

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE

Radio Stars

JANUARY

10

CENTS



*Earl
Christy*

Lily Pons

*Will Lily Pons
regret her promise?*

LESLIE HOWARD · WALLACE BEERY · GLADYS SWARTHOUT

www.americanradiohistory.com



IN LOVE WITH HER SLAVE

... What happened when beautiful aristocratic Arabella Bishop became the captive of the man she had once purchased at the slave block for ten pounds?

Admiration for his proudly insolent manner and for his refusal to be humbled by those supposed to be his masters, coupled with a strange inner feeling, had prompted her to bid ten pounds for this man when he was auctioned off. And although his manner toward this girl, who had bought him as she would buy a horse, was one of scorn, Peter Blood could not dismiss the face of Arabella from his mind. ... Even the hardship and torture of a slave's life could not do this. ...

You will enjoy reading the thrilling romance of Captain Blood—an exciting story of slavery and piracy in the Caribbean. The complete story of "Captain Blood," Warner's new picture, starring Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland, appears in the January issue of SCREEN ROMANCES.

Other complete stories in this issue include "Riftrax," with Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy. ... Jack Oakie, Joe Penner and Frances Langford in "Collegiate." ... Paul Muni in "Enemy of Man." ... Gene Raymond in "Seven Keys to Baldpate." ... Also previews of "Hands Across the Table," with Carole Lombard. ... Shirley Temple in "The Littlest Rebel." ... "Mary Burns, Fugitive" with Sylvia Sydney. ... "Transatlantic Tunnel" with Richard Dix and Madge Evans.

THE LOVE STORY MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN • JANUARY ISSUE NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE

SCREEN ROMANCES

www.americanradiohistory.com



**JUST LIKE A
MAN TO CHOOSE
A PRETTY FACE**

**Yet in her
heart she
knew her
bad skin
was no
asset for
any job**



WISH MY SKIN WAS CLEAR LIKE HERS ~ BUT THIS IS NO BEAUTY CONTEST- BET I'M TWICE AS GOOD AT THE WORK



I WOULD HAVE HIRED THAT BLONDE GIRL JUST NOW. FINE REFERENCES... SOUNDS CAPABLE ~ BUT HER SKIN!



THAT NIGHT NO LUCK TODAY EITHER- IF I THOUGHT IT COULD BE THESE PIMPLES- WHY NOT TRY FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST 515, LIKE I'M ALWAYS TELLING YOU ~ THEY SAY IT'S DEATH ON PIMPLES



2 WEEKS LATER OH, I'D LOVE TO GO! CALL ME AT THE OFFICE TOMORROW AT 5:00, YES, I'M WORKING NOW! NOW THOSE UGLY HICKIES ARE GONE!

Don't let adolescent pimples keep YOU out of a job!

Between the ages 13 and 25, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes over-sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin — and pimples are the result.

For the treatment of these adolescent pimples, doctors prescribe Fleischmann's Yeast. This fresh yeast clears the blood of the skin irritants that cause pimples.

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



—clears the skin

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

Radio Stars

EARL M. POMEROY, Associate Editor

LESTER C. GRADY, Editor

ANSEL LAMARQUE, An Editor

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Radiolaugh 90

Cover by EARL CHRISTY

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THE FUNNIEST PICTURE SINCE CHAPLIN'S "SHOULDER ARMS"

And that—
If your memory is good . . .
Was way back yonder!

* * *

We've gone a long way back
We admit.

But then, consider what
"A NIGHT AT THE OPERA" has—
And you'll see why
We feel safe
In making
This comparison.

* * *

It has
The Marx Brothers—
Groucho . . . Chico
And Harpo—
Every one of them a comic genius,
And together the funniest trio
That ever played on stage or screen
In this
Or any other country.

* * *

And it was written by
Two famous comedy dramatists—
George Kaufman
And Morrie Ryskind
(George is the fellow who wrote
"Once in a Lifetime,"
"Merrily We Roll Along,"
And Morrie collaborated
With George on
"Of Thee I Sing" and other hits).
This is their first joint job
Of movie writing.
Their stage successes were
Laugh riots—



Imagine what they do
With the wider range
Of the screen—
And three master comics
To do their stuff.

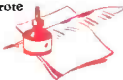
* * *



Then Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Put \$1,000,000 into
Making this picture.
Yes, sir! One million dollars
For ninety consecutive minutes
Of entertainment.
Which,
So our Certified
Public Accountant says,
Is \$12,000 worth of laughs
Per minute (and that, we think,
Is an all-time high).

* * *

And lest we forget,
That new song—"Alone"
By Nacio Herb Brown
And Arthur Freed
(The tunesmiths who gave you
Five happy hit numbers in
"Broadway Melody of 1936")—
And there's lots of
Music and romance
For instance
Allan Jones' rendition
Of "Il Trovatore"
(Watch this boy, he's
A new singing star)
And watch
Kitty Carlisle—
She is something
To watch!



"A NIGHT AT THE OPERA"

Starring the

MARX BROTHERS

with KITTY CARLISLE and ALLAN JONES • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Directed by Sam Wood • Story by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind

By Mary Biddle



Radio Jackson Photo

The type of evening gown worn by Vivienne Segal (upper left), simple, well-cut, sophisticated black, fits the conception of an evening gown that can be worn in any setting. The black and white notes are the ones to strike if you would dine and dance smartly. [Center picture] Gladys Swarthout wears an effective gown of white, under a monk's cowed cape of black. [Upper right] Harriet Hilliard is a picture of slender and graceful loveliness in black velvet. [Right] Leo Reisman, of the Philip Morris program, leading his popular orchestra in Central Park Casino.



Keep Young and Beautiful

A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE FOR GLAMOROUS GATHERINGS

"I HATE fat women," declared Leo Reisman vociferously, grasping his pencil almost as though it were a baton.

I seized my own pencil with jubilation, for here at last was a man who would say what he liked and didn't like about women, and who wouldn't be wishy-washy about it. A man moreover, who long has been in a position to observe women at their best and at their worst . . . dancing, romancing, dining, wining, primping, preening . . . under the glare and glitter of night club lights. As an outstanding dance orchestra conductor, Leo Reisman has set the musical stage for many glamorous gatherings, including those on the old Waldorf-Astoria roof, which

was "the tops" with the Four Hundred . . . and in more recent years the Central Park Casino, where he has been setting a long-time record.

Mr. Reisman expressed amazement over the fact that out of an entire assemblage of women there are so few who have figures to measure up to anything like Ziegfeld (or even television) standards. He believes that a woman's figure is her biggest asset or liability, the biggest controlling factor to her attractiveness or unattractiveness. He finds women in general too neglectful of their weight. Nobody loves a fat woman . . . on the dance floor. We have almost the same temptations to stick pins in her as we do in a balloon on New Year's Eve. A

woman who wants to step to the gay and exciting places should watch her step when it comes to her figure.

The interesting angle which Mr. Reisman gave to this question of feminine avoidance is the matter of a man's psychological reaction to a heavy dancing partner. His reaction to her is rather like that to a lodestone round his neck, which he would hate to think of dragging around for a lifetime. It's a weighty problem to think of her at all romantically. He wants the light and joyous touch in his life. He wants an unencumbered, carefree future. The woman with the slim, light, and lithesome figure has all the psychological advantage when it comes to matrimonial thoughts. Take it from Leo Reisman, the psychological advantage is an important one.

Maybe it is sort of taking advantage of your good humor to talk about the problem of plumpness when the season of good cheer and feasting is upon us . . . when hot mince pie seduces even the most ardent sylph. Christmas comes but once a year, and who is a beauty editor to cast a spirit of gloom over the festive board? But if you feast at dinner, you can fast at breakfast, you know. A breakfast of fruit (citric) juices will be grand for you. And a three-day fruit or milk diet, after the holiday "stuffing" is over, would be excellent for dispositions, digestions, and figures. The milk diet I offered you last month is still available. Just drop me a line if you would like a copy.

When a girl is invited to a party, the first thing she immediately begins to figure out is what to wear. According to Mr. Reisman, we ought to do more figuring in black and white when it comes to dressing for the evening. He believes that a woman's costume should blend in with its setting. As an artist, Reisman is annoyed by offenses against the beauty of line and proportion ("*I hate fat women!*"), and by offenses against color harmony. Color and line are important to him, and he believes that they should be more important in the feminine scheme of things.

Supper clubs in recent years have gone in for modernistic color schemes in a big way. We are apt to find ourselves against a background of red and green and blue, or almost any other conceivable, or inconceivable color combination. We never know. Then again the walls may be done in a blend of pale pastels and silver. So we may be flaunting a red dress against a delicate background of pink and lavender, or a pink dress against black and orange background. The same (Continued on page 73)

Take your Laxative
the CHOCOLATE way



Ex-Lax is so pleasant to take . . .
so gentle—so effective

YOU can, if you want to, swallow some nasty-tasting stuff while your whole self rebels against it. You can strain your system with some violent harsh cathartic. But . . . why?

Why—when you can take a laxative that tastes like a piece of delicious chocolate. And enjoy the mildest, most pleasant and painless relief from that dreaded old enemy to health and loveliness . . . constipation.

More women take Ex-Lax than any other laxative. And so do more men, and children, too. It's America's favorite laxative . . . 46,000,000 boxes were bought in this country last year alone. Follow the leader . . . and you can't go wrong!

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes at all drug stores. Insist on the genuine!

GUARD AGAINST COLDS! . . . Remember these common-sense rules for fighting colds—get enough sleep, eat sensibly, dress warmly, keep out of drafts, keep your feet dry, and keep regular—with Ex-Lax, the delicious chocolate laxative.

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y. 00016

Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name _____

Address _____

(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd.,
216 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal)

When Nature forgets—
remember

EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

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

RADIO RAMBLINGS

WORDS AND MUSIC

Boake Carter, famous news commentator, speaks 2,200 words in each of his fifteen minute broadcasts.

Hal Kemp has added two new instruments to his orchestra, an electric organ and an electric guitar. You'll be hearing them on the Phil Baker show. Sunday nights, over CBS.

A short story by Gabriel Heatter, NBC week-end commentator, was selected by Arthur T. Vance, editor of Pictorial Review, as the year's best short story, and as we go to press it is being put in dramatic form for the air-waves.

Andre Kostelanetz, whose orchestra, augmented by an 18-voice chorus, forms a brilliant musical tapestry for the singing of Lily Pons and Nino Martini on the

JUST TO GIVE YOU
THE LOWDOWN!
LATEST NEWS OF
STUDIOS, STARS,
AND PROGRAMS.

Chesterfield program, is one of radio's leading ensembles. What skillful artists do with colors and talented orators and writers do with words, Kostelanetz does with music. His is one of the largest and most versatile orchestras on the air—a 15-piece ensemble, drawn from the finest symphony orchestras and dance bands in the country.

Leslie Howard's radio audience mail includes a large percentage of letters from his English fans, who are short-wave listeners.

Paul Whiteman has a budget of \$6,000.00 per program, under his new contract—which means that the ordinarily soap program will have some starry guest talent.

Jessica Dragonette, Cities Service soprano, who recently



Wide World

(Above) A doughnut race at the Boys' Club of New York—Jimmie Durante, Benny Croce (the winner) and Frank "Bring-'em-Back-Alive" Buck. (Below) Jesse Block (left), Lou Holtz (right) guests of J. Edgar Hoover (center) and "G Man."

Wide World



Miss Virginia Verrill helps Mark Warnow trim a gay Christmas tree for little two-year-old Sandra Warnow.

[Top Picture] Here are the "Three Little Words," Billie Severance, Frances Joy and Beth Roborn, a charming trio, singing Tuesdays and Saturdays. [Middle Picture] Meet the new radio firm of Benny and Bartlett. Michael Bartlett, the new singing star, will broadcast with the comedian. [Bottom Picture] Mr. and Mrs. Ozzie Nelson, after their wedding at the home of Ozzie's mother. Ozzie is the noted orchestra leader; his wife (Harriet Hilliard) a popular radio singer.



observed her tenth anniversary on the air, recalled her first microphone experience. "I was terrified! I wanted to run away, and never come back," she said. "But how glad I am now that I didn't!"

When broadcasting, Lawrence Tibbett, CBS celebrated baritone, won't have an audience. But when he is learning new songs and rôles at home, he asks for listeners. He says he works harder if there is someone to hear him.

Guy Lombardo has added a new member to his Royal Canadians, making an even dozen musicians. The newcomer is Wayne Webb, a trombonist from Cleveland, Ohio.

Phil Baker, "Great American Tourist," plays golf. During a round on a Connecticut course last week he sliced miserably off the fourteenth tee and landed deep in the rough. After a long search he found the ball and said to the caddy: "Well, son, what do I do now?"

"I dunno, sir," replied the youngster. "Nobody's ever been here before."

Vivienne Segal's voice has a range of two and one-half octaves, which enables her to sing in a contralto range, although she is a soprano.

Billy Halop, radio's "Bobby Benson," is now having his fling at Broadway's legitimate stage. The popular juvenile star is playing a rôle in "Dead End," new play of Sydney Kingsley.

SCHOOL DAYS

Phil Baker was the laziest pupil in the Philadelphia Public School system. . . . Mike Bartlett was once a chorus-girl in a Princeton Triangle Club musical. . . . Helen Hayes was an honor student at the Sacred Heart School in Washington, D. C. During vacations she came to New York for featured parts on Broadway. . . . Jack Benny was called "Monse" by his school-mates at Waukegan, Illinois, because he was so shy and quiet. . . . Lawrence Tibbett failed to make the High School Glee Club. . . . Hul Kemp organized his now famous orchestra on the campus of the University of California. . . . Johnny Green majored in economics at Harvard. . . . Agnes Moorehead, who is "Mrs. Crowder" in Helen Hayes' radio serial, "The New Penny," studied for a Master's degree at the University of Wisconsin. . . . Don Voorhees was leader of the Allentown, Pennsylvania, High School Band. . . . Sigmund Romberg was educated to be an engineer. . . .

PHILOSOPHY

"There is no lasting happiness. Joys come and go, and in between the heartaches fall. He only can find it good to live who has determined in all tests to do his best." —Edgar A. Guest, poet-star of the Welcome Valley program.

"A woman's tongue would make excellent shoe leather. It never wears out."—Fred Allen. (Continued on page 82)



BOARD OF REVIEW

RATINGS

At present, there are so many excellent programs on the air the judges found it quite impossible to single out the best five. Practically every important program has been considered, but, unfortunately, space does not permit a complete listing. The ratings are as follows:

**** Excellent *** Good ** Fair

The ratings of the Board of Review are a consensus of opinion of radio editors throughout the country, and do not necessarily agree with the editorial opinion of Radio Stars Magazine.

There has been an amazing general improvement in radio programs. Today there is scarcely a program on the air which is without merit.

Lester C. Grady
Radio Stars Magazine, Chairman
Alton Cook
N. Y. World-Telegram, N. Y. G.
S. A. Coleman
White Star, Wichita, Kan.
Norman Siegel
Cleveland Press, Cleveland, O.
Andrew W. Smith
News & Age-Herald, Birmingham, Ala.

Lecto Rider
Houston Chronicle, Houston, Texas
St. Steinhauser
Pittsburgh Press, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Leo Miller
Bridgeport Herald, Bridgeport, Conn.
Charlotte Greer
Newark Evening News, Newark, N. J.
Richard G. Moffett
Florida Times-Union, Jacksonville, Fla.

James Sullivan
Louisville Times, Louisville, Ky.
R. E. Westergaard
Register & Tribune, Des Moines, Ia.
C. L. Kara
Indianapolis Star, Indianapolis, Ind.
Larry Walters
Chicago Tribune, Chicago, Ill.
James E. Chinn
Evening and Sunday Star, Washington, D. C.

H. Dean Fisher
Kansas City Star, Kansas City, Mo.
Vivian M. Gardner
Wisconsin News, Milwaukee, Wis.
Joe Heffner
Buffalo Evening News, Buffalo, N. Y.
Andrew W. Foppa
Cincinnati Enquirer, Cincinnati, O.
Oscar H. Ferebach
San Francisco Examiner, San Francisco, Cal.

★★★★

AMERICAN ALBUM OF FOLKORIC MUSIC WITH FRANK MUNN, VIVIENNE SEGAL AND GUS HAENSCHEN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
Current winner of Radio Stars' Distinguished Service to Radio Award.

LUCKY STRIKE HIT PARADE WITH FRED ASTAIRE, AL GOODMAN, KAY THOMPSON AND CHARLES CARLISLE (NBC).
Recent winner of Radio Stars' Distinguished Service to Radio Award.

HOLLYWOOD HOTEL WITH DICK POW, ELLI, LOUELLA PARSONS, FRANCES LANGFORD, GUEST SCREEN STARS AND RAY PAIGE'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).
A preview of a forthcoming movie with the original cast as its outstanding feature.

EDDIE CANTOR WITH PARRYKAKAR-CUS, JIMMY WALLINGTON AND GUEST ORCHESTRA (CBS).
Eddie's songs are favorites and the tunes more melodious than ever.

COLUMBIA SYMPHONIC HOUR — VICTOR BAY, CONDUCTOR (CBS).
The classics as you would have them played.

FLEISCHMANN VARIETY HOUR WITH RUDY VALLEE AND GUESTS (NBC).
A wonderful mix. Practically every well known entertainer has participated for Rudy.

ONE MAN'S FAMILY (NBC).
So realistic that you feel yourself a member of this popular radio family.

CITIES SERVICE CONCERT WITH JESSICA DRAGONETTE (NBC).
Jessica's lovely voice and a distinctive accompanying symphony.

MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR (NBC).
The whole country listens, and why not?

VOICE OF FIRESTONE WITH WILLIAM DALY'S ORCHESTRA, MARGARET SPEAKS, NELSON EDDY, RICHARD CROOKS AND MIXED CHORUS (NBC).
There is no finer contralto voice on the air than Margaret Speaks.

JELLO PROGRAM STARRING JACK BENNY, MICHAEL BARTLETT AND JOHNNY GREEN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
Criminally humorous and music prevail.

WALTZ TIME—FRANK MUNN, TENOR; VIVIENNE SEGAL, SOPRANO; AND ABE LYMAN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
Presenting the waltzes you love in the way you won't forget them.

FORD SUNDAY EVENING SYMPHONY—VICTOR KOLAR, CONDUCTOR (CBS).
Strong symphonic music in large air following.

LESLIE HOWARD DRAMATIC SKETCHES (CBS).
Broadcasts with the same restraint and class in which made him so popular on stage and screen.

GRACE MOORE (NBC).
Beautiful music from one of radio's most beautiful stars.

WALLACE BEERY AND THE SHELL PROGRAM (NBC).
Wallie sets a new style for masters of ceremonies.

GENERAL MOTORS CONCERTS (NBC).
Dignified throughout.

RCA MAGIC KEY (NBC).
A wide world galaxy of guest stars on every broadcast.

WORLD PEACEWAYS (CBS).
A winning argument against the stupidity of wars with Helen Taylor in charge.

HELEN HAYES (NBC).
Helen is far superior to her script.

CHESTERFIELD PROGRAM (CBS).
Two superb stars, Lily Pons and Nina Martin share honors on alternate nights.

TOWN HALL TONIGHT (NBC).
Fred Allen, of course, and with his usual six. Sit-a-the-much humor.

FORD PROGRAM WITH FRED WARGING'S PENNSYLVANIANS (FED).
Fred's band and chorus offer melodies in unusual fashion.

LAWRENCE TIBBETT, BARITONE. WITH DON VORHEES' AND HIS ORCHESTRA (CBS).
Poetically good.

CAMEL CARAVAN WITH WALTER O'KEEFE, DEANE JAMES AND GLEN GRAY AND THE CASA LOMA ORCHESTRA (CBS).
Smartness throughout.

PHIL BAKER WITH BEETLE, BOTTLE AND MAL KEMP'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).
Phil's sparkling cast is almost as amusing as himself.

LUX RADIO THEATRE (CBS).
Perfectly presented dramatizations with popular picture players.

KATE SMITH'S COFFEE TIME WITH JACK MILLER'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).
Kate is still second to none in putting over a song.

MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT (NBC).
Although changes are taking place, Lanny Ross is still headman.

PALMOLIVE BEAUTY BOX THEATRE (NBC).
Dramatic John Barclay and guest stars in well-known operettas.

CAVALCADE OF AMERICA (CBS).
A stirring historical picture of our country.

PAUL WHITEMAN'S MUSIC HALL (NBC).
Featuring Ulfen Tjepson, the Metropolitan star.

JUMBO FIRECHIEF SHOW (NBC).
Something entirely different in air entertainment with Jimmy Durante, Donald Novis and many others.

THE BAKERS' BROADCAST WITH ROBERT L. RIPLEY; OZZIE NELSON AND HIS ORCHESTRA WITH HARRIET HILLIARD (NBC).
Featuring fascinating Bellwright-Or-Nots in dramatic form.

GEORGE BURNS AND GRACIE ALLEN (CBS).
Old Hossier, Jacques Renard's orchestra and some fun!

RADIO STARS



RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA (NBC).

The stars by master musicians

BOND BREAD WITH FRANK CRUMIT AND JULIA SANDERSON (NBC).

Homey informality.

MAJOR BOWEN'S CAPITOL FAMILY (NBC).

The Major's performances are not at all catered to his admirers.

NATIONAL AMATEUR NIGHT WITH RAY PERKINS (CBS).

Competition for the Major.

PENTHOUSE SERENADE—DON MARIO (NBC).

Charles Gaylord's sophisticated music with two tenors—Don Mario and Jack Fulton.

LADY ESTHER PROGRAM WITH WAYNE KING AND ORCHESTRA (CBS).

Nothing.

FREDDIE RICH'S PENTHOUSE PARTY (CBS).

Francis' favorite delight.

MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND WITH RACHEL CARLAY AND ANDY SANNELLA'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).

A fast moving show with a fashionable French zongherd.

BOAKE CARTER (CBS).

Clear, unbiased opinions on current problems.

ONE NIGHT STANDS WITH PICK AND PAT (CBS).

Minutest stuff.

JERRY COOPER, BARITONE (CBS).

A comparatively new voice which continues to grow more and more listeners.

SILKEN STRINGS WITH CHARLES PREVIN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).

Concerto Olga Albani's starred.

NEILA GODELLE (NBC).

Miss Radio Stars.

TASTYEST OPPORTUNITY MATINEE (NBC).

A comedy show in which the amateurs have a real time.

ROSES AND DRUMS (NBC).

Actual Civil War happenings blended with a strong romance.

BROADWAY VARIETIES (CBS).

Traveltunes from vaudeville and musical comedy.

LAZY DAN (CBS).

If it ain't broke don't fix it.

SOCONY SKETCHBOOK (CBS).

Johnny Green is missed.

A AND P GYPSIES (NBC).

Harry Horlick and his wisest. Old fashioned.

SINCLAIR GREATER MINSTRELS (NBC).

Proves that the old ways are the best.



Carlton E. Morse, who writes the scripts of "One Man's Family." He works in a cubby in NBC's program department.

PHILIP MORRIS PROGRAM (NBC).

Phil Duce, Johnny and Lea Ricman orchestra.

VIC AND SADE (NBC).

Humor and human interest in a well family.

CAMPANA'S FIRST NIGHTER WITH JUNE MEREDITH AND DON AMEGHE (NBC).

A new show, each week from the next-to-best theatre off Times Square.

GABRIEL HEATTER (NBC).

A commentator with such selected and com convention's prepared material.

HAMMERSTEIN'S MUSIC HALL (NBC).

A new and a lot of variety of presentation style and melodies.

EVENING IN PARIS (NBC).

The Pickens Sisters on a boulevard.

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT (CBS).

Letter says like how a set of not at all.

LUM AND ABNER (NBC).

Life at Pine Ridge, if you're interested.

MYRT AND MARGE (CBS).

The girls go better than ever. New situations and new characters.

SINGIN' SAM (CBS).

Songs, mostly.

SALT LAKE CITY TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN (CBS).

London's for the soul.



Lovely Deane Janis, a new singer, who is winning great favor with the radio public on the Walter O'Keefe program.

SISTERS OF THE SKILLET (CBS)

Ed Fast and Rugh Jhank's clowning around with housewife's problems.

MELODIANA (CBS).

Music by Alvin Lipman with songs by Bernard Cuddy and Oliver Smith.

JERGENS PROGRAM WITH WALTER WINCHELL (NBC).

Walt's The week's gossip in fifteen minutes.

LOG CABIN (NBC).

Conrad Libiant's heads the cast.

LIFE SAVERS' RENDEZVOUS (NBC).

Minstrels from a musical would club with com musical references notes.

RICHARD HIMBER'S STUDEBAKER CHAMPIONS (CBS).

Smart music and commercial plugs are set to the main theme.

TOM POWERS (NBC).

One of America's first actors in unimitable live and actualizations.

WARDEN LAWE (NBC).

20 year inmate from 20 000 years in Sing Sing.

THORNTON FISHER SPORTS REVUE (NBC).

Fishes and his wife a minute, better, also sport celebrities.

ATLANTIC FAMILY (CBS).

