, it might be nice to find just one child who could.

Odd that Dick Powell never has achieved radio standing comparable to his place in the movies. Of course, Powell is one of the more important radio singers, but not nearly so far advanced in the first rank as he is in pictures. He has been on a program that commanded attention and advanced other people readily. During Powell's years on *Hollywood Hotel*, Frances Langford joined it as an obscure little nobody and became a glamorous, romantic songstress. Explain it as you will.

It isn't that Powell is a man whom colleagues like to hold back. On the contrary, they are very fond of him.

Fred Allen, who worked with Powell in a picture, recalls: "Usually a young leading-man won't do much to help a comedian for fear the comedian will steal the picture. But Powell did everything he could for me, telling me all the tricks of camera angles and where movies differ from the stage. If it hadn't been for Dick, that picture would have been a whole collection of shots of my Adam's apple!"

In his own way, Frank Munn is one of the most musically singers on the air. He sings light ballads with an honest, sincere sentiment. His voice never wavers from pitch and he scarcely ever arrives at the



Jolly Gillette of Sunday night *Community Sing*, the sponsor's daughter.

studio remarking: "I am in bad voice today." He always is in good voice. He sings because he likes to sing.

Still, this paragon of singers has studied music scarcely at all, never vocalizes at home and cannot even read notes. Frank admits his inability to read notes makes it harder for him to learn new songs, but he insists that in other respects lack of musical training is an advantage to a light singer. He'll never sound artificial or stilted.

Lanny Ross, on the other hand, probably is the best-schooled popular singer on the air. Conscientiously and industriously Lanny has kept at work through all the years when success on *Show Boat* made it obvious he didn't need classical training.

Music is his profession and at the same time his hobby. The professional part is the popular singing he does for radio. In his off moments he studies with the best concert vocal coaches and gives concerts in New York and on tour. The latter are unprofitable, especially when you remember that in that same time Lanny could make radio guest star appearances for huge fees.

Like Frank Munn, Lanny sings because he likes it, too.

Ramona plays the piano nowadays only to accompany herself, or as a member of the Paul Whiteman band. Actually, she is one of the finest pianists of radio. A concert career was her aim and she was making progress towards it a few years ago. To finance her studies, she began singing for a Cleveland radio station. Paul Whiteman engaged her and there went the career. She is moody about it at times. Frequently Paul has wanted her to play serious piano music during the broadcasts. Almost invariably she refuses.

Into eastern radio a few years ago arrived a pretty California blonde, eager to make a name as crooner. Progress was slow at first but, without realizing how, she captured the heart of a Broadway and radio press agent. Not one of the leading

press agents but an industrious, capable one. She had no money to pay for such service but he worked diligently getting her name and pictures into papers and magazines here and there.

Network officials were surprised at this publicity that came, apparently unsolicited, so they gave her better programs. The romantically inclined press agent continued working for her and, first thing you know, the girl was on a commercial program, her income rising into the upper brackets. Confident that success was now secure, she threw over the romantic press agent.

As it turned out, the blonde crooner really didn't amount to much. Her radio engagements soon ended and after one brief rôle in a small Broadway show she disappeared back to her old home in California.

The odd part of the story is what happened to the press agent. Before this girl came along he was considered just an ordinary member of the business. The part he played in that girl's rise made his reputation, and his business flourished from then on.

It would not be polite to mention the names of this odd couple. They don't matter much, anyway, because the girl no longer is in radio. Even the man has drifted out of the radio press agent business, because he thought it would be more profitable and more fun to operate a night club.

Nowhere else will you find the ingenious panhandlers that New York radio stars must contend with. These stars usually are very generous with their wealth, most of them are glad to help an unfortunate, especially an unfortunate member of their own profession. Like anyone else, however, they hate being made a victim of a whopping big lie, no matter how ingenious it is.

Fred Allen usually avoids them, but occasionally he listens to panhandlers and rewards them in proportion to the value of their stories. One man has been making the rounds right after dinner time with the story that his car is rammed against an elevated pillar, he just happens to be caught without money and the advertising agency where he works is closed. He even has taken the trouble to find out names of people in the agency and protests: "Yes, I called old J. C. and Tim, but they've gone home and I don't want to bother them at their homes. It's only a few dollars."

Fred thought the story was so circumstantial it deserved a little reward. Amused, he told the story among acquaintances. A few days later the same man came to Guy Lombardo. At first Lombardo thought it was somebody kidding him, because the details were identical. Finally Guy decided that, at least, the man should work up a new story—and turned him down.

After all Jessica Dragonette's years on

## RADIO STARS

the Friday evening *Cities Service* hour, her recent departure may have seemed sudden. As a matter of fact, radio insiders have been watching for it to happen for a long time. Miss Dragonette had not screamed her dissatisfaction to the winds, but it was no secret that she thought she deserved more money than she was receiving.

You see, she began in the days when radio stars worked for comparatively small salaries, so she signed for a fraction of what singers of her standing receive nowadays. The contract has been continued all these years. In her new operatic series Miss Dragonette receives \$2500 a week—a little more than twice her recent salary.

As an indication of the ill feeling between Jessica and her sponsors, announcement of her departure from the *Cities Service* hour was sent out without her knowledge, making it seem that she had outlived her usefulness on that program and was being dropped.

Alexander Woollcott is back on the air with us again, amiable, disagreeable, amusing and exasperating as ever. Probably no one on the air has more listeners who really dislike him and still keep right on listening. There are times when he rambles along on fluffy nothings until you'd like to punch that old fat fool in the nose! Next time, he will speak with inspired fervor and heartfelt eloquence, pleading the cause of some troubled group, persecuted left wingers, perhaps, strikers or simply unfortunates. Those are evenings when you rise from the radio feeling you have just heard one of the hearty men of our time.

A lot of this supercilious indifference to the rest of the world is suspiciously like a pose with Woollcott. If he were really so indifferent, nothing on earth could drive him to the brain-breaking labor he goes through for each broadcast. The chatty fifteen minutes mean some twenty-five or thirty hours of laborious fountain pen scratching for this fat man, who always boasts about how lazy he is. He writes, rewrites, crosses out and rewrites again. Right up to broadcast time he is fretting and changing words here and there.

Of course, his salary is huge and no one need feel sorry for him. Next time you feel like punching him in the nose, though, remember he might be adopting that superior manner because he hates to break down and admit that he has worked so hard over a program that turned out the way it did.

It has taken us all these years to get used to raucous applause and laughter interrupting our radio programs all the time. Those intrusions of the studio audience have become bearable, but I think it will be harder to grow used to all these members of the studio audience prattling away into microphones.

The idea sounds great—genuine, vivid life injected into radio broadcasts. The trouble is, you seldom get the genuine, vivid life. Usually it is some studio production man's notion of what that genuine, vivid life should be. When I challenged these producers, they admitted that they distorted these little dramas of the people they had brought to studios. "We had to," the explanation ran, "because it had

to be compressed to save time."

Too often they make the story sound phony. That needs to happen only a couple of times and you don't believe in anything they say, true or not. If a program promises to bring you real life, it should not be unreasonable to ask that it have at least an air of reality.

Jack Oakie may or may not have caught your fancy in his new Tuesday night program, but off the microphone he is one of the most amiable of radio comedians. At first sight, it seems incredible he can be that fat. In movies they have ways of disguising such things with lighting, make-up and other expedients. There he is at the microphone, though, mountainous and beamingly likable.

He is the life-of-the-party, lively style of fat man. If he tells a joke, everyone in the crowd listens, caught up in his infectious spirit of mirth. In the studio he is that way again, making foolish faces and sticking out that ludicrous stomach. His studio audiences are very fond of him and, if he can manage to get writers to supply better scripts than his early broadcasts had, it will be very difficult for a listener to hold a grudge against him for any length of time.

From some corners come suggestions that Jack Pearl stop this endless run of the Baron's old joke after joke and do little playlets with some touch of original flavor. Jack is very sensitive about that. He tried that a couple of years ago.

—ARTHUR MASON.

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# A COOK WHO NEVER SPOILS THE BROTH

(Continued from page 25)

## "Hurry, Mother!"

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JUST RUB IT ON THE GUMS

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couldn't see me, but he turned in my direction and smiled and said: 'That voice could only be Joe Cook's!'

And so Toto was in the second show. Although, in his performing days, his nearest approach to speech had been only a series of funny noises, he turned out to have an attractive accent and way of talking that very likely will make you hear him more than once on the *Shell Show*.

"We may not be able to use him too repeatedly," Joe explains, "because he has to memorize his lines." I have a feeling, nevertheless, that Joe will use Toto as often as possible. He's that kind of a guy."

Joe Cook probably always will have a soft spot for circus acts; his very first venture in show business was inspired by a couple of clowns at the Indiana Tri-County fair. It was a "trick house" act; the two joeys chased one another through a trick billboard that had an intricate series of traps and panels in it, through which they dived and jumped. Joe and some of his friends watched it attentively, then they went home and built a similar contraption. Unlike many kid attempts, this one worked and, after rehearsing their act, they entered an amateur contest and carried off first prize.

That, perhaps, was Joe's first professional attempt. But as far back as he could remember he had been giving shows and practicing stunts. "We used to give real vaudeville shows in the barn," Joe says, "and I don't think any kids ever got a more professional result. Our house had gas lights, but I had talked the family into having electricity strung into the barn. We—the neighborhood kids and myself—built a regular theatre; stage, lights and scenery, and instead of the usual ten pins we charged a nickel. And got it!"