Frank Parker and radio relatives from the country. Good stars.



Hal Totten, veteran NBC sports announcer, who comments on sports, past and present, on Elgin Campus Revue.

MARCH OF TIME (CBS).

Five times a week and ten times as thrilling.

LOIS LONG'S WOMAN'S PAGE (CBS).

The ladies delight.

AMOS 'N' ANDY (NBC).

And all of their well established characterizations.

LOWELL THOMAS (NBC).

The news while it's still news.

DANGEROUS PARADISE (NBC).

A perfect blend of romance and adventure.

BEN BERNIE'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).

Ben and his lady. It extracts and snappy tunes.

SWIFT STUDIO PARTY (NBC).

Sixty-four members and Dennis Taylor lead an informal musical half hour.

HARY AND ESTHER (NBC).

Songs, stories, quizzes and commercial plugs.

ATWATER KENT PROGRAM (CBS).

William Daily hands the baton.

HOUSE OF GLASS (NBC).

Contrived plots were dramatic offerings, but not as good as her "Goldbergs."

JOHN CHARLES THOMAS (NBC).

A voice that will delight you.

EDGAR A. GUEST IN WELCOME VALLEY (NBC).

Guest to earth philosophy and story teller.

N. T. G. AND HIS GIRLS (NBC).

Brownie Bradshaw right into your home.

LUD GLUSKIN PRESENTS (CBS).

Continues to bounce from a comedian who really knows his act.

LAVENDER AND OLD LACE (CBS).

As romantic and nostalgic as the title implies. Frank March stars.

VOICE OF EXPERIENCE (CBS).

Experienced advice which has helped thousands.

IRENE RICH (NBC).

Starting in quarters, here stands.

BUCK ROGERS IN THE 25TH CENTURY (CBS).

Advances into space.

BOBBY BENSON AND SUNNY JIM (CBS).

Boyhood memories on the great outdoors.

ESSO MARKETEERS PRESENT LOMBARDO ROAD (CBS).

Comed Guy Lombardo and his hosts.

RUBINOFF AND HIS VIOLIN (NBC).

Separated from Fiddle Casals, but does a merit.

FRESHMENT TIME WITH RAY NOBLE AND HIS ORCHESTRA (CBS).

This favorite orchestra has captivated Americans for years.

FREDERIC WILLIAM WILE (CBS).

The track about the Washington political situation.

THE CARBORUNDUM BAND (CBS).

Strong marches and concert melodies from orchestra.

(Continued on page 89)

BEETLE TELLS ALL



THE WHOLE TRUTH
ABOUT PHIL BAKER
IS REVEALED IN
THIS GAY STORY

*As Confided
to Helen
Harrison*

THERE comes a moment in the life of every man, least and Beetle when, at peace with the world and his sponsor, he finds at last that Truth is stranger than *friction!*

... And the Whole Truth about Phil Baker has never been told! Phil and I have been together for many a long century—or maybe it only seems that way—and during that time I've impatiently been trying to get in a word edgewise, parallel, vertical, sitting-standing and standing-sitting (and very pretty, too!) and I guess I know him better than anyone else—even without his accordion.

Our friction started long ago when, from a theatre box, and without any charge at all, I volunteered some choice synonyms for the colorful adjective "pediculous." Phil, who had been playing variety for years without having a fan, was so excited that someone was still awake in the audience, he invited me to his dressing-room.

Throwing on a fedora, a spring coat and a light moustache, I ran around to the stage entrance and found a door with a star on it. Not believing my own eyes—for I've seen stars, often—I climbed up and looked through the transom. Sure enough, there was Phil! And I've been the invisible man ever since, throwing discretion and my voice to the four

Phil Baker is still the little boy who went to school in Philadelphia, and became a Ziegfeld star. There's a warmth about this man that makes you realize just what a swell guy he really is.

winds—eastern, central, mountain and western.

One of the funniest things about this funny man, Baker, is that he *still* has faith in mankind. And after all our years together, too! You don't have to know him very well, or for very long, to discover he'll befriend anyone who happens to get into a mix-up. I know. I've seen him hire lawyers, send money and do some very personal worrying, recently, for a couple of Brooklyn lads he scarcely knew, whose family was in serious trouble. Up to this moment he has never known I knew about that—and many other individual charities of which the world, and his intimates, have never heard. (Could *anything* be funnier with all the broadcasting that goes on over a roast-to-roast hook-up?)

Back at the very beginning, Jack Benny and Phil were pals. They still are. Both of them had been doing singles in vaudeville. Phil, I remember, had fallen for a pretty little Irish girl and he was doing his best to forget her. His best was looking at her picture all day and dreaming about her all night. Calf love, of course.

It was summer, and Phil and Jack decided to team up and go West.

Playing an engagement at Grauman's Chinese Theatre in Los Angeles, Phil ate at a nearby restaurant each day. It was patronized chiefly by picture people and there was always an assortment of pretty girls toying with a lettuce leaf and a slice of



If they thought they could escape Beetle by leaving Chicago, they were doomed to disappointment. As Phil and his butler, Boffie (Harry McNaughton) posed for this picture, Beetle rose up behind them.



Wule World

Phil fell in and out of love more than once, until he met Peggy Cartwright, and real love signed up for a long contract. They have two children now, Margot and young Stuart Henry Baker, called "Algy."

tomato. But Phil couldn't see any of them for his little colleen. Not, that is, for twenty-four hours.

Then he started to notice a beauty who was constantly accompanied by the director, Louis Gastner. Realizing that those nip-ups his heart was taking had nothing to do with an earthquake, he decided that wouldn't do either—so they started East, stopping off at Chicago. It was here that *the most beautiful creature Phil had ever seen*—for a day and a half—turned up.

Soon they became good friends, and although Phil had left his bankroll in California, that didn't stop him from inviting the young lady out to dinner next day. No, she didn't think she'd accept, it was a bit too informal—but she *would* call for him at the hotel and drive him to dinner at her home in South Bend.

Phil decided Jack and he had better put on a little dog, so they rang for the *maître d'hotel* and swapped in their \$2.50 room for the best suite—\$8.00 per diem. After all, it was only for one day, and even if they didn't have enough money for a trunk, it was something to usher the young lady into spacious quarters—large enough at least so that one could turn around while shaving without committing *bara-kari*.

But Phil was still wrestling with the problem of what to do about his soiled clothes—without a trunk. The fresh ones went into the suitcase just fine, but the crumpled shirts, socks, collars and pyjamas took up a lot of room.

"I can't tote around a laundry bag," Phil explained patiently to Jack. "I haven't had time to grow a pigtail!" Jack shook his head. Suddenly he exclaimed:

"I've got it! I'll borrow a violin case from a guy I know!"

Life began to look as though it were sponsored by Heaven, Inc., as Phil dressed for his Big Moment.

I nearly fell off the tansom as I hollered: "Don't for-

get your violin case, Philip. Somebody *may* take you for a musician!"

Those words, as I see them now, were prophetic.

Sure enough, up rolled a Roll-Royce and pretty soon Phil and his luggage—including the violin case—were headed for dinner at one of the swankest mansions in little ol' South Twist.

After dinner, Phil, the girl, and her parents were sitting around indulging in cordials and light conversation when the girl mentioned Phil's "violin." She asked him if he played.

"Oh sure," he casually assured her, "for years."

She shyly mentioned that she had "always wanted to marry a musician." Mama and papa nodded their approval. Her favorite she confided, was the "Meditation from *Thais*," would he play it—*now*?

It was sheer good fortune, when his anguished eyes sought the clock, that there was little time left to make the train for Pitts-burgh. The girl accompanied him to the station and Phil gathered up his luggage as the train drew in. There wasn't a second to spare!

She hurriedly whispered: "Darling, call me up tomorrow!"

Without time to treasure her, he grasped his "violin" and started for the train on a run. Phillessly the case opened and emptied itself of Phil's laundry. In full view of his inamorata, the self-appointed Kreisler had to turn around and pick them up, piece by piece. Grabbing both his belongings and the case in his arms he made the train, though now he never knew.

... And that was the end of the "romance."

When Phil sent the case back to Benny he put a note in it which read:

"I hope you're buried in this." (Continued on page 68)

FOOTBALL'S ALL-

AT THE ARMY-NAVY GAME
FRANK MUNN, STAR OF
THREE BIG PROGRAMS, ALL
BUT RUINED HIS CAREER

By Tom Meany

PHI'D'RE yourself at Franklin Field, Philadelphia, on the last Saturday of the 1934 football season. The gridiron is a mess of rain from a three-day rain. When the Mid-Hijman parade around the field, prior to the meeting between the Navy team and Army, hundreds of rubber over-shoes are stuck from the wearers' feet into the mud. It isn't a downpour, but a cold, incessant drizzle, a penetrating winter rain.

You sit in your seat and wonder why you came. If you're lucky, the least you can get is pneumonia. And right away you take a mental inventory of how much of a wallow a disabling cold will hit your pocketbook. You calculate the number of days you may be forced to miss from the office and wonder whether or not there will be a dollar in the weekly paycheck.

Somewhere in those stands that cold, gray, wet day was Frank Munn, the golden-voiced tenor of radio star of "Waliz Time," "Lavinia and Old Lace," and the "American Album of Familiar Music." If you were running the risk of the loss of a day or two at the office, and a subsequent penalty in the pay-envelope, consider the risk Munn was running. You could go to the office house, but Munn couldn't stand before a microphone with a frog in his throat. And each of his absences from the microphone would cost him several hundred dollars.

There is no catch in this story. Munn did incur a cold, a cold which he fought for a month but which eventually forced him from the air in January, 1935, the first time he had missed a broadcast in eleven years. He was out for three weeks, a total of nine programs, and, to be vulgar about it, he also was out plenty of money.



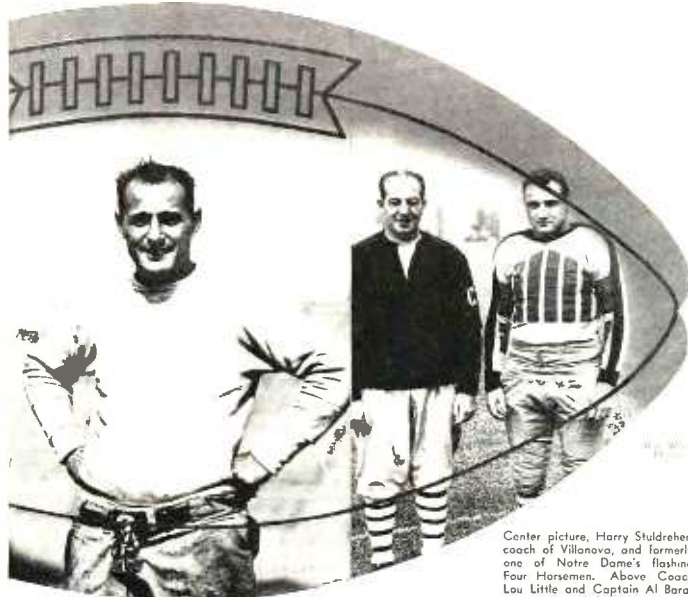
And above is Frank Munn, himself, radio's golden-voiced tenor.

I knew Munn was a football fanatic. I'd seen him out at Fairmount, E. 1, in September when N.Y. 1 took his pre-season work there under Coach Chuck Mehan. I'd seen him at Ohio Field when the Violets returned to town later in the year and had seen him peering anxiously at football games from those 50-yard line boxes in front of the working press section at Yankee Stadium, opening a pair of binoculars large enough to follow the America's Cup races from the Newport shore.

Knowing his intense love of football, I asked him if he ever had missed a broadcast so he could see a game which had particularly attracted him. "No," answered Munn, simply. "That would be foolish." Foolish? How about the guy sitting in the rain in Philly for three hours, risking one of the greatest voices on the air?

"That's different," smiled Frank. "I never thought I'd catch cold watching a game. I hadn't had a cold in ten years and how was I to know I was going to start them? In 1931, I sat on the Notre Dame bench with Hank

AMERICAN TENOR



Center picture, Harry Stuldrer, coach of Villanova, and formerly one of Notre Dame's flashing Four Horsemen. Above Coach Lou Little and Captain Al Barabas of Columbia.

At his watch him at the Army game in New York. Here was snow on the field and a series of cold showers to comb out the snow but I caught no cold."

Make no mistake about Munn's love of football. It is an actual love, almost a mania. And he doesn't try to catch in on the fact that he is "among those present" at the big games in the East. Some stars, screen and radio stars, go to the sporting events for no other reason than to be seen. And if they take precious good care to be noted, even to the extent of signing contracts to the press to cover the news of their arrival.

For three years, Munn didn't miss a football game on a Saturday until this year. On September 24th, he quietly married Miss Margaret DeLoan, moved from the Bronx where he'd lived till then and established a home at Merrick, Long Island. The business of getting settled in opening up a examining the future as it arrived to be sure it was a suitable place for him to miss the best two Saturday games of this season. He was back on

deity again at the Vanderbilt football game at the Polo Grounds on October 17th.

Frank talks for both of the newsworld. Mr. Munn is as enthusiastic about football as Frank. Otherwise man I guess would be impossible. Frank talks football all through the fall, shares opinions on talk-shows in restaurants, chats out at home, even holds a press conference, crutches on the floor to slow the proper stride for a luncheon and let all the limo-land-on cold bottles of champagne out of town, being, as a man, a part.

Several years ago, Munn played little football. He left his books to go to work in his last year in grammar school. The only football was with the Leontis Field Club on Saturday afternoons on the old Westchester golf links. On that same Leontis team was another youngster who had played well in football, Harry Blodgett, a half-back who later played at Annapolis and was a better than ordinary punter.

A casual acquaintance with *Continued on p. 22*

HOLLYWOOD GLORIFIES OUR GLADYS . . .

OPERA DISGUISED GLADYS SWARTH-
OUT. RADIO MADE HER INVISIBLE.
NOW MOVIES REVEAL HER BEAUTY.

By Anne Castle

UP until yesterday Gladys Swarthout might just as well have been as ugly as a mud-puddle. It wouldn't have influenced her success one whit. For, in opera they disguised her feminine beauty in boy's clothing, and on the air her loveliness was, of course, invisible to her audience.

But that was yesterday. Today all is different. For Gladys is in the movies now. And Hollywood—wise appraiser of beauty's value—is gowning her in graceful frocks and ruffles, putting her curls on top of her head and showing the world what it's been missing for the last ten years by hiding this lady's loveliness.

It is ironic that she—one of the most beautiful women in America—should have made her operatic debut as a shepherd boy. That one of her most successful roles should be in "Romana and Juliet" not as Juliet, but as Stephanos, the page boy. That when they finally did cast her as a woman, it should have been as the blind old mother in "La Gioconda," her beauty hidden beneath a mask of ugly make-up.

Tronic, too, was her statement when, after her first broadcast, someone asked her how she liked singing over the air. "I love it," she answered, "I can dress like a girl." Singing in a lovely gown—even if her audience couldn't see her—was a big thrill for Gladys.

Today she says, "One of the most fascinating features about Hollywood to my mind, is the opportunity it provides to wear the type of clothes most suitable to every hour of the day and to every mood which overtakes one."

Hollywood never had an easier job of "glorifying" a star, not a mere helpful model! Others may weep at the changed hair-dress, the re-costuming and new make-ups that Hollywood forces on them, but Gladys has welcomed with delight every change, every suggestion. A very beautiful woman before Hollywood ever saw her, she is glamorously gorgeous now.

And she won't believe it! "Take her by the hand, lead her to the full-length mirror in her dressing-room at the Paramount studios and say 'Look!' She blushes and answers: 'There is so full of surprises!'"

As a matter of fact, her life has been full of surprises. Ever since she first opened her eyes on a stormy Christmas morning in Berry Vale, Missouri, strange and lovely things have been happening to Gladys Swarthout.

Probably the biggest surprise in the Swarthout family is Gladys herself. For the Swarthouts, living plainly in the little Missouri mining town, never had dreamed that a musical genius was born in their midst when Gladys let

those that beautiful voice of hers for the first time in a loud, new-born baby squall.

The family always had loved music. One of Gladys' earliest memories is that of her mother playing the piano in the evening and herself trying to sing. Then there was Roma, a sister just two years older than Gladys, who began picking tunes out on the piano as soon as she was tall enough to reach the keys. She would teach the little sister to follow the melodies, scolding her if she sang them wrong, patiently making her repeat if the little voice didn't quite reach a high note or went a bit flat on a lower one.

Ask Gladys now whom she studied under and she answers: "Roma. My sister. She taught me all my life. And what she couldn't teach me I learned from people she discovered to teach me."

When Gladys was twelve, she and Roma decided she was ready for her first public appearance. The Swarthouts had moved to Kansas City by then, and both girls were taking piano and voice lessons from a woman in the neighborhood. Roma talked the teacher into giving a recital at which Gladys would be present.

Gladys says that first public appearance was her most important one. "All went well until the fourth song on her program, a song in which it was necessary for the twelve-year-old child to reach and hold high C.

"I reached for the high C," she says, "but it wasn't there. I felt funny all over. My teacher, accompanying me, went on as if nothing had happened. But my shame! I tried to argue. I turned to the teacher and said: 'Please start that song over again.' She couldn't very well argue on the concert stage. I began the song again and that time I reached the C and held it, and the audience applauded. I've never had sweeter applause."

People who heard the child at that concert and admired her gift as well as her talent, offered to lend the Swarthouts money for her musical education. The very next day, a grand piano arrived at their home to replace the old upright. And Gladys' training began in earnest.

Just a year later, when she was thirteen, she joined up her hair, put on one of Roma's long-sleeved dresses, and went north to get a job. At a Methodist church, she sold the choir master that she was nineteen, sang a few bars of music for him, and was hired.

"The reason I went to that particular church for a job," she now confesses, "is because I had attended services there and always objected to the stiff, unbending way the soloist held her music. I didn't think I could sing better music than she, but I did think I could hold the music better!"

Gladys sang there for a year. (Continued on page 86)



Gladys Swarthout enjoys a game of tennis with her husband Frank Chapman, who also is an opera singer. And at the right, she poses in one of the lovely gowns chosen from her personal wardrobe for formal evening wear. It is made of stiffened brocaded lamé.





Gale Page

You of the radio audience know her as soloist of the Cimalene Carnival. Gale's personal friends know her as Mrs. Frederick Tritschler, wife of a Chicago investment banker, and the proud mother of a three-year-old boy.



Conductor Gustave Haenschen of the "American Album of Familiar Music."



Lovely Vivienne Segal, superb soprano of this widely popular program.



Frank Munn, whose golden voice has made the "Album" an outstanding half hour.

FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO RADIO

OUR medal for Distinguished Service to Radio is this month awarded to the "American Album of Familiar Music," charmingly presented each Sunday evening by Bayer Aspirin. No program has been more thoroughly consistent in offering so high a quality of musical entertainment.

The "American Album of Familiar Music" has given its legions of listeners a definite appreciation of how soul-stirring are favorite American musical compositions, no matter how familiar to the ear. This, of course, is due chiefly to the masterly efforts of Frank Munn, Vivienne Segal and Gustave Haenschen and his orchestra, who've confined themselves to those numbers which may be enjoyed not alone by students of music, but by all listeners, whether they know one note from another.

The program demonstrates what a beautiful blessing is sweet, simple music, appealing to the heart rather than to the mind; that songs, although heard often before, always will be gladly heard again and again so long as they are sung or played as touchingly or as spiritedly as they are by the talented artists of this program.

And so, to Bayer's "American Album of Familiar Music," featuring Frank Munn, Vivienne Segal, Gustave Haenschen, Bertram Hirsch, Arden and Arden and the others who have contributed to the program's success, Radio Stars Magazine, not only because of its own but its readers' opinion as well, presents its award for Distinguished Service to Radio.



Robert C. Grady
—Editor.

IN THE RADIO SPOTLIGHT

STARS OF THE AIR-WAVES. CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA. IN AND OUT OF THE STUDIOS.



Guy Lombardo wins Gold Trophy for motor boat record, Long Beach, L.I.



Kay Thompson and "Three Rhythm Kings," Lowry, Hopper and Newberry.



Metropolitan's Helen Jepson, at *Maguerite Faust*, in the opera



Frances Langford poses with Gertrude Niesen, at the Club Lama.



Eddie Cantor rolls his eyes about *Barry's* *Wendell* (Henry) *Wendell* *Wendell*

Winter weather cannot keep Virginia Verrill from a swimming pool.

The exciting rhythm of Loretta Lee's singing forms an attractive feature of the "Good Evening Serenade" show.



IN THE RADIO SPOTLIGHT



Charming little Gogo Delys (above) works out an original dance routine. And (below) Benay Venuto, of Freddie Rich's "Penthouse Party," puts over a song.



Lanny Ross (above) with the girl whose singing merits unlimited praise, Louise Massey of "The Westerners," new feature of the Maxwell House Show Boat program.



A bitter dose, but it must be taken! The "Sisters of the Skills" (above) show us how it's done! Boake Carter (below) brings us the day's news highlights.



Will Lily Pons

IF SHE COULD SING, AS THE MAESTRO

regret her promise?

PREDICTED, LILY THOUGHT, SHE COULD ASK NO MORE OF LIFE.

DOES a promise mean anything?

Sometimes a person makes a promise with, perhaps wholly unconscious, mental reservations? "I will—or I will not—do so and so." But deep in the subconscious lurks unguessed an "if" or an "unless" that some day will confront the promiser with such force that inevitably the promise fades into insignificance.

And some faithfully keep their word to others, but are faithless to themselves when the test comes. We've all of us made such promises—made them and broken them and made new vows.

Here is the story of a girl who broke one promise she had made to a greater promise, one that she must keep if she would not fail more tragically in all the relationships of life. It is the story of Lily Pons, who promised herself that to music she would give all that she had to give—that nothing should come between her and her purpose, which was to develop to its fullest capacity the singing voice in which her teacher had such faith—that in her life marriage had no place, for she had nothing to give it.

In her school days, in France, Lily may have read in translation some of the plays of England's great poet, who said:

*"This, above all, to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."*

Lily Pons is true to herself. I met her recently, to find a very lovely young person, frank and friendly, without conscious reserve.

Slim, small and gracious, with honest dark eyes in a molten face, with elegant, slender hands, you know her at once for a versatile artist. Not from any studied pose. Rather from the obvious singleness of her purpose, from the unaffected simplicity of her speech, her integrity, scornful of compromise. Looking at her, talking with her, you feel definitely conscious of her as the symbol of that clear, immortal beauty that is her exquisite singing voice.

That voice that, on her debut in January, 1931, at the Metropolitan Opera House, stirred listeners to enthusiastic acclaim that has not been the reward of any singer since Adelina Patti sang. The voice that, since that day, in radio, in concert and opera, has thrilled uncounted listeners in all the world's great centers and in its humblest homes.

I asked her when she first discovered that singing voice, having read variously that it was while singing to soldiers in a French hospital, and that it was her husband who first realized its possibilities. Its promise.

"Oh, not in the hospital!" She laughed. "Then I am too young. I am just a child I sing for the soldiers, because my mother is—*comme un diable*—chief nurse. But it does not mean anything. It is later—after I am married."

Born in Cannes, in Southern France, of Franco-Italian parents, the young Lily, growing up in a family of comfortable means and gracious standards, looked forward like any other young girl to the conventional career of wife and mother. She received a musical education at the Paris Conservatoire, where only the most talented are accepted as pupils. She became a proficient pianist, graduating at the age of thirteen with highest honors.

But a possible career as a pianist faded into insignificance when, a few years later she met and married August Mesritz, a former music critic. And shortly afterward her husband, fated to procure his own defeat, recognized the rare quality of her singing voice. It was, he saw, a crime to use it merely for her own pleasure and his, and that of their friends

He took her to a celebrated Parisian voice teacher, Alberti de Garestiaga, who was immediately impressed with the girl's rare talent.

And as he raised her flexible, rich voice, Alberti taught her to understand the inevitable sacrifices that must be exacted if the promise of that voice were to be fulfilled. And working, studying, singing with ever growing ardor, Lily Pons absorbed the all-encompassing ideal. If she could sing as the maestro predicted, she could ask no more of life.

"If the voice is all," she said, her eyes soft with remembered dreams, "it is perfect."

Reluctantly, at length, her husband read the hand-writing on the wall. Divorce, when it came, severed them with no sharper blade than that of the career which already had set their lives apart. But he recognized the superior claim. He had known that Lily possessed a voice. Now he understood that the voice, in reality, was the possessor.

Not coldly, not indifferently, did Lily watch the end of this first bright dream of happiness. But—

"How could I be married?" she asked, dark eyes deep with feeling. "I had to go here, there, everywhere—London, Paris, Vienna, South America—and he could not leave his affairs to follow me. And I had no work, to study long hours, practise, rehearse—where was there any time for marriage?"

Where, indeed? To one of Lily's standard-bearers, marriage was in itself an absorbing career. The cultured, conventional young French wife does not live a life apart from her husband. There is his home to keep, his children to bear and raise, his friends to entertain—the thousand and one social amenities to be observed. And Lily Pons is too honest to cheat herself or another.

She could not be married. (Continued on page 64)

By
Nancy
Barrows



"I sing all kinds of music," Lily says. "I love the popular songs."

A scene from Lily Pons' first motion picture, called "I Dream Too Much."



THE UNCONVENTIONAL



IT IS logical that Leslie Howard should be the first great actor to become a regular radio performer. And that, in going on the air, he should be the one to introduce a new technique in radio drama.

For Mr. Howard is one of the most daring young men in the theatre. He has smashed age-old traditions on the stage and startled all Hollywood by doing the unexpected. And if your picture of Mr. Howard is that of a conventional Englishman, drawing-room type, flawlessly attired, suave, and carefully courteous, discard it. The description doesn't fit. It isn't big enough.

In England they call him "that American actor." In America they call him "the great English star." Mr. Howard considers both flattering. But call him "a matinee idol" and he'll throw the nearest thing at hand—and hit you, too!

For he is too modest to tolerate a title, and too sincere about his work to let a descriptive phrase type him.

By the same token, he refuses to allow traditions or conventions of the theatre to interfere with his work and how he does it.

There was the time, for example, when, clad in an old dressing-gown, he appeared before a large

audience and dashed the famous the-show-must-go-on tradition right smack out the nearest exit. It was an opening night in Chicago. Howard had a sore throat which had been growing steadily worse all day. He had asked the manager to postpone the opening, but the manager only said: "The show must go on!"

Since he had no understudy, the show couldn't go on without Leslie Howard. He struggled through the first act, suffering with every word he uttered, and growing hoarser speech by speech. At the end of the act, he called the manager, told him it was ridiculous for the play to continue under such circumstances, that it was unfair to the audience. The manager reminded him again that always the show must go on, and the rest of the act agreed with the manager.

When, at the end of the first scene of the second act,

HE SMASHED THEATRE AND
MOVIE TRADITIONS, AND HAS
A NEW TECHNIQUE FOR RADIO

By Mildred Mastin

MISTER HOWARD . . .

Howard's voice had dwindled to a hoarse laryngitic whisper and the manager still refused to call the show. Mr. Howard slipped into his makeup, stained dressing-gown, and stepped in front of the footlights.

He told the audience it was being cheated. That he was suffering, and because of that, those in the theater were seeing a rotten performance. He advised them to leave at once and demand their money back.

"The audience applauded," says Mr. Howard. "They rose as one man, and a lot of women, and demanded and received their money at the box-office." You may have noticed that the time-honored tradition "the show must go on" applies only to lead players. An electrician, a member of the chorus, a scene-shifter, even the manager himself, may stay at home if he is ill or his wife is sick or his father is dying. The receipts at the box office will not

be affected by his absence. But if the leading man or leading woman—the big name of the play—suggests missing a performance, everyone exclaims: "But don't you realize? *The show must go on!*" Why, it's ridiculous!"

The fact that he was criticized later in the press and by theatrical people for breaking the "sacred" tradition that night in Chicago never worried him.

Leslie Howard also has conceived a rather unconventional "cure" for an actor or actress who goes upstage on him. In his pocket he keeps one of those rubber balls with a face painted on it and a tongue that sticks out. When another member of the cast begins moving slowly upstage, taking the eyes of the audience with him or her,

Howard has given fair warning that he'll turn his back to the audience, take the rubber ball in his right hand, put it behind him, and begin snaking faces with it, for the benefit of the audience.

"The warning was effective," Leslie remarked.

And it must have been. Certainly no one has ever tried to get upstage with Leslie Howard.

It was entirely unconventional, in the first place, for Leslie Howard to become an actor. He never had even considered it until he was dismissed from the Army, after the Armistice was signed.

It always had been assumed that
(Continued on page 80)



Four characteristic shots of Leslie Howard. The first, a scene with Kay Francis, from the movie "British Agent." And next a domestic scene, showing Leslie and his wife, Ruth, arriving at the NBC Broadcasting Studio in Hollywood. And here is a very characteristic shot—according to Leslie: "The whole family is horse-mad." And polo is one of their greatest interests. Here are (left to right) Claudette Colbert, Leslie and Mrs. Howard, at the Uplifters Polo Club. And, last but not least, our Leslie with one of his mounts, at the Riviera Club.



Margaret Speaks

This young American soprano continues as soloist of the Voice of Firestone's new winter series of radio programs, along with William Daly's orchestra and the Firestone Choral Symphony. Richard Crooks and Neilson Eddy also will star on the new program. Margaret Speaks, who began her singing career in vaudeville and musical comedy, is a niece of the famous composer, Oley Speaks. She comes from Columbus, Ohio, and is a popular hostess.



*Jane
Froman*

A charming new photograph of Jane Froman, who numbers countless radio fans among her host of friends. Jane has recently returned from Hollywood, where she was engaged in filming a new picture. She comes from a musical family. Her mother, Anna Froman, was pianist for the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Jane attended the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, where she studied all branches of music. She is an accomplished pianist.

A MAN MISUNDERSTOOD?

HERE'S A REVEALING STORY OF A GREAT ARTIST AND A VERY
HUMAN WHOM FEW OF US REALLY KNOW—LAWRENCE TIBBETT



Three stars of radio, movies and opera meet in Hollywood. Gladys Swarthout, Lawrence Tibbett and Lily Pons.



Wide World

Tibbett, a tennis enthusiast, poses with his wife, after a strenuous session of the net on their estate.



Luis Alberni, George Marion, Sr., and Lawrence Tibbett, in a scene from Tibbett's film, "Metropolitan."

By Elizabeth
Benneche Petersen

"IT'S GOOD for you to be misunderstood!"

There you have it in Lawrence Tibbett's own words. And he should know. For Tibbett is probably the most misunderstood man in Radio.

Misunderstood pictorially, too.

For seeing Tibbett is to realize how unkind photographers and moving picture cameras can be to a truly handsome man. A man whose leoparded skin makes the line of his eyes the more intense. Whose fullness accentuates his ease and charm of manner.

The drawing-room of Tibbett's apartment overlooking

the East River was designed for a man who is first of all a human being. A man who likes companionship. Chairs are drawn together in groups. Great, comfortable divans face each other from diagonal walls. A warm, gracious room in which even a concert grand piano becomes informal.

A room a small boy can run into breathlessly and ask: "Do the eggs go, too, dad, or only the tomatoes?"

And Lawrence Tibbett laughing as he just says: "Only the tomatoes," and explaining that they had come in from their farm in the country, with the usual lot to be dis-

tributed among their friends.

Tibbett's laugh is as warm, as tolerant as the man himself.

"When you get down to facts, being misunderstood is really being unjustly criticized," he went on. "Fair criticism helps, too. For all our defenses and our outward quibbling, I'll wager most of us have a pretty good mental picture of ourselves. I know I have!

"I'm fully aware of my good points and try to gloss over the bad ones. They're there and I know it but I try to kid myself that no one else sees them. Then somebody

comes along and points out a thing I've been congratulating myself I was getting away with. Then I know I haven't been so smart, after all, and set about really getting rid of the fault instead of just covering it up.

"But it's unfair criticism that's really good for the soul. In other words, being misunderstood. Nothing makes me so mad as to be unjustly set upon. And nothing does this old brain of mine so much good as getting mad. Fighting mad.

"For years I go along stuffing things into my brain. Most of us do that. Little bits (Continued on page 56)

One of America's finest baritone, Lawrence Tibbett offers a colorful parade of dramatic songs every Tuesday evening on the Columbia network. Movies, concert and opera claim him, too.

"THEY SHOULDN'T HAVE PRINTED SUCH LIES!"



VIVIENNE SEGAL has red hair. She will commit aggravated assault and battery upon the very next writer, male or female, who prints, publishes, or otherwise disseminates misinformation concerning her. Therefore the following interview, transcribed from shorthand (rather rusty shorthand, to be sure, but shorthand, nevertheless), is set down precisely as she gave it out while striding up and down the luxuriously appointed living-room of her New York apartment—very peeved she was, too.

"Of all the tommyrot!" she protested vigorously. "I think it's high time some of the things people have written about me were set straight. What's the matter with you writers, anyhow? Why on earth do you have to take simple facts and distort them so? Why, I wish you'd read all this junk—" She pointed to a fat, well-filled scrapbook lying on a console table, "and then give me your honest opinion. Know what you'd say

if you'd tell the truth? You'd say the stuff in that book was just exactly what I called it—tommyrot. Or else you'd say I was a candidate for a nice room with quilted walls and bars on the windows!"

You would gather that vivacious Miss Segal took issue with some of the interviewers who had attempted the task of distilling out a few inside facts in her public. She sat down and opened the scrapbook at random.

"Now look at this," she directed. "Just read that. See what it says? My mother and father were divorced because father didn't approve of my going on the stage. Maybe that makes a better story than the correct version, but it's silly rot, just the same! They were divorced, that's true. But not because I went on the stage. And look!"

Her finger pointed out the offending paragraph.

"Good Heavens! Why, that makes me look like some monster! It actually says that I never

Vivienne Segal, in one of the scenes from the famous motion picture, "Bride of the Regiment," with actor Walter Pidgeon.



Long a popular soprano of the air-waves, Vivienne broadcasts each Friday and Sunday evening over the NBC networks.



"LIFE'S WONDERFUL,"
SAYS VIVIENNE SEGAL.
"IT'S ALWAYS HAD MORE
SWEET THAN BITTER."

By Ruth Geri

went near my father even when he was dying! I don't care whether that makes what you call a story or not. It's a downright lie—that's what it is! Now, as a matter of fact, my mother and father always were the best of friends, even after their divorce, and as a matter of more fact, my father signed papers as my legal guardian, permitting me to take my first stage job. That's how much he was against my going on the stage."

Vivienne thumbed through the book, taking as she glanced idly at clipping after clipping nearly jaded in the pages.

"I never will forget the time we had with dad then, though," she recalled.

"Mother brought me to New York to make the rounds of casting offices, and she told dad we were going on a shopping trip, because he really didn't approve of my going into the theater professionally. I sang in a dozen offices, and if there ever was a hotter day in New York, I can't remember it. Finally one of the men who heard me told me I had some promise, but he advised me to go back home and wait until I was a little older.

"Well, I did, and a couple of weeks later, right out of a clear sky, a wire came from him asking me to come to Atlantic City right away. Was I excited! It was like a fairy tale. The leading lady had been taken suddenly ill, and they wanted to try me out for her part. Imagine! I had one day in which to learn the part, and mother and I sat up all night in our hotel room while I studied it. We tried out the show in Atlantic City and then went to New York for the opening there. Think of it! Imagine the thrill, for a little, inexperienced girl who had always dreamed of being on the stage! Opening on Broadway! Well, the day before we opened, I had to sign a contract, or rather mother had to sign it, because I was a minor. She thought her signature would be enough—but it wasn't, as we found out when it came (Continued on page 72)



Mildred Baker

Pretty red-haired Mildred Baker is a Southern girl, but in a long and successful stage career she never has played a Southern rôle. She plays Katie McDonald, the northern rebel, in the ever-popular radio drama, "Roses and Drums."



Dick Powell

Both radio and the movies have made Dick theirs, and made him yours. Music is his profession and his hobby. Besides, singing he plays many musical instruments. Star of "Hollywood Hotel," a bright spot in your Friday evenings.



Lanny Ross

"Show Boat's" popular Lanny Ross, now the entertainment director of the Maxwell House program, was born in Seattle, Washington, January 16th, 1906. His father, Douglas Ross, was a noted Shakespearean actor. Lanny graduated from Yale in 1928, and made his radio debut on Christmas night of that year.

Roy Lee Jackson Photo



Dorothy Lamour

Blue-eyed, auburn-haired Dorothy Lamour is winning an appreciative following with her new program, "Dreamer of Songs," on the air Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. For these programs she learns twelve new songs weekly and has nine hours of rehearsals. Lovely to look at, lovely to listen to, is Dorothy.

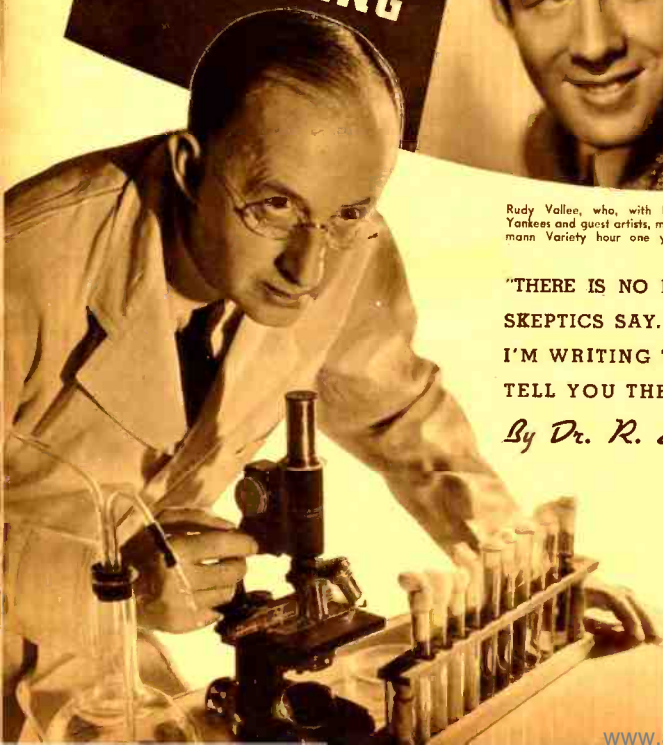
**STRANGE
THINGS ARE
HAPPENING**



Rudy Vallee, who, with his Connecticut Yankees and guest artists, makes the Fleischmann Variety hour one you won't miss.

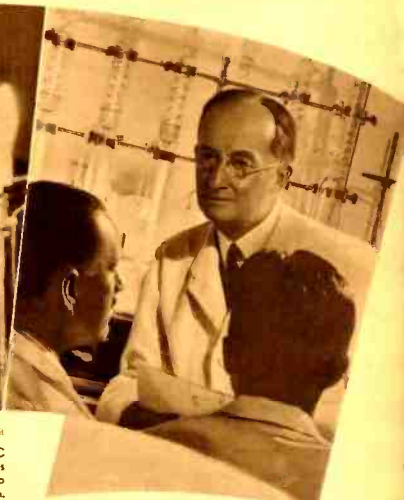
**"THERE IS NO DR. LEE!"
SKEPTICS SAY. "WELL,
I'M WRITING THIS TO
TELL YOU THERE IS!"**

By Dr. R. E. Lee



Wide World

Above, a glimpse of Rudy in action, in the NBC studios. And (at the right) Dr. R. E. Lee confers with two of his corps of twenty specialists, who assist him in his laboratory of applied research.



FOR twenty years I have held a position in the scientific department of a large organization, and until six years ago I was hidden away in the laboratory, hospital, and office, and my circle of acquaintances was small. *And then I went on the air!* I was coaxed up to a microphone and bullied into speaking for one minute. That is all. Sixty seconds of talk on health, no more. But it was enough to perform a great miracle—the miracle which I have learned to accept as the every day job of radio.

What can be done in a minute? Think about it—what can you do in the time it takes the second-hand to tick its way around the small dial? In ordinary life—*nothing*. In radio, everything—or almost everything. At least, so it seems to me after six years of broadcasting. I remember that first time at the mike—and it was a horrible ordeal. There were about a hundred invited guests sitting there terribly silent. There was Rudy, perched on his stool, smiling and nodding his head sympathetically, the orchestra with their instruments at rest—and in the center—the black circle of the microphone. I felt cold all over and my jaw was strangely stiff and numb. The voice that issued from my throat was a voice I had never heard before.

Since then, I have discovered that everyone feels much the same as I did, when they first come to the microphone. In fact, I have yet to hear of anyone who doesn't flither a little at his or her debut. Marie Dressler wrung her hands and rolled her eyes and moaned: "Oh why did I

ever get into this?" Katherine Hepburn spat: "I hate that little black box!" And I recall that Irene Dunstons' hands got as cold as ice.

My debut, it seemed to me, was a ghastly experience, yet it accomplished the incredible.

At that time I knew altogether about a thousand people. I received about twenty letters in my business and personal mail each day. One minute on the air—and what happened? In the week that followed, I received 226 letters, close to a hundred telephone calls from strangers, and fifteen telegrams. People I did not know nodded, when they were introduced to me and said: "Oh, the Dr. Lee who broadcast on the Rudy Vallee program?"

I broadcast again the following week, again for one minute—and I have been doing it every Thursday since, ever since November, 1929. Three hundred weeks—three hundred minutes. Five hours in all. Short enough as time goes, especially when spread out over six years—yet these five hours have caused 250,000 letters to be written to me, on personal and health matters, that never would have been written. And if it is true that for every letter writer there are three others who would have liked to write but lacked the courage or the energy to do so, then this means that a million men and women were helped materially by some of the things I said during these five hours.

Nothing that I said was especially remarkable. I have made it a practice to fish up the knowledge which every doctor knows. I spoke and still (Continued on page 70)

RADIO STARS

"FOR OLD LANG SYNE.."

And here is Guy himself, leader of the Royal Canadians, whose distinctive music is such a heart-warming spot on those Monday evening programs. Guy started playing the violin in public at the tender age of thirteen.

by Helen Irwin

WHEN Guy Lombardo plays "Auld Lang Syne" something happens. There's magic in the air. Whether the lovely old refrain he has selected as a theme song comes to you from a thousand miles away, or whether you're dancing in front of his orchestra, you feel the spell in its strains. It evokes a sense of the fragrance of the past, of old friendships that never die, of old loves always young, and of the bright colors of youthful dreams. Under its melody you can reach out, capture something old and lovely.

The Royal Canadians work that spell better than any other orchestra. "Auld Lang Syne" belongs to them because they, more than others, can know what it means.

This December Guy Lombardo is celebrating the twentieth anniversary of the birth of his band. They've shared twenty years of work and play and ambitions. And because they have an understanding of shared affections and shared dreams, born of those twenty years, they can play their signature in a way to make us feel its nostalgic charm.

Since first they started not a man in that band has

been changed. They've added members but they've never dropped one. A fifth of a century they've stuck together through discouragement, gruelling hours of practice and playing, hectic travelling from one city to another, and, for the last seven—probably the hardest thing of all to share, overwhelming success. What is it that has held them, still holds them?

I asked Guy Lombardo what the secret was. We were sitting in the bar of one of the gay night clubs where he has played—one of the new, smart New York night spots. Around us was the glitter of gigantic mirrors, black-and-chromium decorations, sleek, smartly dressed men and women. It was sophisticated, gay.

Guy smiled and stirred his coffee thoughtfully. "A lot of people ask me that," he said. "One of the reasons is because we started so young. We were only kids. When you grow up together you have a lot in common—the same background, old associations. That sort of thing holds you."

Then he told me how they started. Twenty years ago there were no Royal Canadians.

There were only three little boys in knee pants playing for the Mothers' Club of London, Ontario. They were Guy, aged thirteen, who played the violin and conducted. And Carmen, eleven, tooting at his new flute. And Freddy Kreitzer, also eleven, and known as "de Enemy" because twenty years ago a war was going on and Kreitzer is a German name. He pounded the piano.

They played "When You Were a Tulp" and "There's a Long, Long Trail" and other tunes people sang in 1915. Seventy-five mothers smiled and applauded and afterwards congratulated Mrs. Lombardo and Mrs. Kreitzer. Those two ladies beamed and said: "They were good, weren't they?" And added *sotto voce*, "But my dear, we suffered during rehearsals!" The three little boys were told how nice it was for them to have such an interesting hobby and how when they were grown-up business men they would always be glad they had music to turn to for relaxation.

(Continued on page 62)



The Royal Canadians: Guy Lombardo (upper right), Victor, Liebert (lower left) and Carmen Lombardo.

Another family group, showing the four Lombardo brothers engaged in an amicable rehearsal.

Arranging a composition for their broadcast. [Lower right] in their film, "Many Happy Returns."



TWENTY YEARS AGO IN CANADA THREE LADS SHARED A DREAM.
FROM IT GREW THE BAND WE KNOW AS THE ROYAL CANADIANS.



Edythe Wright is the name of this most personable young songstress. Here is the voice you hear with Tommy Dorsey's distinctive new orchestra over the Columbia network each Monday and Friday night. Edythe, as you may notice, is one of radio's most attractive young ladies, and the coming of television will hold no terrors for her. What's more, it has been rumored about that a few of the major film companies are interested in signing up Edythe's charm to enhance their pictures.



Does motion picture work add to or detract from a performer's work on the air? Well, Eddie Cantor's show on the air never has been better, as you know if you've been listening lately on Sunday evenings at eight o'clock. The scene above is from Eddie's new film, "Shoot the Chutes," and the tall guy in the natty striped suit is none other than Partykarkos (Harry Einstein). Standing on tiptoe, Edgie rolls an inquiring eye at Elaine Johnson, one of the "Gorgeous Goldwyn Girls," but Elaine's smiles seem all for Partykarkos.

STAR SPANGLED BRITON



Ray Lee Jackson Photos

Although radio listeners as yet cannot see Barclay in costume for one of his characterizations, his imaginative genius and his flexible voice create the illusion.

By Jack Hanley

JOHN BARCLAY, SINGER-ACTOR OF THE PALMOLIVE BEAUTY BOX PROGRAM, IS A VERY UNUSUAL PERSON.



THIS story about John Barclay is unorthodox. To go a little farther, John Barclay, singer-actor of the popular Palmolive Beauty Box show, is unorthodox. Let's go still farther, and begin at the beginning.

When your reporter learned he was to do a piece on John Barclay he was a wee bit disgruntled, not to say chagrined. Frankly, I had pleasantly anticipated a charming chat with some lovely and utterly feminine honey like Gladys Swarthout or Franca White. Knowing that Mr. Barclay was born in Bitchingham, England; had taken a B.A. at Pembroke College, Cambridge; was on intimate musical terms with Barclay and Hrafkins and had sung with various oratorio societies and symphony orchestras, didn't especially whet the enthusiasm if you know what I mean. Or maybe you've never met English actors.

The first surprise came in meeting Mr. Barclay at the N.B.C. studios, right after the Beauty Box broadcast, to arrange for the interview. The effect was somewhat like shaking hands with the statue of Liberty. It is common knowledge that John Barclay is six feet five inches tall and not very wide. But confronted suddenly, your reporter felt, for the first time in years, like one of Singer's Midgets. We set a time and discussed a place for the interview. John Barclay lives on Long Island with his wife and young daughter. With visions of a busy day all broken up by a trip to the country I made a suggestion. Just to get the

reaction, I tentatively pushed forth the idea that we might meet at my place.

"Fine!" Barclay said. "Splendid. Be glad to stop in . . . any time you say."

That was the second shock. The third came when he arrived exactly on time, without telephone reminders, folded himself like a carpenter's rule into a low chair and began to talk about everything but John Barclay. And talked, mind you, not in the exaggerated Oxford drawl that most English actors regard as their birthright, but in a singularly pleasant style that combines the best features of the English and American languages.

At my comment on his speech he referred to his engagement with Winthrop Ames' Gilbert and Sullivan revivals from 1926 to 1928.

"In the company," said Mr. Barclay, "were sopranos, tenors and baritonees from all parts of America and England and no two accents were alike. Mr. Ames stressed the necessity of coordinating the various accents into a sort of common denominator. We worked very hard to achieve a pure vocalization that was neither English nor American. The idea appealed to me and I've kept at it always."

"You mean," I said incredulously, "that you don't consider British speech the only correctly spoken English?"

"Of course not!" His dark eyes reflected earnestness. "Oxford English is just as much a local accent as Brooklynesse. An actor should strive for a pure speech, a diction that is pleasing to the ear and readily understood, both in

(Upper Left) John Barclay himself, lean and tall and bearing a resemblance to the younger Lincoln. (Upper Right) A sympathetic camera study of the actor in his home, with his little six-year-old daughter, Mary Cornelia, to whom he is devoted.

drama and song. London English is no more pure than Nashville English." From the way he said it I had a sneaking suspicion that he really meant it, heretical as it sounds. I made a noise like a reporter, poised a sharpened pencil and made one more attempt to let John Barclay revert to type.

"Do you find many things wrong with America?" I murmured.

"America?" he said, brightening up visibly. "I've always been terribly enthusiastic about America. I came to New York in June of 1921, after a season of opera in the south of France. I've been here ever since and I haven't the slightest desire to go back."

"You mean you like the United States?"

"I think it's swell," he said. "Here nobody depends on background for a living. The man himself counts. He's judged by what he can do, not by who he is. The man who can provide something that meets with popular approval, something that the public wants, is a success. The hifalutin artist starves to death." There was no question about the sincerity in John Barclay's lean, deeply lined face; his eyes were lighted with interest in a favorite topic.

"Perhaps the main reason I'm fond of America is because I'm interested in the future rather than in the past. I think 'You're the Top' is vastly more important and interesting musically than the heavy old sob ballads that used to be the favorite repertoire of the song recitalist. Highbrows say 'you can't do this'—I say let's have a modern idiom that the man in the street can appreciate and enjoy."