All this happened in Evansville, Indiana. Joe was born in Chicago. He doesn't say when, except that it was a very long time ago, though you'd never believe it to look at him. Trim, slim and bubbling with vigor, Joe doesn't suggest a man with a married daughter, which he has, as much as a young dancer, which he is, also.

Born of a Spanish father and an Irish mother, Joe's family name was Lopez, and when he was orphaned at three, he was adopted by a family named Cook, which name he took legally as his own. The theatrical inclination came to him naturally enough. "My father and mother," he says, "met in a dramatic company and were married. Later my father quit show business to paint—he was an artist and, incidentally, he probably was one of the first to inaugurate chain-store methods. There were no A & P stores then, but Dad had three studios in three different cities and he used to keep all three going at once. It was in Grand Rapids that he died—he had taken one of his painting classes swimming, and one man, who did picture framing for the group, got a cramp. My father jumped in to save him and while

the man reached shore safely, my father was drowned. Mother died shortly afterward, from the shock."

So there was Joe, a few years later, in Evansville—Joe Cook, now—practicing one stunt after another, as kids will. Except that this kid really learned to do well the things he attempted. The Cook backyard became the most famous backyard in town and, as a logical sequence, Joe, around sixteen years old, came to New York to get a job on the stage.

It has been told before how he had his picture taken, apparently juggling seventeen balls at once, by the expedient of hanging the balls up by threads which the photographer retouched out. He went to one of the biggest booking agents in town—the man who handled Lillian Russell—and showed the picture.

"Can you do that?" the agent gasped, looking at the picture.

"Sure," Joe admitted.

"Well, I've seen a lot of jugglers," the booker said, "but if you can do that, you're the best I ever saw!"

On the strength of the photo he booked Joe for the following Sunday, and, while Joe couldn't juggle the seventeen balls, he had a few other good tricks that landed him right on the old Keith time, which was tops in its day. He must have been a pretty good juggler, at that, for after only twelve weeks in show business, he played Hammerstein's Victoria, which then was the main house on the circuit—the Palace of its time. It was after that, and after he had played the big time vaudeville, that Joe went on the small time, over salary disputes with the Keith office.

His first musical comedy appearance was a small part in a Raymond Hitchcock show. "The part wasn't very important and they may have wanted a cheaper man," Joe says, "or maybe I just wasn't any good. Anyway I was fired and went back into vaudeville until 1923." That year marked Joe's appearance in the first *Earl Carroll Vanities*. There it was that the famous *Four Hawaiians* appeared, and Joe's nutty mechanical devices were enlarged upon with no little success, carrying him through the first four editions of the *Vanities*.

The first show of his own was *Rain or Shine*, followed by *Fine and Dandy*. Then he went to London and did *Fanfare*, and returned here to do *Hold Your Horses*.

About a year ago Joe was on the air for Goodrich Tires and before that for Colgate's. He doesn't think he did so well on his earlier radio appearances.

"I worked *ad lib* most of the time," he says, "along the same lines I had found successful on the stage. But radio was a new business—I had to get used to it. I took recordings of each show and they were a revelation to me. I found I was working much too fast and I had to learn to slow up for the microphone. And I tried to do too much myself—writing all my own stuff, as well as performing. In the new show I have some help and I

think the result is better."

Joe still *ad libs* in the show, and his latest stunt is to write a popular song with the audience assisting, right during the broadcast. That's one of his characteristics—keeping one jump ahead of himself all the time. A performer who can challenge anyone in show business on all-around versatility, Joe added many of his accomplishments through the expedient of learning a couple of new things for every show he went into. And he's always fooling around with a new idea, instead of resting on his laurels; doing it, too, with the same happy zest that he had as a kid learning to juggle; the same zest that he put into building his trick golf course at his estate, *Sleepless Hollow*.

Articles have been written about Joe's home there and the bewildering things it contains; the golf ball tree at the first tee, where you pick balls off the branches, is only one of them. The green ones, Joe will warn you, aren't ripe yet and mustn't be picked. Every hole is a gag; the greens slope to the cup, making a hole-in one almost unavoidable.

"We built it ourselves," Joe grins.

You've probably heard, too, about Meadows, the Cook butler, who greets you and who reappears successively in costume changes as James, the second man, as the proprietor of *Kelly's Place* who hates Schultz, a competitor, and then presides, in Bavarian costume, as Schultz also. *Sleepless Hollow* has been written up as a delightful madhouse, but what has not been so widely exploited is the fact that, aside from the playrooms and golf course, Joe Cook's home contains many fine and beautiful things. Alexander Woollcott, writing about it, said that, instead of the madhouse he expected, he found *Sleepless Hollow* one of the most restful and relaxing places.

And that is the catch in Joe Cook's elaborate amusement devices at home. "I can point to an all-time record," he says, "in that in fourteen years there never has been a cigarette burn on the piano, wet glass rings on good furniture or any damage to the house." He has provided plenty of rooms dedicated wholly to playing, including the two "barrooms," Kelly's and Schultz's, a billiard room, a complete theatre called the *Operry House*, with lights, scenery, dressing-rooms, complete to make-up on the shelves, and a fully stocked wardrobe room. Joe and his friends can walk in and put on practically any kind of a play on a moment's notice. There also are sixteen radios around the place.

Speaking of ideas—Joe thinks that's often the trouble with radio shows. "It seems to me," he says, "that too many radio shows start with a definite idea and they're committed to it so rigidly that the show isn't elastic. They can't just go ahead and do anything that seems like good entertainment. That's what we're trying to avoid in this *Shell Show*. Our only idea is to put on a good show, with all the variety possible, and not tying it down to any idea but entertainment."

He seems to be doing it pretty well, but Joe doesn't stop there. With so many accomplishments that can't be used on the air, Joe is looking forward to television—and when it comes, I'll lay ten bucks to an expired option that Joe Cook will be on hand with a bagful of new tricks for it—while he turns his happy, amiable grin into the television camera.

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# WEST COAST CHATTER

(Continued from Page 60)

thought up the idea of having transcriptions made of the broadcast, then inviting his pals to supper once a week and bringing on the transcription with the coffee.

His friends come faithfully every week, enjoy a good dinner, then lapse into a coma until the re-broadcast is over. The only mirth comes from Joe.

"Haw haw," Joe will guffaw, slapping his knee and looking around for appreciation, "that gag sure got 'em this afternoon. Nearly killed 'em!"

"Yeah," is the non-committal response.

"Well, wait till you hear my next crack. It's a lulu!" Joe will say hopefully. And Joe's still hopeful, after several weeks of this. What he doesn't know is that Mrs. Penner has framed him. She has a solemn pact with the guests that the first person who laughs at one of the re-broadcasts has to take the entire company to dinner at Hollywood's most ultra—and expensive—night club.

Dorothy Lamour and Herbie Kaye are still completely smitten. And that according to no less authority than Mrs. Kaye. "Why, I'd rather hold hands with Herbie than with every man in Hollywood!" said Dorothy indignantly when the divorce rumors finally reached her ears. Not that she has time, anyhow, for such pleasant diversion, since four sponsors are bidding frantically for her, following her Paramount success. Before that they could have had Dorothy's same services for one-tenth as much! And Mort Millman, who once gave up all his managerial business to handle *La Lamour*, is now suing her for commissions.

The famed Boswell sisters will never sing together again. *Vet* and *Martha* have gone domestic, one living in Canada and the other in New York. *Connie*'s married to *Harry Leedy*, her manager, and they're living in Beverly Hills now.

"I'm going to keep on," *Connie* says, "but I don't like singing alone. It still scares me."

*Martha* Raye will marry *Jerry Hopper* just as soon as she finishes *Waikiki Wedding* for Paramount. *Jerry* is *Glenda Farrell*'s nephew and the *Hoppers* play a *San Fernando Valley* home next door to their aunt.

On the *Waikiki Wedding* set, *Martha* was terribly embarrassed the other day. The script called for her to kiss *Bing Crosby*.

"I've never kissed anyone but *Bob Burns* on the screen," *Martha* said, "and kissing *Bing*—well," she stuttered, "th-that seems like a different matter!"

*Amos 'n' Andy* are still down in *Palm Springs*, and recently they've been joined by *Elinor Harriott*, the *Ruby* who's been with them since she first spoke the words: "I Do," when she married *Amos* on Christmas Day, 1935. They'll be broadcasting from the Hollywood studio as soon as the chill winds stop blowing.

Which reminds us of the time *Eddie Cantor* was coming down with flu. Hurriedly he collected his office force, his *Ida*

and as many of his daughters as could be rounded up, and the party started out for *Palm Springs*. They arrived in *Palm Springs* and—you guessed it!—it was pouring and kept it up for five solid days. But the *Cantors* didn't care, for they turned around immediately and were home that same night.

Love In Bloom Along Radio Row: *Vera Van* doesn't care if she never sees another radio now that she's settled down to being *Mrs. George (agent) Ward*. . . *Eddie Cantor*'s oldest daughter, *Natalie*, has just announced her engagement to *Joseph Metzger*. . . *Jackie Cooper* and *Judy Garland* had eyes only for one another at a recent studio party. . . *Parkyakarkus* and *Thelma Leeds*, *RKO* extra, flew to *Yuma* for the fatal step. . . *Kay Thompson*, in spite of denials, did marry *Jack Jenny*, that eastern orch leader. . . *Victor Young* so-o-o heppy, now that *Lee Wiley* has flown into town. . . and *Pinky Tomlin* and *Toby Wing* are still ma-a-ad about each other and can't wait to start their new picture together, tentatively titled *Love and Kisses*. . .