Mr. Barclay continued enthusiastically: "George Gershwin or Jerome Kern are doing far more for music than—well, say, those who cling tenaciously to the past. Popular music of today has a genuine beauty, a real melodic quality and the lyrics (Continued on page 54)

Famous as a singer, Barclay achieves new laurels as an actor.

BUT WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO THE AMATEUR ?

STORIES OF SOME WHO WON A CAREER—OR GOT THE GONG.

By Dorothy Brooks

MAJOR EDWARD BOWES, the man of the (amateur) hour, supervises a new, fascinating industry—the manufacture of stars. The star-mill grinds away each Sunday night, and the trail of the amateur hour is strewn with star-dust. Out of the mill come a few brilliant, flawless products and a host of minor satellites. But the star-dust when sifted yields golden grains, equally precious in their own way, rich in laughter, tears and consolation.

Perhaps only a few of the hundreds of amateurs will parallel the success of Doris Wester, who is being tested by several companies for a screen career; of Clyde Barrie who is now a regular ether star broadcasting on a coast-to-coast network. For some the climb may be long and tortuous. For others, hopeless. But win or

lose, in one way or another hundreds of lives, have been brightened by the golden opportunity accorded by the Major Bowes' Amateur Hour.

The story of the three young Youman Brothers is a modern variation of the delightful Cinderella theme, emerging from the amateur hour wheel of chance.

The brothers are George, Jack and Seymour, known as Skippy—nineteen, eighteen and seventeen respectively—three brilliant youngsters who, with the aid of an accordion, a violin and a clarinet, demonstrated their uncanny ability to imitate a dozen of the best known orchestras on the air. To these youngsters has come success so dazzling that their future is clearly marked for stardom. Fresh from the schoolroom they have been catapulted (Continued on page 76)



Here are the Youman Brothers, George and Jack and Seymour, who recently made a sensational hit in their imitation of five of radio's leading bands.

KATE SMITH WRITES OF THE WINNERS
AND HOW SHE WON THEM
FOR HER MIKE
PARADE



(Above)
Champion of
the champions—
Miss Kate Smith.



(Above) James J.
Braddock, Kate
Smith, and the
wood-choppers.



(Left) With "Big
Bill Tilden," one
of the best of the
raquet wielders.

(Above) Kate and
Dizzy Dean indulge
in a bit of clowning
after the show.

SHAKE HANDS WITH THE CHAMPIONS

By Kate Smith

I LIKE the new title some folks have given me. They call me the "champion champion-getter," and to be kind of honest and frank about it—I really think I've earned the label. Why? I'll tell you—and I hope you find it as interesting as I have.

When I returned to the airwaves, in September, a year ago, with my fall program, I wanted to do something that was "different." Everybody in radio, and in show business, also, for that matter, is always in search for that quality—and if one can find it, and deliver, too, then he or she really has got something. So Ted Collins and I began going into huddles, but, as a result, we didn't seem to gain any yardage. (You can see I took in some of those football games this past season!) Anyway, although we did have an idea of what we wanted, we didn't quite know how to get it.

Here was the situation. We both agreed that listening cars were a bit dulled by elaborately staged radio shows that lacked a certain friendliness and informality. After all, an entertainer can't say: "I sing—or make jokes, as

the case might be—to millions of people." It's not so. We, of the broadcasting studios, entertain only one and two, or three, four or five persons at a time as they sit in their homes before the radio. Those millions aren't massed together. They're each separate individual units—and the radio programs come to them in their homes—not in theatres or large auditoriums.

We figured that something with a quality of human interest should be injected into our programs. Amateurs weren't the answer. This, I thought, was being overdone, and besides, was unfair exploitation of earnest people who needed a real "break," and not a laugh at their expense. But Ted and I just couldn't seem to find what we vaguely had in mind.

Although we had a wide variety of entertainment scheduled on our first program, nevertheless that certain "human interest" feature was missing.

The day of the first broadcast came around. That morning I read in the newspapers that right here in the city a Miss Elinor Murdoch (Continued on page 74)

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH?

RADIO FAVORITES DO THEIR BEST TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS—



Helen Hayes in "The New Penny," a dramatic serial written for the radio appearances of this famous stage and screen star.

What Has Been Your Most Disturbing Experience While Broadcasting?

John Charles Thomas—"A few minutes before having to sing the Belgian National Anthem on a Chicago program, I discovered the words had slipped my mind. Working against time, the boys in the studio whipped through the big tar phone book and rang up everybody in town whose name gave the slightest suggestion of

Sigmund Romberg—"If you find anything exciting in a few cro-seed wires, I'll tell you my story. I was broadcasting from a New York studio with California clamoring on the phone . . . that's the set up. The movie studio wants a new song immediately. My audience wants to hear the rest of the broadcast. I take an eleven-minute leave of absence from the mike, give birth to a tune, whistle it to Hollywood, and then go on with the broadcast."

be on the bun. Well, the more they bothered my eyes, the more I insisted on wearing them. Yeah, I wanted to get adjusted. So one night Gracie and I are broadcasting and all of a sudden the script begins to blur. The rest of the



Rosario Bourdon musician and conductor of The Cities Service Orchestra, is a native of Canada. Born in Montreal, March 6, 1881.



John Charles Thomas celebrated American baritone, star of musical comedy, opera and radio, sings each Wednesday.



Igor Gorin famous concert and operatic singer from Vienna, who soon will make his motion picture debut with M-G-M.

Belgian ancestry. Luck was with us. We unthinkingly a patriot. I sang the song."

Comie Galtis "This was one time when nobody laughed when I sat down at the piano. The music of the song I was to sing wasn't on the rack and knowing only the melody and piano accompaniment, I had to take the lyrics . . . with a tra la and a heigh-sonny-ny-oomy and a hump in my throat."

N.I.G.—Way back in the early days of radio, all programs were under the censorship of the navy . . . and the sailors were plenty strict. It happened one night that an admiral was speaking at a convention banquet in honor of police commissioners from all over the world. I was master of ceremonies. Law, order, and censorship all assembled in one room. Auspicious—and then the admiral starts telling off-color jokes. Rather than put the

program is me ad libbing and poor little Gracie wondering what it's all about. To make a long story short, it seems that the admiral had got my glasses mixed up with those of a guy by the name of Brown."

Curtis Brall (Buck Rogers)—"I remember one time when I went through what I thought was a dress rehearsal, taking it real easy, making a few breaks here and there. When the rehearsal was over, I sat around waiting



Benay Venuta California's songbird, made her debut in radio about five years ago and now stars in radio and musical comedy.



Frances Langford tiny contralto crooner with "Hollywood Hotel," may be heard in the M-G-M show, "Broadway Melody of 1936."

for the real thing to begin. When I finally came to and realized it had been the real thing, I felt the way you do when you're going down a flight of stairs in the dark, expecting one more step and it just isn't there."

Gabriel Heatter—"Not all broadcasts issue from the cloistered walls of the studio. A certain assignment took Jeff Sparks and myself twenty-five stories up the side of a skyscraper. The (Continued on page 79)



Jessica Dragonette celebrates her tenth radio anniversary this year. She has made more than 700 radio appearances.

sailors in the awkward position of having to censor their own admiral. I dragged the mike over to the other end of the hall and they went back to get in on the rest of the jokes."

George Burns—"I had a new pair of glasses which seemed to

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Star-Spangled Briton

(Continued from page 47)

usually tell a more interesting story than the old solo ballads. You can't ignore it or pass it off as unimportant. After all, many of the masters wrote contemporary music—they weren't writing for posterity. The old-time singer at recitals would do ballads with informality, but it he sang Brahms it called it a top hat and tails. They forgot that Bach's best compositions were originally written only as music for Sunday services.

This remember, wasn't a crooner speaking. Nor an unschooled blues singer defining his music. John Barclay studied

music three years with Jean de Reszke and later with Raymond von zu Milden. He sang "Samson and Delilah" at the Hurry Lane in London, toured America under the auspices of Arthur Judson for five years in concerts and recitals, appeared with Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, the New York Philharmonic, the Detroit Symphony. He sang oratorio with the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir, the Apollo Club Choir, the New York Oratorio Society, and at many other music festivals and ensembles equally well known. He is married to Madame Dag-

mar Rybner, pianist and composer.

"I have no use for the professional high-brow," he went on, and told a story in that connection about the old waiter who had served most of his life in a London club. The waiter's son had achieved a brilliant success as a lawyer and one of the settlements at the club spoke to the old man about it.

"I'll wager you're proud of your boy today," the man said laconically.

"Yes," the waiter nodded mildly. "Ah, no, proud of 'im, no! right? But Ah 'ad to keep 'im till 'e was forty!"

Incidentally, John Barclay does an excellent cockney dialect, as well as many other foreign dialects. That was one of the reasons Deems Taylor was very kind in one of his criticisms of Barclay's work with the Winthrop Ames Gilbert and Sullivan company. And speaking of criticism, the biggest kick John Barclay ever got out of a notice was when the D'Oyly Carte company brought another revival of Gilbert and Sullivan to America recently. Four of the reviews barbed back to Barclay's performances in the same role—favorably—after a lapse of seven years.

Another thing Deems Taylor liked was the Barclay ability to paint a picture with song, his talent for dramatizing a number.

Barclay doesn't believe in standing with folded hands and spraying an audience with merely the melody of a song. Back in the days when he did recital work he played as many as twenty different characters in an evening, through the medium of the songs he did. That's one of the reasons why he's an actor on the radio today.

"I believe in bringing out the inherent drama in a musical composition," he says. "Whether it's popular or classical music, the public is interested in the story of it, as well as the melody. That's why people go to hear Lucienne Boyer, or Yvette Guilbert. They have the same ability to create a scene in the listener's mind that Ruth Draper has in her monologues. Take the Doppelgänger of Schubert—there's a perfect example. It's the story of a man who sees his phantom double. You've got to put yourself into the scene . . . see the street, dim in the flickering lamplight of the old town . . . show the man approaching the house where he had once lived. As he approaches he sees someone standing outside and he realizes that he is seeing himself as a youth—his phantom double. There's plenty of drama there and you've got to have it in your mind and get it across. Or take 'Two Cigarettes in the Dark' . . ."

"It illustrates exactly what I mean," said Barclay. "People don't get bored with popular music if it's presented properly. The Two Cigarettes number is more than a pleasant melody. A man goes outside to find his sweetheart and sees the glow of two cigarettes . . . realizes that she is with another man. That's essentially drama. And the singer must realize that drama—act it across to his audience. That's the interesting thing about radio work; through the single dimension of hearing, a pe-



Kay Lee Jackson

Charming Jean Yewell discovered, one day, that she possessed a singing voice of lyric loveliness. Singing, Jean concluded, was better than teaching school. So she resigned her position as a school-teacher in Kansas, and came to New York. She now adds her talents to the sophisticated harmonies and lilting lyrics of NBC's Roy Campbell's Royalists.

former can project the other dimensions and build a fully rounded picture in the listener's mind.

Personally, I feel that all performers don't. It's the difference between a radio performer and a radio artist.

But John Barclay was tremendously interested in the topic. He's rarely sincere in his appreciation of popular music. And amazingly enough, it doesn't make him stuffy. There was the time he appeared at a music festival in Chicago before an audience of six thousand. His part called for him to step out dramatically and declaim the lines: "A Grecian poet I—but born too late!" To an actor before a non-highbrow audience, those are lines to shudder at! It's the sort of a speech that is apt to produce the American phenomenon known as the belly-laugh. But Barclay sank so completely into his part and delivered the lines with such simple lack of affectation that there wasn't a giggle.

"What a chance," I said "for a zazz or a sticker. What would you have done in that case?"

"I wasn't thinking about the audience," he said. "For the moment I was the Grecian poet. And if the audience happened to find it funny—why, nuts to them!"

Which is a good old British expression right out of Cambridge! You can't hate a guy like that! With more reason than most to be snooty about his background, John Barclay isn't so at all. He isn't Americanized—he's American. His ancestors founded many branches of the Barclay family in America through some of them returned to England. Barclay Street in Philadelphia was named for a direct ancestor of his. He's done many interesting things and skips lightly over them in the telling, except those which are not particularly complimentary. When he was seven years old he had the opportunity to sing for John McCormack. McCormack listened attentively to the number until it was over. Then he said "Johnnie, why do you sit on your voice instead of letting your voice sit on you?"

Barclay took the advice from the renowned tenor seriously. He never learned to sing—that was a natural gift. But he studied hard to find out what was right and wrong in singing, to develop technique.

He first appeared on the air in 1929 and has been *Le Tante* in the D'Orsay Parisian Romances, played on the Fada, Lyric, True Story, True Detective and Philco programs. He is best known, perhaps, for the long succession of acting and singing leads in the Palmolive musicals.

One of his first professional appearances was for Sir Nigel Playfair and Arnold Bennett in Hammersmith, England—the place where John Drinkwater's play, "Abraham Lincoln," was first produced. As a matter of fact, John Barclay bears a striking resemblance to the younger Lincoln, though he has never played the rôle.

He spreads his legs wide apart when broadcasting, to come down to microphone level. He thinks advertising art is, at its best, a fine art form, that Ford cars and electric locomotives are beautiful in fact, that in all modern civilization the strictly utilitarian can be as beautiful as the purely artistic. He is devoted to his work, his wife, his little six-year-old daughter, Mary Louella.

He's a pretty swell person
The End



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A Man Misunderstood

(Continued from page 33)

of philosophy, clunks of culture, a smart-tongue of this sort and that one. Some of it is good, of course. Some bad. But bit by bit, my brain becomes like an over-crowded room. My thoughts go knocking up against all the chaise longue's I've stored there, the mental counterparts of the spindle chairs and brass lamps and ornate little tables that can make a hotel-poolage of any room.

"Then somebody comes along and takes an unjust crack at me and I'm grateful for it. Because I get mad!"

"What happens when you get feeling mad? You start kicking limits around, don't you? Well, your brain is doing that, too. Kicking out all the little pasted thoughts and petty fancies you've been hoarding. All the gimmicks, the superficialities, the things that the strong things the stable things are unshaken. After all, you can't kick a grand piano out of the window when you get mad!"

"First thing you know your thoughts are clear again. Why shouldn't they be, with your brain cells cleared again for action? That's the reason I say it's good to be misunderstood."

Laurance Tabbutt talks as forcefully as he sings. Singers know the importance of good diction. Tabbutt goes further

than that. His thoughts are as clear cut as his words.

"It takes a lot of knowing to think that way. A lot of understanding. A lot of experience."

"I know what people say about me," he admits fondly. "That I'm conceited."

"The first time I heard it I was bewildered. How could people say such things about me when I'm the confident, the mental firmest, the mistressless that lurks inside my mind?"

"Then, because they were wrong I got mad."

"It is probably my very insistence of myself that has caused that hope-slim. Sometimes when I come out on the stage or before the microphone of the camera I am so full of myself and everything about myself and my voice and everything else that I'm sure I'm going to stand there like an awkward doll afraid to open my mouth."

"But I can't do that. Singing is my business and I have to sing. So I force myself to go through the pieces. I pull myself up and in my frenzy I probably push my head back more than I should and stick my chest out further. I don't want people to see how scared I am, so I overdo it."

"Now if I were concealed I wouldn't

de that. I wouldn't feel the need for covering up. And in being so thoroughly sure of myself I'd probably give the impression of downright stupidity."

"The same thing happens when a stranger recognizes me on the street and comes over to shake hands or to ask for an autograph. Of course I'm grateful for the compliment but I get so covered with confusion my first instinct is to run. Now I like people. More than I've ever met in my life. Being normally generous, I don't think there is anything much more fun than talking or exchanging ideas with someone I've just met. It's always an adventure to meet a new person."

"But it's something else to be stopped by a stranger and be told how good you are. No matter how sincere the praise is, it's embarrassing. I love being it, of course, who wouldn't? But the satisfaction comes later. At the moment I feel so awkward and so at loss for adequate words that I respond stily. And I don't blame the person for going away thinking I'm small-headed and a prig."

"There are so many ways a person in the public eye can be misunderstood. Little things most of them. But in mine."

"Not long ago a newspaper quoted me as saying that the greatest music in the world at present was coming from Ten Part Alley. It was being misquoted on the term. But I'm Alley that I objected to. I don't like the phrase and I never use it."

"The essence of the statement was that America is making the music the world is listening to. Great songs are being written—songs that a certain type of person enjoys because they are popular."

"Now take Bach, or Wagner or Beethoven or any of the other musical geniuses of the world. All of them have been guilty of passages unworthy of them at some time or another. They've all had their trite moments, their banal ones, their stupid ones. And take George Gershwin or Jerome Kern or Vincent Youmans or Irving Berlin to mention only a few of our popular composers—and you'll find that all of them have written music that is really great."

"People consciously acquiring culture are too prone to be afraid of their own judgment afraid to express themselves until they first run to a little book and look up the things that should be applauded and the things that should be frowned upon. No matter how hard they may be by passages in a symphony or in an opera they would as soon cut off their right hand as admit it. It's the thing to like that certain group or and so they like him in everything he does."

"These are the people who would be ashamed to admit a popular song that they like. And it is people like these who have criticized me for including these songs in my Radio and Concert programs."

"It would be impossible for me to play covers. I sing live. After all I play three distinctly different types of instruments—Opera, radio and movies. It seems



Mr. and Mrs. Mario Chamlee enjoy a hearty laugh at some nonsense they have been reading on a quiet evening at home. Mr. Chamlee, on Sunday evenings, provides many a laugh for radio fans, as Tony, of the Tony and Gus program.

logical that in adhering too closely to one audience's demands I would be disappointing the other two.

"So I sing the songs I want to sing. The songs that have meaning and beauty for me. For I know that only by being true to myself can I be true to the people who have paid me the great compliment of liking my voice."

Lawrence Tibbett has come a long way from where he was born. A long way and a hard way. A long way from the grandfather who came to California in the gold rush of '49. From Bakersfield and the kid whose father was killed by an outlaw. And from Los Angeles and the hotel out of which his mother tried so valiantly to make a living for herself and her children. He has come a long way, too, from the youngster who started his career singing in the prologues of the movies shown at Sid Gramman's Chinese Theatre in Hollywood.

But all these things came with him: The adventurous spirit of his grandfather. The courage of his sheriff father. The eternal hope of his mother. The fortitude of that boy who was himself.

They are the things that carried him from the bleak sun-baked town in California to the Metropolitan Opera House and to Radio and his success in the Movies.

Lawrence Tibbett has drunk deeply of life. He has known poverty and fear. He has known young love and what it means to marry with no security except the hope in his heart, and he fathered twin sons when he was little more than a boy himself.

And he lived to know the breaking up of that marriage and the disillusion that comes with the end of love. To know success. And mature love, he came to know that, too, and a second marriage that has endured.

He gives you all this when he sings for you, all the frustration and the hope and all the fulfillment. In return he asks for the thing that is more important to him than success: The right to a life of his own.

"Of course my life story is generally known," he said quietly. "But the details are my own. No one else has a right to them. My voice is public property and my audiences have a right to demand certain things of it. And when I sing I try to give them the things they demand, the emotion they want."

"What the public doesn't understand is this: That it's my life, the things I've done and the things I haven't done, the mistakes I've made and all those other details that make that emotion possible. For if I hadn't lived as I have, I wouldn't be feeling these things when I sing."

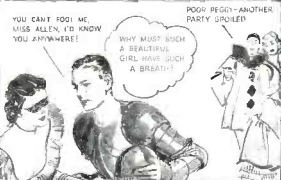
"Strange, isn't it, how quick the public is to damn the very things they demand of any creative person, whether they be writer or actor or artist or singer. That they don't understand that the very things they are ready to tear a person apart for are the qualities that have gone into making the emotion that gave them pleasure."

Lawrence Tibbett has come a long way along the Glory Road he loves to sing about. Success has come, greater than any he shared dreams about in those other years. Another success, too. A success at being a human being.

THE END



AND THEY USED TO PITY HER AT PARTIES



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Dick Powell, star of the "Hollywood Hotel" program which you hear every Friday evening, caught chatting with Joan Blondell, Warner Brothers star, who is reported to be Dick's favorite Hollywood actress. Rumors are to the effect that there's definitely a romance, but there are also contradictory rumors which lead you to believe Dick and Joan are just the best of friends. Cupid plays lots of tricks out in Hollywood. You never know exactly what to think.

Football's All-American Tenor

(Continued from page 15)

Meehan, when the latter came to N. Y. U., ripened into a friendship which resulted in Munn eventually meeting every coach of importance in the nation Lou Little, Harry Stuhldreher, Mal Stevens, Jimmy Crowley, the late Knute Rockne, Hank Anderson, Herb Kopf—all of the important gridiron greats.

Munn used to spend the training season with Meehan at N.Y.U.'s Farmingdale Camp. Driving sixty miles into New York to broadcast and driving back again afterward was worth the effort, in Munn's opinion, because of the football knowledge he acquired. Frank son in on the "skull-sessions," watched the workouts, noted the blackboard drills—in short, became one of the squad.

His knowledge of football is sound. Munn has the grid fanatic's knack of recalling incidents in games played a dozen years ago. He remembers the famous Columbia-N.Y.U. game at South Field, in 1922, when Jack Weinberger, now on the N.Y.U. coaching staff, played so brilliantly that the Violets were able to bottle the great Walter Koppisch and leave the gridiron with a 7-6 victory, one of the

most startling upsets in football history in the metropolitan district. Imagine the chagrin of the Violets to discover next day that the referee, reaching the sanctity of Philadelphia, decided that he had interpreted the rules incorrectly in giving N.Y.U. its touchdown, that it should have been a safety and that the proper result was: Columbia 6; N.Y.U. 2. It is the only game in the annals of football that the team which won on Saturday afternoon, lost on Sunday morning.

Munn considers the greatest game he ever saw was the N.Y.U.-Carnegie Tech battle at Pittsburgh in 1928, when the Violets defeated a great Tech team, which already had conquered Notre Dame by 27-13. He also looks back with fond memories on a Dartmouth-Penn game at the Polo Grounds, which resulted in a tie-game of 14-14 in 1921, and another game at the same ball park the following year when a great Lafayette team, which had held Navy and Boston College without a first down on successive Saturdays was humbled by Greasy Neale's Washington and Jefferson team by 14-13.

"There were many odd features to that

game," explains Munn, with the joy of a story-teller who has a subject warm to his heart. "Lafayette led at the end of the first half by 13-0 and W. & J. hadn't made a first down. Then they came on in the second half to tie the score. Everybody was waiting for the try-for-point when Erickson flipped a forward-pass to Herb Kopf in the end-zone to win the game. That was the first year '22 that the rules permitted a conversion by a run or pass, as well as a kick, and that was the first major game decided by the new rules."

"Asked what football player he considered the greatest, Munn answered without hesitation, "Ken Strong. I thought so when he was at N.Y.U. and now when I see him playing pro football with the Giants, I'm sure of it."

While Strong's collegiate and professional records bear out Munn's estimate of his ability, Frank's choice of a lineman doubtless will be subject to dispute. He named Bing Miller, who was a tackle at N.Y.U., contemporaneous with Strong.

"Of course I'm naming only the players I've actually seen," said Munn. "I liked

Miller because he was a sixty-minute player. Give me those kind of guys on the team, men that are in there from whistle to whistle and never let up.

"One season, before the first game, Miller off-loaded with Dave Myers the great Negro guard of N.Y.C. There was a mix-up on signals and they came out of the line heads down, running in opposite directions. Bug got the worst of the injury, sustaining a severe cut on his forehead. Instead of quitting, he had Charley Porter, the trainer, construct a special headgear, and he didn't miss a minute all season. Miller played a little pro football with the Stapletons on Staten Island. I used to go over there on Sundays to see him."

Mum was too wary to be trapped into picking out one football mentor as the team's best. "I know two men of them, grinned Frank. "Take fellows like Lou Little, his assistant Herb Kopf, and Meenan. They all know plenty of football, know as much as any man in the country. But football is a lot like cards. No matter how smart a bridge player you are, you can't take an ace with a deuce. If the coach knows his business, and is interested in it, he's a good coach, regardless of the record his team may make. The schedule and the material at hand don't always match, you know."

Although football is Frank's first sporting love, it isn't his only one. He rarely misses the Penn Relays in Philadelphia, or the ICA track meets, whether they are held in Boston or New York. Oddly enough, Mum isn't a great baseball fan, although as father helped organize the first union

in the history of the New York Police Department, back in 1882, together with J. W. Apple, who is still alive. Frank never has seen a world series game, although of the last fifteen world series no fewer than nine have been played in New York.

Less publicity is sent out on Mum than any other star of similar magnitude. There is a rumor that Frank refuses to have his picture taken because of his ample bulk. "I'm stout and that's all there is to it," grous Mum, in denying the story. "The only trick I ever squawk about pictures is when they are poor ones. And anybody'll do that, whether you're a singer or a lute-chick's clerk. I'm no Clark Gable, but I like my picture a to look like me."

Upraise Mum has eschewed personal appearances during his long career as a radio star, it has been hinted that Frank prefers people to visualize him as they hear him over the air, rather than see him as he is. Again the studio gossips are 100 per cent wrong.