*Al Jolson* and *Eddie Cantor* really started something, the evening of that *CBS-KNX Salute* program, when they stood in the wings waiting their call. The two have never been enemies, through long years of competition, but on the other hand they've been far from friends. But this evening they started talking and sized each other up as pretty good guys.

"Tell you what, *Al*," said *Eddie*, "Why don't you go and sing *Margie* and I'll give 'em *Mammy*?"

"Okay, *Eddie*," said *Al*, "I can stand it if you can."

And that, dear readers, was the start of all this running around from one program to another that the two comedians have been doing.

*Helen Broderick* was asked how she liked broadcasting. "Well, to tell you the truth," she said, "I can't see one bit of difference between going under ether or over it. Mike fright's the worst thing I've run into in—well, a good many years of acting experience."

But *Victor Moore* isn't a bit afflicted. "I had that mike cowed from the start," he said, "these polka-dot shirts do the trick."

Incidentally, *Vic* refuses to appear on a broadcast without his full regalia of plaid suit, polka-dot shirt, celluloid collar and battered hat. Says they help his morale.

*Vinton Haworth*, the *Jack Arnold* of the *Myrt* and *Marge* series, will join up with the program if it comes to *Hollywood*. And it's a sure thing that the show will be here in the near future. *Haworth* has been in the hospital with a broken leg, and when that mends will have to report for moom pitcher work. Did you know that he's *Ginger Rogers*' uncle?

*Didja Know*: That *Nadine Conner*, *Nelson Eddy*'s new prima donna, was *Peggy Gardiner* on *Shell Chateau*? . . . That *Walter Winchell* and *Ben Bernie*

are making a picture called *Wake Up and Live?* . . . That Tommy Harris, who's been ill for a couple of years, is now on the *Campana* program? . . . That Ruby Keeler is regarded as one of the best bets for women's national golf champion? . . . That Gertrude Niesen is a League of Nations—born of Russian and Swedish parents, aboard a Norwegian steamer en route to America? . . . That Joe Penner pays fifteen bucks apiece for those ratty hats? . . . That Milton Berle is guaranteed \$5000 per week from the *Los Angeles* theatre he's now appearing in—and before his *Community Sing* programs started, Milt couldn't get a tenth that sum? . . . Tiny Francia White eats a man-sized steak just before every broadcast, and Irvin S. Cobb refuses to take a morsel of food for eight hours before an airing? . . . Josef Koestner works all night on those orchestra arrangements for Marion Talley—and keeps awake with cold showers?

Harriet Hilliard's back in town again—sans new baby and Ozzie. She left them both in Chicago and is going to fly back to them the minute *New Faces of 1937* is canned, out at RKO Studios. Parkyakarkus, Milt Berle and Joe Penner will be in this one, too, which should draw the radio-fans in swarms.

The boys over at NBC studios have a perfect passion for clubs. They can whip one up on the slightest provocation—which accounts for the Tank-Towners, the latest organization. Sitting around at the studio the other evening were Jack Benny, Fred Astaire, Ben Bernie, Charlie Butterworth and Victor Moore. Walter Winchell dropped in and they all began to reminisce about the days when they played small-town vaudeville, and one-night stands in the sticks. Their total weekly salaries didn't reach a thousand in those days. They were all so pleased with themselves at the thought of their present status in life that one and all felt something should be done about it. So the Tank-Towners came into being, with the above as charter members. Activities of the club are to be limited to gloating.

Sid Silvers and Victor Young always go on shopping tours together. And they both limit their "just looking, thank you" to the boys' departments. Both five-footers, their sartorial elegance is the despair of friends who have to spend five times as much on their wardrobes. Vic caused gasps of admiration when he showed up at the studio the other day in a red, black and white tweed overcoat, nattily belted, and displaying a red carnation in his lapel.

"\$12.50 in the boys' department," he told the envious bystanders, "and a dime for the carnation. That was a real bargain!"

In spite of that talk of the Powell-Blondell tie-up being a publicity stunt, Joan and Dick go around with a glow in their eyes that not even Hollywood's cleverest press-agent could put there. We saw the Powells at Palm Springs the other day, looking very domestic and looking as if they liked it, too. Dick had a huge paper bag of groceries on one arm and Norman Barnes, Jr., on the other. Joan, in a pair of blue gingham rompers like her young son's, brought up the rear with Norman's go-cart piled high with more groceries. Their animated conversation might have been on the high points of glimmer, but it more likely had to do with the high price of potatoes!



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# Many Never Suspect Cause Of Backaches

### This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

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

Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning shows there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

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



Nancy Coleman, NBC actress, became a professional less than a year ago. Since then she has been heard in many radio dramas from San Francisco.

Just when everyone thinks Frank Fay is among the missing for sure, he shows up in bigger and better spirits than ever. After stealing the show as Jack Oakie's guest star, Frank again has disappeared.

"I'm out to see the world," he told us after the program, "and, contrary to what Hollywood thinks, this isn't it."

Barbara Stanwyck and Frank evidently are not even attempting a reconciliation, since we saw Barbara dining with Bob Taylor that same evening at the Brown Derby. So oblivious were they to everything around that they might have been gnawing coconuts on a desert isle.

Phil Regan, James Melton and Morton Downey were among the disappointed lads who missed out on emceeing *Hollywood Hotel*, when Dick Powell aired his last croon on the program. Fred MacMurray's contract for the job calls for thirteen weeks of appearances, and he'll pull down \$2500 per. Not bad for the boy who didn't have enough money to have his saxophone tuned a few years back. Present at every *Hotel* program is Mrs. Fred MacM., formerly Lillian Lamont, a New York model. She wears the wickedest hats with the most demure air in Hollywood and has eyes for no one but the boyish boss.

The dope on Dick leaving the program is that the Warners had specified in his contract that Dick's radio affairs were his own business only to the first of the year. After that they would be the business of the Bros. And that new Warner national hook-up, Transamerica, is due to start soon. Dick will have his own hour on that and will also make a picture soon entitled *Hollywood Hotel*.

Hollywood's brass band turned out to give *Pine Ridge* the proper welcome. For *Lum and Abner* arrived with *Barker Mose Moots*, *Luke Spears*, *Caleb Weehunt*, the *Squire* and an entourage of home-folk bent on "gettin' a squint at the movie stars."

Eventually they all "go Hollywood" and *Lum and Abner* (Chester Lauck and Norris Goff in private life) intend to stay right here in sunny California, now that they've made the fatal step. They'll do their broadcasting from the local NBC studio—and no doubt some picture-making at the local celluloid factories. The boys are holding out for a neat sum from the movie moguls and no doubt will get it—for these yokel boys can't help but make good.

At the coffee shop next to the NBC studios you can see all the celebrities munching ham sandwiches and putting away tall glasses of milk or strong cups of coffee every noon. There's Irvin S. Cobb, Marion Talley, Fred Astaire, Trudy Wood, Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone, Clarence Muse, Helen Broderick and generally a few screen stars for good measure. There's usually good food and always good talk—particularly if you happen to join up with those at Irvin Cobb's table.

The other noon he was giving advice to some sprouting script writers. "Writers are made, not born," declared Cobb, taking a swig of coffee and a puff on the stogie. "You develop any talent through grinding work—otherwise it doesn't get developed. I lay all my success to perspiration. Inspiration is a laugh!"

—LOIS SVENSRUD

# HILL-WILLIAMS TO YOU, SUH!

(Continued from page 68)

We got married in Ardmore—it was a secret. But Judy said: 'Can't I please tell just one person?' And the next day the whole town knew it!"

"Ay Communist," said the recorded voice of Zeke, "is ay feller that writes up the gossip on the newspapers. . . ."

"And the funny part of it," Anne went on, "is that I was going with another boy, all along!"

"Anne, tell him about the drawers," Judy burst forth. Anne looked a little hesitant, then grinned. "It's a typical hill-billy story," she said, "but I don't know whether you can use it or not."

"Tell it anyway," Zeke chimed in. Dotty, the pooch, barked at the doorbell and he grabbed her up, admitting brother Pete.

"Well, this hill-billy woman came into the general store," Anne related, "and said: 'I want a pair o' men's drawers.' 'Yessum,' says the storekeeper, 'you want 'em long or sho't?' 'Hit don' make no diff'rence,' says the woman. 'Well, you want cotton ones or woolen?' says the storekeeper. 'Hit don' make no diff'rence,' says the woman. 'You want the front openin' or the back openin'?' 'Hit don' make no diff'rence,' says the woman. 'Hit's fur a corpse!'"

So there are your hill-billies! There's been a lot of nonsense written about "happy families," but I'll bet this gang is one. They all talk at once, cut in on one another, razz one another and seem to have a perfectly swell time doing it, producing, at the same time, an entertainment product that the public has been quick to recognize as legitimate and entertaining. My reaction to the gag was apparently encouraging, for Zeke insisted that Anne tell the spittoon story.

"You tell it, Judy," Anne said. "The real hill-billy stuff isn't very refined," she apologized, as Judy began.

"This big cracker was sittin' in a restaurant," Judy said. "He was chawin' ter-baccy and though there was a cuspidor near him, he looked carefully around and shot a stream of juice into the corner. A waiter looked worried, and carefully moved the brass receptacle where he had decorated the corner. A little later the hill-billy scowled, looked around, and expectorated where the cuspidor had been. The waiter, getting frantic, moved it back to its original position, only to have the corner again decorated. Once more the harassed waiter moved the spittoon. A moment later the hill-billy looked around, scowled at the spittoon and then at the waiter, and said: 'Look hyuh, mistuh—if yo' don't stop movin' that sugah bowl aroun' Ah'm gonna spit right in it!'"