"I believe my place is at the microphone, that's all," says Mum. "I'm making my living through singing over the air, not through touring the country, making four or five appearances a day and being confined to the theatre from eleven in the morning until eleven at night, putting up with the inconveniences of Pullman travel, hotel rooms and living out of a trunk."

"My life is as well regulated as that of any business man. I come to the studio for rehearsals and broadcasts and then go home, the same as though it were my office. I took a Chicago trip with Abe Lyman while *A Century of Progress* was on the lake-front out there. I enjoyed it,

much as a business-man would enjoy a vacation.

"The biggest thrill I get out of radio is when visitors come to the RCA building, particularly during the holidays when the tourist trade is heavy. They'll come up to me, introduce themselves, and say that they've been listening to me for years and feel as though they've known me. I get a real lung out of that."

It has been a long step for Mum, since the days when, with a bundle of songs under his arm, he'd show up at WOR, W1AF or WMCA and sing gratis for an hour, just in the hope that somebody might hear him and sign him. As a matter of fact, it was while making phonograph records for the Brunswick Co., not singing for radio, that Frank was discovered and signed up.

Gus Haenschen, musical director for the record company, heard Mum making records, arranged an audition for him, and finally got him a spot on a commercial the E. A. White hour, with Virginia Rea, who later was to play Olive Palucci, while Frank played Paul Oliver on the Palmolive hour. Mum received less than fifty dollars for his first commercial work on the air.

Mum grades his progress, not by the increased remuneration, but by the fact that it has enabled him to enjoy more football than would otherwise be possible. He knows now that he can sit on the fifty-yard line instead of the dollar bleachers. And he does—strong in mind, not to be seen, but because from there he can see more football.

THE END

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WAKE THIS TEST

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Appearances are Deceiving

(Continued from page 31)

"It's like this—I'm on my last lap in the picture business, or I ought to be—I've been on the stage and screen for twenty-seven years. Thanks to this part of mine, no doubt. Prettier fellows last about five, is a rule. And it's about time I gave some of the others a break. And that's just what I figure on doing. The movies here are over-riddled. You can't do much for folks in this field but there's a lot of air—

"And so, each week, on my hour, some newcomer is going to be introduced—or some old-timer who never got to first base.

"Folks have asked me whether I have any 'theories' about radio work. I looked up 'theories' in the dictionary and my answer is—no! I'm just going to announce the others, be master of ceremonies like Al was last year on the same hour.

"I'm not a bit scared of the mike,

though. Don't know why I should be, since I've been talking into one since talkies came in. But some actors tell me they get terrible broadcast fright when they first stand up to the mike. They get all jittery and affected and feel like kids feel when they speak their first pieces at school. I don't. I just figure I'm talking to the folks—and why feel funny about that?

"Tell you what, Carol Ann taught me a lesson. On our way home from Europe last Fall, while the *file de France* was in Quarantine, I was asked to say a few words over the radio. I did. They estimated that about 50,000,000 people were listening in. When I got done what I had to say, Carol Ann piped up and asked if she could speak too. They said she could. I kind of shuddered, as you never know what the little tyke is liable to say. But I said: 'Sure, honey, you go right to it!'

"And she just stood up there and said into the mike 'Hello, everybody! I'm glad I'm coming home and I'm going right out to California to see my Mama!'

"And then she turned to me and said: 'Did I do all right, Daddy?' And I said: 'I'll tell the world you did!'

"And she did, too," said Wally, one bright grin of paternal delight, "she did the way I'm trying to do. She just told her friends what was on her mind and in her heart—and that's the only way to do, too.

"And that will be about all there is to it, so far as I am personally concerned. The rest of it will concern other folks. . .

"See," said Wally, "it works something like this—the hour is divided into five parts or sections. Victor Young's orchestra will take off. Then will come the dramatic section—about fifteen minutes for that—and I'll give scenes from my different pictures. The first one was from 'Viva Villa' and then there was 'D. Shughnessy's Boy' and then 'Min And Bill' and so on.

"Then follows the singing part—think that Jack Stanton will take care of that part of the broadcast.

"And after that the comedy part and someone like Polly Moran, is always featured in that.

"And last of all I introduce some interesting personality in the world's news today—or yesterday.

"I'm explaining the routine of it to show you how I figure on working it. The big point is that each week I introduce some new personality, or some old one that's new to the public because of being forgotten in the shuffle. There's a whole lot of forgotten men and women around the studios of Hollywood and I'm going to do my bit toward seeing that they begin to be remembered.

"One week I'll introduce someone with me while I do the scenes from my pictures. Another week it'll be someone in the singing section. Another week in the comedy part—just as I happen to select them.

"When I do the scenes from 'Min And Bill' for instance, I'll probably introduce some unknown character woman and she'll play the part opposite me—the part Marie played when we did the picture together.

"I got my eye on someone for that part right now. A woman not young any more. A woman who's been working around the studios for years. She's good. She's got courage and stick-to-itiveness. She's never said die. But—somehow in the subway scramble of the screen, she never got a seat. Well, I'll give her one right on the cushions air, with me. That's the kind of woman I hope to cast opposite me. Marie would like it, too, for me to do this. . .

"And I figure this way—that if I give such a woman the part—the part opposite me—it should mean something. It should be the means of attracting attention to her, getting her somewhere. And that," said Wally, wiping the bearded earnestness



Connie Gates came to New York several years ago, after making her radio debut in her home town of Cleveland, Ohio, and promptly became one of radio's favorite blues singers. She recently signed a new contract with NBC for two regular weekly programs, Tuesdays and Thursdays.

Change Bread to Cake!

from his brow with the sleeve of his coat, "that's what I'll be hoping."

"Then, another week, I'll introduce someone in the singing section. There's a kid right now, name of Marjorie Lane, singing down at the Trocadero, kid of about seventeen. Lots of ability. But she's never had the Big Chance. Well, I'll give her the chance on my home and maybe that'll give her a boost in the right direction."

I said interrupting, "Who will do your casting for you, Wally? I mean, who'll be delegated to find these people?"

"I'm delegated," said Wally, grinning. "I've appointed myself as delegate. I don't have to hunt for 'em. It was my idea to begin with and I know how to go about it. I know everyone in Hollywood. I know the extras and the bit players and the whole lot and caboodle of 'em. I like folks, plain, working folks and I know where they are."

"Well, then, for the last part of the program I introduce someone that everyone knows—or has known. I introduced Mabel Starke first. Mabel had been in the papers on account of how she was gored up by her big cats again. I naturally feel sympathy for Mabel, remembering my own circus days and the way the rubber cows—as they call the elephants in circus lingo—used me for a baseball once or twice."

"It's going to be worth doing, I think," said Wally, "it's going to be something new, too, something new for me and something new, I hope, for the others."

"And it's a chance for me, too, in another way. It's a chance to make new friends, which is something I always like to do. I've often thought I'd like to be a Small Town guy and now I've got a chance of going, not only into the small towns—the movies do that—but into the small town homes. I'll be right in the parlor with the home folks, Maw and Paw and Grand-maw and little Willie—the folks that don't get out, for one reason or another to go to movies."

"Do you know that by actual statistics only fourteen per cent of the people are movie fans and the other eighty-six per cent are radio fans? I never knew it until recently. But it's so. And such being the case, I figure I can make several thousand new friends and that's a heartening thought, any way you look at it."

"After I did 'The Old Soak' on the air I had a bunch of letters—and the writers said that they had never seen me on the screen, not being movie fans but now they had heard me on the air they would watch out for my pictures and go to see 'em. So you see it's sort of mutually beneficial, the radio and the movies."

"And that's what I've wanted the chance to be," finished Wally shooting his cuffs and straightening his trouser legs as Director Clarence Brown summoned him to the set, "mutually beneficial. And now, I've got it."

"Yes, now he's got it. And others will have it too. Those others—those forgotten men and women who have never been forgotten by Wally Pécary... those youngsters burning with ambition, those older people cold with frustrated hope—new-comers and old-timers who can take heart of hope because a good Samaritan is on the job."

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Four experts referee a billiard match between Ben Bernie and Joe Sanders. (Left to right) Augie Kieckhefer, Sanders, Willie Mosconi, Bernie, Allen Hall and Ralph Greenleaf, 13-times former world pocket billiards king.

"For Old Lang Syne"

(Continued from page 43)

They're grown-up business men now. Guy has exchanged his violin for a full-time baton, Carmen has given up the flute for the sax-ophone, and De Enemy still pounds the piano. But the music they play isn't a hobby. It's their vocation, their avocation, their life.

After the appearance at the Mothers' Club they played various places, gradually enlarging the orchestra to include other London boys they knew and liked. By 1929 they had a full-fledged dance band of nine and were playing engagements in Ontario and occasionally in the United States. It was then that they developed the slow, romantic tempo that characterizes the Lombardo music. And it was then their early dreams of success were born—and shared.

"But a lot of boys start wuing," I protested to Guy, "and they don't stick together. They join other orchestras or drop out for one reason or another."

"We like each other," Guy said definitely. "When we started engaging we picked

boys we liked rather than good musicians. We figured we could make ourselves good by working hard. The important thing was to have fun and get along together. An orchestra—or any group—founded on real liking has the best chance of success."

There's no doubt that they get along. When they're on the road there are no petty jealousies, no cliques. One night the drummer shares his bed with the banjo-player, the next with the trumpeter. They're all brothers—the four Lombardos actually, the others practically.

When they're not working they play together. There are golf and tennis tournaments in the band. Or they're gathered in somebody's house or on Guy's special boat, "Tempo."

They'd have to like each other to stand the rehearsals. Once, in Cleveland, they needed another saxophone player. They engaged Larry Owen, the only American in the orchestra. Larry went to his first rehearsal. During the second number there was disagreement—violent disagree-

ment—as to how it should be played. Guy said one thing, Carmen another, Liebert sided with Carmen, and so did Freddy. Guy argued.

"You're crazy!" Carmen shouted. "Go away."

"I'm not crazy! This is the way to play that number—"

"Now look, Guy. Anybody in his senses—"

"No, no, no! This is the way—"

"Throw him out!" urged Freddy from the piano.

Carmen and Liebert rose, and in a gentle but very businesslike way, the protesting Guy was ejected bodily from the room and the door locked.

Larry Owen went home to his wife that night.

"Gosh," he said, "I'm sorry I teamed up with that outfit. They had an awful fight today. They won't last a week. Maybe you'd better call up tomorrow and see if they're going to keep the engagement."

Mrs. Owen called. She came back, puzzled. They said of course they're going to keep the engagement. They fight like that all the time.

I once sat in on a rehearsal for one of the Esso programs. The dulcet strains of "Dancing Check to Check" filled the darkened theater and I relaxed in the soft mood of the music. Suddenly Carmen stamped his foot and the music stopped jarringly. He whirled around in his chair.

"For heaven's sake," he shouted at Liebert, "You going to hold that note all day?"

Liebert, the serious-minded one who always arrives for rehearsals ten minutes early, looked injured.

"That's the way it goes," he said.

Carmen glared. "Take it again."

They took it. It sounded grand to me.

Carmen jumped out of his seat. "You're still doing it!" he yelled. "You're holding it!"

Victor put down the big saxophone and rose to join the argument. Guy came out from the sound control booth. Larry Owen shouted something unintelligible and joined the fray with the gleam of battle in his eye, while Freddy asked plaintively from the piano.

"Is there a musician in the house?"

Voices were raised, chairs were pushed back, and I looked around to the nearest exit. "They'll never get that program ready for tonight!" I thought gloomily. Then abruptly there was silence. Everybody went back to his seat. And in a moment the soft melody of "Dancing Check to Check" pulsed again through the theater—this time without a hitch.

It's like family squabbles that flare up and blow over.

Thinking of that I said to Guy: "It takes a closely knit group to survive that sort of thing. But that can't be the whole answer. What else is it—this bond that holds you?"

"Well, another reason," Guy said, "is because we have no rules. There are no laws in the orchestra about drinking or



It's always someone new with whom Mary Livingstone is in love! At least, that is what she claims, in the Jack Benny program, on which she is heard with hubby Jack and Johnny Green and his orchestra, Sunday evenings. Which confession doesn't make it any easier for her husband, Jack Benny, in his attempts to play "Love in Bloom," on his somewhat stubborn violin!

bring late for rehearsal or that sort of thing. Each man is his own boss."

"But that wouldn't work unless they each felt the interests of the band came before their own."

"These boys do. They all put the band first. And there's one more reason." He knocked wood to make sure. "That's luck."

It's all these things—but it's more, too. They started young, they like each other, there are no rules, and they've probably been lucky. But the intangible thing that has held that band so long—is Guy himself.

Rambling, like the melody of their signature through everything the Royal Canadians do is the strain of their loyalty to their leader. You need only to talk to him to see why. A great warmth of human response goes out from him that attracts you, holds you. It's the warmth of a person who has simplicity, naturalness, generosity.

Success has never bothered him. He would rather tell you about the time they couldn't get the bass horn together before an important audition than about the time they packed them in at Grandada in Chicago or the Roosevelt in New York. The boys come to Guy when they're in trouble, when they want advice. He's the leader, off and on the platform.

It isn't only the band he evokes loyalty from. He has, for instance a chauffeur—one Fred, a giant Negro. Fred has the faculty for getting on the wrong roads at crucial times, for fouling up late for important appointments, for doing many things a chauffeur shouldn't. Fred has been fired probably a hundred times in the five years he's been with Guy. But he can't stay fired. He always comes back—or rather he never leaves. Guy will fire him, come back, an hour later, and find Fred sitting glomily in the kitchen, an "explanation" ready.

"I thought I fired you," Guy says sternly.

"Yes-uh. But I can't go."

"Why not? You can get another job? Yessuh. But honest now, Mr. Lombardo them signposts was wrong. I didn't im to get on the wrong road. Aw, Mr. Lombardo let me stay, I wouldn't be happy away from you."

And Fred sticks.

Old associations, family ties mean a lot to all the Lombardos. Guy spent his first vacation away from the rest of the troupe last summer. Two days—and he began wondering what Carmen was doing, whether Liebert had got over his odd, how Victor's baby was. Another two days—and the Lombardos were having a joint vacation.

There they are—eleven men among the tops of their profession. They're heard by millions on the air. Sophisticated New York comes nightly to throng wherever they're playing and dance to their ultra-smooth music. But when they swing into the familiar strain of "Andi Lang Sene," the chromium and the mirror decorations fade. The smartly dressed dancers disappear, the drinking and the laughter and the noise. And with the melody comes the shadows of three little boys—Guy and Carmen and De Enemy—who twenty years ago this December, played "When You Wore a Tulip" for their mothers.

THE END

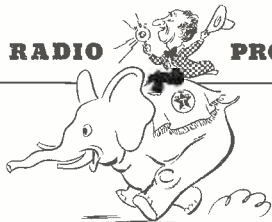
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A happy family reunion resulted from the Youman brothers winning the first prize on Major Bowes' Sunday night Amateur Hour. (Left to right) Skippy, seventeen; Mrs. Pauline Sandler, aunt of the boys; Major Bowes, Mr. Morris Youman, the boys' father; Jack, nineteen, and George, eighteen.

Will Lily Pons Regret Her Promise?

(Continued from page 25)

and not be completely the wife. She could not be the singer she clearly was destined to become, and he married.

And so, freed from that first promise, she gave herself to be the medium of that exquisite song, that—who knows—took on a richer splendor from the sacrifice.

Her operatic debut was made in Alsace, when she was in her early twenties. The opera was "Lakme," still one of her favorite operas. Followed engagements in minor opera houses in France and Italy. It was here singing at Montpezier, a university town in Southern France in 1930, that a former Metropolitan Opera tenor heard her. And at once he cabled to Gatti-Casazza, then the Met's director, that he had heard that rarest of voices, the perfect coloratura with a range from middle C to F above high C.

As a result Lily Pons was summoned to New York for an audition. And the result of the audition was a five-year contract with the Met, to begin the following season. Also a concert bureau and a phonograph company, whose executives had listened to her, put her under contract.

Dazed with the thrilling vista now opening before her, Lily Pons sailed back to France. Eleven months later she returned to America, unknown imbeciles, for the debut that was to make operatic history.

On the night of January 3rd, 1931, she sang the title role in Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor." The great audience in the Metropolitan, silent under the spell of her flawless voice, rose at the end in scintillating acclaim for this young singer. The ovation given her was the greatest to be accorded any new singer at the famous opera house in many years. Overnight Lily Pons became known as the world's foremost coloratura soprano.

Her career since that notable occasion has been a succession of triumphs. She became the most sought-after artist in the concert field, here and abroad. Guest appearances on the air further extended the sphere of her conquests. At the Metropolitan new operas were added to the repertoire—great and seldom sung coloratura roles, such as those in Bellini's "La Sonnambula," Delibes' "Lakme," "Linda di Chamounis," originally written for such voices as that of Lily Pons, had been obsolete for years because there had been no such voice to sing them. "Linda" had not been heard in New York since 1860, when Madame Patti last sang it at the Met.

During these years since her debut Lily Pons has sung tirelessly. Thirty performances in a Metropolitan Opera season. Thirteen weeks on the radio last year. And again this season. Concerts.

She has travelled throughout the United States, becoming well acquainted with American cities and towns, and American people.

"I love America," she says earnestly. "When I am away from it, in France or England, I am homesick for America. I love to go home to see my people, my friends—but always I am homesick for America!"

"It has been hard work," I suggested. "Rehearsals . . . Performances . . . Study . . . Practice . . . Every day, Albert—he has been my only teacher—comes to me. Wherever I am, he comes to me, and we work together for two hours, every day. Hard, yes—but I am well, strong. I have the energy, the—*comme on dit*—the pep. I do not tire easily."

I inquired what she did for rest, for recreation.

She never had had a real vacation, she said. But next year she has promised herself one. She outlined her schedule:

On December 23rd, the Metropolitan Opera House opens its season under its new director, Edward Johnson. It will be a splendid season, Miss Pons believes.

"He will be a true director," she said enthusiastically. "He is the artist, and the understanding man."

This season, instead of thirty performances, she will sing but eight times, and in four operas—"Lakme," "The Barber of Seville," "Lucia," and "Rigoletto." She will, she admits with a little smile, spare herself a little, this season—but you perceive without asking, in the number of appearances only, not in quality, not in concentration.

So December, January and February will be spent at the Met. In March she sings in Monte Carlo. Paris in April, in both opera and concert. In May she will sing in Covent Garden, in London. And later that month, in Gerolony, and in Vienna.

June, July and August will be the months of the promised vacation. Then in September she will return to Hollywood, to make her second motion picture, for RKO-Radio Pictures. That will occupy three months—September, October and November. And in December her next Metropolitan season begins.

This year she had her first picture experience in Hollywood, making the picture "I Dream Too Much." The work occupied three months, June, July and August.

"And it was so hot—so terribly hot!" Miss Pons sighed. "Even at home, on the Riviera, I can't bear the heat! And the long hours—sometimes nine or ten hours a day . . ."

Nevertheless, she loved making the picture, she said sincerely. All her associations there were most agreeable. "The people are lovely!" And she looks forward to making her next movie—"But not in the summer! That will be my vacation!"

Her thirteen-week radio contract,



"Sing, Bing, sing!" pleads Rubinoff, to whom a sour note is just plain agony. He might retaliate by singing, himself—whereupon Bing, no doubt, would plead with him to play. But Bing is feeling soulful

which started October second, has given her a pleasant respite, however, after the long, hot Hollywood summer. Once the broadcast is finished, she leaves the city for the charming Connecticut cottage she has rented—the cottage where she plans to spend the anticipated vacation next summer. There she relaxes and rests and stores up new energy.

There, every day, comes Alberti to practise with her for two hours. There her mother has spent the Fall months with her—returning in December to her home in Paris, where she has two other daughters, one married, the other a young girl of twenty, at home. And there Lily has her saddle horse, or, in slacks and sweater and comfortable brogues, walks the country-side with her Sieve terrier, Panouche, "Panouche," if you translate it, means "dirty rag,"—which, Miss Pons explains, refers to his coat of grizzled gray, and not to any lack of esteem for his dignified personality.

"I love the country," Lily Pons says dreamily. "I love the woods, the hills, the quiet. . . . In New York I cannot rest. I love to walk—and ride—and read. . . . I am going out to the cottage in Connecticut this evening," she says. And her expressive face lights with eagerness.

"What else is there to look forward to," I hazard. "When one has reached the top—except rest and relaxation?"

"But, no—" Lily Pons smiles. "It is necessary to work harder than ever—to stay where you are!"

And—will she, perhaps, some day, marry again?

"But that question already is answered," she said. "How can I marry?"

Am I not get the idea of Lily Pons as the sacrificial heroine of music. She is truly happy in her career. The song is the thing. Always the song. . . . And her singing is agreeably varied.

"I sing all kinds of music," she said. "The popular song, the classical, operettas, and the opera."

"Do you enjoy them all?" I wondered.

"All." She nodded emphatically.

"You really like singing the popular songs of the day?"

"I love them. . . . Oh, not the—

heavy moderne—but the American popular song, I think it is beautiful!" said Lily Pons.

No, to the question, "Will Lily Pons regret her promise?", the only pertinent answer is: Lily Pons has fulfilled her promise. And she is an honest person. She does not compromise with herself, nor with life. The woman and the song are one, in an established harmony that knows no discord. She has success, and she has friends. She has an integrity of purpose, and a happy heart.

"She has such a capacity for happiness," a friend of hers—one who has known her intimately ever since she came to America—told me. "It makes you want to keep her always happy. She is so responsive. . . ."

Lily Pons has given to music what it asked of her—and music has given her what she wants most of all. You can't have anything worth while without paying for it—but, having discovered what you want, only a stupid nature could cavil at the price.

How could Lily Pons regret?

THE END



Another scene from that continuously popular "House of Glass" program, showing Gertrude Berg (*Mrs. Glass*) and Joseph Greenwald, (*Mr. Glass*).

Radio Stars' Cooking School

(Continued from page 50)

"Why, he's called me that for thousands of years," Gracie informed me proudly.

But let's get back to the beginning, rife up to the twenty-first floor of a smart New York apartment hotel, ring the bell and step into the Burns' comfortable living-room, done in shades of tan and soft green with tremendous windows overlooking the city skyline to the south.

"Did you come here to interview Gracie on cooking?" inquired George Burns after introductions had been completed, a look of complete scorn on his face, but a tell-tale, proud little twinkle in his eye.

"Why, when it comes to cooking," he continued, "Gracie is *non compos mentis!*"

"Oh, George, there you go again!" giggled Gracie in her best make maimer. "Always saying nice things about me!"

"Gracie!" interrupted George in a tone reminiscent of his broadcasting technique. "Gracie, what I said was that as a cook you haven't any brains!"

"You don't need brains to cook," replied the not-easily-stumped Miss Allen lightly. "To cook you need good recipes or a can opener! I know! For I'm one of the most skilled can openers there is. I can get an entire meal myself—and a good one—out of cans. Or I can change an inexperienced servant into a good cook by giving her simple recipes for the things we like to eat.

"It takes a long time to learn to cook by the *trial and error method*," declared Gracie with conviction, "but anyone should be able to follow a first class, simply worded, fool proof recipe! So when I discover something George likes to eat I get directions for making it—whether the person who is responsible for its goodness is my own servant, a friend's cook, or a restaurant chef. Then we're all set and can have that same dish any time we want, whether we're in our native California or George's native New York or points between!"

"Tell me more," I begged, surprised and pleased to find the supposedly "dizzy" Gracie so sensible about culinary matters.

"Sav," interrupted George, "the next thing you know Gracie will tell you why she likes old-fashioned telephones best!"

"Well, I'll bite," I replied in as good an imitation of a stooge as I knew how to give. "Why does she like old-fashioned telephones best, Mr. Burns?"

"Gracie says that with an old-fashioned telephone you can always use the mouth-piece as a cookie cutter in making cupcakes!"

"Hush, Watson, Renard!" I cried reprovingly, "you don't make cupcakes with cookie cutters!"

"You don't talk sense with George in this mood, either," said Gracie. "But

speaking of cookies, come on out into our two-by-four kitchen and we'll read my recipe files for cookie and other recipes."

"Just now you arc interested in Christmas stuff, aren't you?" she went on, leading the way into the kitchen, leaving George flat. Everybody's thinking of Christmas these days. I know we have the grandest plans we've ever had, for Sandra is old enough this year to enjoy a tree. And already George has started buying presents and rehearsing his rôle as Santa Claus. Sandra will get a big look out of it all, I know.

"Of course, she's still too young for the rich Christmas foods we like—things like puddings, tempting hot sauce for ice creams and Fruit Cake—two kinds of Fruit Cake! One Fruit Cake comes all mixed, complete with the pan in which it is to be cooked—you just add the liquid and bake it according to directions on the box. That's my speed! The other is made in small frosted squares. 'Samples,' George calls them and, my! how he does sample them! Then there is my own favorite cookie. . . ."

"Gongre," called George.

"I said 'cookie,'" laughed Gracie.