Compare your radio likes and dislikes with those of other fans in *What They Listen To—And Why*, page 55.

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WRIGLEY'S DOUBLE MINT CHEWING GUM



# BOARD OF REVIEW

(Continued from page 10)



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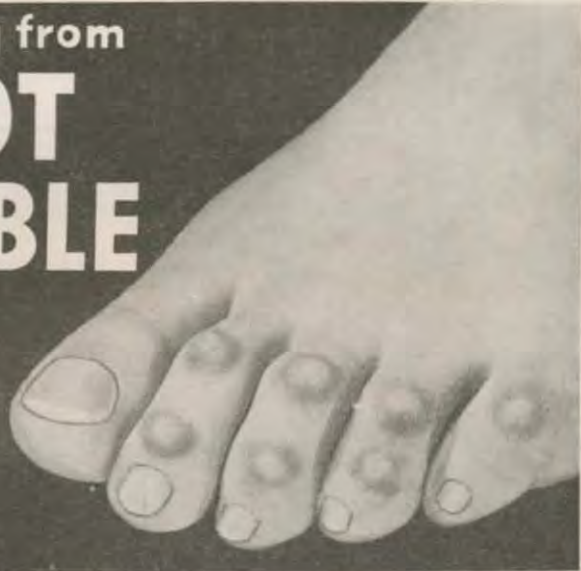
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- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 68. SATURDAY NIGHT PARTY ..... 64.5<br>NBC Sat. 8:00 P.M. EST   | 93. MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND . 59.4<br>NBC Sun. 9:00 P.M. EST   |
| 69. FIRESIDE RECITALS ..... 64.2<br>NBC Sun. 7:30 P.M. EST  | 94. LA SALLE FASHION SHOW—CHARLES<br>LEMAIRE, DUCHIN ORCHESTRA.... 59.1<br>NBC Thur. 4:00 P.M. EST                  |
| 70. LISTEN TO THIS ..... 64.1<br>MBS Tues. 8:30 P.M. EST  | 95. DR. ALLAN ROY DAFEO ..... 59.0<br>CBS M-W-F 11:45 A.M. EST  |
| 71. LOWELL THOMAS ..... 64.0<br>NBC M-T-W-T-F 6:45 P.M. EST   | 96. DEATH VALLEY DAYS ..... 58.9<br>NBC Fri. 8:30 P.M. EST  |
| 72. HENRY BUSSE AND HIS ORCHESTRA 63.7<br>NBC Wed. 4:00 P.M. EST  | 97. WATCH THE FUN GO BY — AL<br>PEARCE ..... 58.8<br>CBS Tues. 9:00 P.M. EST, 9:00 P.M. PST                         |
| 73. ALLEN PRESCOTT ..... 63.6<br>NBC T-T 11:45 A.M. EST, CBS W-F 9:30<br>A.M. EST                               | 98. CAVALCADE OF AMERICA ..... 58.6<br>CBS Wed. 8:00 P.M. EST   |
| 74. HOUR OF CHARM—PHIL SPITALNY 63.2<br>NBC Mon. 4:00 P.M. EST  | 99. KRUEGER MUSICAL TOAST—JERRY<br>COOPER, SALLY SINGER, BLOCK OR-<br>CHESTRA ..... 58.5<br>NBC Mon. 10:30 P.M. EST |
| 75. GRAND HOTEL—ANNE SEYMOUR. 63.1<br>NBC Sun. 3:30 P.M. EST  | 100. IRVIN S. COBB—PADUCAH PLANTA-<br>TION ..... 58.4<br>NBC Sat. 10:30 P.M. EST                                    |
| 76. WE, THE PEOPLE—PHILLIPS LORD 63.0<br>NBC Sun. 5:00 P.M. EST   | 101. VOX POP ..... 58.2<br>NBC Tues. 9:00 P.M. EST  |
| 77. GILLETTE COMMUNITY SING. .... 62.8<br>CBS Sun. 10:00 P.M. EST   | 102. FOLLOW THE MOON—ELSIE HITZ,<br>NICK DAWSON ..... 58.1<br>NBC M-T-W-T-F 4:30 P.M. EST                           |
| 78. BAKERS' BROADCAST — ROBERT<br>RIPLEY, NELSON ORCHESTRA ..... 62.7<br>NBC Sun. 7:30 P.M. EST                 | 103. YOUR UNSEEN FRIEND ..... 58.0<br>CBS Sun. 5:00 P.M. EST  |
| 79. BENAY VENUTA'S PROGRAM ..... 62.3<br>MBS Sat. 8:00 P.M. EST   | 104. RALEIGH AND KOOL CIGARETTE<br>SHOW—JACK PEARL ..... 57.9<br>NBC Mon. 9:30 P.M. EST                             |
| 80. THE LONE RANGER ..... 62.1<br>MBS M-W-F 7:30 P.M. EST   | 105. POETIC MELODIES—JACK FULTON<br>MILLS ORCHESTRA ..... 57.8<br>CBS M-T-W-T 7:00 P.M. EST, 8:00 P.M.<br>PST       |
| 81. SALT LAKE CITY TABERNACLE<br>CHOIR AND ORGAN ..... 62.0<br>CBS Sun. 12:30 P.M. EST                          | 106. PROFESSOR QUIZ AND HIS BRAIN-<br>BUSTERS ..... 57.7<br>CBS Sun. 7:00 P.M. EST                                  |
| 82. U. S. ARMY BAND ..... 61.7<br>NBC Mon. 6:05 P.M. EST  | 107. UNIVERSAL RHYTHM—CHANDLER<br>ORCHESTRA ..... 57.6<br>NBC Fri. 9:00 P.M. EST                                    |
| 83. PENTHOUSE SERENADE — MARTIN<br>ORCHESTRA ..... 61.6<br>NBC Sun. 4:00 P.M. EST                               | 108. PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY ..... 57.5<br>NBC M-T-W-T-F 3:00 P.M. EST, 10:30<br>A.M. on WJZ WLS WSYR WHAM<br>KDKA    |
| 84. JOSEF CHERNIAVSKY'S MUSICAL<br>CAMERA—WILLIE MORRIS ..... 61.3<br>NBC Sun. 4:30 P.M. EST                    | 109. QUALITY TWINS — EAST AND<br>DUMKE ..... 57.2<br>CBS T-T 11:15 A.M. EST   |
| 85. MAJOR BOWES' CAPITOL FAMILY 61.3<br>CBS Sun. 11:30 A.M. EST   | 110. LUM AND ABNER ..... 56.8<br>NBC M-T-W-T-F 7:30 P.M. EST, 8:15 P.M.<br>PST                                      |
| 86. FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY ..... 61.2<br>NBC Mon. 8:00 P.M. EST   | 111. CHASE AND SANBORN PROGRAM . 56.7<br>NBC Sun. 8:00 P.M. EST   |
| 87. LESSONS IN HOLLYWOOD—JACKIE<br>COOPER, YOUNG ORCHESTRA ..... 61.1<br>MBS M-W 8:00 P.M. EST                  | 112. JOE PENNER—GRIER ORCHESTRA . 56.5<br>CBS Sun. 6:00 P.M. EST  |
| 88. RIPPLING RHYTHM REVUE—FRANK<br>PARKER, FIELDS ORCHESTRA ..... 61.0<br>NBC Sun. 9:15 P.M. EST, 8:30 P.M. PST | 113. BROADWAY VARIETIES ..... 56.4<br>CBS Fri. 8:00 P.M. EST  |
| 89. 1937 RADIO SHOW—RAY KNIGHT,<br>JOHNSON ORCHESTRA ..... 60.2<br>MBS Sun. 6:00 P.M. EST                       | 114. NEWS THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES . 56.3<br>CBS M-W-F 2:00 P.M. EST  |
| 90. NATIONAL BARN DANCE ..... 60.1<br>NBC Sat. 9:00 P.M. EST, 8:00 P.M. PST                                     |   |
| 91. LOG CABIN DUDE RANCH ..... 60.0<br>NBC Tues. 8:00 P.M. EST, 8:30 P.M. PST                                   |   |
| 92. MYRT AND MARGE ..... 59.8<br>CBS M-T-W-T-F 2:45 P.M. EST  |   |