"Well, I said 'Gongre,'" came back Mr. Burns' voice in joyous accents, "Gongre, here's Sandra!"

And that brought us out of the kitchen on a dead run. Don't expect me to give a coherent description of the rest of that interview or to tell you much more about the two people I had come to see. For from that moment on, it was Sandra on whom the spotlight of attention was focused, Sandra, who was placed in the middle of every picture we posed; Sandra, with whom we returned to the kitchen for a glass of tomato juice; Sandra, whose food preferences, though not discussed, were evident in the form of one very crushed cracker grasped in a chubby fist.

But adored and adorable child notwithstanding, I had come for one definite purpose and nothing could distract me for long. So, in odd moments, I collected the desired number of recipes. They sounded good—Gracie declared they were good and George said they were better than that! (Sandra said "Ah-hoo," approvingly.) But in order to make sure that it wasn't just another Burns and Allen joke I tried 'em out myself to make sure. I'm giving you the results of my first two attempts here together with my solemn assurance that comedy is all very well on the air but Gracie, I discovered, realizes that it has no place in the kitchen. And so she has taken her can opening and recipe collecting seriously. Certainly if the foods I tried out are George's favorites, I'm willing to broadcast the fact that he is a man of culinary discernment as well as keen humor.

Your husband, too, will like the Frosted Fruit Cake Squares and the Steamed Honey Bran Pudding which Gracie's recipes taught me how to make. You will share his enthusiasm for those sweets, I'm sure, although possibly you will prefer



"Phooey for Society!" said pretty Marjorie Oelrichs, when she abandoned her social register friends to marry orchestra leader, Eddie Duchin, last June.



Radio's decidedly handsome James Melton surrounded by a bevy of beauties who appear with him in the Warner Brothers picture, "Stars Over Broadway." They like our James so well out in Hollywood that he's to be starred in a re-make of "The Desert Song."

Beetle Tells All

(Continued from page 13)

Benny wrote back:

"When I am, it'll be all right—as long as you're alongside of me!"

Phil and Ben Bernie, the boy who plays a black cigar, teamed up for two years. Ben did all the talking, yowling, and made all the announcements. Phil practically played in pantomime. Finally, one day, he did make an announcement and Jake Shubert snubbed him.

It was a unique arrangement.

The case was called at the Vanderbilt Hotel behind closed doors, with Judge Philip Sullivan of Chicago presiding. There, between nine and twelve each day, Jake called Phil everything unmentionable. Then, at twelve, they would go to lunch together, engage in general conversation, be the greatest of pals. Back to the hotel then, where, from one to five, an orgy of recriminations would make it unnecessary for me to do any plain or fancy heckling. And then five o'clock would find them railing against each other—at the hotel bar—the best of friends!

The fact is that nobody can be really angry with Phil for more than five con-

secutive minutes. There's a warmth and humanity about him that gets down under your shell and you soon find yourself thinking what a swell guy he is.

When it comes to his family, Phil becomes unusually serious. He's really devoted to them—and for his mother he has a little boy's idealistic adoration. His sisters, too, he admires—especially the one "who is single"—about whom he'll talk enthusiastically as the slightest provocation—with no provocation at all!

But to get back to the Shuberts:

Phil appeared in "A Night in Spain," a musical hit which set them back a hundred thousand. But Phil wasn't happy in the part and withdrew. He was out of pocket an actual \$15,000.00. Yet, when all the tumult and shouting subsided, he was handed a Shubert contract, that permitted him to pass on the people who were to appear in his show—even those who were under contract to the management!

The team of Bernie and Baker was one of the oldest in all show business.

Bernie loves to sleep. He would sleep for hours in his dressing-room, right up to the introduction of their act, when he would walk on alert and puffing hard at

his stogie. Together Ben and Phil cleaned up the grand total of \$200.00 a week at the Palace, under the expert handling of Max Gordon. When they split for singles Ben went back to the Palace at \$6,000.00 and Phil didn't do so badly for himself at the Capitol at \$5,000.00 and a percentage—\$11,000.00 plus, rung up by the old team of Bernie and Baker, discontinued.

Of course I don't like to get personal, but it really was my genius that put Phil over. Some people might have thought Phil was pretty good until they heard me. Then they knew!

Phil hasn't changed any from the little boy who went to school in Philadelphia and became a Ziegfeld star. And he can't bear to see anyone taken seriously who doesn't want to be. When Charles Lindbergh completed that epochal flight in 1927 he was tendered a huge dinner. There was a giant horseshoe, an electric-lighted aeroplane cake—and a lot of stuffed shirts. Everyone worshipped the young flyer like a tin god and the affair gave all the promise of being a colossal flap.

Phil stepped out to sing a song and felt that it would be but a matter of time be-

fore the parts blew up. It was flying on its feet. Right in the middle of his song he stopped.

"What seems to be wrong?" he asked, in a conversational tone. "This fellow wants a good time—he doesn't want to be a hero. For heaven's sake treat him like a human being."

It seems nobody had thought of that and from then on everyone went to town—and had a swell time!

Phil has been in and out of love a good many times but real love settled down for a lone engagement only once—when he set eyes on pretty little Peggy Cartwright. It was in "Americana" they met and for the first time Phil tried "Lohengrin's Wedding March" on his hand piano. It sounded mighty pretty. Peggy accompanied him—in a Justice of the Peace. A couple of years ago Margie was born, and in January, 1935, little Master Stuart Henry Baker, sult, broke into the Florida season with a lusty yell. Bottle is his godfather, poor child. And Beetle, he tells me, is his favorite flower.

Phil was terribly excited when Stuart was born. He wanted to go right down to Florida and give him his first aceression lesson but he was appearing in "Calling All Stars," and the box-office lane was busy. So he flew down the following week and Phil was thrilled with his young son, but Stuart took me aside and said if there wasn't anyone understanding me, he'd like the job. I suggested he go

on the early morning shift—which has kept Phil pretty busy.

Last winter Phil purchased some land in Mamaroneck and proceeded to build a house with an oil burner, refrigeration, and air-cooling system and a mortgage. This house, a surprise for Peggy, he furnished all by himself, with some professional heckling from me—a First Class Heckler in good standing with Local 624. It's authentic Colonial, with antiques which include spinning wheel, highboy, spinet, and, if the deal we're negotiating goes through, the Plymouth Rock for Phil's garden. . . . As you can see, everything's right up to the minute! As a matter of fact, Phil, Bottle and myself may even throw in a minute man for a fourth at bridge!

But no medium of entertainment can quite equal the regard in which he holds radio. He makes a complete recording of each broadcast and plays the records over and over to learn more about what the wild air-waves are saying. He also admits he finds it the most fascinating way of making money.

But from where I sit, up here on the transom, it seems to me that millions and millions of people are laughing with and not at Phil Baker when he appears as "The Great American Tourist" over a CBS nation wide hook-up on Sunday evenings. It's discouraging—it means I have to work twice as hard!

THE END



... let Gerber's worry about the strained foods for your baby ...

You can safely leave all that to us. Your baby's other needs, and your family's and your own, are too important to permit you to waste hours and hours in the kitchen—pushing spinach through a sieve!

Besides—and we say it with all modesty—we think we can do it better! Many baby-feeding specialists agree with us, too. That is because we are specialists. We use methods and equipment, and exercise a precision of scientific control, that the most complete home kitchen could not even approach.

Saving Vitamins and Minerals

Most important of all, Gerber processes prevent losses of nutritive value that so often occur in home cooking. We are able to retain more of vitamin C, because we cook with air excluded; and we save valuable minerals that may be poured off with the cooking water.

Another point—all our vegetables are "fancy," grown from special seed, picked at the peak of goodness, and packed in all their garden freshness. Then, we use a new process, "Shaker Cooking," which insures thorough cooking in less time so your baby may have fresher looking, fresher tasting vegetables to tempt his budding appetite. (Gerber's are intentionally left unseasoned, so your physician may prescribe every detail of baby's diet.)

Let Gerber's 9 Strained Vegetables and Cereal solve your feeding problem and relieve you of work and worry. Read the names below—perhaps you have been using only two or three kinds. Your dealer will gladly supply all nine.



Gerber's

Shaker-Cooked Strained Foods

Strained Vegetable Soup • Tomatoes • Green Beans • Beets • Carrots • Prunes • Peas • Spinach
4½-oz. cans Strained Cereal • 4½ and 10½-oz. cans.

Every Mother Should

Have This Book!



A treasure house of valuable suggestions on baby's feeding, clothing, bathing, training, etc., with well planned tables for filling in priceless records of baby's progress and history. 22 pages 5 1/2 x 8 1/2 in. By Harold Davis, R. N. Send 4 Gerber labels or 10c, coin or stamps, for your copy.

GERBER PRODUCTS CO., FARMINGTON, MICHIGAN
(In Canada, Gerber and Packets by Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Tecumseh, Ont.) NM 111
Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....



Here are the Three Brown Bears (Carl Brown, George Strayer and Glenn Christopher), whose voices have been on the airwaves for several years. The boys have known each other since early school days in Springfield, Ohio. They're all talented musicians, besides, and formerly had their own dance orchestra. But it seems there was more fame and money for them to be gained singing as the Three Brown Bears, and the dance orchestra was wisely disbanded.



Over the "back-fence network" come bits of gossip to the listening ears of Clara, Lu 'n' Em, those delightful small-town housewives whose kindly, ingenuous chatter entertains you daily, except Saturdays and Sundays, over the NBC-WEAF network. In real life they are (left to right): Em—Mrs. Helen King Mitchell; Clara—Mrs. Louise Starkey Mead; and Lu—Mrs. Isobel Carothers Berolzheimer. And—Special Extra!—we have a treat in store for you. Next month, in our February issue, on sale January first, you will find a most delightful story of the three girls pictured above, by a writer who recently interviewed them for RADIO STARS Magazine.

Strange Things are Happening

(Continued from page 11)

speak on only one small phase of the vast subject of health and it is wonderful how much health people get out of it. Not because of its, but because of radio which carries the information to people who otherwise could not obtain it.

Think, if you will, what might be accomplished in this one minute a week could be multiplied by a hundred and divided among other and greater physicians than I am. The possibilities are enormous. Yes, imagine one minute of good, hard-boiled health talk inserted on every popular radio program, sandwiched between the jests of Eddie Cantor, the skirts of Jack Benny, the orchestral pieces of Fred Waring, and so forth.

Medicine, in a short time, could cut down the death rate appreciably by eliminating all the diseases caused by ignorance. We could diminish most of the dangers of child birth, tuberculosis prevent the deaths of thousands of infants, and a score of other things. People need to be told the facts about hygiene, diet, exercise, sanitation. The ignorance that exists is appalling.

A beginning has been made by the city and state Board of Health, who are now broadcasting health information. The American Medical Association is cooperating by a series of talks on "medical emergencies." But it is only a beginning.

The importance of radio to medicine is not yet realized; when it is, we will find ourselves in a new era. We will find ourselves then in a position to halt an epidemic before it has a chance to get started, by the simple device of a daily radio broadcast instructing people what to do.

If you seek definite proof of what radio talk can accomplish, consider what it has done for sailors and fishermen on the high seas, occupants of lighthouses and others remote from the services of a physician. ailments have been diagnosed and cured. Operations have been performed on pitching windjammers by amateur surgeons, working with ear phones strapped to their heads. Thousands of lives have been saved. We have today the International Radio Medical Service with its ninety-three well equipped stations prepared to broadcast medical advice to ships on all the oceans. Eventually, there will be a chain of these stations around the world, each staffed with competent physicians.

The job of the radio doctor covers a wider territory than mere physical health. I know from the letters I receive that thousands look to the physician, especially one who broadcasts, as the repository of all wisdom. Many of my correspondents seek advice on problems which are of an intimate and a non-medical nature. They write to me the kind of letters they write

to Dorothy Dix, of newspaper fame.

For example, there is a girl who has fallen in love with her employer who is a married man. What should she do? There is the married woman whose husband deserted her three years ago. She made a new life for herself, is happy, completely out of love with him—but now he has returned and wishes to resume the old relationship. Another woman has found her husband kissing her girl friend. "Please, doctor, what shall I do?" And so it goes. I answer these letters as best I can. I mention them here to show that the job of a radio doctor is broader than health—it is real social service.

When we speak of radio, we have in mind the narrow group of air waves which enables us to transmit talk. But there are other waves which are also radio—which hold possibly greater promise for the welfare of humanity than the talk band does. The X-ray, for example, is a form of radio. And we all know how important this is in enabling doctors to see inside the human body, how effective it is in the curing of certain forms of skin disease. But we are only at the beginning, so far as this valuable instrument is concerned.

We also know a little about the ultraviolet rays which use the rays of sunlight, which tan our skins, and help make good

teeth and strong straight bones. We can reproduce them by means of lamps and so feed sunlight into milk and bread and tomato juice and so produce a healthier race. These rays are also part of the radio miracle.

Again, there are the infra red rays—which are the heat rays. And these have a special curative value all of their own.

A fairly recent development is the use of short waves to raise the temperature of the human body. In this way they produce the so-called artificial fever which has brought about some miraculous cures. These are really wireless waves because there is no immediate contact with the patient undergoing treatment.

It is also well known that waves of certain lengths are specifically deadly to certain microbes while leaving others unharmed. This whole field is unexplored but the time may come when treatment of many infectious diseases will be carried out by exposing the patient to the proper wave length to kill the harmful bacteria. And it may turn out that the action of certain important glands may be controlled by the use of radiation of the proper wave length.

In surgery, the radiologists have developed the radio scalpel which multiplies the skill of the doctor performing an operation, diminishing the danger of excessive bleeding, lessening pain, and removing the risk of an unguarded movement.

There are whole bands of waves which at present have no practical value. And what these unknown regions promise in the future for our health no one can say. But so swift, so spectacular is the march of science that almost anything may come out of them.

If you are of a fantastic turn of mind, you can spend a happy half-hour visualizing the home radio installation of the future. This will be an instrument built to make possible the broadcast of the entire radio band. The waves which bring our entertainment will be only a small part of those that enter this receiver. Through it, we will receive waves to heat or cool our apartments, waves for banishing fatigue and others for inducing rest or sleep. Waves for growing children and waves for the aged. Fantasy, of course, but enough progress has been made in this general direction to place something of this sort within the realm of probability.

To return to reality, I would like to take this opportunity to answer the questions which are asked of me so frequently. These talks of mine so quickly given are often the result of considerable labor. They average about 200 words, one side of a sheet of typewriting paper—but they have often taken me hours to prepare. Now and then I dash one off in a few minutes. Others have taken me five and six hours. The average time has been an hour.

When Rudy is in Hollywood or on the road, you hear my voice on the program exactly as it is we were all together in New York. How is that done? I simply go down to the studio, set to a microphone and at a signal I am out in. I talk my minute—and I am through. When I, in turn, have to travel I go in the NBC station of the town I am in and am cut in on the program in the same way.

I got into broadcasting by a strange

twist of circumstances. It happened that I objected to the advertising blurb that was being read at that time by the announcer. My superior snapped back: "Suppose you try one yourself." I did my best to draw back but I was trapped and no amount of pleading could help me. So I went on the air, as I have already told you.

Curiously enough, I took up medicine much the same way, almost by accident. I had no great yearning to be a doctor, being, like a great many other youngsters, uncertain and undecided about my future profession. But when one of my best friends matriculated at Harvard Medical School I went along too. We chose Harvard because it was near Boston where we lived.

My first job was with the government, working under Harvey Wiley, the great pure food crusader. Today I am the director of the department of applied research of a large corporation with twenty specialists of one sort or another under me. I also supervise research projects in twenty universities, all of which have been employed by the corporation.

The fact that I am not a regular medical practitioner has not relieved me of the trials that go with being a doctor. I have been called all too often from my seat in a theater to answer the call: "Is there a doctor in the house?" I have been ranked from my Pullman berth more than once. I recall riding with my wife, when the conductor asked me to do what I could for an hysterical woman in the next coach. By administering a sedative, talking in a gentle voice and patting her hand, I managed to calm her. I admit I was a little flustered when my wife walked in and behold me sitting there with a strange woman, patting her hand, my arm about her shoulder.

Strange as it may seem, I have never been called on to attend any of my fellow radio performers. These men and women of the air take good care of themselves. Especially of their throats. I know one man who never travels without his atomizer. Graham McNamee always has a box of throat lozenges handy. They all have their tricks for ensuring a clear throat. Lou Haultz, for example starts the broadcast with a swig of slerry.

As a radio doctor, the most profound emotion I have had since beginning my air career was the night an appeal for blood donors was broadcast in New York City. This was for a little girl who was dying of a streptococcus infection. Several thousand offers of blood were received at the hospital within a half-hour. After that, let no one say that New York is lacking in spirit and generosity.

My most amusing experience concerns a theory some people have that Dr. F. F. Lee does not exist, that the voice they hear is simply that of an announcer. It happened that one of these skeptics visited the studio on an evening when, due to the crowded condition of the stage, I was obliged to broadcast from the wings.

"See, I told you there was no Doctor Lee," growled the skeptic.

Well, I am writing to tell you that there is, that I am real, that nothing that you have ever heard on the air as coming from me has ever come from anyone else.

THE END



Is there some one for whose benefit you'd like to look especially lovely, evenings, in your lamp-lit living-room? Then this simple experiment may give you a brand-new idea on how to do it:

Just arrange your lamp-light—make up your face as usual (omitting all eye make-up to start with). Then take your KURLASH and curl the lashes of one eye. Touch them with LASH-TITE. And shade the same eyelid with a little SH. DETTE. Now—inspect your face closely in a hand mirror, as the light falls across it. One side will seem softer, clearer, more subtly colored. Because the eye you have beautified looks larger, brighter, with longer, darker lashes. That's eye beauty! You'll never neglect it—**OR** KURLASH—the little gadget that curls lashes without heat, cosmetics, or practice. (\$1 at good stores.)



LASH-TITE, the liquid mascara, may be applied while the lashes are being curled. Touch the little glass rod to them as they are held in the rubber bows of KURLASH. LASH-TITE will darken the tips delicately and it doesn't crack, stiffen, wash or weep off—in black, brown, or blue, \$1.

Another clever trick is to rub KURLASH on the lashes before you curl them, so they'll be silky and full of dancing rain-bows. KURLASH is a scientific formula for eyelash luxuriance. See and \$1.



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

Write JANE HEATH for advice about, or to buy. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. Address Dept. H.M.Y.

Kurlash

The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, C.



Benny Baker got a fan letter! If you look closely, you can see it, framed for posterity, leaning up against his proud chest. Benny brought it over to the Paramount lot, to show it to Bing Crosby and Grace Bradley. That's Andy Devine, of course, in the nifty sailor tags. Andy is acting as bodyguard for the fan letter.

They Shouldn't Have Printed Such Lies!

(Continued from page 35)

time to sign the agreement. Dad didn't know a thing about it yet, and when mother learned he would have to sign the contract, too, she nearly had hysterics. We wired him to come to New York in a hurry, and he came, but when he found out what we wanted him for, he was furious. At first he refused point blank to sign, but we finally persuaded him, and then he was swell about it.

"Dad was my best audience. He used to come to see the shows I was in so often he usually knew them better than I did. We were the sweetest pals."

Vivienne's eyes flashed anger as she recalled that paragraph about the breach between herself and her father.

"Never go near him, indeed!" she cried. "Why, for the last three weeks of Dad's life, he wouldn't take food, or medicine, or even, from anyone but me," she declared. Her brown eyes, glittering like dark carnelians, clouded. "For three whole weeks I never stepped out of the house. I used to read or sing to Dad. I think I was his favorite daughter."

"Oh, yes, indeed, I have two sisters. I know it says in that book that I'm an only child, but that's like a lot of other stuff in that book. I have two sisters. In fact, two very distinguished sisters. Vera is married to Maurice Stern, the famous painter and sculptor, and she's pretty handy with the brush, herself. Louise is the wife of the son of the Cuban minister to Venezuela, and is one of the diplomatic set's most brilliant hostesses."

Once more Vivienne pointed to a paragraph on the page open before her.

"Here," she said, "is the prize of the

lot. Of all the malicious pieces of ill-gossip ever printed, this tops them! See what it says? Robert Ames and I were reconciled and were about to be re-married when he died! Why the person who wrote that ought to be horse-whipped! It's so unfair! And it must have hurt a grand person. You know Robert was to have been married to his Claire when he died. And think how his must have felt when she read that!

"Bob Ames and I were always the very, very best of friends—before we were divorced and afterward, too. It's true we couldn't seem to hit it off as husband and wife—but this is 1935, and now-a-days when a man and woman are divorced, it doesn't necessarily mean they hate each other. Why I'll never forget Bob's words when he heard that Bill Boyd and I were—well, practically engaged. 'I hear you're running around with a swell guy,' he said, 'and I'd like to meet him.' That's the kind of man Bob Ames was."

"Well, we fixed it up for Bob and Bill to get together, and that night, the night they were to have met each other, was the most tragic in my life. I don't think the story of it has ever been told before—not correctly, anyhow. What happened was this! Bill and I and another couple were going to a boxing-match. Bob had been invited, but he couldn't go. However, he was invited to stop in at his apartment for cocktails before the fights. When we got there, we found Bob—" her voice broke, then she went on—"we found him—dead."

There was a long silence.

"I can't even talk about it now," Vivienne

said at length.

Then her vibrant, vivacious self reasserted itself. Once more laughing good humor shone from her dark eyes.

"What I've been driving at," she explained, "is that if you'd read through this scrapbook, what would you see? What picture would you get? Why, you'd see a Vivienne Segal that isn't me at all. A bitter, morbid, disillusioned person. Now I ask you—do I look like a bitter, morbid, disillusioned person?"

I gave the obvious answer.

"I'm not bitter," she continued. "Why should I be? How could I be? True, I've had some tough breaks. Who hasn't? But all in all, I've been a pretty lucky girl. I'm young, alive and healthy. Life's wonderful. And when the right man comes along, I guess I'll marry again. Maybe I'll be right this time, and maybe I won't. You have to take the bitter with the sweet, I suppose. But for me, there's always been more sweet than bitter—nothing morbid about that, is there?"

I said there wasn't, and rose to go. "But wait," Vivienne reminded me. "You came here to interview me."

"I did," I said.

For a moment, her big brown eyes expressed bewilderment, then she laughed gleefully.

"So, that was an interview, was it?" she said. "My raving away like that! But if I have one more piece of printed misinformation to add to this collection—" she pointed to the scrapbook, "I'll be after you with a shotgun!"

So I hope I've got everything straight.

THE END

Keep Young and Beautiful

(Continued from page 7)

is true to a lesser degree when we go to parties at our friends' homes. Thus Mr. Reisman believes that the smartest choice we can make is a costume in black, or white. Not only is it the smartest choice, but it is also the most sophisticated. You'll find black or white worn by the best dressed women on the dance floor. The type of evening gown worn by Harriett Hilliard and Vivienne Segal—simple well-cut sophisticated black—fits the conception of an evening gown that can be worn in any setting. The black and white notes are the ones to strike if you would dance and dance smartly . . . to Leo Reisman's esthetica.

As an artist, Leo Reisman is offended by disorientant color clashes, as a fastidious gentleman of the world he is offended by anything that clashes with the dictates of good breeding. The old Viennese slogan of "Be a Lady" is one that Mr. Reisman believes ought to be re-popularized. His pet peeve is seeing a woman plunked up against a bar, her foot on the rail. He is an ardent believer in the principles of appropriateness and suitability. A woman just doesn't belong at a bar. It isn't the right setting. Men still like women to fit

The lipstick along with the matching rouge has just appeared on the holiday market in a stunning new compact, the lipstick of which has a separate little metal case that fits right into the shade. You can get this lipstick in a darker shade for evening if you wish . . . the metal top will fit it, too, so you can alternate your lipsticks by day and by night without spoiling your compact arrangement. You'll really be tempted, though, to expose the compact to the public gaze . . . it's such a "sensible" for look.

Perfume shouldn't be any more obvious than make-up. There are special daytime and evening perfumes that will help you to make a subtle choice. The art of perfuming is so important when it comes to the proximity of the dance floor and the overcrowded close night club atmosphere. Dance maestro Reisman believes that there is nothing more indicative of poor taste than heavy perfume used too lavishly.

Now I have a list of expensive but delightfully intriguing perfumes that will help you to strike the right note in fragrance, too. Do you want one that is warm and vibrant or fresh and elusive? One that is young and gay, or wise and sophisticated?

RADIO FANS!

Some very special treats await you in the next issue of RADIO STARS—the February issue, on the news stands January first—don't miss them! There will be an extremely fascinating and informative story about Joan Crawford—Joan of the movies, and Joan as a radio actress—and what she thinks of radio broadcasting. Also a most unusual story of Warden Lawes, whom you know on the air through his "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing" program. James Melton also has a place in the next issue—and other popular radio stars will be featured in new stories.

Watch for the February RADIO STARS

in with their ideals of her, maintains Reisman, their own gallant conceptions of what is feminine and what isn't.