115. WILDERNESS ROAD.....	56.2
CBS M-T-W-T-F 5:45 P.M. EST	
116. THE O'NEILLS.....	56.0
NBC M-T-W-T-F 3:45 P.M. EST, 11:00 A.M. EST on WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL WMAL WSYR WHAM KDKA WGAR WXYZ WLS	
117. MARY MARLIN.....	55.7
NBC M-T-W-T-F 12:15 P.M. EST	
118. IRENE RICH.....	55.6
NBC Fri. 8:00 P.M. EST	
119. JIMMIE FIDLER'S HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP.....	55.4
NBC Tues. 10:30 P.M. EST	
120. FIVE STAR REVUE — MORTON BOWE.....	55.3
CBS M-W-F 1:00 P.M. EST	
121. JERGENS PROGRAM — WALTER WINCHELL.....	55.2
NBC Sun. 9:00 P.M. EST, 8:15 P.M. PST	
122. DICK TRACY.....	55.1
MBS M-T-W 5:45 P.M. EST	
123. THE LAMPLIGHTER.....	55.0
MBS Sun. 2:00 P.M. EST, M-W-F 9:30 A.M. EST	
124. BETTY MOORE.....	54.9
NBC Thur. 11:30 A.M. EST	
125. VIVIAN DELLA CHIESA.....	54.7
NBC Tues. 7:45 P.M. EST	
126. KALTENMEYER'S KINDERGARTEN.....	53.9
NBC Sat. 5:30 P.M. EST	
127. HUSBANDS AND WIVES.....	53.8
NBC Tues. 9:30 P.M. EST	
128. GIRL ALONE.....	53.7
NBC M-T-W-T-F 12:00 Noon EST	
129. MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR.....	53.6
CBS Thur. 9:00 P.M. EST	
130. SNOW VILLAGE SKETCHES.....	53.5
NBC Sat. 9:00 P.M. EST	
131. RENFREW OF THE MOUNTED.....	53.5
CBS M-T-W-T-F 6:45 P.M. EST, 8:15 P.M. PST	
132. TED MALONE'S BETWEEN THE BOOKENDS.....	53.4
CBS M-T-W-T-F 12:15 P.M. EST	
133. TODAY'S CHILDREN.....	53.3
NBC M-T-W-T-F 10:45 A.M. EST	
134. VIC AND SADE.....	53.2
NBC M-T-W-T-F 3:30 P.M. EST, 11:30 A.M. on WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL WMAL WGAR WXYZ KWK KSO KOIL KGO KECA KFSW WMT WSYR WHAM WLS WREN KDKA KLO	
135. GOLD MEDAL FEATURE TIME.....	53.1
CBS M-T-W-T-F 10:00 A.M. EST	
136. DAVID HARUM.....	53.0
NBC M-T-W-T-F 11:00 A.M. EST	
137. FIVE STAR JONES.....	52.9
NBC M-T-W-T-F 10:15 A.M. EST	
138. LANDT TRIO.....	52.8
NBC Sun. 2:00 P.M. EST	
139. MA AND PA.....	52.8
CBS T-T-S 7:15 P.M. EST	
140. SUNSET DREAMS—MORIN SISTERS.....	52.7
NBC Sun. 7:45 P.M. EST, 8:00 P.M. PST	
141. UNCLE EZRA'S RADIO STATION.....	52.6
NBC M-W-F 7:15 P.M. EST, 8:15 P.M. PST	
142. EDGAR GUEST IN WELCOME VALLEY.....	52.5
NBC Tues. 8:30 P.M. EST	
143. BACKSTAGE WIFE.....	52.3
NBC M-T-W-T-F 11:15 A.M. EST	
144. IODENT DRESS REHEARSAL—MORTON BOWE, RINES ORCHESTRA.....	52.2
NBC Sun. 11:30 A.M. EST	
145. ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT.....	51.7
CBS M-T-W-T-F 12:30 P.M. EST	
146. MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH.....	51.6
NBC M-T-W-T-F 10:00 A.M. EST	
147. RICH MAN'S DARLING.....	51.5
CBS M-T-W-T-F 12:45 P.M. EST	
148. HOW TO BE CHARMING.....	51.2
NBC M-W-F 11:30 A.M. EST	
149. VOICE OF EXPERIENCE.....	50.4
NBC M-W-F 11:45 A.M. EST	
150. BACHELOR'S CHILDREN.....	50.2
CBS M-T-W-T-F 9:45 A.M. EST	
151. TIM HEALY.....	50.1
NBC M-T-W-T-F 9:45 A.M. EST	
152. COOK'S TRAVELOGUE.....	50.0
CBS Sun. 2:45 P.M. EST	
153. SUNBRITE JUNIOR NURSE CORPS.....	50.0
CBS M-W-F 5:00 P.M. EST	
154. MOLLY OF THE MOVIES.....	49.9
MBS M-T-W-T-F 3:00 P.M. EST	
155. MARY LEE TAYLOR.....	49.8
CBS T-T 11:00 A.M. EST	
156. MA PERKINS.....	49.8
NBC M-T-W-T-F 3:15 P.M. EST, 10:15 A.M. EST on WLSZ WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL WYSR	
157. TOM MIX AND HIS RALSTON STRAIGHT SHOOTERS.....	49.6
NBC M-T-W-T-F 5:15 P.M. EST, 3:15 P.M. PST	
158. BIG SISTER.....	48.7
CBS M-T-W-T-F 11:30 A.M. EST	
159. POPEYE, THE SAILOR.....	48.2
CBS M-W-F 7:15 P.M. EST	
160. JACK ARMSTRONG.....	47.6
NBC M-T-W-T-F 5:30 P.M. EST	
161. THE GUMPS.....	47.5
CBS M-T-W-T-F 12:00 Noon EST	
162. MYSTERY CHEF.....	46.8
NBC Tues. Sat. 11:30 A.M. EST	
163. EDWARD MacHUGH, THE GOSPEL SINGER.....	45.8
NBC M-T-W-T-F 11:45 A.M. EST	
164. PICK AND PAT.....	45.6
CBS Mon. 8:30 P.M. EST, 8:30 P.M. PST	

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 <b>CORNS</b> Dr. Scholl's "2" Drop Corn Remedy soon removes corns after a few applications. Relieves pain. Safe.	 <b>CROOKED TOES</b> Dr. Scholl's Toe-Flex gradually straightens crooked toes to normal. Worn invisibly with comfort.	 <b>CLEANSSES FEET</b> Dr. Scholl's Foot Soap (granular), loosens secretions in pores, thoroughly cleanses the feet.	 <b>FOOT LOTION</b> Dr. Scholl's Foot Lotion—cools, soothes, tired, burning feet. Relieves soreness and tenderness.	 <b>EASES FEET</b> Dr. Scholl's Moleskin foot plaster for relieving shoe pressure on corns, callouses, bunions, tenderspots.
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# NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH?

(Continued from Page 64)



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## Dennison's BABYPADS

tion. Then a network had me for thirteen weeks because a candy company engaged the time and me."

Ed Fitzgerald: "Asked the general manager of KFRC in San Francisco for a job. Much to my amazement he gave it to me."

Duke Ellington: "Sorry, no Horatio Alger twist for you. My first radio appearance came after success on the stage. I don't blush when I say I worked hard to get there—or maybe I mean here."

Kay Kyser: "As far as I can remember, our first network broadcast was from the New Yorker Hotel in New York in 1930, over NBC."

What unrealized ambitions have you?

Sid Gary: "To be a comedian. When I worked with George Burns I did comedy. Some day I expect to take it up again."

Phil Harris: "One of the greatest I have ever had is to be able, some day, to spend several months in the year in real hunting expeditions with two or three companionable comrades."

Johnny Green: "To have the time and money to devote myself to the serious study of music; to be able to travel extensively; to be able to play a real good game of golf; and to be able to write the kind of music I want to write, whether the field be serious or popular."

Ed McConnell: "Only the ambition to continue the work I am doing; I am perfectly happy."

Jim Jordan: "I once tried hard to be a baseball player, but didn't make the grade."

Parker Fennelly: "Some I wouldn't like to tell, but don't mind saying I'd like to have one or two of the plays I've written produced here in New York. And, of course, I'd like to go back into the theatre some day soon, playing the kind of rôle I believe I could do best."

Al Goodman: "To direct symphonic music."

Bernice Claire: "Am afraid I'm very lazy—and satisfied with things just as they are!"

Irvin S. Cobb: "I always wanted to learn Russian interpretive dancing."

Vee Lawnhurst: "I haven't any. I'm doing just what I want to do and having a grand time doing it."

Lanny Ross: "To sing in opera."

Margaret Speaks: "Ambitions change from year to year—they either become a realization or eventually disappear."

Cab Calloway: "I want to see the great musical talents of the negro fully recognized by radio. I believe that eventually the gifts which are peculiarly those of the colored man will be a vital part of airway entertainment."

Lucille Manners: "My one ambition is to succeed in the thing I've always worshipped—opera and lieder singing. I've done a little of both, but want to do so much more."

Edgar A. Guest: "All of my ambitions are unrealized. Have never done as well as I had hoped—always felt I could and should have done better."

Betty Winkler: "I want to reach the top in radio, but not at the cost of everything else. I want to travel."

Ted Hammerstein: "To produce the biggest hit in the legitimate theatre on Broadway."

Benay Venuta: "To beat my husband in tennis; to have one good part in a feature picture and make good in it."

Patrick J. Barrett (Uncle Ezra): "Being born and raised on a farm, I've always wanted to own one. Now that I have the farm, I've got to milk the radio business before I do the cows."

Irene Beasley: "1. To write a book. 2. To visit in the Pyrenees Mountains. 3. To see the Pyramids in Egypt."

Kenny Baker: "I'd like to catch a twenty-pound yellow tail or a thirty-pound tuna—or maybe just a five-pound trout."

Allie Lowe Miles: "1. To be able to sleep until I want to get up in the morning. 2. To grow long finger nails that won't break. 3. To stop being hungry five minutes after I've finished a broadcast. 4. To arrange life so that there's time for all the things I want to do."

Benny Fields: "To make a picture with my wife, Blossom Seeley, with the story of our lives as the theme."

Grace Albert: "The chief ones are: to be a fine dramatic actress, and to be an operatic star (both of which I'm studying for). And, last but not least, to be a good wife and mother."

Lud Gluskin: "So far, none."

Jimmie Fidler: "To be what I started out to be—the best in my field. That wish is certainly unrealized as yet, but maybe ten years from now I may arrive there."