The dance maestro says that placing him in an embarrassing spot is the one thing a man can't forgive a woman. Women who indulge in raucous laughter and loud talk are an embarrassment to their escorts, says Reisman. Good breeding, beautiful manners, and a low soft, well modulated voice are all as much attributes of beauty as the more obvious items of figure and complexion.

Study the come of the woman who gives the beauty talk on the Lady Esther program. It has a lovely quality that is unusual in feminine voices, even on the radio.

Reisman voiced the feeling that seems common to most men in expressing an aversion over a woman's applying make-up to public. In spite of, or maybe because of, the artificiality which must necessarily surround a dance maestro he hates artificiality in make-up.

Right here I made a note to myself to remind you of the lipstick that contains no pigment or paint, but that magically changes color to match your complexion.

Spray a bit of perfume around the hem of your dance frock, and you'll float in a cloud of fragrance. For the rest, just touch a bit of perfume to your wrists, your ear lobes, your throat. Our glamour secret for the dance is to take a tiny pad of cotton, apply several drops of perfume to it, and then pin it securely into the neckline of your gown.

I'm offering my make-up guide to help you achieve color harmony in make-up. If you want your party face to be a success you won't want your rouge to clash with your lipstick. The right make-up can make the right things happen, and there's psychology in that, too.

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

Kindly send me your bulletin on make-up tips.

Name

Address

(Kindly enclose self-addressed stamps if possible.)

Seven Years of Constipation!

My explanation is this: after treatment from an actual and legitimate letter Subscriber and sworn to before me.

W. J. O'Connell
Notary Public

I had a most stubborn case of constipation . . . seven years of it for which I tried almost everything.



"I was growing steadily worse and I read about Yeast Foam Tablets, and decided to try them."



"In a short time I was entirely cured. I have not had my old trouble since."



IMPORTANT to you is what Yeast Foam Tablets actually do, not what we say about them. So we bring you this true experience—one of hundreds reported by grateful users of these pleasant yeast tablets.

Rich in precious tonic elements, Yeast Foam Tablets strengthen the intestines and stimulate them to normal action. A food, not a drug, they correct constipation in a natural healthful way. How different from harsh cathartics which often irritate! Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today. Refuse all substitutes.



FREE! Lovely Tilted Mirror. Gives perfect close-up. Leaves both hands free to put on make-up. Free for coupon with empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton.

I enclose empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton. Please send the hands tilted make-up mirror. MM 136.
Name
Address
City State

Shake Hands with the Champions

(Continued from page 49)

had outplayed the country's leading bridge experts to win the Individual Masters Bridge Championship—the highest honors in Bridgeport.

A little later I got a telephone call from Ted Collins. "Say, Katherine," he said excitedly, "did you read in the newspapers about that young woman beating thirty of the best bridge players in the country last night?"

I told him I had read the story.

"Well," he went on, "that gives me an idea. Let's get her on the program. After all, she's a champion—and since she can do one thing better than anyone else, that makes her interesting to the public. And

she's fresh in the news, too."

Well, after a lot of hurried telephone calling, we finally got in touch with Miss Murdoch—just two hours before the broadcast. Although she was fatigued from three days of strenuous tournament play, she generously consented to appear on our program. We interviewed her for six minutes and everything turned out splendidly.

The reaction to our interview with Miss Murdoch was very encouraging. People seemed to like to hear the story of a person who was "the top"—who possessed an ability that made her the best. And in this particular case, it was a woman

who won a championship in a field in which millions sought perfection.

The next week it happened that the annual rodeo championships at the Madison Square Garden produced some real cattle-roping, rough-riding champions. Here were some interesting individuals, I thought. We called Ted Deglin, contact man for the Garden, and through him arranged for them to be interviewed on the next Thursday's program. They were grand, with their western draws, and we had a jolly time together.

Then Ted and I realized that we had stumbled on that human interest feature for which we had been seeking. We decided that each week we would bring a champion to the microphone—it didn't make any difference what kind of champ—just as long as they were deserving of the title of champion. We knew it would be a difficult task to ferret one out, week after week, but we were set on it.

As a result, ever since then—on our Matinee Hours, our night-time hour programs, and on our current A. & P. "Coffee-Time" broadcasts, we've had champions—more than fifty of them altogether. Think of that—fifty champs, and all types, too! And I want to tell you that they are grand people—and everyone of them as interesting as can be.

The world's champion speed cyclist, Mr. George V. Hossfeld, did a speed trial before the microphone of more than 220 words a minute. Big Bill Tilden and Mr. George Lott, professional tennis champs and about the best racket-wielders on the courts today, were interviewed on separate programs. Separate, because at the time Mr. Lott was making his professional debut, and because of their scheduled match there wasn't the best of feelings between them. Afterwards, I certainly got a kick out of watching them burn those balls across the net.

I've had ice-skating champions on the radio—Mr. Irving Jaffe, Olympic speed titchholder, and ten year old Robin Lee, who was the National Senior Figure-Skating champ. A mite of a kid who out-figured the best men on the ice.

Major James A. Doolittle and Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, World War Ace, were among our champion aviators. Major Doolittle had just broken the cross-country record the day before the broadcast. Captain Rickenbacker, who raced automobiles and airplanes, and shot enemy planes during the war, was so nervous that he couldn't hold his notes. It's hard to imagine a man like that appalled by a little microphone—but the mike does that sometimes. Elinor Smith, the aviatrix, also was a guest. She, on the other hand, performed like a radio veteran.

Speaking of the ladies, I've had an unusual array of feminine champions. There was Mrs. Floretta McCutcheon, who won the world's leading championship—she even knocked down more pins than the top men bowlers—only four years after she saw her first alley. You probably read about those two girls from Idaho who



Here is Kate Smith, herself, with her mother and her manager, Ted Collins. It was Ted Collins who "discovered" Kate for radio, when she was appearing as singing comedienne in Broadway musical comedies. Kate was born in Greenville, Virginia, twenty-six years ago, but she grew up and went to school in Washington, D. C. She made her entertainment debut singing ballads for soldiers encamped near Washington. Kate hates to buy clothes.

chopped down a tall pine tree in a little over a minute—to come out No. 1 in a tree-chopping contest that won them a trip to Manhattan. They were our guests, and told how they did the trick. They seemed almost as tall and rangy as the tall pine trees themselves.

And here's something interesting. Mr. James J. Bradlock, who, that very day, had been signed for his match with Max Baer, was on the same program with the word-chopping experts. We had a double-header that broadcast. He was very attentive to what the girls said, and when they finished he told me on the air that he was going to "chop down a six-foot ball in just about the same length of time on a night in June." The night of the fight I said, "And now I'm going out to see a new heavyweight champion of the world with the title." There was something very determined and sincere about Mr. Bradlock when we introduced him the day the match was signed, that impressed me. And by the way, I was the first to present him on the radio as the "World's champion" a week later. He was the guest of honor at a sports dinner at a New York hotel and arrangements were made for us to talk back and forth from studio and hotel over the radio. We both wore headphones to hear what the other said, and it worked out very well.

Talk about tricky champions. I've interviewed at different times, Mr. Charles Jacobson, the champ puzzle solver of the country; Mr. Frank Marshall who can outwit and outplay any one else at a chess board; Mr. Edward Cashin, a word list name for a fellow who won the national cross word puzzle championships to "cash in" on \$10,000; Mr. Willie Hume, of the lullaby tables who certainly knows his ps and cms; Miss Clara Moller, the little girl who won the title of the best grade-school speaker in the land, and a group of possible champions from different parts of the country who came to New York for the final round. And I never met a more rabid group of people in my life. They put bridge fans to shame!

Mr. Dizzy Dean—the wonder pitcher himself—was another one of our guests. Mr. Dean is a very cordial person and, take it from me, besides having a lot on the ball, as they say, he's got a lot in his head. At the time he was peevish with a certain radio comedian, who, by the way, tried to carbon copy our champion feature some months after we had inaugurated it. This comedian interviewed Mr. Dean on the radio and, according to the ball player, took his "jag" lines, instructed the studio audience to applaud only his (the comedian's) remarks, and then heckled him extemporaneously during the actual broadcast. As though this wasn't bad enough," Mr. Dean told me, "that guy had the nerve to ask me for two passes to the ball game the next day!"

Did you ever hear of a "stowaway Champion"? Well, I did—and two of them, too. I read in the newspapers that Mr. M. Sipple Pflinger, the "champion of stowaways" had stowed away in autos, ships, trains and even airplanes, to thirty-five different countries. After a lot of detective work we finally were able to communicate with him and arrange for his appearance on the air. Naturally,

since he had done all this, I introduced him, without fear of contradiction, as the "champion of all stowaways." Well, the next day I received a letter from another man, who called himself George Tyler, and claimed that Mr. Pflinger hadn't popped up in as many places as he had. The other, he said, was just a rank amateur compared to him—he, who had stowed away to forty-four different continents on every one of the seven continents. Mr. Tyler wasn't his real name, as, since he had settled down, he didn't want to lose the respect of his Manhattan neighbors. So we gave him his say on the radio the following week. You can understand my predicament, I hope. After all there just aren't any annual stow-away championships or anything like that, staged in the manner of boxing, or wrestling—so I let the historians decide who was the real titleholder.

Damo O'Mahoney, the champion shoulder-blower of the wrestling world replied to our questions with a meek thud broke that our could almost cut with a knife. It was the wearing of the green that evening, all right. And speaking of greens, another guest of ours was Mr. Horton Smith, one of the best golfers that ever sunk a putt on a green patch.

Women swimmers—the speediest in the world—Leonor Knight, Eleanor Holm and others also were subjects of our interviews. And these bright-eyed mermaids were good radio material, too, and our air talks went along swimmingly.

Sports was well represented among our champions. Mr. Richard C. Dutton, a quiet, handsome young man, son of the famous Dutton family, came from Wilmington, Delaware, to make his first radio appearance on our program. He is the national gliding champion, and he told us some very revealing facts about this dangerous and little-known sport. Mr. Francis H. Low, Yale graduate, caught the biggest fish ever hooked with a regular line—I think it weighed more than a thousand pounds—and since that was the champion catch of all time it made him a champion fisherman for us. Mr. Jay O'Brien, the noted society sports-man, answered our questions about luh-sledding—he's the Olympic titleholder—and when we finished, I decided that here was one sport I was going to stay away from at a respectful distance. It's too breath-taking for me—and I need my breath for my singing.

There have been many others on the microphone parade of champions—I wish I had time and space to name them all—and it's been good fun. I enjoy meeting them, and they seem to like the idea of our radio chats. And a funny thing, too, but I certainly have learned a lot from them. After all, when a person can do one single thing better than anyone else, their prowess in their line is certainly worth "singing." They say that when a man can build a better mousetrap than his fellow-men, the world will beat a path to his door. Well, folks, you don't have to go to all that trouble—because I bring my champions right through your door into your homes—and when I find that champion mousetrap maker—well, I'll be the one who'll do the catching—and you'll hear from him, too.

The End

BID THAT COLD BE GONE!

Oust it Promptly with This Fourfold Treatment!

BIWARE of a cold—even a slight cold—and any cold! A cold can quickly take a serious turn.

What you want to do is treat it promptly and thoroughly. Don't be satisfied with mere palliatives. A cold, being an internal infection, calls for internal treatment. That's common sense. A cold, moreover, calls for a cold treatment and not for a cure-all.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is what you want for a cold. First of all, it is expressly a cold tablet and not a preparation good for half a dozen other things as well. Secondly, it is internal medication and does four important things.

Fourfold Effect

First, it opens the bowels. Second, it checks the infection in the system. Third, it relieves the headache and fever. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

All drug stores sell Grove's Bromo Quinine—and the few pharmacies that may give you a lot in 1935, substitute and enquire. Ask freely for Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine and accept no substitute.



A Cold is an Internal Infection and Requires Internal Treatment



GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

But what does it Mean to the Amateurs?

(Continued on page 18)

5

COMPLETE NOVELS
IN EVERY ISSUE

ADVENTURE

You people who like wings can have the adventures of an around-the-world flight by following **Caution Jones**, hero of *The Sky Crusher*, L. Ren Hubbard's new air thriller.

SPORT

Get set for the hockey season and William Bruner's *Double Cross-Check*—hockey with speed, zest, drama, and the authentic flavor of battle on the ice.

WESTERN

Tom Curry takes us West with *Gun Rule*, the stirring story of Vince Hill, who risks his neck ferreting out outlaws' nests and then sets about heading the range pirates at their own game.

MYSTERY

While the police are trying to track him down as Public Enemy No. 1, Raymond London tries to solve the mystery of *Who Killed Gilbert Foster?* You'll thrill to this mystery novel by E. Hoffman Price and Ralph Milne Farley.

ROMANCE

In *Vikings Go Alone*, Walter Mesquiss' absorbing romance, Steve Rickett, an outcast, puts up a lone, valiant battle for a place in the sun of Lake Pelee's social and winter sport activities.

January Now on Sale Everywhere

Five Novels

to theatrical and movie careers. Just how lucky these boys are to find themselves set in careers they love, at an age when most young people have to look about them and question helplessly, "What shall I do?" "Where can I find a job?" "What chance has a young person in this topsyturvy world?" is something they perhaps are too young to understand. For them indeed, opportunity has been golden and their careers have been established by the amateur hour.

Then there is the story of their father. Much has been written and said on the subject of mother-love. Just why father has always taken a back seat when laurels were handed out is one of those inexplicable mysteries that seem to abound in this mad whirl called life. Surely thousands of fathers, who have slaved and sacrificed to give their best to their families, must have thrilled to the joy of Mr. Youman, a simple tool and the maker. The love of music had burned as brightly in his heart as in those of his three sons. But when one has to earn enough to

keep a wife and five kiddies one doesn't often have the leisure or inclination to indulge expensive hobbies. So Mr. Youman, like so many other unselfish parents, concentrated his frustrated hopes in his sons, delighting in their obvious musical talent. Not long ago he quit his job, scraped together every available penny and decided to drive them east to give them their chance. And now he can sit back, contented in the knowledge that his sacrifices were not in vain and know through his sons the success and happiness which he passed up for their sakes.

The third story belongs to a person who remains unnamed by request—a person who passed casually into the lives of the Youman family but left an indelible impression. He met them at a tourist camp in Pennsylvania. The brave little quartette, father and sons, were stranded on their way east with but forty-five cents between them to get them the rest of the way to New York. The stranger heard them play in their little tourist cabin, struck up an acquaintanceship and had so



Here is the first picture to be snapped of Joan Crawford broadcasting. It was made while Joan was rehearsing for her radio debut in the leading rôle of "Within the Law," for the Lux Radio Theatre anniversary.

much faith in the boys that he lent them enough money to take them to New York. The "good Samaritan" received his loan back as soon as Major Bowes heard from the lips of the young brothers this strange tale of unexpected kindness. For interest he can cherish the knowledge that he set the feet of three people on the path to fame.

And as a fitting climax to this fairy-tale of happiness, a reunion between Mr. Youman and a sister, lost for twenty-seven years and believed dead, was effected, when she heard the broadcast. She and her children have been rescued from the rickety rolls and are assured of security.

Then take the case of Mrs. Ida Levine Comely, for all of her forty-five years, she appeared for an audition, distraught and on the verge of a nervous collapse. Her voice cracked pitifully, as she started to sing for the audition and she broke down wailed by hysterical tears. After regaining composure, she poured out her tale of a blasted marriage, how she had left her husband after almost twenty-five years of alternate bliss and sorrow and fled from Miami to a married daughter in New York. Home in Miami she had conducted a beach wear shop. Her husband had been unemployed for some time. His enforced idleness had frayed the nerves of both of them, resulting in futile, bitter quarrels.

On the night of her silver wedding anniversary, she appeared on Major Bowes' amateur hour, singing "The Hindu Fan Club To Do," extemporizing the lyrics to convey her message of repentance to her husband, should he be listening in. He was "So what mattered her failure to score in a winning place? As this is being written after several weeks of correspondence Mrs. Levine left for Miami to rejoin her husband. "I'll never be able to repay the Major for the happiness I found again through his amateur hour!" Her eyes shone with new hope.

Although one would hardly suspect a radio program of being a Court of Domestic Relations, the marital difficulties of the Bremas were ironed out by Major Bowes, too. Married six years, their romance was beginning to wear a bit thin. Frank Brema lathered faces in a barber shop all day, but in the evening he insisted on playing the rôle of Petruchio to his wife's Katherine. Inasmuch as Mrs. Brema did not tany herself as a show, nor did she think she needed tanning, their domestic life teetered on a precipitous cliff of destruction.

Frank Brema appeared on one of the programs and his fine, operatic voice easily won him enthusiastic acclaim. But his victory did little towards contributing peace to the Brema domicile. As Mrs. Brema confessed in a letter: "There was no living with the man." In desperation, his wife petitioned for an audition. On the following Sunday night, she, too, emerged a winner in the voting, so on the third Sunday, the Major recalled them both as a singing team. Their duet was even a greater success than either of their solos. And so, after signing a contract with one of the vaudeville units they bought a car and drove to California on a second honeymoon. They have just returned and are preparing to leave with Unit 6, in which they will work as a team.

Needless to say, peace and harmony have been fully restored.

Paul Reagan won enthusiastic acclaim on one of the amateur programs with his uncanny impersonations of notable people. Who can measure the happiness which he brought to his parents when he treated them to a trip to New York with his first salary earned in one of the units? Perhaps only people who have struggled for twenty-eight years and faced all kinds of privation to give their best a flock of seven children could tell you that. All their lives, Mr. and Mrs. Reagan had lived in Medford, Massachusetts, without ever finding the leisure or the extra money for a holiday. A long time ago when they were first married, Mr. Reagan promised his wife a real honeymoon trip to New York. But instead of the trip, at the end of their first year of marriage, a new baby arrived. Thereafter more babies came. In the years that followed there was always so much needed and so little to go around that wistfully they saw the honeymoon they'd never achieved fade into oblivion. In the end they stopped thinking about it. But their son Paul, didn't, and when he met with success on the amateur program he asked Major Bowes for an advance on his first salary to treat mom and pop to their long-delayed honeymoon. Undoubtedly that precious week and when they were the guests of Major Bowes in New York was the high spot of their lives—unless it was the week that their boy played Boston with his vaudeville unit.

Mary Perry, an eighteen-year-old colored girl from Miami, has never achieved any great measure of theatrical success but whether she does or does not, Mary has achieved the *big* ambition of her life through the grace of the amateur hour. She stepped before the microphone, flashing a 14-karat laugh and a gold front tooth. Her good humor was so infectious that Major Bowes, twitted her about both the smile and the gold tooth. She confessed she was very proud of it, but the ultimate in gold teeth would be the possession of one set with a diamond. Like that owned by a friend of hers, whose blazing bursip she once had envied. A Mr. Cross of Portland, Maine who said he'd turned up his horse-entail badge for the day, donated the diamond in the worthy cause of keeping little Mary Perry eternally laughing. The Major himself contributed the gold cup and the dental service and today, Mary Perry's diamond tooth is flashing merrily behind footlights of western theatres. Who knows, perhaps one day it may flash across the footlights of Broadway? Even Ethel Waters hasn't a diamond tooth.

And then there is the poignant drama which was played behind the curtain of a Sunday night broadcast. Back of the application of Israel Margolies, operatic tenor, who wanted to sing an operatic aria, lay a passionate struggle between father and a son, the old against the new, the church against the theatre. Israel was the son of a famous rabbi. Although he, too, was a student of the rabbinate, his real and fervent ambition was to be an opera singer. His father, fitfully ill, looked with longing eyes upon his son, hoping he would carry on the family rabbinical tradition. When Israel sent in his ap-

Nothing but the Truth

(Continued from page 52)

Normandie was coming to New York harbor for the first time and we were reporting her progress. We lost sight of her for a second and I took a notion to crawl along a narrow ledge to a better vantage point. Half way along something went wrong with my equilibrium. I called to Jeff to grab my legs. "Right with you," says Jeff, and then, "If you fall, remember, hold on to the make and tell us what it feels like!"

Vivienne Segal—"They've given the barefoot boy a lot of publicity, but here's one about a barefoot girl you may not have heard. Singing on a program one night I couldn't seem to get to feeling at home . . . I slipped off my shoes and in two shakes of a lamb's tail everything was fine and dandy."

Mark Warnoff—"All set to start a number when the announcer makes a slip and calls the wrong tune . . . 'Stardust,' I think it was. For a second my baton poised motionless in the air. I looked meaningly at the gang. Then, as the baton came down, every man in the band swung into 'Stardust,' playing from memory. I blew kisses with my free hand."

Jane Pichens—"This happened in the days when we were singing with our fourth sister, Grace. Grace fell ill; so

Helen and I, knowing she'd be unable to perform, yanked Patti out of school and taught her the routine practically overnight. At the broadcast, Helen and I were extremely nervous. We stood on each side of Patti to support her in case she faltered. As it happened, Patti was the coolest member of the trio, and held her two sisters up. She sang so well she's been in the trio ever since, while Grace has become our manager."

Portland Hoffa—"Life may be full of ups and downs for the average elevator man. My brief life as an operator came to a sudden standstill right between two floors. It happened that I was on my way to a broadcast, with only a few seconds to go. So, without waiting for first aid, I squeezed out on to the upper floor, and went about my business breathing the sweet air of liberty."

James Melton—"I suppose you know that I always carry a twenty and a five dollar gold piece in my pocket . . . for luck. Well, that day I was in a hurry to get down to the broadcast. I forgot my gold. Don't get the idea I didn't pay for that little omission. Two taxi wrecks! Stepped right out of one into the next. Made the broadcast, though."

(Continued on page 84)



Here she is—the one and only ZaSu Pitts—ZaSu of the tired voice and the self-conscious hands—who appeared on the Lux Radio Theatre program in the title rôle of the famous S. Kaufman-Marc Connelly stage play, "Dulcy." Even without television, ZaSu is almost as delightful on the air as in movies.



"Yes, Madam—
NOT ONLY THAT,
THEY GIVE ADDED
PROTECTION, AND
ARE SO CONVENIENT
AND DEPENDABLE."

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

Sound reasoning and common-sense recommend the form, the convenience, and the dependability of PAR-I-O-GEN Tablets, features which are often so difficult adequately to describe.

They are neatly packaged in tubes almost as small as the daintiest fountain pen, each tube containing twelve tablets, and may be conveniently carried in one's purse or hand-bag, for use while traveling or at home.

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PAR-I-O-GEN Tablets are non-caustic, stainless, greaseless. They provide an effective deodorant although practically odorless. It is a long-acknowledged fact that they offer the practical, commonsense answer to the problem of

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FREE OFFER: If you can find a Druggist who does not have PAR-I-O-GEN Tablets when you ask for them, send us his name and address and we'll send you a trial package FREE. Simply address:

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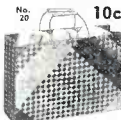
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NEW EASY WAY **KEEP WIRES OFF FLOOR**
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10
JUSTRITE **PUSH-CLIP** AT Kroger's

A neat job instantly. No damage to workwork. No tools needed. Set of eight colored clips to match your cords. 10¢.

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LEATHERLYKE
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Bag 5c

Make Christmas Shopping easy at your favorite store. Those good-looking, strong, handy Deubener Bags are great for shopping—serve you for knitting and many other uses every day. ALL the year.



MERRY CHRISTMAS
HAPPY NEW YEAR

DEUBENER'S SHOPPING BAGS
GARFIELD PARK, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

The Unconventional Mr. Howard

(Continued from page 27)

he would follow in his father's footsteps and become a broker.

But after the horrors of war, the make-believe of the stage seemed much more inviting to the boy than the cold facts and figures of his father's brokerage firm. So he changed his name from Stanley to Howard, and offered himself to the footlights.

Without any experience and, according to most producers at that time, without any talent, his early years in the theatre were bitterly difficult. There was a baby son at home now, Ronald, and many things were needed in the little household. But his wife, Ruth, wouldn't allow him to give up his stage ambitions and turn to other work.

He finally got his first real "break" in "Peg O' My Heart," on the London stage. And his rise to success from then on is theatrical history. Some say he is the only person who ever stole a show from the late Jeanne Eagles, and that Howard outshone the famous actress when he played opposite her in "Her Cardboard Lover."

In Hollywood he amazed the movie colony by turning down a good role opposite Greta Garbo. His reason for refusing to play with her was that the role was designed, not for him, but for Garbo. "Besides," he added, "though Miss Garbo is the most fascinating of actresses, a trail of rain has been left behind in the ranks of her supporting casts."

The very fact that he has been married to the same woman for twenty years would make him a strangely unconventional figure in Hollywood. But no screen star in motion pictures ever had a more romantic or exciting wedding, nor a happier, more ideal marriage.

He met Ruth Martin during the war. Three weeks after their meeting, he got one day's leave, rushed her down to a little church and married her. He remembered to get a ring and a parson, but he forgot about witnesses. He asked two scrubmen who were cleaning the church to serve as witnesses. A few hours after the ceremony he left for France and the front.