Jack Pearl, whose *Baron Munchausen* is a perennial favorite. Mondays, 9:30 p.m., EST, NBC-Blue network.

Eddy Duchin: "To be a concert pianist."

Allen Prescott: "To write a good play; to sing; and to really know what I'm talking about—that is, as much as I pretend to know now."

Welcome Lewis: "To visit the Orient."

Homer Rodeheaver: "To plan and direct a great world-wide program of Practical Christianity—song and sermon—that will help the people find the solutions to their complex problems and bring to the world 'peace and good will.'"

Will Hudson: "To write a complete score for a musical show which would be presented on the air by Hudson-Delange Orchestra."

Ethel Blume: "The attainment of a recognized place in the dramatic field—not for the glory or money, but for the realization of having done something really worth while."

Jean Paul King: "To have my first novel published."

Ross Graham: "To develop into one of the finest American singers and to be a member of the Metropolitan Opera Association."

Bide Dudley: "To sing with an orchestra conducted by some friend like Nat Brusiloff. An enemy leader would add to the catastrophe."

Ed Fitzgerald: "To tell the program manager what I think of him."

Duke Ellington: "To be the first star attraction on a trans-atlantic airship crossing with my band. And to broadcast from the skies over the middle of the ocean!"

Kay Kyser: "I should like to direct an orchestra, just once, that is large enough to hit a chord as big as I want to hear—possibly three hundred men! Second, I want to be a producer, either for radio or pictures. Third, a psychology professor. Fourth, I want to own the world's roughest roller coaster—so I can ride as much as I like."

*Swing high  
Swing low*

Swingtime in Panama! The gorgeous, glamorous Carole Lombard goes into a wild whirl of rollicking romance with that mad music-maker, Fred MacMurray. Laugh with them . . . play with them . . . sing with them . . . dance with them . . . love with them under the seductive moon of Panama.

The complete story of this new hit picture of the year appears in the April **SCREEN ROMANCES**, illustrated with actual scenes from the photoplay, "Swing High, Swing Low." Read the whole story of this tuneful, turbulent smash hit in the April issue of **SCREEN ROMANCES**.

Before you see the pictures, you will want to read the complete stories of the hits that make headlines. Among the 26 big features in the April **SCREEN ROMANCES** are these outstanding new films:

"The Last Slaver" . . . Mutiny on the Albatross! Warner Baxter and Elizabeth Allan star in this breath-taking saga of bravery and cowardice . . . and a love that survived!

"Quality Street" . . . with Katharine Hepburn and Franchot Tone . . . combines the sweetness of a violet with the gay, lighthearted trifling of a rose . . . with thorns!

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AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND**

**SCREEN ROMANCES**  
THE LOVE STORY MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN

# —AND SHE ALMOST RETIRED!

(Continued from page 47)

## DEFORMED OR INJURED BACK

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kept me from going crazy.

"The mere mention of radio would send me into the depths of despair. The sponsors of Ozzie's program (Harriet always credits Ozzie with everything, even to the grand movie contract she has) wanted to know when I was going back on the air. I was under contract to sing with Ozzie's band on the air and I knew that I couldn't keep putting off the moment when I had to make the test of my voice. I was scared!

"One night Ozzie asked me to sing a little song for him. He asked me to do it as a favor to him. We were alone in the apartment. I felt that it was a small thing to do for him, so I started. 'Would my high notes come out right? Would I be able to sustain the proper tones?' Honestly I didn't know the answers to these questions which were spinning through my head. And when I finished the song, I still wasn't sure of the answers. Just by chance, I had sung a number which Ozzie had picked for the following Sunday night's program. He was satisfied with the way I had handled the song. That gave me my first touch of confidence. But I still was by no means sure of myself. The next day we rehearsed at the studio—but Ozzie would allow me to sing the song only once. Why? He was afraid of my straining my voice after so many months of not using it.

"That Sunday night I was scared," she continued, "as afraid of the little mike as I had been in my early radio days. And after I had finished my song, I still was not sure how it had sounded over the air. Even when people told me it was all right, I would not believe. Fortunately, we always have a record made of our broadcasts. The next day I was in a fever of excitement to hear the ultimatum of that record. I wanted to listen to it and I was afraid at the same time. It was only after hearing that record that I could breathe easily. I knew that I could go on with my career. That broadcast was the luckiest thing I ever did!"

Her self-confidence was complete again. She immediately started her daily practicing. She knew that motherhood had not deprived her of the thing for which she had worked so hard all her life—her career.

"Being on the air with Ozzie, working with the boys in the band, whom I had known for so long—I was lucky to have all this the first time I sang. Such familiar surroundings made it easier for me," she explained.

And now she is in Hollywood, making her second picture, *New Faces of 1937*, in which Joe Penner is starring. Back of this is a dramatic story:

Harriet Hilliard married Ozzie Nelson four days before she made her first trip to Hollywood to make her motion picture debut in *Follow the Fleet*, with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. Harriet and Ozzie had put off marriage for fear that it would interfere with the success of the band.

"We didn't know what made the band click with the public," she said, "whether it was Ozzie alone, the band, myself, or the

combination of Ozzie and me as a romantic couple. But before I left for the Coast, we decided to take a chance. And it helped. Our marriage made the band more popular."

In the movie capital, Harriet was miserably unhappy. She was so far from New York where Ozzie was playing. But, in spite of this, she made a tremendous hit in her first picture. She dashed back to her new husband. Immediately, the band went on one-night stands. They had been touring for several months when the movies started calling her. She had a contract to do two more pictures in 1936 and she was called to start her second picture. She knew by this time that she was to become a mother, but she and Ozzie wanted no one else to know it for the time being.

"The following three weeks were the most hectic we have ever spent," she explained. "Ozzie kept telling the Coast officials that I was too ill to make a picture—that I was not up to doing it at present. Naturally, they said that if I could do one-night stands all over the country, I certainly ought to be able to make a picture! It was a hectic time of avoiding phone calls, of having Ozzie take the calls that could not be refused. Finally they reached us in Boston. They asked Ozzie point blank why I couldn't make a picture. Still he would not give them an answer. However, a month later, after doing vaudeville in New York and in Washington, I retired from my strenuous professional life."

This was the middle of September. For six weeks Harriet worked feverishly to make a home for the new baby. She completely decorated and furnished an apartment, just completing it in time for little David, who was born the end of October. In fixing up her home, she called on no interior decorator. She studied the Early American period. She personally purchased each piece of furniture, each knick-knack.

"It is so wonderful to have a real home at last! We had to start from scratch. We didn't even have a bath mat!" She smiles as she proudly looks around her apartment. Her home is in perfect taste, the work of a woman who has built a home with care.

Motherhood has brought about changes in the Nelson family. Not in appearance, although Harriet is even better looking than she was before the advent of little David. Having a son has broadened the viewpoints of Ozzie Nelson and his wife. The first step is a real home. For the first time since their marriage, Harriet and her husband are thinking of the future in concrete terms. No longer will Mrs. Nelson be the star singer in Ozzie Nelson's band. She is a separate entity now. True, she will sing with the band on the radio broadcasts, but that is the extent of her direct connection with the band. She looks forward to the time when she and Ozzie will have a definite and settled home in California, when he will have time to play with his son, perhaps with another son and a daughter, too. There is a definite family feeling existing in the Nelson household

## RADIO STARS



Frank Parker's rich and melodious tenor is heard over the NBC-Blue network Sundays, at 9:15 p.m., EST, with Shep Fields and his orchestra.

now. The future's horizon has become broadened. With the coming of a child, luck has caught up with the Nelsons. Success followed their marriage, growing with the birth of their son.

After little David was born, Harriet and Ozzie worried about the effect the birth of their son would have on business.

"One afternoon Ozzie came up to the hospital to see me," she relates. "He came bounding in, very happy.

"You know, Harriet, I ought to put that son of ours under salary right away," he said to me, all smiles.

"Why?"

"Because last night business was better than ever. I do believe that people come down to the hotel just to be able to ask about the baby."

"So, you see, we need not have been afraid. The baby helped the business of the band. That is just one more reason why I say that Ozzie and I were both born under lucky stars. Everyone works hard, but we have been lucky, too."

Harriet's picture contract calls for three pictures a year. Her radio contract calls for her to sing on the *Bakers Broadcast* every Sunday night—except when she is on the Coast. And with this she is combining all the duties of motherhood. How?

"I shall be in Hollywood three times a year, six to eight weeks each trip. The baby will remain in New York, because he is too young to be moved. When I am in New York I shall sing on the weekly programs. But I am not going back to the band at the hotel. That kind of work is too confining. Ozzie works so hard that the only time he has a chance to see the baby is at dinner time—and then only for a few minutes.

"By dropping out of the band, except for radio, I'll have plenty of time to be with David. Then, when he is about three, I shall take him with me on my trips to the Coast." Harriet and Ozzie have discussed the matter of David very thoroughly. When he is five they are going to settle down.

"Yes," Harriet continues, "he is going to lead a normal life. We are going to have a home near a public school. He is not going to be spoiled. Nor is he going to be made conscious of the fact that his parents are in show business. He is not going near a studio until he himself wishes to do so. He must never feel different from

other boys. He is going to play on the corner sand lot and get just as dirty as he wants."

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson have very definite ideas of the future of their son.

"We want him to follow whatever career he wants, when he grows up. That's why Ozzie insisted that his first name be David, with Ozzie as the middle name. 'If he doesn't want to follow in my steps, he can call himself David. If I can accomplish enough for him to be proud of what his Dad does, he can use his middle name,' is the way Ozzie sums it up. But I don't see how he can miss, for, on both sides, his family are show people. Ozzie's father and Ozzie, me and my family. But we won't persuade him one way or the other."

It will not surprise me if little David follows in his family's footsteps. Any afternoon, between four and five, you will find the little baby gurgling to the strains of a music box which Santa Claus very thoughtfully left for the son of the Nelsons.

What of Harriet's future?

"I hope to go on in pictures and that our home will be in California," says she. "I want Ozzie to take life easier. Radio is moving out to the Coast. He has had several offers from the movie people. He works too hard now. I think that he ought to let up a little, get more leisure from work. Hotel work is so confining. He works all day at his office, and plays seven nights a week at the hotel. It is too much." But will the bandleader take the suggestions made by his wife? Will he be content to slow up?

"I don't know, but I hope so," answers Harriet. "He has worked so hard for so long that he doesn't think he can take things easier. His reasons now are that he doesn't want to let down the boys in the band. But after all—I try to make him see that he can make much more money in California, without having to work as hard as he does now. It would be wonderful for the three of us to have a home out there—but David would still go to public school," she adds hastily, for she and Ozzie are determined that their young son shall not be spoiled.

"Then," she smiles, "I am going to take time off in the future for more children, two or three, perhaps. I want to have a family."

Nothing, I think, expresses her complete return of self-confidence better than this last remark. She realizes that, to be a mother, one does not have to give up a professional life. That her future can go on uninterrupted.

What price motherhood? Now and only now, Harriet Hilliard can answer: "None!" She had a scare. She thought that her career was ended. But thanks to radio, Harriet will go on to bigger and better things.

"It really was that first radio program which made all the difference to me. It gave me a chance to do something professionally, without having to face a huge audience. It gave me a chance to work out my problem in familiar surroundings. It was a life-saver."

And Harriet Hilliard joins the ranks of professional women who combine motherhood with a career and as a result of that motherhood looks prettier and younger than ever before.

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## IT'S MY HUMBLE OPINION

(Continued from page 39)

MODERN SCREEN  
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DIRECT TO YOU!

MODERN SCREEN, the world's most popular screen magazine, is on the air from coast-to-coast! Three times a week, your MODERN SCREEN Hollywood Reporter broadcasts the latest news from the film capital.

All the latest gossip about the stars, the most recent news about the pictures you will want to see, from the same reliable sources that furnish the news in MODERN SCREEN.

Listen to "Five Star Revue", featuring your Hollywood Reporter every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 1 P. M. (E.S.T.) over the entire Columbia network.

MODERN  
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secure in the belief that you had listened to Ray Noble and his band in an actual broadcast. Few people note the time (Ray wouldn't be apt to be on the air at 8:30 a. m. or 5:30 p. m.) or have any conception as to the importance of the radio station to which they might be listening. In other words, one might infer that there is an attempt on the part of these stations to delude their listeners into the belief that this is an actual broadcast with the band there personally—an actual, not a recorded, one.

What, you ask, is your reason for mentioning this at all? You might even prefer to say: "So what?" First, let me introduce you to the mechanics of the affair, and then let me ask you a question to which I would like a reply.

A fifteen-minute broadcast would take about four sides of Ray Noble's records, reckoning three minutes and thirty seconds to a side and leaving time for the commercial announcement—or, in other words, two records.

Let's leave the records for a moment. For such a fifteen-minute broadcast, Ray Noble and his orchestra would charge at least \$1000, and with a larger band, possibly even more. Now back to the records. For recording the four sides of the two Victor records, Ray Noble probably received less than \$1700. After paying his band and arranger, there was probably less than \$1000 left for Ray himself. Of course, that amount of money was predicated on the belief that the Victor Phonograph Company and its distributors would sell enough 75c records to pay Noble and take care of production costs and still leave a margin of profit for the Victor Company.

Prior to the broadcasting of phonograph records by radio stations, it was always understood that the records were essentially made for individual use to be played on phonographs in the homes of individuals. On the presumption that the Victor Company sold 40,000 of these two recordings and, being generous, we will assume that ten people in each individual home heard the records, then some 400,000 people listened to the records played in individual homes.

This, of course, is being very generous, because even Noble is pleased when any of his records sell about 10,000. And the home is rare where more than five or six people, if even that, listen to a phonograph record. But grant the 400,000 individuals who hear the record in the homes of some 40,000 people. Each person purchased it at 75¢. Yet here, by one broadcast, an audience of anywhere from 500,000 to maybe 5,000,000 people listen to this one record which cost the radio station 75¢—or less. And bear in mind, please, these records may be played during the course of several months, a year or even several years, over and over again, constantly advertising various products.

Now let's sum up. The advertiser gets a

definite break because his products are advertised by one of the best dance bands in the country. On the assumption that the broadcast of a good dance record would entice his listeners to listen to the commercial advertising message, sales should increase. The radio station also comes in for its share of the breaks because it derives revenue from the advertiser. The listeners-in have a good time because they hear excellent music at no more cost than the effort entailed in twisting a dial, and even if they purchase the advertiser's product, they have in no way remunerated Ray Noble and his band.

So, in spite of themselves, Mr. Noble and his excellent music are providing revenue for two groups and entertainment for another and receiving absolutely nothing. Now my question is this: Do you think this is just, right or fair? Don't answer by saying you think it is fine for the public. What I am asking you to do is this—put yourself in Ray Noble's place. You are an orchestra leader with an expensive orchestra. Out of the many phonograph records you record, one is sold to a radio station for 75¢ and for several months or a year three things happen: 1. An advertiser benefits by your labors and artistry. 2. A radio station increases its revenue. 3. Millions of people are entertained.

For that one record you received a fixed sum. For yourself, personally, it must have been a part of the profit of 75¢, or, in other words, less than a dollar. How does the shoe fit? Does it pinch?

I am not taking sides in this issue, merely outlining a situation as I see it and asking your opinion. I will welcome it.

In a day and age when the watchword seems to be: "Only saps work! Only dopes are honest!" When the public tolerates goodnaturedly all forms of racketeering and seems to welcome the fact that everyone's hand, whether the individual is well paid to render the service or not, seems to be outstretched for a tip, I like to read about the eight-year-old Brooklyn boy who found a ring worth \$900 and turned it over to the authorities, saying, as he refused a reward: "A reward? For what? Doing my duty?" Oh, glorious youth, would that there could be many more like you! It seems almost too good to be true!

And then in an era when everything is log-rolling and back-scratching, and as Mr. Boake Carter put it so well the other night: "We have useless, antiquated, expensive forts maintained along the border, where they are no longer necessary, because of pressure brought to bear on political representatives in Washington, in those districts which profit by the forts being maintained although they are totally useless," in times when the spoils system still flourishes, what a wonderful thing it is to consider that 300 children in Deep Water, N. J., refuse to attend school until one of the two policemen in the town is rein-



When Martha Raye lets loose, they must bring in another microphone!

stated, after he was ousted because he was a Republican and the townsmen were Democrats! That these children should know at such an early age such beautiful altruism, such loyalty, such hatred of an asinine party spoils system, indicates that there is a possibility that in time such stupid and inane conditions may be eradicated.

*Oddities in speech. Why do Middle-Westerners and extreme Westerners say "Peremount" instead of "Paramount" and "berrel" for "barrel"?*

One night, a while ago, as I watched some of the élite at one of the city's smartest dinner and supper rooms, dancing on a stage raised high above the tables, I couldn't help but wonder just what it was or what might be back of the desire on the part of men and women to pair themselves off in couples and walk, shuffle (in many cases awkwardly), and disport themselves to music, in front of a lot of other people. In most of us there is a desire to move our limbs rhythmically when infectious music is playing. But as I watched some of these couples laboring on the floor, that was not the explanation, if the expression on the faces of some of the men was any guide. There might be a multitude of reasons, but for the majority it's my opinion that the dance floor serves as an outlet for the repressed desire which is probably innate in most humans, i. e., to appear before the public.

Some of us were lucky enough to have an opportunity to satisfy that desire in high school or even grammar school, by taking part in amateur theatricals. In that way we satisfied the ambition of being the cynosure of all eyes, of being in the spotlight; in other words, of knowing that people were watching us. Not exactly a feeling of acute vanity, but just a subconscious feeling of enjoyment, of possibly being vaguely aware that one is not alone, that one is performing before a sea of faces.

Watch the young dancing couples in a public ballroom like Roseland, or go to the Harvest Ball sponsored by the New York Daily News at Madison Square Garden, and watch those couples, mostly Latin, feverishly seeking to outdo themselves in the creation of new and odd steps and movements. Unquestionably they love to dance and most of them do it unusually

well but—and they may not even be aware of it—this is something that satisfies that desire to show off, the desire not only to dance well but to have other people realize that they have accomplished something. Shut any of these couples in a room with no audience but with the finest music in the world and see how long they would enjoy dancing. That, to me, would be the true test of the true lover of the dance.

Glancing through my theatre program the other night as I attended the Group Theatre's presentation of *Johnnie Johnson*, one of the most effective bits of peace propaganda in the form of a play that I have ever seen, but which, because most people resent being preached to (and most likely lean toward a militaristic world rather than a pacific one), will probably not get the long run it should, I came across the "credits." They are always part of a theatre program, yet it seemed to me that it was rather contradictory, after the scenic designer, the director, cast and everyone has striven for illusion, that one should be brought back with a thud to dull, commonplace every-day by the knowledge that the costume which made the leading lady look sweet and ethereal was made by Rifsky Bros., Sixth Avenue and Brackett Street. That the gentlemen who were so perfectly made-up as to give the illusion of age, were wearing wigs made by Shmuck & Shmuck.