When Howard isn't busy with stage, screen or radio work in America, he, his wife and their two children return to their country place, Stowe Maries, in Surrey, England. The lovely old house was built more than four hundred years ago, and the land lies in the lee of a spur of the North Downs. Charles Laughton is their only close neighbor. And among the theater's famous who come frequently to visit at Stowe Maries are Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. Lunt and Howard reminisce on the lean years, long ago, before either of them was famous, when they first met in New York. And Lunt loves to tease Howard about the time they started to act school together and Leslie was so embarrassed at the sight of a nude model, he couldn't draw.



Bob Burns, a leading comic of the air, with his musical bazooka—two pieces of iron pipe and a whiskey funnel.

army, the cleaning women. Kneeling where, so short a time ago, stood Lily Pons, or Lawrence Tibbett or Grace Allen they mop and scrub, mop and scrub . . . as if to erase from the scene the last vestige of those vanished great ones.

Who do they think of the glamor, the magic, the charm that so recently has filled these deserted studio rooms with glow?

Drooping back, to sit on her heels, pushing aside a strand of dish hair, one answers:

"Yes, I like to listen on the radio. I turn it on every day. I like to hear the pretty voice of Lily Pons, and the others, like Mr. Tibbett. But I can't listen late at night—I have to come down here to go to work . . . Yes, I like all the big stars, and Eddie Cantor, and Frazee Allen too. They make me laugh . . . No, I've been working here five years, but I've never seen a radio star. . . . But my little boy is taking accordion lessons. Some day he'll be a radio star. He says he will . . ."

She picks up her mop again. . . . Mop and scrub. Mop and scrub . . . humming under her breath a little ditty.

CURIOSITY

Into Fred Winham's office come weekly hosts of letters offering thank for sales—useance policies, safe books, auto-mobiles, stocks and bonds, motor boats, tractors to transport the Pentecostians, tubes to amate a conversation, a chance or a floor lamp, a mitt and a collar, a half interest in an intention, a share in a cosmic hunt expedition and an automatic letter opener. P. S. He bought the automatic letter opener.

OVERHEARD

Harriet Hilbard, singer, who recently married Ozza Nelson, nationally known dance-band leader, was christened Peggy Lou Snyder.

For his radio broadcasts Lawrence Tibbett scores a William Tell! (Pull the bow and hit the apple) too. It's easy to rip off, driving a sona, if his collar comes tight.

Conrad Thibault, of NBC's Log Cabin program, loves to wear a battered felt hat. He is always planning to take systematic exercise, but postpones on such high spots. Likes jigsaw puzzles, jangos both Grand Opera and Harlem rhythms.

The Lyman loves to dance. He will drop the baton at the slightest excuse, to test the light fantasia.

To keep fit, Amos 'n' Andy skip rope daily. Trem Rich was a really broker in San Francisco, before going to Hollywood and movie stardom. . . . Al Johnson hurls himself to sleep with a photographic record of rain pattering on a tin roof. . . . John Charles Thomas made his first public appearance as a member of a trio at Methodist camp-meetings. . . . Mario Chamlee flies his own plane. . . . George Burnie is known as the world's greatest flutist. . . . Jack Henry, frustrated fiddler, won his reputation as one of the country's foremost pugkin experts as water boy for ten years at the Waukegan, Illinois, High School team. . . . Mueluel Bartlett, of opera, movies and radio; was christened Edwin Monzo Bartlett. . . . Singin' Sam's nickname is "Wokey," from a nervous habit of winking. When he first met "Sammy" Davis, she thought he was making advances, when he winked at her. Maybe he was. . . . They're married now.

WANTED

—a light-weight, collapsible periscope. Celia Brang, NBC's first-top courtesan, is tired of being unable to see where she is seated in a crowd.

TURN ON THE HEATER

Gabriel Heatter discloses the prize fan letter. Addressed to the National Broadcasting Company it reads:

Gentlemen:

A friend of mine tells me that a Gabriel Heatter catches on your station. Please let me know about them, and what they look like, for if a Gabriel Heatter can keep my house warm this winter, then I'm interested in one.

The End

BECOME AN EXPERT

ACCOUNTANT

Practical Accountants and C. P. A. with \$1,000 to \$15,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 12,000 Certified Public Accountants in the U. S. We train you to become an expert in one year. 100% satisfaction or absolute refunding without charge. Training guaranteed. Personal attention. Under supervision of staff of C. P. A.'s, including faculty of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for Free Book. Accountancy, the Profession that Pays. LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 1318H, Chicago. The School You've Been Trained Over 1,200 C. P. A.'s

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE— WITHOUT CALOMEL

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

THE liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated! Your whole system is poisoned, and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk!

A mere movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel up and up! Harleins, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25¢ at all drug stores. © 1935, C. M. Co.



Teddy Bergman acted as judge of the Home State Food Competition at the Annual Women's Competition of Arts and Industries. He seems to be enjoying the prize-winning Devil's Food cake, as Olive Murphy looks on.

RADIO STARS

Salt Lake City, Utah.
 Thekla D. Wolf, 3312 Rand St.,
 Phila., Pa.
 John Neason, 148 Columbia St.,
 Cohoes, N. Y.
 Josephine Riben, 136 Cedar Ave.,
 Linden, N. J.
 Geraldine Haley, Box 652, Pawnee
 City, Neb.
 Alma Louise Knowles, 71 Bleecker
 St., Brooklyn, New York City.
 Estelle Moloney, 1113 Anderson St.,
 Montreal, Canada
 Mrs. Mary Ferrare, 2040 E. Norm
 Ave., Baltimore, Md.
 Mrs. Jos. Kajohn, 5320 Fletcher St.,
 Chicago, Ill.
 Charlotte L. Nelson, 1902 Fourth
 Ave., So. Minneapolis, Minn.
 Sophie Poplavsky, 123 Livingston
 Place, Bridgeport, Conn.
 Jean Adams, 202 Pleasant St., Man-
 kato, Minn.

Mrs. Ruth Long, 412 Fifth St., S.
 W., Massillon, Ohio.
 Jack Crawford, Jr., 1250 Van Buren,
 Corvallis, Ore.
 V. De Nigris, 136-21st., Brooklyn,
 New York City.
 Manuel Arruda, 102 Constitution St.,
 Bristol, R. I.
 Carrissima Zarrella, 334 Pixlee
 Place, Bridgeport, Conn.
 Noel Roun, 310 15th St., Paso
 Robles, Calif.
 Ethel I. Sale, 141 E. Park Place,
 Oklahoma City, Okla.
 F. Floror, 2435 Chartres St., New
 Orleans, La.
 Mrs. F. Schmidt, 161 N. Montgom-
 ery, Memphis, Tenn.
 Mary Louise Coon, 3220 Third St.,
 Des Moines, Iowa.
 Frank Rhoads, 923 N. 15th St.,
 Philadelphia, Pa.
 Margaret Scanlan, Eastern Oregon
 Sanitarium, The Dalles, Ore.
 Mrs. B. Gurian, 1366 E. Third St.,
 Brooklyn, New York City.

Winners of Our Crazy Caption Contest will be announced in the February Issue of Radio Stars on Sale January 1st

Arlene Morath, 4109 Beachwood
 Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
 Kathryn Gensbauer, 3756 N. Ninth
 St., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Mary Bergin, 811 E. Tenth Ave.,
 Denver, Colo.
 Sue Krups, 514 N. Noble St., Chi-
 cago, Ill.
 Hazel Shradler, 312 Sheridan Ave.,
 South Greensburg, Pa.
 Ann Walker, 206 E. 32nd St.,
 Baltimore, Md.
 Agnes Ingles, 488 W. Willis, De-
 troit, Mich.
 Bluma Blum, 23 Dayton St., Eliza-
 beth, N. J.
 Mrs. F. G. Hubler, Redwood Falls,
 Minn.
 Clar B. Stough, R. D. No. 1, York,
 Pa.
 Magdalen T. Chermishek, R. F. D.
 2, Box 92, Stafford Springs, Conn.
 Barbara C. Rhoades, Canton, Conn.
 Catherine Bonchier, Lindenhurst,
 N. Y.

Florence McIntyre, 88 Main St.,
 Cromwell, Conn.
 Mrs. D. L. Williams, 45 Newark
 Ave., Battle Creek, Mich.
 Mrs. Hazel Antea, Laurel Apts.,
 Hollywood and Detroit Ave.,
 Toledo, Ohio.
 Betty Parents, 464 Maple St., Holy-
 oke, Ma-s.
 Elsie Simon, 1650 S. Trumbull Ave.,
 Chicago, Ill.
 Helen Vair, R. D. 3, Ravenna, Ohio.
 Myrtle Sampel, 3419 6th Ave., Des
 Moines, Iowa.
 Pearl Baxter, 40 Kimball Road,
 Watertown, Mass.
 Sarah A. McKitchen, 108 Pine St.,
 Pawtucket, R. I.
 Marian Pruyn, 23 Orange St.,
 Quincy, Mich.
 Louise Thompson, 2420 Eleventh
 St., S. W., Canton, Ohio.
 Mrs. Clara Given, Cowell, Contra
 Costa County, Calif.
 Pan Duckworth, 5215 So. 50th St.,
 Omaha, Neb.

(Continued on page 88)

GREATEST MOUTH WASH
VALUE IN AMERICA!

MIFFLIN
Antiseptic
MOUTH WASH

12 oz. SIZE **20¢**
 4 oz. SIZE **10¢**

AT LEADING 5c and 10c CHAIN STORES



**SORE, RHEUMATIC
 MUSCLES** Say goodbye to messy
 liniments and salves
 that have to be smeared
 on every few hours to be effective. The new treat-
 ment for sore, aching muscles is Allcock's Porous
 Plaster, that stays on until pain is all gone. One
 Allcock's Plaster lasts days and days without
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 painful rheumatic area, and the muscles are mass-
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 "Allcock's, Ossining, N. Y."

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ITCHING
TORTURE STOPPED in one minute!

For quick relief from the itching of pimples, blotches,
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 Ebanax's cooling, antiseptic, liquid D. D. D. Pre-
 scription. Its gentle oils soothe the irritated and
 inflamed skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries
 fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 3oz
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D. D. D. Prescription

**FRIEND SOLVED
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"Try Famous
 All-Vegetable
 Laxative," She Said
 Headaches were making her miser-
 able. She felt tired, listless, too.
 Then she found that Nature's
 Remedy (NR Tablets) really
 corrected her intestinal sluggish-
 ness. NR Tablets are a combina-
 tion of laxative elements provided
 by nature in plants and vegeta-
 bles. Try them tonight. Note
 that they give thorough cleansing
 action that leaves you refreshed and rejuvenated.
 This trial means no money to you and no charge to
 sender. NR's contain no glycerol or other irritating
 Non-habit forming.
 Only 25c—at all
 drug stores.



FREE: **NR TO-NIGHT**
 10 TABLETS
 25¢

Hollywood Glorifies Our Gladys

(Continued from page 16)

END CORN PAIN

Stop Shoe Troubles

QUICKLY RELIEVE CORNS, BUNIONS, CALLOUSES



Imagine a relief so quick-acting that it stops the pain of these shoes and foot troubles *instantly*. That is what Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads—the treatment of many uses—does for you. They soothe and heal; remove the cause—shoe friction and pressure; and prevent corns, sore toes, tender spots and blisters; ease new or tight shoes.

Never Cut Your Corns or Callouses

This dangerous practice can very easily cause blood-poisoning. Dr. Scholl's double-purpose treatment—pads for ending pain and separate Medication in convenient form for quickly loosening and removing corns or callouses—is the safe, sure way to get relief. Get a box today. Sold everywhere. Special sizes for corns, callouses bunions and spit corns.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

MARGARET SPEAKS
lovely young soprano soloist of the Voice of Firestone programs, will be featured in a story in our next issue. Look for this story in the February

RADIO STARS
On sale January first

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Send \$2.00 for a pair of socks to the nearest department store, mail-order house, or shoe store. Receive 100% more value. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. In purchase of TWO PAIRS of socks, receive two additional pairs FREE of those same quality stockings at the 1/2 price cost. While you wait for your hosiery offer, make good on yours.

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and even now hymns are numbered among her favorite songs. One of the regrets of her professional life is that there is so little opportunity for the singing of religious songs.

When friends began to urge her to turn her eyes toward the Chicago Civic Opera, Gladys just laughed at their ambitions for her. Finally talked into trying for an audition, she was surprised when one was granted, and more surprised when, without hesitation, she was made a member of the Chicago Opera Company. At that time she didn't even know one complete operatic role! She spent the whole summer of 1924 frantically studying operas, training for her fall debut. She learned twenty-one roles that summer. And during the following season she gave fifty perform-

ances—more than anybody else in the company.

In spite of the fact that there followed three years of phenomenal success for Gladys with the Chicago company, she wouldn't believe that she had a chance of getting into the Metropolitan Opera in New York.

She says that after she was auditioned and accepted by the Metropolitan, she actually went around pinching herself to see if she were dreaming.

"That was the biggest surprise of my life," she said, "unless—well, maybe Hollywood and the movies is the biggest surprise."

Why she should have been surprised at winning a movie contract, nobody knows. Hollywood had been trying for several



Known as one of the country's best-dressed women, Gladys Swarthout dresses always with taste and distinction. For a journey in the air she wears a light, loose coat of natural camel's hair, and a casual hat of brown velvet with accessories to match. The coat conceals the comfortable and smart sports frock, suitable for travel, one of many such in Gladys' wardrobe.



Elsewhere in this issue you will read a delightful story of Wallace Beery, a revealing portrait of Wally as Master of Ceremonies for his new radio program. This picture shows Wally, who is an aviation enthusiast, with his new Bellanca monoplane. It is equipped with the latest devices known to aviation, including a directional radio compass, horizon indicator, manifold pressure, directional gyroscope, and what not! The ship will carry six passengers at a top speed of one hundred and eighty miles per hour.

years to lure her into taking a screen test. With her beauty and great talent, she was a "natural" for the screen.

"I didn't pay much attention to the movie offers," she said, "because I didn't think there was any use in it. It never occurred to me that I could pass the screen test." That—coming from a woman who was named by three distinguished artists as the artists' ideal in American beauty!

In Hollywood they say she is one of the few actresses who isn't the slightest bit temperamental.

"Temperament makes it hard for a person to sing," she says. "It is much better to be calm and quiet. Getting excited just makes it all the more difficult to reach the high notes. Besides, people have to do things with temperament when they don't do it with the voice, to show they are artists."

She says that, at home, if she shows any tiny sign of temperament, her husband leads her to the family rowing machine and sentences her to a few minutes of hard labor.

Her husband, Frank M. Chapman, is an opera singer himself, and he, too, believes that it is foolish and harmful for an artist to be temperamental. The Chalmers will celebrate their third wedding

anniversary in April. Ecstatically happy and very much in love, they can't understand why people are sometimes surprised because two artists can live happily and peacefully together.

Having finished "Rose of the Rancho" for Paramount, Miss Swarthout starts now on "Give Us This Night," in which she will be co-starred with the famous European singer, Jan Kiepura.

"After that," she says, "I'll go back to the Metropolitan, for a while at least. I guess it is really sentiment that brings me back. The Metropolitan did the most for me in the way of a career, and singing there gives something to my heart and mind that nothing else can. While I'm in New York I hope to make some guest appearances on the air, but I won't be able to resume regular radio work. I love Hollywood, and I certainly hope to continue my motion picture career. But I guess every one who ever has stood on the stage at the Met and felt the thrill of facing the audience and seeing the conductor lift his baton for the cue, wants to go back."

Wouldn't the Met will again dress the glamorous Gladys as a boy? Let us hope not!

THE END

COUGH STOPPED quicker by "Moist-Throat" Method

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

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

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"Pertussin stopped Jackie's bad cough next day!" writes Mrs. F. Fernandez, Providence, R. I. Get a bottle.

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3. Perforations increase ventilation. This complete "air-conditioning" insures rapid drying. Curls set swiftly.
4. Hair dries takes less time... and curls are softer, lovelier, last longer.

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HOLLYWOOD Rapid Dry CURLER

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I TAKE THE 3-MINUTE WAY!



I've found that blotchy skin due to constipation can usually be cleared up by taking the right kind of laxative. That means no more jolting, racking, "all-at-once" cathartics. I take FEEN-A-MINT—the three-minute way—the safe, common-sense way to relieve constipation. Just chew delicious FEEN-A-MINT for three minutes before going to bed at night. Its effects are easy, pleasant, and flow *through*—it goes to work *gradually*. And how the children love it. It's only 15 cents and 25 cents a box.



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Scrambled Stars Contest Winners

(Continued from page 85)

- Mrs. Fred Stoltzmann, R. R. 1, Elphinstone Lake, Wis.
Mrs. Harry F. Jennings, W-3804 Longfellow Ave., Spokane, Wash.
Norman G. Tyler, 898 N. Lafayette Park Place, Los Angeles, Calif.
Ethel Matthews, 121 Kemmerling St., Gibsonburg, Ohio
Alice E. Harris, Valley View Sanitarium, Paterson, N. J.
Mrs. Rose Amolsch, 4021 Meade St., Denver, Colo.
Lee Porfilio, 503 N. Joliet St., Joliet, Ill.
Ann Steguta, 40 Friend St., Port Griffith, Pittston, Pa.
Eleanor F. Anderson, 12 Maurice Ave., Ossining, N. Y.
Mildred E. Reed, North Branch, Minn.
E. J. Wohlgemuth, 6009 Oddell St., St. Louis, Mo.
Mrs. Henry G. Eslinger, 809 Plymouth St., Allentown, Pa.
Edith Silberstein, 54 Stanwood St., Roxbury, Mass.
Laura M. Pader, 2706 Blondeau St., Keokuk, Iowa.
Mrs. Eloise DuBois, 3972 Sherman Way, Sacramento, Calif.
Albertine Murray, 415 E. 79th St., New York City, N. Y.
Mildred Potter Lufbrano, 494 Wellington Ave., Auburn, R. I.
Martha Weber, 2906-21st Ave., Astoria, N. Y.
Pauline Megerlin, 108-01 164th Place Jamaica, N. Y.
Marie C. Johnston, 4909 W. Vliet St., Milwaukee, Wis.
Alice F. Koel, 1702 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York City.
Ruth Schmidt, 1718 N. Laramie Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. G. C. Hunt, Norton Ave., Norton Heights, Conn.
Alice Lee Sumney, 274 McGeogon Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Ellen Rosler, 414 L. Seventh Ave., Spokane, Wash.
Art Cavalier, 948 N. California Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mescal Baker, R. F. D. 1, Box 21, McKeesport, Pa.
Louise Hinds, 480 Hudson Ave., Brooklyn, New York City.
Ruth Kelly, 189 Sunset Ave., Newark, N. J.
Angela Passalacqua, 29 Park St., Brooklyn, New York City.
Marta C. Widny, Box 80, Greenock, Pa.
Mrs. J. H. Brown, 627 North St., Meadville, Pa.
Mrs. Mildred Hayes, Route 1, Box 720, Olympia, Wash.
Faye Scott, 227 Linn St., Peoria, Ill.
G. Margaret Norcross, 2001 Pecan St., Texarkana, Ark.
D. Drayton, 220 W. 19th St., 12th Floor, New York City, N. Y.
A. Hubly, 21-70 Crescent St., Astoria, N. Y.

Nothing but the truth?

(Continued from page 81)

- John Charles Thomas**—"I don't feel that I have the right to slight my invisible audience by smugging to a studio audience."
- Helen Hayes**—"In radio, every performance is 'first night' and I am afflicted with first night jitters. You can guess how much I like having an audience at the studio."
- Phil Ducey**—"Concert singing was always my big ambition. Maybe that's why I get such a kick out of having people come trooping into my broadcasts."
- Lucy Galt**—"I've managed to cure myself of the old shyness of my indifferent student days. I don't mind an audience wherever it is."
- James Dillman**—"I like studio audiences because I like people."
- Stamand Romberg**—"I'm too darned impatient to wait for the morning papers to see what people think of my broadcast. I've got to be able to get the immediate reaction of an audience."
- Lucernia Tibbett**—"I get along better with the mike if I can slip off my tie on a high note and shed a few clothes on a hot day. Doesn't that just about eliminate a studio audience?"
- Fibber Vezix and Wally**—"It must be the old propter in us... nothing doing without an audience that we can see and hear."
- Kay Noble**—"Behave it or not, the presence of a large number of people in the studio improves the acoustics and obviates the necessity of hanging drapes all over."
- Bonus and Allen**—"Guests at my broadcast give us a real lift and help us time our gas."
- Leslie Howard**—"No drama without illusion, and never is illusion so completely shattered as when a studio audience sees an actor performing without make-up, costume, or set."

THE END

RADIO LAUGHS

THEY SAY THAT THE ONLY WAY TO GET THE BEST OF THE RADIO STARS IS TO LISTEN TO THEM IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT. BUT DON'T YOU WANT TO GET THE BEST OF THE RADIO STARS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT?



EP



MRS. LYNNE WEBB: " . . . In offer words, he incanted the words because American women had nothing to fall back on. Why not drop into your neighborhood store and buy a little 'Lor', do or baby's bottles are coming to the front again.

(Cuckoo Clock Program, N. B. C.)

GIRL: (In ruck us) Take this one **RAY KNIGHT:** Of what . . .
(Ray Knight, Cuckoo Clock Program N. B. C.)

BILL WIRGENS: How do you like this new check suit? I don't think I made a mistake in buying it.
ERNEST TRUFEX: I don't think you made a mistake in buying it either.
WIRGENS: I thank.
TRUFEX: Your mistake is in **WEAR** IN: B!

FILBERT: You want \$55 to take my tonsils out? Well, a doctor *was* always offered to take 'em out for \$5.
PHILTOR: (ERNEST TRUFEX) That's out 'bout *congratulations!*
(Highlights and Harmonies, N. B. C.)

1ST MAN: Didja hear about my mother-in-law? She gave a sick guy a pint of her blood for a transfusion.
2ND MAN: How generous of her! And did the patient recover?
1ST MAN: Naw—he froze to death!
(Design for Listening N. B. C.)

LAZY DAN: Mah overcoat's done got insomnia. Boss.
JIM: Insomnia? You must be wrong, Dan. Insomnia means you can't sleep.
LAZY DAN: Das right—mah coat ain't had a nap in five years.

JIM: Dan, is your wife happy?
LAZY DAN: Mister Jim, she sure is. Mah wife can have a good time, jes' thinkin' what a good time she'd be havin' if she was havin' a good time!

LAZY DAN: Henny, I've got' out to 'a' all even.
DIVS WIFE: You was't so no a time out there you was't in me out of my mind.
LAZY DAN: Drixin' you out of your mind? I was—dat ain't no drix—dat's 'a' a putt!
(Lazy Dan, OLD ENGLISH Program)



O'KEEFE: You know, I often wondered why Russians wear beards. I once had a beard like yours, and when I realized it was hiding my face, I cut it off.
RUSSIAN: Yeah, I once had a face like yours. When I realized I couldn't cut it off I grew this beard!
(WALTER O'KLEFFE, Camel Caravan)

VICTOR YOUNG: I went to a party the other night and they had incense burning. Incense is one thing I can't stand, so I told the butler to get rid of that punk . . . and he threw me out!
(VICTOR YOUNG, on Shell Chateau.)

PORTLAND: What's a faux pas?
FRED ALLEN: Faux pas is a French expression—it means four fathers. Have you mastered another tongue besides your embryonic English?

PORTLAND: I heard the druggist talking in Latin to papa and I learned a few words.
ALLEN: What are they?
PORTLAND: The druggist said that if Papa didn't pay for his Ipana toothpaste he'd give him the *Hobo Ejectus*. That's Latin for the Bum's Rush.

FRED ALLEN: Town Hall Tonight.)
BOB BURNS: . . . One day Paul Robeson was standing out in the yard when it started to rain and he was told him to come in and let it rain on the lawn. That made him mad so he went on a diet and today I don't eat any bigger than a horse. It's funny how we're all built different. I don't eat about seven *lekawes* who's so shiny she wouldn't be a one ship in all it she didn't have an Adam's apple.

BOB BURNS: (on Kraft Music Hall)
MAN: Well, my business is *quoting* I saw a stone quarry.
MARY: MARY: That's talina a lot for *prairie!*

CHARLIE: (I don't understand you, it wasn't you that romantic)
MARY: MARY: I can—about a year ago. It settled in my right leg—mighty painful feax.
(CHARLIE MARY Columbia Broadcasting System)

JACK: Hello, Mary—what are you doing now?
MARY: I'm a tap dancer now.
JACK: A tap dancer? And where are you employed?
MARY: In a tap room.
JACK: In a tap room—hmm. And are you a good tap dancer?
MARY: I'm the taps.
JACK: Well, I suppose you know Fred Astaire.
MARY: Of course—I know the whole flight.
JACK: I don't get it—*the flight*. Mary?
MARY: Flight Astaires, dope.
JACK BENNY: Jello Program.)

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Is She Beautiful?

Is She Glamorous?



Experts say, "No!" BUT . . . every man that knows her says she is one of the most fascinating girls in Hollywood.

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A Christmas special—4 boxes of Camels in "flat tins"
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