And why, of all things, the eternal credit for shoes? Who, in the name of heaven, cares whence came the shoes? To my way of thinking, there is too much crediting of non-essentials. Certainly the author and the composer of any music should be credited, and it is not going too far to mention, a clever scenic designer or lighting director, and in a musical show I suppose it is necessary to bow in print to the dance director, but can't we end it somewhere?

*Why must we know who made the make-up that gave us the illusion? Isn't it an obvious fact that illusion will not stand analysis? Imagine, if you will, a boy and girl about to kiss. For one or the other to begin a biological discussion of the mucous membranes, of saliva or the chemical reaction involved, would, I fancy, definitely destroy all desire for osculation.*

It is my humble opinion that any saving (or discount) won by crediting the makers of the shoes or wigs is lost a thousand times when the spectator, who has been charmed into a sense of atmosphere and illusion, is brought back to stern reality by cold, hard, stupid facts and figures. Still, I suppose the custom will continue—these things are so hard to prove.

Add pronunciation-peculiarities: Those who say "Wahshington" against us new Englanders who say "Wawshington." . . .

*If you will join me again next month I want to discuss one of my pet peeves, under the heading, Primitive Microphone. I am going to go on record as advocating a change in microphonic technique that will make your program, I honestly believe, more efficiently enjoyable than it is today. The engineering departments of both networks won't like it but I can't help it. It remains my humble and honest opinion.*

See you next month!

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# RADIO LAUGHS...

(SELECTED SNICKERS FROM POPULAR PROGRAMS)

**SHARLIE:** Why Baron, you've had a car for years and never had a wreck.

**BARON:** You mean I've had a wreck for years and never had a car!

(**JACK PEARL**, Raleigh and Kool Program.)

**PLAYER:** A midget minstrel show would be a novelty, Mr. Allen.

**FRED:** I can't stand midget minstrels. Little blackheads always get on my nerves.

**PLAYER:** Ah know, but we want to put on a minstrel show on your program.

**FRED:** Listen . . . the outlook is black enough without putting burnt cork on the actors.

(**FRED ALLEN**, Town Hall Tonight.)

**JACK:** Forget it, Kenny, it doesn't rain in California anyway.

**MARY:** It doesn't?

**JACK:** No.

**MARY:** Then what keeps falling out of the sky—orange juice?

(**JACK BENNY** and **MARY LIVINGSTONE**, Jell-O Program.)

**CHARLES:** Still, Fred, I'd hate to part with this horse now—you see, I haven't got any children and . . .

**FRED:** Charlie! How can you compare a horse with children? Children can go to college, carve out careers for themselves—but a horse—a horse could never become president.

**CHARLES:** No . . . a president, no. But a friend of mine had a horse once that grew up to be a mare.

(**FRED ASTAIRE** and **CHARLES BUTTERWORTH**, Packard Program.)

**GRAHAM:** You wrote the *Hungarian Rhapsody*, Ed?

**ED:** Well, not exactly . . . but I gave them the idea for it.

**GRAHAM:** All right, Ed—let's hear it as you wrote it.

**ED:** Well, Graham, as the *Rhapsody* opens you see a boarding-house . . . the boarding-house is called "The Tree" . . . the boarders call it that because they get pruned three times a day.

(**ED WYNN**, Spud Program.)

**STOOPNAGLE:** Budd, I have a peachy New Year invention. It's a diary for 1937 with only one page on it.

**BUDD:** Yes, but wait a minute, Colonel . . . if the diary has only one page, how do you get all the stuff in it?

**STOOP:** You write what happens in disappearing ink—then, next day, the page is all white again.

(**STOOPNAGLE** and **BUDD** Program.)

**PHIL:** Hush, Beetle, you cad, you rotter.

**BEETLE:** Quiet, Baker, you old blimp. Why, my mother, Lady Bottom, married the Earl of York, the Earl of Devonshire and the Earl of Worcester.

**PHIL:** She changed her Earl every five hundred miles, eh?

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

**JUDY:** This is my brother Zeke, Mr. Kent. He sorta looks out for me.

**KENT:** Oh, your bodyguard, eh?

**JUDY:** Yeah . . . Zeke knows some darn cute tricks. Why, he kin bust a man's arm just by shakin' hands with him.

**KENT:** How cunning.

**JUDY:** Yes, sir. Zeke, shake hands with Mr. Kent.

(**JUDY CANOVA**, Woodbury Show.)

**ANN'R:** Oh, by the way, Ken . . . I've got a confession to make.

**KEN:** Why, what is it, Fred old pal?

**ANN'R:** Well—I've been writing half your fan mail.

**KEN:** Oh—that's all right. I've been writing the other half myself.

(**KEN MURRAY**, Rinso Program.)

**SHARLIE:** Just because I paid the check don't try to be polite. Tell me the truth—how was your steak?

**BARON:** That steak was as tender as a woman's heart.

**SHARLIE:** Yeah—I couldn't eat mine either.

(**JACK PEARL**, Raleigh and Kool Program.)

**SENATOR:** Oh . . . I—I—I couldn't do that. My money is all tied up.

**M. C.:** Your money is tied up?

**SENATOR:** Yeah . . . in a handkerchief.

(**FISHFACE** and **FIGGSBOTTLE**, NBC Blue Network.)

**FIELDS:** How are you, Fred? You're a treat for sore eyes.

**HALL:** Thank you.

**FIELDS:** Yeah . . . you remind me of a bottle of boracic acid.

(**STREAMLINERS** NBC-Red network.)

**CHARLIE:** Once when I was playing tennis with the King of Sweden . . . he's very tall . . . a very tall . . . six feet tall . . . a very tall man especially for a King.

**PERRY:** When did you play with the King of Sweden?

**BERGEN:** DID you ever play with the King of Sweden?

**CHARLIE:** Well . . . the fellow I was playing with . . . he said: "If you're a tennis player, I'm the King of Sweden!"

(**EDGAR BERGEN** and **FRED PERRY** Interview, Vallee Program.)

**BOB BURNS:** (Telling about the boarding-house his Grandpa Snazzy and Grandmother once ran.)

. . . . I want to tell you, Grandpaw had an answer for everybody. One time a man complained of the soup. He told Grandpaw, he says: "I told you I wanted chicken soup and you brought me vegetable soup." Grandpaw went over and looked down at the soup and he says: "What's that floatin' around on top?" The man looks an' he says: "That's a piece of celery top." And Grandpaw says: "Well, that's what fooled me—I thought it was a feather." (BOB BURNS, Kraft Program.)

**PORTLAND:** Sociable Security is something where the Government takes one per cent. of your wages until you're sixty-five.

**FRED:** What happens when you're sixty-five?

**PORTLAND:** For the rest of your life it's Bank Night.

(**FRED ALLEN** and **PORTLAND HOFFA**, Town Hall Tonight.)

**CHARLES:** "Say, Fred, I guess you don't know how good my horse is. He lost a race yesterday by a nose.

**FRED:** He did?

**CHARLES:** Would have won it, too, if it hadn't been for the cameras that photograph the finish.

**FRED:** What did the camera have to do with it?

**CHARLES:** My horse used to be a movie horse. He always turns his head toward the lens as he crosses the finish line.

(**FRED ASTAIRE** and **CHARLES BUTTERWORTH**, Packard Program.)

**ED:** Graham, the father gives a big party . . . it's a rip roaring party . . . by that I mean, the heroine rips her dress and the people start roaring . . . it is a modern dance party . . .

**GRAHAM:** Just what do you mean by a modern dance party?

**ED:** Well, at the old-fashioned dances a man used to say: "May I have the next waltz?" . . . But at these modern dances a girl goes over to a fellow and says: "Come on, worm . . . let's wiggle."

(**ED WYNN**, Spud Program.)

**STOOP:** February 14th. Horace J. Fiddlestuffer, editor of the Puckering Valley Bugle, announces a startling change in the editorial policy of his paper.

**BUDD:** Hereafter there ain't gonna be no more weather forecasts at the top of my paper. From now on they're gonna be at th' bottom. The weather up here's always so bad, from now on we're gonna look down on the darned stuff.

(**STOOPNAGLE** and **BUDD** Program.)

**PHIL:** You know, Harry, my party was voted the best party of 1936.

**HARRY:** Really, Phil? What was voted the second-best party?

**PHIL:** The Republican Party. (PHIL BAKER and HARRY VON ZELL, Gulf Program.)

**JACK:** We all went out to a night club the other night.

**SHARLIE:** Was it very crowded?

**JACK:** Not under my table! (JACK PEARL, Raleigh Program.)

**HARRY:** Can you tell me what claustrophobia is?

**ED:** A mental disease, consisting of fear of confined places.

**HARRY:** Can you tell me what hydrophobia is?

**ED:** Sure. Fear of falling from a great height.

(**ED FITZGERALD & CO.**, Mutual Network.)

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Suntan   | <input type="checkbox"/> Peach          |



*You* need this throat protection too!

... That only a light smoke offers

The stars of the radio have to protect their throats—naturally. But keep in mind that your throat is just as important to you... be sure you have a light smoke. You can be sure Luckies

are a light smoke because the exclusive process, "It's Toasted", expels certain natural impurities harsh to the delicate tissues of your throat. So follow the stars to a clear throat! Choose Luckies.



*a light smoke*

OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO—"IT'S TOASTED"

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